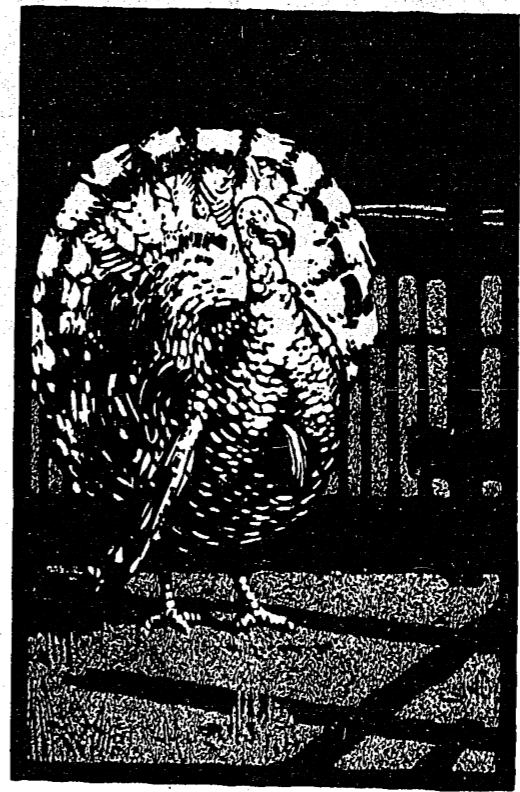


THE BULLETIN

VOL. XV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1908

No. 157.



NOVEMBER

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF HOO-HOO

THE BULLETIN

J. H. BAIRD, Scrivenoter, Editor.

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

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

TERMS TO MEMBERS:

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

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

NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER 4, 1908.

Coming Concatenations.

Omaha, Neb., November 24.

Brother R. H. Morehouse, Vicegerent for Nebraska, writes that all arrangements are coming along nicely for his meeting to be held at the Rome Hotel, Omaha, on Nov. 24. He has widely advertised the meeting, and has been hard at work with the assistance of the local membership on all preliminary arrangements, and will not only have a large class, but will conduct the meeting with exceptional dignity and brilliance.

Clinton, Okla., December 5.

The Clinton Chronicle, a lively little sheet printed at Clinton, Custer County, Okla., reaches The Bulletin with a two-column announcement on its front page of the concatenation to be held there Dec. 5 by Vicegerent Chas. P. Walker, of Oklahoma City. It is easy to see that Brother Walker believes in advertising, and that he has the tact to enlist the hearty cooperation of the local newspaper boys. The article in the Clinton paper is double-headed, is admirably written and adds to the announcement of what is to occur locally a good regime of the history of Hoo-Hoo, its purposes and methods. In a letter Brother Walker says he is already assured of a good bunch of high-class candidates, and that the meeting will be a notably successful one. He wants all the travelling men in reach of the meeting to attend, and promises that none will regret his presence. Nels Darling, the inimitable story-teller and after-dinner speaker of Oklahoma City, will take part in the meeting, and will be one of the leading lights at the Session-on-the-Roof.

Springfield, Mo., December 29.

At the suggestion of Supreme Arcanoper Burt J. Wright, of Kansas City, the State of Missouri has this year been given three Vicegerents, the extra man being located at Springfield, Mo., and having for his territory the whole southwestern part of the State. In Brother Wright's judgment a Vicegerent at Kansas City and one at St. Louis was not adequate for a proper working of the State. He is right. He was also right in his recommendation of the man to be Vicegerent at Springfield—Brother E. E. Entis. He was only appointed a few weeks ago, and no sooner got his supplies and instructions than he set about arranging for a concatenation. He now announces that the meeting will occur about Dec. 29, and says he is going to take plenty of time to thoroughly work it up, and hopes to have a notable reunion of the lumber people of that important section.

The following letter is from Brother Carl A. Kupfer, of the Forest Service, Washington, D. C. We greatly suspect that the clever poem he encloses is written by himself. It will be observed that he speaks of the author as a near poet, but this is a mere evidence of modesty. The poem is really clever and causes The Bulletin to again plume itself on the high literary talent to be found in Hoo-Hoo membership:

The great claims that have been made by Mr. John Brown and a few other enthusiasts, for the hardy catalpa, have inspired some "near poet" to write the enclosed lines. I am sending them to you thinking that they might be of interest to readers of The Bulletin:

The Reason.

(By a tree planter.)

Now old John Brown was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,
He was crazy, that's all, when he started to tell
Of the great catalpa tree.

"'Twill grow on Shasta's peak," said he,
And at the chill North Pole;
And on Sahara's desert waste,
And where the billows roll."

"Fence posts 'twill make that ne'er will break,
And telephone poles that wear.
Why, if I owned this universe,
I'd plant it everywhere."

Then up jumped Peary, brave and bold,
And said, "I know a land
That's never been controlled to date
By any human hand."

Methinks I have a good idea,
A plan to make me rich;
I'll find that blamed North Pole or bust
My clothes at every stitch."

He built a boat, 'twas named "The Goat,"
To buck the icy seas;
He went up north, where the wind holds forth,
And even the icebergs freeze.

He took a pound of catalpa seed,
"I guess that this will do;"
He took a spade to plant the trees,
An' ax the logs to hew.

"They'll grow like weeds, and fill the needs
Of woman, man and child,
The world will see what I can do
Upon the icebergs wild."

He started out to find the Pole,
He's hunting for it yet.
He knows he'll soon have dough to burn,
He has a good safe bet.

And old John Brown, the good old soul,
Is dreaming of the day
When he can make catalpas grow
Along the milky way.

And he will show the angels how
He did things down below;
And how upon the very clouds
Catalpa trees will grow.

Or else, and this looks easier still,
He'll take his little turn,
And show the devil how in hell
Catalpa wood to burn.

Ted's going out to hunt big game,
So all the papers say;
The truth is this, he goes to plant
Sahara's desert way.

For old John Brown swears up and down,
And says the plum he'll land;
He'll surely make catalpas grow
Upon the burning sand.

And Wilbur Wright, that airy sprite,
Plans to stake out the sky,
To plant catalpas 'round the stars
And everywhere on high.

So now you see the reason for
The world's activities;
They're all designed a place to find
To plant catalpa trees.

NOTES & COMMENTS.



After the election comes Thanksgiving Day, which is as it should be, for all of us are devoutly thankful that the agony is over, regardless of whether or not our candidate was elected. Still, if all of us do those things we put off doing until after the election, we shall be so busy that we must perforce cut out the usual Thanksgiving dinner. None of us will have time to eat more than one meal a day! For months and months the whole country has been waiting—and economizing. The poorhouse has loomed large on the vision of the voter. A wave of tight-fistedness spread over the nation. But everybody felt sure all along that after the election business would improve, factories would open which had been closed down, and a general shelling out of money would mark the "return of confidence." Now is the time to show our faith by our works. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." If everybody is satisfied that prosperity is headed toward us, good times will undoubtedly ensue. Believing that a certain thing will happen sometimes makes it happen. "Behold, the thing I feared has come upon me," wailed Job when he broke out with bolts and had other calamities heaped upon him. In a way, fear is a form of belief—it is faith in something which you don't want to happen. The fear of hard times certainly makes hard times. And the converse is equally true.

So now let us rejoice—and get a move on.

"Take your foot out o' the mud,
An' roll it in the sand."

The financial stringency of the past twelve months has by no means been confined to the United States. From all parts of the world comes the cry of "hard times." In a letter dated October 13, the London correspondent of the Oban (Scotland) Times relates this sad story of a starving soldier:

In the beautiful sunshine as I write, it is sad to think of how much human misery is around me everywhere—unemployment, semi-starvation, and all this notwithstanding the numerous agencies at work for the amelioration of the lot of the unhappy. Statesmen devise, Governments propose, Parliaments toll; yet the wretched and the poor are still painfully with us. Even the delightful return of pleasant weather does not do much to relieve the social gloom. Some folks have betaken themselves once more for the week-ends to their favourite seaside places or other summer

resorts, such is the charm of the weather. But when one thinks of a man, a fellow-citizen and a soldier, too, who fought for his country in the South African war, who has been forced to beg for his wife and children, and been sent for a month's hard labour for his pains in endeavouring to avoid stealing, the troublesome inquiry arises where are we all in these matters? He begged his brothers of the earth to give him leave to toil, but in vain; he is now in prison.

Mystic, Ga., Oct. 17, 1908—Dear Bro. Baird: I hope the year 1909 will be more prosperous for me than this year has been. When the panic struck this state last Fall, I had to get out of the saw mill business. I did nothing for a while, but soon found out that I could not last long at that. So I decided this Fall to go into the cotton ginning business. I put up a nice plant at this place and have been working so far with good success. But from the newspaper reports, I notice that the "night riders" are fixing to put all the cotton gins out of business. So I guess I will have to take my loading job again.

Wishing all Hoo-Hoo a happy and prosperous year, I remain,
Fraternally yours,
(No. 6986.)

