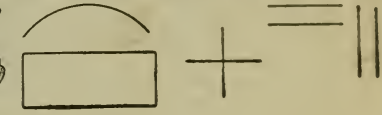




THE TRESTLE BOARD



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THE
TRESTLE BOARD.

A MONTHLY MASONIC AND FAMILY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII.

JANUARY, 1898.

No. 1.

Plumb and Square.

[*Altered from Rob Morris.*]

If every one were good and true in this broad world of ours,
And no one evil would pursue amid our Eden bowers;
If every word were full of love and every deed were kind;
Each brother seek for a brother's good and aid with heart and mind—
Then Masons might forsake their Lodge and drop their emblems there,
And cease in their intercourse with each to use the Plumb and Square.

If from without and from within there were no lurking foes,
No orphans in this cruel world, no widows in their woes,
No destitute upon life's road, no wearied ones seeking rest,
No saddened hearts, no wounded limbs; if mankind were always blest—
Then Masons might forsake their Lodge, the Tyler throw open the door,
No lectures be given, degrees conferred, no Lodge be opened more.

If every one would honor give to Him who built the skies,
And give their hearts and service to Him, the good and wise,
This world would then be one Grand Lodge like unto that above
And our Sovereign would pronounce this world a heaven of Love;
Then the gavel might be thrown aside, the Tyler throw open the door,
No lecture be given, degree conferred or Lodge be opened more.

If all our members would but be true to all the vows they have made,
And daily practice those grand truths in Masonry displayed,
And on the altar of their lives, at morning, noon and night,
Send up a perfume of good deeds in their devotion to the right—

Then our gavel might be thrown aside, the Tyler throw open the door,
No lecture be given, degree conferred or Lodge be opened more.

But until this shall be there is work to do in every place and time,
There is work for me, there is work for you, to make some life sublime.
God's great design is before us—some one that work must do;
The Master calls, the harvest is ripe, but the laborers are few.
Then, brothers, we must not forsake the Lodge or drop our emblems there,
Or cease in intercourse with each to use the Plumb, Level and Square.

—*E. S. Niccols, in Sprig of Acacia.*

That Little Flag.

BY J. A. WATROUS.

I was a young Lieutenant on General Joe Hooker's staff in 1862, when General Pope began his retreat from Cedar Mountain, Virginia," said Captain Dick Charles.

"You may remember," he continued, "that Hooker's men had a hot fight August 26th, at Bristow Station, with a division of Stonewall Jackson's corps.

"The morning after the battle I was directed to ride over the field to see if all of the wounded had been found and removed to the temporary hospitals. While passing a brush heap I heard that very common battle-field cry:

"'Water! water! For God's sake, a drink of water.'

"Dismounting I held my canteen to the Confederate's mouth. He quickly emptied it. He had been shot in the head and through the body, and could not see.

“Thank you, sah, thank you. Please do me another kindness.”

“Say what you wish, and it shall be done.”

“This little flag, which I have worn over my heart, is the gift of a lady, my intended. I wish you would take the little flag to her in case I die. Her address is stitched in one corner.”

“It was a small Confederate flag of the finest silk. The dying man was a Lieutenant of Company B, Tenth Virginia Infantry. He had mistaken me for a Confederate. Can I comply with his request—the request of a soldier whose hours are numbered? These are questions I answered by saying: ‘I will do as you wish.’ An hour later his wounds were dressed; he had learned that he was in the Union lines, and I was not a Confederate.

“‘Please give me your name,’ said the dying Confederate, as I complied and clasped his cold hand in farewell.

“I asked the surgeon if there was any hope.

“‘No; he’ll be dead before morning.’

“Strange thoughts came to me as I journeyed after the command, bearing a Confederate flag, under pledge to place it in the hands of the Virginia girl who made it for a lover who had spent a year fighting against my flag and my country. Permission would not be granted to go through the lines to place the flag in her possession. It would not do to try to run the picket. What if I were caught? The little flag would be found. Then what? Why, the Yankee Lieutenant would be called a rebel spy, and nothing could save his neck from stretching. Then came the thought of satisfaction on the pinched face of the wounded Confederate when I promised to comply with his request. That led me to decide. ‘No matter what the consequences, I shall keep the promise.’

“Until after the battle of Antietam I had but little time to think of anything but the work in hand.

“Among the prisoners captured by Hooker’s troops at the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, was the Captain of Company B, Tenth Virginia Infantry. One of my duties was to mingle with the prisoners and pick up such items as might be of value to the General. I lost no time in seeking out Captain Calvert, of the Tenth Virginia. After introducing myself and indulging in a few com-

monplace remarks, the following conversation occurred:

“‘Captain, what became of Lieutenant Gerald of your company?’

“‘Did you know Gerald, sah?’

“‘I met him once.’

“‘Poor Gerald was killed at Bristow.’

“‘Are you sure?’

“‘Certainly, sah. He was shot through the body and in the head. The order came to retreat just as he was struck down. Some of my men laid him on a brush-heap in the shade of a jack pine. He was breathing his last when they left him.’

“The Captain was greatly astonished when I told him about Gerald, but warmly thanked me for courtesies and kindnesses extended to his brave Lieutenant. ‘What Lodge do you belong to, Captain?’ Calvert had seen the modest square and compass my mother gave me upon my elevation to the degree of Master Mason.

“‘Binghampton, New York.’

“‘Lieutenant Gerald and myself belong to Salem, Virginia.’

“After that, as strange as it may seem, I was proud of my possession of that little flag; glad that it had been my lot to make the closing hours of a brother, a brave man—a soldier whose battles were over—smoother than they otherwise might have been.

“Half an hour after my interview with the Confederate Captain, a colored servant, with a canteen filled with something to take off the December chill and a basket containing hardtack, cooked beef, condensed milk, ground coffee and a tin cup, asked the guard to call Captain Calvert. The Captain responded, when the runaway slave asked:

“‘Is you Capt’n Calvert?’

“‘That’s my name, uncle. What do you want?’

“‘I don’t want nothin’, Massa Capt’n, but I reckon you does. Massa Capt’n Charles dun tole me to fotch you dis yer canteen er hot stuff and dis basket er vittels.’

“I can just see how the farms and farm-houses we passed on the way from Emmetsburg to Gettysburg appeared that sultry morning of July 1, 1863: I can see the groves, the lanes, stacks of grain, the anxious faces of the farmers and their families. I can see the Emmetsburg pike leading into Gettysburg—the road over which our First Corps passed—as plainly

as if it were only an hour ago that our troops pushed out to help Buford check Ewell. When General Meade succeeded General Hooker in command of the Army of the Potomac, I returned to my company. Our corps was the first infantry troops to get into the fight at Gettysburg. After General John F. Reynolds was killed, and our division had been forced back, my command was near a western regiment when its Lieutenant Colonel ordered a charge across a field to a railroad cut filled with Mississippians. Our Major called upon us to join in the charge. Not a man faltered. Wisconsin and New York started for that railroad cut with a cheer. Our poor boys fell in great numbers. When within three or four rods of our destination a bullet hissed through my leg six inches above the knee. Two hours later I was a prisoner. All prisoners who could possibly march left the next morning for the South.

"Our band of limping, halting, growling unfortunates reached the Potomac river the night of July 6th, and crossed over into Virginia before morning.

"The night after we crossed the river I crept past the guards to a Negro cabin, and was free. Uncle Rastus and Aunt Mandy treated me most kindly. I remained there until dark the next night. The old colored man traveled with me most of the night, and showed me the road leading to our lines. I felt a choking sensation as he started on his shuffling homeward journey. My own father and mother could not have been kinder to me than that old colored couple.

"It was a lonely time I had by the roadside, in the brush, after waking from a delicious sleep. Twenty miles more would bring me to freedom. I had not gone a mile when a bullet whizzed close to my head, and a harsh voice said: 'Surrender, Yank. Colonel Mosby wants you all.'

"I was taken to Mosby. Seeing that I was suffering from the wound he gave me a horse for that night's march. About noon the next day I was deathly sick. Mosby ordered me placed in one of the two tote wagons accompanying the detachment. It was a killing ride. About five o'clock we halted in a village.

"'This is Salem, Yank,' said a soldier who had been asked for information. At that moment Colonel Mosby rode up. 'Colonel, did you know Lieutenant Ger-

ald, of the Tenth Virginia, who went from this place?'

"'Very well, sah.'

"'I met him at Bristow Station. He sent a message by me to a young lady in this village.'

"'What's the lady's name?'

"'Munson—Miss Allie Munson.'

"'I know her family. They live only a few rods from here.'

"'Will you be good enough to ask Miss Allie Munson to come to me. I am unable to sit up, much less walk.'

"'Sergeant Gray, tell Miss Munson a Yankee prisoner has a message for her,' said the guerrilla chieftain.

"A few minutes later a young lady of comely appearance stood at the side of the wagon, curiously, timidly gazing at me.

"'Are you Miss Allie Munson?' I asked.

"'I am her sister.'

"'I wish to speak to her. Can I?'

"'I fear not. She has been an invalid for almost a year.'

"'Could I meet her by going to the house?'

"'I think so. I will see.' At which she hastened to the house.

"It was decided to take me to the Munson mansion. Her venerable father returned with the sister and aided Sergeant Gray in conveying me thither.

"'You have a message for my daughter, they tell me,' said Mr. Munson.

"'Yes, sir. I saw Lieutenant Gerald the morning after he was wounded. He asked me to see your daughter and give her a message. This is my first opportunity to comply with his request.'

"'Poor Gerald—did he die in your presence?'

"'No, sir. I am not sure that he is dead.'

"'Oh, yes, he died in the hospital two days after the battle.'

"My chair was drawn into the parlor, where Miss Allie reclined in a rocker.

"'Allie, this is Captain Charles, who saw Mr. Gerald after the battle.'

"The poor girl was brave, but when I took from an inside pocket the little flag and handed it to her, she gave way and cried like a heart-broken child.

"I was more dead than alive, and paid little heed to the incident. My head swayed from side to side. I remember saying, 'I'm falling; help me,' and then it was very dark.

"When I returned to consciousness I heard and beheld what had not been expected.

" 'Run for Dr. Parsons, Mary,' was Mr. Munson's order.

" 'Carry him to the spare room; he is a very sick man,' was Mrs. Munson's direction.

"A kindly appearing old gentleman felt my pulse, and sagely remarked: 'Yes, he is a sick man, a very sick man. It is a case of typhoid fever. You had better have him sent to an army hospital.'

"I heard the soft voice of the invalid ask, 'Where is the nearest hospital, doctor, and is it a good one?'

" 'It is twenty miles from here, and as good as army hospitals usually are.'

" 'Do you think, doctor, that it is safe for him to travel so far?' again in the invalid's pathetic voice.

" 'There would be much danger attending such a journey.'

" 'Ask father, mother and Mary to come here,' said the invalid.

" 'What is it, my dear?' asked the mother.

" 'I don't think we ought to let them take Captain Charles to the hospital.'

" 'There, there, my brave little girl, that is all settled. Mother, Mary and I have held a conference, and decided to do as well for Captain Charles as he did for poor Gerald.'

" 'Dear souls, they did not know that I heard their plans, and that my gratitude was showing itself in eyes filled with tears.'

"Half an hour later Colonel Mosby, the doctor and the hospitable old Virginian stood at my bedside. Mosby wanted the doctor to say how sick I was. 'Dangerously,' was the reply. 'I have grave doubts of his recovery.'

" 'Well, Mr. Munson, as you seem anxious to care for this Yankee, I will leave him with you.'

"I don't know how long after that it was I heard Mr. Munson and the doctor speaking in low tones, my host holding my vest in one hand and pointing to the modest little Masonic emblem.

" 'I know he is,' I heard the old Virginian say. 'I detected his emblem and pointed to mine when I took him by the hand. After the family gets tired with watching over and nursing him, I will ask that one of the members of the Lodge come each night to aid in caring for him.'

" 'You are right. If we believe in the

teachings of the Order we will not allow this man, sick unto death, away from home, in the hands of the enemy, as it were, to linger and die without proper care,' said the old doctor.

"I saw that both men were willing to accept me as a Mason. A rap at the door sounded. It opened and I heard a cheery 'Come in, Major—come in. Glad to see you.'

"When the new comer spoke I recognized the voice of Captain Calvert, the prisoner I had met at Fredericksburg.

" 'I met Mosby, and he told me you had a Yankee Captain who said he had seen Lieutenant Gerald, of my company. What's his name? Where is he?'

" 'Charles—Captain Charles. He's in that room, asleep.'

"I heard the Major tip toeing into the room, holding a candle so that he could look into my face. I was too weary and sick to speak to him, but could hear him talking to the other gentlemen when he left the room.

" 'That's the man. I met him at Fredericksburg. He told me about looking after Gerald at Bristow, and he also did me a favor. He's a Yank, I know, but a white one. He's a Mason, also—belongs to a Lodge in Binghampton, New York. Take good care of him. Tell the Lodge about him, and that he was good to Gerald and myself. Mr. Munson, let me share the expense of caring for this sick man while he is with you. I may try to kill him before the war is ended, but now is the time for us to be good to him. When he awakens tell him Major Calvert called. My leave is for only two days. I can't call again.'

"I wanted to thank the Major, but could not. I seemed to be in a troubled dream; did not know when the next day came, nor the next and the next.

"One morning I awoke suddenly. It seemed to me that I had had a disturbed sleep. My eyes seemed to be larger than usual. I tried several times to raise my hand; when it moved a little it seemed like a lump of lead; it was so white and thin I thought it was not my hand. By the side of the bed, in a rocker, sat an old man, a stranger, asleep. While I was looking at the silent stranger a woman came into the room and softly approached. When she saw my open eyes she threw up her hands and quickly disappeared. I

heard voices in hurried conversation. A sweet, soft voice said: 'Send for Dr. Parsons right away.' Not long afterwards an old man took my hand, looked sharply into my face, and then prepared a dose of some sort, and poured it down my throat. He smiled and said, 'He will pull through.'

" 'The doctor wants you to take a swallow of this broth, Captain.' The gentle-voiced angel did not wait for my consent, but pried open my mouth and emptied a spoonful into it.

" 'Who am I? Where am I? What am I doing here?' These were some of the questions which forced themselves upon me. While I was trying to solve these problems a soft hand passed over my forehead, and I was asked, 'Are you better, Captain?' I stared at the questioner, but could not answer. What did she mean? 'Are you better, Captain?' Over and over again these words waved across my poor, weakened mind. 'Captain?' Who is a Captain? Does she mean me? Am I a Captain? Why, yes, I was a soldier—a private, a lieutenant and a captain; then I was so weary that I slept—slept until the sun was throwing rays across my bed. I dreamed of mountains of food that I could almost but not quite reach. Upon awakening I thought of my capture by Ewell's men at Gettysburg; of the hard march to Virginia and my recapture; of giving out and begging to be left to die by the roadside; of the arrival at Salem; of the little flag; of Allie Munson—of being very sick at her home two or three nights before. Why, I'm Captain Charles; I've been a prisoner and sick. What long nights these two or three have been!

" 'You are getting well, captain.' It was the old man who had come with the doctor. Then I recalled the talk about the Lodge members, that they would be asked to watch with me; watch with me as I had watched with other sick brothers at my Binghamton home. I made an effort to speak. At first it was a failure, but when I heard my voice as the one word 'b-e-t-t-e-r' was spoken I felt as though I had found a new world. I wanted to keep on talking, but the good old gentleman shook his head and warned me to keep quiet, and to encourage me in keeping still, promised to have some breakfast brought in. I felt like an empty storehouse that needed refilling; like an unloaded musket.

"Two young women brought the breakfast. I knew them—Allie and Mary Munson. Both spoke and expressed great pleasure at my improved condition. They gave me only two or three swallows of weak broth. I looked my disappointment and disgust; they laughed.

"When I was alone I practiced talking. It was hard, wearisome work, but I made some headway. I practiced on several questions to be asked the next time any one should come into the room. The opportunity was soon offered. My first question was: 'How long have I been here?' The second, 'Have I been delirious, and if so, how long?'

"There was a look of pity and surprise as I asked the questions. It was Miss Allie, now in good health, with rosy cheeks and a clear, sweet voice, who answered.

" 'Captain, you came here the latter part of the second week of July.'

" 'Yes, I know that. It was yesterday, was it not?'

" 'Yesterday! You went to bed a dangerously sick man two months ago. This is the 15th of September.'

"Three or four days later the sisters sat by my bed and told of the raging fever, the skill required in treating my wound to prevent amputation; they told of my talking about poor Gerald, of the Masons and the kindly old members of Salem Lodge, and so on to the end of a long chapter.

"For weeks, they told me, I lingered between life and death. Dr. Parsons predicted my death from hour to hour. The Masonic Lodge of Salem sent a member each night to sit by my bed and give such care as I needed. At all hours of the day and night members of the family watched over me.

"As these kindnesses were mentioned I found my voice trembling and my eyes filling with tears. The little Confederate flag had thrown me among friends whose care and watching had, without doubt, saved my life.

"A week later I sought and found an opportunity to talk with Miss Allie while the other members of the family were absent. I told her many things about Gerald I could not tell her the day I was carried to her home. I told her of his undying love for her; of his last words—'be sure to carry my message and the little flag to Miss Munson.'

"I had watched the little lady as I spoke

for signs of breaking down, but, on the contrary, as I progressed, I discovered that she was smiling through tears. Finally she stopped me, abruptly, and asked if I had not seen Captain Gerald during my sickness. My astonishment and pleasure were so great at this question that I could hardly speak.

"Mr. Gerald was taken to Richmond, and fell into the hands of people who gave him the best of care. The ball which went through his body struck no vital part, and the one which you thought blinded him, destroyed the sight of only one eye. A month ago we received a visit from him and from my Captain. Being a member of Salem Lodge, he was one of the watchers and sat here by your side, cooled your fevered brow, gave you medicine and looked after your comfort as tenderly as though he were your own brother—as though both were Confederates."

"A month later I was able to walk about. Two weeks afterwards, through the kindness of Major Calvert and Captain Gerald, I was duly exchanged and a detail from the Tenth Virginia conducted me, under flag of truce, to the Union lines.

"I need not describe my parting with the Munson family and the members of Salem Lodge. I look back upon that occasion as one mingled with sadness and happiness in a most strange way. The evening before I left, twenty-three old men, including Mr. Munson and Dr. Parsons, visited me in a body and warmly congratulated me upon returning health and strength. They were members of Salem Lodge. Their good-bye and hand-shake I can hear and feel to this day. Enemies of my country they then were, but hospitable Virginians, my brothers.

"I was not able to return to my regiment until the spring of 1864, when Grant's great campaign began in the Wilderness. The second day I was again wounded and sent to Washington. That finished my career as a soldier. There is little more to the story.

"Within six months after the war ended I had returned to Salem for a prolonged visit with the Munsons. Early in 1866 there was a double wedding. Allie Munson became Mrs. Captain Gerald and Mary Mrs. Captain Charles. The young fellows who met at Bristow are grandfathers now, and their Virginia wives are as proud of their soldier husbands as they were at Salem, a life-time ago."

Duty.

I hold that love to man is love to God,
And love to God is love to man;
The path of duty diligently trod
Helps carry out God's wondrous plan.

Two travelers, one wintry day, far north,
In comfort wrapt in skins of bear,
Unmindful of the howling blast sent forth,
By reindeer drawn, all free from care,

Espied a form half hidden in the snow.
In haste one to his rescue went,
And worked away till both were all aglow,
Not caring for himself, but all intent

On being "neighbor" to the one in need;
The other sat for fear of cold,
Secure he thought, nor helped in the good deed;
But icy frosts his face and limbs enfold.

By one the two were saved, and thus 'tis plain
That selfish ones are not most blest;
For what seemed first but loss at last was gain,
But great to him with love possessed.

Who for my sake his life would lose shall gain
Ten-fold the measure; shall be filled
Of him who saved, may be in tears and pain,
And for man's good his field has tilled.

—G. W. Worthen, Willow Glen, Cal.

A True Story.

December 19, 1892, the meeting-house at K— was crowded to the very doors—an unusual occurrence, for, as a rule, the worthy minister preached his thirdly and fourthly to rows of vacant pews and a handful of honest adherents who came as a matter of stern duty, bringing with them such members of the younger generation as could be found between breakfast and church-time.

On this 19th of December, however, the church was crowded for, out of curiosity or interest, the entire village had turned out to hear the Rev. Jonathan Tilson, a missionary from the north, who was there at the earnest request of their pastor, the Rev. Jacob Small, to impress on the minds of the assembled crowd that there were places, more inaccessible and scattered than K—, where the people of the congregation were ever in their places in the meeting-house on the Sabbath in spite of storm or cold, though some of them were obliged to travel many miles in consequence.

