

# THE TRESTLE BOARD



A MASONIC  
MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY THE  
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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



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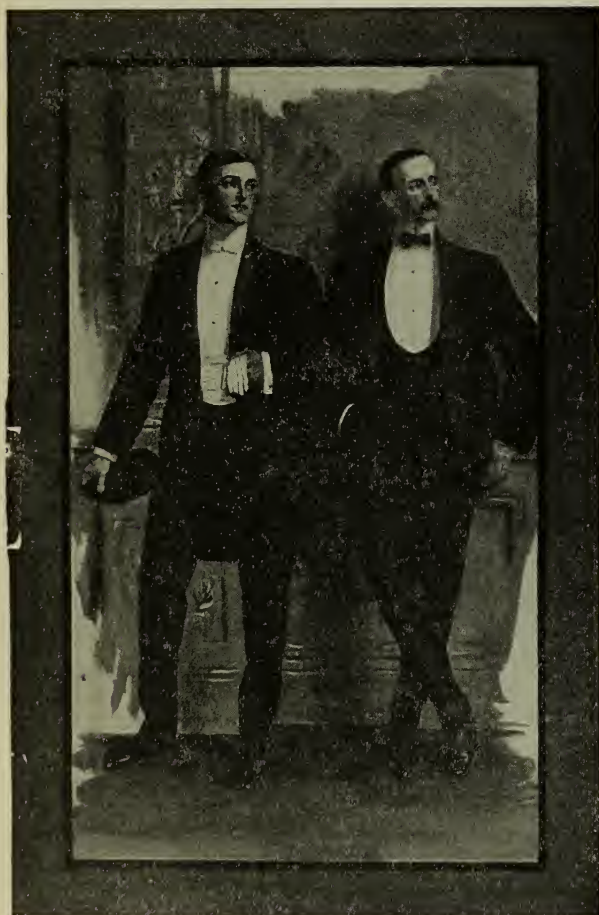
## THE TRESTLE BOARD

### Notice to Subscribers.

The addressing label on copies of the TRESTLE BOARD mailed to subscribers outside of San Francisco indicates the time of expiration of subscription. It will be observed that the dates have been extended to cover the period of lapse of publication. This month "reminders" are also enclosed in the Magazine and the publishers will be exceedingly obliged for prompt returns.

The distribution of the TRESTLE BOARD in San Francisco is conducted by a direct carrier system which appears to be satisfactory. Bills for subscription, within the city, are delivered this month, attention to which is hereby directed.

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## Masonic Calendar.

### SAN FRANCISCO AND ALAMEDA COUNTIES.

- Stated Meetings.
- MONDAY**
- 1st \*Occidental Lodge, No. 22.  
1st \*Hermann Lodge, No. 127.  
1st †King Solomon's Lodge, No. 260.  
1st & 3d \*San Francisco R. A. Chapter, No. 1.  
1st & 3d †Golden Gate Commandery, No. 16.  
2d & 4th †Beulah Chapter, No. 99, O. E. S.  
2d & 4th ††Olive Branch Chapter, No. 169 O. E. S.  
EVERY \*\*\*Oakland Scottish Rite Bodies.  
1st & 3d †††San Francisco Chapter, No. 196, O. E. S.  
LAST \*\*\*\*Fruitvale Lodge, No. 336.
- TUESDAY**
- 1st \*Golden Gate Lodge, No. 30.  
1st \*Oriental Lodge, No. 144.  
\*\*San Francisco Lodge, U. D.  
1st ††Brooklyn Lodge, No. 225.  
1st & 3d \*California Chapter, No. 5, R. A. M.  
1st & 3d \*\*Starr King Chapter, O. E. S., No. 204.  
1st ††Oakland Commandery, No. 11.  
2d & 4th †Ivy Chapter, No. 27, O. E. S.  
2d & 4th †††Unity Chapter, No. 65, O. E. S.  
1st & 3d † Berkeley Chapter, O. E. S., Berkeley.
- WEDNESDAY**
- 1st \*Mount Moriah Lodge, No. 44.  
1st \*Crockett Lodge, No. 139.  
1st \*Excelsior Lodge, No. 166.  
1st †Mission Lodge, No. 169.  
1st & 3d †Oakland Chapter, No. 36, R. A. M.  
1st \*California Council, No. 2, R. & S. M.  
2d †Islam Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S.  
2d & 4th ††Carita Chapter, No. 115, O. E. S.  
1st & 3d †King Solomon's Chapter, No. 170, O. E. S.
- THURSDAY**
- 1st \*\*Starr King Lodge, 344  
1st \*California Lodge, No. 1.  
1st \*Fidelity Lodge, No. 120.  
1st †South San Francisco Lodge, No. 212.  
1st \*Doric Lodge, No. 216.  
1st †Mission R. A. Chapter, No. 79.  
1st ††Alcatraz Lodge, No. 244.  
2d †††Oak Grove Lodge, No. 215.  
1st \*Yerba Buena Lodge of Perfection, No. 1, S. R.  
At Call \*Yerba Buena Chapter of Rose Croix, No. 1  
At Call \*Godfrey de St. Omar Council, No. 1.  
At Call \*San Francisco Consistory, No. 1.  
5th ††Oakland Council, No. 12, R. & S. M.  
At Call \*Pacific Coast Masonic Veteran Association.  
2d & 4th †Harmony Chapter, No. 124, O. E. S.  
2d & 4th ††Oak Leaf Chapter, No. 8, O. E. S.  
1st & 3d †Oakland Chapter, No. 140, O. E. S.  
1st & 3d ††California Chapter, No. 183, O. E. S.  
1st †††Presidio Lodge, No. 354.
- FRIDAY**
- 1st \*Pacific Lodge, No. 136.  
1st \*Loge La Parfaite Union, No. 17.  
1st ††Live Oak Lodge, No. 61.  
1st ††Durant Lodge, No. 268.  
EVERY \*California Commandery, No. 1.  
1st & 3d †Golden Gate Chapter, No. 1, O. E. S.  
1st \*Loggi Esperanza Italiana, No. 219.  
2d & 4th †Crescent Court, No. 3, R. & A. D.
- SATURDAY**
- 1st †Mission Lodge, No. 169.  
1st ††Oakland Lodge, No. 188.  
2d †††Alameda Chapter, No. 70, R. A. M.  
EVERY Masonic Board of Relief, Emma Spreckels Bldg., 927 Market St., Room 604.  
LAST \*Past Masters' Association.  
2d & 4th †Mission Chapter, No. 155, O. E. S.  
1st & 3d †Aloha Chapter, O. E. S., No. 216.
- \* Masonic Temple, Corner Post and Montgomery Sts.  
† Franklin Hall, Fillmore, bet. Sutter and Bush Sts.  
† Golden Gate Commandery Hall, 629 Sutter St.  
Masonic Hall, Railroad Ave., South San Francisco.  
B'nai B'rith Hall 121 Fddy St.  
† Masonic Hall, 2668 Mission St., bet. 22d and 23d Sts.  
†† Masonic Temple, 12th & Washington Sts., Oakland.  
†† E. 14th St., East Oakland.  
††† Peralta St. near 7th St., West Oakland.  
††† Masonic Temple, Park St., Alameda.  
††† Masonic Hall, Berkeley Station.  
\*\*\*Scottish Rite Cathedral, 14th & Webster Sts., Oakland  
††† 223 Sutter St.  
\*\*Devisadero Hall, 317 Devisadero St.  
\*\*\*\*East 14th St. and Fruitvale ave., Fruitvale.  
††† Octavia and Union Streets.





## American Patriotism.

The following address was delivered on Bunker Hill Day at Los Gatos, by Edward H. Hart, Past Grand Orator, and present Junior Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of California:

Bunker Hill Day, which we here and now celebrate, commemorates the first important battle of the Revolutionary War, where American patriotism cemented with its blood the first foundation stone of the Republic.

It commemorates the event by which opposition to encroachments of the British crown was raised to the high character of a mighty revolution; by this event resistance ceased to be the action of individuals—leaders of patriotic thought—and became the action of an aroused and united people.

It commemorates the event by which the colonists, in their march toward independence, burned behind them the bridges of reconciliation; from this point there could be no faltering, no turning backward — only onward lay the course to tragedy or triumph.

Bunker Hill Day commemorates the event from which followed, as a necessary sequence the immortal Declaration of Independence, and the appearance in the

firmament of nations of the brightest star that has ever shed its radiance upon the pathway of the human race.

Shakespeare, the greatest poet and philosopher the world has ever produced, endowed with the most wonderful intellect ever given to a human being, and gifted with a vocabulary of boundless and amazing richness, does not once, in all his marvelous writings, use the word "patriotism,"—yet this word, which the greatest master of the English language did not know, expresses the sentiment that has brought us here to-day, the sentiment that is inborn with every child of the Republic, the sentiment that has moved our countrymen, not only at Bunker Hill, but upon countless other battlefields, to deeds of transcendent valor, and the sentiment that, at all times, will rise paramount in moments of threatened peril to our country, to save untarnished the glorious emblem of the Union.

Patriotism is not limited to America—other people have love of country, as is illustrated by the sublime spirit and desperate courage manifested at the present moment by the Japanese, in their mighty struggle for preservation, but American patriotism is the highest order of patriot-

ism in the world, the deepest and most enduring, because it is enlightened, and because, also, it is founded upon a principle that is mankind's dearest and most valued possession. The principle which led our ancestors to seek inhospitable shores, that nerved them to battle with the craft and cruelty of the painted savages; the principle which kindled the souls of the Continental heroes, while their blood-stained footprints in the snows of Valley Forge told their torture; the principle which lies at the foundation of this government, enters into every portion of its fabric, and which has animated every patriot from Plymouth Rock to the present moment; the principle upon which the flag of the Republic, wherever it floats, is planted, and which national expansion, no matter how broad, will never subvert or destroy; the principle which rules now and ever will rule, wherever the sovereignty of the Stars and Stripes is recognized, and before which the whole world must finally stand aside to let it pass, is the principle of *civil, political and religious liberty*; upon this our patriotism is founded.

Our American ideals are born of a great belief—failure is born of unbelief. Belief by our fellow countrymen in themselves, belief by them in the latent good that resides in humanity, belief in their own and in their country's high and mighty destiny. Our American conception recognizes that there is no darkness, no vice, save ignorance; and as was said by the great Webster, at the laying of the cornerstone of Bunker Hill monument seventy-nine years ago to-day, that "Knowledge is the Great Sun in the firmament." Such, my friends, are the men and women of America, such the enduring foundation upon which the great republic of the world is builded.

Do we despair of America, its mission or its destiny? Never! To despair of America would be to despair of humanity. Do we join with those, who in the contem-

plation of the economic strifes of the present day in our country, of the combinations of capital and privilege on one hand, and of skill and labor on the other, see the destruction of liberty and the downfall of our cherished institutions? Never! That there are unsolved problems, it is true; that from the dawn of history down to the present hour man has ever been confronted with unsolved problems, is also true, and that he will never cease to be thus confronted, may we not devoutly hope and pray? May we not thank God that all the problems have not yet been solved? Growth and progress simply mean the overcoming of obstacles, the unraveling of difficulties, the solution of problems, and when these tasks cease to confront mankind, mankind will cease to grow. Heaven itself cannot be a place or a condition of happiness save that it presents problems to solve and permits everlasting growth. Eternal calm is not eternal happiness.

America in the more than century and a quarter of its existence as a nation, has met and wisely solved many grave and portentous questions. No task was ever placed upon the republic for which the republic was not adequate, and no responsibility will ever come to America as a nation that will be beyond the measure of its powers and capabilities. From the social and economic difficulties which beset the times, our country with constant and lofty patriotism and intelligence will arise with augmented grandeur to higher levels. In this great republic are fused the soundness and courage of the West with the wisdom and experience of the East. The history of the past is the history of Europe; the history of the future will be the recorded achievements of America—out of the long past of Europe arises the long, unmeasured, glorious future of America.

May we not justly regard our country as the crown which time has placed upon the nations of the earth, a crown of bril-



liant gems, each gem a state shining in the luster of its own heroic and resplendent history?

Thus we have South Carolina and Massachusetts, sister States of the original thirteen, foremost in resisting encroachments upon their liberties. Pinckney and Rutledge, Laurens and Marian, of South Carolina, "brave names," matching in their dauntless spirit and lofty courage the names of Adams and Otis, Quincy and Warren, of Massachusetts.

The "Old Dominion" home of Washington, of Madison and of Monroe, mother of presidents, mother of the indomitable hero and patriot, Patrick Henry, birth-place of the brave and spotless "Stonewall" Jackson, a State rich in history and achievement.

The "Empire State," imperial in resources, mighty in its citizenship.

Pennsylvania, keystone of the original arch of independence, the State whence was promulgated the immortal Declaration of Independence, and the State wherein was drafted the Constitution of our country, the greatest charter ever evolved by the wisdom of man.

Ohio, one of the most magnificent members of the Federal Union, possessing almost unbounded natural resources, which have been expanded and developed to a marvelous degree by the energy and intelligence of her people; a State which has adorned our annals with the names of so many brilliant and able sons, and a State which shines to-day in unsurpassed luster in the diadem of the Union.

But, my friends, there is another portion of this vast country of which we have not spoken. There may be the historic old State of Massachusetts with its Concord and its Lexington, its Bunker Hill and its Boston, with its immortal old South Church and North Church and Common; there may be the mighty commonwealths of New York and Pennsylvania, with their seemingly boundless re-

sources; there may be the great State of Ohio, which has given to our country such illustrious names as Wade and Giddings, Grant and Garfield, the Shermans and William McKinley—but upon the western border of our continent, upon whose hills the glories of the setting sun are last to rest, as sinking into the shining sea, it drops upon the earth the curtain of the closing day—here sits the Empire of the Golden West, only beginning to awaken under the magic touch of American genius; an empire grander, more wonderful in its latent resources, and more marvelous in its possibilities than any other spot upon the footstool of the Almighty! At its northern portal, Shasta, lifting its chaste and mighty crest nearly fifteen thousand feet above the sea level, and at the south Whitney, with its ever glistening pinnacles of snow, stand as sentinels of the Almighty over this paradise on earth regained. The most magnificent scenery on earth is said to be found within its borders. The Sierra Nevada mountains, bold, defiant and picturesque; the Yosemite Valley, famed throughout the world as the most marvelous work of nature; the magnificent lakes and river canyons, all planned on a scale so grand that in their contemplation we halt in awe and reverence. From the four quarters of the earth have been brought contributions to the soil of California to spring into abundant fruitage; from Attica the olive, fabled in the ancient world as the greatest gift of the Goddess Athena to the Greeks; from Syria the fig, and from France and Italy, Spain and Sicily, and all the islands of the sea, offerings have come. What was spoken as a figure by one of the greatest orators of the last century in his tribute to the memory of his brother, that were every one to whom he had done a kindness to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep beneath a wilderness of flowers, might be spoken literally of California, where we live and move and breathe

amid a bewildering wilderness of bloom and fragrance.

