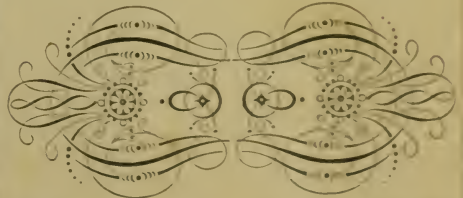


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True Masonic Charity.

*A Paper Read at the Stated Meeting of
Durant Lodge, No. 268, F. & A. M.,
Berkeley, California, June 4, 1897, by
Bro. William H. Waste, J. D.*

Worshipful Master and Brethren: "The three principal tenets of Masonry are Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth.

"By the exercise of Brotherly Love we are taught to regard the whole human species as one family—the high and the low, the rich and the poor—who, as created by one Almighty parent and inhabitants of the same planet, are to aid, support and protect each other. On this principle Masonry unites men of every country, sect and opinion, and causes true friendship to exist among those who might otherwise have remained at a perpetual distance.

"To relieve the distressed is a duty incumbent on all men, but particularly on Masons, who are linked together by an indissoluble chain of sincere affection. To soothe the unhappy, to sympathize with their misfortune, to compassionate their miseries and to restore peace to their troubled minds, is the great aim we have in view. On this basis we form our friendships and establish our connections.

"Truth is a divine attribute and the foundation of every virtue. To be good and true is the first lesson we are taught in Masonry. On this theme we contemplate, and by its dictates endeavor to regulate our conduct. Hence, while influenced by this principle, hypocrisy and deceit are unknown among us, sincerity and plain

dealing distinguish us, and, with heart and tongue, we join in promoting each other's welfare, and rejoicing in each other's prosperity."

The "lesson in true Masonic charity," taught to each of us in the early steps of our Masonic travels, was but illustrative of the principal tenets of our order. No man is fitted for the higher stations of life until he has carefully mastered the lessons of the lower, and the exalted position of Master Mason should be sacred to those who have learned well to bear the burdens and hew the stones that form the Temple of Life, for without these qualifications the "Master's Word is lost." The full stature and rounded character of the finished Mason will not be attained by the man who is not thus duly and truly prepared, worthy and well qualified to enter this venerable institution. Such men ride rough shod over our ancient landmarks, which they are charged carefully to preserve. Better far that fewer Masons be made than that the ancient landmarks be infringed, or that, through ignorance of what they do, our brethren countenance any deviation from our established customs.

Masonry is a progressive moral science, divided into different degrees, that as its principles and mystic ceremonies are regularly developed and illustrated, the novice may drink at the fountain of knowledge, and follow the devious wanderings of the flowing stream, receiving deep and lasting impressions as he drinks, and getting knowledge as he goes. No deeper and more lasting impression should be made on the mind of the Mason at any

time than when, having been brought from darkness to see the light, he is taught that "now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

Professor Drummond devotes one of his books to the analysis of that word "charity" and to the defense of Paul's words "the greatest of these is charity." If you have not already read that little masterpiece of the great scholar's mind, get and read "The Greatest Thing in the World." Charity means love. When taken in that sense it takes on a new meaning and an added significance. Read again the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians and substitute the word "love" for "charity" and the words of the apostle take on a world of meaning that we never knew before. Oh, the depth, the height, the breadth, of that word "love"—the love of God, of country, of home, of family—infinite, everlasting and supreme!

How, then, shall we consider this great attribute of the Masonic character? Have we grasped its meaning? Have we made its divine element our own? Are we, as Master Masons, living up to the true standard of Masonic charity?

The instinct of the age is almost wholly commercial, and money, the medium of exchange of the business world, has well nigh become omnipotent. Cold, selfish and hurried mankind leaves to money to do whatever has to be done. Are great works to be accomplished, money will do it. Is a good deed to be done, the first inquiry is, how much will it cost? The cry that comes from the teeming marts of trade is "money, money, money, give us money." So far has the tendency advanced that money is called upon to supply every known, and is hoped to fill every unknown, want and wish that human will is heir to. This godless mammon is thrust exultingly into view, and men build costly fanes of worship and adorn them in all the beauty of the Temple of Solomon, not that the worship of Almighty God may be more fittingly observed, but that worldly ambition and pleasure may be gratified, and the earthly giver of such "munificent" gifts be said to be a "good man." If such worldly gifts are to measure our charity, I doubt the greatness of our attribute. Great organs may flood the sanctuary with their finest tones, the sunlight may filter through the softest tints of cathedral glass, and cushioned pews may tempt the worshiper, but if the Temple be

not erected to God and dedicated to his holy name, I doubt the presence of God in its midst.

When duty calls and country's mandates are stern, money and the love of gain determines the answer of many a man. Love of country, as well as the love of God, should spring only from the inborn dictates of human conscience. The place of the father cannot be filled around the fire-side in that elegant home by all the wealth that Cræsus could give, yet many a man forgets that his family exists, so maddened is he in his search for gold. If wealth makes us grasping, greedy and crafty misers, we are not true to our neighbors or ourselves. If to be rich is to be mean, if to be wealthy is to be selfish, if to have money is to make men mad, then true Masonry is not to be rich, is not to be wealthy, is not to have money; for whatever interferes with the duty we owe to God, our country, our neighbor, or ourselves is not Masonry.

True Masonic charity does not consist alone in the giving of money. I may give a starving beggar a dollar, and insult him as I give it. As the world gives, such an act might be charity, but not as Christ would give. A kind word fitly spoken may be the greatest gift we can bestow. The weary brother, worn out and vexed with business troubles and disappointments, would spurn your money, but your kindly spoken words would be music in his ears, and would send him on his way rejoicing that some man loved him and cared that he lived. A favor to be given ought to be cheerfully bestowed. A thing worth doing is worth doing well. The man who does his charitable work in a half-hearted way is the man who will begrudge his hard-working wife a new dress, and who says boys are a nuisance because they wear out shoes. If you cannot aid and assist your distressed worthy brother without injury to yourself, you do not have to do it. If your circumstances are such that you cannot assist him, tell him so at once, and you have done your duty. Only let me ask that you be honest. You and your God are the only ones who can judge of your financial condition, and who can know of the demands upon your resources.

To whom shall we dispense our charity? The covering of a Masonic Lodge is no less than the clouded canopy or star decked heaven where all good Masons hope at last to arrive by the aid of that theological lad-

der which Jacob, in his vision, saw, reaching from earth to heaven, the principal rounds of which are denominated Faith, Hope and Charity, which admonish us to have faith in God, hope in immortality and charity for all mankind. The greatest of these is charity, for our faith may be lost in sight, hope ends in fruition, but charity extends beyond the grave, through the boundless realms of eternity. All mankind, and none are excepted, are to be the recipients of our dispensation. The Master Mason who is not charitable to his wife, to his family, to his neighbor, will not be charitable to the fellows of his Craft. But in the broadness of the field we are liable to be led astray. The field is as broad as the world, but our means are limited. We, in this clime, are not supposed to administer to the wants of our brethren in another land with the same zeal as we care for those within the length of our own cable-tow. A man looking at the glorious sunset is oblivious of the beauties that lie just at his feet. The Mason who wants to send alms to the Craft in Greece is too often prone to forget that "charity begins at home," and that, on the roll of his own Lodge, there may be the names of those worthy and needy of his relief.

The story goes that the Holy Grail, the cup out of which Jesus partook of the last supper with his disciples, was carried into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained many years in the keeping of his descendants. It was incumbent on those having charge of it to be chaste in thought, in word and in deed. One of its custodians violating this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. To go in search of it was said to have been a favorite enterprise with the knights of the traditional King Arthur's Court. James Russell Lowell tells of the visionary wanderings of Sir Launfal in quest of the holy cup. Proud and haughty, he set forth on his search. No knight in all the "north countree" was more gifted than he. His armour was bright and his charger was strong, while in his pouch there lay shining piles of gold. As he set forth over the castle draw-bridge a leper sat by the way and asked an alms. The knight, in his pride, tossed him a coin, and went on his way. The leper raised not the coin from the dust, but stole out of sight.

Years after, when winter was cold and bleak, Sir Launfal returned to his castle

only to find another in control. He was an old man now, bent, worn and frail. The cross was no longer emblazoned on his surcoat, but, deep in his soul, he wore the sign and the badge of the suffering and the poor. His raiment was thin and spare, and was poor armour against the wintry blast. "For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms." It was a leper that spoke, lank and grewsome, but Sir Launfal no longer scorned his presence, but said:

"I behold in thee
An image of him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns—
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns—
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands, and feet and side;
Mild Mary's Son acknowledged me;
Behold, through him, I give to thee!"

"Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes,
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughty guise
He had flung an alms to leuroise,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail,
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink.
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl;
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

"As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone roundabout the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and fair, and tall, and straight;
As the pillar that stood by the beautiful gate—
Himself the gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in man.

* * * * *
"And the voice that was calmer than silence said:
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet, for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree.
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In what we share with a brother's need;
Not what we give, but what we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare:
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungry neighbor and me."

The Holy Grail, in the keeping of Durant Lodge, is not an idle fancy. Within these walls, here, it may be found. Do we know our duty? Let's do it. As the sun from east to west his journey runs, may we strive to find the work we have to do; not in the undiscovered bourne of tomorrow, but in the realities of to-day. Let the dead past bury its dead, but let us care for the living before it be, alas, too late.

"Brotherly love, relief and truth," summed in one word, "charity." "Charity suffereth long, and is kind, charity envieth not, charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth, bear-

eth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." "Get these ingredients into your life," says Professor Drummond, "then everything that you do is eternal. It is worth doing. It is worth giving time to. No man can become a saint in his sleep; and to fulfill the condition required, demands a certain amount of preparation and time, just as improvement in any direction, bodily or mental, requires preparation and care. * * * You will find as you look back upon your life that the moments that stand out, the moments when you have really lived, are the moments when you have done things in a spirit of love. As memory scans the past, above and beyond all the transitory pleasures of life, there leap forward those supreme hours when you have been enabled to do, unnoticed, kindnesses to those roundabout you, things too trifling to speak about, but which you feel have entered into your eternal life."

In our "Masonic Charity" we are not to forget the duties we owe to God, our neighbor or to our families. A man cannot be a true Mason, and be a brute in the midst of his family. Above all things on this earth the man is to be despised who, willfully and without cause, neglects his wife and children. Still greater condemnation should follow the man who abuses those loving ones who are dependent on him for their all. If God has prepared a punishment for those who transgress his laws, may we hope that a deep and awful hell has been prepared for those men, and especially Masons, who, forgetting the loving ties of home and family, will neglect and abuse wives and children.

Speculative Masonry is so far interwoven with religion as to lay us under obligations to pay that rational homage to the Deity, which at once constitutes our duty and our happiness. It leads the contemplative Mason to view with reverence and admiration the glorious works of the creation, and inspires him with the most exalted ideas of his divine Creator. God created the heavens and earth, and rested upon the seventh day. The seventh day, therefore, our ancient brethren consecrated as a day of rest from their labors, thereby enjoying frequent opportunities to contemplate the glorious works of the creation, and to adore their great Creator. In this worthy example we would do well to emulate our ancient brethren. Pay due

homage to God who made us, and honor and keep his laws, imploring his aid in all our lawful undertakings, and by looking up to him in every emergency for comfort and support.

Masonic charity to our neighbors is summed up in the words, "by rendering him every kind office which justice or mercy may require; by relieving his distresses and soothing his afflictions; and by doing to him as, in similar cases, you would that he should do unto you."

Charity is tempered with mercy. Acts of mercy are acts of charity. "Be merciful, and thou shalt have mercy" applies to us. When in our power to be exacting and force the issue with men, more especially our brethren in Free Masonry, let us remember that—

"The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that giveth, and him that taketh;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth set the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above his scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute of God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice."

When the time shall come when earth shall be no more, and the Grand Master of us all shall convene the Lodge above, may we all have so lived that we shall be found on the right side when the Lodge is purged, and may none of us miss the sweetly solemn words of the Master as he shall say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me. * * * Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The great number of recent bank failures has created a desire for the establishment of governmental postal savings banks. England, France, Italy, Russia, Holland and Belgium have adopted this system years ago. One out of every seven persons in England is a depositor. The Postmaster-General as far back as 1871 recommended postal savings banks. The subject has been often agitated, but never brought to a successful issue.

“Mystic Banquet” at Oakland, Cal.,
April 15, 1897.

TOAST.

To the memory of the brethren whose work below have ceased during the present Masonic year. (Standing and in silence.)

Response by Bro. Chas. E. Gillett, 33°

Another year has passed away like an unbidden guest, and sunk into the gloom and darkness of the past, unregretted; and we are again assembled round the altar of Masonry to renew the pledges of brotherly love and affection, to extend to each other the hand of fraternal greeting and salutation; but the vacant seats at the “Mystic Banquet” remind us that some who were with us one year ago have passed from these earthly scenes into the Celestial Lodge above, into the presence of our Heavenly Grand Master.

Not only without, but within the precincts of the Lodge is the contemplation of death a familiar theme, for no symbol of which Masonry makes use speak more eloquently than those which tell us of death and the life beyond the grave. In all her rites and ceremonies she teaches continually that life is but the threshold of the grave, and that after death comes a new and better life, wherein there is no death. It is therefore well that we should pause in our labors to commune with the spirits of our brethren who have been called by the voice of the Grand Warden from the labors of the earthly Lodge to refreshment in the Heavenly Temple of our God.

We seek not to fathom the purposes of the Almighty in sending forth the angel of death, for we know—

“All is of God! If he but wave his hand,
The mists collect, and the rain falls thick and loud
Till, with a smile of light, on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

“Angels of life and death alike are his;
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare believing this,
Against his messengers, to shut the door?”

Freemasonry has always retained her funeral rites and ceremonies, varied sometimes, it is true, in different nations, according to the manners and customs of the people, and characterized by more or less pomp and ceremony, but always teaching the duty of cherishing and perpetuating the memories of the worthy dead. Though eulogy and the memorial tribute of services, “storied urn and monumental bust” affect not the dead, and the silence of the grave can never be disturbed, nor the

voices of the living penetrate the sod, nor enter the bosom of the mighty deep, to stir its awful repose, yet solemn and appointed mournings are good expressions of our affection for those who, having performed the duties and endured the trials of this life, have deserved well of their fellows. Let us then, my brethren, testify here, before men and Masons, our love for those who have passed on before us through the veil which hides from our sight eternity and the better life.

It is well that we should pause in our labors to commune with the spirits of the master workmen who have been called by the voice of the Grand Warden from the labors of the earthly Lodge to refreshment in the Heavenly Temple of our God. It has been tritely said, that we live only to love those we love, and to see our friends go away out of our sight, and this is the penalty we pay for living the few brief years which shall swiftly glide under our feet before we, too, shall join the innumerable caravan, and cross the dark river of death. We cannot realize that we shall see and hear our friends no more; that we cannot go to them or they come to us until we, too, shall take the last sublime degree, and enter through the portals of the tomb into the Grand Lodge, where death is the Tyler, and the Supreme Grand Master of heaven and earth presides.

OUR DEAD.

“Life's labor done,
Serenely to their final rest they passed.”

On the 29th day of April, 1896, the angel of death summoned the spirit of Bro. Ernest Albert Nordhausen from its earthly habitation to the presence of our Supreme Grand Master. Bro. Nordhausen was born in Germany, came while young with his parents to Charleston, S. C., where they resided until they moved to California, and, after spending a few weeks in San Francisco, settled in the city of San Jose, engaging in mercantile pursuits. In 1876 he moved to Oakland, where he has since resided and conducted, in connection with his brother Charles O., a successful and profitable mercantile business. Bro. E. A. Nordhausen was raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason in Live Oak Lodge, No. 61, August 20, 1880; exalted a Royal Arch Mason February 13, 1882, in Oakland Chapter, No. 26. He received the degrees of Royal and Select Master in Oakland Council, No. 12, March, 1890, and the Orders of

Knighthood in Oakland Commandery, No. 11, K. T., June 17, 1890. During the year 1885 he received the degrees of the A. & A. Scottish Rite from the 4th to 30th inclusive, in the bodies of the Rite in Oakland, and on January 14, 1886, the 31° and 32° in the Grand Consistory of California at San Francisco. Bro. Nordhausen was a genial, kind-hearted man, who never permitted himself to speak ill of others—open hearted and generous to a fault; the poor found in him a sympathetic friend, who denied no worthy applicant.

Bro. Louis Frank Reichling, who was a charter member of the several bodies of the Rite in Oakland and a Sublime Prince of the Royal Secret 32°, died on the 24th day of January, 1897. Bro. Reichling had been in ill health for several months, but his friends were not alarmed about him until a short time before his death. He was made a Master Mason in Live Oak Lodge, No. 61, July 30, 1880; a Royal Arch Mason in Alameda (now Oakland) Chapter, No. 31, April 20, 1881; the degrees of Royal and Select Master on September 17, 1886, in Oakland Council, No. 12; and the Orders of Knighthood in Oakland Commandery, No. 11, K. T., November 15, 1881. A man of inflexible honesty, and though strong willed and uncompromising, he was always just and honorable. Warm in his attachment to his friends, he avoided taking many into his confidence, and preferred the society of a few genial spirits to mixing with the multitude. God's finger touched him, and he slept.

On February 1, 1897, Bro. Ebenezer Winchester, 30°, was allowed to pass within the veil, although for several years his natural vision had been veiled, and he had been deprived the pleasure of seeing others in their varied walks in life and of reading the news of the day. Bro. Winchester was born in Marcellus, Onondago county, N. Y., March 30, 1814; hence, was 82 years, 10 months and 1 day old at the time of his death. I first met Bro. Winchester over fifty years ago in New York city where, at No. 30 Ann street, he was publishing the *Golden Rule and Odd Fellows Family Companion*, a paper devoted to the interest of Odd Fellowship, which, in 1848, he sold to J. R. Crampton, who continued its publication. I next heard of Brother Winchester at Parkhurst, Va., and, in 1856, he moved to Marietta, Ohio, where he remained until

1878, when he came to California, and, locating in Oakland, he engaged in his former business, that of a printer.

Bro. Winchester was made a Master Mason in Mount Olivet Lodge, No. 113, located at Parkersburg, Va., in June, 1855, from which Lodge he demitted, and affiliated in American Union Lodge, No. 1, at Marietta, Ohio, December 8, 1856, of which Lodge he served as Secretary five years. He also served as Senior Deacon, Junior and Senior Warden, and, in 1870, was elected Worshipful Master. Hence, Bro. Winchester became strongly attached to "American Union" Lodge, No. 1, and continued his membership therein until severed by death. He was exalted to the degree of Royal Arch, January 9, 1860, in American Union Chapter, No. 1, R. A. M., Marietta, Ohio, from which Chapter he demitted, and affiliated with Oakland Chapter, No. 26 (now No. 36), July 17, 1882. He received the degrees of Royal and Select Master in Athens Council, No. 15, Athens, Ohio; demitted, and was one of the Charter members of Oakland Council, No. 12, R. & S. M., and its first Recorder. He received the degrees of the A. & A. Scottish Rite in the Oakland bodies, as follows: The 14°, September 23, 1889; the 15°, November 18, 1889; and the 30°, December 23, 1889; and while Bro. Winchester continued to reside in this city, and was physically able to be present at our meetings, he was always present. His zeal for Masonry and our beloved Rite did not wane with declining years or impaired vision, but remained firm and bright to the last. Bro. Winchester never ceased to love and revere Masonry. The familiar face and cordial greeting of this venerable brother have been seen and heard for the last time; but we dare to hope that after life's trials and disappointments, he has at last found rest in the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

This completes the list of the members of the Rite belonging to the bodies meeting in this Cathedral, who have been called to the higher life during the past year; and I will only detain you a few moments longer to report to you the death of an illustrious brother who was called to his home and rest on March 28, 1897. I refer to Illustrious Frank Rader, 33°, a Past V. M. of King Solomon Lodge of Perfection, No. 3. He was a zealous worker in the Rite, and was crowned an

Hon. In. Gen'l S. C., 33° S. M. J., January 9, 1894. The midnight Kadosh funeral ceremonies were conducted by Hugh de Payens Council, Knights Kadosh, No. 3, Los Angeles, at midnight, Tuesday March 30, 1897. We were not permitted to stand beside the graves of the last two brethren named, and there to renew our solemn covenant with them, or to strew the flowers of affection upon their bodies, nor to utter that most beautiful and appropriate of all Masonic prayers: "Give rest eternal unto them, O Lord, and let light perpetual shine upon them!" It therefore remains for us to do the duty which we owe the dead, and perform the last offices of brotherhood and love, knowing that when we do this for our dead friends it is not done to persons as undeserving as fallen trees, but to those whose souls yet live; and peradventure would perceive our neglect, and be witnesses of our transient affections and forgetfulness; and, surely, God sees us, and solemn reverence is due the dead who are now nearer God than we, who are yet, for a little while, imprisoned in the body. As Masons, like the parallel lines in the compound symbol by which the Saints John are represented in our Lodges, our duties are inflexible; in health or in sickness, in prosperity or adversity, duty is with us always; it rises with us in the morning, and watches by our pillow at night. It is the moral magnetism which guides the true Freemason's voyage over the tumultuous sea of life. It is the north star, fixed and steadfast, by which we, like the shipwrecked mariner who has lost his compass, direct our course, whether it carry us to the bedside of the sick and dying, to the hovel in which poverty and want dwells, to the mansion of the rich, or into the sacred precincts of the family circle. It is the power which holds the soldier firm in the front ranks of battle, and prompts the good Samaritan to go forth and administer relief to the distressed and consolation to the bereaved. It was this sentiment which inspired the noble Howard to imperil, and finally offer up his life, a willing sacrifice for those whose only claim upon him was a common humanity, and made Florence Nightingale the recognized type of the good Samaritan.

Masonry never fails to inculcate the lesson, radiated with effulgent splendor from the great light always to be found upon her altars, whether we behold it in

the form of the Pentateuch in the Hebrew, the Koran in the Mohammedan, the Vedas in the Brahmin, the Zend Avesta in the Parsee, or the Bible in the Christian Lodges; everywhere it conveys the same idea, that of the symbolism of the divine will revealed to man. But as the granite rock has been fused and wrought together by a central fire, without which it would not have existed at all, so, also, the law of duty, in order to perform fully its work in the world, must be warmed at the heart by a central fire of its own; that fire is love—the gracious, kindly, generous, tender emotions of the human affections, and that central fire itself must be kept alive by the consciousness that there has been in the world a love beyond all human love, the love of God toward man. This was what St. John meant when in his extreme old age he was carried into the marketplace at Ephesus, and, according to the ancient tradition, repeated over and over again the words, "Little children love one another." His disciples, vexed at hearing this commandment, this eleventh commandment, repeated so often, asking for something more precise, more definite, more dogmatic, received from the aged apostle, we are told, but one answer: "This is the sum and substance of the gospel; if ye do this I have nothing else to teach you." So, also, my brethren, Masonry says: "If ye do this I have nothing else to teach you," for whatever else it teaches is subordinate to the divine law of love.

To perfect and illustrate this law of love was one of the important objects for which the Son of God came into the world, who, as the Lord over death and the grave, reveals the fact that death does not imprison the soul, but liberates it into the freedom of the heavenly life—its native home—the home into which God will at last gather all his children, redeemed from sin, delivered from the ravages of change, and safe from decay.

And it is revealed to us not as a life where the soul loses its identity, its memory, its power to recognize, its affection for those loved in olden time, not as a life in which nothing is to be learned—a life of indolence and sluggishness—but a life where true hearts know each other more perfectly than ever; where affection blossoms into fullness in the genial air of heaven; where progress is as wide as eternity, as deep as the universe, as enduring

as immortality, and as glorious as God, since he will be its grand thought and action.

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Alleged Cannibals of the Gulf of California.

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"I've read something lately in the newspapers about the Seri Indians down in the Gulf of California," said "Art" Treadwell, the proprietor of a saloon at Los Tejones. He was visiting New York, and was talking with some Western acquaintances in the bar-room of an up-town hotel last evening. "They picked up a party of American voyagers last year, it seems, at Tiburon Island, and killed and ate two of them. I ran across these Indians once, and I've been mighty willing since then to give them a wide berth. How did it come about? Well, it's something of a story, but if you've got the time to hear it, it'll bear telling.

"It was five years ago that these Indians came over to the mainland and cut up a good deal of mischief around the ranches. Their home is on Tiburon Island, three hundred miles or so south of Yuma, and, I believe, they claim a strip on the Sonora mainland. They are cannibals, and, all around, are the fiercest and meanest Indians that I've ever heard of.

"It was in the same year, in September, that I found myself stranded in Yuma, with no money, and mighty poor prospects. It was hotter than the tropics in the town, my landlord was getting sulky, and complained of slow returns from boarders, and, for lack of other means of getting out of the country, I was beginning to think that I should have to beat my way on the freight trains to San Francisco, when I fell in with John Lomwyn. He was an Englishman who had been a sailor, and, somehow, had drifted to Yuma. Even there he couldn't keep away from the water, and had got hold of an old boat that had been a tender to a river steamer, and that no one laid claim to. He had calked her, rigged a keel, set up a mast, built a little cabin amidships, and was getting ready to make a voyage of discovery down the river. We struck up an acquaintance, I helped him about his work, and he invited me to go with him down into the Cocopah country. I had just then struck the promise of employment, to begin the first of November, but I agreed to go along with him if he would provide

me a gun, find me in grub and ammunition, and get me back to Yuma in a month.

