The Cable Tow

Vol. VII, No. 4 **Manila, P. I.** **September 2, 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

Masonic Craft-Secrets

Where granites rest in Egypt's drift;
Where Greece's ancient marbles bide;
Where towered, grey cathedrals lift
Their perfect ashlars glorified;
Beneath the grace of chiseled stone,
In beauty's mystery they lie,
Or, rising with the spire up-thrown
In aspiration, search the sky.

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

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THE CABLETOW

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

Managing Editor: LEO FISCHER, P.M.

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Editorial Section

The Man At The Other End

Shortly after the Great War we read a story, most probably fiction, pure and simple, of a very efficient artillery officer. With the aid of observers' reports, maps, charts, and tables, of his rapidity and accuracy in calculation, and of his knowledge of the guns, ammunition, and personnel of his command, this expert accomplished wonders at the beginning of the war. He would, perhaps, have continued to be the highly efficient officer that he was, had he been able to continue performing his duties without seeing the havoc wrought by the fire of his guns. But one day, as his battery was advancing to a new position, this officer passed a ravine that his guns had shelled the day before. There, amidst a tangle of broken trees, gun limbers and caissons, he saw, torn and mangled beyond recognition, the ghastly aftermath of battle, enemy soldiers, men made like him after His image, struck down in the prime of their youth and mutilated by the accurate fire that he had so skilfully directed from his dugout, miles away. For half an hour or so, the officer was like a man bereft of his senses. He recovered; but from that moment on he ceased to be the best artillery officer of the division and fell below the average. He had seen the result of his work on the man at the other end and the sight had taken the heart out of the work as far as he was concerned.

Of course, this officer was merely doing his duty which required of him that he perform the greatest execution possible. But from this story we can draw a lesson. If we always saw the result of our work; if we placed ourselves in the position of the man at the other end, the man whom we are opposing or injuring, there would be less snap judgments, less unjust dismissals of personnel and withdrawals of patronage, less condemnation and vituperation, less violence. Before a man condemns or strikes, before he injures or offends a fellow-being in any way, let him consider the consequences of his act and endeavor to imagine himself in the position of the person at the other end.—*L. F.*

Eats, Smokes, and The Rest

Soon the Lodges will be making preparations for the busy season, that is, the annual elections of officers and installations, and, finally, for the Grand Lodge Communication in January. Arrangements will be made for the catering at the installation and other banquets, the purchase of cigars and cigarettes, etc.

We would recommend that in this connection, first consideration be given to the firms and individuals who have been faithful advertisers in the CABLETOW. As regards catering, the Schober Bros., the Plaza Lunch, Tom's Dixie Kitchen, and the Paroquet Restaurant have given us an advertisement month after month and have thereby helped our Grand Lodge and subordinate Lodges to bear the expenses of the CABLETOW. Why should the Lodges give their patronage to other concerns who have not seen fit to advertise in the columns of the CABLETOW? Our business should go to our friends.

Month after month we have received a check from the Alhambra Cigar Factory for their advertisement. For years, no other cigar factory has seen fit to give us an ad. As regards cigarettes, we have for the last few months been publishing the Lucky Strike ad. Yet we have on Lodge evenings been offered "smokes" manufactured by concerns that are controlled by elements openly hostile to Masonry, concerns which would immediately dismiss an employee if they found him to be a Mason and which would, of course, not advertise in a Masonic paper under any consideration.

Think twice or three times before you place your order or make your purchase.—*L. F.*

Individuality

We hear a great deal of talk about standardizing and uniformity, as if these were absolutely indispensable in every phase of our Masonic life. We do not believe they are. We even hold that to go to the extreme in that respect is as bad as sinning the other way. Of course, there must be uniformity in the ritual, and we find no fault with our having an uniform Code of By-Laws, uniform procedure, uniform accounting, etc.

But each Lodge should retain its individuality and should not drop traditional customs and usages or refrain from introducing innovations not affecting the body of Masonry and not in conflict with the laws, traditions, and spirit of our Institution. Fortunately, many of our Lodges have the good sense to refuse to follow a standard pattern in everything. Some have customs and observances that have become a tradition with them. One is noted for its music, another has a dinner before its stated meeting, another observes Washington's birthday, or St. John's Day, or the anniversary of Rizal's birth or of his death, every year, another has monthly lectures, another has an uniformed team for the third degree, another is known for its military degree team, etc. There is a great variety in the design of the seals, in the stationery, in the past master's jewels, and in equipment and paraphernalia.

Carried to the extreme, uniformity is drab and soulless. Let us have individuality except where uniformity is really necessary.—*L. F.*

Think Peace

A few days ago we saw in one of the local newspapers the following item which may have escaped the attention of some of our readers:

A "Goodwill Message for 1929" was received by Dr. Luther B. Bewley, director of education, from Mrs. Joan Cather, honorary secretary of the Goodwill Day Committee of England, yesterday. Through the director, the committee desires to transmit the message to all students of the Philippine public schools.

The message from the school children in England said, "We, English school children, send this message of Goodwill and Good Hope to all the boys and girls of other lands.

"We wish you every joy and success in work and play. We hope you will all be happy wherever you live, and will join us in sending messages of Goodwill to everywhere in the world.

"We, English children, do not know what war is, but our parents do, and we pray that the league of Nations may succeed in uniting all the nations of the world in a spirit of peace and love.

"We hope that all inventions in the future will help us to know you better. Then perhaps, instead of battleships special ships could be built to take us to see each other. Let us think peace all our lives and let us always be friends for we all belong to one big family.

"May this Goodwill Day be the forerunner of every day in the year becoming a goodwill day.

"Greetings to all nations. Peace to all peoples".

Messages like the one quoted, good-will flyers, Kellogg pacts, and similar attempts to bring about universal peace and good will can not stop wars. However, they tend to create an atmosphere unfavorable to war which will render it more and more difficult to stir up strife. The mistrust, prejudice, and hatred between nations engendered by past wars, which is so apt to breed future wars, cannot live in a medium like that which such messages, actions, and pacts produce.

Freemasonry has always stood for peace and good will between all races and nations on earth, not peace at any price, but peace compatible with honor, fairness, and justice.

It considers the whole human species as one large family and all men as brethren, and among the first words that we hear within the precincts of the Lodge are these: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for Brethren to dwell together in unity."—*L. F.*

Bro. David Reid Passes Away

Bro. David Reid, for many years Grand Secretary of Scotland, passed away at Dunblane Hydropathic on July 2nd, last, at the age of 77 years, as reported by the *Freemason's Chronicle.* A Past Master of the Lodge of St. Andrew, Glasgow, Bro. Reid was Grand Treasurer of Scotland for eleven years. In 1900, he was elected Grand Secretary, the duties of which office he performed with great zeal and efficiency until 1925, when, owing to failing health, he resigned and was retired on full pay.

