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 Canada—(Alberta)—I. P. Stranahan, Box 1700, Calgary, Alta., Canada.
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THE JURISDICTIONS.

Jurisdiction No. 1—Under the Snark (Hadley) the following States: Eastern Canada, Winnipeg, New England States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania.
 Jurisdiction No. 2—Under the Senior Hoo-Hoo (Hoag) the following States: Washington, Western Canada Oregon, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming.
 Jurisdiction No. 3—Under the Junior Hoo-Hoo (McGrath) the following States: Arkansas, Oklahoma and Eastern Missouri.
 Jurisdiction No. 4—Under the Bojum (Hogan) the following States: California, Nevada, Arizona, Utah and New Mexico.
 Jurisdiction No. 5—Under the Scrivenoter (Baird) the following States: Tennessee, Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Kentucky.
 Jurisdiction No. 6—Under the Jabberwock (Richardson) the following States: North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia.
 Jurisdiction No. 7—Under the Custocatian (Carpenter) the following States: Louisiana, Texas, Mississippi and Mexico.
 Jurisdiction No. 8—Under the Arcanoper (Johnson) the following States: Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana and Ohio.
 Jurisdiction No. 9—Under the Jurdon (Ives) the following States: Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa and Western Missouri.

THE BULLETIN

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NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1910

No. 176



A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF HOO-HOO

SLOWER, SWEET JUNE

Slower! sweet June,
 Each step more slow;
 Linger and loiter as you go;
 Linger a little while to dream,
 Or see yourself in yonder stream,
 Fly not across the summer so.
 Sweet June! be slow.

Slower! sweet June,
 Oh, slower yet;
 It is so long since we have met,
 So long ere we shall meet again;
 Let the few days that still remain
 Be longer, longer, as they flow,
 Sweet June! be slow.

Slower! sweet June,
 And slower still;
 Let all your matchless beauty thrill
 My soul! Stretch out this day so bright,
 Far, far along midsummer's height,
 Till sunset back to sunrise glow,
 Sweet June! be slow.

Slower! sweet June,
 Yes, wait awhile;
 The meadow stars look up and smile
 That you are here; the grasses bend
 Their heads to greet their dearest friend
 And say, "She taught us how to grow."
 Sweet June! be slow.

Slower! sweet June,
 Your footsteps bear
 An echoing gladness everywhere;
 The robin hears it in his nest
 And answers, "June, dear June, is best."
 The rippling brooks your presence know.
 Sweet June! be slow.

Slower! sweet June,
 Turn on your track
 And send your fragrant blossoms back;
 Give me one violet more, I pray;
 One apple bloom, one lily spray;
 Teach one more rosebud how to blow.
 Sweet June! be slow.



THE BULLETIN

J. H. BAIRD, Scrivener, Editor.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1916.

THE TRIP TO SAN FRANCISCO.

In connection with the forthcoming Annual Meeting at San Francisco. The Bulletin has no other interest than to work up as large an attendance as possible. It realizes that to do this attention of members of the Order must be directed to the trip. To this end, from issue to issue, recently The Bulletin has had a good deal to say about rates, different routes, etc.



PETRIFIED LOG BRIDGE, PETRIFIED FOREST, ARIZONA.

As previously announced, the rate is one fare for the round trip with a trifling addition for validating the tickets at San Francisco. This rate applies all over the country, and tickets purchased thereon are good to return any time within ninety days, provided the ninety days does not extend beyond October 31. Last month's issue of The Bulletin contained quite an extended notice of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. On account of the short selling dates—the tickets on the reduced rate being put on sale no earlier than August 31—the Canadian Pacific does not expect to get very much of the crowd going out, but it makes a strong bid—and is doing some admirable advertising with the view of bringing to the attention of Hoo-Hoo the attractiveness of its line—for the trip home. This road figures that those who go out over any of the American roads will make a distinct addition to the enjoyment of the trip if they will return over a route that traverses the Canadian Rockies. The Bulletin has received an excellently written story of the scenery along the Canadian Pacific, together with some exceptionally

handsome cuts. The article on the Canadian Pacific and the beauties it has to offer us will be a feature of the July issue of The Bulletin.

In this issue we are giving space to a mention of the Santa Fe Route, furnished by one of its passenger agents. The Bulletin realizes that in Hoo-Hoo there are many men connected with all the several transcontinental railroads, and has it in mind to give to every road a fair show to present its claims. Several of them are already getting out very attractive printed matter designed to boom the trip. All this assists to work up interest in the meeting and is appreciated by the officers of the Order. The Santa Fe man says about his route:

A simple catalogue of all the wonders to be seen on a journey to California would fill a book, hence this article will only sketch a few of the more important things one may view from the car window of a Santa Fe train as it follows the historic old Santa Fe trail into the heart of the Southwest Land of Enchantment.

East of Colorado there is little variety to the landscape, but when the mountains are reached every turn of the wheels brings into view a new and lovelier picture. From Trinidad the snowy heads of the Spanish peaks gleam in the sunlight miles away, their wonderful beauty accentuated by the lower but still impressive mountains near at hand.

At Trinidad the climb over the Raton Pass begins. The train turns and twists its way up the sides of the great hills until, at an elevation of 7,565 feet, the plunge is made through a mile-long tunnel and Colorado gives way to New Mexico, the land of the Mexican and Pueblo Indian.

On every side you see them loling about in the glorious sunshine, or drowsing away the hours in the shade of their adobe homes. They do not change, but live today as their fathers and their fathers' fathers lived before them, care free, thoughtless, content. Here and there, as the train runs on, you will note a new frame house, a better tilled field, a lot of graded cattle, and you will know that the all-conquering Saxon has appeared and the passing of the primitives has begun.

For several hours after entering New Mexico the road runs through the old Maxwell Land Grant, once owned by the American Fur Company, but now held by a foreign syndicate. This great ranch of nearly 2,000,000 acres is now being broken up and sold to settlers.

From Raton to Las Vegas the country is high and mountains, separated by great vegas or meadows, are to be seen in every direction. Just before reaching Las Vegas the road enters the famous Las Vegas grant, a body of over 450,000 acres of valuable farm land belonging to the city.

Soon after leaving Las Vegas you are in the high hills once more. Ahead the towering peaks of the Glorieta range seem to dispute the way, but a way has been found and the barrier is crossed at an elevation of 7,453 feet. On the ascent the train passes near Starvation Peak, one of the

historic landmarks, and Old Pecos Church, the most venerable pile in New Mexico. Beyond Glorieta the road follows Apache Canyon, where, in 1847, General Kearney's Army of the West met the Mexican forces, and where, in 1862, the blue and the gray battled for frontier supremacy. After leaving the canyon, it passes on to the broad and fertile valley of the Rio Grande and on to Albuquerque. Here a change of engines is made while passengers enjoy the delights of an Alvarado dinner, a leisurely inspection of the beautiful hotel, and the important Harvey collection of Indian relics and curios displayed in the museum. The Alvarado (like the Cardenas at Trinidad, the Castaneda at Las Vegas, and El Tovar at the Grand Canyon) is under the management of Fred Harvey, who has charge of all dining



A Big Catch off the Pacific Coast, Southern California.

cars and dining room service on the Santa Fe. In the Indian house one may see the aboriginal craftsmen—blanket weavers, basket makers, potters and silversmiths at work making their beautiful wares, while about them is exhibited the masterpieces that Mr. Harvey has collected during years of enthusiastic effort.

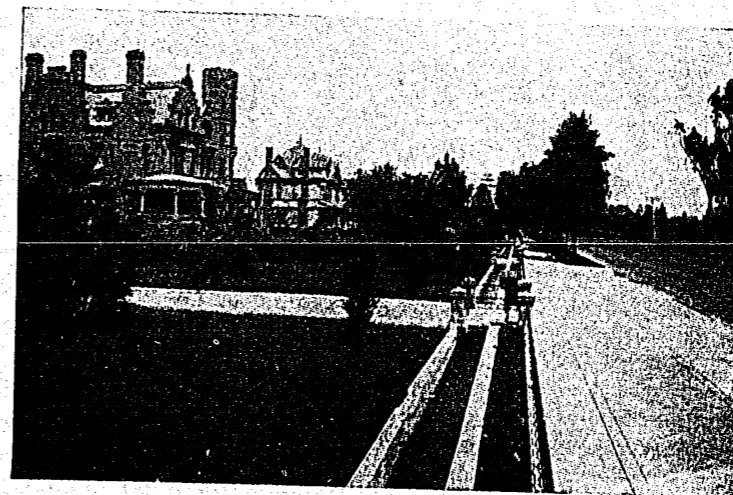
Leaving Albuquerque the train begins its long climb to the top of the Continental Divide—7,228 feet above sea level. Near the track, thirteen miles south of Albuquerque, a group of one-story adobe houses may be seen. This is the Indian Pueblo of Isleta, having a population of nearly one thousand. The picturesque Indian women seen at the Alvarado were for the most part citizens of this pueblo. Fifty-three miles west of Isleta is Laguna, the first of the

no other petrified forest comparable to the one in Arizona. No meteor yet recorded is to be mentioned with the giant that fell and created Meteor Mountain, near Sunshine, Arizona. No barbaric race equals the mesa-haunting Hopis of Northern Arizona, with their strange ceremonies, their aloofness of habitation and their tenacity to the customs of their forefathers. No similar area on earth has so great a number of the ruined dwellings of the prehistoric cliff and cave people.



Yosemite Falls.

The Grand Canyon of Arizona is the one crowning effort of nature, not only in Arizona but in the whole world. It is a staggering gash, being over a mile in depth at the place where the railroad makes it most easily accessible. To see the canyon it is necessary to make a side trip of sixty-five miles from Williams. This trip takes about three hours, but at the end—how unforgettable is the scene



RESIDENCE STREET, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

many-storied villages and in some ways the most interesting pueblo to be seen from the railroad. From this point the start is made for the sky-city of Acoma. It is fifteen miles from the railroad, but will repay those who stop off at Laguna for a day and make the detour. Another interesting drive is from Gallup to Zuni, the last of the seven cities of Cibola that tempted Coronado to undertake the conquest.

