



Important Notice!

Dues for the Hoo-Hoo year ending September 9, 1905, became payable at one-ninth of one minute past midnight on September 9th last. Are you paid up for the year September 9, 1905? Are you sure? If you are not, you had better send 99 cents. Every man who pays up without waiting to be sent one notice will help that much to offset the expense caused the Order by the man who waits until he is sent three notices. To which class do you belong? Are you an "early bird" sort of man, or are you an "eleventh hour" man?



THE BULLETIN

A Monthly Journal Devoted to the Interests of Hoo-Hoo

VOL. X

NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1905.

No. 114.

J. H. BAIRD, Scrivener, Editor.

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, 99 Cents. | Single Copies, 9 Cents

THE BULLETIN is the only official medium of Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo, recognized by the Supreme Nine, and all other publications are authentic and unauthorized.

NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1905.



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 Washington—(Western District)—W. J. Corbin, 201 Jackson Street, Seattle, Wash.
 West Virginia—(Northern District)—R. J. Clifford, Hambleton, W. Va.
 West Virginia—(Southern District)—W. C. Barker, Box 323 Charleston, W. Virginia.
 Wisconsin—(Northern District)—F. S. Struble, 718-8th Ave. W., Ashland, Wis.
 Wisconsin—(Southern District)—A. E. Ahrens, 123 W. Gorham St., Madison, Wis.
 United Kingdom and Continent of Europe—Edw. Haynes, 164 Aldersgate St., London England.

The Jurisdictions.

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

ANNUAL MEETING.

Some Information Concerning the Pilgrims' Progress to Portland, Oregon.

A wonderful experience is in store for all who attend the Portland Annual, especially those who in order to reach their destination will have to practically cross the continent. The trip in itself will be a great pleasure. To many it will be the event of a lifetime. Even to those who have been to the Pacific Coast, it will be a new experience—for nobody has ever gone out there on a Hoo-Hoo special train! This will be the jolliest crowd that ever went over the great divide—an aggregation of people whose motto is, "Health, Happiness and Long Life."

What you see on a trip is of great benefit and immense educational value—but what you take along with you is of infinitely more importance. The folks on this pilgrimage will have in stock good humor and good cheer—a radiant vitality that lifts up the heart and refreshes the brain grown weary with the cares of life. As a recreation the trip will be worth many times its cost. Railroad and sleeper fare is less expensive than doctors' bills, and very much more fun. A change of environment broadens the mind, sharpens the wit and stirs up the liver. Most of us are pitifully narrow. We revolve around in our little circle till we grow a hard shell. It will help us all to get out into the atmosphere of the boundless West where men grow big ideas to match the mountains, the plains and other things that suggest magnitude and majesty. On the journey we shall have time to make some delightful new acquaintances and to see on the way many interesting phases of life. There will be extended to us courtesies that will add greatly to the pleasure of the trip. Every luxury of modern travel will be ours.

The Route Selected

In so far as it will discriminate to the disadvantage of some of the roads, the officers of Hoo-Hoo would have greatly preferred to select no route and run no special train. The Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo embraces in its membership the high officials of practically every road traversing the continent. These men are all good Hoo-Hoo and have done faithful and noble work in furthering the interests of the Order. We would gladly have left the whole thing to these men and let each road take what he could get of the travel to the Hoo-Hoo Annual. It was felt, however, that if the matter was left in this shape—each man to make the trip out to Portland by himself and at the time and by the route to be figured out himself—would result in a very small attendance. To state it differently, it was felt that if we could arrange for a special train to take out anywhere from 125 to 250 people, and put the whole thing before each man as a definite and concrete proposition, a very much larger number of people would take advantage of it, and the trip be infinitely more enjoyable. This consideration, and this alone, led up to the idea of the special train and the consequent necessity of selecting a route.

Not wanting to shoulder himself, nor to put upon any single man the responsibility of selecting this route, Snark Rourke, as some time ago announced in The Bulletin, appointed a committee to take the whole matter under advisement and make definite and positive decision. This

committee, as has been announced, consisted of Messrs. J. E. Defebaugh, A. C. Ramsey, C. D. Rourke and J. H. Balrd. This committee held two meetings, both at Chicago, one held about the middle of February, the other on the 22d day of March. On both occasions the full committee was present and on both occasions a full day was spent in hearing the personal representations made by railroad men and in going over the written propositions that had been submitted. Decision in the matter was arrived at late in the afternoon of March 22, and is the unanimous decision of the committee.

The general idea of the committee was to select some Northern route for the "going" trip and some central route for the return. It was felt that a Northern route was imperative for the reason that such a route will take us through the great lumber centers of Spokane, Seattle and Tacoma, and permit of stops being made at these points. Had a central route been selected for the "going" trip, a special side trip from Portland, at an added expense, would have been necessary for those—and we surmised the number of such to be large—who desire to visit the great lumber centers named. Consideration of these facts led to the selection of the Northern Pacific. A central route for the return trip was selected for the reason that it was felt that a more southern route would traverse a less picturesque country and be less comfortable on account of heat and dust.

The main idea the committee had in view was to select such a route as would traverse the most picturesque mountain country, take in as many as possible of the points of greatest interest to lumber people without side trips, and to return by a route that would take them down through Central and Southern California, returning finally across the country by a route which, while in itself picturesque and interesting, is reasonably free from dust and excessive heat.

With these points in mind the route selected is as follows:

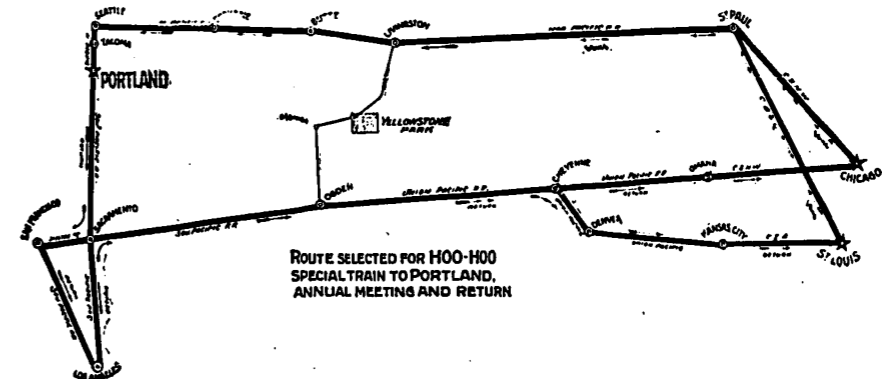
- Chicago to St. Paul by C. & N. W.
- St. Louis to St. Paul by C. B. & Q.
- St. Paul to Portland by Northern Pacific.
- Portland down to Sacramento by the world-famous "Shasta Line," of Southern Pacific.
- Sacramento to San Francisco over Southern Pacific.
- San Francisco to Los Angeles by another world-famous route, the "Coast Line" of the Southern Pacific.
- Los Angeles to Sacramento by another equally picturesque and interesting line of the Southern Pacific—the famous "Valley Route" through the San Joaquin Valley—celebrated in song and story and oft dreamed of by all readers of Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller and other of the virile writers of the breezy West.
- Sacramento, over the Southern Pacific to Salt Lake City, the great Mormon Jerusalem, via Ogden.
- Salt Lake City to Omaha over the Union Pacific.
- Omaha to Chicago over the C. & N. W.

Accompanying this article is a rough map showing with fair accuracy the route selected. The map shows that on the return trip when Cheyenne, Wyo., is reached those people who do not want to come on to Omaha and points further East, but who want to go to points more to the Southeast—to Kansas City, St. Louis, etc.—diverge from

the main party at Cheyenne, Wyo., and travel down over the Union Pacific to Denver, over the same road to Kansas City, and from the latter point to St. Louis over the Chicago & Alton, the natural connection of the Union Pacific system at Kansas City.

The map referred to is slightly inaccurate in that it does not show Salt Lake City. Salt Lake City is but a comparatively short distance southeast of Ogden. While Ogden is shown on the map with some prominence a stop may or may not be made there, just as the travelers may decide. It is almost certain that a stop will be desired at Salt Lake City. If so, the run from Sacramento will be made direct to Salt Lake City without a stop at Ogden, and from Salt Lake City, unless a stop is decided to be desirable at Ogden, the run will be straight through that town to Cheyenne.

As a matter of fact, the committee gave but casual attention to the matter of stop-overs, more than to recommend that it will surely meet the wishes of nearly everyone on the special train to stop at least one day each at Spokane, Seattle and Tacoma. A stop at Butte would probably also be of considerable interest. The committee recommended that the whole matter of these stops be left tentative until the wishes of those who are going can be learned. Nevertheless, stops of a day each at Spokane,



ROUTE SELECTED FOR HOO-HOO SPECIAL TRAIN TO PORTLAND, ANNUAL MEETING AND RETURN

Seattle and Tacoma may be counted on as almost a certainty. It has already been suggested that the Hoo-Hoo and lumber people of these towns will arrange some sort of a reception for the travelers.

Beyond Portland, on the return trip, the committee makes no recommendations as to stop-overs, leaving this wholly to be decided by the parties at interest. Stops at Sacramento, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Salt Lake City are sure to be attractive and the length of these stops can be decided later.

It is not expected that all who go out on the special train will want to come back the same time or the same route. In the beginning it was really not expected to have a special train beyond Portland. Later on, however, from advices received it began to look as though 75 or 80 per cent of those who go out on the special train will like to hang together and make the whole magnificent swing around the circle as a body. Consideration of this led the committee to suggest a route for the return trip. If it proves that enough of the people going out on the special train will desire to return together, arrangements can be quickly made to hold the train intact.

On one point, the committee was not only unanimous, but enthusiastic. It was that if any man goes out to Portland on this special train—or to the Annual Meeting no matter how he goes—and who does not make that swing

down through California will miss one of the greatest opportunities of his life. From communications already received, and which were before the committee at its two sittings, it seems so far that practically everyone going out to Portland will make this trip. The route selected through California is the most beautiful in the world, barring none. The age-long celebrated points on the Riviera and the mountains of Switzerland can not equal it. The committee urges that every one going to Portland make his arrangements to take this trip to Los Angeles.

The Rates.

The rates secured for this special train are the regular Lewis & Clark Exposition rates. These rates are figured on a basis of about 80 per cent of the one fare rate to Portland for the round trip, plus a small sum for validating. These rates apply over the whole country from the Gulf to Nova Scotia. The railroad agent at any station can give an inquirer the exact cost of a ticket at any time. As giving an idea, however, of about what the rate is we quote from important gateways as follows:

New Orleans\$62 50
Chicago 56 50
St. Paul 45 00
Omaha 45 00
Kansas City 45 00
Memphis 57 50
St. Louis 52 50

Dates of Sale.

We have secured dates of sale that would seem to suit everybody going to the Annual Meeting, whether he or she goes on the special train or makes the trip individually. Tickets will be on sale at all coupon stations from August 29 to September 6, both inclusive; tickets good to return any time within ninety days, but not later than November 30.

The Loop Through California.

The rates quoted above from important gateways are the rates to Portland and return direct over any one of various direct routes. If one wishes to go to Portland and return via the California loop, as is proposed in our itinerary, tickets will be \$11.50 higher than prices named above. In other words the loop down through California will cost every man who makes it \$11.50 more than if he went to Portland and returned direct.

The Rate a General One.

It must be fully understood that the rate named above is not limited to our proposed special train. The rate is an open one—a blanket rate. It is available for every man who wants to go to Portland no matter what route he takes, and no matter whether he goes alone or with any number of other people. It must also be borne in mind that every Hoo-Hoo going to the Annual Meeting is not compelled to

travel over route recommended by the committee, nor is he compelled to go on the special train. He gets no special privileges by going on the special train and effects no economy by going so. The only thing is that if he goes on the special train he will be in the company of from 125 to 250 other Hoo-Hoo and lumbermen; he will have a train fitted up especially for his comfort and in charge of a man who will make the entire trip to look after the welfare and entertainment of those aboard.

Sleeping Car Rates.

Berth rates from Chicago and St. Louis to Portland, if the itinerary suggested by the committee is followed, is from Chicago \$17.00; or from St. Louis \$16.00; This is on the supposition that just the number of stops will be made as has been suggested by the committee, and that these stops will be the duration suggested by the committee. If the going trip is prolonged by other or longer stops at different places, the sleeping car rates will be higher. Accurate figures on berth rates cannot, therefore, be given until the time schedule is figured out. Nothing, of course, can be said about the sleeping car expense for the return trip until something more definite is arrived at as to the number of stops to be made and the length of the stops.



HOTEL PORTLAND, PORTLAND, OREGON.
(Cut loaned by Northern Pacific R. R.)

Equipment of Special Train.

The special train will be a duplicate or counterpart of the famous "North Coast Limited" going out from Chicago over the C. & N. W. and Northern Pacific to Portland. This is one of the finest trains in America. Our special train will consist of as fine an engine as the roads can furnish; enough baggage cars to take our legitimate baggage and as many of the "contudnaries" as Snark Rourke will permit; a standard full length dining car (it is figured that one dining car will suffice if the number on the train does not exceed the minimum limit of 125; if something like 150 or 200 go on the train, two dining cars will be put on); the balance of the train will consist of an observation or club car (everybody knows what an observation car is on these continental lines); and then the sleepers, which are to be the regulation standard, Pullman cars.

It Will be Personally Conducted.

The special train will be under the personal conduct of an official of C. & N. W. R. R. in the person of Brother N. M. Breeze, himself an enthusiastic Hoo-Hoo. Brother

Breeze began work on arrangements for this special train and for securing the business immediately after the Annual Meeting at St. Louis. He figured up a concrete and definite proposition, presenting to the Snark nine copies of a beautifully illustrated prospectus of the trip. This prospectus shows conclusively that he has figured out the trip from beginning to end, and has very accurately foreseen and provided for all the necessities for the comfort and pleasure of the party.

Proposed Time Schedule.

For the going schedule Mr. Breeze tentatively suggests the following, subject to change, provided it develops later with fewer or shorter stops will be desirable, or longer and more numerous stops. In the latter case we would have to leave Chicago earlier and in the former the start would be later. It is up to the membership now to say what they want in the way of a time schedule.

Leave St. Louis	7:00 a. m.	Saturday	Sept. 2, via C. B. & Q.
Arrive St. Paul	7:20 a. m.	Sunday	Sept. 3.
Leave Chicago	6:30 p. m.	Saturday	Sept. 2, via C. & N. W. Ry.
Arrive St. Paul	7:20 a. m.	Sunday	Sept. 3.
Leave St. Paul	10:15 a. m.	Sunday	Sept. 3, via Nor. Pac.

Passing through the great prairie farm district of Minnesota and North Dakota.

Arrive Billings	11:00 a. m.	Monday	Sept. 4.
Arrive Spokane	7:25 a. m.	Tuesday	Sept. 5.
Leave Spokane	11:00 p. m.	Tuesday	Sept. 5.
Arrive Seattle	1:15 p. m.	Wednesday	Sept. 6.
Leave Seattle	8:40 a. m.	Thursday	Sept. 7.
Arrive Tacoma	10:00 a. m.	Thursday	Sept. 7.
Leave Tacoma	11:45 p. m.	Thursday	Sept. 7.
Arrive Portland	7:00 a. m.	Friday	Sept. 8.

The committee has thought that we must reach Portland by not later than the morning of September 8. The meeting of the "Osirian Cloister" occurs on that day, and is a very important feature of the "Hoo-Hoo Annual." It may be deemed wise to so change this time schedule as to reach Portland on the morning of the 7th. This latter is the suggestion of Mr. Breeze. He urges that after a trip clear across the Continent, one day of complete rest at Portland will be highly desirable. If it is decided that we should reach Portland on the morning of September 7, the train will leave Chicago Friday, September 1, instead of Saturday, September 2.

Beyond Portland for the return trip no effort at fixing up a schedule has been made. This will be left for adjustment in the light of future development.

Can Return Separately.

The committee has recognized that perhaps a goodly number of people will go out on the special train, but for one reason or another will be unable to come back with the main body. Some for business or social reasons will want to remain in the Portland-Seattle-Tacoma section for days and perhaps weeks. Others on account of stress of business will be compelled to hurry right back Eastward. All such can return direct from Portland over any one of many routes. As indicated above, the committee has only gone into this matter of suggesting a return route for the benefit of those who make the trip across the Continent, and who will want to get the biggest run possible for the money and time expended. For such people the committee has thought the trip down through California, occurring as it does at just the most delightful season of the year, will be an indispensable feature.

In writing up the above announcement I have tried to make it clear that except in the matter of route selected the whole arrangement is as yet tentative and subject to any number of changes to meet the wishes of the party. This particularly applies to the matter of stopovers, both going and returning, and to the matter of time schedule, which is of course closely correlated to the stopover proposition. I would be mighty glad to have every man who is interested in the trip write me just what his views and wishes are.

All such letters will be very cheerfully considered by the committee, acting with Mr. Breeze. The committee has already done some hard work in the interest of this trip and proposes to spare no future effort to make it the greatest success that has ever been seen. No member of the committee has any other interest or desire than to provide the very best trip for those who go, and to put the whole proposition through without hitch or friction.