The letter from No. 6986 is, for several reasons, of more than passing interest. It will be observed that the panic of last fall put this brother out of the lumber business. And now he apprehends that the "night riders" will destroy the cotton gin industry. There is a close connection between the panic and the night rider. In fact the first acute outbreak in the tobacco-growing district was a "curious echo of the panic," as a magazine writer expressed it. The hard times pretty well stopped advances on tobacco and worked a great hardship on those who had no other way of raising money. Men who had pledged their crops to the Planters' Protective Association (which had been formed to fight the trust), had to await the moving of the financial waters. Those outside (contemptuously called "hill-billies") could sell right off, get the money from the trust and go about jingling it in their pockets. So there was a great temptation to quit the Association and sell independently. The Association had done a great deal to force prices up to the point where the planters could raise tobacco at a living profit. Naturally enough the members of the Association conceived a bitter hatred of the hill-billies who were undoing the work of the organization and playing into the hands of the trust. So they took the law into their own hands—they went by night and destroyed the tobacco belonging to the hill-billies. These "night riders" somehow got the idea that the panic was superinduced on purpose to break up their organization and the many similar ones among other sorts of planters. In their opinion there was but one remedy—a dreadful and drastic one—to drive out the trust root and branch and likewise the independent buyers allied to it. Then the hill-billies must perforce come into the Association. Thus reasoned the night riders—at first. Soon they got beyond the bounds of reason and were dominated by blind passion. The thin veneer of civilization peeled off and left the naked savage revealed in all his hideousness. Lawlessness grows by what it feeds on. One atrocity led to another until the night riders became a menace to society and a disgrace to the nation. In the beginning there was perhaps some slight palliation of the steps taken by the tobacco growers in Kentucky and Tennessee, among whom "night riding" is supposed to have originated. They were undoubtedly fighting a trust that year after year fixed the price of their produce even before the crop was planted—and fixed it at a figure that would barely cover cost and keep up the production. The tobacco growers saw no hope of relief in legal steps and took matters into their own hands—and, as often happens, were tempted into a disre-

gard of law and the employment of force. The inevitable results have followed. There is no disregarding the established law of the land, and keeping the disregard within certain limits. It is all or nothing. Once intimidation, or a resort to force of any sort, has occurred, no matter how great the provocation, all barriers begin to crum-



W. A. HADLEY,
Supreme Senior Hoo-Hoo, Chatham, Ont., Canada.

ble and conditions grow worse and worse. The association of the tobacco planters in Tennessee and Kentucky has undoubtedly enabled them to improve their condition, but by just so much as they have been led to go outside the law, by just so much have they hurt their cause brought dishonor on the state and loosed a wild fire that seems likely to spread all over the South and Southwest.

And now the whole world is aghast at the terrible tragedy which occurred near Reelfoot Lake, in West Tennessee, October 20. A weekly publication briefly relates the facts as follows:

Much excitement has been caused in Tennessee and adjoining States by the murder of Capt. Quentin Rankin, a prominent lawyer of Trenton, and an attempt to murder Col. R. Z. Taylor, his partner, by masked night-riders. For some time there have been quarrels about fishing rights at Reelfoot Lake, in the northwest corner of Tennessee. The two men had organized a company which bought the property and leased the fishing rights. For a great many years the natives living in the vicinity had freely fished in the lake. When they were forbidden by the company and the courts to do this they sought revenge. A judge who made a decision hostile to them has narrowly escaped assassination and is constantly under guard. The two lawyers went to the lake on business connected with the controversy, and were in a hotel at a place called Walnut Log. Late at night, October 19, they were taken from this hotel by a band of masked riders and borne away into the forest. When they reached a place by the side of a stream flowing into the lake, Rankin was hanged to a tree and his body was riddled with bullets. He had been a captain in the war with Spain. Taylor then broke away from his captors and plunged into the stream. Almost miraculously he escaped injury, partly by taking shelter behind a floating log and partly by feigning death. The riders shot at him many times, but he was favored by the darkness. In the morning he sought a place of safety, but was in the swamps thirty-six hours before he found any one whom he could trust. He is nearly seventy years old. Governor Patterson offered a reward of \$10,000 (which was increased to \$20,000 by the fact that he would use all his power to detect and punish the guilty. He summoned five companies of militia and declared martial law for the district. At last reports more than 1,000 men (sheriffs' posse included) were hunting for the assassins.

The daily press has teemed with accounts of this atrocity, in which two of the leading lawyers of the State were taken from their hotel in the dead of night by masked and armed men, and one of them hanged and shot to death, while the other, an old man of nearly seventy years, escaped by plunging into an arm of the lake, swimming to the opposite shore and hiding himself in the swamps without food for thirty hours. The whole affair, and particularly the escape of this aged man, reads like one of the Indian raids in Tennessee of a century and a quarter ago.

The governor's action has not stopped with offering the reward. He left his campaign, canceled all dates for speaking, and hurried immediately to the seat of the trouble, wiring to Nashville for three companies of the State Guard to be sent to Union City. The soldiers, over a hundred strong, left Nashville within four hours after the governor's telegram arrived and are now encamped on the borders of the lake.

No steps the governor can take will be too drastic or will fall of the sanction of the respectable and decent element of the people, even to the putting of the whole of the environment of the lake under martial law, and arresting and detaining every man until he can show that his skirts are clear. The dastardly crime of these cowardly marauders must be stopped, no matter what the cost or what the method.

If unusual steps are not resorted to, it is difficult to see what can be accomplished. There are said to be several hundred men in the organization that has grown up at Reelfoot Lake as a result of the fishing disputes. The mob which captured the two lawyers is estimated to have contained more than a hundred men. They were all masked and heavily armed, and their movements gave evidence of considerable organization. Not one of them probably can be recognized by the surviving victim of their devilry, or by the resident of the district who was forced to guide them to the room in the hotel. Where so many are concerned in such desperate lawlessness, it



E. H. DALBY,
Supreme Junior Hoo-Hoo, Chicago, Ill.

is difficult to find a native of the territory who will know anything when he is brought before the grand jury. If he is not in sympathy with the criminals, he is in deadly fear of them, and in many cases, no doubt, it is a fact that he is honestly unable to swear of his personal know-

edge to the identity of a single man. It is a condition hard to deal with by the ordinary processes of the courts.

But it must be dealt with. The "night riders" must go. A hundred years ago one such atrocity as this at Reelfoot Lake, perpetrated by the Chickasaws, whose home was in that region, would have served to arouse the whole of the "Cumberland Settlements" from the mouth of the river to "Bledsoe's Lick," and an expedition of armed men would have started after the marauders on a day's notice—and when they got back somebody would have been terribly punished for the crime.

From a geological standpoint, Reelfoot Lake is a most wonderful feature of the country. It was not always a lake. Years ago there was a Reelfoot Creek running through a densely wooded tract. The lake was formed by an earthquake in December, 1811—ninety-seven years ago. An historian gives what purports to be the evidence of an eye-witness to the formation of the lake, as follows:

Col. Walker of Missouri, who, in company with an Indian, came over the Mississippi River into Tennessee for the purpose of hunting on what was then called Reelfoot Creek, in December, 1811, stated that while there hunting the earth began to shake.

Becoming much alarmed he and the Indian started to return, and upon reaching the place on Reelfoot Creek, where they had left their canoe, they found that the earth had sunk, and that the waters from the Mississippi had rushed in and formed a great lake, which they afterward found to be twenty-five or thirty miles in length, and from one to ten miles in width.

In 1826 the Reverend Lorenzo Dow received a letter from a friend in which were given some interesting facts concerning the formation of the lake. This letter was recently found among some old papers and reads as follows:

The morning of Dec. 15, 1811, was cloudy and a dense fog prevailed, and towards nightfall the heavens showed signs of distress. On the following morning, the 16th, about 5 o'clock a. m., we felt the shock of an earthquake, accompanied by a rumbling noise resembling the distant firing

of a cannon, which was followed in a few minutes by the complete saturation of the atmosphere with sulphurous vapor. The wailing inhabitants, the stampede of the fowls and beasts, the noise of falling timber, the roaring of the Mississippi, the current of which was retrograded for a few minutes—formed a scene too appalling to conceive of. Then until daylight a number of lighter shocks occurred, one

that was more violent and severe than the first one, and the terror which prevailed after the first shock was now even worse than before.

There were light shocks each day until Jan. 2, 1812, when one as hard as the first occurred, followed by the same phenomena. From this time until Feb. 4 the earth was in continual agitation, visibly waving as a gentle sea.



MAURICE W. WILBY,
Supreme Jabberwock, Baltimore, Md.

That day a shock, almost as severe as the others, occurred, and on the 8th, about sunrise, a concussion took place which was so much more violent than the others that it was called "the hard shock." At first the Mississippi River seemed to recede from its banks, and its waters, gathering up like a mountain, leaving for a short period of time many boats which were passing down the river, on the bottom of the river, during which time the crews escaped to land in safety. The river rose 10 to 15 feet perpendicularly, expanding as it were, at the same time the banks were overflowed with a retrograde current. The river falling immediately, receded within its banks again with such violence that it took with it whole groves of young cottonwood trees and much cattle and stock.

A great many fish were left on the banks, being unable to keep up with the water, and an old canoe, antique in construction, was washed ashore.

In the hard shocks described the earth was horribly lacerated—the surface was from time to time covered over of uneven depths by the sand which issued from fissures, which were made in great numbers all over this country, some of which closed up immediately after they had vomited forth their sand and water. In many places, however, there was a substance resembling coal thrown up with the sand. It is impossible to say what the depth of the fissures or irregular breaks were. The site of New Madrid, Mo., was settled down at least 15 feet, and not more than half a mile below that town there does not appear to be any alteration of the river, but back from the river a short distance the numerous large ponds or lakes, which covered a great part of that country, were totally dried up. The beds of some of them bulge above their former banks several feet.

