



IN OKLAHOMA.

THE BULLETIN

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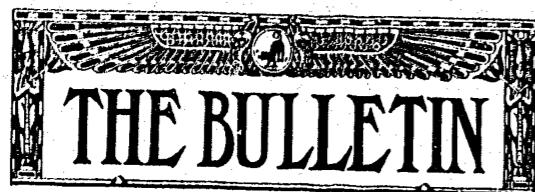
NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1906.

No. 131

SEPTEMBER

Now all we prized and all we planned
Is ripe and stored at last,
And autumn looks across the land,
And ponders on the past.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF HOO-HOO



J. H. BAIRD, Scrivenoter, Editor.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1906.

A Word With You.

On the eve of his departure for Oklahoma City to attend the annual meeting the Supreme Scrivenoter desires to speak one word more to the membership concerning a few matters of importance.

At this writing nobody knows who will be the new Snark of the Universe, but one thing is certain—that after he is elected the very first thing that will confront him will be the appointment of seventy odd Vicegerents. If anybody thinks this is a small job, it is because he has never been closely in touch with the workings of the Order. Certainly all the past Snarks can testify that in order to do this important work well, it is necessary to have a combination of industry, tact and judgment that might well do credit to the ruler of a great country. A great deal depends upon the selection of Vicegerent Snarks, for after all is said and done, the state officers are the ones who do most of the real work in advancing the interests of Hoo-Hoo and in extending its membership. The wrong man in the position of Vicegerent can do infinitely more harm than the proverbial bull in the china shop. It is manifestly impossible for the Snark of the Universe, however capable he may be, to personally know just the right man to appoint in every district in every state in the union. Naturally he looks to the other members of the Supreme Nine and to all good Hoo-Hoo everywhere to assist him in this work. If there is any man in the Order who has any suggestions or recommendations concerning the new Vicegerents, he should communicate with the Scrivenoter as soon as he learns of his election. The sooner the new Vicegerents are appointed, of course, the sooner the work of the new administration will begin to bring results. If the work of appointing the Vicegerents drags along for several months, then the whole business gets a late start. It is quite possible that some of the old Vicegerents will be reappointed. There have been several instances where the same man has held the position of Vicegerent for more than one term. The rule is that when a man is appointed Vicegerent he holds that office until his successor is appointed. All the present Vicegerents will, therefore, take note that they are expected to hold steady until advised of the appointment of a successor. Naturally, however, a man who has served as Vicegerent once and who does not expect to hold the office for another year, will not likely do any very active work in the way of rounding up new members or holding any meetings. While the old Vicegerents will hold on to their jobs during the interim between the annual meeting

and the appointment of the new Vicegerents, and while Hoo-Hoo is never at any time, therefore, without a corps of Vicegerents, yet for the reasons set forth, it is highly desirable that the work of appointing the new Vicegerents should be facilitated as much as possible, and the earnest cooperation of the members is requested.

One more word concerning the matter of dues: During the last few weeks a great many dues remittances have been received here, but there are still those members who seem to be waiting for the last gong to sound. Immediately after the annual meeting those members who are not paid up will be marked suspended, and it is earnestly hoped that the number of those so marked will be very small indeed. If anybody who reads this is still unpaid, let him at once forward his remittance to the Scrivenoter's office at Nashville. Some men seem to have the idea that if they are not paid by September 9, they should send their remittance to the Scrivenoter at the place of the annual meeting. This is decidedly inconvenient. Although the Supreme Scrivenoter and several of his assistants will be at Oklahoma City on September 9, the office in Nashville will be doing business as usual and all remittances should be sent there.

Prospects Good for a Great Meeting.

By the time this issue of The Bulletin comes out the annual meeting will be in session at Oklahoma City. At this writing the prospects are that there will be a larger attendance than at any previous annual. The membership in Oklahoma is both numerous and enthusiastic. It is not unusual in that country to have an attendance of 200 or more at a concatenation, and if the members turn out in that way to an ordinary initiatory meeting, it is reasonable to suppose that the attendance of Oklahoma people at the annual will include nearly every member in that whole section. The entertainment features will be exceptionally interesting, and in every way it seems now that the occasion will be a most memorable one.

An Anxious Inquirer.

It was the Mayor of a Western city who received the following letter of inquiry from a Chicago woman:

"Kind and respected Sir: I see in a paper that a man named John Sipes was atacted and et up by a bare whose cubs he was trying to git when the she bare come up and stopt him by eatn him up in the mountains near your town. What I want to know is did it kill him or was he only part et up and is he from this place and all about the bare. My first husband was of that name and I supposed he was killed in the war but the name of the man the bare et being the same I thought it might be him after all an I ought to know it if he wasn't killed either in the war or by the bare for I have been married twice since and there ought to be divorce papers got out by him or me if the bare did not eat him all up. If it is him you will know it by him having six toes on the left foot. He also sings base an has a spred eagle tattooed on his front chest and a ankor on his right arm which you will know him by if the bare did not eat up these sines of its being him. If alive don't tell him I am married to Joe White for he never liked Joe. Mebbe you'd better let on as if I am ded but find out all you can about him without his knowing anything what it is for. That is if the bare did not eat him all up. If it did I don't see as you can do anything and you needn't take no trouble. My respects to your family and please ancer back.

"P. S.—Was the bare killed? Also was he married again and did he leave any propty with me laying claims to?"—*Detroit News.*



Whatever advanced views I may hold on some subjects, I am unalterably fixed and orthodox concerning the matter of spelling. I know gradual changes must come along this line as in all others, for constant change is the law of life, but I want the changes to be gradual, according to the ways of nature.

I have derived much pleasure from the study of words and I do not like to think they are going to have their tails cut off with a carving knife. It seems a cruel process.

In my opinion, no advantage will accrue from the so-called spelling reform. It will not help those who cannot spell, for if you can spell at all, you can spell right—if you cannot learn to spell "programme" you cannot trust yourself to spell "program." Like as not you will write it "prowgrum." Poor spellers are just as apt to put in an unnecessary letter as to leave out one that should go in. I know a man who always writes "go" with a final "e"—"goe." If he could remember to leave that "e" out, he would not have a bit of trouble with such words as "phthisic," "parallelogram," "eylsian" and the like. Either you can learn to spell or you can't—and that is all there is to it. A person who can spell cannot realize the inability of another person to do the same—just as a hardshell Baptist fails to understand how anybody can be a Roman Catholic, and vice versa. We cannot jump over our own heads. To me it is inexplicable how anyone can ever get puzzled over the matter of doubling, or not doubling, the final letter in words like "blotted," "referring," etc. Good gracious—why don't you simply think of the rule? It's as plain as day:

"Monosyllables and words accented on the last syllable, ending in a single consonant preceded by a single vowel, double the final consonant on receiving a termination beginning with a vowel." Example: Sit—sitting; flap—flapping; excel—excelling, etc.

Do I hear somebody asking, "How about 'cancel'—does that double the l?"

What did I tell you? "Monosyllables and words accented on the last syllable." Cancel isn't a monosyllable (it's two syllables) and it isn't accented on the last syllable. So write the past tense thus: "canceled."