Incomparable, however, as is the scenery, gracious as is the climate and beautiful as are the flowers, they are not so incomparably gracious and beautiful as the peerless California woman, into whose character and disposition are woven the matchless purity of the air and sky and the never failing sunshine; the fairest, loveliest, noblest and best of all her sex, the acme of perfection, the brightest gem in the State's coronet of splendor!

But, ladies and gentlemen, the crowning glory of California has not yet been named, that which constitutes its crowning glory, and that which constitutes the crowning glory of every State in this broad land, whether it be California or Florida, Michigan or Texas, is that it forms an integral part of an indissoluble Union, a part of the greatest nation that has ever existed beneath the stars, a nation of aggressive, progressive, thinking people, where freedom of thought, of speech, of press are guaranteed, and where under such circumstances, right, though often struggling through error, must in all cases in the end prevail—a nation whose flag, wherever it floats, whether on the hills or in the valleys of our land, or on the distant shores of the frozen ocean, or in the islands of the tropical seas, typifies now, and always will typify, peace and progress, liberty and freedom.

---

The church member who attends church only to hear the singing is no better a Christian than is the Mason who attends his lodge only to partake of a banquet a true Mason.—*Gilbert Patten Brown.*

---

The cock crew when Peter sinned. There are human beings who rejoice when another falls, and their relative value is that of a rooster to a man.

---

Delays are never dangerous when we are angry.

### The Century's Legacy.

Professor Dolliver, of Tuft's College, is the author of the following compendium of what the Nineteenth Century received as bequests, and what it is going to turn over to the Twentieth Century as a legacy:

This century received from its predecessors the horse; we bequeath the bicycle, the locomotive and the automobile.

We received the goosequill; we bequeath the typewriter.

We received the scythe; we bequeath the mowing machine.

We received the sickle; we bequeath the harvester.

We received the hand printing machine; we bequeath the perfecting press.

We received the Johnson dictionary; we bequeath a dozen lasting analyses of the entire language.

We received the painted canvas; we bequeath lithography, photography and color photography.

We received the hand loom; we bequeath the factory.

We received gunpowder; we bequeath nitro-glycerine.

We received the tallow dip; we bequeath the electric light and the Standard Oil Company.

We received the flint-locks; we bequeath the automatic Maxims.

We received the galvanic battery; we bequeath the dynamo.

We received the sailing ship; we bequeath the steamship.

We received the battleship Constitution; we bequeath the Oregon.

We received the beacon signal fires; we bequeath the telephone and the wireless telegraphy.

We received wood and stone for structures; we bequeath twenty-storied buildings with supports of steel.

We received ordinary light; we bequeath the Roentgen ray.



## Hallowed by Love.

Have ye heard the tradition the rabbins  
have told  
Of the site whereon stood the famed Temple  
of old?  
Long ere stone had been laid how 'twas hal-  
lowed by love,  
And grew precious in sight of the Master  
above.  
'Twas aforetime possessed by two brothers, 'tis  
said,  
One of whom lived alone, while the other was  
wed.  
In a primitive way they had planted their field,  
By uniting their labors and sharing the yield;  
When the wheat had transmuted the gold of  
the sun,  
It was stacked near each home, and the har-  
vest was done.

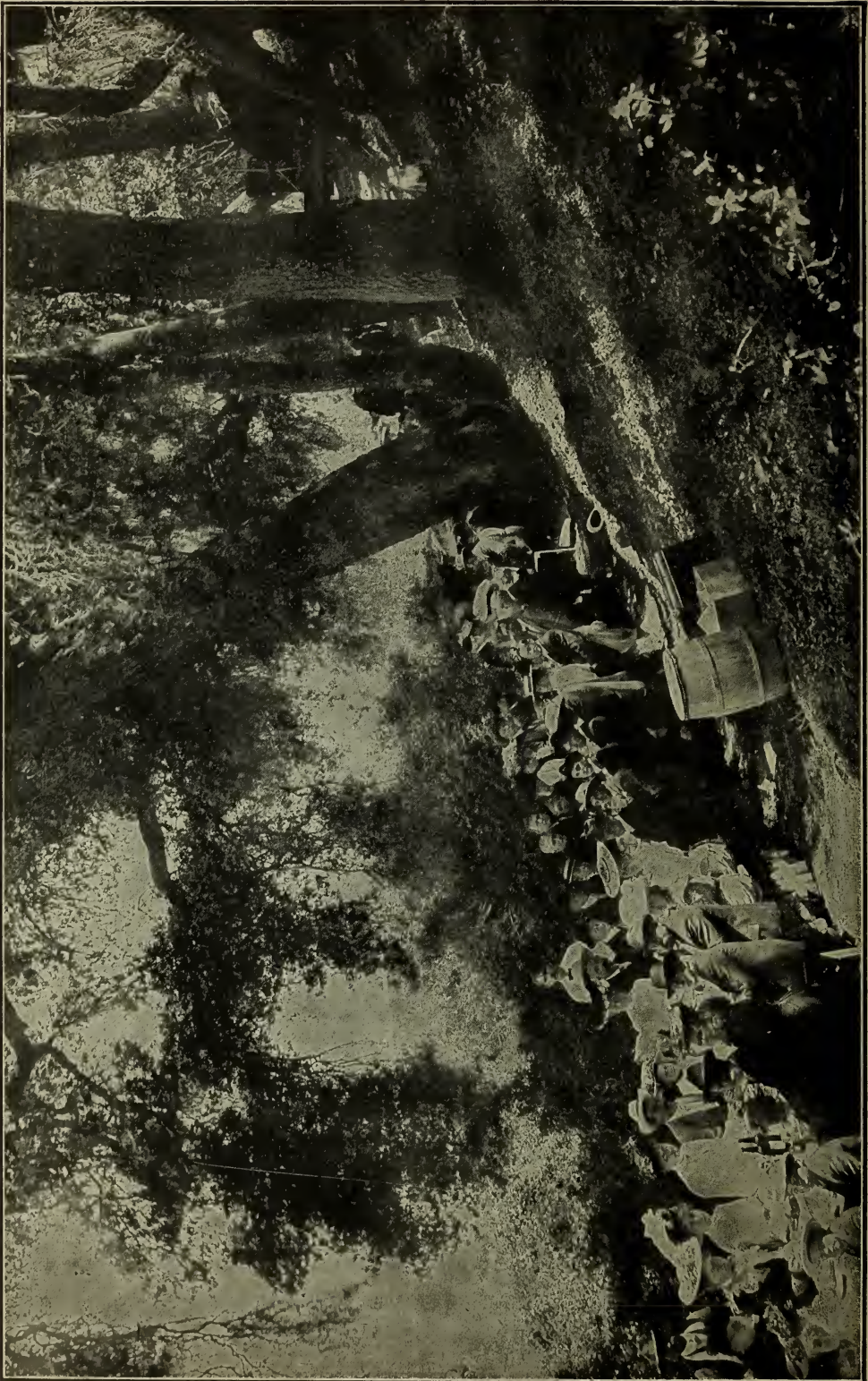
When the elder had finished his evening repast,  
A fond glance toward his wife and his children  
he cast.  
As he mused o'er the blessings kind heaven  
had sent,  
What endearments were his, aye, what blissful  
content.  
Then he thought of his brother, uncheered in  
his life  
By the presence of children and sweet-loving  
wife.  
For his desolate lot he would recompense  
make—  
And thus pondered what kindness to do for  
his sake:  
"From my sheaves I will secretly add to his  
own,  
For his comforts are few who thus dwelleth  
alone."

As the shadows grew deep and the day-star de-  
clined,  
In his home sat the younger, these thoughts  
in his mind:  
"I have none to provide for, my wants they are  
few,  
And I roam where I will when my labors are  
through:  
Careless, happy and free as the bird of the air,  
For I've none of the burdens my brother must  
bear.  
What a pleasure 'twould be, now the harvest  
is o'er,  
Could I stealthily aid him in basket and  
store:  
He has many to feed, and is harassed by  
cares—  
I will add to his sheaves while he sleeps, un-  
aware."

In the gray of the dawn each was filled with  
surprise,  
As his stack undiminished confronted his eyes.  
In the darkness once more their good deeds  
they repeat,  
In the morn, lo! what marvel—their stacks still  
complete.  
The third night on love's errand they venture  
again,  
Both resolved, on returning, strict watch to  
maintain.  
A dim figure approaching, each brother per-  
ceives,  
Then the twain come together both bearing  
their sheaves.  
In an instant they're locked in each other's  
embrace,  
With the look of a seraph o'erspreading each  
face.

On the spot where thus met those two brothers  
of old,  
Rose the Temple, resplendent with cedar and  
gold.  
While love's spirit still lingered, its spell over  
all,  
From the workman in quarry to builder on  
wall;  
And thus linked loving hearts in a brotherhood  
vast,  
Which hath silently threaded the centuried  
past.  
'Mid the splendor of kingdoms or lone desert  
waste,  
Where the battle shout rose or where vines  
interlaced,  
Where the mount kissed the sky or in caverns  
of earth,  
Holding priceless the truth it received at its  
birth.

Bearing succor to those in the direst distress,  
Bearing balm for their wounds, bearing bounty  
to bless.  
Bearing food for the hungry and shelter from  
storm,  
Bearing brightness to cheer, bearing raiment to  
warm.  
Bearing comfort to those who are sadly bereft,  
What its right hand may do never knoweth  
the left.  
Ever bearing some good, ever heeding some  
cry.  
For by love, only love, can we mount to the  
sky.  
When the perfect day comes and true light each  
receives,  
May it fall on us all while we're bearing our  
sheaves.  
—Lawrence N. Greenleaf, in *Square and Com-  
pass, Colorado.*



A JOLLY PICNIC CROWD NEAR PASO ROBLES, CALIFORNIA.

*Courtesy of the Sunset Magazine.*



## An Old Grand Master's Address.

(FROM "THE AMERICAN TYLER.")

Brother George P. Rupp, librarian of the Masonic Temple, Philadelphia, sends us an original printed copy of an interesting and eloquent old address, delivered by John Crawford, M. D., who was Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maryland a century ago. The address was read before the Pennsylvania Grand Lodge, and was evidently deemed to be of such merit as to warrant its wide dissemination by that Grand Lodge. Brother Rupp has sent us one of the two hundred printed copies ordered to be issued by the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania at an adjourned quarterly communication held in Philadelphia, October 20, 1806. We reproduce the original as nearly as possible:

ADDRESS

OF

JOHN CRAWFORD, M. D.

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL GRAND MASTER OF MASONS IN MARYLAND, PREVIOUS TO HIS RESIGNING THE CHAIR.

*Printed by order of the Grand Lodge, when in Convention, May 14, 1806,—A. L. 5806.*

MY MUCH RESPECTED AND HIGHLY ESTEEMED BROTHERS:

Having for nearly six years been honored with the superintendence of this distinguished society, I cannot take my leave of you without expressing my warmest thanks for the ample support you have at all times afforded me.

When I undertook the important office, conscious of the great responsibility attached to the situation, and of my incapacity to perform the duties that must devolve upon me, in an adequate manner, I solicited your indulgence for errors that might result from want of knowledge; but assured you I should not fail in exertions, sensible of being animated with the warmest zeal to supply every deficiency to the utmost of my power. I am well

convinced that in many respects I have fallen much short of the object I aimed at; but never from a moment of indifference, or a lessening of that ardor by which I was actuated on my coming into office. My heart's best affections have been unremittingly devoted to the prosperity of the order, connected, as I well know it is, with every thing dear to man.

My private avocations will no longer suffer me to continue in this Chair, as the duties of it require more time and attention than are compatible with interests that must not be neglected. Hence it becomes necessary that you should turn your thoughts to the selection of one whose virtues and knowledge render him worthy of so eminent a station.

Such a character may certainly be found, and such a character merits your undivided suffrage. You cannot, indeed, too seriously occupy your minds with a choice on which every valuable thing in Masonry must very much depend. The respectability of the order is intimately connected with the propriety of conduct of those who are placed at its head.

I have been long endeavoring to prove that the object of our labors has ever had directly in view a commemoration of the will of God as revealed to man either as contained in holy writ, or handed down to us by tradition, and I hope in a short time, to adduce irresistible evidence, that were it not for the revelation so made, we should never have formed a conception of any of the arts and sciences, conceived any idea of the existence of a God, or consequently, of our having any relation to Him whatsoever. It is a truth of which I am firmly persuaded, that in our having had thus imparted to us these important doctrines, we are chiefly distinguishable from the inferior animals. There is not an individual amongst us who can doubt that Masonry has been uniformly strenu-

ous in enforcing a strict observance of the laws contained in holy writ, although he might hesitate in admitting the authenticity of their origin.

Those then who have the chief direction of our affairs should give conspicuous proofs of their belief of the religious designs they are enjoined to inculcate. It is assuredly obvious, that in proportion to our solicitude in promoting these designs, the purposes of Masonry must be more or less perfectly fulfilled.

It is one of our firmly established rules that discussions on religion or politics should never be admitted within the walls of our temple; certainly an excellent rule! There are no subjects more likely to stir up the angry passions, or to be subversive of that harmony which was from the beginning one great aim of our institution. But from thence, it does not follow that we are to exclude every consideration of religion or policy. Without the first, we should have no means of restraining turbulence; were it not for the last, we should be devoid of form, and degenerate into confusion.

The injunction against the admission of religious and political questions could never have obtained had not such discussions been usual, nor would it have been adopted if the agitation of such questions had not proved injurious. But as all our charges, and every progressive step we take in Masonry refer to revelation, or to tradition most evidently derived from the same source. We cannot preserve even a semblance of consistency, and deny a gift of the Almighty, which constitutes one of the most essential characteristics of our species. It will not be hazarding too much to assert that our institution will never recover its ancient splendor until the members of it become open and unqualified believers. Then, and not till then, may we repeat, at the closing of our Lodges, with becoming propriety—

“That we have not labored in vain, nor

spent our strength in naught, for our work is with the Lord, and our recompense with our God.” Nor can we, until this generally prevails, hope to be freed from that obloquy which has so long attached to us, an obloquy which commenced with the opinion that Masonry professed only the religion of nature, and, in violation of common sense, and evidences, incapable of being misunderstood by the most limited understanding, that it was, in no respect, connected with divine revelation.