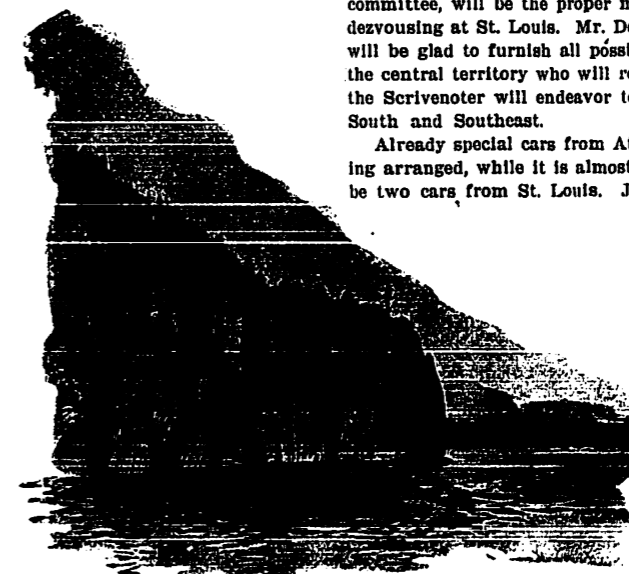
Chicago to St. Paul will be over the C. & N. W. The people west of the river will rendezvous at St. Louis and the one, two or three cars from that point will go up to St. Paul over the C. B. & Q. road and become a part of the consolidated train at St. Paul. Mr. A. C. Ramsey, Supreme Junior Hoo-Hoo, of St. Louis, and a member of the transportation



ROOSTER ROCK, COLUMBIA RIVER—ROUTE OF HOO-HOO SPECIAL TRAIN.
(Cut loaned by Northern Pacific R. R.)

committee, will be the proper man to look after those rendezvousing at St. Louis. Mr. Dafebaugh and Snark Rourke will be glad to furnish all possible information to those in the central territory who will rendezvous at Chicago, while the Scrivenoter will endeavor to look after those from the South and Southeast.

Already special cars from Atlanta and Nashville are being arranged, while it is almost a certainty that there will be two cars from St. Louis. Just how many cars will be



CAPE HORN, COLUMBIA RIVER—ROUTE OF HOO-HOO SPECIAL TRAIN.
(Cut loaned by Northern Pacific R. R.)

The Rendezvous.

It is the idea of the committee for all those east of the Mississippi River to rendezvous at Chicago and to start from that point. It is thought that there will probably be a sufficient number rendezvousing at Chicago to fill three or four Pullmans. As has been set forth, the run from

filled up at Chicago and from surrounding territory cannot yet be estimated.

Mr. Breeze will have general supervision over all arrangements and is the man we will hold responsible for the success of every detail of the trip. In a little while, when a line can be got on the wishes of the people who will make

the trip, Mr. Breeze will get out a beautifully printed itinerary to be sent each member of the Order. This will show exact leaving and arriving time at every point on the trip, and will also give full and accurate information on points of interest at places where stops are made and a sort of general history of the country traversed.

Sleeper Reservation.

For the present, those who want to make sleeper reservations will communicate with J. E. Desebaugh, Manhattan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; C. D. Rourke, Urbana, Ill.; A. C. Ramsey, Fullerton Bldg., St. Louis, Mo., or J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn. These men will communicate with Mr. Breeze who will have charge for the present of the car diagrams. Already some applications for reservation have come in.

Bob Inman's Work for Hoo-Hoo.

Now that the eyes of Hoo-Hoo are all turned toward Portland, all are interested in arrangements being made there for September. Many of the members all over the



R. D. INMAN, OF PORTLAND, ORE.
A veteran Hoo-Hoo and the foremost lumberman of the Pacific Coast.

country remember most pleasantly the man whose picture accompanies this. He is Mr. R. D. Inman, Hoo-Hoo No. 2186. He is President of the Inman-Poulson Co., of Portland, one of the biggest lumber concerns on the coast. He is Chairman of the Executive Committee, and very active in all the magnificent preparations being made for our enjoyment at the Annual Meeting.

"Bob" Inman, as he is familiarly known by his hundreds of friends, is a native of Miami County, Ohio, where he was born August 11, 1853. When quite a young boy his parents moved to the far West and it is most interesting to hear him detail some of the experiences of the trip. He was old enough to drive one of the wagons in the caravan which transported a very large party of the emigrants. He participated in a pretty savage fight with the Indians at a point not very far from where Denver, Col., now stands. Arriving on the coast Mr. Inman early perceived

the approaching importance of lumber development, and while still a young man, engaged in that business. His success has been continuous and rapid. He is known as one of the foremost lumbermen on the Pacific Coast.

Mr. Inman became a Hoo-Hoo on September 1, 1894, at one of the first concatenations held on the Pacific Coast, and for more than ten years he has been a faithful and enthusiastic worker. He served one term as Vicegerent for Oregon and was honored with the position of Jabberwock on the Supreme Nine for the year 98-99, having been elected at the Cleveland Annual Meeting. Notwithstanding his far-off residence, he has been present at most of the Annual Meetings held and has always taken a very active part in the proceedings. In his own town Mr. Inman is as popular socially as he is in business, and his prominent position has caused him to be more than once mentioned for high political offices, while many civic honors have fallen to him.

To many members of the Order who will visit Portland the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with Brother Inman will be not least among the enjoyments of the occasion.

The Portland Committees.

Following is a list of the committees appointed at Portland, Oregon, to arrange for our Annual Meeting there September next. All inquiries as to local arrangements should be addressed to these committees. In each case the first man given is chairman of the committee.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

R. D. Inman,	M. C. Banfield,
H. W. Goddard,	J. S. Hamilton,
H. A. Sargent,	W. B. McKay,
F. H. Ransom,	G. M. Cornwall,
F. L. Zimmerman.	

A. H. Potter, Supreme Jabberwock, is ex-officio member of this committee.

E. H. Habighorst is secretary of the Executive Committee, and should be addressed at 208 Falling Building.

PRINTING AND PROGRAMME.

A. H. Potter,
G. M. Cornwall,
E. H. Trumbull.

OFFICE-STATIONERY.

F. L. Zimmerman and G. M. Cornwall to act with the chairman and secretary.

RAILROAD-PUBLICITY.

H. W. Goddard,
D. C. O'Reilly.

ROOMS.

F. H. Ransom,
J. S. Hamilton.

AUDITING.

F. H. Ransom,
H. A. Sargent,
F. L. Zimmerman.

Dues for 1905.



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

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

Comments on Concatenations



Paducah's Annual Meeting.

At Paducah, Ky., on the evening of March 18, was the best concatenation ever held in that lively Hoo-Hoo town. This is saying a great deal, as many concatenations have been held at Paducah and all have been good concatenations. The Hoo-Hoo at Paducah pursue a plan that might well be followed at other points. They hold there but one concatenation a year. It always comes about the same time of the year. It is usually held in March. The concatenation is made the occasion for a complete roundup of all the lumbermen in the city of Paducah and country adjacent. Numerous invitations are sent out to other nearby towns and cities and there is usually a very agreeable sprinkling of visitors present.

At the last concatenation eleven men were initiated and the work was most smoothly done. The Junior work was administered by Mr. F. J. Williams, of Louisville. Mr. Williams introduced some new features of his own and was the recipient of many congratulations for the way in which he handled the candidates.

The "On-the-Roof" was, as usual, held at the Palmer House, Vicegerent Robertson acting as toastmaster. The



A. J. DECKER,
A prominent Hoo-Hoo of Paducah who is being urged to accept the Mayorality of that enterprising city.

banquet was quite elaborate. The whole affair reflected credit on the boundless hospitality of the Paducah lumbermen. Toasts were responded to by J. H. Baird, of Nash-

ville, Tenn.; F. J. Williams, of Louisville; C. H. Sherrill, A. J. Decker, Earl Palmer and Fred McKnight, all of Paducah in the order named, the last named, Mr. McKnight, was one of the kittens. In addition to these formal toasts,



VICEGERENT R. S. ROBERTSON,
Of the western district of Kentucky whose splendid recent concatenation is commented on in this issue.

Mr. Al Foreman, of Paducah, read a poem that was the hit of the evening. This poem is rather lengthy, but will be published in an early issue of The Bulletin.

There is no lack of poetic talent at Paducah. Vicegerent Robertson himself is something of a rhymster. He introduced all the speakers in flowing metre as follows:

The Supreme Nine of our Order might,
Have more than one to speak tonight,
But one that drives away dull care,
Who scatters sunbeams everywhere,
Long to the Order may he be spared,
To work in our interests—James H. Baird.

Hail Columbia, Happy Band,
Greatest "Junior" in the land,
He made the kittens understand,
In his work he has the sand,
He is tonight our honored guest,
F. J. Williams. You know the rest.

We have with us a Hoo-Hoo from Rives,
Who a songster's reputation would achieve,
He has been rehearsing at night,
To do the thing right,
A song by Leslie La Nieve.

There is a young man from Union City,
Who has prepared quite an interesting ditty,
He barked at the Shark,
Who asked him to take part,
To have missed him would be a great pity,
Mr. C. H. Sherrill.

All hail the power of the next I name,
Eligible to Hoo-Hoo's hall of fame,
Our past Vicegerent, just and fair,
Who has his friends most anywhere,
For no other shall we hunt,
Until A. J. Decker has his stunt.

I salute the class of nineteen five,
They may thank us they are now alive,
One of them has slipped his trolly,
May he live to regret his folly,
Fred McKnight will give us a jolly.

When Hoo-Hoo time comes rolling 'round,
And all the kittens have been found,
We look about us for friends who will speak,
At the banquet table after we eat,
One with whom we would gladly roam,
Al. M. Foreman will deliver his poem.

Twinkle, twinkle mighty star,
All old cats know who you are,
To the kittens your fame's unknown,
So I'll present you all alone,
You can bunk in my old tent,
Earl Palmer, National President.

The foregoing were the remarks—if poetry can be called remarks—with which Mr. Robertson introduced the speakers. He gave Mr. A. J. Decker another verse at the conclusion of the latter's graceful little talk, this second verse being as follows:

I'll never be a poet,
Nor wear a poet's crown,
Until my old friend Decker
Is Mayor of this town.

This verse called forth unstinted applause. Mr. Decker is being strongly urged to make the race for Mayor of Paducah at the next election. He is one of the most popular men in Paducah, or in western Kentucky as for that matter. He is now President of the Commercial Club of Paducah, and from the expressions heard at the banquet table, it was easy to see that his elevation to the Mayor's chair would be more than pleasing to the lumber people.

An amusing incident occurred when the newly initiated kitten, Brother Fred McKnight, rose to deliver his toast on "The Class of 1905." Brothers Will Scott and Al Foreman had arranged an incandescent light globe in the shape of a hog to which was attached a large placard bearing the following legend: "You are a kitten now, so don't make a hog of yourself." All this apparatus was kept hidden until Mr. McKnight stood up to deliver his toast, when it was unfastened and suddenly let down just over his head. It was a somewhat cruel ordeal and took Brother McKnight entirely off his guard. The Paducah boys will always tell it that he became so rattled that he entirely forgot his toast and had to sit down in confusion. This is not true as the Scrivenor can testify. The new kitten was dead game and refused to stampede, but the look of sudden and pained surprise and embarrassment was funny to behold.

Of a wholly different sort was another incident of this concatenation. Just before the initiates were brought into the hall, Brother Earl Palmer, who so ably officiated as Senior Hoo-Hoo, made a brief and touching talk in behalf of the widow of a recently deceased brother of the Order, who is left by her husband's death in dire distress. Brother Palmer suggested that a little collection be taken up for the benefit of this poor woman. He was heartily cheered, and the contributions were made instantly and with much liberality. On the following day Vicegerent Robertson transmitted the little fund in person and duly received some very grateful thanks.

Vicegerent Robertson writes that all the local members contributed to the success of this splendid concatenation. Those who are cognizant of all the details, however, will know that a large part of this success is due to the able and intelligent efforts of Vicegerent Robertson himself. He is a worker and an organizer and a similarly likeable and popular man.

He Holds the Record.

To Mr. Lew Wentworth, Vicegerent for Nebraska, belongs the record of holding the biggest concatenation in the history of the Order. This puts him on a parity, so to speak, with Supreme Custodian, E. Stringer Boggess, of West Virginia, who has held for some years the record of holding the best concatenation with the fewest number of old members to assist him.

Vicegerent Wentworth's record was made at Lincoln, Neb., January 18, at concatenation No. 1084. At this meeting Mr. Wentworth initiated 68 men. The concatenation was held during the fifteenth annual meeting of the Nebraska Lumber Dealers' Association. With one exception, all Mr. Wentworth's initiates were lumbermen—the exception being one railroad man. He must have felt lonesome in that bunch and deserves a special mention. He was Fred Lewis Feakins, of the Colorado-Midland R. R., with office at Omaha. Nearly all the initiates were retail lum-



VICEGERENT LEW WENTWORTH,
Of Nebraska, who holds the record for number of
initiates at a single concatenation.

bermen, the others being traveling representatives of manufacturing and wholesale concerns, and sash, door and blind factories. The class was scarcely less remarkable for its high quality from a Hoo-Hoo standpoint than for its numbers.

The meeting was a complete success in every respect. Certainly Vicegerent Wentworth had able assistance. The Senior Hoo-Hoo was W. C. Bullard, that veteran of nearly ten years in the Order. The Junior Hoo-Hoo was another veteran in the person of Mr. Frank Colpetzer, an ex-Vicegerent of the state. The Bojum was Mr. E. H. Dalbey, now holding the position of Vicegerent of the Southern District of Iowa. The other stations were filled by the following well known members of Hoo-Hoo in the order named: Stymest Steverson, No. 3737; J. C. Graham, No. 2166; P. R. Cook, No. 4318; J. F. Gresly, No. 5416, and W. W. Yale.

Besides initiating this record breaking class, Mr. Went-

worth found time to look after the reinstatement of four or five men, and the collection of dues from a dozen or more. He had nearly ninety members of the Order present at the initiation, among whom were many of the oldest members now living in the West.

Lewis "Sash" Wentworth, as he is officially known in Hoo-Hoo, or "Lew" Wentworth, as he is familiarly known among the lumber people of the West, was born at Louisville, Ky., March 4, 1867. He says that to the best of his recollection there was not much doing for the first twelve years of his life. At the expiration of that time he moved to Mankato, Minn., where he accepted a position as delivery boy for a sash, door and blind factory, working the first year for the large salary of \$156. From Mankato Mr. Wentworth promoted himself up to St. Paul, Minn., and got a position with another sash, door and blind house. In this place he remained two years, when he removed to Minneapolis. He struck a pretty good job here and clung on to it for ten years. From Minneapolis his next jump was to Omaha, where he again secured a position with a sash, door and blind firm. With this latter concern he worked eight years and then felt stout enough to enter business for himself. He has been in business for himself ever since and has made a big success of it. He started in with a small room in the Paxton Building, at Omaha, and his motto of "Do Business." He still has the motto, but not the original office, having expanded until he now has four or five office rooms.

In the beginning he was the whole firm, besides being the bookkeeper, typewriter and office boy. Now, he has an office manager, three or four others in the office and four men on the road. But he does not leave the outside business to these four men. He gets out over the country a good deal himself. He was over here at Nashville two weeks ago looking for quarter and sawed oaks and cedar posts. I believe I forgot to say that when he launched in business for himself it was as a wholesale lumberman. It looks like he would have gone in the sash, door and blind business, but he did not, though he still represents Roach & Musser Sash & Door Co., of Muscatine, Ia. His business is a general wholesaling of hardwoods, making a specialty of cedar and other fence posts. In the fence post line he does an exceedingly large business. In fact he reports that he can sell all the posts he can get hold of. He buys red cedar posts in Tennessee and Alabama and some other sort of cedar posts from the Pacific Coast.

Getting back for a moment to big concatenations, it might be added that next to this meeting held by Mr. Wentworth, the largest concatenation was that held at Minneapolis on January 24, 1893, when 66 men were initiated. Other very large concatenations have been Oklahoma City, O. T., November 22, 1902, 57 men; Kansas City, Mo., January 24, 1905, 56 men; Minneapolis, Minn., January 19, 1904, 54 men; Kansas City, Mo., January 27, 1903, 53 men.

Black Cats in the Eagles' Nest.

Way up in the mountains in the "Eagles' Hall" the Hoo-Hoo of Idaho gathered at Boise on the evening of February 24. The idea of a black cat in an eagle's nest suggests fun for somebody, and from the letters received from Vicegerent F. E. Glazier the meeting was an enjoyable one. The boys met promptly at the appointed hour and sixteen candidates were initiated. Vicegerent Jay S. Hamilton journeyed all the way from Portland to be present at the meeting, and he brought with him Brother Cornwall, editor of the Timberman, and Brother Guy Martin, of Denver, Col. Brother Martin acted in the role of Junior, and much of the fun of the evening was due to his clever manipulations

of the candidates. The fun in the initiation room lasted until such a late hour that the banquet at Christensen's was cut short, not in enjoyable edibles, but in post prandial talks. A program of toasts had been arranged, and many regretted that the lateness of the hour prevented the carrying out of this part of the evening entertainment.

Backing An Elk's Minstrel Show.

Twelve were put through the final test at the concatenation held by Vicegerent Mell Eaton at Watertown, S. D., on the evening of February 28. The date was selected because it was the time of the meeting of the South Dakota Lumbermen's Association, but that date was also the occasion of an Elk's minstrel show, to which home talent contributed. This minstrel performance kept several prospective candidates from being present, because they were "hung up," either as performers or doing "duty work" at the theatre. The evening passed off merrily and added much enthusiasm for the Order. A number of good men were initiated and among this number Brother Eaton refers to George Odette, whom the Order has wanted on its roll for ten years. During that time many are the reasons which he gave for not joining, but he finally surrendered to the pull that was made for him, and he grew gradually to recognize that more of his lumber friends were in the Order than out of it. Mr. Odette is an influential factor in that section of the country and a man who will prove of great benefit to Hoo-Hoo.

Pure Cream Candidates.

