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WM. B. STILLWELL, Savannah, Ga.
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 Arkansas—(Western District)—James Brizzolara, Fort Smith, Ark.
 Arkansas—(Southern District)—J. C. McGrath, Malvern, Ark.
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 Canada—(Central District)—D. Boyce Sprague, care Sprague Lbr. Co., Winnipeg, Minn., Canada.
 Canada—(Eastern District)—Jas. G. Cane, 20 Aberdeen Chambers, Toronto, Ont., Canada.
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 Cuba—D. W. Buhl, P. O. Box 182, Havana, Cuba.
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 Georgia—(Northern District)—B. F. Ulmer, Box 305, Atlanta, Ga.
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 West Virginia—(Southern District)—D. E. Matthews, Charleston, W. Va.
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 Wisconsin—(Southern District)—A. E. Ahrens, 123 W. Gorham St., Madison, Wis.
 United Kingdom and Continent of Europe—Edw. Haynes, 161 Aldersgate St., London, England.

THE JURISDICTIONS.

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

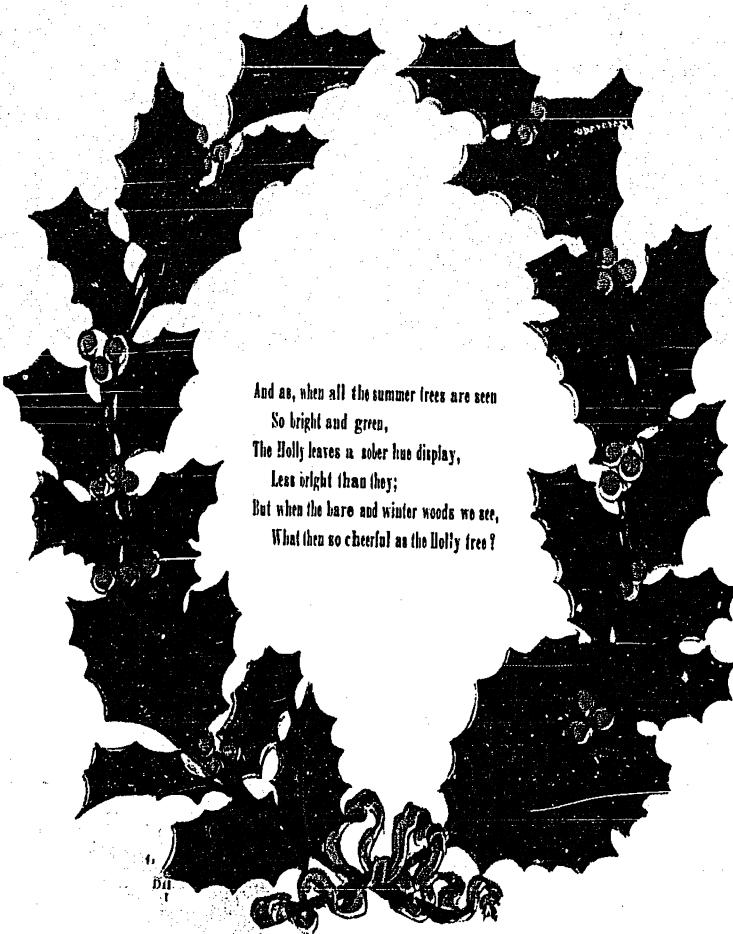
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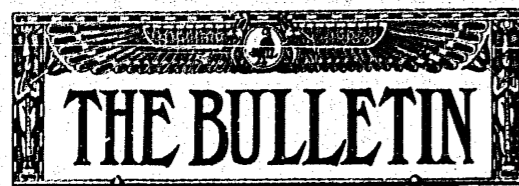
GREETING



And as, when all the summer trees are seen
 So bright and green,
 The Holly leaves a nobler hue display,
 Less bright than they;
 But when the bare and winter woods we see,
 What then so cheerful as the Holly tree?

1905

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF HOO-HOO



J. H. BAIRD, Scrivenoter, Editor.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1905.

Let's We Forget.

As the result of the eloquent plea made in his annual address by Snark C. D. Rourke at Portland, the subject of our Distress Fund came in for much discussion at the annual meeting, as will be seen from the excerpt from the proceedings printed below:

MR. R. D. INMAN—I believe heartily in providing a fund for the benefit of our members who are unfortunate and who may need help. * * * All organizations have such a fund. Sometimes we might be imposed upon, but these things come along in the life of every man. There is no question but that if this organization had a fund of \$8,000 or \$10,000 it would be one of the best advertisements for the organization. I have always been in favor of that. I would be in favor of making the dues twice 50 cents a year, setting apart one-half of it for a fund of that kind. As one gentleman said, there are few men in Hoo-Hoo that need it, but we never know where adversity is going to strike. When we find a family destitute our hearts lead us to take care of them until they can help themselves. Once in a while some sharp adventurer may get in on us. But what is the difference if they do? They get in on us individually once in a while anyway. (Laughter.) Even if we do get a little of that we only get a little of human nature; and I would rather half a dozen sharpers would get into me than to feel that I had turned down one deserving person. I hope this matter will not be passed over without full consideration. (Applause.)

MR. EDW. B. MARTIN (881)—It seems to me a very good way to get at this, since some object to an assessment, and every one feels that the contribution should be voluntary. Mr. Baird's suggestion of a Christmas fund is good. Why not let the Scrivenoter send out a reminder, not an assessment, just a reminder, that this is Christmas time and that it was the sense of the Hoo-Hoo Annual at Portland that every Hoo-Hoo contribute something for the Distress Fund, and leave the amount entirely with the individuals themselves. As the Snark has said, the reason the Distress Fund is not larger is because most Hoo-Hoo do not think of it at all. It never occurs to them that there is a Distress Fund and that they ought to contribute. Have the Scrivenoter send out a little reminder that this is Christmas time, and that the convention thought it a good thing for every Hoo-Hoo to contribute a little to the Distress Fund. I think this would bring in as much returns as an assessment, and probably more than an assessment. The resolution would be published first in our report of this meeting in The Bulletin, and we could embody it in the notice sent out to the members.

MR. WEIR—Most of the members lack experience in handling this question. I have had much experience in such matters in connection with the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and if you create a fund without sufficient protection about it and leave it to the discretion of individuals to do the best they can, you will find it will be used for revenue only. * * * I am in favor of establishing in this Order a good liberal relief fund for the benefit of those who need it. If a fund is to be established, I suggest that a committee be appointed to see that it goes to those deserving of it. If we can get a fund large enough it will be of great value. Even in this Order I know of a man who with tears rolling down his cheeks told me the condition he was in, and I never did anything in my life that made me feel better than when I helped that man. * * *

MR. M. C. HANFIELD—Before that resolution goes before the

house I want it understood that it is not my purpose to make a beneficial order out of Hoo-Hoo. But when Christmas time comes we want to do something for somebody else. There is nothing I take more pleasure in doing than sending my little wagon around to help some deserving person about Christmas time. (Applause.) I am sure we can hold the fund down as it should be.

MR. COLE—I would offer the following as the form of the resolution which Mr. Hanfield suggests:

"Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that the Scrivenoter should send out proper notices, asking of all Hoo-Hoo that they contribute something, if they wish to do so voluntarily, to the Imminent Distress Fund."

(Upon vote the resolution was duly adopted.)

Still further discussion of the matter led to the adoption of the following in the report of the Committee on Good of the Order:

Your Committee on Good of the Order heartily approves of your action recommending that a voluntary Christmas offering of 50 cents to the Imminent Distress Fund be suggested to the members of our Order. We believe, however, that steps should be taken to safeguard this fund against impostors and unworthy applicants. To this end we suggest that the Vicegerent Snark in each district shall appoint a committee of five, with himself as chairman, whose duty it shall be to pass on all applications for relief; the unanimous approval of this committee to be required before any application for relief can be considered by the Supreme Nine. In urgent cases such application, when duly recommended by such committee, can be granted by the approval of the Snark, the Senior Hoo-Hoo and the Scrivenoter.

We further recommend that no member in arrears for dues be eligible for any assistance from the Imminent Distress Fund.

Now then, come on, boys.

Ninety-nine cents, or several times that amount, will not hurt any of us.

I mind me of what Jeanie Deans, the poor Highland lass, in Scott's "Heart of Midlothian," said to Queen Elizabeth, to present to whom, in London, her pitiful petition she had walked from the braes of Balquhider: "An' when the hour of trouble comes, as comes it does to maist of us; and when the hour of death comes, as comes it does to all of us, it is not what we ha' done for oursel's, but what we ha' done for others that we think on maist pleasantly."

Following the publication of the proceedings at Portland and Snark Rourke's inspiring words many members have already sent in contributions of various amounts, but I want to see delivered at my office Christmas morning such a storm of free will offerings as will strain the very spinal muscles of our stubby little postman. Every cent of the money will be acknowledged through The Bulletin, and whatever is done with it will be published in The Bulletin.

No amount is suggested—just what you can spare. And the smallest contribution will be just as welcome as the biggest. Any form of remittance goes; there is no exchange on checks. If you haven't got a check book of your own handy, nearly anybody will trade you a check for a like amount in currency.

J. H. BAIRD, Scrivenoter.

Some Good Positions.

The Scrivenoter knows of two good places for first-class lumber bookkeepers. These men must be thoroughly competent as lumber bookkeepers, and must have some experience with the lumber business.

He also knows of a good position for a lumber buyer—a man to buy yellow pine, say in Louisiana and Mississippi. The Scrivenoter will be glad to have applications.

Busy Day for a Kentucky Bridegroom.

Mr. Shirley Craig and Miss Rosa Scott eloped to Bedford and were married Wednesday of last week at an early morning hour, after which the groom did a hard day's work on the farm.

—Henry County (Ky.) Local.



The prize donkey of the whole bunch has been discovered in the person of the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in New York, who recently delivered himself of the following unparalleled absurdity:

"I do not believe in sandwiching courtship with religion. No man can hold a hymn book with a charming woman and pay attention to what the minister is saying."

Now where is the blooming chump who, having an opportunity to hold a hymn book with a charming woman, would want to listen to what the minister says? Breathes there a man with soul so dead? What difference does it make what the preacher says when one sits beside a charming woman in the dim religious light? Not until one is old and in fear of death does one go to church to listen to the preacher—and by that time it is too late, any way. People go to church to see their friends, to hear the music, to show off their clothes, or (if the warm blood of youth is bounding through the veins) to hold a hymn book with a charming woman and perhaps to walk home with her after the benediction is said. The preacher isn't in it at all. Nobody cares what he says, if only he will say it in a nice way and not be long about it! He is merely an adjunct to an institution whose loftiest mission is the promotion of matrimony. Do not the family and the home constitute the very bulwark of the nation? And where can a man hope to meet a better woman than at church?

The Y. M. C. A. man advocates separate churches for the two sexes. Misguided imbecile! Such a course would prove fatal, and within a short time there would be no church at all. It is all the women can do to keep the churches going, as it is. If no men were allowed to attend, do you suppose the devoted sisters would fool away time on oyster suppers, grab-bag socials and other schemes to get money to repair the church and to keep up the running expenses? And if the women quit working and begging for the church, the whole thing would fall through. Even a Y. M. C. A. man would know that much if he would stop and think a minute. Everybody knows that after a man marries, it is almost impossible to drag him out to church. The young men would also stay away if they knew there was to be nothing doing except the sermon. With neither money nor audience, where would the preacher be? Separate churches, indeed!

I think that if I were an artist I could draw a picture of this fatuous Y. M. C. A. man. In my mind's eye I can behold him—pale, anemic, bespectacled, with a bulging forehead and thin hair. I have not the slightest doubt that he sleeps

with a hot-water bag to his feet. Probably he is a sour old bachelor, for whom the glory of the setting sun does not exist nor the keen beauty of the eternal stars.

No, the separate church idea won't do, for the simple reason that it bumps up against one of nature's plainest laws, the same being this:

Most of the so-called piety in the world is but a secondary manifestation of the mating instinct.

Undoubtedly, without any separate church plan or other blighting influences, the preachers are having a hard enough time trying to keep out of oblivion's depths! In order to get anybody to take an interest in them they are obliged to resort to all kinds of clap-trap methods. When President Roosevelt was out West on a hunting trip some months ago he attended services at the "old blue school house," away out in the wilds of Colorado. The occasion was widely heralded through the newspapers, and considerable space was given to the fact that the minister delivered a sermon "replete with Western slang." It must have been an edifying discourse! Perhaps the preacher considered rough language peculiarly appropriate in the presence of a rough rider. Then there is the Rev. Washington Gladden, who in urging that no contribution be accepted from John D. Rockefeller for missionary purposes, passionately exclaimed: "The Standard Oil Company has played continually with stacked cards and loaded dice!" That sounds almost as flashy as some of Lawson's hysterical outbursts. "Stacked cards and loaded dice!" I am not saying that Rockefeller's money isn't "tainted"—maybe 'tis and maybe 'taint. (Your pardon, righteous people everywhere!) But I wish the Rev. Gladden had not sounded the loud timbrel in such a way as to suggest an overwhelming eagerness to leap into the limelight.

The following press dispatch chronicles what is perhaps the climax of ecclesiastical antics, and convinces me more than ever that the ministers are hard put to it to hold their own without having that Y. M. C. A. lunatic butt in:

Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 21.—Rev. Francis H. Snelcator, pastor of St. Peter and St. Paul's church, has caused to be draped in mourning the baptismal fonts in the church whose destinies he has presided over since 1865. The mourning emblems were draped to remind the congregation of the fact that for six weeks no infant has received the sacrament of baptism.

It remained for the pastor of St. Peter and St. Paul's church to take a stern initiative in a matter which is considered to be of vital importance to the country, and indications are that some notoriety will result from the draping of the baptismal fonts in black and white.

Parishioners were much surprised when they noticed Sunday morning that mourning emblems entwined the fonts where many of them had first received the baptismal rites. There followed a deal of talk concerning the originality of the priest, who is considered to be a man of deeds rather than words.

It is said that many people who attend the church do not believe that six weeks is a period of sufficient length to warrant censure, and they intimate that the birth market fluctuates, with many births today, none tomorrow. However, it is said in defense of the unique action of the priest that of late there has been a comparatively poor birth showing made by the people of the parish, a majority of whom are industrious, hard-working folk.

The Rev. A. W. Patterson, of Princeton, Ind., is more completely behind the times than even the average preacher. This belated brother in an address at Chicago last month before the Presbyterian Psalmody Convention, raised a protest against Cardinal Newman's hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," which he said "may mean anything that any man might choose to make it mean—be he Christian, atheist or Buddhist." Which is the same as saying that "Lead Kindly Light" is a note of the growing universality—a conception quite beyond the grasp of men like the Reverend Patterson, who mistake their own

particular creed for absolute and universal religion. Surely the Light of the World shines alike for all, and can be shut out only by the dark and narrow thought of those who choose to dwell in the shadow! Surely we all need the prayer that is breathed in the lines of Cardinal Newman's beautiful poem:

Lead Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see
The distant scene, one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years!

