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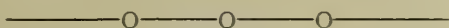


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THE  
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A MONTHLY MASONIC MAGAZINE.

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SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH, 1890.

No. 3.

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Need for Knights with Modern  
Improvements.

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A SERMON BY PROF. SWING, CHICAGO.

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He findeth them sleeping, and saith unto Peter: Could ye not watch with me one hour? Matt. 26:40.

For a few centuries Europe and England supported and enjoyed that body of horsemen called Knights. Each castle formed a valuable and powerful part of some kingdom; and the lord of each castle kept in perpetual readiness a squad of Knights who could rush forth singly or in pairs, or groups, to abate some wrong which was weighing upon a person, or an estate, or a nation. By help of both history and imagination, the term becomes a synonym for hero or defender. It is now thought that each defenceless woman, each orphan, each victim of craft or cruelty, had in that mailed trooper a friend who was capable of making mysterious appearances and of putting forth titanic power at the moment of need. Many noble deeds must have been performed in order to win for the words "Knight" and "Knighthood" such fair fame. In those centuries between the eighth and fifteenth, there was not enough of intelligence to equip a Knight for a very high moral career; not enough humanity to make a heart very sensitive over any wrongs smaller than capture, robbery, and murder, but within

that field of sympathy which was then down in the moral geography, these soldiers played a part that was often most creditable to the sword and spear.

The lesson that comes to our age from the old days of Knighthood, is found in the fact that society still demands two kinds of force—the one is that of regular educational and moral industry which carries all the millions along in one forward motion; the other is that personal force that loves to assail the enemies of mankind. The literal knight-errant was made necessary by the absence of constitutional and statute law. The better moral sense of the few had no other course than to put on a coat-of-mail and go into practice with lance and sword, and thus make one man into an itinerant legislature and judge and executioner. The sign of written law has made useless, and even wicked, the old migratory court of justice; but there remains still a most pressing call for that kind of mind which once hastened to become the personal champion of some injured citizen. The even forward movement made by means of school-house, church, reason and goodness, does not meet the want of the age. Even if the motion of society is forward, the advance is at so slow a rate that millions suffer terribly in the interval. A day of pain is a sad thing for man, woman or child.

It is poor comfort to say that all will

be better in ten or twenty years. There are many souls whose hold should come, not at a snail's pace, but like the lightning's flash. Some of our police, a year or two ago, arrested and robbed and sent to Joliet, a negro woman for an alleged offense, into which neither they nor the judge on the bench looked deeply. It was not enough for that African woman that society was marching along toward better police and better courts of justice. It was asking too much of Pleasants Anderson to request her to wait in prison until the officers of justice had become just. Knighthood intervened, and the prisoner was set free, but this knighthood was not powerful enough to get back for the negro woman the money taken from her by the police.

This little incident illustrates the demand that exists in modern society for two very different forms of moral influence—the one the slow force of education, the other the rapid movements of noble individuals. Nothing has come into our world that makes any less necessary the old spirit of knight-errantry. That spirit may change its form of armor, but it must not change its nature. Society is full of ills to be redressed. Wrongs were not the accident of the middle ages—they are the lamentable fact of all times. It is not enough for a man to be a voter, or a reader, or a merchant; he must possess an element of chivalry, and be at times upon a dashing horse.

The old Knight on horseback came from the fact that there were no street-cars nor steam-cars. The Knight was not created by the horse. The noble manhood was made by the fact that some persons were oppressed or some corner of society was oppressed. The horse was caused by the fact that the place of oppression was ten or fifty miles from the Knight's castle. And what a bad piece of logic it is if our age, in superseding the horse by the steam-car, inadvertently superseded also the hero that once lived in the saddle!

Modes of locomotion ought not to affect the quality of the heart. They do not affect the taste and the movements

of youth and beauty, for a hundred years ago youth and beauty traveled for a week or two in stage coaches or private carriages to reach an inauguration ball. The new fact of palace-cars has not ruined this movement of fashionable minds. Nor did the steam-cars make General Grant less of a soldier than Washington. Grant, hurrying in a car, was the same military chieftain Washington was on his charger or in his lumbering carriage. Thus chivalry and Knighthood should reappear in our times of cars and telegraphs, and become again mighty forces in our civilization.

It now seems that our country is in danger of suffering for want of eminent, ardent individuals. It seems to be settling down into the peaceful contemplation of some gradual advance by way of law, education and general justice. If there is awful cruelty reported in asylums, or in the pineries, or in the chain-gang system, or among the Southern negroes, there are a million philosophers, from the President at Washington down to the dry goods clerk in Oregon, who feel sure that those evils will all pass away under the benign influence of education and Christianity. In an adjoining town, a few weeks since, two school teachers (female teachers) flogged a smart school boy in a brutal manner, the one refined school-teaching woman holding the boy, while the other refined person beat him most cruelly. What a good hour that would have been for Nicholas Nickleby to step into the school-house and make real the pounding once bestowed in holy indignation upon old heartless Squeers! But to find Nickleby Mr. Dickens must have used his creative powers, for the community reads about this cruelty, and then repeats its hope that in fifty or a hundred years from now the flogging of a small boy by two refined women, will be an event of less frequent occurrence.

There are always two processes needed in the making of human progress—the slow and the rapid process. These two processes prevail all around man. While some things are slowly growing, other things must be suddenly killed. It will take the farmer a whole summer time to

grow a field of corn, but the weeds he must kill in May or June. The law is willing for education to work slowly and keep boys from becoming burglars, but the burglar found in the house may be shot. The laws of education are not for him. Like the enemies of the field, he falls under the law of the weed and not under the law of the corn. Before the laws of positive agriculture can get to work in all their power and beauty bold, sudden movements must be made against the trees which keep the sun from reaching the ground. A year of destruction precedes all else. The ax is heard all winter, the trees fall, the logs are heaped up and burned, the field is cleared for the plow.

After all this toil and tumult the time of slow, positive agriculture sets in, and in New York and Pennsylvania there are fields where all has been wheat, corn, and peace for a hundred summer-times. Thus society lies around us, asking for that bold process which destroys enemies, rapidly that they may be removed from the pathway of the slower processes of reform. The farmer can wait for wheat to grow, but he cannot wait for trees to die and decay, and thus make a forest into a field. So society can wait for the school-house to do a great work and for morals to make a great progress, but if our house catches afire, we would best not sit down and talk wisely to the neighbors about that future time in which all buildings and their contents will be incombustible.

The old Knight was in theory a man made for a crisis. When the common processes of civilization were moving too slowly to benefit some widow or orphan, or family, he called out his troopers, and in three hours came to a place which the school-house and the church, and the printing press, would not have reached in less than five hundred years. Even if half or two-thirds of the exploits of chivalry were performed by only the imagination, yet do they all illustrate the demand in society for bold, human, and wise souls who can hurry to a spot to which religion and culture in general are only creeping.

Some of our recent book-makers, and all of our socialists, are mourning over the unequal distribution of the honors and money, and they are laying plans for making all human beings alike in all particulars. No dream was ever more at war with creation. Nothing so harms us now as the uniformity of men and of the age. Evils remain, but there is no individual to fight them. Men and women are swallowed up in institutions. If a genius starts out as a Knight of the Cross, and gives signs of converting sinners and drunkards, he does not travel far before he becomes a lecturer to pass into the care of a bureau. Soon, for a dollar, the drunkard can hear the orator speak upon wit and humor. At last, between this man and the farmer, or carpenter, or merchant, there is no moral difference. Our age is not just what the higher socialists want, but it seems fast falling into the stupidity of a machine; and does not seem sufficiently inspired by unique individuals of the heroic type.

What is it that so levels the millions of souls? Is it the common pursuit of money? Are we all changed into one image by worshiping the one little god? Could socialism level down all wrong and all vice while it were leveling property, it would seem less harmful; but, unable to kill sin and crime, it would destroy all those Knights who ought to be marching beautifully across our fields that are full of injustice.

The monotony and stupidity will not come when all persons shall possess the same quantity of money. Those dreary attributes will not wait long. They come when all persons alike are seeking for money. What makes men and women all alike is not the possession of gold but the pursuit of it. The intellectual and moral difference between the man who has a million and the man who wants a million, is not worthy of mention. The soul does not wait for any final summing up of results of a pursuit. It is fashioned by the pursuit. When the young painter places his first picture in the shop window, and hopes for a sale at fifty dollars, his heart is much ruled by the artist's passion as it will be when, in after years,

the purchasers of his works are coming to his studio from every land. When Pope wrote his first poem, that twelfth year was as full of the poetic fire as was the twenty-fifth or the fortieth. Musicians are as much slaves of their art when they are in life's morning as they are in life's close. Thus the soul never waits for its pursuit to be closed, but only for it to be opened. Thus the passion for money is one and the same, whether the heart has wealth or only wants it ardently. Therefore the monotony of an age of equal propriety has come, because the universal wish has come. The final outcome of that wish is not important. The painter's pictures may never bring more than the first price; but that does not take his life back and give it to some new pursuit. So the gold-lover may not find what he seeks, but his life is gone, and no magic can ever take him back and give him the lance and the helmet of the true Knight. Thus the monotony of society, for which the political romancers all yearn, seems coming along, not by way of a final equality of possession, but by an equality of pursuit.

What is most lamentable is that the pursuit is not of the highest order. It does not select the noblest minds for what intellectual work there is to be done. When the great incomes of certain actors and actresses allure young or old adventurers to the stage, what a dreary prospect for the stage compared with the times when the mind was moved in part by an inner impulse! The poems of Homer, Dante and Milton, did not spring up out of what their books would bring, but out of inner emotions, which had to be expressed even if the manuscript would bring nothing.

The impulse of money possesses some value, but it should only add itself to some great talent in the soul when the intellectual realm is acted upon by an age. The expected sales can produce good encyclopædias, good dictionaries, and good volumes of extracts, because to produce these books only clerks are needed to copy facts at so much a page, but money alone can not make leaders in high, deep, and beautiful thought; it

cannot make orators, lawyers or statesmen. So far, then, as our age is living for money, it is trampling under foot many motives which once lived and were nobler than this new impulse.

The leveling process would seem to have gone far enough. Is this all we need? A good home, plenty of food, fire and clothes? What a stupid world are the socialists planning for us! Too many persons already have too peaceful a life. Comfort has emptied the world of genius, romance, and of religion. Nature would love to tumble you all out of bed at six o'clock every morning in summer, and compel you to see the manifold glory of herself. We all want plenty of food, drink, clothes and sleep, but nature has never endorsed such a languor of the heart. No great soul ever had those things. From Homer and Sappho to Milton and Burns and the Bronte sisters, from old Cincinnatus to Lincoln, the entire regiment of talent has sprung up to the reveille of the drum. Nature hates human repose.

And yet, in the face of all these facts, the political dreamers are wondering how they can make humanity to be all one pattern? The pattern is not high; it is that of a man well fed, well clothed, and who sleeps well. He need not even go to church. His mind must not be disturbed with any mystery. It must live amid such facts as food, drink, fire and clothes. That will not be the golden age of man, but his leaden age. In those days man will not run nor dance, his feet will be too heavy; his eyes will not be bright, because there is no luster in stupidity. Fool's eyes never shine. It is well Christ was born before those days had been planned, for such sleepy hours would not have had genius enough to equip a martyr, nor animation enough to utter the beatitudes, nor to make a religion out of human life and death.

The leveling process being now at work, not creating manhood but hulling it, there is demand for that Knighthood which made a world of its own. Individuality is needed to oppose the monotony of the machine. When socialism shall come, it is to be hoped that it will leave



in our world enough of poor wandering souls to make for us a few Homers, Luthers and Franklins. Let us hope there will be some genius who would rather study than eat, who would climb over the walls of the socialist's paradise and take to the great sweet woods.

There could be better Knights in our day than flourished in the times of the Round Table. Those were the noblest heroes of all that past which sleeps between the fifth century and the thirteenth. They were elected upon the basis of piety, kindness, courage and power. They could not number more than fifty. They could live in any land. They ate at a round table, that no seat might be more honorable than another. But there was a limit to the moral beauty of the brotherhood, because with their swords dedicated to justice, they did know one-half the forms and qualities of justice that stand revealed in our period. In their little horizon they saw a few wrongs which needed righting, but their eyes were not clear and tender enough to note all the sources of tears. They never dreamed that God had set a round table in His world that none might sit in a higher seat. Often those Knights made a court out of the ordeal of battle, and assumed that the man who fell was in the wrong. And they had the ordeal of fire and the ordeal of water. They thought fire would not burn, nor water drown an innocent man. Could they have ridden up to where some galley slaves were fainting and dying, they would have sold the shipmaster some new captives; could they have lived and flourished up to the days of Servetus, they would have acted as police to regulate the crowd while the fire was climbing up around the noble martyr. Within a limited field those old Knights urged justice forward, but who ever looks at those times cannot but wish that the same souls could come back and enact their high drama in this period of outpouring light. Here they need never draw swords falsely; they need never make mistakes in the path of mercy; here they could pursue wrong in its most distinct outline; here they could smite

the undoubted criminal, and could plead for right with an eloquence which could never lack for a subject. They could urge forward the slowly creeping civilization, and make the sweetness stored away in the far future of philosophy begin to distil now upon the homes which will not be here many summers more.

Institutions are essential, but it is the office of the gifted individual not only to found institutions but to hurry them along. It has been twenty-five years since the freedom of our Africans was embodied in our institutions, but now the institution moves like a glacier—an inch an age. It waits for that Knight-hood which can carry liberty and equality in a swift chariot. The orator of Georgia would have aroused and inspired the South, but the grave became the ally of socialism, and, calling the orator into his silence, it left the negro to the coldness and slowness of the institutions of politics and religion.