Arizona is a country of prodigious things. There is only one Grand Canyon, and that is in Arizona. There is

and how utterly indescribable. Don't take less than two days at the canyon. One for the trip down the trail and one for a drive along the rim. Of course a week or ten days would be better, but two days will let you see much of this wonderful chasm. The cost of railroad ticket for the side ride is but \$6.50, while accommodations at El Tovar (the \$250,000 hotel on the brink of the canyon) cost but \$4.00 to \$5.00 per day and up. Or you may stop at Bright Angel Camp, paying \$1.00 per day for your room and eat at Fred Harvey's lunch counter.

From Williams to Seligman and even down the hundred and fifty-mile hill to the crossing of the Colorado River at Needles, the country traversed is mountainous and rough, but interesting. A country totally unlike anything that has been seen before. Really it is not until the river has been left behind and the train is well into California that the real desert is reached. You know that this desert must be crossed, no matter what route you take. The Santa Fe crosses it at its narrowest point and the frightful aspect of that fearful waste is one of the most wonderful features of the wonderful trip. Some hours after passing the borders of the desert the train for San Francisco turns north through the San Joaquin Valley, and from that moment until the Golden Gate is reached the California of the advertisement, the bountiful, golden, healthful California is everywhere.

No words can express the marvels that have been wrought in San Francisco. It is a city transformed. In the old days San Francisco was interesting—today it is entrancing. The most beautiful, the most cosmopolitan, the freest, easiest, most hospitable city in America, where the people have the art of enjoyment reduced to an exact science.

Three Notable Meetings in Prospect.

The Hoo-Hoo meeting and concatenation scheduled for Little Rock, Ark., on June 17 and 18, bids fair to be an exceptionally important meeting. It occurs in connection with the Arkansas Lumber Dealers' Association, an organization of retailers. In connection with this meeting a particular effort is being made to enlist the interest of the manufacturers of the State. A majority of the big lumber making concerns of the State are expected to be present. Vicegerent E. L. Rodgers, Supreme Junior Hoo-Hoo J. C. McGrath and Mr. L. R. Putman, President of the lumber association, are working in close relation to make the meeting a big success.

An especial object of the meeting is to push along the proposition of erecting at Little Rock a Hoo-Hoo office building. Mr. Putman expresses himself as much interested in this, and has high hopes, at this forthcoming meeting, of putting the proposition on a firm footing.

A concatenation will be held at Philadelphia, Pa., on Friday, June 21, beginning at 7 o'clock p. m. More than usual significance attaches to this announcement. There has not been any activity in Hoo-Hoo circles in Philadelphia for some time, and this meeting is intended to be in the nature of a genuine Methodist "revival." The meeting is being arranged for and will be held by Vicegerent J. H. Sheip, who was induced to accept the Vicegerency only upon the urgent representation of the Supreme Nine that something ought to be done at the Quaker City to reestablish the great interest existing there at one time. Having accepted the Vicegerency, Mr. Sheip has gone into the work with characteristic vigor. He has extended an invitation to a dozen or so of the most representative lumbermen of the city to meet him at a dinner to discuss ways and means for carrying out his plans. He has already interested a large number of the Philadelphia membership and has six or seven candidates in sight for initiation.

A. W. Mallinson, Vicegerent for the Central District of Pennsylvania, will hold a concatenation at Williamsport on the evening of July 12, the occasion being the meeting of the Pennsylvania Lumbermen's Association. Brother Mallinson writes that he has a number of candidates in view and that by getting into action early he hopes to have a good crowd attend the meeting.

Influence of Association.

If you know a man's nationality you can come within a split hair of guessing the complexion of his religion: English, Protestant; American, ditto; Spanish, Frenchman, Irishman, Italian, South American, Austrian, Roman Catholic; Russian, Greek Catholic; Turk, Mohammedan, and so on. And when you know the man's religious complexion you know what sort of religious books he reads when he wants some more light and what sort of books he avoids, lest by accident he get more light than he wants.

We are always hearing of people who are around seeking after truth. I have never seen a (permanent) specimen. I think he has never lived. But I have seen several entirely sincere people who thought they were (permanent) seekers after truth. They sought diligently, persistently, carefully, cautiously, profoundly, with perfect honesty and nicely adjusted judgment—until they believed that without doubt or question they had found the truth. That was the end of the search. The man spent the rest of his life hunting up shingles wherewith to protect his truth from the weather. If he was seeking after political truth he found it in one or another of the hundred political gospels which govern men in the earth; if he was seeking after the only true religion he found it in one or another of the 3,000 that are in the market. In any case, when he found the truth he sought no farther; but from that day forth, with his soldering-iron in one hand and his bludgeon in the other, he tinkered its leaks and reasoned with objectors. There have been innumerable temporary seekers after truth—have you ever heard of a permanent one? In the very nature of man such a person is impossible. However, to drop back to the text—training: all training is one form or another of outside influence, and association is the largest part of it. A man is never anything but what his outside influences have made him. They train him downward or they train him upward—but they train him; they are at work upon him all the time.—Mark Twain.

How to be Popular.

The way to be popular has been explained by one of the marshmallow magazines which inflates itself with the idea that it is directing modern life. "When you shake hands with a man," runs the recipe, "grasp the hand as though you were glad to see the owner, look him in the eye, and give him a smile from your heart." This is a sure-enough recipe. It has been used a million times from Alelbiades down to day before yesterday. It has been worked by some of the greatest frauds in Christendom to subserve their own ends. The man who is seeking popularity, posing for it, angling for it, usually doesn't deserve it. Keep your admiration for men who show you their real selves, who, when they are bothered, or worried, or mad, or glad, make it manifest by appropriate facial expression, and who are not constantly standing themselves before the mirror.—Minneapolis Journal.

The Bulletin is requested by the Winne Lumber Company, of Weatherford, Okla., of which company Brother John Winne, No. 21992 is manager, to assist him in ascertaining the present whereabouts of Louis E. Sanders, a carpenter and contractor, formerly of Weatherford. Any one who can give information about this man's present address will confer a favor on Brother Winne by writing him at Weatherford, Okla.

A wise woman will choose the "slow coach" in preference to the fast male.

NOTES & COMMENTS



By way of helping us along, a Baltimore Hoo-Hoo has sent in a little magazine which contains a page or two of jokes. On the margin he has written, "Try some of these on your critic." An examination of the magazine discloses the interesting fact that while it does print some good jokes, its real mission is to promote the welfare of humanity by exploiting a certain kind of beer and by pointing out the woeful effects of prohibition. The magazine assumes to view the great problem from a high moral standpoint, urging that "the size of a man's own personal kingdom may be very small, but what there is of it is very sacred"—also emphasizing the alleged nutritious value of beer and its beneficial effects on the stomach.

The plan of prohibition does not appear to be working well in any of the States where it is supposed to be in effect. But an "uplift" magazine that is published in the interest of a brewing concern must inevitably appeal to one's sense of humor rather than to a serious consideration of human liberty and the rights of man. While the temperance advocates sometimes view the drink problem with a mind curiously out of focus, their prejudice is founded on a certain fierce narrowness of moral perception—and whatever else their attitude may be, it isn't funny. But a man with a treatise on moral freedom in one hand and in the other a bottle of beer which he wants to sell, is a spectacle more or less conducive to mirth.

Nevertheless, a reading of the magazine has suggested a train of rather serious thought—perhaps on the principle that humor is often truly serious and solemnity is sometimes ludicrous.

The springs of human conduct are so deeply hidden that one must search long to find the real cause of seemingly very simple effects. Every doctor knows that it is often perilous to give alcohol to the sick even when they need it. Yet in the discussion of the temperance question, pro and con, it is nearly always felt that one very wise and moderate position is to say that wine or such stuff should be taken only as a medicine. Even some temperance advocates argue that alcohol as a medicine is not harmful, but that this is the only way it should be taken. The opposite of this view is presented in a vivid and picturesque manner in a book which I read recently, the author of which is not lacking in new ideas nor in the courage to express them. He says:

The one genuinely dangerous and immoral way of drinking wine is to drink it as a medicine. And for this reason: If a man drinks wine in order to obtain pleasure, he is trying to obtain something exceptional, something he does not expect every hour of the day—something which, unless he is a little insane, he will not try to get every hour of the day. But if a man drinks wine to obtain health, he is trying to get something natural; that is, something he ought not to be without; something that he may find it difficult to reconcile himself to being without. If there were a magic ointment and we took it to a strong man and said, "This will enable you to jump off the Monument," doubtless he would jump off the Monument, but he would not jump off the Monument all day long. But if we took it to a blind man, saying, "This will enable you to see," he would be under a heavier temptation. It would be hard for him not to rub it on his eyes whenever he heard the hoof of a horse or the birds singing at daybreak. It is easy to deny one's self festivity—but it is very difficult to deny one's self normality."

The author then goes on to say that he does not mean that the giving of alcohol to the sick is in every case necessarily unjustifiable, but does mean that he thinks the giving it to the healthy for fun is the proper use of it. His rule, he says, is, like many other perfectly sound rules, a paradox:

"Drink because you are happy, but never because you are miserable. Never drink when you are wretched without it, or you will be like the gray-faced gin-drinker in the slums. Never drink because you need it, for this is rational drinking, and the way to death and hell. Medical wine-bibbing is the drinking of a man who drinks because he is not happy—his is the wine that shuts out the universe, not the wine that reveals it."

The Persian poet, Omar Khayyam, whose poetry is a high form of literature but a low form of philosophy, filled with gloom and permeated with the what's-the-use idea, was fond of slinging the praise of the "wine-cup." His idea was to drink when he was miserable—and he seems to have been miserable most of the time. Thus he sings:

Ah, my Beloved, fill the cup that clears
Today of past regrets and future fears!

And in another place his invitation runs:
Come fill the cup, and in the fire of Spring,
Your Winter garment of repentance fling;
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the wing.

I shall quote no more from Omar, lest all that read this be tempted to go and take a drink because they are miserable! "Drink, for you know not whence you came nor why. Drink, for you know not when you go nor where." In short, "Drink to drown your sorrows"—that is the attitude of the ancient poet. No doubt these ideas were as popular in his day as they are now. They struck a responsive chord in the heart of man. "It is easy to deny one's self festivity"—but it is difficult to abstain from that which will restore us quickly to a normal condition of mind and body. In this fact lies the insidious peril of certain drugs. Nobody takes a dose of opium because he is happy!