The mistaken conceptions of the existence of a religion of nature, that is of a religion coeval with the formation of the human system, with the construction of the organs of sense, have been the most injurious that ever entered into the mind of man. Such a religion is unconnected with responsibility for any of our actions, and by giving no credibility to the laws of God, it flatters the mind with a persuasion that crimes are alone cognizable by the civil power. Take away law and there can be no sin. It will not be difficult to prove that this mode of reasoning is a perversion of the understanding, and leads to consequences more ruinous than ever entered into the thoughts of those by whom it was suggested.

Such a religion as has been already insisted upon, is opposed by everything that engages the attention of the Mason. Let him apply himself diligently, with a candid mind, to understand the obvious design of all his operations, he will then be convinced that in every instance a religion of nature is unconnected with all his pursuits, is altogether delusive and visionary. No man, however good he may be in other respects, can be guilty of a greater absurdity than in occupying his time with objects that have wholly in view a commemoration of the injunctions of the Deity, and notwithstanding professes that he does not believe any such injunctions were ever uttered.

To direct our thoughts to this scrutiny,



to explain the sense in which all our *workings* should be understood, has long claimed my solicitous care. I shall pursue it with diligence, and flatter myself with a hope of being able, in a short time, to demonstrate that the dearest interests of religion are our unvarying aim, and that he must ever be the best Mason who is most scrupulously governed by what it inculcates. These hints will, I trust, have some influence on your minds in the choice of Grand Officers you are about to make. May the Great Architect and Supreme Governor of the universe so direct your thoughts on this momentous

occasion, and in every thing connected with our supreme order that all the advantages may be secured to you which equally respect time and eternity!

Permit me, my dear and highly esteemed brethren, to renew my heart-felt thanks for the distinguished honors you have so repeatedly conferred upon me, for the kind and liberal support I have uniformly received from you, and to entreat you may firmly believe that your dearest interests shall ever have possession of my heart.

TRUE COPY.

ATTEST,

SAMUEL COLE.

G. Secretary.

## Good of the Order.

The *Masonic Chronicle* wisely says: "Sorry it is that when the 'good of the order' section of the business has arrived in most lodges—yes, in the greatest majority of them—that so few members have anything to present. One great reason is that so few members read anything about the Order, either in books or the periodicals printed in its behalf.

"Having been admitted to membership and advanced through the several grades sufficiently to be permitted to attend the meetings is sufficient for the majority of such members; they have reached the end of their desire and ambitions—unless the 'office bee' gets the better of the individual, then a new ambition marks the future. Some are adepts at memorizing and glib of tongue, and become 'marked for future honors.'

"But what of the 'good of the order?'

"Of this they know little and desire less. Its history, traditions and literature are to them a sealed book, and only when an occasional grand officer, or a well informed visitor drops in, or is solicited to address the Lodge, do they get their ears above the surface of selfishness and ignorance, and absorb new ideas."

What is wanted in our Lodges is more enlightenment on the aims and historic features of Masonry and less ambition for office only. The brethren would find such enlightenment better for the Craft generally than the desire only of the office-seeker, because eventually the seeker after office, in many cases, after he has gained the goal of his ambition, becomes the driftwood of Masonry.—*Masonic Sun*.

We do not judge our friends by their failures.

A purse is the most common poultice for the conscience.

An inspiration is mightier than an argument.

There is no science without the supernatural.

Have no thoughts you dare not put in deeds.

It is love for men that lifts a man above men.

### The Unseen Cord.

There is an unseen cord that binds  
 The whole wide world together:  
 Through every human life it winds—  
 This one mysterious tether.  
 It links all races and all lands  
 Throughout their span allotted.  
 And death alone unties the strands  
 Which God himself has knotted.

However humble be your lot,  
 Howe'er your hands are fettered,  
 You cannot think a noble thought  
 But all the world is bettered.  
 With every impulse, deed, or word  
 Wherein love blends with duty,  
 A message speeds along the cord  
 That gives the earth more beauty.

Your unkind thought, your selfish deed,  
 Is felt in farthest places;  
 There are no solitudes where greed  
 And wrong can hide their faces;  
 There are no separate lives; the chain,  
 Too subtle for our seeing,  
 Unites us all upon the plane  
 Of universal being.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

### Three Bulwarks.

In his sermon delivered in connection with the celebration of the one hundred and fortieth anniversary of Zion Lodge No. 1, of Detroit, Mich., the Rev. Warne Wilson told of the three great bulwarks of Masonry, and said:

Without these three bulwarks, this Order, whose early history is clouded in the haze of centuries, would be powerless to-day; its ritualism would be a farce and its mysteries meaningless. These three bulwarks make Masonry the magnificent institution it is to-day and mark it as a power for good. The bulwarks that I speak of are our duty to God, to our neighbor and to ourselves. These are to Masonry what Jerusalem was to Israel. I have heard men say that the Lodge is their church. Those that say this are unin-

structed Masons, because the Order is founded on the principles of religion. Masonry is a strong enduring power of defense against atheism and irreverence and stands forever as a protest against scepticism and unbelief. Throughout the steps that mark the progress of the candidate are taught the principles of reverence for the Creator, the brotherhood of man and proper temperance and restraint in all our actions. So long as the Craft remains true to these old-time principles, so long will peace remain within her walls.

We should not see so many faults in our fellow-men if we did not look for them.

The praise of the multitude cannot give peace to the heart that has been false to itself.



## Masonic Mysteries.

Bro. Col. J. C. Tucker, former United States Minister at Martinique, relates a strange story of a race of people living in an underground city in Central America. Col. Tucker some time ago received information about a race who live in cities cut out of the rocks in the mountains of Central America, in an out-of-the-way place, and which no stranger had visited before him and returned alive. He decided to investigate. After reaching a certain point, Col. Tucker had to travel 300 miles through wild jungles, carrying his provisions on a pack mule and enduring many hardships on the way. As he neared the hidden city his every movement was watched and reported to the high priest of the tribe dwelling there, but no harm was offered him. When he shot a pair of lions in the jungles which had been killing the natives he did an act that turned out to be the very thing that gave him their friendship and protection.

He was welcomed by the high priest, who spoke good English, and was shown through their wonderful city, hewn out of the solid granite rocks in the mountain side. To the uninitiated the surface of the mountain gave no clue to the city concealed within it. It was entered by secret passages, cunningly concealed by nature's handiwork, and which led to large, commodious rooms, handsomely furnished, mostly in old mahogany. Passages led to hundreds of rooms and to a large hall, in which the strange people met and held their meetings, while smaller openings for ventilation went upward, ending among the rocks and jungles above, so arranged that the rain could not enter.

The tradition among these curious people was that they originally came from a country far away, and their mission was to outwit their enemies, which, in the beginning, pursued them. At all the entrances there are side rooms, from which,

at a moment's notice, deadly gases could be let loose upon any hostile invaders who might enter, and which would kill them instantly, while by sliding doors of stone the gas would be kept from entering the city.

The light of the sun, moon or stars never enters their underground city except through certain openings, by which they study the mysteries of the night skies, but they use electricity for lighting purposes, a science they have learned by keeping in touch with the outer world through their young men.

The Colonel says he was an attendant at their meetings, and was surprised to find they were going through Masonic rituals, which he, being a Mason of high degree, understood. This was an inheritance of theirs from their ancestors of the unknown past.

Bro. Col. Tucker has written many chapters about these people and their city. He has done so because he wishes to preserve the knowledge. He freely shows them to his friends, and has as yet made no effort to publish them. The proprietor of a well-known magazine, who visited the City of Mexico, and who was given the privilege of reading the manuscripts, with the proviso that he would not publish their contents, offered Col. Tucker first \$5,000, and then double that amount, if the Colonel would pilot him to the city in the rocks. And he may yet do so.

Bro. Col. Tucker believes these people are a part of the lost tribes of Israel. He has many old parchments they gave him which he has been unable to find any one to decipher for him, but which he hopes to have read by some one of the great scholars of the world, when the mysteries they contain in their time-stained hieroglyphics will be made plain, thus revealing to the world perhaps the strangest story that ever linked the dim past with the living present.—*Chicago Chronicle.*

## Study for Expressiveness.

The experience secured in the conferring of Masonic degrees is often the first road that leads a Mason to appreciate the beauties of the symbolism of the Craft. No brother can better prepare himself for a full appreciation of its impressive lessons than by zealously and conscientiously performing each duty that is allotted to him, no matter how minor it may appeal to his ambitions.

Many brethren never fully realize the grandeur and sublimity of the Masonic system until it is personally brought to their hearts and consciences by a study of the ritual, that they may take a part in the ceremonies, and the more important the part and the more carefully they study it, the more deeply the finer instincts of their souls are stirred into activity, opening to their wondering gaze a new and beautiful world of which they never before had the faintest conception, and stirring their hearts with a flood of marvelous light. Under the impressive symbolism of the Craft lie its gems of delicious knowledge, as the luscious fruit lies beneath the foliage of the plant. The human heart is a "mysterious quantity," to be stirred into activity by some trivial word when expressed under proper conditions, and many times momentous results follow that may influence the destinies of not only individuals, but of nations as well. The innermost recesses of our beings and the most secret chambers of our hearts may be reached and flooded with sentiment by a tiny ray of light that was thought to be valueless and lost in the immensity of the universe; yet in God's economy it had its part, and his plan would be incomplete without it. Even the tiniest ripple on the ocean's placid surface serves a purpose, if our knowledge is great enough to follow it to its consummation. In the make-up of every son of humanity there is a holy of holies,

into which no pageant of earthly greatness can enter, yet it may be unlocked and its beauties thrown open to delight and improve the world if the right means be employed to reach it. A human soul may be trembling and quivering in the balance to-day, my brother, and it may be assigned to you to utter the word that means its weal or woe. Are you preparing yourself to say it so as to build up character and manhood, or by indifference and slothfulness to let it die for want of the light that is yours to furnish?—*Masonic Chronicler*.

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### True Masonry.

Nebraska can lay claim to one of the most remarkable incidents of true Masonic charity that has ever come to our notice. Some time ago one of the members of a certain Lodge in this State strayed from the path of Masonic influences and became a defaulter to the amount of over two thousand dollars. The matter became public and the brother confessed his guilt. He was a bright, promising young man, and his actions were a great shock to his many friends. The Lodge took the matter up and the members made good the defalcation without a murmur, thus saving a brother from a penitentiary sentence, and then expelled him from the Fraternity. If there is a particle of manhood or Masonry left in the young man, the action of his Lodge should so stimulate his future actions as to make it unnecessary for suspicion to again cross his pathway.—*The Acacia*.

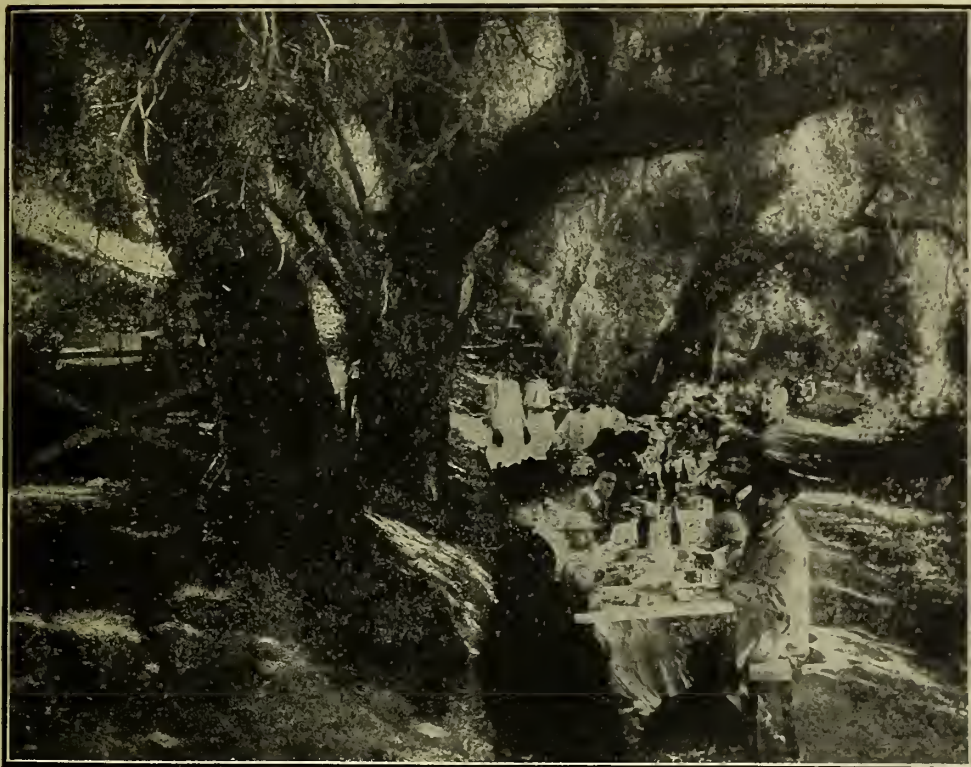
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Remember that happiness, when it comes at all, usually comes to those who do not go in search of it.

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The more a man knows himself the less he says about it.





*Courtesy of the Sunset Magazine.*

UNDER THE OAKS, NEAR PASO ROBLES, CALIFORNIA.

## California.

(AN EXCERPT FROM AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY IN 1863.  
BY THE REV. THOMAS STARR KING.)

“Suppose we were called upon to name on all the globe, to-day, the community of four hundred thousand persons most favorably placed, so far as domain, and prosperity, and prospects are concerned. Let a man turn the globe with compasses in his hand, and hold them suspended, and deliberate as long as he may, I defy him to fix the point at any other place than Sacramento—right here at Agricultural Hall—so that the sweep shall include the four hundred thousand souls within the jurisdiction of this society. What other portion of the earth, held by one organization of less than half a mil-

lion, will compare in privilege, resources and hopes with the young beloved Benjamin of American States, whose autumn sack is now stuffed with grain, while the mouth of it contains a cup of gold? A line on the Atlantic Coast, representing the length of our State, would run from Boston below Chesapeake Bay, below Cape Hatteras, below the batteries of Gilmore on Cummings Point, to the harbor of Port Royal. And nearly the whole of the area, with this vast water front, is one symmetrical domain by reason of the mountains that uprear their five hundred miles of jagged whiteness in its background: the

rivers that flow from the northward and the southward, fed from those snowy springs, to unite in the center of the State; and the bay that receives their volume, rivaling in its conformation the Bay of Naples. Where else has the Almighty delivered to half a million of people such a line of eternal snow, looking down upon such opulent plains? Where else such a fellowship of temperate and tropic climes? Where else such rainless summers which turn drouths into harvests? Where else gold in the rocks, and, bending o'er the mills that crush them, peaches that mock the apples of gold in the garden of Hesperides? Where else such sweeps of wheat such armies of noble cattle on a thousand hills, such bloom of vineyards, and, beneath all, such variety of mineral wealth, which only centuries to come can tap and drain? Where else has the Almighty connected such social blessings with material good—freedom, intelligence, schools, multiplying churches and loyalty—deliberate-principled, unconditional, invincible loyalty to the government and the policy, the freest, the noblest, the worthiest beneath the sun? I do not say this in boasting. It is only the honest generalization of the map of California and of the facts which your exhibition presents to our eyes this week. In privileges of position, and in regard to resources and the future, the State of California, in the American republic, is the most favored spot which the globe turns to the sun."

