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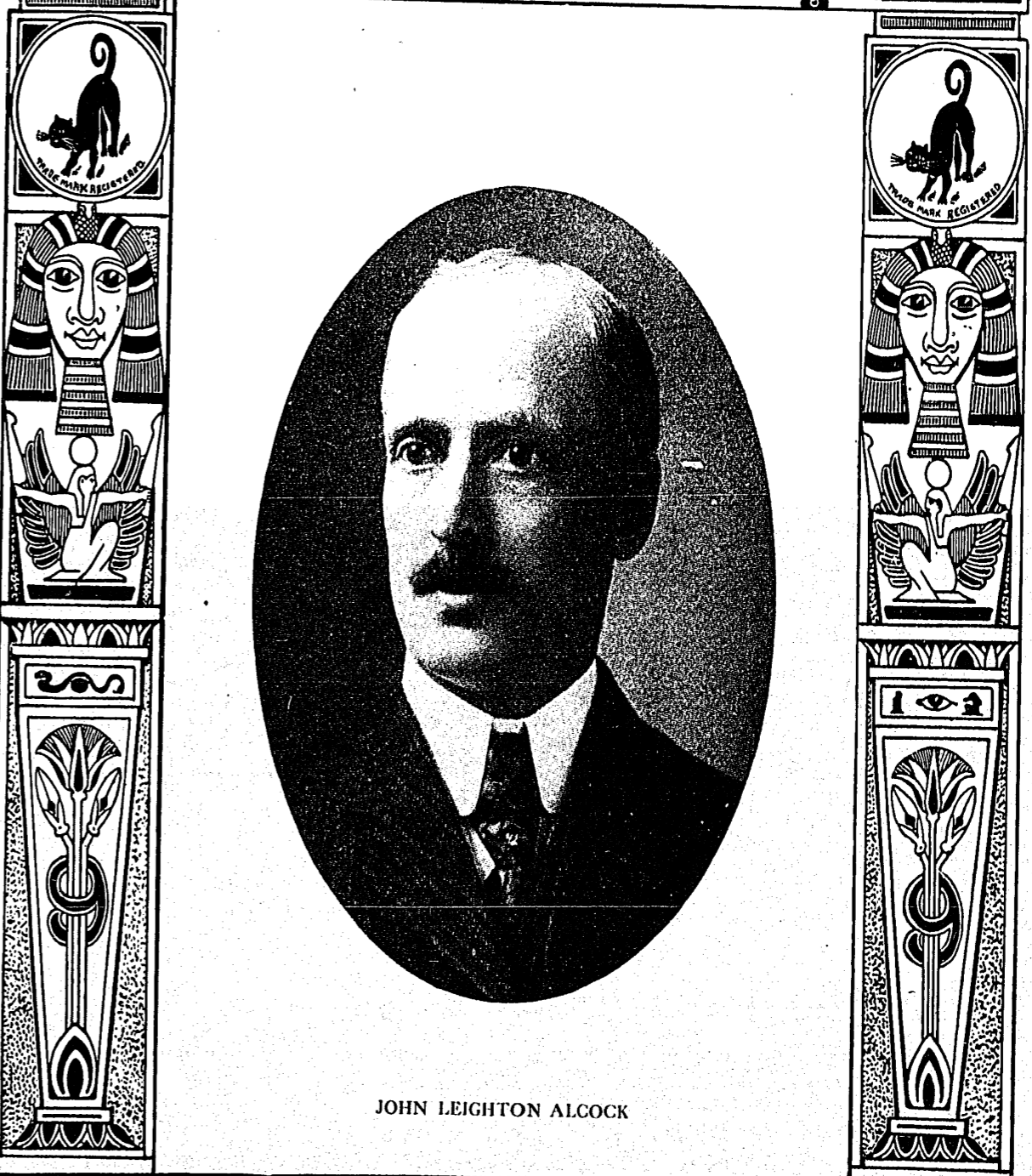
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THE JURISDICTIONS.

Jurisdiction No. 1—Under the Snark (Miller) the following: Washington, Montana, Western Canada and all foreign countries.
 Jurisdiction No. 2—Under the Senior Hoo-Hoo (Webb) the following: Michigan, Wisconsin, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and Eastern Canada.
 Jurisdiction No. 3—Under the Junior Hoo-Hoo (Griswold) the following: Oregon, Utah, Wyoming and Idaho.
 Jurisdiction No. 4—Under the Bojum (Russell) the following: California, New Mexico, Arizona and Nevada.
 Jurisdiction No. 5—Under the Scrivenoter (Baird) the following: Tennessee, Kentucky, Mississippi, Louisiana, West Virginia and Alabama.
 Jurisdiction No. 6—Under the Jabberwock (Walker) the following: Oklahoma, Texas, Colorado and Kansas.
 Jurisdiction No. 7—Under the Gustocatian (Shelp) the following: Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland, New Jersey, Delaware, District of Columbia and New England.
 Jurisdiction No. 8—Under the Arcanoper (Judd) the following: Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota and Nebraska.
 Jurisdiction No. 9—Under the Gurdon (Calhoun) the following: Georgia, Florida, North Carolina, South Carolina and Virginia.

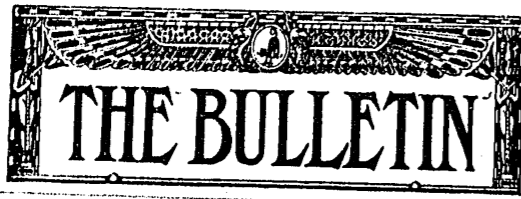
THE BULLETIN

VOL. XVII. NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1911 No. 183



JOHN LEIGHTON ALCOCK

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF HOO-HOO



J. H. BAIRD, Scrivenor, Editor.

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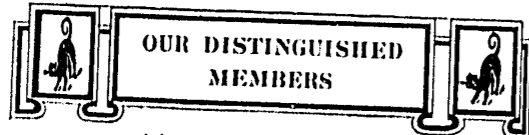
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NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1911.



John L. Alcock (No. 11026).

The subject of this sketch is no alien, though he came into the world on the opposite side of the Atlantic from where Hoo-Hoo, after having slumbered for centuries, roused to life again. The followers of the Great Black Cat are brethren born, regardless of where, as individuals, they first saw the light. John Leighton Alcock, of Baltimore, widely known in the business world and to the members of the Order, was born May 9, 1868, in Shropshire, England. Shropshire, the county of Shrop, or Salop, as was its ancient name, borders on Wales, that mountainous country out of which came the fiery Lloyd-George, who has almost turned England upside down with his "budget" bill in which he proposes to compel the Lords to pay taxes on their big estates. Shropshire is drained by the river Severn, that historic stream which in length is second only to the Thames, being 210 miles long—a big river for that country. England is small in area but immense in capacity to produce great men. Her sons have gone to the uttermost parts of the earth and have gained distinction and honor in all lands. In 1884, when scarcely more than a lad, young Alcock came to the United States and became connected with the I. Spencer Company, which concern was later succeeded by W. Conway. With the latter, Brother Alcock was associated until December 31, 1892. In January, 1893, starting promptly with the new year, he embarked in the lumber business under the firm name of Alcock & Ellis, continuing until January, 1898, when was organized the present firm of John L. Alcock & Co., doing an export business in oak, walnut, poplar logs and lumber, with offices at 1 South Gay Street, Baltimore, Md.

In addition to his business prestige Brother Alcock is prominent in the life of the community, and many civic and fraternal honors have been his. Several years ago he served a term as president of the National Lumber Exporters' Association, giving his very able efforts to forwarding the interests of that organization. As president of the Baltimore Lumber Exchange he rendered faithful service. Brother Alcock stands high in Masonic circles. He is gifted with a genial nature and in social life makes many friends.

Brother Alcock was initiated into Hoo-Hoo at Weston, W. Va., July 29, 1903, and in October of the same year was appointed Vicegerent of the State of Maryland. In this capacity he proved himself to be most efficient. And as the result of doing good work is to have more work to do, the Order made further requisition on Brother Alcock by calling him to membership on the Supreme Nine. He was

elected Supreme Arcanoper in 1906, at the Oklahoma City Annual Meeting. In this office he further distinguished himself and the Order, and the following year, at the Atlantic City Annual, was elected Supreme Senior Hoo-Hoo. At the next Annual Meeting, held in Chicago, September, 1908, Brother Alcock was chosen Chief Priest of the Osirian Cloister. It will be seen, therefore, that Brother Alcock's record has been one of devotion to the Order's interests. Fidelity and sincerity are his chief characteristics and form the basis of his success in life.

Coming Concatenations.

January 24, Syracuse, N. Y. Vicegerent, Chas. Johnson, Rochester, N. Y.

January 25, Kansas City, Mo. Vicegerent, N. H. Huey.

January 27, Centralia, Ill. Vicegerent, J. B. Allen.

February 2, Evansville, Ind. Vicegerent, Will H. Bultman.

February 2, Moose Jaw, Sask., Canada. Vicegerent, W. W. Davidson.

February 8, Bay City, Mich. Vicegerents, Geo. W. Whipple and L. H. Werner, both of Detroit, Mich.

February 15, Tifton, Ga. Vicegerent, J. C. Fulford, Albany, Ga.

February 21, San Francisco, Cal. Vicegerent, R. A. Hlsox.

February 22, Elkins, W. Va. Vicegerent, J. W. Brazier.

Big Concatenation at Kansas City.

The best concatenation ever at Kansas City—so Vicegerent N. H. Huey announces, and that means that the biggest event of its kind will be held in Kansas City, at the Eagle's Club House on January 25, while the Southwestern Lumbermen's Association is in session. Supreme Representative W. M. Stephenson will attend this concatenation, and very likely several members of the Supreme Nine and House of Ancients. New and novel features will be introduced, with plenty of wholesome fun. Come and help. There will be something doing every minute of the time.

Coming Meeting at Bay City, Mich.

Brother Jeff B. Webb, Supreme Senior Hoo-Hoo, is leaving no stone unturned in his section of Hoo-Hoo land in invading territory where concatenations have not been held for some time, and so he has selected Bay City, Mich. as the place and February 8 as the date for a big session. This is the time of the meeting of the Michigan Retail Lumber Dealers' Association, and Brother Webb writes that the Michigan boys are going to make the concatenation a "hummer." He has mailed about one hundred preliminary application blanks, and has got the boys busy.

Big Time at Frisco on February 21.