Bro. Reid was buried at Morningside Cemetery, Edinburgh, on July 5th, the services being conducted by Bro. the Rev. A. Wylie Howie, Provincial Grand Master of Perthshire East. There was a large company of mourners, the Grand Lodge of Scotland being well represented.

In Bro. Reid, another outstanding figure in universal Freemasonry has disappeared from the ken of mortal man. His name will be engraved in letters of gold on the scroll of Masons who have deserved well of our Institution.—*L. F.*

The Editor's Mail Bag

Appreciation

Letters of appreciation are frequent guests in our office and are always welcome. We are not in the habit of publishing them; but there are a few remarks contained in a letter received by Wor. Bro. A. Schipull, secretary of Manila Lodge No. 1, from Bro. Robt. L. Maby, New York, which we will publish. They confirm what we have often heard, namely, that our paper is in many cases read by a number of Masons in addition to the subscriber. Here is what Bro. Maby says:

"The CABLETOW comes to me very regularly each month, and you can rest assured that I eagerly look forward to its coming. When I have finished reading it, it starts on another journey. Sometimes it remains in this vicinity. Then again it hies itself off to Maine, or Florida, or perhaps Mississippi or California. You see it is in great demand among Masonic friends of my acquaintance."

The writer also asked that the "change" left after paying his dues, ₱8.75, be handed to the CABLETOW, and we have accepted it with thanks and have, on recommendation of our Grand Secretary, deposited the amount to the credit of our Leper Brother.

Thanks to the generous donor!

Wor. Bro. J. Hugo Tatsch in New York

Wor. Bro. J. Hugo Tatsch, the well-known Masonic student and author, writes us from New York where he is with the editorial department of the well-known Macoy Publishing and Masonic Supply Co., 35 West 32nd Street and 34 West 33rd Street, of which concern he is vice president. After three strenuous months at the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, where he received his promotion to major in the Officers Reserve Corps, U. S. Army (congratulations!), Bro. Tatsch has settled down to Masonic work again.

Bro. Tatsch takes great interest in the CABLETOW for which we are very grateful to him. At the time of writing his letter, July 8th, he expected to see our good Wor. Brother E. A. Perkins, who had written him from Paris.

We expect a great deal of Bro. Tatsch and hope to hear from him regularly.

Our Brother has also conferred a great honor upon the editor of THE CABLETOW by nominating him to membership in the Masonic Bibliophiles. Thanks, Bro. Tatsch!

Mysterious Disappearance of a Brother in Guam, M. I.

Brother C. E. Clark, Gunner, United States Marine Corps, mysteriously disappeared on April 26, 1929, at Agaña, Guam, Marianas Islands. At the time he disappeared, Bro. Clark was Officer of the Day. He inspected sentries about 3 a. m. on the morning of the 26th and was never seen or heard of thereafter. Searching parties were sent to various parts of the island and Charleston Lodge offered a fifty-dollar reward for any information concerning him, without avail. Bro. Clark affiliated with Charleston Lodge on March 12, 1928, having dimitted from Richland Lodge No. 21, at Plymouth, Ohio, where he was raised on August 10, 1908. He leaves a wife and five children, who are living at San Diego, Calif.

The date of the letter of Wor. Bro. R. C. Gibson, Secretary of Charleston Lodge No. 44, conveying the above news is August 5, 1929. The writer and the rest of our Guam Brethren evidently have given up Bro. Clark as lost, as they request us to stop sending the CABLETOW to his address.

Lodge No. 106—At Daet?

Where will Lodge No. 106 be located? This was a question that we had been asking ourselves for some time when a letter which we received on August 13th from Wor. Bro. Clemente Bernabé, secretary of Taga-Ilog Lodge No. 79, suggested an answer which may be correct.

Our good Brother, during a brief sojourn at Daet, Camarines Norte, met a number of Brethren, men of substance and influence in the community, who have the interest of Masonry at heart. He says that there are enough Masons living in Camarines Norte to form a Lodge

for that province, which is one of the few provinces of the Archipelago without a Lodge. He mentions Bros. Luis Miguel, José Santos, Juan Pimentel, Capt. Warwick, and others, who complain that they are like soldiers without quarters and seem to be anxious and willing to organize a Lodge.

Wor. Bro. Bernabé says that sooner or later he will return to Daet, his native town, to settle there permanently, and he praises Bros. Luis Miguel, José Santos, Juan Pimentel, and other Daet Masons for the kindness and hospitality extended to him.

A Letter from Bro. Wm. D. Cartwright

Bro. Wm. D. Cartwright, former secretary of Service Lodge No. 95, writes an interesting letter from New Egypt, N. J., where, on June 26th, last, he was participating in "command and communications" exercises held there by the 1st Division of the Army. The purpose of these exercises was to train the officers and communication units in methods of maintaining contact between the various command posts and the front line units in field service. Speaking of Brethren from the Philippines whom he met, Bro. Cartwright says:

> I have had the pleasure of meeting many of the Brethren who were in the Philippines during the time I was over there. At Fort Hamilton, we have Capt. John W. Blue, 18th Infantry, who was raised in Far East No. 10. We also have 1st Sgt. Lester E. Gardner, Co. B, 18th Infantry, who was affiliated with Service Lodge No. 95, for a time. Down the lane from this command post is Master Sergeant Grover C. Inglis, 1st Engineers, who was also an affiliated member of Service 95. A few minutes ago, Staff Sgt. John D'Aura of the 4th Signal Service Co. was standing here. He affiliated with Service 95 while in Manila. He may be remembered as the Army's official photographer with the Signal Corps from October, 1925 to February, 1928. Of course, at Governors Island, we have several brethren, notations of them appeared in THE CABLETOW prior to the time I left Manila.

A Great Story

We are in receipt of a letter from Bro. Wm. M. Stuart, of Canisteo, N. Y. To most of our readers, Bro. Stuart requires no further introduction than the information that he is the author of several excellent collections of Masonic stories, among them "Hand to Back," and other Masonic books.

He has established his reputation as a writer of Masonic fiction and his stories have entertained, edified, and instructed many thousands of Masons in many parts of the world. He writes us that a Masonic novel of his, entitled "Altars and Fires," the setting of which is the Ohio country and the Niagara frontier during the war of 1812, will soon be published by the Macoy Company. Two more books, one entitled "Masonic Winners of the West" and the other a Masonic novel, called "The Plumbline," will also come out in the near future.