So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn, the angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Within the next few days thousands and thousands of dollars will be spent for toys where-with to make happy the hearts of children on Christmas day. There never was a time when the art of toy-making was so near perfection—and never before has there been so little originality in the minds of children. I am strongly inclined to the belief that there is a direct connection between these two facts. The children of today seem to be sadly lacking in the faculty of imagination. They do not "make up" games, as children used to do. Many of them seem not to know how to play—in fact, lots of children nowadays apparently do not want to play. They just want to snoop around grown folks and listen to everything that is said. No doubt you know this type—the *gluey* child that sticks to you and can't be shaken off. I believe mechanical toys are more of a curse than a blessing. They are not made to please children, but to catch the eye of grown people and to sell. The toys of today are artificial, complicated, unsubstantial and unchildlike. They are all so painfully "ready-made" and so little calculated to arouse in the child's mind any spark of the latent creative faculty. The father who presents his son with a ready-made boat, instead of giving him the materials with which to make a boat, has unconsciously done the child an injury. Fortunately a great many children are still sufficiently natural animals to immediately proceed to break up their toys. Which is encouraging. Destructiveness, in a sense, is a form of constructiveness—one is the negative and the other the positive pole of the same thing. The law is that the negative pole has to be grabbed on to first. It is a bad sign for a child to "save" its toys. It indicates qualities which constitute a poor equipment for the battle of life. A man whom I know gave two little boys a patent toy automobile. They played with it all the morning and in the afternoon they smashed it up in order to make a milk wagon. They were remonstrated with for being so destructive, but I said "Fiddlesticks—that is their way of enjoying it." This pleased the youngsters mightily and three months afterward when they had similarly destroyed several other expensive toys, the younger child (aged five) said to me with a smug little air, "You know that is our way of enjoying them toys." "Sure," said I. "Let 'er rip." It would probably be all the better if they had no toys except such as they could fashion for themselves. A load of sand in the back yard, stones and shells, clay to model with, blackboards and crayons would help them more than all the tame mechanical toys that could be bought with all the money that will be spent this Christmas. Ruskin declared that whatever qualities of mind he possessed were due largely to the efforts he made in childhood to devise games with the only playthings he had—one brick and a large key.

Supreme Junior Hoo-Hoo Geo. V. Denny, of Savannah, Ga., has apparently given a great deal of careful thought to the matter of forwarding the Order's interests and in extending the field of its usefulness. In writing Brother Frank Waymer about the concatenation at Jacksonville, Mr. Denny said:

"My idea is to try to get enough time at the next Hoo-Hoo meeting to discuss various plans and matters for the good of the Order. I hope the programme will be so arranged that an hour or two can be given to this work before the concatenation begins. We want to talk over certain business matters, and I will arrange to have some good speakers there to talk to the Hoo-Hoo meeting. My present plan is to have sometime during this winter, either in Jacksonville, Macon or Savannah, a great big rally of the Hoo-Hoo of the two States. My idea is to have this rally last two days, to have some good speakers there, and to go into the business of Hoo-Hoo and discuss methods for the advancement of the Order. When the meeting is held at Jacksonville in November it would be a good idea to bring this question up, and my idea of the rallies is to have them once or twice a year. I consider it extremely important that we do something of this kind to get the members of Hoo-Hoo to appreciate the good of the Order, the importance of attending the meetings, the paying up of their dues and being loyal members, for this Order, in my judgment, is one of the most unique that has ever been formed."

The plan outlined by Brother Denny will undoubtedly be productive of much good. The concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo, as all the members know, has grown from a beginning that was fragmentary and nebulous, and it has attained a degree of magnitude and importance that was not foreseen by those most closely associated with it in its early days. It has spread all over the United States and Canada and has a number of members in nearly every foreign country. It is wonderfully well organized, having a small army of Vicegerents, composed of the very best men in their respective communities. In short, Hoo-Hoo has reached the point where it has dignity and weight. "But it doth not yet appear what we shall be." The Order has by no means reached a state of completion. I hope it never will. To do that would be to crystallize and to lose the element of further growth. Anything that is finished and complete contains the germs of disintegration and decay. Continuous growth is the only condition that insures continuous life. And continuous growth implies unceasing change—a constant adaptation to the "flowing conditions" of life. To conform to the "flowing conditions" is the price of life, whether for an individual or an institution. Most institutions die because they become encased in a shell so thick and hard that to conform to any sort of change is an impossibility—and the tide of life flows on and leaves them high and dry on the sand-bar. If Hoo-Hoo would escape this fate it must keep growing and changing and taking on new features gradually as time goes on and new conditions arise to confront us and new fields of usefulness open out before us. I know of no better way to effect this purpose than the plan Brother Denny suggests. Among our thousands of members there must be a number of men who have valuable and original ideas, which if discussed frankly at these Hoo-Hoo "rallies" might result in a great deal of good. Mr. Denny's suggestion has already met with the approval of a great many members and has been heartily indorsed by the lumber papers, nearly every one of which has published a more or less extended notice concerning the plan. There is no reason why there should not be a business session and a love-feast before each concatenation is held. It would redound to the good of the Order and would fire the enthusiasm of every member in attendance upon the meetings if some man familiar with the Order and its benefits should make a talk at each concatenation. The plan of the rally is also a good one, and this idea will, no doubt, be taken up by many of the new Vicegerents, and added to the features of the concatenations to be held during the current Hoo-Hoo year.

The world moves. We may not like it; usually we don't. But move it will, and the only certain thing about its movements is that what was yesterday, and what is today, will not be tomorrow.—Saturday Evening Post.

"Truth is eternally and unchangeably complete, but to human consciousness it is constantly growing. The only changeable factor related to it is the ever-expanding capacity of the mind of man for its fuller recognition. Every new development of any importance finally comes into its abiding-place only through friction, misapprehension and opposition. What there is already occupies all the space, and there is no place for a new-comer, especially if it be a disturber. Over and over again history records the declaration, 'There is no room in the inn.'"—Henry Wood.

Nashville, Tenn., October 27, 1905—Dear Jim: Have just received The Bulletin for October, which is a dandy, which also reminds me that I owe something for the privilege of being a Hoo-Hoo, and I enclose herewith a check.

R. H. McCLELLAND (No. 487).

San Francisco, Cal., November 7, 1905—Permit me to congratulate you on the excellence of the October number of The Bulletin. I am glad to note that your party were so well treated by the St. Francis Hotel. I knew you would be, hence my interest in urging you to go there. With best wishes for a prosperous year in Hoo-Hoo, I remain,

FRANK W. TROWER,
Vicegerent.

Harvey, La., November 13, 1905—Dear Thomas Cat: Better late than never, but better never late, eh? I'm enclosing you on this the unlucky date a couple of bucks which place to my credit, and for Heaven's sake continue The Bulletin. I am a mere kitten yet, and am depending on The Bulletin as an eye-opener.

FRANK W. TROWER,
Vicegerent.

Crowley, La., November 7, 1905—The yellow fever and quarantine is past; the former is not so bad, but the latter is —. With best wishes for Hoo-Hoo I am,

H. EUGENE LEWIS (7018).

Truth.

The truth is large; no man hath seen the whole.
Larger than words, it brooks not the control
Of argument and of distinctions nice;
No age or creed can hold it, no device
Of speech or language—aye, no syllogism.
Truth is the sun, and reason is the prism
You lift before it, whence the light is thrown
In various colors; each man takes his own.
If this man takes the red as you the blue,
Is yours the whole, and is his truth not true?
—Samuel Valentine Cole.

Rockport, Mo., November 1, 1905—I am proud of the October Bulletin. Have read it from A to Z. Hoping I shall meet you at Kansas City next January, I remain,

FRANK FREIHOFER (No. 13811).

New York City, October 28, 1905—Just received October Bulletin, and it's a peach!

SAM E. BARR (No. 3343).

Pine Bluff, Ark., November 4, 1905—The October Bulletin was very interesting reading to me, as I could not attend the last Annual, but enjoy reading of the immense good time some good people did have. I hope to be able to attend the next one. While I am a little mangy and slight somewhat dimmed, my claws are as sharp as ever, and I can purr a little. May Hoo-Hoo live forever among the onion beds galore.

A. A. LELLAURIN (No. 683).

Vincennes, Ind., November 10, 1905—While I was not able to join the cats at Portland, I was looking forward to the October Bulletin, which made me feel as if I had been there.

A. E. GOETCHENS (No. 11935).

Knoxville, Tenn., November 11, 1905—I want to congratulate you on your re-election; also on the excellent way the October Bulletin was got out. I read with interest the full proceedings at Portland, and was sorry I could not be with you, but expect to get out next year. Wishing you success, I am,

F. B. COOLEY (No. 14063).

During his recent tour through the South the President of the United States gave utterance to many sentiments that are calculated to dispel much of the prejudice which some of his acts had engendered among a certain large class of Southerners. In connection with this a leading Southern trade journal had the following in its editorial columns:

Among the many excellent sentiments expressed by Mr. Roosevelt during his tour, the one that struck us most forcibly was that in which he expressed an earnest desire to be President of the whole country and to give every person and every section a "square deal." "A square deal!"—a term apparently taken from the sporting vocabulary, but its meaning is apparent and unmistakably plain to every one, from the highest church dignitary to the dirtiest street Arab. None knows better than the people of the South what a "square deal" is like; for it is something they have never had for fifty years, and the knowledge of the goodness of a thing gained from the long possession of an embarrassing plentifulness of its exact opposite is the kind of knowledge that abideth long. The hands the South had to play in the game of "reconstruction" were all dealt from the bottom of the deck. The enforced collection of the so-called direct tax immediately succeeding the close of the war, and the imposition of a tax of three cents a pound on the first scanty crop of cotton grown by the ex-Confederate soldiers are merely specimens of the kinds of "deals" given the South.

Well, the section prospered wonderfully in spite of the deals that were not square, and if the President will use his influence to secure us a "square deal" henceforth, we are willing to scratch out and start a new game.

Baltimore, Md., November 6, 1905—The October issue of The Bulletin I have read with a great deal of interest and pleasure, and the full report of the meeting made me all but feel that I was there. We congratulate the Order in having re-elected you to the position which you fill with so much credit to both yourself and the membership.

With kindest regards, I remain, fraternally yours,
MAURICE W. WILEY (No. 12810).

Evansville, Ill., November 20, 1905—Dear Brother Baird: * * * Say, Brother Baird, I want to improve this opportunity and compliment you, as highly as you may feel it, on not only the literary excellence of The Bulletin, but also for your own stuff in "Notes and Comments." It is fine reading and worthy of a place in one of the "swell" magazines. Your head is growing and your heart is expanding in your efforts to give us something more than the mere dry husks of "shop talk." You are injecting something of your own inner life into your writings and I want you to know that we appreciate the lifting-up feeling that you give us.

Kindly yours, "KIL"

(C. H. KETRIDGE (No. 6230).)

The following communication is from one of the foresters (graduates from the School of Forestry of Yale University) initiated into Hoo-Hoo by Brother F. E. Longwell at New York some six or eight months ago. The communication is very timely and touches upon a subject that is certainly of very great interest to all good citizens—the intelligent conservation of the timber of this country:

Washington, D. C., November 14, 1905.—Editor The Bulletin: In your splendid edition of October certain remarks of Governor Chamberlain and Mayor Harry Lane of Portland are so remarkable that they deserve comment. Governor Chamberlain said, concerning the forest reserve of his State:

"More than one-fifth of the area of Oregon is embraced in the forest reserves. There is no one on earth who believes more firmly in doing all that is necessary for the protection of our forests than I do, but I feel that too much is included in the forest reserves and more than is necessary for the protection of our timber. Why should we protect so much of our timber for coming generations

when we are now entitled to enjoy it? I believe some of the magnificent forests of this State ought to be used by the present generation rather than those who are to come after it. I feel and I believe, and I know what I am talking about when I say it, that more forests are included in these reserves than are necessary for the purposes for which those reserves are created."

The Governor presumes to say that he knows what he is talking about. As a matter of fact he shows profound ignorance of the Federal forest policy. One of the fundamental principles of this policy is that all timber on forest reserves which can be cut safely, and for which there is actual need, is for sale. Furthermore, applications for the sale of timber are invited. Green timber is sold except where its removal makes a second crop doubtful, reduces the timber supply below the point of safety, or injures the streams.

Mayor Lane states that Governor Chamberlain knows more about the lumber industry than he does. The Mayor is decidedly right, as his remarks will show. Permit me to quote:

"The Government in its wisdom has reserved vast areas of timber land, but you will find if those bodies of timber are kept in reserve the settlers will burn it all up, and no one will be benefited by it."

The absurdity of this remark is patent to every one. The Government is spending thousands of dollars a year in the protection of the forest reserves from fire, by maintaining a large patrol of forest rangers. Good results are shown, too, and not fires to give some fool a better view of the camp, the deer and the elk.

The Governor of Oregon and the Mayor of Portland could have addressed a no more intelligent audience, Hoo-Hoo in annual convention assembled, than whom no body of men appreciate more the wisdom of the Federal forest policy.

Fraternally yours, 14563.

Beverly, W. Va., November 6, 1905.—Dear Brother Baird: Guess you will class me among the tardy ones in sending you the dues for this year. This slowness in giving you the money is not a scheme to get out of paying it, as I well know what the consequence would be, but is merely a matter of neglect. You will find enclosed \$1, which is justly due you, as I always wish to work among those who wish to wear the emblem of Hoo-Hoo. Should I be dropped from the Order from any cause I would consider myself out in the cold, for I would not have the warm friendship of the many Hoo-Hoo whom I meet daily in my travels.

I have just received the Bulletin giving a full account of all the business transacted at the Portland Annual, and I think that Bulletin one of the best yet, and I hope the paper will still continue to arrive at this office every month. Now, the reason that I did not get to Portland was that I happened to be on the flat of my back with typhoid fever, therefore could not send you a prepaid telegram wishing you the success of the year.

I wish to congratulate the Supreme Nine for giving the Northern District of West Virginia such a worthy man to fill the office of Vicegerent, and think I am voicing the sentiments of every member in this territory when I say that every effort will be made to bring about results equal to those of Brother Clifford, who certainly worked with a vim.

Yours fraternally,
B. H. SUTTEN.

Philadelphia, Pa., November 6, 1905.—Dear Brother Baird: I note that the Portland Convention raised your annual allowance of filthy lucre a few cents, and in order to help out a little I beg to chip in my little stack of whites. Inclosed find check for \$2. Send me a grip tin at 99 cents and apply balance to dues. Your suggestion in reference to abolition of the handbook in its present form is good.

