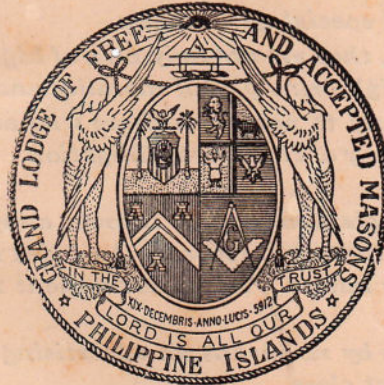


The Cable Tow

Vol. VII, No. 1

Manila, P. I.

June 1, 1929



OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF THE
GRAND LODGE OF FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS
OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
PUBLISHED FOR AND IN THE INTEREST OF THE MEMBERS
OF THE CONSTITUENT LODGES OF
THIS JURISDICTION



In A Million Years

Dust of London or ashes of Tyre,
Woolworth tower or a bushman's byre,
Which was which, then, who will inquire?
Roaring Big Berthas or Zulu spears,
Where will they be in a million years?

This question as old as the cave-man's fears
Will it still be asked in a million years?

And the Hand that rounded the first red spheres
And spread the space where the comet veers—
That assuages the ache of an eye with tears—
Will it palsy with age in a million years?

JOSEPH F. BOOMER,
Master, St. John's Lodge No. 9,
F. & A. M., Manila, P. I.



A SUGGESTION TO ADVERTISERS

Manila, P. I., January 2, 1929.

Gentlemen:

An advertisement in the *CABLETOW*, the official organ of the Grand Lodge of the Philippine Islands, is an exceptionally good investment.

The *CABLETOW* goes to 7,200 subscribers in the Islands, scattered from Aparri to Jolo; the rest of the 8,000 copies printed monthly goes to the United States and other countries.

The paper has the following special advantages:

1. Its readers being Masons, they are not only men of high social standing and purchasing power but bound to live up to high principles of morality and honesty.

2. Its readers regard it a duty to patronize those who advertise in *THEIR* paper and we take care to remind them frequently of this moral obligation. This is an advantage the average newspaper does not possess.

3. The *CABLETOW* is not glanced at and thrown away like an ordinary paper. It is preserved for reference and as a historical record. An index is prepared for each volume and many members have their paper bound. An advertisement in the *CABLETOW* will therefore work for an indefinite time.

4. The *CABLETOW* accepts by no means all advertising offered to it. We take pride in having only advertisers of a select class.

If you have any advertisement for us, please send the copy to Room 524, Masonic Temple, Escolta, or drop us a line and we shall call for it.

Yours very truly,

THE MANAGING EDITOR OF "THE *CABLETOW*,"
P. O. Box 990, Manila, P. I.

1883-p

CABLETOW READERS BY PROVINCES

(The list below shows the number of Masons, including M.M., F.C., and E.A. in the 101 Lodges of the Jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the Philippine Islands, as of November 30, 1927. The figures in brackets indicate the number of Lodges in places where there is more than one Lodge. In addition to the members listed below, each of which receives the *CABLETOW*, the paper goes to a number of other subscribers belonging to Lodges of other jurisdictions residing in these Islands, and others. 8,000 copies are printed of each issue. The *CABLETOW* being the official organ of the Grand Lodge, many of the readers keep the paper on file. A good index is prepared for each volume of the *CABLETOW*, for reference and binding purposes.)

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THE CABLETOW

A Masonic Journal published monthly in English and Spanish by the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the Philippine Islands, in the interest of its Constituent Lodges.

Managing Editor: LEO FISCHER, P.M.

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Vol. VII

June 1, 1929

No. 1

Editorial Section

Building Masonic Temples

As Free and Accepted Masons we often have occasion to assemble and labor at the building of the Temple of Human Character. In the one hundred and two Lodges holden under the jurisdiction of the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of the Philippine Islands, seven thousand Craftsmen are engaged in this noble work. To the eyes of the uninitiated, we seem to be making slow progress; but we know that our Institution, though checked here and there and though apparently gaining but inches at a time, is in reality making rapid inroads on the bulwarks of ignorance and superstition. Like the rising tide, it advances and will not be stopped. Do not let appearances deceive you.

In the days of old, Operative Masonry was paramount and only little by little, Speculative Masonry gained a foothold, spread, and expanded. Now Freemasonry is almost exclusively speculative, and the operative work is but a mere incident, a means towards an end. The character builders have to be housed, and for this reason they drop for a season the concerns of Speculative Masonry and take up those of Operative Masonry.

Just as the desire to have a home of his own exists in the heart of every self-respecting head of a family, so do Masons look forward to the time when they shall meet in Temples of their own, worthy of the noble work to which they are dedicated.

Enthusiasm is generally a keynote of all movements in that direction. Some Brother with a vision starts the idea, the Lodge takes it up, and soon, as Confucius sings of the Tower of Wan,

In crowds the zealous builders went,
The walls began to rise...

But, unless the whole matter was carefully studied by men of business and law, the temple builder is liable to have many an anxious moment. More than one Masonic edifice has fallen into the hands of outsiders through lack of prevision on the part of the Craftsmen responsible for its erection.

Wherever a proper Masonic Temple exists, Freemasonry seems to have gained a firmer foothold. The Temple is a tangible proof, an ever-present reminder of the existence and of the greatness and power of our Order. It fills the Craftsman with pride and the uninitiated with admiration whenever he passes it.

However, the most magnificent Masonic Temple is but an empty shell unless Speculative Masonry steps in and lights the sacred fire of Freemasonry on its altar, and unless its men good and true dwell together in unity and preach

the tenets of our Institution by both precept and example.

We have now in the Islands a few Masonic temples that are a credit to our institution and an ornament to the places where they are located. A few temples have proved to be a failure, financially at least, and have fallen into the hands of outsiders. The majority are unpretentious buildings, planned and executed with wisdom and foresight, which answer the purpose for which they were erected and house earnest and sincere Brethren. We sincerely hope that more such temples may be built and that there may be no more failures like the few that have occurred, because the prestige of Freemasonry in the locality always suffers in such cases.

Let those who would build temples beware of too much haste and lack of prevision!—L. F.

The Free Public School

Not easily do they rise, whose family's
narrow means
Hinders their talents....

—Juvenal.

One of the great advantages of our modern State is that provision is made for the general education of the young generation. Formerly, the poor were deprived of an opportunity to acquire even rudimentary instruction. The higher education was for the patrician and the aristocrat, though sometimes the son of the middle classes succeeded in obtaining it at the dint of hard work and sacrifice on the part of his parents. In our country, many a poor man's son had risen to high estate and there are few places where not some schoolboy in ragged or mended clothes, but with bright eyes and a determined mouth, is studying hard, acquiring in the public school that which will be the lever lifting him above want and mediocrity. His path may not be an easy one; but he is at least given a chance to show what he can do, an opportunity to carve out his own future with the tools that an elementary education places in his hands.

Equality of opportunity—that is what the free public school embodies and represents!—L. F.

Two Memorable Days in June

There are two holidays in June which, while not observed officially, mean a great deal to both Americans and Filipinos. First we have Flag Day, a day set aside to commemorate the birth of the Stars and Stripes, the flag that for the last thirty-one years waved over the Philippine

Islands. It is truly a Flag of Liberty as it has brought to the Filipinos a greater measure of personal liberty than is at present enjoyed by many of the independent nations of the world. The noble women who stitched the first American Flag did not dream that within less than a century and a half that flag would wave over these distant isles of the sea, that it would conquer the North Pole, that its glorious folds would be an inspiration to over one hundred million souls, that it would fly in victory over fields of battle on the continent of Europe.

Then, on June 19th, we celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Brother José Rizal. Sixty-eight years have passed since the Great Martyr first saw the light on the shore of Laguna de Bay. He might be alive, famous and prosperous this day, had he not been cut down in the fullness of his strength and vigor, thirty-three years ago, because of his unselfish, noble endeavors to make his people free and happy. His life's work and his glorious death always will be an inspiration to the Filipino people, and on his birthday his name will ever be uttered in gratitude by millions of voices from one end of the Archipelago to the other and wherever Filipinos shall make their abode.

—L. F.

Magna Charta Day

June 15th has been set aside by the International Magna Charta Day Association to commemorate the granting of the famous charter of liberties to the English people by King John, at Runnimeade, in June 1215. It was on June 15th that King John accepted the forty-eight articles presented to him by the Barons, though he did not seal the Great Charter until the 19th, and for this reason June 15th has been chosen as the date for the International Magna Charta Day. King John did not live up to the document that the Barons had forced him to sign. He appealed to the Pope for assistance and Innocent III published a bull which declared the Magna Charta null and void. The Barons were excommunicated and England was thrown into turmoil for a while. But the principles enunciated in the Great Charter lived on and continued to grow and flourish. As Dr. Stubbs has said, "The whole of the constitutional history of England is a commentary on this charter." From England, the principles of law and liberty embodied in the Magna Charta crossed the sea to America and were the foundation of the Constitution adopted by the Great Republic. And, finally, they traversed the wide expanse of the Pacific and found expression in the terms of the Organic Law of the Philippines.—L. F.

"Compass," Not "Compasses"

We thought we could keep out of it but we find we can't. We mean the discussion as to whether the proper word is "compass" or "compasses" in Masonry. But when we hear a man use the word "compass" in a local Lodge and then, correcting himself, say "compasses," we, too, must take part in the discussion. The advocates of "compasses" say that a "compass" is a mariner's instrument; but as a matter of fact, the masonic instrument was used by Masons and called "the compass" before that nautical instrument known by the same name was used by the Caucasian race. The old rituals of Freemasonry all say "compass" and, what is the most important to us, the ritual of our Grand Lodge says "compass" and not "compasses." "Compass" it therefore is, and should be, as far as the Lodges under the Grand Lodge of the Philippine Islands are concerned.—L. F.

Take Your Punishment

When a Mason has done wrong and is about to suffer the consequence of his transgression of the law, the last thing that he would think of doing, if he be a real Mason,

is to appeal to the Fraternity. A signal of distress under such circumstances shows that he is unworthy of the honor conferred upon him when he was made a Mason. A Mason who has disgraced himself conceals, instead of revealing, his connection with the Fraternity that he disgraced.

Some time ago we read of an incident in the old British navy. Sir Edward Inglefield, having had occasion to condemn a sailor to be flogged, appeared on the deck of his ship to see the sentence carried into execution. The culprit, upon approaching the admiral, made a Masonic sign. But the "Old Man" did not respond by ordering the man released. With a contemptuous look he measured him from head to foot. "Oh, a Mason, are you? Well, I doubt if you're better at that job than as a seaman. Go and take your punishment."

The man who comes whining to the Fraternity to escape his just punishment is not a Mason.—L. F.

The Masonic Club—Your Club!

In the heart of Manila, near the University of the Philippines, the Philippine General Hospital, and other public institutions, Masonry is maintaining a splendid Club with spacious, airy, well-equipped rest and reading-rooms, bowling alleys, tennis court, billiards, etc. You could not imagine a more comfortable place for resting and refreshing yourself and spending a pleasant hour or two in the company of friends. A few feet from the Club House are the Singalong and Pasig-Santa Ana street-car lines which facilitate communication with all parts of the city. Upstairs are Lodgerooms where a number of Lodges hold their meetings. The atmosphere is one of quiet refinement and comfort. But it is not what it should be, a predominantly Masonic atmosphere. Outsiders take more advantage of the tennis court, the bowling alleys, and the other conveniences and facilities furnished by the Club, than Masons.

We have not gone to the trouble of ascertaining the causes at the bottom of this abnormal condition of affairs, to which a Brother deeply interested in the welfare of the Club has called our attention. To a certain extent we believe that it shows an indifference to things masonic that should not exist. The desire of meeting our Brethren outside of the Lodge does not seem to be as strong as it should be. The opportunity offered to our Brethren to while away a few leisure hours in the best of company does not seem to be appreciated as it should be. Many of our Brethren do their bowling or billiard or tennis playing elsewhere, in places and in company far inferior to what the Club offers them. What is the reason?

After considerable reflection, we have come to the conclusion that the Masonic Club of Manila is not sufficiently advertised. That only a small number of our members realize what a splendid thing it is. That a few good words for the Club in the Masonic press are probably all that is needed to open the eyes of the rest.

To the Brethren who have so far stayed away from the Club we would say this: You need not be sustaining members of the Masonic Club in order to take advantage of what it has to offer. Its splendid rooms and attractive facilities and conveniences are at your disposal. You are always welcome at No. 520 Calle San Marcelino. In other words, the place is yours, the Club is your Club.

If you are skeptic or lukewarm, be fair and just: drop in just once and look around. We are sure your visit will be repeated. Use the Masonic Club to meet your friends there, to hold your committee meetings, to rest and refresh yourself when you have half an hour or an hour to loaf in, to wait for the rain to stop, to have a friendly game of bowls, billiards, tennis, or chess with a friend.

When you need the Club for any of those purposes remember that you will find it at 520 San Marcelino and that its doors are wide open and all that it has to offer is at your disposal.—L. F.

To Our Provincial Brethren

Now for a few words to our Brethren in the provinces. Did you read the next preceding article? If you did not, please read it.

Before going further, we might as well say that it has always been the desire of the Brethren in Manila to give the Masons in the provinces a square deal. This thought was largely responsible for the creation of the CABLETOW, which keeps our Brethren posted on what is going on in Masonry though they live in the remotest corners of the Islands. Whenever our Manila Brethren go to the provinces, they are entertained by the provincial Masons in a way and to an extent that only those who have been benefited can truly appreciate. Conditions being quite different in Manila from what they are in the provinces, the Manila Brethren have never been able to return this generous hospitality in an adequate manner. The creation of the Masonic Club in the Plaridel Masonic Temple at 520 Calle San Marcelino, Paco, is a collective action that makes it easy for the individual Mason to entertain his provincial friends, in addition to being an invitation by the Craft in general to the Mason from the provinces which is eloquently expressed by the well-known Spanish phrase "Aquí tiene Vd. su casa."

Meet your friends at the Masonic Club when you come to Manila, do your letter-writing there, spend the hot hours of the day in its cool rooms, try your skill in its bowling alleys, its tennis court, its billiard room. In other words, make the Masonic Club of Manila your home.—L. F.

Coming Events

Our Grand Secretary announces that unless present plans miscarry, the constitution of Leonard Wood Lodge No. 105 at Fort Stotsenburg, Pampanga, will take place on Saturday, June 1st.

On Saturday, June 15th, a School of Instruction will be held for the District Inspectors of the Grand Lodge, which the present Masters and Wardens of the Lodges in and near Manila are urged to attend.

Idle Talk

The Spanish have a proverb "En boca cerrada no entran moscas," which, freely translated, means that if you keep your mouth shut you are less liable to get into trouble. No doubt harm is done occasionally by a person keeping silent when he should speak; but it does not compare with the vast amount of mischief that is done by idle talk. A person who keeps up a running fire of comment on everything that he sees, hears, or reads and on everybody whom he meets is sure to blunder sooner or later. Like a hunter who shoots at everything that moves he is sure to get into grievous trouble before he knows it and does not do himself any good in the meantime. He may believe that he is making a reputation for himself as a wit or a bright conversationalist; but we venture to say that in nine cases out of ten, people call him by a different name.

Ancient and modern wisdom alike maintain that speech is silver but silence is gold.—L. F.

New Members at Any Cost

There is nothing more fatal to the prosperity and prestige of a Masonic Lodge proceeding as if it must have new members at any cost. To let down the bars, to receive unfit material in our Temple is to inoculate Masonry with the germs of decay. A man at whose defects or even vices we close our eyes, admitting him against our better judgment, will soon prove a disgrace to us. A person who, though he has a wife and children dependent upon him, has not made any provision for them in case of his own death, is apt to burden the Lodge sooner or later with a widow and orphans to support. To take in a man who is

sickly or habitually out of work is equally disastrous. A Lodge with carefully selected membership, the result of conscientious committee work, is not so liable to go on the rocks, though its membership be small, with little new material coming in, as a Lodge that is working overtime conferring degrees but the investigating committees of which will pass any candidate who has the requisite number of shekels for the fees.

We must insist upon a high moral standard and a clean record in our new material as well as upon conditions that will prevent them or their dependents from becoming burdens upon the Lodge or the Fraternity.—L. F.

Poetry

Again we take pleasure in adorning our title-page with a poem by Wor. Bro. Joseph F. Boomer, Master of St. John's Lodge No. 9. Poetry that combines depth of thought with eloquence of language and elegance of form is something that few of our readers will fail to appreciate, and Wor. Bro. Boomer seems to be on the way to become the Poet Laureate of Freemasonry in the Philippines. We hope to be able to publish further products of his lyre in our coming issues.—L. F.

He Stood The Test

Under ordinary circumstances it is not difficult for the average man to display qualities that will gain him the respect and, perhaps, admiration of his fellows and popularity in the community in which he is living. But it takes the acid test of disaster, danger, and physical and mental suffering to show whether a man is true gold or whether beneath the surface there is but common clay.

One Mason in the Philippines, one of the most quiet and unassuming, was put to the test a month ago and proved himself worthy to be counted among the best. This is Brother Charles G. Olsen of Corregidor Lodge No. 3. General regret was expressed when the news was received that on April 28th, the S.S. *Viking* had been destroyed by fire at sea, and that Captain Olsen was not among the survivors picked up by passing vessels. But to the relief of everybody concerned, the news came that the Captain had drifted ashore at Tanguingui Island, after spending 23 hours in the sea, suffering from severe burns, harrassed by voracious birds, and tortured by the burning rays of the sun and a consuming thirst. The story of his conduct under those trying conditions shows courage, devotion to duty, and solicitude for the welfare of others unsurpassed by anything that has come to our knowledge. The captain was the last man to leave the burning steamer, after doing his best to fight the fire. The cargo being gasoline, there had been no time to launch any boats. After jumping into the sea, where the surviving members of the crew had preceded him, Captain Olsen forgot all about his own plight. He thought only of his fellow-sufferers. "I saw one of my sailors had the skin off his hands. I took off my shoes and put my socks on the man's hand so he could hold the plank on which he was floating." Swimming back and forth among his men, he saw to the proper distribution of floating planks and debris, giving the poor fellows advice and cheering them. Night came and he became separated from the rest. The vessel that picked up most of the other survivors missed him. He started to swim towards Tanguingui Island, where he arrived at three o'clock in the afternoon, 23 hours after the disaster. "The lightkeeper came around to meet me but I was not able to walk, being so long in the water my feet were very sore; it was impossible for me to see, as I was all blinded with salt water. I swallowed a tremendous amount of salt water." These are the captain's own words.

Captain Olsen is not a young man. He is 56 years of age. But did he think of his own racked, suffering body at that moment? Not he. He immediately sent

the lightkeeper out with a boat to look for other survivors. An hour later, the man returned with one of the cabin boys. Again Captain Olsen sent him out, and after another hour the lightkeeper returned, this time with the dead body of the second engineer. Few men in Brother Olsen's condition would have worried about a dead man. But he is not built that way. Let us see what he did. "I asked the keeper: 'Have you got any planking on the island so I can make a coffin?' and he said no. I asked him, 'Have you got any cloth to wrap around the man's body?' and he came back and showed me a big piece of cloth, enough to cover the body, and I told the keeper that was all right.—Next I said to the lighthouse keeper 'Put the man's name on a cross, so if anybody wants his body there will be no trouble to find him.'—After that I went to sleep, dreaming all the time about my ship." But the captain allowed himself little rest. At 3 o'clock the next morning, he left the island in a banca, and after a trying trip by boat, launch, and auto-bus, he finally arrived at Cebu at 8 p. m. All that time he took care of the cabin boy and did what he could to have boats sent out for any other survivors that might be uncared for. Upon his arrival at Manila he said, in his simple manner, that he had been 34 years a seagoing man and had been in shipwrecks before, but that he never again wanted to go through the harrowing experience of those 23 hours after the *Viking* blew up.

