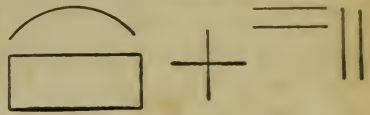




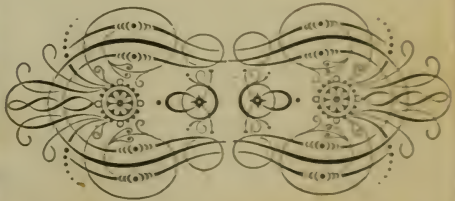
THE TRESTLE BOARD

MAGAZINE



CONTENTS:

| | |
|---|-----|
| Knight Kadosh | 339 |
| Knight Templarism | 344 |
| Diana Vaughan is a Myth | 345 |
| His Wife's Chum | 349 |
| Mrs. Maberly's Neighbor | 351 |
| Good Weight | 355 |
| Murdering Wagner | 359 |
| Masonry a la Lease | 359 |
| Woman and Masonry | 362 |
| Making Too Much of Masonry | 363 |
| Making a Mason at Sight | 364 |
| Taxation of Church Property | 365 |
| They Are Not Masons | 366 |
| What Masonry Once Was | 366 |
| The Wisconsin Proposition in Iowa | 367 |
| Masonic Insurance | 367 |
| Tobacco and Tobacco Using | 369 |
| "You Are Too Old" | 370 |
| Worthy of All Imitation | 371 |
| Nathaniel Greene Curtis | 373 |
| Bro. Charles Fred. Crocker, 33 ^o | 376 |
| Do We Meet Him on the Level | 379 |
| "So Mote It Be" | 379 |
| March of the Masons | 379 |
| Rural Pleasures | 379 |
| EDITORIALS, ETC. | |
| Right to Visit in Missouri | 380 |
| Observance of St. John's Day | 380 |
| Editorial Chips | 381 |
| Elections in California | 382 |
| Chips from Other Quarries | 386 |
| Literary Notes | 386 |
| Deaths | 386 |



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

408 California St.,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

\$1.00 per year in advance.

Single copies 10 cents.

ATLANTIC & PACIFIC RAILROAD. SANTA FE ROUTE.

Santa Fe Limited Leaves ^{Mondays} 5 P. M.
^{Thursdays}
3 1-2 DAYS TO CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS.
4 1-2 days to New York.

HANDSOMEST TRAIN IN THE WORLD!
SANTA FE EXPRESS!! Leaves Daily at 5 P. M.

Pullman Palace Drawing Room, also modern upholstered Tourist Sleeping Cars, through to Chicago via Kansas City.

BOSTON AND ST. PAUL EXCURSIONS WEEKLY.

Literature descriptive of route cheerfully sent.

Ticket Office, **644** Market St., Chronicle Building. Telephone M n 1531.

H. C. BUSH, A. G. P. A., S. H. PERKINS, City Ticket Agent,
61 Chronicle Building, 644 Market St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

Tours in the Rocky Mountains.

The "Scenic Line of the World," the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, offers to tourists in Colorado, Utah and New Mexico the choicest resorts, and to the trans continental traveler the grandest scenery. The direct line to Cripple Creek, the greatest gold camp on earth. Double daily train service with through Pullman sleepers and tourists' cars between Denver and San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Write S. K. Hooper, G. P. & T. A., Denver, Colorado, or W. J. Shotwell, General Agent, 314 California St., San Francisco, for descriptive pamphlets.



Johnson's

**FIRST-CLASS
RESTAURANT.**

28 Montgomery St., S. F.

Opposite Lick House.

PRICES REDUCED!

Service and Quality First-Class
!as heretofore, without Fee or Tip.

THE
TRESTLE BOARD.

A MONTHLY MASONIC AND FAMILY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XI.

AUGUST, 1897.

No. 8.

Knight Kadosh.

We often profit more by our enemies than by our friends. We support ourselves only on that which resists, and owe our success to opposition. The best friends of Masonry in America were the Anti-Masons of 1826, and at the same time they were its worst enemies. Men are but the automata of Providence, and it uses the demagogue, the fanatic and the knave, a common trinity in Republics, as its tools and instruments to effect that of which they do not dream, and which they imagine themselves commissioned to prevent.

The Anti-Masons, traitors and perjurers some, and some mere political knaves, purified Masonry by persecution, and so proved to be its benefactors; for that which is persecuted grows. To them its present popularity is due, the cheapening of its degrees, the invasion of its Lodges, that are no longer sanctuaries, by the multitude, its pomp and pageantry and overdone display.

A hundred years ago it had become known that the ——— were the Templars under a veil, and therefore the degree was proscribed, and, ceasing to be worked, became a mere brief and formal ceremony, under another name. Now, from the tomb in which after his murders he rotted, Clement the Fifth howls against the successors of his victims, in the Allocution of Pio Nono against the Freemasons. The ghosts of the dead Templars haunt the Vatican and disturb the slumbers of the paralyzed Papacy, which, dreading the dead, shrieks out its excommunications

and impotent anathemas against the living. It is a declaration of war, and was needed to arouse apathy and inertness to action.

An enemy of the Templars shall tell us the secret of this Papal hostility against an order that has existed for centuries in despite of its anathemas, and has its sanctuaries and Asyla even in Rome.

It will be easy, as we read, to separate the false from the true, the audacious conjectures from the simple facts.

“A power that ruled without antagonism and without concurrence, and consequently without control, proved fatal to the Sacerdotal Royalties; while the Republics, on the other hand, had perished by the conflict of liberties and franchises, which, in the absence of all duty hierarchically sanctioned and enforced, had soon become mere tyrannies, rivals one of the other. To find a stable medium between these two abysses, the idea of the Christian Hierophants was to create a society devoted to abnegation by solemn vows, protected by severe regulations, which should be recruited by initiation, and which, sole depository of the great religious and social secrets, should make Kings and Pontiffs, without exposing it to the corruptions of Power. In that was the secret of that kingdom of Jesus Christ, which, without being of this world, would govern all its grandeurs.

“This idea presided at the foundation of the great religious orders, so often at war with the secular authorities, ecclesiastical or civil. Its realization was also the dream of the dissident sects of Gnostics or Illuminati, who pretended to connect their faith with the primitive tradition of the

Christianity of St. John. It at length became a menace for the Church and Society, when a rich and dissolute Order, initiated in the mysterious doctrines of the Kabalah, seemed disposed to turn against legitimate authority the conservative principles of Hierarchy, and threatened the entire world with an immense revolution.

"The Templars, whose history is so imperfectly known, were those terrible conspirators. In 1118, nine Knights Crusaders in the East, among whom were Geoffroi de Saint Omer and Hugues de Payens, consecrated themselves to religion, and took an oath between the hands of the Patriarch of Constantinople, a See always secretly or openly hostile to that of Rome from the time of Photius. The avowed object of the Templars was to protect the Christians who came to visit the Holy Places; their secret object was the rebuilding of the Temple of Solomon on the model prophesied by Ezekiel.

"This rebuilding, formally predicted by the Judalizing Mystics of the earlier ages, had become the secret dream of the Patriarchs of the Orient. The Temple of Solomon, rebuilt and consecrated to the Catholic worship, would become, in effect, the Metropolis of the Universe; the East would prevail over the West, and the Patriarchs of Constantinople would possess themselves of the Papal power.

"The Templars, or Poor Fellow-Soldiery of the Holy House of the Temple, intended to be rebuilt, took as their models, in the Bible, the Warrior-Masons of Zorobabel, who worked, holding the sword in one hand and the trowel in the other. Therefore it was that the sword and the trowel were the insignia of the Templars, who subsequently, as will be seen, concealed themselves under the name of Brethren Masons. [This name, Frères Maçons in the French, adopted by way of secret reference to the builders of the Second Temple, was corrupted in English into Freemasons, as Pythagore de Crotona was into Peter Gower of Groton in England. Khairum or Khur-um (a name misrendered into Hiram), from an artificer in brass and other metals, because the chief builder of the Haikal Kadosh, the Holy House of the Temple, and the words Bonai and Banaim yet appear in the Masonic degrees, meaning builder and builders.]

"The trowel of the Templars is quadruple, and the triangular plates of it are

arranged in the form of a cross, making the Kabalistic pantacle known by the name of the Cross of the East. The Knight of the East, and the Knight of the East and West, have in their titles secret allusions to the Templars of whom they were at first the successors.

"The secret thought of Hugues de Payens, in founding his Order, was not exactly to serve the ambition of the Patriarchs of Constantinople. There existed at that period in the East a sect of Johannite Christians, who claimed to be the only true initiates into the real mysteries of the religion of the Saviour. They pretended to know the real history of Jesus the Anointed, and, adopting in part the Jewish traditions and the tales of the Talmud, they held that the facts recounted in the Evangels are but allegories, the key of which Saint John gives, in saying that the world might be filled with the books that could be written upon the words and deeds of Jesus Christ; words which, they thought, would be only a ridiculous exaggeration, if he were not speaking of an allegory and a legend, that might be varied and prolonged to infinity.

"The Johannites ascribed to Saint John the foundation of their Secret Church, and the Grand Pontiffs of the Sect assumed the title of Christos Anointed, or Consecrated, and claimed to have succeeded one another from Saint John by an uninterrupted succession of pontifical powers. He who, at the period of the foundation of the Order of the Temple, claimed these imaginary prerogatives, was named Theoclet; he knew Hugues de Payens, he initiated him into the mysteries and hopes of his pretender church, he seduced him by the notions of Sovereign Priesthood and Supreme royalty, and finally designated him as his successor.

Thus the Order of Knights of the Temple was at its very origin devoted to the cause of opposition to the tiara of Rome and the crowns of Kings, and the Apostolate of Kabalistic Gnosticism was vested in its chiefs. For Saint John himself was the Father of the Gnostics, and the current translation of his polemic against the heretical of his Sect and the pagans who denied that Christ was the Word, is throughout a misrepresentation, or misunderstanding at least, of the whole Spirit of that Evangel.

"The tendencies and tenets of the Order were enveloped in profound mystery,

and it externally professed the most perfect orthodoxy. The Chiefs alone knew the aim of the Order; the Subalterns followed them without distrust.

"To acquire influence and wealth, then to intrigue, and at need to fight, to establish the Johannite or Gnostic and Kabalistic dogma, were the object and means proposed to the initiated brethren. The Papacy and the rival monarchies, they said to them, are sold and bought in these days, become corrupt, and to-morrow, perhaps, will destroy each other. All that will become the heritage of the Temple; the world will soon come to us for its Sovereigns and Pontiffs. We shall constitute the equilibrium of the universe, and be rulers over the Masters of the world.

"The Templars, like all other Secret Orders and Associations, had two doctrines, one concealed and reserved for the Masters, which was Johannism; the other public, which was the Roman Catholic. Thus they deceived the adversaries whom they sought to supplant. Hence Freemasonry, vulgarly imagined to have begun with the Dionysian Architects or the German Stoneworkers, adopted Saint John the Evangelist as one of its patrons, associating with him, in order not to arouse the suspicions of Rome, Saint John the Baptist, and thus covertly proclaiming itself the child of the Kabalah and Essenism together."

[For the Johanism of the Adepts was the Kabalah of the earlier Gnostics, degenerating afterward into those heretical forms which Gnosticism developed, so that even Manes had his followers among them. Many adopted his doctrines of the two Principles, the recollection of which is perpetuated by the handle of the dagger and the tessellated pavement or floor of the Lodge, stupidly called "the Indented Tessel," and represented by great hanging tassels, when it really means a tessellated floor (from the Latin tessera) of white and black lozenges, with a necessarily denticulated or indented border or edging. And wherever, in the higher degrees, the two colors, white and black, are in juxtaposition, the two Principles of Zoroaster and Manes are alluded to. With others the doctrine became a mystic Pantheism, descended from that of the Brahmins, and even pushed to an idolatry of nature and hatred of every revealed dogma.

[To all this the absurd reading of the established Church, taking literally the

figurative, allegorical and mythical language of a collection of Oriental books of different ages, directly and inevitably led. The same result long after followed the folly of regarding the Hebrew books as if they had been written by the unimaginative, hard, practical intellect of the England of James the First and the bigoted solidity of Scottish Presbyterianism.]

"The better to succeed and win partisans, the Templars sympathized with regrets for dethroned creeds and encouraged the hopes of new worships, promising to all liberty of conscience and a new orthodoxy that should be the synthesis of all the persecuted creeds."

[It is absurd to suppose that men of intellect adored a monstrous idol called Baphomet, or recognized Mahomet as an inspired prophet. Their symbolism, invented ages before, to conceal what it was dangerous to avow, was of course misunderstood by those who were not adepts, and to their enemies seemed to be pantheistic. The calf of gold, made by Aaron for the Israelites, was but one of the oxen under the laver of bronze, and the Karobim on the Prohibitory misunderstood. The symbols of the wise always become the idols of the ignorant multitude. What the Chiefs of the Order really believed and taught, is indicated to the Adepts by the hints contained in the high degrees of Freemasonry, and by the symbols which only the Adepts understand.

[The blue degrees are but the outer court or portico of the Temple. Part of the symbols are displayed there to the Initiate, but he is intentionally misled by false interpretations. It is not intended that he shall understand them, but it is intended that he shall imagine he understands them. Their true extrication is reserved for the Adepts, the Princes of Masonry. The whole body of the Royal and Sacerdotal Art was hidden so carefully, centuries since, in the High Degrees, as that it is even yet impossible to solve many of the enigmas which they contain. It is well enough for the mass of those called Masons, to imagine that all is contained in the Blue Degrees, and whose attempts to undeceive them with labor in vain, and without any true reward violate his obligations as an Adept. Masonry is the veritable Sphinx, buried to the head in the sands heaped round it by the ages.]

"The seeds of decay were sown in the

Order of the Temple at its origin. Hypocrisy is a mortal disease. It had conceived a great work which it was incapable of executing, because it knew neither humility nor personal abnegation, because Rome was then invincible, and because the later Chiefs of the Order did not comprehend its mission. Moreover, the Templars were in general uneducated, and capable only of wielding the sword, with no qualifications for governing, and at need enchaining, that queen of the world called opinion."

[The doctrines of the Chiefs would, if expounded to the masses, have seemed to them the babblings of folly. The symbols of the wise are the idols of the vulgar, or else as meaningless as the hieroglyphics of Egypt to the nomadic Arabs. There must always be a common-place interpretation for the mass of initiates, of the symbols that are eloquent to the Adepts.]

"Hugues de Payens himself had not that keen and far-sighted intellect nor that grandeur of purpose which afterward distinguished the military founder of another soldiery that became formidable to kings. The Templars were unintelligent and therefore unsuccessful Jesuits.

"Their watchword was, to become wealthy, in order to buy the world. They became so, and in 1312 they possessed in Europe alone more than nine thousand seignories. Riches were the shoal on which they were wrecked. They became insolent, and unwisely showed their contempt for the religious and social institutions which they aimed to overthrow. Their ambition was fatal to them. Their projects were divined and prevented. [Rome, more intolerant of heresy than of vice and crime, came to fear the Order, and fear is always cruel. It has always deemed philosophical truth the most dangerous of heresies, and has never been at a loss for a false accusation, by means of which to crush free thought.] Pope Clement V. and King Philip le Bel gave the signal to Europe, and the Templars, taken as it were in an immense net, were arrested, disarmed and cast into prison. Never was a coup d'etat accomplished with a more formidable concert of action. The whole world was struck with stupor, and eagerly waited for the strange revelations of a process that was to echo through so many ages.

"It was impossible to unfold to the people the conspiracy of the Templars

against the Thrones and the Tiara. It was impossible to expose to them the doctrines of the Chiefs of the Order. [This would have been to initiate the multitude into the secrets of the Masters, and to have uplifted the veil of Isis. Recourse was therefore had to the charge of magic, and denouncers and false witnesses were easily found. When the temporal and spiritual tyrannies united to crush a victim they never want for serviceable instruments.] The Templars were gravely accused of spitting upon Christ and denying God at their receptions, of gross obscenities, conversations with female devils, and the worship of a monstrous idol.

"The end of the drama is well known, and how Jacques de Molai and his fellows perished in the flames. But before his execution, the Chief of the doomed Order organized and instituted what afterward came to be called the Occult, Hermetic, or Scottish Masonry. In the gloom of his prison, the Grand Master created four Metropolitan Lodges, at Naples for the East, at Edinburg for the West, at Stockholm for the North, and at Paris for the South. [The initials of his name, J. B. M., found in the same order in the first three degrees, are but one of the many internal and cogent proofs that such was the origin of modern Freemasonry. The legend of Osiris was revived and adopted, to symbolize the destruction of the Order, and the resurrection of Khurum, slain in the body of the Temple, of Khurum Abai, the Master, as the martyr of fidelity to obligation, of truth and conscience, prophesied the restoration to life of the buried associations.]

"The Pope and the King soon after perished in a strange and sudden manner. Squin de Florian, the chief denouncer of the Order, died assassinated. In breaking the sword of the Templars, they made of it a poinard, and their proscribed trowels thenceforward built only tombs."

[The Order disappeared at once. Its estates and wealth were confiscated, and it seemed to have ceased to exist. Nevertheless it lived, under other names and governed by unknown chiefs, revealing itself only to those who, in passing through a series of degrees, had proved themselves worthy to be entrusted with the dangerous secret. For the modern Orders that style themselves Templars have assumed a name to which they have not the shadow of a title.]

"The successors of the Ancient Adepts Rose Croix, abandoning by degrees the austere and hierarchical, Science of their Ancestors in initiation, between a Mystic Sect, united with many of the Templars, the dogmas of the two intermingling, and believed themselves to be the sole depositaries of the secrets of the gospel of St. John, seeing in its recitals an allegorical series of rites proper to complete the initiation.

"The initiates, in fact, thought in the eighteenth century that their time had arrived, some to found a new Hierarchy, others to overturn all authority, and to press down all the summits of the Social Order under the level of Equality."

The mystical meanings of the Rose as a Symbol are to be looked for in the Kabalistic Commentaries on the Canticles.

The Rose was for the Initiates the living and blooming symbol of the revelation of the harmonies of being. It was the emblem of beauty, life, love and pleasure. Flamel, or the Book of the Jew Abraham, made it the hieroglyphical sign of the accomplishment of the great work. Such is the key of the Roman de la Rose. The Conquest of the Rose was the problem propounded to Science by Initiation, while Religion was laboring to prepare and establish the universal triumph, exclusive and definitive of the Cross.

To unite the Rose to the Cross was the problem proposed by the High Initiation; and, in fact, the Occult philosophy being the Universal Synthesis, ought to explain all the phenomena of Being Religion, considered solely as a physiological fact, is the revelation and satisfaction of a necessity of souls. Its existence is a scientific fact; to deny it would be to deny humanity itself.

The Rose-Croix Adepts respected the dominant hierarchical, and revealed religion. Consequently they could no more be the enemies of the Papacy than of legitimate Monarchy; and if they conspired against the Popes and Kings, it was because they considered them personally as apostates from duty and supreme favors of anarchy.

What, in fact, is a despot, spiritual or temporal, but a crowned anarchist?

One of the magnificent pantacles that express the esoteric and unutterable part of Science is a Rose of Light, in the center of which a human form extends its arms in the form of a cross.

Commentaries and studies have been multiplied upon the "Divine Comedy," the work of Dante, and yet no one, so far as we know, has pointed out its especial character. The work of the great Ghilbellin is a declaration of war against the Papacy, by bold revelation of the Mysteries. The Epic of Dante is Johannite and Gnostic, an audacious application like that of the Apocalypse, of the figures and numbers of the Kabalah to the Christian dogmas, and a secret negation of everything absolute in these dogmas. His journey through the supernatural worlds is accomplished like the initiation into the Mysteries of Eleusis and Thebes. He escapes from that gulf of hell over the gate of which the sentence of despair was written, by reversing the position of his head and feet; that is to say, by accepting the direct opposite of the Catholic dogma; and then he reascends to the light by using the devil himself as a monstrous ladder. Faust ascends to heaven by stepping on the head of the vanquished Mephistopheles. Hell is impassable for those only who know not how to turn back from it. We free ourselves from its bondage by audacity.

His hell is but a negative purgatory. His heaven is composed of a series of Kabalistic circles, divided by a cross, like the Pantacle of Ezekiel. In the center of this cross blooms a rose, and we see the symbol of the Adepts of the Rose-Croix for the first time publicly expounded and almost categorically explained.

For the first time, because Guillaume de Lorris, who died in 1260, five years before the birth of Alighieri, had not completed his "Roman de la Rose," which was continued by Chopinel a half century afterward. One is astonished to discover that the "Roman de la Rose" and the "Divina Commedia" are two opposite forms of one and the same work, initiation into independence of spirit, a satire on all contemporary institutions and the allegorical formula of the great Secrets of the Society of the Rose-Croix.

The important manifestations of Occultism coincide with the period of the fall of the Templars; since Jean de Meung, or Chopinel, contemporary of the old age of Dante, flourished during the best years of his life at the Court of Philippe le Bel. The "Roman de la Rose" is the epic of old France. It is a profound book, under the form of levity, a revelation as learned

as that of Apuleius, of the Mysteries of Occultism. The Rose of Flamel, that of Jean de Meung, and that of Dante, grew on the same stem.

Swedenborg's system was nothing else than the Kabalah, minus the principle of the Hierarchy. It is the Temple without the keystone and the foundation.

Cagliostro was the Agent of the Templars, and therefore wrote to the Freemasons of London that the time had come to begin the work of rebuilding the Temple of the Eternal. He had introduced into Masonry a new Rite called the Egyptian, and endeavored to resuscitate the mysterious worship of Isis. The three letters L. P. D. on his seal were the initials of the words, *Lilia pendibus destrue*—tread under foot for the lilies (of France), and a Masonic medal of the sixteenth or seventeenth century has upon it a sword cutting off the stalk of a lily, and the words, *talem dabit ultio messem*—such harvest revenge will give.

A Lodge inaugurated under the auspices of Rousseau, the fanatic of Geneva, became the center of the revolutionary movement in France, and a Prince of the blood-royal went thither to swear the destruction of the successors of Philippe le Bel on the tomb of Jacques de Molai. The registers of the Order of Templars attest that the Regent, the Duc d'Orleans, was Grand Master of that formidable Secret Society, and that his successors were the Duc de Maine, the Prince of Bourbon-Condé and the Duc de Cossé-Brissac.

The Templars compromised the King; they saved him from the rage of the people, to exasperate that rage and bring on the catastrophe prepared for centuries; it was a scaffold that the vengeance of the Templars demanded. The secret movers of the French revolution had sworn to overturn the throne and the altar upon the tomb of Jacques de Molai. When Louis XVI was executed, half the work was done; and, thenceforward, the Army of the Temple was to direct all its efforts against the Pope.

Jacques de Molai and his companions were perhaps martyrs, but their avengers dishonored their memory. Royalty was regenerated on the scaffold of Louis XVI, the church triumphed in the captivity of Pius VI, carried a prisoner to Valence, and dying of fatigue and sorrow, but the successors of the Ancient Knights of the

Temple perished, overwhelmed in their fatal victory.—*Masonic Chronicle.*

o

Knight Templarism.