The most remarkable feature of all the entire disturbances which was not generally known for some months afterwards was the discovery of a huge lake on the Tennessee side of the Mississippi, upward of twenty-five miles long and from one-half to eight miles in width. This lake was later called Reelfoot Lake. There are places in it the bottom of which has never been found, though many efforts have been made to ascertain the above their former banks several feet.

In the last year or so an herb, resembling moss, has literally covered the surface of the lake, and during the winter months wild fowls, such as duck, geese, cranes, etc., winter on the lake and eat this moss as food. Deer and other animals seem to enjoy it.

It is said that where the lake was formed was a vast



C. E. PATTEN,
Supreme Bojum, Seattle, Wash.

of a cannon, which was followed in a few minutes by the complete saturation of the atmosphere with sulphurous vapor. The wailing inhabitants, the stampede of the fowls and beasts, the noise of falling timber, the roaring of the Mississippi, the current of which was retrograded for a few minutes—formed a scene too appalling to conceive of. Then until daylight a number of lighter shocks occurred, one

area of fine timbered lands, and in places only the tops of the trees can be seen. The lake runs north and south, and each end has a neck shape, widening out about the center, or, nearer the northern terminus than the center. The water in it does not seem to rise or lower to any marked degree, and the lake is destined to become the great hunting and fishing resort of the West.

To sum up: Reelfoot Lake is situated in Obion and Lake Counties, with 1,000 acres or more in Kentucky. It covers 25,000 or 30,000 acres of submerged land, not including the arms or pockets, which cover several hundred more. It is fifteen or twenty miles long and from two to seven miles wide. Several islands cover about 1,500 acres. The outlets of the lake are at its southern end, consisting of sloughs and bayous. These carry its waters south into and through other smaller basins or lakes into Obion River, about fifteen miles from the main body of the lake, and thence to the Mississippi River. It was on the banks of Bayou De Chien that Capt. Rankin was killed.

As prophesied by the writer of the letter just quoted, Reelfoot Lake became "a great hunting and fishing resort." Its waters teemed with fish and its densely wooded banks and islands were the rendezvous of innumerable wild fowl. Sportsmen from all over the United States were attracted to the lake, notwithstanding the wild nature of the surrounding country and the crude accommodations offered to hunting and camping parties. The so-called "natives" in the neighborhood are not really native Tennesseans. They drifted in from the four corners of the earth. They are for the most part about on a level with the "clay-eaters" of Georgia—indolent and devoid of ambition, content to pick up a precarious living by fishing, and cherishing a deep repugnance to steady work of any sort. They resented any interference with what they called their "rights"—meaning the right to fish unmolested forever, without paying tax or license. Reelfoot Lake has been in a state of litigation for about ten years. The present disturbances which culminated in the death of Capt. Rankin have been in existence about a year. As a result of the long litigation, the fishermen on the lake were enjoined from fishing. The West Tennessee Land Company was finally formed. This company is operated under a charter. J. C. Burdick secured a lease from the company to fish in the lake and the injunction suits against the "native" fishermen were pressed. A Nashville daily paper puts in a word for the fishermen:

Every question, of course, has two sides. The history of the Reelfoot Lake litigation, which in its full details has been long drawn out and considerably complicated, preceded to a large degree the present disturbed conditions in the lake territory—Lake and Obion Counties. The fishermen who have in times past been making their livelihood on the shores and from the waters of Reelfoot, feel that they have just grievances, that their rights have been taken away from them, and that they have been the objects of injustice. It is understood that these fishermen make the claim that some time ago their cause was represented by several prominent attorneys who were employed to represent the interests of the fishermen in the Reelfoot Lake controversy. They claim that these attorneys, or some of them, finally, after the cases for which they had been employed had been of long progress, took the position that there was nothing in the cases for the fishermen, and the matter is said to have been then dropped. It is said that the fishermen then charge that some of these attorneys later continued the investigations in their own behalf, and made good in the deals made for themselves.

The escape of Mr. R. Z. Taylor from the night riders was marvelous—especially so in view of his advanced age. Mr. Taylor is a Confederate veteran, having served under Forrest, and his friends give as one explanation of his remarkable escape his experience as a Southern soldier.

His wonderful escape is being compared to Daniel Boone's famous escape from the Indians. When it was discovered that Capt. Rankin had been hanged and shot and that Mr. Taylor had disappeared, nobody doubted that two murders had been committed. Search for the body of Mr. Taylor was at once begun. His coffin was ordered and his family put on mourning. It was on a Monday night that the atrocity was committed. Not until Wednesday was anything learned of the whereabouts of Mr. Taylor—then he turned up at a place fifteen miles from the scene of the tragedy.

The whole story of Reelfoot Lake reads like a lurid dime novel. From beginning to end, it sounds almost incredible—from the time the earth quaked and caved in, forming the lake, till the night when Capt. Rankin was foully murdered and Mr. Taylor escaped into the wilderness, the history of that little corner of the State is full of weird tragedy. It is difficult to realize that Reelfoot Lake is only about seven hours by rail from Nashville, the capital of a great State and a center of culture and education.

Tenement Tessie—And de novel says de heroine had a willow form, used to pine for her lover and would spruce up when she seen him coming froo de gate.

Shanty Sue—Gee, where did she work—in a sawmill?—Chicago Daily News.

The Bulgarian flag is so new that the Turkish gunners did not recognize it, and with blank shots turned back a steamer flying it. The official realization of events is often slow in coming. When John Quincy Adams sought to enter Berlin as American minister to Prussia he was held up at the gate and the officer of the guard had doubts about letting him in, never having heard of the United States of America. A sergeant more intelligent than his superior knew all about the United States, and on his intercession Adams was allowed to proceed. The Turkish gunners have reasons of their own for official ignorance, which the Prussian lieutenant could not plead.

The Auto's Record.

Of course it's not a gossip, but
No gossip in the town
Is better than Brown's auto is
At running people down.

—November Lippincott's.

Redwoods in Humboldt County, California.

(By Kingsley R. McGuffey, No. 19424.)

Humboldt County is situated on the northwest coast of California. It is 108 miles in extent along the ocean, with an average width approximately of 35 miles, making a total area of 2,250,000 acres.

It is reckoned that originally there were about 540,000 acres of redwood forest in the county, of which some 70,000 have been cut. The known amount of lumber taken from this cutover land justifies the average estimate of 100,000 feet B. M. per acre, which makes a total of 7,000,000,000 feet. Many claims of 160 acres will yield 40,000,000 feet, and in certain instances a yield of 1,300,000 feet is not unheard of. One tree cut by the Vance Redwood Lumber Company in 1902 tallied 165,000 feet B. M. of lumber from the saw.

The annual cut of lumber (exclusive of shingles, stakes, etc.) in Humboldt County is now almost 300,000,000 feet

B. M., which is the output of eleven large sawmills operating. The yearly income from this has reached as high as \$6,000,000. The redwood belt of California reaches its maximum of perfection in Humboldt County, and it is not strange, therefore, that lumber in its various forms should be the dominating business interest.

The redwood occurs mostly in pure stands, but it is occasionally mixed, to a small extent, with Douglas and White fir, which are known locally as pine, and with oaks, madrone, etc.

An excellent stand of redwood, remarkable for the uniformity of size of the trees composing it, and for the flatness of the ground, can be found on Bull Creek. This stand is considered the best redwood timber in the country, and the trees 10 to 16 feet in diameter are the rule and not the exception. Most of the trees appeared quite straight and not badly defective.

On the Eel and Mad Rivers, and also the South Tow, good stands also occur. The specimens on exhibition at the Columbian Exposition, Chicago, in 1893, were from the land of the Holmes Eureka Lumber Company.

One of the largest trees now standing is on Simpson Creek, tributary to the Mad River. It measures 200 feet in height, 22 feet in diameter at the butt, 74 feet in circumference on the ground, and has a bark of 9 inches average thickness. A trail worn by the feet of many a sightseer leads from the county road to this monarch of the forest.

In growth the redwood does not show a very rapid rate. Analyses of a few stumps indicated that a tree of a diameter of 5 feet was between 5 and 700 years old, while the age of an 8½-foot tree was in the neighborhood of 900 years.

Reproduction is by means of seeds and sprouts and on cutover lands this latter method is of importance. Frequently as many as twenty sprouts may be seen coming from the root-collar and occasionally a few sprouts come from the top or sides of the stump itself.

Lumbermen claim that material from second-growth redwood is of inferior quality and will only make a second grade lumber. In stumpage redwood has greatly increased in late years, and the present increase is at the same rate. The present price varies from \$2.25 to \$3.25 per 1,000 feet board, but the greater amount of redwood is on the lands of large lumber companies, and therefore is not on the market, except as the finished product.

The logging of these large trees differs somewhat from the logging of other species, because of the great sizes which must necessarily be handled. It seems an arduous task to the uninitiated the felling and hauling of these giants, but the choppers go at it with as little concern as the Eastern woodsman with his tree of 16 inches diameter. The choppers work in pairs, their only work being to properly fell the tree. However, in dense forests this requires some skill, where a tree lodged may mean days of extra labor. In order to facilitate matters a temporary horizontal platform is built about 7 feet from the ground. This consists of two supports driven into two cuts in the tree, with boards laid across. The undercut is made with ax and saw, which is easier than cutting alone. This is done in two ways, either by cutting off part of the first log to the saw-kerf, or by cutting off a slant on the stump. In order to make certain the direction in which a tree is going to fall, a "gunstick" is used. This is about 12 feet long and is usually made of four pieces of wood jointed so as to form a parallelogram when opened. The opposite corners of this parallelogram will lie on a line perpendicular to the undercut.