Vicegerent R. A. Hlsox and Supreme Bojum A. J. Russell are preparing for a meeting of the Osirian Cloister and a Hoo-Hoo concatenation in San Francisco on February 20-21. That is the date of the meeting of the Western Retail Lumber Dealers' Association, and the San Francisco boys are preparing to have the occasion not only one at which will be present members of the Order from Frisco and the vicinity, but from the states of Oregon and Washington. They are looking for quite a crowd down from the North. There will be three members of the Supreme Nine present. Snark H. J. Miller has promised to be on hand. Junior Hoo-Hoo G. A. Griswold is coming with him, and then there is the Chief Bojum, Brother Russell, of San Francisco. The Osirian Cloister meeting will be held on the evening of the 20th and the concatenation on the evening of the 21st. The Chief Priest of the Cloister, Brother L. D. McDonald, will conduct the Cloister meeting.

The Hoo-Hoo Death Emergency Fund.

Every reader of The Bulletin will be gratified to know that on December 17 subscriptions to the Hoo-Hoo Death Emergency Fund passed the required mark of \$6,000 and that immediately thereafter payments to beneficiaries began.

Up to this date, January 10, receipts and disbursements of the fund have been as follows:

Subscriptions to close of business January 10....	\$7,125 62
Aug. 30. Postage and printing call.....	\$ 327 38
Dec. 17. Paid to beneficiary of No. 21058..	250 00
Dec. 17. Paid to beneficiary of No. 1751..	250 00
Dec. 17. Paid to beneficiary of No. 12375..	250 00
Dec. 22. Paid to beneficiary of No. 11651..	250 00
Dec. 28. Paid to beneficiary of No. 18330..	250 00
Balance on hand	5,538 24—\$7,125 62

Subscriptions to the fund were opened August 1 last, over \$5,000 being collected by the middle of September. Taking this as a basis, the deaths up to date, out of the total number of subscribers, have run approximately eight to the thousand, or about which was counted on by the proposers of the plan. If this death rate is not exceeded, subsequent calls for replenishment of the fund will be necessary only about once a year, and the benefit will cost the subscriber only \$2 per annum for a death payment of \$250. If the deaths come faster the replenishment calls will be more frequent, and receipts and disbursements will automatically adjust themselves with relation to each other.

Even if the death rate here suggested proves too low—and this will be the case if, as some have predicted, that it will be the old and the infirm who will be most apt to subscribe and renew their subscriptions—and the replenishment calls are found to be necessary every eight months, it will still be cheap insurance. On a basis of eight deaths per thousand per annum the ratio of cost to benefit will be \$8 per \$1,000 for the "insurance." It is understood, however, that the plan is no part of an insurance scheme and that no man can double up his benefit by duplicate subscriptions, but that the thing is a simple plan for providing immediate payment of a death benefit of \$250; and to provide this at the minimum cost to subscribing members without health examination or certificate, and without formality of whatever sort.

That the old and the infirm, who can provide against the certainty of death in no other way, will be the quickest to take advantage of the plan now put in operation, was not only fully counted on by the men who proposed the plan, but was desired by them. The score or more of members of abnormally developed analytical faculties, who have written labored arguments to make this point obvious to the officers of the Order, have read very carelessly, or have not read at all, the carefully worded printed matter in which the undertaking has been put before the membership.

The Hoo-Hoo Death Emergency Fund is an added feature to the work of a fraternal organization—not a development of high finance; and its plan of organization is crude, in the sight of insurance experts and actuaries, and other "figure-heads" of that sort, it will work nevertheless; and the hopes of its promoters will not be disappointed that enough of the bully boys, in the prime of life and health, and with no particular "business" end in mind, will come along with subscriptions to make the thing a permanency, with ample buffer margin to take care of those who have no other chance.

It will be seen that the administration of the Death Emergency Fund carries no expenditure beyond those incident to printing the "calls," and for postage on first call sent out. All subsequent communications to the membership have gone along with dues notices, without extra expense for stamps.

Covering a Wide Field.

During December Supreme Representative Stephenson made his contemplated trip throughout the East. He attended and took part in the concatenation at Cumberland, Md., on December 9, and the meeting at Baltimore on December 17. At both meetings there was a good attendance of prominent members and a full discussion of the welfare and prospects for the Order was had.

Returning to Philadelphia, Mr. Stephenson assisted Supreme Custodian Sheip and Vicegerent Hazard in working up the concatenation which occurred there on December 23. Mr. Sheip had previously accompanied Mr. Stephenson down to Baltimore and assisted to make that meeting the pronounced success and enjoyable affair it turned out to be.

At New York Mr. Stephenson had interviews with a number of the most active members and laid the basis for a revival of interest in Hoo-Hoo among the lumbermen of the metropolis. He selected for Vicegerent at New York Mr. J. A. Lacey, No. 3199, a well-known member of the Order, who has already formulated plans which will result in an early calling together of the local membership, looking to holding a concatenation at some convenient season when no conflict with lumber association meetings will result.

Mr. Stephenson also visited Boston, and in the limited time he was able to spend there had interviews with a number of members of the Order who have its interests at heart. No Vicegerent has yet been appointed at Boston, but Mr. Stephenson has the situation under consideration and a suitable man will be designated.

This is but a bare outline of Mr. Stephenson's trip. He stopped at many places both going and returning, and at each place did good work in conference with the Vicegerents of the Nine, and in seeing as many as possible of the membership. On his way East Mr. Stephenson, in cooperation with Senior Hoo-Hoo Webb, completed arrangements for holding a big concatenation at Columbus, Ohio, during the lumber convention and at Indianapolis on January 11. The latter meeting will have been held before this issue of The Bulletin is read.

During January Mr. Stephenson will also attend the concatenation at Little Rock on January 14, and at Kansas City on January 25.

Aside from his work directly in connection with the concatenations he attends, the good effects of the work of the Supreme Representative are already very distinctly visible and will translate themselves into tangible developments that will be very pleasing to the membership as the year's work is proceeded with.

The Wasp as a Drinker.

That drunkenness and its consequences are not peculiar to human beings is evident from the fact that wasps greedily attack certain fruits when they are over-ripe—that is to say, when the sugar which they contain has decomposed into alcohol.

On such fruits, particularly grapes and plums, wasps may be seen pushing and fighting in numbers much larger than can be accommodated, and they will be seen to grow very drunk and to crawl away in a semi-somnolent condition to repose in the grass for some time till they get over the "bout," when they are ready to go at it again.

One investigator, who was stung by a drunken wasp suffered severely from symptoms of nerve poisoning for several days.—Harper's Weekly.




At the beginning of the new year, Hoo-Hoo has cause for congratulation. In many respects the Order is in better condition than ever before, and the successful establishment of the Death Emergency Fund marks a real epoch in the growth and progress of the organization. The sum of six thousand dollars necessary to the consummation of the project has been subscribed. There were those who thought the thing couldn't be done, for the croaker, like the poor, we have with us always. But the basic principle of Hoo-Hoo is faith—faith in self and faith in others. Out of faith, the flowers of hope and charity grow and blossom. A spirit of helpfulness is alien to the pessimist; his doubts and his fears serve to isolate him, to cut him off from the flowing tide of life. And life perishes when severed from life. Truly has it been said: "Life is a tide and every human being is an inlet along the shore into which its waves may flow, or, if he chooses, he may bar them out with stony walls and have no part in the treasures that they bring. The more freely he admits the tide the more he lives."

The saying that it is "more blessed to give than to receive" is more than mere words—it is the elucidation of a great psychological law. The act of giving helps to place the giver in the full, free current of life.

Three thousand members of the Order gave evidence of their confidence and faith by subscribing to the Death Emergency Fund on the chance of its being permanently established. They believed it was a good thing and that it would be a "go." The sum necessary to make it a go is now in hand, and payments from it have begun. A card is being sent to every subscriber to the fund—neatly engraved cards which the scrivener has had in his office for some time, awaiting the completion of the fund.

The amount of the benefit is small, to be sure, but it serves as a very present help in time of trouble, and will assist materially to tide over some of the emergencies that always arise when death enters the home. As one of the leading lumber journals remarks, "The fund should grow. It cannot be any drain on the subscribers, because even if there should be two or three calls a year, the amount of the subscriptions would be small. Those who have not taken advantage of the opportunity should send in their \$2."

On another page in this issue is an article which briefly presents some interesting facts concerning the present status of the fund.

Just as these lines are written, there comes to this office a personal letter, which, for a sincere, direct appeal to common sense and reason, cannot be excelled. The letter embodies all the best there is in the argument for insurance, and because it presents the case so fully, I shall take the liberty of publishing the letter herewith:

St. Louis, Mo., January 6, 1911.—My Dear Friend Jim: I want to say to you personally that it is my belief that this Death Emergency Fund is without doubt the best thing the Order has done.

For years I have been preaching the gospel of fraternity in the Legion of Honor and the Royal Arcanum in St. Louis. The past year I have been Regent of Valley Council of the Arcanum—the leading council of the order in this State in point of character of its constituents. During the past year we have had twenty-seven deaths in this council alone—a heavy mortality.

For thirty-two years I have been engaged in the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society—and have been a personal visitor to thousands of the homes of the poor. You know the rest; it is a long, and also a tragic, story. Ask me about the social problem—no, draw the veil—it is better so. But what I wanted to say is that no one knows from this experience better than myself in all these years what two hundred dollars means at the time of death in a family to most of these people of moderate means—it means everything. And if two or three hundred means so much, you know well what two or three thousand must mean. It means that the wife will not have to go out and work and leave the little ones behind; it means that the little boys and girls may be left in school to finish their grammar school education at least—to get a start in their development before going out to do battle with the world; it means, in the last analysis, the solution of many of the worst phases of the social problem in our great cities and the smaller ones as well, for it leaves the widow and the children partially provided for—the boys and girls do not have to go out into the workshop, the factory and the temptations of the streets, with the certainty of being physically, morally and socially stunted in consequence.

The Emergency Fund ought to have a great roll of names behind it before long. I fondly trust that this good work will prosper as it deserves.