Thus temperance is coming by law, the legislator having superseded the persuasive power of oratory. Thus a million young men are hopelessly ruined for each inch of moral progress society makes through the agency of the statute books. The laws are all needed, but there is a loud appeal for those persons who can wake the sleeping public mind and make its laws and truths shine like fire. It has always been the task of a few to wake early and then call and shake the sleeper ones. Not all need be awake, one can lie awake for all, and at the critical moment can run from couch to couch. Thus Christ was watching whilst his disciples slept. In His individuality lay the divine power of Christ. He was a divine Knight. He said to the morals of Moses, to the religion of David, to the deism of Socrates and Plato, to the vision of Isaiah and Virgil, and to the dream of Scipio: Why sleep ye here? Awake! Arise! Put on your beautiful garments!

Similar souls were John of the Wilderness, and Paul the Apostle. They did not wait for institutions and laws. They moved through our era like magical ships borne by a divine wind; and no storm

nor calm has been able to erase their ship's wake from the sea. And the church to-day is wonderful not as a place where we all are, but as a place where Christ has been.

The present, so full of light, and also of wrong and grief, pleads with its citizens not to seek the sleep and peace of equality and monotony, and not sink each his or her brief life in the slow, snail-pace institutions, but to live each the separate life of a heart. A school-house, a church, an institution can move slowly, for each can work for a thousand years, but the Christ, the Paul, the common hero, must move rapidly because he can not live long. What life lacks in length it must atone for by intensity. The poet says: "The lily does not estimate its bloom by its duration, but by its whiteness and its sweetness."

Thus humanity must not pray for oneness and monotony—other names for dullness—but rather pray for that Knighthood which can dash along with one's own spear and helmet over that arena which God himself has marked out, not for institutions only, but for the waking and loving and dying soul.

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### The Masonic Apron.

A TALE.

The Count of Cernay and his wife emigrated from Paris in 1793. Notwithstanding their youth, they were more cautious than many young persons who quitted France at the same epoch. At the commencement of the troubles of '89, they sent a part of their fortunes to England, so that in their exile they were enabled to live with as much comfort as they would have enjoyed in Paris. The Count of Cernay took up his residence in London and became very intimate with Sir John Melville, a young man a little older than himself, and lieutenant in the English army. The friendship between them increased daily, and when, in 1814, Count de Cernay left London in order to return to France, and demanded of Louis the XVIII the recompense due to his exile and fidelity, the only sorrow he

felt at his departure was that he was to be separated from so intimate a friend. Nevertheless, a slight disagreement arose between the two friends at the moment of departure.

The Frenchman rejoiced at the unfortunate state of France, and the Englishman maintained, that notwithstanding the advantages the French noblemen would derive from the restoration, they should nevertheless stifle their individual interests and lament over the misfortune which surrounded their country. The Count of Cernay returned to France, taking with him a daughter fourteen years old; she appeared at the court, and his fortune, which was already very large, was rapidly increased by the gifts which he received from Louis XVIII. Napoleon returned from Elba. The king was obliged to submit to a second exile, which, on account of the defeat at Waterloo, lasted about one hundred days; and, in 1817, the Royalists predicted a long and happy reign for the elder branch of the Bourbons. It was about this time that Sir John Melville, having attained the rank of major in the English army, sent his son Edward to Paris, and placed him under the care of his friend, the Count of Cernay, informing him at the same time that the young man had come to Paris with the intention of marrying. Edward Melville was in his twentieth year; he was one of those handsome young Englishmen, in whom we find the graces of the female figure combined with all that is beautiful in the male. He was the son of a man of wealth and distinction, and was, on that account, an excellent match for Miss Aldegonde de Cernay. The count and countess were aware of this circumstance, and as Sir John had informed them that he wished to have his son married in France, they thought that this project, though singular as it might appear to the Englishman, could not concern any but their daughter.

It was a happy event. It would strengthen the bonds of friendship existing between the two families, and would not be at all displeasing to Miss Aldegonde, for she had retained a sweet souvenir of young Edward, with whom

she had passed the happy and joyful days of her youth. The count and countess called her into the parlor. "Aldegonde," said the countess to her, "I am going to announce to you some joyful news; little Edward is going to pay us a visit."

"Yes, mamma," answered Aldegonde, who having been educated in England, had retained some of the nursery customs of the young English ladies.

Our young heroine remained calm, and did not even raise her eyes, so that the countess was unable to say whether the arrival of the young Englishman would or would not be gratifying to her daughter.

"You must remember," continued the mother, "that little Edward is at present a handsome young man, and you cannot play with him as you were wont to do when he was a little boy. He is coming to Paris, Aldegonde, to get married."

"Ah! ah!! ah!!! said the young girl, blushing. The countess did not tell her daughter that there was a young man coming from the other side of the straits to marry her; but she asked if her piano was in tune, if she had procured of her instructor the latest musical romances, and she informed her at the same time that her wardrobe was to be renewed. This, we think, was speaking plainly enough, without exposing one's self.

The count added, that as Sir John was his intimate friend, his son would stop with them; he wished also to have the pleasure of presenting him at the castle.

Aldegonde retired, fully persuaded that before long she would be the wife of the handsome and accomplished young Edward.

It was not long before Edward arrived in Paris, and took up his residence at the count's. He appeared tall and handsome; and, although he was a true Englishman, and his manners were somewhat harsh, he appeared in the eyes of Miss Aldegonde more amiable and polite than the young Frenchman of his age, spoiled by a few revolutionary ideas, of which they had conserved the germ. The count and countess Cernay looked at Edward with a different light. The

young man appeared to be charmed with the love of liberty.

When they proposed presenting him at the castle, he did not show all the enthusiasm they expected; he also made use of some expressions which were at the same time disrespectful towards the august family of the Bourbons, and displeasing to the Countess of Cernay.

On the other hand, he did not conceal his admiration for the captive of St. Helena; for the man whom they still upheld in the saloons of the suburbs of St. Germain, as the invincible of Corsica. Edward used all the poetical expressions of Byron, in speaking of Cæsar vanquished; but he merely commended the king in prose. He was, however, according to the family of Cernay, a perfect gentleman; his political opinions, which would have been insupportable in a Frenchman, were nothing but a little English eccentricity; and without doubt Sir John, his father, had no other intention in uniting his son with a family so truly monarchical, than of opposing, by a marriage, a bulwark to the ridiculous inclinations of his son. Miss Aldegonde de Cernay would, they thought, be the guardian angel who would reclaim Edward, and make of him a true loyalist.

"Those young folks seem to agree very well," said the count to his lady; adding, at the same time, that he thought the dreams of Sir John were about to be accomplished.

Mr. de Cernay understood all the reserve of Englishmen; but, as he thought he was aware of the projects of his friend, he inquired of Edward if his father would come to Paris to assist at a marriage, which, according to all appearances, would be consummated without difficulty.

"Oh yes, oh yes," answered the young man; "my father will be here in fifteen days."

There was at this time, at Paris, in the suburbs of St. Antoine, and nearer to the gate which conducted to the bastille, a small haberdasher's shop. The name of the indigent proprietor was a Mrs. Mathew. She was a widow, hardly forty years of age, and passed for a

handsome woman. She had been the wife of a soldier. Seated beside her in the workshop was a young girl of sixteen, glittering with all the eclat of youth and of astonishing beauty.

The neighbors were aware that Mrs. Mathew had refused to accept a number of advantageous proposals of marriage which had been made to her, and she watched over her daughter with so much assiduity, that Miss Julia (which was the name of the young girl) was unable to perform a single action, or utter a word, without her knowledge. The young gentlemen who were in the habit of resorting there, seeing that there was no hope of gaining the affections of the mother and the daughter, abandoned the shop, and by that sort of petty jealousy which beauty is apt to inspire, caused the young ladies to follow the example of the young men; so that the mother and daughter were at last left by themselves.

False reports were circulated in every direction, and the virtue of the mother and daughter was frequently brought into question.

Others thought that Mrs. Mathew had been placed there by the police to inform them of the opinions and actions of those residing in the suburbs. During the time of restraint in which the French were governed by princes for whom they had no affection, every one seemed to the people to be connected with the police. On the other hand, the police being aware of the opinions of Mrs. Mathew, and not putting too much confidence in her submission, kept a constant watch near her house.

It was before this shop that Edward Melville, a few days after his arrival in Paris, ordered his coachman to stop.

On entering, he saluted, politely both the mother and daughter, and called for a skein of pack-thread or whip cord. He told them he wanted it to make a snapper for his superb gold mounted whip, which in reality wanted no such thing. Mrs. Mathew could not be deceived by our hero; she supposed that he had seen her daughter, Julia, at a distance, and he now wished to have a closer view of her; for, allowing that the

whip wanted a snapper, the groom, who at that moment stood holding the reins, would naturally have come for it instead of his master.

The mother cast a look of mistrust at the young Englishman, and rose in order to give him what he wanted.

"Can you tell me, miss," said Edward, addressing the daughter, "if I am far from Vincennes?"

The young girl, struck by the genteel appearance of this handsome young man, who spoke French as fluently as herself, became red as a rose and was leaving her seat to point out to him the road to Vincennes, adding at the same time that the distance would appear short with the beautiful carriage that stood at the door, when her mother stopped her:

"Go up stairs, Julia," she said, "you have some work to do there;" and with a look of sadness which never abandoned her she said to Edward:

"You leave Paris by the gate which is but a few steps from here; the road to Vincennes is straight on, your horse can carry you there in ten minutes."

"What a pretty girl!" said Edward, watching Julia, who was leaving the room (being struck with admiration, he made use of his natural idiom in giving vent to the exclamation). "Is your daughter's name Julia?" said he to her mother.

"There is the pack-thread you asked me for," said Mrs. Mathew, without answering Edward's question.

The young man made a bow and inquired the price of the purchase he had made.

"Two groats, sir," said Mrs. Mathew.

And as the young Englishman appeared not to understand this small coin, she added: "The half of a sou, sir—a half sou."

Edward paid it, and seeing that it was impossible to keep up a conversation, he saluted her, left the shop and entered the buggy, saying to himself: "The daughter is very handsome! but the mother has no great love for Englishmen."

In leaving, he forgot two things; the first was, to use the snapper he had just

procured, and the second was that he did not take the road to Vincennes.

"I was not mistaken," said Mrs. Mathew.

An instant after Julia stole softly into the shop, and opening little by little the door of the back room, she cried out, "Is he gone, mother?"

The answer was, "Yes, my child."

"Oh, is he not a beauty, mother!" said Julia.

"Never mind," said the mother, abruptly; "he is an Englishman."

The last word uttered by the mother put an end to the conversation, and the young girl, perplexed, went up to her mother's room to put things in order.

There existed in France, at this time, a perfect hatred for the English nation, which had united with all Europe to contend against and vanquish Napoleon, as the French seemed to hate all Europe; but they still kept alive their hatred for Englishmen; for England was in reality the cause of the defeat. The unhappy event at Waterloo had greatly increased the antipathy of the two nations.

After this battle we supported with impatience our misfortune and our lot; at the same time the arrogance of the English, who had acquired the honor of the memorial day, increased, although it was the Prussians who had conquered us. Mrs. Mathew took part in the general feeling, and even went farther than others; her feelings were wounded at the exclamation of her daughter, who found an Englishman handsome. They said no more about Edward's mysterious visit.

However, eight days had hardly passed before another Englishman entered the shop. He was an elderly gentleman, who, although of a grave, masculine appearance, had nevertheless a remarkable expression of mildness; he came on foot, and having cast a glance at Miss Julia, he addressed himself to Mrs. Mathew: "Is it to Mrs. Mathew," said he, "that I have the pleasure of speaking?"

"Yes, sir."

"The widow of the Imperial Guard, Mr. Mathew, who died at Waterloo?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am Major Melville," said he, saluting her; "I came from London on purpose to see you, and to conclude with you an affair which interests us both. Is that the daughter of Capt. Mathew?" said he, presenting his ungloved hand to Miss Julia.

Julia, whom the appearance of the stranger had inspired with confidence, and who had heard her father praised, placed her delicate little hand in that of the major, who said softly, "Well, then, my child, you must leave me alone with your mother; I have something to relate to her which concerns you, but which you cannot hear till after her."

Mrs. Mathew showed the major a pair of steps which led to another room; he went in first, Mrs. Mathew soon followed, leaving Julia in the shop.

The major, having taken a seat, found the room decorated with neatness, which is the luxury of the poor. On the mantelpiece there was neither clock nor mirror. He saw but one solitary portrait, which he immediately recognized for Captain Mathew, and at the bottom of it was a cross of honor, of which one of the branches was wanting.

Mrs. Mathew looked at the major without speaking, expecting every moment that he would explain himself. The major remained some time silent; at last, putting his hand on his heart, he said: "Madam, God save the emperor."

"Ah, yes!" said the poor widow, with her eyes full of tears, "yes, God will save him!"

"Without a doubt," said the major, "for there is now no one but God that can save him. That is all well," added he; "now we understand one another. Listen to me. I told you that I was Major Melville; I have a very comfortable house in London, a pleasant country seat in the county of Sussex, with fifty thousand pounds sterling invested in the India Company stock, and I came to Paris to marry you!"

Mrs. Mathew was seated alongside of the major; in an instant she was at the other side of the room.

This man had cried out God save the Emperor, but he was an Englishman.

The widow answered not, but her beautiful eyes, which were filled with tears, were turned toward the portrait of her husband.

"That is not all," continued the major, calmly; "I have a son a handsome boy. You know him, Mrs. Mathew; he came here to your house eight or ten days ago, and purchased a snapper for his whip; I sent him to Paris to marry Miss Julia, your daughter, and the child of the brave captain."

Mrs. Mathew, believing that she could not have been chosen as an object of pleasantry, thought at least that she was exposed to the persecution of a fool. Notwithstanding, as the major appeared to be in earnest, she said, with mildness and downcast eyes, that it was impossible to accept the double honor with which he wished to load her.

"You refuse to comply with my request!" exclaimed the major. "You refuse. I had expected it. Rest assured, madam, that I will not leave this house without your promise to accept this offer!"

"But, sir."