Two to two and a half hours are requisite for falling a

tree 6 feet in diameter, while a 9-foot one necessitates about five hours of constant labor.

When the tree is once on the ground, a "ringer" comes and cuts rings about the tree at 10-foot intervals, to make possible the easy removal of the bark by the "peeler."

When all the trees on a certain area are peeled, they are "fired," i. e., a fire is started among them to consume all the debris. This is done either the same or next season after cutting. It chars the trees to some extent, and consumes all the rotten portion of the exterior.

After the area has been burned over by regular "sawyers," the length depending on the orders to be filled. Logs over 10 feet in diameter are usually split in two with black powder. There is necessarily some waste attached, but in many cases it would not be practicable to get heavy machinery on account of a few large logs, and often the sawmills would not be able to handle them.

Oxen were commonly used years ago for hauling, but steam has superseded them. Tow methods are commonly used to get logs to the landing. One is, to have a main skid-road running through the timber, which by a cable running in a closed circle is connected with a 40 to 50 horse-power. (H. P.) "bull donkey" at the landing. From this main road branch skids are built out in the timbers, preferably up small gulches.

At each of these branch roads is a "logging donkey," from 12 to 16 horse-power, to haul the logs down to the main skidway, where they are chained together in a long row, called a "bull load." Thirty logs may constitute a "bull load."

In the second method, the "bull loads" are handled as formerly, but the great number of branch skids are practically done away with. This is due to the powerful "bull donkeys" placed along the main skid road instead of the "logging donkeys," and these are capable of hauling the logs without skid roads and with a less number of pulleys.

Though the cost of the machinery in this method exceeds that in the former, the saving of labor alone would more than warrant the extra expenditure.

Water to supply the skid roads was formerly carried by horses, but now where the supply is not close at hand, it is pumped up by separate engines.

In addition to water, grease is also employed on the skid roads for the purpose of making the logs move easily.

At the landing the "bull donkey" may also handle the loading on the railroad cars, or there may be a separate "loading donkey." The loading is done by bringing the cable several times around the log, hooking it in and then rolling the log up the skids onto the car. The logs are fastened to the car with two "grab hook chains" at each end of the load. These are long enough to pass each other on the top of the load and are fastened a little distance down on each side. This is a very simple contrivance, but leaves some hook marks on the logs.

The logs are carried to the mill pond by railroads and dumped into it by loosening the chains and running the cars over a tilted track. The mills are naturally somewhat more heavily constructed than sawmills in general.

The largest logs are usually taken into the mill on carriages, and are often split in two by an exceptionally large band saw before being cut into smaller sizes. Redwood is sawed into boards, planks, laths, shingles, dimension stuff, and is used for turning, sash and doors, boxes, etc. It is polished well, and the curly wood often makes an elegant and handsome finish. The burris often occur 5 feet through, and fancy furniture is made from these. The lumber is sold chiefly on the Pacific Coast and shipped to the Orient. Eureka, Cal., is a great redwood emporium. The enormous waste in lumbering this species has

been materially decreased, but there are yet large quantities which are not utilized. The stumps are supposedly cut very low, but several hundred feet of lumber could be saved from any one of them. The wood in and near the stump is of the best quality. One factor alone prevents the waste from being an altogether serious consideration. The tree has the great power of withstanding decay, and when its supply becomes much reduced, there may yet be sufficient time to return and take out that which was left as stumps from ten to twenty years ago.



The Way of the World.

A hen laid two eggs with exactness,
For which she's a true benefactress;
Cook the good one did bake
In a nice angel cake;
But the bad one got mashed on an actress!
—November Lippincott's.

There will be fewer headaches in the United States. Mildew in France has cut down the yield of grapes in the champagne district, and there will be 40,000,000 bottles of champagne fewer than the average annual output. The prohibitionists of the United States will point to this as further proof that everything is coming their way.

Tramps Run off with Soap.

Unprecedented, perhaps, but nevertheless true, is the fact that tramps broke into a soap factory at Millville and made off with some of the product. When workmen arrived in the morning they found a window broken open and soap and tools to the amount of \$50 taken.

Some Other Cause.

Barber.—"Hair getting thin, sir. Ever tried our hair preparation, sir?"
Customer.—"No, I can't blame it on that."—Harrisburg Patriot.



South Omaha, Neb., Oct. 27, 1908.—Mr. J. H. Baird, friend Hoo-Hoo: While not an active Hoo-Hoo any more, owing to changed business relationships, it affords me great pleasure to retain my standing.

My wife has worn a clover leaf Hoo-Hoo brooch several years, valuing same highly for its artistic beauty as well as for its being "different."

On a recent short trip she was accorded considerable assistance by a Brother Hoo-Hoo because of wearing this pin.

The courtesies being extended without any presumption or offensiveness.

I am glad to belong to such an order and trust the opportunity will sometime occur to reciprocate by extending the hand of good fellowship when needed. Yours sincerely,
(No. 1451.)

That's the Trouble.

"The crazy chauffeur must go," says the Chicago Record-Herald. He does.—Rochester Post-Express.

Through Space.

Behold! The airship sets the pace,
And with a majesty serene
Proceeds to take long flights through space—
The space in each month's magazine.

"Mah Me'dis' Foot."

I done got 'ligon las' Sunday night,
En I's livin' true en I's livin' right;
En I doan' no mo' give a passin' glance
Ter a deck o' cyards er a ragtime dance;
En I go no mo' ter de wicked shows
'Ca'se dey temp' de weak, ez a pusson knows!

Would yo' lissen ter dat?
Who's a-playin'? My lan'!
Dat am Eph'm's foot-pat
Ez he switches his han'—
"Tek yo' foot out de mud
En roll it in de san'!"

I done kneel down at de mo'neh's bench,
En mah sins come a-loose wid a monst'ous wrench;
En I ain' gwine fool wid no shootin' craps
Lest I be lef' out w'en de las' bah draps;
En I ain't gwine dance, dough de fiddle coax,
'Ca'se I's took mah place wid de Me'dis' folks.

Would yo' lissen des now!
Eph'm scrapin' de strings
Ez dey balance en bow
In de pigeon-wings!
"Tek yo' foot out de mud
En roll it"—It sings!

Mah Me'dis' foot it am sho'ly good—
But de t'ur foot shake lak I knowed it would!
En it trimble so w'en de fiddle squeal
Dat it beatin' de time fun toe ter heel!
Stan' still! Stan' fas'! Oh, yo' blame fool feet!
Er ol' Satan'll sco'ch yo' wid chimbly heat!

Would yo' lissen dat chune?
It am suttently gran'!
It am mo' dan a coon
Dat's a sinneh could stan'.
"Tek yo' foot out de mud
En roll it in de san'!"

I done got 'ligon las' Sunday night—
Oh, it's shuffle en swing en bow ter de right,
En it's allaman lef' en do-se-do
Wid a sif'sif'sif! on de dusty flo!
En a jump Jim Crow—
En blame mah hide
Ef mah Me'dis' foot ain' done backslide!

En I's out on de flo'
Wilst dey pattin' de han'!
Ol' Eph'im, yo' bow
Is suttently gran'.
"Tek yo' foot out de mud
En roll it in de san'!"

—Wilbur Nesbit.

He Fell in Love with a Tree.

There's a tennis court down in Washington, not open to public view, on which a tall, jolly-looking player has been trimming his shorter, more corpulent, opponent pretty regularly anytime these past few years. Lest you dislike stories with blind beginnings, we will state at once that the court is the White House one, the tall racquet-wielder is Gifford Pinchot, the Government Forester, and the opponent none other than the President himself.
Pinchot is on the threshold of fame, and you ought to know about him. He came out of Yale with more money than he could spend in a thousand years. He might have

been a wealthy ruler, fetching up at that little hamlet-on-the-Hudson, called New York, to hit the pace that kills on the Great White Way. He might have gone in for red hunting coats, dinners at Sherry's, a string of ponies, plunk teas, mad-motoring, Wall Street funny business, a wild time in Paris, and all that sort of thing. But he didn't, you see. None of these gilded bubbles caught him, which considering the way most rich youths pan out nowadays, marked him at the start as something of a man.

What did catch him? You couldn't guess in a century. He fell in love with a tree—just that and nothing more. He went abroad and studied forestry for two or three years, sauntering among those fine old French chateaux, Italian villas, Austrian woodlands and English country-seats, using his eyes and note-books to good purpose. Back he duly came, and had lettered on his office door, "Consulting Forester." The first big job he pulled off was Vanderbilt's immense place, "Biltmore," down in the Carolinas, which he laid out to the queen's taste.

In 1898 he was appointed Chief of Forestry, then a two-by-four side-issue of the Department of Agriculture, with a force limited to perhaps a pretty stenographer and



W. R. GRIFFIN,
Supreme Custodian, Indianapolis, Ind.

an office boy. After that things began to hum. It's a long, though thrilling yarn, the story of how this young man, practically single-handed and against some tremendous odds, built up our present superb Forest Service, but you can judge the extent to which he has made good by a little remark President Roosevelt made at the great conference on the Conservation of National Resources, which was held last May, and which brought together such a flock of Governors and other distinguished men. This was the remark, the President stopping in his address to make it:

"And it is only fair to give credit where credit is due. I want to say here that if it had not been for Gifford Pinchot this conference never would or could have been held."

