

An Unfortunate Occurrence.

A member in Louisiana sends the Bulletin a marked copy of the Des Moines (In.) Leader, containing a full account of the death of Mr. E. W. Curry, at that place from blood poisoning following injuries received, it is said while being in- tilled into the order of Elks.

Our correspondent was a fellow-initiate in the "Shrine" with Mr. Curry, which serves, of course, to impress the unfortunate occurrence of his death on his mind. He thinks the incident should serve as a warning to our members to be more careful in the matter of initiation, and more considerate of the possible physical infirmities of the candidate.

The circumstances of Mr. Curry's death have been given a wide publicity in the press dispatches, and perhaps very greatly exaggerated. A prominent member of the lodge in which Mr. Curry was being initiated makes the following statement in the Leader:

"We have a chair over which is placed a thin sheet of oak from, serving as the seat, which we have always used in initiating new members. When the member is to be initiated he is blindfolded and taken to an anteroom, where a committee changes his clothes and dresses him up in some way to suit him. A small gas jet is placed under the chair, and the expectation is that as soon as the warmth of the gas from the member will jump up and out of it. It is his home in order to furnish a little amusement. No harm has ever come from it in the past. In Mr. Curry's case, however, he sat on the chair a longer time than I have ever known any one stand it. We thought nothing of it, however, a little while we noticed that the iron must have been heated enough. We immediately took the jet away, and led Mr. Curry from the chair. The heat had burned his clothing and slightly burned the flesh. It was such a burn as any one might get about a stove or in a hundred other things, and such a one as people receive every day without thinking anything of it. Mr. Curry said to me afterwards that he had not felt any pain during all of the time, only a faintness or dizziness. He had gone through a number of initiation ceremonies in different lodges, and wanted to show that in dressing him the committee had applied a fly blaster consisting of the kind, and that this was drawing and by the burn that night. After the initiation ceremonies, he made a splendid address to the order, and was pronounced as only as any of the rest. The next day he was performing his business as usual, and that night attended the second day following. That the burn should have proved so serious I can only account for by the fact that Mr. Curry's system, owing to the excitement of the initiation, was in such a condition that the slightest injury would have caused blood poisoning. The affair is such an unfortunate one that I dislike to speak about it, and while his illness can be traced to the injury received at the Elks lodge, it seems, after all, rather a matter of fate that the Elks should have been connected with it. Mr. Curry made himself immensely popular with those composing the lodge, and the Elks have vied with one another to see who could do the most for him during his illness."

Paper is Cheap.

If the members in writing to the Secretary's office on two or more subjects would use a separate sheet of paper for each subject, it would not only very greatly reduce the work, but insure greater accuracy. The Secretary is paid to do the work, and he hopes to do it well, but this is a very little matter that will help wonderfully in the matter of accuracy of his work. Many of these letters should be filed, for ready reference, in different files, and where a man writes about his dues, a change of address, wants a letter, and orders a lot of merchandise, all in the same envelope, this separate filing is impossible. The suggestion is entirely practicable, as paper nowadays is about the cheapest thing out.

The Practical Side.

The men whose Hoo-Hoo number appears in the notice below are out of work and in need of employment. This is intended as a means of helping them, and is not intended to make these men known. It is, or should be, through which to make these men known, and to give them a chance to show their worth in the way of their employment in many varied ways. It can be made of great value to one another. It is hoped the department will receive very much attention each issue.

WANTED - I want situation as hand saw flier. References given and satisfaction guaranteed. No. 259, care Franklin Hotel, Memphis, Tenn.

WANTED - Position as salesman in yard or on road, book-keeping, etc. References given. Address me at 1100 N. 1st St., St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED - Position as traveling salesman for some yellow pine firm and well acquainted with the trade. No. 822, 357th Vine Street, Chicago, Ill.

WANTED - A position in the South as inspector. Am familiar with hardwood and pine wood, and can furnish references. Address me at 1100 N. 1st St., St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED - Position on the road by a traveling man, thoroughly acquainted with the trade in Eastern and Indian Territory. Four years' experience, fully posted in lumber. Address No. 429, 4th Street, Dallas, Texas.

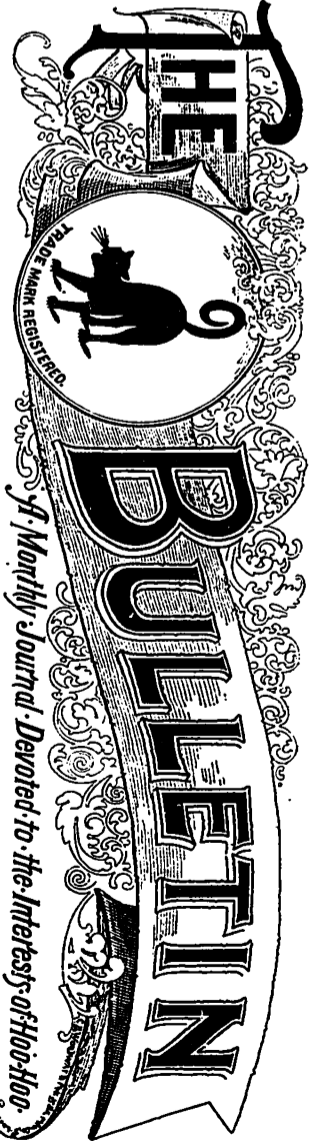
WANTED - Position as bookkeeper or assistant bookkeeper for lumber firm. Have had several years' experience with saw and planing mills, and can furnish best of references. Address me care Hotel Le Meridien, Nashville, Mo. No. 259.

WANTED - Position with lumber firm. Am competent to fill almost any position in either saw or planing mill. Have had several years' experience as buyer and manager of saw and planing mills. Address me at 1100 N. 1st St., St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED - Position as manager, office man or salesman on road. Am thoroughly posted in all the work of a lumber firm, and have had about fifteen years' experience in saw and planing mills, and can furnish best of references. Address me at 1100 N. 1st St., St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED - Position as general superintendent for lumber firm. For four years past, I have been general superintendent for a lumber firm, and do general office work, and keep in order position and record of all the work. Have received former position and have had several years' experience in the same. Address me at 1100 N. 1st St., St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED - Position as traveling salesman for lumber firm. Have had several years' experience in the trade. Address me at 1100 N. 1st St., St. Louis, Mo.



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J. H. BARD, Secretary, Editor.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1906.



The House of Ancients.

B. A. JOHNSON, Chicago, Ill.  
E. E. BARRIS, St. Louis, Mo.  
J. E. DEERBAUGH, Chicago, Ill.



The Supreme Nine.

Snark of the Universe - H. H. HEMKWAY, Tomahawk, Wis.  
Senator Hoo-Hoo - JOHN J. MARRIN, Detroit, Mich.  
Junior Hoo-Hoo - A. A. WHITE, Kansas City, Mo.  
Bojone - PIAT B. WALKER, Jr., Minneapolis, Minn.  
Sartanator - J. E. BARD, Nashville, Tenn.  
Jabberwock - E. V. PHEASANT, Knoxville, Tenn.  
Custodian - LLOYD A. KIMBALL, New York, N. Y.  
Arcturion - FRANK B. GOLD, Topeka, Wash.  
Gardner - W. B. STILLWELL, Savannah, Ga.

The Vicegerents.

The following are the Vicegerents for the Hoo Hoo year ending Sept. 9, 1907. Requests for information on any point, addressed to these men, will have prompt attention.

Alabama - JOHN L. KRAV, Hollis, Ala. (Southern District).

Arkansas - WALTER A. ZIMMICKER, Mobile, Ala. (Southern District).

California - F. H. PERCE, Palmyra, Ark.

Colorado - E. W. SLOVER, 1283 Hancock St., Denver, Col.

Florida - F. M. JOHNSON, Pinar del Rio, Fla. (Western District).

Georgia - H. W. ANDERSON, Atlanta, Ga.

Illinois - J. A. CARTER, 1107 Chamber of Commerce, Chicago, Ill.