P. F. COOK,
Assistant Editor St. Louis Lumberman.

December 19, 1910.—Editor The Bulletin: I send you a copy of a free-thought paper, thinking it may suggest some theme for an article in The Bulletin, and incidentally a joke for the Jokesmith. I derive more information from this free-thought paper in regard to the religious and agnostic trend of thought than from dailies or magazines, and yet many of the articles are not dignified, indulging too much in ridicule. Yours truly,

The free-thought paper referred to in the foregoing is the "Truth Seeker," published in New York. It is a weekly, and I notice that this copy is No. 51, volume 37; so The Truth Seeker must have been established a right smart while. No doubt it is quite a big gun in the free-thought fortress.

In attempting to refute the so-called dogmatic teachings of the church, The Truth Seeker becomes itself very dogmatic. Thus, in summing up certain doctrines, it says:

Is that the teaching of the best biblical scholarship of our day either here or anywhere? It most certainly is not.

We are not cited to any proofs whatever—merely asked to believe the statement, "It most certainly is not." The expounder of free thought then goes on to make a number of vague references to the gospels, to history and to tradition. He seems greatly worried about the old-fashioned symbolism of bread and wine and sprinkling with

water. But really all this ancient symbolism is beautiful and impressive. What we ought to rebel against is slavery to the symbolism of new-fangled and uninteresting things, such as visiting cards, menu cards, party calls, and the like. Why rail at a priest's vestments as long as a plain business man tolerates the hideousness of a high silk hat?

A seeker after truth has indeed a long road ahead of him. And after all, truth does not need to be sought; it merely needs to be recognized, but even that seems beyond our human capabilities. A great deal of nonsense has been written concerning truth. For instance, somebody has said, "Truth crushed to earth will rise again." Obviously there is no sense in that. Truth cannot be crushed; it isn't a fragile thing like a violet in the woodland dell which crumples down every time a jay-bird steps on it. Truth is imperishable, eternal. Can you imagine such a thing as crushing the law of gravitation? There is truth for you—it is just as true on the remotest star as it is on this earth. And whether you believe it or not makes no difference—if you jump off the roof, you will surely hit the ground!

As a matter of fact, the human mind cannot grasp truth; the best it can do is to bite off a few facts. Now a fact is not a truth—it is merely a part of truth; it is, as you might say, the truth's tail waving about in the breezes. I believe it was Oliver Wendell Holmes who spoke of a tree as being all under ground except just the tail. What he meant was this: The tree that you see is a fact; that is, the outward manifestation of a truth. The truth of the tree is not its limbs or trunk or bark, but the vitality of its root, its life principle—which is not only invisible but incomprehensible!

What is life? No man can say. He has learned a few facts about life. That is all. The law of gravitation is a truth, a principle, which existed always. It cannot be seen, felt, heard, smelled or tasted. Isaac Newton observed a fact—the apple falling to the ground. What he saw was but the manifestation of truth—of a principle which itself is invisible. The best we can do, in our human blindness, is to reach out after facts and from them reason up to a general law. Of course, a churchman believes that divine truth was miraculously revealed. An unbeliever cannot combat the churchman's belief, because the two have no common starting point. Discussion between them is, therefore, useless and unprofitable. But those rampant "truth-seekers," who write such fiercely dogmatic effusions, constitute a curious study. They take themselves so seriously! One is reminded of Emerson's solemn query, "Why so hot, little man?" Whatever is true has always been true, and will so remain forever! The earth isn't going to wobble in its whirlings because one of the editors of The Truth Seeker gravely informs its eager readers:

On the wall before me as I write are portraits of Voltaire, Darwin, Humboldt, Ingersoll, Paine, Franklin, Hugo, Du Maurier, Goethe, Schiller, William Morris, Walt Whitman, Emerson, Lowell, Byron, Shelley, James Leik, Stephen Girard, Ericsson, Edison, Haeckel, Mark Twain, and Richard Wagner.

The rarest thing in the world is a mind not sterilized by doubt or blinded by credulity.

The trouble with free thought is that it isn't free.

Those who scorn the "priest-ridden" are frequently themselves sadly spook-ridden.

No sooner does the average mind, in a search for freedom, renounce one form of creed or faith than it embraces another no less incredible. A person who scoffs at belief in Moses and the prophets often finds sweet solace in a world scheme of Oriental philosophy, "esoteric

wisdom of the East" or something else equally as fantastic. I know a most estimable lady who at one period of her life had undergone what she called the "throes of Presbyterianism." Happily she survived the tragic experience, and emerged on to so lofty a plane of being that many mysteries were made clear to her illumined vision. In awed tones she told me one day that the astral body of a man had floated through her room. I was deeply shocked. It did not seem just right, somehow! She said he had on dark clothes, but when I asked if his habiliments seemed to be tailor-made, she got mad.

As I understand it, an astral is not a ghost or a "departed spirit," but a sort of shadowy second self—everybody has an astral body. The astral can project itself through space, out-traveling the fastest airship. Astrals wear clothes, according to the testimony of those who profess to see them—or at least they appear in the shadowy counterpart of whatever costume the real body is most accustomed to wear. By observing the attire of an astral, therefore, one might get a line on its general status and determine if it belonged to a frenzied financier or to a tramp. An astral in a hand-me-down suit would not appeal so strongly to the artistic instincts as it would if arrayed like those broad-shouldered young men pictured in the magazine advertisement as strolling down the church aisle in Alexandria, Va. If there is anything in this astral-body theory, it behooves us all to be careful of our appearance, for there is no telling when an astral will float away on a more or less extended tour! And as Shakespeare says, "The apparel oft proclaims the man."

Speaking of clothes reminds me that even upon so apparently trivial a subject there is no such thing as free thought. We are slaves to custom. And we are extremely inconsistent in our ideas and opinions. We have (or rather, we think we have) an idea that skirts symbolize restraint, fetters, and hence submission, inferiority. That skirts mean the very opposite of this is pointed out by that sparkling writer, Mr. G. K. Chesterton:

It is quite certain that the skirt means female dignity, not female submission; it can be proved by the simplest of all tests: No ruler would deliberately dress up in the recognized fetters of a slave; no judge would appear covered with broad arrows. But when men wish to be safely impressive, as judges, priests or kings, they do wear skirts—the long trailing robes of female dignity. The whole world is under petticoat government—for even men wear petticoats when they wish to govern!

A sight not edifying to behold is a scientist who has become dogmatic. Science means classified knowledge. It is the province of a scientist to collect and study facts. When he begins to theorize as to ultimate truth, he steps outside the legitimate field of science and into the field of philosophy or metaphysics. There is no harm in his getting out of his own realm, but when he does so, he should not speak as one having authority—let him theorize if he wants to, but let him call it by the right name. As a scientist, he cannot theorize. Mr. Edison's opinions as to the future life, therefore, are of no value. He knows some facts, but he does not know truth. He understands something of the workings of electricity, but he does not know what electricity is. The manifestation of electricity is not the thing itself. The lightning flash is merely electricity switching its tail through the cloud rifts. The force itself is invisible. The reality lies beyond the grasp of our five senses. It is impossible that it should be otherwise, for our five senses are all very crude and imperfect; they equip us for perceiving things—form, appearance, manifestation—not substance but show. And yet The Truth Seeker triumphantly quotes Mr. Edison's dogmatic statement, "All is material. When I die and decompose, I shall live only in phonographs and storage batteries."

The following letter is from a member who has written several vigorous protests in the form of letters to the Scribener. It has been suggested to this letter writer that he attend at least one Annual Meeting and present his views in person from the floor of the convention, and this he has promised to do:

November 28, 1910.—J. H. Baird, Scribener: Yours of the 16th to hand. Thanks. If I am not broke I shall be at the next Annual and shall be pleased to say what I think on the convention floor, and trust that there will be enough insurgents there to swing that old crowd of rollers and let us get back to old Hoo-Hoo.

The November number of The Bulletin is good. I think the letter, "The Reason He Resigned," is the best exposition yet of what some of the members think of the new movement, and it is indeed a pity that a man of his calibre should be forced out of the Order. Personally, I won't resign, but fully expect to be expelled, because at any concatenation I attend I will do my utmost to have liquor present, because the clause does not in my opinion represent the members' views. You mention in this number of a meeting where 250 Hoo-Hoo drank liquor. What is the Supreme King going to do about it? Are you going to expel them all? To be consistent, that is what you should do. Again, the eligibility clause is continually coming up. Every meeting on account of this clause we have been compelled to refuse good men because they did not come up to our rather rigid views on membership. Last meeting we turned down the chief accountant of a 60-yard system. And yet at the concatenation seven candidates were book-keepers, estimators, etc.

Again at concatenation there were three or four assistant sawmill and planing mill superintendents taken in. I venture to say that the paragraph at the bottom of page seven of November Bulletin hits some of these cases.

Presume you think I am a kicker, and guess I am, but I for one am not a bit satisfied with the way things are run and don't care who knows it. Yours truly,

(No. ————)



Imperial Union Club, Glasgow, Scotland, November 11, 1910.—Dear Brother Baird: I received your letter, also badge and programme of the Annual, for which accept my thanks.

We had some good Hoo-Hoo in our city about two weeks ago, representing the National Hardwood Exporters' and Wagon Oak Exporters' Association. They were Messrs. H. Dixon, Norfolk, Va.; John Atcock, Baltimore, Md.; W. Russe, Memphis, Tenn.; — Wilkinson, Bristol, Tenn. We spent quite a nice hour together.

JAMES HOOT MON LIGHTBODY.

It is not agreeable to read that some 500,000 persons in New York city are more or less dependent on charity. If the phenomenal growth of that town means merely the multiplication of paupers it might be well to stop and take breath and think things over. There may be a better way to grow.

The old bachelor is to be pitied, not so much for the home he sacrifices to his selfishness as for the grinning death he carries about with him. He has chosen the King of Terrors for his lord and pledged to the monster his hope of eternal life.—Oregonian.

The Nimrod Stunt.

The royal hunt, as lately conducted by the Kaiser for the pleasure of the Czar, was scarcely less exciting than the slaughter of wild animals in a Zoo by marksmen outside the bars. The forest where the sport went on was inclosed and 1,500 deer and smaller game were driven between palings and past an embowed line of platforms where the dignitaries waited in ambush with their shot-guns. It was hardly possible to miss the mark in those narrow shambles, and the day's bag was almost as large, for the time consumed, as that of the busy axmen in the Chicago abattoirs. So far, happily, America has escaped this sort of thing, but it is coming with the growth in this country of great pleasure estates.—Argonaut.

The Spoliation of the Spoilers of Japan.

