The Cable Tow

Vol. VI, No. 11 Manila, P. I. April 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

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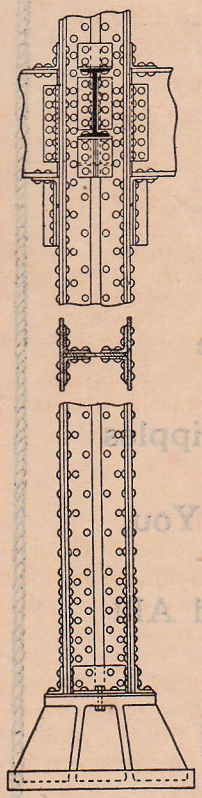
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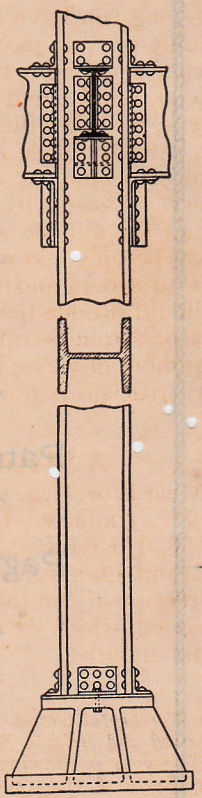
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Vol. VI **April 1, 1929** **No. 11**

Editorial Section

Dead Timber

We all agree that a Mason should strive to attend all the meetings of his Lodge and take an active part and live interest in its activities. But every fair-minded man will admit that conditions may arise that will make it impossible for a man to give much of his time to his Lodge and the Institution. A man may not be able to attend Lodge or perform other Masonic duties without detriment to his business or family interests. Social or family obligations prevent many a Mason from coming to Lodge. If such a Brother continues to pay his dues and answer the calls made on him uncomplainingly, he shows that he values his membership in our Society. Hearing himself and his class constantly referred to and criticized as "dead timber" may in the long run have the effect of causing him to apply for his dimit or quit paying dues until his Lodge drops him. It is easy enough for the young Mason who is not tied down by social, family, and business obligations and to whom the Lodge is, perhaps, the only source of interest and entertainment, the only place where he can spend his time profitably and meet people, to scoff at such non-attendants as "dead timber." Later, with the added obligations that come with a rise in the outside world and the foundation of a family, he may be only too willing to leave the active work in the Lodge to others and join the "dead timber" class himself. We should do our best to prevent the "dead timber" class of Masons from becoming too numerous, which can be done in a number of ways; but we must be careful not to criticize where criticism is not deserved.—*L. F.*

A Message from Germany

Most Wor. Bro. Joseph H. Schmidt, who, on November 12, 1927, conferred the third degree of Masonry on Bro. Carl M. Hasselmann, son-in-law of the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge Zur Eintracht, of Darmstadt, Germany, is in receipt of the following letter from the Grand Master mentioned, which we copy from the Cosmos Lodge *Bulletin* for last month:

Darmstadt, Germany,
November 24, 1928.

"*Most Worshipful Grand Master and*
Esteemed and Beloved Brethren:

"The year is drawing to a close, and I remember with gratitude the brotherly service rendered my Grand Lodge and me personally by you and your Most Worshipful Grand Lodge when you inducted my dear son-in-law, Bro. Dr. Hasselmann, into the higher degrees of our world-wide fraternity.

"I look upon this brotherly service as an expression of sincere sympathy for German Freemasonry, and for the German people in general. That, in performing this labor of love, you as Most Worshipful Grand Master, and other prominent members of your Grand Lodge took a personal part is to me a source of special gratification and entitles you to my most sincere and cordial gratitude.

"I now desire to express this gratitude at the close of the year, by means of these presents, with my most cordial wishes for the growth and prosperity of your Grand Lodge, and of the Lodges under its jurisdiction, to which I add my most heartfelt wishes for your personal welfare, and a happy, successful term in office.

"With the assurance of my brotherly love and esteem, I salute you, Most Worshipful Grand Master, and with you your Grand Lodge and its subordinate Lodges, by the Sacred Numbers, and remain,

Your faithful Brother,
(Sgd.) KARL KAHLERT,
Grand Master.

Most Wor. Bro. Newton C. Comfort was correct in his prediction that the honor accorded to Bro. Hasselmann by having him raised by a team of Past Grand Masters would prove to be a bond of brotherly love and better understanding between the Grand Lodge of the Philippines and the German Grand Lodge mentioned.—*L. F.*

The Long Journey

Again we have occasion to quote some of Wor. Bro. L. M. Hausman's words in the Manila Lodge *Bulletin*. This time his remarks on a subject that we have been harping on quite considerably have struck our fancy. Here are a few words from his dissertation:

So constantly are we reminded, my Brother, that in Life,—in the full flush of vigorous youth, of ripened manhood or of matured experience, we are but an invisible hairbreadth from our long last sleep,—that it is our duty to ourselves and to our dear ones to provide *immediately* for their welfare and comfort when the time comes that we are no longer here to provide for them.

Take to yourselves suitable assistance and make now that necessary provision that will insure the comfort of your family when the time comes for you to pursue your last Journey.

Good advice, indeed!—*L. F.*

Masonic Funerals

Masonic rites at the grave of a departed Brother or over his remains in a public meeting place should be performed in an impressive, dignified manner. Since every Lodge is sure to be called on to perform those rites, every Lodge should be prepared to do so. That this is not the case we know only too well. A letter on this subject, written by a Brother on the island of Cyprus to the editor of the monthly *Bulletin* of the Scottish Rite Bodies of Pueblo, Colorado, expresses this idea so well that we consider it worth while reproducing it here. It reads as follows:

Dear Bro. Meales: Your quotation in the October *Bulletin* regarding Masonic funerals strikes a sympathetic chord. I would emphasize another phase of the same subject. It is at the Masonic funeral services that the outside world, and our own wives and children, gain their most distinctive and lasting impressions of the order. And let no one for a moment imagine that their opinions are of no consequences to us and to our craft. Though silent and circuitous in their application they exercise an influence which should not be ignored. I have attended

funerals—too many of them—where half of the brethren did not know which way to turn to march around the grave; got all muddled on the march, some never getting there at all, where some had no idea of the giving of the signs until after seeing others. Then too late. Where the master was so utterly unfamiliar with the service that, with the book before him, he could not even read it decently. What a beautiful service it is and how strikingly impressive when well delivered, even by reading, and most so when spoken from memory. I recall hearing my small children make some comments on the performance they had seen at a Masonic funeral. Their remarks were not intended to be unkind or critical, just frank youthful observations, but they were critical, when wisely interpreted, and made me inwardly blush for my lodge. Don't forget that every small boy about that grave observes very keenly every action. Youthful impressions are wonderfully lasting; they may well last until that boy is of proper age to become a Mason.

I have more than once urged some master of a lodge to take some evening when there was no work or urgent business, and put his lodge officers and brethren all through a practice funeral service drill, having a designated spot the imaginary grave. Too few do that. What a superior impression it would make on the only occasion when a Masonic procession appears in public.

Souriotissa, Cyprus. December 3, 1928. V. G. Hills.

Eleven Years a Leper

By Leo Fischer, P.M.

William E. Fawcett was born in New England among people to whom it comes natural to go down to the sea in ships, so he was still in his teens when he made his first voyage before the mast. The broad surges of the open sea and the whistling of a fresh breeze through the rigging never lost their charm for him. For a time he served in the American navy, then he returned to his first love, the merchant marine. Being ambitious, he studied navigation and became more and more proficient in his chosen career, until he finally obtained a master's license. In due course of time he married, and, prompted by a desire to be useful to his fellow-men and occupy himself with higher things, he applied for and received the degrees of Freemasonry in Bagumbayan Lodge No. 4, of Manila, P. I. Early in 1918 he had reached the height of his ambition: he was in command of a deep-seagoing vessel, had a faithful, devoted wife and promising children, was a Master Mason in good standing, honored and respected among the workmen upon the Temple, and enjoyed the esteem and confidence of the rest of the world. Then the blow fell which shattered all his hopes of a quiet, happy old age, striking at that robust health of which he was so proud, tearing him from the arms of his family and the company of his brothers and fellows, and making him a prisoner under conditions that a person must see for himself in order to fathom their horror: he became a leper!

How he contracted the dreadful disease neither he nor anybody else has ever been able to find out. He himself believes that a fly, lighting on an open wound on his face or hand after having settled on a leprous sore, carried the germ. He was forced to leave his family and was taken to the San Lazaro Hospital, in Manila, for observation and treatment. The symptoms of leprosy, the swelling of the ears and face and the sores appearing here and there on his body, marked him as a subject for exile to Culion, that *isola dolente* of the South China Sea to which society, intent upon its own salvation, banishes those afflicted with the loathsome disease. After a few months' stay on the island he was, at his insistent request, and in view of the fact that the progress of the disease seemed to be checked, transferred back to the Leper Ward of the San Lazaro Hospital, in Manila. There, at least, he could have his wife visit him and felt not so much an outcast from the civilized world.

However, the vermin-infested old Spanish buildings of San Lazaro and the fare which, while abundant and wholesome, was not what he was used to, coupled with the lack of privacy and his enforced association with people who, though he had only kindly feelings for them, were not his own compatriots, made life burdensome even there. To make our Brother's sad fate more bearable, his Masonic Brethren purchased for him a large tent which was pitched under some acacia trees in the extensive compound of the hospital. A fund was raised to buy extras for his table; a small ice-box was secured, and he was furnished with reading matter and other comforts. But tents are very expensive and do not last long in the tropics. The burning rays of the sun of the 14th degree of latitude and the typhoons for which the Philippine Islands are noted, played havoc with several tents in succession and the old mariner finally moved back into the building, where a small corner, partitioned off with an improvised screen, was assigned to him, and there he is still confined now, not knowing when he will be able to walk out of his prison, a free man once more.

The place looks like a medieval prison more than anything else. The light comes in through a grated opening in the thick, massive wall. In the narrow, screened-off space stand two iron bedsteads, one being the captain's and the other that of Mason, another American leper, a mulatto. Mason, who has been a leper for a year or two, must be a godsend to the lonely old man. Cheerful, easy-going, neat and clean, with the orderliness and efficiency of the ex-service man, we found him busy preparing some extras for his and the captain's table when we made our last visit. On two small alcohol stoves standing on a table, codfish cakes and bacon were sizzling, and the big man was working silently, with evident gusto, contributing an occasional chuckle or some casual remark in his soft speech to our conversation.

Beyond the screen, among the beds of the Filipino lepers, another alcohol stove or two were in operation. The scene reminded me of a gipsy camp.

Our Brother, sitting in his canvas easy chair, has generally some grievance or the other, though he bears his fate with wonderful resignation. The treatment which he receives is too trying and the injections according to the official standard would soon kill the old man. The private physician who used to treat him with a specific of his own has given up the case, because of interference on the part of the government doctors, according to our Brother. Be that as it may, the disease shows no tendency of giving way, though it is not making much headway, either.

On the grimy walls of our Brother's prison hang pathetic reminders of the happy days when he had a neat, snug cabin on a steamer or sailing vessel and had but to step outside to breathe the salt air and scan the wide expanse of tumbling waves, familiar to him since his early youth. There is his ship's clock, near it hangs his barometer, and suspended from a nail are his binoculars. His master's license, neatly framed, and the model of a sail-boat, his own handiwork, vie with each other in a poor attempt to conceal the hideous—we were going to say—leprous walls. Day in and day out, night after night, when the terrible itching caused by the injections keeps sleep from his eyes, our Brother beholds those prison walls and on them those reminders of the days of his strength and glory.

And yet, whenever we visit him, which is none too often because those visits are by no means a pleasure, the old captain has a cheerful smile on his face and cheerful words on his lips and expresses his longing to sit once more with the Brethren in his Mother Lodge.

In all probability, Bro. Fawcett will not leave the Leper Ward of San Lazaro for years to come. What he will do when he gets out is a problem that causes him considerable worry. The Lodge has, for a number of years, been paying a small allowance to his wife, and our Brother is husbanding the small fund raised for him four or five years ago through the good offices of The Cabletow with jealous care, for her and his daughter's sake. His service in the U. S. Navy does not entitled him to a pension and he has nothing to fall back on but the hundred odd dollars left of that fund.

In the meantime he bears his sad fate with a courage

and resignation worthy of the best traditions of American manhood and trusts to the Great Architect of the Universe to strengthen and protect him.

The fund of which we have spoken is under the joint custody of the Grand Secretary and the Managing Editor of THE CABLETOW. There have been no accretions to it for several years except the interest. If any Brother feels like adding his mite to it, his gift will be gladly received and acknowledged and faithfully managed for the benefit of a Mason whose fate is one that we would not wish to our worst enemy.

The Editor's Mail Bag

A Letter from Bro. J. Hugo Tatsch

In a letter dated Cedar Rapids, Iowa, February 14th, Wor. Bro. J. Hugo Tatsch, the well-known Masonic student and author, states that he has resigned his position with the Iowa Masonic Library effective March 15th, to accept a detail to active duty at the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Wor. Bro. Tatsch is, according to the *Masonic Tribune* of Seattle, one of the twenty-three officers selected by the War Department to take the special course of training which is intended to prepare reserve officers for higher command and general staff duties. The appointment is considered a distinctive honor. Wor. Bro. Tatsch expects to be promoted to a majority in the Finance Reserve soon. Since first commissioned in the Reserve he has acquired approximately 1175 credits where only 300 are required. Wor. Bro. Tatsch is a past master of Oriental Lodge No. 74, F & A. M., of Spokane, Wash., and is the author of five Masonic books and a prolific writer in Masonic reviews. His studies and researches have been recognized by membership in various learned societies of the Institution. He is connected with the well-known Masonic publishing and supply firm Macoy, of New York.

We are always pleased to hear from our distinguished Brother who has like us always stood out for clean Masonic journalism.

A Letter from Bro. William Strattan

Bro. William Strattan, formerly of Manila Lodge No. 1, writes from Jefferson Barracks, Mo., regarding his coming transfer to Honolulu, Hawaii. Bro. Strattan received his degrees in Manila Lodge No. 342 about the same time as ye Editor, in 1902, together with his brother Guy, now deputy governor of Cagayan, Sulu. He had to leave for the U. S. in 1907, but returned to the Islands in 1921, for a two-year tour of duty. He is married and has three children. Many of the old-timers will remember him as an earnest, sincere Mason and good fellow. By this time, Bro. Strattan and his interesting family will be comfortably installed at Honolulu, where our Brother has been called in his capacity as Warrant Officer in the Q. M. Corps of the U. S. Army.

The Two Prayers

Last night my boy confessed to me
Some childish wrong;
And kneeling at my knee
He prayed with tears:
"Dear God, make me a man,
Like Daddy—wise and strong;
I know You can."
Then while he slept
I knelt beside his bed,
Confessed my sins,
And prayed with low-bowed head,
"O God, make me a child
Like my child here—
Pure, guileless,
Trusting Thee with faith sincere."

—*Rev. Andrew Gillies.*

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 R. McFie (6), Mateo D. Cipriano (14), and Faustino Aguilar (23), to act as Grand Lodge Committee for Visiting the Sick during the month of April, 1929.

Receipt Stolen

Brother Joab M. Wilson of Island Lodge No. 5, F. & A. M., Corregidor, P. I., reports that his Dues Receipt, No. 379, dated September 30, 1928, was stolen from him in San Francisco, California.

Addresses Wanted

Bro. Victor E. Fisch, of Mt. Lebanon Lodge No. 80, was raised on November 5, 1925. Inquiries concerning his whereabouts are being made by his sister and by the secretary of his Lodge. Any person knowing this Brother's address will please communicate with the Secretary, Mt. Lebanon Lodge No. 80, F. & A. M., P. O. Box 2444, Manila, P. I.

[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.*

Letter From the Managing Editor to all Lodge Secretaries

DEAR BROTHER SECRETARY:—Edict No. 14 of the M. W. Grand Master, published elsewhere in this number, concerning payment of the CABLETOW Quota, should be read with special care as it embodies changes in the method of computing and paying that quota.

In the first place, there has been a change in the amount to be paid on or before June 1, 1929. This year each Lodge will be required to remit at that time only the quota for *half a year*, that is, for the months from June to November, 1929, inclusive, at the old rate, ₱1.20 per annum for each M.M., F.C., and E.A. Only half a year's payment being required, you will, therefore, remit, for the period mentioned, the sum of 60 centavos for each Master Mason, Fellow Craft, and Entered Apprentice your Lodge has at the time payment is made.

In the second place, for the period from December, 1929, to November, 1930, the CABLETOW Quota will be at the rate of ₱1.20 per annum for *every Master Mason* on the rolls of the Lodge on November 30, 1929.

In the third place, the Edict requires that this amount be added to and remitted with the Grand Lodge dues, subject to the same conditions as the latter. This means that unless the entire quota for the period from December, 1929, to November, 1930, inclusive, computed as stated above, is paid with the Grand Lodge dues, your Lodge will not be entitled to representation in the Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge in January, 1930.

The Lodges now in arrears with their CABLETOW Quota will be compelled to make more serious efforts to wipe out their indebtedness than they have been doing in the past. The most glaring cases are receiving attention from the Grand Master now and action on the others is to be taken soon.

Hoping that you will do your duty as secretary with reference to the payment of the CABLETOW Quota, I remain,

Yours fraternally,

LEO FISCHER,
Managing Editor, "The Cabletow."

Manila, P. I., March 31, 1929.

Late Books

MASONIC SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE. *By R:. W:. William M. Stuart, District Deputy Grand Master, Grand Lodge F. & A. M., New York.—Macoy Publishing and Masonic Supply Company, New York, 1928.—280 pages; 5"×7½". Foreword by J. Hugo Tatsch, P. M.*

Coming from the author of "Hand to Back," this book is necessarily interesting and well written. Bro. Stuart takes the expression "soldier of fortune" not in the sense of a soldier who sells his sword to the highest bidder, but as "a soldier who serves where fortune summons him." The soldiers whose biographies he gives include, therefore, men like Steuben, De Kalb, Lafayette, John Paul Jones, Kosciusko, and Aaron Burr. These presentations make excellent reading. Bro. Tatsch, in his foreword, praises the author for the care he has displayed in verifying facts and figures. This compliment is well deserved with the exception of the biography of Bro. Emilio Aguinaldo which is largely taken from unreliable sources. The statements that Bro. Aguinaldo served in the Chinese army and navy; that he returned to the Islands in 1897 and started another war against Spain which was in progress when Dewey came in 1898; that Aguinaldo's "abortive attempt on Manila" on February 4, 1899, cost his army 6,000 men, etc., are incorrect. We would advise a revision of the sketch of Aguinaldo and of the part of General Wood's biography regarding that Brother's administration as Chief Executive of the Philippines for the future editions which Bro. Stuart's interesting book will no doubt see.—*L. F.*

Stated Meetings of Manila Lodges

April 1 (*First Monday*).—Luz Oceánica No. 85, Masonic Temple; Service No. 95, Plaridel Temple.

April 2 (*First Tuesday*).—Manila No. 1, Masonic Temple; Kasilawan No. 77, Masonic Temple.

April 3 (*First Wednesday*).—Cosmos No. 8, Masonic Temple; Rizal No. 22, Plaridel Temple.

April 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.

April 5 (*First Friday*).—St. John's No. 9, Masonic Temple; Hiram No. 88, Plaridel Temple.

April 6 (*First Saturday*).—Nilad No. 12, Plaridel Temple; Taga-Ilog No. 79, Masonic Temple; Araw No. 18, 527 Alvarado.

April 8 (*Second Monday*).—Southern Cross No. 6, MasonicTemple.

April 9 (*Second Tuesday*).—Benjamin Franklin No. 94, Masonic Temple.

April 10 (*Second Wednesday*).—Bagumbayan No. 4, Masonic Temple.

April 11 (*Second Thursday*).—Corregidor No. 3, Masonic Temple; Batong-Buhay No. 27, 527 Alvarado.

April 12 (*Second Friday*).—Dapitan No. 21, Plaridel Temple.

April 13 (*Second Saturday*).—Biak-na-Bato No. 7, Masonic Temple; Dalisay No. 14, Plaridel Temple; Walana No. 13, Masonic Temple.

April 17 (*Third Wednesday*).—Sinukuan No. 16, Plaridel Temple.

April 18 (*Third Thursday*).—Solidaridad No. 23, Masonic Temple.

April 19 (*Third Friday*).—Modestia-Liwayway No. 81, Plaridel Temple.

April 20 (*Third Saturday*).—Hagdang Bato No. 87, 527 Alvarado, Manila; High Twelve No. 82, Masonic Temple.

May 1 (*First Wednesday*).—Cosmos No. 8, Masonic Temple; Rizal No. 22, Plaridel Temple.

May 2 (*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.

May 3 (*First Friday*).—St. John's No. 9, Masonic Temple; Hiram No. 88, Plaridel Temple.

May 4 (*First Saturday*).—Nilad No. 12, Plaridel Temple; Taga-Ilog No. 79, Masonic Temple; Araw No. 18, 527 Alvarado.

May 6 (*First Monday*).—Luz Oceánica No. 85, Masonic Temple; Service No. 95, Plaridel Temple.

May 7 (*First Tuesday*).—Manila No. 1, Masonic Temple; Kasilawan No. 77, Masonic Temple.

Gathered from Various Sources

What is the Trouble?

Just now when so many suspensions for non-payment of dues are taking place, and so many applications for dimit are being received, the question naturally arises what is the trouble? The answer is very simple. It means that the fraternity has taken into its membership a lot of men who were simply unfitted for membership. They were seeking in the fraternity something which was not there, and being disappointed they have either asked for dimit or allowed themselves to be suspended. The best thing that can possibly happen to the Masonic fraternity is to rid itself of its dross. For a long time the idea has been held that lodges are not prosperous unless they are conferring lots of degrees and piling up money in the treasury. Every Master strives to outdo his predecessor in the amount of work accomplished. The result has been that a large number of men have been brought into the society who should never have been received, not because they are lacking in good qualities, but simply because they were mentally constituted in such a manner that they failed to understand and appreciate the things for which Masonry stands. The entire future of the whole Masonic fraternity depends upon a better selection of men. A large percent of all candidates who have been received in recent years have come in through the soliciting of friends, who simply wanted to get them in. The result has been highly disastrous. Then again, the fraternity has been decidedly weak in giving its newly initiated candidates proper instruction in what Masonry means and stands for. We do not need any more Masons at the present time, but what we do need is an educating force to take hold of the Masons we already have and make them shining examples of the splendid teachings of this great fraternity.—*Illinois Freemason.*

Flaws

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life,
And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be sometimes blind
And seek for the virtues behind them.

The cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadow hiding
And it's better far to seek for a star
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Roster of Constituent Lodges, 1929

Manila No. 1, 90 Escolta, Manila. W.M., Louis Michael Hausman, P. O. Box 1729, Manila. S.W., Reuben Jacob Christman. J.W., Bernard Herbert Brown. Treasurer, Emanuel Newman. Secretary, August Schipull, P.M., P. O. Box 376, Manila. Stated Meetings, First Tuesday.

Cavite No. 2, Cavite, Cavite. W. M. George Ernest Williams, Naval Radio Station, Cañacao. S.W., Edward Webster Lawson. J.W., Gunval Andrea Wagelie. Treasurer, Francis Victor Guittard, Secretary, Henry David Riley, P.M., P. O.Box 16, Cavite. Stated Meetings, Second Monday.

Corregidor No. 3, 90 Escolta, Manila. W.M., John M. Aaron, P. O. Box 598, Manila. S.W., Verne Emilus Miller. J.W., John Kuykendall Pickering. Treasurer, Charles Adrian Massell. Secretary, Newton C. Comfort, P.G.M., P. O. Box 990, Manila. Stated Meetings, Second Thursday.

Bagumbayan No. 4, 90 Escolta, Manila. W.M., Francisco Santiago, 2146 M. Natividad, Manila. S.W., Herminio Talusan. J.W., Luis Meneses. Treasurer, Lino Chaves. Secretary, Jose A. de Kastro, P.M., P. O. Box 1243, Manila. Stated Meetings, Second Wednesday.

Island No. 5, Fort Mills, Corregidor, Cavite. W.M., Troy Fields, 1st Sgt. 59th C. A., Fort Mills. S.W., Arthur Rutherford Dayman. J.W., George Wells Card. Treasurer, James William Brennan. Secretary, James M. Covington, P.M., P. O. Box 3, Corregidor, Manila. Stated Meetings, First Monday.

Southern Cross No. 6, 90 Escolta, Manila. W.M., John R. McFie, Jr., P. O. Box 749, Manila. S.W., Thomas W. Wright. J.W., A. P. Drakeford. Treasurer, W. W. Larkin, P.M. Secretary, Theo L. Hall, P.M., P. O. Box 516, Manila. Stated Meetings, Second Monday.

Biak-Na-Bato No. 7, 90 Escolta, Manila. W.M., Paulino Perez, 151 Arqueros, Manila. S.W., Jose Salumbides. J.W., Bartolome del Rosario. Treasurer, Sy Seng Tong. Secretary, Buenaventura N. Adriano, P.M., P. O. Box 1920, Manila. Stated Meetings, Second Saturday.

Cosmos No. 8, 90 Escolta, Manila. W.M., William James Odom, 851-A, Mabini, Manila. S.W., George Alexander Mayhew. J.W., Thomas George Henderson. Treasurer, William Jesse Ellis. Secretary, Fred Meek Holmes, P.M., P. O. Box 415, Manila. Stated Meetings, First Wednesday.

St. John's No. 9, 90 Escolta, Manila. W.M., Joseph F. Boomer, 316 Carriedo, Manila. S.W., Burton F. Jinks. J.W., Eugene A. Rodier. Treasurer, Stanton Youngberg, P.M. Secretary, Charles S. Salmon, P.M., P. O. Box 734, Manila. Stated Meetings, First Friday.

Iloilo No. 11, Iloilo, Iloilo. W.M., Melecio R. Domingo, Bu. of Int. Rev. Iloilo, S.W., Pablo Nava, J.W., Santiago Bernardo. Treasurer, Sy Siong. Secretary, Evelio Zaldivar, P.M., P. O. Box 204, Iloilo. Stated Meetings, Fourth Friday.

Nilad No. 12, 520 San Marcelino, Manila. W.M., Cirilo Asperilla, 19 Calle Medel, Sta. Ana, Manila. S.W., Ambrosio Pablo. J.W., Ignacio Aquino. Treasurer, Pablo Hernandez. Secretary, Joaquin Garcia, P.M., P. O. Box 828, Manila. Stated Meetings, First Saturday.

Walana No. 13, 90 Escolta, Manila. W.M., Orestes Hermosura, 1441 Misericordia, Manila. S.W., Ramon Samaniego. J.W., Gregorio A. Vicente. Treasurer, Ricardo T. Grande. Secretary, Dionisio Alejandro, P. O. Box 2901, Manila. Stated Meetings, Second Saturday.

Dalisay No. 14, 520 San Marcelino, Manila. W.M., Martin Lontok, 27 Plaza Sta. Cruz, Manila. S.W.,_____J.W., Victorino Esguerra. Treasurer, Roman Ronquillo. Secretary, Mateo D. Cipriano, P.M., P. O. Box 215, Manila. Stated Meetings, Second Saturday.

Pilar No. 15, Imus, Cavite. W.M., Meliton Darvin, Paco Int. School, Manila. S.W., Luis Gaerlan. J.W., Pastor Sapinoso. Treasurer, Mariano Dominguez. Secretary, Marciano Sayoc, P. O. Box 616, Manila. Stated Meetings, First Saturday.

Sinukuan No. 16, 520 San Marcelino, Manila. W.M., Mateo Herrera, 960 Folgueras, Manila. S.W., Haraclio T. Mangay. J.W., Leoncio L. Espino. Treasurer, Juan Feliciano. Secretary, Potenciano Herrera, P.M., P. O. Box 809, Manila. Stated Meetings, Third Wednesday.

Bagong-Buhay No. 17, San Roque, Cavite. W.M., Valeriano Custodio, Lopez Jaena, Caridad, Cavite. S.W., Emilio de los Santos. J.W., Andres de Leon. Treasurer, Salvador Magcawas. Secretary, Simplicio B. Dionisio, P. O. Box 26, Cavite, Cavite. Stated Meetings, Second Saturday.

Araw No. 18, 527 Alvarado, Binondo, Manila. W.M., Diego Locsin, Bureau of Justice, Manila. S.W., Augusto Piccio. J.W., Crispin Llamado. Treasurer, Ong Tiong Chie. Secretary, Francisco Sevilla, P. O. Box 2159, Manila. Stated Meetings, First Saturday.

Silanganan No. 19, Pasig, Rizal. W.M., Honorio Musni, 48 Zamora, Caloocan, Rizal. S.W., Angelo Angeles. J.W., Elpidio L. Cruz. Treasurer, Pedro C. Jabson. Secretary, Ramon Peralta, Pasig, Rizal. Stated Meetings, First Saturday.

Rizal No. 20, Lopez, Tayabas. W.M., Julian Capiral, Gumaca, Tayabas. S.W., Domingo Y. Villaseñor. J.W., Simon Pasamba. Treasurer, Hipolito E. Valeña. Secretary, Emilio A. Sioson, Lopez, Tayabas. Last Saturday.

Dapitan No. 21, 520 San Marcelino, Manila. W.M., Manuel A. Guieb, P. O. Box 997, Manila. S.W., Vicente Albo. J.W., Temistocles Elviña. Treasurer, H. W. Tan Sun. Secretary, Inocentes Villegas, P. O. Box 2378, Manila. Stated Meetings, Second Friday.

Rizal No. 22, 520 San Marcelino, Manila. W.M., Jose M. Unson, Bureau of Comm. & Ind., Manila. S.W., Rosendo Reinoso. J.W. Angel S. Arguelles. Treasurer, Luis Montilla. Secretary, José V. Mariño, P. O. Box 153, Manila. Stated Meetings, First Wednesday.

Solidaridad No. 23, 520 San Marcelino, Manila. W.M., Fabian T. Rigodon, 349 S. Marcelino, Manila. S.W., Luis J. Reyes. J.W. José M. Gammad. Treasurer, Enrique Teotico. Secretary, Pastor M. de Guzman, 1051 Int. 88, S. Marcelino, Manila. Stated Meetings, Third Thursday.

Banahaw No. 24, Atimonan, Tayabas. W.M., Alfredo Bautista, Atimonan, Tayabas. S.W., Eleuterio Lim Seng Guan. J.W., Juan Luna. Treasurer, Victor Degracia. Secretary, Ezequiel Valladolid, Atimonan, Tayabas. Stated Meetings, First Saturday.

Malinaw No. 25, San Pablo, Laguna. W.M., Eusebio Diawatan, San Pablo, Laguna. S.W., Felix Hokson. J.W., Florentino Gesmundo. Treasurer, Melanio Valdellon. Secretary, Feliciano F. Exconde, P.M., San Pablo, Laguna. Stated Meetings, Second Saturday.

Pinagsabitan No. 26, Santa Cruz, Laguna. W.M., Julio Sulit, Paete, Laguna. S.W., Juan Calcetas. J.W., Fermin D. Buan. Treasurer, Augusto Arenas. Secretary, Fausto Dila, Santa Cruz, Laguna. Stated Meetings, First Saturday.

Batong-Buhay No. 27, 527 Alvarado, Manila. W.M., Conrado Tanting, 1261 Magdalena, intr., Manila. S.W., Arturo G. Cayetano. J.W., Mariano Sia. Treasurer, Eugenio Dizon. Secretary, Cirilo C. Lim, 339 Dasmariñas, Manila. Stated Meetings, Second Thursday.

Balintawak No. 28, Gumaca, Tayabas. W.M., Eustasio Villafuerte, Gumaca, Tayabas. S.W., Romualdo Libranda. J.W.,, Simeon Estrada. Treasurer, Mariano Enriquez. Secretary, Victoriano Tañafranca, P.M., Gumaca, Tayabas. Stated Meetings, Second Saturday.

Zapote No. 29, Rosario, Cavite. W.M., Sabas Alcid, 63 Lopez Jaena, San Roque, Cavite. S.W., Lucio Crudo. J.W., Pablo Ilagan. Treasurer, Jacinto N. Beltran, P.M. Secretary, Miguel Bonifacio, P.M., P. O. Box 2343, Manila. Stated Meetings, Third Saturday.

Maktan No. 30, Cebu, Cebu. W.M., Robustiano Rosales, Phil. National Bank, Cebu. S.W., Vicente A. Racaza. J.W., Salomon A. Ramas. Treasurer, Loreto Maribao. Secretary, Ricardo Ponce, P. O. Box No. 31, Cebu, Cebu. Stated Meetings, Second Friday.

Ibarra No. 31, Kawit, Cavite. W.M., Marciano S. Mata, Western Equipment Supp. Co., Manila. S.W., Angel Saqueton. J.W., Pedro J. Villanueva. Treasurer, Laureano Alvarez. Secretary, Roberto J. Cipriazo, Kawit, Cavite. Stated Meetings, First Saturday.

Martirez Del 96 No. 32, Nagcarlan, Laguna. W.M., Candido Cariaga, Nagcarlan, Laguna. S.W., Pablo Arceta, P.M. J.W., Felix Chipongian. Treasurer, Victor Consebido. Secretary, Juan Arcigal, P.M., Nagcarlan, Laguna. Stated Meetings, First Monday.

Isarog No. 33, Naga, Camarines Sur. W.M., Ernest Schaffner, Naga, Camarines Sur. S.W., Victor Oblefias. J.W., Joaquin Mendez. Treasurer, Alexander Gordenker. Secretary, Rufino A. Serranzana, P. O. Box 50. Naga, Camarines Sur. Stated Meetings, Second Friday.

Lincoln No. 34, Olongapo, Zambales. W.M., Miguel C. Rosete, P. O. Box 40, Olongapo, Zambales. S.W., Valeriano E. Abad. J.W., Ruperto Ramos. Treasurer, Wenceslao de Aro, Secretary, Vicente Escota, P. O. Box 40, Olongapo, Zambales. Stated Meetings, First Saturday.

Batangas No. 35, Batangas, Batangas. W.M., Roman Perez, Batangas, Batangas. S.W., Antonino Barrion. J.W., Esteban R. Luna. Treasurer, Gerardo Aguado. Secretary, Perfecto Condes, Batangas, Batangas. Stated Meetings, Third Saturday.

Kalilayan No. 37, Lucena, Tayabas. W.M., Federico M. Unson, P.M., Lucena, Tayabas. S.W., Ariston Solis. J.W., Eligio Magallanes. Treasurer, Alberto M. Ginainati. Secretary, Julian Garcia, P. O. Box 26, Lucena, Tayabas. Stated Meetings, Last Saturday.

Bulusan No. 38, Sorsogon, Sorsogon. W.M., Pedro R. Almonte, Sorsogon, Sorsogon. S.W., Maximo Beriña. J.W., Hermenegildo E. Encinas. Treasurer, Liao Sen Lay. Secretary, José E. de Vera, P.M., Sorsogon, Sorsogon. Stated Meetings, First Wednesday.

Mabini No. 39, Aparri, Cagayan. W.M., Fernando P. Lopez, P. O. Box 32, Aparri, Cagayan S.W., Candido Valera. J.W., Cecillo N. Ascano. Treasurer Federico M. Chua Hiong. Secretary, Valentin Aguinaldo, Box 27, Aparri, Cagayan. Stated Meetings, Second Saturday.

Maguindanaw No. 40, Cagayan, Misamis. W.M., Apolinar Velez, Cagayan, Misamis. S.W., Timoteo Quimpo. J.W., Manuel C. Fernandez, P.M. Treasurer, Go Ana. Secretary, Maximo Suniel, Cagayan, Misamis. Stated Meetings, First Thursday.

Minerva No. 41, 520 San Marcelino, Manila. W.M., Karl D. Krebs, 1456 Abreu, S. Miguel, Manila. S.W., John C. Hart. J.W., William S. Abel. Treasurer, Ignacio Chuidian. Secretary, Juan Atayde, P.M., P. O. Box 337, Manila. Stated Meetings, First Thursday.

Noli Me-Tangere No. 42, 520 San Marcelino, Manila. W.M., Estanislao Alfonso, 166 Villaruel, Pasay, Rizal. S.W., Alipio H. de la Cruz. J.W., Brigido Roxas. Treasurer, Filemon José. Secretary, Abundio del Rosario, P.M., P. O. Box 607, Manila. Stated Meetings, Second Wednesday.

Tayabas No. 43, Tayabas, Tayabas. W.M., José Velez Martinez, P.M., Tayabas, Tayabas. S.W., Simeon San Agustin, P.M. J.W., Luis Pineda, P.M. Treasurer, Caudencio Zabella. Secretary, Victor Lafuente, Tayabas, Tayabas. Stated Meetings, First Saturday.

Charleston No. 44, Agaña, Guam, M. I. W.M., George M. Murphree, Agaña, Guam, M.I. S.W., Harry E. Matsfield. J.W., Ferdinan G. E. Scharff. Treasurer, John Taitano. Secretary, R. C. Gibson, P.M., P. O. Box 23, Agaña, Guam, M.I. Stated Meetings, Second Monday.

Mount Apo No. 45, Zamboanga, Zamboanga. W.M., Nicasio Valderrosa, Zamboanga, Zamboanga. S.W., Patrick J.M. Moore. J.W., Marceio Mendoza. Treasurer, Emilio Sanson. Secretary, Henry E. Teck, P.M., Zamboanga, Zamboanga. Stated Meetings, First Thursday.

Malolos No. 46, Malolos, Bulacan. W.M., Fermin Samson, Baliwag, Bulacan. S.W., Remigio V. Bernabe. J.W., Mariano Queri. Treasurer, Honorato Carlos. Secretary, Meliton Cruz, Malolos, Bulacan. Stated Meetings, First Monday.

Makabugwas No. 47, Tacloban, Leyte. W. M., Nicanor Yñiguez, Tacloban, Leyte. S.W., John J. Riehl, P.M. J.W., George F. Abbott. Treasurer, Go Yan. Secretary, Pio V. Advincula, P. O. Box 33, Tacloban, Leyte. Stated Meetings, First Saturday.

Pampanga No. 48, San Fernando, Pampanga. W.M., Sotero Baluyot, San Fernando, Pampanga. S.W., José Guinto. J.W., Quirino Abad Santos. Treasurer, Brigido I. Navarro. Secretary, Basilio Castro, San Fernando, Pampanga. Stated Meetings, Second Saturday.

Mount Mainan No. 49, Naic, Cavite. W.M., Sergio Balacano, Hq.Btty. 91st C. A. (P.S.) Fort Mills. S.W., Guillermo del Rosario. J.W., Eliseo Nazareno. Treasurer, Pedro Poblete. Secretary, Alejandro Joco, P.M., Bureau of Posts, Manila. Stated Meetings, First Saturday.

Sarangani No. 50, Davao, Davao. W.M., Juan M. Ramos, P.O. Box 36, Davao. S.W., Pedro R. Santos. J.W., Henry C. Stanton. Treasurer, Sergio Salvaleon. Secretary, Jose Elayda, Prov. Treas., Davao. Stated Meetings, First Friday.

Pintong-Bato No. 51, Bacoor, Cavite. W.M., Higino Sarino, Bacoor, Cavite. S.W., Juan Legaspi. J.W. Eugenio Padua. Treasurer, Julian Cruz Balmaceda, P.M. Secretary, Honorio R. Cuevas, P. O. Box 990, Manila. Stated Meetings, First Saturday.

Pinatubo No. 52, San Antonio, Zambales. W.M., Pedro Madarang, San Antonio, Zambales. S.W., Leon Afinir. J.W., Julian Farrales. Treasurer, Manuel Arkoncel. Secretary, Raymundo Valente, San Antonio, Zambales. Stated Meetings, Second Saturday.

Cabanatuan No. 53, Cabanatuan, Nueva Ecija. W.M., Felino Cajucom, Cabanatuan, Nueva Ecija. S.W., Ignacio Susara. J.W., Antero Gempesaw. Treasurer, Fernando Busuego, P.M. Secretary, Gregorio S. Castelo, Cabanatuan, Nueva Ecija. Stated Meetings, First Friday.

Filipinas No. 54, Unisan, Tayabas. W.M., Dr. Gil Dimaano, Unisan, Tayabas. S.W., Reynaldo B. Florento. J.W., Amando Tuazon. Treasurer, Ramón Vera Cruz. Secretary, Leandro Carrillo, P.M., Unisan, Tayabas. Stated Meetings, First Saturday.

Makawiwili No. 55, Capiz, Capiz. W.M., Ceferino Sevilla, Capiz, Capiz. S.W., Frederick W. Meyer. J.W., Felix G. Martirez. Treasurer, Gregorio Orosco. Secretary, Carlos Quimpo, Capiz, Capiz. Stated Meetings, Third Saturday.

Pangasinan No. 56, Dagupan, Pangasinan. W.M., Rafael M. Llorente, Tarlac, Tarlac. S.W., Gregorio P. Domagas. J.W., Francisco Aquino Treasurer, Inocencio de Guzman. Secretary, Emeterio de los Santos, Lingayen, Pangasinan. Stated Meetings, Second Saturday

Isla de Luzon No. 57, 90 Escolta, Manila. W.M., José Paterno, 130 Mendoza, Manila. S.W., Felisberto Z. Soriano, P.M. J.W., Cayetano Gutierrez. Treasurer, Ramon Sanchez y Velazquez. Secretary, José M. E. Leon, P. O. Box 1549, Manila. Stated Meetings, First Thursday.

Marble No. 58, Romblon, Romblon. W.M., Manuel T. Albero, Romblon, Romblon. S.W., Matias S. Martinez. J.W., Filomeno Piczon. Treasurer, Uy Eng Sio. Secretary, Bonifacio Marrón, Romblon, Romblon. Stated Meetings, Second Saturday.

Labong No. 59, Malabon, Rizal. W.M., Ismael Lapuz, Malabon, Rizal. S.W., Rufino Policarpo. J.W., Guillermo Romero. Treasurer, Bernardo Ignacio. Secretary, Vicente Quijano, Malabon, Rizal. Stated Meetings, First Saturday.

Isabela No. 60, Ilagan, Isabela. W.M., Catalino L. Guillermo, Ilagan, Isabela. S.W., Placido Buensuceso. J.W., Filomeno S. Mariano. Treasurer, Vicente Kanoy. Secretary, Juan Ll. Evangelista, P.M., Ilagan, Isabela. Stated Meetings, First Saturday.

Mayon No. 61, Legaspi, Albay. W.M., Lazaro Tani, Legaspi, Albay. S.W., Manuel M. Calleja, P.M. J.W., Felipe Manalang. Treasurer, Yap Chuanhin. Secretary, Teodoro Serranilla, Legaspi, Albay. Stated Meetings, First Tuesday.

Tupas No. 62, Cebu, Cebu. W.M., Johann Leo Schmitt, Macondray & Co., Cebu. S.W., Herbert Campbell V. Booten. J.W., George Castro. Treasurer, Robert MacVinnie Miller. Secretary, Adolf A. Williamson. P.M., P. O. Box 37, Cebu, Cebu. Stated Meetings, Second Tuesday.

Angalo No. 63, Vigan, Ilocos Sur. W.M., Miguel I. Aguinaldo, Vigan, Ilocos Sur. S.W., Dr. Eufemio Domingo. J.W., Isabelo Feraren. Treasurer, Paul C. Palencia, P.M. Secretary, Buenaventura F. Alcid, P.M., P. O. Box 27, Vigan, Ilocos Sur. Stated Meetings, Third Saturday.

Kanlaon No. 64, Bacolod, Occidental Negros. W.M., Manuel Garcia, P.M., Bacolod, Occ. Negros. S.W., Domingo C. Vallesteros. J.W., Irineo Ferraris. Treasurer, Esteban Henares. Secretary, Ernesto S. Salas, P.M., Bago, Occ. Negros. Stated Meetings, Second Saturday.

Tamaraw No. 65, Calapan, Mindoro. W.M., Vicente Adeva, Naujan, Mindoro. S.W., Thomas I. Weeks. J.W., Sisenando Bugarin. Treasurer, Leoncio Casanas. Secretary, Dionisio Puriño, Calapan, Mindoro. Stated Meetings, First Monday.

