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Published by The Trestle Board Association, C. Moody Plummer, Manager.

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THE
TRESTLE BOARD.

A MONTHLY MASONIC AND FAMILY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XI.

MARCH, 1897.

No. 3.

The Druses of Syria and Their Relation to Freemasonry.

BY BRO. REV. HASKETT SMITH.

Toward the close of the tenth century A.D., there reigned in Egypt a certain Khalif, belong to the Fatimite dynasty; his name was Hakim. This Hakim was a man of extraordinary eccentricity, and of unparalleled inaptitude to govern a great people. Vacillation and fanaticism were curiously intermingled in his character; and he continually annoyed and disturbed his subjects by introducing the most outrageous measures, which were almost as soon repealed. Thus, amongst other acts of this worthless monarch, he solemnly cursed the First Khalif of Islamism in the principal mosques of Cairo, and a few days afterwards revoked the curse. He issued a strict order forbidding any of his subjects to undertake the Haj, or sacred pilgrimage to Mecca; and the following year he ordered everyone to go under the severest penalties for neglect of his command. He insisted upon all shops and warehouses in Cairo being kept open day and night; he caused all the vines to be uprooted throughout Egypt, and then, a short time afterwards, ordered new vines to be planted everywhere. He burnt the half of Cairo to the ground, and gave his soldiers free license to sack and pillage the remaining half. He abjured Mohommedanism, and afterwards recanted. In short, he committed as many follies, excesses and inconsistencies as his perverted ingenuity could invent. There is little doubt that he was in reality insane; for his conduct can be explained in no other way.

The natural consequence of his absurd and atrocious folly can be easily conjectured. His people, at first dissatisfied and troubled, became gradually turbulent and threatening, until, at length, it was evident that not only his throne but his very life also was in danger. Then it was that, as a crowning act of audacity, and as a last desperate resort, he gave himself out as an Incarnation of the Deity, hoping thereby to reduce his rebellious subjects into reverent submission, and, perhaps, in his insanity really imagining that he really was indeed Divine. His pretensions were supported by a certain Persian named Mohammed Ibu Ismail Duruzi, who had hung about his court for some length of time—a sycophantic parasite ready to pander to all the poor monarch's infatuated notions. It is most probable, indeed, that Duruzi himself first suggested to Hakim the idea of his divinity. However this may be, the blasphemous claim of the Egyptian Khalif was utterly repudiated by his own people. His character and conduct was too well known amongst them to allow of their being cajoled into the acceptance of any such theory; and both Hakim and Duruzi were summarily disposed of, there being little or no doubt that both were murdered.

It is probable that nothing more would ever have been heard of Hakim and his pretensions if it had not been for a man named Hamze, who had been a friend and disciple of Duruzi. Hamze was a very different character from either his master or his sovereign, for he was neither an imposter nor a harebrained madman. But, however he may have been led to entertain the belief, he became firmly imbued

with the conviction that Hakim's claims were founded upon justice and truth, and that he was in very deed an incarnation of the Godhead. He was persuaded that Hakim's mysterious disappearance, so far from being the consequence of assassination or foul play, had been his own deliberate act, and that he had miraculously withdrawn himself from a people and generation which had shown themselves unworthy of his divine presence amongst them. He never believed in his death, and he held and taught that he had betaken himself to some secret place in the heart of China, where he would remain until the time should come when he could again appear and assert his power.

Hamze endeavored to preach this new gospel amongst the Egyptians, but he was driven out of the country and forced to exercise his missionary efforts elsewhere. He wandered through Syria without making any converts, until he arrived on the western slopes of the Lebanon. There he found a strange and remarkable people, living in rigid exclusiveness amongst themselves, holding no communication with the outside world, and practically destitute of any national code of religion, and ready to listen to a new creed. Amongst these people Hamze took up his abode, and he finally succeeded in inducing them to adopt his tenets. His personal character was one of singular self-abnegation and purity; and it was probably his personal influence more than the dogmas which he taught which won this race over to the cause which he held. I have said they had practically no religion of their own, and this is true so far as definite doctrines are concerned; but, as I shall presently show, they had amongst them certain forms, rites, and customs which might be said to have been of a semi-religious character, and which were, at any rate, most suggestive and significant.

Hamze drew up a code of dogmas and ethics, and compiled the main principles of his faith and teaching in a work which he entitled "The Book of the Testimonies to the Mysteries of the Unity." For a further description of the tenets contained in this book, I would refer the brethren to an article in *Blackwood's Magazine* for December, 1890, where I have more fully discussed the subject.

It is sufficient here to say that the followers of Hamze were named by him after

his late master, Duruzi, and that they are known at the present day as Druses. They are now to be found distributed amongst three main settlements: (1) in the Lebanon district; (2) across the Hauran, on the east side of the Jordan; and (3) amongst the Galilean hills and upon Mount Carmel, in the Holy Land proper. A few scattered families may also be met with further north, in the neighborhood of Aleppo, but these outlying colonies are merely off-shoots from the main stock, and are the result of later migrations from the original home on the Lebanon.

It is not my purpose in the present paper to enter into any detailed history of the Druses, interesting and instructive as the subject would be. This I must reserve for other occasions, for my object now is to prove a couple of propositions, both of which bear intimately upon the history of the Craft of Freemasonry. My two propositions are, then, as follows:

(I.) That the Druses are none other than the original subjects of Hiram, King of Tyre, and that their ancestors were the builders of Solomon's Temple.

(II.) That to this very day, the Druses retain many evident tokens of their close and intimate connection with the Ancient Craft of Freemasonry.

(I.) Any one who has the most elementary knowledge of the East, is aware that the subjects of Hiram, King of Tyre, were known by the name of Phœnicians. He is also doubtless aware that the Phœnicians were the great navigators and merchants of ancient days. They have been compared by many writers to the English; and, indeed, so far as the spirit of enterprise, adventure, commerce, and colonization were concerned, the comparison is by no means inappropriate. We know that the Phœnicians were the first sailors of history who dared to venture beyond the sight of land; that they founded important and flourishing colonies at Carthage, in North Africa, on the islands of Malta, Sicily and Sardinia, in the south of Spain, and many other places; and that they even penetrated as far as England. Their prosperity and renown were unequalled in the ages in which they flourished; and the very mention of Tyre and Sidon—those mistresses of the sea—are sufficient to bear testimony to their ancient prestige.

It has long been understood that the Phœnician race and nationality has become extinct, so far as its individuality of ex-

istence is concerned; and that by intercourse and intermarriage the people have become merged into other races. And this is true, so far as concerns the Phœnicians, in the common acceptation of the term. That is to say, those seafaring merchants and traders who inhabited the maritime districts ruled over by the Kings of Tyre and Sidon have indeed lost their distinctive nationality. Phœnicia, in that sense, is nothing more than a name of the past—a departed glory, a vanished power. Such an eventuality was the necessary and inevitable outcome of the conditions under which the maritime Phœnicians lived. It was impossible for them to contract relationship with other nations in the ordinary course of their commercial business and their social intercourse without gradually losing their own individuality of race and character. The very circumstances which conduced to the undying fame of these enterprising navigators also brought about, in the course of generations, their decay and extinction as a nation.

But all that has hitherto been said about these Phœnicians applies merely to that portion of the race who inhabited the narrow strip of land bordering on the sea shore, and who engaged in mercantile and maritime pursuits. There was another section of the race who were, in every sense, their brethren and kindred in blood and family, their fellow subjects in the same realm, partakers with them of the same ancestral stock. This other section presented, however, in the features of their daily life and occupation, a diametrical contrast to their more famous brethren. They were a pastoral and agricultural class of peasants, inhabiting the mountain glens and valleys of the Lebanon, dwelling alone and undisturbed in the secluded retirement of their village homes. They were brought into contact with no outsiders; they had no relations of business or friendship with other races; and, with one solitary exception in their history, nothing ever occurred to bring their names into notice. The solitary exception was occasioned by the building of Solomon's Temple.

Hiram, King of Tyre, sovereign of all Phœnicia, maritime and mountainous, proffered his services to his royal neighbor, and in the prosecution of his friendly assistance, he commissioned that portion of his subjects who inhabited the rural districts on the Lebanon slopes, to hew down the cedar trees, to fashion the timbers, to

quarry the stones, and to perform all the other necessary labors in connection with the undertaking upon which he had embarked. Thus, when we read, either in the pages of the Bible or in the history of the Craft, of the subjects of Hiram, King of Tyre, who assisted in the erection of Solomon's Temple, we must remember that these were principally those Phœnicians who belonged to the agricultural and domestic class. It is true that their brethren of the seaboard had also their share in the work, for it was they who were responsible for the safe transfer of all the materials from the Phœnician ports to Joppa, and from thence to their destination at Jerusalem. But the Craftsmen and Masons themselves were mountaineering Phœnicians, inhabitants of those very districts where many centuries later, Hamze preached his new religion and founded the sacred worship of Drusedom.

Now I would earnestly draw the attention of the brethren to one cardinal feature of Oriental life. Except under extraordinary and abnormal circumstances—such, for example, as those I have enumerated in connection with the mercantile section of Phœnicia—there is an universal tendency amongst all Eastern tribes to maintain unchanged for centuries upon centuries their habits, customs, race distinctions and places of abode. Such would especially be the case with an exclusive, retiring and pastoral peasantry, such as the mountaineering subjects of the King of Phœnicia. Just exactly as the very conditions of life under which the navigating Phœnicians lived, brought about two results, viz, their fame and prosperity for a time, and their subsequent extinction as a race, so did the opposite conditions of life under which their agricultural brethren lived produced two results the opposite of these, viz, their obscurity of renown and their permanence of existence. Long after Phœnicia as a nation had become nothing more than an interesting matter of past history to the world in general, this portion of Phœnicia was still maintaining in unknown seclusion its integrity of character, race, and blood.

The downfall of Tyre and Sidon had caused the worship of Baal and Ashteroth to fall into decay, and when Hamze came amongst this people he found them practically without a religion. Their rigid exclusiveness of nature had forbidden them to embrace any religion, such as Christian-

ity or Mohammedanism, which would have brought them into communion with the outside world, and one of the chief recommendations of Hamze's faith was that it supplied them with a religion which they could have entirely to themselves.

It is, however, a matter of the most significant note, that though Hamze could not detect among this people any traces of a sacred religion in the strictest sense of the word beyond their vague acceptance of the idea of one God, he nevertheless found the existence amongst them of certain secret and mystic rites. To these he alludes particularly in his writings. He speaks of their *signs and passwords*, of their different degrees of initiation, and of their assemblies within closed doors. These ancient traditional rites and mysteries he appears to have incorporated with his new religion, and some of their phrases, ideas and sentiments he employs and makes use of as if they were his own.

I have thus been enabled to trace without, as it seems to me, any missing link, the unbroken continuity between the pastoral subjects of Hiram, King of Tyre, and the Druses of the present day. The historical connection thus established is confirmed in many ways by collateral evidence. Thus, an intimate acquaintance with the inner life of the Druses reveals to one's observing mind many characteristics in regard to them which are just the very ones we should expect to find among the modern representatives of these ancient highlanders. In the first place, the Druses are essentially a mountaineering, agricultural and pastoral race. Amongst all their many settlements in the Lebanon, the Hauran, Palestine and Syria, there is not, so far as I am aware, a single Druse village in the plain. They are all on mountain heights, perched like eagles' nests on the summit of lofty hills, difficult of access, and implying from their inhabitants the characteristics of highlanders.

Again, in all my researches, and I have been very diligent in my inquiries in this direction, I have never seen or heard of a Druse who is engaged in manufacturing or commercial pursuits. They are, without exception, agricultural peasants.

We come now to another remarkable point. The Druses invariably assert with confidence that they were the builders of Solomon's Temple. I have questioned them again and again upon this matter; with some I have feigned astonishment at their

claim, with others I have pretended to dispute its truth, with others again I have adopted an attitude of perfect ignorance on the subject. But by all I have been met with an assured declaration that their ancestors most undoubtedly built the Temple at Jerusalem. The Druses know very little about the Bible or the history of the ancient Israelites. Most of the prophets and heroes of old, with whose names we have been familiar from childhood, are quite unknown by these people of Syria; but there is one name of ancient Old Testament story that stands out conspicuous in the traditions of the Druses. That one name is Solomon. He is their fabled hero; it is in him that all their legends and wonderful stories concentrate, and next to Hakim he occupies the most sacred place in their sanctology.

All these facts, duly considered and weighed together in conjunction, appear to my mind a satisfactory and conclusive proof of the first proposition which I have laid before the brethren, that the Druses are the original subjects of Hiram, King of Tyre, and that their ancestors were the builders of Solomon's Temple.

(II.) I come now to the second proposition, and shall endeavor to establish with even more convincing clearness, the fact that the Druses present many evident tokens of their intimate connection with the Ancient Craft of Freemasonry.

And here I may remark, by way of parenthesis, that if it be so, we have a very remarkable and overpowering corroboration of the claim which Freemasonry makes to its mystic relation to the builders of the Temple. If it be true, as I have already endeavored to show, that the Druses assisted to build the Temple, and if it be also true, as I shall now proceed to demonstrate, that the Druses are connected with the Mystic Craft, then it follows, as a necessary and logical consequence, that Freemasonry played an important part in the erection of the House of God upon Moriah, if, indeed, it did not actually take its rise in that important and memorable undertaking.

The arguments which I shall bring forward in support of my second proposition are so numerous and varied that, for the sake of clearness, it is better to distinguish them numerically.

(I.) It is well known to every brother of the Craft that a three-fold condition is laid down for the eligibility of a candi-

date to initiation into the mysteries of Freemasonry. This three-fold condition is as follows: "The candidate must be of full age, free born, and of good report." In the Book of Testimonies to the Mysteries of the Unity, which contains the principles and code as laid down by Hamze, there are enumerated in like manner three conditions for the admission of a candidate into the Druse religion. Now, let it be carefully observed, this three fold condition is critically identical in every respect with that for initiation into Freemasonry. It is thus expressed: "He that believeth in the truths which have been set forth in this book is eligible for admission to the *ranks* (*i. e.*, degrees of initiation), and to take his place in the *secret assemblies* (*i. e.*, the Lodges), provided that he be of full age, free from servitude, and sound of mind and body." I must confess that when I first read this sentence in the sacred book of the Druses, I was perfectly overwhelmed at what appeared to me so convincing a confirmation of the theory I had formed as to the relation between Freemasonry and the Druses, for it appeared to me that an identity so exact could scarcely be the result of mere coincidence, nor did it seem at all probable that either the Craft could have copied the conditions of the Eastern sect, or the latter have taken their phrase from Freemasonry. There remained, to my mind, no other alternative than that the two mysteries were co-related.

(2.) I have already referred indirectly to the different degrees of initiation which have been customary amongst the Druses from time immemorial. I may here state that they are at least three in number. There are first those who are called *Jahels*, or unlearned. These are Druses who have merely passed through the preliminary stage of initiation in their childhood, which consists of a ceremony of shaving the head and other mystic observances when the boy is about six years old. I may here observe that females go through no forms of initiation, and, though some few are admitted to certain services in their *Khalwehs*, or sacred buildings, yet I can find no proof that any of them really belong to what we may call the inner Craft. Here then we have, by the way, a trifling parallel to the exclusion of women from the mysteries of Freemasonry, though the matter is so comparatively trivial, regarded as a proof of my present proposition,

that I have not thought it worth while to give it a separate paragraph to itself. The first class of Druse initiates, then, of which I have spoken, the Entered Apprentices, as it were, are admitted only to the general assemblies of the church. They are allowed to wear no distinctive garment, and they can scarcely be discriminated by a casual observer from the ordinary Arab or Syrian of the country. The second class are called "Akkals," or "learned," and are admitted by some mystic secret rite, the nature of which I have been unable to learn. These correspond, so to speak, to the Fellowcrafts of Freemasonry, and they form, perhaps, the majority of adult Druses. They wear a white turban round a red tarboosh or fez, and they can be readily distinguished wherever they are met. They are not allowed to smoke, nor drink any intoxicating liquors, and they have many other restrictive customs upon which I cannot enlarge in this paper.

The third class is that to which the "Khateeb," or priests, belong, and they correspond to the Master Masons. Their initiation is, I believe, of a very solemn and mystic character; and inasmuch as they occupy a higher and more sacred position than the others, they have, in their turn, certain further prescriptions laid upon them. Thus, for example, they may not even drink tea or coffee—nothing, in fact, but water. They are regarded with the utmost reverence and respect by the Druses in general, as being the sacred repositories of the more hidden and mysterious secrets of their faith.

In addition to these, which constitute the general orders of Druesdom, just as the three degrees constitute the general orders of Freemasonry, there are, I believe, in some villages of the Lebanon and Hauran, certain Druses of a higher and more mystic degree, who are known by their brethren as Prophets and Seers; such, for example, as the *Star-Diviner*, as their chief astrologer is called, for the esoteric aspect of Druesdom has much to do with astrology.

In the main we may say that, so far as regards initiations and degrees, the Druse system is closely allied to Freemasonry.

(3.) We come now to tokens, passwords and signs. And here let me acknowledge at once, that whatever may be the passwords in vogue among the Druses, they are certainly not words familiar to Freemasons. I have made many attempts

to gain the ear of a Druse by words, mysteriously whispered, as a dramatic theatrical aside, solemnly pronounced or casually uttered when the Druse would be least on his guard, and I have never succeeded in producing the slightest impression. I have rendered them in the original Hebrew dialect, so far as I have been able to give the right accent; I have tried the modern Arabic forms; but always with the same barren result. I can only come to one of two conclusions, Either their passwords are different entirely from anything known in modern Freemasonry, or else they employ the ancient Phœnician versions of the words. The latter supposition is quite possible, and if it should prove correct, it will be highly interesting and remarkable. Unfortunately, I am not acquainted with the ancient Phœnician language, and, therefore, I have been unable to experiment in this direction.

But if the passwords are such as I have been unable to recognize, the case is somewhat otherwise with respect to tokens and signs. Regarding the latter, I will mention two particulars. First, that certain points of fellowship, amounting to five or more among the higher classes of the Druses, are common to the sect or society. This is worthy of reflection among the brethren, but the second particular is even more so. Upon one occasion I had to enter upon a bargain with a certain Druse farmer in my village. It was necessary that a formal and binding agreement should be ratified between the farmer and myself. As he could neither read nor write, he suggested that an agreement should be made in the manner customary among the Druses. Not knowing in the least what this form of ratification might be, but being always on the lookout for any new information concerning their customs and ceremonies, I readily agreed to the Druse's proposal. Thereupon he brought to me the Khateeb of the village and two other Druses as witnesses. The Khateeb bade us join hands, and each in turn repeat after him our respective formula of agreement. When it came to the Druse's turn to speak and make his formal compact with me * * * and as soon as the business was finished he turned to me and asked how and when I had learned the secrets of the Druses. This was one of the first incidents that started me on the scent of the track, which I have since pursued with eager zest, ever accumulating fresh evi-

dence in support of my belief as to the relation of Druesdom with Freemasonry.*

(4.) Having spoken of the conditions of initiation, the different degrees, the passwords, signs and tokens of the Druses, I go on to say a few words about their *Khalwehs*. Every Druse village and settlement has its Khalweh, or place of sacred meeting. In common language it might be called the Druse church, but I prefer to entitle it, more accurately, the "Lodge." Besides those attached to each village, there are khalwehs to be seen in secluded nooks amongst the glens, ravines and dells on the mountain ranges where the Druses dwell. These are chiefly used for extraordinary occasions and great festivals, and for the gathering together of Druse assemblies from several villages and different districts. The ordinary khalweh is invariably situated on the outside of a Druse village, on a plot of ground by itself, and no houses or buildings are allowed to be erected within a certain distance of it. This is for the purpose of more effectually securing the absolute privacy of their mystic meetings. During the time of meeting a man is always to be seen stationed on the outside of the khalweh, and his business is to prevent the approach of any outsider near the place. He is, in fact, the Tyler of the Druse Lodge, whose duty it is to keep off all cowans and intruders from the mysteries of the Craft. I have myself frequently seen the Tyler at his post; and no Masonic Outer Guard, however faithful and zealous in the discharge of his functions, can outvie the watchful vigilance of a Druse doorkeeper to the house of his religion. This being the case, it is needless for me to say that I have never been able to penetrate into the hidden sanctum of the khalweh whilst the brethren of the Druses are assembled in "Lodge." But I have been given to understand by the Druses themselves, that at such times they have an Inner Guard duly posted, who bears the same relation to the Masonic official of that name as the outer guard does to the Masonic Tyler.

Though excluded perforce from admission to the khalweh during the perform-

* If Bro. Haskett Smith has not seen the late Godfrey Higgins' "Anacalypsis, or an Enquiry Into the Origin of all Languages, Nations and Religions" (1836), the following quotation from that singular work may be of interest to him, as affording in some considerable degree a parallel to his own curious experience in the Druse village where he was residing: "that Mr. Ellis, of the Madras establishment, had, by means of his knowledge as a Master Mason, actually passed himself into the sacred part or adytum of one of the Indian temples" (i, 767).—R. F. Gould, P.M.

ance of the Druse mysterious functions, I have, however, inspected the interior of these khalwehs in many different places and villages at a time when no rites are going on. I have noticed that they are always built with a strict regard to due orientation—that is no say, they invariably face north, south, east and west. They are plain oblong buildings, nearly square. There are two entrance doors, both in the western wall. The one nearer to the north end is for the men, the southern door for the women. A thick, impenetrable curtain stretches from west to east, screening off a small portion of the southern end, and behind this curtain the women congregate. They can thus hear, but *not see* what is going on. Very little furniture is to be seen in the khalweh; though, doubtless, as in Masonic Lodges, there are certain articles kept in safe places of concealment, and only produced at the time of assembly. The only conspicuous objects which strike the visitor on entering the khalweh, are certain symbols and figures, inscribed on the eastern wall. They are as follows: a text in Arabic, the English translation of which may be rendered: "Oh, thou secret source of good, keep us from that which we most must fear." The Kha-teeb of my village explained this passage to me. He told me that the object which the Druse most must fear is a treacherous revelation of the mysteries of his faith; and that this verse was graven upon the wall to remind every Druse on his entry into the khalweh of his binding obligation to preserve inviolate secrecy.

Above this inscription is a rough emblem, apparently intended for a double triangle. But I have noticed that the upper angle of the top triangle is always very acute, while the bottom angle of the lower triangle is invariably almost square.