But we are particularly happy to be able to offer to our readers in this issue an excellent short story by Bro. Stuart which he has kindly sent us and which contains enough thrills to satisfy the most exacting.

"Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor," Bro. Stuart!

A Letter From Germany

From Altenburg (Thueringen) in Germany, Justizrat Rudolf Hase of the Lodge "Archimedes zu den drei Reisbretern," writes us that he has been much interested in Most Wor Bro. Teodoro M. Kalaw's message, as quoted by the *Hamburger Logenblatt*. The words "No queremos soldados, sino ejemplos; no muchedumbres, sino guías" impressed our Brother particularly. He asks that he be furnished volumes of our proceedings for the big library of his Lodge and sends a learned dissertation on "The Starabuzandi," which is of special interest to Masons who have taken the Rose Croix degrees.

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 "Gran Logia Soberana del Archipiélago Filipino" and the "Gran Logia Nacional de Filipinas."

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. Reuben J. Christman (1), Julián Samson (71), and Abundio del Rosario (42), to act as Grand Lodge Committee for Visiting the Sick during the month of September, 1929.

Address Wanted

Any Brother who knows the address of Bro. William Thomas Martin (Last address U. S. S. *Smith Thompson* No. 212, c/o P. M. New York City), is requested to kindly communicate the same to the Secretary of Pintong Bato Lodge No. 51, H. R. Cuevas, P. O. Box 990, Manila.

Brethren Seeking Employment

141.—Graduate, Philippine Normal School, 33 years of age, married, four children, at present principal teacher of an elementary school in Antique Province, at a salary of ₱135 monthly, seeks employment in Manila at the same or a higher salary, in order to improve his education and, later, send his children to school in the capital.

Any Brother having employment for this Brother, or knowing of any, is asked to kindly communicate with the Managing Editor of THE CABLETOW, P. O. Box 990, Manila, P. I.

Stated Meetings of Manila Lodges

September 2 (First Monday).—Luz Oceánica No. 85, Masonic Temple; Service No. 95, Plaridel Temple.

September 3 (First Tuesday).—Manila No. 1, Masonic Temple; Kasilawan No. 77, Masonic Temple.

September 4 (First Wednesday).—Cosmos No. 8, Masonic Temple; Rizal No. 22, Plaridel Temple.

September 5 (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.

September 6 (First Friday).—St. John's No. 9, Masonic Temple; Hiram No. 88, Plaridel Temple.

September 7 (First Saturday).—Nilad No. 12, Plaridel Temple; Taga-ilog No. 79, Masonic Temple; Araw No. 18, 527 Alvarado.

September 9 (Second Monday).—Southern Cross No. 6, Masoni Temple.

September 10 (Second Tuesday).—Benjamin Franklin No. 94, Masonic Temple.

September 11 (Second Wednesday).—Bagumbayan No. 4, Masonic Temple.

September 12 (Second Thursday).—Corregidor No. 3, Masonic Temple; Batong-Buhay No. 27, 527 Alvarado.

September 13 (Second Friday).—Dapitan No. 21, Plaridel Temple.

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

September 18 (Third Wednesday).—Sinukuan No. 16, Plaridel Temple.

September 19 (Third Thursday).—Solidaridad No. 23, Masonic Temple.

September 20 (Third Friday).—Modestia-Liwayway No. 81, Plaridel Temple.

September 21 (Third Saturday).—Hagdang Bato No. 87, 527

Alvarado, Manila; High Twelve No. 82, Masonic Temple.

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

October 2 (*First Wednesday*).—Cosmos No. 8, Masonic Temple; Rizal No. 22, Plaridel Temple.

October 3 (*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.

October 4 (*First Friday*).—St. John's No. 9, Masonic Temple; Hiram No. 88, Plaridel Temple.

October 5 (*First Saturday*).—Nilad No. 12, Plaridel Temple; Taga-Ilog No. 79, Masonic Temple; Araw No. 18, 527 Alvarado.

October 7 (*First Monday*).—Luz Oceánica No. 85, Masonic Temple; Service No. 95, Plaridel Temple.

Our Dead



"Time takes home those we loved—fair names and famous
To the soft, long sleep, to the broad sweet bosom of death.
But the flower of their souls He shall take not away to shame us
Nor the lips lack song, that now lack breath;
For with us shall the music and perfume that did not dwell.
Through the dead to our dead bid welcome and me—farewell!"

—Swinburne.

Brother Luciano Magno.
Member of Zapote Lodge No. 29.
Died on June 25, 1929.
Buried at Imus, Cavite, June 30, 1929, under the auspices of his Lodge.

Brother Ignacio T. Yu Yamco.
Member of Araw Lodge No. 18.
Died on July 20, 1929.

Brother Charles Arthur Bunis.
Member of Manila Lodge No. 1.
Died at St. Luke's Hospital, Manila, on July 30, 1929.
Buried under the auspices of his Lodge, August 4, 1929.

Brother Pablo D. Roy
Member of Pangasinan Lodge No. 56.
Died on July 23, 1929.
Buried under the auspices of his Lodge at Lingayen, Pangasinan, on July 28, 1929.

Brother Pedro Manuel Garcia.
Member of Minerva Lodge No. 41.
Died August 6, 1929.
Buried in the Spanish Plot, Del Norte Cemetery, Manila, under the auspices of his Lodge, on August 14, 1929.

A Good Mason

What is it to be a good Mason? Momentous question? To be a Mason in truth and spirit is to be all that is good and noble and great, and to be nothing bad, grovelling or low. It is to exercise brotherly love in all our actions with mankind, to soothe the unhappy, to sympathise with them in their misfortunes, to compassionate them in their miseries, to restore peace to the troubled mind. It is to practice temperance in all things. It is to undergo any peril, pain or danger, in the discharge of duty and the defence of right. It is to render justice to all mankind without distinction of persons. To be silent and circumspect in regard to all discussions which may lead to the heart burnings and mental distress of a fellow being. To be industrious in promulgating all thoughts good and noble.

In fact, it is for a Mason to be true to himself, to be true to his neighbor, to be true to his country, and to be true to his God.

These are the attributes and grand characteristics of a good Mason. —*Masonic Tribune.*

Masonic Fiction

The Gratitude of Bamba Bumba

By William M. Stuart

Hamilton Fisher, having achieved a comfortable financial status by the time he arrived at middle age, decided to retire from business and seek pleasure and honor. His early life had been devoid of excitement; he had worked, worked, worked. Now he craved adventure; he was still young enough for that.

