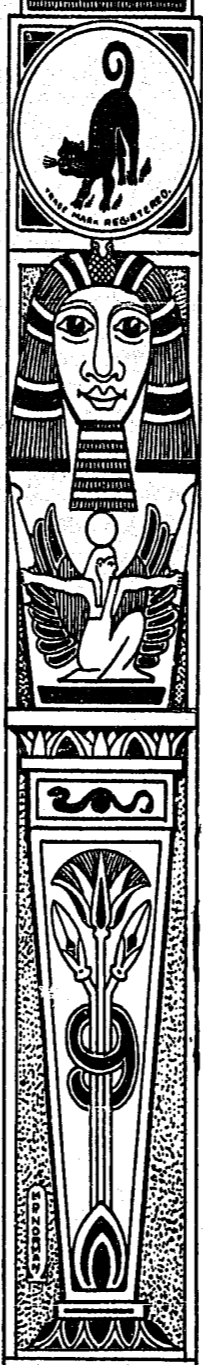


THE BULLETIN

Vol. XI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1905.

No. 121



THE TWILIGHT OF THE YEAR.

As fruits and leaves acquire a bright tint just before they fall, so the year near its setting. October is its sunset sky; November the later twilight.

Henry D. Thoreau.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF HOO-HOO

THE BULLETIN

J. H. BAIRD, Scrivenor, Editor.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1905.

There is no Death.

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

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellowed fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
And feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink dally life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall
And flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth in silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The birdlike voice whose joyous tones
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife
Sings now an everlasting song
Around the tree of life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright
Or heart too pure for taint and vice
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same—
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The near immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

—Bulwer Lytton.

"Evil is null, is nought, is silence, implying sound,
On earth the broken arcs, in heaven the perfect round."

—Browning.

NOTES & COMMENTS



Mr. Grover Cleveland, ex-President of the United States, has written for a recent issue of the Ladies' Home Journal an article entitled "Would Woman Suffrage Be Unwise?" Mr. Cleveland wields a ponderous pen—his literary style is elephantine in its heaviness. As for woman suffrage, he is "agin" it, tooth and toenail. He advances no new views in connection with his subject, but bears down hard on such ideas as "the work and mission of women within the sphere to which God has adjusted them," etc., and says he believes that "trust in divine (he spells it with a capital D) wisdom and ungrudging submission to divine purposes, will enable dutiful men and women to know the places assigned to them and will incite them to act well their parts in the sight of God." These pious sentiments are well suited to the publication in which Mr. Cleveland's article appears, but they shed no light on the subject he undertakes to discuss. What are "divine purposes?" And who is to interpret the "will of God?"

It is not my intention to write a serious article on woman suffrage. Indeed it is difficult for me to focus on that question otherwise than from a humorous standpoint. Not that the idea of woman suffrage is in itself absurd, but most of our views concerning it are ridiculous. In fact human thought is very much muddled any way and nearly all our beliefs and opinions are more or less idiotic. We cannot always see the funny side of them, because we sit too close—we do not get a clear perspective on our convictions. It is a good plan to occasionally break loose from our opinions, hang them on a hook and then go away off and take a slight at them. I used to dislike the idea of "women's rights" because all the "strongminded" women I knew who wanted to vote, wore loose, limp clothes. But when I hung this prejudice on a post and squinted at it a while, I perceived that there is no real connection between brains and bagginess, and that because a woman has "views" is no reason why she should wear slippy duds. Of course, that was some time ago, before the women lecturers and preachers took to wearing Paris gowns. But the principle is what I'm driving at—do not keep yourself jammed up against your beliefs. Get a focus on them from a distance and see what they look like.

When Elizabeth Cady Stanton was a young girl, the ambition of her life was to go to college. Her teacher said to



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ILLUSTRATING
"THE GOVERNING BODY OF HOO-HOO"

her "you cannot ever go to college. It is not permitted to women." The young girl answered: "Some day the colleges will be open to women." It was thirty-five years from the time that prophecy was made until it was fulfilled. At this distance, it seems ludicrous that men ever thought a college education for women was opposed to the "divine purposes," or that ignorance especially fitted women for their "sphere."

Let us gaze down the vista of the years and take a peep at another ancient fallacy. There was a time when married women had not the right to their own property. It was in fact considered unwomanly for a wife to want a title to her own possessions. Lucy Stone was one of those who "agitated" for a change, but to her surprise, the women themselves were opposed to having their "rights." Some of them asked with scorn, "Do you think I would give myself to a man to whom I would not give my property?" (Wasn't that sweet of them, the dear, lovely imbeciles!) However, Lucy kept kicking and banging around and everybody made fun of her and said she was a brazen-faced thing. But you can just bet that every married woman in this country is glad enough now to avail herself of the married woman's property act. Also many a man who derides the idea of woman suffrage is not above cheating his creditors by keeping his property in his wife's name. Such are the changes which time brings about. Funny isn't it?

Says Mr. Cleveland: "Even if every woman in the land should exercise the suffrage, the votes of the thoughtful and conscientious would almost certainly be largely outweighed by those of the disreputable, the ignorant, the thoughtless, the purchased and the coerced."

Surely this view of the matter is very depressing. If the disreputable and ignorant women are so largely in the majority, after all these years of nonvoting, maybe almost any change would be an improvement! If women are in such a bad way, something ought to be done for them. Otherwise I fear they cannot fulfill the divine purposes nor conform to the will of God.

Mr. Cleveland points out that in those few states where women vote they have not "purified politics," nor have they demonstrated that they are inherently better or more moral than men. Of course not. Women are not naturally better than men, except in one particular. There are just as many liars among women as among men, and just as many deadbeats. Men and women are very much alike, and I reckon that is because they were made for each other. I have an idea that if women were angels they would have a hard time trying to find a man fit to live with. Mr. Cleveland says of woman's "natural" attributes: "Thoughtful and rightminded men base their homage for women upon an instinctive consciousness that her un-masculine qualities, whether called weaknesses, frailties or what you will, are the sources of her special strength along the lines of her legitimate endeavor. They know she is loving, long-suffering, self-sacrificing and tender because God has made her so."

