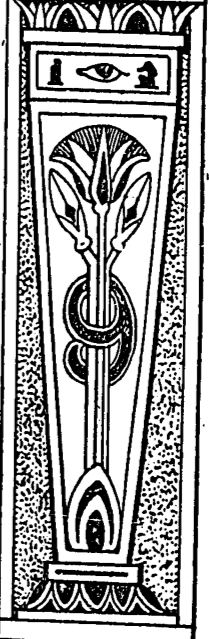
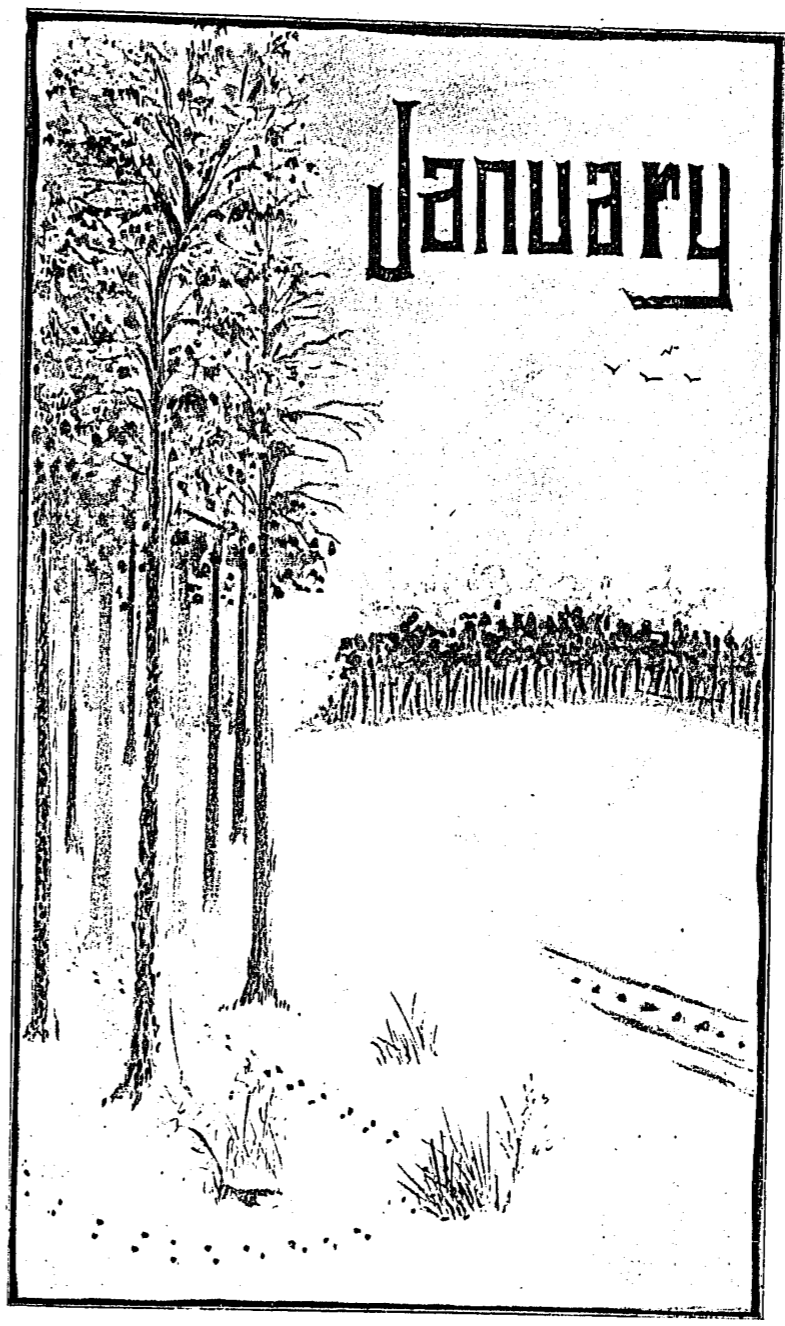
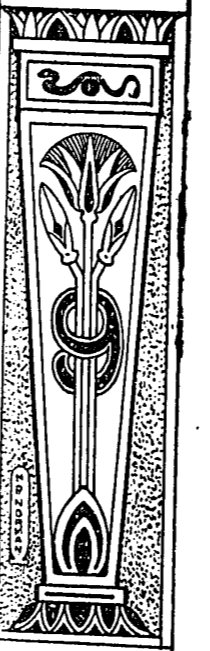




THE BULLETIN

Vol. XIII. NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1907. No. 135



A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF HOO-HOO

THE BULLETIN

J. H. BAIRD, Scrivenoter, Editor.

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

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

TERMS TO MEMBERS:

One Year.....66 Cents. | Single Copies.....6 Cents.

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

NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1907.

Let No Hoo-Hoo Forget.

Once again the great Christian world has passed through the festive yule-tide and settled down to the sombre humdrum of every day action. The year 1906, if it did not surpass any previous year in its wide-spread prosperity, at least equalled any period of time of which history has record. In every nation, in every clime the fabled cornucopia of plenty held unquestioned sway—every mill wheel hummed its song of industry—and the farmer reaped in generous measure the harvest of his toil. Unmistakably, indisputably, the children of men have been three-fold blessed, and the partisans of pessimism are really hard to find.

After all is said and done, this is a remarkable old world in which we live. Mankind ever ready to find fault and usually hard to please throws aside the dull monotonies of life and at Christmas displays a spirit which would make this world a paradise if maintained throughout the year. Just imagine what universal happiness would prevail if everywhere and all the time the Christmas spirit pervaded the daily doings of the earth—if all the love and hope and charity of which there is ever much talk was really forming a part of the life we live. If there ever was a golden rule in practice it is applied at Christmas, and way back in the hazy days when old Confucius evolved his code of laws to live by, he little thought that it would grow and spread and thrive until under its ban would come not only the hordes of China, but for a week at least the now civilized nations of earth.

But why cannot the satisfying seasonal spirit of Christmas extend throughout the year; why cannot man cast aside his vainglory and hypocrisy and shut out from his life malice and hatred and envy; why is it that there is only one week out of every fifty-two that man lives as he should? Why is it? Notwithstanding the fact that we have with us all the time numerous eminent and still more numerous less eminent philanthropists, doctors and ministers who spend their lives in learned dissertations on "How to Live," the "Way to Happiness" and other essays and sermons with equally alluring titles, there is yet to come a teacher who can so interpret the laws long ago brought down from the mountain by Moses that these laws in practice will eliminate from the world the pain and unhappiness manifest in the fifty-one weeks when the Christmas spirit lies dormant.

The Bulletin realizes full well that there never will

come a teacher, horn of man, whose marvelous interpretation of the laws, both political and moral, will alleviate all pain from earth and smooth out every wrinkle in the fabric of human life. No such elysian state of affairs is possible in a world where competition is the principle by which man lives. And, too, there are some people, not a great many we do truly hope, who could never be happy if everybody else was. There are other people who are never happy unless there is something to be unhappy about. Oh, there are thousands of inhabitants of this terrestrial globe of ours who could never stand for happiness in any shape or form.

But the great majority of us are wont to help in the betterment of all conditions; we are ready, ever ready, to put our shoulder to the wheel and push our way to any plan that yields the highest pleasures and guarantees, not to any one, but to all of us a world in which the Christmas spirit is ever active and the golden rule the all-sufficient law of every day life. Out of this spirit Hoo-Hoo was born, in this spirit Hoo-Hoo thrived and grew, hoping for an enlargement of the influence of this spirit Hoo-Hoo has supreme confidence in the future. Small wonder, then, that the Great Black Prince, different in his object from any other ruler of men, is a monarch whose power, long felt in America, is now wending its way to every nation in the world and preaching the doctrine of Health, Happiness and Long Life.

Let no Hoo-Hoo forget his brother during 1907; make every week a Christmas week by the nature of your actions; preach the gospel of happiness in and out of Hoo-Hoo and you will realize as you never comprehended before that the world, beyond the shadow of a doubt, is actually pining to give back to you a little more than you give to it.

He Dug.

He wanted a job and, like everyone else,

He wanted a good one, you know;
Where his clothes would not soil and his hands would keep clean,

And the salary mustn't be low.
He asked for a pen but they gave him a spade

And he half turned away with a shrug,
But he altered his mind and, seizing the spade—he dug!

He worked with a will that is bound to succeed,

And the months and the years went along.
The way it was rough and the labor was hard

But his heart he kept filled with a song.
Some jeered him and sneered at the task, but he plugged
Just as hard as he ever could plug;

Their words never seemed to disturb him a bit—as he dug.

The day came at last when they called for the spade

And gave him a pen in its place.
The joy of achievement was sweet to his taste

And victory shone in his face.
We can't always get what we hope for at first—

Success cuts many queer jigs,
But one thing is sure—a man will succeed—if he digs.

Coming Concatenations.

Kansas City, Mo., January 29. Vicegerent Burt J. Wright, 414 Keith and Perry Building.

Cincinnati, Ohio, January 22. Vicegerent B. F. Dulweber, corner Findlay and McLan Avenues.

Philadelphia, Pa., February 8. Vicegerent J. H. Sheip, 830 North Lawrence Street.

NOTES & COMMENTS



Now that the domain of Hoo-Hoo comprises practically the whole world, there must be many of the members who are not conversant with the habitat, customs and manners of many of the other members. For instance a native of the New England states has but a vague idea of what a cotton field looks like, and a Mississippian is not enthusiastic on the subject of pumpkin pie. I dare say the Hoot Mon is ignorant of the seductive flavor of 'possum and "sweet 'laters"—to say nothing of the exhilarating sport of a 'possum hunt. In the South, the succulent 'possum is a favorite with epicures—almost our "national dish," in fact. In rural districts, the small boys and the "darkies" take anxious note of the prospect for persimmons. For the 'possum crop depends upon the 'simmon crop. The more numerous the persimmons, the fatter the 'possums will be. When the persimmon boughs are heavy laden with the reddish yellow fruit, the negro chuckles with delight and in his mind's eye sees the juicy 'possum browned to a turn and flanked with sweet potatoes—"yams," he usually calls them. Persimmons ripen when the frost falls, and not before. If you eat a persimmon before frost your mouth will pucker up till you can't speak. A green persimmon has great "drawing" power, but a ripe persimmon is good for people as well as 'possums. A tingling frosty autumn night is the time to go 'possum hunting. You are supposed to have at least one good "possum dog" if not more, and if conditions are just right, you ought to "tree" the game promptly. Most 'possums are of a dingy dun color, but Brother William A. Bowen, of Georgetown, Texas, sends the following story of a remarkable white 'possum which figured in a surprise party where a prominent Hoo-Hoo played the part of host:

Dear Jim—I am sending you for The Bulletin the photograph of a very rare bird, if I may so take liberties with natural history. It is a white 'possum. Now, I was reared in the South and spent much of my life in those sections where persimmons and 'possums ripen synchronously (they can't simplify that spelling and leave the meaning of the word. Hurrah!) Many's the night that I've followed the dogs until the murky gray tints in the east warned that daylight was coming to run 'possums and 'coons to their dens, and have gone home tired and happy with from one to a dozen fat 'possums. I've caught light-gray, dark-gray, and almost black 'possums, but I never saw one of these interesting marsupials with the peach-blossom tail, sly of hair, that was snow white, until last week over at Newport, Ark. I came across one there and got him in front of my camera. He was brought to the hotel before daylight by that frolicsome member of the Arkansas leg-

islature, Hon. John Keel—"and thereby hangs a tale," if you will permit me to quote the great bard and disavow all intentions of a pun.

You know that the Fee-Crayton Hardwood Lumber Company is putting in a fine modern plant at Newport. That prince of good fellows, Edward Ward Crayton, is secretary and treasurer, and while they are building their "living rooms"—to which will be added a culinary department with a chef—Mr. Crayton boards at a hotel. Frank "Funny" Fee, of Newark, Ohio, who is president and general manager (and is also No. 10108 on the book of great Hoo-Hoo) rooms next to Crayton when he goes to Newport. He was over there last week.