In the progress of the first crusade, A. D., 1099, Jerusalem was captured from the Mohammedans, and the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem was organized, with Godfrey of Buillon as its first sovereign. This, of course, represented a tremendous revolution in the political condition of the world. The establishment and maintenance for over half a century of a Christian government in Palestine and Syria divided the Moslem power, and helped to prevent it from overruling Europe at a time when such an invasion might have been fatal to Christian institutions.

The illustrious order of Knights Templar was organized to alleviate the dangers and distresses to which the Pilgrims to the Holy City were exposed from bands of Moslem brigands, and to guard the honor of saintly virgins and matrons and to protect the gray hairs of the saintly Palmer, nine noble Knights, led by the stalwart Hugh de Payens, formed a holy brotherhood in arms, and entered into a solemn compact to aid one another in clearing the highways and in protecting Pilgrims through the passes and defiles of the mountains to the Holy City.

These nine Knights renounced the world and its pleasures, and in the Church of the Resurrection, in the year 1113, in the presence of Arnulph, Patriarch of Jerusalem, they embraced vows of perpetual chastity, obedience and poverty.

In 1118 Baldwin II, third King of Jerusalem, gave the new Order accommodations in the Church of the Virgin, one of the buildings connected with the Temple of Solomon. It was from this that the new Order took its name, the Knighthood of the Temple of Solomon, contracted afterwards into Knights Templar.

The new society received the sanction of an ecclesiastical council and of Pope Honorius II. in 1128.

Immediately after this sanctioning of the order by the ecclesiastical authority, Hugh de Payens visited France and Great Britain, with the result that a large amount of wealth was put into his hands for the prosecution of the work, and a goodly number of men followed him on his return to Jerusalem.

From near this time till near the close

of the 13th century, the Knights continued with varying fortunes to fight the Moslem hordes and to defend the interests of the cross in the Holy Land. In the battles of this period success sometimes rested with the soldiers of the Red Cross and sometimes with those of the hated crescent.

It was the time when such names as Hugh of the Temple and Roger Mobray and William of Warrenne adorned the annals of the order of the cross, while such as the dreaded Nouveddin and the almost invincible Saladdin were numbered among their opponents.

It was an era of great deeds, of unflinching devotion and matchless valor; but it was an anachronism in the history of the gospel. It belonged to the times of David and Saul, of Gideon and Jephtha rather than to the reign of Him who died for a lost world, not using the sword for his defense, but praying for the forgiveness of those who slew him.

Little by little, contesting every inch of ground and performing prodigies of valor, the Knights were driven back by the Moslem invasion. In October of 1187 Jerusalem was lost, after being held by the Christian forces for 88 years. Crusade after crusade followed, but the Knights were finally driven out of the country.

The next period of Knight Templarism had its scene in Europe, and dates from the overthrow of the Christian power in Palestine in 1291 to 1313, when James de Molay, 22d Grand Commander, was burned at the stake in Paris.

With the loss of the Holy Land and the concurrent loss in Europe of interest in the war of the Crusaders, the original employment of the Knights of the Temple passed away, and the feeling of dependence on their prowess gave place, in the hearts of civil and religious authorities, to one of jealousy of their immunity from ecclesiastical taxation and control. The impossibility of ruling the order in the interest of priest craft exposed it to the hatred of the popes and their coadjutors, while the great wealth, which unfortunately for the Knights had been lavished upon them during the period of the crusading craze, made them an agreeable prey for the unscrupulous political power of the time. The record of the persecution is but a sickening succession of the horrors of the inquisitional chamber and the accompanying atrocities of the stake and fagot.

The transition from the military order of Knighthood of early years and eastern lands to the fraternal organization now existing in this country and in Europe under the same name is involved in obscurity. The change represents, however, not a degeneracy of the knightly spirit, but a change in the condition of human society. There is no longer any necessity of defending Pilgrims to the Holy City from the cruel attacks of Moslem brigands, and the Crusaders, of which the Knights were a chief support, could have no place in these days. This change in the political and social condition of the world has led, as it was inevitable that it should do, to the abolition of the ancient order of Knighthood, in so far as its active military character is concerned. But out of the relation of brotherhood, of unflinching, un-failing sympathy and assistance for a companion in need, which was developed amid the perils of the wars of the early years of the order, and amid the baptism of fire which it suffered in the fierce and cruel persecutions of subsequent times—out of that heroic relation of knight to knight has grown the brotherhood of these later years, in which the element of fraternal love and support is the distinguishing characteristic.

—Rev. G. A. Cleveland.

—o—

Diana Vaughan is a Myth.

A colossal fraud has just been exposed in Paris. With inimitable self-assurance the inventor of this gigantic swindle, this amazing hocus-pocus, has come forward and told a wondering world how for years he has been duping credulous souls, and duping them so effectively as to win praise and blessings from some of the most potent persons living. Great in his day was Cagliostro, prince of mountebanks and quacks, but equally great as a mystifier is this nineteenth century trickster. Candid, and at times offensively frank, was Rousseau when he told the strange story of his life, but not more candid or offensively frank than this astute gentleman of our time, who, to serve his own ends, has for years been lying with a shamelessness that the immortal Munchausen could hardly have matched.

This interesting individual is Leo Taxil. A well-known man he is, and one who is a familiar figure in more than one European capital. Much has been heard of him lately in connection with the mysterious

Diana Vaughan. Journals throughout the world have told the extraordinary story of Diana's initiation into a diabolical society and of her subsequent conversion to the Roman Catholic Church. Many sensitive souls shuddered as they read her horrible tale, and general wonder was expressed that in these enlightened days any persons could be found willing to join such a monstrous and sacrilegious organization as she described.

So the weird tales of devil worship and of uncanny nocturnal ceremonies went the round of the press, and the excitement gradually increased until a few days ago, when it was buzzed abroad that the marvelous Diana would hold a meeting in Paris, and would there and then reveal all the secrets of diabolism and the causes of her conversion. An invitation to attend the meeting was sent to several journalists, as well as to several well-known Catholic clergymen and free thinkers.

There was nothing unusual about the wording of this invitation except the rather singular fact that the generous Diana announced her intention of offering a prize, for which the journalists were to draw lots. Somehow this introduction of a lottery feature seemed rather suspicious to a few who had followed with interest Diana's meteoric career. It looked to them too much like an attempt to curry favor or to rake in shekels.

Still Diana had promised to show them some wonderful sights that evening, among them being certain extraordinary pictures, including photographs of Goblet d'Alviella in the costume of a Magus and of his compact with the Serpent; portraits of Albert Pike, Liliana Pike, John Vaughan and Diana Vaughan herself, grouped together in the garden of a certain Nathaniel Levin, of Charleston, S. C., and reproductions of Thomas Vaughan's compact with Lucifer and of the first pages of the "Book of Apadno," written by Lucifer. Furthermore, the audience expected to see a photograph representing Diana receiving from the infernal Asmodeus a diadem of steel, which had been fashioned in the subaqueous smithy at Gibraltar. This photograph, it was said, was taken by John Vaughan and with Lucifer's consent.

Finally a glimpse of the following pictures was promised. The departure of a serpent rose on its mission, a blessing by the Grand Master of the Perfect Triangle, a scene taken from the Triangle Galeas

Caracciolo of Naples; Eden (the earthly Paradise) as it exists at present, Eve's apple tree, antediluvian animals, and a photograph by a certain gentleman of curious sights seen by him in the Garden of Eden.

At last the evening of the meeting came, and a select audience gathered in the hall of the Geographical Society to hear Diana's confession. When they were all seated lots were cast for the prize, and it was won by Ali Kemel, a correspondent of the Constantinople paper *Ikdam*. Then it became known that every one had been obliged to leave his cane or umbrella in charge of an attendant at the door, and the result was a natural buzz of surprise. Why had such an order been given? Surely no one supposed that this meeting was going to be a sort of Donnybrook Fair!

But where was Diana, this mysterious maiden whom no one had seen in the flesh, but of whom all the wide world had heard so many wonders?

The audience began to grow impatient. The staid clergymen looked expectantly toward the raised platform; the little group of free thinkers smiled incredulously; the journalists wondered whether, after all, they were not wasting their time. Suddenly a black-robed figure moved quickly through them and ascended the platform. It was Leo Taxil.

Every one there knew him, and for a minute or two no one wondered at his appearance. A stout champion of the Church he has apparently been for some years, fighting for her with all the weapons at his command, and especially proving useful to her by his thorough knowledge of the inner workings of secret societies.

Of devil worshipers he was the pronounced foe, and many alleged secrets of theirs were revealed by him to Church dignitaries. Moreover, he claimed to have been a Freemason in his early years, and his antagonism to that order, after he became a Catholic, made him a marked man. Again, he was supposed to have been instrumental in converting Diana, and hence, on this august occasion, it was surely fitting that he should take a front place. So they waited patiently to hear him.

But hardly had the first words come from his lips when a look of utter astonishment swept over the faces before him. And no wonder, for these were his astounding words:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you desire to see Diana Vaughan. Look at me! I am Diana Vaughan!"

The audience was actually so paralyzed with astonishment that not a word was uttered, and Taxil went on as calmly as though he were delivering a lecture on the mountains of the moon. On his face there was a self-satisfied smile, and in his voice there was that emotion which we usually associate with the voice of a well-fed philanthropist. It never seemed to occur to him that there was anything shameless in his conduct; on the contrary, he seemed to glory in it.

After informing the audience that there was no such person as Diana Vaughan he launched into a history of his career. To fool men had always given him pleasure, he said. Thus on one occasion he had frightened the people of Marseilles almost to death by telling them that the quays of the city were in danger of being destroyed by sharks, and on another occasion he had bamboozled the greatest archæologists in Europe by a cock and a bull story of a city at the bottom of Lake Geneva.

In 1885 he decided to fool the Catholic Church, so he went to a leading ecclesiastic and told him that he had repented of all his sins and desired to spend his remaining years in doing good. This desire was not immediately gratified. The Church, in fact, did not take kindly to this repentant sinner. It suspected him; it was not quite sure that he was not a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Finally, Taxil appealed to the Archbishop of Paris, and the latter handed him over to a Jesuit father, one of the shrewdest churchmen in Christendom. To him Taxil made a confession that lasted three days. Among the crimes of which he confessed himself guilty was murder. The Jesuit father finally gave him absolution and ordered him to pay a pension to the widow of the murdered man.

"Of course," explained Taxil, with a smile, "there was not a word of truth in my confession."

Cries of "Liar! Scoundrel! Rascal!" came from the angry audience. Some of the clergymen left their seats and went out of the hall, meanwhile protesting vigorously. Those who remained, scowled bitterly at the speaker, and a few openly regretted that their canes and umbrellas were not at hand. Indeed, it was well for Taxil that these useful weapons were not within

the reach of certain muscular arms. But he seemed utterly indifferent, and, smiling blandly, he continued his tale.

About this time, he said, the Pope issued his encyclical against the Freemasons, and here was a golden opportunity to show zeal for the Church. He showed his zeal by writing criticisms on certain books and doctrines of the Freemasons, and by the barefaced assertion that Freemasons worship Lucifer, the Prince of Devils. This assertion he tried hard to make plausible by misquoting several passages from Masonic text books. He succeeded beyond his utmost expectations, and straightway he evolved out of his inner consciousness a complete ritual of devil worship and a thorough history of the manner in which modern Freemasons worship the devil.

For this laudable work he not only received high praise from the clergy and warm encouragement from lay Catholics, but he also received a blessing from the Pope himself. Moreover, he also received a large cheque from the Marquis de Mores, on the rind of which religious texts were printed.

"This cheese," remarked Taxil, "had a very pronounced odor, and impelled me more than ever to wage an unrelenting war against the Freemasons."

Shouts of "You reprobate!" "You scamp!" were heard from the audience. Meanwhile some more clergymen left the hall.

Taxil smiled, and went on to tell how he journeyed to Rome, and how Cardinal Rampolla received him graciously and gave him high praise for his "distinguished works" against devil worship and the Freemasons. The Pope, too, gave him an audience.

"That's enough for me," remarked a Catholic journalist, leaving his seat. "No Christian person can remain in this hall."

But the others paid no heed to him, being determined to hear the strange story to the end.

"The bishops," continued Taxil calmly, "who examined my books found them entirely true; especially Mgr. Meurin, who, after a thorough study, arrived at the same conclusions as I did. But I wanted further evidence of this truth. One of my friends, Dr. Hacks, a navy surgeon, collaborated with me under the name of Dr. Bataille, and the result was a book, entitled 'The Devil in the Nineteenth Century,' in which we gave our own experiences of devil wor-

ship, or Palladismus, among the Freemasons.

"Next I engaged as secretary an intelligent young girl, who was employed as copyist by an American firm in Paris, and I got her to write letters from women who were formerly Freemasons, in which all the horrors of Lucifer worship were graphically depicted. I paid her for this work 150f. a month. In this way I got the material for my book, entitled 'Are There Women Freemasons?'"

"My secretary, under the assumed name of Diana Vaughan, entered into direct correspondence with the dignitaries of the Catholic Church, especially with the private secretary of the Pope, and he sent her with each letter the especial blessing of the Holy Father."

Renewed excitement among the audience, but the arch mystifier went on calmly:

"If the clergy were tricked they may blame themselves. We had told them that the head center of Palladismus was in the Masonic Lodge at Charleston, in America. Moreover, in my book on the devil I published a ground plan of Satan's chapel, which, I said, formed part of the Lodge in Charleston. When the Bishop of Charleston heard of this he journeyed to Rome and told the Pope that the whole story was a pack of lies. He assured the Pope that he had searched carefully, but could not find a Satan's chapel anywhere, and he maintained that the Freemasons of Charleston were honorable citizens, who would certainly not take part in any devil worship. The Pope ordered the Bishop to keep silent on the subject, and when Diana Vaughan informed him a few days later that the Bishop was himself a Freemason the Pope sent her his blessing.

"There is another example, showing how easy it is to trick the clergy. Diana Vaughan said that under the rock of Gibraltar there was a shop or smithy, in which all the utensils necessary for devil worship were fashioned. When he heard this story the Apostolic Vicar of Gibraltar sent a protest to the Pope, but the protest was pigeonholed, and Diana Vaughan received another papal benediction, the special reason being that Diana gave the Pope's representative most interesting details about the smithy beneath the rock of Gibraltar, and even assured him that all the work there was done by means of hell fire."

Taxil next tried to show that the Vati-

can wanted to use Diana Vaughan for the purpose of perfecting a monstrous swindle.

According to him, the world was to be made to believe that the heart of Joan of Arc had been discovered in an Italian nunnery. Taxil took the hint, and wrote a hymn in honor of the Maid of Orleans, which he set to music and published under the name of Diana Vaughan. This hymn was sung at patriotic gatherings in French churches, and especially at the Sacre Cœur in Paris, and no one noticed that the melody was that of an old popular song.

Again bitter cries assailed the speaker, and it looked for a moment as though a rush would be made to the platform. But Taxil softly assured them that his story had been told, and that he would not worry or annoy them any longer. Cynically he explained why he made this brutal confession.

To be brief, he knew that, if he did not confess, some one would expose him. To use a slang phrase, he saw that "the game was up." In conclusion he said that, having worked the ecclesiastical field for all it was worth, he would now look for "fresh fields and pastures new" in France, England and America.

It is certain that he could not have kept up the deception much longer. At the Anti-Masonic Congress, which was held in Trent in September, 1896, and over which Prince Loewenstein presided, a heated discussion arose in regard to Diana Vaughan's identity, and the Archbishop of Cologne did not hesitate to express his opinion that she was an imposter. He admitted that many letters could be produced in her handwriting, but he said that no one could be found who had actually seen her or who could prove that she had really been baptized and converted to the Catholic Church.

Now the Archbishop represented the potent Cardinal Krementz, and his severe attack must have convinced Leo Taxil that he could no longer hope to make capital out of Diana Vaughan. That she has proved a regular gold mine to him for the past few years is generally believed. The end, however, being clearly at hand, he prepared a grand and sensational finale, and how it succeeded is here told.—*N. Y. Herald.*

————— o —————
The word "free" meant, originally, that the person so called was free of the company or guild of incorporated Masons.

HIS WIFE'S CHUM.

He had been married a year, and still found that marital happiness was really a tangible thing, not the fanciful vaporings of poetic enthusiasts. He was able to crumble in the dust the highest and strongest arguments brought forward by cynical bachelors that marriage is a failure. But yet, with all his devotion, he was able to appreciate a pretty woman. He kept this appreciation to himself. In a year's time he had learned many valuable truths of whose existence he had not even dreamed before. One of these was that it was far better for a married man to keep some things to himself and observe a religious silence on others. One subject upon which he kept a religious silence was that of praising pretty women in his wife's hearing. When he married her he thought his wife the most beautiful creature which the wildest dreams of a lover's fancy could conjure up, but after a year's constant association with her he had been forced to acknowledge to himself that there were others as pretty, and, at last, had decided that some were prettier, but that none were better or sweeter he never doubted.

One morning, at breakfast, as his wife, clad in a bewitching gown, was pouring the coffee, the smart, white-aproned maid came in with the mail, and amid the pile of letters was one upon which his wife seized eagerly and tore open with the unconventional aid of the butter knife.

"Oh, Jack," she said joyfully, as she read on with a smiling face, "Maud is coming. You remember Maud?"

He did not remember Maud, and said so.

"Oh, yes, you do," his wife replied, "She was my chum when you came to see me before we were married. She used to plague us by coming in when we wanted to be alone. Don't you remember?"

Jack had a dim recollection of a small girl who used to make herself "too confoundedly numerous," as Jack had once said in a moment of exasperation, but her face he could not call to mind. So he nodded, and asked when she was coming.

"To night, she says. She does not mention the train. There are two, you know. I suppose she will take the 10:35 from Boston, where she wants to do some shopping. I am so glad she is coming. We can have such fun talking over old times, and, oh, lots of things."

Jack folded his napkin, got his grip, and, accompanied by his wife, walked to the door which opens on a pretty porch, with the woodbine and the view of the garden and the woods crowing the hill. The old familiar scene was enacted at parting for the day, and Jack went briskly down the path to the road which leads to the railroad station, stopped at the gate long enough to look back and wave a farewell to the figure in the bewitching morning gown, which stood in the door framed by the woodbine. He boarded the train which took him to Boston at just the same time every week day. Jack was a young lawyer of considerable ability, and already had a fairly good practice in a profession which is so overcrowded.

Every afternoon, at 5:30, the train started back from the big, smoky, noisy B and A station, and every afternoon, at 5:30, Jack entered the last car with his grip and his paper. In the middle of the week the train was seldom crowded, and often Jack found himself entirely alone for most of the journey. This happened to be one of the days, and Jack stretched himself out comfortably and began to read the paper. The main line pulled out in a slow and dignified manner. Jack saw a flash of white fly by the window, and the next moment a charming young woman, with dark brown hair, laughing brown eyes and a jaunty blue and white shirt-waist and a red necktie stood in the door, a vision of summer personified. She was so extremely pretty that Jack could not help looking at her again as she came down the aisle. She caught his eye, a half-surprised expression flashed over her face, she paused uncertainly, and then deliberately sat down directly opposite Jack. She arranged her blue skirt daintily, looked out the window and then at Jack, who found himself stealing a surreptitious glance at her from the edge of the paper which he was pretending to read. The same little comedy was gone through with again, and this time she smiled slightly but encouragingly, and Jack smiled back. Nay, do not frown. What would you have done under the circumstances, O stern and moral benedicts of a year's standing?

At any rate, Jack smiled, and then, with malice aforethought, as he very well knew, this pretty girl began to struggle ineffectually to raise the car window. Now this has been the accepted prelude to car flirtations since the invention of railroads,

and there is good ground for thinking it may be the reason why car windows always stick. As soon as Jack saw her attempts he gallantly sprang up and offered to help her. With a charming confusion she accepted, and after a few vicious tugs the window came up, and Jack sat down beside the charming young woman. He was so exhausted he had to.

"Oh, thank you so much," said she. "It is so hard to get these windows up. As I was coming through on the main line I tried so hard to get one up, and no one offered to help me."

"Have you ever been out this way before?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I used to live in Boston or about here."

"Then you are acquainted hereabouts?"

"Yes, indeed, I know—er, that is, I—I do not know any one now. Everybody has moved away."

"Now, what in the dickens made her blush like that?" thought Jack, as the young lady suddenly became intensely interested in the passing landscape. She turned back again after a time, but evidently had great difficulty in meeting her companion's eyes. Every reference to Boston or its vicinity was discouraged with restrained confusion. Jack made some tactful attempts at getting her name, but every one was foiled.

"She's a bright girl," said Jack to himself, "but what makes her want to giggle all the time?"

The train approached Alton Center, and the young lady made preparations to leave the train, and while it pulled into the station Jack carried her bag to the door, and wished her a good-bye. She turned as if to speak to him, and then ran down the steps.

"She is a mighty pretty girl," mused Jack as he resumed his seat. "But what—wonder if I'd better say anything to Edith about it. No, I won't; no need of it," and he began to read his paper.

His wife met him at the gate, and her face wore a look of disappointment.

"Maud is not coming to-day, Jack," she said. "She wrote me that she was going to stop off to see a friend, and come on to-morrow on the afternoon train. Isn't it mean, after all my preparations, too?"

Jack thought it was, and the subject dropped. In the evening they went over to the Van Pluys to play whist, and Edith beat Jack and Mrs. Van Pluys, much to

Edith's delight and Jack's chagrin, for if there was one thing on which Jack prided himself it was his whist and his famous combination play of the king second hand, which had never failed of its object, but did fail signally that night.

For some unaccountable reason the next day did not pass as well for Jack in the city. Everything seemed to go wrong. His typewriter spoiled two briefs when they were almost done, and he dropped his big inkstand and spilled all the ink on the pretty rug which he and Edith had selected to make the office look more cheery. When it came time for him to go to the station he was glad, and sank within his accustomed seat with a sigh of relief. He remembered the affair of the day before, and wished that he had told Edith, and compromised with himself by deciding to tell her when he reached home. The monotonous rattle of clicking cars jarred upon him, and he could not read. When the train stopped at West Alton his temper had not improved materially, and when he ran into a fat man with two grips he did not even beg the fat man's pardon, although he knew that it was his own fault, but muttered savagely something about people not looking where they were going.

Edith did not meet him at the gate as usual, and that irritated him more. As he neared the little porch he heard the sound of animated voices. One was Edith's; the other sounded strangely familiar. Where had he heard it before? He racked his brain, but could not determine. As he opened the door to the cool, darkened sitting-room Edith met him.

"Maud has come, Jack," she said, and dragged him into the room where, seated on the divan with the big cushions, was a white form which his eyes, unaccustomed to the dimness of the room, could not make out.

"Maud, this is my husband, Jack," said Edith. "You remember Jack."

"I believe that we have had the pleasure of meeting more recently, Mr. Strong," said Maud, with a roguish smile.

