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THE  
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No. 2.

**The Ancient Trestle Board.**

GILBERT PATTEN BROWN.

We are loyal Master Masons, yet may have the high degree,  
And have learned those precious teachings in that lodge room once of three,  
Where wise Solomon of Israel, and both Hiram's we've been told,  
Mapped out work for generations on that Trestle Board of old.

We are still at work upon the Temple, and do study well our plan  
To respect the World's Grand Architect and love our fellow-man;  
Yes, we have learned to love each other in that Holy Book of God  
That our names may be recorded on his spacious Trestle Board.

We have worked as fellow-craftsmen, and from the South gate did arise  
To learn of Ancient Master Masons who are now in the Paradise;  
For there stands the man of Tyre who still has that holy word  
That God revealed to Solomon on the Ancient Trestle Board.

We all strive to love our fellow-men as the Holy Book has taught;  
To respect the World's Grand Master as the God of every flock;  
For the keystone of the Temple is in that Holy Word  
Beginning with the letter "G," and is on the Trestle Board.

We leave rank and worldly station outside the lodge room door,  
For we all meet upon the level on that tessellated floor;  
Then putting on our lambskins to honor that sacred word  
That wise Solomon gave to Hiram from his Ancient Trestle Board.

We have learned a noble lesson from King Hiram's holy life,

And that shall be a watch-word through the rocky fields of strife,  
That when our work on earth is ended, and heaven is our abode,  
We will meet the Supreme Architect with the unerring Trestle Board.

We say all hail to Master Masons who have studied well the plan  
In building the Heavenly Temple in the heart of every man,  
That when we stand before the Orient to receive our great reward,  
We'll there meet the Saint Johns with their Masonic Trestle Board.

We all meet upon the level and part upon the square;  
We can keep a brother's secret, and his sorrow thus to share;  
So I thus will end these lines with reverence to that word  
That God revealed to Solomon on that Ancient Trestle Board.  
Boston, Dec. 15, 1897.

**The High Grades.**

We have frequently heard the expression, "there is no Masonry beyond the third degree." If such remarks came only from the inexperienced, we might be content to let them pass in silence; sometimes, however, a brother who has been advanced (possibly with undue haste), failing in appreciation of that which he has only partially seen, and actuated perhaps by indiffererent or disappointed ambition, may forget his obligation, and treat with lightness that which to others assumes the shape of a covenant with Time and Eternity.

It would therefore seem proper that to all Masons, of whatever grade, some explanation, substantial in form, should be made whereby those who are honest seek-

ers after "Light" may be informed, and those who are not, may be confounded.

In this connection a distinguished writer has said that the extension of the Ancient Accepted Rite, and its favorable acceptance by the most distinguished members of the Fraternity, are circumstances that have awakened in the minds of some overzealous brethren a fear that it may encroach upon the prosperity of the York Rite. But all such fears are utterly groundless. They arise altogether from a misconception of the nature and design of the Ancient Accepted Rite, and are to be best combated by a candid explanation of its history and character.

It is admitted (at least by all English and American Masons, and probably would be by all impartial writers of every other country) that the York Rite is the most ancient, the most authentic and the most simple as well as consistent of all the Masonic Rites. But, as it originally existed, it presented to us only the three degrees of what are emphatically called "Ancient Craft Masonry"; namely, the Entered Apprentice, the Fellow Craft and the Master. The more modern definition is, that these include the Order of the Holy Royal Arch, at one time constituting a part of the Master's degree, and that about the middle of the last century, it was torn from its appropriate place as an historical illustration of and emendation to that degree, and made distinct and separate. Be this as it may, it cannot be denied that the Ancient York Rite consisted only of three degrees, with the Royal Arch as in some way supplementary. The intermediate degrees of Mark, Past and Most Excellent Master, and the additional Royal and Select Master and Orders of the Red Cross Knight and Knight Templar, have nothing whatever to do with the York Rite, properly so called. The Mark, Royal and Select Master were originally honorary degrees of the Ancient Accepted Rite, were introduced by the possessors of that Rite into this country, and were under the jurisdiction of that Rite. What are now called the "Council degrees," or those of Royal and Select Master, emanated from the Supreme Council of the Thirty-third. It is probably to Webb that the York Rite is indebted for the adoption of the Mark degree as well as that of Most Excellent Master into its series of degrees. The Past Master's degree, as it is called, is not so much a degree as a ceremony of installa-

tion, and constitutes no part of the distinctive Rite.

The Order of the Red Cross, every Prince of Jerusalem knows, has been borrowed from the Ancient Accepted Rite, and the Knight Templar and Knight of Malta are orders of chivalry.\*

We thus, by divesting the York Rite of these meretricious ornaments with which we think it has been very wisely laden, reduce it to the three primitive degrees of the Ancient Temple, to which we are permitted to add the illustrative history of the Royal Arch.

It is, then, at this point that the Ancient Accepted Rite comes forward to continue the series of instruction which every student of Masonry is obliged to listen to, if he desires a thorough knowledge of the science to which he is devoting his investigations. The Ancient Accepted Rite, it is true, has also its three primitive degrees; still, even these degrees are more consonant with the same degrees of the York Rite than those of any of the other Rites.

A York Mason, then, having arrived at the Master's degree, finds a something missing and yet greatly to be desired—a synopsis, rather than a full history of important circumstances in which he has by this time become most interested—he seeks farther light by receiving the degrees of the Ancient Accepted Rite. He is already a Master Mason, under the York Rite, and he proceeds by taking the fourth, fifth sixth, and so on to the fourteenth grade in the Lodge of Perfection, to obtain an abundant mass of traditionary knowledge, all of which illustrates the unfinished and imperfect legend which he had already received. He does not by this lose his reverence or respect for the York Rite. On the contrary, by this augmentation of knowledge he finds his admiration increased. Many things which he had previously looked upon as trifles are now shown to be matters of importance, and many things which were formerly wholly inexplicable he now fully comprehends, and many things which once seemed to be discrepancies, militating against each other, and destroying the harmony of the system, are now found to be reconcilable as consistent parts of "one stupendous whole." With the brief expositions of the York Rite he was as a spectator passing through a gallery of paintings without a guide.

\*Not entirely independent of the Rites.



The pictures, emanating from the pencils of the first masters, delight his taste and warm his imagination; but, ignorant of the subjects thus delineated, his judgment is unsatisfied, and the impressions made upon his heart and mind are transitory. But the Ancient Accepted Rite comes to the assistance of the unsatisfied Mason, as a catalogue explanatory does to the wanderer among the pictures, and by its copious legends, its more minute traditions and its new detail of circumstances leads him thoroughly to understand, to appreciate, and, of course, admire what has been before incomprehensible, or, at least, unsatisfactory.

Proceeding still further, the fifteenth and sixteenth degrees make him acquainted with many circumstances of Masonic history which were not preserved in the York Rite, and which are yet of so much importance as to be essential to a full exposition of Masonic history. In the seventeenth and eighteenth degrees still more light darts its rays into his mind. Masonry begins to present him with a holier and purer symbolism, and he returns again to the York Rite to wonder that in its simplicity he did not see its admirable adaptation to the solemn explanation of the Rose Croix.

From this degree to the thirty-second—Sublime Prince of the Royal Secret—he finds in the philosophical degrees an abundance of material for wholesome reflection and sublime teachings of truth and morality all founded on the early lessons he had received during his initiation into the first principles of Masonry in the York Rite.

In all this we can see no antagonism to the York Rite, not even a generous rivalry, but rather a coincident proof of the same great object—the investigation of Masonic truth. The Ancient Accepted Rite, as now practiced, begins from the third degree. None but Master Masons of the York Rite can become members of the Ancient Accepted Rite, and therefore the two Rites mutually aid and illustrate each other. The York Rite furnishes the solid foundation; the Ancient Accepted Rite supplies the beautiful superstructure. Hence, an illustrious brother of the Supreme Council of England, at a meeting of that body, very truthfully said that the “system of sublime and ineffable Masonry does not encroach upon or interfere with Craft or Symbolic Masonry.”

We repeat that the Ancient Accepted

Rite is not antagonistic to the York Rite, but is subsidiary to it.

We have made these remarks because, as already said, we have understood that some well meaning but mistaken brethren have been opposed to the extension of the Ancient Accepted Rite, from the fear that it would interfere with the success of the York Rite. We desire to see these objections removed, because we sincerely believe that it is only by a united study of both Rites that a Mason can expect to become thoroughly learned in his profession. A true Masonic scholar must listen to the instructions of both; he must investigate the legends and traditions of both; and he must collate and compare the history and philosophy of each with the other.

Without the diligent union of both Rites in his researches, he must always remain a disciple rather than a master in Israel; his learning will, after all, be rather foolishness than wisdom, and his draughts at the fountain of Masonry may wet his lips, but will never satiate his thirst.

“A little learning is a dangerous thing,  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.”

—*Royal Craftsman.*

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### Practical Harmony.

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How many instances have arisen between brethren that might have been prevented from ending in a life-long alienation if some brother had offered his good services as mediator, and poured oil on the troubled waters. One instance occurred while I was at the head of my Lodge where two brethren had fallen out, and would not notice each other when meeting in the street or in the lodge room. It came to my knowledge accidentally, and I set myself to work to find out the cause of this un-Masonic feeling. It seems that the two brothers were politically opposed, and at a caucus one of them went among the crowd slurring the opposite candidate (who was his brother Mason), by alluding to his ignorance, he not having had the advantages which had fallen to the lot of his brother, and by this means endeavored to defeat his election. This, I found, was the cause of the feeling between them. I called the offending brother to me before the Lodge was organized, and he acknowledged that he had used this argument against his brother, which I told him was very wrong to thus injure a brother's feelings, and expose him before his fellow-

citizens; that he was not obliged to vote for him because he was a brother Mason, but he had no right to injure him in the estimation of his fellow citizens, which, I supposed, his remarks had done. He assured me he did not intend to do so. I then said to him—having had a previous talk with his brother—“Will you go to him and apologize, by telling him you did not mean to injure him, but if you had done so you are sorry for it?” and I told him that his brother would overlook it. No, he replied, he should not go to him. I said: “Won’t you say to him what you have said to me, that you did not mean to hurt his feelings?” No; he declined meeting him. I then said to him, “I presume you intend applying for the Encampment Orders” (he being a Royal Arch Mason). He said he did. “Well,” I said, “you would not be able to obtain them with this feeling existing with regard to your brother.” Well he did not care, and I could not prevail upon him to change his mind. It so happened that I was present at the meeting of an Encampment of Knights Templar when, to my surprise, his name came up as a candidate for the Orders; the committee reported favorably, when the Commander, turning to me, said: “Sir Knight, I believe this candidate is a townsman of yours, we would like to hear from you.” I told the Commander I could say as much in his favor as the committee had said, but he was so situated that he could not take the obligation of a Knight Templar. He was, therefore, rejected. He was in an adjoining room awaiting to be admitted, and one of his committee said to me, “Had you as lief see him as not?” I said most assuredly. On my my entrance, “Well,” he said, “I suppose I am indebted to Brother A. for my rejection.” (This was the brother he had offended, who himself belonged to the Encampment). I said, “No you are not; the brother was not present, but I was lucky enough to be present myself, and prevented you from uttering a falsehood, which you would have done in entering the Encampment.”

Well, he came to me after that, and finally concluded, if I wished it, to meet his brother in my presence. I accordingly appointed a day for them to meet me at my bank, and when I got them together, I turned the key of the room, and told them they must settle this business before they could go. They did settle it, and the brother made the apology, which he had

refused to do, and it was amicably settled.

The day was a very stormy day—snowing very hard, and the candidate was to come before the Encampment again that evening. He asked me if I would see that all was right. I said I would, and if it stormed so that cars and omnibuses could not come in I would walk in, and with much more pleasure than I took in preventing his entrance, would recommend him for admission. I went over, and he was admitted, and became as useful a member as any in the Order.

—H., in *Masonic Review*, of Ohio.

— o —

### A Big Enough Family.

“I think there was chilens enough,  
There was Kittie and Pomp and me;  
A cat and a dog and a little boy  
Are a big enough family.  
We used to have lots of fun, you bet,  
And now we have none at all.  
There’s something upstairs in mamma’s bed,  
A little red thing in a shawl.

“If I slide down the bannisters,  
Jes’ make a little noise,  
A woman comes out and pats my head,  
And talks about ‘good little boys.’  
She wears a white apron and cap,  
And ’pears to own the house;  
I wunner ’f she thinks a fellow like me  
’S got fur on his feet like a mouse?

“They’re all the time talking about my nose—  
It’s broke on the bridge, they say,  
And they were certain sure they’d be  
An accident there some day.  
And when I look in the glass they laugh:  
It’s funny, I suppose;  
But nobody ever did that before  
When anything hurted my nose.

“When papa comes in, he says, ‘Hullo,  
You little rat—how’s sis?’  
He means that wiggly thing upstairs  
The cook calls ‘Little Miss,’  
And looks like a ‘Gyptian mummy,  
’And squinties in her eyes,  
That’s got the puckers in her skin,  
’Specially when she cries.

“Her nose is ten times broker ’n mine,  
Don’t look like a nose a bit;  
It’s got little holes, but not any bone,  
And mamma keeps pinching it.  
Jack Wilder’s got a brother now  
’At can walk and pitch a ball;  
Why didn’t they get a child like that  
’Stead of that thing in a shawl?

“Anyhow, I got Pomp and Kit,  
They know a lot fer true;  
They scoot when they see that woman come,  
And that’s ’zactly what I do.  
She can’t catch us; but when she says  
The baby’s the image of me,  
I wish that Pomp and Kit and I  
Was all the family.”



## Nathaniel Greene Curtis.

## IN MEMORIAM.

Brother, Companion, Sir Knight, Friend,  
Thy pilgrimage is at an end;  
For thee Life's stream no longer flows;  
The end was rest and sweet repose.

For years a patient sufferer,  
In death thou wert a conqueror;  
For while it brought us poignant grief,  
It gave thy wearied soul relief.

We'll miss thee on the tesseled floor,  
Thy voice will charm us never more;  
The somber crape our great lights hide,  
Our working tools are laid aside.

Thou'rt gone as all mankind must go  
Who journey in this world below;  
For life all worldly goods we give,  
And when life ends, we die to live.

Adieu, dear friend, still loved, though dead,  
Sleep sweetly in your narrow bed,  
For noble deeds your record grace  
Which death itself cannot efface.

NELSON WILLIAMS,  
*Grand Master of Masons of Ohio.*

## Where Sick Children are Cared for.

Of all the charitable institutions in Toronto, none are more popular than the Hospital for Sick Children and its convalescent branch, the Lakeside Home for Little Children, on Toronto Island. The city home of the sick children of this city and province is situated on College street, within a block of the site of the comparatively small building where were received the first patients to enjoy the benefits of an hospital specially devoted to the wants of sick children in this city. This was in 1875. Year by year the work has grown, until after occupying several small buildings, each in turn found insufficient to meet the demands made upon it by the city and province, the present beautiful building was erected and perfectly equipped for the healing of children's diseases, at a cost of \$150,000. Within its walls is accommodation for 200 patients, and for the past year the average number of patients in the building has been over one hundred, while in the outdoor department, 2,600 medical and 1,533 surgical cases were treated.

At one time there was felt a great need for a convalescent branch, where the children, many of whom perhaps slowly regaining strength after some life-saving operation, might be taken from the noisy

and heated city for the summer months. This want, in the year 1881, was supplied by the erection at the Lighthouse Park, Toronto Island, of the Lakeside Home for Little Children. Like the mother hospital in the city, the accommodation afforded by its annex has had several times to be increased, until at the erection of the present College street building, seven years ago, a sanitarium, equal to, if not exceeding it, in capacity, and as completely equipped, was built on the original site. A more ideal one it would be hard, indeed, to find. The broad waters stretch away to the horizon from the edges of its flowered lawns, and lying on their tiny cots, or at play on its wide verandas, the little ones, for whom the building was erected, watch with unfading interest the ever changing scene spread upon the broad waters of Ontario's lake. From their windows they can see, too, the city, wreathed in smoke, and when their eyes once more seek the sunlit waters, they could wish that they might never have to say "Good-bye, summer, good-bye, good-bye."

The Lakeside Home for Little Children was a gift to the trustees of the Hospital for Sick Children, a gift which cost the donor, M. W. Bro. J. Ross Robertson, some \$40,000, and one which he has since supplemented by contributions, which make his entire donations to the hospital funds reach the sum of \$65,000. Bro. Robertson attached one condition to his gift, and that was that the doors of the Hospital for Sick Children and the Lakeside Home for Little Children might be free to the children of the Craftsmen of this Jurisdiction forever. One of the wards in the hospital is to be known as "The Masonic Ward," and this winter it will be dedicated, and the cots, seven in number, placed therein. First, there will be the "Grand Lodge of Canada Cot" (No. 1), which has been fully endowed by the Grand Lodge through its donation of \$2,000; "The Grand Royal Arch Chapter Cot" (No. 2), which has been partially endowed (\$1,000) by the Grand Chapter of Canada; "The Edward Mitchell Cot" (No. 3), fully endowed by M. W. Bro. J. Ross Robertson, in memory of his friend, the late Grand Treasurer of the Grand Lodge of Canada; "The Craft Cot" (No. 4), founded by contributions from the Masonic Lodges of this Jurisdiction, and "The Diamond Jubilee Cot" (No. 5), partially endowed (\$717) by the Freemasons of Toronto. There will be two

other cots in this ward; viz.: "The East Toronto Cot" (No. 6), and "The Newsboys' Cot" (No. 7), both fully endowed by M. W. Bro. J. Ross Robertson. For the Diamond Jubilee Cot another \$1,300 is required, and it is hoped that the Craftsmen of Toronto will see that this amount is collected in the near future. There is also needed some \$3,000 to complete the endowment of the other Masonic cots.

Bro. Robertson's interest in the little ones brought into the Hospital for Sick Children for treatment is well known to the youngsters themselves. And they also know that the children of the Craft find special favor in his eyes. One morning, when making his daily visit to the wards, as he passed a little cot whereon lay a child recovering from one of the worst cases of pneumonia ever brought into the hospital, a faint voice said, "Mr. Robertson, I'm a Mason's child." And there have been many others, some two hundred in all—the children of Freemasons—who have been sent into this Institution, ninety per cent of whom have returned to their homes cured.

Two years ago, a farmer living in the southwestern part of the Jurisdiction sent two of his children, a boy and a girl, to the hospital, and made arrangements to pay for their maintenance and treatment the sum of six dollars per week. After a long stay the children were discharged cured, but the father found himself unable to pay the amount of the bill. He was an honest fellow, and informed the Secretary of the institution that he expected to sell his farm, and that if he succeeded in doing so his first care would be to repay the hospital in a small measure for the recovery of his children. The fact that the man found it difficult to pay was reported to Bro. Robertson, the Chairman of the Board of Trustees, who asked that he might be sent down to his office to talk the matter over. Bro. Robertson assured the farmer that of course he could take his own time to repay the amount, that the hospital did not demand payment, only accepting a nominal fee from those who felt that they were able to pay something, however small, and that they would accept payments of one dollar a week, until the entire amount was received. The man expressed his thanks, and was turning to go, when Bro. Robertson casually remarked:

"By the way, do you belong to any fraternal society?"

"Yes; but I only belong to the Masons," was the unexpected reply.

A knowing smile crept gladly into Bro. Robertson's eyes, as, after a moment's pause, he said:

"Go back to the hospital and tell the Secretary that you 'only' belong to the Masons, and he will give you a receipt for the three hundred dollars you owe. The Hospital for Sick Children is free to the children of the Craft forever."

There was again silence for a few moments, and then the feelings of both men found vent in a hand shake, all the more hearty because they knew they were brothers.

"The hospital needs no thanks," said Bro. Robertson, as the farmer tried but failed to speak, "and all the thanks I want is this: You say you have not been regular in your lodge attendance. I hope that in the future, when the second Monday after full moon comes around, you will recall the incident of this hour, and not fail to be with your brethren of the Craft as they meet around the Masonic altar."

It generally falls to the lot of the Chairman of the Hospital Trust to smooth away any difficulties that may arise in connection with intricate cases. One day a farmer called at the hospital to arrange for the admission of his child. It was a surgical case, one that had baffled many surgeons, yet the father thought that by treatment in the Hospital for Sick Children his child could be cured. He talked the matter over with Bro. Robertson, and finally arrangements for the admission of the case were completed. As the farmer said "good-bye" to the Chairman, he said:

"I suppose you don't remember me, Bro. Robertson, but I sat in Lodge with you at Brooklin when you visited us as Grand Master."

"Now, why on earth," exclaimed Bro. Robertson, "did you not tell me that at the beginning of this conversation? It would have saved exactly thirty minutes of time. Your child, as the son of a Freemason, may be sent to the hospital, and there need be no talk of charges."

Thus this brother was relieved of an obligation of \$125, for which he was most grateful.

Still another case. On one occasion Bro. Robertson was traveling in Leeds county in search of information concerning R. W. Bro. Ziba M. Phillips, who was a popular Provincial Grand Lodge officer



in the days of 1817-22, and later. About noon one day when driving towards the city of Brockville, he passed a schoolhouse from which a troop of children came rushing out in eager haste to make the most of every moment of the recess. Bro. Robertson smiled as the impetuous youngsters passed him with many a merry jest, but the smile vanished when he observed slowly following his companions a boy, one of whose legs was bent at the knee to a right angle, and who hobbled along on crutches. It took but a moment to stop the carriage, and call the youngster to its side.

"My boy," said Bro. Robertson, "how did you injure your leg so badly?"