Tom Greenwood, a dorky of the new regime, but with the traditional Senegambian propensity for 'possum, caught this white 'possum one night, and was so astonished at its immaculate color, and the length and softness of its fur, that he brought it in town and showed it around. It fell under the legislative eye of John Keel. Mr. Keel is a great friend of Brother Fee, and immediately conceived the happy idea of presenting this rare find to his friend. To make it all the more pleasant to Fee, Mr. Keel determined on playing Santa Claus and putting the 'possum over the transom into Fee's room before daylight, thus giving Brother Fee a delightful surprise.

When John Keel had fully matured his plan of presenting the 'possum to Brother Fee while he slept, he tried to bribe Tom Greenwood, the 'possum-catcher, to take the animal up and drop him over the transom. But Tom, who suspected that an Ohio man might not be as ready to see the large-hearted friendship or recognize the true value of such a gift as would a man from the equator side of Mason and Dixon's line, quickly declined the pleasing task in these words:

"Drap dat 'possum down into de room of dat white man fu'm de No'th! Who? Me? No suh! Iuh! He don't know nuthin' bout 'possums, an' he more'n likely think I done set Tampaboogus on 'im, an' he shoot me, shore, fo' 'projec't' wid his sacred feelin's in such a manner dat time o' mornin'. No, suh! I kaint do dat no how, even fo' five dollars."

Then Representative Keel bribed the night clerk to shut off the lights for a minute, and he got a stranger, who was going off on the early train, to assist him while the rest of us kept watch. Keel got in a chair, swung the 'possum over the transom and let him down as far as he could by his tail and dropped him. Then all of us waited to enjoy the surprise of Brother Fee and hear his eloquent remarks on his good fortune. We didn't have to wait long. The noise of getting the animal through the transom and dropping him into the room half aroused Brother Fee. Then the 'possum, bent on a little investigation of his new quarters on his own account, completed the work of arousing Fee.

"Whose that? You're in the wrong room!" were Fee's first words as he heard the 'possum moving about in there. Then he raised up in bed and got a glimpse of a snow-white figure gliding behind the dresser. Fee sat up in bed and in his half drowsy state thought it was the concatenation that named him "Funny" Fee. The smile that came to his genial face at this thought froze to a set stare of wonder and painful doubt as the white object stretched itself up beside the dresser (the 'possum was trying to climb to a hiding place). Fee said, in a few off hand remarks declared at random in the dark, that the thing was sixteen feet high. Then he turned on the light and met the squint-eyed gaze of the 'possum, with that elongated smile that is so irritating to a student even in his calmest moments. And just then Brother Fee was neither a student nor calm. When he saw that snow-white figure, with its jet-black ears, unflinchingly contemplating him the surprise of Brother Fee was complete. He then expressed himself. His mode of expressing his surprise inoculated the rest of us with the same feeling. He didn't confine his expression to words, either, as was evidenced by the sounds of tearing around in the room, snapping of bed springs, crash of bowl and pitcher, smashing of chairs and tables, mingled with growls like a coon fight and cries for help, murder! fire! police! Just then a door was heard to crash as if kicked open—it was Crayton from the adjoining room come to rescue his friend and partner from what he thought was a murderous burglar.

When the connecting door opened the 'possum saw his chance and he made a dash by Crayton. Fee got a good glimpse of that file-like tail, carried proudly in the air, with "the be-lden curve," and he yelled:

"Good lordy! It's the ghost of the great Hoo-Hoo emblem walking around!"

"Wh-a-a-t! H-s-s! I-I-I-I? Somebody get a gun, quick!"

Look! Whoop!" were the additions of Crayton. He, too, was "surprised!" So were the guests of the hotel, and the landlord and his family, all of whom swarmed in the halls about these two rooms in all kinds and degrees of undress costumes. The women were eltingly hysterical and the men were, as usual on such occasions, diplomatically conservative in words and actions—especially the latter—pretending to be ready to do any desperate and adequate deed as soon as they saw what ought to be done.

Of course it was all done and over in three or four minutes. And then came the laughs. Strange to say, the women didn't laugh. They never do over such jokes. They pretend to indignation at being frightened and at the dreadful language "such nice men at other times" use in an excitement. But the real reason they don't see the joke is the kind of attire they appear in before everybody, and the way they cling to the men—the first ones they come to—for protection.

Well, you can imagine how many cigars and et ceteras this cost Brother Fee. But he was equal to the occasion. And he invited me to be sure and stop at the lumber company's magnificent quarters when I returned to Newport, and live like a lord, and said he wants you to come and do likewise. This was a sort of legitimate, diplomatic bribe to have me tell this episode softly. And I have.



A WINNING PAIR.
Photographed for The Bulletin by Wm. A. Bowen.

You will notice in the picture how innocent is the smile of the 'possum, as if the night before he hadn't raised the everlasting Dickens, and Tom Walker, with two otherwise quiet, meek and plous brethren. And Tom Greenwood, his dusky captor, looks every inch the typical darky-and-his-'possum. Tom can get you a 'possum any time. This one is now in the Buckeye state in Brother Fee's home—a black cat and white 'possum. (No. 2671.)

"The race that combines inventiveness and ability to work will rule the world's future," declares Hamilton W. Mable, a literary expert. Basing the hope on a 1000 years' record of fair-skinned ancestors in Europe and 300 years' activity on this side of the Atlantic, we are not afraid to take chances on the United States branch of the Anglo-Saxon strain.

The Portland Lumber Company has purchased a steamer to engage in the coastwise lumber trade. This is encouraging, although it is only one steamer. The vessel is not as large, fast or staunch a vessel as the same amount of money paid for her would purchase in England, or even over in Victoria or Vancouver. There are foreign vessels coming to Portland nearly every week, which could be purchased for about one-half the price demanded for American craft, but our enterprising citizens are not permitted to buy them unless they will agree to keep them under a foreign flag, where they are not needed. We congratulate the Portland firm on its enterprise in entering the ranks of shipowners, and we extend our regrets that our antiquated navigation laws prevent them from getting as much for their money as the British, German, French, Norwegian and even the Chinese shipowners can get when he enters the market as a buyer of shipping property for general use.—Portland Oregonian.

Beware of the man who never buys a gold brick. The chances are that he sells them.

When children paw a visitor's clothes with their candy-covered fingers, the proper remark for the mother is: "My children are so affectionate."—The Cynic's Rules of Conduct.

On December 12 the House of Representatives rejected "simplified spelling" and by a vote of 142 to 25 the following was adopted as a substitute for the item reported by the "appropriations committee" in the executive, legislative and judicial appropriations bill:

No money appropriated in this act shall be used in connection with printing documents authorized by law or ordered by Congress or any branch thereof, unless the same shall conform to the orthography recognized and used by dictionaries of the English language.

President Roosevelt took the defeat of the measure very gracefully, and said he would continue to use simplified spelling in his personal correspondence—which, of course, is the privilege of any citizen of a free country. In discussing the matter on the floor of the House, representative Lacey, of Iowa, struck at the gist of the whole thing in these words:

To put them (the 300 "simplified" words) by executive order into the laws of the land before they have reached literature is getting the thing wrong-end foremost. Literature comes first; orthography afterward.

"Literature comes first—orthography afterward." Yes, and legislators should amend laws, not language—the latter is the province of litterateurs and lexicographers.

The first real test of the President's method of simple spelling was his message to Congress. Throughout this document, which contains approximately 125,000 letters, Mr. Roosevelt attempted to use the orthography recommended by the phoneticists. The following statistical table shows the result of the test:

Simple spelling statistics of the message:		
Simplified word	No. times used	No. letters saved
Altho	3	9
Tho	7	21
Thoro	2	6
Thoroing	2	6
Thoroly	3	9
Thru	10	30
Thruout	2	6
Past	7	14
Exprest	3	6
Supprest	1	3
Discust	1	2
Wishit	1	2
Slept	2	4
Unloekt	1	1
Demagog	5	10
Program	2	4
Maneuver	2	2
Total saving		134
Total letters in message		125,000

It will be seen that the total saving by this wonderful, drastic and important revolution which was to shorten the education of the child by several months or a year amounts in a document, long of a long kind, to about four and a third lines!

In the South the letter "u" is always given the open sound in such words as due, Tuesday, etc. North of the Ohio River, a great many people pronounce "dues" to rhyme with "booze." This pronunciation is entirely incorrect, but Mr. Roosevelt probably prefers it, as he recommends that "through" be spelled phonetically, "thru." If a Southerner were to "spell at the sound" of this word, he would write it "throo." To him the sight of the letter "u" would never suggest the sound of "oo."

In this connection, the New York Evening Mail had the following editorial the next day after the President's message was published:

"Thru" appeared in the Evening Mail's orthography yesterday for the first and, we devoutly hope, the last time. In deference to President Roosevelt the word was spelled in his message as he prefers to have it.

"Through" never was and never will be pronounced "thru," except by a vulgar and indefensible confusion of "u" with "oo." That confusion is the survival of a New England provincialism. Outside of New York, where a neighbor's sin is sadly prevalent, it is only in the states settled by New Englanders that this orthoepical crime is committed. It is an injustice to the great majority of native-born citizens to speak of it as an "Americanism." The mass of even uneducated Americans give the "u" its due, not its "doo."

"Thru" is a mystification to millions of people in the United States as well as to every subject of Great Britain. It is impossible for them to conceive of any etymological eccentricity absurd enough to demand a phonetic "thru." To those better acquainted with the prevalence of the vulgarism, the objectionable combination of letters is not only a needless obstacle in the way of real spelling reform. It is the sanctioning of one of the worst of verbal sins which the newly formed Society for the Study of Spoken English was organized to remedy.

"Thru" is not simplified spelling. It is simply an offense to good taste and an affront to the English language.

Phonetic Spelling.

Sarcasm, sarcasum, sarkasom, sarchasm, sarchasim, sarkasim, sarkasam, sarchasum, sarkasum? Which is phonetic when you come to think upon it?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Missed in the Mist.

Brother J. D. Rounds, Vicegerent for the Central District of the state of New York, in making the rounds for the firm of which he is a member (Mixer & Co., of Binghamton and Buffalo) got mixed up in the mist, and missed his train. All's well that ends well, however, as will be seen from his jolly letter:

Binghamton, N. Y., December 16, 1906.—Dear Brother Baird: The November Bulletin came to hand the morning I left for West Virginia and I had plenty of time to read it from cover to cover. As usual, I was much interested in all the matter presented, as you have a penchant for "sticking to your text" in all matters that pertain to Hoo-Hoo. At the time I did not think that any part of its contents would apply to me personally, but when I rode all night from Wilmington to Richmond, Va., that I might take a train from there at 9 a. m. for Norfolk in order to gain time, and when I found on presenting my ticket at Norfolk & Western at six minutes to nine that I would have to go to the C. & O. depot twelve blocks away to catch a train for the same destination, and, having used my feet until my breath came in "short pants," and using the street car, and urging the conductor to make all haste, I reached the C. & O. two minutes late and was hung up for seven hours. I sat down and reread your item on page 11 of The Bulletin on simplified spelling and how to distinguish between the words "mist" (meaning missed) and "mist" meaning vapor in the atmosphere. Both meant the same thing to

me at that moment when I rushed in and ploughed through the depot only stopping with my nose sticking through the iron gate that kept me from following the train I "mist," and could only see in the place where it stood two short minutes before a lot of "mist" or vapor. You ask, what did I say? Well, I am glad you could not hear me think. I felt a good deal like the old farmer who went to town with a large load of potatoes in his wagon. When he got to the top of a long hill he stopped to rest his horses and, on looking around, found that the tail-board had worked up and his load had all scattered out. He was an expert at swearing, but he spat out over the wheel and remarked that "he could not do it justice nohow," and drove on. That is about what I did. If you want to get a real good picture of me and how I sized the situation up you will find it aptly expressed in "Afterwhites," page 119, by James Whitcomb Riley, entitled "The Train-misser."