Jack started back with his mouth open, but no voice came from it. He was petrified. He could only stare at her hopelessly. She was the girl whom he had met so unconventionally the day before in the car.

"Er—ah, yes, yes, of course," he managed to gasp, "delighted"—and sank down upon the nearest chair with the perspiration

standing out upon his forehead. The wife stood like a statue of ice, and looked from Maud, who was smiling self possessed, to Jack, who looked like a melting molasses candy image.

"I do not quite understand," she began.

Maud said nothing, but kept her calm, roguish smile. Edith turned to Jack, and almost caught him in the act of making a wild gesture toward Maud. He wilted further.

"John," said Edith—and when she said "John" she meant what she said, and Jack knew it—"John, what does this mean?"

"Er—my dear—it means—I—the fact is—oh, dash it—I—I saw her yesterday in the car. That is what it means," and Jack blurted it out in a voice which was a combination of a groan and a shout.

"Met her in the car? Well, I see no reason why you should be so confused about it." Edith had become very haughty.

Jack said nothing. He was swearing. He was swearing to himself. Maud saw that it had gone far enough, and that it was time for her to speak.

"Come, Edith," she said, "I'll confess. When I entered the car yesterday afternoon I recognized your husband at once, and was going to speak to him, but I saw that he did not recognize me. I—well, I do not know why I did it, but you know my fault in liking fun and practical jokes, and all that, and I just thought that it would be fun and play a trick on him, and then tell you all about it. He kindly helped me"—here she smiled at Jack, who cursed mentally—"to raise the window, and then he talked very nicely to me. And I nearly died with laughing and having to keep it to myself. When I left the train at Alton I intended to tell him all about it, but the thought of seeing the expression on his face when he met me to-day kept me from it. That's all, Edith. It was just one of my awful practical jokes. Forgive me, dear, but really I could not help it."

Jack had straightened up when she began her tale, and when she had finished added emphatically, "Yes, by George, that's all, Edith. I was going to tell you about it to-night myself."

Edith looked from one to the other doubtfully, and when she thought of the unutterable woe depicted upon the face of poor Jack and his bad quarter of an hour, her sense of humor came to her, and she was forced to smile, and was joined by

Maud, who had had great difficulty in keeping her face straight for the last fifteen minutes, and by Jack, upon whom the smile of Edith had produced a reaction. They all laughed loudly, and Edith kissed Maud, and then everybody went into one of those delightful little dinners for which the Strong's are so justly famous.

But that night after Maud had gone to her room and Jack was smoking his pipe, Edith looked up from her book and gazed at Jack long and earnestly. He met her gaze with a fond smile.

"Jack, Maud is a dear girl, isn't she?"

"Why, yes, of course she is."

"She's an old friend of mine, too, and I think a great deal of her. She and I went to school together. She was always so jolly and so fond of practical jokes and that sort of thing, you know."

She paused and fingered the cover of her book. She was in deep thought.

"Jack, don't you think that people who are that way carry things a little too far sometimes?"

And Jack smiled.

— o —

Mrs. Maberly's Neighbor.

—

"Paul! it is the loveliest little house I've seen yet. Let us take it."

"I confess I like that long veranda," said Paul, "and those beeches and chestnuts on the roadside are simply superb."

"Yes, they are very beautiful, and, let me see, two cherry trees, one peach, one pear and six apple trees, all in good condition, in the side and back yard," said the young wife, reading from the slip of paper she held in her well-gloved hand—pretty shaped hands she had.

"And the view is not half bad, either. I think more of that than of the fruit, which, like the peach of emerald hue, can do some harm. Remember, we have a two-year-old boy who is very ambitious where climbing is to be considered. I'm afraid these fruit trees will tempt him too sorely."

"How very ridiculous, when I am around!" was the laughing response. "Ernest is scarcely ever out of my sight, and he is very obedient. I like this bay window, it commands such a pretty view; the parlor just suits me, it is exactly what one needs in a country home. My lace curtains will fit the windows; there is just enough room for the furniture. I can see just where to put everything. The floors

are oiled, and our rugs will go down nicely. The people who lived here have taken good care of the house."

"The people who lived here built the house," her husband said, "and evidently took great pains to make it comfortable, but something happened that caused them to break up."

He did not admit that the something was a forgery, and that the man had fled, leaving his helpless little wife and children to go on as best they could. Why should she know it? It might lessen her pleasure in living in the place if she did.

They went upstairs, down into the cellar, and found all the appointments perfect. Mrs. Maberly was in raptures. If they had built it for themselves, she said, it could not have been more to her liking; indeed, she had planned a house exactly like it.

The veranda went round two sides of the building, and there were still hanging from the beams overhead baskets of last year's plants, some of them yet thrifty. Vines had been carefully trained over the lattice-work, and a thick mass of foliage rendered it almost impossible for wind or rain to get in.

The next house on the right was but a few rods away, a bright-looking stone cottage against which clung English ivy, the sun's level rays turning the leaves to crimson and gold.

"I wonder who lives there?" Mrs. Maberly asked.

"The name is Warren," said her husband. "I have seen him once or twice, but have never spoken to him."

"Warren; it is a good name, and it seems to me I have heard it in connection with some of my friends, but I forget. I hope they are nice; one has sometimes to depend upon neighborly offices. They certainly show good taste. I can see from here that the garden is beautiful, and the baby carriage in the yard is very pretty and costly. The nurse wears a cap, too. How trim she looks—and well dressed! That speaks volumes for the mistress of the house. Of course none but nice people would live in a cottage like that, or," she added, laughingly, "this."

"That goes without saying," said her husband, "but hadn't we better be going? The horse is getting impatient."

"Oh, yes, and the boy will be fretting for me, poor little fellow! I'm so glad there's a barn on the premises. Don't you think

we could afford a cow? I could make such delicious ice-cream."

"We'll see about it," her husband said, smiling.

In less than a week the house was ready for occupancy, and Mrs. Maberly was as happy as the day is long settling things. Of course it took weeks to get everything in place, and then a rearrangement was often decided upon, but, at last, the piano was satisfactorily disposed of, the furniture and the bric-a-brac set out to advantage, and the little woman felt very proud of her house, which really reflected great credit upon her taste and ingenuity. As for the boy, he lived out of doors. His quarters in the city had been rather limited, but here he had, as his father expressed it, "all creation to roam in."

Often as Mrs. Maberly sat on the veranda, the white-capped nurse came by, drawing the exquisite baby carriage, in which sat a fairy princess, so white and sweet, so wrapped in fine fabrics, rich laces and lovely carriage blankets, that the little woman wondered more and more who her neighbor could be. One day she met the nurse and child on the road. She had been to the unpretending cottage on her left where she occasionally bought eggs and cream of the good farmer's wife who lived there, and she stopped as the carriage came towards her.

"I must have a glance at that beautiful baby!" she said, placing her basket of eggs on the ground. "What a lovely child! How old is she?"

"Sixteen months," said the nurse, with a broad smile, that some way looked familiar to Mrs. Maberly.

"I don't know as I ever saw quite as lovely a baby," said Mrs. Maberly, smiling down upon the child, whose great blue eyes were fixed upon her face. "How I wish I dared to kiss her! but babies are so capricious."

"She'll let you," said the girl. "Mabel, kiss the lady."

The cherubic little lips came together at once in a charming pout that made them look more than ever like two ripe cherries.

"You perfect darling!" exclaimed Mrs. Maberly, as she received and returned the coveted kiss. "I'm dead in love with you. Whose child is it?" she asked, as she resumed her basket and prepared to move away.

"Why, ma'am, is it possible that you

don't remember me?" was the astounding form of the girl's answer.

"Remember you!" exclaimed Mrs. Maberly with unfeigned astonishment, and then it slowly dawned upon her that the face she was looking at was not unfamiliar.

"Yes, I'm changed, of course, 'cause it's years ago since you used to come to Miss Mabel's for to stop in your vacations. Don't you remember the old plantation down in Georgy and the old hands? I'm old Marthy's daughter—Marthy, that used to be laundress, and I'm growed up, you see."

"Old Martha!—Mabel!—the old plantation down in Georgia!" Mrs. Maberly felt dizzy as she heard the well-remembered names.

"You see, Miss Mabel married a Northern gentleman, after all, and came here to settle."

"And she—she is—our next-door neighbor," said Mrs. Maberly in a faint voice. She felt dazed. "I think I understand how one might be knocked down with a feather," she said, in speaking of the matter to her husband afterwards.

"Mabel—Georgia," she kept repeating to herself, "and she is my next neighbor. If I had known it I would never have taken the house."

The brightness had all died out of her face. She wanted to ask some questions, but would not allow herself to do so. The nurse's chocolate-colored face was on a broad grin. How much did she know of the state of affairs between these two women who had once been the closest friends?

"No, I would never have taken that house," she said over and over, as she moved on, still in a dazed, started mood, that even the sight of her beautiful boy, waiting outside the gate for "mamma," failed to change. A cloud seemed to have been suddenly thrown over the gray stone cottage. Vines and flowers and all the belongings were as if they had never been. Mrs. Maberly turned her face resolutely away and went into her own house.

"Oh, dear, I have found out at last who our next door neighbor is!" she exclaimed, as her husband entered the hall, where she was awaiting him that evening.

You don't seem to be very much delighted over the discovery," was his reply. "I met the gentleman to-day in a business affair. He is very genial. It seems his wife is something of an invalid, and seldom goes out."

"I'm so glad!" exclaimed Mrs. Maberly, with heart-felt emphasis.

"That don't speak much for your Christian charity," said Mr. Maberly, smiling.

"I don't mean that I'm glad she is sick, but that she seldom goes out," said his wife.

"That will make it encumbent on you to call on her, won't it?"

"I'll never call on her," was the reply, delivered with almost spiteful energy.

"Why, what on earth has happened?" her husband asked, now really puzzled. "Heretofore you have seemed to wish for her acquaintance. I'm sure I have heard you wonder why she did not call."

"Very true; but then I did not know who she was; now I do," and she narrated her interview with the nurse that morning.

"So, you see, I know her; she used to be one of my dearest friends. I think at one time I almost worshiped her."

And you have spent days at her house?"

"Indeed I have; one of the loveliest plantations in the State of Georgia. In my vacations, when mamma and papa were abroad, I always went home with her. But now I dislike her quite as much as I loved her then. When we last parted I told her nothing would induce me ever to speak to her again, or to treat her with respect. Oh, we said very bitter things, both of us; but it was she who was the first offender! And now I am sorry you bought the house."

"Don't you know you are nursing the spirit of revenge?" her husband asked gravely.

"I know that I never could respect myself, after what she said to me, if I as much as noticed her, and very likely she feels the same towards me. What a pity that we are neighbors!"

"I am very sorry to hear all this, as I like Mr. Warren remarkably well, and promised that you should call. However, it can't be helped. Here we are, and here we shall stay, so we must make the best of it."

"Yes, we must," his wife said, regretfully, "but I shall never feel again the interest I once did in our pretty home."

"To change the subject," said Mr. Maberly, "I bought a cow to-day."

"Oh, a real cow for our own!" cried Ernest, looking up from his toys.

"Yes, a real cow, and we shall have real cream," said his father. "She is coming here to-night."

Mrs. Maberly said nothing. She had been very anxious for the cow, but her thoughts were all taken up with the knowledge she had gathered that day.

"And I kissed her baby!" she said, over and over, "and that girl will tell her. I would never had made such a concession if I had known."

The next day she carefully shut the blinds to all the windows that overlooked the pretty gray stone cottage, thus denying herself a view that had come to be almost a necessity of her beauty-loving nature.

"They never shall be opened again," she said bitterly. "I want nothing to do with her or hers."

The time went on, and winter came with its deep snows and keen, biting winds. The blinds were still kept closed on the south side of the house, and the next neighbor was seldom mentioned. One day Mr. Maberly spoke of him on his return from business.

"It is a bitter night," he said, "and I wouldn't like to be in Warren's place."

"Why, what is that?" his wife asked, with some show of interest.

"His wife's father is not expected to live, and Mrs. Warren is not able to go. There are some business matters to be attended to, and his presence is needed. It's a long, cold journey. It must be hard for the poor wife that she cannot see her dying father. I feel very badly for them both.

"It is very hard," Mrs. Maberly forced herself to say, and once or twice in the night she thought of the lonely woman, as the snowflakes were whirled against the window in the heavy wind-beat of the storm. She could not help picturing her, wide-awake and tearless in her misery. And yet she never suggested to herself she ought to call or betray any interest in her neighbor's sorrows.

"I said I never would speak to her again," she said, "and I never will. She brought it all on herself."

"Don't expect me home till the last train to-night," Mr. Maberly said the next morning. "There's a meeting of business men that I must attend, so I shall be obliged to stay in. Send John down with the sleigh about eleven."

The day proved a pleasant one, and Mrs. Maberly felt unusually light-hearted as she sang and worked about the house. It was not till evening that she realized how very lonesome she was. Ernest had been kept up an hour beyond his time,

and it was not until he pleaded to be sent to bed that she allowed herself to carry him upstairs. His prayers were of the briefest, although she tried to prolong the process of undressing, but he was too sleepy; and, presently, as his head touched the pillow, he was in the land of dreams. Something prompted the woman as she went out in the hall to open the inside blinds and lift the curtains from one of the windows that commanded a view of her neighbor's house.

All between was one bed of snow—trees, shrubbery, fences, garden; and the moonbeams fell gently over the wide, white, uneven space, and bathed the opposite cottage in its silvery radiance. She looked toward the house. On the white surface of the window were shadows flitting and coming, seemingly going to and fro in great haste.

"I suppose they are putting the baby to bed," she said to herself, "or perhaps she has company; it looks like it."

Carefully closing the blinds again, she went downstairs. The parlor looked very cozy with its rich red drapery, made more intense in color by the blazing coal fire, and yet the woman had a vague feeling of uneasiness. Opening the door, she could distinguish voices in the kitchen. John was talking with the cook, and the sound reassured her somewhat; but, oh, how she missed the genial companionship of her husband! Suddenly there was a peal of the door bell, so sharp and sudden that it set all her nerves tingling.

"I'm so glad John is in!" was her inward comment, as she heard his heavy footsteps across the hall.

Presently the front door was open. The accents of a woman's voice, as if in despair, came faintly to her ears. The parlor door was opened, and John was saying, "The madam is in here," when there appeared, pale and drawn in its agony, the face of her neighbor of the gray stone house. The room seemed to whirl round her as she looked. What could it mean?

"Oh, Anne! Oh, Mrs. Maberly!" cried the woman in a choking voice, her tightly-clasped hands unconsciously extended as if in supplication, "something sent me here to you. My baby, my beautiful baby, is dying—dying before my eyes, and I am all alone. Come and help me, if ever you loved me, come and help me. You have studied medicine, and will know what to do. I have sent for a doctor, but he is

ten miles off with a patient—and that horrible croup." Her voice failed her. There was a noise in her throat like the coming of hysteria. Mrs. Maberly had sprung forward and caught her, or she would have fallen. Into her voice crept the old-time tenderness, into her hands the old caressing movements.

"Don't worry," she said, "wait till I get a shawl—wait till I get my medicine box, and I believe I can help you. Don't give up heart. You were too ill yourself to come out; you should have sent for me." All this time she was going rapidly around the room preparing herself to go.

"Yes, but I remembered—oh, I thought if I came myself in all my misery, you would take pity on me! Oh, my baby! my baby! My poor old father is dying, too, and I can't be with him. It seems as if I cannot bear it—to lose my father and my baby, too," and she wept bitterly.

"Don't give up heart and hope," said Mrs. Maberly. "There, I am ready; I can help you, with God's blessing, I am sure I can. Hush, don't cry so; lean on my arm," and so she tried to comfort her until the two entered the gray cottage, Mrs. Maberly wondering all the time where her resentment had gone.

It was a pitiful sight, the baby in the arms of her nurse, struggling for breath. Giving orders in a low voice, forcing herself to be calm, with the beautiful, agonized face looking up in her own, Mrs. Maberly worked quietly and efficiently with the remedies she had brought, and which, for a long time, seemed unavailing. But, even as the agonized mother hid her face from what to her were the death struggles of the child, her neighbor bade her take hope; and after nearly two hours of steady battling with the dreaded disease, and just as the doctor's carriage drove up to the door, the labored respiration gave way to easy breathing, the flush of anguish was gone, and the little sufferer slept on Mrs. Maberly's knee.

"It's mighty lucky you had such a neighbor," said the doctor, speaking to Mrs. Warren; "she knew just what to do. I couldn't have treated the case better myself."

For answer, Mrs. Warren went on her knees and kissed the hand under the head of her baby; then, bowing her own head beside it, she sobbed and sobbed. Was it thankfulness for the service rendered, or a

mute avowal that she had wronged her old friend?

Mrs. Maberly had news for her husband when he returned that night.

"So you really found that you had a neighbor," he said, when she had finished.

"I think it was she who found the neighbor," she said, flushing. "And who would not help her worst enemy in such an emergency? Really, nothing could have happened better, since it had to happen, and she will always feel as if I saved the baby."

After that, one might have seen frequent crossings over to the cottages, alternately. Sometimes the pretty baby carriage, with its beautiful occupant, stood for hours in the front yard of the Maberly's, and often the two mothers sat on the porch talking of old times, and finding pleasure in the renewal of themes that had been so long forbidden to them.

Under Mrs. Maberly's directions, the invalid gathered health and strength, and the two families became, in deed and word, the best of good neighbors.

—*Mary A. Denison, in The Housewife.*

Good Weight.

Lillian Snell, teacher of the first grade in building No. 3, public school of Windsor, turned quickly from the blackboard whereon she had been drawing a pert wren swinging on a spray of clover.

"Who is crying?" she asked, in a sweet, firm voice.

"It is little Agnes Gregory," volunteered a dimple-faced boy who sat near.

Miss Snell crossed the room, and bent over the child.

"Agnes, little sunshine lassie, what is it? Can you not tell me about it?"

Sobs were Agnes' only reply. Miss Snell kissed her gently, then went back to her work. When it was finished, and the children all provided with work, she lifted the sobbing child, and tenderly carried her to the teacher's desk. Here, somewhat removed from the curious little ones, Lillian set about soothing her pupil.

Agnes was a pretty, fair-faced child of six. She had sunny blue eyes and her hair, a golden chestnut, curled about her face and neck. Her clothing was clean, but well worn, and Lillian noticed the gaping hole in the tiny shoes as well as the thinness of the faded dress; noticed it with a sympathetic thrill of the heart that throbbed with something of the divine

spirit of motherhood toward the children in her care.

Agnes' story was soon told. Her widowed mother had had no breakfast for her little ones.

"I don't care so much about myself, Miss Snell," the child went on artlessly, "'cause I'm mamma's brave girl, but when little brother Royce wakes up he will be so hungry, and he is only three years old. He does not know he mustn't cry."

A little more questioning, and Lillian learned that some one owed Mrs. Gregory for sewing, also that she hoped to have dinner ready when Agnes came home.

Lillian looked out into the driving storm of a January forenoon. She knew Mrs. Gregory, and her heart ached for the pale young mother.

Miss Snell was quick of thought and action. Ten minutes later Agnes was in a warm cloak room feasting in the dainty lunch Mrs. Snell had prepared for her daughter's midday meal. The young teacher had written a note and a list of articles of food, and was at the door of the room across the hall.

The teacher, Florence Fox, listened sympathetically to Lillian's story, and to the suggestion that her own twelve-year-old brother be called from the sixth grade to deliver the note.

"Of course Fred can go," she cried, "and Lillian, you say you have written to Mr. Davis the circumstances, and asked him for good weight. I'll send an order to Cousin Hugh for a half-cord of wood, tell him the story, and ask him for good weight."

A faint crimson flush stained Lillian's cheek, but she warmly thanked her friend, and hurried back to her work.

Mark Davis was a stout, genial-faced man of thirty-eight. He sat in his office, his morning's work at his book just finished. Through the open door he could see brisk clerks stepping about in the grocery store from which the office opened. There was an odor of spices, coffee, fruit and fish in the air.

"Eight hundred dollars more profit this year than last," the grocer said to himself. "Somehow it don't do a man any good to pile up money when he has no one to spend it on."

Here his reverie was cut short by the entrance of a clerk who handed him an

envelope, saying: "A boy just brought this."

Two papers dropped from the envelope as he tore it open. The first was a list, including a loaf of bread, potatoes, crackers, dried beef, and a few other articles. He glanced over it, and opened the other. It was Lillian's note:

"Dear Mr. Davis: A little girl in my room is crying because she has had no breakfast. Her name is Agnes Gregory, and her mother is a poor widow who lives on the third floor of No. 4 Hampton street. Please send the things ordered at once. I will come in after school, and pay for them. And, Mr. Davis, please give good weight. Truly yours,

"LILLIAN SNELL."

Mr. Davis had been a friend of the Snell family for years, and it was not the first time that Lillian had appealed to him for help in her charitable work. So that was not the reason that so strange a look came into his honest brown eyes.

"Agnes Gregory, and lives on Hampton street," he murmured. "It surely must be Margaret's child. Good God! Margaret and her child wanting bread!"

A half hour later Mark Davis was making his way up the stairs to the floor upon which Mrs. Gregory's rooms were situated. His knock at the first door was answered by a red-faced woman.

"Mis' Gregory, is it you air wantin'?" she asked sharply. "And it's no bad news you air after bringin' her, I hope."

"I wanted to deliver some groceries a friend has sent her."

The clouded face cleared as if by magic. "Heaven's blessin' be on your head, then! Mis' Gregory, she's gone out, but I've her key here, and will unlock the door. That's her boy, and a swate child he is."

Mark eagerly looked at the pink and white face of the boy. He held out a great golden orange, and little Royce sprang for it, his childish laugh echoing through the room. Then the grocer followed Mrs. Donovan to the home of Margaret Gregory."

It was a bare place, but clean and neat. Mark sighed as he noted the signs of abject poverty. While the deliveryman was bringing up the parcels, Mrs. Donovan volubly explained that Mrs. Gregory had gone to try to get money due her. The warm-hearted Irish woman had surmised that fortune was at low ebb with her neigh-

ber, partly because of little Royce's unusual fretfulness, which had been quieted by a huge slice of bread and butter.

"She's worked her precious fingers 'most to the bone," she concluded, "but work's scarce, and I don't know what's ever goin' to become of her and her babies."

The wood soon came. Florence's half cord had been re-enforced by a whole cord, perhaps because she had written her cousin that the needy widow was a protegee of Miss Snell's.

As to Lillian's order for groceries, Mr. Davis had added to it a sack of flour, a ham, coffee, tea, sugar, apples, cookies, cheese, canned fruits and meats, and a big bag of candy.

Mrs. Donovan went back to her own room, and the wagons rolled away. Mark hastily built a fire, then sat down to think how best to explain the liberty he had taken.

The bare room faded from his vision as he sat there. In its place came an old country garden overgrown with roses and chestnuts. It was June, and the air was heavy with the scent of many blossoms. By his side was a beautiful girl in whose curls the sunshine seemed entangled. He bent lower, and the rose-red lips of his companion murmured, "I love you, Mark." Still lower his head sank until his lips touched the ones that had uttered the sweet words.