You say you can't get that straight in your head? Well, then, don't worry about it. No doubt there is something else you can do to perfection. Spelling is no very im-

portant accomplishment any way. It is a great convenience to know how to spell, but it is quite possible to spell well and still be an utter failure in life. Many a man who couldn't spell "dog" is sitting back in a revolving chair, directing a complex and lucrative business and charitably donating a few thousands now and then to some college whose expert spellers and grammarians are drawing a salary of about eighty dollars a month. But don't come around and talk to me about the spelling reform. I take no stock in it and I refuse to write "tho" or "thru" or to part with the extra letters in "thorough" and "enough."

With this issue of The Bulletin the Hoo-Hoo year closes—the record is made, the harvest is ended. The year that is gone was a prosperous one for the Order, and the "horns of plenty" on the front page design are appropriately symbolic. It is with great pleasure that this administration "ponders on the past" and reviews the good work that has been done throughout the entire field.

The next issue of The Bulletin will contain a verbatim report of the Annual Meeting at Oklahoma City, together with the regular departments of the paper—the publication will consist of probably from seventy-five to a hundred pages and will be more or less profusely illustrated. Also it will have a front-piece of unique and graceful design. I have already thought out that part, but as the inspiration which has come to me includes, as a feature of the design, a portrait of the new Snark of the Universe, I am somewhat embarrassed by reason of the fact that I do not know who the new Snark will be. I have decided just to leave a space in the design, and when the Snark is elected, I can have his picture made to fit. It will be a very great compliment to any man to have his portrait appear with so artistic and beautiful a setting—even if the new Snark should turn out to be a very homely man, the way I shall fix up his picture will set it off and improve the appearance so his worst enemy will admire it. As you know, I am the apostle of beauty, and in order to live up to my profession and also to save the feelings of the members, I am going to make the picture of the new Snark look just as pretty as possible.

It is quite probable that the October Bulletin will not be out before October 15. By that time you will have already seen, in the lumber papers, a more or less extended account of the happenings at the annual. The Bulletin does not attempt to compete with the lumber papers so far as news features are concerned—it is inevitable that a monthly journal should be "scooped" by the weekly and semi-monthly trade papers.

Speaking of homely men reminds me of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. The September issue of "Success" contains thirty-one pictures of the president, including one on the cover page. Although it seems impossible, each one of the pictures appears to be uglier than all the others. Mr. Roosevelt is undoubtedly the homeliest man in the world. Concerning his ability and integrity, opinions differ, but to the best of my knowledge and belief, all the nations of the earth agree as to the matter of his personal appearance. As an American citizen, I respect Mr. Roosevelt. As an artist and as a disciple of the aesthetic, I cannot endure the sight of his countenance. Those awful teeth give me the shivers and that strained, balled-up expression of tense agony is painful to behold. Yet, unspeakably hideous as his pictures are, they flatter him in that they make him appear much larger and more robust than

he really is. Mr. Roosevelt is small and sawed-off. The king of England is sawed-off but not small. The photographers over there are on to their jobs too, and the pictures are made to appear far less tubby than the king really is—so I am told. I have never seen the king, but I understand he is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs about 230 pounds. Of course a man cannot help having a homely face or a squat shape, but I am sorry for any homely man who has to have his picture taken as often as does Mr. Roosevelt.



One hears a great deal about divorce these days. There was a time when no such thing as divorce existed—that was before marriage began. There will come a time when divorce will never be necessary—when marriage shall cease to be. Both institutions came along about the same time, and both are destined to continue indefinitely, despite the learned talk of bishops. In an ideal state of society there would be no divorce. Neither would there be marriage, according to the plain teachings of Jesus: "In Heaven is no marrying or giving in marriage." From this it seems that both marriage and divorce are concomitant of humanity's imperfect state. Some interesting views on the subject are set forth by Mr. Arthur Brisbane, one of the best known editorial writers in America:

What is marriage? How did it begin? Whence does it come?

Why is it a feature of human life wherever that life is found?

You must begin with such questions. Always study beginnings. Nothing can be learned by holding a thing in the middle and examining its imperfections.

The first priest to join man and woman together was no benign being with lawn-sleeves and soul-stirring words.

In the old days, when the world was cruder, men and women ran wild through forests and swamps. They fought nature, fought each other, as savage as other beasts around them. There was no love; there was no marriage. The instincts of self-preservation and reproduction worked alone to keep the race here through its hard childhood.

But in cold stone caves or in rough nests under fallen tree-trunks savage children were born and nursed by their savage mothers with savage affection.

Through those infants of the Stone Age, or of ages much earlier, marriage and pure affection came into the world.

It is not hard to reproduce in our minds the picture of the first marriage.

A savage woman, half-human, half-ape, with rough, matted locks hanging round her face, sits holding her new-born baby, protecting it from wind and cold.

It is a queer baby, covered perhaps with reddish hair, its brow no higher than a rat's. Its jaw protrudes; its tiny, grimy hands clutch with monkey power all things within reach.

Along comes the father, full of plans to kill a mammoth cave bear; interested in his stone-tipped club, but caring nothing for the mother, who has been for some time only a whining nuisance.

He stops for a second to look at the small creature which he has added to earth's animal life.

Its misshapen skull, ferret eyes, miniature shoulders—something about it reminds him of his royal self, as studded in the pool. He stoops to look closer. His bristly hairs are grabbed, and a weird, insane, toothless grin lights up the little monkey face.

Then the savage takes a new view of life; there the marriage institution and the marriage problem are born simultaneously.

Says the mammoth hunter, with whistling words and hoarse throat sounds half articulated:

"I like this baby. He's like me. Let me hold him. Don't you go out with him looking for food, and don't leave him alone while I'm gone. I've got a bear located. No one can beat me killing bears. I'll bring the bear's heart to you this evening. You can give this baby some of the blood. It will do him good. Don't have anything to say to that mammoth hunter in the next swamp. I want you to stick to me. I'll look after you. I have taken a fancy to that baby. He looks very much like me."

We owe such civilization as we have acquired to children. "A softened pressure of an uncouth hand, a human gleam in an almost animal eye, an endearment in an inarticulate voice—feeble things enough. Yet in these faint awakenings lay the hope of the human race."

The influence of childhood has transformed mere animal attraction into unselfish affection. It has substituted family life for savage life. The interests of childhood demand that marriage and its responsibilities be held sacred.

Duty to future generations demand that divorce be made difficult and considered a misfortune.

Marriage, brought into the world through the influence of children, should be dissolved only with due regard for the interests of children.

Professor Cope, an earnest man and serious thinker, believed that marriages should be contracted on probation—say five years, with the right on both sides to refuse a renewal.

Theoretically, this would be beautiful. It would make courtship permanent, abolish curl-papered wives in the morning, and tippy, bragging husbands at night.

But it wouldn't work. It would be all right for women. They are only too willing to be faithful and permanent.

But men cannot be trusted. The animal in them, so essential long ago, when the race was struggling for a foothold, has not yet been obliterated. They have got to be made responsible and held responsible.

As a matter of fact, there really is no marriage or divorce problem which sensible beings need consider.

At present men are not good enough to be trusted with liberal marriage or divorce laws. When they are good enough the laws will not be wanted. For the man fully developed and fully moral will know what he is doing when he goes into a marriage contract. His stability of character will insure permanency.