Yours very truly,
B. C. CURRIE, JR. (12250).

Frenzied Finance.

Miss May Bond and Mr. Clarence Golden, prominent young people of the Hard Money section, were married on Wednesday at 5 p. m., at the home of Rev. J. H. Balance, a Baptist minister of Hard Money. They will make their home in Hard Money.—*Puduch (Ky.) Sun.*

"New stars appear and others disappear on the sky. New ideas appear on the mental horizon, and old ideas are lost. If a new comet appears on the sky, it fills the hearts of the ignorant with terror; if a new and grand idea appears on the mental horizon, it creates fear in the camp of those that cling to old systems and accepted forms."—*Paracelsus, A. D. 1520.*

Isn't it about time to pack that overworked platitude, "a square deal," in the mothball box?

Resolutions for the New Year.

Resolve ever to be young. Age consists not in years, but in heart throbs and the wreck of worry. Count not your anniversaries as milestones toward the grave, but as commemorations of your birth. As the years increase make your heart lighter and the body more supple by courting the cheerfulness, enthusiasm and buoyancy of childhood. Thus are we born again each year, and youth becomes immortal.—*Henry Frank.*

Sauce for the Gander.

"I wish," he said, "you'd learn to bake
The bread that mother used to make."
"I will," quoth she, "when you indite
The checks that father used to write."

The Chicago woman who, in her determination to make a success of marriage, tried it six times and was at last forced to declare matrimony a failure, unwittingly gave the solution of her ill success in the declaration that she "could not love a homely man, no matter how good he was."

The presumption is that she married six successive times a man to whom she was attracted solely by his "good looks." Her testimony as to the result of each of these ventures is direct. "My husbands have all been alike in one particular; I have had to support all of them."

Rabbi and Priest.

The friendship existing between Father Kelly and Rabbi Levi is proof against differences in race and religion. Each distinguished for his learning, his eloquence and his wit; and they delight in chaffing each other. They were sitting opposite each other at a banquet where some delicious roast ham was served, and Father Kelly made comments upon its flavor. Presently he leaned forward and in a voice that carried far, he addressed his friend:

"Rabbi Levi, when are you going to become liberal enough to eat ham?"

"At your wedding, Father Kelly," retorted the rabbi.
—*Sacred Heart Review.*

The following press dispatch from New York giving an account of a collision between an automobile and a polecat proves that at last the deadly chauffeur has met an obstacle calculated to stop, for a while at least, his wild career:

New York, November 6.—The answer of "What's the use?" that historic remark which the polecat made when the auto went by—has at last been found. Also the forest kitty. But, alas, the auto didn't go by. It stopped short, much too short for the comfort of four tourists, who today are infesting the most secluded fastnesses around New Haven—each in a separate fastness where he can be alone and hate himself. Four suits of clothes have been buried—and with not a drum being beat, not a funeral note as the corpses to the ramparts they hurried.

The gasoline auto's number was 18366 N. Y. The wood feline's number wasn't taken in the excitement. The auto was scorching along the road between New Haven and Waterbury, Conn. If the road had been several miles wide there would have been no story. But it wasn't.

The meeting of Greek and Greek isn't a marker. Gasoline was only a poor second. The luckiest of the tourists had another suit in his suit-case, and he repaired to a near-by barn, where, with solemn but hasty rite, he interred his original suit and took temporary respite from the company of his fellows. The rest of the route to New Haven was strewn with cast-off clothes, thrown away in a spirit of gay abandon. They were glad to abandon 'em, and entered New Haven several garments shy. The auto was being aired today.

License No. 18366 is owned by Benjamin S. Halsey, with addresses at No. 583 Park avenue, No. 1506 Sixth avenue and Patterson, N. J. He is also said to spend much time in Savannah, Ga. Drivers of gasoline autos often need a change of air.

Skepticism Defined.

A skeptic is a man who can't believe in the miracle of Jonah and the whale and yet thinks he can beat Wall Street.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Calro, Ill., November 24, 1905.—Dear Brother Baird: Yours of the 22d to hand notifying me of my appointment as Vicegerent, and I assure you I feel as big as I did when I got my first pair of red top boots. I feel that I can never return the compliment to my brother Hoo-Hoo, however I will do the best I can. I am going to have a rousing big concatenation in February, and there is one thing more, if I have to go all the way to Nashville (and I won't go by myself, either), Mr. J. H. Baird is going to be at that concatenation. He has always been offering excuses heretofore, but no excuse goes this time. Hoping you have had a good, prosperous year, I am,

Fraternally,

P. T. LANGAN.

In view of the awful threat contained in the foregoing, the invitation of the Cairo members will certainly be accepted. The concatenations at Cairo are always particularly enjoyable, and when a member of the Supreme Nine fails to show up on such an occasion it is because of circumstances beyond his control. He knows the loss is his.

I do not know who wrote the following letter, but the words of praise it contains are very greatly appreciated:

Atchison, Kan., November 23, 1905.—Editor The Bulletin: I have not read anything in many a day that I so thoroughly enjoyed as your review of Grover Cleveland's screed on woman suffrage. And believing that a word of appreciation spoken in season is the proper thing, I thought I would tell you of my pleasure.

A HOO-HOO'S WIFE.

Coleman, Texas, November 15, 1905.—I am sorry to report so late. Better late than to "lay down" for good, you see. I take it later, or would take it now, any time, rather than miss.

You will no doubt think money matters are very close out this way, and I am sorry to tell you it is a fact, as per my remittance. We draw our limit on two banks and will ask you to have them collected as soon as possible, as some one else is likely to get in ahead of you. The two checks call for total amount of 80 cents, with 4 cents in stamps and 15 cents silver, which makes the 99, the way I add it, and hope you can see your way clear to pass me up to next September, when I will try and be more prompt in my remittance.

Hoo-Hoo is a grand thing, at the same time we have only two here in our little city. We have several that should be, though they don't seem to want to cut much ice during their stay here; by not being a Hoo-Hoo shows this on the face of it. May the Lord bless them, I am certain I can't help them as they do not try to help themselves.

With best wishes, and may Hoo-Hoo live forever.

Yours for good luck,

J. P. DELLENY (No. 12535).

The writer of this breezy letter seems to have literally "scraped up" the amount of his dues. His joke, however, is not quite so fierce as that of another brother who some time ago remitted in pennies the entire proceeds of a concatenation. Hoo-Hoo drew the line on that! Life is too short.

Oklahoma, O. T., November 20, 1905.—It is getting about time for us to hold our yearly concatenation at this point, which we will pull off next month. There is nothing new in Hoo-Hoo here. Every one here is feeling good over the next annual meeting to be held here in September, and we are very thankful for your help, and will try and repay you in the shape of a good time when you come here. The October Bulletin with proceedings of last Annual was a hummer.

Fraternally yours,

R. A. MYER (No. 5881).

Toronto, Can., November 18, 1905.—J. H. Baird, Supreme Scrivener, Nashville, Tenn.—Dear Brother Baird: I am very sorry that I did not get to Portland, and am sure you all had a pleasant trip. I read The Bulletin for October from cover to cover, and desire on this occasion to compliment you on the plain business-like talk you gave them during the proceedings. Will try to join you on next trip. With kind regards I remain,

Yours fraternally,

H. W. HOGUE.

Beaumont, Texas, November 15, 1905.—Dear Brother Baird: For the past half year I have been as busy as a retail lumberman trying to buy under the August list; that, together with doing voluntary quarantine duty, has, very much to my humiliation, caused me to lose sight of the fact that I had not paid my dues. I am located in East Texas and West Louisiana, and it was only a few days since that my firm (Shreveport Blow Pipe Co.) sent me The Bulletin with the proceedings of the Portland Annual. I have had time to fully digest the contents of The Bulletin, and I can truthfully say that I would willingly forego the pleasure of "going a'fishing" to have been at Portland to give three genuine pelican chirps when you made that talk for Oklahoma City and "Dixie Land."

There is going to be a concatenation at Houston next Saturday night, and the rumors thereof are as the coming of a rushing wind, and a voice from the Onion Bed saying, Come, ye weaklings, in fear and trembling. Who's going to be there? We'll start from the marshes of the Old Sabine, where Mr. C. Pannewitz will marshal the stalwart legions of Hoo-Hoo from the Gate City of Texas; then it is rumored that the Queen of the Neches will send several purblind who are desirous of entering the light; then methinks I can hear (as we follow the setting sun) the meows of black cats far and near, all getting ready for the rally on Buffalo Bayou to do honor to the Great Black Prince. I was greatly pleased at the action of the Annual in raising the Scrivener's salary. With best wishes for yourself, and Hoo-Hoo in general, I beg to remain for the good of the Order,

Yours sincerely,

F. H. CAMPBELL (No. 0850).

Leeds, Mass., November 14, 1905.—My Dear Jim: At the annual meeting of the Hoo-Hoo at Portland, Ore., as you will remember, there was some discussion as to the advisability of making an assessment or creating a surplus fund for the benefit of members of the Order that might be in distress. I believe that according to the vote of the members present it was decided that notices would be sent out by the Scrivener advising all of the members of the organization that in place of making an assessment each of the members contribute whatever they felt like for this fund to be known as a Christmas offering for the benefit of members in distress. I therefore take pleasure in enclosing check for \$2, and ask that you place same to the credit of imminent distress fund, and trust that if any of our good brothers are so unfortunate as to need assistance, this will be the means of adding some little mite of happiness to them.

Very truly yours,

W. S. PADEN.

This letter from one of our best members indicates that he had a good trip, although he did not go to Portland. I can well imagine that those who "drank from the same canteen" would have a great many interesting things to talk about after the lapse of forty years, and I think this worthy veteran was quite excusable for "passing up" the annual meeting:

Mound City, Kan., November 8, 1905.—Dear Jim: Inclosed please find check for my dues. I want to keep square with the Great Black Cat, whatever else or whoever else may be neglected. You see I have learned the source of all good luck.

I suppose you wondered, that is, if you thought of it at all, why I did not reply to your invitation to join your excursion to the shrine at Portland, September 9. The reason is, I spent so much time trying to figure out how I could be in two places at once that I had no time to write. I finally discovered that I did not possess the quality, or rather attribute, of omnipresence, and I just had to be in Denver with the "old boys" at the Grand Encampment of the G. A. R. I met many of my comrades whom I had not seen for over forty years. You can imagine the meeting, and whether we enjoyed it or not. I haven't time to tell you, and couldn't if I had time. Those meetings will soon be over, while the Black Cat will live forever.

Very truly yours,

E. M. ADAMS.

Here is a hot roast from that good Hoo-Hoo, Col. A. D. McLeod (No. 737):

Office of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Ry. Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, November 22, 1905.—Friend Baird: Where did you get it—the emaculated rendition of J. L. McCreery's fine poem, "There is no Death?" It has been customary at intervals for several years for some periodical to publish the poem more or less garbled, ascribing the authorship to Bulwer Lytton, and almost every time this is done some magazine takes the matter up and proves conclusively that McCreery was the author. I think there is no question whatever of this, but at the moment I am not able to mention the particular mag-

azine by which the question was handled. I recollect that some time, probably within the last year, a prominent publication, either Current Literature, or The Outlook, or some other of that class, had quite a long article giving very clear proofs of McCreery's authorship, and also mentioning some other poems written by him. I have a copy of what is supposed to be the complete and correct poem in fifteen stanzas. If you have none, and can't procure one, I shall be pleased to send you a copy sometime when I have leisure to transcribe.

Fraternally,

A. D. McLEOD.

The poem to which Brother McLeod refers is the familiar one beginning:

"There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore."

The poem was published in the November Bulletin, and was credited to Bulwer Lytton. I knew, of course, that there has always been considerable doubt as to the authorship of this poem, but I did not know just how much of the evidence is in favor of McCreery. I should be very glad to read the magazine articles referred to by Brother McLeod, and I should like to see some of McCreery's other poems. I am extremely fond of poetry, and am frank to say that I do not particularly care who writes it—just so it is good! I agree with Emerson, that "all truth is inspired." I hope Brother McLeod will send in the complete poem, as he promises to do. The only stanzas I have ever seen were the ten which composed the poem as it appeared in the November issue. If the other five are half as good they are well worth reading and preserving.

Let us hope that the blockade of the Sultan's ports will stop the exportation of Turkish cigarettes.

Office of The Moore Lumber Company, St. Louis, November 6, 1905—My Dear Jim: Yesterday I ran across S. C. Johnson, General Auditor of the St. L. S. W. Ry. Co., this city, who said to me, "Tom, it occurs to me that I owe the Order of Hoo-Hoo some dues. You know I joined at the House of Hoo-Hoo September, a year ago. I have never received any notice or bill." Of course, I told him it was not the custom to send out bills, and that if he read The Bulletin, as a member should, he would get proper notice through its columns. I only relate this to lead up to the point I am about to make. Being questioned by members about dues is a common occurrence with me. A great number of members seem to think they ought to get a bill for their dues, or a notice of some sort. Some months ago I reinstated J. C. Lincoln, G. F. A. St. L. I. M. & S. Ry. Co., who is a very busy man, of many affairs, that take up all of his time and attention. He told me that the time slipped by and he was dropped from the membership rolls of the Order before he realized it. I expected to be at Portland in September, and bring up for discussion this question of the collection of dues, but was prevented from being there, which circumstance I shall always regret. It may be that this question has been discussed at the annuals, but not to my knowledge. Time passes swiftly, and busy men leave undone many things they should do, and do many things they should not do. Not many members would intentionally allow a lapse of their dues. Now, it seems to me that the Order would save a great deal of money, and retain many hundreds of members, if the system was practiced for the Order to make a slight draft on each member for say \$2.13, September 9, each year, the amount to be made up as follows:

One year's dues.....	\$0 99
For Distress Fund.....	99
Collection charges.....	15
Total.....	\$2 13

I think if this slight draft arrangement was practiced it would be a good thing. Why not invite a discussion on this subject through the columns of The Bulletin? I don't like to see members dropped for nonpayment of dues, when in fact they have no intention of offending the Order or themselves by being dropped for nonpayment. Have filled the office of Vicegerent Snark, and know for truth how hard it is to get members and how easy to lose them.

The October Bulletin is a book in itself, and I am reading it from cover to cover, so as to familiarize myself with what was done at Portland. I have only got about one-third through it, and can only read

in the evening at home. You are making The Bulletin a more and more interesting paper, and you are doing a grand work in the promotion of Health, Happiness and Long Life among the members of Order of Hoo-Hoo. I heard that you were in town last month, and I am sorry I did not get to see you and shake your hand.

Yours very sincerely,

TOM MOORE.