Gonzaga No. 66, Tuguegarao, Cagayan. W.M., Victoriano Luna, P.M., Tuguegarao, Cagayan. S.W., Lorenzo de Leon, J.W., Cornelio Balangue. Treasurer, Pedro R. Perez. Secretary, Bernardino Pagalilauan, Tuguegarao, Cagayan. Stated Meetings, Third Saturday.

Baguio No. 67, Baguio, Mt. Province. W.M., John Woodson, P.M., Camp John Hay, Baguio. S.W., Dionisio Gil. J.W., James Moses. Treasurer, Emil Speth. Secretary, Edilberto Madrid, P. O. Box 60, Baguio. Stated Meetings, First Wednesday.

Magat No. 68, Bayombong, Nueva Vizcaya. W.M., Vicente Lumicao, Bayombong, Nueva Vizcaya. S.W., Eulalio H. Dolojan. J.W., Joaquin M. Villanueva. Treasurer, Julio Tugab. Secretary, Lazaro Milaor, Bayombong, Nueva Vizcaya Stated Meetings, First Saturday.

Primera Luz Filipina No. 69, Binakayan, Kawit, Cavite. W.M., Mariano M. Chico, P.M., 3 Canonigo, Paco, Manila. S.W., Estanislao M. Ignacio. J.W., Pablo Samson. Treasurer, Vicente Marquez. Secretary, Pio M. Jamir, Binakayan, Kawit, Cavite. Stated Meetings, First Saturday.

Union No. 70, San Fernando, La Union. W.M., Justo de Leon, San Fernando, La Union. S.W., Leoncio R. Salanga. J.W., Aquilino L. Cariño. Treasurer, Matias S. Parlan, Secretary, Andres B. Rivera, San Fernando, La Union. Stated Meetings, First Saturday.

Laoag No. 71, Laoag, Ilocos Norte. W.M., Alberto Suguitan, Laoag, Ilocos Norte. S.W., Baltazar C. Aguirre. J.W., Melanio Orbeta. Treasurer, Felicisimo Ruiz. Secretary, Francisco Domingo, Laoag, Ilocos Norte. Stated Meetings, Third Saturday.

Makiling No. 72, Calamba, Laguna. W.M., Apolonio Carpena, Calamba, Laguna. S.W., Felix A. Javier. J.W., Roberto A. Ruiz. Treasurer, Severino Arambulo. Secretary, Cesario Dalmacio, P.M., Canlubang, Laguna. Stated Meetings, First Saturday.

Nueva Ecija No. 73, Quezon, Nueva Ecija. W.M., José V. Cruz, Quezon, Nueva Ecija. S.W., Leoncio T. Juan. J.W., Emilio T. Federico. Treasurer, Martin Villasan. Secretary, Gregorio D. Robles, P. O. Box 81, Cabanatuan, Nueva Ecija. Stated Meetings, Second Saturday.

Plaridel No. 74, Calawag, Tayabas. W.M., Pedro Pica, P.M., Calauag, Tayabas. S.W., Mamerto P. Epino. J.W., Donato O. Cabañgon. Treasurer, Gregorio Orlanda. Secretary, Juan Lerum, Calauag, Tayabas. Stated Meetings, First Saturday.

Agno No. 75, Tayug, Pangasinan. W.M., José G. Polotan, Sual, Pangasinan. S.W., Anastacio Abad. J.W., Emilio Naraval. Treasurer, Fernando Montano. Secretary, Valentin M. Valdez, P.M., San Nicolas, Pangasinan. Stated Meetings, Second Saturday.

Hamtik No. 76, San José, Antique. W.M., Mamerto Portillo, San José, Antique S.W., Aniano Tolentino. J.W., Bartolome Gella, P.M. Treasurer, Higino Villagracia. Secretary, Joaquin Quisumbing, P.M., San José, Antique. Stated Meetings, First Saturday.

Kasilawan No. 77, 90 Escolta, Manila. W.M., José S. Velasquez, San Felipe Neri, Rizal. S.W., José Fetalvero. J.W., Braulio M. Epino. Treasurer, Alejandro E. Sison. Secretary, Manuel M. Agbulos, P.M., P. O. Box 2206, Manila. Stated Meetings, First Tuesday.

Acacia No. 78, Iloilo, Iloilo. W.M., Wm. Ludwig, Iloilo, Iloilo. S.W., José J. Jara, Jr. J.W., Wm. Campbell. Treasurer, L. P. Porras. Secretary, Olimpio Magat, P.M., Iloilo, Iloilo. Stated Meetings, Second Wednesday.

Taga-Ilog No. 79, 90 Escolta, Manila. W.M., Julian Gimenez, 431 Fajardo, Tdo., Manila. S.W., José Timbol. J.W., Abundio Lontoc. Treasurer, Go Kawe. Secretary, Clemente Bernabe, P.M., 1849 Sulu, Sta. Cruz, Manila. Stated Meetings, First Saturday.

Mount Lebanon No. 80, 1132 California St., Manila. W.M., William Merz, P. O. Box 1796, Manila. S.M., Anthony Simkus, P.M. J.W., Hyman Mayer Levins. Treasurer, Motel Coldstein, Secretary, Walter Ruebe, P. O. Box 1824, Manila. Stated Meetings, First Thursday.

Modestia-Liwayway No. 81, 520 San Marcelino, Manila. W.M., Teodoro Reyes, P.M., 824-A Avenida Rizal, Manila. S.W., Eduardo Romero. J.W., Marcial Reyes. Treasurer, Melecio Abella, P.M. Secretary, Tomás Alfonso, P.M., 735 Kansas Ave., Manila. Stated Meetings, Second Wednesday.

High-Twelve No. 82, 90 Escolta, Manila. W.M., Gregorio Cariaga, La Minerva Cigar Corp., Manila. S.W., Eugenio de la Cruz. J.W., Fidel Manalo. Treasurer, Emilio Marquez. Secretary, Nemesio Reyes, P.M., 635 Alvarez, Manila. Stated Meetings, Third Saturday.

Dagohoy No. 84, Tagbilaran, Bohol. W.M., Juan P. Lumain, Tagbilaran, Bohol. S.W., Roman F. Tuason. J.W., Frank Lombardo. Treasurer, Jacinto K. Fortich. Secretary, Agapito Olayvar, Tagbilaran, Bohol. Stated Meetings, Second Saturday.

Luz Oceanica No. 85, 90 Escolta, Manila. W.M., Chua Cho Ching, Box 1253, Manila. S.W., Chua Sy Quiat. J.W., José See Yok Peng. Treasurer, Ty Hoan Chay. Secretary, Andrés Filoteo, P.M., 11 Loreto, Manila. Stated Meetings, First Monday.

Abra No. 86, Bangued, Abra. W.M., Urbano Bañez, Bangued, Abra. S.W., Vivencio G. Casia. J.W., Bernardo Burgos. Treasurer, Esteban Buenavista. Secretary, Apolinario Caridad, Bangued, Abra. Stated Meetings, Second Saturday.

Hagdang-Bato No. 87, 527 Alvarado, Manila. W.M., Alejandro R. Santos, 429 Sta. Mesa, Manila. S.W., Tiaw Ping Lim. J.W., Natalio M. Balboa. Treasurer, Song Fo. Secretary, Gregorio Littaua, P.M., 527 Alvarado, Manila. Stated Meetings, Third Saturday.

Hiram No. 88, 520 San Marcelino, Manila. W.M., Bonifacio S. Araullo, 577 Tanduay, Manila. S.W., Euraquio Alambra. J.W., Hilarion D. Abad. Treasurer, Ramón Ramos. Secretary, Enrique Rimando, 428 Ave. Rizal, Manila. Stated Meetings, First Friday.

Muog No. 89, Parañaque, Rizal. W.M., James T. Lyons, Phil. Med. Depot, Port Area, Manila. S.W., Teodorico Santos. J.W., Frank E. Hobbs. Treasurer, Felipe Mapoy. Secretary, Pedro Lombos, P.M., Bureau of Justice, Manila. Stated Meetings, Second Saturday.

Memorial No. 90, Muñez, Nueva Ecija. W.M., Enrique L. Locsin, Muñoz, Nueva Ecija. S.W., Rufino Angeles. J.W., Eugenio Ramos. Treasurer, Apolonio Fuertes. Secretary, Marceliano Hidalgo, P.M., Muñoz, Nueva Ecija. Stated Meetings, Second Saturday.

Mount Kaladias No. 91, Dumaguete, Oriental Negros. W.M., Emilio M. Javier, Dumaguete, Oriental Negros. S.W., Lorenzo Bernardez. J.W., Pelagio G. Villarin. Treasurer, Felipe Pastor. Secretary, Daniel Sindiong, Dumaguete, Oriental Negros. Stated Meetings, Second Tuesday.

Ma-Bu-Ti No. 92, Masbate, Masbate. W.M., Ciriaco L. Latonero, Masbate, Masbate. S.W., Enrique Legaspi. J.W., Florentino Serrano. Treasurer, Lee Lang. Secretary, Isidro P. Loyola, Masbate, Masbate. Stated Meetings, First Monday.

Mencius No. 93, 90 Escolta, Manila. W.M., Victorino Tanlayco, 216 Rosario, Manila. S.W., Agapito Yulak. J.W., Ti Kim Kee. Treasurer, O. Hway Peck. Secretary, James G. K. Lim, P. O. Box 2220, Manila. Stated Meetings, First Thursday.

Benjamin Franklin No. 94, 90 Escolta, Manila. W.M., Henry Shuler Townsend, 207 Park Ave., Pasay, Rizal. S.W., Leon Shultz Eaton. J.W., William Edger Lunsford. Treasurer, Alexander W. Robertson. Secretary, Paul F. Whitacre, P.M., P. O. Box 2626, Manila. Stated Meetings, Second Tuesday.

Service No. 95, 520 San Marcelino, Manila. W.M., William Beishir, Hd. Co., 31st Infantry, Manila. S.W., William E. Lunceford. J.W., Miore L. Gordon. Treasurer, James B. Screen, P.M. Secretary, M. R. Heller, P. O. Box 1378, Manila. Stated Meetings, First Monday.

Isagani No. 96, Paniqui, Tarlac. W.M., Clemente Terso, Moncada, Tarlac. S.W., Isaac Santos. J.W., Sixto Guiang. Treasurer, Esteban Alberto. Secretary, Arcadio Evangelista, P.M., Anao, Tarlac. Stated Meetings, First Saturday.

Bagong-Ilaw No. 97, Noveleta, Cavite. W.M., Joseph Ramos, 1109 Tennessee, Manila. S.W., Ramón Zapanta. J.W., José A. Alvarez. Treasurer, Vicente M. Vallido. Secretary, Miguel G. Luna, P.M., Bureau of Comm. & Ind., Manila. Stated Meetings, Second Saturday.

Mount Huraw No. 98, Catbalogan, Samar. W.M., Manuel Acuña, Catbalogan, Samar. S.W., Luis Cervero. J.W., Gilberio C. Rosales. Treasurer, Ignacio Tan Tay In. Secretary, Cayetano Froilan, Catbalogan, Samar. Stated Meetings, First Monday.

Palawan No. 99, Puerto Princesa, Palawan. W.M., Aquilino H. Aberin, Iwahig, Palawan. S.W., Francisco B. Santos. J.W., Ceferino F. Garcia. Treasurer, Yaezo Minakawa. Secretary, Policarpio D. Dellosa, Iwahig, Palawan. Stated Meetings, First Saturday.

Keystone No. 100, Fort Mills, Corregidor, Cavite. W.M., George A. Holt, Post Exchange, Fort Mills. S.W., Federico E. Palma. J.W., Donato E. Poblete. Treasurer, Macario Odiamar. Secretary, Alejandro N. Dinglas, U. S. Engr. Dept. Fort Mills. Stated Meetings, First Thursday.

Elisha Ward Wilbur No. 101, Victorias, Occidental Negros. W.M., J. J. Muller, Manapla, Occidental Negros. S.W., Francis J. Cooper. J.W., W. A. Kinney, P.M. Treasurer, Luis R. Yangco, P.M. Secretary, Eligio L. Felin, Victorias, Occidental Negros. Stated Meetings, Second Wednesday.

Bud Daho No. 102, Jolo, Sulu. W.M., Dr. Julian Pilares, P.M., Jolo, Sulu. S.W., Arturo Villanueva. J.W., William J. Real. Treasurer, Agapito de los Reyes. Secretary, Simeon Obsequio, Jolo, Sulu. Stated Meetings, First Friday.

Zambales No. 103, Iba, Zambales. W.M., Esteban Q. Amon, Palauig, Zambales. S.W., Eugenio Encarnación. J.W., Tomás Achacoso. Treasurer, Luis Ruanto. Secretary, Ciriaco A. Labrador, Iba, Zambales. Stated Meetings, First Saturday.

Bataan No. 104, Limay, Bataan. W.M., Felipe Padolina, Limay, Bataan. S.W., Joseph C. Hill, J.W., José F. Ditan. Treasurer, Silvestre R. Ganzon. Secretary, Lorenzo Pakingan, Limay, Bataan. Stated Meetings, Third Saturday.

Leonard Wood No. 105, Stotsenburg, Pampanga. W.M., Doyle O. Hickey, Camp Stotsenburg, Pampanga. S.W., Ruperto Monte. J.W., Gaudencio S. Cruz, Treasurer, Nicolas Garabato. Secretary, Cipriano Masiclat, Camp Stotsenburg, Pampanga. Stated Meetings,

Candidate Taking His First

Well, it won't be long now.

Wish they'd start. Whazzat thing in the corner? Gee, it looks like a branding iron! Nope, nothing but the window opener. Wow! I thought it was a branding iron. Gosh, it must be awful to be branded like a cow.

Hum! Well, it won't be long now!

Great Caesar's corpse, what was that noise? Oh, only a door slammed. Be still, my heart.

Wonder what that group of fellows in the dress suits are talking about? They keep looking over at me. They look kind of serious. Why don't they smile? There! One of 'em did smile—and it ain't so good! I hate a smile like that.

My gosh! There's a guy with his arm in a sling! "Say, brother, how—how'd you hurt your arm? Oh, tried to crank your boy's flivver!"

Heigh-ho! Well, it won't be long now!

Here comes that officer who smiled at me. Wonder what he wants?

"How's my heart? My heart, hey? Well, my heart is O. K., I guess. What you want to know about my heart for? I'm not being insured. Oh, you thought I looked pale? Ha-ha! Sure, I'm feeling great. Wish I could do this every night. Oh, you think I may change my mind soon? Not a chance. No, I don't bet."

Whew! He was trying to give me a ride, I guess. Whazzat smell? Smells like—like burning flesh! Oh, I see. That fellow was lighting his cigar and the match burnt his fingers.

Well, it won't be long now!

Oh, my Lord! Whazzat thing over there? Looks like a big thumb-screw or something "Say Brother, what is that—that machine over there? Oh, it's an old letter press. Well, well. Nervous? Who? Me? Golly, no. Looka my hand; see how steady it is. I don't get nervous."

Here comes that group of officers now. Wonder what they want?

"Good-evening. Yes sir, I'm John B-b-b-biggs. Sure, my name is spelled with only one 'B'. Ha-ha! Am I ready? Well, I hope to tell you I am. No, I'm not scared. No, I don't bet. Oh, you want me to come with you in that room. Sure. Allez-oop!"

Well, it won't be long now!—*Master Mason, San Diego.*

Masonic Fiction

Her Mother's Heritage

By Leo Fischer

(*Conclusion*)

Seeing Barnard still undecided, the Filipino silently removed his *sinamay camisa* and then his undershirt. On the arms and torso, broad, livid scars were visible. "All this I suffered for my Brethren," the Filipino said. "I was then a schoolteacher but I was also a Mason. Some one told the parish priest and I was made to suffer tortures for several days but I did not betray my Brethren. At last, through the connivance of a Brother Mason, I escaped."

Deeply moved, Barnard put both hands on the bare shoulders of the Filipino. "You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din," he said. "They might turn you away from my Lodge if you tried to visit; but those scars should entitle you to a seat in the East anywhere if there is any justice in Masonry." And Dionisio moved his sleeping mat and trunk into the *maestro's* house.

During those eight years, their relation had been that of master and servant but either of them knew that the other would do anything in the world for him.

Dionisio kept the lumber and nipa house, which stood alone in the middle of a big lot, surrounded by mango, banana, and papaya trees, immaculate and made the maestro's dwelling a pleasant place to live in.

Barnard was not yet forty; but the abundant brown hair framing his high forehead was tinged with gray and the kind, intellectual face showed lines of care. Twelve years before he had suffered the grief of his life when Virginia Hall, with whom he was in love, married a man not worthy of her, and he had accepted an appointment as teacher in the Philippine Islands to forget his disappointment.

Before he had left for the Islands, Virginia's father, a grizzled old soldier, had drawn him aside. "Vernon," he had said, "I have an idea that Virginia made the mistake of her life when she married that man Moran. I am a sick man and have not long to live. Will you see that in case my daughter comes to grief she will not lack protection? I make this request of you not only as a friend but as a Brother Mason." Barnard had assured his friend that he would cross the Pacific immediately to come to Virginia's assistance if she should need him. Since then, the Morans had come to the Islands themselves and Virginia's father had answered the last roll-call.

Now Barnard looked worn and haggard. He had just learned of the death of the woman whom he had loved to the last and his thoughts were with her as he looked out upon the distant ranges. A creaking of the bamboo floor awakened him from his reverie.

"What is it, Dionisio?" he said, without turning his head.

"Señor," came the answer, "there is a strange woman here who says she has come on important business and must see you immediately. Shall I tell her to come in?"

"Certainly, Dionisio," answered Barnard, rising.

The woman who entered, though a Filipina, was evidently not a Visayan like the natives of Walana, where the *maestro* was stationed. Tall, thin, rather light complected, with fearless eyes, she impressed him as a woman to be reckoned with. After sweeping the house with a glance, apparently taking in the minutest details, she examined Barnard insistently. The result of her examination seemed to be satisfactory. Slowly unwrapping a flat object which she was carrying in her hand, in a silk kerchief, she produced a photograph.

"Señor, it is she from whom I come," she said, gazing fixedly into the American's eyes.

"Virginia," gasped Barnard. For a few moments he stood in silence, absorbed in the contemplation of the portrait, then he said: "Sit down, please, and give me the message."

The woman drew herself up to her full height. "I will not sit down," she said, "until I know if my mistress' daughter can stay here. If she cannot stay with you, then we must go back to Luzon, and I shall take her up to the mountains to my people. The steamer sails from the coast town in a few hours, and I must know your decision now."

"Her daughter?" asked Barnard, not trusting his ears. "Her daughter here? And the mother desires me to take care of her?"

"That was her dying wish, Sir," the woman answered. "But the girl must take another name and pass for a boy, because her father has sent out an alarm for her, and her mother told me that the father and that mestiza must not get her into their power, otherwise she will not rest quietly in her grave. Shall I call the child?"

"Yes, do," said Barnard.

Stepping to the window, the woman imitated the call of a bird. Out from between the banana trees stepped a lanky boy, dressed in khakie, a huge straw hat on his blond head. As the child approached, Barnard, with his heart throbbing with emotion, saw a pair of wistful, large eyes of dark blue, fringed by long silken lashes, in an attractive face tanned by the sun. The child came up the stairs and advanced towards the *maestro*.

Raising her eyes to his, she gravely held out a strong little hand. "I know I shall like you," she said, gazing trustingly into the face of the man. "And you must like me, because I have no more mother, and father must not have me because of Paz, the mestiza. Pitang will fetch my things; we left them at the *tienda* of a Chinaman. Where shall I sleep?

Barnard drew the child into his arms. His heart went out immediately to the serious little thing. "You shall stay with me, my child," he said, "and all the love that I have stored up here in my heart shall go to you, so don't worry. You shall have the coziest room in the house; Dionisio will fix it up for you."

With a happy sigh, the child laid her head against his breast. Pitang's stolid face twitched slightly as she turned to go. Ten minutes later she returned, carrying a *tampipi* and a valise.

"*Señor*," she announced, "I must leave you now. I still have six of the gold pieces my mistress gave me; I have been careful with my expenses."

The woman proceeded to untwist part of her skirt to get the money; but Barnard stopped her.

"No, my good woman," he said, "the child will not lack anything. I have plenty of money and you need that gold for yourself."

Pitang nodded. "Thank you, señor," she said, "I can make good use of it. But I must go now." She turned towards the child. "Adios, Nena," she said, with a catch in her voice. "Be a good child, my little princess."

A cry of distress was the answer. Winifred's arms were around the woman's waist and a tearful face was turned up to hers.

"Pitang," wailed the girl, "don't go away. Stay with me, dear Pitang!"

A spasm of suffering crossed the face of the woman. Stooping down, she pressed her lips against the blond head, then she tore herself away and rushed down the stairs.

"Why can't she stay, my Pitang?" wailed the child. "She is all I have in the world since Mamma went to Heaven, and her people in the mountains don't need her any worse than I do."

Gently, Barnard took the child on his knees and ex-

plained to her that now she had him, Uncle Vernon, to look after her and love her. In the meantime, Dionisio had been getting the supper ready. Winifred was hungry. The sea voyage had been a rough one and the child had eaten little on board of the rickety old steamer which had brought her all the way from Manila. No wonder that she did full justice to the dinner, to Dionisio's great delight.

She was digging big chunks of golden meat out of a luscious papaya when an idea suddenly struck her. Putting down her spoon, she said: "Uncle Vernon, I know now how to call you. At home Father called me Win and Mother Winnie, and Pitang always called me Princesa. But now that I am a boy, what is my name?"

Barnard laughed. "Now you've got me, child. How would Freddie do?"

The child beamed. "Fine, Uncle Vernon, fine! That is a real boy's name. But, Uncle, am I to go to school with the Filipino boys?"

Barnard shook his head. "No, Freddie. You will have the distinction of having a private tutor, who will be none less than your Uncle Vernon. But I shall take you to school with me, and if you are as bright as your dear mother was, you will no doubt learn a great deal by sitting there and listening. Will that be all right?"

Winifred nodded. "And you'll make a real boy out of me?" she asked. "Shooting and riding and all the rest? I can already swim like a fish and I can stick to a horse, too. But now I'd like awfully well to go to bed."

Barnard rose. "Dionisio," he called. "Have you fixed up the little room by the side of mine? Here is a boy who wants to go to bed."