We are proud of our Brother and glad to add his name to our Roll of Honor!—L. F.

The Editor's Mail Bag

A Letter From The Two Thirty-three Club

The CABLETOW, according to a letter from Bro. Rex B. Goodcell, President of the 233 Club, of Hollywood, has been placed on the exchange list of the *Megaphone*, the press organ of the club mentioned. As few of our readers will know anything about this interesting club, we shall proceed to explain. As stated by Bro. Goodcell, the 233 Club is a Masonic Organization, whose membership consists of a great number of the well known stage and screen artists, producers, writers, technicians, executives, as well as representative members of the various stage and studio crafts. The following prominent screen stars, all Masons, of course, are among the members of the 233 Club: Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lloyd, Tom Mix, George Bancroft, Richard Dix, Reginald Denny, Monte Blue, Milton Sills, Wallace Beery, Raymond Hatton, Buck Jones, Hoot Gibson, Jean Hersholt, Lewis S. Stone, Jack Mulhall, George Fawcett, Lucien Littlefield, Maurice Costello, Charles Ray, Creighton Hale, Charles Crockett, Crauford Kent, Sydney Bracey, Henry B. Walthall, Armand Kaliz, Billy Bevan, Warner Baxter, Arthur Stone, Buddy Roosevelt, etc.

The *Megaphone* goes to the more important Masonic newspapers in order to keep them informed of what Masonic Brethren are accomplishing and doing in that important industry, the industry of the stage and the screen. The headquarters of the Club are at 6735 Yucca Street (at McCadden), Hollywood, the clubhouse being open from 9 a. m. until midnight every day except Sunday.

From the April number of the *Megaphone* which we received with the letter, we see that the Club members and their friends greatly enjoyed the second monthly Inter-Club Show which was held by the 233 Club on Saturday night, March 23rd, under the direction of George Harris, popular English stage and screen comedian. The funny stunts and vaudeville acts and songs seem to have been exceptionally good, judging by the report.

The news from the various screen celebrities who are at the same time wearers of the lambskin have quite a personal touch in this little paper. We read, for instance,

that while at work in "Through Different Eyes," his new Fox vehicle, Brother Warner Baxter was shot through the hand in an active scene, but continued working; that Brother George Fawcett is prominently cast in "Four Feathers," a desert story which Paramount will release shortly; that Brother John C. Fowler has added the character of a judge, a defense lawyer, a detective, and even a prisoner to his long string of screen rôles, recently; that Brother Richard Wallace has completed Maurice Chevalier's first Paramount Picture "The Innocents of Paris" and contemplates a vacation in New York; that Brother Harold Lloyd's newest Paramount picture bears the title of "T. N. T."; that Brother Harland Tucker is starring in "Indiscretion" at the Mansfield theatre, New York; that Brother Al Rogell, whose "Shepherd of the Hills" still clings to the movie fans' memory, has been signed by Columbia to direct "The Flying Marine"; that Brother W. S. Van Dyke who directed "White Shadows in the South Seas," and recently returned from a second trip to the tropics filming "The Pagan" has taken the greatest motion picture unit ever sent into the jungle, to South Africa, to film "Trader Horn"; that Brother Tom Mix is the stellar attraction at the Brooklyn and New York vaudeville theaters just now and will sail for Europe shortly; that now that his sequel to "The Three Musketeers" bearing the title of "The Iron Mask" has had its New York and Los Angeles premieres and Mary Pickford's "Coquette" is shortly to have its premiere, Brother Douglas Fairbanks is planning a vacation before making his next United Artists picture; that Brothers Henry Otto and Lon Poff are prominent in support of Brother Fairbanks in "The Iron Mask."

We might go on quoting from the *Megaphone*, for the benefit of our local movie fans; but what we have said should suffice. At all events, we wish the 233 Club and its press organ a long and prosperous life and hope the editor of that clever little publication, the *Megaphone*, will enjoy the CABLETOW.

Masonic Homes

Our article on the "Care of the Aged" in the March issue of the CABLETOW has been copied and commented upon quite extensively. In it, as our readers may remember, we spoke of the advisability of placing the widows and orphans of Masons who require the aid of the Fraternity, in private homes rather than build a Masonic Home. We believe our readers will be interested in hearing the opinion of a Brother of Des Moines, Iowa, on this subject. In a letter dated April 14th, this eminent Mason writes us as follows:

Again I am interested in an article in your paper, the one regarding "Masonic Homes".

Our State does not have a "home" and never has had. We find our dependents prefer to be cared for in their own homes and by their families. If financial help is needed each Lodge provides this as they deem each individual call demands.

Our Grand Lodge has built up a Grand Charity Fund. In case a local Lodge had too heavy a burden we apply to this "Grand Charity Fund" and receive such help as the trustees deem wise, first ascertaining that the Lodge has done its duty.

We have a fine *Sanatorium* owned and controlled by the Grand Lodge.

When any Brother for any reason can not have proper care in his home, because of poor health, etc., he is sent to this sanitarium until he can be otherwise cared for.

I am trustee for Adelpic Lodge's fund. We have four dependent brethren and one widow. They are all thoroughly honorable and economical. We pay to each a stipulated sum each month. Thus their poverty is not made manifest as it is when they can buy only on orders. This we have been forced to do in the past because of extravagant ideas. Dealers are inclined to overload them when the Lodge makes a guarantee.

New York, Pennsylvania, and Kentucky have grand "Homes" that are a pleasure to see. They make fine positions for pets of the brass collars and the maintenance of the Home exceeds the maintenance of the dependents.

"Too much overhead" as you say.

I do not write you with any desire for publicity. I am too old for

that. If you use anything I have written or may write please omit my name. "A Brother in Iowa" is all sufficient.

Our Brother adds that he is keenly interested in the Philippine Islands and their people and wishes them the best of luck. We are grateful to him for this interest and appreciate his letters which, coming from a man who has been an active Masonic worker for fifty-five years, are especially appreciated by us.—L. F.

Success

By ORVILLE S. DAVIS, in *Philippine Observer*

According to Homer, the great Greek poet, "Tis heaven that gives success." Disraeli, one of Great Britain's outstanding diplomats and statesmen, declared, "The secret of success is constancy of purpose." "Yes and how?" we might still inquire.

Someone has carefully designed the ladder of success on a mathematical basis, beginning with zero and rising gradually to the perfect one hundred per cent. It is very suggestive and stimulating.

The Ladder of Success

- 100%—I did
- 90%—I will
- 80%—I can
- 70%—I think I can
- 60%—I might try
- 50%—I suppose I should
- 40%—What is it?
- 30%—I wish I could
- 20%—I didn't know
- 10%—I can't
- 0%—I wont

"I wont." Here the door is locked and there is absolutely no chance for growth. If one does not start moving, he never will get anywhere. The doors of the heart and mind lock and unlock on the inside. Your own choice determines the beginning of the climb.

The 10% "I can't" reveals a hopelessly helpless condition. It is a step higher on the ladder but you will always have one foot in the quicksand as long as this mental attitude controls you.

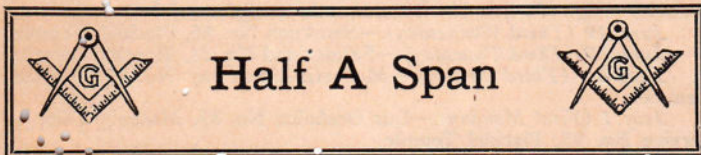
One step higher is "I don't know." That is worth 20%. It sometimes takes a fairly good intelligence to say, "I don't know." I frequently ask questions in my classes the intelligent answer of which is "I don't know." I do this, because any intelligent person knows that there are many conclusions still in the purely hypothetical stage and do not bear the dignity of known facts. One's answer can only be an opinion at best, and he should honestly say so. However, success cannot be achieved on this third rung of the ladder.

The next denotes the stage of desire. Here we have the open mind. The thirty percenter says, "I wish I could." How many a person there is who has the attitude and yet takes no positive stand. As yet there is no action, and as we have already said, merely wishing will never bring results. We must not forget that success presupposes the favorable *completion* of something attempted.

The forty percenter shows a more aggressive mind. He asks, "What is it?" His is the level of inquiry. He is intrusted. He has not committed himself to participation, but he wants to know. This is commendable and necessary.


Thin rays of the dawn of success begin to decorate the horizon when one arrives at the levels of fifty and sixty per cent. "I suppose I should" is more of a sigh than a certainly, but it bears a distinct sense of moral responsibility. "I might try" is the effect of the breath of encouragement. It shows *willingness*. Now we can expect some results.

Then gradually the next four steps help the pilgrim to arrive. "I think I can" is not passing! This is necessary but only a beginning. It takes the self-confidence of the eighty percenter who declares, "I can," to bring him near to success. The ninety per cent step is high and difficult to scale. But once, a person says, "I will," we can expect achievement. He has determination. One more step on the ladder remains. That is the execution of his plan—"I did." Here is success.



The Tyler's Candle

The Grand Lodge of Michigan has voted to erect a stone and a bronze tablet at Stoney Creek, Mich., in commemoration of the loyalty of Bro. Daniel B. Taylor, the Tyler of Stony Creek Lodge. When, after the anti-Masonic movement in the United States, a century ago, the Grand Lodge of Michigan went into a "state of suspended animation," and the Lodge ceased to meet, this faithful Brother, on every regular meeting night, entered the Lodge room and placed a lighted candle in the window. With his book, his pipe, and his dog he settled himself for the evening. When the hour arrived at which the Lodge would ordinarily be closed, he blew out the flame of the candle, locked the door and went home. During the troubled years mentioned, the Tyler's little candle was, perhaps, the only Masonic light that endured in the territory of Michigan. What a sublime lesson in constancy and faith!



Our Dead

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time, shall disappear—
Forever there, but never here!

—Anon.

Wor. Bro. Dr. Mariano Santos.
Past Master of Dapitan Lodge No. 21.
Died at Manila, May 10, 1929.
Buried under the auspices of his Lodge, at the
Del Norte Cemetery, on May 12, 1929.

Bro. Charles Famel.
Member of Corregidor Lodge No. 3.
Died at the Letterman General Hospital, San
Francisco, Calif., on April 15, 1929.
Buried in the National Cemetery, Presidio of
San Francisco, on April 17, 1929.

Bro. A. Woodruff.
Member of Cavite Lodge No. 2.
Died on April 29, 1929.

Bro. C. W. Harless.
Member of Cavite Lodge No. 2.
Died on April 30, 1929.

Brother Victorio Gavine.
Member of Laoag Lodge No. 71.
Died on April 8, 1929.

Official Section

Monthly Announcement of Organizations Barred to Masons

It is unlawful for Masons under the jurisdiction of the M. W. Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the Philippine Islands to hold membership in or join any of the following associations and clandestine bodies:

- The spurious "Grand Lodge" formed by the fusion of the "Gran Logia Soberana del Archipiélago Filipino" and the "Gran Logia Nacional de Filipinas No. 1."
- The "Supremo Consejo del Gr. 33 para Filipinas" and the so-called Scottish Rite Bodies under its auspices.
- The organizations calling themselves "Gran Masonería Filipina," "Gran Oriente Filipino," "Mártires de Filipinas" and "Gran Luz Masonería Filipina."

SELDON W. O'BRIEN, *Grand Master.*

Grand Lodge Committee for Visiting the Sick

Most Wor. Grand Master Seldon W. O'Brien has appointed Wor. Bros. John M. Aaron (3), Norberto C. Asinas (13), and Perfecto Feliciano (16), to act as Grand Lodge Committee for Visiting the Sick during the month of June, 1929.

[Edict No. 14]

To the Masters, Wardens, and other Brethren of all the Lodges under the Jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the Philippine Islands:

GREETINGS:—Pursuant to the authority conferred upon the Grand Master by resolution of the Grand Lodge adopted at its Annual Communication of 1927, each subordinate Lodge of this Grand Jurisdiction is hereby required to pay its annual quota for THE CABLETOW for the period from June 1929 to November 1929 inclusive, at the rate of SIXTY CENTAVOS (₱0.60) for each Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft and Master Mason holding membership in the Lodge concerned on the day when said quota is paid.

Since the CABLETOW quota is payable in advance, each Lodge shall remit its quota for the period from June, 1929, to November, 1929, on or before June 1, 1929, when No. 1, Volume VII, of the CABLETOW will be issued.

The CABLETOW quota for the period from December, 1929, to November, 1930, inclusive, shall be at the rate of ONE PESO AND TWENTY CENTAVOS (₱1.20) for each Master Mason on the rolls of the Lodge on November 30, 1929, and shall be remitted during the first half of December, 1929, jointly with the Grand Lodge dues and subject to the conditions governing said dues.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Grand Lodge, this thirty-first day of March, A. L. 5929, A. D. 1929.

SELDON W. O'BRIEN, *Grand Master.*

Attest:—NEWTON C. COMFORT, *Grand Secretary.*

Stated Meetings of Manila Lodges

- June 1 (*First Saturday*).—Nilad No. 12, Plaridel Temple; Tagalog No. 79, Masonic Temple; Araw No. 18, 527 Alvarado.
- June 3 (*First Monday*).—Luz Oceánica No. 85, Masonic Temple; Service No. 95, Plaridel Temple.
- June 4 (*First Tuesday*).—Manila No. 1, Masonic Temple; Kasilawan No. 77, Masonic Temple.
- June 5 (*First Wednesday*).—Cosmos No. 8, Masonic Temple; Rizal No. 22, Plaridel Temple.
- June 6 (*First Thursday*).—Isla de Luzon No. 57, Masonic Temple; Minerva No. 41, Plaridel Temple; Mt. Lebanon No. 80, 1132 California; Mencius No. 93, Masonic Temple.
- June 7 (*First Friday*).—St. John's No. 9, Masonic Temple; Hiram No. 88, Plaridel Temple.
- June 8 (*Second Saturday*).—Biak-na-Bato No. 7, Masonic Temple;

- ple; Dalisay No. 14, Plaridel Temple; Walana No. 13, Masonic Temple.
- June 10 (*Second Monday*).—Southern Cross No. 6, Masonic Temple.
- June 11 (*Second Tuesday*).—Benjamin Franklin No. 94, Masonic Temple.
- June 12 (*Second Wednesday*).—Bagumbayan No. 4, Masonic Temple.
- June 13 (*Second Thursday*).—Corregidor No. 3, Masonic Temple; Batong-Buhay No. 27, 527 Alvarado.
- June 14 (*Second Friday*).—Dapitan No. 21, Plaridel Temple.
- June 15 (*Third Saturday*).—Hagdang Bato No. 87, 527 Alvarado, Manila; High Twelve No. 82, Masonic Temple.
- June 19 (*Third Wednesday*).—Sinukuan No. 16, Plaridel Temple.
- June 20 (*Third Thursday*).—Solidaridad No. 23, Masonic Temple.
- June 21 (*Third Friday*).—Modestia-Liwayway No. 81, Plaridel Temple.
- July 1 (*First Monday*).—Luz Oceánica No. 85, Masonic Temple; Service No. 95, Plaridel Temple.
- July 2 (*First Tuesday*).—Manila No. 1, Masonic Temple; Kasilawan No. 77, Masonic Temple.
- July 3 (*First Wednesday*).—Cosmos No. 8, Masonic Temple; Rizal No. 22, Plaridel Temple.
- July 4 (*First Thursday*).—Isla de Luzon No. 57, Masonic Temple; Minerva No. 41, Plaridel Temple; Mt. Lebanon No. 80, 1132 California; Mencius No. 93, Masonic Temple.
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The Index Ready

The indexing of the twelve numbers of the CABLETOW each year is quite a task. This year, the managing editor completed the work in good time and the index of Volume VI (June 1928 to May 1929) has been printed and is now for sale at the CABLETOW office at the price of 25 centavos (it used to be 50 centavos). For the benefit of Lodges or individual members who desire to have their paper bound in an uniform, neat, and solid manner, the management of this review has made a contract with a local firm under which it has secured special terms. Members and Lodges desiring to have their collections of the CABLETOW bound are urged to take advantage of this arrangement.

The CABLETOW does not profit by orders for binding placed with its management. On the contrary, it donates its services and the index for each volume when orders for binding are placed with it, the three-peso charge per volume being exactly what the management of the CABLETOW has to pay to the firm with which the contract has been made. Under the terms of the latter, twelve numbers of any volume of the CABLETOW are bound in neat fabricoid binding for three pesos. Missing numbers furnished by the management are charged for at the rate of 20 centavos each. Where all copies are furnished by the member of Lodge concerned, the charge made by the management is ₱3.00, plus postage and registration fee, totalling 64 centavos per volume if sent by mail.

The bound volumes of the CABLETOW are an excellent library of reference for the Philippine Mason. They contain the official announcements, edicts, and circulars, articles and data of great historical interest, the Questions and Answers Department, Lodge News and Personals, etc., which all will be of great value for future generations of Masons. Sooner or later it will become impossible to obtain the early numbers, some of which are already becoming extremely rare.

It is to be hoped that every Lodge and the greatest number of individual Masons possible will take steps to have their collections of the CABLETOW bound. Indices, prepared at a considerable expense, are available for all six volumes published so far.—L. F.

Life Insurance alone puts the heart back into an Estate depleted by taxes and expenses.

Through investment, one deposits principal and produces income. Through Life Insurance one deposits income and produces principal.

Pieces of Architecture

Masonic Side-Lights on the Life of José Rizal

(Address delivered by José J. Mirasol, Maktan Lodge No. 30, Cebu, on December 30, 1928.)

The subject of our memorial service tonight is Brother José Rizal who, thirty-two years ago, paid the supreme penalty for having ardently embraced the cause of liberalism, for having dared to expose the shortcomings of the religious, social, and political institutions in the Philippines at a time when to criticize or raise a voice of protest against the abuses of the religious and official classes and to advocate reforms were considered rebellion against constituted authorities. His life and labors have been studied exhaustively by eminent scholars, and on occasions like this we common men can do no more than refresh our memory with his lofty ideals, noble character, and exemplary deeds, glorified by his biographers. He being the greatest of Filipino Masons, we are particularly interested in extolling his Masonic labors and the Masonic virtues that no doubt largely influenced his conduct in life.

How and why did Rizal become a Freemason?

For nearly four centuries the Philippines were under the Spanish rule. That Spain, during that period, implanted and accomplished many good things for the Philippines and the Filipinos, no one can truthfully deny, and every good Filipino acknowledges these benefits with sincerest gratitude. Evolution is the law of life, and the Philippines, being a living organic body, were destined to evolve and progress. But certain elements made a serious mistake: instead of recognizing that natural law, which is the law of God, and encouraging and aiding the Philippines in her natural development, they sidetracked progress and branded as *filibusteros* those who had the courage to advocate reforms. While Mother Spain, during the nineteenth century, was readjusting her institutions to conform to the sweeping spirit of liberalism of the time, the Philippines were overlooked, and the egotism and bigotry of the religious and official classes allowed the old order to continue. But toward the close of the same century, the culture and progress of the Filipinos had outgrown the system; the abuses of the friars grew more scandalous and oppression became unbearable, hence a change was inevitable. The Filipinos abroad and at home, and particularly Brother Rizal, sought to bring about a change by peaceful means.