Please read carefully the foregoing letter and listen while I whisper to you that the reason Tom Moore knows so little on the subject of dues—"duns"—is because he always keeps paid up in advance, and has had no chance to find out about this "bill" business. If everybody paid as promptly as Brother Moore there would be no dues problem to discuss. As many of you know (and as the Scrivenoter's office force certainly knows!), there is sent to each member (unless he pays up in the meantime) THREE notices or bills. For years the "third notice" was sent by registered mail, but the membership has now increased to such an extent that this plan is too expensive. In addition to these three notices, the matter of dues is kept constantly before the members in the columns of The Bulletin. No man is dropped from membership until AFTER THREE SEPARATE AND DISTINCT NOTICES HAVE BEEN SENT HIM. Nevertheless, I am perfectly sure that a great many men drop out through carelessness, and perhaps "before they realize it," but not before they have been notified three times under 2-cent letter postage from this office. Three strikes and out. Please open your handbook and read the Constitution and By-laws. On the back page of the October Bulletin (the big 100-page edition) was printed in large black letters this rather "stiff" call:

Dues for the Hoo-Hoo year ending September 9, 1906, became payable at one-ninth of one minute past midnight on September 9 last. Are you paid up for the year ending September 9, 1906? 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?

I shall take under careful consideration the suggestion Brother Moore makes concerning sight drafts. I should be pleased to have opinions from other members in this connection. To send a notice to each member under 2-cent cover involves quite a little expense and if a better plan could be devised, no doubt the Supreme Nine would be pleased to adopt it. Before leaving this subject I shall say that the "first notice" of dues is being mailed out now, mailing having begun early in November, and that the gentleman referred to by Brother Moore as having joined at the House of Hoo-Hoo September, 1905, must have received his notice a few days after the conversation related. At any rate, he is credited on our books with a remittance received November 11, 1905.

"My friend loves books, but not as I;

He sets—I single volumes buy.

With loves a score he keeps fond tryst,

This biblio-polygamist!"

—Richard Kirk.

Most people nowadays are biblio dyspeptics—they read so much (especially fiction) that they get a bad case of mental indigestion. These unfortunates at this joyous season of the year will proceed to tank up on the Christmas stories in the magazines and their last state will be worse than their first. The average Christmas story is a travesty on art and an insult to the name of literature. It is written simply to sell and usually by some one who knows nothing of the phase of life he is trying to depict. I remember one story in which the scene was laid in the Tennessee mountains, among the class of sturdy rustics who say "we uns" and "you uns." The author had evidently viewed the mountains only from the veranda of a

summer hotel, and in her story the characters went about talking of the "dear Christ-child." Imagine "moonshiners" using such a phrase! If you must read Christmas stories go back to the real thing and lose yourself in the pages of the delightful tale which begins with that thrilling sentence: "Marley was dead, to begin with."

Collier's Weekly is still pounding away on its "exposure" of patent medicine fakes. Maybe that sort of thing will do some good, but my idea is that a natural weakness will manifest in one way or another and that if you take away one prop, another will be substituted at once. Still, some props are more injurious than others. Some people in this day and time have discarded drugs entirely and rely on "treatments" from a "science healer" of one school or another. This method is certainly less harmful than the practice of taking drugs, but the principle is just the same. To lean on a person is as much of a weakness as to lean on a drug—it is simply a change of props. There are more ways than one to be a dope fiend. It is not the prop we lean on that matters so much—the sad part is the fact that we have to lean on something. If you get up every morning feeling so weak you can hardly wiggle till you have had a cup of strong coffee, you are not exactly in the same boat with the man who has to take a drink, or a hypodermic of morphine, before he can stir abroad, but you are in the same sort of boat. This tendency to lean on a prop is what we have all got to overcome before we ever reach the point where we can be said to be truly alive. In the meantime, as I said before, some props are worse than others. In its issue of December 2, Collier's sails into "headache powders," such as Orangeine and Antikamnia. The use of these dangerous drugs is widespread—I know many good people who would be shocked at the idea of taking a high-ball and who yet will complacently swallow a headache powder for the slightest pain. It takes all sorts to make a world!

Concerning the dangers of headache powders, Collier's says:

Recent years have added to the mortality records of our cities a surprising and alarming number of sudden deaths from heart failure. In the year 1902 New York City alone reported a death rate from this cause of 1.31 per thousand of population; that is, about six times as great as the typhoid fever death record. It was about that time that the headache powders were being widely advertised, and there is every reason to believe that the increased mortality, which is still in evidence, is due largely to the secret weakening of the heart by acetanilid. Occasionally a death occurs so definitely traceable to this poison that there is no room for doubt, as in the following report by Dr. J. L. Miller of Chicago, in the "Journal of the American Medical Association," upon the death of Miss Frances Robson:

"I was first called to see the patient, a young lady, physically sound, who had been taking Orangeine powders for a number of weeks for insomnia. The rest of the family noticed that she was very blue, and for this reason I was called. When I saw the patient she complained of a sense of faintness and inability to keep warm. At this time she had taken a box of six Orangeine powders within about eight hours. She was warned of the danger of continuing the indiscriminate use of the remedy, but insisted that many of her friends had used it and claimed that it was harmless. The family promised to see that she did not obtain any more of the remedy. Three days later, however, I was called to the house and found the patient dead. The family said that she had gone to her room the evening before in her usual health. The next morning, the patient not appearing, they investigated and found her dead. The case was reported to the coroner, and the coroner's verdict was: 'Death was from the effect of an overdose of Orangeine powders administered by her own hand, whether accidentally or otherwise, unknown to the jury.'"

Orangeine prints its formula. It is therefore, its proprietors claim, not a secret remedy. But to all intents and purposes it is secret, because to the uninformed public the vitally important word "acetanilid" in the formula means little or nothing. Worse than its secrecy is its policy of careful and dangerous deception. Orangeine, like practically all the headache powders, is simply a mixture of acetanilid with less potent

drugs. Of course, there is no orange in it, except the orange hue of the boxes and wrappers, which is its advertising symbol. The nostrum, by virtue of its acetanilid content, thins the blood, depresses the heart, and finally undermines the whole system. A headache powder does not cure anything—it does give temporary relief, but it does this by depressing the heart. With the return to normal conditions of blood circulation comes a recurrence of the nervousness or headache. The writer in Collier's says he can conscientiously recommend all kinds of "pain powders" to women who want to acquire a complexion of ghastly whiteness verging on to blue! Bromo-seltzer is another nostrum which is said to contain a large per cent of the deadly acetanilid and has been known to produce sudden collapse. A case is also cited where "megrimine" caused acetanilid poisoning, followed by almost fatal results. The following facts are set forth concerning antikamnia:

Antikamnia, claiming to be an "ethical" remedy, and advertising through the medical press by methods that would with little alteration fit any patent painkiller on the market, is no less dangerous or fraudulent than the Orangeine class which it almost exactly parallels in composition. It was at first exploited as a "new synthetic coltar derivative," which it isn't and never was. It is simply half or more acetanilid (some analyses show as high as 68 per cent) with other unimportant ingredients in varying proportions.

Among other patent medicines which contain opiates is "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

In this connection the following story is told:

Some years ago I heard a prominent New York lawyer, asked by his office scrub-woman to buy a ticket for some "association" ball, say to her: "How can you go to these affairs, Nora, when you have two young children at home?" "Sure, they're all right," she returned blithely; "Just wan teaspoonful of Winslow's, an' they lay like the dead till mornin'."

The "soothing syrup" is in high feather among women of the poorer classes, who use it extensively as a means of "pacifying" their children.

The proprietor of a drug store in San Jose, Cal., writes to Collier's as follows:

"I have a good customer, a married woman with five children, all under 10 years of age. When her last baby was born, about a year ago, the first thing she did was to order a bottle of Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and every week another bottle was bought at first, until now a bottle is bought every third day. Why? Because the baby has become habituated to the drug. Another instance, quite as startling, was that of a mother who gave large quantities of soothing syrup to two of her children in infancy, then becoming convinced of its danger, abandoned its use. These children in middle life became neurotics, spirit and drug takers. Three children, born later and not given any drugs in early life, grew up strong and healthy."

A. D. 2500.

"My dear, what shall it be—motor car, flying machine or submarine?"

"Let's take a ride on one of those old-fashioned railroads that were once so much used."

The Pittsburg Dispatch says "this is going to be the banner year in iron production," and Life grimly remarks that "a lot of it will be needed for leg-irons after we get through with the insurance investigation."

Ouray, Colo., Nov. 10, 1905—Here with M. O. \$2.00, one dollar in payment of dues for 1905-06 and one dollar for Imminent Distress Fund. That lone dollar yearly pays me bigger dividends than some larger investments. I also want to express my appreciation of The Bulletin. It's a fine paper and getting better.

Fraternally yours,

FRANK A. RICE (No. 12161.)

An optimist is an unreflective individual with nerves at concert pitch. (N. B. There are times when an optimist is a worse bore than a pessimist.)

The Sultan, with great courtesy, is going to receive the European fleet with presents of candies, fruits and cigarettes. Turkish cigarettes and candy may be slower than dynamite, but they are much surer.

"I Vex Me Not With Brooding."

I vex me not with brooding on the years
That were ere I drew breath; why should I then
Distrust the darkness that may fall again
When life is done? Perchance in other spheres—
Dead planets—I once tasted mortal tears,
And walked as now among a throng of men,
Pondering things that lay beyond my ken,
Questioning death and solacing my fears.
Who knows? Ofttimes strange sense have I of this,
Vague memories that hold me with a spell,
Touches of unseen lips upon my brow,
Breathing some uncommemorable bliss!
In years foregone, O Soul, was not all well?
Still lovelier life awaits thee—fear not thou.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Mrs. Burton Harrison was killed, and four others injured, and there were three other fatal automobile accidents in New York in one day. Automobiling is giving football a hard chase as the real American sport.

Amnesty has been proclaimed in Finland, and now exiles from home can hope to see their Finnish.—Chicago News.

But how can the poor Czar keep his head above water without his Finns?—Life.

The Czar doesn't need Finns now that he is no longer in the swim.

A Remedy for Overspeeding.

The following unique but entirely practical suggestion from Mark Twain is about the best thing I have seen on the automobile "searcher":

Equal laws for all. It is good in theory, and I believe it would prove good in practice, if fairly and dispassionately tried. The law dresses a convict in a garb which makes him easily distinguishable from any moving thing in the world at a hundred and twenty-five yards, except a zebra. If he escapes in those clothes he cannot get far. Could not this principle be extended to include his brother criminal, the overspeeder, thus making the pair fairly and righteously equal before the law? Every day, throughout America, the overspeeder runs over somebody and "escapes." That is the way it reads. At present the "mobile numbers are so small that ordinary eyes cannot read them, upon a swiftly reeling machine, at a distance of a hundred feet—a distance which the machine has covered before the spectator can adjust his focus. I think I would amend the law. I would enlarge the figures, and make them readable at a hundred yards. For overspeeding—first offense—I would enlarge the figures again, and make them readable at three hundred yards—this in place of a fine, and as a warning to pedestrians to climb a tree. This enlargement to continue two months, with privilege of resuming the smaller figures after the first thirty days upon payment of \$500. For each subsequent offense, re-enlargement for six months, with privilege of resuming the smaller figures upon payment of \$1,000 at the end of three. With auto numbers readable as far as one could tell a convict from a barber pole none of these criminals could run over a person and "escape."

Two months ago a touring "mobile came within an indeterminate fraction of killing a member of my family; and its number was out of sight-range before the sharpest eyes present could make it out, it was so small and the spectators so dazed by momentary fright. I have had two narrow escapes in New York, and so has everybody else. None of us has succeeded in capturing the auto number. I feel a sort of personal interest in this suggested reform.

Alaska Extends the Glad Hand.

The following eloquent and extremely interesting communication from Brother Nathan Whiting Watson embodies some admirable sentiments and contains some descriptions of a country which must indeed be an enchanted land:

Office of the White Pass & Yukon Route, Skagway, Alaska, November 20, 1905—I am in receipt of the October (1905) Bulletin, and a perusal thereof makes even more keen my regret that circumstances over which I had no control made it impossible for me to be with you at Portland on that glorious occasion. Had it been my privilege to be present you may rest assured that a voice from this great empire of the North would have extended to my fellow Americans an invitation, not to "come over into Macedonia and help us," but to come and enjoy with us the beauties of nature.

"The Yosemite Valley is beautiful,
The Yellowstone Park is wonderful,
The canyon of the Colorado is colossal,
And Alaska is all of these."

Enlarging Alaska were like adding splendor to the sunrise or fragrance to the breath of morn. She needs not encomiums. Star-crowned she stands, the glory of America, the admiration of the world.

I refer to the members of our Order as "fellow Americans," for in this land no man of Celtic or Saxon blood can be an alien. Whether he were born on the banks of the blue Danube or by Killarney's beautiful lakes, 'mid Scotia's rugged hills or on the sunny vales of France, he is bound to us with ties of blood; he hath a claim upon our country, countersigned by those brave souls who, in the then western wilds, waged a war more relentless than did Rome and Carthage, died on faith at Valley Forge and fought at Bunker Hill to give to liberty a habitation and a name; who passed through the fiery furnace in which Almighty God welded the discordant elements of the new world into one homogeneous people; who declared that Columbia should ever be the refuge of the world's oppressed; that all men, in whatever country born, should be equal before the law wherever falls the shadow of our flag. We may sometimes slip; the boulders may bruise our feet; there may be months of mourning and days of agony; but however dark the night, hope will ever burn above the unrisen morrow. Trials we may have, and tribulations sore; but I say unto you, brothers mine, that while God reigns and the human race endures, this nation, born of our fathers' blood and sanctified by our mothers' tears, shall never pass away.

When you sing the praises of grand old Tennessee, I too can lay claim to every charm she possesses. 'Tis but a part of our common heritage. I can no more imagine a man loving only the North or South half of his country than I can imagine him loving only the right or left side of his wife. If I had to love my country on the installment plan I would move out of it (Uncle Joe Cannon evidently thinks I have already done so; but even so, we still have some 60,000 of the cream of young American manhood, bold enough to think that we are entitled to some of the dearly prized privileges of the Constitution). There is room in my heart for every acre of its sunny soil, its every hill upon which the morning breaks; its every vale that cradles the evening shadows; its every stream that laughs back the lounge of the sun. As an American citizen I am proud of every man, of whatever section, who, by the nobility of his nature or the majesty of his intellect, has added one jot or tittle to the fame of this fair land, has increased the credit of our common country, has contributed new power to the car of human progress. They are my countrymen, friends and brethren. Are you of the North? Then I claim with you joint interest in your entire galaxy of intellectual gods. At the shrine of Lincoln's broad humanity, of Webster's matchless power, of the cunning genius of your Menlo wizard, I humbly bow. Are you of the South? Your Jefferson, Jackson and Lee are mine as well as thine, for they too were American lords in that mighty aristocracy of intellect that has, in four generations, made the new world the wonder of the old with its cumulative greatness of forty centuries. I know that in speaking thus I but voice the sentiments of each member of our organization. While I would not detract one atom of praise from the Atlantic shores of the Pilgrim Fathers, from the home of the song-bird—the sunny Southland, or that splendid domain where the placid waters of the majestic Pacific break in grandeur most sublime upon the western borders of the land of Lewis and Clark; yet do I say unto you who are seeking health, pleasure, employment or new worlds to conquer, come with me in the glad summertime to the mystic North, the land of the midnight sun and the golden fleece.