Could the gifted orator now behold the progress made in the forty years since this address was delivered, how changed would be the panorama of beauty and prosperity that would meet his delighted vision! Truly, California is raised to heaven in point of privilege and opportunity.

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"Ah! what caution must men use with those who look not at the deed alone, but spy into the thoughts with subtle skill."

### Faith in Masonry.

In the darkness of the past, brute force and might of sword and spear subjected labor to bonded slavery. The feudal church and state repressed the grosser violence, and in their turn coerced the toil of man into their servitude. The builder met in secret. The tiled Lodge never died; the noble principles of liberty and equality were taught within the guarded walls with the emphasis of mystery, and received with all the zeal of devotion. From the lives of the members, the lessons learned, passed into the literature and sentiment of the day. The result was a free church and religious equality; a free state and political equality. Today, the market rules and compels the mind and hand of man to its caprice. We have faith in the persistency of Masonry. With confidence, we believe the day will surely come when the intellect, the culture, the conscience of the race freed from the market's power, will relegate the acquisition of wealth to the menial spirits of the age, while they move onward in their royal course, enriching earth with novelty and uplifting life upon the heights of loving emulation.—*James S. Gilham, Nebraska.*

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Don't let your troubles down you. If you stop to consider you will perceive that none of them ever killed you. Troubles past are probably as tough as troubles you've got. Remember the sage exultation of the darky patriarch: "Boss, I'se gwine live de res' ob de yeah! Eh? How know? Why! I'se done libbed pas' de Fo'f ob Mahch; an' I'se always noticed dat when I libs froo de Fo'f of Mahch I libs de res' ob de yeah!"

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"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and it hath the same effect upon the bank account.

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A girl never gets over the shock of encouraging a man who proposes but once.





GENERAL WILLIAM WHIPPLE.  
(From an old and rare picture.)

## A Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

(Made a Freemason in Colonial Times.)

WRITTEN FOR THE "TRESTLE BOARD" BY BRO. GILBERT PATTEN BROWN,  
AMERICAN MASONIC WRITER.\*

The king and despot have ruled the old world, while the patriot and the inventor have and will continue to rule the new. New England is proud of its colonial fathers, whose lives stand as examples for future generations. The cultured, rural and beauteous town of Kittery, Maine, has many interesting traditions, and upon that soil where once trod the warlike red man now stands the United States navy yard, also many dwellings of renowned citizens. There, on the 14th day of January, 1730, was born a gentleman of distinction, and in the modest person of William Whipple, son of Captain William and Mary (Cutt) Whipple, and the fifth in line from Matthew Whipple of Rocking, Essex county, England. His great-great-great-grandfather, Elder John Whipple, was one of the deacons in the "First

Church" of quaint Ipswich, Mass., early in colonial days. The maternal grandmother of the subject of this sketch was Dorcas, daughter of Major Joseph Hammond, whose father had been an ardent adherent of Oliver Cromwell, left his native land on the death of the Protector, came to the New World, and settled in the then wild Kittery; they were a family of marked distinction, and their stern worth was shown in that part of the "Commonwealth of Massachusetts Bay." The great-grandfather of William Whipple on his maternal side was Robt. Cutt, Sr., whose brother was at one time President of the New Hampshire Colony. We find his ancestry on both lines those of merit and stern worth. During his childhood days old Kittery was a scene of great commercial activity. In 1652 his great-

\*Author of "Memories of Martinique," "The Monk of St. Pierre," "Colonial Days on the Kennebec," "Lydia of Hadley," etc., etc.

grandfather, Robert Cutt, had established a ship yard, and later that ship-building enterprise was the property of Sir William Pepperell, a contemporary of Capt. William Whipple, his father. His education was obtained in the school of his native town. It was as early as 1741 that old Kittery afforded a grammar school, and bashful William Whipple drank freely from that little and unique fountain of learning. At an early age he took to the life of a sailor, and before arriving at 21 commanded a large ship engaged in European, West Indian and African trade. He soon proved to be a very popular, as well as a successful, man in the cloth of a merchant marine-man, and not more than once a year would he arrive in his home port.

In Portsmouth, N. H., there was established in 1736, "St. John's Lodge No. 1," of Freemasons, whose membership consisted of the elite of that historic and renowned town. For years past it had been the desire of Capt. Whipple to become a member of the Masonic Institution. The records of the old Lodge are dimmed with age. However, he is there termed a "going man." The following the writer has copied from those unique records:

"Jan. 2, 1752. William Whipple propounded and by dispensation balloted for, and unanimously voted to be made a member of this society."

It is quite probable that his application was proposed by Colonel John Tufton Mason. He was there given the Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft and Master Mason's degrees, and among the large gathering that evening at the shrine of old "St. John's" were the leading divines and merchants of thrifty Portsmouth. Little dreamed those eminent gentlemen of the King's faithful that in a few years those most prominent in the Lodge would be engaged in war with the land of their forefathers, or that their newly made brother

would swing the sword of human justice on great fields of battle.

In the year 1759 Captain Whipple abandoned the sea and entered into commercial life in Portsmouth with his brother. He married his cousin, Miss Catherine Moffart, daughter of John and Catherine (Cutt) Moffart. A few years previous to his marriage he had proposed to another cousin (Miss Mehitable Odiorne), who made extensive preparations to marry the noted sea captain, but on the evening of the wedding changed her mind. He owned two slaves he had brought from Africa while in the slave trade; they were "Prince" and "Cuffee."

When the dark cloud of the Revolution hovered over the American Colonies, William Whipple took a firm stand for the liberties of his people. (He would have, in the author's opinion, made an excellent naval officer.) His firmness to the "rebel cause" attracted the attention of many of his contemporaries. In January, 1775, he was chosen a representative of Portsmouth to the Provincial Congress, held in the rural town of Exeter, that State, for the purpose of choosing delegates to the General Congress, which was to meet on the 10th of the following May at Philadelphia. Here the "deep water sailor" proved to be an important factor in the affairs of state. At the close of that year the people of the New Hampshire Colony established a form of government, and on the 6th of January, 1776, Captain Whipple was chosen a member of the Council, and on the 23d following was elected a delegate to the Continental Congress.

He took his seat in that distinguished body on the 29th of February following. Among that gathering were many eminent Freemasons — one, President John Hancock, of Massachusetts; another, Dr. Matthew Thornton, of his own colony. Here he figured prominently, and continued to be elected to that trusted position in the years 1777, 1778 and 1779. It was in



September of the latter year that he finally retired from Congress. He had there endeared himself to his patriot compeers and brethren of the Masonic fraternity. At that time a distant relative of his, Commodore Abraham Whipple (another Freemason), of Providence, R. I., was busily engaged in driving from these waters the King's ships. One delegate remarked: "Captain Whipple, how would you like to try the Continental navy? You shall have a commission if you wish it." His reply was: "I fear I could not get near enough to slaughter enough Britishers; would rather fight as a private with Washington." Soon the sailor from Portsmouth was appointed and commissioned a Brigadier-General to serve under Washington in the Continental army. The state of New Hampshire had formed the whole militia of the State into two brigades, giving the command of the first to William Whipple and of the second to John Stark (another member of the Masonic fraternity.) Many were surprised and much talk was made among those of the patriot side about a sailor being made a General in the army. One old lady in Kittery, who favored the British, said: "What! Salt Bill Whipple a General! Lord Howe will drive him into the sea."

Upon General Whipple's starting for Saratoga, then the seat of war, his negro servant, Prince, became dilatory, and upon his master speaking to him, the slave replied: "Master, you are going to fight for your liberty, but I have none to fight for." The sailor-general said no more, but Prince did his duty and fought bravely in several hard battles to establish American liberty.

General Whipple's first military service was in the expedition to stop the progress of the enemy on our western frontiers. It was not a soft task for New Hampshire militia to face the veteran corps of the King, composed of the best troops of Britain and Germany, but the stout-hearted

sailor feared not. After taking command, General Whipple lost no time in joining General Gates, and at the battles of Stillwater and Saratoga, the once proud sea captain fought bravely and gained no small amount of the share of honor due the American army at that most critical moment. In 1778, when Gen. John Sullivan, LL. D. (another member of the St. John's Lodge at Portsmouth), had been sent to retake Rhode Island from the King's forces, General Whipple, in command of New Hampshire militia, was also sent to take part in that most arduous campaign. The planning of the expedition proved unsuccessful and the American forces had to retreat. General Whipple did not aid in the least in planning that ill-fated scheme.

Throughout the entire war he received nothing but praise from his patriot superiors. On the 29th of June, 1782, he was appointed a Judge of the Superior Court of Judicature, it being unusual at that period to fill offices with those not educated in the profession of law. General Whipple was warmly received, his honesty was unquestioned, and his many virtues proved him to be a popular man in the cloth of the most honored station. At the close of the Revolution no man in busy Portsmouth was more highly respected than the "tar" who took the field of battle rather than a ship in the then proud "Continental navy." Blushing girls and old people of his native town had upon several occasions traveled some distance to, as one ancient maiden termed it, "see Salt Bill Whipple in a General's uniform."

Previous to the battle of Saratoga, a noted Tory of Kittery said to one of his neighbors favoring the American side: "And that old sailor, Bill Whipple, has been made a General by your rebel chief, Duke Washington. I will see that after this little trouble is over the King hangs him."

On the 25th of December, 1784, General Whipple was appointed a Justice of the Peace and quorum throughout the State of New Hampshire, under the new Constitution. In the autumn of 1785 he was taken sick and obliged to leave court and return to his home. The salt food of his sea-going days had affected his stomach, and the hardships of war, with the cares of state, had worn out the old and faithful Anglo-Saxon. He died the death of a Christian on the 28th of November that year. His funeral was largely attended. Among the company were many members of the old Lodge, but few of them were members at the time the General was given Masonic light.

As the curious tourist visits old and romantic Portsmouth, his attention is attracted to a little village of the dead. It is just up from the city square. Most of the stones are of slate. There, in the northeast corner of that hallowed spot (most appropriate for the last resting place of such an honored Mason), sleeps all that is earthly of the daring seaman who signed that American document, the Declaration of Independence, as a Bible for the rights of mankind forever. The unceasing wrecks of time have worn the stone that bears the following and touching epitaph:

Here are deposited the remains of the Honorable William Whipple, who departed this life on the 28th day of November, 1785, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He was often elected and thrice attended the Continental Congress for the State of New Hampshire, particularly in that memorable year in which America declared itself independent of Great Britain. He was also, at the time of his decease, a Judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature. In him a firm and ardent patriotism was united with universal benevolence and every social virtue.

Under his skull was no small amount of mental aristocracy; in his veins flowed patrician blood, and in his breast beat a heart true to all. Not only is it the duty of a young New England writer, but it is with pride and pleasure that he at this

time wields his busy pen, that the name of William Whipple be kept green before generations yet to be born.

Kittery is one of Maine's most fashionable summer resorts. The visitor is met by the school boy, who is proud to show his stranger friend the spot where the sailor General of the American Revolution first saw the light of day.

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### Good Sense.

Labor is health—the life that is not busy is not wholesome—idleness saps the power of aspiration, attempt and achievement, and causes them to atrophy and rot. Get busy—something to do puts you on good terms with yourself and the world. Habitual leisure is inherent laziness, and a source of evil, always. Inactivity means stagnation, and stagnation means decay.

Optimism is life; pessimism slow suicide. Smile and take your medicine; don't get grouchy; it might have been a heap worse; and, anyway, you'll get well. Cheerfulness is contagious and makes for happiness. Misery loves company—cheerful company. There are those who wouldn't recognize the word enjoyment if they met it in the road—who scowl at fate and are miserable from preference, to whom a smile may bring a message of good cheer. Be a beaming sun, and shine.

Never lose your temper. Anger is a wrecker of nerves and a breeder of insanity. Worry is lost motion—anger a disease which, after a time, becomes chronic and incurable. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," is more than a biblical proverb—it is a great truth.—*Sagebrush Philosopher.*

Being admired by the wrong man always makes a woman mad at him for not being the other one.

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It is just as important to know how to wisely expend your money as to know how to earn it.





*Courtesy of Sunset Magazine.*

FLORAL VENDERS, SAN FRANCISCO.

## **Es Selamu Aleikum.**

Fun and frolic, when kept within the limits of gentlemanly propriety, may not reasonably be condemned. Nobles of the Mystic Shrine are noted for enjoyment of both of these attributes. But their enjoyment of fun and frolic on what some have termed "the play-ground of Masonry," does not cause them to forget their duties as men and Masons. In the year 1902 there was reported to the Imperial Council the sum of over \$10,000 by twenty Temples of the Order, or an average of over \$500 from each of the twenty Temples. This sum was simply in response to a special call from the Imperial Potentate on behalf of the sick, the destitute

and the unemployed, and is but a small part of the benefactions of this great social Order. Each of the ninety-one Temples attends with brotherly care to the necessities of its own membership, not alone in the dispensing of monetary aid. The widow, the orphan, the destitute, are greeted with such care as open-hearted and open-handed Nobles well know how to extend. The members of the Shrine are not in the habit of proclaiming from the housetops the administrations of their charities. With them the left hand has no right to inquire or to know what the right hand doeth. The action of the Temples is an object lesson to all, whether Masons

or others, who decry the Shrine as an instrument of harm. Charity in its truest and broadest sense, is a characteristic of the Nobles, Justice and Charity are among the main teachings of the Order, and these attributes are not obscured or forgotten amid the cheer and sunshine enjoyed by those fortunate enough to have their names enrolled among the Nobility.

The writer desires to make it known that Nobles of the Mystic Shrine do not claim, and have never claimed, that the Shrine is any part of the great Fraternity of Masonry. Its only connection with Masonry in any department thereof is the simple fact that the qualification of admission to the Shrine is membership in certain collateral branches of Masonry. "Only this and nothing more."

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#### Exact Equality.