The muchacho appeared at the door. A friendly smile lighted up his good, homely face. With childish intuition, Winifred knew that Dionisio was to be trusted and would be her devoted slave.

"All ready, Señor," he said. "I put the new mat and a fresh mosquito bar on the small bed, and there is drinking water and everything."

Barnard and Winifred inspected the room. The girl was delighted.

"What a cozy little room, and how clean it is! Dionisio," she said, "I am Freddie and I am going to stay with my Uncle Vernon as long as he will have me. Will that be all right with you?"

Dionisio beamed. He was highly elated Now there was a real American child in the house, without the embarrassing adjunct of an American *señora!* "Yes, Master Freddie," he replied. "You will make this house a happy place for me and my master." His homage was sincere and his allegiance to the new master complete.

After washing the dishes, Dionisio sat on his bamboo couch. In his hand he held one of Winifred's shoes, admiring the wonderful polish that he had put on it and comparing it with the other, which had not yet received the same treatment, and which certainly looked dirty and neglected.

Dionisio was chuckling. "A secret," he murmured, "a great secret. And only I and the master know it, though I am supposed not to know it. As if a Mason couldn't be trusted with *any* secret!"

On the coast, five miles from Walana, Pitang was that moment sitting on the hatch of a steamer that was slowly feeling its way out of the harbor. Her face was turned in the direction of the town where she had left her little *señorita*. The look of mute grief and despair in her eyes showed that Pitang was not returning to her native mountains with a happy heart.

* * * * * * * * * *

Time passes very quickly in the Philippines. There are no sharply defined seasons, no preparations for winter, no changes from hot to cold season clothes, and a year is over before one realizes it.

When Barnard received orders to go to Manila, preparatory to a change of station which was to take effect at the end of his leave of absence, nearly four years had passed since Winifred had come to the house among the mango trees. They had been four happy years for the *maestro* and his ward. Winifred always accompanied Barnard on his inspection trips to the barrio schools, mounted on a sturdy pony which he had bought for her. Later, Barnard had bought a Ford, and before he knew it, Winifred, who had a knack for mechanics, had learned to drive the car and even to make minor repairs.

When Julio, the chauffeur, became insolent and had to be discharged, Winifred insisted upon taking his place, despite Barnard's protests.

"Never mind, Uncle," the girl said, "I know just as much as Julio ever did, and whenever we take the car to the repair shop, I learn a whole lot more than he ever knew. Won't you let me earn my keep, please?"

The townspeople liked the lanky boy with the curly blond hair very much. The girls were sorry that the handsome young *Americano* was so girl-shy, and the boys resented his not accompanying them on their swimming parties and keeping aloof from them; but they concluded that *Americanos* were queer beings, anyway, and admired "Freddie" for his intelligence and his accomplishments as a musician, horseman, chauffeur, and marksman.

Winifred's eyes filled with tears more than once as she was taking down the pictures in the room that had been all her own for four years. She and Dionisio did most of the packing, much to the relief of Barnard, who had a great deal of work to dispose of in connection with the schools.

"Doesn't the dear old place look dreary now?" asked Barnard, on their last evening in Walana, as the two were sitting opposite each other at the table.

The girl stretched herself. "It has been hard work to make it look that way, Uncle, and the sooner I get to bed, the better. It does not make me happy to see the house in that condition; in fact, I have felt like crying most of the day."

Barnard gazed reflectively at the youthful figure. Winifred was fifteen years old. Narrow-hipped and slender, she still looked like a handsome boy; but before long it would be impossible to hide her budding young womanhood.

The man sighed. The thought of separation from the girl was a nightmare that had been haunting him for many months. In the four years that they had been together, he had given Winifred a complete education, and the child had not only been an apt pupil; but had given him such affection and gratitude and been such a charming companion that he counted those four years among the happiest of his life.

* * * * * * * * * *

After the roomy, cool house at Walana, Winifred found life in the boarding-house in Ermita extremely dull and disagreeable. She missed her car, the quiet, peaceful nights, and the rustling of the leaves of the banana trees under her bed-room window. Dionisio, who had insisted upon coming to Manila with his beloved master, had secured temporary employment in a restaurant; but reported conscientiously once a day to inquire if the *señorito* did not need anything.

One day Winifred was hurrying back to her room after a delightful two hours in a neighboring automobile repair shop, where a friendly Filipino mechanic had allowed her to help him to assemble motors, when she ran into a young man in the uniform of an officer of the United States army and nearly upset him. The man in khakie looked angry at first; but the sight of the charming, distressed face before him disarmed him completely.

"You certainly knocked the wind out of me, young fellow," he said.

"I beg your pardon," stammered Winifred, "I was in a

hurry to get back home before my uncle came. I have been learning all sorts of things about automobiles in the shop over there and have not touched my French or my piano all afternoon."

The lieutenant looked interested. "You must be very fond of automobiles to spend two hot afternoon hours in a shop like the one across the street," he said. "Can you drive?"

"You bet I can!" replied Winifred, with enthusiasm. "Just let me drive your car and you'll see. I have been my uncle's chauffeur for the last two years and he says I am a Jim Dandy!"

The eager, flushed face and the singularly beautiful eyes of the boy exercised a fascination over the lieutenant that he could not resist. He did not make friends very readily; but he took to the boy immediately.

"All right," he said, "let us take a ride out to Fort McKinley after dinner. I am Lieutenant Ervin Werner, of the Engineers. By the way, I want to compliment you on your violin-playing. Was that not 'Simple Aveu' I heard you play last night?"

Winifred answered in the affirmative. The fearless, steel-gray eyes and tanned, strong face of the officer made her think of Bayard, the "chevalier sans peur et sans reproche," of whom she had been reading, and it made her happy to receive a compliment from such a man.

After the ride that evening, she felt that with a man like the young engineer for a chum, life would indeed be worth living.

Next morning she drove the lieutenant to Fort Santiago, where he was on special duty. The venerable old fort impressed her a great deal, and as she was walking back to Ermita, she felt strangely light and happy. Something new had come into her life that intoxicated her like wine; but she could not define what it was nor give it a name.

The young people were a great deal together after that. Winifred soon called her friend "Slim," as she had heard some of his brother officers call him. One day he told her he had to go to Corregidor Island for a week, on a special mission. That was a long week for Winifred, though she had the lieutenant's car, which he had placed at her disposal and in which she took her uncle to all the places of interest near Manila.

At last the young man returned from the "Rock." He found Winifred waiting for him at the pier. The lieutenant looked pleased.

"How thoughtful of you, Freddie," he said. "How is the old wagon?"

"Fine," replied Winifred, beaming with pleasure. "All oiled and shining, with the tank full of gasoline. I suppose you will want to go out joy-riding this afternoon?"

"Oh Lord, no," said the lieutenant. "I have a lot of work to do first. I have in my suit-case here a set of drawings which are of the greatest importance, and I intend to insert them in their place in a certain big map to-night. I ought to take them to Fort Santiago now for safekeeping; but I prefer to work in my room. If I lost them, it would cost me my commission."

A few minutes later, the little Ford sped to Ermita, with Winifred at the wheel. The girl was disappointed that she had to stay in that afternoon; but the idea of being near her friend, in his cool, neatly kept room, seemed very pleasant to her. Barnard had to go to the Bureau of Education late in the afternoon, and Winifred, left alone, joined the lieutenant the moment Barnard had left the house.

She found the young officer seated at a marble-topped table, busily engaged with his maps.

"Please switch on the light, Freddie," he said, as she stepped into the room. "It is getting too dark to see these fine lines and figures. I am going to finish this job before dinner, and then you can drive me to Fort Santiago where I shall put the whole thing under lock and key."

The girl turned on the electric light and sat down on the big arm-chair. "Who would want that old map of yours that you are so anxious about it?" she asked.

The lieutenant looked up from his work. "More than one person in this city would give a whole lot to get hold of this little set of drawings," he said, "and would not the Japanese intelligence department love to have them! They are keeping close tab on us engineers and I bet their agents here know all about my trip to the Rock."

Suddenly he rose. "Look here, Freddie," he said, "I have to get some data from Lieutenant James over at the Army and Navy Club. I shall be back in ten or fifteen minutes. Will you stay here in my room and watch my papers? The only really important map is this one." Rolling up the smallest of the maps, he slipped a rubber band around it, then he rose.

"You will do that, won't you?" he asked. "I hate to leave that map, somehow."

The girl flushed. "I think I can be trusted, Slim," she answered.

The lieutenant walked towards the open door. Pushing aside the screen which hid the inside of the room from view, he said: "I leave you on guard, Private Barnard. No sleeping on post, *sabe*?"

Winifred laughed. "Don't worry, lieutenant!" she answered, with a mocking salute.

When the lieutenant was gone, the girl turned towards the table with the precious maps that she was supposed to watch and which lay there in the glare of the electric light. It suddenly occurred to her that it would be a good idea to turn off the light and give her eyes a rest, as Barnard had advised her to do as often as she could. With the room in darkness, the maps would be safer and she could dream a little, as she loved to do. She went to the switch, and a moment later the room was plunged into darkness, except where a street-lamp lighted up a corner of it.

Winifred sat down on the camphorwood chest by the side of the bed. The mosquito bar had not yet been drawn. Gently, the girl pulled the pillow to the edge of the bed and put her cheek against it. A delicious shiver ran through her. Was that love? She felt a desire to kiss the pillow, but suddenly she pushed it back. A blush mantled her cheek.

"No," she muttered, "we must be chums and nothing else. He cares for me as a chum and if he finds out I am a girl he will despise me, and I could not stand that. What man would love a thing like me which is neither fish nor flesh?"

Impatiently the girl shook herself, as if that were a way of ridding herself of her girlhood. But a moment later, leaning back against the wall, she again thought how sweet it would be to feel Ervin's strong arms about her and his lips on hers.

Winifred was desperate. She concluded the best would be to switch on the light again and pick up a book. But as she was about to rise, a shadow came between her and the street-light. A man appeared on the window-sill and jumped into the room. The girl held her breath and remained in her dark corner, motionless.

For a second or two, the intruder stood near the window, behind the half-closed shutter, then he cautiously advanced towards the table. The girl noticed that the man was an American or European, of stocky build, with a beard, wearing glasses and a traveling cap.

Frightened as she was at first, Winifred quickly rallied It did not occur to her for a moment to scream. Stealthily she crept from her hiding-place towards the stranger. He was bending over the table; evidently he was very near-sighted. Just as he was about to put his hand on the

maps, the girl resolutely seized his arm.

"You leave those things alone and get out of here!" Winifred's voice was hoarse with excitement and her heart was throbbing. Though thoroughly frightened, she was determined to defend the thing she had been asked to guard.

The stranger turned round and faced her. His features were plainly visible in the light that came from the street, and upon seeing the once handsome face, now coarsened by drink and dissipation and disguised by a beard, the girl gave a start.

"Father," she gasped. She was dumbfounded; she had been told that her father was still in Japan, to which country he had gone after Doña Paz had left him.

The man looked at the slim boyish figure and stared for a moment incredulously at the attractive face with the determined eyes. Then he sneered.

"Masquerading as a boy, I see," he said, "that is why we couldn't find you." Then, changing his tone, he rapped out: "Now hurry up, Win, out with that map the lieutenant made; I've got to have it!" And, turning towards the table, he drew away the big sheet of tracing paper with which the lieutenant had covered the maps.

"Be quick about it, Win," he said, reaching back and seizing the girl's wrist. "You know which it is and he may come back any moment."

Winifred attempted to answer; but her throat and lips were dry and she could not utter a sound. It all seemed like a nightmare to her and her brain was in a turmoil. But one idea was uppermost: she would not let her father have that map, even if it cost her life. She knew that physically, she was no match for him; but suddenly she remembered the shaky condition of the table which consisted of an enormous, heavy slab of marble mounted on a rather flimsy bentwood base.

With a quick movement she pushed her father against the edge of the table, which toppled over. The heavy marble top slid to the floor, hitting the rug with a dull thud and spilling maps, drawing utensils, and books, which formed a confused heap at the feet of father and daughter.

"Damn you!" hissed Moran, shaking the girl furiously. She clung to him desperately, exerting all the strength of her vigorous young body in an attempt to prevent him from stooping down and picking up the maps.

"Get me that map, do you hear? or by G—, I'll kill you!"

Frightened, panting, sobbing, but still defiant, the girl looked into the face of the man which was distorted by rage. "No, I won't!" she gasped.

Moran seized his daughter by the throat. The girl, grasping his wrists, strove to tear his hands away. While the two were thus struggling, without a sound, Winifred's eyes, accustomed to the dark, espied the precious map on the floor. With a swift, sure kick she sent it spinning into a dark corner of the room, then, twisting her head, she sank her teeth into her father's wrist.

With a curse, Moran hurled the girl violently from him. Staggering backward, Winifred fell, her head striking the washstand with a crash. Then she lay still.

The man stared for a moment at the unconscious form on the floor.

"Damn it, she got what she wanted," he muttered. "Now for that confounded map." He turned towards the things on the floor and was about to resume the search, when the sound of steps outside brought it to an abrupt stop. Quickly he leapt on the window-sill, and a moment later he disappeared in the dark.

Lieutenant Werner was much astonished to find his room in the dark.

With a foreboding of disaster, he switched on the light. The first thing that attracted his attention was the marble table-top, which was leaning crazily against the frame, with his maps, books, and utensils in a disorderly pile on the rug in front of it. In an instant he was on his knees before the litter on the floor, but after a fruitless search for the valuable map he rose to his feet.

"Gone!" he muttered, with lips white as chalk. Then his eye fell on the silent figure lying in a crumpled heap against the washstand.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "Freddie, poor fellow, what have they done to him?" Stooping over the inert body, he was about to raise it from the floor when he suddenly drew back, with a startled exclamation. In Winifred's violent struggle with her father, her silk shirt and undershirt had been half torn off her body and the white bandage that she had been wearing across her breast for the last eight or ten months had become displaced. With eyes wide open with astonishment, the lieutenant gazed at the swelling young bosom the existence of which his friend had taken such great pains to conceal.

"A girl!" he murmured. "Was that it? That explains the strange fascination—" He tenderly lifted the slender shape from the floor and put it on his bed. With nervous hands he buttoned and rearranged the shirt, then he wetted a towel and applied it to the girl's forehead.

Winifred slowly opened her eyes and looked into those of the young officer, who was bending over her solicitously. For a moment the girl nearly forgot that she was only his chum, his boy friend. Curbing an almost irresistible desire to draw his head down to her and kiss him on the lips with all the passion that made her heart beat so tumultuously, she caught his hand in both of hers.

"Slim," she faltered, "really, it wasn't my fault. Let me tell you what happened." Then, with her voice still trembling with excitement, she related what had taken place, without mentioning that the would-be thief was her own father.

"You see, I had a lively time of it," the girl concluded. Touching the back of her head, she winced, then she added, smiling bravely: "I have an awful bump here, Slim, and am still feeling quite groggy; but thank God, I have saved your map."

The young man, who had been listening eagerly, jumped up.

"Saved my map? Where is it?" he demanded, excitedly.

"Over there in the corner where I kicked it, Slim," the girl answered.

With one bound, the lieutenant was in the corner. Stooping down, he picked up his precious map. His face was radiant with joy as he turned round and faced the girl. Winifred was sitting up on the bed, still pale and dishevelled, but happy. "You are a brick, Freddie," said the young man, "you have not only saved my commission, but rendered Uncle Sam a splendid service by preserving this map."

"Then you aren't angry with me, Slim?"

"Angry with you?" the lieutenant asked, sitting down on the edge of the bed. "Why, Freddie, nothing I could ever do can repay you for what you have just done for me."

He slipped his arm about Winifred's shoulders and looked fondly into her eyes. The tables were turned now, without either of the two realizing it. This time it was the young man who had to fight down his desire to crush the girl to his breast and cover her sweet face with kisses.

Winifred blushed and looked at her friend with beaming eyes.

"I'm awfully glad to hear you say that, Slim," she murmured. "I have always had an idea that you considered me a regular sissy and thought I didn't amount to much."

The lieutenant looked indignant. "You a sissy?" he said. "You would get a medal for valor if I had the say-so, Freddie. But tell me, who was the fellow, and why

did you not call for help?"

The girl hesitated a moment, then she said, resolutely: "The man was an American or European, of stocky build, with whiskers and eye-glasses. He cursed me in fluent English. I did not want to call for help because you might have gotten into trouble, you know, having that map here in your room."

Winifred turned towards the window, then, suddenly, a look of alarm spread over her face.

"There is Uncle Vernon," she whispered. "He doesn't like me to hang around other people's rooms; he is rather queer that way, you know. I must slip back into my room before he comes in."

When Vernon Barnard entered his room, he heard Winifred rummage around among her things next-doors.

"Are you ready for dinner, Freddie?" he called out.

"Just a minute or two, Uncle Vernon," answered the girl. "I have torn my shirt and am putting on a coat with a stand-up collar to hide it."

A few moments later the two entered the dining-room. They were evidently late; the place was empty.

Neither of the two were very hearty eaters and they soon arrived at the dessert. Barnard looked at the girl, who was peeling a chico. He noticed that she was rather pale. Abruptly, he said:

"Freddie, I am going to take you to Shanghai to Madame Toussaint, a friend of your mother's. I wrote her a few weeks ago and have just received a reply. She is very anxious to have you and will treat you like a daughter. You probably remember your mother speaking with much affection of Tante Ninie, as she used to call her."

Winifred looked up at Barnard. She had dropped her chico and her eyes slowly filled with tears.

"Uncle Vernon," she finally said, reproachfully, "are you sending me away?"

Barnard reached across the table and put his hand on the girl's.

"Freddie darling," he said, "God knows I shall feel lonesome and forsaken without you. I have staved this off as long as I could; but it is imperative that you should undergo a metamorphosis without delay. You will soon be so plainly and evidently a young woman that people will begin to suspect the truth. I shall certainly regret your going away from me; you will leave a big void in my heart, child!"

Winifred hung her head. "Uncle," she begged, "Don't be angry with me. I would like to remain a boy and stay with you the rest of my days; but I think you are right—it can't be done. But, Uncle, won't I be an awful-looking girl?"

Barnard looked at the sweet, winsome face, then he smiled.

"Hum," he said, "I daresay there will be thousands and thousands of girls ready and willing to be as 'awful-looking' as you will be in the right kind of dress. Is there anybody in particular whom you desire to please, Freddie?"

A deep blush covered the girl's face, then she looked up at Barnard, confidingly. "Uncle," she said, "I am awfully fond of Lieutenant Werner; but he likes me as a boy and I know he has no use for girls because he says he has a man's work to do and is married to his profession. When are we going?"

"We shall sail on Saturday," said Barnard. "You will have a cabin to yourself all the way to Shanghai, and there, in Madame Toussaint's pretty little bungalow, my tomboy will blossom out into a young lady. To-morrow we go up to San Fernando together for 48 hours, and on our return to Manila we shall have only a part of a day for packing up."

Winifred smiled, although there was a queer feeling about her heart when she thought of having to leave her chum. Early next morning she slipped over to the Lieutenant's room to tell him the news; but he had already left for Fort Santiago, perhaps because he was anxious to get his precious map in a safe place as soon as possible. To her great disappointment, Winifred had to leave for San Fernando without bidding the young man good-by.

On Friday afternoon, the train from San Fernando got in late. The automobile which took Barnard and Winifred to their boarding-house in Ermita went altogether too slow to suit the girl. But when the two arrived at their destination, another disappointment awaited Winifred.

"De lieutenant say he go Corregidor Island, sare, and no come back dree days or more," was the answer the room-boy gave to Winifred's inquiry. A few minutes later, the girl was on the bed in her room, her face buried in the pillow, sobbing her heart out. But, as Barnard used to say, a rain squall never lasted long with Winifred. Five minutes after the squall had set in, the girl got up and stood in front of the wardrobe-mirror, looking disgustedly at her tear-stained face.

"Wouldn't he just love me if he saw me now?" she murmured. Then she searched among her belongings, which were scattered all over the room, preparatory to packing, until she finally located a writing pad.

For half an hour the girl sat at the table writing, with the tip of her rosy tongue between her strong, white teeth, and with tiny drops of perspiration standing on her forehead. At last, leaning back in the chair, she read over the letter that she had been writing. Evidently she did not like it.

"Oh, bother," she muttered. "I know he will despise me for making everybody believe that I am a boy, he who is so honest and hates a lie. He will be so disgusted with me that he won't answer my letter. Life is certainly one darned thing after another! When I think that they are going to hang skirts on me when I get to Shanghai! But, what is the use moping! It is high time I began packing."

It did not take Winifred long to pack her small steamer-trunk and suit-case. When she had finished, she called the *muchacho*.

"Look here, Gregorio," she said, "put this letter into Lieutenant Werner's room, where he will be sure to find it."

"Yes, sare," the muchacho replied, trying to look intelligent. He was willing; but as Winifred remarked, he had not hollered twice "here!" when brains were issued. Entering the lieutenant's room, that paragon of servants carefully put the missive under a small stack of letters weighed down by a piece of quartz. It did not strike him for a moment that the other letters had all been opened and read.

When Lieutenant Werner arrived on Tuesday, he was much chagrined to learn that Winifred and her "uncle" had sailed for China, and that the girl had gone without leaving any message for him. He reflected that when she came back from China, supposing she ever did, she would not find him in Manila. While in Corregidor he had received rush orders to go to the United States on the next transport, instead of another officer who had just been killed in an accident. And now he had only two days to get his clearance, straighten out his affairs, and pack.

When the lieutenant cleared his writing-table an hour later, he lifted up the quartz paper-weight under which he put all answered letters that he desired to keep. Passing a rubber-band around the little bundle without first inspecting it, he tossed it into his trunk, with the result that the confession that had cost Winifred so much anguish and effort remained unread for many months.

But a snapshot of a handsome, dreamy-eyed boy accompanied Lieutenant Werner on his voyage across the Pacific and the United States, safely stowed between his Master Mason's diploma and 32nd degree patent. Half a year later it went with him across the Atlantic, to a country disfigured by ruins, shell-holes, and barbed wire, where

the big guns were never silent and where life was one continuous round of strenuous work, perils and hazards for the young engineer.