Let us take ship at Seattle for a journey of 1,000 miles on the calm waters of an inland sea, from end to end of which our attention is held by the panorama of snow-capped mountains, cascades, pine-clad hills, fjords and glaciers, that unfolds itself upon every side; thence continuing our journey to the interior of the "Tourist's Paradise and Land of Plenty," we take the admirably equipped train of the White Pass & Yukon Route to the head of river navigation, where the mighty Yukon, queenly in its majesty, peerless in its beauty, with a wealth of historic and legendary lore, with a flow of more than 1,700,000 cubic feet of water every second—greater than the Mississippi or the St. Lawrence—fed by countless thousands of beautiful mountain streams, gracefully winds its way for a distance of 3,000 miles to the Behring Sea. As we glide over its rushing waters, from the deck of our palatial steamer will our sight be gladdened by splendid valleys

of fertile soil, producing countless varieties of edible berries and an almost tropical vegetation that waves its golden bannerets upon Alaska's sun-kissed earth. We will be taken past magnificent mountains and hills whose streams are alive with fish and whose forests are filled with game—forests that furnish lumber for the home and sluce boxes for that uncrowned king of American workmen, the energetic and hardy Alaskan miner. 'Tis he who is the Titan of Toil, and his labor is a proclamation that even he and no other is lord of this land, which the strength of his hands is transforming from a wilderness into a land of "milk and honey." Here indeed can man commune with nature undefiled; here will the shattered nerves and tired body, worn by the strife of the shop and counting room, find peace and quiet, while our glorious sunshine and fragrant breezes laden with the perfume of wild flowers abundantly restores health, lulls the turbulent spirit of the weary to sweet repose, and creates a desire to know more about the untold attractions, the matchless resources and the unlimited mineral wealth of the vast and wonderful country Uncle Sam purchased from the Great White Bear.

On behalf of Alaska I extend a cordial invitation to every Hoo-Hoo, tourist, health-seeker and lover of nature to visit the hospitable shores of this dreamland of nature's wonders. To the investor and the workman we offer the "right hand of fellowship" and will make you feel that "it is good to be here."

Where the sunrise, rosy tinted,
Gilds the mountain's snowy crest.

Yours fraternally,

NATHAN WHITING WATSON (No. 7310).

"A Black Cat Tall."

A very facetious young black cat
Said: "I can't see where I'm black at,"
When a man standing by, hit him in the eye,
And now—anybody can tell him.

FRANK B. KILEY (15000).

P. S.—Owing to an error in setting type the last line failed to rhyme with the preceding ones, which so angered the writer that— but suffice it to say that the type setter is no longer a man of the setting type, but a man of action who stands up for his country, for his convictions, for his friends and loved ones, and for his—meals.—The Author.

Office of The Craven Lumber Company, Timpson, Texas, November 28, 1905.—J. H. Baird: If you have read the above lines you have, no doubt, on the spur of the moment, decided that it is an attempt at humor. I am confident, however, that if you will brush up on your Latin and Greek, and read carefully all the mythological lore you can procure, and all the books on philosophy at your command, you will be able to appreciate its full significance.

If such is the case you are entirely at liberty to give this remarkable poem to the public for its upbuilding and edification, and I prophesy that thousands, aye millions, will rise up and call you blessed! Or, what is even more probable, the population of your city will assemble en masse and—lynch you.

Very truly yours,

FRANK B. KILEY.

Norfolk, Mass., November 23, 1905—Enclosed please find check for \$5. I desire applied as follows:

To postage account.....	\$0 02
1906 and 1907 dues.....	1 08
My Christmas contribution to emergency fund.....	3 00

Have just finished reading the Portland meeting in The Bulletin, and think they succeeded in doing the best business yet for the Order.

Fraternally,

R. B. BUTTERFIELD (No. 5455).

On another page in this issue, under the head of "Lest We Forget," appears an article which constitutes a call for Christmas contribution to the Imminent Distress Fund. There is an ancient superstition that it is "good luck" to give to charity when you are having a good time yourself. Of course, every member of Hoo-Hoo will have a good time during this glad season of holiday rejoicing. The lumber business and all allied lines of trade have been most prosperous—"The frost is on the pumpkin and the money's in the sock." It is indeed a good time to remember the unfortunate, and I feel sure that all our members need only to be reminded of this matter.

All contributions should be sent to this office, and any sum, however small, will help to swell the fund.

This issue of The Bulletin contains, as you will note, a number of interesting letters from the members. I am always glad to have matter of this sort. The Bulletin is not like other publications—it accepts no paid advertising, and having no strings tied to it, can afford to say what it pleases. It is strictly a journal for Hoo-Hoo and it publishes whatever, according to the very best judgment of the editor, will interest the members. It is a sort of heart-to-heart affair—just among ourselves. I wish each member would make a New Year's resolution to write The Bulletin at least once during the year and to send in any newspaper clipping or news item concerning matters of interest to Hoo-Hoo as often as he may run across such.

I trust you will like the cover page of this number of The Bulletin. It is the first time we have ever used a colored cover. When I started in to think of something to fill that front page space for December, nothing came to mind except a wreath of holly, which of course is by no means new or original. I think it is very pretty, however, and By The Tail Of The Great Sacred Black Cat I wish one and all a merry Christmas.

Greenfield, O., December 1, 1905—Dear Baird: In sending in my dues I want also to express my hearty appreciation of the work of the last annual meeting and your account of same in the October Bulletin. This was not only good reading but grand. I see where men had the courage, when convinced by argument, to readily and cheerfully submit to the good of the Order. Had I read to me like an account of a Presbyterian General Assembly meeting. By the way, where did you learn to so aptly quote scriptural passages? An old mother, maybe. God bless our mothers! Now, in closing, believe me—we have the best Order because of the best management. "Keep her headed straight." Very truly,
L. S. DEVOES.

Lester, Wash., November 27, 1905—Dear Brother Baird: I think The Bulletin fine and especially your write-up of your trip to the coast. Too bad that you had that plug hat spoiled that night at The Oaks, but if you come again we will see that you are better taken care of. Well, I must stop as I am taking chances of having this thrown in the waste basket. Yours in Hoo-Hoo,
D. F. THOMSON (5729).

Brookville, Pa., November 20, 1905.—Mr. J. H. Baird, Nashville, Tenn., Dear Sir: Enclosed find \$1 covering 1906 dues. We wish to compliment you on Notes and Comments in last issue of Bulletin, as we consider them very pertinent, but it may be on account of our having been reading considerable in that line of thought lately. Yours truly,
W. N. VANLEIER (7305).

An Irony of Fate.

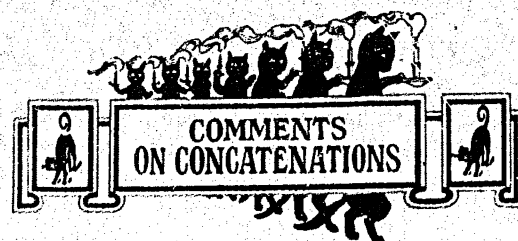
He never failed to follow
Good medical advice,
He hotted his drinking water
And kept it free from ice.

He turned from tea and coffee,
He spurned the flowing bowl,
He never let tobacco mar
His placid self-control.

A sudden shower caught him
And wet him to the skin.
A microbe landed and they called
The undertaker in.

The undertaker was a man
With years upon his head.
"The young folks nowadays don't last
Like us old boys," he said.

"I live without a fear of cold
And eat what I should not.
That worry microbe is, I fear,
The deadliest of the lot."



A Special One at Memphis.

A special concatenation was held at Memphis, Tenn., on the night of November 14 under authority of Vicegerent Ben Gladding for the purpose of initiating Mr. Norman A. Wright, of London, England, a prominent lumber purchaser of that city who had been spending several weeks in America, but who was on the point of leaving for Canada. He was extremely anxious to become a member of the Order in which he found so many of his friends and business associates on this side. The concatenation was somewhat hurriedly arranged, but the officers have Brother Wright's word for it that he got all he expected.

This makes the second prominent lumberman initiated into Hoo-Hoo recently and enjoined to carry to the Island Empire a full account of the Order's growth and importance. It is to be hoped to get a sufficient membership in London to organize a concatenation there, and it is believed that once rightly introduced in the great English metropolis Hoo-Hoo will rapidly spread throughout the principal lumber markets of Europe.

In the absence of Vicegerent Gladding at New Orleans Mr. W. H. Rusee occupied the position of Snark, and was assisted in administering the ceremonies by Brothers W. H. Greble, Elliott Lang and other Memphis lumbermen identified with the export hardwood trade.

Snark, W. H. Rusee; Senior Hoo-Hoo, W. H. Greble; Junior Hoo-Hoo, H. B. Sweet; Bojum, Elliott Lang; Scrivenoter, Elliott Lang; Jabberwock, E. E. Sweet; Custocatian, H. B. Sweet; Arcanoper, W. H. Greble; Gurdon, E. E. Sweet.

15658 Norman Anthony Wright, London, E. C.; salesman and manager Hardwood dept. C. Leary & Co.

Concatenation No. 1150, Memphis Tenn., November 14, 1905.

A Dummy Concatenation.

This is a "dummy" or fictitious concatenation, record of which on our rolls is necessary to take care of Brother G. H. Carlson, of St. Johns, Ore., who was initiated at Vicegerent Jay S. Hamilton's immense annual concatenation of September 9, but whose blank was momentarily misplaced and who consequently was not enrolled along with the other initiates of that meeting.

Snark, C. D. Bourke; Senior Hoo-Hoo, A. C. Ramsey; Junior Hoo-Hoo, Frank B. Cole; Bojum, George V. Denny and H. A. Sargent; Scrivenoter, George M. Cornwall and J. H. Bahrl; Jabberwock, L. C. Jameson; Custocatian, E. Stringer Bogges; Arcanoper, C. H. Hobbs; Gurdon, Gardner I. Jones.

15659 Gustave H. Carlson, St. Johns, Ore.; president and manager Portland Mfg. Co.

Concatenation No. 1181, Portland, Ore.; September 9, 1905.

A Good Meeting at Somerset.

The meeting at Somerset, Ky., on the night of November 15 was a most notably successful one. The meeting was held under the authority of Vicegerent W. B. Ballard of the Eastern District of Kentucky, whose headquarters are at Louisville. Brother Ballard, by the way, was the Vicegerent appointed for last year, but has continued to hold office "until his successor could be appointed and qualified." He made all arrangements for this meeting at

Somerset, but at the last moment was prevented from being present. Nevertheless the concatenation was a complete success, as the following account of it sent in by Mr. B. McCracken fully shows:

"Twenty candidates were listed for initiation, but owing to a train, on which several contemplated coming, being nearly nine hours late only fifteen arrived in time. These fifteen were conducted in the usual manner through the trying ordeals and their eyes opened to the light of Hoo-Hoo, much to their delight as well as to the delight of the many brethren present.

"Vicegerent Ballard was unavoidably prevented from being present, much to the regret of those who attended. However worthy officers were appointed from the ranks and the work carried out without a hitch. Much credit is due Brother F. J. Williams, of Louisville, who was persuaded to fill the 'funny man's' place.

"After the concatenation a 'Session-on-the-Roof' was given at the Cumberland Hotel in South Somerset. Mr. Shepperd, manager of the hotel, did his best, and it is needless to say that all present enjoyed themselves to the fullest degree. A glance at the menu will give an idea of the fine spread prepared for the occasion:

Menu.

New York Counts	
Celery	Pickles Olives
Shrimp	Mayonnaise
Steak with Mushrooms	Cold Smoked Tongue
Fried Oysters.	
Fruit Salad	Peppermint Punch
Coffee	Tea Milk
Cheese and Crackers	
Cigars	
Kauffman's "Gilt Edge"	

"Mr. L. R. Longworth acted as toastmaster, and some very interesting talks were made. Among those of notable mention were Mr. J. O. Tate, a very enthusiastic Hoo-Hoo, who made a lengthy and entertaining talk on the "Good of the Order." Grandpa Handman also made a very interesting talk, in fact so interesting was he that he was called upon the second time. The session lasted till the 'we sma' hours,' and every one pronounced it well done."

The official report on another page gives a full list of the initiates and the men who filled the official stations. In addition to the initiates the following are those who sat down at the banquet:

No. 12377	Ralph "C." McCracken	Burnside, Ky.
No. 13714	Wm. P. Ferguson	Cincinnati, Ohio.
No. 12368	Harry L. Ansted	Cincinnati, Ohio.
No. 12372	Edwin "P" Handman	Cincinnati, Ohio.
No. 12375	Lawrence R. Longworth	Somerset, Ky.
No. 9832	John H. Arns	Cincinnati, Ohio.
No. 14315	Paul F. Higgins	Louisville, Ky.
No. 12370	Louis M. Cheeley	Burnside, Ky.
No. 12380	Elbert V. Nash	Burnside, Ky.
No. 12373	Elvert M. Humble	Somerset, Ky.
No. 3669	Frederick J. Williams	Louisville, Ky.
No. 12500	John Colyer, Jr.	Somerset, Ky.
No. 9925	George V. Frazier	Oil Center, Ky.
No. 12376	John M. Lloyd	Burnside, Ky.
No. 12384	Mitchell "G" Taylor	Danville, Ky.
No. 1419	John O. Tate	Indianapolis, Ind.
No. 7239	John W. Boland	Burnside, Ky.
No. 12382	Irvin C. Smith	Somerset, Ky.
No. 12379	Daniel F. Miller	Somerset, Ky.
No. 5964	James R. Davidson	Cincinnati, Ohio.

Snark, R. McCracken; Senior Hoo-Hoo, L. R. Longworth; Junior Hoo-Hoo, F. J. Williams; Bojum, Paul F. Higgins; Scrivenoter, James R. Davidson; Jabberwock, J. W. Boland; Custocatian, J. O. Tate; Arcanoper, John H. Arns; Gurdon, W. P. Ferguson.