This is fluddub, pure and simple—especially simple. Besides, it is inconsistent with a statement made further along in Mr. Cleveland's article:

Of the four states permitting full woman suffrage, Colorado should certainly be regarded as affording the best illustration of its results, as this state is most like the older states of the East in point of urban population, in the variety and extent of its business interests, and in the proportion of women to men among its residents of voting age. Less than two years ago a member of the House of Representatives from that State, holding his place by virtue of an apparent majority of the direct votes of the men and women of his district, resigned his seat for the reason, as he openly declared, that

fraudulent votes had been cast for him in the election. An investigation of the case by a Congressional Committee developed the fact that some of the most glaring frauds were committed by women. A New York newspaper in February, 1904, published a summary of the evidence taken by the committee, from which it appeared that one woman, admitting her participation in these frauds, confessed among other political sins that she gave directions to the women who were to do repeating at the polls, and that two other women were associated with her in the manipulation of ballots, one of whom arranged to have a fight started at the election place, to afford opportunity to throw out the watchers and challengers of the other party. The resigning Congressman, with a show of characteristic masculine gallantry, gave it as his opinion that of the persons implicated very few were women—"not more than one in ten at the outside." It seems to me that this statement falls far short of mitigating the situation. The most gluttonous suffrage corruptor in the world ought to be a happy scoundrel if he could "implicate" in bringing about his ends ten out of every hundred voters.

So! Notwithstanding that "woman is loving, self-sacrificing and tender because God has made her so," she is not too good to stuff the ballot-box the very first jump! Maybe all the bad qualities descended upon her the moment she strayed outside the field of her "legitimate endeavor"—whatever that may be. Let us hang that idea on the hook and back off a bit for a calm scrutiny. This "legitimate endeavor" business seems to be a flexible sort of thing, varying in different ages and in different countries. Spinning and weaving in olden times constituted a large part of woman's work. Hand-looms were superseded by machinery and many of the machines in big factories are operated now by men. Cooking was long considered a field of endeavor peculiarly "womanly," but at this time all the high-priced chefs and caterers are men. Time in its flight closes one door and opens another. "Nothing is constant but change." Wherefore wear your opinions like a loose garment which you can cast off easily and throw into the ash barrel.

When Benjamin Franklin was investigating the subject of electricity and conducting experiments with his kite, his efforts were denounced as "an impious attempt to control the artillery of Heaven." How does that sound now to a man on a trolley car? Old Father Time is a great humorist, is he not?

No, the "legitimate endeavor" idea is no good. Now that I have it hung in full view from where I sit, I can see that it is full of holes and frazzled out at the edges. I think the moths must have got into it.

In some European countries woman's legitimate field of endeavor is a broad one. A returned traveler says: "In Munich women are employed as street-cleaners, and in Vienna we saw women carrying brick and mortar for buildings in course of construction, and saw women working on railroad grades. In fact throughout Europe women work more than men, and it is not unusual to see women and dogs drawing small wagons, performing labor that in this country is done with horses." Truly Europe is a good place for women to stay away from—the "legitimate field of endeavor" is too rocky.

I do not believe that woman is "loving, charitable and tender" (and inclined to stuff the ballot-box) because "God has made her so." Like every other animal (male and female) and every plant, for that matter, woman is the product of all her ancestors, plus her present environment. This is the one law for every living thing, regardless of color or sex. Some women are charitable and tender—yes, and honest and "square" in business matters. And others are not. Same way with men—some are philanthropists

and benefactors of the race, and others are ward-healers and shell workers. But should the latter be disfranchised? Shall only honest and well educated men vote? If not, why not? Hang this thought in an extra good light over there by the window where the sun shines in. Perhaps there is room enough on the same hook for this:

It is unfair to judge results from so short a trial—wait till women have had the right of suffrage for as many centuries as it has been granted to men, and then observe conditions! By that time human thought will have undergone so complete a change that all the views now held will seem the height of foolishness.

By the way, in Norway no unvaccinated person can vote. How is that for an idea?

If you'd like something really luminous on the subject of woman and her peculiarities, read the following newspaper clipping:

By Associated Press.

New York, October 12.—Prof. W. D. Miller, of the University of Berlin, sent shivers down the backs of the students at Wesleyan when he announced in a lecture that the bite of a girl would often bring a quicker and more horrible death than the bite of a serpent.

Prof. Miller, who has made a special study of the bacteria of the mouth, said that only a short time ago he "experimented on a girl in Germany and found that an arrow dipped in saliva from her mouth would send its victim in death throes more terrible than one dipped in the venom of the most deadly snake."

Speaking of the changes which time brings about reminds me of the rather bizarre idea recently advanced by Dr. Wilder of Cornell University. He predicts the passing of the human body and says science and evolution will provide for the incorporeal soul! I believe he is wrong in his conclusions, but probably the following in regard to his theories may prove of some interest:

Dr. Burt Green Wilder, the well known neurologist of Cornell University, has a collection of human brains, in the neighborhood of a thousand in number, and he is constantly adding to it. Not a few prominent men, among them "Mark Twain," have willed their brains to Dr. Wilder. Naturally the neurologist with his collection now in hand, has an exceptional opportunity to study the organ.

A short time ago, while in conversation with a group of student friends, he made the most startling prophecy for the future of man. "It is no play of the imagination," said he, "to say that some time in the future the body of man will not exist—he will be just brain. We are fast approaching that state now. The eternal law of nature, which says that all things that are not used shall not exist, is at work with man. Man is not using his body, but his brain, therefore the body must cease to be. Evolution works slowly but truly. You know Emerson said we have coaches and street cars, but we have forgotten how to walk. It is true.

"Just to give you an idea how fast our bodies are becoming dwarfed and weakened I might mention the fact that less than 3,000 years ago—an extremely short time in the course of evolution—all people were athletes, and a man at the Olympic games in Greece made a broad jump of sixty feet. Something like twenty-five feet is the limit now. In these days an athlete is such a wonder that we pay to see him perform little feats that a 5-year-old child could do in former times.

"Conditions have changed wonderfully in this short space of 3,000 years. Even at this very moment evolution seems to be jumping and hastening forward at a pace unknown to the past. This is especially true with the brain. Dr. John Carty of Chicago, who has made measurements of the heads of students for the last dozen years, says that the head of the average American student has grown an inch in circumference in that space of time. I do not doubt the truth of the statement.

"When, however, we consider what the brain must yet come to and how hard it is now to learn and to perceive things we know the brain has really just begun to develop. It is even

difficult to remember what we have once been told. We have to be drilled and drilled before we learn a thing. In fact, the brain is quite stupid when we consider its limitations. This will not be true when the brain is further advanced."

The November Cosmopolitan contains an article on "European Society Contrasted With Ours," by Henry Watterson. The article is embellished with pictures of "society leaders"—Mrs. Clarence Mackay, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and others. Miss Alice Roosevelt is pictured standing in graceful attitude beside a high carved chair, one arm lying across the back of the chair, a parrot roosting on her wrist. (Personally I do not care for parrots.) Needless to say, the article is extremely well written—Mr. Watterson is as brilliant as Mr. Cleveland is dull, which is putting it pretty strong. But surely the subject chosen by Mr. Watterson is too trivial to be worthy of his pen.