* * * * * * * * *

Lieutenant Brewer of the U. S. Engineer Corps was looking ahead anxiously. The road was in an abominable condition and "Handsome Max," as his comrades called him, was having a hard time dodging shell-holes. The young man was particularly anxious about the probability of the Germans shelling the road. He had just come from a quiet sector.

Major Werner, who sat by his side, felt like taking the wheel himself; but his right arm was in a sling and he found it not easy to hold on to the side of the car with his left when the car plunged into ruts and shell-holes.

"Don't worry about the Germans, Brewer," said the major. "They are too methodical for anything. That burst of firing twenty minutes ago was their last demonstration for this forenoon, according to Captain Brown. The old man has their schedule down to a "t" and I would bank on what he says."

The lieutenant looked relieved. "Well, major, if you say so I shall quit fretting about those confounded shells. This road certainly gives a fellow sufficient cause for worry. Good Lord, what has happened there?"

The car had just topped a rise in the ground and the major, looking ahead, saw an American soldier standing by the side of the road, supporting himself against the stump of what had been a poplar. The brown face, now ghastly pale, and the straight black hair showed the man to be a Filipino. One side of his blouse was dyed crimson by blood from a recent wound. He raised both arms and dropped them again. "Halt!" commanded the major.

The lieutenant forgot all about German shells. Stopping the car, he jumped out and approached the wounded man. "Caught a piece of shell, did you?" he said. "Come on, we'll take you to the hospital. I'll help you to get in."

The Filipino shook his head. "No, not me, Sir. I am done for. But my captain lies there under the ambulance. A shell hit us a while ago." He pointed to a mass of twisted wood and iron in the ditch, a few yards ahead.

Already the major, who had gotten out of the car, was inspecting the wreck of the ambulance. Two pairs of legs were sticking out from under the pile of débris. The officers were about to remove what remained of the top of the vehicle; but the Filipino called out: "No use; both dead. Help my master, please, Captain Barnard, there under board with the red cross on it." He tried to advance; but began to sway and had to hold on to the stump in order not to fall.

Under the board the Filipino had indicated, the two officers saw the wounded captain. Dust and blood covered the face. The eyes were closed. The major, with his left arm, did more efficient work in removing the wreckage than the lieutenant with both of his.

Lieutenant Brewer put his canteen against the lips of the wounded man. The latter opened his eyes and drank eagerly. "Thanks," he murmured. Then he looked about. "Dionisio?"

The Filipino, with an expression of rejoicing on his pallid face, staggered towards the little group. "Here I am, captain," he said. But suddenly both his hands fluttered to his throat. A look of distress and suffering spread over his features. With a gurgling cry, he pitched forward, striking the blood-soaked ground with a heavy thud.

The major bent over the recumbent figure. After half a minute, he straightened out again and removed his cap. "Gone west," was his laconic comment.

The captain, rising painfully, limped to where the body lay. Kneeling down beside it, he took the hand of the dead Filipino in his. "Good-by, my brother," the major heard him murmur. "God bless you for your friendship and your loyal service to me and the girl." Then the wounded man faced the major.

"Will you take me to the hospital, major?" he asked. "I got a bullet through the shoulder last night and a piece of that shell a while ago gave me a scalp wound."

A few moments later, the car started on its way again, with the major and the wounded man in the tonneau. The captain looked closely at the major, then he smiled. "I have seen you before, major," he said. "You and I and the Brother we left lying by the way-side back there sat in Lodge together in Manila in January last year, and we stopped at the same boarding-house for a while. I am Captain Barnard of the Signal Corps."

The major looked overjoyed. "I should certainly have recognized you, Brother Barnard, if that dust and blood did not disfigure you so much. I am happy to meet you again. I had lost track of you completely. Miss Moran left a letter for me, giving your address; but through some mischance, it got mixed up with other papers before I had a chance to see it, and I did not read it until many months later. What has become of Miss Moran?"

Barnard had taken a drink of brandy from the major's flask and looked more animated. "Winifred?" he said. "She is on duty at the emergency hospital at Neuville, driving an ambulance most of the time. A wonderful character, major; she has all the dash and vim of a boy and is sweet and womanly at the same time. Her mother's heritage, that splendid courage of hers, makes her a most valuable worker. Dionisio saw her a few days ago; he tells me she was decorated by the Belgian government for bringing off some of their wounded under heavy shell-fire, and she has got a decoration coming from our government, too."

The major was listening eagerly. "She is brave," he said. "I know it. She was ready to die defending my map that evening in Manila. Has she ever spoken to you about it?"

"Indeed she has. You probably do not know that the would-be thief was her own father. He squandered all his money with his paramour, a mestiza, who, as was to be

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expected, dropped him the moment he was down and out. Then he went to Japan, and finally he came back to the Islands to do some dirty work for the Japanese intelligence department. After that tussle with his daughter he went to Siberia. It seems that there he double-crossed the Japs and they found it out. Anyway, a month or so after his arrival he was found dead in his room in Vladivostok, with a fan-knife in his heart."

"Miss Moran must be angry with me for not answering her letter," the major said, after a short pause, "but as I have told you, this was due to an unfortunate accident. She and I were great chums, and I am under special obligations to her for saving that map."

"Well, major, I can assure you that Winifred will be glad to hear from you. She was very much distressed when she received no reply to her letter. She had not gotten over it yet when I picked her up in Shanghai, in May last year. I was on my way to the States, anxious to get into the war. Dionisio had insisted on coming along. I got a commission in the Signal Corps, thanks to my experience in telephone construction work, and Dionisio, poor fellow, enlisted in the same outfit and stayed with me. Winifred got into the service also, largely because of her knowledge of French and her being a good chauffeur."

A spasm of pain twisted the captain's face. He lapsed into silence. A few moments later, the car drew up in front of the hospital, installed in a half-ruined chateau.

The major turned the wounded man over to the surgeon in charge, then he returned to the car. "Come on, Brewer," he said, "make the old bus do her best. We are going by the Neuville road, you know. Captain Barnard struck it rich; the C.O. in there is an old friend of his and nothing will be too good for him."

"The Neuville road?" the lieutenant asked, as he switched on the ignition. "But that is at least fifteen kilometers out of our way and not half as safe as the Chanzy road."

The major laughed. "I have important business at the Neuville emergency hospital," he answered. "You needn't worry, Brewer, I won't expose you to any more dangers than I have to, nor make you lose more sleep tonight than is absolutely necessary."

Flushing, the lieutenant bent over the steering wheel. He strictly followed the major's injunction to "step on the gas," especially after the major had casually mentioned that the road was particularly dangerous after six o'clock. The result was that they reached Neuville half an hour earlier than they expected.

"Half past five," said the major, as he looked at his wrist-watch on alighting in front of the Neuville hospital. "Good for you, Brewer. You are getting to be a reckless driver. Get some gas and wait for me, I won't be long."

"Miss Moran?" replied the orderly at the door to the major's inquiry. "I saw her step into the ambulance shed over there a moment ago. If the major will—"

"Never mind," replied the major. "I am going there myself." With long steps, he advanced towards the shed. It had been a storehouse and the odor of stale wine still hung about the place, more powerful even than the smell of the gasoline.

Near the ambulance that filled over half of the improvised garage stood a slender girl dressed in khakie. Golden hair formed an aureole around her rosy face. Her expressive eyes were turned questioningly towards the officer who was entering the garage.

"Slim!" Without a moment's hesitation, the girl rushed towards the officer and threw her arms about his neck, sobbing with joy.

Gently, the major raised her face to his.

"Winifred," he said, "there has never a word of love been spoken between us two, and yet you know and I know that we love each other and will never be happy without each other."

Winifred did not answer, because she could not. Her lover's lips were on hers, and for a few moments there was complete silence. Then the girl pushed the man from her and held him at arm's length.

"Slim," she begged, "You have news for me and I am sure it is bad news. Please, dear, be quick about it."

The major pulled her down on the step of the ambulance and there, with his left arm about her shoulders, he related the events of the morning. Silent tears were the girl's tribute to Dionisio.

"Poor boy," she said. "Outside of Uncle Vernon, he was the only person who knew I was not a boy. We had no idea that he knew, though for four years he helped to keep the world from finding out that I was not what I pretended to be. He and Uncle Vernon were like brothers and both would have laid down their lives for me any moment."

The major kissed her and rose. "Dear, I must go now," he announced, "I shall be back soon, because they are not going to keep me long. This war cannot last much longer, Winifred. When it is over, will you be my wife?"

The girl looked into his pleading eyes. "Of course I will, you dear old Slim! Haven't I worn your picture next to my heart through this whole war?"

Major Werner's face was radiant with joy when, a few moments later, he stepped into his battered car. A drizzling cold rain was falling, but the major did not notice it.

"All right, Brewer," he said. "Step on the gas. What a fine evening! This is a great old world, don't you think so?"

The lieutenant could not believe his ears. "Is he drunk or crazy?" he thought.

As the car was moving off, the major waved his hand in the direction of the garage. Out of the corner of his eye, the lieutenant saw the pretty girl in khakie. She was blowing a kiss to the major.

"Ah!" muttered the lieutenant, under his breath. "Is that it? I ought to have guessed it!"

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The Mysteries of the Great Universe of God

By A. E. Tatton

The subject of this article is one that has perplexed the minds of men for ages past. To go into it deeply would take more time than we have at our disposal and therefore I shall present briefly a few thoughts, garnered from various sources, concerning some of the mysteries which bear upon the relationship existing between God, the Universe, and Man.

I shall quote two passages of Scripture which will serve as an introduction to what follows. The first is the prologue to the Gospel according to John in which are given the first principles of a dogma common to many schools stated in language especially belonging to Philo, whom it is evident John had read. The second contains the opening words of the Bible story of creation. I have used the Revised Version, taking the marginal translations in each case:

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made through him; and without him was not anything made. That which hath been made was life in him; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in the darkness; and the darkness overcame it not".

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. And the earth was waste and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep: and the Spirit of God was brooding upon the face of the waters".

In the beginning was God and nothing but God—this is the unity of the Universe. In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth—this is the duality of the Universe; spirit and matter; the creator and his creation. But when God said "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness," the universe became threefold—God, his creation and his child.

For the purpose of study and analysis, we can think of God, man, and nature as separate; but let us ever remember that we live in a universe of one spirit, life, and law, in which every thing is vitally linked to every thing else; nature to man, man to God, and God to both; for in God all things move, live, and have their being—the unity of the universe.

Primitive Truth and Knowledge soon faded out of men's minds and thus was lost the perfect knowledge of the one true God, the ancient absolute Existence, the infinite Mind and supreme Intelligence. The human intellect floated helplessly out upon the shoreless ocean of conjecture. The mind was vexed and tormented with seeking to learn whether the material universe was a mere chance combination of atoms, or the work of Infinite uncreated wisdom. Then man asked himself: What am I? and how and whence am I? and whither do I go?

Science and philosophy represent the attempts of the human mind to get at the ultimate facts of existence, and then reasonably explain these facts.

As one of the results of the investigations and discoveries of modern science, we have come to see, as the previous generations never could have understood, that this universe in which we live, is in point of *time*, an eternal universe. The old idea, that four thousand and four years before Christ, God created the worlds, has disappeared from the thinking of intelligent people. As we study geology, and examine the strata in which are found fossil remains of living organisms,—strata in some parts of the world twenty miles in thickness,—we do not wonder that the geologists infer a period of time approximating a hundred million years, or more, during which such deposits have been slowly made.

Our enlarged conception of the universe has brought to us a conception, unknown to our fathers, of Law and Order.

God's laws are not merely a set of recorded statutes and commands but consist of myriads of subtle principles for which mankind delights in searching. Collectively or separately, they never change, nor ever did, for we can no more imagine the setting aside of one of nature's laws than we can think of a weight falling upward or a flame producing coldness instead of heat, for we know the laws which govern them, and history does not contain an authentic account of a single exception to the absolute stability of any one of nature's wondrous laws; and it is this stability, this wonderful constancy of Deity, that gives us such perfect confidence in Him.

As we ponder upon the marvellous facts which modern science predicates of the universe, gradually there emerges from our thinking the luminous, yet at first, startling thought: "That there is no other way to think of this universe except as being a living organism".

God is the soul of the universe, distinct from and superior to the universe of things, as the soul of man is distinct from and superior to his frail body.

The existence of a God, who is the immaterial soul of the universe, present in it everywhere, and yet wholly distinct from it, is a mystery beyond our comprehension; but no more so than the existence of the soul of man, the advent of light to the earth from the remotes stars, after journeying many thousand years, the presence of latent electricity and heat in the most solid bodies;—and the existence of a soulless universe, without a God and uncreated by a God, would be a greater mystery, and more incomprehensible still.

The idea that God never began to exist, but always was, is one beyond our comprehension, and which the soul struggles to grasp.

That the Thought and Will of God, uttered in the word, are an infinite, omnipotent power of creation and production, of preservation and destruction, that brought into existence the whole infinite universe of worlds, is a mystery, the greatest of all mysteries, we are in the habit of thinking; but it is as comprehensible as the existence of a soul, of a thought that can separate itself from and go out of the soul; that can live after the utterer is dead; that it is an actual power, and moulds the fates, and influences the destinies of Humanity:—and it would be a greater mystery still, if the material universe, not instinct with a soul, nor having a creator, and without a producing cause, had existed always, or had sprung into existence of itself.

The action of the will of one man on the conduct of another; the unknown, invisible, immaterial power that draws the magnet round with irresistible energy to the North, the development of the acorn into the oak, the phenomena of dreams, are equally mysteries and equally incomprehensible to us.

God is a mystery, only as everything that surrounds us is; and as we are mysteries to ourselves.

The mysteries of the great universe of God! How can we, with our limited mental vision, expect to grasp and comprehend them? Infinite space, stretching out from us every way, without limit; infinite time, without beginning or end; and we, here and now, in the center of each: an infinity of suns, the nearest of which only diminish in size, viewed with the most powerful telescope; each with its retinue of worlds; some that we seem to see, whose light that now reaches our eyes has been upon its journey for fifty centuries; our world spinning upon its axis, and rushing ever in its circuit round the sun; and it, with the sun and all our special system revolving round some great central point; and that and suns, stars and worlds

evermore flashing onward with inconceivable rapidity through illimitable space.

God lives and is immortal. No symbol of Deity can be appropriate or durable, except in a relative or moral sense. We cannot exalt words that have only a sensuous meaning, above sense. It has been said that when we try to define God, we get into difficulties. This can be accepted as a truism, the main difficulty being that we struggle to express the Truth by words that are inadequate. We deceive ourselves into the belief that we use words that have a meaning to us; while really they have no more than the ancient visible symbols had. We hold out to other men certain mental symbols by which we in vain endeavor to communicate to them the same vague ideas which men in all ages have impotently struggled to express, and it may be doubted whether we have succeeded, either in communicating, or in forming in our own minds, any more distinct and definite, and true and adequate ideas of the Deity, in other than His moral aspect, with all our metaphysical conceits and logical subtleties, than the rude ancients did, who endeavored to symbolize, and so to express his attributes, by the Fire, the Light, the Sun, the Stars and various other types. The heathen gods were unrealities, and mere ideal personifications, either of the heavenly bodies, the powers of nature, or the principles of light and darkness, good and evil. There is but one God, infinite and incomprehensible, to whom no human attribute can be properly assigned even when imagined to be infinite.

We are all familiar with the traditional notion of God that has generally held sway throughout Christian history. We owe it in part to Judea, in part to Greek philosophy, in part to art and poetry, and to the philosophizing of the early Church fathers. All of these different streams have contributed towards this traditional notion of God. In a single word, it was the idea of a God, who was a sort of "magnified man," who sat somewhere afar off, outside and apart from the universe, on a stupendous throne. This God in some far distant past had created the universe out of nothing instanter, by direct fiat, much as a man would make a machine, and then, having set "the machine" going, He turned his back upon it, in "sublime indifference". Whenever this God might choose, He reached down, and in some miraculous way, arbitrarily or capriciously, made changes in his machinery, or manifested his power in startling, spectacular ways to the children of men. His whole relation to men was a relation of mediation. He could never come in direct contact with the human soul.

This is just where the great conflict between theology and science has come in. The argument of science with theology has been against this idea of God, a conception which has long been, to the scientific mind, absolutely unthinkable.

But in this wonderful new century, we have been gradually enlarging our conception of the Deity. We do not think of God in the terms our fathers employed. Our thought of God today is of a Supreme Power, back of, underlying, and in all things. God is the Infinite, the Illimitable, the Eternal, the Unchangeable Being. He is, He always was, and He always shall be. He is omnipotent; that is, the Being of all Power. He is Omniscient; that is, the All-knowing and All-seeing Being. He is Omnipresent; that is, the Being everywhere present. He is Omni-good; that is, the absolutely Righteous and All-loving Father. These are not new terms used to describe God. They are old terms. But what we need to see is, that the revelations of the newer thinking of the last generation, have put into these old terms a new content, which has made them tremendously vital, whereas for most of us they have been merely abstractions, containing little or no meaning. So we may think of God today in terms prevalent in the scientific or philosophical world, as the Universal Mind, the Universal Substance, the Universal Reality, or the Soul of the Universe. The name is nothing, if only we are

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conscious of the Reality. Probably most of us will prefer to use the old familiar name of God, putting into it the new content and deeper meaning which is coming to us through the various channels of present day thought.

To one who has been accustomed to think of the Deity as a person with human form and attributes, seated up somewhere above and issuing commands to his unruly subjects here below, who usually disobey them, it may be difficult to mentally digest the idea of the greatest, and really, the only power in the universe, clothed with supreme intelligence and being intelligence itself, whose power is absolute and whose mandates are never disobeyed, whose nature is beneficence and love, intelligence of so profound a nature and of so high a grade that poor humanity, whose God-like attributes are so sadly adulterated by myth and folly's spells, struggles often in vain to comprehend the greatest and most beautiful feature of any mental conception.

If there is anyone who thinks that the Bible teaches a different conception of God, let me refer them to the 139th Psalm, where, in the beautiful figures of speech contained therein, the writer but voiced the sentiments of other profound reasoners as to the nature of Deity, repeated in effect, centuries later by another Great Teacher who said "I am in the Father and the Father in me, even as you are in me and I in you". Here we are told of the imperishable part of man which bears the nearest affinity to that supreme Intelligence which pervades the universe and which can never, never die; and may we not rather say that the imperishable part of man contains the very elements of that Supreme Intelligence of which it is a part and therefore is, indeed, the Deity Himself, who, through the marvellous agency of human thought, furnishes the highest and clearest manifestation of the Deity that it has ever been possible for man to know. And when we are told that God is everywhere, can we not more readily realize and understand this wondrous truth by an analysis of our own mentality, thus realizing that it is not merely his influence that is present, directed from afar, but that the very power or principle is there which is Himself indeed.

The soul of man is immortal; it is not the mere result of organization, nor an aggregate of modes of action of matter; not a mere succession of phenomena and perceptions; but an existence, one and identical, a living spark, a spark from the Great Central light, that has entered into and dwells in the body, to be separated from it at death, and return to God who gave it; that does not disperse or vanish at death like breath or a smoke, nor can be annihilated; but still exists and possesses activity and intelligence, even as it existed in God before it was enveloped in the body. It is immortal, not of necessity, but, unless, as it and all things emanated from God, it pleases Him to absorb it again into Himself.

Man's existence in this world may be described as an experiment in nature's laboratory. The temptations which beset humanity are the inadvertent influences which are necessary to test the mettle of the mortal undergoing his experiment (life).

If the experiment is successful, then it is simply rational to surmise a result, which undoubtedly assumes a higher form of existence somewhere under conditions of a higher spiritual nature. If the process (life of the individual) is for some reason a failure, it is just as logical to assume that it will have to start over again under more improved conditions.

In the physical world of research there appears now and then a flicker of hope that we are getting a little closer to the great purpose behind the general scheme of things.

The true solution of the supreme problem of every life is found in spiritual development, as we enter a higher state of consciousness and the soul begins to manifest its life and express its powers. The law of Evolution, or the law of "going on" is written deep in our own natures and makes us feel that we are here to grow constantly into higher and richer experiences. We know that, no matter how far we have come physically, morally or intellectually, we cannot stand still. Every stage in life is preparatory to something higher.

The Thirteen Mistakes of Life

Here are what Judge Paul J. McCormick, of San Francisco, has announced as The Thirteen Mistakes of Life.

To attempt to set up your own standards of right and wrong.
To try to measure the enjoyment of others by your own.
To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.
To fail to make allowance for inexperience.
To endeavor to mold all dispositions alike.
Not to yield in unimportant trifles.
To look for perfection in our own actions.
To worry ourselves and others about what cannot be helped.
Not to help everybody, however, whenever and wherever we can.
To consider anything impossible that we cannot ourselves perform.
To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.
Not to make allowance for the weaknesses of others.
To estimate by some outside quality when it is that within that makes the man.—*Exchange.*

Masonry Not a Religion

Always remember what Masonry is, and what it stands for; remember that it is not a religion, but that it is a series of moral teachings. It points the way to man to a better and a cleaner life; it broadens his knowledge of his duty to his God and to his fellow man. Masonry cannot make a man live better, but it puts within his grasp those moral precepts which, if he follows their literal meaning, will make him a better man, a better father, a better neighbor, and a better Mason. There is no plausible reason for a Mason to go radically wrong. The greatest teaching ever written came from the Great Light of Masonry. A Mason has no excuse for not knowing what is right, fair and just in his actions toward and his business with his fellow man. Many of us consider ourselves Masons because we have taken degrees and are permitted to wear its emblem on our coat lapels, but that conception of it is as far from the truth as the East is from the West. A true Mason is a good man—a man who is ever ready to make sacrifices.—*Charles B. Eddy, P.G.M.* (Michigan).

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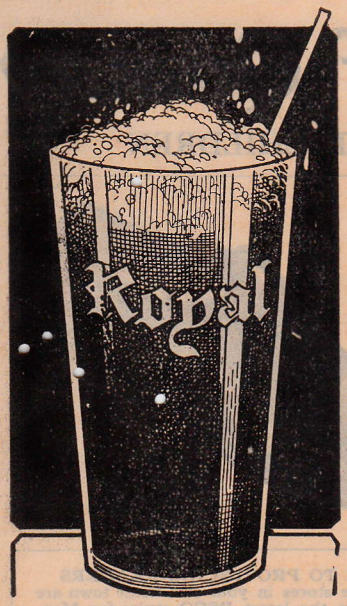
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Questions and Answers

(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.)*

141.—The statement has been frequently made that the triangle, sun, and stars in the Philippine flag are of Masonic origin. This same statement, made by the managing editor of the CABLETOW in a lecture delivered by him, has lately been repeated in Bro. Emanuel A. Baja's book entitled "Our Country's Flag and Anthem." Having heard the correctness of this statement doubted, I would like to know on what authority it is based.