In Masonry, as in no other organization or government, every brother stands upon an exact equality. His right to say who shall be admitted to membership in his lodge is absolute and unqualified. If he abuses that right no human power can prevent it. It is, therefore, not only a right, but carries with it the supremest obligation to use this power, not for any selfish purpose, to gratify his own personal dislikes or animosities against the candidate or his friends, but calmly and judicially to exercise this sovereign right solely with reference to the good of the Craft. We sometimes hear of candidates being rejected who, so far as personally known, are without objection, and yet some other brother may have had opportunities of discovering something in the character or conduct of the candidate which leads him to the conclusion that he would not be a good and true Mason. It is, therefore, necessary for us, my brethren, to exercise toward our brethren that same charity which we ask for ourselves; and if, perchance, some of those whom we have deemed unexceptionable should have the

cube cast against them, we must assume that the reasons were good and sufficient. To do otherwise would be to engender bickerings and strife, and we should soon destroy that peace and harmony which are absolutely necessary to our existence.

There is no test that so surely determines a man's character as a Mason as the use of the ballot. The secrets locked in his own breast may be transmitted to the ballot box, and the world grow none the wiser, whether his action is prompted by the highest or the basest motive. Masonry has no room for that man who is so lost to the high and noble principles of the Order as to carry into the lodge room his business, social, political, or religious differences with his brethren. Within the lodge he is only a man and a Mason, and his every act and thought should be inspired alone by the good of the Craft. In no other way, my brethren, can this fraternity of friendship and brotherly love be perpetuated. It is the very heart and soul of our Masonic life.—*Grand Master, West Virginia.*

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The institution of Masonry is older than the creeds of man. At its liberal shrine have knelt the most illustrious men of all ages, races and sects. Therefore, the time-honored Craft should at all times and under all circumstances hold the most exalted position.—*Gilbert Patten Brown.*


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Reading the lives of great men, one is led to believe that in order to become great one should begin life a peaked-headed, gawky, green, wobbly-jointed boy with just enough sense to last him from breakfast to dinner.


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Men refuse to profit by the experience of others, seeking rather to learn for themselves. However, this results beneficially, since it leads man from the beaten paths and takes him to hitherto undiscovered things.





**Perfect Ashlars of  
Masonic Thought.**



If I were a sculptor, I would chisel into exquisite and enduring marble the colossal figure of a perfect woman. I would put the light of kindness in her eyes, the smile of heaven on her lips, and the warmth of sympathy in her cheeks. I would cut into her shining face the sympathy of a thousand hearts, and with an artist's touch I would give her the mien and caste of Sovereign Love. In her great, her gentle, her protecting arms, I would have her, in symbolic figure encircling the heavy laden of the earth, and drawing the down-cast in tenderness to her heaving bosom. On the pedestal of that grand symbol, I would burn in the chaste marble, in letters of living fire, this word which has been familiar to all ages, and which now encircles the cycles of time.—“Freemasonry.”—*John J. Sullivan.*

Our Masonry, to be worth anything to ourselves and others, must be of that kind which bears fruit in its season. We shall have learned its great lessons to no purpose unless we can put them into practical operation in every-day life. We must live it in all that we do, and by so doing we shall but demonstrate to others its good effects by the transformation it has wrought in our lives and conduct. That which is the greatest thing in the world, and which yields the mightiest of all influences, we claim as the cement which binds us together as a band of brethren, willing to go in the humblest manner, and out of our way, if by such means we have the slightest assurance that we can be of service to a worthy distressed brother. That cement is love—love to the common brotherhood, love to every human being;

and, when we are possessed of this charity to that degree which duty demands at our hands, then will we regard a brother's welfare as our own.—*Andrew H. Barkley, Mississippi.*

Wealth, station and rank yet rule the world. A friendship which cares nothing for these vain distinctions cannot survive by the laws which govern the multitude. For this reason Masonry creates a secret, sacred and holy friendship of its own, controlled and directed by this moral law, which is written upon the tablets of eternity. Such a friendship, closely interwoven with its twin-sister, Charity, as in Masonry, with humble step approaches the lowly habitation of the sorrowing, and administers comfort. It knocks at the lowly and disconsolate heart and speaks words of encouragement and cheer. It fills the mind with pure and holy contentment, which all the wealth of the Indies could not bestow.—*Judge Alfred Sample, Illinois.*

Masonry teaches us that the best fortunes of life lie in the direction of the discharge of our duties toward God and our fellow men; and that the most fragrant flowers that can adorn our bier are those the seeds of which are sown by ourselves in the hearts of our fellow men, matured by our own hands, watered by our own sympathetic tears, and developed by the sunshine of our presence.—*John W. McGrath, P. G. M., Michigan.*

Freemasonry is not a shield for the political expert, nor does it foster race prejudice and as a rule the creed egoist does not make a good Freemason. — *Gilbert Patten Brown.*



## EDITORS' CORNER.

JAMES WRIGHT ANDERSON,  
EDMUND MANSFIELD ATKINSON, }

Editors



### Desire for Official Station.

There is no evil in our Lodges more productive of harm than inordinate desire for official station therein. It seems, too, to be a growing evil, and it is one for which there seems to be no preventive or remedy. Nor is the evil confined to our subordinate lodges. It is not infrequently the case that brothers on their very first appearance in the Grand Lodge begin to lay their plans for advancement and to carry these plans out much after the style of the pothouse politician.

Whether in subordinate or Grand Lodge, brethren should be willing to occupy the lower seat in the synagogue of Masonry until by service they make it manifest that they are capable and worthy to occupy a higher. It is not an uncommon thing for brethren to exhibit a higher estimate of their own qualifications than that formed thereof by their confreres; and it is equally uncommon to find such persons very agreeable companions in our lodges. Often, if disappointed in their aspirations, they become positive agents of inharmony and evil, showing rebellious dissatisfaction on finding that their brethren are not inclined to estimate them by the measure that they themselves have adopted. Masonry requires that the officers of lodges should be men of unexceptionable character, and possessed of attainments sufficient to enable them to discharge efficiently all the duties that in any emergency may devolve upon them. The character and standing of the membership of the lodge is very properly judged by that of the officers. It should be the constant care of the members of the lodge to select for official position, and especially for the higher

positions, those who have been approved both as to character and attainments. The qualifications which characterize the good man and the good Mason should be carefully observed in the selection of those who are to hold such positions. If the brethren select their officers, and especially their Masters, from among those who stand well in the community, they will strengthen their lodges, and, incidentally, themselves. Set aside those who are continually seeking their own advancement.

### Then and Now.

There is perhaps no better index of the prosperity that has characterized the commonwealth of California than the growth of the Masonic Fraternity in this State. In June, 1860, the corner-stone of the present Masonic Temple in this city was laid. It required three years subsequent to that time to make it ready for the meeting therein of the Grand Lodge. The Temple was then regarded as the finest and most perfect building on the Pacific Coast, and the most beautiful, if not the most expensive Masonic Temple in America. It was a noble monument of the energy and liberality of the brethren. To erect such a building at that time was a hurculean task. There were then about 6000 Master Masons in California, and the Temple cost nearly \$200,000. There are now nearly five times as many Master Masons; indeed, the increase has been phenomenal. Almost everywhere in the State have the style of architecture and the conveniences of Masonic edifices marched with equal foot with the increase in membership. Temples that in beauty and convenience place the Masonic Temple of San Francisco in the



shade have been erected in various cities of the State. In 1863 there were in San Francisco eleven lodges, with a membership of about 1200; in 1903 there were eighteen lodges, with a membership of about 5000. At the present time all the lodges of San Francisco are financially prosperous; in 1863, those existing were financially weak. Then there were two Royal Arch Chapters, one Commandery and one Consistory; in 1903 there were three Chapters, two Commanderies and two Consistories. All these latter bodies are financially strong; and, if they will "pool their issues," they will be fully able to erect a Temple with such high and spacious dome as will make it an ornament to the city and the State, and a monument to their love for the institution of Masonry and their fidelity to its teachings and principles.

### Talking Out of Lodge.

A report, a little out of the ordinary, comes from an interior California town. A candidate for the degrees of Masonry on becoming a Fellow Craft, let slip a few "tales out of school." He entertained the "women folks" at home with a recital of some things that he knew and, among them the names of those who were "riding the goat" and also those who were anxious to do so. When this became known to members of the Lodge objection was made and at the next stated meeting, after due course of procedure, the lodge refused him advancement. The next morning the garrulous neophyte met the Master and gave him an account of the action of the lodge. On being asked for his authority he named one of the members who had taken part in the proceedings. When a Master Mason sets no guard at his lips what can be expected of a Fellow Craft?

The action taken was in accordance with Masonic law, but the lodge has still another duty to perform. If the report be

correct that brother who revealed to the Fellow Craft the action of the lodge should, in our humble opinion, be taught a lesson that will cause him to know and remember that silence and circumspection are the characteristics of a true Mason. For the benefit of the Master of that lodge and others who may be interested, we append the pronounced opinion of the Grand Lodge of California in regard to talking on the outside, and the remedy therefor as appears in Section 530 of the Decisions, and more readily found in Anderson's Manual, page 301. Masters should read this Decision. It is as follows:

"Sec. 530. The Master may enjoin secrecy upon all present in his Lodge in regard to such matters as may transpire therein which, in his judgment, should not be known elsewhere; and for any violation of such injunction, a charge of un-Masonic conduct should be speedily preferred against the offender."

### Over the Burning Sands.

Hon. James Wright Anderson, one of California's most distinguished Masons, and senior editor of the TRESTLE BOARD, accompanied by Mrs. Anderson, is now "doing" the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis.

Brother Anderson was unanimously elected by Islam Temple, Mystic Shrine, as a representative to the Imperial Council of Red-fezzed Arabs, recently in session at Atlantic City, New Jersey. (It is just possible that the writer may have "slipped a cog" in this high and mighty title, for he himself has never crossed the parched sands of the Desert of Sahara, and, consequently, may have stammered in his speech a little speaking words yet unfamiliar.)

That Bro. Anderson laid hold of the guy rope of the most obstreperous camel, and trod the hot sands of the desert shoulder to shoulder and foot to foot with the redheadedest Noble of the glittering host,

goes without saying with those who know him best. His trusted *machette* is of the choicest metal tempered to the superlative degree of fineness, and with it by just the cant of the wrist he is capable of performing the wonderful feat of "gauging the symmetry of a peeled pear which a sibyl has stabbed with a poniard." And if in that cosmopolitan convocation—

"Egyptian, Arab, Nubian there,  
The bearers of the bow and spear."—

there appeared any tangled questions of Arabian comity, propriety or etiquette, we will wager a *tamale caliente* of no mean proportions that Noble Anderson's far-reaching baritone tickled the ear-drum of every assembled Bedouin of the desert; for he is authority *par excellence* in the law and literature of every institution to which he belongs, and, when the occasion demands, he presents his views in a manner sufficiently forcible to carry conviction to the minds of his hearers.

When this devoted Shriner shall have viewed to full satisfaction the world's greatest wonders now on exhibition at that mammoth show on the banks of the far-off Mississippi, he will re-cross the desert toward the sunset land with hope in his heart, and with high and firm resolve to engage in other pleasant duties that await him, for duty is with him always as inflexible as fate; and, although more than seventy summers have blossomed over his honored head, he will appear on the morning of September 6th in the City of San Francisco as fresh as a June peach, as lithe as a Saracen sprinter, and as comely as an Apollo Belvedere—a valiant Sir Knight mounted on a prancing black charger, in the front rank of California Commandery No. 1, K. T., as an escort to the Grand Master and his staff, a guide and guard for every devoted follower of Hugh de Payens and Godfrey de Bouillon, and a liberal dispenser of hospitality to all way-worn and weary pilgrims traveling from afar, seek they for glory or seek they for grub. Always early, and often late,

he will be at the post of duty, and when the last faithful service has been performed, and when the pomp and glory of the big Conclave have gone pirouetting down the back alley of time, he will return to his desk in the sanctum, just as if nothing had happened, and be greeted with the salutation, MORAH SALAM! MORI SEIM, MORI LIKEIM.

### The Black Ball.

The question which has received marked attention from Masonic writers seems to be the use and abuse of the black ball. Nearly every Masonic journal that comes to hand gives expressions of opinion, either original or endorsed.

There is one consideration that should not be overlooked. The black ball is indispensable, and the unanimous ballot should obtain. Were it otherwise the Masonic lodge would be but a rendezvous for unprincipled schemers and pothouse politicians; a club for high rollers and "jolly good fellows." The black ball is necessary to protect the lodge from the presence of undesirable material, and it should be, and generally is, used for that wise and salutary purpose.

Every member of the lodge has an undeniable right to a choice of ballot, and, having that choice, he should exercise his right to cast his ballot according to the dictates of his own conscience. The black ball may sometimes be cast through spite and malice, but the instances are rare. Who shall decide as to a brother's motives?

From an experience of nearly forty years of devotion to Masonry the writer ventures the assertion that where one good man has been rejected through sheer malice, many unprincipled applicants have been admitted through neglect of duty.

When a black ball has been cast the wise and broad-minded brother remains silent while the superficial brother makes



haste to denounce the act,—a verification of the old adage: "Still waters run deep, but babbling brooks are noisy." There are those who seem to think that injustice has been done to the applicant, and they do not hesitate to say so both in and out of the lodge room. In behalf of propriety and common sense the thumbscrews of condemnation should be promptly turned upon such effusive babbling.

The applicant has the right of application only. All other rights are vested in the lodge and the brethren. The applicant seeks admission under the solemn avowal that he is unbiased by friends and uninfluenced by mercenary motives; that he desires to receive light and knowledge and to be serviceable to his fellow men. If the result of the investigation by the committee and the brethren prove that his life has been in accord with his pretensions, there will be little doubt as to the welcome that awaits him; but if the investigation be not satisfactory his request will be kindly and politely denied.

Masonry is not gratifying the vanity of men who are anxious to display its emblems to the world in order that they may reap some supposed benefits, nor is it opening its doors to those who wish to use the symbolic lodge as a gateway to so-called "higher degrees."

Not a word uncomplimentary to Capitular, Templar or Scottish Masonry shall be spoken. The lessons of their degrees are beautiful and impressive to him who has a corresponding receptivity. But a river can never rise above its source. The superstructure must always depend upon the foundation. The Blue Lodge is the source, the foundation of all, and to cherish its principles and protect its welfare should be the sweetest care of every good Mason. He may have received all the degrees that could be conferred upon him, and have trod the path that leads to sun-crowned heights, yet if he loves Masonry for the beautiful lessons that make good

men wiser and better, he will turn to his Blue Lodge with a fondness akin to the love he cherishes for his own home.