"So he got me an old muzzle-loading, smooth-bore army musket—he had for himself a fine English-made sporting gun—and, one day, near the end of September, we hoisted our sail, made from a wagon cover, and started out. For supplies we had flour, coffee, sugar, baking powder and salt, enough to last us a month, with plenty of ammunition, five dollars in silver and a quart and a half of whisky, contributed as a good luck offering by two saloon-keepers with whom we had transacted business in the past when times were flusher with us.

"What could two men want more for a month's voyage? Wind and current took us down across the Mexican border into the Cocopah country, and there we drifted and wandered about as happy as you please for a matter of ten or twelve days. After the heat of Yuma, the cool sea breeze at the river's mouth was delightful, and we had a picnic time running in and out of the coves and lagoons in the Cocopah country, shooting ducks among the reeds, and quail and rabbits on the land. We saw the volcano mountain and the hot springs, and we found the Cocopahs, a people much like our Yuma Indians, very friendly and hospitable. We couldn't quite go their bread, made of pounded mesquite beans, and we could have got along contentedly with fewer mosquitoes, but we lived high on quail, and duck and fish from the river, and barrels of fun in capturing them. At night we anchored the boat out on the open water and slept aboard, so the mosquitoes didn't trouble us much, except when the wind was still.

"After about a fortnight of this, working down the river all the time, we found ourselves fairly out upon the California Gulf, and then Lomwyn proposed that we coast down the Sonora shore, and take a look at the Papago country. That suited me, and we sailed southward, making short runs from headland, and always anchoring by shore at night. Lomwyn was a good deal of an explorer, an inventive genius in his way, and what you might call a man of resource for a trip of this kind. We found oysters in some of the coves, which we worked out of their beds with a wooden rake that he made, and we could dig clams from the beaches almost anywhere, which were great luxuries to us after the bacon, tough beef and canned

goods of Yuma. We fell in with the Papago Indians once or twice, and traded a little with them, and one of them, a boy called Jose, who had lived among the whites, and knew some Americana, we took along with us as helper and interpreter. The weather kept fine, and we worked further and further south until Jose one day, pointing to an inland peak, said: 'Papago country end there.' We asked him what lay beyond. 'Nothing,' he said. 'Just Sonora, that's all.' Then he pointed down the Gulf, and said: 'Seris live there. No good. Heap bad Indians.'

"The country looked lone and desolate enough with its half tropical wilderness along the low shore line and barren mountains behind, but we kept on to the south, wishing to see a little more of it. As we had no log we may have made a longer run that day than we reckoned on. At any rate, the Papago boy began to get uneasy, talked a good deal of the Seris Indians, and wanted to turn back. I myself didn't like the idea of venturing very near these inland savages who, he said, were cannibals that went naked except for pelican skins about their loins, were a heap big, had no houses except caves and shelving rocks, and could outrun deer and rabbits. Lomwyn, who was a man who would venture anywhere, laughed at the idea of danger to us, and insisted on keeping our course down the coast the rest of the day, agreeing that on the next morning we should take the back track. We ran ashore that night at about five o'clock on a beach, sheltered by a high point of land just below it which made out into the sea, so that it broke the force of the rollers coming in when the wind was high from the south.

"After beaching the boat we climbed the high point to take a look around. Far off to the south, hull down, we could see land out in the Gulf, which Jose said was Tiburon. I'd shot a heron during the day, and this, with roasted clams fresh dug from the sand, bread and coffee, made our supper, which we cooked and ate ashore. By that time darkness had fallen, and the moon was not up. The beach, which was in the form of a semi-circle, was about 400 feet long by 175 or 200 feet deep, and was bordered by dense woods and undergrowth which stretched back to the foot of the mountains. As we sat on the sand smoking our after-supper pipes, the question was debated whether

we should sleep on the boat at anchor or camp on the beach, which we preferred doing if it were safe. We decided to take the risk of sleeping ashore, in spite of the nearness of Tiburon.

"We had beached the boat on a rising tide, and now, at the beginning of the ebb, she was afloat, held to the beach by the rope and heavy stone that served us for cable and anchor. Lomwyn arose and went to the water's edge to see if she needed more rope to keep her from grounding, and I followed him, intending to get our blankets from the cabin. The full moon was peeping above the black mountains to the east, and I paused a moment to see it show its face. It came into full view, lighting up the white sand beach and the water almost as brightly as day. I didn't take the second look for, as if the moonrise had been a signal, there came from the black woods about the beach the whistling of arrows and a hideous whooping and yelling, the worst sounds I hope ever to hear. With the arrows and outcry twenty dark, naked figures, all looking like giants, appeared from the brush, running to close in upon us, with the speed of a deer.

"'Los Seris! Los Seris!' yelled the Papago as he jumped and ran to join us.

"An arrow grazed my arm, and I saw two shafts sticking from Lomwyn's back as we rushed through the water to the boat, threw off the anchor line, and shoved the craft away from the shore as we jumped aboard. I was the first to the cabin, and passed his gun to Lomwyn as I came out with mine. Quickly as this was done the Indians were already at the water's edge, some firing arrows as they came on, others brandishing clubs and spears as we faced them with the guns. Without hesitation, they were dashing through the surf upon us, a tall Indian, with a feather in his hair, leading them. As coolly and quickly as he would have made a wing shot at a pigeon, Lomwyn shot him through the body with the bullet in his left barrel, and then gave the charge of duck shot in the right barrel to the next one, dropping both Indians into the water. I caught three others in a raking fire of my big musket loaded with bird shot, which stopped them, and the effect of our three shots was to check the rush, and keep the Indians back at the water's edge. There they shot arrows, and some threw clubs at us. Two more shots from Lomwyn's breech-loader

sent them to cover, and the ebb tide slowly drew us out of the range of their arrows.

"Beyond a point where a little breeze was stirring, far up the Gulf, we hoisted sail, and made the most of it. After we had put a mile or two between us and the shore, and found that we were not followed by canoes, we took account of damages. Of the two arrows in Lomwyn's back one had only stuck in the clothes between his arm and side; the other was fast in his body, but a rib had broken its force so that it had not made a dangerous wound. By his request I cut it out with a pen knife, and bandaged the wound the best I could with the means at hand. The arrow-head he put in his pocket for a keepsake. My wound was only a scratch that needed no care. The Papago had caught an arrow in the fleshy part of the thigh, but, without saying anything, he had pushed the arrow clean through, broken off its head, and then pulled the shaft out. He tied a piece of cloth about his leg, and made no further fuss about his injury.

"We did not make land again until we struck the Papago country. Here we touched for water, and coasted back as we had come, dropping Jose at the place where we took him on. We got back to the mouth of the Colorado river in time to miss the spring tides, which are bad there, and worked our way back up to Yuma, which we reached just thirty-two days after our departure from there. We had seen lots of good sport—all but our bout with the Seri Indians. I like excitement, but the kind they furnish to strangers suits me a little too well."

—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Four Seasons.

Man, like the rolling wings of time, has his seasons, and the spring, summer, autumn and winter of the passing year is the childhood, youth, manhood and old age of the passing man. Just for a moment think of the springtime in our beautiful Southland. It is the most pleasant time of all the year. The gentle breeze, as it comes to us from the lap of winter in the far north, is so robbed of its nipping blasts by its long journey, as to fan us sweetly while we enjoy the fragrance of spring flowers in the open air. This is the time when the busy housewife, aided by her "hired man," digs about her flow-

ers and prepares her garden for the burning rays of a southern sun; when the children enjoy their outings and the queen of May is crowned; when the bare footed boy with his knee breeches and calico jacket chases the butterfly from bush to bush, until he gets a collection sufficiently large to justify him in ornamenting the wall of his mother's parlor by crucifying them with a pin, and then charging his playmates "a pin to see the show." What time of life is happier? None, we answer, because it is the springtime—the childhood of life. And thus could we continue, but it is of other seasons we wish to speak.

Summer is the youth of man, and as the burning sun and refreshing showers and warm winds quicken into life and full development all manner of flowers and vegetation, so also does it warm the blood of youth and cause the young man, whether he be a Mason or not, to "sow his wild oats." This is the season that every man must have, and the difference in the "sowing of their wild oats" can only be reckoned by the many different forms of vice that flesh is heir to. It matters not how good may be the youth of a man, there are times when he will yield to temptation, and ere he is aware of it, his young manhood has gone astray, and the summer of his life has closed upon a record which he is heartily ashamed of when it has borne fruit and ready to be garnered.

Autumn is the manhood of life, the time for harvesting the "wild oats" crop; the time when a man is fixed in his habits, and in a sober second thought takes a retrospective view of the many indiscretions he has committed in the springtime and summer of his life, and resolves, then and there, to make reparation for the many sins committed. If he has wronged a brother, or brought discredit upon the Fraternity, and is disciplined by his Lodge for his wrong doing, he meets his punishment without a murmur. Why, do you ask? Because it is an experience dearly bought, but the profit on the investment has led him to resolve to live down the odium cast upon him, and to look forward to a noble destiny. In this he succeeds, and during the time of his probation has attained a standing in the moral world and a position in the church which entitles him to the love and respect of the community in which he resides, and the entire confidence of the brethren with whom he

once associated. Feeling thus assured, he asks for restoration and recognition again of the Fraternity, and obtains it. The autumn of his life is strewn with fall flowers, which, by a little nursing, it seems to him, will never die. Masonry has triumphed, and by that bond of charity, which is their chief corner-stone, has saved a brother. Realizing this, he re-enters the ranks, and with renewed energy and zeal, feeling that he has attained forgiveness of his God and his brethren he presses forward in the good work until he attains the highest honors within the gift of the subordinate bodies with which he affiliates. Nor is this all; the autumn of his life has been marked by much progress in a business way. He has attained quite a competency, and occupies a position of trust and honor second to none

But, in an evil hour, ambitious men hath "privily laid snares for him," and, ere he is aware of it, they show up the "wild oats" crop of his life, and endeavor thereby to "cast him into outer darkness" again. Oh, for shame on all such. How long would you keep a brother on probation? He has done all that was required of him, and by those whom he wronged has been forgiven. Then, why should you set yourself up as censor for the Fraternity, and endeavor thereby to wreck the evening of his life with the skeleton of sins atoned for? Beware, my brother, if you be engaged in such action or are a party to it. Remember that Masonry teaches you to "forgive if you expect to be forgiven." Remember, also, that it is not the part of a true man or gentleman to hound a person, much less a brother, when reparation has been made. But, on the other hand, it rather becomes us, as good men and Masons, to uphold a brother in his efforts to do right, and thereby show to the world that our Masonry is something more than "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

Winter is the old age of man, and as her pelting snows and icy breath wither and kill the vegetation nurtured, grown and garnered by the other seasons, so also are we reminded that it is the killing time of life. The frosted hair, the wrinkled face, the withered hands and tottering limbs are all striking illustrations of the near approach of the harvest season which will gather us unto our fathers. How careful should we be then, as the other seasons come and go, to plant properly, nourish Masonically and gather religious-

ly, so that, with our arms filled with sheaves, we may be ushered into the presence of our Supreme Grand Master, and there live on throughout all eternity in the enjoyment of that felicity which alone is the reward of a life well spent!

Old Hawkins' Conversion.

Xenophon Hawkins was the character of Hawkins' Corners. There had been a time, local tradition said, when he had owned all the land in and about the village, but that was many long years before. Little by little the land had gone, always at a good price, and little by little the man's wealth had grown. At the time the present narrative begins, Old Hawkins, as he was almost universally called by those who knew him, far and near, was the richest man in the county, and living rapidly down the steep slope of life on the graveyard side of sixty.

Old Hawkins lived alone, save for a single servant, in the finest mansion the village boasted. The oldest inhabitant of the town could not remember when he had not lived there. "He's always been a bachelor!" one very young fellow once asserted, and when rebukingly informed by an older schoolmate that his statement was tautological, he indignantly replied that he did not need to be taught it was logical. And, whether the pun was the child of purpose or the offspring of accident, the conclusion was quite in accord with the thoughts of the denizens of Hawkins' Corners.

Bachelorhood was most eminently logical in the case of a man such as Xenophon Hawkins, for "how could a woman—" And the expressively shrugged shoulders would finish out the question.

They said he had been young once. The older ones, with a sigh, felt compelled to admit it. The children of the community, however, had the same mental attitude toward the assertion that the Masonic student has toward the various theories regarding the origin of the most Ancient and Honorable Fraternity. It demanded further investigation. And as for the statement that he had ever been loved—loved by a woman both young and beautiful; that her untimely death alone had kept her from uniting her life to his, and that nothing but her memory, enshrined in his heart, had kept him single; that seemed as apocryphal as the "Legend of Enoch"!

Xenophon Hawkins kept the principal general store in the village. For many years his had been the only one, but for about two years young Mr. Benjamin Hamilton had been his active competitor for the trade of the villagers and the people of the surrounding country. The general opinion was that Mr. Hamilton was having a rough and rugged road of it, and was likely to find a bridge he couldn't cross, for old Hawkins had put his prices down to a point exasperatingly near actual wholesale cost.

No one had ever accused Mr. Hawkins of being dishonest, and, I suppose, no more thoroughly honest man ever lived. He never gave short measure, nor light weight, and if his crooked fingers closed, with an automatic speediness, on the stream of groceries—coffee, or sugar, or rice—flowing into the scale-pan, the very instant the beam began to swing down, no one had any right to complain. He met his obligations promptly, and he exacted an equal promptitude from those who owed him. His justice was the traditional one with bandaged eyes, and no quiver in the voice, no sound of a falling tear, ever prompted him to push aside this moral hoodwink from the eyes of his soul. Yes, he was honest, but that negative trait, placed equivalent to nothing more exalted than the "best policy," is ever too narrow to be a virtue, ever too cold to stand as a hope and a promise. Honest Old Hawkins was a man to be pitied.

The Worshipful Master of Charity Lodge, No. 81, of Hawkins' Corners at this time, was one of the most modest and unassuming men who ever presided over the Sons of Light. When, therefore, he came to the Lodge, one August night, with an air of mysterious importance preceding and surrounding him, and a little late, withal, the brethren instinctively knew that something remarkable had happened. Something had. Old Xenophon Hawkins had asked him to take in his petition for the degrees of Masonry! It almost took the brothers' breaths away. "He'll keep a secret fast enough," remarked one, as the members spoke together of the application before the opening of the Lodge; "he has certainly kept the favorable opinion he has long entertained of our ancient and honorable institution most thoroughly to himself up to the present time."

"Keep?" cried one impetuous brother; "be sure he'll keep everything he gets!"

"He's certainly no immature youth," remarked one.

"Nor yet in his dotage," said Brother Hamilton, whose station was in the West. "He is the most shrewd and careful business man I have ever known." His words were most emphatic, even if a little ruefully spoken.

"Here, let me take the petition," he said suddenly, his expressive eyes meeting those of the Master as he spoke. So when the petition was formally laid before the Lodge, the Master and the Senior Warden were those who recommended the applicant.

Mr. Hawkins was greatly interested in the ceremonies of initiation, and Brother Hawkins took much pleasure in his ascent to the middle chamber and in his journey over the way sanctified by the steps of the faithful Temple Builder.

His trust was in God. Had he not been a member of the church for more years than he had lived at Hawkins' Corners? And had he not always given, or perhaps paid, is the better word, the same invariable annual amount for his seat in the house of God, the seat he had filled every Sabbath day for more than a third of a century?

He honestly endeavored to meet every demand made of him, even going so far, when he found himself without silver or gold, as to offer the unwilling Worshipful Master his thirty days' note for such a sum as he might regard adequate. The reception of his proposition somewhat troubled him; the First National Bank of Hawkins' Corners would have been glad to handle his commercial paper for any sum less than a half million of dollars.

Xenophon Hawkins had had the advantage of a fine education; so the degree of Fellow Craft, with its mighty mental wealth of sacred symbology, had more than the usual attractiveness for him. He went back, in imagination, to an earlier day, when the meager information given would have been genuine and new; he looked forward with anticipations of pleasure, to study and investigations of which the truths there given him should be the suggestions and the texts. His happiness increased the further he progressed, and the face that had been, far too often, a stranger to a smile, softened and brightened under the kindly light and heat of Masonic knowledge. Only, when reference was made to charity, it seemed to hurt him; then the north seemed to face his soul;

then his wrinkles hardened and his eyes grew cold.

It was in the Master's degree that Brother Hawkins found the most of instruction and inspiration. How could it have been otherwise? No such ceremony, so satisfyingly divine in its perfection, so tantalizingly human in its incompleteness, so exalted in its godliness, so abased in its recognition of mortality, has ever been in the history of the human race. No other such ceremony ever will or can be. When did Masonry originate? Look through the Master's degree, brother mine, and say, if you can, that human intelligence fashioned it! Say, if you can, that its beginning was later than "in the beginning," when "the Word was with God and the Word was God."

When the third degree was really completed, the Lodge actually closed, the lights certainly out, and the brethren in the dimly lighted ante-room were surely getting into their overcoats, the newly raised brother went up to the Master. His face was full of light and his eyes danced, while he rolled one hand over the other in a sort of frenzy of ecstatic enthusiasm. "It is grand—glorious!" he exclaimed, "and I cannot understand how and why I have wasted so much of life by waiting so long. Have you really finished with me? Is it true that I am a Master Mason?"

"You are so far a Master Mason," said the Master gravely, "as the acts of this Lodge and the sanctions of the Grand Lodge can make you. All men are imperfect; the Masonic ideal is perfection; but to our sowing the grace of God alone can furnish sunshine, alone send the earlier and the later rains, alone give the harvest with its generous increase.

'Twas the night before Christmas when Old Hawkins took the third degree, and, really, he felt almost like a young Hawkins again as he went home. The influences of the sacred season were all about him, and the memories of the lessons of the evening stirred warmly in his breast. His footsteps had not been so light for a decade. But, when he was once at home, once in bed and face to face with himself in the darkness, he found a thing or two to worry over. There was, for instance, a certain five hundred dollars that had been paid him, late that afternoon, long after the bank had been closed. Unable to put it in a place of undoubted safety, he had placed it in his own rather

insecure safe in his store. Now five hundred dollars was a very large sum of money; five hundred dollars was more than he could afford to lose; and—

He fell asleep at that point, in spite of himself, and had a most vivid dream—one that was as unpleasant as it was vivid. He dreamed that he was dead; that is, that his body was. His soul was freed from it—existed apart from it; but was still compelled to remain near it. The body lay dead at the foot of that theological ladder, which Jacob in his vision saw, extending from earth to heaven, and he—the man, the freed soul, the part that could never, never die—was vainly trying to use this treacherous ladder to scale the sky. To the left, its shifting desert sands and rolling waves almost reaching the cloud out of which rose the great rock from which the ladder extended, lay the earth he had left behind him—the world, red with blood, drenched with tears, ridged with graves. And in it, too far for his arm to reach, almost too far for his sight to see, was the piled up wealth that had once been his. And to the right, God help him, to the right there was an abyss, steep and awful, deeper than imagination of man had ever sounded. And in it great flames swelled and circled, and bit and crumbled the rock that alone could serve and save. Again and again he caught at the ladder, and tried to raise himself from round to round. Faith held him; he had had faith from his youth. Hope supported him; he had kept hope in his heart all his life long. But charity eluded him, shrank from him, twisted away from his maddened grasp as though it had been a thing of life—a bar of fire. And then, again and again, when he thought it was his, when he had raised himself high enough to see over the threshold, into the unattainable realms of eternal blessedness, it would fade away into nothingness, like the shadow of man in the sunshine of God, and he would fall lower than hope and beyond the reach of faith. He—he could not do it. The task was too much for his unpracticed hands. As well might the unbeliever claim faith and hope as his in the dreadful race over Al-Sirat. Though, like his body his soul should die, he could not, could not—

A rough shake aroused him. He thanked God for the blessed awakening. The relief was so great that the thanks were ready before he cared to inquire the cause of the

alarm. Looking up, he saw three men, all closely masked, standing at his bedside. He wondered who they might be. He didn't remember having seen any so short and stout as they in or about the Temple though, on the whole, he was not sure he had given much attention to any save the Worshipful Master and the Wardens. "You'll get up and dress, will you?" demanded one.

"Certainly I will," said Old Hawkins promptly, and taking action as prompt as his words.

"We understand you took in five hundred dollars last afternoon," said a second, "and we want it, and—"

"The whole of it?" cried the astounded Xenophon, pausing irresolute, with his toilet only half completed.

The third man laughed and said, "We ain't making two bites of a cherry, be we, Bill?"

The person addressed as Bill emphatically shook his head, and Xenophon Hawkins, thinking how deep that abyss had yawned, and how hot that insistent fire had seemed, relapsed into silence, and hurried on his garments.

"You won't object to being blindfolded?" demanded Bill, when Mr. Hawkins was finally dressed, advancing toward him with a large silk handkerchief.

"Not in the least," responded the old gentleman, advancing with great alacrity, his face glowing with pleasure and genuine satisfaction, while his eyes danced merrily and his hands washed over and over one another. Observing this, one of Bill's companions shook his head sadly, touched his forehead mournfully, and said, in a whisper to the one next him, "he hoped he'd never be guilty of frightening any clever old man to death."

Mr. Hawkins walked down stairs with his three strange companions. He knew when they went out at the front door. He even noticed that they were kind and considerate enough to lock it behind them. He was glad of that, having always had a deep seated horror of burglars.

They walked along the street for some distance. They opened another door, after some difficulty, and took him in with them. Then they removed the hoodwink, and he looked around. "Come now, don't waste any time in foolishness," said Bill; "open that safe, or—"

"This is not my store," Hawkins said, laughing; "this is Bro. Hamilton's. I

couldn't open this safe if I wanted to. Besides, I don't think he ever had five hundred dollars in it, and I know he could not afford to let you have it. My place of business is next door."

And, in the midst of a silence expressive and impressive, they went out of the one building and into the other. Here Hawkins opened his safe, and soon handed out a money drawer. The three, giving him enough attention to make sure he either wouldn't run or fight, hurried to count and divide the money. That done, they looked to see what the old man had found to do. He was tying up turkeys in neat bundles, and putting them into baskets. He had half a dozen ready by the time they interrupted him, and then he said: "I thought, perhaps, you could find use for a few of these, and—"

Each of the three gravely took a couple of the loaded baskets as they went out, but one of them whispered in an awed and uneasy voice: "It—it seems like burglary, Bill. Do you suppose that the old man has gone mad over our demands?"

That year saw a greater change in Xenophon Hawkins than the most credulous optimist could have believed possible. No one knew how much he gave in charity, and, I doubt, if he fully knew himself. But every one knew that he founded a town library, established an academy, and made Benjamin Hamilton a partner in his business. His dreadful dream, his timely awakening, his enforced gifts—these had placed the highest rounds of the great ladder well within his reach.

When the next Christmas time came Benjamin Hamilton had been recently installed the Worshipful Master of Charity Lodge, No. 81. Old Hawkins, so called affectionately and endearingly now, stopped by his side as they were closing the store for the night. "I'm not as strong," he said wearily but cheerfully, "as I was a year ago, and I must be allowed to rest to-night. But if you'll tell me who your Committee on Charity is to be for the coming year, I'll—I'll—"

Hamilton looked at him in astonishment—looked down from the height of his more than six feet. "With us," he said, "the three principal officers constitute that committee."

"But—not--this—past--year—"

"Certainly. Why do you ask?"

"No matter. Please forget that I asked." And a gray shadow came into his cheek,

a frightened look into his eyes. "I was only going to say," he continued, "that if the same sum—I—I mean that if five hundred dollars—I—I—" He turned away, but the charity fund of the Lodge had five hundred dollars from him the next day, and the members freely praised the donor.

All this was many long years ago. One sad Christmas morning, ten years after he became a Mason, they found Old Hawkins dead in his bed. His dead body was there, but who can doubt that his glorified soul found heaven near, the ladder easy and God's charity sure?

Xenophon Chapter and Hawkins Commandery may sound strange and un-Masonic to you; they do not to the citizens of Hawkins' Corners, and it is not all because they are used to them.

Benjamin Hamilton is an old man now, and feels his own time drawing near. He loves to take some young man, some brother of the mystic tie, who seems to need an experience-pointed lesson, and go up, on a pleasant afternoon, to the hilltop where the dust of Xenophon Hawkins waits the morning of the resurrection. He tells the simple story of Hawkins' "conversion," as he found it written in the papers of that old man when he was gone, and grows eloquent over it.

"Here he lies," he says, "the most loved man I ever knew, a man who was saved from corroding selfishness by a dream and an accident, a man whose belief in the midnight rebuke of those he called brothers set his feet in the right way, a man saved at life's eleventh hour, the most charitable gentleman I ever knew. Look at that monument at his head. Do you know how proud we Masons are to have our emblems there? Do you know that the symbols of the Masonic Fraternity seem worthier to us all since such as he have so commendably worn them? See! There is a sprig of acacia at the head, carved out of the dead, cold stone, a plant without a root. But, I believe, firmly as I believe in my own salvation, that when the first warm light from the beginning of the last day—the day that shall never end—lights up the eastern sky and shines along this hill, that plant will quicken into life, start into the green potency and promise of immortality. O God, so mote it be!

"What a life! What a change! What an agency of change there was! Surely the ways of God are past finding out.

Surely he maketh the wrath of men to praise him.

—C. M. Boutelle, in *Masonic Record*.

A "Genius" Is He.