Indiana - E. D. CROFT, Cairo, Ill. (Southern District).

Kansas - C. T. HASKINS, DeWolfe, Kan.

Louisiana - R. M. CUNNINGHAM, Louisville, Ky.

Michigan - M. L. PUGH, Piquette, Mich.

The Black Cat.

If there be a single member in Hoo-Hoo who has ever been unimpaled upon the inhonorable or alcohol or otherwise - to mention our sacred emblem further than the privileges of the Order allow, we judge the following sketch from the world pen of the late Mr. Poe, will suffice to curb his hair. Mr. Poe was not a Hoo-Hoo, but he knew - none better - the sacred divinity that doth lodge about the black cat, and he wrote this story as a solemn warning. Nor is the divinity extinguished with the Ninth Life, either - and that is but a trifle, unimportant in force, to whatever material substance remains behind - the smallest bit of fur, even. Let the gentleman when in drink No. 7, beware! - Ed.]

For the most wild yet most homely narrative which I am about to pen I neither expect nor solicit belief. Mad, indeed, would I be to expect it in a case where my very senses reject their own evidence. Yet mad am I not, and very surely do I not dream; but to-morrow I die, and to-day I would unburthen my soul. My immediate purpose is to place before the world, plainly, succinctly, and without comment, a series of mere household events. In their consequences these events have terrified, have tortured, and have destroyed me. Yet I will not attempt to expound them. To me they have presented little but horror; to many they will seem less terrible than burquois. Hereafter, perhaps, some intellect may be found which will reduce my phantasm to the commonplace - some intellect more calm, more logical, and far less excitable than my own, which will perceive, in the circumstances I detail with awe, nothing more than an ordinary succession of very natural causes and effects.

From my infancy I was noted for the docility and humbleness of my disposition. My tenderness of heart was even so conspicuous as to make me the jest of my companions. I was especially fond of animals, and was indulged by my parents with a great variety of pets. With these I spent most of my time, and never was so happy as when feeling and caressing them. This peculiarity of character grew with my growth, and in my manhood I derived from it one of my principal sources of pleasure. To those who have cherished an affection for a faithful and sagacious dog I need hardly be at the trouble of explaining the nature of the intimacy of the gratification thus derivable. There is something in the unselfish and self-sacrificing love of a brute which goes directly to the heart of him who has had frequent occasion to test the paltry friendship and Goswami fidelity of mere man.

I married early, and was happy to find in my wife a disposition not uncongential with my own. Observing my partiality for domestic pets, she lost no opportunity of procuring those of the most agreeable kind. We had birds, goldfish, a fine dog, rabbits, a small monkey, and a cat.

This latter was a remarkably large and beautiful animal, entirely black, and sagacious to an astonishing degree. In speaking of his intelligence, my wife, who at heart was not a little tinctured with superstition, made frequent allusion to the ancient popular notion which regarded all black cats as witches in disguise; not that she was ever serious upon this point—and I mention the matter at all for no better reason than that it happens just now to be remembered.

Pluto (this was the cat's name) was my favorite pet and playmate. I alone fed him, and he attended me wherever I went about the house. It was even with difficulty that I could prevent him from following me through the streets. Our friendship lasted in this manner for several years, during which my general temperament and character, through the instrumentality of the Fiend Intemperance, had (I blush to confess it) experienced a radical alteration for the worse. I grew day by day more moody, more irritable, more regardless of the feelings of others. I suffered myself to use intemperate language to my wife. At length I even offered her personal violence. My pets, of course, were made to feel the change in my disposition. I not only neglected, but ill-used them. For Pluto, however, I still retained sufficient regard to restrain me from maltreating him, as I made no scruple of maltreating the rabbits, the monkey, or even the dog, when by accident or through affection they came in my way. But my disease grew upon me (for what disease is like alcohol?), and at length even Pluto, who was now becoming old, and consequently somewhat peevish—even Pluto began to experience the effects of my ill temper.

One night, returning home much intoxicated from one of my haunts about town, I fancied that the cat avoided my presence. I seized him, when, in his fright at my violence, he inflicted a slight wound upon my hand with his teeth. The fury of a demon instantly possessed me. I knew myself no longer. My original soul seemed at once to take its flight from my body; and a more than fiendish malevolence, gin-nurtured, thrilled every fiber of my frame. I took from my waistcoat pocket a penknife, opened it, grasped the poor beast by the throat, and deliberately cut one of its eyes from the socket. I blush, I burn, I shudder while I pen the damnable atrocity.

When reason returned with the morning, when I had slept off the fumes of the night's debauch, I experienced a sentiment half of horror, half of remorse for the crime of which I had been guilty; but it was, at best, a feeble and equivocal feeling; and the soul remained untouched. I again plunged into excess, and soon drowned in wine all memory of the deed.

In the meantime the cat slowly recovered. The socket of the lost eye presented, it is true, a frightful appearance; but he no longer appeared to suffer any pain. He went about the house as usual, but, as might be expected, fled in extreme terror at my approach. I had so much of my old heart left as to be at first grieved by this evident dislike on the part of a creature which had once so loved me, but this feeling soon gave place to irritation; and then came, as if to my final and irrevocable overthrow, the spirit of perverseness. Of this spirit philosophy takes no account. Yet I am not more sure that my soul lives than I am that perverseness is one of the primitive impulses of the human heart, one of the indivisible primary faculties, or sentiments, which give direction to the character of man. Who has not a hundred times found himself committing a vile or a silly action for no other reason than because he knows he should not? Have we not a perpetual inclination in the teeth of our best judgment to violate that which is law merely because we understand it to be such? This spirit of perverseness, I say, came to my final overthrow. It was this unfathomable longing of the soul to vex itself, to offer violence to its own nature, to do wrong for the wrong's sake only, that urged me to continue and finally to consummate the injury I had inflicted upon the offending brute. One morning, in cool blood, I slipped a noose about its neck and hung it to the limb of a tree—hung it, with the tears streaming from my eyes, and with the bitterest remorse at my heart; hung it because I knew that it had loved me and because I felt that it had given me no reason of offense; hung it because I

knew that in so doing I was committing a sin, a deadly sin, that would so jeopardize my immortal soul as to place it, if such a thing were possible, even beyond the reach of the infinite mercy of the most merciful and most terrible God.

On the night of the day on which this cruel deed was done I was aroused from sleep by the cry of fire. The curtains of my bed were in flames; the whole house was blazing. It was with great difficulty that my wife, a servant, and myself made our escape from the conflagration. The destruction was complete. My entire worldly wealth was swallowed up, and I resigned myself thenceforward to despair.

I am above the weakness of seeking to establish a sequence of cause and effect between the disaster and the atrocity; but I am detailing a chain of facts, and wish not to leave even a possible link imperfect. On the day succeeding the fire I visited the ruins. The walls, with one exception, had fallen in. This exception was found in a compartment wall, not very thick, which stood about the middle of the house, and against which had rested the head of my bed. The plastering had here, in great measure, resisted the action of the fire, a fact which I attributed to its having been recently spread. About this wall a dense crowd were collected, and many persons seemed to be examining a particular portion of it with very minute and eager attention. The words "strange," "singular," and similar expressions excited my curiosity. I approached, and saw, as if graven in bas-relief upon the white surface, the figure of a gigantic cat. The impression was given with an accuracy truly marvelous. There was a rope about the animal's neck.

When I first beheld this apparition (for I could scarcely regard it as less), my wonder and my terror were extreme; but at length reflection came to my aid. The cat, I remembered, had been hung in a garden adjacent to the house. Upon the alarm of fire this garden had been immediately filled by the crowd, by some of whom the animal must have been cut from the tree and thrown, through an open window, into my chamber. This had probably been done with the view of arousing me from sleep. The falling of other walls had compressed the victim of my cruelty into the substance of the freshly spread plaster, the line of which, with the flames and the ammonia from the carcass, had then accomplished the portraiture as I saw it.