Whereupon the lad explained that it had been done one day when he was chopping wood, that he had been in an eastern hospital for some time, where the leg had been straightened, but after he left it had gone back to its present condition.

"How would you like to have your leg straightened for good?" asked Bro. Robertson, knowing that similar cases had been successfully treated in the Hospital for Sick Children.

"Well, mister," replied the child wistfully, "there is nothing I would like better."

"Then just jump in here, my boy, and take me to your father, and I will see what we can do."

The boy was assisted into the vehicle. For, poor child, he could not "jump," and showed Bro. Robertson the way to his father's blacksmith shop, which was fortunately quite near. The object of the visit was explained, and the father's consent quickly given to the child (he was one of seven) being brought to Toronto for treatment. As he was taking his leave the blacksmith said to Bro. Robertson:

"I must say, I think this is returning good for evil, Bro. Robertson."

"In what way?"

"Why, don't you remember that stormy night that you visited the Lodge at Maitland?"

"I should think I did," replied the P. G. M.

"It was too stormy for me and other brethren to attend my Lodge," the blacksmith continued, "but you did not think it too stormy to keep your appointment with the brethren, and I feel that this, to a certain extent, is a reminder that when a Grand Master visits my Lodge I should

be on hand to receive him, no matter what the weather may be like."

The little deformed lad, whom Bro. Robertson so fortunately met on the road to Brockville, is a cripple no longer. He remained in the hospital for many months, and when he returned to his home he had no use for crutches. His knee will never, of course, have a natural joint, but the leg is quite straight, and he walks without support.

The cases referred to were similar to the examples of orthopædic work extracted from the recent annual report of the Hospital for Sick Children. These simple incidents give but a faint idea of the great work accomplished yearly by this noble institution. They are told that the Craftsmen of this Jurisdiction may realize more fully the advantages to which their children are entitled in connection with this charity, by reason of the endowment of the Lakeside Home for Little Children.

Some facts about the hospital may be interesting to the Craft:

It costs exactly eighty seven cents per head per day to pay the cost of maintenance in the hospital.

The average stay of children in the hospital is fifty-seven days.

It costs \$2,400 per month to maintain the hospital.

Out of the 476 cases admitted last year 312 were absolutely cured, while 109 others were improved. The work of the hospital is ever increasing, and every brother can help this grand work.

There is a pressing need for aid. The demand comes from an institution which brings health, life and ease to sick little children.

Three hundred and ten out of the 360 Lodges on the roll have contributed amounts varying from \$5 to \$50.

—*Masonic Sun.*

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### Arbitration.

No topic is being more generally discussed to day than that of Arbitration. The dangers of war, with their terrible and bloody consequences, have caused the people everywhere to pause and ask if there is not some better mode of settling differences than by resort to the sword. Surely no question of greater importance could be suggested. Among nations, questions will arise affecting their dignity, and demanding redress. The hasty and often

unwarranted arrest of a citizen, for which the government itself may in no way be to blame, leads to complications, and sometimes war.

The recent signing of the treaty between the United States and Great Britain is one of the most important events of this wonderful nineteenth century. Its consequences are beyond all calculation. The great future, clear to the end of time, will be affected by it. Every civilized nation on the globe will be influenced by it. None can afford not to respect and honor the spirit of peace and national harmony it proposes. It is the proclamation of the approach of that blessed time when "swords shall be beaten into plow-shares and spears into pruning-hooks, when nation shall not war against nation, but the reign of Emanuel, Prince of Peace, shall be perfect." For such a period the world has been praying, and for such a peace the people have been preparing.

The time will never come, when this treaty is once ratified and becomes a binding compact between the two greatest nations in the world, when the carnage of bloody war will stain the verdant earth as in the past. There will be removed much that creates distrust and engenders bitterness. People will be more ready to engage in their peaceful pursuits because the ferment of uncertain contentions will be removed, and we may look for greater prosperity throughout the world.

The doctrine of arbitration is a true Masonic doctrine, as well as Scriptural. St. Paul admonished his people "to live peaceably with all men." The Great Teacher, when speaking of one overtaken in transgression, tells his followers to first use every means to arbitrate the differences. If he will not hear thee, then take thy brother with thee, that "in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established."

Every man has his rights. And every man's rights should be respected. Every man has his notions which will not agree with the notions of all his neighbors. Every man has a right to follow the bent of his inclination, provided it does not violate law, but in the following of this inclination he may trespass upon his neighbor; then comes a matter of dispute. The spirit of arbitration, if exercised in a proper manner, would settle the matter without any outburst of temper, resorting to "law," or any of the expensive and unpleasant

luxuries of strife. The grievances stated to disinterested arbiters, whose sense of justice was unbiased, and whose judgment could be relied upon, would in almost every case bring about an amicable settlement.

This spirit ought always to be found in the Lodge and among Masons. It is no part of the teaching of the Fraternity for a man to fly off and scandalize his brother and the Fraternity without exercising a little of the brotherly love he has heard preached in the lodge room. Brotherly love is arbitration. Arbitration means concessions consistent with justice and personal dignity.

The fact is, if this spirit of arbitration pervaded all Masonic Bodies, and dwelt in every Masonic breast, there would be no need for Commission of Appeals, or Committees on Grievances, for all matters would be settled satisfactorily before they reached any publicity. To such a state may we hasten.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

#### What Masonry Has Accomplished.

Masonry has witnessed the rise and fall of many of the once mighty kingdoms of the earth. It has seen nations perish, and their memory lost to history. The very marble erected to perpetuate the memory of the illustrious sages and warriors of antiquity has crumbled to dust; the names it sought to rescue from oblivion are forever lost in the shadows. But this Order, despite the ravages of time, has come down to us through a long succession of ages, with its signs and its symbols, its significant ceremonies, its creed of universal brotherhood, all unimpaired.

Standing in the twilight of the nineteenth century, what is the answer of the Freemason to the question, "What has your Order, hoary with age, accomplished? What your title to public veneration?"

Then might it be answered: In the ages when the blackness of paganism shrouded the world, when cruel torture was often a part of religious rites, even then there gleamed through the darkness light from Masonic altars. In ages when idols were set up to worship in the temple, when the many bowed the knee to Baal, the Craftsmen knew none other than the true and living God. At a period much less remote, when notwithstanding the advancing strides of modern civilization, the world yet knew little of religious toleration, the creed of



the Mason was "the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man"; his faith the living words of the Prince of Peace; his charity, "as broad and general as the casing air." Eschewing every semblance of sectarianism, on every altar was found "the Book," in every lodge room the blessed symbol. It was his belief that the only acceptable worship was such as found holy sanction in the high court of the individual conscience. All that he claimed for himself he unhesitatingly conceded to his fellow.

Responding yet more explicitly to the inquiry, What has been accomplished? It may be said that the Masonic Order, from a feeble beginning, "a little cloud no longer than a man's hand," a century and a half ago, is now confessedly a potent factor upon the North American continent. In the United States there are nearly fifty jurisdictions, with an aggregate membership of more than 700,000 Free and Accepted Masons.

This Fraternity, with its wonderful organization, extending to every part of our domain, numbering among its adherents representatives of every calling known to human life—the toiler for daily bread, no less than men of letters and of great affairs; its living faith the sublime code whose inspiration was drawn from the awful lessons from Sinai and from the gentle message from the mount; its ritual the marvel of the ages; its ceremonies, its mysteries, its language, such as only the craftsmen may know; thus equipped, thus inspired, this wondrous Order will be in the forefront of the appointed instrumentalities that upon the trestle board of the outstretched years are to work out the deep designs whose accomplishment will be the upbuilding, the elevation, the ennobling of our race.

As in the past, so in the oncoming years, the Institution will stand for stability in government—the antagonist of needless change; for religious toleration—the freedom alike of belief and unbelief; for the largest measure of liberty—regulated and restrained by law. It will stand for all that the sure test of time has shown to be best in what makes up the warp and woof of our splendid civilization. In a word, the sublime mission of Freemasonry will be accomplished, in part, by conserving, not destroying, what it has cost our race the sleepless endeavor of centuries to achieve.

*Address before G. L. of Illinois.*

### The First Pocket.

What is this tremendous noise,  
What can be the matter?  
Willie's coming up the stairs,  
With unusual clatter;  
Now he bursts into the room,  
Noisy as a rocket;  
"Auntie, I am five years old—  
And I've got a pocket!"

Eyes as round and bright as stars,  
Cheeks like apples glowing;  
Heart that this new treasure fills  
Quite to overflowing.  
"Jack may have his squeaking boots,  
Kate may have her locket,  
I've got something better yet—  
I have got a pocket."

All too fresh the joy to make  
Emptiness a sorrow;  
Little hand is plump enough  
To fill it—till to-morrow.  
And, e'er many days were o'er,  
Strangest things did stock it;  
Nothing ever came amiss  
To this wondrous pocket.

Leather, marbles, bits of string,  
Liquorice-sticks and candy,  
Stones, a ball, his pennies, too—  
It was always handy.  
And, when Willie's snug in bed,  
Should you chance to knock it  
Sundry treasures rattle out  
From this crowded pocket.

Sometimes Johnny's borrowed knife  
Found a place within it;  
He forgot that he had said,  
"I want it just a minute."  
Once the closet key was lost,  
No one could unlock it;  
Where do you suppose it was?  
Down in Willie's pocket!

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### Does Freemasonry Pay?

"Hallo, here!"

"Well, what is wanted?"

"I want you to go with me to the Lodge to night."

"I'm not a Freemason; you have mistaken your man now."

"Neither am I one; but if I don't get blackballed, I expect to shortly. I'm going to the hall to join, and I want you to accompany me. Will you go?"

The young man addressed shook his head. "It won't pay," he said; "I make a point of never doing anything unless it pays. Now I don't believe this Masonry does. You will spend time and money, and what will you get in return? A mighty *secret*. I suppose. No, sir, believe me, Milton, the thing won't pay."

"Perhaps not," said Milton, "but I have

a fancy for joining. I'm a social fellow, you know, and like to be one of a brotherhood. I'm a young man just starting out in life. I shall oftentimes need assistance, advice, friendship and aid, and I am willing to pay something to secure this. I am determined to join."

Barker, the young man to whom these thoughts were addressed, shook his head again and laughed. "Don't pay too dear for the whistle, my good fellow," he said. "All is not gold that glitters. Look well before you leap. These are wise old sayings, Tom; perhaps you would do well to heed them. Come in here and spend the evening. I'll order champagne and candles, and we'll have a set-down together. Let that tomfoolery alone; it won't pay."

"No, no!" said Milton, "I know what I'm about. I'm bound to be a Freemason. So good evening, if you will not go with me," and Thomas Milton kept on his way to the hall.

Barker stood and looked after him a minute.

"It's a pity," he muttered to himself, as he turned and went into his store, "that Tom Milton hasn't got better sense. He's a fine fellow—a devilish fine fellow, and with his talents and opportunities he ought to make a fortune, but he'll never do it. He don't understand taking care of the dimes. At church collections, missionary meetings and the like he can't keep his hand out of his pocket. What benefit will *he* ever reap from Freemasonry? None whatever. He'll give, and never receive. I'm sorry for Tom—downright sorry for him." And Lewis Barker ran his fingers through his brown locks which clustered thickly around his forehead and put on a look of commiseration, such as he thought well befitted the occasion.

Thomas Milton and Lewis Barker were merchants in a small inland town in Georgia. They were both of them doing a very good business at the time we write of. Both were young men, and were surrounded by rich and influential friends.

There was, however, one striking difference between them. Milton was a social free and easy being—one who liked to talk, and had a very pleasant word for everybody; even the little child by the roadside shared his smiles. He was liberal, too. Not a benevolent scheme was broached, but he had a finger in it. He felt a kindly interest in everything by which he was surrounded.

But in Lewis Barker's character there was a vein of selfishness; he, in common phrase, understood the art of looking sharply after the real or imaginary interests of "number one." In short, he, too, often forgot the Golden Rule, "Whatever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." But notwithstanding this dissimilarity in character, the young men were fast friends, and were much together.

Time passed on, and young Milton went regularly to the lodge room. Barker stayed at home footing up his books, or to talk with Alice Moore, a pretty girl to whom he was engaged, now living on Third street.

Once or twice he met Milton on his way to watch a sick brother. There was a happy expression about his face, which seemed to say, Freemasonry pays. Then, in spite of himself, young Barker could not keep from wondering what those fellows were about. Going to the Lodge, or off on Masonic duty, seemed to be mere pastime with them. They went anywhere and everywhere with alacrity. They were mystical beings truly. Even Milton, with whom he had always been intimate, had suddenly grown enigmatical and strange. He did not fully comprehend his movements as of old.

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There came a time of great pecuniary embarrassment, such as frequently occurs in the haunts of trade. Men behind the counters and at the street corners wore solemn faces, and worked or walked with hurried movements. Barker and Milton both shared in this monetary depression. But somehow, the latter seemed to rise above his embarrassments more easily than the former. Perhaps Freemasonry had something to do with this. If so, it certainly paid in that instance, at least. It was at length agreed that our two young friends would do better in the city than in an inland village. Accordingly, they severed family ties, broke up old associations, and removed to the flourishing city of A—.

For awhile, everything betokened for both brightening prospects. There are few things denied to well directed industry, and both possessed this in an unusual degree.

But alas! "it is not in man who walketh to direct his steps." In 1839, the yellow fever, that scourge of the South, visited the city. Barker and Milton were among



his first victims. Both were seized at their boarding-houses, and both were thought by their attending physician to be in a critical situation.

To the bedside of one there came a crowd of Masonic brethren, ready to watch, aid, comfort and console. Nothing that the tenderest affection could devise was left undone; nothing that the most untiring energy could accomplish was left unexecuted.

To the couch of the other there came hired watchers who, in nine cases out of ten, sleep while the victim groans. The cooling draught was given grudgingly to his lips; the pillow was seldom moved beneath his aching temples; the long nights were never enlivened by one kind word of sympathy. Before him lay the grave—a tomb grudgingly given in the potters-field, and the sexton he supposed would be the only attendant at his funeral. Such a prospect is gloomy in the extreme. At that hour Lewis Barker thought, with a groan, of the village left behind—a village still gladdened by the sweet face of Alice Moore. And thus he lingered between life and death until his old friend Milton became convalescent, and went to his bedside to wait upon him.

"How happens it," he said, as he grasped the hand of Milton, "that you are recovering so rapidly, while I lie stretched here, with the fever still running rampant through my veins. I was told at first that the physician pronounced you the sickest of the two."

"I owe it in part, I suppose," said Milton, "to the excellent nursing which I received. Good nursing is worth more than medicine to the sick. But brighten up, man; you will soon be well again. I expect to dance at your wedding yet. It will not do to let you die here. Alice would never forgive me."

Barker turned his head wearily upon his pillow. "After all," he thought, "Milton was right. Freemasonry pays. If ever I get well, I mean to join the Lodge; and if Alice objects, I'll tell her of this incident in our lives. How could I be deceived in this matter? Milton did not need my commiseration in the least. How strange! Freemasonry pays."

Barker was true to his resolve. He recovered, married and joined the Lodge; and now Freemasonry has not in all its ranks a more devoted brother.

—*Masonic Review.*

### Success.

Success in lives of men depend  
Upon the shape of heads,  
To build ladders and climb to fame,  
Or to rest on downy beds.

Gates and doors are open to success  
For men with large heads or small;  
In temples or in business lives,  
By shaped heads, they rise or fall.

In temples men's caliber is tested  
By shape of heads, not the size;  
And those with heads that pass the scale  
May rear ladders to the skies.

Pathways of life for honest men  
Are strewn with golden threads  
To weave by labor or by business  
According to shape of heads.

The brotherhood are faithful in vineyards,  
And gain favor by honesty,  
As heads of brothers are molded  
When they take their first degree.

Brothers must be true to brothers  
Because their passports don't digress  
In temples that are sanctified  
To lead men to success.

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### Points in American History.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

Seventeen hundred and seventy-eight was an epoch-making year. It cleared away the obstacles for the final triumph of American independence. It brought about combinations which assured glorious results. The efforts of the British commanders to capture the line of the Hudson, divide the colonies and crush them in detail, had been defeated at the battle of Saratoga, pre-eminently one of the decisive contests of the world. The battle of Saratoga was planned by Schuyler, won by Benedict Arnold, and its laurels were given to General Gates.

It was during 1778 that Arnold received the rebuff and insults which made him, with his unfortunate temperament and make-up, the only traitor of American history. The Nemesis of treason pursued him to his death and followed his family. He fought a duel with a British peer because that nobleman, pointing to him, moved that a traitor be put out of the gallery of the House of Lords. On his death bed he ordered that the uniform which he had worn at the battle of Saratoga, and had been carefully preserved, should be brought out and put on him, and he then gave utterance to the saddest of last words, "Let me die in the uniform in which I wish I had lived."

His son became, by the desperate daring that characterized his father, a Major-General of the British army, and won distinction upon many fields, and yet it is only within a recent period that in England a lady said to me at a party, "I have heard something lately about an American General, Arnold. Can you tell me about him?" I said, "Do you mean General Benedict Arnold?" She said, "Yes, I think that is the name," and added, "I believe he was a very bad lot—" A lady present interrupted quickly, "Excuse me, but he was my ancestor."

In 1778 was fought the battle of Monmouth. It uncovered the treachery of General Lee and demonstrated to the enemies of Washington and to Congress that the Commander-in-Chief was not only a Fabian General, but a thunderbolt upon the field of battle. The disclosures of Conway brought to a head the conspiracy to displace Washington from the head of the army, and put General Gates in his place—a result which would have ruined the patriot cause.

Seventeen hundred and seventy eight witnessed the alliance between France and the United States, and gave to us a fleet, troops and the money, without which our cause was in the greatest peril. The battle of Rhode Island, or rather the campaign of Rhode Island, inconsequential as it was, performed the signal service of bringing into harmonious relations the Americans and their French allies. General Sullivan had at his command the assistance of the troops which Washington had sent him and the New England farmers who had come out for a three weeks' enlistment in order to assist in driving their enemies from the last place in New England which they retained. Sullivan's force outnumbered about three times the British troops in Newport. The French fleet, under Count D'Estang, lying off the harbor, was stronger than the British men-of-war within. Concerted action and harmonious councils were all that were needed to inflict one of the most crushing blows of the war. But Sullivan moved without consultation, D'Estang was offended, time passed, the farmers returned to their crops, the French fleet sailed away, and all was lost. Sullivan, in general orders, sharply rebuked his French allies, and the French lost heart in the contest.

Young Lafayette, only twenty years of age, welcomed because of his rank and dis-trusted because of his youth, grasped at

once the situation. He rode seventy-six miles to Boston, whither D'Estang had gone, and procured a promise of assistance. He rode back seventy-six miles in six hours, and found the campaign over, and craved and received the perilous privilege of taking the rear guard of the Americans off the island. But the misfortunes of the Rhode Island campaign brought about two important results. First, a clear appreciation in the minds of the American generals of the military value and diplomatic skill of Lafayette, and, second, that new and better understanding between the French and the Americans, without which French assistance would have been of very little help.

To Rhode Island belongs the credit of enforcing the lessons of religious liberty. She stood very much to the American colonies as Holland did to Continental Europe of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Her people, her commerce and her enterprise made her rich and prosperous, and yet she was at all times willing to sacrifice everything for liberty of conscience. She fought her battle with magnificent intelligence, persistence and courage against the thunders of the Puritan theocracy and the boycott of Puritan legislation. Old Cotton Mather, of Boston, said: "Rhode Island is occupied by Anti-nomians, Anabaptists, Quakers, Ranters and everything else but Roman Catholics and Christians, and if any man has lost his religion he may find it in this general muster of opinions—this receptacle of the convicts of Jerusalem and the outcasts of the land."

The error of this great theologian and bigot was first as to facts. Catholics were welcomed with all other religions to tolerant Rhode Island.

In the light of our understandings of the teachings of Christ, I may say as regards liberal Rhode Island, and the bigoted and persecuting New England colonies of that period, that Rhode Island had religion with many sects, and the Puritan Commonwealth had one sect with no religion.

Rhode Island has contributed three men of immortal fame among the founders and defenders of our country. She gave to us that most picturesque figure of our middle naval history, that hero who saved for us the lakes and our northern border, in the war of 1812, Commodore Perry. But the one supreme genius developed by the Revolutionary War was Nathaniel Greene. The



seven years' struggle produced very little of that supreme capacity which makes a great commander. The one next to Washington to whom that title can apply, and who demonstrated it upon every field where he was placed, was this modest Quaker General and victorious soldier of Rhode Island.

The glory, however, of this little commonwealth is Roger Williams. His fame will increase with centuries, his place become higher and more isolated as the atmosphere becomes purer and more clarified. Beyond all the religious teachers of an intensely religious and inquiring age, he believed in liberty of conscience. He alone had faith in that "truth crushed to earth would rise again," for the immortal years of God are hers, while "error wounded writhes in pain and dies among its worshippers."

Roger William's life and career brings out in strong relief the value to our modern development of the discovery of America. Civil and religious liberty, abolition of caste and privilege, equality of all men before the law could only be worked out in a new country removed by thousands of miles of dangerous ocean from the traditions of all the past in order to triumph.

Roger Williams would have been crushed out in the Massachusetts, Connecticut or New Haven colonies, and he would have been speedily silenced in Europe. But in the wilderness of Narragansett bay he could form a colony and try his experiment. He was an abler and broader reformer than Cromwell, Calvin or Luther. When seventy years of age he rowed himself in an open boat the whole length of Narragansett bay to discuss with a community of distinguished Quakers the dogmas of their sect. He was the first among the theologians and statesmen of that age to recognize that debate is the safety valve of liberty. When his Puritan neighbors passed laws imprisoning Quakers, branding them, boring holes in their ears and hanging them, he inquired what did these men believe and what crime had they committed. When informed that they were fined, imprisoned, branded and hung because of their religious opinions, and that they believed in non resistance, and were quiet, inoffensive and industrious citizens, he sent them an eager letter of welcome to Rhode Island, because, he said, people who will die for their faith and defend it only by discussion will be valuable additions to our commonwealth.