Forgetting the exact object of his discourse, the worthy man became excited and enthusiastic as he graphically described his log-cabin church and his devoted people. He told how Cragan and his family had worked hard for over a

year in order to buy a horse and cart to take them to meeting, and how the poor crippled widow Smith was actually carried to meeting every Sabbath by her two strong sons over a mile of rough road, and many other anecdotes of bravery and devotion. Noting the effect of his eloquence on the people before him, the worthy man suddenly conceived the idea of taking up a collection for his poor, hard-working flock, confident that the feeling he had aroused would be manifest in the offerings received.

The announcement that a special collection would be taken up to assist his struggling mission was heard with great surprise. Such a thing had never occurred in K—. A special collection! The weekly tribute of five or six dollars was expected and usually received, but this was a new departure, and the astonished congregation looked at one another in mute surprise. Deacon Miles cast a hurried glance at Deacon Stillwell to see how he looked after the surprising demand, and caught Deacon Stillwell staring blankly at him. They would not look each other squarely in the face, for, much to the disedification of the little flock, these high lights of the church were at daggers' points after a long and tried friendship. A younger generation was partly to blame for the estrangement, for Bessie Stillwell was engaged to young Miles till her paternal relative, suddenly discovering that old Miles was a miser, forbade the young people to meet. Why old Miles was a miser remained a mystery. The old man had been considered generous by the villagers, but, after a meeting of the church officers to decide about buying a new Bible for the meeting-house, Deacon Stillwell returned home in a most unpleasant frame of mind, and forbade Bess to speak to the son of that "contemptible old skin-flint, Miles." Many were the tears, and many the secret meetings, but the determined parent still forbade young Miles the house, and the old men passed each other on the street without a word or sign, and then turned, when a safe distance apart, to catch each other in the act.

Directly behind the Stillwells sat old Miss Kent, as she was usually termed—an aged spinster who had quarreled with her pretty young sister-in-law and left her house because the latter had persistently refused to contribute a dollar toward a Sunday-school picnic in which Miss Kent

was interested, and had gone to town the next day to purchase a bonnet, for which she paid two dollars and a half. The bonnet was the last straw. Miss Kent had choked down her indignation when her sister-in-law refused the dollar, but the bonnet was too much. Such an insult could not be easily overlooked, and Miss Kent had there and then taken her departure, to live with a distant relative at the further end of the village. She was usually half clothed and always half fed, but with heroic fortitude the worthy woman braved the sufferings of the flesh; better let the inner man endure the pangs of cold and hunger than suffer the mind and heart to become a chaos of worldly vanity and foolish pride. The old woman's face was pinched and stern from her self-imposed punishment, but, with conscious pride and self-righteous satisfaction, she sat upright in her pew, her head tilted a trifle upward. When the announcement of a special collection was made, however, she turned to look at her young sister-in-law, confident that the thought of giving, except for personal adornment, would be sufficient to cause her immediate departure from the meeting-house; but, much to her surprise, the little woman kept her seat, and Miss Kent saw a tiny purse in her hand.

"That e'er miserable bunnet is ruther becummin'," murmured the old lady, as she gazed at her sister-in-law's fair young face, framed with its halo of light curly hair; "perhaps 'tis natural to like sech things, when one is young and goin'."

Then her thoughts were suddenly diverted, for young Dean Hoppe, basket in hand, was going around to take up the collection. A little hum of surprise and confusion was just audible, as he went slowly down the aisle from right to left.

The Miles pew was directly opposite the Stillwells; so, after passing his basket to the Miles family, Dean crossed to the Stillwell pew. As the basket passed before his eyes, the deacon gave a start and his hand shook; he pinched himself to make sure he was alive, and then fell back and gasped, for right in the center of a pile of small coins was a large, shining gold piece. The deacon could not be sure whether it was a ten or a twenty-dollar piece, but it was large and bright at all events, and most attractive. If a gold piece, Deacon Miles must have given it. What generosity! It must have been Miles, he reasoned, for the piece was on

top of the other coins, and the basket had come directly from the Miles pew to him. Deacon Stillwell's face was flushed with shame and mortification when he thought of his friend's generosity. He was more than half convinced that his friend had given so largely, not so much to vindicate himself of meanness, as to cause a renewed friendship between his son and Bessie.

While Deacon Stillwell was turning these things in his mind, the basket passed to several pews, including the Kents', and finally reached the maiden sister. With a start she recognized the same gold piece, and, like a flash, she thought of Mary Jane and the purse she had seen in her hand. It needed but a moment's thought to convince her that the generous contribution had come from her sister-in-law, who wished to prove her zeal for good works and a willingness to do without new bonnets for a score of years. Miss Kent's heart was beating wildly. How wicked and uncharitable she had been, and what a noble, unselfish way Mary Jane had taken to prove her innocence and sincerity! Miss Kent was so agitated that she entirely forgot to stand for the doxology, and it was not until the people were leaving the church that the good woman realized anything. Then, seizing her time-worn Bible, she joined the crowd, and was among the first to hurry from the meeting-house and stand on the little green triangle outside. Her face was radiant, and her step more elastic than it had been in years.

The crowd gradually pushed out of the narrow door, and Mary Jane with them. She was smiling and happy, with the objectionable blue feathers on her bonnet waving in the air. Bonnet or no bonnet, Miss Kent's arms went around her neck, and she drew the young woman to one side of the road.

"O Mary Jane," she gasped, "I'm so sorry we quarreled; 'twas all my fault; I see it now. You are a dear, good, genero's little thing, that you be"—and Miss Kent gave her such a squeeze that the poor woman was frightened, and vague ideas of lunacy and murder chased through her mind.

"I understand it all now," Miss Kent went on in a milder tone, "and you'll forgive me—won't you, Mary Jane?"

¶¶The younger woman was protesting that she had nothing to forgive, and was more than willing to take her sister-in-law

back to live with her, when the loud voice of Deacon Stillwell resounded in their ears.

"Forgive me, brother," he was saying; "I have been hasty and rude, I guess, but your generosity of to-day has put me to shame. Tell young Miles he can have my Bessie when he likes, with my blessing."

"Glad you've come to your senses at last," returned his friend, warmly grasping his hand; "it was hard on the children."

"It was that; yes—yes—" Stillwell responded cordially, "an' I'm an old fool. Come, let's go to the house and have a warm dinner, and bring young Miles. Such a genero's donation! Ye really gave more than enough, and I know you will be blessed."

Deacon Miles seemed rather frightened at the other's vehemence, but, seeing that he was bent on a reconciliation, he made no objection, and the old men went down the road together, Deacon Stillwell still wondering at his friend's strange transformation and his mysterious words about a donation. Deacon Miles might be going mad, but in that case it was clearly his duty to see him home in safety; so, with apparent friendliness, they went slowly down the road toward the Stillwell farm.

Miss Kent turned to look at the old men as they disappeared around a bend in the road, and a puzzled expression came into her wrinkled face; but the die was cast, and, grasping Mary Jane firmly by the arm, she went back to her old home. How nice and cozy everything looked! It was warm, and the smell of hot molasses cake filled the kitchen. Miss Kent sank down into an old-fashioned rocker and began to cry. She thought of Deacon Stillwell's strange words about a donation, she looked at the dear, familiar kitchen, and the combination was too much. Mary Jane had a new table, some silver-plated forks and a bright new clock—all new since her departure six months before; and she was almost convinced that the pretty calico aprons hanging on a peg were new also. She didn't ask Mary Jane; the world could not have tempted her, lest her inquiry should be taken for criticism; but she was quite convinced that the articles were new, and the more she thought, the less she could see how Mary Jane could buy such a number of new things, and still give so largely to charity.

While she was thinking over the problem, her brother John came in for dinner. He looked at her, and then at Mary Jane in surprise. Nothing but a funeral, Miss Kent had said firmly, would tempt her to enter that abode of worldliness again, but there she sat, her feet up against the stove, in evident enjoyment of its warmth. Being a man of unusual tact and judgment, Mr. Kent made no comment, but greeted his sister as though he had seen her the day before and expected to see her the next. His behavior put Miss Kent fairly at her ease, but after dinner she made some excuse, and hurried off to see Deacon Stillwell. She would not go to live at Mary Jane's till she was sure about that gold piece, and the deacon's strange words had set her to thinking.

As she neared the village, two dark objects attracted her attention, and, going nearer, she saw young Miles and Bessie Stillwell seated on the steps of the schoolhouse in earnest conversation. Evidently they were not afraid of being seen together.

"Strange—very strange," murmured Miss Kent as she passed; "wonder if Deacon Stillwell knows? Guess he don't, or Bess would catch it."

To reach the Stillwell farm she was obliged to pass by the meeting house, and, as she came within sight of the little edifice, she saw the deacon's buggy hitched to a post, and the old man himself not far off.

The deacon had never entertained much admiration for Miss Kent, but, there being no road of escape, he came forward to wish her the time of day.

"Wall, you is jest the man I want see, deacon," she said, hurriedly. "Did you see that gold piece this e'er mornin'? Now you think it was Deacon Miles who gave that e'er gold piece, but I say it was my sister-in-law, Mary Jane. What do you say—hey?"

"Wall, I sus the deacon guv it, an' his son is goin' to marry my Bess."

"How do you know the deacon guv it?" she questioned.

"How do I know it? Why, he wants young Miles to have my Bess, that's why, an' he's tired of bein' a miser too, I reckon."

"Do you, indeed?" screamed Miss Kent; "wall, I knows better, an' I say Mary Jane guv that e'er gold piece cus I said she didn't care for the poor and the church,

but only for frippery and sech like; she wanted to show me she'd changed, that's why,"

"Is that why I seen you a huggin' her this mornin' after meetin'?" he asked. "You women is queer critters."

"Can't I hug my own sister-in-law?" she snapped back. "It weren't for the money 'tall—'twas for her; but she guv it, I know." A bright idea struck Miss Kent.

"Let's go to the parson's house," she said, "an' ask the missionary his self. He may know who guv it."

The suggestion was acted upon, and the old people hurried up the parsonage pathway like boy and girl. It was a matter of life and death to them, as, breathless with excitement, they tried to explain to the missionary, each trying to out-talk the other.

The divine was utterly bewildered. "Gold piece!" he exclaimed, when he was able to see through their conflicting accounts, "we received no gold piece, for the entire collection amounted to exactly nine dollars and twenty-seven cents."

"Impossible!" they said in one breath; "we seen it—a bright, shining gold piece."

The good man tried to explain to no use; they had seen it; there was no mistake about that; so, in utter despair, the poor man opened a small bag of coins, and emptied the contents on the table before them.

"Ah, here it is!" screamed Miss Kent in delight, taking up a large, bright coin; "I knowed it when I seen it; look here parson."

Deacon Stillwell was equally excited and anxious, but the Rev. Jonathan was convulsed with laughter. Miss Kent, with the coin tightly clenched in her hand, was the picture of injured dignity, while the deacon was fairly white with anger. As soon as he could control himself enough to speak, the missionary turned to a table drawer and took out a number of similar coins.

"These are bright, new Canadian pennies, my friends," he said, as calmly as he could; "they are what we used in the province, and the one you refer to was my little son's contribution this morning. I am sorry to have caused you so much trouble."

It was evident that the amused missionary was trying with all his might to keep from laughing. With a few words of

thanks hurriedly spoken, the old people left the scene of their mortification, and hardly had the door closed when the chagrined couple heard peal after peal of hearty laughter from within. Without a word they walked down the road toward the village.

"Look a here, Miss Kent," said Deacon Stillwell, at length, "we're both in a bad fix, I guess, but we can't help it. If we tell this, we'll be laughed at for two old fools—hey? I'll go to hum an' see to the weddin', and you—wall, you'd jest better go straight to Mary Jane's an' stay there."

They did.

— o —

How to Make the World Bright.

How bright and fair the world might be
 Were men more often known
 To try to mend—not others' faults—
 But, better far, their own;
 Did we but try mankind to teach
 A nobler, better way,
 Not merely by a formal speech,
 But actions day by day.

How bright and fair this life might be,
 No more a troubled dream,
 If men would live for what they are,
 And not for what they seem;
 Did we but garner less of wealth,
 Which leads so oft astray,
 And more of mind and soul delights,
 That cannot pass away.

How bright and fair this world might be,
 What marvels 'twould unfold,
 If men would do one-half for love
 That now they do for gold?
 If we to truer, simpler ways
 Were only more inclined,
 We then should learn life's choicest gifts
 Are health and peace of mind.

— o —

A Story of the Sea.

I had not been married a great while, and was as happy as it was possible to be, along with my Mary in our snug little home. But the time of parting had come. I was captain of a schooner, and she was to sail that night.

It was my last evening at home, and I was a bit down in the mouth. We were sitting together in our little parlor; the fire was burning brightly, the little white kitten was rolled up like a big snowball on the hearth rug. The curtains were drawn, and everything was snug and ship-shape as could be.

The only things I did not like seeing were my coat and comforter hanging over the back of a chair warming for me, and

the bright tears in Mary's eyes. I did not like going, I can tell you. But what was to be, was; the time had come, so I got up and put my coat on, and Mary she tied the comforter round my neck.

Poor child, how she did fumble with it! But, then, she could not see for tears; and—I am not ashamed to own it neither—I felt as if I had an apple in my throat.

"God bless you, my dear," I said, as I took her in my arms, "and keep you safe till I'm back."

"Oh, Bob, you'll want more taking care of than I will."

"Well, dear, He's able and kind enough to take care of the two of us."

"Yes, I know that, Bob; but it's hard parting."

And my poor wife burst out crying worse than ever.

I knew it was no good staying longer; the parting had to come, and the sooner it was over the better. I gave her one long kiss and turned to the door, when, just at that moment, the little white kitten awoke and stretched itself, and a notion came into my head all in a moment that I would take it with me. I picked it up, and buttoning it inside my coat, I hurried away from the house and down to the wharf. Often and often I have wondered what could have put into my head the idea of taking the kitten, and the only conclusion I can come to is that it was Providence; and, boys, I believe you will agree with me when you have heard my story.

We set sail that night, and the kitten very soon made herself quite at home in my cabin. I was glad I had brought her with me, for seeing her curled up before the stove gave the place a homelike air.

Things went well with us, and the voyage promised to be a prosperous one.

We reached our destination in safety, discharged our cargo, shipped a return one, and were nearing the New England coast when the weather suddenly changed for the worse, and we saw clearly that we should have some knocking about before we were safely berthed in Boston harbor.

The wind rose gradually but surely, till it was blowing great guns, and to make matters worse, the cold became intense, as blinding showers of sleet and snow swept past us.

For two days we ran before the storm close reefed, but the straining and buffeting the vessel had undergone at length told upon her, and she sprang a leak.

We were now off the coast of Maine, and I made up my mind to try and get into Portland.

All hands were working the pumps, but, work as we would, we found the water gaining, and, in my own mind, I very much doubted any of us ever setting foot on dry land again.

Night was coming on when the ship became unmanageable. A tremendous sea had smashed the rudder, and we were tossed about like a feather, but ever slowly drifting on to the rock-bound coast.

Ah, boys, it was a night the like of which I had never been out in before, and, I hope, I never may be again. The sea swept clean over us.

The ship was doomed, I saw that, and we couldn't let the people on land know, for the water had got to the powder and blue lights.

It was just about midnight, as well as we could judge, when the vessel struck with a crash that knocked us all off our legs, and a big sea, dashing over us at the same moment, washed away three of our crew.

It now became a battle between the vessel and the sea. Our only chance was that she would hold together until morning, and that we might be seen from the shore and picked off by some life-saving crew. There was nothing for us to do but to wait.

What a night it was! None of us would go below, for if the ship were washed off the rock she would founder at once, and take down with her all who were below deck.

When I say none of us went below, I made a mistake. I did, at a great risk; I went to get the little white kitten. When I entered my cabin, there I saw her curled up fast asleep on my bunk.

I was determined she should not be lost if I could help it, and, as on the evening I left home, I buttoned her up inside my coat, next to my breast, and again made my way on deck.

There were only three of us left—myself, the cook and a sailor. The cook and I made ourselves fast to the mast as well as we could, and we shouted to the other man to come to us.

Poor fellow! He was doing his best to come, when a sea came, and we saw him no more.

I don't know, boys, that I can describe our sufferings all through that night.

We were wet to the skin, and the cold seemed to go through us like knives. I tried to keep the kitten warm, but it was wretched enough, poor little thing, and kept on mewling, and every time I heard it my thoughts flew over the raging waves to my own snug home, where some one, I knew, was praying for me, and the thought gave me courage.

Day dawned at length, and I was able to see my companion's face. He hadn't spoken for some time, and I was almost afraid he was dead, but I then found it was the sleep produced by the cold.

He was only kept up by the rope with which he had fastened himself to the mast, and, as the light became stronger, I found the knot had given a bit, and it did not seem safe.

I could not rouse him, and, at last, the knot gave way, he rolled on the deck, and a wave dashing over us that moment carried him away, and his sufferings were ended.

I and the kitten were all alone now, the only two living things out of those who had been so full of life and hope but a few days before.

No one can tell the feeling of thankfulness and joy with which I soon after saw a life-boat nearing me; but by the time I was safe in her I was pretty well at my last gasp.

For three or four days after I got on shore I was in bed, helpless; but the kind people who took care of me took care of my kitten as well. She recovered quicker than I did, and as I lay there I used to watch her playing about the floor.

On my way home a thought came into my head, and I planned a surprise for Mary. I had, of course, got the people who had taken care of me to let her know that I was safe, but she didn't know the exact time I should be home.

It was quite dark when I arrived at the cottage with the kitten inside my coat. I opened the door quietly, and found the parlor door ajar, and looking through the crack I could see Mary sitting by the table at work. I stooped down and placed the kitten on the floor just inside the room.

She seemed to know where she was in a moment, for she trotted round to where Mary was sitting, and jumping into her lap she stretched up and rubbed her face against hers.

I watched through the crack and saw my wife start and turn very pale, and

then as she seemed to recognize the kitten, she said, in a half whisper I could just hear:

"Why, kitty, where did you come from?"

A mew was all the answer she received. But Mary seemed to guess that I was not far off, and she rose up and came toward the door.

I could not stand it any longer, and the next moment she was in my arms.

Boys, I am ashamed to say for the next ten minutes kitty was forgotten. And when we did remember her, she was curled up, fast asleep, in her old place in front of the fire, and seemed quite to have forgotten that she had ever saved my life, for if it had not been for her warmth and putting courage and hope into my heart, I should not be here now talking to you.

—*S. Gibney, in Our Dumb Animals.*

— o —

Oh, How He Kicks!

In winter, when the cold winds blow,
Man kicks.

He doesn't like the ice and snow;
He hates to see the mercury go
To zero; if it falls below

He kicks—
Oh, how he kicks!

In summer, when the sizzards siz,
Man kicks.

He groans, "Great Scott! how hot it is!"
As if no misery equaled his.
Then, as he wipes his streaming phiz,

He kicks—
Oh, how he kicks!

And so it is, if cold or hot,
Man kicks.

He's never pleased with what he's got,
But growls, and fumes, and swears a lot,
And whether it is right or not,

He kicks—
Oh, how he kicks!

— o —

No Nonsense about Her.

A log court-house in the backwoods of Tennessee was crowded. Sam Hester had sued his wife for divorce, and it was expected that the decree would be rendered, hence the interest exhibited. Sam and his wife, Aunt Nan, were well known in the neighborhood, and "society" was shocked when the report that the old man wanted a divorce found circulation. The old man declared that his wife deserted him, and went to live with her daughter, and the woman swore that the old man had driven her away. The testimony on each side was unsatisfactory, but it could be seen that the Judge leaned toward old Sam.

When the court had been called to order, the Judge said:

"Sam, this is a serious affair."

"That's what it is, Jedge."

"You and your wife lived together for thirty years or more?"

"Going on thirty-five years, Jedge."

"And you want to quit?"

"That's it, Jedge. We have stood each other about as long as we can."

"All right; the decree is granted."

"I am a free man now, am I, Jedge?"

"Yes."

"Ain't married at all?"

"No."

"Single man, eh?"

"Yes."

"Well, Jedge, I think this affair was a good deal my fault. I got to drinkin' a little too much, and I don't reckon I behaved myself as I ought."

"Why didn't you say so at first?"

"Well, I was sorter pig-headed and didn't care. Say, Jedge, jest let the whole thing go, please."

"Can't let it go now. The decree is rendered."

"Well, can't you scratch it off?"

"No. If you want Nan for a wife you'll have to marry her."

Well, by jingo, did you ever hear the like? And will I have to take out a license jest like I was marryin' for the first time?"

"Exactly."

"Well, by jings! Man has to live before he learns. Say, Jedge, jest have me a pair of licenses made out, and I'll be dinged if I don't marry her right here."

"Marry who?" Aunt Nan asked.

"W'y you, honey, of course."

"Well, I don't know about that. Parson Bradley asked me yeste'day if I wouldn't marry him when this here affair was fixed up, and I told him that I would be powerful glad of the chance. Here he is now."

"Yes, Sister Nan, as I have got the license all fixed up the Jedge better tie us together right now."