The liberal elements in Spain were against tyranny and oppression; therefore it was natural that Rizal and his companions in Europe should enlist their support for the proposed reforms in the government of the Philippines. Most of the liberals were then, as they are today, Masons, because Masonry offered them fertile ground for the cultivation of the sublime principles of equality, fraternity, and liberty. Rizal and his companions fell in line and became Freemasons, and Freemasonry became the vehicle of Filipino patriotism.

Rizal saw the light of Freemasonry in Spain, and no sooner had he contemplated its soul-uplifting radiance than he and his companions in Europe resolved to have it spread among and shared by their countrymen at home. They started a movement to found Lodges in the Philippines so that their countrymen at home might drink from the same fountain the joy of brotherly love and unite into a society of friends "among whom no contention should ever exist, but that noble contention or rather emulation of who best can work and best agree". In spite of the government prohibition of Masonry and the persecution of Masons in the Philippines at that time, the movement met with unparalleled success. Lodges were organized and the Filipino intellectuals and best elements joined them. Rizal and his

companions founded Philippine Freemasonry to unite their countrymen for a great common cause, the welfare of their country. He thus fulfilled the great Masonic concept of duty to country, the duty of citizenship and patriotism of the highest category.

But this is not the only instance in which Brother Rizal showed he was an active, genuine mason. When he wrote his *Noli Me Tangere* and *El Filibusterismo*, depicting the abuses of friarism, and ridiculing the half educated Filipinos who aped the social manners of the Spaniards, he realized that the friars who then controlled the civil officials would mark him as a prey, and that he would draw the ire of some of his countrymen. However, he wanted to say the truth; and only the truth, regardless of consequences. He put into practice one of the principal tenets of Freemasonry; the one relating to truth, that divine attribute and foundation of every virtue.

Rizal's parents and relatives were deprived of their property and persecuted because he had the courage to speak the truth, and had dared expose the abuses of the friars. This was enough to make an ordinary man's blood boil. But in the face of the misfortune and sufferings of his family, Rizal kept his poise. Instead of planning vengeance against their enemies, he sought executive clemency for his aging mother. Here he showed that he was capable of subduing his passions and keeping them within due bounds toward all mankind.

The more radical Filipinos believed that a revolution was the only means to bring about the reforms sought, and when Rizal was advised that the country should take up arms against Spain, he objected that conditions were not ripe for it. In this attitude he was influenced by prudence, another great masonic virtue. When, later, he was informed that the revolution was ready and was urged to lead it, he turned down the proposal and rebuked those who had used his name in the propaganda. Here again, Rizal revealed his strongly masonic character. He believed in peaceful means of obtaining the much needed reforms, in the peace taught in the Lodge where, on the broad platform of brotherly love, the high, the low, the rich, the poor, can meet together with one common purpose, the perpetuation of each other's friendship and each other's love. Furthermore, he strictly complied with the masonic charge that as citizens we must be exemplary in the discharge of our civic duties.

Rizal knew what would be his fate if he returned to the Philippines. Although he was assured of a safe conduct by the Philippine Government, he better than any one else knew the duplicity and the treacherous workings of that government. But it greatly pained him to think of the sufferings of his parents, brothers and sisters because of him. He had a duty to perform, an obligation to fulfil, the duty to relieve them of their sufferings; and over and against the counsels and protests of his friends he returned to the islands with the grim determination of the true traveler to the East to face squarely all dangers in life, even death. In this truly masonic conduct Brother Rizal was a worthy emulator of the noble character of the widow's son of the tribe of Naphtali.

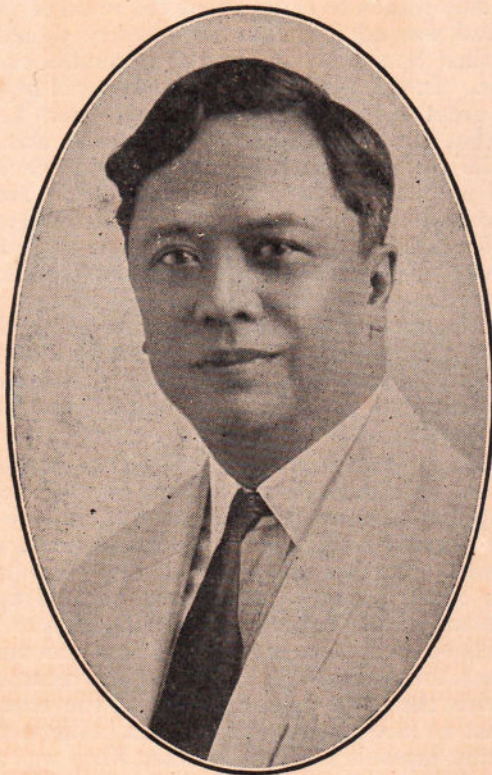
Once in the prison cell, Rizal felt that his death was certain. His friends wanted to save him for the country, for his wisdom, counsel, and leadership were needed in the turbulent atmosphere of the hour. They offered to rescue him. A man who valued life more than honor and duty would have accepted the offer. But the fate of those who were suffering for him was uppermost in his mind, and if his death could bring them relief he was ready to die. As for his country needing him, he said with characteristic Masonic modesty that she had many more sons who could take his place and do his work better than he himself. He therefore flatly refused the offer, preferring to walk uprightly before God and man, squaring his actions with the square of virtue.

While waiting for the fateful hour, Brother Rizal showed a composure and strength of character that has no superior in history. On the eve of his tragic death he wrote his last farewell to his fatherland, the masterpiece that made him immortal. Only a man of clear conscience and untroubled mind could have produced such a poem. Rizal believed in his innocence of the crime imputed to him but did not find justice at the hands of his enemies. Man may be at times unjust but God is always just, and remembering in whom he put his trust, Rizal stood on the field of Bagumbayan calm and serene, with his eyes toward the East, fearing nothing, least of all the firing squad, composed of his own countrymen.

We can multiply the instances that reveal the powerful influence of the sublime teachings of Freemasonry in the life of Brother Rizal, but the limited time at our disposal forbids it. That he was a truly great and exemplary Mason no one can dare question. In the towering, heroic figure of Rizal, the poet, the novelist, the physician, the scientist, the painter, the sculptor, the polyglot, the patriot, we shall always see the great Mason worthy of emulation.

East and West

(From the Annual Message delivered by the Most Wor. Bro. Teodoro M. Kalaw, as Grand Master, on January 22, 1929)



And if I were asked now what I consider that phase of our external Masonry that we should study and promote in the near future for the maintenance of our Institution, I should frankly say to you: Let us spread Masonry in the Far East among its various peoples. Let us have the natives of these isles and regions of Asia and Oceania mingle with other people in centers of fraternity, equality, and democracy, such as Freemasonry, in order that they may not only become better acquainted with each other and do good and practise charity together; but that they may love each other and teach the rest the benefits of that love. The coming years will be a time of intense activity and, perhaps, of unrest among the peoples of Asia and Oceania who have hitherto been sleeping. The West is flooding us with its men, its trade, its ideas, its principles, its methods,

its institutions. The East is awakening and that awakening brings with it the consciousness of its own worth and responsibility. The final readjustment of the struggle of interests and civilization that is drawing near will inevitably be preceded by serious conflicts that it is our duty to prevent, or the bad effects of which we must at least endeavor to palliate. Let us organize Lodges in every important city of the Orient and have natives and foreigners fraternize in them daily. This will show that they are Brothers who can live together without any necessity for hating each other; and it will introduce into their future relations an element of love and unity that will be indispensable for the progress and the harmonious living together of these races.

Looking Backward

(By M. W. BRO. GEO. R. HARVEY, P.G.M.)
(Extract from P.G.M. Jewel Presentation Address, Jan. 24, 1929.)



Let us look back to sixteen years ago when the first annual communication of this Grand Lodge was held in a vacant room of a warehouse on Calle David. Your humble servant had the honor to preside over that annual communication by reason of the absence of our Grand Master, Most Worshipful Brother Stafford, on account of illness. In addressing the Grand Lodge at that time I used these words:

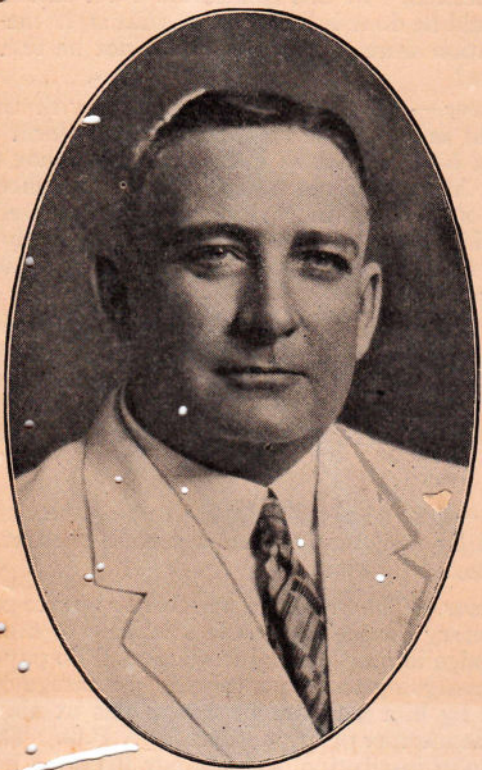
The formation of the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the Philippine Islands should be a matter of sincere congratulation on the part of every Mason in these Islands. The purpose of its founding is to promote and maintain harmony and unity in our Masonic relations, and to increase the usefulness of our fraternity in the Orient. No contention should exist among Masons or Lodges, except a noble contention or emulation in promoting the happiness of our fellow-men, and the true interest, dignity and welfare of our ancient and honorable Order.

Have we succeeded in our purpose? It would be a long story to tell of our trials and difficulties. Suffice it to say

now that our Grand Lodge was firmly established, and within three years we had received recognition from a large majority of the regular Grand Lodges of the world and were negotiating informally with Brother Kalaw, who was then Grand Master of the District Grand Lodge of the Spanish Grand Orient in the Philippine Islands, in an effort to convince him and his brethren that this Grand Lodge was organized for the good of Masonry in these Islands and not for any selfish purpose of our own. Behold today, and for a year past, we have had as our Grand Master this dear Brother who in those early years of our history was the head of the forces opposing us. Friendly meetings of an informal character were held in 1915 to talk over our situation with this good brother and others and convince them of our Masonic purpose. It took two years of careful and constant endeavor to bring about the desired result. The past year's administration of our Grand Lodge by Most Worshipful Brother Kalaw shows how well our work has been done, how thoroughly united we are, and how zealous our Filipino brethren are maintaining the standards of the Fraternity in these Islands.

What of the Future?

(From the Inaugural Address of M. W. Bro. Seldon
W. O'Brien, G. M.)

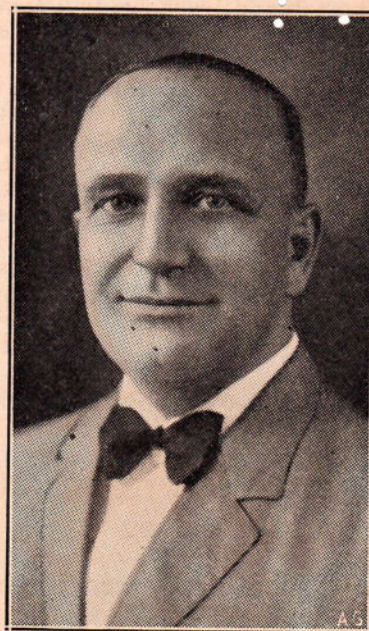


Now, my Brethren, what of the future? Masonry must be alive and awake to every opportunity. It is a progressive moral science, and progression is essentially necessary if we are to exist and thrive. The past is behind us, honorable and praiseworthy. But let us not try to rest upon the laurels won by the diligence and earnestness of our brethren of the years gone by, but heed the swift flight of time. The present is here that we may find opportunity to prepare our plans for the work of the future, affording chances for real Masonic service. In formulating our plans, I would urge you above all things else to preserve the high standards of our beloved Fraternity. Let us have no partiality, injustice or laxity in the observance of our ancient landmarks. Let us be temperate in asserting our rights, temperate in our councils, and economical in our

expenses; let us be just to all, and bold, courageous and patient under reverses, always keeping faith, honest in our legislation, upright in all our dealings with our fellowmen. In brief, my Brethren, let us be faithful to Masonry, which is to be faithful to the best interests of mankind. Labor by precept and example, to elevate the standard of Masonic character, to enlarge its sphere of influence, to popularize its teachings, and make all men know that Masonry stands for Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

Masonry Is Service and Work

By JOSEPH H. SCHMIDT, P.G.M.



The man who sets out to become an active worker in Masonry has a long and arduous path before him. He begins with the idea that he will devote a few hours of his spare time to Lodge work and that whenever he finds that it encroaches too much upon his other occupations, he will drop it. But once a man has become an active worker in Masonry, he might as well try to drop a wire charged with electricity as leave the work and cease taking an active interest in it. The degree work, the charitable activities, the study of the symbolism, history and traditions, and even the social side of Masonry have a wonderful fascination and will not let go of a man once he has caught the spirit.

Many of our Brethren have the mistaken idea that the average "live wire" in Masonry is after office, after honors in the Institution, and that upon attaining his goal he considers his labors accomplished. That may be true in some cases but is not so in most. A Past Master or Past Grand Master who contents himself with resting on his laurels is a rare thing. The average Mason who has completed a term of office, however strenuous and, perhaps, even stormy it may have been, does not care to enjoy a well-earned rest, to disappear in the encircling gloom after a period of brilliant activity. It is not the desire to be in the lime-light, the craving for power and command, that prevent him from abandoning active Masonic pursuits. It is, as I have said before, the work itself which grows on a man. He may want to step aside, to get out of the harness, to withdraw into his tent, but behold, he finds it impossible.

He sees his successor in office struggle with difficulties and commit blunders. He sees moves that he himself has launched headed for reefs and shoals because he is no longer at the helm. He sees work that he considers essential for

the welfare of his Lodge or of the Institution slighted and neglected. He is like a veteran who sees his old regiment go into battle and who knows that his experience may prevent disaster. Can you imagine any consideration of health and comfort keeping the old soldier from joining in the fray?

The Masonic veteran is a most valuable element in any Masonic body. He is the old horse yoked side by side with the young that is being broken to the harness. He may merely sit on the right of the inexperienced Master and whisper good counsel in his ear when needed. He may take the all-important position of secretary of the Lodge. He may be the mainstay of committees in charge of work with which he is more familiar than any other man. But, whatever form his activity may take, it is sure to be constructive and fruitful. The young Mason looks up to him and the Master new in the chair rises up and calls him blessed.

Such work is truly Masonic work because it is done without hope or promise of reward. The lure of rank and office being absent, it is purer, nobler, more unselfish than the work performed, however meritorious, before the veteran took his place among the past officers.

Who are the most enthusiastic workers in a Lodge? The youngest and the oldest, the new recruits and the veterans of the chair. Often the latter succeed in kindling in the newly-made Mason a spark of true Masonic fire, placing in his keeping the torch that their own failing hand must drop.

The work of Masonry is something that cannot be fathomed and the beauty and fascination of which can only be understood and appreciated in their fullness by a Mason who has entered upon it with his whole heart and soul.

Attendance and Brotherhood

By BRO. JAMES J. WILSON, P.M., Mt. Apo Lodge No. 45, Zamboanga, P. I.

A member should attend the Lodge regularly to learn more about the Mason he is, the Masonry he professes, learn, perhaps, how better to use it. You may ask, Will I get anything out of it? That depends on whether you put anything into it. If you put in interest and attendance, you will take out friendship and education. If you put in money and absence, you will take out dues cards and bills. If you put in effort and work, you will take out knowledge and understanding. If you put in pin wearing and indifference, you get a hole in your coat and boredom.

Freemasonry is largely a mirror: you see in it what you are, it reflects back to you what you hold up in front of you. A man to be a good Mason should have the time, the interest, the eagerness, the desire for knowledge, friends, enlightenment, and the opportunity to work in this great Masonic Brotherhood, with all its noble teachings and fraternal precepts. Masonry without Brotherly Love in it is like a heap of ashes upon a deserted hearth, with the

fire dead, the laughter stilled, the light extinguished. It is not enough that we should preach Brotherhood. We must practice it. Only as we incarnate Masonic principles in actual life and activity, does Masonry become real, tangible and effective. What we are thunders so loud the world cannot hear what we say. If your feet are pointed in the path of practical Masonry, the kind of Masonry that makes you a better citizen, a better neighbor and a better friend, then let me go your way and let us travel hand to hand and heart to heart. You help me and I will help you. We shall not be here very long. Death, that grand old nurse, will come back and rock us all to sleep in just a little while. Let us help one another while we may. This is Masonry. This is Brotherhood in action.

Questions and Answers

(This Department has been conducted by the Managing Editor of the CABLETOW, Wor. Bro. Leo Fischer, since July, 1923. The answers are based upon generally accepted Masonic jurisprudence and the Landmarks and usages of Masonry; but are not to be considered as official rulings of our Grand Lodge or Grand Master, unless the answer specifically states that fact.)

448.—I have a ring on my little finger which I cannot remove without considerable trouble. It occurs to me that it is very fortunate that this condition did not exist when I was initiated. In this connection I am curious to know what would be done in such a case, that is, if the candidate for initiation wore a ring that could not be removed then and there?

Answer.—We delayed considerably with the answer. We would say that the stewards should inform the candidate that he must act as if that ring were not there, and that the Master of the Lodge should announce that the removal of minerals and metals had to be waived and that the candidate must be considered duly and truly prepared. A writer in the *Illinois Freemason* answers a similar inquiry as follows:

"When the writer was an active worker and lecturer, he was told that under such circumstances the thing to do was to tie a white band around the ring and let it go. The removal of the ring is purely symbolical and if a proper explanation is made, no controversy should arise over this point."

449.—Is it legal for a Lodge to pay the Secretary for his work by assigning to him a certain percentage of the dues collected by him?

Answer.—The matter of whether or how to compensate the Secretary for his work is left entirely to the discretion of the Lodge in our Grand Jurisdiction. To pay the Secretary by assigning to him a certain percentage of the dues collected by him may not be a bad idea at all, as it may reduce the number of suspensions for N.P.D. The *cobrador* being a local institution, some of our Brethren have gotten

ASIA LIFE GUARANTEES YOUR

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into the habit of waiting for that person even where their dues are concerned. This system has been adopted by American veterans' associations here and seems to work out well.

450.—At a stated meeting of this Lodge, motion to change the date of the stated meeting was made and duly seconded. The Master stated that the affirmative vote of at least two-thirds of the members of the Lodge was required. One member objected to the motion being voted on then and there, but this notwithstanding, a vote was had and the motion was lost. Was this legal? What action should the mover take, if any?