"Anything," says a Western paper, "which tends to diminish the addiction of mankind to drugs, be it faith cure, Fletcherism, education, or what not, deserves to be commended for that service, whatever else we may blame it for." Undoubtedly there is much truth in this. It is estimated that some two or three millions of people in the United States are slaves to some drug other than strong drink. So destructive are the effects of the practice that the Government has thought it worth while to issue a

Farmers' Bulletin to warn the public of the many habit-forming chemicals which are contained in seductive forms in soothing syrups, headache powders, "temperance drinks" and other traps for the unwary. It is Bulletin No. 393, and may be obtained by writing to the Department of Agriculture.

The food and drugs act does not positively forbid the use of deleterious chemicals in patent medicines. It merely requires that the contents of the bottle or package be printed on the wrapper. A person who is not familiar with the properties of drugs may be deceived by alluring advertisements just as easily when the ingredients are named as when they are not. Many of these so-called medicines are purposely prepared with habit-forming substances. The object is to secure regular customers. Naturally, a person who has been insidiously enslaved to opium or cocaine will be a lifelong purchaser of the "medicine" which has ruined him. It is said also that many low-class physicians take part in the base practice of enticing victims to form the drug habit. Tuberculosis patients are especially chosen by them to operate upon. They sell some drug purporting to cure consumption. In reality all it does is to deaden the person's nerves, so that he does not feel the irritation of the disease, and therefore ceases to cough. Meanwhile the ravages of the malady continue unchecked, and death is, in fact, hastened by the remedy. Should the patient by chance recover, he finds himself addicted to some drug which makes him a hopeless slave all his life.



Live Today.

Happy the man and happy he alone,
He who can call today his own;
He who, secure within, can say,
Tomorrow, do thy worst, for I have lived today;
Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possessed, in spite of Fate, are mine;
Not heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.
—Dryden ("Imitation of the Twenty-ninth Ode of the First Book of Horace").



To be able to discern the real poetry of everyday, ordinary things is a great gift. An English writer, Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, finds a poetical side to many subjects which to other people would seem prosaic. In a little dissertation on the name of "Smith," he says:

In most cases the name is unpoetical, although the fact is poetical. In the case of Smith the name is so poetical that it must be an arduous and heroic matter for the man to live up to it. The name of Smith is the name of the one trade that even kings respected—it could claim half the glory of that arma virumque which all epics acclaimed. The spirit of the smithy is so close to the spirit of song that it has mixed in a million poems, and every blacksmith is a harmonious blacksmith. Even the village children feel that in some dim way the smith is poetic, as the grocer and the cobbler are not poetic, when they feast on the dancing sparks and deafening blows in the cavern of that creative violence. The brute repose of Nature, the passionate cunning of man, the strongest of earthly metals, the weirdest of earthly elements, the unconquerable iron subdued by its only conqueror, the wheel and the ploughshare, the sword and the steam hammer, the arraying of armies and the whole legend of arms—all these things are written, briefly indeed but quite legibly, on the visiting card of Mr. Smith. Yet our novelists call their hero "Aylmer Valence," which means nothing, or "Vernon Raymond," which means nothing, when it is in their power to give him this sacred name of Smith—this name made of iron and flame. It would be very natural if a certain hauteur, a certain carriage of the

head, a certain curl of the lip, distinguished every one whose name is Smith. Whoever else is a parvenu, no Smith is a parvenu. From the darkest dawn of history this clan has gone forth to battle; its trophies are on every hand; its name is everywhere; it is older than the nations and its sign is the Hammer of Thor.

Continuing along this line, Mr. Chesterton points out that in many cases it is the name that is in the way—the obstacle that prevents us from seeing the real poetry of the thing itself. A great many people, he says, talk as if this claim that all things are poetical were a mere literary ingenuity, a play on words, whereas precisely the contrary is true. For instance, the word "signal box" is unpoetical, but the thing itself is not unpoetical—it is a place where men, in an agony of vigilance, light blood-red and sea-green fires to keep other men from death. That is the plain, genuine description of what it is—the prose only comes in with what it is called. Also the word "letter-box" is unpoetical. But the thing letter-box is not unpoetical—it is the place to which friends and lovers commit their messages, conscious that when they have done so, the messages are sacred and not to be touched, not only by others but even by themselves. "Posting a letter and getting married are among the few things left that are entirely romantic—for to be entirely romantic a thing must be irrevocable." It is unnecessary to point out that of the two, posting a letter is more romantic than getting married, since it is more nearly irrevocable!



The poet Byron said:

"Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the bores and the bored."

Another writer, more up to date, maintains that there is no such thing as an uninteresting subject—the only thing that can exist is an uninterested person. He says that when Byron divided humanity into the bores and the bored, he failed to notice that the higher qualities exist entirely in the bores, the lower qualities in the bored—among whom the poet counted himself.

"The bore, by his starry enthusiasm, his solemn happiness, may in some sense have proved himself poetical. The bored has certainly proved himself prosaic. We might find it a nuisance to count all the blades of grass or all the leaves of the trees—but this would not be because of our boldness and gaiety but because of our lack of boldness and gaiety. The bore would go onward, bold and gay, and find the blades of grass as splendid as the swords of an army. The bore is stronger and more joyous than we are; he is a demigod—nay, he is a god. For it is the gods who do not tire of the iteration of things; to them the nightfall is always new, and the last rose as red as the first."

Surely this is a pretty good defense of bores. Doubtless we ought to be ashamed of ever being bored, since it proves us to be possessed of the lower instead of the higher qualities. If we had enough "starry enthusiasm" we could enjoy lots of things that now tire us to death. That tired feeling is very real to most of us, but of course it is nothing to be proud of. Anybody would swap it off for starry enthusiasm if he could! An inclination to grow weary is indicative not of strength but of weakness. "Every man has hated mankind when he was less than a man." After an illness, the most encouraging sign of returning strength is that people do not get on our nerves—we can listen to their chatter without wanting to cut their throats. We come nearer to loving our neighbors as ourselves when our livers are in good working order. When we are "under the weather," our neighbor's conver-

sation is wearisome, and that curious noise he makes with his mouth drives us to distraction! We are convinced that there never was such an infernal bore since time began. This does not prove that anything is wrong with our neighbor—it shows that something ails us. We can not change other people, make them over again and make them different, but if we are in a normal state of health we ought to be able to keep other folks from having so pronounced an effect on us. A good sailor does not waste any time in worrying because the wind has changed—he changes his sail to catch the breeze. Nor does he grow angry when the waves dash high. He simply handles the boat—and lets the winds blow and the waves roll.

In a book the other day I ran across this: "We make our friends; we make our enemies; but God makes our next-door neighbor. Hence he comes to us clad in all the careless terrors of nature—he is as strange as the stars, as reckless and indifferent as the rain. He is Man—the most terrible of the beasts. That is why the old religions and the old scriptural language showed so sharp a wisdom when they spoke, not of one's duty towards humanity, but one's duty towards one's neighbor. The duty toward humanity may often take the form of some choice when is personal or even pleasurable. That duty may be a hobby—it may even be a dissipation. We may work in the slums because we are peculiarly fitted to that work or because we think we are; we may fight for the cause of international peace because we are very fond of fighting. The most monstrous martyrdom, the most repulsive experience may be the result of choice or a peculiar taste. We may be so made as to be particularly fond of lunatics or specially interested in leprosy. We may love negroes because they are black, or German Socialists because they are pedantic. But we have to love our neighbor because he is there—a much more alarming reason for a much more serious operation."



The children of an Archson man always have a lot of kittens around. As he does not like to put them down in a sack and drown them, he has devised a novel method of getting rid of them. He puts blue ribbon around their necks, indicating that they are pets and valuable, and the neighbors soon steal them.—Atchison Globe.

Ho Lives High.

Brother A. L. Ulrich, formerly of Los Angeles, has retired from business and has taken up his permanent residence on the top of Mount Wilson, California. Some picture postcards which he has recently sent this office show some interesting views of the mountain, which is over 6,000 feet above sea level. The trail from base to summit of the mountain is estimated to be from eight to ten miles, but Brother Ulrich says he thinks it is about twelve. At the top is the largest astronomical glass in the United States. Brother Ulrich should have been able to obtain a good view of the comet without any glass at all, in that atmosphere and at that altitude. Probably he did.



Reno, Nevada, May 27.—Mrs. Gunjauro Aoki, formerly Miss Gladys Emery, daughter of Archdeacon Emery, of Corte-Madera, Marlon County, Cal., is making her home in Carson City to establish the necessary six months' residence to enable her to sue for a divorce from her Japanese husband. Archdeacon Emery left Carson City Wednesday night after arranging for his daughter's comfort there. A ten-months-old baby and Mrs. Emery, Mrs. Aoki's mother, complete the family group.

Mrs. Aoki arrived in Carson City several days ago and

took a cottage as "Mrs. Bishop." Her father gave the name of E. J. Abbott. It was not until yesterday that the real identity and purpose of the visitors were known.—Press Dispatch.

This is the latest chapter in the "romance" of the girl who married a Japanese servant. Unfortunately it is not the last chapter. There is the baby. What does life hold for the poor little half-breed? The foolish girl thought she was doing something fine and grand when for love's sweet sake she scorned to draw the color line. In reality her act was the essence of selfishness. Lack of sense, no doubt, was her real trouble, but that does not help the baby.

The marriage of Gladys Emery has kept the gossips of California and Washington busy for two years. Gunjauro Aoki was a servant in the home of Archdeacon Emery. The churchman's only daughter and the Japanese fell in love and there was a stormy scene when they announced that they intended to marry. Public indignation was freely expressed and the couple, unable to induce a clergyman to marry them in California, eloped to Seattle, where the ceremony was performed.

Aoki bought a little house and garden and the couple lived out of the public's notice until the arrival of a baby again brought them into the limelight. Soon afterward it was reported that the romance had ended. Mrs. Aoki returned to her father's home at Corte-Madera and Aoki was left to shift for himself.