Old Sam was so astonished that he couldn't say a word, and, gaping like a sick chicken, he stood looking on until the ceremony had been performed.

"I'll be dinged if this don't beat anything I ever saw. Preacher come along and snatch a man's wife right away from him, and yet some folks say that this church business is too slow for them. I gad, a man has to live before he learns."

No Place for Boys.

What can a boy do, and where can a boy stay,
If he is always told to get out of the way?
He cannot sit here and he must not stand there;
The cushions that cover that fine rocking-chair
Were put there, of course, to be seen and admired.

A boy has no business to ever be tired.
The beautiful roses and flowers that bloom
On the floor of the darkened and delicate room
Are not made to walk on—at least, not by boys;
The house is no place, anyway, for their noise.

Yet boys must walk somewhere; and what if
their feet,

Sent out of our houses, sent into the street,
Should step around the corner and pause at the
door

Where other boys' feet have paused often be-
fore;

Should pass through the gateway of glittering
light,

Where jokes that are merry and songs that are
bright,

Ring out a warm welcome with flattering voice,
And tempting say, "Here's a place for the boys!"

Ah, what if they should? What if your boy or
mine

Should cross o'er the threshold which marks out
the line

'Twixt virtue and vice, 'twixt pureness and sin,
And leave all his innocent boyhood within?

Oh, what if they should, because you and I,
While the days and the months and the years
hurry by,

Are too busy with cares and with life's fleeting
joys

To make around our hearthstone a place for the
boys?

There's a place for the boys. They will find it
somewhere;

And if our own homes are too daintily fair
For the touch of their fingers, the tread of their
feet,

They'll find it, and find it, alas! in the street,
'Mid the gildings of sin and the glitter of vice;
And with heartaches and longings we pay a dear
price

For the getting of gain that our lifetime employs,
If we fail to provide a place for the boys.

A place for the boys—dear mother, I pray,
As cares settle down round our short earthly
way,

Don't let us forget, by our kind, loving deeds,
To show we remember their pleasures and needs.
Though our souls may be vexed with problems
of life,

And worn with besetments, and toilings, and
strife,

Our hearts will keep younger—your tired heart
and mine—

If we give them a place in their innermost shrine;
And to our life's latest hour 'twill be one of our
joys

That we kept a small corner—a place for the
boys.

—Boston Transcript.

o

Mystery of a Montana Mine.

"In this line of work we come across curious accidents and narrow escapes," said Deputy Mine Inspector Frank Hunter. "One thing struck me long ago, and that is how much it takes to kill a man sometimes and how easily the thread of life is often snapped.

"Down in Colorado I knew a fellow who plunged down 800 feet in a single compartment shaft. He went to the bottom, but did not break a bone. Of course, he was pretty badly jarred up and a good deal frightened, but he was all right again in a day or two. When he fell he went down feet first, and a big oilskin that he wore opened out at the bottom and acted as a parachute. He said the last part of his descent was so much slower than the first that he hardly thought he was dropping at all, and half expected to remain suspended in the shaft like Mohammed's coffin.

"Nearly always when a man falls any distance he turns over, if he starts feet downward, and finishes his plunge head first. I have seen a number of cases where the man fell with his boots on and was found barefooted when he was picked up. I suppose this is because the blood goes to the head, making the feet smaller, and besides the pressure of the air upon the heel, and counteracts like a bootjack.

"I had to go over to Sand Coulee to investigate an accident in which one man was killed and another had three ribs broken. Speaking of Sand Coulee, it struck me, while I was there, that if I wanted to commit suicide I would go there to do it. I don't mean that life becomes such a burden in the coal country that the ties that bind are more easily severed than elsewhere, but that it affords unsurpassed facilities for a cheap and happy despatch. It's a wonder to me that some of the many people who annually launch themselves into eternity from Butte do not take the Sand Coulee route.

"Down in the coal mines there is one passage that is three miles long, and in some of the chambers air does not seem to circulate. Upon the walls there is a gathering of moisture, and if you puff a cigar in one of these chambers the smoke will seek the walls, where it clings with an undulating movement like a spray of weeds under running water. That dew on the walls is white damp, and the dead air of

It is nobler to be shabby and honest than to do things handsomely in debt.

the chamber where it is found is poisonous. In a few minutes a feeling of drowsiness steals over a man who breathes it, and before long he is asleep and dreaming deliciously, so those say who have been resuscitated. But the sleep is akin to that of the lost traveler over whose numbed limbs the Arctic snow eddies and drifts, for unless help comes soon there is no awakening. If, however, the venturesome explorer of these underground death-traps realizes his danger in time and manages to stagger out into the fresh air, he has an experience to undergo which may cause him to regret that he did not remain inside. Every bone and muscle aches with the intolerable poignancy that is known to convalescents from yellow fever. The treatment is simple, but effective. Being nearly dead, the sufferer is nearly buried. A hole is dug in the soft earth, and the victim is made to stand up in it while the dirt is thrown in around him until only his head is seen above ground. This draws out the soreness, and, in a short time, the patient has recovered."

Big Cave in New York.

The limestone formation of Onondaga county, New York, has been known for years to abound in fissures and small caves, but a cavern that is believed to be of great extent has been discovered in the town of Lafayette, a few miles from Syracuse. Several years ago a farm laborer, while raking hay in a field on the historic Danforth farm, just outside of Lafayette village, fell with his horse into a pit about twelve feet deep by the giving way of the earth. The "cave-in" was, at that time, believed to indicate simply the presence of a wash-out caused by the spring rains, but recently some of the more curious residents of the place planned explorations.

To-day two men with picks and shovels removed the surface earth, and found the opening of what is believed to be a cavern of great extent. By means of ropes they descended nearly vertically for more than a hundred feet through a very rough and jagged passage, with plenty of room for two or three men to pass abreast. On the way through this tortuous passage there are, here and there, side pockets, or rooms, with stalactite ceilings. At the bottom of the shaft are many openings through which the vaulted roofs of capacious chambers

are visible. These chambers are hung with stalactites of pearly whiteness.

A brisk current of air at all times passes through the chambers sufficient in volume to extinguish lighted candles. The explorers found it necessary to use lanterns that shielded the flame from the draught. This is thought to indicate that the cave is of great extent.

A similar but smaller cave was discovered, several years ago, near Jamesville. It was explored for some distance, but not to its extremity, as loose overhanging rocks frightened away the explorers. The local geologists will investigate the cave fully.

Masonry on the Field of Battle.

In one of the bloodiest battles of the late civil war, Chancellorville, the writer was severely wounded—so badly, in fact, that his own comrades thought one more had passed over to join the mighty army of the dead who had preceded him on other fields. The Confederates at this time were charging our lines, our forces being on the retreat, when a Lieutenant of a Texas regiment stooped down and picked up a small book, which was simply a Masonic diploma belonging to me which had dropped out of my pocket when I was wounded. Although this officer was in command of his company he stopped, took his canteen from off his shoulder, lifted my head up and aided me to get a drink of what I thought was the coolest draught of water I ever tasted, although I am satisfied that not one of those who may read this article, could they now taste of it, would think it fit for a dog to drink, let alone a human being who was so weak from the loss of blood that he was not able to raise his head from the ground.

Well, this enemy, who but a moment previous, had been urging and encouraging his men to slaughter all they could, remembered his duty to a brother Mason. He not only helped me to a drink, but left his canteen with me, not knowing but he himself would be in as low a condition as I in a few minutes, and that a drink of water might be the means of saving his life, as I am satisfied the drink he helped me to saved mine. After copying my name from my diploma, and telling me if I was taken prisoner he would try and find me, he placed the diploma in the pocket of my blouse, and ran on after his

command. In a few hours I was picked up by our ambulance corps and conveyed to a temporary hospital, where I received as good attention as was possible under the circumstances. Now, brothers, what a remarkable and charitable lesson Masonry must teach us, that even in line of battle, at the very jaws of death, liable to be censured by your superior officer; yes, liable to be court-martialed for desertion, that a brother will risk all to help another brother in distress, even where that brother is fighting as a bitter enemy. I hope all brothers of our Order will as faithfully regard their duties and obligations to each other as this brother of the Confederate army did to me.

—*J. McC., in Square and Compass.*

Brief Synopsis of Masonry.

The following is a synopsis of the speech made by Rev. J. H. Amacker, of Arkansas, giving a brief history of the Masonic Fraternity from its foundation to the present day:

A definition of Freemasonry, showing that it has always been considered under two denominations; viz.: operative and speculative. Operative Masonry being simply a knowledge of mechanics, this form of it is as old as the world. Primeval man being utterly ignorant of everything had to learn by experience.

The liberal arts and sciences, music and religious truth were also added to the mechanical arts by the societies which were organized in the earliest ages for the purpose of preserving a knowledge of what had been learned.

The principles of these early societies known as the "Lux" of the patriarchal age, Geometry, Philosophy—but more commonly called "Mysteries" were, in their oldest and purest form, the same as the fundamental principles of Freemasonry.

The Ancient Mysteries explained, showing that in them all was preserved, a symbolic representative of a death, burial and resurrection.

One of the oldest societies of purely operative Masons was the "Sidonian Builders," organized by the priest-architects of Tyre about 1500 years before Christ. They built the Temple of Solomon and introduced Masonry into Israel.

A company of Jewish Masons appeared in Rome thirty-eight years after it was founded. They formed the famous Ro-

man College of Architects, which continued until the downfall of the empire, A. D. 476. This fraternity of "Builders," being composed of artists and learned men, contributed largely to the greatness of Rome. A lodge or company went with each legion of the army. They were the civil engineers, the sappers and miners of the age and the best educated men of the time. Whenever countries were conquered these fraternities were to be found building up in far better style what war had destroyed.

In A. D. 166 Jewish Masonry was introduced into Britain, and as the island was conquered by the Romans, gradually spread all over the island. In A. D. 976, the first Grand Lodge of England was formed by Prince Edwin of York, since which time the true Israelites have been called "Ancient York Masons."

In A. D. 1717 the Grand Lodge of England decided that Masonry should no longer be restricted to Operative Masons. Since that time the Lodges have wrought in Speculative Masonry only.

The Square and Compass Among the Indians.

For many reasons the years 1780 and 1781 were the most important periods in the American Revolution, marking, as they did, greater activity on the part of southern patriots. The complete overthrow of British power in the Carolinas, the defeat of Tarlton, that terror of defenseless women, and the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. No event in the seven years' struggle is more interesting to me than the battle of Ninety-six, particularly the manner in which the patriots were warned of the approach of the British General Lord Rawden. Ninety-six is now a village of some seven hundred inhabitants; then it was a block-house erected in the colonial days as a place of refuge and safety from the depredations of Indians. Ninety-six is situated in the western portion of South Carolina. It is distant from Seneca, near the old home of John C. Calhoun, about seventy-five miles. At the time of which I write the Seneca Indians inhabited all the country in that vicinity. It is well watered by sparkling streams rising in the foothills of the Blue Ridge, and flowing southward into the beautiful Savannah. These creeks are not named as we name our streams, but are numbered

from one to ninety-six, and the manner in which they received their numbers is so interesting I shall endeavor to relate it.

In the year 1765, a Scotchman named McGarth came, as a pioneer, to the country of the Senecas, bringing with him his wife and an only son, Gilbert. McGarth made friends with the Indians, and by his rugged honesty and fair dealings soon gained their confidence. Gilbert, his son, was a sturdy lad of twelve years. Delighting in boyish sports, he found in the Indian youths all his heart desired. He hunted the woods with them and fished and bathed in the limped waters of the Seneca.

They taught him the use of the bow, and how to hurl the tomahawk, and as he grew in strength he became the equal of their best.

In the wigwam of Walhalla he was ever welcome. This Indian was a great brave in the mighty tribe of the Senecas, and weighty was his influence in the councils of the nation. He had married Melewah, the daughter of Unca, the chief. A few years after McGarth settled among them, Wenowah, the little daughter of Walhalla, wandered into the forest and was lost. For weeks there was mourning in the wigwams of the Senecas. Search, as only Indians can search, was made, but no clew of the missing child was found. Now, when all hope seemed dead, Gilbert discovered that a party of Indians from a distant tribe had been hunting in the Senecas' country, and a Seneca Indian called Mohinka, who had deserted his tribe, was with them.

He had been a rejected suitor for Melelah's hand, and on the day she went to the wigwam of Walhalla, he had gone out into the forest, and was seen no more among the Senecas.

Gilbert, believing that this man had stolen the child, determined to continue the search, and, if possible, find and return her to her grief-stricken parents. He had been an almost daily companion of Walhalla, who was skilled in woodcraft, and had taught the pale face youth to find his way through the unbroken forest. Supplying himself with an extra pair of moccasins, he left his home as if going on a long hunt, and struck his course northward where, in the distance, the towering peaks of the Smoky Range lifted themselves to the blue heavens. Stopping only for needed rest, night and day he pursued his journey. On the evening of the

sixth day, as he stood upon the summit of a mountain up whose sides he had been toiling all day, his eyes were gladdened by the glorious view of the valley he commanded. For miles it stretched, carpeted by a luxurious growth of vegetation, while through the center flowed a silver stream, a river whose waters glistened in the rays of the setting sun as it crept in and out of the shadows cast by the towering mountains. But the sight that pleased him most was that of the Indian teepees, nestling on the banks of the stream, and he felt sure he was looking upon the home of the Cherokees and the wigwam of Mohinka. He had been so eager in his quest, so intent upon arriving at the object of his search, he had formed no plan of rescue should he find Wenonah. And then the perplexity arose of how he should present himself, and what account he should give to the Cherokees. Upon remembering he was unknown to Mohinka, who had left the tribe before he came to live among the Senecas, he grew bolder. The danger of little Wenowah recognizing him, and the chance of being betrayed to Mohinka, must be taken. So, fearlessly, he walked into the camp of the Cherokees. When first seen, there was great excitement among the Indians, and Gilbert was quickly surrounded. Some brandished their weapons threateningly, ignoring his signs of peace, and replying to his Seneca speech in Cherokee.

Just as he was beginning to fear for his life, an Indian of great stature forced himself through the hostile mass, and addressed him in Seneca: "*Wha nah guh sha na hah,*" which, in English, is "Who are you and where are you from?" Gilbert replied: I am Honotch; I came from the land of the whites; I am for peace. Turning to the assembled crowd, the Indian spoke a few words in Cherokee, and they quietly dispersed.

The Indian conducted Gilbert to the most imposing wigwam, and into the presence of Hunch-a-lolah, chief of the Cherokees.

After a rigid examination, carried on with the larger Indian as interpreter, it was decided that Gilbert must die. The mode of death was to be decided by lot, whether he should die at the stake, run the gauntlet or be placed as a target for the young braves to try their skill as marksmen upon. The latter mode was chosen, he was ordered to be stripped,

and a blood red heart painted over his left breast, and then be bound to a stake. Each brave was to test his skill with the bow on the red heart.

The execution was to be at once, as the tribe was about to move to another hunting ground. The order to strip him was quickly obeyed, but when his breast was laid bare, lo! there were the square and compass and letter "G" tattooed on his left breast. Hunch-a-lolah threw up his hands in great surprise, and quickly ordered him unbound, for Hunch-a-lolah was a Mason. Years before, he had visited the camp of the English officers on the Coast, and had been made a Mason in a military Lodge. Before leaving Scotland for America, Gilbert's father had caused the Square and Compass to be tattooed on his breast, and thus his life was saved.

Hunch-a-lolah ordered Gilbert to be adopted into the tribe, and made, by their rites and ceremonies, a Cherokee Indian.

Consenting to this readily, he was placed in charge of the medicine men, who conducted him to the place set apart for the ceremonies, and after three days of fasting, he was brought forth, his face so stained and his appearance so changed that he no longer had fears of being recognized by Wenowah. The Indian who had acted as interpreter was no other than Mohinka, and Gilbert was placed under him to be taught the Cherokee language.

When Mohinka conducted him to his wigwam, and bade him enter, the first object that met his eye was Wenowah, the child for whom he had suffered and risked his life. He made no sign of recognition, neither did she, for she knew him not.

Days and weeks passed. Gilbert and Mohinka hunted together almost daily. Gilbert's prowess as a hunter was so marked that he won the approval and admiration of the tribe and the friendship of Mohinka, but in all this time there had been no word spoken by either about Wenowah or imitation by Mohinka that he was a Seneca. One morning they started forth as usual to hunt. Gilbert was becoming impatient of his long separation from the loved ones at home, and knowing his mother's anxiety at his long absence, was often tempted to leave secretly, and take Wenowah with him. But the end of his long self-exile was almost come. They had wandered several miles from the village, lured on by the hope of game, when, in the evening, when they were about to retrace their

steps, they noticed, in a little valley, some half dozen deer quietly feeding. Mohinka suggested that he remain hidden, while Gilbert should creep around and endeavor to either get a shot or drive them toward Mohinka. Gilbert agreed and left Mohinka hidden in a clump of underbrush. He had gone but a short distance when the deer threw up their heads and bounded away; at the same time hearing a great noise where he had left Mohinka, quickly retracing his steps, he came upon him locked in the embrace of a large black bear, which, while feeding on berries, had come upon him unexpectedly. Being slightly wounded by an arrow from Mohinka's bow, and infuriated by the pain, he had attacked him. Over and over they rolled down the hill. Gilbert rushed after them, and came upon the bear on top of Mohinka. Drawing his knife he buried it to the hilt in the bear's neck, who relaxed his hold on Mohinka and rolled over dead. But poor Mohinka was in a sorry plight; his shoulder and arm were fearfully lacerated and torn, his left eye gone, and he lay unconscious. Gilbert, after again assuring himself that the bear was dead, turned his attention to Mohinka. He brought water from a stream close by and bathed his face and head, and, after several minutes, was gratified to see signs of returning life. The Indian continued to grow better, and with Gilbert's assistance contrived, with great difficulty and many stops on the way, to reach the village.

He lingered three days, and on the evening of the third, as the sun was sinking behind the mountain tops, the spirit of Mohinka winged its way to the happy hunting-grounds of the Great Spirit. Before his death he told Hunch-a-lolah the story of his life and the history of Wenowah, and made request that the child be given to Gilbert and that he restore her to Melenah.

After the burial of Mohinka, Gilbert departed from the Cherokees with little Wenowah. We will not dwell upon the great rejoicing among the Senecas, or the joy in the McGarth home when Gilbert returned, but pass over the intervening years that only tended to strengthen the friendship between Walhalla and Gilbert. Years have passed since the events described, and far in the eastern portion of the colonies are heard the fierce mutterings of war. Weary of "taxation without representation," the Americans have risen up to

throw off the yoke of British bondage. The old bell in Independence Hall has sounded the tocsin, from its brazen throat has rung forth the death knell of Tyranny and the pæan of Liberty to the world. The flash from the guns at Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill have lit the fires of freedom along the Atlantic Coast, and the pine barrens of South Carolina and Georgia are blazing beacons to the sons of Liberty. Marion and his men are in the saddle night and day, driving from the Carolinas the hated Tarleton and his Tories. Gilbert McGarth has heard the story of America's wrongs, how the tyrant Tarleton has swept with his minions the lower part of his State, and with torch, sword and rope made his name a synonym for all that is hateful and hated, he has heard and he has not lagged. He is now a man, young, strong and active.

Seventeen hundred and eighty one finds him with his company of mountain rangers. He is Captain now and has seen service with Marion and the gallant McDonald, has won his spurs and is now wearing them worthily, serving under that glorious Commander, General Nathaniel Greene, in his attack upon the block house then in possession of the British. He longs to ride after the enemy, but duty requires him to guard the rear of the army upon its advance to the attack. So the night of the 17th of June finds him doing out-post duty with his company in the rear of the army. It is midnight; he has retired, but not to sleep. He is thinking of his home on the Seneca, the days of his boyhood, the horrors of war and the happy days when peace shall come again. Suddenly he is startled by the sound of a familiar voice. It is a woman speaking a long-forgotten name, "Me wantee see Mehotah, quick"; it is his Seneca Indian name and the voice of his old friend Melenah. He ordered the sentinel to admit her to his tent. She grasped his hand and hurriedly told him of a plot she had overheard, back in the Seneca tribe, between an emissary of Tarleton's and the chiefs to join Rawder, who was secretly and rapidly advancing upon the patriots under Greene. She remembered Mehotah, had heard he was there. She thought of the time he had brought back to her arms her darling Wenonah, when she had vowed to give up her life for him if need be. Remembering all this and knowing that death would be her portion if she should be dis-

covered, still she crept out in the darkness and made her way through miles of trackless forest to warn him of his danger. She did not know the streams by name, but to mark her way she numbered each one she crossed on her perilous journey, until she crossed the little stream that ran near the block house, and this was "ninety-six." And so the village is called, and the creeks are still named as Melenah numbered them, and the battle fought on the day after she made her journey to warn Captain McGarth is known in history as "the battle of Ninety six."