Answer.—The action of the Lodge was illegal. Article XIII of the Uniform Code of By-Laws provides that amendments to the By-Laws, so far as relates to the times of meeting, etc., can only be adopted after written notice of such amendment shall have been given at the stated meeting next preceding. The Master erred in permitting a vote to be taken when the amendment was proposed. The mover should have been required to present his motion in writing, and the vote should have been taken at the next stated meeting. If the mover insists, he should present written notice of the proposed amendment at the next stated meeting, and the latter should be voted upon at the subsequent stated meeting, after due notice to the members of the Lodge.

451.—The Secretary of my Lodge maintains that letters received by him must be presented to the Lodge at the next stated meeting, and not previously shown to the Master. By insisting upon this, he has on several occasions seriously embarrassed the Master of the Lodge. Is he correct in his attitude?

Answer.—The officers of a Lodge perform their duties under the direction of the Master, who is responsible for the proper functioning of the Lodge and may suspend any officer neglecting his duties, even a Warden (1888 Cal., pp. 463, 678). The Secretary who fails to advise the Master of important communications received by him without delay, is guilty of neglect of duty. The Master should insist upon the Secretary performing his duties properly and should suspend him and prefer charges against him if he persists in his unreasonable and unmasonic attitude.

452.—Bro. A. B. was suspended by Magdalo Lodge No. 31 for non-payment of dues and now offers to pay his arrears and asks to be restored. During the period of his suspension, Magdalo Lodge ceased to exist, its name being changed to Ibarra Lodge. Can the Brother mentioned be restored? Lodge that suspended him no longer exists.

Answer.—Lodge No. 31 never ceased to exist; it merely changed its name. This change did not affect its membership and its obligations in any manner. Among these obligations is that of restoring Bro. A. B. upon payment of his arrears.

Masonic Fiction

The Onyx Ring

A Masonic Story by Leo Fischer, P.M.

The S. S. *Juan Pons* was lying at her mooring place in the Pasig River, near the Intendencia Building, with the "Blue Peter" flying from the foremast. She was scheduled to sail for Aparri, the northernmost part of Luzon, at 6 p. m., and it was now 5:50. Already the main deck was crowded with Filipino passengers and a few stragglers were coming up the gangway and swarming over the cargo of steel rods that encumbered the deck, trying to find places for themselves and their bundles and boxes. Sleeping mats and pillows, baskets and pots with provisions, huge bundles of purchases made at the Divisoria Market or on Calle Rosario, were safely stowed in some convenient nook, then the owner calmly lighted a cigarette and watched the newcomers go through the same performance.

On the quarter-deck of the steamer, an American and a Filipino were leaning over the rail, looking at the crowd below. The Filipino, a heavy-set man with a good-natured, intellectual face, was turning towards the American, looking at him affectionately through gold-rimmed glasses.

"Brother Dawson," he said, "I must leave you now because I see they are getting ready to cast loose. I am glad to have met you and I hope that on your return to Manila I shall see a great deal of you. You must consider my house your home."

The American smiled. He was about twenty-six years of age, of middle height and slight build, with a finely-cut, delicate face and curly black hair. Properly attired, he would have made a very pretty girl on the stage. Looking at him in a casual way, one would not have dreamt that John Dawson had muscles like steel, and that six years previously he had been awarded the *croix de guerre* for creeping back under a heavy fire at the Western Front and blowing up a bridge that through an oversight had not been dynamited upon preparing to evacuate an untenable position.

"Brother Moreno," Dawson said, "you have been a most accommodating and kind friend to me and I am deeply indebted to you for all that you have done for me. I am grateful to you for coming to see me off. But it seems we are sailing on the dot. I think you had better—why, there is another belated passenger!"

A light motor truck was coming towards the ship and stopped near the gangway. From the seat beside the driver sprang an East Indian, dressed in European clothes with the exception of the turban that covered his head. He was an under-sized but active individual with piercing black eyes.

"Wait!" he shouted, raising his hand with a commanding gesture. "Two of you men here take this case and carry it on board. Careful! Careful! It mustn't be canted

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or jarred!"

Moreno turned towards Dawson. "Look out for that man, Brother Dawson," he said. "That is Dr. Kheamal. His own people have warned me against him. He was expelled by a Lodge in Bengal and is said to be possessed of strange powers which he is using for bad purposes. A good man gone wrong, they tell me; I take him to be a drug fiend of some sort."

The two friends shook hands and the Filipino hurried down the stairs and over the gangway. A few seconds later, the car which had been waiting for him, bore him away towards his office on the Escolta.

Under the vigilant eyes of the East Indian, two husky Filipinos had in the meantime carried a heavy case, some five or six feet long and a little over a foot high, up the gangway and had carefully deposited it on the deck.

The *mayordomo* of the ship, a little dried-up Spanish *mestizo*, approached the East Indian. Touching his cap, he said: "A first-class passenger, I presume? Have you a ticket, *Señor*?"

"I left so hurriedly that I haven't been able to get a ticket or make any reservation, but I shall pay my passage in a few moments. Tell me, is there any possibility of my getting a cabin all to myself?"

The *mayordomo* shook his head. "No, *Señor*," he said. "All I can give you is a berth in the cabin occupied by the American gentleman you see standing up there on the poop. Will that be all right?"

The Indian smiled. "It will have to be, I fancy," he said. "Now, *Señor Mayordomo*, I have here a case which contains an astronomical clock, a most delicate piece of mechanism which I must keep under close observation day and night. It must be put into my cabin."

The *mayordomo* scratched his head. Casting a look at the case, he said: "It can hardly be called cabin baggage; but I think it will fit into the space under the lower berth. You and the American gentleman can put your valises on the couch, which is not occupied this trip. This way, please!"

Over the deck cargo of iron rods and the boxes and bedding-rolls of the deck-passengers, the two Filipinos carried the coffin-like box with infinite precautions. They had some difficulty in getting it into the cabin and under the berth; but at last it was safely stowed away.

The Indian, heaving a sigh of relief, handed each of the men a half-peso, which they took with a pleased grin. A minute later, the gangway was removed, and at ten minutes past six, the steamer slowly pushed away from the wharf, towards the middle of the Pasig. Then she nosed her way through the craft on both sides of the river, towards the wide expanse of Manila Bay.

Dawson stood at the railing, watching the old fort and the Quartermaster sheds and storehouses on the south bank of the Pasig slide past as the steamer slowly descended towards the mouth of the river.

The young man had come to the Philippines a scant twelve months before, as agent of a well-known agricultural machinery firm in the United States. He had seen a good deal of the Islands since then, and was now on his way to the tobacco-growing region of northern Luzon.

John Dawson was an American, though born in India. His father, Frank Dawson, had hailed from the Kentucky mountains; but had left when a mere boy, having killed a man in a feud. He had worked for a year or two on boats on the Mississippi River and had finally drifted into New Orleans. Unable to resist the powerful attraction of the mysterious countries beyond the sea, the young mountaineer had shipped on a sailing vessel for the Far East. His brain, instead of being stunted by the life his father and grandfather had led in the remote, wild Pentecost Valley, where he was born, was thus developed by travel. He met men of education who took an interest in the sturdy, silent youth, and from them he borrowed books or bought them under their guidance. Finally a passenger who was going to India to engage in business there offered him employment, and the young American accepted. Frank Dawson prospered exceedingly in Pondicherry, where he settled and ended by marrying a French girl. John Dawson, the only son of the couple, lost his mother when he was fourteen years old, and his father two years after.

At sixteen years of age he found himself alone in the world, with a small income more than sufficient to keep a young man of simple tastes. He then carried out his long-cherished plan to visit the mountains where his father was born. But young Dawson was disenchanted, as was to be expected. On the second day in Pentecost Valley, his hat was shot off his head. The young man was known to be a Dawson; but some of the moonshiners evidently thought he was a government spy and had chosen to adopt what they considered to be the safest course for themselves. Dawson's great-aunt Susan, who had taken a great fancy to "Frank's boy," as she called him, begged him to leave the country.

John was not ready to commit suicide and the valley had no attractions for him. When he came to the little hut where Aunt Susan was living, to bid her good-bye, the old woman, after making sure that they were not being watched, removed a stone from behind the fireplace and drew out a little tinder-box.

"Johnny, my boy," the old woman said, "you have a lot of kinfolks here in the valley but you are the last by the name of Dawson. Our menfolks were all wiped out in

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the big feud and the war. I am getting pretty old and I reckon it won't be long before they will take me to the graveyard over yonder. I have an old family keepsake here which I don't want to fall into the hands of those good-for-nothing boys of Hank's or Dave's. It is a ring that belonged to my grandfather, your great-great-grandfather, Johnny, who came to the Pentecost Valley with the first settlers. My old pappy often used to speak of him; he told me my grandfather had been a big man back in the old country but had had to leave; I reckon he killed some one in a feud, like your father did. He was killed by the Indians when he was on the way east to join Lafayette in 1775; he must have been about sixty-five then. A fighter from way back, my pappy said, but close-mouthed. He passed for a Scotchman but wasn't one. The old man used to disappear for months at a time and then come back with some warning of an Indian attack. It was he who gave this ring to my father, who then passed it on to my brother, and when my brother was mortally wounded in the big feud about five years after the War, and your father had to run away because he had killed one of those no-account Garner boys, my brother gave me that ring to hand it to Frank when he got back. But he never came back, and so I give the ring to you. Here it is."

The young man took the box and opened it. In it he found a heavy gold ring, with an onyx engraved with the square, compasses, gavel, and trowel.

"A Masonic ring!" he exclaimed. "Father was a Mason and I intend to become one when I am twenty-one. It must be in the blood!"

Since then, the ring had been one of John Dawson's most prized possessions. It was too heavy for ordinary wear; but he often wore it on Masonic occasions. An expert who examined the ring told him that it was of French workmanship and dated back to the middle of the 18th century.

After leaving the Kentucky mountains, young Dawson, through an inn-keeper whom he had met, a Mason, sent from time to time presents to Aunt Susan until he was informed that she had died.

Dawson was leaning over the rail, thinking of his brief stay in the home of his ancestors, when, suddenly, he felt a presence behind him. Facing about, he looked into the dark, piercing eyes of the Indian. He knew the type.

"I must beware of those eyes," was his mental comment. "They are dangerous. I shall be on my guard."

As it was, he came near addressing the man in Hindustani which he spoke like a native.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said the Indian, in faultless English. "I am Dr. Kheamal. I understand that you occupy the cabin to which the *mayordomo* has assigned me. I hope I shall not incommode you."

Dawson assured the Indian that he did not mind his

presence in the cabin in the least, as he would be on deck most of the time, anyway. Dr. Kheamal seemed to be pleased.

"I, on the other hand, shall be much in the cabin," he said, "reading and listening to the astronomical clock entrusted to my care—a wonderful invention, Sir! If it should stop, I should be distracted!"

Dawson was on deck all evening, speaking to an elderly German who had been spending the best part of his life in the Cagayan valley as a tobacco planter and buyer. The German whom Dawson knew to be a Mason was an interesting character. He posted the young man about a good many of the people whom he was going to meet. Finally he asked: "Is Hendrick van Houten on your list?" Dawson answered in the negative.

"If you ever meet him, look out for him!" said the German. "He is fairly honest in business; but once he has made up his mind to have a thing, he does not rest until he gets it, by hook or by crook. And if you ever run afoul of him, you will rue it sooner or later. He is said to be as vindictive as any Malay."

Dawson had the steward put up a cot for him on the deck above and slept soundly all night while the boat was running along the west coast of the island of Luzon.

Next day, the sea was covered with white-caps and the steamer pitched quite a bit. Many of the deck-passengers were seasick. The Filipino women in the cabins on the port side had not appeared outside since the ship had left Manila Bay. The German and Dawson had the quarter-deck all to themselves. After a while, the Spanish captain, also a Mason, joined them. He knew the German well, and before long the two were engaged in a game of chess, which was followed by a whole series. Dawson sat in a corner with an interesting book, and before he knew it, evening had come.

Early in the morning of the next day, Dawson woke up from the noise of the cargo winch. The vessel was lying in a small harbor, discharging cargo into a number of lighters lying alongside of the ship. Just as the breakfast bell rang, the *Juan Pons* weighted anchor and steamed out of the little bay to buck the waves of the South China Sea once more.

Four hours later the steamer again approached the coast.

There was the usual background of mountains and agglomeration of huts of bamboo or lumber, thatched with the leaves of the nipa palm. A stone church and a group of more pretentious buildings belonging to the Tabacalera, the big Spanish tobacco company of the Philippines, raised the little port, Currimao, above the category of an ordinary hamlet.

When the boat anchored in the bay, Dawson felt that he did not care to go ashore to see these sights. Instead

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of that, he stayed on deck, reading and studying his Spanish grammar. A number of Ilocano women had come on board to sell home-woven dress goods, table linen, towels, and kerchiefs. Dawson's association with Orientals had given him a zest for bargaining. He enjoyed pitting his wit against that of the shrewd native girls and women, and the latter did not mind being beaten at their own game by the pleasant-spoken, good-looking *Americano*.

Before he knew it, Dawson found himself in possession of three silk kerchiefs, two embroidered chemises, two bath towels, a pair of slippers, and a complete native woman's costume, consisting of waist, skirt, neckkerchief, and *tapis*. The costume he intended to mail to a charming little friend in the United States whom he had promised a souvenir from the Islands, a promise which he had completely forgotten and which the sight of the goods so temptingly displayed by the women had brought back to him.

"Ellen is exactly the size and build of that pretty Ilocano girl from whom I bought the dress and who says it was made to fit a girl like herself, and I bet it will fit her without necessity of any change. Won't she be delighted when she gets it!" The young man smiled at the thought of the budding southern beauty in the picturesque garb of a Filipina.

Gathering up his treasures, he went to his cabin. Dr. Kheamal was lying on his berth, fast asleep.

Dawson had nearly finished packing when the Indian stirred and opened his eyes. "What time is it, Mr. Dawson, please?" he asked, rubbing his eyes.

"Half past three, doctor," answered the American.

The Indian seemed upset. "My word," he exclaimed, "I should have gone ashore long ago. I have a telegram to send." Jumping out of the berth, he reached for his shoes, while Dawson discreetly stepped out of the cabin.

Ensnored in his corner on the quarter-deck, Dawson

did not see the Indian leave or return. There were many *bancas* hanging about the ship, waiting for passengers, and as the ship's launch was ashore, the Indian probably used one of them. Night falls early in the Philippines, and at seven o'clock, when the *Juan Pons* left the little harbor, it was already pitch dark.

Dawson had turned in early; but at ten o'clock he woke up. It was blowing and raining and he concluded that to stay on deck was out of the question. The vessel labored hard in the heavy sea kicked up by the N. E. monsoon. The little captain came towards the poop just as Dawson, gathering up his bedding, was about to go below.

"I came to warn you, Mr. Dawson," he said, "but I see you got ahead of me. In an hour or so we shall have rather nasty weather off Cape Bojeador. By the way, what has become of your fellow-passenger? The cabin-boy tells me he is not in your cabin nor anywhere else on board."

Dawson shook his head. "I am sure I don't know, captain. He went ashore towards five o'clock and I have not seen him since. He must have missed the boat. *Buenas noches!*" Battling against the howling wind, the young man descended the stairs leading down to the main deck. As he approached his cabin, he narrowly escaped being drenched by the spray of a wave that swept past. Pushing open the cabin door, he entered. The wind was blowing in through the open sky-light and the curtain of the upper berth was flapping about wildly. There was no sign of the Indian anywhere, though his grip and the case were still there. Dawson turned in and was soon fast asleep.

Throughout the night, the wind blew a gale and the little steamer plowed her way through heavy seas. The young man slept through it all. The temperature had gone down considerably, and he woke up much later than

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usual. It was nearly eight o'clock. The ship was pitching very little, though the wind was whistling and shrieking overhead. Just as Dawson was about to jump out of bed, he heard the rattle of the anchor-chain.

"Anchoring?" he muttered. "But we are not due at Aparri till ten o'clock."

When he opened his cabin-door and stepped outside, the breeze nearly ripped his pajamas off him. The *Juan Pons* was anchored near an island. Several small buildings, evidently warehouses, were visible on shore, and in a coconut-grove nearby the iron roof of a house could be seen. A fence was running over the bare, grass-covered hills behind the little settlement.

The *mayordomo*, coming out of the little dining-room nearby, lifted his cap to the passenger.

"*Muy malo, Señor,*" he said. "The norther is very bad, and as the Aparri pilot cannot cross the bar in such weather, we have run in here for shelter. This Babuyan Channel is at times as rough as the Bay of Bizcay."

"But tell me, where are we?" asked the young man.

"That is Fuga Island over there, with Marasigan's cattle ranch. Poor enough cattle, Señor; but there is a lot of it. We are perfectly safe here to the leeward of Fuga; you will perceive that the boat hardly rolls at all now. And isn't it cool? Nothing like hot old Manila."

Dawson quickly withdrew into his cabin; it was really cold outside, with the sharp breeze blowing through his silk pajamas. He put on an O. D. shirt and khakie trousers, and soon he enjoyed his breakfast.

The day was old, with occasional rain-squalls. There was not much doing on board. The ship's officers did not seem to care for fishing; they even had no tackle on board.

Instead of having a fine day's sport, Dawson had to spend most of his time in the chart-house, reading or watching the tremendous surf running mountain-high on the

small islands which, together with Fuga, confine Musa Bay. The German had left the steamer at Currimao, and the lady passengers had not shown themselves outside of their cabins since the steamer had sailed from that port.

The second day in Musa Bay was like the first, only the rain squalls were less frequent, and once or twice the sun peeped through the clouds. The ship's officers, who had taken a great liking to Dawson, kept him company throughout the day. They told him that the worst of the *nortada* was over and that the ship would sail early in the morning and cross the Cagayan River bar at Aparri about 8 00 a. m.

Nine o'clock in the evening it was so cool that Dawson thought he might as well turn in. He was tired of reading and the ship's officers had retired, except the one on watch. Thanks to the open skylight and the breeze, the cabin was airy and cool.

Bolting the door, the young man sat down on the couch and began to unlace his boots. All was quiet and the ticking of the clock under the berth was plainly audible. Suddenly the young man paused and listened. There was a sound of scratching under the berth.

"These vessels are full of rats," he thought.

But he listened again. The scratching became more pronounced and then Dawson heard a moan. It surely came from the clock case!

The young man was brave, but the thing was so uncanny that he could not repress a shiver. The moaning continued. With a sudden resolution, Dawson got up, seized one of the rope handles and pulled the case from under the berth. The top was fastened with six wing-screws set deep in the lid. Quickly, Dawson unscrewed one after the other and swung the lid open.

He shrank back with an exclamation of surprise.

There, in the case, which was upholstered on all sides like a coffin, lay a girl! She looked sixteen or seventeen



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and was very beautiful, with dark hair, delicate features, and large, expressive eyes, now wide open with terror and fright.

"What has happened?" she asked excitedly, in French. "Where am I? Where is my father? Why have they bound me?"

It was only then that Dawson perceived that the girl's body was secured against the sides and bottom of the case by broad bands which prevented her from moving. Quickly he reached for his pocket-knife.

"I shall release you immediately, *mademoiselle*," he said, in French. "I have not the least idea of how you got into this box; all I can tell you is that you are now on board of a steamer bound for Aparri and that this box was brought on board by Dr. Kheamal, an East Indian."

The girl uttered a suppressed scream. "*Mon Dieu*," she exclaimed, "this is Mr. van Houten's work! Please release me, *monsieur*. Where is that Dr. Kheamal?"

