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

408 California St.,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

\$1.00 per year in advance.

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THE  
TRESTLE BOARD.

A MONTHLY MASONIC AND FAMILY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XI.

OCTOBER, 1897.

No. 10.

A Brotherly Hand.

'Twas only a grasp in the hurry—  
The bustle and business of life,  
The strong, friendly grip of a Brother,  
As the crowd jostled on in its strife;  
But that grasp left a lingering feeling  
Of friendship, encouragement, cheer,  
And you felt all refreshed and light-hearted  
Like the world wasn't all dark and drear;  
'Twas only a hearty, warm hand-shake,  
A grasp with its greeting so bland,  
Yet somehow all day seemed the brighter,  
For that grasp of a brotherly hand.

'Twas only a touch in the darkness,  
When trials and danger were rife,  
A warning, a guide, a protection,  
An omen of good 'mid the strife;  
'Twas only a hand stretching outward,  
To beckon, or caution, or cheer,  
A monitor, piloting upward,  
A counselor, faithful and near;  
'Twas only a touch in the darkness—  
That touch had a meaning demand—  
No signal is true and unailing,  
Like the touch of a brotherly hand.

Masonic and Other Oaths and Affirmations.

The time when oaths and affirmations for the purpose of compelling human beings to perform certain things required of them, or to abstain therefrom, or to tell the truth, as the case might be, is veiled in mystery. Their necessity, however, has been fully established, and no effort, so far as is known, has ever been made to abolish or modify them. The world is held together by oaths and affirmations administered by proper authority, to all rulers and officials of high and low degree in State and municipalities, and in every phase of human society. Without official

oaths the country would undoubtedly lapse into a state of disorder, confusion and finally anarchy.

The object of an oath or affirmation is to influence or compel by fear of penalty-inflicting punishments, either here or hereafter, the one who makes it or takes it. To make them binding the laws and customs of all civilized countries on the globe provide that certain officers and designated persons shall be authorized to administer oaths, so that in case of false-swearing the perjurer may be convicted and punished according to the law or usage in such cases made and provided. If all people would always tell the truth, there would be no necessity of administering and assuming an oath with the penalties attached. But they do not all do that, and it is a lamentable fact that many who make oath that they will tell the truth do not always do so.

In all ages, and in every country on the globe, oaths have been considered the bond that keeps the State and country together. No President of the United States, or Governor of the State, or any other national or State official, even after having been regularly elected, can assume the duties of the office without taking the oath prescribed.

In every church organization, and in every society of whatsoever kind in existence, members are admitted only upon taking an oath, or making a promise, either expressed or implied, to comply with the requirements, whatever they may be, under penalty of suspension or expulsion, according to the gravity of the offense.

In different countries and societies extraordinary penalties are in many cases attached to oaths, hoping thereby, doubtless, to compel honesty and constancy on the part of the swearer. Among some of these penalties are having the eyes torn out from their sockets; the hands and feet chopped off; the body cut into four quarters; the head chopped off and thrown into the sea; the skull smote off and the brains taken out and burned to ashes; the breast cut open, the heart taken out and given to wild beasts as a prey, and many other horrid and ridiculous penalties of like import, the object being to make a deep and lasting impression on the mind of the candidate, and not with any expectation of literal fulfillment.

In every phase of business and society relationship, there are oaths and pledges of secrecy administered and exacted before anything is divulged or any steps taken. In our courts, the grand jury is sworn not to divulge anything that they may hear or learn in the jury room, and this oath is attested by the imprecation, "so help me God," which means that the oath of secrecy will be faithfully kept, God giving him strength to do so. Every witness, before testifying before the court, must take an oath to testify to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, before he can be allowed to tell what he knows. In taking this oath he is required to hold up his right hand, and, in token of his determination to faithfully carry it out, he adds, "so help me God." Every officer, from the President of the United States down to road supervisor, must take a solemn oath that he will faithfully discharge his duties before he can assume the office, and before he can know what those duties are. Even your neighbor, who has something to communicate to you, exacts a promise that you will not tell it to anybody else. This promise is usually made upon the honor of a man. If he should divulge it, the penalty attached to the violation of his pledge would be that of being known in the community as a liar, and one whose word could not be depended upon. The witness who testifies to that which is not true, in violation of his oath, is subject to the pains and penalties of perjury as fixed by law. These are disfranchisement and imprisonment for a given time.

The Master of a Masonic Lodge is authorized to administer obligations to candidates, and confer upon them the de-

grees of Masonry, by authority of the Grand Lodge of the State, under the laws it has made regulating the admission of candidates.

The Grand Lodge of the State is a legally organized body, holding a charter in a legal way by descent from the beginning of the Masonic organization so far back in the mystic mazes of the past that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. It is also incorporated as a legal organization by a special act of the Legislature, and can, and does, do only those things that are lawful and honorable among men. Subordinate Lodges, or branches, deriving their authority from the Grand Lodge are authorized to initiate candidates into the Order only under such regulations as are prescribed by the Grand Lodge, which are specified in the charter and in the general regulations of the Order. No one but the Master of a Lodge can legally make a Mason, and he can do so only in a regular Lodge when there is present a constitutional number, with a charter from the Grand Lodge empowering them to work.

One of the most serious objections many good people make to the Masonic Fraternity—and the same objection may apply to all other secret societies or organizations—is the obligation every candidate must take before he can be admitted to membership. It is a remarkable fact, too, that opposition to the Fraternity on this account that has accomplished anything—and that only by excommunication of its own members—comes from religious sects that are supposed to know nothing about that which they proclaim against. The Catholic church was the first to issue bulls, as they were called, of excommunication against Masons belonging to that church. The first was issued in the year 1738, by Clement XII, at that time Pope of Rome. He assigned as a reason of his condemnation that the Masonic Institution confederated persons of all religions and sects in a mysterious bond of union and compelled them to secrecy by an oath taken on the Bible, accompanied by certain ceremonies and the imprecation of heavy penalties. This, from that time to the present, has been the basis of Catholic opposition to the Institution.

A dozen years later the associate seceders of Scotland adopted an act concerning what they called "the Masons' oath." In the preamble to the act they assigned



any degree. The constitution of the United States has prescribed the form of oath which a president shall take before he can be permitted to enter upon the duties of the office. It is in these words: "I do solemnly swear (or affirm), that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States." That is what he swears to, and whether he adds "so help me God," or, "as I shall answer under the pains and penalties of perjury," makes no sort of difference. That has nothing to do with the oath. It is the same with the Masonic obligation, or the obligation of any other order or society. If the initiate should bind himself under no less penalty than that inflicted upon Hector when he had his legs bound and tied to a chariot drawn by runaway horses, and dragged and pounded and beat to a jelly, or that of being shot out of a cannon, or of having his brains beat out against the rock of Gibraltar, could not possibly add anything to the effectiveness of his obligation. Mackey has well said: "If in any promise or vow made by Masons penalties are inserted, it may probably be supposed that they are used only with a metaphorical or paraphrasical signification, and for the purpose of symbolic or historical allusion. Any other interpretation would be entirely at variance with the opinions of the most intelligent Masons, who, it is to be presumed, best know the intent and meaning of their own ceremonies."

Covenants, which are the same in effect as oaths or obligations, are of divine origin, and are found in the Scriptures as far back as the book of Genesis. In chapter xv of that book it will be found that, where, to confirm a covenant which God made with Abraham, the latter, in obedience to the divine command, took a "heifer, a she goat, and a ram, and divided them in the midst, and laid each piece one against the other, that the covenanting parties might pass between them."

This custom is again alluded to in the book of Jeremiah, xxxiv: 18-20, as follows:

"And I will give the men that have transgressed my covenant, which have not performed the words of my covenant which they have made before me when they *cut the calf in twain* and passed between the parts thereof;

as reasons for their objections "that there were very strong presumptions that among the Masons an oath of secrecy is administered to entrants into their society, even under a capital penalty, and before any of those things which they swear to keep secret be revealed to them, besides other things which are ground of scruple in the manner of swearing the said oath."

It is admitted that in each of the degrees of Masonry there is an obligation, and that there is a declaration of constancy attached to them. The objection that these obligations must be taken before the secrets on which they are based can be revealed, is hardly worth considering. The very object of the Order, if the secrets were revealed before the administering of the obligation, would be frustrated. In that case, suppose the candidate should conclude not to take the obligation? How long is it supposed the Order could maintain its existence on that sort of a basis? The candidate is first informed that the obligations he is about to take contain nothing which can conflict with any of the duties he owes to God, his country, his neighbor, or himself. There is nothing in any of them that can in any way conflict with his duties as a law-abiding, moral and religious citizen.

The Mason who violates his obligation, no matter under what penalties he may bind himself, can only be punished by reprimand, suspension or expulsion from his Lodge and the Fraternity, and deprived of all privileges of the Order. To all intents and purposes he is Masonically dead to the Fraternity and to every member thereof. It is Masonic death, and that is the only penalty that can be inflicted, and the only one that has ever been inflicted. That he is thus dead and an outcast is not the fault of the Masonic Order. It is his *own* fault. There can be no good reason for a violation of any of the covenants of Masonry. No one can by any possibility be placed in a position where it could become necessary to violate any of the solemn promises he was required to make before being admitted to the Order. Therefore, any violation of his obligation that he may be guilty of can only blacken his own character and deprive him of the Masonic rights he otherwise would be entitled to.

The penalty attached to an obligation has no effect morally or otherwise. It does not altar or change the obligation in

"The princes of Jerusalem, the eunuchs, and the priests, and all the people of the land which passed between the parts of the calf;

"I will even give them into the hand of them that seek their life; and their dead bodies shall be for meat unto the fowls of the heaven and to the beasts of the earth."

These ceremonies, says Dr. Mackey in his admirable work on symbolism, were performed in full in Biblical times, as follows:

The parties entering into a covenant first selected a proper animal, such as a calf or kid among the Jews, a sheep among the Greeks, or a pig among the Romans.

1st. The throat was then cut across with a single blow, so as to completely divide the windpipe and arteries without touching the bone. This was the first ceremony of the covenant.

2d. The second was to tear open the breast, to take from thence the heart and vitals, and if, on inspection, the least imperfection was discovered, the body was considered unclean and thrown aside for another.

3d. The third ceremony was to divide the body in twain, and to place the two parts to the north and south, so that the parties to the covenant might pass between them coming from the east and going to the west. The carcass was then left as a prey to the wild beasts of the field, and the vultures of the air, and thus the covenant was ratified.

The attentive Masonic student will readily observe the analogies to those of his own Order, and whence originated certain declarations doubtless heretofore veiled in mystery.

In the language of Zechariah viii: 16, 17, we conclude:

"These are the things ye shall do: Speak ye every man the truth to his neighbor; execute judgment of truth and peace in your gates, and let none of you imagine evil in your hearts against his neighbor, and love no false oath, for all these are things that I hate, says the Lord."

—Daniel McDonald, P. G. M. of Indiana.

— o —

Decision No. 16. Held, that an applicant for degrees, being blind in one eye, but otherwise eligible, would not, because of such defect alone, be disqualified from receiving the degrees of Freemasonry.

—G. L. of Ohio.

### So Little.

So little makes us glad, so glad—  
One whispered word in fondness clad,  
But simple look we understand,  
Warm sympathetic clasp of hand.

A proffered help in time of need,  
Unto our woe a gentle heed,  
Dear promise kept despite the wear  
Of months and years deep-taught with care.

The blt of praise or of complaint,  
A flower in sweet remembrance sent;  
The letter we did not expect,  
Some tender token of respect.

So little makes us sad, so sad—  
The shattering of a dream we had;  
A favor asked forgotten quite,  
Meant or unmeant the trivial slight.

The censure and the stinging chide  
When we our very best have tried;  
The wrong construction harshly placed  
On acts love, only love, had traced.

Why, why, O friends, do we withhold  
The best of life? Why, why, so cold?  
So little makes us glad, so glad—  
So little makes us sad, so sad.

— o —

### The Coming Revival.

It is not incumbent upon thee to complete the work, but thou must not therefore cease from it. If thou hast worked much, great will be thy reward, for the master who employs thee is faithful in his payment. But know that the true reward is not of this world.—*The Talmud.*

Unless all signs and portents are misleading the early part of the twentieth century will witness, on the Western hemisphere, one of the greatest religious revivals that the world has ever seen. It is visible now to the eye of prophecy; it is palpable to the touch of faith; it is in the air and in the thoughts and feelings of men. What form it will take may not now be told, but certain it is to find expression in the best vehicle available for the purpose, whether that be any of the churches now organized or a church to be organized. The pendulum has almost reached its farthest sweep and the return swing will soon begin. Men will return to religion as to the horns of the altar for protection—as the dove returned to the ark because it could find nowhere else to rest its foot. They will return quietly, unanimately and of their own volition. There will be no St. Dominics to engage in mortal combat the Albigenian heretics. There will be no Luther to defy power and



defeat error. There will be no Calvin—saturnine evangel of the nuance—to burn people over shades of difference in meaning. There will be no rivalries or fanaticisms or ferinities. The homoiousian lion and the homoisian lamb will lie down together. The heresy hunter will rest from his labors. The covenanter and the cavalier will be at peace. The Catholic will continue the search for souls through mephitic purlieus and squalid garrets, where poverty and depravity find sanctuary. The Methodist will continue his labor of love in the remote rural districts, where souls are famishing for the waters of life. These will be applauded and assisted by the other churches and communions, or shown the way by the more energetic among them. It rests entirely with themselves as to which shall lead. It is to be a home affair, a Western hemisphere movement, and the icy mountains of Greenland and the coral strands of India will be left alone for a season. The unmitigated impudence of fragmentary bodies of Christians sending out missionaries to convert heathens in distant lands, while the heathen at home is permitted to perish, shall be abated. The revival is not to come from without, but from within; not from objective study, but from subjective study. It is going to be a spiritual movement, a psychic revolution, rather than an intellectual or reasoning metamorphosis. It will be a reawakening. It will bring us back to the original and beautiful meaning of things. It will be a subjection to the better impulses which every one possesses—an exaltation of the spiritual man. It will not come through polemical discussion, nor through argument, nor through fear. Neither rack nor rod will be employed. No Socrates will confound with arguments based on statues of Polycletus or pictures of Zeuxis. No Paley will cause men to doubt by arguments based on a watch found in the desert and other "Evidences of Christianity" that disprove themselves. It will come as a guest and it will not be dragged hither as a galley slave. It will come as an odor from an orange grove, yet powerful and irresistible. It will come to make life complete and equable. Men have progressed materially, morally and intellectually. Before they can become well-rounded and whole they must progress spiritually. The cramped spirit has been reaching out in various directions and

finding weak vehicles of expression in theosophy, in salvation armies, in psychical research, in bands of brotherhoods without number. Men have learned the weakness of human strength, the poverty of human riches, the velleity of human will, the fallibility of human reason, and they are becoming too proud to continue dishonest with themselves in the perpetuation of show and seeming. Every fiber in their being is tremulous with hope of a future life, and hopes of a future life can only be based on a faith that looks beyond death's portals. That discerning spirit which enabled Addison to look beyond the veil when writing "Cato's Soliloquy" will be sovereign of the ascendent. What is to become of a man after death will concern people less than what is to become of him here. We feel that the march of humanity is a part of some great plan to us unknowable—a tangled skein which the deft fingers of the flesh may not eglomerate, but which a voice that will not be hushed, crying out from our inner consciousness, tells us will be made plain in the newer life. We must frankly admit that so far as the merely human knowledge extends, unillumined by faith, the poet is truthful who sings:

I hold that we may live when earth  
From under us shall swing; but lo,  
There is no jot of proof to show  
That we shall have a second birth.

There never has a whisper sped  
From out the moonless mists that weep  
Forever o'er the clanging deep  
That crawleth outward with our dead.

This is the materialistic view—the rational view—but in the higher life as well as in the night of grief, "hope sees a star," and listening faith "can hear the rustle of a wing." Christianity as at present organized must give way to something better and broader. Each church has been following a narrow groove of sectarianism so long that its creed and customs have become professional. The modern minister no longer affiliates with the people, generally, because as one of the cloth said—an extreme case, let us hope—"I cannot visit all my church members because I have no carriage to ride in and many of them have no parlor in which to receive me." The modern clergyman is as good as conditions permit him to be. He would be better if people were better. It is not his fault, but the fault of the times—a fault which is soon to be remedied. The modern church is no longer a place of worship for all the people, especially in the cities.

It is more of a clubroom, a place for the vulgar and ostentatious display of wealth, a vestibule to the holy of holies of society. Poor people have deserted it altogether, or feel humiliated when they enter its portals. Men have deserted it. Women use it as a stepping stone to social recognition. By reason of his position, by common consent, or because no one else wants the job, the clergyman is a sort of social fugleman. Ambitious women in every city affect him and simulate a wonderful interest in "church work." The more doubtful and insecure a woman's social position is, the more "devoted" she is to her church. And for the excellent reason that activity in church work throws her in constant contact with the clergyman and, ergo, with the "best people"—her heaven on earth. Therefore doth the modern woman desert husband and children, home and domestic duty and cleave unto her preacher. Therefore is she "devoted" to her church and interested in the "work." And so she remains until the doors of society are thrown open freely to her when she spurns the bridge on which she crossed, becomes "advanced" or a social leader, and thus her glad eyes behold her name in print as chairman or secretary of the Cucumber Vine Circle. Every one knows that this is not religion, and people are on the eve of confessing it.

And what a farce it all becomes when we deal with the servant class. Professing the religion of the Carpenter's Son, how few have any conception of the obligations it imposes. The housemaid or servant girl, though pure as an icicle and learned as Aspasia, must not be recognized. The woman who works with her hands, who serves as a menial for pay, is not only extinct, socially, but is a social outcast. We relegate the drab and scarlet to the same place—nay, the bitter, barbarous truth of it is, that virtuous poverty is treated with a soul corroding contempt and is less respected among the sons of men than is bedizened prostitution. The one he would have go about crying, "Unclean! unclean?" The other we would shield with a lying simulation of ignorance of its true character. This, though found in the churches, is not the religion of Jesus. No wonder that so many girls, yielding to feminine vanity, purchase adulation and amorous tributes with their soul's salvation. Scorned, neglected, humiliated while their lives are pure, no

sooner do they fall into the deepest depths and adorn themselves with the sin-bought finery than some notoriety loving Mrs. Grannis seeks to make use of them as advertisements for a "Rescue" fake. If they consent to go on exhibition and be "rescued" they are made to feel proud of their escapade by the honors paid them, while their sister, yet pure, is humbled in their sight. This is not the religion of Jesus, and the world knows it and is on the eve of confessing the fact.

These things have made men accusers of the present, and prophets of a new dispensation. And there are other causes. The so-called religious novels have been at once an indication and a cause of the change. "Robert Elsmere," "Ben Hur" and "Titus" were written in response to a demand for spiritual nourishment, and as an expression of distrust of present day orthodoxy. They accomplished harm and good. The "Prince of the House of David" and "The Pillar of Fire" made Christ too commonplace, the former, at least, in depicting Mary's love for him and her lingering about him while Martha performed her household duties; and both of them, in that they humanized the Savior unwittingly, more than Renan's incomparable "Life" humanized him designedly. But the danger point has been reached and the signal for a retreat has been sounded in Henryk Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis" and in Walter Pater's "Marius the Epicurean." In these works we have the strong individuality of the Christ obscured and minimized by the magic of words that bring out boldly contemporary events and beings. Pater is a mystic and confounds while he charms. The great Pole spreads his pigments with such consummate skill as to make licentiousness adorable. Christ is not introduced. Christianity is made a mere successful rhetorician in an oratorical contest. Its divine origin is not questioned—is maintained, in fact—but by a species of logic that confutes itself. In both books the minacious eidolon of doubt is continually hovering anear, and men flee from it, instinctively, as from the clutches of a demon. The success of the books named and of others that could be named, from a financial standpoint demonstrates the voracity with which religious information is devoured. But these works lead us to the extreme limits of belief beyond which all is darkness and doubt. They admonish us that investiga-



tions, without God's illuminating grace, pursued to their logical ultimate, lead us into outer darkness; that the faith which we possess, the faith that is so deeply imbedded in our natures is, after all, the only thing that makes life tolerable and death an event to be considered with equanimity.

The occupant of the pulpit, yielding as he must to the exigencies of the time, masks the truths which he utters in opaque and sugar-coated capsules until "Suppresio Veri" should be inscribed on his door lintels instead of the familiar "The Lord is in His Holy Temple." The occupant of the pew is gorged and surfeited to regurgitation with cabalistic dicta and the husks of dogma and revolts at the invitation to emulate the mercism of St. Paul's dog that shrank not from a second deglutition of the offending substance. Men are asked to slay their God-given intelligence and, while the reeking blood of it is on their hands, they are commanded to abjectly bow before textual inanities, or exegetical frippery furnished by self-constituted interpreters less skilled than themselves, while what is really important and apodeictical is slurred over or ignored. A change is at hand. All men feel it, but are restrained from expressing it by hereditary timorousness or congenital cowardice. There are no scoffers. There never have been any. The children who scoffed at the prophet and who were by him turned over to the bears existed only in the imagination and never in the flesh. Men are all religious—when sane. The so-called "enemies of religion" are insurgents who rebel against the tyranny and circumscribed limitations of tense bigotry and unchristian narrowness. Deep down in the heart of every man is a veneration for the Supreme Unknown, and out from his being, on the wings of invisible doves, fly hopes of a future state. As to the precise character of that future state no one knows—the wisest sage no more than the naked Hottentot. One believes in "the resurrection of the body and life everlasting." Another sings:

And I know when out of the finite to the infinite I shall go,  
I will shine in the light immortal of the sun upon my grave.  
I will bloom in the red, proud roses that out of my breast  
shall grow.

And live in the larger freedom of the wind and wood and  
wave,

I will laugh in the little children; I will love in the lover's  
breast;

I will cry with a vast, keen rapture as I melt in thy mystic  
soul;

Will know the supremest action, will feel the divinest rest,  
And I who was here an atom shall aggregate the whole.