Vicegerent A. E. Ahrens walked nine men up the "step-high" path to the "garden on the left" at the meeting which he held in Milwaukee, Wis., on February 28. Brother Ahrens writes more about the men than he does about the evening's entertainment. He refers to his nine new members as "pure cream," showing that in his work preparatory for the evening he went for quality instead of quantity. He also gives high praise to Brother Frank Snell for the good work he did making the evening a successful and enjoyable one. One life member took the obligation on that evening. The "Session-on-the-Roof" was held at the Hotel Pfister and was in keeping with all of the entertainments at that elegant hostelry.

One Hundred and Fifteen Old Cats.

There was a Tom Moore concatenation held in St. Louis on the evening of March 4, when five more were added to Brother Moore's already large list of new members. The evening was one of the most enjoyable that the St. Louis brethren have had the opportunity to enjoy for some time. There were 115 members of the Order seated at the banquet board. Think of that number of Hoo-Hoo boys together for a few hours, and you know what fun there was—especially in St. Louis. At the conclusion of the concatenation a vaudeville program was given. It had six numbers, and the entertainment lasted until a late hour, when everybody went home happy.

Brother Moore writes that about all the Hoo-Hoo timber has been cut off in St. Louis. He figures that there are about twenty eligible left upon his list. This speaks well for Brother Moore and his predecessors in the Vicegerent's chair.

Brother Moore's announcement of his concatenation was characteristic. He had printed a large, attractive folder which bore the simple words, "Hoo-Hoo wants you at Lippe's March 4. Dinner 6 to 7 p. m.; concatenation 7:30 to 10 p. m.; vaudeville 10 to 12 p. m." In the centre of the poster was a large cut of "Phoenix," the famous black cat who went through the fire at the House of Hoo-Hoo.

Me-ow, Me-oww, Me-owww, Scat!

A red folder menu upon which was printed a brick wall with five cats upon it and under it the words me-ow, me-oww, me-owww, scat! was the announcement which Vicegerent Mark Lyons made of the concatenation which he held in Mobile, Ala., on March 4. Ten were initiated and the attendance was unusually large—seventy-five good Hoo-Hoo being present. The concatenation over, old and new kittens repaired to the Blenville Hotel, where a delightful banquet was served. It is needless to say that Brother Charles Hervey, the host, Hon. No. 65, did himself proud, and the boys had a good time. A feature of the evening was the toasts that were responded to. Hon. C. W. Butt grew eloquent on the subject of "Hoo-Hoo and the Spirit from which it Sprung," while Brother W. A. Shipman made a humorous talk on "The Nine Lives of a Cat." Brother Hubbard Parker explained "Hoo-Hoo Music and Mirth," and among the guests of the evening was Vicegerent A. A. Janney, of the Northern District of Alabama, who gracefully spoke of the "Spirit of Hoo-Hoo." This successful concatenation of Brother Lyons' will prove of benefit to the Order throughout the entire South. Many were present from adjoining states. The following was the menu:

Oyster Cat-tail
Olives Celery
Purblind Green Sea Turtle Young Onions
Sweetbreads with Fresh Mushrooms
More Onions
Mark You Lyon-also
French Peas
Braised Quail French Toast a la Butt
Asparagus with Culry Tails
Hoo-Hoo Salad
Harris' Tom Cat Style
Catinp Tea Quivering Sparrow Flesh
Snark Ice Cream
Senior Hoo-Hoo Cakes Junior Hoo-Hoo Tartlets
Hojum Jubblics Scrivenoter Buns
Jabberwock Ladyfingers
Custocatian Coffee
Arcanoper Cheese Gurdon Crackers
Cresta Blanca
Souvenir Vintage
Claret and Haut Sauterne
Mumm's White Seal Piper Heldsleck Cigars

Good Work at Newport, Ark.

Vicegerent W. A. Billingsley did himself proud in a concatenation which he held at Newport, Ark., on March 11. Of this concatenation Brother F. Price writes, and he himself is an ex-Vicegerent: "Taking all in all, it was the most successful concatenation I have ever attended, and too much credit cannot be given to the Newport boys for their effort, and especially Brothers Billingsley, Francis Muthhead and V. E. Pierson for their management of the affair. Six healthy kittens had their eyes opened, and I am pleased to say that the usual roughness of the initiation ceremonies was almost wholly eliminated. The candidates, however, got their money's worth. After the initiation all enjoyed a most elaborate spread—the finest 'Session-on-the-Roof' at which I have ever been present. An innovation was the inviting to the banquet of eight or ten prominent citizens of the town who were not Hoo-Hoo, but were 'jolly good fellows.'"

While Brother Price has told us of the success of the meeting, he in no way attributed any of the credit of it to himself, yet we know from the official records that he was in the role of Junior. We know him, know his work, and know that everything went off smoothly and cleverly. The menu was printed on fine veneering. It was illus-

trated with two cats; one comically representing the playful kitten before the ceremonies, the other the dignified Great Black Cat, the official emblem of the Order.

When this concatenation was held Brother Billingsley was not the Vicegerent for that section of Arkansas, but he was interested in Hoo-Hoo. He took great interest in this concatenation and spent days in working for it. So successful was the meeting which he had arranged that the Snark of the Universe, upon receiving report of it, appointed him Vicegerent.

Think They Moved the Clock Back.

Sixteen kittens took the last jump at the concatenation at Los Angeles, California, on March 4. Seventeen, however, faced the wire, one of them stopping on the way. He was lost some time during the ceremony while the waiting room was filled with kittens. It is believed that it was a plain case of "cold feet," for nothing had happened out of the Junior's Ritual, nothing out of line with the strictest rule of the Order. That incident, however, only added to the merriment of the evening, causing laughter at the missing man's expense. This concatenation of Vicegerent William H. Metz, from reports received, was one of the most enjoyable ones held in the "sunset" state. March 4 was Saturday evening. The boys began work at 7:15. To put the sixteen men through the jumps, with all their windings, and to hold a lively "Session-on-the-Roof," it took longer than the hours allotted, in fact, there is rumor that legislative custom was adopted and the hands of the clock moved backward as the hour of twelve approached. This was, of course, done by the good kittens of Los Angeles to prevent their breaking the Sabbath day.

Charles L. Batcheller was Junior and he made an admirable one, creating peal after peal of laughter, while the kittens were gathered in the garden on the left.

In commenting on the meeting of the Order, the Los Angeles Express speaks editorially as follows:

"Southern California's army of black cats should 'mow' a hearty welcome to the lumbermen's Order of Hoo-Hoo. This portion of the country has achieved a national reputation for 'sawing' 365 days in the year."

Black Cat After Hamlet's Ghost.

Vicegerent R. D. Godwin held his first concatenation at Hamlet, N. C., March 14. Twelve were initiated. Brother W. B. Dozier journeyed all the way from Columbia, S. C., to act in the role of Junior for Brother Godwin. The kittens were led through diverse alleys and over back fences until they met Hamlet's ghost, and it is on record that every thing tangible and intangible about the hamlet of Hamlet yielded to the spell which was cast by the followers of Hoo-Hoo on that eventful evening. A delightful banquet followed at the Seaboard Air Line Hotel, and even if it was Brother Godwin's first concatenation the occasion was an eventful one for the Hoo-Hoo of North Carolina.

There is an item of a few dollars on Brother Godwin's expense account for "red-nose paint." In making up his statement of the expenses he said that he could not furnish a receipt for this amount, as Hamlet had recently "gone dry" and he was not supposed to know from whence this much desired article came. The following unique menu told of the good things at the banquet:

SAWYERS LIST.

50 Pieces 2x4 Celery, Long Leaf
50 Pieces 4x10 Olives, Green
50 Pino Knot Pickles Allowed to Each Stick
41 Pieces 4x4 Oysters, Kiln Dried
25 Pieces 2x10 Quail, Straw Slabs on two sides

PLANING MILL MEMORANDUM.

Cold Turkey, Dressed Two Sides
1x8 Tongue (Roofing), Breaded
Chicken Salad, Worked with a Bevel

LOADING INSTRUCTIONS

Hoo-Hoo Coffe 6x8 Tea, Green or Dry
Crackers and Cheese (Quoted per Lineal Foot)
Ice Cream, Resawn Cakes, Thoroughly Inspected

Corbin's Concatenation.

On the evening of March 2, at South Bend, Wash., Vicegerent W. J. Corbin held a concatenation which had a candidate roll of thirty-one. Things are moving lively and smoothly now in Hoo-Hoo circles in the far West. The coming annual at Portland has stirred the Vicegerents to the best of things, and many fine concatenations are being held. The spirit of Hoo-Hoo is in the land, and by September 9 there will probably not be a single tract of Hoo-Hoo timber where the big trees have not been worked off. Brother Corbin does not send us any account of his meeting, but from the official records the entertainment must have been a most successful one. We know that Frank B. Cole acted in the role of Junior. Those who have seen that bald head and merry face above a black robe at the Junior's chair know something of what was dealt out to the candidates.

Brother Corbin writes that he expects to hold two or three more meetings before the September annual, and states that the boys of the West are working to have the annual at Portland a memorable one—one that will be a life-long remembrance to every Hoo-Hoo who attends.

An Unique "On the Roof."

E. H. Dalbey held another concatenation at the Woodman Hall in Shenandoah, Ia., on the evening of March 16. Eleven kittens had their eyes opened and are now full fledged cats. After the concatenation Mr. Dalbey changed the usual program, and this being his home town, the members were driven to his home on Church street, where light refreshments were served. Music was furnished by the Coin, Iowa, Hoo-Hoo Mandolin Club, of which No. 11653 is business manager. Miss Mamie Page, of this place, who has an unusually sweet and well cultivated voice, sang two solos which delighted the Hoo-Hoo, as did also Brother Frank Henderson of his place.

Mrs. Dalbey was assisted in serving the refreshments by Mrs. W. H. Jobe, Misses Duke, Snook and Swallow, Mrs. Guy Thurman, of Blanchard, Ia., presiding at the punch bowl. The Hoo-Hoo seemed to enjoy themselves, and all join in saying that they preferred it to the usual Dutch lunch, and perquisites which follow.

Nine and Twenty at Hattiesburg.

Twenty-nine responded to the roll call at Vicegerent F. Colmer's concatenation, which was held in Hattiesburg, Miss., on the evening of March 23. The ceremonies began promptly at 9 o'clock at the Odd Fellows' Hall, and there were assembled there about one hundred old cats to aid the nine to do their duty by the novices. Brother J. F. Wilder, of Hattiesburg, was in the role of Junior, and he made a good one, interspersing the usual solemnity of the ceremonies with much jollity and fun. Present at this concatenation was Brother "Billy" Barns, who has done so much for the Order, and, despite his protests, Vicegerent Colmer induced Brother Barns to share the work with him in the role of Snark.

The "Session-on-the-Roof" was in charge of a committee composed of J. H. Kennedy, R. G. King and W. H. Gillespie, and bounteously they provided for the assembled Hoo-Hoo.

Way Down at Palatka, Fla.

It was a playful lot of kittens that assembled for the concatenation of Vicegerent J. B. Conrad, at Palatka, Fla., on March 25, but it was business men who were out for a playful evening—men influential in the rapidly growing lumber trade of the state of flowers. Both Brother Conrad and Brother George Denny speak of the character of men initiated. Brother Denny, of the Supreme Nine, went from Savannah to Palatka to aid Brother Conrad in his work on this evening, and acted in the role of Junior for him. The "Session-on-the-Roof," to put it in the words of Brother Conrad himself, was all that anyone could have desired, and the kittens of the evening expressed themselves as delighted with the Order and the entertainment given them.

Of this concatenation Brother Denny writes: "I have just returned from Palatka and attended the concatenation there and it was a great success in every way. We put through fourteen candidates, and it was done in as nice order as I have ever seen it done in my life. The crowd was in perfectly good humor yet everything was done in a number one order. All the candidates initiated were men of the very best character and well connected with their companies and I believe will prove to be fourteen as good men as have ever been taken into the Order."

Citadel of Mormons Invaded.

We wonder what the Mormons think of Hoo-Hoo since the concatenation held by Vicegerent A. Maccualg in Salt Lake City, Utah, on March 11. The city by the lake of salt is not so quiet as the pictures of some of its grey-bearded, calm-faced leading citizens would indicate, but things were made lively there when the Hoo-Hoo gathered for Brother Maccualg's session. Seven were put through and a goodly number were in attendance. A notable fact is that out of the entire number present, there were only two members who were not in the new series of membership. In speaking of this concatenation, Brother Maccualg says:

"This was one of the best and most enthusiastic meetings which we have had in Utah since the commencement of hostilities nearly two years ago. The sentiment here is that Hoo-Hoo go to Portland from Utah in a body, and committee on transportation and attendance was appointed. It was also decided at this meeting to hold another concatenation in August, thereby enabling the eligible to join and participate in the annual of September 9."

Another of the Templeman Brand.

"There's beauty in the art that wings
The love of friendship wide.
There's beauty in the heart that flings
Its throbbings o'er the tide."

Vicegerent Henry Templeman held another of his famous concatenations in San Francisco on March 25. A class of twenty husky kittens furnished the material to work on, and from the devices and inventions gotten up to help the work along, some of the Hoo-Hoo of San Francisco must have laid awake nights to plan them.

As is the custom in the West, the "Session-on-the-Roof" was an elaborate affair and it lasted far into the still quiet Western Sabbath morning. The menu card was artistically printed on a redwood shake. At the top was a floor hall design, showing the location of the various officers, and in the centre the emblem of the Order. Then followed the following unique menu:

We would not dine in that man's company that fears his fellowship, to dine with us.—Shakespeare.

OYSTERS.

Clam shell blue points

SOUP

Mulligan's-tawny tail from the Big Black Cat
Channel Creek Bouillon with Creamatory floaters
Asafoetida Sap, a la Hoo-Hoo

SALADS

Redwood Lobsters, Crescent City Brand
Fostered Mackerel, Black Crab

FISH

Long fin Suckers, with Candidate sauce
Loggied Saited Tail Codfish

ENTREES

Boyled Blytrotters, Davis Onion Sauce
Niehaus Krouit mit specks and Bier
Finlayed Haggis, with Cascarets
Cobbstein stew bored, Newell Post style
Humboldt Clear as Rough, with Mendocino Rotten
Knot dressing

ROASTS

Douglas Fir Kitten, Pitch Seam Gravy
Sudden Jolts, with Razor Back steak
Frontalls Oecipito Hardwood
Nested Squab, Dovetailed
Capon Poulet et Petit Pois. Smashed Spuds, Irlandaise

DESSERT

Belch-yer Wind Pudding
Phyneless Poetry (modified) in small doses
Fisher Malden Layer Cakes, Oakland Snaps
Sayred Sugar Pine Knots

LIQUORS

Chateau Hoo-Hoo, Vintage January 24, 1902
Sauternalla Mustato Medanos
St. Louis Lager, for the men that made it famous
Foamy Steam, Tarrier Way
Aqua Pura for those (Endeavorers) that use it

CIGARS

Chinatown Mementos
Stuffed Sawdust
Bale Rope Filling
Havana Wrapper

At the bottom was the following note: "Hoo-Hoo automobile will be in attendance to remove and assist those married brothers that may be overburdened with packages."

Vicegerent Templeman acted as toastmaster and brightness and wit had the run of the banquet board for an hour or more after the feast was concluded. Among the speakers were Frank B. Cole, F. F. Sayre, G. L. Belcher, Matthew Marlowe, W. B. Thurman, Billy Barrett, John Soda-lasi, D. B. Hanson, Lyman Porter, C. J. Flack and Charles R. McCormick.

North Carolina Again at the Bat.

There were two concatenations held in North Carolina in March, the second one being held by Vicegerent C. E. Gordon at Asheville on March 31. Thirteen new members were initiated. Thirteen is not an unlucky number to Hoo-Hoo. It is only an unlucky number for those who are to go through. It was arranged that the banquet should be held first, and about forty cats and kittens sat down to an elaborate spread. The following menu tells of the good things they had to eat:

Cherry Cocktails
Number One Select Oysters
Chestnut Consomme
Sap Celery
Hickory Olives, pickled with the bark on
Plank Shad in the Rough

Veneered Potatoes
Fillet of Beef, Jabberwock Style
Mashed Potatoes, kiln dried
Scrivenoter Wine
Roast Turkey Stuffed with Sawdust
Aparagus Branches
Hoo-Hoo Peas
Quarter-Sawed Tomatoes on Lettuce Leaves
Black Strap, oil dressing
Ice Cream in the Round
Cake, log run
Fruits from Different Trees
Cheese and Wafers, free from worms and snakes

A Black Cat band was on hand to furnish music throughout the entire evening. Brother Gordon deserves much credit for the success of this day.

Approaching Concatenations.

Vicegerent W. H. Yates, of Johnson City, Tenn., announces that he will hold a concatenation at Knoxville, Tenn., April 29. The ceremonies will be conducted in Elks' Hall. Brother W. M. French is in charge of local arrangements.

Vicegerent T. A. Moore writes that a rousing big concatenation will be held at Cape Girardeau, Mo., April 28. The place of meeting will be Masonic Hall, and all local arrangements are in charge of Brother M. E. Leming.

The first concatenation to be held in Arizona will take place at Douglas, April 17. Vicegerent W. G. McDonald is rounding up the boys for that time.

Meeting of Osirian Cloister.

At the last annual assembly of the Osirian Cloister held at St. Louis September 8 last, the following resolution introduced by Mr. Cliff S. Walker was adopted:

"Resolved, That the Chief Priest of Osiris be instructed to name a date and place for a meeting some time in March or April of the Osirian Cloister, when plans and methods may be devised for its future."