15700 Guy Clinton Bolender, Moreland, Ky.; manager Southern Stave & Lumber Co., Louisville, Ky.

15701 Gustave William Bombhoff, Cincinnati, Ohio; traveling freight agent Interstate Despatch.

15702 Tilden "Butts" Burch, Somerset, Ky.; partner Freeman & Burch.

15703 Cornelius Enoch Cain, Somerset, Ky.; junior partner W. L. Cain & Co., Mt. Victory, Ky.

15704 Clifton "Gasser" Deet, Burnside, Ky.; Oil Well Supply Company.

15705 Fred Hall Duling, Burnside, Ky.; traveling salesman Kentucky Lumber Company.

15706 George Lee Elliott, Somerset, Ky.; Elliott & Pettus.

15707 Isaac Chauncey Hull, Somerset, Ky.; The I. R. Longworth Co.

15708 Archers Rodolphus Humble, Somerset, Ky.; senior member A. R. Humble & Son.

15709 John Heston Moore, Somerset, Ky.; Dennis Bros., Grand Rapids, Mich.

15710 Channing Moore Newton, Richmond, Va.; traveling salesman Queen City Supply Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

15711 Edward Merrill Overstreet, Louisville, Ky.; secretary and treasurer Southern Stave & Lumber Co.

15712 John Guthrie Pasco, Marysville, Ohio; traveling salesman Wm. T. Johnson Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

15713 James William Powell, Somerset, Ky.; lumber buyer I. R. Longworth Co.

15714 Edwin Charles Smith, Somerset, Ky.; Crescent Lbr. Co. Concatenation No. 1182, Somerset, Ky., November 15, 1905.

High Old Time at Houston.

The concatenation held by Vicegerent G. M. Duncan, of the Southern District of Texas, on the night of November 18, fully sustained the Texas record. The meeting occurred on the last night of carnival week at Houston, when the town was crowded with people. More than two hundred Hoo-Hoo, it is stated, attended the concatenation and took part in the parade, which preceded the serious ceremonies. In reporting the concatenation Vicegerent Duncan writes:

"As regards the concatenation, I may say with all modesty that it was a decided success. We had a nice bunch of kittens, and the features of the parade were the real live elephants and camels which we used to convey a portion of the kittens to the initiatory hall. A complete account of the parade you will find herewith, being clippings from the Houston Chronicle and Houston Post. I believe that we had the best floor team that I have ever seen worked. They were as follows: John C. Ray, Ben F. Barrow, Julian Ranger, L. E. Ingram, Will Dixon and E. G. Bower. For further particulars note clippings above referred to."

Lion cages, gaudy floats, several elephants, and a lot of camels, besides other live stock, were borrowed from some sort of a show doing business during the carnival, and these were used as features of the parade to bewilder the unselect outsiders. A newspaper clipping sent along with his report by Brother Duncan gives the following description of the parade:

"The line of march was then formed, and as the hands of the clock in the city hall tower pointed to 9:09 the procession moved out amid the howlings of the Hoo-Hoo and the piteous moans of the purblind. The procession was headed by the standard bearer, who held aloft the emblems of the Order. The standard was an enlarged Hoo-Hoo pin, only the black cat in the center was a real live feline.

"Then came the band, after which was a carriage bearing the officials of the Order.

"Next in line were the victims, some on the camel and the elephant, some chained down to the floor of the wagon and others in the strong iron cage which is generally used at the Hike-Along to hold the fierce African lion.

"Trailing hard upon the wagons and beasts of burden were the 200 Hoo-Hoo, yelping and howling in a manner that must have curdled the blood in the veins of the kittens that huddled together as the sounds fell upon their startled ears.

"The line of march was witnessed by thousands, and it was with difficulty that the mounted officers kept the crowds back."

Vicegerent Duncan, or somebody, must have organized a pretty effective press bureau. One of the other Houston papers thus describes the concatenation:

"When Saengerbund hall was reached the candidates were hustled up the steps and thrown in a great heap upon the improvised onion bed. The bed was a little small for so great a number, but they were crammed in and the doors tightly locked. There they were kept until one by one they were fished out and ushered into the presence of the Big Black Cat, where, amid caterwauling, the swink was swinkingly swizzled.

What passed behind the closed doors of the hall will never be known, but, judging from the piteous walls that emanated from the building, the residents of the neighborhood must have concluded that murder most foul was being committed. The moans and groans continued until far into the night, when the entire body, including the erstwhile purblind, emerged from the hall and repaired to the banquet table on the first floor. The kittens looked pale and wan and some of them limped sorely when they endeavored to work their propellers, but after they had partaken of the refreshments provided they were pronounced out of danger, unless they should have a relapse."

Still another clipping has this alleged interview with one of the initiates, from which it is easy to see that somebody—and it is likely he was not a recent initiate—strung the newspaper men horribly:

One of the survivors of the Hoo-Hoo concatenation of last night was asked to relate in his own way some of the things which the initiation holds in store for novices. Although in grave danger of revealing some of the secret work of the Order, he consented and discoursed as follows:

"It was after 9:09 o'clock that I stood on the outward sheetometer of the Vicegerent Snark. A hoarse cry signaled me to enter the dingbat. There was a hiss of condensed air, and I was hurled head first up the sheetometer, landing in what the Bojum called the binacle.

"Just then the Vicegerent Snark looked at a button. His face had the brooding look peculiar to those who spend much time looking through the bottom of glasses. Under his feet lay the button controlling the busticator. His fingers grasped the goopile valve. 'Ready' he asked. I nodded my head.

"The Vicegerent Snark looked at a button on the wall. The glance released the woozler, and in a moment we were shooting through space.

"A pink light flattered here and there in what appeared to be the tank vacuum. The Vicegerent, wearing yellow glasses, watched it eagerly. To him the light was green. But it was black as I have already mentioned.

"'Hello,' said the Jabberwock, as we came out on the coofer. 'There's the Houston ship channel right off our starboard end.'

"Just then the woozler twisted, and we shot up toward the milky way about fifty thousand feet. A Louisiana car, running at the rate of ten miles every few hours, hit us amidships. A sickening gash appeared in the side of the woozler. She sank upward out of sight.

"Then there was a turn of the uptometer, and we jarred against the receiving chubbers of the Southern Pacific motor car returning from an eight-hour trip to Galveston, made at the rate of 90 miles an hour. Then the busticator slowly opened and shut. The uplift ray shot in blinding colors out of every goozim. A volt-flurry caught the woozler. There was a terrific crash and she was blown to splinters.

"I awoke on the floor. Never again will I be caught on the same brand."

The occasion of this concatenation was taken advantage of by Vicegerent Duncan to collect a big batch of dues—an example which all Vicegerents should follow. Hoo-Hoo dues are so very small as to be difficult to remember or to remit. We think every man prefers to hand over the money in person to his Vicegerent, if the matter is called to his attention at a concatenation.

Snark, G. M. Duncan; Senior Hoo-Hoo, W. C. Preston; Junior Hoo-Hoo, J. S. Bonner; Bojum, J. C. Ray; Scrivenoter, P. W. Everts; Jabberwock, W. C. Connor, Jr.; Custocatian, W. T. Hooker; Arcanoper, E. D. Smith; Gurdon, H. K. Nussbaum.

15715 Edward Alsup Adey, Houston, Texas; traveling salesman Southern Pine & Cypress Co.

15716 James "Honey-dew" Austin, Jr., Kennard, Mills, Texas; Central C. C. Co., Kansas City, Mo.

15717 John Overton Banks, Houston, Texas; Kirby Lbr. Co.

15718 James Randolph Burns, Houston, Texas; Kirby Lbr. Co.

15719 John Alexander Campbell, Houston, Texas; Central Lumber Company.

15720 James Sam Carton, Galveston, Texas; tie and timber inspector of Santa Fe System G. C. & S. F. Ry. Co.

15721 George Matthew Coale, Jr., Houston, Texas; Continental Lumber Company.

15722 Joe "Wampuscat" Didlot, Houston, Texas; Jesse H. Jones & Co.

- 15723 Robert Irwin Douglass, Saron, Texas; bookkeeper and assistant manager Wm. Cameron & Co., Inc.
- 15724 Luther Carroll Eastham, Huntsville, Texas; general manager Eastham Bros.
- 15725 J. A. Girard, Houston, Texas; T. F. A. Frisco System.
- 15726 James Arthur Godwin, Beaumont, Texas; superintendent Beaumont Saw Mill Co.
- 15727 Fred Theodore Hahl, Houston, Texas; American Hoist Derrick Co., St. Paul, Minn.
- 15728 William Tarrant Hancock, Houston, Texas; traffic manager Kirby Lumber Co.
- 15729 William Thomas Haralson, Carmona, Texas; surveyor and timber inspt. Wm. Cameron & Co., Waco, Tex.
- 15730 James Franklin Helms, Houston, Texas; treasurer Texas & Louisiana Lumber Company.
- 15731 John Hunt Higley, Beaumont, Texas; Beaumont Saw Mill Company.
- 15732 Henry N. Hubert, New Orleans, La.; traveling salesman Revere Rubber Co., Boston, Mass.
- 15733 Thomas Herbert Hunter, Jr., Houston, Texas; Kirby Lumber Co.
- 15734 Andrew Calvin Hutchinson, Houston, Texas; traveling freight and passenger agent Texas Midland R. R.
- 15735 George Dewitt Jacob, Houston, Texas; Hunter Lumber Company.
- 15736 William Herbert Jellison, Houston, Texas; Kirby Lumber Company.
- 15737 Frederick Eugene Jachourcade, Houston, Texas; Texas & Louisiana Lumber Company.
- 15738 William "Devil" Lawrence, Houston, Texas; Gulf Ref. Co., and G. S. Parker Lumber Company.
- 15739 Frank William McCabe, Bay City, Texas.
- 15740 Samuel Doran McCaughey, Houston, Texas; auditor Texas & Louisiana Lumber Co.
- 15741 James Lea McMahon, Houston, Texas; assistant freight agent Southern Pacific Railway.
- 15742 Edward Leo McShane, Omaha, Neb.; secretary McShane Lumber Company.
- 15743 Travis Smith Masterson, Houston, Texas; owner Toomey Lumber Co., Starks, La.
- 15744 Whittle Anderson Miles, Silsbee, Texas; inspector of ties and assistant manager Kirby Lumber Co., Houston, Texas.
- 15745 Harry Clay Ohlin, Houston, Texas; Kirby Lbr. Co.
- 15746 William Itayfield Peete, Houston, Texas; traveling salesman Crane Co., St. Louis, Mo.
- 15747 Frank Edward Potts, Beaumont, Texas; soliciting freight agent, Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe.
- 15748 G. G. Robb, Houston, Texas; E. H. Harrell Lbr. Co.
- 15749 James "Hustler" Spelton, Houston, Texas; Kirby Lumber Company.
- 15750 Arthur "Golden" Siverberg, Houston, Texas; H. House.
- 15751 Louis Samuel Simon, St. Louis, Mo.; Block-Pollak Iron Iron Co., Chicago, Ill.
- 15752 William Henry Spragg, Houston, Texas; Kirby Lbr. Co.
- 15753 Vernon E. Steen, Bay City, Texas.
- 15754 Alexander Frederick Strett, Houston, Texas; Kirby Lumber Company.
- 15755 Charles Herbert Weldon, Houston, Texas; Kirby Lumber Company.

Concatenation No. 1184, Houston, Texas, November 18, 1905.

At Longview, Texas.

J. P. Ragley, a few weeks ago appointed Vicegerent for the Eastern Division of Texas, held a splendid concatenation at Longview on the night of November 18, initiating fourteen men. He makes but a brief report, but records that he had a splendid class of initiates and a splendid lot of men to do the work. There is little to be done at a concatenation to make it a success. This concatenation is the first one of a series of concatenations which Brother Ragley will hold.

Snark, M. J. Ragley; senior Hoo-Hoo, J. P. Elliot; Junior Hoo-Hoo, W. E. Sims; J. P. Bojum, R. M. Morris; Scrivenor, F. B. Brown; Jabberwock, H. M. Lawrence; Custodian, R. G. Brown, Jr.; Arcanoper, E. C. Hooper; Gurdon, R. A. Hendrix.

- 15756 Charles Thomas Brown, Longview, Texas; assistant manager R. G. Brown.
- 15757 William Boyd Cobb, Lodwick, Texas; member of firm Lodwick Lumber Company.
- 15758 James Rodden Castleberry, Longview, Texas; member of firm Castleberry & Lawrence.
- 15759 Thomas Winston Duckett, Longview, Texas; timber buyer Castleberry & Lawrence.
- 15760 Hugh Peter Echols, Longview, Texas; owner Hugh Echols.
- 15761 Ashford Asbestos Hendrix, Gladewater, Texas; assistant manager N. A. Matthews Lumber Company.

- 15762 Le Grande Duvelnus Kelly, Longview, Texas; Kelly Plow Company.
- 15763 Garland Belvin Lawrence, Gladewater, Texas; partner Castleberry & Lawrence.
- 15764 Wesley Morse, Kildare, Texas; member of firm Hooper-Morse Mfg. Co.
- 15765 Edgar Wallace Moseley, Longview, Texas; R. G. Brown.
- 15766 Albert Marvin Pound, Longview, Texas; R. G. Brown.
- 15767 Robert Norman Rand, Kildare, Texas; member of firm Klota Lumber Company.
- 15768 George Thompson Reynolds, Longview, Texas; president and manager Longview Bot. & Crate Mfg. Co.
- 15769 John Henry Victory, Gladewater, Texas; manager Victory & Son.

Concatenation No. 1184, Longview, Texas, November 18, 1905.

Good Meeting at Grand Junction.

Grand Junction, Col., was selected as the place for the holding of his first concatenation by Vicegerent J. T. Brown, of Colorado. The meeting occurred on the evening of November 18, and thirteen good men and true were initiated. Vicegerent Brown reports that the attendance



EX-SNARK H. H. HEMENWAY, of Colorado Springs, Colo., whose 74th birthday was fittingly celebrated at the concatenation held at Grand Junction, Col., November 18, where the grand old man was presented with a magnificent Masonic watch charm.

of the old members at the concatenation was much larger than he had anticipated, as most of them had to travel four hundred miles to be present. Just think of it. In some of our Eastern cities it is difficult to get together a considerable attendance, especially if the weather proves inclement, because, forsooth, the members reside in the outlying suburbs. In Colorado they travel four hundred miles to be present at a concatenation, and do not think it any great hardship—these Colorado members at Denver—to make up a little party and travel over into Utah, Wyoming and Montana to introduce the Order there—all at their own expense, both of time and money. Truly there is a vim and a never-to-be-headedness about these Western people that is not only refreshing, but inspiring.

Just to illustrate, it may be pointed out that among the officers serving at Brother Brown's concatenation at Grand Junction are to be found the names of ex-Snark H. H. Hemenway from Colorado Springs, Col.; ex-Vicegerent

H. W. Hanna from Denver; J. E. Preston from Denver; and ex-Vicegerent G. C. Hill from Cripple Creek Col. Reference to the official report in another column will show that others of the officers present traveled long distances.