Some believe in Nirvana, some in the Happy hunting grounds, some in one thing and some another, but no one knows. Neither should he. What we have to do is with the present—with this preparatory state, this temporary abode, this outer vestibule to the glorious palace of perpetual life. Under the broadening influences of the unrestricted spread of intelligence men are no longer hermit-crabs or minatours. Fraternization progresses toward the idealistic, toward universal brotherhood. As our bodies and the beauties which we behold in nature are the result of imperceptible vibrations so the beauty of our lives can be expanded in the larger activities. True happiness will be sought in doing good to others, its only habitation. The heart turned to stone by the lapidific processes of selfishness will be solved and softened by the alchemy of love. In the progress toward spiritual perfection men have learned how utterly useless and unprofitable are the things we strive and struggle to secure. Money, the synthesis of all worldly wealth, cannot purchase content or happiness or give a meaning to life. Honor, fame, the applause of our fellows are hollow mockeries. The poets and sages with their keener perceptions have long seen the futility and fatuousness of the chase after earthly glory. The masses now see. They see that they have been cramped and confined by their prejudices and narrowness. They scorned the Alcoran with its aesthetical treasures; they scorned the Talmud with its opulence of beauty and wisdom, its haggadistic exegesis; they turned their eyes from the Vedas, from the Zend-Avesta, from the poets and prophets of the people who have striven for the light in all ages; they consulted not the scribes and sages or the hermeneutical writings on life's mysteries, but turned their eye on one book which they could not understand and out of which they fashioned doctrines unknown to the Saviour. But men are no longer stiff-necked and perverse. They look both to the right and to the left. They fear not to peer into the boundless infinitudes. They examine. They search out. They think. They feel. They are leaving that narrow cell which confined them and which excluded their fellows. They are coming back to early teachings and early meanings. They perceive that good is done by doing and not by saying; by acting, not by thinking. They will be less formal, per-

haps, and will care less for the conventional outward and visible signs of an inward and invisible grace. They will be more fruitful in good acts. They will help the poor, comfort the afflicted, succor the needy, protect the widow and the orphan and follow in spirit and in truth the footsteps of the Master. They will do these things not for ostentatious display, or as a task, or a penalty, or a penance, or a mulct, but as a pleasure, because it is right and profitable and wise. Of consuetudinary exercises there may be a decrease; rubrics and missals may be less conspicuous; the euchology will be in the heart and not in the hand. From the heathen and the pagan, from the Buddhist and the Confucian, and from every part of the earth where human intelligence has been recorded, and where human lives have been spent for good, in the quest of truth and right, will come the teachings of Jesus, because his spirit is universal and his vicegerents speak in strange tongues. There will be a meaning to all things and a sameness in all things, a music and a beauty in all things, when the Bhavagad Gita, the songs of the master, in every tongue, are as familiar to us as "Nearer, My God, to Thee" or "De Profundus." Upon the bosom of that vast religious revival so near to us and so sure to come, men will go forth regenerated and freed from error and selfishness. With a new perspective they can better see and better understand the teachings of the Man of Galilee, whose voice stealing through the senses will be heard to say, again and again as in the olden time, "I am the way and the light." "It is not incumbent upon thee to complete this work." No, but we must begin it and cease not from it. We must make the world better and brighter, by brave works and kindly deeds leaving to others the task of completing the undertaking. The master who employs is faithful, and we may rest secure in the belief that what is done in sincerity and truth and love shall not be done amiss.

—*M. W. Connolly.*

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About the year 1730, or shortly subsequent, the Grand Lodge of England established Lodges at The Hague, in Prussia, Spain, Portugal, the East Indies and its colonies in North America, where none previously existed. From these sprang all there is or ever was of legitimate Masonry on the continents of Europe or in America.

### Don't Look for the Flaws.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life,  
And even when you find them  
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind,  
And look for the virtues behind them,  
For the cloudiest night has a tint of light  
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;  
It is better by far to look for a star,  
Then to stop on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away  
To the bosom of God's great ocean;  
Don't set your force against the river's course  
And think to alter its motion;  
Don't waste a curse on the universe—  
Remember it lived before you;  
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form,  
But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself  
To suit your whims to the letter;  
Some things go wrong your whole life long,  
And the sooner you know it the better.  
It is folly to fight with the Infinite,  
And go under at last in the wrestle;  
The wisest man shapes into God's plan  
As water shapes into the vessel.

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### Masonic Charity in Old-Time Way.

In my rambling through the streets of New York one day I came across a crowd of street urchins and idlers who gaped and looked on curiously at a process of an "eviction." Did you ever witness an eviction in this great city, or, as expressed here, a dispossession? We are not in poor, poverty-stricken Ireland, where a heartless landlord lives a thousand miles away and neither sees nor cares for his poor tenant, but right here in this great city, the rich and prosperous metropolis of America, and yet evictions are quite frequent here. Did you ever witness one? If you did, and have any heart, any feeling for your fellow-man, you will never wish to witness another. To see the sacrilegious hand of the officer of the law and his minions rudely take down the few cheap pictures from the walls, take down and almost break or tear the ancient motto, "God bless our home," worked in cheap worsted, perhaps by some dear hand, maybe dead now and at rest, out of harm's way, out of the way of want and poverty. And there! Now he takes down the picture of mother, and handles it with his cold and ruthless hand, not knowing how tenderly, how carefully the picture was always kept by the poor, sobbing inmates of this little home. And now the old chintz covered chair, that had been brought here from the original home in the country, and had been moved and removed to every apart-



ment they had occupied in the city, because every one of the children had been rocked to sleep in this old chair. It had belonged to mother, and it was brought down here with her—she would not part with it, even when they were well off and comfortably situated. And now the few books, the good old family Bible, well thumbed and worn, which contains the record and history of three generations, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," "The Lives of the Wesleys" and a few more books of like nature; and at last came one which at once attracted my attention, "The Masonic Chart and Hieroglyphic Monitor," by Jeremy L. Cross.

As I was looking at this book the officer brought out a very old man, so feeble and emaciated that he could scarcely stand alone, and he bade the old man to sit in the old rocking chair until the others were ready to come down. I accosted the poor old man, and, pointing to Cross' chart, asked him to whom it belonged. I could see that the question deeply touched him. Whether from old associations, the memory of which this book recalled, or from other motives, or probably from the surrounding circumstances, he could scarcely answer me, but managed to give me to understand that the old "guide book" belonged to him. I then asked his name, when, with trembling hand, he opened the book, and there on the fly leaf showed me his name written in a large, bold hand, "Wor-shipful Isaiah B. Sherwood, Master of Blank Lodge, No. 900, Anno Lucis, 5829-30." Year after year was added 31-32 to 5834. When I again asked him if this was his name, and whether he had been Master of his Lodge six consecutive years—and such years, in the midst of the Anti Masonic storm—he nodded assent, and finally mustered strength to tell me that the best years of his life were spent in the service of the Craft. He seemed to warm up with the subject, and to grow stronger as the scenes of his younger days were brought up to pass in review before his mind and memory. "Yes, sir, I was a Mason when it was almost a disgrace to be called one, and I kept my Lodge together in Blanktown until only five members came together on our meeting nights. After a long and hard struggle we finally gave up meeting regularly, and I kept the Charter and the books, working tools and the aprons and all the paraphernalia until the wild storm had blown over, and then"—

Here I interrupted the old man, and, glancing around, was forcibly reminded that this was neither time nor place to learn nor discuss Masonic history from this poor old man who had just been thrust out of his little home into the street. I told him to sit still where he was; that I would come back soon and bring help, and that I would call upon some brethren, and bring them to his aid, and see what could be done for him. A doubting look was his only answer. Probably the man's disappointments and the many idle promises he had received made him doubtful of my sincerity. But I had my mind made up while listening to his story that something ought and should be done for this poor old man.

A brother of my Lodge kept a grocery store a short distance from the scene just described. To him I hurried and related the story of the eviction. "I kot him," said this kind-hearted brother, a German, in broken and very poor English, but with a very rich vein of charity running through his composition, and, taking a key from his pocket, he brought me around the corner, where he had just portioned off a small store from his own quite extensive establishment "to reduce expenses," for he had always an eye to sound business. "Here, my boy, we will put dis olt mon in wit' his whole family. The store is to let from the first of the next month, and this gives us more'n a week to work mit, and by that time we will see more further." And rolling out his grocery wagon, he sent for horse and harness, and with the help of his clerks, who came with us, we soon had everything in readiness for the removal.

Upon returning to the old Past Master we found that during my short absence the rest of the family had been put out in the street. It consisted of a feeble old woman, a lame woman (youngest daughter of the aged couple), and a small boy (their grandson), whose father had been killed in the war and whose mother had died of a broken heart at the loss of her husband; and I found later on that the only means of subsistence the whole family had was the small pittance allowed by the government, generously called a pension, and what few pennies the old people could earn at basket-making—a trade they had learned in their youth in the old homestead on the family farm. Tears came to the eyes of both the old people as

they spoke of the old home. "We will never see it again," sighed the old woman, scarcely able to suppress her sobs. "No, mother," answered the octogenarian, "but our next home will be permanent. We will soon be there, and no landlord will put us into the street."

During this conversation the little furniture and few things belonging to our old brother had been placed in the grocery wagon, and we now helped the lame girl and the old dame into it. The brother himself thought that with the aid of his stout cane he could manage to walk with us, and so the procession started toward the little store, which was to be their temporary home until other arrangements could be made for them.

On arriving at the house, I found that the wife of our good brother had prepared a substantial meal for the poor family, to which they sat down with evident surprise and relish. If, as we are told, it is greater pleasure to give than to receive, it is, indeed, supreme pleasure to see a worthy and a half-starved family sit down to a good and hearty meal suddenly prepared for them. My good German brother, however, could not stand it. With the pure and holy diamonds of charity glistening in his eyes, he winked and blinked at me until he made me go "mit" him around the corner to his store. There he brought out a bottle. "This makes me feel bad, Brother L. I feels weak; don't you?" We then returned to the old man, and, taking him one side, subjected him to a rigid examination, which proved entirely satisfactory. He also showed us several old letters and documents, dating away back to those story times when Masonry and anti-Masonry were important political factors in this and other States of the Union. When we were satisfied on this point, we started out to visit several brethren in the immediate neighborhood, members of different Lodges, and we soon interested enough of them in this affair to enable us to form quite a large committee, and we also collected money enough to enable us to hire suitable apartments to put the old people into, and all this before any of our Lodges had met. On this point the committee came very near having a row, for myself and my German brother claimed pre-emptory proprietorship over these people, while another brother claimed that, as he was the only Worshipful Master on the committee, he

would claim them for his Lodge, but we compromised this by organizing and electing the W. M. chairman, and our good German brother treasurer, while I agreed to act as secretary for the committee.

Then we began the search of the old records and documents, which brought to light the fact that this Lodge had met, as told by the old Past Master; that he was the Master of said Lodge in the years stated, and that the brethren had surrendered the Charter to the then proper authorities, and that many years thereafter the Charter had been reissued, and an entirely new Lodge had been formed with the old Charter, but with new men and new material, and that these new members were good men and true, and kept up the sacred traditions of the Craft. I wrote to the Master of the Lodge, informing him of our "find," and received a prompt reply in most courteous and Masonic spirit. The Worshipful Brother wrote, thanking me for the kindness shown to the Past Master of his old Lodge, and, as a happy coincidence, told me that his own father, who was still living with him, was one of the five faithful brethren who kept on meeting and struggling in those adverse times, winding up by inclosing a check for a substantial sum, with the promise of more to come, and saying if we would only keep and take care of the aged couple and their family until June (this was in May), he, with others in their Masonic neighborhood, would come down to the city to Grand Lodge, and would see if they could persuade the old people to go back to the country with them, and that they would never again be in want or without a home as long as God spares them.

And our good brothers from "up the State" did come down in June, and saw our charges and took them home with them to take care of and provide for them, and kept them until the final summons came to them both. The brethren supported them out of the funds of the different Lodges—out of the font of charity, rich in the true Masonic heart. And before parting the Master asked our German brother, the treasurer, for the bill of expenses, and received this reply: "Bill of expenses? We haf no bills for dot; dis vas all for sharity. Only, I tell you vat, ven one of our New York boys goes up to de country and is hard up, do so likewise unto him."



### My Experience.

I've met with a good many people  
 In jogging over life's varied way—  
 I've encountered the clever, the simple,  
 The crabbed, the grave and the gay;  
 I have traveled with beauty, with virtue,  
 I've been with the ugly, the bad,  
 I've laughed with the ones who were merry,  
 And wept with the ones who were sad.

One thing I have learned in my journey,  
 Never to judge one by what he appears—  
 The eyes that seem sparkling with laughter  
 Oft battle to keep back the tears,  
 And long sanctimonious faces  
 Hide often the souls that are vile,  
 While the heart that is merry and cheerful  
 Is often the freest from guile.

And I've learned not to look for perfection  
 In one of our frail human kind;  
 In hearts the most gentle and loving  
 Some blemish or fault we can find.  
 But yet I have not found the creature  
 So low, or depraved, or so mean,  
 But had some good impulse, some virtue  
 That 'mong his bad traits might be seen.

And, too, I've learned that some friendships  
 We make are as brittle as glass;  
 Just let a reverse overtake us,  
 Our "friends on the other side" pass.  
 But, ah, I have found some few loyal,  
 Some hearts ever loving and true,  
 And the joy and the peace they've brought me  
 Have cheered my whole journey through.

### Adoptive Masonry.

The Order of the Eastern Star properly comes under the head of what is called adoptive Masonry, and as established in France bore an imperfect resemblance to Freemasonry and the formations were called Adoptive Lodges from the fact that every female Lodge was obliged to be under the guardianship of, or adopted by some regular Lodge of Freemasons.

There are several theories in regard to the exact date assigned to the first introduction of this system, among which one report gives the credit of its practical organization to Queen Henrietta Maria, the widow of Charles the First of England, who, upon her return to France after the execution of her husband, made some considerable talk about the efforts made by the Freemasons of England to restore her family to position and to place her son upon the throne of his ancestors, and in her conversations on this subject, she made known to the Ladies of her court, in her exile, the words and signs employed by her Masonic friends in England as their mode of recognition and thus instructed them in some of the mysteries of

the Institution. This theory of its origin has been considered by so many to be absurd and unreliable that it is not accepted. Another theory is that the Order of Adoptive Masonry was originated in Russia in the year 1712, but as the then Czar, Peter the Great, founded an order called the "Order of St. Catherine," in honor of the Czarina, in that year, which was purely a Russian Order of female Knighthood, this theory has also to be abandoned.

I speak of these traditions as some have through imperfect knowledge thought them the correct explanation, but the most careful research and best authorities now accept the fact that the Lodges of Adoption were called into existence by some secret associations of men and women in France just previous to the middle of the eighteenth century, or about the year 1730, and it was some thirty years after its organization that it attempted to imitate the institution of, and was recognized as having some connection with Freemasonry, and although having a secret form of initiation and mode of recognition, it was evidently only of a social nature. One established in 1743 was called the "Order of Happy Folks." The emblems and ritual were all nautical; the sisters made a symbolic voyage to the island of felicity in ships navigated by brethren; there were four degrees, named Cabin Boy, Captain, Commodore and Vice Admiral, and the Grand Master was called the Admiral. Another started in 1745 was called the Knights and Ladies of the Anchor. In 1747 Beauchaine instituted a system called the Order of Wood Cutters. The ceremonies were taken from the political society of the Carbonari; this was so made the fashion at the time that ladies and gentlemen of the highest distinction considered it an honor to become members.

Out of all these and many others which resembled Freemasonry only in secrecy, benevolence and a rude sort of symbolic initiation ceremonial, it was about the middle of the 18th century that the Lodges of Adoption began to attract attention in France, from whence they rapidly spread into Germany, Poland and Russia, England refusing to take any notice of them whatever. Freemasons on the continent, however, took this scheme up with enthusiasm as a means of giving their wives and daughters some share of the mystical pleasures, and they became distinguished for their numerous charities.

The first of these lodges was established in 1760 in Paris, another in 1774 in Holland, and then several others in Paris, one of which was presided over by the Duchess of Bourbon, who was installed with great pomp and splendor in May, 1775, and she was assisted by the Princess Lamballe, who you will remember was afterwards beheaded, the Duchess of Bourbon presiding until 1780, when the Lodge was discontinued.

At first the Grand Orient of France was unfavorably disposed towards these lodges, but finally on the 10th of June, 1774, it assumed protection and control of the Lodges of Adoption and established the rules, which are the foundation of our own regulations of to-day:

First, that no male except a regular Freemason should be permitted to attend, and

Second, that each Lodge should be under the charge of some regular Masonic Lodge, whose Master should be the presiding officer of the Lodge of Adoption, assisted by a female President; this was the origin of the office of our Patron.

During the reign of terror in France the Lodges of Adoption almost entirely disappeared, but with the coming of a regular government again they were resuscitated and the Empress Josephine presided over one at Strasbourg in 1805, and after passing through alternate times of popularity and reverses, they are to-day now in existence in France.

In Italy the "Carbonari" or Charcoal Burners, which was a secret political society, imitated the Freemasons of France in instituting an Adoptive Rite, and an Adoptive Lodge was instituted at Naples, over which presided Queen Caroline, who was a firm friend of Masonry, and was the wife of Ferdinand II. The members were styled female Gardeners and called each other female cousins, in imitation of the Carbonari, who were called "Good Cousins."

Adoptive Lodges, or the Rite of Adoption, as practiced on the continent of Europe, and especially in France, has never been introduced into this country, although Bro. Albert Pike, a very prominent Mason, translated the work and greatly enlarged and embellished it to seven degrees. Bro. Pike was an honorary member of almost every Supreme Council in the world; his standing as a

Masonic author and historian is most distinguished.

In 1855 Bro. Robert Morris, one of the most prominent Masons in the United States, started to introduce a modification of the work, calling it "The American Adoptive Rite," but so much opposition was encountered among Masons generally, that notwithstanding the strenuous efforts made by Bro. Morris and his friends to establish it in the Western States the Order has been very slow to win its way to prosperity, but at the present time and for the last few years and under the newly arranged ritual, it is growing very rapidly. In some parts of the United States the Order is very popular, but in other parts it is hardly known at all.

In Bro. Morris' original conception of this Order, the male members were called "Protectors" and the female members called "Stellæ" and the reunions or meetings were termed "Constellations."

There are several other Adoptive Rites or degrees in this country, but they are not known to any great extent; one of these is called "Masons Wife," and can be conferred on a Master Mason's wife, unmarried daughter, or sister and widowed mother. Another is called the "Heroine of Jerico," and is only conferred on the wives and daughters of Royal Arch Masons. Another is the "Good Samaritan" and is confined to Royal Arch Masons and their wives, and is the only Adoptive Rite other than the Eastern Star which has any ceremony or ritual.

The objects of the Order, as explained by Bro. Morris, are too well known to say anything in regard to them, but when a woman is told, that by becoming a member of an Adoptive Rite and by passing through the beautiful ceremonies of the Eastern Star initiation they will become Masons, as has sometimes been done, they are simply deceived; but it is true that every woman related by ties of consanguinity to a Master Mason is at all times and under all circumstances peculiarly entitled to Masonic protection and assistance, and it is one of the principal functions of this Order to instruct ourselves to know, and our wives, daughters, sisters and the widows, in methods and ways to make themselves known to their brother Freemasons, and by this common bond they become, not Masons, but a valuable and trusted help to the Masonic Fraternity.—*Chas. W. Grant, of Maine.*



“As Ye Would.”

—  
If I should see

A brother languishing in sore distress,  
And I should turn and leave him comfortless,

When I might be

A messenger of hope and happiness—

How could I ask to have what I denied  
In my own hour of bitterness supplied?

—  
If I might share

A brother's load along the dusty way,  
And I should turn and walk alone that day,

How could I dare

When in the evening watch I knelt to pray,  
To ask for help to bear my pain and loss,  
If I had heeded not my brother's cross?

—  
If I might sing

A little song to cheer a fainting heart,  
And I should seal my lips and sit apart,

When I might bring

A bit of sunshine for life's ache and smart,  
How could I hope to have my grief relieved?  
If I kept silent when my brother grieved?

—  
And so I know

That day is lost wherein I fail to lend  
A helping hand to some wayfaring friend;

But if it show

A burden lightened by the cheer I send,  
Then do I hold the golden hours well spent,  
And lay me down to sleep in sweet content.

— o —

Trusting in Providence.

—  
BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

“Guess it's goin' to be a snappin' cold night, mother,” said Miss Elsa Robbins, warming her fingers over the blaze of an armful of pine logs which she had just flung on the fire. “And I'm very glad, mother, that we've got the russet apples safe into the cellar, for it's on them I place my main dependence for the interest money this year.”

Mrs. Robbins sat knitting in the cushioned rocker; a wrinkled, bright-eyed little woman, whose caps were always spotlessly clean, and whose dresses never seemed to wear out.

“Frost, eh?” said she.

“I rather guess so,” responded Elsa, with a shiver. “Stars shinin' like so many little diamond specks, and a new moon behind the pines.”

“Well, it's a good thing we ain't stinted for wood,” cheerfully observed Mrs. Robbins.

“You're always finding out some good thing or other, mother,” said Elsa, a little petulantly.

“La, child, the world is full of 'em!” said Mrs. Robbins, who had a sweet,

plaintive voice. “The Lord, He's a deal better to us than we deserve!”

“Well, then,” quaintly remarked Elsa, “I may as well tell you now as ever that the roofs leakin' dreadful bad.”

“Leakin', is it?” said Mrs. Robbins. “Where?”

“Up garret,” said Elsa. “Over the west store room.”

“Well, it's lucky it ain't leakin' over the rooms we live in,” said the inveterate old optimist. “If it was to leak at all, it couldn't have selected a better spot.”

“And the fence is down in the north lot,” remarked Elsa, “and neighbor Carter's cattle are all in.”

“Bless me!” said Mrs. Robbins. “Well, there ain't much but rocks and mullein stalks in that lot anyway, and neighbor Carter don't half feed his cattle. I'm glad the poor creatures can have a good bite for once in their lives.”

“And I've had a letter from Walter's widow,” added Elsa, “and she wants to come here with her children.”

“Tell her to come,” said Mrs. Robbins. “It ain't a fine city place, and maybe she and the little ones will find it hard to make out on mush and molasses and baked potatoes, as we do. But she's my nephew's widow, and she'll be welcome here.”

“But, mother,” said Elsa, “think what you are doing. Another family in this cramped-up little house—a lot of noisy children, racing and screaming about—a fine lady to be waited on, who is certainly as able to take care of herself as we are to take care of her. And you know that we owe a large bill at the grocer's, and we haven't paid for the cow yet, and the tailoress business is getting duller every year, now that folks have taken the notion to go to the city for their little boys' suits.”

“Well, child, well,” serenely interposed the old lady. “God will provide. He always does. And it's a dreadful thing to be a widow and homeless. Write to her, Elsa, and tell her to come.”

“But she has no money to travel with,” bluntly added Elsa. “She wants us to send her twenty dollars. She has written to Cousin Marrett, up at the grange, and they won't even answer her letter.”

“Dear, dear, that's bad!” cooed Mrs. Robbins. “No money at all. Poor soul! poor soul!”

“Well—but, mother,” pleaded Elsa, “we haven't got any money either—to spare.”

"There's the chicken money," said Mrs. Robbins, looking wistfully up.

"But that was to buy you a warm, new cloak, mother."

"Well, I'll make the old gray shawl do for another year," said Mrs. Robbins. "And Walter's widow must have money to pay her traveling expenses, poor thing. It was very wrong of Olivia Marrett not to answer her letter, very. But Olivia and her husband was always close. It's their nature, I do s'pose."

And Elsa broke out laughing, with tears in the corners of her hard, gray eyes.