A start, and he sat upright, glancing around him. That was ten years ago. He was poor then, and Margaret, beautiful Margaret Henson, had been the only daughter of a wealthy home; so their engagement had been forbidden. They parted, vowing eternal constancy. A year later Margaret became the wife of Vance Gregory, but it was not until months after that Mark learned of the treachery and deceit that had been employed to urge her to that step.

It was too late then. There was nothing to do but to endure.

He had known for some time that Margaret was a widow and lived in the city. He knew nothing of her poverty, supposing that her means were ample. To go to her now with a story of love had never occurred to him. She knew nothing of what had parted them. He could not blacken the memory of the man who had been her husband, the father of her children.

He sprang to his feet. There was no

need of an explanation. He passed out, pausing for a final word with Mrs. Donovan.

"Tell Mrs. Gregory the things came from the teachers at No. 3."

"To be sure, Mr. Davis," responded the woman who had recognized Mark, "I'll tell her all 'bout it. And many the blissin's of all the saints rest on your dear head!"

Mark hurried away, leaving a ahining silver dollar in Royce's hand.

It was only a few minutes after his departure that a thinly clad woman came toiling wearily up the stairs. It was Margaret Gregory. The woman who owed her was out of town. The needy mother had applied at several places for work, only to meet with refusal. Then she had gone to a store and begged for credit, but in vain.

She had reached the end. There was but one way open. She would ask Mrs. Donovan to give her children their dinner. When she had rested and conquered the bitter rebellion in her heart she would go out again and apply to the city for charity.

Margaret Gregory was proud. She was already faint for the want of food, yet she turned in loathing from the thought of a meal obtained in that way. It would be worse than death, but death does not come at one's call, and there were her babies.

A dry sob burst from her lips. She passed Mrs. Donovan's door in silence. She must have a moment to herself before she could ask charity of one so poor as her kind neighbor. Hurrying on, she pushed open her own door.

A bright fire was blazing in the cracked stove. Mrs. Donovan had prepared potatoes for the oven and cut slices ready for frying from the ham. The open door of the wood closet showed a huge pile, while the table was heaped high with food.

For a moment she stood gazing wildly around her. Then she dropped on her knees, and with a shower of tears relieved her overwrought nerves.

The next day's mail brought a letter from Margaret to Mr. Davis. The writer had gone to Miss Snell to thank her. From the young teacher she had learned of Mark's connection with the affair.

It was an earnest, grateful letter, blotted here and there with tear stains. She accepted his generosity; for her children's sake she could not refuse charity. She

referred to the friendship that had existed between their parents, but Mark was glad that she was too womanly a woman to even hint at the relation they had once borne to each other. When he finished reading the letter his heart was light, for he understood that Margaret knew of the treachery that had blotted the sunshine out of his life.

Mark went straight home and told his aunt, who was also his housekeeper, all about it. Mrs. Everts was knitting before the open coal fire. She was a bright-faced old lady with soft white hair and a serene face. When he had finished she laid down her work and sat for a long time, gazing into the dancing flames.

"The only daughter of my old friend, Rebecea Henson, in want of food," she said, a note of pain in her voice. "Mark, you and I both have plenty of money. There is room in this house and in our hearts for Margaret and her babies. But she is proud. Go and ask her to come and sew for me. Tell her I am lonely and ask her to bring her little ones to brighten me up."

Mark bent to kiss the placid face. "Thank you, Aunt Elsie. I see you understand." A few hours later he knocked at Margaret's door. He saw that the years had changed her. The wild rose bloom had faded from her cheeks, tears had washed the joyous light from her blue eyes, yet it was surely the Margaret that he had loved that stood before him.

She met him frankly and with undisguised pleasure. Her voice trembled when she undertook to express her gratitude. Mark made light of the whole affair and insisted on talking of their childhood days. The fruit and nuts he brought proved an open sesame to the hearts of Agnes and Royce, and they were soon on the best of terms with the caller.

Margaret was very grateful for the offer of work. She hesitated a little over accepting Mrs. Everts' kind invitation, fearing lest the children prove an annoyance. But when Mark drew a touching picture of the loneliness of his aunt she gladly consented to come. It was arranged that the carriage come for the Gregorys the following afternoon.

One morning, two months later, Florence Fox tripped across the hall of No. 3, and entered Miss Snell's room.

"Of course you are going to the wedding reception Thursday evening," she

began. "I think it is such a lovely marriage, don't you?"

"Indeed I do," Lillian replied warmly. "Yes, I am to go in the afternoon and help with the decorations. The whole house is to be in green and white, smilax, ferns, roses and carnations. Mrs. Everts says Mr. Davis cannot do too much for his bride, 'our dear Margaret,' the sweet old lady calls her."

"And I believe it all came about from your begging him to give her good weight," Florence cried, merrily. "He is obeying your request in an extravagant manner. And Lillian, is not that pretty pearl ring and the beatific expression on cousin Hugh's face the result of my efforts along the same line of charitable work?"

The bell rang then, and the blushing Lillian was spared the necessity of a reply.

—*Hope Daring, in Womankind.*

Murdering Wagner.

I was amused the other night at a joke I had read, and was laughing at it when Gretchen came into my den and asked what so pleased me.

"Why, this," I replied, and I read the joke, which was as follows:

"Excuse me, sir," said the detective, as he presented himself at the door of the music academy, "but I hope you will give me all the information you have, and make no fuss about it."

"What do you mean?" was the indignant inquiry of the professor in charge of the academy.

"Why, that little affair, you know," replied the astute detective.

"I don't understand," rejoined the professor, growing more indignant.

"Why, you see, we got the tip from the house next door that somebody here has been murdering Wagner, and the sergeant sent me down to work up the case; so, I hope, you will give me as little trouble as possible, and deliver up the guilty party."

Gretchen laughed when I had finished the story.

"Well," she said, "I think there are a great many Wagner's murdered, and a great many people who are murdering Wagner."

"Yes," I replied, "and murdering lots of other people. There are more murders committed every day than ever find its way into the papers, or are reported to

the sergeant of police. The fact is there is wholesale murder going on all the time, and few people know it. Masonic work is murdered, the English language is murdered, form and ceremony are murdered and the murdering business prospers. I was reading, not long ago, an account in an English paper of high repute, of a banquet at which a number of toasts were proposed. In recording the fact the careful reporter said: 'Of course the Queen was drunk,' etc. Now, think of it, 'the Queen was drunk'—poor old lady, after nearly sixty years of honorable reign, to be reported in one of the periodicals of the realm, as 'drunk.' Its a shame to murder the Queen's English so, and in that murdering to murder the good name of the best Queen who ever sat upon a throne. The fact was, you know, that the Queen was not present at all, and the record should have been, 'The health of the Queen was drunk,' etc.

"And precisely so are reputations assassinated and unhappiness produced. Men either thoughtlessly or by design traduce their fellows, and imagine they are doing great things to 'tell tales out of school,' and it matters not much, whether they stretch their imagination a little in the retailing of the tale, and make a 'mountain out of a mole hill,' or turn white into black, so they tell the tale, which is murdering somebody."

"But," said Gretchen, "the murdering of Wagner that was the cause of the detective's visit to the academy was not that kind. It was a gross misinterpretation of Wagner's music. It was making Wagner out a liar, for he never wrote the notes the murderer produced, but he or she, the murderer aforesaid, sung falsely and so out of tune that it was no music at all. Wagner's conceptions were grand, sublimely grand, and his mind must have dwelt in celestial grandness. Sung or played as Wagner wrote it, and as his mind conceived it, his music lifts the soul to the bliss of the seventh heaven. I like Wagner when he is not murdered."

"But Wagner is noisy," I suggested, "and those who reported that he was being murdered maybe mistook his grand choruses for some battle of the gods. Noise is not always music, and all music is not noise. But I will admit that when Wagner is murdered the pandemonium must be almost beyond endurance, and when Wagner is played out of tune I

don't wonder at the people next door giving the 'tip.' I was in a Lodge not long ago where the officers had no proper conception of the beauty of the degree. The Master, in a sing song, monotone, stumbled over the work, and Demosthenes Cicero, the Senior Deacon, murdered Wagner most outrageously. He strutted about, bellowing his part like a Free Silver Populist preaching sixteen to one. I thought then that if the 'people next door' would send down to the sergeant of the police and report the case, there would be a pretty good chance for the public executioner to perform on the strings of the electric chair, for the 'murder of Wagner' was a self-evident fact, and the witnesses to the crime numerous.

"But the murder of form and ceremony is not so bad as that which is often committed outside the Lodge. Men are so ready to condemn without a hearing, to speak evil instead of good of their fellow-men, to look for motes in a brother's eyes, and never for a moment stop to think that there is a beam in their own. They meet in a social way to enjoy a glass of 'new brewed ale,' and the while the foam is settling the froth of evil-speaking bubbles over, and the story of Brother Goodfellow's mishap is discussed—Wagner is murdered. If we would all only bind up 'Wagner's wounds instead of tearing them open' we would be doing good instead of bad. But, I suppose, Wagner will be murdered until we all wear white wings."

—*Lounger, in N. Y. Dispatch.*

Masonry a la Lease.

The Masons at Helena, Mont., are, today, wiser if not sadder men. Many of them, perhaps all, once thought that Masonry was peculiar to Masons, and that their wives, at least, didn't know a thing about the mysteries of the order. Last night it was demonstrated that the secrets of the Lodge were in the hands of the women, who had even the sublime audacity to institute a Masonic order of their own, and then boast about it. In some respects feminine Masonry is superior, it is said, to the genuine article. It has a "heap more fun in it," as one Mason of high degree expressed it last night, and is, perhaps, simpler. At any rate the women, to show—what any man will admit—their superiority, invited their husband, brother and father Masons into

the lodge room last night, and gave them an exposition of Masonry "a la Lease." It may be that by such delightful hospitality and courtesy they hope to some time be invited into the Lodges of their brother Masons, or there may have been other reasons, but, whatever they were, the men responded nobly.

Masonic hall was crowded with visitors when the most illustrious high mogul, in flowing velvet robes, marched into the hall at the head of the exponents of Masonry a la Lease, who were also attired in the robes of the order. If there had been a roll call, the following would have answered: High mogul, Miss Josephine Israel; grand high pull hauler, Mrs. George Booker; grand inner guard of the temple key-hole, Mrs. August Weisenhorn; grand outer guard of the temple key-hole, Mrs. Peter Hartwig; sister royal panjandrum, Mrs. Laura Comstock; sister high muck-a-muck, Mrs. Leslie Sulgrove; sister hobble de-hoy, Mrs. Dudley Halford; sister gibble gobble, Mrs. J. W. Payne; sister linen draper, Mrs. Emma Trevis; sister A. F. and A. M., Miss Bertha Buscher.

The entrance of the sisters, who immediately ranged themselves in a circle, was greeted with a shout of laughter from the big audience awaiting them. The sisters gravely took their seats. The grand mogul directed the inner guard to inform the outer guard of the temple key-hole that the mystical lodge was about to be opened in the grand, solemn and impressive degree of Queen of Sheba Temple of Ancient Free and Accepted Masonry, that she might guard well all avenues of approach. Then, addressing the sisters, who were grotesquely arrayed in white robes and caps about her, the high mogul in impressive accents said:

"Sisters of Belva Lockwood Lodge, No. 1, as I have previously stated, we are about to open this mystical lodge in the grand, solemn and impressive degree of Queen of Sheba. Let me hear if you are all correctly posted in the requirements of your various positions in that degree yourselves. Sister Royal Panjandrum, what is your contribution to the work of this noble degree?"

Sister Panjandrum rose, and, after a salaam, answered:

"I endeavor to persuade all inquirers after light to resist the domineering demands of the tyrant man; and instruct

them in the best methods of doing the same."

"Sister High Muck-a-muck, what part do you take in this impressive degree?" inquired the high mogul.

"I endeavor," responded the sister, earnestly, "to cause the candidates' aspirations to soar high above the degrading and groveling requirements of their ordinary every-day existence, thus preparing them for the exalted and elevated position they will eventually occupy over the opposite sex."

"Sister Hobble-de-Hoy explain your part in this noble work," commanded the mogul.

"My part," the sister replied, "is to endeavor to infuse into my hitherto downtrodden sisters the importance of using their eyes and ears, thus enabling them to acquire the knowledge and wisdom which the Masonic brethren have believed belonged to themselves alone."

Around the circle continued the catechising until all the sisters had explained their positions, among them being linen draper, who said her duty was to keep her sisters informed of the best bargains to be found at dry goods emporiums. At the command of the high mogul, the grand high pull hauler, who was attired in a green gown and an immense bonnet, collected the pass-word and unveiled the dark mysteries of the order to each other. The grand high pull hauler's antics created no end of fun among the spectators, but all was as grave as should be among the exponents of the new Freemasonry. The sisters then stood up in a circle and sang the opening ode, of which the following was the chorus:

It's time the men should stay at home, while we all gather
 here;
 We won't go home till morning bright, till daylight does
 appear.
 Once we were all down-trodden wives; we'd wash and
 bake and scrub;
 They said our place was home, while they attended lodge
 and club.
 At last the poor worm will turn, of lodge we've claimed a
 share;
 These things we now have leveled up; we think we've
 made them square.

The Lodge was duly declared open at the end of the song, and then a visitor was announced in the person of Mary Ellen Lease. There was a moment of wild excitement, in which each sister asked her neighbor if her hat were on straight. Then, escorted by the guard, the distinguished visitor, who was Mrs. Sol Genzberger, gowned in black with a spotless shirt boson and silk tie decorated

with ribbons, walked into the circle with the air of a leader of new women. She was received with exclamations of delight from the sisters, who, at the command of the high mogul, gave her the "grand honors." The visitor acknowledged the honor and told how she happened to be present. She was on her way to a national convention, where the great question, "How can we make our husbands more submissive?" was to be considered. She was breathlessly asked to answer the question, and although pressed for time, said she could not resist this splendid opportunity to talk, whereat the appreciative audience 'roundabout laughed immoderately. Then, in a way that brought down the house, Mary Ellen began her address.

"It rejoices me to know," she said, "that my sister women are alive to their need of enlightenment in the various branches formerly supposed to belong to those who egotistically style themselves lords of creation. It is time these self-constituted bosses were turned down to give place to the sex which has proved itself equal to every emergency."

A sister became so enthusiastic at that stage of the address that she shouted "Amen!" Mary Ellen then, in flowing language, said that woman was fit to reign as ruler anywhere.

"As an example of this," she continued, "look, for instance, at the tariff matter, which that unfortunate and ordinary thing called man has got in such a terrible muddle the last few years. How can there be any question about that? How can there be any doubt in regard to the right of the producer to produce, or the consumer to consume? How can there be but one answer to the economic conundrum, shall the manufacturer manufacture or be manufactured? These questions are so simple that they answer themselves. I say yes, certainly, of course, by all means.

"Then look at the money question, which that miserable being man, to whom I before alluded, falls down and flounders about. Look, too, at us; do we have any trouble handling money, whether silver or gold? I should say 'No.' Are we embarrassed by the financial arguments? If you doubt it attend the next dry goods or millinery opening, and watch us make the money fly. For example, a man gives his wife five dollars to go down town to do shopping. Observe the load she brings home in the evening. The same man

takes five dollars and goes down town—observe the load he brings home in the evening."

Mary Ellen's speech continued at some length, and was received at every pause with wild applause by the sisters—applause that the audience echoed. After disposing of the tariff and money issues she turned her attention to politics in general, and landed in the White House at the end of the speech.

After her address, Mary Ellen Lease was given a place of honor, and then the guard announced several candidates. Among them were Mrs. William McKinley, Queen Victoria, Mrs. Astor and Miss Carrie Chapman Catt. Miss Catt was given the preference, as only one candidate could be admitted at that session and she was brought in on a monster goat. She was put through the degree, every detail of which was ridiculously funny, and was finally declared a "female Mason." Suddenly a mysterious figure in a sheet was noticed hovering in the background. The horrifying discovery was made that it was a man. Paul Pry, whose part was taken by John Edgerton. The intruder was seized and for a moment confusion reigned. Finally, as a way out of the difficulty, the man was given the choice of death or joining the lodge. He hesitated, but chose the lodge, and was then given a diabolical oath that bound him to secrecy. When that ceremony was over, a great rapping was heard on the portal, and the guard announced a "big man" who wanted admittance. It was decided to adjourn, and thus outwit the second man who demanded entrance. Catching hold of the "goat" and the other paraphanaia of the Lodge, the sisters marched out by another entrance, singing a song of which the following was the chorus:

Drat the men, they're always around,
And it is most provoking,
We cannot have a Mason's lodge,
But in it they are poking.

The farce was happily presented. The scores of Masons who saw it roared with laughter at every hit, and the two hundred of the opposite sex present seemed to enjoy the fun as much as the men. Preceding and following the farce was a musical program of excellence, in which the following took part: Miss Stella Flaherty and Prof. Nunvar, piano duet; Mrs. Laura Comstock, solo; Miss Mora Preuitt, recitation; Mrs. Clare Avery, Mrs. Adams duet; C. J. Clark, piano solo, L. I. Israe

solo; Asa Fisk, solo; Mrs. John Edgerton, piano solo; Miss Lizzie Sweeny, solo; Miss Ethel Booker, instrumental solo.

—*Helena, Mont., Independent.*

— o —

Woman and Masonry.

—

The new woman is not wholly absent from Freemasonry. In the north west especially her voice is heard in the Lodge-room, not merely as a quartet singer, but as a solo speaker. The Eastern Star is shining forth and the wives, sisters and daughters of Masons, being organized into lodges, are becoming familiar with affairs belonging only to men. Many brethren and companions in some States are encouraging this new departure. It is a passing show of course. And when the craze is over, when the epidemic ceases, we shall be, if not we, our children will be what we were and our parents before us. The men will grow beards and sing bass, and win bread and be fathers, and wear pants, and fight the battle of life in field and farm, and the women, God bless them, will be mothers and wives and sisters and daughters of men, queens of the home, ruling there by right divine, and making it like heaven, dispensing love and joy in human hearts, and being happiest of mortals from making others happy; in their own sphere will they rule and shine a little lower than the angels. Let us not encourage their mania for clubs and circles and lodges and chapters, or anything that tends to lower them in our esteem, weaken the home tie, destroy their holy influence, or bring them to our level!"

There is one thing I like about the above, and that is the reverence the writer has for women. His wife and daughters, if he has a wife and daughter, are all in all to him, but with all his respect and reverence he is not, to use an expression that may be a little slangy, "up to date." In other words, I fear that Mr. Ingersoll is something of a "back number." He does not understand the woman of to-day. She has no objection whatever to men "growing beards," wearing "pants" or singing "bass." What makes the woman of to-day weary is that there are so many men that want to "sing bass" all the time. That is not literally, but figuratively. No woman cares to look up to a man simply because he can "sing bass," wear "pants" or grow a "beard." What the woman of to-day wants is companionship. She does

not care to be made a "queen of the home" and dispense love, joy and happiness about a husband unless there is also some happiness scattered about her pathway. "A little lower than the angels" is very nice, indeed, but she wants her husband to come up to her level, not remain below it. Wearing "pants," growing a "beard" and singing "bass" will not do this unless he executes a bass solo once in a while that will show that he appreciates the fact that he is subject to the queen who rules the home. To go away and set up business as a king upon his own account and leave the poor queen alone at home six nights in the week while he attends a lodge meeting or the chapter or commandery or meets a committee or "sees a man" is exercising his prerogative to court around in "pants" and sing "bass," and he thinks the oft-repeated music will not cloy upon the sensitive ear of the "queen," made more sensitive by the cries of little ones and listening to childish tales of woe and the anxious questioning of the juvenile mind.

I do not know that I care to be catalogued "Class A. No. 1, New Woman," but I plead guilty to riding a bicycle and being able to swim and fish, and walk ten miles and feel no evil effects. Such exercise is good for young men, and why should it not be for young women? The woman of to-day, by reason of advanced ideas and her manner of living, is more robust and healthy than at any period of the world's history. She is strong limbed, deep chested, bright eyed, and when she is called upon to assume the holy function of motherhood her children will be strong and healthy and well developed, physically and mentally. Mr. Ingersoll and good old Mr. Carson are of the class, though, who would have her sit about playing at being "a little below the angels" and the men would sing "bass," wear "pants," "win bread" and "fight the battle of life." A woman wants to be good friends with her husband. They ought to be "chums," and if one looks about at the coming man and sees the miserable, pin-headed, cigarette-smoking, cane-sucking specimen, she is entitled to entertain a serious doubt as to whether, all things considered, in future such beings will be "fathers" and sing "bass." She sees a very poor field, indeed, from which may come one who is to be friend, adviser, lover, companion and the father of her children. She knows she

is intellectually the superior of the "new man," and to support this it is only necessary to cite the fact that graduating classes composed wholly of young women are in the majority.

Mr. Ingersoll says "the Eastern Star is shining forth," but concludes that "it is a passing show" and refers to the time when the "craze" will have passed. This brings me to the first conclusion, that he is a "back number." Let us see about the "craze" and how it is dying out. In 1850 it had its commencement, but not until 1868 or 1870 was the present order perfected. I am sorry that I have not at hand ampler statistics, but from what I have we will examine a little as to how rapidly the "craze" is passing. In 1870 in 23 States and territories we find 47 chapters bearing an aggregate membership of 1,910; 1875, 223 chapters, 12,094 members; 1880, 311 chapters, 16,246 members; 1885, 458 chapters, 24,693 members; 1890, 874 chapters, 45,541 members. This is in but twenty-three States and territories. It is not confined to the north-west, either, for New York in 1890 had 42 chapters with a membership of 2,448. From this it will be readily seen how the craze is dying.

Mr. Ingersoll does not want us encouraged in the work, and intimates that it might bring us to the level of men. Oh, dear me! A beautiful course of reasoning, truly. He would not have us engage in work which has for its object the lifting up of the fallen, the relief of distress, the widened teaching of the One whose "star we have seen in the east." He would reserve that for those who wear "pants" and sing "bass," while those "a little lower than the angels" sit on the fence and applaud.

What harm can there be in the female relatives of Masons assembling themselves in chapters of the Eastern Star in company with their fathers, brothers and sons? There is no claim madethat it is Masonry or that any part of its ritual is Masonic. Then is it any business of Mr. Ingersoll or any other outsider for that matter? Don't be fearful that we will want to be Masons, or that we will take to the order the title "Masonic," for we will do neither the one nor the other. Don't be alarmed about the "craze," or figure about its "passing." Just get down to your books and study of it; watch its work and you will be so impressed with its good that you will take your wife and daughters and with them

knock for admission to some Chapter.

—Edith, in *Kansas Freemason*.

○

Making too Much of Masonry.

