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## Our New Policy.

Since the first issue of this publication we have made a practice of "continuing until ordered discontinued," which has resulted in a negligent delay to remit on the part of many of our subscribers, and an omission on the part of many others to remit at all, even after being carried by us trustingly for years. This does not apply to the great majority of our subscribers we are thankful to say, and we would not change our policy at this late day but for one reason—the abuse we receive and ill feeling that is engendered among a small percentage on the impression that we are endeavoring to force or foist our magazine upon them contrary to their wishes. In future a notice will be forwarded at the same time the last issue due a subscriber is sent, and unless a remittance for renewal or an excuse is sent, the next issue will not be forwarded, and the name will be removed from our lists.

C. MOODY PLUMMER, Manager.

THE  
TRESTLE BOARD.

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DECEMBER, 1897.

No. 12.

The Mason's Creed.

I boast not the meekness of Moses,  
Nor yet of the patience of Job;  
I sing not of angelic graces,  
Nor charity worn as a robe.  
I owe every mortal a greeting,  
Whatever his color may be.  
I'll bid him God-speed on his journey,  
Who treads the earth's surface with me.

I'll stretch forth my hand to the orphan,  
And list to the widow's sad cry;  
I'll forgive as I would be forgiven  
Were the Lord of the world to pass by.  
It may not be much I can render—  
A cup of cold water, perchance;  
A kindness where others speak harshly,  
Or pass with a soul-chilling glance.

They say there is good if we seek it,  
That yet there is truth to be found;  
That somewhere thanksgivings are chanted  
And mercy seen hovering 'round;  
That Bibles are not out of fashion,  
Nor prayers laid aside to be said—  
Like flowers so tenderly scattered—  
O'er graves of our well-beloved dead.

The multitude surges and jostles,  
While we sit in silence and think;  
Some plunge in the pool of perdition,  
Some pause, half aghast, on the brink.  
If half of the time that is wasted,  
If half of the treasure worse spent,  
Were put to the right kind of purpose—  
What joy through the world would be sent?

—Kansas Freemason.

The York Rite.

"The York Rite is the mother of all other Rites. It derives its name from the old city of York where, according to tradition, in the year 926, Prince Edwin held the first Grand Lodge, or rather, the first General Assembly of Masons in England,

and established the constitution by which the York Rite continues to be governed."

This is a most erroneous statement of the origin of Freemasonry, and requires correction.

What are the historical facts?

1. Prince Edwin is a traditionary or mythical personage, and according to tradition, was made a Mason at Windsor; this royal town, therefore, ought to have equal rank, as to antiquity, with the city of York.

2. The first Grand Lodge, or first General Assembly held at York, in 926, is a myth.

3. The old York Constitutions are apocryphal.

4. There is no historical proof that a York Rite ever existed; but if it ever did, nobody at present knows what it has been. The York Rite, therefore, cannot possibly be the mother of all other Rites.

The existence of the old York Lodge can only be traced back historically to the year 1662, and is then lost in the obscurity of the dim past.

As the establishment of the Premier Grand Lodge of England, it was only composed of a few members.

Stimulated by the example of the prosperous Grand Lodge of England, established in 1717, it formed itself, eight years later, in 1725, into a Grand Lodge, styled the "Grand Lodge of all England"; its first Grand Master being Christian Bathurst. The rules of the Grand Lodge of York are nineteen in number, and date from the year of its establishment.

Previous to its establishment of a Grand

Lodge, its ceremony of initiation was of great simplicity, consisting of a prayer, an obligation, the communication of a word and sign of recognition, and the reading of the Old Charges and the Guild Legend. There is no evidence whatever that the old York Lodge ever elaborated a system of symbolic degrees of its own, and what it practiced as Grand Lodge was consequently the Rite of the English Grand Lodge of three degrees, as has been the case of all Grand Lodges ever since, the world over.

The old Lodge of York existed for nearly half a century as a single Lodge only—until 1716—never showing much vitality, and was even a part of this time dormant. It then revived for a short period, warranted a few Lodges, but never exercised any influence beyond Yorkshire and Lancashire, and all its warrants which have been traced from the earliest to the latest records were authorized to be held in these counties only. This Grand Lodge eventually sank into its final slumber about 1760, and, having outlived all its daughter Lodges, left no representative of any kind to continue its ritual and organization. It never chartered any Lodges out of England; neither did any of its subordinates ever do so. Even at the height of its fortunes the York branch of the society was a small one.

The first Grand Lodge, that of England, was founded by four London Lodges in 1717. James Anderson, a graduate of Marichal College, Aberdeen, and who was then a Presbyterian minister in London, was selected by the Grand Master and the Grand Lodge as the most competent person to adjust the Masonry of ancient times upon a modern basis. The old Constitutions being found fault with, Bro. Anderson, A. M., was ordered to "digest the same in new and better method." The Constitutions were old documents, usually in roll or scroll form, gathered from everywhere, containing the legend of the Craft and a code of ancient regulations, both of which it was the custom in old days to read over to the Operative Masons on their first admission into the Lodge. By the aid of these MS. Constitutions, Anderson compiled the first "Book of Constitutions," published in 1723.

The period from 1717 to 1723 has been styled the Epoch of Transition, because the system of Masonry we now possess; or, in other words, the three degrees of

pure and ancient Masonry and can, with no propriety, be called the York Rite.

In 1721, a great nobleman, the Duke of Montague, was elected Grand Master, and the society rose, at a single bound, into notice and esteem. This being followed up by placing men of the highest eminence at the head of the Fraternity, Masonry became very fashionable, aristocratic and high-toned. In consequence, many changes were made by the Grand Lodge respecting the organic life of the Craft, in order to adapt it to the new condition, which was in strong contrast with its former simplicity. In opposition, some of the Lodges seceded, while others formed themselves independently of the Grand Lodge, being chiefly composed of the poorer classes, a large portion of whom were Irish, who had come to the capital seeking employment.

These Lodges, in 1753, organized a Grand Lodge of their own, and having retained more of the ancient customs, styled themselves "Ancient Masons according to the Old Constitution," of whom Lawrence Dermott was the master spirit, while the adherents of the regular Grand Lodge went by the name of "Modern Masons." This Grand Lodge of the Ancients showed much life and vigor, and soon extended its influence and authority into foreign countries and into the British colonies of America, where they became very popular. They erected many Lodges and organized several Provincial Grand Lodges, as, for instance, in Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia and South Carolina. The Lodges working under its authority were generally known as "Ancient York Lodges," for the reason that the warrants of the Ancients began as follows:

"We, the Grand Lodge of the Most Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, according to the Old Constitution, granted by his Royal Highness, Prince Edwin, at York, A. D. 926, in ample form assembled," etc.

Being a rival Grand Lodge, the words, "according to the Old Constitution granted," etc., were placed in their warrants for effect, and did wonders for the Ancients, especially in this country, where, to-day, we find a number of brethren still laboring under the delusion that they were descended from the real "Ancient York Masons," and that the York Rite of three degrees, whereas their early Lodges

were constituted by a society that never had the remotest connection with the Grand Lodge of York; and, as a matter of fact, that old Lodge was in abeyance and almost defunct when the Ancients started as an independent body. The Ancients practiced the English Rite, but slightly modified. It is, therefore, the English Rite, and not the York Rite, which is the mother of all other Rites.

— E. R., in *Hebrew Standard*.

— o —  
**Worth While.**  
 —

It is easy enough to be pleasant,  
 When life flows by like a song,  
 But the man worth while is one who will smile  
 When everything goes quite wrong.  
 For the test of the heart is trouble,  
 And it always comes with the years,  
 And the smile that is worth the praises of earth  
 Is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent,  
 When nothing tempts you to stray,  
 When without or within no vice of sin  
 Is luring your soul away.  
 But it's only a negative virtue  
 Until it is tried by the fire,  
 And the life that is worth the honor of earth  
 Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,  
 Who had no strength for the strife,  
 The world's highway is cumbered to-day,  
 They make up the items of life.  
 But the virtue that conquers passion,  
 And the sorrow that hides in a smile,  
 It is these that are worth the homage of earth,  
 For we find them but once in a while.

— o —  
**Harmony.**  
 —

*A Paper read before Durant Lodge, No. 278, at Berkeley, Cal., November 5th, 1897, by W. Bro. John Martin, Master of the Lodge.*

The element of harmony is undoubtedly the keystone of the arch of success which has crowned the efforts of the Masonic Fraternity during its entire career. It has been deemed to be the duty of the Senior Warden to see that harmony prevailed, and yet how powerless he is to accomplish this without the guiding mind of the Master and the co-operation of the brethren. I have frequently seen the harmony of a Lodge disturbed from many causes, all so trifling as not to merit consideration from an unbiased mind, and yet so magnified and intensified by unwise or inconsiderate counsel as to cause a temporary cessation of that fellowship and good feeling which so prominently characterizes our

Institution. These petty differences, which sometimes widen into breaches of friendship, might all be settled amicably and pleasantly, if the parties interested would only devote more thought to the feelings of others and be willing to conciliate rather than aggravate the differences.

Some may say that this can only be done at a sacrifice of self respect. I am inclined to believe that this is an excuse not founded on merit but on a misconception of manhood. Frequently differences arise between brethren from causes which should never be permitted to exist. For example: One brother is informed by a profane that another brother made some remarks which might be construed as a reflection on his character or motives in a business or social matter.

Frequently, the brother who feels injured fails to pursue the proper course of making personal investigation by seeking an interview with the supposed offending brother, but unfortunately presumes the information to be literally and actually correct. He harbors ill feeling against the other brother, and mentally resolves to oppose any advancement of this brother or any measure he proposes. This results in a disturbing element, affecting the harmony of the Lodge. At first it is so skillfully operated as to avoid location; but, after a time, the supposed grievance becomes so magnified that the brethren become enabled to locate the cause. Efforts are then made to bring about a reconciliation. A meeting of the brothers is effected, resulting in a true understanding of the matter, when it is discovered that there was no real cause for ill feeling; and had the brother, who erroneously fancied he was injured, acted wisely at first, much bitterness of feeling would have been obviated.

Personal gossip is one of the greatest evils we have to contend with. There is no reason for its existence other than the nature of our earlier development, frequently influenced by associations and surroundings. If every brother would resolve to avoid this evil, it can be accomplished by adopting this rule: "If you can speak no good of a person, speak no evil"; and should you hear something detrimental to a brother, it is your duty to go to him and tell him, not in a spirit of malice or inquisitiveness, but one of true brotherly love, and if a brother be so approached, he will receive it kindly, and enlighten

you as to the true nature of affairs. In all matters which might arise between members of the Craft it should ever be borne in mind that we are brethren, one and all, "linked together by an indissoluble chain of sincere affection."

Brethren should be very considerate of the feelings of others. Frequently a brother attends a meeting, hears something spoken which seems unkind, and he becomes offended. No offense may have been intended, yet this brother goes away with his imaginary grievance, and concludes not to meet again in uncongenial company. It might well be argued that he should be broad minded, and not misinterpret the statements of others, and place a false construction thereon; and yet, had the brother been just a little more careful in the use of his words, the supposed offense might not have been taken. Weigh your words carefully, and always try to remember that others have equally as tender feelings as yourself.

Another element which should be carefully avoided is brought forth in the following assumed case: Brother A. recommends Mr. B. to receive the degrees. Mr. B.'s application is acted upon, and he is rejected. Bro. A. has known Mr. B. from childhood, and knows him to be a first-class man, and fit to become a member of our Fraternity. He takes offense at the action of the Lodge, and resolves to prevent any one else from joining, because he feels that he has been wronged. That is where the brother errs. Something might have occurred to warrant some other brother in casting a blackball, and justly so, and yet Bro. A. might know nothing about it. He should, therefore, not condemn, but rather be willing to abide by the decision, for he cannot hope to be able to enjoy the exclusive privilege of the Great Architect of the universe, to whom alone can all the acts of man be known. If questions arise which require mature and careful thought and consideration, it is far better to seek counsel in a temperate way, instead of giving expression to first impulses, which may prove wrong after all the facts are known.

Another element to be guarded against is jealousy, and who among us is not jealous? Bro. A. wants to be Senior Deacon—Bro. B. gets the appointment. Bro. B. requests Bro. A. to act as a Fellow Craft, and Bro. A. thinks it smart to decline, because he imagines that the refusal will

cause pain to Bro. B. How silly! and yet how often it does occur. Now, brethren, don't do it. It is unbecoming to your manhood. Lay aside all petty jealousies, and strive to maintain harmony.

Frequently we hear brethren discussing whether Bro. A. should be advanced from the West to the East, or Bro. B. from the South to the West, or Bro. C. from Senior Deacon to the South. One brother will say, "Oh, he can't do the work right; he is thick headed; he is too slow; he cannot learn the work"; and similar remarks. Now, brethren, this is entirely wrong. If you will stop to think it over you will realize that Bro. A., Bro. B. or Bro. C. has labored diligently during the year; he is struggling hard to acquire the ritualistic work of the next higher office; and, if encouraged will, no doubt, show such improvement as to put to shame the expressions above mentioned. Suppose he is not so well qualified in the ritualistic work as your desire, is it right to jump some one over him, or drop him? Let us see. First, let us consider the welfare of the Lodge, and, in considering it, we must necessarily endanger the harmony of the Lodge. Some brother is advanced over the brother in question. The brother who was in line feels aggrieved as also do his friends, with the result that discord develops to work out its own salvation after many months of harsh feelings and bitter reproaches. I think the brethren should be willing to bear with a brother in the performance of his Lodge duties, who may not be as well qualified as they desire, in preference to disturbing the harmony and good fellowship, which should ever reign supreme.

After a brother has reached the exalted position of Master, he will realize that the least important of the duties of that honorable position is the conferring of degrees. The duties of a conscientious Master are not confined to presiding in the Lodge, and conferring degrees. They are as broad in their scope as is the field of human activity. Their exercise has practically no bounds. No Master can tell in advance what they will demand of him. They will take him into homes where grief dwells and discord reigns. They make him in one case both judge and jury—a minister of Masonic justice. In another case they clothe him with the mantle of a peacemaker endeavoring to heal dissensions, soothe wounded feelings and bring

balm to grief-stricken hearts. I would rather see a poor ritualist as Master, providing he fulfilled his more important duties properly, than to see a perfect ritualist in the chair who neglected his other duties. What the brethren should do is to be very careful whom they elect to office, permitting merit alone to guide their selection, and then this hypothetical condition will not exist. But having made our choice, do all you can in a kind way to assist a struggling officer in place of gossiping about him, and plotting his removal with its inharmonious consequences. It would be far better for any Lodge to have several years of poor ritualistic work than give birth to discord, which always becomes difficult to remove. A good ritualist might only be a good parrot—one who has the faculty of memorizing literally, and yet be utterly devoid of the true qualities which make a good Master.

Now I will say a few words to those who aspire to be Master of their Lodge. After you reach that pinnacle do not become self-important; do not become dictatorial, merely because you can. Be careful to consider the welfare of each member of your Lodge. Make everybody feel at home when they meet, and then you will not lack for attendance or appreciation. If you find a brother who has lost interest in the good work, seek for him and induce attendance. When he comes, give him something to do. He will then feel as if he were of some value to the Craft. If one of your subordinate officers shows a lack of interest or judgment, counsel with him, and show him in the kindest manner why he should do different. Picture to him how grand the result will be if your suggestions are carried out. He will surely see the force of your argument, and will appreciate the interest you manifest in his welfare.

Hold regular weekly meetings if possible, whether you have work or not, and when you meet be sure to see that the brethren receive some instruction which will make them feel that they have been benefited by the meeting. There are so many ways of accomplishing this, that I leave the suggestion to be carried out as the best judgment of the Master will dictate. Appoint the brethren to write papers on Masonic or interesting subjects to be read at the meetings, and after this feature has been established, you will be rewarded by increased interest and attend-

ance far in excess of your greatest anticipations. Make it a point to hold one or two social meetings during the year when your families can attend, and become better acquainted. Then our married brethren will not meet with opposition at home. Let the family read current Masonic literature, and therefrom form a true conception of our Institution. Then your wife will not object to your Lodge attendance, for she will appreciate that the object is worthy, your surroundings pleasant, your associations elevating and your motives pure. Thus you will assist in making your home cheerful, and your Masonic duties will become a pleasure.

As Master you should see that every brother feels at home, and particularly the visiting brethren. The Master cannot accomplish very much without the assistance and co-operation of the brethren; but when he shows the necessary interest in the welfare and progress of the Lodge, it then becomes an easy task to obtain the hearty co-operation of the members.

While advising Masters to be conciliatory, I do not mean to infer that they should be without decision of mind and purpose. Far from it. The Master should be supreme in occupying that position, and commanding the respect due to it, yet it is within the range of ordinary men to fulfill these requirements without any display of authority.

As Masters you should remember that the officers of inferior rank are just as ambitious to occupy the Oriental Chair as you were when in line for promotion, and you should be willing to give way to others without too lengthy a service in that capacity. The position is one only of honor, yet it imposes serious duties and responsibilities which, in time, become onerous, and results in carelessness. Having received all the honors, the reward for faithful service is not as well appreciated, and the Master develops into a piece of mechanism. This will result disadvantageously to the Lodge, as you can readily appreciate without argument.

In conclusion, let me ask one and all to weigh these matters carefully, and conclude to render every assistance in your power to maintain harmony among the members of your Lodge.

o

No man can take upon himself the vows of a Mason who is not a better man for living up to those vows.

### Art Thou a Mason.

Art thou a Mason? Ask thyself the truth,  
 And search for answer in thy inmost heart.  
 Are all thy footsteps such that faltering youth  
 Might follow? Does thy walk impart  
 By its uprightness that which Masons love?  
 Hast thou, indeed, full trust in that dear Lord  
 Of all, who from His throne above  
 Marks thy design upon life's trestle board?

Art thou a Mason? Has thy Brother's sign  
 Or summons passed thee all unheeded by,  
 When sorrow swept him all along life's line,  
 And all the world forgot him? Did'st thou  
 try  
 To cheer him then, with all a Brother's love,  
 And holding out thy hand bade him God-  
 speed,  
 And to the carping world thus show and prove  
 The truth and beauty of a Mason's creed?

Art thou a Mason? Has the widow's sigh  
 Fell on thine ear without responsive thrill  
 Of pity? Hast thou never heard the cry  
 Of orphaned children but thy soul would fill  
 Itself with recollections of a solemn charge,  
 That deep within its chambers fell;  
 And, thinking thus, did not thine heart enlarge  
 With generous action all thy feelings tell?

Art thou a Mason? Has thy selfish greed  
 Made thee forget the brother's "Heart of  
 Grace,"

And has thy tongue forgotten all its need  
 Of charity thro' life's mad rushing race?  
 If so, forbear! All things ye must not know;  
 And it is written in earth's history  
 Some sorrow must 'neath every bosom flow—  
 And God alone can the heart's secret see.

Art thou a Mason—not alone in name—  
 In deed? This will the Master's record tell;  
 His answer will be praise, or else eternal shame.  
 Be thine when "time shall sound its parting  
 knell"

To summon thee to "stand before the bar";  
 Thy trembling soul shall then rejoice  
 If He but say: Thou Craftsman! from afar  
 Thy deeds have saved thee—enter Paradise.

—*J. H. Adams, in Masonic Journal.*

### Tom Ryder's Child.

Mr. Marsh, when he was sitting in the village store with the heels of his well tallowed boots carefully poised on the edge of the corrugated cylinder stove, was a far larger man than when he was at home. Perhaps it was for that reason that he spent so much time in the store. A man likes to feel large, and to hawk and expectorate in an independent manner.

When under the protection of his own roof this gentleman was very much in the shadow of his wife. He never hawked and he never expectorated there. He shrank up into the smallest possible compass and seemed to deprecate the fact that he was alive at all. If he could have come

in and gone out at the key hole he would have felt an unutterable relief. As it was, he was in constant fear lest he should forget to wipe his feet, or lest he should leave a door unlatched. He often told himself "he'd ruther be darned any day than to forget to wipe his feet twice," first on the husk mat in the sink-room and next on the braided mat at the kitchen door. When Mr. Marsh said "he'd ruther be darned" he meant that he preferred being consigned to Hades. He often thought it would be a kind of relief to be in that place "and done with it." But he always was very meek indeed when he had indulged in such thoughts.