"You dear, old mother!" she said. "Let Walter's widow and her children come. We're poor and in debt, and can't find bread for our own two selves; but I believe, for once, I'll follow your example, mother, and trust in Providence."

And she sat down and wrote to Walter Robbins' widow, inclosing that last twenty-dollar bill, with which she was to have bought the warm winter cloak for the old lady, who was so contentedly knitting in the coral glow of the firelight.

Mrs. Walter Robbins was sitting by the fire also, but not such a fire as illumines the farmhouse kitchen with a softer shine than any electric light. It was a mere handful of coals in a rustic grate, over which she bent with a shudder, as the wind howled by, shaking the window panes and rattling the paper shades. She was mending the children's stockings, and as she worked a little girl crept out of the bed and stole across the floor to her side.

"Mamma, I can't get warm," said she. "Isn't there any fire?"

"There's a fire, dear," said Mrs. Robbins; "but we can't have much, for there's only a peck of coal left in the box."

"Mamma," went on the child, "why don't our fires shine red and bright like the fires I see through other people's windows sometimes?"

"We can't afford it, dear," sighed the widow. "If you let the coal blaze and crackle it soon turns into ashes, and we must economize."

"Mamma," spoke up a tiny voice from the bed, "I didn't eat quite enough supper. Can't I have another half slice of bread?"

"There is no more, Bessie," said Mrs. Robbins, with a pang, sharper than any serpent's tooth, at her heart. "Go to sleep, dear; you'll soon forget that you are

hungry, and in the morning we are to start for the country, you know."

Bessie's eyes sparkled.

"We can have all the milk we want then, mamma, can't we?" said she.

"And pick up nuts where they grow among the leaves, and eat apples without paying two cents apiece for them," chimed in Lillie. "Oh, mamma, why don't every one live in the country?" Mamma, don't you love Cousin Elsa and her mother? Is Cousin Elsa a little girl? Will she play with us?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Robbins, with a quiver in her voice. "No, she is not a child; she is a woman like me, but I think she must be an angel in her heart."

For Elsa Robbins' had been the first helping hand which had been stretched out to lift the poor little widow out of the abyss of troubles which had almost overwhelmed her since her husband died, in the far-away Mexican lands, whither he had gone to make the fortune, which, alas, was never made!

She had become sadly used to sharp words and cold glances, but kindness, sympathy, tender recognition of her claims to kinship were new and precious to her.

Just then there came a heavy, creaking footstep on the floor—a tap at the door.

Little Lillie jumped up and scampered back to bed. Bessie drew her curly yellow head under the sheets.

"It's a mistake," said Mrs. Robbins, spiritlessly. "Nobody ever comes here."

But she rose and opened the door. There stood a stout, middle aged man, with cheerful blue eyes, a ruddy complexion, and leg-of-mutton whiskers, slightly sprinkled with gray.

"Does Mrs. Walter Robbins live here?" he asked.

Miss Elsa had made waffles for supper, and had fried some fresh crullers, brown and light as butterfly wings. She had brought in the parlor lamp, and hunted up two little china mugs, handleless, and with the gilt inscription faded off, which had been hers and her dead sister's, as children, long ago.

"They'll please the little ones," she thought.

And Mrs. Robbins, in her clean cap, sat smiling by the hearthstone, when Walter's widow came in, her black dress powdered over with the snow, which had



begun to fall at the gathering of dusk, and with the two little girls clinging to her hand.

"My dear," said Mrs. Robbins, "you are welcome—kindly welcome—you and the dear little girls!"

And Elsa came in, her face softened for the moment, and led them hospitably to the fire.

"It's a poor place," said she, "but mother is right—you are welcome."

The children looked timidly around at the black beams which traversed the roof overhead; the deep set windows, with their broad ledges filled with musk plants and fish geraniums; the strings of red peppers above the mantel, and the brass candlesticks, which glittered as if they were made of gold. And then the fire—the great, open chimney-piece, the blazing logs, the funnily-shaped andirons, with round heads, and the great Maltese cat asleep upon the gaudy rag rug. Was it all true, or were they dreaming?

And when it came to hot waffles and maple molasses cookies, with fennel seeds in them, and milk—just as much as they could drink out of those dear little antique mugs—the children decided the matter in their own minds, that they were not dreaming at all. And after they had gone to sleep in a bed room just off the kitchen, where the sheets smelled of sweet clover, and the wall paper was covered with bunches of cabbage roses with impossibly green leaves, and blue ribbon fillets around the stems, Mrs. Walter Robbins found courage to thank the friends who had been so good to her in her necessity.

"But there's something I haven't told you yet," she said timidly. "I couldn't write it because I did not know it myself at the time that I appealed to you. I am not so poor as everyone thought. Poor, dear Walter's mining ventures have turned out better than anyone expected. A lawyer from the South came to see me last night, and told me that I am to have at least a thousand dollars a year."

"Eh?" said Elsa, almost incredulously.

"It ain't possible?" chirped Mrs. Robbins.

"And," went on Mrs. Walter, "if you will allow me to live here and share it with you—"

"No," said Miss Elsa. "We have no right to it."

"But," pleaded the widow, "you were willing to share all that you had with me."

"That's quite another thing," said Elsa.

"No, it isn't," said Mrs. Walter. "It's the same exactly. And I have always longed for a home in the country, and it is so lovely here; and—and I feel that I love you already, and I should be miserable anywhere else. Please—please let me stay!"

And what could Mrs. Robbins and Miss Elsa say but "Yes."

And when the gentle widow retired to her room Miss Elsa looked at the old lady with tears in her eyes.

"Mother," said she, "you were right. Providence has provided. The moment I made up my mind to leave off caring and planning, and trust in God, He has laid a blessing at my feet. I think I will never doubt or despair again."

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### An Unwarranted Bargain.

There was a tinge of red in the girl's hair, the chin was pointed and the lips were thin, but she was young and the neighbors had predicted that "Calisty Evans would be a purty girl when she growed up." She was twenty-one now, but somehow the people who have known you from the time you were born take a long time to wake up to the fact that you have "growed up."

Calisty was sewing, and the young man sitting on the corner of the table and swinging one foot thought she used a little unnecessary exertion in sticking the sharp needle into the brown gingham.

"You don't seem to be altogether good-natured this morning, Calista. Has anything gone wrong?"

The girl did not answer for a minute, then she straightened up, dropped her hands upon her sewing work and said, as if she had nerved herself to say it:

"What is going on between you and my father?"

"Going on!" Why, there's nothing going on. I have made him a proposition to put down a well, and he is considering it. That's what I came up for to-day."

"I know that; but who is going to pay for it?"

"Oh, that's a secondary consideration," and he moved toward the door. "I am going out now to see what your father says."

Calista put her sewing work on the

table and followed him to the front porch, where her father was sitting, his elbows on his knees and his straw hat in his hands. Calista went straight up to him. "Don't make any bargain with anybody, dad, without asking advice. You know how it has been with so many. Remember how the Culverts lost their home just by speculating. Don't promise Mr. Ely to do anything that will put us in danger."

The old man grew impatient before she had finished and tried to interrupt her. "Do you think I'm such a fool?" he said. "I never speculated, did I? You are just like your mother; she was always telling me that we'd go to wreck and ruin. We've never gone yet, have we?"

"Not yet, dad; but you know we have a lot of money to pay by and by, and we mustn't spend a cent that we have."

"But we'll get it back a hundredfold. If they find oil this place will bring ten times what we could get now."

"Yes, if you find it, but you'll never find it. Won't you promise me that you won't use the money we have saved?"

"I'll promise nothing. Mr. Ely," turning to the young man in the doorway, "you can begin work just as soon as you have a mind to."

The girl had failed. She went back to her sewing, but there was a mist before her eyes and the stitches had to be all ripped out later on. She did not trust the young agent who had visited the locality a month before and had approached her father with talk of a lease. To be sure, the tanks receiving the product of great wells dotted the valley like brown mushrooms, but the wells were on the other side of the valley. Two or three experiments had been made on this side, costly experiments they were, too, to the company sinking them.

Once Henry Evans had had the oil fever, but as luck would have it, the well nearest him proved a failure, and the turning point in the malady came before anything serious happened. Since then he had gone on tilling his land, turning the sod for the annual crops of wheat and oats, while Calista did the housework, made the garden and her own clothes and managed to make ends meet while the money was being laid by for the mortgage. The mortgage, that vampire that sucks the very life from thousands of farmers each year, had been made the year Mrs. Evans died. The year when the frost killed the fruit,

when the cloudburst washed the growing grain on the hillside into the valley and the cold snap in September nipped the corn. In a few weeks the mortgage would be due; there was almost enough money to meet it, but if her father drew it and used it—she took her hat and hastily pinned it on and started out.

"Where are you going?" asked her father.

Mr. Ely had gone and the two were alone.

"I am going to the bank. I am going to see Mr. Wheden."

"You ain't going to do anything of the kind," and her father caught her sleeve and held her. "Calisty Evans, you go into the house and don't you stir out of it. I'm doing this now and you keep your fingers out of it." The hand on her arm was almost crushing the flesh, but she looked defiantly at him.

"I am not going to let you make paupers of us both," she said.

"You go into the house," the old man was shaking with anger. "Calisty Evans, don't you try to interfere with me. Do you understand me?"

The girl looked at the seamed face so wrathful and pale, and her feeling of concern changed to one of resentment. She went into the house and took off her hat. If he wanted to lose everything he might. She was young and could work for herself, but she would never help him to earn another penny, never.

In a few days the men came and put up the rig. Then the engine began its steady beat, the rig shook, and for a time even the house was caught in the vibration made as the piercing drill went downward. For hours Calista heard nothing but the dull thud, thud. Then the keenness of her resentment lessened somewhat and she became listless, just waiting for the word one way or the other.

She had begun to pity her father. She knew that he was not sleeping; she heard him going out in the morning before daylight. If he came into his breakfast at all it was swallowed hastily, and he sat on the porch at night when the world was asleep, silent, with eyes fixed on the fire that gleamed where the engine was working.

The drill had reached the depth beyond which experts said it was needless to go. The pump was put in, but the casing remained as dry as a conductor pipe in August. There was only one more thing



to be done, to "shoot" the well. The experts came and lowered the cartridge that was intended to make the fissures through which the oil might reach the well; the electric wires were adjusted.

"Stand back, now, everybody," said the foreman. The old man stood bare-headed leaning against the fence; Calista stood in the kitchen door. Mr. Ely had ridden upon horseback from the town and was standing at a safe distance with the bridle in his hand.

Then the electrician turned the switch. The silence which had fallen was like that which falls upon nature before the breaking of a storm, and it was broken by a rumble that was like thunder far beyond the hills. Then a cloud rose up from the tubing, spreading like billowy steam from the exhaust of a locomotive. The sun struck the cloud gilding it with rainbow splendor. Even the particles of sand and rock glowed like opals from a Mexican mine.

The cloud gradually cleared away and the lookers-on waited in silence. Why wait?

"It it a duster," said the foreman. "There's no oil within five miles of here."

"Come into the house, father"; Calista touched her father's sleeve. "Come in and sit down." The old man looked as if he would fall. The girl's voice was dry and husky. "Come in," she repeated, and she led him to a chair. He fell into it as a wounded man falls, his arms crossed upon the table supporting his head.

Womanly instinct is ever uppermost. All the resentment was gone now, over-balanced by pity. The girl put her arms around the old man's neck and laid her chéek against his head. It was the first time since she could remember that she had done such a thing.

"Never mind, dad," she said. "We will pull through somehow."

"Every penny has gone, Calisty. He promised to lease the land if the well turned out, and if it didn't I got nothing. I was so sure."

It was just as she had supposed. The agent had done his work cleverly.

"Don't worry," she said. "I tell you we'll get through somehow. Maybe we'll have to sell out; but I can work."

And so night came, and after the old man had dragged himself to bed, to sleep for the first time in many nights, Calista sat by the window thinking. What could

she do? She would go to Mr. Wheden in the morning and ask his advice. Ask his advice! What good would advice do now?

The cool air of night was soothing to her. The world seemed so peaceful lying under the stars. She may have dropped asleep with her head on the window sill. She was startled by a rushing and a roaring, a sound as if a volcano had opened, then there was a flash of light that became a blaze which spread to the oil rig and outlined it in fire like the set pieces are outlined at a big display of fireworks.

"Father, fire, fire!" she called, and rushed out of the house to retreat before a creeping line of flame that came toward her through the grass. She realized what it was. It was burning oil. The well was flowing.

The neighbors saw the blaze and came and barely saved the house. The foreman, who had been working on the well, came up from the village and went to work, and by morning everyone knew that a big well had "come in" on the Evans farm.

Mr. Ely had returned to the city before the great news reached the town. When he heard of it he hastened back, but he was too late. The old man was sitting on his porch watching the new work going on.

"Well, Mr. Evans, I suppose we may as well arrange affairs to-day on the terms mentioned."

"I will have to refer you to my daughter's representative, Mr. Wheden. He has full charge of my daughter's affairs."

"But the option I—"

"Well, it is like this, Mr. Ely. This place belonged to my wife. It came to her from her father. I didn't know until Mr. Wheden told me this morning that I had no authority to give an option; the place really belongs to Calisty."

"We will begin proceedings at once; this is outrageous."

"Not so outrageous, Mr. Ely, as your inducing my father to make a verbal agreement with you to put down a well at his own expense, and in case it turned out well you were to have a lease at one-third what it was worth. However, Mr. Wheden said if you had anything to say to send you to him." It was Calisty who thereof he shall be subject to suspension the same as if a member of the Lodge, with the same rights as to reinstatement."

These statutes were referred to the Com-

mittee on Jurisprudence. The spirit of this legislation is a step toward Masonic charity, showing a change is working its way in the Craft toward a less mercenary and unfraternal treatment of brethren who, for any reason whatever, become unaffiliated. We hope it is the precursor of the time when, as we are taught, that as in every nation and every clime Masons are found, that even so shall every Mason be received as a brother wherever dispersed, and treated as such until he has forfeited that right through charges preferred and a fair trial. Every Craftsman should find a Masonic home in the Lodge of his choice and nearest his residence, for every Lodge is of such extensive dimensions as to extend from East to West and from earth to heaven, and this being true, no treacherous blackball should intervene between him and his desire and greatest need.

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### To the Craftsmen of Mississippi.

BY BRO. EDWIN A. SHERMAN.

On the banks of the broad flowing river,  
By the shores of the wide midland sea,  
The Light from the Great Bounteous Giver,  
Shines eternal o'er true Masonry Free.

There conscience, unfettered, adores,  
And without creed it worships its God;  
For over the checkered paved floors,  
Our Temple Builders have trod.

Their altars are aflame there within,  
The holy fire, there burns like the sun,  
No longer are burnt offerings for sin,  
The day of cruel sacrifice is done.

The goat is free to climb over the rocks,  
His mate in peace, suckles her kid;  
The sheep now run free in their flocks,  
For the murder of lambs is forbid.

No longer the bullocks bellow in fear,  
The heifers are not mourned by the kine;  
E'en the doves fly free in mid air,  
For the peace of God is divine.

There the humming bird and wild bee  
Gather the sweet nectar from flowers;  
The honey-dew of Mount Hermon is free,  
When gathered with *Speed* and with *Power*.

There spotless linen and cotton replace  
The skin once torn from lamb's back,  
E'en white sheep may be looked in the face,  
For all the wool is Ethiopian black.

Once there was brave Quitman and Scott,  
Who then ruled Mississippi in love;  
And her altar fires still glowing and hot  
With Hillyer's inspiration above.

Behold! the incense of devotion ascends  
In clouds unto Heaven's White Throne,  
While the spirit of Fraternity blends,  
And makes the Brotherhood one.

### For the Little Ones.

A DINNER AND A KISS.

"I have brought your dinner, father,"  
The blacksmith's daughter said,  
As she took from her arm the kettle,  
And lifted its shining lid.  
"There is not any pie or pudding,  
So I will give you this,"  
So upon his toil-worn forehead  
She left a childish kiss.

The blacksmith took off his apron  
And dined in happy mood,  
Wondering much at the savor  
Hid in his humble food,  
While all about him were visions  
Full of prophetic bliss;  
But he never thought of magic  
In his little daughter's kiss.

While she, with her kettle swinging,  
Merrily trudged away,  
Stopping at sight of a squirrel,  
Catching some wild bird's lay,  
And thought how many a shadow  
Of life and fate we would miss  
If always our frugal dinners  
Were seasoned with a kiss.

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### The Manufacture of Gold.

Can gold be made from baser metals? Prof. Gustav Hinrichs, the famous chemist, believes it can, and does not hesitate to affirm that the feat will be accomplished within a half century. Prof. J. J. Thomson also thinks that if he can disassociate the atoms of various substances—that is, if he can split them up—they could be reconstructed again in the form of gold. He is now striving to produce a temperature in excess of 5,000 degrees above zero, for it is the general scientific belief that with this excessive heat the feat can be accomplished.

Prof. J. J. Thomson believes that, under influence of the cathode ray, a true dissociation of elementary atoms occurs, and Prof. George F. Fitzgerald points out that if this be really true, then we "are within measurable distance of the dreams of the alchemists, and are in the presence of a method of transmuting one elementary substance into another." For several years observations with the spectroscope have made it probable that the elements as we know them are some of the dissociated in the sun and stars; and now the report comes from London that the same thing has apparently been accomplished in a mundane laboratory.

In view of the tests made by the experts of the United States government of a



process which was claimed by its inventors actually to make gold, Prof. Hinrichs' opinion has peculiar timeliness. The government experts were ridiculed in some quarters for so much as examining the alleged invention, but the statement of Prof. Hinrichs goes a great way toward justifying their action in the matter. It appears that the search for a means of making gold is by no means on a plane, as many people have supposed, with the fruitless endeavor to secure perpetual motion. It is held to be absolutely impossible to make a perpetual motion machine, because such a machine could only operate in violation of one of the most fundamental laws of physics—the principle of the conservation of energy. But the project to make gold from other metals does not, it is said on the highest authority, violate any known principle of nature. Therefore, it is the most eminent chemists who most readily agree that the feat may some time be accomplished.

Of course not all scientists agree with Prof. Hinrichs as to the probability of this discovery being made in the near future. People never do agree about the probability of doing anything that has not yet been done. But the recent strides in chemistry have been so rapid and so great that the better argument seems to lie with those who expect much of this science in the near future rather than with those who expect little. The reason so many people are skeptical is chiefly that they are ignorant of what has been done already. The work of the technical scientist goes ahead so quietly that it is little noticed by the outside world, except in those rare instances in which it chances to touch upon matters of direct economic importance. When chemists found that they could build up organic compounds in the laboratory, their first results seemed of no consequence except in the establishment of a principle which unscientific persons could hardly understand and not at all appreciate. Yet see what has come of this; step by step the experiments have gone ahead, till it is now possible to manufacture in the laboratory substitutes for many commercial articles that formerly were secured with difficulty from nature alone.

A striking illustration of this is furnished by a very beautiful mineral called lapis lazulæ, from which the brilliant blue pigment familiar to every artist as ultramarine, was formerly made. This mineral was ex-

tremely rare, and found in but few countries, chiefly in Persia, and its market value, weight for weight, was greater than that of gold. This fact led the chemists to attempt to analyze and reconstruct it in the laboratory. To analyze it proved easy; it was found to be composed of such familiar elements as silica, alumina (prominent constituents of common earths and rocks), soda, iron and sulphur. But a knowledge of its constitution gave no clew whatever to the beautiful color of the lapis lazulæ, nor did there seem to be any way in which the constituents could be put together in imitation of the natural mineral. The less progressive chemists gave it up in despair, saying that the processes of nature could not be duplicated in the laboratory. Others, however, went ahead with the experiments, and presently they were rewarded with success. They had but to put together the elements in proper proportions, and subject them to certain conditions, and, behold! an artificial lapis lazulæ as brilliant as the original. So, to-day, this mineral which, a few years ago, was literally worth its weight in gold, is supplanted by a duplicate made in factories by the ton and sold for fifteen cents a pound.

Then, again, about a century ago the great French chemist, Lavoisier, learned that the wonderful gem known as the diamond is really composed of the same material as charcoal—namely, carbon. At once it was suggested that it might be possible to make diamonds out of coal. But most chemists scouted the idea—the diamond was a natural mineral, and nature's processes could not be duplicated in the laboratory. So for about a hundred years no very extensive efforts were made to learn how to manufacture diamonds, notwithstanding the great value of these gems. Recently, however, M. Moisson has taken up the subject, and, as is well known, has actually succeeded in making true diamonds in his forge. The gems thus manufactured are very small, it is true, but the principle has been found, and who can doubt that its application will be extended until gems of any desired size are made at will? It would be nothing surprising if within the next generation or two diamonds equal to the finest crown jewels were to be turned out from factories by the ton, and sold at so many cents an ounce, instead of so many dollars a carat.

Yet, again, think of the multitudinous

and varied commercial products that are now manufactured from the black offensive liquid known as coal tar, which, until recently, was considered a waste product in the manufacture of gas from coal. From this apparently noxious liquid are produced a great variety of ethers, which do service as "true fruit syrups" at most soda fountains, a host of beautiful and brilliant dyes and pigments and numerous valuable drugs.

In truth, what has been done is but a mere beginning. It is new work in an untried field. Already chemists are in sight of greater achievements than any of these. In Germany even now there are factories where they hope, in the near future, to be able to make the invaluable drug quinine; and when this is accomplished the making of morphine and all similar drugs independently of nature's laboratory—the plant—will surely follow. This would mean the death blow to such great commercial interests as the cultivation of the Peruvian bark tree and the poppy, industries that are as important in some tropical climates as the cultivation of cereals is in the temperate zone.

It is reported from the chemical laboratories that "the synthesis of sugar is imminent"; in other words, that the time is probably at hand when this universal staple may be manufactured, perhaps from coal tar, in the laboratory. This would mean an utter revolution in the agricultural and commercial status of entire nations. But if sugar is to be manufactured, why not starch also, which has almost the same chemical composition? Why, indeed, may not all the vegetable foods be substituted by laboratory products, making the occupation of the tiller of the soil only a reminiscence? Such a suggestion, with all its revolutionary corollaries, takes liberties with the future, it is true; but with a part of the future that seems to lie barely beyond the horizon of the present.

All this, it must be admitted, is somewhat afield from the subject of gold-making, for gold is an elementary substance, whereas the various substances just mentioned are compounds of the same elements (carbon, hydrogen and oxygen) variously put together. But the difference is apparent rather than real, for the modern chemist is disposed to regard the so-called "elements" as themselves composed of yet more elementary substances; indeed, it is this belief that justifies the hope of

making gold from other metals. The presumption is that the atom of gold, which is very heavy, is composed of several lighter atoms, and it is believed that conditions will some time be discovered under which the elementary atoms of some lighter metals may be decomposed, and made to unite again, not as they were before, but in such proportions as to form atoms of gold. In making such an effort the chemist of to-day may work, so to speak, with his eyes open. He knows the atomic weights of the different metals, and he can form a judgment in advance of his experiments as to what ones are of right weight possibly to produce the desired combination. The old-time alchemists who wore out their lives over the same problem had no such clew. They knew nothing of atomic weights, or, for that matter, of atoms themselves, and they worked utterly in the dark, with no prospect of success. That they failed is no proof that the chemist of the future must also fail.