Pursuant to above, Chief Priest Gladding has named Memphis as the place, and Tuesday, April 18, as the time for this assembly, and formal notices are being sent out both to members of the Cloister and to those eligible for initiation by Scribe J. H. Baird. The business session and the initiatory ceremonies at this assembly will both be held in one of the parlors of the Gayoso Hotel, the business session beginning at 2:30 p. m., followed by the initiatory ceremonies. In the evening the usual banquet will be held. This will also be at the Gayoso. The banquet will begin at 8 p. m. It is the rule of the Osirian Cloister that the expenses of these banquets are borne by the men who participate. The Memphis banquet will be \$3 per plate. Another resolution was passed at St. Louis to the effect that at all future banquets of the Osirian Cloister those present must appear in costume *de rigueur*.

It is earnestly hoped that there will be a good attendance of Osirians at this Memphis assembly, and that each member will take steps to bring along at least one eligible for initiation. At the banquet Chief Priest Gladding will act as toastmaster and a number of appropriate toasts will be responded to by different members.

A Mean Joke.

A Seattle man says that he will fly from that city to Portland. Any man with wings sprouting must certainly feel lonely in Seattle.—Portland Oregonian.

A Western Hustler.

This picture of Brother Mell Eaton (No. 282), Vicegerent for South Dakota, was, he says, "a good likeness ten years ago—before age, sickness and hospital experience hurried the hair in its flight and lined up the face as only such things can—anyway this is still a fair representation of how I feel."

It is said that a man is just as old as he feels, and both the actions and the feelings of Brother Eaton indicate that he is still young, regardless of the flight of time or hair.

Vicegerent Eaton was born in the North, but that was a mere accident, he says—the family home at the time was in New Orleans, the father of Brother Eaton having settled in that city after the war between the states, notwithstanding he had been an officer in the Federal army. He was held in high esteem by the citizens of the Crescent City and for a time was postmaster of New Orleans. He died about a year ago. Vicegerent Eaton was graduated from the State University of Iowa in 1882, having made a great record as captain of the football team and as class poet. He lives at Sioux Falls, and travels for the City Sash & Door Company, of Minneapolis, Minn. He has a world of friends



VICEGERENT MELL EATON,
Sioux Falls, S. D.

throughout that section. He has been working the same territory for the past twenty years and during that time has had many opportunities to "quit the road," none of which he deemed as desirable as the excellent position he holds, and as he expresses it himself, "me for the cactus." Bro. Eaton is the proud father of two lively little girls and one boy, the latter just seven months old.

Too Long to Wait.

Diogenes was asked why he had ceased his quest for an honest man and lingered all day in his homelike tub. "What is the use?" he returned, pessimistically. "Thos. W. Lawson won't be born for more than a thousand years yet."

With that he blew out his lantern.

Around the World.

This article completes India in the story of travel by Alexander Russell, of the Bowers Rubber Company, and he promises to take his Hoo-Hoo friends through Egypt and the Holy Land if they care to continue the journey, which he fears is tiring them.

Perhaps we had better take a vote and see if our readers have had enough of travel, or if they would prefer to go along and see the rest of the sights.

In our last installment in the March number we were on an elephant ride to the Amber Palace at Jalpur or Jey-pore, and will begin this article in the same place on the same elephant.

At first one would think that the elephant covered very little ground with each stride, but as we look at the attendants who are on foot, we are surprised to see that they are almost on a run, and we really are making good time. It is not pleasant to note that there is a sore spot on the elephant's neck the size of a dollar, that is kept raw, so that if he misbehaves they can jab him with the steel goad. The Hindoo mahout that guided our animal was a most interesting character to me, for he had seen many a tiger killed, and was a strong, fine looking native devoted to this elephant, and the two seemed to thoroughly understand each other.

Adjoining the palace we saw a temple wherein was a shrine, dedicated to and showing an image of the Goddess Kali, and although we could not see the face clearly, it was noticeable that the head of the idol was turned to one side. The guide gravely said: "Our goddess is very angry because we do not sacrifice a human life every day and has turned her face away from us in anger, but the English Government will not allow it, so we sacrifice a goat instead."

The palace was decorated in rather tawdry or expensive style and the women's quarters with the lattice peep-holes, through which they saw the outside world and its actions, without being seen, was rather interesting.

In a large tank, or really an artificial lake, was a lot of huge crocodiles, and we were told, in old days, many a prisoner of war, a criminal or an unfaithful inmate of the harem, was thrown to them to serve as food for the saurian monsters and sport to the royal host. It was a most interesting visit, and we finish our day here in the shops inspecting the different wares peculiar to the Rajputs of this province—enameled gold, old armor, carbuncles and beaten brass—a rich field for the art dealers of our country if they could only come over for a day or two.

We left Jalpur that night at 7:30 and had a most comfortable hogle car with tattles or double screens in the windows, made of dried grasses that are kept wet by a stream of water from a tank on the roof of the car, cooling the air; and so right in the middle of the summer the night travel is very comfortable.

Next morning at 6 o'clock we arrived at Agra, the Mecca of all tourists, the proud city that possesses the finest mausoleum in the world.

They say that nine-tenths of the tourists who spend six or eight weeks in India go home and write a book on India. You can certainly get a great variety of literature telling you exactly what the country needs and doesn't need, and when you have read six or seven of the best advertised books and looked at the country, its customs, its attractions, and its drawbacks, with your own glasses, there is only one thing to do, and that is, go home home, write another book on India and show up the previous writers

for what they were, merely scratchers in the soil of truth, while you have delved deep into the bowels of things and know whereof you speak, or write—in your own mind.

So to follow the universal custom, I am going to say that for weeks and weeks previous to our arrival here, people had said, "What, you are going to India—ah, that wonderful tomb at Agra—don't miss it!" All the steamship companies' folders advertising India speak of Agra as the objective point for all lovers of the beautiful in art. Sir Edwin Arnold is quoted as having said the Taj Mahal is the finest specimen of architectural beauty in the world.

Twenty thousand men working seventeen years at an expense of \$10,000,000 for material alone. This would give some people a faint idea of the magnitude of this work, but in that country, as in the Orient, we look at hundreds of magnificent temples, palaces and tombs where the detail is simply bewildering (staggering is a good adjective too), and we can't conceive the cost, because they never figured labor.

Of course we read many accounts of the wonderful Taj Mahal, this marble tomb of Agra, and came here prepared to see something great, something beyond the ordinary, but I don't believe the most vivid imagination could conceive of any structure as overwhelmingly awe inspiring as is this grand masterpiece of Shah Jehan, the most wonderful builder the world has known. Let us look briefly into his history. He was a grandson of Akbar, the first Mogul Emperor of Hindustan. He married a Persian Princess, surpassingly beautiful, called Mumtaz-i-Mahal, and loved her tenderly, beyond all his wives, for fourteen years. During this time he was fighting and conquering India for the Moguls, and just as he became Sultan, she died in giving birth to her eighth child. Then he swore she should have the finest tomb in the world, and for seventeen years he built the Taj Mahal. The historians say also that he built the palace at Delhi, which we have already described, took to wife many fair ladies, and lived in all luxury, ministering to every sense abundantly. (All he had reigned thirty years; then having completed this magnificent white marble tomb, and deposited the remains of his former Queen therein, he decided to build another tomb for himself, just across the river. This structure was to be of black marble, and connecting the two tombs, spanning the stream, was to be a bridge built of solid silver.

He found decided opposition from his son, who finally took the reins of government into his own hands and locked his father up within a stone's throw of the Taj for several years. Finally Shah Jehan grew so feeble he was helpless and powerless, and the son granted his last request and allowed him to change his quarters so he could die with his eyes upon the last resting place of his loved Queen.

How can I describe this building. No photograph gives the faintest conception of its beauty. If it be one's good fortune to be here at the full of the moon and sit near it in the twilight and see the daylight fade, the marble turn grey in harmony with the sky, then dark; then the moon come up and change the texture into shimmering silver, then to pearl. Oh, what a thrill the very memory of it brings today as we look back to this, the grandest specimen of architectural skill we have seen in all our travels.

An enormous empire was leveled upon for the materials used. Rajputana furnished 140,000 cart loads of marble and pink sandstone; the Jasper came from the Punjab; carnelians from Broach; turquoises from Tibet; agates from Yeman; coral from Arabia; onyx from Persia; lapis-lazuli from Ceylon; garnets from Bundelund; diamonds from Punnah; sapphires from Colombo. All donated under pressure.

Nearly every illustrated geography has a picture of this tomb, along with nose-ringed Malay warriors, the gorilla and the walrus hunter. School children in all lands have written essays, and if I were to attempt a description of it you would say mentally that you had read that long ago.

The interior is a dream. The vaulted roof has no angles, so we stand in breathless silence as the Mohammedan attendant looks up and shouts in sonorous baritone, "Allah il Allah." Then comes a marvelous series of echoes, from the masculine, the baritone, down through the contralto and soprano, to the childish treble and the final twitter of a sweet bird as the tone fades away. We look at each other in astonished awe.

The beautiful tombs in their enclosures of lacy lattice work, carved in most exquisite design in the whitest, most flawless marble conceivable, attract us, but the stillness, the majesty, the grandeur of it all is something that no pen nor word of mouth can describe. Go, my friends, and see it. It is worth all the journey.

The Moti Masjid or "Pearl Mosque" has been described by the most famous writers as "one of the purest and most elegant buildings in the world," and was also built by Shah Jehan. It is likened to a pearl, because it is lined throughout with marble, and as a whole is dazzlingly beautiful. Near by are palaces which are enclosed by a huge wall and dozens of small shops are to be seen where in olden times the dealers displayed their wares to the inmates of the harem.

The apartments of the Queen, with her bath and audience chambers, are beautifully decorated, and so thoroughly oriental it does not require a vivid imagination to see the rooms filled with gorgeously dressed retainers. Secret staircases and a slippery chute leading down to the river are weird evidences of former intrigues, and we ask each other, "How many do you suppose were slid down to destruction in old days here?"

Across the river over which we drive on a curvilinear pontoon bridge is another tomb, which, if the Taj Mahal did not exist, would be in the geographies along with the other wonders of the world. This was built to enclose the remains of Shah Jehan's father-in-law, who was high treasurer, and much loved by his daughter, the Queen. It is simply a jewel box. No one can realize, or describe the intricate beauty of carving in this building. I wish it were 500 miles away so that one could not see both this tomb and the Taj Mahal in the same day.

A visit to the tomb of the great Akbar five miles out finishes our sight seeing here, and we turn our backs reluctantly upon the great Taj and journey on to Gwalior. This is another city under native rule and we had written to the political resident, who arranged it so that the Maharajah's Guest House was at our disposal. Formerly his friends and all Europeans were welcome there, and they ate his food, and drank his wines, and tarried so long, the British Government protested and advised him to charge hotel rates, which is now enforced, and we were glad to conform to the rule, as one does not care to be under so much obligation.

We were furnished an elephant and had a most enjoyable trip up to a fort, which is on a hill 300 feet high, and in the days of old was an impregnable fortress. Today it is picturesque and useless. Next day we visited the Maharajah palaces and elephant stables. We saw one huge beast that had suddenly gone mad, and was in an enclosure by himself, securely chained by each foot to stakes, and constantly straining to get loose and destroy things. The keepers said it was something he had eaten and he would

recover, but he was so vicious I would hate to trust him. We found the streets and bazaars remarkably clean here, proving the Maharajah had been educated to modern ideas and adapted them for the uplifting of his subjects.

From here we went straight through to Bombay, regretting that our itinerary did not permit us to visit Mount Abu, where are some interesting Jain temples, but we had to catch steamer in five days, which barely gave us time to see Bombay.

We left Gwalior at night and arrived in Bombay after a journey of fourteen hours. It was pleasant to see the ocean once more and to be in a modern city, where a large European population have fine stores, hotels, clubs and homelike environments, only a few blocks away from the distinctive native type of houses, temples and bazaars. On all stonework we noted green moss and mould, the evidence of a moist, steamy climate, and while it rained nearly every day, the punkahs were very necessary.

You have seen the old-fashioned palm leaf fan made from one leaf. Imagine one twice the size with the handle five feet long, and at the next table in the dining room sat a party of Nabobs who had a servant working one of these fans with the end of the stick on the floor; and with a wide half-circle sweep he would send a current of air across his master's table, while the overhead punkah was also swinging back and forth; so he and his party were comparatively cool and we looked enviously on.

Bombay is renowned as a great sea port. Its cotton mills influence the markets of the world. Public buildings, clubs and universities are evidences of culture, prosperity and civilization; and we are told that those who journey in the opposite direction and make Bombay their first stopping place in India, and get their first impressions here, are almost overwhelmed with the Aladdin like changes and transformations visible at every turn.

Here is the home of the Parsee, the descendants of Persians, followers of Zoroaster, worshipping fire; refined, prosperous looking and the money makers of India.

Up on Malabar Hill we drove one morning to the Tower of Silence. It is a beautiful park, laid out with fragrant, sweet-smelling plants and flowers, winding paths and a place for rest and reflection. Here are brought the remains of the faithful Parsee and his relatives and friends reverently follow the body until within a hundred yards of the stone circular building—the Tower of Silence. Here white-robed attendants take the body, and the family seal themselves about the park and talk of the departed one, and after a short rest return to their homes.

The tower is 90 feet in diameter and 25 feet high. Inside it is laid out like a gridiron, with three rows of slabs and grooved gutters leading to the center, where is a well 20 feet deep. The bearers, who are the only ones allowed inside, carry the body into the enclosure, strip it and deposit it naked on the stone—the outer row for men, the middle for women, and the inner for children. Then the vultures go to work and in half an hour leave nothing but the bones, which are finally tossed into the well, and in a short time they crumble into dust and the abundant rains wash everything into drains through charcoal and sand.

The Parsees consider fire, water, air, earth as sacred, and a dead body as unclean, so this is the only way they can dispose of the dead. Never a day passes without one or more bodies being brought there, but fully 500 vultures are around in the trees, and on the buildings, waiting for funerals; so there is constant action. In the superintendent's office there is a perfect model of the tower built to scale, which explains this interesting method of disposing of the dead.

The Parsees own the best residence property, and the hospitals and colleges are monuments of their generosity. In the afternoon we see many of them out driving, the men with queer shaped hats, the women beautifully dressed; refined, cultured people.

Within two blocks of the best building we come suddenly to the native bazaar streets, and find silt and unclean sanitary conditions that are simply appalling. We are told that on an average of 50 people die every day from the plague, and the day before we sailed there were 71 deaths; yet the Europeans profess no great fear, but warn us to keep away from native houses, as all this disease is the result of unsanitary conditions, and when we see a dirty street or a ragged, unkempt native, we steer away.

This ends our trip in India, and we have made the best of our time for six weeks and viewed a wonderful country. We should have liked to go into Cashmere, but an unusually severe flood prevented any travel in that country, and so we gave it up. From here by steamer through the Arabian and Red Sea and the Suez Canal is another journey and another story.

ALEXANDER RUSSELL. (5863).

Expelled From the Order.

James Wilson, Hoo-Hoo No. 5926, lately a resident of Kenner, La., has been expelled from the Order for conduct unbecoming a Hoo-Hoo and calculated to bring shame and discredit on the Order. Mr. Wilson's present whereabouts are unknown, but it is reported to the Scribe that he is borrowing money and cashing worthless drafts. This notice is published as a warning.

Oscar Wylde Weber, Hoo-Hoo No. 11837, lately a resident of Detroit, Mich., has been expelled from the Order for conduct unbecoming a Hoo-Hoo and calculated to bring shame and discredit on the Order.

Harold Robinson, Hoo-Hoo No. 7287, lately a resident of Cincinnati, Ohio, has been expelled from the Order for conduct unbecoming a Hoo-Hoo and calculated to bring shame and discredit on the Order.

A Region of Black Cats.

One of the queerest corners on the earth is Chatham Island, off the coast of Ecuador. Captain Reinman, who recently visited it to inquire into the proper grounding of a deep sea cable, says it abounds in cats, every one of which is black. The animals live in the crevices of the lava foundation near the coast, and subsist by catching fish and crabs instead of rats and mice.

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.

* Notes and Comments *



I have planted a castor bean and it is trying to come up. It hasn't appeared above the surface of the ground yet, but it is struggling hard to emerge. In its efforts it has thrown up the soil in a queer little hillock, and I know there is something doing underneath. As I gaze on the evidence of this amazing activity, there is borne in on my mind the thought that I shall never see the real castor bean. The seed I planted was but the encloser of things to be—the involution of the castor bean. When I gave it the proper conditions, the hidden life began to kick and paw around and throw up the dirt. Soon the plant will come forth, and if the flower-catalogue man has told the truth, it will grow fourteen feet high and its leaves will be two feet across. It is an improved sort of castor bean with a very swell name—"Ricinus Zanzibarenis." When it is grown up I shall make believe it is a tropical tree, and I shall sit in its shade and meditate, like Buddha under the Bo tree. But as I said, I can never see the real castor bean. As the seed was but the encloser, so the plant is but the manifestation—the concretized form of the castor bean life. The real castor bean is that mysterious force which is throwing up the dirt—and that force is invisible. The things we see are not realities, but merely the form or appearance of that which is real. The unseen is the only reality. If we could take in that thought in all its bearings, it would change entirely our attitude toward life. For thousands of years the mind of man has focused on form and appearance and has mistaken that for reality. This has given him a narrow view that has held him back and prevented his growth. Anything which has form is limited—the reality back of the form or manifestation is unlimited, but the form itself is finite. To look at the form alone is to fasten down on the idea of finiteness or limitation.