The cover page of the November Cosmopolitan is very striking—it consists of a picture by Frederick Remington, one of the illustrations in his story "The Way of an Indian," which appears in the same issue of the magazine. I haven't read the story but the drawings are great. There is life and action in Remington's pictures. Speaking of drawing reminds me that Chas. Dana Gibson has given up this form of art and has gone to Europe to study painting. In my opinion he never could draw—his wooden-jawed men and lanky women always gave me a pain. I'm glad he has quit.

"Some men can never relish the full moon out of respect for that venerable institution, the old one."—Douglas Jerrold.

"The annihilation of matter is unthinkable. Decomposition is recomposition, and recomposition is resurrection."—Herbert Spencer.

Most of us might be more interested in this scrap between the Swedes and Norwegians if we could tell them apart.

Mr. Stepanoff, who stepped off this mortal coil at the age of 90, at Yarinsk, Russia, a few days ago, left his fortune to found "a school of beauty for aged gentlemen," and cut off his only son with a mere bequest of his 365 sets of false teeth. Yet the son should not regard himself as disinherited. If he cares to use the legacy he will have one change of teeth for every day in the year.

High Art in Pittsburgh.

There exists a superstition in the United States that Pittsburgh, Pa., is the ugliest city in the country. So confident has been the assertion that even the poor dwellers therein have grown to believe the libel, so that today there is not one photographic view of the city to be obtained in any store in town. From his landing the British alien is mockingly advised to visit Smoky City if he would revive memories of his native fogs and soot showers. He is taught to believe in a dirtier Sheffield, a more disagreeable Glasgow. But Pittsburgh is not an ugly city. It is one of the most picturesque towns of the United States. It is not clean, but neither is Naples.

It is a town of sudden hillocks, of hecks and hows, with no straight lines and scarce a level hundred yards in its entirety. Its grades are accidental, natural, built up of its smokestacks and its primal topsyturvydom. No Swiss chalet ever perched more confidently on the moraine of a glacier than do those Pittsburgh houses on their khaki-colored kopjes. Each corner brings a new surprise, and every street is a long suc-

cession of corners. Were they grass-green instead of grimy, Pittsburgh might rank with the famous beauty spots of Switzerland, Norway and the Rhine.

Like Aden, Pittsburgh gains in beauty with the nightfall. Then the sloppy streets, the dusty turf, the refuse heaps and the awful advertisement boards are hidden from sight, and the lights gleam out at amazing angles above, below and all around one. House lamps dangle like Chinese lanterns straight above one, blast furnaces belch forth their ruddy spume beneath one's very feet. Climbing impossible inclines, the electric cars gleam like glowworms, and down by the river's edge the steel works glitter as a witches' carnival. It is an orgy of light, and those who have once seen it will never again call Pittsburgh ugly.

The smoke Pittsburgh undoubtedly has, in an artistic sense, aids it materially. It gives to the view the haze artists love, which to the inhabitant of the clear-eyed East is undistainable. In the Atlantic States the brilliant day seeks out every detail to the horizon. There is no shade, no distance. The landscape is a chromograph, hard, brittle. In Pittsburgh distances are mellowed, the jagged ends of vistas are molded off in the smoky blackness and everything is idealized.

One may stand in the Carnegie Art Gallery before a painting, the work of a Pittsburgh boy. It is full of tone, of atmosphere. No artist from the garish East could have painted it, lacking the Pittsburgher's appreciation of hazy softness. The best of American art has been in sculpture and in portraiture, and has been evidenced in Europe. The clear brilliancy of the typical American day is destructive of art, and men with the instinct must seek refuge in other lands if it would find expression. Pittsburgh is probably the last city in the United States one would designate as a nursery of artists, and yet it has put forth its due crop of painters. There are higher qualities in smoke than the merely utilitarian mind has compassed.

So it is that in Pittsburgh one may speak of other things than iron and steel rails. One's neighbor dilates upon pictures, and the man across the table is busy with the technic of music. It may be the phrasing is crude and inelegant, but the appreciation and the understanding are there. Pittsburgh differs from Boston in that it loves music; Boston patronizes music.—Douglas Story in November Smart Set.

The Sad Tale of Bill and Bob.

Bob fell in with Bill, one day,
But promptly they fell out;
Yet by the lake they stopped to play,
And thus it came about,
They both fell in, alack-a-day!
And nevermore fell out.

November Colors.

Ochre of the chestnut,
Emerald of the pine,
Scarlet of the maple,
Crimson of the vine,
Cobalt of the heaven,
With these at His will,
God has made, in autumn,
A palette of the hill.

—Lippincott's.

Hoboken, N. Y., October 25—Editor Bulletin, Nashville, Tenn.: I have the October number of The Bulletin and must commend it as a fine piece of newspaper work. I have just finished reading the proceedings of the annual meeting, and here I must confess to a very deep feeling of disappointment.

Nearly a year ago I was in your office and you talked to me for an hour or more about conditions up here at New York. I explained to you fully why the situation here was peculiar and why it is difficult to interest the more prominent lumbermen in the Order. We went over all this ground fully, and at your urgent personal solicitation—and I do not hesitate to say largely out of personal regard for you—I agreed to accept the Vicegerency. I told you I had only been located here for

a comparatively short time, and that perhaps I had not the acquaintance that some other man might have. You urged my acceptance. When I took hold of it it was with the determination to do the very best that I could. I have done it. I worked as hard on this Hoo-Hoo proposition as I ever did on any proposition, and I have spent considerable of my own money, and have caused some of my personal friends to spend no little of their own money. This feature of it is all right. I made a fair headway in interesting the people we want.

You told me, however, that in an effort to push the Order to a permanent footing up here, the policy has been to put on the Supreme Nine a man from the East. Looking back over my Bulletin I find this has been done for the last several years. This year, I find the East has no representation at all. The most eastward man you have is Mr. Boggess down in West Virginia. I know Boggess well and he is a good man. He has made Hoo-Hoo what it is in West Virginia and Maryland, and has helped it all through western Pennsylvania. Why in the world, however, was not a man put on either at New York or Philadelphia?

I feel that I can write thus freely in the matter. You know full well I am no candidate for Supreme Nine honors. You know, however, of two or three men who have been discussed, whose election on the Supreme Nine would go a great way toward accomplishing what you say you have been trying to accomplish here for several years. I certainly thought and expected that your influence would be exerted in behalf of the location of one member of the Supreme Nine up this way. I can see, however, in the report of the meeting no very vigorous efforts on your part, and I would like to hear from you, and I think it to your interest that you do let me hear from you. I am not voicing my own sentiments and feelings in this matter alone. There are others.

I see one State in the middle West is again honored with a position on the Supreme Nine, after having that honor for three or four years in succession. This is a state where there now resides two or three ex-Snarks—plenty of men, I should think to carry on the work there.