Richmond is a nice place all right, but it loses its attraction like a jail if you are kept there against your will. I employed my time going up to a fruit store and buying a sack of peanuts and going over to the capitol grounds and feeding about two hundred gray squirrels. When we "miss" a train we are not very much concerned as to how the word is spelled, nor is it always a misfortune. There is always another side to the missing of trains aside from the apparent misfortune. A case in point is, that had I made that train I should, in all probability, have gone out to Lynchburg Va. on Thanksgiving morning on the same train President Spencer was killed on; as it was, I went out on the same train the morning after. This should teach us that we should sincerely thank an allwise Father for saving us from the many calamities we never know anything about.

Fraternally yours,
J. D. ROUNDS (12173).

Some Apache Indians in the far west recently stoned to death a squaw who was suspected of being a witch. This reminds one of the early history of New England when the Puritans burned "witches" at the stake. The red man's start at "civilization" is a bit tardy.

No wonder the ancients thought the world was flat. They had no nickel-in-the-slot machine, no bridge whist, no automobiles—no nothing that makes things lively in these later days. Flat, of course it was.

There is a little less glitter in an Alaska gold mine after one has read of three men making \$410,000 out of a Washington saw-mill in a very few years. And nearly all saw-mill properties have made big money while a majority of the miners have gone broke.

If you would make a lifelong friend of a man who lives in a hall bedroom, accuse him of leading a double life.

There is only one worse break than asking a woman her age: it is looking incredulous when she tells it.

Indorse checks about two inches from the end. Don't indorse notes at all.—The Cynic's Rules of Conduct.

Mrs. Storer asserts she discovered Roosevelt. She certainly lost him.

Brownsville, Texas.

Some of the brethren in the North who are more or less excited over the discharge of the negro soldiers because of the affair at Brownsville, Texas, hold to the jaundiced view that the playful action of the gentle colored soldiers in shooting up the town and murdering a few of the denizens thereof was the result of prejudice on the part of the Brownsville folks, they being benighted Southerners who are not enamored of a negro in uniform. It might be well for them to acquire a little information as to the character of Brownsville's population. Brownsville is on the Rio Grande and directly opposite the town of Matamoras, Mexico. It has about 7,000 inhabitants, and of these 5,000 are Mexicans, 1,300 Northerners, 375 assorted foreigners, 200 former Federal soldiers and their descendants,

100 Jews, 50 negroes and 25 Southerners, of whom three are ex-Confederates. These are the figures as furnished by the Houston Post, a reliable newspaper, soon after the negroes' attack on the town occurred. It is therefore manifestly absurd to charge the disturbance to Southern sentiment when the Northern population so largely outnumbered the Southern and when the Mexican or greater population constitutes five-sevenths of the whole population. As a matter of fact, Brownsville, except in location, is not a Southern town. It is more Mexican than American, and is separated from Mexico only by the Rio Grande del Norte, which in spite of its large name is a measly little river, rather long but not imposing in appearance. The Northern critics doubtless fancy that Brownsville's population is composed chiefly of fierce Southern Colonels. It is not. If that were so, there would probably have been no necessity for mustering out the negro soldiers. The Colonels would have made chili con carne of them.—Nashville Daily American.

Brother Scrivener:

Here's your dollar sixty-five,
And as you take it in
Don't think I'm kicking for a little extra tin.
The Bulletin's worth the difference,
With its news and cheer and joke,
And we're not a set of beggars
With an empty money poke;
But the thing that makes me maddest,
Makes me kick and snort and rage,
Is the loss of that dear old Hoo-Hoo joke,
(Out of the dollar) "keep the change."
It has cheered my drooping spirits
Through many a long, long year,
And when my brothers used it
They seemed to me more dear.
Now what can we do to replace it?
What have you to offer in cheer?
For this dearest of old Hoo-Hoo jokes has gone up
At the end of this Hoo-Hoo year.

Without apologies.

Yours,

S. H. HATHAWAY.

The Broken Nose.

We've got a baby. Since it came
There's not a single thing the same.
I act just like I did before,
But no one loves me any more.
I guess I'd better run away.
I might as well, for if I stay
Who'll know or care? Perhaps a year
Will pass before they ever hear.
I'll take the things I like the best,
My Sunday tie, my velvet vest,
The spotted eggs and bluebird's nest,
The Autumn leaves that mother pressed,
The rabbit skin that father dressed,
All these I'll take and go out West.
I ought to start, but Oh, the sky
Is dark today and very high.
Still, after all, I guess I'll wait
For father by the garden gate.
He'll maybe rough my hair and say
"Well, well, my boy! How goes the day?
You're big enough to make it pay."
Oh, dear, I wish he'd come; though he
May never even notice me—
And yet I guess I'll wait and see.

—American Magazine.

Dear Bellamy and dear Maria did not use the simplified spelling in their private correspondence.—Nashville Banner.

Avoid church fairs. It hurts less to be stung by the Scoffers than by the Faithful.
Cure your wife of bargain-shopping, and you will have more money for bucket-shopping.

It is not good form to congratulate a girl friend upon her engagement. Simply remark, "So you landed him at last."—The Cynic's Rules of Conduct.

409 Carondelet Street, New Orleans, La., December 6, 1906.
Dear Brother Baird: Enclosed please find 65 cents, amount due on The Bulletin; have often wondered how you could manage to send The Bulletin and pay dues for 99 cents. I hope every member will pay the small amount. I am still of the opinion that our Order should have an insurance department. All other orders have it. Say that there were an assessment of 65 cents on the death of each member, 25 cents to keep up the insurance department, 40 cents for family of deceased, do you not think this would be a great inducement for every good Hoo-Hoo to keep all dues paid up feeling that at his death his family would be helped?
H. G. BARROW (No. 4400).

Probably very few people are entirely satisfied with their "in-laws," but it does seem that Mr. Howard Gould has "got in" particularly bad in this respect. His sister-in-law married a Chinaman and his sister married Count Boni De Castellane. A western newspaper says:

The sensational newspapers of the country recently made elaborate comment on the fact that Mr. Howard Gould, of New York, had a Chinaman for a brother-in-law. News now coming to hand from Paris would indicate that he also has a good deal of an "Indian" for a brother-in-law. Comparisons, according to Mrs. Partington, are "odorous," but, ignoring any racial favoritism, it would seem that Mr. Gould has much more cause for being proud of Brother-in-law Ah Sin, the heathen Chinese, than of Brother-in-law Boni, the heathen Castellane. Brother-in-law Ah Sin runs a laundry. Brother-in-law Boni should be run through one—and then emptied into the sewer.

Speaking of in-laws: It now transpires that "My dear Maria" is an aunt of Nicholas Longworth. Nicholas will certainly have to exercise much tact.

According to the Literary Digest, a recent issue of the North American Review contains statistics that "yield interesting and suggestive facts." In the Missouri state prison there are 1,794 convicts, of whom 1,267, or more than two-thirds, profess some sort of religious belief. Of these 396 are Baptists. At first glance this looks like a serious reproach to Baptists; but it is not, because, following along in the list close behind are 335 Methodists and 312 Catholics. Then come 120 Christians. It was not stated how these last differed from their more numerous and specifically mentioned brethren. The fifth place is held down by the Presbyterians. Of these there are only 48. The Lutherans occupy an inconspicuous position with a membership of 29, while the Episcopalians have 16. Just why the last-named popular church is so meagerly represented was not explained. It may be that Episcopalians consider it bad form to be arrested, and no doubt it is well that those sixteen Episcopalians are where they are. The rear is brought up in a dignified manner by six Hebrews and five Dunkards.

The moral of all this, if any moral can be deduced, is, be a Unitarian, a Spiritualist, or even a Seventh-Day Adventist and you will be free. Or is it possible that these persons all joined church after they were put in prison? Probably some or many of them did; and the figures, therefore, mean only that the Missouri Baptists believe, more than any other denomination, that while the lamp holds out to burn the striped sinner may return.

Wild oats make poor breakfast food.—The Cynic's Rules of Conduct.

One Secret She Kept.

Miss Mary B. Anthony, the sister of the famous Susan B. Anthony, was talking about the old, old accusation against woman that she cannot keep a secret.

"A woman," said Miss Anthony, "can keep an important secret as well as a man. The secrets she reveals are slight and harmless ones, such as any man would reveal. Where is the woman who ever tells a secret that reflects on her husband or her own children?"

"I know a man who one day refused to tell his wife the outcome of a business transaction in which, naturally, she took a deep interest.

"No," he sneered, 'I won't tell you. If I did you'd repeat it. You women can never keep a secret.'

"John," said the woman, quietly, 'have I ever told the secret about the solitary engagement ring you gave me 18 years ago being paste?'—Kansas City Journal.

In Poona, at the Government House, for more than a quarter of a century every cat which passed out of the front door at dark was saluted by the sentry, who presented arms to the terrified pussy.

It seems that in 1838 Sir Robert Grant, Governor of Bombay, died in the Government House, Poona, and on the evening of the day of his death a cat was seen to leave the house by the front door and to walk up and down a particular path precisely as the late Governor had been used to do after sunset. A Hindu sentry observed and reported this to the sepoys of his faith and they laid the matter before a priest, who explained to them the mystery of the dogma of the transmigration of souls. "In this cat," he said, "was reincarnated the soul of the deceased Governor Grant, and it should therefore be treated with the military honors due to His Excellency."

As, however, the original sentry could not identify the particular cat he had seen on the evening of the day of Sir Robert's death it was decided that every cat which passed out of the main entry after dark should be saluted as the avatar of His Excellency. Thus for over a quarter of a century every cat that passed out after sunset had military honors paid to it, not by Hindu sentries only, but—such is the infection of a superstition—by Mohammedan, native Christian and even Jewish soldiers.—Clipping from "South China Post" sent in by George J. Milward, Hoo-Hoo No. 14670.

Why Not Come South?

All the Arctic explorers catch cold as soon as they return to the belt that we live in. Peary went 18 months in the far north without a cold, but the New England climate has floored him.—Springfield (Mass.), Republican.

There is quite a tinge of the past in the San Francisco dispatch announcing the return of the whaler Bowhead after a cruise of three years and eight months in the Arctic. In the old days of the New Bedford fleet three and four-year whaling voyages were not unusual, but the world was moving slower then and the returning whalers found no such rapid history making as now takes place in much less time than is occupied in a whaling cruise. The Bowhead brought back a \$100,000 cargo, and her success will make it much easier to sign another crew at the customary \$1 per month and a share in the profits. There is still an opportunity for some forecastle novelist to get out a later and more up-to-date whaling yarn than that most interesting "Cruise of the Cachalot."—Seattle Post Intelligence.

The gentlemen who make cartoons for the humorous periodicals of the East long ago decided that the typical citizen of Oklahoma was a lean, hungry-looking individual with a mustache that could be tied behind his ears, or whiskers that expanded generously over his manly bosom and were beautifully tinted with tobacco juice.

The Oklahoma Journal of Commerce has just issued an illustrated edition which shows how little caricaturists often know about their business. Of its 105 portraits of more or less prominent citizens there are only five exhibits of whiskers, and four of these are as closely cropped as Vice President Fairbanks'. The sole exception is not a type of funny-paper whiskers, but of the old-fashioned

American beard that is believed to have had its roots in the fertile soil of the Western reserve.

Mustaches are more numerous. There are 25 among the 105—not Alkali like mustaches, but rather of the well-trimmed New York kind. None of these Oklahoma mustaches would attract particular attention in Wall Street.

But beards and mustaches are in a hopeless minority. Out of eight editors seven have smooth faces. Seventeen out of 29 Republican politicians are smooth faced and only two have beards. In the Democracy whiskers are held in even less esteem, 44 out of 58 prominent Democrats being smoothly shaven.

Eureka, Cal., December 9, 1906—J. H. Baird—Dear Sir: Enclosed find money order for my dues and subscription to The Bulletin. I appreciate The Bulletin very much.

Yours truly,

H. G. GOW (No. 15195).

Fresno, Cal., December 12, 1906—J. H. Baird, Esq., Nashville, Tenn.—Dear Sir and Brother: Enclosed please find postoffice order for 66 cents for subscription to The Bulletin for 1907. It is very cheap at the price. I consider it the best of the many publications I receive.