### "As Ye Would."

—  
If I should see  
A brother languishing in sore distress,  
And I should turn and leave him comfortless,  
When I might be  
A messenger of hope and happiness—  
How could I ask to have what I denied,  
In my own hour of bitterness supplied?

If I might share  
A brother's load along the dusty way,  
And I should turn and walk alone that day,  
How could I dare—  
When in the evening watch I knelt to pray -  
To ask for help to bear my pain and loss,  
If I had heeded not my brother's cross?

If I might sing  
A little song to cheer a fainting heart,  
And I should seal my lips and sit apart,  
When I might bring  
A bit of sunshine for life's ache and smart—  
How could I hope to have my grief relieved,  
If I kept silent when my brothers grieved?

And so I know  
That day is lost where in I fail to lend  
A helping hand to some wayfaring friend;  
But if it show  
A burden lightened by cheer I send,  
Then do I hold the golden hours well spent,  
And lay me down to sleep in sweet content.

### Are We Really So Smart?

—  
JAMES W. CLARKE, A. M.  
—

We continually tell ourselves that this is the most wonderful age of all the ages, of human progress. It may be so. It certainly is the most boastful age.

Are we really so smart?

Suppose we stop bragging just for five minutes—long enough to consider a very few of the smart things which were done long before this wonderful age of ours, and which the smart men of our time are either not capable of doing at all, or, at most, can do no better.

Did you ever read Wendell Phillips' celebrated lecture on "The Lost Arts"? Strange to say, you cannot find it in any edition of his published works. Pamphlet copies of it are rare. I happen to have one which the grand old man of Boston gave me over twenty years ago.

In it he boldly declared that of a hundred marvelous things known to the nineteenth century ninety-nine of them had been anticipated by the ancients.

He pointed particularly to mechanical arts and inventions. He quoted Pliny to show that Nero had a ring with a gem in it, through which he looked and watched the sword play of the gladiators in the

arena more clearly than with the naked eye—a style of opera-glass unknown to us moderns.

The use of microscopes of immense power in ancient Egypt, Persia and Greece is fairly presumable, because there is a gem shown at Parma, once worn on the finger of Michael Angelo, the engraving whereon is two thousand years old, and which reveals the figures of seven women only with the aid of a strong magnifying glass.

Sir Henry Rawlinson brought home from Nineveh a stone about twenty inches long and ten inches wide, containing a whole treatise on mathematics that was utterly illegible without a microscope. And if it cannot be read without a microscope, it could not have been engraved without one.

Mr. Phillips averred that the art of coloring reached a perfection among the ancients far beyond our own. The buried city of Pompeii was a city of stucco. The exteriors of the walls of all its buildings were stucco, and, the stucco was stained with Tyrian purple—the royal color of antiquity. The city has been buried eighteen hundred years. Yet, whenever the walls of one of its houses are dug out the royal purple flames up to view with a great deal richer hue than any we can produce. Evidently the Pompeiians possessed a secret for making fast colors that we have not.

When the English despoiled the summer palace of the Emperor of China they brought home curiously-wrought metal vessels of every kind, and European metal-workers confessed their inability to reproduce them.

Sheffield steel is an English boast, but it will not bear the atmosphere of India without gilding. Yet the Damascus blades used in the Crusades were not gilded, and they are as bright and keen to-day as they were eight centuries ago. There was one shown at the London Exhibition in 1862, the point of which could be made to touch the hilt, and which could be put into a scabbard like a corkscrew and bent every way without breaking. The best steel in the world to-day does not come from either Europe or America, but from the Punjab.

Sir Walter Scott, in his "Tales of the Crusaders," describes a meeting between Richard Cœur de Lion and Saladin, in which the English monarch is made to think that Saladin practices the black art,

because the latter takes an eiderdown pillow from the sofa and causes it to fall in two pieces by drawing his keen blade across it. Travelers to-day in India tell of seeing Hindoos throw handfuls of floss silk into the air and cut them in pieces with their fine-edged sabers. There is no steel made in western workshops of that quality.

So, too, with the art of glass cutting. It was supposed thirty years ago that there were no ancient glass factories, but the Pompeian excavations revealed a workshop full of ground glass, window glass, cut glass and colored glass of every variety.

We plume ourselves upon our canals, but ancient Palestine had many magnificent canals with perfectly arranged gates and sluices.

It is doubtful if, notwithstanding McAdam and Telford, we build as good roads as did the Romans.

We have not yet discovered a perfect way of ventilating either our public or private buildings, or our private houses; but the exploration of the pyramids in Egypt show that those Egyptian tombs were ventilated in the most scientific manner.

Our architects are well aware that their ancient predecessors knew some things that are mysteries to them. Look, for example, at the stupendous work of the Egyptian builders of the Nile temples. It almost passes belief that the blocks of granite used in building those wonderful structures could have been handled at all and lifted into their places. Many of the stone slabs forming the roof of the great Temple of Karnak weigh upward of fifty tons, and some of them are believed to weigh from one hundred to three hundred tons each. Yet all those huge stones were set without mortar, and to day, after all the centuries that have passed since they were placed, they are found to be jointed with such accuracy that the blade of a penknife cannot be forced between them.

Lord Armstrong wrote with wonder and admiration of the great statue of Rameses the Great, which is cut out of a single block of syenite, calculated to have weighed 1,300 tons before the artist commenced upon it. He observes that to bring such a block of stone from a distance of one hundred and thirty-five miles "was a feat which would daunt the courage of a modern engineer, although aided by powers and appliances unknown to the



ancient Egyptians." These huge blocks of stone were quarried by means of wooden wedges, which were inserted and afterwards swelled by water, and Lord Armstrong was of the opinion that no engineer of the present day could detach them from the quarry by that ancient process.

A learned Indian prince, Thakore Sahib, of Gondal, in his history of Aryan medical science, asserts that the grandest discoveries of western medical genius, such as vaccination, anæsthesia and antiseptic surgery, were all practiced among the Hindoos many centuries ago. He declares that in the Ayur Veda, or Science of Life, which is the most ancient of all Brahmin books on medicine, nearly all the best modern methods of medical diagnosis, as well as of practical surgery, are fully set forth.

The circulation of the blood, which we say was discovered by Harvey, is fully explained in the same ancient volume of the Hindoo Scriptures. Cranial and abdominal surgical operations of the most difficult kind, such as we had supposed were never performed until within the last fifty years, were done a thousand years ago in the land of Buddha. There is a clear record of the trephining of King Bhoja of Dhar, who lived about A. D. 977, to relieve him of severe pains in his head. The record states that the king was rendered unconscious, his cranium opened, the cause of the trouble removed from the brain, the wound closed up, and his trouble completely cured. Jivaka, who was Buddha's own physician, performed similar operations.

Such facts as these may well shake our excessive self-esteem as the wisest and most highly inventive people who have ever occupied the earth, and to cast a doubt upon our boast that we are "the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time."

Are we not too prone to assume that Wisdom had no children worthy of her until we appeared upon the scene?

Are we really so smart?

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

### What Created the Demand.

"What makes you buy that brand of soap?"

I asked a woman shrewd;  
"Some others have far larger scope—  
Their names I have reviewed."

"What makes me buy that brand of soap?"  
The woman looked surprised;  
And thus she answered my demand—  
"Because it's advertised."

"Why do you choose that ribbon fair?"

I asked a little miss;  
"The other stores had others there,  
Why did you ask for this?"

She glared at me with pitying eye,  
My face she criticised;  
Then answered very simply, "Why,  
Because it's advertised."

"What makes you always buy that wine?"

I asked a business friend.  
"It's quite a favorite of mine;  
But why select this brand?"

He looked astonished, and my aim  
He had not recognized;  
But still he answered just the same—  
"Because it's advertised."

And so you'll find where'er you go,  
Whatever people buy,  
The goods that have the greatest show,  
And on which folks rely,  
Are those made known through printer's ink,  
And it may be surmised,  
Their merit is, the people think,  
"Because they're advertised."

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### What Shall the Government Do with the Money Received through the Postal Savings Banks?

This is a feature that will require careful consideration, and one that will doubtless awaken much discussion in and out of Congress. Several plans are proposed.

One is to use the funds for the purchase of outstanding government bonds. Of these enough could be had to begin the system, and run it for three or four years.

After United States bonds should become no longer available, something else could be found. It has been proposed that the funds be invested in State bonds, but it is doubtful whether this would be legal without a constitutional amendment. Certain it is that the opponents of the system would take this ground and try to block the way.

The country stands in need of a cheap parcel post, of one-cent letter postage and of rural free mail delivery. The money could be used to establish these, and bonds of small denominations be issued for the purpose, thus placing them within reach of people of small means.

It has also been proposed to erect build-

ings in the smaller towns and cities for government purposes, for the courts, post-offices and custom houses, and thus save rentals now paid.

Another plan is to use the funds for the erection of telegraph lines and the establishment of telegraph and telephone service in connection with the post offices.

It has also been proposed to loan the funds to the National banks, also to individuals upon farm mortgages and other real estate; but it is likely that these proposals would meet with strenuous opposition, and create a conflict that had better be avoided.

Of the merit of the respective plans it is not necessary now to speak, but the subject should at once be taken up and considered by all the people.

—*Farm Journal.*

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**Another Masonic Incident.**

The clippings from the *N. O. Square and Compass*, which was published in the *Indian Mason* and also THE TRESTLE BOARD, under the heading of "A Masonic Incident," calls to mind a somewhat similar incident which happened some years ago in the State of Georgia.

A popular and wealthy young man, who lead in social circles, sent in his application to a Masonic Lodge for membership. The report of the investigating committee was favorable. The Lodge met upon a dark, cold and stormy night, and, as a natural consequence, but few members were present. When the ballot was spread it was found to be dark. First one member and then another expressed surprise at the rejection of the candidate. The Master of the Lodge, who regarded the young man as a warm personal friend, so far forgot himself and the principles of Masonry as to take part in the discussion, and express his disapproval of the result of the ballot. He spoke in the highest terms of the rejected candidate. He could not understand how so nice and clever a gentleman could have been blackballed, unless some personal feeling or motive prompted the casting of the cube. When the Master was through, all present, except an old physician, had expressed themselves. It was evident that he had cast the black ballot, and that it was not accidental, but was intentional. The silence was painfully oppressive. After waiting for a few moments, during which he seemed to be debating with himself as to what he should

do, the old physician arose, and said: "Worshipful Master and Brethren: You have all expressed surprise at and dissatisfaction with the ballot. It is, therefore, clear that I cast the cube, and I might just as well come out and say so as to remain silent. I am very sorry that this discussion has come up and been permitted. Not that I regret what I have done, but because I feel that under the circumstances, in view of what has been said, I owe it to myself and to Masonry to tell why I did it. I came out, through this cold and rain to-night, for no other purpose than to cast that cube. I know that the young man is popular and wealthy, and occupies a high social position, and that he has many friends, and I feared that if I stayed away from the Lodge to-night he would be elected. When you hear what I have to say your surprise and regret will be turned to thanks for what I have done. I did not speak sooner, because what I know involves another person who I believe to have been a victim rather than a culprit; to have been as helpless in this young man's hands as a poor little sparrow in the talons of a hawk; a young fawn in the claws of a boa constrictor. For her sake and the sake of her family I had intended to keep the matter secret; but what you have said and what has been said by our Master forces me to tell why I cast that cube. I did so because I know that this young man, of whom you have spoken so highly, betrayed the confidence of a father and a mother; that he was false to the love of a pure girl; that he took advantage of the innocence, and seduced the daughter of a Master Mason, and that Master Mason now presides over this Lodge. I could never give him my hand as a brother, I could not see him impose himself upon you, especially upon our Master, as such."

The surprise and consternation which followed this statement can be imagined, but can never be described. This incident teaches the necessity of holding inviolate the secrecy of the ballot. Casting a ballot upon an application for the degrees of Masonry is not only a privilege but also a duty.

No Mason should ever tell how he voted, or attempt to find out how any other brother voted. Any such information or inquiry is un-Masonic. It is a reflection upon a brother to question his ballot, and such a course destroys that peace and har-



mony which are the chief strength and support of all well regulated institutions, more particularly that of Freemasonry.

Again, there may be the best of reasons why a brother should cast a cube, and at the same time keep his reasons to himself. Let us all, therefore, guard sacredly the secrecy of the ballot, and discountenance and stop all attempts, direct or indirect, to violate it.—*Henry M. Furman, Ardmore, I. T., in Indian Mason.*

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#### Facts about Romanism.

The eight Roman Catholic countries of Venezuela, Austria-Hungary, France, Brazil, Spain, Portugal, Belgium and Italy, with an area of 4,452,275 square miles and a population of 148,087,027, of which the average is ninety-one per cent Roman Catholic, show an illiteracy of sixty per cent.

The eight Protestant countries of Victoria, Sweden, Switzerland, Netherlands, Germany, Denmark, Great Britain and the United States, with an area of 4,134,309 square miles and a population of 149,702,830, of which the average is eighty per cent Protestant, show an illiteracy of four per cent.

This statement is from data furnished by the reports of the United States Commissioner of Education, the documents issued by the Bureau of Education, the census of 1880 and the Statesman's Year Book for 1887.

The *El Solfeo*, an Italian journal of prominence, published the following statistics: In 1870, Rome had 2,469 secular clergy among cardinals, bishops, prelates and cures, 2,766 monks and 2,117 nuns—in all, 7,322 religious of both sexes.

The number of births reached in the same year to 4,378, of which 1,215 were legitimate and 3,163 illegitimate. The illegitimates, therefore, being in the proportion 75.25 per 100 of the total births.

The illegitimates in Protestant London are only four per cent.

The average committals for murder per year are, in Protestant England, 72, or 4 to every 1,000,000; in Roman Catholic Ireland, 130, or 19 to every 1,000,000; in Roman Catholic Bavaria, 311, or 68 to every 1,000,000; in Roman Catholic Sicily, 174, or 90 to every 1,000,000. More than four-fifths of the white men hanged in America are papists.

Of the men who served in the Union

army during the civil war, 1,625,270 were natives of the United States, 180,870 were natives of Germany, 144,221 were Irish, 99,040 were British and 48,410 were born in other foreign countries. The rate of desertions, according to nativity, was: Americans, 3 per cent; British, 7 per cent; Germans, 10 per cent; other foreigners, 6 per cent; and Irish, 72 per cent. Of 144,000 Irishmen who enlisted, 104,000 deserted. These desertions began after the Pope had recognized the Confederacy.

The draft riots in Boston and New York were almost wholly among Roman Catholics. The assassination of President Lincoln was concocted and executed by Roman Catholics.

The city of New York, from 1869 to 1883, gave to the Roman Catholic church, \$8,555,250.39, and from 1884 to 1893, \$5,526,733.34. Protestant denominations received during the ten years, from 1884 to 1893, \$365,467.34. The appropriations from the excise fund for the month of August, 1893, to the Roman Catholic institutions were \$50,889.43. To the Protestants, \$3,105.43.

The State has no right to tax one man for the purpose of propogating another man's religion.

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#### Wanted—A Kicker.

In every Masonic Lodge, one not afraid to open his mouth and denounce every abuse, no matter whom he offends or pleases. Such a one is the most valuable adjunct a Lodge can have, and without him a Lodge is often apt to lapse into a slow, lethargic style of work; the finances are often managed in a slovenly manner, moneys belonging to the Lodge are misapplied, sometimes by carelessness, sometimes by something even worse.

Masons, like many other people, are prone to let things go on from month to month, and from year to year, under the management of one or two members, who form the "ring," put up their own nominees and friends for office without relation to their fitness, and who generally run the Lodge to suit themselves.

Here comes in the kicker's usefulness. He wants to know the why and wherefore; he moves for papers and the appointment of committees to inquire into matters that don't seem very clear on the face of them, and who can't be talked down or hushed by the haughty stare of surprise at his

boldness in denouncing the guilty party, and who can't be bamboozled or befogged by any amount of long talks about nothing or by the smiling or pitying jeer of the cause of the trouble.

We don't mean a crank who runs his head, like Don Quixote, against every windmill that comes in his way, right or wrong. That man is a nuisance to himself and to every one around him. But the thoughtful, useful kicker who, before everything, has Masonry at heart; who helps the needy, attends the funerals, sees that the Damoclian sword of "suspension for non-payment of dues" by some poor wretch panting in the struggle for bread, does not fall on some unprotected heads than can possibly be helped; sees that the rich man who can but won't pay his dues has his just reward.

Such is the valuable addition to the Lodge that we are speaking of and admire. He should be fostered and cared for, and made much of by every right-thinking Mason.

It is no easy task to stand up for the right at the risk of making enemies, or having the ill-will for a time of your brethren, and few men have the moral courage for it.—*The Freemason.*

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#### Non-Payment of Dues.

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Some of the Lodges are passing very stringent resolutions of intention to exact the utmost letter of the law in the matter of the non-payment of dues; and, generally speaking, we are fully with them, in that the member who *can* and does *not* pay his share toward the general management and expenses of carrying on the business, the charity and the obligations of the Lodge should undoubtedly be suspended as a proper punishment for his conduct, whether it arises from parsimony or carelessness.

But there is another class of brothers who deserve much more consideration at our hands and to whom the much-vaunted charity of our Order should be carefully extended. As the old charges have it, "there are many brethren who from various causes have been reduced to the lowest depths of poverty and distress"; brethren who have suffered from hard times and are out of work, who would pay if they could, but when there is difficulty in getting bread must let their dues go till better times, and yet who have not the moral

courage necessary to enable them to appeal to the Lodge for a remission of their dues. In this behalf we think the Lodges should be very careful they do not commit an injustice while performing the strict letter of their duty, and should not compel the poor wretch who cannot get work or money enough to keep his dues up, to come before the Lodge and make a personal appeal. When a brother and member of the Lodge vouches for the *bona fides* of the case it should be enough to warrant the Lodge in remitting the dues for the time being, leaving it in the power of the brother to pay up when he is able.

—*The Freemason.*

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#### A Woman Constable.

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The new woman has broken out in a new spot. This time it is the constabulary of the city of Allegheny, Pa., which she has invaded. Miss Florence Klotz can scarcely be called even a woman constable though, for she is only eighteen years old. But she's a constable all right. She serves warrants, summonses and subpoenas with all the authority and determination of a male minion of the law. Miss Klotz's father is an Alderman, whose regular constable was an old man who had an inconvenient way of being sick or invisible when he was wanted for duty. On one of these occasions, about two months ago, the despairing Alderman pressed his daughter into service. That settled the matter. The girl constable proved to be the pluckiest, quickest, most reliable one in town. Her very first mission was to serve a subpoena on a farmer living four miles out of town. Miss Florence put on her bloomers, mounted her wheel, and went after her man. When she came back, tired, muddy, but triumphant, she found a crowd in front of her father's office to welcome her.

"I served them, papa," she exclaimed, and then, womanlike, she cried, even though she was a constable.

She says she would rather deal with one hundred men than ten women. The women think it is a joke, but the men think the law must be obeyed even if it is embodied in an eighteen-year-old girl. Before she went into the constabulary, she wheeled through Allegheny county getting trade for her father's candy factory. Next summer she and her sister will ride a tandem—geared to 68—on the same



errand. She is described by the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* as slight and handsome, with raven black hair and snapping black eyes.

In one case Miss Klotz acted as counsellor as well as constable. A butcher had kicked in the door when he found his hallway locked up by the baker, who, with his family, occupied the rest of the house. The locking was by order of the landlord, who demanded that it be done at 10 P. M. The butcher was sued for malicious mischief. Miss Klotz brought her man to court, also served a score of subpoenas for witnesses, arranging the details of the hearing, cross-examined the witnesses, and finally had the case dismissed on her recommendation that each of the parties be furnished with keys. The costs were divided, and the young lawyer-constable smiled with delight as she counted over her share.

The only unruly case she has run across was a youngster of fourteen who refused to go with her. She took the dilemma by the horns and the boy by the collar, tripped him up, and, with a handy copy of "Pilgrim's Progress," administered a series of business-like blows where they would do the most good, and led him weeping to court. A little jeweled revolver is her only weapon. It was presented to her by a big constable who was filled with admiration of her pluck. She says she doesn't know what she would do if she ran against an ugly customer, but she declares, with a snap of her black eyes, that she would get him. She is the pet of the municipal force, and if she ever sent word for help the entire retinue of clerks, heads of departments and underlings would turn out to the rescue of Constable Florence.

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What Profit?

Does Freemasonry pay? What advantage has a man over his neighbor who is not a member of the Fraternity? These and other related questions are quite likely to be asked of one's self, even if they are not put into the form of words and expressed in private or public speech.

This is a practical age. It applies the test of profitableness to almost everything of human acquisition and use, and it raises the question of value in regard to man's present existence, asking whether life itself is worth having, whether it pays to

maintain the hard struggle of mortal being against the trials and struggles which must be encountered. There is a mighty army of disappointed and dejected people, quite ready to declare that there is no value in life, no good in anything. Out of the ranks of such as those come the recruits for madness and for suicide.

We pity the morbid ones, so sad and so reckless. We say to them that the gift of life is a precious boon, worth living through and through as God gives it, and makes the way for its expression.