I know that sometimes we are cautioned against making too much of Masonry, and not unfrequently are we accused of doing so, and yet, in the true sense of the word, that were impossible. He whose attention is almost wholly absorbed by the forms and ceremonies of our Order is not making too much of Masonry; he is making too little of it; he is mistaking the shell for the kernel—the shadow for the substance. The same is true of him who regards mainly the history or the jurisprudence of our Institution; for while all these pertain to Masonry and are interesting in themselves, and are by no means unimportant, yet they are not Masonry. They are but little more than the husks—the dress in which Masonry is clad. I have known brethren who were perfectly familiar with our ritual, and could repeat it *verbatim et literatim et punctuatim* from beginning to end, and yet they were not Masons. I have also met those who were diligent students of Masonic history, were enthusiastic in their researches, and yet they were not Masons, and also those who were versed in all its jurisprudence, perfectly familiar with its technicalities and able to split the finest judicial hair in the nicest possible manner, and yet, in the truest sense of the word, they were not Masons. What then, you ask, is Masonry? We reply, "a system of morality veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols." If it is not morality, it is nothing—nothing worthy of either our time or attention, and its forms and ceremonies, its history and laws are valuable, and only valuable as they serve to direct our minds to this great central fact. If these things are so, is it possible for us to make too much of Masonry? Can we be too moral ourselves, or too diligent in teaching good morals to others? Masonry is "Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence and Justice, Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth." Can we be too temperate, too prudent, too just? Is it possible for us to be too truthful? To sympathize with the suffering too strongly, stretch forth the helping hand too often, or cultivate the spirit of brotherly love too much. Masonry teaches us to be lovers of the arts and sciences; and in the morn-

ing of life as Entered Apprentices, to employ our minds in the attainment of useful knowledge; in manhood, as Fellow Crafts to apply our knowledge to the discharge of our respective duties to God, our neighbors and ourselves, that so in age, as Master Masons, we may enjoy the "happy reflections consequent on a well-spent life, and die in the hope of a glorious immortality." Are not these things all good? Is it possible to bring out too prominently or make too much of teachings like these? If not, then we cannot make too much of Masonry. Our danger lies not in that direction, but rather in the opposite—we are making too little of it. It should mean to us far more than it does. We have not been half alive to its capabilities of blessing the human race. It opens out fields of usefulness into which we have scarcely entered. It presents to us means of alleviating the miseries of men, the efficiency of which we have hardly tested. Brethren, with some of us, the day is far spent and the night is at hand. What we do must be done quickly. Let us arouse from our slumbers; view these matters in their true light; no longer mistake the shadow for the substance; and, in the name of our Supreme Grand Master, let us go forth to make of Masonry all that it is capable of becoming to ourselves and others.—*Bro. Chas. Griswold, P. G. M., of Minn.*

— o —

Making a Mason at Sight.

The following appears in the July number of the *Masonic Constellation*, which we take great pleasure in answering:

"Good heavens! what does Bro. Bun Price mean? Is he crazy? It seems strange that he writes as he does. In regard to making a Mason at sight, which he well knows can not be done only in name, yet he puts himself on record as being willing to sell the degrees—the case of Gov. Bushnell of Ohio who donated \$10,000, being under discussion. We quote:

"Such munificent gifts should be encouraged, and men of means given to understand that the Masonic Fraternity stands ready to recognize such acts of charity by the highest power known to the law. When we were Grand Master we were importuned several times to 'exercise our prerogative,' but in every instance declined because we thought the applications without merit. Finally, we were asked

'upon what ground would we make a Mason at sight?' To which we replied, 'Bring us some man who is willing to endow our Orphans' Home, whose character is above reproach, and we'll consider the matter.'

"Can it be possible that Bro. Price is deficient in his early teaching. 'That Masonry regards no man for his worldly wealth or honors,' or has he forgotten it? Yet he comes out flatly and admits that he would, under certain limits, set aside all and every law, rule and recognition, and make a man a Mason because he had the power, provided he was a good man and would or had put up his ducats. Shame on you, brother."

No, Bro. Rickart, we are not crazy, but feel fully satisfied that were one to follow the lead in regard to Masonic law, of some Masonic editors we know, it would not be long until a very thin cuticle would separate reason from reason dethroned. We still insist that we can produce as much law to justify the "making of a Mason at sight" by the Grand Master, as Bro. Rickart can to the contrary, and we are glad to say that we are not alone in our opinion. Bring on your law, my brother, to show wherein we are wrong.

Yes, we are perfectly willing to "sell the degrees" under our conditions and at our price, and feel fully satisfied that our purchasers would line up with, and do infinitely more credit to, the Fraternity and the cause of Masonry than the many who enter it for mercenary motives. Again, money is not the only thing that would cause us to "exercise our high prerogative." There are many things we think far more meritorious than the possession of money.

We are happy to state that we are not "deficient in our early training," and we still believe "that Masonry regards no man for his worldly wealth or honor," but we also believe that wealth and good character are no barrier to a man being made a Mason, and if he has the "ducats" and wishes to build a monument to his memory by the erection or endowment of a widows and orphans' home and his character is above reproach, we'll save him the trouble of Lodge petition and committee waits by the "exercise of our high prerogative," and never "set aside any law or regulation" either to do it, Bro. Rickart to the contrary, notwithstanding. Or, on the other hand, should he be as "poor as Job's

turkey" and do some meritorious act, such as saving the lives of the widows and orphans contained in the home erected by our rich brother, we would alike compliment him, provided, always, that his character would "stand the test of the overseer's square."

We are sorry that Bro. Rickart takes this matter so to heart as to seek to "shame" us from our position without producing any law or argument to assist him. Simply by his own ipse dixit he says to us, "You're wrong, and we don't believe it."

—*Memphis Appeal.*

Taxation of Church Property.

The assessed value of New York city church property, exclusive of parsonages, is \$51,217,525. Walk up Broadway from Rector street, and out Fifth and Madison avenues, and from these streets alone you can see the under-estimated value of church property in New York. The great estates of Trinity and the Collegiate churches alone are estimated at \$50,000,000. Two hundred millions of dollars is something like a conservative estimate of the value of church property of the metropolis, and when we remember that the assessed value of the real estate of the city is less than \$2,000,000,000, it can easily be figured out how highly oppressive exemption becomes to other tax-payers. The taxes have to be paid, and the property that is exempt, or rather omitted from the tax roll, is simply spread upon the other property. Everybody's tax goes up at least one-tenth. The American people would rise up in rebellion against direct taxation for church support, but what is "exemption from taxation but an indirect state support of the church, a virtual subsidy for its support and at the expense of the general public? The state avoids a deficiency in its revenues by transferring to other property increased taxation, not by the voluntary action of the tax payers, but by the compulsion of law, all of which is out of consonance with our republican institutions. The founders of our republic wisely separated church and state. But if we are taxed for the support of churches it cannot justly be said that the church and state are separated.

The churches enjoy no immunity from the operations of the laws of God. They place roofs upon their buildings to keep out the rain, and put up lightning rods to

prevent the lightning from striking them. If God does not vary his laws for the benefit of the churches, why should the State be expected to do so?

It is argued that many churches are not self-sustaining at present, and that to tax them would render them still less so. Thousands are less able to provide for their children because of the tax collector. Why should the laborer pay taxes upon his humble home and the religious corporation be exempted? Make all property bear its just and equal share of taxation and you lessen the laboring man's burden. When the workingman feels that his burden is heavier because the magnificent possessions of the church are omitted from the tax roll, do you wonder that the church loses its power over him? Tax churches and only those able to bear taxes will dare to be extravagant. Tax churches and modest buildings will be erected where they are most needed instead of a few imposing structures in the fashionable quarter. Every tax-payer in the State has his percentage of State tax correspondingly increased because of the needlessly expensive church properties of the cities--churches which he may never enter.

The saloon-keeper by force of law is compelled to help pay the taxes on my church, in the use of which I denounce his infernal traffic. If the saloon-keeper is taxed to support my church, in all fairness he ought to have something to say in its management. "No taxation without representation."

Churches are undoubtedly a public benefit, but if the doctrine of benefits be furnished as a reason for exemption on behalf of religious corporations, it refutes itself by proving more than the State can admit without bankrupting itself, for there are other institutions which are public benefits. It costs the community something to enjoy property, and if the church paid taxes, it would pay only its honest share to secure its enjoyment of the use of property.

Taxation of church property is to the interest of American principles and in harmony with the experience of nations. Taxing one man for the propagation of another man's religion is admittedly unjust, and, moreover, it is a relic of the principle of church and State alliance inherited from the old world, and not yet eliminated from our political system.

—*Rev. Madison C. Peters, of N. Y.*

They Are Not Masons.

There has been considerable comment recently by many of our exchanges concerning Chinese Masonic Lodges, and aside from those supposed to exist at Butte, Mont., San Francisco and other places on the Pacific Coast, it was said that there were Lodges at Silver City, Idaho City, Centerville, Salmon City, Nampa and many other Idaho towns. During our travels the past year we have been permitted to go into many of these lodge rooms, and there is nothing that can be recognized as having any connection with Freemasonry. During a recent visit to Boise county the lodge rooms at Idaho City and Centerville were opened, and by the kindness of those in charge every piece of furniture was closely examined. The things most in evidence is their visitors' register and the lights; there being an abundance of punk and candles. The visitors' register is a long board, and when a stranger comes to visit, he pays \$2.50 to have his name entered upon this board. This fee is all he ever pays that Lodge, and is entitled to all the benefits and privileges, if there are any, so long as he remains there. But wherever he goes, he pays \$2.50 when he makes his first visit. This register at Idaho City is about four feet wide and some twenty feet long; and the query is, "How many names does it contain." These Chinese Lodges are all on the ground floor, and during the initiation it is an easy matter to slip by the guard and witness the performance. It is usually so dark however that little can be seen. Here, at Nampa, their pow-wows are held late at night out in the open air. The workers bunch up closely together, while from three to five members are stationed some distance away to give the alarm should any one appear.

Gee Sing, a cook, who has resided here for several years, claims to be a Royal Arch Mason and wears a beautiful gold charm, somewhat the shape of a keystone. Gee claims membership at Boise, and has frequently given the writer the grip and signs. He is quite intelligent, reads English and speaks very plainly. During a conversation recently on this subject he said: "Me heap sabe you. You high up Fleemason. Me read 'em in papers. You sabe this?" And then with his right hand would stroke his left arm from wrist to elbow, at the same time would advance

with the left foot bringing the toe of the right to the heel of the left, continuing this for a number of steps; always keeping the left foot in front. The grip is given by clasping right hands and pressing hard with the thumb on the back of the hand near the center.

But they are not Freemasons, but High-binders, and practice nothing but "ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain." There may be a Chinese Masonic Lodge at Butte and at San Francisco, but there is none in Idaho, and we doubt the statement very much that there is one in the United States.—*Idaho Mason.*

What Masonry Once Was.

The following, copied from a Masonic publication, is as appropriate to-day as when published nearly twenty-five years ago:

"It has been said by the oldest Masons that in the early days of Freemasonry in America visitors were welcomed in Lodges and Chapters with the most sincere affection and courtesy. It has been said by these oldest Masons now living, that no act of fraternal etiquette was spared to make them understand that they were really glad to see them. Visitors were greeted with open arms and warm hearts, that showed them that wherever they traveled they found among Masons brethren of the mystic tie, who are really brothers indeed. Nothing could be more fraternal or cordial than the greeting such brethren received as they were introduced to the Lodge-room.

"The Master invariably sounded the gavel, and ordered the Lodge to take a recess for a few moments, for the purpose of giving the brethren an opportunity of being introduced to the stranger. The Master then took his position beside the visitor, and introduced each member of his Lodge by name, and thus, in a true fraternal spirit, a Masonic acquaintance commenced.

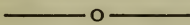
"The Brethren, surrounding his visitor, made his stay agreeable in the Lodge, and when the Lodge was closed all partook of substantial refreshments, and pledged friendship and love as united in the bonds of brotherhood.

"If the visitor remained a few days in the place, the brethren would call the next and succeeding days at his hotel, and would try to make him happy, and destroy the

monotony of life among strangers by all those acts of courtesy and fraternal friendship which make the time pass pleasantly. When strangers settled in the place, their first business seemed to be to make the visiting brothers acquainted with the town and its inhabitants, and thus enter on life in a new place under the comforting auspices of the Brethren of the Masonic Fraternity. If a brother from abroad was taken sick, not only was a proper physician procured, but watchers and nurses were provided, and brothers visited the bedside so often that the visiting brother could want neither care, nor comfort, nor attendance. And when death claimed the visitor, his remains would be taken to the loved ones at home with that tender and loving solicitude that characterizes the true Mason from the heartless and ignorant pretender.

"All this has changed! Masonry remains in its ritual and its principles, but that individual responsibility that each Mason has pledged to another is dying out. Unless it is stopped at once it will entirely change the character of the Fraternity we love and cherish. Selfishness, conceit, ambition and avarice will take the place of love, charity and friendship.

"In no way can this change be so surely felt as traveling among Masons and visiting Lodges at the present day. In small towns and sparsely settled communities, the visiting Mason may yet receive a cordial welcome, but in all our large cities he will not."



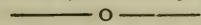
The Wisconsin Proposition in Iowa.

M. W. George W. Ball, Grand Master of Masons in Iowa, in his annual address laid before the Grand Lodge a letter from a committee of the Grand Lodge of Wisconsin, rearguing the question of Masonic relief. The matter was presented to that Grand Lodge last year, and the Wisconsin idea disapproved. The Wisconsin committee, nevertheless, asked that the subject be again considered. The Wisconsin idea is, that it is the duty of each Lodge to take care of its members wherever they may be, and in case it is unable to do so the duty devolves upon the Grand Lodge. Hence, it is inferred that Lodges to which brothers in distress belonged must refund to others all money contributed for the relief of its members, or, if it can not do so, the Grand Lodge, under whose authority

it is held, must make reimbursement for its subordinate.

Grand Master Ball thinks this doctrine is not based upon any teaching of Masonry. Such a law, he thinks, would change the character of the Institution as a purely charitable and benevolent organization to that of an insurance company. To these reasons, which are already familiar, he adds that in Iowa it is wholly unnecessary. A fund has been created there, known as the Grand Charity Fund, the purpose of which is to provide relief when the Lodge is not able to furnish it. This, however, is discretionary with the trustees of the fund and not compulsory.

Grand Master Ball mentions some instances where the trustees of the Charity Fund have refunded money expended in other jurisdictions for the relief of Iowa Masons. In one case there was a charge of eight dollars for a band which accompanied the brother's remains to the cemetery. This was a cheap enough band, but the charity trustees thought a band was not necessary, so it struck out that charge, and paid the remainder of the bill. In the case of an Iowa brother, for whom Wisconsin Lodges had expended \$900, the Iowa trustees recommended that the money be refunded by the Grand Lodge, and this recommendation was endorsed by the Grand Master. Thus it would appear that Grand Master Ball, while rejecting the Wisconsin idea in principle, is inclined to go a reasonable distance toward carrying it out in practice.—*Home Journal, of Ky.*



Masonic Insurance.

During the year I have had reason to examine into the modes of doing business of several so-called Masonic Insurance Companies, either life or accident, and from my investigation of these matters I have come to the conclusion that as a rule the word "Masonic" or "Knights Templar" in the name of the Company is simply put there for the purpose of advancing the business of the Company without intending to deal in a manner at all Masonic with those who take any accident or life insurance, as the case may be, with it. Let me call your attention to two instances; one is the action of the Knights Templar and Masons' Life Indemnity Co., in refusing to pay to the widow of Past Grand Master George E. Dowling, who was his beneficiary, the amount of a policy

for \$5,000 which he held in that Company. The facts in this case as I learn them are these: Brother Dowling had carried this policy from December 10, 1890, during which time he had been in the habit of depositing with the Company sums ranging from \$12 to \$50, to be used by it in paying assessments on his policy. He did not pay each assessment by direct remittance to the Company, but as the assessments were called the amount of his assessment was charged to his account. He generally kept a balance to his credit to meet all assessments, although sometimes his account was overdrawn and a statement rendered him, showing a balance due the Company, which he always paid. An assessment was called for in November, 1895, and notice of the assessment was mailed to Brother Dowling, but owing to Brother Dowling's absence the letter containing the notice was not opened and did not receive attention until January 27, 1896. On that day a draft for \$50 was sent to be deposited to the credit of Brother Dowling, to be used in the payment of the assessment which had been called, and other assessments as they might be called in the future. The draft was returned to Brother Dowling on January 30, 1896. On February 3, 1896, Brother Dowling sent it back to the Company, together with a letter explaining the matter. The Company retained this draft in its possession from that time until after Brother Dowling's death, which occurred on March 30, 1896, and then returned it to Mrs. Dowling, denied its liability on the policy and has never paid the same, or any part of it.

The other case is one in which a member of my own Lodge is one of the parties. The facts are as follows: Brother Jay N. Blake, a member in good standing in Genesee Lodge, No. 174, had an accident policy in the National Masonic Accident Association of Des Moines, Iowa. He was riding on a train going from Rochester to Binghamton in the State of New York, on July 31, 1896, when he was struck in the eye by a hot cinder from the engine. He was taken off the train and taken to a hospital. He was away from his home and his friends. For more than three weeks he was under constant treatment by skillful physicians and grave doubts were entertained as to whether his eye could be saved. He suffered intense pain and agony all the time. Finally his eye got better and as soon as he was in condition

to do so he wrote to the company and informed it of his injury. In a few days he was surprised to receive from them the cheering intelligence that inasmuch as his policy required him to give the company notice of an injury within ten days, and he had not done so, it was not liable to him for anything. Knowing the facts I wrote the company and explained the matter fully to it. My letter is yet unanswered. This company has since written to Brother Blake and offered to compromise the matter by paying a fraction of his claim in settlement of the whole amount, which offer he has refused. Let me quote to you from a circular which this same company sends out: "Reasons why every Mason should place his accident insurance in this association."

1. It is composed entirely of Masons.
2. It affords fraternal as well as legal protection.
4. There is no call for litigation, all differences being settled in a manner purely Masonic.

It is true that in the first of these cases technically the time for paying the assessment had expired, and in the second case technically the time had elapsed when notice of the injury under the strict terms of the policy should have been given; but where was the Masonry in the action of either of those companies in these cases? If they are permitted to use the word "Masonic" in their name and thus give the members of the fraternity who patronize them to understand that they are Masonic institutions, then they should do business in a Masonic manner. I am firmly convinced that the word "Masonic" in the name of many of these Institutions is put in there for the purpose of inducing members of the fraternity to go into them in the belief that with them they are safe; that technicalities will not be resorted to in case they or their beneficiaries have a claim against them; but that as soon as a claim arises, no matter how just it may be, they will take advantage of the merest technicality in order to try and defeat it. I think the time has come when this Grand Lodge should prohibit the use of the word "Masonic" in the name of any business institution, and make it a Masonic offense for any member of the fraternity to solicit business for any such institution. The word "Masonic" has no place in business; it belongs exclusively to the fraternity. I therefore recommend that Section 48,

Grand Lodge By-Laws, be amended by adding thereto the following: "The use of the word 'Masonic' in the name of any business institution or association, whether the members of such institution or association are Masons or otherwise, is also strictly prohibited, and all Masons are prohibited from soliciting any business for any such institution or association. Any Mason who shall violate any of the provisions of this Section shall be deemed guilty of a Masonic offense and shall be subject to trial in the same manner and the same penalty as for other Masonic offenses."

—*Bro. John J. Carton, G. M. of Mich.*

Tobacco and Tobacco Using.

When Columbus discovered Cuba, in 1492, he sent two sailors to explore the island, who reported, as one of their discoveries, "that the natives carried with them light fire-brands, and puffed smoke from their mouths and noses." As this was the first time civilized men had seen tobacco-smoking, the sailors mistook the object of the smoking, and supposed it was a way the savages had of perfuming themselves. The explorers afterwards asserted that they saw "the naked savages twist large leaves together, light one end at the fire, and smoke like devils."

There is a conflict of authorities, and, therefore, doubt concerning the origin of the word "tobacco." Most writers think the word originated from *tobaco*, a peculiar instrument used by the inhabitants of San Domingo for inhaling the smoke. Some derive the word from *Tabaco*, a province of Yucatan, where the plant was seen by a Spanish monk; others from *Tobago*, one of the Caribbean Islands.

Tobacco is indigenous to tropical America; but, since the plant does not now grow wild in any part of the Western Continent, it is not now known which country of America originally produced it.

Fra Romano Pane, a Franciscan, who went with Columbus on his second voyage (1494-96), first saw and described the habit of snuff taking; and in 1502 the Spaniards on the Coast of South America first saw the practice of tobacco chewing. The following words of Cartier show how tobacco was used in Canada in 1535:

"Where grows a certain kind of herbe, whereof in summer they make provision for all the yeere, and only men use it, and

first they cause it to be dried in the sunne, then weare it on their necks wrapped in a beaste's skinn, made like a little bagge, with a piece of stone or wood like a pipe; then when they please to make powder of it, and then put it in one of the ends of said cornets of pipes, laying a coal of fire upon it, and, at the other end, smoke so long that they fill their bodies full of smoke, till that it comes out at their mouth and nostrils, even as out of the tonnel of a chimney."

Sir Walter Raleigh, who "tooke a pipe of tobacco a little before he went to the scaffold," popularized the habit of smoking among the courtiers of Elizabeth; and, although he was not the first English smoker, his influence and example established the habit; hence, the statement has been frequently made that he introduced smoking into England. Early in his career as a smoker, Raleigh had a rather amusing experience. At one time, while he was quietly enjoying his pipe, a servant, ignorant of the smoking habit, entered Sir Walter's room, but, finding him enveloped with smoke, and, supposing him on fire, rushed from the room, but soon came back with buckets of water, with which he completely drenched the illustrious smoker.

Though tobacco seed was sent to Spain in 1518, the plant itself did not reach Europe until 1558. The seed reached France in 1560 from Lisbon, through the French ambassador, Jean Nicot, from whose name the words "nicotine," "nicotina," etc., are derived. In Holland the cultivation of tobacco was begun in 1615, and, soon after, it began to be raised in England. It is thought by some that it was introduced into China somewhere about this time. Tobacco received little attention during the sixteenth century, but after 1650 its use became quite general, and it began to enter largely into the trade of the American colonies with the nations of Europe.

Mankind has always opposed new things whether good or bad; hence, it is not surprising that tobacco met with violent opposition on its first introduction into Europe. James I, in 1616, wrote a book entitled "Counterblast to Tobacco," which he perhaps thought would utterly overthrow the habit of using the detested drug. Pope Urban VIII issued a bull excommunicating all priests who should use snuff in the churches, while Innocent XII would not allow any one to use tobacco in

any form in church under penalty of excommunication. In Russia the laws against tobacco using were very severe; the penalty for the first offense was a severe whipping; for the second, the nose was to be cut off, while death was the penalty for the third offense. The Persian laws were so severe that, according to Kellogg, "the devotees of the weed were obliged to flee to the mountains, where they preferred to wander in exile among the rocks and caves, with liberty to use their fascinating drug rather than dwell in the peace and purity of home without it." America, as well as Europe, opposed the tobacco habit; but, notwithstanding the stringent laws, the use of tobacco spread throughout all nations, and, as Pope Benedict himself, who revoked the bull of Innocent XII, and many of the rulers became devotees of the drug, the laws against its use, in course of time, were repealed or became inoperative.