This man, with all kinds of money in the bank, works as though he'd starve to death if he missed a Saturday night's pay-envelope. He is the real father of government forestry in this country. A lot of people at first thought he was a crank, a faddist, that it was all Tommyrot making such a hubbub about our national forests. But Pinchot could see a hundred years ahead where his opponents couldn't see a hundred minutes. And you can better be-

lieve he had opponents, a fine array of them. They were for the most part Western Congressmen and politicians who had fattened their purses to a nice round contour by stealing Government lands in the West and laying low the forests for private gain.

But this popular Yale "Grad" has bigger fish yet to fry. The word is going the rounds that he is slated for a cabinet job in the next administration, probably that of Secretary of Agriculture.—Saturday Evening Post.



The Toller.

Nay, let me play a while ere day grows late,
So brief the sunlight and this task so great,
What wonder that I yearn to drop the strand
And mar the pattern with a ruthless hand
Of this I weave, and, in the weaving, hate!

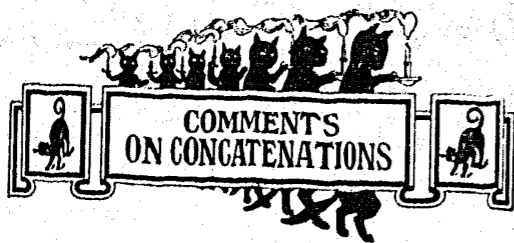
What profits it if, long compelled to wait,
At twilight by the finished work I stand,
Too weary for that gipsying I planned?
Nay, let me play a while ere day grows late.

My truant comrades call without the gate,
"Ah, little sister, throw a jest at fate,
And laugh, and join us." All the spring-thrilled land
Lures me with sweet insistence and command.
Taskmistress Life, be once compassionate,
Nay, let me play a while ere day grows late.
—Theodosia Garrison, in Cosmopolitan Magazine.

The Bulletin feels itself in a position to do some lumber concern a good turn while at the same time do a good turn for one of the most faithful, loyal and bravest members in Hoo-Hoo. We have a brother now again ready to go back to work after one of the most terrible accidents that can possibly befall a man and leave him still alive. The facts in this case are known to a good many of our members. Our brother was terribly injured in a railway accident. He was in the hospital for nearly three years, and was then relieved of his suffering only by the amputation of both lower limbs at the hip. He survived this operation and was completely restored to health, and better than everything else, he preserved his nerve and spirit and insists that he is still able to earn a good living, and wants to go back to work. His friends in Hoo-Hoo have assisted him to secure artificial limbs, and upon these he has been learning to walk. He has made good progress, and writes The Bulletin that he is now ready for a job. He is a competent lumberman, experienced, and he wants work and needs it. Who can use his services? He will make some concern a splendid office man to look after details of lumber correspondence, to "boss" the outside men in the active conduct of the business, and to exercise general supervision. The Bulletin would be glad to hear from anyone interested.



"CLOSING THE CASE FOR THE DEFENSE."



At Memphis in West Tennessee.

One of the best concatenations said ever to have been held in Memphis was the concatenation of Vicegerent G. J. H. Fischer, on the evening of Oct. 3. Of this concatenation Mr. J. H. Whaley has sent the following report:

On his annual pilgrimage to the Western District of Tennessee, the great black prince of good fellowship arrived in Memphis last Saturday, the 3d, and gathered under his protecting paw eleven weak-eyed wanderers in the infirm and sick old world. Hoo-Hoo is the prince of sunshine, the high priest of happiness, the mythical representative of an influence felt in every portion of the world and appreciated wherever felt. Hoo-Hoo knows no good things—no bad times—he knows no time at all, but comes to earth when least expected and most wanted, and opens up the "onion beds" of Health, Happiness and Long Life to purblind kittens in the gloom of the outer darkness.

Eleven young, of the feline tribe, hopelessly groping about in the darkness, finally landed at the Italian hall on South Second street, where Vicegerent Snark J. H. Fischer took them in charge. He smoothed down their fur and made ready that they might be worthy to gaze upon the brilliant splendor of the great monarch to whom they had come to pay homage.

In Memphis, where there are so many Hoo-Hoo—to say nothing of nearby lumbermen who usually come to the city whenever there is a concatenation—it has been found impossible to have much of a "Roof Session" on the proceeds allowed the Vicegerent from the initiates. This, of course, does not have reference to concatenations where there are an unusual number of kittens. This being the case, Snark Fischer very wisely decided to make his concatenation worth the money and then ask each member present to assist in making up the shortage. He followed this plan and unquestionably held the most orderly, most entertaining and most thoroughly appreciated concatenation ever held in Memphis. Mr. Fischer personally borrowed from one or two other orders apparatus which he had helped wear out, and this, with the regular Hoo-Hoo paraphernalia, held the interest of every one present and assisted in no small degree in keeping order. It is doubtful if any more amusing concatenation has ever been held since the inception of Hoo-Hoo, and certainly Snark Fischer is due the utmost credit for the masterful manner in which he looked after the whole entertainment and carried his plans through.

The "Session on the Roof" was held in the banquet hall just above the rooms used for the initiation. It consisted of a Sazerac Dutch lunch. It was well prepared, nicely served, and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Vicegerent Fischer writes in appreciation of those who assisted him as follows:

In this work I entirely attribute the success to such worthy brothers as Hal G. Stevens, C. C. Reed, G. C. Ehemann, C. M. Kellogg, J. H. Whaley, W. F. Strong, James L. Hale and J. P. Lynch. I especially commend the untiring services of J. H. Whaley, Walter G. Penn, J. D. Heckle, C. C. Reed and W. T. Strong. They were always ready and willing and untiring in their labor, besides offering no end of encouragement to me in my work.

Snark, G. J. H. Fischer; Senior Hoo-Hoo, H. G. Stevens; Junior Hoo-Hoo, C. C. Reed; Bojum, Geo. C. Ehemann; Scrivenator, J. H. Whaley; Jabberwock, C. M. Kellogg; Custocatlan, W. T. Strong; Arcanoper, Jas. L. Hale; Gurdon, J. P. Lynch.

22118 Charles Joseph Arnold, Edmondson, Ark.; manager Levy Lumber Company, Memphis, Tenn.

22119 George Andrew Blank, Memphis, Tenn.; salesman Reed & Duecker.

22120 James Sultman Blunt, Memphis, Tenn.; lumber salesman Lee Wilson & Co.

22121 Franklin Record Bruce, Nettleton, Ark.; assistant superintendent Wisarkana Lumber Company.

22122 Thomas Emmett Jones, Memphis, Tenn.; traveling salesman Dudley Lumber Company.

22123 James Thomas Kendall, Memphis, Tenn.; assistant manager Memphis Column Company.

22124 Wilbur C. Patterson, Edmondson, Ark.; H. S. Patterson Lumber Company.

22125 Llewellyn C. Stackhouse, Memphis, Tenn.; superintendent of sheds, Memphis Column Company.

22126 William A. Waddington, Memphis, Tenn.; vice-president Florence Lumber Company.

22127 William Walford Warrington, Memphis, Tenn.; buyer and inspector Ayer & Lord Tie Company, Chicago, Ill.

22128 Arthur Norman Wedding, Memphis, Tenn.; lumber salesman C. S. Willey.

Concatenation No. 1501, Memphis, Tenn., October 3, 1908.

With the Rocky Mountains for a Back Piece.

At Salt Lake City, Utah, on Oct. 9, Vicegerent Earl V. Smith held a rollicksome and joyous concatenation at which thirteen men were initiated. The session was held at Cullen Cafe, and after the initiation ceremonies an excellent menu was provided by Caterer Eagon, of that hostelry. At the banquet Toastmaster Frank S. Murphy put the guests in a good humor by his witty remarks and the following speakers kept up the good work: G. C. Goodale, of Mill City, Ore.; S. F. Nibley, Portland, Ore.;



BURT J. WRIGHT,
Supreme Arcanoper, Kansas City, Mo.

A. E. Edwards, Reno, Nev.; W. W. Harvey, A. E. Payne, R. H. Holtzman, all of Ely, Nev., and H. R. Jackson, of Hoquiam, Wash.

Snark, Earl V. Smith; Senior Hoo-Hoo, Theodore Nyström; Junior Hoo-Hoo, J. J. Stewart; Bojum, G. E. Merrill; Scrivenator, T. H. Hudson; Jabberwock, H. W. Echert; Custocatlan, G. E. Asper; Arcanoper, C. H. Ward; Gurdon, William Service.