Mrs. Marsh was a large, dark mustached woman, who was believed by some to be a good nurse. She certainly had the merit of subduing her charges into absolute quiescence. She boasted that folks that "she took care on knew their places mighty quick; 'n' let the Lord do as he pleased."

She was fond of mentioning the Lord at the most unexpected and irritating times. She had referred to him on so many occasions in regard to her husband's bringing in "medder mud" and other kinds of soil on the soles of his boots that Mr. Marsh was continually harassed by fear lest he might become prejudiced, and acquire a habit of thinking disrespectfully of the Lord. If he did acquire such a habit, he hoped fervently and in plain terms that it might be laid to D'rindy's charge rather than to his. Dorinda was his wife's name; and it was the name given to each of five consecutive daughters who had been born to Mr. and Mrs. Marsh and who had all died when children.

There were residents in the village who always took friends who came from a distance to the graveyard to see the "row of D'rindies," as this series of mounds was usually termed.

These continual bereavements were very hard to bear during their occurrence, but after some years had passed and the wounds had scarred, Mrs. Marsh was conscious of a certain distinction coming from the fact that she, was in a certain sense, owner of that row in the cemetery. She had a pride in keeping the small graves and their headstones in the very best condition; or rather she made Mr. Marsh keep them so.

When I have seen that woman striding toward the hill slope where the graveyard



was, I have wondered if she did not feel a satisfaction that there were five mounds instead of four; five made a much more impressive row. If one of those babies had grown it would doubtless have brought in a great deal of mud in the spring, snow in the winter and road dust in the summer. It would have "littered things up jest awful," to use a favorite expression of Mrs. Marsh's. Was it possible that there were compensations? It is a distinction, too, to have had a "dretful sight of sickness in your family," to have "notes put up" for the sufferer and sufferer's friends. Do you know what it means to have a note put up? It is to arrange that the minister shall find, apparently in the hymn-book, a scrap of paper asking the prayers of the congregation for a family in affliction. The name of the person is often given, and then there is a rustling, and a turning, and a looking at the nearest relative who happens to be present. When things by land and by sea have been prayed for, when people "scattered up and down this sinful earth" have been mentioned, then the minister changes his tone to one of more feeling, and petitions that this dear sister whose child is on a bed of sickness may be strengthened to endure, and that, if it be so decided that she may be called upon to give up that beloved one, she may be enabled to bow her head to His great and glorious will, and to bless Him, even though He slay.

There is a great sameness about the words used in response to this asking for prayers, but who shall say that those phrases do not sometimes touch healingly a sore heart?

Reuben Marsh never missed going to meeting a single Sunday during all the times when his children were pining and dying.

Sometimes he would far rather have stopped at home, being possessed of that piteous and natural feeling that he, with all his strength and vigor, might in some way give of that strength to the poor little thing moaning on the bed. But his wife had made him go. She had even found time as usual to fasten his collar and button on the rusty black necktie.

And he had always heard those prayers in answer to the note he had put up. He held himself rigidly upright. His heavy, bearded face was impassive to look upon. People who looked at him curiously saw nothing but the calm, rough face. His

hands were thrust into the big pockets of his loose sack coat; the great knuckly fingers writhed and twisted as the prayer proceeded.

Mr. Marsh heard the words going on and on over his head. He felt as if he were groping in horrible darkness. All the time he was saying to himself: "O God, let her live! O God, let her live! I can't live if you take this one, too!"

He thought he could not live. But that one, too, was taken, and still the sun continued to rise and set on Reuben Marsh. And still Mrs. Marsh hectored him from morning to night, and occasionally reminded him of what a mother suffered in the loss of a child. She said she s'posed a father had some feelings, but how could a father know a mother's heart?

Evidently there was no answer to this question. Certainly Mr. Marsh attempted to give none.

Mrs. Marsh talked a great deal to her husband and to the neighbors generally about the fact that all her children had been born without any constitutions. She didn't know why it was, for all her folks were made of iron. She often inquired how a child with no constitution at all could be expected to live. She told Reuben it was too much to ask. She gave every one to understand that Reuben seemed to believe their children ought to live, but she knew they couldn't.

As the years went by she made Mr. Marsh keep those little graves, and their headstones, and their lettering of "Dorinda, daughter of Reuben and Dorinda Marsh," more and more "trigged up." When Mr. Marsh was not at home nor at the store, it was well known that he must be "to the cemetr'y triggin' up them graves."

It was one mild day in winter that Mr. Marsh put on his overcoat and his rubber boots. He said he was going down to the store and guessed he should just stop in at the graveyard before he came home. The hill sloped to the south there, and it was warm and sunny, almost like a spring day.

The man had it in his mind that there was just a chance that some snow drops might be blossomed, or at least budded. But if he should find a bloom he was not so crazy, he told himself, as to take it to his wife, who would only consider it as some kind of "litter." He should stop at the store, as he said, and he should

probably see Tom Ryder's forlorn little girl shivering about, and he should give the flower to her. Then her small, pinched face would suddenly lighten, and she would smile in that radiant way that always went like a knife to Reuben Marsh's heart. He wondered if any of those Dorindies, if any had lived, would have had such a face and such a smile as that. If they "took after" their mother they surely would not.

Once after Mr. Marsh had seen this transformation take place in the face of Tom Ryder's daughter when she had received a kindness, he had ventured to speak about her to his wife, with a wild hope in the bottom of his heart that they might adopt Ryder's child, for Ryder was only a drunken wretch whose wife had long since died of a broken heart and too much work.

Mrs. Marsh made it very plain indeed to her husband that she had no opinion whatever of that nasty Belle Ryder.

Mr. Marsh had fallen into his ordinary home mood of dull, cowed silence. He sat with his slippered feet on their wooden cricket, and hung his head, pulling his beard slowly and wondering what he was living for.

He supposed men never hated their wives. He supposed there was no man in the world whose wife was such a good cook, who kept her husband's clothes so well mended and so clean as D'rindy did, but he said plainly to himself that "he'd ruther be flogged than to be where she was."

Often, as he sat there, pulling his beard and watching D'rindy as she made everything painfully clean, he told himself that he must have been even more of a fool than most young men to have fallen in love with a girl who could turn out to be such a woman as that. He also asked of his own soul how it would be with him if it were possible for a man to hate his wife.

When he walked slowly through the mud of the main street he was conscious that there was more than the ordinary bitterness in his heart. He stamped down his heavy feet with an air of bravado when he reached the store. He took in a large quantity of mud, and he talked so loudly and spat so emphatically that the storekeeper winked at the man next to him, and said in a whisper that D'rindy must have been carryin' an uncommon high hand with Reuben that day.

But for all this extra swagger, Mr. Marsh was aware that he was greatly depressed. It did not seem to exhilarate him to have his heels on the stove. He did not understand himself to day, and he left the store much earlier than was his custom. One of the men actually got up from his broken-backed chair, and went to the window to watch the retreating figure.

"Something or other's the matter of Reub Marsh," he said pittingly. "I never seen him miss his aim a-spittin' before, 'n' he missed it every time to day."

The storekeeper was chopping off a piece of tobacco. He nodded his head. He said he was sorry for Reub. He s'posed he was goin' up to them graves now. He hoped it wa'n't wicked, but he did think 't would be jest as well if there was a sixth grave in that row, and D'rindy was laying in it. For his part he'd like to help trig up D'rindy Marsh's grave, whether 'twas wicked or not.

Then they fell to talking about Tom Ryder, and of the fact that he had been gone a week, nobo'y knew where, on a worse spree than ever.

"I guess they'll have to take the little one to the poorhouse this time, and no mistake. Somebody ought to speak to the selectman, 'n' have her seen to."

Mr. Marsh walked on mechanically up the road. He did not know why it was that he could not throw off his wife's influence when he had left her, as he was usually able to do.

Some strangely desperate mood was upon him. He put his hand to his head, and said if he didn't know better he should think he had been drinking.

Just before he reached the cemetery he passed by the house where the Ryders lived, an old place with low eaves that looked as if they would always drip with unhealthy moisture. Some of the window-panes were stuffed with rags, a cat walked with ostentatious misery among the puddles near the front door.

Mr. Marsh wished he had brought some baker's cookies from the store, but as he had nothing he went on staring vainly about in the hope of seeing Belle.

In a few minutes more he was standing by the row of graves, and looking sharply down at the sodden turf for the snowdrops. There were the green leaves. He knelt and pushed aside the brown, wet grass. His heavy face took on a pathetic look of eagerness. No, it was too early; the sun

had not been warm enough. There were no blossoms—not even buds.

"It's too bad—too bad!" he muttered. "How she would er liked 'em!"

He stood up. He brushed a mist from his eyes that made the headstones look as if they were not straight.

Something that felt cold and wet, like ice, touched the hand that hung down by his side. But he did not notice the touch until it was repeated this time accompanied by a whine. Mr. Marsh roused himself, and patted the lean, unhappy looking cur that stood beside him.

"Hullo, Jack," he said, "where's your little mistress?"

Jack wagged his tail, and made as if he would trot back home, but as Mr. Marsh did not follow him he returned and licked his hand again. He went through all these movements so many times that the man at last walked after him, the dog continually looking behind, until he had led his friend to the back door of the Ryder house. This door stood open.

Mr. Marsh had not heard that Tom Ryder was "on a spree," and he expected every moment to be greeted by the owner of this place, whom he despised and whom he always wanted to kick every time he saw him.

Instead of a masculine voice, however, a piping feeble treble sounded from one of the front rooms.

"Oh, Jack, don't you leave me too! Don't you go 'n' leave me too!"

Reuben Marsh stood suddenly still from sheer weakness. His great tender heart seemed to choke him. He heard the dog whining joyfully and scuttling about the room he had entered. He breathed a long breath and pushed the door further open, apparently taking but one stride from the door to a "trundle bed," which was in a corner. On the bed was a child who stared wildly for an instant at this intruder, then a flush of joy overspread her face. She put out two bony arms to the man bending over her. She laughed.

"I've jest be'n prayin' for a friend," she cried feebly. "I kep' a prayen' so hard that God had to hear finally."

Mr. Marsh gathered the child to his breast. His heart glowed. His eyes sparkled as he felt the frail form leaning confidently against him.

He took a frayed blanket from the bed, and wrapped her up until she was like a

mummy. He was smiling all the while he was doing this.

"Where's your father?"

"I'd don't know. He's been gone ever so many days, I guess."

"Ain't you hungry?"

"I was hungry after I et up all there was—some bread 'n' sausage. Then I got faint; then I was so awful kind of sick."

The child leaned her head on the man's shoulder and shut her eyes. He held her yet closer.

"I'll take you right home," he said.

He stepped out into the mild, damp air. He held his head very high, and his eyes sparkled more than ever. He walked down and into the village street as if he had been a soldier coming from a victory. He nodded at the few acquaintances he saw, and who looked at him wonderingly, but he would not stop to speak to any one.

The storekeeper saw him, and said to a customer that there was Reub Marsh with Ryder's little girl, 'n' he guessed Reub'd ketch it when he got home.

Mr. Marsh still held his head up when he entered his own kitchen, tracking in a good deal of mud as he did so, for he did not pause at the husk mat, nor yet at the rug by the kitchen door.

"Bring me a cup of milk with a drop of hot water in it," he said, sitting down in the large rocker by the stove.

Jack had entered also, and he also had brought in mud. He sat calmly on his dirty haunches on the shiny oilcloth by the chair which held Mr. Marsh and his mistress.

Mrs. Marsh stood a moment in bewilderment; then she brought the milk.

Her face softened somewhat as she looked at the pinched features on her husband's shoulder.

"She is starving," said Mr. Marsh, shortly.

"We'll give her a good meal, 'n' then you c'n take her right back," remarked Mrs. Marsh with her usual decision. She added that Reuben could go right over to Mr. Wallis, who was one of the selectmen, and have the child taken to the poorhouse that very night.

In ten minutes the girl was sound asleep. Mr. Marsh laid her on the lounge, and covered her with a shawl. He fed Jack, who ate very hastily and with the utmost greediness, and then curled up on the floor by the couch.

Reuben Marsh rose from his bending

position over the lounge. He looked his wife squarely in the face, a thing he had not done for years.

She gazed back at him with something like consternation slowly growing in her mind.

"I'm goin' to do one of two things, D'rindy," he said, very slowly, "and it's for you to say which it'll be. I'm goin' to keep Tom Ryder's child, if he don't take her away from me, 'n' I guess he won't. I'm goin' to keep her here if you're willin'; if you ain't willin' I sh'll go where I can keep her. 'N' she's goin' to be treated well, too. Now, which shall it be, D'rindy?"

Mr. Marsh, with that delicious love for the child in his heart, looked very big and manly.

Mrs. Marsh mechanically brushed the stove hearth with a turkey wing before she replied:

"I ruther think, Reuben," she said, "you might's well keep her here."

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### Stumpy.

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BY FLORENCE HALLOWELL HOYT.

He was only the boy who attended to the chores about the hotel, and so he was never invited to play croquet or lawn tennis, or to substitute in the baseball nine; and he was laughed at a good deal because he had freckles, red hair and wore clothes a great deal too small for him. His name was Ephraim, but every one called him "Stumpy," for he was short and rather stout—every one except Carrie Mowbray; that is, Carrie never used his nickname. She said she didn't consider it kind.

"He'd like to be tall, I dare say. So would a great many other people," she said to her cousin Belle Towers, one day on the porch.

"But he is hideous, actually hideous," said Belle.

"Oh, no; you exaggerate. If he didn't have freckles he would hardly be called even plain; and the freckles will wear off in time."

"I doubt it; and then his hair—so red! and he is awkward, too."

"He'll outgrow his awkwardness, and he can't help having red hair. I've heard you say you'd like to have dark eyes; but you'll never have them. We're obliged to be contented with nature's decrees usual-

ly; and you can't deny that Ephraim looks honest. He is amiable, too, and very obliging."

"To hear you talk, Carrie, one would imagine him a paragon. I suppose you found out all these virtues when you were talking to him on the beach yesterday."

"I was simply asking him about the tides."

"You could have asked some one else. You'll make him familiar if you talk to him, Carrie. I've seen that sort of thing happen before. I only hope he'll never have the assurance to speak to me."

"Oh, he has enough good sense to see where he is wanted. He never thrusts himself forward in the least—I've noticed that."

"Well, don't encourage him to talk to you. People of that class are very apt to presume upon any attention, however trivial," and Belle strolled down the steps in the direction of the beach, feeling that Carrie had justly deserved the rebuke she had given her.

Belle did not intend to be either unkind or ungenerous; but, like many other girls, she had an exaggerated idea of her own importance and the aristocracy of wealth. Ephraim found it pretty hard to be at the beck and call of everybody at the Beach House, and he had to grind his teeth sometimes to keep from "answering back" when his orders came in pre-emptory tones from some young fellow no older than himself.

"But I mean to see it through," he said to his sister, as he sat talking to her one evening in the doorway of their cottage after the labors of the day were over. "You know I have always said that a fellow was a coward who'd give a thing up just because it proved hard. By next summer I can find something else to do, and all I'm going through now won't matter."

"I'm well proud of you, Ephraim," said his sister, as she looked at him with tender eyes. "You're so brave."

Ephraim laughed.

"Don't be proud until you've got something to be proud about," he said.

Ephraim made it a point to take a plunge in the sea every morning on his way to the hotel. He was a fine swimmer, and thoroughly enjoyed his ten minutes in the water. It seemed to tone him up for all day. He had always had the sea to himself at that hour, for he was an early riser from necessity as well as in-

clination, but on the morning after his talk with Barbara, he had just entered the water, and was only a few yards from shore, when he heard a shout, and, turning around, saw half a dozen of the boys from the hotel on the beach.

"Here, you fellow," called out Percival Peyton, a young man who boasted of his blue blood, "come out of that."

His tone, more than the command, irritated Ephraim. He turned about again, and struck out for deep water without making any reply.

"You insolent young hound, don't you hear me?" called Peyton, the angry blood mounting to his face. "Come out of that. The fellows want to go in."

"Well, you can come in," answered Ephraim. "I'm not in your way. There's plenty of room."

"Yes; what's the use of making a row?" drawled Frank Chapin.

"I'm not making a row," said Peyton, "but I never have gone into the water with the hotel servants, and I don't propose to do it now. This fellow might as well learn his place now as at any time."

"Oh, let him alone; Stumpy is a good sort," said Charles Colwell. "He can outswim you any day, Peyton."

"Not much," said Peyton, who considered himself the best swimmer on the beach.

"Take a pull together, and decide it," said Colwell.

"Thank you for the suggestion, but I don't enter any swimming match with a fellow not my social equal," answered Peyton, snobbishly.

Ephraim, by this time, was an eighth of a mile from the beach. He remained in the water his usual length of time; then came out to find Peyton waiting for him, a very dark frown on his handsome face. The other boys had all gone into the water.

"I'll see that you are properly dealt with for this impertinence," he said, as Ephraim started toward one of the bath houses. "You will hear from this, and very shortly, too."

Ephraim made no rejoinder, but he couldn't help feeling a little uneasy, and almost wished he had obeyed Peyton's order, insulting as it was. The Peytons occupied the best rooms at the hotel, and had the cream of everything.

"If it weren't for Aunt Martha and Barbara, I wouldn't care," the boy reflected.

"But if I lose my place it'll come hard on them."

By the time he was dressed Ephraim had decided on the hardest task he had ever set himself. He would apologize to Percival Peyton.

He gave himself no time to hesitate, but went straight to the point.

"Mr. Peyton," he said, "perhaps I was wrong not to come out of the water when you told me to. I hope you'll overlook it, and not report me to Mr. Springer. I can't afford to lose my place."

"You should have thought of that before," rejoined Peyton, haughtily. "One of the first duties of a servant is to learn his place," and he turned on his heel, and walked away.

Ephraim went to his duties at the hotel feeling as if he hated the cold-blooded young aristocrat, and it didn't improve his temper to hear Peyton relating the incident to Belle Towers when they were on the porch together after breakfast, and Ephraim was holding a horse at the block. Belle's rejoinder reached his ears with cruel distinctness.

"The impudence of it," she said. "It all came of Carrie's talking to him. I told her he'd be getting familiar. The next thing we'll know he consider himself privileged to go into the water when we girls are in. I hope Mr. Springer will discharge him."

Ephraim's heart swelled with indignation and pain. How these wealthy people despised him! His father had been the captain of the Life Saving Station, and they had lived in comfort as long as he had been spared to them; but he had lost his life one bitter night in the performance of his arduous duties, and dark days had come to the little family. Ephraim, who had been attending school regularly, had been obliged to put his young shoulder to the wheel at once, and had taken any sort of work he could find. As he heard the conclusion of Belle's speech he wondered what he was going to do in case Mr. Springer acted on Percival Peyton's request. There was Ben Todd who would be only too glad to jump into his place if the chance offered. And the chance did offer. Just before noon Mr. Springer sent for Ephraim, and as soon as the boy saw his face he got ready for the blow that he knew was about to fall.

"Complaint of impudence and disobedience has been lodged against you, War-

ner," said Mr. Springer, as he turned over the leaves of a ledger on his desk. "I can't have any one here who is obnoxious to my guests. So I won't need you after to-day. I have engaged Todd to take your place."

Ephraim was too much stunned to utter a word in response. He simply nodded, and left the office.

Going outside he walked slowly toward the rear of the building, trying to think how he could break the news to his aunt and Barbara.

Suddenly he heard a cry, and, looking toward the beach, saw the people running excitedly to and fro. He understood at once that some person must be in danger of drowning, and, without hesitating a moment, he dashed down the board walk, throwing off his coat and shoes as he went. As he reached the beach he saw Mr. Towers, a man of middle age, spring into the water; and far out beyond the breakers saw the objects of his solicitude—two girls, who had ventured too far out, and were unable to return against the strong current. Another instant and Ephraim had dashed into the sea, almost throwing over Percival Peyton in his impetuous eagerness to lose no time, and, being a strong swimmer, he soon overtook and distanced Mr. Towers, and, in a few minutes more, succeeded in reaching the girl nearest him. It was Belle Towers, and she clung to him desperately. What cared she now that he was freckled, that his hair was red and his gait awkward! He was the one plank between her and a watery grave, and she held to him with wild despair. With great difficulty Ephraim persuaded her to loosen her grasp, and gave her into the care of her father, who had now reached them.