It is estimated that not less than 900,000,000 people use tobacco in some form; and its use is nearly universal among all classes of both sexes in India, Siam, China and Burmah; and to this list Turkey should, perhaps, be added. The amount of tobacco annually produced in the world is about 3,000,000 tons, the price of which would be sufficient, at the ordinary cost of construction, to build sixteen railroads from the Atlantic to the Pacific, or two railroads around the earth. The number of acres devoted to the cultivation of tobacco in the world is not far from 5,500,000. In the United States about 500,000 acres of the richest cultivated land are used for the cultivation of tobacco, and the annual crop varies from about 400,000,000 to nearly 500,000,000 pounds. During the ten years preceding 1882, the average annual production was 472,000,000 pounds. There were made in this country last year 6,869,084,965 cigars and 2,398,195,110 cigarettes. According to a recent estimate, 310,000,000 pounds of tobacco are consumed annually in the United States; and the price of this amount for three years would equal the national debt. The tobacco bill of Great Britain is \$80,000,000. From these facts it is evident that the tobacco question is an exceedingly important one; and, because of its importance, it ought to receive a careful consideration from every one interested in the welfare of the human race.

If tobacco be a good thing, its cultivation and use ought to be encouraged, but

if it be an evil thing, the sooner the fact is realized the better.—*Thomas G. Roberts, M.D., in People's Health Journal.*

o

"You Are Too Old."

In this day and generation it seems to us that the aged have not that consideration shown them that they ought to have. Look, if you please, at the many men, who have passed the meridian of life, out of employment; how eagerly they answer notices in the "want columns," and run down the shadow of a job about which they may hear some one speak. We assert, without the fear of contradiction, except in isolated cases, that the man who has passed fifty years of age and loses his position, if he be a laboring man, will go hungry many times and oft before he again finds employment, and his wife and children will thank their neighbors and kind hearted people for sustenance and food.

Of our own knowledge, we know many brothers who are thoroughly capable, strictly honest and wholly temperate, who are out of employment, and can get nothing to do, simply because they "are too old." How do you know they are? Give them a chance and see. They may not be able to cut the same capers as a younger man, but, depend upon it, they will keep their work up.

It is no crime to be old, but in these days of rapid conclusions and pushing business methods young blood asserts itself, and the business man of forty years ago is unquestionably a back number, and is so considered by his "young boss," notwithstanding he taught him the first rudiments of business, and was his balance-wheel until he "got his start," and his rapidly increasing bank account turned his head.

We are led to these reflections by the remarks made to an old brother a few days ago upon applying for a position as book-keeper. He made his application to a well-known firm, every member of which was a Mason, but the junior partner told him "he was entirely too old. They wanted a lively, young, hustling fellow." The old brother bent his head in tears and left, and when he told his aged wife of the occurrence she, too, who had shared his joys and sorrows for many years, gave way to her feelings, and they wept together. This old brother was ruthlessly cast aside because nature, by her never changing laws, had made him old. The young man who had thus wound-

ed him was just in the blossom of his life, and his young manhood was so elated by success in business, that he forgot the silvered hairs and wrinkled face of his aged brother, and thought, perhaps, that he would always be young. What a mistake! The day will come, my young brother, if your life is spared, in which this remark will be brought vividly to your mind, and should you be placed in a similar position, and meet with a like rebuff, the sting of conscience will so shake your trembling form as to cause you to stagger under its lashings.

There is nothing that pays so great a dividend on the investment as kindness, politeness and gentlemanly deportment. You cannot be too careful in your dealings with your fellowmen, especially old men. They become very sensitive, and by a kindly act or sentence, you can send joy to their hearts, or be rude, and cause them many heartaches. "No man liveth unto himself," therefore treat your fellowman and brother as you would like to be treated by him under the same circumstances.

—Bun F. Price.

— o —
"Worthy of All Imitation."
 —

At the last annual meeting of King Solomon's Lodge, No. 260, Bro. Gustave Gunzendorfer, the Master, who had served two years with credit to himself and honor to his Lodge, gave an address, which the Lodge deemed worthy of preservation and had printed in a pamphlet of twenty-six pages, which included a financial statement and roster of the membership. The address was prefaced with a fine portrait of Bro. Gunzendorfer. The address contains much of general interest, from which we excerpt the following:

I have always strongly advocated more frequent Masonic attention to the ladies. By having occasional entertainments for the women folk we accord them a consideration which they truly merit, and we will also serve to dissipate much latent as well as active opposition on their part to the Fraternity. Women, as a rule, do not feel kindly disposed to us, as an Order, because we selfishly spread too many feasts for ourselves and none for them. As men, we must realize that woman has to-day gained an ascendancy in the world's affairs such as she never had before, and that her power for good or evil is a fact so formidable that it compels recognition.

She can do much to advance the Craft, and she should be encouraged.

* * * * *

Grand Master Preston, in his address, reported several decisions which, I think, it well to draw to your attention. He laid down the rule that "an applicant for the degrees, who is otherwise worthy and well qualified, is not ineligible because of a suspicion of African taint in his blood." This is good Masonic law so far as it goes, but in my judgment does not go far enough, for to be true to our teachings and professions we ought not to inquire or be forced to inquire as to the character or quality of a man's blood, or as to the color of his skin any more than we should raise an issue as to an applicant's race, nationality or religion. The only question with us should be whether or not the seeker after light is a good man, and whether or not he will devote himself to the Craft, and endeavor to promote its objects. The moment you limit the universality of our Institution in any of the particulars mentioned, that instant you have circumscribed its efficiency and usefulness, and have put about it a barrier to the full exercise of the great principles that we teach. While my views may not accord with yours, yet they are consonant with the more liberal tendencies of the age as well as with the spirit of those "ancient landmarks" you hear so much about. With the latitudinarian expansion that is now forcing attention, ours must of necessity eventually become the most powerful organization of individuals in the world, and, at the same time, as broad, liberal and catholic as the most generous impulses can demand.

* * * * *

During my two terms I have personally attended the Board of Relief. This Board assists none of the brethren, widows or orphans belonging to local Lodges. I can candidly say that I would not willingly surrender the experience there gained, if such a thing could be, for any consideration. Masonic charity is there seen in all its varying phases, and the judgment, delicacy and tact required to dispose of all the cases daily demanding attention is of such high order that no matter how great one's experience and knowledge of affairs may be, he cannot but be benefited by his term therein. There one learns, probably for the first time, that the country abounds with clever frauds and imposters who, under one pretense or another, claim our

help. To fathom their ruses, expose their contemptible deceptions, and to decide between the worthy and the designing, and to judge of the extent of our bounty to those entitled, requires the most careful attention and consummate skill. Day by day the sixteen members work with hearty assiduity, and their work is not child's play by any means. As the custodians of a sacred fund they constantly strive to do their duty to the Fraternity and to the needy. The San Francisco Masonic Board of Relief is the greatest relief body in the Masonic world, and to be a member of it is an unusual honor. Its record shows a greater number assisted and a larger amount bestowed than any similar organization. Its situation is peculiar for the reason that so many brothers and indigent widows and orphans migrate here believing the Golden State a Mecca where their physical and financial ills are sure to disappear. Greater demands are, therefore, made upon our funds than is usual in older communities. But very little of the money expended ever comes back, so many of the jurisdictions holding to the doctrine that no obligation for repayment is incurred, and that to force repayment deprives the act of its charity, and makes it commercial and unmasonic. Most of the eminent Masonic authorities say that to exact repayment is not in accord with the landmarks, but as Masonry is presumed to be progressive and the old duty to do charity was personal, it seems with improved conditions, facility for travel and the great growth of the Order, unusual burdens ought not to be laid upon the Craftsmen in a new community like California. Every Lodge ought justly to care for its own whithersoever dispersed. Such questions as this and numberless others, many of a constitutional nature, comes constantly before the Board for instant determination, and make its meetings spirited and interesting. The Master who fails in his attendance upon this Board never attains a just appreciation of the greatness and goodness of his Order. All members of our Fraternity should visit the Board, where alone they can gain, in one evening, an adequate idea of the beneficence of the Institution, the greatness of its work and the grandeur of its charity. In 1895, the Board expended about \$15,000 and buried twenty-six sojourning brothers. This year, to date, the Board has expended about the same amount and buried twenty-five

brethren. Since its organization, forty years ago, the Board has expended in charity about \$320,000.

* * * * *

In this connection it may not be improper to here refer to our own charities during the past twenty-four months. The total amount bestowed for these purposes in that period has been \$1,870.95, a respectable sum as you will all readily concede, but none has been unworthily given. Taking into consideration our age as a Lodge, the number of our dead, our present membership and our annual income, it will be seen that the amount is quite small and that the calls upon our bounty have not been great. I have occasionally heard objections by members to the amount of charity we do, but it has always seemed to me that such criticism is unmasonic. Above all other things which should induce us to cherish our Order, it is that we practice true charity. No one should criticise unless he knows whereof he passes comment. To me the great beauties of our aid are its silence and adequacy. To give grudgingly and inadequately is worse than not giving at all; it merely adds poignancy to the grief that needs it and drives no shadows away. If anything, we ought to give more, not less; we ought to do well by our own or cease entirely. It is a bitter reflection that if, perchance, after our death, the ones dear to us need help, a few coins will be doled out to them in the name of charity, whereas it is nothing but meanness and parsimony. It were better not to own our own hall than to stint those who depend upon us. I speak thus, because I sincerely feel that many of the Craft are unconsciously drifting away from one of the well-established landmarks and are unknowingly endeavoring to engraft upon our system the more heartless dispensations of other Orders. Charity with us should not be a meaningless term, but a word so potential that its exercise should be the very highest and truest and best realization of the thought. During my two terms I have monthly visited and seen all of our sick and needy, and I can bear testimony that every cent conferred has been duly appreciated and judiciously expended.

While I am on this theme. I trust you will pardon me for suggesting, in view of the nearness of the holiday season when our needy widows and orphans will be witnesses to the general rejoicing, that we

do something to make them feel that it is well with them too. I, therefore, recommend that we make an extra money donation to each needy widow as a holiday token.

* * * * *

In passing I also desire to draw attention to what has seemed to me to be unbusinesslike in the handling of our current moneys. Under our by-laws the Treasurer is enabled to retain in his possession the maximum sum of \$1,000. As a matter of fact that amount seldom accumulates in his hands; heretofore it has averaged about \$500, but, on whatever amount, the Lodge gains no interest. It would seem easy to frame an amendment to our by-laws requiring the desposit of our current funds in some savings institution whence it can be cashed out by check, thus affording an additional voucher, earning some interest and in all events securing our moneys against every contingency. In making these comments I wish to be understood as in no way reflecting upon the integrity of the present or of any past incumbent of that office. The fault, if any there be, rests with the Lodge.

Singular as it may seem it has not been customary for our Blue Lodges to hold memorial services for their dead. This has always appeared to me to be a grave omission. We should, at least once every year, hold some sort of service by which we can recall those who have gone before. To remember our departed associates with appropriate ceremonials, to testify our appreciation of their virtues, to recount their goodness and to honor their memories would be peculiarly fitting and beautiful; and I trust that our Lodge, always a leader in Masonic ideas, will soon inaugurate such a custom.

I think, also, that our Blue Lodges ought to give some thought to the Ceremony of Adoption practiced among our French brethren here and elsewhere. Many of you, no doubt, have witnessed the rite as conferred by the French Lodge of this city, and have unquestionably admired it. With but little trouble we can devise an appropriate ritual. I am convinced that it would be to the manifest advantage of the Lodge to dedicate our brethren's children to Masonry.

In line with these thoughts I trust I may be pardoned for suggesting that we ought to have more reunions and social occasions. Nothing is so calculated to cause

lessening of interest in the Lodge as the almost entire absence of such events. There is too much work and no play. In this direction we annually ought to have a "Past Master's Night," when all Past Masters should be summoned to attend, and which could be made one of the jolliest functions of the year.

Despite the commercial depression of the past two years we have worked constantly. Though we have conferred 116 degrees the membership has not appreciably increased owing to withdrawals of which we have had 11, suspensions of which we have had 16 and deaths of which we have had 12. We have gained 38 Master Masons by petition and 5 by affiliation. Seventeen petitions and 6 applications have been rejected. The present membership as the Secretary's report shows is 238. As an interesting coincidence I may state in each of the years of my Mastership I have conferred exactly 58 degrees.

* * * * *

—————o—————

Nathaniel Greene Curtis.

Having been personally acquainted with him since May, 1850, a period of more than forty-seven years, from the time of his arrival in California, I think that, perhaps, with the exception of a few, I knew him the longest of any of the Masonic brethren now living, and being intimate with him officially, socially and fraternaly, and with his record given to me by himself, I think that with that and from the archives of the Masonic Veteran Association of the Pacific Coast, I am the best able to give that information so much desired by the Craft, and which should be permanently preserved.

Bro. Curtis was born February 8, 1826, on the banks of the "beautiful Neuse" river, in Warte county, North Carolina, and was named for General Nathaniel Greene, the great patriotic general of the Revolutionary War, who was sent South by Bro. General George Washington to command the Southern troops in the Continental line in driving out the British General Tarleton and forces under his command. There, on the banks of the "beautiful Neuse," Bro. Curtis was born and reared upon his father's plantation and estate, his home at the old manor house, a building of large dimensions, constructed of stone and fortified during

the Revolutionary War, and at various times was the headquarters of General Nathaniel Greene.

When a young man, Bro. Curtis, who still owned the old homestead, before attaining his majority, determined to see something of the world for himself, and removed to Memphis, Tenn., where he remained some four or five years in the study and practice of the law. Upon learning of the discovery of gold in California, he arranged his business in 1849 and 1850, and started for California via New Orleans and the Isthmus of Panama, arriving in San Francisco soon after the great fire of May, 1850, and went immediately to Sacramento city, which he made his home, and where he ever since remained.

He practiced law for a period of two years and a little more, when he was elected to the office of Recorder or Police Judge of Sacramento city, and was continuously re-elected from 1853 to 1856 inclusive, a period of four years. Bro. Hon. E. H. Heacock, ex-District Judge, and now U. S. Court Commissioner, was the clerk of his Court and Bro. Past Grand Master John A. Tutt, his Bailiff or Constable.

At the close of his last term of office he again entered actively in the practice of law, and was eminently successful. His honesty, integrity and ability were of the very highest order, and he was a gentleman who commanded the respect, confidence, esteem and love of the entire community, and those whom he admitted within the inner circle of his friendship were fastened to him as with hooks and bands of steel.

His mind and judgment were always evenly balanced, yet he possessed a keen, analytical brain, and a courage that was never questioned. Politically his relations and affinity were with the Democratic party, but he was an American citizen and true patriot who could not be fastened down or hampered with party lines, when loyalty to his country and devotion to the Union were to be considered and the integrity of the national government was at stake.

In June, 1860, he was appointed by Governor John G. Downey, Major-General, commanding the fourth division of the National Guard of the State of California, and by his wisdom, good judgment and discretion, he rendered most valuable and important service in pre-

venting local hostilities from breaking out in his section of California during the war of the rebellion, and maintaining peace. It was during this exciting period that he was elected and served as Assemblyman from Sacramento county in the State Legislature during the 12th session in 1861. He was then elected and re-elected Sate Senator from Sacramento county, and served in the 17th session of 1867-68; the 18th session in 1869-70; and in the 22d session of 1877-78, until the new Constitution was adopted, when he declined further election and service.

Upon his receiving the commission of Major-General of the National Guard of California at the breaking out of the rebellion, a large committee of an organized body of rebellion sympathizers called upon him, and he being a Southern man by birth, education and large properties, which he still held in Tennessee by inheritance and otherwise, they naturally supposed that he was with them in sympathy, and ready to co operate with them in turning over the State government, which would have drenched California in blood. They unbosomed themselves to him freely, and when he learned how far they had gone; that they were fully armed and equipped, and ready to commence action, he calmly and quietly tried to dissuade them from their proposed undertaking; but if they wanted to fight the United States government he advised them to leave California, and return to the States from which they came, and take their chances there. They then asked him, "Are you not a Southern man?" He replied, "Yes, I am." They then asked him what he would do if a column of the Southern army should invade California, would he fight them. He replied, "Yes, as long as he had a drop of blood in his veins, and was able to stand." They then asked him, "Would you go South to fight them, the secession army there?" To which he replied, emphatically, "No! Judging from the indications here, my services seem to be needed nearer home." Some of them began to manifest their disappointment as well as displeasure at his attitude taken, and expressed themselves accordingly. He tried to reason with them, but apparently to but little purpose. Finally, he said to them, "Gentlemen, you sought this interview, and I have granted it to you, and endeavored to dissuade you from your intentions, which are wrong, and your pur-

poses treasonable; I have listened to you and given you advice, both as a friend and good citizen, to return to your homes, put away your arms, and conduct yourselves quietly as peaceable citizens, but you do not seem to be disposed to accept this advice from me as your friend. I now give you due notice that if you do not do so at once, I will make prisoners of you inside of twenty-four hours, take your arms and confiscate your property to the State. I am a Southern man, but I am loyal to the Union and to the State of California, which have my double oath, both as a legislator and a military officer, entrusted with command, to maintain and support the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of California, and those oaths I will maintain unto the last extremity. Now go, and do as I direct you, or I will have you under arrest before to-morrow morning."

It was owing to his firm determination and expression, which they knew would be fully and promptly carried out, that they quickly retired, put aside their arms, and this incipient rebellion subsided.

After his retirement from political life, he continued in the practice of the law and at the head of the bar in this State. He acquired a competency, accumulated property in various localities, and a handsome mansion, with well laid out grounds and lawns at his home in Sacramento on the northwest corner of H and Sixteenth streets in that city. His retirement from the practice of the law was in accordance with his own tastes and desires, for there was no further necessity for labor of brain and tongue in that arduous profession.

His Masonic record is one of the most remarkable in the history of the Craft. He was initiated an Entered Apprentice Mason February 17, 1846, in South Memphis Lodge, No. 118, at South Memphis, Tenn. The record of this Lodge states: "On February 17, 1846, the degree of Entered Apprentice was conferred for the first time in the young Lodge, the candidates being Nathaniel Greene Curtis and John Patten, the East being filled by James Penn, P. G. M., of Alabama. Bro. Curtis was the first Fellow Craft passed, and also the first Master Mason raised in the Lodge, March 23 and April 8, 1846, respectively,

NOTE.—He was initiated when but twenty years and nine days old; and elected Worshipful Master of that Lodge one month and nineteen days before he was twenty-one years old, having been the youngest Master of a Masonic Lodge on record

and proved excellent material, being honored with the office of Worshipful Master at the first election held under the Charter, held in Hightown Hall, December 11, 1846. Bro. Curtis rendered the Order faithful service here until he removed to California. He served as Worshipful Master of this Lodge in 1847-49. He demitted therefrom on March 8th, 1850, and affiliated with Washington Lodge, U. D., at Sacramento, February 21, 1852, and was appointed Worshipful Master of Washington Lodge, No. 20, when chartered May 5, 1852. He was elected Worshipful Master of the same in December, 1852 and 1853, and of which he remained a member until death.

He was elected Deputy Grand Master May 8, 1854, and Grand Master of Masons of California in 1857, 1858, 1859 and 1860, during which period of four terms of office as Grand Master he laid the corner-stones of the State capitol at Sacramento and of the Masonic Temple at San Francisco, and many others. He served continuously as a member of the Committee on Jurisprudence of the Grand Lodge for nearly thirty-seven years, and was its Chairman at his death. He was the Grand Representative of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, near the Grand Lodge of California.

He was exalted to the sublime degree of Royal Arch Mason in 1848 in Memphis Chapter R. A. M. at Memphis, Tenn., and demitted therefrom in 1849, and became a Charter member of Sacramento Chapter, No. 3, July 28, 1854, and of which he was a member until death.

He received the degrees of Royal and Select Masters in Sacramento Council, No. 1, of which he was a life member.

He received the Order of Red Cross July 7, 1859, and Knight Templar and Knight of Malta July 21, 1859, in Sacramento Commandery, No. 2, of which he was a member until his death.

He was one of the founders of the Masonic Veteran Association of the Pacific Coast on December 27, 1878, and of which he was a life member.

He died at his home at Sacramento on Monday, July 12, 1897, aged 71 years, 5 months and 4 days. His funeral took place from his family residence at H and Sixteenth streets, Sacramento, on Thursday, July 15, 1897; the services at the house being conducted by Rev. Mr. Reddick of Sacramento and Rev. Mr. Mc-

Kelney of San Francisco. Sacramento Commandery, No. 2, of Knights Templar, with the Second Infantry Band, acted as escort, followed by the members of the Sacramento Pioneer Society, Sacramento Chapter, No. 2, of Royal Arch Masons, Washington Lodge, No. 20, F. & A. M., with a large number of the Masonic Fraternity under the direction of the Grand Lodge of California, M. W. William T. Lucas, Grand Master; Past Grand Masters William A. Davies, Hiram N. Rucker and Edmund C. Atkinson; George Johnson, Grand Secretary; and William H. Edwards, Grand Lecturer, and other officers appointed *pro tem*.

The pall-bearers were Past Grand Masters William A. Davies and Hiram N. Rucker, who represented the Grand Lodge and the Masonic Veteran Association of the Pacific Coast; John W. Rock and W. B. Davis representing Sacramento Commandery, No. 2, of Knight Templar; Edwin Glover and John J. McKinnon representing Washington Lodge, No. 20; P. S. Lawson and H. M. La Rue representing the Pioneer Association; A. P. Catlin and John H. McKune representing Sacramento County Bar Association; J. H. Glide and L. L. Lewis representing the family friends.

The Masonic funeral service was performed at the grave by M. W. William T. Lucas, Grand Master, assisted by the other grand officers, and the members of the Craft there assembled shedding tears of sincere sorrow as they dropped the fragrant sprig of acacia, the symbol of our own immortality, and the body of Past Grand Master Nathaniel Greene Curtis, embalmed with the sweetest flowers of the valley of the Sacramento, was at rest.

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None know thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

EDWIN A. SHERMAN.

Bro. Charles Fred. Crocker, 33°.

Editor Trestle Board: During the past few weeks the Masonic Fraternity of this State has gone into camp at the various cemeteries, and retired in sorrow under the somber shade of the weeping willow or the thorny acacia, with open graves floral lined along the color line and the bosom of mother earth ready to receive her children, which she brought forth; and were there no reasonable grounds for faith and

hope in a glorious immortality, creation would be a failure, life would not be worth the living, while despair would be crowned king, and his coronation robes would be composed of desolation and inconsolable grief.

Sadness and sorrow have come into the homes of our brethren, and we who claim to be Masons and our Lodges dedicated to the Holy Saints John, can exclaim with Saint Paul, who teaches us what true Masonic charity is, "For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known; and now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." And one of the brightest examplars that ever gladdened the heart of the widow and orphan, the sick and distressed, and relieved suffering humanity, and did so, quietly, unostentatiously and generously, was our noble, liberal-hearted and liberal-handed Brother Charles Fred. Crocker, one of the very best of her sons brought forth on his native soil of California.