While it was only a partial victory for the Americans, the warning gave them time to make a successful retreat before the overwhelming forces of Lord Rawden. Gilbert took part in many battles. He was sent by Gen Greene to General Washington with a report of operations in Georgia and the Carolinas, and was so fortunate as to be present and engage as volunteer aide de-camp to General Washington at Yorktown, and so witnessed the surrender of Cornwallis, the humiliation of British power, the triumph of Liberty and the establishment of this grand Republic of the United States of America. There, in a military lodge of Free Masons, Gilbert had a long desired hope realized, and joined that ancient institution whose square and compass, tattooed on his left breast, had been the means of preserving his life years before among the Indians.

—Henry Banks, in *Masonic Herald*.

Hadn't Been to the Lodge.

Lord Lovel he stood at his front door,
 Seeking the hole for the key;
 His hat was wrecked and his trousers bore
 A rent across either knee,
 When down came the beauteous Lady Jane
 In fair white draperie.
 "Oh, where have you been, Lord Lovel?" she
 said;
 "Oh, where have you been?" said she;
 "I have not closed an eye in bed,
 And the clock has just struck three.
 Who has been standing you on your head
 In the ash barrel, pardie?"
 "I am not drunk, Lad' Shane," he said,
 "And so late it can not be;
 The clock struck one as I entered—
 I heard it two times or three;
 It must be the salmon on which I fed
 Has been too much for me."
 "Go tell your tale, Lord Lovel," she said,
 "To the maritime cavalree,
 To your grandmamma of the hoary head—
 To any one but me;
 The door is not to be opened
 With a cigarette for a key!"

Democracy and Charity.

Mr. J. R. Paulding discusses the subject in the *Charities Review*:

"If we look to the methods pursued by the representatives of modern charity, too often we find them to sin against the principles of democratic co-operation. The practitioners of charity too frequently make of their benevolence a platform from which to address advice, as futile as it is impertinent, to the poor in general, or to all who come within the circle of their activity. They do not scruple to arraign misfortune and to call it names. Because they possess superior knowledge in some things, they do not hesitate to assume it in all things. Because they have sometimes been imposed upon, they take distrust and suspicion to their hearts until their very natures become corrupted by them. While professing to help others help themselves, they offer help upon terms so difficult that no man can accept them and retain his self-respect. This is, indeed, the most serious aspect of the charity problem—the theory; namely, that a man or woman can first be made to suffer degradation; and then out of such an experience be restored to the ranks of the self-supporting. As Herbert Mills long ago pointed out, in speaking of the English work-house system in his book, 'Poverty and the State,' such a theory is directly productive of paupers, and the paupers it produces have suffered a moral shipwreck more complete than that in which their fortunes were first shattered.

"It is unnecessary to impugn the motives of those who have given themselves to such a theory; they have done so in the faith that all that is needed to discourage pauperism is to attach a stigma to its relief. On the assumption that a man's misfortune is always his fault, it is but just that he should accept the punishment it entails. The drawbacks to this view are first, that it is not always punishment of which he stands most in need, even supposing that he is himself at fault; and, second, that it involves a judgment, which it is not easy to find a jury competent to pronounce. It is possible to question the profundity of such a view without attacking those who profess it. It would be grossly unfair to omit to recognize the fact that there are large numbers of charity workers in the field to-day whose service is one of love and of 'charity' in its

older and better meaning; even among those who profess the sterner theory there are many who deny in practice what they assert in principle, and are not as ministrants the less helpful on this account. But it is by reason of its professed principles, of the practice of too many of its representatives and of its identification, apparently willing, with the class interests of a particular section of the community, that modern charity lies under the suspicion of all the more thoughtful members of the laboring population, who are themselves the pioneers of democracy."

Ignorance in Official Station.

Why is it that ignorant and illy-informed members so often push themselves and solicit others to push them forward for responsible positions in the Lodge and on committees. Individuals who can scarcely read even plain print and whose pronouncing of words betrays the greatest lack of education, frequently attempt duties for which they are entirely incompetent; and while their efforts are painful and humiliating to the members, scarcely are they cognizant of the fact that they are making a terrible exhibition of their own ignorance. This is not only true of the subordinate, but even the Grand Bodies are sometimes thus afflicted. We have witnessed 'high up' officers make blunders in their efforts to preside that would disgrace a "clay eater"; but the silly principle of "rotation in office" was responsible for placing them where their incompetence was shown. Brothers, select the officer only from those who are competent to discharge the duties required. No matter whose son he is, whose brother or brother-in law he is, where he is from or what his name, don't spoil the office by any species of favoritism, rotation, or for any other foolish reason. Possession of a reasonable degree of learning and intelligence is demanded of every man and woman, and in this age of cheap books, newspapers and schools, there is no excuse why all should not possess it. Its absence shows laziness—criminality, we might call it—and never should be rewarded with place and honor. Therefore, throw aside the idiotic idea of "rotation in office," or reward of "faithful attendance" where ignorance and incompetency exist. The fact that a member served a term or terms in some subordinate place

should stand only for what it has been, and should never be a stepping-stone for the advancement of ignorance.

—*Masonic Chronicle.*

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A Baby as Security.
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We quote a pleasant reminiscence of last summer from the *Chicago Chronicle*. One of the attendants out at the children's sanitarium, on the Lincoln Park lake shore, tells the story:

"A woman who was sick enough to be in a hospital came up here with her child. It was a tiny thing, and so weak that it could hardly cry. The mother had to be assisted under the shelter, and then we gave her a reclining place from which she could see the lake. Soon after there stopped in front of the building an imposing carriage and team. The occupants were a woman whose dress indicated riches and refinement, a pretty and elaborately dressed baby and the nurse. The three came in. The mistress of the party saw the sick woman and spoke to her. I did not hear what was said at first, but a few minutes later I heard the rich woman say: 'Don't be afraid. I will leave you my child as security.' And then the rich woman picked up the tiny child that was so weak, and carried it herself to the carriage and got in and was driven away. The nurse and the baby remained at the sanitarium and entertained the sick woman, and when the other returned, the sick child had on a new dress, and a bunch of sweet peas was fastened about its neck. It was so quietly done, and so pretty, too, I just went off alone and cried for joy."

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Unselfish Masonry.
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"If the rays," says a contemporary, "could be flashed into the hearts of Masons, how many would be found without the spots of self-interest or mercenary motives in sending in their petitions for initiation?" While there might be found spots of self-interest at the beginning, if the lessons of Masonry are properly taught and their importance fully realized by the recipient, the spots will soon be removed, and the beauty of unselfishness obliterate the scars. There is good in a Mason that does not parade itself, and the latent charity and fellowship when once properly aroused shines forth in deeds of kindness and brotherly affection. The Homes that

dot this great country in many States are but the manifestation of the unselfishness of Masons. There are many thousands of dollars invested in these monuments of charity, and it required the donations of many thousands of Masons to secure the many thousands of dollars, and we are of the opinion that the X-rays, if flashed into the hearts of those who have erected these Homes would reveal a pure, unselfish love for the needy of the Fraternity and of humanity. The X-rays are good for both the self-interest and mercenary Mason, and for the devoted and truly sincere. A brother in this city, not long ago, received an order for some material and work intended for a charitable institution. He furnished the material and performed the work in the regular course of business and charged the proper prices. He sent the bill to the Trustees of the Institution who approved it as correct, and when it was returned with the voucher for its payment, the brother endorsed the voucher, receipted the bill and returned both with his wish that the usefulness of the Institution might increase and its blessings be extended.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

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Misplaced Confidence.
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Probably there is one thing that causes more trouble among Masons and brings Masonry more into ill-repute among the profane than anything else, and that is, misplaced confidence and broken faith among Craftsmen themselves. There is no use beating about the bush in this manner. It is well known to Masons, and is much talked of by those outside of the Institution, and the day is not far distant when it will be taken up by the Grand Bodies and summary action taken upon the offenders. Occurrences of this kind have become altogether too frequent of late years for the good of the Institution. Scarcely a Lodge can be found but which contains some one who has been ill used by a brother Mason. Some sharp practice has been performed, promise broken or misleading advice given, by a brother Mason, against one who had a right to expect entirely different usage at his hands.

Backbiting and petty jealousies among Masons should never be countenanced. There are some who seem to take great delight in spreading unsavory reports concerning their brethren. Such persons should have have a quietus put upon them

whenever they indulge in such reprehensible and un-Masonic conduct. Masons should pull together and not permit anything to come between them.

At times it seems to us that the "broad mantle of Masonic charity" has grown so old and threadbare that it sadly needs repairing, or, perhaps, 'twould be better to have an altogether new one made.

—*The Masonic Record.*

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 Due Examination.

We honestly believe some improvement is called for in the examination of visitors by which the time for such examination could be shortened. The idea that some clandestine or "book Mason" may gain admission to the Lodge through carelessness on the part of the brethren is a wretched fossil unworthy attention. We do not advocate the entire abrogation of an examination, but, as a general thing, the committee feel like magnifying their office, and each member labors to show the visitor how well posted he (the committeeman) is. Now, the fact is, that where the test is properly worded, there is not a more solemn, binding or impressive obligation in the whole institution of Masonry. It should cover every possibility of doubt regarding the right of the visitor to sit with his brethren in Lodges. In fact, it does; because, in a majority of instances, the visitor is "rusty," and yet, however rusty, he is permitted to pass because he has taken one of the most solemn obligations in Masonry, and the committee instinctively feel that he could not take this test had he not a perfect right to apply for admission. Now, why should that man be hindered from at once passing in? Said one to the committee—who after administering the test had commenced at the E. A. degree and gone through the whole to the close of the Master degree, occupying a good half hour—"Well, I guss I won't ask to visit you to-night. The time has passed when I wished to see you open, and you probably will soon close. I have proved myself a well-posted Mason, you all say, and we will let it go at that." And no persuasion would induce him to sit in the Lodge. Now, if he had been as great a stickler for technicalities as was the examining committee, he might have got back by demanding to see the charter and a lot more nonsense. The fact is that we have entirely too much "red tape" about

this examining business, which could be done without. After the test, five minutes should cover the rest of the examination. The brother comes to see the work, and should see it in open Lodge and not in the ante room.

We rather admire the method of our Canadian brethren in making an examination of a visitor. He never knows what he is to be asked until the question tumbles upon him. The lectures are not followed up in regular routine, but here and there, hap-hazard, and in the degrees promiscuously the questions are asked. Committees of examination could simplify their work considerably were they to eschew more routine questioning and bear in mind that the man before them has taken a solemn obligation covering every point they may ask him. Let us treat our visitors with a trifle more courtesy on the point of learning how much they know about the ritual of Masonry.

—*Masonic Gavel, Detroit, Mich.*

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 Blue Masonry.

What a treasury of thought is there to be found in the writings of the late Bro. Gen. Albert Pike. In an address delivered by him before the Masonic Veteran's Association of the District of Columbia, we find this testimony to Blue Masonry:

"My brethren, there are many fields of Masonic labor, and every one must work in that wherein it seems to him that he can do most good. But whatever else we may be, we are all Master Masons, and we all owe to Masonry of the Blue degrees our first and paramount allegiance. No man is without offense who makes these degrees mere stepping-stones by which to ascend to what he deems a higher level. If he does so, he is not worthy to wear the decorations of the degrees to which he supposes himself to have ascended. These are higher than those of the Blue Lodge in only the single sense, that they are builded upon it as the upper stories and attic of a house are builded above the ground floor, to which they are, in no sense, superior or more honorable, unless they are intrinsically so by virtue of a higher instruction, a profounder philosophy taught by them, a purer morality inculcated, a truer and better illustration and explanation of symbols. If really of a higher nature by virtue of these, they would be equally so if the numeration of

the degrees began at the top, and that bearing the highest number were at the bottom. Degrees that teach nothing are no better than those which, being so-called, really are nothing, because they are mere names and numbers, without instruction or ceremonial.

"Here, we are all Blue Masons and nothing more, and the trappings and decorations of other degrees would be as much out of place, and as indicative of a vulgar vanity, as it is to wear in a Blue Lodge the jewels of a Templar, or a collar of a thirty-third. The plain white apron, and no more, best becomes one in any assembly or association of Master Masons, for it is the proper and only symbol of our paramount allegiance.

"Let us, therefore, my dear brethren, always remember that, first of all, and above all, we are Master Masons, and whenever we work and labor, calling ourselves Masons, let us work and labor to elevate and dignify Blue Masonry, for we owe to it all that we are in the Craft, and whatever we may be elsewhere we are always amenable to its law and its tribunals, and always concerned to maintain and magnify its honor and glory."

The Ante-Room Lodge.

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 real right to be in the ante room are the Tyler, whose watchful eye should ever be on the lookout for eavesdroppers or cowards, 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 rooms. 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 may not want to hear, or "stories" may be told not exactly

of a nature to prepare the mind for services and silent meditation, or for proper appreciation of the solemn services of initiation. Fifth, "ante room" meetings sometimes seriously interfere with the Tyler in the proper discharge of his duty. His attention may be distracted by the "drummers last story," or by some "interesting incident" of lodge work, and he fail 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.

Mistaken Charity.

It has become quite fashionable of late years—in fact, it is almost a universal habit—for country Lodges to call for aid at every reverse they meet with. It is almost an exception if you visit your Lodge at a stated meeting and fail to hear from one to a half dozen petitions read by the Secretary, asking for "aid to help us rebuild our hall which was destroyed by fire" at such and such a time. "We had no insurance, and everything we owned is a total loss." And it does not stop here, but if a member of the Lodge loses his house by fire, he also, with consent of the Lodge, sends out an individual appeal. This is all wrong, and Lodges and brethren who are out for this sort of revenue should fail of success a few times, and that would deter others from trying it. There is no excuse for this sort of thing if Lodges and brethren would just exercise a little business sense and insure their property, and it is a mistaken charity to encourage a neglect of this important matter by responding favorably to such appeals.

But, then, you are met with the argument that "we are not able." If this be so, as a Lodge, they ought not to exist. Property that is not worth taking care of is not worth having, and the brethren who will not help to provide for future disasters ought to surrender their charter.

Indemnity against fire can be furnished at a very nominal expense, and Grand Lodges should make it obligatory upon subordinate Lodges to do so, and their returns to the Grand Lodge should show whether this is done or not. It is too much the custom of Lodges to "live from hand to mouth" by paying into the treasury barely enough for their running ex-

pense and setting aside nothing for charity or a "rainy day." It is a rare thing if country Lodges pay over \$1.50 or \$2 a year dues, and some of the members kick at this, yet they will go to town every circus day and "blow in \$2 for a day off," and perhaps go home in a condition which shows clearly that a remembrance of the third cardinal virtue "got lost in the shuffle." It may be that these same Lodges only pay into the treasury of the Grand Lodge \$5 to \$6 in annual dues, and yet their representative will draw out in mileage and per diem five or six times that amount, one-half of which is net profit to the representative after paying his expenses. In every instance where this is so, the aforesaid net profit could be applied to the business end of the Lodge and appropriated for that purpose. It is presumed that no representative goes to Grand Lodge for the money he expects to make out of it; he therefore could not object to the Lodge having the benefit of whatever profit there may be in it. It is an exceedingly short-sighted policy for any Lodge to attempt to live without insurance, and a much shorter-sighted policy for sister lodges to encourage them to do so.

The individual brother is situated a little differently. It may be much harder for him to raise the few dollars to protect his home than for the Lodge. But if he was aware that a pack of wolves was going to attack his sheep pasture by night, he would make herculean efforts to protect them, so, also, should he act toward his family, for he knows not at what hour the fire wolf may attack his home, and he be thrown upon the charities of others for a shelter for them. The few dollars that would be required for this purpose would never be missed from his year's income, to say nothing of the proud satisfaction he would enjoy to know that he was protected.

We are well aware of the fact that many of the brethren plead impecuniosity when it comes to matters of this kind, but we are also aware that these same brothers may spend many times the amount required to protect them foolishly, and, in fact, in an un-Masonic way. We would much prefer assisting a brother and his dependents direct than to uphold him in a direliction of duty. "Like begets like," and the more encouragement we give to these non-insurers the more will we be importuned.

We do not write thus in a fault-finding way, but simply to remind the neglectful brother of his duty and to spur the procrastinating Lodge to speedy action, and to try and create within them a feeling of pride that will cause them to take this matter up at once, and thereby place themselves in an independent position should the fire fiend attack them.

—*Memphis Appeal.*

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The Red Cross of Constantine.

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In response to the expressed wishes of thousands of worthy Master Masons throughout the country who desired to see this ancient military and Masonic Order of Christian knighthood in closer alliance with ancient craft Masonry in the United States, as it is in Europe, an amendment to the constitution of the Sovereign Grand Council of the United States was introduced at the annual assembly, September, 1896, to change the prerequisite for membership in the Order from Royal Arch Mason to that of Master Mason. This amendment, making Master Masons eligible to membership, was acted upon at the last annual assembly of the Sovereign Grand Council, August 24, 1897, and was adopted.

Wherever the Order of Knights of the Red Cross of Constantine has been established, the Blue Lodge has been benefited. The Order being military as well as Masonic, attracts and interests the better elements of Masonry.

The minimum fee for the three Orders of Knighthood conferred in a conclave is about twenty dollars. The uniform, including sword, belt, cape, hat, gloves and leggings, thirty-five dollars, making the total cost for membership and uniform, fifty-five dollars.

Ten or more Master Masons in good standing may form a conclave, and ask for a dispensation from the Sovereign Grand Master, and work U. D. until a charter is granted by the Sovereign Grand Council.

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More Masonic Bodies.

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The objections urged against an increase of Masonic Bodies are various, but all center in the dislike of the members to see their membership lessened by the withdrawal of brethren or companions to form a new body. The objection is a selfish one,

and should not obtain for a moment. Four thousand Masons are not Masonically fed and improved in the philosophy of the Institution by nine Blue Lodges having an average attendance of seventy, or three Chapters with fifty companions present at the stated and special meetings. This would only account for the presence of 436 per week in attendance upon Masonry, which is a small percentage of nearly 4,000 Masons in this one city. Therefore, were there more Lodges and Chapters the attendance would be much better and the growth of Masonry materially increased. Further, were there more facilities for imparting the ritualism of the Order the work would not be so tiresome, nor the officers tasked so heavily. There is a great temptation to shorten the work and with good cause. If there be more than one for the third degree the work is usually abbreviated on the first brother and fully exemplified on one. This is flagrantly unjust to the candidate, who should receive the degree in due and ample form. No Master or set of officers have any right to add to, or take from, the ritualistic or esoteric work of the degrees, but in order to railroad through a large number in the course of the year the work is frequently abbreviated, and, in many instances, almost approaches the making of a Mason at sight. — *Masonic Gavel, Detroit, Mich.*

What is a Lawful Lodge?

“Is it lawful for brethren to open a Masonic Lodge without having received a Charter or warrant empowering them to take such action? Is not the actual presence of such a document in the place of meeting indispensable?”

Before the time of Grand Lodges, and before the drawing out of determinate lines of authority, Craftsmen were accustomed to meet both to confer degrees and to transact business. Under the ancient rule a certain number of duly qualified Masons could form and open a Lodge whenever they happened to meet. Such a Master Masons' Lodge was opened for a specific purpose, and was closed when this particular purpose was accomplished. Since the time of Grand Lodges, and of a more orderly course of procedure in the government of the Craft, we have permanent Lodges of Master Masons, these organizations being chartered respectively by the Grand Lodge having jurisdictional au-

thority. Under this changed condition it is absolutely necessary that brethren should have a charter or warrant in order to meet lawfully as Masons. Without this authority there can be no Lodge. But being thus authorized to meet and confer Masonic degrees, the lawfulness of a Lodge communication is not impaired by the absence of the parchment evidence of authority. The charter need not hang upon the wall or be present within the limits of the lodge room in order to make the opening of a Lodge lawful and its proceedings regular; it is sufficient that such a charter has been issued and received, and that it is in possession of the Master of the Lodge.

—*Repository.*

Masonic Loyalty.

Sometimes we hear it said that “the Masons always stand by one another, whether right or wrong.” Nothing is wider of the truth. A departure from rectitude by a Mason is likely to secure swift and adequate punishment. In most contentions Masons are likely to be found on either side. It is no uncommon thing to find two Masons candidates for the same office. It is then impossible for Masons to support both. In other departments of human activity Mason is often arrayed against Mason. The charge is often heard by the ignorant and bigoted that Masons shield each other from the consequences of wrongdoing. The facts do not bear out this assertion. The Judge on the bench may be the most active and zealous Mason, but that does not in any way shield the wrongdoer, who may have forgotten his Masonic vows in doing a wrong to his fellow-man, who is not a Mason. The juryman does not allow his Lodge membership to determine the issue of fact favorably to his Masonic brother, against one not a Mason. Masonry does not teach him to do so. The true Mason is taught to deal justly and mercifully to all. Masonry does not seek to lead men to make gain of its privileges, and discourages all from coming to its portals for mercenary or selfish motives. It does teach them high ideas of human character, and bids them build on the sure foundation of truth. In view of these considerations, easily verified by any Mason, there is no shadow of truth in the statement sometimes made that the wrong is upheld by Masons to shield a Mason.