"I asked you to listen to me," said the major, grasping the widow's hand; "listen to me. I am going to speak to you about your husband. I had the honor of being at Waterloo. You need not suppose that I am going to give you a full history of the battle. I must now, however, speak of the episode which is the most painful for you. The French were beaten. Those that were not dead or wounded took to flight, except at the extremity of the field of battle. I could perceive from an elevation on which I was stationed with my regiment, about twenty grenadiers of the young French guards still maintained their grounds, and who, in expiring, dealt death and am rich.' He looked at me for a moment. 'You are not an Englishman?' said he. 'I am, my friend, one of the truest sons of old England. Die in peace. I say to you again, I will take charge of your wife and child.' 'Well then!' said he, 'you are a Mason?'

"And you?" He gave me the sign by which the Masons of the two hemis-

pheres recognize each other. I seized his hand and kissed it. Then the vanquished of Waterloo, the son of France, the faithful servant of the great Napoleon, unbuttoned his shirt, which was covered with blood, and drew from a small wallet placed on his breast, an object covered with gore, through which the ball that killed him had passed, carrying away at the same time one of the branches of the cross of the legion of honor, which is under the portrait, and which I sent to you as soon as possible."

destruction on the five hundred Prussians that surrounded them. I went immediately to disengage them; for if war, madam, has any attractions for courageous men, it is when the chances are almost equal, and not when the conqueror abuses his victory by slaughtering his equals when they are unable to defend themselves. I came up to the Frenchmen, put a stop to the firing, and was about protecting the retreat of those brave men, when a ball, fired but a short distance from me, struck their chief, who fell into my arms. It had pierced his chest. That chief was the brave Captain Mathew—it was your husband. I had him brought into my tent, and delivered him into the hands of my friend, an experienced surgeon. I had for a moment the hope of saving him. He, however, had no hope of recovery."

"Major," said he; "Major, your name?"

"I told him my name. We were alone; the surgeon left us to see the others that were wounded, and in leaving us, he made a sign by which I understood that he entertained no hope for his patient. Your husband said to me: 'I die unhappy, because I do not die altogether—my wife, my child!' 'Captain,' answered I, 'I will take care of them, I

The major ceased speaking for a moment, and then placed before the widow an "Apron" of lamb skin, surrounded by a blue ribbon, in the middle of which might be seen three roses made of ribbon of the same color. This small "Apron," folded without doubt in four folds in the pocket of Captain Mathew at the moment he was wounded, had four round holes,

which marked the passage of the ball; and, although originally white, it was now spotted with blood. The major continued:

“ ‘Brother Melville,’ said the dying man, ‘there it is. I place it in your hands. Although we are of two different Grand Lodges, and although our two countries are at war, we nevertheless are friends—we are Brothers. What will you do for my widow? What will you do for my daughter?’

“ ‘The half of my fortune,’ cried I, ‘belongs to them from this moment.’

“ ‘No, no, that is too much.’

“ ‘Well then! more than that; I will do all that is humanly possible.’ He gave me his hand and expired.”

During this narration the widow was melting with tears. She wanted to grasp the bloody relic that was before her eyes, and wished to press it to her lips. The major stopped her.

“Pardon me,” said he, “it is the gage of my promise. My regiment, instead of coming to France, was sent to England. I could not come to see you, but I ascertained how you were and how you lived. While I was contemplating in what way I should fulfill the promise I had made a Brother, that died in my arms, I lost my wife. My various projects were laid aside, for I knew not what I had to do. I knew that I should offer something besides charity; I owe you an entire protection—I owe your daughter all the happiness and protection that the youth of my son could afford. Notwithstanding,” said the major, while the widow held his hand within her own, mutually clasped, “perhaps my son Edward may not love your daughter, or Julia may have no affection for him—but they have seen one another, and that is proof enough!—for us.”

“We also have seen one another,” said the widow, with a voice broken by her sobbing.

“Miss Julia, Miss Julia!” cried the good major, in opening the door that led to the shop, “come here if you please—come here, it is your stepfather that calls you.”

The young girl hesitated for a mo-

ment, but at last obeyed; she went to the back room, but not alone—a handsome young man, Edward Melville, followed her; and they both implored the blessing of Mrs. Mathew. The same day Sir John Melville said to his friend, the Count of Cernay: “I announced to you, my friend, a marriage; we are going to have two; I am to marry the widow of Captain Mathew, who died on the field of honor at Waterloo, and my son is to marry his daughter; I wish to invite you and the countess and the lovely Aldegonde to the wedding.”

But the count was deprived of the pleasure; he had an engagement for that day at the castle, the countess had the headache, and Miss Aldegonde was unfortunate enough to sprain her foot the night before in dancing at the Marsan Pavilion. The double marriage was not the less cheerful. The “Master’s Apron,” which bears the bloody marks of the courage of the captain, was deposited with the Royal Alpha Lodge, in London, of which the Major, Sir John Melville, is one of the most distinguished members; and this relic is looked upon by the Brothers as the most valuable in their collection.

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### Knights of the Red Cross.

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BY HENRY N. BLAKE.

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The Order of Knights of the Red Cross is founded upon incidents connected with the building of the second temple, during the reign of Darius I. of Persia, about 521 B. C., and is most intimately connected with Ancient Craft Masonry.

The temple of Solomon was completed October 23, 1012 B. C. Thirty-three years after, it was plundered by Shishak, King of Egypt. It underwent several her otprofanations and pillages, and was at last utterly destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, 588 B. C. Zedekiah the king was captured; his sons and friends were slain before him; then his eyes were put out, and he was bound and carried a captive to Babylon. The temple was pillaged and burnt, and

the city destroyed. Seraiah the high priest, and Zephaniah the priest next to him, and the rulers that guarded the temple, were put to death; but Josedek the high priest, son of Seraiah, and all of the holy vessels from the temple, and the treasure, and the captives, were taken to Babylon.

It was during this period of captivity that the prophet Daniel explained the writing on the wall; that Babylon was captured by Cyrus, King of Persia; that Belhazzar the King of Babylon, was slain; and Daniel attained to great dignity and favor with Cyrus the conqueror. You will find the story in the Holy Scriptures.

By recent explorations among the ruins of the old city of Susa, the foundations of the treasure palace built some years later for Darius the Great, by Daniel, have been discovered.

In the first year of the reign of Cyrus as sole monarch of Persia, which was the seventieth of the captivity, the king sent the following epistle to the governors in Syria :

"I have given permission to as many of the Jews in my country as please, to return to their own country, and to rebuild their city, and to build the temple of God at Jerusalem, on the same place where it was before. I have also sent my treasurer, Mithridates, and Zerubabel the governor of the Jews, that they may lay the foundations of the temple and may build it. \* \* \* I require also, that the expenses for these things be given out of my revenues.

"I have also sent the vessels which King Nebuchadnezzar pillaged out of the temple, and have given them to Mithridates the treasurer, and to Zerubabel the governor of the Jews, that they may have them carried to Jerusalem, and may restore them to the temple of God. [The number of these sacred vessels, gold and silver, was five thousand four hundred. Provision was also made for their cattle, for wine, oil and wheat.] \* \*

"And I give order that these expenses shall be given them out of the tributes due from Samaria. \* \* \*

"But my will is that those who disobey

these injunctions, and make them void, shall be hung upon a cross, and their substance brought into the king's treasury."

And such was the import of this epistle. When the Israelitish captives were assembled, they numbered 42,360, with slaves and servants amounting to 7,337 more. They were placed in charge of Sheshbazzar, the Babylonian name of Zerubabel, the son of Salathiel, a prince of Judah, of the royal race of David. Sheshbazzar is compounded of two words, meaning fine linen and gold, equivalent to "flourishing condition;" Zerubabel, or sown in Babylon, meaning "misery of Israel."

Zerubabel had as an associate and colleague Jeshua the high priest, a lineal descendant from Seraiah, who was high priest when the temple was destroyed, and also Haggai the holy prophet and principal of the Sanhedrim or Royal Chapter. Jeshua the high priest, should not be confounded with Joshua, one of the judges, who flourished many years before this.

Zerubabel armed seven thousand Masons and placed them in the front, to repel such as should oppose their march to Judea. Their progress was unimpeded as far as the banks of the Euphrates, where they found an armed force to oppose their passage. A conflict ensued, and the enemy was cut to pieces or drowned.

The emblematic color of this Order, "red," is in allusion to this circumstance. It has also a higher meaning. By a law of great antiquity, none might use this color "red," except he had been a prince, or licensed to use it by the sovereign. It implies uprightness, determination and honest boldness, with courtesy and discretion.

The journey occupied four months, and in *seven* days from their arrival the work of restoring the temple commenced, beginning with the altar of burnt offerings, in order that the daily service might be restored, and in the *seventh* month the altar was completed and the daily sacrifice resumed.

Zerubabel had divided the workmen



into classes, over each of which a chief and two assistants had been placed; and had ordered as a measure of precaution, that the Masons should work with a sword in one hand and a trowel in the other, that they might be able at any moment to defend themselves from the attacks of their enemies. To guard against surprise, he caused trumpets to be placed at intervals on the ground among the workmen, so that in case of an attack the alarm might be given instantly.

Cyrus was succeeded by his son Cambyses, called in Scripture Ahazuerus, who conquered Egypt. He was a cruel tyrant, and reigned seven years. At his death, Smerdis the Imposter, called in Scripture Artaxerxes, usurped the throne. The Jews had been for several years engaged in rebuilding their city and temple, but their enemies the Samaritans, through the influence of Tatnai, who was governor on that side of the river, and Shethar Boznai, both Persian officers of high rank, procured from Smerdis an order to have the work stopped.

Smerdis the Imposter (or Artaxerxes) ruled for eight months, and was succeeded by Darius Hystaspes, 521 B. C. In the second year of his reign, Zerubabel came to him from Jerusalem, and at a banquet given to the princes and rulers, reminded the king of his vow. \* \*

There had been in their youth a strong friendship between Zerubabel and the king, so that as soon as recognized, he was gladly received, and with two others were thought worthy to be guards of the king's body. \* \* \* After the banquet, when the king said, "Ask what thou wilt, it shall be granted," Zerubabel reminded the king of a vow that he had made in his youth, that if "he should ever be king he would rebuild Jerusalem and the temple, and restore the sacred vessels which Nebuchadnezzar had pillaged and carried to Babylon." The king was pleased, and ordered that all that Cyrus had intended to have done relating to the restoration of Jerusalem should be done accordingly.

When the Samaritans offered to assist in rebuilding the city and temple, Zeru-

babel and the principal men of Judah refused them this honor, since Cyrus had granted his commission to the Jews only. Offended at this, they threw obstacles in the way to hinder the work; and having obtained the assistance of the old enemies, Tatnai and Shethar Boznai, they made strong representations to the king to have the work suspended forever. But when Darius had found the original order of Cyrus among the records at Ec-batana, he sent a copy to the governor, with the order "that all things be done as is therein written;" and the two enemies, Tatnai and Shethar Boznai, were compelled by royal edict to give aid and assistance in forwarding the work.

So the temple was completed in about seven years more, or twenty years from the first commencing. It was built on the site of the first Temple of Solomon, was considerably larger, but inferior to it in beauty and splendor, and was completed 515 B. C.

A green sash \* \* \* was a peculiar mark of confidence and esteem, and would remind one that "truth was a divine attribute, and that the memory of the one who falls in a just and virtuous cause is blessed, and shall forever flourish in immortal green."

The green color is also the symbol of delight. It implies joy, love, gladness, and is peculiarly appropriate in the Red Cross Banner. \* \* \* The Green and Gold \* \* \* suggest fullest pleasure and happiness, while the Green and Silver \* \* \* indicate a sure and delightful assistant. The sacred and mystic number seven appears in the seven pointed star. \* \* \* "On the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all the work which he had made."

Judah and Benjamin were the names of the two tribes that remained faithful to their vows, while the ten tribes that revolted and their descendants (called from their principal city "Samaritans"), were the adversaries who opposed the rebuilding of the city and temple, and were assisted in their antagonism by Tatnai and Shethar Boznai until orders from Darius compelled their assistance.

\* \* \* Cyrus the Great was born 592 B. C. His father was Cambyses, a Persian prince; his mother was Mandane, daughter of Astyages, who was the son of Crœsus, the rich King of Lydia. His food as a child consisted principally of bread, cresses and water. He was sent to school to learn virtue and justice, as boys now learn spelling and arithmetic. The Persian boys were taught three things, namely, to draw the bow, to ride a horse, and to tell the truth.

At twelve years of age, his mother went with him into Media, north of Persia, to visit his grandfather at Ecbatana, where he remained several years to perfect himself in martial and athletic sports, especially horseback riding.

At the age of sixteen, he first showed proofs of military skill in leading the Medes to victory, over a great hunting party of Babylonians who had invaded the territory of his grandfather.

At seventeen, he returned to his father's dominions in Persia, and became a great military leader, conquering Media, Lydia and many other countries, and annexing them to his own, so that he is called the Founder of the Great Persian Empire.

After he had captured Babylon, he placed his father-in-law, Astyages, now sixty-two years of age, over it as king; and he ruled for two years, known as Darius the Mede.

In the Median language, Darius is equivalent to king, hence the mistake sometimes made, that Cyrus and Darius were one and the same person.

By the death of his father and uncle, Cyrus became sole sovereign, 536 B. C., and in the first year of his reign, it being the seventieth of the captivity, he issued the edict for the Jews to return to Jerusalem. There was a bond of sympathy between Cyrus the conqueror of Babylon, and the captive Jews.

The Babylonians worshipped *many* gods. The mother of Cyrus, the Medes, as also the Jews, believed in *one* Supreme Being.

On the death of Cyrus, his son Cambyses, a cruel tyrant, became king, 529 B. C. He invaded and conquered lower

Egypt, 525 B. C., and then sent ambassadors with presents into Ethiopia. The King of Ethiopia sent, in return, a bow of great size and strength, with the counsel for the Persians not to attack the Ethiopians until they could draw similar ones.

When it was found that Smerdis, the younger brother of Cambyses, was the only man in the whole army who could use the bow, Cambyses, filled with jealousy, sent him back to Persia, under the care of one of his nobles, Prexaspes, having secretly given him orders to assassinate Smerdis while on the way. This was done, and Prexaspes returned to Egypt.