I am no sore-head and no kicker, but I would like to know why this eastern part of the country was so completely overlooked in your action at Portland. I feel that my efforts and those of others up here have not been properly backed up. There are several representative lumbermen in Philadelphia and New York any one of whom has earned a recognition, and the election of any one of whom would have practically assured the permanent placing of Hoo-Hoo on a plane it has never occupied here. F. E. LONGWELL, (No. 2410-A), V. S.

In reply to the foregoing I can only enter a plea of confession and avoidance. I will say, however, that I am not in a position at the annual meetings to exert any influence that I may be supposed to possess when there are contending friends of candidates in the field. Vicegerent Longwell correctly reports the talk which took place in this office a year ago, and I can bear cheerful witness to the very strenuous efforts he has put forth under difficult circumstances. I will say that to some extent the sentiment prevailing at the annual meeting is adverse to putting on the Supreme Nine men not present in person, and I feel sure had there been present any one of the lumbermen whom Mr. Longwell has in mind he would have been unanimously elected. I can only add that I hope and believe the hard work put in by Vicegerent Longwell will bear good fruit despite apparent failure, as he says, "to back him up," and next year I have small doubt but that either New York or Philadelphia will be represented on the Nine. Vicegerent Rumbarger at Philadelphia has brought the Order into a splendid standing there. All the concatenations he has held during his two years' incumbency, and they have been numerous, have been largely attended by the most representative people in the lumber trade. It is difficult for me to believe that the same splendid results cannot be secured at New York through persistent and intelligent effort, and a representative from among the prominent members in either of these towns placed on the Supreme Nine would undoubtedly afford an opportunity for pushing the work that will not otherwise exist.

Lester, Wash., October 18, 1905—Dear Brother Baird: Since meeting you in Portland and seeing you wearing a plug hat I don't know just how to begin a letter to you, but the above goes until further notice. Hope you had a good time and feel that you are repaid for your trip.

Yours sincerely,
D. F. THOMSON (No. 8729).

Stillwater, O. T.—Mr. J. H. Baird, Dear Hoo-Hoo: Enclosed please find \$1 dues. I also fill out enclosed blank sent me, but blast my cat—

I'll go to the order
If I can remember my Hoo-Hoo number!

Yours purringly,
S. J. RICHARDSON.

Garfield-on-the-Arkansas, Pawnee County, Kas.—After reading many "fairy tales" about the Hoo-Hoo Cat and its tail, and how they did not do a thing to the candidates at a tom-catenation, I decided about twelve moons ago to become a Hoo-Hoo with all its rights and privileges or perish in the attempt. After a thorough inspection of the corner posts of my life insurance (not the New York brand), I found myself on October 19, 1904, with twenty other candidates at Great Bend, Kas., all anxious to take the ante (\$9.99) gold cure for the blues. And while there were but twelve old cats to teach us to eat our milk, it was the event of a lifetime to those initiated, and the most important event in the history of Great Bend. It was pronounced a howling success by every one residing within three blocks of the concatenation.

Under the supervision of Vice-gent J. R. McLaurin, as-

paper weights, and the entire tout ensemble of The Bulletin—makes it such a warm article that I file it in an asbestos-lined cabinet, and am careful to keep this information from all insurance agents.

Can you inform our Order why the name of our brother Hoo-Hoo No. 999, the foremost man in the world today, is not included in the list of about 15,000 other foremost men of the world? Surely Brother Theodore Roosevelt would add honor to the Hoo-Hoo, and if to be a member of the Order does not add honor to him, he sure has reached the limit. Let his name appear with that of Brother William Loeb No. 14602, his secretary.

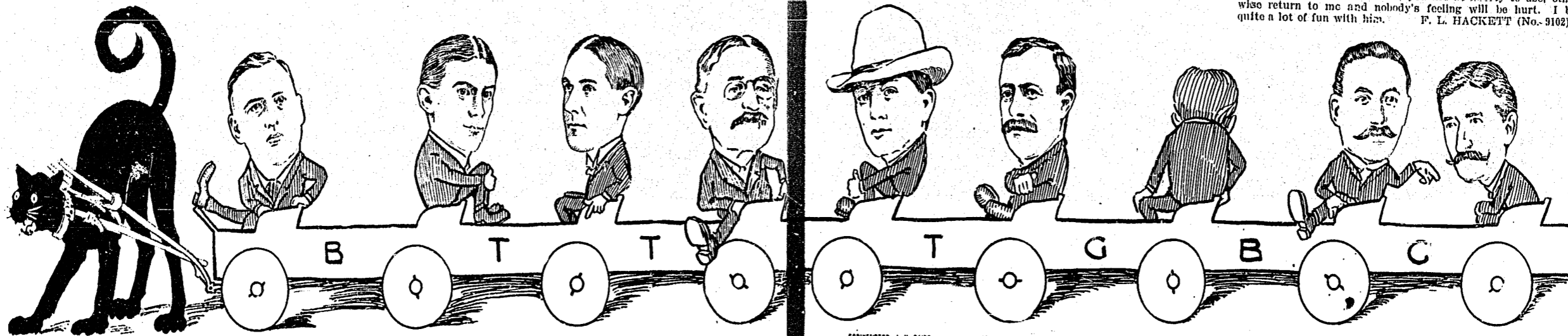
And yet another question for your stall-fed knowledge to grapple with: A very bright young lady was employed in a lumber office in a nearby city, and mastered (or mistressed) the many details so thoroughly that she has now engaged in the lumber business on her own account, and is reported as having great success. The question naturally arises, is there any provision in the by-laws that will permit a lady, who is engaged in the lumber business, becoming a thomas cat or Hoo-Hoo? If she can't write with the Order may it be the good fortune of some worthy brother Hoo-Hoo to join with her and receive a life sentence.

Thus ends the first and only chapter.

FINIS.

Now, brother, I would not have inflated you with all this stuff, but the words kept passing around me like bees until I could not work, and I just caught and strung them and send them to you. They are not \$28, and may not grade higher than

"WAIT FOR THE WAGON,—THE MYSTIC HOO HOO WAGON— IT FOR THE WAGON, AND WE'LL ALL TAKE A RIDE."



SHARK, A. D. IRMAN
Portland, Ore.

SENIOR HOO HOO, A. C. RAMSEY
St. Louis, Mo.

JUNIOR HOO HOO, GED. V. DERRY
Savannah, Ga.

BOUM, BENJ. F. COOK
Chicago, Ill.

SCRIVENER, J. H. BAIRD
Nashville, Tenn.

JEBBEROCK, EDWIN S. BOGCESS
Clarksburg, N. Ya.

*CUSTODIAN, FARLEY P. PRICE
Little Rock, Ark.

ARCANDER, DONALD FERGUSON
London, Ont.

GURDUM, E. CLARK EVANS
Seattle, Wash.