Happy are they who get life rightly focused, so as to estimate its true value. Then will they have respect for those faculties of mind, heart and soul which constitute man's highest endowment, and by exercise of which he not only makes life useful, but derives for himself the utmost of strength, satisfaction and peace. Those who belong to this class are disposed to make the most and the best of present being, while they are always looking for a brighter light to shine upon their way, and a more exceeding glory to be disclosed. These, rightly numbered among the workers, the leaders, the helpers in our human world, will make willing declarations out of their own experience that it does pay to oppose evil, to struggle for the right, to cultivate the nobler attributes of being and to recognize the claims of related life.

When men of this stamp pass within the line of Freemasonry they are not likely to be disappointed. They will find enough in the Institution to justify the expenditure of thought, time and money, requisite for active and intelligent membership in the Fraternity. They will testify that Freemasonry does pay; that it has profit not to be reckoned in material values, but in benefits which constitute an abiding property of life.

Not long since a worthy Craftsman, who has held membership in Lodge, Chapter and Commandery for almost half a century, said to the present writer, "Freemasonry has blessed and enriched my life. I have made no money by my Masonic connections. I have never been obliged to ask for any aid on Masonic grounds, but I believe that I am both a better and happier man to-day because of my long and active identification with the Institution." Most heartily can we indorse the words of our venerable friends who have found profit in Freemasonry. It has been of benefit to the writer by bringing him into pleasant rela-

tions with good men and true, giving him a place in a community of mutual interests, and opening the way for the establishment of enduring friendships. The observance of its rites and ceremonies has been suggestive and interesting; and to witness Masonic work well done is none the less interesting now than it was years ago. Its profit has been realized by a study of its symbolism and principles, and by the effort to apply its truths to the formation of character and to the conduct of life. It has been an inspiration and a benefit in many ways, as the writer has sought a better acquaintance with the history of the Institution and the evolution of its great system of moral ideas and fraternal purposes. It has augmented the zest of life, deepened faith in the eternal verities and made more evident the truths of the solidarity of the human race.

What profit has Freemasonry? Much profit, and in various ways, when rightly understood and applied, being judged by the tests which determine the higher values. Freemasonry pays the thoughtful, faithful Craftsman, not in the wages of the world's current coin, but in what quickens the affections, exalts the aspirations, broadens and blesses the life, thus providing a social, intellectual and moral incitement for a strong and useful manhood.

—*Freemason's Repository.*

These lines from the pen of the erudite editor of the above-named magazine have struck an echo in our heart, and we consider it an act of simple justice to the cause of Freemasonry if we reprint them here, and thus give them a still wider scope of readers. If there are any disappointed and disgruntled brothers in our Institution, we would say to them: "Go into your inner chamber and commune with yourselves and your God; ask yourself with what purpose did I knock at the door of the lodge room; with what expectation on the part of the brethren was that door opened unto me. If you find an inkling of selfishness in that purpose; if you find it was curiosity instead of the desire to help your fellow-men, by uniting with those who are banded together to achieve that object in a silent and unostentatious manner, then go earnestly to work to divest yourself of that canker which is gnawing at your heart, and pray that you may gather strength to practice the great principles of brotherly love and

charity as you find them exemplified in all nature, and as they are becoming more and more the property of the human race. If in that struggle with your evil inclinations you can conquer self, then you will find yourself fully at home in the lodge room and in the world, because you will be in close and intimate touch with all mankind; then your good example will draw other good men to us, and the great mystery which gives our Institution that ever-rejuvenating vitality will be revealed to the world in a manner which overshadows all things else—tokens, signs and words included.

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### Enforced Affiliations.

We give two short extracts from the correspondence report of Bro. W. W. Clarke of Kentucky, one of the ablest lawyers and soundest reasoners in the guild:

"Doubtless a Grand Lodge may decree that an unaffiliated Mason shall not appear in the procession, or visit a Masonic Lodge more than three times or not at all; but, this being true, we are constrained to urge that it is not only not good Masonry but is contrary to ancient usage. We remember that the time is not very greatly in the past when there were no chartered Lodges, and when the neophyte was made such not for a particular place or time, but for all places and all time. One difficulty that modern Masonry is laboring under is that there is too much legislation, and much of its legislation swings clear of the ancient customs of the Craft, and, before a great while, the Order will be ancient only in name, certainly not in practice.

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"The right to sever his Lodge connection, it would seem, is a right inherent in every member, and inalienable. But further: We presume that all Lodges have the right to discipline a member for failure to pay his dues. By what right, then, would a Lodge compel a member to incur liability for Lodge dues against his will, and then punish him for failure to discharge that liability?"

We are quite confident of two things: That quite a number fancy they can answer this last query; and that many a long day will elapse before they will succeed in doing so.—*Pacific Mason.*



## Sea-Side Musings.

The following beautiful poem was composed by William Edwin Cressy, several years since. He died at Independence, Or., December 1, 1897, and the poem was recited at the funeral.

I sat on the mighty ocean's shore  
And watched the surging tide,  
I listened to the wave's wild roar  
As they dashed from side to side,  
And my soul was filled with reverent awe  
As my thoughts to God ascended,  
While problems of life and infinite law  
In my questioning mind were blended.

I gazed upon a misty drop  
Sailing through viewless air,  
Sent on a mission of love and hope  
To bless this land so fair;  
Then, when it's labor of love was o'er,  
I saw its glad return,  
As the onward flowing river bore  
That drop to the ocean again.

How like these misty drops are we,  
As we journey through this life,  
Sent from Eternity's dark sea  
Into a world of strife;  
When our short lives here shall end,  
All our earthly labors o'er,  
The river of Death our souls will send  
To Eternity's sea once more.

Is this all of life,  
I asked in trembling fear,  
With its trials, hopes and eager strife  
For knowledge, its way to cheer?  
Is oblivion's sea the only home  
My thirsting soul shall know,  
When this weary body shall cease to roam  
O'er these earthly scenes below?

I would not like the raindrop rest  
Upon a senseless ocean,  
Subject to the wind's and wave's behest,  
Without the soul's fair portion;  
But I would rise from star to star,  
On aspiration's wave,  
And wrench that knowledge from afar  
Which my thirsting mind doth crave.

Yes, I would tread the boundless fields  
Of universal space,  
And know that power which knowledge wields  
O'er all the human race;  
Then, like the ship on yonder sea,  
Which from foreign lands has come,  
With my bounteous treasures of truth so free  
I'd return to my own blest home.

Will these aspiring hopes of mine  
E'er meet with their reward?  
Will man's abode in the coming time  
Be known by other than God?  
No answer came but the ocean's roar,  
As the waves dashed from side to side  
Beating the sands on the pebbly shore,  
And the surging of the tide.

Eternal Father, God of Love,  
Infinite Soul of the Nature,  
Thou hast into my being wove  
The warp and woof of a future;  
Undying faith in a world of Light  
Hath nerved the soul of man

Thro' all the ages of darkest night  
Down to the present time.

Nor has these fires burned less bright  
As the ages come and go;  
But clearer grows that inward light,  
As history's pages show;  
Thou dost supply the body's needs  
On this earthly sphere below,  
Thou'lt not refuse the soul's great need  
And immortal life bestow.

Let confidence our thought enchain  
Of a better world than ours,  
Where friendship, truth and love shall reign  
Supreme in all their power;  
Where the aspirations of the soul  
Shall meet with their reward,  
Where man's immortal mind may dwell  
Eternally with God.

## Mrs. Merrydew's Resignation.

"It's just what I always predicted," groaned Mrs. Merrydew; "I knew this sort of thing," with a glance around her cool, airy kitchen, where the ball-fringed curtains fluttered in the breeze and the tall clock told off the seconds with leisurely deliberation, "was a deal too good to last. I dreamed last night that I saw Sam in his winding sheet, and this morning when the letter came I knew what was in it, word for word, before ever I broke the seal."

"What has happened?" eagerly questioned Hitty Johnson, the village gossip, who had stopped on her way to the place where she was engaged for a day's work at dressmaking to ask how Mrs. Merrydew's rheumatism was. "He ain't—dead?" "Dead?" croaked the old lady, "what a start you do give one, to be sure! Dead—of course he ain't dead! He's only—married."

"Well, I declare," said Hitty, "if that don't beat all. Your Sam married."

"Married last week," said Mrs. Mary Merrydew, "and going to bring his bride to see me to-day. What am I going to do, I'd like to know, with a daintily fine lady from the city who don't know a spinning wheel from a clothes press, and never put her hands into a pan of good scalding dish-water in her life?"

"Well, but," said Hitty Johnson, "it seems to me as if that was borrierin' trouble afore it's due. How do you know but what you'll like her?"

"Did you ever know one of these city girls that was worth her salt?" contemptuously demanded Mrs. Merrydew. "Not everybody knows what my luck has been, all

my life long. If there was a bad egg in the bilin' I was always certain sure to get it; if I bought ticket No. 7 in the raffle at a church fair, No. 8 was always the ticket to draw the prize. I didn't expect anything better, and I'm resigned to the Lord's will. Oh, dear, dear, this is a hard world to live in!"

"A queer kind of resignation," thought Miss Hitty, as she hastened on, leaving Mrs. Merrydew wiping her eyes with a yellow silk pocket handkerchief, and sighing like any furnace. "And if Sam Merrydew really has got married, I hope to goodness he's got a woman who won't take the world quite so hard as his mother does."

"Yes, I'm resigned," said Mrs. Merrydew, as she cut the white, crisp fall apples into juicy slices for a tart, and mournfully filled the stove with fresh wood, "though I don't s'pose Sam's wife will keep the old china and the silver candlesticks and the Boughten carpets as I've done; no, and she won't set no store by the old furniture that has been in the Merrydew family for a generation and a half. She'll set and fold her hands, and let everything go to wrack and ruin; but I'm resigned. And Sam, he'll be neglected, and his shirts will be destroyed and his stockings won't be mended. Who ever heard of a city lady taking the trouble to mend stockings? But I ain't one to grumble, and I always did say that, whatever happened, I would try to be resigned."

The baking was all done, the table was set for tea, and the firelight gleaming through the cracks of the stove danced merrily up and down on the yellow-washed walls, and Mrs. Merrydew was alternately dozing over her knitting and wiping surreptitious tears from her spectacle glasses when there came a loud, insistent knocking at the door, and in walked a tall, untidy young woman in a cheap blue silk dress, whose mangy train drew itself over the floor, and a black lace hat overloaded with ragged artificial flowers.

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Merrydew, only half awake, "who are you?"

"I'm Sam's wife," said the young woman, looking around her with indolent interest, "and I s'pose you're my mother-in-law?"

"You?" gasped the old lady, scarcely able, at first, to realize the meaning of the handsome slattern's words. "You Sam's wife! It can't be possible!"

The young woman untied the strings of

her bonnet with a laugh, and flung it carelessly on the table.

"I guess I ain't good enough for you," said she. "Sam said his folks wouldn't just fancy me at first, but we're tight married, and there's no help for it; so you'll just have to make the best of things."

"You—you are from the city?" hesitated poor Mrs. Merrydew, not knowing what else to say.

"I waited in a restaurant," said Sam's wife. "That's where he first saw me, in New York."

"He never told me that," said Mrs. Merrydew, faintly.

"I s'pose it's dreadful dull and pocky out here," said the young woman, with a shrug of her pretty tawdry shoulders. "Do the crickets always keep on cheep—cheeping, like this? And don't the wind ever stop moaning through the trees? Dear me, what a crazy looking old clock! Why don't you change it off for something modern? Tea? No, I don't care for tea. I'd a deal rather have a glass of beer. Beer always sets me up when I feel faint. Or, p'raps, you might put just a drop of gin or spirits in the tea."

Mrs. Merrydew grew sick at heart; she leaned against the wall and closed her eyes.

"Is this my only son's wife?" she asked herself. "This coarse, untidy, half-educated creature. Oh, what have I done to be punished like this? Sam's wife! In all the pictures of her that I painted to myself there was never one like this. No, never!"

And the picture of her boy's blighted life, her own desolate future, rose darkly up before her mind's eye with sickening distinctness.

"I can't be resigned to this!" she uttered aloud.

Sam's wife eyed her with lazy indifference, mingled with rising dislike and prejudice.

"Humph!" said she, "I don't see how you're going to help yourself, mother-in-law. 'What's done can't be undone. Sam's sick of his bargain and you're sick of yourn, but I ain't tired of mine," with a sinister chuckle. "It may be dull and stupid here, but it's a peg higher up than waiting in a fifteen-cent restaurant, anyhow."

"Where's Sam?" Mrs. Merrydew asked abruptly.

"Ain't he here?" said the young wife opening her china-blue eyes. "Why, he came yesterday."



"Sam?"

"Yes, Sam—Sampson Parley Parkins, Esquire!" with an insolence which was heightened by a defiant toss of the head, "if you want the full name and all particulars, old lady."

"There's some mistake," said Mrs. Merrydew, with a sudden sensation of grateful relief at her heart. "My son's name is not Sampson Parley Parkins, although I believe there is a young man of that name living at the grist mill, four miles up the road. My son is called Samuel Merrydew."

"Good gracious!" cried the bride, starting to her feet in a scrambling, terrified sort of way, and making a vague clutch at the shabby bonnet. "Then I've made a mistake and come to the wrong place. They told me it was a red house, back of four big willows."

"Yes," said Mrs. Merrydew, "it is a red house behind four large willow trees, but there (with conscious pride) the likeness ends. Perkins' Mill House is not, by any means, such a place as this."

At the same moment, an open wagon, well besplashed with liquid mud, clattered up to the door, and a shrill voice was heard crying out:

"Evenin', Mis' Merrydew. Seen anything of a young 'oman in a blue gown and red shawl hereabouts? I've somehow missed my wife at the depot, and—why, there she is now. How on earth come you here, Louisa Jeannetta? You might ha' knew I'd a come arter you, if you could ha' waited a spell."

And Mr. Sampson Parley Parkins, a long limbed Yankee, in a blue checked shirt and a suit of pepper-and-salt cloth, helped his wife into the vacant seat of the muddy wagon and rattled away, leaving Mrs. Merrydew standing staring on the door step.

"I am resigned now," said that matron aloud, apparently addressing herself to the crows and the crickets. "Good land o' liberty, it was just exactly like a bad dream."

But Mrs. Merrydew had hardly returned to the cozy sitting-room again, when a second sound of wheels broke upon the fragrant stillness of the October evening, the door was flung open, and a cheerful voice exclaimed:

"How d'ye do, mother, dear? Here's my wife. Give her a kiss, for she is prepared to love you dearly."

And a sweet, child like young face,

framed in by smooth bands of shining hair, was lifted to hers, while a soft voice whispered:

"Dear, mother, do try and like me a little, for Sam's sake."

"My dear," said the old woman, with tears in her eyes, "do you think you can get along in this old-fashioned place with only me for a companion?"

And Sam's wife answered: "Oh, mother, it is so beautiful and quaint and quiet here, and during all those years that I taught in the city I have so longed for a home—a real home, like this!"

Hitty Johnson looked in the next morning "just for a minute" again as she trudged by.

"Feel any more resigned, Mrs. Merrydew?" she asked, in a voice of carefully attuned sympathy. "Of course it's a dreadful trial, but—"

Mrs. Merrydew smiled broadly.

"Resigned!" said she; "I never was so resigned in my life. Lily is a gem of the purest water. Sam is the luckiest fellow in the world, and I—well, I couldn't have suited myself better if I'd looked all creation over for a daughter-in-law. Don't talk to me about resignation. Folks don't need to be resigned when a golden streak of good fortune comes to 'em."

"Do tell!" said Hitty Johnson. "Well, I never did!"

— o —  
The Darkest Hour.

"You might give me another chance, sir."

"I see no reason to do so."

The last speaker raised his dark, shrewd eyes to the face of the man before him. Tom Wheeler moved uneasily under that steady gaze, and his glance traveled downwards to the floor. But he was a manly fellow, not a coward by any means, and presently he lifted his head and looked Mr. Hanway full in the face. Perhaps something he saw there emboldened him; perhaps despair gave him courage; perhaps the thought of his wife and two baby boys drove him to speech. Anyhow, he gulped down the sullen pride rising within him, and said brusquely:

"It ain't for myself as I care, but work's none so easy to get, and a man as has got three mouths to feed as well as his own don't like to be thrown out sudden like."

"You should have thought of that before. I have already warned you twice.

Last night you were drunk for the third time this fortnight."

"And if I was," cried Tom, passionately, "what of that? I ain't the only chap as gets drunk now and again. It ain't only us working fellows. Your fine gentlemen—"

"Be quiet," interposed Mr. Hanway, sternly. "I have heard all that before, and you are only injuring yourself. Does it make you any better that 'fine gentlemen,' as you call them, lower themselves in the same way? I have done my best for you, but if you will not be helped, it is not my fault. You will receive your week's pay on Saturday, and you will leave on the same day. Take my advice," he added, as Wheeler turned on his heel, "and try to keep steady in your next place."

But such advice, however kindly meant, falls on unheeding ears when a man is disgraced, humiliated, disappointed with himself and furious with others. Tom Wheeler flung out of the office noisily, and his employer sighed as he turned back to his writing.

He was a middle-aged man, with an anxious, lined face, and hair already beginning to turn gray. The lips were stern, but there was a kindly look about the keen eyes. Among his men he was generally liked, for if he was strict he was just and honest, steady work never failed to secure his notice. His people were therefore well content, and Wheeler obtained but little sympathy from them. They thought him a fool, and did not scruple to tell him so in blunt language. Only one of them, catching a look on his face which the others did not see, and guessing something of his feelings, uttered a brief word of comfort which Tom Wheeler never forgot: "Cheer up, mate. It mayn't be so bad after all. At the darkest, things always mend."

Saturday came, and Tom took his week's money, and went out of the factory with a heavy heart. He had not yet told his wife of his dismissal, and he dreaded to face her with the news. But it had to be done; she must know, and he went straight home, quickening his steps as he passed the "Crown and Sceptre," where a crowd of men, laughing, drinking and joking, called to him to join them.

Mary Wheeler grew very pale as she listened to her young husband's story, but when he had done she put her arms round

his neck, and laid her head on his shoulder. She was a quiet little woman, but Tom had feared her anger, and the loving little deed did more to comfort and cheer him than many words could have done.

He tried his best to get work, trudging here and there till he was almost worn out; but he had learnt no special trade, and for every vacant post there were hundreds of applicants. Nothing but his wife's patient cheerfulness kept up his courage, and at last hope failed him utterly.

Then came a terrible time for the little family—a time when the children, sobbing with cold and hunger, fell asleep in Tom's arms, as he sat drearily in their one room; a time when, worst of all troubles, Mary's feeble strength gave out, and she fainted as she mounted the long, steep stairs.

Tom heard the sound of her fall, and started up, putting the children on the floor. He went out, and, lifting her gently in his arms, carried her into the room, and laid her on the heap of clothes, which was all they had left of a bed. He chafed her hands, and put some water to her lips, but she did not stir, and the still whiteness of her face frightened him. In his fear he sank instinctively to his knees, and uttered a prayer that was half a cry of pain and terror. And as he prayed, Mary Wheeler opened her eyes. They rested on the kneeling figure of her husband. She slipped off the bed to go to him, but her strength failed her, and she fainted again. Tom bent over her in despair.

"Mary, my lass," he cried, "keep up a bit longer, and I'll find you something to eat. I will, I'll manage it somehow. Mary, lass!"

His voice, sharpened by hunger and weakness, rose almost to a scream, but it did not reach her. She lay still, and Tom, with one hasty glance round, hurried downstairs, and out into the street.

Mr. Hanway, waiting at Oxford Circus for an omnibus, noticed a slouching figure that also seemed to be watching the passing vehicles. Something familiar in the man's appearance attracted his attention, and he kept his eyes fixed on him, wondering who he was.

Presently an omnibus stopped, and a lady came out. She had just paid her fare, and held her purse in her hand. Instantly the man sprang forward, snatched it, and turned to make off, but a hand was laid heavily on his shoulder, and he found himself baffled. A wild look—the look of



the savage beast brought to bay—flashed into his eyes as he faced round upon his captor. But it faded, and a burning color spread over his face as he met the sorrowful, steady gaze of his late employer.

"Wheeler," said Mr. Hanway, slowly, "has it come to this?"

He took the purse from Tom's unresisting hand and gave it to the lady, who thanked him and passed on.

"This way," said Mr. Hanway. Tom followed him in silence into a quieter street. Then he sprang forward and faced his companion with an oath on his lips.

"It is your doing," he cried. "I was a fool, but I was honest till you turned me off. I asked you for another chance, and you would not give it to me. The children are starving, and the wife may be dead when I get back. And it is all your cruel work."

It was no time for argument. Mr. Hanway went into a shop, and made some purchases, telling Tom to wait. When he came out, he slipped his arm through Tom's, and said in a cheery tone: "Now, then, Wheeler, lead on."

A few steps brought them to the house, and they hurried upstairs. Mary was still on the floor, but she had raised herself, and was leaning against the wall. Mr. Hanway went up to her. The color came slowly back into her face, and she tried to rise. He put her into a chair.

"Mrs. Wheeler, you must let me give you a helping hand in these hard times. Your husband and I are going to make you more comfortable. And, in the first place, I think we will have a fire."

He suited the action to the word, and built up a fire, while Tom spread out the food they had brought. Mary's eyes brightened, and the children woke up and were fed and warmed.

A few hasty arrangements made the room more comfortable for the night, and then Mr. Hanway took Tom aside. "Your wife will be all right," he said. "It was hunger and cold that made her faint. You must give her food slowly—a little at a time, and she'll be all right. Now I will take myself off. Get a good night's rest, and come to me at ten to-morrow. Here, you will want to rig yourself out a bit better first."

He laid some money on the table, and turning, held out his hand to Tom. The latter hesitated for a moment, then he put his into it.