I knew Bro. Crocker from his infancy, and it was indeed a happy Merry Christmas in his father's home in Sacramento, when on December 25, 1854, Christ's birthday, the wife of Charles Crocker, the leading dry good's merchant of that city, presented her husband with a new-born babe as a Christmas gift. When the father came into my office, which was the next door to his store, and told a few of us, his friends, that he had a baby for a Christmas present from his wife that day, and we inquired as to its sex, he replied: "It will give employment to a tailor, and not a dressmaker, for I don't keep boys' clothing in my store."

We watched the little fellow as he grew up, and he was the proudest youngster that ever walked down J street the first time he appeared in pants. Just as soon as he was old enough he was sent by his parents to the public schools of Sacramento city. Then when he became a larger boy, and somewhat advanced, he was sent to the California Military College at Oakland, and after that he was sent to the Polytechnic School at Brooklyn, N. Y., where he graduated. Preferring an active life by employment in the service of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, of which his father was one of the original Company, he worked his way along, step by step, from that of a clerk, until he was given a

railroad to manage himself, and the Monterey division was placed in his charge, until his experience widened and expanded, and he grew with these enterprises, when, upon the death of his father, he rose to the highest position but one, that of President of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and he might have had that position, but he was unwilling to displace one of the original progenitors of the Pacific Railroad Companies, who, at one time, staked his all upon the enterprise, when nearly everybody prophesied it would be a failure, as it would have been, had not Abraham Lincoln, as President of the United States, stretched out his long arm and hand, lifted it up and put it on its feet, by directing the First Mortgage Bonds to be issued at the last extremity under the law, which provided that they should be issued when the railroad reached the base of the Sierra Nevada mountains; but when within about fifteen miles of the immediate foot of the mountains, all private means and the counties' aid had been exhausted, President Lincoln, upon being appealed to, asked, "Does the water stand there, or does it run down hill?" On being told that at the end of the railroad, as far as completed, the water there runs down hill, "Well," said Lincoln, "if the water there runs down hill, I will call it the base of the Sierra Nevada, and direct the bonds to be issued." Said Assemblyman Tukey (formerly Marshal of Boston), "Abraham Lincoln has done what God Almighty could not do, or has not done, for he has moved the western base of the Sierra Nevadas fifteen miles further into the Sacramento valley. But this is a digression.

The interests and wealth of Charles Crocker, Sr., was inherited by his children, and by none of them has it been more wisely, generously and charitably used than by Bro. Charles Fred. Crocker, who became identified with nearly everything of a public benefit or good. He was President of the Board of Trustees of the California Academy of Sciences, of which his father was so liberal a patron. He was a member of the Board of Regents of the State University of California and of the Board of Trustees of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, and his aid in astronomical instruments presented to the Lick Observatory are of the most valuable character.

In 1880, he was commissioned as Colonel on the staff of Governor, but now United

States Senator, Past Grand Master George C. Perkins. He was modest and retiring in his manner, and friendly with the humblest laboring man under his employ, being always easy of approach and prompt to see that justice was done where there was any reasonable complaint. He was a courteous gentleman under all circumstances, and met his fellowman on the level of common humanity—like any one of the rest among the people. He was not troubled with any undue expansion of the cranium, which is too often the case where great wealth is inherited.

He was eminently social and fraternal in his tastes and disposition, while at the same time he was patriotic and proud of his native State of California. As one of the Native Sons of the Golden West he contributed largely to the restoration or reconstruction of the Mecca of the pathfinder, John C. Fremont, and of the Argonauts of 1849—Sutter's fort at Sacramento.

The favors granted to the Sloat Monument Association are gratefully remembered, and when the monument at Monterey is completed to commemorate the taking possession of California and the raising of the American flag at that place on July 7, 1846, the people of this State will also cherish the memory of Bro. Charles Fred. Crocker, whose Masonic record we give as follows:

He was initiated an Entered Apprentice Mason March 15th, passed to the degree of Fellow Craft March 22d, and raised to the Sublime degree of Master Mason March 29, 1888, in California Lodge, No. 1, at San Francisco, of which Lodge he remained a member during life.

He received the Capitular degrees of Mark, Past and Most Excellent Masters, and was exalted to the Sublime degree of Royal Arch Mason on May 1, 15, and 22, 1888, respectively, in California Chapter, No. 5, at San Francisco, of which he continued a member during life.

On December 4, 1889, he received the degrees of Royal and Select Masters in California Council, No. 2, at San Francisco.

He was knighted Red Cross, and on March 15, 1889, Knight Templar and Knight of Malta in California Commandery, No. 1, at San Francisco, of which he continued to be a member through life.

He received the degrees of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry as follows: The 4° to the 14° in-

clusive, September 14, 1888, in Yerba Buena Lodge of Perfection, No. 6, at San Francisco; the 15° to the 18° inclusive, December 14, 1888, in Yerba Buena Chapter of Rose Croix, No. 4, at the same place; the 19° to the 30° inclusive, December 27, 1888, in Godfrey De St. Omar Council of Kadosh, No. 1, at the same place. The 31° and 32°, January 10, 1889, in the Grand Consistory of California. He was elected to the Honorary rank of Knight Commander of the Court of Honor in October, 1890.

He was elected to receive the 33° and last degree of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry, October 21, 1892, in the Supreme Council of the 33° degree for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States. He was coronnetted a 33° and an Honorary Inspector General at a special session of the said Supreme Council, convened in the Masonic Temple, San Francisco, on December 22, 1892, Ill. Thomas H. Caswell, 33°, as Grand Commander; Ill. George J. Hobe, 33°, as Lieutenant Grand Commander; Ill. William A. Davies, 33°, as Grand Prior; Ill. Edwin A. Sherman, 33°, as Grand Marshal of Ceremonies, assisted by other officers acting also *pro tem*. On Thursday, January 14, 1897, he was elected Grand Master of the Grand Consistory of California.

He was elected an honorary member of the Masonic Veteran Association of the Pacific Coast, August 24, 1889, for his eminent services and aid rendered to Freemasonry in Masonic charity in general, to the Masonic Board of Relief of San Francisco in particular and to that Association.

He was one of the Directors of the Masons Widows and Orphans' Home, and an ardent worker for its success.

The last time that I saw him alive was when, at his special request, I assisted him as Grand Marshal of Ceremonies at the installation of the officers of the Scottish Rite Bodies of Masonry in Oakland a short time ago, when he, as Grand Master of the Grand Consistory of California, installed the officers.

He died on Saturday evening, July 18, 1897, more universally regretted than any of its prominent citizens for many years. His funeral, which took place on Tuesday following, was the largest Masonic funeral of any heretofore held in San Francisco. The Temple was too small, and would not hold one-fourth of those who desired to

attend, and the First Congregational church, on the corner of Post and Mason streets, was secured for holding the funeral services.

California Lodge, No. 1, never appeared so well in numbers as on that occasion, and it was largely augmented by the Masonic Veteran Association and brethren from other Lodges. California Commandery, No. 1, of which he was also a member, Golden Gate Commandery, No. 16, together with the Grand Consistory of California acted as escort to his remains, the mourning relatives and a long train of sorrowing friends.

Ill. Thomas H. Caswell, 33°, Grand Commander of the Supreme Council, who had conferred the 33° upon him, was one of the chief pall-bearers, with a large number of others, while Ill. Bro. William Frank Pierce, 33°, Active Inspector General for California, as Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, performed his duties so well that every detail was in perfect harmony and order. The church was packed to its uttermost, while the streets were lined by thousands to witness the mournful cortege.

Never have we heard our beautiful, tender, sympathetic and eloquent ritual of our funeral service so well and more feelingly rendered as it was on that occasion by W. Bro. William Graham Brown, the Master of California Lodge, No. 1, or the responses more earnestly made. The music, by the Masonic choir, under the leadership of Bro. Samuel David Mayer, the Grand Organist, was exquisitely sweet, and as the dying notes of "Good Night" vanished upon the ear, the impression was like the flitting of a dove passing in at one window and out through another, and we could imagine the soul of the departed alighting and nestling for repose in the bosom of its God.

The exercises of the church being concluded, the procession took up its mournful burden, and bore it away to Laurel Hill cemetery, where the last sad rites in honor of the illustrious dead were performed by W. Bro. William G. Brown, the Master of California Lodge, No. 1, assisted by his officers, and mother earth received the dust of her offspring once more into her bosom, where it was placed beside that of his beloved wife, while his family, brothers and mourning friends, with the Craft there assembled, shed sympathetic tears over the grave of our lamented brother.

The Rev. Dr. Mackenzie, who had delivered a brief, but fervent and eloquent eulogy at the church, pronounced the benediction, and the brethren returned to the Temple.

Brother Crocker commenced the ascent of the rounds of the ladder of the Scottish Rite of Freemasonry by being crowned with the laurel; again was he crowned with the laurel when he reached the topmost round, and in his descent of the ladder of the Kadosh as its Grand Master, he finds repose for his body in Laurel Hill cemetery, while we doubt not a golden crown of laurel awaited him when he was received and welcomed by the All Father, the Supreme Grand Master of the Celestial Grand Lodge above, with "Well done thou good and faithful servant. I know thy works, where thou hast dwelt and thou holdest fast my name, and hast not denied my faith, and I will give thee the morning star. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

"When by a good man's grave I muse alone,
Methinks an angel sits upon the stone,
Like those of old, on that thrice hallowed night,
Who sat and watched in raiment heavenly bright,
And with a voice inspiring joy, not fear,
Says, pointing upward, "Know he is not here;
He is risen!"

This is a tribute from his life-long friend, who knew him from the cradle to the grave, nearly forty-three years.

Fraternally yours,

EDWIN A. SHERMAN, 33°.

Do We Meet Him on the Level?

To meet upon the level
Is an easy thing to say.
But when it comes to practice,
Do we do it every day?
Do we meet him on the level,
If the Brother chance to be
Just a little out at elbow
Or baggy at the knee?

When we meet him in the workshop,
Do we greet him with the grip
That we do the noted statesman
On a European trip?
Do we meet him on the level
And give him just the chance
That we do the dashing fellow
With the creases in his pants?

If fortune does not smile on him
In sunshine and repose,
Do we meet him on the level
In his second-handed clothes?
Do we invite him to our church,
And seat him in our pew,
And warm our hearts by clasping hands
As Brothers ought to do?

Yes, we meet him on the level,
On the broad Masonic plan,
Whenever we know him to be
A Mason and a man,
We'll meet him on the level,
And part upon the square,
And then, perhaps, he'll vouch for us
When we meet him over there.

"So Mote It Be."

"So mote it be," what memories throng
When'er we hear those mystic words;
What hopes, what aspirations strong,
Stir the heart's deepest, inmost chords,
To hear in mystic harmony
The Craft's response, "So mote it be."

When first as youthful neophytes,
With fear the dangerous path we trod,
And, humbly kneeling, prayed for light,
Protesting there our trust in God;
We heard in tones of sympathy
The deep amen, "So mote it be."

Supreme Conductor, wheresoe'er
A Craftsman turns in prayer to Thee,
In mercy lend a listening ear,
Give faith, give hope, give charity,
And let the Craft from sea to sea
Respond amen, "So mote it be."

When Craftsmen on the level meet,
Or part uprightly on the square,
In mystic form each other greet,
And raise their hearts to thee in prayer;
Join every soul in harmony
While we respond, "So mote it be."

March of the Masons.

From out of the distant past
The early Masons came,
And labored to the last,
To win a noble name.

With flag of peace unfurled,
They journeyed far and wide;
And raised throughout the world
The temples now our pride.

Honor those of old,
The true and great, the great and good,
In wisdom's ranks enrolled,
A faithful brotherhood.

For as they marched along,
The aged and the youth,
They strove to conquer wrong
With Love, Relief and Truth.

J. H. GRAY.

Rural Pleasures.

Far from the city's noise and heat
I own a little cot.
A modest paling from the street
Shuts off its garden plot.
Here, when my work in town is done,
I hasten ere the set of sun,
For here, my wife and children three,
With loving greetings wait for me;
And here the fragrant cup of tea
(I always drink the best "Bohea")
"Which cheers but not inebriates"
Me, weary pilgrim, waits.

Our supper o'er, while yet the glow
Of sunset's in the sky,
Forth to the garden walks we go—
Wife, children dear, and I.
The scent of flowers is on the air,
Sweet blossoms meet us everywhere—
A lovely place in which to stay
And watch the sunset's lingering ray;
But quickly for the house we start,
For we have felt the "sneakers" dart,
And all the romance of the scene
Has vanished like a dream.

At sunrise I awake, and so
Out of my bed I get,
And forth into the garden go
(The grass is soaking wet).
How sweet that burst of melody
From robin up in yonder tree!
Dewdrops are glistening everywhere,
And new-mown hay perfumes the air.
Much I enjoy the balmy breeze,
But soon, alas! I 'gin to sneeze;
"This morning air is bad," I'm told,
"I fear I've caught a cold."

—J. F. Brinckerhoff, in Boston Ideas.

THE TRESTLE BOARD.

A National Masonic and Family Magazine.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
TRESTLE BOARD ASSOCIATION.

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

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

DISCONTINUANCES.—Subscribers wishing our magazine stopped at the expiration of their subscription, will please notify us by postal card otherwise we may consider it their wish to have it continued.

HOW TO REMIT.—Send Cashier's Check, Express Order, Post Office Money Order, Postal Note or Greenback in Letter. Receipts will always be sent enclosed in the next number issued after the receipt of the remittance.

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

Right to Visit in Missouri.

The non-affiliate Mason should remember that he is not entitled to visit when his dimit is over one year old. The Grand Lodge virtually says that if he don't contribute to the support of the Institution he cannot enjoy its benefits.

—*Sprig of Acacia, of Mo.*

From the above we should think the Grand Lodge of Missouri was pulling up some of the stakes or landmarks of Masonry. Forty years ago a novitiate could become a Mason, and was supposed to be always thereafter under the obligations of Masonry, and was commended to the kind care and friendship of brethren whithersoever dispersed around the globe. It was optional with the novitiate to become a member of a Lodge or not. If he preferred to do his duty as a Mason in his individual capacity that was his own affair. After he received the third degree, he was informed that if he desired to become a member of the Lodge he could do so without a ballot or any expense by signing the by-laws at the time. If he did not become a member, which was not often the case, he could visit when he desired, but held only the general claims of a Mason upon the Craft, which he could avail himself of if necessary, and was likewise obliged to perform his individual duties and obligations toward all brethren in circumstances requiring their performance. It would seem that in Missouri, as perhaps elsewhere, the principal duty of a Mason is to help aid and assist the Lodge and Grand Lodge, to the neglect of individual duties if need be, and that if a brother does not do this he is to be deemed no better than a profane.

THE TRESTLE BOARD objects to this pulling up of these ancient landmarks, and

excluding brethren, for reasons satisfactory to themselves, from the privilege of a Freemason, to contribute wherever and whenever he pleases. One-half the Masons in the United States, if not the world, are unaffiliated. That is their privilege, and those who conduct Lodges have their privilege of making Masons, and receiving the fee therefor to enable them to support the burden of Lodge membership. If the fees for degrees are not sufficient, then should brethren be asked by their officers to contribute so far as they can without serious injury to themselves or those dependent upon them according to their obligations. In some sections bequests and donations are in order, and often given to Lodge funds, but where dues are relied upon and required under penalties, they cannot be expected. Charity is not charity where it is thus forced, and the word is a misnomer where arbitrary dues are demanded. Relief may be given, but it is simply relief. It is not charity. It is their due because they have paid the fee of insurance.

Observance of St. John's Day.

There seems to have been an increased observance of St. John's Day among the Craft than for many years before. We have notice of many of these affairs throughout the country. The excursion of the members of Weber Lodge, No. 6, of Ogden, Utah, with their families, was a notable one. In the great strife for wealth and for bread these matters are neglected in some localities. There is no reason why Masons and their families should not mingle more together in social intercourse, unless it is the bugbear of caste. Although distinctions set up by wealth and worldly honors are not countenanced in our precepts, we often hear objections to more social relations, which are based upon the shallow objections of society. We believe that it would be better for the Craft and for the world if Masons and their families would come together at least twice a year on St. John's Days, and show the world that it is a universal institution, knowing no distinctions of worldly wealth or honors, and dwell together a few hours in brotherly love and harmony, using the ceremonies of breaking bread together interspersed with speech, song and innocent amusement, and making the occasion one of joy and pleasure to our families, as well as using the opportunity for receiving contri-

butions for the relief of worthy distressed brethren, their widows and orphans. How much more consistent with the spirit of Masonry than the cold-blooded way of being enrolled a member, and seldom or never present at Lodge, and paying arbitrary dues, or become suspended if delinquent, and looked upon with pity and contempt therefor!

o

Editorial Chips.

There is a contradiction in the *fact* and the *title* of "Freemason." The fact is he is not free. He is not permitted to hold Masonic communication with his brethren, but is subject to the whims or caprice of any captious member who may exclude him from any Lodge for good or no reason, even the doubtful one that the harmony of the Lodge may be disturbed. And if not excluded for that reason, he may be if he has not a voucher about his person that he has paid his dues to his Lodge within six months or a year; or, he may be excluded because his memory is partially at fault. He is not free to participate in the duties of associated membership where he may live, because he may in the exigencies of times have removed from the place where he first saw Masonic light, and cannot safely take out his demit therefrom, and transfer his membership to where he resides and is under the jurisdiction thereof. There are other reasons why in fact a Freemason is not really free. These regulations are not "landmarks," and it would be no violation of them if they were disturbed. How long shall the title and fact continue contradictory?

The Grand Chapter of Maryland celebrated its centennial anniversary on June 24th at Masonic Temple, in Baltimore, with an elaborate program and banquet, with a large attendance. We are indebted to Bro. Geo. L. McCahan, Grand Secretary, for full account of the proceedings.

According to the newspaper reports from Humboldt county the recent trip of California Commandery, No. 1, must have been very enjoyable.

The *Illinois Freemason* says that "from returns received by the Grand Secretary (of Illinois) so far, it is apparent that the gain in the membership will be quite small. The

amount of work done is much less than last year, while the number of suspensions is greater." Some of our contemporaries will attribute the amount of work to the hard times, and the suspensions to the incorrigible dispositions of brethren.

In Virginia and in Kansas it is optional with a novitiate of a Lodge to become a member at the time of receiving the third degree.

The highest number of any Lodge on the Grand Lodge of England register is 2,667. Twelve warrants were granted in the first quarter of this year, including 5 in London, 5 in provinces, 1 in Ceylon and 1 in Western Australia.

Grand Lecturer Wm. H. Edwards is making a tour among the Lodges in northern California.

Bro. Judge A. L. Fitzgerald, of Nevada, was recently made the beneficiary of an estate to the amount of about \$100,000. THE TRESTLE BOARD tenders its congratulations.

The Masons of Los Angeles, supported by the Blue Lodges, are about to establish a library for their membership.

Bro. Chas. E. Gillette, of Oakland, Cal., recently produced in court a will of the late Bro. Louis F. Reichling, whose estate is being contested to prove no undue influence in a subsequent will.

Vancouver Commandery, No. 10, has been instituted at Vancouver, B. C.

The Grand Lodge of Vermont has appropriated \$30,000 additional to a former appropriation for the purpose of building a Masonic Temple at Burlington.

The Grand Lodge of Washington held its annual communication at Seattle last month. In the absence of any authorized report of the proceedings we rely upon the *Post Intelligencer*, in which we find in its report of the 9th of June the following, which indicates that the race problem is presented to that Grand Lodge to solve:

"A feature of the morning session was the application of African citizens of the United States residing in the State of Washington for recognition by the Grand

Lodge. The communication resulted in a general discussion, and the final reference of the application to a committee, with instructions to prosecute vigorous investigation, and report at the next session of the Grand Lodge."

Three-quarters of the Masons of the world are in North America, and yet the statistics of the General American Relief Association show that more than half the relief extended the past year has been to foreign Masons. Would it be possible to persuade the Grand Lodge of Great Britain to become responsible for all relief afforded to their members, if that plan were adopted?—*Masonic Tidings*.

THE TRESTLE BOARD thinks not. There is too much selfishness in human nature to permit that yet.

Ferndale Chapter, No. 78, R. A. M., was instituted by M. E. Comp. Wm. Frank Pierce, June 26th. The officers are:

Wm. Dunsmore, H. P.; Frank W. Luther, K.; F. W. Switt, S.; Frank W. Oliver, C. of H.; Chas. A. Doe, R. A. C.; Frank G. Williams, P. S.; E. A. Pierson, M. 3d V.; Ira A. Russ, M. 2d V.; Jos. A. Shaw, Treas.; J. H. Trost, Sec'y; D. Stillings, Guard.

The Grand Lodge of Oregon held its 45th annual communication at Portland, June 9th. The following were installed officers:

W. H. Hobson, of Stayton, Grand Master; J. B. Cleland, Portland, D. G. M.; J. M. Hodson, Eugene, G. S. W.; W. F. Butcher, Baker City, G. J. W.; Jacob Mayer, Portland, G. Trnstee; D. C. Mc Kercher, Portland, G. Treasurer; James F. Robinson, Eugene, G. Sec'y; Gustave Wilson, Portland, G. Tyler,

Bro. Rabbi Jacob Voorsanger, of San Francisco, was present, and made a very eloquent address.

The Grand Lodge of British Columbia held its 26th annual communication at Victoria, June 17th and 18th. The following were installed officers:

E. D. McLaren, Vancouver, Grand Master; Prof. D. Wilson, Victoria, D. G. M.; J. W. Coburn, Nanaimo, G. S. W.; R. E. Walker, New Westminster, G. J. W.; Rev. J. M. Logan, Union, G. Chap.; A. B. Erskine, Victoria, G. Treasurer; W. J. Quinlan, Victoria, G. Sec'y; Geo. Cunningham, Essington, G. S. D.; S. N. Jarratt, Vancouver, G. J. D.; Dr. W. A. Richardson, Victoria, G. Sup't of W.; H. S. Perkins, Victoria, G. Marshal; A. C. Muir, Esquimalt, G. Organist; H. H. Watson, Vancouver, G. Pursuivant; Dr. S. J. Tunstall, Kamloops, G. Steward; E. Hosker, Vancouver, G. Tyler; D. Wilson, Victoria, R. E. Walker, Vancouver, and F. McB. Young, Nanaimo, D. D. G. M.

At the 8th annual conclave of the Grand Commandery of North Dakota, held in the city of Devils Lake, July 1st and 2d, the following officers were installed:

John D. Black, Valley City, G. Commander; Theodore F. Branch, Jamestown, D. G. Commander; John Holmes, Valley City, G. Geno.; Clark W. Kelley, Devils Lake,

G. C. G.; Geo. H. Phelps, Fargo, G. Prelate; Wm. H. Topping, Grand Forks, G. S. W.; Almond L. Woods, Grafton, G. J. W.; Frank H. Sprague, Grafton, G. Treasurer; Frank J. Thompson, Fargo, G. Recorder; Thomas Baker, Jr., Fargo, G. St. B.; Robert M. Carothers, Grand Forks, G. Sw. B.; Robert D. Hoskins, Bismarck, G. Warden; Frederick B. Fancher, Jamestown, G. C. of G.; Alexander C. Mather, Grand Forks, D. G. Recorder.