The following interesting and amusing article is from the pen of Brother Edward K. Howe, No. 15,826:

Yokohama, Japan, November 19, 1910.—Were you ever a young chap with an active brain, and nothing heavier on your mind than a straw hat? Did you ever have to sit down for three or four days in a hotel in the Orient after the Orient had lost its charm for you, and have nothing to do but wait around for another fellow to show up? If you haven't you can never slug, with the proper catch in your voice, that touching little ditty, "Gee, but this is a lonesome town."

Perhaps like us you have had the misfortune of being stranded in a country where cigars and government bonds are the possessions of the rich, and nothing on your person towards the making of a smoke, except a box of safety matches. Several days ago I smoked, not my first, but my last cigar; and as the thin blue smoke dissolved into empty air, I saw, not the pleasing vision which tradition tells us the smoker sees, but the sad one of a smokeless flade. Without the weed, time truly hangs heavy on our hands.

The tobacco industry of Japan is a government monopoly. The modest little rate of 250 per cent is levied on all tobacco imported, but you are allowed to bring in 100 cigars with your other effects. Witness, my smoking brothers, how long will this number last? From this duty and the profits on the cigarettes manufactured, the government is helping to pay off its war debt and creating another fund to lick the next nation that wants to try them a go. The



THE GEISHA CAN SPEAK A FEW ENGLISH WORDS.

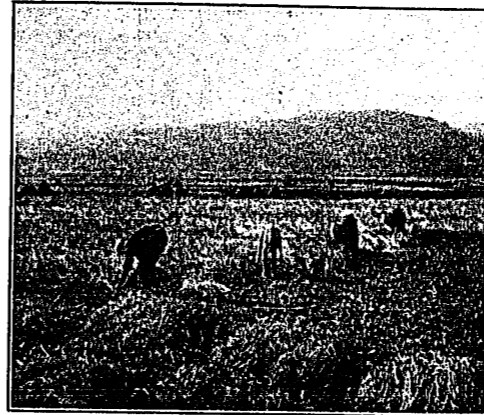
Japanese smoke the government monopoly cigarettes. If any one doubts the patriotism of the Japanese people, let him smoke a Japanese cigarette. I have heard that in certain places in Japan they give a small broom with each package of cigarettes, so that you can sweep up a nice clean place on the floor, have your smoke, and then have a decent clean spot to throw the resulting fit on. I admit that they are a mighty clean people, but this is a gross libel on a brave nation. To be sure, it requires some courage to be a steady consumer of the Japanese article, but the death is not in a violent and sudden form. It is slow and lingering. What they are made of is a mystery carefully concealed by the government, as it conceals the secret of what the terrible Japanese explosive is made of. No one claims it is tobacco as we understand it, though they are called Kamimakitabake, literally translated, paper-rolled-tobacco.

So here we are in Yokohama without a smoke, nothing to do but wait and listen to the rapid talk of the American tourists, that, like the poor, are ever with us.

The Geisha girls of Japan have three English sentences which form part of their stock in trade, which all of them can say, and which constitute their entire knowledge of the English language. The American tourist is likewise limited to three sentences when they reach Japan. The Geisha can say "Thank you very much," "You are very handsome" and "I love you very much." The tourist, es-

pecially the women. In fact the women only, say "How cheap." "That is two fifty in American money" and "Let's shop." The men speak it out in one word, "Thisishell."

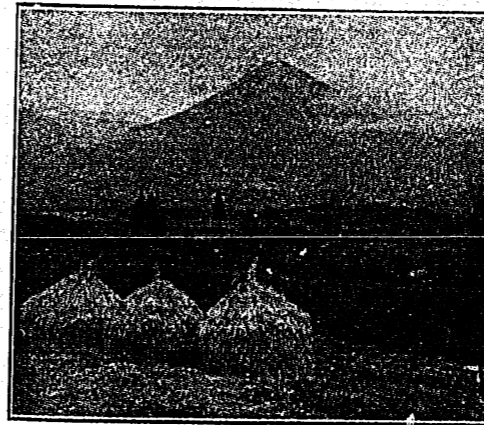
These shoppers break in on your elevating thoughts as to how the lumber business will be next year, and what bearing the political landslide in the States will have on trade out here. They swoop into the hotel corridor with their arms full of bundles, the women hot and tired looking,



IN THE FIELDS.

the men looking desperate and bored. The latter retire to console one another and wash down their disgust in whiskey and soda, and endeavor to repair the day's damage to the sinking fund by getting up a little game of poker. The winners are rewarded by having their gains taken away from them for another day's shopping, and the losers are reminded for the rest of the trip what the equivalent of their losses represent in carved ivory, kimono and other junk, and never again can they utter the word "Can't afford it." The wise boys keep the result of their meeting to themselves.

In the meantime the better halves of the afflicted ones are holding a suffragette meeting in the hotel lobby and talking "shop." Mrs. Fatone, fair, fat and over fifty, is holding forth to an audience of her kind. "This is her first trip to the Orient." This of course you made mental note of the first time she hove in sight. It sticks out all over her. John made his money manufacturing shoes and had now retired. They had never been away before, and were now touring the world with Mr. Cook. She thinks they have earned it. Poor John; we think he has earned something better.



FUJIYAMA RISING OUT OF A PLAIN OF GOLDEN HARVEST.

She has bought a bright and gaudy kimono "for an opera coat." As an example of bad taste it is "Joto" (first class). On a young woman it would look fast. On her it looks vulgar. The other women all declare that it is the swellest thing that ever came down the pike, for they have also bought a collection of junk, and objects of so-called art, and have shown as poor taste and bad judgment as the dainty old lady in the purple horror, who weighs 250 pounds.

We go out to escape the chatter and recover from the shock. We gaze anxiously up and down the street in the hope of seeing a dog fight. Our pulse quickens. Oh, joy! A tourist is in imminent danger of being overturned in his rickshaw. Yes, it will go over. No; he has escaped. Sadly we wander up the street. No luck today. Nothing to break the monotony.

We wander down the Bentendorf, that mecca for the Orientalizing Shoplomania. Here are the pitfalls and womantraps for those who take the grand tour. Ivory shops, silk and embroidery shops, ancient curios made last week, fur stores with everything from a cat skin to a Russian sable, water colors and colored brambles every third shop; shall I continue? Nay, gentle reader, let us draw a curtain before this painful scene, for these shops are overflowing with our country women, a Grand Tour look in their faces and "bargains" in their arms. The shopkeepers have a hurt and injured look on their faces, for they have sold at a loss, times are hard, and their legitimate prey are escaping with their "bargains" at only twice their value!



TEA-HOUSE MAIDS ARE FAIR BUT FAR FROM UNSOPHISTICATED.

We wander on to the station. We will go up country among the natives and escape these madmen, with their full hands and feverish looks. For with sorrow in our heart we think, "These are our countrymen, past masters in the game of con, taken in by the old bunko steer, a brass brick with a gilt cover."

We buy our ticket second class. We will take no chances of meeting any tourists on the train. We pay 48 sen, 45 sen for the ticket and 3 sen for the war tax. Alas we are out of luck. Three tourists are aboard. A father, mother and gushing daughter. The daughter might have been 20 once; she will never be again. She is being taken abroad for her education, which by the way will never be completed. The Grand Tour look is on her strong, in fact is in its last stages. She is cross-eyed. They have come by way of Suez and India, and are nearly round the world. Down the streets of many an Oriental city has she gone, a bored and hurrying Cook's guide in the lead, 30 inches to the step, 120 steps to the minute. And thus has she seen the Orient. "How lovely," she says, looking both ways at once as the guide points them out—until it has made her cross-eyed.

We are off. The country opens up before us and we see the people gathering in the crops of rice. The beautiful Autumn day makes us think of Indian Summer at home. The leaves have turned their color, and the landscape is clothed in the most gorgeous of costumes. It is a beautiful country; we thank God we are living and privileged to witness His work. Our bored and lonely feelings dissolve in Nature's bath of beauty, and a great desire comes over us to wander abroad and become a part of this picture.

We leave the train and find ourselves among the fields; the hills call us and we respond, and seated under the varicolored trees we look off towards Fujiyama, rising clear and beautiful out of a plain of golden harvest. The spirit of other times descends upon us. The thatch huts make us feel that not yet have foreigners opened up the country. The men and women harvesting their crops, by the same primitive methods as did their forefathers in feudal times, breathe out the spirit of other days. The old woman with a bundle of faggots on her back, bent and crooked with hard work, old age, and many children; surely this is not the grandmother of some maid tending foreign children in the settlement. We are not a modern business man trying to make money out of a necessity of life. In this feudal age to which we are transported, he is the lowest of the low. We are a mighty Shogun, and will descend into your village. We walk on air; we speak to the people as we pass, for we are not a haughty Shogun, and the people hearing their native tongue are kind and courteous. We approach the village; perhaps there is a tea house which we will honor with our presence.

Alas! This is a sad, sad world. The pipe is out, the day dream is shattered. An American flag comes into view. This then is not old Japan, but the invasion has taken place. "At least," we think with pride, "Old Glory is honored first." Alas for our pride. As we turn the corner we see the sign, "American Bar. American Sailors Welcome." We are overwhelmed with shame and sink down on a seat under the mat awning. Before we realize it the girl has poured us out—what? Tea? Alas, no; this is a tea house, but we drink Sappora beer.

The maid is fair, but far from unsophisticated. She welcomes us in her best English, to which we reply, "Roshia no Kotoba wakarinasen" (I do not understand the Russian language). Having thus established the fact that we are neither a sailor nor a tourist, we are treated by the maid with the respect and courtesy due a guest, for which the Japanese are so well known, in addition to which we avoided certain objectionable attentions that sailors and tourists seek, and for which they do not seek in vain.

As we returned to our modern hotel, with its modern bar, and its modern people, we thought, having a knowledge of the parts of Japan that have stood still, "Alas for the change."

The One Wild Place.

For a plain, hard-working man, the home is not the one tame place in the world of adventure. It is the one wild place in the world of rules and set tasks.

To the moderately poor, the home is the only place of liberty. Nay, it is the only place of anarchy! It is the only spot on earth where a man can alter arrangements suddenly, make an experiment or indulge in a whim. Everywhere else he goes he must accept the strict rules of the shop, inn, club or museum that he happens to enter. He can eat his meals on the floor in his own house, if he likes. When a man spends every night staggering from bar to bar or from music hall to music hall, we say that he is living an irregular life. But he is not; he is living a highly regular life, under the dull, and often oppressive, laws of such places. Sometimes he is not allowed even to sit down in the bars and frequently he is forbidden to sit in the music halls.—G. K. Chesterton.