22129 John Evert Cessna, Salt Lake City, Utah; traveling salesman Rock Island Sash & Door Works, Rock Island, Ill.

22130 William "C" Claypool, Smithfield, Utah; partner Smithfield Lumber Company.

22131 James Coville Goodale, Salt Lake City, Utah; manager Salt Lake City office Curtiss Lumber Company, Mill City, Ore.

22132 James Goudie, Salt Lake City, Utah; city salesman Morrison-Merrill & Co.

22133 Raymond Hoover Holtzman, Ely, Nev.; partner Shelton-Holtzman Lumber Company.

22134 Charles Elmer Iddings, Imbler, Ore.; traveling salesman Summerville Lumber Company.

22135 Herolt Robinson Jackson, Hoquiam, Wash.; salesman Northwestern Lumber Company.

22136 Frank George Lechleiter, Salt Lake City, Utah; salesman Sierra Nevada Lumber Company.

22137 Ernest Nelson Musseiman, Murray, Utah; traveling salesman Miller-Cahoon Company.

22138 John A. Peterson, Salt Lake City, Utah; traveling salesman Morrison-Merrill & Co.

22139 Henry Paris Pettit, Salt Lake City, Utah; S. W. Morrison.

22140 Carroll Norman Sargent, Salt Lake City, Utah; salesman Morrison, Merrill & Co.

22141 William Hart Toller, Ogden, Utah; foreman Volker-Scoweroft Lumber Company.

Concatenation No. 1502, Salt Lake City, Utah, October 9, 1908.

Big Time at Dayton, Texas.

On the evening of Oct. 17, at Dayton, Texas, a unique concatenation was held by Vicegerent B. P. Gorham. Dayton is a little town of only 200 inhabitants, but this did not keep the Hoo-Hoo boys who assembled there that evening from having a big time. Eight men were initiated. Brother Gorham yielded the Snark's chair to Brother James H. Quarles, and Brother C. A. Rutt, in the role of Junlor, made the initiates "sit up, roll over and play dead" while he had them in the "garden-on-the-left."

The Scrivenator has received a cartoon of an alleged street parade of the concatenation that night. The artist's



EDW. F. NIEHAUS,
Supreme Gurdon, San Francisco, Cal.

name is not given, but the sketch is one of merit. The drawing would be reproduced in The Bulletin were it not made of colored crayon, which would not stand reproduction. The figures are assembled about the eight men placed on backs of huge black cats, and the grotesque figures make this cartoon of amusing interest. It is with sincere regret that it cannot be furnished to all our readers.

Snark, Jas. H. Quarles; Senior Hoo-Hoo, R. S. Sterling; Junior Hoo-Hoo, C. L. Rutt; Bojum, C. V. Anderson; Scrivenator, R. B. Edgar; Jabberwock, B. P. Gorham; Custocatlan, G. H. Ferguson; Arcanoper, Jas. Shelton; Gurdon, F. L. Cleveland.

22142 Joseph Thomas Hastings, Dayton, Tex.; assistant superintendent of mills, Dayton Lumber Company.

22143 William Thomas Jamison, Dayton, Tex.; assistant sales manager Dayton Lumber Company.

22144 John Edwin McComb, Jr., Houston, Tex.; business manager Houston Chronicle.

22145 Roy George Palmer, Dayton, Tex.; Dayton Lumber Company.

22146 George Pinkney Sweat, Dayton, Tex.; general superintendent Dayton Lumber Company.

22147 James Thomas Tadlock, Dayton, Tex.; Dayton Lumber Company.

22148 Archie Herbert Tibbitts, Dayton, Tex.; assistant superintendent Dayton Lumber Company.

22149 Alexander Alexis Williams, Dayton, Tex.; stockholder and master mechanic Dayton Lumber Company. Concatenation No. 1503, Dayton, Tex., October 17, 1908.

Ten Innocents were Taught Things.

It was a splendid class that Vicegerent J. M. Broach put through at the concatenation held at Meridian, Miss., on Oct. 29. The class numbered ten, and on account of the splendid way the details of the concatenation were arranged these ten innocent outsiders were taught the full Hoo-Hoo Ritual in such a way that the evening proved especially enjoyable to not only the spectators, but those who went through the ceremony.

The concatenation was held at the Armory. On account of the failure of the band to keep its appointment the street parade was not given. The ceremonies started promptly at nine minutes after nine. Among the old members present were some from the States of Alabama, Louisiana and Tennessee.

One of the kittens was W. B. Meeds, whom the Hoo-Hoo boys in that section have wanted in the order for a number of years, and at the banquet Brother Meeds expressed his appreciation of all that was said and done—even to him—and expressed his regret that he had not joined years ago. Vicegerent Broach writes that thanks are due to all the members of the Nine and particularly to Brother W. O. Chipman for the success of the concatenation.

Snark, J. M. Broach; Senior Hoo-Hoo, Elliot Cobb; Junior Hoo-Hoo, W. O. Chipman; Bojum, J. W. Shoemaker; Scrivenator, R. G. King, Jr.; Jabberwock, E. J. Martin; Custocatlan, R. C. Malone; Arcanoper, L. P. Lloyd; Gurdon, C. H. Barr.

22150 Thomas Judson Childow, Meridian, Miss.; partner Childow-Darrah Lumber Company.

22151 John Godfrey Daly, Meridian, Miss.; buyer C. L. Gray Lumber Company.

22152 Robert Fry Darrah, Meridian, Miss.; member Childow-Darrah Lumber Company.

22153 James Scott Gray, Meridian, Miss.; foreman McBride Lumber Company.

22154 Frank Henry Harmon, Scooba, Miss.; owner Harmon Lumber Company.

22155 Benson Burcharth Hungerford, Wahalak, Miss.; proprietor H. B. Hungerford.

22156 Walter Dalton Meeds, Meridian, Miss.; Meeds Lumber Company, Hattiesburg, Miss.

22157 Lewis Dean Myers, Meridian, Miss.; sales manager Elliot Cobb Lumber Company.

22158 Harrison Palmer Osler, Meridian, Miss.; secretary C. L. Gray Lumber Company.

22159 Ashley Clinton Snow, Meridian, Miss.; office manager Rex Planting Mill Company.

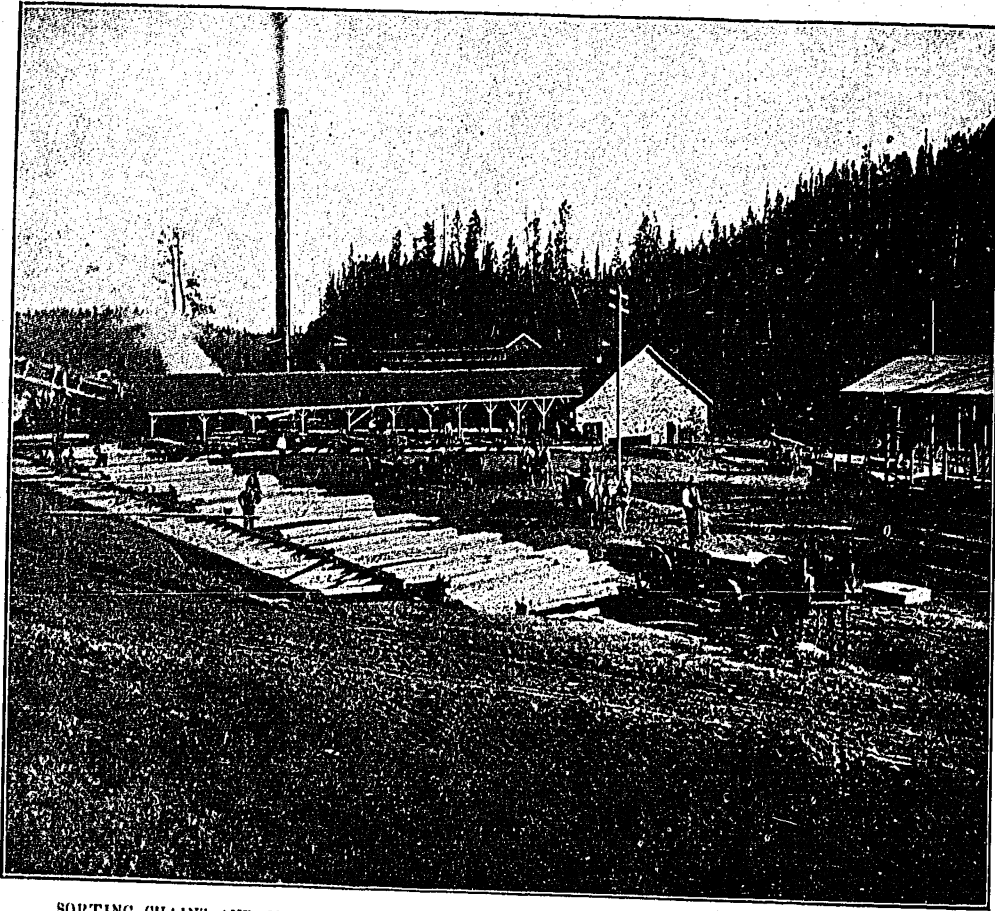
Concatenation No. 1504, Meridian, Miss., October 29, 1908.

"Go and see Carlini!" (the famous Neapolitan comedian) said a physician to a patient, who came to consult him upon habitual depression of spirits. "I am Carlini," said the man.



A volunteer correspondent of The Bulletin out in British Columbia is kind enough to send us the accompanying photograph of the magnificent sawmill plant of the Crow's Nest Pass Lumber Company, Ltd., of Wardner, B. C. The picture is one of a half-dozen sent us, the series being one sent out framed by the company to several hundred of its friends and patrons last Christmas. These pictures were sent out framed, the frame being made in the planing mill of the company out of larch and pine, the two woods the company manufactures.