When my grandfather was a young man he was greatly interested in that wonderful new invention, the telegraph, and he read everything he could lay his hands on concerning it. In speaking of it to one of his neighbors he said: "They've got it so they can send a message a thousand miles now, and there's no telling what they'll do next." After a pause, during which the neighbor expressed the opinion that the whole thing was just simply a miracle, my grandfather added, facetiously: "Now, I'll bet some darned fool will bob up and try to lay a wire across the ocean." And then both men laughed heartily. At that time the man who would have seriously suggested the possibility of telegraphing across the sea would have been regarded as a

dangerous lunatic. Such a thing seemed to my grandfather (and to everybody else then) to be impossible, because he had not the correct idea of what man is—he regarded man as just "a biped without feathers," endowed with only five senses, all of them more or less imperfect. He thought that sort of creature couldn't do any very wonderful things, and thus far he was right. His mistake lay in believing man to be "that sort of creature!" All the time he had been looking at the limitation (manifestation or form) and mistaking that for the real man. This is what the whole human race has been doing all these weary centuries.

Whenever man grew to a better and broader perception of his real powers, his environment changed immediately. If Moses could come back to earth today he would hardly know it for the same world he left. George Washington would doubtless grow quite dizzy trying to accommodate his mind to the changes that have occurred since he died—a comparatively short time. The queerest thing about it all is the fight man himself has made against every improvement. When the four-sided planing machine was invented the carpenters of Philadelphia went out on a riot, claiming that the advent of tonguing and grooving by machinery surely presaged ruin to their calling. They even went to the extreme of wrecking the machines that had been installed. They had previously done by hand the work the new machines performed, and they thought they would all lose their jobs and starve. They did not know that what they called themselves was but the shadow of the reality. Man as he appears to be is helpless and inadequate. He cannot jump as high in proportion to his size as can a grasshopper. His eye is far inferior to that of a hawk. The greyhound can outrun him. Seeing only this imperfect manifestation, or form of expression, and mistaking it for his real self, the consciousness of man became permeated with a fatal quality which he conceived to be a virtue, but which truly is not only a hindrance but a sin—the quality of humility. He constantly thought of himself as "a poor worm of the dust." Every now and then a preacher would in the course of a sermon quote the words, "Ye are heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ," but nobody really and truly believed it—not even the preacher. Everybody was wedded to the fishing-worm idea. At church they sang, "Plunged in a Gulf of Dark Despair." Nearly all the poets devoted themselves to writing mournful lays and dolorous songs of "the long ago" and other dismal subjects. I am fond of good poetry, but I despise the sort of blighting stuff that makes you think death and destruction are just ahead. I can't endure the "long-ago" type of thought. I want to get away from the yesterday-to-day-and-to-morrow idea. These things pertain to the apparent man—they have nothing to do with the real. There is no time. It is all eternity. We are living in eternity now. We are immortal now. To the soul it is always now. On a sun-dial once was inscribed these words: "'Tis always morning somewhere in the world." Oh, for a poet who will sing of the ever-present morning instead of the chill shadows of the eventide!

In the midst of so much gloom it is refreshing to run across a poem like the one I cut out of a magazine the other day and which I am going to publish here, in the hope that "perhaps another, sailing o'er life's troubled main, a forlorn and shipwrecked brother, (if such there be in Hoo-Hoo) seeing, may take heart again." The poem was written by Walter Maloué, a Tennessean by birth. I do not know him personally, but I like his ideas as expressed in this poem:

Opportunity.

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fall to find you in,
For every day I stand outside your door
And bid you wake and rise to fight and win

Wait not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day;
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say, "I can!"
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be again a man!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all agnost?
Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sin may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven!



A recent magazine has an article "Where is the West?" It goes on to say:

"It would be easier to tell where is the East. That is always toward the Atlantic. Boston is east to Cleveland; Chicago is east to Colorado, and everything this side of the Cascade Mountains is east to the Pacific Coast. It almost amounts to this. The West is where a man is; the East is where he or his father came from."

According to this definition it seems that the West is more important than the East—inasmuch as the "isness" counts for more than the "come-fromness." The Western people regard the Easterners as rather narrow, and I remember reading of a Texas man who declared that New York is a jay town. He said he found it well-nigh impossible to get change for a one-thousand dollar bill, and finally had to go to a bank for it, whereas in "San Antonio" he could easily have had the bill changed at the nearest saloon! The magazine article says further:

"So it comes to pass that the West has no fixed geographical limits, like the South and New England. It is something more than a geographical term. Like Boston, it is a state of mind. There are mountains and rivers and oceans within the limits of which this state of mind is pre-eminently to be found, but it is to be recognized in other regions as well. You can tell a Westerner as you can tell a Southerner, sometimes by his speech, always by his attitude toward life.

"The West means Americans who are controlled by certain ideas and motives. But American does not mean Anglo-Saxon beyond the Alleghenies. It is never, strictly speaking, a matter of descent, but this is doubly true of that great region where blood and ideas and habits of every people under the sun are fusing into a new race. With such an origin it could not be otherwise. Provincialism in any arrogant sense of the term you will not find outside of the thirteen original States of the Union. On the prairies too many men have succeeded where according to all precedent they ought to have failed, for any one to claim a proprietary right in omniscience. Lacking that, however convinced it may be of its own superiority, the West is tolerant and the Westerner is at home everywhere."

Truly the West is great. I am always running across something that convinces me more and more of this fact. The March number of one of the leading magazines contains an account of the latest achievement of Mr. Luther Burbank, of California, who is devoting his life to experimenting with plants and vegetables. In this line he has accomplished wonders. It is, indeed, a great work. "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." Mr. Bur-

bank is a hero of peace. To me it is very refreshing to turn from lurid accounts of war and carnage, fires, accidents and suicides, and to read what Mr. Burbank is doing in the way of developing new varieties of plant life. Listen to this:

"There are millions of acres of arid land upon the globe, much of it, even with the most persistent irrigation, yielding but scantily, and enormous reaches of it devoid of all growth but the cactus, a foe to man and beast; but Mr. Burbank resolved that he would reclaim it, not by irrigation, though welcoming its aid, but by means of the desert itself—the desert and its cactus, its heat and its sun.

"So for a period of over ten years he has worked with the utmost persistence and skill until at last he has developed a cactus plant which will convert the desert into a garden. He has made the cactus thornless, taking from its leaves the hard, woody substance, the spicules, so dangerous to animal life.

"More than this, he has made it adaptable to any climate. It will thrive on the hot desert, but it will grow with marvelous fecundity when irrigated or when planted in a richer soil.

"But this is not all the marvel. He has bred this dreaded scourge of the desert, this pariah among plants, until it has become the producer of a delightful, nutritious food for man and beast—until, in his estimate, considering the unused areas of the world where it will thrive, it will afford food for twice the people now upon the earth."

I believe a man by the name of Buckle once advanced the theory that any form of cheap food is bad for a nation. If I remember correctly, he said the potato has been the damnation of Ireland. I suppose his idea was that the cheaper the food, the less effort will be made to get it. Still, it seems to me that it is a great work to make a common cactus grow into a delightful and nutritious food. (The humble donkey was not so far wrong, after all, when he went browsing among the thistles!) To "convert the desert into a garden"—is not that a triumph? The real power of man (or rather the power of the real man) overcoming the limitations of apparent man, weak, wobbly critter that he is! From time immemorial the very word "desert" has been a synonym for desolation, "a land of pits and drought and the shadow of death"—a dreary waste, strewn with the bones of men and animals that perished in its parching solitudes. In one of his periods of depression the writer of the Psalms mournfully averred: "I am like an owl of the desert." But Isaiah spake thus with the tongue of prophecy:

"In the wilderness shall waters break out and streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool and the thirsty land springs of water; in the habitation of dragons shall be grass with reeds and rushes. The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

The prophecy embodied in this glorious poem seems in a fair way to be literally fulfilled. I notice from the newspapers that the French Government recently sent an expert investigator to look into conditions in the Sahara desert, and from the voluminous report submitted, it appears that the vast territory so long deemed irreclaimable can be made productive. The expert recommends in the first place the building of two railroads, so that machinery and supplies can be transported, and then a big scheme of irrigation is outlined. It transpires that the Sahara is not by any means all desert—every here and there is an oasis, a green spot with plenty of water. The chief difficulty lies in the fact that around these green spots swarm the wandering Bedouins, the fierce sons of the desert. The railroads will, therefore, be used to transport French troops as well as machinery. That will be tough on the Arabs, and I am sorry for them, but surely the earth belongs to those who can make the best use of it. It is the iron law of nature that those who cannot keep up with the procession must get off the earth.

Soon there will be no place left for those who aspire to nothing higher than living in a tent or riding across the burning sands on a mangy camel. When I was a child I used to read beautiful stories about the swiftness and beauty of the Arabian horses—"milk white steeds." I think, or were they "coal black steeds?" I have forgotten now, and it does not matter any way, for they turned out to be a good deal of a myth. A fellow brought over a lot of them to this country to sell, but he lost out, for they looked like thirty cents when lined up alongside a Tennessee thoroughbred, and it also developed that their fleetness has been greatly exaggerated.

But I was talking about the West and its wonders. Here is something from the Portland Oregonian of recent date:

"What I cannot see is why the American people go to Switzerland to spend the summer in the mountains."

"Herr Mor. E. Fischer, Hungarian Commissioner to the Lewis and Clark Exposition, looked truly puzzled. For the seventh time in two minutes he turned slowly about, taking in the distant mountains and peaks, and again shook his head.

"It is foolish," continued Herr Fischer, with the delightful Hungarian accent, "for the American people to cross the pond to invade Switzerland when they have a country so much more beautiful right here at home."

"Where is there another place so beautiful?" he exclaimed in a fresh burst of enthusiasm. "It is truly grand. I would wish to live in Oregon always. I had never dreamed of anything quite so grand."

Herr Fischer reached Portland on the morning train after having traveled from far away Hungary to represent his country at the Exposition. Hungary has provided liberally for the fair. A shadra, or Hungarian rest-house, will be constructed, and herein will be displayed the finest products of the Hungarian farmers, every one of them skilled artisans, trained under government supervision. It is with the idea of popularizing these products of the thrifty people of Hungary that the government is taking such an active interest in the Portland Exposition. The Western people are known around the world as purchasers of pretty much what they want, and Herr Fischer's mission is to instill a liking for Hungarian products into the great country of the Coast.

"Herr Fischer talked enthusiastically of all this, but when he had finished the puzzled expression came back to his face and he again indulged in that expressive shaking of the head as he looked longingly at the scenery.

"And to think that the American people go to Switzerland to see the mountains," he said again."

It certainly does seem strange that so many Americans go to Europe before they have seen half the wonders of their own great country. It is not alone the scenery of the West that is inspiring. The following from a Portland newspaper shows the dauntless spirit of the cowboy:

"Soon Portland will be a-blush with the myriad roses of spring, but the reddest petal of them all must pale beside the flaming cheeks of the town dwellers who are held up to the ridicule of the men who ride the range. Up on Camp Creek, in the county of Crook, dwell men who are accustomed to look unmoved into the bright face of danger. They have heard of the hullabaloo Portland made over a mountain lion, panther or cougar; how parties of men 'armed to the teeth' penetrated the fastnesses of Marquam Gulch; how others in the panoply of the chase watched beside a booning calf in the hope of shooting the dread visitor as he approached the lunch-counter. Camp Creek has heard of these doings, and is disgusted. Let the mewling city dweller hang his head in shame; let the red badge of ignominy blazon from cheek and brow the tidings that his degenerate spirit has been stung. From Camp Creek, in the county of Crook, rings this clarion:

"To the Editor—I see in The Oregonian that the people of Portland are being terrorized by a mountain lion or panther. If there is anything in it the men from Pot Hook Ranch will come down and lead him through town for sport. As one of the men was riding on the desert the

other day he caught a cougar that measured 8 feet 6 inches from tip to tip, and led it into camp. The foreman on the ranch catches all the bears he sees—just ropes them for pasture. I never saw the animal that could not be handled with a rope. This is no false report, but can fetch proof of the same. If nothing happens we will both be at the 1905 Fair, and may call on you. A CONSTANT READER."

"A rope, and lo! the cougar, panther or lion—lion sounds best—is led captive to grace the cowboy's triumph. Small wonder that the hardy men of Camp Creek, who rope bears as Portlanders play lawn tennis, should be disgusted to find the people of this great city 'terrorized' by one yowling, prowling lion, if indeed the blood-curdling yowls did not come from a lost cur. It would do Portland a vast amount of good and it would attract thousands from the yet more stagnant East, were the men of Camp Creek to give daily lion-roping exhibitions at the Fair. In the meantime Portland cheeks burn with shame. If that thrice-cursed varmint returns to the wildernesses of Marquam Gulch or Front street, its career will come to a sudden end. Spurred on by the flouts and jeers of the rangers, Portland's citizens will turn out en masse, and the lion will have no more show than a tin can before the Civic Improvement Association.

The Pacific Coast Hoo-Hoo are planning to make the Annual Meeting at Portland a supreme success and the most memorable occasion since the founding of the Order. They have set about the matter with true western enterprise and hustle. The Executive Committee of Nine, appointed some time ago, has requested the Vicegerents all over the Pacific coast to appoint local committees with the Vicegerent himself as chairman in each case; these various committees to cooperate in every possible way with the Portland committee. The following letter from Brother E. H. Habighorst, of Portland, secretary of the Executive Committee of Nine, indicates the scope of the preparations under way:

Portland, Oregon, March 20, 1905.—Supreme Jabberwock A. H. Potter is as busy as a bee in a tar-barrel. He is doing all he can to assist in the work. Mr. Chairman Inman is fairly busy endorsing checks and signing others. We are not endeavoring to crowd the work just now as we do not wish to tire out ourselves nor any one else, but are keeping in touch as closely as possible.

From the reports we had from the North and the South and the East, throughout the entire jurisdiction of Supreme Jabberwock Potter, the thought was expressed, "We wish to help you," and the Executive Committee of Nine, feeling not only the need of some assistance but the value of it, also realizing that it is not only a Portland affair but a Pacific Coast affair, decided to ask the cooperation through special committees throughout the entire district. All the Vicegerents of the district were invited to cooperate with us by appointing a committee, consisting of himself as chairman and three additional members, to work with us in making the Annual a success. It is too early to hear from all of them, but Vicegerent W. J. Corbin wrote that he had appointed a committee of four, besides himself, including F. B. Cole, of Tacoma, J. H. Parker, Francis Rotch, D. J. King, of Seattle, to act with him, and said, "I assure you that we will do everything possible to further the best interests of 1905 Annual," also asking special instructions as to work we expected of the committee. Vicegerent W. H. Metz, of Southern California, did not wait to appoint the entire committee. He says, "Will H. Hartwell will be one of the names, and later I will supply the other seven names with his assistance. If I am too long answering, 'jack me up.'"

Am glad these brethren have exceeded the request and appointed more than three, as they undoubtedly selected the best timber to be had that could give it the necessary time.

E. H. HABIGHORST.

Jeanerette, La., March 21, 1905.—Dear Jim: I am in a dilemma and have to appeal to you for enlightenment. You say all national currency is acceptable in Hoo-Hoo, except postage stamps that are stuck together. Well, can

a candidate get in on the currency of the State of Georgia? If so, I have a man. He is eligible for Hoo-Hoo all right enough. He is my partner in the new business I am now in, and wants to get in our Order *bad-bad*. He does not know what he is rubbing up against; but "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." As he is a native Georgian he has none of our currency—only has the currency of Georgia, which I suppose you are familiar with; if not, I will enlighten you and you can let me know if it is negotiable anywhere in U. S. I know it is negotiable in Georgia. I was out in that State several years ago. Near the town Nunon, in a little county grocery, I stopped to get some cigars, and paid the man with a quarter, U. S. money. He looked at it very hard, made it ring, and said: "I never seed one of these pieces of juelry before. Do you gimme dis for dem 'gars, stranger?" I said, yes, but did not know what to think. A few minutes afterwards an old farmer came in and he showed his 25 cents to the farmer and told him the stranger gave him this for some cigars. The farmer wanted to know if I had any more to spare. I told him I would give him one if he would let me ride to the next town. He gladly accepted. I was enlightened a few minutes after on the currency question, when the old farmer asked for 5 cents worth of "chawin' baccor," which the storekeeper produced, the farmer running his arm into a large gunny sack, and putting on the counter a 10-cent size gopher, the storekeeper reaching into a box under the counter, getting out a 5-cent gopher in change. I was nonplussed; must have looked rather silly, until I was told that the currency of Georgia was gophers. They are cute little creatures; just like our turtle, but do not live in water, but are called Georgia chickens, as they live on dry land and feed like chickens or a goose. Now, brother, I think I have fully explained myself in this living currency question. As it is on a live basis (not on the silver 16 to 1 or gold basis) do you think my Georgia partner can get in on the only living currency, to my knowing, in the universe? If so, let me know soon, so I can get my friend into our great Order of Hoo-Hoo. Hoping to hear an answer in your next issue, I am your Brother Hoo-Hoo, J. E. CROPPER (7941).