—*Illinois Freemason.*

The Secretary's Duties.

I desire to again call the attention of the Secretaries to the responsible position they occupy in their respective Lodges. The Secretary is the business manager of the Lodge, and he must conduct the business on business principles. In many respects the welfare of the Lodge depends more upon the Secretary than upon the Master. Show me a live, industrious Secretary—one who has the business of the Lodge in his head, who has the interest of the Lodge at heart, who collects the dues promptly—and I will show you a live and prosperous Lodge. A Secretary may have a heart as tender as a child, he may be charitable and indulgent, but when the open ledger lies before him, nothing but the debit and credit side must concern him. The two sides must balance at the end of each year; if not the prosperity of the Lodge will suffer. When the Secretary knows of a member who is not able to pay dues he should show his charitable impulses, and move that they be remitted; on the other hand, if he knows of a member who can pay, but will not, or who, when asked to pay, treats the Lodge and Masonry with contempt, he should move the suspension of the branch that takes the nourishment from the tree and adds nothing to its strength or beauty. If the Secretary does that, the Lodge will prosper, and he will have done his whole duty. That is my idea of a model Secretary, and if a Lodge has found such an one it ought to keep him for good and pay him well for his services.—*Christopher Diehl.*

A Kindly Incident.

It is undoubtedly true that occasionally "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

The New York *World* gives an instance that illustrates the truth of the old proverb. A newsboy took the Sixth avenue elevated car at Park Place, and sliding into one of the cross seats, fell asleep. At Grand street two young women entered the car, and took the seat opposite the lad.

The boy's feet were bare, and his hat had fallen off. Presently the younger girl leaned over and placed her muff under the fellow's dirty cheek. An old gentleman in the next seat who had seen the kind act smiled, and without saying anything, held out a quarter, with a nod toward the boy.

The girl understood what he meant, hesitated a moment, blushed a little and reached for it.

The next man, who had seen the act and enjoyed it, just as silently offered the girl a dime, to be used for the same purpose. A moment later a woman across the aisle held out some pennies, and before she knew it, the girl with flaming cheeks, was offered money from every passenger in that end of the car, each smiling and enjoying the little episode.

The young girl quickly slid the amount into the sleeping boy's pocket, removed her muff gently from under his head without arousing him, and soon after rose to leave the car at Twenty-third street.

As she did this, she included all the passengers in a pretty little inclination of the head, that seemed full of thanks and the possession of that common secret. It was a very pretty incident, and will not soon be forgotten by those who saw it.

Fool Friends.

Nothing hurts a man, nothing hurts a party so terribly as fool friends.

A fool friend is the sower of bad news, of slander and all base and unpleasant things.

A fool friend always knows every mean thing that has been said against you and the party.

He always knows where your party is losing, and the other is making large gains.

He always tells you of the good luck your enemy has had.

He implicitly believes every story against you and kindly suspects your defense.

A fool friend is always full of stupid candor.

He is so candid that he always believes the statements of an enemy.

He never suspects anything on your side.

Nothing pleases him like being shocked by horrible news concerning some good man.

He never denies a lie unless it is in your favor.

He is always finding fault with his party, and is continually begging pardon for not belonging to the other side.

He is frightfully anxious that all his candidates should stand well with the opposition.

He is forever seeing the faults of his

party and the virtues of the other.

He generally shows his candor by scratching his ticket.

He always reaches every nook and corner of his conscience to find a reason for deserting a friend or a principle.

In the moment of victory he is magnanimously on your side; but, in defeat, he consoles you by repeating prophecies made after the event.

The fool friend regards your reputation as common property and as common prey for all the vultures, hyenas and jackals.

He takes a sad pleasure in your misfortunes.

He forgets his principles to gratify your enemies.

He forgives your maligner and slanderer with all his heart.

He is so friendly that you cannot kick him.

He generally talks for you, but always bets the other way.

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“Once a Mason, Always a Mason.”

When a brother ceases to be a member of a Lodge, either by taking a dimit, by being suspended for non-payment of dues, or suspended or even expelled for un-Masonic conduct, is he released from his obligation or from any portion of it? If so, what portion?

On the other hand, am I a Master Mason in good standing if released from my obligation or any portion of it towards a brother who has ceased to be a member of a Lodge from any of the above causes? If so, what portion?

My brother, ponder well ere you give different replies to the above queries, for you are on dangerous ground, inasmuch as a contract or obligation binding on one side is binding only on neither in the eyes of God and man.

I have frequently heard the remark that the Fraternity at large assumes no obligation toward an individual brother notwithstanding that he is unconditionally commended to the love, care and protection of all Master Masons whithersoever dispersed around the globe, and notwithstanding all have taken the same obligations relative to the candidate. Is not that an obligation on the part of the Fraternity at large?

I once heard one brother call another brother—in fact, a whole Lodge—a set of fools (only a little more emphasis was

used, which would hardly look well in print), because they had trudged several miles through snow and slush to participate as Masons in the burial of a brother who, many years before, had dimitted from his Lodge and had never deposited his dimit in another Lodge, but who had expressed his desire, just previous to his death, to be buried with Masonic honors, and, being known as a Mason to one of them and as a worthy man to them all, his request was granted.

I am inclined to think that there was a deficiency in the first preparation of a brother who can conscientiously give vent to views as exceedingly un-Masonic and uncharitable as those stated above. “The greatest of these is charity,” and the greatest lesson taught in Masonry is charity in word thought and deed.

Ask your next applicant for our mysteries, what induces him to become a Master Mason? If his answer is to gratify his curiosity, or to obtain more business, or to enable him to receive financial assistance whenever or wherever he may need it, or that he may have the honor (for it is an honor none can deny) of saying, “I am a Mason,” will you sign his application, recommending him to your Lodge as worthy and well qualified? I have grave doubts if you would. But what answer would you want him to give? I wish to become a Master Mason that I may have more friends, because I know that the Order contains the best class of men, uniting those of every country, sect and opinion; and causing true friendship to exist among those who might otherwise have remained at a perpetual distance. Is that the right answer? I think so.

Some rich brethren are under the impression that they entered the Fraternity that they might do more charity; hence, show me the brother that is under that impression and I will show you the brother who usually possesses a life membership, or, at the utmost, pays the annual dues exacted of him by his Lodge, and then makes it essential that a collector should call several times to collect it.

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The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms and whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unflinching.—*Channing*.

Rocking the Boys to Sleep.

I sit me down in the twilight cool
Of a busy summer's day,
And close my eyes and live again
The time so far away,
When Eddie, and James, and John were here;
And the tears to my eyes will creep,
For I seem to sit in the old brown chair
A-rocking the boys to sleep.

I bring John back from a home of wealth
Where fame and honor dwell,
And sing and rock him to sleep once more,
More happy than tongue can tell.

I brave the storms on a shoreless sea
Where tempest and surges sweep,
And James is here, and I rock again
"My wandering boy" to sleep.

I build a stair to the heavens tall,
And reach in its sweet domain
For little Eddie, and bring him back
To my lonely home again;
My throbbing heart is heavy now
With a yearning strong and deep,
As I smooth the curls of my only babe
And rock him once more to sleep.

They say the old chair is useless now,
'Tis creaking and dull with age,
And must be forever put aside.
Like a well-learned, worn-out page;
But the old brown chair sings a song to me,
As it whispers of other years,
As it tells of the roughened places smoothed,
And murmurs of childish tears.

Yes, the old chair tells in an undertone,
In a voice so creaking and old,
Of the comfort it gave through summer's heat,
As well as in winter's cold;
How those little dependent lives were soothed,
Through their childish sorrows deep,
As it did its best to ease each pain,
While rocking the boys to sleep.

—Gertrude M. Hood.

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The Majesty and Mercy of Free- masonry.

BY FRANCIS H. E. O'DONNELL, P. M.

A Paper read before Oakland Lodge, No. 188, F. & A. M., of Oakland, Cal., by F. H. E. O'Donnell, Past Master of Durant Lodge, No. 268, F. & A. M., of Berkeley, Cal.

Truth, justice and mercy are the equal attributes of divine dignity. They constitute alike the mission and majesty of Freemasonry.

Perfection in God is the *lux in tenebris* (the light in the darkness) towards which every true Mason prays to progress. To endeavor to maintain truth, justice and mercy in equilibrium on earth must be the mainspring of every Masonic motive. Nothing mean, mercenary or malicious

should be permitted to manifest itself in Masonry. Every Masonic intent should be in harmony with the true purpose of Freemasonry. Justice tempered with mercy, not justice superseded by mercy, is the perfect manifestation of Masonic majesty.

A convicted criminal, who knew his Judge to be a Master Mason, gave the G. H. S. in the hope thereby to secure a shorter sentence. The Judge noticed the signal, and said: "Fool thus to emphasize your folly. I thought ignorance perchance extenuated your iniquity. You have sacrificed my sympathy. It is transformed into severity. Your crime is doubly criminal. You are both a perjurer and a pilferer. Your sentence shall be six years instead of six months." The man who does wrong after he has been educated to do right has no excuse. The American Mason is not a Mongolian. His Masonic lessons do not teach him to offer virtuous reasons for vicious acts.

Masonry accepts the deist, and even the pantheist, but never the atheist. Masonry demands that its initiates believe in God, and inculcates the resurrection of the body and the immortality of the soul. Masonry recognizes the doctrine of rewards and punishments. The penalties of its obligations and the wages promised to its faithful workers conclusively prove the assertion. The glorious Sun of Eternal Truth darts its dazzling rays from the center of the Masonic circle of Celestial Space. The pure diamond of Charity brilliantly glitters at the apex of the Masonic triangle and trinity. The keen, bright sword of Justice is the top traverse of the Masonic square; and the perpendicular sides represent the moral man and Mason. The latter stand erect upon the base of the square—masters of the passions and prejudices which that base symbolizes.

Masonry is morality, not mendacity. Is it charitable or criminal to compound crime? The codes of civilized countries condemn the culprit. A profane may proffer ignorance as a plea for his evil practices; but no Mason can claim that immunity.

"Had I observed the lessons taught me in my youth." The speaker is a Fellowcraft. His Masonic youth was his Entered Apprenticeship. He offers no idle excuses. He plainly says that he suffers for his willful sins.

Masonry provides punishment for the perverse violation of its statutes, oaths

and edicts. Reprimand, suspension or expulsion is administered after due trial, legal information, strict examination and just conviction. Masonry acknowledges the paramount rights of the State courts to adjudicate matters of criminal misconduct. The Masonic initiate is strictly admonished to be a good citizen as well as a good Freemason. To break the law of the land is to repudiate a Masonic landmark. All Masonic offences are not civil crimes, but all civil crimes must necessarily be Masonic offences. Masonry, in the abstract, is emblematical of truth and morality. It is therefore impossible to err without being guilty of a Masonic offence. It is needless, perhaps, to remark that Masonry in the abstract and Masonry in the concrete, or Masonry as an ethical ideal and Masonry as exemplified by the every-day Freemason are by no means synonymous.

"That I will not cheat, wrong, nor defraud." Easily understandable; no artful ellipsis nor equivocal; plain as a pike-staff; the eighth Commandment of the Decalogue applied to the protection of a certain particular person; to wit, a Master Mason. Unbiased by friends, uninfluenced by monetary motives, it is accepted without equivocation, mental reservation or secret evasion. There are no technical loopholes for the morally lop-sided. Masonic vows cannot be called vague except by the vicious. Such miserable men have no right to be made Masons.

How many there are within the sacred portals of Masonry whose moral beauty is of the fragile plaster-cast form—easily broken by the feeblest blow! How many whose larcenies are charitably called lapses, and whose indecencies are falsely denominated indiscretions! Their flaws are patched with moral mud and their unsightly figures are permitted to continue to disgrace the otherwise magnificent Masonic monument. Is the wretched repair a proof of philosophic philanthropy or a manifest fear lest the world should discover a black sheep in the fold of Freemasonry? Pharisaical pomposity may be frightened for its plumes. Fear sometimes forges forgiveness. True Masonry shows no mercy to the obstinate malefactor. It meliorates only after malediction has been pronounced for the malfeasance. Friendly counsel may stop the commission of a crime, but has no authority to remit the consequences to the criminal.

Masonic charity is a balm to the broken-hearted, not a boon to the heart-breaker. Masonic charity must bind up the wounds of the sufferer, but not save the stripes from the sinner. Masonic charity must soothe the sorrow, but not succour sin. It should be the Mason's delight to humbly distribute God's good gifts. It is the Mason's imperative duty to promptly punish every purloiner. The despoiler of the widow and orphan; the treasurer who is traitor to his holy trust; the defrauder who pockets what is not his perquisite; the bilk who borrows but forgets to pay back; the brother who runs up bills with his brethren, but fails to foot the reckoning; and the trickster who, by a thousand and one mean methods, tries to make money out of Masonry; these are the true Masonic ruffians. Let them receive their just deserts. The penitentiary is the place for the rogue to reflect and reform. *Expulsion* is the proper penalty for the Masonic perjurer. It is an injustice to introduce innocent initiates to the iniquitous. Peace! Be still! Be charitable! Masonry is merciful. Masons never condone crime.

A Lodge officer who mixes Lodge money with his own, and then goes bankrupt, or who speculates with the funds raised to assist the aged and the fatherless, has merely made a mistake. It is his misfortune. Put him without the pale of Masonry if you please, but do not cruelly manacle the moral murderer. His financial failure is not vulgar fraud. Be patient not parsimonious. Better try to get the money back than put a brother behind the bars. Be benevolent, not barbarous. The money is of most consequence. What odds about the crime to the community? Give the Mason the benefit of every trivial technicality. Let an affidavit mistakenly made in place of a deposition save a Masonic swindler. Be sympathetic, not severe. Put yourself in his pitiful place, etc. Hold! Enough of such maudlin sympathy. Let scoundrels keep their own society.

An honorable man has a right to be proud of his honor. It is not selfishness, but self defense. *"Evil communications corrupt good manners."* *"Soot cannot be touched without getting soiled."* The world says, *"Birds of a feather flock together."* Brotherly love and relief to the good and true are Masonic guarantees. Masons take no obligations to help the evil and unfaithful. A Mason can claim the privilege

to sit with clean companions; with those whom he can respect as good citizens and worthy brethren. A Masonic Lodge is not a moral lazaretto. Why do Masons ever violate their Masonic vows? Mainly, because so many so called Masons refuse to study Masonry. Arrogant and egotistical, they profess to know it all. With some a perfect ritualistic performance is the *ultima thule* of Masonic theology. To others, the triple triangle and its trinity of truth is mere trumpery. The circle, the square and the cube convey no more meaning to their minds than the drinking glass, the dice box and the billiard cue. They disdainfully try to look down upon the philosophic Mason as a fanciful fool. Immorality is to them a crime only when committed with their concubines.

To many Masons, a Masonic Lodge is no more than a market. They perchance value it as a business blessing and a bankrupt's benison. It affords an opportunity to gain customers or a clientage. It may be a benefit in destitution and at death. Despicable drivellers be forever despised!

O God of the Jews and gods of the gentiles! O ancient adepts and masters of the infinite mysteries! O Plato and Socrates and all faithful seekers for the eternal truth! O Masons and all moral men! thus are the sacred rites profaned; thus is the holy incense of the altar defiled with the stench of the selfish and the insincere; thus are the temples of Masonry turned into tribunes of trade! What wonder at the corruption of Freemasonry? Why marvel at Masonic crimes? Masons, beware! Masonry is a heavenly birthright and a godly heritage. It is given you to guard. Let the sentinel who sleeps be slain. Vigilantly and valiantly uphold the majesty of Freemasonry. Let not the sword of justice be broken by the minions of a mock-mercy. "The quality of mercy is not strained." No; neither must it be *stained*.

"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest:
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest
God's,
When *mercy* seasons *justice*."

"A suppression of the truth is the suggestion of a falsehood." "Truth is mighty and it will prevail." "Truth conquers all things." By the exercise of stern Masonic justice, the would-be transgressor

must be made to tremble ere he dares to transgress. Let the dignity of the Craft be the honor of the Craftsmen. Let the mercy of Masonry mitigate chastisement to the Masonic ruffian who truly repents and reforms. Let all Masons earnestly endeavor to bring the spirit of Masonry face to face with them in daily life. Then will the earthly Lodge become a veritable garden of God; then will brotherly love eternally prevail, and every Freemason will recognize that his fellow-man is really made in the image of his Almighty Maker; then will the Divine Light illuminate the Mason's darkest days, and permit him to behold the beatific vision of his God; then the aged brother, full of cares and full of years, will not feel weary, but full of hope and heaven. And, when the hour of death comes, the faithful Freemason will rise cheerfully from this life to gain ready admission and a hearty welcome into that Celestial Grand Lodge above the star-spangled canopy of the sky; there to witness the justice and mercy of Freemasonry unerringly administered by the Supreme Grand Master in all his glorious majesty.

Is This Timely Or Otherwise?

The annual elections and attendant installations of the Masonic Lodges of this Grand Jurisdiction are now accomplished facts. The new year opens invitingly before the Craftsmen. With an honorable past, with an inspiring present, what of the immediate future of the different Lodges? The brethren installed will doubtless endeavor, and that most intelligently as well as conscientiously, to measure up to the duties devolving upon them, but what of the uninstalled Craftsmen? The calls of duty ring out loud and clear alike to official and unofficial brethren. How many will respond?

By the way, what constitutes Masonic duty? Not simple Lodge attendance. Numbers may quicken the pulse of the Master and tone up the Wardens and Deacons, but attendance is but the beginning and by no means the end of Masonic duty.

The rapid making of Masons, by striking and phenomenal multiplication of candidates, necessitating two-thirds on the same evening, with an occasional called meeting on other than regular nights, to work up the timber on hand, may be a violation of the laws appertaining to Masonic duty, rather than constituting com-

mendable work. There is such a thing as a questionable ambition to make a record. Quality is far preferable to quantity, and it may be a Masonic duty to limit such extensions of work at the ballot-box. Who knows?

Excellence in work and the artistic rendering of our elegant ritual, in a letter-perfect way, is within the scope of official duty, and unquestionably delights the brethren in attendance. A faultlessly delivered and intelligently interpreted ritual is not only desirable, but may be said to be a necessity, and yet beautiful though the rendition be, it does not comprehend within its embrace the most important phases of Masonic duty. What more is necessary on these lines of duty than what is designated in the outlining of the above? Let each Master Mason respond.

Some "worthy brethren" are very genial and approachable in the lodge room, but outside they shut themselves up within themselves, and are virtually unknown quantities to the humble and unpretentious brethren of their own Lodge. The writer of this has no cause of personal complaint on these or any other lines, but he has heard others complain that brethren, to whom they have been introduced again and again in the Lodge, never accord them recognition on the street. This ignoring will have to be endured, though it is a shame for any Mason who has been advanced by the suffrages of his brethren to get an enlargement of the head and to strut around like a peacock under full sail. One cannot obliterate social distinctions, and yet no man is worthy the name of a Mason who will not recognize his undistinguished or less prosperous brethren when he meets them away from the three great lights of Masonry. This question of recognition is simply "a pointer" along the path of Masonic duty, and may be interpreted as a gentle reminder that something may drop one of these days, which might possibly disquiet these unduly inflated brethren, and remind them that they have ventured beyond their depth. To the credit of the Craft it may be truthfully said that the cold stony stare is but occasional. As a rule, the brotherhood is a living unit, with instant recognition of the poor, the obscure and yet every way worthy brother. That is Masonry. A friendly glance, a genial smile, a passing word, a tender hand clasp, these and kindred things, amidst the attritions of life, do

more to win men than bursts of oratory, charms of music and elegant "swallow-tail" coats and buttonaires on state occasions.



No man can contemplate the magnificent work of the Masters of the Masonic Lodges in this city on the outside, and yet within the mystic circle, among the distressed, without being enraptured with the spirit vitalizing them, the poor, the sick and the bereaved could tell a story of unostentatious service, which has been to them like the benediction of God. There is nothing paralleling it on other lines, not even within organizations claiming divine origin. Masonry is unique in this, that it is of a fostering character as the drooping and despairing ones, whose heritage has been that of sorrow, can testify. This work is done without brass band accompaniment, and worthy not only of the endorsement of all Craftsmen, but of their immediate imitation. Such kinds of imitations can never be regarded as spurious. They are gems of the first water, and would enrich the coronet of any manly man.

Masonic duty is all embracing. Brother, extend the points of the compass, and describe a circle big enough to take in some one else beside thyself, and you will find an enlarging sphere of duty such as will afford you ample opportunity for the exercise of all your God-given talents, and which will press to your lips a chalice filled to the brim with a nectar, the sipping of which will give you a new lease of life.