Above this device is an oval figure, undoubtedly intended to symbolise the eye of God. Here then, again, we have distinct evidence of a close analogy between the emblematical designs of the Druse religion and those of the Craft of Freemasonry.

(5.) The mystic signs and emblems which I have described as existing on the walls of the sacred edifices of the Druses, are also to be seen, varied to an indefinite extent, in the interior of every Druse abode. Nothing can be imagined more quaintly picturesque than the arched chambers of an ordinary Druse house. Their domestic architecture and internal decora-

tions are quite distinctive and unique, and one would search in vain for anything similar in the dwellings of other Oriental races. They manufacture a peculiar sort of plaster out of a fine white kind of clay, and with this they line their houses both outside and within. When thoroughly dry this mud-clay plaster becomes as hard as stone; and the Druses construct from this material all the internal fittings of their homes. Shelves, cupboards, storebins for grain, are thus made while the plaster is moist and soft, and every article is decorated with various symbolical emblems and designs. These, as may be supposed, are very rough and primitive in their execution, for the Druses have no training in artistic skill, and the quaint devices are merely the result of an hereditary, traditional native talent. Unfinished and imperfect as these adornments are, when considered from the point of view of art, they display, nevertheless, a palpable method in their designs, and are evidently intended to symbolize mystic truths. Regarded in this light they are, therefore, exceedingly interesting, and I have spent many an hour examining the various disproportioned figures on the walls, cupboards, shelves and lockers of the Druse domestic homes. The oval figures and the double triangle, such as I have described in the Druse khalwehs, are especially conspicuous everywhere. Besides these are certain strange shapes and forms which the Druse women and girls call "brides," because, I presume, of their fancied resemblance to a human figure. They are, indeed, not so very unlike the first efforts of a little child to draw the body of a man. But the peculiarity is, that there are always an uneven number of arms and legs (or whatever they are meant to be) on either side. I have diligently examined many thousands of these designs, and I have never seen either two or four of these arms on either side—they are always either three or five. I have inquired from the Druses the reason for this, but the only reply I have ever received has been a shrug of the shoulders, and the remark that they are made thus *because they are so*. Knowing the significance of the numbers 3 and 5 in Masonic symbolism, it has also seemed to me that here one has another evidence of the mystic relation between the two systems.

(6.) In connection with numbers, I may here point out, that in the Druse esoteric

code the number 7 occupies a very important place. Thus, according to them, the world has seen seven great lawgivers, seven special high priests, and seven major prophets, each inspired by the seven original spirits. The moral law of Hamze is summed up under seven heads, of the three principal of which I shall presently speak. But the most interesting, perhaps of these combination of sevens, so far as regards the relation of Druesdom to Freemasonry, is the belief which they hold as to the influence upon human affairs exerted by the "Seven Stars." I have already intimated that the higher initiates into the mysteries of the Druses practice the secret arts of astrology. This divining from the stars is essentially confined to the motions and influences of what they call the Seven Planets. According to their belief, the fixed stars have nothing to do with mundane affairs, and they have, therefore, entirely neglected the study of those constellations and orbs. Their attention is confined to the following: Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Mercury, the Sun and the Moon, and these are what they signify when they speak of the seven stars. These seven stars, they say, were specially created by the seven original spirits, under the directing sway of the One Great Architect of the Universe. Each of the seven is the special abode of a separate individual of these seven spirits, and from thence these seven spirits order and arrange all that happens in this world. Prosperity and adversity, success and failure, weal and woe, life and death, are to be traced absolutely and directly to the influential working, favorable or adverse, of the seven spirits in the seven stars. Now, is it not possible that in this mystic astrological superstition of the Druses, we may trace some close connection with the seven stars of Masonic lore?

(7.) I have said that the moral law of the Druse religion is contained in summary in seven articles, of which the first three may be regarded as the chief. What are these three?

(a) The belief in one God and in His eternal Truth.

(b) The exercise of brotherly love.

(c) The practice of acts of charity.

The Druses have been branded as non-religionists because they discountenance the practice of prayer. In strong contrast to the Moslem with his manifold devotions; to the Jew with his Sabbaths and ceremonial rites; to the Greek Christian with his

prodigality of symbolism, and to the Roman Catholic with his masses, the Druse abjures any visible ritual of worship. He further differs from the other great sects of Syria by his utter neglect of the practices of fasting and oblation. But, so far from this attitude resulting from a want of true principle on the part of the Druses, it is the consequence of a firm and settled adherence to their creed, which teaches them that the practice of their first three laws has abrogated the duties of these three acts of devotion. In the words of their lawgiver, "The true belief in the *Truth* of the One God shall take the place of *Prayer*; the exercise of *Brotherly Love* shall take the place of *Fasting*, and the practice of daily *acts of Charity* shall take the place of *Almsgiving*."

Thus the practical religion upon which the Druses' conduct is to be regulated may be summed up in the well known words: "Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth."

This, then, forms a natural and appropriate climax to our consideration of the marvellous points of resemblance between the principles and practices of the Druse religion and the principles and practices of Freemasonry. It may be said, in brief, (1), that the conditions of eligibility are the same in substance; (2), that the degrees of initiation are virtually identical; (3), that the Druses possess tokens, signs, and passwords; (4), that the khalwehs or sacred meeting-houses of the Druses resemble in many points the Masonic Lodges; (5), that the houses of the Druses are decorated with mystic symbols analogous, more or less, to Masonic emblems; (6), that the *Seven Stars* occupy a position of importance in both systems; and (7), that the practical moral code of both may be represented by the same formula, "Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth."

Taking all these points into due consideration, and weighing them well together, I can scarcely feel myself presuming too far when I submit to the brethren that I have proved my second proposition, and that I have at any rate demonstrated that the Druses present many evident tokens of an intimate connection with the ancient Craft of Freemasonry.

In conclusion, I desire to say that I have no wish or intention to dogmatize upon my theory. I am well aware that, notwithstanding the almost mathematical demonstration of my two propositions, the subject has as yet been most rudimentarily

dealt with, and much still remains, doubtless, to be investigated. And upon this I would desire to make two simple remarks.

(1.) Even supposing that the origin of our sacred Craft is rightly to be traced to the ancestry of the Druses, it would be unreasonable to expect that at the present day we should find the two systems exactly identical upon all points of detail. We must remember that nearly 3000 years have elapsed since Hiram, King of Tyre, sent his subjects to Jerusalem to assist in the building of King Solomon's Temple.

During that vast period of time the Craft of Freemasonry has experienced many strange and trying vicissitudes. On its gradual passage from its remote mountain home of Phœnicia to its present existence in the lap of Western civilization, it must inevitably have been subjected to many important modifications. Thus, for example, it is by no means a matter of surprise to me, nor is it calculated to weaken my belief in my theory, that the passwords now in use amongst the Druses are unknown in Freemasonry. I have suggested one possible explanation of this fact, viz, that the Druses may, perhaps, have the original Phœnician passwords; but this is only a supposition, and it may very likely be incorrect. Even in that case it would not be astonishing if it were so, nor would it disprove the common origin of Drusedom and Freemasonry. The system of the Druses has undoubtedly been modified by the introduction of the religion which Hamze taught. Hence it would be miraculous and incredible that all matters of detail should be found alike in the two Crafts or mysteries.

(2.) The second remark which I would make is this. Owing to the jealous exclusiveness and inscrutable mystery with which the Druses hedge themselves about, the whole work of inquiry and investigation is attended with the utmost difficulty and discouragement. If, for example, one of the brethren, interested by the facts which I have stated in this paper, were to determine to undertake a personal pilgrimage to the Druses, and to further examine the matter for himself, I warn him that he would in all probability, find himself grievously disappointed. It is, indeed, a matter of practical impossibility for a stranger or outsider to learn anything of the secret details of the Druse religious system. It is only after a close and intimate abode amongst them for several years

a familiar intercourse with them in their daily life, engaging in their occupations and pursuits, eating at their meals, sleeping in their houses, sharing in their domestic cares and troubles, sympathising with them in their personal sorrows and joys, that I have been able, little by little, and here and there, to gather together the various items of my knowledge concerning their inner life. And even now, thoroughly as I am acquainted with them, honestly as they have learned to trust me, cordially as they have cast off all suspicion concerning me, I find it absolutely impracticable to question them openly upon the subject of their creed. Whenever I attempt to broach the matter, I am either met with what I know to be a deliberate false reply, or else the whole subject is adroitly turned, in a manner which a Druse alone could have the skill to adopt.

It has been suggested to me more than once that an effectual mode of prosecuting my researches to the utmost limit would be to offer myself as a candidate for initiation into Drusedom. But this again is impossible; for the Druses have a standard saying of their own—"The door is shut: none can enter in it, and none can pass out." None but the offspring and blood of Druses are eligible for admission to their mystic rites. It is a matter of sheer impossibility to convert a Druse to any other religion, and it is an equal impossibility to be initiated into Drusedom.

Hence, as they say, "the door is shut." The Tyler stands on duty at the outside; the Inner Guard keeps watch within. The anxious enquirer must still remain in the obscurity and darkness of the outer world; and all that he can hope for is to catch some passing glimpse of the internal mysteries through some chink in the walls laid bare by the careless indiscretion of a stray remark, or by the interchange of courtesies between a couple of Druses, observed by the anxious glance of unsuspected scrutiny. During the great outbreak in the Lebanon in the year 1860 between the Druses and the Maronites, some Druse Khalwehs were forcibly entered, and a few sacred books were captured. Some of these have since been translated and published by Professor De Sacy and others; but they have shed very little light upon the hidden mysteries of the Druse system. They were, after all, but very superficial books; the real records of their secret religion—all of which are, of course, in manuscript alone—are kept

in safe custody of the Khateebhs themselves, and are never left in the Khalwehs. When one of these shall have been unearthed and published, and not until then, can we hope to have sufficient means at our disposal to investigate thoroughly the Druse mysteries: and, meanwhile, I can but ask that the brethren will accept the result of my research for what they are worth, and that they will consider them an honest—and, I will hope, a not uninteresting—contribution towards the solution of the problem of the origin of Freemasonry.

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Marquis Du Savignac.

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“My black mammy would have called it ‘de wukin’s of providence.’ There is no other way of accounting for the *modus operandi*.”

And Sylvester blew out a cloud of smoke, chuckling to himself with the irritating superiority of a man who holds the cream of a joke, and intends to take his own time about sharing it.

“I don’t see what you can know about the *modus operandi*,” said Jack Clements, savagely. Jack was feeling sore; he had been in love with Betty himself.

“My dear boy,” answered Sylvester, calmly, “I know all about it; I don’t mind telling you fellows,” he added, “as the ceremony is over and they are going to live abroad. It’s a unique tale, and has, moreover, a pithy moral.”

It was the day of Betty Carrolton’s marriage to Marquis Du Savignac, and we had all drifted into the Club in the evening, seeking companionship in misery. For, to the gilded youths whom Uncle Sam sustains with his clerkships, and Washington society welcomes to its bosoms, matrimony and swelldom are seldom compatible.

The Marquis had been as impecunious as the rest of us; indeed, more so, for he sent the half of his salary monthly across to his mother and sisters in the dilapidated old chateau in Normandy. The death of a prodigal old father two years before left him with nothing save a title that reached back to the days of Charlemagne, and he had come to America in hopes of retrieving the fortunes of his house. He had not found El Dorado; only a translator’s place in the State Department and the entree into society which was his birth-right. Everybody liked him, though he made no secret of his poverty, and he had been served up at dinners and poured out

at teas for two seasons, and, along with some of the rest of us, had fallen in love with Betty Carrolton.

But, unlike some of the rest of us, the Marquis felt it dishonorable to speak of love until he could offer marriage. The limitless possibilities of American flirtation had not yet infected his alien mind, and, so far as we knew, his passion for Betty was undeclared.

So the announcement of their engagement had fallen among us like a bombshell, and their marriage and departure for France a week later had left us in a state of limp bewilderment.

“You remember the embassy ball ten days ago,” said Sylvester, as we all got something to smoke and settled comfortably back in our chairs. “I was strolling through Lafayette Square on my way up there and came on the Marquis sitting on one of the benches, looking the picture of despair. You know how exquisite the Park is these May nights.”

“Come, come, Ves, draw it mild!” broke in Caddie Stevens from the bottom of the table. Sylvester shook his head reproachfully.

“Caddie, my boy, Harvard has ruined you; there is no sentiment left in your soul. There’s reservoirs of it in mine, thank the gods; and as soon as I saw the misery in Savignac’s face I knew it meant ‘Betty,’ and I sat down by him, thinking it would do him good to ease his mind a bit. You all know the kind of a fellow he is —”

“Sort of a hash of Don Quixote and Bayard, with a dust of Sir Philip Sydney over the top,” said Caddie, with an airy wave of his cigarette.

“Genuine, too; I’ve seen him treat his washerwoman with the same courtesy he’d use at the White House,” added Jack, with a fervor that, considering the circumstances, was truly noble.

“Exactly,” said Sylvester. “Well, we all know who has been keeping his love for Betty bottled up; but the day before I met him he had a letter from France saying his mother was stricken with a fatal illness, and he must go home at once. He had gone to say good bye to Betty, and broken down under her sympathy to find that she had been loving him with all the strength of her honest little American heart for nearly a year.”

There was a stifled sigh from Jack Clements, but Sylvester went on, ignoring it.

“He found, too, which he didn’t know before, that she had a tidy little fortune left by her mother, coming to her on her wedding day, if she married with her father’s approval. This changed the face of things to Savignac. There were manufacturing interests in Normandy which he could put on their feet with a little capital, and a *dot* was to him as appropriate an accomplishment of the marriage ceremony as the priest’s blessing. So he tore round to the house the next morning almost before General Carrolton had finished his breakfast, to ask him, like a gentleman and a lover, for his daughter and her dowry.”

There was a subdued whistle about the table.

“Exactly,” said Sylvester. “The general’s a fine old boy at the bottom, but he goes off like a gattling gun about Betty. He’s been looking for an archangel in a halo, with a clear record in Bradstreets, to hand her over to ever since she left school. And he’s particularly wrathful against foreigners since Count de Soissons, *nee* ‘valet,’ swelled round here for a whole season, and was making off with pretty Polly Hopkins and her fortune when he was discovered. That was before your time, Caddie, but the rest of us remember the scandal. I don’t suppose the general had seen Savignac a dozen times, for you know he never troubles about Betty’s followers until they grow aggressive. So when a young gentleman of France, with a bank account as intangible as the ghosts of his ancestors, walks calmly in and demands his daughter and her fortune, offering, in return, his princely title and impoverished estates, you can imagine the result. Luckily, the Marquis’ knowledge of English is limited, and the General speaks no French, so the interchange of sentiment was somewhat controlled. But Savignac had gathered the square Anglo-Saxon meaning, and his grief at losing Betty was not greater than his indignation at the slurs upon himself. I suggested his going to the French Minister and getting credentials, but his pride would not permit it. ‘Nevaire!’ he said. ‘Am I not myself? Do I not speak for myself? To tell me I am an imposter, desiring only the fortune of his daughter! Oh, Betty—mabelle!’ And he put out his arms with a tone that would have made even you, Caddie, you miserable cynic, believe in love.

“He had been forbidden the house, and

so was on his way to the Embassy ball to catch a last glimpse of Betty and start for France the next day. I didn’t see what use it was just then, and so I left him to calm himself and walked on through the park. The place seemed entirely deserted; it was after nine o’clock by that time, and I had nearly reached the H— street entrance when I was startled by the sound of wailing moans and sobs and broken cries. It flashed across me that Savignac’s sorrow and excitement had sent him suddenly mad, and I turned and started back to him on a run, but as I rounded a clump of bushes I saw him and stopped.

Sylvester broke off here with a chuckle and leaned back shaking with laughter. Then he drew his chair to the table and told us the rest of the story, adding solemnly at the end: “I’ll take my affidavit, boys, for the truth of every blessed word.

On the bench in front of the Marquis sat five little darkies, or rather, four of them sat on the bench, and the fifth was laid in the arms of the biggest of the four. She was a small mulatto girl about ten years of age, with a face old and wizened and wise enough for her to have been the grandmother of the children.

The baby lying across her knees, his paunchy little stomach arched up in a bow, was as round and glistening as an infant seal. His short wool was kinked into naps over his head, and he wore a brief garment of unbleached cotton and a red flannel sacque. A beautiful little quadroon girl, with silky curls falling over her checked apron, sat next on the bench, her arms flung about two pudgy boys of five so exactly alike and so profoundly black that but for their rolling eyes they might have been taken for duplicate shadows.

The Marquis looked down at the quintette and the quintette looked up at the Marquis, and Sylvester in the shadow of the lilac bush took in the whole.

“What is the *mattaire*?” asked the Marquis, gently,

“We’s los’,” answered the holder of the baby—the rest of them were gasping with terror. “We libs up to de Boun’ry an’ we wuz gwine to see mammy what cooks fo’ de gin’ral.”

She gazed up in the Marquis’ face and seemed to gather confidence from what she saw.

“Granny guv us a dime to ride in de hu’dic, but May Lily Belle and Rastus an’ Willum Henry, dey wuz jes’ sot an’ ter-

mined to git peanuts an' walk. So we got peanuts an' walked—an' heah we is! Hit growed dark an' we los' our way, an' we nevr 'spect to git nowhar no mo."

The Marquis shook his head in bewilderment. "L'Anglais est terriblement," he murmured. "Mais l'African! What name have you?" he asked aloud, hoping to elicit some words he could understand.

"Mine's Mirandy Johnson," said the owner thereof, hitching the baby up into a sitting position, "an' she's May Lily Belle Johnson, an' dem two's 'Rastus an' Willum Henry Johnson; dey's twins, bofe of 'em, an' dis heah's Claude 'Gustus Johnson—I done name him myself."

"And you desire to go home?"

"Yes, sir; we wants mammy, but we dunno de way, an' we's clare wore out."

The speaker's voice trailed into a sob, which was taken up in crescendo by the rest.

"I will call a gendarme—a polisman," said the Marquis, hastily; but May Lily Belle's sob went into a shriek, and Miranda made a clutch toward him.

"No—mister—please; stop—doan!" cried she; "doan call no p'liceman. May Lily Bell, she'll jes' go clear distracted if she sees a p'liceman! We wuz dat scari-fied wuz de reason we cum heah—to git shet of dem an' de night doctors."

"Night docteurs?" queried the Marquis, hopelessly.

"Yes; sir. Dey's jes' de wustest of all! Dey kills black folks to find out what's inside of white folks! Dey's allus huntin' fo' lil niggers, an' dey cotches you an' ca'ys you off in a baig, an' cuts you open an' keeps you livin' when you're daid!" went on Miranda, her voice rising to the unctuous horror of her recital; "an' dey biles babies!"

The suggestion of the boiled babies was too much for the delicate susceptibilities of May Lily Belle. She broke into a wail of anguish, clasping Claude Augustus' red socked foot to her bosom and rocking herself to and fro, while Erastus and William Henry, as if moved by a simultaneous impulse, flung themselves bodily against the Marquis' knees, roaring together:

"Wan' g' 'ome! Wan' g' 'ome!"

"Taisez! — taisez! — ecoutez! — listen!" the Marquis cried in despair. "I will conduct you—" as he put his hands over his ears.

Miranda came to his rescue.

"You Willum Henry and 'Rastus, shet yo' haid!" she commanded. "Hain't yo'

got no manners? I sh'd think you was Irish," she went on, with a withering scorn that smote her brothers into silence.

The Marquis looked hopelessly about him. There was not a soul in sight. Lafayette Square, being surrounded by the homes of the aristocracy, is not much frequented by stragglers, even on moonlight nights; and Sylvester was safe behind the lilac bush. The exigency before the Marquis was plainly and simply his to meet—five little children to be taken to their mother. That they were black made no difference to him; in France the color line is not drawn.

"I will take you home," he said.

"Will you?" said Miranda, brightening. "Will yo' tek us to mammy? We mus' be somewhars near her, kase we all started from granny's at fo' o'clock, an' bin trapesin' ever sence. De gin'ral's is over younder," she pointed in the direction of the State Department. "'Long F— street somewhars, not so far frum de house wid de hants."

"Da 'ants?" queried the Marquis.

"Ghostises," explained Miranda. "De big yaller house wid de corners cut offen hit."

A light broke on the Marquis. "La maison octogone—I comprehend." He knew that portion of Washington and its landmarks and traditions only too well.

"Come, let us go," he said, holding out his hand.

"Git up 'Rastus," said Miranda. Then she looked doubtfully up at the gentleman in his evening clothes.

"Please, mister, tell me who you is? You ain't—oh, you sho'ly ain't one dem night—" the horrible possibility choked her utterance.

A gleam of fun flashed over the Marquis' face and twitched the corners of his eyes and lips. Then he lifted his hat in one hand, placed the other upon his heart and made his most courtly bow.

"Mademoiselle, permit me to present myself—M. le Marquis Victor Marie St. Bernardine Du Savignac."

Miranda gave a satisfied sign."

"He's quality, sho'," she said to May Lily Belle. She started to rise, but fell back again weakly. "I jes' cyarnt tote Claude Augustus anudder step. I'se jes' clar wore out," she said, her voice breaking.

The Marquis bent and lifted the baby upon his arm.

"Le pauve petite!" he said, gently. He held out his left hand, smiling, to May Lily Belle, who, after a moment's gazing through her shielding curls, clung to him like a kitten. The twins each grasped one of the long satin-lined coat-tails in a grimy fist, and Miranda prepared to guard the rear of the company.

"Allons, mes infantes!" said the Marquis, gayly, and the procession started.

They passed out of the southwest entrance of the square, crossed the avenue, and took their way via the State Department and Seventeenth street along F—. They proceeded slowly; May Lily Belle wavered with drowsiness and fatigue, and the twins dragged heavily on the coat-tails. There were few people abroad in that quiet quarter, and no one noticed them, though they walked in the full moonlight. Opposite the black shadows of the houses stretched nearly to the middle of the street, and along this coign of vantage slipped Sylvester, as any other man born of woman would have done, to see the outcome.

"Why didn't you help them?" broke in Caddie Stevens at this juncture, as the tale was told. "Why didn't you step up like a man and a brother and carry one of the twins pig-a back?"