On sundry occasions Fisher had been of service to the United States Senator from his section of the state; so from this official the retired business man now sought an appointment as consul, preferably to some South American country.

The Senator got busy and in due time Hamilton Fisher received from the State Department his appointment as the American representative to the Republic of Liberia.

"Where's Liberia?", demanded the puzzled appointee, endeavoring to resurrect his school-days' knowledge of geography.

"In Borneo," explained his spouse. "But let me tell you something, Pa; if you go to that heathenish land, you'll go alone. It must be literally swarming with snakes, crocodiles, lions and everything. Refuse this appointment and ask for something else."

Fisher had turned to the encyclopedia. On the table he placed a bulky volume with the caption, "Vol. XIV. KAO-LON," and began to study its hitherto neglected contents.

"Hum!" he grunted at intervals, as he absorbed the items, now of vast interest to him. "A negro republic on the Grain Coast of West Africa. . .founded in 1822 by American philanthropists, including Henry Clay, for the settlement of freedmen who wished to return to their native land. . . . For twenty-five years under the tutelage of the United States . . . recognized as a sovereign State in 1848 . . . climate hot and unhealthy for Europeans. . . . . Mother, you had better stay at home . . . soil fertile . . . yams, bananas, pine-apples, cocoanuts, limes, oranges . . . . government modelled on that of the United States. . . . Monrovia, the capital, contains 13,000 inhabitants, and in appearance is very like a town in the southern United States. . .18,000 civilized negroes, 1,050,000 half-wild natives, some of whom conform to the habits of their tamed countrymen. . . .

" 'TAMED'! Did you get that, Mother? Well, I'm going. I always did yearn for excitement. Out there in Liberia I'll find it."

"I presume you will," agreed Mrs. Fisher, ominously. "You'll either die or be back home inside of a year. I most certainly shall NOT go, and I shall not permit any of the children to go. And that's that!"

A month later Hamilton Fisher was sitting on the piazza of a hotel in Monrovia, smoking, sweating, drinking iced water and conversing languidly with the Honorable George Franklyn, representative of His Britannic Majesty. It was hot, very hot, and moist.

"What do you think of this bally country, deah old thing?" lazily demanded Franklyn. "I like the States—what?"

"Don't joke," urged Fisher, crossly. "Ever since I got here I have scarcely had enough ambition to shave and change my linen. By the way, what's the average length of life of a white man in these parts?"

"Are n't many white men," murmured Franklyn. "Those who come as a rule don't stay. Many are SHIPPED home."

"Cheerful news! Any hunting?"

Not much: the natives have chased most of the big game out of the forests."

"What do you do for amusement?"

"My deah chap, there's really no amusement here." The Briton pulled thoughtfully on his cigar for a few moments. "To be sure," he finally resumed, "one might derive some amusement—in a certain quarter—if one had the opportunity, but . . ."

"What do you mean?" demanded Fisher, beginning to sit up and take notice.

"Voodooism—in the interior of the country," lazily explained Franklyn. "Some say it's not voodooism at all, but really a very ancient fraternalism that has come down from the time of Solomon. Perhaps you may sense the connection that this might have to certain orders in America."

"Hah!" ejaculated Fisher. "Yes, perhaps, but . . ."

"We read in the Bible," drawled Franklyn, "that Hiram King of Tyre sent his ships to bring gold from Ophir to help adorn King Solomon's Temple. At Zimbabwe are ruins which, scholars say, date back to the time of the great Hebrew king. Int'restin'."

"But what has that to do with voodooism, or native fraternalism, Franklyn?"

"Possibly nothing. Again, perhaps a whole lot. I've seen white men who claimed that the rites as practised by the natives of the interior strikingly resemble, in some particulars, the work of many of our modern orders. From this fact, some suppose that the natives have inherited—through the people of Tyre—the original, basic fraternalism that existed, no one knows how many thousands of years ago."

"You interest me, mightily," broke in Fisher with enthusiasm. "If you and I, for instance, could. . . ."

"Ah!" smiled the Englishman, "few white men have had that privilege. Probably, my deah fellah, this society—if we may call it that—bears no more resemblance to our numerous orders than, for instance, to the Brotherhood of the Mystic Potence, still extant among your Iroquois Indians. But one thing seems certain; these native fetish-worshippers and witch-doctors are organized in an oath-bound society that preserves inviolate the secrets of the order. I would like to see it from the inside, but probably never shall. One must EARN the privilege."

During the fortnight following the conversation on the porch of the hotel, Fisher was busy getting acquainted with his duties and picking up scraps of information about the strange country in which he was now placed. He found that of the native tribes in Liberia, perhaps a million souls, about fifty thousand had acquired the English tongue. Among these tribes were the Mandingoes, the Veis, the Bassas. Many of them dwelt far inland and were exceedingly primitive in their habits and social relations.

On the whole Fisher decided that he did not like the country. The climate was bad, the food worse; the people had not made the progress that the original aid from America and England would seem to have warranted.

Then came his first adventure, this leading naturally enough to the second.

It had become Fisher's custom to wander down by the harbor during the cooler portion of the day, or the early part of the evening, as his daily routine of exercise. Sometimes he was accompanied by his friend, the Honorable George Franklyn; at other times he went alone.

It was on a rather dark night that Fisher was strolling along the water front, deeply engaged in meditation, when behind him sounded a loud cry, "Help!"

Whirling in his tracks, the American raced toward the spot from whence the call had come. In the gloom, partially dispelled by a distant light, he saw two men engaged in a desperate combat. One was armed with a knife, and he was apparently a white sailor. The other, a native, was unarmed, and it was he who had shouted lustily for aid.

Fisher did not hesitate a moment. His fist shot out and landed heavily on the hairy chin of the drunken and quarrelsome sailor. In his younger days Fisher had been something of a boxer, and now his skill stood him in good stead. Five times in rapid succession he stretched the reckless and dangerous sea-faring man on the ground. The fifth time that unlucky person stayed down for the count, and more.

In this manner did the Honorable Hamilton Fisher make the acquaintance of Bamba Bumba, reputed chief witch-doctor of the puissant Bassas, who dwelt far inland.

Bamba Bumba spoke English fairly well. He not only thanked Fisher effusively on the spot, but visited him at his hotel and repeatedly tried to express his gratitude.

"Forget it, Chief," said Fisher, grandly. "It was nothing; I would do it for anybody. But I will say that you were lucky that I was within hearing distance on that occasion."