"The bird that soars on highest wing  
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;  
And she that doth most sweetly sing,  
Sings in the shade when all things rest."

### A Bad Practice

The time was in the practice of lodges in this State that no member was at liberty, after the opening of a Lodge, to retire therefrom without permission of the Master. Judging from the present practice in many lodges, members seem to think that this is a custom "more honored in the breach than in the observance." This evil is particularly manifest about the time the Master begins to deliver the lecture to the candidate. No sooner is the third section about to begin than many unceremoniously retire without even the formality of "by your leave, sir;" and the Master is reduced to the necessity of talking almost to the candidate alone. True, the lecture is given for the especial benefit of the candidates, but brethren of the Lodge should consider the fact that it is the duty of the membership to support the Master in the discharge of his duties. It is difficult for any one to talk to "empty benches." Enthusiasm helps greatly in the rendition of any part of the Masonic work, and particularly in this portion. We have never been able to analyze and determine the causes of this peculiar evil. It may be that many of the members opine that they themselves know the work so well that it has become a bore to them, on the principle that familiarity breeds contempt. It may be that many are so obtuse that they can see no sense or beauty in the work. It may be that idle curiosity brings them to the lodge room. It may be as the poet saith:

"Some go to church to see and be seen,  
Some go there to sleep and nod,  
But few go there to worship God."

Whatever may be the cause of the trou-

ble, members who love their lodge, and who love Masonry, ought to set their faces of example and precept against the evil. It might even be well for the Masters to be a little more persistent in the execution of their prerogatives even though in doing so they should decimate the attendance in their lodges. The Masters of Lodges are not always Scot free in this matter. Many of them, instead of calling their lodges promptly, dawdle away much time to no purpose, and in so doing drag out the length of the meeting until they wear out the patience of those disposed to give them the proper presence and assistance. Might it not be well for Masters and other officers of lodges to put themselves through a process of self-examination, and thus be enabled to see that probably they themselves are the cause of much of that of which they complain. We are not now scolding; we are just telling you the naked truth.

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### How Many Degrees?

The TRESTLE BOARD has received a letter from a young Mason of the southern part of the State who asks for information in regard to the bodies of York and Scottish Rite Masonry—how many degrees in each body, where the degrees begin and end, and in what places they may be taken.

In the York Rite, above the Symbolic Lodge, are the Royal Arch Chapter, the Council of Royal and Select Masters, and the Commandery of Knights Templar, the Order of the Temple being considered the twelfth degree.

In the Scottish Rite are the Lodge of Perfection, conferring degrees from the fourth to the fourteenth, inclusive, the Chapter of Rose Croix, fifteenth to eighteenth, inclusive, the Council of Kadosh, nineteenth to thirtieth, inclusive, and the Consistory, in which are conferred the thirty-first and thirty-second degrees.

These bodies are in existence in all the principal cities of California. Los Angeles is the city nearest the brother's residence.

Any intelligent Master Mason is eligible for the degrees in the bodies of either rite.

By "intelligent" we mean that he should not only be "well posted" in the esoteric work of the three degrees, but he should also be well versed in the symbolic lessons of each degree.

Our correspondent remarks that he has no books to study. We recommend that he procure Anderson's Manual, in which he can find the laws and decisions of the California jurisdiction, and also one of the many Encyclopædias of Freemasonry, a treatise upon the terms, arts and sciences appertaining to all degrees.

Every brother who has a desire for Masonic knowledge should also be a constant reader of the TRESTLE BOARD, each and every number of which contains articles from the best authors upon the law, literature and beautiful teachings of our ancient and honorable fraternity.

Finally, we advise this brother, and any other who may be interested, not only to study but to apply the beautiful lessons of the Symbolic Degrees in every walk of life, before seeking admission to "higher" bodies, and then the brethren will not hesitate in answering the question, "Has he done his duty as a Blue Lodge Mason?"

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The fact is strongly patent that fully 65 per cent. of the Masons of America are not readers of Masonic literature. They may be able to "poll-parrot" over the ritualistic work, and blaze in beauty before the listening brethren in the delivery of a lecture, but ask them a few questions about Masonic history, or the underlying philosophy of brotherly love, relief and truth, and they are lost.—*Fitzmaurice.*



## The Templar in Life.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY WILLIAM HENRY SAMUEL, AT ST. ALBAN'S COMMANDERY,  
NO. 47, PA., MAY 19, 1904.

The Knights of the Temple! "When shall their glory fade?" They are the reality of romance. The facts of their valiant and magnanimous career is more and stranger than the images of fiction. Never before had the deference for womanhood assumed the sanctity of the religious sentiment. Save with them, never was courage exalted to a devotion for the weak. Not once did a Templar become craven before his enemy, nor, for the sake of life, was his Christian faith bartered for the creed of the Moslem.

The scenes of the Templar portrayed in *Ivanhoe*, perused by me fifty years ago, thrill as vividly to-night as doth the inspiration of this assembly of the modern Knights. Yet not of the predecessors of our name is the present utterance.

"Their swords are rust,  
Their bodies dust,  
Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

"Valiant and magnanimous" are the attributes they have bequeathed us. Though their good swords are not ours, yet there is a valor and there is a magnanimity that shall not be of words only, if we would not fail of earth; and even more, if we would effect that transition ever beckoning onward to the celestial.

What avails the eye if vision be excluded from the day? Every power forsakes us if unexercised. To continue as we are, we must act all that we are. Beyond this, as we experience every one, in the long series of our days, a discovery and development of better purposes and greater potencies constantly and legitimately reward exertion.

"Now he that had received but the one talent went away, and digged in the earth, and hid his lord's money. After a long time his lord returned. "Thou wicked and

slothful servant! Take the talent from him and give it unto him who hath ten talents.' For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have an abundance; but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath."

That is a truth of the Gospel, and that likewise is a fact of life. "What is truth?" scoffed Pilate at the words of Jesus of Nazareth. What wonder if the world of men held no law of life for him, knowing only the force of a Roman soldiery! But those times are not.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfills Himself in many ways."

We have agreed God's Holy Word to search and to keep: the word of the Bible given through the human mind, and the word of Nature given to the human mind. Together they make the Book of Life. Valiant shall we be in self-respect, magnanimous in respect for our brother. Nor upon Knight of the olden time devolved a duty so ceaseless of requisition as now upon us, would we become Knights of a Temple "not made with hands."

"'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before."

It is not the one act of evil, not the hundred, that condemn us. It is the judgment which we pass upon our deeds that shall make or mar. It is our approval of the bad that will lose us, and it is our resolution for the good that will save. It is the direction in which life is moving that ultimately attains. This is the germ of a fruitage for another life. In whom exists not this source of a new birth, his soul dieth out.

"Quid igitur timean. si aut non miser

post mortem aut beatus etiam futurus sum?" "What should I fear," says Cicero, in his essay upon Old Age, "if I am not to be miserable after death; what, indeed, if I am to be happy?" We have a choice:

"And who would lose this intellectual being,  
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost  
In the wide tomb of uncreated night,  
Devoid of sense and motion?"

These are the truths given to me by many and varied years, observing the man and his creed, his act and its sequence, gathering the reflections of the ages, recipient of the instructions of humanity.

"For I dipped into the Future,

Far as human eye could see,  
Saw the Vision of the world  
And all the wonders that would be."

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### The Three Tenets.

Of the three tenets of a Mason's profession, which are "Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth," it may be said that Truth is the column of wisdom, whose rays penetrate and enlighten the inmost recesses of our lodge; Brotherly Love, the column of strength, which binds us as one family in the indissoluble bond of fraternal affection; and Relief, the column of beauty, whose ornaments, more precious than the lilies and pomegranates that adorn the pillars of the porch, are the widow's tear of joy and the orphan's prayer of gratitude.—*Vere V. Hunt.*

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We say that God is good, and so we trust Him. But what do we mean by goodness except the goodness we have seen here? Infinite goodness is, to our conception, human justice, human generosity, human pity, carried upward to their perfection. If we have no faith in man, how can we have faith in God?—*Ex.*

### A Defender of the Truth.

In this era, marked by materialism and commercialism, when it would seem that efforts are being made to swerve man from his allegiance to the "First Great Cause," making him a creature of circumstance by clouding with doubt those mental processes which alone distinguish him from the animal, it is gratifying to behold Freemasonry, as a defender of the truth, confronting the sophistries of rationalism with the record of her centuries of humanitarian effort based upon that "Great Light" which she places on her every altar and which she tells the neophyte, in unmistakable terms, is to be "The rule and guide of his faith and practice."

Holding aloof from the discussion of those questions which have so often sundered empires, destroyed kingdoms and disrupted nations, Freemasonry is advancing—a resistless force—to the completion of her mission—a higher, purer, nobler conception of the Creative Power; of our individual responsibility and of our duties to Him, our brother and ourselves.

"Amid this world of change how sweet the thought.

That our 'Great Light' survives the wreck  
By warring nations wrought.

That Masonry doth proudly scorn  
The touch of change and blight,

And like the golden rays of morn,  
Sheds o'er the world her light."

—*Robert R. Reid.*

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In New York they are teaching "sawed-off" girls to be tall. The secret of the transformation is stretching. If your girl is dumpy, have her stretched to a willowy sylph!

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If every day was a Fourth of July there would soon be a lot of dyspeptic antiquarians dragging themselves around town growling because "there's no fun in the world!"



## Strength Not Always in Numbers.

That there should be a lively interest manifested in the acquisition of members in subordinate lodges is but natural, and no lodge will enjoy any great degree of prosperity where this interest is not shown. But there is danger of overdoing the thing. There is danger of overloading and taking up more than can be carried. This danger exists more in towns and cities where there are two or more lodges than in the smaller towns where there is but one lodge, and in the country, where the territorial jurisdiction is fixed. In the larger towns and cities, where the lodges have concurrent jurisdiction, is where there is danger. Zealous young Masons want their social friends to join *their* lodge, because it is the fashionable lodge, or the wealthy lodge, or from some other cause. Not only are reasons given why one should join a particular lodge, but also why another should *not* be joined. Such electioneering — perhaps the word soliciting would sound better—is not commendable, and often leads to unkind feelings between lodges. Strength is not alone in numbers. Quality and not quantity is what counts in Masonry. A dozen enlightened Masons, illustrating the principles of the Fraternity in their daily walk and conversation, set forth a finer exhibition of Masonic power than one hundred could do, among whom there were but a dozen who, if the lodge were winnowed of its chaff, would be found to be sound, golden grain.

The muster roll of an army is not the best exponent of strength. Its undisciplined numbers may constitute the very elements of its weakness, and provide the very conditions of its mortifying defeat when the hour of battle arrives.

Masonry is not a *universal* brotherhood; that is, it is not designed for every man. There must be fitness for Masonic honor. Masonry seeks to produce the *conditions* which will finally produce a universal

brotherhood, but in order to reach this ultimate end it must be scrupulously guarded against the introduction of unworthy members and indolent workmen.

Lodges should be careful not to be deluded into the fearful mistake of estimating their prosperity by the multitude who may desire to become members of the Order. Seek to correct the errors of those already within the sanctuary, and impress upon them the noble principles of Brotherly Love, Faith, Hope, Charity, Fortitude, Patience, Truth and Relief. Thus, like lodestones, lodges will attract to their bosom all who are worthy of a place in the lofty line of Ancient Masonry.—*Ex.*

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It is popular to be a Freemason, and it is natural that every man of profane or questionable reputation should desire membership with us. The time has come when drastic measures must be adopted, and I submit, harsh as it may appear, that a brother proposing a candidate for the degrees in Masonry should be held responsible for the worthiness of that candidate.—*Elbert Crandall, P. G. M., New York.*

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When a woman has reached the age of forty-two in Japan, and is unmarried, the authorities pick out a husband and compel them to marry. This plan reduces the number of old maids, but forces many men to suicide.

### A Persian Proverb.

He who knows not and knows not he knows not, he is a fool, shun him.

He who knows not and knows he knows not, he is simple, teach him.

He who knows and knows not he knows, he is asleep, waken him.

He who knows and knows he knows, he is wise, follow him.

## Masonry a Picture of Life.

The first three degrees of Masonry are a beautiful, a vivid, and a thrilling picture of human life. Every step is an illustrative type of man, his birth, his manhood, his old age and his death. There is no more striking similitude of man in this world than is found in the beautiful and impressive ceremonies of symbolic Masonry. They bring man from darkness to the effulgent light of truth, and step by step trace his course through this life. He is led along the pathway of knowledge to a revelation of his duty to God, his neighbor and himself. In them he is reminded that in this world we are beset with temptations, must endure trials and be visited by application, and they point to a trust in God, a virtuous life and strength of character as the proper way to meet all trials and vicissitudes. He is told of the undeniable fact of the mutation of all earthly things, that mortality rests upon all created beings, and taught that immortality is the spark of divinity that is within man.

As an entered apprentice man sets forth in the morning of life, taking his place among his fellows and wearing the pattern of his own character. He goes on until as a fellow craftsman he reaches the period of manhood where he is beset by temptations, trials and difficulties, and is taught that "clothed in the armor of virtue he may resist the temptations, he may cast misfortunes aside and rise triumphantly above them." As a Master Mason he beholds man in the "sere and yellow leaf," when he looks upon the sunset of life and patiently awaits the approaching night.

While from the legendary standpoint the Master Mason's Degree may be said to be incomplete, yet it is complete to the uttermost in teaching man that he owes his existence to the one true and ever living God; that God will follow him with

His light and love during his days of probation here, and give to him an immortality beyond the grave, which is the crown of glory that makes hallowed and divine the real life of the human race. Our life here is not complete. We are in the school of life learning the rudimentary lessons. The picture of life contained in Masonry is a school of instruction in which we are taught the glory of living. After the recess hour, between death and the resurrection, we will behold the higher scholastic teachings of the high school of God. In the lodge, God is revealed as the author of all creation. He is to be revered and His law obeyed.

We ought to get all the light we can and from every source, and Masonry as a picture of life is strikingly illuminating.—*Masonic Standard.*

### The Wrong Smell.

A lodge man in a somewhat unsteady condition set out to attend a meeting of his lodge. He arrived, knocked at the door, and gave the password. The guardian, who was a new man, placed his nose to the keyhole instead of his ear. The visitor repeated the password — "Abstinence"—a second time, but the door still remained unopened. "Why don't you open the door? Haven't I got the right word?" shouted the infuriated applicant. "Ay," replied Sandy, "you've got the right word, man; but you've got the wrong smell."