As we were going down Fulton street the other day our attention was caught by a little tin sign, which gave the following announcement: "Amos Patterson, Dealer in Secret Fraternities; Rituals Made to Order, Lodges instructed."

My companion and I involuntarily looked at each other. "Here, at last, is something new under the sun," I said.

"More likely it is the habitation of some escaped lunatic," replied my friend.

"At all events, let us go in and see what manner of man he is, and whether perchance there is any method in his madness."

We clambered to the fifth story of the building as advised by constantly recurring pieces of cardboard nailed to the stairs, and found the door of his room. In response to our rap an old gentleman appeared. He looked at us over the top of a pair of gold-bowed spectacles with an expression of interrogation.

"Mr. Patterson," we queried.

"Yes, sir; will you walk in?" and without more ado he ushered us into a cosy little room fitted up as an office and gave us seats. He had evidently been writing when we interrupted his occupation, and the ink was not dry on the last sheet on his desk.

"Is it true, sir, that you deal in secret fraternities?" I asked, "and isn't it a new kind of business?"

"Well, sir, to speak more correctly, I do not deal exactly in fraternities, inasmuch as a fraternity consists more particularly of its members. But I do sell the prospectuses of new orders, with plans of secret work, together with all the minutiae of nomenclature, symbols, signs, grips and so on. As to the last part of your question, I suppose I am the pioneer in this new line of work."

"Do you mean to say that you keep on hand written descriptions of new organizations, with detailed accounts of the various ceremonies, to put on the market?"

Mr. Patterson smiled as he nodded assent. "I keep a few all written out ready for instant use, but the main part of my work is done to order."

We glanced at a row of pigeon holes in

the upper part of his desk which were filled with papers. They were labeled with phrases like these: "Independent Order Knights of the Pestle," "Ancient Guild of Mariners," "The Cyclor's Circle," "The Favored Few," "Chinese Chapter of Hung Hi."

"Might we look at one of your fraternity rituals?" we asked.

"Oh, dear, no! If you think for a moment, you will see that it will never do. If I were to sell the fraternity afterwards which I allowed you to look at, the secrets would be given away at the very start. In fact, whenever I expose one to the view of a prospective buyer, if by any means the trade should fall through, the entire work has to be thrown away."

"But how, then, can we judge what you can do? We would like to know a little more about it so that we might write it up for our paper. If you could give us a little light as to your methods it would help us to fill a little space in our paper, and give you the benefit of the advertisement."

"Perhaps we might arrive at such a result in another way. We will suppose you two gentlemen to be in search of a plan of organization for use in a high school or college. The first thing we do is to select something for the ground work upon which the society is to be built. Suppose, for instance, we take an idea from some study pursued by the students; say arithmetic. We then decide on a name. We call it the Arithmetical Association of Intimate Integers. At first blush there seems very little to work up in the way of imitation and few symbols for suggesting lessons of morality, but we shall find plenty of chances as we go along. We give the officers names derived from general terms used in the science. The lodge is called a multiplicand, and the chief officer 'most munificent multiplier.' The secretary becomes the 'enumerator' and the treasurer the 'dividend,' and so long down the scale. Having once decided on the name, it becomes an easy thing to write the ritual up to them. Let us begin with the presence of the candidate at the door of the lodge room. One rap is given, followed by a dialogue something like this:

"Brother common denominator, why this alarm?"

"An insignificant cipher who, feeling his uselessness by himself, seeks poten-

tiality by joining this most ancient association of Intimate Integers."

"The most munificent multiplier wishes to know what good a mere cipher can be to the other integers of his multiplicand, since he is of no value to himself."

"By association with them he is sure he can add ten fold to their power."

"It is well. By order of the most munificent multiplier you will allow him to enter this multiplicand and receive the degree of addition."

The candidate is led into the hall and placed between two rows of members.

"You are received into this multiplicand between two horizontal parallel lines, which is the sign of equity, and should ever remind you that whatever the value of an integer may be elsewhere, they will always meet here on the plan of equity. This, therefore, (holding his arms parallel before him) is the sign of membership in our order."

The candidate is then duly sworn to secrecy by nine integers, after which he is duly pronounced a member and invested with a badge, on which is printed a large figure 1.

"You will hereafter wear the badge 'number one,' which, being the lowest in value of all integers, is to denote your position in this multiplicand as the least of its members, and will teach you true humility and appropriate dependence. The sign of this degree is made by holding the index fingers at right angles across each other, forming the cross with equal sides, which is the sign of addition, and signifies that there is much knowledge yet to be added to the little we have already imparted. As a true brother of this degree you will always welcome such additions whenever and wherever there occurs an opportunity to make them."

The newly-made integer is then conducted to the chair of the most munificent multiplier who gives him a short lecture. This deals with the ancient origin of the Order, which he proceeds to prove by dates when integers were known to be in use in Persia and Arabia, centuries before the time of any known cult or fraternity, clearly demonstrating that the order of intimate integers is the oldest in the world. He also informs him that, although the figure one is the lowest of all integers, it is still vested with glories of its own. "It is a symbol of unity, and, therefore, of perfection. It is also the only figure which

the truly loyal mind associates with his highest social, political or religious thoughts, for we acknowledge allegiance to but one wife, one country and one God." He then instructs the brother how to enter a multiplicand: "Standing erect as a figure one, saluting the most munificent multiplier with the sign of the degree of addition, which is responded to on the part of the presiding officer with the sign of equity."

"Should you desire so test a person whom you have an idea belongs to this order, you will hold the forefinger of your right hand over the ridge of the nose, to which the person tested, if he be a brother, will respond by placing the first and second fingers of the left hand on each side of the nose. He will then advance, and holding out his right hand exclaim: 'Are you an integer?' You will reply, 'I am one,' as you shake hands, and he will say, 'I am two.'"

The brother is then taken to the enumerator, who makes a record of the initiation, and causes the brother to sign the roll of membership.

"Of course this is only a rough sketch or outline of an initiation," said Mr. Patterson, "and would be greatly modified after I had time to give the matter the reflection it should have. And it refers to only the degree of addition, which of course would be followed by those of subtraction, multiplication and division. The jewels worn by the officers would be made from a combination of the degree signs and Roman numerals"

We were exceedingly interested in the draft made thus extemporaneously, which showed the method of Mr. Patterson's work.

"And do you have many orders?" we asked.

"I get them as fast as I can figure out the details, which require some time to perfect, so that I can only turn out about two good rituals per month. And you have no idea how orders are increasing in this country. During the time of societies gotten up for financial gain, in which you could invest a hundred dollars and pull out two, they sprung up like mushrooms in a night; I set afloat several of these myself. Even now, while the growth is normal and healthy, they are increasing fast.

"Besides furnishing rituals for many of these, I am also revising some of the work in the old societies. Some of this was

written by men not well educated and abounds in redundancies and bad grammar. Besides, they did not lay hold of the many opportunities afforded and overlooked the grandest chances for dramatic situations in their floor work. Some of these I can improve. So between rituals for new societies and revisions of old ones, I have on hand already orders enough to last me six months."

Mr. Patterson here rose from his chair, and taking the movement as a slight hint that we were dismissed, we thanked him for his courtesies and departed.

— *Geo. H. Hebard, in Fraternal News.*

"Chestnuts."

A chestnut is a popular nut, having kernel, shell and burr. Just why an oft-repeated joke, or a tale told a second or third time should be called a chestnut is something I never could understand. But it is one of those arbitrary, modern slang words adopted by everybody and thoroughly understood by the masses. The fact that a joke has the chestnut bell rung on it ought to be a recommendation, for it is good enough to be remembered.

The chestnut season is approaching, and as everybody likes chestnuts I am going to write a few lines about one—not one gathered from the tall, leafy tree in the woods, but one that has had the chestnut bell rung on it ever since there was a lodge. If I had named this article, "Pay up your dues," or "Be prompt at lodge meetings," or "Brotherly love," the Chimes of Normandy could not drown the chestnut bells that would sound upon the Masonic air, and without a very great stretch of imagination I could see the scornful elevation of the nasal feature of your face, and only the heading would be read. You would look for something less wormy.

To be constantly called upon to remind one of his duty is not a pleasant occupation. But we have to do it. They are chestnuts, but they must be said. As for that matter every day of life is a chestnut—a repetition of the one gone before, and to-morrow will be the same. The "twice-told tales" of life confront us over and over again, and we can't get away from them. And so our lodge duties meet us year after year, month by month, and week by week.

I am going to say a word about the dues chestnut.

When you asked Brother Friend to propose you for membership in Cold Water Lodge you were very eager to receive your degrees, and you were impatient until you were "raised." The money for fees was handed over with neatness and dispatch. You studied well and got through in good shape. You stepped up to the secretary's desk with an air of confidence and pride that was really commendable, and the brethren had a right to expect a careful attention on your part to the duties you assumed. Did it occur to you when you signed the by-laws, thus consummating your membership in the lodge that you signed an obligation, a note of hand as it were, an "I. O. U.," a "promise to pay" your dues? You said by that act, "I hereby promise to pay to Cold Water Lodge six dollars on the twenty-seventh of December of each year," and you signed your name to that note. Have you paid it? Or do you neglect it, because it is not a negotiable instrument, written out on a separate piece of paper and payable at the Bank of America? Did it ever occur to you that this note you signed when you became a Mason was payable to the Bank of Charity? Is the Bank of Charity not worthy of as much consideration as the Bank of America?

This matter of the payment of dues is a chestnut. It has been pounded and beaten with all sorts of hammers and nut-crackers, but somehow the shell seems to be impenetrable. I am very sure if that shell could be broken, there would be no worms found within. But this chestnut is a serious matter, and deserves individual attention. I wish every Mason fully appreciated its importance. But they don't. They seem to regard the signing of the note payable on the 27th of each December to the Bank of Charity as a "mere matter of form." So it is. And so is the signing of a note payable at the Bank of America, but somehow the latter is paid while the former is not. The lodge may "protest" as much as it pleases, it does not seem to affect the credit of the notegiver, or to touch his sense of obligation and duty.

It is the duty of the member to go to the bank and pay his paper, and not require the bank to send out to collect it. A note payable at the counter of the Bank of America will not be sent to 7963 Broadway, the makers place of business, but if dishonored at the Bank of America it

passes into the hands of the notary, and receives his tender offices. But if the note payable at the secretary's counter of the Bank of Charity is not paid at maturity, the poor secretary must hunt the debtor up and remind him of his dishonored obligation. This is all wrong. The member of a lodge ought never to get behind with his dues. He should regard his obligation in that respect as binding as the note payable in the Bank of America.

If the business of a bank was carried on in the same manner as the payment of dues in a lodge, it would not be long before suspension and liquidation would prevail in every institution, and depositors and stockholders would get no dividends. I often wonder how lodges do get along anyway, where this old chestnut of delinquents is continually presenting itself for cracking. If every Mason was as unmindful of his duty to pay his notes in bank as he is his notes to the lodge, he would soon find himself in the hands of the sheriff, and his business gone to the bow-wows.

Now, take this chestnut home with you and roast it. The time will soon come when a gentle "bank notice" will be sent to you from the Bank of Charity—Cold Water or some other Lodge—signed by the secretary, calling your attention to the maturity of your obligation December 27, 1897. Now, when you receive that notice, don't put it away and "forget it," simply because your failure to pay will not be reported to the Mercantile Agency and your credit impaired, but take out your check-book and send the secretary a check instanter. He will not grumble because you pay before maturity, but will send you a receipt at once.

Try this plan and see how much good it will do the lodge, how much better you will feel, and how much better your credit is at the bank of Charity. Then you will read this "Chestnut," and apply it to somebody else, and may he enjoy the reading, because it does apply to somebody else.—*Lounger, in N. Y. Dispatch.*

A Poetical Wife.

Her husband, certainly, must not know. He was the sworn enemy of all blue stockings. Alas, and she loved poetry so much! She had composed a whole volume of verses that must be put in a neat little book, with red binding, a gilt design,

and the title, "Forget-me-nots, by Rosa S.," in raised letters. This little work, displayed in the shop windows, would not be an unpleasing sight, and when Herbert, her husband, should see it, his unreasonable prejudice would be removed.

Every leaf of this volume, every stroke of the beautifully written verses, was known to her by heart, and she could even picture to herself on which side of the page this love strain or that spring song should appear. Of love and springtime she had generally written; it is hardly possible it should be otherwise with a newly-wedded wife.

She desired that a certain professor should see her work; she had even spoken to him concerning it. It wounded her deeply to intrust her darlings to a rough critic, and expose them to the unsparing comments they would surely receive. Yet it must be done, for she dared not rely wholly upon her own judgment.

She took one glance at the leaves before doing them up in a wrapper, her cheeks burning and ears tingling. Oh, it is no light matter, this sending one's first thought-child out into the world!

"I send you herewith that of which I have spoken to you. I rest entirely upon your judgment," she wrote briefly upon her visiting card. Why should she add more? A critic would not ask for comments. Then she addressed it, "Herr Professor Meywink," and drew the pages for a final peek before putting the card inside the cover.

Just then the door was opened, and Minna, the servant girl, appeared there with a market basket upon her arm.

"Madam," she said, "I am going to the butcher's."

"Yes, certainly."

The young wife aroused herself. It costs an effort to return to the rude, working-day world at such times, but she made it cheerfully, for Frau Heinrichs was a capable housewife—no one could dispute this—and on that account Herbert had chosen her for his wife. He was fond of practical things—the housekeeping gifts—and she had them, despite her love of scribbling. However, that was merely by the way, while her talent, her poetical genius, should not be held longer in check, as she knew. And it was merely an innocent reaction. It was incomprehensible to her that her husband should dislike it so much.

"Yes, Minna," said Frau Heinrichs, "we will have for to-morrow what remains of the roast meat served to-day. I think we can do without meat on Friday, so we need not order a breast of veal till Saturday. I will write thus to the butcher."

This she did, saying:

"You may send what I spoke to you about on Saturday, as we shall not require anything before then."

So absorbed was the young lady in her task of wrapping up her poems, turning them over and over, that the card to the professor and the card to the butcher became interchanged. Finally, Minna's display of impatience urged Frau Heinrichs to put the cards hastily into the envelopes.

"There Minna, this is for the professor, this for the butcher," she said. "Make no mistake. You are often absent-minded."

Minna grumbled in her heart at not being considered "as responsible as other people," and trotted off, first to the professors; the learned man not being at home, she dropped his envelope in the letter-box at the door.

"This to the butcher," Frau Heinrichs had said, and his address was clearly written on the envelope; but was the packet also for him? However, why trouble herself about that? She had received it from her mistress.

Master Krause, opening the paper, read:

"I send you herewith that of which I have spoken to you. I rest entirely upon your judgment."

He shook his head, turned the package over and over, and again shook his head as he looked at the neat and distinctly written card.

"Are you sure this is for me?" he asked, wondering.

"The mistress gave it to me for you."

"H'm—h'm! Astonishing! We spoke not long ago of some waste paper; she had some she would send me, can this be it?"

Minna shrugged her shoulders.

"I'm sure I don't know."

"It is curious, at least. Probably only a sample," laughed the butcher. "I will keep it until I see your mistress."

Minna turned to go.

"What, no meat to-day?" inquired Herr Krause.

"Not till Saturday. Does it not say so on the card?"

"Not a word."

He turned it over several times.

"Incomprehensible!" said the servant. "How thoughtless are these far-seeing ladies! All confusion—all confusion!"

A few moments later the butcher's lad departed from the shop to deliver a quarter of a pound of sausages wrapped up in "Spring's First Offerings."

Meanwhile the professor had returned home. The old gentleman also read his card, with many shakes of his head. He showed it to his wife, to see if she could explain the matter. After long reflection she thought she understood it.

"I have it!" she said. "Frau Heinrichs one day asked of me a receipt of our cook's. She wished to have it by Thursday, but has probably changed the time to Saturday."

"Yes, yes, that must be it!" said the professor. "Very singular, however, that she should address me; very singular!"

Then he dismissed the matter from his mind, and became absorbed in his book.

And now, while Frau Heinrichs dreamed, waking and sleeping, of the result of her poetical experiment, a number of the butcher's customers were laughing over the poems written upon his wrapping paper.

All unsuspecting, she one day called on the wife of Judge Rothin Brumke.

"Have you heard the news?" asked that lively lady. "Master Krause has a poet in his employ; every small package is enveloped in paper with verses written on it."

She arose and presently brought in a greasy sheet of paper upon which was an "Ode to Love," while the unfortunate poetess, growing redder and redder with shame, thought she should sink into the earth.

At home fresh ignominy awaited her. Minna had bought some lard; on the paper wrapping was a beautiful poem which she had learned by heart: "I Dream of Thee!" She trembled, she burned with fever; scalding tears filled her eyes; she wept for anger and shame, yet dared not call her servant to account for fear of betraying herself. The lovely poem, the rhyming of which had cost her so many headaches, so many sleepless nights, to be used to send out sausages and lard in. The thought was horrible. If Herbert heard of it how he would laugh! Yes, he would laugh at first; but at the last might he not be angry? She did not know what he might say. She was in the wrong to do something he

detested without his knowledge, and this was her punishment—the righteous punishment. What reparation could she make?

With gathering fears she awaited the home-coming of her husband. What if he had already learned something of this matter? And now he came—as gay as usual. Yes, she was not mistaken; he was to-day in particularly good spirits.

"My dear," said he, as he removed his overcoat, "I have here a very curious production."

He drew a paper from his pocket and unfolded it. His wife, looking over his shoulder, as was her custom—but with what an expression to-day, poor little tortured soul!—listened as he read with mock pathos:

"You never guessed my love for you,
My hidden, silent woe;
We meet as strangers, face to face,
How shall I let you know?"

"No longer can I bear this pain,
This doubt, this death in life;
Time's child holds for me but the choice
To die or be your wife."

"There is, indeed, sorrow wrapped up in that," he concluded. "What think you of such nonsense? What do you say to this fruit of bluestockingism? For the handwriting indicates the writer's sex. Ugh; what stuff it is! 'Woe'—'pain'—'death in life'—'doubt'—madness! Ha! ha! ha! The poor author, after going from publisher to publisher who shook their heads compassionately, came at last to Master Krause, who out of pity gave her two pence a pound for her damaged paper. So at last the poem came to the public." He laughed loudly, drawing his wife to him. "Never follow such an example," he said. Then, seeing the tears glistening in her eyes, he asked, "What is it, dear?"

"There was not a pound," she sighed, bending her head with shame upon his shoulder.

"You?" he exclaimed. "Are you the blighted poetess?" And he whirled her about like a top and kissed her heartily.

What more need he say? For she was cured of her rhyming propensities, of that he was sure.

— o —

Dollymore's Aunt.

"Look alive, Dick. There's a letter for you with the Little Codrington post-mark."

Dollymore tore open Miss Pendlebury's

letter, and an exclamation of annoyance escaped his lips.

"Here, listen to this, Jim:

"It has just come to my ears that you have more than a cousinly liking for Lucille, and that you have told her so. I have, I hope, a natural affection for you, Richard, although your Bohemian mode of life cannot but afford me pain, but I have other views for my niece than marriage with a penniless artist. I should have thought you would have had too much pride to contemplate an alliance with an heiress; but, since you appear to have no proper spirit in the matter, I must decline to receive you at Laburnum Lodge until you have realized your unfitness as a husband for Lucille, or until you can show me that you are making a steady income of at least \$1,500 a year. Your affectionate aunt,
LAVINIA PENDLEBURY."

During the next day or two Dollymore was full of wild schemes for doubling his income, and depressed me by pacing the room with corrugated brow, ever and anon running his fingers distractedly through his hair and groaning.

"You are a perfect nuisance, Dicky," I said. "Go out and walk, if you must walk, lest I retire this night with the crime of murder on my soul."

He called me names and went. The relief was great, but unfortunately brief. Within an hour he burst into the room, breathless, radiant, whirling his arms about his head.

"Eureka!" he cried, "the problem is solved! We'll run a matrimonial agency."

"What?"

"Oh, I've thought it all out, my boy! The inspiration came to me on the embankment, and ideas have been crowding on me ever since. Scrape your pennies together. I shall want all your cash as well as my own. We'll take a couple of little offices, and furnish 'em cheap and showy, and we must publish an organ—your department—the Torch of Hymen, the only reliable matrimonial paper, patronized by the nobility and gentry of Europe."

But Aunt Lavinia—would she approve? That's what you've got to ask yourself now before you embark on any enterprise. Would Aunt Lavinia approve?"

"Shades of Laburnum Lodge—no! She's one of the pillars of Little Codrington society, a regular Mrs., or rather Miss Grundy. But she needn't know, and as

long as I can gain a living honestly for my little sweetheart—Old man, you'll stand by me in this, won't you?"

Now, I am not going to speak of our early struggles, of how the Torch was threatened with extinction in the early portion of its fateful career, nor of the fun we got out of our clients when they came. Sufficient it is to say that the scheme turned out to be not as wild as it had looked, and before long we were really doing well.

Dollymore presided at the managerial desk in the morning, I in the afternoon.

It was during my share of the day's work that, about three months after things really began to "go," a lady called. She was a prim looking spinster of about fifty—from the country, I guessed by her dress, and she produced a copy of the Torch as a preliminary to conversation.

"I chanced to see your paper," she exclaimed, "so I ventured to come up to London and call on you. But you seem very young; I expected to see a more elderly person. If I had guessed—really such a delicate matter, I—I hardly know how to explain, and to such a very young man!"

"Madam," I said, "say no more. I understand. Your expressive face tells all. You are lonely; your soul, true to its feminine nature, cries out for companionship, for some strong and loving arm to shelter and protect you!"

She simpered and cast down her eyes.

"Really, I never thought to enter a matrimonial agency, but when one lives in a very quiet place, and cannot name any suitable person among one's friends—Of course, what passes between us will go no further. You will understand that I should not wish my friends in the country to—to—"

"Quite so, madam, quite so. Nothing that takes place in this office is known to any one but my partner and myself. By the way—er—am I right in supposing that you do possess an independent income?"

"I have \$2,500 a year and a small freehold estate in Devonshire."

We discussed business for a while, and then:

"There are several names on our books that might suit you," I said. "If you'll kindly leave me your address I'll arrange a meeting for you at this office with one of our most suitable clients, and let you know."

"Oh," she murmured coyly, "I really shan't know what to do. You'll choose a nice-looking, kind man for me, won't you, Mr. Editor? Well, the Temperance Hotel will find me for the next two weeks. Miss Lavinia Pendlebury, the Temperance Hotel, W. C.

I successfully turned a gasp of astonishment into a fit of coughing. It was that most prim and starchy of ladies, Dollymore's aunt.

We talked a great deal, and that evening posted a note to Miss Pendlebury, written by me on the official paper, to the effect that a gentleman to whom she had been described was devoured with eagerness to make her acquaintance, and would meet her at the office at three o'clock sharp the following afternoon, if that hour were convenient to her.

Apparently it was, for ten minutes before the appointed time the spinster arrived in a flutter of expectancy and a brand-new bonnet.

Then the clock struck and Dollymore came in smiling. She gave a kind of screech and dropped her parasol, and her face was a sight to see.

Her nephew sprang to her side solicitously; I rushed for a glass of water.

"Little did I think," said Dick, "that when I came to this office to win an idle wager from a friend that you were the lady I was to meet! My dear aunt, I—I am lost in wonder that you should have descended to take such a step—you, whom I have always so respected and loved. Believe me, I am concerned and grieved, deeply grieved—words fail me. I—I—"

Dick's voice ceased with the most admirable break. I felt quite affected.

"If any one had told me of this thing," continued Dick, "I should have said, 'It is a wicked libel, a gross untruth!' My Aunt Lavinia is a lady of the most retiring nature, and of the greatest common sense, who has been intrusted with the training of a charming girl and would do nothing herself that she could disapprove of in her ward. But now, oh! what would Lucille say? What would little Codrington say? What, oh! what would Rev. Septimus Bartram say?"

There was a little pause. Dick looked at Miss Pendlebury. Miss Pendlebury looked at Dick. The faintest suspicion of a wink quivered in his left eyelid and was meant for my edification. Miss Pendlebury saw it, and she understood. She

gulped once, twice, then made the best of the bad bargain and broke into a pallid smile.

He bought a diamond ring that afternoon.

— o —
No Honorable Discharge.

Freemasonry and the profane world are as wide apart as the poles. This is the reason why Freemasonry is a law unto itself. All ordinary analogies fail when applied to the Craft. It exists in itself, by itself, for itself. In the Lodge we oftentimes debate, but we are not governed by strict parliamentary laws and usages. We have our own rules of order. The Master of a Lodge is not a simple presiding officer, whose function is to register the will of the majority of members. He is the majority, his will and pleasure is the law. There is no appeal from his decision to the Lodge. His only responsibility is to the Grand Lodge. In his Lodge he can say, in the language attributed to Alexander Selkirk:

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute."

But, at the same time, he is a sane and equitable ruler, and the Craft never suffers at his hands. He is the conservator of its highest and best interests.

In all enlistments in the profane world, for the purpose of war there may be, for the soldier, a discharge, and an honorable discharge. This may come by the expiration of his term of office, or by permanently disabling wounds, or by voluntary higher authority. The soldier then returns to his home with honor, and it may be with glory. There is but one war in which there is no discharge whatever, and that is the war in which the immortal spirit of man, when born into the world, engages with the circumstances of time and destiny. No man may escape death or the hereafter, for in Ecclesiastes King Solomon tells us, "there is no discharge in that war." Men sometimes vainly imagine that they can cut the Gordian knot; that they who fashioned not their own bodies or spirits; that they, who were not even consulted or asked whether they desired to enlist in the battle of life, can shuffle off the mortal coil at pleasure, and destroy their mortal souls. Freemasonry teaches a different lesson. No Freemason should ever be a suicide.