Not all heathens live in heathen lands. Some of them are in the ranks of the commercial travelers of this country, judging from the following story in a recent issue of the Minneapolis Journal:

As the immediate first fruits of 350 Bibles installed in the rooms of the West hotel by the Gideons, an organization composed of "drummers," word came to the desk from a traveling man that for the first time in his life he

had looked inside of a real Bible. Two bell boys, Earl Beachler and Axel Paulson, made the distribution. Beachler had just left his first armful and came back for more, when he brought the news that the recipient of one of the Bibles opened the book at once and looked at it with much interest.

"He says," Beachler reported, "that when he was a boy he used to go to Sunday School, but he always studied his lesson out of a leaflet. He says it's the first sure enough Bible he ever saw the inside of. Gim'me another armful."

The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, after many delays due to litigation, has declared a dividend and the stockholders will receive \$30,000. While this is a smaller sum than was returned to the stockholders in the Lewis and Clark Fair at Portland, it can hardly fail to prove highly gratifying to the people of Seattle. Aside from the cash dividend which was returned to the stockholders, the buildings and improvements that were turned over to the University of Washington may be included in the direct assets of the fair. These have a permanent value, and will be a lasting monument to the success of the exposition. Both the A-Y-P and the Lewis and Clark Expositions were out of the ordinary in more than one feature, and perhaps the most pleasing of these features was that neither had a deficit.—Oregonian.

Don't Say.

Don't say "I feel badly." There is nothing wrong with your sense of touch. If you are ill, you "feel bad," which means that you have a bad feeling. To say "feel badly" is to make a bad error in grammar. If you were in unusually good health, would you say, "I feel goodly?"

Don't say "those kind of things." Say "that kind of things." The word "kind," meaning variety or sort, is singular, not plural. "Those kind" is as much of an error as "those man" would be. What you are trying to convey is the idea of "things of that kind."

Don't say "his satanic majesty." Say "the devil," if that is what you mean.

Don't say "proceeded to the sanctuary;" say "went to church."

Don't say "transpire" when you mean "occur." The word "transpire" does not mean "to take place," but to become known—literally "to leak out." A murder might occur today and not transpire till year after next.

Don't say "retire" when you mean "go to bed."

Don't say "he resides in the city." Say "he lives in town."

The Sun, of Baltimore, is having a lot of fun at the expense of Seattle. The latter city is, according to the Sun, groaning in spirit and beating her breast in despair because Director Dana A. Durand, of the Census Bureau, after arbitrarily cutting down her population return from 248,382 to 237,194, now refuses to restore the excised 11,188 and gives open warning that no further argument, however eloquent, will move him from his determination. The Sun is low down and mean enough to say:

Nine-tenths of the Seattleans think that even 248,382 was too low. The Times newspaper, for example, figures by one method that the population of the town is really 262,223, by another method 269,170, and by still another method that it is "fully 275,000." In 1920, says the Times, Seattle will have 695,350 people and will rank ninth among American cities, instead of twenty-first, as it does today. By 1930 its population will be 2,044,329 and only New York, Chicago and Philadelphia will stand ahead of it.

All of this calculating and caterwauling seems absurd enough, but behind it there is a fighting spirit which the people of the Eastern cities might do well to imitate. The Seattleans, in brief, take the whole business of counting noses with the utmost seriousness.

More than a year ago the trade bodies of Seattle organized a Civic Census Bureau, with a complete outfit of enumerators, and when the official enumerators began work in the Spring these volunteers offered their aid. After some hesitation it was accepted—and at once it began to appear that Seattle was fairly bulging with people. A hundred deep-sea sailors, dispersed from Bering Straits to the Horn, were returned as residing on one of the city docks. Halibut fishermen at work off Cape Flattery and prospectors lost in the Alaskan wilds were set down as good Seattleans. The population of the town, which had been 80,671 in 1900, jumped to 248,382.

Then came Monsieur Durand and his little ax. At one fell swoop he cut off 11,188 Seattleans—sailors, fishermen, prospectors, missionaries in Fiji, explorers in Tibet, guests of the government at Atlanta and Moundsville, fugitives from justice, men with two names, homeseekers bound westward from New Hampshire, Bulgaria and Armenia, but not yet arrived. Seattle howled—and is still howling.

Hampton, Iowa, December 26, 1910.—Dear Jim: I am glad to know that the Death Emergency Fund list is filled. I should suppose that every Hoo-Hoo would be enthusiastic over it. Let us anticipate assessments—let us hope they will come—as it will be worth it all to know that those payments of \$250 will drop down into desolated homes as from heaven.

Hoping that the New Year, as it wedges its nose in, will find you happy, I remain, sincerely yours,
MLET L. SALLEY.

Elkins, W. Va., December 19, 1910.—Yours of 12th just at hand and note your request for dues and subscription to the Death Emergency Fund. I am thankful to say my 1911 dues are paid, and also my \$2.00 to the fund. I am pleased to note that there were brothers enough who subscribed to the fund to make it a success. May it stand forever and live to eternity with Hoo-Hoo.

Wishing you a happy New Year, I am, fraternally yours,
J. E. WILLIAMS (No. 21133).

Hoo-Hoo No. 19950 kindly serves in the following as a contribution to our joke department:

A brewer in old Berlin fell into a vat to his chin. He cried: "Haf no fear, I'll hop out of der beer py usin der hops vat are in."

An old Quaker was bothered by the frequent raids of a neighbor on his chicken-roost. One night he heard a commotion outside and taking a lantern went out to investigate. At the door of the hen-roost he encountered his neighbor, a bleeding chicken in either hand. The old friend blandly remarked: "Adam, dost thou not want a light that thou mayst pick out the best?"

A man in Arizona heard of the great profits in raising pop-corn, and planted a thousand acres of it. When the corn got ripe it began to pop in the field. A mule in a near-by pasture saw it and froze to death because he thought it was a blizzard.

The nature faker was hunting for material for his new book on "Snakes I Have Seen." The farmer volunteered to give some scientific information: "Yes, sir, it was there in yonder corn field that I killed the biggest rattler ever seen in these parts; he measurd ten feet from tip to tip, and put up a mighty battle for his life. I had only a hoe handle, and by the time I had finished him he had the end all chawed up and green with poison. Well, next day when I went out to finish hoeing, I'll be doggoned if that hoe handle hadn't swelled into a sawlog fifty feet long and ten feet through. I sold the log to a little portable mill, where they made railroad ties out of it. Shortly after the ties were laid, a spell of wet weather softened the embankment, and a couple of cars of flax-seed were tipped over and the flax-seed scattered over the poisoned ties. The mud mixed with the flax-seed and made a flax-seed poultice that drew the poison out of the ties; when they came to look for them they found nothing but tooth-picks. Here's one I saved just to prove it."

Down in Virginia an old colored woman had raided a "worm" fence for fire wood, and was trudging homeward through the dusk with a rail under each arm. She had been attending camp meeting and was full of religion. As she wended her way along she kept a wary eye for the owner of the fence and sang: "Lord, stand by me while I get home."

Spokane, Wash., November 29, 1910.—J. H. Baird, Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.—Dear Brother: Am enclosing check for \$3.65—one year's dues and \$2.00 for the fund. This is certainly a wise movement on the part of Hoo-Hoo, and I am heartily in favor of it. Fraternally yours,
A. W. ROBINSON (No. 368).

P. S.—Am somewhat proud of the fact that I am wearing the original button—which is old enough to antedate the time you commenced engraving the number on the buttons when issued. It is somewhat difficult for me to realize that when I struck this city eleven years ago I was the only Hoo-Hoo lumberman here. Now I cannot turn around without seeing several.

A Song of the Sea.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallantmast—
And bonds the gallantmast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lea.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high—
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free,
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in you horn'd moon,
And lightning in you cloud;
And hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud—
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free;
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

—Allan Cunningham.

Self-Burning Letter Devised.

One unique suggestion coming to the patent office recently is for a self-burning letter. Though the commissioners tried to keep the process secret, the story soon leaked out and the suggestion was offered as a defense to the ardent swain who pours forth his soul in endearing and eloquent correspondence in a breach of promise sull or in the divorce court helps to swell the alimony and excite popular derision.

Love letters have always played a conspicuous part in the affairs of nations and still more momentous role in the history of hearts, but they generally possess peculiar features that make them "impossible" in cold type. Of course, much depends upon the eyes that read them, but no matter how romantic the reader, if the eloquence is not intended particularly for him or her, the sentiments appear "stilted," "silly" or "disgustingly sentimental." Hence the advantage of the self-burning letter; so far as has been learned, however, the "novel contrivance" is but a sheet to which a certain brand of very flat match is attached for a suggestion.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

If you want to be miserable, think about yourself—about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you, and what people think of you.—Charles Kingsley.



Merry Time in Maryland.

Even a snow storm which was raging in Cumberland, Md., on the evening of December 9 did not chill the ardor of the Hoo-Hoo who had gathered for Vicegerent R. W. Oswald's concatenation. There was a good attendance. There were only five kittens. Some of those who were there that evening to instill wisdom into the novices are men who have gone far down the line with Hoo-Hoo—who know old Hoo-Hoo's ways and his secrets—and the concatenation was an interesting one. Supreme Representative W. M. Stephenson was there, and the daily papers of Cumberland gave much space and many illustrations to the event. Besides Vicegerent Oswald one other Vicegerent was on hand, Brother J. W. Brazier, of Elkins, W. Va., and Brother A. A. Rudy, an ex-Vicegerent, also of Elkins.

The five men who were initiated are prominent in that section, and the class was one of which Hoo-Hoo can be proud.

At the session-on-the-roof Supreme Representative Stephenson acted as toastmaster, and around the banquet board the cats and kittens lingered until far past midnight. After the post-prandial talks had been made, they still stayed, enjoying the occasion. They talked Hoo-Hoo and its benefits to the lumber industry, told stories, and all of them went home happy.

The occasion was such a pronounced success that already Brother Oswald is being urged to hold another concatenation early in the spring.

Snark, R. W. Oswald; Senior Hoo-Hoo, W. M. Stephenson; Junior Hoo-Hoo, J. W. Brazier; Bojum, F. H. Whaley; Scrivenoter, Geo. E. Emmert; Jabberwock, Alf. A. Rudy; Custocatian, J. W. Moore; Arcanoper, Geo. R. Wheeler; Gurdon S. G. Ashby.