The affair of Miss Emery and the Japanese involved considerable travel. They fled to Seattle to get married, and now she has gone to Nevada to get a divorce. But the hardest journey remains yet in store—the baby's painful, bitter way through life.



A Modern Absalom.

Seattle, Wash., May 28.—(Special.)—As Katie Merrill, who handled the linen on the top floor of the Hotel Seattle, was tripping down a hallway in that hostelry today she saw apparently hanging from a door knob what looked like a woman's switch. It was gray and fully 20 inches long. "Mersey!" quoth Katie, "what a peculiar place for a switch."

Then Katie looked closer—to discover that the hirsute bunch was held fast in the doorjamb. So Katie, with a pass key, opened the door and Morris Stelgers, from Salt Lake, toppled backward, his 28-inch growth of whiskers free.

Stelgers, while writing a letter felt a draft. He had gone to the door to close it. A gust wafted his whiskers outward and they were caught when the door slammed. It was a catchlock and Stelgers was held a prisoner for an hour because the mechanism of the lock was new to him.—Press Dispatch.

Houston, Texas, May 27, 1910.

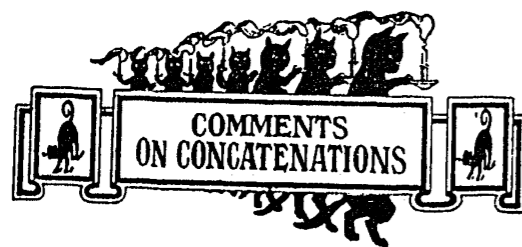
Dear Brother Baird: All this talk about the jokes in *The Bulletin* have the appearance of "Much ado about nothing." I read them every month, and once in a while find one that pays me for the trouble, and all this talk about good or bad taste is merely a matter of taste anyhow. For fear you might have missed it I give you one that, while not as side-splitting as some, is about the most clever one I ever had the pleasure of reading. I call it a "double-barreled" joke, because it's two in one:

"Two Irishmen were out hunting with only one gun. One was carefully stalking a bird when his friend shouted: 'I say, Pat, don't shoot, the gun ain't loaded!' 'I've got to,' replied Pat, 'the bird won't wait.'"

Yours very truly,

A. B. CUSHING, No. 2314.

There is a tradition to the effect that once upon a time a woman in a crowded car got up and offered her seat to a man with a baby in his arms.



At Dickson, the New Hardwood Center.

Attention has been already directed to the concatenation held at Dickson, Tenn., on May 14, by Vicegerent S. Cecil Ewing, of Nashville. At Dickson was recently organized a lumbermen's club, of which Mr. John M. Smith is president. Mainly through the instrumentality of this organization the concatenation was arranged for. It was the first meeting ever to be held there, and there being no members at Dickson, it became necessary for Vicegerent Ewing to carry down a party from Nashville. This he did. The party consisted of the following gentlemen: Hamilton Love, of Love, Boyd & Co.; A. H. Card, of A. H. Card & Co.; W. P. McGinnis, of McGinnis & Co.; J. H. Fall, of the McLean Lumber Company; A. L. Hays, of A. L. Hays & Co.; C. L. McConnell, of the Nashville Hardwood Flooring Company; S. K. Cowan, of the Southern Lumberman; Henderson Baker, of Baker, Jacobs & Co., and John Chaffe, of the Southern Lumberman, all of Nashville.

The party was met at the station by Mr. Smith and a delegation from his organization, representing the principal lumber concerns of Dickson. A trip through the lumber yards and to the plants of the various concerns was much enjoyed. In the evening the concatenation came off as scheduled, thirteen men being initiated. No session on the roof was held, the Dickson lumbermen having requested that a banquet given by them in honor of the visitors should take the place of the regular session. The repast was served at the Hotel Dickson. Mr. Hamilton H. Love, of Nashville, acted as toastmaster, and nearly every gentleman seated at the table answered his call with a few remarks that were appropriate to the occasion.

Snark, S. Cecil Ewing; Senior Hoo-Hoo, Hamilton Love; Junior Hoo-Hoo, A. H. Card; Bojum, S. K. Cowan; Scrivenoter, Henderson Baker; Jabberwock, W. P. McGinnis; Custocathan, J. H. McFall; Arcanoper, A. L. Hays; Gurdon, A. W. Lucas.

- 24506 C. J. Alger, Dickson, Tenn.; yardmaster W. P. Brown & Sons Lumber Company.
 24507 William Robert Boyte, Dickson, Tenn.; vice-president Dickson Planting Mill Company.
 24508 John Daniel Campbell, Dickson, Tenn.; manager M. R. Campbell, Tullahoma, Tenn.
 24509 John Chaffe, Nashville, Tenn.; staff representative Southern Lumberman.
 24510 John Thomas Crain, Dickson, Tenn.; buyer and inspector The Lucas Land & Lumber Company, Waverly, Tenn.
 24511 Charles Lyurgus Faulkner, Dickson, Tenn.; buyer W. P. Brown & Sons Lumber Company, Louisville, Ky.
 24512 Homer Lafayette Grigsby, Dickson, Tenn.; manager lumber interest Bon Air Coal & Iron Company, Nashville, Tenn.
 24513 Allison Hamp Leathers, Dickson, Tenn.; owner A. H. Leathers Handle Company.
 24514 W. A. Moore, Dickson, Tenn.; buyer Crandall & Brown, Chicago, Ill.
 24515 Herman Oscar Ray, Dickson, Tenn.; inspector and buyer M. R. Campbell, Tullahoma, Tenn.
 24516 Lester Rogers, Dickson, Tenn.; buyer W. P. Brown & Sons Co., Louisville, Ky.
 24517 L. C. Self, Dickson, Tenn.; secretary and treasurer Dickson Planting Mill Company.
 24518 John Moore Smith, Dickson, Tenn.; manager Southern division W. P. Brown & Sons Lumber Company, Louisville, Ky.

Concatenation No. 1630, Dickson, Tenn., May 14, 1910.

Good One at Tulsa.

Vicegerent T. B. Page, of the Northeastern District of Oklahoma, makes very brief report of his meeting held at Tulsa, Okla., on May 14. Failure to report in greater detail to The Bulletin is, however, the only fault that can be scored against Brother Page. Everything else was handled right up to the notch and came out just as planned. It is not Brother Page's fault that the write-up of his concatenation has not come to hand. He delegated this work to one of his officers, and it is this officer who is at fault. However, there are no real grounds for complaint. Ample data has come to hand to show that the meeting was an unqualified success. Twenty-five men were initiated, as will be seen from the formal report. The initiation was impressively administered and the session-on-the-roof which followed was in strict accord with all requirements and notably enjoyable.

The Bulletin is pleased to present in this connection a picture of Vicegerent Page. He has recently made a business change. For a long time associated with that good Hoo-Hoo, T. H. Rogers, of the T. H. Rogers Lumber



T. B. PAGE,
of Muskogee, Okla., Vicegerent of Northeastern
District of Oklahoma.

Company, this connection was recently severed and Brother Page is now in the retail lumber business on his own hook. Vicegerent Page was in the midst of closing up the details of this important change right at the time of the concatenation, but he permitted neither to interfere with the other, and carried both through on schedule time. Here's The Bulletin's best wishes to Brother Page for full measure of success in his newly established venture.

Snark, T. B. Page; Senior Hoo-Hoo, C. C. Samson; Junior Hoo-Hoo, F. O. Gulley; Bojum, Wm. Ash; Scrivenoter, Wm. Jenkenson; Jabberwock, Frank E. Leonard; Custocathan, R. Z. Todd; Arcanoper, J. L. Bell; Gurdon, J. H. Myers.

- 24519 Monte Milo Barnard, Bristow, Okla.; manager E. C. Robinson Lumber Company, St. Louis, Mo.
 24520 Mastin William Busby, Preston, Okla.; manager Fullerton-Stuart, Okmulgee, Okla.
 24521 Scott N. Campbell, Fairland, Okla.; manager Miller, Geck & Miller.
 24522 Walter Henry Cannon, Okmulgee, Okla.; assistant manager Fullerton-Stuart Co.
 24523 Thomas J. Carter, Tulsa, Okla.; owner Thomas J. Carter.

- 24524 Robert Daniel Colgan, Collinsville, Okla.; manager Clark & Bates Lumber Company.
 24525 Charles Owen Consey, Tulsa, Okla.; manager E. C. Robinson Lumber Company, St. Louis, Mo.
 24526 Oscar Lawrence Card, Guthrie, Okla.; auditor Spurrier Lumber Company.
 24527 Benjamin E. Ford, Tulsa, Okla.; assistant manager in E. Tulsa, Dickson & Goodman.
 24528 Charles Albert Hall, Coffeyville, Kans.; salesman National Sash & Door Company.
 24529 Franklin Clay Hill, Mounds, Okla.; manager of Mounds yard, Fullerton & Stuart Lumber Company.
 24530 Stanley Francis Hisey, Tulsa, Okla.; assistant manager Miller, Geck & Miller.
 24531 Arthur Miller Karr, Tulsa, Okla.; assistant manager Dickson & Goodman.
 24532 Richard Louis Laverty, Sapulpa, Okla.; salesman Fullerton & Stuart Lumber Company.
 24533 Alfred Elmer Lindsay, Collinsville, Okla.; partner Lindsay Lumber Company.
 24534 Arthur M. Lusk, Avant, Okla.; owner Avant & Lusk Lumber Company.
 24535 Horatio McClelland Martin, Claremore, Okla.; manager E. C. Robinson.
 24536 Fred DeLorn Misener, Tulsa, Okla.; principal owner F. D. Misener.
 24537 Ralph E. Morrison, Ocheata, Okla.; manager Clark & Bates.
 24538 Roy W. Purfus, Tulsa, Okla.; freight and passenger agent M. K. & T. R. R.
 24539 Reuben Benjamin Puryear, Inola, Okla.; manager E. C. Robinson, Tulsa, Okla.
 24540 "Dimension" O. Talston, Claremore, Okla.; manager E. C. Robinson Lumber Company, St. Louis, Mo.
 24541 Ben Dudley Rowland, Muskogee, Okla.; manager T. H. Roger Lumber Company, Oklahoma City, Okla.
 24542 Raymond H. Todd, Tulsa, Okla.; assistant manager Rounds & Porter.
 24543 William Scott Whistler, Sapulpa, Okla.; manager Fullerton-Stuart.