Although I thus readily accounted to my reason, if not altogether to my conscience, for the startling fact just detailed, it did not the less fail to make a deep impression upon my fancy. For months I could not rid myself of the phantasm of the cat; and during this period there came back into my spirit a half-sentiment that seemed, but was not, remorse. I went so far as to regret the loss of the animal and to look about me, among the vile haunts which I now habitually frequented, for another pet of the same species, and of somewhat similar appearance, with which to supply its place.

One night, as I sat, half-stupefied, in a den of more than infamy, my attention was suddenly drawn to some black object reposing upon the head of one of the immense hogsheds of gin or of rum which constituted the chief furniture of the apartment. I had been looking steadily at the top of this hogsherd for some minutes, and what now caused me surprise was the fact that I had not sooner perceived the object thereupon. I approached it, and touched it with my hand. It was a black cat, a very large one, fully as large as Pluto, and closely resembling him in every respect but one. Pluto had not a white hair upon any portion of his body; but this cat had a large, although indelinite, splotch of white, covering nearly the whole region of the breast.

Upon my touching him, he immediately arose, purred loudly, rubbed against my hand, and appeared delighted with my notice. This, then, was the very creature of which I was in search. I at once offered to purchase it of the landlord; but this person made no claim to it, knew nothing of it, had never seen it before.

I continued my caresses; and when I prepared to go home, the animal evinced a disposition to accompany me. I permitted it to do so, occasionally stooping and patting it as I proceeded. When it reached the house, it domesticated itself at once, and became immediately a great favorite with my wife.

For my own part, I soon found a dislike to it arising within me. This was just the reverse of what I had antic-

ipated, but (I know not how or why it was) its evident fondness for myself rather disgusted and annoyed. By slow degrees these feelings of disgust and annoyance rose into the bitterness of hatred. I avoided the creature, a certain sense of shame and the remembrance of my former deed of cruelty preventing me from physically abusing it. I did not for some weeks strike or otherwise violently ill-use it; but gradually, very gradually, I came to look upon it with unutterable loathing, and to see silently from its odious presence as from the breath of a pestilence.

What added no doubt to my hatred of the beast was the discovery, on the morning after I brought it home, that, like Pluto, it also had been deprived of one of its eyes. This circumstance, however, only endeared it to my wife, who, as I have already said, possessed, in a high degree, that humanity of feeling which had once been my distinguishing trait and the source of many of my simplest and purest pleasures.

With my aversion to this cat, however, its partiality for myself seemed to increase. It followed my footsteps with a pertinacity which it would be difficult to make the reader comprehend. Whenever I sat, it would crouch beneath my chair or spring upon my knees, covering me with its lathsome caresses. If I arose to walk, it would get between my feet, and thus nearly throw me down, or fastening its long and sharp claws in my dress, clamber, in this manner, to my breast. At such times, although I longed to destroy it with a blow, I was yet withheld from so doing, partly by a memory of my former crime, but chiefly (let me confess it at once) by absolute dread of the beast.

This dread was not exactly a dread of physical evil, and yet I should be at a loss how otherwise to define it. I am almost ashamed to own—yes, even in this felon's cell I am almost ashamed to own—that the terror and horror with which the animal inspired me had been heightened by one of the merest chimeras that it would be possible to conceive. My wife had called my attention more than once to the character of the mark of white hair, of which I have spoken, and which constituted the sole visible difference between the strange beast and the one I had destroyed. The reader will remember that this mark, although large, had been originally very indelinite; but by slow degrees—degrees nearly imperceptible, and which for a long time my reason struggled to reject as fanciful—it had, at length, assumed a rigorous distinctness of outline. It was now the representation of an object that I shudder to name—and for this, above all, I loathed and dreaded, and would have rid myself of the monster had I dared—it was now, I say, the image of a hideous, of a ghastly thing: of the gallows. O mournful and terrible engine of horror and of crime, of agony and of death!

And now was I, indeed, wretched beyond the wretchedness of mere humanity; and a brute beast, whose fellow I had contemptuously destroyed, a brute beast to work out for me—for me, a man fashioned in the image of the high God—so much of insufferable woe! Alas! neither by day nor by night knew I the blessing of rest any more. During the former the creature left me no moment alone; and, in the latter, I started hourly from dreams of unutterable fear to find the hot breath of the thing upon my face, and its vast weight, an incarnate nightmare that I had no power to shake off, incumbent eternally upon my heart.

Beneath the pressure of torments such as these the feeble remnant of the good within me succumbed. Evil thoughts became my sole intimates, the darkest and most evil of thoughts. The moodiness of my usual temper increased to hatred of all things and of all mankind; while from the sudden, frequent, and ungovernable outbursts of a fury to which I now blindly abandoned myself my uncomplaining wife—alas!—was the most usual and the most patient of sufferers.

One day she accompanied me upon some household errand into the cellar of the old building which our poverty compelled us to inhabit. The cat followed me down the steep stairs, and, nearly throwing me headlong, exasperated me to madness. Uplifting an ax, and forgetting in my wrath the childish dread which had hitherto stayed my hand, I aimed a blow at the animal, which, of course, would have proved instantly fatal had it descended as I wished; but this blow was arrested by the hand of my wife. Goaded by the interference into a rage more than demoniacal, I withdrew my arm from her grasp and buried the ax in her brain. She fell dead upon the spot, without a groan.

This hideous murder accomplished, I set myself forthwith, and with entire deliberation, to the task of conceal-

ing the body. I knew that I could not remove it from the house, either by day or by night, without the risk of being observed by the neighbors. Many projects entered my mind. At one period I thought of cutting the corpse into minute fragments and destroying them by fire. At another period I resolved to dig a grave for it in the floor of the cellar. Again, I deliberated about casting it in the well in the yard; about packing it in a box, as if merchandise, with the usual arrangements, and so getting a porter to take it from the house. Finally I hit upon what I considered a far better expedient than either of these. I determined to wall it up in the cellar, as the monks of the middle ages are recorded to have walled up their victims.

For a purpose such as this the cellar was well adapted. Its walls were loosely constructed, and had lately been plastered throughout with a rough plaster, which the dampness of the atmosphere had prevented from hardening. Moreover, in one of the walls was a projection, caused by a false chimney or fireplace, that had been filled up and made to resemble the rest of the cellar. I made no doubt that I could readily displace the bricks at this point, insert the corpse, and wall the whole up as before, so that no eye could detect anything suspicious.

And in this calculation I was not deceived. By means of a crowbar I easily dislodged the bricks, and, having carefully deposited the body against the inner wall, I propped it in that position; while, with little trouble, I relaid the whole structure as it originally stood. Having procured mortar, sand, and hair, with every possible precaution, I prepared a plaster which could not be distinguished from the old; and with this I very carefully went over the new brickwork. When I had finished, I felt satisfied that all was right. The wall did not present the slightest appearance of having been disturbed. The rubbish on the floor was picked up with the minutest care. I looked around triumphantly, and said to myself: "Here at least, then, my labor has not been in vain."

My next step was to look for the beast which had been the cause of so much wretchedness; for I had, at length, firmly resolved to put it to death. Had I been able to meet with it at the moment, there could have been no doubt of its fate; but it appeared that the crafty animal had been alarmed at the violence of my previous anger, and forebore to present itself in my present mood. It is impossible to describe or to imagine the deep, the blissful sense of relief which the absence of the detested creature occasioned in my bosom. It did not make its appearance during the night; and thus for one night at least, since its introduction into the house, I soundly and tranquilly slept—aye, slept even with the burden of murder upon my soul.

The second and the third day passed, and still my tormentor came not. Once again I breathed as a freeman. The monster, in terror, had fled the premises forever. I should behold it no more. My happiness was supreme. The guilt of my dark deed disturbed me but little. Some few inquiries had been made, but these had been readily answered. Even a search had been instituted; but, of course, nothing was to be discovered. I looked upon my future felicity as secured.