25035 Edward Orlando Abernethy, Dobbin, W. Va.; superintendent Parsons Pulp & Lumber Co.

25036 Charles Albert Ashby, Jr., Oakland, Md.; partner Ashby Lumber Co.

25037 Andrew "Hampswell" Billmeyer, Cumberland, Md.; president Billmeyer Lumber Co.

25038 George Anderson Brotemarkle, Cumberland, Md.; buyer Thos. F. Smouse.

25039 Richard Henry Wilson, Cumberland, Md.; sales manager Maryland Supply Company.

Concatenation No. 1662, Cumberland, Md., December 9, 1910.

Many Joy-promoters on Hand.

Vicegerent M. D. Jameson pulled off at Portland, Ore., on the evening of December 9 a concatenation that has been termed a "humdinger." We of the South do not know exactly what a "humdinger" is, but we do know that when the Hoo-Hoo boys of Oregon get together for a Hoo-Hoo meeting and call it a "humdinger" that there was joy and fun there for everyone.

Twenty-two kittens were ejected from the realm of purblindness and pushed into the land of health happiness and long life that evening. The pushing was done by such distinguished joy-promoters as Graham Griswold, the Supreme Junior Hoo-Hoo, Guy M. Standifer, C. R. Weber, David Davis, J. B. Knapp, Howard Haskell, E. J. Munnell, J. T. Thompson, A. J. Capron, Herbert G. Wells, Claude Jones, Kirk Kohler, Geo. C. Luders, E. L. Fifield and others.

Snark, M. D. Jameson; Senior Hoo-Hoo, G. A. Griswold; Junior Hoo-Hoo, G. M. Standifer, Bojum, C. R. Weber; Scrivenoter, David W. Davis; Jabberwock, J. B. Knapp; Custocatian, H. H. Haskell; Arcanoper, E. J. Munnell; Gurdon, J. T. Thompson.

25040 Eric Strawboss Anderson, Lents, Oregon; salesman Miller-Mowrey Lumber Company.

25041 William Edward Boushor, Portland, Ore.; salesman Lidgerwood Manufacturing Co., New York, N. Y.

25042 James Garfield Brown, Portland, Ore.; salesman Simonds Manufacturing Company.

25043 George Wells Cameron, Goldendale, Wash.; vice-president J. E. Cameron Lumber Co., Portland, Ore.

25044 Charles I. Clumpner, Spokane, Wash.; salesman E. C. Atkins & Co., Portland, Ore.

25045 Ellis Marion Crawford, Portland, Ore.; salesman S. B. Hicks & Sons Co.

25046 James H. Denton, Portland, Ore.; superintendent Eastern & Western Lumber Company.

25047 Carroll William Duning, Portland, Ore.; U. S. Forest Service.

25048 George Wellington Hafner, Portland, Ore.; auditor G. W. Gates & Co.

25049 Howard Baker Hall, Portland, Ore.; salesman Inman-Poulsen Lumber Co.

25050 Carleton A. Hudson, Portland, Ore.; inspector Oregon & Washington Lumber Inspection Bureau.

25051 Frank Hackett Humphrey, Portland, Ore.; foreman Inman-Poulsen Lumber Co.

25052 Harry Baxter Humphrey, Portland, Ore.; salesman Nott-Atwater Company.

25053 William Hooper Little, Portland, Ore.; vice-president Little Diamond Lumber Agency.



VICEGERENT WM. T. KUHNS,
of Baltimore, whose successful concatenation at that place on December 17 is reported in this issue.

25054 Elmer L. Littlejohns, Portland, Ore.; salesman Pittock, Leadbetter Lumber Co., Vancouver, Wash.

25055 Harry Jarboe Lyman, Portland, Ore.; salesman Eastern & Western Lumber Co.

25056 William J. Mathews, Springfield, Ore.; salesman Booth-Kelly Lumber Co.

25057 Rueben George Murray, Rainier, Ore.; assistant superintendent Pacific National Lumber Co.

25058 J. Gaddis Nichols, Portland, Ore., chief Will. & Cal. Riv. Tow. Company.

25059 Joseph Lincoln Painter, Portland, Ore.; shipping clerk Portland Lumber Co.

25060 Robert Albert Stewart, Portland, Ore.; manager S. B. Hicks & Sons Co.

25061 Walter Morton Webb, Portland, Ore.; salesman Portland Lumber Co.

Concatenation No. 1663, Portland, Ore., December 9, 1910.

Fine Concatenation at Baltimore.

Probably the best concatenation ever held by Vicegerent Wm. T. Kuhns was the one of December 17 at Baltimore, Md. The class was small—seven in number—but they were all representative lumbermen of that

section, and as one old Hoo-Hoo said after the meeting, that the class of initiates looked as if they might have come from a meeting of the lumber exchange.

Brother Kuhns acted as Snark. Supreme Custocatian Jerome H. Sheip acted as Senior Hoo-Hoo. The inimitable Billy Gill was Junior; W. M. Stephenson acted as Bojum; Geo. E. Waters was Jabberwock—all of them well-known all over Hoo-Hoo land.

This list of names is only a part of those who worked for the concatenation before it convened, and only part of those who helped to make it the success it was. Brother John Alcock put his hand to the wheel, and was busy for several days before the session was held, doing everything that he could for the success of the occasion. Geo. Waters, too, was busy with the preparations, and with Lewis Dill made a triumvir of experienced Hoo-Hoo workers.

Those who know W. D. Gill know what a Junior he can make, and he was at his best that evening. He was assisted by E. P. Gill in the Junior work.

Following the initiation a banquet was held at the Merchants' Club. Speeches were made by Messrs. W. M. Ste-



WM. D. GILL, JR., OF BALTIMORE, MD.

phenson, J. H. Sheip, John L. Alcock, Wm. T. Kuhns, Lewis Dill, and W. D. Gill.

Among the songs of the evening was the following hit on the Junior:

Has anybody here seen Billy?

B-I-L-L Gill.

Anybody here seen Billy,

Have you seen him smile?

He's fat and jolly and his eyes are blue,

He's a Hoo-Hoo through and through.

Anybody here seen Billy?

Billy from the lumber pile.

The evening was a testimony to the strength, influence, and popularity of Vicegerent Kuhns.

Snark, William T. Kuhns; Senior Hoo-Hoo, Jerome H. Sheip; Junior Hoo-Hoo, William D. Gill; Bojum, W. M. Stephenson; Scrivenoter, S. R. Eccles; Jabberwock, G. E. Waters; Custocatian, William J. Cromwell; Arcanoper, J. D. Virden; Gurdon, J. D. Stack.

25062 John Brown Bosley, Baltimore, Md.; salesman W. Lewis Rowe Co.

25063 Clarence Rich Diefenderfer, Baltimore, Md.; treasurer W. Lewis Rowe Co.

25064 Lewis Alan Dill, Baltimore, Md.; clerk and salesman Lewis Dill Co.

25065 Rufus King Goodenow, Jr., Baltimore, Md.; manager Canton Box Co.

25066 Collin "Bridge" McLenn, Baltimore, Md.; president McLenn Contracting Co.

25067 Robert B. Ways, Baltimore, Md.; foreign freight agent B. & O. R. R. Co.

25068 George Ledy Wood, Baltimore, Md.; vice-president R. E. Wood Lumber Co.

Concatenation No. 1664, Baltimore, Md., December 17, 1910.

Kellogg's First Concatenation.

Early in this Hoo-Hoo year the State of Wisconsin was divided into two districts—Northern and Southern. Mr. R. S. Kellogg, Secretary of the Northern Hemlock & Hardwood Manufacturers Association, and former assistant forester of the United States, is the Vicegerent appointed for the Northern District. The first of a series of concatenations which Vicegerent Kellogg will hold at Wausau was held on December 17, and was a pronounced success, considering the difficulties under which Mr. Kellogg labored. This is the first concatenation to be held in the northern part of Wisconsin for some time, and at the city of Wausau there were but three resident Hoo-Hoo members, H. H. Maddon, W. T. Milroy and R. S. Kellogg. Brother Kellogg had, however, the capable assistance of Vicegerent W. R. Anderson, who reigns in the Southern District of Wisconsin, and Brother F. L. Johnson, Jr., of Chicago, an ex-Supreme Nine member and a prominent member of the Osirian Cloister.

Only four of the seven kittens who were to be instilled with wisdom showed up for this concatenation, but these four were bear meat for the hungry Hoo-Hoo of the Badger State and the evening passed off merrily, no one enjoying the evening more than the novices themselves.

All of the men initiated were prominent in the lumber business in that section, and one of the aims of Vicegerent Kellogg is to put into Hoo-Hoo this year many of the best men of his district.

Vicegerent Kellogg is preparing to hold another concatenation in about two months, the time and place to be announced later.

Snark, R. S. Kellogg; Senior Hoo-Hoo, F. L. Johnson, Jr.; Junior Hoo-Hoo, F. L. Johnson, Jr.; Bojum, W. R. Anderson; Scrivenoter, H. H. Maddon; Jabberwock, W. R. Anderson; Custocatian, W. T. Milroy; Arcanoper, H. H. Maddon; Gurdon, W. R. Anderson.

25069 Judd Strobridge Alexander, Wausau, Wis.; sales manager Alexander-Stewart Lumber Co.

25070 Donald John Murray, Jr., Wausau, Wis.; secretary D. J. Murray Manufacturing Co.

25071 Frederick H. Piehl, Gagen, Wis.; manager saw mill plant Minneapolis Cedar & Lumber Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

25072 Edwin Karl Schmetz, Wausau, Wis.; secretary Wertheim Woodwork Company.

Concatenation No. 1665, Wausau, Wis., December 17, 1910.

No Risk Taken.

Hoo-Hoo took a hazard in eastern Pennsylvania this year, but as that proved to be H. G. Hazard, the now Vicegerent, no risk was run at all. In fact the "Hazard" has shown himself to be a sure winner.

On the evening of December 23 in Philadelphia, Brother Hazard held his first concatenation, and it was a big success. Five men were initiated. The class was not as large as the Vicegerent had expected it to be, but there were a number of old cats present, and the evening was an especially enjoyable one. Brother J. H. Sheip, Supreme Custocatian, acted as Senior Hoo-Hoo and Brother H. E. Olson in the Junior chair made those five kittens make strange and divers wanderings through the fields of darkness until the light of Hoo-Hoo land dawned upon them.