"We offer you," announced Bamba slowly, as though he had difficulty in choosing the right words, "to be initiate in our Order. You see many strange things white man like to know."

Hamilton Fisher jumped at the chance. Here would be relief from the terrible monotony of existence in Liberia. "May my friend, George Franklyn, have the same privilege?" he asked eagerly.

"We proud to take him too," averred Bamba Bumba. "Your friend our friend." The witch-doctor bowed low.

Thus it came about that the two white men and their dusky mentor traveled by day and by night many, many weary miles, through forests, across angry streams, over ranges of hills, and came at last to a native village squatting by a river, upon whose crystal surface was mirrored the likeness of a high and densely-wooded mountain.

It was soon explained to the white men that the ceremonies connected with the various degrees would ordinarily consume three days, the intervals to be devoted to feasting and dancing. However, a council of the elect, of whose pow-wows the rabble knew nothing, decided that it were better to do the work in two days, since war with a tribe of veritable savages, who lived to the eastward, seemed likely to break out at any time. It was obvious that the Bassas feared the wild people. Hence the evening of the first day witnessed the primary steps of the initiating of the Saxons into the mysteries of the native Order, whose name they had imperfectly learned.

Upon the conclusion of the first degree, Franklyn chortled gleefully. "Not so much different from our civilized fraternities, what?"

The second degree, which followed the next day, astonished the white men yet more. "Where did they get this stuff?" demanded Fisher.

"Where did all the tribes get it?" countered the Honorable George. "The red Indians have something like it. There are certain rites that, like the tradition of the Deluge, seem to exist among all primitive peoples. It provides food for thought, my deah boy."

But the third degree was DIFFERENT!

The climax, especially, was startling. The Aryans were placed in coffins, hewn out of the trunks of trees, and carried between files of torch-bearing votaries to a gloomy spot not far from the village, and there lowered into graves recently excavated for the occasion. The tom-toms boomed, the priests crooned weirdly, the glare of great fires was reflected on the placid surface of the river, while just beyond the stream rose the wooded hills, dark and mystery-clad.

Hamilton Fisher was loath to admit to himself that he was a bit nervous. But this was rather more than he had bargained for. He tried to secure a glimpse of Franklyn's countenance, just before being let down into the grave, but could not. However, the Briton made no outcry, and Fisher was shamed into acquiescence.

His coffin was closed, up as far as his neck; a strange hood-like object, not unlike a gas-mask, was put over his face, and into this mask was fixed a long reed, the other end of which projected well up out of the grave. Then the thudding clods were shoveled on to the coffin.

Darkness!

Fisher discovered that he could breathe without difficulty, and he now realized the purpose of the long reed. It was his air-shaft. This proved that he was not to be murdered. He had begun to entertain suspicions of that very thing, and to regret that he had been so foolish as to follow into the jungle a native witch-doctor whom he had known for so brief a time.

The American diplomat wondered how long the mummery would be kept up. In so far as he was personally concerned, they might call it off at any time—the sooner the better. But he decided to be game. As a matter of fact, he had no alternative. His respiration quickened.

In spite of the fresh air that he drew in through the reed, he began to feel decidedly uncomfortable. He wondered how Franklyn was standing the gaff. He laughed, or tried to, then checked himself in alarm. He could scarcely hear his own voice. But he could hear his heart beat, and he noted a strange roaring that he believed must result from the circulation of his blood.

He twisted and shivered.

Then for a time he lay still, hoping that Bamba Bumba would presently decide that the ritual had been sufficiently complied with, and accordingly set to work to dig the poor candidate out. His nose tickled; he tried to move his right hand. He found that he could not, for he was so tightly wedged in the coffin that he was unable to move. He began to perspire freely.

Very soon it seemed as though hours had elapsed—nay, weeks, months, years—since he had been lowered into the grave. The silence was absolute—terrible!

He shouted.

Down the hollow reed came the tones of a reassuring voice, "Fear not, Brother; the time of your trial is fleeting. Be strong! Be strong! Have faith and fear not."

For a moment Fisher was comforted. He decided to compose himself for slumber.

He tried.

As well might he have endeavored to sleep in the jaws of a monster.

Now he thought that a snake was certainly in the coffin with him; he could feel it twining around his leg. But the little common sense he retained told him it must be an illusion caused by a trickle of perspiration.

Next, he felt sure that he was smothering—in spite of the air shaft. He could not breathe. He must move about or he would surely die. The unyielding walls of his coffin goaded him almost to madness. In a paroxysm of childish terror he shouted for help—immediate help. If Bamba Bumba were really a friend he would answer this appeal. It was worse than absurd to keep up this farce; it was criminal!

But this time no comforting words were wafted down to Fisher. All was silent, as silent as a tomb should be. Why did not the Chief answer? Had he abandoned the very man who had, perhaps, saved his own life?

Again Fisher was about to cry out, when he heard, faintly, ever so faintly, shouts of alarm, the distant reports of fire-arms, the clash of steel. Rapidly the tumult grew louder, rolled nearer. Now it was just above him—all about the location of his grave.

Instantly, his mind, super-active as it had become, grasped the significance of the ominous sounds. He remembered what the village fathers had said concerning the danger of war.

The Bassas, without a doubt, were being attacked by the barbarous tribe that had threatened war. Doubtless, the enemy had advanced quietly, suddenly and with overwhelming strength.

Fisher swooned.

How long he was unconscious he did not, of course, have the slightest idea. Perhaps it was a minute, possibly an hour. Or, had he died? He tried to pinch himself, but could not. Ah! those maddening, unyielding walls. He babbled, but the sound of his voice was wafted uselessly up the hollow reed. Desperately he fought for self control, for his very reason! He MUST estimate calmly his chance of ultimate escape.

His mind cleared, as though extra strength had been given him. Again he could reason. He faced the conditions. If the enemy won and the Bassas were driven out of the country, what then? To his understanding was borne the inevitable answer: He would lie here in his premature grave until he died and then occupy it as his very right. The wild natives would not even know that he had been buried; nor would they care.

If the enemy won, his doom was sealed.

Fisher tried to concentrate all his faculties in the sense of hearing. The sound of conflict was fainter, dying out. What did it mean?

It could mean but one thing: The wild natives were driving the Bassas. If it were otherwise—if the enemy were being driven—Bamba Bumba, or one of his satellites, would assuredly call down the reed and endeavor to comfort their brother. No, the sounds were dying out IN THE DIRECTION OF THE VILLAGE. The Bassas were being slaughtered to a man among their huts.