Upon the fourth day of the assassination a party of the police came, very unexpectedly, into the house, and proceeded again to make rigorous investigation of the premises. Secure, however, in the inscrutability of my place of concealment, I felt no embarrassment whatever. The officers had me accompany them in their search. They left no nook or corner unexplored. At length, for the third or fourth time, they descended into the cellar. I quivered not in a muscle. My heart beat calmly as that of one who slumbers in innocence. I walked the cellar from end to end. I folded my arms upon my bosom, and roused easily to and fro. The police were thoroughly satisfied, and prepared to depart. The glee at my heart was too strong to be restrained. I burned to say if but one word, by way of triumph, and to render doubly sure their assurance of my guiltlessness.

"Gentlemen," I said at last, as the party ascended the steps, "I delight to have allayed your suspicions. I wish you all health and a little more courtesy. By the by, gentlemen, this—this is a very well-constructed house—[in the rabid desire to say something, I scarcely knew what I uttered at all]—I may say an exceedingly well-constructed house. These walls (are you going, gentlemen?)—these walls are solidly put together;" and here, through the mere frenzy of bravado, I rapped heavily, with a cane which I held in my hand, upon that very portion of the

brickwork behind which stood the corpse of the wife of my bosom.

But may God shield and deliver me from the fangs of the archfiend! No sooner had the reverberation of my blows sunk into silence than I was answered by a voice from within the tomb, by a cry, at first muffled and broken, like the sobbing of a child, and then quickly swelling into one long, loud, and continuous scream, utterly anomalous and inhuman—a howl, a wailing shriek, half of horror and half of triumph, such as might have arisen only out of hell conjointly from the throats of the damned in their agony and of the demons that exult in the damnation.

Of my own thoughts it is folly to speak. Swooning, I staggered to the opposite wall. For one instant the party upon the stairs remained motionless through extremity of terror and of awe. In the next instant a dozen stout arms were toiling at the wall. It fell bodily. The corpse, already greatly decayed and clotted with gore, stood erect before the eyes of the spectators. Upon its head, with red extended mouth and solitary eye of fire, sat the hideous beast whose craft had seduced me into murder and whose informing voice had consigned me to the hangman. I had walled the monster up within the tomb.

#### Formally Organized.

On Saturday, Dec. 12, the Hoo-Hoo of Chicago held a meeting and formally organized the Chicago Hoo-Hoo Club. The meeting was held in the rooms of the Chicago Hardwood Lumber Exchange. After President Hayden had cordially welcomed the Hoo-Hoo, and Max Sondheimer had said that he was authorized to say that the Exchange would be pleased to share its quarters with the club for its regular meetings, the club got down to business. After the constitution and by-laws were adopted, Max Sondheimer was elected President; H. M. Nixon, Vice President; V. Mashek, Treasurer; W. H. McClintock, Secretary; William Clancy, P. J. Foley, P. A. Gordon, R. T. Witbeck, D. O'Connor, Trustees. The trustees were instructed to engage rooms for Jan. 1, and report thereon to the club prior to that date.

#### CONSTITUTION.

##### Article I.

Section 1. The name of this organization shall be Chicago Hoo-Hoo Club.

Sec. 2. Its object shall be the promotion of friendly relations between members of the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo and their friends visiting in the city, for which purpose suitable clubrooms shall be secured and kept open at such hours and under such regulations as the Board of Trustees shall decide.

##### Article II.

Section 1. Active membership shall be confined to members of the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo, in good standing, and residing in Cook County.

Sec. 2. Every member of the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo, in good standing, and not a resident of Cook County, Ill., shall be an honorary member of this club, and entitled to the freedom of its rooms, under such regulations as the Board of Trustees may adopt.

##### Article III.

Section 1. The officers of this club shall be president, vice president, treasurer, and secretary. They shall be elected by ballot at the annual meeting, and serve for one year, or until their successors shall have been elected and qualified, and shall each perform the duties usually pertaining to their respective offices.

Sec. 2. The president, vice president, secretary, and treasurer, together with five other members, to be elected by ballot at the annual meeting for a term of one year, shall constitute a Board of Trustees for the control of all the affairs of the club, subject to review by the club at any regular or special meeting called for that purpose.

##### Article IV.

Section 1. The annual meeting of this club shall be held on the first Friday night in September each year.

Sec. 2. Regular meetings of this club shall be held on the first Friday night in each month.

Sec. 3. A special meeting of the club may be called at any time on order of the Board of Trustees, but no other business can be transacted at such meeting than that stated in the call.

Sec. 4. Nine members of the club shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business at any regular or special meeting.

#### Article V.

Section 1. This constitution and the by-laws attached may be amended at any regular meeting upon the vote of two-thirds of those present at such meeting, provided notice of the proposed amendment shall be posted in the clubrooms for at least ten days prior to the meeting at which it shall be acted upon; and it shall also be mailed to every member of the club, together with proper notice of such meeting.

#### BY-LAWS.

Section 1. The dues of this club shall be \$3.33 quarterly, payable in advance. Failure to pay the same within thirty-three days after notice from the treasurer shall subject a member to suspension, such notice to be posted in a conspicuous place in the clubrooms, and remain in effect until all arrearages are paid. Any member of the Order eligible to membership in the club may become a member by subscribing to the rules of the club and paying the quarterly dues.

Sec. 2. The Board of Trustees shall adopt such rules and regulations governing the conduct of the clubrooms as shall be deemed necessary, and these rules shall be printed and posted in the clubrooms.

Sec. 3. The Board of Trustees shall meet at any time upon call of the president or upon a call signed by three members of the board.

Sec. 4. There shall be appointed by the Board of Trustees at the regular meeting in September three committees, of three members each, to serve until their successors shall have been appointed. These committees shall be designated as follows: House Committee, Committee on Entertainment, and Committee on Concatenations. It shall be the duty of the House Committee to see that the clubrooms and property of the club are taken care of; that the rooms are supplied with reading matter, etc., and to provide such furniture and conveniences for the clubrooms as may be authorized by the Board of Trustees. It shall be the duty of the Committee on Entertainment to provide at suitable times such form of entertainment for the members of the club as the committee may deem most desirable, provided that no expense shall be incurred without proper authority is first secured from the Board of Trustees. It shall be the duty of the Committee on Concatenations to arrange for concatenations, provide hall for the same, secure applications from a sufficient number of candidates to insure financial success, and to aid the Vicegerent Snark in every way possible.

Sec. 5. The order of business at all regular meetings shall be as follows:

Roll call.

Reading minutes of regular and special meetings.

#### From the Breezy West.

The following little fling at a brother journalist is from Brother Cole's paper, which has a name so long that he has to print it on his title-page in four lines, thus:

#### WEST COAST AND PUGET SOUND

#### L U M B E R M A N.

Over behind this sky-scraper head is a yellow sun setting in the Pacific Ocean, or it may be Puget Sound, which looks like a potato hill in the act of eruption. But it is the head of its editor, and not of the paper, that cuts the ice; and in this respect the "West Coast (et al.) Lumberman" is way ahead. But we digress. The fling is as follows:

S. L. Everett, of San Francisco, superintendent of shears and manager of pastepot of Wood and Iron, San Francisco, was embalmed according to Hoo-Hoo rites at a concatenation recently held in Eureka, Cal. For a while it was feared that he would not regain consciousness. As a last resort, some friend asked him to have a drink, and—well, Everett is still alive.

#### We Regret to Lose Him.

Mr. W. M. Stephenson (No. 2676) left Nashville, Dec. 27, to take up his residence in Chicago, where he has accepted the position of contracting freight agent for the Wisconsin Central System. The "Bulletin" is pained to make this announcement. Mr. Stephenson has had the move under consideration for several weeks, but we had hoped that sufficient inducements would keep him in Nashville.

Mr. Stephenson was born and grew up at Nashville, and it is not too much to say that every one who knows him regrets his departure. Almost since the establishment of its offices here Mr. Stephenson has been connected with the freight business of the "Evansville Route;" and it is his faithful and conscientious work in this position, as well as the conspicuous ability he has shown in railroad business, that has called him to a higher position.