Desert spots in this State have been transformed into gardens by irrigation. Soil is responsive to the right kind of touch; so are men, families, states and institutions. Masonry can get so in touch with all the great issues of the day as to become a dominant force, and that for the best interests of the world, or Masonry may be so manacled by limitations as to become inoperative, and that where the need is pronounced for the exercise of noble, developing influences. What a power for good this grand old Order would become if all who wear the white apron would keep it unspotted, and consecrate themselves to the exemplifications of Masonic duty, outside as well as inside the Lodge! May such possibilities become actualities, and the twentieth century show an advance worthy of chron-icling in song and story all along the line of Masonic history. TYRIAN.

Exhibiting the Charter.

It is difficult to imagine where and how the custom to demand the charter of a Lodge before visiting the same became customary. Nearly all Grand Masters have decided against it. When a visitor presents himself for examination he should be certain that it is a legally and properly constituted Lodge he proposes to enter. This is not a difficult information to gain. He and the examining committee are on an equal footing, and one is supposed to know as much about the Masonic standing as the other does of him. The committee has as much right to demand to see and examine the charter of the Lodge to which the visitor claims to belong, as the visitor has to see the charter of the Lodge to which the examining committee belongs.

Again, if the Lodge is in session, must it be called off to satisfy the hypercritical scruples of a visitor? The charter can certainly not legally be allowed to leave the lodge room while the Lodge is at labor.

Many visitors would not know whether the parchment shown them was a legal warrant to hold a Lodge when they see it, and would be liable to be imposed upon if the committee so desired, as the committee would be by a false appearing visitor.

It is a very good policy, if the visitor is so very particular that he is afraid that he may visit a clandestine Lodge, to allow him to retire to save his conscience. He is too good and particular for an ordinary Masonic Lodge.—*Texas Freemason.*

A Profession of Faith.

The *Freemason* of Los Angeles, California, publishes the following letter, the original of which is in possession of brother E. L. Louis, W. M., of San Diego Lodge No. 36. It was written in reply to an inquiry from an agnostic as to what belief he would be required to possess before he could be made a Mason:

“Washington, February 19, 1882.

“Dear Sir: You would have to declare, to become a Mason, that you place your trust in God, and to kneel and unite in prayer to God. Whether this is to profess a belief in a personal God you can judge for yourself. There is no more in the Blue Lodge of Apprentices, Fellow Crafts and Master Masons. There is really no

more in Royal Arch Masonry, or in Templarism. In the Scottish Rite a profession of belief is required in a personal God, a Protecting Providence, wise, beneficent, whose laws are not the dictates of an arbitrary will, but the expressions of an infinite wisdom—a God to whom it is not folly to pray, whose varied action the forces of nature are, and to put our trust in whom is not irrational.

“I do not know, with certainty, what you mean by a ‘personal God.’ We do not require belief in a God having form and shape, but only in one Supreme Intelligence, having unity of will, the source and origin of all that is. It is the unity of this Supreme Being, His or Its Will, Wisdom or Providence that I call personality. I should rather conceive of God as an All Pervading Spirit—Soul of the Universe—of whose intellect that of every man is a ray or spark that lives its distinct life.

Very truly yours,

“ALBERT PIKE.

“C— C—, Esq.”

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The black man born in the United States is not an African any more than a native American whose ancestors came over on the *Mayflower* is an Englishman. No native of the United States, where his ancestors have dwelt for 200 years, has any connection with or relation to Africa. It has been shown that, transported to the pestilential coast of Africa, the black American dies as readily of African fever as the white American. It is not the country for either. There is no reason why it should be in the one case any more than in the other. The black man has contributed his full share towards the development of the United States and has, in an equal degree with his white brother, earned his birthright. The further piling up of an immense amount of oral and written rubbish might be prevented if everybody would comprehend that the American Negro, the American of African descent, is by the accident of birth and the Constitution and laws, a free native American citizen, who is not to be absorbed or shipped for his own good or for any other reasons to the other side of the earth. Here we were born, here is our home, here is collected the sum of our possessions and fortunes, and here as black men and not as white men, as an American and not as an African, are we to work out our destiny.—*Elevator.*

THE TRESTLE BOARD.

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Membership and Residence.

Obstacles to change of membership have developed conflicting law in many State Jurisdictions. The Masonic Institution is working, or attempting to work out the most important and serious problems of society and of the race—friendship, morality, and brotherly love. This Institution, without a head or Supreme Body, is scattered throughout the world, working on independent lines without co-operation or mutuality other than the general object to be attained, each with their own methods. This Institution is subdivided into several other divisions, all with the same general purpose, but in grades or degrees which create distinctions of caste from low to high, and each grade independent of each other in their action and government. Unlike the Scottish Rite the "York" Rite has no general or supreme head or body to govern it. While drawing its power and members from the lower bodies, the higher body gives no fealty to the mother body except that they require membership in good standing in the Lodge at the time of advancement. Built upon the Lodge, the Chapter, the Council, and the Commandery, are all distinct bodies holding no communication with each other, and only a general claim that they are Masonic bodies of Masons. A spirit of jealousy has grown up among the "lower degrees" against the "high degrees." No official relations or even recognition exist between the Lodge or Chapter, or between Chapter and Commandery, and the Council is almost ignored in the list of Masonic bodies.

Hence, we have the spectacle of an Institution which has no cohesive power, but is rather repellant in its government and influence on membership. We see thousands of brethren residing thousands of miles from the bodies to which they be-

long, sharing none of the burdens of the Fraternity where they reside, and having no interest therein, only when they get into straightened circumstances, or become stranded, except to attend the meetings, generally when degrees are conferred, and always in greater numbers when a banquet occurs. We often see larger lists of visitors than of members. As one member once told us, they come to a banquet like locusts, seeming to smell the feast they were to devour. While such remarks are sometimes made, there is genuine hospitality always shown them, and they are generously welcomed to preferred seats, and shown the greatest courtesy.

While this condition exists, more largely in the Western half of this country, more of the burdens must rest on the shoulders of the pioneers in membership until the population become stable in residence and the regulations are changed to assist in facilitating change of membership. This last can be done only by a change of general sentiment, for with the present facilities for transportation, the Craft will always continue migratory and be changing their locations. There has grown up in San Francisco, particularly, a strong antipathy to the acceptance of members by demit, so much so that in several Lodges, either by the blackball or open advice it is almost impossible to obtain membership by demit. Brethren desiring to change membership even in city Lodges are denied and sometimes refused re-admission into the Lodge in which they have received their degrees. Brethren standing high in the community, and holding positions in other Masonic bodies are rejected, and keep themselves in standing by continuously applying under the law. Others hold membership in Eastern Lodges, and pay dues there, while they hold the highest offices here, and all because under present conditions they dare not attempt a transfer of membership.

This condition of the Craft is undeniably un-Masonic. The influence of other fraternal organizations, which are only benefit or insurance societies, is seen plainly in this state of the Craft. We have repeatedly heard good, conservative brethren say that no man should come into Masonry who belonged to any other organization, and there is much wisdom in the opinion. But we would not go to that extreme. We believe our Fraternity are able to draw the line between the work of a benefit so-

ciety and that of a charitable and social fraternity, and as there is no one feature of our Institution so much the cause of unaffiliation as that of dues and the facilities of transfer from one Lodge to another, the good work of charity and brotherly kindness should begin with ameliorating the condition of brethren whom we have obligated ourselves to help aid and assist while in adverse circumstances even without the asking, and removing all obstacles to transfer of membership by abolishing affiliation fees and the ballot when applied for with a demit. When Lodges in their wisdom object to membership by affiliation as a rule, and even reject those who have been made in their own Lodge, and those who have recommendatory certificates from Lodges in which they have held pleasant relations for one or more years, and those who hold the confidence of other bodies of Masons so much as to be elected by ballot almost unanimously to the highest positions, it is time that regulations were reconsidered and revised which give the power to one or many "blackball fiends" to smirch the reputation of respectable and loyal brethren. When we reflect on the uncharitableness and unbrotherly treatment that such brethren are subjected to by the meanness of one who has been taught the importance of observing and practicing in his future life all the points of fellowship so solemnly enjoined and promised, we have more charity for the brethren than we have for the Fraternity which will permit such regulations to exist after witnessing its working. The fee and ballot on affiliation should both be abolished, for every Mason is entitled to the rights of membership where he resides, by virtue of the assurance given him at the close of his initiation into the Craft as a Master Mason whereby he was entitled to travel and work where he pleases.

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Masonic Bodies Should be Incorporated.

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Every member is interested in the financial affairs of his Lodge, Chapter, Commandery, Scottish Rite, or other Masonic Body. But what does he know? The Secretary reads the receipts and bills voted to be paid each stated meeting. The totals are omitted. At the annual or semi-annual meeting a statement is read off in a perfunctory and off-hand way of the receipts and expenditures involving thou-

sands of dollars, which it would puzzle a sharp accountant unless he was a short-hand writer to even keep a minute of, in his head or on paper, and one listening knows as much about the affairs of his Lodge or other Body as though he had not been present at the meeting. Ask a brother about the finances, and he can, in nine cases out of ten, tell you nothing. This method of keeping the membership informed and interested is very unsatisfactory. Any good business corporation would not submit to such methods of making reports. There is no opportunity to investigate affairs, detect frauds or misappropriation of funds, or reduce expenses. It is not always that the sharpest business talent manage the affairs of a fraternal and charitable body, and so irregularities go unnoticed until some sharp eye and expert head ferrets out the error. In the past twenty-five years over eighty thousand dollars have been lost to the Fraternity in San Francisco by fiduciary defaults and misappropriation of the sacred funds contributed for the purpose of Masonic relief, often from the hard-earned funds of brethren almost as deserving pecuniary relief as those who received it. The recent instance in the Grand Chapter, O. E. S., of California is one which, for four years, has escaped the notice of auditors and even the sharpest scrutiny of grand officers during that time, who should have been cognizant of the transaction. There is no legal recourse in such cases, for constituent and Grand Bodies have no legal standing in courts of law, and they can only expel offenders and pocket the loss.

The delinquencies and defalcations are not confined to San Francisco nor to California. They exist in some other sections. But wherever they are occurring or are even liable to occur, it is due to the Fraternity to protect itself by incorporation and by law to see that the sacred funds thus generously and liberally confided to the care of its custodians shall not be dissipated in extravagance of expenses or misappropriated in speculative schemes or in default for private use. A rigid accountability should be required at every semi-annual meeting at least, of every Masonic Body possessing an independent treasury and existence, and a lawful body created that can enforce responsibility for every infraction of fiduciary delinquency. And further, a printed statement of the financial condition and expenditures of ev-

ery Lodge and every other Masonic Body should be furnished to each member on application, so that each one can understand where his contributions have gone. This is but just, and it is in violation of no ancient landmarks, regulations or obligations. This practice has existed for years in Eastern Jurisdictions, as we receive such printed statements regularly from several Eastern Masonic Bodies. It will also remove the cause of considerable dissatisfaction which now exists upon financial management, and perhaps avert more disastrous losses.

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An Open Letter.

HON. EUGENE F. LOUD, *H. of R.,*
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir: Before your departure from this city we called upon you for the purpose of securing your assistance in the matter of removing the discrimination against the publishers of *monthly* periodicals; to wit:

The publisher pays for his *local* circulation at the rate of *one* cent for *two* ounces or fraction thereof.

The public pay for all second-class matter sent locally at the rate of *one* cent for *four* ounces or fraction thereof.

The publisher of a monthly paper pays *eight* cents per pound for his local circulation.

The publisher of a weekly paper pays only *one* cent per pound for his local circulation.

We desire also to say that U. S. mail-carriers (on the extra list) have made, and can make, wages in carrying THE TRESTLE BOARD Monthly Magazine at a rate less than one cent for four ounces, and having no other mail matter to deliver at the same time; consequently the delivery of monthly publications at the rate of two cents per pound for local distribution would pay the U. S. mail service a profit over and above the cost of such delivery.

We further desire to assert upon information and belief that Wells-Fargo Express Co., a private corporation doing an express and money-order business upon this Coast, is now, and has been for years, carrying matter of the third class at a rate less than that charged by the U. S. mail service, and that a large proportion of the daily papers (in bulk) are not only carried by them but delivered at destination at the pound rate of one cent.

It seems to us that the U. S. mail service is charged a higher rate for the transportation of mail than is charged private

corporations for the transportation of express matter and freight.

When public institutions such as the Mechanics Institute of San Francisco are obliged to circumvent the U. S. Postal Laws by issuing its monthly bulletin in a neighboring town, as it does, there is something in those laws that decidedly needs to be remedied.

We ask that monthly publications be placed on an equality with weekly periodicals and that the present unjust discriminations against the publishers of monthlies be removed.

THE TRESTLE BOARD.

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Suspended N. P. D.

THE TRESTLE BOARD has often urged attention to the subject of membership in Lodges, especially the duty of every member of the Craft to be enrolled somewhere, and has been most zealous in urging the duty of Lodges to remove all obstacles to such enrollment that no individual brother may have any excuse for not having a Masonic home in the place of his residence, wherever that may be. To permit these desirable results, a change must be made in the regulations and a revolution in the sentiment of the membership of Lodges. If a brother fall by the wayside in the struggle for existence, it is a common and easy way to absolve the Lodge from liability to him, by simply suspending him for non payment of dues. We once knew of a case where a Lodge on whose charter is borne the name of one unfortunate member and was active and honored with office, and once, when in prosperity, paid ten years dues in advance, to be suspended from membership for the paltry sum of \$1.25, not because of the amount, for many others in the same Lodge had been carried along for years, but for some unexplained reason which can only be surmised. He was under a cloud financially, and the motive was doubtless a mercenary one. Let every brother who is known to any one to be in adverse circumstances, receive that help, aid and assistance so solemnly promised him, even without the asking, and none allowed to be suspended unless they are known to willfully refuse while able to pay their dues. This is the time of year that tries men's souls as well as pockets.

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He makes no friends who makes no foe.

Death of James Oglesby.

James Oglesby who, for nearly two score years, has been the Grand Tyler of the Grand Lodge of California, has passed from this life to be seen or heard no more among us. To the Fraternity who met in the Temple he was a familiar person and known to all, for he was there always at his post of duty. His face and figure were as household words, and not to be forgotten. He was always kind and friendly alike to member or visitor, and solicitous for the pleasure and accommodation of all. No man in similar relation to the Craft endeared himself more to all who came in contact with him.

Bro. Oglesby was born in Cluness county, Ireland, eighty-six years ago, and after being made a Mason in the Lodge in which his father was Tyler, came to Philadelphia, where he was elected Master of a Lodge at the age of twenty-two years. He came to California in early pioneer days, and in 1858 entered the assayers department of the United States Mint, where he was employed, except for a few months, until his death. He always kept his relations with the Masonic Fraternity, and for many years was Grand Tyler of the Grand Chapter, Grand Commandery, California Commandery, No. 1, California Council, No. 2, California Chapter, No. 5 and Excelsior Lodge, No. 166.

His funeral occurred Thursday, December 24th, attended by the Grand Lodge, California Commandery, No. 1, and a large concourse of the Craft and friends. The services were conducted by the Grand Master, Bro. Thomas Flint, Jr. The oration for the Grand Lodge was delivered by Bro. Edward S. Lippitt, of Petaluma, and the eulogy by Bro. W. H. L. Barnes. The Masonic Quartette rendered appropriate music, and the floral pieces were generously contributed. The pall-bearers were Bros. Edward Peabody, N. W. Spaulding, Artemas Webster, John A. Hosmer, John H. Gilmore, G. H. Saunders, Thomas Kyle and Franklin H. Day. His remains were deposited in Masonic cemetery.

Bro. Oglesby leaves a wife, one son and five daughters in comfortable circumstances.

On Tuesday, December 14th, we met him at the meeting of California Chapter, No. 5, in his accustomed health. Truly, in the midst of life we are in death.

Editorial Chips.

“Visitation is by courtesy. Any member of the Lodge can object to a Mason seeking to visit his Lodge.”

—*Kansas Freemason.*

In such a case, such objecting brother should be obliged to prefer charges against the visiting brother, and if not sustained, he should have charges preferred against himself for false accusations and slander, and summarily expelled. The Lodge is of such extensive dimensions that any brother can sit on the other side of the room and not have his serenity disturbed. More than this an objection to visitation is contrary to all the points of good fellowship.

“Wisconsin has felt called upon to condemn in no uncertain language the soliciting a profane to apply for the Mysteries” —*Kansas Freemason.*

Yet no one doubts that it is often done. If it were not so, many good men would not now be members of our Fraternity. “A man is known by the company he keeps.” Bad men know the truth of this adage. Hence, bad men apply so as to be supposed to be better than they are. All the bad men do not get rejected. This Masons know full well. If membership could be gained only by selection of candidates, no bad men would be selected, for brethren would be sure not to propose such. Therefore it is better to select material than to take of only that which proffers itself.

In Operative Masonry the master workman selects the material and rejects all unfit for use. And he goes out and around the quarries to find it. He does not wait for some employee to bring it up for his inspection, but with his mature experience and skillful eye he selects and prepares it for the place in the building that it is needed to supply. This was the custom in the early days of speculative Masonry. Anthony Sayer and Sir Christopher Wren were doubtless selected, as were all the novitiates of Masonry until Grand Lodge regulations were made contrary to ancient landmarks, and we are now compelled to accept only from such material as is brought up for inspection of their own free will and accord and are not allowed to go out into the quarries and select that which is most suitable to be used in

the construction of our moral and Masonic edifice, and so, thereby, the glory and reputation of our Institution is often tarnished and the world is convinced that it is no better than it should be. It is to be hoped that the Craft will some time return to the practice of this most ancient landmark which was practiced by our ancient Grand Masters when one of them was missing, and has continued through ages until within about two centuries.

Where did THE TRESTLE BOARD get the idea that the appointment of a committee in Missouri necessitated the whole Lodge acting? Again, it misconstrued the intention of the proposed amendment to our by-laws; it was to have a committee examine a candidate for advancement instead of having it done in open Lodge.

—*Sprig of Acacia.*

Like one of old who found a piece of work of singular form, we found it *some-where*, but just where we cannot now remember, and as we throw away most of our copy after it has been revised, we cannot say where we found it. Logically, we concluded that as there *should* be an investigation, and if *all* the brethren performed their duty, the whole Lodge would call on the candidate. Concerning advancement, if a committee is competent to examine into the qualifications of a profane or a visitor, and the Lodge relies upon that report, then should a committee relieve the Lodge of the duty of examination as to proficiency, and report to the Lodge. In so doing much of the burdens of membership would be lightened.

Bro. J. Q. A. Fellows, of Louisiana, died at New Orleans November 28th. He was a native of Topsham, Vermont, and was born April 3, 1825. He received the Master's degree in Rising Sun Lodge, No. 7, in his native State, January 20, 1850; was elected Grand Master of Louisiana from the floor of the Grand Lodge in 1860. In 1871 he was Grand Master of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templar. His Reports on Correspondence to the Grand Lodge of Louisiana, for many years past, were model ones.

The *Texas Freemason* says: "Bring the young girls into the Order of Eastern Star." So says THE TRESTLE BOARD, and perhaps the old ladies will behave better than

they do sometimes, as instance the recent Grand Chapter of Illinois. And there should be a place somewhere for the young men from fourteen to twenty-one instead of leaving them to run at large without restraining influences while their parents are enjoying themselves at Lodge or Chapter. As it is now, the saloon gathers in too many young men and sometimes young girls. Enlarge the borders of the Eastern Star.

The *Freemason*, of Los Angeles, commenting on the transactions of the Board of Relief of that city, says:

"Of the expenses incurred for foreign bodies, about twenty per cent is repaid by the bodies concerned. The balance is a debt of honor that have the attention of the governing powers who administer the laws of the various jurisdictions."

We fear our contemporary will wait some time before any general recognition of the duty of Lodges to their own brethren while abroad is had, for but few have acted favorably on the Wisconsin proposition. We must wait for justice to gain possession of some of the powers that control.

"A short time ago," says Bro. C. S. Glaspell, in the *Orient*, "I visited one of our prominent Lodges that has a membership of over 300. We noticed a young man who seemed to be lost. No one spoke to him or extended to him the hand of fellowship. Several committees were appointed; he was not asked to serve. I asked an officer of the Lodge who he was. He answered: 'Really, I don't know his name; he was raised here a short time ago. I am not acquainted with him.' We watched him during the evening. When Lodge closed he passed out into the ante room and into the street, unnoticed by all, another candidate for non-affiliation. Who is at fault, the brethren or the members of the Lodge?" We answer, both. It is the duty of the officers, likewise the brethren, to see that every newly-made brother and stranger has a welcome that makes him feel at home. Then he will come again.

The Grand Lodge of Illinois has assets of \$95,319.60, having gained \$11,572.43 during the past year. The Grand Lodge dues are seventy-five cents per member. It is proposed to reduce the dues to fifty

cents. The Grand Lodge dues in California are \$1.25, with no prospect of a reduction.