Answer.—The Editor of this column has heard this statement made by several Masons who can be considered authorities on this subject, including Wor. Bro. Emilio Aguinaldo, erstwhile president of the Philippine Republic, Bro. Tomás G. del Rosario, M. W. Bro. Felipe Buencamino, and several others. In his beautiful Grand Oration pronounced at the Annual Communication of our Grand Lodge in 1928, Most Wor. Bro. Teodoro M. Kalaw uttered these words: "And the triangle appearing on the Philippine flag, the loftiest symbolism of the struggles of the Filipino people, was put there, according to President Aguinaldo, as a homage to Freemasonry."

142.—Supposing the secretary of a Lodge is short in his accounts and is unable to make up the shortage or adopts a defiant attitude, should leniency be shown in his case or should he be tried and steps taken to collect what he owes by legal means?

Answer.—Our experience has shown that if a dishonest man gets into a Lodge, he naturally gravitates towards the office of secretary, because it gives him a chance to handle other people's money and he is inclined to think that if caught in peculiations, the Lodge will be easy with him. We know cases of defaulting secretaries who were shielded and defended by other members of the Lodge, and we have heard the attitude of the Master of a Lodge in the case of an unfaithful secretary described as persecution. We believe with the Grand Lodge of California that no leniency should be shown Secretaries in default to their Lodges (Calif. 1865, p. 102.). Fortunately, most of our Lodges have adopted the practice of selecting a tried and trusty Mason, generally a Past Master, for that responsible position, and keeping him there.

143.—In a model of the Temple of King Solomon which was once shown to me I noticed that there were more than three gates, which is not in accordance with our monitor and with the Hiramic legend. Can you enlighten me on this?

Answer.—Authoritative Masonic writers say that the historical Temple of Jerusalem was not the same as the Temple of Speculative Masonry, which is only a symbol. The historical building had only one place of entrance in its walls, which was the door of the porch that gave admission to the house. But in the surrounding courts there were gates at every point of the compass. The three gates of the Temple represented in our work are, in the first place, symbols of the progress of the sun in his daily course, rising in the east, culminating to the meridian in the south, and setting in the west.

144.—Since when has the old Spanish ritual disappeared from our Lodges? I am told that some of the older Lodges used that ritual as late as 1922. Is this correct?

Answer.—It is. However, 1922 was the last year during which the old Spanish ritual was used in any of the Lodges of this Grand Jurisdiction. At the Annual Com-

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munication held in January 1922, the Grand Lodge of the Philippine Islands adopted the following resolution:

RESOLVED, That it is the sense of this Grand Lodge in annual communication assembled that after six months from this date no ritual shall be used by any Lodge of this Grand Lodge but the ritual of the Grand Lodge of the Philippine Islands, generally known here as the York Rite.

145.—Would it be legal for my Lodge to participate in a Rizal Day parade, with the flag of the Lodge, collars and aprons? Some of our members argue that Rizal having been a Mason, this would be right and proper.

Answer.—Any participation in such a parade by a Lodge or Mason in Masonic clothing would be in violation of paragraph 171 of our Grand Lodge Constitution, which reads as follows:

No Lodge nor any Mason shall appear in Masonic clothing in any public procession, or at any public meeting or place, except for the burial of a brother, or for the performance of some other strictly Masonic duty or ceremony.

Persecutions

Civil and religious freedom go hand in hand, and persecution matures them both.
—*Albert Pike Year Book.*

The people of the United States have grown to be one of the strongest nations of the world, and arose to this proud position, because of persecutions.

The Puritans were persecuted in England and came to Massachusetts to obtain religious freedom.

The Quakers were persecuted everywhere, and William Penn founded Pennsylvania as an asylum for his persecuted Friends.

The Huguenots were persecuted by the Catholics in France and found religious freedom in South Carolina.

The Catholics were persecuted in England and Cecil Calvert founded a home for them in Maryland.

Roger Williams was persecuted by the Puritans and banished from Massachusetts; he founded Rhode Island to obtain religious freedom.

When our forefathers framed the Constitution of our government, they wisely made civil and religious freedom a fundamental principle. They had learned the lesson from the reasons for the settlements in the several colonies.

So we may see that persecutions lead to freedom and mature it, for great is truth and it will prevail. Kites rise against, and not with the wind, and so civil and religious freedom comes through persecution.

Roger Williams seeing and feeling the evil effects of persecution, made Rhode Island an asylum for all persecuted people.

Cecil Calvert did the same in Maryland, restricted to those who were of the Christian religion without regard to denomination.—*Masonic Tribune.*

Low Life Insurance Unfair to Brethren

Occasionally one hears of cases when a Mason dies, leaving his family destitute. Fortunately such cases are rare, but they do occur. The result of such neglect is, the lodge or its individual members find themselves morally obliged to provide for the widows and orphans. It follows, that the members complain of the ever-increasing burden and the lodge itself is too frequently handicapped by a lack of funds.

In some Grand Jurisdictions, a practice has grown up on the part of investigating committees, of making careful investigation to ascertain how much, if any, life, sick or accident insurance the application is carrying, and to insist that adequate provision for the family be made in that manner.

There is much merit in such a practice. If a man, being in good physical condition, has not sufficient foresight or sense of responsibility —to say nothing of love and affection—to provide for his family in case of unexpected misfortune he is not morally fitted for membership in the Craft.

Freemasonry is not a mutual benefit association and our fees and dues are not sufficient to place our Institution in a position to care for the families of improvident Masons who have passed on. For this reason it is wise to impress on candidates a sense of their personal responsibility for the future well-being of their loved ones in case of misfortune or death. It might also be well to even go a step further and to do our best to have our married Brethren take out insurance.

It is unfair to Masonry and to the lodge to dodge such action.—*Masonic Tidings.*

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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, long 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 Cosmos Lodge No. 8

Funeral services over the remains of our late Bro. Samuel Harry Rawls, who died on February 17th, were held at the U. S. Army Morgue on February 24th, Most Wor. Bro. Joseph H. Schmidt, P.G.M., presiding. The committal service at the grave was most impressive and was well attended. Bro. Rawls, who was born in Blanche, Tenn., on June 2, 1887, was laid to rest in the Cosmos Lodge plot on the Del Norte Cemetery. He leaves a daughter who is living with his mother in Taft, Tenn.

The costumed team of Cosmos Lodge was quite busy in February. On the 6th, it conferred the second section of the third degree on Bro. William M. Thomas. On the 9th, it did the same thing in Cavite, for Cavite Lodge No. 2, on which occasion Most Wor. Bro. Joseph H. Schmidt delivered an excellent address, recounting the deeds of a number of our renowned Brethren in the United States Navy, from John Paul Jones down to Commander Byrd. On the 21st, it did the work for Corregidor Lodge No. 3, on occasion of the raising of Bro. John W. Green, outgoing Chief of Police of the City of Manila.

Noticias de la Logia Maktan No. 30, Cebu

La instalación de los nuevos oficiales de esta Logia para el presente año tuvo lugar en la noche del 2 de Febrero. Un número regular de miembros y visitadores estuvieron presentes en el acto.

Comenzaron los trabajos a las 6 p. m. para el Paso al Grado de Compañero Masón del Her. Macario Pineda, y siguieron las ceremonias de instalación, siendo Oficial Instalador el Ven. Her. Mariano Rodriguez, P. M., y Mtro. de Ceremonias el Ven. Her. Valeriano Segura, P.M. Fueron instalados en sus respectivas estaciones los siguientes Hermanos: Robustiano Rosales, Ven. Mtro.; Vicente A. Racaza, 1er. Vig.; Salomon A. Ramas, 2.o. Vig.; Loreto Maribao, Tesorero; R. Ponce, Secretario; Damaso Leyson, Capellán; Pedro Licuanan, Mtro. de Ceremonias; Vicente S. Isidro, 1er. Diácono; Juan S. Rojas, 2.o. Diácono; Anacleto S. Fuentes y Lim Kim So, Expertos, y Saturnino M. Ramirez, Guarda-Templo. Después de los trabajos se sirvió un exquisito lunch y refrescos por el nuevo Mtro. de Banquetes Her. Angel Hernandez.

From Mount Mainam Lodge No. 49, Naic, Cavite

On February 22, 1929, Mt. Mainam Lodge No. 49 observed the 10th anniversary of its constitution by a dance at its temple, the Maragondon Band, consisting mostly of girls, furnishing the music. Addresses were delivered by Wor. Bro. Matias Manalo, the first Master of the Lodge, who acted as toastmaster, Wor. Bro. Urbano Garcia, and Bros. Gorgonio Velasco and Conrado Costa. A P.M. jewel was presented to Wor. Bro. A. Alarcon by the Lodge, Wor. Bro. Dionisio Garcia making the presentation. Miss Gertrudes Diosomito delighted the audience by several songs. The dance lasted until 4:30 p. m.

From Marble Lodge No. 58, Romblon

Among the visitors at the Inter-provincial Athletic Meet which was held in the town of Romblon from February 21st to 23rd, last, there were Wor. Bro. Cenon Monasterial, P. M. of Tamaraw Lodge No. 65 and division superintendent of schools of Mindoro, and Bro. Pedro Rabulan, of the same Lodge. These Brethren, who headed the delegation from Mindoro, were royally entertained by Wor. Bro. Manuel T. Albero, provincial governor, and Bro. Ceferino Purisima, division superintendent of schools of Romblon.

On March 3rd, the mortal remains of Bro. Segundo A. Montojo, who had died in Manila on February 23rd, on the fifth day after an operation for acute appendicitis, were laid to rest at the municipal cemetery of Romblon, with Masonic honors. While the body was lying in state, from February 27th to March 3rd, the Masonic Brethren of the deceased took turns guarding it.

Owing to the absence of many Brethren from the locality, there was no quorum when the Lodge met for its stated meeting on March 9th.

From Angalo Lodge No. 63, Vigan, I. S.

On February 17th, at 4:30 p. m., a farewell party was given at the Masonic Hall to the following Brethren who were about to leave Vigan: Bro. Roscoe E. Lautzenheiser, who has been promoted to division superintendent of schools at Bontoc, Mt. Province; Bro. Buenaventura F. Alcid, who has been appointed clerk of the Court of First Instance at Balanga, Bataan, and Bro. Juan Daprosa, who is returning to his former station at Manila, P. I. Bro. Daprosa is a member of Mabini

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Lodge No. 39 and is with the Bureau of Forestry. Bro. Alcid's place as secretary of the Lodge has been taken by Bro. Miguel I. Aguinaldo.

From Abra Lodge No. 86, Bangued

Wor. Bro. Salustiano Vibar, of Marble Lodge No. 58, kindly consented to occupy the East during the raising of Bro. Victor de Padua, on February 22nd. The candidate is a member of Mabini Lodge and was passed and raised in Abra Lodge by courtesy.

Two Past Masters of Sister Lodges likewise assisted in the initiation of Mr. José Villamor, justice of the peace of La Paz, on February 23rd, these being Wor. Bros. José Tomeldan (56) and Restituto R. Chaves (92).

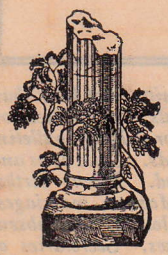
From Surigao

The Masonic population of the Province of Surigao does not exceed fifteen; but these few Masons evidently value their membership in our Institution and are anxious to work for its progress. Bro. R. Ponce, the secretary of Maktan Lodge No. 30, of Cebu, informs us that on March 2nd, last, a simple, but impressive ceremony was held at Surigao, largely through the efforts of these Masons, in connection with the exhumation of the remains of Bro. Valentin S. Juan, late provincial commander of the Philippine Constabulary, who was killed in action during the Colorum uprising in Surigao, on January 8, 1924. As a tribute to this officer who died bravely in the performance of his duty, the following program was carried out:

I. Music - - - - - - - - - *Constabulary Orchestra*
II. Opening Remarks - - *Bro. Rafael Ramos (38) Capt. P. C.*
III. Speech - - - - *Hon. Pedro Coleto, Prov. Governor*
IV. Vocal Solo - - - - - - - *Atty. José Rodriguez*
V. Speech - - - - - - - - *Bro. Inocencio Cortez*
VI. Recitation–"Al Capitán Juan" - - *Miss Julia Fernandez*
VII Speech - - *Bro. Gervasio Diaz (11), Judge of First Instance*
VIII. Song–"Nearer My God To Thee" *High School Double Quartette*
IX. Speech - - - *Mr. Ignacio Tamayo (Representing the family of the deceased)*
X. Taps - - - - - - - - - *Constabulary Buglers.*

After the services, the Masons present discussed among themselves the possibility of organizing a Lodge at Surigao, and we may yet hear from that part of the Archipelago where so far no Masonic altar has been raised to the glory of the G. A. O. T. U.

The remains of our Brother S. Juan were brought to Cebu through the kindness of Bro. José Rendon (30) and are now under the care of the Master of Maktan Lodge No. 30, pending their removal to their final resting place at Laoag, Ilocos Norte, where the widow of our deceased Brother resides.



Our Dead

How passing beautiful that sleep
That gently falls upon the silvered brow
of years,
And shuts the weary eyelids filled with tears
And opens them no more to weep.

—Anon.

Bro. Bruce D. Gill.
Late of Manila Lodge No. 1.
Drowned in the Chattahoochee River, Georgia, on January 22, 1929.

Brother Samuel Harry Rawls.
Member of Cosmos Lodge No. 8.
Died at Manila, February 17, 1929.
Buried in the Del Norte Cemetery, Manila, under the auspices of his Lodge, on February 24, 1929.

Brother Francis James Brown.
Member of Corregidor Lodge No. 3.
Died at Manila, March 10, 1929.
Remains cremated and services held over ashes by his Lodge on March 17, 1929.

Brother Segundo A. Montojo.
Member of Marble Lodge No. 58.
Died at Manila, February 23, 1929.
Buried under the auspices of his Lodge at Romblon, March 3, 1929.

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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 personals when preparing the bulletin for the printer and send it to the* CABLETOW.—*L. F. Editor.*

Manila No. 1.—Bro. E. O. Clayton writes from San Francisco that he hopes to visit Manila before long.

Bro. James W. Duckworth sends greetings from Fort Douglas, Utah. He mentions that he is again due for foreign duty and hopes to be assigned to Manila. He makes special mention of the Manila Lodge *Bulletin* and the CABLETOW.

Another Brother who expects to pay Manila a visit some time is Bro. Carl H. Van Hoven, who sends greetings from Berkeley, California.

Bro. Robert Emett Hall, who has been in the U. S. consular service at Colombo, Ceylon, sends greetings from Kerrville, Texas, where he expects to be for a year or so.

Bro. F. E. Hedrick is in Iloilo, seriously ill. Bro. Dr. Cullen is attending. Mrs. Hedrick, who is in California, has been called to our Brother's bedside by cable. At the time illness overtook him, our Brother was at Pulupandan, Occ. Negros. According to reports, his entire right side was paralyzed and his condition was considered sufficiently serious to give cause for alarm, but he is improving now.

Bro. James A. Ostrand, associate justice of the Supreme Court, is leaving with his family for a vacation in the United States.

Corregidor No. 3.—Wor. Bro. Chas. E. Massell underwent a double operation for hernia and appendicitis at St. Luke's Hospital on March 14th. He will probably have to remain in the hospital about four weeks. According to late reports, he was doing very well.

Bagumbayan No. 4.—Wor. Bro. José A. de Kastro and Luis Meneses are making preparations for the annual exodus to the Teachers' Camp at Baguio.

One of Wor. Bro. Roy D. Bennett's sons was recently married to Miss Kuykendall.

Wor. Bro. José C. Velo is traveling a great deal now in the interests of the Philippine Education Company of which he is representative.

Bro. Eduardo Montenegro is busily engaged in the practice of law in Oriental Negros.

Bro. Julian S. Roxas is working hard selling agricultural implements, including an apparatus for pulling stumps.

Southern Cross No. 6.—Wor. Bro. H. E. Price, wife, and daughter sailed for England on February 25th, for a well-earned vacation.

Wor. Bro. E. A. Perkins, wife, and daughter left a few weeks later, also to enjoy a vacation in Europe and the U. S.

Wor. Bro. T. L. Hall, of the Scottish Rite Golf Team, won the Grand Master's cup as a result of a heroic battle waged on the Caloocan Golf Links between the Scottish Rite and York Rite Bodies.

Another winner at golf is the S.W. of the Lodge, Bro. T. W. Wright, who in February won the Medal Challenge Cup at Caloocan against a field of star golfers.

Bro. R. G. France writes from Sannomiya, Kobe, Japan, P. O. Box 319.

Bro. Graham B. Moody sends greetings from Dallas, Texas.

Bro. Chester J. Gerkin writes from Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Cosmos No. 8.—Bro. José A. Reyna sends greetings from Lagangilang, Abra, where he is conducting a school for the non-Christians of that section.

Bro. O. O. Hanson spent a few days in Manila in February after his return from the northern province. He has since then left for the Visayas and Mindanao, also on a tour of inspection.

Bro. Chas. C. Fuller came up from Camarines Norte for a few days in February.

Bro. Jesse W. Palmer also came up from Camarines Sur. He will make his headquarters at Sipaco, where several of our Brethren are at present residing.

Bro. H. H. Keightley has written from San Diego, Calif; he has been home on a short visit.

Bro. John Sinn writes from Honolulu, sending a program of the cornerstone laying of the new city hall there, under the auspices of the Grand Lodge of California. He says this is the second Masonic cornerstone ceremony in Honolulu in late years, the first being that of the Territorial building.

Bro. Samuel C. Hunter writes from Bakersfield, Calif.

Wor. Bro. Fred M. Holmes, the secretary, continues to do excellent work getting out the Cosmos Lodge *Bulletin* which is a welcome guest in many homes and offices, including that of the CABLETOW.

Most Wor. Bro. Joseph H. Schmidt was under the weather for about a week in March but is up and about again.

Wor. Bro. A. Gabler-Gumbert removed his architect's office from

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Walana No. 13.—Wor. Bro. Orestes Hermosura, W.M., left for Iloilo and Cebu on March 13th, on business.

Pilar No. 15.—Wor. Bro. L. B. Paredes who is now taking a post graduate course at the State University of Illinois, U.S.A., has advised the secretary that he is in good health and that he has met many Brethren who have treated him very nicely.

The secretary is in receipt of a letter from Bro. Major H. Garma, stationed at Legaspi, Albay, expressing his best wishes for the success of his lodge and saying that he is faring well in his district.

Bro. Ciriaco Karganilla, income tax examiner, has passed the first grade civil service examination.

Sinukuan No. 16.—M.W. Bro. Manuel L. Quezon is leaving for the United States to do his bit in the defence of the chief products of the Philippines, threated by proposed adverse legislation in the Congress of the United States. Much is expected in this important discussion of the eloquence, knowledge, and shrewdness of the President of the Philippine Senate.

Bro. Jorge B. Vargas, Under-Secretary of Agriculture and Natural Resources, will act as Secretary of that Department during the absence in the United States of the incumbent, Bro. Rafael R. Alunan, who has left for Washington to take part in the discussion on proposed Philippine Tariff legislation. Bro. Vargas took charge on March 16th.

Banahaw No. 24.—Bro. E. Valladolid, our Brother Secretary, reports the birth of a robust son on February 27th.

Bros. Victor Degracia, our treasurer, and S. Orda, P. M., attended the Filipino Businessmen's Convention at the Ayuntamiento in Manila in February.

Bro. Enrique Epino, assistant secretary of this Lodge, expects to spend his summer vacation in the Philippine School of Arts and Trades in Manila.

Bro. Vicente O. Orda is expected here from New York, with his family, after an absence of almost nine years.

Maktan No. 30.—Bro. Pedro Lozada, after having been operated on for appendicitis, left for a short sojourn in Baguio where he is recovering his health.

Bro. Placido Manlunas, who was operated on for a malignant ulcer, has recovered completely.

Bros. Raymundo C. Pangilinan, manager of the Misamis Lumber Co., and Petronilo R. Barbon, internal revenue officer at Butuan, Agusan, spent some time in Cebu.

Bro. Alfonso P. Villa has taken over new important duties in the branch of the National Bank at Lucena, Tayabas.

Wor. Bro. Valentin Segura, P.M., has just returned from the Province of Bohol where he has been inspecting the work. He returns very favorably impressed.

Wor. Bro. Joaquin A. Alix, P.M., has left for Manila on the S.S. *Mactan*, on a business trip.

The Brethren were unable to give a reception to Wor. Bro. Emilio Aguinaldo, P. M. of Magdalo Lodge No. 31, as they had intended to do, owing to the briefness of his stay in Cebu.

Lincoln No. 34.—Bro. Bonifacio Supatan has been transferred from the U.S.S. *Bittern*, Main Detachment, to the Naval Hospital at Cañacao, to be treated for dysentery. He is now well on the road to recovery.

Mt. Apo No. 45.—Bro. Tohru Kurimoto is in the Zamboanga General Hospital suffering from tuberculosis.

Wor. Master Valderrosa returned from his northern visit. While in Manila and Baguio he visited several Lodges and friends.

Bro. W. N. Clum is in the Zamboanga Hospital for eye treatment.

Wor. Bro. E. Sanson left on the S.S. *Bohol* for a visit in Iloilo by way of Dumaguete, thus escaping the Bohol accident at Ticao Island on the 9th, instant.

Bro. Joaquin M. Tiahua has entered the Zamboanga General Hospital for an appendix operation.

Mount Mainam No. 49.—The Lodge is sorry to lose Bro. Nicolas Garabato, who has asked for a dimit to help form a new lodge at Camp Stotsenburg, Pampanga.

Bro. Francisco Donesa, Captain, Phil. Constabulary, has been transferred to Sorsogon, Sorsogon. He informs the Lodge that he is getting along nicely there.

Word was received from Bro. Felix Bernardez from Bucay, Abra, that he is getting along fine and will be able to meet his Brethren some time this year. Bro. Bernardez was justice of the peace of Pililla, Rizal, but was transferred to his home province.