"I've been a fool and a thief," he said, bluntly. "But if you'll trust me, sir, I think God will."

"I am sure he will," was the cheery answer. And there was a husky tone in the kind voice that bade them all "good-night."

The children had fallen asleep again, when Tom and Mary knelt down together, and no ear but God's heard the penitent thanks they uttered. They could not say all they felt—it was hard to find words; but they knew He heard, and was satisfied.

— o —  
**Keeping A Secret.**

It was when Mollie was getting over the measles that mamma told her about Tom's birthday party. It was to be a bicycle party, and the boys were all to bring their bicycles; and Tom's father was going to give him one for a birthday present.

"Oh, goody!" cried Mollie, jumping up and down. "Won't Tom be just too happy for anything?"

"Now, Mollie," said mamma, "you must be very careful not to tell Tom anything about it. You musn't even look as if you knew about it."

"Can't I tell anybody? Not even Arabella Maria?" asked Molly. "'Cause I shall surely burst if I don't."

"Yes," said mamma, laughing, "you can tell Arabella Maria, but no one else."

This was hard. That very afternoon Tom came rushing in from school, and told Molly about Billy's new improved safety.

"I'd give something if I just knew I'd get a wheel for my birthday," said he. "But, when father was telling about the scarcity of money last night, I knew that meant no safety for this year."

"Bye low, bye low," sang Molly to Arabella Maria, who, because she was made of rags and limber, Molly loved, as she said she was so nice and "huggv." Molly kept her eyes shut tight for fear Tom would see a nickel-plated bicycle in them.

"Why don't you talk, and be a comfort?" demanded Tom. "I suppose, if it was your birthday coming, you wouldn't mind. You'd rather have an old mushy doll like that!" indicating the beloved Arabella Maria, with a scornful finger.

This was too much for Molly to bear. Her eyes flew open with a flash. "It isn't

so at all!" she said. "I wouldn't want another doll at all, and I do want a bicycle. Every girl in the block has one but me. And Arabella Maria is not mushy, and she knows a great deal that you would be glad to know."

And then Molly, feeling that she was getting on dangerous ground, flew upstairs, holding Arabella Maria close up against her mouth.

Uncle Tom and mamma were sitting on the porch quite near the open window, and heard all this conversation. Uncle Tom was much amused, and mamma very proud.

"I can make her tell me," said Uncle Tom.

"Try," said mamma, as she went indoors to toast the muffins for tea.

Molly presently found herself seated on Uncle Tom's knee; and after she had told him all about the measles, and how it was a great surprise to everybody that Arabella Maria didn't take them. "But she's the best thing!" said Molly. "I told her not to 'cause I couldn't nurse her, and she didn't."

"What's this about Tom's birthday?" said Uncle Tom. "I want to know about it."

But Molly immediately shut her mouth up tight, and looked up at the sky. "It's a secret," she said finally.

"But not from me, is it? You know he's my namesake, and how do you know I won't get him the same thing?"

Molly looked troubled. "There is a danger," she said; "but if I should tell you, you might let it out—not on purpose, but 'cause it's so hard not to. I don't want to ever have the 'sponsibility of another secret, never!"

"Well, well, and so you can't trust me," said Uncle Tom.

"I wouldn't mind trusting you at all, if I hadn't promised I wouldn't tell," said Molly. "And me and Arabella Maria must keep our word, you see. Now, if it was about my birthday, I could tell you just as well as not, 'cause I wouldn't know—"

But Uncle Tom was laughing so hard that Molly stopped. "Good for you, Molly," he said; "you're a trump!"

Molly didn't know at all what he meant, but she was much relieved that he was not offended.

When Tom's birthday, with the party, the safety and all, really came, it was hard

to tell which was the happier, Tom or Molly.

Every time that Tom felt things boiling within him to such an extent that he couldn't possibly stand it another minute, he would rush out on the lawn, and look at his new wheel, and say: "Hurrah! She's a daisy!" and turn somersaults until he felt better. At the same time Molly would rush after Arabella Maria, and with a rapturous squeeze would say: "Aren't we glad we didn't tell, though, 'cause he's so happy over the s'prise."

By and by they all went out for a spin around the block; and there, among the shining wheels, was a dear little one, whom no one claimed. Tom picked up a card on the handle-bar, and read:

"For Molly and Arabella Maria, two young women who knew how to keep a secret from even Uncle Tom."

"Oh, oh!" said Molly, dancing up and down, "Arabella Maria, we're the happiest girls in this world, I know."

—○—

**"He Is Growing Old."**

"Yes, he is growing old," they say. The initiate, the energetic Master, the brilliant grand officer, is on the rising side of the meridian of to-day and the old man of to-morrow—the bud of now; the "last leaf" of then. Where is the "last leaf" in our Masonic Bodies? Where is he "who is growing old?" Where is the once bright, ambitious Master when the almond tree flourishes, when the windows are darkening? Dimitted, forgotten, buried, unknown. Where is he who once bore the burden and the heat of the day, after three-score years have tinged his hair with gray? Crowded out; crowded out—out—out. Age, and often penury, have wrung an unwilling dimitt from the Lodge he loved; the Lodge in which he won his laurels, achieved his ambition; where his hand was guided by justice and his purse open to the needy. "The last leaf" tossed by adversity, trembling under infirmity, falls from the bough, dimitted gone. This is not a fancied sketch. The great army of non affiliates are, by a large majority, old men. The lot of the average is a dependence upon his children, or other relatives. The period when the dues of the Lodge, Chapter and Commandery were willingly and easily paid has passed. Now it becomes a burden, and rather than suffer humiliation he withdraws, and loses his



Masonic home, his birthright. It is a shame, the disgrace of Masonry, that Lodges go on exacting dues from the patriarch, the fathers, and drive them to dismissal.—*Orient.*

— o —  
**Animal Friendship.**  
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I remember an elegant pair of Morgan horses, Nate and Mate, brother and sister, owned in Northfield, Mass., when I was a child. They were raised in northern Vermont, and when they were first brought to Massachusetts they were sold to two different men, but were so homesick and balky that they were of no use until Mr. Eastman, an intelligent farmer, divined the trouble and purchased them both.

They worked or drove beautifully in double harness, but one day Mrs. Eastman, having occasion to drive to the village, had Mate harnessed to a light buggy, and asked my mother, who was a near neighbor, to accompany her, Mrs. Eastman's two children staying with my brother and myself while they were away.

No sooner was Mate out of hearing than Nate began to call for her, first with low, soft neighs, then with plaintive whinnies, and, at length, with loud squeals. We children were attracted to the barn by his frantic cries, and as none of the men were about, we tried to quiet him by giving him tidbits, but it was of no use; he plunged about until he broke his halter, and escaped into the yard. Fortunately, we had sense enough to shut the strong gate, and, in spite of his wheeling and plunging about, he found himself a prisoner. Then such an ado as there was! He pranced around and across the yard, and his calls for his mate were like terrific shrieks; we children watching him from the roof of a low shed, where we had climbed so as to be out of the way.

At length, after one of his calls, he listened, with his head in the air, and going to the side of the yard toward the village, he stretched his neck over the fence and called again. This time, away to the northward, we heard a faint response

"They are coming!" said my brother. "Mate is answering. I can see the dust. I can see them. Mate is running."

That was the fact. Nearer they came and nearer, the beautiful white horse on a straight run, the two mothers in the light buggy, helpless and terror stricken, holding the reins, but making no effort to con-

trol the seemingly uncontrollable horse. But as Mate approached the house she slackened her pace, turned decorously into the yard and trotted airily up to the gate to receive her brother's welcome.

The horses fairly kissed each other in their delight, and, of course, they were utterly unconscious of the desperate fright they had given the two ladies.

—*Scranton, Pa., Republic.*

— o —  
**Catholics and Jesuits.**  
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The Roman Catholic laymen themselves will be grateful to us for leading in an onset which will deliver them at last from bondage. South American Catholics have shaken off the Jesuit yoke. In Chili there is a fine for sending a child to a Jesuit school for instruction. In the Argentine Republic the parochial schools are put under close supervision. That republic is so filled with the modern spirit that it will not submit to Jesuitism for a moment. In all the republics of South America the yoke of political Romanism has been shaken off, although the Catholic faith of the people has remained. Many of our Roman Catholics, devoutly attached to their faith, are still ill at ease under the power of this secret society in clerical form; and if we raise a huge wave of popular indignation, I have no doubt they will take advantage of it to assert their own liberties in the United States as they have in South America and Mexico.

Parochial schools are abolished in Mexico. In this foreign attack on your common schools you have an exhibition of disloyal secret oaths setting up a power within a power, and introducing here actual alien authority. Cardinal Manning, of London, himself well understanding the power of the secret organization of the Roman Catholic church, says, and he said this in public to Roman Catholic ecclesiastics: "It is your mission, holy fathers, to bend and break the will of an imperial race." I say from Chicago here, the city of the Great Lakes, to Cardinal Manning, that we have now, thank God, no slave and no king on this continent, and that we shall never go into bondage to any king or prelate on the other side of the sea. But you are in danger of having a struggle on that matter, because you underestimate the power of the Jesuit oath-bound secret organization.—*Joseph Cook.*

### Masonry in India.

The principal religions of India are Brahma, Mohammed and Buddha. They all hated and persecuted each other, and only agreed mutually in hating the Christians. It was the country, up to recent date, of prejudice, hate, tyranny and intolerance. Four years ago I was the honored guest at a Masonic Lodge meeting in the third degree in the great temple at Calcutta. There were about one hundred and fifty Masons present, men of almost every nationality and creed.

The Master's degree was conferred on three Fellow Crafts, who knelt together before the same altar. One was a Christian, who took his obligation on the Bible; one was a Mohammedan, who took his obligation on the Koran; the other a Hindoo, who took it on the Shastras. The oath was administered by an English lord, a Judge of the Supreme Court, and he was assisted by the Grand Secretary, my friend Ruscomjee, a Parsee and follower of Zoroaster. There Masonry is seen and felt. There it is now what it was in Europe during the dark ages. There no one thinks it trifling or useless.

These men in India are the learned, the influential men. They do not renounce their religions; but they meet before the Masonic altar on bended knee, before the Great Architect of the Universe, and, hand in hand, breast to breast, mouth to ear, they walk about in their quiet, daily avocations, among Asia's teeming millions, sowing the seed, and setting the example, from high to low, of Masonic teachings and Masonic lives. Who can calculate its influence?—*Masonic Review*.

### A Year's Work of Masonic Relief.

Another important chapter in *The Freemason* is in the report of the Los Angeles Board of Relief, which ought to do our brethren of the States good to read. Understand, this is purely a local Board of this one city, and it should be remembered that while they receive a per capita tax from the city Lodges, none of it is expended for the needy and destitute of Los Angeles, but all goes to "the stranger within their gates." The amount expended during the year by this Board was \$2,803. Of this amount \$484 was paid to widows, orphans and sick and needy brethren of California, and \$2,319 to the destitute appli-

cants belonging to other Jurisdictions. The report contains the following paragraph:

"Of the expense incurred for foreign bodies, about twenty per cent was repaid by the body to which the applicant belonged. The balance is a debt of honor that should have the attention of the governing powers who administer the laws in the various Jurisdictions, and here let us say that the Los Angeles Lodges who incur such debts of honor by reason of the falling by the wayside of one of their own members invariably repay in full all such obligations."

The *Tidings* expresses the opinion that the above should be an object lesson to our good brethren who, with Pharisaical unctiousness, so easily turn down the so-called Wisconsin proposition, tending, as they say, to undermine the great principle of individual Masonic obligation. Is it not true that in the great desire to maintain this principle, which is so dear to the hearts of these brethren, they permit a great injustice to be done to our good brothers like those in Los Angeles who respond so nobly to appeals for aid, whilst they withal escape.

—*Masonic Tidings, of Wisconsin.*

### Was Washington a Liar?

A so-called "Christian Association," which publishes a little four page (six by eight inches to the page) paper in Chicago, publishes that George Washington wrote a letter a year before his death in which he said, "I preside over no lodge, nor have I been in one more than once or twice during the last thirty years."

George must have lost his memory if he ever wrote such a letter, or else he was an unconscionable liar who locked up his memory and brains, wound up his mouth or pen, and allowed them to work untrammelled. If, as this "Christian Association" alleges, George wrote this letter, he must have been utterly regardless of the fact that public history would prove him to be a liar, because George must have known that he laid the foundation of the capitol building at Washington in 1783, in his capacity as presiding officer of the Masonic body which performed the ceremony. George must have known that, at Philadelphia, while he was Commander-in-Chief of the army, he thought it did not derogate from his dignity to attend Masonic Lodge, and even appear in pub-



lic on St. John's day, and take part in an installation and listen to a Masonic address or sermon in a Christian church. George must have known, also, that his well-known signature on scores of Masonic Lodges in New York and Massachusetts, now proudly shown at their centennial celebrations, would also rise up to impeach his veracity.

Nay, that even the minutes of the Lodge at Alexandria of which he was Master, and to which, on so many evenings "on or before the full of the moon" in each month, he affixed his signature attesting their correctness, would also rise up in judgment to destroy the halo to which he was justly entitled by virtue of the cherry tree incident of his youth.

Was George a liar? Nay, verily, but this so-called "Christian Association," which makes a precarious living attempting to foist upon the "Verdant Green's" of the world alleged exposures of various secret organizations, stands convicted before the world, by the record of the history, charging George Washington with writing that he knew to be false.

—M. M. M., in *Kansas Freemason*.

#### Pennsylvania Decisions.

That an oral motion to change the salary of a Secretary, which is fixed by the By-Lays, is unlawful.

That a man made a Mason while abroad on a visit could not be recognized as a Mason in this Jurisdiction.

That the acceptance of a petition for initiation and membership without the customary fee is unlawful.

That no motion to reconsider could be entertained after favorable report of a Committee of Inquiry and the petition had been lawfully withdrawn.

That the Secretary of a Lodge cannot accept a petition unless the name is legibly written.

That the place to try a statutory offense is in the courts of law and not in a Masonic Lodge.

That the Worshipful Master should take charge of the warrant, and that the mislaying or loss thereof is a serious matter.

That in this Jurisdiction an Entered Apprentice Mason is a member of a Lodge.

That we claim perpetual Jurisdiction over all our rejected petitioners, our practice being, when other Jurisdictions accept our rejected petitioners and confer the de-

grees upon them, to issue an edict forbidding Masonic intercourse with such.

One who has been rejected in a Lodge because of Masonic objection by the Lodge nearest his place of residence, to which inquiry had been made and answer received, still remains the property of the Lodge to which he first applied.

Refused to allow a Lodge to hold its election in the month of November instead of December.

A brother, to obtain the benefit of a By-Law providing for one-half dues, after having paid full dues for twenty years, must have paid the full dues for the full term of twenty years.

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#### Idaho Masonry.

Bro. Frederick G. Mock, Grand Master of Idaho, was asked several questions, of which we copy two, as follows:

Lemhi Lodge, No 11, was requested by Rico Lodge, No. 79, of Colorado to confer the F. C. and M. M. degree upon a brother who resided at Salmon city. One of the members of Lemhi Lodge objected, unless they would be permitted to retain the fees. After examining the correspondence that had passed between the two Lodges and being satisfied that the brother had been regularly initiated, I replied: I am surprised to know that there is the slightest objection to Lemhi Lodge extending a helping hand to our brethren in Colorado, or any other Jurisdiction. By all means do this work for Rico Lodge, No. 79, of Colorado, and do not charge them a cent for doing it. Collect money as they advise, and remit to them by first mail. The brother who is opposed to this kind of work should let his charity extend beyond the home altar, for none can tell when you yourselves will want a similar favor. Hardly a week passes but what some Lodge in this great sisterhood of States does not extend a helping hand to some Lodge or brother of Idaho, and we should be only too glad to reciprocate for these favors.

Bro. Frank A. Uhland, of Pocatello, asks, What is the standing of a M. M. who is suspended for non-payment of dues; in other words, is he barred of all Masonic intercourse during suspension, or does the suspension merely place him in same position as a non-affiliate? I replied: A brother suspended for any cause is

barred from all the rights and privileges of Masonry, until reinstated.

Many of the Lodges have had but little work during the past year, and, in consequence, the attendance has been small; merely a quorum, and many regular communications have passed without having a meeting. When asked why the attendance has been so small, the Master invariably replies: "There was nothing to come for. We had no work, and the brethren are not as zealous as they were in former times."

During the year there has been considerable discussion among our Lodges regarding the minimum fee for the degrees. The question is a serious one, and should receive our earnest consideration. At least seven-tenths of the Grand Jurisdictions to-day have a minimum fee of thirty dollars or less; many charging only twenty dollars. Now I am not making a plea for cheap Masonry, but, on the other hand, view this from a business standpoint. If we can place three times as many names on our roll at thirty-five dollars each, as we could at fifty dollars, we are ahead, both in fee money and in contributing members. The price should cut no figure in the work of the examining committee as to the quality of the material offered for our temple; nor does Masonry regard any man on account of his worldly wealth or honors. It is the internal and not the external qualifications that recommend a man for Masonry. Brethren, I recommend a minimum fee of thirty-five dollars.

During my visit to Kootenai Lodge, No. 24, I learned that two of its members had, by vote of the Lodge and without consideration, been declared life members. This matter had been discussed by said Lodge, and the fact that these two members had been relieved of all the burdens and responsibilities of Masonry, and allowed to enjoy its benefits and privileges, had caused some discord. A careful search failed to disclose anything bearing directly on this subject, but from past customs, was satisfied that the Lodge had acted unwisely, and without authority. I therefore ordered the names of those brethren to be entered on the roll again, and charged with dues from that date.

—*Bro. Mock, Grand Master of Idaho.*

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The cost of the revision of the code of laws of the Grand Lodge of Ohio was between \$2,500 and \$3,000.

## Hawaiian Islands.

Hawaiian Lodge, No. 21, installed their officers on St. John's evening, as follows:

Joseph M. Little, W. M.; E. J. Spaulding, S. W.; J. M. Oat, J. W.; W. M. Gifford, Treasurer; H. J. Burniston, Secretary; W. H. Wright, S. D.; F. W. Whitney, J. D.; J. A. Lowe and Fred Goudie, Stewards; H. Mynre, Tyler.

A banquet followed, with Bro. Paul Newman as Toast Master, and among the toasts was one to the ladies, which was responded to by Bro. Past Master M. E. Grosman, in the following happy vein:

"*Worshipful Master, Mr. Toast Master and Brethren:* The ladies are of great antiquity, but for heaven's sake never tell one of them so. The first authentic record we have of woman was in the Garden of Eden. One Eve was produced from Adam's spare rib—'twas only a small rib that produced Eve, the merest fragment of Adam, yet she immediately claimed to be his better half. They dwelled together for a time, in domestic tranquility, undisturbed with thoughts of bicycles, bloomers, crinolines, Easter bonnets, etc. One day Eve noticing Adam's declining appetite and his gradual atrophy, persuaded him to eat of the forbidden fruit. I presume mixed into a Christmas mince pie or a plum pudding, when presto! what a change! Adam was himself again, and from this simple incident, brethren, originated the claim amongst Eve's daughters that the way to a man's heart was via his stomach. But we love the ladies. Eve took Adam's rib, and since her time others have taken our hearts, our pocket-books and everything in sight and out of sight. Lovely woman has our last thought, our last cent and, as a rule, manages to have the last word. But with all her faults she is the loveliest, sweetest and dearest creature. She confers upon us the most unalloyed happiness. Who can withstand her charms? She gives to us higher and nobler aims in life. She gives to us that moral support that rounds out and perfects our character. She it is we first turn to in our joys and sorrows. She it is who is our comforter. She is queen of our hearts and empress of our souls. No matter how high or soaring a man's ambition, no matter how high the station he may reach, there is no dream of success so dazzling, no achievement so great, as the acquisition of the love of a lovely woman. Masons have always held the ladies in the highest esteem, they are taught to regard everything that is high, noble, sacred and grand embodied in her,



and to aid, support and protect her, to watch over her and to provide her with every necessity and comfort is our aim. And so if time would permit, legends could be sung of her. But I will simply say, brethren, that it makes my heart glow within me to respond to the toast to 'The Ladies'

"Who share our joy,  
"Sympathize with us in our sorrows  
"And double our expenses.  
"God bless the ladies."

Lodge Le Progres de la Oceanic, No. 124, A. & A. S. R., at Honolulu, installed the following officers on St. John's Day:

Clarence M. White, W. M.; E. A. Williams, S. W.; John Buckley, J. W.; Theo. P. Severin, Secretary; David Dayton, Treasurer; David W. Crowley, S. D.; Louis J. Connelley, J. D.; George Campton, Tyler; E. D. Crane, I. G.

Pacific Lodge, No. 822, at Honolulu, installed their officers on Wednesday, January 5th, as follows:

Norman E. Gedge, R. W. M.; Clinton B. Ripley, D. M.; Alvin W. Keech, S. M.; W. Austin Whiting, S. W.; George W. Smith, J. W.; W. O. Atwater, Treasurer; H. H. Williams, Secretary; Frank L. Hoogs, Chaplain; John Walker, S. D.; Thos. Black, J. D.; J. F. La., S. S.; Geo. C. Strateme, er, J. S.; L. T. Kenake, I. G.; James A. Lyle, Tyler.

This Lodge is only two and a half years old, and has increased from twelve charter members to a present number of seventy-three. A banquet followed the installation ceremonies.