After reaching Thebes, Cambyses sent a chosen detachment of fifty thousand men to ravage Ammonia, and to destroy the famous temple of Jupiter Ammon; but a strong south wind or simoon utterly destroyed this division of the army, and buried it beneath the drifting sands.

The main body, under Cambyses, suffered terribly for food, and finally, in retreating, the lot was cast, and every tenth man was doomed to death, to become food for his companions.

Thebes was at length reached and pillaged. It was while here that the tyrant shot the son of Prexaspes in wanton cruelty. He had obliged this noble, who was one of his principal officers and a favorite, to declare to him what his Persian subjects thought and said of him.

"They admire, sir," said Prexaspes, "a great many excellent qualities that they see in you, but are somewhat mortified at your immoderate use of wine."

"I understand," replied the king, "they pretend that wine deprives me of my reason. You shall be judge of that immediately."

So he drank a larger quantity than usual, brought by his favorite cup-bearer, Prexaspes' son. Then, ordering the youth to stand at the other end of the room, with his left hand upon his head, he took his bow, aimed at, and shot him through the heart. Then ordered the body cut open, and showed the father the heart of his son, which the arrow had pierced. \* \* \*

In the eighth year of his reign, Cambyses left Egypt for Persia. When in Syria he was met by a herald sent to proclaim Smerdis, son of Cyrus, as king. Cambyses made public lamentations, declaring that his brother had been put to death by mistake; but in mounting his horse to lead his army to punish the imposter, his sword slipped from the scabbard and inflicted a fatal wound.

The imposter, who was a Magian priest, had assumed kingly powers, and had married all of his predecessor's wives. Among them was Ayossa, a daughter of Cyrus, and Phedyma, a daughter of Otanes, a noble Persian of the highest rank. Otanes, suspecting Smerdis, sent to his daughter to ascertain whether the king was Smerdis, the son of Cyrus, or some other man. She replied that she had never seen Smerdis, and could not tell.

A second message desired her to inquire of Ayossa, who, of course, would know her own brother. She replied that the present king did not allow his wives to see each other or to converse together. He sent a third message, desiring her to feel under his turban while he was asleep; for Cyrus had caused the ears of Smerdis, the Magian priest, to be cut off for some crime. Phedyma complied, and found that her husband had no ears; and a conspiracy was formed by Otanes, Darius Hystaspes, and five other Persian nobles, to dethrone the usurper.

In order to remove suspicions, the Magians proposed to Prexaspes that he publicly declare to the people that the king was truly Smerdis, the son of Cyrus. When the people were assembled, Prexaspes spoke from the top of a tower, and to their great astonishment, declared all that had passed, how he had with his own hand killed Smerdis the son of Cyrus, by the order of Cambyses, and that the so-called king was Smerdis the Magian priest. He then begged pardon of the gods and men for the crime that he had committed, and throwing himself headlong from the tower, broke his neck.

The conspirators immediately entered the palace, and forcing their way to the king's apartments, the imposter was

killed by Darius, after having ruled eight months.

The next question was, who should be king, and this they decided to refer to the gods.

Accordingly, they agreed to meet the next morning at sunrise, on horseback, at a certain place in the suburbs of the city, and ride towards the east, and he whose horse first neighed, should be king. For the sun being their chief deity, they imagined that this course would give him the honor of the election. \* \* \* \*

The lords assembled the next morning, and the horse of Darius was the first one to neigh, and he was saluted as king and placed upon the throne, and his six associates became his counsellors.

During the troubles with Smerdis the Babylonians revolted; they had secretly, for four years, been preparing for this, and now to make their provisions last longer, they assembled all of their wives and children, and having each selected one wife and one servant maid, they strangled all of the rest. Darius besieged them fruitlessly for eighteen months.

One morning Zophyrus, one of his chief nobles, appeared before him covered with wounds, and his nose and ears cut off. Darius demanded—

“Who has dared to do this?”

“You yourself, O king,” said Zophyrus. He then told to the king his plan to desert to the enemy. It was accepted. He was received into Babylon and given the command of as many troops as he desired.

Before leaving Darius, he had asked him to place the troops that he could best spare, at the gate Semiramis. Zophyrus soon made a sally and destroyed a thousand of the Persians. A few days after, he killed two thousand more. In the third sally four thousand Persians were left dead. All this had been agreed upon between Darius and himself. This made Zophyrus very popular with the Babylonians, and he was declared generalissimo of all their forces, and entrusted with the care of guarding the walls.

According to agreement, Darius approached with his army, Zophyrus opened

the gates, and Babylon was again taken. The gates were pulled down, and the walls entirely demolished, that the city might never revolt again.

Many trophies and works of Darius remain in various parts of his empire. He was the first king that coined money in Persia. Records of the events of his reign, in his own words, are engraved upon his tomb, and upon the great rock tablet at Behistun, engraved in five columns, each from sixteen to nineteen paragraphs, in three languages, Persian, Babylonian and Sythic or Tartar. This Behistun cliff is a part of the Zagros mountain range between Babylon and Ecbatana. The natural cliff is 1,700 feet perpendicular height, and bears four sets of sculptures. They have been deciphered within a few years by Colonel Sir Henry Rawlinson of the British Army. The sculptures were 300 feet from the foot of this perpendicular wall, so that the explorer was drawn up with ropes, by a windlass placed at the summit. The whole inscription was carefully copied and translated, and in Persian and English. It may be found in "Rawlinson's Herodotus," where we may read the very words of "Darius the King."

Cyrus was the founder of the Great Persian Empire; Darius organized it.

NOTE.—Authors consulted: Josephus, Weber, Thalheimer, Whelpley, Rawlinson, Rebold, Macoy, Oliver, Smith, Mackey, Swinton, Anderson, Coleman and others.

—*Liberal Freemason.*

### A Peculiar and Terrible Accident.

Many readers of this magazine have noticed an announcement of a fatal accident, which occurred at Huntington, West Virginia, a few weeks ago, during the ceremonies of conferring the Royal Arch Degree. Notice of the sad occurrence was telegraphed all over this country and Europe, causing a thrill of pained feeling to all Craftsmen, while it has been quickly seized upon by the opponents of Freemasonry as a fact that may be used with considerable power against the Fraternity. We should not comment upon the accident were it not for the unjustifiable use that may be made

of the event by those who are unfriendly to the Craft—indeed such adverse criticisms thus incited have already appeared; and for another reason, viz: that the lessons of such a sorrowful occurrence may be brought home to members of the Masonic organization.

The accident was described at considerable length in the local journals. From these accounts we gather the following:

Two candidates, both clergymen, were being passed through the mysteries of the Royal Arch Degree. One of them had passed through the ceremonial of exploring the vault and had been taken out. Rev. Mr. Marshall, the second candidate, was then called to go through with the ordeal, which required that he should be lowered into the symbolic ruins. There was six or seven members taking part in the ceremony besides the two candidates. The scene was a rather weird one. The vault looked like a black, yawning chasm. Neither candidate was blindfolded. Both could see everything that was going on, and perfectly understood the workings of the machinery by which they were to descend into the vault. Mr. Johnson was a tall, well-built man, weighing one hundred and eighty pounds. He had seated himself astride the bar and caught the block with his hands. Suddenly there was a whirring sound. The end of the rope was seen to jerk loose from the ring above the block. In some way, probably from long and constant use, the rope had been gradually becoming loosened and unwrapped, and Mr. Johnson's heavy weight detached it entirely. The end flew toward the ceiling, and there was a sudden relaxation of the entire machinery. Mr. Johnson disappeared, and an instant later was heard the dull sound with which he struck the hard floor of the vault thirteen feet below.

Lights were brought, and the unfortunate candidate was found lying on his side at full length. He had struck on his left hip. Mr. Johnson was not unconscious, but his deep groaning showed that he was suffering the most intense agony. A ladder was lowered into the

vault, and friendly hands aided him in his removal. Physicians were summoned, and at the first pronounced his condition as not dangerous. He was taken home suffering greatly, but with hope on the part of himself, his Masonic brethren and other friends, that he would recover. All that night and the next morning he continued perfectly conscious. He repeated the assurances which he had given, as he lay in the Lodge room immediately after the accident, that he held the members entirely blameless, for his injuries had resulted purely from unforeseen and unavoidable accident. Although suffering almost unbearable agony, Mr. Johnson calmly declared that he was resigned to his fate, and that he felt the supreme satisfaction of a Christian ready to meet his God. The suffering brother rapidly grew worse on the day after the accident, his death ensuing on the Sunday morning immediately following his terrible injury.

The Masonic Fraternity wisely determined to make no effort at concealment, but to give the fullest possible publicity to the details. This was done; and the statements of the injured brother and reliable Craftsman tended to allay the excitement which at first was most intense. It was explained that the utmost dignity was preserved throughout the ceremony, and that nothing savoring in the slightest of levity or practical joking was permissible. The intelligent community acquit the Fraternity of any special blame.

We have called attention to this lamentable occurrence, which, as we have said, will doubtless be used to the prejudice of the Masonic organization, that we may first of all emphasize the fact that this is the first case of the kind on record. There are one hundred and fifty thousand Royal Arch Masons in the United States and Canada, all of whom have passed through a like ceremony with that which cost the life of Brother Johnson, and as this is the first serious accident, it may well be regarded as exceptional. It may be looked upon, we think, as one of those unfortunate accidents that sometimes occur where there is no thought of danger; nothing of the

kind is likely to occur again, and there is no justification of any attempt to excite ill feeling against the Masonic organization on account of this unexpected casualty.

And yet, as stated at the outset of this article, the sad event has its lessons for Craftsmen. It emphasizes the call that there should always be due care and special attention to the direction of the Masonic ceremonial. Whatever the requirement, there must be no risk to life or limb, and nothing done or called for on the part of the candidate that can possibly be to the injury of his health.

More than this, it becomes a question whether the time has not come to modify the American practice, in some particulars, as regards the working of the Royal Arch Degree. Its lessons and symbolic teachings may all be preserved without exacting the full measure of requirement in a portion of the practical features wherein candidates may sometimes have an unpleasant, though by no means dangerous, experience. We make no argument for a new departure in this or any other method that belongs to the expression of Freemasonry—we but submit the suggestion that

“New occasions teach new duties,  
Time makes ancient good uncouth.”

—*Freemasons Repository.*

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### Fees for the Degrees.

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Brother J. W. Anderson, in reviewing Kentucky, says: “We, too, are opposed to cheap Masonry, but we cannot endorse the views of our brother to the effect that, ‘as a rule, if the fees are high, a better class of men will present themselves for the degrees;’ and that ‘when a man proposes to give one hundred dollars for the Blue Lodge Degrees, he is going to make some investigation to see what great thing this is that proposes to take one hundred dollars before it imparts its secrets and the rights and privileges pertaining thereto.’ Nor do we believe that this is a better way to get a class of thinking men; neither do we believe that when these hundred dollar men have made up their minds that

the degrees are worth a hundred dollars, they have made up their minds to stick closer to the doctrines taught therein than do those of lighter purse. If Bro. Staton will consult his own observation, we think he will conclude that the bone and sinew of our Order is not composed of such parties. Lazarus, we are told, got in where Dives could not. We have very often known it to be the case that rich men would give any price to secure entrance to the Fraternity, in order that they might at least have the show of respectability, which they could not otherwise obtain. Lodges should charge entrance fees and dues commensurate with their needs, and no more. Character should be the real price of admission, and no barrier should be erected at our doors to prevent the admission of men of integrity. Such men form the very substrata upon which all excellence in Lodge or society must be built."

The experience of our somewhat long service in the Order enables us to confirm what Brother Anderson has said. The amount which one is willing to pay for the degrees of Masonry is not at all indicative of his future activity as a Mason. All, or nearly all, of those whose Masonic lives have been active in the work and performance of Masonic duties, were at their initiation unable to pay out of their salary (invested means they had none) the smallest of fees. Twenty dollars equalled all they could save from the salary of two months. Yet they took an interest in Freemasonry from the start and never let it flag, though they may have become wealthy, till old age precluded them from the exercise of their Masonic privileges. On the contrary, few if any of those who, on their initiation, could have paid one hundred dollars for their degrees ever took any further interest in the Institution than to pay their annual dues.

—*J. Q. A. Fellows, of Louisiana.*

In the address of Herman C. Duncan, P. H. G. P. of Louisiana, he says: "I think it would be well for you to consider if the minimum which Chapters are allowed to charge for degrees is not too

large an amount. It is double that required to be charged by the General Grand Chapter by the Chapters under its immediate control. It is larger than that charged in adjoining jurisdictions, according to my information. The argument that Masonry should make itself exclusive by large charges, even if a good one, is not, it seems to me, to be applied in the Chapter. Place all your barriers of this class at the door of the ground floor, but thereafter impede with pecuniary obstacles the searchers after truth as little as possible. Beyond that door there is a difference; within, the smith from the forge has an equal right with majesty. Within the Lodge we have an equality, not of wordly accumulations, but of man with man. Our theory is that he rises most who grows the most in knowledge, but our practice hampers growth in knowledge unless the student be a man of means. I believe the attainment of the higher ranks in Masonry should be an evidence of an accumulation of knowledge and not of pecuniary ability. I shall never forget the mental nausea I once experienced in witnessing a wealthy ignoramus receive the honors of a Knight Templar. And in this connection I suggest for your consideration the propriety of requiring candidates to prove their proficiency in all preceding degrees before advancement to another."

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### A Daughter Worth Having.

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Two gentlemen, friends who had been parted for several years, met in a crowded city street. The one who lived in the city was on his way to meet a pressing business engagement. After a few expressions of delight, he said: "Well, I'm off. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I will look for you to-morrow at dinner. Remember, two o'clock sharp. I want you to see my wife and child."

"Only one child?" asked the other.

"Only one," came the answer, tenderly; "a daughter. But she's a darling."