At one time the English laws regulated the conditions under which a man might beat his wife. "The stick," said the law, "must not be thicker than the husband's thumb."

Some Englishmen have very thick thumbs, and the law was doubtless hard on some thin, worn-out women.

But that law is no longer needed.

Men have outgrown the need of regulations in wife-beating. In time they will outgrow the need of laws regarding infidelity and lack of self-respect.



His Favorites.

A fair subscriber has ast us to name our favorite pome. We cheerfully complicate with the request by saying it is "Crossing the Bar." Our favorite orator is Senator Beveridge. We never seen either of 'em, but we know from the names they air our favorites.—Hardman Free Press.



He is not worthy of the honeycomb

That shuns the hive because the bees have stings. —Shakespeare.



The Atchison Globe anxiously inquires, "Is the word 'nightgown' a fit word to use in polite society?" Of course it is, if you mean nightgown. But why should one discourse on such a theme when there are so many other subjects to talk about?



Toronto, Ont. Can., August 24, 1906—. . . Pleased to follow the remarks of our old friend, James "Hoot Mon" Lightbody, in August Bulletin in defence of "the Lord's chosen people," the Scots. You had a sure thing on a scorching come-back from Jamie when you put in that flyer regarding "The Scotsman."

I had the pleasure of a visit with Mr. Lightbody, and find him hale and hearty as usual. The Scotch boys are a great crowd to entertain and you can look forward with confidence for a cordial reception when you call on him in Glasgow.

With best regards, Yours truly,

W. C. LAIDLAW.

The hot come-back referred to was elicited by an excerpt from a magazine article concerning the crude methods of Edinburgh newspapers. I wonder if some irate Englishman will come back at me for publishing the fol-

lowing from a travel article by Frederic J. Haskin, the well known American journalist:

London—One dismal evening as I sat in the smoking room at the Hotel Cecil I overheard a couple of bedraggled Americans talking about the English being slow. The Yankee drummers were tired out from tramping through the damp streets and were thoroughly discouraged by the many rebuffs they had suffered at the hands of our unprogressive cousins on this side of the water. One of them said to the other: "By God, Bill, talk about these people being slow; do you know that London has only 105 miles of street car track, and that there is not a typewriter nor a telephone in the Bank of England?"

Think of that, Mr. Reader, the first financial institution of the world, located in the heart of the largest city in the world, without a telephone or a typewriter. It seems incredible. To make sure I went to the telephone book and examined the directory. Sure enough, the name was not in the book. The next morning I called at the bank and asked the doughty attendant who came forward: "Please tell me what make of typewriter you use here." He looked me over as suspiciously as if he thought I might contemplate robbing the vault, and shut the door in my face without deigning to reply at all.

That sounds pretty slow, doesn't it? But this is worse:

Red tape is the bane of English life, and London is like a fettered giant on account of it. You can hardly draw your breath without having the privilege authorized by an act of parliament. When the London County Council started its great task of improving the city, its work was so hampered that one indignant member declared they could not buy a paper of tacks without legislation. And law-making in England is a most painful and expensive procedure, each act of parliament costing something like \$5,000. While I was in London an extraordinary case of official red tape was engaging the attention of the public. The House of Commons was deliberating on the affair known as the Purley cow case. It seems that 225 years ago a well-meaning person died and left a cow to the poor people of a certain parish. Being wholly unprepared for the great responsibility of belonging to an entire community, the cow in question turned up her heels and followed her charitably-inclined owner into the great beyond.

Inasmuch as the milk the good bossy had given during the short interim between her master's death and her own belonged to the poor of the community, it constituted a public trust, wherefore the deliberations of parliament. Somebody got away with \$1.50 worth of milk belonging to the parish of Purley, and although the wise legislators have never been able to identify the offender, they have been solemnly trying for 225 years. Each new batch of statesmen tries to win fame by finding out who milked the Purley cow. Now the reader is not to take this as a joke. This silly cow case has actually been dragging along in the British parliament for more than two centuries. This spring it was up for consideration again, and being made the subject of another parliamentary paper, was, according to the records, "ordered by the House of Commons to be printed for his majesty's stationery office, by Eyre & Spottiswoode, printers to his most excellent majesty, the king."



White Sound.

If the president will insist upon phonetic spelling pray is our criterion of sound to come from nasal New England, the garbled West or the soft, broad intonations of the South?—Commercial-Appeal.

Office of The G. B. Housser Lumber Company, Portage La Prairie, Manitoba, August 7, 1906.—Dear Brother Bates: I am sorry I cannot attend the annual at Oklaheema next month. It is the wrong time of year to go away as this is our busy season. We have too much idle time in winter when there is very little doing in the lumber business, when we take our holidays. I am sorry not to be with you as I enjoy the gathering so much.

I enclose a clipping from a Winnipeg paper which may interest you. There is an old song I heard years ago, "And the Cat Came Back." If you have the words I wish you would let us have them in your next issue of The Bulletin. By the way, I enjoy the reading in The Bulletin more than any other periodical I receive. Wishing you every success, and hoping you all well, I am, in haste,

Yours faithfully, G. B. HOUSSEUR (No. 5982).

Who knows the words to the song Brother Housser mentions? I don't remember them. Here is the newspaper clipping which he sends:

Editor Telegram—You may perhaps think the following account of a cat's wonderful gift of finding its way through an unknown country worth a place in your columns. I had a favorite cat which I had reason to think was taking my young chickens. As I was not sure, instead of killing him, I sent him to a friend at Rainy River, 60 miles away. This was on or about the 18th inst., and on Thursday evening, the 26th, we were astonished by his reappearance in fine condition. Of course he was sent by train and presumably returned by rail, but "counting the ties," as the northern part of the Lake of the Woods lies between the two places, I am glad to add that pussy's innocence is now clear, as a large hawk is the culprit.

Sprague, Minn.

FRANK LACEY.

Climbing.

Who climbs the mountain does not always climb. The winding road slants downward many a time; Yet each descent is higher than the last. Has thy path fallen? That will soon be past. Beyond the curve the way leads up and on. Think not thy goal forever lost or gone. Keep moving forward; if time alm is right Thou canst not miss the shining mountain height. Who would attain to summits still and fair, Must nerve himself through valleys of despair.



Vicksburg, Miss., July 23, 1906—. . . We received Bulletin for July and think it is a fine issue. Yours truly, W. J. SHEPARD (No. 7681).

Chicago, Ill., August 10, 1906.—Herewith \$1 for dues for next year. Yours,

J. D. PEARL (No. 14135).

P. S.—The Bulletin is getting better and better every issue and I certainly enjoy it.

Horatio, Ark., August 13, 1906—. . . I appreciate The Bulletin very much and if every one liked to read it as I do there would be no dues unpaid. Yours fraternally, W. F. FITZGERALD.



It is generally conceded that, so far as known, the late Russell Sage had fairly good enjoyment of life. He did the thing he liked best to do most of his days, his choice of an occupation being to accumulate money. It is not much of an occupation for a lifetime, but it was the one to which Mr. Sage had trained himself, and he was pretty good at it. He did not have nearly as much fun as St. Francis of Assisi, whose specialty was the acquisition of poverty, but, as compared with other men who choose riches, Mr. Sage must be considered to have been more than commonly successful. No large emotion ever inflated any part of him, so far as is known. His aspirations were perfectly restricted; he had no ambitions worth talking about, no imagination worth considering, no affection that ever incommoded him, and only one passion with a temperature higher than forty-five degrees. That he had as much fun as an average horse is unlikely, but he probably did have as much fun as a prosperous turnip.