(By courtesy of the lumberman.)

sisted by such able lieutenants as Harry Gorsuch, Charles R. Kirkwood, Charles C. Isely and others, all got the full worth of the money.

The "Session-on-the-Roof" was graced by the presence of many ladies, and with music and speeches a very successful, and the most westerly concatenation ever held in Kansas closed, and all present felt that at least five years had been added to their allotted span of life.

Now, Mr. Editor, we are working for a tom-catenation at Larned about December 8, and the fame of the Great Bend gathering has "cast its shadow before" until it is the chief topic of conversation on the street and at the fireside.

It is reported on good authority that in anticipation of the general good time coming upon over sixty years of age, who cannot be candidates, are experiencing a healthy second growth, and are doing various gymnasium stunts. The real estate men, with their characteristic business ability, had "sniffed the battle from afar" and taken an option on all hitching posts and the right to set others within a radius of two miles. Prices for the evening are now granted at 50 cents, two horses at one post, 75 cents, subject to change without notice. It certainly requires something out of the ordinary to make a Kansan even temporarily forget dollar culture.

When I learned that I was to receive The Bulletin I supposed it was one of those cases where the directions said "take it," and expected to get the regulation 5x7 dinky little sheets where every so-called funny item wound up in recommending soanso's liver pad, or stomach bitters. There is where I had another guess coming, as I am now using your editorials for

"scouts," but it will be a warm article when you throw it in the fire. Aside from the length of this, I am,

Respectfully yours,
N. O. WAYMIRE (No. 13325).

My oft repeated requests that the members send in items of interest from time to time have elicited a number of breezy communications for which I am very thankful. Here is a story of a haunted house. For this thrilling tale The Bulletin is indebted to Brother W. T. Latham, who is located in West Virginia where he is connected with the well known Rumberger Lumber Company, of Philadelphia:

Webster Springs, W. Va., October 22, 1905—Mr. Jas. Baird, Scrivener, Nashville Tenn.—Dear Brother Baird: I heard a pretty good one the other day about a "black cat," not "The Black Cat," but just a common every day black cat. That is the fellow thought it was a common black cat, but uncommonly large. There is an old cabin way up in the mountains on Gauley River situated in a very lonely spot—that is it's lonely to the uninitiated—several miles from other habitation, surrounded by miles and miles of spruce, hemlock and very dense laurel beds down in a deep gulch where the sun never shines, and the rocks and logs are covered deep with moss, and the waters murmur and the crickets sing all night long.

This is a very dark spot and your voice echoes back to you four times every time you speak, and the natives of the upper Gauley country avoid this special place.

A short time ago two lumbermen and a dog after a hard day's tramp over timber land were making for this cabin to stay all night, when they ran onto a native several hundred yards from the place, and upon inquiring the way to the cabin the native very politely directed them but told them the place was haunted and that no man could stay there. One of the lumbermen scoffed the idea of a haunted cabin and the other felt a little dubious and rather hung back. The native seeing that one man seemed afraid invited both to come with him to his home for the night, saying it was only ten miles and they could make it by dark. The other would not listen to the suggestion of such a long tramp when the cabin was almost in sight, saying if the native would take him to the cabin he would stay by himself and dream of home and the happy ones there. So the native piloted them in sight of the cabin and wanted to go back, but the lumbermen persuaded him to get some wood and build a fire, and when through his task he again told the men not to stay there, that the "hant" would be sure to come. The brave lumberman offered to bet \$25 against the native's muzzle-loader that he would stay there alone all night. The native promptly took the bet and the other lumberman was made stake holder.

Just as the last rays of the sun were seen on top of the mountain the two men (the native and companion of the brave lumberman and the dog) strode off to the native's home to await the morning and drink some moonshine. The brave lumberman sat alone in the haunted cabin counting the hours off one by one. He could plainly hear his watch ticking and



A PRIZE WINNER,
Master HACKETT, son of T. L.
HACKETT (No. 9102).

It did not suit me; however, in looking through my bookcase today I came across the cut of my smallest boy whom I made a motorman of while in Grand Rapids, and it occurred to me that this would prove something odd for the Bulletin.

Should you agree with me, you are at liberty to use, otherwise return to me and nobody's feeling will be hurt. I had quite a lot of fun with him.
F. L. HACKETT (No. 9102).

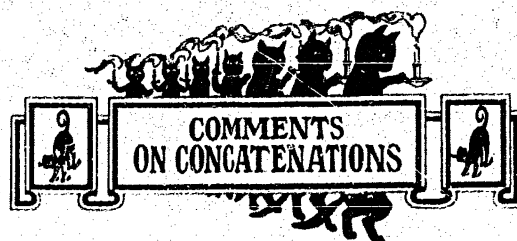
the echo coming back four times. He cleared his throat, and the echo came back four times. He looked at his watch, it was just 9 o'clock and still as death, except for the murmur of the water and the cricket singing its song upon the hearth in a very doleful way. The brave lumberman was looking straight into the fire—rather gazing into the fire. The fire needed wood and upon turning his head to get a stick of wood he saw a great black cat, who looked up smiling and said: "Strange there is no one here but you and me." The brave lumberman said: "That's just half the story; wait till I get my hat and there will be no one here but you." Whereupon he grabbed his hat and broke out through the woods running like a wild man until presently he fell over a log. When he picked himself up the first thing he saw was the cat standing on the log smiling, and said: "Stranger, that was a hell of a race we had." The lumberman replied: "That's only half of it—the race has just begun." The last seen of him he was running to Portland where we learn he joined the Hoo-Hoo. Now he isn't afraid of black cats. This is a true bill—a Hoo-Hoo told me.
Fraternally yours,
W. T. LATHAM (No. 9246).

Montgomery, Ala., September 24, 1905—Mr. J. H. Baird, Nashville, Tenn.: In a recent issue of The Bulletin you made a request that you wanted all of the brothers help you with the magazine. I have made several attempts to give you a writeup but each time would destroy what I had written as

The foregoing letter was accompanied by a photograph of a handsome boy and a newspaper clipping to the effect that the little fellow took the prize at a baby show held a year or so ago at Grand Rapids, Mich., at which place Brother Hackett at that time was general passenger agent of the Muskegon Interurban Railway. The youngster's uniform was therefore very appropriate, and in view of this and his good looks, it is not surprising that the child was awarded the prize.

Office of Wright, Graham & Co., London, Eng., October 3, 1905—Dear Brother Baird: I see from the last issue of The Bulletin which, by the way, I always read with great interest, that dues for the Hoo-Hoo year ending September 3, 1906, are now due. I also note that members have all the year to pay up, but believing in the old adage that "short accounts make long friends," I have pleasure in enclosing my dollar.

Sorry I did not have an opportunity of meeting you on my last visit to the States, but should I cross the herring pond again, will certainly look you up at Nashville. Perhaps before that, however, you will be over here to hold the first United Kingdom concatenation. With best regards and best wishes,
Fraternally yours,
W. C. DAVIE.