Even should it be proved that Prof. Thomson is correct, of course many steps remain to be taken before we shall see gold made from base metals. For example, we shall first have to learn the conditions under which dissociated elements will recombine in the right proportions to form gold. But the ingenuity of man seldom falters over details when once a principle is established, and it may be that persons who read these lines to-day will live to see laws enacted forbidding the manufacture of gold. Such a law was on the statute books of England in the day when numerous pretenders professed to have discovered the philosopher's stone. It was a needless law then, and it would be equally meaningless to-day; but if the contentions of Prof. Hinrichs, Thomson and other leaders of science prove correct it might not be meaningless to-morrow.

It's a "fad" now-a-days to carry "Old Glory" in parades alongside of the beauseant of the Knights Templar. This is a good "fad," and every Commandery in the land should have the Stars and Stripes spread to the breeze in their ranks. It is that grand symbol of liberty that has made freedom the greatest boon of this land. The beauseant and the Stars and Stripes make a grand combination, expressive of God and our native land.

—W. J. Duncan.



### What Was His Creed ?

He left a load of anthracite  
 In front of a poor woman's door,  
 When the deep snow, frozen and white,  
 Wrapped street and square, mountain and  
 moor.  
 That was his deed, he did it well;  
 "What was his creed?" I cannot tell.

Blessed "in his basket and in his store,"  
 In sitting down and rising up;  
 When more he got he gave the more,  
 Withholding not the crust and cup,  
 He took the lead in each good task.  
 "What was his creed?" I did not ask.

His charity was like the snow,  
 Soft, light and silent in its fall;  
 Not like the noisy winds that blow  
 From shivering trees the leaves; a pall  
 From flowers and weed, dropping below,  
 "What was his creed?" The poor may know.

He had great faith in loaves of bread  
 For hungry people, young and old;  
 And hope inspired, kind words he said  
 To those he sheltered from the cold.  
 For we must be fed as well as pray.  
 "What was his creed?" I cannot say.

In words he did not put his trust;  
 His faith in words he never writ;  
 He loved to share his cup and crust  
 With all mankind who needed it.  
 In time of need a friend was he.  
 "What was his creed?" He told not me.

He put his trust in heaven, and he  
 Worked well with hand and head;  
 And what he gave in charity  
 Sweetened his sleep and daily bread.  
 Let us take heed, for life is brief.  
 This was his creed—this his belief.

### Whittaker's Almanac.

In the veranda of the club at Chutney-  
 pore were seated one hot evening in May,  
 three Englishmen. Two were old resi-  
 dents in the country, Brown of the police,  
 and Smith, who belonged to the depart-  
 ment, which from its initials is facetiously  
 known as the Department of Public Waste.  
 The third was a new-comer, Jackson, who  
 had only recently arrived in India, and  
 had been posted to Chutneypore. Between  
 the pegs and cheroots, the conversation  
 ranged from topic to topic, until at last it  
 fell upon the subject of Freemasonry.  
 Brown and Smith were both old Masons,  
 and Jackson was full of interest in the sub-  
 ject, and asked a number of questions  
 about it. Before he left England, so he  
 informed his friends, he had been urged  
 to join Masonry by an old friend of his.  
 He had been told that in the colonies he  
 would find it of extreme use.

"Why did you not take the hint and

join our noble Order there?" said Brown.

"Well, the fact is," said Jackson "I  
 did not think I was qualified to join. I  
 was informed that Freemasonry was for  
 Christians only, who believed in the Bible,  
 and as my parents happened to be free-  
 thinkers, and I was brought up that way,  
 I could not honestly say that I believed in  
 the Bible."

"Nothing of the sort," said Smith.  
 "Out here we admit as Masons all sorts  
 of people—Brahmans, Parsees and Ma-  
 homedans. Large numbers of these join  
 ur Order every year. So long as they  
 elieve in the existence of a supreme God,  
 r at least say that they do, the doors of  
 Freemasonry in India are open to them.  
 Why, only the other day I was in a native  
 Lodge, where the W. M. was a Parsee,  
 the Senior Warden a Hindu, and several  
 of the officers Mahomedans. There was  
 not a single Christian in the whole place."

"But," remarked Jackson, "I always  
 thought that a candidate for Freemasonry  
 had to take a very solemn oath on the  
 Bible."

"Not at all," said his friends both to-  
 gether. And they went on to explain that  
 though an oath was certainly taken, it  
 need not be taken on the Sacred Scriptures  
 of the Christian. Each man was obligated  
 on whatever book he placed most confi-  
 dence in as a sacred book. The Parsees  
 were obligated on the Zend Avesta, the  
 Hindus on the Bhagavat gita, and so on.  
 "So, you see," they said, "there is no  
 difficulty about your becoming a Free-  
 mason. I suppose you believe in God?"

"Certainly," said Jackson. "My only  
 difficulty is that I do not believe in the  
 Bible. But if you can put me up as a  
 member under these circumstances, there  
 is nothing I should like better than to be-  
 come a member of such an ancient and  
 honorable Fraternity."

As a result of the above conversation,  
 Mr. Jackson received about three weeks  
 later a form of application which he was  
 instructed to fill up, and return to the  
 Secretary, Lodge Cosmopolitan, No. 965,  
 Scotch Constitution, Chutneypore. The  
 form was soon filled with his name, age,  
 occupation, etc., and after enclosing a  
 check for fifty rupees to show he meant  
 business, he waited in some degree of  
 nervousness for the night of his initiation.  
 It came at last, and at the appointed time  
 he strolled across from the club to the  
 building where the Masons held their

Lodge. After waiting in an ante-room for some time, his friend Brown appeared, arrayed in all the splendor of a Grand Lodge officer.

"Well," remarked Jackson, "now I suppose we shan't be long."

"No," said Brown, "but there is a slight hitch in the proceedings. You told us at the club the other night you did not believe in the Bible."

"No more I do," said the candidate, "but you told me that it would make no difference, as a lot of men were made Masons who are not Christians."

"That is a fact," said Brown. "But the difficulty is this, What are you to be sworn on? You must take the obligation like every one else on some book that you consider sacred. Now, as you do not consider the Bible a sacred book, what will you be sworn on?"

"I thought of that," said Jackson, and produced from his pocket a small book with a green cover. "There," he remarked, "I consider that book worth all the Bibles in the world for sound, matter-of-fact, hard common sense. And if I cannot take my oath on Whittaker's Almanac, I decline to be made a Mason at all."

"Wait a few minutes," said his friend, and left him to himself again. Inside the Lodge, Worshipful Bro. Brown repeated the conversation he had had with the candidate, when a most excited debate followed. Some of the older Masons who were Christians objected. They said that to obligate a man who did not believe in the Bible on Whittaker's Almanac was a degradation of Masonry they had never expected to see. But it was pointed out to them that other books were used for obligations; that a ruling of Grand Lodge had decided that any one who believed in God could be initiated, provided he took the oath on some book that he considered sacred. The candidate was prepared to swear on Whittaker as the book he revered most in the world, and that if he were kept out, what was to become of the universality of Masonry. The native brethren in the Lodge were particularly jubilant to think that a sahib had the same objection to the book which they hated, and hoped to degrade it still more from its position as the Great Light of Freemasonry. The matter was at last decided in the candidate's favor, and Mr. Jackson was brought into Lodge in the usual way, and duly obligated on his sacred book.

Months passed, and Bro. Jackson became a most enthusiastic Mason. Having established his claim to regard Whittaker's Almanac as the guide of his life and actions, he proceeded to take other degrees in Freemasonry. Years passed by, and at last he found himself in the chair of his mother Lodge. His years of office over, he was appointed to office in the Grand Lodge of all Scottish Freemasonry in India. And, at last, to make a long story short, an addition was made to the already very lengthy list of office bearers in that august body, and Worshipful Bro. Jackson was appointed to be "Grand Whittaker Bearer," ranking after the Grand Koran Bearer and above the Grand Gita Bearer.

—*Indian Review.*

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#### AN Alaska Masonic Funeral.

In 1895, M. W. Bro. Wm. W. Wither- spoon, then Grand Master of Washington, received a letter from a Mason at Juneau, Alaska, telling of the manner in which an assembly of Masons had paid the last honors to a departed brother. The funeral described was not the only one that had been conducted with Masonic ceremonies in that far off land; but a number of times the resident Masons had assembled together upon the death of a brother, and clothed in white gloves and aprons, and bearing the open Bible, they had consigned the body to the earth, and cast into the open grave the symbol of immortal life and the Mason's faith in the resurrection of the body. They did this without Lodge authority, often without the assistance of a clergyman, always disclaimed Lodge organization and omitted the grand honors. Some of the brothers felt that they had done nothing contrary to the spirit of Masonic law, while others thought that they ought not to attend a funeral in a body as Masons, and to set the doubt at rest in their minds the question as to what was their duty was asked of Washington's Grand Master.

In substance his reply was that "under the circumstances it seems a graceful and proper thing for Masons, situated as you are, to attend the funeral of a deceased brother in a body, so long as you do not give any cause for criticism; that is, by holding yourselves out as a regularly constituted Masonic body. Further, I do not see any objection to forming as you have described and performing the



ceremonies as you have indicated, omitting the Masonic clothing—the apron.”

Some comment has been made among correspondents as to the soundness of Grand Master Witherspoon's advice, but so far there has been no adverse criticism, one correspondent saying, “Wear the white gloves and aprons.” It seems to the writer that there can be no wrong in doing just what the Alaska brethren did, and that neither the letter nor the spirit of any Masonic law was violated. Alaska is unoccupied territory, and the writer will lay himself open to criticism by saying that Masons in unoccupied territory, who are not affiliated, may assemble together as an actual Lodge, perfect an organization and then ask recognition from some regular Grand Lodge of their choice. He will go farther and say that they would not be clandestine if Grand Lodges should fail or refuse to recognize them, only in the judgment of the Grand Lodge failing or refusing so to do. The Fraternity existed before Grand Lodges, and none having jurisdiction over unoccupied territory, they are without control of the lawful acts of legitimately made Masons within it.

Even in unoccupied territory there is no violation of Masonic law in doing what the Alaska brethren did. The first Masonic funeral the writer ever witnessed in Kansas was conducted in the same way, and as it may be of interest to the readers of the *Freemason* the story will be given.

It was in western Kansas and nearly fifteen years ago that a brother died who had been loved and respected during life for his many good qualities. During his last illness he had often expressed regret that he could not have a Masonic funeral. He was nearly two thousand miles from his Mother Lodge and the same number from any blood relative. The nearest Lodge was twenty-five miles distant from the little frontier town in which he died, and the question for the brethren was “could they give the dead brother burial with Masonic ceremonies without violating Masonic law?” There was considerable discussion, but the conclusion reached was that they could do so.

There were only four Masons resident in the town, but for over a year there had been maintained a “Masonic Association,” and its records showed the residence of every Mason in the county. Messengers were dispatched to brethren living ten and fifteen miles away, and at the hour

for the funeral twelve brethren, clad in white gloves and aprons, with the Holy Bible open and with a pair of compasses from a set of engineers' instruments, and a square cut from a piece of tin resting thereon, accompanied the body to the grave and buried it with the Masonic service.

There was no monitor in all the county, but among us three verses of “solemn strikes the funeral chime” were resurrected from memory's store house, and a good old brother, a Past Master, was able to rehearse from memory the entire service. There was no evergreen, but each brother cast into the grave a few leaves cut from a cottonwood tree that grew near the town, and the grand honors were not omitted.

As the procession neared the grave rain, which had been threatened by low hanging dark clouds, dashed down and continued during the service. The old gray-haired brother at the head of the grave, with head bared to the storm, and the little band of brothers, is a picture not soon to be effaced from memory. The venerable brother, as well as others of the little band, have slept beneath the sod for many years, and in doing what they did violated no Masonic law, either in letter or spirit, although in a State occupied by a Grand Lodge with nearly two hundred constituents.—*Kansas Freemason*.

#### Remedy for Non-Affiliation.

Several Grand Jurisdictions are endeavoring to solve the subject of so much unaffiliation of the Craft as is prevalent. Iowa, in the adoption of a new Constitution, has the following:

“Article XIV, Section 1. The right of every Master Mason in good standing to a Masonic home is absolute in the particular Jurisdiction in which he resides, after timely residence.

Section 2. The Grand Lodge shall by appropriate legislation secure to every non-affiliate Master Mason the right guaranteed by the foregoing section of this article.”

As the requirement for appropriate legislation has not been complied with, the committee reported a statute requiring the Master of the Lodge to whom a non-affiliate by dimit shall petition for membership, after having resided six months within its jurisdiction, to declare him a member of a Lodge, after due inquiry by a committee,

without a ballot, upon his signing the by-laws, unless he shall be convicted of some offense for which some higher grade of punishment than reprimand is awarded, on charges which the committee of inquiry may bring against him as the only alternative to his being so installed as a member, the rule as to punishment being the same as in other trials.

Another section recognizes the right of dimission of any member not in arrears, under charges or liable thereto, upon request and upon the order of the Master at a stated meeting, and further provides:

"Any dimitted Master Mason in this Grand Jurisdiction may receive and enjoy Masonic privileges and benefits as if a member of a Lodge, except such as depend upon Lodge membership; but after a residence in any local Jurisdiction for six months, during which time he holds a dimit, his name shall be entered on the books of the Lodge of such local Jurisdiction, and he shall be required to pay local and Grand Lodge dues to such Lodge as if he were a member thereof; and in default for instance, the psychometer could read the moral, mental and spiritual characteristics of the writer, his physical condition, material surroundings and daily occupation, and even in some instances the letter itself. Not only handwriting, but photographs, locks of hair, articles of clothing, jewelry; in fact, any and everything upon which human thought and volition are expended, is impressed by contact and becomes a register of that thought and life.

It has been repeatedly demonstrated that everything which surrounds a man, photographs not only his outward physical condition, but his mental states, his habits of thought and motives of action and his spiritual development. Philosophers tell us that all movements, even the slightest, produce results which are indelibly stamped on surrounding objects. These are registered by magnetic influence, and are not affected by the lapse of time. In like manner the influences that emanate from every human being, leave their impress on all around, and these impressions may be detected by the psychometer so clearly that scenes long since passed out of mind may be recalled to memory as vividly as by an eye witness or a participant. Obscure diseases may be correctly diagnosed, drugs tested, their action being exactly described, their reaction noted and their toxic qualities accurately foretold.

In fact accuracy is an important quality of the psychometric faculty.

It has been recorded by Prof. Denton, the eminent geologist, that experiments with fossils and specimens from ancient ruins were equally successful with those of more modern specimens, even letters or articles of clothing belonging to living individuals. He was early interested in this science, and published the results of vast numbers of experiments, in a work called "The Soul of Things," which has passed through a number of editions.

The case of Bishop Polk is not without parallel. Many are possessed of and exercise this faculty without knowing that it is capable of development, or that there have ever been scientific experiments to determine its laws and possibilities.

Psychometry can teach us nearly everything, much easier than we learn by our present methods; it will immensely enlarge the boundaries of every science; history will be vastly enlarged and made much more reliable. We are here for want of space, speaking only synoptically, but would refer our readers who desire to investigate this important subject to Denton's "Soul of Things," found in Mechanics' Institute or any other good library.

—A. N. Abbott, M. D.

### What is Psychometry?

Psychometry is the science and art of reading the history and condition of persons, places and things, by contact with material substances. Professor J. Rodes Buchanan, who first called public attention to this faculty, calls it "soul-measuring power." Bishop Polk, in conversation with the Doctor nearly fifty years ago (1841), remarked that "if he should touch a piece of brass, even in the night when he could not see, the influence would penetrate instantly through his system, and he could recognize the offensive metallic taste in his mouth."

To Dr. Buchanan, ever on the alert for new research on scientific subjects, and particularly in mental and intellectual phenomena, this suggested the thought that others might possess the same power, and the possibility of so developing it that it should be available at will. He accordingly instituted a series of critical experiments, continuing several years, some of the results of which have since been embodied in a book treating fully on the



subject called "Psychometry." He discovered that sensitives when brought in contact with material substances could read the conditions amid which they had previously existed. By holding in the hands or placing on the forehead a letter, spoke and who was smiling at her father from the doorway.

"I guess I did that pretty well, didn't I, dad?" she said, as the young man rode away. "We know a think or two, don't we?" and she laughed and added, "when somebody tells us?"

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### Mercenary Masonry.

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Masonic speakers and writers have so long thundered their anathemas against all whose choice leads them to non-affiliation, and have invoked upon all so offending the penalty of Masonic death, that the management of the Institution has resolved itself almost entirely into a dollar-and-cent affair, without any regular system of fixed benefits as have the societies from which the movement has received, by reflected influence, so great an impetus. The sublime fundamental ideas of Brotherly love, relief and truth on which Masonry is based have been changed thereby and to-day Masonry is a luxury, and the life of the member is dependent entirely upon a cash basis.

If this principle holds good, and who dares deny it, then it is but reasonable the value of membership will be estimated on the financial returns likely to accrue to the investor.

There were 18,635 Masons suspended or excluded from the privileges of Masonry for the non-payment of dues in this country in 1896. The suspended Mason has everything in common with the one who has been expelled. He is an outcast. Now the evil of this financial system is pernicious enough in itself, but the greater injury, it seems to *The Tyler*, comes from the spirit it inculcates. The tendency of the day is no longer to depend on the promises of God, no longer to act from high and noble purposes in life, nor to give because of heart love. Every thought and transaction of life more and more turns upon the immediate personal gain to be derived from an investment in benefit associations, insurance and other societies. In this way God is being crowded out of the thoughts of the people, the world is being divided into classes—that love only

their own—selfishness is engendered, and unless a man or his wife holds membership in some one of these speculative concerns, life is considered, and is likely to prove, a dismal earthly failure to the poor man. What is the end to be?

When Masonry was under the ban of public opinion, non-affiliation was not a Masonic crime. In 1830, when Stephen Van Rensselaer, Grand Master of New York, so far succumbed to the pressure of the anti-Masonic excitement as to decline a re-election, the Grand Lodge elected as his successor, in that perilous emergency, Morgan Lewis, late a major-general in the army of the United States, ex governor and chief justice, President of the societies of Cincinnati and St. David, as his successor. When the Committee of the Grand Lodge visited the venerable patriot—then nearly seventy-five years of age—in his retirement, and informed him of his election, he cheerfully accepted the responsibility, and threw the weight of his name and influence in favor of the Fraternity. A grateful Craft re-elected him again and again, and he continued to fill the office until his death, in 1844, when five thousand Masons threw the evergreen sprigs into his grave. Yet Morgan Lewis was an unaffiliated Mason, and remained so until 1842, when in the 87th year of his age he affiliated with St. John's Lodge, No. 1, New York City. Thus in these dark days, which tried the souls of Masons, a non-affiliated Mason could be Grand Master.

What do you think about it?—*Tyler*.

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### The Payment of Dues.

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Did it ever occur to those brethren who are continually denouncing non-affiliates that in the early history of Masonry dues were unknown? This question of dues has grown out of the attempt to engraft upon Freemasonry some of the features of beneficiary organizations, and the abandonment of some of the principles of the Craft—brotherly love, relief and truth. From this innovation has sprung all the trouble we now have about suspension for £ s d. Departure from Masonic principles ever will lead to confusion. Membership, it is urged by many, is requisite for a right for the benefits and privileges of Masonry. Formerly it was not so. Masons were initiated, and membership was optional with the initiate, and may be so

now in some Jurisdictions. After initiation formerly the novitiate was informed that if he desired to become a member of the Lodge in which it transpired he could do so by signing the by-laws. If he did not wish to become a member, and preferred to perform his duties of friendship, brotherly love and charity in his individual capacity, that was his privilege. There is no law to compel a brother, after having taken his three degree, remaining as a subscribing member.—*Freemasons' Chronicle, New South Wales.*

From the above it will be seen that there was a time, in the long ago, when such a thing as dues was unknown to subordinate Lodges, and that a brother, after being "raised," could go forth in the world to do good on his own account, wholly untrammelled by Lodge regulations. If he desired he could affiliate with any Lodge of his choice simply by signing the by laws. No ballot was necessary. This is the custom to day in Virginia, except that he has to be elected to membership in the Lodge with which he wishes to affiliate.

In the olden time the expenses attendant upon the running of the Lodge and the charity done by them had to be kept up by free-will offerings. Each brother was allowed to give all he felt able, and if he gave nothing no censure was cast upon him. It was a matter entirely with his conscience. In those days it was considered a great privilege to be a Mason, and every brother, it mattered not however poor he might be, always contributed a small amount, at least, toward the running of his Lodge. But since that time how things have changed—in America. O ye ghosts of our grandfathers, rise up and teach us the true spirit of Masonry! Here the matter of dues gives us more trouble than all other things combined. Look at your Lodge records, and see how many are behind, and in your Grand Lodge reports note the number suspended or dropped from the roll for "n. p. d."

The great trouble is, brethren, we don't appreciate our Masonry as we should. We are Masons only in name, while the heart is freezing for want of that soothing influence brought about only by attendance on our Lodge meetings and helping to do the work. We make this assertion, and have no fear of a successful contradiction, that ninety per cent of those dropped from the roll or suspended for

non-payment of dues are the laggards in our ranks. They never attend Lodge meetings or take any interest in things Masonic. All notices from the secretary are torn up, and should they be called on for charity they put up a poor mouth, and tell you how often they have been beat, but they fail to tell you how often they have beat some one else. And thus they go until the Lodge has no alternative but to "hew them down as cumberers of the ground."

The truth is, with all such, that they were mistaken in Masonry. They went into it for personal aggrandizement, and when they found they had no "cinch on something good" they lost interest, and the beautiful lessons taught them were soon swopped "for puts and calls," perhaps, or some other speculating game, and the enthusiasm displayed by them at each stage of their progress was strangled to death in due course in their search for the dollar. Masonry is far better without this class than with them, and the quicker they forget their identity the easier will be their conscience, because they took the vows of Masonry voluntarily, and would perjure themselves to be released.

But, you ask, what would we do with the brother who has grown old in Masonry and been a constant attendant and worker all his life, and in his declining years has become too poor to pay? This question needs no answer because his dues are always remitted without his asking, and will continue to be so long as he lives, and, at his death, his brethren will show their appreciation of his worth by burying him decently, and assisting those he has left behind. This always has been the case, and will ever continue to be with those who have proved themselves worthy. Our charity is unbounded for such brethren as this.