Frenziedly Fisher pushed against the restraining walls of his prison. He pushed with the strength of a madman, he pushed until he thought his veins would burst. As well might he have shoved against the rock of Gibraltar. Then he lay still and panted. The beating of his heart nearly deafened him, and the flow of his blood was like the rushing of a mighty river.

He thought of his wife and children back in the States. They would never learn the true story of his death. He was to be blotted out without trace. Few, if any, in Monrovia had known of his proposed trip. The papers would carry the alarming news that both the British and the American representatives had unaccountably disappeared. Searching parties would be organized, but these would be fortunate if ever they succeeded in locating the graves.

Never before had Fisher realized that dying was so difficult. But now he remembered a tale of horror he had read in his youth; a story about a man who had been buried alive. The victim had pulled out his own hair. Well, HE could not do even that; he could scarcely move his arms the least bit. It seemed that his coffin fitted him closer than at first.

Once more he cried out. He had to, or lose his reason. Perhaps he had already lost his reason. Hah! Possibly this was nothing but a dream. He laughed. Certainly, that was it; merely a dream.

He had often suffered this way, after having been indiscreet at dinner. On such occasions he had sometimes DREAMED THAT HE DREAMED, and in the end the tangled skein of horror had untangled itself with the glad awakening. Well, he would permit the dream to proceed and presently he would awaken.

What HAD he eaten that night? With a recrudescence of agony he remembered. He had eaten a dish of stewed meat at the village of the Bassas. Then this was NOT a dream.... He was in truth BURIED ALIVE!

Through his mind raced a medley of concepts; thoughts of his boyhood days on his father's farm, where once for a brief time he had been imprisoned in a cave, as the result of a prank played by his fellows. That was nothing to the prank that Bamba Bumba had played, in part unwittingly, upon him. In all probability the Chief was now dead;

for the noise of the conflict had totally ceased. Doubtless, the Bassas had been exterminated, or at least driven away...

Resignation, long delayed by the frenzied revolt of the flesh, now came at last. Man, he reflected, has to die but once. Why not accept the final call as one would any other manifestation of nature?

Hamilton Fisher relaxed, closed his eyes, lay inert. . .

Then he stiffened. Again he could hear the roar of battle.

The Bassas had rallied and were driving the enemy before them. A thrill of hope shot through the buried candidate.

Rapidly the hurly-burly drew nearer, nearer . . . shouts . . . screams . . . the explosions of guns . . . shrill cries of encouragement or of fear. All about the graves now surged the tumult. Here was the nucleus of the fight. Obviously the result was hanging in the balance; the strife was being pretty evenly waged. Not yet could Fisher determine from the sounds which side was winning, but it seemed that the wild tribe had chosen this spot for its final stand.

Fisher almost gasped with the brilliancy of a sudden thought. Why could he not help his friends, and ultimately himself? All African tribes were extremely superstitious. . . .

With the energy of desperation, Fisher began to wail, moan and shriek. He trusted that the hollow reed would carry the awful sounds into the ranks of the foe and cause them to flee in dismay. He redoubled his efforts, and believed that during an interval in his frantic lamentations he could hear a similar outburst from the Englishman's grave.

Suddenly the uproar outside ceased. . . . Then came the sound of metal implements digging into his grave. Not yet was Fisher certain which side had won. Perhaps his masterful effort had been in vain; possibly too late. It might be that the Bassas had been annihilated while fighting around their entombed friends. . . .

Again the tortured man swooned.

Then he felt the coolness of evening all about him. He opened his mouth and greedily sucked in the sweet fresh air. They had placed him on the ground and were fanning him. Off at one side the Honorable George Franklyn leaned against a tree. The Briton smiled wanly. "I say, my deah fellah, that was the longest ten minutes I evah spent. Close squeak, what?"

Chief Bamba Bumba stood nearby, curiously unscathed from the recent conflict. He smiled in the glare of the torches.

From his position on the ground Fisher lifted up his feeble voice. "Are the wild people routed?" he demanded. "Did my outcries fill the enemy with terror?"

"There was no enemy," declared the witch-doctor, "save the enemy that doth abide in the breasts of us all. And the only terror abroad this night was the terror of the grave felt by yourself and companion for a few short minutes."

"No enemy!" almost screamed Fisher, raising himself on his elbow. "Then the. . . ."

Bamba Bumba gestured toward the ranks of the Bassas. "It was part of the degree," he explained. "I will now set forth the inner meaning of this rite and expound the lesson it is designed to teach."

Hamilton Fisher gasped and lay back on the ground. "Never mind that, Chief," he protested weakly. "I've had all the 'inner meaning' I need for one night."

THE END

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S. S. "54"

By LEO FISCHER, P. M.

"D—n it, sergeant, you've wasted your time filling out those papers!" growled Major Surgeon Cooper. "I won't even examine that kid. How do you expect a puny youngster like that to stand up under what is expected of a man over there in the Philippines?"

"Begging the major's pardon," said the old soldier, "he looks like good material to me. I have seen the likes of him keep up with the best down in Arizona with Lawton, in eighty-five."

"Well, he doesn't impress me that way, sergeant," spluttered the irrascible major. "Tell him to put on his clothes and get the h—— out of here." And he stalked out of the little recruiting office. The sergeant turned towards the prospective recruit.

The "puny youngster" was a slight, but well set-up boy, whose olive skin, dark eyes, and black hair gave him a foreign look. He stood there innocent of clothes, with a frown on his intelligent, rather handsome face. His frank disappointment at being turned down by the major surgeon touched Sergeant Doyle's good old Irish heart.

"You've heard what the major said, Kid, and all I can tell you is to obey orders," he growled. "But if you'll take my advice, you'll catch the afternoon train and go to the fort to enlist in the volunteers. You're as sound as any boy I've ever seen offering to hold up his right hand. Mark my word, you won't have any trouble getting in."

The boy quickly put on his clothes, while Doyle, with laborious pen, completed his work on the papers of Donald Sinclair, 20 years of age, a native of Gloucester, Mass. When the sergeant finally laid down his pen, Sinclair stood before him, ready to leave.

"Good–bye, sergeant," the boy said, with a pleasant smile, "and many thanks for your good advice. You bet I'll follow it! I shall get to the fort some way or the other."

"Are you broke, Kid?"

"Sure, sergeant, stone broke."

"All right, here is a dollar, and good luck to you!"

"Thanks, sergeant," said the boy, pocketing the coin. "I shall take it as a loan and send it back when I get my first pay."

The old trooper looked with a smile on his face after the slight figure as it disappeared in the doorway. "You'll forget all about that dollar and old Doyle," he said. "Though, I don't know, that kid ain't like the average."