Wanted An Englishman, Wanted Him Badly.

At Clarksburg, W. Va., on the evening of October 21, a very successful concatenation was held. Five were initiated, and though only a very few days intervened between the time the decision was made to hold the concatenation and the time it took place, everything was arranged to the minutest detail. Mr. John W. Sharp, of Liverpool, England, was in Clarksburg, and the boys there wanted him in the Order, so the concatenation was got up to give him a chance to ride along the path of Hoo-Hoo, and the interesting account of the concatenation, sent in by Brother L. O. Smith, tells of what happened there in a better way than I could tell it:

Our little impromptu concatenation was pulled off, and pulled off well. Five weary kittens wandered bravely over the road of trial and tribulation to find at last the great land of Hoo-Hoo.

For some three years we have been trying to induce Mr. John Walter Sharp, of Liverpool, England, to take upon himself the vows of Hoo-Hoo, but have never had a real opportunity to press the matter until his visit to Clarksburg during the last week. He consented; we wired for a trunk, and word was passed around among the brothers to rally to our aid. We only had two days time from the time of wiring for the trunk, and the fact that thirteen good, loyal Hoo-Hoo responded in person, and six with telegrams of regret, goes very far towards showing the sentiment in this state, and this particular section of the state. Ex-Vicegerent Clifford was unavoidably prevented from being present, and we could not get word to the new Vicegerent Stover in time to allow him to come. This we greatly regret, but we are sure when they see the names of worthy kittens we had they will rejoice with us and pardon the responsibility we took upon ourselves. All the kittens reported entire satisfaction.

After the ritual—"On-the-Roof." Here we had a fine meeting. Everybody talked, and talked well. Heart to heart we were until the small hours. We have not space to tell of these at any length. Suffice to say that everybody said we had one of the best, if not the best, concatenations that was ever held.

Snark, E. Stringer Boggess; Senior Hoo-Hoo, W. H. Bailey; Junior Hoo-Hoo, C. E. Parr; Bojurn, J. H. Chapman; Scrivenoter, L. O. Smith; Jabberwock, P. F. Canfield; Custocatian, A. A. Rudy; Arcanoper, I. J. Davis; Gurdon, J. M. Paris.

15685 Dorsey Lee Arnold, Jamelew, W. Va.; buyer and inspector J. E. Mearns, Buckhannon, W. Va.

15686 James "Columbus" Holland, Clarksburg, W. Va.; buyer and inspector John L. Alcock & Co., Baltimore, Md.

15687 Judson Suter Ocheltree, Weston, W. Va.; buyer and inspector W. H. Bailey & Co., Grafton, W. Va.

15688 John Walter Sharp, Liverpool, Eng.; manager Liverpool office Churchill & Sim.

15689 Thomas Francis Welsh, Grafton, W. Va.; business manager Thomas F. Welsh & Co.

Concatenation No. 1178, Clarksburg, W. Va., October 21, 1905.

Nine was Composed of "Old Stagers."

On December 30, at Decatur, Ill., there was a very successful concatenation. Listening in the Hoo-Hoo firmament that night were some of the Order's oldest stars. A letter which I have received from Brother F. G. Hanley is a good story of what happened there, except with his usual modesty Brother Hanley gives all the credit of the occasion to the others. His letter runs as follows:

"There was only one candidate in sight at noon. By dark seven more had come up wishing to have their purblindness removed. This was the record at our concatenation in connection with the banquet and entertainment tendered the re-

tail lumbermen of Decatur by the traveling men of Central Illinois. Among this number was the oldest dealer in the state, Mr. Joseph Mill, of Decatur. He has passed 82 years, yet he put his hand in his pocket and withdrew enough money to pay his way through the initiatory degree after he had heard read the toasts to Hoo-Hoo.

"Just look what a galaxy of stars to show the eight candidates the way: Charley Rourke, Tom Moore, Will Sears, Charley Wolfli, Charley Rittenhouse, Hal Stevens, 'Junior' Bostwick, Ed McKenzie, Joe Smith and Dick Cortes. The two latter as tonsorialists reminded one of the stockyards at Chicago—they scraped so well. The bunch might claim Kentucky as their home—they proved such high steppers. Of course I refer to the candidates.

"A Dutch lunch" was served "On-the-Roof" at about 2:48 a. m. after a continuous entertainment of twelve hours."

Brother Charles Wolfli, of Evansville, Ind., writes also a sparkling letter about the success and enjoyment of this



VICEGERENT L. M. BOSTWICK,
Who acted as Junior at the successful concatenation held at Decatur, Ill., October 30.

concatenation, enclosing to us the poem below, which he says was composed by "Dad" Stearns, proprietor of the Decatur Hotel:

To the Hoo-Hoo.

May the Hoo-Hoo be not like
The trees cut down to make the lumber,
But like the houses that are built,
Increase in style and number;
And not grow poor and shabby,
Cross-grained or old and rotten;
May all your aches and pains
In joy tonight be all forgotten.

And not wake up tomorrow morn
With hair that feels like silvers,
That one finds on a hemlock board,
Nor sluggish, torpid livers;
But all drink sparkling water—
"The 'Dad' that gives you warning,
For if you don't, you all will find,
A difference in the morning.

Now, all who are not Hoo-Hoo you
Had better go and do it,
Become a kitten, then a cat,
Or you will surely rue it.
So come and join this jolly gang;
Get in and go "agin" it,
And when you do, I tell you true,
You will be strictly in it.

Coming Concatenations

Brother Denny's Good Idea.

The Hoo-Hoo of Northern Florida are arranging for a concatenation in Jacksonville on the evening of November 21. In this connection the Hoo-Hoo of that section of the country have undertaken to add a feature to the Jacksonville concatenation that is sure to meet with the hearty approval of Hoo-Hoo everywhere. Brother Geo. V. Donny, Supreme Junior Hoo-Hoo, in writing to Brother Frank Waymer about the concatenation at Jacksonville, said:

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

This is a most commendable plan from Brother Denny, and there is no reason why there should not be a business session and love-feast before each concatenation is held. This would redound to the good of the Order and would fire the enthusiasm of every member in attendance upon these meetings if some man familiar with the Order and its benefits should make a talk at each concatenation. The plan of the rally is also a good one and this idea will, no doubt, be taken up by many of the new Vicegerents and added to the features of the concatenations to be held during the coming Hoo-Hoo year.

Meeting to be Held at Somerset, Ky.

Vicegerent William C. Ballard, of Louisville, Ky., and Brother Ralph McCracken, of Burnside, Ky., are arranging for a big concatenation to be held at Somerset, Ky., on the evening of November 15. There are many good Hoo-Hoo in this section of the blue grass state, and from up on the mountain sides and down in the valleys they will come to be present at this meeting. The boys are making an effort to give wide publicity to the coming meeting, and success is sure to follow their efforts.