Yours truly,

BEN HUNT (No. 17681).

Tampa, Fla., December 14, 1906—J. H. Baird, Scrivener, Nashville, Tenn.—Dear Sir: Enclosed you will please find a postoffice money order for my 1907 dues. I do not think the dues are at all high. Kindly mail me card.

Yours truly,

JESSIE H. DUNNE (No. 15786).

Ye Gallant Editor.

The Saturday Evening Post says that "the woman who figures in the news usually cuts a sorry figure." Which depends upon what sort of a newspaper you read and where you live. What sort of women figure in the news of Philadelphia papers may be left to the judgment of the editor of the Post, but out here in Oregon we are proud of the women who figure most in the news. They cut no sorry figure. They are leaders in the work of the women's clubs. They carry the burdens of our most valuable reform movements. They organize crusades against unsanitary markets, gather contributions for charitable institutions, care for the orphans and lift up the fallen. They add their full share to our literature, their voices fill our hearts with joy, and their well-trained fingers strike chords that thrill our souls with rapture. The woman who figures in the news in Oregon usually cuts a very pleasing figure. The Post may speak for Philadelphia women and Philadelphia newspapers.—Portland Oregonian.

From time to time during the past few years I have reprinted in The Bulletin poems by Douglas Malloch, of Chicago, whose verses have for some time illuminated the pages of the American Lumberman. I have always liked Brother Malloch's poetry and I am glad that he has lately published a book. For it is very much more convenient to have poems in a book than to have them clipped out of a paper and lying around in a drawer awaiting the time when the rush of work will lighten up a bit so as to leave a few minutes for pasting things in a scrap book. I have at least four bushels of poems clipped out. Not all of them are by Douglas Malloch but some of them are, and so I am delighted to have his beautiful book "In Forest Land."

"I'll hang my harp upon a tree," sings Brother Malloch in the first poem in his book. He does not say what sort of tree, but I know it is not a willow. The willow is the symbol of sorrow, and Brother Malloch's songs strike a full vibrant note of joy and hope. In this respect he is different from a great many poets. Poetry and pessimism

frequently go together, and there was a time when if a poet were not melancholy, he was not regarded as the real thing. His verses had to drip with tears, or else he was suspected of not having any genuine inspiration. Happily that time is past. We now know that joy is as poetical as woe and that our smiles reflect more of Heaven than our tears.

In my mind poetry and the forest are very intimately associated. I have always loved them both. I was "raised" in the country and my early memories are of "the melody of leaves astrife." Many a time I have sat on a log in the woods with a thumb-worn copy of Byron, or some other favorite poet. The forest was the safest place for me to read poetry—if I had stayed in the house I would have had to lay the book down at the most interesting moment to "run and chase the chickens out of the garden," or to do various other unpoetical jobs which children on a farm are supposed to enjoy. The leafy wood appealed to me then and it has never lost its charm. I can well understand that to a poet the forest would furnish a never-failing source of inspiration.

Brother Malloch's book is alive with the stir of the



DOUGLAS MALLOCH,
Author of "In Forest Land."

leaves, the hum of the saw-mill and the other myriad activities of the great industry so near to the heart of Hoo-Hoo. He sings also of the lumber camp and even of the lumber-camp cat, whose happy lot all city cats should envy. Cats love the woods. I know, because the cats at our house used to "go wild" and run off to live in the woods. Many a kitten I have fed and petted for weeks, only to have it "take to the woods" a little later on. We used to set traps in the woods for "varmints" that made chicken-raising a thing of great difficulty, and very often when we visited the traps we found one of our old cats instead of mink or weasel.

Mr. Malloch's book, to many readers of poetry, opens up a new world and gives an insight into phases of life but little known to the general public. The romance of the log raft, the music of the "old accordion" in the camp, the "callin' of the pine," the ring of the woodsman's axe—all these and more are in the book, which is very beautifully printed and illustrated.

"In Forest Land" is published by the American Lumberman, Chicago, Ill. The price is \$1.25 per copy.

The Upward Trail.

Out in the dark woods all alone,
My only candle light a star,
I git 't thinkin' of the things
Above the curtain blue and far.
They say that Heaven is up there,
That there the great white angels sing;
I wonder if that misty cloud
Is not, perhaps, an angel's wing?
They say the gates are made of pearl,
They say the streets are paved with gold,
And that there ain't no night at all—
No winter wind, no rain er cold.

Sometimes I think I'd like to go
A-lookin' through that land so fair.
I wonder if they ever let
A timber cruiser in up there?
I guess a mackinaw won't do
Alongside of them angel suits.
Suppose a man'd dare to walk
On golden streets in cowhide boots?
The shanty fellows sing
On Sunday nights, when pipes are low,
Won't do up there at all. And them's
The only kind of songs I know!

But I have heard some preacher tell,
Who'd seen it in a big black book,
That once there was a Cruiser who
From earth to Heaven made a look.
This Cruiser, so the preacher said,
Was estimatin' for us all—
For timber cruisers jest as much
As some rich fellow in St. Paul.
"Believe in God, believe in men,
"Be square," this preacher used to say,
"And you will find the trail. For One
Has gone ahead and blazed the way."

—Douglas Malloch "In Forest Land."

Power to see the future has a certain place in business—an exceedingly humble one, however. It is employed professionally by some ladies and gentlemen at an average price of about a dollar a sitting. They can see things afar off, but not the landlord who is coming up the stairs to throw them out nor the policeman who is coming around the corner to run them in. Prescience and clairvoyance have no place in the equipment of men who are able to make a living in less hazardous and persecuted callings.

The best and safest business ability concerns itself exclusively with the thing immediately under its nose.

Thirty-five years ago it was very decidedly an open question with Marshall Field, then moneyless and discouraged, whether he should continue the enterprise in the subsequent conduct of which he laid the foundation of his great fortune. His firm had been cleaned out by the Chicago fire. To borrow the money necessary to carry it on seemed difficult and the outlook doubtful. Persons who ought to know say that it was the junior partner, Mr. Leiter, rather than Mr. Field, who insisted upon going ahead. As a rule Mr. Field's judgment was better than Leiter's, but there seems to be little doubt that on this crucial point the man of poorer judgment, the less able business man, was right. And he was right simply because events that no man could foresee played into his hands.—From "The Mere Incident of Failure," by Will Payne in January "Everybody's."

When Mr. Hearst, of "yellow journal" fame, purchased "The Cosmopolitan" he announced that the magazine would be conducted "along the same conservative lines" as had characterized his other publications. Some of the folks who read the announcement were led to the conclusion that Mr. Hearst is a bit short on a sense of humor. Perhaps he really does not know what "conservative" means.

In the January issue of The Cosmopolitan a writer named Norcross "exposes" Mr. Weyerhaeuser, the "timber king," in an article in which the statement is made that Weyerhaeuser is richer than John D. Rockefeller. The article has attracted a great deal of attention, especially in the Pacific Northwest where a large portion of the Weyerhaeuser timber lands are located. The Oregonian says editorially:

Mr. Norcross, the Hearst writer who obtained such wholesale returns of glowing fiction for the meager investment of fact in his magazine article on Weyerhaeuser, the timber king, made an unfortunate mistake in mixing fact and fiction. The subject, handled either as fact or as fiction, contained wonderful possibilities, but the amalgamation of the two was like unto that of oil and water. Assuming that Mr. Norcross had paid no attention to fiction in connection with the matter and instead had proceeded to show up the magnificent and far-reaching llen-land steal, in that subject alone he would have found possibilities for sensations of wonderful proportions. The country from Maine to Oregon and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf has resounded with the infamy of minor land thieves who gathered in a few scattering tracts of land in an illegal manner. This petty larceny method of grafting pulled down men of high degree and tarnished many a name with a stain which it will require generations of good conduct to wear off.

All this was accomplished by the misdeeds of men whose emoluments as compared with those of the big timber thieves were of the same relative importance as a penny bears to a thousand-dollar bill. If the petty crimes of these men who were picking up quarter sections were of such thrilling interest, what might we expect when the muck-rakers turned loose on the llen-land grabbers who were stealing the timber of the country in township and county installments? But Mr. Norcross makes only scanty allusions to the enormous llen-land steal, using it merely as a vehicle on which to haul in Mr. Weyerhaeuser, who, by a few strokes of the Norcross pen, or, to be up to date, a few clicks of the Norcross typewriter, becomes a richer man than John D. Rockefeller. Practically everything mentioned by Norcross in connection with Mr. Weyerhaeuser's methods of acquiring interests in North Pacific timber lands is fiction.

The star feature of the story is the sale of 1,000,000 acres of timber land at \$6 per acre. Nearly every timber man on the Pacific Coast is familiar with the details of that sale. Many of them had previously bought equally good timber from the railroads for less money, and not a few of them were of the opinion that Weyerhaeuser had been bunced by paying \$6 per acre for such a large tract with good, bad or indifferent timber included. Even in his fiction Mr. Norcross fails to make the most of his opportunities. His computations on the value of the Weyerhaeuser timber holdings run into a bewildering maze of millions, but they by no means exhaust the subject.

What possibilities for numbers numberless, had Norcross stopped to figure out the value of those holdings on the basis of the timber being manufactured into matches or toothpicks. Some of the quarter sections in the Weyerhaeuser holdings are said to contain 10,000,000 feet of timber, and the product, figured into toothpicks, would show a value enormously in excess of that given by Norcross. Like most of the Hearst stories and exposures the Norcross article loses its value by reason of the author jumbling his facts and fiction in such a manner that one is not distinguishable from the other.

Don't you wish you were rich enough to be exposed?

Lippincott's for January displays on its cover a portrait of Robert E. Lee, and the magazine contains "Personal Memories of Lee" by Mrs. Pickett, whose husband was General Pickett. The picture of General Lee referred to is from a portrait painted by J. W. King in 1865 and declared to be the best likeness of Lee ever produced.

The following is from Clyde S. Martin, one of the graduates of the Yale University Forest School, New Haven, Conn., who comments on a letter from Brother J. D. Guthrie in a recent issue of The Bulletin:

New Haven, Conn., November 28, 1906.—If intentions had been deeds you would probably have received this little extra remittance long since.

I am heartily in favor of your increased dues, and particularly like the manner in which the raise has been made. The membership card is a beauty and a credit to its designer.

I notice with interest Brother John Guthrie's letter on the new spelling. Now, to anyone who knows "Guth," or rather "John D.," well, the explanation of his stand on the matter is very simple. The fact is, that he is an inveterate letter writer; how he manages to write so many has always been a source of wonder to all of us. That being the case it's easy to see that any short cuts in spelling or writing would be very welcome to him.

We Hoo-Hoo here in the school are planning to send down a good bunch of "kittens" to the next "concatenation" in New York.



Some day I shall write an exhaustive article on the fallacies and foibles of American magazine writers. I have collected a lot of data as I go along and am adding to it day by day. Everything I read in magazines seems to be all wrong, especially in the line of "travel articles," for which I have a special liking. You will probably recall the gentle call-down the Hoot Mon handed me because I quoted an article from a magazine writer who dwelt at some length on the extreme difficulty of purchasing a copy of a daily paper in Edinburgh. A few months ago I read in a magazine some facts and figures concerning the slums of London. I distinctly remember that the article made the statement that there are "two million people" in the East End of London who can neither read or write. I thought that sounded pretty big, and when I had occasion to use the knowledge (?) thus gained, I scaled the figures down a bit, just on my own hook, and wrote "more than a million" instead of two million. I thought I was being quite conservative! Now comes a letter from a citizen of London who says I am away "off." I am glad to know it. I hate to think there are two million people living anywhere like pigs in a pen—only without anybody to throw corn over the fence to them. I was, therefore, greatly pleased to get the following excellent letter from Hoo-Hoo No. 13782:

Office of Wright, Graham & Co., Timber Brokers, St. Mary Abchurch House, 123, 125, 127 Cannon St., London, E. C., 18 December, '06—Dear Brother Baird: Enclosed please find cheque for \$1.65 in payment of my dues and subscription to The Bulletin. The latter always provides me with interesting reading, but the November issue suggests to me an old saying to the effect that to get news of home one must go abroad. In your "Notes and Comments," you remark, "In London's East Side there are more than a million people who can neither read or write and who live out their sodden days in squalid misery."