"Dear boy," said Sylvester, sweetly, "I am not posing as an emancipation proclamation. Besides, I would not have deprived his brow of its halo."

"'Sentiment' for 'stove-pipe!'" murmured Caddie; but Jack Clements threatened him with personal violence, and Sylvester was allowed to continue.

The Marquis seemed hardly conscious of his companions or where he was going. Every foot of that pavement was filled with memories for him, and he had never thought to traverse it again. He dropped his chin upon his breast, full of the bitter-sweet recollections of the past.

Suddenly Miranda gave a cry of rapturous relief.

"Heah tis! Heah's we-all's house—an' Miss Betty an' de gin'ral!"

The Marquis looked up; that house, that house of all on F— street, of all in Washington! In front of it stood a carriage, and down the broad steps she came, her opera cloak gathered about her filmy skirts, and the general's red face and fierce mustache glooming behind her.

The hot blood surged up under Savignac's pale olive skin, and burst like a coal in each cheek. Not for the ludicrousness

of his position—he was entirely unconscious of it—but that her father should ever again find him at his door.

Betty stopped with a little cry and shrank back. The general was looking as if he could thrash somebody, or somebody could thrash him, he wasn't quite sure which, and he brought up all standing before this tableaux, which the moonlight from above and the lamplight from the hall threw into startling relief.

"What the deuce—" he began. Miranda darted forward and clutched Betty's gown.

"Oh, Miss Betty, Miss Betty, hit sho'ly is you! We-alls had do mos' awfullest time ever wuz! Me an' May Lily Belle an' the chilluns wuz dat los' we'd nevir foun' oursels no mo' ef dis gemman hadn't cum 'long an' brung us hisself—brung us de hull way!"

The Marquis stood proudly erect, and Claude Augustus, drooping in sleep, was silhouetted against his shirt front; a round, woolly head, with a background of coat-tail, peered from either side of him, and May Lily Belle was cuddling his head beneath her chin.

"I beg pardon to so intrude," he said, addressing the space above the general's head, with that dignity of the *vieille noblesse* no circumstances could subdue. "I was en route from the embassy and met these unfortunates in the gardens. I knew not their destination." He stopped; his eyes met Betty's and dropped suddenly.

Betty bent and loosened Miranda's hand. "Go in and bring your mother," she said. "Papa," she went on, turning toward him, a little reproachful tremble in her voice, "do you not see? It is Marquis Du Savignac."

The general was staring beneath his bristling eyebrows like a man on whom a light is breaking.

"Do you mean to tell me," he said, slowly "that you came all the way up here with those little niggers—and carried the baby?"

The Marquis gave a little shrug of mingled amusement and nonchalance. "Que voulez-vous?" he said, lightly. "They desired the mothaire."

General Carrolton sat heavily down on the broad stone balustrade and dropped his hands on his outspread knees.

"Well, I'll be ——"

"A precious old darling!" It was Betty's voice in his ears and Betty's eyes look-

ing straight into his—eyes so like her dead mother's and shining through the big drops that chased down to the corners of her dimpling, quivering mouth.

The Marquis had deposited Claude Augustus on the capacious bosom of his mammy. He lifted his hat with his old world grace.

"I have the honor to wish you a good night."

"Here!—stop!—hold on!—come back!" The general was off the steps and after him like a shot from a mortar. "I'm not saying what I'm going to do, or giving my girl up yet; but if I made an old fool of myself this morning or didn't say anything I ought to be sorry for—" the general was getting frightfully mixed; his tongue was not wanted to apologizing. But he looked Savignac straight in the eyes and held out his hand, and the Marquis, after an instant scrutiny, gave back a regular Anglo-Saxon grip.

"And mademoiselle?" he faltered, "and mademoiselle?" he looked past the general to the house.

Betty had sent the carriage to the stable and she stood in the black frame of the doorway, her cloak fallen at her feet, the moonbeams kissing her gleaming hair, bare shoulders and little outstretched hands. Her words were only a whisper, but they reached him:

"Mon ami."—*Edna Proctor Clarke.*

The Difference.

George Lippard, in one of his famous novels, the "Quaker City," describes two sorts of Quakers: the one very scrupulous about the shade and cut of his coat, the tails of which must be of the exact regulation length, the brim of his hat just so wide, and he never mistakes in speaking the "thee" and "thou," and is always trying to impress you with the idea that Quakers are superior beings, unimpaired and untouched by human weakness; nevertheless, in trade, look out for this sort of Friend. The other, less particular about the exact color of his cloth, less concerned about the brim of his hat, but scrupulously honest in all his dealings, never forgets that he is a part of the great Society of Friends, and that the world at large is watching him, and will judge him by his acts, not by his words.

This description applies strikingly to the members of the Craft; the one always

ready to tell his friend that he is a Mason, always sure to display conspicuously some Masonic jewel, and always trying to impress his friends, outside of the Order, that he is a great man and 'high Mason;' these boast that they are Master Masons, or that they have taken the 'hull degrees' in Masonry.

The other perchance never wears a Masonic emblem, never mentions his connection with the Craft except to members thereof, but is always at his post in the Lodge, and always ready to serve on committees; does not seek office, but accepts the same as a matter of duty, and once accepted, does his whole duty in, as well as outside the Lodge-room. Commend me to the brother of this latter description, for of such is the glory of Masonry.

But worse than all this is the enthusiast of other fields who brings this enthusiasm to our Lodges with him—the military, the temperance, the religious enthusiast—these cannot understand why all Masons should not join in with them; *their* idea, of course, is the right one. The military man finds not much scope in Lodge and Chapter, and he quickly rushes into the Commandery, where, amid drills and tactics, marches and countermarches, he finds himself at home; here his talent finds room to display itself, and he soon loses interest in the other bodies and devotes his entire time and money to the chapeau and white feather, the latter, possibly, emblematical of the fact that he has turned his back upon Ancient Craft Masonry. But he delights in military drills, is a captain in one of our military regiments, and his knowledge of the art of war comes very handy on the floor of the carpeted Commandery. Yet Masons have no fault to find with this enthusiast. True, he does no good, but he also does no harm.

More troublesome is the temperance fanatic. He lectures the brethren continually upon his favorite theme; implores them to flee from the tempting cup and never to touch the blighting curse—liquor. Either he has never touched any himself, does not know the want or need of it, or else he has been "redeemed" out of the gutter, and now turns savagely upon those who moderately indulge in light stimulants. He thinks the Lodge is just the field to work in; wants all the members to sign the pledge, and the height of his ambition is to become Master—not of his Lodge, but of a Lodge composed strictly

of good, sound teetotalers; and he will even make an effort to obtain a sufficient number of brethren of his own way of thinking to start a new Lodge, where his idiosyncrasy will find and have full sway. He does harm in so far that his endeavors in that one direction turn many from the true path of charity. While the Lodge is emphatically a place for the temperate man, it is not a place to proselyte for a fanatical notion; and our brother, the Good Templar, lays too much stress upon this one idea, and overlooks the true and universal aim of the Craft. He, too, soon drops out, unless he is convinced of better things, and becomes imbued in course of time with the true spirit and noble genius of Masonry.

But a great deal worse than all these is the religious enthusiast, who insists that every man, especially every member of his Lodge, should accept his theory and his theology. This often breaks out in unexpected spots; it is sometimes found on election nights, sometimes it stares at you from the ballot-box, and often creates an uncomfortable feeling among the brethren when once aroused.

Some years ago, not a thousand miles from Brooklyn, a brother, an eminent divine, conceived the idea of founding a new Lodge, the members of which should all belong to his church, or at least certainly to his denomination; it was to be known and recognized as *the Lodge par excellence*. All the Christian virtues in the universe should center in and around the members of this model Lodge, and none but the truly good, virtuous, and especially none but those confessedly and actively affiliated with some church of "our" faith should be admitted. This Lodge was successfully launched upon a poor and unsuspecting and sinful Masonic community; the Master was the class-leader of the church; the Senior Warden was the pastor; the superintendent of the Sunday-school "took" the South, while the sexton figured as Secretary, and three good and pious undertakers were chosen as the three Trustees.

For a while things went along smoothly and the new Lodge flourished like a hot-house plant, fostered by a powerful Christian denomination and backed by a strong and wealthy church. But soon, *very soon*, all the good material was exhausted, and they were looking around and into other churches to find members. These were not quite so good as those coming from

their own fold, still they were *good* men, and were accepted. Then here and there an outsider was proposed, but he was obliged first to join a church and serve six months on probation, and it was thoroughly understood that no one could enter this heavenly Lodge except through the door of a church. However, these good people overlooked one important matter. In framing their by-laws they made no provision as to what should be done with backsliders, and here was a rock upon which these unco good people shattered all their hopes—for the human race is very largely composed of backsliders; and then a very wealthy member of the congregation died, and each of the three Trustees was eager to take charge of the funeral arrangements, and this created a jealousy and ill feeling in the Board, which soon spread among the members; for it is a well-established fact that when you touch people's pockets, Christian or heathen, Jew or Gentile, you touch a very tender spot, much more susceptible than the mythical conscience.

Gradually it was found that some members of the Lodge did not attend church service, evinced no interest in the Sunday-school, and it was suggested that charges be preferred against them. In the meantime a man became Master of the Lodge who had "backslided" several times, and this broke them all up, at least as far as their usefulness as an adjunct to the church was concerned, and now they are reorganized upon a more worldly plan.

Many instances could be cited where clergymen are made Chaplains of Lodges, and with all due respect to the cloth, we would say that we have often heard them pray *at* instead of for the brethren, and often also bring their peculiar doctrines or favorite dogmas up to the Lodge, where they are so out of place.

The most annoying and trying time is at funerals, where the reverend brother prays on and speaks of the virtues of the dear departed (whom perchance he had never seen alive), while the members of the Craft are compelled to listen and wait, knowing well that the reverend talker only goes round the corner to his cosy home, while they have a five-mile ride to the cemetery and back, and the Masonic funeral service to perform at the grave.

Only recently, in an east-side church, the man of the gospel arose and said that, as there was to be services at the grave, he would be very brief in his remarks. It

was thought, here is a sensible, good man, and he commenced. After talking about twenty minutes the brethren looked at their watches; and from this out it took the gentleman two hours to make the few "brief" remarks, while the members had to wait his pleasure, looking out through the dim church windows at a threatening sky, with a three hours' trip before them.

If ministers would only be more considerate and more brief in their remarks at funerals, they would earn the gratitude of all parties.—*E. Loewenstein.*

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A Gold Medal.

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I shall never forget a lesson I received when at school at A. We saw a boy named Watson, driving a cow to pasture. In the evening he drove her back again, we did not know where, and this was continued several weeks.

The boys attending the school were nearly all sons of wealthy parents, and some of them were dunces enough to look with disdain on a scholar who had to drive a cow.

With admirable good nature Watson bore all their attempts to annoy him.

"I suppose, Watson," said Jackson, another boy, one day; "I suppose your father intends to make a milkman of you?"

"Why not?" asked Watson.

"Oh, nothing. Only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them—that's all."

The boys laughed, and Watson, not in the least mortified, replied: "Never fear. If ever I am a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk."

The day after this conversation there was a public examination, at which ladies and gentlemen from the neighboring towns were present, and prizes were awarded by the principal of our school, and both Watson and Jackson received a creditable number, for, in respect to scholarship, they were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution, the principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize of heroism. The last medal was awarded about three years ago to a boy in the first class who rescued a poor girl from drowning.

The principal then said that, with the

permission of the company, he would relate a short anecdote.

"Not long since, some boys were flying a kite in the street, just as a poor lad on horseback rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the boys who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded lad. There was one boy, however, who witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make inquiries, but stayed to render service.

"This boy soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a cow, of which she was the owner. She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive her cow to the pasture was now helpless with his bruises. 'Never mind, good woman,' said the boy; 'I will drive the cow.'

"But his kindness did not stop there. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. 'I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with,' said he, 'but I can do without them for a while.' 'Oh, no,' said the old woman, 'I can't consent to that; but here is a pair of heavy boots that I bought for Thomas, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these, we should get on nicely.' The boy bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

"Well, when it was discovered by the other boys at the school that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular were made a matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, driving the widow's cow and wearing his thick boots. He never explained why he drove the cow, for he was not inclined to make a boast of his charitable motives. It was by mere accident that his kindness and self-denial was discovered by his teacher.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I ask you—was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Watson, do not get out of sight behind the blackboard. You were not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise."

As Watson, with blushing cheeks, came forward, a round of applause spoke the

general approbation, and the medal was presented to him amid the cheers of the audience.—*The Children's Own.*

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A Boy Wanted.

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Walking down one of our business streets, the other day, I saw a placard in the show window of a store on which were the words, "A Boy Wanted." Just then, a bright looking little fellow came along, looked at the placard and hurried into the store. I knew him as the son of a poor widow, and so I waited until he came out, and said to him: "Well, Johnny, did you get the place?"

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"And what are you to do and how much are you to get?"

"I am to sweep and dust and run errands, and they will pay me two dollars a week. I must hurry home and tell mother. She will be so glad."

And the boy, who had found a place after weeks of weary hunting, rushed up the street as if he had discovered a gold mine. A sweeper and duster at two dollars a week—it did not seem to be a very grand opportunity, but many a merchant prince and millionaire started on the lowest round of the ladder. It was a beginning at least, and it enabled the son to help his mother a little in her hard struggle to keep the wolf from the door.

As I walked on, the words upon that placard kept ringing in my ears. Some boys I have heard say sadly: "There is no chance for us. All the good places are filled." But they are mistaken. There never was such a demand for boys as there is to-day. Just think a moment. The railroad presidents, and the college presidents are nearly past middle life. And so are the active and successful men in all departments. Many of their places will be vacant in ten years, more than half of them in twenty years, and nearly all of them in thirty years. How are those places to be filled? From the ranks of the boys to-day. And who of the boys will get the best places? Those who are the best boys—those who embrace present opportunities, no matter how humble, and are faithful in present spheres of duty, no matter how lowly.

During a debate in Congress, some years ago, a member of aristocratic birth, in replying to an opponent, said: "When we were boys, he used to black my boots."

"And didn't I black them well?" asked the other.

"Yes, I must say in justice to the gentleman, that he was called the best boot-black in town."

That is the material out of which noble men are made.—*Christian Observer.*

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"The True 'Bill.'"

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An incident in the life of a young man in New York came to our knowledge the other day, which, from the spice of romance it contains, as well as an illustration of what a vast deal of good a slight bestowal of charity sometimes does, makes it worthy of record.

As the young clerk, a brother and a friend were passing hastily through Broad street, one raw, chilly day in November, a few years ago, they saw standing near the corner of India street, as they turned to go down the wharf, a poor old woman, thinly clad in a calico dress, tattered bonnet and shawl, holding on her arm a small basket in which were a few uninviting looking apples, which she vainly offered to the hurrying pedestrians that passed her. Her stockingless feet thrust into old slippers, and a few threads of white hair scattered over her forehead, she stood shivering in the keen, searching wind, as our two clerks drew near.

"Poor old woman!" said one as he approached the poor creature, and with a sudden impulse plunged his hand into his pocket, and, grasping every cent it contained, threw it into her basket. The old woman's "God bless you" followed him on the frosty air as he rapidly passed away. His companion, who witnessed the act, ejaculated at the moment of its performance: "Bill, you are a fool to throw your money away in that manner, on street beggars."

"Perhaps I am," said the other, "but I could not help it; she may be an impostor, but I do not believe it."

The next day the matter was forgotten, and indeed might never have been remembered again had it not been brought to mind in the following manner: The next summer, one day, as the young brother was busy over his ledgers in an inner counting-room at his employer's store, he was summoned to the outer office by the message that some one wished to see him. Going out he saw waiting a fine looking sailor in nautical costume, who eyed him

closely as he approached. "Did you wish to see me, sir?" he said.

"Is your name William ——?"

"Yes, sir, that's my name."

"Blue eyes, light complexion, stands straight, speaks quick," said the sailor, half soliloquizing. "Yes, you must be the man, you look just like it," said the tar.

"Just like what?" said the young man, a little surprised.

"Why, I'll tell you! Overhaul your log and tell me if you recollect seeing a poor old woman, about ten months ago, shivering with the cold on Broad street, and trying to sell a few apples to keep her from starving, and you threw a dollar and a half in silver into her basket and walked on—you did, didn't you—you can remember it, can't you?" said the sailor, with feverish anxiety.

Somewhat staggered by the questioner's anxiety, it was a moment or two before the young man could collect his thoughts, when he replied that he did recollect throwing some change into a poor woman's basket, but that the circumstance had passed out of his memory.

"Ah! but she hasn't forgotten!" said the sailor, warmly; "but do you recollect what the man that walked with you said?" he inquired.

"Yes, now that I recall the circumstance, I do. He said: 'Bill, what a fool you are to throw away your money.'"

"That proves it," said the sailor joyfully, and dashing his hat on the floor, he seized the astonished young man by the hand with a hearty grasp, saying: "God bless you, sir! you saved my mother's life, you did—I knew you must be the man," said he to the astonished clerk, "the moment I set my eyes on you. Why, bless your generous heart, that poor old woman was my mother," said the sailor, a big tear at the same time running over his brown cheek.

Drawing his guest aside, the clerk learned that he was second mate of a ship then in port; that he had been searching for his mother's benefactor for nearly three weeks upon almost every wharf in that part of the city; that during his absence the winter before, he had been taken sick in a foreign port, his mother had met with misfortunes, and had heard nothing from him, and was deprived of the provision he had made for her support during his absence; that, expecting to hear from him, she managed to eke out an existence till the chill month

of November found her without food, fire, or clothing, and had driven her to the street to procure them; that the handful of change which the young man threw into her basket procured her necessaries till other means fortunately reached her.

In answer to the clerk's inquiry as to what clew he had to direct him in his search, he replied: "My mother marked you, sir, although you walked off so quickly; and her description of the color of your eyes and hair, and of your height, are correct. Furthermore, she heard your companion call you 'Bill,' and say something about the wharf; so I've been into every store on the wharves where there are any Williams, and overhauled about two dozen 'Bills,' but didn't run alongside the true 'Bill' till I found you, sir. There," concluded the sailor, "that's my yarn. I felt I could not rest easy till I thanked you, and that's what I called to do. My old mother is well provided for now, and I'm second mate of a ship. God bless you, sir! I'll never forget your name, and may you never know what it is to be poor."

—A Mason in Voice of Masonry.

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Courtesy to Strangers.

Abraham once entertained three strangers, and was surprised when they were about to depart, to find out their celestial character. They had not revealed themselves as angels, but had been content to receive the courteous attention the good old patriarch was willing at all times to extend to sojourners. Ever since that incident there has been an admonition to the people of this world to be careful to treat strangers civilly, for "they may entertain angels unawares."

If there is any one who needs kind and courteous treatment, it is "a stranger in a strange land" or in a strange Lodge. He is away from home and kindred, and must depend upon his fellow-men, those whom he never saw before or heard of, perhaps, to make his stay in the place or Lodge pleasant. There is nothing that will make a man feel more uncomfortable than to be treated rudely by strangers. This is especially true of strangers in our Lodges. They may come from England, Scotland, or Bombay, but being familiar with that universal language of Masonry by which "one Mason may know another in the dark as in the light," they have a right to expect courteous treatment when they visit a

Lodge. A kind word, a brotherly grasp of the hand and a friendly spirit, will make the stranger gratefully remember his visit to the Lodge. But a lack of attention will fasten in his memory an unpleasant experience, and when he chances to pass that way again he will be sure to give that Lodge a wide berth and refuse to visit.

An incident came to our knowledge recently of a brother from Bombay who was staying in Philadelphia for a few days, and went to the Masonic Temple one evening for the purpose of visiting a Lodge. He sent in a card that the Tyler had instructed him to fill out. He gave on it the name of the Lodge in which he was made, and some other Masonic information requested. His card was returned to him with some short answer that he could not visit. He was not even treated with the courtesy of having a committee or a brother come from the Lodge to know who he was or by what right he claimed the privilege of visiting. With no reasons given for it, he was turned away, and carries with him a very poor opinion of the Lodge that failed in a very simple act of courtesy due to any man claiming to be a Mason. If he had been found unworthy after making his statement or undergoing a proper examination, there would have been time enough to turn him away. A little care to be courteous to strangers wins friends, while acts of thoughtless unkindness makes foes.

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Practical Harmony.
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Not the least important of the duties that will confront the Masters when enter upon their offices, is that of preserving amongst the members of their Lodges that internal peace and harmony which is not only the best cement of the Masonic structure, but its most weighty recommendation in the eyes of the outside world. No Lodge can be in a sound condition unless its members are at peace with each other, and the Masonic Institution will assuredly command little respect outside if the strongest visible evidence of the professions of the Craft is a crop of quarreling in the light of the sun. Now, in order to avoid this sort of thing, it is of very little use for us to enlarge upon the precepts of the Order. They are so excellent in themselves, that if they will not go down into the hearts of our brethren by their own weight, they will gain but little prestige

from any comments of the Masonic journalist. We cannot gild refined gold. All that is required is that general injunctions shall, where the need exists, be brought home to individual cases. And the proper agent of this process is undoubtedly the head of the Lodge, the Master himself.

Our rules very wisely provide that when a condition of discord has arisen between two brothers, as certainly will sometimes be the case, human nature being what it is, they shall not render Lodge working logically impossible by appearing in our assemblies. But the spectacle of one or perhaps two otherwise worthy brethren, for even the worthiest have their infirmities, being excluded from the visible Lodge by mutual dissension, is not one that should be allowed to continue without an effort to heal the breach. To act as mediator is clearly the duty of the Master, and, although, with that lamentable shirking of realities that has become so unfortunate a feature of latter-day Masonry in the jurisdictions under which we work, that duty has very much dropped out of sight, it is none the less a duty still. In the great Republic of the West, where Masonry, despite much that appears to us sentimental masquerading, is more of a practical power than with us, the duty is one that no Master thinks of shirking; and, for the benefit of those amongst us who are inclined to take up the same conscientious course, we offer a few words of advice.