Mr. Stephenson has been one of the best workers in Hoo-Hoo here, and it goes without saying that he will carry the same active interest to Chicago.

It is needless to add that Mr. Stephenson carries with him the sincerest well-wishes of all his Tennessee friends, who have not the slightest doubt but that his present move is but a forerunner of further and rapid promotion.

#### What Hoo-Hoo Has Done.

The following high tribute to the beneficent results accomplished by Hoo-Hoo is from the always pleasing pen of Met. L. Saley, now enlisted in the service of that sprightly iconoclast in lumber newspaperdom, the Chicago "Hardwood Record:"

It is profit that the business men have been after the past thousand days, and have found it not. Way back when the Hoo-Hoo was founded, few dreamed that there would be any profit in it except that kind which may accrue from good resolutions following a crop of wild oats; and in those days wild oats were sown as though the hand of a hurricane were sowing them. What a crop was sown on that Missouri city on the Kaw! as the Michigan bard has sung. It is a wise provision, however, that from the cussedness of some people comes profit to others. The bottom had dropped out of Kansas City, and the town which at one time eclipsed in the vigor of its growth any bay tree languished like a cut stalk in the sun. It has gone into history that that session of Hoo-Hoo has put new life into Kansas City. Hoo-Hoo kicked up their heels so high, and smashed things generally so fine, that the citizens of Kansas City became ashamed of their stupor and opened their eyes. Hoo-Hoo actually took the city by the shoulders and shook impetus into it. There could not be a better thing for a dead town than for Hoo-Hoo to hold a session in it, and let themselves loose, as they used to of old. Were they to do this in a cemetery, there would not lack much of being an uprising.

#### Could Only Happen to a Hoo-Hoo.

No. 2214, of Tacoma, Wash., sends the following relation of a remarkable occurrence, upon which our only comment is embodied in the head to this:

If the "Bulletin" ever prints anything of this sort, the incident that I relate below may be interesting to those who look on coincidences with "spiritual" eyes:

Last May Wheeler, Osgood & Co. shipped to a firm in Boston a car of doors. The car was a C. B. & Q. furniture car, No. 41360. This winter it was found necessary to "order in" another car to load for the same firm, and the same "Q" car, No. 41360, was set in on the sidetrack.

This car had traveled no one knows how many miles, to be again loaded on the Pacific Coast, by the same firm, for the same firm to whom it was shipped over seven months ago.

I do not believe that the same thing has happened or will happen again in one hundred years, taking into consideration the distance between the two points.

#### Caught in Three Bank Failures.

Mr. G. Fred Stevens, whose little draft for dues was "thrown out" by our obliging teller on account of the bank upon which it was drawn having "busted," comes up smiling in the letter which we publish below. Mr. Stevens can console himself with the same sort of reflection that we Nashville people had to chew on in the brave days of 1893; that if he lost all his money he would be as well off as that large class who never have any money to put in a bank. But our observation is that this sort of philosophy hardly serves to "knit up the raveled sleeve of care" in a bank failure; and while we never tried it ourselves, we strongly incline to the belief that a Swedish dialect would come in pretty handy to swear in on such occasions.

Duluth, Minn., Dec. 23, 1896.—J. H. Baird, Scrivenor, Nashville, Tenn.—My Dear Sir: Your favor of the 17th, returning my draft for \$1, sent you on the 7th, is received. I inclose you a new draft to take the place of the one returned. I trust that you will have no trouble with this one. We have had three bank failures here during the past few months; and I should have felt right bad if I had not had something in this one, seeing I got caught in the other two. I am pleased, however, to think that I got off so light in this one.

If you have any spare space in your next issue, will you kindly give me a few lines, as I should like to have "the folks" know where I am "at?" I was assistant manager of the Cranberry Lumber Company here for five years. I left them a year ago, and went into the sawmill business. My mill was destroyed by fire last July, and since then I have been doing a commission lumber and pine land business. I have a large number of acquaintances among the Southern and Western dealers; and will be pleased to hear from any of my old friends, whether they be in need of stock or not.

I have written a number of Swedish dialect stories under the nom de guerre of "Ole Oleson, No. 207." I wrote one for about the first issue of the "Bulletin." If I am asking too much, pass it up, and there will be no hard feelings.

Wishing you the compliments of the season, I am,  
Yours very truly,  
J. FRED STEVENS.

#### Mr. Stillwell is Happy.

We have not at this hour received the formal report of the concatenation held at Savannah, Ga., Dec. 23; but from the following communication from the Savannah correspondent of the "Southern Lumberman" we note that it was an excellent one; and Gurdon Stillwell is happy, despite the loss by fire of Mill No. 4 of his company at Nichols, Ga., on Dec. 22:

Savannah, Ga., Dec. 24.—Mr. William B. Stillwell, Gurdon, is probably in his best humor this morning. The first concatenation of Hoo-Hoo ever held in the Forest City occurred at Hotel DeSoto last night, and twenty-eight kittens were enlightened. The concatenation was voted a great success, both by the old cats and the young kittens.

Mr. Stillwell has been working to break the record in the number of initiates; and had it not been for the approaching holidays and for the sickness of several applicants, he would undoubtedly have succeeded. Forty applications for membership were made, and a dozen or more lumbermen had expressed a desire to be initiated who were unable to get to Savannah on account of the nearness of Christmas.

The exercises were conducted by Mr. Harry W. Anderson, of Atlanta, Vicegerent Snark of Georgia, and the following officers: Snark, Harry W. Anderson; Senior Hoo-Hoo, William B. Stillwell; Junior Hoo-Hoo, C. C. Guttis; Scrivenor, C. C. Anderson, Jr.; Arcanoper, Thomas E. King; Custocatian, R. M. Shanklin; Jabberwock, Howard Anderson; Bojum, D. A. Reid; Gurdon, J. A. Hauser.

The following were enlightened: Members: J. A. Hauser, Augusta; M. W. Dixon, H. P. Smart, T. E. King, William B. Stillwell, Savannah; Charles Homer Hill, C. C. Anderson, Jr., Howard Anderson, D. A. Reid, Atlanta; A. Kirkland, Cordale; I. X. Cheaves, Richwood; C. C. Guttis, Cordale; R. M. Shanklin, Harry W. Anderson, Atlanta. New Members: T. S. Wyly, Jr., J. J. Cummings, W. O. McDonough, A. E. Moynelo, H. H. Bacon, William Henry W.

Schley, Harvey Granger, W. F. Baker, J. J. Kirby, Savannah; T. McAuliffe, W. I. Dawson, Charles F. Degen, Augusta; G. M. Brinson, Stillmore; M. V. Gress, Kramer; A. C. Banks, Brunswick. Railroad Men: I. M. Fleming, Savannah; J. F. Gray, Millen; George W. Faries, Savannah. Machinery and Supply Men: A. B. Palmer, H. W. Palmer, R. G. Stevens, F. G. Clark, F. H. Clark, W. D. Krenson, R. L. Wyly, J. A. Calhoun, W. O. McGowin, William Denhart, Savannah.

After the initiation, the Hoo-Hoo, both young and old, sat down to a banquet at the DeSoto, which lasted until the small hours of this morning.

As quite a number were disappointed in not being able to be initiated last night, it is expected that another concatenation will be held some time during the early part of next year.

#### Mr. Parks at Work.

Mr. A. S. Parks, of Wichita, the Vicegerent for Kansas, is at work, and will soon be heard from. He is sending out the following circular to all the lumbermen in the State:

#### HOO-HOO SAYS SO.

Dear Sir: I have been appointed Vicegerent for the State of Kansas for the Hoo-Hoo year from Sept. 9, 1896, to Sept. 9, 1897, and would like to add as many kittens to the grand litter as possible. Please try to secure a sufficient number of candidates in your and adjoining towns to warrant me in holding a concatenation. If I can be of service, please call on me for any assistance which I may be able to render.

December, 1896.

Sincerely yours, A. S. PARKS.