Concatenation No. 1631, Tulsa, Okla., May 14, 1910.

Big Attendance and Good Class.

Just four more than one hundred participated at the concatenation held at Alexandria, La., on May 14, by Vicegerent George H. Cambre. This is a larger number of lumbermen than has attended many a lumber association meeting, and the attendance at Alexandria was fully as representative of the trade as any that ever convened at a lumber meeting. The class of initiates was commensurate with such an attendance. Twenty-two regular and one life member were initiated and nearly fifty dollars was collected on dues by the acting Scrivenoter. These are all earmarks of a successful concatenation.

Vicegerent George H. Cambre deserves much credit for the way in which arrangements for this concatenation were carried through. The success of the meeting was due to the thoroughness of these preliminary arrangements. On the morning of the day of the event headquarters were opened up in the Hotel Bentley, and as the visitors arrived they registered and were properly tagged. During the day all the blanks were filled out and all other necessary details of the meeting provided for. In the evening there was nothing to do but to carry out the initiation proper, and the street parade which preceded the initiation. The candidates, of course, were made the conspicuous feature; in the parade. They were preceded by a band and followed by a two-wheel cart loaded with sawdust. The latter was used as a substitute for confetti.

At the session-on-the-roof, which was held in the dining-room of the Hotel Bentley, there was no formal toast list, but there were several good speeches nevertheless. Ex-Snark J. S. Bonner, of Houston, Texas, was requested and finally prevailed upon to preach his famous sermon. He had constituted himself toastmaster with the idea of escaping the duties of preacher, but the congregation would not have it. Joseph Friedlaender, of St. Landry, La., was a worthy rival of Mr. Bonner for the favor of the crowd by reason of his musical talents, his rendition of

"Die Wacht Am Rhine" being especially well received. H. D. Wilmot, of the Woodward Supply Company, and James Boyd, of the Lumber Trade Journal, both of New Orleans, also spoke briefly. The banquet throughout was a most enjoyable one.

Snark, G. H. Cambre; Senior Hoo-Hoo, James Boyd; Junior Hoo-Hoo, J. S. Bonner; Bojum, H. H. Purby; Scrivenoter, Hugh Corry, Jr.; Jabberwock, T. A. Stone; Custocathan, Gld Bain; Arcanoper, W. S. Launstein; Gurdon, A. J. Naquin.

- 24544 Herbert Bell Bayless, Alexandria, La.; president Central Brok. Co.
 24545 Edward Levi Clark, Pine Prairie, La.; principal E. L. Clark.
 24546 St. Elmo Clark, Natchitoches, La.; foreman O'Quinn Williams Lumber Company.
 24547 James Clair Corry, Alexandria, La.; assistant superintendent Caddo-Rapides Lumber Company.
 24548 Charles W. Dean, Water Valley, La.; stockholder and superintendent Naples Lumber Company.
 24549 Pelham Foreman, Jena, La.; assistant manager White Sulphur Lumber Company.
 24550 William Edward Lee Gammill, Selma, La.; assistant superintendent Grant Timber Manufacturing Company.
 24551 James H. Glass, Selma, La.; shipping clerk Grant Timber & Manufacturing Company.
 24552 Edwin Benjamin Harrell, Alexandria, La.; woods foreman, superintendent logging department, Alexandria Lumber Co.
 24553 Tom Moore Hayes, Alexandria, La.; manager Central Brokerage Company.
 24554 William Phillip Hayne, Boyce, La.; president Louisiana Lumber & Shingle Company.
 24555 Robert Edward Houston Pawnee, La.; superintendent Conrad Bering Lumber Company.
 24556 Earl Huthmanee, Whitford, La.; assistant manager Louisiana Sawmill Company.
 24557 Louis Thomas McDonell, Alexandria, La.; buyer O'Neil Lumber Company, St. Louis, Mo.
 24558 Samuel Antison Martin, Winnfield, La.; travelling freight agent L. & A. Ry.
 24559 Raymond Joseph Martinez, New Orleans, La.; salesman J. H. Merige & Sons.
 24560 Lyman Hendricks Mizell, Forest Hill, La.; principal Lyman H. Mizell.
 24561 Thornton Porter, Selma, La.; foreman Grant Lumber & Manufacturing Company.
 24562 C. C. Rongson, Alexandria, La.; assistant manager Hub City Lumber Company.
 24563 Louis Schneider, Trout, La.; superintendent Trout Creek Lumber Company.
 24564 Joseph W. Trammell, Provincial, La.; manager and owner J. W. Trammell Lumber Company.
 24565 Walter Jacob Yost, Alexander, La.; manager local office Alexandria, La.
 Life No. 53 John Francis Poley, Alexandria, La.; owner J. F. Poley.
 Concatenation No. 1632, Alexandria, La., May 14, 1910.

First at Nashville for a Long Time.

Nineteen men were initiated at a splendid concatenation held at Nashville on May 24 by S. Cecil Ewing, Vicegerent for the Central District of Tennessee. The meeting was held in connection with the regular monthly meeting of the Nashville Lumbermen's Club. The latter organization meets monthly for a dinner. On this occasion the club joined hands with the local Hoo-Hoo and had the club dinner to be also the session-on-the-roof of the concatenation, but the order of precedence being reversed, the dinner was held at the club rooms at 7 o'clock, the initiation following at 9:00. The initiation was followed by another light repast upon final adjournment at midnight.

The meeting was planned in part to be a sort of reciprocation of the courtesies shown the Nashville Hoo-Hoo the week before by the lumbermen of Dickson, on the occasion of the former going down to that enterprising little lumber center to hold a concatenation, account of which concatenation appears in these columns. The Nashville Hoo-Hoo visiting Dickson were royally entertained, and they felt it up to them to make return, and so they invited all the lumbermen of Dickson, whether Hoo-Hoo or not, to come up to Nashville. On account of exceedingly bad weather very few of the Dickson lumber-

men were in position to accept the invitation, and the local Hoo-Hoo still feel themselves due to make another effort, which means that before many weeks there will be another concatenation by Vicegerent Ewing at Nashville, at which he hopes to have an attendance of lumbermen from all over Middle Tennessee.

The concatenation was most successful and very enjoyable. More than one hundred members of the Order were present, not including the candidates, and as careful preparations for the initiation had been made in advance, the whole ceremony moved with great smoothness.

The two concatenations held by Mr. Ewing and reported in this issue reflect great credit upon him and those whom he called to his assistance.

Snark, S. Cecil Ewing; Senior Hoo-Hoo, W. J. Wallace; Junior Hoo-Hoo, F. C. Guthrie; Bojum, Henderson Baker; Scrivenor, W. A. Blakey; Jabberwock, W. P. McGinnis; Custocatlan, C. O. Summitt; Arcanoper, B. W. Kirkpatrick; Gurdon, D. S. Hutchison.

- 24566 Hickman Beckner, Nashville, Tenn.; assistant manager A. H. Card & Co.
 24567 Count Reynolds Boyd, Nashville, Tenn.; proprietor Count R. Boyd.
 24568 James Frank Craig, Franklin, Tenn.; partner Craig Lumber Company.
 24569 Charles Edward Dews, West Nashville, Tenn.; buyer of lumber and logs John B. Hanson & Co.
 24570 Lee Haynes Farris, W. Nashville, Tenn.; inspector George C. Brown & Co., Memphis, Tenn.
 24571 Willis Manning Farris, Jr., Nashville, Tenn.; secretary and treasurer Cherokee Lumber Company.
 24572 Frank George Fetzer, Nashville, Tenn.; secretary Priddy-Spurr Manufacturing Company.
 24573 Alfred Law Fry, Nashville, Tenn.; salesman Nashville Plumber & Mill Supply Company.
 24574 William Christopher Hagan, Nashville, Tenn.; buyer, salesman and inspector, Tenn. Hdw. Lbr. Co.
 24575 Thomas Barksdale Johnson, Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.; president Tennessee Hardwood Lumber Company.
 24576 Thomas Randle LeSueur, Nashville, Tenn.; acting secretary W. J. Cude Land & Lumber Company.
 24577 Louis Garrette Lewis, Nashville, Tenn.; lumber inspector Nashville Hardwood & Flooring Company.
 24578 James Richard Melwaine, Nashville, Tenn.; president Southern Lumber & Manufacturing Company.
 24579 Bert Henry Moecker, Nashville, Tenn.; buyer Southern Lumber & Manufacturing Company.
 24580 Charles Milton Morford, W. Nashville, Tenn.; proprietor Morford Lumber Company.
 24581 Samuel Thompson Myers, Nashville, Tenn.; manager box department J. B. Hanson & Co.
 24582 Louis Davidson Patterson, Johnsonville, Tenn.; owner L. D. Patterson & Co.
 24583 Martin Smith Roberts, Jr., Nashville, Tenn.; treasurer Priddy-Spurr Manufacturing Company.
 24584 Robert Raymond Thrasher, Nashville, Tenn.; staff representative Southern Lumberman.
 24585 Olin White, Nashville, Tenn.; manager Nashville branch Wistar-Underhill Co.
 Concatenation No. 1633, Nashville, Tenn., May 25, 1910.

Strictly Up to Ritual Specifications.

"Strictly ritual work without a break and not a drink in sight," is the brief way in which Vicegerent E. A. Goodrich, of Phoenix, Ariz., sums up the concatenation he held May 21 at Flagstaff. Twenty-five men were initiated, and it is doubtful if even in the oldest territory over which Hoo-Hoo holds sway the ritual work was ever more impressively administered. Vicegerent Goodrich had the Snark's portion of the ritual committed to memory and gave this with especial impressiveness. C. S. Scott filled the station of Junior and elicited much high-class fun. E. A. Boalich, No. 22905, acted as Bojum and W. B. Fogg as Jabberwock, and both were most excellent.

The smoothness of the initiation was in no small part due to the fact that the ritual had been gone over in unison by the men who were to fill the stations—a thing that ought to be done at every concatenation.