And they parted, the stranger in the city getting into the street car for the

park. After a block or two, a group of five girls entered the car; they all evidently belonged to families of wealth; they conversed well. Each carried a very elaborately decorated lunch basket; each was well dressed. They, too, were going to the park for a picnic. They seemed happy and amiable until the car again stopped, this time letting in a pale-faced girl of about eleven and a sick boy of four. These children were shabbily dressed, and on their faces were looks of distress. They, too, were on their way to the park. The gentleman thought so; so did the group of girls, for he heard them say, with a look of disdain:

"I suppose those ragamuffins are on an excursion, too!" "I shouldn't like to leave home if I had to look like that; would you?" This to another girl.

"No, indeed, but there is no accounting for tastes. I think there ought to be a special line of cars for the lower classes."

All this was spoken in a low tone, but the gentleman heard it. Had the child, too? He glanced at the pale face and saw tears. He was angry. Just then the exclamation, "Why, there is Netty! wonder where she is going?" caused him to look out upon the corner where a sweet faced young girl stood beckoning to the car-driver. When she entered the car she was warmly greeted by the five, and they made room for her beside them. They were profuse in exclamations and questions.

"Where are you going?" asked one.

"Oh, what lovely flowers! Whom are they for?" said another.

"I'm on my way to Belle Clark's. She is sick, you know, and the flowers are for her." She answered both questions at once, and then glanced toward the door of the car, saw the pale girl looking wistfully at her. She smiled at the child, a tender look beaming from her beautiful eyes, and then forgetting she wore a handsome velvet skirt and costly locket, and that her shapely hands were covered with well-fitted gloves, she left her seat and crossed over to the little one. She laid her hand on the boy's thin cheeks as she asked of his sister,

"This little boy is sick, is he not—he is your brother, I am sure."

It seemed hard for the girl to answer, but finally she said: "Yes, miss, he is sick. Freddie has never been well. Yes, miss, he is my brother. We're going to the park to see if it won't make Freddy better."

"I am glad you are going," the young girl replied in a low voice, meant for no one's ears but those of the child. "I think it will do him good; it's lovely there, with the flowers all in bloom. But where is your lunch? You ought to have a lunch after so long a ride."

Over the little girl's face came a flush. "Yes, miss; we ought to, for Freddie's sake; but you see, we didn't have any lunch to bring. Tim (he's our brother) he saved these pennies so as Freddie could ride to the park and back. I guess, mebbe, Freddie'll forget about being hungry when he gets to the park."

There were tears in the lovely girl's eyes as she listened; and very soon she asked the girl where she lived, and wrote the address down in a tablet which she took from a bag on her arm. After riding a few blocks she left the car, but she had not left the little ones comfortless. Half the bouquet of violets and hyacinths were clasped in the sister's hand, while the sick boy, with radiant face, held in his hand a package, from which he helped himself now and then, saying to his sister in a jubilant whisper:

"She said we could eat 'em all, every one, when we got to the park. What made her so good and sweet to us?"

And the little girl whispered back: "It's cause she's beautiful as well as her clothes."

When the park was reached, the five girls hurried out. Then the gentleman lifted the little boy in his arms and carried him out of the car across the road into the park, the sister, with a heart full of gratitude, following. He paid for a nice ride for them in the goat-carriage; he treated them to oyster soup at the park restaurant.

At two o'clock sharp the next day the two gentlemen, as agreed, met again. "This is my wife," the host said, proudly,

introducing a comely lady; "and this," as a young lady of fifteen entered the parlor, "is my daughter."

"Ah," said the guest, as he extended his hand in cordial greeting, "this is the dear girl whom I saw yesterday on the street car. I don't wonder you call her a darling. She is a darling, and no mistake. God bless her!!" And then he told his friends what he had seen and heard in the horse-car.

—*New York Evangelist.*

### Duty to the Lodge.

In these days, when so many Masons are running after high degrees, it is pre-eminently necessary that members of Lodges should exert themselves to keep alive the interest of the Craft in their real Masonic homes. Too little attention is too often paid to the pure and beautiful symbolism of Ancient Craft or Symbolic Masonry. In some cases the work is slovenly done; in others there is a coldness about the ceremonial—a formality that leaves no impression, or if any, an unfavorable one upon the mind of the candidate.

There is no language more beautiful, no ceremonial more sublime, no esoteric conception more pregnant with holy thought and divine precept, than that inculcated, taught, illustrated and symbolized in "the tragedy." The treacherous blow, the unswerving fidelity, the death and the resurrection, convey a lesson that can never be forgotten.

It is true it is not complete, but that is remedied by subsequent study in the Royal Arch and the higher degrees. Still, the student of our mysteries should not rush on to the neglect of his duties to the Lodge. Let him first master them, and when perfect, advance.

Let brethren then strive to build up their Lodges—make them truly Masonic homes for themselves and their visitors. Let them not forget that the first three degrees are the Masonry for which our fathers fought, suffered and in many instances, died a martyr's death. It is a glorious heritage, handed down to us by those who grew old "in God's service."

Let us emulate them, and strive to become masters of our Royal Art.

Always recollect, brethren, that high degreeism is second to Symbolic Masonry; that parades, showy uniforms, handsome jewels, high-sounding titles and mystic numbers are naught, without a thorough ground work, and that can only be obtained in the Lodge.

—*Freemasons' Chronicle.*

### The Sign of Distress.

'Twas a wild, dreary night, in cheerless December;  
'Twas a night only lit by a meteor's gleam;  
'Twas a night, of that night I distinctly remember,  
That my soul journeyed forth on the wings of a dream;  
That dream found me happy, by tried friends surrounded,  
Enjoying with rapture the comforts of wealth;  
My cup overflowing with blessings unbounded,  
My heart fully charged from the fountains of health.

That dream left me wretched, by friendship forsaken,  
Dejected, despairing, and wrapt in dismay;  
By poverty, sickness, and ruin o'ertaken,  
To every temptation and passion a prey;  
Devoid of an end or an aim, I then wandered  
O'er highway and by-way and lone wilderness;  
On the past and the present and future I pondered,  
But pride bade me tender no sign of distress.

In frenzy the wine cup I instantly quaffed at,  
And habit and time made me quaff to excess;  
But heated by wine, like a madman, I laughed at  
The thought of e'er giving the sign of distress.  
But wine sank me lower by lying pretenses,  
It tattered my raiment and furrowed my face,  
It palsied my sinews and pilfered my senses,  
And forced me to proffer a sign of distress.

I reeled to a chapel, where churchmen were kneeling,  
And asking their Saviour poor sinners to bless;  
My claim I presented—the door of that chapel  
Was slammed in my face at the sign of distress.  
I strolled to the priest, to the servant of Heaven,  
And sued for relief with wild eagerness;  
He prayed that my sins might at last be forgiven,  
And thought he had answered my sign of distress.

I staggered at last to the home of my mother,  
Believing my prayers there would meet with success;  
But father and mother, and sister and brother,  
Disowned me and taunted my sign of distress.  
I lay down to die; a stranger drew nigh me,  
A spotless white lambskin adorning his dress;  
My eye caught the emblem, and ere he passed by me,  
I gave, as before, the sign of distress.

With god-like emotions that messenger hastens  
To grasp me, and whisper, "My brother, I bless  
The hour of my life when I learned of the Masons  
To give and to answer your sign of distress."  
Let a sign of distress by a Craftsman be given,  
And though priceless to me is eternity's bliss,  
May my name never enter the records of Heaven  
Should I fail to acknowledge that sign of distress.

If our churches were closed to-morrow  
Christianity would still live, as Masonry  
holds the great fundamental principles,  
and Masonry cannot die. \* \*

Drunkenness, profanity and gambling  
are as contrary to the Masonic ritual as  
they are to the discipline of the Metho-  
dist church.—*Rev. D. E. Brownell.*



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### Tendency of Masonic Regulations.

That the tendency of Masonic laws and regulations are gravitating toward the character of those of the host of fraternal organizations which have sprung up in competition with this old Institution, is not to be gainsayed. It was once believed that when a man had partaken of the mysterious secrets of Masonry, that there was no absolution from its duties or its rights and privileges—that nothing but death would end the obligations each brother owed to the other, or the friendship and love which would be extended to the unfortunate and distressed, his widow and orphans, in their time of destitution and need of sympathy. Such we believed before our initiation, and such we were taught in its ritual and ceremonies. How strange the metamorphosis it is undergoing, struggling against it as hard as loving hearts and willing hands of true Masons may to resist the encroachments of the sordid sentiment which seems to be gaining the ascendancy. We see a worthy brother of fourscore years refused his request for burial by our ceremonies, after a half century of activity in its membership, because he had become non-affiliated previous to his decease. We see another brother, who, for a quarter of a century had been honored by the Fraternity and his State, refused a like request, because of the paltry expense to the Craft, and even when that expense was offered to be borne by friends not members of the Fraternity. We see brethren refused the aid and assistance promised and necessary to existence, because receipts for dues to their Lodges were not forthcoming at the moment, or were perhaps more than twelve months

old, or they were members of Lodges in which no dues were required. We see brethren in good standing in their own Lodge and State jurisdiction, when traveling in distant lands, desiring to visit, turned away from the door of the Lodge upon replying to only one question, "What is the date of the receipt for your dues?" ignoring every right of and duty to the brother for this supreme qualification. We see a brother refused the sacred right of visitation, and the compliance of his request postponed a week in order to ascertain if he was made in a regular Lodge. We see Brethren discouraged from applying for membership in some Lodges for fear of rejection, because encroachments may be made upon the accumulated funds of the Lodge by reason of the age and the financial standing of the applicant, as if the fund were not contributed for charity but for establishing a permanent fund for investment or banking capital.

In view of the immense drafts upon the purses of the Fraternity on this Coast, perhaps this tendency of Masonic regulations may be justified or extenuated, but is it not well to pause a little and consider whether such regulations are not a departure from the *spirit* of the teachings of Masonry, and to seek for some other remedy for the wrongs to which we are subjected.

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### Symbolic vs. Higher Degrees.

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In the discussion about "higher" degrees, particularly the Scottish Rite, the views of individual members of our Fraternity appear to be biased sometimes by their relation to the different Bodies. For instance, Brother John D. Vincil, the Grand Secretary of Missouri and Committee on Correspondence, in reviewing the address of Grand Master Kimball of Colorado, alludes to the Cerneau schism and the duty of non-interference by Symbolic Bodies in the decision of legitimacy. He quotes from Bro. Pike, as "*the highest authority* of the Scottish Rite in the country," but does *not* accept his conclusions. He argues against this statement that the Scottish

Rite has waived "jurisdiction over the Symbolic Degrees," deducing therefrom that the Scottish Rite once possessed it, saying it could again assume it if necessity required, and asks who is to judge of the necessity of such reassumption of rights waived and when it may be so reassumed. Brother Vincil does not allude to the validity of the claims of the *Cerneau* faction set up, and which are the *cause* of all the controversy, but aims his battery at the *legitimate* or *Southern* Masonic Jurisdiction, which was first in occupancy of the jurisdiction of Missouri, and which found the Grand Lodge of Missouri on the territory to which it came and courteously "waived" its rights to establish Blue Lodges which it exercises in other territory not previously occupied, and as would be expected if the York Rite should establish itself in countries where the Scottish Rite prevails. We doubt not the Symbolic Degrees would in such case be conceded to the Rite first in possession of the territory, without the other incurring the suspicion of contemplated treachery on the part of the Rite which entered territory already occupied by another. There could be no advantage in competition for a large number would thereby be virtually debarred from becoming members. The relations of the York and Scottish Rites resolve itself down to a business proposition with both Rites, as Freemasonry is now organized. Nothing can be gained by antagonism. The question of legitimacy only has a place in the controversy. Brother Vincil confesses his ignorance of the Scottish Rite and cares for nothing except the Symbolic Body. *That* is sufficient for him. All cannot see through his spectacles. We admire some positions taken by him, but being both a York Rite and a Scottish Rite Mason, we believe whereof we speak, and disclaim all sinister intentions against the York Rite or the great Symbolic Body, in asking the latter, of which every member of both York and Scottish Rites *must* be a member in good and regular standing, to define and determine whether a Scottish Rite Body, which has been in harmony with it and

in joint occupancy with all the bodies of the York Rite for many years, shall, without its uttering a protest, be supplanted by a body *not* in harmony with it or any other jurisdiction, simply because of prejudice or lack of sympathy with "higher" degrees. The Scottish Rite Masons in this country are all Blue Masons of the York Rite, and will not be placed in a false position without protest. Their allegiance is first to the Blue Lodge, and beyond that many know no difference in their allegiance to either the York or Scottish Rite, as both have equal claims on them. As Bro. Vincil confesses his ignorance of the "higher" degrees except what he learned from that "lengthy lecture by one of the teachers of this (that) school of so-called Masonry," we recommend that he learn more of what he is talking about—about what he confesses he knows nothing. We cannot understand the propriety of one discussing a subject about which he says he knows nothing. For his enlightenment upon one phase of the matter we would refer him to Dr. Taylor's (of Louisville) statement of the influence of Cerneauism upon the Symbolic Body.

If Brother Vincil has no use for "highriteism," he should let it alone, unless it interferes with the Symbolic Body, as Dr. Taylor says Cerneauism does, and when it does that, he should oppose it. But we believe Symbolic Masonry owes something to *regular* and *legitimate* "higher" degrees of both Rites—at least sympathy in time of trouble, and this the Scottish Rite is receiving as the months roll by.

Minnesota and New Jersey spoke last.

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#### "The Right of Opinion."

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"It is not given to all to see and understand alike." No two persons in the world can view a landscape or painting with the same feeling or emotions. No principle proposed or action had will receive *universal* commendation or *general* condemnation. As men, and even Masons, are constituted, neither result is to be expected. And it would seem that where disagreement exists, that "the

right of opinion" should obtain, and that the privilege of its expression upon matters of public or fraternal policy should not be restricted. In the matter of the interference of the Great Symbolic Body with spurious, irregular and clandestine bodies, which are seeking to attach themselves to, or become recognized by, the Symbolic Bodies, we have not hesitated or halted in expressing our opinion, and where we differed with others, have asked for more light for the faith that was in *them*. Toward one contemporary, whose editor is bound, if possible, by stronger ties to all the legitimate, regular and recognized Masonic Bodies existing in the civilized world, we have had our attention attracted by, *to us*, an unexplainable opposition to the interference of the only power competent, *or even supposed to be competent*, to forever and at once settle the matter beyond dispute. Wherever such power has been exerted, it has not thus far failed in adjudication, and one by one the various Masonic jurisdictions are feeling the necessity of such action.