"Take her in; I'll get the other," he said, and struck out to where Carrie Mowbray was struggling in the water two hundred yards from shore. She was just about giving up, her strength having almost failed.

"Courage," he cried, "keep up till I get there; I'll save you."

His words gave her a fresh strength. By a great effort she kept herself from sinking, and the next moment Ephraim had reached her, and extended one arm so that she could grasp it.

"Cling to my shoulder," he said.

Carrie obeyed him, and the gallant fellow turned about for shore. He made fair headway for a time, and then, finding the great exertion he was putting forth

was overtaking his strength, and that the girl's weight was burying him deeper and deeper, so that every wave broke over their heads, he spoke again:

"You've got to help me, or we'll both drown," he said.

"If you think we can't reach the shore I'll take my hands off," answered the noble girl. "There is no need that we should both go down. Save yourself, and never mind me."

But plain, poor and awkward as he was, Ephraim Warner was not one to desert a woman in deadly peril. He had gone out to save her, and he proposed to do it or die in the attempt.

"I won't leave you," he said; and then, with ready resource, told her to grasp one of his shoulders with one hand, and use the other as in swimming. "If you can do this we'll get to the shore all right," he added. "We mustn't drown if we can help it. Do your best now."

Thus encouraged, Carrie was able to follow his directions implicitly, and under the changed conditions the intrepid swimmer put forth all his remaining strength, and within a few minutes they were within reach of the assistance of those from the shore.

As they all rose from the water, and Mrs. Mowbray staggered forward to fold her daughter in her arms, a great shout went up from the excited crowd:

"Three cheers for Ephraim Warner," cried a voice. Instantly it was taken up, and cheer after cheer rang out, while Ephraim, too weak to utter a word, gazed around him for a moment in bewildered astonishment, and then, for the first time in his life, quietly fainted away.

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That evening, as Ephraim lay on the old couch in his aunt's little sitting-room, feeling still the effects of his desperate battle with the waves, a shadow darkened the doorway, and, looking up, he saw Percival Peyton standing there.

"I've come to apologize to you, Warner, for what happened between us this morning," began Peyton. "I thought I ought to do it, you see. I'm not given much to apologies, but, I hope, I'm not a cad. You're a brave fellow, and I'm proud to know you. Shake hands, and let's call it square."

Ephraim's hand went out at once, and ten minutes later he found himself promising to take a place in the iron works of

Peyton & Co., if room could be made for him.

"And I imagine I can fix that all right," young Peyton said, and went away feeling that he had shown himself a gentleman.

This was not all that came to Ephraim through his courageous act. The United States government, in recognition of his bravery, sent him a gold medal, the highest award that can be made, and when he put it on for Barbara to admire, she almost cried.

"You certainly can't say I haven't a right to be proud of you now, Ephraim," she said.

"Oh, almost any one would have done what I did if he'd known how to swim as well," rejoined honest Ephraim modestly.

But his eyes shone, nevertheless, as he looked at that gold medal which bore testimony to his bravery.

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### Be a Woman.

Oft I've heard a gentle mother,  
As the twilight hours began,  
Pleading with a son on duty,  
Urging him to be a man.  
But unto her blue-eyed daughter,  
Though with love's words quite as ready,  
Points she out the only duty,  
"Strive, my dear, to be a lady."

What's a lady? Is it something  
Made of hoops, and skirts, and airs,  
Used to decorate the parlor,  
Like the fancy rugs and chairs?  
Is it one that wastes on novels  
Every feeling that is human?  
If 'tis this to be a lady  
'Tis not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter  
Speak of something higher far  
Than to be mere fashion's lady—  
"Woman" is the brightest star.  
If ye, in your strong affection,  
Urge your son to be a true man,  
Urge your daughter no less strongly  
To rise up and be a woman.

Yes, a woman! brightest model  
Of that light and perfect beauty.  
There the mind, and soul, and body,  
Bend to work out life's great duty—  
Be a woman—naught is higher  
On the gilded list of fame;  
On the catalogue of virtue  
There's no brighter, holier name.

Be a woman—on to duty,  
Raise the world from all that's low,  
Place high in the social heaven  
Virtue's fair and radiant bow!  
Lend thy influence to each effort  
That shall raise our nature human;  
Be not fashion's gilded lady,  
Be a brave, true, whole-souled woman.

### A Slight Mistake.

"Marriage is the saving of a young man," said my Aunt Tabitha sententiously.

I assented, for I find it pays to give a ready acquiescence to abstract propositions.

"You must marry," continued my aunt. I hesitated, for to assent to the concrete is more dangerous.

"I am still very young," I said, meekly. My aunt turned to my mother. "Whom shall Alfred marry?"

My mother shook her head.

"Somebody nice," she volunteered.

"What do you say to Letitia Brownlow?" asked my aunt.

"I would prefer to say nothing to Letitia Brownlow," I interposed hastily.

"Oh, Amelia Stafforth?"

"Is she not rather"—my mother waved one hand—"and Alfred is so slim."

"I think she has a very fine figure," responded my aunt. "Or there is Gertrude Williams; she will have a fortune if she outlives her sisters."

"There are only five of them," I said, hopefully.

"Or Mabel Gordon?"

"She has taken a course of cooking lessons," observed my mother.

"No, none of these!" I cried, decisively. My aunt looked offended.

"Very well, then, choose for yourself," she said, tartly.

"Perhaps that would help," I remarked, thoughtfully.

"You will choose somebody nice," won't you, Alfred?" said my mother.

"With money," observed my aunt.

"Well connected," emphasized my mother.

"Not too young," added my aunt.

"And religious," begged my mother.

"There is no objection to her being good looking?" I asked, a trifle timidly.

"No, I think not," said my aunt, "provided she fully understands beauty is but skin deep."

"I will tell her," I murmured.

"Well," said my aunt, impatiently, after a short pause, "whom do you suggest?"

I thought for a moment.

"What do you say to Winifred Fraser?"

"That minx!" cried my aunt.

"Oh, Alfred!" echoed my mother.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Such a dreadful family," said my mother.

"So fast!" interjected my aunt.

"But have you never noticed the sun on her hair?" I asked, innocently.

My aunt drew herself up.

"We have not noticed the sun on her hair," she said, with much dignity; "nor do we wish to observe the sun on her hair."

I was justly annoyed. "I really think it must be Winifred Fraser," I said. "She is very fond of me—"

"How can you be so cruel to me!" cried my mother. "Have you noticed how gray my hair is getting? You will not have me long." She drew out her handkerchief.

"You will come to a bad end," said my aunt. "I always thought you were depraved. If you marry that painted hussy you must not expect my countenance."

"Under the circumstances, I will not marry Winifred Fraser," I said, with great magnanimity, for I did not particularly want my aunt's countenance.

My aunt sniffed. "You had better not."

"I merely joked," I said, soothingly, remembering she had not made her will.

"Indeed!"

"The truth is"—I dropped my voice—"I am in love with some one else."

"And you never told me!" said my mother, reproachfully.

"The girl I love is not free."

"Married!" cried my aunt.

"Not married—but engaged."

"Who is it?" asked my mother, gently.

I was silent for a moment, and then I sighed.

"It is Constance Burleigh."

"It would have been a most suitable match," murmured my mother.

"Very suitable," replied my aunt.

There was a momentary silence, broken by my aunt.

"I did not know Constance was engaged."

"It is a secret; you must not repeat what I have told you."

"I don't like these secret engagements," said my aunt, brusquely. "Who told you?"

"She told me herself."

"Who is the man?"

"I do not think I should repeat his name."

"I hope Constance is not throwing herself away."

I shook my head doubtfully.

"You know the man?"

I nodded.

"Is he quite—quite—"

Again I shook my head doubtfully.

"What have you heard?" my aunt asked, eagerly.

"I don't think I ought to repeat these things."

"You can surely trust your mother," murmured my mother.

"And my discretion," said my aunt.

"Well," I said, "I have been told he is cruel to his mother."

"Really!" cried the two ladies in a breath.

"His mother told me so herself."

"How sad!" said my mother.

"And what else?" asked my aunt.

"Another relation of his told me he was depraved."

"Poor, poor Constance!" whispered my mother.

"And would probably end badly."

"I expect he drinks," said my aunt, grimly.

"Does Constance know this?" asked my mother.

"I don't think so."

"You did not tell her?"

"Of course not."

"I consider it your duty to."

"I really cannot."

"Then I will," said my aunt, resolutely.

"What I have said has been in confidence."

"I do not care."

"I beg you not to do so."

"It is my duty. I am too fond of Constance to allow her to throw herself away on this worthless man."

I shrugged my shoulders. "Do as you please, but don't mention my name. By the way, Constance said she would probably call this afternoon."

At that moment the bell rang.

"That may be she," said my aunt, flying to the window. "It is."

I got up slowly, and sauntered into the conservatory, which adjoins the drawing-room. From behind a friendly palm I could see without being seen. I saw my aunt look toward my mother.

"If we open her eyes," I heard her whisper, "it may pave the way for Alfred."

My mother said nothing, but I saw the same hope shine from her eyes.

The door opened, and the servant announced Constance. She came forward with a little eager rush; then stopped short, embarrassed by the want of reciprocity.



"We are glad to see you," said my mother, and kissed her.

My aunt came forward. "We were just speaking of you," she said, solemnly. "Sit down."

Constance looked a little crushed. "I thought Alfred would have told you," she murmured.

"We have heard—" began my aunt.

"Hush!" interposed my mother. "Come nearer me, Constance. Won't you take off your hat?"

Constance came and sat by her side. "I was anxious to come and tell you that—that—"

"If you are alluding to your engagement," said my aunt, somewhat severely, "we have already heard of it."

"You have heard?" cried Constance.

"With the deepest sorrow."

Constance drew herself up.

"You do not approve?" she asked, proudly.

"We love you too much," said my mother, gently.

Constance looked bewildered.

"You are too good for the wretch!" cried my aunt.

"What! oh, what do you mean?" exclaimed Constance.

"If you marry this man," continued my aunt, vigorously, "you will regret it."

My mother took her hand. "My sister should not tell you this so suddenly."

"It is my duty to speak, and I will," cried my aunt. "I will not let Constance unite herself to this man with her eyes closed."

"What have you against him?" demanded Constance, a red spot beginning to burn in each cheek.

"He drinks," answered my aunt, almost triumphantly.

Constance sank back in the cushions.

"I don't believe it," she said faintly.

"He ill-treats his mother—beats her, I believe," continued my aunt.

"This cannot be true," cried Constance. "Mrs. Granville, tell me."

My mother nodded sadly.

"Alas! I cannot deny it."

Constance arose. "This is awful!" she said, holding on to the back of the sofa. "I could never have believed it." She put her hand to her forehead. "It is like a bad dream."

"My poor, dear Constance," murmured my mother, rising and putting her arms round her.

My aunt brought up her artillery. "He is thoroughly depraved, and will come to a bad end. His relations are as one on this point."

Constance buried her face in my mother's bosom. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! and I loved him so!" she sobbed.

In the adjoining room I was becoming uncomfortable.

"We thought it right to tell you," said my aunt, moved by her tears, "though Alfred begged and implored us not to."

"I could never, never have believed it," sobbed Constance. "Poor, poor Mrs. Granville!"

My mother soothed her.

"How difficult you must have felt it to tell me this," exclaimed Constance, drying her tears. "It was so good of you. I will not give him another thought. To treat his mother so cruelly! Oh, Mrs. Granville, I am so sorry for you!"

"It is I who am sorry for you," said my mother, doubtfully.

"And no one would have dreamed it. We always thought you were so fond of him, and spoiled him utterly. And all the time you were hiding your sorrow. How noble of you!"

My mother looked at Aunt Tabitha, who returned her stare.

"Who ever is it?" said Aunt Tabitha, whispering. "Find out."

"Where did you meet him, dearest?" whispered my mother.

"Meet him? Why, here, of course," said Constance, with opening eyes.

"Yes, yes, of course," said my mother] mystified.

"I thought you would be pleased, and I hurried across to tell you."

"Can Alfred have made a mistake?" muttered my aunt, hoarsely.

The two elder ladies stood still in the utmost embarrassment.

"I shall never be happy again," said Constance, mournfully.

"Don't say that," implored my mother. "Perhaps there is a mistake."

"How can there be a mistake?" asked Constance, raising her head.

"There can be no mistake," said my aunt, hastily.

"How could he be cruel to you?" cried Constance, kissing my mother.

"Cruel to me?" cried my mother.

"You said he was cruel to you."

"Of whom are you speaking?" cried both ladies.

"Of Alfred, of course."

The two elder ladies sat down suddenly.

"You are not engaged to Alfred?" they gasped simultaneously.

"To whom else?" said Constance, in amazement.

"There is some misunderstanding," I observed, smotherly, coming in at the moment.

The three fell upon me together.

It took at least an hour to explain; yet I had said nothing which was not strictly true.

"You will not allow these practical jokes when you are married, will you, Conny?" said my mother, fondly.

"I will not," replied Constance, tightening her lips.

"Marriage is the saving of a young man," repeated my aunt, grimly.

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### Beauty from Use of Hot Milk.

"Why, are you back to town, Mame?" said a girl in a stunning Russian blouse to one in a duck suit that had seen hard service as they chanced to meet at a lunch counter, says the *Sun*.

"Why, yes," answered the one addressed as Mame. "Didn't you know it? Got back three days ago. Waiter, bring me a large schooner of hot milk, and, mind you, I want it red hot; but, whatever you do, don't let it come to a boil. Understand?"

"Hot milk!" exclaimed she of the Russian blouse. "Bah! How can you drink the stuff? Say, Mame, I never saw anybody improve as you have this summer in all my life. What have you been doing to yourself? Your complexion is as clear and smooth and soft as a baby's, and you know, dear, it used to be so sallow and shriveled looking and rough. And then, too, my girl," seeing a chance for another dig, "you have taken at least ten pounds of flesh on your bones. You could almost venture to turn out in a low neck, couldn't you?"

"My neck and arms were considered the prettiest at the hotel where I stopped this summer," answered Mame triumphantly, "and I owe it all to this," pointing to the glass of steaming milk that the waiter put down in front of her.

"Hot milk improved your looks like that?" cried the girl in the Russian blouse.

"How did you come to know about it?"

"Yes; hot milk and plenty of it did it,"

replied Mame deliberately between sips. "A woman who has spent a great many years in Paris told me about the hot milk cure for ugliness. I tell you, those Paris women beat all. They know everything that will improve a woman's looks. Another glass, waiter. This one was exactly the right temperature."

By this time every woman at the counter had neglected the dishes in front of her, and was giving the closest attention to the girl in the duck suit. She went on.

"You remember how wrinkled and sallow my face used to be, because you have just reminded me of it. And then, every now and then, great red blotches would appear that almost made me lose my hope of heaven. Then I was so thin—more than that, positively bony—that every time I wanted to wear a gown cut low and with elbow sleeves, as my brother says, I simply sat down and declined the verb to damn, softly to myself, of course, two or three times. My complexion grew worse all the time, and my figure became more and more angular. When I had about reached the depths of despair along came this woman and told me the secret of how to get beautiful. She said that hot milk was a sure cure for ugliness and a remarkably good health and beauty-giving tonic, and told me that if I was properly nourished my complexion would become clear, and I would take on flesh. She advised me to begin by drinking four glasses of hot milk every day, taking one with each meal and one just before going to bed, and also to wash my face in hot milk at bedtime. In a week I felt like another woman. My face felt wonderfully refreshed after washing it in hot milk every night, and the skin began to grow very white and smooth. But I didn't gain any flesh, so my benefactress, as I call her, advised me to take an egg-nog made of hot milk the first thing when I got up in the morning, another at about 11 o'clock and another at about 5 in the afternoon, as this drink was the best fattener in the world. I did so, and this, with my four glasses of hot milk, put ten pounds on me in the first week. You say I've gained ten pounds. You missed it by just half, for I am twenty pounds heavier than I was the last day we met at this counter, and my flesh is as solid as an athlete's."

"Do you keep up the treatment all the while?" asked the woman with a skin like antique parchment, anxiously.

"No, indeed," answered the newly beautiful girl, graciously. "After I gained twenty pounds I stopped everything except bathing my face in hot milk at night and drinking hot milk with my meals. I'm just treating myself to an extra glass now because I've grown so fond of it. Really, I loathe the sight of tea and coffee now. When I saw the magical effect of the application of hot milk on my face I knew what was good for the face must be good for the body; so I began to give my neck and arms a daily hot milk bath. The result more than justified my expectations, and I then began to pour a little milk into my morning tub. The effect in removing fatigue was most wonderful, and I got so that I took a bath dashed with milk whenever I was tired out."

"I wish I could take that treatment," said a young girl with a complexion like an elderly chorus girl's early in the morning, "but it is out of the question. Milk and cream both make me bilious, and render my complexion even worse than it is naturally."

"Hot milk won't make you bilious," answered the authority, encouragingly. "That's the beauty about it. People with whom cold milk does not agree at all can take it hot and grow pretty and fat on it. If you don't like it at first, a pinch of salt will make it more palatable, and, some say, more digestible, but a person with any kind of ramshackle digestive apparatus can take hot milk, I claim."

"Didn't those egg-nogs between meals take away your appetite for substantial food, Mame?" asked her chum, ordering two cream puffs and a glass of hot milk just for a starter.

"On the contrary, a hot egg-nog taken a while before each meal and just before retiring is an excellent appetizer, and a simple drink of hot milk woos a dreamless sleep that makes one get up feeling like a bird. Really, I could talk for hours about the virtues of hot milk for external and internal use, for I feel that it has snatched me from a living death," peeping at herself in a mirror opposite. "It is a living death to a woman to have a scrawny figure and a horrid complexion, isn't it?" she asked cheerfully, and seven women at the counter, in dismal voices, agreed that it was more than a living death.

"Don't you all think my complexion and figure do very well now?" said Mame, getting off the stool and pulling her duck

Eton down over the well-rounded, graceful curves of her body.

"I should say so," answered the Russian blouse girl with impulsive promptness. "Your figure looks like a plump partridge and your complexion like a pink peach. For my part I begin on the hot milk cure this very day, and I think it was awfully good of you to tell me about it. Not many girls would have done that. They would have kept the secret to themselves, and declared up and down and criss-crossed their hearts on it that they hadn't done a blessed thing to make themselves better looking.

"That's so," assented the wrinkled faces at the counter with feeling, and they fell to eating their now cold luncheons as the two chums disappeared arm in arm.

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#### Derivation of the Word Mason.

The search for the etymology or derivation of the word "Mason" has given rise to numerous theories, some of them ingenious, but many of them very absurd. Thus a writer in the *European Magazine*, for February, 1792, who signs his name as George Drake, Lieutenant of Marines, attempts to trace the Masons to the Druids, and derives Mason from *May's on*, *May's* being in reference to May day, the great festival of the Druids, and *on* meaning men, as in the French *on dit* for *homme dit*. According to this, *May's on* therefore means the Men of May. But this idea is not original with Drake, since the same derivation was urged in 1776 by Cleland, in his essays on "The Way to Things in Words," and on "The Real Secret of Freemasons."

Hutchinson, in his search for a derivation, seems to have been perplexed with a variety of roots that presented themselves, and being inclined to believe that the name of Mason "has its derivation from a language in which it implies some strong indication or distinction of the nature of the society, and that it has no relation to architects," looks for the root in the Greek tongue. Thus he thinks that Mason may come from *Mao Saon*, *Mao Soon*, "I seek salvation," or from *Mystes*, "an initiate"; and that Masonry is only a corruption of the Greek word, *Mesouraneo*, "I am in the midst of heaven"; or from *Mazourouth*, "Mazzoroth," a constellation mentioned by Job (xxxviii: 32), translated "the twelve

signs," in the margin; or from *Mysterion*, "a mystery."

Lessing says, in his "Ernst and Falk," that *Masa*, in the Anglo-Saxon, signifies "a table," and that Masonry, consequently, may be said to be "a society of the table."