Freemasonry, in accordance with its

usages, differs from both the examples we have quoted above. It partially, but never wholly, discharges its initiates, and it never honorably discharges any one who has enlisted in its service. It is from the "law unto itself," that has been derived the aphorism. "Once a Mason always a Mason." The Masonic tie can never be wholly severed. The Fraternity reserves the right to absolve itself, for cause, from obligation to a brother, but it never releases him. Under no circumstances can he obtain an honorable discharge. He voluntarily assumed his relations to it. He sought it; it never sought him. He is under obligation to it, not it absolutely to him. He may become an absentee, but that is no discharge; that is only neglect on his part. He may become a non-affiliate, but that works no dissolution of the Mystic Tie. He thereby only severs his connection with a particular Lodge, not with the Fraternity. He cannot sever that. Not even death can do that. No brother can justly perform an act, in contravention of the fraternal law, which shall become operative after he has passed from life. Masonic obligations are forever and forever.

The Craft never gives any other than a partial discharge. If it suspends for non-payment of dues, it does it because the brother will not pay, not because he cannot pay. Masonic charity forbids that an unfortunate, impecunious brother should lose his membership because of his poverty. Any worthy brother may have his dues remitted, and escape this partial discharge. But if there be such a discharge, the brother is not released from a single obligation that he assumed. He is still a Mason, bound to observe all his duties, and the fact that he has neglected one, gives him no right to decline to perform any or all of the others. So, when the Fraternity expels a brother for un-Masonic conduct, he is still a Mason, though not in good standing. He is expelled for cause, and when the cause is removed, or Masonically atoned for, his expulsion may be removed, and he thereby restored to good Masonic standing. His expulsion does not and cannot discharge him from the Craft. He enlisted in it for life. It is not in Freemasonry as it is in the world, where a man and woman, for example, enter into the marriage relation nominally "until death do us part," and then, possibly, they go the next month into a di-

vorce court and take the initial step for the absolute severance of the marriage tie. The Masonic tie is the tie that binds, the tie which has been blessed, in the language of that truly Masonic hymn:

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in mutual love."

Let it be understood, then, that the saying, "Once a Mason, always a Mason," implies (1) that there can be no absolute discharge; (2) that there can be at best, or at worst, only a partial discharge, by which while the brother is held to all of his obligations to the Craft, it, in consequence of his unworthy conduct, is released from certain of its obligations to him, and (3) that there is no honorable discharge for any one of its volunteer army of initiates. The discharge, circumstances, is only partial, and is never honorable. Its "three-fold cord" is not only "not quickly broken," but is absolutely unseverable.

No one should hastily, carelessly or thoughtlessly knock at the portals of Freemasonry, for one within the mystic precincts of the temple, knowledge is imparted which is so peculiar that it must forever be retained. Masonry is not transferable. It is a personal trust, from which there is no honorable discharge. It is forever and forever.—*Keystone.*

Masonic Incidents in Civil War.

Captain Robert Townsend of Newport, Kentucky, in writing to a friend in Toronto, speaks of his Masonic experience during the American war as follows:

"I intend giving you a few incidents of Masonic interest that came under my observation during the war of the rebellion in the United States for the preservation of the Union, in which I took an humble part from 1861 to 1865. Before the war I was a Master Mason. In my regiment, the 23d Kentucky Infantry, there were many Masons; we tried to get a traveling Charter, and the Grand Lodge of Kentucky would not grant us one, but some of the States did, notably Indiana. Our brigade was composed of four regiments and a six gun battery of artillery, and, at times, a squadron of cavalry. The regiments composing the brigade consisted of one from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Kentucky; by that means a spirit of emulation or prowess existed in the battle, each thought they were as good as the other, and would not be outdone for gallantry

under fire. The Kentucky troops on both sides had the prestige of being natural fighters, consequently, when the general wanted a forlorn hope led, or a desperate charge made, the Kentuckians were assigned that duty, and, very often, we were imposed on, I thought, from the fact that we had no governor from whom we could seek redress.

"Our State was largely in sympathy with the rebels. The northern portion of the State, that bordering on the Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, were intensely loyal to the Union, and there was a large element in the eastern and middle portions of the State true to the government. Nearly all the able-bodied men in Kentucky went either to one side or the other. Kentucky is a great Masonic State, hence, both armies contained a large number of the Craft. Churches were divided, families split up, one brother going to the North and another to the South; but grand old Masonry was the only thing that the war did not touch. When any of our forces were taken prisoners they invariably made themselves known as Masons, and by doing so, always received humane treatment. Although I was never taken prisoner, yet I learned from those who were as to how they were treated.

"The incidents that came under my observation, and those that were told me by others, would fill a book, but time and space will only allow me to quote a few. One night, after the first day's general engagement at Stone River, or Murfreesboro—it is one and the same battle—I was officer of the day in charge of our picket line. I was making the grand rounds at midnight visiting each picket to see that he was vigilant, and also to learn what the enemy were doing, if possible. When I came to one of my company he informed me that the enemy's picket in his front, about sixty feet, was disposed to be very friendly, and, on making inquiry, I learned, from my man, that the enemy's picket had told him that one of our men was inside of his beat, and, from the sound of his voice, he was getting weak from the loss of blood. This occurred on the night of December 31, 1862, and men freeze very rapidly in cold weather when losing blood. I told my man to start a conversation with him again. The brother who was wounded, and inside of the rebel lines was using words only used when the sign cannot be given, or the party addressed seen. I then

took part in the conversation and made myself known. "Hurry up and get your man as I will soon be relieved, which they were doing every two hours, and the relief picket may not be one of my kind"—meaning a Mason. I said, "Honor bright." He said, "Yes, it's a go." He laid his gun down, went and got our man and escorted him to our lines. We heard the relief picket coming, I gave the enemy's picket, the true grip of a M. M. and said, "Good-bye, God bless you," planted a little money in his hand, and my man was saved, who otherwise would have bled to death or have been frozen.

"On another occasion, November 24, 1863, the date of the battle of "Lookout Mountain," and the day before the grand and great assault on Mission Ridge, in front of Chattanooga, my regiment made a charge on Orchard Knob, a knoll intervening between the town and the ridge. General Grant used this place for his headquarters in observing the assault that was made the next day. It was a good position to place a battery to cover our movements. During the assault we captured ninety prisoners. Among them was a captain and a lieutenant; the latter was wounded in the neck, and was looking pale from the loss of blood. My regiment was in line awaiting orders. I was in command of the company on the extreme right of my regiment, where there was a space of about twenty feet between us and the next regiment, through which the captain was leading the lieutenant going to the rear of our line. In passing me the captain was using his right arm, making the sign of a M. M.; I recognized it immediately, and stepping rapidly to the right, I whispered in his ear, "I recognize you—what can I do for you?" He said: "I am a Mason and so is the lieutenant, who is losing blood very fast, and I would like to get his wound dressed." As it was against orders for me to leave my position, as we were in line of battle, I took the chance, and said: "Follow me." I stepped rapidly to a spot behind a large tree and knoll, where our field surgeon, also a Mason, was temporarily attending to the bandaging of our wounded soldiers, when they were placed in ambulances and sent to the field hospital in the rear.

"I caught hold of the surgeon's coat-tail as he was leaning over, and whispered to him to dress this wounded rebel officer as he was a Mason. He straightened up,

caught hold of the rebel lieutenant, and calling the hospital steward and panier bearer to get the necessary bandages, he proceeded to dress his wounds. While this was being done I was engaged in conversation with the captain. I asked him what State he was from. He said he belonged to the 4th Georgia regiment. I asked him how he was fixed financially, and he said: "I have plenty of money, such as it is, but it is of no account now that I am in your lines." I put my hand in my pocket, took out a ten-dollar bill, folded it up, and, in shaking hands with him, left it in his hand, saying: "Good-bye," then returned to my place in the line. It was all done so quickly that my regiment had not had time to move.

"When we were penetrating into Tennessee and Georgia on a Sunday, sometimes we halted and went into bivouac. General Rosecrans would not fight on Sunday unless attacked. When he did, word would be passed around that a Lodge would meet at such a place and at such a time. A very high hill was selected upon which to have the meeting. Captain Waterman of the 31st Indiana regiment was the Master; he had the warrant and a box containing the officers' jewels, books, etc., that were necessary, and we opened in regular form. I was S. D. Of course we appointed a chain of tylers to prevent approach to the meeting. We made some Masons in the field on these occasions.

"Then the rebels on one occasion captured a steamboat on the Cumberland river below, or west of Nashville, on which was a merchant who was following up the army buying cotton. He had some thousand dollars with him, and, of course, that was taken. The merchant asked to see the rebel General in command, who proved to be a Mason, and after stating his loss to the General, his money was restored to him.

"After an engagement many prisoners fell into either hands, as is always the case when two armies of seventy-five or one hundred thousand men were on each side. The rebels kept the commissioned officers at Macon, Ga., the enlisted men at Andersonville, Ga., or Belle Isle, Salisbury or Libby Prison. When a batch of fresh officers, prisoners arrived at Macon they generally had plenty of money. There were about eight hundred officers prisoners at that place, and as soon as they arrived they bought luxuriously, so far as their

money went, and divided the good things with the boys who were Masons.

Those who belonged to the Fraternity fared better than those who did not, as to privileges, etc. In going through the South any house that contained a Masonic Diploma always got protection from marauders; a guard was placed around it, and the ladies were free from insult. All the able-bodied men were in the Southern army. Women tore up their carpets to make blankets for the rebel army. Many a brother saved his life by giving the Grand Hailing sign. A custom at one time prevailed in the army of retaliating for some fellow our side had shot by order of a court martial. The rebels would cast lots by causing our fellows who were prisoners to draw a black or white bean, as the case might be, the one who drew the black bean was to be shot the next day. On one or more occasions a Mason drew a black bean, and when it came to the ears of the rebel general in command of that portion of the work, who was a Mason, he generally found some means to declare the drawing irregular, and ordered another drawing, knowing full well that lightning never strikes twice in the same place.

General John M. Palmer, now a Senator from Illinois, was in command of the division to which my regiment was attached at the battle of Stone River, December 31, 1862, there being six or seven days fighting in all. While we were encamped there, and we were holding our Lodge meetings on the high hills and in low vales, Palmer paid us a visit to meet with us, and as no one could vouch for him, a committee was appointed to examine him. It consisted of private soldiers, who tested and examined him, and found him to be a Master Mason; so that, you see, we met upon the level in the army.

"In our army a man who carried a musket was often the superior, intellectually and socially, of the man who commanded him, something that could not be obviated in war of the stupendity of ours. While I have been wounded, and feel the effects now of the exposure of long service, I am thankful that I have lived in a day and generation that my life has not been a blank. I have had the satisfaction of having served the army under the administration of Abraham Lincoln, the grandest character that the 19th century has produced, and when he stands at the last day

before his Lord and Master to give an account of his stewardship while on earth, he need not open his mouth, but cast at the feet of his Master the shackles of four millions of bondsmen who have become free; surely it can and will be said, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, the sweetest tuned harp and largest pair of wings are reserved for you,' and may we be there to witness the grand tableaux.'

—*Toronto Freemason.*

Operative and Speculative Masonry.

What was operative Masonry, and what were its secrets? When we of the mystic tie speak of operative Masonry, we generally mean the art of designing and building, as it was practiced by the traveling Freemasons of the Middle Ages, those skillful workmen to whose genius and labors we are indebted for the mighty church edifices which adorn almost every old city of Europe, structures whose marvelous beauty excites the wonder and admiration of all who can appreciate the beautiful in art and whose strength and solidity have enabled them to withstand the storms and to resist all the inroads of time. By operative Masonry we mean Gothic architecture which, it is now admitted, was the invention of these traveling Freemasons or of monkish architects attached to their Fraternity.

In proof of this, it is stated that nearly all the old churches and cathedrals of the various countries in Europe, which were constructed at the same epoch of time, are manifestly built from similar designs; that churches may be found in the south of Italy which resemble in nearly every particular churches in the north of Scotland. These structures must, therefore, have been the work of a company of builders working after the same plans, who were not confined to any particular country, and who possessed facilities for holding free and unrestricted intercourse with each other. This company was the Guild of Traveling Freemasons.

In the Middle Ages, down to quite recent times, indeed, every guild or association of skilled artisans had its secrets, pertaining to the handicraft which its members pursued. These secrets were strictly guarded, none but those youths, regularly bound apprentices to the trade for a space of five or seven years, were ever permitted to have any acquaintance with them, and

none but those who could produce satisfactory proofs of having duly served such an apprenticeship were suffered to work at that trade. Those who had never given them the required probation were regarded as irregular; no skilled Craftsman would work in their company, no master was permitted to employ them, especially in cities where guilds of workmen were established.

Some guilds had also words of recognition, by which fellow artisans of the same trades could make themselves known to each other, but these were merely incidental. The real secret of the Craft was a knowledge of all those hidden and guarded mysteries, which pertained to the art it professed.

Of all these Craft secrets, those which belonged to the art of Masonry were the greatest and the most profound, and they were accordingly the most closely and carefully guarded. Gothic architecture was the one distinguishing art of the Middle Ages. Poetry, painting and literature were in their early infancy, and the great imaginative intellects of that epoch expressed their ideas, and breathed forth their souls, in whose wondrous creations of stone and marble, which seem destined to remain monuments of their genius, long as the world endures.

Those who first caught the idea of awakening high religious aspirations in the human heart by means of the soaring pinnacle and the lofty arch, and of giving birth to deep and solemn thoughts by the mystical blending of light and shade, treasured these discoveries in their inmost souls, and bequeathed them as a legacy to their successors. The task of fitly expressing them in some wonderful architectural creation, such as Strasburg Minister, required the labor of hundreds of hands through several generations. But no one was judged capable of doing any part of the work which demanded either artistic or mechanical skill unless he had been regularly admitted a member of the company of builders, and had been for some time under the instruction of expert Craftsmen.

To construct material temples, according to the rules and principles of Gothic architecture, was the object of operative Masonry; to keep secret from the outer world the knowledge of their noble art was the obligation imposed on the apprentice and the Craftsman.

The modes of recognition, the signs and pass-words were only incidentals—safeguards to prevent imposters from becoming acquainted with the mysteries of the science, and from passing themselves off at assemblies of their brethren as regularly instructed Craftsmen

Between operative and speculative there is, in this particular as well as in others, a close analogy. The pass-words and signs of the speculative as well as the operative science are merely a means of guarding the portals of Lodges, and preventing the intrusion of the uninitiated. The real secrets of the order are those sublime truths which it teaches by symbolic and by legendary methods. Carefully and strictly to conceal these secrets from the vulgar is what Masons solemnly covenant to do.

To build material temples, in accordance with the rules of their art, was the work to which operative Masons devoted their lives. To erect a spiritual temple within his own heart by means of the mystic knowledge imparted to him in the recesses of the Lodge is the task to which every Speculative Mason should consecrate those powers with which the Creator has endowed him.—*W. J. Duncan.*

— o —
Saved by a Card.

After a brief summing up from the Judge, the jury found a verdict of guilty without leaving the box. Then the clerk put the formal question, "Prisoner at the bar, you have heard the verdict of the jury. Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

"Well, cap'n, its hard lines to be hung for nothin', but I see this is a yard-arm business. I know no more of this 'ere murder nor a baby, but these witnesses hain't told no lies I s'pose, and what can I say agin 'em? When this thing happened I was on the *City of Peking*, at San Francisco, but you've got no call to believe that, so there's an end o't."

There was something bluff and manly about the prisoner that impressed the Judge, who said, not unkindly: "But, surely prisoner, if your story is true, you must have friends and comrades with whom you could have communicated. If you had thought they would do you good you would have done this. It is too late now."

"You're right, cap'n, it is too late; but it's all very well to say 'let 'em know,'

when a man's locked up in jail and don't know where they are. They may be in America, and they may be at the Cape, and how could I let 'em know. Leastways, not in time. No, it's no use, cap'n, and you'd better order me run up at the yard-arm at once."

Every one in court stared in amazement at the man who thus coolly urged the Judge to hurry his execution, while, at the same time, protesting his innocence. The Judge was touched.

"But, prisoner, the court has no wish to hang a man who may be innocent. Is there no one who could speak for you?"

"Not likely," he began; but suddenly he stopped short, a look of astonishment came over his face; he leaned eagerly forward; his eyes seemed starting from their sockets. Slowly Charles Wilson raised his arm, and pointing solemnly toward a stranger on the front bench said, in a voice half choked by emotion, "ye'es, there's a gentleman there who might speak for me."

The Judge turned sharply round. "Do you know the prisoner?" he asked.

"No, your honor, I never saw him before in my life."

A sigh of disappointment was audible in the court room.

"The prisoner seems to recognize you, and, under the peculiar circumstances, I will ask you to step into the witness box and be sworn, in order that the prisoner may ask you questions."

The gentleman ascended to the witness box and was sworn.

"What's yer name?" asked the prisoner.

"George A. Baker."

"I see yer wears a three linked pin; are you an Odd Fellow?"

"I am."

"Examine this yere card, and tell the court what you find."

The witness examined the card at some length, then replied:

"Your honor, this is a visiting card issued by Decatur Lodge, No. 103, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, to Charles Wilson, and bears indorsements on its back of visitations made by its holder."

The court: "Is there any visitation on September 15th, the day of the crime?"

"Yes, your honor. On September 15th, the bearer visited American Eagle Lodge, No. 126, at San Francisco."

"Let me examine that."

The Judge scrutinized the piece of paper

carefully, after which he handed it to the foreman of the jury. During a breathless silence each member of the jury in turn examined the card.

Foreman of the jury: "Will the prisoner please write his name?"

The prisoner complied. The name was compared with the signature on the margin of the card.

Here the witness on the stand spoke up. "Your honor, there is some terrible mistake here. The prisoner undoubtedly was a thousand miles away from here on the day of the murder, as clearly indicated over the signature of the Secretary of American Eagle Lodge."

"Gentleman, I think this is a case in which you may well reconsider your verdict."

"We have, your honor," promptly replied the foreman, "and we find the prisoner not guilty."

The scene that followed has probably never had a parallel in any court of justice. The spectators gave vent to their pent up emotions in ringing cheers, which the Judge made no attempt to check. Indeed, the tears were running down his cheeks. When silence was restored, he turned to the prisoner, and said:

"Your fraternity has saved you. You are discharged."

The foregoing illustrates the usefulness of keeping a record of one's visitations when traveling in "foreign lands."

The Ballot.

It is astonishing how little some Masons consider the sanctity of their ballots; how they use it to "get even," either for themselves or some one else, and then presume to talk about it, all of which is wholly un-Masonic, and subjects the offender to discipline by his Lodge. The brother who allows his personal feelings to control his ballot, or allows his ballot to be controlled to avenge the personal feelings of any one else, is wholly unworthy of membership in any Masonic Lodge.

To the right-thinking, high minded, honorable brother, he who is a Mason in deed and in truth, his ballot is as sacred as a mother's love, and he is as careful about casting it as he would be to start a slander on a brother's wife. No consideration whatever would allow his personal feelings to stand between him and duty. He would be afraid that his hand might be

palsied, or his tongue paralyzed, were he to outrage his conscience by inserting the stiletto of revenge in the finer feelings of his neighbor through the medium of a blackball. He weighs the matter well, and when before the altar, before he casts his ballot, offers up a silent prayer for him who is worthy of it. On the other hand, however, should he know the applicant unworthy, and would cast discredit on the Fraternity, with that same sacredness of purpose and manliness of action he protects his Lodge and the Craft by "casting a cube."

We have often heard, and in two or three instances witnessed, a manly brother of this kind reap his reward. We were an eye-witness once to a scene that made us glad we were a Mason. A profane had applied for initiation, and in the Lodge to which he had applied there was a member whom he thought his deadly enemy, though he did not know it. After sending in his petition he learned the fact, and immediately set about to withdraw it. It was too late, however; it was in the hands of a committee, and must be reported on. In due course he was elected, and upon the first night of his presentation to the Master, imagine his surprise when his enemy was the second one to congratulate him. Past differences, which were strictly of a private nature, were never alluded to, but, then and there, they became warm friends, and continued so until death. Here was the true man and Mason, and so might we continue, but this instance serves our purpose.

Then, again, we have felt our cheek tinge with indignation at the assassination of a good citizen and upright man by some misguided or revengeful brother, through the medium of a cube. We have watched them sit in judgment, as it were, upon the destiny of those the latches of whose shoes they were not worthy to unloose, and when they had killed them, Masonically, act as though they thought they had done the full measure of their duty. Ignorance and prejudice are the cause of such actions, and should not and would not be tolerated were the ballot not so secret. We have often thought that there ought to be some way to correct such evils without destroying the "rights of a brother," but just how that way should be we are not prepared to state.

We do not write thus in a fault-finding way, but simply, if possible, to cause the

brothers to think and to correct a practice which is becoming entirely too common. It is a well-known fact that Masonry, like all other secret institutions, is composed largely of ignorant men. We mean by that, those who are not well up in letters and are not Masonic students, though strictly honest, hard-working, upright, industrious citizens. These, as a general thing, make good Masons, but, now and then, you find among them some little "tack-headed" fellow who thinks his mission is to "black" everybody out of his class, and such others as some disgruntled brother may want stopped through personal motives. This class of brother can only be shown the "error of his way" by a change of heart, brought about by a well-directed "lecture from the East" and an appeal to his better nature and Masonic duty.

It is safe to say that where a committee does the full measure of its duty there is little room left for an individual. The report of the committee should be, as a general thing, final, and it should be sustained. If you know anything detrimental to the character of an applicant that would render him unworthy to become a Mason, it is your duty to go to the committee and tell it so, and, if necessary, go into a thorough investigation of the matter with the committee in order that neither the Lodge or applicant may be wronged. Simply because your name is not mentioned as a member of the committee is no excuse for you not acting with it. It is the duty of every member of a Lodge to assist in the investigation of the character of every profane who petitions the Lodge for membership. Were this course pursued and the work done through the committee the harmony of the Lodge would, at all times, be maintained, and the character and feelings of many good men saved. The trouble with us is that we do not hold the ballot sacred enough.

Religious differences, political prejudices or personal jealousies should never enter a Masonic Lodge. Look alone at the character and moral standing of an applicant. Weigh well his every-day life among his associates, and then look at the charitable side of his nature. If you find that he is not "lacking in any of these things" throw aside your personal prejudice, and in the sight of God and with a prayerful consideration of your Masonic duty go forward like a man and "cast a

white stone" for him. This is the way a good Mason would do.—*Bun F. Price.*

Was General Grant a Freemason?

It is never pleasant to spoil a good story, but the truth sometimes compels one to do so, and when so silly a story is found going the rounds of the Masonic press, as the one given below, it becomes the duty of one knowing the facts to make true answer to the above query, "Was General Grant a Freemason?"

I need not say to the comrade who served in the Confederate or Federal army that the story is too ridiculous from the soldier's standpoint to be believed. Neither does it seem necessary to tell the Freemason that it is untrue, for it carries the stamp of fraud upon its face. The verdict of history is that General Grant was somewhat of a soldier, and the writer does know that General Grant was not a Freemason. But to the story and our answer.

"A MASONIC WAR INCIDENT.

"The following letter of Major Bryant S. Parker, an ex-South Carolina Confederate, is printed in the *Blue and Gray*:

"In one hard-fought battle in Virginia, in which my regiment lost heavily in killed and wounded, I was taken prisoner with a lot of others of our regiment. We were placed under guard at the rear, and all were searched. I had in my pocket-book my Masonic dimit. Next morning the guard came and told me that I was wanted at General Grant's headquarters. I thought my time to die had surely come, and that I never would see Sallie and the children any more. I was sure the General was going to have me shot. I was the only one of our boys who was wanted at headquarters, and the guard told me to move on. I soon reached the tent, and was told to go inside. I was frightened almost to death. My teeth rattled, my knees shook, and the perspiration was streaming from my face, although the day was cold. However, I entered, and the tent was closed, and I was alone with the Commander-in-Chief of the United States forces. He saw that I was so frightened I could hardly speak, and, rising from his camp-stool, he shook hands with me and asked me to be seated. He was so kind and good that I soon felt at home. After talking pleasantly for a while he asked me to what regiment I belonged and where my home was.

He then asked me if I was a Mason, and I soon convinced him of that. He then went to the table and wrote my parole, and gave me some money, and told me to go home to Sallie and the children. The guard was called, and with a hearty 'good-bye,' I departed from General Grant's headquarters, the happiest man in the army."

The truth of the statement now made comes from my own personal knowledge and my acquaintance with General Grant. In 1854, I became a citizen of Galena. I there first heard of Captain Grant through his brother, Simpson S. My acquaintance with the Captain was made the winter of 1859-60, when he first came to reside at Galena. My love and attachment for the great commander began in the dark hours of our country's history and only ended with his death.

Being a member of the Order of Odd Fellows when I settled in Galena, and attaching myself to Galena Lodge, No. 17, of which General Grant's brother Simpson was already a member, a friendship was there contracted with Simpson S. Grant and John C. Spare—two inseparable companions—only broken as to Simpson by his death in 1861, but the stronger today with Bro. Spare.