This is news with a vengeance! You write such a lot of good stuff that I hate to see you so far out in your facts. I, therefore, take the liberty of giving you a few figures.

First of all, by the "East Side" I assume you mean what we term the "East End." The standard work on this subject is Charles Booth's "Life and Labour of The People in London," and from it I learn that in the district commonly called the "East End," the last census (1901) showed a population of 284,748, of whom 58 per cent were "living in comfort," and 42 per cent "living in poverty"—as differing from "living in comfort" but not necessarily all very poor or destitute. In the outer or real East End, there was an additional population of 346,599, so that the total population was a little over 600,000. In this latter district 66 per cent were "living in comfort" and 34 per cent "living in poverty," but to quote Booth, "except in a few special parts, it is in no way poverty-stricken." I cannot give you figures as to illiteracy, but excluding infants, I should say, probably 5 to 10 per cent can neither read or write, this class being increased owing to number of aliens in this quarter. As to the outward appearance of poverty, I am in the East End two or three days a week and can see no more signs of poverty than I did in the East Side of New York.

I hope you understand that I do not write you this in a spirit of carping criticism. I have taken some trouble to get

these figures for you, as I believe you are a seeker after truth. Don't believe all you hear about London, but come over and see for yourself, and let me be your guide. In many respects London is undoubtedly the greatest city the world has ever seen, and its people are not so slow as you might imagine from some of the tales of your countrymen.

I don't hold any brief for London, being an exile from my native land—a "gold Scotchman," as my friend the "Hoot Mon" told you once before. At least I hope I am, and to show "there's nae ill fo'fin," I enclose a Christmas card containing a bit o' Scotch heather.

Wishing you the compliments of the season, a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year, I am,
Fraternally yours,
W. C. DAVIE (No. 13782).

Now, that is a nice letter isn't it? And the Christmas card is beautiful.

I believe there is one subject upon which Brother Davie will agree with me—and that is "simplified spelling." Do you note that he encloses a "cheque" and that the folks in London "labour" instead of labor? You can always tell whether a book is published in England or America if you will notice the spelling of such words as parlor, honor, etc. Over there they leave the "n" in, not being yet as much simplified in their spelling as we are.

From One of Our Elder Brothers.

Office of The Texas Company, Beaumont, Texas, December 15, 1906.—Dear Hoo-Hoo: Enclosed please find my Gulf National for \$1.65 in payment of my 1907 dues. I am pleased with the raise, as I read and enjoy every word in The Bulletin. April 26, 1907, I reach my 70th birthday, and although no longer connected with the lumber business, I feel as much interest in Hoo-Hoo today as when I "crossed the burning sands," and hope I may continue paying dues for at least 20 years longer.
Yours fraternally,
HENRY MILLER (No. 1432).

Compliments of the season.

In the December Bulletin a brief paragraph was published in regard to the calamitous nature of the year 1906. A few of the biggest catastrophes were mentioned. Concerning this paragraph a San Francisco brother—Supreme Junior Hoo-Hoo Wallace W. Everett, begs to enter a protest, and I am going to print his letter, even though I know it will probably call forth vigorous kicks from the brothers at Seattle, Portland, Los Angeles and other Pacific Coast cities:

Office of Pacific Coast Wood & Iron, 22 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal., December 28, 1906.—Mr. J. H. Baird, Publisher Hoo-Hoo Bulletin, Nashville, Tenn.—My Dear Jimmy: Here is a little clipping which I have taken from your red-decked Christmas Bulletin. Will you please be so good as to cut out, as I have done in the clipping, all reference to San Francisco's being destroyed by earthquake and fire? It will be mighty good of you if you will for we lovers of this good old town feel touchy on the subject of its so-called destruction.

Another thing, too. It is exceptionally hard upon the other cities on this coast, for, if San Francisco was destroyed by fire, and today is doing 2-1-5 times more business, as shown by the clearing house reports, than the sum of all the other western cities of Los Angeles, Portland, Tacoma, Spokane and Seattle, why then, San Francisco being destroyed, these other cities never existed.

This letter is written just a few days before the first of the New Year. The writer's office is now located in a permanent brick and stone building which has been constructed on the site from which a building was removed by fire April 18, last. On all sides of us is heard the song of the festive steam pile driver, and there is more of this music to come. Such world-known stores as Shreve & Co., the White House, Nathan-Dorhamman all join in the report that their Christmas sales were greater than ever before in the fifty years history of their establishments.

Jimmy, this certainly does not look like San Francisco, the joyful city where more people have been happier longer than in any other place (of course barring Nashville) has left the map of progressive municipalities. We certainly have our grafters here—three or four of them under arrest—but thousands grafting on new life and vigor and growth to their past fire business efforts.

My heartiest good wishes go out to you and yours in this, the commencement of the New Year of 1907, and may all that can be, be yours during the years to come.

Yours in Hoo-Hoo,
WALLACE W. EVERETT (No. 5338).

Undoubtedly the world has never seen anything like the quick recovery of San Francisco. Its motto ought to be *E Cineribus Resurgo*, for surely it has risen from the ashes more promptly and more completely than the fabled phoenix.

His New Year's Resolution.

Gebhart—What's your new year's resolution, old man?
Carson—Do you see that handsome widow over there?
Gebhart—I do; but what's that got to do with my question?

Carson—Everything. She looks well, doesn't she?

Gebhart—She does.

Carson—Well, I believe in letting well alone. That's my resolution.

"Do you believe you are a poor man beside Frederick Weyerhaeuser, the lumberman who has been written up as 'richer than Rockefeller?'" This question very much amused John D. Rockefeller, the oil king, as he went off to play golf on his Potomac Hills estate.

"I think, as in other cases, his fortune has been greatly overestimated," Mr. Rockefeller replied. "I do not know Mr. Weyerhaeuser personally, but my people have had business dealings with him, once, I believe, in a case where there was some difference, but everything was adjusted. He has always been spoken of as a man of high honor and integrity."

"But if Mr. Weyerhaeuser gathered up a billion dollars' worth of the natural resources of the country, at a time when it was not known how vital they would be to the welfare of the whole people, do you believe his fortune is a menace?"

"I am not prepared to discuss the ethics of large fortunes," Mr. Rockefeller replied, "but this much I can tell you: Great wealth is a great burden, a great responsibility. It invariably proves to be one of two things—either a great blessing or a great curse. We are only stewards."

"But every man has to give an accounting of his stewardship," continued Mr. Rockefeller seriously, "and those who possess great wealth should have to show that they are competent to use it properly—should pass an examination and be judged, perhaps, by what they do with their money."

The Standard Oil millionaire laughed when asked if the statement accredited to Mr. Rogers, but repudiated by him, that Mr. Rockefeller's income is \$60,000,000 a year, was accurate.

"Surely you don't believe the foolish stories about my wealth, do you?" he replied. He said that exaggerated accounts of some men's wealth did much to create discontent, but he would not disabuse the public mind further concerning the \$60,000,000 a year.

Mr. Rockefeller was asked for a sentiment for Christmas. The "steward" of millions thought a moment, then said:

"Good will to all men and gratitude to God—that, I should say, should be the Christmas sentiment for everyone."—New York World.

Happy New Year.

There is an old saying that if you are happy on the first day of January, good fortune will be yours throughout the year. I trust, therefore, you were all in good health and spirits on New Year's Day. If not, you might as well begin now. Perhaps it will add to your cheerfulness to reflect for a few minutes on how much better the world is

now than at any other time in its history. There are persons who are fond of sighing over the "good old times" that are forever gone, and of comparing nowadays with the past era of simplicity.

But in that good old past they burned women and children as witches, and beat them for slight offenses; they hung culprits by their thumbs and put crazy people in narrow iron cages; they smothered between feather beds the unfortunate who had been bitten by a mad dog; they shut the windows and piled on blankets to bring on a sweat. When one had fever they refused the prayers of the sufferer for a drink of cold water, dosed with drugs, bled and blistered him into eternity.

There were no free public schools in the good old past, no homes for the old and disabled, no refuge for the erring, no reformatory for the wayward youth, no orphan establishments, few and badly arranged hospitals, no free libraries, no cheap books, pictures and newspapers.

If the world is growing worse every day, as some declare, how is it that charity is every day stretching her arms wider to rescue, preserve and cherish asylums for the fallen, homes to cure the drunkard, hospitals with tender nurses to assist and shelter the sick and disabled? No more foul, airless cells for the criminals. Now our asylums and hospitals are clean, ventilated and warm. The unfortunate are wisely cared for, skillfully treated, amused and instructed, and often cured and restored to usefulness.

On the high seas and rocky coasts, where in the good old past there were murderous pirates and wreckers, there are now lifeboats and life-saving stations, an army of men whose business it is to prevent shipwreck if possible and rescue those who may be thrown on the mercy of the sea. Of the peril and labors of those gallant surfmen some idea may be had from statistics. There may have some bad grown into the world, but enough good has also grown to overwhelm any deficiencies.

Frankfort, Mich., December 27, 1906.—Herewith find check for \$1.65 in payment of dues to September 9, 1907. I think the increase in dues all right—should have been increased long ago. The Bulletin alone is worth more than the amount.

Wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year,

Yours fraternally,

LEO F. HALE (No. 971).

No form of literary work has been so overdone as paragraphing. I do not mean editorial paragraphs on topics of general interest, but that tiresome little list of smart sayings along the line of abstract ideas, which many papers publish from time to time, signed by such inane pen names as "Polly Pop-eye" or "Johnny Jump-up." Some of the Western writers toss off from their glittering pens the sort of paragraphs which make one wish that they would send out a solemn warning beforehand, so the gentle reader might escape to the cyclone cellar. But for the most part the paragraph writers are not heavy-weights, and their wisdom is diluted to the last degree. Here is a sample from a Philadelphia paper:

"The popular person is he who can convey volumes without an avalanche of adjectives."

Now, what sense is there in that? In the first place, the popular person is one who does not convey volumes at all, but who listens fluently and makes the other fellow feel big. And as for an "avalanche of adjectives," it would be refreshing to meet a person whose vocabulary permits of such an "avalanche." The majority of people have only one adjective in their whole outfit, and the worst of it is that this adjective is the very one that properly describes only a few things. To some people everything they like is "elegant." Another has a fad for "exquisite," though there are few things in the world that are really exquisite. Then, again, some people persist in calling everything

"goodlooking," even the weather, if it is pleasant. But I was talking of paragraphs. Here is another choice morsel: "It is strange that a baby never looks fat and healthy like a little dog does."

Aside from the faulty construction of this crippled sentence, it is surely the silliest of all. All babies are fat, unless they are sick. It is a wise provision of nature that the young of all animals are born fat.

I am sure we all feel better, now that we have been told by the paragraph man: "The simultaneous possession of gorgeous jewels and stupendous debts is quite the smart thing." And also it is a relief to know that "fools are seldom born so. Persuasion and Vanity whisper into their ears, dazzling them into idocy." Observe the figure of speech—"dazzled" by a whisper!

This is the metaphor that wins the prize: "When we are overtaken by a shower of ideas, we take refuge under the umbrella of words." I do not believe this writer has been caught in many "showers of ideas," which is a good thing, for I believe his umbrella is leaky.

Now, for fear some ill-natured person will bob up and say I can't write paragraphs, and am jealous of the people who can, I beg to append these inimitable bits of wit and wisdom, and, if I hear of any sudden deaths within the next few days, I shall know what caused them:

I would rather be blindfolded at a dog fight than busted at the races.

Nothing is more difficult to manage than the blamed fool who means well.