#### Brother Collins Deserves Credit.

No sooner did Vicegerent Ben Collins, of Ohio, get his commission than he went to work. He deserves credit for the splendid concatenation held at Cleveland on the 11th. He evidently knows how to work the press, too. The "Plunderer" of the morning following the meeting contained a full column account of it under a scarce head, and with the cut of the emblem prominently displayed. The "Plunderer's" account is, in part, as follows:

Out from behind closed doors of the Hallenden Banquet Hall came strange and queer noises last night. These noises were the cause of genuine terror to a number of unsuspecting people who at various times during the evening chanced to pass through the corridor and come within earshot of the "trouble." It was not a convention of hobgoblins, nor was it a convulse of ghosts; but it was the occasion of fifteen men being initiated into the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo. They took the biographical or playful degree into the famed order of the black cat. The applications for membership were properly signed by the several candidates before the session convened. They applied as follows:

"Standing on the boundary line of the dominion of the Great Black Cat, I hereby present myself as applicant for the biographical degree, or the playful kitten, Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo, vaunting myself as worthy thereof." The gentlemen who were thus presented, and who during the course of the evening endured the tortures of the initiation, were C. C. Barnett, Cleveland; William R. Wallis, St. Louis; J. W. Darling, Pittsburg; George Fischer, Vermilion; Edward Ransom, Wyoming, O.; C. A. Krauss, Cleveland; John J. Wemple, Cleveland; J. H. Aumick, Glenville; C. J. Simon, Cleveland; Walter Cook, Shelby; R. M. Hubbard, Cleveland; J. W. Ferguson, Cleveland; J. F. Smith, Painesville; J. E. Holt, Cleveland; and J. C. Parsch, Elyria. What these gentlemen went through and what horrors they endured is known only to those seventy-five or more members of the Order who were present to lend their energies toward making the occasion one of supreme pleasure and satisfaction to the candidates. A reporter entered the sacred confines of the banquet hall just before the ceremonies commenced. When the officers of the Order donned their black and hideously grotesque robes, and further preparations were made for the downfall of the gavel, the scribe left the chamber. On the way out it was observed that in one corner of the room were many eggs, a quantity of ground beef, a box containing two or more live black cats, several receptacles filled with something bear-

ing semblance to current jelly, and a number of other mysteries which were concealed from any rude gaze.

After the candidates had been properly initiated, there was a "pink tea" party, which lasted many hours; and those members of the Order who for some reason or other failed to get home during the night got to their respective domiciles at an early hour in the morning.

#### Lexington, January 9.

Every Hoo-Hoo who can arrange to be there should attend the concatenation at Lexington on Jan. 9. Vicegerent Cunningham has done some hard work, and he has a class to be proud of, both in number and character. Under date of Dec. 23 he writes the Scrivenoter as follows about it:

There seems to be more interest in the concatenation to be held at Lexington than I even anticipated. Quite a number are expected from Cincinnati, Louisville, and other portions of the State; and one of the railroads, at least, has signified its intention of furnishing free transportation to this concatenation. I refer to the Lexington and Eastern Railroad, this courtesy having been extended by Mr. Charles Scott. Other railroads will take the matter up, and may possibly do something in the same line. The meeting will be held at the Elks' Hall and the "on the roof" at the Phoenix Hotel. Cheap rates have been secured at the hotel; and if Lexington does not do herself proud in sustaining her reputation for Kentucky hospitality, all signs will certainly fail. If you have never been in Lexington, I wish to say that it would pay you to go there. It is certainly a typical Kentucky city. Many old-time residences and historical buildings are there, and what the people do not do to make you enjoy the time will simply be what they are unable to get. I know of no place where I anticipate more pleasure from a visit. They will have a full limit of victims from the whole of the eastern part of Kentucky. I expect to go there on the morning train, and write up all the biographies in the afternoon, so as to have everything in readiness for the torture at night. I have notified them that I expect to get from you a machine of torture that had been invented to use on the Spaniards in Cuba, but which you wished to try before sending.

On the 23d proximo I expect to hold a concatenation at Middleborough, Ky., at which time we will have eight or ten candidates; and I expect to have quite a good-sized concatenation. The mountain districts are certainly taking to Hoo-Hoo with a relish, and I shall leave no stone unturned to get them all there. As you know, Middleborough is one of the boom towns of Kentucky that collapsed, but has recently revived. Being in the heart of the lumber district, it will attract quite a number; and I now have the promise of quite a lot of Hoo-Hoo who will be with me. I hope that you will be at both places.

#### Expects Twenty-Five.

Vicegerent Carey, at Cairo, is growing quite enthusiastic over his concatenation to be held Tuesday evening, Jan. 12. That is the date of the quarterly meeting of the Mississippi Valley Cottonwood Association, and he will undoubtedly have a fine attendance. He writes under recent date:

I desire to impress upon your mind the fact that I want you to be present on Jan. 12 at the concatenation that we expect to hold here at that time. The fact is that it is assuming such great proportions that I will have to call on you for another supply of application blanks, as I will need at least twenty-five in all. I have a class of high-grade candidates for this occasion that will be a credit to the Order, and our boys here are lending every assistance to make it a success.

Mr. Cliff Walker, of Cincinnati; W. G. Wilmut, of New Orleans; H. C. Ferris, of St. Louis; Col. A. H. McLeod, of Cincinnati; W. E. Barns, of St. Louis; and B. A. Johnson, of Chicago, have all accepted invitations to be here and take part in the work.

I do not know just what date the "Southern Lumberman" goes to press, but would consider it a favor if you will give them the facts as gleaned from my letter, and request them to publish it, not failing to add thereto a cordial invitation to all brother Hoo-Hoo to be present on that date and share the Cairo boys' hospitality.

#### The Senior Sends Greetings.

Senior Hoo-Hoo, John J. Marten, the indefatigable worker in the Order's interest, is out in the following Christmas greeting to the brethren in his section:

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 26, 1896.—To the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo—Greeting.—Respected Sirs: This being the most appropriate season to give pleasure to those whose goodness and charity render them worthy of the esteem and gratitude of each member of our Order, we come to assure you of our appreciation of your noble interest in our behalf, and to thank you heartily for favors we have received from you during the past.

You will be happy to learn that our work is daily progressing, and that every opportunity will be given those who are still in the outer darkness to walk in the light.

In this good work you, dear sir, have a share, since the charity you extend aids in affording Health, Happiness, and Long Life to all who apply for admittance.

Trusting that you may long enjoy the objects sought for by the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo, and wishing you and yours all the compliments of the season, I am,

Fraternally yours,

JOHN J. MARTEN, Senior Hoo-Hoo.

#### A "Howling" Success.

In another column will be found a formal report of the concatenation at Alpena, Mich., held Dec. 10. Mr. Marten writes us about the excursion over there and the meeting as follows:

Our concatenation and excursion was a "howling" success from start to finish, and twenty-four newborn kittens were made to walk in the light of great Hoo-Hoo, to the amusement of eighty-six members, forty of whom were from Ohio and Detroit, and eleven joined the pilgrimage from various points en route. The trip was a jolly one, and it was the duty of each member to overlook his own pleasures for the benefit of others; and I can truthfully say that nothing was left undone, and the trip will long be remembered as one of the most pleasant Hoo-Hoo excursions ever given in this our glorious State of Michigan.

Thanks to the members of Hoo-Hoo that gave up time and money to make the excursion and concatenation a success, and to our Alpena members, who, by their generous and hospitable entertainment, made our stay in their city pleasant; but no little credit should be given to the Flint and Pere Marquette Railroad and the Detroit, Grand Haven, and Milwaukee Railroad for their energies in making it possible for us to have these excursions. The officers of the above lines not being satisfied with furnishing transportation free of charge, also made all arrangements for meals en route. After dinner at Saginaw, cigars were passed, which were smoked to the Health, Happiness, and Long Life of the Flint and Pere Marquette Railroad.