The Scotch people have always been particularly happy in what might be called the ready retort, an answer not only witty but wise. Take the exquisite humor of the the old maiden lady of Montrose, who, when asked to subscribe to a volunteer corps fund in that town, replied:

"Indeed, I'll dae nae sic thing. I ne'er could raise a man for mysilf, and I'm no gean to raise men for the king."





HON GEO. C. PARDEE.

GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA.

## The Approaching Conclave.

### Great Preparations Being Made to Entertain Visiting Fraters.—A Fortune in Trophies.

The Knights Templar of California, in their eagerness to eclipse all former Triennial Conclaves in point of splendor, have omitted but one item,—to set a limit to the extent of their hospitality. Appreciating that the great majority of the fraters who will attend the conclave in San Francisco next September must cross the continent, coming thousands of miles to meet their fraters at the Golden Gate, the local Sir Knights have striven to compensate the pilgrims for the time and expense of the journey, in more ways than one. The music and flowers at the greeting, the brilliancy of the illumination, the parade, excursions, the daily and nightly entertainments, no matter how choice and recherche; the banquets and the numerous other functions which will be crowded into that one brief week of uninterrupted holidays, will, after all, be but a fleeting pleasure, lingering in the memory of the visitors among the brightest spots in their path of life. The natural wonders of California, no matter how great and awe-inspiring, will make an impression, but still will only remain a pleasant vision. The numerous gifts that will be distributed to visitors as souvenirs of California and of its various sections, while each will be fully appreciated and cherished for a time, will, in due course become a mere trinket, to be resurrected from its hiding place only on special occasions, when the fraters and their relatives have occasion to revert to their memorable visit to the Western wonderland, the land that overflows with milk, honey and wine, and where the precious metal is taken from the earth. On such occasions only will the souvenirs see daylight. So in addition to these things the Californians

have conceived additional inducements and recompense for the time and expense of the long journey made by the visitors. One of these is the offering a fortune in trophies to drill corps who will journey to California and compete for them. Thus the Californians hold out inducements to the crack drill corps of the United States and Canada to make the trip and try to win a prize. Surmising, however, that such an arrangement would deter all except the crack drill corps, the ingenuity of the California fraters invented a plan that would have a tendency to induce many more drill corps to enter the competition. It was at once decided not to limit the number of trophies, but to provide one for each competing drill corps, the least trophy to represent a value of not less than \$1,000, though the first choice will cost several thousands. In addition to that liberal offer the Californians further offer to each Commandery whose drill corps competes a stand of silk colors, the finest and best that art can produce and money can purchase, consisting of a beauseant and the national colors.

#### VAST FORTUNE IN GOLDEN TROPHIES.

All the trophies will be put up without distinction, and the choice will be left to the winning drill corps according to their rating in the competition. But as to a description of the principal, or what will certainly be among the principal trophies, even a meager description ought to make interesting reading, for each represents a small fortune in California gold, silver, bronze, gold-bearing quartz and other precious metals and minerals.

One trophy, the one which elicits special admiration from goldsmiths and designers, and from people accustomed to



see the best and most artistic produced in that line, is a wonderful production and one that California may well be proud of, though, with but one exception, the trophies are the production of California art and handicraft. It represents the figure of a knight in full armor holding aloft the laurel wreath of victory. He stands upon a large silver globe representing the earth at his feet; he, dignified, strong, yet gentle, leaning in powerful and reliant repose upon the sword of his order. Upon the silver globe are engraved the hemispheres of the earth, from which California stands out in golden prominence, suggestive of its wealth, its chief product and the origin of its fame among the nations of the earth.

The globe supporting the knight rests between the spears and shields of the order, and these again rest upon a foundation of four battlemented towers upon which stand four mounted knights as guards facing to the north, south, east and west. The towers and battlements are made of the choicest specimens of gold-bearing quartz found in California. The gates are of pure gold and quite massive, suggesting the Golden Gate. The trophy in its entirety represents the embodiment of the spirit of the order and the glories and wealth of the great State of California. The trophy is quite large and massive, being thirty-two inches high, and measures twenty inches at the base. Its proportions are harmoniously preserved and the figure makes an impression of symmetry, grace and unobtrusiveness. The cost was not considered, but the committee is satisfied that it received full value for the outlay.

#### IT IS DISTINCTIVELY WESTERN.

One of the trophies, if less emblematic of the order or of knighthood, is distinctively "western." It consists of a punch set, bowl, salver, ladle and twelve cups, made of California silver and copper, with a slightly beaten effect. The ornaments are all applied and consist of In-

dian heads, bears, typical of California, shields, spears and various other implements of Indian warfare, all handsomely modeled with due regard to their primitive quaintness. The base of the bowl is mounted with vari-colored Indian arrowheads, in jasper, flint, agate, obsidian, onyx, all California gems and minerals. The salver is mounted in copper and silver, with a border of Indian arrowheads; the handles are appropriately of California buckhorns, bound with silver thongs. The blank field is left for the name of the winning team. The ladle is of sterling silver, gilded bowl mounted with silver and copper, and a handle of a very rare piece of stag horn. The cups are a perfect match to the bowl. The history of early Western life may be read in that set, which would grace the table of a Croesus.

One trophy consists of a large and handsome silver clock, mounted on a graceful shaft of pure and delicate California onyx, measuring over six feet from the base of the shaft to the crown of the clock.

One trophy consists of a very large solid silver tray and twenty-seven massive goblets of the same material. The tray is highly ornamented, but has a field in the center for the lettering which will be inscribed after the trophy has been awarded. There is also a space on each goblet for the name of each member of the winning team. This set is so rich and artistic that it is believed it may be the first choice of the winning team.

One of the trophies is a vase of massive silver standing over three feet in height, a complete work of art and typical of California.

GRAND SPECTACLE WILL BE FREE TO THE PUBLIC.

The competitive drill will be held on the Golden Gate Park recreation grounds, the finest natural amphitheatre in the world, where many thousands will be able to witness the magnificent spectacle of the

crack drill corps of the United States competing, free of charge, without crowding or the slightest inconvenience. It was intended to have the drill within an inclosure on some private grounds and charge admission, thus taking from \$10,000 to \$15,000 at the gate, which would partly pay for the trophies. But the committee, considering that nearly all the gate receipts would come from Sir Knights, who are entitled to see the evolutions without charge, changed the drill ground to Golden Gate Park, the people's own pleasure grounds, where all who desire may witness the spectacle, and spectators without limit will have a chance to witness the rare exhibition. It was a graceful and considerate act on the part of the committee, and is greatly appreciated by the people of California.

#### AWARDS WILL BE MADE AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

Commissioned officers of the United States Army will act as judges, and the drill masters of the drill corps will officiate as committee. The trophies will be awarded on the stage of the Grand Opera House on the following evening. The Grand Opera House has been secured by the entertainment committee for two weeks, covering the week of the conclave, and has been placed at the disposal of the drill committee for that evening.

#### CALIFORNIANS WILL NOT COMPETE.

None of the California drill corps will enter the competition, because the Californians will be hosts on that occasion, and naturally refrain from even trying to win one of the prizes, which are especially designed to be taken outside of California, in order to show the people East of the Rockies what California skill, genius and handicraft is capable of. The Californians will have a competitive drill for the drill corps of the jurisdiction, for which prizes will be provided, and the competition will be no less spirited than if the trophies amounted to thousands.

#### LADIES WILL EXTEND HOSPITALITY.

The ladies, wives, sisters and daughters of California's Sir Knights, comprising California's fairest and brightest women, have volunteered to assist in entertaining the visiting Sir Knights and their ladies. Their entertainments, which will constitute one round of festivities, embrace some of the most brilliant functions of the week. On Monday evening, September 5th, they will give an informal reception to the visitors at the Palace Hotel. Past Grand Master Reuben H. Lloyd, of California, will welcome the guests on behalf of the California women, and the Right Eminent Sir George M. Moulton, Deputy Grand Master, will respond for the Grand Encampment of the United States. Though informal, for the sake of those who will arrive just in time to attend the reception, the occasion will be significant. It is a happy coincidence that Sir Moulton, of Chicago, who will be elected Grand Master at this conclave, visited San Francisco twenty-one years ago, when the last conclave was held in this city, and he and his wife endeared themselves to the people of California to a great degree. Among their most valued friends acquired during their former visit to California, when Sir Moulton was Eminent Commander of St. Bernard Commandery, of Chicago, is Mrs. J. W. Burnham, the efficient and amiable chairman of the Executive Board of the Ladies' Reception Committee.

#### PLANS OF COMMANDERIES OUTSIDE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

It is well for the Commanderies of San Francisco that they have made preparations for entertaining extensively and with a lavish hand, for the Commanderies from the interior of the State, from the coast towns and cities, and from those outside of California, up the northern coast, news reaches here of the most lavish preparations in the history of Templarism.

Fresno Commandery has secured Pythian Castle, located very centrally, in the



heart of the business part of San Francisco, and will entertain with a liberality characteristic of that town.

Los Angeles Commandery will place over 250 swords in line, and establish headquarters in this city, where the Southern Sir Knights will maintain open house during their entire stay. Ample preparations have also been made to entertain all fraters and their ladies on passing through Los Angeles on their pilgrimage to and from the conclave. Los Angeles will endeavor to maintain its well earned reputation for princely hospitality, and will make the best of the opportunity to show the advantages and the wealth of that section of California to the visitors.

Stockton Commandery, of Stockton, and Naval Commandery, of Vallejo, will have joint headquarters at Lyric Hall, on Eddy street, and entertain jointly day and evening, during the entire week.

San Jose will bring from the abundance of its flowers and fruits and give the visitors samples of the products of the garden spot of California.

The Commanderies from the northern part of the State will have joint headquarters at the Mechanics' Pavilion, and entertain as becomes the California mountaineer, whose generosity knows no bounds.

Nevada Commandery will have charge of the mineral exhibit, that will fill the visitors with admiration for the wealth of California's mineral resources, the source of the precious metal which has kept the wheels of commerce moving since the discovery of gold in California.

#### OREGON AND WASHINGTON WILL BE IN LINE.

The fraters of Oregon and Washington will not be outdone by their California fraters, and will make a showing at the conclave which will be both creditable to their jurisdiction and most gratifying to California. Eminent Sir H. L. Love-

land, chairman of the Executive Committee, who recently returned from a visit to the northern Commanderies, reports that Seattle and Ivanhoe Commanderies have arranged to charter the steamer Spokane for the triennial pilgrimage, and have invited other Commanderies and members of Commanderies to accompany them on that ideal outing.

Oregon Commandery No. 1, of Portland, Oregon, will come on a special train, escorting the Grand Commandery of Oregon on the pilgrimage, and will be joined on the journey by other Commanderies.

#### The Time to Speak.

"A time to keep silent and a time to speak."—*Solomon.*

This is one of the most difficult injunctions to obey. Sometimes we speak, impelled by a sense of duty, and on account of the unpleasant results that sometimes follow the speaking, we wish we had kept silence. Sometimes we keep silent from a sense of prudence, and the results that follow from that silence when the speaking of the truth might have saved the cause of truth, cause us to regret that we had not spoken. From our experience we have arrived at the conclusion that the only time to keep silent is when there is no truth to enunciate, and the true time to speak is when the truth is in danger; and then we should speak regardless of contingencies. The more we see of men, and the influence of even a word upon the atmosphere of human affairs, the more we are convinced that the most dangerous and most useless of mankind are those who swing between duty and its consequences. "Policy men," like pendulums, are only kept in motion by the ratchet-teeth of opposing forces. The "time to speak" is when duty demands it; the "time to keep silence" is when truth and duty forbid us to speak.—*Orphans' Friend.*

## Good books Next to Good Friends.

AN EXCERPT FROM AN ADDRESS BY BROTHER AARON GOVE, COLORADO.

The greatest library of the present time is that of France. Italy is rich in libraries. Germany has more libraries of great extent and value than any other European country. The Royal Library at Munich is accredited in statistical tables as the second in Europe. This position, however, is obtained only by counting every thesis and tract as a separate book.

The library in the British Museum dwarfs all others in Great Britain. For many years past eighty thousand dollars annually has been expended for books and bindings. Nearly two million volumes are now to be found there.

In our own country the first library on record was at Jamestown, Virginia, small and inconsequential and not enduring. Harvard College, in 1638, really has the honor of being the pioneer in libraries. New York City founded a public library in 1700; Yale College at the same time. Thirty years later Dr. Franklin founded a library company in Philadelphia which is still in existence. The Library of Congress, however, is the great library; burned by the British army in 1814, re-established by the purchase by ex-President Jefferson of thirty thousand volumes, in 1850, it had reached fifty-five thousand volumes, and again was consumed by fire. Over eight hundred thousand books are now on its shelves, rich in history, jurisprudence, science and books relating to America. By receiving the benefits of the copyright law it will in time possess an approximately complete representation of the entire product of the press of the United States.

Books are the legacies that great genius leaves to posterity and will be handed down from generation to generation to millions yet unborn. Nothing in civilization exists, even products of art, so certain to be

permanently secured for the world as books. No such friendship can ever be established as for these true friends that never falter or dissemble. Without them religion, justice, knowledge, science, and philosophy, all would be relegated to a very humble position.

It becomes the American public to make an extra effort with regard to the nature of books recommended, for recommended books largely partake, in the formative stage, of character. To be conscientiously select in the reading of the individual is second in importance to no other section of the individual. Through our books we have intercourse with superior minds and that communication is satisfactory. Great men talk to us, even though the voice is the voice of the distant and the dead. They bring into our company the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of the race. One cannot want for intellectual companionship when books are within reach, and nothing can supply their place. In solitude, in illness, or in affliction, they are cheering and soothing.

Channing wrote: "Let every man, if possible, gather some good books under his roof and obtain access for himself and his family to some library."

Books are the food of youth and the delight of old age. That book is the best which gives the reader the most knowledge in the shortest time. Next to good friends, the best acquisition is good books.

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An Illinois business man wrote a customer an urgent request for the payment of a small account and excused his importunity on the ground that his wife was going visiting and the more money he could let her have the longer she would stay.



## Crests of Masonic Opinion.

A VERY IMPORTANT TRUTH.

Brother Charles J. Webb, when Grand Master of Masons in Kansas, said:

“Though we symbolically divest our postulants of the raiment of unrighteousness, there is in our rites no inoculation which, *per se*, will render harmless the bacteria of human passions. When we enter the tiled recesses of the lodge we carry with us all that load of human impulses which has made the story of man, since time began, that of a ceaseless struggle.”