Practically all the members of the Crow's Nest Pass Lumber Company are members of Hoo-Hoo, and all take a lively interest in the development of the Order's interests in His Majesty's North American possessions. Wardner, the town where this plant is located, is on the Kootenay River in Southeast Kootenay, in the province of British Columbia, on the company's nearest branch of the Cana-



SORTING CHAINS AND YARD TRAMS OF THE CROW'S NEST PASS LBR. CO., LTD., WARDNER, B. C.

dian-Pacific Railroad, twenty-two miles east of Cranbrook and about forty miles west of Fernie, B. C. The town sprung into existence with the construction of this branch of the railroad some ten years ago, but after the completion of the road the town experienced a period of stagnation when but little progress was made. It took on new life, however, in the early part of 1902, when operations began there of the big lumber company. These operations grew out of the enterprise and energy of Mr. John Breckenridge and Peter Lund, of the firm of railway and irrigation contractors, known as Breckenridge & Lund. As contractors these men had done a very extensive business throughout the whole of Western Canada for many years. Mr. Breckenridge is president of the company and Mr. Lund is managing director and secretary and treasurer.

The mill consists of two double cutting band saws with

all the latest appliances and subsidiary machinery. The mill has a daily capacity of 150 M. feet per ten hours. Only a year ago a complete new planing mill was put up, the old one having been found inadequate and consigned to the scrap heap. The mill is lighted by electricity, and in the busy season runs on a double shift. The planing mill machinery for this fine plant was sold by Brother Edward "Invincible" Kelly, recently deceased, of the Berlin Machine Works, Beloit, Wis. The dry kilns were also furnished by American builders at Indianapolis. The sawmill machinery, however, and the power plant is Canadian-made, by the Waterous Engine Works, of Brantford, Ont.

Patience—Have you tried diablo yet?

Patrice—No; I never use anything on my teeth but pure water!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Obituary.

Brother Harrison Clay (No. 16114).

Brother Harrison Clay, of DeValls Bluff, Ark., died of hematuria on Saturday, Oct. 3. Brother Clay had been employed for some time by the Stoneman-Zearing Lumber Company, of DeValls Bluff, and for the past five years has been the company's timber buyer, woodsman and surveyor. He was held in the highest esteem by his employers and beloved by his fellow employees. He was a loyal Hoo-Hoo and one who took much interest in the development of the Order in his state.

At the time of his death Brother Clay was fifty years of age. He is survived by a wife and three children. Besides being a Hoo-Hoo, Brother Clay was an Odd Fellow, and the local lodge of Odd Fellows took charge of his funeral.

Hymeneal.

The wedding of Brother Josiah Leroy Waite, Jr. (8830) to Miss Sarah Taggart Lowry took place at the First Presbyterian Church, in East St. Louis, Ill., on Monday evening, Oct. 12. The church was filled with the relatives and friends of the contracting parties, and promptly at half-past eight, to the strains of the wedding march from Lohengrin, the bridal party entered the church, the groom walking down the aisle accompanied by the Rev. W. E. Archibald, who performed the ceremony, two ushers preceding them. The bride, on the arm of Brother Ezra Hunt Dyer (8801), walked down the opposite aisle, preceded by two ushers and the ring bearer, little Miss Edna Meintz.

After the ceremony the bridal party entered the parlors of the church, where a reception was held under the auspices of the Halcyon Society. The bride wore a handsome tailored suit, a most becoming one to Miss Lowry's classic features and beauty.

The islands in and around the Caribbean Sea, including Cuba, Hayti, Santo Domingo, Porto Rico, Jamaica, and others of British possession, and the French, Dutch and Danish possessions, have a total population of about 7,000,000, most of whom are supposed to be exceedingly lazy. Their commerce does not support this supposition. Its total is not far from 90 per cent of that of Japan, with a population of nearly 50,000,000. Moreover, while the people of Japan must devote themselves more and more to manufacturing imported materials into commodities for export or live in a state of awful poverty, the natural resources of the West Indies are sufficient for the comfortable maintenance of many times the present population.

"My poor man, how did you acquire such a thirst?" "It was dis-a-way, mister; when de doctor operated on me for appendicitis he forgot an' left a sponge inside o' me."—*Boston Traveler.*



THE LANDING OF THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

The happy couple left immediately after the reception for a bridal trip and will reside in Parsons, Kans., the home of the groom.

They were the recipients of many handsome and valuable presents from their large number of friends.

Miss Lowry has been for several years one of the earnest workers in the church where she was married, and practically had charge of the choir and the music. For a number of years she occupied a confidential position as assistant to Brother Dyer, Secretary of the company with which Brother Waite is also now connected.

The groom is known to practically every Brother Hoo-Hoo in Southern Kansas and Oklahoma.

No Hope for Pedestrians.

"Is she a hill-climber?" "You bet! This machine will get 'em unless they take to trees."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

It has been discovered that a happy miller's family living in the vicinity of the battlefield of Waterloo have derived a regular income since 1815 from the sale of a rusty iron nail. It was not many years after the battle that an eccentric Englishman on the strength of an eyewitness's evidence discovered that Napoleon's hat had been hanging on that nail, the emperor having rested a while at the mill during the battle. An offer for the old nail was immediately accepted by the previously guileless miller, who after the deal replaced it by another old nail and painted an inscription round it on the wall pointing out its historical value. One nail after another has gone to enrich collections as priceless Napoleonic relics.

First Society Matron—I've just paid \$300 for a fascinating little rag to wear to your bridge.

Second Society Matron—So charmed! Who is your rag-man now?—*Life.*

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.

WANTED—Position as saw mill foreman or file. Can give references. For seven years with two companies. Address "J," care J. H. Baird, Servenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as yard foreman, shipping clerk or salesman with good yellow pine concern. Can furnish references. Address "Texas No. 2," care J. H. Baird, Servenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as yard foreman, shipping clerk or salesman with good yellow pine concern. Address "J. T.," care J. H. Baird, Servenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—A position as buyer or shipper of hardwoods. Have had four years' experience as buyer on road and ten years in lumber business, Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina and South Carolina. Address No. 1927, care J. H. Baird, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as first-class planing mill foreman or superintendent. Can furnish references as to ability and character; eight years' experience; understand making up-to-date hardwood flooring. Thrown out of work by burning of mill. Address "Planer," care J. H. Baird, Servenoter.

WANTED—Position as planer foreman by first-class man with A-1 references and twenty years' experience. Address No. 5892, care J. H. Baird, Servenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position with woodworking plant; competent to design bank, bar, store and office fixtures; also detailing of same, and of everything in the building line; stock billing for both fixtures and building material; 20 years' experience in the mill and on the drawing board. I refer to the Supreme Servenoter for reference. Have known him 28 years go to any beautiful country. Address "Eason," care J. H. Baird, Servenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position by young man who has had six years' experience in woods, office and mills. Hardwood salesman, Chicago territory. Address "Chicago," care J. H. Baird, Servenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as office manager or bookkeeper in Canada. Ten years' practical experience, wholesale and retail. Best of references. Married. Age 20. Address "Ontario," care J. H. Baird, Servenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as sales manager yellow pine mill. Thoroughly experienced. Address "E. J.," care J. H. Baird, Servenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as general manager at yellow pine plant in the south. Understand the business from the stump up. Address "B. H.," care J. H. Baird, Servenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as manager for wholesale yellow pine office in south. Have an established trade and excellent mill connections. Address "V. P.," care J. H. Baird, Servenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as sash and door salesman with some good, reliable firm for contract in Northern Illinois. Have had six years' experience in the sash and door business; am at present covering five western states and have covered some for over two and one-half years. Can figure old mill work; am single, sober and no card player. Will be open for position January 1, 1902. Address reference as to ability and character. Address "Sash, Doors and Blinds," care J. H. Baird, Servenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—All round office man, correspondence clerk and expert stenographer wants position in lumber business, Florida or South in men of affairs. Long experience with and highest references from banking, education and commission lines. Married, sober and no snap-trust boy. Hoo-Hoo will promptly help me to get located again. Address No. 750, care J. H. Baird, Servenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as all-around office man with lumber concern. Eight years' experience as book-keeper, correspondence clerk and salesman. Have been out of the lumber business for some years, but am anxious to get back. Willing to start on a very reasonable salary to get started with right concern. Address "Winchester," care J. H. Baird, Servenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position by first-class accountant, thoroughly familiar with the lumber business; competent to also act as lumber salesman. I believe I am the "good office man" you are looking for. Would like to get with some concern in the Central Eastern States. Am located in Pittsburgh now. Address "Tom," care J. H. Baird, Servenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Yellow pine sales manager or buyer wants to hear from firm desiring competent, reliable and thoroughly experienced man. Know H. Baird, Servenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Accountant of 15 years' experience, age 35 and single, desires position with sawmill or wholesale lumber concern, either as book-keeper or auditor. Familiar with sawmill accounting from stump to market and capable of taking charge of the accounting department of any large lumber company. Gift-edged references from former employers. Speak German and Spanish. Address W. G. Meerfeld, 810 15th St., Denver, Col.