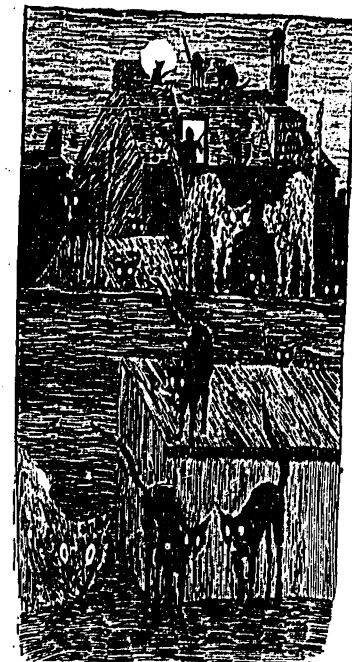
If you don't blow your own horn, you are apt to come out at the little end of it.

A man can sometimes save more money by letting other people's business alone than he can make by attending to his own.

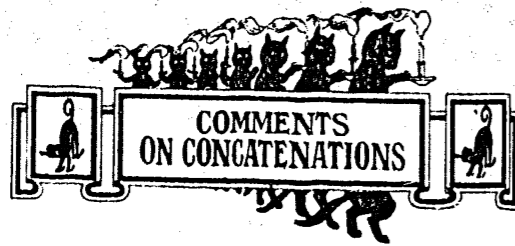
When commonplace people talk about books they are more unendurable than ever.

It is better to be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than to dwell out in the weather under a tarpaulin.

There are two ways to do everything—the right way and the wrong way. The wrong way is always easier, and usually answers just as well.



"NIGHT HATH A THOUSAND EYES."
(Set to Music.)
(Gems of literature repolished.)



"Rescued" One of Their Lives.

The quoted word above was perpetrated on the Scrivener by Brother R. J. Morton in reporting upon Vicegerent Baugh's concatenation held at Beaumont on December 1. Brother Morton writes:

"We had a rousing good time and some of the kittens thought that eight of their lives were lost when rescued."

This complicated simplicity of simplified spelling has not yet fully entered into the inner consciousness of the Scrivener, and consequently he was worried for quite a while to make out exactly what Brother Morton meant. When finally asking for assistance on the word he tried to pronounce it and lo! it was as it was written.

Brother Baugh's concatenation was a great success. Fifty-two men were initiated, and there was a rousing time at Beaumont while Hoo-Hoo owned the town. There is always inspiration for the Order in Texas concatenations. These boys of the Southwest know how to have a good time, and when they gather together in the name of Hoo-Hoo such an occasion is surely guaranteed, and all who journeyed to Beaumont for the festivities of December 1 were not disappointed.

Snark, W. M. Baugh; Senior Hoo-Hoo, D. J. Flavin; Junior Hoo-Hoo, H. K. Nussbaum; Bojum, C. S. Haggerty; Scrivener, R. J. Morton; Jabberwock, John West; Custocatian, C. L. Rutt; Arcanoper, James Shelton; Gurdon, T. P. Wier.

- 18168 Arthur Farragut Acres, Torreon, Coahuila, Mex.; A. F. Acres.
- 18169 Maxwell Douglas Almond, Remlig, Texas; general sales agent Alexander Gilmer Lumber Co.
- 18170 Bertrand Evender Ball, Silsbee, Texas; master mechanic Kirby Lumber Co., Houston, Texas.
- 18171 Turner "Logroller" Bass, Evadale, Texas; salesman Kirby Lumber Co., Houston, Texas.
- 18172 Joseph Step Bennett, Rockland, Texas; master mechanic Aldridge Lumber Co.
- 18173 Percy Bennett, Beaumont, Texas; salesman Industrial Lumber Company.
- 18174 David Robert Bird, Bessmay, Texas; assistant manager Kirby Lumber Company.
- 18175 Thomas David Blair, Bessmay, Texas; local salesman Kirby Lumber Company.
- 18176 Wiley James Brackin, Nacogdoches, Texas; manager Texas Lumber Company.
- 18177 James Otey Buford, Beaumont, Texas; storekeeper and cashier Kirby Lumber Co., Houston, Texas.
- 18178 Calvin Taylor Bunch, Beaumont, Texas; secretary, treasurer and general manager Indemnity Improvement Co.
- 18179 Robert Edward Campbell, Brownel, Texas; assistant superintendent Kirby Lumber Co.
- 18180 Robert Terrell Cawthon, Houston, Texas; salesman Kirby Lumber Company.
- 18181 William Henry Chance, Brownel, Texas; master machinist Kirby Lumber Company.
- 18182 Jesse Earleton Dodd, Fuqua, Texas; sales agent Kirby Lumber Company.
- 18183 Edwin Bernard Frazier, Dayton, Texas; tie and timber inspector Dayton Lumber Company.
- 18184 Homer Nelson Gibbs, Mobile, Texas; store manager Kirby Lumber Company.
- 18185 Reuben Buylas Gibson, Roganville, Texas; master mechanic Kirby Lumber Company.
- 18186 Charles Edward Gilten, Beaumont, Texas; superintendent of machinery Kirby Lumber Co., Houston, Texas.
- 18187 John Quintin Goode, Beaumont, Texas; buyer and office man W. A. Powell Co., Ltd.
- 18188 Harry Lumber Graham, Saratoga, Texas; member of firm H. L. Graham & Co.
- 18189 James Ebbow Harrington, Bessmay, Texas; local salesman Kirby Lumber Co., Houston, Texas.
- 18190 Ennis Taylor Herring, Roganville, Texas; lumber checker and salesman Kirby Lumber Co., Houston, Texas.

- 18191 Horace Mann Higgins, Silsbee, Texas; bookkeeper and assistant supt. Kirby Lbr. Co., Houston, Texas.
- 18192 John Marshall Hooker, Roganville, Texas; local salesman and assistant yard manager Kirby Lumber Co.
- 18193 Albert M. Huffman, Bronson, Texas; local salesman Kirby Lumber Company.
- 18194 Max Joseph Kaufman, Vinton, La.; manager and vice president Lyons-Kaufman Co.
- 18195 Jay Hintley Kenneson, Remlig, Texas; assistant sales agent Gilmer Lumber Co.
- 18196 Thomas Arthur Lindsey, Silsbee, Texas; superintendent piling dept. Kirby Lumber Co., Houston, Texas.
- 18197 David George Mann, Mobile, Texas; superintendent logging department Kirby Lumber Co.
- 18198 Joseph Henry Mantooth, Bronson, Texas; local salesman Kirby Lumber Co.
- 18199 William Henry Marshall, Chattanooga, Tenn.; traveling salesman Frictionless Metal Co.
- 18200 James Thomas Martin, Remlig, Texas; woods superintendent and timber buyer Alexander-Gilmer Lbr. Co.
- 18201 Henry "Pel Mel," Beaumont, Texas; purchasing agent National R. R. Co., Mexico.
- 18202 Michael Joseph Monahan, Silsbee, Texas; trainmaster and freight agent Kirby Lumber Co., Houston, Texas.
- 18203 George William Morris, New Orleans, La.; purchasing agent Murphy Lumber Co.
- 18204 Bert Allen Nixon, Brownel, Texas; local salesman Kirby Lumber Co., Houston, Texas.
- 18205 Joseph Anthony Payment, Beaumont, Texas; timber buyer Beaumont Saw-mill Co.
- 18206 Henry Edward Pennington, Bessmay, Texas; master machinist Kirby Lumber Co., Houston, Texas.
- 18207 Ernest Carl Pope, Village Mills, Texas; manager of mill Kirby Lumber Co., Houston, Texas.
- 18208 James Emery Ray, Pineland, Texas; timekeeper and salesman Garrison-Norton Lumber Co.
- 18209 Earl Palmer Roark, Roganville, Texas; local salesman Kirby Lumber Co.
- 18210 Robert Henry Robinson, Beaumont, Texas; chief clerk and salesman Kirby Lumber Co., Houston, Texas.
- 18211 William Wallace Searcy, Jr., Beaumont, Texas; store manager Kirby Lumber Co., Houston, Texas.
- 18212 Arthur John Sloan, Fuqua, Texas; manager mill "O" Kirby Lumber Co., Houston, Texas.
- 18213 Henry "Village" Starken, Village Mills, Texas; assistant superintendent Kirby Lumber Co., Houston, Texas.
- 18214 James Anthony Stewart, Beaumont, Texas; lumber salesman Kirby Lumber Co.
- 18215 Alfred Kincaid Taylor, Beaumont, Texas; salesman Kirby Lumber Co., Houston, Texas.
- 18216 Charles Ellison Williams, Dayton, Texas; superintendent Dayton, Lumber Co.
- 18217 William Henry Williams, Remlig, Texas; master mechanic of mills Alexander-Gilmer Lumber Co.
- 18218 William Owen Williams, Thicket, Texas; vice president Williams Lumber Company.
- 18219 Joseph Ewart Woodhead, Beaumont, Texas; assistant traffic manager Industrial Lumber Co.

Concatenation No. 1310, Beaumont, Texas, December 1, 1906.

A Good Lesson in Good Cathood.

Through one of the vexatious delays, seemingly a part of the present operation of the express companies, the December issue of The Bulletin did not contain report of the splendid meeting held at Pine Bluff, Ark., by Vicegerent George P. Darby. Sixteen men were initiated at this concatenation, and there were a number of distinguished visiting Hoo-Hoo present. Among these were Snark of the Universe A. C. Ramsey, who, at the initiation, acted as Snark, and ex-Vicegerent J. C. McGrath, who admirably filled the role of Junlor. There were also present Brother W. E. Burt, of Wisconsin, and Brother C. P. Stewart, of Louisiana. The size of the class admitted of thorough instructions in the proper footfalls of good cathood. Several of those who were present reported that it was one of the most enjoyable concatenations held in that section of the country for some while.

Snark, A. C. Ramsey; Senior Hoo-Hoo, George W. Ritchie; Junior Hoo-Hoo, J. C. McGrath; Bojum, C. C. Ramsey; Scrivener, George H. Adams; Jabberwock, Charles E. Lintz; Custocatian, George P. Darby; Arcanoper, Harry T. Olcott; Gurdon, Jesse Smith.

- 18220 Arthur B. Brewster, Pine Bluff, Ark.; assistant superintendent Bluff City Lumber Co.
- 18221 Frank "Cutoff" Chester, Pine Bluff, Ark.; general auditor Bluff City Lumber Co.

- 18222 James Richard Doyle, Pine Bluff, Ark.; superintendent logging dept. Sawyer & Austin.
- 18223 Joseph Gauthier, Lonsdale, Ark.; president Gauthier Lumber Company.
- 18224 Nell "Magnolia" Gray, Chicago, Ill.; traveling salesman Magnolia Metal Company.
- 18225 Horace "Dee" Harding, Pine Bluff, Ark.; Dexter Harding.
- 18226 James Dudley Harnett, St. Louis, Mo.; president J. D. Harnett Lumber Company.
- 18227 John George Jeffrey, Langford, Ark.; mill superintendent J. S. Harnett Lumber Co., St. Louis, Mo.
- 18228 Ben Adams Mayhew, Fordyce, Ark.; salesman Fordyce Lumber Company.
- 18229 John Timmons Niven, Rison, Ark.; timber buyer and assistant manager Grant Lumber Co., Clifton, Ark.
- 18230 Ralph Rawlins Sample, Dermott, Ark.; manager and partner O. H. Sample & Bro.
- 18231 Michael "Skinner" Shnable, Pine Bluff, Ark.; president and manager Pine Bluff Iron Works.
- 18232 Chester William Taylor, Pine Bluff, Ark.; assistant auditor Bluff City Lumber Co.
- 18233 William Wallace Taylor, St. Louis, Mo.; traveling salesman Grattan & Knight.
- 18234 Smith Riley Thomas, Little Rock, Ark.; traveling salesman Fairbanks, Morse & Co., St. Louis, Mo.
- 18235 Frank Martin Werling, Pine Bluff, Ark.; traveling salesman Dilley Foundry & Machine Co.

Concatenation No. 1311, Pine Bluff, Ark., November 24, 1906.

A Fine Class of Kittens.