Vicegerent Goodrich, as is well known, resides at Phoenix, and there being practically no members at Flagstaff, he had to carry over members to serve as officers.

He had no difficulty in enlisting the men he wanted, and secured for the trip to Flagstaff a one fare on the railroad rate. A reduction in the rate in Arizona means something, as the regular tariff out there is five cents a mile each way.

Everybody was well pleased with the meeting, and Vicegerent Goodrich writes that he has good prospects for meetings at Williams and Prescott during the summer.

That the meeting was carefully arranged for and conducted along conservative lines is shown also in the financial report. Vicegerent Goodrich is one of the few Vicegerents this Hoo-Hoo year to report an "over."

Vicegerent Goodrich was energetic in receiving from the Flagstaff and Phoenix papers a great deal of proper and wholesome publicity. All the papers gave good advance notice of the meeting, and two of them presented nearly full column write-ups of the event. Following is the menu of the session-on-the-roof:

	Purée of Pinchot		
	Consomme en Ballinger		
Pine Knots		Rip Saws	
Boiled Coconino Forest, Sawdust Dressing			
Pickled Karls with Boalich Timbers, Car Lots		Slab Sauce	
Juniper Fritters			
	Jeffries Punch		
Prime Ribs of Black Cat, au Jus			
Roast McGonigles with Lath and Shingles			
Sawlog Egg Nogg			
Steamed and Killn Dried Specs tied in Bundles			
Stewed Peavies		Peanuts	
	Verkamp Pie, a la Greenlaw		
	Boyce Favorite, White Pine Pudding		
Extra XAX Ice Cream		Cull Boards	
Good Hoo-Hoo Cheese		Little Checks	
Mixed Cargoes	Freight Paid		
Tea	More Tea	Catnip Tea	Tea Caps
	Music by the Band Saw		

Vicegerent Goodrich requests that a proper acknowledgment be made of the great courtesies shown him and his associates by the Arizona Lumber & Timber Company, of Flagstaff, and the Saginaw & Williams Lumber Company, at Williams. These two companies tendered the use of their logging trains and whatever other of their equipment which could be used, and generally went very much out of their way to render what assistance they could. This made a good impression on the visiting members and was very much appreciated by Vicegerent Goodrich.

Snark, E. A. Goodrich; Senior Hoo-Hoo, P. Corpstein; Junior Hoo-Hoo, C. S. Scott; Bojum, E. A. Boalich; Scrivenor, V. H. Fleming; Jabberwock, W. B. Fogg; Custocatlan, H. D. Burrall; Arcanoper, C. L. L. Drew; Gurdon, E. L. O'Malley.

- 24586 Mont Anderson, Phoenix, Ariz.; owner Buckeye Lumber Company.
 24587 Amos Arthur Betts, Phoenix, Ariz.; soliciting freight agent S. F. & P. R. R.
 24588 Walter H. Blatchford, Flagstaff, Ariz.; Builder, A. L. T. Co.
 24589 Jesse L. Boyce, Flagstaff, Ariz.; secretary Flagstaff Lumber Manufacturing Company.
 24590 John Shaw Boyce, Flagstaff, Ariz.; forest guard U. S. Forest Service, Washington, D. C.
 24591 John J. Britt, Flagstaff, Ariz.; foreman A. L. & T. Co.
 24592 James Montgomery Elder, Mayer, Ariz.; traveling salesman Saginaw & Manistee Lumber Company.
 24593 Andrew Jackson Goodman, Flagstaff, Ariz.; Arizona Timber & Lumber Company.
 24594 Eben Lamport Greenlaw, Cliffs, Ariz.; foreman Greenlaw Lumber Company.
 24595 Robert Roy Hill, Flagstaff, Ariz.; head forest guard U. S. Forest Service, Washington, D. C.
 24596 Jackson Wilmont Howard, Flagstaff, Ariz.; log skidder foreman Arizona Lumber & Timber Company.
 24597 William Henry James, Flagstaff, Ariz.; superintendent construction Flagstaff Manufacturing Company.
 24598 Joseph Casimir Kircher, Flagstaff, Ariz.; forest assistant U. S. Forest Service, Washington, D. C.
 24599 William Allen Lannon, Flagstaff, Ariz.; logging superintendent Arizona Lumber & Timber Company.

- 24600 Edward Thomas McGonigle, Flagstaff, Ariz.; president Flagstaff Lumber Manufacturing Company.
 24601 Vincent V. Merino, Flagstaff, Ariz.; superintendent box factory Arizona Lumber & Timber Company.
 24602 Charles J. Norby, Flagstaff, Ariz.; lumber inspector Arizona Lumber & Timber Company.
 24603 Fred Norman Paul, Cliffs, Ariz.; sawyer Greenlaw Lumber Company.
 24604 Gustaf Adolph Pearson, Flagstaff, Ariz.; director Forest Experiment Station U. S. Forest Service, Washington, D. C.
 24605 Fred Peterson, Cliffs, Ariz.; sales manager Greenlaw Lumber Company.
 24606 Jullus William Charles Prochnow, Flagstaff, Ariz.; chief engineer Arizona Lumber & Timber Company.
 24607 Robert C. Sheelar, Cliffs, Ariz.; superintendent Greenlaw Lumber Company.
 24608 Eugene A. Shiker, Flagstaff, Ariz.; cashier Arizona Lumber & Timber Company.
 24609 John G. Verkamp, Flagstaff, Ariz.; vice-president Flagstaff Lumber Manufacturing Company.
 24610 Ernest Samuel White, Flagstaff, Ariz.; millwright Arizona Lumber & Timber Company.
 Concatenation No. 1634, Flagstaff, Ariz., May 21, 1910.

Notably Successful and Enjoyable.

Vicegerent Chas. P. Walker's concatenation at Oklahoma City on May 21 fully sustained the reputation of Oklahoma City as a Hoo-Hoo center. Thirty-four men were initiated, which is about the average Oklahoma City class.



OKLAHOMA CITY TEAM.

Front Row, Reading from Left to Right—Van Doron, third base; W. Husemann, first base; Burton, second base.
 Second Row, Left to Right—Sticket, right field; Hauck, center field; Miles, left field; B. Husemann, pitcher; Temple, catcher.
 Back Row—Wells, pitcher; P. B. Moore, manager; Campbell, pitcher; Carrier, short stop.

This concatenation was, however, more than usually enjoyable. All the lumber concerns of Oklahoma City joined to provide the funds necessary for the right sort of an entertainment. In the handsomely printed programme the names of all these men and lumber concerns appear, and there are, including the local retailers, more than seventy-five of them.

This is what a Hoo-Hoo concatenation ought to be—a thing to be participated in by all the lumbermen interested in the trade possibilities of the territory covered—a bringing together of these men in a spirit of fraternity, sociability and enjoyment. The meeting at Oklahoma City was just this, and all of this.

The session-on-the-roof, following the initiation, was an elaborate banquet, but the menu shows nothing more elaborate to drink than demitasse and apollinaris. No formal toast list was provided at the banquet, but a good talk was made by Rev. J. H. O. Smith, pastor of the First Christian Church of Oklahoma City, which was followed by another interesting address by Mr. Dorset Carter, President of the Oklahoma Central Railway. These gentlemen were followed, in lighter vein, by the inimitable Nels Darling, whose efforts have contributed enjoyment

to so many banquets and other Hoo-Hoo affairs. It will be observed also, and as most fitting, that Mr. Darling filled the station of Junior Hoo-Hoo.

A particular feature of the meeting was a spirited ball game occurring the afternoon before, an account of which game is appended, written by Brother Mark J. Miles, one of the initiates:

Mr. J. H. Baird, Nashville, Tenn.: Dear Sir—May 21 was gala day for the Oklahoma lumbermen, the followers of the Great Black Cat swarming in from all corners of the State. At about 3:30 a. m. Manager Phil Moore ushered in his baseball team, composed of lumbermen from over the State of Oklahoma, out on to baseball grounds at Coleord Park. Shortly following the Oklahoma City team, Mr. Joe Prestridge, manager of a team composed of Wichita lumbermen, trotted upon the field. At 10 o'clock Mr. Jap Marrs, umpire for the game, announced the batteries for the respective teams, and for the next two hours they afforded great pleasure for the rooters of both teams. Manager Moore started Campbell in the box, but by the middle of the third inning Wichita had piled up enough scores to win most games, when Moore yanked Campbell, put in P. Wells and started B. Husemann to warming up. Wells would make a great pitcher if he could locate the pan, but being unable to do so he held Wichita until Husemann could get limbered up. After Husemann got his twisters to working, Wichita was at his mercy. The game

waxed warm, Prestridge pitching great ball until the eighth inning, when he sent in his reliable pitcher, namely Hooker. However, he was unable to stop the batting rally and Oklahoma City pushed over the winning run in the last of the ninth, the final score being 12 to 11. Both Managers Moore and Prestridge deserve great credit in the manner they handled their teams, and all the lumbermen trust that this game was the beginning of an annual meeting of the teams from Oklahoma City and Wichita. Below is a list of the players and their pictures.

Snark, Chas. P. Walker; Senior Hoo-Hoo, C. A. Talcott; Junior Hoo-Hoo, N. S. Darling; Bojum, A. Blassell; Scrivenor, E. B. Hinkle; Jabberwock, R. A. Finley; Custocatlan, Geo. Whitten; Arcanoper, R. W. Latshaw; Gurdon, J. M. Wheeler.

- 24611 J. Clifford Bacon, Oklahoma City, Okla.; salesman Wardville Lumber Company, Wardville, La.
 24612 Cristobal Benabides Bee, Guthrie, Okla.; rate expert Oklahoma Corporation Commission of Oklahoma.
 24613 William Ernest Benson, Oklahoma City, Okla.; traveling salesman Curtis & Garts.
 24614 Lee Bernstein, Oklahoma City, Okla.; general manager Bernstein Bros.
 24615 Lewis Bernstein, Oklahoma City, Okla.; part owner Bernstein Bros.
 24616 Melville M. Bowers, Lawnee, Okla.; manager M. W. Bowers.
 24617 Samuel Jermino Carrier, Chickasha, Okla.; manager West-Carrier Lumber Company.