Following is an excerpt from a column writeup of the meeting appearing in the Grand Junction Daily News:

"The work of initiation proceeded as rapidly as possible concluding shortly before 12 o'clock, and then all present found their way to the Grand Hotel where a splendid banquet had been prepared by Mine Host Burnett and wife, tendered the visitors by the local lumbermen. It was one of the best spreads ever enjoyed by the visitors if their hearty words of praise may be accepted as proper evidence, and it was long past 1 o'clock in the morning before the tired and happy 'concatenated cats' sought their pillows.

"Most of the visitors remained in the city over Sunday and were driven over the valley, many of them seeing it for the first time, and they could not say enough touching their surprise at the future prospects of the country."

The above notice was preceded by a great many other newspaper notices chronicling the approaching meeting, Vicegerent Brown having awakened a great deal of interest in the announcement circulars which he had put out, these circulars bearing a picture of the most comically good-humored cat that has ever appeared in Hoo-Hoo annals. The local papers also contained an advertisement over Vicegerent Brown's signature, offering 25 cents each for a hundred or more black cats. This office is not advised as to just how many black cats were delivered and paid for, Vicegerent Brown writing very briefly "The hotel was full of boys who had brought in the cats." It would be interesting to know just how many came up to specification in the matter of color and were paid for by the assembled Hoo-Hoo.

The feature of the concatenation, however, was not the "Session-on-the-Roof," nor the joke about the black cats. The beautiful and impressive feature of the meeting was the presentation to ex-Snark Hemenway of a handsome Masonic watch charm, by coincidence the date of the concatenation falling on his seventy-fourth birthday. The presentation was a complete surprise to Brother Hemenway. To say that it fairly took him off his feet is to put it mildly. He was quite unable to express his feelings, the meeting about this time having developed into what was little short of an ovation to him.

Truly these Colorado concatenations are great.

Snark, J. T. Brown; Senior Hoo-Hoo, H. H. Hemenway; Junior Hoo-Hoo, C. W. Kirchner; Bojum, William R. McFarland; Scrivenor, H. W. Hanna; Jabberwock, Harry W. Berger; Custodian, J. E. Preston; Arcanoper, G. C. Hill; Gurdon, H. C. Bucklin.

- 15770 Chester Elwood Adams, Montrose, Col.; Gibson Lbr. Co.
- 15771 Henry Syndam Barkuloo, Grand Junction, Col.; manager P. A. Rice Lumber Company.
- 15772 Irenius Charles Hall, Delta, Col.; secretary and treasurer the Grand Mesa Lumber Company.
- 15773 George Majestic Howard, Rifle, Col.; owner G. M. Howard.
- 15774 William Lyman Mack, Grand Junction, Col.; manager the Independent Lumber Company.
- 15775 Eldridge Sharp Pinnell, Grand Junction, Col.; partner Pinnell Lumber Company.
- 15776 James Sylvester Pinnell, Grand Junction, Col.; partner Pinnell Lumber Company.
- 15777 Timothy Sherman Ramey, Grand Junction, Col.; president and manager the Ramey-Pierce Lumber Co.
- 15778 Phidelah Alonzo Rice, Grand Junction, Col.; owner P. A. Rice Lumber Company.
- 15779 Alexander "Surfactor" Seegmiller, Grand Junction, Col.; Mesa Lumber Company.
- 15780 Clarence Hardin Bernard Seybert, Paonia, Col.; manager the Independent Lumber Company.
- 15781 J. Clyde Sobey, Fruita, Col.; Independent Lumber Co.
- 15782 Thomas M. Todd, Grand Junction, Col.; secretary and treasurer Mesa Lumber Co.

Concatenation No. 1185, Grand Junction, Col., November 18, 1905.

Splendid Meeting at Tampa.

Vicegerent C. E. Tufts' concatenation at Tampa, Fla., on the night of November 25 was one of the best so far held during this Hoo-Hoo year. Reference to the official report will show that fifteen men were initiated, all strictly eligible and of the best material. Vicegerent Tufts took advantage of the opportunity to collect a big batch of dues, which has been remitted to the Scrivenor, all the details of the meeting being handled with splendid intelligence and business-like care.

The "On-the-Roof" occurred at the Grand Orient restaurant, where the following menu was much enjoyed:

Menu.	
	Oriental Cocktail
Entremes Mixed	Turpentine Sauterns Wine
Soup	Baldri's Eye Maple
	Fritters
	Cromosqui Volaille
	Fish
Quarter Sawed Red Snapper	
	Claret
Rioja del Norte de Espana	
	Chicken
Truffee oux Francalse	
C. E. Tufts Roast	
	Beef with Peas
	Desserts
990 o Rom Omelet	Slab Cream Cheese
	Kiln Dried Guava Paste
	Cordial
	Crema de Menta Frapee
Black Cat Cigars	Cafe Caracolillo
	Good Morning
	Hoo-Hoo.

Along with the cigars came the demands from the toast-master, and a number of excellent speeches were made.

Vicegerent Tufts deserves a great deal of credit for the success of this meeting. He did not have present the members of the Supreme Nine whom he expected, but he seems nevertheless to have had a most excellent and a most enjoyable concatenation.

Snark, C. E. Tufts; Senior Hoo-Hoo, Fred L. Milliken; Junior Hoo-Hoo, Thad. W. Braddy; Bojum, F. J. O'Hara; Scrivenor, W. C. Richards; Jabberwock, C. T. Dudley; Custodian, F. J. Sutton; Arcanoper, L. T. Baldrick; Gurdon, L. A. Bartholomew.

- 15783 Eugene Dixon Blain, Tampa, Fla.; partner H. Levick & Co.
- 15784 Lynn "Yellow Pine" Burr, Tampa, Fla.; Jetton-Dekle Lumber Company.
- 15785 Benjamin Harris Dale, Jacksonville, Fla.; John G. Christopher.
- 15786 Jesse Hugh Dunne, Tampa, Fla.; Jetton-Dekle Lumber Company.
- 15787 George Hunting Fernald, Sanford, Fla.; president and general manager George H. Fernald Hdw. Co.
- 15788 William Wentworth Greene, Wauchula, Fla.; owner W. W. Greene.
- 15789 Joseph James Handley, Fridgen, Fla.; partner and manager Handley Co.
- 15790 Robert Jay Hodgson, Wauchula, Fla.; manager Wauchula Mfg. Co.
- 15791 Harry Levick, Tampa, Fla.; partner H. Levick & Co.
- 15792 Claud Aurelius McEwen, Croom, Fla.; manager Jetton-Dekle Lumber Co.
- 15793 Thomas Houghton Parry, Bartow, Fla.; Atlantic Supply Co., Jacksonville, Fla.
- 15794 John Francis Shea, Tampa, Fla.; Jetton-Dekle Lumber Company.
- 15795 Grover Cleveland Varn, Wiscorn, Fla.; partner Varn-Hatton Co.
- 15796 David Charles Walker, Tampa, Fla.; partner Ireland & Walker Co.
- 15797 Thomas Adams Zoucks, Tampa, Fla.; Sabel Bros., Jacksonville, Fla.

Concatenation No. 1186, Tampa, Fla., November 25, 1905.

First in New York City.

Charles F. Fisher, the well known wholesale hardwood lumber dealer of 1916 Park Avenue, New York, who was recently appointed Vicegerent for the Eastern District of New York, promptly got to work. By wire a few days ago he requested trunk for concatenation, and the report of same has just come in. He initiated six men, all of the highest type, and reports that the concatenation, though small in number of initiates, was most enjoyable, and that everything ran along smoothly. Along with his report comes announcement that he will hold another concatenation in February; also a number of suggestions for the improvement of the work in the Vicegerencies, which suggestions will be very fully considered, and which show Brother Fisher's intelligent interest in the welfare of the Order.

Snark, Charles F. Fisher; Senior Hoo-Hoo, James R. Sillman; Junior Hoo-Hoo, William D. Gill; Bojum, W. K. Fisher; Scrivenoter, A. R. Carr; Jabberwock, William C. Thomson; Custocathin, Frank D. Roylance; Arcanoper, Charles T. Stran; Gurdon, G. F. Royce.

15798 Theodore Augusto Gullander, Jr., Brooklyn N. Y.; manager sales department Joshua Oldham & Sons.

15799 Raymond Turk Marshall, New York, N. Y.; manager lumber dept. Albert Wilcox & Co.

15800 William Altheus Iuddick, New York, N. Y.; Lake Nebagamon Lumber Co., Lake Nebagamon, Wis.

15801 Thomas Miller Sizer, New York, N. Y.; secretary and treasurer Robert R. Sizer & Co.

15802 Benjamin Watson, New York, N. Y.; president Benj. Watson, eastern representative South Baltimore Street Car & Fdry Co., Baltimore, Md.

15803 Walter H. Young, New York, N. Y.; buyer Ferguson Bros. Mfg. Co., Hoboken, N. J.

Concatenation No. 1187, New York, N. Y., December 1, 1905.

Second One for Vicegerent Stover.

The following well written report of the concatenation at Elkins, W. Va., on the night of November 30, is kindly furnished us. It will be seen that this is the second concatenation for Vicegerent Stover. He was appointed early and got immediately to work. It will be observed further that he has a third meeting already in prospect. Vicegerent Stover asks that his thanks be particularly extended to Brother J. M. Paris, who was active in all matters connected with the meeting, and who acted as toastmaster at the banquet:

"The second concatenation held under the reign of Vicegerent K. H. Stover, was opened at Elkins, W. Va., on Thanksgiving night, November 30, with ten purblind weaklings knocking at the door to the beautiful garden of Hoo-Hoo land. They were met by forty-four happy smiling faces and piloted along a path of devious windings into the bright light. That more old members were not present can be laid to the fact that they were married men and preferred to stay at home to take Thanksgiving dinner. We missed R. J. Clifford and E. Stringer Bogness, but the number of kittens taken in shows that K. H. Stover is very much alive and doing his level best for the interests of Hoo-Hoo in the Northern District of West Virginia. Mr. Stover expressed his thanks to the members and officers who aided him in arranging this concatenation and wishes to state to all members of the Order, and especially to the ones living in the Northern District of West Virginia, that he has enough applicants who could not come to this meeting to hold another in the very near future.

"The 'on-the-roof' was held in Stalnaker's restaurant and sixty-seven old members and newly born kittens sat down to a sumptuous repast. J. M. Paris acted as toastmaster, and we were entertained until the 'woc sma' hours' by speeches from such eminent speakers as K. H. Stover, H. H. Sutton, Alexander Williams and others. The banquet ended with the famous Hoo-Hoo yell and every one declaring the meeting the best ever."

Snark, K. H. Stover; Senior Hoo-Hoo, C. P. Brooks; Junior Hoo-Hoo, I. K. Dye; Bojum, Merritt Wilson; Scrivenoter, J. M. Paris; Jabberwock, Chris. Himmeler; Custocathin, H. H. Sutton; Arcanoper, S. S. Steele; Gurdon, T. H. Whaley.

15804 Hamer Elliott Ast, Elkins, W. Va.; buyer Wm. Whitmer & Sons Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

15805 William Ambrose Barrett, Buckhannon, W. Va.; manager W. A. Barrett.

15806 James Andrew Drennan, Fairmont, W. Va.; Logan-Greeg Hdw. Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

15807 John Franklin Fravel, Davis, W. Va.; manager Eyth & Fravel.

15808 James "Rye" Gibson, Edray, W. Va.; owner Jas. Gibson.

15809 Wilmer Castia Greer, Elkins, W. Va.; manager E. C. Linger & Co.

15810 John Gibson Halfpenny, Philadelphia, Pa.; John Halfpenny.

15811 James Edward Hanley, Elkins, W. Va.; owner James E. Hanley.

15812 Charles Edward Hiner, Overhill, W. Va.; manager C. E. Hiner.

15813 Daniel Felton Hoffman, Elkins, W. Va.; buyer R. A. McDonald.

15814 Isaac J. Kaufmann, Johnstown, Pa.; member J. D. W. Snowden Co.

15815 Robert Alphonso McDonald, Elkins, W. Va.; R. A. McDonald.

15816 Hunter Robinson Miller, Superior, Wis.; Clyde Iron Wks.

15817 William Henry Payne, Norfolk, Va.; Berlin Machine Works, Beloit, Wis.

15818 Daniel Henry Phillips, Kingsville, W. Va.; W. J. Blankenship.

15819 Arthur Camden Pifer, Beverly, W. Va.; member of firm Millstone Mfg. Co.

15820 Charles Havelock Taylor, Elkins, W. Va.; member Millstone Mfg. Co., Beverly, W. Va.

15821 Abraham Birdseye Walker, Elkins, W. Va.; president and manager Elkins Pail & Lumber Company.

15822 Alexander Dennis Williams, Marlinton, W. Va.; owner A. D. Williams.

Concatenation No. 1188, Elkins, W. Va., November 30, 1905.

Who is the Oldest Hoo-Hoo?

From Brother W. L. Covell (No. 5506), of Biloxi, Miss., comes a request which knocks me out of the box. He wants me to advise him who is the oldest man in Hoo-Hoo—not the man who has been longest a Hoo-Hoo, which would be easily determinable—but who is the oldest in point of years. I have told him that I have recorded here in the bound application blanks the age of every man who has been initiated into the Order, but that a search through these 15,000 blanks would involve immense labor. I am a little curious to know why Brother Covell wants this information, and have written him to know. I confess myself I would like to gather together a little bunch of the photographs of our most aged veterans. I know that we have in Hoo-Hoo several men who have lived a great many years, but I have never seen a Hoo-Hoo who would confess to being aged. Hoo-Hoo assumes, among other things, to bestow perpetual youth on all its members, and if the map will half do his part Hoo-Hoo will do the rest. Take me for instance. I have been a Hoo-Hoo nearly thirteen years and am not a bit older than when I joined. I know this because men grow wiser as they grow older. I am no older. Now then, as stated, I balk at this proposition to search through 15,000 application blanks. Who is willing to give me off-hand information? Who knows the oldest Hoo-Hoo? I have open books here for entries. There is no charge. Pop Hemenway, of course, is barred out. In another column of The Bulletin will be seen a notice that Brother Hemenway was accorded a little celebration at a recent concatenation at Grand Junction, Col., the occasion being, it is stated, the celebration of his seventy-fourth birthday. I don't believe Pop Hemenway is that old. I have been with him too much. He does not look it and he does not act it. He simply wanted that Knight Templar charm, and I am glad he got it. Brother Barns, of St. Louis, carried around in his head a lot of undigested information about these very old members. Doubtless he has three or four entries up his sleeve which he will promptly file. Let them come on.