Snark, H. G. Hazard; Senior Hoo-Hoo, Jerome H. Shelp; Junior Hoo-Hoo, H. E. Olson; Bojum, Fred W. Rockwell; Scribe-noter, F. O. Werden; Jabberwock, H. S. Best; Custocattan, H. S. Field; Arcanoper, R. M. Shanklin; Gurdon, E. E. Shaver.

25073 Joseph Conegys, Philadelphia, Pa.; Philadelphia representative Barker-Bond Lumber Co.
25074 John H. Hillman, Philadelphia, Pa.; partner H. G. Hazard Co.
25075 John R. Matheson, Detroit, Mich.; traveling auditor E. M. F. Company.
25076 John W. Moore, Perth Amboy, N. J.; manager H. G. Hazard Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
25077 Geo. S. Seltzer, Philadelphia, Pa.; correspondent New York Lumber Trades Journal.
Concatenation No. 1566, Philadelphia, Pa., December 23, 1910.

Hoo-Hoo Ate Eight.

At Statesville, N. C., on the evening of December 30, Vicegerent R. A. Gaither pulled off a lively concatenation at which there were eight kittens and nine old cats. The number was evenly divided, but the old members knew more than those who had come before them, and they fed the eight men to Hoo-Hoo in good style. Brother W. L. Clement acted as Junior and a good one he made. In fact the evening so much revived interest in the Order that the boys of the Western District of North Carolina are already after Brother Gaither for another session.



VICEGERENT R. A. GAITHER, OF STATESVILLE, N. C.

Snark, R. A. Gaither; Senior Hoo-Hoo, C. P. Moore; Junior Hoo-Hoo, W. L. Clement; Bojum, J. C. Hampton; Scribe-noter, Claude Kiser; Jabberwock, H. C. Randolph; Custocattan, J. T. B. Shaw; Arcanoper, George E. Spencer; Gurdon, J. F. Lentz.

25078 Clyde Stanley Alexander, Statesville, N. C.; editor and manager Statesville Sentinel.
25079 David Farthing Clark, Lenoir, N. C.; salesman J. M. Barnhart Co.
25080 Marshall Scott Pink, Greensboro, N. C.; billing clerk South Atlantic Lumber Co.
25081 James Buoy Foster, Statesville, N. C.; manager Reed Lumber Co., Hickory, N. C.
25082 Charles Roby Gaither, Statesville, N. C.; manager C. R. & H. A. Gaither.
25083 William Winfield Gaither, Statesville, N. C.; manager and salesman R. A. Gaither Co.
25084 Andrew Privette, Statesville, N. C.; buyer and shipper High Point Hardwood Lumber Company, High Point, N. C.
25085 Charles Havra Turner, Statesville, N. C.; owner C. H. Turner.
Concatenation No. 1667, Statesville, N. C., December 30, 1910.

Personal Mention.

Brother John R. Hooper, No. 1114, is editor and publisher of a new lumber paper, the Retail Lumberman and Western Builder, with headquarters in Winnipeg. The new journal is the only lumber paper printed, edited and published, in the Canadian West and it very fully represents the interests of the great retail trade of the Prairie Provinces. Western Canada is a great country—and is still a "coming country," though its resources have developed rapidly within the past few years. Brother Hooper has had much experience in the field of trade journalism, having been connected with the American Lumberman and the Canada Lumberman, later on becoming editor of the retail department of the Western Lumberman. He brings to his new position a wide knowledge of the work and of the lumber interest. The new paper announces that Mr. Hooper's "original Realm of the Retailer, five-minute chats, Hoo-Hoo gossip, etc., will be continued, as well as the Square Deal List." The Retail Lumberman and Western Builder has offices in the Builders' Exchange, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

The Continental Lumber & Tie Company, Houston, Texas, announces the election of G. M. Duncan as director and vice president. The gentleman mentioned is Hoo-Hoo No. 8150, well known as a loyal and faithful member of the Order. Brother Duncan is an ex-member of the Supreme Nine, having been elected Bojum at the Oklahoma City Annual in September, 1906.

Brother E. A. Powell, formerly connected with Lee Bros., Memphis, Tenn., has recently made a change and is now in business for himself at Cairo, Ill., as manufacturers' agent. Under the firm name of The E. A. Powell Company, Brother Powell will handle an extensive line of mill supplies and machinery.

Hymeneal.

Brother Frederick K. Darragh, Hoo-Hoo No. 7403, and Miss Valera Skillern, of Searcy, Ark., were married on December 7 at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Skillern.

The house was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and an artistic musical programme preceded the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Darragh left immediately after the ceremony for an extended trip through the North and East, and on their return will reside at Little Rock, Ark., where Mr. Darragh is prominently identified with the business world, being a member of the Mills-Darragh Lime & Cement Company.

Recently a man with his boots on fell from the top of a cliff at Dover the height of which was afterward found to be 400 feet. He was picked up floating insensible in some five feet of water, but his boots were off, which proves that he must have retained sufficient consciousness on reaching the water to enable him to draw his boots from his feet. This from a magazine article on sensational falls, and it is worthy of notice for the fact from which a wrong deduction is made. It is said by miners that whenever an underground worker falls down the shaft, his boots come off and reach the bottom before the body—that is, if the distance is considerable. A 400-foot fall would be sufficient to furnish this curious result, and a better reason for the absence of the man's boots.—Argonaut.

OUR VICEGERENTS

R. S. Kellogg (No. 22435).

This year the State of Wisconsin was divided into two districts, the Northern and the Southern. Hoo-Hoo's ruler in the new district is Brother R. S. Kellogg, of Wausau, who is the secretary of the Northern Hemlock & Hardwood Manufacturers' Association.

There are few men in the lumber business more widely known than Brother Kellogg. There is hardly an association now in existence but what Brother Kellogg has attended some of its meetings, and he was always a bearer of valuable news to the membership. This was why he was assistant forester in the Forest Service.

Immediately after his appointment as Vicegerent he started to work upon a concatenation, which he held December 17, and which is reported on another page of this issue. This, his first concatenation, was a big success, and is the first that has been held in Northern Wisconsin in a number of years. Brother Kellogg has taken hold of the task assigned him with zeal and enthusiasm, and he writes he expects to hold another concatenation at an early date.

Brother Kellogg was born at Cato, N. Y., on October 19, 1874, and has had a varied experience. He attended school at Russell, Kans., and from June, 1892, to June, 1899, he was at college and teaching at Manhattan, Kas. From June, 1899, to February 1, 1901, he was a farmer, and it was while engaged in this occupation that he learned to love the trees and plants, and so when he accepted the position with the Forest Service, his work was a labor of love. In the government work his success was very rapid, due to the thoroughness with which he did every-



VICEGERENT R. S. KELLOGG, OF WAUSAU, WIS.

thing to which he put his hand, and his grasp of the needs of the service made him a valuable member. It was only last year that Brother Kellogg gave up his work for the government, and he resigned his position to accept the secretaryship of the Northern Hemlock & Hardwood Manufacturers' Association, after the resignation of J. E. Rhodes. Brother Kellogg was initiated into Hoo-Hoo at the meeting held in New Orleans on January 19, 1909.

Miles D. Jameson (No. 16945).

The accompanying photograph is a likeness of Brother Miles D. Jameson, Hoo-Hoo No. 16945, who was recently elected Vicegerent for the Northern District of Oregon.

Brother Jameson was born in Webster County, Iowa, on the second day of May, 1884. When he was five years of age his parents removed to Portland, Ore., where he received his education in the public school. He graduated in February, 1900. The first position he held was in the



VICEGERENT M. D. JAMESON, OF PORTLAND, ORE.

planing mill of Inman-Poulsen Lumber Company, where he worked about eight months.

Being ambitious and realizing the importance of thorough preparation for a successful business career, he then took a commercial course in a local business college. He finished in May, 1901.

The East Side Mill & Lumber Company gave him employment as office boy. By earnest effort and business ability he worked his way upward to his present position as local sales manager.

Brother Jameson's experience is typical of the successful young lumberman of the West, in these days of great opportunity out there, and his appointment as Vicegerent is received with pleasure by the local Hoo-Hoo.

Increasing "White Ways" in Cities.

Modern cities flare against the night sky. This is one of their distinguishments, marking their progress from medieval towns. At the beginning of the seventeenth century nocturnal London was in darkness, only relieved here and there by lamps set by some householders above their doors, and by torches of a few link boys. But London was as well lighted at that time as any city in the world, or we never should have heard of the London boom, or of present figures of London's population, making the bitter drop in New York's overflowing cup of joy. London boomed while its streets were dark, for the very good reason that they were no darker than the streets of any of London's rivals. It boomed later, and more, as the records attest, because it was first among the cities introducing crude lighting systems.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

OBITUARY.

S. L. Everett (No. 1751).

The following resolutions upon the death of Brother S. L. Everett were adopted by the San Francisco Hoo-Hoo. The account of Brother Everett's death appeared in the last issue of The Bulletin. These resolutions were handsomely engraved and a copy sent to the family of Brother Everett:

Whereas, It has pleased the great Snark of the Universe to remove from this earthly sphere and call unto himself our dearly beloved brother, S. L. Everett (No. 1751), the father of Hoo-Hoo in the State of California, whose name we honor and revere for his many sterling qualities of lovable manhood exemplified by a long and consistent life of fraternity, friendship and brotherly love, and

Whereas, We miss his genial spirit of fraternity and kindly advice and earnest endeavor; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the Hoo-Hoo of northern California, extend to his family in their sorrow our heartfelt sympathy and condolence and hope all the blessings of health, happiness and long life may be theirs; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be engrossed and tendered to his family and the same be published in the Hoo-Hoo Bulletin, the official paper of our Order.

San Francisco, December 2, 1910.
(Signed)

HENRY TEMPLEMAN,
H. C. NORTON,
O. C. SHAW,

Committee.

R. A. HISCOX,

Vicegerent Snark of Northern California.

JOHN P. MULLER,

Scrivenoter.

James Edward Conway (No. 17792).

Brother James E. Conway, manager of The Brittain Lumber Company, and a young man of great promise, died of toxine poison at St. Luke's Hospital of Oklahoma City, Okla., on December 24, 1910.