Elections in California.

San Luis Obispo Commandery, No. 27, K. T.—Benjamin Brooks, Commander; John Whicher, Geno.; Arthur Bray, C. G.; Joseph H. Seaton, Prelate; Joseph Lind, S. W.; Fred A. Dorn, J. W.; Pietro B. Prefumo, Treas.; Ralph P. Sutliff, Rec.; Philip F. Ready, St. B.; Robert E. Jack, Sw. B.; George B. Nichols, Warden; Jesse E. Lewis, Sentinel; Antonio Tognazzini, Charles H. Reed and Joseph W. Smith, Guards.

Chips from Other Quarries.

There were 44,291 members of the Mystic Shrine on the roll May 1st; a net gain of 2,789 in a year. The net assets of the Order amounted to \$440,591.44. For the past ten years the Order has made an annual growth of about \$4,000 a year. The Christian offerings to the poor, donations to benevolent institutions, etc., for the year amount to \$25,754.44.

—*N. Y. Dispatch*.

Recently an ex-confederate and an ex-federate soldier together helped raise a flag over a public school building. Completing their work the ex-confederate turned to the other and said: "It is a comfort to me to know that the school system and the flag will make their battle together, because experience has taught that that cause is handicapped which arrays itself against our flag." True. It don't matter how much Rome may shed crocodile tears over her loyalty to the flag, while she holds the torch to the little red school-house, she is an enemy of this Republic.—*Tyler*.

The triangle, being the first perfect figure in geometry, is therefore the universal symbol of the Deity. The letter "G" cannot be universal.

The homeless author of "Home, Sweet Home," John Howard Payne, a poor but genial-hearted man, was walking with his friend in London, and pointing to one of the most aristocratic houses in Mayfield, he said: "Under that window I composed the song of 'Home, Sweet Home,' as I wandered about without food, or a resemblance of shelter I could call my own. Many a night since I wrote those words, that issued out of my heart by absolute want of a home, have I passed and repass-

ed in this locality, and heard a siren voice coming from within those gilded walls, in the depth of a dim, cold London winter, warbling 'Home, Sweet Home,' while I, author of them, knew no bed to call my own. I have been in the heart of Paris, Berlin or London, or some other city, and have heard the people singing 'Home, Sweet Home,' without a penny to buy the next meal or a place to put my head in. The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody. My country has turned me ruthlessly from office, and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for bread."

There are many sensitive brethren who are apparently comfortably situated, but who, in reality, are straitened in their financial affairs, who are obliged to deprive themselves of social enjoyments, which once they could afford, and they are men that will not ask any social society to which they may belong to be placed on the roll of beggars. Heaven bless them for their manliness.

—*C. S. Glaspell, in Orient.*

A key or cipher, purporting to contain the ritual of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, was put in circulation about two years since in Boston and its vicinity. The Grand Secretary brought this fact to the knowledge of the Grand Lodge, and as evidence produced a copy of the cipher. He stated also that only two brethren had access sufficiently long and often to the original to enable them to prepare the cipher for the press. One of the two brethren was the Secretary himself, who protested his innocence, and advised vigorous measures for the detection and punishment of the guilty parties. A committee of five was appointed for investigation. This committee reported at the next quarterly communication that they had met with many difficulties in their labors. Some of the interrogated brethren had refused to answer questions, because they were disinclined to involve in disgrace and punishment any of their Masonic friends; while others assigned as a reason that their knowledge of the enterprise was a secret committed as such to them by Master Masons, the revelation of which would cause them to commit perjury. The other brethren alluded to with another were expelled from all the rights and privileges of Masonry.

We are of the opinion that the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts by these proceedings stultified itself. The second degree enjoins the study of logics as one of the liberal arts. The question arising here is: If it be wrong to work out and print a cipher, is it not a ten-fold more so to write down the original? The Grand Lodge violated the O. B. of the first degree. How can it logically forbid and judge others for doing the same thing in a ten fold milder form by elaborating from the original merely a cipher, intelligible only to the initiate?

—*Bro. Dr. E. Ringer, of N. Y.*

The Grand Lodge of Nebraska provides that Master Masons who have been in good standing thirty years, and who have reached the age of sixty-five, may be exempted from all Lodge dues and the Lodge exempted from dues on such members to the Grand Lodge. It would be as well for the Grand Lodge of Canada and other Grand Lodges to adopt a similar law. If subordinate Lodges would make by-laws to the same effect the spectacle of "kicking the old man out" would be a thing of the past.—*Canadian Craftsman.*

A brother editor, in reply to the question, "Do hogs pay?" says: "A great many do not. They will take the paper for several years, and then, some day, the paper will be sent back marked 'refused.'"

The following statistics as to the diversified wealth of the new Negro in the Union has been given out as official: Alabama, \$10,120,137; Arkansas, \$9,810,346; California, \$4,416,939; Colorado, \$3,400,527; Connecticut, \$550,170; Delaware, \$1,320,196; Florida, \$8,690,044; Georgia, \$15,196,885; Idaho, \$16,411; Illinois, \$11,889,562; Indiana, \$4,404,524; Iowa, \$2,750,409; Kansas, \$4,296,644; Kentucky, \$10,976,411; Louisiana, \$19,918,631; Maine, \$196,732; Maryland, \$10,392,130; Massachusetts, \$9,904,524; Michigan, \$5,200,122; Minnesota, \$1,210,259; Mississippi, \$16,742,349; Missouri, \$3,366,474; Montana, \$132,419; Nebraska, \$2,750,000; Nevada, \$276,209; New Hampshire, \$331,731; New Jersey, \$3,637,832; New York, \$19,243,893; New Mexico, \$395,244; North Carolina, \$13,481,717; North Dakota, \$84,101; Ohio, \$8,580,000; Oregon, \$93,500; Pennsylvania, \$16,730,639; Rhode Island, \$3,740,000; South Carolina,

\$16,750,121; South Dakota, \$136,787; Tennessee, \$11,446,292; Texas, \$32,852,995; Utah, \$82,500; Vermont, \$1,112,731; Virginia, 10,932,009; Washington, \$623,515; West Virginia, \$6,164,796; Wisconsin, \$156,312; Wyoming, \$243,237; District of Columbia, \$5,831,707; Indian Territory, \$761,111; *Oklahoma, \$4,213,408. Total, over \$400,000,000.

It is our United States brethren who are always in trouble about non-affiliates. It is the almighty dollar that is always uppermost in their minds. They don't seem to grasp the idea that Masonry is free, and that no one can join our Craft without their own free consent, and that when they tire of membership they are free also to leave. This trying to place burdens on the unwilling may be good law in a benefit society, but it is out of place in a Masonic Lodge. Charity is not that charity that is laid down as a landmark of the Craft if it has to be forced from the unwilling craftsman. During an experience of thirty-two years in Quebec and Ontario I never saw a non-affiliated Mason refused admission to a Lodge, and still the Craft in Canada can show as good a record as any on this continent.

—*Canadian Craftsman.*

The Spanish newspapers have of late contained much information about the trouble in the Phillipine Islands, and the clerical party is taxed with attempting to damage members of the Craft in that Spanish possession. The Phillipine Islands have, ever since becoming a colony of Spain, been overrun with priests and monks, who established such an organized system of extortion that at last the people objected. Noticing the popular clamor, and wishing to turn it from themselves, the party is credited with informing the government, through the Governor of the Island, that an insurrection was pending, and that this was being fomented by Freemasons. The government of Senor Canovas appears to have swallowed the bait, for instructions were immediately issued that all Lodges were to cease working, and all papers, etc., were to be seized. These orders were carried out, but the officials at Manilla exceeded their authority by imprisoning leading men who are Masons, and generally interfered with every one who was suspected of belonging to the Order. It is needless to say that

after a full inquiry had been made it was found that the government had been misled, and that the Craft had nothing whatever to do with a movement for which the clerical party is mainly responsible. One of the Madrid newspapers, in a scathing article, reminds Spain that nothing has so much harmed its progress as the interference of the clergy. It states that through their intrigues she has lost her possessions in America one by one; their system of extortion has also caused a revolution in the Phillipine Islands, and, on account of the machinations of the priests, a nation gifted with rare intellectual qualities, and a country rich in resources, no longer occupy that position of importance which they formerly did.

In Missouri, where the wish has been expressed by the brother to have a Masonic funeral, we give it, whether it is to be held at the crematory or cemetery, and no questions are asked.

—*Sprig of Acacia.*

It is beyond dispute that true Masonry is universal; exacting no dogmatic tests, imposing no sectarian doctrine, and requiring no confession of religious belief other than that "in which all men agree." Hence it would seem that any associations of Masons, which excludes from its communion the followers of any school of religious thought that recognizes the fundamental tenets of Masonry, or which confines its membership to the adherents of a particular form of theological belief, by such acts virtually denies its own claim to affiliation with the ancient Craft. In a restricted sense this is undoubtedly true, and to the extent that Templary is not of universal application, it is not Masonic as that term is now generally understood.

—*Geo. W. Warvelle, of Ill.*

The regulations of the Grand Lodge of Connecticut provide that Lodges are permitted to receive and act upon applications for affiliation unaccompanied by a demit, provided, however, that such action, if favorable, shall not take effect until the demit of the applicant shall have been deposited with the Secretary of the Lodge. This regulation of the Grand Lodge was adopted, in order to expedite affiliation, so that the Lodge could act without waiting for a formal demit. Has the brother a demit from the first Lodge? If not, he

is still a member and entitled to it, if not under charges of Masonic censure, or if his withdrawal would not materially reduce its membership. If he has a demit, then he is an unaffiliate Mason, unless the action of the Lodge, in permitting a new ballot, and thereby rejecting him, was unlawful.—*Jas. H. Walsh, G. M., of Conn.*

—
 Knight Templarism is an Order of lofty ideals. The ancient Knight swore to speak the truth, succor the helpless and oppressed, never to turn back from an enemy, and to uphold the Christian religion. The lofty teachings of the Order embodied truths that produced boundless enthusiasm. The defense of right against wrong should likewise stimulate the Knight of to-day as it did the early founders, to heroic deeds. We do not now draw the sword in actual warfare, but our conflict is none the less real, for vice, ignorance, fanaticism, superstition, bigotry and many other foes of that ilk abound all around us, and require our utmost watchfulness and alertness; therefore, none should be found in our ranks whom we are unable to feel will prove true and valiant members of the Order on every occasion. A personal responsibility rests upon each and every Knight in this connection.—*Sir Will H. Whyte, Supreme Grand Master, London, Ont.*

—
 The *N. Y. Dispatch*, commenting on the statement that the "Chinese Masons of the Pacific Coast had a three days' celebration at Monterey, Cal., a short time ago, and that they went by special train from San Francisco, and carried with them two bands of music and lots of refreshments," says: "What rot! Every secret society of Chinese or Hottentots is called Masonic, when the fact is there is no more Masonry in them than there is in the Nihilists of Russia. The fact is the devil does get into some Masons, and they see in everything secret a Masonic sign, and some papers seem to be afraid that some dire calamity will befall the Fraternity, and they are ready to defend it on all occasions. Masonry needs no defense."

—
 The chief reason for Roman Catholic opposition to Freemasonry is the Open Book. Freemasonry upholds the open Holy Bible, and protests against keeping the mass of the people in ignorance, and, consequently, under priestly domination.

Freemasonry upholds civil and religious liberty in all the world, and sustains the Open Book as the best means of enlightening all. Roman Catholicism wants no enlightenment, no religion and no government that is not wholly of its faith. It wants no Washingtons, no Garibaldi, no Victor Emanuels, no Don Pedros, no Diazes, no pure patriots, no world's benefactors, and, consequently, no Freemasonry.

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

—*Canadian Craftsman.*

—
 The foundation-stone of all Masonic teachings, the principles of Masonic conduct, the precepts for Masonic practice, are all found in the Entered Apprentice degree. All that follows is but the unfolding and development of the divine idea of Fatherhood and Brotherhood. There is no need of describing the growth and development of this system.

—*Masonic Tidings.*

—
 Masonry is unity not dissension, peace not war, and when one hears of the petty strifes that all too frequently arise between not alone individual brothers but entire Lodges one cannot but feel that the participants are Masons in name alone. Perfect harmony may be too ideal for realization in the present state of mankind, but the true Masonic spirit knows how to differ and yet to forbear.

—
 One-third of all the people on earth have scant food and clothing, and seldom enough of either for comfort for two days in succession. Another one-third have enough for to-day, but none on hand for to-morrow. Of the remaining one-third, some have enough, a few have plenty and a very few have altogether too much. Under

present conditions the earth produces enough for all, but none to spare. Some men possessing enough to support in luxury 100,000 men pass blind beggars every day in the street without contributing a cent to the out-stretched hand.

—*Idaho Mason.*

Masonry regards the Bible as one of the great lights, not only of the brotherhood but of civilization. It does not make the Bible a substitute for God or character, but regards it as a guide to show men the way to God and true manliness. The only way it can be made such a guide is by studying it and seeking to live its best instructions. It is the intention of Masonry that every brother should know the Bible and live its teachings.

—*J. W. Frizzel, of Wisconsin.*

In California no subordinate Lodge can spend over five per cent of its revenue for banquets. This is hard on Lodges with a membership of twenty or twenty-five, and collect only three dollars per capita for dues. It is well there is no corner on weinerwurst or tamales on the Pacific Coast.

—*Bun F. Price, in Memphis Appeal.*

It is said that the government of Spain forbid the wearing of Masonic charms or pins in public. It would not be amiss in some other lands to require a little modesty in the display of Masonic jewelry.

—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

An expelled Mason has no Masonic rights whatever; but Masonic charity, being as universal as the Institution itself, may well be bestowed even upon an erring brother.—*Grand Master of Minnesota.*

A certain Grand Jurisdiction has a rule of order "that no member shall speak more than twice upon any question." This rule is an outrage on our sex, and was, doubtless, introduced by a man. What would Grand Matrons do who sometimes speak ten times on a question?—*Orient.*

From one of our fashionable suburbs comes a tale of revenge that would make a Sioux Indian turn green with envy. A young man just home from an Eastern college invited a young lady of the village to a Sunday morning ride on his tandem bicycle. She was delighted, and could scarcely wait to carry the news to her par-

ticular girl friend, who, it happened, had heretofore occupied the front seat on that same tandem. Then the plot was laid.

"How nice," said her chum. "Have you a bicycle suit? Why not wear mine? Don't you think this will look lovely?"

Now, the garment exhibited happened to be a bathing suit of pronounced colors and unique design, but as the first young lady had never been within sight of salt water, and was of a guileless nature anyhow, the bunco game worked to perfection.

The young man's breath suddenly left him that Sunday morning when his companion came out ready to mount, but that was nothing compared to the panic they created along the route. Pious matrons on their way to church threw up both hands and prayed fervently, and the male population on the streets stopped spell-bound and watched them out of sight. The young man had little to say, but it is claimed he broke Zimmerman's record getting to the unfrequented streets.

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"Folks nebber is saterfied," said Uncle Eben. "Er white young lady is allus tryin' ter git frizzes in her hair an' de culled young lady is allus tryin' ter git 'em out."

A good many of Kansas City's women want the curfew law amended so as to apply to their husbands as well as their children.—*Freemasons Repository.*

We have received printed copies of the proceedings of the following Grand Bodies for which the Secretaries have our thanks: Grand Lodges of New Hampshire, Iowa, New York, Michigan, Massachusetts and Quebec; Grand Chapter R. A. M. of North Carolina; Grand Councils R. & S. M. of Missouri and Connecticut; Grand Commanderies K. T. of Minnesota and Colorado; Grand Chapter O. E. S. of Kansas; Imperial Council A. A. O. of Mystic Shrine for North America.

Deaths.

In San Francisco, July 3d, Samuel L. Sachs, a native of New Jersey, a member of Fidelity Lodge, No. 120, aged 46 years, 3 months.

In San Francisco, July 9th, Joseph M. Marks, a native of Missouri, a member of Crockett Lodge, No. 139, aged 48 years.

In Sonoma, July 22d, Capt. E. P. Cutter, a native of Boston, Mass., aged 61 years.

In San Francisco, July 23d, John Louis Schroeder, a native of Hanover, Germany, aged 77 years, 1 month 28 days. His funeral was attended by Mt. Moriah Lodge, No. 44.

Employment Wanted

By a brother thirty-five years of age; in last employment for nine years; strictly sober and not afraid of work. Can do good office work; understands duties of shipping clerk and good inside salesman. Am a wine-maker, distiller and cellar-master by profession; but would like to get something different. Address at this office.

THE TRESTLE BOARD.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company.

Corner California and Montgomery Streets.

Capital fully paid, - - - - - \$1,000,000.00

Transacts a general Banking business and allows interest on deposits payable on demand or after notice.

Acts as Executor, Administrator and Trustee under wills or in any other trust capacity. Wills drawn by the Company's Attorneys and are taken care of without charge.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES to rent at prices from \$5 per annum upward according to size, and valuables of all kinds are stored at low rates.

DIRECTORS—J. D. Fry, Henry Williams, I. G. Wickersham, Jacob C. Johnson, James Treadwell, F. W. Lougee, Henry F. Fortmann, R. B. Wallace, R. D. Fry, A. D. Sharon and J. Dalzell Brown.

OFFICERS—J. D. Fry, President; Henry Williams, Vice President; R. D. Fry, Second Vice President; J. Dalzell Brown, Secretary and Treasurer; E. E. Shotwell, Ass't Sec'y; Gunnison, Booth & Barnett, Attorneys.

The German Savings and Loan Society.

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus, - - - - - 1,840,201 66
 Capital actually paid up in Cash, - - - - - \$1,000,000.00
 Deposits December 31, 1896, - - - - - 27,730,247.45

OFFICERS—President, B. A. Becker; 1st Vice President, Daniel Meyer; 2d Vice President, H. Horstmann Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Attorney, W. S. Goodfellow.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—B. A. Becker, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstmann, Ign. Steinhart, N. Van Bergen, Emil Rohte, H. B. Russ, D. N. Walter and N. Ohlandt.

SHIP US YOUR

POULTRY

HIGHEST PRICES. QUICKEST SALES.
 PROMPTEST RETURNS.

Incorporated. Capital Stock, \$25,000.
 TRY US.

POULTRYMAN'S UNION,
 Co-Operative Commission Merchants,
 425 1-2 Front St., San Francisco.

MANN & COMPANY,

Book Binders,

535 Clay Street,
 SAN FRANCISCO.

CHARLES S. TILTON,

ENGINEER & SURVEYOR.

Twenty-five years experience in the City and County Surveyor's office.

Charges Moderate and all Work Warranted.

420 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

GEORGE GOODMAN,

Patentee and Manufacturer of

ARTIFICIAL STONE,

In all its branches. Schillingers Patent Sidewalk.
 Garden Walk a Specialty.

Office, 307 Montgomery Street,
 Nevada Block. San Francisco.

THE ORIGINAL SWAIN'S BAKERY.

213 Sutter St., San Francisco.

SWAIN BROTHERS.

EDWARD R. SWAIN, FRANK A. SWAIN.

Country Orders will Receive Prompt Attention.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE,

Importers and Dealers in

Book, News, Writing, and Wrapping Papers, Card
 Stock, Straw and Binder's Board,

Manufacturers of Patent Machine Made PAPER BAGS

512 to 516 Sacramento St., San Francisco.

MASONIC,

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR, ETC., CARDS, BADGES, INVITATIONS,
 PROGRAMS AND MENUS.

The largest manufactory in the United States.

Having the cuts and dies for all the different bodies of Masonry,
 we can furnish same on any kind of stationery at low rates.

If you wish a Menu for a special occasion write us particulars and we will send an appropriate sample.

Telephone, Main 330

WALTER N.



535 CLAY ST.
 SAN FRANCISCO
 CALIFORNIA

ESTABLISHED 1850.

TELEPHONE NO. 43.

N. GRAY & CO.,

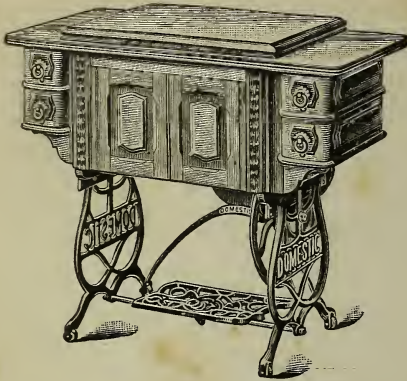
UNDERTAKERS,

641-645 Sacramento, Corner Webb Street,

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE IMPROVED
"DOMESTIC."

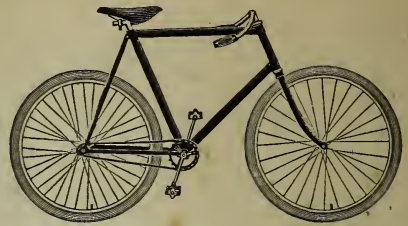


Preeminently the Sewing Machine
 for Family Use.

Send for Catalogue.

J. W. EVANS, Agent,
 1021 Market St., San Francisco.

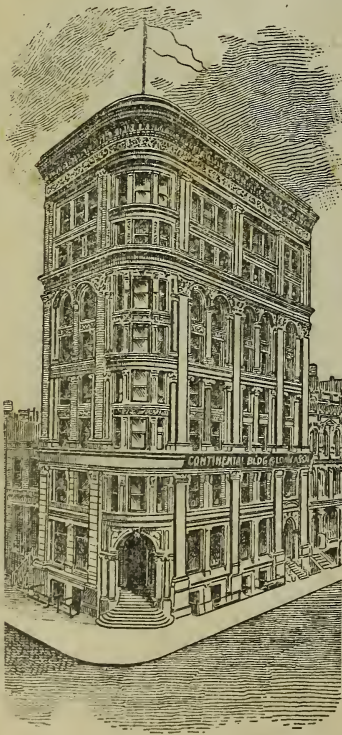
THE WHITE IS KING.



SPEED, STRENGTH,
 BEAUTY and QUALITY
 make the **WHITE**
BICYCLE.

Handsome in appearance,
 DURABILITY. Light Running, Simplicity
 of Construction, and Modern Improvements
 make a **WHITE SEWING MACHINE.**
 Write us for catalogue, prices and terms to agents.

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.,
 Corner Ellis & Mason Sts.,
 San Francisco, Cal.



CONTINENTAL

BUILDING & LOAN ASS'N

OF CALIFORNIA.

ESTABLISHED IN 1889.

Subscribed Capital - \$4,500,000.00
Paid in Capital - 500,000.00
Monthly Income, over - 30,000.00

Report of Business for first three months of 1897:

| | |
|---|-------------|
| Loans for three months | 84 |
| Amount Loaned | \$91,700.00 |
| Shares Coupon Certificates of Deposit, (6 and 7 per cent guaranteed) | 631 |
| Installment Shares issued | 7,945 |

HOME OFFICE

222 Sansome St., San Francisco.

WILLIAM CORBIN,
 Secretary and General Manager.

When you write, please mention The Trestle Board.