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We frequently hear the remark from men less than fifty years of age that there is more rum drank and more intemperance at the present time than ever. If those making such assertions had witnessed the intemperate habits of people seventy years ago they would be of a different opinion. Previous to 1830, we are told that all kinds of intoxicating spirits were sold as openly at every store, tavern and victualing cellar as confectionary is at the present time, and it was almost a daily scene to see more or less drunken men lying about our streets, sleeping off the effects of New England rum, which was sold at twenty-five cents a gallon or eight cents a quart.

To show that rum drinking was more common than at the present time, I give the following extract from the records of a church of our neighboring town, Tops-ham, across the river: Under date of April 15, 1819, "One-half of the male and female members of the church were expelled for intemperance, until only eight were left."

The members of this church were more

strict in their discipline than one of the churches in the suburbs of our own town. In 1841, Hawkins, the noted temperance lecturer, visited Brunswick, and from his lectures a great temperance revival followed, some five hundred signing the temperance pledge. Some of the members of a church in the eastern part of the town called a meeting of the church to dismiss several of their members who made too free use of O. B. J. Those members of the church who were to be dealt with mustered their forces at the meeting, and outnumbering the temperance reformers, voted to dismiss from the church those who called the meeting for bringing into the church a disturbing element.—*Independent, Bath, Maine.*

The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts was instituted in 1777, and on St. John's Day, December 27th, installed its Grand officers as follows:

Charles C. Hutchinson, Lowell, Grand Master; Albert L. Harwood, Newton Center, D. G. M.; Frank W. Kaan, Somerville, G. S. W.; Henry S. Rowe, Boston, G. J. W.; John Carr, Roxbury, G. Treasurer; Sereno D. Nickerson, Cambridge, G. Secretary; William L. Richardson, Boston, G. Corresponding Secretary; Rev. Charles A. Skinner, North Cambridge, and Rev. Edward A. Horton, Boston, G. Chaplains; Henry K. Dunton, Brookline, G. Marshal; Charles M. Avery, Malden, and Chauncey E. Peck, Wilbraham, G. Lecturers; Eugene C. Upton, Malden, G. S. D.; John A. McKim, Jamaica Plain, G. J. D.; Charles C. Henry, Wellesley Hills, G. S. S.; Frank W. Mead of Somerville, W. D. J. Strain of Boston, and W. J. A. Messenger of Taunton, G. J. S.; William B. Lawrence, Medford, G. Sw. B.; Z. L. Bicknell, East Weymouth, G. St. B.; Edward S. Wellington, Malden, and Edward G. Graves, East Boston, G. Pursuivants; Howard M. Dow, G. Organist; George W. Chester, Boston, G. Tyler.

The Grand Lodge held a banquet from 6:30 to 11 P. M., which closed the celebration of St. John's Day. Bro. Hutchinson is the forty-first Grand Master, this being his second term.

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There are 1,227 Commanderies of Knights Templar in the world, with a total membership of 118,374, of which 112,891 are affiliated in the United States and represent 1,006 subordinate Commanderies.

## THE TRESTLE BOARD.

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### Templary and the Church.

The history of Templary and the Church is an open book. They have existed side by side in lines parallel and interwoven with each other. History tells us of the origin, the principles, the object, the teachings, the practices and the results of their existence and their adherents and propagators. They are so entwined with each other that neither could perhaps have existed without the other. One is as a principle existing in the mind, enjoying itself in repose and inertia, and contenting itself in the self-satisfaction of having accomplished its own security in the great problem of futurity. The other, with an equally just basis, but alive to the evils and distress of suffering humanity around it, flies to the succor and relief of the afflicted and down-trodden, and thinks only of its duty to others as well as themselves, and trusting implicitly in the loving care of the Creator who has been pleased to bestow upon them the blessing of this life, and trusting in Him for the world that is to come. Each institution has its sphere of usefulness and its work to perform. The Church, with its sentiment and self satisfaction, with its own position of security is, in exceptional instances, unfitted for the antagonisms of active life, and sits in dreamy listlessness and views, almost with indifference, all that is going on around, whether good or bad, evil or righteousness. Templary is action and

activity concerning all about it. Not being absorbed by the vagaries of priests or a prey to the fears for the future, its ears are ever open to the cry of suffering and its hands ready to succor the distressed. True to the cause of its origin—the protection of the Christian pilgrim—it still thrives in Christendom and only where Christianity prevails. It has no foothold elsewhere. It sees in *action* the fulfillment of the law as well as the *duty* of a Christian without the boasting pretension of “firm belief” and promising only loyalty in defense of the Christian religion, whether assailed by the mailed Saracen or the devotees of ignorance, hypocrisy and superstition. It offers an asylum to all who may not come to the standard of the church, but may be equally as loyal soldiers of the Master, Jesus Christ.

### Clandestine Masonry.

A large number of Grand Lodges have declared for the benefit of their membership just what is, and what is not legitimate Masonic bodies. If we remember correctly the number is twenty-four, and this number are harmonious and united in their decisions. The recent events, in this State, where trouble has come upon the Craft from an appeal from Masonic regulations and law as established by the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons brings the matter home to the foundation of Masonry—the Symbolic Body, composed of eighty-three per cent of the Craft. There are indications of more trouble unless Grand Lodge shall take cognizance of the situation and act. A stitch in time will save nine. Procrastination was the cause of much trouble and expense to Grand Chapter, and unless some notice is given this subject, a repetition of events, now transpiring in some other Jurisdictions, may be apprehended. In Ohio is already established a clandestine Grand Lodge, with seventeen Lodges, acknowledging fealty. This, together with the liberality of the irregular colored bodies in admitting white men to membership with lower fees and dues, tend to the detriment and retard the growth of regular and duly constituted bodies. In our position as a journalist, we meet a large clientage of Masons, and in inditing these words we only perform our duty as a loyal member of the Craft in whose service our best efforts for years have been devoted.



### Mistakes in Masonry.

Masonry is a human Institution, and it is human to err.

The great mistake that writers on the subject of unaffiliation and unaffiliated Masons make, is in insisting that this evil exists from choice and vicious intent rather than from necessity and compulsion. The fact is that this class of Masons, or at least nine tenths of them, are men in medium and moderate circumstances, and find their financial condition such as demand retrenchment and close scrutiny of expenses. Charity begins at home. Masonry works for charity and sociability. These are the great objects of Masonry—Archbishop Riordan and the Pope to the contrary notwithstanding. Nevertheless there is religion in the exercise of charity, and the Romish church is right in asserting that Masonry is a religious institution as much as the church. We think it is religious compared with Romanism.

But we digress. We believe unaffiliation, or nine-tenths of it at least, is the result of impecuniousness and sometimes indigence. We base our statement on the knowledge gained by the intimate relations we sustain with thousands of the Craft in all sections of the country who are patrons of THE TRESTLE BOARD, many of whom are in full sympathy with its opinions and positions upon matters of interest, but declare it necessary to forego the expenditure of even the small amount necessary to gratify the intellectual craving for reading upon the subject nearest their hearts, and even the expense of dues to their Lodge, because duty to family and themselves require it. No good man or Mason will expend his income or earnings for charity or pleasure or sociability when honest debts or the necessities of life for family and himself are to be ignored as a result. Almost daily, for the past four or five years especially, has it been our experience to encounter brethren who are too proud to beg to have dues remitted and too honest to steal to pay them with the proceeds of the theft, and thereby they become the much despised and often abused "drones" and "cormorants" in Masonry. We say "abused," for words sometimes bite like an adder and sting like a serpent, and such appellations are abuse.

We are led to indite these lines by reading the report of a special committee of Grand Lodge of Idaho, which was adopted

recently. In the opinion of THE TRESTLE BOARD, based upon continuous and active relations with Masonry of all degrees for nearly forty years, the true remedy for unaffiliation has not been applied. After an indefinite time it will be tried and adopted, because all other remedies will have failed. No desired object can be obtained while all the obstructions that can be conceived of are thrown in the way. The requirement that a brother under the same obligations as ourselves shall obtain membership by the same process and payment of a sum of money as is required of a profane is certainly a very great inducement to remain unaffiliated. The *ballot* and *fee* for membership should be abolished forever as contrary to the spirit and teachings of brotherly love in Masonry. Previous to 1717 Masons were not attached to any Lodge, and a Mason was a member of any Lodge he happened to attend. It should be so now. The obligations of Masonry are toward all the brethren whithersoever dispersed around the world, whether affiliated or not, for in a case of emergency no time can be afforded to examine credentials or receipts for dues, and a Mason may be called upon to perform his duty toward a "drone" as quickly as a worker. The bee-hive is one of the emblems of Masonry, yet the "drones" are not always expelled, though they may have become useless members of the hive, and perhaps despised. So in the great hive of Masonry, as in humanity, we should not cast out of our Lodges those who, from sickness or distress, become "drones" or useless, but aid those who have taken up a burden they cannot bear with the same ability and strength which their brother possesses, with counsel and assistance, until he is again prospering and strong, and so fulfill the mission which Masonry is for in rendering brotherly love, sympathy and relief. The secret ballot is contrary to the spirit and teachings of Masonry, which tell us that hypocrisy and deceit should be unknown among us, for it gives any one the most favorable opportunity to practice them. And the ballot on affiliation should be abolished first because, although we cry out against unaffiliation and blame the unaffiliate for his position, one-half the applications for membership are rejected. This writer never was blackballed until he applied for a transfer of membership, and was four years in obtaining that which he sought,

and this through the secret ballot. The blackball fiend was the obstacle.

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### The Value of Written Evidence.

We have occasionally on our pages, and very frequently personally, berated the practice of ignoring the verbal tests of good standing in Masonry, and placing any reliance whatever in receipts for dues and diplomas. Forgeries are much easier to succeed than deception under strict examination by a skillful Craftsman. If left to our own judgment, we should ignore all written or printed evidence in our examinations. In a long and active experience, we have never known that we have made any mistake in our conclusions, and have ever relied in our mind upon the result of strict and close examination rather than investigating paper vouchers. The following tells a story in corroboration of our position. A special dispatch to the *S. F. Call* tells the story:

SEATTLE, January 22d.—One of the most daring acts ever perpetrated upon the Masonic Order has come to light through the confession of the perpetrator, George Fleming. His career has been summarily ended through a conviction and sentence to the State penitentiary at Walla Walla for two and a half years for obtaining money under false pretenses from Attorney Richardson of Port Angeles.

Fleming is a pseudo Mason, yet so skillfully has he applied himself that he has been complimented by Past Grand Masters on his knowledge of Masonry. By his own admissions, he has lived for eight years on money borrowed under false pretenses from Masons, the amounts varying from ten to several hundred dollars, or, as he told the ex-Sheriff of King county, A. T., Van de Venter, according to the circumstances and the times. The total amount of money thus obtained will probably reach \$20,000, but he has borrowed so much he does not pretend to recite all the instances.

He has traveled all over the world, and never spent a cent for railroad or steamer transportation. He has had so many aliases that he cannot name them all. He was known in Mississippi as Professor Willey; in Kentucky as Alexander Craig; in Pennsylvania as William Ball; in Cincinnati and Chicago as Charles Wilson; in St. Louis as William Mays; in Washington

as Martin Mallorej; in Oregon as Charles Brown and Charles Floyd. In foreign countries he passed himself off as Mallorej, Fleming, Willey or Ball. Once in a while he went as John H. Kimberley. In Paris he claims to have met and dined with the Prince of Wales and Sir Dudley Ward. For dessert he borrowed one hundred and fifty dollars from the Prince on the strength of Masonry. In Madrid he worked Minister Hannis Taylor for free transportation to the Rock of Gibraltar by the way of Cadiz. Things came his way in every city in every country. He wanted for nothing because he had a snap on the Masonic Fraternity. It is admitted that this man, notwithstanding that he is not a Mason, knows more about Masonry than thousands of ordinary Masons. In this respect he stands without a peer in the civilized world,

At first it seems almost impossible that Fleming could have fleeced the Fraternity so easily, but after reading his confession the matter appears in another light. The secret of his success lay in the fact that he knew all about Masonry, and applied his knowledge to the best advantage. Certificates indicating that the dues of the person he represented himself to be were paid were obtained at first in various ways, but toward the last he had an improved system. From a man named Levy in San Francisco he obtained forged certificates, as few or as many as he desired. They were cheap.

It was after the close of the war that Fleming took up Masonry. He became a member of a clandestine Lodge, and by using the information thus obtained, he gradually picked up point after point until he could give nine out of ten regular Masons information. By applying to Lodges where the officers were careless, he obtained admission into regular Lodges, and by close attention became conversant with the routine secret work. The Grand Lodge of the Masons met in Seattle in the early part of June, and during the session several complaints were made about a Masonic fraud who had been borrowing money indiscriminately. The matter was finally considered, and Grand Master A. W. Frater of Snohomish was instructed to have the matter thoroughly investigated. Frater took ex-Sheriff Van de Venter into his confidence. They took careful note of all the complaints made, and arrived at the conclusion that one man had been do-



ing all the work, and that man, in spite of his aliases, was none other than Martin Mallory. Not only did the description of the man confirm this belief, but also the significant fact that the man was always fleeing to avoid arrest for killing a man in self-defense.

Letters containing a description and a brief account of the system employed by the man were sent to the Lodges in all parts of the United States and foreign countries. The result was astonishing, even to Grand Master Frater and Mr. Van de Venter. In a brief period they received over one hundred answers. Having satisfied themselves as to the man they wanted they kept up correspondence in all directions with a view to securing Mallory's arrest the first time he appeared in evidence. Finally a telegram came from Davenport, Wash., on September 26, 1897, to the effect that a man answering the description of Mallory had been arrested for a misdemeanor. It was then decided to swear out a warrant in Clallam county in connection with a case where Mallory had obtained four dollars from Attorney Richardson and others in Port Angeles. Sheriff Walter J. Dyke deputized Van de Venter, who immediately went to Davenport. Sure enough he saw his old "friend" Mallory. At first Mallory denied everything, but finally made a full confession.

In his confession Fleming recites his experiences among various Lodges in Minnesota, Kansas, Kentucky, Oregon, Washington, Pennsylvania, New York, Nevada, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri and other States in America, as well as in foreign lands. In the latter part of his confession he recites the fact that in March, 1896, he was in South Carolina, and adds:

"Then I went all through Tennessee and through the Carolinas. I went to California about June, and then came back into Oregon and Washington, staying only a few days in Washington. Then I went into Oregon, and went from Eugene City to a lumbering mill. There I got a horse, saddle and bridle and ten dollars from a man. I went from there to Prineville. There I got sixty dollars and a better horse, and from there went over the John river, and from there to Winnemucca. I made a flying trip to San Francisco on the train, and then took the stage route, stopping at a few small towns. Then I went by stage to Crescent City, and then

across to Grant's Pass. Then back I went by the Southern Pacific to San Francisco, arriving there three days before election. I stopped at the New International Hotel, and in conversation with a bar-tender, who wore four or five badges, while we were both half drunk, he told me he could get a receipt for Masonic dues in any Lodge in the country. All a man had to know, he said, was the degrees. This man was a night bar tender in a saloon within two blocks of the hotel, but I don't remember the exact location. I asked him what it would cost me for the receipts, and he replied, 'Eight dollars for a dozen or two.'

"He introduced me to a man named Levy, who was forty or fifty years old, and as well as I can remember kept a second hand store; anyway there was all kinds of goods in it. I paid Levy thirteen dollars for four receipts, which he filled out under the following names: Martin Mallory, George Fleming, Professor Willey and William Ball. Out of the thirteen dollars, ten dollars went for the receipts and three dollars for sealing. After securing the receipts I took a steamer to Victoria, B. C., and then went to Tacoma. From there I went to Oregon and then back to Puget Sound, and finally to California, where I remained most of the time until spring. I was in many different places in California, borrowing money as I went from place to place. I remember getting money at Marysville, Sacramento and San Jose.

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#### Mission Masonic Hall.

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The most beautiful and convenient building for Masonic use, in the State of California, was dedicated on Wednesday, December 28th, by the Grand Lodge of California. The Grand Officers present were:

Bros. Thomas Flint, Jr., Grand Master; F. M. Angelotti, D. G. M.; Chas. L. Patton, G. S. W.; Wm. L. Wells, G. J. W.; T. H. Macdonald, G. Treasurer; Geo. Johnson, G. Secretary; E. B. Church, G. Chaplain; E. S. Lippitt, G. Orator; E. A. Sherman, G. Lecturer; D. D. Allison, G. Marshal; C. O. Johnson, G. Standard Bearer; J. G. Smith, G. Sword Bearer; Woods Crawford, G. Bible Bearer; F. W. Foster, G. S. D.; W. W. de Winton, G. J. D.; W. C. Ordway, G. S. S.; R. S. Allen, G. J. S.; H. C. Bunker, G. Pursuivant; G. P. Adams, G. Tyler.

The music was under the direction of Bro. Samuel D. Mayer, Grand Organist. After the opening of the Grand Lodge in the small hall, the procession was formed

and proceeded to the large hall where, after marching three times around the hall, the ceremonies of dedication were performed in ample form. The Grand Orator spoke briefly of the distinguishing trait of Masonry—brotherly love. The audience were invited to partake of refreshments provided by Mission Lodge, No. 169, and the Grand Lodge was closed.

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#### A Disqualification for Office.

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In Arkansas a decision of the Grand Master, which was approved by Grand Lodge, was given to the effect that the election of a brother who was in arrears for dues to the office of Juuior Warden was void, and that the Lodge may elect another. It appears that any one in arrears for dues can neither vote nor hold office. It does not say for what cause the brother was in arrears. Perhaps it was because he was not able to pay, but was still interested in his Lodge affairs, or he would not have been elected. It would seem that an opponent took advantage of this disability, perhaps to get the office for himself or some friend. This would seem to be inflicting a very severe penalty for debt, and that without trial. And it would, further, seem that if his dues were paid subsequently his offense would not be condoned. We were present at two meetings only in our Masonic life when this rule was observed, for it exists in other Jurisdictions than Arkansas, but is not often followed. On those two occasions the roll of those in good standing was called who voted, while at least one-third of the members were omitted, and did not vote. Verily Masonry is becoming inconsistent, for while requiring candidates to disclaim mercenary motives it is looking sharp after the dollars for itself.

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#### How Masons Help Each Other.

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This is how Masons *sometimes* help one another. There are Masons and there are Masons. This illustrates one kind of Masonry which is, we are sorry to say, too common. A young man of good address, with a family of a wife and four children, competent as a business man and salesman, as we know from his perseverance and success, applied to two mercantile houses, in this city, in succession for a position, and after the preliminary negotiations about experience, salary, etc., was com-

pleted, was asked for recommendations, being a stranger. He gave the name of a well-known Freemason, as the prospective employer was a Freemason. This circumstance ended the negotiations, the employer saying that Masonry was one thing and business another, and that he did not care to employ him for that reason. The two houses enjoy a large trade with Masons and their families, and do not object to their patronage. These two houses advertise in periodicals printed in the interest of the Romish church, but refuse all solicitation or offers to advertise in THE TRESTLE BOARD because it is a "class publication." We, personally, make no complaint of the inconsistency of placing our publication in their prohibited list, but we do complain when Masons, who are wealthy and prospering, will refuse to give a brother Mason employment because he is a Mason and needs employment to enable him to the better to support himself and family, and to contribute more liberally to the relief of worthy brother Masons, their widows and orphans.

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#### Editorial Chips.

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The change in sentiment in regard to table refreshments is very marked. Every Lodge but one—California, No. 1—has found it advisable to adopt the custom which Grand Lodge made it possible without "whipping the evil one around a stump" and falsifying their records, and have held "banquets" which is merely a name used generally for mere simple refreshments, such as any respectable citizen might order in a well-ordered restaurant. The results of this change of policy will be shown in the next annual reports.

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In our December issue we copied an article on page 552 from the *Square and Compass* which states that "Jeremy Cross was appointed General Grand Lecturer of the General Grand Chapter of the United States and traveled extensively in the south and west, teaching his lectures," etc. We would like to have our contemporary give us the authority for this statement. The statement we think has been disputed.

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Grand Secretary Berry of Maine sends out the following, by direction of Grand Master Locke, which severs all relations with the Grand Lodge of Peru: "It hav-



ing come to my knowledge that the Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of the Republic of Peru, with which Grand Lodge of Maine has been in Masonic communication, has changed its fundamental law whereby the 'Book of the Law,' viz.: 'The Great Light in Masonry,' is excluded from its altar and the altars of the Lodges of its obedience, and thereby it and they have ceased to be Masonic Bodies: You are hereby notified that all Masonic communication with said Grand Lodge, its subordinate Lodges and the members of its obedience who continue to adhere to said Grand Lodge under its constitution, changed as aforesaid, is suspended until the next annual session of the M. W. Grand Lodge of the State of Maine. But you are further notified that Masonic communication may be continued with all brethren formerly of the obedience of said Grand Lodge of Peru who have or shall renounce allegiance to said Grand Lodge on account of said change in its fundamental law, without regard to any action of said Grand Lodge of Peru or the Lodges of its obedience against said brethren, after said change of its fundamental law, on account of their refusing obedience to said action."

The edict of the Pope excommunicating members of the Roman church who affiliate with Masonic Lodges has never been enforced in some of the South American countries. In Peru, not only the members of the church, but the priests as well, belong to the Fraternity.

The foregoing is in harmony with an institution which will not allow the Bible to be used in the churches. France is another country where a portion of the Masonic Fraternity have taken the Bible from its altars, and which is a Roman Catholic country.

We have received the photograph of three members of Denver Lodge, No. 5, representing three generations: Bros. Thomas Linton, Grand Tyler of the Grand Lodge of Colorado, his son, Charles T. Linton and grandson, Harry B. Linton. It is a remarkably nice group in one picture. We take pleasure in placing it in THE TRESTLE BOARD album in our office, which will contain about seven hundred pictures. The senior Linton is also Tyler of Denver Lodge, No. 1, which has 544 members. The work of conferring the 3<sup>o</sup> on the junior Linton was performed en-

tirely by Past Grand Masters—nine in number—on September 21, 1897.