The officers of the railroads extending these many courtesies, and to whom we are very much indebted, are: Mr. J. D. Hawks, Superintendent and Manager of the D. & M. R. R.; Mr. T. G. Winnet, General Freight and Passenger Agent of the D. & M. R. R.; Mr. A. Patriarche, Traffic Manager of the F. & P. M. R. R.; and Mr. William Henderson, General Freight Agent of the F. & P. M. R. R.

We were accompanied by Mr. Henderson from Detroit, who took charge of the train and looked after our comforts. The car was beautifully decorated with streamers on either side, its full length, bearing the emblem of our Order and the words,



which attracted no little attention along the route.

The return trip was somewhat quiet compared with some that I have seen. When Saginaw was reached, a sleeper was attached; and several visiting Hoo-Hoo had a chance to ride in a dollar sleeper, the price that is always asked by the Flint and Pere Marquette Railroad.

On reaching Detroit on the morning of the 12th inst., several of the boys walked to our Hoo-Hoo clubrooms, 33 Lafayette Avenue, Room 8, before parting.

It was a most enjoyable trip, and will long be remembered by our visiting Hoo-Hoo as an evidence that Michigan is alive and working.

The next trip should be over to the West Shore, as from all accounts there are several candidates in each of several cities craving admission, and an opportunity should be given.

More attention should be paid to the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. There is a large field for some good, live man as Vicegerent.

Vicegerent M. L. Pease adds the following to this report of the Alpena excursion, and from it all we judge that those of us who were not present missed a high old time:

We went to Alpena nearly fifty strong, added twenty-four to our number there, and had the most enthusiastic meeting that it has ever been my good fortune to attend. A large part of our success came from the efforts of Mr. Joseph Myles, who went ahead as our "advance agent," and, by good, hard work, contributed largely to the pleasure of the evening.

We have several more concatenations in view in the near future.

#### The Snark's Ex-Whiskers.

Brother Frank B. Cole, of Tacoma, turns loose the following blast on our respected Snark:

The nude face of Snark Hemenway has for the first time in thirty years been exposed to the blasts of a Wisconsin winter. The Populistic adornment that covered his chin for all these years is now in a safety vault in Tacoma, Wash. In a moment of doubt and aberration he promised the Arcanoper these whiskers, provided McKinley was elected. He has paid the debt. From citizens of Tomahawk it is learned that his appearance is much improved. His wife approves the change. It is rumored that he will have an oil painting made and present it to the House of Ancients. It is also rumored that the first morning he went to his office after his loss he looked so young and fresh that a young lady tried to tickle him under the chin; that an old sweetheart said she really regretted having refused him along in his early days, as she had no idea that he would develop into such a handsome man. Here is how Matt Walker describes the effect of this event: "There was a weeping wall of the wind, a sighing of the pine trees on the hillside along the banks of the Tomahawk and the Wisconsin, then all was quiet. Up the main street of the village walked the venerable patriarch of Hoo-Hoo, his majestic beard having parted company with him; and as he wended his way to his home on the hill, the cold breeze of the evening first fanned his face, and then kissed it again and again. It was as bare as a newborn babe's, and equally as flushed. He reached home, and introduced himself. He explained to some that it was an earthquake; to others, a cyclone; and to a few, the fact."

#### Where is He?

Several members of the Order are very anxious to know the present address of Mr. O. A. Mason, who formerly lived at Texarkana, Texas, and was for a time manager of the Tri-State Lumber Company at that place. The last heard of, Mr. Mason was at Chattanooga, Tenn. Any information as to Mr. Mason's present whereabouts will be appreciated. Letters on the subject should be addressed to the Scrivenoter.

#### Fatally Burned.

The following particulars have been sent us of the sad death, on December 19, of Mrs. B. Nalty, mother of Mr. J. B. Nalty, of Brookhaven, Miss. This frightful accident occurred on the night following the Concatenation at Brookhaven, at which Mr. Nalty presided.

Mr. Nalty had spent the evening with his mother in her room, and when he retired, left her reading by the fire. A few minutes later one of the family passed her window outside, and noticing the room full of smoke gave the alarm. Mr. Nalty, rushing to the room, found his mother lying in front of the fire place, her clothing in a blaze. He quickly extinguished the flames, but the fatal work had been done, and loving, tender care and skillful medical attention could only relieve and not heal the burns of the sufferer. She died Sunday morning. Mrs. Nalty had resided in Brookhaven for a great many years, and was admired and respected by all who knew her.

**Death of L. O. Lurton.**

Leon Owen Lurton, No. 2674 of our Order, died at the residence of his father in Nashville just at noon Christmas Day, after a long and painful illness of typhoid fever.

Leon Owen Lurton was the son of Judge Horace H. Lurton, of the United States District Court. He was a native of Nashville, and lacked one day of completing his twenty-sixth year. Though a very young man, he was widely known in business, particularly in railroad circles. Up to a few months ago he represented the Southern Railway at Nashville. At the time of his death he was traveling freight agent of the Illinois Central, with headquarters at Louisville.

With his passing out it may truthfully be said, the world loses a pure and honorable gentleman. He was a zealous and conscientious worker and a faithful and loyal friend. Despite his youth, he had already made himself known and respected in business, and his worth was recognized.

The railroad men held a meeting on the 26th, at which appropriate resolutions were adopted, and a committee of eight appointed to accompany the remains to Clarksville, Tenn., where they were taken by a special train Sunday morning for interment.

The local membership of Hoo-Hoo also held a meeting on the same day at the office of Mr. C. H. Sanders. Mr. Sanders was called to the chair, and J. H. Baird acted as secretary. Committees on resolutions, on floral tribute, and to accompany the remains to Clarksville, were appointed. Though not an old member in the Order, Mr. Lurton was an enthusiastic worker and singularly popular. The meeting was attended by practically every Hoo-Hoo in the city, as follows: J. E. Allison, J. H. Baird, P. D. Bowler, F. T. Cummins, J. F. Dale, W. M. Farria, C. Cohn, J. C. Burch, L. E. Gates, O. B. Benedict, E. Bartholomew, E. L. Geo, J. E. Bates, M. F. Greene, A. E. Baird, Thos. Pickens, F. M. Hamilton, A. L. Goldberg, Geo. Hare, S. Lieberman, D. H. Hillman, W. M. Stephenson, J. A. Hamilton, J. W. Love, John Moore, J. B. Ransom, S. B. Ransom, D. S. Williams, A. W. Wills, H. H. Love, W. H. Mott, W. H. Bliss, J. C. Doyle, J. G. Erwin, E. M. Foster, W. W. Napier, F. C. Guthrie, C. H. Sanders, W. T. Ross, Jos. Scheffer, J. G. Cantrell, O. F. Frizzell, J. O. Kirkpatrick, S. K. Cowan, W. H. Hartwell, F. C. Stahlman, T. P. Ayres, W. M. Cassetty, J. W. Cantrell, W. R. Elliston, M. Chambers, T. A. Hefner, D. A. Lindsay, and W. J. Wallace.

The floral design selected by the committee was a beautiful one—a broken and wreathed column.

The committee submitted the following resolution, which was adopted:

"Whereas, in the death of Mr. L. O. Lurton, the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo has lost a valuable and loyal member, and the local membership a respected and beloved brother; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, We deeply deplore the sad and untimely death of our brother, and that we extend to his bereaved family our deepest sympathy.

*Resolved, further*, That a copy of these resolutions be properly engrossed and sent the family, and that a copy be furnished the local press."

Mr. O. H. Sanders, the General Agent of the L. & N., in whose office Mr. Lurton began his career as a railroad man, and in whose employ he was for a number of years, made a feeling talk on his death, and paid a high tribute to his moral and intellectual worth. Messrs. W. W. Napier and J. G. Cantrell, both of whom were closely associated with Mr. Lurton, spoke briefly along the same line.