Nicolai thinks he finds the root in the Low Latin word of the Middle Ages, *Masonya* or *Masonia*, which signifies an exclusive society or club, such as that of the round-table.

Charles W. Moore, in the *Freemason's Monthly Magazine*, of May, 1844, derives Mason from *Lithotomos*, "a stone-cutter." But although fully aware of the elasticity of etymological rules, it surpasses our ingenuity to get Mason etymologically out of *Lithotomos*.

Giles F. Gates sought for the derivation of Mason in the Greek word *Mazonos*, a festival of Dionysius, and he thought this was another proof of the lineal descent of the Dionysian architects.

William S. Rockwell, who was accustomed to find all his Masonry in the Egyptian Mysteries, and who was a devoted student of the Egyptian hieroglyphic system, derives the word Mason from a combination of two phonetic signs, the one being *mai*, and signifying "to love," and the other being *son*, which means "a brother." Hence, he says, "this combination, *Maison*, expresses exactly in sound or word Mason, and signifies literally 'loving brother'; that is, *philadelphus*, 'brother of an association,' and thus corresponds also in sense."

But all these fanciful etymologies which would have terrified Bopp, Grimm or Müller, or any student of linguistic relations, forcibly reminds us of the French epigrammatist, who admitted that *alphina* came from *equus*, but that, in so coming, it had considerably changed its route.

What is the true derivation of the word Mason? Let us see what the orthœpists, who had no Masonic theories, have said upon the subject.

Webster, seeing that in Spanish *masa* means mortar, is inclined to derive Mason as denoting one that works in mortar, from the root of *masa*, which, of course, gave birth to the Spanish word.

In Low or Mediæval Latin, Mason was *machio* or *macio*, and this Du Cange derives from the *maceria*, "a long wall." Others find a derivation in *machinæ*, because the builders stood upon machines to

raise their walls. But Richardson takes a common-sense view of the subject. He says: "It appears to be obviously the same word as *maison*, 'a house,' or *maison* applies to the person who builds, instead of the structure built." The French *Maissonner* is to build houses, and *Massoner* is to build of stone. The word Mason is applied by usage to a builder in stone, and Masonry to work in stone.

Carpenter gives *Massom*, used in 1225, for a building of stone, and *Massonus*, used in 1304, for a Mason; and the Benedictine editors of Du Cange define *Masoneria* as "a building," the French, *Maconnerie*, and *Maconerius*, as *Latomus* or a Mason; both words in manuscript of 1385.

As a practical question, the writer is compelled to reject all these fanciful derivations which connect the Masons, etymologically and historically, with the Greeks, the Egyptians or the Druids, and to take the word Mason in its ordinary signification of a worker in stone, and thus indicate the origin of the Order from the society of practical and operative builders. We need no better root than the Mediæval Latin *Maconner*, "to build, or *Maconetus* "a builder."—*Notes and Queries*.

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#### Lodges in War Times.

"If Charter Oak Lodge is in existence in New York," said a man from up the State, "it ought to have the furniture of a Lodge which was held during the war in the field. It was on Folly Island, S. C., and had its charter and special dispensation from the Grand Lodge of Indiana. There were in camp, on the island, the Thirteenth Indiana Infantry and the 112th and 169th New York Infantry. Soon afterward the First New York Independent Engineers moved down, and they built a rustic Masonic Temple. The altar and chairs and furniture were made of the wood of the island, and some of the furniture made of the natural twist and bend of the wood was unique.

The floor was covered with what is known as pine needles, and the mosaic carpet was a tent fly, on which squares were painted. The globes at the entrance of the Temple were fifteen-inch mortar shells, and they rested on two sawed-off palm trees. I know that all this furniture was sent to Charter Oak Lodge in New York." When this was told, a man whose

manner and talk located him from the South, said:

"I was present at a meeting of a Grand Lodge that was held in the woods of Texas. The floor was the sand. There was but one globe, and that was the sun. And the strangest part of all was that the men who formed that communication were Confederates and Federals. I place the Confederates first because they were holding the stockade in which several thousand Federals were prisoners. It was in the Red River country. We had a lot of clever Yanks in that stockade, and they were nearly all intelligent. Many were of the first enlistment. It was funny how the stockade, sentry and prisoner, built up a brotherhood unlike anything, I reckon, that happened during the war.

"One of the prisoners was a long-haired Yank who was noted for playing tricks. He was a sort of magician, and used to entertain the officers of the stockade with his performances. One afternoon, after he had exhibited his art in handling snakes—we had trapped some for him—the commander of the stockade asked the Yank if he could tame any snake and the Yank said he could. The commander said he would bet him a dinner that he couldn't, and the next day was set for the trial. All the officers and men not on duty were there, and the Yank appeared, stripped to the waist. A big black snake was turned out of its captivity. The Yank had a forked stick. He fitted the fork over that snake, just back of its head, quicker than I can tell it, and held the snake in the sand until he grabbed it where he had fitted the stick, and then he twirled Mr. Snake in the air until he was tired out. The stockade gave the Yank the rebel yell, and the commander shook his hand. As I was the commander's *chef* I had to prepare the dinner. It consisted of navy beans, fat slices of salt bacon, hardtack, two tin cups of whisky and some long green smoking tobacco for pipes. The dinner was served in the shade of the stockade.

"When it was over that Yank carried away with him a pass from the commander. It created a good deal of gossip for a while, for it permitted the Yank to pass out of the stockade, without guard, whenever he wanted to go. The only promise he was asked to make was to be inside by sunset. And he never failed.

"I must tell you of a trick he played

on some of the guards, and then I will tell you how he got the pass. He was on the outside of the stockade one morning when he saw some of the Johnnies cooking breakfast. They had eggs, and eggs were a luxury in those days. The Yank stopped at the mess, and said that he was very fond of eggs. One of the Johnnies replied, 'You ought to get some.' The Yank said he thought he would, and that the ones he saw would suit. The Johnnies said they guessed not. The Yank looked on sullenly as the luxuries were being prepared, and when they were placed on the tin, the Yank called out: 'I like eggs!' and as he said it he pulled a live snake from the coffee sack which he wore for a shirt, and placed it by the eggs. The Johnnies scampered away, and the Yank had an egg breakfast.

"Not long after the incident, we were informed, those of us who were up in such matters, that a Grand Lodge would be held in a specified clump of woods, beginning on a certain day. I was a high roller in my Lodge at home, and as I was close to the commander of the stockade, who was away up in Scottish Rite, I had important functions in the Lodge of the wilderness. Whom should I see most conspicuously seated on a bee gum but our Yank snake charmer. He was the most efficient man in his place that I ever saw. And our commander, who was a judge, said that he never met a brighter Mason. I also recognized in that Lodge a number of our Yank prisoners. I knew then how the snake charmer got his pass. And I knew why he was so often at the commander's quarters, and why they were so intimate. That was the only Grand Lodge ever held out of doors.

"Gentlemen, you couldn't have made that stockade fight one another after that if Lee and Grant had gone there in person and ordered it. I have heard and read a good many stories about when and where the war closed. That part of the war which had been waged in and about that section of which I have told you closed when that Grand Lodge met. It was in the last few months of the struggle, anyway. But I remember when the time came to discharge the Yanks our commander and that Yank embraced, and, as they turned their backs on one another, each one put a hand to his eyes.

"A few years ago I was sitting in the corridor of the Auditorium Hotel, in Chi-

ago, watching a fashionable crowd file by an entrance on its way to the opera. I saw one man whose hair was like snow, and whose evening dress was correct. I asked the clerk if he knew him.

“‘Yes,’ was the reply. ‘That’s Jo Day, one of our regulars and the swell tailor of the city; best dressed man in town, always; has more suits than anybody; changes his dress as many times in a day as his wife changes hers; but a good fellow all the same.’

“‘Jo Day,’ I said to myself. ‘The Yank snake charmer of the rebel stockade on Red River, and the man who helped to run the Grand Lodge in the Wilderness.’”

—*New York Sun.*

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A Story with a Moral.

“Deacon,” said the man who had been his lawyer for years, “I take the liberty of an old friend, and advise you not to marry Miss Nancy Clawman. It may offend you, deacon; but I’m too loyal not to speak right out. She’s a shrew, a termitant, a veritable Xantippe. She’d make a hell on earth for you.”

“That mote be. I ain’t expectin’ much from her, so she can’t disappoint me much. But ’pears to me that fur a man that’s been a pillar in the church nigh onter fifty years, my burdens has been too light. The river of life has been too smooth fur me. I ain’t had no serius trials and tribulations. I can’t see no credit in bein’ a Christian under them there circumstances. Ef I kin bear up with a partner like Nancy, keepin’ faith an’ doin’ my duty, I calkate I will a been tested an’ not found wantin’.”

“Why, deacon, you have a Mark Tapley disposition; but I have entered my protest, and can do no more. If you really want to be tried by fire, I can conceive of no better opportunity.”

The deacon had an abundance of such advice from well meaning friends, but despite it all the wedding came off. Then ears were pricked and tongues sharpened, with a view to startling developments, confidently expected. They were sure that the deacon would not only be henpecked, but clawed, jawed and made a slave of. But they were disappointed.

Nancy proved a tender, loving and dutiful wife. Her sour visage was transformed into a pleasant, smiling face. Where her voice used to disturb the air like a cross cut saw, it was soft and sweet.

The deacon was surprised if not disappointed; but it was all explained to him, and no one else.

“Deacon,” said Nancy, “I’m not takin’ much credit to myself for behavin’, but I’ll keep it up to the end. I heered about that Xantippe business, and I looked it up. You thought you would marry me, and then put up with my tantrums. You was goin’ to use my shortcomin’s to help you to heaven. I was to be the female terror and you the wise and patient Socrates. Well, deacon, I just fooled you an’ the rest of ’em. You can’t make no cross out of me, and git the recordin’ angel to give you credit for carryin’ me.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

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Opportunities of Life.

“I have been young, and now I am old,” said one of the charming middle-aged women of the period, in the hearing of a *Boston Transcript* writer, “and I have reached that period of my life when I can look back and see results, and note how seldom those who are born with silver spoons in their mouths, as the saying is, have the silver fork when they are grown up. When I look back and remember who were the *jeunesse dorée* of my youth—the men whose lives and positions above all others seemed particularly enviable and desirable—and then look about me and see how few of those boys have attained an honorable and useful middle age, I feel that I can preach a sermon to my boys and their friends with object lessons that ought to make it very impressive. Some are poor, having spent health and substance, like the prodigal, in riotous living. Even those who have not suffered in purse or health are a set of discontented, blasé, weary worldings, who go over the same treadmill of fashionable existence year by year without pleasure or profit. Another thing I have noticed from my vantage-ground of a life-long experience is that, if only as a purely worldly maxim, honesty is certainly the best policy. Many a brilliant man I have seen who has destroyed his prospects by the crooked ways in which he sought to better himself financially, politically, and even socially, whereas if he had walked honorably before all men he would have gained the world’s good opinion, and, in many instances, the very things he coveted. And finally, there are the young married

couples of my youth. In nine cases out of ten, those of my friends who married poor young men, and who gave up luxuries of their homes to prove veritable helpmates to the men of their choice, are now, almost without exception, prosperous, and in many cases wealthy, while those men and girls who have married for money are, as a rule, greatly in want of it. 'Be good and you will be happy,' is the maxim, and certainly it seems true from a materialistic as well as from a religious point of view."

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### A Clergyman's Opinion.

In a paper entitled "A Voice from the Pew," which he read Monday, November 8th, before a meeting of the ministers of the Christian Church, in this city, Dr. B. F. Clark became an accuser, standing in judgment against the church. He said to his fellow-workers:

"Gentlemen, it is yours to organize and direct the great moral and spiritual forces of the world in the accomplishment of God's purposes. Our song of service too frequently ends in mere song. All the great sociological problems of the world should long since have been solved by the teachings of our Master. The charity of the world does not bear upon its face the name of Christ. If charity be left to the mere wealthy we shall again witness a thralldom of human slavery, our citizens divided into the classes and masses—aristocracy and pauperism. I find fault with the ministry in so far as it narrows the service of the Lord to the house of the Lord.

"The subserviency of the press, of politicians, of great organizations and corporations, fully reveals what silent and powerful forces are at work in the world to bring the consciences and souls of men under the baneful sway of anti-Christ. I charge—fearlessly charge—and would to God the echo might reverberate throughout Christendom—I charge, I say, a divided and antagonistic ministry of God's Word with the responsibility for the present impotent condition of the church.

"The organized Christian charities of the day are a curse, not only to the cause they would serve—the subjects of their bounty—but are robbing those who, through true Christian charity, would plant Christ in the heart of every man. The religion of the churches is forever

changing its creed to accommodate itself to a worldly evolution, regardless alike of the spiritual needs of men and the eternal purpose of God. Every so-called charity hospital, every inebriate and Magdalen asylum, every reformatory, is a sad comment upon the state of the church as administered by men.

"The work that should be done in the church of Christ is, to-day, being done in the name of organized charity, in the name of secular law, in the name of corrupt society, in the name of worldly riches; in short, in the name of every device under heaven save in the name of Jesus Christ. Until the ministry ceases to beat the air, mouth-rant and sensationalize from the pulpit to tickle the fancy and satisfy the prejudices of the modern pew, the meek and lowly Nazarene will not, with his humble presence, grace our churches. The church, too, largely assumes the same relations to wealth and fashion that is assumed by all supplicants at these shrines. The cringing attitude of the pulpit toward the pew, its fawning sycophancy in the presence of stately wealth, pomp and fashion, for fear of giving offense to the source of its material supply, results in a prostitution of the church of the living God to base and ignoble ends."

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### Uniformity of Work.

We believe that but very few of our readers are aware of the vast differences that exist between the work in the several Jurisdictions of the United States. In Pennsylvania the Craftsmen rarely speak of themselves as Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, or as Free and Accepted Masons, but pride themselves upon being Ancient York Masons, and the work of that Jurisdiction is no more like that of any other Jurisdiction in the United States, with the exception of that of North Carolina, than a cycle path is like a corduroy road to bike over, and the comparison is not in favor of Pennsylvania by any means. Wonderful and striking differences also exist between several other Jurisdictions. To be sure, the fundamental points are the same in all States, but the lectures, the work and the manner of conferring the degrees is very dissimilar.

Let us have then, brethren, uniformity of work, so that a Mason may go from Maine to Oregon or from the Klondike to

Florida and be assured of finding there the same work to which he was accustomed in his dear old mother Lodge, and we will warrant that the army of non-affiliated Masons will rapidly be diminished. Much good has been accomplished through the appointment of custodians of the work and grand lecturers in the several Jurisdictions. They have worked wonders in perfecting and making the work uniform in their own fields of labor, but the difficulty will never be entirely overcome until we have a General Grand Lodge.

We are more than ever impressed with the desirability, amounting almost to an absolute necessity, for a General Grand Lodge, if for no other reason than that of establishing uniformity of work throughout the land. Such a body would accomplish for Freemasonry what other General Grand Bodies have accomplished for their constituents, and all Capitular and Cryptic Masons and Knights Templar know that that means much.

—*Masonic Record, of St. Paul, Minn.*

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**The Ritual.**

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In 1720 Dr. Anderson and Dr. Desaguliers were instructed by the Grand Lodge to prepare a suitable lecture for the degree. That lecture continued in use until 1732, when Martin Clare was directed to improve the lectures of the three degrees, which was done, and the same was in use until, by authority Dunkerly, the natural son of George II, remodeled them; and they were combined afterwards with the lectures of Hutchinson, of Durham, about 1780, who had published, in 1775, his "Spirit of Masonry." These lectures were used until William Preston compiled his celebrated lectures. Preston's lectures were used by the Grand Lodge of the moderns until the union in 1813, when Dr. Hemming, the G. S. W., was instructed to compile new lectures, combining the systems of the modern and ancient work. This combined system, adopted after 1813, we understand, has generally continued, with some few changes, until the present day, in the United Grand Lodge of England.

The work and lectures of the Ancient or Athol Body came to the United States, and was used in all the Lodges chartered by it. Pennsylvania had a large number of such Lodges, and the Athol work and

lectures prevailed in that State, and, we have every reason to believe, continues to be the system now in use with very little change, and it is the only State in the United States where it is practiced. There, we learn, no D. G. is used.

The Prestonian lectures and work were introduced into all the other States where Lodges of the moderns had charters.

When the change was made, in 1813, in England, it did not affect the Lodges in the United States. Webb had taken the matter in hand about the close of the last century (1797), and had made some alterations by abridgment in the work. After 1813 he continued to teach the Prestonian work. Jeremy L. Cross became the pupil of Webb about 1812-14. Cross was appointed General Grand Lecturer of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, and traveled extensively in the south and west, teaching his lectures in the three degrees of the Lodge, as well as those in the Chapter and the Council of the Royal and Select Masons.

—*Square and Compass.*

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**The Gavel.**

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Mackey, in his "Encyclopædia of Freemasonry," says: "The common gavel is one of the working tools of an Entered Apprentice. It is made use of by the operative Masons to break off the corners of the rough ashlar, and thus fit it the better for the builder's use, and is therefore adopted as a symbol in speculative Masonry, to admonish us of the duty of divesting our minds and consciences of all the vices and impurities of life, thereby fitting our bodies as living stones for that spiritual building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

"It borrows its name from its shape, being that of the gabel or gavel end of a house; and this word again comes from the German *gipful*, a summit, top or peak—the idea of a pointed extremity being common to all.

"The true form of the gavel is that of the stone-mason's hammer. It is made with a cutting edge, to break off the corners of rough stones, an operation which could never be effected by the common hammer or mallet. The gavel thus shaped will give, when looked at in front, the exact representation of the gavel or gable end of a house, whence, as I have already said, the name is derived.



"The gavel of the Master is also called a 'Hiram,' because, like that architect, it governs the Craft and keeps order in the Lodge, as he did in the temple."

The gavel is not only one of the working tools of an Entered Apprentice Mason, but in the hand of a Worshipful Master it is an emblem of authority, and is properly termed the tongue of the Lodge. It is not a plaything, as its use by some would lead us to believe, but when properly used it speaks with no uncertain sound, is understood and obeyed.

It is unfortunate that the gavel is not more fully understood and properly used. We have heard a Worshipful Master, after a long discussion, use his gavel, which would have been all right had it ended there, but, thinking his own tongue of more importance, followed with the expression: "I will permit no more remarks upon the subject." This improper use of his tongue led to a continued discussion and bad feeling when he again attempted to stop it with his tongue, for while the brethren may have understood and obeyed the tongue of the Lodge, they disregarded the tongue of the Master, and confusion ensued.

It is improper for the Worshipful Master to use the tongue of the Lodge, and then say the Lodge will come to order. Is a speaker out of order? Reasoning with him may not convince him of the fact; indeed, it may only enable him to fortify himself behind a stronger intellectual breastwork; but let the tongue of the Lodge speak, and all his batteries are silenced. Has a debate run its length to the extent of being tiresome? Stating that fact may have little effect upon those who are ceaselessly full of utterance; but let the tongue of the Lodge speak its opinion, and then there is silence. The tongue of man may be weak or vicious, may be as yielding as the flesh of which it is composed; but the tongue of the Lodge speaks in the line of duty, with the voice of authority, and is as inflexible as a mountain of granite.

It is the duty of a presiding officer of any body to have little to say, and say that little well. He is in the chair not to make speeches himself, but to moderate the speech of others. While the Master of a Masonic Lodge is not a mere presiding officer, but far more than that, he imperils his influence, if not his power, by talking too much while presiding over the

business of the Lodge. While none may call him to account in the Lodge, all may have their opinion of his weakness. But there is no necessity for the Master to continually use his tongue, for the reason that the Lodge has provided him with a tongue that it understands, and what a tongue it is! Is the Lodge in confusion? The Master's tongue might command, exhort or entreat, and possibly all in vain, but the Lodge's tongue speaks a language that is understood and obeyed.

It is an unquestioned fact that some Masters use the tongue of the Lodge for an unjustifiable exhibition of authority, while others seem to think that their own tongue is the superior article, and others appear to be almost entirely unaware of its usefulness and power.