The boys of the Southern District of Texas have announced that they are going to have an "old-time" concatenation in Houston on November 18. The expression "an old-time concatenation" when it comes from Texas means a lot. This has been the banner state of Hoo-Hoo for several years, and the Texas style of doing things is usually up to date in the Hoo-Hoo line; so an enjoyable evening's entertainment is assured all Hoo-Hoo who can possibly be in Houston at that time. The concatenation is to be held on the last day of the famous No-Tsu-Oh carnival, and is to be held by Brother G. M. Duncan, who has just been appointed Vicegerent for that district.

Snark, C. D. Rourke; Senior Hoo-Hoo, Tom Moore; Junior Hoo-Hoo, L. M. Bostwick; Bojurn, W. E. Sears; Scrivenoter, E. A. McKenzie; Jabberwock, Charles Wolfli; Custocatian, F. G. Hanley; Arcanoper, Hal G. Stevens; Gurdon, C. E. Rittenhouse.

15690 Harry Elmer Cook, Shelbyville, Ill.; William Buchanan, Texarkana, Ark.

15691 Peter Joseph Fralich, Mount Pulaski, Ill.; William Simpson Lumber Company.

15692 John Francis Halpin, Chicago, Ill.; Schultz Bros. & Bendict.

15693 George Washington Lester, Buffalo, Ill.; Lester & Herrin.

15694 William Carlos McFadden, Peoria, Ill.; Rock Island Sash & Door Co.

15695 Joseph "Old Dealer" Mills, Decatur, Ill.; Mills Lumber Company.

15696 Edward James Sullivan, Decatur, Ill.; G. S. Lyon's Sons Lumber & Mfg. Co.

15697 Jacob Edgar Willis, Decatur, Ill.; Lyon & Sons Lbr. Co. Concatenation No. 1178, Decatur, Ill., October 30, 1905.

A Hoo-Hoo is President of Nashville's City Council.

Both lumbermen and Hoo-Hoo will be glad to learn of the honor conferred upon Brother Charles Cohn by the Nashville City Council. When the City Fathers met at the close of October to reorganize along the lines of the present popular political policy, shown in the recent municipal election, Mr. Cohn was made the President. This popular lumberman and Hoo-Hoo is a member of the firm of Cohn & Goldberg, which is one of the largest and most influential retail lumber concerns in the South. Mr. Cohn, since he attained his majority, has always taken active interest in politics, and has served several times as a member of the City Council. His election has met with the hearty approval of the great majority of the citizens of Nashville.

Nashville is also fortunate in having another good Hoo-Hoo as one of its councillors. Brother John H. Baskette, manager of the Prewitt-Spurf Mfg. Co., has for two terms represented the seventeenth ward in the council, having been re-elected last time without opposition. He, like Mr. Cohn, is safely ensconced in these big leather chairs in the city hall just so long as they are willing to serve the city.

Wedding Bells.

Hayward-Marshall.

On Wednesday, October 11, at Loveland, Col., Brother Reed Howard Hayward and Miss Mary Grace Marshall were united in marriage. The bride is the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lyman Marshall, of Loveland, where Brother Hayward is now engaged in business. Brother Hayward is a member of the firm of Hayward Bros. of that place. Prior to the organization of this firm he was associated with the Loveland Lumber Company. He joined the Order at the meeting at Denver on July 16, 1902. Brother Hayward is but 22 years of age, yet he is recognized as one of the best young lumbermen of the West, with a promising future before him.

Switzer-Lyles.

Brother Frederick Capers Switzer and Miss Ruby Belle Lyles were united in marriage at the home of the bride in Ft. Worth, Texas, Wednesday evening, November 8. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Virginia Lyles, and a young lady of beauty and many rare accomplishments. Brother Switzer is manager of the Mangum Lumber Company, of Mangum, O. T., and though but 32 years of age, has been prominent in the lumber business for some time. He was a department manager for Cameron & Co. up to a short while ago when he became manager of the Mangum Lumber Company. Mr. and Mrs. Switzer will be at home to their friends in Mangum after November 20.

Mr. M. J. Ragley, the newly appointed Vicegerent for the Eastern District of Texas, will hold a concatenation at Longview, Texas, November 18.

The Hoo-Hoo at Larned, Kas., are working up a big concatenation to be held at that place December 8. December 8 falls on Friday so that everybody can get there on the noon trains or evening trains from any direction and get away the next day easily. Mr. C. E. Clutter and E. S. Lindas are in charge of local arrangements.

Vicegerent J. T. Brown, of Denver, Col., will hold his first concatenation at Grand Junction, Col., November 18.

Mr. C. E. Tufts, Vicegerent for Southern District of Florida, will hold a concatenation at Tampa, Fla., November 25. This concatenation will occur in the midst of the State Fair and there will doubtless be a large number of visiting Hoo-Hoo present from all over the South. Supreme Junior Hoo-Hoo George V. Denny will be on hand, and probably other members of the Supreme Nine. A good time is promised all who will attend.

Obituary.

William Thomas James (No. 5879).

The first call of the grim reaper in the new Hoo-Hoo year was upon Brother William Thomas James, of Lexington, O. T. His death, however, occurred at the residence of his father in Louisville, Ky.

Brother James was born in Louisville, June 2, 1871. He graduated from the University of the South, at Seawance, Tenn., taking the degree of civil engineer. His first adventure was in the real estate business at Louisville, but fourteen years ago he removed to Lexington, O. T., where he engaged in the lumber business with his brother, Fred W. James. Brother James has served as Mayor of his adopted town for two terms and was a member of the Legislature at the time of his death. Two years ago he was elected President of the First National Bank of Lexington.

Six years ago Brother James married Miss Pauline Farmer, of Caruthersville, Mo. No children were born to them. Brother James has been ill about a year. When his condition grew serious he was carried to the home of his father in Louisville. Brother James joined the Order at the meeting held in Oklahoma City on September 2, 1898. He was also a prominent member of a number of other fraternities.

William J. Wallace.

Mr. William J. Wallace, the venerable and beloved father of Vicegerent Joe Wallace, died at his home in Nashville on Thursday morning, November 2. Mr. Wallace had been ill for two months, and his condition had been critical for some time. He was the senior member of the firm of Norvell & Wallace, and a man whose acts through his entire life typified his high character. He had the love and respect of every one who knew him. The interment took place at Mt. Olivet.

Thaddeus R. Case (No. 5715).