**Back in Harness.**

When a man once gets fairly launched into the lumber newspaper business, he hardly ever reforms. It is like eating morphine, and worse than drinking whisky to quit. John E. Williams, was fairly launched into the business, and we are not surprised that he has fallen back. We are gratified at it, however, and so will be hundreds of his friends in the lumber

trade, when they hear of it. A man of such conspicuous talents has no business trying to break away in a mere sordid search for gold, and we hope Mr. Williams has felt so out of place in the intervene, that he will not again attempt to leave the ranks of the destiny-shapers. He announces his return in the following letter to the Bulletin:

"After some months of diligent and highly patriotic endeavor, culminating in the now permanent safety of our great and glorious republic, I shall presently have the added pleasure of renewing hitherto valued acquaintances, and the making of others equally so, in the lumber field, but hereafter as a member of the editorial staff and on behalf of *The Timberman*.

"Only adding now that henceforth—the same as formerly—I shall esteem it a personal as well as a representative happiness to be of service to the trade in which you are interested at large, including, incidentally, your own in particular, let me subscribe myself."

**Hymental.**

Mr. J. O. Chaffin, of the J. H. Chaffin & Co. mill firm, Milton, Fla., was united in marriage at Washington, D. C., on Wednesday, November 25, 1896, to Miss Esabella Graham Rockwood, of Washington.

Their bridal tour embraced Philadelphia, Niagara Falls, and other points of interest, arriving at Milton, Friday, December 4th, which latter place they will make their future home.

Mr. J. O. Chaffin is one of the best known lumbermen of West Florida. He has an interest in the firm of J. H. Chaffin & Co., lumber firm, of which he is general manager.

His bride comes from an old and prominent family of Washington, and possesses many amiable qualities of both mind and heart. She is quite an authoress, having written several interesting literary articles.

A host of friends in the Hoo-Hoo fraternity wish number 3618 and his bride the best that life can give—"health, happiness, and long life."

**They Are Solid Black.**

The cut below shows a pair of twin Jub-Jubs which belong to Mr. Ansel Oriester Cole, of Lyons, Iowa. They are as black as the proverbial stack of such animals on a dark night, and



"THOMAS JUB-JUB AND KATHERINE HOO-HOO."

that they do not seem so in the picture is due to the photograph having been taken in the sunlight. Their names appear under the picture.

**Future Concatenations.**

At Nashville, Tennessee, Thursday, January 7th.

At Lexington, Kentucky, Saturday, January 9th.

At Chicago, Illinois, Saturday, January 9th.

At Cairo, Illinois, Tuesday, January 12th.

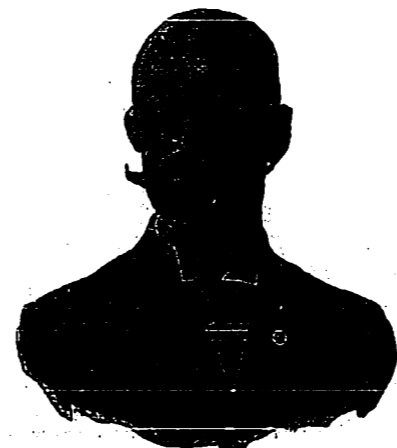
At Indianapolis, Indiana, Tuesday, January 19th.

At Columbus, Ohio, Tuesday, January 26th.

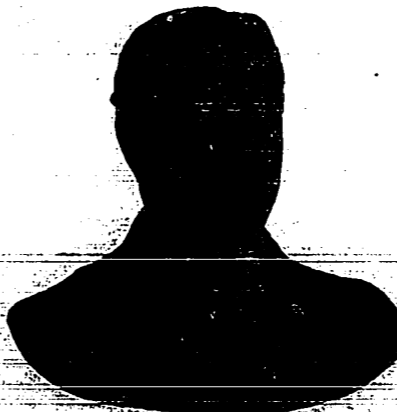
Other Concatenations during the month, for which dates have not yet been fixed, will be held at Boston, Mass., Knoxville, Tenn., Wichita, Kansas, Buffalo, N. Y., and Glenwood, Wis.

**THREE VICEGERENTS.**

R. M. CUNNINGHAM, Louisville, Kentucky.



HARRY W. ANDERSON, Atlanta, Georgia.



HARRY N. SEXTON, Knoxville, Tennessee.

**Concatenations.**

No. 365. Cleveland, Ohio, Dec. 11, 1896.

Snark, R. H. Campbell.  
Senior Hoo-Hoo, F. W. Bell.  
Junior Hoo-Hoo, C. S. Walker.  
Bojum, A. D. McLeod.  
Scrivenoter, G. S. Gynn.  
Jabberwock, Ben Collins, Jr.  
Custocattin, D. L. Holwick.  
Arcanoper, F. E. Kimball.  
Gurdon, Charles A. Nagely.

4544 J. F. Smith, Painesville, O.  
4545 J. J. Wemple, Cleveland, O.  
4546 R. M. Hubbard, Cleveland, O.  
4547 C. J. Simon, Cleveland, O.  
4548 George Fischer, Vermilion, O.  
4549 Walter Cook, Shelby, O.  
4550 C. A. Krauss, Jr., Cleveland, O.  
4551 J. H. Aumtek, Glenville, O.  
4552 J. E. Holt, Cleveland, O.  
4553 J. W. Ferguson, Cleveland, O.  
4554 E. P. Ransom, Wyoming, O.  
4555 J. W. Darling, Pittsburg, Pa.  
4556 W. R. Wallis, St. Louis, Mo.  
4557 C. C. Burnett, Cleveland, O.  
4558 J. C. Parsch, Elyria, O.

No. 366. Alpena, Mich., Dec. 10, 1896.

Snark, Max L. Pense.  
Senior Hoo-Hoo, J. J. Marten.  
Junior Hoo-Hoo, Charles W. Kotcher.  
Bojum, E. F. Jenks.  
Scrivenoter, James Myles.  
Jabberwock, James G. LeFevre.  
Custocattin, S. L. Mead.  
Arcanoper, J. T. Phillips.  
Gurdon, William Henderson.

4559 T. C. Lester, Alpena, Mich.  
4560 W. L. Churchill, Alpena, Mich.  
4561 A. W. Comstock, Alpena, Mich.  
4562 J. A. Widmer, Alpena, Mich.  
4563 W. A. French, Alpena, Mich.  
4564 E. D. Avery, Alpena, Mich.  
4565 J. A. Sayles, East Tawas, Mich.  
4566 W. B. Comstock, Alpena, Mich.  
4567 C. S. Russell, Waters, Mich.  
4568 F. P. Smith, Flint, Mich.  
4569 M. R. Tousey, Bay City, Mich.  
4570 W. K. Krebs, Alpena, Mich.  
4571 F. D. Hyatt, Alpena, Mich.  
4572 D. L. Patriarche, Saginaw, East Side, Mich.  
4573 D. S. Maser, Alpena, Mich.  
4574 D. A. Stratton, Alpena, Mich.  
4575 C. E. Cheney, Alpena, Mich.  
4576 F. E. McDonald, Alpena, Mich.  
4577 H. R. Smith, Alpena, Mich.  
4578 J. E. Price, Otisville, Genesee County, Mich.  
4579 H. R. Morse, Jr., Alpena, Mich.  
4580 P. E. Shier, Oscoda, Mich.  
4581 E. S. Johnson, Alpena, Mich.  
4582 G. R. McDonald, Alpena, Mich.

No. 367. Chicago, Ill., Dec. 12, 1896.

Snark, P. A. Gordon.  
Senior Hoo-Hoo, V. F. Mashke.  
Junior Hoo-Hoo, Max Sondheimer.  
Bojum, R. T. Witbeck.  
Scrivenoter, M. M. Marsh.  
Jabberwock, B. F. Cobb.  
Custocattin, H. M. Mixon.  
Arcanoper, J. D. Bolton.  
Gurdon, F. P. Southgate.

4583 Edmond Fairfield Dodge, Chicago, Ill.  
4584 Llewellyn Boyd Leah, Chicago, Ill.  
4585 Carl Van Kimball.  
4586 Eli Samuel Pierce, Chicago, Ill.  
4587 Allen Russell Vinnedge, Chicago, Ill.