That is a great deal of fun for such a cold-blooded old skinflint to have had. He would not have achieved it if he had not had nearly all the turnip virtues. He was sober, industrious and of regular habits, devoted to the simple life and very good at his job, and he never wasted anything. Of course, he had brains, good ones, and a turnip has none. That was the main difference. Whether he did good or harm in the world we don't know. Maybe it is a useful service to accumulate capital, just as it is

useful for a turnip to accumulate vegetable fiber. If he was as harmless as a turnip it is greatly to his credit. At any rate his fortune is very big and there is no charge that he got any of it unlawfully.—*Life*.



Vancouver, August 16, 1906—J. H. Baird, Nashville, Tenn.: I understand that the 100-100 year is nearing its close and that dues for the ensuing year will soon be payable, I therefore enclose \$1 for this purpose.

The Bulletins have always come to hand promptly, and I have the July number in front of me now. I was glad to get this as being a new member I did not know much about the order, and the annual handbook number gives me the information I require, and while on this subject, without throwing any bouquets, I wish to say that The Bulletin is one of the most interesting journals that I have ever read. It is like the cats after the concatenation and "Session-on-the-Roof" held at Hotel Vancouver, this city, last week, "full of good things," and I think great credit is due you as its editor.

A most successful concatenation was held here last Friday, 10th inst. Fifty-seven kittens of the best material lined up for initiation, and according to the verdict of some of the old cats present, the ceremonies were conducted in a highly satisfactory



ELLEN'S ISLE, LOCH KATRINE.

manner. I know that I thought so, and every now and then I will think of something in connection which puts the broad grin on my face, making, no doubt, some people, who do not know the reason, conclude I am a fit subject for the lunatic asylum.

Hoo-Hoo has come to stay in British Columbia, and with such a live Vicegerent as we have you will hear from us again. Wishing you all success.

Fraternally,
R. C. CRANKHORP (No. 16962).

The following letter from the Hoot Mon will prove interesting to all the unmarried ladies. I have no idea what the "message" is, but will see that Brother Martin faithfully delivers it. Martin is making a little tour of England and Scotland, but will return before the date of the annual meeting. The pictures Brother Lightbody sends are very beautiful. I hope I shall some day be able to get hold of a number of pictures of the MacGregor country:

8 Gordon St., Glasgow, Scotland, August 8, 1906—Have just had the pleasure of a call from your Mr. E. B. Martin and friend, Mr. Will Beard. I was delighted to see them in dear dirty old Glasgow. They have left to see the Trossachs and MacGregor country. They pass through the Colquhoun and

Duke of Montrose land. Then hurrah! For Craigroyston and MacGregor shall flourish forever.

I have given Brother Martin a small message for all the unmarried ladies, which he promises to deliver if he is at the annual. Sorry Martin could not wait longer here.

Thine aye,

JAMES HOOT MON LIGHTBODY.



Brother W. R. Anderson, of Memphis, sends in the following clipping from a Chicago paper:

A small black kitten wrapped in a box and sent through the mails addressed to a resident of Pullman caused alarm in the station at Cottage Grove avenue and Fortieth street yesterday when the mail package suddenly began to move. The employes at first thought they had discovered an infernal machine. The sender evidently had forgotten to prepay the postage and the contents of the parcel made itself known after it had lain for several hours on the desk of the postage due clerk.

He rewrapped the parcel, after treating the diminutive traveler to a dish of cream, and, weighing the kitten up as merchandise, placed a postage due stamp on the parcel and forwarded it.

Brahma.

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

stood isn't genuine poetry! My own opinion is that we really understand more than we think we understand—we intuitively glimpse the meaning long before we are able to translate it into concrete terms. Words are merely a medium of expression—a clumsy vehicle for conveying thought, and it is difficult to express, especially in English, a meaning so subtle and elusive as the Hindu conception of Brahma. If you are in the habit of thinking of God as a man, only bigger and more awful-looking and a great deal harder to please, you will not readily sense what Brahma really means in the Hindu philosophy and religion. Brahma is not a personal divinity but rather the creative force of the universe, an all-pervading presence, unlimited by time or space. When I first read this poem, years ago, I was conscious of the fact that I did not understand it in the sense that I understand that two and two make four. And yet the poem gave me a nameless pleasure. I seemed to know it contained a great truth. I sensed it with my feelings, before my brain was able to register



HE SHOULD BE THANKFUL.

the meaning in terms of conscious thought. Man, as a race, fell a long time before he learned to talk or otherwise express himself, and it is not surprising that we often are unable to transmit by words a meaning which to ourselves is perfectly clear. Language is a cumbersome thing at best, which is all the more reason why we should study it diligently—when we have learned all the words there are, we shall still be more or less handicapped! In the meantime, no one need be ashamed to say he enjoys poetry or music which he does not understand. The poem in the magazine is prefaced with a comment in which these lines occur:

"There is a pleasing vagueness which the music of the lines imbues with a nameless charm. Here, more than anywhere else, Emerson has caught in a few simply written stanzas the very essence of mysticism—strange, fleeting, and yet full of suggestiveness that shifts and shimmers like the shadow and the sunlight of which the poem tells."

Here is an interesting letter from Brother Ed. Martin, who has spent the summer in England and Scotland. Brother Martin is of Irish descent, but evidently would have been born a Scotchman if he had had his choice:

The Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine, August 15, 1906.—We are spending tonight on the banks of Loch Katrine, in the heart of the MacGregor country. We took a trip up Loch Lomond this afternoon and passed Rob Roy's prison and cave, and other historic scenes. We took a coach at Invernauld and drove through the heart of the Highlands, and after another boat trip—this time up Loch Katrine—we landed here at the Trossachs.

I could not help thinking of you all the way as we passed the familiar spots of the old MacGregor Clan, and the land made famous by Wallace. It is a great country and I know you would enjoy it. Every mile is replete with some historical association of daring and courage which have made the Highlands so prominent in the history of the world. After you have once glanced at the magnificent mountains which rear their heads like lofty sentinels above the placid lakes, you can appreciate the spirit which animated the MacGregor Clan, and in truth you seem to breathe that atmosphere of freedom and daring which is characteristic of the Highlands.

If you never get any further in Europe than the Highlands, yet we feel amply repaid for the trip, and you must come. You will never regret it, no matter the cost. I am writing you this under the influence of the moment, for fear my timidity might get the better of me later on. I want you to see this country by all means, for I know you will be happy. If it invigorates and enthralls one who has no personal or racial connection, how much more will it appeal to you whose very ancestors spring from the lofty hills and quiet glens which surround me.

I stopped at Glasgow this morning and saw James "Hoot Men" Lightbody. He is a jolly Scot and was glad to see me.

I did not have long to tarry with him, but he was very cordial and asked all about you. He had just purchased some picture post cards which he was preparing to send. He is a comparatively young man, and as you know a loyal Hoo-Hoo. After partaking of some of the "brand" for which the Scotch are noted we saw a little of the town and caught our train for Loch Lomond.