The opinion is gaining strength that wherever the necessity for action arises, that such action is the *only remedy*. As State after State has decided adversely to spurious bodies, we have commented on such action. Several contemporaries have opposed any interference by the Symbolic Bodies as injudicious and impolitic. The end is not yet, to be sure, but only the abstract idea of ignorance about such illegitimate bodies as seek to attach themselves, like barnacles to a ship's bottom, is urged against interference. We "often prate of Masonic charity and brotherly love," and quote the "pratings" of others, sometimes of our esteemed contemporaries, who differ with us on this matter. But we cannot concede to them that we are to be denied the privilege or authority accorded us on a certain occasion, to correct the irregularities of a brother, if we, in our human judgment, believe them to be in error. One contemporary feels very tender because we have thus presumed to question the cause of its action, and even scolds us severely for such interference with *his* right of opinion. We do not desire to

abridge any one's right of opinion; it is only one's *action* we would ask the reason for, and if not given, or is evaded, we only express our own individual sentiments in the mildest and most direct language we *can* use, that there is something hidden we cannot see or understand, and to use a common phrase, there may be "a cat under the meal or an *undue* sympathy which *may* develop into the overt act" of opposition to the cause they should maintain. We deny that our language was slanderous, but admit if *we* had uttered the sentiments of the *Masonic Advocate* on the subject of the right of Grand Lodge interference with spurious Bodies, we should be justly looked upon with at least a small degree of suspicion, and if our motives were not directly impugned, we should be suspected most charitably as possible of an "undue sympathy" with the cause of our Cerneau schismatic brethren. We disclaim any intention of "slander" or "censure," or to "misjudge." The facts show for themselves. For the *Advocate* and Brother Rice, its editor, we have for years had the utmost respect, and it is only upon this matter that we believe he is materially in error. We make no special claim to talent in our vocation, but the "premonitions" visible to our contemporary, we suspect, are the result of a prejudiced imagination. We esteem our contemporary and accord him "the right of opinion," and its full expression, but must claim the same for ourselves.

This is all we have to say about it.

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#### New Jersey Charity Fund.

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In the address of M. W. Bro. Charles H. Mann, at the 103d annual communication of the Grand Lodge of New Jersey, we find the following extract, of interest to California Masons:

"In October, I received a communication from the Masonic Board of Relief of San Francisco, California, stating that they were relieving the wants of and caring for a member of one of our Lodges. Enclosed with the communication was a copy of correspondence with the Lodge, from which I learned the following facts:

The Brother removed to California for the benefit of his health; and, previous to leaving home, had received assistance from his Lodge and the Masonic Board of Relief of New York, and from the latter a letter of introduction or recommendation to Masonic authorities in San Francisco. It was the intention of the Brother to obtain some light employment in the West; but, upon arriving at his destination, he was too ill to work and was forced to seek aid from the brethren of California. The Masonic Board of Relief of San Francisco wrote to the Lodge of which the Brother is a member, stating the amount they had expended; and asked the Lodge to reimburse them and contribute towards his support in the future.

“To this appeal the Lodge replied, ‘that its treasury, after deducting necessary amounts for expenses, would be empty; that its members (at least those who took any interest in the Lodge) were poor, and it would be impossible to render any further assistance to the Brother. To an inquiry, made by myself of the Worshipful Master, the same reply, virtually, was rendered.

“Can you imagine a worse condition for a Lodge, or more humiliating position for a Brother to be placed in, than this? Thousands of miles from home; alone, ill, unable to help himself; his own Lodge, from which he had a right to expect assistance at such a time, utterly unable, owing to the poverty of its members, to aid him, and he forced to accept of charity which was given with the expectation that it would be returned.

“The present Charity Fund of the Grand Lodge was created from the balance remaining from subscriptions which has been made by the Lodges in aid of suffering brethren of a sister Grand Jurisdiction added to two hundred dollars remaining of the McKissack Fund. As I understand it, this charity fund was not established for the purpose of drawing upon for the relief of individual cases such as I have reported, but rather for the relief of distressed communities. Although not feeling wholly warranted in drawing from the General Fund of the

Grand Lodge for such a purpose, yet, as the case was urgent and the reputation of the Craft in New Jersey was in a measure at stake, I drew one hundred dollars from the General Fund and forwarded it to the Most Worshipful Grand Master of California, with the request for him to place it in the hands of the Masonic Board of Relief.

“Under date of January 7th, the Masonic Board of Relief acknowledge receipt of the money, and state that they have expended to date, in this case, one hundred and forty-two dollars and fifty cents, and that they are allowing the Brother seven dollars and fifty cents per week.

“It is for the Grand Lodge to determine whether the one hundred dollars already contributed, and such amounts as it may be necessary to send in the future for this object, are chargeable to the Charity Fund as now constituted.

“Instances similar to this are likely to arise at any time. Lodges may, through a series of misfortune, become too poor to help their indigent brethren; and, to render aid in such cases, a Grand Lodge Charity Fund should be immediately established. I would, therefore, recommend that a committee of five be appointed, to formulate plans for the establishment of such a fund, with instructions to report at this communication.”

We do not find that any action upon the subject was taken by that Grand Lodge, but it is a sad commentary upon the quality of Eastern Masonry which permits them to make Masons and assess dues which compels their Lodges to confess such poverty that they cannot even take care of their own distressed members, and allow them to be thrown upon the charity of Lodges already overburdened with their own responsibilities, located in a new and comparatively unsettled country. The dues of members in New Jersey, we understand, are \$3.00 a year. On this Coast the minimum is \$6.00, and the dues in San Francisco Lodges, with one exception, are \$12.00 and \$15.00 a year. The Grand Lodge of California contributes for the support of the Boards of Relief, for *strange brethren only*, about \$8,000 per year in addi-

tion. Why should not New Jersey, with its list of members nearly equaling that of California, and in an older and richer community, at least take care of its own members. New Jersey, however, is not alone in debt to California. Many other States stand in the same position toward this Coast. It is about time that the cardinal virtue of justice should prevail. We know of no effectual remedy except through the establishment of a National Body where an equalization of burdens can be obtained. Of course Eastern Jurisdictions will oppose it.

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### Ballotings and Fees for Affiliation.

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*Question.*—A Brother applied for membership in our Lodge on dimit and was rejected. Can a motion be entertained at our next stated meeting, one month later, to take another ballot on this petition for membership?

*Answer.*—No. That petition is “dead as a door-nail,” so to speak, and no further action can be taken on it. If the Brother desires to petition again at the next stated meeting, he may do so, but the petition must be referred to a committee and lie over one month, when the ballot can be taken again.

*Q.*—A Brother moved within the jurisdiction of our Lodge, bringing with him a dimit from the Lodge at his former place of residence, and on his petition for membership in the Lodge was rejected. He is a reputable physician, is a man of excellent character, and has been a Mason in good standing for thirty-five years. Now what remedy is there in his case?

*A.*—There is no remedy so far as your Lodge is concerned. If he wishes to petition it again for membership he can do so, or he may petition any other Lodge that he may select. His rejection does not affect his standing as a Mason, but simply indicates that one or more members of your Lodge, for some cause, did not desire him to become a member of it. The secrecy of the ballot does not permit any investigation in such case.

The preceding questions and answers appear in the *Masonic Advocate*, and pre-

sent the usual practice in all jurisdictions, we think. With our understanding of the cardinal virtue of justice, we would say that the only Masonic and charitable remedy for the evil complained of is to abolish all fees and balloting on applications for membership when accompanied with a dimit. Also, that no dimit shall be granted unless containing the recommendation of the Lodge, and also such dimit shall be granted without ballot, unless charges are pending against the brother, and shall be accepted as proof of his worthiness beyond any dispute, thus proving the universality of Masonry.

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### Extravagance.

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The following ridiculous story is printed in some Masonic and profane periodicals. Though our brethren in California are generous and hospitable to the most liberal extent, no such extravagance as this is truly chargeable to them, and to the Sir Knights included in this story it is most laughable. While their charities exceed those of any and all other American jurisdictions and are never begrudged to the needy in good standing from all over the world, we *know* there is *no truth* in *any* part of the statement:

“Uniforms ordinarily spoken of as gorgeous, fade into insignificance when compared to those worn by a body of Knights Templar from California, in the recent display at Washington. They are estimated to be worth \$2,000 each. The use of diamonds and other precious stones in sword hilts, cap ornaments, etc., are the principal expense. They brought their own black chargers from the Pacific coast with them, and yet there was not one youthful face among them. They were gray haired and bearded, evidently millionaires. Each man was accompanied by a groom and valet.” Such show and display are unmasonic and anti-templar. The sublime lessons of the orders of Templary and of Masonry are misrepresented by such extravagance. The enormous outlay for diamonds and black chargers, brought 4,000 miles with grooms and valets, would wipe away many a sorrowing Mason's poverty and

put bread into the mouths of hungry orphans."—*Illinois Freemason.*

### New Masonic Temple.

A meeting of the committee appointed by the General Committee of the conference to decide as to the erection of a new Masonic Temple, was held 21st inst., in St. John's Hall, in the Masonic Temple, this city. B. P. Flint presided and H. T. Graves acted as Secretary. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

*First.*—That the erection of a new Masonic Temple be commenced at the earliest possible date.

*Second.*—That a corporation be formed for that purpose, with a capital stock of \$1,500,000, divided into 75,000 shares, at a par value of \$20 per share.

*Third.*—That the corporate name should be "Masonic Temple Association."

*Fourth.*—That the number of Directors should be thirty.

*Fifth.*—That the Board of Directors should hold office until the second Tuesday in January, 1891.

*Sixth.*—That the Chairman of the General Committee be named as Chairman of the Board of Directors.

*Seventh.*—That the following-named brethren be requested to act as Directors on behalf of the several Masonic bodies:

Asa R. Wells, for California Lodge, No. 1.  
 F. P. Masson, for La Parfaite Union Lodge, No. 17.  
 F. J. French, for Occidental Lodge, No. 22.  
 W. S. Phelps, for Golden Gate Lodge, No. 30.  
 F. W. Van Sicklen, for Mount Moriah Lodge, No. 44.  
 Mendel Esberg, for Fidelity Lodge, No. 120.  
 H. J. Saddler, for Hermann Lodge, No. 127.  
 James H. Jennings, for Pacific Lodge, No. 136.  
 H. N. Tilden, for Crockett Lodge, No. 139.  
 C. P. Robinson, for Oriental Lodge, No. 144.  
 Aaron Doud, for Excelsior Lodge, No. 166.  
 Columbus Waterhouse, for Mission Lodge, No. 169.  
 ———, for South San Francisco Lodge, No. 212.  
 August Drucker, for Doric Lodge, No. 216.  
 Antonio Daneri, for Speranza Italiana Lodge, No. 219.  
 John I. Sabin, for King Solomon's Lodge, No. 260.  
 W. G. Winter, for San Francisco Chapter, No. 1.  
 John Center, for California Chapter, No. 5.  
 Chas. F. Crocker, for California Commandery, No. 1.  
 Jas. G. Walker, for Golden Gate Commandery, No. 16.  
 H. T. Graves, for California Council, R. & S. M.  
 John Hammond, for Yerba Buena Lodge of Perfection.  
 S. M. Levy, for the Grand Consistory.  
 Chas. L. Field, for Islam Temple, A. A. O., N. M. S.  
 E. V. Hathaway, for the Masonic Hall Association.  
 Geo. C. Perkins, for the Grand Lodge of California.  
 Edw'd Coleman, for the Grand Chapter of California.  
 R. H. Lloyd, for the Grand Commandery of California.  
 B. P. Flint, F. W. Sumner and A. Powell, for the Fraternity-at-large.

It was decided that the first business of importance was the incorporation of the new Masonic Temple Association, and articles of incorporation were ordered drawn up immediately and filed.

The question of a suitable site and other details, were left in the hands of the Directors, and will be considered at a future meeting, to be called by the Chairman. It was, however, the sense of the meeting that there should be no delay in forwarding the object of the incorporation.—*Call.*

### An Arab Banquet.

A "typically Oriental" banquet and entertainment, the only rite of Masonry in which ladies are allowed to participate, was given 20th inst., by Islam Temple, Ancient Arabic Order, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, at the Nobles' Oasis, 131 Post street, Golden Gate Commandery, No. 16, Knights Templar Asylum. It was one of those affairs which, although most enjoyable and successful, was enriched in snap and mirth by a quaint succession of novel and surprising events for Western civilization.

To begin with, the programme, menu and invitations, designed by Victor D. Duboce, Katib (or Secretary) of the Shrine, were extremely amusing in original ideas and comical fancies of the artist and author. On the back page is a Noble, seated on the cool sands of an oasis, in happy contemplation of an enormous pie on his knees. But his reverie is rudely disturbed by a wandering elephant, and

Said this Arab man, really, now why  
 Should my elephant share in my pie?  
 But the quadruped thought  
 It was time he was taugt,  
 So proceeded to blow him sky-high.

The Arab man is seen in a second sketch in fragments, going on his upward journey. And this is termed an Oriental banquet. Then the prevailing sentiment was seasoned so highly with jest, as the Nobles remarked, and the toasts were so cheerful, that there was a peculiar charm about the Moslem merry-making.

The Shrine is the social degree in Masonry, and is composed only of Knights Templar, or 32d° Scottish Rite Masons.