Five weeks later the mail brought Sergeant Doyle an envelope containing a one-dollar bill. A note was pinned to it, reading: "Had no trouble getting in. Thanks. Love to the major. Sinclair."

The old soldier chuckled as he put the bill in his pocket.

"Begorra, Old Doyle knows human nature after all," he muttered, "but I guess I won't deliver that message to the major."

* * * * * * * * * *

John Gross, the "Top Sergeant" of "G" Company of the 54th U. S. Volunteer Infantry, was standing under one of the big trees lining the main driveway of the fort. Four or five improvised drill-masters were each making a squad of recruits execute "squads right" and "squads left" on the parade ground. The "Top" wiped off the perspiration as he watched the performance.

"The worst ever," he moaned, "and the h—— of it is these d—— non-coms need drilling themselves, darn their hides!"

Suddenly his eye singled out one particular recruit. The "Top" watched the movements of this "rookie" first with astonishment and then with a grin. Finally, he called out to the corporal, who had just given the command "Rest!": "Corporal Casey, send Private Sinclair over here."

A few moments later, Private Sinclair stood before

the "Top," who looked with approval at his soldierly figure.

"Sinclair," he said, "I'd like to know just one thing: from what outfit did you desert?"

"This is my first enlistment, sergeant," answered the "rookie."

"You tell that to the marines; you know the drill better than Casey there," retorted the "Top".

"That isn't saying very much, sergeant," said the boy, with a smile, "I must tell you that I have had three years at a military school. I know my infantry drill regulations by heart."

"The h—— you do!" exclaimed the sergeant. "Let us see."

After ten minutes of questioning, the "Top" was satisfied, and on the next day the post tailor sewed corporal's chevrons on the blouse of the "Kid," as Sinclair was called in the company. His appointment caused no little stir; but the men soon ceased to wonder when they saw how splendidly the new corporal handled his squad.

After retreat, when most of the men who were not on duty went down town, the little corporal politely refused all invitations to come along. He sat by the hour under some tree by the river, dreaming. But one day he got hold of a guitar, and after that he spent most of his spare time between retreat and taps with that instrument, which he played with singular skill.

Once or twice the Top Sergeant asked Sinclair to come to his tent and listened to his playing, smoking his pipe.

"You could make a lot of money with that music and that education of yours, Kid," he finally said. "Why in the devil did you enlist and what do you want over there in the Philippines? Are you so anxious to get your block knocked off?"

The Kid strummed his guitar idly a moment or two, then he laid it down.

"Sergeant," he said, "you have been mighty decent to me and I am going to tell you what I have not told anybody else: I was over there in the Islands for eight or nine years when I was a kid. Daddy was master of the bark *Belle of Hankow*, and when I was a little over one year old he took mother and me on a voyage to China and the Philippines with him. In Manila, coming back on board one night, he missed his footing on the gang-plank and fell into the water. He swallowed a lot of it before he got out, and three days after he died of cholera. My mother stayed in Manila with a Spanish family, and two years later she married a Spanish planter. I grew up on the hacienda out in the provinces and spoke Spanish and the vernacular more fluently than English till I was nine years old. Then Don Miguel, my stepfather, died, and my mother and I returned to the States."

Sergeant Gross sucked his pipe, pensively. At last he said: "I don't want to be inquisitive, Kid; but, somehow, you look like an Italian or a Spaniard. What were your people?"

The Kid smiled. "Two Sinclairs, father and son, fought in the Colonial Army," he replied, proudly. "But my mother is of gipsy origin and I have taken after her as far as looks are concerned. She is the finest woman in the world; but we two can't always agree."

"I suppose that means that you enlisted against her will?"

"It does, Sergeant. I left home a year ago and knocked about South America a bit. I missed the Spanish-American War on that account; but when I heard that they were enlisting men for service in the Philippines, I nearly broke my neck to get back to the States and into the Army. My mother is in France and does not know anything about my enlisting. She has quite a bit of money, you know. I shall write her as soon as we are in Frisco."

Sergeant Gross nodded his approval. "Good for you, Kid; don't go back on your mother. But here is another question I'd like to ask you: if the age you gave when you enlisted is correct, how does it come that you are a Mason, not being of lawful age?"

"That is very simple, Sergeant. Down in Chile, where I was made a Mason, they have the Lewis provision in their Masonic law; that is, a Mason's son has the privilege of being made a Mason when he is eighteen years old. I proved I was a Lewis by a certificate that my father's Lodge had issued to me when I was at school."

The "Top" looked at his watch.

"Nearly time for Taps, Kid," he said. "But tell me, are there any real Masons among that cut-throat bunch of Malays over there in the Islands?"

The Kid laughed. "Are there?" he asked. "When a man risks persecution, imprisonment, torture and death to attend a Masonic Lodge, he deserves being called a Mason, doesn't he? I have kept in touch with things in the Islands and I can assure you that the Masons there have been wonderful. For instance, early in 1897, a dozen so-called rebels were shot publicly on the Luneta, of which only one was not a Mason, the others being either Masters of Lodges or very active Masons. And, Sergeant, I have known many cultured men and women and many good fellows among the Filipinos, and I sincerely hope we shall put that insurrection down in short order and then help them to build up a nation of their own."

Sergeant Gross looked thoughtful.

"I guess you've got the right idea, Kid," he mused. "Anyway, I've told the Colonel that you are a Mason, and Captain Wood knows it, too. You are sure of getting a square deal in this outfit, and with all your qualifications you stand a good chance of getting a commission before this war is over."

The Kid jumped up from the Gold Medal cot on which he was sitting. From the distance, the first plaintive notes of "Taps" were borne to the two soldiers through the still night by the prairie breeze. The first sergeant blew out the candle, while the Kid, with a pleasant "Good night, sergeant" stepped out of the tent and walked briskly down the company street to his own tent.

A few minutes later, Corporal Sinclair, wrapped in his blanket, was sleeping the healthy sleep of youth.

* * * * * * * * * *

Company "G" of the 54th considered itself in great luck. Only three days in the Philippines, and here they were, lying in a line of skirmishers behind a rice dike, waiting for the signal to attack. In front of them, about 600 yards distant, lay the church and convent of the town of Magalang, defended by a numerous force of Insurgents. Occasional puffs of smoke rising behind the wall surrounding the church and now and then the whine of Remington and Mauser bullets convinced the men of "G" Company that the prone position was the safest for the time being.