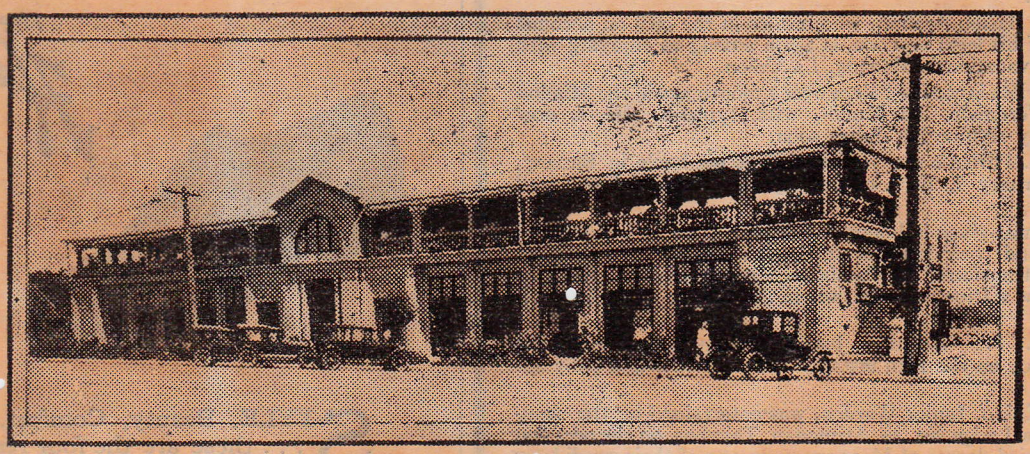
Bro. Gregorio Bernabe, until recently Phil. National Bank auditor at Murcia Sugar Central, Occ. Negros, has tendered his resignation as such because the climate there did not suit his children. Bro. Bernabe is now in the city looking for another job.

Sarangani No. 50.—Bro. Geronimo Arguna, postmaster-operator of Malita, came to Davao in the latter part of February to visit his wife who was ill at the Mission Hospital there.

Bro. Mariano Alcantara, who returned towards the end of February from a visit to Manila, speaks highly of the courteous treatment he received in the Lodges he visited in the capital city.

Bro. Juan M. Ramos is busy making the plan of the proposed new temple of this Lodge which the members are anxious to see built as soon as possible.

Bro. Eugenio Durante, who was raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason on March 5th, provided refreshments for the Lodge



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Wor. Bro. Feliciano Iñigo, P.M., has returned to Davao after a vacation of several months spent in Manila.

Wor. Bros. Alfredo Zamora and Eugenio de Jesus, Past Masters, made an extended official inspection trip on which they visited a number of sitios in the municipality of Santa Cruz.

Makawiwili No. 55.—Wor. Bro. Manuel Roxas, P.M., Speaker of the House of Representatives, has sailed for the United States in order to attend the hearings before congressional committees in Washington on the proposed tariff measures against Philippine products which, if enacted into law, will ruin a number of flourishing industries in these Islands.

Bro. Gervacio Ramirez has been transferred to Pampanga Province as provincial treasurer.

Bro. Lim Ising, now residing at Romblon, lost his daughter last February.

Bro. Demetrio Arcenas, the installed secretary of this Lodge, was unable to attend and had to be replaced by Bro. Carlos Quimpo.

Bro. Pacifico B. Mantong has returned from an eight months' vacation in China.

Isla de Luzon No. 57.—Bro. Nicanor Abelardo, organist of this Lodge, is in Cebu for a three months' stay.

On March 10th, Bro. Leonardo Fajardo gave a christening party at his house, Sra. Corazon Veloso de Torres and Wor. Bro. José P. Paterno being the godmother and godfather of the new Christian, a girl. Among the Brethren present were Sisenando Palarca, Ramon Mendoza, J. M. E. Leon, P. Duque, Vicente Flechero, Emiliano Tria Tirona, Pedro Magsalin, José Intal, and Lorenzo de Guzman.

Bro. Antonio Buenaventura obtained a good rating at the recent examinations in the University of the Philippines.

Marble No. 58.—One of Wor. Bro. Cornelio Briones' children was seriously ill in February. About the same time, one of Bro. Severino B. Murphy's daughters was also seriously ill.

It is reported that Bro. Vicente F. Mayor is about to leave his present position in the provincial auditor's office, after eight years of efficient service, to look for employment in Manila.

Kanlaon No. 64.—Bro. R. R. Alunan, Secretary of Agriculture and Natural Resources, has left for the United States to take part in the hearings on the restrictions of Philippine imports which are now taking place before committees of the United States Congress.

Union No. 70.—Bros. Leon C. Flor and Guillermo E. Fideldia, who were sent to Manila as delegates from La Union Province to the *First Convention of Filipino Businessmen* held in the city from February 6-9, 1929, reported that they were gratified with the hospitality shown them and greatly enjoyed the fraternal intercourse they had with the Brethren they met.

Bro. Attorney Basilio Aromin, who resides in the city on account of the exigencies of his legal practice, is again among us enjoying with his family a short vacation in Bauang, La Union.

Bro. Andrés Arieta is confined since over a month ago in the Mission Hospital of San Fernando, La Union, with typhoid. He is now recovering and may resume his duties soon.

Bro. Matias S. Parlan's son Junior died at his home in Bauang, La Union, on February 9, 1929, of meningitis. His burial was well attended.

A tea *dansant* was given in honor of Brethren Juan D. Soriano and Eulalio Baltazar and their families at Smith's Hotel. Bro. Soriano is expected to be transferred to Zamboanga soon and Bro. Baltazar departed for his new station as Instructor in the College of Agriculture, U. P., Los Baños.

Kasilawan No. 77.—Wor. Bro. José S. Velasquez announced the arrival of a baby boy on the 11th instant. Both mother and baby are doing well.

Bro. Braulio Epino, Junior Warden, was entertained by the members of the Banahaw Lodge No. 24, Atimonan, Tayabas, on the occasion of conferring the third degree of Masonry upon one of their candidates on the 9th of February.

Wor. Bro. Manuel M. Agbulos is now residing at 1130 Misericordia, having transferred from 1033 O'Donnell. He is connected with Rosenstock & Company.

High Twelve No. 82.—Wor. Bro. Filomeno Galang, of Baguio, is in Manila on official business and for the purpose of visiting his family and his Lodge and attending the Pageant of Joy.

Wor. Bro. Felipe Carbonilla, P.M., has resigned from his position with the Dollar Steamship Line to engage in farming in Iloilo.

Bro. Isabelo Umila is going to Baguio for a short vacation.

Bro. Eugenio A. Columbretes is enjoying a month's furlough.

Bro. Dr. Frank Co-Tui, who is taking a special course in Medicine, writes that he has removed from the Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago to the New York University and Bellevue Medical College, New York, from where he sends regards to all the Brethren.

Fraternal greetings to the Lodge were contained in recent letters from Bros. José B. Logan, Echague, Isabela, and Ponciano G. Bernarte, Bagumbayan, Ligao, Albay.

Keystone No. 100.—Bro. Primitivo A. Villapando has returned to duty after a long period of illness at the Station Hospital, Corregidor.

Bro. and Mrs. José R. Crisostomo have left St. Luke's Hospital, Manila, where they were ill for several days.

Bros. Inocencio G. Sigua, Aurelio Santos ad Nicolas Padilla have been assigned to temporary duty at Camp John Hay, Baguio. They will return to Corregidor about April 15, 1929.

Bro. Macario Odiamar, our Treasurer and Postmaster of Corregidor, is enjoying a vacation in Manila.

Miss Rosa Castillo, daughter of Bro. Esteban Castillo, made her début at the Corregidor Cine on February 16th. Miss Castillo is a student at the Centro Escolar de Señoritas, Manila.

The Pageant of Joy

The Pageant of Joy, which was held on the Carnival Grounds from March 16th to 24th, was a great success. Everybody had a fine time; the affair was managed by people who knew their business, and the Masonic Hospital for Crippled Children is about forty thousand pesos to the good.

We shall give more detailed information in our next number.

In the meantime the Management of the Hospital desire to convey the expression of their deep gratitude to all those who contributed towards the success of this enterprise and who patronized it so generously!



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Página Editorial

La Comisión de Justicia

En estos últimos años se ha hablado mucho, tanto en la prensa masónica como en el seno de las diferentes Grandes Logias, de la conveniencia de modificar de un modo radical el sistema actual de disciplina o justicia masónica, nombrando a una Comisión de Justicia central que se encargue de todos los procesos masónicos, en vez de seguir el actual método de dejar dichos procesos a los Talleres interesados. La oposición que se ha registrado contra la modificación propuesta se basa sobre el argumento, que las Logias son autónomas y que, tratándose de la exclusión del reo de su Logia, ésta debe juzgarle.

No cabe duda de que al acusado se lo deben dar todas las facilidades posibles para su defensa y que todos los procedimientos deben llevarse a cabo secretamente. En cuanto al primer punto, el acusado puede o no puede ser persona popular. Si lo es y si el juicio se verifica en la localidad, su misma popularidad puede ayudarle a sustraerse al castigo merecido, y si no lo es, existe el peligro de que los comisionados se dejen influir por el prejuicio que hay en contra del acusado en la comunidad. En cuanto al secreto, resulta muy difícil conservarlo si la vista del asunto se lleva a cabo en la localidad y por miembros de la Logia del interesado. Huelga exponer los motivos porque los conocemos sobradamente. Si la comisión de justicia está compuesta de Masones que no pertenecen a la misma Logia que el acusado, no hay tanto peligro de que se hable luego en el hogar doméstico y en la calle de lo que se ha hecho en el seno de la comisión de justicia.

Ocurre, además, que en muchos casos los comisionados elegidos por la Logia no saben nada de los procedimientos legales y se dejan amedrantar por el abogado del acusado quien les habla de muchas cosas que no conocen y que son meros tecnicismos y subterfugios legales que jamás deben sacarse a relucir en un proceso masónico. Todo esto se evita cuando los juicios masónicos se llevan a cabo ante una Comisión nombrada por el Gran Maestre, compuesta de personas íntegras y experimentadas y libres de influencias y prejuicios locales.

Es más, no hay proceso masónico que no deje tras sí una estela funesta de resentimientos, disgustos y desilusiones. Si la justicia ha salido triunfante, condenándose al verdaderamente culpable, los partidarios de éste pueden siempre atribuir su condena a prejuicios e influencias locales. Si la justicia sufre fracaso, este mismo hecho puede contribuir al alejamiento de la Logia de sus mejores elementos y no cabe duda de que el buen renombre del Taller quedará colocado en mal lugar.

La proposición de que se trata no carece, pues, de méritos y vale la pena estudiarla.—*L. F.*

Carta del Redactor Gerente del *Cabletow* A todos los Secretarios de Logias

QUERIDO HERMANO SECRETARIO:—Le ruego lea con cuidado el Edicto No. 14 del Gran Maestre, que se inserta en el número presente de esta revista, sobre la cuota del CABLETOW, por disponerse en el mismo cambios importantes en la forma de computar y verificar el pago de dicha cuota.

En primer lugar observará Vd. que ha habido un cambio en la cantidad que es preciso satisfacer el 1.o de junio del año corriente o antes. En dicha fecha, las Logias remitirán este año solamente la cuota correspondiente a seis meses, o sea, a los meses desde Junio hasta Noviembre de 1929, inclusive, al mismo tipo de ₱1.20 por cada Maestro Masón, Compañero y Aprendiz que formen parte de la Logia en la fecha del pago. Puesto que se exige la cuota tan sólo por seis meses, tendrá que remitirse en dicha fecha la cantidad de *60 centavos por cada Maestro Masón, Compañero y Aprendiz.*

En segundo lugar verá Vd. que para el período desde diciembre de 1929 hasta Noviembre de 1930, el tipo de la cuota anual será también ₱1.20, pero *sólo por cada Maestro Masón* cuyo nombre figure en el cuadro lógico el 30 de Noviembre de 1929, o sea, a la fecha de la relación anual.

En tercer lugar, el Edicto exige que dicha cantidad se aumente a las cuotas para la Gran Logia y se remita con las mismas, con sujeción a las mismas condiciones. Esto significa que a menos que se pague toda la cuota del CABLETOW correspondiente a dicho período desde diciembre de 1929 hasta Noviembre de 1930, inclusive, calculada como queda dicho, juntamente con las cuotas que deben remitirse a la Gran Logia con la relación anual, su Logia no tendrá representación en la Reunión Anual de la Gran Logia en el mes de enero de 1930. Se obligará a las Logias que deben por el año en curso (Tomo VI) y anteriores, a que hagan esfuerzos serios para satisfacer sus deudas. Los casos más graves están considerándose actualmente por el Gran Maestre y los de los demás seguirán pronto.

Convencido de que Vd. cumplirá con su deber en esta materia, queda de Vd. s.s. y afmo. Hmno.

LEO FISCHER,
Redactor Gerente, "The Cabletow."

Manila, 31 de Marzo de 1929.

[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 Maestre 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, junta-

mente 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 Maestre.*
Doy Fe:—NEWTON C. COMFORT, *Gran Secretario.*

PIEZAS DE ARQUITECTURA

El Desarrollo Económico de Filipinas

(*Conferencia pronunciada por el Hmno. Antonio Ramos en la Logia Nilad No. 12, Manila, I. F., el 2 de Marzo de 1929.*)

Estamos en una época en que el país se halla en pleno proceso de revisión de su programa de desarrollo económico. Esta cuestión, sin embargo, no es nueva entre nosotros. Ya desde hace un cuarto de siglo, o sea desde algunos años después de la implantación del régimen americano en estas islas, esta misma cuestión había estado ocupando ocasionalmente la atención pública discutiéndosela con más o menos interés ya en la prensa, ya en tribunas públicas o ya en conversaciones privadas. La diferencia está en que entonces se la consideraba bajo un aspecto enteramente opuesto a aquel bajo el cual hoy se la considera. Entonces se sostenía que el desarrollo económico del país era casi una imposibilidad mientras se mantenía al pueblo privado del pleno ejercicio de sus derechos y poderes soberanos; o cuando menos, en opinión de otros más conservadores en su modo de pensar, no era conveniente añadir una actividad más a la atención del pueblo para no distraerle de sus luchas por su libertad.

Pero es evidente que el sentido práctico, que se innato en todo pueblo, se ha impuesto después de todo exponiendo el reverso de la medalla, como suele decirse. Asi vemos que, en punto a esta palpitante cuestión, la mentalidad de nuestros hombres ha sufrido un cambio bastante radical. El lema que entonces a todos obsesionaba era: Independencia política antes que independencia económica. Hoy ya no se sostiene la incompatibilidad de la una con la otra. El lema aquel ha perdido prácticamente su virtualidad. Sin relegar a segundo término el supremo ideal por la independencia política, ya se concede la conveniencia, si no la necesidad, de que ésta venga acompañada de independencia económica. Nuestros dirigentes y todos los elementos vivos del país consagran ahora gran parte de su atención y de sus esfuerzos a la debida consideración de este nuevo aspecto de la cuestión.

De este movimiento general no parece hallarse exenta la misma Institución Masónica a pesar de sus principios e ideales muy ajenos a toda cuestión económica, cuando en la última asamblea de masones, celebrada no hace mucho en esta capital, no pudo menos de formular por boca de uno de sus más conspicuos miembros, el distinguido hermano Cosio, la siguiente o parecida pregunta: ¿Qué hace por su parte la Masonería ante un asunto de tan capital importancia? El mismo acuerdo adoptado por el Cuadro de esta Logia de celebrar una serie de conferencias sobre el tema del desarrollo económico de Filipinas, para cuyo inicio tengo el alto honor de ocupar vuestra atención esta noche, no es sino revelador de la preponderancia que este asunto ha ganado en la conciencia de todos, aun entre los masones.

Permitidme, pues, que entre ahora en materia hablándoos en esta pobre e insignificante conferencia sobre el desarrollo económico de Filipinas. Pero voy a hacerlo desde el punto de vista de los principios masónicos solamente, pues entiendo que en toda labor en que entran en colaboración varios y distintos elementos, como en el caso que nos ocupa, debe haber una ordenada distribución de trabajos a fin de no malograr los buenos propósitos que con dicha labor se persiguen.

Se afirma de un modo no desprovisto de autoridad que la principal y mayor dificultad con que se tropieza en el debido desarrollo económico del país es la falta de capital. Para remediar dicha dificultad el Gobierno se ha anticipado en tomar las primeras medidas en forma de enmiendas a la Ley de Corporaciones, calculadas a estimular la entrada en el país del capital extranjero, especialmente del americano. Sin embargo, hojeando detenidamente algunos informes oficiales, encuentro que esa alegada falta de capital es más bien aparente que real. En efecto, según dichos informes, tenemos una circulación monetaria montante a más o menos de 128 millones de pesos sin incluir el dinero efectivo en las cajas de la Tesorería Insular perteneciente a varios fondos gubernamentales. De esta cantidad, solamente un 41%, o sean 53 millones, representa en conjunto el capital activo, invertido en acciones de las distintas corporaciones y compañías registradas en la Oficina de Comercio e Industria del Gobierno, incluyendo los bancos domésticos, compañías aseguradoras y demás instituciones financieras y de crédito. Queda, por consiguiente, el 59% restante, o sean 75 millones, enmoheciéndose tal vez, o sin tal vez, en las arcas de sus respectivos dueños sin utilidad ni beneficio para ellos ni para nadie.

Sacar de su inactividad a esta enorme cantidad, que en las condiciones en que se encuentra es capital virtualmente muerto, y estimular su inversión en la organización de nuevas y grandes corporaciones destinadas a la explotación de los recursos naturales del país, de su industria y de su comercio, sería sin duda el más valioso aportamiento que la Masonería está llamada a efectuar para la debida solución de ese magno problema que a todos absorbe y preocupa. Con semejante suma, adecuadamente empleada, tendríamos más que suficiente para dar empuje substancial al desarrollo económico del país sin necesidad de afanarnos por traer capital de afuera, por lo menos dentro del cuarto de siglo que corremos.

Pero ¿cómo y de qué manera? La tarea es esencialmente de educación más bien que de participación directa y activa en los negocios económicos. Un estudio minucioso de las probables causas que detienen a ese capital inactivo a formar parte de empresas manejadas por elementos extraños, nos daría con seguridad la clave de cómo hemos de proceder para llevar a cabo satisfactoriamente esta tarea. Una de esas causas, la que tal vez ejerce mayor y más decisiva influencia en el ánimo de nuestros hombres adinerados, la hallaremos en la desconfianza que estos abrigan contra esas empresas, no sin justo y sobrado motivo desgraciadamente. Ellos saben por experiencia que el 75% de los fracasos de empresas de semejante naturaleza se debe, no precisamente a causas naturales como, por ejemplo, la laxitud de los correspondientes mercados, ni tampoco a la impericia de los que las dirigen y manejan, sino principalmente a manipulaciones de dudosa honradez, para no decir fraudulentas, de parte de la directiva o de la gerencia de dichas empresas. Por tal motivo, temerosos de ser víctimas de inicuos engaños, se alejan de toda asociación financiera con otros y prefieren guardar su caudal o, cuando más, manejarlo ellos mismos, por su sola cuenta y razón, en negocios que en tal circunstancia tienen que ser necesariamente en escala muy limitada.

Y bien, persiguiendo la Masonería el elevado fin del perfeccionamiento moral de los hombres, la tarea que muy apropiadamente le corresponde realizar en ese empeño común sería la de preparar el material necesario en forma de hombres probos y honrados a carta cabal; hombres inmaculados, de conciencia escrupulosamente limpia; quienes, poniéndose al frente de empresas o negocios capitalizados con dinero ajeno, sepan infundir con su conducta y sus actos absoluta confianza en sus constituyentes o principales. De este solo modo, en mi humilde opinión, es como se podría remover y disipar esa gran remora, llamada "desconfianza",

que impide la debida circulación por sus cauces normales de esa cuantiosa suma inutilmente estancada en manos individuales. Y esto lo puede hacer la Masonería desde sus Talleres poniendo muy especial cuidado en el desbastamiento de la piedra bruta de sus miembros de tal suerte que cada masón, para ser digno de ese nombre y de la augusta Institución de que procede, sea un perfecto y acabado producto de la aplicación sabia y rígida del cincel, la escuadra y el compás. En otros términos, la Masonería está llamada a proporcionar al país hombres que sean verdaderos masones, en la más rigurosa significación de ese nombre; esto es, hombres dignos y de elevado carácter; hombres imbuídos en los estrictos principios de la rectitud, justicia y moralidad; hombres que al relacionarse en la sociedad profana, sepan mantenerse incólumes por encima de las flaquezas y debilidades humanas que tanto minan los cimientos de esa sociedad. Y no puedo menos de recalcar esto, con demasiada insistencia tal vez, pues yo se y todos nosotros sabemos por propia experiencia que la virtud tiene muchos y muy fuertes enemigos dentro y fuera de uno mismo, los cuales le asedian y le tientan con pertinacia en todo tiempo y lugar, que si no está asentada sobre base firme y sólida, nunca podría estar segura de no delinquir alguna vez. No basta que uno sea virtuoso por naturaleza o por educación. Es preciso además que esté poseído de un espíritu moral fuertemente formado para resistir y vencer, y a esto, repito, debe contraerse la misión de la Masonería en el asunto que nos ocupa; formar hombres moralmente fuertes para con ellos, cual drogas salutíferas, inyectar el organismo enclenque de este país al objeto de hacer circular por sus arterias toda esa savia vital estancada de que tanto le hace falta para su desarrollo material.

Pero no quisiera que se me interprete con lo que llevo dicho que yo estoy en contra de la entrada del capital extranjero. No. El capital, sea cual fuere su nacionalidad, nunca está de sobra en ninguna parte y menos en un país jóven y pobre como Filipinas, y siempre que no venga animado de propósitos egoistas e ilegítimos, debe ser recibido y aceptado con beneplácito. De hecho ya lo tenemos dentro formando porción no pequeña de nuestro capital activo, y soy de los primeros en decir que está cooperando honradamente en la solución de nuestros problemas económicos. Esto no obstante y por razones obvias, creo estaréis conmigo en reconocer que el capital nativo tiene el deber primordial y el derecho preferente de servir las necesidades de su propio país. Por eso he lanzado la idea de que antes debe levantarse de su inactividad a esa durmiente porción, bastante grande por cierto, de nuestra circulación monetaria, encomendando esta tarea a la Masonería, la cual, me atrevo afirmar, sabrá llevarla a cabo con éxito seguro.