By reason of this friendship with Simpson I soon came to know his father, Jesse R. Grant, then a resident of Covington, Ky., but interested in business with the son Simpson in the leather and-furnishing business in Galena, to whom he made frequent visits.

Jesse R. Grant, the father of the General and Simpson S., was a Freemason, and as such frequently visited the Masonic Lodge in Galena, as we personally know, having sat in Lodge with him. We also have in our possession the record book of Phoenix Lodge, U. D., 1854-55, in which Bro. Jesse R. Grant is recorded as a visitor. About the year 1857, Orville S. Grant, a younger brother of General and Simpson S., came to Galena to assist in the management of the business of his father and brother, and he afterwards became a member, by initiation, of Miners' Lodge, No. 273, founded April 17, 1858.

General, or Captain Grant, as he was then known, went to Galena in the winter of 1859, and removed his family there in the spring of 1860. The Captain was not a Freemason, but he was an Odd Fellow, having been made a member of that order

while stationed at Sackett's Habor, N. Y., 1848-49, but did not continue in membership.

"Uncle Jesse," as the father of General Grant was familiarly called in Galena, intended to retire from business at this time (1860), and have his three sons take the same, but Simpson being in ill health, the change was deferred, and the Captain for the time being was in the employ of the firm. The war opened in 1861, when Captain Grant became otherwise employed, and Simpson, dying in September of the same year, "Uncle Jesse's" cherished hopes were never realized. The remains of Simpson S. Grant were buried in Greenwood cemetery, Galena, by the Odd Fellows, Bro. John C. Spare, who is also a Freemason officiating, and the writer assisting.

From 1861 to 1865 inclusive, history informs the reader as to General Grant's employment and where he was to be found.

In July, 1865, the writer, who had also been absent from home, returned from the military service to Galena, and, in August of the same year, General Grant was publicly received by the citizens of Galena on his return home "by reason of the close of the war." Following this, and but a few days later, General Grant and a few friends went by steamer to Dubuque, Iowa, where the General was warmly welcomed by the citizens. On that excursion Jesse R. Grant and the writer were of the company. During much of the time, going and returning, "Uncle Jesse" and myself were together, and the conversation was of the General and Freemasonry. It was then that the General's father told me that he would like his son to become a member of the Craft, and said: "General, I wish that you would present a petition for initiation into your Lodge to Ulysses, for I know that he would like to become a Mason." To this I said: "Uncle Jesse, I would not like to present a petition to the General, but I will get one, and you can give it to him, as he will take it more kindly from his father than he would from me." The father replied: "I don't think it would be right in me to do so, as I am his father. I would rather you should present it, as I know that he would like to become a member of your Lodge." Such, in substance, was the conversation between us on that excursion to Dubuque, Iowa, in the autumn of 1865. This matter was the subject of conversation between the Gen-

eral's father, his brother Orville and myself at subsequent times.

Galena Commandery, No. 40, Knights Templar, was instituted in 1871, with the writer as Eminent Commander, General Grant, then President of the United States, being then at home. There were many distinguished Templars present to assist in the work: Dr. N. F. Prentice (Past Grand Commander), Hon. H. C. Burchard (M. C.), Gen. Smith D. Atkins, Hon. E. L. Cronkrite (Mayor), Robert Little (United States Collector), Capt. William Young, James S. McCall, Dr. McKim, Loyal L. Munn (since Grand Secretary) — all of Freeport; Hon. John Olinger (Mayor of Dunleith), Hon. Samuel Cook, Homer Graves, Capt. J. M. Doggett, and others, of Illinois; Horace Tuttle (Past Deputy Grand Commander) and William P. Allen (Past Grand Master), together with others from Iowa. The Commandery was instituted on the afternoon of September 29, 1871, and work on the Orders commenced. At nine o'clock P. M. a recess was taken, and by appointment with the writer, President Grant received the Sir Knights, who were fully uniformed, at the house of Mr. L. S. Felt, whose guest he then was. A pleasant hour was spent in conversation with General Grant, after which the Sir Knights returned to their asylum.

At that reception the subject of Masonry and the General's favorable opinion of it was spoken of, and it was then agreed that at the first favorable opportunity the General would sign a petition for initiation, and, if accepted, would become a member of Miners' Lodge, No. 273, of which the writer was then the Master.

During the political contest for the President's re-election (1872 and 1873), the General visited his home, in Galena, and the subject was again mentioned. At this time I had a conversation with Bro. James A. Hawley (M. W. Grand Master), informed him of General Grant's intention to petition my Lodge, and that, for reasons not necessary to mention, I would like to have the Grand Master visit my Lodge at such time as I should name and exercise his prerogative of "making a Mason at sight"; that is, without his being subject to a ballot. M. W. Bro. Hawley said it would give him pleasure to do so. Brothers Dr. N. F. Prentice, Robert Little, Loyal L. Munn and others of Freeport; Dr. Fred W. Byers of Lena and other brethren along the line of the Illinois Cen-

tral railway, having expressed a desire to be present on such an occasion and having learned that I could have a special train at any time on a few hours' notice to run from Dixon (the home of Grand Master Hawley) to Galena, I felt fully provided for the event. When the General next visited his home preparations were made, when some affairs of state recalled him to Washington earlier than anticipated, and there the matter dropped.

My own ill health and subsequent removal from Galena prevented my ever making any further effort to bring about the accomplishment of the most ardent wish or desire of "Uncle" Jesse R. Grant, the father of the General.

General Grant lived until July 23, 1885, when, from the heights of Mt. McGregor, he peacefully passed to the portals of the Grand Lodge on high, where, by the Grand Architect of the Universe, our Supreme Grand Master, he was made a Mason "at sight." There, beside the first General of the armies of the United States, Bro. George Washington, he now sits at the right hand of our Heavenly Father in the Grand East—there where every true Freemason, whether he wore the "blue" or the "gray," may hope to greet and recognize him when their earthly pilgrimage is ended, and they, like him, are at rest.

—Gen. John Carson Smith.

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What about the Social Problem ?

We spend a great portion of our time in discussing the evils that are confronting the purity of the home and the true elements of society. In these discussions we very often denounce the wrong-doer instead of the wrong done. Denouncing an individual very often hastens their steps downward, instead of improving their condition; they sink farther into misery and deeper into crime, while the one who means to be a benefactor proves to be the cause. There was never an effect or a result without a cause. One of the most gracious means in uplifting the life of a fallen one is by acts and deeds of kindness, proving to them that there is something good, pure and true in the way you direct, which they can achieve and possess, if they but will; while, otherwise, if all they receive from you carries with it chill and sting, they hasten toward greater misery and deeper gloom. One of the truest and best-used methods in keeping

the life of an individual strong is to continually crowd upon it the good, the pure, the pearl and the gold of life, staying the hand of rust, brightening the ray of hope, entombing the law and enthroning the very highest ideal.

My morning and evening press brings me the news from all sections of the globe; the transactions of the day are placed before me, and I look at once at the "splurge headlines," often telling me of some one who has fallen, and has left an indelible stain upon society that can never be erased; if it chance to be a woman, how appropriate the heading, "A soiled dove."

I wonder how many sons of prominent citizens were the cause of the downfall of the 1,500 women who were turned into the streets of Pittsburg, without shelter, without food, almost driven to commit greater crime to evade shame, misery and exposure. The fallen are turned into the street; the one who caused the disgrace is, perhaps, to-night couched in eagle's down, pillowed in affluence, while she whom he ruined sleeps in the street. Ye ministers of Pittsburg, think on these things! When a woman falls, man is the cause; she is always denounced; he is generally shielded and protected, and thus encouraged in his ruinous work. God help us, as men and women, to think more of woman!

The soul of the unfortunate, who is a castaway, is of greater value in the eye of God than the one whom the world shields and so often protects. The poor wayward daughter who is to-night seeking shelter in the by-ways is more of a woman than he is a man, who caused her to step aside. If one must go to the street, why not the other, also? To make an endeavor to rescue the fallen ones is one of the brightest and best indications of good and true man or womanhood; to shun them, and always think yourself too pure to make an attempt gives the strongest evidence of weakness and of needed improvement. If you desire to cure a great many social evils, punish the man as you do the woman. If she is driven to the meshes of ostracism drive him there too; if he be taken into your house and into society take her there too. Man is always greater in the crime than woman, why not give him at least equal penalty in the social world?

There are many social problems that must be solved within the next decade. The problem of the ex-convict is one that merits a great deal of our attention, and

there is no question but what it must be amicably solved in the interest of human protection and moral worth; while another, still greater than this, constantly meets us in the way of life. "Should vocation cause separations in the social world?" If all Christian people would press closer together, and then forward march toward Christ, great and everlasting benefit would be brought to the world, and many of the existing evils would be compelled to give way to the better elements in life, while decay would cease and strength would develop every life into a life of power and excellence before God and man. We are taught that there will be no class separations in heaven—why have it here? No man or woman was ever created for the purpose of making their bed in hell. Let us, as Christian people, rally, and take all despair out of this life we can, so that it will be free of torment here and in eternity. If you desire that social putridity should wane, unite all forces in introducing Christ and his gospel.

—*Aaron D. States, of Greenfield, Mo.*

Burning the Candle.

"I called at the office of Mr. Burntup to-day," I remarked to Gretchen, as I seated myself for a few moments' reflection before going to my den to read up some old papers I had neglected, "and I found he was at home in rather a bad plight."

"What is the matter with him?" Gretchen asked.

"Oh, well, I suppose it's too much candle business. You know he is a most uneasy mortal if he is still for a single moment. Why, I verily believe, he calculates interest in his sleep; that is, if he ever does sleep. I know that as soon as he opens his eyes in the morning he begins to scheme and lay plans for work and pleasure for the twenty-four hours just ahead of him. Take a single day. He gets up, say, at seven o'clock in the morning, takes about ten minutes to prepare for breakfast, gets his morning paper, reads while he gulps down a cup of coffee, and is out of the house by half past seven. He reads all the way down town, attends to his business, and, with an occasional visit to a cafe, fills in every moment of time until he starts for home at six. Dinner follows, and is disposed of in a few moments; then he has an engagement at

the Wide-awake Men's Club, where he spends an hour drinking and talking business. From here he goes to the Owls' Club, or some theatre, for a night's pleasure. After the show, he spends two or three hours with friends; goes to the club again, enjoys a game of euchre or some other 'innocent' amusement until three in the morning; then a drink or two and he goes home—"to sleep or not to sleep; that's the question." Now that is the way he spends six days out of every seven, and for the seventh, well he piles just as much into the twenty-four hours, only in a little different ways."

"How can a man expect to keep well, or to live even, if he does not give brain and body some little chance to recuperate?" responded Gretchen. "I have no patience with such suicides. The fact is there is too much of this 'candle business,' as you call it; too little regard for health, and men imagine there is a great deal of credit due them for being able to continue a round of dissipation night after night. I have noticed recently that a great number of deaths reported are, 'died suddenly of heart failure.' Now what is heart failure? Heart fiddle sticks, it is simply the burning up of the candle, lit at both ends, it burns both ways, and we find that the tax upon the mental and physical system is so great that before men know it all the oil they had in their lamps is burned up. And we are all doing the same thing every day. To be sure, the candle will burn faster if it is fanned by the midnight draught of wine and Welsh rarebit, but even without that sort of consuming of vital force, we try to do too much. Now, poor Burntop must have recreation, and he calls club life until three and four in the morning, drinking Manhattan's and smoking perfectoes, 'recreation,' 'rest,' 'recuperation.' Bah! away with such recuperation. While I am sorry Burntop is in such a plight, he is simply reaping the harvest he has sown. Do you suppose that Tim would live a month if he did not take rest? Tim sets us a good example. He is full of life and as active and playful as a kitten when he is well, and he is always well when he has plenty of rest. He does not care who is around, when he feels that his little Timship needs a snooze he simply curls himself up and takes it, and when he is really refreshed he comes out from his 'den'—just as much his den, John, as your study is yours—stretches

himself and is new again, ready for a romp. Animals in their natural state do not overtax themselves. Their instinct teaches them that it is absolutely necessary that they sleep and rest. What more restful scene can you find than that pastoral on the wall over your desk? The quiet field a very picture of beauty itself, the cattle lying about in the shade, that old brindle cow standing knee deep in the cooling brook; there is rest and contentment for you. They do not labor all day and carouse all night. If they did, human beings would find the supply of milk and beef very much abbreviated. No, John, the only beings who burn the candle at both ends and die of heart failure are human."

"Well, Gretchen, I rather think you are right. 'Early to bed and early to rise,' is a good maxim, and will surely make a man 'healthy, wealthy and wise.' I think we had better profit by your wise dissertation, and blow out the one end of the candle. I am going to see Burntop, and try to get him to go away for a little while. To Old Point, or—"

"There you go again. To Old Point, and what is Old Point but a whole community in the 'candle business?' Send him to Old Point or some other such 'quiet' place, and you simply take him on the road to Bloomingdale, and after that to a quiet bed in the cemetery. No, let him be quiet at home, and simply blow out one end of the candle, and ten to one you will see an improvement in him."

"You are right, Gretchen."

And I took up my lamp and went into my den to think, and to 'resolve' upon candle burning.

—*Lounger, in N. Y. Dispatch.*

L'Etoile Polaire of New Orleans.

On the roster of the Grand Lodge of Louisiana is found the above name with No. 1 attached. Well does it deserve the number, for during all the years of its checkered existence—more than one hundred years have passed since it came into existence—it has ever been true to its name, Polar Star. On the 28th of the month just ended it held a special session, and raised to the "sublime degree of a Master Mason" seven candidates, who had previously been found "worthy and well qualified." One hundred and fifteen of the Craft were present during the cere-

monies. Nearly every Lodge in the city was represented, and the visitors were from Georgia, New York, Alabama, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Ohio, Iowa, Massachusetts, Virginia, Maryland, Kansas, Arkansas, Mississippi, Florida, England, Ireland, Canada, Australia and elsewhere.

Lodge labors at an end, all were invited to assemble in the banquet hall where was prepared a feast worthy of Lucullus, and which seemed to be duly appreciated by all present. After the usual toasts of obligation, R. W. Bro. Hines, Grand Lecturer, was called upon to respond for the Grand Lodge of Louisiana, which he did most fittingly, and as nearly as we remember in these words: "Venerable Maitre (this was all the French Bro. Hines could remember), officers and brethren, I am glad to have the pleasure of meeting with your Lodge this evening; a Lodge that formed the bright nucleus of the 'Light' from whence sprang the M. W. Grand Lodge of our State; a Lodge that was in existence long before Andrew Jackson reared his breast-works in defense of your beautiful city. For more than one hundred and three years the sound of the gavel and the voices of Masons have resounded in this Lodge, charity been dispensed and fraternal greetings been exchanged; a Lodge, to day, bearing upon its proud banner, which waves triumphantly above its time stained battlements, the names of one hundred and three Masons, less two, who have recently been called from labor to refreshment in, we hope, another and a better Lodge above.

"I notice in this banquet hall the flags of all nations, but I do not see one which was once near and dear to me, the flag of the 'Lost Cause,' the 'Red, White and Red.' Under the folds of that flag I stood on the gun-boat *Webb* when she swept past your city in the face of the Federal fleet in one of the last efforts made by that cause, which we thought right and just. But when that flag went down, so died within our breasts all animosity, and, to-day, we are a united people; here, tonight, is represented nearly every State of our Union and every country of the world. An united North and an united South, an united world, for we are Masons.

"This is the first time I have had the pleasure of meeting with the brethren in a Lodge conferring the 'Symbolic' degrees according to the Scottish Rite. My ig-

norance of the language of France as well as of the ceremonies of your Rite forbid any criticism on my part, although I observe a marked difference as compared with our York Rite. The ultimate object of both Rites is, however, the same, as the suggestive symbols I saw displayed in the Lodge room demonstrate. You have been authorized by the Grand Lodge of this State to practice your Rite, and I bid you God-speed in your noble and glorious efforts to upbuild Masonry in our beloved State."

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The Greatest Masonic Study.

Masonry encompasses, even beyond human contemplation, all the spheres of existence; hence, its origin, beyond finite conception, even divine. It embraces every object and subject of useful education. It points aloft to infinity, and spreads its wings of benevolence over the universe. Its symbolic system of three degrees, correlative with human existence in three stages, portrays infantile darkness, manhood, growth and usefulness, and truth's illumination of the ripened soul. Masonry, therefore, furnishes a larger field for thought and study than any one human invention.

Entering upon its threshold at the earliest possible period of my life, and ever remaining a devotee and adherent upon the basis already spoken, I may truthfully say Masonry has taught me how to live. It has taught me that my greatest study is myself, directing my mind into the channel of thought. Whence came you? What are you here for, and whither are you going? It has taught me that the invisible, which thinks and forever lives, is the real man which must gain and retain absolute control over the visible man or mortal body, and thus holding in discreet subjection all the human appetites and passions. Have I a right to love Masonry?

It has taught me to be free—free in politics and religion alike, thus forbidding me to bow down to the enslavers of the souls of men; and it has taught me to concede to others the freedom that I would claim to myself. Have I a right to love Masonry?

It has been said, and persistently claimed, that Masonry is not religion; that it does not embrace religion, and that it is only a stepping-stone or hand-maid of religion

I have learned to view this subject differently, and that Masonry inculcates and embraces the one primitive, monotheistic and cosmopolitan religion, in which all men can agree who are not atheists. Such is its creed, and beyond which it does not go, neither admitting nor denying any additional speciality. If a firm and honest belief in one infinite, intellectual, sovereign cause, ruler and preserver of all that is, surrounded by all the symbols and recititudinal lines of moral conduct prescribed in Masonry, is not religion, it is certainly entitled to some name or designation which the more enlightened, if any there be, should supply and satisfactorily explain. Masonry has taught me that my greatest care in life is to take the best possible care of myself, whereby a life well spent on earth is the best possible guarantee for a better one hereafter, and it taught me that I cannot possibly take the best possible care of myself without doing all the good I can for others, and my greatest ambition in that direction is to do something here that may live for good when I am gone hence.

J. H. GRAY.

An Incident of the Secret Ballot.

Upon a certain occasion, in one of the Northern States, a candidate had been rejected by a Lodge. His father was an old and esteemed member and a Past Master. The Master unwisely and in violation of Masonic laws, permitted a discussion, which only served to intensify the feelings of the brethren. A recess was had, during which, from one to the other, passed the question: "Did *you* do it?" In time the Lodge was again called to labor, and, soon after, this old Past Master arose, and said: "Worshipful Master and Brethren, you have, this evening, rejected my son. You have also invaded the sanctity of the ballot by permitting a discussion of the result. At refreshment, the question, 'Did *you* do it?' was asked of every one present except Bro. — and myself. I was not asked for the reason, I presume, that I was the father of him whom you rejected. If we leave this Lodge with the matter as it now is, Bro. — will be considered as having done what some of the brethren here, in open Lodge, have called a rank injustice to this candidate and to his father. Now, my brethren, in justice to Bro. —, although I feel that I am wrong in so doing, I have this to

say: I cast the cube. And until my son, blood of my blood and bone of my bone, shall make himself worthy of the great privileges of Freemasonry, I, his father, will cast a cube against him every time he applies for admission."

—*Square and Compass, of La.*

The Youngest Freemason.

Upon Master Sydney Frederick Forbes has been conferred, by the Lodge of which his father was a foundation member, the title of the "youngest Mason in the world." says a contributor to the *St. Louis Republic*.

While the universal constitution of the Masonic Order provides that no one shall join that Order until he becomes twenty-one years of age, Lodge Jubilee of Barberton, South Africa, working under the Dutch constitution, performed for him the ceremony of adoption when he was a month old.

The lad was born November 3, 1888, of English parents. His father, William Forbes, was then Secretary of the Barberton Stock Exchange, and is at present the manager of one of the valuable mining properties at Johannesburg.

The small apron used for the ceremony was made from the skin of an African kid for the occasion. It is the chief treasure of Master Sydney's collection of valuables dear to juvenility.

The press of the Transvaal commented at length and enthusiastically upon the unique rite. "On Sunday last," said one of the leading journals, "was performed, in Masonic Hall, a ceremony which, we believe, has never before been witnessed in South Africa, if at all. The ceremony, in question, was no less than the adoption by Lodge Jubilee, working under the Dutch constitution, of the infant son of one of its foundation members, F. W. Forbes."

By the ceremony of adoption the infant is admitted as a "Lewis" in Freemasonry, the oaths and obligations being taken on his behalf by the Wardens of the Lodge as sponsors of the Lodge itself, and all its members acting in that capacity, and undertaking the Masonic guardianship of the child in much the same way as sponsors at a baptism.

At the age of twenty-one years the "Lewis" may enter and take part in the working of a Lodge without undergoing any of the usual initiatory ceremonies.

Who Killed the Lodge ?

"It's Lodge meeting night," said Brother Brown,
 "But I don't believe I'll go down;
 I'm tired and it's pretty cold to-night,
 And everything will go all right
 If I'm not there." So he sat and read
 The paper awhile, then went to bed,
 Having stayed at home from the meeting.

"It's Lodge meeting night," said Brother Grey,
 "But I guess I had better stay away.
 I don't like the way the young folks take
 Things into their hands, and try to make
 The 'good of the Order' all jokes and fun.
 I think something sensible ought to be done."
 And he stayed at home from the meeting.

Thus one and another made excuse,
 And said as long as they paid their dues
 And assessments promptly, they couldn't see
 What the difference was if they should be
 Away from the lodge room on meeting night,
 And argued to prove that they were right
 In staying at home from the meeting.

And the earnest officer of that Lodge,
 And the faithful few who didn't dodge
 Around their duties and try to shirk,
 But did their own and other's work,
 Grew discouraged at last, and in dismay
 The Grand Lodge took the charter away,
 Because all stayed at home from the meeting.

"Our Father."

Her evening prayer was ended—from her knees
 'Rose little Marjorie—the light that shone
 Within her wistful eyes was Heaven's own;
 "Oh, dearest mamma! please

"To tell me of the meaning of that prayer—
 'Our Father'; means it only me and you?
 Or is our God the parent—tell me true—
 Of people everywhere?"

"Of all the world, my darling—of us all—
 Of those who know Him—those who know Him not;
 By His dear love there is not one forgot,
 However weak or small."

"Then that poor little girl I saw to-day,
 All clothed in rags—I was provoked that she
 In her mean garments should draw near to me
 To watch me at my play—

"Was my poor sister! How I wish that I
 Had tried to help her—whispered in her ear
 But one kind word of comfort and of cheer
 Before I passed her by."

Has it no echo in our hearts—that sigh—
 Or, looking up to heaven, can we plead
 That we have helped our brethren, in their need,
 Before we passed them by?
 —By Julia Fanshawe Brinckerhoff, in *Boston Ideas*.

A Few Years from Now.

Oh, that Twentieth-Century girl!
 What a wonderful thing she will be!
 She'll evolve from a mystical whirl
 A woman unfettered and free;
 No corset to crampen her waist,
 No crimps to encumber her brain;
 Unafraid, bifurcate, unlaced,
 Like a goddess of old she will reign!

She'll wear bloomers, a matter of course;
 She will vote, not a question of doubt;
 She will ride like a man on a horse;
 At the club late at night she'll stay out;
 If she chances to love, she'll propose;
 To blush will be quite out of date;
 She'll discuss politics with her beaux,
 And out-talk her masculine mate!

She'll be up in the science of things;
 She will smoke cigarettes; she will swear,
 If the servant a dunning note brings,
 Or the steak isn't served up with care.
 No longer she'll powder her nose,
 Or cultivate even a curl,
 Nor bother with fashion or clothes,
 This Twentieth-Century girl.

Her voice will be heard in the land;
 She'll dabble in matters of state;
 In council her word will command,
 And her whisper the laws regulate.
 She will stand 'neath her banner unfurled,
 Inscribed with her principles new;
 But the question is what in the world
 The new century baby will do?

Borriboola Gha.

A stranger preached last Sunday,
 And crowds of people came
 To hear a two hours' sermon,
 With a barbarous sounding name,
 'Twas all about some heathen
 Thousands of miles afar,
 Who lived in a land of darkness,
 Called Borriboola Gha.

So well their wants he pictured
 That when the plate was passed
 Each listener felt his pocket,
 And goodly sums were cast,
 For all must lend a shoulder
 To push the rolling car
 That carried light and comfort
 To Borriboola Gha.

That night their wants and sorrows
 Lay heavy on my soul,
 And deep in meditation
 I took my morning stroll;
 'Till something caught my mantle,
 With eager grasp and wild,
 And looking down with wonder,
 I saw a little child.

A pale and puny creature,
 In rags and dirt forlorn;
 "What could she want?" I questioned,
 Impatient to be gone.
 With trembling voice she answered,
 "We live just down the street,
 And mammy, she's a-dying,
 And we've nothing left to eat."

Down in a narrow basement,
 With mold upon the walls,
 Through whose half-buried windows
 God's sunshine never falls—
 Where cold and want and hunger,
 Crouched near her as she lay—
 I found a fellow-creature
 Gasping her life away.

A chair, a broken table,
 A bed of broken straw,
 A hearth all fireless,
 But these I scarcely saw;
 For the mournful sight before me,
 The sad and sickening show:
 Oh, never had I pictured
 A scene so full of woe!

The famished and the naked,
 The babes that pine for food,
 The squalid group that huddled
 Around that dying bed,
 All this distress and sorrow
 Should be in land afar;
 Was I suddenly transplanted
 To Borriboola Gha?