Is the right to visit, a landmark of Freemasonry? Just what is meant by the term? In what way is this right limited?"

The right of visit is commonly included among the landmarks of our Institution. Freemasonry claims to be a general rather than a local organization, and while it draws many lines of classification, as between Jurisdictions, Grand and Subordinate, it yet maintains the doctrine that every Mason belongs to the Fraternity at large, and that of right he should be welcome in any assembly of Craftsmen all the world over. "The right of visit," therefore, is a very important element of the rights and privileges belonging to Masonic connection; nevertheless, the exercise of the right is subject to limitations, for it has always been held that a stranger is not to be allowed to sit in a Lodge where his presence would be unwelcome to such an extent as to disturb the harmony of the Lodge. The Master of a Lodge, having knowledge that the admission of a visitor would tend to such a result, has full authority to bar him out. The rule is well stated in the code of the Grand Lodge of Iowa; viz.: "The right of a Master Mason to visit a Lodge other than his own is discretionary with the Master thereof, having in view the usages of the Craft and the interest of the particular Lodge. He may seek information at his pleasure, and his decision is conclusive."

—*Freemason's Repository.*

The foregoing does not seem to answer the enquiry at all. The right to visit is admitted, and it is also denied. Now, one can visit and now he can't. It is an illustration of the trick of now you see it and now you don't. Notwithstanding this doubtful explanation, it is in keeping with the regulations of modern Masonry. This writer has been an active member or a frequent visitor of a Symbolic Lodge for nearly two score years and never saw but one exclusion from his own Lodge, but was excluded from other Lodges three times. All these exclusions were caused by the *law* which requires it when commissioners to investigate offences are to be elected, and which was entirely needless and senseless for the name of the alleged offender was not mentioned. The right to hold Masonic communication with the

brethren, whithersoever dispersed around the globe, is an inherent right, and being so sacredly guaranteed cannot be limited by any regulations without infringing on those rights and impugning the integrity of those who, under authority, have given those guarantees. Masonry should adhere to the principles it professes, and such regulations are a violation of faith to its membership.

Considering the dense ignorance which prevailed among the great majority of mankind, during many centuries of the Christian era, it is no wonder that good men have made slow progress in bringing about the enlightenment which prevails to-day, in all Christendom. Let the good work go on until Jew and Gentile, Christian and Heathen, can meet on the level and part as friends belonging to a Universal Brotherhood.—*Missouri Freemason.*

There is no other institution in existence upon whose platform can stand in Universal Brotherhood the whole human race except the Masonic Fraternity, and there is no reason why it cannot have the whole race upon its platform except its present membership have the conceit that most people are not as good as they themselves are, or as they should be, and therefore reserve the use of the secret ballot to keep out alike good, bad and indifferent instead of selecting such as would add to the glory and reputation of the Institution, and convince the world of its good effects.

THE TRESTLE BOARD is somewhat worried because of the fact that a petitioner for the mysteries of Masonry in Kansas becomes a member of the Lodge in which he receives the third degree. It says that if such is the fact that one so admitted is not a "free" Mason, but only an "accepted" Mason. If a brother is not free to become a member of a Lodge or not as he pleases, then he is not a "free" Mason in a literal sense. Why? If THE TRESTLE BOARD will examine as to what the word "free" as applied to Masonry meant originally it will not fall into the error of making such a peculiar construction again. The country in which we live is a "free" country, but, nevertheless, its citizens are amenable to its laws. When a profane petitions for the privileges of Masonry he pledges himself to comply with and conform to the laws, rules and usages of the

Fraternity; *i. e.*, that of the Grand Jurisdiction whose constituent he petitions. If the law is that he becomes a member of the Lodge in which he receives the third degree he has forfeited none of his "freedom" for he has already given his assent to the law. The doctrine intimated by THE TRESTLE BOARD is not expressed directly by the ancient constitutions, and is only to be drawn from them by implication.—*Kansas Freemason.*

THE TRESTLE BOARD believes the ancient landmarks should be strictly adhered to, especially when right. No Jurisdiction should make a law contrary to the spirit of Masonry or the ancient landmarks. One of the ancient landmarks is freedom of membership in a Lodge or not as one chooses or is able to assume, and to this there should be no restriction by affiliation fee or secret ballot. How many novitiates know the laws of their own Jurisdiction upon this subject? It is only after years of active relation with the Fraternity that one becomes familiar with the peculiar points of law which each Jurisdiction holds in its own territory. A uniform law should prevail, but that is impossible unless a power is created to make and enforce it.

Mrs. Georgia A. Matfield, of San Diego, Past Grand Matron, is dead. On November 16th, in company with her daughter, who was in poor health, and a lady friend, she went to the city of Mexico. On December 29th she died from a stroke of paralysis which occurred on Christmas Day. Mrs. Matfield was a native of Ohio, and came to San Diego in 1885, where she immediately became prominent in benevolent, educational and church work, and was honored with the highest positions and responsibilities. Mrs. Matfield was an exceedingly attractive woman, mentally and physically, brilliant, refined and cultured, and none met her but to esteem her. She was honored by the Order of Eastern Star with the highest office within their gift, that of Grand Matron. Her death is a great loss to her family and friends as well as the city of her home.

Bro. Rev. Samuel B. Bell, a member of Live Oak Lodge, No. 61, at Oakland, died at Santa Barbara December 27th. He was a pioneer in California, arriving in 1852, but returned East in about ten



years and returned to California a few years since and located at Santa Barbara. He was prominently instrumental in the establishment of the present University of California.

The 33° was conferred upon six postulants on Sunday afternoon, December 26th, by the Supreme Council, at the Scottish Rite Cathedral, Oakland Cal. Bro. Thomas H. Caswell, 33°, Grand Commander, presiding.

A very unusual incident occurred at Selma, Cal., in Selma Lodge, No. 277, December 18th, says the *Irrigator*. A father, J. M. Pugh, conferred the third degree on three sons and a nephew at one session. There was also one other candidate. There were visitors from other Lodges and a banquet followed the ceremonies.

The Lodge from which Negro Masonry of the present day gets its authority to organize Lodges and initiate candidates is one whose charter was issued by the Grand Lodge of England, dated September 29, 1784.

Secretary Hubbard of Oriental Lodge, No. 44, is the dean of Masonic Secretaries in this State, having been first elected in December, 1864.

Seventy-five years ago three-fourths of the population of the United States were farmers and the remaining one-fourth were mechanics. Now it is the reverse—three-fourths are consumers and one fourth are producers.

The Grand Lodge of Kentucky reduced the mileage of delegates from eight to six cents, thereby reducing expenses about \$1,500 a year.

Nothing is easier than fault-finding. No talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character, are required to set up in the grumbling business. But those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good have little time for murmuring and complaint.

Masonic jurisprudence is full of laws and rules that are useless. For instance, what is the use or benefit of a law which requires a dispensation to elect an officer of a constituent Lodge in case of death,

removal or resignation, unless it is to swell the assets of Grand Body? Every little makes a muckle, and every little is as useful to a constituent body in misfortune as to Grand Body, which will not even remit dues which sometimes require assessments on members. Why should not any body be allowed to fill its vacant offices without even asking permission, much more without paying for it?

From every section of the State we have returns from almost every Lodge installation, and without exception the old landmark of touching toes under the table and enjoying the refreshments of mind and body which lie at their command has been followed. As a result we predict a greater prosperity this year than has ever been seen in California since Masonry was organized here. Refreshments and the reduction of the fees have produced good fruits.

The Supreme Council, 33°, Northern Jurisdiction, of the Scottish Rite have a custom of calling the roll of the members who were present at the union of the Rite May 17, 1867. Of the fifty-eight then present sixteen are living, of whom twelve were present at, and four were absent from the twenty-fourth and last annual meeting. Thirty-six have gone the way of all the earth.

Every Mason ought to be a member of some regular Lodge, attending its meetings and sharing its burdens.

The *Masonic Constellation*, of St. Louis, Mo., has had the great misfortune to have their office destroyed by fire on December 19th, and including all records, accounts and subscription lists. The publisher asks that all subscribers will advise them, giving name, address and date of subscription. The January number has appeared, however, as usual.

In the Masonic Temple at Philadelphia sixty Lodges, twelve Royal Arch Chapters, seven Commanderies, three Mark Lodges, six Schools of Instruction, Royal and Select Masters and Veteran Association, together with the various bodies of Scottish Rite, meet, and for each meeting they pay from ten to fifty dollars.

Bro. Odell S. Long, Lieutenant Grand Commander of the Supreme Council, 33°,

A. & A. Scottish Rite for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States, died at Charleston, West Virginia, December 30, 1897.

Any brother who desires to visit a Lodge in California is required to show a receipt for his last year's dues.

We have heretofore given our opinion in favor of joint installations. We hear of them frequently in other cities and other Jurisdictions, and are more in favor of such installations than ever. It would have been a grand scene to have seen assembled in some large public place the members of the sixteen Lodges, and beheld the ceremony of installing sixteen Masters and the other subordinate officers, and been followed by a banquet—one grand family linked together by an indissoluble chain of sincere affection, bound to aid, support and protect each other, with no distinctions of the high or low, the rich or the poor, and uniting men of every country, sect and opinion. Then the little petty divisions into Lodges, with all their contributing jealousies and animosities, would have been forgotten in the joys and pleasures of celebrating St. John's Day by this auspicious event. As it was performed this year, although enjoyed by those present, the attendance varied from fifty down to ten per cent of the membership. One Lodge only did not avail itself of the permission of Grand Lodge to serve refreshments, and although it was the largest body, it registered the smallest percentage of members present. The Lodge with the largest attendance served refreshments of the plainest quality and in the simplest manner. To the thoughtful the installations of the past month are fraught with several instructive features, but more particularly that of sociability and interest as promoted by refreshments.

Do our brethren who belong to Lodges that have small attendance desire to know how to increase it? Let them visit Mission Lodge any evening, and particularly when the third degree is conferred, and they will learn. There are some approaching them, but none excel in this art.

Every Mason, whether affiliated or not, should consider himself free to visit any Lodge wherever he may be, and it is a right solemnly and sacredly secured to

him to hold Masonic communication with the brethren whithersoever dispersed around the globe. There are no families or clans in Masonry, and such an idea is the invention of a narrow, exclusive mind, too small to receive into it the true spirit and intent of the Institution, and a mind that should be taught over again the lessons he failed to receive into his heart with his initiation.

Many Masons talk and argue much about the belief in the Deity as essential to becoming a Mason and of being a good Mason. Brethren have been expelled from the Institution for doubting the existence of a personal Supreme Being and an orthodox God. There is another qualifying requirement which we seldom or never hear mentioned, which is always placed in juxtaposition, but never has there been a case of discipline for a lack of belief in or practice of its precepts. We allude to the *brotherhood of man*. The Great Teacher of Christianity told one who had obeyed the law and the prophets from his youth up to do one thing more, "To go sell all he had and give to the poor." Many obey the first portion of his injunction, but keep the proceeds, and the poor still go naked and hungry. There is much for the Mason to do under the recognition of the brotherhood of man, and we hope we are not laying ourselves liable to expulsion when we say that we deem it the most important article of the creed of a Mason. Though last it should be first, and though many are called not a few are delinquent on this article.

Bro. Captain Thomas G. Lambert of Monterey, who has attended every communication of the Grand Lodge of California the past twenty-six years, was unable to be present at the installation of the officers of Monterey Lodge on account of ill health. He has been installed an officer of this Lodge eighteen times—ten times as Master, four times as Secretary and four times as Senior Deacon.

Incidentally we visited Golden Gate Lodge, No 30, on Tuesday evening last, and while in the Tyler's room a fashionably dressed gentleman of 5 feet and 10 inches height and stout, wearing gloves and cane entered, and at once, without the usual formalities of a stranger, proceeded to the desk on which lay the



Lodge register, and was about to register his name, as one would on entering a hotel, when the Tyler asked him to wait a moment before registering, and if there was any one to vouch for his being a Mason. His reply was evasive, but he said his name was Kelly, from Tacoma, and he belonged to some Lodge in Iowa, and believed the number was 61. Finding that more than this was required to gain admission to the Lodge, he finally said he had something that would ensure his admission into any Masonic body in the world, and immediately pulled from his breast pocket a large new morocco leather case which he opened, and displayed a new parchment, about two feet square, covered with emblems and printing, with big seals and bold signatures attached. Upon closer examination it proved to be the emanation of that fifteen-year old hybrid organization known as the Cerneau fraud, and was signed, among others, by our quondam friends, Barker and Frambes, both of whom have been on the Pacific Coast, and carried off pockets full of money, and left their dupes to mourn its loss. The gentlemanly visitor was informed that his credentials would not carry him into any body meeting in Masonic Temple, and he hastily departed.

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

By this act the Grand Lodge of California offers a premium for non-affiliation, thinks Bro. Price of Tennessee.

Bro. Price is wrong in his conclusion. Brethren become suspended in California for relief from the burden of high dues caused by the expense imposed upon them through the refusal of other Grand Jurisdictions to reimburse them for aid rendered the membership of almost every State and country on earth who come here and require assistance. They do not *ex-pect*, in California, for N. P. D., as in Georgia and some other States, but give brethren in moderate circumstances a "breathing spell," and allow them to

"take hold again" if the blackball does not intervene. Bro. Price is too strongly imbued with the spirit and policy of the brood of benefit societies which have come up like mushrooms during the past fifty years, and we are suspicious that he belongs to some of them. We notice some others who hold similar opinions are so situated and influenced. It has been said that it is impossible for such a person to be a thoroughly charitable Mason.

Mr. Loud, of California, who is Chairman of the House Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, is particularly anxious to further restrict the privileges of the people to receive second-class matter at a fair rate. He wishes to further limit that class to actual bona fide subscribers paid in advance, while he is willing that the railroads shall be paid eight times as much from the P. O. D. as they charge the general public for similar transportation. He is willing that weekly publications shall be delivered through the mails in the place of publication for one cent a pound, while he is willing that publishers of other than weeklies shall be charged eight times more and double the rate charged for the same matter to the general public. Even the *Postal Guide*, published by authority of the P. O. D., is sent all over the country by express because of discriminating rates against books. Verily, the railroads and expresses have a cinch on our Congressmen. Most of the annual reports of the Masonic Grand Bodies come to us by express, thereby saving on expense.

General John C. Smith, of Chicago, says the statement that all but three of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were Freemasons is a fable. He further states that from a careful search he can find but five signers who were Freemasons or were known as such. They were John Hancock, Benjamin Franklin, Philip Livingston, Matthew Thornton and William Hooper. There may be more, he adds, but he can find no record or authority for the statement.

The Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania maintains the doctrine of perpetual jurisdiction over rejected material, and ignoring the autonomy of every Grand Lodge in the United States. As a consequence, Masons made in other States, who have

been rejected in Pennsylvania, are not recognized in that State. The necessity of a General Grand Body with power is gradually becoming more apparent.

The Grand Lodge of Idaho has passed a resolution requiring every unaffiliated Mason to become affiliated within six months after notice, or to pay dues to his nearest Lodge, or charges shall be preferred against him by the Junior Warden of the nearest Lodge, and if no sufficient excuse be found he shall be expelled. It does not say what shall become of him if he petitions and is rejected, or if he is unable to pay dues, or who shall be the judge or compose the jury in case of a trial. There must be considerable unaffiliation in Idaho to require legislation. Abolish the ballot and affiliation fee, and much of it will disappear. Freemasons are not free when compelled to carry burdens they cannot bear.

Vallejo is a place of about 6,000 inhabitants and has 92 saloons. A good field for temperance workers.

There are now nineteen Grand Jurisdictions that have Homes, or are moving to secure them.

Lodges must and should make Masons, but let it be done in a dignified, slow and thorough manner and in keeping with the high and solemn sentiment—that of building our spiritual temple.

It is a mistake to dimitt from your Lodge because you can't always have things your own way. Remember that the Lodge can do without you better than you can do without the Lodge.

A joint public installation of the Lodge, Chapter and Commandery of Tucson, Arizona, was held on December 27th—St. John's Day.

In Boston, at the triennial conclave, 26,000 Sir Knights paraded, with 137 bands of music, besides drum corps, etc. Pittsburg expects 35 000 Sir Knights, with 200 bands.

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

A well known scientist, who has been studying the skins of negroes and whites, declares that by the proper application of electricity a black man can soon be turned white.

As our subscriptions have increased so largely, and as we have carried upon our books some names we had not the heart to erase until the sum total foots up several thousand dollars, we feel obliged hereafter to erase from our mailing lists all who are in arrears, and in future discontinue at expiration after giving notice. The sum of one dollar is small to lose, but several thousand dollars loss deprive us of that which will enable us the better to support ourself and to contribute more liberally to the relief of brethren, their widows and orphans, and perhaps avert the calamity of becoming a burden upon the charity of the Craft. We hope our brother in arrears will not be offended, and certainly no brother who has been paying promptly will have cause to be aggrieved. It is a business necessity. We hope to hear favorably from all in arrears, at least in excuse for delinquency.

### Correspondence.

CLIFTON, ARIZ.; Jan. 18, 1898.

At a special meeting of Coronado Lodge, No. 8, held on January 10th, the following officers were installed, P. M. Bro. Thomas Smith, installing officer, assisted by P. M. Bro. James Baker Wilcox as Marshal.

James S. Cromb; W. M.; John C. Anderson, S. W.; Geo. B. Gamble, J. W.; Edwin L. Davis, Treasurer; Thomas Smith, Secretary; William J. Davis, Chaplain; George Fraser, S. D.; David Clark, J. D.; Charles M. Shamon, Marshal; George A. Green, S. S.; Archibald Morrison, J. S.; Joseph J. Haskens, Tyler.

The following visiting brethren were present: Bro. James G. Robinson, Alamo, No. 44, San Antonio, Texas; T. A. W. Burtch, Dunlap, No. 321, Morrison, Ill.; James Baker, Wilcox, No. 10, Wilcox, Ariz.; R. E. Grant, Bakersfield, No. 224, Bakersfield, Cal.; J. C. B. Schlarbaum, Live Oak, Oakland, Cal. After installation the Master made a few remarks on the duties of individual Masons, and pointed out the benefits gained by living up to the precepts and principles of Masonry in every day life, and the influence a Masonic Lodge should have on the community by observing their walk and conversation. Some visiting brethren then addressed the brethren in a few well-chosen remarks, after which the Lodge was called to refreshment, provided by the Wardens, where the brethren and visitors spent a very pleasant hour socially together, after which the Lodge was duly closed. The Arizona Copper Co. being about to erect a library building for its employees, the Lodge has the privilege to, and will build a fine new Lodge room on the second floor. The Company is the life of this town and everything in it. SIGMA.



### Other Jurisdictions.

At the 27th annual convocation of this Grand Commandery, held in Baltimore November 23d and 24th, Thomas J. Shryock was elected Grand Commander and John Henry Miller, G. Recorder. The following are the statistics: Created, 109; affiliated, 11; reinstated, 3; died, 21; withdrawn, 15; suspended, 12; expelled, 3. Total, 1,197; net gain, 45.

The Grand Lodge of Texas held its annual communication in Houston December 6th, M. W. Bro. A. B. Watkins, Grand Master, presiding. A very large attendance was present. The returns show a net gain of membership of 821. Fort Worth was selected for the location of the Masonic Home by a majority of 47 votes in a total of 1,680. The Home Fund amounts to \$124,530.62. The following officers were elected:

J. L. Terrell, Terrell, Grand Master; Samuel R. Hamilton, Farmersville, D. G. M.; R. M. Lusk, Bonham, G. S. W.; N. M. Washer, Fort Worth, G. J. W.; B. F. Frymire, Houston, G. Treasurer; John Watson, Houston, G. Secretary; S. M. Templeton, Clarksville, G. Chaplain; Abernethy McKinney, G. Orator; J. H. Hargrove, Greenville, G. Marshal; Robert F. Stewart, Poetry, G. S. D.; L. J. Mitchell, Sherman, G. J. D.; John Hughes, Houston, G. S. S.; F. R. Wallace, Johnson Station, G. J. S.; Joseph Adams, Crockett, G. Pursuivant; E. S. Brewer, Terrell, G. Tyler.

The Grand Chapter of Texas held its 48th annual convocation at Houston December 7th, Comp. R. O. Rounsavall, H. P., presiding. Returns show 93 Chapters and a net gain of 102 in membership. Comp. T. H. Haynie was elected G. H. P. and George Lopas, Jr., was elected G. Secretary.

At the 45th annual communication of the Grand Lodge of Minnesota, held at St. Paul, January 12th and 13th, the following officers were installed:

Alonzo T. Stebbins, Rochester, Grand Master; Alonzo Brandenburg, Fergus Falls, D. G. M.; John H. Randall, Minneapolis, G. S. W.; Ambrose D. Countrvman, Appleton, G. J. W.; Joseph H. Tompson, Minneapolis, G. Treasurer; Thomas Montgomery, St. Paul, G. Secretary; Henry R. Adams, Minneapolis, G. Orator; Robert Forbes, Duluth, G. Chaplain; Jared G. Wheeler, Kasson, G. S. D.; Edwin F. Barrett, Le Sueur, G. J. D.; John D. Carroll, Newport, G. Marshal; Louis L. Manwaring, Stillwater, G. St. B.; Melville C. Sullivan, Granite Falls, G. Sw. B.; Enoch Stott, Winona, G. S. S.; Alexander Fiddes, Jackson, G. J. S.; W. R. Mitson Alexandria, G. Pursuivant; Jean C. Fischer, St. Paul, G. Tyler.