Esto es en cuanto respecta a la Masonería como institución. En cuanto a los masones individualmente, con especialidad a los masones filipinos, quisiera dedicar un parrafito más antes de terminar. Dicen que el ejemplo práctico es de logros más efectivos que la mera predicación. Si ello es verdad, como creo que lo es, sería muy de desear que los masones adinerados, y aun aquellos que no siéndolo, tienen algún pequeño ahorro para el que no encuentran un provechoso empleo, empiecen por asociarse, ya entre sí, o ya con otros que no son masones, y forma corporaciones o compañías con fines económicos. Y sería de desear también que al seleccionar la clase de negocios a que han de dedicarse, procuren evitar aquellos que ya están suficientemente cubiertos por otros; pues, lo contrario sería embarcarse en ruinosa competencia, al propio tiempo que daría lugar a que se confirme el pobre concepto que comunmente se tiene del filipino de que "es excelente imitador, pero falto de originalidad." El campo es amplio y no hay necesidad de amontonarnos en un solo sitio. Aun tenemos una diversidad de recursos inexplotados, o no bastantemente explotados, como la industria maderera, la pesquera, la gomera, etc., etc., para no repetir la triste experiencia que muchos tuvieron en el pasado con el desastre de la industria del aceite.

En este respecto, es una satisfacción saber, y me complazco en comunicároslo, que ciertos muy prominentes masones, todos filipinos, ya han tomado la avanzada capitalizando una corporación dedicada a la explotación de la industria maderera en una feraz región del Archipiélago. Cuando dicha corporación y otras que espero surgirán animosas en los campos económicos del país, den, como no dudo que darán, pruebas de vida pujante y próspera y se sepa que su éxito se haya debido, entre otros factores, a la administración limpia y honrada de las mismas, estoy seguro que los otros, masones y no masones, seguirán, pero seguirán indefectiblemente como sigue la sombra al cuerpo. Entonces, y sólo entonces, podremos los masones exclamar satisfechos: Hemos cumplido con nuestro deber.

Muera La Masonería

(Por F. Gonzalez Guinán, en la revista "Fraternidad," Caracas, Venezuela)

En la tarde del 24 de Junio de 1821 el Ejército republicano, acaudillado por el Libertador Bolívar, hizo su entrada en Valencia, persiguiendo al valeroso batallón Valencey que, a las órdenes del pundonoroso militar y consumado táctico coronel Tomás García, emprendió aquella famosa retirada del campo de Carabobo, donde había quedado desbaratado y destruído completamente el resto del Ejército peninsular, último aliento de fuerza del gobierno de Don Fernando VII en Venezuela. Desde aquel día se eclipsó el poder de los godos; y a medida que la República se consolidaba, se extendían naturalmente los principios; las ideas de libertad ejercían sus legítimas influencias; la instrucción se universalizaba, y la igualdad legal se abría paso por el camino de la práctica.

Pero como no hay regla general que no tenga su excepción, habia entre los hijos de la ciudad de Valencia un abogado tan refractario a las ideas de la época, que después de haber trascurrido cuatro años de pleno dominio republicano, se mantenía aferrado a sus antiguas creencias. Aceptaba la República por ser ya un hecho consumado: trataba a Bolívar con absoluto recelo, y a veces le dirigía esas miradas de soslayo, significativas de miedo o desconfianza. A Páez lo pasaba poco más, porque con él había llevado trato más frecuente, y era además Páez por aquellos tiempos (1825-26) uno de esos muchachos alegres, comunicativos y campechanos que hacen amistad con todo el mundo y saben ganarse hasta los más huraños carácteres. Trataba también nuestro DOCTOR al coronel Cistiaga, gobernador entonces de la provincia de Carabobo, y anunciadas tan valiosas relaciones, dicho se está, que era un hombre de significación social.

El DOCTOR era lo que se llama un exagerado católico, y todo lo miraba al través del prisma de los más extravagantes principios religiosos; de modo que si fué realista, debióselo a sus creencias. Pudo desear el infierno para los patriotas y pedírselo a los santos con toda buena intención, pero ésta ha podido ser allá en el fondo de su hogar o de los templos, que por lo que respecta al DOCTOR en la calle y en la plaza pública, era un sociable hombre, tolerante con las ajenas opiniones.

Empero tenía el DOCTOR una manía: las sociedades secretas le crispaban los nervios y creía ver en ellas la viva representación de los malos espíritus y la más terrible amenaza contra la tranquilidad pública, el honor de las familias y los sagrados fueros de la religión y de las leyes.

Verdad que no era un hombre de grandes conocimientos para tener acerca de esas instituciones un juicio correcto. Se sabía su parte regular de latín: algo de humanidades: con su prodigiosa memoria retenía muchas de las leyes del Código de Don Alfonso el Sabio, las glosas de Gregorio

López, las Pandectas de Justiniano e infinidad de formularios del célebre Tapia.

Fuera de ahí, no había entrado el DOCTOR en otras especulaciones intelectuales. La política, como ciencia de gobierno, le era desconocida; la libertad no tenía a sus ojos racional explicación; la historia era para él un mundo desconocido; de modo que, abogado rudimentario y a la vez espíritu retrógrado, tenía por las sociedades secretas una aversión que lo hacía por lo regular salir de su acostumbrada moderación.

Existía por esos tiempos en Valencia una sociedad masónica, que tenía su taller en una casa situada al sur de la calle de Carabobo, a cuya Logia pertenecía lo más granado de la ciudad y en la cual había ingresado toda esa generalada de la patria, pues es cosa averiguada que después del triunfo de una revolución que ha dilatado algunos años, auméntanse como por encanto los matrimonios y las recepciones masónicas.

Descubrir al DOCTOR que existía una Logia en el barrio de la Candelaria y darle la más terrible guerra, todo fué uno. MUERA LA MASONERÍA! tal era su divisa a toda hora del día y de la noche en que tuvieran en contacto con alguna persona. Hablaba en las Tertulias, en los Tribunales, en las fiestas públicas, en el templo y en todas partes, demostrando siempre la terrible amenaza que pesaba sobre la ciudad, la maldición de Dios que se cernía sobre todos sus hijos y la necesidad y urgente conveniencia de destruir semejante foco de perdición.

No crean ustedes que el DOCTOR se limitaba a conversar. Le habló a Páez, pero el sagáz llanero supo darle largas al asunto. Por último se dirigió al Gobernador Cistiaga en varias ocasiones.

Creyó con mucha razón el gobernador Cistiaga que aquella manía del DOCTOR era una enfermedad que estaba pidiendo a todo el mundo remedio, y después de haber conferenciado con Páez, con Escuté, con Mujica, con Silva y otros más, dijo lo siguiente al DOCTOR, en la nueva ocasión que le volvió a tocar sobre la muerte de la Masonería:

—Pues bien, Doctor, estoy plenamente convencido de sus razones; creo que esa institución debe desaparecer; estoy pronto a que desaparezca; pero sólo me detiene el inconveniente de no encontrar una persona seria y de fundamento que se ponga a la cabeza de una escolta que yo le dé para llevar a cabo la obra.

—Esa persona soy yo, señor gobernador,—dijo el DOCTOR, y le ruego que no le dé a otro la comisión porque yo quiero ser el ejecutor de tan santa obra.

—Usted, DOCTOR, usted! y a sus setenta años!

—Pues bien, así será, tan pronto como usted averigue y me diga dónde se reunen los masones y qué día o qué noche desea la guardia.

Al lunes siguiente, a eso de las nueve de la noche, atravesaban las calles silenciosas de la ciudad 27 hombres armados, marchando en formación militar.

Eran un oficial y veinte y cinco soldados que el gobernador había entregado al DOCTOR para la ejecución de lo que éste llamaba su santa obra.

Habían salido de la Casa Municipal, tomaron la calle de Colombia hacia el poniente, cruzaron después de haber caminado tres cuadras, al sur, y al penetrar en la calle de Carabobo, dijo el DOCTOR: señor oficial, la noche está lóbrega y no se nos escapará ninguno de los de la gavilla: ¿no cree usted que una vez de cogidos y enjuiciados esos masones habrán de ser condenados a muerte?

—Bien puede ser,—contestó entre dientes el oficial—a tiempo que entre la pequeña tropa se dejó oir un pequeño murmullo.

—Silencio, soldados. Ya nos acercamos al lugar del lance: que apenas se oiga el ruido de las pisadas.

Más de cuatro cuadras habían caminado por la calle de Carabobo, cuando dijo el DOCTOR deteniéndose, e imitándole la guardia: aquella casa de la esquina de nuestra derecha, ésa es la casa: yo marcho adelante, doy los toques, y al abrirse la puerta, se precipitan ustedes al interior, pero con tal violencia que no se escape uno solo.

Dicho y hecho. Llega al portón principal, que estaba completamente cerrado, y da sobre él varios toques precipitados. Una voz bronca le contesta: ¿Quién es el temerario que así viene a perturbar nuestros trabajos?

—¡En nombre de la justicia,—grita el DOCTOR,—abrid!

—Abrid, o derribo la puerta, volvió a gritar el frenético DOCTOR.

—Esperad y se os abrirá.

De repente se abren de par en par las hojas de la puerta: una luz inmensa se extiende: brota humo con hedor de azufre: el oficial y los soldados prorrumpen en gritos extraordinarios, y al de *sálvese quien pueda* dejan al pobre DOCTOR en las garras de cuatro hermanos en Hirán que, vestidos de largas y negras capuchas y hablando por medio de bocinas, lo precipitan al interior, cierran con estrépito la puerta, véndanle fuertemente los ojos y le pronuncian esta aterradora frase:

—¡No os mováis, o sois hombre perdido para siempre!

La situación era por demás crítica para nuestro infeliz protagonista. Un temblor convulsivo se había apoderado de todos sus miembros: rechinaban unos contra otros sus desvencijados dientes: la voz le faltaba en la garganta; y cuando hacía el más ligero movimiento, como tratando de desasirse de las manos que lo oprimían, llegaban a sus oídos, como voz de tumbas, el pavoroso *no os mováis o sois hombre perdido* al mismo tiempo que sentía sobre el pecho algo así como la helada punta de un puñal.

—Poned a ese profano en actitud de ser conducido al cuarto de reflexiones.

—No me matéis, por Dios;—articuló jadeante nuestro hombre.

—Silencio, que ya llegará vuestro turno de hablar.

—Dios mío, ¿por qué me desnudáis esa rodilla?

—Tal es el símbolo de la humildad; y sabedlo, miserable, aquí no pueden entrar sino los humildes. Marchad . . . Bajad la cabeza. . . más bajo aún. . . Subid. . .

Y desde uno hasta catorce, subió el desgraciado los escalones que lo condujeron a una celda.

—Sentaos, dijo la voz de trueno, al mismo tiempo que la venda caía, y la silueta del preparador desaparecía por una angosta puerta, que nuevamente quedó cerrada.

Los ojos del infeliz Doctor se abrieron desmesuradamente y gruesas gotas de sudor inundaban su demacrado rostro. Estaba sentado sobre una silla de madera. Ante sí tenía una mesa con avíos de escribir: el tintero era un cráneo humano, las paredes estaban colgadas de negro, acá estaba dibujado un esqueleto con guadaña; más allá inscripciones alusivas.

Polvo eres y en polvo te convertirás.

Aquí se levantan templos a la virtud y se cavan calabozos a los vicios.

Inclinaos ante la única grandeza que existe, la de Dios.

Muchas otras inscripciones había allí que los ojos del prisionero devoraban.—¿Qué es esto?—se decía. ¿Cómo corre en el vulgo la masonería; cómo se la pinta de criminal, cómo ha caído sobre ella la excomunión? Quizá sea que el delito revista formas hipócritas. Pero ¿por qué la prédica contra la institución?

Sumergido en un océano de graves y encontradas reflexiones se hallaba él cuando vino a sacarlo de sus cavilaciones aquella misma bronca voz que ya le era conocida diciéndole: ahí tenéis papel, pluma y tinta, haced vuestro testamento!

Terrible fué el grito que lanzó el infeliz; levantó al cielo los brazos, como invocando de la Providencia la caridad que le negaban los hombres: paróse de repente, pero no pudiendo sostenerse en pie, cayó hacia atrás derribando con

estrépito la silla y murmurando: no me matéis, no me matéis!

En el momento vinieron sobre él varios hombres, vestidos de cabeza a pies con hábitos talares negros. Unas manos lo friccionaban, otras le daban a aspirar sales, éstas lo levantaban y colocaban en el asiento. Al volver del paroxismo dirige el Doctor una mirada suplicante; trata de hablar, pero carece en el momento de la voz.

—¡Valor, le dice uno de los hombres, y haced vuestro testamento!

La celda queda otra vez sólo el prisionero, cuyas mejillas están bañadas de lágrimas. Después de un largo rato de meditación escribe:

"Dejo todos mis bienes a la señora N. N. y a los tres hijos que en ella tengo, a los cuales reconozco y legitimo en este instante solemne."

"Pido perdón, pido perdón, no me matéis."

Acabada la escritura se llevó las manos al rostro y rompió a llorar como un niño, a tiempo que el hermano preparador se deslizaba ligeramente por la puerta y tomaba de la mesa el testamento.

El llanto fué largo, y cuando los ojos del DOCTOR pudieron ver, grande fué su sorpresa al notar que la hoja de papel había desaparecido y que la figura negra le decía: "levantaos que vaís a marchar" y nuevamente amarraba la venda.

—¡Perdón, no me matéis!

—¡Silencio, y adelante!

Y aquel desgraciado fué bajando los mismos peldaños que había subido; cogido de las espaldas por manos robustas, llevado en diversas direcciones y conducido luego ante una puerta que se abrió con estrépito para recibirlo.

—Sentaos, le dijo la voz, y casi lo arrojó sobre un duro banco.

A un golpe seco y fuerte, que se oyó en el fondo, prorrumpieron armonías de música, como eco de lejanas voces que se pierden en el silencio de la noche y en la soledad de los encantados bosques. ¿Qué era aquello? se preguntaría el DOCTOR. Veía patente su muerte, creía caminar a seguro sacrificio, y de repente le sale al encuentro aquella melodía que, como voz celeste, era un mundo de esperanzas.

—Pensad, profano, dice una voz pausada, y como salida de un abismo, en vuestras propias miserias, que no son otras que las miserias de ese mundo en que todos nos agitamos. Desde que se pisa el dintel de este templo todos somos hermanos. Nuestra religión no es ni hipócrita ni exclusivista, ni intolerante, porque es ésta que reconoce como centro de todo lo creado al Gran Arquitecto del Universo, cuyo templo está cobijado por la grande y estrellada bóveda. ¿Qué os ha movido a declararnos persecución?

El DOCTOR callaba y la música enviaba sus notas, como acentos perdidos en el espacio.

—¿No veis—continuaba la voz—que somos un gran poder? En religión acogemos a todos nuestros semejantes, huyendo tan sólo del miserable ateo que nada cree; en sociedad rendimos culto a la moral hasta el punto de que aquí no admitimos sino a los hombres libres y de buenas costumbres. ¿Qué os ha movido a provocarnos? ¿No habláis?

—Perdón, perdón, clamó el DOCTOR poniéndose de rodillas.

A un nuevo golpe, seco como el anterior, cesó la música, y la voz dijo:

—Levantad a ese hombre y quitadle la venda, para que en medio de la luz escuche su sentencia.

Al caer la venda se ofreció a los ojos extraviados del DOCTOR imponente espectáculo. Un vasto salón, iluminado como el día: en la parte inferior dos hermosas columnas, en la superior un trono: a los costados dos grandes filas de personas vestidas de negro, cubiertas con caretas y armadas de espadas desnudas.

—Merecéis la muerte, porque no ganan nada las sociedades con tener en su seno rabiosos intolerantes e implacables perseguidores... pero queremos probar vuestra enmienda. Veníais reñido con la Institución, y es menester que la respetéis: vivís en el seno de una sociedad culta, ultrajándola con un público concubinato, y es preciso que la desagraviéis con un pronto matrimonio. Tal es nuestra sentencia; y sabed que en su cumplimiento puede iros la vida. Preparador, haced lo demás.

La venda volvió a cubrir los ojos del desgraciado. Manos poderosas lo asen por los brazos, y la terrible voz le dice: "marchad, no os mováis o sois hombre perdido."

El DOCTOR nota que a pocos minutos de caminar un viento helado le baña la frente. ¿A dónde me lleváis?—exclama con voz débil.

—Silencio: una palabra más y el perdón desaparece.

Aquel grupo camina al norte de la calle de Carabobo, cruza por la de Rondón hacia el naciente, y después de cerca de media hora de marcha llega a las márgenes del río Cabriales.

—Sentaos y no os mováis, dice la voz, y el DOCTOR obedece.

A poco desaparecen los dos hombres, sin hacerse sentir. Gran rato ha transcurrido, sin percibir el DOCTOR el más ligero ruido, sino el monótono de las aguas al deslizarse por su pobre lecho de arenas: quiere hablar, pero teme: desea mover los entumecidos brazos, pero desconfía de su suerte. Espera una hora, dos y más; pero azotado por el hielo de la noche comienza a levantar lentamente la mano derecha hasta que la lleva a los ojos, y como ya no escucha el terrible *no os mováis*, tira de la venda y sus ojos son heridos por la claridad del día a tiempo que una mujer llega a buscar una tinaja de agua.

—Mi hijita, por Dios, dime dónde estoy, dice el DOCTOR acercándose a la aguadora.

—¡Doctor! ¿es usted? ¿y en ese estado? ¿qué le ha sucedido? ¿lo han robado?

—Una gran desgracia, mi hijita: llévame ahora mismo a mi casa: yo te pagaré este gran servicio; pero vuela que me muero.

Media hora después estaba el infeliz DOCTOR en su casa pero devorado por una violenta fiebre, lógico resultado de aquella noche terrible.

A los ocho días ya estaba fuera de peligro. Salió a la calle y dirigió su primera visita al padre N... Vicario foráneo del partido, quien al verlo lo saludó con picaresca sonrisa y tono afable.

—Aquí vengo, señor Vicario, a confesarme y a casarme; pero eso sí, pronto.

—¿Y por qué tanto apuro?—le dijo el Vicario.

—¿No sabe usted lo que me ha pasado? Me he visto muerto por ir a acabar con la masonería. ¡Qué gente señor Vicario! Era un mundo de gente, y estoy seguro que Valencia no da tantos hombres: vendrían de otras partes, porque aquél era mucho concurso. ¿Sabe usted que creen en Dios, que levantan templos a la virtud, que odian los vicios, que ejercen la caridad y que se empeñan en la divulgación de la moral?

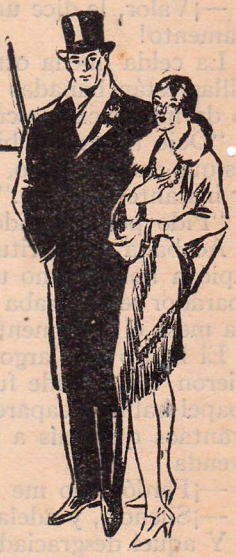
—¿De veras?—decía el Vicario.

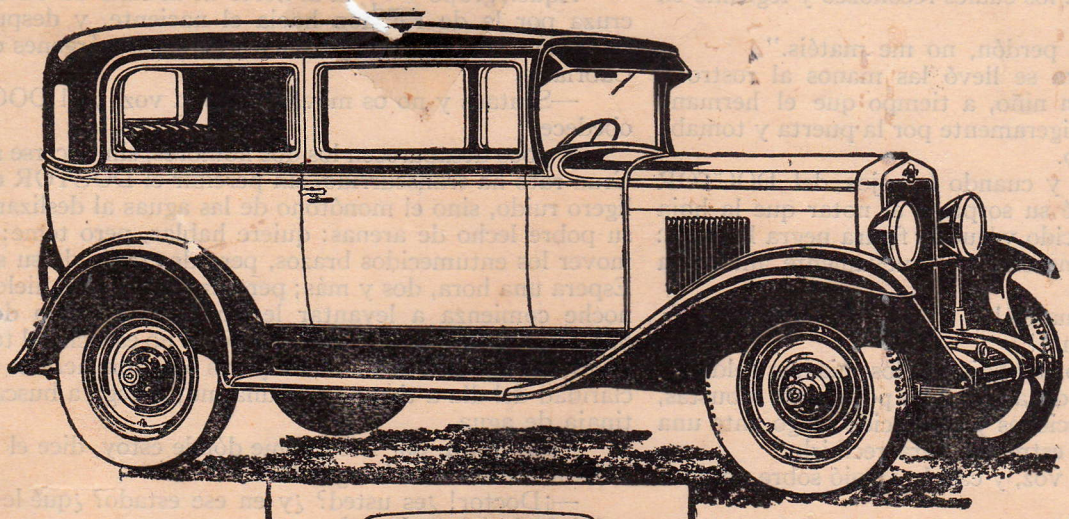
—Sí, señor Vicario; ellos han podido matarme y me han perdonado; y quiero por mi parte cumplir mi sentencia. Del odio a la masonería estoy perfectamente curado: ahora quiero que usted me lave de esta mancha afrentosa de la mancebía.

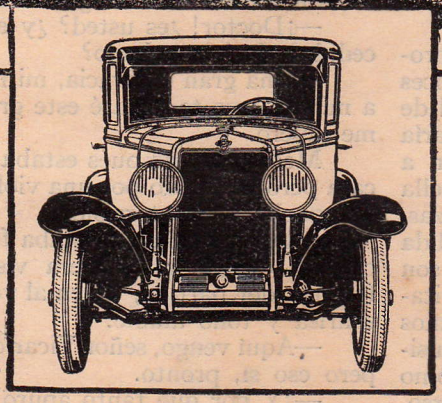
Al día siguiente se celebraba con todo rumbo y boato el matrimonio del DOCTOR; una familia se legitimaba; la sociedad se complacía; una conciencia quedaba esclarecida, y el Vicario le decía a su ahijado de confesión y de matrimonio:

—Perdóneme usted la parte que he tomado en estas cosas: yo también conozco a aquellos masones.

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