The sooner brethren are fully persuaded that Freemasonry is an altogether unique institution, in all things a law unto itself, the sooner they will appreciate the singular beauty of Masonic symbolism, the unexampled force of Masonic truth, the peculiar authority of Masonic law and the controlling power of Masonic usages and customs. In no matter is this more apparent than in the tongue of the Lodge as contrasted with the human tongue.

—Keystone.

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Whipped into the Traces.

The following used to be told by Dr. "Rob" Morris in speaking of demitted Masons, which will perhaps fit some of this class at the present day:

Once upon a time, when Freemasonry was many years younger than it is now, and this faded right hand of ours possessed the strength and fullness of youth, we were making a winter's journey through the backwoods in company with three others. One of the four carried the ax, one the provisions, the third bedding material, while our portion of duty was to carry the cooking apparatus. Thus all were loaded, and nothing was left behind. The weather, cold in the morning, set out colder at noon, and miserably colder toward night. In point of fact, it was frigid, and one of the branches of our left foot twinges to this hour with the frost it imbibed that miserable afternoon. We were crossing a prairie, and must needs reach timber before we encamped, or perish. Drowsiness had been on us all day. Toward night it changed to lethargy, and

then to an overwhelming demand for sleep. In vain we argued to each other that the man who slept would die; sleep would come in spite of logic. One after the other lay down, and it was only by main strength we could lift them up and move them along. At last old gray-haired Billy U—— and his son, Nicholas, keeled over together, and fell into so sound a slumber that all our words could not awaken them, nor could we, encumbered as we were, lift them up, much less conduct them onward. Here was a quandary. The old man had the provisions, without which we would have starved, while "Nick" had the bedding, without which we should have frozen. Henry B——, our only wide-awake companion at the moment, turned to us with the expletive such as backwoodsmen and miners alone indulged in, and inquired: "What now?" A chorus of wolves hard by echoed his words, or, if they didn't, the northeast wind, sharp with icicles, did—What now?

Folks think fast when they are obliged to. We answered by pulling out the ramrod from our gun and flogging old Billy like smoke. Oh, how we lathered him! Over the legs, around the back—sacred to youthful birch—across the head, everywhere that we could hit him. We woke him up piping mad and ready for a fight. We got his fluids in delicious motion, and brought him to a lively perpendicular in no time at all. Henry, delighted at the theory, followed our example with young Nick, and with such vigor that the youth showed us the welts three weeks afterward, cross-barred and indented upon unmentionable portions of the frame. Yes, we woke them up and drove them along, and got them to the timber, and made a roaring fire and cooked our supper and ate it, and then all went to sleep together. So we saved their lives and our own at the same time. Now the moral:

We Masons are upon a journey in which the weak and the halt are peculiarly liable to fall by the way, for the way is indeed arduous, the end distant, the reward far away. Many who have consented to accompany us upon the journey and bear portions of the burdens become discouraged either at the opening, or when the sun is advanced in the south, or when the day is far spent in the west. Their withdrawal works a double evil—their own and ours—their own because

they violate obligations and forfeit rewards; ours, because they peril the success of the whole enterprise. Shall we suffer them to fall into a sleep at once suicidal? Shall we leave them by the wayside, loaded with much upon which the conclusion depends? No; let's whip them into the traces. Out with your ramrods (the discipline of the Lodge), and trounce the drowsy fraters till their blood circulates and they get up! So shall you have your own reward secure, and feel happy in that you have won your brothers from moral death.

—*Masonic Home Journal.*

THE TRESTLE BOARD cannot see the similarity of the two cases.

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**Masonic Secrets.**

The writer has held to the opinion for more than half of his Masonic life that it is practically untrue to say that "Masonry is a secret society," at least in the general acceptation of that term. Its principles and its labors are known and recognized wherever want and human suffering have trailed the earth in tears and anguish, or mortality and its literature have blended to mould and elevate human action.

The true type of "a secret society" may be found in the Inquisition, in which men, women and children were tortured in dungeons, and often executed without knowing so much as the name of their accusers. Freemasonry, on the other hand, stands out in the broad sunshine, clear and expansive as the sky in its publicity, to herald its principles and erect its temples, asylums and homes on the highways of life, where they may be seen of all men, and its influence and power recognized for good all over our beautiful land, and wherever else "holiness to the Lord" is accentuated in vespers prayer and hymns of praise to God and blessings and words of good cheer to the oppressed, wherever found. Not only this, but its principles and aims are the subject of public discussion as voiced by the intelligent, deserving and discriminating reporters of the ablest journals—the newspapers and magazines—published in the world. They devote much of their space to the development of Masonic literature as well as to preserving its history, and tens of thousands of pages of its official transactions are annually sent abroad, as on the wings of the wind, through every channel and track of civil-

ization. Knowing this to be true, we fail to discover or understand why Masonry should be called "a secret society." Believing in consistency, we have always favored the largest, broadest degree of publicity. We have devoted the best years of our life to bringing about this result, in explaining through the medium of the pen the design, principles, history and ethics of Freemasonry, in order that a reason might be deduced by the Masonic student for his becoming a Mason, as well as to convince his neighbors and the world that the work of the Fraternity is such as all good men should approve and practice.

Hence, we have favored frequent gatherings of the Fraternity, as they would have a tendency to enable its members to bring out with them their families, to cultivate and enjoy its social amenities, which, like the column of beauty, would lend a peculiar grace to the family circle, and plant a crown of light upon its parental head. Hence, opportunity should not be neglected for the holding of family or public festivals, but at all proper times encouraged.

June 24th should especially be observed and celebrated, not only to commemorate the memory and virtues of St. John the Baptist, our patron saint, but to make it a day devoted to our wives, daughters, sisters and mothers, in which to celebrate their virtues, which have made their—our—homes an ornament and a heavenly place, to soften and sweeten with the garlands of love from their lips and grapes from the shoulders of their toil, to make our rugged paths a track of flowers that exhale only the beauty and freshness of the rose and purity of the lily. These festivities should be more than bread and wine in a material sense. The Song of Solomon—a poem of its class and "type" that has no parallel in the oratory of song—should have an oracle to retouch his dormant lyre and awaken the lofty anthem of praises to his "beloved among the lilies," the better to give us a conception of their wealth in speech and metrical verse; every Lodge, and indeed family, its poet laureate, to breathe in song their virtues and keep them green and in bloom while we live. It would make them better women and the Fraternity a better brotherhood.

I hope to see at no distant day the exception, the rule, so that our public demonstrations will be greatly multiplied. The work that Masonry is doing is a

work which should, and which the wants of humanity require to be done. The more, then, we can familiarize the public with our organization and our labor, the more frequent the occasions at which, so to speak, we can consult with and enlighten our friends, the better for them and for us.

We recommend the brethren to improve every reasonable opportunity to get their families and friends together, and let them see what manner of men we are, and learn that all the secrets there are in Masonry, excepting our modes of recognition, are our deeds of private charity.

—John R. Anderson, of Leroy, N. Y.

### This is Scottish Rite Masonry.

Albert Pike, the apostle of Scottish Rite Masonry in this country, says in "Morals and Dogma of Scottish Rite Masonry":

"No one Mason has the right to measure for another, within the walls of a Masonic Temple, the degree of veneration which he shall feel for any reformer, or the founder of any religion. We teach a belief in no particular creed, as we teach unbelief in none. Whatever high attributes the founder of the Christian faith may, in our belief, have had or not have had, none can deny that he taught and practiced a pure and elevated morality, even to the risk and at the ultimate loss of His life. He was not only the benefactor of a disinterested people, but a model for mankind. Devotedly he loved the children of Israel. To them he came and to them alone he preached that gospel, which his disciples afterward carried among foreigners. He would fain have freed the chosen people from their spiritual bondage of ignorance and degradation. As a lover of all mankind, laying down his life for the emancipation of his brethren. He should be to all, to Christian, to Jew and to Mohammedan, an object of gratitude and veneration.

"That God is good and merciful, and loves and sympathizes with the creatures he has made; that his finger is visible in all the movements of the moral, intellectual and material universe; that we are his children, the objects of his paternal care and regard; that all men are our brothers, whose wants we are to supply, their errors to pardon, their opinions to tolerate, their injuries to forgive; that man has an immortal soul, a free will, a right to free-

dom of thought and action; that all men are equal in God's sight; that we best serve God by humanity, gentleness, meekness, kindness and the other virtues which the low can practice, as well as the lofty; this is the 'new law,' the 'word,' for which the world had waited and pined for so long; and every true Knight of the Rose Croix will revere the memory of him who taught it, and look indulgently even on those who assign to him a character far above his own conceptions or belief, even to the extent of deeming him divine."

### City Masonry vs. Country Masonry.

We have seen and experienced a demonstration of what might be termed city Masonry and country Masonry. In whatever view we may consider it, the verdict must be in favor of country Masonry. In the cities the principles of Masonry become contracted; in the country they are expanded and normal. In the little country hamlet with its Lodge of twenty members, up to our country towns of ten thousand inhabitants, do we find a spirit in Masonry in marked contrast to that in our metropolitan cities. In the former, when distress or death lays its hands upon a member, there is a free and ready response; in the latter, such calamities may receive a passing notice. The country member considers it a duty, and responds with pleasure to any call made upon him. The city Mason responds with an excuse and regret. The country member will labor hard all day, and then go and sit beside the sick bed of a brother all night, and do it without hesitancy and as if a labor of love were a pleasure; the city members always have plenty of excuses in stock when a sick call comes, and a labor of love appears as a grievance. In the country, when death invades their ranks, the farmer, the merchant, the laborer, the professional man lays aside his own duties, and assembles in a Lodge of sorrow, feeling that above all duties, those we owe to the dead and their relatives are foremost to every consideration. Seventy-five per cent of the membership are in the ranks. When death comes into a city Lodge only five to ten per cent of the members gather together, and the question of a quorum must be overlooked. The merchant has his busy day, the lawyer an important case, the real estate agent a deal to close, the doctor a patient at death's door, and so on the

cases might be multiplied *ad nauseam*. The attendance of the city members at a funeral is a disgrace to the Fraternity. Selfishness seems to have supplanted duty, and cast taken the place of brotherhood.

—The Orient.

### The True Masonic Work.

We assemble as Free and Accepted Masons. That is a title that is not only significant in meaning, but significant in living. Within the precincts of this lodge room, as in all other lodge rooms, we hear much about "work" and about Masons doing work. I appeal to you, brethren of this magnificent Lodge and brethren of the other magnificent Lodges in this city, to remember that there are two classes of work. Work? What work? Some Masons live only in the work of words, thinking that in the repetition of the manual lies the success of Freemasonry. They make of it a matter of rhetoric in the delivery of mere words in this lodge room. Then there are other Masons who work through mystery, claiming that they possess some mysterious thing that no other in the world possesses. Away with that kind of Freemasonry! Masons of mystery? No! The principles of Freemasonry are an open book. And there are Masons of many degrees. Some of our dear brethren think that it is necessary at the earliest moment possible to receive all of the degrees in Freemasonry. Brethren, let us remember that there is something in each and every degree which, if we would study it, would make us better men and better Masons.

And so, while we have the work of words, of mystery and of degrees, thank God there is another kind of work which is performed in this lodge room, as I believe it to be in most of the lodge rooms in this Grand Jurisdiction. That is the work of love—of love to God and love to man. So I am always glad to be in the lodge room, because no lodge room is complete without having upon its altar the sacred Holy Scriptures. I believe in the Holy Scriptures. I believe in God, and so do all true Masons. That is the kind of work that we ought to engage in—for the cause of God, and then for the cause of humanity.

Then, again, the true Mason works to give, and not to get. There are so many who, when they make inquiry concerning

admission into the lodge, ask: "What will I get out of it?" Brethren, never bring into a lodge the petition of a man who inquires, "What can I get out of it?" Bring petitions into the lodges of men who say they come here to see what they can give to others.

Then let us work for growth—growth to elevate and educate each other. In my judgment, therein lies the success of Freemasonry, as the success of any other institution, be it social, fraternal or religious, and that is to work for God and man; to love and help each other; to work that we may grow in all that elevates and educates.—*John W. Vrooman.*

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### Fraternity.

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The principle of fraternity is taught both by natural and revealed law. Our reason and conception of the fitness of things teach us that men will live more happily and cheerfully and more prosperously if they live in brotherly love. The revealed law embodies the principle in the injunction, "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

Fraternity does not mean that we must love all that each one does. A man's course in life may be very evil, and we should condemn the evil and assist in punishing the wrong-doer. But all condemnation and punishment should have for its object as well the good of the guilty one as the good of society. We should seek, if possible, to elevate and reform fallen humanity of every class. Every man is your brother, and it is your bounden duty to assist him and aid him in following the right path, however degraded he may have become.

There have been secret societies that have sworn their members to a deathless friendship, through weal or woe, without regard to whether a brother be right or wrong. They were pledged to aid and assist each other, if necessary, in escaping the penalties of law. But there is no oath sufficiently solemn to bind one to such an outrageous and horrible compact. In the great secret orders of to day that do so much toward alleviating human suffering and cultivating friendship, the members are taught that if one transgresses he must atone to the offended law.

Our compacts of friendship mean that we are to love each other in the trials and struggles of life, to alleviate the distress

of one another, to see that each has a fair and proper judgment passed upon his conduct. When it has been demonstrated that each one has passed the bounds of conscientious action, it is our duty no longer to support him, but to leave him to the avenging fate that he has courted.

We are commanded to love all men, but the bond is stronger when men join themselves together in solemn covenant. It takes the practice as well as the teachings of fraternity to make men fraternal. In the secret orders, precept and practice are daily afforded, and opportunities given to elevate and improve the character of man.

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### Suspension for Non-Payment of Dues.

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If Masters and Secretaries of Lodges would carry out the law and faithfully discharge their duties, there would be few cases of "suspension for non-payment of dues."

I was present, some time ago, at a Lodge meeting, when a large number of brethren were suspended for failure to pay dues. On private inquiry from the Secretary, I found that not one of them owed less than three years' dues; some as high as seven. This was clearly a case in which the Lodge was *particeps criminis*, as the lawyers would say. If the Lodge had demanded the dues of each of these brethren annually as they became payable, perhaps not one of them would have been suspended, but all would yet remain useful members of the Fraternity.

Very few men would allow themselves to be suspended for a few dollars, but when the dues are allowed to mount up into the twenties or thirties, he finds it inconvenient to pay them. He has other and more pressing claims which he does not like to parade, and so lets the case go by default. My advice to Lodges is, and has been for years, collect your dues promptly. If you know that a brother is "hard up," remit his dues without humiliating him by requiring him to get up and expose his financial standing. Don't extend the time of payment of a poor brother. You are only "heaping up wrath against a day of wrath." Freely forgive him, and let him commence over again. The list of the dead, as annually published in the proceedings of the Grand Lodge, is a sad one; but a longer, if not a sadder,

list is that of those suspended for non-payment of dues.

—Allan McDowell, in *Constellation*.

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Masonic Feeling.  
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An intimate relationship exists between Freemasons; a feeling of confidence; a chord of sympathy; a kind of family kinship that draws one near to the other, and establishes a bond of union strong and abiding. It comes from the fact that all have dwelt under the same canopy, have tasted the sweet waters of the same fountain, and have a language of their own. How beautiful is a relationship so tender, a kinship so extensive! How dreadful that this beauty should ever be distorted or marred by the unworthy! How painful that the confidence which the secret chord of sympathy establishes should be abused! A bad Mason is like the renegade son of a noble father. The good name of the household is injured by his acts of insubordination and his reckless living. The proud father is hurt to the innermost heart, and he bows his head in shame, not for any action of his own, but that one bearing his name should bring it into disrepute. Often the gray hairs come too early and the broken heart wears out the body in its youth. And so the great family of Masonry is hurt when one of its members goes astray.—*N. Y. Dispatch*.

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Wisconsin Ahead.  
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The *Saturday Mail*, in a recent number, mentions what the *Pacific Mason* calls a remarkable instance of a father and three sons being members of a Masonic Lodge at Seattle, the *Pacific Mason* believing that the reputation thus attained will spread to the four corners of the earth. The names of the father and the three sons are then given, with a sketch of the life of the father.

The *Saturday Mail* goes this story two better, and reports a case of six members of one family belonging to a Lodge at St. Martins, New Brunswick, a father and five sons. The name of the father is Andrew Skillum, who was made a Mason in Ireland. The names of the sons are also given. In this case, as in the former, members of the family assisted in conferring the degrees upon those who were the last to receive them.

The *Tidings* now claims that Wiscon-

sin is still at the front with a more remarkable instance than either of the above. We allude to the case of the Ringling brothers, known all over the country as the proprietors of the great Ringling Circus. Seven of these brothers are members of Baraboo Lodge, No. 34, of this Jurisdiction, and after the seven were all members of the Lodge the petition of the father was received. The Ringling brothers qualified themselves to confer the degrees, were assigned to the several positions in the Lodge, received the father into the Lodge, and conferred the degrees upon him.

This remarkable Masonic event was duly chronicled in the *Tidings* at the time of the occurrence. We wait now for any of our neighboring Jurisdictions to report an instance which equals it.

—Freemason.

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General Grand Chapter, O. E. S.  
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I have been asked if I considered the General Grand Chapter any benefit to the Order. From my observation, I have arrived at the following conclusions: The General Grand Chapter is systematically extending the Order into every part of the United States, and there are inquiries from abroad. The ritual adopted by it is used in every State and Territory but one; viz.: New York. The secret work is the same, thus making a uniform ceremony throughout its Jurisdiction. Before this was accomplished one Chapter could scarcely recognize another, the work varying so much. The triennial sessions dignify and extend the Order, and should be of great assistance to its members from the interchange of ideas. The Order of the Eastern Star has, since the organization of the General Grand Chapter, grown from an unrecognized handful of determined workers into the most powerful organization of women in the world, and promises to double its members in the next three years. It is rapidly becoming a recognized auxiliary to Freemasonry. Notwithstanding years of prejudice and opposition, it is now being acknowledged a valuable assistant to that noble Order in promulgating the principles of brotherly love, relief and truth. The Lodges are everywhere opening their doors to us; our former opponents are becoming our warmest advocates. These I consider are some of the results arising from the organization and labors of the General Grand Chapter, and

we should continue in touch with that Grand Body.

—*Lorraine J. Pitkin, G. Sec'y.*

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English Masonic Charity.

We have great pleasure in announcing that the proceeds arising from the fees charged for admission to the Masonic meeting held to commemorate the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, in the Royal Albert Hall, South Kensington, on Monday, the 14th of June, amount to £7,025 11s, and that this sum is in course of being handed over, without any deduction whatever, in accordance with the arrangements proposed by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, the M. W. G. M., and accepted by Grand Lodge. Thus the Prince of Wales' Hospital Fund is the richer for this meeting by £3,512 15s 6d, which, with the £2,000 voted by Grand Lodge, represents a Diamond Jubilee gift to this most deserving Fund of upwards of £5,500. As regards the other half of the proceeds, it will be apportioned equally among our three Masonic Institutions, and, as in their case also, Grand Lodge voted each of them a grant of £2,000, and each, in due course, will receive the very handsome contribution of £3,170 18s 6d in respect of this same Diamond Jubilee. The total sum presented by the Freemasons of England in commemoration of this event thus amounts to £15,025 11s.

—*London Freemason.*

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Old Traditions.

Rev. Minot Savage, of the Church of the Messiah, New York, recently delivered a sermon on "Man not Fallen, but Rising." He said:

"The ancient tradition of man fixes the beginning of the race as about 4004 years before the birth of Jesus. We, of to-day, know that thistles and plants and rocks have existed in this world for millions of years, and the world is millions of years old. We cannot accept as true the ancient tradition of Adam and Eve. We cannot believe that on the conduct of Adam and Eve, two inexperienced and ignorant people, the destiny of you and me and countless millions of people depended. It is absurd. It is grotesquely ridiculous to entertain such a belief. There does not exist on the face of the earth the slightest reason to believe in the truth of a tradition

which was the myth of a pagan people, and was from them engrafted upon the Hebrews.