Whenever any Master hears that two brethren are at variance, and he ought to hear of it very early, he should make it his business to wait upon the senior Mason of the pair, either by himself or accompanied by one of his Past Masters, and ascertain what the cause of dissension is. Then, knowing to some extent where the land lies, and having been able to gauge the state of mind of one party to the trouble, he calls upon the other and talks matters over with him. His next step is to return to No. 1, and by a gentle hint here and there find out what terms of reconciliation would be acceptable to him. This ascertained, he is in a position to go to the junior with some proposal, and if he has any Masonic tact, he should be able to get the two parties to meet either by themselves or in his presence, and shake hands. No one need despair of success in such a task, for it is surprising what can be done by a third party in such matters. However bitter the quarrel, it will generally be found that the

real obstacle to forget and forgive is the reluctance of each party to take the first step towards reconciliation, for fear of compromising his dignity, but if somebody else will start the talking, in nine cases out of ten the difficulty is at an end. The main thing to observe is an entire absence of officialism. The Master should carefully make it clear that he goes to ask and to implore, not to command or direct. And further, he is wise if he lets a week or two elapse before he begins his efforts at reconciliation, for time is a wonderful chipper-off of knobs and excrescences, and he must be very careful to delegate his mediatorial duties to one of his Past Masters if he is in the least degree more intimately concerned or connected with one of the belligerents than the other, for even Masons misunderstand motive at times. And if, after all efforts have been tried, one or both remain obdurate, he should not hesitate to bring Masonic discipline to bear on the purification of the Lodge. But few are the cases in which he will find this necessary if he only goes to work the right way.—*S. A. Freemason.*

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Get the Work Lawfully.

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Before 1717 there were general assemblies of the Craft; then the four old Lodges in London formed a regular Grand Lodge, and adopted a Constitution and General Regulations. From that time to this, Freemasonry has been organized in lawfully constituted Lodges and Grand Lodges, and a standard ritual has existed and been taught. Sometimes a few brethren have thought the oral method of promulgating the standard work too slow, and have exercised their inventive faculties on attempts to find a better way. They have failed, notwithstanding the fact that they have planned and put into use some very ingenious "ciphers." Wherever used their "ciphers" have caused trouble, because they would get astray and could not be found, and because no cipher can be invented that cannot be read by an expert. Of late ciphers have caused confusion and discord in a few Grand Jurisdictions, and discipline and expulsions have been found necessary. In Kansas, in 1894, the Capitular Grand Lecturer devoted all his time to a search for ciphers astray, and his report of the matter fills six printed pages.

The fact is, ciphers are wrong, and, wherever they exist, should be destroyed.

The oral method of communicating the esoteric standard work is the correct one, and no other is safe or proper. First in the Masonic Bodies, and then from the Grand Custodians, Grand Lecturers and other duly authorized brethren should the esoteric standard work be obtained. By this we mean that first, the degrees should be taken in lawfully constituted Masonic bodies, and that then the best lawful instruction should be had. Nearly all the Masonic Grand Bodies now have Grand Custodians, or Grand Lecturers and Assistant Grand Lecturers, who are ever willing and ready to impart lawful instruction, which is the only instruction that should be sought. Get the work lawfully or not at all.—*Voice of Masonry.*

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A Romanist Who Tells the Truth.

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Most of the dignitaries who participated in the Roman Catholic Congress in Chicago, praised their church in extravagant terms. According to these speakers, Romanists have always stood for civil liberty, education, domestic peace, religious freedom, and a lot of other desirable things. If the whole world could only fall into the arms of the "mother church," and bow to the Pope, every political, social, industrial, educational and religious wrong would be speedily righted. Popery was proclaimed to be the one panacea for all the world's moral ills.

But one gentleman did not indulge in such superlative eulogy. His name is M. T. Elder, and he hails from New Orleans. Mr. Elder is said to be a devoted member of the Roman Catholic church, but this fact does not blind him to the weakness, inconsistencies and dangers of that ancient organization. These he discussed at the congress in the presence of archbishops, bishops, priests, and other churchly leaders. That is to say, many such dignitaries were in the congregation of fifteen hundred when the reading of the paper began. Before it closed, however, most of the crowd had vanished. Among other things, Mr. Elder's discourse contained these sentences:

"My contention is, that we have no hold upon the agricultural masses, and that this fact accounts for many of our deficiencies. Why is it that the greatest men of our nation are non-catholic? It is because the vast majority of these great men are from sturdy rural stock, and the rural stock of

the United States is solidly, staunchly Protestant. Let us not whine about prejudice and intolerance, anti-Popery and secret societies. Let us tell the truth to ourselves. Our inferior position—and it certainly is inferior—is owing almost wholly to ourselves. The great men of this nation have been, are, and will continue to be Protestant. I speak not of wealth, but of brain, of energy, action of heart. The great philanthropists, the great orators, the great writers, thinkers, leaders, scientists, inventors, teachers of our land, have been Protestants.

“What surprises me, is the way we have of eulogizing ourselves—of talking buncombe and spread-eagle, and of giving taffy all round. I am sorry to say that I cannot well join in this enlivening pastime. When I see how largely Catholicity is represented among our hoodlum element I feel in no spread-eagle mood. When I note how few Catholics are engaged honestly in tilling the soil, and how many Catholics are engaged in the liquor traffic, I cannot talk buncombe to anybody. When I observe the increasing power and ascendancy of the Jews; when I see the superior vigor, originality and opportuneness of Protestant lay charity over similar attempts on our part, and when I observe the immense success and influence of secret societies, even here, in this most Catholic city in the Union, I have no heart for taffy-giving. When I reflect that out of the 70,000,000 of this nation we number only 9,000,000, and that out of that 9,000,000 so large a proportion is made up of poor factory hands, poor mill, and shop, and mine, and railroad employees, and poor government clerks, I still fail to find material for buncombe, or spread eagle, or taffy-giving.”

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Mason's Wives vs. the Order.

A few evenings since the writer overheard a Mason's wife descanting very severely upon Masonry because, as she held, “it had not benefitted her husband in any shape, manner or form.” The indictment was one of a very grave character, and the lady was requested to explain what she meant to convey by the assertion. And the sum and substance of her wail was this: That her husband had not been benefitted in business to any appreciable extent by his connection with the Craft. She evidently believed that Masonry was intended

to increase the sales of her husband in his business, being ignorant of the fact apparently that in his application for admission the husband had subscribed to a document wherein he affirmed that mercenary motives were not influencing him in seeking initiation into the Order. In all likelihood the husband had never made her acquainted with the aims and objects of Freemasonry.

We are quite positive that many Mason's wives are completely in the dark regarding the Order, simply because they have not been taken into the confidence of their husbands in regard to it. It may not be amiss to answer those who are skeptical as to its teachings, by saying that Freemasonry is simply an instrument for the good of others. How is it held to the human race? Only by the strong chains of brotherly love. What does it bear within its keeping? Nothing but the message which tells of man's plans and purposes, hopes and ambitions to be better and truer and nobler in all things here, that he may enjoy a higher and more sublime association hereafter. Nothing except the moral lesson of the every day existence, which is made up of success and failure, teach him of a love which makes him stronger when he fails, and humbler when he succeeds.

How is the Institution protected? By every member who, with the solemn obligation engraven on his soul and its whispered words of counsel lingering in his ears, remembers its blessings and its objects. Who guards it from destruction? The millions of brave hearts whose beatings can be heard in every land upon which the sunshine rests, and who have taken from its store of treasures the many messages which cheer the gloom and give increased brightness to happy hours.

—London Free Press.

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Purgatory In a Convent.

Exposures that are constantly being made of the damnable transactions of the Roman Catholic system under the guise of Religion, appear in striking contrast with the works of Freemasonry, which is so bitterly denounced by the Roman Catholic church. It is opposed to secret societies. Yet it speaks in a language unknown to its adherents, builds high walls about its charitable (?) institutions, the doors and windows of which are bolted and heavily ironed, and all its transactions, from the

confessional down, are carried on in secret, overshadowed with an Egyptian darkness of death, and whenever a ray of light penetrates the gloom of mystery it reveals a condition of things that makes "the whole head sick and the whole heart faint," and convinces those who are willing to see, that "From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds and bruises and putrifying sores."

The following brief insight into the inner workings of one of the Roman Catholic institutions is taken from the *Christian World*:

"The nun whom a gallant solicitor assisted to escape from a convent, as we related last week, has made an interesting statement to a Hull journalist. The lady is Miss Golding, now living at Beverley, Yorkshire, and the convent is at Douai. She says it is the custom for the commonest, coarsest, most brutal woman to be appointed Lady Superior. 'My sister, you must think of death,' is the dolorous advice constantly given. The nuns are obliged to say prayers for hours at a time, even while engaged in teaching, or they are punished with what is called "sore throat." Some decoction is given in the food, which parches the throat, brings on fever and dizziness, the cold fastens on the lungs; 'you take to bed, and then you are told to prepare for death.' Miss Golding earned for the convent £20 a week by her teaching, but every penny of that as well as her private income of £45 a year, and her gold watch and chain, was taken by the Superior. Food was poor and the clothing coarse and ragged. When she asked to leave, the Superior threatened to send her to the madhouse.

"Another punishment is to forbid attendance at prayers, the culprit sitting isolated like a black sheep. Miss Golding wrote once for her brother-in-law to take her away; but when he arrived, overcome by the mysterious influence of the place, she felt compelled to say, 'I am not disposed to go yet,' although she was dying to go. As was to be expected, the Mother Superior, together with the ecclesiastical authorities connected with the convent, deny Miss Golding's story. They always do. M. de Meilhac, the lady's brother-in-law, who went once to fetch her, indignantly denies the contradiction, and declares the whole story to be true. He is a Roman Catholic, and, indeed, converted Miss Golding to that faith, she being re-

ceived by Bishop (now Cardinal) Manning. The Roman Catholic Dean Sullivan, of Hull, told his congregation that the convent authorities say that Miss Golding was subject to hysteria, and had illusions. Did the London solicitor have illusions when the Mother Superior of the convent cunningly locked him in a room, and he burst open the door and found four nuns struggling with Miss Golding? The Mother Superior cannot overcome this difficulty, but she tries to explain the violence by saying that Miss Golding would not wait to have her costume changed, 'and as she would not listen to reason, they took from her the cross and veil, at which she cried and abused them loudly.'

It is to be hoped that Miss Golding's experience will cause other ladies who think of entering convents, to decide to remain in the world and do their duty, instead of getting themselves buried alive.

—Tyler.

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Bigotry and Intolerance in Templary.

"The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man" applies distinctively to the teachings of the Blue Lodge, Chapter and Council. The Order of the Temple opens up to us an entirely new dispensation, and requires something beyond the mere recognition of "the Fatherhood of God" on the part of those who enter our Asylums. As Knights Templar we teach, and we are bound to believe, that JESUS CHRIST was the Incarnate SON OF GOD; that He was betrayed into the hands of wicked and sinful men; that He suffered the cruel and ignominious death of the cross; that He was buried in the tomb of Joseph; that on the third day He rose from the dead and was seen of his disciples; that He appeared unto them in a room, when the door was locked and spoke to the doubting Thomas, who touched the print wounds in His hands and side, and believed. And that He again appeared unto them at Bethany, where He was finally parted from them and taken up into heaven. Such is Templarism. Whether or not it is any other "ism," we do not care to inquire. The Mason who is not prepared to believe in it has no business to become a Knight Templar. And a Knight Templar who rejects the plain teachings of the Order to which he belongs, had better get out of it as quickly as possible, for so

long as he remains in it he is a living lie.

—*Kittredge Haskins, in the Orient.*

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The Cohesiveness of Freemasonry.
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There is a cohesiveness in Freemasonry that is found nowhere else, and the question is pertinent, Why is it? In the church there are storms and schisms, divisions and strife. Brother is arrayed against brother, and where should be found a spirit of forbearance and brotherly love, is the bitterest hatred. The fierce fires of hell are not hotter than the fire of religious persecution. Among those who only a short while ago there seemed to be the sweetest harmony, there now exists an antagonism that threatens the peace of the whole religious world. The spirit of determined opposition to fancied heresy in some marked and prominent leader of Christian thought, has brought out the very worst weaknesses of the human heart. In their zeal to "defend the faith," to "maintain the dignity of the church," they resort to the basest means known in the world, and the hard feelings engendered makes those who were fast friends the bitterest foes.

Rivers of human blood have been spilled in religious warfare, and the very worst impulses of the human heart have been aroused. The knife of the assassin has been used as a defense of pretended Christian belief. The creed! the creed! has been the cry, and any who dared oppose the dictum of the church, whether it was in harmony with the convictions of conscience or not, suffered the rack or the thumbscrew or the faggot.

In the State the same spirit of strife and contest is seen. Parties war with each other, and those of a man's own household are often found arrayed against him. If that difference in opinion were confined to mere matters of conviction, and were not allowed to change a man's very nature, and cause him to raise his hand against his best friend, and even in fratricidal strife to curse his nearest kin, it would not be so dreadful in its consequences.

In society, jealousies and ambitions cause the widest separations. Pride, with its haughty dangers, estranges those who should be in closest friendship. There are "castes" and "sets" so seclusive and exclusive that hearts are made to bleed from the slights and neglects that are daily heaped upon them. There is no

protection in society. A shrug of the shoulder, a knowing wink or an inuendo soon takes shape in a rumor that grows with every repetition, until the purest angel from heaven would be made to appear blacker than the demons of hell. Society destroys friendships. Pride tramples upon the heartstrings and causes distress where there should be peace and joy.

All men are equal in Masonry. Not in the sense of social or intellectual attainment, but in being the creatures of one Supreme Being. Therefore in the Lodge-room all ranks are leveled, all distinctions are done away with, and the prince and peasant, the rich man and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, meet upon one common level and strike hands as brothers. There is a golden chain of sincere affection that binds heart to heart in the mystic circle. Political strife finds no place in the Lodge-room. Religious creeds and theological dogmas are unheard of there. On the same tessellated floor meet the Christian from his church, the Mohammedan from his mosque and the Jew from his synagogue. Outside their religious beliefs keep them wide apart, and each goes in divergent ways, but in the Lodge-room there is a common altar erected to the one All-Father, to which all can come and about which all may gather as brothers. This is a strong element of cohesiveness.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

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A Need for Masonic Discipline.
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We mentioned last month the un-Masonic actions of some brethren in our city, who are giving to the public press the names of those who are passing through the mysteries of Masonry. This method of advertising has reached the point where patience ceases to be a virtue. Scarcely a meeting of any Masonic body can be held but the candidate finds his name in print the next day. To cap the climax of such methods, a full account, with display headlines, of a Masonic trial, appeared in an evening paper. The case in point, arising out of a bank failure, created a great amount of ill feeling, both out and inside of Masonic circles, and the officers of this Lodge were endeavoring to handle the case judiciously and in a way to reflect credit on the Order. It was a time for indignation to hear the newsboys crying out on the streets and in hotels: "All about the Masonic trial of —!" "The

Masons are after the bank wrecker," etc' "This news was obtained from a Mason.' Has it come to pass that there is no Masonic secrecy? Shall the proceedings of our Lodges become public property by the perfidy of some one who claims to be a Mason? It is time the law was enforced, and some one expelled for the good of the Order.—*Constellation*.

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A Mason Swindler Comes to Grief.

The public press has very generally published the operations of one A. M. Petty, who has been depredating on the Lodges of the West and South, for many years by "borrowing" small sums, which he confessed that he never intended to return. He borrowed once too often when he struck Bro. L. F. Chiles, who helped him on his way to the amount of \$15.00. He exhibited sealed papers, claiming to be a member of the Lodge in Marshall, Ark., and Sheriff of Searcy County, and that he was in pursuit of a fugitive from justice. Not hearing from him in a reasonable time, Bro. Chiles related in the columns of the *New Orleans Picayune*, how badly he was "taken in," and the paper had not traveled more than two hundred miles, when Bro. Petty was located, and arrested in Louisiana on a requisition from the Governor of Mississippi. At the recent term of the Circuit Court of Hinds County, he was sentenced to the full penalty for such a misdemeanor—three months in the county jail and \$100 fine. He is now in the Hinds County prison farm, working out his fine, at the rate of \$5 00 per month. It could not be proven that he had borrowed from any one person a sufficient sum to make it a felony.

"Bro. Petty's appeal to the Court for clemency is one of the most refreshing documents on record. He admitted that he resolved "to adopt dishonest means to feed and clothe my family rather than allow them to suffer. In determining to pursue dishonest means to secure this end, I chose the means as practiced by me as the least reprehensible as I regarded it." Petty claims much credit because he "borrowed" from, rather than "robbed" his victims, and asked the Court to "graciously grant" him pardon because of "the triviality of the offense committed."

Since the Court disposed of him, your correspondent received a letter from a gentleman, now residing in Los Angeles, Cal.,

who describes Petty exactly, says he is his brother-in-law, and that he left his wife and three children in Michigan about fifteen years ago, and that they had not heard from him until his recent arrest.

It is amazing how many Lodges and brethren are imposed upon by such dead-beats—who are usually expelled or suspended Masons, and who are trying to thus "get even" for the imaginary injustice that has been done them. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, able-bodied men who solicit charity or "a loan," are imposters and cheats. It is a sin and a crime against the principles of Freemasonry to expend money on them when there may be widows and orphans in the jurisdiction of the Lodge who may be in real need, although unwilling to let their wants be known. These fellows are usually "very bright," and their plausible tales make an impression on the Master who is fresh in the business of dispensing relief, and who draws his warrant, but who will look in vain for the return of the loan.—*J. L. Power, Grand Secretary, G. L. of Miss.*

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Echoes of the War.

"I have lately noticed," said Major S. H. Almon to an *Inter-Mountain* reporter lately, "several army stories in the Masonic TRESTLE BOARD in which members of the Masonic Order here figured. Let me relate a few that I have never yet seen in print. I remember them quite well, for I happened to be one of the participants in each.

"After the battle of Fort Donaldson, John A. Logan's old regiment, the Thirty-first Illinois, was left on garrison duty until about April 25, 1862. I was chief non-commissioned officer, sergeant major, and while acting as such accidentally or purposely called at the residence of an old couple named Bates. I found that Mr. Bates was a Mason, being Past Grand Master of Tennessee. During our conversation he informed me that our army had taken everything about the place, not leaving them even enough food for the next meal. He appealed to me as a Mason. I went back to my regiment and informed about seven Mason officers and men, and it would have done you good to see the coffee, sugar, bacon and crackers that were carried to the Bates family. The thanks of those we had helped were profuse, and

how proud we felt to think that we had done the family a kindness and helped a brother in distress."

"Another touching incident took place May 1, 1863, on the battlefield near Port Gibson, Miss.," continued Mr. Almon. "Logan's regiment was on the extreme left. I had charge of Company I and was using it for skirmishing purposes. The regiment and company charged a battery and captured it. After the battle I walked across the field in the direction of a clump of bushes. On nearing the bushes a Confederate soldier stepped out, saluted and beckoned me to go with him. I went and he told me that the major of his regiment was in there (meaning the bushes) badly wounded and wanted to see a Mason. I walked up to the wounded man and spoke to him. He asked me if I was a Mason, and I answered in the affirmative. He then said: 'I am badly wounded. Have you a regimental surgeon who is a Mason?' I told him I had, and he asked me to get him at once. I did as requested, summoning Dr. W. D. Whitnell, who was a member of a Lodge at Vienna, Ill. The wounded Confederate asked the doctor if he was a Mason, and on receiving an affirmative answer said: 'After you have examined my wound tell me truthfully if there is any hope for my recovery.'

"I helped the doctor to open his clothing, and after making a careful diagnosis of the wound the doctor told him he could live only a short time. The wounded brother then reached over to one side, picked up his soft white hat and handed it to Whitnell, with the remark: 'Doctor, this is the only thing I have in sight, and I want you and this brother (meaning me) to take it, and if you get down about Mobile find my wife and babies, and say to them that it is all papa has to send them. Tell them when, where and how I died.'

"Dr. Whitnell took the hat with a full determination of delivering it to the Confederate's family some time, if possible, but in 1864 he left our regiment on a sick leave of absence in front of Kennesaw Mountain, and died soon after reaching home. I have often thought of the episode, and wished that the hat and message could have been delivered. If I mistake not the wounded brother Mason was a member of a Georgia regiment—No. 34 Infantry. I have forgotten his name."

"The third incident of Masonic note occurred at Charleston, S. C., in August or

September, 1864. On July 22 of that year I had the misfortune to be captured near the spot on which General McPherson fell. I was taken to Macon, Ga., and thence to Charleston where, with 285 officers, I was placed in the workhouse. While there I made the acquaintance of a young officer belonging to an Illinois regiment. He had been a prisoner eighteen months, and was sick and disheartened. He had no money and had not heard from his home or mother. One day he asked me what I thought of an appeal to the Masons for help—something to eat. I advised him to do it. He wrote a letter and sent it to Dr. Mackey, our great Masonic historian, who resided at Charleston. Two or three days later a tall man entered the prison and inquired for the young officer. I pointed him out. After the doctor had satisfied himself that the prisoner was a Mason he pulled from his pocket a long bill book used for carrying paper money and supplied him with greenbacks. I cannot recall the amount the doctor gave his brother Mason. On or about September 24 I was taken away with 240 other prisoners for exchange and never heard what became of my brother prisoner. Before leaving the prison Dr. Mackey told me how to treat some styes on my eyes, and I followed his directions with the result that I was soon cured."

S. H. Almon was sergeant major, captain and major of the Thirty-first Illinois Volunteer Infantry, and is now a resident of Butte.—*Butte, Mont., Inter-Mountain.*

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Polly and the Tramp.

"Yes, polly is a pretty bird, and as bright as she is pretty," said Aunt Abbie to us children, who crowded about the cage to admire the bird's bright plumage and pert manners. "Did I ever tell you," she asked, "how polly did me a good turn by frightening a tramp away?"

"No, Aunt Abbie," we all cried, and we gathered about her, anxious to lose no word of the story.

"Well, children," she began, "you know Uncle Daniel has lived with me for years. As he is old and feeble, he stays in the sitting-room and reads or sleeps most of the time. When he is wanted I go to the door and call rather loudly, for he is hard of hearing, 'Uncle Dan, Uncle Dan, you are wanted.' Polly has heard these words so many times that she can re-

peat them as plainly as I can, and when anything unusual is going on she will scream. 'Uncle Dan, Uncle Dan, you are wanted,' but I never imagined this habit of polly's would be of any service to me.

"One morning last summer I was alone in the house, and while I was clearing off the breakfast table I heard a loud knock at the back door. I opened it, and there stood the dirtiest, roughest looking tramp I ever saw. He asked me for something to eat, and before I had time to make him any reply he pushed past me, and, uninvited, took a seat at the table.