We will go to Stirling tomorrow and then to Edinburgh. As Billy Beard is of Scotch descent he will see a good deal of the country before we get away.

With regards to all, I am

Sincerely,
ED MARTIN.

Hymeneal.

Miss Sue Van Duser, daughter of Brother L. C. Van Duser, of Hattiesburg, Miss., is to be united in marriage on Hoo-Hoo day to Mr. Harry Stubbs, a young English actor. Miss Van Duser has, herself, been on the stage for the past three or four years and her rise has been very rapid, much to the gratification of her many Southern friends. For two years she has been playing leading parts, and has appeared in the "Christian," "Tess," "The Cow Boy and the Lady," "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," "Because She Loved Him So" and "Merely Mary Ann." She has also played with Mansfield in *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Mr. Stubbs is himself an unusually clever comedian, who, since his residence in this country, has sprung rapidly into fame.

Obituary.

Frank B. Sarles (No. 4142).

Brother Frank B. Sarles was killed by a railroad accident at his home in Boscobel, Wis., on the afternoon of August 6. The tragic event occurred while Brother Sarles was driving to the depot to meet his brother-in-law. He attempted to cross the track ahead of the incoming passenger train when his conveyance was struck and he was instantly killed.

Brother Sarles was born and reared in Boscobel and at the age of 16 took charge of his father's lumber business. He was first in business at Avoca, then in Fenimore and later at Jamestown, N. D. He conducted lumber business for a while in Muscoda, and a few years ago moved to New York city, returning to his old home only last spring. Brother Sarles was married to Miss Emma Stabel, October 5, 1887, and his wife and three children survive him.

G. W. Beckner (No. 7368).

Brother G. W. Beckner, one of Laurel Mississippi's most respected citizens, died at his home in Kingston on Monday, August 13. Brother Beckner was well known to the lumbermen of Southern Mississippi and very popular among them. He came to Laurel from Firstfork, Pa., about twelve years ago. He was woods foreman for the Kingston Lumber Co. for a number of years, but for the past few months has held a similar position with the M. L. Vernon Hardwood Company, at Mt. Vernon, Ala. He was taken ill at Mt. Vernon, but the doctor there did not consider his case a serious one; the physician did, however, recommend that he should go to his home at Laurel for a while for rest. He returned Sunday morning and that day, feeling much worse, summoned again a physician,

who at once saw that he was critically ill. Medical assistance was also secured from Hattiesburg, but all skill was without avail. His body was shipped to Firstfork, Pa., for interment in the family burying ground.

George H. Curtice (No. 8902).

Among those who perished in the wreck on the Great Northern Railway near Camden, Wash., on July 23, was Brother G. H. Curtice, one of Spokane's most active and highly esteemed lumbermen. He held the high esteem and warm personal friendship of all of the lumbermen, both wholesale and retail, in that city.

Brother Curtice was born in Webster, N. J., in 1863, where he attended school. He entered business with his father, a lumber and coal office, but in 1896 he decided to become a lawyer and attended the Albany Law School, from which he graduated two years later. He moved to Spokane expecting to engage in the practice of his chosen profession. When he arrived there, with the opportunities which that section presented to him, he decided to engage again in the sale of lumber. He is survived by his wife and three children.

The Western Pine Manufacturers Association adopted the following resolutions when they learned of the sad accident:

Whereas, We have learned in sorrow that a friend and brother lumberman, G. H. Curtice, has passed from this life; and

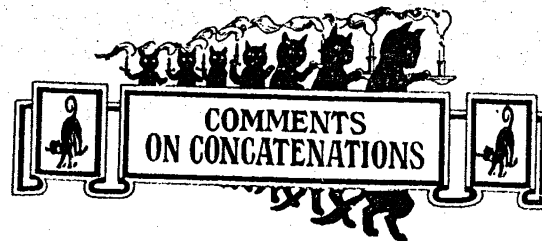
Whereas, We, the representatives of his friends, Hoo-Hoo and fellow lumbermen, desire to offer to his family and kindred a testimonial of our respect and esteem; be it therefore

Resolved, That we will not fail to remember this man whose genial personality speedily won and firmly held our friendship, whose honorable business methods commanded the warm confidence of his fellow men, whose sterling manhood and persistent endeavor had already established a business record worthy of emulation, and withal, the kindly heart which endeared him to us. His was a spotless life. We shall indeed miss him. Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to those who were nearer and dearer to him, and in this hour, when the cup of sorrow is brimming, we tender our humble condolence. We would bid them to gather to the full the strength and comfort in the thought that he has but stepped across the border, and will be as brave and good and dear there as he was here. We shall not think of him as dead, but "just passed away," still working out his life problem in that same peaceful, lovable way which so endeared him to us all; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be given to the family of our brother, and also to the trade papers.



A KNIGHT OFF.



Brother King Does Honors Royally.

An unusually enjoyable concatenation was held by Vicegerent S. P. King at Birmingham, Ala., on the evening of August 17. Brother King was one of the organizers of the beautiful Southern Club in that city, and when he held his concatenation the entire top floor and the cafe in the basement were turned over to him. Sixteen men were sent down the long, dark alley under the leadership of Jaberwock W. B. Dickerson, and as they entered into the light of Hoo-Hoo land they were met by Junior Hoo-Hoo H. H. Snell, who showed to them the sinfulness of their former existence. The concatenation passed off with unusual smoothness. Brother King so arranged the application blanks that an early start was made, and when the time came for the "Session-on-the-Roof" it was not 11 o'clock. Even in this time Brother Snell had the opportunity of teaching the unsophisticated novices much Hoo-Hoo history. Brother King was assisted in the work of Snark by Brother S. K. Cowan, of Nashville.

The "Session-on-the-Roof" was in reality an elaborate banquet, as is shown by the menu which follows:

- Olives
- Salted Almonds
- Celery
- Cocktail
- Soup
- Cream of Chicken
- Fish
- Baked Trout, a la Creole
- Sliced Cucumbers
- White Wine
- Julienne Potatoes
- Sweetbreads en Cases, a la Reine
- Frozen Punch
- Braised Squab, Celery Sauce
- Mashed Potatoes
- Cauliflower in Cream
- Champagne
- Salad
- Stuffed Tomatoes
- Neapolitan Ice Cream
- Cheese
- Coffee

Brother Richard Randolph, President of the Retail Lumber Dealers Association of Alabama and Tennessee, acted as toastmaster, and between the courses the following toasts were responded to, but before the evening was over there were calls on a number of other banqueters, but following the example and modesty of Vicegerent King, they blushing refused to respond:

- J. M. Barnett....."Hoo-Hoo Kittens."
- H. H. Snell....."Hoo-Hoo and Nine."
- W. E. Wailles....."Lumberman Lovers and Benefits."
- A. W. Nelson....."The Lady and the Hoo-Hoo."
- Charles B. Riddle....."Wrestling in the Dark."
- John A. Long....."Songs I Never Sung."
- S. K. Cowan....."Oklahoma."
- J. H. Scruggs....."The Annual Meeting."

Randolph told a story on Vicegerent King of how one of his best laid plans had gone astray. Brother King for weeks had been feeding a large black cat, intending to have it caged and put near the banquet board. However, an accident happened—but the story must come from Toastmaster Randolph or some one present.