Commandery Hall was decorated with American flags and Islam Temple banners, Knights Templar banners and beautsants. The Shriners were in evening dress and wore fez caps and jewels, as is customary on such occasions. The hall was densely crowded when the following entertainment began, under the auspices of the Chanters Al Koran:

- Male quartet, "The Four Jolly Shriners" . . . . . Truhn  
Nawbatti, Geena, Mughanni, Muunshid.  
Song, "Arab's Love Song" . . . . . Millard  
Noble Carl Bergstein.  
Solo Violin, "Elegie" . . . . . Ernst  
Mme. Camilla Urso.  
Song, "Serenade Espanol" . . . . . Burgmuller  
Mrs. Marriner-Campbell.  
Romanza, "Stars of the Summer Night" (words  
by Longfellow) . . . . . Tours  
Noble Samuel D. Mayer.  
Song, "Let Me Love Thee" . . . . . Arditi  
Miss Jeannette Wilcox.  
Serenade, "When in Thy Dreams Thou Sayest"  
Noble J. G. Baston (with quartet accompaniment.)  
Solo violin, "Airs Russes" . . . . . Wieniawski  
Mme. Camilla Urso.  
Song, "My Queen" . . . . . Blumenthal  
Noble W. H. Daniell.  
Duet, "I Know a Bank" (old English) . . . . . Horn  
Mrs. Marriner-Campbell and Miss Wilcox.  
Song, "Life" . . . . . Blumenthal  
Noble W. C. Campbell.  
Male quartet, "Lovely Night" . . . . . Chwatal  
Nawbatti, Geena, Mughanni, Muunshid.

The chanters were: Nobles Samuel D. Mayer, Walter C. Campbell, Joseph G. Baston, Wm. H. Daniel, V. D. Duboce and C. L. Field. Mrs. W. J. Younger was pianist, and very ably accompanied the various numbers. Applause by the delighted audience, who had grown more enthusiastic as the excellent programme proceeded, punctuated the various numbers. Encores were given, and the participants honored by repeated ovations.

At the close the guests sat down with Nobles at a grand banquet in the banquet hall. Three long tables were spread with delicious dishes and a magnificent feast, while palms, ferns, cut flowers and floral baskets, decorated them and exhaled a delicate fragrance over all.

It had been announced on the menu that the banquet would consist of "Bread and Salt," "Dates," "Manna," "Millet," "Lentils" and "Zem Zem Waters;" that "the fruits will hang low, the hungry shall be fed." All this was probably an Oriental way of stating that the daintiest courses would be laid before each banqueter, and be accompanied by champagne. At least such was the banquet.

Noble C. L. Field presided over the festive party.

The three principal toasts or sentiments were:

"ISLAM TEMPLE"

A vision of the Orient,  
Beneath the Crescent's glittering light,  
Like strangers in the Arab's tent,  
Our guests we welcome here to-night.

"THE LADIES."

A cheerful smile on every face  
While seated round us near,  
Our ladies fair, our hearts' delight,  
Our loved ones, all so dear.

"HOT SANDS."

We know you've thought it many a time,  
"I wonder what they do  
At the meetings of the Mystic Shrine,  
When they put the novice through."

They were responded to by Nobles Charles L. Field, G. P.; Franklin H. Day, P. G. P., and George T. Bromley respectively.

The impromptu toasts were responded to by Nobles B. P. Flint, A. R.; Hiram T. Graves, C. R.; Dr. C. G. Kenyon, P. P.; Dr. R. Beverley Cole, Reuben H. Lloyd, P. P.; Dr. Jas. Simpson, Colonel C. Fred Crocker, John H. Gray, P.; Victor D. Duboce, R.; Thos. D. Rordan.—*Call.*

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The Mystic Shrine.

The annual session of the Imperial Council, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, will be holden at San Francisco, August 7th, 1890. Islam Temple, as host, announces the following committees:

Executive Committee.—C. L. Field, Chairman; V. D. Duboce, Sec'y; B. P. Flint, F. H. Day, H. T. Graves, T. H. Goodman, C. G. Kenyon, F. W. Sumner, John T. Cutting, F. M. Cartan, S. D. Mayer.

Finance Committee.—B. P. Flint, Chairman; C. F. Crocker, Asa R. Wells, Wm. Center, Columbus Waterhouse, J. Z. Davis, J. K. C. Hobbs, R. Beverly Cole, A. W. Starbird, John F. Merrill, Louis Glass, F. J. French, E. W. Newhall, A. W. Foster, James Simpson, C. F. Bassett, H. B. Hunt, J. G. Walker, G. L. Ains, M. A. Wheaton, A. W. Scott, C. L. Patton, Thos. Price, I. A. Fargo, Chas. Jost, Peter Dean, W. H. Crocker, Paul Breon, E. J. Gregory, W. Frank Pierce, N. W. Spaulding, D. E. Hayes, Thos. Flint, Jr., H. H. Knapp, Henry Kohler, J. W. Eckley, P. B. Ellis, Warren Sexton, J. S. Potts, Thos. Horton, H. O. Weller, A. T. Hatch, Chas. H. Wells.

Reception Committee.—F. H. Day, Chairman; Ale Powell, J. H. Gray, W. H. L. Barnes, W. W. Morrow, E. R. Hedges, F. P. Cullen Jen, William Vanderhurst, Thomas Flint, A. W. Baldwin, C. E. Blake, A. L. Fitzgerald, Henry Edwards, Geo. Spaulding, J. H. Hatch, C. D. Pierce, G. L. Spear, C. S. Wright, J. R. Fargo, W. A. Robertson, Henry Ruffe, G. L. Gould, George C. Hickox, Geo. R. Armstrong, T. J. Parsons, M. A. Dorr, C. F. Brown, A. B. Von Wefelsburg, H. H. Ellis, J. H. Mentz.

Hotel Committee.—H. T. Graves, Chairman; C. D. Bunker, John Hammond, C. S. Benedict, W. G. Dodd, J. K. Firth, W. R. Jones, S. H. Seymour, J. H. Culver.

Parade Committee.—F. W. Sumner, Chairman; R. H. Lloyd, Geo. T. Metcalf, S. W. Backus, W. D. Knights, William Edwards, R. P. Hammond, Jr., C. F. Burnham, J. M. Litchfield, C. C. Coleman, C. G. Young, R. W. Burtis, W. H. Heuer.

Excursion Committee.—C. G. Kenyon, Chairman; Geo. C. Perkins, T. J. Bass, W. H. Dimond, J. G. Wall, C. R. Steiger, E. H. Hanson, H. M. Fiske, C. P. Chesley, H. A. Brown, W. E. Bridge, Charles Jost, Jr., T. B. DeWitt, P. L. Crovat, L. E. Spear.

Transportation Committee.—T. H. Goodman, Chairman; J. A. Fillmore, Timothy Hopkins, J. B. Wright, Charles E. Green.

Ball Committee.—John T. Cutting, Chairman; A. F. Price, J. N. E. Wilson, B. F. Garratt, Thomas Morffew, H. J. Crocker, H. C. Bunker, J. M. Curtis, Robert McMillan, W. B. Miller, W. H. Crim, A. F. Jones, W. G. Winter, L. A. Spitzer, C. R. Gritman, Z. T. Gilpin, G. S. Gilbert, J. W. Lucus, J. H. Whitham, B. M. Gunn, C. H. E. Hardin, H. W. Wright, D. E. Walker, Frank Zook, G. E. Sheldon, Wm. J. Smith, R. S. Moore, Wm. McAfee.

Banquet Committee.—F. M. Cartan, Chairman; Geo. T. Bromley, W. G. Stafford, M. Godley, G. H. Thompson, J. G. Edmondson, E. H. Morgan, Anton Kreig, Jeff E. Doolittle.

Music Committee.—S. D. Mayer, Chairman; W. C. Campbell, J. G. Baston, W. H. Daniel, R. T. Kimball, M. Russell, W. J. Younger.

Printing and Invitations.—V. D. Duboce.

The Executive Committee will meet at Golden Gate Asylum, 131 Post street, on the first Wednesday evening of each month, at 8 o'clock, to receive the reports of other committees and transact all business appertaining to the comfort and entertainment of our illustrious visitors.

Preparations are being made in every Temple in the United States to visit our Oasis, as they well know that "Islam" extends her greeting to every Noble of the Mystic Shrine, and invites them all to be present and partake of her hospitalities on this auspicious occasion.

We say unto them: "He who crosseth the Desert to visit Islam shall inherit the Earth." The sands are heating.

### Change of Heart.

The *Voice of Masonry* rests uneasily under our strictures and cannot resist saying a word about THE TRESTLE BOARD occasionally, with its usual fairness. We notice, however, an improvement in its tone upon the subject of Grand Lodge interference with spurious Masonry, but we would be vain, indeed, to attribute the change to anything we have said. We attribute it to the signs of the times. The following, in the March issue, evidences a slight "change of heart." The "hand-writing on the wall" is becoming visible in Illinois. We quote:

"The death-knell of Cerneauism has

been sounded. Its case is hopeless, and soon it will sink into oblivion."

"The legitimate Scottish Rite is competent to manage its own affairs, and needs no bolstering by any other bodies. At the same time Grand Lodges are supreme conservators of Masonic peace, and have the right to repress all disturbances of Masonic harmony and unity, whether the bodies or persons creating them do, or do not, propose to confer the three degrees of Ancient Craft Masonry.

### Bro. R. C. Johnson's Bequest.

In the matter of the bequest of Robert C. Johnson, of \$100,000 for charitable and educational purposes in this city, the executors of the will have concluded to divide the bequest as follows:

Episcopal Old Ladies' Home . . . . .	\$3,000
Old Peoples' Home, of San Francisco . . . . .	5,000
Woman's Educational and Industrial Union . . . . .	5,000
Boys' and Girls' Aid Society . . . . .	4,000
Associated Charities of San Francisco . . . . .	3,000
Golden Gate Kindergarten Association . . . . .	3,000
San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission . . . . .	3,000
St. Luke's Hospital . . . . .	15,000
Exchange for Woman's Work . . . . .	2,000
Pioneer Kindergarten Society of San Francisco . . . . .	5,000
San Francisco Laying-in Hospital and Foundling Asylum . . . . .	5,000
Hospital for Children and Training-School for Nurses . . . . .	5,000
Little Sisters' Infant Shelter . . . . .	4,000
Scandinavian Society . . . . .	1,000
California Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children . . . . .	2,000
To Rev. Joseph Sasia, of the Society of Jesus for Invalid Fathers . . . . .	6,000
Hospital of Incurables . . . . .	6,000
Youth's Directory, 2030 Howard street . . . . .	9,000
Holy Family, Hayes street . . . . .	8,000
Society of St. Vincent de Paul . . . . .	2,000
Technical School, Geary and Gough streets . . . . .	2,000
California Woman's Hospital, Sacramento st. . . . .	2,000

Total . . . . . \$100,000

The executors are the widow, Kate Johnson, E. B. Mastick and George E. Jenkins.

### Editorial Chips.

By the last returns of the Order of the Eastern Star to the Grand Chapter of California, there are 5,554 members, a net increase of 484 in the year. As every Mason *should* be a member, and his female relations are *entitled by relationship* to become members, there ought to be *at least* 50,000 members of the Order in California. With that number, what a power for good it might exert.



A Dispensation has been granted for a new Lodge at Mokelumne Hill, Calaveras County, with fourteen charter members.

A Dispensation has been granted Liberty Lodge, at Santa Clara, with fifteen charter members.

A Dispensation has been granted Redlands Lodge, at Redlands, San Bernardino County, with twenty charter members.

A Dispensation for a Lodge, to be called Ontario Lodge, at Ontario, San Bernardino County, has been issued, with twenty-three members.

A Dispensation has been granted Gila Valley Lodge, at Florence, Arizona.

We have received a copy of the Jubilee Proceedings in New York, April 24th, 1889, containing about 580 pages, with steel portrait of Brother Frank R. Lawrence, P. G. M. It is a fitting testimonial of the joy which that Grand Jurisdiction must feel upon being relieved of the burden of so enormous a debt.

At an assembly of Dunlap Chapter, Rose Croix, held 27th inst., at Portland, Maine, there were *twenty-nine* candidates.

The Grand Chapter, R. A. M., of North Dakota, was constituted at Fargo, January 9th, by M. E. Comp. Theodore S. Parvin, P. G. H. P. of Iowa, as proxy for M. E. Comp. David F. Day, G. G. H. P. of the U. S., with seven constituent Chapters. The following officers were elected: John Davidson, of Bismarck, G. H. P.; Leonard A. Rose, Fargo, D. G. H. P.; Frank Ingalls, Jamestown, G. K.; Leonard W. Gammons, Lisbon, G. S.; Wm. Cresswell, Valley City, G. T.; Thos. J. Wilder, Casselton, G. Sec'y; D. M. Holmes, Grand Forks, G. C. of H.; C. V. Van Duzen, Jamestown, G. P. S.; Roswell W. Knowlton, Fargo, G. R. A. C.; James H. Marshall, Bismarck, G. M. 3d V.; Lafayette J. Fulton, Casselton, G. M. 2d V.; T. M. Ritchie, Grand Forks, G. M. 1st V.; A. B. Herrick, Lisbon, G. G. The first annual convocation of the Grand Chapter of North Dakota will be held at Grand Forks, June 18th next.

We thank Brother R. P. Rickart, Recorder of St. Aldemar Commandery of St. Louis, for a neatly printed copy of a record of the pilgrimage of that Commandery to Washington.

A Masonic Temple is proposed to be erected at Tacoma, Wash.

A Masonic Temple at Selma was contracted for last October, to be completed in April of this year, at a cost of about \$30,000.

In the District of Columbia it is obligatory on every member of a Masonic Lodge present, to vote on every petition coming before that Lodge for action, and the power does not exist in a Master to excuse any brother from his duty at the ballot-box.

A new law against selling liquor to confirmed toppers is now in force in California. Any person who, after receiving notice that a person named in said notice is addicted to the inordinate use of intoxicating liquors, should the person named in said notice be so addicted, shall thereafter, within a period of twelve months, furnish to said person so addicted to the inordinate use of intoxicating liquors, any spirituous liquors, wines or intoxicating or malt liquors, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and punishable by imprisonment in the County Jail not exceeding six months, or by fine not exceeding \$200, or by both such fine or imprisonment. Said notice shall be in writing, and be given by any adult member of the family of said person so addicted to the inordinate use of said intoxicating liquors. The provisions of this act does not prohibit any regularly licensed physician from furnishing or prescribing said liquors in case of sickness.