Brother Thaddeus R. Case, of Winnipeg, Man., died suddenly on November 30. We have not yet received information as to the cause of Brother Case's demise. We only know that the summons came unexpectedly. Brother Case was

a member of the firm of Case & Chandler, of Winnipeg, and had resided in that city for many years. He was one of the first lumber merchants to introduce American lumber into the Canadian West, and had enjoyed a great measure of success in his business operations. Brother Case was 38 years of age. He went to Winnipeg as the representative of the Pine Tree Lumber Company. His acquaintance with his partner was formed at Winnipeg. Brother Case was born at Gilead, Ind. A wife and son survive him. Brother Case joined the Order on June 7, 1898, at Fargo, N. D.

John Henry Bowman (No. 12488).

Brother John Henry Bowman, of Johnson City, Tenn., one of East Tennessee's most brilliant lawyers, died in Philadelphia November 30. Brother Bowman was interested in the Unaka Lumber Company, of Johnson City. He went to Philadelphia to have an operation performed, and the disease had gained such a hold upon him that the medical attention came too late.

Brother Bowman was born at Boone's Creek, Tenn., and was 38 years of age. He was the son of the minister of the German Baptist Church, and after completing his common school education graduated at Emory and Henry College. He read law under Judge Kirkpatrick, of Jonesboro, Tenn., but made Johnson City his home when he began his practice. He married Miss Jessie Kirkpatrick, daughter of Judge Kirkpatrick, about ten years ago. A wife and two sons survive him. Brother Bowman joined the Order at the concatenation held in Johnson City April 8 of last year.

From the Chief Priest.

The following letter from Brother W. M. Stephenson should be given careful attention by all members of the Osirian Cloister:

Brother Osirians: At the Portland meeting it was suggested that the matter of revision of the Tablets of Law and Initiatory Ceremonies be taken up during the year and a report made to the next annual meeting. I have taken up this work and desire to call the attention of all Osirians to this and to ask of each that they give this matter careful consideration and thought and to urge them to write me giving me the benefit of any suggestions that they may wish to offer in regard to any change they may wish to suggest in either the Tablets of Law or in the Initiatory work.

I desire to get this started at once so as to be in shape to offer something definite at the next meeting for approval, or rejection as it may please the members.

I also ask that all Osirians keep me posted in regard to any and all matters of interest to the Cloister that may come to their attention. Let us all get busy and endeavor not only to keep the Cloister at its present high standard but keep pushing ahead on the lines so well set out by its able founders and leaders. It is my desire to bring the Cloister to the highest possible plane and to this end I ask the hearty cooperation and support of all members.

If you have any suggestion to offer or kicks to make let me hear from you and I will appreciate your kindness sincerely. Permit me to urge all brothers to remit their dues promptly to the Scribe. I greatly appreciate the honor given me in electing me Chief Priest and I assure you that I shall endeavor to the best of my ability to discharge the high honor conferred on me to the individual satisfaction of each Osirian, but to do this successfully I must have the support of all members. With best wishes.

Fraternally yours,

W. M. STEPHENSON,
Chief Priest Osirian Cloister.

371 Robert street, St. Paul, Minn., November 1, 1905.

Dues for 1906.



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

What to Read in November.

Caroline Duer's new novel, "Cinderella of the Garden House," appears complete in Lippincott's Magazine for November. The "Cinderella" of Miss Duer's creating is a young American girl who is making a tour of Europe in the train of an uncongenial stepmother. At Rome the prototype fairy godmother appears and soon the Prince draws near—and thereby hangs the tale.

The November Lippincott's pays respect in large measure to the two supreme subjects of the month: Football and Elections. Ralph Henry Barbour's Harvard-Yale football story is called "The Dub." Through his clear portrayal, the field and score-board appear before the retina as clearly as the printed page. Girls say it is a splendid story; so Barbour scores as well as his college. The best election story of the month is that called "Spatters' Campaign," by Sarah Comstock.

A good example of "the noble art of self-defense" is given under the title of "The Broken Foll," by Fred Gilbert Blakeslee. The title of Eleanor H. Porter's story is one to keep you guessing. She calls it "Nuts to Crack and Mary Ellen." Life in a village runs along without a ripple until some little-suspected human tragedy is uncovered which shakes the very foundations. Such an incident is that told by Lizette Woodworth Reese under the title of "Henriety." The racing season makes Alfred Stoddart's entertaining steeple-chase sketch, entitled "Over the Jumps," especially timely reading.

Poets represented in the November number are Paul Laurence Dunbar, Thomas McKean, John Russell Hayes, Charles Wharton Stork, Isabella Howe Fiske, Louise Driscoll, Ella Middleton Tybout, Hermann Hagadorn, Jr., Minna Irving, Thomas S. Jones, Jr., and Doris Webb.

The November number closes with its usual light course called "Walnuts and Wine," in which spice is never lacking.

Who can assist me to locate Porter S. Wardrop? He is not a Hoo-Hoo, but his whereabouts is very much desired by a good Hoo-Hoo and a good lumberman, who wants him as a witness in a little piece of litigation here in Middle Tennessee. Mr. Wardrop is originally, I believe, from Indianapolis; is a married man; lived in Evansville for quite a while, where he was connected with the C. L. Storrs Lumber Company as inspector; later worked for Thompson & Bonnell Lumber Company; later for B. R. Thompson Lumber Company; and still later for Thompson Lumber Company at Clarksville and Boyle, Miss. The last account had of Mr. Wardrop he was with Hoshall & McDonald Bros. at Eola, La., leaving that place in March last. I am promised a \$7 silk hat if I can find this man. I need the hat. It takes just that sort of a hat to set off my peculiar type of beauty, and the only one I ever owned was ruined by the rain storm out at that Electric Park at Portland. I tried to borrow an umbrella from George Denny and E. Stringer Boggess, but they turned me down cold.

The French college of savants has decided that kissing is a disgusting practice. It certainly is—among savants.

The Practical Side.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WANTED—Position with lumber yard or saw mill. Have held position as assistant manager retail lumber yard four years. Have also kept books for lumber concern and can give references as to capacity in both positions. Can make myself very useful to almost any kind of a lumber concern, either in office or in yard. Address "Kaplan," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenor, Willcox Building, Nashville, Tenn.

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

WANTED—To be located permanently at mill or yard in the capacity of lumber inspector. I am not particular. What I want is work at the quickest possible moment. Address "E. S. J.," care J. H. Baird, Scrivenor, Nashville, Tenn.

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

WANTED—Position as bookkeeper by No. 6731 in city of Atlanta Ga., 533 Pulliam St.

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

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

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

WANTED—Planing mill man; must be competent to handle all kinds of mill work from blue print. We also want a good machine man. None but hustlers need apply. Address X, No. 10, care J. H. Baird, Scrivenor, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as traveling salesman. Am familiar with either yellow pine or hardwood. I desire Northern territory. Address "C. C. R.," 715 Illinois Ave., Peoria, Illinois.