Coming Concatenations**In Arkansas.**

Vicegerent J. C. McGrath, of the Southern District of Arkansas, definitely announces concatenation for Saturday night, December 16, at Hot Springs. It will be recalled that Arkansas Hoo-Hoo made an effort to hold a concatenation at Hot Springs during last Hoo-Hoo year, and a concatenation was held, but owing to a combination of unfortunate circumstances only a few members of the Order were present and only a few men were initiated. The outcome of the meeting was not satisfactory either in numbers of old Hoo-Hoo present or number of initiates, and Vicegerent McGrath is determined to make the second effort. He has every respect for a most excellent meeting, as there is a large number of eligibles in sight.

In the early part of January Vicegerent McGrath will hold another meeting at Pine Bluff, Ark. The exact date will be announced later.

In Mississippi.

Owing to the inability of Vicegerent J. H. Kennedy, of the Southern District of the state, to be present, and the numerous business engagements of Vicegerent J. L. Strickland, of the Western District of the state, the joint concatenation at Jackson, Miss., on December 5, during the meeting of the Retail Lumber Dealers' Association, was abandoned. As a matter of fact Vicegerent Strickland has already initiated practically all the members of the association and the others who usually attend this Jackson meeting.

Vicegerent Strickland announces that he will hold a concatenation at some convenient point in his district soon after the first of the year.

Vicegerent J. H. Kennedy, of Hattiesburg, Miss., definitely announces a concatenation at Gulfport on the evening of December 28. The members at Gulfport have been figuring on this meeting for some weeks and have just agreed on the above date. Vicegerent Kennedy is already writing numerous personal friends to meet him at the time and place specified.

Down on the Eastern Shore.

Vicegerent W. R. Cheves, of the Southeastern District of Georgia, announces that he will hold a big concatenation at Brunswick, Ga., on the evening of January 16, during the meeting of the Georgia Interstate Sawmill Association. Brother Karl Fries will be the local man in charge of preliminary arrangements at Brunswick, and to whom all requests for application blanks and information should be addressed.

Another in Arkansas.

"Unless providentially hindered or otherwise prevented," is the good old Methodist phraseology employed by Vicegerent W. A. Billingsley, of the Northeastern District of Arkansas, in referring to his proposed concatenation of January 20, at Newport. Brother Billingsley is one of those men very difficult to prize loose from any determination taken, and The Bulletin prophesies that it will take something closely akin to a providential hindrance to prevent this meeting. Vicegerent Billingsley is already lining up his class of initiates and applying to the office of the Scrivenoter for additional blanks.

In Canada.

As this is being written there is in progress in Collingwood, Ontario, a big concatenation worked up by Vicegerent James G. Cane. This is the first concatenation of the new Hoo-Hoo year in Canada and report of the meeting will be looked forward to with interest.

A Big One at Larned.

As The Bulletin goes to press there is being held at Larned, Kas., what will probably prove to be the biggest concatenation ever held in that state. It has been wholly worked up by volunteers. At the meeting will be present in his official capacity Mr. L. R. Pifer, of the Eastern District of the state, but he will be traveling out of his ballwick to attend. The facts are that the local members at and near Larned, under the leadership of Brother Ed Lindas, of the Lindas Lumber Company, at Larned, determined a month or six weeks ago to hold a rousing big concatenation, and have been steadily working on it ever since. They expected, of course, to have Vicegerent J. R. McLaurin, recently reappointed for the Western District of Kansas, present at this meeting, but he has been on an extended tour of the Pacific Coast. When he learned of the arrangements made at Larned he hurried home to take charge of the meeting, but immediately on arrival at his home, at Ellsworth, he received advice of the critical illness of his father in Canada. He left immediately for the bedside of his father, whereupon Mr. L. R. Pifer, from away over in the eastern part of the State, displayed the proper Hoo-Hoo spirit by promptly advising the Scrivenoter's office that if desired he would go over and take charge of the meeting. His kindly offer came just in the nick of time. Senior Hoo-Hoo Ramsey had expected to be present at this meeting, but is tied up in an important lawsuit at St. Louis. But for Mr. Pifer's action the meeting would have come off without an official representative of the Order being present. The latest advice to The Bulletin from Brother Lindas is to the effect that twenty-eight paid application blanks are in his hands and that it is quite likely that not less than thirty-five men will be initiated.

Many Others in Prospect.

The above are only a few of the concatenations being arranged for. Formal announcement is only made where the date is definitely fixed. Nearly every Vicegerent that has been appointed or reappointed for the new Hoo-Hoo year has set to work and nearly every one of them has made some progress toward working up a meeting.

For the Distress Fund.

The following excerpt, evidently from the minutes of the entertainment committee at Savannah, Ga., is self-explanatory. Along with the information comes a check for the amount specified. The incident goes to show that Hoo-Hoo and its various features are attracting attention of lumbermen everywhere:

"The committee which had charge of arrangements for entertaining the members of Georgia Interstate Sawmill Association October 3 met last night at the DeSoto Hotel and received report of treasurer and audited same. The report showed a balance of \$1.30 on hand which, on motion, it was decided to donate same to the Hoo-Hoo Charity Fund, and check will accordingly be mailed to Mr. J. H. Baird at Nashville, Tenn."

Los Angeles wants to cut down the time between Chicago and the City of Angels to 45 hours. Why should a city with that name care to get closer to Chicago?

Hymeneal.

Hammet-Redd.

Brother William D. Hammet, traveling in the South for the firm of E. K. Morris & Co., the steel and iron people of Cincinnati, Ohio, was in Nashville a few days ago. Brother Hammet was married on November 17, at Farmville, Va., to Miss L. Vallette Redd, of that place, and the young people are at home to their friends at Birmingham.

Baird-Guirl.

Brother Durance William Baird was married November 27 at Indianapolis, Ind., to Miss Florence Guirl of that place. Brother Baird is the Southern manager for the Dudley Lumber Company, of Grand Rapids, Mich., with offices in Memphis, and is well known throughout the lumber trade of the South. We are not advised, but suppose Brother Baird and his wife will reside in Memphis.

Nussbaum-Overton.

Brother Harry K. Nussbaum and Miss Louise O. Overton were united in marriage at the home of the bride in Houston, Texas, Wednesday evening, November 29. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. M. Adams, and a young lady of beauty and rare accomplishments. Brother Nussbaum is chief clerk of the hewn tie and piling and treasury departments of the Kirby Lbr. Co., of Houston, Tex. Though but young in age he has a bright future in the lumber circles of the world. Mr. and Mrs. Nussbaum will be at home to their friends in Houston after December 15.

Obituary.

Brother J. F. Foss (No. 6603), manager of the Menz Lumber Company, Winnipeg, Manitoba, died in St. Johns Hospital, Fargo, N. D., on the morning of November 18, from blood poisoning, following an operation for appendicitis. Brother Foss was only 25 years old. The following notice of his death is taken from the Manitoba Free Press of November 20:

"The late Mr. Foss came to Winnipeg from Idaho about four years ago, but it was only last May that he started up in the business in which he was engaged at the time of his death, and in which he was making a great success. Only a few days ago he was in his old high-hearted and jovial spirits, and when he found it necessary to undergo an operation for appendicitis, he treated the matter as a huge joke, and went to Fargo, where his family reside, bidding good-bye to his many friends in the city, among whom he was very popular, little thinking he was saying farewell to Winnipeg. The telephone, which was kept ringing at his office the entire day, goes to show the esteem in which deceased was held in the city, and the news of his untimely end came as a great shock to his many acquaintances.

"The late Mr. Foss was married two years ago to Miss Genevieve Easton, of Winnipeg, who survives him, but there were no children of the marriage; his father, who is connected with the Minneapolis Tribune, and his mother, live in Minneapolis, and were at Fargo at the time of his death."

Dues for 1906.



WHEN the clock struck twelve on the night of September 9 last, dues became payable for 1906. The 1906-1907 year begins and ends on September 9. Look up your receipts, and if you find that you have not paid 1906 dues, send 99 cents to the Scrivenoter at once. Any form of remittance will do except stamps that are stuck together. Your individual check will be all right.

Personal Mention.

Ex-Vicegerent T. A. Moore, of St. Louis, has made something of a business change. He is now at the head of the Moore Company, a wholesale lumber concern in the Fullerton building, handling yellow pine, cypress, hardwood and Pacific Coast lumber and shingles. This about covers the whole lumber field, and Mr. Moore says that he is prepared to sell "anybody anything no matter what it is." Mr. Moore's lumber history is not without interest and shows a steady upward progress. In 1889 Mr. George T. Mickle, formerly of the Big Four Lumber Company, of St. Louis, and Mr. Moore, organized the Mickle-Moore Lumber Company, which they successfully conducted until December, 1901, when Mr. Moore bought Mr. Mickle's interest, changing the name of the concern to the Moore Lumber & Mill Company. Under this name he operated until December, 1902, at which time Mr. Moore bought out the interest of Mr. George T. Mickle and B. H. Pollock in the Colonial Lumber & Timber Company, taking the Vice Presidency in this latter company. In 1904 Mr. Moore sold out the Colonial Lumber & Timber Company and was practically out of business until September last when he began operation under the name of the Moore Company.

Mr. Moore has associated with him Mr. George Sherman, who was for many years identified with the manufacture of white pine in Michigan and yellow pine in Arkansas. Mr. Sherman is also widely known as a most successful salesman in the territory embracing Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Michigan. "We do mostly a commission business, handling yellow pine, cypress, hardwood and Pacific Coast lumber and shingles," says Mr. Moore. "We have made a mighty gratifying start ever which we are very proud."

It is needless to say anything about the personal acquaintance of "Tom" Moore. He is known to everybody who has ever had anything to do with the lumber business in St. Louis or in that vicinity—and it should be remembered that he was one of the best vicegerents Hoo-Hoo ever had.

Brother George L. Word, for many years located at Nashville, and connected with the Burlington Railroad, but who, for the past four or five years has been residing at Denver, Col., where he has also represented the Burlington System, has just been brought back to his native Southland by a still further promotion in the railroad business. He has been made General Southern Agent of the great Wabash System, with headquarters in the Peters building at Atlanta. Brother Word is a native of Wilson County, Tennessee, whose boyhood was spent in Nashville. His friends are much gratified this his rapid promotion in the railroad business, heretofore noted in the columns of The Bulletin, continues without abatement, and wish him the utmost success in his new deal.

Brother Sibley P. King, of Birmingham, Ala., newly appointed Vicegerent for the Northern District of that state, is prominently identified with Alabama politics. They are having a red hot campaign down there, and Brother King is prominently spoken of as President of the Railroad Commission, provided the gubernatorial aspirant whom he favors is successful in the contest. Brother King is a prominent lumberman of Birmingham and well known and highly thought of all over the state, regardless of political affiliations.

The Practical Side.

The men whose Hoo-Hoo names appear in the notices below are out of work and want employment. This is intended as a permanent department of THE BULLETIN, through which to make these facts known. It is, or should be, read by several thousand business men who employ labor in many varied forms, and it can be made of great value in giving practical application to Hoo-Hoo's central theme of helping one another. It is hoped the department will receive very careful attention each issue.

Some of our members advertising in The Bulletin fail to advise me when they have secured positions and so an old ad keeps running for months and months. To avoid this I have adopted the plan of running the ads as long as three months and then if I have heard nothing from the advertiser I will cut his ad out. If at the end of the three months he still wishes me to continue it he must advise me.

WANTED—A sales manager and a general office man in a lumber office. Must be capable of handling the product of two good mills and assisting in the work of the office. We want a good live man of not first-class it will be useless for you to apply. Address Bering Mfg. Co., Houston, Texas.

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

WANTED—Position January 1st, by competent bookkeeper with highest recommendations. Address No. 1483, care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—A position with some firm to work in West Virginia to buy and take up lumber for them. Am experienced lumber office telegraph operator. Am experienced in handling rates, claims, etc. and could make myself useful to a large concern. Address "Ball Road," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter.

WANTED—To connect myself with a good reliable yellow pine concern in some clerical capacity. Am an experienced lumber office telegraph operator. Am experienced in handling rates, claims, etc. and could make myself useful to a large concern. Address "Ball Road," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter.

WANTED—In our hardwood jobbing department, a bright young man for assistant. Must have had some experience, a good correspondent, and posted on source of supply as well as selling markets. We want a young man who has the ability to take full charge at times. A good opportunity for the right man. No other need apply. State age, experience, reference and salary. "Hardwood," P. O. Box 744, Pittsburg, Pa.

WANTED—Position with a live concern by an up-to-date lumber bookkeeper of fifteen years' experience, age 32, unmarried and speak German. Can furnish highest references as to ability and integrity and will be at liberty January 1st. Address "6124," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter.

WANTED—Position by a young married man, twenty-five years old, with six years' practical experience in the lumber business as bookkeeper, retail yard manager and traveling salesman. Can furnish bond and gilt-edge references as to character and ability. I am extremely anxious to get a place with some good lumber concern and know I can make myself available. Address Chas. B. Ash, Lathrop, Mo.

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

WANTED—Manager for retail lumber yard in small town. State experience; whether married or single; where previously employed and salary desired. Address the J. W. Graves Co., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma Territory.

WANTED—An office man, one who is a stenographer. A young man is preferred. Address "Florida," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as hardwood inspector. Can give as reference some of the best firms in Baltimore. Am familiar with export trade Am thirty-three years old, married and a sober man. Can give satisfactory reference both as to ability and character. Address "West," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position by an experienced yard foreman and shipping clerk. Have had 15 years' experience in yellow pine and hardwood. Am a hustler and can furnish good references. Am at present employed, but can come at once. Address "Yard Foreman," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as planing mill foreman. Want to go West on account of my health. Now have good job and can give very best of references as to character and competence. Address "Orange," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Willcox Building, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—A position as bookkeeper by a practical man of long experience; satisfactory reference furnished. Address E. S. Stark, 216 21st St., Cairo, Ill.

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

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

WANTED—Position as bookkeeper by No. 3751 in city of Atlanta Ga., 533 Pulliam St.

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

WANTED—Position in Texas or Arkansas by first-class combination bookkeeper and stenographer. Five years' experience in lumber business. Gilt-edge reference. Now employed. Address "EOW," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—All Hoo-Hoo wanting to buy yellow pine to send me their orders. I am a thoroughly competent inspector and have wide acquaintance among the yellow pine mills. Name your best price per thousand and I will place the order for prompt shipment at 50 cents per thousand. I live right among the mills, and can give good service. Address J. B. McGehee, No. 197, Box 103, Poplarville, Miss.

WINTER IN COLORADO.

Your own physician will tell you that the dry mountain air of Colorado as an elixir of life stands pre-eminent. Always healthful and invigorating. The crisp atmosphere of Colorado is at its best in winter. To accommodate winter tourists to the Rockies, the Union Pacific has put in effect very low rates, from Council Bluffs and Kansas City, with proportionate reductions from all points east. Tickets on sale every day until May 31st, 1906. Be sure your ticket reads over the Union Pacific, the popular route to Colorado. For full information inquire of

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