Oh, no! the poor and wretched
 Were close beside my door,
 And I had passed them heedless
 A thousand times before.
 Alas! the cold and hungry,
 That meet me every day,
 While my tears were given
 To the suffering far away.

There's work enough for Christians
 In the distant land, we know;
 Our Lord commands his servant
 Through all the world to go,
 Not only to the heathen;
 This was his charge to them:
 "Go preach the Word, beginning
 First at Jerusalem.

Oh, Christian, God has promised
 Whoso'er to His has given
 A cup of pure cold water
 Shall find reward in heaven;
 Would you secure the blessing?
 You need not seek it far.
 Go find in yonder hovel
 A Borriboola Gha.

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“Religious” Bigotry.

During the progress of a fire at the Standard Biscuit factory in San Francisco, on June 7th, the walls of the building fell in, crushing to death three brave members of the San Francisco Fire Department: Capt. John Moholy, Timothy Hallinan and Frank Keller. Bro. Capt. John Moholy was a member of South San Francisco Lodge, No. 212, F. & A. M., and owing to that fact, his body was denied admittance to St. Patrick's Roman Catholic church, from which institution the other two brave fellows were buried.

Our representative called upon Chief Sullivan of the Fire Department, who explained that it was his desire that a triple funeral be had from the church, and notwithstanding his representation to Archbishop Riordan that Moholy was a Mason, secured his consent.

Our representative also called upon the Archbishop, and by him was informed that his understanding of the matter was that Moholy belonged to the Band of Hope or some such organization, and his consent was freely given, but upon later finding out that Moholy was a Freemason, he sent his secretary to Chief Sullivan with the information that his power was not sufficient to permit Moholy's funeral to be held within the church; in fact, that the Pope himself was the only man on earth who had the power to order the matter so arranged.

The result was that while the services of the church were being held over the remains of Hallinan and Keller, the body of Bro. Moholy was left in the hearse in the street together with the family and friends of Bro. Moholy.

In a conversation with our representative the Archbishop stated that the Roman

church could no more perform the burial service over a Freemason than it could over a Methodist or a Baptist, or a Congregationalist, and that it considered Freemasonry a religion just as much as any of those denominations. It would seem that from this action we have the proof that the Romish church is more bigoted and intolerant than Protestant sects, for not one of the latter, that we know, would deny their ministrations in the final scene of this earthly life. We leave the matter to the thoughtful consideration of those who do not agree fully in our opinion of the Romish hierarchy.

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Renewing the Crusades.

Bro. Cornelius Hedges, of Montana, has much of the spirit of the ancient Crusaders and Templars in his composition. If he was a young man the cause of the oppressed in eastern Europe would find, doubtless, an active friend in this country to lead the Templars on to victory or death in the cause he so vigorously espouses. On this subject he last writes:

“Since we first proposed this scheme, those beastly Turks have been butchering Christians in Armenia, and are doing it now in Crete, and it looks as if any peaceful proposition would fare like casting pearls before swine. If recent manifestations of Turkish cruelty arouse Christendom to deal with Turkey as she deserves, perhaps these victims will not have died in vain. While we are not quite ready to accept Brother Swain's estimate that dead Turks are good ones, we feel like enlarging our demands that they be ousted not only from Palestine, but from Europe and Asia Minor and the islands of the sea. Let them turn their steps toward the steppes of Asia, where they can be under the strong hand of Russia. We started out only to clean up that job that the Templars once undertook but failed to accomplish. After getting into Palestine we might want to hunt up the Garden of Eden, somewhere on the Euphrates, and see if all the apple orchards are destroyed and the garden overgrown with weeds. We doubt if a suitable monument was ever erected to Adam and Eve. There are many sins of omission to be repented of, but we must take them one at a time. Let it be Palestine first. Let us get it peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must.”

We fear our brother after all would allow his curiosity or something else to lead him to searching in the Garden of Eden for some of the forbidden fruit, which resulted in the expulsion of our grand parents, and which law might still be in force in that neglected land. Discretion is the better part of valor. Our brother is too old for the undertaking.

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Another's View of Masonic Law.

In confirmation of our view of the legislation of some Masonic Bodies, we print the following complaint of the widow of a deceased brother, who writes to the *Seattle Times* as follows:

"My husband was a Mason and an Odd Fellow for over twenty years; for years had been a thirty second degree Mason. He held both Orders in high esteem. I have taken the ladies' degrees in both Orders, and wish to wrong neither. I have also been a member of the church of Christ since an adult, and I cannot think any sane minister fears for the welfare of the church on account of the good acts of those Orders or for the omission of the same in the name of Christ.

"It costs faith and benevolent deeds only to enter the church. To enter a Lodge, from \$25 to \$50, sometimes minus the very best characteristics of a moral man. Impostors steal into a Lodge, as well as into churches. This fact by no means changes the fundamental principles of either. After a \$50 initiation fee, a yearly taxation and labor for the Order, if, for any cause, one dies in arrears, the member is not looked after while sick, the funeral expenses are not paid, and his family is lost sight of entirely. Would not such acts sometimes allow members as well as their widows and orphans to "freeze and starve on their way to heaven?" Is that just, after the best part of a man's life is freely given to a cause he loves, while his family is somewhat curbed that he may feel sure that they may not need when he is gone from them?

"Only a few months ago a Mason of long and good standing, also an old time friend, told me of a friend whose husband died, leaving a widow with six children. He was a Mason, but had fallen behind in dues. When he died no attention was paid to the fact by the Order. This friend looked after the widow and orphans, and

said to me that it, to him was the worst feature in Masonry; he did not know but he would stop his dues, and, perhaps, the sooner the better for his family, although he is wealthy. My husband was a G. A. R. also. I should have been thankful for a plain railing and neat headstone to mark his last resting-place."

This illustrates the delinquency which brethren under their individual obligation would not be guilty of, but which, in their collective capacity, they allow to pass very often without remonstrance or even a comment. It is the result of deputizing the work of Masonic relief to another, or to an organized body; yet it is the only method for a very busy man to take, but under it, less imposition can be practiced by frauds. THE TRESTLE BOARD believes that relief furnished by organized bodies is the most efficient and satisfactory method, but we condemn the restrictions put upon them by the regulations made to perform its benevolent mission. Sound judgment, experience and integrity are essential under any restraint which can be placed around the almoners of a charitable institution, and is all that need be required. There are many cases where the charitable instincts of a truly honest and good man will indicate that something should be done in relief not permitted by such requirements as that of "good standing." We are cognizant of many instances, and any Board of Relief should be sustained in the exercise of the better promptings of human nature. If always so done, then complaints in the secular press, like the foregoing, will cease. Let us, as a Fraternity, examine into our rules and customs, and see if they are entirely in harmony with true Masonic charity; that the honor, glory and reputation of the Institution may be firmly established, and the world convinced of its good effects.

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Dealing with Non-Affiliates.

We are face to face with a very serious question, namely: "How to deal with non-affiliates who petition for membership, and are rejected."

The ancient Charges and Regulations, as well as the holdings of every Grand Lodge in this country, require that a Mason should belong to some Lodge, and placing the non-affiliate in the category of Masonic outlawry. Now, to hold in one breath that a Mason shall belong to some

Lodge or be an outlaw, and in the next to declare to him that he cannot belong to the Lodge of his choice, and possibly of his convenience, because forsooth, some one who may be less worthy than he objects, is an anomaly for which I am free to say I cannot suggest a remedy. But, surely, in the wide realm of Masonic justice, honesty and charity, there must be a remedy for this wrong.

It is not in accord with the spirit of Masonry that a brother against whom no charges have been preferred, nor can be preferred, should be subjected to the humiliation of going from one Lodge to another for membership; the very fact of applying for membership in a Lodge distant from his place of abode would naturally raise the question in the mind of any one, "Why do you not petition the Lodge nearest to you? And if you have so petitioned and been rejected was it not for good reason?"

There can be no doubt whatever that in nine cases out of ten the rejection of a non-affiliate Mason is due more to pique than to causes that affect the Masonic standing of the applicant. The only remedy I can suggest is to inculcate by lectures in the Lodge the necessity of the study of the principles of Masonry, to the end that each and every brother may fully know and understand that he has no right to allow such motives to govern him. I think the crying evil of our day, so far as Masonry is concerned, is that too little is known by the membership of the deep underlying principles of Masonry. It is very good to know the esoteric work of the jurisdiction, and to be able to deliver the lectures pertaining thereto in an impressive way; it is very good to have a membership that is attentive to the various communications of the Lodge; but, my brethren, unless we go deeper than this, and know that Masonry not only teaches but practices temperance, fortitude, prudence and justice, we shall have spent our time in vain.

Let us engrave deeply upon the tablets of our hearts the noble tenets of our profession, brotherly love, relief and truth, and when the call for action is made, let us turn an introspective eye upon that tablet, and with the holy principles of those tenets for a monitor, act in full accord therewith, and this seemingly insurmountable obstacle will have vanished. Without charity we are but as sounding

brass and tinkling cymbals. The Book of the Law says that he who is not charitable to his own household is worse than an infidel, and no infidel can gain entrance within our Lodges. Let us take heed, and see to it that we make not merely a profession of brotherly love, relief and truth, but also that we practice them.

—Henry Rucker, G. M., of Oklahoma.

The foregoing is a frank admission of the facts as they are, but for the remedy it takes too long to accomplish the object. Life is too short to accomplish the impossible by education. The heroic remedy is to abolish the ballot on affiliation. We should admit a brother Mason into our Lodges as cordially and freely as we would a brother of our own blood into our household. If he abuses our hospitality or confidence, we can expel him.

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Editorial Chips.

The Texas *Freemason* says it is "well aware that a Masonic Lodge should not be a collecting agency in the ordinary sense, but a Mason who is able to pay his debts to a brother and refuses, violates his obligation as much as if he committed any other grave Masonic offense, and should be dealt with accordingly." Why not become a collecting agency? Would it not be better for Masonry than to have the brethren carry their grievance into the civil courts? We believe it would. But beyond this lies a greater injustice. A Mason may wrong a brother out of thousands, even all he has, and a Lodge will not take notice; but if a Mason wrongs a Lodge out of a small sum, charges are preferred, a commission elected, and the brother is tried and expelled. The obligation to the Lodge is stronger than that to the brother whom he may defraud out of his whole fortune.

We have always wished when we became acquainted with a truly good and worthy man, who was not a Mason, that we could invite him to become one among us, and why should it not be so that we could? We have studied the spirit of the Institution, its philosophy and its legends, and can find nothing contrary to that practice. We believe, as the legend tells us, our first Grand Master conferred the degrees of Masonry upon the friends of his choice, and not for the asking. Another Grand

Master being asked, in fact denied giving the secrets until they could receive them lawfully as he had. The legend says Adoniram had them conferred upon him without asking for them. And, in later years, we doubt if Sir Christopher Wren solicited them, but had them conferred upon him as a token of the regard which the Craft entertained for him. And the same with many other notable and prominent men of more recent date, including the Prince of Wales, and, maybe, some great men in our own country. If such is the fact, why should not Masons be privileged, *under the law*, to go out into the highways and byways, and select such material for the building as is suitable, instead of having a lot of bad material brought up for inspection only to be rejected, and hove over among the rubbish as unfit for use? We believe every candidate should be proposed, and his qualifications considered and passed upon without his knowledge, and then an invitation tendered to become one among us. Such action would be received as a compliment and an honor, and none but good material received, while the pile of rubbish and rejected material would be very small, and no animosities engendered. Think of this, brethren.

The position of the Romish church is rarely in accord with THE TRESTLE BOARD; but in a conversation with the Archbishop of San Francisco, to which reference is made in this number, the position of the church is precisely the one we take; viz., that Freemasonry is a religion. We have always claimed Freemasonry to be a pure, true religion, undefiled by creed, and divested of all side issues, which tend to create conflicting sects.

For many years St. John's Day has been celebrated in the interest of the Masonic Widows and Orphans' Home and Infirmary of Kentucky. Great material aid has been secured for this noble charity by such celebrations in different parts of the State. The Masons in the State have caught the inspiration from their fraters near the Home, and have worthily seconded the efforts in behalf of the Widows and Orphans committed to their care. The Knights Templar have nobly responded to every appeal which has been made in behalf of their Home. Permission was

given this year to all Knights Templar and to the Subordinate Commanderies of Kentucky to appear in public, in full regulation uniform, or in fatigue dress, to participate in any gathering of Masons called together or assembled for the purpose of giving financial strength to, or otherwise enhancing the interests of, the Widows and Orphans' Home and Infirmary.

Bro. Jacob Norton, a veteran Mason, died at his home in Boston, March 19th, aged 83 years and 2 months. He was a Hebrew, and a writer of some ability. Many years ago he, with others, asked to withdraw from Masonic membership if Grand Lodge of Massachusetts refused to take out of the ritual what he claimed to be sectarianism. The Grand Lodge denied the charge of sectarianism, and also their petition. He was a devoted Freemason till the day of his death.

There is a Grand Jurisdiction in the United States wherein a brother is allowed to disclose his ballot. He is allowed to disclose a blackball if he chooses, but not a white one. Queer kind of a rule, law, custom, usage, or whatever it may be, and seems to embody a distinction without a difference.—*Kansas Freemason*.

This is the first step toward abolishing the iniquitous secret ballot. The good sense of the Fraternity is beginning to assert itself, and brethren will gradually become disgusted with the caprice of the blackball, and inaugurate the more sensible methods of meeting each other on the square, and discussing the merits and demerits of the profane applicant for degrees, and act together as brothers should. The secret ballot is an innovation, and it has already existed too long. The sooner it is abolished the better.

The remains of the late Mrs. Rosalie L. de Coney, wife of Bro. Alexander D. Coney, Consul General of Mexico in San Francisco, were interred at Mountain View cemetery, Oakland, Sunday, June 13th, with special ceremonies by members of the Masonic Fraternity, a large number of whom were present. Mrs. Coney became prominent a few years ago by bringing to this country the heart of Bro. Ignacio Herrera y Cairo, who was killed in Mexico, and prior to his death expressed a desire that his heart should be placed in the safe keep-

ing of his brethren, and the deceased lady carried out his desire. The heart was interred at the Herrera plot in Mountain View Cemetery, where also was the body of Mrs. Coney laid at rest. Bro. Edwin A. Sherman delivered an address appropriate to the occasion.

The Grand Lodge of Iowa, at its recent annual communication, recognized the "Grand Dieta Simbolica of Mexico" as exercising sole jurisdiction over the three degrees of ancient Craft Masonry in Mexico, and that all Masons from Lodges not in affiliation with said body be denied admission to the Lodges of Iowa.

Durant Lodge, No. 268, at Berkeley, Cal., visited Golden Gate Lodge, No. 30, on June 22d, and conferred the third degree on a candidate, performing the work in their excellent manner, and in their new and beautiful costume. Durant is the first Lodge in California to adopt a dramatic representation of the work, and this embellishment was heartily approved by about three hundred brethren who witnessed the work. Several speeches of commendation were made, and generously applauded.

The *Monitor* thinks the Masons of Santa Cruz "are a disgrace to their city, to their society and to humanity," because they allow the truth to be spoken in their hall concerning their hierarchy by an ex-priest. It only echoes the fiat of their pope at Rome, which refused funeral ceremonies to one though a Catholic was a Mason, and excluded his remains at the portals of their "church" in San Francisco. Did it ever occur to the *Monitor* that this is a free country, and that all men are entitled to the privilege of expressing their opinions whether those opinions be in opposition to Freemasonry or the Roman Church?

Bro. Henry A. Belcher, of Massachusetts, says: "While Masonry does not claim to be religion, it inculcates and promotes in its teachings much that lies at the basis of true religion." THE TRESTLE BOARD would ask the brother to define true religion, and also if Masonry includes any more or less than is included in that definition. We think it does not. In fact, the Romish church, the most dogmatic opponent to Masonry, bases its opposition in the declaration that it is a religious

sect as much as any other sect, and as such it can have no fellowship with it. We accept the statement of the Romish church, and oppose that hierarchy for its intolerance, for while it will discard its members who become Masons, Masonry will not discard any man for his sectarian views.

Bro. Fred Macdonald, of Butte, Mont., was kindly caned on the occasion of his seventieth birthday. For fourteen years he has tyled every meeting of every Masonic body which has met in the Temple in that city. The cane was accompanied with a silver service, a banquet and appropriate speeches prepared especially for the occasion.

The fee for the 33° in the Southern Jurisdiction is \$150 instead of \$180 as we stated in our May issue. We hope no one has been misled. The fees for the Scottish Rite in the Southern Jurisdiction are higher than in the Northern, and should be equal. They are from the 4° to the 33° inclusive, \$200 in the Northern and \$330 in California. This will account for the greater growth of the Rite in the Northern. The disparity is still greater in the matter of annual dues.

At the festival in celebration of the 109th anniversary of the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls, held at Freemason's Tavern, London, England, May 12th, the collection amounted to £16,026 6s 6d, being the second largest return ever announced at the festival; that of 1888 alone excepted.

From a statement prepared by the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Scotland it appears that during the past 97 years there has been a total of 245,750 initiated, being an average of a little over 2,533 per year. Last year it was 5,343; but the largest number was in 1891, which was 6,078.

Bro. P. B. Cornwall, of San Francisco, is credited with bringing the charter of the first Masonic Lodge started on the Pacific Coast for Multnomah Lodge at Oregon City, Or., fifty-one years ago. The Lodge was chartered by the Grand Lodge of Missouri. It was delivered to him at St. Josephs, Mo., late in December, 1847, or early in January, 1848. It reached Ore-

gon City in the first part of September, 1848, in a small hair-tanned cowhide trunk, which the Grand Lodge of Oregon has preserved as an interesting relic of the introduction of Freemasonry on this Coast.

If a Lodge from a sister jurisdiction presents an account of expenditures incurred in the relief of one of our brethren, we would recommend that the Lodge from which he hails make haste to discharge the debt, but never let it be said of the Masons of this State that we sought return for relieving a brother in distress.

—*Bro. John Stewart, G. M., of N. Y.*

If every Lodge in the United States adopted this plan as a rule of action, then the Wisconsin plan would not be needed.

The *Voice of Masonry* says "the Masons of this country should not recognize any of the Mexican Bodies claiming to be Masonic. Not one of them can show a regular and lawful genealogy." Will the *Voice* please tell us how regular and lawful Masonry can be established in Mexico?

The requirement of unanimity in the ballot as a prerequisite to gaining admission to the Masonic Institution prevails throughout the United States, but in England one or two blackballs may, but three must exclude.

THE TRESTLE BOARD would like very much to see a Lodge in San Francisco established on the basis of contributions instead of dues exclusively, and without fee or ballot for affiliation. How many will give us their names for such a Lodge?

The corner-stone of the new Masonic Temple at Salinas, Cal., was laid June 10th by the Grand Lodge of California. A banquet and ball followed.

Ionic Lodge, No. 90, at Seattle, Wash., conferred the 3d degree upon Herbert Schoenfelt, whose father was Master and his elder brothers were Senior and Junior Wardens. This was an unique family affair.

The Stockton *Record* says that the Masonic Hall in that city may be sold for a mortgage of \$33,000. It cost \$98,000, but would not bring more than \$40,000 in the present state of affairs. Why should

not the Grand Lodge endeavor to save property for its constituents, which is being sacrificed. It is disheartening to the Craft to lose their home in such a way, and beside the adage is true that "a remove is almost as bad as a fire." Such waste of property accumulated is worse than the extravagance which gathered it.

A new Lodge has been instituted at Jerome, Arizona, with Charles Fisher, Master; J. F. Sharp, S. W.; G. B. Niblock, J. W.

A new Lodge is proposed to be established at San Pedro, Cal.

The Past Masters Association of San Francisco made their annual excursion to Angel Island on St. John's Day. About one hundred and fifty gentlemen and ladies were present. The Third Artillery Band furnished the music.

The Drill Corps of California Commandery, No. 1, K. T., made an excursion last month to Eureka, Cal., by steamer, and were very hospitably entertained by Eureka Commandery, No. 35, the youngest and smallest Commandery in the jurisdiction. Excursions to various localities in the vicinity were made, and the party returned very much pleased with their week's excursion.

The Fraternity in San Jose, Cal., celebrated St. John's Day, June 24th, in a social way interspersed with music, drill by the Knights Templar, fancy drill by thirty young ladies, a bear concert, fairy and brownie drill and entertainment by one hundred girls and boys. The occasion was very enjoyable.

It is said that King George of Greece is a Knight Templar. If so, why might not he apply for aid to his fraters in the contest with the Turks? Hundreds of thousands of lives were sacrificed in the same cause during the Crusades, and why should not the Templars interfere?

The Grand Lodge of England, in commemoration of the event of the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's reign, has made the following donations: To the Prince of Wales Hospital Fund, £2,000; to the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls, £2,000; to the Royal Masonic Institution

for Boys, £2,000; to the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution, £2,000; or about \$40,000.

The Craft in Massachusetts are enjoying a season of centennial celebrations of the organization of many Lodges in that Grand Jurisdiction.

In West Virginia no Lodge can pass by-laws denying a member the right to vote by reason of arrears of dues, except to be tried and suspended for the same.

Yerba Buena Lodge of Perfection, No. 1, of San Francisco, paid a fraternal visit to Isaac Davis Lodge of Perfection, at Sacramento, on the 26th of June, and conferred the 14° on seven candidates. After the work was finished the Craft adjourned to the banquet room, where an elegant repast was served, with the accompaniments of music and toasts. Bro. E. C. Atkinson presided in his usual happy style, rarely excelled anywhere. The brethren in Sacramento expressed themselves as very grateful for the visit of the San Francisco body.

What do you think of a man who owes money that he is not able to pay, yet who can wear fine clothes, spend money for various luxuries and allow his family to dress fine and other like things as though he was out of debt, and had money ahead? Well, it strikes us that his sense of honesty is not as acute as it should be. A man who owes money that should be paid, should spend only what is necessary for his subsistence, and his family should do the same, and he should be up and doing early and late till the last farthing is paid. And if he has that high sense of honor that he should have, this is the course he will be sure to take.

Perhaps the most interesting figure at the session of the Masonic Grand Lodge, which has just concluded its work at New York, was Daniel Sickles, or "Uncle Dan," as he is familiarly known. He is now in his eighty-third year and resides in Brooklyn. He is the dean of the Masonic Fraternity, being the oldest thirty-third degree Mason in the United States. Tall and dignified in bearing, with snowy hair and beard, he is held in the deepest reverence by his brother Masons. "Uncle Dan" received his first light in Masonry May 4,

1848, in Lebanon Lodge, and in the following year was elected Master. In the Ancient Accepted Rite on May 15, 1849, he was created Sovereign Grand Inspector-General, the thirty-third and last grade of this beautiful rite, and was made Grand Secretary-General of the holy empire. He was the creator of the present United Supreme Council of the Northern Jurisdiction, and was the Grand Secretary-General for eighteen years. He was the founder and first President of the Masonic Veterans of the State of New York, and is the author of several text-books.

In New Jersey "the fact that an accused brother has been judged guilty in a court cannot be used in a Masonic trial."

David Crockett's Masonic apron is now in the possession of Bro. E. M. Taylor, of Paducah, Ky.

The Government of Spain prohibits any Mason from wearing a Masonic charm or pin in public.

Some Masons are like a postage stamp, when they get badly stuck on themselves they are not worth two cents.

Nothing can be more disgusting to a refined man than vulgarity about the banqueting board, especially when it comes from him who should know better, and who is the one that points out to its members these very things as being immoral, and which he requests them to avoid.

Illinois takes the lead in membership in the Order of the Eastern Star, with 167 chapters and 16,738 members.

Be scrupulous in the admission of members, but not narrow-minded in discussing their claims on application; ever remember that the busy, active and energetic man usually has enemies.

Some years ago, while Judge Theodore Brace of the Supreme Court was Grand Master of Masons for Missouri, the subject of the propriety of Masonic burial rites at a funeral by cremation came before him for consideration. The result was that he issued a dispensation permitting the celebration of Masonic rites at an incineration. At the next meeting of the Grand Lodge, in order to provide for the emergencies

arising out of the extension of the system of cremation, the constitution of the order was amended by the insertion of a clause reading as follows: "No Mason shall be denied a Masonic funeral on account of any request made prior to his death, or by his family, as to the disposition of his remains." This clause is now a part of the Masonic law for the Missouri jurisdiction.

The rules governing admission to the Home at Utica forbid the reception of a Mason who has been unaffiliated for five years until his restoration and subsequent Lodge membership for two and a half years.

Charity is one of the grand characteristics of Freemasonry. What we need is more practice of it and less boasting about it. Then we would not so often permit a single error of a brother to obliterate an after life of usefulness.

There are but two European potentates who manage to get along without change of residence. These are the Pope of Rome and the Sultan of Turkey. The Sultan has never left Constantinople since he ascended the throne in such tragic circumstances nineteen years ago, and his holiness has remained within the precincts of the Vatican since the triple tiara was placed upon his head.

When a brother is raised to the degree of Master Mason in Virginia he has the privilege of declaring himself a member of the Lodge in which he receives the degree. If he neglects to do so he becomes a non-affiliate, and must afterwards seek affiliation in the usual manner. In that jurisdiction also a Master Mason may be a member of two or more Lodges at the same time.