"I never refuse to feed a hungry person, so I brought out what food there was in the pantry and placed it on the table. Nearly all my eatables were down cellar, but I was afraid to leave the man alone to go after them, so I told him he was welcome to what was on the table. He glanced over the table disdainfully, and demanded something better.

"I was afraid to go down in the cellar, thinking he would either follow me or rob the house in my absence, so I told him that was the best I could do for him.

"He brought his fist down on the table with an angry oath, and demanded a good hot breakfast.

"I was thoroughly frightened, and had decided to run to the neighbors for help, when polly, disturbed by the man's loud talk, came to the rescue by screaming, 'Uncle Dan, Uncle Dan, you are wanted!'

"An open door hid her cage from the man's view, and he threw one startled glance in the direction of the voice, and rushed from the house, thinking, no doubt, it was a child's voice calling some man about the place to my aid.

"My fear vanished with the tramp, and I laughed heartily at his sudden flight. No man was ever changed more quickly from an insolent bully to a crestfallen coward than he was by polly's words.

"I gave her an extra lunch that morning, and I shall always feel grateful to her for saving me from an unpleasant if not dangerous situation.— *Atlanta Journal*.

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Expulsion for Non-Payment of Dues.

The Committee on Grievances and Appeals of Georgia, sustained the action of Lodges in expelling eighty of their members, and recommended that they be declared expelled by the Grand Lodge, which was adopted. Of this number forty-two

had been found guilty of the most serious crimes, and were deserving of the penalty inflicted; the offence of thirty-eight of the number was non-payment of dues. Whatever may have influenced the action of the several Lodges in expelling their members for such neglect, we do not believe so severe a penalty should be inflicted. Suspension or dropping from the roll has generally been regarded as sufficient penalty for this offence. In how many Lodges is it asserted that Bro. Blank is well able to pay his dues, and that he should be compelled to do so or be expelled from the Fraternity? Subsequently it is learned that, although seemingly well off, his affairs were in such a condition that it was utterly impossible for him to do so. It will be said by some, "Why did he not appear and show cause why he should not be disciplined, and ask for a remission of his dues?" For the reason that nothing is so sensitive as a man's credit. If Bro. Blank had done anything of the kind, in twenty-four hours the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker would have been apprised of the fact that Bro. Blank was hard-up," and through that very plea from clemency from his Masonic brethren, the harpies of the outside world would have pounced upon him and made things decidedly unpleasant in the way of compassing his ruin. Brother B. therefore decides, wisely or unwisely, to let the Lodge punish him for being guilty of not having sufficient "filthy lucre" to pay his dues. The cases like the above may be numbered by thousands. But it may be said that his revelation of his pecuniary circumstances would be held sacred within the tyled recesses of the Lodge. It ought to be; but is it? In twenty-four hours, or less, as stated above, the bad news would have traveled in seven-league boots, and Bro B. would be coveting a pair of the same that he might put a goodly distance between himself and the swarm of creditors with which he was suddenly confronted.

This is one phase of the "non-payment of dues" question which cannot be gained. Lodges in times of financial stringency should therefore be very cautious about proceeding against their members for non-payment of dues. Too much charity cannot be exercised to avoid doing great wrong to worthy, but unfortunate brethren.

It should be so that a brother could go the Worshipful Master and state his cir-

cumstances, and have an extension of time or remission granted him without publicity. It is doubtful if a solution of the problem will be very speedily reached. The statistics last year of the Grand Lodges in the United States show that some 17,000 were suspended for non-payment of dues. While it is doubtless true in a majority of the instances (as stated by the Iowa Committee on Chartered Lodges) that "their pages on the records will be filled with better material," there are thousands of whom this cannot be truthfully said.—*L. N. Greenleaf, of Col.*

Cremation and Freemasonry.

A Paper Read Before Durant Lodge, No. 268, F. & A. M., at Berkeley, Cal., by F. H. E. O'DONNELL, P. M.

"*To the People of the City:* A clean, odorless and expeditious means for reducing all the garbage by a *highly effective process* is a great advantage, for it will in a large measure relieve the citizens from the danger of zymotic diseases so prevalent in districts abutting on garbage dumps." The circular of a House Refuse and Scavenger Company is not a very *pious*, but, nevertheless, a particularly practical preface to a paper upon the efficacy of cremation as a consumer of dead matter. What odds whether that matter be the cell sacred as the past prison house of man's immortal soul, or the remains of a decomposed cabbage, a deceased cow, or a departed bow-wow.

To deal with cremation and its possible Masonic relation in a logical manner, and with impartial justice to cremation and the Freemason, certain *premises* must be briefly defined. No syllogism can be presented without its premises and conclusion. In this particular, the conclusion is self-apparent. The first proposition to be deduced may be clearly enunciated by the query—*Is cleanliness a recognized Masonic attribute?*

The Masonic postulant is early informed that "Masonry is a *moral and progressive science.*" Mark — a science—a *progressive science*. Pure science is *self-evident* truth. Perfect science is perfect knowledge or *perfection*—which is *God*. Hence, a progressive science is a progression towards a *state of perfection*—which is *perfect Godliness*. The preacher has religiously remarked that "*cleanliness*

is next to Godliness." Therefore cleanliness must be a Masonic principle—a Masonic virtue; for *perfect* Masonry is perfect Godliness.

Clean linen and a clean countenance are not absolutely conclusive testimony that the Craftsman has a clean conscience. That he *is* a Mason, is, however, positive proof that he knows his utmost endeavors should ever be "to keep himself unspotted from the world." A certain candidate for the mysteries wore a clean collar and a new suit. When, much to his chagrin during the ceremonies a cuticle considerably carbonized with coal-dust was apparent, and that initiate firmly believes the *external* as well as the internal man is a Masonic *pre-requisite*. Cleanliness is a Masonic science is more deeply considered by him than geometry, grammar, logic, astronomy, arithmetic, music and rhetoric. Cleanliness will ever *come before* Masonry in his opinion.

Masonry inculcates *wisdom*. Wisdom directs the pursuit and the *right use* of knowledge. Knowledge strikes the shackles from the soul. It gives man a *free* mind. Mental freedom is the *only* true liberty. The ignorant are ever and *everywhere* enslaved. Ignorance is the creature of its conqueror — *King Brains*. Masonry would make men *wise*. Hence, Masonry would make men *free*. Wise men and free men should be *happy* men. Masonry would make men happy. Health promotes happiness. *Ergo*, Masonry must promote *health*.

The first proposition being thus plainly proved, the second may be formulated as follows: What is cremation? Is it conducive to the public health? Are objections to cremation sustained by scientific facts, or superstitious fancies? If cremation does conduce to public health, then it is in accord with the principles and teachings of Freemasonry; which as a *progressive* science promulgates wisdom, knowledge, health and happiness.

The English etymology of cremation comes, as the name implies, from the Latin words *cremo*, to burn, and *crematic*, a burning. *Cremation* was first coined as an English word by Sir Thomas Browne, M. D., a noted London physician of the 17th century. He used it in his famous book, "Hydriotaphia," or Urne-Burial. "Urne-Burial" describes the funeral rites of all nations. It is the most profound work on the subject that has ever been written. It

had its origin in the discovery of some ancient sepulchral urns in a mound in Norfolk, England. "Urne-Burial" was almost a prophetic warning of the horrors about to happen in London, and more or less throughout Great Britain generally. It was published in 1658 only a few short years prior to the devastations of the great plague. Had the scientific warnings of Sir Thomas Browne been heeded many thousands might have been saved from the sufferings of that loathsome disease and death. It is even probable that the bodies of the sailors who carried it into England had been burned instead of buried. Then an officious coroner, for the sake of *fees* and inquiry could not have disinterred them. As he was the first subsequent victim, it may be reasonably supposed that the exhumation was the real cause of the outbreak.

Cremation was the general method for disposal of the dead in ancient times. It was practiced by all nations except Egypt, Judea and China. In Egypt bodies were embalmed; the entrails were first withdrawn and burned. The process of embalming was thereby rendered more effective as a preservative and more efficacious as a disinfectant. Embalming would not succeed so well in countries less dry than Egypt. In Judea the dead were interred in sepulchres cut in the solid rock. In China the ordinary form of earth-burial was used. In ancient Greece it was a mark of ignominy *not* to be cremated. Suicides were denied the sacred rite. In Rome pyre-burning prevailed from the end of the republic till the end of the fourth century A.D. In Cæsar's *De Bello Gallacia* the statement is made that animals and slaves were burnt as offerings at the same time as the corpse of their master or mistress. The Siamese embalm their dead, and the body lies in state for months or days, according to the rank of the deceased, after which time it is cremated. The poor Siamese, who cannot afford fuel, bury their departed friends and relations until such time as funds are less fickle, when they exhume and burn them.

The German Jews in Berlin, and the Spanish and Portuguese Jews in London were the first to welcome a revival of cremation. It cannot be asserted that the Jews are an un-Masonic people. It is too well known that they are to be counted among the staunchest advocates and sup-

porters of Freemasonry. The whole Masonic edifice, from foundation to capstone, is a purely Hebraic structure. The history and traditions of Masonry are so intermingled with those of the Hebrew nation that it is impossible to separate them.

Physicians, chemists and professors of hygiene, the world over, are the strongest advocates of cremation as the only true sanitary method whereby to effectually dispose of *all* dead matter. Cremation from a sane point of sight is undoubtedly a *sanitary* measure. Masonic sanity may be accounted by the profane to be a Masonic vanity; nevertheless the *adepts* know that Masonry is both humanitarian and sanitarian. In the higher degrees *ablution* is elevated to the dignity of a ceremony. Why then should *cremation* be tabooed?

In France, Germany, Italy, England, Austria and the United States, cremation societies are rapidly erecting their crematories.

In India the British government has recently built public cinerators, on the latest scientific principles, in place of the old and objectionable native *burning-ghauts* on the banks of the sacred Ganges. Science is silently suppressing superstition in civilized countries. Among the Hindoos it merely makes their sacred ceremonies more sanitary. The French recently unearthed their battlefields and burnt the carrion left by the crows. They denied the right of the dead to pollute the provender of the living. The rhyme of the poet—

"Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the mice away."

can be less poetical, but more truthful if transformed to read—

"Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might poison wells, his fellow-men to slay."

The only reason offered against cremation by certain ancient nations was, that as "*fire*" was a *God*, to burn the dead with *fire* was to pollute the *God*.

In some countries, as in Egypt, scarcity of fuel operated against cremation. The Chinese are influenced to *earth burial* by the incomprehensible religious phantasy of *Feng Shui*, the windwater spirit. The Romish Christian dogma denounces cremation in order that the dead may be interred near the churches of the living, and thereby derive benefit (*free gratis*) from the prayers of the faithful who resort to the churches.

No objection to cremation can be estab-

lished on Biblical testimony. The Bible vividly depicts the final clean-up by *fire*. Death by lightning is certainly incineration by Divine authority. In 1st Samuel xxxi, 12th verse, it is written: "All the valiant men arose, and went at night, and took the body of Saul, and the bodies of his sons from the wall of Beth-shan; and they came to Jabesh, and *burnt* them there.

Again, in Amos vi, 10th verse—"And when a man's kinsman shall take him up, even he that *burneth* him, etc."

In modern Europe and America the Christian and Masonic doctrine of the resurrection of the *body* has been used as the main argument against cremation. The safety of living men has been sacrificed to the supposed affinity of the spirit to the corporeal case that formerly contained it. The spirit after death, being an immortal and immaterial essence cannot be confined in any coffin, cave or crypt. It, too, has been Divinely, and therefore definitely promised reincarnation in a *new* and *incorruptible* body. This belief even the iniquitous Tweed gang of New York, or the ex Solid Seven of San Francisco would willingly accept. Those worthies will desire no reappearance of their *dry* and *corruptible* bones. Their resurrected souls will make no application for a writ of *habeas corpus*.

The idea of the body, as the Temple of the Holy Ghost, redeemed and purified, has been the Christian's chief objection. The redemption of *the body* does not appear to act as a preventive of putrefaction and consequent powers of poisoning. Cremation is certainly not incompatible with a belief in resurrection. Whether repugnance or prudence is the secret of the pious protest, it is difficult to judge. Modern Christians may, perhaps, be unconsciously *canny*.

Lord Shaftesbury once said, wisely and well, to a convocation of clergy: "What would become of the blessed martyrs if the souls of the *cremated* be damned?"

Masonic objections to cremation have their origin in the superstitions and customs of the Christian Regenerators of Freemasonry who flourished (let us hope not financially, as would some of our modern confreres) during the last century.

Cremation should not be an ignominious ordeal to the Knights Templar. Does it not immortalize the martyrdom of their Grand Master, Jacques de Molai, who

was burned at the stake in Paris in 1313? It cannot be inglorious to ask that your corpse be permitted to perish as his did.

Cremation is common sense. Churchyards and cemeteries are constantly crowded out by the growth of great cities. The atmosphere is vitiated by their fetid exhalations, and the water and drains contaminated by their noxious percolations. The constant reopening of graves and removal of bones is a desecration of the bodies of the dead. Only *cremation* can insure "that sweet sleep and calm rest, undisturbed by the horrors of decomposition and the cold slimy worm that fretteth and devoureth the enshrouded form." May the progressive spirit of Masonry manifest a willingness to help the cause of cremation. To forward human happiness by promoting health is a sacred and Masonic duty.

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For The Trestle Board.

The Ritual in California.

The explanation of the beautiful emblems of Masonry, as given in the various Monitors in almost exactly the same language, marks the ability of the authors in the clear and concise manner with which their meaning and application is given, thereby making it an instructive pleasure to commit to memory and repeat when called upon to do so. Should not the secret work by all means be given in the same choice language? When the Grand Lodge appointed a committee to revise the secret work, it acknowledged the fact that there are imperfections either in language or arrangement, or both. Thorough work would require the examination of every question and answer, and wherever the language could be improved and the meaning given in less words and thereby clearer and more pleasing, it should be done. Is not the Masonic Fraternity composed of the most intelligent and highly educated men of our land? and does not the Grand Lodge owe to the members of the Order to give its teachings and everything appertaining to it in such language as would make it conspicuous for its beauty as well as for its meaning to the most cultured, and thus be a greater educator to the average Mason? The Grand Lodge, I think, has done wisely in ordering a revision. The question is, will the committee give it the attention that it really demands? I understand that the work will mostly or

entirely rest on one member of the committee, and that the purpose is to change the second section of the M. M. degree so as to make it conform more nearly to Eastern work, and the other is to be brought back to the old, old work of California from which we have strayed.

The condition seems to be something like this, as I get it from a member of the Grand Lodge: California does not tolerate in any manner the use of a cypher or anything to assist the memory. A former Grand Lecturer, who had been appointed way back in the early days of Masonry in this State, did have something whereby he could tell when his memory proved treacherous. But no other Mason could be trusted with a thing of this kind. At last he was called to his long home, and upon examining his effects this was found. whatever it was; they, knowing no use for it, threw it into the fire—the only thing of the kind in the world. It was a serious calamity. In due time a successor was appointed. He thought he had the work exact. His memory was perfect; but some of the wise brethren shook their heads. The woods seemed to be full of those who had it letter perfect, but no two agreed. Another Grand Lecturer was appointed, and then another, and still another, and the confusion increased rather than decreased.

Here is an example. There are four Past Masters in the jurisdiction of the Lodge of which I am a member; they have received the work from three different Grand Lecturers; these met with the present Inspector, and no two were alike, and no doubt the same conditions prevail all over the State. These brethren are fully up to the average in intelligence. The fault is not with them, but with the system, or rather with the absence of any system. The present Grand Lecturer deserves to be congratulated in his successful attempt in obtaining the exact old ritual of California, that is if it was worth finding, and what he is giving now is guaranteed as the absolute correct old work, and will be adopted at the next session of the Grand Lodge.

The word "old" has a peculiar charm for some people. Masonry is worthy, not for its age, but for its high moral character as taught through its emblems, and the language used in the explanation of these emblems ought to be and is given in a manner creditable to the Order. The secret work ought to be as creditable, and such

has been the purpose in many of the States, and so it should be here. The Masons of California are as intelligent as in any other State, but the wording of the secret work is in parts a reflection on the intelligence of the members of our Order. Some of the questions and answers are not in their proper order, and some are made to sound absolutely foolish. The second section of the M. M. degree seems like a tame affair to one who has had the degree properly conferred upon him. The second section of the F. C. degree is regarded by many eminent Masons as most interesting and most beautiful of all the parts in Masonry. Much of it is monitorial and nicely worded, but the secret part as given in this State is much of it very awkwardly expressed, so much so that it seems singular that no Grand Lecturer has ever suggested a change. Any intelligent school-boy could improve it. It seems to me that this committee, instead of digging among the rubbish for old obsolete phrases, should apply themselves to improving the work, and use the best method of expressing thought, so that the most intelligent and cultured would be impressed with the beauty and ease of expression.

Now, as to uniformity of work. Now, is it to be maintained in the future any more successfully than in the past; and it has been thus far a complete failure. The use of any visible means to assist the memory is forbidden. The Grand Lecturer or Grand Master has no right, any more than the Master of a Lodge, to use a key. If by common consent the Grand Lecturer is permitted to use a cypher, why not the Master? The latter confers the degrees and instructs his officers, and sees that the candidate is properly instructed. The Grand Lecturer seldom confers a degree at the sessions of the Grand Lodge or meetings for instruction. He sits quietly by and looks wise. The present system of dispensing the work is a failure. It never has been a success. It never will be. A practical man who has something to do, and knows how to do it, who, with his duties, will retain the work absolutely correct, is a marvel, and in all probability he that can do the latter has no qualification other than that necessary to make a successful Master of a Lodge. Probably such an one is the least thought of by the Lodge as a fit presiding officer, or even to be made a Mason.

Are there no cyphers in California?

There is no better field in America for the publishers of these goods than right here in our own good intelligent State, and it always will be until a better and more practical method is adopted for dispensing the work absolutely correct. If every Master should abide strictly by the law, I doubt if you could find five well posted Masons that would give the ritual absolutely alike. I question whether they can be found at this time. The same confusion existed in the Chapters so far as uniformity of the work was concerned, and when the Grand High Priest called attention to this, a committee was appointed and they set about it in a practical way, and now the Chapters have no trouble. No getting together of High Priests and Inspectors spending half of the time disputing about this or that word being the correct one. The Chapter ritual needed no revision. It is as far above the average as the Lodge work is below, and the credit belongs to a California Mason.

I think it is time that a Master Mason should be relieved of the necessity of apologizing to our Eastern visitors for the wording and awkwardness of our ritual. And the lecture might be abbreviated somewhat. A little less about the Temple, and instead give the monitorial complete. That contains about all there is of Masonry. How many California Masons have ever read the Monitor alluded to when the degree was conferred? How many have ever seen one? Not long since at a Lodge of Instruction with several Past Masters, Masters, Inspectors and Grand Lodge members, not one could give the monitorial. One says it is too much to retain, but he that can retain the secret work and not miss a word, ought to be able to retain a whole barrel without any inconvenience, for he must be an extraordinary man. Is the Grand Lodge afraid to trust the constituent Lodge with any responsibility? From whence did the Grand Lodge obtain its existence? Is it not the creature of the constituent Lodge? Do the Masters who compose the Grand Lodge comprise all the brains there is in the Order? Does the Grand Lodge attend to its business any more intelligently than does the constituent Lodge? Is there anything the Grand Lodge does or knows that the constituent Lodge cannot do, or ought not to know? Or is the Grand Lodge composed of anything more than the average Mason? I doubt it very much. And the way dele-

gates are sometimes led by the few older Past Grand officers, you are inclined to doubt their usefulness, as a legislative body, but one is old and skilled, the other new and inexperienced. If this be true that the Lodge is the peer of the Grand Lodge in intelligence and business qualifications, then it is safe to intrust them with anything that is necessary to perpetuate the work, pure and undefiled or unimpaired. Ought not the members of a Lodge to know what night is most convenient in which to hold its meetings; how much the dues ought to be to meet the necessary expense of the Lodge, and what to do with their funds, so long as they meet their indebtedness to the Grand Lodge and otherwise? If the members of any Lodge are not qualified to attend to these simple duties in a strictly business intelligent manner, then they have no right to exist as a Lodge, and the Grand Lodge that would grant a charter to such persons, to make Masons—a privilege vastly more important than that of the mere business—is unworthy the name of a Grand Lodge. The parent that will not put some responsibility upon a child is not giving it the best training for its life work. But the Grand Lodge is not treating with childhood, but with its own equals in every sense of the term. And there is no egotism in saying that California Masons are as intelligent as those of any other State. If there is any discrepancy, it is in the Grand Lodge and not in the constituent Lodges.

M. S. BOWMAN.

Riverside, Cal., Feb. 15, 1897.

For The Trestle Board.

Masonic Clubs and Libraries.

Why should not a Masonic Club and Library exist in every fair-sized town? As a fact, no reason than that of "insufficient membership" can be given. The field is not like a clearing where one must toil many a year before he can cut his crop, nor like some hillsides where one has to look out for his harrows. All we need do is to burn the grass of neglect, and a little talk will start the thing going. What will be the good? We have done without it hitherto. Some one will say, for Masons are grandly conservative, and will contend for the old ways of doing things, for the old landmarks, and it is this spirit of tenacity which pervades that world-wide circle of men and brothers. It

is true Masonry can get along without a club or library; but we must not forget that in these days of our purely speculative science we have lost to some extent the practical feature which in former times helped in a great measure to make our Order the powerful organization she is at present; an influence to be felt in every country, in every clime, and ever for the good of mankind. If in past years there was felt the benefit of that social element outside the actual work of the Lodges in order to well-set the cement of brotherly love; if in those easy-going times such was thought good, how much more now is it necessary, when we who work for a living are obliged to "dig," early and late, year in and year out. Because of this keen competition, this eternal worry for the dollar for which we have to work so hard, Masons have met less often outside our tiled doors, and during the last thirty years there is a growing tendency to absenteeism in the Lodge itself. What is the result? Instead of a brother being fined for non-attendance, as in very old times, there are to be seen everywhere the Masters of Lodges looking sorely puzzled at empty chairs, and enquiring: "How can we fill them?" The cause is not a lack of names on our member-rolls in the cities; there is a steady and continual increase in respect to actual numbers—proved by the crowded state of our halls whenever there happens to be a "Fourth Section." And so in our love for the ritual and for a better systemization of Masonic matters, we have lost sight of a most important fact—man is a social being.