"The doctor evidently missed the boat at Currimao, the last port where the ship called. He pretended to be much worried about this case and said it contained a valuable clock which he had to deliver personally in Tuguegarao. We left Manila on Sunday and this is Thursday evening. This means, *mademoiselle*, that you have been over four days in this box." Solicitously, he helped the young girl to rise. She swayed; but Dawson caught her. Gently, he laid her on the lower berth. She was a small, dainty creature.

"I feel faint," the girl murmured, pressing her hand to her heart.

Dawson poured a glass of water from his thermos bottle, put a dash of brandy into it and placed it against the pale lips. The girl drank eagerly.

"*Merci, monsieur*," she gasped.

A moment or two she looked at him curiously, then, suddenly, her eyes widened with horror.

"Oh, *monsieur*," she said, "I only now begin to realize my situation here. I am in your cabin, all alone with you and hardly clothed! *Mon Dieu*, what will people say?"

Dawson tried to console her. "Don't worry, *mademoiselle*," he said. "Everything will be done to keep people from finding out. To avoid all gossip, I shall smuggle you ashore some way or the other. I know good people in Aparri who will take excellent care of you. My name is John Dawson and my reputation is not worse than that of the next man."

The young girl, reassured, smiled. "I am Yvonne d'Auzon," she explained, "the only daughter of Vicomte d'Auzon, a Frenchman who is in business in Manila. I was born on the island of Java; but was educated in France. Now, please tell me how am I going to get ashore dressed as I am."

Dawson realized that a silk kimono and chemise are not the most suitable attire for a girl on leaving an inter-island steamer in the Philippines. For a moment he looked perplexed, then, suddenly, he exclaimed: "I must have been inspired when I bought that dress at Currimao. It will just fit you. Anyway, I shall place it and my own wardrobe at your disposal. Take whatever you require; I am sure you will be able to make out all right."

He opened his grip. "I shall give you exactly an hour, *Mademoiselle d'Auzon*," he continued, "As you see, it is now 10:15 on the clock which the doctor fastened to the foot of this case in order to make his story of the astronomical clock more plausible. At 11:15 I shall report back for orders. There is a box of biscuits, too, if you should be in need of food. Will that be all right?"

The girl held out both hands to Dawson. Her eyes filled with tears. "*Monsieur Dawson*," she said, with tremulous voice, "you are so good, so considerate to me. I am an inexperienced girl and do not know if I am not

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acting all wrong; but I believe I can trust you implicitly. I shall do exactly as you say. My brain and my bringing-up counsel me to lock the door against you; but my instinct tells me that you are a man to be trusted. Until an hour later, then."

Dawson stepped out on deck and went up the stairs with his brain in a whirl. Was he awake or dreaming? He felt like returning to his cabin to see if that lovely face with the eloquent black eyes was not a hallucination after all.

Leaning over the rail, Dawson looked out into the inky darkness that lay over the sea. No light was visible. The deep boom of the surf against the rocks of the little island on the port side and the occasional raucous cry of a sea bird were the only noises that broke the silence of the night.

The young man's brain was busy. He had the girl in his cabin to think of and plan for. How to smuggle her ashore without anyone being the wiser was a difficult problem; but he soon found a solution. He knew that a number of young ladies would come on board to receive the two popular Aparri girls who had so persistently stayed in their cabin. In the bustle and confusion, it would not be difficult for Mademoiselle d'Auzon, dressed as a Filipina, to mix with the crowd and leave on one of the boats waiting to convey the passengers ashore.

Once ashore, he would take her to the mission hospital. Dr. James, the surgeon in charge and Master of the local Lodge, was expecting him, and Dawson was sure that the doctor and his good wife would receive the lovely young

stranger with open arms. A telegram to Manila to the girl's father would do the rest.

At last the hour was over. Dawson went down the stairs and knocked lightly at the door. A low "Entrez!" was the answer.

When the young man entered the cabin, he saw, in the dim light of the curtained lamp what looked like a dainty, pretty Spanish *mestiza*. With a look of admiration he said: "Perfect! I am sure we shall get ashore without any difficulty. How did you manage?"

The girl looked half embarrassed, half amused. "I had to borrow some of your own things," she answered, with a blush. But I beg your pardon; I must lie down. I still feel dizzy and my head aches."

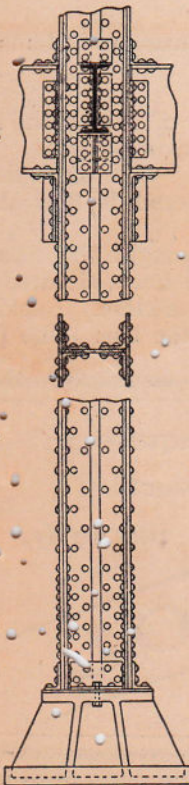
Dawson helped her to bed and sat down beside her, on one of the folding chairs with which the cabin was equipped.

"Turn out the light please. Thank you. Now I shall tell you what happened." The girl spoke in a whisper, because two of the deck passengers were passing in front of the cabin.

"Sunday afternoon, after feeling indisposed all forenoon, I suddenly became ill. It was one fit of dizziness after another and an irresistible desire to sleep. I had just taken a hot bath and attributed my condition to that fact. My father was not at home; and Ignacio, our servant, went out to look for him, while Anastasia, the laundress, stayed with me. I undressed and laid down, then everything became blurred. The last thing I remember seeing

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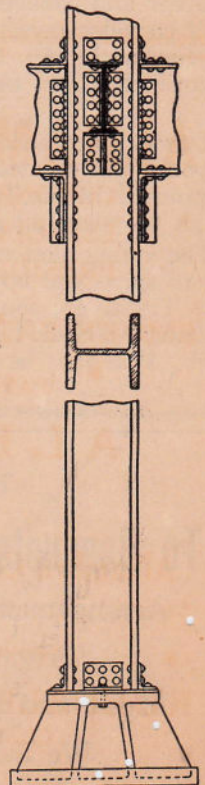
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is the face of that Hindoo doctor. He had been at the house early that morning to see my father and had on that occasion shown me some gems he had in his pocket, while my father was getting ready to go out with him. I am convinced that he had something to do with my illness."

Dawson nodded his head. "He either mesmerized you or put you into a cataleptic condition some other way. I presume he had the box prepared beforehand. But how in the world did he get you out of the house?"

"I only weigh eighty pounds, you know," said the girl. "Our house stands in a big garden in Paco, and Dr. Kheamal, who is much stronger than he looks, could easily have gotten me out of my window and over the garden wall, into the house on the other side, which was vacant and where he probably had the box in readiness. I have an idea Anastasia was in the plot; perhaps he hypnotized her."

The young man looked puzzled. "But what would be the doctor's object in kidnapping you?" he asked.

"I know who is behind this," answered the girl. "Up in the Cagayan Valley there lives a rich tobacco planter, a Dutchman by the name of van Houten. This man met me in Manila a few months ago and asked my father for my hand. His wealth and the fact that he is a scion of a noble family inclined my father in his favor; but I had taken a dislike to the man the moment I saw him, and van Houten had to leave without me. Now, Monsieur Dawson, this is where my mother comes in. Mother is twenty years younger than father, and a beautiful woman. When I was only eight years old she deserted us and is now still living with her lover, a Spanish tobacco buyer in the Cagayan Valley. The Spaniard is no longer a rich man, and my mother loves money. I am sure that, blinded by van Houten's gold, she consented to this desperate attempt to get me into her power. Van Houten evidently thinks my mother can influence me better than my father and believes that on my arrival in Tuguegarao I shall consider myself compromised and shall accept him as a husband. Ah, *monsieur*, they don't know Yvonne d'Auzon! But, tell me, what must I do to-morrow morning?"

Dawson proceeded to explain his plan of campaign. The young girl seemed delighted with it. "You shan't be disappointed in me," she assured him. "I shall carry it through to your full satisfaction."

The young man rose. "*Mademoiselle*," he said, "I am going to leave you now to snatch a few hours sleep up on deck. Try to get some sleep yourself. To-morrow morning about 6 o'clock I shall come back to prepare for going ashore. Will that be all right?"

The young girl answered in the affirmative. She softly whispered "Sleep well, *monsieur*," as Dawson, carrying his blanket and pillow, stepped out of the cabin.

The young man had no trouble in going to sleep; but about three o'clock in the morning he woke up. The *Juan Pons* was getting under way at last! Dawson managed to doze off again. At 6 o'clock he got up for good and presented himself at his cabin door. He found the door unlocked and the curtains of the lower berth drawn. As he was getting out his shaving things, a clear voice said from behind the curtains: "*Bonjour, monsieur*."

Dawson replied in kind. "I shall not trouble you very long," he consoled the girl. "Just the time necessary to perform my matutinal ablution, have a shave, and change clothes."

"All right," said the girl. "I shall lie with my face against the wall that long; but after that you will give me the exclusive use of the cabin for a while, won't you, Mr. Dawson?"

"I have ordered my breakfast brought into the cabin," answered Dawson. "I dare say you will be hungry, having had nothing to eat since Sunday except the few biscuits I gave you last night. As soon as the breakfast comes, I shall leave you alone. The pilot is coming on board in an hour to take the ship across the bar of the Rio Grande de Cagayan, at Aparri."

Dawson was just putting the finishing touches to his toilet when he heard a knock at the door. It was the cabin boy, carrying a tray with the young man's breakfast. Dawson took it from him and put it on the washstand, then he closed the door again.

There was a rattle of curtain-rings as the curtain of the lower berth was drawn back. The young girl was sitting up in bed, fully dressed. Her face was still pale; but it now wore a bright smile.

With a quick movement she rose. "Oh, this looks good to a hungry person," she half whispered. "Won't you leave me a little bite, Mr. Dawson?"

"Take it all, *mademoiselle*; a piece of toast and a banana is all I care for."

"*Merci, monsieur*."

When the young man stepped out of the cabin, the girl had already begun to attack the bacon and eggs.

"Poor thing," murmured Dawson. "All these days without food! What I cannot understand is how that delicate body could stand all this!"

At half past seven, a row-boat brought the Aparri pilot on board. The flat shore with the town, situated at the mouth of the mighty river, was quite close. Bucking the swift current, the steamer crossed the bar. The few

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lady passengers had appeared on deck in all their finery and were eagerly scanning the small flotilla of boats that was awaiting the arrival of the *Juan Pons*.

Dawson went down to his cabin. He found Made-meiselle d'Auzon sitting on the couch, waiting anxiously. The young man put a finger on his lips. "Now we have to be on the alert," he warned. "In a few moments a launch with a lot of women will be alongside, and as soon as you hear them pass in front of the cabin, you must slip out and mingle with them. They will take you for a passenger and the ship's people will take you for a girl from shore. Get on the same launch with them; I shall keep my eye on you and join you at the first opportunity. Do you think you can manage?"

A mischievous light flickered for a moment in the girl's eyes. "I know this is a serious matter," she replied, "but somehow I cannot help thinking that it is great sport."

"You are a brick, little girl!" said Dawson, admiringly. "Good luck." Taking his grip and mackintosh, he stepped outside.

"Don't enter the cabin," he warned the cabin-boy, who was coming in his direction, "or you will be held responsible if anything disappears from the Indian's baggage. Take my grip over to the hatch there and stay with it, will you?"

The big launch had come along side and a few moments later the quarter-deck was swarming with young women. Dawson noticed with great pleasure that the young French girl was among them, acting as naturally as could be, though the girls from the town looked admiringly and enviously at the same time at the charming stranger.

"Señor Dawson?" The young American turned around. "Captain? What can I do for you?"

The little Spaniard was excited. "Just imagine, Señor Dawson, the Indian who was your cabin-mate has been murdered in Currimao. The pilot told me they received a telegram in Aparri giving all the details. It seems that he went ashore to buy opium from a Chinese Mestizo. He got a tin and was on his way back to the steamer when the native boatman, who had a grudge against the Mestizo and guessed the purpose of the doctor's visit, warned him that he had better examine the stuff in the tin, as the Mestizo was a cheat. The doctor opened the tin and found that it contained molasses instead of opium. He immediately went back, and it seems that there was a violent altercation between him and the Mestizo, which ended by the latter slipping a knife into him."

"Poor fellow," said Dawson, "I knew something serious had happened to him. Had you not better look after his things? There is the big case with the clock and the valise, which I have left on the couch."

"I am going to look after everything myself," answered the captain. "I don't want to have any trouble with the police. If I should not see you again, *adios, señor*, and good luck to you!"

(To be continued)

Gathered from Various Sources

Each In His Own Tongue

By WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH

A fire-mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell—
Then a sense of law and beauty
And a face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The rich ripe tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high—
And all over the uplands and lowland
The charm of the goldenrod—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in—
Come from the mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot has trod—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty—
A mother starved for her brood—
Socrates drinking the hemlock
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight hard pathway plod—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

—Exchange.

Earliest Known Account of a Masonic Funeral

The earliest known account of a Masonic funeral appeared in the London *Daily Post* of 2nd June, 1739, giving details of the funeral of Dr. James Anderson, D.D., compiler of the Constitutions of 1723 and 1738.

Dr. Anderson died on 28th May, 1739, and the newspaper account referred to reads:

"Last Night, was interr'd in Bunhill-Fields, the Corpse of Dr. Anderson, a Dissenting Teacher, in a very remarkable deep Grave. His Pall was supported by five Dissenting Teachers, and the Rev. Dr. Desaguliers. It was follow'd by about a Dozen of Free-Masons, who encircled the Grave; and after Dr. Earle had harrangued on the Uncertainty of Life, etc., without one Word of the Deceased, the Brethren, in a most solemn dismal Posture, lifted up their Hands, sigh'd, and struck their Aprons three times in Honour to the Deceased."—*The Masonic Journal of South Africa*.

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Examination of Visitors

What are the duties of an examination committee? Are they expected to propound all of the interrogatories? A Brother recently told us that there was one Lodge which he did not propose to visit again and that was one in which the committee examined him on each of the questions contained in the three degrees. He said that naturally he was quite embarrassed as it had been several years since he had been made a Mason and that he had forgotten the exact answer to some of the questions. He enjoyed visiting lodges in the different cities which he made as a traveling salesman and was qualified to make himself known as a Mason. And that was all that any examining committee need do—properly satisfy themselves that the Brother seeking to visit the Lodge was a Mason. It is unnecessary for all the questions to be asked and it should be a strict rule to give every visiting Brother a hearty welcome and address him as a Brother until he may be found to be an impostor.—*Masonic News, Peoria, Ill.*

Proud To Be A Mason

Every Mason ought to be proud that he is one, because it makes him that much more of a true man. To be proud of being a Mason is commendable, particularly if the pride is of the right sort. Some travel a long way up, and yet are not very high Masons after all. They may have degree knowledge, but precious little of the old baptism. They are proud of being Masons because of its personal honor, and yet they make no effort to build up the institution itself. What it has done for them they are well pleased with, but what they do for it is sometimes very little.

One who is a true Mason is a citizen of the world, for travel where he may, he will find many fellow citizens—men who will know him—men who will fraternize with him. He will find himself among the royal blood of humanity—the finished gentlemen of the rarest chastity. They may be rough clad, yet they are noble men, well worthy of any man's recognition—any man's grip. The Mason of thought, of soul, of dignity, integrity, and honor has a right to be proud of his Masonry.—*Masonic Bulletin.*

Criticism

The easiest thing in the world is to criticize someone else; the hardest thing to pick flaws in your own actions and conduct.

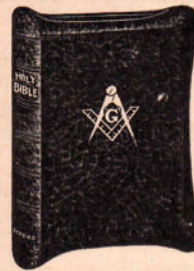
Before you talk about your friend's fault, be sure that you have given yourself "the up and down and once over" and have found that you are perfect. If you are not one hundred per cent prepared, for your friend will retaliate.

When you have corrected all your faults and still feel that you should correct your friend, tell him a better way to act, and do it kindly. No sensible man will object to gentle, constructive criticism.

Most of our faults are faults of thoughtlessness—we do things without thinking; we say things without thinking and then we are surprised when some sensitive soul is offended.

The square-jawed fellow can take a blow without flinching, but we all haven't square jaws, and we are crushed and beaten by the blow. When we speak of blows, we are not referring to actual physical violence, but to words. Our little thoughtless words and acts are what hurt the other fellow. When this unfortunate person gets a blow, he may not say a word; he may even smile; but the hurt is there, way down deep, and his heart aches. If we always paused a moment before we spoke, how easy it would be for brothers to dwell together in peace and harmony.—*Square and Compass.*

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Martyred President McKinley's Story of How He Was Induced to Become A Mason

(The following account is taken from an address by General Horatio C. King, made at a banquet in New York City, in memory of McKinley's birthday)

I was initiated into Winchester Lodge by special dispensation, taking the three degrees within two or three weeks. In this connection I may state also, that President McKinley was initiated about a month later in the same lodge. He was in the army of the Shenandoah, though I did not know him. I was a major and he a captain. I ranked him then, but he got the start of me after our return to civil life. By the way, I had a very pleasant interview with him a few days before his second inauguration.

Spending an evening with him at the White House, the conversation turned on Masonry, and he told that he had been invited to attend a meeting of the Winchester Lodge in their new and beautiful building, built, I believe, by the generous co-operation of our former fellow citizen, Charles Broadway Rous. He said he meant to accept, and expressed the hope that I would accompany him. Alas! the trip was made impossible by his foul and dastardly murder. I asked him how he happened to become a Mason.

"It was in this way," he replied. "After the battle of the Opequan, I went with the surgeon of our Ohio regiment to the field where there were about 5,000 Confederate prisoners under guard. I noticed that the doctor shook hands cordially with a number of Confederate prisoners. He also took from his pocket a roll of bills and distributed all he had among them. Boylike, I looked on in wonderment; I didn't know what it meant. On the way back to our camp I asked him: 'Did you know these men or ever see them before?' 'No,' replied the doctor, 'I never saw them before.' 'But how did you know them, and why did you give them money?' I asked. 'They are Masons, and we Masons have ways of finding out.' 'But,' I persisted, 'you gave them a lot of money, all you had about you. Do you ever expect to get it back?' 'Well,' said the doctor, 'if they are ever able to pay it back, they will. But it makes no difference to me; they are brother Masons in trouble, and I am only doing my duty.'

I said to myself, 'If that is Masonry I will take some of it myself.' (Applause.) He continued speaking in glowing terms of Masonry, and added that he had never failed to keep up his active membership in the Canton Lodge to which he took a dimit from the old Winchester Lodge. He anticipated with great pleasure the visit which was to be entirely informal, and to have a very delightful revival of the old army days and the associations of that eventful period."—(Indiana Freemason.)

LODGE NEWS

Only Lodge news of more than usual interest will be published in this section, such as Grand Lodge visitations, special meetings with interesting features, changes of meeting place or day, presentations, installations, etc. Secretaries or other Brethren submitting matter for this column should leave out all unnecessary details, like lists of names, etc., our space being limited. Such news letters will be "boiled down" and edited, as most communications have to be. Remember that the editor, though a busy man, does not mind going to a little trouble to make matter submitted publishable. But don't send accounts of mere degree work or other routine work or doings of little interest to readers not belonging to your Lodge.—L. F., Editor.

From Pilar Lodge No. 15, Imus, Cavite

The officers and members of Pilar Lodge No. 15 gave a picnic at Montalban on Sunday morning, May 19th, in honor of Bros. Marciano Sayoc, Secretary, Doctor Pastor Sapinoso, Junior Warden, and Doctor Alfredo Saqui, Senior Steward.