- 24618 Edmond Foster Elder, Oklahoma City, Okla.; salesman Nashville Lumber Company, Nashville, Ark.
 24619 Claude Willis Fisher, Francis, Okla.; manager yard Carson Lumber Company, Dallas, Tex.
 24620 William Rogers Flood, Enid, Okla.; manager Frantz Lumber Company.
 24621 William Lewis Garner, Chickasha, Okla.; proprietor People's Planing Mill.
 24622 Ernest Oratio Gillam, Lawton, Okla.; manager G. H. Block.
 24623 Harry Niek Grimland, Charita, Okla.; manager McGee Creek Lumber Company.
 24624 Frank Clarence Harding, Custer, Okla.; part owner and manager Harding Lumber & Coal Company.
 24625 Vernon Orr Hayes, Blackwell, Okla.; part owner Hayes & Son.
 24626 Robert Howeth Jackson, Oklahoma City, Okla.; traveling salesman Kirby Lumber Company.
 24627 George Franklin James, Chickasha, Okla.; manager People's Planing Mill.
 24628 Don Carlos Koerber, Lawton, Okla.; manager G. H. Block.
 24629 William Archibald Lemon, Clinton, Okla.; manager Orient Lumber & Coal Company.
 24630 Bert Halsell Long, Canadian, Tex.; manager Whitehouse Lumber Company.
 24631 Asa Walton May, Tipton, Okla.; yard manager J. R. Wood Lumber Company.
 24632 Mark Miles, Oklahoma City, Okla.; traveling salesman H. W. Darling, Wichita, Okla.
 24633 Edward K. Pattison, Gracemont, Okla.; manager Mission Lumber Company, Anadarko, Okla.
 24634 Lewis C. Snodgrass, Anadarko, Okla.; manager Lyon & Matthews.



WICHITA TEAM.

First Row, Left to Right—Dewey, third base; McEwan, utility; Hooker, second base; Paddock, center field; Goeldner, first base.
 Second Row—Crest, short stop; Prestridge, manager and pitcher; Gowen, catcher; Oliver, right field; Dillon, left field.
 Back Row—Sam Chandler and L. L. Woods.

- 24635 Edmond Earl Sorrell, Paul's Valley, Okla.; manager Sam J. Houston, Wichita, Kans.
 24636 Claude Spencer, Walters, Okla.; yard manager G. H. Block.
 24637 Paul Garth Spiring, Chickasha, Okla.; part owner and manager Armstrong & Spiring.
 24638 William K. Stephens, Oklahoma City, Okla.; T. H. Rogers Lumber Company.
 24639 William Stewart, Oklahoma City, Okla.; manager T. J. Stewart Lumber Company.
 24640 Robert Henry Van Doren, Oklahoma City, Okla.; salesman Long Bell Lumber Company, Kansas City, Mo.
 24641 Joseph William Walton, Oklahoma City, Okla.; traveling salesman Louisiana Red Cypress Company, Wichita, Kans.
 24642 Ernest G. Weems, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Leeper Bros. Lumber Company.
 24643 John Patrick Wilcox, Chickasha, Okla.; foreman People's Planing Mill.
 24644 Carl Walton Wilson, Caney, Okla.; secretary and treasurer McGee Creek Lumber Company, Denison, Texas.
 Circulation No. 1655, Oklahoma City, Okla., May 21, 1910.

Not only are human inhabitants unknown south of Cape Horn, more than 2,300 miles from the Pole, but, except sea forms, within the circles animal life and vegetable life are practically absent save a few low forms of hardy lichens and mosses.

The Toxin of Insanity.

The insanity experts may be likened to the famous Scotch Presbyterian elder who could discover no really orthodox person in the whole country except himself. Sanity, like other modes of orthodoxy, depends upon the standard which we select to judge by. According to one standard, the safest business man in the community might be proved insane. According to another, every inmate of the asylum is perfectly master of his wits. There is no definition of mental soundness which can be applied in all cases, like that of a square or a circle, with results which are never open to question. Our proneness to seek for one is perhaps another of the many regrettable consequences of too much mathematics in education. Life is not by any means a mathematical problem, and its difficulties cannot be resolved by the methods which apply to equations.

Much of the irrational conduct of life arises from weariness. There are plenty of idle people in the world, but as a rule those who do work, work too much. They are constantly under the effect of what physicians call the toxin of fatigue. This is a poison which is generated in the body by exertion either of the brain or the muscles. If one toils only a moderate number of hours a day, the

deadly substance is eliminated by rest and sleep. The body recovers its tone and the brain becomes sane again. When filled with the toxin of fatigue every brain is insane. It does not work normally. Its owner is for the time being a moral degenerate. An overtired person, no matter how kind he may be by nature nor how much he may love his Creator, is cruel, irreligious and irrational. The toxin of fatigue has played a much greater part in the history of the world's insanity and evil of all sorts than most people have ever suspected. The courts are already beginning to allow for it in their decisions. The Federal Supreme Court made the famous Oregon case against the women's ten-hour law turn on the influence of this subtle substance. The Illinois court, in deciding the same question the other day, took account of the same fact. No doubt many a banker who wrecks his bank in his frantic efforts to sustain its credit acts under the unremitting effect of this insidious toxin. His brain, tolling intensely by night and by day, has no rest. The poison accumulates. It slowly destroys his moral structure. It eats away his conscience as some acids eat the walls of the stomach. Beware of the man who never rests. He is literally poisoning himself with a substance which is pretty certain in the end to paralyze his moral nature and make him responsible for his deeds.—Oregonian.



Our idea of a brute is a woman's husband who makes her mad right after supper so he can read quietly till bedtime.—Dallas News.

Unterrified.

The cow had just jumped over the moon.
 "I have no patience with the folks who are afraid of the comet!" she cried. "Bring it on!"—New York Sun.

Strictly Moral.

"Is the tariff a moral issue?" asks the Baltimore Sun. It must be. One side refers to the other as "pirates, thieves and malefactors," while the other refers to it as "cowards, demagogues and anarchists."—Washington Herald, Ind.

Unprecedented.

"Why should my client be convicted of murder?" demanded counsel for the accused. "No other man has ever been convicted in this jurisdiction on such a charge." The Prosecuting Attorney admitted that it hadn't occurred to him in that light, and the prisoner was accordingly discharged.—Central Law Journal.

No Cause for Worry.

It is said that the expenses of the Roosevelt party in Europe are \$250 a day. Well, Teddy can write 250 words in 10 minutes, so what's the use of worry about it?—Houston Post.

The Laundry of Life.

Life is a laundry in which we
 Are ironed out, or soon, or late.
 Who has not known the irony
 Of fate?

We enter it when we are born,
 Our colors bright. Full soon they fade.
 We exit "done up," old and worn,
 And frayed;

Frayed round the edges, worn and thin—
 Life is a rough old linen slinger.
 Who has not lost a button in
 Life's wringer?

With other linen we are tubbed,
 With other linen often tangled;
 In open court we then are scrubbed,
 And mangled.

Some take a gloss of happiness
 The hardest wear cannot diminish;
 Others, alas! get a "domes-
 Tic finish."

—Bert Leston Taylor, in the House Beautiful.

Usher—Ladies, the audience wishes you to keep still during this performance.

Ladies—Heavens! Is it possible that the audience hasn't heard this old opera before?—Cleveland Leader.

The Beginning of a Famous Law.

The maid was in the garden hanging out the clothes, when along came a black bird and bit off her nose.

"I'll have an employer's liability act on you," she told the queen.

Thus we see the beginning of the movement.—New York Sun.

Consider the cocoon gown; it buttons not, neither does it hook, yet Solomon in all his misery of a thousand wives had no more vexations than one husband whose wife is arrayed like one of these.—Playmate.

Two Ways to Succeed.

The girl who picks out the style of automobile she wants and makes out a long list of other good things, doesn't succeed in landing a husband as well as the style of girl who talks of love in a cottage and says she will do her own washing at first.—Atchison Globe.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—It is said that the five great original forests of the United States covered eight hundred and fifty million acres and contained fifty-two billion feet of lumber.

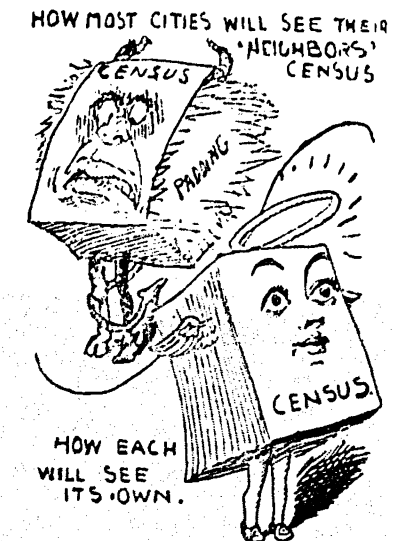
Mr. Crimsonbeak—In those days, you see, there was some place for a man to go when his wife cleaned house.—Yonkers Statesman.

Sounded Like It.

Editor—"Look here! What sort of writing is this in your story?"

Reporter—"What's wrong with it, sir?"

Editor—"You say in your account of this party where they had fun with a bashful guest, 'As his intended partner swept past, gracefully, the others brushed by to scour the place for the third victim of the game, who had lost courage and 'dusted.'" Say, are you writing about a social party or a housecleaning exhibition?"—Baltimore American.



Her Wasted Effort.

She had been reading that a titled English-woman advises married women to flirt with their husbands. As she finished the article her husband came home to dinner, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She ran to meet him.

"A little late tonight, duckyoodelum," she said with a dimpling smile.

"What's that?" he growled.

She looked at him archly.

"Don't you dare to kiss me," she pattered.

"Gee," he cried, "I don't intend to! What put that in your head?"

She half closed her eyes and coyly surveyed him through the drooping lashes.

"Don't you want to sit here by me on the sofa," she cooed.

"No, I don't. Why you told me only yesterday that the springs were getting weak. Aren't you feeling well?"

She laughed softly and shot him a side glance and drew in her cheeks and dashed her white teeth and perceptibly winked.

He drew back suddenly.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "Who are you imitating? Can't you make your face behave?"

She picked up the paper she had been reading and flung it into the decorated wastebasket.