A veteran in Masonic workings and one of the ablest ritualists said: "If I had my Masonic career to live over again, I would take all the Masonic degrees, both York and Scottish Rite, for the intellectual and moral power that is in every degree, but I would never hold an office, for he who would couple with Masonic knowledge the bright ambition of official position will find it the bitter dregs in the end. The jealous stabs of envious incompetents will take all the pleasure that official position might bring. My advice to all young Ma-

sons who may possess ritualistic ability is to fling away ambition."

The Grand Lodge of Nevada held its annual communication at Elko on June 8-9. The following officers were installed:

Albert Lackey, Grand Master; Matthew Kyle, D. G. M.; J. M. McCormack, G. S. W.; J. A. Miller, G. J. W.; H. L. Fish, G. Treasurer; C. N. Noteware, G. Secretary; Tremor Coffin, G. Orator; T. L. Bellam, G. Chaplain; B. H. Reymers, G. Marshal; J. D. Campbell, G. St. B.; Thos. Nelson, G. Sw. B.; Geo. A. Morgan, G. S. D.; W. W. Stephens, G. J. D.; A. S. Dickson and Geo. R. Mullins, G. Stewards; C. H. Galusha, G. Organist; G. A. Krenkel, G. Pursuivant; J. F. Triplett, G. Tyler.

The Grand R. A. Chapter of Nevada held its annual convocation at Elko, June 12-13. The following officers were installed:

Matthe. Kyle, G. H. P.; S. H. McCormack, D. G. H. P.; A. O. Perv, G. King; M. A. Murphy, G. Scribe; Enoch Strother, G. Treasurer; C. N. Noteware, G. Secretary; John Hancock, G. C. of H.; W. W. Stevens, G. R. A. C.; J. A. Miller, G. Chaplain; A. D. B. rd, G. Organist; Christian Diehl, Grand Guard.

The Grand Chapter R. A. M. of Oregon held its 37th annual convocation at Portland, June 14-15. The following officers were installed:

L. N. Loney, Eugene, G. H. P.; H. S. Strange, Oregon City, D. G. H. P.; W. T. Wright, Union, G. K.; O. O. Hodson, McMinnville, G. S.; D. P. Mason, Albany, G. Treasurer; J. F. Robinson, Eugene, G. S. etary; T. M. Hurlbut, Portland, G. Lecturer; H. B. Thielson, Independence, G. C. of H.; S. M. Yoran, Eugene, G. Chaplain; W. A. Cleland, Portland, G. P. S.; W. S. Myers, The Dalles, G. R. A. C.; W. B. Blanchard, Brownsville, G. M. 3d V.; Frank J. Miller, Albany, G. M. 2d V.; J. S. Purdon, Grant's Pass, G. M. 1st V.; Gustav Wilson, Portland, Sentinel.

The Grand Chapter of O. E. S. of Oregon held its 8th annual communication at Portland, June 14-16. The reports showed a total membership of 2,943—a gain of 392 during the year—and \$2,468 on hand in the treasury. The following officers were elected:

Mrs. Madeleine B Conkling, Roseburg, G. Matron; Bro. Charles C. Poling, La Fayette, G. Patron; Mrs. Margaret Lutke, Portland, A. G. M.; Bro. W. P. Connoway, Independence, A. G. P.; Mrs. Jessie L. Cavana, La Grande, G. Secretary; Mrs. Jennie G. Muckle, St Helens, G. Treasurer; Mrs. Susan J. Heppner, Albina, G. Cond.; Mrs. Minnie E. Lee, Corvallis, A. G. C.; Mrs. Mary J. Kelly, Albany, G. Chaplain; Mrs. Laura M. Lounberry, Astoria, G. Marshal; Bro. William Clemmons, Dayton, G. Lecturer; Mrs. Allie E. Townsend, Dallas, G. Adah; Mrs. Lida Poorman, Woodburn, G. Ruth; Mrs. Bertha Caro, Roseburg, G. Esther; Mrs. Mabel Johns, Baker City, G. Martha; Mrs. Anna M. Holman, Grant's Pass, G. Electa; Mrs. Isabel S. Palmer, Bandon, G. Warder; Bro. C. E. Miller, Portland, G. Sentinel; Mrs. Carrie Wise, Myrtle Point, G. Organist.

The Grand Lodge of Washington held its 40th annual communication at Seattle, June 8th, Bro. Yancey C. Blalock, Grand Master, presiding. The Treasurer's report showed cash on hand and credits amounting to \$6,717.67. The following officers were elected:

A. W. Frater, Snohomish, Grand Master; W. H. Upton, Walla Walla, D. G. M.; Wm. M. Seeman, Puyallup, G. S. W.; S. J. Chadwick, Colfax, G. J. W.; Benj. Harned, Olympia, G. Treasurer; T. M. Reed, Olympia, G. Sec'y.

The Grand Commandery of Washington held its tenth annual conclave at Tacoma, June 2-3. The returns show a net increase in membership during the year of 22, making the total number of members in the State 656. Since the last annual meeting 25 were knighted, 15 affiliated, 26 were reinstated, 17 demitted, 17 suspended, 1 expelled and 9 died. The following officers were elected:

George E. Dickson, Ellensburg, G. Commander; Jacob Weatherwax, Aberdeen, D. G. C.; Charles Dibble, Whatcom, G. Geno.; Frank W. Churchouse, Spokane, G. C. G.; H. W. Eagan, Walla Walla, G. Prelate; Beverly W. Coiner, Tacoma, G. S. W.; Edwin W. Craven, Seattle, G. J. W.; Wm. McMick-n, Olympia, G. Treasurer; Yancey S. Blalock, Walla Walla, G. Recorder; John Lillie, Townsend, G. St. B.; Edward S. Ingraham, Seattle, G. S. B.; Lincoln F. Gault, Tacoma, G. Warden; Frank P. Weymouth, Spokane, G. Sentinel.

The Grand Chapter R. A. M. of Washington held its annual convocation at Tacoma, June 2-3. The following officers were elected:

Carmi Dibble, New Whatcom, G. H. P.; John Moore, Spokane, D. G. H. P.; D. Lew Paramore, Snohomish, G. King; S. Harry Rush, Spokane, G. Scribe; William McMicken, Olympia, G. Treasurer; Y. C. Blalock, Walla Walla, G. Secretary; Rev. H. W. Eagan, Walla Walla, G. Chaplain; A. Nilsson, Dayton, G. C. of H.; J. Weatherwax, Aberdeen, G. P. S.; George E. Dickson, Ellensburg, G. R. A. C.; G. N. Alexander, Seattle, G. M. 3d V.; J. H. Babbitt, Tacoma, G. M. 2d V.; R. L. McCroskey, Colfax, G. M. 1st V.; N. T. Caton, Sprague, G. Orator; J. W. Stearns, Tekoa, G. Steward; M. Gerson, Port Townsend, G. Sentinel.

The Grand Council R. & S. M. of Washington held its annual assembly at Seattle, June 7th. The following officers were elected:

S. H. Rush, Spokane, G. Master; D. H. Shaw, Colfax, D. G. M.; T. C. Blalock, Walla Walla, P. C. W.; J. M. Prather, Seattle, C. C.; Conrad L. Hoska, Tacoma, C. of G.; D. L. Demorest, Tacoma, G. Treasurer; Ed R. Hare, Tacoma, G. Recorder; N. S. Peterson, Sentinel; P. A. Daggett, Spokane, Steward.

The Grand Chapter of Colorado O. E. S. held its annual meeting at Colorado Springs, June 3d. The following officers were installed:

Mrs. Mary L. Carr, Longmont, Grand Matron; D. R. Callaway, Trinidad, Grand Patron; Mrs. Lizzie B. Spreyer, Canon City, G. A. M.; John McCoach, Victor, G. A. P.; Mrs. Eliza S. Cohen, Colo. Springs, G. Secretary; Mrs. Meta T. Alcorn, Greeley, G. Treasurer; Mrs. Mary Barr, Denver, G. Conductress; Mrs. Jennie Safely, Boulder, G. A. C.; Mrs. Josie S. Hogg, Telluride, G. Adah; Mrs. Annie M. Walsh, Cripple Creek, G. Ruth; Mrs. Carrie P. Carney, Ouray, G. Esther; Mrs. Aileen Frowine, Manitou, G. Martha; Mrs. Cora Foster, Colo. Springs, G. Electa; Mrs. Lettie Kessler, Golden, G. Warden; Thomas Fairhurst, Denver, G. Sentinel; Mrs. Julia Watson, Aspen, G. Chaplain; Dr. Sarah E. Calvert, Denver, G. Marshal; Mrs. Marie Mignolet, Denver, G. Organist.

The 22d annual conclave of the Grand Commandery of Colorado was held in Denver, June 1st. The following officers were installed:

George J. Dunbaugh, Pueblo, G. Commander; John M. Maxwell, Leadville, D. G. C.; Harry A. Lee, Denver, G. G.; Julius B. Bissell, Denver, G. C. G.; John Wallis Ohl, Salida, G. Pre.; George W. Roe, Pueblo, G. S. W.; Ed. G. Ar-

nold, Denver, G. I. W.; William T. Todd, Denver, G. Treasurer; Ed. C. Parmelee, Denver, G. Rec.; William J. Fine, Gunnison, G. St. B.; Richard W. Corwin, Pueblo, G. Sw. B.; James B. Severy, Colorado Springs, G. Warden; Thomas Linton, Denver, G. C. of G.

Committee on Jurisprudence—James H. Peabody, Canon City; William W. Rowan, Ouray; Eugene P. Shove, Colorado Springs.

Committee on Correspondence—Harper M. Orahod, Denver; Alphonse A. Burnand, Leadville; Ernest LeNeve Foster, Denver.

A charter was granted to Cripple Creek Commandery, No. 26, at Cripple Creek. Twenty-two of the twenty four Commanderies were represented.

At the 8th annual communication of the Grand Lodge of North Dakota, held at Fargo, June 8th and 9th, the following officers were installed:

Robert M. Carothers, Grand Forks, Grand Master; Geo. H. Keyes, Ellendale, D. G. M.; John A. Percival, Devils Lake, G. S. W.; Edwin H. James, St. Thomas, G. J. W.; Evarts C. Stevens, Towner, G. Treasurer; Frank J. Thompson, Fargo, G. Secretary; John Trenaman, Casselton, G. Chaplain; Theodore F. Branch, Jamestown, G. S. D.; Thomas L. Foulks, Lisbon, G. J. D.; George A. Fridt, Valley City, G. S. S.; Louis B. Hanna, Page, G. J. S.; Emery S. Beardsley, Bismarck, G. Marshal; John Schuler, Hillsboro, G. Sw. B.; Louis A. Jacobson, Hope, G. Pursuivant; Draper A. Lindsey, Fargo, G. Lecturer; Thomas Kleinogle, Fargo, G. D. Secretary; James Johnson, Minot, G. Tyler; Committee on Correspondence, Frank J. Thompson Fargo.

At the 8th annual convocation of the Grand Chapter R. A. M. of North Dakota, held at Fargo, Thursday, June 10th, the following officers were installed:

David E. Morgan, Devils Lake, G. H. P.; George H. Phelps, Fargo, D. G. H. P.; Geo. L. McGregor, Ft. Totten, G. King; De Witt C. Moore, Grafton, G. Scribe; Victor Lundquist, Casselton, G. Treasurer; Frank J. Thompson, Fargo, G. Secretary; Fred D. Aplin, Lisbon, G. C. H.; Wm. H. Topping, Grand Forks, G. P. S.; Robert D. Hoskins, Bismarck, G. R. A. C.; Samuel E. Ryan, Jamestown, G. Chaplain; Carl Aurland, Minot, G. D. Secretary; Geo. H. Keyes, Ellendale, G. M. 3d V.; John Holmes, Valley City, G. M. 2d V.; Evarts C. Stevens, Towner, G. M. 1st V.; George Guthrie, Casselton, G. Sentinel.

The 25th annual meeting of the Grand Chapter of Vermont was held in Barton, June 2d. The following grand officers were installed:

F. W. Baldwin, Barton, Grand Patron; Mrs. Ida I. Wing, Montpelier, Grand Matron; J. H. McCloud, Hardwick, A. G. P.; Mrs. Mary L. Paine, Windsor, A. G. M.; H. L. Stillson, Bennington, G. Secretary; Mrs. Helen M. Whitney, Windsor, G. Treasurer; Mrs. Elma M. Miller, Newport, G. Conductress; Mrs. Lue D. Clement, Bradiord, A. G. C.; Mrs. Olive J. Stowell, Putney, G. Lecturer; Rev. I. P. Booth, Morrisville, G. Chaplain; J. S. Weeks, St. Johnsbury, G. Marshal; Mrs. Helen C. Cole, North Bennington, G. Warden; E. J. Parsons, Island Pond, G. Sentinel; Mrs. Frances M. Watchie, West Burke, G. Adah; Miss Helen E. Howe, Northfield, G. Ruth; Mrs. Belle M. Parker, Wolcott, G. Esther; Mrs. Geo. F. Leland, Springfield, G. Martha; Mrs. Mary B. Smith, Pawlet, G. Electa; Mrs. Olive J. Stowell, Putney, Committee on Foreign Correspondence.

The 26th annual convocation will be held in Springfield, Wednesday following the first Tuesday in June, 1898.

The Grand Lodge of Manitoba held its 22d annual communication on June 9th at Winnipeg, M. W. Bro. Judge Locke, Grand Master, presiding. The reports showed 2,641 members, an increase of 202. Total

revenue, \$3,282.07; expenditure, \$2,590.09; balance, \$691.98. The following officers were installed:

Thomas Robinson, Winnipeg, Grand Master; G. B. Murphy, Moosomin, D. G. M.; G. W. Garton, Emerson, G. S. W.; W. Crawford, Medicine Hat, G. J. W.; J. McKechnie, Winnipeg, G. Treasurer; W. G. Scott, Winnipeg, G. Secretary; J. O. Smith, Winnipeg, G. R.; A. A. Chisholme, Rapid City, G. Chap.; John McBride, G. Tyler; R. H. Meyers, Minnesota, G. D. C.; L. Minchin, Winnipeg, G. Orator; R. K. Wilson, Macleod, G. S. D.; W. A. Burton, Moosejaw, G. J. D.; H. E. Hyde, Pincher Creek, G. P.; J. C. Saul, R. A. Campkin, L. Remey, J. S. G. Van Wart, W. Lindsay, C. H. Edmonton and R. Wynne, Stewards.

At the recent session of the Imperial Council, A. A. O. N. M. S. at Detroit, Michigan, the following officers were elected:

A. W. McGaffey, Denver, G. P.; M. E. T. Allen, Kansas City, I. P.; J. H. Atwood, Leavenworth, C. R.; L. B. Winsor, Reed City, Mich., A. C. R.; P. C. Shaffer, Philadelphia, H. P.; H. C. Akin, Omaha, O. G.; W. B. Rowell, Boston, Rec.; W. H. Brown, Pittsburgh, Treasurer.

The Grand Lodge of (colored) Masons of California held its 43d annual session in Sacramento, June 7th, Edwin A. Clark, Grand Master, presiding. The returns showed eight lodges with 150 members. The financial report shows receipts \$172, disbursements \$2, balance \$109. The Aid Association has collected \$124.65 and disbursed for charity \$120; total disbursements to beneficiaries since organization \$543. The following officers were installed:

Wm. H. Mauldin, Sacramento, Grand Master; Samuel E. Young, San Francisco, D. G. M.; Wm. N. Sanderson, Oakland, G. S. W.; A. D. Wall, Marysville, G. J. W.; Geo. W. Mitchell, San Francisco, G. Treasurer; Frank W. Jackson, San Francisco, G. Secretary; J. R. Dorsey, Sacramento, G. Chaplain; John A. Barber, San Francisco, G. Lecturer; Abram F. Holland, Oakland, G. Orator; W. R. Strickland, San Francisco, G. Marshal; F. J. Butler, San Francisco, G. St. B.; R. Wilkinson, San Francisco, G. Sw. B.; John G. Pallier, San Francisco, G. E. B.; Edward Mills, Sacramento, G. S. D.; J. L. Clayton, San Francisco, G. J. D.; E. Cooper, San Francisco, G. S. S.; H. S. Clay, Marysville, G. J. S.; W. R. Page, San Francisco, G. Pursuivant; W. H. Blake, Oakland, G. Organist; Thomas Smith, Marysville, G. Tyler.

As to when Masonry was organized, how should a brother wear his apron and "where does the Master hang his hat," etc., pale into insignificance when compared with the questions, Have we any brothers in distress, and have we any widows and orphans in want?

A Masonic Temple, ten stories high, and which will cost at least \$200,000, is about to be erected in Atlanta, Ga.

The general Grand Chapter of the United States meets in Baltimore, Md., in October of this year.

The Supreme Council of the 33° for the Southern jurisdiction of the United States

will meet in Washington, D. C., on Monday, October 18, 1897.

Elections in California.

Santa Rosa Commandery, No. 14—E. W. Davis, Commander; A. B. Ware, Geno.; M. J. Strienig, C. G.; R. F. Crawford, S. W.; C. M. Bumbaugh, J. W.; J. D. Barnett, Treasurer; J. C. Mailer, Recorder; W. Philips, St. B.; A. W. Arnold, Sw. B.; S. I. Allen, C. E. Humbert and G. A. Tupper, Guards; H. J. Ross, Sentinel.

St. Omer Commandery, No. 30, Santa Barbara—J. N. Hiller, Commander; J. K. Harrington, C. G.; F. A. Conant, Geno.; W. A. Hawley, Prelate; A. P. Hardy, S. W.; J. H. Burson, J. W.; J. W. Garretson, Treasurer; A. Ott, St. B.; O. F. Squier, W. B.; J. C. Hassinger, Third Guard; J. C. Wilson, Second Guard; I. Loomis, First Guard; D. Moyer, Sentinel.

Ukiah Commandery, No. 33—James M. Mannon, Commander; George W. Stout, Geno.; John H. Barker, C. G.; L. W. Babcock, Prelate; Samuel Wheeler, Treasurer; J. R. Mathews, Recorder; Haie McCowen, S. W.; W. R. Elliott, J. W.; W. T. Kirkwood, St. B.; John Snow, Sw. B.; Samuel D. Paxton, Warder.

Visalia Commandery, No. 26—J. C. Ward, Commander; W. H. Hammond, Geno.; Wm. Vettner, C. G.; Christian Hausch, Prelate; Thos. A. Chatten, S. W.; Fred A. Warner, J. W.; J. E. Denny, Treasurer; E. H. Miles, Recorder; W. G. Dozier, St. B.; A. P. Hall, Sw. B.; J. S. Johnson, Warder; Richard Chatten, J. N. Bowhay and Thos. McIntire, Guards.

Mt. Olivet Commandery, No. 20, Petaluma—R. H. Brown, Commander; M. D. Goshen, Geno.; A. Rosenberg, C. G.; J. Partridge, Prelate; C. E. Reed, S. W.; O. Dunton, J. W.; Wm. Hill, Treasurer; H. P. Brainard, Recorder; J. Cavanaugh, Sw. B.; F. M. Collins, St. B.; A. Heinecken, Warder; L. C. Byce, Wm. Zartman, J. M. Bowles, Guards.

Oroville Commandery, No. 5—C. D. Dunn, Commander; H. C. Hills, Geno.; W. H. Dixon, C. G.; G. H. Stout, S. W.; E. Tucker, J. W.; John C. Gray, Treas.; G. J. Grabam, Recorder; C. M. Spangler, St. B.; G. W. Duryer, Sw. B.; H. E. Reid, Warder; W. H. Chappelle, Sentinel; C. F. Lott, A. F. Jones and T. M. James, Guards.

Naval Commandery, No. 19.—Geo. Rounds, Commander; F. A. Small, Geno.; G. A. Bergwall, C. G.; W. H. Clarke, Prelate; F. J. Kinsey, S. W.; J. C. Ford, J. W.; John Brownlie, Treasurer; C. F. Mugridge, Recorder; J. H. Ford, St. B.; J. F. Deiningner, Sw. B.; S. Warford, Warder; H. Bruce, Sentinel; C. T. B. Hallin, A. J. McPike and W. D. Anderson, Guards.

Robert Bruce Chapter, Rose Croix, No. 3, at Los Angeles—Charles Campbell, Wise Master; G. W. Van Alstine, S. W.; Dr. W. E. Pritchard, J. W.; Frank F. Davis, Orator; H. S. Orme, Almoner; John S. Pavkovich, Secretary; Samuel Conradi, Treasurer.

Hugues de Payens Council, Knights of Kadish, No. 3, at Los Angeles—George Sinsbaugh, Commander; Charles Campbell, First Lieut. Commander; Robert Z. Montgomery, Second Lieut. Commander; J. R. Dupuy, Chancellor; F. F. Davis, Orator; H. S. Orme, Almoner; John L. Pavkovich, Recorder; S. Conradi, Treasurer.

Chips from Other Quarries.

The minimum fee for the symbolic degrees in Missouri is twenty dollars; too cheap to be good, brothers.

—*Bun F. Price.*

Is money the standard by which man and Masonry is to be measured? Is a man less worthy who can afford only \$20 than he who can afford \$100? We surely do not wish to measure the dignity of Masonry by dollars, and neither do we desire to estimate its value on the Price Current plan. Masonry will wear just as long at \$20 as at \$50, and often the Masonic garment of the former wears much better and longer than the latter. The Masonic degrees or Masonry is a gift to him that

worthy, and as precious to him who is rated low in finance as to him who controls his millions. No man buys Masonry; it is not a financial transaction; it does not enter on the market or stock exchange; it is a priceless jewel, conferred upon and worn by the worthy. In this age of booms and shams the world may estimate a man's standing by the size of his bank account, but Masonry can not, must not, have a pecuniary value.—*Orient*.

We are glad to find that our principles are penetrating the exclusiveness of the churches. Many preachers take credit for the great advances made in the closer union of professing Christians in works of charity and mercy, but we think the credit is due more to the laymen who are the leaders in the Craft and other associations similarly constituted, in bringing about this happy result. However, the world moves, and the clergy and churches must follow the trend of right, and we trust the day is not far distant when all those who believe in the principles of Masonry may be enabled to meet "Upon the Level."

—*Canadian Craftsman*.

A short time ago I visited one of our prominent Lodges that has a membership of over three hundred. We noticed a young man who seemed to be lost. No one spoke to him or extended to him the hand of fellowship. Several committees were appointed; he was not asked to serve. I asked an officer of the Lodge who he was. He answered: "Really I don't know his name; he was raised here a short time ago. I am not acquainted with him." We watched him during the evening; when Lodge closed he passed out into the ante-room, and into the street unnoticed by all, another candidate for non-affiliation. Who is at fault, the brethren or the members of the Lodge?

—*C. S. Glaspell, in Orient*.

Near the city of London, Eng., alone, there are three great Masonic benevolent establishments supported by voluntary Craft contributions approximating and sometimes exceeding a quarter of a million dollars annually. One of these institutions is "a home" for aged Freemasons and their wives. The two others are for the sustenance and education of the needy sons and daughters of departed Freemasons (founded ninety-eight years ago). Of the culture received therein by

the two latter classes, it will suffice to say that many of these youths (boys and girls) pass with credit examinations in the University of London. Situations, too, are found for many of them, at the close of their tutelage, and others are given a start in business for themselves.

An effort has been made to establish a Shelter House for those Masons who have been so unfortunate as to be in New York city seeking employment without money and without friends. They can obtain a lodging for a few days, and not be obliged to sleep in station houses or run the risk of being arrested as vagabonds. A small fund has already been formed for this noble charity, and Greenwich has offered a dollar for each member towards the fund, and asks each Lodge to follow its example. There are 20,000 Masons in New York and vicinity, and if this plan is carried out, no brother will be burdened. It is hoped that the Lodges outside will do something to forward this matter.

The late Mr. Boyesen, in the *Forum*, speaking of excess of novel reading, says: "Who that has read Rousseau's 'Confessions' will fail to remember the emphatic avowal that he was unfitted for life by the reading of novels? Like the opium habit, the craving for fiction grew upon him, until the fundamental part of him had suffered irreparable harm. He is not the only one who has experienced detrimental effects from dwelling too long in the pleasant land of romance. As soon as a man—and particularly a child—gets acclimated there, he is likely to become of very small account, as far as reality is concerned. He becomes less and less able to apply sound standards of judgment to the things of this world, and as a success in life, for which we are striving, depends primarily upon the ability to see things straight, and to judge them clearly, no one can escape the conclusion that a large consumption of romantic fiction tends distinctly to disqualify a man for worldly success."

The Masonic meeting, at the Royal Albert Hall, London, Monday afternoon, June 14th, in commemoration of the Queen's diamond jubilee, was a notable function. The hall was packed by over 10,000 Freemasons in gorgeous regalia. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of

Connaught arrived at 4 o'clock, preceded by trumpeters sounding fanfares. When they entered the hall the organ played a grand, processional march, and all present rose to their feet. The grand officers lined the aisle to the dais. The Prince of Wales, as Grand Master of England, followed by an imposing staff composed of grand officers, moved to the sound of majestic music to his throne, where, surrounded by a brilliant phalanx of officers, he was received and greeted in the united form of salutation reserved for his high station. The Prince then addressed the audience, and announced that the admission fees for the ceremony amounted to £7,000 (\$35,000), half of which would go to the Prince of Wales hospital fund and the other half to the different Masonic charities. The Duke of Connaught moved an address to the Queen in behalf of the Masons, and it was carried with loud applause, after which the whole assemblage joined in singing the national anthem, to the accompaniment of the organ.