I am sorry to turn down the currency proposition made by Brother Cropper in the foregoing letter. Hoo-Hoo could not use the gopher and my own personal experience with queer live stock has not been encouraging. I had some prairie dogs once, and they tunneled under the entire neighborhood and made a great deal of trouble for everybody else, though they didn't bother me at all. I thought they were cute and interesting. But they were always running away and turning up in some unexpected place, and when a kind-hearted milkman took a fancy to them I told him he might have them. Then somebody sent me a pair of young wildcats. One of them bit off the head of a prize chicken the first jump he made, and established a reputation for savagery. Then the negroes all got scared, and pretty soon the little wildcats turned up and died—poisoned. I have had all sorts of pets—squirrels, 'coons, and other wild animals. I always became very much attached to them, and when they died my distress was acute. I have about decided to cut out all pets in future, for I believe they give me, on the whole, more pain than pleasure. One of the most interesting pets I ever had was a Bantam chicken. He certainly had winning ways. I have forgotten just where he came from—probably some one gave him to some member of the household. Anyway, he was put in the back yard among the other fowls. He was very small—not much larger than a "bumble-bee." So we named him Bumble. We soon discovered that he had one

marked peculiarity—he detested all the other chickens. I think he regarded them as very common creatures. He absolutely refused to associate with them, and every day he squeezed through a hole in the fence and took up his quarters in the front yard. We stopped up the hole, whereupon Bumble walked boldly into the kitchen, chirping dismally and giving every indication of the utmost dissatisfaction. He refused to eat, and continued to 'hop around and keep up a racket. It was plain that he wanted to go into the front yard, and for the sake of peace he was carried out there and turned loose. He seemed perfectly delighted, and after that the same programme was carried out every day; bright and early Bumble appeared in the kitchen, was given his breakfast and "toted" into the front yard. Every evening after sunset he walked up on the front veranda and hollered for somebody to come and fetch him. He was willing to go to roost with the other fowls, but as soon as he awoke he proceeded to give them the shake. All day long Bumble chased busily about, catching tiny winged insects and scratching for worms, all the while keeping up a queer little low, monotonous chirruping. He "talked to himself," as we called it, incessantly. In time I grew fond of his ceaseless chatter. There was a sort of fascination about it. I fell into the habit of talking back at him. I remember one Sunday afternoon I was sitting on the veranda alone, and Bumble as usual was foraging around. A summer shower came up suddenly and Bumble took refuge under a canna plant near where I sat. From time to time he peeped out and chattered volubly, lapsing into respectful silence while I answered him and breaking out afresh when I finished. That was the last conversation I ever had with Bumble. The next evening when I went home from the office I found the household in an uproar. Bumble had disappeared. The last time he was seen was about the middle of the afternoon, but he was not missed till after sunset, when the cook, surprised at not hearing him clamoring at the front door, went out to look for him. There was absolutely no clue as to his whereabouts, and we decided that a rat had caught him. At that time Bumble was about the size of a partridge and was very handsome indeed. We deeply mourned his loss. Two months later the nearest neighbor's coachman had a quarrel with his sweetheart, and came over and told our cook that he knew what became of Bumble. "Dat gal," he said, referring to his erstwhile beloved, "sho'ly lifted dat little rooster. She say she think he's the purtiest chicken she eber seen." The cook was for going right after "dat gal" and recovering Bumble, but I knew the girl would deny the whole thing, and we couldn't absolutely swear that the fowl in her possession really was Bumble. It would be our word against hers, and she would tell that we simply took her chicken away from her. These things I pointed out to the excited cook, suggesting, however, that she take steps to see if Bumble seemed happy and well treated. This she did, and it seemed to relieve her mind greatly. She went to see the "gal" just as the latter was sitting down to supper in her cabin. Bumble came in and flew up on the back of the "gal's" chair, where he sat patiently waiting. "Ain't dat sweet!" cried the "gal," eyeing him with tender regard. "He jest sets up dar ebery meal, and I takes a bite and gibs him one!"

Brother Cropper's mention of gophers reminds me of an article that appeared in the Atlanta Constitution of March 9, about a pet gopher which lives in the office of that paper. The article is written in so charming a style, to say nothing of the interesting facts related, that I feel justified in republishing it herewith:

"Way down in the fastnesses of the tropics nature yesterday fled one of her myriad annual wireless messages. With the speed and accuracy of a marconigram it capered over stubble and pine and plain; through the whir and din of Atlanta it darted with heedless confidence until it reached the sixth floor of the Constitution building; forbidding brick walls and inhospitably closed windows did not for a second stay its flight; these it penetrated in a twinkling and striking down through a mountainous heap of mail sacks and exchanges, wrung an answering vibration from a huddled black bulk of animal machinery; a serpentine black head jerked out from between two impervious, protecting shells, two beady eyes blinked knowingly, the stack shivered from base to summit and out crawled—

The Constitution gopher!

"True to the call of spring sent from its native sandy habitat to its marvelously sensitive mechanism, it shook off its long winter lethargy and went forth on its rounds in the editorial department, the drollest and most unromantic messenger you ever saw, to spread the gleeful tidings of the resurrection of nature.

"Those who were standing around and who observed the strange incident did not lose the oddity of the incongruity. Here in the very maelstrom of modernity, a newspaper office, in touch by a dozen wires with every phase of life and scientific craft, the first distinct, unmistakable indication of the changing season was not flashed on what we are wont to call the superior mind of man, but on that subtle animal instinct which has responded to such vague and indefinite stimulus for ages of which we retain no accurate record.

"Five years ago one of our South Georgia friends shipped this queer, plodding creature to the editorial department of the Constitution with his compliments. Separated from his loamy heath and having forever hidden farewell to the touch and smell of even alien fresh earth, many editorial pessimists predicted his early demise. With a serene and almost human adaptability he straightway overturned their morbid prophecies.

"Settled steadiness of purpose marked his plans. Going from room to room he ingratiated himself with every member of the staff and so far succeeded in lightening the monotony of the routine that within a short space rivalry rose between editorial writers, the artist, the religious editor, the poet and the executive heads in the enthusiastic welcomes which greeted the snail-paced advent of his rusty form.

"Grasses, melon rinds and cabbage leaves were fed him in abundance, and he was closely guarded against the animosity of stray dogs that might elude the vigilance of the elevator boy. Under these auspicious conditions he acquired a boldness and approachability truly remarkable. No office was immune from his persistent sociability. The solitary scribbler or the solemn conclave were alike fish to his gregarious instinct, and he was as warmly welcomed by one as the other. His fame went afar, and visitors to the office took as much interest in his odd, impassive personality as in the singing mergenthalers or the clamoring presses. A black and white cat, imported for the sake of variety and tradition, disputed his sovereignty for about two months and retreated, attenuated and disgusted, to the composing room.

"But the clash of a metropolitan newspaper office with its intoxicating swiftness and versatility of events could not eradicate the impulses at the bottom of this sophisticated gopher's nature. With the onset of the first winter he answered the summons handed down from generation to generation of his kind and, oblivious to the summer heat of the radiator, proceeded to hibernate with the same assiduity he would have exhibited in the sand dunes of South Georgia.

"One crisp fall day he was missing from his accustomed haunts, and an anxious investigation disclosed him cannily stowed away in the darkest corner of the floor, behind a huge radiator and beneath an immense pile of mail sacks and old papers, the closest approach to his wintry retreat he could find.

"Each year for five seasons this process has been exactly duplicated.

"Valiant efforts were made to simulate spring and coax him from his retreat. The office boy, with satanic guile, just a few days ago disinterred his slumbering frame and placed it in the blinding glare of the sunlight, while a nearby radiator diffused seductive heat through his sluggish frame. The artful combination of circumstances was futile and the gopher slept on serenely. Moved to sudden

impatience, the boy tapped him on the back. With a snake-like hiss, the head darted out swiftly, the drowsy eyes twinkled angrily and—back he went to sleep. He knew the real from the spurious and the call of spring had not yet struck on his torpid mechanism.

"He was replaced in the dark cavern of his own making, and yesterday, as related, the genuine summons came and he answered it promptly, moving with all the agility of rejuvenation and the symptoms of a steady appetite in crescendo. If he misses the odor of the turpentine oozing from the tree trunks in the pine barrens or the aroma of the fresh turned clod, it is not visible in the intense interest with which he is renewing his intimate relations with his friends of the editorial department, nor in lack of appetite after a four months' rest.

"So, mesdames, since the erudition of this barometer of nature has foretold spring, you may lay in a lavish stock of camphor balls in the confidence that you will soon need them; and you, messieurs, if impecunious, may with safety consider the hypothecation of that overcoat. And jointly, sir and madam, you who are yet free from taint or surfeit of cynicism, may welcome blithely that unfathomable uplift of the spirit, that light turning to the love and lissomeness symbolized by the gently swelling bud and blossom and the eager twittering of prescient birds, for—

"It is the dawn of spring!"

"The gopher has so announced and we would rather trust his imperturbable sagacity than the amalgamated cunning of man-made wisdom!"

Agency, Mo., March 20, 1905.—Dear Baird: The March Bulletin just at hand and it is certainly a "dandy." I have enjoyed this one more than any since my return from Mexico and Cuba, for while I was away from under the stars and stripes anything and everything from the States was enjoyed, especially the Hoo-Hoo news.

I enjoyed the poetry in this number and the write-ups of the various concatenations, also the letter from Brother Cropper (No. 7941) mentioning his wife. If you should make a visit in his territory, be sure to call at his home—they are true types of "the good old Southern democracy."

You will notice my change of address from the above heading. I am settled down for an indefinite time and thinking seriously of committing matrimony soon.

Yours in appreciation,

W. R. HOLLAND (No. 8813).

This is a very satisfactory letter, indeed. The brother tells just what features of the March Bulletin interested him most. Until he wrote, I didn't know whether or not anybody enjoyed the write-ups of the concatenations or whether any one approved of the poetry. I am sure the Vicegerents and also the various poets will be glad to read Brother Holland's letter.

Columbia, S. C., March 4, 1905.—Dear Baird: I am handing you herewith a clipping from one of our Carolina papers, from which it seems some countryman, who never heard of the real live thing, has taken lots of liberty with Hoo-Hoo. As my literary education is not sufficiently broad to judge as to the merits of the article, I am, therefore, passing it on to you. It may be good and again it may not.

WILLIAM M. OTIS (No. 6540).

The poem which Brother Otis enclosed in his letter is truly great, and I am wondering if he didn't write it himself and is too modest to say so. It consists of about forty stanzas, all of them very similar to the first one, which is as follows:

"Down in the pond the toad frogs sing:
Hoo-Hoo, Hoo-Hoo, Hoo-Hoo!
To celebrate return of spring,
Hoo-Hoo, Hoo-Hoo, Hoo-Hoo.

CHORUS.

Sing Hoo-Hoo, Hoo-Hoo, Hoo-Hoo,
Great Hoo-Hoo, Hoo-Hoo, Hoo-Hoo!"

This wonderful lyric, which, as you see, is characterized by infinite variety, reminds me of the following "book review" which recently appeared in Puck:

"A volume of poetry comes to us from the pen of Master Percy Pushpen, aged six months, with the publisher's affidavit that he received no help from older persons. The poem "Night," which we quote, is remarkable for its deep insight into human nature, luminous style, and originality of treatment—qualities seldom found in one so young.

NIGHT.

Da da da da da?
Oo oo oo oo oo;
Ba ba ba ba ba,
Boo hoo hoo hoo hoo!"

Here is a hot roast from the Hoot Mon—you would almost think he was Irish from the red-headed way he rampages:

8 Gordon St., Glasgow, Scotland, March 3, 1905.—Dear Brother Baird: The February Bulletin to hand and on looking over list of Vicegerents was more than astonished to find the Vicegerent of Great Britain designated Vicegerent of United Kingdom of England and Continent of Europe. Oh! Bonnie Scotland, what am I suffering for ye noo! United Kingdom of England—ma conscience! And yet you say you are a Scot. Do you not think you would have been nearer the correct title if you had put United Kingdom of Scotland? Who was James the First of England? You will have to "get up" your history, my boy, or else you will be getting into trouble when you go out to the "Trail" in September as I understand there are a lot o' guid Scotchmen in Portland. Glad to see you have got another "Englishman" made a Hoo Hoo at St. Louis on January 25, but must contradict you again as Willie Currie Davie is a "pal" of mine and as good a Scotchman, having been born and brought up here, and only been in London, Eng., for a few years representing a Scotch firm, Wright, Graham & Co., of this city. Do you not tell us in your notes and comments that one of the fiercest fights was between your clan and the Grahams and Colquhouns at Glen Fruin? Talking of Glen Fruin. I spent last Saturday till Monday not a mile from where the fight took place, and cycled right over the spot on the Sunday to pass the home of Sir James Colquhoun, now the Chief of the Clan.

Now, Brother Baird, I will close with kindest regards, and hope you will get that awful mistake on the front page altered in your next issue.

Thine Aye,

JAMIE HOOT MON LIGHTBODY.

The mistake to which Brother Lightbody calls attention was, indeed, a bad break. I do not know how it happened. The printers swear they "followed copy," and everybody in the office denies all responsibility. We are all thoroughly conversant with the history of James the First, and likewise are of the opinion that of all the great "Englishmen" who figured in history, half were Scotchmen and the other half Irishmen!

I am glad the Hoot Mon saw the error in The Bulletin and took the trouble to write about it. I wish every one of our readers would call attention to anything which may not seem just right or which he may think might be improved. There is one thing about the paper which has never been criticised, but which gives me a pain every time I see it. I have wondered why some of you have not mentioned it. I have grown so tired of it that I have resolved to make a change, but I cannot get my plans in shape for this issue. When you receive your May Bulletin I think you will be surprised, and I hope you will be pleased.

Having had some complaints recently from members who say they do not receive The Bulletin regularly, this office got out a little circular to be slipped in with all letters going

out in the regular course of correspondence. I wrote the circular myself and thought it was pretty good. It was headed "Just a Word with You," and went on to say, in effect, that if you are not receiving the paper regularly please say so.



"Just a word with you."

Also if you have any suggestions to make or news items to give, please be sure to write me. The printer evidently tried to do an extra good job. He printed the circular on nice pink paper, and in one corner he placed a cut of a rather "stoggy" middle-aged gentleman in what was evidently considered a "just-a-word-with-you" attitude, as you will see from the

cut reproduced herewith. I thought the "job," on the whole, was very neat, though I didn't take much stock in that pudgy little picture. If I had had any idea of the misapprehension the circular might cause, I would have murdered the printer and burnt up the pink slips. Just read this:

Little Rock, Ark., March 3, 1905.—Well, well, I always had a suspicion that you were a "con" man, Baird (the result no doubt of the case with which you won my confidence), and here you are admitting it. For years the likeness of yourself, as published in The Bulletin, has been that of a nice-looking young fellow—a Beau Brummel in fact, and now here comes your picture—an entirely different one. And it must be a correct likeness for you have published it over your official signature.

But you needn't look so glum about it just because you "want a word with" me. I am getting your old paper all right, and it's mighty glad I am, too, to get it. I enjoy every bit of it, especially the "Notes and Comments," and look forward to its arrival with keenest expectations of pleasure—so, by the way, does my wife, for she enjoys it as much as I. When a copy fails you'll hear from me all right, and if I should drop on to anything worth telling will let you know.

F. PRICE (No. 1008)."

Ladies, Beware.

Here is an advertisement of a South Bend store which has "white goods" for sale; "One of these nights a rat will gnaw a match on your pantry shelf, dear sister, and the fire will spread till it reaches your room, and you will escape with your life, clad only in your night garments. Such a spectacular opportunity to create a sensation does not occur oftener than once in a lifetime, and how will you make it? Dear sister, will your night clothes be such that firemen will want to plunge into the flames and die? Or, will you look like the pictures on the bill boards?"—*Vincennes Commercial*.

Deadly as Christians Now.

Japan's advance in "civilization" has been the subject of many squibs of late. As good a one as any is reported by a London paper to have been written by a schoolboy under examination: "Until recently the Japanese used to fight with bows and arrows, but now they are equipped with the complete arms of a Christian."

To an Oriole.

How falls it, Oriole, thou hast come to fly
In Southern splendor through our Northern sky?
In some blithe moment was it nature's choice
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?
Or did some orange lily, flecked with black,
In a forgotten garden, ages back,
Yearning to heaven until its wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

—Edgar Fawcett.

It is reported that the Niagara falls are doomed. A milkman must have settled there.

Reports of Concatenations



No. 1097. Boise, Idaho, February 24, 1905.

Snark, F. E. Glazier.
Senior Hoo-Hoo, J. J. Shaw.
Junior Hoo-Hoo, Guy Marz
Bojum, C. R. Shaw.
Scrivenoter, F. C. Sand
Jabberwock, J. A. Waters.
Custocatian, F. W. Wood.
Arcanoper, C. E. Shriver.
Gurdon, A. L. Bush.

- 14226 Anderson James Armstrong, Boise, Idaho; Hawk-eye Lumber Co.
14227 Henry Harrison Bean, Boise, Idaho; Main Street Planing Mills.
14228 William Madison Briggs, Boise, Idaho; Hawkeye Lumber Company.
14229 William Albert Coughanour, Payette, Idaho.
14230 Eugene Emerson, Nampa, Idaho; Nampa Lbr. Co.
14231 Sanford Napoleon Emison, Nyssa, Ore.; Emerson Lumber Co.
14232 Edward Hampton Foster, Boise, Idaho; Coffin-Clin-ton Hardware Co.
14233 Moses Hubbard Goodwin, Boise, Idaho; M. H. Goodwin.
14234 William Patrick Kelleher, Meridian, Idaho; Central Lumber Co.
14235 William Kitchen, Boise, Idaho; Capital Lumber Co.
14236 William Blanchard Knowlton, Nampa, Idaho; Standard Lumber Co.
14237 Thomas Teasla Kohout, Ontario, Ore.; L. Adam Lumber Co.
14238 Frank Page, Boise, Idaho; Page & Mott Lbr. Co.
14239 Harvey H. Springer, Boise, Idaho; W. H. Riden.
14240 Charles Herbert Stewart, Boise, Idaho; Coast Lumber Co., and Superior Sash & Door Co.
14241 Augustus S. Whitewae, Boise, Idaho.