The deceased was born at Houston, Texas, in 1877, and removed to Norman, Okla., about six years ago, where he formed a large circle of friends.

Brother Conway was initiated into Hoo-Hoo on September 10, 1906, at Oklahoma City, Okla., and being an expert lumberman proved an addition to its ranks. He belonged to both the Odd Fellows and the Masonic Order.

The midnight services on Sunday night for a 32d degree Mason were solemnly and impressively held by the members of the Rose Croix Lodge of the Scottish Rite.

On Monday Noble Lodge, A. F. & A. M., of which he was a member, conducted ceremonies, after which he was laid at rest in the I. O. O. F. cemetery.

The demise of this young man leaves a gap in life which will be hard to fill.

Joseph Bartlett Abeel (No. 18280).

A well-known newspaper man whose career was cut short was Brother Joseph Bartlett Abeel, born in Greenwich, N. Y., August 1, 1879, and who died on December 17, 1910, at his home in Chattanooga, Tenn., where he spent more than twenty years of his life.

After completing his education at the University of the South, where he prepared himself to receive orders in the Episcopal Church, he decided to take up newspaper work, for which he was aptly fitted. He served as apprentice on the Age-Herald, of Birmingham, Ala., then returned to Chattanooga as The Star was established, and remained with that paper throughout its publication.

After the suspension of this paper and its successor, The Chattanooga, Brother Abeel became connected with

The Times. About a year ago Brother Abeel became afflicted with a nervous breakdown and gradually grew weaker despite his struggles to fight against it; only a few weeks before his death did he notify The Times editor that it was useless to hold his place longer.

Those with whom he came in contact learned with deepest regret of his untimely death and recalled many favors received at his hands. His enthusiasm and earnestness were contagious to a marked degree.

Brother Abeel became a Hoo-Hoo at a concatenation held at Birmingham, Ala., and was loyal to its cause.

Funeral services were held from Christ Episcopal Church, and interment was in Forest Hill cemetery.

Charles Henry Boone, Jr. (18330).

Another sad death is that of Brother Chas. H. Boone, Jr., of Baltimore, Md., who died of a complication of diseases December 26, 1910.

Brother Boone was a young man only 34 years of age, and is survived by his mother and two sisters. He was born at Baltimore, Md., on March 15, 1876.

Brother Boone joined Hoo-Hoo at Baltimore, Md., on January 16, 1907, and at that time was inspector for Ryland Brooks Lumber Company.

The funeral was from his home; the burial was in London Park Cemetery.

Ernest Loebbecke (No. 22319).

Vicegerent R. A. Hiscox has reported the death of Brother Ernest Loebbecke, which occurred early in December. Brother Loebbecke was one of the western representatives of the American Wood Working Machinery Company, with headquarters at San Francisco, and had gone upon a business trip up the coast to Eureka, Cal. Returning on the steamer, he was taken with appendicitis, an immediate operation being necessary. From the effects of this he never recovered.

Brother Loebbecke was a native of Germany, thirty-two years old. He had been in America six years, and four of these he spent in San Francisco. When he first came to the West he was connected with the Linderman Machinery Company, but for the past year has been representing the American Wood Working Machinery Company.

Brother Loebbecke enjoyed an unusually large acquaintance, considering the time that he was in San Francisco, and was very popular with the lumbermen in that section. He was an ardent Hoo-Hoo, and just before he left on his last trip, he called upon Vicegerent Hiscox to know if there was anything he could do for Hoo-Hoo while he was in the northern part of the State.

Brother Loebbecke is survived by his wife and one child, the child being less than two years of age.

Buried General Came Back.

When Napoleon was shinning back to his own side from Moscow's awful hospitalities, General Ornano's head was grazed by a bullet while he was hippy-hoppitying in a charge on the Russians. The general fell from his steed. His orderly could find no sign of life in him, so buried the general under a bank of snow and forthwith announced the death to Napoleon. Two hours later General Ornano showed up to the Emperor very much alive and kicking. Years afterward the old general was one of the pallbearers of the orderly who had buried him in the snow.—New York Press.

The Practical Side.

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

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

WANTED—Position as shipping clerk, yard foreman or kiln foreman for large plant. Have been working in shipping department in yellow pine mill for fourteen years. Can furnish best of references. Address "Tremont," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position on road either buying or selling lumber; would prefer selling. Am a practical lumberman, having served for years as inspector of hardwood; strictly sober and can give concern satisfactory references. In order to get started on road will accept position at very reasonable salary at the start. Address "Lock Haven," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as superintendent or general manager of sawmill plant. Can give best of references. West or northwest preferred. Address "West," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as manager of retail yard with good company; am willing to start in on reasonable salary if there is opportunity for advancement upon proper showing of character and capacity. I can satisfy any man as to references; have been connected with good people. Address "Texas," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as manager of retail yard. Have had ten years' experience in management of same. Am strictly temperate, a hustler and business getter. Can come at once and will go most anywhere. Can give best of references. Address "J. P. F.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as planning mill foreman. Have had fifteen years' experience and can furnish the very best of references. Have been with my present employers two years. Want to make a change by the first of the year. Address "Onataska," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as woods foreman or log contractor. Can give good references. Address "No. 21816," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position in yard or as traveling salesman. Have had fifteen years' experience, most of which has been in Texas yards. Salary or location not so much of an object. Address "Lock Box 652," Brownwood, Texas.

WANTED—Position as hand saw filer with plant consisting of two or more band mills in some healthful place. Have had fourteen years' experience on both single and double cuts and can furnish best of references. Am married and strictly temperate. Address "Oklahoma," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—To represent lumber manufacturer on commission or salary at Washington, D. C. Have a good office and have had long experience in manufacturing and selling yellow pine and all kinds of hardwood lumber. Understand the trade and can make myself of value to a large company. Address L. C. VanDuzer, 1017 A, Euclid St., Washington, D. C.

WANTED—Position after January 1. Thoroughly experienced in the sash and do-or business. Either jobbing or manufacturing; best of reference. Will go on the road for a good firm. Address "W.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as manager or superintendent for some good yellow pine mill located in the South. Have had sixteen years' experience and can furnish gilt edge reference. Address "W. M. J.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position with manufacturing or wholesale lumber concern by a young man who has had six years' experience in the manufacture and sale of hardwoods. Have also had some experience in yellow pine. Am also a first class accountant. Address "Hoo-Hoo No. 19887," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as manager of retail yard. I am a thoroughly competent and practical retail yard manager. Can furnish the best of references. Address "E. P.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as foreman in a sawmill. Hardwood preferred. Have had long experience and can give best of references. Am employed at present and giving satisfaction, but I wish to change locations. Address "No. 12353," Box 36, Garvin, Oklahoma.

WANTED—A first class mill supply and machinery salesman. We want a first class experienced man that can show results. Have fine territory to offer, good proposition to right man. Must be strictly sober. Write, stating experience, age and references. Address "K.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as travelling salesman for yellow pine or cypress concern. Am 21 years of age and strictly sober. Have been brought up in retail lumber yard. Address "Fairfield," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—By an experienced lumberman to make connection with a going concern for the first of the year. Thoroughly understand every department of the lumber business and capable of handling any proposition from stump to market. Prefer hardwood or cypress plants, but would consider pine. Now employed and can furnish references. Address "Cypress," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—By the first of the year a position as lumber inspector for large company, or as superintendent of saw mill or sawyer for large circular mill. Have had fifteen years' experience in actual milling. Can furnish good references as to character and ability. Address C. V. Adams, Cambro, N. C.

WANTED—Position, fifteen years' experience in managing band mill from stump to market, also planing mill. Thorough knowledge of hardwoods, white and yellow pine, also mountain and swamp logging. Address "Michigan," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as manager and bookkeeper of retail lumber yard where a hustler's services will be appreciated. Reference from last employer. Prefer middle west location. Address J. K. Graham, Hope, Ark.

WANTED—Position. 27 years of age, six years' experience in Iowa, Missouri and Illinois. Could cover Tennessee and Kentucky. Strictly sober. Four years with last employers, until concern failed. Robert L. Learmont, 226 Hickory St., St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED—By young married man, position with sash and door firm. Am experienced in every department, auditing, traffic, sales, shipping, mill, bookkeeping and some at estimating. Absolutely steady and reliable. At present employed by one of the best S. & D. firms in the United States. Address "Eulyson," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—A thorough and skilled yellow pine lumberman in all branches and known to buyers East and West, desires position as sales manager or salesman and buyer. Address "W. E.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as sawmill foreman or assistant superintendent, or as competent to handle retail yard. Have had twenty years' experience in the manufacture of lumber, and have held position of foreman of big mill for a number of years. Married and in my fifth year. I understand the business and can give best of references as to character and ability. Address "Gurdon," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as planing or sawmill superintendent, or as buyer of yellow pine, either short or long leaf, for some northern concern. Am located in heart of pine producing center and have a large acquaintance with the mill men. Could amply demonstrate my worth. Would start in on very moderate salary. Address "A. T.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position. I can furnish the best of references as to my qualifications. I can fill any kind of a clerical position with the lumber business and know the business from stump to ear. Address "T. E. A.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—To represent capitalists desiring to acquire timber lands in the United States, Mexico or elsewhere. Will look up and make examinations of timber properties with reference to stumpage, railroad construction, operation, etc. Have spent several years in Mexico in charge of a large tract of pine timber land; speak the Spanish language. Would consider an interest in the property acquired as part compensation for my services. Address "J. H.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position with some good lumber manufacturing concern, either in logging department or in commissary. Was with Doniphan Lumber Co., Doniphan, Mo., for several years, and can give them as reference; 40 years old and married. Would be glad to take position at small salary with any good concern to get started. Have been in the business fifteen years, and thoroughly understand hardwood log scaling. Address "Arkansas No. —," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—By an all around yellow pine export man, position as superintendent or general manager of good plant; a place where true worth will be appreciated. Address "J. C. M.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

He points out that the reason London surpasses New York in population is because London includes 700 square miles in her area, while New York only includes 320.—New York Journal of Commerce.

Dues for 1911.



WHEN the clock struck twelve on the night of September 9 last, dues became payable for 1911. The Hoo-Hoo year begins and ends on September 9. Look up your receipts, and if you find that you have not paid 1911 dues, send \$1.65 to the Scrivenoter at once. Any form of remittance will do except stamps that are stuck together. Your individual check will be all right.