"Jesus never referred to this tradition. Does it not seem strange that he should not, even in the slightest way, have referred to it if it were worthy of belief? God explained to the modern world through his messenger, science, the history of the world. Science has taught us we have been developed from a lower type of life, and we are reaching out for the attainment of progress and goodness.

"Death is essential to the advancement of man in another sphere. The ancient belief that a man was created to be transported to heaven bodily and without death were it not for the fall of Adam cannot be believed. God did not create the world intending to leave death out of the life of man. The pagan myth of Adam and Eve is utterly untrue.

"A friend, in speaking to me of this sermon I am now delivering, asked me how many ministers there are now in New York who did not believe to day in the story of Adam and Eve. I said I did not know, but I believe there are many. How many ministers are there in New York to-day who dare to get up in their pulpits and candidly admit that they have no faith in the story of Adam, of Jonah and the whale, and of several other traditions of the Old Testament?

"With the myth of Adam dissipated there goes with it other doctrines that grew out of it, such as the idea of total depravity.

"What we need is intellectual cultivation and brain power to understand the kind of world we live in. Man needs to be educated, intellectually and morally; to be taught the difference between right and wrong, and to strike for righteousness."

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Be Patient with the Old.

"Why should that old lady care," I heard a girl say the other day, "whether or not her hair is turning gray? What possible difference can it make of what color is the hair of an old, old woman? Why, she must be almost eighty!"

In the case in question, the lady criticised was on the borderland of seventy, but to sixteen she might as well have been a hundred. Age and youth are relative. To the very young, years count for more than they do to the older, who have lived

longer, and have learned that the soul does not grow old with the body. I myself feel pity for elderly people who are ashamed of their age, and are so weak as to try to hide it, but I don't quite like to see young girls unsympathetic. Try, if you can, to fancy yourselves in the position of some of your elders—of women who remember, but do not look forward. As you go tripping on, with light steps, imagine what it would be to totter a little, to see dimly, to hear faintly, to feel worried at every little pain and mishap, to reach the day when "the grasshopper is a burden."

All this should make you very patient and gentle with old people. There is nothing more beautiful in this world than to observe the tenderness of some girls toward their aged relatives. Dear grandmother cannot thread her needles so easily as she used to do, and is sensitive on the subject; and does not like to be too obviously helped, to have attention called to her failing eyesight, which she so much regrets, and does not like to admit. There are two ways of meeting the difficulty. Mattie, a kind-hearted girl without much tact, will exclaim: "O gran! what perfect nonsense for you to fuss over that needle! You know that you cannot find the hole where the thread should go in; your eyes are too old. Give me the thing; I'll thread your needles!" The intention is most excellent, but the old lady is hurt and stifles a sigh. She had young eyes once, and she has the same independent spirit still. Edith, in the same circumstances, manages in another fashion. She simply threads a dozen needles, and leaves them already for grandmamma in her needle-book, saying, pleasantly, "It saves so much time, dear, in these busy days, to have one's needles all ready and waiting."

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#### Jews With Black Skins.

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I have noticed in the press from time to time items concerning a blind black Jew who is "doing" the United States. He must be a bit of a traveler, to judge from the various points I have heard from him. He has been west, south and north, and when last heard from was in Hartford. Hebrew is a language in which he seems to be at home, and a writing pad is his means of communication.

I presume he is a Falasha or Abyssinian Jew, belonging to a people that were saved

to Judaism from the conversion efforts of the missionaries through the Alliance Israélite Universelle. That association sent M. Hallevi among them, established schools, and put them in touch with their brethren in faith. The connection of the Falashas with the main body of the Jews through ancestry dates back a long period, for they have neither Tallis (prayer cloth), nor phylacteries, nor do they celebrate either the Feast of Dedication, in honor of the Maccabean victory, or even Purim, so that it must be back of the Christian era.

There are other black Jews besides the Falashas; the Yemen Jews may be called so. There are black Jews—as well as white Jews—in Cochin China. There are also black Jews in Jamaica. These are the children of mixed marriages; *i. e.*, of Jews with the native women, whose children they have acknowledged and legitimized, and have thus come within the fold of the synagogue. There are also black Jews in India, the Bene Israel, a community in land about Bombay, that has been restored to Judaism by the Anglo Jewish Association of London.

—*American Hebrew.*

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#### Love and Forgiveness.

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Though "knowledge vanish," love shall still remain;

Yet not in thought alone, but word and deed,  
Doth love forgive, and in our secret need  
Love steals away the sting from every pain.

Love beareth all, believeth, hopeth all,  
Enduring all, to pass with us to life  
Beyond the grave. Love strengthens in the strife

With evil, ever patient when we fall.

Love, in our sin and sorrow, still is true,  
Forgiving, seeing in each stricken soul  
God's image, guiding onward to that goal  
Where we shall find sweet rest. Earth never knew

In full love's meaning of that word "forgive,"  
Till Love upon the cross in anguish cried:  
"Father, forgive!" Washed by Thy cleansing tide

Of mercy and forgiveness, may we live!

Love trod with bleeding feet our narrow path,  
'Twas in man's darkest hour of despair  
Love hung upon the cross and answered prayer,  
Living, eternal Love averted wrath!

O "Love divine!" live in our souls to-day,  
Teaching our hearts forgiveness, mercy sweet  
Shall strengthen justice, truth be made complete,

The sins of penitence be washed away.

—*Martha A. Kidder.*



### Convicting a Mason.

The difficulty of convicting a Mason of any crime against the laws of the Fraternity has much to do with a large number of violations of Masonic law which are passed by unheeded. An honest Mason dislikes to prefer charges against a brother who has gone astray, because there are always a few members, at least, who invariably prefer to damn the Institution in the sight of strictly honest brethren, in order that no scandal shall be charged against it by those who know nothing of its good qualities. Such brethren are misguided, and really have no right to membership in a fraternity of honest men. They enable a bad man to control the action of a Lodge whenever he wishes to do so, provided he is a man of considerable ability. The bugaboo of the conservator of Masonic purity is "outside scandal." He will wallow in the pollution of drunkenness, licentiousness and perjury, emptied into the sacred precincts of the lodge room in order that no scandal shall reach the ears of the outside world. He will vote not guilty on a charge not denied by the accused, for reasons too absurd to be committed to paper, and with an air of one who has prevented the perpetration of a great wrong, will accuse you of being uncharitable and guilty of un-Masonic conduct if you utter one word in the name of Masonic purity. This is why one bad man can control a Lodge. Brethren, let us fight for purity, if it reduces our membership one-half—yea, nine-tenths.—*Missouri Freemason.*

### An Anecdote of Lincoln.

In the course of an article in the *St. Nicholas*, Mary Lillian Herr relates the following characteristic anecdote of Lincoln:

"Once while on his way to Washington, as President, the train stopped a little time in the town of Alleghany, Pa. Around the station a great crowd gathered, eager to see the new President. They shouted and cheered until Lincoln had to appear on the rear platform of his car. He bowed and smiled, but the crowd was so noisy he did not try to speak to them.

"Very near to the platform stood a miner, wearing a red shirt and blue overalls, and carrying a dinner pail. Like the rest he had stopped, hoping to see Mr.

Lincoln. The workman was almost a giant in size, and towered head and shoulders above the crowd.

"No doubt he had heard that Lincoln also was very tall, and, encouraged by the friendly face, the workman suddenly waved his bare arm above his head, and called out:

"Hi, there, Abe Lincoln! I'm taller than you—yes, a sight taller!"

"This loud speech silenced the crowd by its boldness, and a laugh arose. But Mr. Lincoln, leaning forward, with a good-humored smile, said quietly:

"My man, I doubt it—in fact, I'm sure I am the taller. However, come up and let's measure."

"The crowd made way, and the workman climbed to the platform, and stood back to back with the President elect. Each put up a hand to see whose head overtopped. Evidently Mr. Lincoln was the victor, for with a smile of satisfaction he turned and offered his hand to his beaten rival, saying cordially:

"I thought you were mistaken and I was right, but I wished to be sure and to have you satisfied. However, we are friends anyway, aren't we?"

"Grasping the outstretched hand in a vigorous grip, the workman replied:

"Yes, Abe Lincoln—as long as I live."

### Where Is My Girl To-Night?

Passing through many of our principal streets at night, sometimes as late as eleven o'clock, we are greatly pained at the sight of couples of well-dressed girls, apparently of good families, ranging in age from thirteen to sixteen, hanging leisurely near the corners chatting with half-grown boys. We ask ourselves the question, "Don't the mothers of these girls care?" Do they not often ask the question, "Where is my girl to-night?" Under ordinary circumstances, it is rather a difficult job to preserve virtuous and chaste womanhood, so many are the temptations and dangers, but when girls are permitted to sally forth into the streets at night "for a good time," there can be no doubt with respect to the result. Mothers will repent when it is too late. It is nothing less than distressing to witness night after night upon the public streets girls who ought to be at home studying their lessons, or in bed asleep. There will be a real "hot time" for many a mother after a while if they

permit their daughters to run at large. The girl will certainly get into trouble, for she is going the way of it, and when the trouble does come it won't be as pleasant as it was when she was out hunting for it. Our clergy would do the cause of public morals and the preservation of womanly modesty, virtue and sobriety great good by directing the attention of mothers to this most important matter. If you play with fire you will get burned. If we are to have a corrupted and debased womanhood, then the race is eternally doomed.—*Afro-American*.

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### The Frightened Dog.

Just as the theaters were out yesterday afternoon, a large fox terrier dashed across Broadway in front of the Herald Square Theater. The dog turned in its tracks and began to run around in a circle, yelping piteously. Peculiar actions of a dog are likely to be misunderstood by ninety-nine people out of a hundred in hot weather, and the fact that this particular dog rushed around in circles at once gave rise to the belief that the animal was mad.

Leaving the neighborhood of the theater, the dog raced backward and forward and across Broadway from Thirty-fifth to Thirty-third street, and finally the men and boys who congregate at Greeley Square started in pursuit, crying, "Mad dog." This was sufficient to make every one who saw the animal believe he was really mad, and men and women scattered in a fright.

When the excitement was at its height, after a number of women had run into stores to get out of the way, the supposed mad dog rushed around under the elevated tracks at Thirty-third street and Broadway. At this moment a tall, well-dressed woman, who was coming down Broadway, stopped and looked at the scurrying pedestrians and then at the dog. It darted across the street toward the place where the woman was standing, and as it reached the sidewalk she calmly stooped down quickly and seized it by the back of the neck and carried the now whinnying animal to the uptown elevated railroad station stairs.

Those who had fled from the dog stared at the woman in amazement. All unconcerned, however, she began so pat the head of the terrier and speak to it affectionately. The spectacle of a woman fondling a mad dog was such an extraordinary one that several hundred persons quickly

gathered. They attracted Policeman Hauser of the West Thirtieth street station, who pushed his way through them and saw the woman still placidly caressing the dog.

"Everybody seems to think this dog is mad," she said with a laugh, "but I know all about dogs. I know from his cries that he has evidently lost his master. No mad dog ever races around in one spot the way I saw him do."

By this time the terrier had quieted down and was nestling close to its new-found friend. Policeman Hauser made an investigation, and found the woman's theory of the cause of the dog's antics correct. The dog and his master had been separated when the owner boarded a car.

"The owner of this dog can have him by calling at my residence," she said. "I have seen so many dogs killed in summer time without just cause that I don't consider it any particular honor to have saved this terrier from a similar fate. When you get to know dogs you learn that really very few go mad, but are goaded into a condition of hysteria by the behavior of a lot of senseless people who would usually drive any human being crazy."

—*N. Y. Tribune*.

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He who is never dissatisfied with himself or others, and never discontented with things around him, can not be expected to make any strenuous efforts at improvement. He may live out a life of ease and serenity, but it will be the ease of torpor and the serenity of indolence.

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If you your lips would keep from slips,  
Five things observe with care:  
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,  
And how, and when and where.

o

By thine own soul's law learn to live,  
And if men thwart thee take no heed,  
And if men hate thee have no care.  
Sing then thy song and do thy deed,  
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer,  
And claim no crown they will not give.

o

Lives of poor men oft remind us honest toil  
don't stand a chance;  
More we work we leave behind us bigger  
patches on our pants—

On our pants once new and glossy, now patched  
up of different hue,  
*All because subscribers linger and won't pay us  
what is due.*

Then let us all be up and doing; send your mite  
however small,  
*Or when the snows of winter strike us me shall  
have no pants at all!*

—After LONGFELLOW—a long way after.

## THE TRESTLE BOARD.

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For one dollar we will deliver prepaid twenty assorted copies of back issues of THE TRESTLE BOARD magazine. This will give an immense amount of good reading for a comparatively small sum. Each number is complete in itself.

### Selection of Material.

We know no reason against, or violation of, any "ancient landmark" in the substitution of the plan of *selecting* persons as suitable to become Masons from among the profane, instead of receiving applications from the good, bad and indifferent material which now offers, "unbiased by friends and uninfluenced by mercenary motives" and "a desire for more knowledge and to be useful to our fellow-creatures" only to become elected or rejected as the whim or caprice of the secret ballot may decide. A good man is often rejected and a bad one is elected, and the latter are so numerous that, as we have heard repeatedly said by active brethren, if every member of their Lodge should take a demit, not one-quarter of the members could regain admission to their own Lodge. Now, if such a condition exists, a remedy is needed. We can conceive of no better way than to select and elect those who are worthy and well qualified, and those whom we would like to have among us, and by no other way. There should be the utmost frankness and confidence among brethren, and a committee of the whole is far better than the superficial investigations of committees which nowadays require the acuteness and experience of a police detective to avert imposition. The "higher bodies" have virtually adopted the plan of selection, for scarcely has a Master Mason been

raised before he is invited and urged to advance further, especially if considered an eligible and desirable man. As this method is successfully increasing the ratio of membership in the higher bodies, we do not understand why it should not be adopted in the Lodge. We certainly are ready to vote *viva voce* on any proposed candidate for admission into our Fraternity, and have confidence that our brethren would divulge nothing improper to be made known to the profane concerning any propositions for initiation and membership. If such a breach of obligation should occur there is the usual recourse of penalties as in all other offenses. After long and mature reflection and consideration of the subject we cannot conceive of any valid objection to the plan of selection unless it is because no opportunity can occur to object to a candidate *without good Masonic reasons*. As each Grand Jurisdiction is supreme by itself, no great detriment can result from a trial of it by some State Jurisdiction.

### Masonic Funerals.

The question was recently asked the *Illinois Freemason*:

"Would a Lodge of Masons be permitted to pronounce the Masonic burial service over a brother whose interment was in a Catholic cemetery?" to which it replies, "Why not? Masonry asks no questions concerning a man's church or creed. There is no reason why Masons should not perform the funeral rites over a dead brother in a Catholic cemetery any more than in a Presbyterian."

This reply is correct. We have seen and followed the remains of brethren who were Catholics to their resting-place, but the cemetery was not used exclusively for that sect. There is no objection to a Masonic Lodge depositing the remains of a brother with ceremonies in any spot on this earth. To the Mason the whole earth is consecrated ground, for as from it we came, so, also, must we all return. But if any Catholic brother Mason desires to be buried in ground consecrated by his church, he can be so buried only by their own ceremonies or by the payment of a stipulated sum of money to its priests. Although Masons will perform their rites of burial over a Catholic brother, the Catholic church will absolutely refuse to perform their rites over a Masonic Catholic,

or admit him into their church with a Masonic procession following his remains. No other sect in Christendom is so intolerant as to refuse such a favor. A noted instance of this intolerance occurred in San Francisco, a few months since, where three firemen, killed in the discharge of duty, all Catholics, but only one a Mason, were buried at one funeral. The *Masonic* Catholic, with his mourning relatives and friends, was refused admission into the church, and remained in the street while "mass" was performed over the remains of his two brother firemen, and was then buried without any ceremony whatever. The Masonic Fraternity were not present, as they were not asked. In an interview with Archbishop Riordan, subsequent to this affair, he stated that the Catholic church considered the Masonic Fraternity to be a religious sect the same as the Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, etc.; that a Catholic when he joined the Masons was no longer a Catholic, but had renounced his allegiance to the Catholic church; that as a Mason *would* not perform the Masonic service over a Catholic, (?) so the Catholic could not do so over a Mason; and the same, also, with all other sects; that his church viewed Masonry differently from all other fraternal societies, and had no objections to others as they were social and beneficiary societies. The Archbishop could not comprehend, in the narrowness of his religious sect, how a man could be a Mason and a Catholic at the same time. Masons can understand, for thousands of Catholics *are* Masons, but do not agree with the "church" on this subject.

Bro. Hugh McCurdy, of Michigan, while Master of Corunna Lodge, No. 115, in the fall of 1865, buried Captain Henry Wallace, a Mason, who died in New Orleans, in his father's lot in the Catholic cemetery at Corunna, and a Methodist minister acted as Chaplain, and the priest of the parish was present as a spectator. The antipathy of the Catholic hierarchy to Masonry has increased since 1865, and perhaps the same circumstance could not transpire now except with *greater persuasion* in this country. In nearly all Catholic countries Masonry exists, and against the edict of the papacy, and thousands of good Masons are to be found. This proscriptive policy seems to be pursued only in this country where the greatest freedom is allowed and men can be as

bigoted and intolerant in religion as they please.

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Lodge Libraries.

The purpose of Masonry has, from time immemorial, been the improvement of mankind; it matters not whether that improvement is mental, moral or physical. A plan for mental improvement can readily be adopted in any Lodge; that of a library containing the works of standard authors and also periodicals, books, pamphlets, proceedings of Grand Bodies and other printed or written matter appertaining to our noble Order, and which would have a tendency to produce or increase a desire among the brethren for a better, clearer and deeper knowledge of our Institution.

It is the practice, in many Lodges, on the night of stated meetings, to transact their business, close the Lodge early and go home or elsewhere. How much better would it be to have a friendly discussion on Masonic topics! In a conversation with a brother, the late P. G. M. Conklin of this State, he remarked "that it would be a good thing for Masonry in general and every Lodge in particular if THE TRESTLE BOARD were read each month in open Lodge, and the subjects therein contained discussed by the brethren present." Such a plan would certainly create a greater interest among the members and would give to brethren a deeper and more lasting signification to each and every portion of the work.

It is a sad, but true, fact that Masons generally are exceedingly ignorant of the literature of the Order, and, without a thorough understanding, merely "parrot" the ritual.

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The Mason's Son.

What is the status of the Mason's son in Masonry? This is a question that has occurred to me many times—before and since I became a Mason, for I am a Mason's son. While the wife, daughter, mother and sister are occasionally invited to partake of our hospitalities and enjoy our festivities, the sons and brothers are forbidden to enter our portals as our guests, to see who and what we are; to witness some of the ceremonies which may be made public, and which are enjoyed by our lady relatives.

We are desirous that our sons and brothers should become members of our noble Institution, and yet we do our utmost to prevent them from obtaining the slightest conception of what Masonry is.

We are not permitted to solicit or influence, in the least, any one to present himself for the mysteries of Masonry, but are we forbidden to show those whom we know to be good men and true, our sons and brothers, with whom we are associating the many evenings we are at the Lodge?

What Lodges in the interior need mostly, when they don't have enough work to keep their officers posted, is a sort of Masonic revival. Notify all the members of your Lodge who can be present to attend on some stated meeting. After the regular business is transacted and the Lodge closed, make a committee of the whole, put sufficient funds in the hat to foot the expense of a little "rooster party." Arrange the time for the affair, bring out your good story-tellers, bring up your good singers, bring in your light refreshments, bring in your speech-makers and bring around your sons and brothers. Have it understood that it is not "the Lodge," but only "members of the Lodge" who get the little affair up, and be sure that all the stories and speeches are good and wholesome. Care should be exercised in not having the affair got up with too much style, as a bad "impression might result."

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### Is "The Tyler" Sectarian?

The following extracts are to be found on the same page in adjoining columns of the *Tyler*, of October 15th. Here is a sample of its consistency. Let its own readers judge:

"There is no sectarianism in the Masonry that the *Tyler* advocates."

"There is only one religion under the canopy of heaven that takes in all men, and that is the religion whose Founder bore the sins of the world in His own body on the tree, 'who tasted death for every man,' who conquered sin, death, hell, and whose invitation from the throne of God—the Mason's God—is, 'Whosoever will let him come and take of the water of life freely.' The *Tyler* defies the world to produce another unsectarian religion."