An account of this concatenation would not be complete

without the mention of the tonsorial ability of Brother F. N. Yochem, who, while he always called "next" in proper style, was able to handle them in bunches of six and seven so that each of the kittens thought they were receiving individual attention.

Shark, S. P. King; Snark Hoo-Hoo, F. H. Lathrop; Junior Hoo-Hoo, H. H. Snell; Bojum, W. E. Wailles; Scrivener, F. J. Sheppard; Jaberwock, W. B. Dickerson; Custodian, A. W. Nelson; Arcanoper, J. H. Scruggs; Gardon, J. H. Call.

17477 James Mercer Barnett, Birmingham, Ala.; member of Birmingham-Sheppard Lumber Co.

17478 Samuel Blucher Blair, Chattanooga, Tenn.; inspector F. W. Blair.

17479 James Oscar Butler, Riverside, Ala.; superintendent Lathrop-Hatton Lumber Co.

17480 Henry Myatt Dozier, Talladega, Ala.; manager and part owner Talladega Lumber Co.

17481 Harry Clifford Fowler, N. Birmingham, Ala.; manager Fowler-Parsonett Lumber Co.

17482 Jonce Latham Gardner, Birmingham, Ala.; principal Jonce L. Gardner.

17483 Edward Staudaus Gmanc, Chattanooga, Tenn.; traveling salesman Case Lumber Co.

17484 Alanson Jefferson Gray, Birmingham, Ala.; manager Jefferson Lumber Co.

17485 John Hammar Long, Birmingham, Ala.; partner and manager Olen & Elliott.



VICEGERENT SIBLEY P. KING, of Birmingham, Ala., who held a most successful concatenation at that place last month.

17486 Boyd Monroe, Birmingham, Ala.; salesman and buyer Lathrop Lumber Co.

17487 Archie Reese Moore, Woodlawn, Ala.; proprietor Moore & Moore, Maplesville, Ala.

17488 Dennis Charles Moyer, Riverside, Ala.; Lathrop-Hatton Lumber Co.

17489 Charles Bradley Riddle, Birmingham, Ala.; proprietor The Southern Mfg. Co.

17490 Oscar William Thiney, Sterrett, Ala.; W. J. Thiney.

17491 Brackett Owen Watkins, Watkins, Ala.; proprietor B. O. Watkins Lumber Co.

17492 Owen Wilson Watkins, Watkins, Ala.; superintendent B. O. Watkins Lumber Co.

Concatenation No. 1279, Birmingham, Ala., August 17, 1906.

Nine Against Nine.

On August 18 in Kansas City, Mo., Brother Homer P. Allen, Vicegerent for the Western District of Missouri, pulled off a bout between evenly matched teams. On one side was nine old and tried Hoo-Hoo, who filled the various offices of the Order, headed by Brother Allen. The others were nine poor young kittens, who were wandering around seeking light. George B. Maegly was Junior. Although Brother Allen has sent The Bulletin but little about his concatenation, it is enough to know that with George B.

Maegly as Junior the kittens got the worst of any contest and are now sadder, but wiser men.

- Snark, Homer P. Allen; Senior Hoo-Hoo, John P. Bruce; Junior Hoo-Hoo, George B. Maegly; Bojum, F. H. Haley; Scrivenor, Bert J. Wright; Jabberwock, Louis Hector; Custodian, E. D. Crozier; Arcanoper, O. E. Renfro; Gurdon, Keith S. Politt.
- 17493 Melges Wainwright Aiken, Kansas City, Mo.; assistant manager Harris & Cole Bros., Inc.
- 17494 Arthur Gooding Barnhart, Kansas City, Mo.; general sales agent Leligh & Havens Lumber Co.
- 17495 Leslie Leftoy Bucklew, Kansas City, Mo.; salesman Sable Lumber Co.
- 17496 Frederick Alexander Kemp, Topeka, Kas.; superintendent Central Sash & Door Co.
- 17497 Walter Jefferson Lafferty, Kansas City, Mo.; manager coast department Crescent Lumber Co.
- 17498 William Joseph Morrison, Kansas City, Mo.; traffic department Central Coal & Coke Co.
- 17499 Frank "Fairmount" Paxton, Independence, Mo.; assistant to manager Badger Lumber Co.
- 17500 Walter Bristol Vandleningham, Kansas City, Mo.; chief clerk in sales department W. R. Pickering Lbr. Co.
- 17501 Roy Easy Woodard, Kansas City, Mo.; salesman Dierks Lumber & Coal Co.
- Concatenation No. 1280, Kansas City, Mo., August 18, 1906.

Twenty-three See the Light.

In connection with the recent meeting of the Retail Lumber Dealers Association of Alabama and Tennessee, which convened at Knoxville, Tenn., August 21, Vicegerent W. L. Clark, of Johnson City, Tenn., held another one of his highly successful concatenations.

Snark Clark is a great believer in fresh air, which accounts for the fact that he took his entire crew of old cats, as well as the initiates, out to beautiful Chilhowee Park, and at the pavilion on the grounds the concatenation was held.

The Vicegerent is a popular lumberman of East Tennessee and the manner in which he conducted the initiatory ceremonies was commented on to no small extent. Twenty-three were put through and one was nicknamed "skiddoo" in honor of the number initiated. Twenty-three, it will be recalled, is the slang word made famous by George Cohan, the eminent comedian.

After the ritualistic work was concluded all present repaired to the banquet hall, where a most sumptuous feast had been prepared. Music and dancing were also provided as well as some very entertaining vaudeville work furnished by the members of the comedy company performing at the park.

Snark, W. L. Clark; Senior Hoo-Hoo, E. J. Maphet; Junior Hoo-Hoo, W. M. French; Bojum, W. E. Wallis; Scrivenor, J. H. Wimley; Jabberwock, J. T. Cooley; Custodian, Flem B. Cooley, Jr.; Arcanoper, J. M. Logan; Gurdon, G. J. Millward.

- 17502 Walter Lydell Adams, Knoxville, Tenn.; secretary and treasurer Knoxville Lumber & Mfg. Co.
- 17503 Peter E. Blow, Knoxville, Tenn.; president Southern Brass & Iron Co.
- 17504 Arthur Wellington Burton, Walland, Tenn.; superintendent Vestal Lbr. & Mfg. Co., Knoxville, Tenn.
- 17505 Richard Stratton Cooley, Knoxville, Tenn.; cont. freight agent L. & N. R. R.
- 17506 Sydney "Skiddoo" Cornick, Knoxville, Tenn.; general office work and salesman Vestal Lumber & Mfg. Co.
- 17507 Almer Davis, Knoxville, Tenn.; lumber inspector and buyer Tennessee Mantel Mfg. Co.
- 17508 George Newman Delaney, Williamsburg, Ky.; buyer Kentucky Lumber Co.
- 17509 Robert John Denton, Knoxville, Tenn.; secretary Knoxville Sawmill Co., Ltd.
- 17510 Theodore Frelinghaysen Donaldson, Knoxville, Tenn.; secretary McMahon-Donaldson Lumber Co.
- 17511 James Henry Garrard, Knoxville, Tenn.; J. H. Garrard.
- 17512 Lennox David Goddard, Knoxville, Tenn.; general control L. D. Goddard Lumber Co.
- 17513 Albert Bird Hollandsworth, Knoxville, Tenn.; general office work and salesman Chavannes Lumber Co.
- 17514 Clyde Stiegel Hoover, Walland, Tenn.; purchasing agent and superintendent England, Walton & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
- 17515 Carlos Flind Maples, Knoxville, Tenn.; partner Maples Lumber Co.