It is said the P. O. Department pays the railroads \$275 for the postal car from San Francisco to Boston. A passenger car will carry fifty passengers, which, at \$10 each, would be \$500, or a clean profit of \$250 per car, and this, too, after paying five and a half per cent on watered stock, which is fully one hundred per cent on the cost of the road. The railroads will carry freight from New York to San Francisco for one dollar per hundred pounds. A car will carry twelve tons, which amounts to \$240 per car. A passenger car will carry fifty passengers for which they will charge about \$60 each, or over \$3 000 per car. The government should run the railroads.

We notice Mr. Loud, Chairman of the Committee on P. O. Department, is giving some information to the public through an Eastern monthly magazine, in which he advocates an increase of postage on sample copies sent out by publishers to increase circulation. He has no recommendation concerning the tons of useless matter sent out under the frank of members of Congress and other officers of government. Why not limit their franking privilege, or, better still, weigh all such matter, and make appropriations to pay the expense at least? The P. O. Department would then be source of income to the United States Treasury.

The cost of handling mail matter is nearly fifteen cents a pound. First-class matter in the aggregate pays ninety-three cents per pound. We think letter postage can be reduced to one cent per ounce on letters, which would then pay the P. O. Department nearly forty-seven cents per pound, for few letters are of full weight.

Every copy of the monthly TRESTLE BOARD sent to subscribers by mail in San Francisco costs us two cents, or twenty-four cents per year. Therefore, the delivery is about one-quarter the price we receive. Four copies weigh one pound. If we sent it out every *week* instead of monthly the cost of delivery by mail would be only thirteen cents, or about one-half for over four times as much service. This is a sample of the discriminat-

ing laws of the P. O. Department which are enacted by Congress for the same class of service.

We do not understand why the P. O. Department should do the work of other Departments free of cost. There are millions of pounds of matter transported free by the P. O. Department, and no charge or credit given therefor, and to supply the deficiency thereby, Mr. Loud, of California, would oblige publishers to pay prohibitive rates on sample copies of newspapers sent out to increase circulation.

Missouri Lodge, No. 1, has a by-law requiring members who do not pay their dues within one month after they accrue to pay additional ten per cent as a penalty. This is business with a vengeance. Fraternity don't count for much in our mother Lodge. The pound of flesh has to come, even if the poor brother is too proud to come before the Lodge and acknowledge his inability to pay. What does THE TRESTLE BOARD editor think of that?

—*Sprig of Acacia.*

It looks as though a majority of the members of that Lodge were members of some benefit society, and were endeavoring to carry out their *uncharitable* ideas in a society organized to help, aid and assist all poor distressed brethren, their widows and orphans. Masonry should not be mercenary.

Bring the young girls into the Order of Eastern Star. It will accentuate its social feature, and go far in making them more self-reliant and dignified.

—*The Freemason.*

The regulations of the O. E. S. forbid the membership of girls until they are too old to learn anything of benefit in self-reliance and dignity. It is already learned at the age they are eligible. Witness the truth of our statement anywhere in public. And as for the boys they have no chance until they have learned to smoke and drink beer at least, and unless very fortunate are *roues* before they are of age. Something should be done by Masons for the boys and girls now growing up.

All the *elected* officers of the Grand Lodge of New York are 33° of the Scottish Rite. This shows the appreciation that Grand Lodge has of the Rite and that the members are superior men. Every in-

telligent and intellectual Mason appreciates the value of those degrees and their lessons.

The Grand Lodge of Dakota disapproved the action of the Grand Master in granting a dispensation to a Lodge to attend divine service on Easter Sunday. The grounds for disapproval were that membership in a Masonic Lodge is denied to no one on account of creed or religion, and that a Lodge as such should do no act in which all present cannot conscientiously participate. Of course, those who wish to attend can do so as individuals.

The statistics of the Lodges in this country compiled from the latest reports show there are 57 Grand Lodges, 12,045 constituent 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. 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, Connecticut, is second, 752 members, and Genesee Falls 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 5th with 126. In New York there are 93,271 Masons in 740 lodges.

In New York city there are 167 lodges and 23,854 members. In Brooklyn there are 55 lodges and 8,540 members, making a total of 32,794. The average membership of the 222 lodges in the two cities is 147, in New York 142, and in Brooklyn 162.

Chips from Other Quarries.

The more we study Freemasonry, the more we are convinced that its aims are not limited to one form of operation or one mode of benevolence. Its objects are at once moral and social. It proposes both to cultivate the mind and enlarge and purify the heart. It teaches us to regard the whole human species as one family—the high and the low, the rich and the poor—who, as created by one Almighty Parent, and inhabitants of the same planet, are to aid, support and protect each other. Hypocrisy and deceit should be unknown among us. Sincerity and plain dealing

distinguish us and with heart and tongue join in promoting each other's welfare and rejoicing in each other's prosperity. Admitting these great truths, one cannot help but regard the Masonic institution as one of the means ordained by the Supreme Architect to enable mankind to work out the problem of destiny, to fight against and overcome the weaknesses and imperfections of our natures, and at last to attain to that true life of which death is the herald and the grave the portal.

—*Idaho Mason.*

Too little attention is paid in most Lodges to the importance of the Entered Apprentice Degree. Formerly it was customary for the newly-made brother to abide for a while within the walls of the Entered Apprentice Lodge, there to be instructed in the first principles of Masonic life and conduct. He was not permitted to advance until he had given satisfactory evidence of his knowledge. In many Lodges the E. A. lecture is ordinarily postponed to a more convenient season and the new brother considers it of little importance. The *Masonic Guide* well says: "No part of Masonry is more replete with suggestions as to the highest type of religion, fuller of help in the every day affairs of every day life, more simple or more beautiful than the First Degree. It is, perhaps, more ancient than any of the others, and comes nearer the primitive type. Its philosophy is broader, its philanthropy more intense, its essence more spiritual and heavenly than anything that follows it."—*Royal Craftsman.*

In the Republic of Colombia, owing to the persistent opposition of the clerical party which has been in power for some time, Freemasonry has languished and all lodges have been dormant for years. The recent severe inundations in the Santa Marta district, and the misery and desolation which has been caused by them, induced the brethren to re-assemble to consider what steps should be taken to assist the suffering inhabitants. Lodge Luz de la Verdad took the initiative, funds were collected among the brethren in the Republic itself, and all American lodges were asked to contribute. The appeal was generously responded to, and the help rendered in this way has made the clerical party recognize the fact that the Craft has done more to relieve the distress than

all the other local associations put together.

First and foremost, woman is man's best friend—because she is his mother; second, because she is his wife. Because without her he would be rude, rough and ungodly. Because she can with him endure pain quietly and meet joy gladly. Because she is patient with him in illness, and endures his fretfulness and "mothers" him. Because she teaches him the value of gentle words of kindly thought and of consideration. Because on her breast he can shed tears of repentance, and he is never reminded of them afterward. Because she will stick to a man through good and evil report, and always believes in him, if she loves him.

Sixty years ago there were many influential newspapers whose avowed mission was to destroy the Masonic Fraternity, and strong political parties were organized with the avowed object of destroying Masonry, while now there are some fifty strictly Masonic newspapers and magazines in the United States, and not one secular anti-Masonic publication, while a political party with the object of destroying the Masonic Fraternity would not last over a ward primary convention. This is a striking exemplification of the truism, "Truth crushed to earth will rise again."

—*Texas Freemason.*

Three different rituals are used in the jurisdiction of British Columbia, and no confusion exists—the English, the Scotch, and the Canadian. Two rituals are in use in Louisiana, the American and the Scotch, and the brethren can make themselves known among Masons whithersoever dispersed around the globe. The most universal ritual is that of the Scottish Rite, which exists in all countries.

—*Freemason.*

Texas has a fund for the endowment of a Home, which has now grown to over \$100,000, invested in interest-bearing securities. The Directors have had ten propositions tendered them for its location, and express a preference for that of North Galveston, on the shores of the bay, the proposed site containing two hundred acres. The final choice, however, has not been made. There are 94 destitute widows and 160 orphans to be cared for in the

Home when established. There are 19 Grand Jurisdictions that have Homes or have taken steps to establish them. The Connecticut Masonic Home has 24 inmates, 17 male and 7 female. The average age of them all is over 72 years. There were three deaths in the Home during the past year.

If you have a kicker in your lodge make him chairman of an important special committee, and when he makes his report, then go for him, roast him, find fault with everything he has done; the better he has done his work, criticize it the more; he will catch on, and discover how unreasonable this fault-finding is. Two doses of the above prescription properly administered and well rubbed in will cure the worst case in the jurisdiction.

We had in the United States nearly eleven thousand murders last year, while from the reports of coroners they only had in England and Wales during the same length of time one hundred and sixty-three. We think no better remedy can be suggested than the regular giving of humane instruction by teachers in all our public schools.

Victor Hugo says: What is it to die if not to live always? I take as a witness those millions of worlds which call to us by their radiant symphony. And beyond those millions of worlds what is there? The infinite, still the infinite. If I pronounce the name of God I make some of you, who do not believe in God, smile. Why do they not believe in God? Because they believe in the vital forces of nature. But what is nature? Without God it is only a grain of sand. It is taking a petty view of things when the broad view dazzles us. I am for the broad view. What is the earth? A cradle and a tomb. But, just as the cradle has its origin, the tomb has its radiations; it is a closed door on earth, but a door open on the worlds of which we have a glimpse. Gentlemen, you are mistaken in thinking that to-morrow, or in ten years, I shall be in my grave. I feel that you will not be able to confine me. Your six feet of earth will not plunge me in darkness; your earthworms may devour in me what is perishable; but the life of my head—the eyes, ears, brain and mouth—nothing here will be able to subdue. Let us live, O savants,

the visible life, but let us live the invisible life also. Believe in a man whose life has left nothing untouched. Science will make terrestrial discoveries, but it will always go astray if it is not controlled by a radiant ideal.

A certain Grand Jurisdiction decided that "a candidate, one of whose legs is a trifle shorter than the other, is disqualified." Now that is the real stuff. Think of a man with one leg a wee little bit shorter than the other trying to be a Mason. Shame on such a man. Suppose he is a moral man, kind to his family, charitable in all his dealings, one of God's noblemen, he ought to know that one-sixteenth ("a trifle") of an inch off his leg outweighs it all. This one-sixteenth of an inch would spoil the symbolism of Masonry. Let him go barefoot with this short leg and grow enough callous material to lift it to the equality of the other. Give us length.

—*Orient.*

The St. Louis *Expositor* files the following complaint against the white man of the South: "It is the spirit of the white man, and especially those in the South, to make a dog of the Negro, and then blame him for being a dog. They shut him out of a school, and then blame him for being a fool. They cheat him, and keep all property out of his hands, and blame him for being poor. They shut him out of a first-class car, and blame him for being second class. Everything is done to take the manhood out of him, and then he is criticized for not being a man, self-respecting."

The *American Tribune*, of recent date, gave the following interesting incident of the Rebellion, from a correspondent, I. Colcoovness, of Victoria, Texas:

"I send you the following as told by an ex-Confederate in the Lodge at Shreveport, La.:

"I belonged to Morgan's command, and sixteen of us were in a log cabin, cooking breakfast, when the Yankees came up in force and surrounded the place before we noticed them. But we fought them off until we had four dead men on the floor and five or six badly wounded; then we surrendered. As the door opened, I saw my chum, John P——, fall down, groaning and writhing. Thinking that he was wounded, I went to his assistance. 'Get away. I am shamming. Pretend not to no-

tice me.' He kept on tossing his arms about, and mourning in a doleful way, like one with a mortal wound. The Yanks took us all prisoners, wounded and all, except that, to my astonishment, they forgot, or seemed to forget, poor John P——. He was left to his fate. It was very strange. I was not a member of the Order then, but when, some years later, I was initiated, I recognized at once the words John P—— had uttered, while lying on the floor, over and over again, and which I did not comprehend at the time. It had always been a mystery to me why he should remain unmolested and free, while the rest of us were taken and sent to Johnson's Island."

Past Grand Commander Colonel Haswell C. Clarke who, while yet a boy, served on the staff of General Benjamin F. Butler, tells the following interesting story: When General Butler was at Fortress Monroe and the commissioner for exchange of prisoners, a steamer was prepared to convey five hundred Confederate prisoners up the James river for exchange. Colonel Clarke, not yet of age, was assigned the charge of the prisoners. One of the prisoners not on the list for exchange asked a private conversation with the Colonel, and on permission being granted, the prisoner asked the Colonel if he was a Freemason, and being told that he was not, that he was too young, the Confederate then asked if General Butler was not, and being assured that the General was a Mason, the Confederate then said that as General Butler was expected to be on board the steamer a plot had been made to blow up the boat, and that two kegs of powder were in the hold for that purpose. On search being made by and under the Colonel's orders, two kegs of powder were found hidden in the hold and with fuses attached. On the General being informed of these facts he had the prisoner cared for and included in the first exchanged.

—*J. E. Smith, in Tyler.*

The question is asked why the Fraternity has been banned by the Church of Rome? The answer is not only that the Popes are intolerant of any jurisdiction but their own, and will not suffer a man to have any secrets from the confessional, but because Freemasonry has persistently let light into dark places, and has, for centuries, in the face of strenuous opposition, slowly but surely spread education, and by this all-

powerful means weakened the power which the Church of Rome had over the masses. And yet some Popes were more tolerant than others. For example, Pope Clement XIV, confirmed the Bull issued by his predecessor, but, later on, changed his opinions entirely, expressed himself satisfied with the aims and teachings of Freemasonry, and was privately initiated into its mysteries. Again, Pope Pius VI recognized that the Craft was doing good work and did not persecute it, although those surrounding him tried their level best to induce him to do so.

—*N. Z. Craftsman.*

“Next to a match that won’t light is a friend who won’t stand up for you in an emergency.” How true! If there is anything disappointing, anything that may cause disaster, to words and conscience, it is a match that won’t light. You are in sore need of light; it may be a burglar has invaded your privacy, and is busy with his burglarious intentions. He may work on with perfect unconcern, if the match don’t light. You have a friend who says in sunshiny days, “I’ll stand by you through thick and thin,” but when the test comes and you need some one to lean upon, you find your friend is a “match that won’t light,” and you are disappointed, not only in the person in whom you place confidence, but in the professions of friendship which were made. Oh, how many matches there are in the world that won’t light! And how many friends there are who are ready to praise when praise is not needed, but are scared and fly away when the cat of disaster appears. Oh, for tried friends, who, knowing what friendship is, will stand by you in evil report as well as good; who do not condemn without a hearing; who will measure your worth by your actions, and not refuse sympathy when you need it, or when you are destitute!—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

The story is told of the most popular of American novelists, who has just passed away, that she taught her little boy that anger is sinful, and that he thereupon put to her the question: “Why, then, mamma, does the Bible say so often that God was angry?” As mothers do too often, she evaded the question by telling him he would understand it better when he was older. This did not satisfy the child, and after pondering seriously for awhile, he

burst out: “Oh, mamma, I have found it out! God is angry because God is not a Christian.”

The bicentenary of the reopening of St. Paul’s cathedral, London, Eng., was celebrated December 2d, with a magnificent Masonic service. Some 5,000 to 6,000 Freemasons attended the ceremony, and the Lord Mayor Horatio David Davies and the Sheriffs of London were present in state. About 250 grand lady officers, in full regalia, took part in the procession.

There are being developed a lot of *soi-disant* critics whose crassness is positively ridiculous. They give no attention whatever to the study of the spirit of Masonry, know nothing of its beauties, do not so much as attend the meetings of the Lodges, yet are ready at all times to pass judgment upon the acts of those who are faithful in the discharge of their duties, find fault with the Lodge, criticise the officers and turn up their noses at those who are their superiors in moral worth.

—*William J. Duncan.*

The Grand Master of Minnesota has given expression to the following opinion:

“An expelled Mason has no Masonic rights whatever, but Masonic charity, being as universal as the Institution itself, may well be bestowed even upon an erring brother.”

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 forgot the Lodge, nor did he forget Mrs. Solomon.

In a certain Western community, a lawyer died who was a most popular and worthy man, and, among other virtues, inscribed upon his tombstone was this: “A lawyer and an honest man.” Some years afterwards a Farmers’ Alliance Convention was held in the town, and one of the delegates, being of a sentimental turn, visited the “silent city,” and in rambling about the tombs was struck with the inscription, “A lawyer and an honest man.” He was lost in thought, and, when met by

another farmer noticing his abstraction, was asked if he had found the grave of a dear friend and relative, he said: "No; but I am wondering how they came to bury these two fellows in the same grave."

The 200th anniversary of the reopening of St. Paul's cathedral, in London, will be celebrated on December 2d. The Prince of Wales, as Grand Master of English Freemasons, has designated the Earl of Lathom Deputy Grand Master, to represent him.

According to the original plans, it has been intended that the Grand Lodge, with the Prince of Wales at its head, should walk in procession to the cathedral from the Freemasons' Hall, on Great Queen street, but this innovation, which would have attracted a throng equal to that of Lord Mayor's Day, has been changed as a result of the court going into mourning for the Duchess of Teck. Outside of the absence of the Prince, however, the assemblage will be shorn of none of the brilliant features which surround Masonic celebrations.

Every Lodge in the United Kingdom will send a delegation. Admission will be by ticket, and these will be issued to Freemasons only. Not a solitary exception will be made to this rule.

The service will be fully choral. Every one of the twenty-five participating priests will be Masons, and the Bishop of London, himself a Past Master, will preach the sermon.

The Masonic color given to the celebration of St. Paul's bicentenary is based upon the tradition that the architect of the structure, Sir Christopher Wren, was Master of the Lodge of Antiquities, the oldest Masonic Lodge in England, and which, during the building of the cathedral, held its meetings at a hostelry in the churchyard.

It is also part of the tradition that every workman employed upon the great structure from its inception to its final completion, and from the chief superintendent down to the humblest hod carrier was a member of the Masonic Order.

"Profanity is more an indecency than a vice, more a mark of bad breeding than of depravity; the idle use of sacred names does not add force to truth, nor emphasis to expression. No society, no order of men, no rank, no sect, appears to be free from a vice which should, above all others,

be denounced in this presence—it is intemperance. Here, before this altar, and with the obligations of my office upon me, I am called upon to exhort Masons, and all men, to abandon the use of intoxicating drinks, as the cause of a thousand vices and follies, as the worst enemy to all that is beautiful and good."

—S. B. Connelly, of Idaho.

The following is the name of God in forty-eight languages: Hebrew, *Eleah, Jehovah*; Chaldaic, *Eiliah*; Assyrian, *Eleah*; Syrian and Turkish, *Alah*; Malay, *Alla*; Arabic, *Allah*; languages of the Magi, *Orsi*; Old Egyptian, *Teut*; Armenian, *Teuti*; Modern Egyptian, *Teun*; Greek, *Theos*; Cretan, *Thios*; Ædian and Dorian, *Ilos*; Latin, *Deus*; Low Latin, *Diex*; Celtic Gaelic, *Diu*; French, *Dieu*; Spanish, *Dios*; Portuguese, *Deos*; Old German, *Diet*; Provincial, *Diou*; Low Breton, *Done*; Italian, *Dio*; Irish, *Dia*; Olotu tongue, *Deu*; German and Swiss, *Gott*; Flemish, *God*; Dutch, *God*; English, *God*; Teutonic, *Goth*; Danish and Swedish, *Gud*; Norwegian, *Gud*; Slav, *Buch*; Polish, *Bog*; Polacca, *Bung*; Lapp, *Jubinal*; Finnish, *Jumala*; Runic, *As*; Zemblian, *Fetiza*; Pannonian, *Istu*; Hindostanee, *Rain*; Coromandel, *Brama*; Tartar, *Magatai*; Persian, *Sire*; Chinese, *Prussa*; Japanese, *Goezer*; Madagascar, *Zannar*; Peruvian, *Puchecammae*.

Without entering into a discussion as to whether dimitts are of ancient or modern origin, the fact remains that the certificate issued by a Lodge and reciting certain facts, which constitute what is known today as a dimit, is as much a source of non-affiliation as any other alleged cause for the growing crowd. It is productive of procrastination in the first place, and when a dimit is issued to a brother and his petition for affiliation thereon is rejected, he naturally loses interest and fails to make another application either to the rejecting or a different Lodge. In a Grand Jurisdiction a dimit should not be a prerequisite for transfer of membership therein. The better plan, and one already adopted by some Jurisdictions, would seem to be to allow any affiliated Master Mason to apply for membership in the Lodge of his choice, and if elected to become a member upon notification by the Secretary of the Lodge electing and the payment of all dues to the Lodge in which he pre-

viously held membership. The certificate, or dimit, should have no use or effect except when desired by a brother who intends to remove from the Jurisdiction of his Grand Lodge. Under the plan herein above suggested, if he should be rejected through the working of the majority of one in a Lodge to which he might apply he would still retain a membership and not be forced into non-affiliation.