The *Tyler* misunderstands us. We did

say that "Masonry will not discard any man for his sectarian views." It does not discard the *Tyler*. Thousands take it and read it, notwithstanding it is sectarian. Templarism is not Masonry. Templary is sectarianism, as it *now* requires a "firm belief" in the creed of a sect. This writer is a sectarian, so far as the promise to wield his sword in the defense of the Christian religion, but not so far as to profess a "firm belief" in *all* the conflicting dogmas taught by the conflicting sects of Christendom. We have our own particular "firm belief" with which we do not wish to intrude on any one, for faith is soon lost to sight. But Masonry has naught to do with Christianity except to respect its rights. It is not the promulgator of any sect or theory, but sits apart in its own calm dignity, and is at peace with all. The Bible is an indispensable part of the furniture of a Christian Lodge, the Pentateuch of the Hebrew Lodge, the Koran of the Mahomedan Lodge, because they are one of the Great Lights by which each profess to walk, and the sacred books of their own religion. We, as Masons, have no other concern with their religion. A Mason *has* been obligated on Whittaker's Almanac, and a Mason *may* also be obligated on the Ahiman Rezon or the Morals and Dogmas of the Scottish Rite. When the *Tyler* insists that there is only one religion under the canopy of heaven we can but conclude in all the impartiality we possess that it is somewhat sectarian, and especially when it would require the test of a "firm belief" in the peculiar faith which but a small fraction of humanity accepts.

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### A Nice Point to Decide.

We have recently received a letter from one of our friends in Los Angeles, who signifies a very hearty disapproval of some of the advertisers which appear in *The Freemason* of Los Angeles. We have perused Bro. Lloyd's paper, and fail to find the above mentioned brother's advertisement appearing therein, and presume he pays one dollar per annum as a subscriber, while each of the objectionable advertisers probably pay a greater profit each month to Bro. Lloyd than would be derived from ten years subscription of the above brother. Now, we do not sustain Bro. Lloyd in accepting wine, beer and liquor ads (if he can secure others to

take their place), and THE TRESTLE BOARD has never accepted one of them yet, but we have seriously questioned in our own minds whether it is wrong for us to advertise the business of any brother in good standing whatever the business may be. We are not tipplers, never have been and do not expect ever to be, but we are temperate in all things, and almost as heartily deplore a condition of gormandization in regard to meat and potatoes as we do in wine, beer or whisky.

Is Reimbursement Right ?

The Board of Relief of San Francisco, composed of the Masters of the sixteen Lodges, in their report to the Grand Lodge of California for the year ending September 1, 1897, give the following as their expenditures and reimbursements on account of relief with members from the various Jurisdictions:

Alabama . . . . .	\$ 10 00	
Arizona . . . . .	48 15	
Australia . . . . .	142 50	
Brazil . . . . .	241 00	
Canada . . . . .	20 00	
China . . . . .	10 00	10 00
Colorado . . . . .	18 00	85 00
Connecticut . . . . .	21 00	35 00
England . . . . .	423 45	
Florida . . . . .	24 25	11 50
Idaho . . . . .	75 50	48 10
Illinois . . . . .	185 10	108 50
Indiana . . . . .	401 50	
Iowa . . . . .	45 00	20 00
Ireland . . . . .	155 00	115 00
Kansas . . . . .	6 00	
Kentucky . . . . .	7 50	
Louisiana . . . . .	16 00	
Maine . . . . .	70 00	
Maryland . . . . .	12 00	14 00
Massachusetts . . . . .	236 75	30 00
Mexico . . . . .	92 00	67 80
Michigan . . . . .	191 50	63 00
Minnesota . . . . .	522 75	146 75
Missouri . . . . .	29 75	
Montana . . . . .	37 00	37 00
New Brunswick . . . . .	475 00	
New Jersey . . . . .	109 25	105 50
New Mexico . . . . .	40 75	15 00
N. S. Wales . . . . .	12 50	7 00
New York . . . . .	519 10	166 75
Nevada . . . . .	178 00	188 00
Nova Scotia . . . . .	55 00	
N. Carolina . . . . .	10 00	10 00
Ohio . . . . .	51 00	2 30

Oregon . . . . .	389 00	32 00
Pennsylvania . . . . .	97 00	50 00
Peru . . . . .		30 00
Scotland . . . . .	221 35	46 95
Spain . . . . .	98 50	6 00
Texas . . . . .	36 75	69 00
Utah . . . . .	108 00	82 40
Vermont . . . . .	225 00	
Washington . . . . .	89 10	7 00
Wisconsin . . . . .	94 10	86 10
Unclassed . . . . .	392 05	7 50
<hr/>		
Totals . . . . .	\$6,543 55	\$1,710 15
Reimbursed . . . . .	\$1,710 15	
<hr/>		
Balance . . . . .	\$4,833 40	

From the above can be seen the proportion which each *foreign* Jurisdiction leaves for the Lodges of San Francisco to bear, beside that of the membership of their own Lodges.

For other Lodges in California the Board of Relief of San Francisco expended \$3,633.35, and were reimbursed \$1,318.85, leaving a balance against the Lodges of California of \$2,314 50.

During the year the Board of Relief have had the charge and responsibility of twenty-two funerals of brethren belonging in other Jurisdictions, which has been assigned to the various Lodges, and all have been conducted with due Masonic honors.

We present the foregoing facts as pertinent to the Wisconsin Plan of reimbursement. In an analysis of the statement we discover the Jurisdictions where the proposition is most strongly opposed.

Other Jurisdictions.

The Grand Lodge of Arizona held its 16th annual meeting at Bisbee on Tuesday, November 9th, 10th and 11th, Bro. Wm. F. Nichols Grand Master, presiding.

There are in Arizona fourteen Masonic Lodges situated in the towns of Tucson, Phoenix, Nogales, Bisbee, Tombstone, Clifton, Globe, Jerome, Prescott, Florence, Winslow, Flagstaff and Willcox, with a membership of probably 1,000, made up of the best the country affords. Every Lodge had its representatives present.

Bisbee is situated near the head of a canyon on almost the extreme south edge of Cochise county, about six miles from the Mexican line. It is owned by the Copper Queen Company, and is generally

understood to be one of the many copper camps controlled by Phelps, Dodge & Co., of New York. It is reached by its own railroad, which connects with the Southern Pacific at Benson, about thirty-five or forty miles northwest. It is said that there are 1,000 men on the pay-roll of the company. The wages paid are three dollars above and three dollars and a half below ground, and fortunate, indeed, is the man whose name is on the roll of the favored thousand. The output of the camp is said to be three carloads of refined copper per day. The town is scattered up and down the canyon for at least a mile, but the town proper is centered immediately east and south of the big smelting plant. The business of the town is carried on largely in the canyon, where the stores, saloons, restaurants and lodging-houses are principally located. On the steep face of the mountain, south of the canyon, is to be found the principal residence portion. The main canyon is intersected by another a short distance below and almost immediately opposite the smelters, and is known as Brewery Gulch. As this gulch afforded a limited quantity of building space it has been made use of, and here the small merchandising of the community is carried on. There are four or five little stores, one or two meat markets, Shattuck & Keating's big saloon, the Saddle Rock restaurant and numerous private houses. Many of the latter are perched high on the sides of the hills, and reached only by about an almost perpendicular climb, but, as a rule, they are well and substantially built. On the whole, it may be summed up that the mines and reduction works of the company occupy the north side of the canyon, the residences on the south side and the canyon proper the business houses.

The library building is a large and commodious structure of brick and stone. On the first floor is the library proper and postoffice. The building is lit by electricity, is well supplied with tables and chairs for the free use of all comers, and books, magazines and papers from all over the country. On the second floor is the town hall, carpeted, comfortably and substantially furnished. In this hall union services are held each Sunday and upon special occasions by the Rev. J. G. Pritchard, a broad-minded, God-fearing man. The fraternal orders of United Workmen, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and other

kindred organizations make use of the hall for lodge purposes. The Masons, thanks to the generosity of the Copper Queen Company, have one of the very handsomest lodge rooms in the territory. On a spur of land, at the intersection of Brewery Gulch with the main canyon, a building site has been blasted out, and a large, fine, substantial edifice of brick and stone erected thereon. Like the library building it is a two-story structure. The lower story will be occupied by the offices of the company, the upper as a Masonic hall to the exclusion of all other orders. Like all Masonic Lodges it is built due east and west, and is not only substantially but elegantly furnished in all the paraphernalia of the Order. The lodge room proper, independent of two commodious ante-rooms, is 40x65 feet, the wainscoting is oak finish, the walls white and the ceiling blue. The beading on the wall against the ceiling is red and blue. In the West, behind the Senior Warden, but raised sufficiently high as to command a view of the lodge, is a recess in which is placed a piano. The furniture, including desks, altars, etc., are of massive oak. The seats are cushioned in dark leather and the floor is covered by a carpet in which are wrought all the emblems of Masonry. Taken altogether, Perfect Ashlar Lodge, No. 12, F. & A. M., have one of the finest and most elegantly appointed Lodges there is in the Territory.

This communication was a remarkable one from the fact that the second day's meeting was held in the Copper Queen mine, in a magnificent cave.

Wednesday morning, at 9 o'clock, Grand Master Nichols called the Lodge to order preparatory to taking up the line of march to "the cave." Clothed in white gloves and aprons the two hundred men in line made an imposing appearance as they marched from the Lodge to the hoisting works from which they were to descend into the mine and cave. In the line of march the Grand Lodge were in the rear, but on reaching the works the column halted, opened ranks and the Grand Lodge passed through, and were, of course, the first to enter the mine. They were scientifically stood on the cage a half dozen at a time, when down they went about 200 feet in a second, to the level by which the cave was reached. The distance to the cave was substantially a half mile, and candles had been placed a few feet apart

in the drifts the entire distance. The cave lies in a northwesterly direction from where the mine is entered, and is said to be about 900 feet under the surface of the hill in which it is situated. It is probably nothing more than a great bubble in the limestone formation. So far as can be judged by observation, it is probably 250x300 feet in extent and 65 feet deep in the center, although much of the depth has evidently been lost by the fall of stalactites, some of them weighing tons, and which, because of their great weight, had broken from the roof, others looked as though they needed but little encouragement to do the same thing. The west end had been partially filled and a platform capable of seating about three hundred people erected thereon, and the whole brilliantly illuminated by scores of incandescent lights. In the letter "G," which being suspended in the east, no fewer than thirty-two electric bulbs had been placed. On the platform and extending into the cave the electric wires had been shaped into a square and compass. The extended points of the compass were 100 feet apart and the shaft of the square 120 feet to the angle. In the formation of this mammoth emblem of Masonry fifty-six electric lights were used, and numerous other lamps were placed elsewhere about the cave. An idea of the magnitude of this work may be gathered in the fact that three and a half miles of wire were used in it. Before calling the Lodge to order an opportunity was given those present to view the enchanted spot, where, far beyond the approach of cowans and evildoers, and amidst the magnificent splendors of nature's handiwork, Masons met on the level and parted on the square.

Stalactites from the size of a drop of water to that of the giant tusks of some antediluvian monster, hang suspended from the roof, and beneath the white glare of the electric light they danced and shimmered like icicles in the sun. The growth of these stactalites are known to be almost incomprehensibly slow, and the increase in a thousand years may be lost to the sight, but they take no heed to the weight of time; for, perhaps, thousands of ages the cave was but a black and tenantless hole wrapped within the mighty ribs of a great mountain which was, centuries ago, thrice or even ten times its present size. And all this time the slow oozing of its vaporous breath, like frost on glass, had

transfigured the black unsightly walls. Singly and in clusters, some in blue and some in white, of all lengths and shapes, these stalactites cover the roof, while among them, in labyrinthine irregularity, glitters the crystal ooze.

On the north side, almost opposite to where the cave was first broken into, the lime god has created the fairest creatures of his handiwork, and what King Solomon wrought in years was here fashioned in a single night, but a night that knew no day nor the sound of ax, hammer or tool of iron till the operative workman, agreeably to the designs drawn upon the trestle board, revealed its hidden treasures. Here are the steps, the pot of incense, the beehive, the hour-glass and waterfall. The steps, whiter than Parian marble, lead upward and into an unexplored beyond; the bee-hives, apparently made from great coils of alabaster rope, are from two to ten feet in diameter and six feet high. East of these is the waterfall stayed midway in its descent by some hypnotic hand, white and awe inspiring in its silent grandeur in this seemingly stilled torrent of foaming waters that, ere it slept, had dashed its spray on hummocks of ice, and in a thousand fantastic shapes, sparkled in the light. There are curtains and veils behind which no man may enter, woven white and transparent in the cimmerician darkness. The whole aspect of the cave is one of entrancing and bewildering loveliness, and he who can gaze without awe upon the grand scene has no beauty in his soul.

The Grand Lodge was tyled by a brother Mason without the door. The necessary business being transacted, an adjournment was had till 2 P. M.

The following Grand Lodge officers were elected:

Joseph B. Creamer, Phoenix, Grand Master; Anthony A. Johns, Prescott, D. G. M.; Charles C. Warner, Bisbee, G. S. W.; George Montague, Nogales, G. J. W.; Martin W. Kales, Phoenix, G. Treasurer; George J. Roskrug, Tucson, G. Secretary; Lowell L. Rogers, Globe, G. Chaplain; Charles D. Belden, Phoenix, G. Orator; Morris Goldwater, Prescott, G. Lecturer; James D. Monihon, Phoenix, G. Marshal; William H. Burbage, G. St. B.; William C. Trueman, Florence, G. Sw. B.; James S. Crompton, G. B. B.; Edgar A. Nichols, Wilcox, G. S. D.; James H. Pascoe, Globe, G. J. O.; James G. Savage, Flagstaff, G. S. S.; Walter C. Miller, Jerome, G. J. S.; Benjamin Cook, Tombstone, G. Pursuivant; Charles A. Fisk, Globe, G. Organist; Frank N. Howell, Globe, G. Tyler.

The Grand Chapter then convened in its 8th annual convocation, received the reports of committees and elected officers for the ensuing year; Comp. Morris Goldwater, G. H. P., presiding.

The following officers were installed:



J. M. Ormsby, Tucson, G. H. P.; J. D. Monihon, Phoenix, D. G. H. P.; George Shaw, Tucson, G. K.; F. G. Brecht, Prescott, G. S.; Geo. J. Roskrige, G. Sec'y; M. W. Kales, Phoenix, G. Treasurer.

The Grand Commandery of Knights Templar met in its 4th annual conclave on the adjournment of the Grand Lodge Wednesday afternoon, Sir John M. Ormsby, Grand Commander, presiding; but immediately after convening adjourned to the cave where they elected officers for the ensuing year and transacted other business. They were in full regalia.

The following officers were elected:

Rickmer N. Fredericks, Prescott, Grand Commander; Prosper P. Parker, Phoenix, D. G. C.; Henry D. Underwood, Tucson, G. Geno.; Frederick G. Brecht, Prescott, G. C. G.; Charles D. Belden, Phoenix, G. Prelate; Thomas Armstrong, Jr., Phoenix, G. S. W.; Kirk L. Hart, Tucson, G. J. W.; George H. N. Luhrs, Phoenix, G. Treasurer; George J. Roskrige, Tucson, G. Recorder; Anthony A. Johns, Prescott, G. Sw. B.; Charles H. Knapp, Phoenix, G. St. B.; George M. Williams, Tucson, G. Warder; George W. Vickers, Prescott, G. C. of G.

On Thursday evening, all business having been transacted, a public reception was held in the lodge room, after which an adjournment was had in the Opera House, where a grand banquet was served.

An individual known as "Professor Treadwell" tied a white handkerchief on for an apron, and entered the cave with the Masons, but was detected and ejected before that body was called to order.

The following amendments to the By-Laws of the Grand Lodge of Missouri was proposed at the last annual meeting, and was laid over until the next meeting in October, 1898, for action thereon:

"The P. G. Masters, Grand Officers, D. D. G. Masters, District Lecturers and one representative from each Subordinate Lodge shall be paid the sum of two dollars for each day they may be in actual attendance upon the annual communications of this Grand Lodge, and two cents per mile for each mile necessarily traveled in going to and returning therefrom, *provided* that no representative shall receive either mileage or per diem, unless all dues from his Lodge to the Grand Lodge have been paid, and that no representative shall receive more than one-fourth of the sum paid as dues by his Lodge for such year, and no one shall receive mileage or per diem in a double capacity; and *provided*, further, that the dues of fifty cents per member, now provided by law for the Masonic Home, shall be collected and paid over for that purpose, and no part of the same shall ever be used for the payment of such mileage or per diem, or any expense of the Grand Lodge."

On the exclusive burial services it is proposed to amend the regulations with the following addition to the section:

"A Lodge as such may attend the funeral of a deceased brother and accompany the remains being conveyed to the place of interment, whether the Lodge or any other Masonic body perform the Masonic funeral rites at the grave."

On physical disqualifications, the following addition is proposed:

"Provided that nothing herein contained shall be so construed as to render any one ineligible to the privileges of Masonry who can, by the aid of artificial appliances, conform to the necessary ceremonies."

The annual dues to the Grand Lodge in Illinois is seventy-five cents, which it is proposed to reduce to sixty cents.

It voted that it is unwise to adopt any form or system of life membership.

It proposes to reduce mileage to four cents a mile.

There cannot be any discrimination between members on account of age. Poverty is the only ground on which a member may be exempted from dues.

\* The proposition of the Grand Lodge of Maine to the several American Grand Lodges to uniformly limit the Jurisdiction over rejected material to five years, is meeting with favor in many of the Grand Lodges, and undoubtedly will soon be the general law on the question in the United States.—*Texas Freemason*.

Idaho has adopted, as we think, the best plan of obtaining good work in Lodges, and the least expensive. The Masters of Lodges are congregated in a three days school prior to the annual communication of Grand Lodge under the instruction of the Grand Lecturer. Something like this in every Jurisdiction is better than obliging the Grand Lecturer to travel around through the Jurisdiction at the expense of time and traveling charges.

There should be a law passed by the Grand Lodge of Indian Territory that where a non-affiliate has petitioned for affiliation and been rejected, to force the Lodge to prefer charges against the brother, and show cause for rejection. Should the charges be sustained, expel him from the Fraternity, or deal with him just as

you would a member of the Lodge, but never let him have that demit again. A man worthy of a demit is worthy to be a member of the Lodge. If he is not worthy to be a member of the Lodge he is not worthy of the demit, and should be prohibited from carrying it.—*Indian Mason.*

According to the *Illinois Freemason's* report of the proceedings of the Grand Chapter, O. E. S., of Illinois, held at Chicago, were little better than the one of the low-down political conventions of the day. We refrain from printing details, and only caution the ladies not to forget that ladies should not forget that they should act as ladies, the same as gentlemen should act as gentlemen. The cause was too much "rings" striving for the "boodle."

The Grand Lodge of Georgia is one of the most heavily ridden Jurisdictions in this country by reason of its pay-roll. They pay ten cents per mile, each way, besides per diem. On the pay-roll the account of the last session was within a fraction of \$14,000. This includes for mileage over \$10,000 and per diem largely over \$3,000. The Grand Lodge increased its indebtedness over \$2,000 thereby. Missouri proposes to pay only two cents per mile and the per diem and mileage not to exceed twenty-five per cent of the dues.

The Grand Lodge of Arkansas refused to amend a by-law, whereby dues are charged members suspended for non-payment of dues during time of suspension. This question was settled in California, years ago, that a brother suspended had no rights, privileges or benefits from the Lodge during such suspension, and, in justice, ought not to be required to pay something for nothing.

A Lodge of 80 members in Missouri suspended 37 members and remitted the dues of 12 more, previous to the last annual meeting of Grand Lodge. Grand Lodge adopted the following amendment: "If any Lodge shall collect from a suspended member the dues, for non payment of which he has been suspended, such Lodge shall pay to the Grand Lodge one dollar for each year's dues so collected, if not previously accounted for to the Grand Lodge." This clause would give many other Grand Lodges their honest dues, and spoil the tricks of some Lodges.

That Lodge paid dues on only thirty-one members.