- 17516 Cole Edwards Morgan, Knoxville, Tenn.; city editor Knoxville Sentinel.
- 17517 Wiley Lee Morgan, Knoxville, Tenn.; managing editor and director The Knoxville Sentinel.
- 17518 Hugh B. Raymond, Knoxville, Tenn.; manager Adams & Raymond.
- 17519 Nick Alexander Schubert, Knoxville, Tenn.; owner Schubert Coal & Lumber Co.
- 17520 Williams Newton Smith, Knoxville, Tenn.; stockholder and director Proctor Furniture Co.
- 17521 John Calvin Sterchi, Knoxville, Tenn.; president Proctor Furniture Co.
- 17522 Cecil Roy Swann, Knoxville, Tenn.; office man and salesman Logan-Maphet Lumber Co.
- 17523 James Park Vestal, Knoxville, Tenn.; secretary and treasurer Vestal Lumber & Mfg. Co.
- 17524 Robert Porter Williams, Knoxville, Tenn.; Knoxville Sentinel.

Concatenation No. 1281, Knoxville, Tenn., August 21, 1906.

Second Largest on Pacific Coast.

Open wide your side-flappers, and bend low, that ye may hear this, the will of your Vicegerent Snark, that the Faithful shall gather at Vancouver, B. C., on Friday, August 10, 1906, at 8 o'clock p. m., at Elk's Hall, in special concatenation, that relief may be given to the many poor benighted kittens who seek to have their eyes opened.

Verily, the dry kilns are hot, but those who seek earnestly will heed them not, for do we not give them carbonated water to drink and close shaves without cost?

J. D. MOODY,
V. S. for B. C.

The above is the unique call for the concatenation held by Vicegerent J. D. Moody at Vancouver, B. C., on the evening of August 10. He then adds the following hints to kittens:

Cash in advance is required. We keep no books and take no chances. It costs money to run this show, and we don't propose to feed our kittens on sawdust and shavings at this concatenation.

Bring with you a stout pair of pants, a pure heart and \$10.98 in the coin of the realm. The first two are luxuries and may be dispensed with; the last is a necessity.

Make no promise about getting home, but leave orders for your breakfast to be served on the mantelpiece, so you can eat it standing. Our dry kilns are hot, and unless the talismanic words are spoken, you may get scorched.

Do what you are told, we will do the rest. Bring your own liniment, our medical examiners have advanced their prices. Only seltzer water furnished free.

Be on hand promptly at 8 o'clock. Your troubles will begin immediately after that hour, and indications are that you will have plenty of company in your misery.

Keep in mind this important truth: You are going up against it good and hard. Keep your temper, nobody else wants it. If your lives are not insured, attend to it at once, so that if, unhappily, you do not return home, your wife may have the stuff wherewith to buy baby a new papa.

The result was the second largest concatenation ever held on the Pacific Coast and a pronounced success in every way. Brother Moody in sending in his financial report of the concatenation says:

"I am sending you under separate cover biographical sketches covering the lives, character and previous condition of the 57 kittens, whose eyes were opened at the concatenation on August 10." He does not say anything about their condition when he got through with them.

Brother Moody also says that he thinks the success of the meeting was largely due to the prosperous condition of those engaged directly and indirectly in the lumber business on the coast. "The conditions are phenomenal," he says. "Loggers own automobiles and have their hands manicured regularly. The tug-boat men are having appendicitis and the mill men are complaining of car shortage. These three things to the intelligent mind are conclusive evidence of unprecedented prosperity in every branch of the lumber business."

- Snark, J. D. Moody; Senior Hoo-Hoo, J. A. Cunningham; Junior Hoo-Hoo, T. H. Claffey; Bojum, Arthur J. Hendry; Scrivenor, K. J. Burns; Jabberwock, J. E. Batterell; Custodian, J. E. Snell; Arcanoper, T. E. Patterson; Gurdon, E. R. Vigor.
- 17525 Robert "Demurrage" Abernethy, Port Moody, B. C.; vice president Canadian Pacific Lumber Co.
- 17526 William Adolphus Akhurst, Vancouver, B. C.; manager of machinery dept. Canadian Fairbanks Co.
- 17527 Walter John Bamister, Vancouver, B. C.; partner The Western Lumber Co.
- 17528 Charles Smith Battle, Vancouver, B. C.; director Vancouver Lumber Co., Ltd.
- 17529 John Russell Berry, Vancouver, B. C.; manager Canadian Pipe Co.
- 17530 Nicholas Gerald Blanchfield, Vancouver, B. C.; manager Winnipeg Lumber Co.
- 17531 John "Beef Trust" Boyd, Vancouver, B. C.; managing director Boyd, Burns & Co., Ltd.
- 17532 Charles Samuel Bradley, Vancouver, B. C.; salesman Vancouver Lumber Co.
- 17533 Angus William Cassels, Seattle, Wash.; T. F. A. N. Y. C. R. R.
- 17534 George Luther Christie, Victoria, B. C.; proprietor G. L. Christie, Vancouver Island, B. C.
- 17535 Alfred Lewis Clark, Dallas, Texas; president Commercial Lumber Co., Gilmer, Texas.
- 17536 William Henry Rothery Collier, Vancouver, B. C.; manager Albion Iron Works, Ltd.
- 17537 John George Hewitt Crawford, Vancouver, B. C.; Albion Iron Works.
- 17538 James Ferguson Dandy, Pierson, Man. Can.; owner J. F. Dandy.
- 17539 George Pierce Downey, Vancouver, B. C.; traveling salesman Canadian Rubber Co.
- 17540 Christopher Rugee Drew, Vancouver, B. C.; salesman Vancouver Lumber Co., Ltd.
- 17541 Oliver Winton Flowers, Vancouver, B. C.; salesman Vancouver Lumber Co., Ltd.
- 17542 William Page Fowle, Millside, B. C.; manager Millside.
- 17543 John Henderson Garden, Vancouver, B. C.; salesman Cooke & Tait.
- 17544 George "Eccentric" Giles, Vancouver, B. C.; manager Vancouver Engineering Works.
- 17545 Benjamin Watson Greer, Vancouver, B. C.; general freight agent Canadian Pacific Railway.
- 17546 James William Hackett, Vancouver, B. C.; partner Robertson & Hackett.
- 17547 David Hunt Hays, Vancouver, B. C.; secretary and treasurer The British Columbia Tie & Timber Co., Ltd.
- 17548 Edward Hewatson Heaps, Vancouver, B. C.; managing director and owner E. H. Heaps & Co.
- 17549 Edward Moore Heaps, Buskin, B. C.; manager E. H. Heaps & Co.
- 17550 George Clifford Hinton, Vancouver, B. C.; managing director The Hinton Electric Co.
- 17551 James "Brass" Howard, Vancouver, B. C.; assistant manager Ross & Howard Iron Works, Ltd.
- 17552 Abraham Benjamin Irwin, Vancouver, B. C.; manager Pacific Coast Pipe Co., Ltd.
- 17553 Colin Fred Jackson, Vancouver, B. C.; managing director Vancouver Eng. Works, Ltd.
- 17554 Richard Edward Jamieson, Vancouver, B. C.; manager Vancouver Branch Canadian Rubber Co., Ltd., Montreal and Vancouver.
- 17555 Randolph Mitchell Kolberg, Vancouver, B. C.; superintendent So. Wellington Lbr. Co., Wellington, B. C.
- 17556 Colin Robert Campbell Kennedy, Vancouver, B. C.; manager A. R. Williams Machinery Co.
- 17557 William Emerson Laking, Cloverdale, B. C.; owner and manager Cloverdale Mill Co.
- 17558 Albert Godwin Langley, Vancouver, B. C.; secretary Anglo-American Lumber Co.
- 17559 Percival Maverick Lindsay, Vancouver, B. C.; salesman Vancouver Engine Works, Ltd.
- 17560 Ewen W. MacLean, Vancouver, B. C.; president A. G. Burton Saw Co.
- 17561 Hector M. McGinnis, Vancouver, B. C.; contracting freight agent Great Northern Railway.
- 17562 Frederick D. McIntyre, Vancouver, B. C.; provincial government.
- 17563 Robert Humes McKee, Vancouver, B. C.; president and manager Anglo-American Lumber Co.
- 17564 N. J. D. McNair, New Westminster, B. C.; manager Maple Leaf Lumber Co., Tyne Head, B. C.
- 17565 William Giles Mackenzie, Vancouver, B. C.; vice president and manager Wood, Vallance & Leggat, Ltd.
- 17566 Daniel Joseph O'Brien, Vancouver, B. C.; manager, secretary, and treasurer Gulf Lumber Co.
- 17567 John Bernister Paine, Vancouver, B. C.; salesman McLennan, McPeely & Co.
- 17568 Byron Jackson Parker, Vancouver, B. C.; mill superintendent E. H. Heaps & Co.
- 17569 Charles Gordon Lamont Reid, Vancouver, B. C.; salesman McColl Bros.
- 17570 Charles Merel Rolston, Vancouver, B. C.; traveler The Imperial Oil Co., Ltd.