There is no more important truth than this that can be presented for the contemplation of the thoughtful Mason. Truth is pictured in its kaleidoscopic forms before the neophyte and the initiated alike, but it is ever and necessarily presented objectively. The student is ever working out the details of an image that stands before him, even though the object of his contemplation be to reproduce the lines in precisely similar inter-relations. His object is to build a temple, and although it may be phrased that that temple shall be that of his inner life, yet it is never himself. It is ever the building up within him of a representation, a reproduction of a something that is essentially not himself, a something which, because it is this very thing, must and does stand over against himself.

The philosophy of Masonry and its grand parallelisms are worthy of all thought, and in their place are of exceeding importance. But the “inoculation” which, permeating the system, sets up a new arrangement of the atoms, physical and spiritual, which make up the man, transforms him and makes the individual himself to become essentially different, and by that fact sets up new relations to that which is not himself. the *non-ego* of

philosophic phrase, that which works for the upbuilding and transformation of the *ego* rather than for its suppression and substitution, that element that revealed religion presents to man, is essentially necessary for man’s well being. The divesting of the raiment of unrighteousness and the clothing upon with the raiment of purity is a thought worthy of contemplation, but what boots it if the criminal should fling off his blood-stained clothes and deck himself in the finest linen fresh from the loom? The man must have his changed mind; must bend his very soul to become righteousness itself. Then, but only then, with profit may the attention be directed to the clothing and the upbuilding of the soul’s lodge.—*Herman C. Duncan, Louisiana.*

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### Charity.

Charity, which expresseth itself in the jingle of coin, without the joy of sacrifice in the giving, and without the kind word, is offensive in the sight of God, as it should be in that of man. The petulantly tossed coin, in response to the importunities of the beggar, comes from the selfish desire to be rid of annoyance. The Mason who measures the usefulness of Masonry by its ability to contribute money to a fellow Mason, or who finds the discharge of his fraternal obligation in the giving of a coin, offends Masonry by the thought and affronts the recipient by an act of almsgiving.

Charity in thought, charity in speech, charity in action, these are the never-dimmed and sparkling jewels with which a Mason should decorate his breast. — *Bestor G. Brown, Kansas.*

## The Religion of Freemasonry.

Do you know the philosophy of the Jew? Do you know the philosophy of his religion? He who studied that he might find out a theocracy, that he might embody the laws of God in the government of man? He who produced the ten commandments? He who first found out what morality means and first shaped and fashioned man to it—do you know the philosophy of the Jew? Study it. You shall find it marvelous in this day. It is of this world religion; it looks not too far away in some dream of mystic meditation; but it contemplates things as they are, and puts its secret of God and the responsibilities we owe to Him as a factor into the shaping of affairs. So is it that we have drawn in Masonry from that fount, and we have drawn well, for many and many a time the church along the centuries has lost sight of the deepest and grandest things that the Great Master of Nazareth would teach them, because it has been blinded by its own mystic logic and tangled absurdities, it has missed that which is practical, that which enters into shaping a man's life and to shaping a nation's life, and we drink deeper and deeper at that fountain. And all along through the centuries when these men in France whose followers and descendants we cut off today because they vow not themselves to a belief in God—even they were laying hold in the midst of their time of the secret of Masonry.

The world does not ask today, What is your creed? We are burying the creed. The world asks if you are a man, if you are honest, if you are true, if I can depend upon you when you give me your word. The world asks if you are living purely, if you are master of yourself, if you can use and not abuse the good things of life. It is asking, Do you walk uprightly day by day? And this is the re-

ligion of Masonry; and this was the religion of Christ. I hail Freemasonry ever, as our Most Worshipful has rightly said, as the handmaid of the church. I place the church first, and much of that which is the spirit of Freemasonry today has come out from the church. Let us make no mistake in our logic, but let us ever claim, as we may rightly claim, that Freemasonry stands for just the same things that the church stands for at its best. That it is a co-worker with the church in all that we love in manhood, all that we prize best in the dealing of a nation with its subjects and its people, in all that is divinest in law and in character. Do you wonder that I love Masonry?—*Rev. Bush, Chelsea, Mass.*

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### Our Conclave Number.

From present indications the approaching Conclave will be an occasion of unusual interest and will surpass anything in the history of Templar Masonry. The committee of arrangements have neglected nothing that can conduce to the pleasure and enjoyment of visiting fraters, and will strenuously endeavor to maintain the reputation that Californians have gained as royal entertainers.

The TRESTLE BOARD for September will be especially a Templar edition, containing half-tone vignettes and sketches of officers of the Grand Encampment, prominent visiting Fraters, distinguished Sir Knights and Brethren of our own jurisdiction, the order of exercises, and a general program of the Knightly entertainment. A display of California's picturesque scenery will also be a feature.

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Every man has his price; but God only knows what it is.





## CHIPS FROM THE STONE QUARRIES.

NEWS OF THE CRAFT GLEANED FROM ALL SOURCES.



### Corner Stone Laid.

The corner stone of the Albert Pike Memorial Temple in this city was laid on Saturday, 9th ultimo, by Grand Master C. W. Nutting, assisted by the subordinate officers of the Grand Lodge, F. & A. M. Bro. Fred J. H. Rickon, 33°, President of the Association, made a very well-timed address in which he reviewed the history of the Albert Pike Memorial Temple Association, and gave a cordial invitation to the Grand Master and his officers to proceed to lay the corner stone. The Grand Master, in response, made a concise and clear-cut address most appropriate to the occasion. After the stone was in its place, Bro. Geo. Varcoe, 32°, K. C. C. H., delivered a very eloquent oration, for which he received the heartiest congratulations. There were present many prominent Masons, and among them was W. Frank Pierce, Sovereign Grand Inspector-General, A. & A. S. R. The building will be rapidly pushed forward in its construction, and when completed will be the largest and best-appointed Scottish Rite Cathedral west of the Rocky Mountains.

### Golden Jubilee at Eureka.

The fiftieth anniversary of Humboldt Lodge No. 79, F. & A. M., was celebrated with most appropriate exercises at Ingomar Theatre, Eureka, on the 30th day of June. Humboldt Lodge has the honor of numbering in its membership two Grand Officers, Bro. George W. Hunter, Deputy Grand Master, and Bro. A. J. Monroe, Grand Orator. There was a large attendance of visiting brethren from all lodges in Humboldt county. The programme was an elaborate one, containing a history of the lodge by Bro. John Melendy, an eloquent oration by Grand Orator Monroe, and excellent musical numbers by local talent.

The exercises were held in the forenoon, and in the afternoon the brethren assembled at a grand banquet which was served in Occidental Pavilion. Deputy Grand Master Hunter and several other brothers responded to toasts.

Life's laurel comes to those who love and labor.

Better strong sails than a heavy anchor.

### A New Magazine.

We have received the first issue of a new monthly entitled *The New Age*, officially published by the Supreme Council of the 33d Degree A. and A. Scottish Rite, S. J., U. S. A. The magazine is devoted to literature, science and Freemasonry. It is one of the most interesting and instructive publications that has ever come to our notice, and we most heartily greet it upon its advent into the field of literature, and Masonry. We bespeak for it a very wide circulation among Masons, particularly among the membership in the Scottish Rite bodies. It is a clever, instructive, able periodical, and will prove to be an instrument of great benefit to the Craft and especially to those belonging to the Rite.

The editors, George F. Moore and Francis P. Elliott, are guarantees of the character of the magazine, and the fact that it is published under the sanction of the Supreme Council of the 33d Degree is additional guaranty that it will be a welcome and desirable addition to the field in which it proposes to labor.

### Visits of the Grand Master.

Grand Master Nutting has been making a tour through the southern part of the State in the last month, and has visited most of the lodges in that portion of the jurisdiction. Everywhere he has been received with the honors befitting his station, and he has left a lasting influence for good upon his brethren. Bro. Nutting's quiet, dignified and unostentatious bearing has won the confidence and esteem of the members of the fraternity, and his short, sterling addresses have impressed everyone with his deep sincerity as a Mason and his unswerving fidelity to his sacred trust.

Gen. George Weedon, a distinguished officer of the Continental army, was made a Mason in old Fredericksburg Lodge No. 4, at whose shrine Gen. Washington was raised to the Master's degree.

A society woman is one who has learned to smile like a politician.

A man's best quality is his industry—if he can sell it.

### The Craft in General.

In Savannah, Ga., is old Solomon's Lodge No. 1. While its records are not complete, it is an historic fact that during the colonial period many of the leading lights of their times in and around beautiful Savannah there received the ancient mysteries of Freemasonry.

Portland Lodge No. 1, of Portland, Maine, is one of the many old Lodges in New England. It was founded in 1769, when what is now Forest City was called Falmouth. General Jedediah Preble and his son, Commodore Edward Preble, were members of that sturdy body.

In the archives of King Solomon's Lodge of Somerville, Mass., is a full set of Moore's Monthly Masonic Magazine as edited and published by that distinguished Mason, Bro. Charles W. Moore, then Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts; these volumes are rare.

A most courteous New England Mason is Bro. Chandler M. Hayford, Secretary of St. John's Lodge No. 1, of Portsmouth, N. H. He is always pleased to relate to the curious tourist the historic tales of that ancient lodge, which was founded in 1736 by Major Henry Price, a Boston tailor.

The Hon. John L. Bates, Governor of the old and historic commonwealth of Massachusetts, is a member of many fraternal and secret societies. He is a Mason of the 33d degree, and a Knight Templar. He is also an active member of the M. E. Church in East Boston, Mass., where his honored father is the beloved pastor. Although the Governor is a very busy man, he often visits Masonic bodies.

One of the grandest Masons of the South is Bro. Silvanus J. Quinn, Worshipful Master of the old and renowned Fredericksburg Lodge No. 14, of Fredericksburg, Virginia, from June 23d, 1874 to June 24th, 1876, and from June 23d, 1877, to June 24th, 1878; again from June 22d, 1888, to June 24th, 1889. Bro. Quinn in 1890 wrote the history of that noted Lodge, at whose fraternal shrine George Washington first saw the light of Freemasonry.

The birthplace of Major General Warren, M. D., who was born at Roxbury, Mass., June 11th, 1741, has attracted but little attention from tourists and journeyman historians until June 17th, 1904, when a suitable bronze monument was there unveiled amid thousands of patriotic people, Masonry shared in the glories of the occasion. A part of the inscription thereon is Masonic. At the time of Bro. Warren's death, June 17th, 1775, at the Battle of Bunker Hill, he was Grand Master of North America.

### California in Particular.

The Boys' Band of the Masonic Home at Decoto recently visited Lakeport and gave an open air concert. A purse of \$30 was made up for them.

California Chapter No. 5, R. A. M., celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its organization at the Palace Hotel on Friday evening, July 15. An elegant banquet was served, covers having been laid for 875 persons. This Chapter was organized July 15, 1854, with seventeen members.

The officers of Durant Lodge No. 268, F. and A. M., of Berkeley, and a large number of the brethren recently visited Yount Lodge No. 12, of Napa, and conferred the third degree. Visiting brethren from Lodges in Napa County were present and a sumptuous banquet followed. Such visits are productive of good to the Craft.

The Scottish Rite bodies of Los Angeles have in contemplation the erection of a magnificent cathedral, which is to surpass anything of the kind west of the Mississippi River. They have incorporated under the State laws as the Scottish Rite Cathedral Association. A lot has been purchased and the building will soon be in process of construction.

Members of the Masonic Fraternity of Honolulu, H. I., assembled in the Masonic Temple in that city for the celebration of St. John's Day. Bro. W. F. Allen, Past Master of Hawaiian Lodge No. 21, presided, and in course of his remarks gave notice that he should soon celebrate his forty-fifth anniversary as a Mason. A banquet followed and speeches were made by prominent Masons of the district.

### Will Keep Open House.

Sacramento Commandery No. 2 will swell the numbers at the approaching Conclave with one hundred and twenty-five Sir Knights in line, accompanied by a band of twenty-five pieces. The headquarters of this Commandery will be at Pioneer Hall on Fourth street, between Market and Mission streets, and will include main hall, banquet hall, reception room and parlors.

The Sir Knights and their ladies will entertain day and evening with vocal and instrumental music, and refreshments served buffet. "Sacramento Day" will be a special feature. The "generation that seeketh after a sign" will not be disappointed, for across the street in front of the Commandery headquarters will be thrown a large electric sign, "Sacramento No. 2."

When Sacramentoans keep "open house" they do nothing by halves.



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The oldest Masonic body in the "Empire State" is St. John's Lodge No. 1, of New York City. The records of this Lodge, though incomplete, are unique and very interesting.

He who blushes not before his own self-respect need fear no lesser king.

Judgment flies from the mind when prejudice enters the heart.

A man injures himself every time he wrongs another.

The big are never bigoted.

**Book Shelf.**

The TRESTLE BOARD acknowledges the receipt, since the last issue of this magazine, of the following Masonic publications:

From Sir George A. Beauchamp, Grand Recorder, proceedings of Grand Commandery, K. T. of Alabama.

From Sir W. S. Rockwell, Grand Recorder, proceedings of Grand Commandery, K. T. of Georgia.

From Companion A. W. Johnston, Grand Secretary, proceedings of Grand Chapter, R. A. M., District of Columbia.

From Sir Geo. W. Warville, K. G. C., Past Grand Sovereign, a sketch of the Constantinean Orders of Knighthood.

From Companion Wilber P. Webster, Grand Secretary, proceedings Grand Chapter, R. A. M. of Florida.

From Sir Francis E. White, Grand Recorder, proceedings of the Grand Commandery, K. T. of Nebraska.

From Bro. John C. Drewry, Grand Secretary, proceedings of Grand Lodge, A. F. and A. M. of North Carolina.

From Sir Jno. B. Garrett, Grand Recorder, proceedings of Grand Commandery, K. T., of Tennessee.

From Sir William H. Mayo, Grand Recorder, proceedings of the Grand Commandery, K. T., of Missouri.



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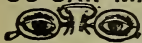
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North Shore Railway  
TIME TABLE

MAY 17, 1903.

Leave Sausalito, A. M.—†5:50, 6:30 7:05,  
9:05, 9:50, 10:35, 11:35.

Leave Sausalito, P. M.—\*12:15, 12:55, \*1:35,  
2:20, 3:05, 3:50, 4:35, 5:10, 5:48, 6:25, 7:28,  
\*8:20, 9:35, 10:55.

Leave San Francisco, A. M.—†6:30, 7:10,  
7:45, 8:30, 9:15, 10:00, 11:00, 11:40, \*11:40.

Leave San Francisco, P. M.—12:20, \*1:00,  
1:45, \*2:30, 3:15, 4:00, 4:35, 5:15, 5:50, 6:25,  
7:15, \*8:15, 9:00, 10:20, 11:35.

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