On the evening of December 15, under the Vicegerency of Brother M. L. Harris, a splendid concatenation was held. Sixteen men were initiated. Ex-Vicegerent George W. Cleveland acted as Snark of the Universe, and Brother R. L. Hales cleverly filled the role of Junlor. The preparations for this successful concatenation were largely the work of Brother Harry J. Large, of the DeQueen & Eastern Railway Company, who resides at DeQueen. Brother Large in writing apologizes for the sixteen initiates when there were twenty-five in sight for the night's festivities, but many were deterred on account of the heavy rain that fell during the entire day on which the concatenation was scheduled. This, however, did not prevent thirty-five of the faithful from gathering to see the sixteen turned into the right road. The town of DeQueen was formally delivered to Hoo-Hoo, as the following letter from the Mayor shows:

To the Officers and Members of the Hoo-Hoo Assembled at DeQueen, Ark.: Regretting that I cannot attend your royal banquet, accept my thanks for your kind invitation, and in appreciation of your concatenation in our city I extend to you the courtesies of the city. The keys to the gates are hung on the wall. Open and enter. Repair to Tobin Bros. supply yourselves with red paint and brushes and paint the city red! Have a glorious good time; and I hereby commission your chief officer to police your body, as I well know your acts will be that of well defined gentlemen and will give our city of the Elbertas no cause to regret these courtesies. With best wishes I am,

Very truly,
W. E. OGLETREE, Mayor.

Snark, G. W. Cleveland; Senior Hoo-Hoo, T. E. Brown; Junior Hoo-Hoo, R. T. Bates; Bojum, James Sparks; Scrivener, Harry J. Large; Jabberwock, Floyd Thompson; Custocatian, E. C. Williamson; Arcanoper, H. Webb; Gurdon, W. French.

- 18236 Royal Wills Beede, DeQueen, Ark.; stockholder St. Louis & Arkansas Mfg. Co., Arkansas City, Ark.
- 18237 William Henderson Boatman, Dierks, Ark.; timber owner and buyer Dierks Lumber & Coal Co., DeQueen, Ark.
- 18238 James Monroe Campbell, DeQueen, Ark.; timber man Dierks Lumber & Coal Co.
- 18239 Robert Andrew Castlebury, Waldron, Ark.; stockholder Wagner Lumber Co.
- 18240 George Webber Cleveland, Horatio, Ark.; shipping clerk Cleveland-McLeod Lumber Co.
- 18241 Edwin Board Cox, Mena, Ark.; stockholder Neal Lumber Co., Acorn, Ark.
- 18242 Graham Hughes Cravens, DeQueen, Ark.; assistant general secretary and chief engineer DeQueen & Eastern Railroad Company.
- 18243 Thomas Jefferson Harvill, DeQueen, Ark.; manager Williamson Bros.
- 18244 Jesse Lee Hollis, Camden, Ark.; salesman Camden Hardware & M. S. Co.

- 18245 Loyd Herbert Hughes, Horatio, Ark.; saw-mill foreman Cleveland-McLeod Lumber Co.
- 18246 Menzo Alverton Jones, Horatio, Ark.; auditor and treasurer Cleveland-McLeod Lumber Co.
- 18247 Jerre James Long, DeQueen, Ark.; asst. engr. Dierks Lbr. & Coal Co.
- 18248 Claud Carl Ray, DeQueen, Ark.; assistant general freight agent DeQueen & Eastern Railroad Company.
- 18249 James Harvey Rice, DeQueen, Ark.; master mechanic and trainmaster DeQueen & Eastern Railroad Company.
- 18250 Thomas Bentley Reeves, Winthrop, Ark.; stockholder D. A. Rimes.
- 18251 James Thomas Williamson, Dierks, Ark.; timber owner and buyer Dierks Lumber & Coal Co., DeQueen, Ark.

Concatenation No. 1312, DeQueen, Ark., December 15, 1906.

Thirteen, But Not a One Unlucky.

As a proper opening for the Christmas festivities Vicegerent J. W. Stone gathered the followers of Hoo-Hoo in Southern Alabama together at Mobile on the evening of December 22. Brother Charles D. Harris filled the role of Junlor, and his record at this chair is not only of a high order, but it is said that few in the Order surpass him. So the thirteen men who received his tutorage are wiser for their coming. After the initiation ceremonies all repaired to the Hotel Cawthorn, the beautiful new hotel, where the "Session-on-the-Roof" was held, and seated around the banquet board the hours passed joyfully. Some splendid impromptu talks were made, and it was late in the night when all journeyed to their homes.

Snark, J. W. Stone; Senior Hoo-Hoo, J. F. Davis; Junior Hoo-Hoo, Charles D. Harris; Bojum, B. E. Taylor; Scrivener, J. P. Rogers; Jabberwock, Robert Wayne; Custocatian, R. A. Otis; Arcanoper, J. R. Wallace; Gurdon, Charles J. Mahler.

- 18252 Peter Marlon Anderson, Richton, Miss.; owner Richton Lumber Company.
- 18253 James Spencer Barstow, Mobile, Ala.; Gulf Coast Record.
- 18254 George Augustus Creary, Jr., Mobile, Ala.; Turner Supply Company.
- 18255 Archie Eugene Crum, Hattiesburg, Miss.; salesman Pure Oil Company, Mobile, Ala.
- 18256 Frederick Charles James Dyke, Liverpool, Eng.; salesman Duncan, Ewing & Co.
- 18257 Warren Daugherty Gause, Mobile, Ala.; Schut & Kelhn.
- 18258 Charles Leroy Huyck, Mobile, Ala.; Charles L. Huyck.
- 18259 George Milton Jett, Mobile, Ala.; partner Jett Bros.
- 18260 John Henry Jones, Mobile, Ala.; manager Page & Jones.
- 18261 Thomas Shelton McKinstry, Loxley, Ala.; manager K. T. Davis.
- 18262 Henry E. Maers, Mobile, Ala.; partner S. Edleman & Co.
- 18263 Walter Franklin Royals, Lucedale, Miss.; assistant superintendent K. C. Lumber Co.
- 18264 William Alexander Warford, Laurel, Miss.; Kingston Lumber Company.

Concatenation No. 1313, Mobile, Ala., December 22, 1906.

Personal Mention.

Supreme Jabberwock Charles Wollin.

Brother Charles Wollin, for many years northern sales agent for the Pearl River Lumber Company, and who was elected Supreme Jabberwock at Oklahoma City last September, has engaged in business at Evansville, Ind., with Vicegerent E. D. Luhling. The company will be known as the Wollin-Luhling Lumber Company. Brother Wollin says that if "everlastingly at it brings success" means anything the new company ought to make good. The Scrivener sticks a pin right there and backs up the prediction of Brother Wollin—that company will make good.

Brother E. C. Simpson.

Brother E. C. Simpson, who for many years was the popular representative of the Carr & Adams Sash & Door Company in eastern Illinois, went the first of the year with the Curtis & Yale Co., and will have his headquarters at Minneapolis, traveling that section for his firm.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

At every annual meeting the discussion in the business sessions has developed the fact that a very large percentage of the members of the Order are entirely unfamiliar with the Constitution and By-laws.

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I. Name.

Section 1. The name of this organization is the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo.

ARTICLE II. Object.

Section 1. The object of the Order is the promotion of the Health, Happiness and Long Life of its members.

ARTICLE III. Membership.

Section 1. It being the purpose of this Order to gather together in fraternal relations people engaged in lumber trade, membership in this Order shall be limited to white male persons over the age of twenty-one years, of good moral character, who possess one or more of the following qualifications:

First--They shall be no engaged, either in the ownership or sale of lumber lands, timber or logs, or the manufacture or sale of lumber at wholesale or retail, or the manufacture or sale of their main or principal occupation, and that it shall be their main or principal occupation, and that it shall be their business which is recognized in the community in which they reside as their vocation.

Second--Newspaper men. By this term being meant only the publishers, proprietors, or persons regularly connected with lumber newspapers.

Third--Railroad men. By this term being meant only general officers, general and assistant freight, passenger and claim agents, purchasing agents, commercial traveling, soliciting and contracting freight (not station agents).

Fourth--Sawmill machinery men. By this term being meant persons engaged in the manufacture or sale to lumber manufacturers of sawmill or planing mill machinery.

Section 2. Each applicant for membership in good standing, until a certificate thereon has been indorsed by two members of the Order in good standing. The applications shall be submitted to the ritual of the Order. Membership shall be limited to 99,999 living members in good standing.

Section 3. If any Vicegerent shall knowingly or by culpable negligence admit to the initiatory ceremonies of the Order any person not legally entitled to same under the provisions of this article, he shall, upon due proof thereof to the Snark and Scrivenor, be removed from his office by the Snark and, in the discretion of the Supreme Nine, if the violation be flagrant, be expelled from the Order; and any member of the Order who shall sign the certificate on any application herein referred to, if the facts stated in such application herein referred to, shall upon due proof thereof submitted to the Scrivenor, be removed from his office by the Snark and, in the discretion of the Supreme Nine, if the violation be flagrant, be expelled from the Order; and any member of the Order who shall sign the certificate on any application herein referred to, shall upon due proof thereof submitted to the Scrivenor, be removed from his office by the Snark and, in the discretion of the Supreme Nine, if the violation be flagrant, be expelled from the Order.

Section 4. Whenever a removal or suspension shall be made in accordance with the provisions of this article, the Scrivenor shall immediately bulletin the fact to every member of the Order in good standing.

Section 5. This Order retains the ownership of every handbook and button issued to its members, such being furnished only for the proper and legitimate use of the members in accordance with the Constitution, By-laws and Ritual of the Order. Whenever any member, to whom such property is furnished, ceases, either by suspension or expulsion, to be entitled to the benefits and privileges of the Order, the right is hereby reserved to demand and enforce the return of the same to the Scrivenor.

Section 6. The handbook shall be issued between the first of February and the first of April each year and shall be sent only to members who have paid dues for the preceding year.

Section 7. The initiation fee shall be \$9.99, which, together with the current year's dues, must accompany the application.

The annual dues shall be one dollar and sixty-five cents (\$1.65), of which amount sixty-six cents (66 cents) shall be applied as an annual subscription to The Bulletin.

Section 8. Honorary membership in this Order may be granted upon application filed with the Scrivenor by the Vicegerent of the State within which the applicant resides; provided, that such application shall be endorsed by nine members of the Order in good standing; the honorary membership fee shall be \$99.99, and shall accompany the application; and no further fees, dues, or assessments of any nature shall be levied on such membership. The honorary members shall be required to take the first obligation in the Ritual, but no further initiatory ceremonies shall be necessary.

Section 9. Life membership in this Order may be granted upon application by any one eligible under the Constitution at a regular meeting, upon payment of \$33.33, and no further dues or assessments of any nature shall be levied on such member. Life members shall be entitled to all rights and privileges of Hoo-Hoo. They shall be required to take the first obligation in the Ritual, but no further initiatory ceremonies shall be necessary.

ARTICLE IV. Officers.

Section 1. The elective executive officers of the Order shall be Snark of the Universe, Senior Hoo-Hoo, Junior Hoo-Hoo, Hejrum, Scrivenor, Jabberwock, Custodian, Arcanoper and Gurdon. The above named officers shall constitute the Supreme Nine, and shall perform such duties as are prescribed in the Ritual and Constitution and By-laws of the Order.

Section 2. The above named officers shall be annually elected by a majority of the votes cast at the Hoo-Hoo Annual, by roll call of states, as hereinafter provided.

Section 3. In case of the death or resignation of an elective executive officer the Supreme Nine shall have power to appoint a successor who shall fill the unexpired term caused by such a vacancy.

Section 4. The appointive executive officers of the Order shall consist solely of Vicegerent Snarks. Each state of the United States or similar political grand division of any other civilized country having nine or more members shall be entitled to a Vicegerent Snark, the particular title of this officer to be Vicegerent Snark plus the name of the foreign country or political grand division of this country which he represents.

Section 5. When in the judgment of the Supreme Nine the interests of the Order demand they may appoint two or more Vicegerent Snarks for any state, dividing the territory equitably for such purpose.

Section 6. Except as may be hereinafter provided, the jurisdiction of Vicegerent Snarks shall be limited to the territory to which they are appointed, and to the conduct of the work of initiation (in the absence of the Snark) and for those purposes which may be necessary to the proper initiation of candidates to exercise all the powers and execute all the duties of the Snark of the Universe.