No. 1098. Watertown, S. D., February 28, 1905.

Snark, Mell Eaton.
Senior Hoo-Hoo, L. B. Grimshaw.
Junior Hoo-Hoo, G. L. Gardner.
Bojum, Albert Forcht.
Scrivenoter, H. A. Hurd.
Jabberwock, A. R. Priest.
Custocatian, F. H. Flatau.
Arcanoper, R. E. Erwin.
Gurdon, Jay L. Foster.

- 14242 Burden Dorman Bascomb, Clark, S. D.; B. D. Dascomb.
14243 Jacob Ernest Bergen, Cedar Falls, Iowa; Harris & Cole Bros.
14244 William Edson Blackman, Minneapolis, Minn.; W. O. Barndt Lumber Co.
14245 John Louis Boub, Redfield, S. D.; Hayes-Lucas Lumber Co.
14246 Chalkley Wilber Derr, Turton, S. D.; C. W. Derr.
14247 Edward Collins Laughlin, Clark, S. D.; Hayes-Lucas Lumber Co.
14248 John O. Melham, Watertown, S. D.; Melham Bros. Lumber Co.

- 14249 George Albert Odette, Minneapolis, Minn.; Fulton & Libbey Co.
14250 William Thomas Purdie, Willow Lakes, S. D.; Jacobshagen & Co.
14251 Stanley Lester Raymond, Minneapolis, Minn.; Shevlin Carpenter Co.
14252 Lester Adelbert Vaudenburgh, Condee, S. D.; L. A. Vaudenburgh.
14253 Otis Lawrence Walker, Sioux City, Iowa; Pine Tree Lumber Co., Little Falls, Minn.

No. 1099. Milwaukee, Wis., February 28, 1905.

Snark, Lucius E. Fuller.
Senior Hoo-Hoo, I. McCauley.
Junior Hoo-Hoo, W. R. Mackenzie.
Bojum, T. M. McGill.
Scrivenoter, P. F. Ahrens.
Jabberwock, T. A. Bruett.
Custocatian, R. F. Hodges.
Arcanoper, A. A. Laun.
Gurdon, Walter Wright.

- 14254 Charles Herbert Allen, Portage, Wis.; Riblake Lumber Co., Riblake, Wis.
14255 Charles Whipple Culver, Seattle, Wash.; Lewis & Hughes.
14256 Joseph J. Eells, Milwaukee, Wis.; Foster-Munger Co.; Chicago, Ill.
14257 Arthur King Ford, Milwaukee, Wis.; Wisconsin Central Ry.
14258 Roy Howell Jones, Appleton, Wis.; G. W. Jones Lumber Co.
14259 James Oscar Klapp, Milwaukee, Wis.; Wisconsin Car Service Assn.
14260 Henry Louis Meyer, Hilbert, Wis.; H. L. Meyer & Co.
14261 Earle Randall, Beloit, Wis.
Life 20 James Milton Schultz, Chicago, Ill.; Schultz Bros. & Co.

No. 1100. St. Louis, Mo., March 4, 1905.

Snark, T. A. Moore.
Senior Hoo-Hoo, A. C. Ramsey.
Junior Hoo-Hoo, J. L. Lane.
Bojum, George E. Watson.
Scrivenoter, R. J. Fine.
Jabberwock, Hal G. Stevens.
Custocatian, E. L. Roederer.
Arcanoper, Julius Seidel.
Gurdon, T. C. Bledsoe.

- 14262 Charles Mulford Brown, St. Louis, Mo.; Lehigh & Wabash Dispatch.
14263 Charles McLaughlin Gray, East St. Louis, Ill.; So. Illinois Construction Co.
14264 Joseph Franklin Hickey, St. Louis, Mo.; The Kolf Screen Co.
14265 Alfred Independence Miller, St. Louis, Mo.; M. K. & T. R. R.
14266 Frank Seidel, St. Louis, Mo.; Julius Seidel Lumber Co.

No. 1101. Mobile, Ala., March 4, 1905.

Snark, Mark Lyo.s.
Senior Hoo-Hoo, R. W. Child.
Junior Hoo-Hoo, Charles D. Harris.
Bojum, J. F. Davis.
Scrivenoter, W. R. Christian.
Jabberwock, Harry C. Burton.
Custocatian, John Rawls, Jr.
Arcanoper, James H. Zelnicker.
Gurdon, J. P. Rogers.

- 14267 Alfred Torram Beardlee, Mobile, Ala.; Blacksher Co.
14268 Walter Dean Cary, Mobile, Ala.; Bayshore Lbr. Co.
14269 Edgar Davis Flynn, Fulton, Ala.; Scotch Lbr. Co.
14270 John Alvin Grimm, Ellisville, Miss.; Anchor Saw-Mill Co.

- 14271 Cleveland Henderson, Mobile, Ala.; Mobile, Jackson & K. C. R. R.
14272 William Bernard McCoy, Mobile, Ala.; W. A. Zelnicker Supply Co.
14273 George Howse Temple, Mobile, Ala.; R. P. Baer & Co., Baltimore, Md.
14274 La Rue Vredenburgh, Springfield, Ill.; Vredenburgh Lumber Co.
14275 Peter Vredenburgh, Jr., Pine Hill, Ala.; Vredenburgh Sawmill Co.
14276 John Tempest Walker, Mobile, Ala.; Geo. P. Rogers.

No. 1102. Newport, Ark., March 11, 1905.

Snark, W. A. Billingsley.
Senior Hoo-Hoo, B. C. Simon.
Junior Hoo-Hoo, F. Price.
Bojum, M. M. Harrell.
Scrivenoter, E. C. Lippmann.
Jabberwock, S. F. Muirhead.
Custocatian, V. E. Pierson.
Arcanoper, D. E. Chipps.
Gurdon, J. M. Gibson.

- 14277 Charles Ross Hite, Newport, Ark.
14278 Wilbur Gear Miles, Newport, Ark.; W. G. Miles.
14279 Harry L. Oliver, Little Rock, Ark.; C. T. Abeles & Co.
14280 Robert Redman Ratton, Newark, Ark.; Newark Lumber Co.
14281 William Clayton Satterlee, Brailford, Ark.; C. Satterlee.
14282 Joseph Cullem Volkmer, Newport, Ark.; C. B. Kelley Lumber Co., Chicago, Ill.

No. 1103. Los Angeles, Cal., March 4, 1904.

Snark, William H. Metz.
Senior Hoo-Hoo, Herbert L. Smith.
Junior Hoo-Hoo, Charles L. Batcheller.
Bojum, Sheldon Morris.
Scrivenoter, Will H. Hartwell.
Jabberwock, R. H. Raphael.
Custocatian, H. C. Treff.
Arcanoper, Brown Higman.
Gurdon, C. H. Griffen.

- 14283 Harry William Altman, Los Angeles, Cal.; H. Raphael Co.
14284 John Samuel Billholmer, Los Angeles, Cal.; Consolidated Lumber Co.
14285 Scott Lee Boyd, Los Angeles, Cal.; Consolidated Lumber Co.
14286 Ernst Theodore Dolge, Tacoma, Wash.; Ernst Dolge.
14287 Albert Leonard Jurden, Los Angeles, Cal.; C. Ganahl Lumber Co.
14288 William Franklin Knight, Los Angeles, Cal.; Interstate Dock & Lumber Co.
14289 William John Lembke, Moneta, Cal.; Montgomery & Mullen Lumber Co.
14290 William August Nevell, Ocean Park, Cal.; D. I. Nofziger Lumber Co.
14291 Chester Edward Priest, San Pedro, Cal.; Lumber Surveyors Assn.
14292 Felix Albert Raney, Los Angeles, Cal.; Union Lumber Co., San Francisco, Cal.
14293 Clive A. Richey, Los Angeles, Cal.; Los Angeles Planing Mill.
14294 Frank Simmonds, Los Angeles, Cal.; E. K. Wood Lumber Co.
14295 Arthur Bridge Steel, Redondo, Cal.; proprietor Redondo Planing Mill.
14296 Timothy Alva Stephens, Long Beach, Cal.; Star Mill Lumber Co.
14297 Louis Napoleon Tappe, Los Angeles, Cal.; The H. Raphael Co.
14298 Harry Dean White, Los Angeles, Cal.; Consolidated Lumber Co.

No. 1104. Hamlet, N. C., March 14, 1905.

Snark, R. D. Godwin.
Senior Hoo-Hoo, C. D. Yarboro.
Junior Hoo-Hoo, W. B. Dozier.
Bojum, C. M. Jenkins.
Scrivenoter, C. H. Denney.
Jabberwock, J. D. DeVane.
Custocatian, J. K. Corbett.
Arcanoper, W. A. Stillee.
Gurdon, Clyde McCallum.

- 14299 William Alexander Blue, Aberdeen, N. C.; A. & R. Ry.
14300 William Taylor Bowen, Fayetteville, N. C.
14301 Thomas Wyatt DeVane, Pembroke, N. C.; Pembroke Planing Mill Co.
14302 Robert L. Fogleman, Pittsburg, Pa.; American Lumber Mfg. Co.
14303 Otto Halbert Folley, Aberdeen, N. C.; A. & R. Ry. Co.
14304 Walter H. Harding, Maxton, N. C.; United Lbr. Co.
14305 John Rowland Hill, Bishopville, S. C.; I. W. Weatherly.
14306 Newell Edward Huggins, Columbia, S. C.; E. C. Atkins Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
14307 Thomas Chalmers McNeely, Marietta, S. C.; Marietta Lumber Co., Marietta, N. C.
14308 Oscar Robert Omohundro, Latta, S. C.; Omohundro Bros.
14309 Lawrence Newton Pierce, McKees Rocks, Pa.; Pressed Steel Car Co., Pittsburg, Pa.
14310 Isaac Welton Warner, Maxton, N. C.; United Lumber Co.

No. 1105. Paducah, Ky., March 18, 1905.

Snark, R. S. Robertson.
Senior Hoo-Hoo, Earl Palmer.
Junior Hoo-Hoo, F. J. Williams.
Bojum, A. J. Decker.
Scrivenoter, J. H. Baird.
Jabberwock, Luke Russell.
Custocatian, Joel R. Shoffner.
Arcanoper, H. A. Peltter.
Gurdon, Robert I. Arnold.

- 14311 Samuel James Brown, Paducah, Ky.; S. J. Brown.
14312 George B. DelVecchio, Dyersburg, Tenn.; Mengel Box Co., Louisville, Ky.
14313 Carl Leslie Faust, Paducah, Ky.; A. B. Smith Lumber Co.
14314 William Keel Hall, Fulton, Ky.; W. K. Hall Lumber Co.
14315 Paul Francis Higgins, Louisville, Ky.; Anson-Hixon Sash & Door Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
14316 Bryant Kittredge Hussey, Kuttawa, Ky.; B. K. Hussey Cooperage Co.
14317 Stephen Minor Kellogg, Harriman, Tenn.; Graton & Knight, Worcester, Mass.
14318 Frederick Clarke Lang, Paducah, Ky.; Ferguson & Palmer Co.
14319 Fred Shephard McKnight, Paducah, Ky.; Paducah Furniture Mfg. Co.
14320 Benton McMillan Wakefield, Paducah, Ky.; A. B. Smith Lumber Co.
14321 John Seth Williams, McEwen, Tenn.; Evansville Lumber Co., Evansville, Ind.

No. 1106. South Bend, Wash., March 8, 1905.

Snark, W. J. Corbin.
Senior Hoo-Hoo, H. A. Peeples.
Junior Hoo-Hoo, Frank B. Cole.
Bojum, W. C. Yeomans.
Scrivenoter, Lyman W. Brundage.
Jabberwock, Cal Welton.
Custocatian, W. W. Gordon.
Arcanoper, F. A. Martin.
Gurdon, S. S. Somerville.

- 14322 Oren Armstrong, Globe, Wash.; Globe Lumber Co.

- 14323 John Bishop Barnes, Portland, Ore.; W. P. Fuller & Co.
 14324 Ray Wilkin Barrett, Doty, Wash.; Doty Lumber Co.
 14325 Alza Daniel Beaudett, Littell, Wash.; Wisconsin Lumber Co.
 14326 William Albert Bricker, Little Falls, Wash.; B. B. Lumber Co., Des Moines, Wash.
 14327 Franklin Robert Butz, South Bend, Wash.; F. J. Butz & Sons.
 14328 Arthur John Cole, South Bend, Wash.; Cole Shingle Co.
 14329 Arthur William Clyde, South Bend, Wash.; Simpson Lumber Co.
 14330 Charles Frederick Clyde, South Bend, Wash.; Simpson Lumber Co.
 14331 Joseph Henry Clyde, South Bend, Wash.; Simpson Lumber Co., San Francisco, Cal.
 14332 Noble Aylmer Elsworth, South Bend, Wash.; Elsworth Logging Co.
 14333 John Morrison Etnier, South Bend, Wash.; Elsworth Logging Co.
 14334 Charles Henry Goodson, Walville, Wash.; Walworth & Neville Mfg. Co.
 14335 William Edward Greenway, South Bend, Wash.; W. E. Greenway.
 14336 Charles Bates Handy, Frances, Wash.; Fern Creek Lumber Co.
 14337 Earl Wilson Harbaugh, Seattle, Wash.; Pacific Lumber Trade Journal.
 14338 Frederick Archibald Hazeltine, South Bend, Wash.
 14339 Clarence Valor Heath, South Bend, Wash.; South Bend Pilot Pub. Co.
 14340 Albert Hill Hudson, Seattle, Wash.; Puget Sound Machine Depot.
 14341 Samuel Lane Hyman, South Bend, Wash.; Columbus & Lumber Co.
 14342 Ernest Edwin Johnson, Seattle, Wash.
 14343 Edward Hutchinson Johnston, South Bend, Wash.; Pacific Empire Lumber Co.
 14344 John Willis Kleeb, South Bend, Wash.; Kleeb Lumber Co.
 14345 Peter Victor Larsen, South Bend, Wash.; Simpson Lumber Co.
 14346 John McClements, San Francisco, Cal.; Dollar Steamship Co.
 14347 Hugh Herbert McLandress, Littell, Wash.; Wisconsin Lumber Co.
 14348 William Leslie Miles, Globe, Wash.; Globe Lbr. Co.
 14349 A. M. Oakes, Portland, Ore.; American Steel & Wire Co.
 14350 Alfred William Reed, South Bend, Wash.; Willapa Transportation Co.
 14351 Eugene Riddell, South Bend, Wash.
 14352 Aug. C. Shutz, Wash.; U. S. Blow Pipe & Hydraulic Works.

No. 1107. Shenandoah, Iowa, March 16, 1905.

Snark, E. H. Dalbey.
 Senior Hoo-Hoo, Will E. Howard.
 Junior Hoo-Hoo, G. A. Scott.
 Bojum, Walter Newcomb.
 Scrivenoter, W. H. Jobe.
 Jabberwock, P. R. Cook.
 Custocatian, Del E. Anderson.
 Arcanoper, Frank W. Henderson.
 Gurdon, Guy Thurman.

- 14353 Robert Given Berry, Shenandoah, Iowa; Green Bay Lumber Co., Des Moines, Iowa.
 14354 Claude William Emery, Omaha, Neb.; C. W. Hull Co.
 14355 James Arthur Harland, Shenandoah, Iowa; S. Hanson & Co.
 14356 Frederick Manley Liggett, Hamburg, Iowa; M. Liggett & Son.
 14357 George Marvin Livengood, Elmo, Mo.; W. G. Aldrich.

- 14358 James Louis McMichael, Northboro, Iowa; J. L. McMichael.
 14359 Burdell Franklin Miller, Benson, Neb.; Adams Kelley, Omaha, Neb.
 14360 Walton Frank Ridgeway, Glenwood, Iowa; Ridgeway Lumber Co.
 14361 John Herman Sewing, Mineola, Iowa; Cherny & Watson Lumber Co.
 14362 Malcom Trullin, Shenandoah, Iowa; S. Hanson & Co.
 14363 Abraham Turner Wheeler, Riverton, Iowa; A. T. Wheeler.

No. 1108. Hattiesburg, Miss., March 25, 1905.

Snark, F. Colmer.
 Senior Hoo-Hoo, A. G. Little.
 Junior Hoo-Hoo, J. F. Wilder.
 Bojum, C. C. Turner.
 Scrivenoter, W. G. Gillespie.
 Jabberwock, J. H. Kennedy.
 Custocatian, J. D. Buchanan.
 Arcanoper, Lewis P. Herrin.
 Gurdon, E. B. Lewis.