The party, which left Imus for Montalban at about 7:30 A. M., arrived at Montalban about 10:10 and was hospitably and cordially received by Bro. Quintin Cueto, a member of Silanganan Lodge No. 19, who is in charge of the Montalban dam. After sight-seeing, the party returned to the pavilion where dinner was served by Bro. and Mrs. Domingo Reyes, to the satisfaction of all. After dinner a meeting was held by the members only, and at 2:20 P. M. the party left Montalban, arriving at Imus nearly 5:00 P.M.

Everybody enjoyed the picnic, especially the Brethren in whose honor the picnic was given. It showed the masonic spirit, brotherly love, and harmony existing between the members of Pilar Lodge No. 15. Unfortunately Bro. Doctor Sapinoso was not able to attend the picnic, as he was not feeling well.

From Banahaw Lodge No. 24, F. & A. M.

A memorable meeting was held by this Lodge on April 20th, last, when the third degree was conferred upon two Fellow Crafts of Banahaw

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The following Official Price List of Blanks, Supplies, etc., for sale at the offices of the Grand Secretary and the CABLETOW, Room No. 524, Masonic Temple, Escolta, Manila, P. I., is hereby published for the information and guidance of all concerned.

Attention is invited to the fact that with regard to the sale of these documents and forms, paragraph 47 of our Grand Lodge Constitution provides that "In no case shall any of the foregoing documents be issued until the fees therefor shall have been paid to the Grand Secretary":

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History of Bagumbayan Lodge No. 4.....	1.50

No. 24, Bros. Antonio E. Marquez and Fernando Aguilar. An English team, headed by Wor. Bro. Victoriano Tañafranca, P. M. of Balintawak Lodge No. 28, conferred the degree on Bro. Marquez, while a Spanish team, headed by Wor. Bro. Francisco Desembrana, did the same for Bro. Aguilar. Refreshments were served between the first and second sections. The Lodge closed a quarter after midnight and the members repaired to the home of Bro. Diego Ortiz, where supper was served.

From Sarangani Lodge No. 50, Davao

Most Worshipful Seldon W. O'Brien, Grand Master, accompanied by Wor. Bro. Ramon Mendoza, Assistant Grand Secretary, arrived here at dawn on Monday, April 22, 1929. A large number of Brethren, headed by Wor. Bro. Juan M. Ramos, met them at the wharf. They proceeded immediately to the Lodge where they examined the accounts and minutes of the lodge. Then they were entertained by Wor. Bro. Feliciano Inigo, Past Master, in his residence. At 2:00 P. M. they motored to Daliao, a distance of 22 km. from Davao, where they were entertained at the home of Bro. Juan de la Cruz. At 8:00 P. M., lodge being opened in the third degree, they were officially received in the lodge room and conducted to a seat in the East. The Most Wor. Grand Master delivered an impressive speech. He said, among other things, that as Grand Master, it was his intention, if possible, to visit all the lodges under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge and see personally to their respective needs. In his address of welcome, Wor. Bro. Juan M. Ramos thanked the Grand Master for his visit to Sarangani Lodge. Wor. Bro. Celestino Chaves, Past Master, in the course of his speech, thanked the Grand Master for his valuable instructions, and assured him that his visit would serve as a stimulus to the members of Sarangani Lodge. After labor, the Grand Master and the visiting brethren were entertained in the refreshment hall of the lodge. At 10:00 A. M. of the following day, the Grand Master and the members of Sarangani Lodge and some of the sojourning Brethren had a picture taken in the Osmeña Park, in front of the Provincial Building. At 3:00 p. m. of the same day, the Grand Master and party sailed for Manila. Most Wor. Seldon W. O'Brien is the first Grand Master to visit this lodge for many years. The Brethren hope that his visit will be followed by a yearly visit of the Grand Master hereafter.

From Pintong-Bato Lodge No. 51, F. & A. M., Bacoor

Pintong-Bato Lodge celebrated the tenth anniversary of its constitution by a picnic enjoyed by its members, their families, and visitors at Pintong-Bato, the historical place at the barrio of San Nicolas, Bacoor, after which the Lodge was named. The party left the Bacoor Masonic Temple at half past nine o'clock in the morning of Sunday, April 28th, and arrived at Pintong-Bato an hour later. Joy was unconfined after that and the participants in the picnic whiled away the day sight-seeing, bathing in the river, eating fruit, and partaking of the roast suckling pigs and other delicacies provided by the committee.

The Lodge, under the presidency of Wor. Bro. Higinio Sarino, with Bros. Juan Legaspi and Eugenio Padua as Wardens, Wor. Bro. Julian Cruz Balmaseda as Treasurer, and Bro. Honorio R. Cuevas as Secretary, looks back with pride on the decade of hard work and creditable achievements that lies behind it.

From Bud Daho Lodge No. 102, Jolo, Sulu

On Saturday evening, April 20th, Bud Daho Lodge No. 102 held a special meeting in its Hall for the purpose of receiving the Most Wor. Bro. Seldon W. O'Brien, Grand Master of Masons of the Philippine Islands, and Very Wor. Bro. Ramon Mendoza, Assistant Grand Secretary, who accompanied him. The Marshal, Bro. Manuel Escudero, escorted them to the East and after welcoming the visitors, Wor. Master Julian Pilares turned over the gavel to Most Wor. Bro. O'Brien,

who, after a few words of thanks, returned the gavel to the Master. The Fellow Craft Degree was thereupon conferred upon Bro. Go Ah Chee, an E. A. of this Lodge.

The lecture was delivered by Bro. José M. Burdeos and the charge was read by the Most Wor. Grand Master. After the conferring of the degree, the Most Wor. Grand Master expressed his satisfaction with the manner in which Bud Daho Lodge 102 conducts its business and degree work. The visiting brethren and members of this Lodge then listened to an eloquent speech by the Most Wor. Bro. Seldon W. O'Brien, regarding Masonry and its purpose. Wor. Master Julian Pilares thanked the Most Wor. Grand Master for honoring the Lodge with his official visit. After closing the Lodge, refreshments were served in the Lodge dining room. About midnight, the illustrious visitors left on the S.S. *Sirius* for Davao, for the purpose of visiting the Brethren there.

Personals

Items for publication in this column should be submitted not later than the 20th of the month. Secretaries sending personals for publication should omit congratulations, thanks, and matter suited for a Lodge bulletin, but not for a paper going to all the Masons of the Islands. Stale news and items of exclusively local interest will not be published. Report births, serious illness, and deaths in immediate family of Masons, marriages, promotions, changes of station or occupation, honors, letters from absent Brethren with greetings, trips abroad, and similar news. Secretaries of Lodges publishing bulletins should send the latter to the CABLETOW immediately upon publication, or make an extra copy of the personal when preparing the bulletin for the printer and send it to the CABLETOW.—L. F. Pitor.

Manila No. 1.—Bro. Perry L. Mutchlan writes from Jolo thanking the Lodge for the honor of electing him to membership by affiliation. Bro. E. R. Wilson, writing from San Juan, Porto Rico, says "Since I cannot get back to the beloved Philippines, I am glad to be in a station of somewhat similar climate".

Bro. Charles B. Spruitt is now at Carlisle Barracks, Pa.

Bro. Charles H. Stephan has returned to Seoul, Chosen, after a six months holiday in the States.

Bro. Frederick W. Bender is leaving Peking for Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Bro. William Barker, on the U. S. S. *Pittsburgh* in Shanghai, hopes to be with us later this year.

Bro. Walter E. Wilson, in Melbourne, also expects to be in Manila this year.

Bro. Jos. C. Thomas from Helena, Montana, writes: "Best regards to all. Would like to send you about four feet of our snow for a few yards of your sunshine."

Bro. Paul L. Lambert, whose courage surmounts the obstacle of broken health, sends us greetings with the reminder that in spite of their misfortune, he and Mrs. Lambert find happiness in Phoenix, Arizona.

From Fort Benning, Ga., comes word of Wor. Bro. C. T. Alder, Bros. B. M. McFadyen and C. B. Wescott.

Expressions of regards and remembrance to the Officers and Members come with the all above messages, and also from

Bro. W. H. Harstedt
Bro. John G. Kellogg
Bro. J. B. Kemper
Bro. Frank O. Maxwell
Bro. C. M. Spears
Bro. Frank Pittman
Bro. H. W. Hemple

While on a business trip to Occidental Negros, Wor. Bro. Schipull

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THE CABLETOW

took occasion to look up Bro. F. E. Hedrick.

The wife of Bro. Samuel H. Deebel who had a traffic accident in April has completely recovered from her injuries.

Bro. F. E. Hedrick arrived in Manila, from Iloilo, on May 5th. Upon his arrival, he was conveyed to St. Luke's Hospital where he is still under treatment. Mrs. Hedrick, who brought her husband up from Iloilo, arrived from the United States in April, having been summoned by cable when her husband suffered a paralytic stroke in March. Bro. Hedrick is improving.

Bro. S. R. Hawthorne cables from the United States praising the good work that our Brethren Osias, Roxas, and Alunan are doing in Washington in defense of Philippine commercial and industrial interests.

Corregidor No. 3.—Wor. Bro. John McFarlane Sampson was in Manila for a few days and regretted deeply that he could not remain over for our May stated meeting to greet the Brethren in person. He is now at Rio Guinobatan, Masbate.

Wor. Bro. Geo. P. Bradford has left for the United States to be away on vacation and business for about 5 months.

Bro. Carl G. Clifford, Life Member of this Lodge, recently returned to Manila.

Bro. Siegfried Guggenheim, writing from No. 1245 W. Ocean Boulevard, Long Beach, California, sends greetings to all the Brethren.

Bro. Herman Yaras, now in Los Angeles, writes that he longs to visit old Corregidor Lodge again and sends best regards to all his friends in the Lodge.

Bro. Paul W. Mack is congratulated on having recently taken to himself a better half.

Bro. Verne E. Miller and Mrs. Miller left on May 22nd on the *President Hayes* for a stay of seven or eight months in the United States.

Bagumbayan No. 4.—Bros. Feliciano Paterno and Fausto Gonzales sailed for the United States on May 8th.

Bro. Bernardo Palma entered the hospital for an operation on May 8th.

Bro. Victoriano Elicaño has been appointed member of the Board of Examiners for the Profession of Mining Engineer by Department Order No. 88, Department of Commerce and Communications, dated April 25th.

Bros. Francisco Benitez and Florentino Cayco have been designated to represent the Philippine Islands at the International Teachers' Conference at Geneva, Switzerland.

The widow and orphans of our late Brother Kleber U. Pool, who died on April 1st, are now at Santa Ana with friends.

Bro. Rufino Abriol has recently been appointed member of the Board of Medical Examiners to hold office for a period of five years from April 15, 1929, to April 15, 1934.

We are in receipt of a letter from Bro. Eduardo Montenegro who is now a successful attorney-at-law at Dumaguete, Oriental Negros, and who sends greetings to the members of old Bagumbayan.

The Secretary received a letter from Bro. Charles D. Howenstine, enclosing a remittance for his dues. Bro. Howenstine was ill for quite a while but now reports himself in good health. He sends greetings to the brethren and gives his address as Lock 4, Pennsylvania.

Bro. Vicente A. Navarro writes from the Medfield State Hospital, Harding, Massachusetts, that he and his wife are longing to be in Manila but that they are both enjoying good health. Their daughter Sophie is finishing the fifth grade. Bro. Navarro sends his greetings to the brethren. He reports having visited Tuscan Lodge No. 126 at Hartford, Connecticut, where he saw the third degree conferred in full form.

Bro. Paulino Vytiaco sends his best regards to the brethren and reports that he is now back at Bulan, Sorsogon.

Among the delegates to the Teachers Annual Meeting held in Zamboanga were Bro. Francisco Benitez and Bro. Matias P. Perez.

Island Lodge No. 5.—Brother Frederick J. M. Griggs is enjoying a well-earned leave of absence in China. Upon the termination of his leave he will depart for the United States.

Brother Sydney J. Vestey, of this Lodge, received the Third Degree of Masonry on March 28th in Bay Shore Lodge No. 1043 of New York.

Brother Dabney McDonald of Salt Lake City, Utah, sends greetings to the brethren of Island Lodge.

Greetings and dues have been received from the following brethren in the homeland:

Samuel C. Vestal, Washington, D.C.
Engman A. Andersen, Washington, D.C.
Chester H. Jackson, Sand Springs, Okla.
Charles C. Rutson, St. Louis, Mo.
Clarence J. Neudecker, St. Louis, Mo.
Anthony De Caristo, Fresno, Calif.
Russell W. Welshans, Glendale, Calif.
Francis B. Rivers, Denver, Colorado.
Clyde B. Ely, Cincinnati, Ohio.
George D. Davidson, Fort Monroe, Va.

Biak-na-Bato No. 7.—Wor. Bro. Buenaventura N. Adriano, whose state of health was such as to require a rest and a vacation, spent some time in Baguio last month. Wor. Bro. José Arpal took charge of the duties of the secretary's office during his absence.

A card with greetings was received from Wor. Bro. Campos Rueda, from Colombo, Ceylon.

St. John's No. 9.—Bro. Dave Burchfield of Davao made a visit to Manila during April.

Bro. Harvey W. Coonradt left for the United States on an April boat. His present address is Woodstock, Ill.

Bro. Jack George and family have left for the United States to be gone for six months.

Mrs. Best, wife of Wor. Bro. W. R. L. Best, recently returned from a visit to Baguio.

Mrs. Blaisdell and daughter, Hope, family of Bro. B. H. Blaisdell, who have been spending some time in Baguio, have returned.

Wor. Bro. C. S. Salmon motored to Baguio Saturday, April 27, 1929, to bring his family home from their vacation in the mountain capital.

Bro. Stedman F. Todd, of the good ship *President Wilson*, called on the secretary of St. John's while his vessel was in port, April 24, 1929.

Mrs. Stanton Youngberg, wife of Wor. Bro. Youngberg, our treasurer, arrived on the *President Pierce*, on April 25, 1929, from a vacation in the United States.

Mrs. David Innis, daughter of Wor. Bro. J. F. Boomer and Mrs. Boomer, visited with her parents during the last two weeks of April while on her way from Negros to Baguio.

Wor. Bro. Stanton Youngberg, director of the Bureau of Agriculture, spent a large part of April in the Bicol provinces on an inspection tour in the interests of his bureau.

Bro. Fred C. Cadwallader and family spent the month of April at Sipaco, Camarines Sur. They had as their guests Mrs. A. M. Easthagen and her daughter, Margaret, and Mrs. W. J. Williams and her daughter, Billie. The trip both ways was made on the S. S. *Florence D.*

Bro. Walter Johnson Robb was elected to membership in the Lodge.

Bro. Charles W. Rummell sailed for the United States on the U. S. A. T. *Grant*, on April 10, 1929. Bro. Rummell's mother, who had been visiting her son for some four years, sailed some weeks ago for the States on the Canadian Pacific line. Bro. Rummell has gone back to help his mother get settled again on the old home farm. He expects to return about July.

A number of St. John's men give evidence of taking deep root in Philippine soil by building their own homes in Manila and its suburbs. Bro. E. M. Grimm and wife are completing a new residence on Buena Vista Extension; Bro. Martin Ruppel and Mrs. Ruppel are building a new home in Rosario Heights, which they hope to complete during May, and Bro. Robert N. Cadwallader and wife are building a home in San Francisco del Monte.

Iloilo No. 11.—Bro. Antonio Horrilleno, judge of the Court of First Instance of the 26th Judicial District, has been ordered to hold a special term of court at Dipolog, Zamboanga, beginning on June 4th.

Nilad No. 12.—The wife of Bro. Maximino C. Nebres, accompanied by their daughter, Dorcas Salvación, spent some time at Rosario, La Union, in order to visit Mrs. Nebres' parents and one of her nephews, who is suffering from heart trouble.

Walana No. 13.—Bro. Eustaquio Vallecser was ill for several weeks

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JOSEPH H. SCHMIDT, Past Grand Master,
Secretary.

WILLIAM W. LARKIN, Senior Grand Warden,
President.

in April.

Bro. Agapito Fernandez has illness in his family. Mrs. Fernandez presented him with a boy in April but contracted pneumonia soon after and is still under treatment at the maternity hospital.

A farewell banquet was tendered by the Lodge to Bro. Canuto S. Nadurata at the residence of the Master of this Lodge, Wor. Bro. Orestes Hermosura, at No. 1441 Misericordia, Sta. Cruz. The gathering lasted all the day and was attended by many Brethren. Bro. Nadurata is leaving for the United States as a *pensionado* of the Manila Railroad Company; his speciality is the administration and operation of cars and trains.

Pilar No. 15.—The Secretary is in receipt of a letter from Bro. Toe Hio, who is now in Davao, on business, remitting his 1930 dues and sending regards to the Brethren.

Bro. Deogracias Esguerra, formerly on the U. S. S. *Pope No. 225*, informs the Secretary that he has been transferred to another ship and is sailing for the States on June 13th.

Bro. Bernardino Samson, Junior Steward, is busy attending his sick father.

Bro. Honorato Sarapion is leading the people of his barrio, Tinabunan, Imus, Cavite, in the construction of a barrio school.

Bro. Alfonso To Chun Sing has resigned from his position with the Oriental Club.

Banahaw No. 24.—Bro. Exequiel C. Valladolid, secretary, lost his youngest son by death on May 7th and Bro. Emilio Varanga, marshal, his first son, on May 12th. Both children were buried in the municipal cemetery of Atimonan, several Brethren and families of Masons being present.

Bro. Vicente O. Orda, wife, and daughter arrived at Atimonan, our Brother's home town, on May 11th, after about nine years' stay in Chicago, U.S.A., where he studied and completed his course in electrical engineering. The brethren are preparing a fraternal welcome for the newcomers.

Balintawak No. 28.—The youngest daughter of Bro. and Mrs. Mariano Enriquez was christened on May 18th. Miss Nanita Principe, daughter of Bro. Marciano Principe, acted as godmother. Members of Balintawak Lodge No. 28 were among the visitors.

Mount Mainam No. 49.—Through the good offices of Bro. Suzara Bro. Gregorio Bernabé has succeeded in obtaining the position of assistant cashier of the provincial treasury of Nueva Ecija.

Bro. Baltazar Yuvienco, at present on the U. S. S. *Pittsburgh*, Asiatic Station, writes that he has met a number of Masons from other Lodges in Shanghai and sends regards to his Brethren in the Philippines.

Wor. Bro. Eugenio Yuvienco's family is at Naic, having come there from Tagbilaran.

Wor. Bro. Sergio Balacano, W.M. of this Lodge, has been promoted to Master Sergeant. He is with the Philippine Scouts.

Bro. Pedro Corpuz had the misfortune of losing his son who died on May 6th.

Bro. Gorgonio Velasco has finished milling his sugar cane.

Sarangani No. 50.—Among the members of the legislative party that visited Davao a month ago was Bro. Ciriaco R. Raval, special agent of the Bureau of non-Christian Tribes.

Wor. Bro. Benito Natividad, judge of the Court of First Instance of the 27th Judicial District, arrived in Davao on May 4th, after a short vacation in Cavite.