The Grand Lodge of Colorado refused to endorse the Wisconsin proposition for relief, because it was opposed to the introduction into the system of Freemasonry of any feature that tends in the direction of *compulsory* relief. We would ask whether the paying of uniform dues by members of Lodges is not the introduction into the system of Freemasonry of a feature of *compulsory* relief? We think it is.

The Grand Master of Kentucky held to the view that when a Mason has been dimitted for a year, or, at most, two years, Lodges should not be allowed to bury him Masonically. He would make the Masonic Institution a benefit society if he could. We are glad to know that his ideas do not govern the Institution whose charities know no bounds, and whose relief extends to the widow and orphan as long as it is needed.

Bro. Eugene B. Dyke, Grand Patron O. E. S., of Iowa, died at Charles City October 29th, aged 57 years. He was Grand Secretary of the Grand Chapter, O. E. S. from 1882 to 1893, and was a native of Oswego county, N. Y.

The Grand Lodge of Missouri holds that the daughter of a Master Mason who, at the age of about twenty-one years, marries a profane, is entitled to recognition as such as she was before marriage.

Bro. Gen. John C. Smith, of Chicago, has been elected Grand Orator of the Grand Lodge of Illinois.

The Grand Lodge of Georgia has passed a resolution that no man who deals in intoxicating liquors shall be eligible to membership in any Lodge in that Jurisdiction.

At the first reunion of the Scottish Rite at Butte, Mont., October 28th, twelve postulants received the 4th to the 32d degrees.

The Grand Lodge of Minnesota has declared saloon-keepers and bar-tenders ineligible for the degrees of Masonry.

The vote to suspend for non-payment of dues or other cause, must be by ballot.

—G. L. of Ill.

At the 36th annual convocation of the Grand Chapter R. A. M. of Minnesota, held in St. Paul, November 9th, the following officers were installed:

Oscar L. Cutter, Anoka, G. H. P.; Isaac L. Hart, Pipestone, D. G. H. P.; Josiah A. Peck, Wabasha, G. K.; Andrew P. Swanson, St. Paul, G. S.; Solon Armstrong, Minneapolis, G. Treasurer; Thomas Montgomery, St. Paul, G. Secretary; William Lee, Hastings, G. Chaplain; C. H. Brinsmaid, Minneapolis, G. C. of H.; E. E. Corliss, Fergus Falls, G. P. S.; H. E. Blair, Waterville, G. R. A. C.; John Fishel, St. Paul, G. M. 3d V.; George Forsyth, Brainerd, G. M. 2d V.; C. E. Van Cleave, Minneapolis, G. M. 1st V.; Jean C. Fischer, St. Paul, G. Sentinel; Thomas Montgomery, St. Paul, Chairman of Committee on Correspondence.

There are 58 active Chapters, with 4,776 members. The gains and losses for year were as follows: Exalted, 275; joined, 41; restored, 17; withdrawn, 123; stricken from roll, 121; suspended, 1; expelled, 3; died, 66. A class of 16 were consecrated to the Order of Anointed High Priests. The dispensation of the new Chapter at Ortonville was renewed. Receipts, \$3,150.50; expended, \$3,534.79; in treasury, \$7,547.47. Fifteen districts were created for purpose of visitation.

At the 28th annual assembly of the Grand Council R. & S. M. of Minnesota, held in St. Paul, November 8th, the following officers were installed:

O. J. H. Martin, Minneapolis, Grand Master; John Fishel, St. Paul, D. G. M.; George Forsyth, Brainerd, G. P. C. of W.; Giles W. Merrill, St. Paul, G. Treasurer; Thomas Montgomery, St. Paul, G. Recorder; Lester A. Boyce, Minneapolis, G. C. of G.; Robert T. McAdam, Minneapolis, G. C. of Council; John R. Carey, Duluth, G. Chaplain; Jerome E. Cooley, Duluth, G. Marshal; E. E. Corliss, Fergus Falls, G. Steward; Jean C. Fischer, St. Paul, G. Sentinel; Thomas Montgomery, St. Paul, Chairman of the Committee on Correspondence.

There are nine Councils with 737 members. Gains, 33; losses, 30. Receipts, \$292.40; expenses, \$395.94; in treasury, \$1,042.24. Only routine business transacted.

At the 41st annual conclave of the Grand Commandery, K. T., held in Chicago, October 26th and 27th, the following officers were installed:

James P. Sherwin, Chicago, Grand Commander; William Jenkins, Chicago, D. G. C.; George W. Curtiss, Peoria, G. Gen.; James B. McFarrich, Chicago, G. C. G.; Charles P. Kane, Springfield, G. S. W.; Frederic C. Winslow, Jacksonville, G. J. W.; John H. Witbeck, Chicago, G. Treasurer; Gilbert W. Barnard, Chicago, G. Recorder; Rev. Thomas A. Parker, Delavan, G. Prelate; Hamer H. Green, Bloomington, G. St. B.; Henry C. Cleaveland, Rock Island, G. Sw. B.; Holman L. Purington, Chicago, G. Warder; William L. Orr, Chicago, G. C. of G.

### Editorial Chips.

We have known the time when the proper use of an intoxicating beverage saved our life, so it is not altogether bad. Subscribers should not lead themselves to believe that *they* support a publication, for we are ready to enter into a contract to publish and circulate from one to an unlimited number of copies of an absolutely free daily, or any other periodical with any responsible person who will guarantee sufficient advertising. On the other hand, we would not for a moment undertake the

publication of any kind of a periodical with either a limited or an unlimited paid-up circulation without advertising patronage. Brother, don't kick, but go to work and secure sufficient advertising patronage to occupy the space now filled with objectionable advertising matter, or put your hand down into your pocket, and pay for it yourself. You would not decline to give your services to a rum seller for remuneration simply because your pay came over the bar for drinks, and you rarely visit your Lodge that you don't act friendly toward some rum-selling brother, although he may be only a druggist. One of the largest commercial interests of California is based on its wine products.

The paper on page 533 was read by Bro. John Martin, Master of Durant Lodge, No. 268, of Berkeley, Cal., before his Lodge, on Friday evening, November 5th. We commend it to the thoughtful consideration of the Craft everywhere, for the sound Masonic common-sense advice with which it teems. It is the utterance of a man in harness, who knows whereof he speaks. It concludes the series of papers on Masonic subjects that was inaugurated in Durant Lodge when Bro. Martin became its Master. These papers were presented by eminent brethren hailing from various Lodges around the bay, as well as from Durant. Some of them have been reproduced in THE TRESTLE BOARD, and have left their influence on the recent Masonic legislation in California. Some of the changes in the law, made by the Grand Lodge, at its last session, can be directly traced to them. We commend the practice to all Lodges everywhere. It is an effective and proper way to educate the brethren, by making the Lodge what it should be—a school of instruction.

It is time that Christian civilization and enlightenment should recognize the law of their Great Light—the Holy Bible—and obey one of the Ten Commandments, "Thou shalt not kill." For it is equally a violation of the decalogue for the *people* to authorize the taking of life under the guise of law as it is for individuals to do so. The whole people are *morally* violators of the sacred command. Human judgment is liable to err; the Divine, never. Man should not take what God has given, and He only can restore. Man can deprive of liberty, and can restore it if he

has erred in judgment, but he cannot bring the dead to life.

We notice many of the Grand Bodies are making use of the printed transactions to preserve a remembrance of the features of the presiding and prominent members of the Craft in their several Jurisdictions. This is a much better way than the painted daubs we can see in some Jurisdictions costing thousands of dollars, which are poor representations and are liable to be destroyed at one fell swoop of the fire fiend. The printed proceedings of the Grand Council of Indiana for 1897 contain thirty-five one-page portraits of their Grand Masters.

We notice our Masonic contemporaries speak very approvingly of the Tactics and Monitor for Knights Templar, recently published by authority of the Grand Commandery of California under the supervision of E. Sir Frank Wm. Sumner, P. G. C. of California. The price is only two dollars, and every Sir Knight should have it. Orders sent to our care will be promptly filled.

The printed proceedings of Missouri and Illinois never fail to reach us within ten days after the close of the annual communication. They make a volume about the same size of that of California. Why does not the California printer perform his work as quickly.

Our rule is to accept no advertisement not backed by a reputable concern, and to avoid all frauds and objectionable goods which tend to lead one into disreputable association or bad habits. Consistency is a jewel, and we try to be consistent in advertising.

THE TRESTLE BOARD has now a circulation worthy the attention of advertisers, and from the well know character of the Fraternity, it cannot fail to bring good results from advertising on its pages. There are thousands that read it besides its subscribers. Try it.

Do you wish to make a Christmas present to one of your friends who is a Mason? If you do, you can find one which will remind him of your friendship every Monday in the year by sending him THE TRESTLE BOARD, which costs only one dollar a year. Try it.

One of the greatest evils which afflict the world, Masonry not excluded, is the greed for office. In Masonry it should be forbidden by legislation. Nominations should be forbidden as well as solicitation. Let each brother vote for whom he pleases.

California and Golden Gate Commanderies will have to look after their laurels. St. Bernard, at San Diego, are preparing to contest for the Grand Trophy at the Triennial Conclave at Pittsburg.

From printed reports we believe that the display of the American flag in other Jurisdictions is becoming very general.

Mecca Temple, Mystic Shrine, of New York was founded September 26, 1872, and has created 3,726 Nobles, and has now 2,749 Nobles in good standing.

The Grand Lodge of California, at its last annual communication, by its action disapproved the draping of the altar with the American flag. We do not understand that this will interfere with the presence of the American flag in some other position in the Lodge, but only in using the flag for a covering to the altar. The position of Grand Lodge is correct. Personally we gave the opinion, when the flag was first so displayed, that it did not seem to be an appropriate place for it. It should be in the place where it is accustomed to be seen, and in these days when patriotism is seemingly at a discount by so large a class of our population and fealty to a foreign potentate is boldly acknowledged it is eminently appropriate that the peculiar emblem of loyalty to the country in which we live should be displayed at every public and private gathering of people and of Freemasons especially.

On Tuesday evening, November 23d, Oakland Commandery, No. 11, K. T., conferred the Order of the Red Cross on two candidates. The officers of California Commandery, No. 1, were present by invitation and officiated in conferring the Order, as follows: E. Sir John P. Fraser, Sir Frank W. Titus Captain-General, Rev. Dr. Wm. E. Smith Prelate, and Sir John Tonningsen Junior Warden. The work was most creditably performed. The attendance was large and the occasion exceedingly enjoyable. A sumptuous banquet was spread at which R. E. Grand Commander Metcalf, Sir E. C. Fraser, Sir Dr. Smith and Sir P. E. C. Graves, and others delivered addresses.

Where non-affiliation is compelled by rejection the brother should have rights accorded him by some well-defined means. The example of younger Fraternities may well attract Masonic attention. The ancient and honorable Institution has some landmarks that are liable to destroy the much-boasted "progressive science" theory. Why not have the "universality" made a fact in practice as well as name?

*Freemason and Fez.*

So, also, says THE TRESTLE BOARD. Why not have universality made a fact? Why should not all good men and true, coming under the tongue of good report and well recommended, be received and *retained*, and allowed to practice the duties of brotherly love, relief and truth through the instrumentality of the Masonic organization? We answer that it cannot be so as long as human nature is imperfect and the odious secret ballot is retained. We are willing to vote *viva voce* on every application, and stand by our vote with reasons therefor.

Bro. Bun F. Price, P. G. M., of Tennessee and editor of the *Memphis Appeal*, copying the decision of the Grand Master of Minnesota, that a Mason made in a *colored* Lodge cannot be healed, but must be proposed, pay full fees in the regular way in the white body to become one among us, says:

"Good for you, M. W. brother. That is the way to talk it. Let us make our Masons regularly or not at all. But hold, what will THE TRESTLE BOARD say about this?" etc.

We have to say about this case that if he had been made in a clandestine *white* Lodge he could be healed. But the *color* of the Lodge makes a difference. *Vide* a Lodge in Los Angeles which was healed bodily. There is a difference 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee, Bro. Price.

The Masonic Fraternity and Order of the Eastern Star, of this city, will suffer a severe loss this coming week in the departure of Bro. John H. Ponder and Sister Louise Ponder, who return to San Diego to reside permanently. Mission Lodge and Mission Chapter assembled at their hall last Thursday evening to bid the brother and sister a hearty God-speed. Bro. Ponder was well known as one of the Mission Masonic Quartette, while Sister Ponder was the efficient Conductress of the new Chapter, and heartily beloved by every one of its members. Appropriate resolutions were engrossed and presented, and while much sorrow was expressed at the severing of valued ties, the evening will be long and pleasantly remembered by all who participated. Bro. and Sister Ponder have always evinced a most hearty zeal in the two Bodies in which they hold membership, and THE TRESTLE BOARD mingles its sorrow with their other friends, and says: Wher'er they go and what'er they do, God bless them.

The easiest way out of a difficulty is always the best. That is the reason why some people pay their debts.

#### Chips from Other Quarries.

It has been said that the degrees of Masonry are twice-told tales, which become tiresome and uninteresting; that the lessons of the Lodge room are, like the alphabet, so well known that we care not to hear them repeated. That depends. It depends upon how we regard the lessons, how we see the signs, and how we appre-

ciate the symbols. The ceremonies of the degrees are the alphabet of Masonry, and that man who can see nothing to interest him in the alphabet of language, nothing to entrance him in its unlimited scope for good and for enjoyment, has not learned his letters well, and will tire of the twice-told tale of Masonry.

The alphabet is the foundation of every book that was ever written, the index to every thought that was ever uttered, the avenue for the dissemination of all good words. With letters words are formed; with words sentences are framed; with sentences books are made; with books knowledge is extended; with knowledge power is acquired and good is accomplished. The alphabet is subject to infinite formations into words, and thus, though a twice-told tale many times over, is nevertheless always new. The ceremonies of the Lodge, the alphabet of Masonry, is to us precisely the same. They are the letters that form the words that portray the lessons, convey the truth and enlighten the mind. Every time these ceremonies are beheld, every time these lessons are heard, we can behold some new beauty. Like the Great Light of Masonry, there is a beauty underlying every word of truth that shines brighter and brighter by its often burnishing. The degrees are wearisome, twice-told tales to those only who do not look for more in the alphabet than the a b. The A B C of education is absolutely necessary, but there is the great ocean of knowledge and beauty beyond the A B C, and we are culpably negligent if we do not explore it. — *W. J. Duncan.*

It is humiliating to a Mason who has the reputation of his Order at heart, to see a brother under the influence of intoxicants. Masons should remember that they are violating the laws of their Order when they indulge intemperately. It is true that Masonry is not a total abstinence society. It does not enforce total abstinence, because when a man has undergone the scrutiny of the investigating committee and passed the unanimous ballot it is presumed that he has the manhood to learn the first lesson, and will "subdue his passions." Every time a Mason is intoxicated he has violated the Masonic law, and it is the duty of Lodges to enforce this law. A man that cannot partake moderately should not indulge at all; he should abstain altogether, or if he be so

weak that he can not do that, after proper admonition, the Lodge should deal with him.—*Tidings from the Craft.*

A few days ago, a Master Mason found, in a second-hand store, in one of our Texas cities, a ritual of the Mediterranean Pass and Knights of Malta. He purchased it for ten cents, and turned it over to a Knight Templar. To make the matter worse, the blanks had been carefully filled in, with the explanations of the signs, passwords, etc., making the whole thing intelligible to any reader.

The Sir Knight who had this book, and signed his name pledging his honor to turn it over to his successor in office, had failed to do so, and it became public property.

At the last session of the Blue Lodge Committee on Work, a brother was found to have in his possession a monitor in which some pencil notations had been made. The brother was publicly reprimanded by the Committee, and charges preferred against him, which resulted in his acquittal, as it was shown that the notes could not be read so as to be intelligible to any one.

Here is food for earnest thought by those who favor the printing of rituals. In Canada there is a private cipher ritual to be possessed only by actual Masters of Lodges, yet the writer saw one in Texas, and it was so plain that any one with a little ritualistic experience in any of the modern orders could easily have deciphered it. There is but one way to conscientiously keep the O. B., and properly guard the work, and that is to only receive and impart it orally, as our forefathers did before us from time immemorial.

—*Masonic Journal.*

It is exceedingly pleasant to visit a Lodge at a considerable distance from one's home and to receive a cordial welcome from brethren who are strangers. Never, perhaps, does the blessed character and true power of Freemasonry become more evident to a thoughtful brother than when he is thus received into a Masonic Lodge in some locality remote from his residence. He has presented the proper credentials that he is a worthy member of the Craft, he has given the required evidence of his Masonic identification, and thenceforth he is greeted as a brother, and is made to feel that he is among friends.

This is the expression of genuine Freemasonry—the manifestation of that fraternal spirit without which our Institution would be shorn of one of its most distinguishing qualities.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

Selling intoxicating liquors without license is a violation of the law of the land; such violation involves moral turpitude. What is the difference between selling liquor without license or with license? If selling without license involves "moral turpitude," does not selling for intoxicating purposes likewise involve "moral turpitude"? Therefore, a man who sells liquor with or without license is guilty of an act of turpitude that should condemn him in the eyes of an institution whose first cardinal virtue is temperance; the institution being one that we style a beautiful system of morals.—*John D. Vincil, of Mo.*

If you wish to appear agreeable in society you must consent to be taught many things which you know already.

It is not always wise to boast too much of ancestry; even a frog forgets that he was a pollywog.

The man who never gives away anything cheats himself.

We best serve ourselves when we best serve others.

The real coward is the one who is afraid to do right.

### Literary Notes.

We have received printed copies of the proceedings of the following Grand Bodies for which the Secretaries have our thanks: Grand Lodges of Colorado, Idaho, Delaware; Grand Chapters, R. A. M., of Montana, Indiana, Ohio; Grand Councils, R. & S. M., of Indiana and Maine; Grand Commandery, K. T., of New York; Grand Priory, K. T., of Canada; Report on Correspondence of the Grand Commandery of Illinois; Grand Chapter, O. E. S. of Missouri.

### Deaths.

In San Francisco, November 3d, Charles G. Athearn, a native of West Tisbury Mass., a member of California Lodge, No. 1, aged 71 years, 8 months.

At Butte, Montana, September 25th, James Monteath, a native of Dundee, Scotland, a member of Butte Lodge, F. & A. M., aged 67 years.

In San Francisco, November 15th, John Scott, a native of Ohio, a member of Mountain Shade Lodge, No. 18, at Downieville, Cal., aged 67 years, 8 months, 14 days. His funeral was attended by Golden Gate Lodge, No. 30.

In San Francisco, November 18th, William A. McAfee, a member of Oriental Lodge, No. 144, aged 40 years, 7 months.

In San Francisco, November 20th, John McCord, a native of Canada, a member of King Solomon's Lodge, No. 260, aged 50 years.

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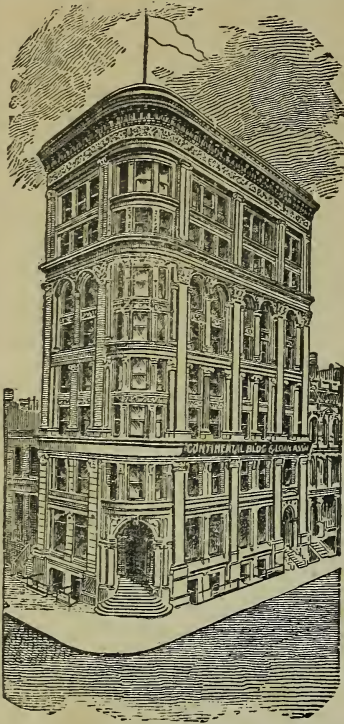
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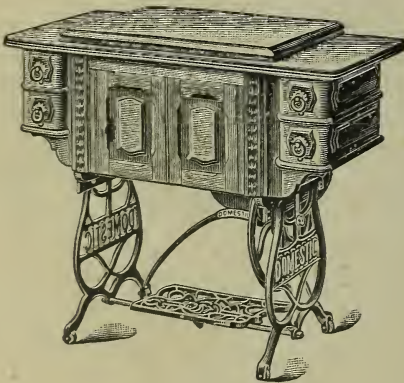
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