A Cuba telegram, printed in the *New York World*, stated that trans-Atlantic steamers are crowded with Freemasons and other suspects exiled to the island of Fernando Po. An exchange says that quite recently a citizen of Venezuela was named for transportation. He belonged to the Lodge of which President Crespo was a member, and Consul Lara demanded his release. Following his usual custom, Weyler denied that any Venezuelan had been arrested. That same afternoon the Venezuelan, in handcuffs and shackles, was recognized while being driven on board a Spanish transport. Consul Lara hurried to Weyler and renewed his demand. Weyler again declined, intimating that the Consul was making himself decidedly disagreeable. The Consul at once wired President Crespo of Venezuela. The reply came in two hours. It read:

"Unless prisoner be released before vessel sails close your Consulate, and leave Cuba immediately; and, in withdrawing, intimate to Weyler that Venezuela will hold Spain responsible for the outrage he is committing."

The big trans-Atlantic transport had already weighed anchor when signaled to stop by orders from General Weyler. A police boat put off, and bore the Venezuelan ashore.

Consul Lara was banqueted by the

Venezuelan colony that night. Champagne glasses clinked merrily, and friends of the freed prisoner drank to the health of General Joaquin Crespo, the plucky South American executive, who had dared to call Weyler's hand and check Spain's arbitrary treatment of Cuba's foreign residents.

It has been stated that from twenty five to thirty per cent of church members give nothing unless it be drawn from them by what has been called "secondary machinery," such as church fairs, picnics, excursions, drawings, socials, or other expedients resorted to. It has always been a mystery why people will refuse the strongest appeals, and then go and pay an enormous price at a bazaar for some trifle they do not want. As has been frequently said: A bazaar, a dinner, or an excursion may bring some money to a benevolent enterprise, but it does not contribute to self-discipline. It does not bring a reflex benefit to the contributor because of his having done a good thing. There is no devotion, no gratitude, no benevolence in the heart of such a patron. There is no development of the true spirit of benevolence, apart from growth in grace, with an increasing love for humanity. When the heart is warmed with Christian love, the hand will open to every proper call for help in the cause of Christ or humanity.

—*Herald and Presbyter.*

Literary Notes.

Fifty Years of Masonry in California, No. 2, is on our table, and fully sustains the promise of the preceding issue. A very correct steel portrait of Bro. Thomas H. Caswell, 33rd Grand Commander of the Supreme Council, Southern Masonic Jurisdiction of the United States, adorns the number with other engravings of merit. The preliminary work is finished, and this issue enters upon the field which its title indicates as its object, and cannot fail to be attractive to every California Mason especially. Geo. Spaulding & Co., 414 Clay St., San Francisco.

We have received printed copies of the proceedings of the following Grand Bodies for which the Secretaries have our thanks: Grand Lodges of North Carolina and Indiana; Grand Commanderies K. T. of North Carolina, Missouri, West Virginia, New Jersey and Georgia; Grand Consistory of California; Grand Chapters O. E. S. of Maine and Indiana.

Deaths.

At Porterville, Cal., June 2d, Robert M. Wood, a native of Decatur county, Indiana, a member of Porterville Lodge, No. 303, aged 59 years.

In San Francisco, June 3d, Barlow Dyer, a native of Maine, a member of Oriental Lodge, No. 144, aged 76 years.

In San Francisco, June 16th, Daniel M. McKellips, a native of Vermont, a member of Hiram Lodge, No. 50, Madison, Wisconsin, aged 56 years. His funeral was attended by Mission Lodge, No. 169.

In North Berkeley, June 16th, Capt. M. J. Little, a native of Maine, a member of Durant Lodge, No. 268, aged 76 years, 5 months.



A Beautiful Home, built by the aid of the Continental Building and Loan Association.

BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATIONS.

WHAT THEY ARE DOING IN CALIFORNIA.

BY WILLIAM CORBIN, MANAGER OF THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND
LOAN ASSOCIATION.

A desire for a home of one's own is as natural to mankind as the desire for a congenial helpmate to adorn it, and a family to grow up around its hearthstone.

But the desire is not always accompanied with the necessary money to acquire one. Such being the case, some method of co-operation was devised whereby the certain sums of money paid by individuals at regular stated periods could be lumped in a common amount, and this amount invested in land and a building, which was to be occupied by one of the number, subject to certain conditions, and which, in time, on the fulfillment of these conditions, would become absolutely his property; the next common amount providing for another contributor, and so forth. This arrangement worked satisfactorily, provided

homes, and is, with extension, expansion, and the addition of the loan feature, the practical Building and Loan Association of to day.

These are associations of men of moderate means, for two purposes, namely : to assist one another to acquire homes, and to provide a medium through which those already in possession of the coveted goal, a home, secured possibly by inheritance, may invest their savings profitably and safely, to be loaned to those desiring homes, but who are without the necessary means or credit. The system allows the acquired home to be paid for in an easy manner and at convenient intervals, while at the same time amply protecting the investment of his associate whose savings were loaned to assist in its acquirement.



A Shareholder's Cottage, built by the aid of the Continental Building and Loan Association.

The general United States history of the inception and success of Building and Loan Associations is a matter of pleasant and profitable history, but is too long to retell in a magazine article, and it is my purpose now to write of California Associations and the great amount of good they have accomplished in the State in the little over twenty-one years since the formation of the first company, the number of homes built by their aid alone, and the amount of money distributed among the laboring classes of the State.

Prior to 1892 and the formation of a Board of Commissioners of the Building and Loan Associations, the different association accounts were kept individually and as pleased the management. So no very definite figures can be arrived at as to the number of houses built by their aid, and the amount of money received and distributed by them; but from the third annual report of the Building and Loan Commissioners the following approximate fact is obtained, that since their organization these associations have been instrumental in the founding of 9,343 homes. Of these, 1,001 were built during the fiscal year covered by this report. That more than 9,000, and, up to the present date,

more than 11,750, citizens of California can look to this system of co-operation as the chief means through which they acquired that great desideratum, a home of their own, is one of the proudest boasts of Building and Loan institutions. That these homes are increasing at the rate of more than a thousand a year, through such times of stringency as these, is no less a cause of congratulation than of wonderment.

As before stated, one of the original aims of the founders of this system was to provide a medium through which the working man could procure a home. I doubt much if the originators ever thought of the multitude of benefits that would accrue to the communities in which Building and Loan Associations are in active operation. In California alone over one thousand houses were built in the year 1896. Assuming that every family averages five members, we can safely assert that over five thousand more people were domiciled in their own homes in this State at the end of 1896 than at the close of 1895. And the proportionate increase promised for 1897 is even greater. These thousand houses not only house persons whose interests are with good government, who are of necessity opposed to any subversion of



A Typical Los Angeles Home, built by the aid of the Continental Building and Loan Association.

law or order, but house persons whose example encourages others to follow, aiding the prosperity of the State.

In building the average house will be required the services of three carpenters, two laborers, one plasterer, two painters and one plumber; total number employed, nine. Consequently, in building one thousand houses nine thousand men are required, who are nearly all skilled laborers, and receive the pay of such. Now, assuming that it requires about six weeks to build the average house, we find that these associations have given employment to 1,125 men for an entire year. Again, using our average of five to a family, we have 5,625 more people whose support has been derived from and who are directly benefited by this mutual system. Carrying it still further, consider the material used in the construction of these houses, by far the greater proportion of which is the product of our own State, the stone and brick used, the lumber, hardware, plumbers' supplies. In preparing this material for the builders, etc., still more men are employed in our forests, brick-yards, quarries, planing mills, pipe foundries, and other establishments, who also feel the direct benefits of these building operations. And the dealer—think of the benefits that

must have come from the disbursing of over a million dollars among the material men of the State in such a stringent year as 1896.

To go still further, the houses being finished and ready for occupancy, they have to be furnished, and then again is reached another class of supply men and workmen, the carpet houses, the furniture stores, the stove and tinshops—the purveyors of everything of use or adornment in a home are called on, and they, too, feel the benefits and derive no inconsiderable sum; for with the home comes a desire for its adornment.

In fact, practically all branches of business and labor are fostered and benefited, and this in all parts of the State.

It must be understood, too, that this large amount was kept in circulation in a year of stagnation in business, when all banking institutions in the State and nation were calling in every cent possible, and avoiding as much as they possibly could the making of new loans, excepting only the mutual banks, which we term Building and Loan Associations.

The question is often asked, if these associations are as solid, and as profitable to the investor, as claimed, why don't the rich men take hold of them? It must be



A Ukiah Dwelling, built by the aid of the Continental Building and Loan Association.

understood that the moment a banker gets hold of an institution of this kind it ceases to be mutual and merges into a private bank. To obviate such danger, most Building and Loan Associations limit the amount of stock that can be carried from ten to two hundred shares, the limit usually being governed by the capital stock authorized to be issued. Many bankers and moneyed men carry the full limit, but the full limit is so small compared with the amount of capital carried by the people at large that it is not noticed, and naturally brings forth the query above quoted. While these associations are, as a rule, operated by men in the ordinary walks of life, the elements of strength are so prominent that they have shown that no form of banking has been so successful and safe. Of all moneys invested in these associations in the past thirty years, which has amounted to many millions, the loss sustained has been about one tenth of one per cent, while the amount returned to stockholders has been nearly twenty-five per cent more than that paid in.

By referring to the last report of the Building and Loan Commissioners, we learn that at that time there were in active operation in California 153 associations, with resources of \$21,470,309 88, and that

their receipts for the year past had been \$13,484,792.94, and their disbursements, \$545,374.28 less than that amount. By estimates, not exact figures, obtained from reliable sources, it can be predicted that the report for 1897 will show a decided gain both in resources and the number of outstanding shares.

The growth of Building and Loan Associations in California can best be shown by a comparison

The Continental Building and Loan Association had, on June 30, 1894, 6,507 shares in force. By its eighth semi-annual statement of December 31, 1896, there were 39,861, and, at the present time, the number of shares reaches over 50,000. Its assets were, on June 30, 1894, \$109,377.90; on December 31, 1896, \$395,559.44; and now are something over \$500,000. This money has all been invested in first mortgages on real estate, and has been loaned by the Association for the purpose of building homes—over 350 located in all parts of California having been built by its aid.

This company is only a sample of all the other associations, and its statement is merely used to show the beneficial results of this form of mutual investment and co-operation.

William Corbin.

THE TRESTLE BOARD.

San Francisco, Cal., June 15, 1897.

Mr. C. M. OAKLEY, Manager Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Sir—I take pleasure in acknowledging receipt of check for \$10,000, payment in full of the policy of insurance held by the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association on the life of my deceased father, Thomas B. Shannon, of San Francisco, Cal.

Permit me to thank the officers sincerely for the promptness with which my claim has been paid, and to assure them that I shall take every opportunity to recommend the Mutual Reserve to such of my friends and acquaintances as may desire insurance.

Yours very truly,

MARY BEESON nee SHANNON,

2319½ Larkin St., San Francisco, Cal.

If the late Thomas B. Shannon had taken an ordinary life policy in an old system company, and paid the same amount in premiums as he paid the Mutual Reserve, his heirs would only have received \$5252.00 instead of \$10,000. Gain by being insured in Mutual Reserve \$4,748.00. For further information call on or address

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Masonic Bodies in San Francisco.

| No. | Name. | LODGES. | |
|-----|-------------------|---------------|-----------------|
| | | Time. | Place. |
| 1 | California | 1st Thursday | Masonic Temple |
| 17 | Parfaite Union | 1st Friday | " |
| 22 | Occidental | 1st Monday | " |
| 30 | Golden Gate | 1st Tuesday | " |
| 44 | Mount Moriah | 1st Wednesday | " |
| 120 | Fidelity | 1st Thursday | " |
| 127 | Hermann | 1st Monday | " |
| 136 | Pacific | 1st Tuesday | 121 Eddy |
| 139 | Crockett | 1st Wednesday | 121 Eddy St. |
| 144 | Oriental | 1st Tuesday | Masonic Temple |
| 166 | Excelsior | 1st Wednesday | " |
| 169 | Mission | 1st | Valencia & 16th |
| 212 | So. San Francisco | 1st Thursday | South S. F. |
| 216 | Doric | 1st | 121 Eddy St. |
| 219 | Speranza Italiana | 2d Friday | Masonic Temple |
| 260 | King Solomon's | 1st Monday | Geary & Steiner |

ROYAL ARCH CHAPTERS.

| | | | |
|---|---------------|------------------|----------------|
| 1 | San Francisco | 1st & 3d Monday | Masonic Temple |
| 5 | California | 1st & 3d Tuesday | " |

COUNCIL ROYAL & SELECT MASTERS.

| | | | |
|---|------------|---------------|----------------|
| 2 | California | 1st Wednesday | Masonic Temple |
|---|------------|---------------|----------------|

COMMANDERIES OF KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

| | | | |
|----|-------------|-----------------|----------------|
| 1 | California | Friday | Masonic Temple |
| 16 | Golden Gate | 1st & 3d Monday | 625 Sutter St. |

LODGE OF PERFECTION, 14°, SCOTTISH RITE.

| | | | |
|---|-------------|--------|----------------|
| 6 | Verba Buena | Friday | Masonic Temple |
|---|-------------|--------|----------------|

CHAPTER OF ROSE CROIX, 18°.

| | | | |
|---|-------------|---------|----------------|
| 4 | Verba Buena | At Call | Masonic Temple |
|---|-------------|---------|----------------|

COUNCIL OF KNIGHTS OF KADOSH, 30°.

| | | | |
|---|---------------------|---------|----------------|
| 1 | Godfrey de St. Omar | At Call | Masonic Temple |
|---|---------------------|---------|----------------|

GRAND CONSISTORY, S. P. R. S., 32°.

| | | |
|------------|---------|----------------|
| California | At Call | Masonic Temple |
|------------|---------|----------------|

MYSTIC SHRINE.

| | | |
|--------------|--------------|----------------|
| Islam Temple | 2d Wednesday | 625 Sutter St. |
|--------------|--------------|----------------|

CHAPTERS OF THE EASTERN STAR.

| | | | |
|-----|--------------|-------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 | Golden Gate | 1st & 3d Thursday | 629 Sutter St. |
| 124 | Harmony | 1st & 3d Friday | 32 O'Farrel St. |
| 27 | Ivy | 2d & 4th Tuesday | 625 Sutter St. |
| 99 | Beulah | 2d & 4th Monday | Corinthian Hall, So. S. F. |
| | Mission | 2d & 4th Saturday | Valencia & 16th. |
| | King Solomon | 2d & 4th Friday | Geary & Steiner. |

GROUP OF GOOD SAMARITANS.

| | | | |
|---|---------------|--------------|----------------|
| 1 | San Francisco | 1st Saturday | 625 Sutter St. |
|---|---------------|--------------|----------------|

MASONIC VETERANS ASSOCIATION.

| | | |
|---------------|-------------|--|
| Pacific Coast | 2d Thursday | |
|---------------|-------------|--|

PAST MASTER'S ASSOCIATION, Last Saturday each mo.

Masonic Bodies in Alameda.

| | | | |
|-----|-----------------|------------------------|-----------------|
| 215 | Oak Grove Lodge | 2d Thursday | Masonic Temple. |
| 70 | Alameda Chap. | R. A. C. 1st & 3d Sat. | " |
| 115 | Carita Chap. | O. E. S. 2d & 4th Wed. | " |

Masonic Body in Berkeley.

| | | | |
|-----|--------------|------------|------------------|
| 268 | Durant Lodge | 1st Friday | I. O. O. F. Hal. |
|-----|--------------|------------|------------------|

Masonic Bodies in Oakland.

| | | | |
|-----|------------------|----------------------------|------------------------------|
| 61 | Live Oak Lodge | 1st Friday | Masonic Temple. |
| 188 | Oakland | 1st Saturday | " |
| 225 | Brooklyn | 1st Tuesday | 555 East 12th St. |
| 244 | Alcatraz | 1st Monday | 7th & Willow Sts. |
| 36 | Oakland Chap. | R. A. C. 1st & 3d Wed. | Mas. Tem. |
| 12 | " | Coun. R. & S. M. | 3d Thursday |
| 11 | " | Com'd'y, K. T. | 1st Tuesday |
| 12 | " | L. of P., 14°, A. A. S. R. | 1st & 3d Mon. |
| 5 | Gethsemane Chap. | R. C. 18° | 2d Monday |
| 2 | DeMolay Coun. | K. of K. 30° | 4th |
| 8 | Oak Leaf Chap. | O. E. S. | 2d & 4th Thursday |
| 3 | Unity Chap. | O. E. S. | 2d & 4th Mon. 7th & Feralta. |

Masonic Bodies in Boston.

LODGES.

Grand Lodge meets on second Wednesday in March. June, Sept., Dec., and Dec. 27, at Masonic Hall, 18 Boylston street, cor. Washington.

Aberdour, 2d Tuesday, Masonic Hall, 18 Boylston st., cor. Washington.

Adelphi, 3d Tuesday, 372 W. Broadway, South Boston.

Amicable, 1st Thu., 685 Mass. Ave., Cambridgeport.

Baalbec, 1st Tu., Meridian, cor. Eutaw, East Boston.

Bethesda, 1st Tu., 337 Washington st., Brighton.

Bethoron, 2d Tu., Brookline.

Charity, 1st Mon., I. O. O. F. Hall, North Cambridge.

Columbian, 1st Th., Masonic Hall, 18 Boylston street, cor. Washington.

Eliot, 3d Wed., Green st., opp. depot, Jamaica Plain.

Faith, 2d Fri., Thompson Square, Charlestown.

Gate of the Temple, 4th Tu., 372 W. Broad'y, S. Boston.

Germania, 4th Mon., Masonic Hall, 18 Boylston street, cor. Washington.

Hammatt, 4th Tu., Meridian, cor. Eutaw, E. Boston.

Henry Price, 4th Wed., Thompson Sq., Charlestown.

John Abbot, 1st Tu., Gilman Sq., Somerville.

Joseph Warren, 4th Tu., Masonic Hall, 18 Boylston st., cor. Washington.

Joseph Webb, 1st Wed., Masonic Hall, 18 Boylston st., cor. Washington.

King Solomon, 2d Tu., Thompson Sq., Charlestown.

La Fayette, 2d Mon., 2307 Washington st., Roxbury.

Lodge of Eleusis, 3d Th., Masonic Hall, 18 Boylston street, cor. Washington.

Lodge of St. Andrew, 2d Th., Masonic Hall, 18 Boylston street, cor. Washington.

Massachusetts, 3d Monday, Masonic Hall, 18 Boylston street, cor. Washington.

Mizpah, 2d Mon., 685 Mass. Ave., Cambridgeport.

Mt. Lebanon, 2d Mon., Masonic Hall, 18 Boylston st., cor. Washington.

Mt. Olive, 3d Th., 65 Mass. Ave., Cambridgeport.

Mt. Tabor, 3d Th., Meridian, cor. Eutaw, E. Boston.

Prospect, 2d Mon., Roslindale.

Putnam, 3d Mon., E. Cambridge, Cambridge and 3d sts.

Rabboni, 2d Tu., Masonic Hall, Hancock st., Dorchester.

Revere, 1st Tu., Masonic Hall, 18 Boylston street, cor. Washington.

Robert Lash, 4th Wed., Masonic Hall, Chelsea.

St. John's, 1st Mon., Masonic Hall, 18 Boylston street, cor. Washington.

St. Paul's, 1st Tu., 372 West Broadway, South Boston.

Soley, 3d Mon., Gilman Sq., Somerville.

Star of Bethlehem, 3d Wed., Masonic Hall, Chelsea.

Temple, 1st Th., Meridian, cor. Eutaw, E. Boston.

Union, 2d Tu., Hancock st., near Upham's Cor., Dorchester.

Washington, 2d Th., 2307 Washington st., Roxbury.

Winslow Lewis, 2d Fri., Masonic Hall, 18 Boylston st., cor. Washington.

Winthrop, 2d Tu., Masonic Hall, Winthrop.

Zetland, 2d Wed., Masonic Hall, 18 Boylston street, cor. Washington.

ROYAL ARCH CHAPTERS.

Grand Chapter, Tu. preceding 2d Wed. of March, June, Sept. and Dec., Masonic Hall, 18 Boylston st., cor. Washington.

Cambridge, 2d Fri., 685 Mass. Ave., Cambridgeport.

Dorchester, 4th Mon., Hancock st., near Upham's Corner, Dorchester.

Mt. Vernon, 3d Th., 2307 Washington st., Roxbury.

St. Andrew's, 1st Wed., Masonic Hall, 18 Boylston st., cor. Washington.

St. John's, 4th Mon., Meridian, nr. Eutaw, E. Boston.

St. Matthew's, 2d Mon., 372 W. Broadway, S. Boston.

St. Paul's, 3d Tu., Masonic Hall, 18 Boylston street, cor. Washington.

Shekinah, 1st Wed., Masonic Hall, Chelsea.

Signet, 2d Th., Thompson Sq., Charlestown.

Somerville, 3d Th., Gilman Sq., Somerville.

COUNCILS ROYAL AND SELECT MASTERS.

Grand Council, 2d Wed. in Dec., Masonic Hall, 18 Boylston street, cor. Washington.

Boston, last Th., Masonic Hall, 18 Boylston street, cor. Washington.

East Boston, 2d Tu., Meridian cor. Eutaw, E. Boston.
 Orient, 2d Wed., Gilman Sq., Somerville.
 Naphthali, 4th Fri., Masonic Hall, Chelsea.
 Roxbury, 4th Mon., 2307 Washington st., Roxbury.

COMMANDERIES KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

Grand Commandery, May and Oct., Masonic Hall, 18
 Boylston street, cor. Washington.
 Boston, No. 2, 3d Wed., Masonic Hall, 18 Boylston st.,
 cor. Washington.
 Cambridge, No. 42, 1st Wed., 685 Massachusetts Ave.,
 Cambridgeport.
 Cœur de Lion, No. 34, 3d Tu., Thompson Sq., Charles-
 town.
 De Molay, No. 7, 4th Wed., Masonic Hall, 18 Boylston
 street, cor. Washington.
 Joseph Warren, No. 26, 1st Mon., 2307 Washington st.,
 Roxbury.
 Palestine, No. 10, 2d Wed., 685 Masonic Hall, Chelsea.
 St. Bernard, No. 12, 2d Wed., Masonic Hall, 18 Boyl-
 ston street, cor. Washington.
 St. Omer, No. 21, 3d Mon, 372 W. Broadway, S. Boston.
 Wm. Parkman, No. 28, 2d Th., Meridian, cor. Eutaw,
 E. Boston.

SCOTTISH RITE.

Boston Lafayette Lodge of Perfection, 14^o, 1st Fri. in
 Feb., April, Oct. and Dec., Masonic Hall, 18 Boylston
 street, cor. Washington.
 Giles F. Yates Council, Princes of Jerusalem, 16^o, 2d
 Fri. in Feb., April, Oct. and Dec., Masonic Hall, 18
 Boylston street, cor. Washington.
 Mt. Olivet Chapter, Rose Croix, 18^o, 3d Fri. in Feb.
 April, Oct. and Dec., Masonic Hall, 18 Boylston st.,
 cor. Washington.
 Massachusetts Consistory, 32^o, 4th Fri. in Feb., April,
 Oct. and Dec., Masonic Hall, 18 Boylston street, cor.
 Washington.

MYSTIC SHRINE.

Allep (irregularly), Music Hall.
 EASTERN STAR.
 Vesta, No. 10, 1st and 3d Fri., 11 City Sq., Charlestown.
 Queen Esther, No. 16, 1st and 3d Thurs., Dudley, cor.
 Washington.
 Keystone, No. 18, 2d and 4th Tu., 730 Washington.
 Signet, No. 22, 1st and 3d Tues., Cambridgeport.
 Mystic, No. 34, 1st and 3d Monday, Meridian, cor. Eu-
 taw, E. Boston.
 Ruth, 2d and 4th Mon., 280 Broadway, Chelsea.

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 dend has been declared of 6 per cent on ordinary de-
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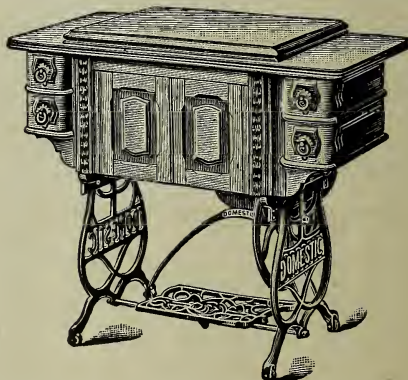
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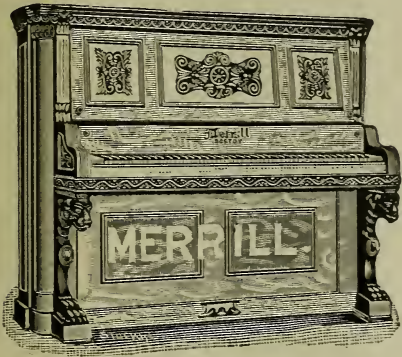
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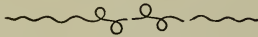
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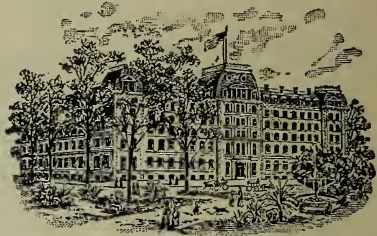
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