After a month's inspection trip in the Municipal Districts of Saug, Camansa, Monkayo, Compostela and Tagum, Wor. Bro. Alfredo Zamora, provincial treasurer of Davao, and Bro. Eugenio Durante, travelling deputy treasurer, resumed their work in the office.

Wor. Bro. Eugenio de Jesus, district health officer of Davao, left for Baguio to attend the Doctors conference there.

Bro. Victor C. Bustamante, surveyor of the Bureau of Public Works, returned to his official station at Mati, after several days stay in Davao to discuss official matters with the district engineer.

Bro. Lim Suy, a merchant of this locality, spent a month's vacation in Manila in April.

Cabanatuan No. 53.—Bro. Kilmer O. Moe, who has been connected with the Kamehameha High School at Honolulu, will soon proceed to the Fiji Islands where he is to reorganize the school system.

Marble No. 58.—Wor. Bro. L. Festin's son Augusto was run over by an automobile on Calle Indiana, Manila, on April 23rd. He was taken to the General Hospital but his injuries were found to be not serious.

Bro. Victor Mijares is in mourning, because of the death of his aged mother which occurred in Manila on May 7th.

Magat No. 68.—Bro. F. D. Guimban has been in Manila for the last five or six weeks, taking electrical treatment for the results of the sleeping sickness from which he has been a sufferer for several years. The treatment seems to do him good and he hopes to be cured of his ailment.

Makiling No. 72.—Bro. Juan O. Chioco, manager and chief chemist of the Ca-Ba-Iag Planters' Association, together with Bro. José Hemedes, director of the same association, will sail for Java on May 22nd to represent their Association at the third triennial conference of the International Society of Sugar Cane Technologists.

Ago No. 75.—Bro. Felipe S. Fernandez has had considerable illness in his family. His son Zosimo had been under treatment, first in the Philippine General Hospital and then in St. Luke's Hospital, since November, and his son Pomposo has been at the Philippine General Hospital, with heart trouble, since April 1st.

Kasilawan No. 77.—Wor. Bro. J. J. de Guzman moved to his new residence at Calle S. Valenzuela, San Juan Heights, on April 14th.

Wor. Bro. J. J. Vergara and family are spending two months vacation at San Fernando, Pampanga.

Mr. Inocencio Masiglat is confined at his home at 49 Calle Vision with pleurisy.

The twin daughters of Bro. and Mrs. Sison were baptized on the 19th inst. Bro. Sison offered a luncheon to his Brethren and friends in honor of the occasion.

Wor. Bro. J. J. de Guzman was the sponsor at the baptism of the son of Wor. Bro. and Mrs. J. S. Velasquez on the 5th inst.

The infant child of Bro. and Mrs. Ferreria died on the 19th inst. Burial took place on the afternoon of May 20th.

Bro. Braulio M. Epino writes from Atimonan, Tayabas.

Acacia No. 78.—Bro. Arthur W. Hill, who was raised on April 17th, has left for the United States for a vacation. It is not known when he will return to resume his duties as auditor of the Philippine Railway Company.

Bro. L. P. Porras, physician at the Mission Hospital of Iloilo, performed operations for tonsillitis on a daughter of Bro. Dimaculangan and a son of Bro. C. I. Ilmido on May 4th.

High Twelve No. 82.—The Officers and members of High-Twelve Lodge No. 82, at its stated meeting for the month of April, unanimously elected Rt. Wor. Bro. Antonio Gonzalez, Deputy Grand Master, as Honorary Member.

Bro. and Mrs. Angel Pedralvez are the parents of a baby girl, born at the Station Hospital, Fort Mills, Corregidor, on April 6, 1929.

Bro. José B. Logan, President of the Tobacco Association at Echa-gue, Isabela, was in Manila last April and attended the stated meeting of this Lodge for said month.

Wor. Bro. and Mrs. Nemesio Reyes report the arrival of a baby boy, born at the Philippine General Hospital on May 11, 1929.

Bud Daho No. 102.—Bro. Cipriano Julabal sends greetings from Butuan, Agusan, where he is chief clerk in the provincial treasurer's office.

Bro. Francisco Escudero was married to Miss Guadalupe Tag'e, remembered by many as queen of the 1928 Sulu Carnival, Judge Arturo Villanueva, our S.W., performing the ceremony, with Bros. Calixto de Leon and Antonio F. Bana as witnesses. The only unmarried member of the Lodge is now Dr. J. H. Yamzon.

A son was born to Bro. Luciano Abia recently at the Sulu Public Hospital.

Bro. J. H. Yanzon left for Manila in April to attend the Dental Conference there in connection with his work for the Red Cross.

Wor. Bros. Julian Pilares and Ubaldo D. Laya have just returned from an official inspection trip in Cagayan, Sulu, together with Bro. Calixto de Leon, who was there on business.

Bro. Gabriel J. Cristobal (45) arrived in Zamboanga on the S. S. *Sirius*, on April 20th. He came on business but found time to visit the Lodge for a chat with the Brethren.

Zambales No. 103.—The members of this Lodge deeply sympathize with Bro. Juan Santos, at present with the Philippine Education Co. in Manila, in his late bereavement, his wife having died at St. Paul's Hospital at 10:30 p. m. on May 20th, of cancer, from which she had been suffering for many months. Mrs. Santos leaves three daughters and one son, one of the daughters being married to Bro. Ricardo H. Sabella, of Pinatubo Lodge No. 52. The body will be kept in the vault of the Funeraria Nacional, for interment at San Antonio, Zambales, in about half a year.

Bataan No. 104.—Bro. Salvador Martinez, District Health Officer of Ilagan, Isabela, has been recommended by his Director to undergo training in the School of Hygiene and Public Health of the University of the Philippines.

Bro. José A. Cruz, asst. civil engineer of Bataan, has been busy surveying the proposed provincial bridge and road between Limay and Lamao.

Bro. Cecilio M. Bituin, formerly clerk of court of Bataan and recently transferred to Antique, attended the convention of justices of peace and notaries public and delivered a lecture on "Criminal Law and Jurisdiction with Special Reference to Justice of the Peace Courts."

Bro. Francisco L. Villafranca has recently been appointed automobile agent of the Pacific Commercial Co. at Limay, Bataan.

Bro. J. C. Hill, accompanied by his wife, enjoyed a short vacation at Hagonoy, Bulacan.

Bro. Gervasio Banzon, of the Cadastral Survey Party of the Bureau of Lands, was a visitor on April 20th.

Bro. Leonardo San Pedro has been the "master mind" in the remodelling of the proposed library hall of Bataan Lodge.

Bro. and Mrs. Norberto Gallardo mourn the death of their eldest daughter who died on April 22, after a long illness.

Bro. Felipe Padolina of the Bureau of Agriculture, our present Master, is back at his desk after a few days inspection in the northern provinces. He expects to take a short vacation with his family in his home town, Papaya, Nueva Ecija.

Mrs. Jovita Ganson, wife of Bro. Dr. Ganson of the Cadwallader-Gibson Lumber Co., spent a few days vacation in her home town, Carigara, Leyte.

Bro. George Richardson, a sojourner and member of Corregidor Lodge No. 3, has recently been appointed Limay Mill Supt. of the Cadwallader-Gibson Lumber Co. to succeed Bro. J. E. Lyons, who sailed for the States on April 25th.

Seccion Castellana

Página Editorial

El Club Masónico

Se quejan los amigos y sostenedores del Club Masónico de Manila de que son pocos los Masones que se dejan ver en los hermosos salones del Club. Parece que las galerías de bólos, las mesas de billar, los salones de lectura, etc., usan más profanos que miembros de nuestra Institución. En vez de reunirse en el local del Club para dedicarse a dichos deportes o pasar un rato agradable charlando con los amigos, nuestros Hermanos prefieren acudir a sitios que no reúnen ni un tercio de las ventajas de que pueden disfrutar en el Club Masónico. ¿Será porque ellos creen que es preciso ser sostenedor de Club para poder gozar de sus privilegios? Se equivocan completamente. Todo Masón regular está bienvenido en el hermoso edificio en el número 520 de la Calle San Marcelino. Allí puede echarse en una silla cómoda, fumar un cigarrillo y descansar si le da la gana, o jugar una partida de ajedrez, demostrar su pericia en la bolera o en la mesa de billar, tomar un refresco o leer algún periódico o libro. Allí puede darse cita con sus Hermanos o amigos. Hay varias líneas de tranvías eléctricos que pasan a pocos piés del edificio, cuya situación es tan céntrica como podría serlo. No hay sitio más a propósito para nuestros Hermanos de provincias los cuales deben considerar nuestra Casa Club como su casa mientras estén en Manila. Es de esperar que esa indiferencia hacia el magnífico Club Masónico que tenemos en esta ciudad ha de desaparecer pronto.—L. F.

¿Dónde Están Los Castellanismos?

De vez en cuando surge la queja, muy conocida desde los principios, de que esta revista no trae bastante artículos en castellano. Y siempre contestamos la misma cosa: que los pocos buenos autores masones que tenemos que escriben en castellano, o están demasiado ocupados con cosas profanas o no poseen abnegación suficiente para dedicar algunos ratos perdidos a la prensa masónica. Hay autores que escriben en castellano y que prefieren que se publiquen sus artículos en traducción inglesa porque se dan cuenta de lo que no quieren reconocer muchos de los quejantes, a saber, que la inmensa mayoría de nuestros Hermanos prefieren el inglés al castellano. No nos gusta copiar de otras revistas, pero a fin de llenar nuestro departamento castellano, tenemos que hacerlo más de lo que consideramos conveniente. Sucede también que algún Hermano de buena voluntad nos proporciona un buen artículo o más de uno, y cuando le pedimos otro, nos dice que parece que su artículo no ha gustado porque nadie o casi nadie le ha hablado del mismo. Por otra parte, si algún articulista comete un pequeño error o dice algo que encuentra oposición, llueven las críticas desfavorables.

Todo lo que pedimos es material digno de publicarse.

—L. F.

El Candidato Rechazado

Hay muchos Masones y profanos que sostienen que el haber sido rechazado por una Logia masónica constituye un estigma gravísimo para el rechazado, pero esto no es así. En primer lugar, nadie fuera de la Masonería debía de saber que el solicitante ha sido rechazado. Nuestros reglamentos prohíben terminantemente la divulgación de informes semejantes y el que ha fracasado en su tentativa de ingresar en nuestra Institución es por regla general el último que lo diga a todo el mundo. En segundo lugar, sucede a veces que el informe desfavorable o el cubo negro que produjeron el rechazamiento fueron obra de algún Hermano impulsado por prejuicios poco justificados o por sentimientos ruines de venganza. No somos todos lo que deberíamos ser, y el cubo negro sirve a veces de puñal traidor más bien que de lo que es para el Masón justo y bueno, a saber, un medio discreto para alejar de nuestros templos a elementos nocivos e inconvenientes. En tercer lugar, el motivo del rechazamiento del candidato puede ser una desgracia en vez de un defecto o vicio. Hay casos en que el candidato ha sido poco afortunado en la elección de su esposa y los miembros de la Logia temen disgustos y dificultades en la vida social de la Logia porque en cuanto a ésta, se le admite a la esposa juntamente con el candidato. A veces el candidato es demasiado pobre para poder soportar su parte de las cargas de la Logia. Hay también casos en que el ingreso del hijo en la Masonería produciría más tarde o temprano disgustos en la familia del mismo. O tal vez el interesado ya tiene los gérmenes de alguna enfermedad insidiosa que dentro de poco le ha de privar de la fuerza y salud necesaria para ganarse la vida. Todos estos son motivos porque un solicitante de los misterios de nuestra Institución pueda encontrar cerradas las puertas de la Logia sin tener que avergonzarse de ello.—L. F.

Quando El Hombre Es Masón

No cabe duda de que no todos los que tienen derecho a ostentar los emblemas de la Masonería son Masones de verdad. Hay individuos que han logrado ingresar en nuestras filas y han subido a la silla oriental de su Logia, sin poseer aquellas condiciones, aquel conjunto de calidades que hacen que el hombre no sea solamente miembro de alguna Logia sino Masón genuino y legítimo.

El Venerable Hmno. José Fort Newton, en su célebre obra "The Builders," expresa su opinión sobre este extremo en las siguientes palabras elocuentes:

—¿Cuándo se puede considerar que un hombre es Masón? Cuando contempla los ríos, las colinas y el lejano horizonte y siente su pequeñez ante el universo, sin perder, no obstante, la fe, la esperanza y el valor, que es la raíz de toda virtud. Cuando sepa que todos los hombres son tan nobles, tan viles, tan divinos, tan diabólicos, tan solitarios como él, y trate de conocerlos, perdonarlos y amarlos. Cuando sepa como sim-

patizar con las tristezas y hasta con los pecados de los hombres, condecorador de que todos combatimos rudamente contra terribles enemigos. Cuando haya aprendido a hacer amigos y a conservarlos y, sobre todo, a ser amigo de sí mismo. Cuando ame las flores, pueda cazar aves por el poder del amor, y sienta vibrar en su corazón una antigua alegría al ver reír a los niños. Cuando pueda ser dichoso y conservar la serenidad de su alma en el tráfigo penoso de la vida. Cuando los árboles florecidos y el reflejo del sol en las aguas viajeras le subyuguen como el recuerdo de un ser muy amado y hace mucho tiempo muerto. Cuando ninguna voz de agonía llegue en vano a sus oídos y no se tienda ninguna mano hacia él que no reciba respuesta. Cuando sepa que son buenas todas las creencias que ayudan al hombre a asirse a lo divino y a ver mayestáticos significados en la vida. Cuando pueda asomarse a un charcal y ver algo allende el cieno; contemplar el rostro del hombre más vil, y ver algo allende el pecado. Cuando sepa como ha de orar, como ha de amar, como ha de esperar. Cuando haya sido fiel consigo mismo, con Dios y con los hombres, asiendo en la mano una espada para combatir el mal y cuando sienta cantar en su corazón la alegría del vivir de manera tan solemne que pague el sordo temor a la muerte. Quien quiera encontrar el secreto verdadero de la Masonería, ha de entregarse por completo al servicio del mundo.

—L. F.

El Natalicio de Rizal

El 19 de Junio habrán pasado sesenta y ocho años desde la fecha en que nuestro ilustre hermano José Rizal nació en Calamba. Aun vive porque su fecunda labor por su pueblo y la muerte gloriosa que sufrió en defensa del ideal lo han hecho inmortal. Tampoco ha cesado de trabajar y luchar por su patria, porque aunque sus restos mortales descansan en el monumento dedicado a su memoria en la Luneta, su ejemplo y su espíritu continúan la obra por él iniciada en muchos miles de corazones y cerebros filipinos. De la antorcha que levantó en la noche han brotado miles y miles de chispas custodiadas hoy por almas llenas de patriotismo y amor a la verdad, y ya no hay peligro de que vuelvan las tinieblas de antaño.—L. F.

Oficial

[Edicto No. 14]

A los Venerables Maestros, Vigilantes y demás
Hermanos de todas las Logias de la Obediencia
de la Gran Logia de las Islas Filipinas.

SALUD:—De acuerdo con la autoridad conferida al Gran Maestro por la Gran Logia en su Reunión Anual de 1927, por la presente ordeno que toda Logia constituyente de esta obediencia satisfaga su cuota anual para el CABLETOW correspondiente al período desde Junio 1929 hasta Noviembre 1929, inclusive, al tipo de SESENTA CENTAVOS (₱0.60) por cada Aprendiz, Compañero y Maestro Masón que fuesen miembros de dicha Logia en la fecha en que se verifique el pago de la referida cuota.

Puesto que dicho pago debe verificarse por adelantado, cada Logia enviará su cuota correspondiente al período desde Junio 1929 hasta Noviembre 1929, con anterioridad al 1.º de Junio de 1929, fecha en que se publicará el No. 1 del Tomo VII del CABLETOW.

La cuota para el CABLETOW correspondiente al período desde Diciembre 1929 hasta Noviembre 1930, inclusive, será al tipo de UN PESO Y VEINTE CENTAVOS (₱1.20) por cada Maestro Masón cuyo nombre figure en el cuadro lógico el 30 de Noviembre de 1929, y se remitirá durante la primera quincena del mes de Diciembre de 1929, juntamente con las cuotas anuales y con sujeción a las mismas disposiciones que rigen respecto a dichas cuotas anuales.

En testimonio de lo cual, la firmo de mi puño y letra y hago estampar el sello de la Gran Logia, en la ciudad de Manila, hoy treinta y uno de Marzo, A. L. 5929, o sea, 1929 (E. V.).

SELDON W. O'BRIEN, Gran Maestro.

Doy Fe:—NEWTON C. COMFORT, Grn Secretario.

De La Logia Taga-Ilog No. 79

(Noche de Segundos Vigilantes)

Con la cooperación que siempre han demostrado los Segundos Vigilantes de las Logias hermanas, Biaknabato No. 7. Nil-d No. 12, Walana No. 13, Dipatan No. 21, Solidaridad No. 23, Batongbuhay No. 27, High Twelve No. 82, Luz Oceánica No. 85, Hagdang Bato No. 87 y Hiram No. 88, esta Logia celebró tenida extraordinaria el día 18 de Mayo, en el Templo Masónico, Escolta. El primer grado de la Masonería fué conferido a Tan-Giukhsiong y Ong Sihan, por un team compuesto de Segundos Vigilantes, el cual se componía de los siguientes hermanos: V.M. Abundio Lontoc, No. 79. P.V., Mariano Sia, No. 27. S.V., Gregorio Vicente, No. 13. Tesorero: Temistocles Elviña, No. 21. Sec: Fidel Manalo, No. 82. Cap., José Gammad, No. 23. M. de C., Ignacio Aquino, No. 12. P.D., Bartolomé del Rosario, No. 7. S.D., Natalio M. Balboa, No. 87. P.E., José See Yok Peng, No. 85. S.E., Hilarion D. Abad, No. 88. G.T., Gregorio Sanchez, No. 79.

El mandil fué presentado al Her. Tan Guiokhsiong, por el Her. Ignacio Aquino, No. 12, y al Her. Ong Sihan, por el Her. Natalio Balboa, No. 87. Las Herramientas fueron presentadas por los hermanos Abundio Lontoc, No. 79 y Hilarion D. Abad, No. 88.

La Instrucción fué dada por el Her. Abundio Lontoc, No. 79 y la Exhortación, por el Hermano José Gammad, No. 23.

Los hermanos que componían el team, procedentes de diferentes Logias hermanas, a pesar de no haber hecho ningún ensayo, han desempeñado sus respectivos cargos de una manera sorprendente.

Antes de procederse al cierre de la Logia, el Ven. Hermano Joaquín García pronunció un discurso de felicitación a los nuevos Hermanos y a la Logia Taga-Ilog por la idea bien acertada de celebrar un trabajo encomendando a los Segundos Vigilantes, y al team por su excelente trabajo. Así mismo aprovechó la ocasión el Her. García para invitar a todos los presentes para asistir sin falta a una reunión magna de Maesones que el Ilustre Hermano Teodoro M. Kalaw, Ex-Gran Maestro, propone celebrar dentro del mes venidero.

El Venerable Maestro de la Logia Taga-Ilog No. 79, el Hermano Julian Gimenez, manifestó a todos los presentes su agradecimiento por la asistencia.

El Ven. Her. C. Bernabé habló en nombre de los dos hermanos recién iniciados, invitando a todos después del cierre, para pasar al Hotel New Paris donde se les ofrece una cena.