Hence Masonic clubs, a thing undreamt of until recent years, have been started in many places, and become a benefit to the work of the Craft where they have been formed. We hear of such in Chicago, New York, Brooklyn, London and Cairo, this last mentioned city having, it is claimed, the finest in the world. Doubtlessly there are hundreds besides those. Why not have one in San Francisco for the good of its own and visiting brethren? Why should they not be in all our cities? There are opportunities in such places as Oakland, Los Angeles, Sacramento and Stockton, and on proportionally smaller scales, in many towns on this coast. Wherever there is one Lodge in a place a good club can easily be formed with advantage to Masonry.

That clubs would be a valuable adjunct

can be seen in a few of the following reasons:

1. One such, would afford a good general meeting place for all officers and members alike to do committee work, lecture candidates, keep appointments, etcetera; where often they are obliged to meet in the Lodge-room itself now, a place often inaccessible for such purposes, and still more often inconvenient and uncomfortable when entrance to it can be obtained. As an addition to this first general reason, such a club would be made a repository for all information useful to the Craft, and generally to be obtained only through some officer of the Lodge, such as notices and times of meetings, a register of names and addresses of city members, etc.

2. It would afford a good center at which Masons could meet, whether for Masonic business or *otherwise*.

3. A good Masonic library and reading-room could be started and preserved there, also relics and other things of general interest to the Craft. In this way the brethren would read and become much better informed than is now the rule. There would be more interest taken in the history and work of the Order; and well-timed discussions at a place where good authorities could be easily referred to would produce a wholesome effect on the members, particularly the younger ones who are enthusiastic and eager to learn.

4. Visiting brothers and strangers could get there information, and, by proper means the accommodation they so often require, without having the trouble they are frequently put to at present.

5. Lectures could there be given at regular stated intervals on subjects Masonic and otherwise. They would be sure to be well attended.

6. It would bind more closely together men who would otherwise never see one another except at Lodge meetings.

7. It would be an immense boon to the bachelors who often have nowhere to meet a brother; and on wet nights it would be a warm, comfortable place where a pleasant hour could be passed instead of their cold quarters, or mayhaps, worse still, a saloon or billiard-room, where gambling is more often the rule than the exception.

8. It would thus be productive of a more united feeling, and be a general resort. One could introduce Masonic friends there, and extend their courtesies through it, in many ways otherwise difficult.

9. There could be a properly managed restaurant and refreshments; also, if money was sufficient, a good bath-room, gymnasium, etc.

10. It would bring about a larger attendance at all Lodge meetings, and by being an outer and visible sign of convenience and prosperity, induce good material to seek admission into Masonic ranks.

11. It would be purely Masonic, and yet widen Masonic influence in practical ways outside the tyled doors of the Lodge.

12. It could be made thoroughly efficient and yet inexpensive.

Space will not allow of more than suggesting; but these ideas can be elaborated to suit every particular case. In a small town it could be cut down to renting one convenient room, where a few papers and magazines would be constantly on file. Thus, the same ends on a limited scale would result at a trifling cost of rent, papers, fuel and light. Do we not know of cases where, perhaps, forty dailies or weekly papers and many an expensive magazine come to a town, when a small literary club amongst the members would save enough money every month to furnish a good room comfortably and run it to advantage? From some such small beginnings the plans and work would grow until in every big city there would be found the well equipped, well patronized, prominently situated Masonic Club House.

There is a prevailing idea that when a Blue Lodge Mason has been admitted into the higher bodies, he will, in their more select ranks, find the social phase of Masonry he expected. Whether this be true, matters not. We must remember it is in the Lodge work the greatest practical good in Masonry is achieved, and it is from this main body of symbolic Masonry the higher bodies are recruited. These higher bodies have found the need of that social element. How much more reason is it then that the same should be well introduced into, and for the good of, this great army of Masons.

The club would be sure to be a success. From the fact that all Masters and officers of Lodges in their arduous labor feel the need of a closer union among the brethren, feel the help that such a center would afford, not only in a great saving of time, but as a general help to make their term of office a credit to themselves and their Lodge; because of these reasons they

would see it for their own benefit to push a club along to success. A good Master works hard for his laurelled honor, and he is apt to appreciate that fact when he is appointed a committee of one to discuss some matter with a worthy brother whom he always hears of as "just gone down to so-and-so's to find you;" or when he and his Wardens (living, of course, in different ends of the city!) have to meet and compare notes, and start out on some errand of charity, or for any one of the thousand duties required of every Master of Masons from time immemorial. A club would thus be a great assistance to a Master, his officers and every brother of the Lodge. The yearly change of these officers and the influence of constant new vitality into the club therefrom, as well as accession to it from novitiates would be a further guarantee of success.

In such a paper as this, it is both unnecessary and impossible to go into the questions of management and cost of running such a club. The ways and means committee of each place must arrange that to suit their own requirements.

The success to which the O. E. S. has attained is not due to greater earnestness or finer tenets. They tell their secret when they say "they are going to have a good time," and the men join them for the same reason. In this oft-recurring social feature of the work they do so well and take so much delight in, they teach us a lesson. Their entertainment committees work probably harder than their visiting committees which are never known to fail.

In Blue Lodge or any other Masonry an entertainment is naturally out of place; but every brother has felt often enough that his social chat has been cut short by having to put on his coat. "The Tyler's waiting, boys! Don't keep the Tyler!" are the gentle reminders that have stopped what would have been many a long-to-be-remembered little talk, which could have been continued at the club. Again, who has not heard many a conversation in reference to time and place of keeping appointments, when the same would have been needless, had it been possible to say, "Down at the club at such a time."

Think the matter over, brothers, and the advantages to be gained therefrom will imbue you with the necessity of having one in every good sized town. Talk it over with the boys, then start on a small scale and it will come out all right.

Perhaps THE TRESTLE BOARD and some of the brethren having fuller knowledge on the subject will, in a future number, shed their kindly light for the good of us all.

R. A. M.

THE TRESTLE BOARD.

A National Masonic and Family Magazine.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
TRESTLE BOARD ASSOCIATION.

TERMS—\$1.00 per year sent in United States, Mexico and Canada, and other Countries \$1.25 strictly in advance. Single copies 10 cents.

Subscribers not receiving numbers will notify us, and they will be supplied free.

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ALVIN PLUMMER, Advertising Manager.
408 California St., San Francisco, California.

W. R. Kaharl, Special Advertising Representative.
Pettengill's Advertising Agency,
22 School St., Boston, Mass.

Non-Affiliated "Bums."

Grand Recorder Blalock, of Washington, reiterates his opinion of non-affiliates in his last Report on Correspondence as follows:

"We have nothing to take back in reference to the non-affiliate. It is that class of 'bums' (of which we have many, I am sorry to say,) who never miss a meal, pay a cent or even give thanks. We think we are as sociable as the average Templar, but do not wish nor intend to be imposed upon, and if a year is not long enough to 'cast one's eye around' this evergreen State of ours and secure a location, we think they should have left their membership at home where they belonged until settled."

Bro. Stephen Berry, of Maine, ventures to say:

"It is painful to think that a 'true and courteous knight' 'a valuable acquisition to our noble Order,' etc., may go West, and in one short year become such as he describes. There must be carelessness in the reception of candidates in the East, or else the Order is not kept up to the standard of nobleness of which we fondly dream. If this is a growing evil, will it not result in making each visitor pay his share of the reckoning? Such was the custom in the olden time, and such it is in England to this day; while in America it continued so long as Lodges continued to

serve out liquors. We can understand it in regard to liquors, for an appetite for drink is apt to get the better of gentle instincts, but the appetite for food does not often so betray. We can see that there are objections to charging the reckoning from a remark of an Englishman at a recent English Lodge banquet; he said that being a water drinker he failed to get his guinea's worth. It would not be agreeable to be obliged to give up the theory that hospitality is one of the grand characteristics of our Order. It is pleasant to look down the long line of tables in the banquet hall, and think, more than half of these are guests, and it would be sad to have to add the thought, 'but there are many who never miss a meal, never pay a cent, nor even give thanks.' Of course, we must expect some of mercenary nature to intrude everywhere. There were some base Knights at Arthur's Court, and we may be assured there were corrupt Knights among the Ancient Templars, but when we know that even they rode bridle-rein to bridle-rein with the noblest, into the carnage whence none returned, we feel that they were not wholly bad."

As the above appears in the official printed reports of two Grand Commanderies, it is proper to copy and comment upon the subject. Templary inculcates the duties of charity and hospitality toward pilgrims traveling from afar, as Masonry induced the novitiate to assume its obligations that he might travel in foreign lands, obtain work and receive pay to enable him to support himself and family. To accomplish this to its fullest degree, when the vicissitudes of times and business require one to travel, it is enjoined to keep in communication with brethren at their gatherings, for are we not all commended to the kind care, protection and brotherly kindness of the Craft whithersoever dispersed around the globe. How are these duties to our traveling brethren and fraters to be fulfilled except through the opportunities of association. These traveling Craftsmen and Sir Knights are our brethren and fraters, and as such are entitled to the consideration enjoined in our ceremonies, and to be treated as brothers and fraters. If they are not, then should these injunctions be omitted, and all visitors without distinction refused admission to the family meetings of the Craft—especially when refreshments are served, because it

may cost something for what they eat and drink. We submit that Sir Blalock takes too sordid a view of the matter, unlike the character of a true and magnanimous Knight of the Temple. And he is not unlike a few whom it has been our misfortune to meet elsewhere. We do not hesitate to assert that the cause of the complaint which should not exist, lies nearer home. The obstacles of affiliation fees and high dues charged, partly because of greater expenses than in the Eastern States, together with the too capricious ballot, is the cause of the large number of non affiliates, or affiliation elsewhere, that causes so many visitors on the register, especially at meetings when refreshments are to be served. We assert this, knowing that there is no carelessness in the reception of candidates in the Eastern States and the Order is kept up to as good a standard as in the West. Neither is it inferior in pecuniary standing. There are occasional mistakes made everywhere in material. There are more visitors at meetings and more relief work demanded of the Craft in the West than in the East, but the Craft in the West are responsible for it to a large extent. They discourage affiliation in their own bodies through excessive charges and the capricious ballot, and seldom is an Eastern member even advised to change his membership to the West. Sometimes one will send East for a dimit, or bring it out with him, but nearly always rejects the act.

Let the Masonic bodies of the West abolish affiliation fees and the ballot on affiliation, reduce expenses, and they will soon increase in membership through affiliation to assist the pecuniary burdens of charity and—paying for refreshments occasionally, and no longer travel under the opprobrious appellation of a "bum."

Physical Qualifications.

Bro. Albert G. Brice, G.M. of Louisiana, says: "The ancient regulations, among other things, require that the candidate must be capable of receiving and imparting all the signs of the degrees." His authority he does not state, and we will not question the truth of it, for it has been said so many times, that if it is untrue, most of the Fraternity believe it now. If it is a fact, it must have been adopted when the Fraternity worked in operative Masonry, and at that time there would

seem to be some degree of physical perfection required. As we work now in speculative Masonry only, that requirement should become obsolete, for we find the maimed, the deformed, the blind, and the deaf at work in the speculative science, and performing the duties of brotherly love, relief, and truth as well, and perhaps better, than some of the most perfect physical men. We have seen some brethren physically deformed from their birth, filling with credit to themselves and honor to the Fraternity, the highest position in Lodge, and no thought entered the mind of their most intimate brethren that they were any the less good workers in all the duties required of them. In the Grand Lodge above, when this mortality shall have put on immortality, we have no doubt all the imperfections of this mortal structure will be discarded, and the G. A. O. T. U. will receive and welcome the lame, the halt, and the blind, equally with the physically perfect, and assign them stations and duties of equal honor. If such be His love for His creation, should not His children follow His example and show their friendship and brotherly-love, at least to those who are worthy, mentally, morally and socially, even if they are physically hardly up to the standard required in army and navy, or a life insurance association?

Masonic Clubs.

A correspondent writing on the subject of "Masonic Clubs and Libraries," on page 127, in this issue, covers the ground pretty well, but omits the most important service such a Club could be made useful for, namely, for employers to find faithful and competent workmen, and to enable brethren traveling in this country to find employment with brethren. Such a resort would be useful in bringing employers and employees together for introduction, acquaintance and more intimate relations. All brethren out of business or employment are not "bums," and deserving a cold shoulder. This writer, one morning a month since, advertised in a morning paper for a carrier, as he has frequently done before, to apply at eight o'clock A. M., to be employed for one day only. In response, eight brethren, all having trades or professions, appeared promptly at the hour, and some others called later, hoping to find an opening to work and receive an

honest remuneration. The hard times of the past few years have almost made it impossible to continue the employment bureaus in connection with Boards of Relief, not because there were no employees, but because employers were discharging help and contracting expenses wherever they could. So we find thousands of hungry men and women on our streets, and among them many Masons, desiring to earn an honest livelihood, and without any prospect or even hope. A Masonic club could be made a means of immense service in every place where brethren could meet and register, and thus find a livelihood, without loss of dignity, and with no expense, and employers find more faithful and trusty assistance in all the spheres of employment and professions.

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“To the Shame of Non-Affiliates.”

“Once a Mason, always a Mason” is an adage older than any Lodge organization. The only relief from the obligations of Masonry is death. These obligations do not interfere with any duty he may owe to God, his neighbor, his family, or himself. It includes beyond this only the duties he shall assume to his brethren, their families, widows, and orphans. He is assured of this fact *before* he assumes the obligations. He does not obligate himself to become a member of a Lodge even, but promises *when* he becomes a member of a Lodge to perform his duty as such to that Lodge or to any other of which he *may* become a member. We never heard any obligation given in any Masonic body where any promise was made to *enter into* or *continue* membership. But it has come to pass, that unless a Mason is a member of some Lodge, or is contributing to, or recently has contributed to some Lodge, that he is *entitled* to no recognition, even to admit him to Masonic communication with his brethren. He cannot even petition for membership in some cases without paying six month's dues beside an affiliating fee, which dues are called advance dues if he is accepted, and are retained if rejected to place him “in standing,” as it is called, and to permit him to apply again somewhere, to be rejected again, and so on continuously. We know a brother who has for years been applying for membership and never obtains it, and perhaps never will. And although this is known almost publicly there are brethren

who complain about the “detested non-affiliates” and “locust Masons” who devour and are too mean to pay dues and bear the burdens of membership. These instances are known to scores of unaffiliated brethren who become such often for good reasons, and they are discouraged from applying, fearing they too will be black-balled. No man is perfect, no, not one, and each knows his own imperfections, and fears he may “get it in the neck” for that or some petty spite. The “*Gavel*,” of Detroit, Michigan, says, without calling his name, thus including all unaffiliates, as follows:

“The *Gavel* feels like calling some special attention to the Mason in Detroit—yes, and elsewhere—who holds his dimit as a non-affiliate, or what is still worse, cannot or will not tell whether he is to-day in good standing in his Lodge, Chapter, Council, Commandery or Consistory. This man among us at some time passed into these Detroit Bodies as a visitor, and has ever since had the rights and benefits of Freemasonry, without money or price. Like Daniel in the lion's den, he sits all night and looks at the menagerie, and it don't cost him a cent. Now, we are simply sick of this fellow who plays the barnacle suction act. He well deserves the name of “locust Mason,” because when there is anything to devour he is on hand, and ever ready to do his share in getting away with what others pay for. He toils not, neither does he spin—save yarns—but King Solomon would stand aghast at his cool, audacious, monumental cheek, which is so adamantine that hint, slight or innuendo has no effect upon his continued presence, where he contributes nothing to meet the bill. In Detroit we have nearly 4,000 Master Masons in good and regular standing who are bearing the burden and heat of the day, but the *Gavel* has it on substantial authority that there are fully 3,000 more, all non-affiliates in this city, who have the *entre* to all that is Masonic that transpires. This is a crying shame, under the present condition of things. These men, in a majority of instances, will be found ‘visiting,’ where everything is free, but when there is a small charge for a ticket they fail to show up. It is fully time that such drones were pen-photographed, and the fact made very plain to them that they are only Masons in name, and as such cannot play the ‘sponge act’

any longer. We have no patience with the old chestnut, that 'once a Mason, always a Mason.' This is simply sheer rot, when associated with the case of the man, who has the outward signs, words and due regards, but the generic principles of Freemasonry, are to his heart like a last year's bird's nest. Such men are not Masons, but are like suckers in a cornfield, simply serving to sap vitality, but bear no fruit.

"In Detroit the Craft has assumed a heavy debt in the new Temple, with all its furnishing and expenses. To meet these recurring bills every man who is a true Mason has starved, scrimped and economized in every possible way to lift the burden even to such an extent that the cracking of the Masonic vertebra around the Temple is like that of the icy pavements. The various bodies have from time to time devised entertainments, by which to add to their Temple funds, but while crowds attend, the financial results are seldom more than the actual outlay. This struggle has to be continued, and the burden still be carried by those who hold to brotherly love and relief, but from all this burden-bearing the non-affiliate is exempt. 'Oh yes, he is a Mason, and has his regular dimit from Mullygrub Lodge, and he will probably deposit it with some of the bodies after a while.' Meanwhile he visits and 'cousins round,' and the years glide by. He is perfectly willing that the Detroit brethren should build him a house, but his contribution to the same is nit! Can any description of character, aspiring to any degree of respectability be more despicable than this? Can any 'Weary Watkins' or 'Rugged Rhodes' be the inferior to those excressences who have severally promised to 'eat no man's bread for naught,' and still are doing so year after year? There may be some respect and pity for the tramp vagabond, but surely none can be found for the tramp Mason, and we have him largely in evidence here in Detroit. As Burns said to the devil, 'O, wad we take a thought an' mend,' would justly apply to the class we have here slightly excoriated. We feel shame for such, even if that quality be absent from Brothers Donothing. If you cannot or will not help the hewers of wood and drawers of water around the Detroit Temple, then do not intrude your presence there. Take off your jewel, and never whisper that you were once a Mason, because your actions gives the direct lie to the statement. But

on the contrary, if you can realize that your work as a Mason did not cease with the issue of your dimit, or your removal from your mother Lodge, then turn in and give a shoulder to the burden now resting so heavily on your brethren, and a willing hand to help along the work."

Our brother Fitzmaurice is a liberal Mason, and a non-sectarian in religion. Yet he seems to run to the other extreme on unaffiliation, perhaps because some one or a few are not contributing to the building and furnishing of a Temple in Detroit, and in fact, are eating the food and drinking the viands provided for the purpose of aiding to assist in raising funds for the building of the Temple. The Great Light in Masonry, in substance, advises us not to judge others, lest we be judged, for with such judgment it shall be meted to us. We quote all our brother says, that our readers may form an opinion of his argument, which is very frequently advanced by Masons in "good standing," and have always been the rule of action in some bodies.

We submit, in conclusion, that the obligations of Masonry are individual, and that it is in actual violation of obligations to refuse to help, aid and assist a worthy brother, his widow and orphans, because he is not in good standing in some Lodge. It is nothing less than an evasion of obligations brought about by shirking the duties of relief and charity upon Lodges. A large amount of unaffiliation is created from this shirking of individual responsibility.

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Discussing the Ballot.

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There is a manifest impropriety in discussing the matter of an adverse ballot in a Masonic Lodge. We have reference, of course, to a rejection which has just taken place. When such a result has been reached as causes the Master to state that an applicant has been rejected, that particular case is ended for the time. As a distinguished authority puts the case: "All remarks upon the result of a ballot are un-Masonic and highly improper. The Master of a Lodge should never permit a member of Lodge to state how he has voted, or in any manner to reflect upon the vote of another member. If brethren forget themselves, it is the Master's duty to interpose and exercise the authority

vested in him, to preserve order and harmony."—*Repository*.

The above is *appropos* to affairs on the Pacific Coast, at least in one locality. Brethren frequently gather after a ballot and discuss freely the result, even when adverse to the candidate. Such a proceeding cannot fail to develop the personality of an objecting member, or else he must violate one of the characteristics of a Mason by insincerity, hypocrisy and deceit. If every brother knew his duty, not one word would be spoken about the result, and thus preserve the right and the integrity of the brother who threw the black ball. A better way would be to require three black balls to reject absolutely. If one or two only were thrown, the objectors should give reasons to the Master, and if valid should be respected, and otherwise should not be respected. We write this advisedly.

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The Iowa Ox Was Gored.

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A member of Lake Charles Lodge, No. 165, of Louisiana, while in Sioux City, Iowa, fell sick and was destitute. The Secretary of the Board of Relief of Sioux City communicated with Lake Charles Lodge, as to the standing of the sick brother, and asked if they should grant relief. The answer was satisfactory, and with this addition: "Please see that the brother gets good and careful nursing, and all his expenses incurred from now on this (Lake Charles) Lodge will be responsible for." The case necessitated extraordinary expense, and the bill of \$400 was sent to Lake Charles Lodge, which replied expressing astonishment at the amount, and stated that they had no funds in the treasury, and were unable to pay. The case was laid before the Grand Master of Louisiana by the Iowa Board of Relief, and Lake Charles Lodge, when their attention was called to it by him, promptly levied a tax upon their members and cancelled their obligation.

There are several lessons taught in this transaction. The Iowa Lodge could do no less than they did for the sick brother, even if it was not reimbursed. If they had neglected the sick brother he would have died, as his case was a difficult one, and required several delicate operations. Perhaps the Iowa Board of Relief was equally impecunious or unable to bear the expense,

even if they had known the condition of the Louisiana Lodge. The Wisconsin Proposition obliges each Lodge to take care of its own members everywhere, and if not able, the Grand Lodge shall assist it. This is an improvement on the present methods, and makes it obligatory for Grand Lodge to assist their weak constituents. THE TRESTLE BOARD favors the Wisconsin plan as a step toward the establishment of a larger and stronger organization for the great work of relief, which is the greatest work of Masonry, and is now a greater burden than the Craft should bear in some sections, and comparatively nothing in other sections.

We have been asked by our Iowa contemporary to name the Lodges in that State that are delinquent. We kindly suggest to the Secretary of the Board of Relief of San Francisco to make a statement of the indebtedness of the various bodies in Iowa to the Grand Master of that jurisdiction, and see if he will order the bills paid by the Lodges, the same as was done by the Grand Master of Louisiana. Iowa should do as it asked to be done by. If it does, the San Francisco Board of Relief will be reimbursed with more than \$2,000 from that jurisdiction alone, and justice will prevail in this instance.