The Board of Relief of the District of Columbia expended \$175.80 for the relief of applicants during the year ending November 1, 1889.

We are under obligations to Brother Richard Lambert, Grand Recorder of the Grand Council and Grand Commandery of Louisiana, for favors; also to Brother Gil. W. Barnard, of Chicago, for similar favors.

New Jersey Grand Lodge, at its annual communication, January 29th, has pronounced itself against "Cerneauism" in a most emphatic manner.

The fees for conferring the degrees of the Scottish Rite in Freeport, Illinois, are \$20 in the Lodge of Perfection 14°, \$15 in the Council 16°, \$20 in the Chapter 18°, and \$25 in the Consistory—in all \$80 for the degrees from the 4° to the 32° inclusive. The dues are only one dollar a year.

In New York, as we learn, every Mason in good standing is admitted without restraint, and by virtue of that fact, to all meetings of the Eastern Star. On his first visit, however, he is required to assume the general obligation of the Order, which is quite proper. Thus qualified, he is better enabled to perform all his obligations as a Mason. As New York claims the paternity and to be the earliest promoter of the Order, this peculiarity in its regulations has been preserved intact. To this, however, can hardly be attributed the lack of prosperity of the Order in that State. The membership in that jurisdiction is only 2,139, where there should be 200,000. There yet remains in the Eastern States an unfounded prejudice against women becoming members of fraternal organizations.

The Grand Commandery of Ohio has seen proper, in its wisdom, to assert that under the laws of the Grand Encampment of the U. S., "it has the power to grant a charter for a new Commandery, on a petition of Sir Knights, if they deem it advisable, without the recommendation of the nearest Commandery, regardless of the existing statutes of this Grand Commandery to the contrary," *i. e.*, it is subordinate to the Grand Encampment, and its regulations must accord therewith. The *Masonic Review*, which is a Cerneau organ, has discovered the animus of the Committee on Jurisprudence, which reported this "atrocious" decision, that they are all "33° N. J. Ritters." We cannot see why it should demur, except it does so on the general principle of objection to everything the Grand Gommandery of Ohio may do.

The Freemasons of Redding are about to erect a Masonic Temple.

The work of Crescent Lodge, No. 402, in New York city, is performed in costume appropriate to the legend of the degrees.

There is confusion in the "Royal Masonic Rite," of which Bro. Darius Wilson is the Grand Hyosceamus, by reason of spurious, clandestine and irregular innovators endeavoring to establish bodies.

*The Tyler*, the official organ of the Grand Lodge of Michigan, "has no faith in the expediency of edicts against Cerneauism." Perhaps, like Iowa, it will experience a change of heart when the Gorman-Cerneaus begin to establish their Grand Lodges, as is threatened they will. But then there will be always some like the one in an Eastern jurisdiction, who boasted that he never changed his opinion, and to whom the first Grand Master of the same jurisdiction said in reply, "Then you must be a — fool, sure enough." We do not think *The Tyler* will persist *always*, but it is very tenacious and dislikes to come forward and confess its mistake.

The *Masonic Chronicle*, because we oppose its schismatic course, says we "have the tone and spirit of Masonic serfs, wearing, like Gambia the Saxon, the dog collar of bondage imposed by an unscrupulous conqueror," and because we advocate the supremacy of the Symbolic Body and the exercise of that power, that we are in favor of an inquisition and persecution and martyrdom, similar to that of the Church of Rome. The *Chronicle* knows and *believes no such thing of us*, but it serves *its* purpose to make such untrue accusations. Him whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. We fear the *Chronicle* overestimates itself, and has fallen into bad temper with everybody except its own select household.

If the employee of the Post Office Department who pilfers this magazine which is mailed to subscribers, will send his address, we will send him a copy regularly, and no questions asked.

The Grand Chapter, Grand Council and Grand Commandery of California, will hold their annual meetings on the 15th, 16th and 17th of April.

It is estimated by careful investigation that ninety cents of every dollar paid a Chinaman for labor is sent to China, thus enriching that country at the expense of our own, and lessening the opportunities for the prosperity of the poor man. Every Freemason *knows* his duty in the case.

On Good Friday, April 4th, California Commandery, No. 1, will be specially convened as an Asylum of Sorrow, in which to honor the memory of the following deceased fraters: John E. Kunkler, George S. Ladd, Horace H. Seaton, Milton E. Joyce, John N. Ingalls, Wm. T. Garratt, James F. Miller, Michael J. Keating, Henry B. Williams and Chas. A. Hawley.

At one of a series of parties and banquets given by Oriental Commandery, No. 22, at Newton, Iowa, Sir Clark Varnum, P. G. C. of that jurisdiction, was made the recipient of a beautiful jewel, costing \$200, agreeably to the resolutions passed by the Grand Commandery at its last annual conclave. The gift of appreciation was accompanied with a copy of the resolutions in pen work, handsomely framed. The presentation speech was made by E. Sir Cyrus W. Eaton, the present Grand Commander, and was feelingly responded to by the recipient.

We are under obligations to the Secretaries of the following Grand Bodies for printed copies of their proceedings: Grand Lodges of Connecticut, Arkansas, Virginia, South Dakota; Grand Chapters of Quebec (1888 and 1889), District of Columbia, Michigan, Arkansas, Louisiana; Grand Councils of New Jersey, Massachusetts; Grand Commanderies of Colorado, Louisiana, Massachusetts and Rhode Island; Grand Chapter O. E. S., of Iowa; Grand Encampment of the U. S. for 1889. Also Report of Triennial Committee for the 24th Triennial Conclave of the Grand Encampment of the United States.

The Masonic Hall in Hailey, Idaho, is supplied with electric lights.

The Grand Commander of Illinois recommends the observance of Easter Sunday and Ascension Day, by the Commanderies of that jurisdiction, either in their Asylums or some suitable place for Christian worship.

The beautiful representation of the Ark of the Covenant, belonging to California Chapter, No. 5, weighs 151 pounds, and cost \$2,235. The plating is pure gold, and \$800 in gold coin was used for the purpose.

Christopher Diehl, Grand Secretary of Grand Lodge of Utah, has been elected Assessor and Collector of Water Rates in Salt Lake City.

The *Masonic Chronicle* calls upon us for the proof of the renunciation by the late Bro. Dr. Mason, of his connection with the "Cerneau" fraud. We do not feel called upon to furnish such in reply to an *anonymous* correspondent of a periodical published 3,000 miles away, while we make the statement and are resident among his neighbors and most intimate associates, and should and can know whereof we speak. If the *correspondent* will furnish us satisfactory evidence of error, we will correct it, but till then we insist on the correctness of *our* statement. We will add that the fears of the *Chronicle's* correspondent are groundless so far as we are concerned. We desire always to give facts, and endeavor to do so.

#### Chips from the Quarry.

—It will be a great thing for Masonry when that time arrives at which all Masons can agree in saying that *morality, a belief in a first cause and a hope in immortality*, are the only prerequisites necessary for Masonic admission, be the religious convictions of the person what it may. Until that time arrives, conflict and confusion will exist.

—F. J. Thompson.

—With a woman it is a struggle to provide something for the inner man, and with a man it is a struggle to provide something for the outer woman.

—It is very strange how few *reading* Masons there are. The large majority of Masons care no more for the literature of the institution than if they did not belong to it.

—The *Masonic Chronicle* asks the pertinent question, “Does not a Mason err when, aware of the Church of Rome’s hostility, he proposes a candidate for the mysteries, whom he knows to be a communicant of the Church?”

—Cerneauism has received a blow in New Jersey. It does not behoove the brethren to reason why the Grand Lodge took such a decisive step in the premises. In its judgment that body has decreed a non-recognition, and such an action must be obeyed, unless a votary considers Cerneauism above the Grand Lodge of Master Masons.—*Royal Craftsman*.

—An appeal for help was recently made to the Masonic charity organization of Leeds, England, by a Spaniard, who produced not only his own certificate, but one that appeared equally valid on behalf of his wife, who proved herself in all the degrees “a good Mason.” It appeared that it was the custom among the Spanish Lodges to put the wives of Masons through the Three Degrees, and the reason for the innovation was to keep the ladies out of the hands of the Jesuits. Such Lodges are called “mixed” but the surprising part of the story, as our authority expresses it, “is that peace and harmony prevails.”

—Brother Wm. L. Kuykendall, of Wyoming, in his review of Florida, agrees with the reporter of that State, Brother Dawkins, in the idea of a General Grand Lodge. Brother Kuykendall says: “On the question of a General Grand Lodge we are again with our worthy brother. Masonry will never have uniformity of work, the same code of laws, or in fact anything else in common, until combined under one general executive, legislative and judicial head. This may be heresy; it is nevertheless the truth. Financially, the money expended every year in jurisdictions to secure uniformity in the work alone would pay all the expenses of a general body.”

—“Don’t give up the ship!” If you must give up anything in the nautical line, give up the schooner.

—E. B. Mallett, Jr., Knight Templar, presented to Dunlap Commandery, No. 5, of Bath, Maine, a fine silk National flag. In the beak of the golden eagle that surmounted the staff, was suspended a Templar cross. The forty-two stars upon the blue field were arranged in the form of a Templar cross. By the way, why do not our Commanderies bear the National colors? If we mistake not the law requires it.—*Masonic Home Journal*.

—The latest (back counties not heard from) Order to attach itself to the Masonic Institution, is the “Independent International Order of Owls,” of which “Nest No. 7” has just been instituted at Cairo, Ill. No man can be made an “Owl” who has not first been made a Mason. Symbolic Masonry will soon be compelled to publish a directory in order to keep up with the procession. With “Cerneaus,” “Shriners” and “Owls,” Masonry is fast becoming a “screeching” farce.—*The Tyler*.

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### Officers for 1890.

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Colusa Lodge, No. 240—E. W. Jones, W. M.; J. D. McNary, S. W.; C. E. De St. Maurice, J. W.; W. T. Beville, Sec’y; C. Richardson, Treas.; J. S. Seawell, S. D.; R. Jones, J. D.; J. C. Mogk and R. Cosner, Stewards; J. H. Liening, Tyler.

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### DEATHS.

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In this city, 5th inst., George C. Williams, a member of Hawaiian Lodge, No. 21, aged 54 years.

In this city, 17th inst., Joseph Spanier, a native of Germany, a member of Doric Lodge, No. 216, aged 43 years.

In Sonoma, 2d inst., Henry Winkle, a native of Germany, a member of Pacific Lodge, No. 136, aged 71 years.

At Butte, Montana, 2d inst., Ben Asquith, a native of Checkheaton, Yorkshire, England, a member of Eagle Rock Lodge, No. 19, aged 39 years.

At Marysville, 6th inst., Henry Bowman Marker, a member of Yuba Lodge, No. 39, and Washington Chapter, No. 13.

At Hailey, Idaho, 1st inst., Joseph M. Burkett, a native of Augusta, Maine, a member of Hailey Lodge, No. 16, and Alturas Chapter, No. 5, R. A. M., and a Knight Templar, aged 50 years.

At Santa Clara, 14th inst., Thos. Henry Laine, Grand Orator of the Grand Lodge of California in 1888, aged 58 years.

At San Jose, 16th inst., ex-Judge R. B. Buckner, a native of Winchester, Kentucky, a member of San Jose Lodge, No. 10, aged 68 years.

At Globe, Arizona, 6th inst., John Isaac, Worshipful Master of White Mountain Lodge, No. 3. His funeral was attended by White Mountain Lodge, No. 3, White Mountain Chapter, No. 2, O. E. S., and Globe Lodge, No. 6, I. O. O. F.

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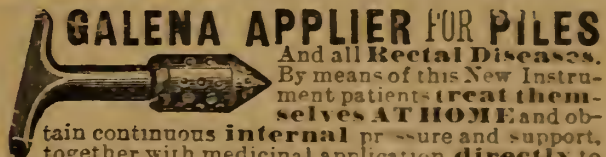
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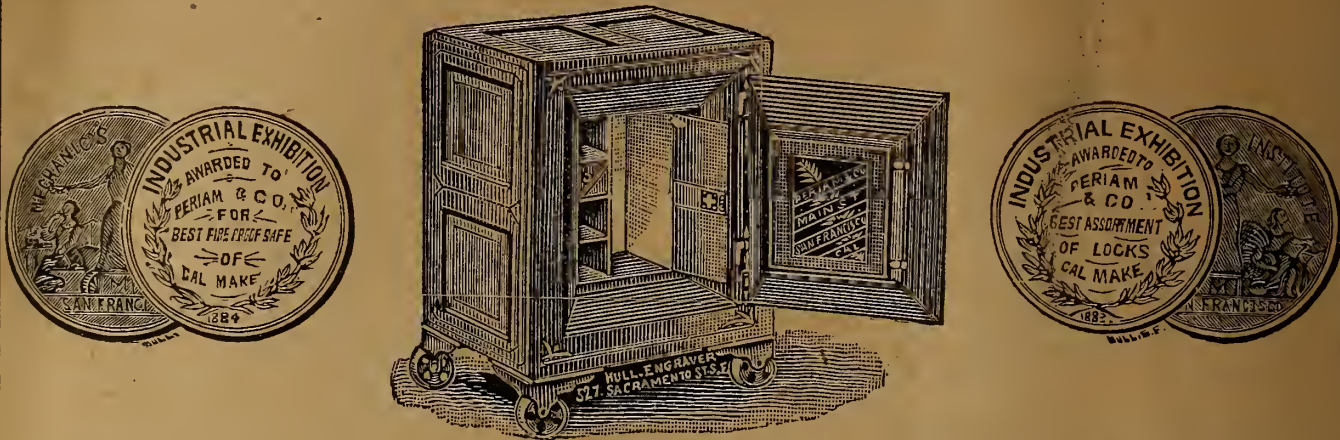
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