WANTED—Position at once with good firm; 16 years' experience in hardwood business, mostly in the Boston and Ozark mountains in region of Arkansas; 10 years' experience as foreman of mills and yards; familiar with the manufacture of wagon and car material and can handle all machinery at such mills and all work in connection with such line of manufacture and get results; am young man with family; can give best of references from reliable firms as to both ability and character. Can handle any kind of a job in the hardwood business. Address "B.," care J. H. Baird, Servenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as machinery and supply salesman and store manager; can give references; need the job and need it at once. Would like to go to Texas or Oklahoma. Address "Ekins," care J. H. Baird, Servenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position as traveling salesman or yard manager; have had experience in both positions—yard manager for several years and traveling salesman long enough to work up personal trade in a fine territory; want to get with manufacturing concern. Address John P. Dumont, 3216 Thompson St., Kansas City, Mo.

WANTED—A first-class logging man capable of delivering 80 to 100,000 feet per day; man of some means to take interest in a large sawmill proposition. Must be strictly temperate. Address "C. M. S.," care J. H. Baird, Servenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—Position with some reliable house. Am 32 years of age and married, well educated, of good address and appearance. Have had 16 years' experience in the retail lumber business of a nature enabling me to fill position of manager, outside representative or salesman. Possess initiative, ability to think for myself and know how to elicit new business. References show me to be a sober, honest, moral and industrious man of ability. Address "S. T. J.," care J. H. Baird, Servenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—We are in need of a good, sober young man for foreman of a new box factory, one capable also of keeping up machinery; can offer good position to good man. Address A. J. Dillman, No. 11213, care Dillman Egg Case Co., Caruthersville, Mo.

WANTED—Position in Mexico with some wholesale or wholesale and retail lumber business as office clerk. Am 26 years of age and have had seven years' experience with a large wholesale lumber company in several different departments and some practical experience in piney woods as buyer. Would like to locate in Mexico to learn the Spanish language with the object of getting on the road as salesman. Address "Texas," care J. H. Baird, Servenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

Hard to Please.

With whiskers thick upon my face
I went my fair to see;
She told me she could never love
A bear-faced chap like me.

I shaved them clean and called again,
And thought my troubles o'er;
She laughed outright, and said I was
More bare-faced than before!

Utility.

There was a man in Atchison
Whose trousers had rough patchison.
He found them great,
He'd often state,
To scratch his parlor matchison.

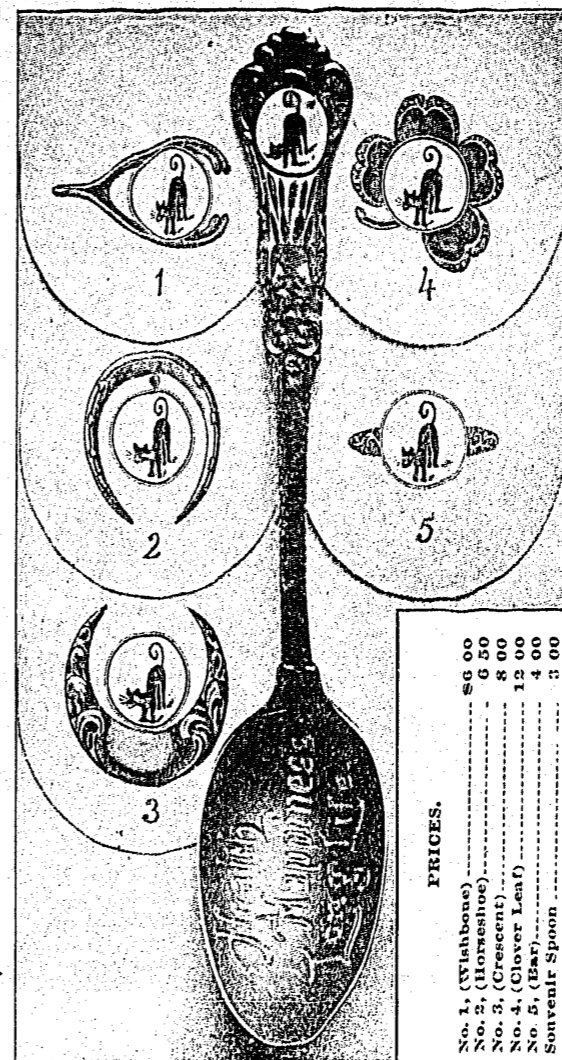
A Georgian Lyric.

Sing a song of sixpence,
Pockets full of rye;
Nothing in the barrooms—
That's the reason why.

Dues for 1902.

WHEN the clock struck twelve on the night of September 9 last, dues became payable for 1902. The Hoo-Hoo year begins and ends on September 9. Look up your receipts, and if you find that you have not paid 1902 dues, send \$1.65 to the Servenoter at once.

Any form of remittance will do except stamps that are stuck together. Your individual check will be all right.

**THE HOO-HOO JEWELRY**

PRICES.

No. 1. (Wishbone)	\$6 00
No. 2. (Horseshoe)	8 00
No. 3. (Crescent)	8 00
No. 4. (Clover Leaf)	12 00
No. 5. (Bar)	4 00
Souvenir Spoon	25 00

THE HOO-HOO GRIP TAG.

This also is guaranteed to bring good luck to any traveling team and to keep him from journeying on the downhill road towards failure or disaster. It will be seen that lost grips with this tag on them will probably be sent in to me. In every such case the greatest secrecy will be maintained as to the contents. If your bag contains only a collar button and your other partner of socks, nothing will be said to humiliate you. Price 25 cents, and cheap at the money.

**THE LADIES' PIN.**

I have yet to see a lady, old or young, who did not want one of these pins the minute she saw it. To have these pins in the hands of pretty women—and a good Hoo-Hoo knows no other sort—is the best possible advertisement for the Order. Every Hoo-Hoo ought to buy one of these pins, have his name engraved on it, and give it to some good woman. Price \$1.00 by registered mail—\$1.25, flat, if taken f. o. b., Nashville. Loosen up, boys, and give the women a chance.

THE HOO-HOO WATCH CHARM.

The new design being alike on both sides, it will never hang "wrong side out." The edges are smooth, which is also a great advantage. We once had a most beautiful design, to which we thought there could be no possible objection. It had, however, some sharp points, and numerous ticks began to reach us from married ladies who said the charm "scratched the baby's legs all up." This watch charm is perfectly harmless, as well as very beautiful, besides being appropriately suggestive of Egypt, the birthplace of Hoo-Hoo.



Price \$1.50 prepaid.

That part of the design which looks like the top of a gate or door represents the "Propylon." The Propylon was the great gateway erected in front of the temple of Isis. It was massive in proportion and rich in sculptural design and inscriptions. In shape it was like the pylons of the temple, from which it took its name. It served as a kind of introduction to the temple, and beyond it was sacred ground. From beneath its portal, on account of its position, the temple in all its glory was seen. Leading from it was the sacred way, bordered on each side by the recumbent sphinx. Once a year, when the earth in its circuit around the sun had reached a certain point in the zodiac, the rays of the rising sun, cutting across the desert, shone through the great Propylon down the avenue of sphinx into and down through the temple until it lighted up the place of the Most Holy and glittered on the gilded horns of the sacred bull—and the Egyptian new year had begun. The rest of the design is made up of a continuous border of the lotus, symbolical of the resurrection—the lotus sleep and awakens. The Egyptians believed that their spirits would return to earth after a lengthy sojourn elsewhere and that they would inhabit their old bodies—hence mummies. (You don't have to remember all this, if you buy the charm, but ought to.)

Now, then, none of this Hoo-Hoo jewelry will be sold to other than members in good standing, and only for cash. There is a profit in it to the manufacturer, but none to Hoo-Hoo. It is handled for the accommodation of our members and the good of the Order. None of it will be sold without the buyer's number. Address all orders to J. H. BAIRD, Servenoter, Nashville, Tenn.

THE SOUVENIR SPOON.

The cut gives but a faint idea of its beauty and artistic elegance. In addition to bearing the Hoo-Hoo emblem, it is adorned with blue cut-glass, such as grow in the marshes in the South, enamelled in the natural color of bronze, with green leaves. The workmanship is of the highest quality. It is no cheap affair, but is hand-painted, and hand-enamelled. This spoon itself is sterling silver, which means that it is sterling silver, plated with gold. To all intents and purposes it is a gold spoon. The price is about right, 1 dollar, considering what you get.

THE HOO-HOO BROOCHES.

In addition to being artistic and beautiful, these are all "lucky" pins, and I guarantee them to bring success to the purchaser and make his wish come true, provided he wishes for the right thing and is willing to work.

The simple "bar" brooch is recommended as a present to a practical-minded girl. It carries with it a suggestion of solid worth and is calculated to impress her with the idea that you are about as good a chance, all things considered, as she will be likely to get. The WISHBONE design was made with a view to marrying-off the confirmed bachelors of Hoo-Hoo. THE HORSESHOE PIN is the luckiest of all. It will be observed that this horseshoe is not the old-fashioned kind, such as a common "plug" would wear, but is the up-to-date shoe worn by a running horse. It is, therefore, symbolic of the speedy realization of the purchaser's brightest dreams. The CRESCENT PIN is intended for presentation to a romantic maiden, and may be accompanied by a speech about the moon—"the inconstant moon that monthly changes in its circled orb"—and caution that her love be not likewise variable. The CLOVER-LEAF PIN is for widowers with children, who are trying to marry young girls. It is absolutely irresistible—"a thing of beauty and a joy forever." The clover-leaf has a border of Roman gold, with the center enamelled in the natural clover green. Any one of these pins would make an appropriate present from a man to his wife. The horseshoe pin might prove of service as a present to one's mother-in-law, as it would carry with it a delicate hint to "walk away."