Committee on Correspondence—Irving Todd, T. Montgomery, E. P. Barnum.

There are 207 active chartered Lodges, with 15,692 members; a net gain of 211. Receipts, \$8,128.75; expenses, \$7,987.97. In Treasury, General Fund, \$12,003.91; Widows and Orphans' Fund, \$18,759.10. Lodges were chartered at Elysian and Mora; charter of Amboy Lodge, No. 193, arrested; \$2,545 appropriated for relief of twenty needy cases.

The Grand Lodge of Utah closed its annual communication on January 20th. The following officers were installed for the ensuing year:

John F. Hardie, Salt Lake, Grand Master; James D. Murdock, Park City, D. G. M.; George V. Schramm, Ogden, G. S. W.; Charles W. Morse, Salt Lake, G. J. W.; John S. Scott, Salt Lake, G. Treasurer; Christopher Diehl, Salt Lake, G. Secretary; A. C. Staten, Salt Lake, G. Chaplain; H. V. Cassaday, Mt. Pleasant, G. Orator; F. C. Schramm, Ogden, G. Lecturer; H. M. Cushing, Salt Lake, G. Marshal; S. D. Evans, Salt Lake, G. St. B.; H. S. Martin, Provo, G. Sw. B.; F. A. McCarty, Park City, G. S. D.; Elijah Bowen, Eureka, G. J. D.; S. L. Raddon, Park City, G. S. S.; D. L. Cook, Provo, G. J. S.; Daniel Dunne, Salt Lake, G. Tyler.

### Chips from Other Quarries.

There is a Lodge in San Francisco which charges an affiliation fee of twenty-five dollars. It must not be thought for an instant that this is for the purpose of introducing the artificial class distinction of wealth into Masonry. Of course any poor man can throw out twenty-five dollars for affiliation without it being a hardship. California should abolish affiliation fees at the earliest possible moment.

—Kansas Freemason.

Illinois seems to have a law whereby a constituent Lodge has the right to restore a suspended brother to good standing in the Fraternity, but not to Lodge membership. A member in that State was twice suspended for non-payment of dues, and each time was reinstated in full membership. Again becoming delinquent he was again suspended, and, after a time, his dues being paid, he was restored to good standing, but his Lodge declined to restore him to membership. Falling into distress in Nebraska he was relieved, his Lodge notified and he was discovered as a member. A Lodge thus has the power to place the Fraternity at large under obligation, yet denies any responsibility itself.

—Kansas Freemason.

To be Master of a Lodge should be the laudable ambition of every brother, and when he has attained it, he should not underrate its great responsibilities. A good Master should be strictly a moral man. He should never enter a saloon or poison his breath with the perfumes of blue ruin. He should never take the name of God in vain or lose his temper to the extent of being boisterous or insulting; his daily deportment should be such as to excuse him from being placed in such a position. He should "go in and out" before his mem-

bers as the pastor does before his flock. His life should be an open book. He should not engage in any private piques or quarrels except to settle them, as becomes his duty. He should be courteous to every one, and have a word of good cheer for the entire Craft. He should visit the sick of his Lodge promptly, and, when necessary, "minister to their wants," and should they die, exercise that kindly attention and fraternal love toward the family that will convince them that Masonry is not a "a sounding brass or tinkling cymbal." If a brother is out of employment he should use his best endeavors to help him obtain a position, so that he can provide for those dependent upon him. If a brother should go astray he should go at once to him, regardless of his position, and whisper good counsel in his ear.

In our humble opinion the position of Steward, aside from the Master, is the most responsible, and yet how little attention is paid to their selection. As a general thing, the Master thinks "any old thing" is good enough for Steward. Never was a greater mistake made. It is in the power of the Stewards to ruin the work before the material is presented, and we have frequently seen this done. In the selection of Stewards Masters cannot be too particular. They should be men of years and high standing in the Craft, so as to impress the neophyte with the dignity and importance of the Institution. Upon the first appearance of mirth or frivolity the Master should remove them at once and make another appointment, and so continue, if necessary, until he gets those who have a proper conception of the duties of the position.

R. W. William A. Sutherland, Grand Master of New York, issued a general edict on June 8th, directed to the Masters of all the Masonic Lodges in the State. He dissolves all relation with the Grand Lodge of Peru on the ground that the latter body has, to use the word of the official document, "committed Masonic suicide, and vanished from existence." He says:

"I am this day furnished with a printed copy of an edict issued by Christian Dam, Grand Secretary, wherein the said Christian Dam, as Grand Master of Masons in Peru, recites to those under his Jurisdiction that, according to Catholicism, the Bible is a sacred book in which the re-

vealed word is deposited, and, as such, cannot be freely examined and criticised; that the Bible cannot be considered as a foundation of scientific knowledge or history, nor as a basis of morality, and he does decree that on all Masonic altars the Bible shall be removed and replaced by the constitution of the Order of Freemasonry, and that in all our rituals the word 'Bible' shall be stricken out and the words, 'the constitution of the Grand Lodge of Peru' be put in its place.

Every Lodge should be self-supporting. Accidents may happen, losses may be incurred which would justify the Grand Lodge in contributing to a Lodge to replenish its paraphernalia or assist it for losses incurred by fire or otherwise, and no Grand Lodge would refuse. Lodges are to disseminate Masonic light, but Masonic light can hardly be disseminated by a darkened Lodge, and we are inclined to believe that no Lodge whose business is so small and whose influence is so limited that it cannot turn into the treasury of the Grand Lodge sufficient to pay its dues and the per diem of its representatives is in a position to disseminate Masonic light.—*W. J. Duncan.*

The Masonic Board of Relief, of San Francisco, in the annual statement for the year ending September 1, 1897, has expended for other Jurisdictions, \$6,543.35, and been reimbursed, \$1,710.15, leaving the Board to "hold the bag" to the tune of \$4,833.40. This Board has also expended for Lodges in California, \$3,633.35, and was reimbursed, \$1,318.85, leaving \$2,314.50. In other words, the Board of Relief of San Francisco has expended on relief over \$9,000 on Masons outside of their Jurisdiction. Beside this, the Board has had charge of twenty-two funerals of brethren of other Jurisdictions. This means a good deal of work, and this Board deserves the commendation of every one. Some of the Jurisdictions ought to pay up.

—*Orient, of Kansas City, Mo.*

"The body, which was the Grand Lodge of Peru, has attempted to accomplish that which it is not within the power of any man or body of men to do. In laying violent and profane hands upon a great light in Masonry, it has attempted to change the plan and very ground-work of the Institution. That the Bible is a book containing sacred truth is one of the funda-



mental truths of Freemasonry. Howsoever men differ in creed or theology, all good men are agreed that within the covers of the Bible are found those principles of morality which are the foundation upon which to build a righteous life."

About this time of year you sometimes come across a "pouting Mason." He has attended the annual meeting, the only one, perhaps, he has attended during the year, and his "candidate" was defeated, or may be, himself did not get what he wanted, and so he says, "I won't pay. I won't stand it." He may call for his demit, and run off to another Lodge. He forgets that he may not be any more "appreciated" at the end of the year in the new Lodge than he was in the old one, and he also forgets that the Lodge can do without him better than he can do without the Lodge. A man often makes a mistake by "pouting" because he cannot have things "all his own way." He frequently "bites off his nose to spite his face," and a face without a nose does not make a very prepossessing Mason. It is a great mistake to "demit" when you are angry. Nine times out of ten you will regret it. You will be greatly disappointed when you are "out" to find things going on better than ever.

—*W. J. Duncan.*

A Masonic trial is almost always a source of annoyance to a Lodge, aside from the feeling of discord, and in many instances serious disturbances of the wonted tranquility which should pervade. Massachusetts has a plan which is in successful operation of trial by commissioners, who hear the evidence and report their findings of facts to the Grand Lodge, which, upon the report presented, passes judgment. The actual trial thus had is before a tribunal which is without undue sympathies, and much less liable to mistakes than if the accused were tried before his Lodge, and the Lodge is saved the annoyance, and always the expense attendant upon such proceedings.

No man who deals in intoxicating liquors can become a member of any Lodge in Georgia; so says the Grand Lodge. Why not go further and prohibit also the man who drinks it? The Grand Lodge of Minnesota draws the line on saloon-keepers and bar-tenders, but does not say a word about the man who manufactures it. If

they could prohibit its manufacture there would be no necessity for legislating against saloon-keepers and bar-tenders.

—*Memphis Appeal.*

Dignity is no more the sign of wisdom than a paper collar is of a shirt. All quacks wear silk high hats, and make a show of dignity. The scientific attainments of doctors are almost exactly the inverse ratio to their show of dignity and pose. Ignorance is most easily hidden under the cloak of dignity, and by keeping close mouth.

Do not promote an officer simply because he is in line. This absurd practice has prevailed in both subordinate and Grand Bodies, often to their detriment and failure. An officer may do fairly well as a subordinate, may even show excellent work, yet be a total failure as a presiding officer. Many men make good subordinate officers, but few make good presiding officers. Do not elect him because he is in line; you would better hurt his feelings than suffer humiliation for a year.

—*Kansas Orient.*

Solomon's Temple, the wonder of the world, was only 107 feet long, 36 feet broad and 54 feet high. Many private residences of the present day are much larger. It seems hardly credible that this small building and its surroundings could be made to cost "more than four thousand millions of dollars," as Mackey states it. And yet when you consider that it took one hundred and eighty-four thousand men over seven years to complete it, to say nothing of the cost of material, these figures do not seem so fabulous.

The story of how Major McKinley came to join the Masons is thus told, at his dictation, in a biography:

"His entrance into Masonry was an incident of the war, and unique. McKinley was going through the hospitals with one of the regimental surgeons. He noticed that the surgeon and some of the Confederate wounded were very friendly to each other, and, in several instances, the surgeon gave money to the prisoners. There was an unmistakable bond of sympathy between them. Young McKinley asked the surgeon if he knew those prisoners. The surgeon told him they were brother Masons. Young McKinley was so impressed by the friendly feeling existing between

Confederate and Union Masons that he expressed a desire to join the Order. He was made a Mason in Hiram Lodge, Winchester Virginia, May 1, 1865, receiving his degree at the hands of a Confederate Master of the Lodge."

As Master Masons we are taught never to take the name deity in any other manner than with that reverential awe due from the creature to his creator. As Royal Arch Masons the lesson is more strongly impressed upon us. But as Knights Templar the doctrines of the Christian religion are so interwoven in our beautiful Orders that profanity in one of its members is inexcusable if not absolutely unpardonable.

—*Tyler.*

A correspondent asked: "Is it any crime against ye ancient landmarks, or fly marks, or what not, to require a Master to acquire some Masonic education?" Bro. Upton sarcastically answers: "As to a Master Mason, yes, it is. While Masonry was both operative and speculative, when an apprentice was 'admitted Master,' he was released from his indenture and became free. And ever since Masonry has been purely speculative, the instant a Mason is raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason he becomes entitled to all the rights and privileges of Masonry, one of which is to remain an ignoramus as long as he lives, if he prefers to do so. And many are they who have availed themselves of this sacred right."—*W. H. Upton.*

The standing of a non-affiliate from a sister Grand Lodge Jurisdiction moving into ours is a peculiar one. He may knock at our door for admission as a visitor, and yet the Worshipful Master is obliged to deny his request under our law—he has no right of visitation, no right of Masonic relief from the Lodge, and in case of death no right of Masonic burial. He has committed the great crime (Masonic) of taking a demit, possibly to join a Lodge in another State, and is accordingly denied the courtesy of visiting with his brethren in the tyled precincts of the Lodge."—*George Van Saun, of Iowa.*

This is a bad law in some respects, and in our humble opinion should be modified. Under it a brother is compelled to affiliate, in a city where there are two or more Lodges, without the privilege of visiting, whereby he might select the

Lodge of his choice in which to deposit his demit. When once elected he must "take his medicine" even though he finds out his mistake.—*Bun F. Price.*

This is what Benjamin Franklin thought of Freemasonry:

"It has secrets peculiar to itself; but of what do these principally consist? They consist of signs and tokens, which serve as testimonials of character and qualifications, which are only conferred after a due course of instruction and examination. These are of no small value; they speak a universal language, and act as a passport to the attention and support of the initiated in all parts of the world. They cannot be lost so long as memory retains its power. Let the possessor of them be expatriated, ship-wrecked or imprisoned, let him be stripped of everything he has got in the world, still these credentials remain and are available for use as circumstances require. The great effects which they have produced are established by the most incontestible facts of history. They have stayed the uplifted hand of the destroyer; they have softened the asperities of the tyrant; they have mitigated the horrors of captivity; they have subdued the rancor of malevolence, and broken down the barriers of political animosity and sectarian alienation. On the field of battle, in the solitude of the uncultivated forests, or in the busy haunts of the crowded city, they have made men of the most hostile feelings, the most distant religions and the most diversified conditions, rush to the aid of each other, and feel social joy and satisfaction that they have been able to afford relief to a brother Mason."

The twenty-four inch gauge is used by the operative Mason to measure his work, and by the speculative Mason to measure his time. The twenty-four hours of the day are all used for good purposes, in the speculative measure. There are eight for refreshment and sleep, and that division is the only one about which we can form any doubt, and the doubt arises from the refreshment. What is refreshment, and what do we enjoy? If we run refreshment into dissipation it becomes injurious. If we encroach upon the division allotted to the service of God, or that to our usual avocations, we are robbing God or our own employers. If we tarry at refreshment when we should sleep, we are "burn-



ing the candle at both ends," and must suffer for it. If the Masonic division of time was universally observed, all crime would cease, and this world would become heaven.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

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

—*Geo. W. Warvelle, of Illinois.*

Originally, in England, all Lodges were independent of each other without any warrant from a Grand Lodge. Annually the members assembled and elected a Grand Master, and these gatherings were called assemblies. St. Albans, who was martyred in 306 of the Christian era, obtained a charter from the King to hold these assemblies, and every Mason was privileged to attend them. Prince Edwin, brother of Prince Athelsane, obtained a charter from him for Masonic assemblies in 926 of the Christian era. The Prince called all the Masons of the realm together at York, and here was formed a general Lodge, and Prince Edwin was chosen the Grand Master.—*Bro. B. W. James.*

The name of Pio Lono before he became Pope was Mastai Ferretti, who was a member of the Masonic Order in good standing. He took advantage of his infallibility, and satisfactorily to himself absolved himself of his vows to the Order, and has become one of its enemies. As long ago as 1865 he was summoned before the Lodge at Palermo to answer the charge of perjury and stand trial. He paid no attention to the summons, and the matter dragged along until last March when, having excommunicated all members of Freemasonry from the Catholic Church, he was expelled from the Order for false swearing;

Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy and Grand Master, himself signing the decree of expulsion. It is difficult to tell which has the best of it. The Pope has excommunicated a whole Order that don't believe in Catholicism, and the Masons have expelled one man who don't believe in Masonry, and there continues to be room in the world still for all the parties.

—*Milwaukee Sentinel, 1874.*

A body of Theosophists, who are also Masons, propose to erect a Temple on the Pacific Coast, where the "inner meaning" of Masonry is to be revived under the direction of Masters from Egypt and India, who are to confer the ancient mysteries in due and ancient form, and invest initiates with occult secrets which were, doubtless, once possessed by the Fraternity, but which have been lost during the changes and mutations of long centuries.

—*Square and Compass.*

Practical Temperance Work.—This is a composition on temperance, written by a little Georgia girl:

"Temperance is more better than whisky. Whisky is ten cents a drink, and lots of it. My pa drinks whisky. He has been full one hundred and thirteen times. One night he came home late, and my ma went out and cut some hickories and walloped him good. Then she ducked his head in a tub of soapsuds and locked him up in the barn. And the next morning my pa said he reckon he'd swear off."

Ranchman Sam Dodge, who lives seventeen miles southwest of Caney, in the Osage county, Kansas, went to Vinitia on business Wednesday morning, September 14th, and shortly after he had gone, Bessie, his five-year-old daughter, wandered away from home in an attempt to follow him. Mrs. Dodge discovered her absence about two hours after Sam's departure. She made a thorough search of the premises, and failing to find the child notified the neighbors of her disappearance. They turned out in force, and scoured the prairies all that day and all that night, and all the next day, searching for the little wanderer. Late Thursday evening an Indian came upon her laying fast asleep, just south of Post Oak Creek, in an old road known as the "Whisky Trail." Across her body stood a Newfoundland dog, which had always been her companion about the

ranch. The dog was torn and bleeding, and near his feet lay the dead bodies of two wolves. Although her cheeks were stained with tears and covered with dust, Bessie was unharmed. She and her protector were taken back to her home, a distance of twelve miles from where they were found, where the dog died of his wounds that night. He was given a decent burial, and yesterday Sam Dodge ordered a marble monument, which will be placed at the head of the faithful animal's grave.

A few days ago Rev. Dr. McIntyre delivered a lecture in a new theater at Washington, Iowa. It was a fine building, and the company which built and operated it also owned a private electric plant which lighted it. A large audience was present, and the lecturer had his subject well in hand, when suddenly every light went out. The theater was pitch dark.

A few words from the speaker prevented a panic, and the lecture was resumed in the dark. Just at the climax of a fine period the lights suddenly flashed up again, throwing the audience into disorder and disconcerting the lecturer. After a few minutes of blinking Dr. McIntyre settled down to work again, and was warming up nicely when another plunge into darkness interrupted him.

He was nearing the peroration, and hoped to finish in the dark without further interference. "Patience," he said, "is absolutely necessary for success in the daily affairs of life. Never lose your temper. It is foolish to display such a weakness—"

Just then the lights flashed up. The speaker walked to the wings, and shaking his fist at a brawny Irishman who was tampering with the wires, cried out in a tone which could have been heard a block away: "Confound you, you idiot! Will you ever have sense enough to leave those wires alone?"

That ended the lecture on "Patience."

A man that is married to a woman is of many days and full of trouble. In the morning he draws his salary and in the evening it is all gone. It goes, but he knows not where. He spendeth shekels in the purchase of fine linen to cover the bosoms of his family, yet he is seen at the gates of the city with but one suspender. He goes forth as an ox, and draweth the chariot of his offspring. He ariseth in

chilly garments of night, and seeketh the somnambulent paregoric which healeth the colicky stomach of his offspring. Yes, he is altogether wretched and full of misery. Wide is the way and broad is the road that leadeth to the gate of matrimony, and many there be that go in thereat.

Well Qualified.—Old Lady—My dear, do you really think you are fit to become a minister's wife?

Engaged Niece (from the West)—Yes, indeed. I don't mind being talked about at all. I've got the energy of a buffalo bull and the hide of a rhinoceros.

Little Edith had just been to church for the first time. "And what did you think of it?" asked her mother. "I didn't like the organ very well," she replied. "Why not?" "'Tause there wasn't any monkey with it."

Woman is, in most cases, as amiable as man is otherwise. But when she is irritable by temperament, and has never subjected her irritation to any sort of discipline, a striped hyena is companionable by comparison.

### Literary Notes.

We have received from George Spaulding & Co., 414 Clay street, San Francisco, Part VI of "Fifty Years of Masonry in California," a magnificently illustrated history, containing views of the Masonic halls at Hawaiian Islands, also at several places in California, with historical sketches of the leaders of the Order and valuable information concerning the organization of the Order at various points.

We have received printed copies of the proceedings of the following Grand Bodies for which the Secretaries have our thanks: Grand Lodges of California, Kentucky, Ohio, Canada, Wyoming, New Mexico; Grand Chapters, R. A. M. of Illinois, Maine, Colorado, Minnesota, Texas, Florida, Nebraska, Arkansas; Grand Councils, R. & S. M. of New York, Kentucky, Washington, Illinois, Ohio; Grand Commanderies, K. T. of Massachusetts, Illinois, Ohio, Florida; Grand Chapters, O. E. S., of Iowa, New Hampshire, Illinois, Michigan; Supreme Council, 33°, A. & A. Scottish Rite, Northern Jurisdiction of U. S.; twelfth annual report of the Masonic Veteran Association of Illinois.

### Deaths.

In San Francisco, January 6th, George Scharetz, a native of Paspels, Canton Grisons, Switzerland, a member of South San Francisco Lodge, No. 212, aged 52 years, 8 months, 17 days.

In San Francisco, January —, Henry Ashton Shelton, a native of Nashville, Tenn., aged about 70 years. His funeral was attended by Pacific Lodge, No. 136.

In San Francisco, January 4th, George J. Smith, a native of New York city, a member of Oriental Lodge, No. 144, aged 55 years.

In San Francisco, January 9th, Ludwig G. J. Behrmann, a native of Scharenbeck, Germany, late a member of Eucalyptus Lodge, No. 243, at Haywards, Cal., aged 45 years, 9 months, 24 days.



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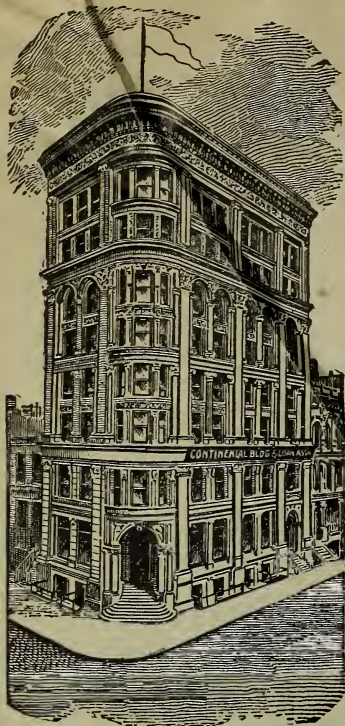
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