Section 7. For the purpose of extending the growth of the Order the Supreme Nine shall attach to the territory of Vicegerent Snarks such contiguous territory as may be without the requisite number of Hoo-Hoo to entitle it to a Vicegerent Snark; provided that, when there shall be nine Hoo-Hoo within any such attached territory, they may petition the Supreme Nine for the appointment of a Vicegerent Snark. That officer having been chosen and installed by legal appointment, the authority of the first Vicegerent Snark shall cease by limitation, and without further provision than an official notification thus acquired shall be subject to redivision thereafter, as provided in Section 4 of this article.

Section 8. The Vicegerent Snark shall be appointed by the Snark of the Universe, by and with the consent and approval of the Supreme Nine, and shall serve until the next Hoo-Hoo day succeeding his appointment, or until his successor shall be appointed, unless removed for cause.

Section 9. The Supreme Nine shall cause to be issued to each Vicegerent Snark by the Snark of the Universe and Scrivenor a warrant of authority, which shall explicitly define his powers and jurisdiction, this warrant to be accompanied by such instructions for the conduct of concatenations, initiations and admissions as it may deem wise. The Supreme Nine, through the same agency, shall have power to revoke such authority, and appoint such successor to fill the unexpired term.

Section 10. The judicial and advisory officers of the Order shall consist of the House of Ancients, a body originally instituted at the annual meeting of 1893, and made up of former Snarks of the Universe; each Snark, upon the successful termination of his office in the Supreme Nine, to be given the title of "Past Snark," and to become a member of the House of Ancients. It being the duty of the Order to invest the Past Snark at that time with an emblematic ring, as a token of regard from the Order and the badge of authority within the scope of these provisions.

Section 11. The chief officer of this body shall be entitled the "Seer of the House of Ancients," this office to be held by Toling Arthur Johnson, founder of the Order, his badge of rank--the Emblem of Revelation--a nine-pointed diamond star, to be worn by him until his death, and then transmitted as a legacy from him to the "House of Ancients." This emblem shall thereafter be worn by that member of the body who is Seer of the House of Ancients; the title of "Seer of the House of Ancients" in perpetuity--the emblem to be ever worn by succeeding Seers as a perpetual token of esteem for him through whom was transmitted the secret legends and traditions upon which the Order is founded; and there shall be neither fashioned or worn in Hoo-Hoo another emblem of like form, design or import.

Section 12. It shall be the duty of the House of Ancients to act as a standing committee on Constitution and By-laws to digest and consider any proposed changes in the laws of Hoo-Hoo which may seem wise, may originate from that body or from any other source, it being the privilege of every active member of the Order to file with the House of Ancients any suggestions which may seem wise to him, it being the duty of

the House of Ancients to report to each Annual Concatenation any revision which it believes to be for the good of the Order.

Section 13. The House of Ancients shall constitute an Advisory Board to which the elective executive officers of the Order may refer any problems of constitutional polity upon which that body shall disagree, or for any other reason shall desire the cooperation of those who have held elective executive positions in the past, it being understood that questions so referred shall be settled by a joint vote of both bodies, the ruling to stand as law until the next Annual Concatenation, when all such joint procedures shall be referred to the concatenation assembled for a sustaining approval or veto; the decision of the Annual Concatenation to become final, unless otherwise provided; this system to build up practical, initiative and referendum legislation.

Section 14. It shall be the duty of the House of Ancients to prepare and preserve the historical and archaeological lore of the Order, and it shall also be the custodian of the copyright of the Order, and entrusted with its care and protection from improper and unlawful uses.

Section 15. The members of the House of Ancients shall have power to conduct concatenations the same as any member of the Supreme Nine.

ARTICLE V. Supreme Nine.

Section 1. The Supreme Nine is vested with full authority to administer the affairs of the Order in accordance with its Ritual, Constitution and By-laws in the interim between the Hoo-Hoo Annuals, and shall, through the Scrivenor, make a full report of its doings to the Order at each annual meeting, and its action on any matter shall be subject to review at such meeting.

Section 2. The Osirian Cloister shall constitute the Upper Chamber of Hoo-Hoo, and all Vicegerent Snarks who shall have served one year in that capacity, and all ex-members of the Supreme Nine, may be eligible to membership therein. It shall be competent for the membership of the Cloister, under its own regulations, to prescribe rituals and initiatory ceremonies for the admission of its members; rules and regulations governing the business of the Cloister, including the imposition of such fees and dues as may be found necessary; to regulate and enlarge the limits of eligibility by such vote as may be prescribed in its By-laws, and, if deemed advisable, to make alteration in the name under which the Cloister now exists. The Cloister shall perform the rite of embalming the retiring Snark preparatory to his incarceration in the House of Ancients.

Section 3. The Supreme Nine shall appoint regular times for meetings, and may hold such special meetings as may be required, provided that no special meeting shall be held unless day more than it would take him to reach the place of such meeting by the route necessary for him to travel, unless he shall in writing have waived his right to such notice; and when summoned by the Snark of the Universe and the Scrivenor to attend any such special meeting, he shall be paid from the funds of the Order his necessary expenses for such meeting.

Section 4. No measure shall be passed by the Supreme Nine except upon the affirmative vote of five of its members.

ARTICLE VI. Meetings.

Section 1. Hoo-Hoo Day is the ninth day of the ninth month of the calendar year. On that day shall occur the regular annual business meeting of the Order, at a place to be selected by vote of the Order, in default of which it shall convene not later than the ninth minute after nine o'clock p. m. of said day.

Section 2. The entire membership in each state in good standing shall be the basis for voting at the Hoo-Hoo Annual, and the vote of each state shall be divided pro rata among the members present from such state. States not represented at the annual shall have no vote.

Section 3. Every member of the Order should attend the meeting on Hoo-Hoo Day if possible, or failing to be present, he must forward to the Scrivenor, in time to be read at the meeting, a letter telling how Hoo-Hoo hath used him during the past year, or he must send a prepaid telegram giving his whereabouts so that it may be known where every member of the order is on that day.

Section 4. In the permanent record of Hoo-Hoo Day, the Scrivenor shall note the attendance as follows:

First--Members deceased; for the loving memory of those who have gone beyond is always with us.

Second--Those who respond by letter or telegram.

Third--Those who are present in person.

Section 5. Concatenations are meetings held for the initiation of members, and no business shall be transacted thereat. Concatenations shall be held by the Vicegerent Snark of the state whenever six or more applicants are ready for initiation, and the Scrivenor shall have forwarded to the Vicegerent Snark an authority blank signed by the Supreme Nine, authorizing the holding of such concatenations.

Section 6. At concatenations the Vicegerent Snark shall appoint members of the Order to fill the ritual stations of those members of the Supreme Nine who may not be present in person.

Section 7. The Snark of the Universe may hold concatenations anywhere upon the issuance of authority blank, as may also any member of the Supreme Nine.

ARTICLE VII. Numbers.

Section 1. The general numbers of the members of the order shall be assigned by the Scrivenor in the rotation of concatenation numbers, and in the order concatenation reports may be received by him.

ARTICLE VIII. Suspension and Expulsion.

Section 1. Dues shall be payable on Hoo-Hoo Day for the

year ensuing. The Scrivenor shall issue a receipt for dues a special card, and no member shall be admitted to any meeting or concatenation, after January 1, 1907, who does not present such certificate. Members shall be delinquent for unpaid dues on the Hoo-Hoo Day succeeding that on which dues become payable. Within thirty-three days after Hoo-Hoo Day, the Scrivenor shall send notice to each delinquent member, notifying him that in thirty-three days thereafter he will be suspended, if such dues are not paid, and if dues be not paid within the thirty-three days, he shall be placed on the suspended list, and such list shall be published to all Vicegerents.

Section 2. When the Scrivenor sends out the notices, herein provided for, he shall prepare a list of those to whom it is sent in each Vicegerency and transmit the same to the Vicegerent Snark, who shall adopt such means to secure the collection of such dues as he may see fit, rendering his account for the expense incident thereto to the Scrivenor.

Section 3. Suspended members may be reinstated upon the payment of all back dues and upon the approval of the Vicegerent of the State in which such member lives or of the Scrivenor of the Order.

Section 4. If any member of this Order shall violate its Constitution, By-laws or Ritual, or engage in any unlawful or disreputable business, or in any manner bring public shame or disgrace to this Order or its membership, he may be suspended or expelled only in the following manner: There shall be filed with the Scrivenor a written statement of the offense charged, signed by the member making the charge and verified under oath, and supported by such affidavits of other persons as he may desire to present, together with a copy of the same. The Scrivenor shall file the original and transmit the copies to the accused by registered mail, without the name signed thereon, which shall be furnished by the Scrivenor on demand if the accused shall have thirty-three days after the receipt of the charges made in which to make answer, which shall be prepared under oath, and may consist of the statement of others as well as himself. When the Scrivenor shall have received the answer of the accused, he shall transmit a copy of all the papers in the case to each member of the Supreme Nine, who shall determine the innocence or guilt of the defendant, and in case of conviction fix such penalty as they may deem proper.

In case the accused shall not make answer, within the time herein prescribed, he shall stand suspended until such answer shall be filed.

If any member shall make a false or malicious charge against another member, he shall be subject to suspension or expulsion by the Supreme Nine, and in any case in which the accused may be acquitted the burden of proof shall be upon the complainant to show that he acted in good faith in case the acquittal shall result from a failure to prove the facts alleged, but not when the acquittal results from the construction of the law.

Section 5. Whenever a member of this Order is suspended the Scrivenor shall demand of him a return of his handbook and button, which shall be retained by the Scrivenor during the period of his suspension. Whenever a member of this Order is expelled, the Scrivenor shall demand a return of his handbook and button, and if the same shall not be returned within thirty-three days, he shall proceed to the recovery of same by action of law.

ARTICLE IX. Amendments.

Section 1. This Constitution may be amended by a three-fourths vote of the represented membership of the Order as provided in Article VI hereof at any Hoo-Hoo annual.

BY-LAWS.

Section 1. In the absence of the Snark from any Hoo-Hoo annual his place shall be taken by the next officer in rank who is present. In case of temporary vacancy in any position, the acting Snark shall have power to temporarily fill such vacancy.

Section 2. The Scrivenor shall be custodian of the funds of the Order, and shall give bond satisfactory to the Supreme Nine in the sum of five thousand dollars (\$5,000), the cost of said bond being defrayed by the Order. He shall pay out moneys only on vouchers countersigned by the Snark and Senior Hoo-Hoo. He shall receive an annual salary of one thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents (\$1,999.99), and be allowed necessary expense for the proper conduct of his office.

Section 3. The accounts and disbursements of the Scrivenor shall be annually audited within nine days of each approaching annual by a competent accountant appointed by the Snark for that purpose; and the certified report of such auditor shall accompany the annual report of the Scrivenor. Such necessary expense as may attach to such auditing shall be paid upon proper voucher.

Section 4. In case of the death of a member of the Order in good standing his number and name shall be retained in all official numerical lists of members of the Order thereafter published, but surrounded by black lines. In case of the resignation, suspension or expulsion of a member, his name shall be dropped from the rolls of the Order.

Section 5. It shall be the duty of the Vicegerent Snark, at the close of each concatenation, to remit to the Scrivenor \$5, together with one year's dues, for each regular member initiated, which amount shall cover the dues to the next Hoo-Hoo Day. He shall remit ninety dollars (\$90) for each honorary member, and twenty three dollars and thirty-four cents (\$23.34) for each life member obligated under Sections 8 and 9 of Article III of our Constitution. He shall also remit the balance of funds received at any concatenation which has not been expended in the necessary expenses of the concatenation, rendering a detailed account of same, attested by the acting Scrivenor and Custodian. Out of the fund set apart for the Vicegerent Snark he may pay his necessary expenses for attending such concatenation, and those of such other members as he may deem necessary to call upon for assistance in the work.

Section 6. The Hoo-Hoo Annual shall be governed in its deliberations by Roberts' Rules of Order, unless otherwise provided for.