—*Kansas Freemason.*

False and slavish political theories end in brutalizing the State. For example, adopt the theory that offices and employments in it are to be given as rewards for services to the party, and they soon become the prey and spoil of faction, the booty of the victory of faction, and leprosy is in the flesh of the State. The body of the commonwealth becomes a mass of corruption. All unsound theories in the end develop themselves in one foul and loathsome disease or other of the body politic. The State, like the man, must use constant effort to stay in the path of virtue and manliness. The habit of electioneering and begging for office culminates in bribery with office and corruption in office.—*Albert Pike.*

A profane may be made a Mason who is minus the second finger and has the third finger off at the first knuckle on the right hand. A profane whose right ankle is stiff, with foot somewhat smaller than the left and turned out, may be made a Mason if the deformity does not prevent him from conforming to the ritual. A profane, one of whose legs is two and one-half inches shorter than the other, is eligible to be made a Mason. A profane cannot be made a Mason whose left hand is crippled in such a manner as to prevent him from flattening it out.—*G. L. of W. Va.*

We believe that the right to dimit is inherent, and that the Lodge has neither the right to ask a brother his reason for wishing to dissolve his connection with it, or to refuse to grant the dimit, if he is clear of the books and there are no charges pending against him.—*Tyler.*

Masonry is so closely involved with all the higher attributes of our being that it causes us to render unto our great Creator that divine homage which is at once our duty and our pleasure. According to my

faith and belief, Masonry is religion. For that reason it is coeval with the belief in and adoration of the God-head. It is as old as time, and will remain among men till time and timely things are ended. It contains the fundamental principles of all religions.

Moth is a great destroyer, and the good housewife has great trouble to be rid of them. They select the choicest furs, and build their nests among the folds of the finest fabrics. Small and tenacious, they hide away and feast themselves until the cloth is thread bare and in holes. How insinuating are evil habits! Like the moth, they appear with gaudy wing, so innocent in their flying that we fairly woo them to approach, and, like the moth also, they nestle close to the heart, and before we are aware of it have spun a thread-like web that is difficult to remove. They eat into good intentions and destroy good resolutions, until we suddenly find great holes in our conscience. The antidote of evil is good. Keep the good always with you and the moth will fly away. Keep your conscience whole.

Many have been mortified by the stories and songs that have been heard at banquets, and many more surprised that they should emanate from those whose examples should be very different. More than one candidate has been shocked at the "social" side of Masonry that he never proceeded any further. Let the lesson of morality be emphasized at the social after-hour, and then the teachings will be more firmly established in the mind and deeply engraven upon the heart. There should be nothing in the social intercourse of Masons not in harmony with the ceremonies of initiation.—*W. J. Duncan.*

An exchange prints the following among a number of "dонт's"; it is a lesson of deep significance, and one that should be written upon the cuff of every one of those *homo natura* who are ready to oppose any effort to assist such needy ones as do not come under the exact letter of the law's mandate:

"Don't fail to help the needy ones in the Lodge, for some day you may be needy yourself, and then you will learn how sweet it is to be remembered."

In our more than a third of a century of membership in benevolent Orders we are

made cognizant of quite a number who have masticated the cud of regret when infirmities and age have placed themselves in the position of needing assistance. Those who were the most illiberal in time of prosperity are the loudest complainers when "the evil days come." Remember, brothers, the "law of compensation" is inherent, and we little know what "to-morrow" may have in reserve for us.

—*Chronicle.*

"Charlie, what is it that makes you so sweet?" said a loving mother, one day, to her little boy, as she pressed him to her bosom. "I dess, when God made me out of dust, he put a little thugar in," said Charlie. As a little girl was eating her dinner, the golden rays of the sun fell upon her spoon. She put the spoon to her mouth, exclaiming: "O ma, I have swallowed a whole spoonful of sunshine!" I tell you, boys and girls, nothing makes little children so attractive as a "cheerful countenance." They may have beautiful hair, and good clothes, and handsome faces, but if they look cross and sour, people don't like them; but their faces may not be very pretty, and they may have poor clothes, still if they have sunshine in their faces everybody likes them. I will tell you when it is hard to be cheerful—when things disappoint you. A little boy went to his mother, one morning, with a broken arrow, and begged her to mend it. It was a very handsome arrow, and was the pride of his heart; so she did not wonder to see his lip quivering, and the tears come into his eyes. "I'll try to fix it, darling," she said; "but I'm afraid I can't do it." He watched her anxiously for a few moments, and then said cheerfully, "Never mind, mamma, if you can't fix it I'll be just as happy without it." How lovely such a boy!

Smith Davis has been a busy man today. Some one told him Saturday night that the goat that belongs to the Masonic Lodges had broken its leg, and could not be used in initiations any more. He was also informed that the Masons wished to buy a new goat. Smith's little boy has a young goat that is his especial pet, and Smith saw an opportunity to dispose of the animal before cold weather set in. So he has been chasing the Masons all day. He went first to Sam Bellow, and Sam sent him to Joe Dixon, who sent him to

M. R. C. Smith, who sent him to some one else, and at last accounts he was preparing to drive out to Fort Missoula to see George Slack. The goat is a fine one, and will make an excellent successor to the noble animal that has served the Masons so many years.—*Standard, Anaconda, Mont., Oct. 26th.*

Archbishop Lopez, of Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico, has recently issued an edict excommunicating all persons from the Catholic church in Sonora who belong to the Masonic Order. As really all the highest officials of the State are Masons, the Archbishop has faced an issue between the church and civil officers of the State. When will the church realize that there should be no ecclesiastical interference in purely secular matters? What difference can it possibly be if a church member belongs to the Masonic Fraternity? There are good men who are Masons and would be just as good Catholics but for just such priestly interference as that of the Archbishop of Sonora.—*Tucson Citizen.*

George D. Prentiss, the famous Kentucky editor, was as famous as Father Healey for repartee. When some one challenged him to fight a duel, he replied: "It takes only one fool to send a challenge, but two to fight; I do not intend to be one of them." But one of his most striking displays of wit was shortly after the hanging of John Brown, by order of Governor Wise, of Virginia, when he said in his paper that the poorest man he ever knew was named Rich and the richest man he ever knew was named Poor, and the Governor of Virginia was named Wise.

Archbishop Lopez of Sonora, Mexico, has issued an edict excommunicating all Masons in his section. Now, we suppose, he expects to see all the Lodges closed. His decree is more sweeping than that of the old boy at Rome, in that it includes not only Masons, but their wives and female relatives. One year hence there will be more Masons in Sonora than before the misguided priest put forth his free advertisement.—*Sprig of Acacia.*

Masonry is unity, not dissension; peace, not war; and when one hears of the petty strifes that all too frequently arise between not alone individual brothers, but entire Lodges, one cannot but feel that the par-

icipants are Masons in name alone. Perfect harmony may be too ideal for realization in the present state of mankind, but the true Masonic spirit knows how to differ and yet to forbear.—*Boston Ideas.*

A Texas Sunday-school teacher asked a pupil how many sacraments there were: "There ain't any more left." "Why, what do you mean?" "Well, I hear that our sick neighbor received the last sacrament yesterday, so there can't be any left."

George E. Kimball, of Pittsfield, Maine, enjoys the unique distinction of being made a Mason while possessing only one hand. The argument has been made that physical perfection was necessary, and it was in operative Masonry, but here we have an illustration that it was the internal and not the external qualifications which was desired. Some Grand Lodges would require physical perfection, so that even wearing spectacles will bar a candidate out if the law is not winked at, says the *Taken*.

Wandering on some land belonging to Earl Derby, a collier chanced to meet the owner face to face, says an English journal. His lordship inquired if the collier knew he was walking on his land.

"Thy land? Well, I've got no land myself," was the reply, "and I'm like to walk on somebody's. Wheer did tha' git it fro'?"

"Oh," explained his lordship, "I got it from my ancestors."

"An' wheer did they git it fro'?" queried the collier.

"They got it from their ancestors," was the reply.

"An' wheer did their ancestors git it fro'?"

"They fought for it."

"Well," said the collier, squaring up to the noble earl, "I'll fight thee for it!"

When you are disposed to say something bad of a brother, living or dead, if you can keep from doing it no other way, just clap your tongue between your teeth and hold on tight. Bite an inch or two off the end if necessary, but whatever you do, don't let the word slip. To hear one Mason say ill of another is very disagreeable, and no true Mason will do it. When you speak ill of a brother you betray the fact that while you may be a member of a

Lodge, or perhaps a non-affiliate, you are not a Mason, and the combined obligations of all the systems cannot make you one.—*Tidings.*

The Grand Lodge of Arizona, at its late session, recognized the Grand Dieta Simbolica of Mexico as the legitimate governing Masonic body of that country. So says the *Nogales Vidette*.

The man who neither sees, hears, nor participates in anything beyond his own immediate surroundings can know little beyond the narrow boundary of his own individuality—a very circumscribed sphere to live and work in.

The slanderous word is like the poisonous pin prick—its festers may be cured, but it leaves an ineradicable scar. An apology may take the soreness out of the slanderous word, but can never remove the scar. Masons should know how un-Masonic is the slanderous word, and when applied to a brother's family it is a social as well as Masonic crime.

—*Texas Freemason.*

Any member of a Lodge under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Texas has the right to ballot on the application of a candidate in either of the three degrees, and also the right to object to the conferring of a degree without giving reasons therefor on any applicant *in any Lodge, either verbally or written*, which the Worshipful Master is bound to keep as secret as if a blackball had been cast, and it has the same effect.—*Texas Freemason.*

A Grand Lodge which has the ritual written out to keep in its vaults for private use of its Grand Lecturer, violates an O. B. just as much as the youngest Entered Apprentice in the Jurisdiction who makes a copy of the same. The O. B. admits of no exceptions.

—*Texas Freemason.*

It is a Masonic offense in Mexico to institute a civil or criminal suit against a brother without first attempting to adjust matters before the Lodge.

You cannot be too careful in the admission of members, but you should never forget that the busy, active and energetic man always has his enemies, but he should

not be blackballed on that account provided his moral character is all right.

A good thing to do when you pray is to ask God to bless somebody you don't like.

A Christian with a long face ought to pray a good deal before he starts for church.

There is a good deal of public praying done that don't mean anything in heaven or on earth.

We are tired of hearing men pray who are always instructing the Lord, but never ask him for anything.

The preacher should pray that every time he opens the Old Book in the pulpit somebody will find it new.—*Ram's Horn.*

"Papa," said the boy, "I know what makes people laugh in their sleeve." "Well, my son, what makes them?" "'Cause that is where their funny bone is."

P. T. Barnum once said: "The man who can stick type and the next morning talk to a thousand people while I am talking to one is the man whose help I want."

A man, being reproached with parsimony, said that he would rather enrich his enemies after his death than borrow of his friends in his lifetime.

Chapters of the Eastern Star can now meet in Masonic halls with the approval of the Grand Lodge of Ohio.

A sportive youth likes to be called "a gay young dog," but kicks at "fresh young puppy."

"When is the best time to propose to a girl?" asked a young man, who was thinking of taking that step.

"In warm weather," replied his experienced friend. "The warmer the better."

"How is that?"

"Because when you say 'Wilt thou?' to a girl in the summer, she is most likely to wilt."

A small company of fishermen were seated in a Cardiff hostelry. They were telling fish stories. "The most exciting day's sport I ever had," said one of the company, an American, "was when I was off Labrador. I was with two others, each

had two rods, and we were simply pulling out fish as fast as ever we could put in our lines. I forgot," he added, "what those fish were?"

"Whales?" suggested an Englishman, with an attempt to be sarcastic.

"Whales!" said the Yankee, with a deprecatory wave of the hand, "why, man, we were baiting with whales."

To say that Masonry is perfect and all its disciples pure and innocent, would be an idle boast.

"'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis true" that Christian converts and Masonic neophytes sometimes find within the church and lodge, men with "a profession that angels might adopt and a rule of practice which devils need not disdain."

—*Sprig of Acacia.*

The New Pastor: "Good morning, my dear child, is your mamma at home?"

Willie: "Yes, sir, she's at home, but I'm afraid the consolations of religion will be thrown away on her to day, sir."

"Dear me, and why so?"

"She's having trouble with her jelly, sir."

The true Mason will not pout and quit attending his Lodge because things fail to go according to his wishes.

If you want to be a success never take a stand against the truth.

Answering the tests which Masons are never at a loss to apply, there is no right to ignore Masonry wherever it is found.

The Grand Secretary of England is of the opinion that it is undesirable to hold public Masonic funerals. He says there is no English constitution permitting them. Neither have Lodges of sorrow ever been sanctioned by the Grand Lodge of England, and they form no part of its Masonic ritual.

A cheerful disposition is not only a personal blessing, but a public philanthropy in the good effect it has on others.

The 8,000,000 Negroes of the United States are represented in Congress by one solitary member of their race, George H. White, of North Carolina.

One of the distinguishing features of Masonry is the reverential respect shown to old age. An old Mason always is, or should be, a welcome and highly respected visitor to a Lodge.—*Texas Freemason.*

When a man is born into this world he comes in tears, while all around him are in smiles, but if he lives a good and noble life down to old age and departs in peace, he himself goes out of this world in smiles, while all around him are in tears.

Susie—And so you are an old maid, auntie; a real old maid?

Aunt Ethel—Yes, Susie, dear; I'm a real old maid.

Susie (wishing to be nice and comforting)—Well, never mind, poor dear auntie, I'm sure it isn't your fault.

"Have you heard from your brother who went out to the Klondike?" asked one Boston man of his neighbor.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "he's just struck great luck."

"Gold?"

"Not yet, but he's discovered a place to get baked beans."

A rich man despises those who flatter him too much, and hates those who do not flatter him at all.

An act of kindness has never yet caused loss to the doer.

Prudence in a woman should be an instinct, not a virtue.

"The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury,
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie.
And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said,
To win the heart than overthrow the head."

We want nothing but kings of toil,
No crowns but crowns of deeds,
No royal birth but sterling worth
Must mark the man who leads.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

EUREKA, CAL., Dec 7, 1897.

Editor Trestle Board: A statement that appeared on page 116 in the March, 1897, number of your magazine, I am now prepared to correct. In an article entitled "A Romanist Who Tells the Truth," the writer makes mention of a *Mr. M. T. Elder* of New Orleans, a devoted Catholic

who read a very impressive paper before the Roman Catholic Congress in Chicago.

The mistake is this, and I am surprised that no correction has yet appeared. The paper in question was prepared and read by *Miss M. T. Elder*, a niece of Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati.

Her statements were severely criticised, but her defense may be found in the *Catholic Telegraph*, the same being published, I believe, in Cincinnati. Her claim was that the Catholic church in America had lost twenty million of adherents. *Miss Elder* gave her reasons, and to back them she quoted from eminent Catholic authorities. Let the reader substitute *Miss* for *Mr.*, giving credit to whom credit is due. Very truly,

MARY J. C. THOMPSON.

Local Chips.

An incident occurred in Excelsior Lodge after the close of the ceremonies of installing its officers, which we feel it our duty to comment upon, although it may reflect upon that Lodge. It seems a piano had been placed in the lodge room for the occasion, and was used by the quartette to aid in covering the inharmonious sounds which occasionally will be heard from the best disciplined and expert musician or singer. A discussion arose about the bill for its use, or something of the kind, which we are not fully informed, and although in the presence of a very full Lodge and many visitors from other Lodges present, considerable warmth of feeling was developed, and at one time promised some trouble. Finally, some one made the proposition to buy the piano outright to settle the trouble, and no objection being made, it was so voted. The Lodge then found they had an elephant on their hands, for with a fine organ which is superior to a piano for lodge purposes the piano was like a fifth wheel to a coach—of no use and in the way. A proposition was made to give it to the retiring Master, and after considerable discussion was adopted, and so that was how Bro. Owen came into possession of a fine new piano which cost the Lodge about \$750. We learn that his good wife, who knows how to use it, is better reconciled to his late hours the past few years, and is now very happy in the anticipation of having her husband at home evenings with the additional attraction of music from such a magnificent instrument in their home. As he has passed out of the chairs of Chapter and Lodge it is hoped that this new attraction will not induce him to entirely forsake his brethren of the Lodge as so many have done before him, but that he will favor them occasionally with his genial presence and his poetical effusions.

Oakland Consistory, No. 1, Scottish Rite, held a meeting on Monday, December 13th, at which about forty brethren were present. The 31° was conferred in full form on eight postulants. Bro. Webb N. Pearce, 33°, presided and performed his work almost entirely without extraneous aid.

This was most gratifying to the non-participants in the work, especially of whom there were a few that were visitors. With the aid of the paraphernalia and costumes the work had a strong realistic effect, which was marred only by those (particularly Isis) who were confined to notes. We hope our brethren in Oakland will, after more experience, require full proficiency in all the work. They have the talent and all else necessary. We enjoyed our visit to Oakland Consistory very much indeed,

THE TRESTLE BOARD tenders its thanks to the following Bodies for their kind invitations to meetings the past week: Fidelity Lodge, No 120; Crockett Lodge, No. 139; Golden Gate Lodge, No. 30; Doric Lodge, No. 216; Golden Gate Commandery, No. 16; California Commandery, No. 1; Live Oak Lodge, No. 61, Oakland; Oakland Consistory, No. 2, Scottish Rite. We were present as much as possible, but not being omnipresent, had to slight somebody. We hope to have our delinquencies forgiven.

Literary Notes.

"Fifty Years of Masonry in California," Part V, is issued in the same elegant style and letterpress of the preceding numbers. Fine engravings appear of King Solomon's Hall in Masonic Temple, San Francisco; Hall of Western Star Lodge, No. 2, Shasta; Blue Lodge Hall in Masonic Temple at Sacramento; Hall of Benecia Lodge, No. 5; Hall of Tuolumne Lodge, No. 8, at Sonora; Hall of Corinthian Lodge, No. 9, at Marysville; Blue Lodge Hall at San Jose; Masonic Temple and Hall of Yount Lodge, No. 12, at Napa. Also portraits of Frank W. Sumner Charles E. Street, Alfred J. Johnston. Alonzo Colby, Franklin H. Day, Frank W. Street, John F. Morse and Wm. G. Brown, all in the finest style of the art. Published by George Spaulding & Co., 414 Clay St., San Francisco.

Deaths.

In San Francisco, Nov 26, Capt. William A. Phillips, a native of Ireland, a member of Occidental Lodge, No. 22, aged 69 years, 5 months, 13 days.

In San Francisco, December 3d, Lorenz Nickel, a native of Baden, Germany, a member of Doric Lodge, No. 216, aged 56 years, 7 days.

In San Francisco, Dec. 3, Leopold Rosenshlnae, a native of Kempen, Prussia, a member of Fidelity Lodge, No. 120, aged 51 years.

In San Francisco, December 14th, Charles M. Plum, a native of New York city, a member of California Lodge, No 1, aged 69 years, 11 months, 14 days.

At Crockett, Cal., December 11th, Robert Smilie, a native of Ormstown, Canada, Eminent Commander of Oakland Commandery, No 11, aged 44 years. His funeral was attended by Oakland Commandery and Golden Gate Commandery, No. 16, of San Francisco.

In San Francisco, December 14th, Mrs. Mary A., wife of E. R. Clute, and daughter of David H. and Mary A. Ruttle of Watsonville, Cal., aged 45 years, 5 mos., 25 days. Her funeral was attended by Golden Gate Chapter, No. 1, Or. der Eastern Star.

In San Francisco, December 17th, Elizabeth F., wife of the late Capt. Wm. F. Phillips, aged 69 years, 9 months, 12 days. Her funeral was attended by Mission Chapter, No 155, O. E. S.

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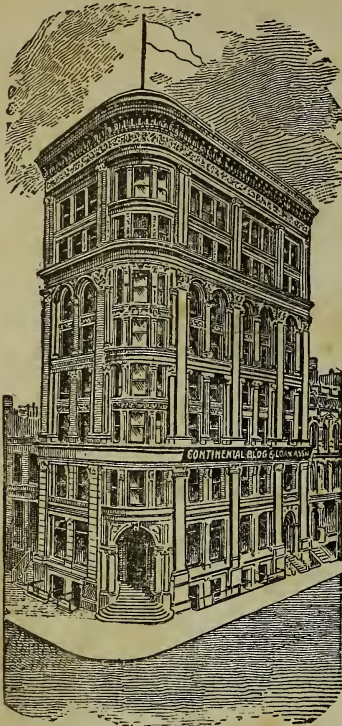
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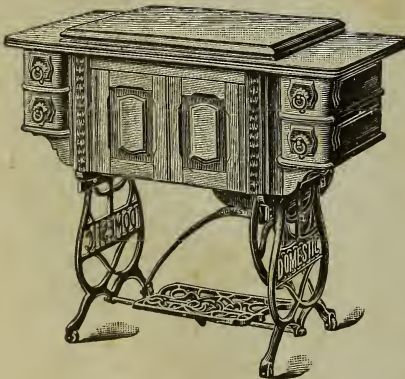
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