There is one other kind of a due paying member who is mighty near the danger line and liable to let go for n. p. d. most any time, and that is the one who never pays without a "kick." Be careful, brother; attend your Lodge a little more regularly, and melt those icicles which are beginning to form around your heart. Remember that good Christians have their seasons of revival, and they attend church for that purpose; therefore, go to your Lodge before it is too late, and demonstrate to the world that you are a Mason in deed and in truth.—*Bun F. Price.*



### The Mason's Church.

The latest charge which Papacy makes against Freemasonry is that it provides a religion for its members, and causes them to be satisfied with services and forms, having the semblance of churchly ceremonies, thus keeping them out of the true church. This recent change in the Roman Catholic attacks made on English Freemasonry is taken as the suggestion of an article printed in the Christmas number of the *London Freemason*. Bro. J. Ramsden Riley is the author of the paper which deals very fairly with the accusation to which reference is made. Bro. Riley, after noticing certain public utterances by Catholic priests, who have recently declared their intense opposition to all secret societies, and to the Masonic society in particular, invites attention to the "shifting of position" by those writers who seek to influence public opinion. He says:

"The new charge against Freemasonry is, like its predecessors, a very poor invention to excite the pious horror of the faithful, which it may be able to do, but only for a time. 'Freemasonry,' say the priests, 'is a religion; the Lodge is the Mason's Church.'"

Bro. Riley thinks this change in the line of attack shows that English Freemasonry at least has vindicated itself from the charge of infidelity so often preferred against our Institution. On this point we quote his statement, as follows:

"For a long time the Encyclicals of Popes had no effect whatever upon English Masons. They did not deign to notice them. Then came, as a surprise to us all, the unexpected repudiation in France of the fundamental Masonic belief in the great Architect of the Universe. The prompt action of the Grand Lodge of England at that time opened the eyes of the Vatican, and 'the infidel character of Masons' could no longer be charged against us. But even then we were told that the charges of infidelity made against Masons by the different Popes (whatever we could claim to be in England) had been substantiated and their unerring wisdom proved."

Bro. Riley is not disposed to resent the insinuation that a Mason regards Freemasonry as furnishing him enough of religion to satisfy his moral needs, and regards his Lodge as his church; but he is careful to add that he never heard of a

Craftsman possessed of this feeling. Nevertheless, he adds, in closing his suggestive paper:

"It is possible that the lessons of Masonry may do more to point the way to heaven than bigotry and intolerance in a church or chapel. We believe that, as a body, Masons are above the average as regards regular attendance at a place of worship, and therefore should rather say a Lodge binds a Mason still closer to his church."

This is our conviction. Craftsmen, as a rule, are devout and reverent, and the majority of them belong to the class of regular worshipers and church attendants. But they are large-minded and tolerant, not regarding mere church-going, or any religious form, as determining true character or fixing the soul's position in the sight of God. In this largeness of thought and faith they show the potent and blessed influence of Masonic teachings.

—*Repository*—

### The Ante-Room.

The ante room is a necessity to every lodge-room. It is intended as the place where members are first "looked over" by the Tyler and permitted to "pass in" if they are properly vouched for and clothed. The only persons who have a right to be in the ante-room are the Tyler, whose watchful eye should ever be on the lookout for eavesdroppers or cowans, and candidates awaiting their "turn." It is a bad place for "congregations of brethren." "Ante-room" meetings are not desirable. First, because the "congregators" are disposed to talk, and sometimes talk more loudly than is conducive to the work in the lodge-room. Second, "ante room" congregations take away from the meetings inside the lodge-rooms, and may interfere with the work, because in the ante-room may be a "useful" officer. Third, "ante room" meetings are not more pleasant than those in the lodge room proper, and as a rule it is cooler in the lodge-room than in the ante-room. Fourth, in "ante-room" meetings matters may be discussed that candidates might not want to hear, or "stories" may be told not exactly of a nature to prepare the mind for services and silent meditations, or for proper appreciation of the solemn services of invitation. Fifth, "ante room" meetings sometimes seriously interfere with the Tyler in the

proper discharge of his duty. His attention may be distracted by the "drummer's last story," or by some "interesting incident" of lodge work, and he fails to treat visitors properly, or to see that the brethren are "clothed," etc. So, it seems to us that "ante-room" meetings should be dispensed with, and work resumed in the lodge room.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

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#### The Old Indian's Rebuke.

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John Trumbull, the celebrated American painter, when a boy, resided with his father, Governor Trumbull, at his residence in Lebanon, Conn., in the neighborhood of the Mohegans.

The government of this tribe was hereditary in the family of the celebrated Uncas. Among the heirs to the chieftainship was an Indian named Zachary who, though a brave man and an excellent hunter, was as drunken and worthless an Indian as could well be found. By the death of the intervening heirs, Zachary found himself entitled to the royal power. In this moment, the better genius of Zachary assumed sway, and he reflected seriously. "Now, can such a drunken wretch as I aspire to be chief of this noble tribe? What will my people say? How shall the shades of my glorious ancestors look down indignant upon such a successor? Can I succeed to the great Uncas? I will drink no more!" And he solemnly resolved that henceforth he would drink nothing stronger than water; and he kept his resolution.

Zachary succeeded to the rule of his tribe. It was usual for the governor to attend at the annual election in Hartford; and it was customary for the Mohegan chief also to attend, and on his way to stop and dine with the governor. John, the governor's son, was a boy, and on one of these occasions a scene occurred, which I will give in Trumbull's own words:

"One day the mischievous thought struck me to try the sincerity of the old man's temperance. The family were seated at dinner, and there was excellent home-brewed ale on the table. I thus addressed the old chief:

"Zachary, this beer is very fine; will you not taste it?"

"The old man dropped his knife, and leaned forward with a stern intensity of expression, and his fervid eyes, sparkling with indignation, were fixed upon me.

"John," said he, 'you don't know

what you are doing. You are serving the devil, boy. Do you know that I am an Indian? If I should taste your beer, I should not stop till I got rum, and I should become again the same drunken contemptible wretch your father remembers me to have been. John, never again while you live tempt a man to break a good resolution.'

"I was thunderstruck. My parents were deeply affected. They looked at me, and then turned their gaze upon the venerable chieftain with awe and respect. They afterward frequently reminded me of the scene, and charged me never to forget it."

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#### The Order of Knights of Pythias.

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This Order was founded on February 19, 1864. Its origin is not shrouded in mystery. James H. Rathbone and Robert A. Chambers were fellow-clerks in one of the Departments of the government at Washington, D. C., and had been boon companions for quite a long time. Mr. Rathbone had read the ritual to his companion when they were both employed at the U. S. A. General Hospital at Germantown, Pa., in 1863. This ritual was written by Mr. Rathbone while teaching school at Eagle Harbor, Mich., in the winter of 1860-61, when he was but twenty-one years of age. These two friends had frequently talked the matter over, and decided to take measures at once to form a Mutual Protective Association, in which only those employed as clerks in the various Governmental Departments at Washington would be eligible to membership. At a meeting of a Club of prominent persons he stated he had a new ritual that he was desirous of bringing into existence. Accordingly, at a subsequent meeting, February 15, 1864, after an obligation, he imparted to those present the work and the ritualism. On February 19, 1864, another meeting was held, when several other acceptable persons were invited to be present as candidates, and they were invested with the first rank of Page, by communication. Mr. Rathbone was made Worthy Chancellor, and arrangements were made conferring the second and third ranks—Esquire and Knight. A Grand Lodge was organized April 8, 1864. The membership at large, on December 31, 1896, was nearly 500,000. It has also an Insurance Branch and an Uniformed Rank.

—*Columbus Companion.*



“Rob.” Morris.

This once prominent man and Mason is still living, even though he has long since passed to the other shore. He lives through his character, and his writings that he left behind as a legacy to all Masons. A man is never known until he is dead, and it is so with Rob. Morris, the Masonic poet laureate. He was criticised often and accused of making money out of Masonry, and wrote the following in answer to those criticisms and accusations:

“As a matter of history, I must declare that I did not enter the Masonic pursuit from mercenary motives, and that it has been anything but a source of profit to me. During my life as a Freemason I have published the first work ever issued on Masonic law; the first Masonic history in this country; the first work upon Masonic Belles Letters in any country, and three editions of Webb’s Monitor. I have composed or compiled nearly seventy works of a Masonic character; written a score of Masonic addresses; hundreds of Masonic odes and poems; visited more than two thousand Lodges, and delivered lectures innumerable. In all these labors, would it be strange if I had made some mistakes? For all my services as a Mason I have made but the poorest and most inadequate support for myself and family. I have necessarily neglected the education of my children and all my home interests. At my time of life, when I ought to think of rest, I have the world to begin over, as I began it twenty-seven years ago. This is the pecuniary reward of my labor.”

Dog in the Chapter.

Some years in York Chapter, No. 148, R. A. M., Chicago had an efficient, highly-respected Treasurer, Comp. Christopher Bunge. Everyone on the west side knew “Chris” (as he was familiarly called), and Union Park Lodge and York Chapter knew of his ability to see that good things to eat were always provided at the banquets, consequently Chris had many friends; but his most faithful “companion” was a little dog which accompanied him on meeting nights, probably to assist in guarding the funds in transit from Lodge to home. This dog seemed to understand his business, and instead of claiming membership in the body, only asked

for office as Assistant Tyler, and as such faithfully performed his duties. Comp. James B. McKay, a life member and almost a life Tyler, was in his youthful days something of a practical joker. One night at an exaltation he conceived the idea of having a little amusement at the expense of candidates, placed the dog in the vault, and when researches were being prosecuted the dog was brought forth, not exactly with praise, but amidst considerable mirth. The master and faithful dog have long been gone from earthly view, but the incident remains fresh in the minds of many, and at every “Royal Arch” the story is told to the ante-room members, and the memory of Uncle Chris will always be kept bright in the hearts of all. If the readers have any doubt as to the truth of this “dog story,” Comp. Frank C. Roundy can verify it and tell who brought forth the dog. The dog was so rejoiced at being rescued that he laid his head on his rescuer’s shoulder and wept.—Tyler.

A Wrong Idea.

A brother was recently asked why he did not attend the meetings of his Lodge. His reply was: “Oh, Masonry doesn’t do me any good; I don’t get anything out of it.” We should like to ask this brother whether or not he ever did Masonry any good and whether or not Masonry ever derived anything from his membership? There are many men who enter a Masonic Lodge in the expectation of deriving some benefit therefrom. They expect it to be a help to them in a business or social way. A young man was recently asked about his interest in his Lodge and replied: “You see everybody has a hobby, and I guess that I found mine in Masonry; I find a Masonic lodge-room a good place to kill time.” This young man, though invested with the honors of Masonry, has not grasped its philosophy and is still groping in outer darkness. These men who enter a Masonic Lodge in the hope of advancing their own personal interests are soon disappointed and as a result very early terminate their membership either by dimit or a failure to pay dues. These Masons are seeking Masonic wages when none are their due. Having failed to perform their part of the labor in the great Masonic vineyard, they cannot reasonably expect the reward of others. Every candidate who comes prompted to solicit the privi-

leges of Masonry by a favorable opinion conceived of the Institution, a desire of knowledge, and a sincere wish of being serviceable to his fellow creatures, will get something out of Masonry.

—*Illinois Freemason.*

### Liquor Drinking and the Bicycle.

It may be only coincidence that during the year in which the use of the bicycle increased almost in geometrical progression, the consumption of liquor in this country decreased to a wonderful extent; but it looks very much as if there were some relation between the two facts. That this liquor habit is growing weaker among the American people is shown by the recent statement of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue that during the past year there has been a decrease of nearly 6,000,000 gallons in the consumption of whiskey and other spirits and of 1,403,004 barrels in the consumption of beer.

The bicycle is the enemy of the liquor habit for two reasons. It appropriates both for its purchase and for its use the spare money of the young man that formerly went largely to the saloon-keeper, and it makes impossible over-indulgence in intoxicating drinks, because it can be operated only to advantage by a strong-limbed and clear-headed rider. The men who own bicycles to day are not the millionaires, but the wage-earners of the country, and their machines were bought from the money that they were enabled to save by economizing in some other direction. And what is more reasonable than that this economy should be first put in practice by cutting off the luxury of drinking?

But the other reason why the bicycle is cutting down the consumption of liquor—because it is not the friend of weak and sodden men—is more potent and will be more lasting. The athlete in all branches of sports nowadays is eschewing the use of intoxicating drinks, and the wheelmen, forming the largest band of athletes in this country, must be given the credit for the greatest decrease in the consumption of liquor. There are some riders who at first think they can drink deeply and ride strongly at the same time, but they are soon undeceived, and quickly join the great majority of abstainers or light drinkers. The bicycle has been condemned for interfering with the sacredness of the

Sabbath and for introducing a laxity in the morals of the young, but it should be given full credit for its assaults upon the excessive use of liquor.

“What is a cigar. I want you to tell me,”  
Lisped little Tom Brown to his knowing big brother;  
“It’s a roll,” was the answer, “of silly enchantment,  
With a fire at one end and a fool at the other.”

## THE TRESTLE BOARD.

A National Masonic and Family Magazine.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE  
TRESTLE BOARD ASSOCIATION.

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

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

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C. MOODY PLUMMER, Manager.

ALVIN PLUMMER, Advertising Manager.

408 California St., San Francisco, California.

TRAVERING AGENTS.

Rev. JOHN N. PARKER. W. O. STERLING.  
R. C. YARBROUGH. SAMUEL COLLINS.

### Our Duty to Visitors.

This is not our duty to visitors as we sometimes see it exemplified. This is the way, however, it is *sometimes* done. The brethren go to the Lodge, greet those they know with a hearty hand shake and look askance at those who are strangers in a strange land. If the latter signifies a desire to visit, and it is on “stated night,” they are refused a committee to examine because “they do not take any of the members from attendance on business night,” and so, if the brother is in distress and needs assistance, he cannot receive it until he can be vouched for as having sat in a Lodge, and he cannot sit in a Lodge until he can be examined by a committee appointed under the authority of some presiding Master while said Lodge is in session.

If the stranger attempts to visit a Lodge on some other than a “stated meeting,” the first question asked is, “Have you your last receipt for dues?” If he has paid, it and filed it away at home among his papers, he is answered sometimes with, “We cannot examine you. Our rules require that visitors show a receipt for dues.” The Tyler’s oath is of no account. And



so the visitor is sent away without further ceremony. If he happens to have a receipt on his person, he is all right, and receives all the courtesy due him, because, perhaps, they do not fear that he will call on them for relief, and only desires to visit. If he has no receipt, he is not allowed to prove that he is a brother even. One attempted to do so once upon a certain time, and showed the brethren a sign they had sworn to recognize, which they did by rushing him out into the street and giving him a parting kick on the sidewalk.

These instances are rare, however, and we mention the facts more as a caution to the Craft not to become too thoroughly imbued with the unfraternal and unbrotherly spirit of other so called benevolent societies as to adopt their methods, or permit the spirit of rival societies to permeate Masonry. We know a few—very few—brethren who would justify such treatment of visitors, and they are all, without exception, members of other Orders. Recently we heard a good brother, after a slight provocation for the remark, say that Masonry should not permit in his opinion a brother to belong to any other fraternal organization, and if he did, it should be required of him to relinquish it or be expelled, for, added he, they would soon make Masonry a benefit society alone. We know of a few who would change its policy of distributing relief to that of other societies—specific dues and specific relief—no more and no less, whether needed or not. We have paid dues for nearly two score years without pecuniary benefits, and we are happy in having been able to do so, and hope never to be obliged to ask any favor in return. Such is what we understand to be Masonry, and we would not exchange it for all other so-called fraternal societies combined. The relief granted by Masonry should be limited only by the need of the distressed, and the right of visit only by the closing of the Lodge. Every brother has had presented him the working tools of Masonry, and wherever Masons are at work every Mason should have the opportunity to measure the work, try perpendiculars, prove horizontals, and square the same, and if any superfluous parts are shown, knock them off, and finally when placed in position, spread the cement necessary to constitute it one solid mass. This is the duty of every Craftsman, whether visitor or member of a local Lodge, and wherever Ma-

sons are gathered together, and no brother should say, "Nay, you cannot enter."

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### The Salvation Army.

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No phase or form of religious caste has flourished more luxuriantly of late years than the organization known as the Salvation Army. From a tiny beginning it has encompassed the globe. The original band of missionaries in the London slums has aggregated unto itself thousands of recruits in every civilized country. While the ratio of increase is not now so great as it once was, it is still tremendous. In these *fin de siècle* days the Salvationists are becoming more and more persistent. The Army will not be ignored. Its aims are declared to be the highest, its professed object is to do good, and yet it will bear watching. Those who scrutinize the manipulation of its affairs, and those who look more particularly to its discipline, can detect in the Salvation Army that which evolved out of early Christianity, the cruel, tyrannical church of Rome.

While we do not question the honesty or the sincerity of the rank and file, we perceive the arbitrary and excessive authority which is exercised by the general officers. The head of the Salvation Army is an autocrat, a tyrant, who rules, as he believes, by divine right. The Booth family is possessed of altogether too much power. This self constituted oligarchy is jealous of its prerogatives, and despotic in its mode of government. We do not in the least intend to disparage the grand and noble work of the Salvation Army, nor do we try to belittle the great things which the Salvationists have accomplished. But it is no discredit to place the honor where it properly belongs. It is the simple truth to say that nearly all the good the Salvation Army has ever done was achieved through the individual efforts of the brave, faithful and self-sacrificing subordinates who have, like the donor of the widow's mite, done all that they could. It is their work that has won the world's appreciation of the Salvation Army, which the General sanctimoniously ascribes unto himself. It is these unknown and inconspicuous people who have lifted fallen humanity up out of the gutter, and led the thousands which the Army has "saved unto a higher and better life. They collect the vast revenues which the General and his associates disburse with such won-

derful economy; they are hustled about from pillar to post, and their wishes are scarcely if ever consulted. A soldier's pay suffices to eke out a bare subsistence, and while in the Army he or she is subject to more irksome conditions than was the ordinary negro in the old slavery days.

The Founder of Christianity bade his followers be free, but the founder of the Salvation Army would and does impose a yoke of abject servitude. On joining the Salvation Army an American citizen is asked to forfeit entirely his independence. He is not to reason why he must zealously beg and cry Hallelujah! to whatever the Commander says. This is carrying the thing a little too far. And if it is the end and aim of the Army to become a religious machine, it can not be thwarted too quickly. A recrudescence of mediæval despotism is not to be endured in this enlightened age, and especially be supported by Protestants who have ever protested against religious tyranny.

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### Negro Masonry.

Anent the standing of Negro Masonry in the United States, Bro. J. Q. A. Fellows, of Louisiana, one of the best posted Masons in the country, says "that at the time 'African Lodge No. 459' was warranted by the Grand Lodge of England, there was already a Grand Lodge in Massachusetts. That even if African Lodge was regular, it had no right to create Lodges anywhere. Hence the Lodges created by African Lodge were clandestine, as are all Negro Lodges tracing, as they do, their origin from that source."—*Texas Freemason*.

From the records of Massachusetts Masonry it appears that there were several Grand Lodges in that State, previous to March 5, 1792, when the present "Grany Lodge of Massachusetts" was formed by the union of "St. John's Grand Lodge" and "Massachusetts Grand Lodge," but still leaving one recalcitrant white Lodge (St. Andrews of Boston) which did not come under its allegiance until 1807. The charter of African Lodge was issued in 1784, while neither Grand Lodge had *exclusive* jurisdiction, and neither would accept the allegiance of African Lodge. The Grand Lodges of England and Scotland both had Lodges in Massachusetts on their rolls until 1813, besides African Lodge, which did not declare its independence of

England until 1827. Prince Hall, the first Master of African Lodge, established in 1797 a Lodge in Philadelphia and soon after a Lodge in Providence. In 1847 three Lodges formed the Negro National Grand Lodge, which has since met triennially. Over thirty Negro Grand Lodges have been formed since 1847 from authority of this organization. When it is taken into consideration that the doctrine of exclusive jurisdiction is not now everywhere nor was it then *anywhere* recognized as the law of Masonry, and there was many conflicting jurisdictions in the United States, and as there is no dispute about the origin of Masonry among the negro race in this country, candid judgment must be that the present colored organizations are not clandestine, but are as genuine as the white bodies, and that they are only irregular as regards the white bodies, and if the prejudice against color could be overcome, they, like other irregular and contending schismatic bodies, can be healed. The *Texas Freemason* will object, of course. THE TRESTLE BOARD believes in exercising the cardinal principle of justice by Masons as the President did in the issue of the Emancipation Proclamation. If African Lodge had no right to create Lodges, they had no right of self preservation or to make Masons after the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts was established. It was evidently the intention of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts to exterminate Masonry among the negroes, but instead of asserting jurisdiction over the negroes and preferring charges and expelling them, they let them alone to die; and instead of quietly dying it was the cause of a revival of vitality among them. It is a landmark of Masonry to be a quiet and peaceable citizen of the country in which one lives and to conform to the laws. The laws of this country recognize the negro race as men among men, and Masons should do the same as much so with the native as with negroes who visit or sojourn among us from foreign jurisdictions. There are from thirty to forty thousand negro Masons in this country, that when visiting other countries are recognized by Masons of those countries, but who are excluded from the white bodies of their own country. The question to decide among ourselves is, do we in good faith recognize the rights of any race or schismatic body in refusing to reconcile differences and accepting propositions of peace and amity



from those who are engaged in the same great work? There have been Grand Lodges, two, three, or more in the same jurisdiction, and there are rumors of more than one white Grand Lodge in one State now. Is Masonry so strongly entrenched behind the aegis of Justice that it cannot be wrong or listen to the demands of Justice? The negroes do not expect social relations with our families and we believe do not want them, but only Masonic relation, and from a pure desire for equality for those worthy and well qualified.

We quote from a Baltimore paper published by a negro the grounds for their struggle for equality under the civil law. It should apply equally for Masonic equality:

"We do not desire any special legislation in our favor, but we do want all obnoxious laws and restrictions removed from the statute books of this State that have a tendency to stultify our manhood and are barriers to our success in the race of life. We desire to be painted just as we are—wrinkles and all. We wish to be known, seen and judged by the individual and not the race. There are men among us who are capable, judged from any standpoint, of filling any position in the State, from governor down, and we have individuals among us who are not fit for anything at all, hardly fit to live, and surely not fit to die. We do not desire to be judged by that class, but by the class that have aspirations, who are striving after the highest things of life and who are living example of probity and honor. This is the class we demand recognition for and not the criminal classes of our people. There are differences among colored people just as there are differences among white people. White people recognize differences among white people, then why not recognize differences among colored people? Let the white people give the struggling class of our people the benefit of their nature judgment and their assistance and they can be assured that their confidence will not be misplaced."