El Picapedrero

El picapedrero, pedazo a pedazo,
quebranta la piedra, y es como el Destino,
que esgrime su mazo
y a fuerza de golpes te vuelve divino.
Sin golpes de mazo, la luz no chispea
como pensamiento del pedrusco herido...
Destino, buen picapedrero, golpea,
y nazca a tus golpes brillando la idea
y surja en las almas el dios escondido.

AMADO NERVO (Partenón).

El Silencio

Frente a ciertas infamias no está permitido el silencio; es preciso levantar mucho la voz para condenarlas.

La indiferencia, el desdén, el silencio les dan valor alentándolas; la sombra, las tinieblas que las rodean las hacen confiar en su impunidad; esas infamias se extienden, prosperan, se engrandecen, y llevan la vergüenza y el deshonra en torno suyo.

Es preciso combatir las, a todo trance, sin temor de herir oídos delicados y despertar ideas dañinas.

Sustentando ridículas preocupaciones, ocultando los vicios, tratándolos con ciertos miramientos desdeñando hacerlos resaltar, es por lo que llegan muchas veces con el tiempo, a pasar por virtudes.

Si no hay quién se atreva a decir a un jorobaco:—tienes joroba; al enano:—eres deforme, el enano y el jorobado se crearán hombres hermosos.

Cuántas sociedades se han perdido por no haber hombres fuertes, lo bastante autorizados para gritarles: "¡tened cuidado que acaba de brotar un nuevo vicio; una nueva lepra os amenaza!"

No estando prevenidas las dichas sociedades, no han podido defenderse; el vicio ha crecido, la lepra se ha extendido, y ha hecho tales estragos que, habiéndolos convertido cada uno en leproso y en vicioso, no ha podido darse cuenta del vicio y de la lepra de su vecino.

ADOLFO BELOT (Partenón).

El Mosáico Misterioso

Por CRANSTONE WOODHEAD, en la Revista Masónica de Chile

Uno de los historiadores de la Grecia antigua cuenta una leyenda que parece tener una significación interesante en la época actual. No podemos averiguar exactamente cuando sucedieron los acontecimientos que relata; pero siente uno como una intuición que indica que es una pintura típica de hechos que han ocurrido varias veces en la historia de la humanidad. En verdad, se puede preguntar seriamente si no es una anécdota cuya moral derrama luz sobre acontecimientos de interés mundial que se están llevando a cabo delante de nuestros ojos.

Dice el cuento que en las llanuras de la gran Grecia hubo en tiempos remotos una espléndida ciudad, donde hoy los viajeros no ven más que unas pocas ruinas derrumbadas y esparcidas por la llanura. Pero en los tiempos pasados un pueblo numeroso y rico habitaba allí y la ciudad era un centro artístico, y de todas las industrias de una civilización como nunca se ha conocido superior.

Así fué que en los días de su mayor poder se decía que esa ciudad duraría eternamente. Pues ¿no había ya durado centenares y talvez millares de años? ¿No había crecido gradualmente hasta llegar a ser una gran nación? ¿Dónde se podrían encontrar escuelas más famosas? ¿Dónde artistas más célebres, tanto arquitectos como escultores? ¿Dónde más hermosas casas? ¿Dónde templos más nobles o más maravillosos elevados a los dioses?

Sucedió que en el centro de la ciudad había una gran plaza adornada con estatuas, y alrededor estaban templos dedicados a los dioses. En cada templo había un magnífico pavimento de mosáico de dibujo original y admirable. El dibujo del piso de cada templo se suponía representaba al dios a quien estaba dedicado. No había dos iguales; sin embargo, si se comparaban entre sí, se descubriría una semejanza intangible. Estas semejanzas y diferencias eran causa de interminables disputas entre los eruditos. Cada color, cada tinte, cada significación posible y oculta, fué discutida a pérdida de vista. Algunas veces las disputas eran tan violentas, que algunos hasta perdieron la vida por defender su opinión. Mientras tanto, los dioses que habían dado nombre a esos trazados, callaban y se sonreían al ver el tumulto que se agitaba bajo de ellos.

En cada uno de los cuatro lados de la plaza pública había un templo correspondiente a uno de los puntos cardinales.

El primero era el templo del Toro, y muchos de estos animales se criaban dentro de sus sagrados recintos. En el piso del edificio principal de este templo, había una gran cabeza de toro dibujada en un maravilloso mosáico. En el piso del segundo había la cabeza de un León; en el tercero la de un Águila, y en el cuarto la de un Hombre. Alrededor había otros templos de cultos menores, que derivaban su ritual de uno de los cuatro grandes templos.

—Mirad—decían los feligreses del toro—nuestro animal sagrado representa la divinidad que nosotros adoramos. Es la fuerza creatriz de la naturaleza. Es el símbolo de todo lo que es divino. El todo lo puede.

—No—replicaban los adoradores del león—éste representa la fuerza y el valor, la actividad y la belleza. Éste es nuestro dios.

Los adoradores del águila declaraban que ella era el único símbolo de la divinidad, porque sus alas infatigables la elevaban por encima del mundo y porque podía mirar al sol sin pestañear.

En cuanto al templo del hombre, allí se hacían ceremonias secretas de las que sólo se hablaba en voz baja y con mucho misterio.

Pues sucedió que en los días de más gloria, la fama y la prosperidad de esta ciudad excitó la envidia de un país vecino, quien decidió destruirla y posesionarse de sus riquezas. Esto lo hizo con facilidad, porque atacó a la

ciudad en la tarde de una de sus fiestas, cuando los habitantes estaban agobiados por excesos de comida y de bebida. Celebró su triunfo arrasando a la ciudad y llevándose cautiva a toda su población, siendo tal la destrucción que no quedó piedra sobre piedra, y que el sitio de la populosa ciudad se convirtió en un páramo.

Muchos años después, un hijo y sucesor del monarca conquistador, deseoso de extender sus dominios, se acordó de la bella situación de la ciudad destruída y resolvió reconstruirla. Para ello envió arquitectos hábiles con orden de remover las ruinas del centro de la ciudad y de preparar un lugar donde se pudiera edificar un templo al dios que él adoraba.

Una multitud de obreros se puso a limpiar el centro de la antigua plaza, porque allí había caído menos piedras. No habían trabajado mucho cuando descubrieron un pavimento que yacía enterrado. El ingeniero jefe dió órdenes para que no se perturbara éste, sino que se quitaran todos los escombros que lo cubrían; y así fué apareciendo poco a poco el dibujo, hasta que se vió una imagen hermosísima del sol, en mosáico amarillo. De su centro radiante partían rayos en todas direcciones. El ingeniero, que era hombre de recursos, resolvió no notificar a su señor lo que había encontrado, hasta que no hubiera concluído su obra. De suerte que dió órdenes para que se desembarazasen los templos de las ruinas que los cubrían. Hecho esto, se vió que todos los pavimentos de mosáico estaban al mismo nivel y que unidos, formaban un cuadro homogéneo. También se descubrió que las piedras de talla de todos los templos tenían marcas cinceladas que demostraban haber sido partes de una sola estructura de enormes proporciones. Entonces el ingeniero jefe escribió al rey la carta siguiente:

“Su altísima y poderosa Majestad, el Rey de los Reyes; ¡Salud!

“Según vuestras órdenes, hemos desembarazado de ruinas la gran plaza de la ciudad. Hé aquí lo que hemos descubierto: Hay un pavimento antiguo de esquisita belleza, que cubre no sólo toda la plaza, sino que se extiende a los templos laterales y aún más allá. Ese pavimento es un mosáico de trazado maravilloso. En el centro hay un gran sol radiante, y alrededor, en los cuatro ángulos, hay cuatro hermosas imágenes. Estas son: un toro, un león, un águila y un hombre de aspecto divino. Estas figuras principales están rodeadas de otras muchas bellísimas y maravillosas que no puedo describir. Además, poderoso Señor, las piedras de las ruinas tienen señales antiqúisimas que no puedo leer, porque datan de un tiempo inmemorial.

“Anoche, Gran Señor, me dormí pensando en esto, y tuve un sueño extraordinario. Ví en mi sueño un templo como nunca se ha visto, un templo que cubría todo ese pavimento y cuya cúpula se alzaba majestuosa hasta los cielos. Del interior se esparcía una música arrobadora y una luz que me encantaba. Así que desperté, reflexioné, y supe que aquí, en tiempos tan remotos que nadie se acuerda de ello, hubo un templo glorioso, mucho más grande y más hermoso que lo que hoy podemos imaginar. Y todo lo que queda, Poderoso Señor, de ese templo magnífico, es la base que lo sostenía y que es el pavimento de mosáico ya descrito.

“Y ahora, Señor, ¿qué hemos de hacer? ¿Queréis que reedifiquemos ese templo como antes existió? Y si así lo mandais, ¿dónde están los planos?”

Al recibir esta carta el rey convocó a los hombres más sabios de su reino y se trasladó de prisa a la ciudad arruinada. Se quedó atónito al ver la belleza y la grandeza del mosáico; pero se apercibió en seguida, de la insuficiencia de sus recursos para reconstruir el templo antiguo. Y como no podía resolverse a hacer nada mezquino, con tristeza despidió a los obreros.

Dice la leyenda, que muchos años después, cuando el gran dibujo estaba encubierto por el polvo de las edades, pasó por allí un santo hombre, que marchaba por el sendero

desierto. Se detuvo, miró melancólicamente al hermoso pavimento y exclamó: ¿Hasta cuándo? ¿Hasta cuándo tendrá la pobre humanidad que esperar la reconstrucción? Y, sin embargo, los cimientos son sólidos y los cielos giratorios de la ley no fallan nunca. Un día vendrá en que este templo sea reedificado con más gloria aún que en el pasado.

Tres Enemigos

De tres cosas debemos huir los masones: de la calumnia, de la murmuración y de la conversación ociosa.

En primer lugar está la calumnia, mediante la cual se imputan al prójimo acciones delictuosas, inmorales o viciosas, quebrantando así la buena reputación, el prestigio, la honra o la fama de que goce el calumniado. Y no tan sólo debemos llamar calumniadores a los que inventan las falsedades, sino también a aquellos que se encargan de propagarlas, escudándose hipócritamente en un "se dice". Son tan malos estos propaladores, como los mismos calumniadores o tal vez peores porque hieren a mansalva, y si llegado el caso se les reprocha o se les pide una justificación, o niegan o culpan a otros de sus propios pecados.

En esta misma categoría entran los murmuradores, quienes andan propagando, con lengua viperina, los defectos del prójimo, aumentándolos sin piedad ni consideración, y casi siempre sin conocimiento de causa y con la agravante de que el maldiciente, al encontrarse con su víctima, le estrecha la mano, le besa las mejillas, alabándola y haciéndose pasar por su mejor amigo.

La conversación ociosa es otro de los vicios de esta índole. Hablando sólo por hablar, se empeña el hablador ocioso en criticar todo lo que hace el prójimo: su modo de andar, su modo de comer, su modo de vestir, su modo de hablar: en fin, todo lo que no es de su incumbencia ni le debe importar. Debemos ser tolerantes y preocuparnos en

primer lugar por perfeccionarnos nosotros mismos, que todos lo necesitamos. Es muy probable que con todo lo extravagante, lo defectuoso y aún lo malo que le achacamos, el prójimo esté mil veces mejor servido que si tuviera nuestros defectos y si llevara nuestra conducta, cuya deficiencia no advertimos por nuestra fatuidad.

Cuántas molestias, cuántas desgracias y hasta crímenes han sido causados, ya por las difamaciones, las murmuraciones, las conversaciones ociosas; y por esto, en vista de lo inmortal de semejante proceder, debemos los masones combatir este vicio y practicar la virtud opuesta, eso es: corregir primero nuestros propios defectos y luego ocuparnos de las deficiencias de nuestros hermanos en particular, tratando de enmendarlos con cordura e indulgencia, y esto sólo cuando sea necesaria nuestra intervención.—*Boletín Masónico, San Salvador, A. C.*

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"LOS ARQUITECTOS"

HISTORIA Y ESTUDIO DE LA MASONERÍA

Traducción de la célebre obra "The Builders," por DR. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

Uno de los mejores libros masónicos publicados en la época moderna es "The Builders," obra justamente célebre del Dr. José Fort Newton. Hasta muy recientemente tuvimos que lamentar el hecho de no existir una traducción castellana de dicho libro, pero hoy ya la tenemos, hecha por el Hmno. Salvador Valera Aparicio, el cual ha sabido hacer justicia a la obra de que se trata.

De la obra "The Builders" ya se han publicado más de cuarenta ediciones y la misma ya existe traducida en muchas diferentes lenguas. Su valor ha sido reconocido en esta Gran Jurisdicción desde los principios; hace dos décadas, la Logia Corregidor solía entregar un ejemplar de dicha obra a todo miembro suyo al ser exaltado al sublime grado de Maestro Masón.

La versión castellana de "The Builders" se titula "Los Arquitectos, Historia y Estudio de la Masonería" y lleva como pie de imprenta Barcelona, 1928. Es un tomo de 338 páginas, cuyas dimensiones son aproximadamente 13 por 20 centímetros. La letra es muy clara y la impresión excelente. Los ejemplares, primorosamente encuadernados en tela y oro, se podrán obtener en la oficina de esta revista, en la Gran Secretaría, cuando se hayan recibido de España, al precio de ₱2.50. Los ejemplares en rústica se venderán en ₱2.00.

El CABLETOW se ha encargado de dicha venta en colaboración con la Comisión de Estudios Masónicos, para divulgar lectura masónica que sea a la vez fidedigna é interesante.

Se ha hecho un pedido limitado en España que esperamos recibir hacia el mes de Agosto.

THE CABLETOW

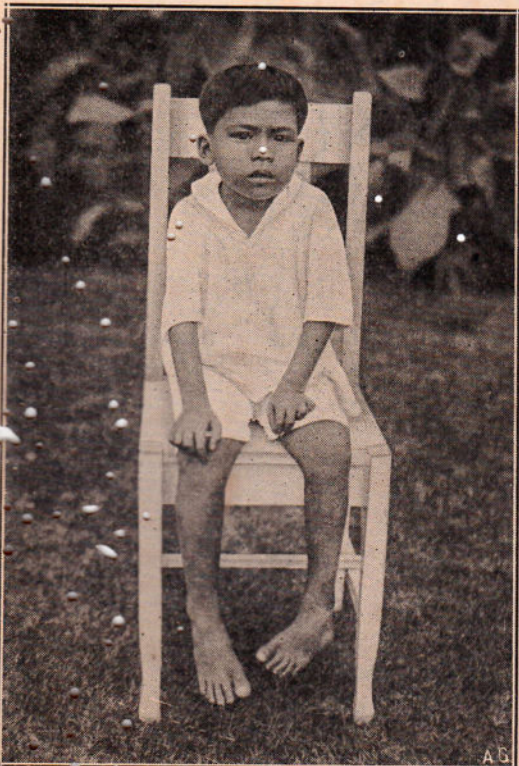
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¿Qué Parte

toma Vd., q. Hmno., en la hermosa obra emprendida por la Masonería de Filipinas en pro de los pobres niños lisiados? ¿No desea Vd. ayudar en esta labor noble y desinteresada?

Los Hermanos que aun no forman parte de la corporación pueden afiliarse enviando la cantidad de doce pesos al Secretario, Masonic Hospital for Crippled Children, P. O. Box 34, Manila, P. I.

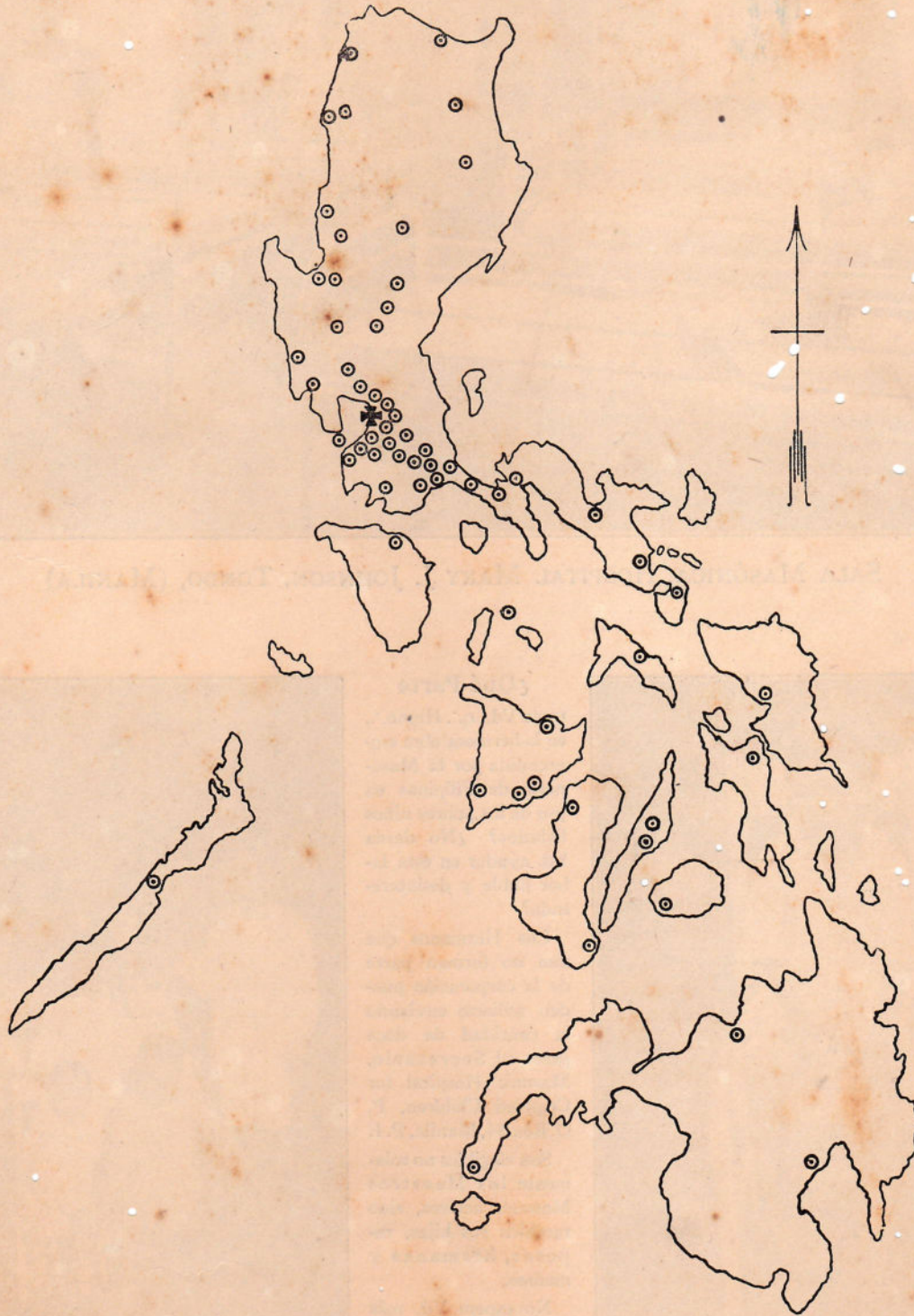
Son elegibles no solamente los Maestros Masones activos, sino también sus hijas, esposas, hermanas y madres.

No espere Vd. más sino envíe su solicitud hoy mismo.



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