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Rejections for Membership.

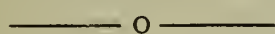
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Bro. Albert G. Brice, G. M. of Louisiana, in one of his decisions reported to Grand Lodge, says:

"It is eminently proper, from wise and prudential motives, that Lodges of the jurisdiction should be notified of the rejection of petitions *for membership* or for degrees."

THE TRESTLE BOARD, being a personal friend, and using the privilege of a Mason, must say that it cannot concur in that statement, so far as *membership* is concerned. If Bro. Brice is correct, we would ask what is the relation of a unaffiliated brother better than the profane, and if his name is reported to all the Lodges of the jurisdiction, what are his prospects for affiliation. The fee for *initiation* is a motive for favorable action, but the inducement for acceptance to membership is not so strong. Therefore, the brother, with a dimit does not stand as good a chance for election to membership as a profane, for initiation carries *option* of membership with it. With our experience and obser-

vation, we believe the ballot for membership on any brother in good standing should be abolished entirely. A dimit should be sufficient, and the best recommendation that can be produced. We believe that ninety per cent. of the present evil of unaffiliation might have been avoided had no ballot for membership of Masons in good standing been required. Every day we encounter Masons thus situated, and as often do we meet those who are affiliated in other jurisdictions than those in which they reside. And we believe that there will be no relief from this complaint of unaffiliation until the ballot is abolished together with the fee therefor.



Durant Lodge, No. 268, F. & A. M.,
at Berkeley, California.



John Martin, W. M.

A Temple of Masonic Truth and Charity is nowhere more fitly placed than in a College Town. It adds glory to the Light of Learning. Durant Lodge, at Berkeley, California, is situated almost within the portals of the University of California.

The Lodge is appropriately named in honor of Bro. Henry Durant, the first President of the University.

Durant Lodge was organized in 1882 by several brethren, who dimitted from their Mother Lodge, Oakland, No. 188, for that purpose. They were ably sustained by Oakland Lodge and other zealous brethren then resident in Berkeley. Oakland Lodge, No. 188, presented to Durant Lodge the copy of the Great Light and the Altar that had been given to it by Bro. Charles B. Rutherford, the first



F. M. Berryman, S. W.

Secretary and a charter member of Oakland Lodge. On that Sacred Volume and at the same altar, Henry Durant had solemnly obligated himself to the principles and service of our Ancient and Honorable Fraternity.



E. C. Bridgman, J. W.

On the evening of September 8th, 1882, the few Masons who af-

terwards became charter members of the Lodge, met and discussed the advisability of organizing a Lodge of Master Masons. Committees were appointed, a petition for a charter was signed and other preliminary business was done. On the evening of October 6th, the second preliminary meeting was held, the committees reported and their reports were adopted. On November 29th the By-Laws were drawn up and passed upon, and the Lodge was duly established as Durant Lodge, U. D.



J. T. Morrison, Treas.

At the meeting of the Grand Lodge of California, the following October, a charter was granted, and on the 2nd of November, 1883, the Lodge was duly constituted and dedicated as Durant Lodge, No. 268, F. & A. M.



Robert Edgar, Sec'y.

The charter members of Durant Lodge consisted of the following named brethren: George Dickson Metcalf, Frank Howard Payne, William Carrol Wright, Henry Austin Palmer, William McCleave, William Albert Young, Simon Fischel, Thos. Frederick Graber, Joseph David Wangerin, Rev. Dr. John Harmon C. Bonte, (Recorder of the University,) Thos. Murphy Antisell, George Dally Dornin and William Woodroffe Garthwaite.



H. H. Dobbins, Chap.

Durant Lodge has had an exceedingly harmonious and prosperous career. In a period of fifteen years but two of its charter members have passed from this terrestrial sphere. One of the two being Bro. J. H. C. Bonte, who died quite recently.



E. D. Thomas, S. D.

The roll of Durant Lodge has steadily increased from the original thirteen to ninety-five members, and financially it ranks as one of the best in California.

The Past Masters of Durant Lodge are Bros. George D. Metcalf, Frank H. Payne, Carlos R. Lord, Wm. Ellis, Joseph Mc-

Clain, James B. Henley, Francis H. E. O'Donnell, Robert Edgar, B. P. Bull and John C. Jensen.

The present officers are Bros. John Martin, Master; F. M. Berryman, Senior Warden; E. C. Bridgman, Junior Warden; J. T. Morrison, Treasurer; Robert Edgar, Secretary; H. H. Dobbins, Chaplain; E. D. Thomas, Senior Deacon; W. H. Waste, Junior Deacon; Robert Greig, Marshal; T. C. Kierulff and C. J. McClain, Stewards; and G. R. Noack, Tyler.

Durant Lodge has furnished and continues to furnish its full quota of members to fill the ranks and offices of other Masonic Bodies. Among its members who have held or are now holding such offices are Bro. George D. Metcalf, P. M., at present



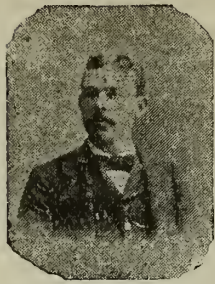
Robert Greig, Mar.

Grand Generalissimo of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templar of California; Bro. Francis H. E. O'Donnell, P. M., is a Past High Priest of Oakland Chapter, No. 36, R. A. M., and the present Master of Gethsemane Chapter, No. 2, Knights of Rose Croix, A. & A. S. R.; Bro. Robert Edgar, P. M., is Commander of De Molay Council, No. 2, Knights Kadosh, A. & A. S. R., Past Master of Oakland Council, No. 6, R. & S. M., and King of Oakland Chapter, No. 36, R. A. M.; Bro. John Martin, the present Master is Past Master of Oakland Lodge of Perfection No. 2, A. & A. S. R., the latter office now being filled by Bro. A. L. Ott, another member of Durant Lodge.



C.J. McClain, Stew.

The munificent gift of Bro. John Martin, W. M., has enabled Durant Lodge to introduce on the Pacific Coast the use of costumes in conferring Blue Lodge degrees. This custom prevails largely in the Eastern Jurisdictions, and greatly enhances the effect of the ritual and the interest in the work to all present. Durant Lodge has been requested by several local and



W. H. Waste, J. D.

city Lodges to exemplify the work in this manner. The use of costumes does not violate any landmark of our Order, but, on the contrary, does more towards making the work realistic than is possible in any other manner. Let the Masons of California sustain and emulate the progressive spirit of Durant Lodge, and the lesser light lit therein will finally illuminate the whole Land of the Golden West.

Peaceful, prosperous and progressive, Durant Lodge is ably and faithfully fulfilling its mission of Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth.

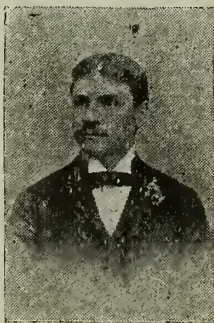
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Editorial Chips.

There is a legend that none were entitled to the Royal Arch Degree except those who had been elected and presided over a Lodge as its Master, and in fact the Royal Arch Degree was not conferred upon any others only since about two centuries ago. But as the extension and usefulness of the Royal Arch degree was thus materially circumscribed a ceremony of passing the chair was substituted for the actual service requisite. Some favor the exclusion of the Past Master's degree from the Chapter, as of no use, others favor the abolition of the requirement for the presiding officer of a Lodge. THE TRESTLE BOARD believes it should remain precisely as it is now, with the additional requirement, that it should always be conferred in long form—not as we have seen it in California, without any explanation thereafter—but as it is done in the other extreme of this country, where its lesson is impressed upon the candidate and is forever retained in his mind thereafter. We view it as a farce, and meaningless when conferred otherwise. A full explanation of the degree and its lessons should follow the work.

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The Orphans' Home of North Carolina, since February, 1873, has taken in and cared for 1,595 children. If they had been left alone, had grown up amid their evil surroundings, there is a reasonable probability that a large majority of them would have been criminals and prostitutes. The cost of running the institution the past year was a fraction under \$77.00 per capita. It was established by the Masons, not



G. R. Noack, Tyler.



T.C. Kierulff, Stew.

for the children of Masons only, but for the destitute and homeless orphans of the State, regardless of belief or other affiliations. It is managed by eight directors, five of whom are elected by Grand Lodge and three appointed by the Governor of the State. As a result, the State donates \$10,000 annually to the support of the asylum. Of the 212 children now in the asylum only 35 are the children of Masons. We commend the plan of this institution to the investigation of the Trustees of the California Masonic Home. There is a great need and opportunity for doing much good for the destitute and friendless of this Coast, and where the weakest and most poverty-stricken should have the greatest influence to gain admission to be educated and taught some useful employment to fit them for life's duties. The pauper and criminal classes are largely on the increase, and it is a melancholy fact that the increase is caused by the lack of proper care and education of the growing generation. Masonry should be foremost in the work of charity and pure beneficence, instead of following on after other associations.

While the promoters and managers of our Masonic Homes are contriving to make the poor man pay as much for Masonic relief as the rich man, by inviting Lodges to contribute annually one dollar for each member of a Lodge, the Eastern Star is solving the question of ways and means by asking each individual to pay as much as they please or feel able to pay. The Eastern Star is working on the true Masonic principle, which requires no one to pay for relief any more than they can without injury to themselves and those dependent upon them. We have heard of only one Lodge that has accepted the invitation of the Managers of one Masonic Home to pay one dollar a year for each of its members without any limit of time.

We have received a printed copy of the address of Bro. Gustave Gunzendorfer, the retiring Master of King Solomon Lodge, No. 260, of San Francisco, which position he has filled for two years past, together with a portrait of the Master and the annual reports of the Treasurer, Secretary and Board of Trustees, and a roster of the officers and members of the Lodge. It is a pamphlet of 26 pages, and contains everything desired and much of value to the Craft and membership. No one after

reading its pages will complain of want of knowledge of the affairs of the Lodge, and it is an example worthy of imitation by all Lodges that none shall complain of ignorance of the affairs thereof. We shall quote from the address hereafter.

In New Jersey "the fact that an accused brother has been judged guilty in a court cannot be used in a Masonic trial." We once knew a case where a brother was arrested, imprisoned and discharged from no charge being preferred against him at all, but he was tried by his Masonic brethren and expelled from the Fraternity, he offering no defense. The case seemed to be one of expulsion on suspicion. Justice is often defeated by law, but sometimes law is defeated by justice.

The Cathedral of the Scottish Rite in the new Masonic Temple at Los Angeles was dedicated on February 22, at which Bro. Thomas H. Caswell, 33°, Grand Commander of the Supreme Council, S. M. J. of the United States; Bro. W. Frank Pierce, 33°, Inspector General of California; Bro. Charles F. Crocker, Grand Master of Grand Consistory of California, and other active members of the Rite in California, were present and assisted. Fully 200 Scottish Rite Masons were present. The ceremonies were very impressive and realistic. A mixed quartette rendered in excellent manner some chants from the ritual and several solos. A banquet closed the occasion with toasts and responses.

The Grand Lodge of California has granted a dispensation for a Masonic Lodge to fourteen petitioners from Hilo, in the Sandwich Islands. Of the three Lodges at Honolulu, Hawaiian Lodge, No. 21, is under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of California, one works under a charter from the Supreme Council of France, and the third is under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of England.

We cannot understand why smokers should insist on driving away those to whom tobacco smoke is offensive, and fill the room with an atmosphere which is deleterious to health. We have no personal objection to fresh tobacco smoke, but when we go home, our better half immediately knows that we have been where there was something going on beside the work of brotherly love and relief for poor

and distressed brethren, their widows and orphans, and although we receive no Caudle lecture her faith in the efficacy of Masonic work and association must receive a slight touch of doubt.

In these hard times, when millions of men are idle from compulsion, or seek to live by their wits, and preying upon each other, every Lodge in the city and country should ask the questions, during the meetings, "Are any brethren out of employment?" "Are any brethren in need of help?" as well as the usual inquiry of "Are any brethren sick or destitute?" The Lodge everywhere should be the means of relieving the distress of brethren in all ways possible, and especially to make them honest by giving them honest employment and paying honest wages. What is Masonry for, if it is not for the purpose of helping, aiding and assisting each other in all ways possible, and it is far better to give employment than money. Most men do not desire to eat the bread of idleness.

The Constitution and Regulations of every Grand Lodge should be amended so as to prohibit the ballot on membership of any constituent Lodge. This is in accordance with *true* Masonic brotherly-love and friendship. Any variation from this is uncharitable, unfraternal, unbrotherly, and places the Fraternity in the position of the ordinary benefit societies, who give no aid or relief unless the applicant is in good standing, and perhaps do not need it.

A Lodge in Missouri declines to reimburse a Lodge in New York city for the support of a widow of a deceased member of the Missouri Lodge, but is willing to pay her expenses to Missouri and provide for her the balance of her life in the Masonic Home if she will return to Missouri. For some reason, perhaps friends or relatives, she wishes to remain in New York. There is only two remedies for this disagreement between these two Lodges. One is the adoption of the Wisconsin proposition of reimbursement, and the other is the establishment of a National Body with a National Fund from which all calls for relief and charity shall be drawn. To adopt either of these will remedy this particular case, but the establishment of the National Body will accomplish more. It will make Masonry a universal institution instead of a sectional society divided up

by State lines, and governed by the idiosyncracies of each particular State.

The Grand Lodge of New Jersey, held its 110th Annual Communication at Trenton, January 27-28, Bro. Josiah W. Ewan, Acting Grand Master, presiding. The Report of the Finance Committee showed receipts the past year to be \$10,538.40; expenditures, \$10,947.92; balance on hand, \$8,847.43. The Charity Fund amounts to \$7,138.37. The present membership is 16,094. Dispensations for two new Lodges have been granted. The following officers were elected:

Geo. W. Fortmeyer, G. Master; Josiah W. Ewan, D. G. M.; Joseph E. Moore, G. S. W.; W. Holt Apgar, G. J. W.; Chas. Bechtel, G. Treas.; Thos. H. R. Redway, G. Sec.; W. D. Rutan, D. G. Sec.; Rev. C. H. W. Stocking and Rev. H. A. Griesmer, G. Chaplains; Henry S. Haines, G. Instructor; Walter Chand'ler, G. S. D.; Elmer E. Smith, Jr., G. J. D.; John A. Parker, G. Marshal; David George, G. S. S.; Wm. Carman, Jr., G. J. S.; John W. Bodine, G. Sw. B.; David G. Baird, G. Pursuivant; Luther S. Skillman, G. Tyler; C. Foreman Smith, G. Organist.

At the Annual Convocation of the Grand Chapter of New York, held in Albany, February 2d and 3d, the following officers were installed:

John Webb, Jr., Gouverneur, G. H. P.; John W. Palmer, Brooklyn, D. G. H. P.; Joseph A. Crane, Rochester, G. K.; J. Harris Balston, New York, G. S.; Herman H. Russ, Albany, G. Treas.; Christopher G. Fox, Buffalo, G. Sec.; Rev. James B. Murray, Moravia, G. Chaplain; Alfred A. Guthrie, Albanv. G. C. H.; George A. Newell, Medina, G. P. S.; John W. Ferrier, New York, G. R. A. C.; Adolph Muehsam, New York, G. M. 3d V.; Jeremiah R. Sturtevant, Theresa, G. M. 2d V.; Frank T. Gilbert, Buffalo, G. M. 1st V.; George McGowan, Palmyra, G. Lecturer; Wm. H. Gladding, Albany, G. Sentinel.

The past year the net increase of membership was nearly 500, making a total of 19 000 affiliated companions within the jurisdiction.

Hereafter no member of the Masonic Fraternity in Minnesota can sell intoxicants, and 100 persons now in the liquor business will be expelled from the Order if they do not change their occupation. The Masons of Minnesota evidently want to be classed as good temperance people.

J. B. Allen, a colored man, has been elected a member of the Council of the Governor of Massachusetts. Race prejudice is disappearing slowly but surely in this country.

There is an excellent custom in a certain Lodge in New York. It is to announce the intention of proposing at the next stated communication the name of a person for the degrees. Should any brother in the Lodge prefer not to have this person in his Lodge, and yet have too much con-

sideration for him to black-ball him, he may advise, in perfect confidence, that the petition be given to some other Lodge.

In New Jersey the Grand Chapter O. E. S. makes a visit to each of its constituent Chapters on stated days, by notice given.

Bro. Edwin A. Sherman is engaged in writing what is to be known as "Fifty Years of Masonry in California." It will appear from the press of Geo. Spaulding & Co., in twenty monthly parts at \$1 each.

Bro. Thomas G. Lambert, of Monterey, Cal., has served eighteen years as Master of Monterey Lodge, No. 217. This is a record of which he may be proud. Few can excel it.

The Grand Lodge of New Jersey has decided to establish a Home for aged and infirm brethren.

The Rev. Edwards Davis says: "Prize-fighting is merely a brute contest. I hope the championship will finally go to Peter Jackson; then I should like to have him contest with an orang-outang, that victory might go to the beast."

Mrs. A. K. Coney, wife of Bro. A. K. Coney, Mexican Consul-General, died in San Francisco, and the funeral service was held in the "Church of our Lady of Guadalupe," on Sunday, Feb. 21st. By her request the funeral was attended by Gethsemane Chapter of Rose Croix, Scottish Rite.

Chips from Other Quarries.

We do not have postal savings banks, although in every other enlightened country of the world their value has ceased to be a matter for discussion. When the system was introduced into England Sir Robert Peel remarked that the measure was so good that he wondered it had ever passed. That was thirty-six years ago. Since then Austria, Hungary, France, Belgium, Sweden, Russia, the Netherlands, Italy, the British colonies and even Hawaii have followed England's example, while Germany has a complete system of municipal banks answering the same purpose. And not one of the millions of depositors in the foreign public savings banks has ever lost a cent through failures or defalcations, while in

New York city alone the earnings of the depositors in twenty-two savings banks were swept away in the three years ending with January 1, 1897, and a single savings bank failure in San Francisco has robbed twelve thousand people, reducing many of them to destitution, driving some to suicide, and making others a charge on the community whose criminal negligence permitted them to be plundered. Hundreds of thousands of depositors, the choicest, the most industrious, the most thrifty, the most deserving of the American working masses, have been deprived of their accumulated earnings and brought to ruin by the failure of their Government to heed the absolutely uniform and conclusive experience of the world, and to give them that protection which almost all publicists agree would be legitimate and salutary. How many conservative citizens have been turned into anarchists by that sort of treatment there are no statistics to tell, but the subject might be worth the attention of the statesmen who think that the most important improvement within the reach of our postal service is an increase in rates to enable the Government to pay exorbitant railroad charges without a deficit.

A prominent Mason of this State, after a slimly attended funeral, in substance offered the following resolution:

Whereas, it is the duty of every good Mason to uphold the good name and fame of Masonry, and

Whereas, on week days the brethren are either tired, busy, or it rains or shines too much, and

Whereas, it is too much trouble to dress in their best clothes during week days, therefore, be it

Resolved, that it is hereby declared the duty of any member of this Lodge hereafter to die only on Saturdays, so as to be buried on Sunday, that the Lodge can turn out in full strength and pay the proper respect to his memory.—*Texas Freemason.*

Bro. Fred. G. Mock, editor of the *Idaho Mason*, has a wonderful Masonic record; one that will be read by old-timers down East with amazement. But many of the Eastern Masons don't yet understand how bright the Western Mason is. Bro. Mock was initiated September 6, raised October 4, 1890, dimitted October 1, 1891. In one month he again dimitted to assist in forming a new Lodge, and served as first

Master of same, was re elected in 1892-93 and '94. In the Grand Lodge he was elected Grand Lecturer in 1893, and again in 1894 and '95. In September, 1896, he was elected Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Idaho, although not then a Mason of six years.

—*The Masonic Constellation.*

Can any one tell us why a young doctor should not have the same right to advertise himself that the young lawyer has? When we began the practice of law we obtained permission to refer to not only some of the most distinguished citizens, and large mercantile firms of Boston, but also to similar firms and citizens in New York and elsewhere, and so helped to lay the foundation of a business which gave us the means of devoting the last twenty-eight years of our life to the humane work in which we have been engaged. Now, why should not the young doctor have the same privilege? Is it not for the public interest that the public should have the means of finding out something about the doctors, whose signs ornament our streets? There are M. D.'s to whom we can safely entrust our lives and the lives of those that are dear to us, and there are other M. D.'s to whose humanity and skill it would not be safe to entrust the life of a cat.

—*Geo. T. Angell.*

The underlying principles of Masonry are more ancient than the universe, and emanate from the great I Am, and it is not essential for us to solve the problem as to when Masons first congregated or the exact date of organized Masonry.

In some jurisdictions Entered Apprentices and Fellow Crafts may be dimitted; these we have a right to take up in that character, and finish the work of the foreign Lodge, notwithstanding the fact that we do not grant dimits to Entered Apprentices or Fellow Crafts, or concede the right of a foreign Lodge to finish our work.

—*G. L. of Miss.*

The following resolution, adopted at the last Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of Mississippi, should be followed by every Grand Jurisdiction in this country:

“Resolved, That it is the sense of this Grand Lodge that the prerogative of making a Mason at sight does not exist by virtue of any landmark or ancient regula-

tion, and is not conferred by the constitution or laws of this Grand Lodge.”

“Our Fraternity is unlike any other organization or society. It has traditions, laws, customs and methods of procedure peculiar to itself. It is so old, so firmly established, that it is not obliged to resort to means to perpetuate itself which other more modern societies find it necessary to adopt. Freemasonry does not advertise itself. It seeks no one. It must be sought. Any attempt to force it under the public eye is so repugnant to its traditions as to be prohibited by Constitutional enactment. It is not for the public; it is for its own votaries, and the public has no right to know anything about that in which they have no concern. Masonic matters should not be mingled with the gossip of communities, and he who talks about the affairs of his Lodge to chance acquaintances in public places has no proper conception of his Masonic obligations. He who prints anything concerning Freemasonry without proper authority violates Article xvii, section 25, of our *Ahiman Rezon*.