#### Oakland Consistory.

On Monday evening, September 13th, a dispensation having been granted by Bro. Thomas H. Caswell, 33°, Grand Commander of the Supreme Council, 33° of the Southern Masonic Jurisdiction of the United States, Bro. W. Frank Pierce,

33°, Inspector-General for California, instituted a Consistory of the 32° A. & A. Scottish Rite in Oakland to be known as Oakland Consistory. In this he was assisted by Bros. Wm. S. Moses, G. C., as Prelate; Edwin A. Sherman, 33°, as Prior; Henry A. Cline, 33°, as Preceptor; and Chas. L. J. W. Pierce, 33°, as Master of Ceremonies.

The following officers were installed:

Webb N. Pearce, 32°, Master of Kadosh; George C. Pardee, 32°, Prior; Charles E. Gillett, 33°, Preceptor; Geo. Patterson, 33°, Chancellor; John Williams, 32°, Orator; David W. Standeford, 32°, Hospitalier; Charles F. Burnham, 32°, Registrar; William T. Hamilton, 32°, Treasurer; Zachary T. Gilpin, 32°, Primate; James B. Merritt, 33°, Master of Ceremonies; August L. Ott, 32°, Expert; Albert H. Merritt, 32°, Assistant Expert; Edward H. Morgan, 32°, Standard Bearer; Robert Edgar, 32°, Master of Guard; Leroy D. Fletcher, 33°, Tyler;

The following additional brethren as Charter members assisted in organizing the Consistory:

Alpheus Kendall, 32°; Martin M. Samson, 32°; Eugene T. Thurston, 32°; Martin W. Kales, 33°; Nathan W. Spaulding, 33°; John Nord, 32°; Edgar Hobart, 32°; Frederick L. Krause, 32°; Byron C. Dick, 32°; Isaac R. Alden, 32°; Stephen T. Gage, 32°; and William F. Heckell, 32°.

After the close of the ceremonies, refreshments were served in the banquet hall, and speeches and music concluded the interesting occasion. This makes the third Consistory in California, and more are expected in the not distant future. The Scottish Rite in California is surely on the wave of prosperity as it deserves.

#### Editorial Chips.

The Supreme Council of the 33° for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States of America opened in full form Sunday, September 19, 1897, in Oakland, Cal., at Oakland Consistory, 306 Fourteenth street, and conferred the 33° in full form on Charles August Wagner.

The following composed the officers:

Thomas Hubbard Caswell, 33°, Grand Commander; W. Frank Pierce, 33°, Lieut. Grand Commander; Charles L. Patton, 33°, Grand Prior; William A. Davies, 33°, Grand Chancellor; Martin W. Kales, 33°, Grand Minister of State; Ralph De Clairmont, 33°, Secretary-General; Sam'l W. Levy, 33°, Treasurer-General; Nathan W. Spaulding, 33°, Grand Almoner; Edwin A. Sherman, 33°, Grand Constable; Charles L. J. W. Pierce, 33°, Grand Equerry; Henry A. Cline, 33°, Grand Standard Bearer; George Patterson, 33°, Grand Sword Bearer; James B. Merritt, 33°, Grand Herald; Charles E. Gillett, 33°, Grand Tyler.

This is the second time Oakland has been honored by having the Supreme Council opened in full form; the other occasion was on March 4, 1894, when Bros. Charles L. Patton and Charles L. J. W. Pierce were coronated 33°.

The *Kansas Freemason* denies that it is optional with a initiate to become a member at the time of receiving the third de-

gree in Kansas, and that by virtue of his initiation he becomes a member of that or some other Lodge. If such is the case we have been misinformed. Our contemporary will admit, if such is the fact, that such a Mason is not a *free* Mason, but only an accepted Mason. If the brother is not free to become a member of a Lodge or not as he pleases, then he is not a *free* Mason in a literal sense. When we were made a Mason we were told that it was optional to become a member of a Lodge or not. We accepted membership, but could have declined it if we had felt disposed. We have, therefore, felt as though we were a free Mason in title and fact.

In the city of New Orleans there are English, French, Spanish and German Lodges working in the York and Scottish Rites under the Jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the State of Louisiana.

The eighth annual session of the Grand Chapter O. E. S. of Montana convened in Helena, September 17, 1897. The following are the officers for the ensuing year:

Mrs. Lucy Railsback, Billings, Grand Matron; Robert Vickers, Virginia City, Grand Patron; Mrs. Amelia Hindson, Helena, A. G. M.; S. C. Kenyon, Bozeman, A. G. P.; Mrs. Elva Boardman, Butte, G. Secretary; Mrs. Louise Day, Glendive, G. Treasurer; Mrs. Emily Frizzell, Great Falls, G. Conductress; Mrs. Jennie Bishop, Dillon, G. A. C.; Mrs. Sarah A. Ives, Stevensville, G. Chaplain; S. M. Nye, Livingston, G. Marshal; Mrs. Allie Goddard, Billings, G. Adah; Mrs. Maggie Taylor, Glendive, G. Ruth; Mrs. Rebecca Allison, Philipsburg, G. Esther; Mrs. Ursula Schonfeldt, Kalispell, G. Martha; Mrs. Julie E. Ward, Anaconda, G. Electa; Mrs. Arcelia Smith, White Sulphur Springs, G. Warder; W. D. Smith, Helena, G. Sentinel; Miss Bertha Frank, Helena, G. Grgzzzz:

Governor Lowndes of Maryland recently enjoyed the unusual distinction of being made a Mason at sight in the Masonic Temple at Baltimore. This peculiar prerogative of Grand Master Thomas J. Shryock was exercised upon Governor Lowndes in the presence of Senator Wellington, the Grand Lodge officers and a distinguished gathering of notable brethren.

The statistics of the Lodges in this country compiled from the latest reports show there are 57 Grand Lodges, 12,045 subordinate Lodges and 799,855 Masons in this country, a gain of 17,928 for the year. The largest gain was in New York, 2,301; Illinois follows with 1,782 increase; California gained 717; Arkansas made a loss of 262, and South Carolina 160. The largest Lodge in the country is Minneapolis, No. 19, at Minneapolis, with 823;

Hiram, No. 1, New Haven, Conn., is second, 752 members, and Genesee Falls, No. 507, Rochester, N. Y., is third, 726 members. The average of membership to each Lodge is greatest in the District of Columbia, 198; New York ranks fifth, with 126. In New York there are 93,271 Masons in 740 Lodges.

At the recent great jubilee meeting in London the Grand Master, the Prince of Wales, and all the seven thousand Masons present in Albert Hall were attired in black morning coats, black ties and white gloves. Full dress suits are not worn by Masons in England when participating in day functions.

The Grand Lodge of Indiana has, at all times, contended and held that a Mason in distress is entitled to aid and assistance from the Fraternity, wherever he may be, at the time of his need, and that, as a matter of law, his Lodge is not bound to make any restitution, though it may always do so at its own option.

—*Bro. Henderson, G. M. of Ind.*  
So we might expect of Indiana.

Grand Master Preston of California, in his annual address, said: "The act of cremating the body of a deceased Mason does not suit the Masonic burial. The performances of the ceremonies of our ritual for burial would not be appropriate on such an occasion." And Grand Lodge approved. Nevertheless, deceased Masons are cremated after Masonic services. Masonry is a progressive science, and as is demonstrated by the address delivered before Durant Lodge, No. 268, February 5th, last, by Bro. John Williams, which was printed on our pages in May number. The Craft will adopt cremation to some extent, and, if necessary, the ritual will sometime be adapted to this manner of disposition of the remains of deceased brethren.

Nevada Lodge, No. 13, at Nevada City, California, has been presented with a large crayon portrait of Bro. Ianthus J. Rolfe, one of its most zealous members and zealous Masons in California. It was a surprise to Bro. Rolfe, having been hung on the wall in his absence, and was nicely framed. Bro. Rolfe's good looks would make his portrait an ornament to any Lodge room.



Galt Chapter, O. E. S., was instituted August 9th, at Galt, California.

The 8th triennial session of the General Grand Chapter, O. E. S., of the United States will be held at Washington, D. C., in 1898.

Bro. James Wright Anderson, Past Grand Lecturer, was in the city last Wednesday evening, having come up from his home at Fresno for the express purpose of conferring the 3° on his son in Mission Lodge. He returned to Fresno on the following day. This is the manner in which good men show their estimation of Freemasonry.

The Supreme Council of the 33° of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States will meet in Washington on Monday, October 12th.

Detroit Commandery, K. T., proposes to visit Paris in 1900, and give an exhibition drill that will do honor to the memory of Jaques de Molay, the Grand Master of the Order, who, with about fifty fraters, perished in the flames of the Romish Inquisition on the 18th day of March, 1314.

"Petticoat Masonry" of California has contributed \$10,000 to the Masonic Home in that State, all of which, directly and indirectly, came out of the pockets of our "hubbies."

—*Bro. Bun F. Price, P. G. M. of Tenn.*

A man who has attained the eminence of Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Tennessee should be ashamed of the utterance of such language. He should be returned to the condition in which he found himself when he first began to know something and be obliged to wear petticoats and taught better manners than to ridicule the sex to which his mother belonged, by slurs and innendoes, or detracting from their value in their sphere of life, and taught better manners. Such a man would keep woman enslaved as well as the black man. For shame, Bro. Price.

Carrie A. Thomas of Piedmont, Oakland, California, aged 15 years, died August 23d, and was buried under the direction of Oakland Commandery. Her father died in Vicksburg, Mississippi, twelve

years ago. He was a Mason and Knight Templar. The Vicksburg Lodge authorized the expense of burial.

The Romish Church opposes cremation as anti-Christian, unscientific and unsafe. If anti-Christian, why have they burned so many at the stake? If unscientific, why do scientific men recommend it? If unsafe, it can be so only for a few moments instead of many years. We are suspicious that it will lessen the revenues of their "church," and that is the secret of their opposition.

The Order of Eastern Star now numbers in the United States about 125,000 members. It should number 5,000,000.

A Council of the Knights of the Red Cross of Constantine has been instituted at Los Angeles, to which Master Masons are eligible to membership.

California Lodge, No. 1, held a special meeting on Thursday, September 9, Bro. William G. Brown, W. M., presiding. The first degree was conferred on four candidates. This Lodge is crowded with work, and of course late hours without any refreshment cause the usually full attendance to dwindle down sometimes to a small number before the close. Some salt cod-fish, crackers and cheese with coffee would be acceptable and the weary workmen and Craftsmen would consider such a refection sufficient reward for their labor and waiting to remain till the close. It was for this purpose that the large banquet-room in the Temple was made. We hope to see California Lodge comfortably seated in social intercourse as a body in that fine room, touching toes under the table and listening to speeches from the ablest speakers on the Pacific Coast among its members. THE TRESTLE BOARD has long been puzzled to know why this Lodge has never done any fourth section work. Some of its members appear often at such occasions at other Lodge gatherings and are always welcomed because they acquit themselves with credit as speakers as well as in their aid in disposing of the edibles and viands. They are not of the bashful class in either of the qualifications. It is not because the Lodge is parsimonious, for no Lodge has a more open hand for the cry of distress. The Grand Lodge has yielded its restrictive rule and permits five per cent of gross receipts for refreshments, and it is now no violation of law to serve refreshments. Besides, we feel as a member of that Lodge that we are hardly doing our duty to our brethren of other Lodges in going to their Masonic banquets and partaking of their generous hospitality and never reciprocating their kindness to us. Before we became a member we were free to go wherever and whenever invited. Now as a member we have a home, but we cannot ask our brethren to enjoy any return of favors, for the reason that—we don't know the reason. Will some one tell us?

The Grand Lodge of California will hold its annual communication in San Francisco commencing Tuesday, October 12th, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Verba Buena Lodge of Perfection, No. 1, A. & A. S. R., held a special meeting on Friday evening, September 10, Bro. William J. Smith, V. M., presiding. The fourth degree was conferred on one postulant. This body confers eleven degrees, five in full form and the other by communication. Almost as a necessity it has a separate corps of officers for each degree. The acting Master of the 4th degree at present is Bro. Frank B. Ladd, whose zeal and work is commendable and highly appreciated by the large number that usually attend the Scottish Rite meetings. The new paraphernalia and regalia added through the efforts of Bro. Henry Burner lend much attraction to the effect of the work.

A Lodge of Instruction, under the direction of Bro. William H. Edwards, Grand Lecturer of the Grand Lodge of California, was held on Friday evening, September 10, in King Solomon's Hall, at the Temple. It was principally held to exemplify the changes in the Ritual proposed, and as suggested by Grand Master Preston in his annual address to Grand Lodge.

In the opinion of THE TRESTLE BOARD the world of humanity needs no more religion than is contained in the creed of Masonry. In the complete exercise of the tenets of Masonry the era of the millenium will have come.

Of late we hear many mutterings of discontent and dissatisfaction at the result of ballotings for new members and affiliations. The best men in the community are not spared by the blackball. There is a black sheep in every flock, but you cannot see the color of the blackball fiend in Masonry. There is only one way to circumvent him. Take away the ballot on affiliation and require several blackballs for rejection of candidates for initiation. Better still is the plan of calling the roll and voting viva voce. The latter is manly and Masonic, because hypocrisy and deceit should be unknown among us.

The regulations of the Grand Lodge of California should be changed on the subject of affiliation. If the ballot is not abolished, at least permission should be given to receive and act on applications unaccompanied with a demit, and, if favorable, should not take effect until the demit shall be deposited with the Secretary of the Lodge. This is done in several States now.

Bro. John C. Smith, Venerable Chief of the Veteran Freemason's Ancient Society, invites THE TRESTLE BOARD to meet with the Venerable Brethren at "Smith's Inn," Sibley Road, 65, Chicago, Wednesday, October 27, at early candle light. Mrs. John C. Smith accompanies the invitation with a desire that our dame accompany us to the reception which will continue until low twelve. The invitation suggests the use of a tandem bicycle as a conveyance, but our dame and our self not being familiar with the use of that vehicle, and the great distance

and time to learn its use being rather brief, we shall be obliged to forego the pleasure of being present at that occasion. Bro. Smith and his dame have our thanks for the kind invitation.

Bro. Elmer White, of Columbus, Ohio, made our sanctum a pleasant call last Saturday. He likes California very much and will locate here.

Bro. Bent Olsen, a member of Mt. Moriah Lodge, No. 44, returned from the Klondike on Wednesday, September 15, having been there two years. He is a reticent about the amount of his finds, but has returned to visit his mother in Sweden this winter and will return to the Klondike in the spring, where he still retains interests in mining. He advises no one to go there this fall.

Bro. Albert M. Roehrig, formerly steward of the Marine Hospital at Chelsea, Mass., has recently been ordered to the Marine Hospital in San Francisco. Previous to his departure for this Coast, a surprise party was arranged at the residence of a friend, at which about 75 were present. Bro. Roehrig was presented with a gold watch chain with a diamond set Masonic charm and Mrs. Roehrig with a diamond set gold pin, accompanied with presentation speeches. A collation was served and the evening was passed in a particularly pleasant manner.

Fidelity Lodge, No. 120, held a special meeting on Thursday evening, September 16, Bro. Phillip Jacobovics presiding. The third degree was conferred on one candidate. For the first time in California that we have heard of, the eight classes of emblems which may be found in any of the monitors which have from time to time been adopted as text books and which the Craft in this State have always been recommended to become familiar with, were fully explained, and also illustrated by the stereopticon, an example worthy of all imitation. About one hundred of the Craft were present, and were all satisfied.

THE TRESTLE BOARD mentioned, a few months ago, that in a Lodge in another Jurisdiction, smoking was indulged in in the Lodge room during the work, and even by the workmen while at work. As westward the star of empire takes its way, so has smoking in the Lodge room while at work commenced and become firmly fixed in some of the Lodges of California. During the past week we have noticed this fashion has been introduced into two Lodges that we have visited. It has long been the custom to smoke in the Tyler's room and hall entrances, but until this time we have not seen it in the Lodge room except during recess or while called off. We have long been aware that people on the street had no rights which smokers were bound to respect. And on the street cars it is the same, and in some places of amusement ditto. This nuisance has now reached the Masonic gatherings of all degrees and rites. The next step of aggression will be the churches during service. Many years ago we remember there was a law in the East prohibiting smoking in the streets, and the law was



observed. And there is a legend that in Connecticut once there was a law against spitting tobacco juice in a barnyard. The present condition of the tobacco habit shows a radical change in sentiment as well as callousness with respect to other people's rights. We have hoped that the Lodge room would not be polluted, but are destined to disappointment. We refer our readers to our advertising columns for a positive remedy.

A Lodge of Instruction has been organized by Bro. Wm. H. Edwards, Grand Lecturer, for the purpose of representing the changes in the work to be recommended by the Committee on the Ritual appointed by the Grand Lodge for that purpose at the next annual communication. The workmen have been selected from different Lodges in this city, and a good opportunity will be afforded to witness the proposed corrected work in the three degrees. From what we can learn of the proposed changes we heartily approve them. We hope the Committee will make a thorough revision, which will stand for many years, but as Masonry is a progressive science, and more light is discovered, a perfect Ritual cannot be expected. The essentials of course are preserved.

THE TRESTLE BOARD is in favor of abolishing the ballot on initiation and affiliation in the Eastern Star, and allowing all Master Masons in good standing to be admitted to the Order without any ballot. In illustrating our reasons therefor we would add the following to others we have heretofore presented. A brother suspended from membership for non-payment of dues in a Chapter desires reinstatement, and is ready to pay the delinquent dues, but cannot get a clear ballot. His wife is an officer of another Chapter and he is the Sentinel, although not in standing. Another case is where a Mason in good standing and his daughter applied for the degrees. The father was rejected, while the daughter was accepted by virtue of the good standing of the father in his Lodge. A singular anomaly.

The following telegram has just been received in the office of the Santa Fe route, in this city:

"The first California Limited eastbound will leave Los Angeles Tuesday, October 26th, going through to Chicago in 71 hours and 43 minutes. Immediate connection will be made at Barstow, with sleeper, leaving San Francisco Monday night, October 25th. The train will leave eastbound Tuesdays and Fridays, connecting with trains leaving San Francisco Monday and Thursday afternoon. The train will consist of ten-section double drawing-room palace sleeper, buffet smoker and dining car through to Chicago; also palace sleeper through from California to St. Louis via Kansas City."

The usefulness and prosperity of almost every magazine and newspaper depends upon its advertising patronage. Nowadays the subscription price of the average periodical scarcely pays for the white paper on which the issue is printed, and, like every other well-conducted publication, THE TRESTLE BOARD desires advertisements. We would like to double the present size of the weekly and increase the dimensions of the monthly to one hundred pages. But we cannot

do it unless we receive sufficient advertising. The circulation we already have, and we are proud of it. In every land, in every clime, are Masons to be found, and dispersed around the globe. From Alaska to Australia and Europe to Japan, are many subscribers to THE TRESTLE BOARD. The American Newspaper Directory for 1897 credits THE TRESTLE BOARD with a circulation of 22,951, and these figures prove beyond cavil the superiority of THE TRESTLE BOARD as an advertising medium. So much for quantity, and as for quality THE TRESTLE BOARD being Masonic, and appealing strictly to that class of people, is evidence that it circulates among the very best class of people. It is joyfully welcomed into the most exclusive homes, and its entire contents are read and reread around the family fireside. It is placed on the desk of the capitalist and it lies on the work bench of the mechanic, millionaires number it among their valuable papers and poor toilers in their leisure hours find many articles of interest and value in THE TRESTLE BOARD.

Now that an era of prosperity is again drawing upon our country, we hope to receive additional advertising patronage, not because a majority of the great advertisers are Masons and we have a real or fancied claim upon them on that account, but for the reason that the men who have proved that advertising pays are shrewd, alert, far-sighted business men who know a good medium when they see it. We are not seeking advertising on the ground of Masonic sentiments or association, but when you have anything of interest to say to the public we invite you to make use of the 'columns of THE TRESTLE BOARD because it is a straight-forward, common-sense business proposition to do so.

Business is business; we are in the advertising business, and we want to do business with reputable advertisers.

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### Alaska Correspondence.

FORT GET THERE, ALASKA.

EDITOR OF TRESTLE BOARD: I am instructed to send you an account of a meeting of Master Masons, which was perhaps one of the most remarkable as well as novel, considering the fact that we are thirty-eight hundred miles from civilization.

Brother Edward Earle Keeley of Pentalpha Lodge, No. 202, Los Angeles, Cal., conceived the idea while en route from San Francisco to Dawson City, N. W. T., that it would be a good plan to get all the Masons together, as in our expedition, the Steamer *Humboldt*, there were twenty-six, including K. T., 32d degree, and five Shriners.

Bro. L. B. Shepard, the General Manager of the North American Trading Co., kindly gave the use of his large offices, and a notice was posted in our cook house announcing a meeting for Thursday night, September 9th, and twenty-five Masons attended. Bro. Earle called the meeting to order, and stated the object, and the following officers were duly elected: Judge Danfort Becker, of Metropolitan Lodge, No. 273, New York city, and late of Milwaukee, Wis., was made Chairman or W. M., being a P. M.; and Edward Earle Keeley, of Los Angeles, Secretary; L. L. Metzger, of Sault St. Marie, Michigan, was made First Vice-Chairman or

S. D.; Frank Hertz, of Crookston, Minnesota, Second Vice-Chairman or J. D.; C. M. Robinson, Cincinnati, Ohio, Tyler. Three brothers retired and examined each other and all the others. After business was over, for there was several important affairs, the brethren were at ease, and Brother Shepard surprised us with an elegant repast. On Sunday we assembled and had our photographs taken. It was a novel sight, some being dressed in furs, hides and all sorts of clothes to keep out cold, some used pocket handkerchiefs for aprons, others more fortunate had aprons made of canvas and such material that they could find. Sister Howland, of California, Matron of Eastern Star, soon converting it into aprons.