- 14364 Robert Arnold, Felix, Miss.; Robert Arnold, Reed, Miss.
 14365 Robert Henry Bostwick, Hattiesburg, Miss.; Yellow Pine Mfgs. Co.
 14366 Harcourt William Boyd, New Orleans, La.; The Ahrens & Ott Mfg. Co.
 14367 Herbert Young Bryan, Hattiesburg, Miss.; American Car & Fdy. Co., St. Louis, Mo.
 14368 James Robert Chandler, Hattiesburg, Miss.; Carley Mfg. Co.
 14369 Benjamin Alexander Cragin, Hattiesburg, Miss.; American Car & Fdy Co., St. Louis, Mo.
 14370 Clarence S. Elder, Lumberton, Miss.; Camp & Hinton Co.
 14371 Hugh Polk Frere, Bond, Miss.; J. E. North Lbr. Co.
 14372 William Stephen Grouch, Hattiesburg, Miss.; Francis Beldler & Co., Chicago, Ill.
 14373 Herbert S. Hagerty, Hattiesburg, Miss.; Chicago Lumber & Coal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
 14374 Robert B. Hopkins, Hattiesburg, Miss.; R. B. Hopkins Lumber Co.
 14375 Theodore Jefferson Kemp, Wingate, Miss.; Lyndon Lumber Co.
 14376 Thomas William Kennon, Hattiesburg, Miss.; American Car & Fdy Co., St. Louis, Mo.
 14377 William Frederick Kohler, Baxterville, Miss.; W. B. Leeke Co.
 14378 Thomas Peter Lowles, Baxterville, Miss.; W. B. Leeke Co.
 14379 John Lloyd McElreath, Hattiesburg, Miss.; McElreath-Perry Co.
 14380 Thomas Acklen McElreath, Hattiesburg, Miss.; McElreath-Perry Co.
 14381 Fred Wilbur Maddux, Hattiesburg, Miss.; Southern & Western P. L. Co., Chicago, Ill.
 14382 Christian Paul Milner, Seminary, Miss.; Mason Lumber Co.
 14383 James G. Napier, Hattiesburg, Miss.; W. L. Logan & Co.
 14384 Leon Maxwell Noland, Kola, Miss.; Kola Lbr. Co.
 14385 Thomas Levert O'Donnell, Sanford, Miss.; Ship Island Lumber Co.
 14386 William F. Rankin, Baxterville, Miss.; Clear Creek Lumber Co.
 14387 Thomas White Reeves, Hattiesburg, Miss.; R. B. Hopkins & Co.
 14388 Oliver David Scott, Wingate, Miss.; Lyndon Lumber Co.
 14389 Soren Nielson Sorensen, McHenry, Miss.; American Car & Fdy. Co., St. Louis, Mo.
 14390 Wilson Jackson Sowers, Hattiesburg, Miss.; J. J. Newman Lumber Co.
 14391 I. A. Swift, Ellisville, Miss.; Anchor S. M. Co.
 14392 James Chisman Tompkins, Hattiesburg, Miss.; Flint, Erving & Stoner, Pittsburg, Pa.

No. 1109. Palatka, Fla., March 25, 1905.

Snark, J. B. Conrad.
 Senior Hoo-Hoo, C. E. Tufts.
 Junior Hoo-Hoo, George V. Denny.
 Bojum, F. J. O'Hara.
 Scrivenoter, W. C. Richards.
 Jabberwock, D. A. Campbell.
 Custocatian, W. E. Gerow.
 Arcanoper, Walter Detwiler.
 Gurdon, H. C. Dodge.

- 14393 Robert Lee Arant, Buffalo Bluff, Fla.; Hodges & O'Hara.
 14394 George Morgan Boyd, Palatka, Fla.; Wilson Cypress Co.
 14395 George Fred Burrell, Satsuma Heights, Fla.; Hodges & O'Hara, Buffalo Bluff, Fla.
 14396 James O'Connell Cassidy, Washington, D. C.; U. S. Dept. of Commerce & Labor, Lbr. Statistical Agt.
 14397 Howell Anderson Davis, Palatka, Fla.; G. M. Davis & Son.
 14398 Robert Lon Gibson, Palatka, Fla.; Dexter Timber & Turp. Co., Dexter, Fla.
 14399 Charles Gustavus Grimm, Palatka, Fla.; Wilson Cypress Co.
 14400 John Walter Hilliard, Palatka, Fla.; Dexter Timber & Turp. Co., Dexter, Fla.
 14401 Alfred Augustus Kind, Jacksonville, Fla.; Atlantic Supply & Elec. Co.
 14402 Alfred M. Leach, Palatka, Fla.; Selden Cyp. Door Co.
 14403 Wilford Perry Merriam, Palatka, Fla.; Wilson Cypress Co.
 14404 Frederick Victor Owen, Satsuma Heights, Fla.; Hodges & O'Hara, Buffalo Bluff, Fla.
 14405 John Quinten Tilghman, Palatka, Fla.; N. J. Tilghman & Sons.
 14406 William Gurdy Tilghman, Palatka, Fla.; N. J. Tilghman & Sons.

No. 1110. Salt Lake City, Utah, March 11, 1905.

Snark, A. Maccualg.
 Senior Hoo-Hoo, C. F. Warren.
 Junior Hoo-Hoo, J. J. Stewart.
 Bojum, G. E. Merrill.
 Scrivenoter, R. S. McConnell.
 Jabberwock, Alfred Stoops.
 Custocatian, Earl Smith.
 Arcanoper, William Service.
 Gurdon, J. F. Nibley.

- 14407 Alma James Brown, Salt Lake City, Utah; George Romney Lumber Co.
 14408 George Cole, Logan, Utah; N. O. M. & B. Co.
 14409 John Lawrence Halbom, Heber City, Utah; Wasatch Lumber Co.
 14410 William Bleakley McCartney, Salt Lake City, Utah; McConaughy, McCartney Lumber Co.
 14411 Charles Arba McFarland, Salt Lake City, Utah; The Curtis Lumber Co.; Mill City, Ore.
 14412 Walter Peter Monson, Preston, Idaho; Superior Lumber Co.
 14413 Orson Douglas Romney, Salt Lake City, Utah; Geo. Romney Lumber Co.

No. 1111. San Francisco, Cal., March 25, 1905.

Snark, Henry Templeman.
 Senior Hoo-Hoo, H. C. Norton.
 Junior Hoo-Hoo, W. W. Everett.
 Bojum, F. B. Wilson.
 Scrivenoter, F. W. Trower.
 Jabberwock, J. J. Loggia.
 Custocatian, Abraham Mayer.
 Arcanoper, J. H. Prideaux.
 Gurdon, M. W. Davis.

- 14414 Thomas Andrews, San Francisco, Cal.; The Charles Nelson Co.
 14415 Irwin Merritt Behlow, San Francisco, Cal.; California Pine Box & Lumber Co.

- 14416 Harry Danforth Chandler, Vacaville, Cal.; F. B. Chandler & Co.
 14417 John Edward Doak, San Francisco, Cal.; Lawler & Doak.
 14418 John Crow Ellis, San Francisco, Cal.; Bellingham Bay Improvement Co.
 14419 Arthur Conrad Fiege, San Francisco, Cal.; L. P. Degen Belting Co.
 14420 Lyman Dickerman Foster, San Francisco, Cal.; S. Foster & Co.
 14421 Martin Frederick Hauck, Oakland, Cal.; Oakland Lumber Co.
 14422 Frederick Howe Hersey, San Francisco, Cal.; S. Foster & Co.
 14423 Richard Abbey Hiscox, San Francisco, Cal.; Hartwood Lumber Co.
 14424 Walter Gerald Hyman, San Francisco, Cal.; Pacific Box Factory.
 14425 Ray John Knight, San Francisco, Cal.; E. A. Howard & Co.
 14426 Phillip Lawler, San Francisco, Cal.; Lawler & Doak.
 14427 Ira William Leslie, Oakland, Cal.; Oakland Lbr. Co.
 14428 James Henry Powell, San Francisco, Cal.; J. H. Powell.
 14429 Eugene Goodwin Rexford, San Francisco, Cal.; E. C. Atkins & Co.
 14430 Frederick Ernest Simpson, San Francisco, Cal.; Mendocino Lumber Co.
 14431 Harry William Templeman, San Francisco, Cal.; S. H. Harmon Lumber Co.
 14432 William Bludworth Thurman, Madera, Cal.; Watkins & Thurman.
 14433 John Wellesley Watkins, Madera, Cal.; Watkins & Thurman.

No. 1112. Asheville, N. C., March 31, 1905.

Snark, C. E. Gordon.
 Senior Hoo-Hoo, William H. Cole.
 Junior Hoo-Hoo, J. M. Burns.
 Bojum, J. E. Dickerson.
 Scrivenoter, C. W. Denning.
 Jabberwock, B. E. Gray.
 Custocatian, H. W. Fry.
 Arcanoper, W. E. Cooper.
 Gurdon, P. F. Ryan.

- 14434 Gordon Tuthill Backus, Willetts, N. C.; Highland Forest Co.
 14435 James Thomas Bynum, Asheville, N. C.; Asheville Supply & Foundry Co.
 14436 Frank Eugene Haugh, Andrews, N. C.; Kanawha Hardwood Co.
 14437 John Hutman, Delrio, Tenn.; John Hutman.
 14438 William D. Kaufman, Asheville, N. C.; H. W. Fry.
 14439 Robert Boyd Kiser, Bryson City, N. C.; Morgan Lumber Co., Asheville, N. C.
 14440 Lenord Orange Lemon, Asheville, N. C.; C. M. McClung & Co., Knoxville, Tenn.
 14441 George Cornwall Loomis, Asheville, N. C.; G. C. Loomis.
 14442 John Plato Nanney, Union Mills, N. C.; J. P. Nanney.
 14443 John Arthur Penland, Asheville, N. C.; Dickson Lumber Co., Norfolk, Va.
 14444 Wade Hampton Redmon, Marshall, N. C.; Redmon, Ramsey & Co.
 14445 John William Rutherford, Hominy, N. C.; J. W. Rutherford.
 14446 William Stevens, Asheville, N. C.; Bedford & Stevens.

Jonas Fisher, of Williamsport, Pa., who ought to be a Hoo-Hoo if he is not, has set an example which Hoo-Hoo might follow with profit. He has planted 2,000 walnut trees on a vacant lot of waste land at Williamsport, and mayhap his great-grandchildren will rise up and call him blessed for his enterprise and forethought.—*Hardwood Record.*

Obituary.

Westley Cromwell Swift, No. 6500.

Brother Westley Cromwell Swift passed away at his home in Kinston, N. C., on March 13. Brother Swift died of pneumonia. He was a timberman by occupation and had followed this trade for years. Brother Swift was born in Green County, N. C., in 1862, and joined the Order at the concatenation held in Goldsboro, N. C., on May 16, 1899. At the time of his death Brother Swift was the senior member of the firm of W. C. Swift & Co., of Kinston, N. C.

William Gardner Addison, No. 4402.

Brother William Gardner Addison's death occurred at De Ridder, La., on February 28. It is with the deepest regret that we have to record the fact that Brother Addison's death was due to suicide, an act against the cardinal principles of the Order—Health, Happiness and Long Life. We have not the slightest doubt but that a helping Hoo-Hoo hand was near for Brother Addison had he but asked for it. We do not know the troubles that caused his rash act, but we do know that within call he had many warm, true friends that would have aided him and helped him, it matters not how deep the gloom seemed. Brother Addison joined the Order at Orange, Texas, on September 4, 1896.

Edward Ellington, No. 6200.

Brother Edward Ellington died at his home at Kirbyville, Texas, on March 1. He was ill but a short while. Brother Ellington was well known and very popular throughout Texas and Louisiana, where for a number of years he has worked. His life was an eventful one. He was born at Sharpsburg, Norway, on October 31, 1862, and during his young manhood, spent his life on the high seas. Later he engaged in the logging business in Alabama, but since the first of 1895 he has been in that business on the Sabine River, and throughout Louisiana and Texas. Brother Ellington joined the Order at Orange, Texas, at concatenation held January 18, 1889.

Mrs. R. W. Moore.

Mrs. R. W. Moore, the beloved wife of Brother R. W. Moore, of Pittsburg, Pa., died at her home in that city on March 20. The interment took place at Homewood Cemetery on the 23d of last month.

Perry J. Luke, No. 8051.

Perry J. Luke, Hoo-Hoo No. 8051, died at his home in San Antonio, Texas, at an early hour Monday morning, March 20, after a severe illness of three weeks. Brother Luke has resided at San Antonio for several years, having been compelled to remove to that climate on account of failing health. He was long connected with the E. C. Atkins Co. as traveling salesman and with improving health had just resumed the road for that concern when overtaken by the illness which terminated in his death. Brother Luke made a game fight against the insidious encroachments of the dread disease to which he long ago fell a victim. Despite his condition his letters to The Bulletin were always of a cheery nature. His taking off just at the time it would seem that he had been granted a new lease of life is one of the sad events of this Hoo-Hoo year. Perry James Luke was born at Nashville, Ga., September 14, 1856. He was initiated into Hoo-Hoo February 2, 1901, at Pine Bluff, Ark.

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."

The Curing of William Hicks.

Bill Hicks had asthma—shook the floors
With each recurring paroxysm;
The doctors made him live outdoors,
And that gave him the rheumatism.

The doctors cured his rheumatiz—
Of that there never was a question.
Strong acids stopped those pains of his,
But left him ill of indigestion.

Dyspepsia fled before a course
Of eating grain. It would delight us
To cheer this plan till we were hoarse—
But Hicks then had appendicitis.

He rallied from the surgeon's knife,
And laid six weeks without a quiver.
The operation saved his life—
The loafing, though, knocked out his liver.

To cure his liver troubles he
Tried muscle stunts—you know how they go;
From liver ails he then was free,
But all the strains gave him lumbago.

Lumbago is a painful thing;
A masecuse with a visage solemn
Rubbed the lumbago out by spring,
But twisted poor Bill's spinal column.

To rid his backbone of the twist
They used some braces. They were careless—
The padding for his head they missed;
This made him straight and left him hairless.

Drugs were prescribed to grow his hair.
These acted just as represented;
They put his scalp in good repair;
But soaked in, and left Hick demonted.

Then to a sanitarium
They took Bill. He was wisely treated;
His brain with health began to hum—
Then asthma!—ward was poorly heated.

"Moore open air," the doctors said.
Bill Hicks cried: "No you shall not lure me.
I'll stay in peace upon my bed,
And shoot the man that tries to cure me!"
—Wilbur D. Nesbitt, in Saturday Evening Post.

Mrs. Gilman, an American lecturer has been astounding audiences of London women by telling them that men are more beautiful than women. "American women are now too short from the waist downward," says Mrs. Gilman, "because, from time immemorial they have carried too much clothing around the waist." Further, says Mrs. Gilman: "When woman runs, it is an agitated waddle; climb she cannot, and people take hold of her elbows and help her up and down things. I call it an insulting practice, unless a woman has a wooden leg." Whatyer-think-o'-that! On the same principle man should now be too short from the neck down, because his clothes from time immemorial have hung more or less gracefully from his shoulders, and as for taking woman by the elbows to help her up and down things, one must be on the safe side. How is man to know she hasn't a wooden leg?—Portland Oregonian.

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 fall 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—Position as bookkeeper. Prefer connection with some good lumber or wood working concern. Am compelled to leave my family somewhere in Southwest Texas on account of my wife's health. I am a thoroughly competent accountant with long experience. I have held positions with several big construction concerns, government contracting firms and as receiver of material and assistant paymaster for the Mississippi River Commission doing government work. I have held also positions with one of the biggest lumber concerns in Arkansas. While I prefer position as bookkeeper, am willing to do any honorable work, my wife's illness compelling me to give up present position. I can furnish satisfactory references both as to character, competence and energy. Am 38 years old. Address "Knox" care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Salaried position to sell yellow pine on the road in the Central or Southern States. A-1 references. Address "Yellow Pine" care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—By a first-class retail man 42 years of age, position as manager of retail card, or auditor with some good company. Kansas, Indian or Oklahoma Territory preferred. Am competent to handle good sized proposition. My record is clean and habits A-1. Am considered a live one. Address "4875," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—By a sober Northern man, a position in the South as manager of lumber plant, or as salesman and buyer. Have had 15 years' experience in the lumber business. Address "1480" care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—A position as traveling salesman by a young man who has had experience as a yellow pine salesman and also experience in the retail lumber business in Kansas. Prefer Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma and Indian Territory, as I know the trade in these States. Best of references furnished and could start work at once. Address "M. J. G.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

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

WANTED—To begin at the bottom with some reliable mill company in a bustling Western town or city. After a few months to become familiar with the business and officers, I would like to invest some money to insure my employers that I will take untiring interest in the business. I am 22 years of age and am married. Address "Stockfarmer" care of J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as buyer of yellow pine lumber in the South. Address "1257-A" care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

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

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

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

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

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

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

LOST—Hoo-Hoo button No. 9102. If found address T. L. Hackett, Box 724, El Paso, Texas.

Is Your Address Correct?

Is your address exactly correct in our handbook? Is it correct on mailing list? Do you get your "Bulletin" promptly and regularly? If you cannot say "yes" to all these questions you should at once fill out and send in the following blank. Don't depend on postscript requests appended to letters enclosing dues. The information we want in this blank is:

First—Your full name and Hoo-Hoo number. "Full name" means all the name you've got—thus: "William Henry Harrison."

Second—"Your business address." This means the place where I could find you if I wanted to talk with you in person.

Third—Your "mail address." This means the address to which you want The Bulletin, dues notices and other mail from this office sent. Usually a man's "business address" and his "mail address" are the same, but not always. Sometimes a man can be found at the office of the concern for which he works, while he wants his mail sent somewhere else—his residence, for instance.

Fourth—The name and address of the firm or company with which you are connected or for which you work. Sometimes a man is located at one place but works for a firm or a corporation that is located somewhere else.

Fifth—Give "business signature." This means your name just as you sign it to notes, drafts, deeds, etc.

Sixth—The above is what I want and all I want. I do not want your residence unless that is the place to which you want your mail sent. I think the following blank will cover the case, and I want you to use it in asking change of address.

My full name is:
.....
My Hoo-Hoo Number is:
.....

My business address (the place where I should be put down in the "states and cities" list in the handbook—the place where I can be found is):

Street and Number:
.....
Town and State:
.....

My mail address is (on the lines below write "name as above," unless you want your mail sent to some other place):

Street Number or P. O. Box:
.....
Town and State:
.....

The firm or company with which I am connected, or for which I work is:
Name:
.....

Town or State:
.....
My business signature is:
.....

(If your firm name is something like "Pauling & Harnischfeger," or is located at "Youghiogheny," please attach printed letter head to blank).