"There's nothing the matter with me," she coldly replied. "Just mugging for fun, eh? Glad of that. Stimson was telling me today about a lot of trouble his wife is having with her facial nerves, and I was afraid you'd caught it. Ain't that confounded dinner ready?"

Obituary.

George F. Gardner (No. 12995).

Brother George F. Gardner died at his home at Gulfport, Miss. on Thursday, March 24. The end came quite suddenly, following an attack of acute indigestion of twenty-four hours before. His death was a great shock to his family and friends. At the time of his death he was general superintendent of the Gulf & Ship Island Railroad, and since coming South had established a wide acquaintance and a high standing among the railroad men.

Funeral services were held at the late residence of the deceased on Friday morning, conducted by Rev. J. M. Morse, pastor of the First Methodist Church, and the remains were taken to New Lexington, Ohio, his old home, for interment. Captain J. T. Jones' private car was attached to the train for the bereaved relatives, three daughters and two sons.

At the time of his death Brother Gardner was president of the board of stewards of the Methodist Church and had been long an active, though an unostentatious church worker. He was a prominent and honored member of the Masonic and Pythian lodges.

Brother Gardner was born in Bremen, O., on April 5, 1852. He took up railroad work and by his untiring energy and attention to business soon assumed high positions. Between 1887 and 1891 he was the superintendent of the Zanesville & Ohio River Railroad. From 1891 to 1895 he was the superintendent of the Pittsburg, Akron & Western. In 1895 he went with the R. R. & P. first being located at Bradford, but coming to DuBose when the division offices were moved in 1900. He resided in DuBose until 1904, when he resigned to go to Mississippi with the Gulf & Ship Island Railroad.

George F. Gardner was married to Miss Martha Huston, daughter of Judge Robert E. and Elizabeth Wilson Huston, of New Lexington, July 15, 1874, to which union were born three daughters and two sons, Miss Mayme M., Georgine F. and Bessie H., Robert E. and James H., all of whom survive. His wife died at DuBose, Pa., September 15, 1904.

Brother Gardner was one of the most lovable men and his home life was ideal. The death of his wife was a severe blow. In railroad circles he ranked high as the head of the operating and transportation departments. George F. Gardner achieved great success. Forty-five years of continuous service, rising from a telegraph operator to the position of general superintendent, tells the story of intelligent devotion to his vocation in life.

Brother Gardner became a member of Hoo Hoo at concatenation No. 1650, held at McHenry, Miss., June 26, 1904.

Edwin Sharp (No. 8566).

Edwin "Scribble" Sharp, located in business at Stella-wood, Wash., but residing in Tacoma, died in the latter city on May 29, aged 66 years. Brother Sharp leaves a wife, daughter and son. His death was caused by cancer of the throat.

The middle name of "Scribble" was given Brother Sharp at the time of his initiation, as he was at that time connected with the West Coast Lumberman. Brother Frank R. Cole pays a high tribute to Brother Sharp as a high-toned gentleman and conscientious worker. He was connected with the West Coast Lumberman for six years. He was a Knight Templar, and was buried with the honors of that organization.

Advice From a Friend.

Colonel Roosevelt should resign his position as assistant editor of the Outlook. There isn't a newspaper in New York that hasn't on its staff a better writer than Roosevelt; the Sun has three or four who can make the



E. D. TENNANT.

Vicegerent of the Central District of Canada, whose highly successful concatenation at Winnipeg, February 10, last, will be recalled.

entire circuit of the diamond while Roosevelt is getting away to first base. Therefore he cannot hope to attract attention by being assistant editor of a New York publication we never heard of until the ex-President's name was



N. H. HUEY.

Vicegerent of the Western District of Kansas, who held the successful concatenation at Salina, Kansas, March 11, last.

connected with it. There is no popularity in journalism, Theodore, even for the good ones, and you are not one of the good ones when it comes to the writing game—Atchison Globe.

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—A young man to take charge of hardwood and cypress department of wholesale lumber company. Must be experienced buyer and salesman. Address with full particulars, "Opelika," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—A young man to take charge of dimension buying and selling for wholesale yellow pine concern. Must have established trade and good connection among mills. Address, stating experience, references and salary wanted, "J. J.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—By a young married man, a position as hardwood inspector and shipper. Have had fifteen years' experience in that capacity. Am sober and steady, and can give satisfactory reference from last employer. Address "Inspector," 254 So. Bancroft St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—Position as bookkeeper or office manager by man 35 years old, with wide experience, who guarantees satisfaction. At present employed, but very desirous of making a change and have good reasons. Address "J. O. M.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as manager of retail lumber yard. Have had five years' experience as estimator and manager of retail lumber yard. I am strictly temperate. Prefer going South. Address "N. M. J.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as buyer or inspector of lumber ties or piling. Am competent in anything in yellow pine, oak or cypress. Best or reference, and have clear record. Address "Good Record," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Opening by experienced yellow pine man; twenty years' actual experience in every branch of the business from tree to consumer. Am familiar with mercantile business. Address "Arkansas," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Accountant of fifteen years' experience, at present employed, desires to make a change. Familiar with lumber accounting from stump to market, manufacturing costs, supplies, etc. Aged 36 years, single and in good health and a hard worker. Address "No. 624," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as superintendent or assistant superintendent of sawmill on Pacific Coast. Have twelve years' experience in lumber business from log to car. Can handle any kind of labor. The best of reference from past and present employers. Address "Supt.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position with reliable firm as log or timber buyer. Experience of ten years in log business for lumber and slack cooperage and five years in tight barrel cooperage. Understand estimating, buying and handling. Address "14743," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—A position as land or rotary filler by a sober, practical man (married) with a large, reliable company. Can furnish first-class references. Have had fifteen years' experience in southern pine and hardwoods. Prefer Texas or Louisiana. Address "Filer," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—By an experienced and competent yellow pine buyer and inspector, who is at present employed, to make a change. Open to proposition. Address "E. 25," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as buyer in long and short leaf pine. Can furnish A-1 references as to honesty and ability. Have had long experience as inspector and handling mill, yard, car material, pole stock, etc. Salary and expenses. Address "Hoo-Hoo No. 7798," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Connection with good yellow pine concern. Have ripe experience in business and am capable of handling any kind of a mill or office proposition, or both in combination. Can satisfy as to competence and character. Address "Alex," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as buyer for yard or combination of yards handling fir, cedar, spruce and hemlock lumber, R. C. siding and shingles. Have twenty years' experience in all lines of manufacturing same. Would consider salary or percentage. A-1 references. Address "Puget Sound," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position by man 35 years old, who has had sixteen years' experience in the different parts of the hardwood business; have handled jobs of superintending, also buying and inspecting. Would like to correspond with a concern that will need a man of this kind in the near future. Am married and have good habits. Can furnish good reference. Address "F. E.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as logging superintendent, either pine or cypress. Have had eight years' experience and can furnish A-1 references. Am perfectly familiar with steam skidders. If interested, address "George W. Daniel," Lamar, S. C.

WANTED—Position by an experienced lumberman with a good lumber company. Prefer position as yard foreman and shipping clerk in retail yard. Have been with my present employers almost two years as yard foreman and shipping clerk, except past five months have had position as city salesman. I desire to make a change, and can give all references from my present employers and others. Have had about three years' experience as architectural draughtsman, and some experience detailing in sash and door factory. Am a practical builder, married, 30 years old, strictly sober. Address "Preston," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as manager, superintendent of manufacturing, shipping clerk, or any responsible place with a good yellow pine mill. Can furnish good references and can come at once. Fourteen years' experience in the mill. Address "Leon," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position by an electrical mechanic. Have had twelve years' experience and can furnish first class references. Am now operating a thousand horsepower wood working power plant. Good reasons for wanting to change. Address "Mechanic," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position with good lumber concern as salesman or sales manager. Five years' experience on road selling yellow pine, but have been raised in the lumber business and am familiar also with hardwoods; can fill position either as buyer or seller and can inspect; have had success as head salesman for good concern and can furnish best of references. Address "F. M. O.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—At once a position as band saw filer with some good, reliable company. Can come at once and furnish first-class references. Address "Saw Filer," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as manager of some good lumber concern where I could invest some money. Have had thirty years' experience in the lumber business, in logging and manufacturing, a good share of which has been in yellow pine. Would prefer the State of Washington, but have no objections to a yellow pine proposition, if there is good money in it. Address "Washington," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as sales manager for some good, reliable concern. Have had considerable experience in the lumber business during the past six or eight years and am familiar with practically every department. Can furnish good references. Address "W. P. R.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as bookkeeper, cashier or general office man by young man 23 years of age of moral habits. Have had six years' experience in office work and can furnish best of references. Will go anywhere. Address "Houston," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—By a reliable man, one who is willing to work and has had ten years' experience in the lumber business, a position as traveling salesman in the central States with some reliable firm that handles Southern products. The best of references as to character, ability and experience can be furnished. Address "Lincoln," care of J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as manager of lumber or shingle mill. Have been in the business over thirty years. Can furnish references. Address "Dick Britton," Suite 5 Bailey Bldg., Hewitt Ave., Everett, Wash.

WANTED—Position as salesman for saw mill, planing mill or wood-working machinery company. Am a good architect. I have and can design any special machinery needed in saw, shingle, stove or heading mill. Can furnish best of references as to ability and character. Address "Seller," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Young man, traveling salesman, desires position representing some good wholesale lumber concern. Am experienced and acquainted with the trade in Oklahoma and part of Kansas. Address "Oklahoma," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as bookkeeper in commissary or any sort of clerical work for lumber concern. Can furnish references as to capacity and character. Address "H. A.," Box 74, Graham, Va.

WANTED—Young man with six years' experience in wholesale and retail lumber business wishes position as manager of retail yard, or as assistant manager or bookkeeper in large yard. Address "J. 22," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

The television is a new device by which you can see what your friend or enemy is doing miles and miles away. Just think what a lot of newspaper space might have been saved last year if some one had been able to keep his eye on Dr. Cook.

Dues for 1910.

WHEN the clock struck twelve on the night of September 9 last, dues became payable for 1910. The Hoo-Hoo year begins and ends on September 9. Look up your receipts, and if you find that you have not paid 1910 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.