- 17571 John "Whoops" Ross, Vancouver, B. C.; secretary Ross & Howard Iron Works Co., Ltd.
- 17572 James Albert Sinclair, Vancouver, B. C.; proprietor and manager Sinclair Mill.
- 17573 Ivan Delancey Smith, Montreal, Quebec; buyer and representative in B. C. of Mason, Gordon & Co.
- 17574 Marvin Elmer Sullenberger, Gilmer, Texas; vice president Commercial Lumber Co.
- 17575 William "Sawdust" Sulley, Vancouver, B. C.; superintendent and assistant manager E. H. Heaps & Co.
- 17576 James Donaldson Tait, Vancouver, B. C.; manager Cascade Mills, Ltd.
- 17577 John Oscar Tharpe, Vancouver, B. C.; lumber salesman Pacific Coast Lumber Co.
- 17578 John Edward Tucker, Vancouver, B. C.; director Vancouver Lumber Co., Ltd.
- 17579 George Alexander Walkem, Vancouver, B. C.; manager George A. Walkem & Co.
- 17580 Wilson Egerton Whitebrite, Vancouver, B. C.; salesman Boyd, Burns & Co.
- 17581 Richard Herman Zavitz, Vancouver, B. C.; local manager Allis-Chalmers-Bullock Co., Montreal, Quebec.
- Concatenation No. 1282, Vancouver, B. C., August 10, 1906.

Twenty Initiated at Waco.

Vicegerent George M. Duncan held a concatenation at Waco, Texas, on the evening of August 25. Twenty were initiated. At the time we are going to press with this Bulletin we have only received from Brother Duncan his financial report of the meeting, but it was held by him, and held in Texas, and consequently a success.

Snark, G. M. Duncan; Senior Hoo-Hoo, J. B. Kennard; Junior Hoo-Hoo, T. W. Griffith, Jr.; Bojum, C. C. Bradenbaugh; Scrivenor, C. E. Gillett; Jabberwock, John C. Ray; Custodian, Walter Gregg, Jr.; Arcanoper, F. A. Peck; Gurdon, F. H. Burnaby.

- 17582 Clifford Rodney Aden, Ft. Worth, Texas; traveling passenger agent Chicago, Rock Island & Gulf Railway.
- 17583 Anthony P. Boesch, Whitney, Texas; manager Ed Boesch & Co.
- 17584 Edward Rice Bolton, Waco, Texas; vice president William Cameron & Co.
- 17585 Frank Allen Brunson, Waco, Texas; assistant yard manager William Cameron & Co.
- 17586 Adlerston Irwin Cammack, Waco, Texas; assistant yard manager G. W. Owens & Bro.
- 17587 Chester Mott Dewey, Waco, Texas; salesman William Cameron & Co.
- 17588 Charles Sewell Elchebeyer, Jr., Waco, Texas; salesman and assistant manager G. W. Owens & Bros.
- 17589 Douglas David Fairchild, Waco, Texas; secretary and treasurer William Cameron & Co., Inc.
- 17590 James Punny Farmer, Waco, Texas; assistant retail yard dept. William Cameron & Co.
- 17591 Thomas Benton Griffin, Waco, Texas; traveling salesman Brazelton-Pryor & Co.
- 17592 Alonzo Hawley, Houston, Texas; special correspondent Southern Industrial Lumber Review.
- 17593 James Harry Hopson, Waco, Texas; salesman and assistant manager G. W. Owens & Bros.
- 17594 Samuel Meeker Johnson, Waco, Texas; member of firm Hale & Johnson.
- 17595 Richard Reid Lewis, Waco, Texas; traveling salesman Nash, Robinson & Co.
- 17596 David Guy McFaden, Granger, Texas; member of firm McFaden Lumber Co.
- 17597 Otto Charles Meyer, Waco, Texas; traveling salesman Nash, Robinson & Co.
- 17598 Ellhu René Nash, Jr., Waco, Texas; salesman and auditor Nash, Robinson & Co.
- 17599 Walter "Cutprice" Robinson, Ft. Worth, Texas; traveling salesman W. R. Pickering Lumber Co., Kansas City, Mo.
- 17600 Galnes Douglas Whitsett, Waco, Texas; traveling salesman William Cameron & Co.
- 17601 John Edmund Woodrome, Waco, Texas; Long-Bell Lumber Co., Kansas City, Mo.
- Concatenation No. 1283, Waco, Texas, August 25, 1906.

Coming Concatenations.

Joint Concatenation in Seattle.

The Hoo-Hoo of the states of Washington, Oregon and British Columbia have decided, through their Vicegerent Snarks, to hold a joint concatenation in Seattle, Saturday night, September 8, 1906, to fittingly observe Hoo-Hoo day. Arrangements have been made by committee consisting of Brothers Lockwood, Shields, Welbon, Brundage and Johns for an elaborate time and it is their intention to hold the warmest concatenation since the days of Pharaoh.