“My attention was called to an item which appeared in the local news column of a country newspaper, stating that Mr. A. B. C. would, that evening, be raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason in Lodge No. —. The editor was a Master Mason, and it is hard to believe that so gross an offense was committed ignorantly. I instructed the District Deputy Grand Master to warn him that it must not be repeated.

“Our officers have much to contend with in keeping our over zealous brethren, who are often imprudent, within the strict line of their duties, and while some infractions may be attributed to heedlessness and be dismissed with a word of caution, a repetition of them should be visited with severe penalties. Persistency making Masonic affairs material for news-mongers and street gossips is reprehensible enough for punishment. Let us have no more of it.”—*M. H. Henderson, G. M., of Pa.*

Die Bauhutte, which is the organ of the Craft in Germany, has recently been exposing brethren who, in order to push their business, have utilized Masonic emblems as trade marks, and others again who have the bad taste to bedeck themselves with jewels to curry favor with a certain class

of individuals with whom they hope to enter into commercial relations. The paper in question very properly points out that there is quite enough discredit brought on the Craft as it is by Masonic "tramps" who "sponge" on Lodges and brethren for a living, without Freemasonry being further debased by having its many symbols cheapened and misused. The remarks made by the editor of *Die Bauhutte* are applicable to New Zealand as well as other parts of the world. I am not aware that Masonic emblems have been used here as trade marks, but it is common enough to find our symbols in hotel bars. The Square and Compasses over a cask of XXXX are, I presume, supposed to be a guarantee that the liquor is above suspicion, but this is not always the case.

—*N. Z. Craftsman.*

The first reliable account touching Masonry, historically considered, is found engraved in almost obliterated characters on the walls of Melrose Abbey church, and establishes the fact that as early as 1136, Scotland was dependent on Master Masons imported from abroad. The inscriptions are in the wall of the south transept. On a shield are two pairs of compasses and fleur-de-lis Masonically arranged, and beside them the words: 'Sa gaes ye compass even about, sa truth and laute do but doute. Behalde to ye hende O John Morvo.' John Morvo, or Murdo, as the name is sometimes spelled, is said to have been the first Master of Melrose Lodge. Few Masonic Lodges can show documentary evidence of being in existence over two hundred years, but old Melrose Lodge can show an almost unbroken succession of records for nearly three hundred years, while Melrose Abbey dates from 1136."—*Bro. A. T. Wolff, Grand Orator of Illinois.*

Bro. John Stewart, Grand Master of Masons in the State of New York, lately appointed Peter Ross, LL.D., of New York city Historian of the Grand Lodge in succession to Charles T. McClenahan, whose death recently occurred. Dr. Ross is the author of several well-known books, including "The Scot in America," "Scotland and the Scots," "The History of the Literature of the Scottish Reformation," and a "Life of St. Andrew." He has been connected with the Masonic Fraternity for many years, and served as Master of Scotia Lodge, No. 634, New York,

during two terms. For the past eight years he has been its Treasurer, and as its official Historian published some two years ago a volume detailing its progress.

—*Boston Ideas.*

There really is some fun to be got occasionally out of the usually heavy pomposity of the dailies—one of them describing a light refreshment had by one of the Lodges in the Temple, the other night, as a "superb banquet." As the principal ingredient was coffee and the festive and jovial "weiner wurst," we guess the reporter got a little mixed between that and some other spread he may have attended later on.—*Freemason, Los Angeles.*

Thousands of our modern churches are costly club houses, which serve no earthly or heavenly purpose save for three hours on one day in each week. The spirit of the modern church is not Christ-like, and it has developed a class of Sunday Christians. There is no doubt that modern Christianity is suffering from dry rot. We have Sunday churches devoted to a sermon, earnest and polished, to singing artistic and cultivated, and that is all there is to it. In San Francisco, at an expenditure of \$118,700.00, our fifteen leading churches have made 385 conversions annually. Our 4,161 operating saloons have an annual revenue of \$14,500,000. There are, as a direct result of these saloons, 13,363 arrests for drunkenness. Conceding that all crime is the indirect result of drink, we have 8,000 annual converts to the saloon, 385 to the church. My figures I quote from Chief Crowley's report.

—*Rev. W. A. Gardner, of San Francisco.*

The oft-repeated question, "How should a Mason wear his apron?" and others of like character, count for nought in our estimation, says the *Masonic Record*, when compared with the questions: "Has the surviving family of our deceased brother a sufficiency of food in the house?" "Are they supplied with coal enough to keep them comfortable?" "Are their clothes warm enough to keep off the cold?" "Has Bro. ——— a situation whereby he can earn enough to support his family?" etc. Make it practical, brethren, in each act of your every day life. Should you chance to learn of the surviving relatives of a brother Mason requiring assistance, don't wait until the family make request

to the Lodge for aid, but hustle yourself and see to it that their immediate wants are supplied. Don't permit a brother Mason to be out of employment a single day, if through your endeavors he can be put to work. Don't practice *saying* what you will do, but do it—do it quickly and effectually.

—
The *Royal Craftsman*, of Somerville, N. J., says: "We see it going the rounds of the Masonic press, that the use of robes has been prohibited in this Grand Jurisdiction. This is a mistake. A resolution to that effect was introduced at the last Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge, but on motion, was indefinitely postponed."

—
An exchange very righteously says that "a brother who has waxed old or infirm, or who through misfortune has become poor and destitute, ought not to feel obliged to dimit from his Lodge on account of inability to pay dues; nor should he be permitted to do so. A remission of his dues and a cordial welcome is by right his due."

—
A Western exchange says that a practical revivalist requested all in the congregation who paid their debts to rise. The rising was general. After they had taken their seats, a call was made for those who didn't pay their debts, and one solitary individual arose, who explained that he was an editor, and could not, because the rest of the congregation were owing him their subscriptions.

—
"The indistinct recollection of a few forms and ceremonies separated into lessons called degrees, the regular Lodge meetings, the occasional banquet and Lodge entertainment, the funeral dirge, the casting of the sprig of acacia in the grave of a departed brother, the occupancy of the Master's chair, and the consequent attendance upon our Annual Grand Lodge meetings, suggest themselves to the minds of too many Masons as a sufficient and proper reply to the oft repeated question, "What is Masonry?" What is life but a gasp for breath, a tiny cry, a period of extreme helplessness, a very short formative term, a few years of probation, bringing with them trials and triumphs, hopes and disappointments, again the enfeebled state, the declining strength, the gasp for breath,

and life is over. But is this all of life? No. 'It is not all of life to live.' So, the forms and ceremonies of our institutions, the public processions and our annual gatherings are but the visible portions of that mysterious brotherhood which binds us closely together with the ties of friendship, and prompts us to deeds of benevolence and charity."

—*M. W. William H. Best.*

—
A member suspended for twelve months for un-Masonic conduct of any kind is not bound for dues during the time of his suspension. While previous edicts on this question have had reference only to suspension for non payment of dues, the principle applies to suspension for any offence. A suspended Mason is deprived of the privileges of Masonry, and should, therefore, not be chargeable with dues, it matters not how and why he was suspended, during the time which the suspension is operative.—*G. L. of Georgia.*

—
The Free Masons of America will be interested to learn that the Museum of Masonic Curiosities, collected for an expose at the Catholic Congress at Trent, is to be kept together and travel the world for the enlightenment of those inside and outside Freemasonry, says the *Chicago Times-Herald*. Apart from a copious library of books dealing with Masonry, there are documents which are produced to prove the contention of the Congress orators that Freemasonry is an anti-religious sect. It will surprise most Freemasons to learn that the simple symbols used in their initial rites, not only originated, their opponents aver, in Phallic worship, but commit them to a recognition of diabolism. The neophytes, the anti-Masons say, may be ignorant of the symbolic significance of the signs, but the masters know what it means. For instance, these adepts are said to be well aware that the triangle represents, not the holy Christian trinity, but the Indian trinity, wherein Satan as destroyer holds equal rank with God as creator.

—
A brother Mason is in good standing; he becomes demented, is sent to a lunatic asylum; is afterwards unable to attend to his Masonic obligations—how shall he be reported to the Grand Lodge? Held, he should be reported as in good standing, and his dues remitted. He is neither dead,

suspended nor expelled, but is in such mental condition as that no dues could be legally collected from him, therefore he should be borne on our rolls as in good standing and without any dues chargeable therefor.

—*G. L. of Georgia.*

There is more trouble in a Lodge, caused by the great army of "stay at homes," than from any other one cause. First, their absence leaves vacant places that should be filled. Second, they are sure to be the first to "kick" on the outside and condemn everything that is done. They often forget that dues must be paid in order to carry on the affairs of the Lodge, and they make up the large majority of the delinquents. Fourth, they soon join the army of the indifferents, and eventually land among the throng of the unaffiliates. Fifth, if anything goes wrong they are the first to exclaim, "I told you so." They fail to recognize their own responsibility. They forget that those who are carrying on the Lodge are doing the work which the "stay at homes" ought to assist in.

One generally associates a Mason and an orphan together, just as the Divine Master and the Christian are associated together. A Mason is the guardian of the orphan, just as the Master is guardian over his people. "Like as a father pitieth his children" applies equally as well to Masons and orphans as to God and his people. As long as there is a Mason in the world there will be orphans for him to look after in one way or another. It is his birthright—this duty of loving and serving orphans, and he cannot throw it off by attempting to sell it for a mess of potage. The work that Masonry has to do in an operative way—the laying of one stone upon another in the building of a temple, is not half so important as the work of properly caring for the bodily temple of humanity. God gave a Mason his work, and though he is good enough to overlook faults and mistakes, he nevertheless expects the work to be done.—*Orphans' Friend.*

During our late war with Great Britain, a muscular member of the Society of Friends, while on a coasting voyage, was overhauled by a British privateer and the captain came to him for instructions. His reply was "Thee will do what thee thinketh best," which of course meant fight. During the engagement, the Quaker saw

a boat-crew attempting to board another part of the vessel, and seizing the leader threw him about ten feet out into the water, saying as he did so, "Friend, I hope thee can swim!" The vessel was saved. Another good Quaker story is of the young man who came on a moonlight night to serenade the Quaker's daughter, but by mistake got under the old gentleman's window. After following various others with "Home, Sweet Home," the old gentleman, who was anxious to go to sleep, came to the window in his night dress and pleasantly said, "Young man, if thee hast a home, and a sweet home as thee sayest, why don't thee go home?"

The Government of Spain prohibits any Mason from wearing a Masonic charm or pin in public. If our Government were to do the same thing the price of old gold would take a tumble, lunatic asylums would be overtaxed to hold the cranky exterior Masons and "constitution of our fathers" worn thread-bare in their efforts to maintain their constitutional rights.

An instrument for measuring the flight of birds was made years ago. This instrument has been adapted to measuring the flight of insects. It has been discovered that a house-fly flies faster than birds. It can fly twenty-five feet a second, and when frightened it increases its speed to one hundred and sixty feet a second. A swallow is considered the swiftest of flying birds. A naturalist saw a swallow chasing a dragon fly, and it could not catch the fly. Bees and wasps not infrequently keep up with a fast train for some distance, trying to get in at a window.—*The Outlook.*

In the Bible we find no intimations that Moses ever performed any such miracle as bringing the dead to life, yet the Samaritans, in their religious hymns, attribute to him the exercise of this miraculous power. There is a tradition of the Moslems, recorded by Tabari, to the effect that when Moses went up into Mount Sinai to receive the Tables of the Commandments, he took with him the seventy elders, and on the Mount a cloud came down and enveloped Moses, and hid him wholly from their view; and when he had received the Commandments, and came forth out of the cloud unto them, the elders murmured that they had not also received the revelation, whereupon the cloud enveloped them also,

and they heard all the words that had been spoken to Moses. Then the wrath of God blazed forth, and a thundering was heard so great and terrible that they fainted and died; but Moses feared, and prayed to God, and the seventy men were restored to life, and came down the Mount with him.

The *Revista Masonica*, Buenos Ayres, is authority that in November, 1895, there was a Catholic organization effected in Paris, France; having for its object united action against "sects inspired by Satan," of which Freemasonry was declared to be chief. The members take an assumed name so as not to be known, and women are eligible. It is known as Liga Labarum, and has three degrees, legionary of Constantine, soldier of San Miguel and Knight of the Sacred Heart; the female members are known as sisters of Joan D'Arc.

During the war of 1812, or that year when the frosts visited Maine every month of the year, the crops suffered and the people suffered. Gov. William King, the first Governor of that State after its admission to the Union, sent one of his unemployed vessels south and brought back a cargo of corn, which he sold at cost to residents of Bath and vicinity, allowing no man to purchase over two bushels. This act of the bluff old Governor puts a new light upon his character. Gov. King was the first Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maine.

An Englishman touring through America, went on board a steamer late one night, and on the following morning, after walking on deck and looking round him, he stepped up to the captain and asked, "I beg your pardon, but would you kindly tell me what lake I'm on?"

"The Lake Huron," replied the captain, and turned away.

The Englishman looked puzzled for a moment, and then, following the captain, began, "I beg your pardon, you said—"

"It's the Lake Huron," roared the captain, thinking the man was deaf.

"Yes, I know," persisted the passenger, "but what's the name of the lake that I'm on?"

"The Lake Huron!" shouted the captain, incensed at what he thought gross stupidity, and he turned away to relieve

himself by railing at one of the hands. The Englishman looked more puzzled than ever.

"The lake you're on is the lake you're on. Of course it is! The lake I'm on can't help being the lake I'm on. What impertinence! Let me look in my guide-book; perhaps that will tell me."

It did tell him; and then the humor of the situation suddenly dawned upon him.

We have just read an amusing story of a man who undertook one morning to scold his typewriter.

She listened patiently to all he said, but when he added that he didn't want a sheet of postage stamps left on his table, and told her to put them "anywhere out of sight," she drew them across her tongue, clapped them on top of his bald head, and taking up her things left the office.

An English paper tells the story of a reverend gentleman who, the other day, was most anxious to spare the feelings of his congregation. Fastidiousness was a strong point of his, and he delivered the following: "In my last discourse, you will remember, I alluded to the fact that the Prophet Jonah was three days and three nights in—in—the whale's society.

A brother can never be questioned nor compelled, in open Lodge or elsewhere, nor can he ever state how or why he voted upon an application for membership.

—G. L. of Georgia.

Literary Notes.

We have received printed copies of the Proceedings of the following Grand Bodies, for which the Secretaries have our thanks: Grand Lodges of South Carolina, Minnesota, Tennessee, Alabama; Grand Chapters, R. A. M., of Tennessee, Rhode Island; Grand Councils, R. and S. M., of Kentucky, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kansas; Grand Commandery, K. T., of Ohio; Grand Chapters, O. E. S., of Vermont and Michigan.

Deaths.

In San Francisco, Feb. 8, Phillip Aronson, a native of England, late member of Shakespeare Lodge, No. 750, of New York city, aged 44 years. His funeral was attended by Fidelity Lodge, No. 120.

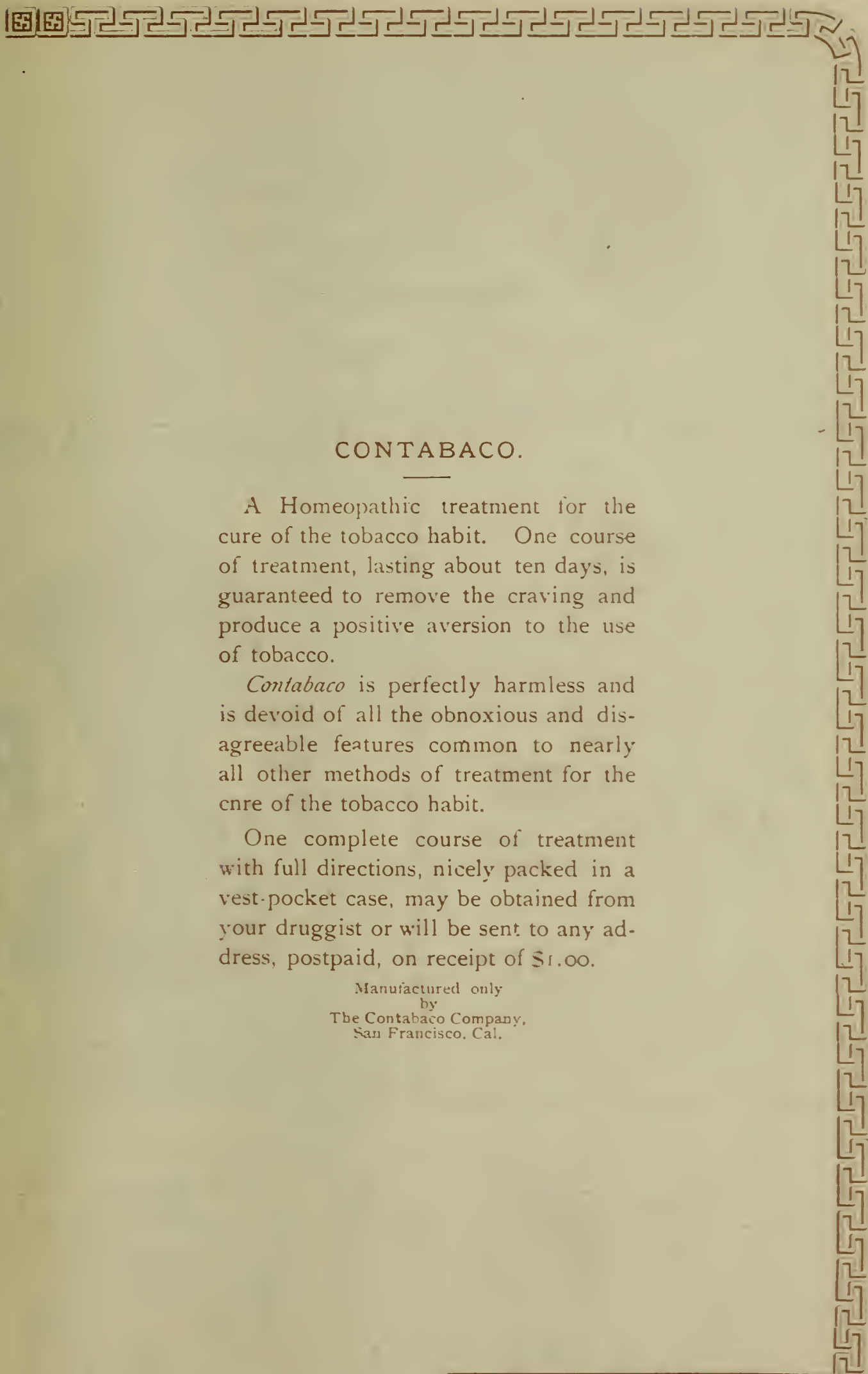
In San Francisco, Feb. 12, Joseph McQuoid, a native of New York, a member of Mission Lodge, No. 169, aged 80 years.

In San Francisco, Feb. 18, Lyon Zacharias, a native of Nakel, Prussia, a member of Doric Lodge, No. 216, aged 58 years, 5 months, 24 days.

In San Francisco, Feb. 24, John C. Wilson, a native of Brooklyn, N. Y., a member of Golden Gate Lodge, No. 30, aged 52 years.

In San Francisco, Feb. 28, Robert Bright, a native of Ireland, a member of Golden Gate Lodge, No. 30, aged 79 years, 10 months.

In San Francisco, March 5, Thomas D. McKenna, a native of Illinois, a member of Mt. Moriah Lodge, No. 44, aged 60 years.



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JAN.	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	JULY	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
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MAR.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	SEP.	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
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APR.	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	OCT.	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
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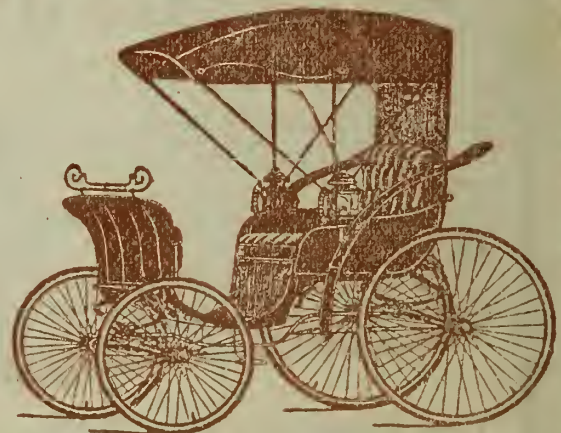
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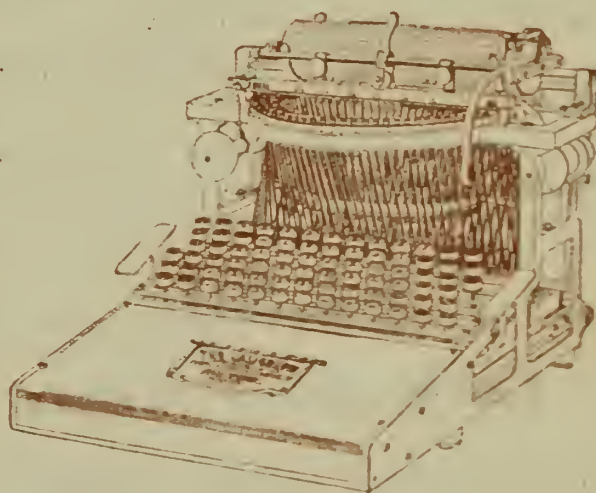
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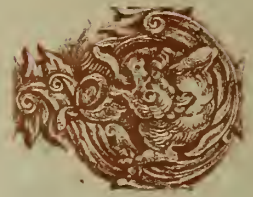
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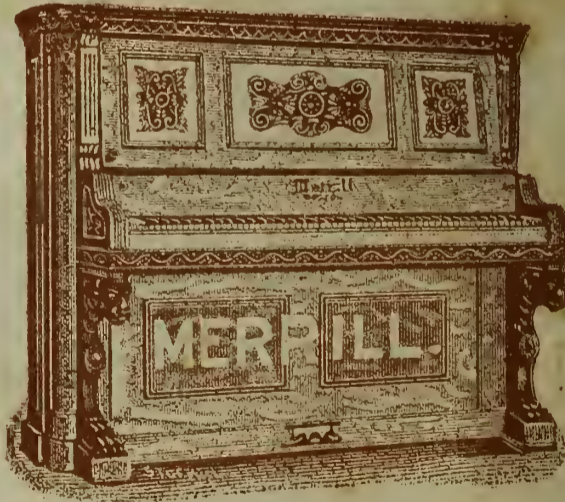
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