There were several new arrivals in port, one of which was the Steamer *Merwin*, of Seattle; the other the Steamer *North Fork*, of San Francisco; so a special meeting was called for Sunday night, and on roll call thirty-seven Master Masons were present, representing seventeen States, England, Canada and Sandwich Islands. After business was finished, each member made a short speech and then Bro. Shepard spread an elegant repast. The Humboldt Orchestra rendered sweet music. I enclose you a list of members present:

Danfort Becker, Metropolitan Lodge 23, New York city.  
 Ed. Earle Keely, Pentalpha Lodge, 202, Los Angeles, Cal.  
 L. L. Metzger, Betzel Lodge, 345, Sault St. Marie, Mich.  
 Frank Hertz, Crookston Lodge, 141, Crookston, Minn.  
 C. M. Robinson, Cincinnati Lodge, 118, Cincinnati, O.  
 F. B. West, Mt. Baker Lodge, 36, Mt. Vernon, Wis.  
 R. B. Taylor, Setting Sun Lodge, 314, West Side, Iowa.  
 T. P. Hersberger, Fosston Lodge, 206, Fosston, Minn.  
 John Howland, Yount Lodge 20, Napa, Cal.  
 B. Stumpf, Ancient City Lodge, 452, Albany, N. Y.  
 W. E. Mark, Table Mt. Lodge, 140 Cherokee, Cal.  
 C. B. Jellson, Oakland Lodge, 188, Oakland, Cal.  
 C. G. F. Peterson, Doric Lodge, 216, San Francisco, Cal.  
 Thos. G. Stewart, Dallis Lodge, 395, Easton, Pa.  
 John H. Hall, Newberg Lodge, 309, Newburg, N. Y.  
 A. P. Mordaunt Philotratop Lodge, 107, Lynn, England.  
 Andrew Young, King Solomon Lodge, 250, San Francisco.  
 D. D. Bogart, Missoula Lodge, 13, Missoula, Mont.  
 A. F. Treuschel, Live Oak Lodge, 61, Oakland Cal.  
 Otto Beaverstock, Tomtogany Lodge, 451, Tomtogany, O.  
 W. A. Welsh, Pike Peake Lodge, Colorado Springs, Colo.  
 George A. Allen, Mt. Zion Lodge, 243, New York city.  
 Benjamin S. Brown, Eureka Lodge, 243, New York city.  
 L. J. Reedy, Abel Lodge, 146, Ukiah, Cal.  
 Ben Dill, Nezperca Lodge, 10, Lewiston, Idaho.  
 C. N. Brown, Sommerset Lodge, 34, Norwich, Conn.  
 J. T. Fare, Alameda Lodge, 167, Centerville, Cal.  
 L. C. Hill, Chesapeake Lodge, Chesapeake, Mass. (?)  
 A. S. Holmes, Hannibal Lodge, 188, Hannibal, Mo.  
 H. O. Wright, Stratsford Lodge, Stratsford, Canada.  
 O. S. Osborne, Vincil Lodge, 62, Cameron, Mo.  
 W. S. Lane, Orlando Lodge, 69, Orlando Fla.  
 L. E. Shepard, Hesperia Lodge, 411, Chicago, Ill.  
 Jno. H. Dunne, La Progress del Oceanic, 124, Honolulu, H. I.  
 W. C. Hill, Highland Lodge, 38, Hillsboro, O.  
 Frank A. Jones, Pacific Lodge, 146, San Francisco  
 Samuel C. Melligan, Tacoma Lodge, 72, Tacoma, Wash.  
 EDWARD EARLE KEELEY, Sec'y.

### Minnesota Correspondence.

MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 23, 1897.

Minneapolis Chapter, No. 9, O. E. S., held its regular meeting with a large attendance of members and visitors from eight States, ranging from California to New York. After Chapter had been opened in form, and the usual routine of business transacted, the Chapter was called off, and an interesting program was given that had been arranged by the Entertainment Committee. While our Chapter does no work during the months of July and August, it holds their regular meetings and furnish entertainment to keep up the interest of members and promote sociability.

Sister Louise Lyon Johnson, P. W. G. M., presented our Chapter with a Register at the above date, and all visiting members were invited to register therein. Minneapolis Chapter is in a prospering condition, and is the largest in the State, numbering nearly three hundred. We have seven Chapters in the city of Minneapolis.

All the invited guests were present to enjoy a social afternoon and dainty 5 o'clock tea at the home of Sister Ida M. Samuel, 3128 Sixteenth South avenue Friday afternoon, September 17th. The guests were all members of the Eastern Star, Mrs. Samuel being an active member of that Order and at present Worthy Matron of Minnehaha Chapter. Covers were laid for the following ladies:

Miss Eleanor I. Young, of St. Paul, Grand Secretary; Mrs. Louise Lyon Johnson, Past Grand Matron; Mrs. Louise E. Jacoby, Past Grand Matron; Mrs. Jennie L. Flynn, Past Grand Lecturer; Mrs. Mary J. Ainey, Matron of St. Paul Chapter, St. Paul; Mrs. Louise E. Vondine, Associate Matron of St. Paul Chapter; Mrs. Virginia L. Flint, Past Matron Minneapolis Chapter; Mrs. Mary E. Boyce, Past Matron Harmony Chapter; Mrs. Eugenia Wheeler Goff, Past Matron Minnehaha Chapter.

In the evening the ladies accompanied Mrs. Samuel to the regular meeting of her Chapter, where five candidates were in waiting to receive the degrees. A banquet followed the initiation, and the Grand Matron, Sister Flora Adams Potter, being present at this session of her home Chapter, was first invited to a seat in the East, while other guests entitled to seats in the East numbered twenty-three. Eight Chapters were represented, including one from Wisconsin, Nebraska and Breckenridge, Minn.

The following I clipped from one paper: "One of the attractive features of the Order of the Eastern Star is its social possibilities, a practical demonstration of which was the reception and banquet tendered Broden Lodge, No. 168, A. F. and A. M. by the ladies of St. Paul Chapter, No. 24, O. E. S., on Wednesday evening, September 16th, at the Masonic Hall in St. Paul, to which some Minneapolis members of the Order had been especially invited. The receiving party included Mrs. Mary J. Ainey, Worthy Matron; Frank Vondine, Patron; Mrs. Louise E. Vondine, Associate Matron. Music and literary numbers added to the enjoyment of the formal part of the occasion, after which all adjourned to the banquet room. At the close of the bountiful repast, the following toasts were responded to, F. H. Rebler acting as Toast Master: Wilcom to Broden Lodge, by Mrs. Mary J. Ainey, Matron; response by W. P. Jones, Master; principles of the O. E. S., by Mrs. Louise Lyon Johnson, P. G. M.; the relations existing between the Masonic Fraternity and the Order of the Eastern Star, by Dr. C. H. Griswold, P. G. M., A. F. & A. M.; Good of the Order, Frank Vondine; "The Ladies," Rev. Mr. Louis of Atlantic Congregational church. The Ariel Mandolin Club of Minneapolis furnished the music. V. L. F.

MINNEAPOLIS, Sept. 18, 1897.

Sister Ida M. Samuel gave a delightful luncheon at her home last Friday afternoon to a few of her Eastern Star friends.

In the evening all attended Minnehaha Chapter, of which Sister Samuel is W. M. The Chapter hall was crowded with members of the Order, mainly from the "Twin Cities," but California, Nebraska, Kansas and Wisconsin were



also represented. When the ceremony of courtesy was completed about thirty had been escorted to their seats of honor, and properly saluted. In the kaleidoscopic maze of the marching and countermarching, music, salutations, honors, greetings, etc., of this ceremony, which was conducted by the W. M., with remarkable system and order, your correspondent lost track of several of the participants, but the following twenty-seven were identified:

Louise E. Jacoby, P. G. M., Minneapolis Chapter; Flora A. Potter, G. M., Minnehaha Chapter; Eleanor J. Young, G. S., Constellation Chapter; Louise Lyon Johnson, P. G. M., Minneapolis Chapter; Jennie L. Flynn, P. G. M., Lorraine Chapter; Mary J. Ainey, M., St. Paul Chapter; Ida M. Samuel, M., Minnehaha Chapter; Emma Duley, M., Plymouth Chapter; Virginia L. Flint, P. M., Minneapolis Chapter; Eugenia Wheeler Goff, P. M., Minnehaha Chapter; Mary E. Boyce, P. M., Harmony Chapter; Elizabeth Cox, P. M., Minnehaha Chapter; Emma Schlaener, P. M., Plymouth Chapter; Ellen S. Chipman, P. M., Plymouth Chapter; E. R. Shepard, P., Minneapolis Chapter; E. H. Abbott, P., Minnehaha Chapter; Frank V. in Duvne, P., J. Paul Chapter; E. R. Simmerton, P., Racine Chapter, Wisconsin; W. O. Clark, P. P., Minnehaha Chapter; J. H. Johnson, P. P., Harmony Chapter; Adolph Schlaener, P. P., Minneapolis Chapter; E. R. Stanley, P. P., Harmony Chapter; Edward Martin, P. P., Minnehaha Chapter; A. B. Rand, P. P., Minnehaha Chapter; Louise E. Van Duyn, A. M., St. Paul Chapter; Sister Long, A. M., Minneapolis Chapter; Frances L. Clark, A. M., Minnehaha Chapter.

The work, which is especially beautiful in Minnehaha Chapter, includes the floral presentation as introduced into Minnesota by Sister Louise Lyon Johnson, whose earnest efforts have always been to elevate and ennoble the work of our Order, and whose life exemplifies its highest teachings. Three new members saw the light of our Eastern Star on this occasion. Flowers, music and refreshments supplemented the lessons and intellectual feasts of the evening.

E. W. G.

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### Chips from Other Quarries.

There is a growing disposition among all Grand Bodies of Masonry in this country to be more careful in the granting of petitions for the formation of new Lodges, Chapters, etc. This is certainly wise, as the strength of no organization is increased by adding weak subordinates for constituent bodies. We noticed, a few days ago, in reading the proceedings of one of the Grand Lodges, that a number of the Lodges, small in membership and weak in finances, took from the treasury of the Grand Body more than they paid in. This has necessarily a weakening influence, and requires the healthy Lodges to take care of the unhealthy. There are two things to be considered in the formation of a new Lodge: First, does the locality favor a self-sustaining body; and, second, will the organization of a new body be an injury to the Lodges already working in that neighborhood. The mere convenience of a few zealous brethren should not enter into the calculation, neither should the ambition of some to hold office, or to be considered the "father" of the Lodge in-

fluence the "powers that be" to grant a dispensation. There is no credit in establishing a Lodge or other body that will prove a drain upon the Grand Body. There are entirely too many weaklings among the Lodges of all the Jurisdictions.

—W. J. Duncan.

Brother Duncan, what are Lodges for? Are they for paying dues to Grand Lodge only?

It cannot be doubted that many men go into Masonry simply because they wish to go higher and become Knights Templar or Shriners. Many such men immediately dimitt from Lodge and Chapter as soon as they have accomplished their desire. It is a fact beyond dispute that such men do not make good Templars. Their only worth to the Order is to count one in a parade or at the banquet table. No man should be allowed to enter Masonry when it is apparent that his sole purpose is personal aggrandizement. Look well to the ballot.—*Illinois Freemason.*

Morton Lodge, No. 63, F. and A. M., of Hempstead, Long Island, recently celebrated its centennial anniversary. Two very interesting stories are handed down from the earlier history of the Lodge, one showing the faithful enthusiasm of two brothers in Masonry and the other displaying the faith which a would-be Mason had in the sayings that are as popular today as they were in the beginning of the century. The first incident is that of two brothers who lived on the north side of the island, perhaps twenty miles from Hempstead. They reached the Lodge by what is called "the ride and tie" method. That is, they both started together early in the morning, one riding the single horse on the farm and the other walking. The rider proceeded to a place agreed upon, where he tied the horse, and took up his journey afoot, when the first walker reached the horse he mounted, and after passing his walking brother continued his journey, and tied the horse again at another place of agreement. So the journey was made to the Lodge, and the return on the following morning was the repetition of the scheme. The second story is told of a man named Platt Stratton, living near what is now College Point. Stratton was a candidate for Masonry, and rode into Hempstead on horseback about noon. Having looked after his horse in the barn

he went into the hotel through the kitchen, which was as fashionable a way as the front door at the time. In the kitchen he found an old colored cook standing over a great fire in the large chimney place, across which was a gridiron of very ample proportions. "What's the gridiron for, Aunty?" asked Stratton, to which the old cook replied: "Ise I don't know, marsa, zactly, 'cept that the Masons meet ter day, an dey genly uses it when dey meets." This was enough for Stratton. He returned to the barn, mounted his horse and rode off. Nothing was ever heard of him again by the Lodge, and he doubtless died in the faith that the gridiron was intended for him.—*Royal Craftsman*.

Most Masons believe that it is unMasonic to ask for an office, or to decline one when elected to it. In a Masonic Lodge is the place where the brethren should seek the candidate, and not the candidate, or his supporters, the brethren. Official preferment here should be reserved for, and bestowed upon those who show themselves best qualified and equipped to discharge the duties of the office; upon those who have shown themselves most interested and devoted to Masonry and to the welfare of the Grand Lodge, and not upon those most skilled and qualified in manipulating elections. Electioneering for office in a Masonic body is undignified and unMasonic. It is a menace to the prosperity of any organization or society like ours, and should be scorned and "frowned down" by all true members. When we hear of such a thing as a caucus being held in a room adjacent to this one, it is time for us to pause and inquire, Whence are we drifting?

—*Calvin L. Brown, G. M. of Minn.*

Among other amendments to the Constitution of Grand Lodge of New Zealand, the following was adopted:

"That any conviction in the law courts of the colony be considered as *prima facie* evidence, and shall remove the necessity for summoning the accused person to appear."

This is contrary to Illinois precedents, and we believe it unsound law. We believe it to be straining the law all it will bear to give to the record of a conviction in court so much force in a Masonic trial as shall throw the onus of proof upon the defense. It is certainly going too far to hold that to be conclusive, which is con-

fessedly only *prima facie*, and possibly susceptible of rebuttal. Besides, if this principle is to be established, why should not the converse of the proposition hold good, and forbid the summoning of an accused person to appear whose trial in a law court has resulted in acquittal? It seems to us that in either case the fact may be competent evidence to be taken for what it is worth.—*Joseph Robbins, of Ill.*

At the last annual communication of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, Mr. R. N. Duke, a benevolent gentleman, not a Mason, who was already a benefactor of the Oxford Orphan Asylum, the organized charity for which the North Carolina Craftsmen have made so many sacrifices, offered to give \$5,000 to erect new buildings and improve the old, provided the Masons and people of North Carolina would give a like amount. Owing to some misunderstanding a portion of the \$5,000 pledged and in sight when the Grand Lodge closed proved to be unavailable. Just before the Grand Lodge met this year, Mr. Duke renewed his offer, extending the time through 1896, and proposing to make the sum \$10,000 if the Masons would meet it with a like contribution. The Grand Lodge unanimously decided to accept the last munificent proposition, received pledges on the spot from the Lodges amounting to \$2,000, and provided for a canvass of the State for the remainder. Pending amendments to the by-laws looking to an increase of the per capita dues for the benefit of the asylum, and new propositions to the same end but of less permanent nature were all voted down, thus emphasizing anew the determination manifested in the same way last year, that the asylum should be supported by voluntary contributions.

In the following the Grand Master of Wisconsin is at once his own law-giver and commentator, referring to special dispensations: Of twenty-eight dispensations refused, one was to allow a Lodge to act as escort to a funeral conducted by the order of Odd Fellows; one for a Lodge to attend a funeral conducted by Knights Templar; one for a Lodge to attend Easter service; one to allow use of Lodge room for public reception; one to allow use of Lodge room for Woodman's jubilee; two to receive application, ballot on and confer the Entered Apprentice degree on the



same evening and the candidates in each case to leave the State next day; twenty-one to do away with physical qualification requirements, the defects in each case but two were very slight, but, in direct conformity to the edict passed at the last Grand Lodge, the W. M.'s of the several Lodges were in doubt, and referred the case to the Grand Master, who finds the door closed and answers "No." The W. M.'s of this Jurisdiction have been, are now, and always will be, the best men in the community where the Lodge is located, and competent to judge of the things that are for the best interests of their Lodges and for Freemasonry, and I would recommend that, as heretofore, the responsibility be again placed in their hands to judge of the physical qualifications of applicants for the degrees. The present Grand Master is free to say that he cannot judge of a man's physical condition and diagnose his case one hundred miles away, and that the obligations and requirements of W. M.'s cover the ground for safety just as fully as any that are required of the Grand Master, and finally, do not forget, my brethren, that it is the internal, and not the external qualifications that recommend a man to be made a Mason.

— *W. W. Perry, G. M. of Wisconsin.*

Beautiful, appropriate and impressive are the ceremonials and rites of Masonry. Its sublime degrees are environed with oriental magnificence and conferred with ritualistic splendor. But to the truly initiated the greatest grandeur of the Order is found in the due proportion of all its parts—in the perfect combination of wisdom, strength and beauty shines forth its chiefest glory and most enduring charm. A pure and noble character does not necessarily receive additional dignity with a grandiose designation, nor do high sounding titles make officials more adept in their work. It is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and how often is this step taken by well meaning but vain, glorious individuals who are handicapped with some pompous appellation. The titles of officers in the Lodge, Chapter, Council and Commandery are particularly and strictly Masonic, as much so as the other paraphernalia, and their use for any ulterior purpose cannot be too severely condemned. The unseemly parade of Masonic titles in public is a species of vulgar ostentation, which is neither advantageous nor credit-

able to the Institution, and yet it is becoming altogether too common.

The elect may know Soandso to be exalted, venerable, eminent or thrice illustrious, but to the world at large he is nothing above the ordinary. If he has his faults, and faults may be found even with a Grand Elect Perfect and Sublime Mason, his shortcomings are sure to be magnified many times because of his pretentious title, and Masonry as well as the individual suffers in consequence. Bro. Albert Pike did something toward the elimination of high-sounding titles in Masonry. But more remains to be done. We would begin at the foundation and clear the Institution to its pinnacle of all these superfluities and grandiloquent titles.

It was a very warm day in Jerusalem. The workmen were perspiring beneath the melting rays of the noonday sun, when Solomon going around the building, noticed the thermometer that hung above Hiram, the builder's drawing table, and asked: "What's the matter with your thermometer? It seems to be out of order." Hiram replied: "No, your majesty, it's all right. You observe it's a Masonic thermometer, thirty-three degrees is as high as it can go." Solomon walked thoughtfully away. Shortly afterwards he introduced the ninety sixth degree among the Craft.— *W. J. Duncan.*

Some one has written the following: "It is a mistake to visit a Lodge every night in the week, on the one hand, or never at all, on the other. These extremes meet. If you are a married man, don't forget you have a family; if you are a Mason, don't forget you have a Lodge, if you are a married man. King Solomon said there is a time for everything under the sun. He never did forget the Lodge nor did he forget Mrs. Solomon." It is credited to "Ex," whoever he or she may be, and as that it goes, but it should have been made to read "the Mrs. Solomon," for the Bible credits him with about a thousand. Josephus says also that he had seven hundred sure enough wives and three hundred not so certain. They came from among the Sidonians, Tyrians, Ammonites and Edomites, and, of course, there was a small sprinkling from his own country—say six or seven hundred. The writer says that he "never forgot Mrs. Solomon"—in the aggregate,

remember—nor did he forget his Lodge. This last goes without saying, that is, if he ever really did attend Lodge. Imagine, though, what the poor old brother, “our first Most Excellent Grand Master,” had to stand up to if he “remembered his Lodge” too often, or if he started to go to Lodge and got switched off with “the boys” and lost his latch key; and then when he found it in the starboard side of the forecandle of his overcoat, and finally did get in, to fall over a coal scuttle of tinware placed at the foot of the stairs in the hallway, and hear the seven hundred voices of the assembled Mrs. Solomon echoed by three hundred proxies, making anxious inquiries from the head of the stairs, and suggesting that if he intended to “carry on” that way they had better go visit their mammas for a while. Too much of this doubtless soured our M. W. brother in his old days so that he wrote what he did about women in the twenty-eighth verse of the seventh chapter of Ecclesiastes, always granted, however, that he really did write that book.

There are two features in Masonry that go side by side. First. There is the fraternal feature that enables one to take a companion by the hand and say, “You are my brother”; to do him a favor “without hope of fee or reward”; to ask a favor of him without being humiliated in doing so. Second. There is the field of truth, the wide open door of Masonic knowledge, that invites the aspirant onward and upward to the end of time, with other worlds of truth and knowledge before him still unexplored. These two features of Masonry are every Mason’s privilege, and though the Mason may forfeit his rights to the benefits of fraternal relationship, he may go right on, if he chooses, and add to his stock of Masonic knowledge as long as he lives.—*J. W. Wells, Iowa.*

Those who claim that no Masonic ritual existed before 1717 may be as far out as the scholars who claimed that Moses could not have written the law because letters were not known so early as his day. Moses is vindicated by the finding of manuscripts two thousand years older than the Exodus, and now evidence is accumulating that speculative Lodges conferred the degrees long before 1717, and they could not have existed without rituals. No doubt they varied in different

Lodges, but they probably tried to render the legends of the Craft as literally as possible. It is known that in the Scotch operative Lodges before 1717 the ceremonies were very brief, but in the Lodge at Doneraile Court, where Elizabeth St. Leger was made a Mason five or six years before 1717, there was unquestionably a ritual of the Fellowcraft degree to which she was admitted, and this ritual was the prototype of that afterwards adopted by the “Ancients,” and now practiced in Pennsylvania. So the Lodge at Warrington, in which Elias Ashmole was made in 1641, and that at Chester, of which Randle Holme was a member in 1688, and the Lodge of the Masons’ company in London in 1636, must have been speculative Lodges and must have had rituals. We may yet hope to have a pre-1717 ritual turn up among the rubbish.

The cipher crime of Michigan, and a few other States, is generally condemned by the Grand Lodges of the world. The charge that Scottish Rite Masonry, and especially Bro. Pike, is responsible for the introduction of ciphers and rituals, is a childish one, and unworthy of any Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons. Suppose the Scottish Rite Bodies have printed ciphers and rituals, why should that cause a Grand Lodge of Freemasons to sin? If the Scottish Rite Bodies print the ritual of the Blue degrees (!) then the fact that they have waived the so-called right to work these degrees in their Lodges of Perfection, should not allow them to escape the punishment they deserve at the hands of Grand Lodges. The Tyler hopes to see the Grand Lodges that have transgressed in issuing printed ciphers and rituals repent, and do their first work over again, then will the joys of salvation be restored unto them, and transgressors taught the ways of the Lord.—*Tyler.*

That the practice of giving the sign at the altar has been in vogue for years is substantiated in a personal letter from one of the patriarchs in Masonry, Josiah H. Drummond. He says: “This method of balloting was practiced in my Lodge in 1848, and when it was proposed to carry the box about the hall, there was quite a discussion as to the lawfulness of the change. The reason given in those days was that the brother in casting his ballot should be forcibly impressed with the im-



portance of what he was doing, and should perform the duty with a full sense of his obligation and protect the Craft against the admission of unworthy men and to vote unbiased by personal feelings."

—*Orient.*

A year or so ago a person joined, in Montana, what he supposed was a Masonic Lodge. It was chartered by the Colored Grand Lodge of Missouri. He now desires to petition for membership in this State. The Worshipful Master of the Lodge which he sought to join wrote me as follows: "He joined the Lodge in Montana under the supposition that it was all right, and did not know that it was chartered by the Colored Grand Lodge of Missouri. He is a good citizen, and desires to renounce the Montana membership, and become a regular Mason. Can we receive his petition? Is he required to pay full fees? Are we compelled to confer the degree in full?" To these questions I answered: "You may receive his petition for the degrees the same as you would receive one from any profane. He is not a Mason to us, and we cannot recognize him as such, nor as having any Masonic rights whatever. He must be initiated, passed and raised on the usual and regular way."

—*Bro. C. L. Brown, G. M., of Minn.*

Good for you, M. W. brother. That's the way to talk it. Let's make our Masons regular, or not at all. But, hold, what will THE TRESTLE BOARD say about this? If there is one thing it likes better than another it is the Negro. That is, we are led to believe so from its constant advocacy of his cause.—*Bro. Bun F. Price.*

Lexington, Ky., has a theological school in which some of the students have provoked a great deal of criticism by attending the theater and publishing in their college paper the following racy description of the kind of girls they want for wives:

"The buxom, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, bouncing lass, who can darn a stocking, mend trousers, make her own frock, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pig, chop wood, milk cows, wrestle with the boys, and be a lady withal in company is just the sort of a girl for me, or for any worthy man to marry. But you, ye pining, moping, lolling, screwed-up, wasp-waisted, putty-faced, consumptive-mortgaged, music murdering daugh-

ters of fashion and idleness, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is with a family of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you need more of liberty and less of the fashionable restraints, more kitchen and less parlor, more leg exercise and less sofa, more pudding and less piano, more frankness and less mock-modesty, more breakfast and less bustle. Loosen yourself a little, enjoy more liberty and less restraint by fashion, breathe the pure atmosphere of freedom, and become something as lovely and as beautiful as the God of nature designed.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The commissioners of St. Joseph county, Indiana, lately invited the Masons to lay the corner-stone of a new court house at South Bend. When the Masons were all ready to perform the ceremony, a protest from the Roman Catholics knocked the Masons silly, and the commissioners revoked their invitation. The Roman Catholics declared "the practice is unwarrantable, it is offensive, it is un-American. It ought to be stopped." And it was at South Bend. It is surprising how far ahead of the father of this country in Americanism the Jesuits have got. George Washington, acting as Grand Master of Masons, a little more than one hundred years ago, laid the corner-stone of the national capitol. My! What an unwarrantable, offensive, un-American act for Washington to be guilty of.—*Tyler.*

An amusing incident once occurred in a Pittsburgh court, in which the use of the technical language of Masonry occasioned a misunderstanding.

A gentleman who had changed his residence from Xenia, Ohio, to Pittsburgh, was summoned to the witness stand to testify to a certain matter in dispute. It behooved the counsel for defense, lawyer-like, to discredit his testimony as much as possible. Among other inquiries, the attorney asked him where he was raised. He replied, in Hartford, Conn. At this, the defendant whispered a hurried sentence in the lawyer's ear, which caused that gentleman to bristle up, look sternly in the face of the witness, and asked "Do you say on your oath, sir, on your oath, remember, sir, that you were raised in Connecticut?" "Yes, I do." "Of what age were you when you left there, sir?" "About thirty or thirty-one."

The witness was here ordered to stand aside, and a subpoena hastily issued for a certain man, a friend of the defendant, who, being sworn, testified that he had often heard the latter declare he was raised in Xenia, Ohio. Here was a question of veracity. The plaintiff's counsel stood aghast. The jury waked up, to a man, and commenced listening. The defendant's attorney prayed for a bench warrant against the individual whose mendacity had become so painfully evident, and a plain case of perjury was beautifully ripening, when a hint from the gentleman himself, through the plaintiff's attorney, set all right again. To the merriment of the whole crowd, and none more than the judge, it was explained that, *Masonically* speaking, Mr. Rosel was raised in Ohio, but so far as the slight matters of birth, youth and education went, Connecticut might safely claim the *raising*.

—*The Keystone.*

Recently two fallen women at Waco, Texas, a mother and a daughter, were induced to abandon their lives of shame, and return to the life of purity they had abandoned. They were welcomed to a Christian home near by until they could gather strength to face the world that was frowning upon them. Professed Christians said the women could not stay there; that they or the family that gave them protection should leave the neighborhood, and an embryo mob assembled to carry out the threat. The man who so readily gave these unfortunate women a place in his house bravely stood his ground until police protection was invoked. The *Texas Baptist*, speaking of the affair, says:

"This incident furnishes a text from which each of the five thousand preachers on our list should preach a sermon. The notion is abroad that there is no such thing as a fallen man. Men who are putrid with licentiousness and whose liasons are counted by the dozens are received into 'good society,' and are respected by men and fawned upon by women. They 'lead the german' and cut a high figure in all the *recherché* doings in the social world. No finger of scorn is ever pointed at them. They have *entrée* into fashionable homes, and their names are an open sesame to business success and social distinction. There are other men who are not so utterly vile as these, and yet who count it an achievement to rob some trustful woman

of her good name and her virtue. All down the line men sin, and their sin is condoned by both sexes and all classes. In a man it is only 'sowing his wild oats,' while in a woman it is a hopeless, damning life of shame. An impure man, as the world goes, does not really much need to reform, but a woman who has made one false step is consigned to disgrace unspeakable and a social ostracism more terrific than the terrors of Dante's hell."

"Ten million dollars is lying unused in a single Denver bank." So says a Denver paper. 'Tis unfortunate that there should be idle men and idle money, each only needing the co-operation of the other. The circumstance illustrates that the increase in the production of gold is no assurance of an increase of money in circulation, or of money at all, for that matter. The mining of gold is simply the production of a commodity, just the same as the production of anything else. It will continue just as long as there is a market for it; and, whether it will go into the arts, in watch cases, chains and gold-bowed eyeglasses, or into gold dollars and pounds sterling, will depend entirely upon the demand for those things. Money gets into circulation through the demands of business; not through the production of gold. It is the revival of business that will set money in circulation, not the minting of money that will create this business prosperity.—*Mining and Scientific Press.*

When we were made a Mason we were instructed that when we should visit a Lodge which we did not know to be regular, we must ask to see the Charter, and if it were not forthcoming, to retire at once. We were told by Masons, who had been steadfast during Morgan times, that the care taken to give this instruction was in consequence of the fact that, during those times, in some localities, in order to ridicule Masonry, "Jack Masons" and profanes would get together and open a Lodge, and burlesque the work; and if they could succeed in getting a real Mason to visit them, it was regarded as a "big thing"; of course they had no Charter, and if the visitor asked to see it, their true character was at once exposed. Now we are of those who hold that it is not possible to legislate for every case that may arise, and, therefore, that as it is possible that history may repeat itself, we most earnest-



y object to the doctrine that a visiting brother may not ask to see the Charter without being deemed a crank, or desirous of showing his smartness; and especially against laying down in these times, as permanent law, propositions that may not be applicable in other times and under other circumstances.—*J. H. Drummond.*

When a man contemplates joining the Order of Freemasons, he should ask himself some pertinent questions in regard to the step he is about to take, before sending his petition to the Lodge. Let him ask himself, why do I seek admission to this ancient and honorable Fraternity? Am I actuated by selfish motives? Is it pecuniary benefit I am looking for? Is it curiosity to know the great mystery that prompts me to this action? Or, do I desire to become more fraternal with my fellowman? To know myself better? To seek light and knowledge of the here and hereafter? To the man who seeks membership in our Order for pecuniary gain, we desire to say, Go elsewhere. Masonry is not a beneficiary institution, and promises a man nothing in the form of pecuniary benefits. Masonry is a charitable institution, and provides for the widow and the orphan, and other destitute persons in a silent and unostentatious manner. But there is no fund in Masonry set aside to reward those who pay their dues. So we say to those who expect to become members of our Order, do not hope for pecuniary reward at the hands of Freemasonry. It is designed for other purposes. To those curious to know the mysteries of Freemasonry, and who are actuated to become members by no higher motive, we say, do not send your petition to a Lodge; you are sure to be disappointed. The mysteries of Freemasonry are not for the idle and curious. The ceremonies of Freemasonry are very simple, grand and beautiful to the philosophic mind, but very commonplace to the mind actuated only by curiosity to know their form without their spirit. Unless you desire to study and understand and practice in your daily life a magnificent and perfect system of moral philosophy, do not become a Freemason. If you desire to become more fraternal with your fellows, if you wish to know yourself better, if you desire to become a better man than you are at present, if you would understand the nature of your fellowman, and help to

advance all God's rational creatures to a higher plane, if you desire light and knowledge for their own sake, if you would comprehend the great problem of human life in the here and hereafter, if you are ready to consecrate yourself to right living, to the cause of humanity and to the honor of God, then become a Freemason.

—*The Pacific Mason.*

A gentleman advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves before him. Out of the whole number he selected one, and dismissed the rest. "I should like to know," said a friend, "on what grounds you selected that boy without a single recommendation?" "You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he has a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful; gave up his seat to that old lame man, showing that he was thoughtful; he took off his hat when he came in, answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing that he was polite and gentlemanly; he picked up a book which I had purposely laid on the floor, and replaced it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it or shoved it aside; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing or crowding. When I talked to him I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk, and when he wrote his name I noticed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet like that handsome little fellow in the blue jacket. Don't you call these things letters of recommendation? I do; and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes than all the letters of recommendation he can give me."—*Scientific American.*

When the Provincial Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, which afterwards became the present Grand Lodge of that State, was organized, William Allen and his associates were refused recognition, as Masons, by it, precisely as if they were never Masons at all. The Provincial Grand Lodge, organized by Allen and Franklin twelve or fifteen years before the other, under a warrant from the Grand Lodge of England, was driven out of existence by it. The members of the obedience of that body were refused recognition by it, and many were remade under its authority, precisely

as if they were profanes. Indeed, so far as can now be discovered, neither William Allen nor Benjamin Franklin were ever recognized as Masons, during their lives, by the dominant Provincial Grand Lodge while it existed, or the Grand Lodge which succeeded it. It has remained for that Grand Lodge, in the present generation, to repudiate practically its action in its early days, and do justice to the memory of these eminent men and Masons, by publishing their portraits, and endeavoring (but in vain) to make them the progenitors of the Grand Lodge.—*J. H. Drummond.*

We know a man and a Mason who applied for affiliation, and was rejected; he is a gentleman of the highest standing in his community. He was shut out years ago. He is still out, while the blackball fiend is suffered to go marching on.

—*The Freemason and Fez.*

And so it will ever be until the little "tack-headed" brother learns the sanctity of the ballot, and quits making it a machine to "get even" and thereby vent his private spleen. We also know several good men and true who are now doing penance, as it were, to the great satisfaction of those who, under cover, have done what they would not dare to do in the light. Hard, indeed, must be their conscience.—*Ex.*

Cyrus Bulwinkle is a man of good intention and the possessor of a heart about the size of a load of hay, but recently he fell into the habit of swearing.

Not that he thought it smart to swear, or that he was prone to lose his temper, but, somehow, he got to interjecting wicked oaths into ordinary conversation with a recklessness that tended to frighten people—especially ladies—who were not used to his way.

Mrs. Bulwinkle worried over it a great deal. She remonstrated with her husband, and begged that he be more careful.

"Pshaw!" Mr. Bulwinkle would reply at such times, "what's the use of being so — fussy. My swearing doesn't amount to anything. It's all from the surface—merely a habit, you know. I guess it's because the boy in the office swears so like —."

Seeing that it was impossible to stop him by any ordinary means, the lady resolved to apply heroic treatment.

So, a few evenings ago, when Mr. Bulwinkle came down from the office, he took a look at the lawn, and then bounded up the front steps to the porch, where his wife was awaiting him.

"Henrietta," he exclaimed, "why don't you have the man mow our grass and fix up the yard. It looks like —."

"Oh, I don't care a — how it looks!" she calmly replied.

Mr. Bulwinkle stopped as if he had been shot. He turned pale and looked at his wife in amazement. For a moment he thought his ears must have deceived him. Then he noticed a slight twinkle in her eyes, and going up to her and putting an arm around her, he said:

All right, dear, I'll quit.

And he did. He swears no more.

—  
"Jim Kelly, a well-known prospector, came to Grand Forks, B. C., after an absence in the mountains of six weeks.

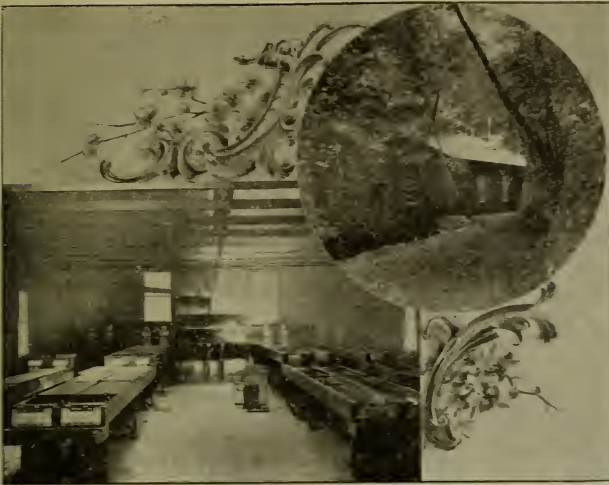
"On arriving in town he staked out his horse, and betook himself to the Cosmos hotel, and proceeded to sample all kinds of liquor, prolonging his spree until Sunday afternoon.

"All day Friday, during Friday night and until late Saturday afternoon the horse waited, whinnying when any one approached, but refusing any attempt to feed him. About sunset Saturday, his master not returning, the horse strained at his picket rope till he finally succeeded in pulling the picket pin, and, trailing the rope behind him, he trotted up to the Cosmos, keeping up a prolonged whinny. He walked up the steps to the porch, and peered anxiously through the windows in search of his master. For fifteen or twenty minutes he walked up and down the porch, whinnying as though in pain. Then, after a long look into the window, he left the porch, and, with head hanging near the ground, he deliberately walked into a stream of water about three feet deep, lay down on his side and buried his head under the water.

"The act was witnessed by me and by a number of others who were attracted by the horse's whinnying and strange conduct. We followed him down to the creek. There is no doubt he deliberately committed suicide. When Kelly came off his spree on Sunday and learned of the horse's death he secured assistance, and buried the faithful animal."

Rum did it.





Flowing through the picturesque country penetrated by the San Francisco and North Pacific railroad are some 300 streams, and out of their aggregate length of 6,000 miles, there is at least 3,000 miles of water, which affords excellent fishing. To prevent these brooks and creeks and rivers from ever being "fished out" the genial and public-spirited President of the railroad caused from 250,000 to 500,000 young trout to be distributed in the streams aforementioned every year for the past four years. This practice gave so much satisfaction that even greater things were resolved upon. To more abundantly stock the crystal lakes and purling streams of Marin, Sonoma, Lake and Mendocino counties, a magnificent fish hatchery has been erected in the Gibson Canyon, near Ukiah. Scientifically considered, the location is an exceedingly favorable one, and the hatchery is as nearly perfect as can be in the arrangement of all its details. Its capacity is—well, we don't know how many millions, and it is expected that the output for the present season will be over two millions. The new hatchery can not be called a money-making enterprise—in reality it is a munificent gift to the public. The young fry are not placed in "preserved" streams, but in creeks and rivers that are open to everybody. The benefits of an increased amount of travel during the fishing season are the only returns that the railroad company will ever derive from the investment.

Since its completion the new hatchery has become an object of great curiosity to tourists and others. In Ukiah especially a vast degree of interest was manifested—every one wanted to go and see it. So it came about that a good driveway was built from the city to Gibson's canyon, and the breeding ponds are kept continually open to public inspection.

Aside from the hatchery, apart from the knowledge of natural history to be gained by studying fish in every stage of growth, from the embryo to the fully developed trout, Gibson's canyon is an interesting place to visit. Who can forget its weird and mystic combinations of light and shade, or the solemn rugged grandeur of its scenery?

Since quaint old Izaak Walton wrote his celebrated treatise on the "gentle art," angling has lost none of its popularity. What bliss it

is to escape from the crowded city, to flee for a brief time from business cares to sequester one's self in the cool woods, and wander, rod in hand, beside the rippling streams. The drinking in of the exhilarating wine of the mountain air, and the feasting of the eyes on nature's beauty, are associated with the capture of the gamey trout, and in luring the finny tribe out of the sparkling pools strength is regained and restored health as well as a full basket is the reward of the fisherman.

With the two million young trout which the San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company propose to turn loose in the streams along the line of their railroad this year, there is many a good day's sport to be had.

That portion of California will become the Mecca of fishermen.

Bro. A. W. Foster, the efficient head of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railway, is an honored member of Oriental Lodge, No. 144, F. & A. M., California Chapter, No. 5, R. A. M., and California Commandery, No. 1, K. T. We publish this information for those members of the Craft, and their name is Legion, who are devoted manipulators of the rod and reel, that they may know whom to thank for erecting the hatchery and stocking the streams.

A man that is married to woman is of many days and full of trouble. In the morning he draws his salary and in the evening it is all gone. It goes, but he knows not where. He spendeth shekels in the purchase of fine linen to cover the bosoms of his family, yet he is seen at the gates of the city with but one suspender. He goes forth as an ox and draweth the chariot of his offspring. He ariseth in chilly garments of night and seeketh the somnambulant paregoric which healeth the colicky stomach of his offspring. Yes, he is altogether wretched and full of misery. Wide is the way and broad is the road that leadeth to the gate of matrimony and many there be that go in thereat.—*Ex.*

The Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Texas gives some items not usually found in the returns of Lodges: Of the 33,389 Masons in the Jurisdiction, including 3,067 non-affiliates reported, 889 use profane language, 71 are gamblers and 419 drink to intoxication. For obvious reasons none are returned as being unsound in the faith. The jurisprudence of Texas does not tolerate the presence in the fraternity of any who are not religiously orthodox.—*Bro. Joseph Robbins, of Ill.*

### Premiums for 1898.

Any person subscribing for THE TRESTLE BOARD and paying \$1 direct to this office shall receive the numbers for the balance of the year 1897 free from additional charge.

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### Literary Notes.

We have received printed copies of the proceedings of the following Grand Bodies for which the Secretaries have our thanks: Grand Lodges of Maine, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba; Grand Chapters R. A. M. of Washington, North Dakota, Rhode Island; Grand Commandery K. T. of Maine; Grand Chapter O. E. S. of North Dakota, Vermont, Massachusetts, Indian Territory; Report on Correspondence of Montana.

Fifty Years of Masonry in California, Part IV, from the press of George Spaulding & Co., is on our table. Chapter V includes the history of the M. W. Grand Lodge of California from its

organization, from April 19, 1850, to April, 1897, with a beautiful engraving of the Masonic Temple in San Francisco, portraits of the officers of the first annual communication, Alexander G. Abell, Charles L. Patton, John Mills Browne, Charles Nelson Fox, with sketches of the lives of these and some others of the founders and builders of Masonry in California. The letter press is well kept up, and is a credit to the publishers.

Templar Hand Book for California, being the Tactics and Monitor for Knights of the Order of the Temple, containing the drill regulations necessary for work and parade; also Constitution and Statutes of the Grand Encampment, the Statutes and Regulations of the Grand Commandery, the general forms prescribed by law, ceremonies of the Order, description of uniforms, insignia, crosses, standards and banners, notes on escorts, guards, camps, conclaves, parades, honors, correspondence, orders, reports, books, book-keeping, instructions for all ceremonies of the Councils, Commanderies and Priors, by Frank Wm. Sumner, Past Grand Commander. This work is in 8 vo. form, flexible, leather covers, neatly printed by Geo. Spaulding & Co., with copious illustrations and index, 856 pages, and is authorized by the Grand Commandery of California. It is the most complete work for the use of Knights of the Red Cross, Knights Templar and of the Order of Malta that has been printed. The author is well known in military and fraternal semi-military organizations to excel as a disciplinarian and instructor, and as he has been several years engaged in the production of this volume, which is not the first of his efforts in this line, we have no doubt from the cursory examination we have made that it will fully supply the need which has existed in this great body. Much contained therein is of value wherever the Order exists, but is of especial value to the Knights Templar of California. The price is \$2 per copy, and is for sale at J. M. Litchfield & Co's., Masonic Temple, San Francisco.

CAUTION.—It is no longer safe to remit greenbacks by mail. Within a few months we have had sixteen complaints to make to the P. O. Department for non-receipt of remittances. Our subscribers and agents will hereafter remit with money orders or checks payable to order of the Manager. Until within eight months we have had no complaint. There is some thief or thieves in the P. O. D.

### Deaths.

At Guaymas, Mexico, August 6th, Philip Hortop, a member of Yuba Lodge, No. 39, at Marysville, Cal., aged about 50 years. His remains were buried at Guaymas.

In San Francisco, September, 19th, J. Aaron Joseph, a native of Sacramento, a member of Concord Lodge, No. 117, of Sacramento, aged 41 years, 10 months. His funeral was attended by California Lodge, No. 1.

In El Paso, Texas, June 23d, George Bush Stevenson, a native of Woodford county, Ky.; a member of Vacaville Lodge, No. 134, Vacaville, Cal., aged 67 years.

At Whidby Island, Wash., September 15th, Alfred A. Plummer, Past Grand Master of Grand Lodge of Washington, aged 41 years.

In San Francisco, September 23d, Arthur S. Lovelace, a native of Missouri, a member of Excelsior Lodge, No. 166, aged 41 years, 5 months, 18 days.

In San Francisco, October 1st, Edward P. Cole, a native of Williamsburg, Va., a member of Oriental Lodge, No. 144, and California Commandery, No. 2, aged 45 years, 11 months.



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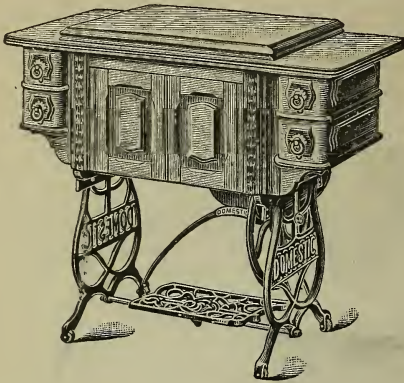
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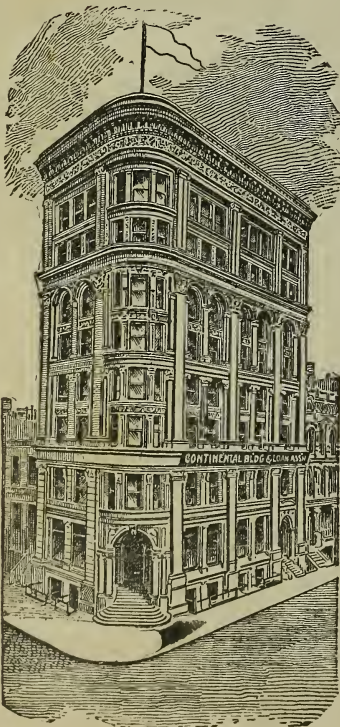
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*Subscribed Capital* - \$5,303,400 00  
*Paid in Capital* - 562,919.34  
*Monthly Income, over* - 30,000.00

GROWTH FOR THE YEAR 1897.

Assets June 30th, 1897 . . . . . \$562 919 34  
 Assets June 30th, 1896 . . . . . 324,522 07  
 Increase 73 per cent, or . . . \$238,397 27

Subscribed capital June 30, 1897, \$5,303,400 00  
 Subscribed capital June 30, 1896, 2,393,100 00  
 Increase 122 per cent, or . . \$2,910,300 00

Homes built for members during year, 106.

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**WILLIAM CORBIN,**

Secretary and General Manager.

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