"Why don't we charge, sergeant?" said Corporal Sinclair to the "Top" who was lying near him, mopping his perspiring brow. It was ten o'clock in the morning, and the sun was beating down unmercifully upon the men in blue flannel shirts and khaki pants. There was not one who was not disgusted and aching to do something.

"And lose a dozen men or so?" replied the sergeant. "Not on your tin type, Kid. Just watch the artillery over there; in a couple of minutes they will be spraying that cane-field yonder with shrapnel and the fellows waiting there to take us in the flank will be piling out to look for safety behind the wall where the rest of 'em are."

The report of a cannon shock the air. It was closely followed by the explosion of a shrapnel some five hundred yards away, over a cane-field, but not the one supposed to be hiding the flanking force. Another shot followed and again a shell burst over the wrong field.

"Lord Almighty!" shouted the major; "that d— artillery got things balled up beautifully. Captain, lend me that Macabebe scout attached to your company; I am going to send him over there with a note." With the stub of a pencil, the major indicted a short, but forcible note to the commander of the artillery detachment. When he had it finished, he handed it to the barefooted little brown man in chambray shirt, khaki pants, and straw hat who was waiting for it, crouching behind a white ant hill nearby. The messenger started towards the guns, watched by the men of "G" Company. As he reached the open road something made the earth spurt up in front of him, then behind him, until, suddenly, the little man threw up his arms and stumbled, never to rise again.

Major Jones turned around. "Blinker," he called out to his orderly "you are the champion runner of the 54th; go over to the commanding officer of that battery, give him Major Jones' compliments and tell him to shell the cane-field next to the road and not the one he is wasting good government ammunition on. And do some of your best foot work or you'll get the high ball like that Macabebe."

The orderly looked a trifle pale; but he started running, in a crouching position, along the line of skirmishers and out upon the road. He had not gone sixty yards when he fell. The major cursed.

"Captain Wood," he said, "send one of your men with that message. Blinker's caught it in the leg."

The captain looked down the line. He did not relish sending any of his men on that errand. But before he had time to make his choice, an eager voice said behind him: "I'll take the message if the captain doesn't mind; I have heard it. I don't offer much of a target and am a pretty good runner."

"Good for you, Sinclair; but look sharp when you cross that open space," the captain said, pointing to where Blinker, with a painful effort, was crawling to cover.

But already the Kid was speeding towards the artillery position. Little spurts of dirt marked his progress, and the men of "G" Company held their breath for a moment when the campaign hat of the corporal flew off his head. Then a cheer burst forth when the Kid sped on, passing the zone of danger unharmed.

The officer in command of the artillery detachment gave orders to stop firing when he saw the messenger approach.

"Well, what is the matter now?" he asked, switching his leggings with his riding whip.

The Kid saluted and delivered his message, whereupon the lieutenant turned to his men and bawled out an order. Then a cloud of smoke burst from the nearest gun, the ground shook from the heavy report, and a shrapnel shell exploded with precision over the cane-field indicated by the Kid. Another followed immediately, and a few minutes later, forty or fifty insurgents were seen emerging from the cane and running for the protecting walls of the church and convent.

The Kid, who had been watching the effect of the shots, started to move off, when the artillery officer shouted: "Here, corporal, where are you going?"

The boy faced about and saluted: "To get my hat, Sir, and report back to my company."

"Wait till we have thrown a few shells into that hornet's nest over there," the lieutenant said. "It will be a darn sight safer for you."

Ten minutes later the Kid got his hat, which had two bullet holes in it. "Fine for ventilation," he said, with a smile. Then he rejoined his company, and a few moments later he started towards the walls that sheltered the enemy, one of the long, thin line of yelling, shooting doughboys. But something happened: a brick seemed to hit him in the chest and the glare of the tropical sun suddenly gave way to darkness. Corporal Sinclair was not among the American fighting men who entered the insurgent positions at Magalang on that sweltering November day in 1899.

(To be continued)

Half A Span

Macadamized Roads

Few Masons using the English speech do not know what a macadamized road is; but not many know that John Loudon McAdam, their inventor, who declined knighthood when proffered to him by a grateful sovereign, was proud to wear the badge of honor "more ancient than the Golden Fleece or Roman Eagle and more honorable than the Star or Garter or any other distinction," and was Master of Lodge Ayr Kilwinning, known originally as Squaremen's (Kilwinning) Lodge, 65, of Ayr. Bro. McAdam was born at Ayr, Scotland, on September 21, 1756, amassed a considerable fortune in the United States (1770 to 1783), and returned to Scotland, where his successful experiments in road construction won him an appointment by the British Government as General Surveyor of Roads. He died at Moffat, Dumfriesshire, on November 26, 1836.

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Pieces of Architecture

What a Petitioner Should Know

By A. Ξ. Tatton

It has often been remarked that many petitioners for the degrees of Freemasonry, after having had the degrees conferred upon them, are greatly surprised to find that their expectations have not been realized and consequently they feel that they have been defrauded. The result is their interest wanes and the final outcome in many cases is that they allow their dues to lapse and become a dead loss to the Fraternity.

Proposers are often responsible for this state of affairs. They frequently ignore their responsibilities, not only to the petitioner but to the Fraternity which it is their first duty to guard, and propose mere acquaintances, with no real knowledge of their fitness.

Lord Ampthill, the Pro Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of England, in his introduction to Bro. Fred J. W. Crowe's pamphlet entitled "What is Freemasonry? A word of advice to Masters and Candidates" states that it seemed to him "very wrong that Candidates for admission to the Craft should so seldom be told anything serious about Freemasonry." Bro. Crowe's treatise was written at the request of the Pro Grand Master especially for those who do not know what kind of explanation may be given to a petitioner.

The present article will partake somewhat of the nature of a review of Bro. Crowe's work, particularly those portions that are applicable in this jurisdiction, the purpose being to formulate the information that should be imparted to the prospective candidate in order that he may seriously question himself to see if he can conscientiously discharge his duties to the Craft according to the ideas thus laid before him, and also to prepare what may be termed a preliminary test, or series of tests of the fitness of a petitioner for the degrees of Freemasonry.

As to the explanation that may be given a Candidate, Bro. Crowe provides that in the answers to two questions, (1) "What is Freemasonry?", (2) "When and where did Freemasonry originate?", and also in a letter intended to be sent to every petitioner for the degrees.

His answer to the first question is: "It is a 'peculiar system of morality'. It inculcates the practice of all virtue. It preaches the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. It makes large use of symbolism in its teaching, the principal means of this being the esoteric ideas attached to the implements and work of the Operative Masonry from which our own Fraternity is derived. From very simple beginnings the symbolic teaching has been more and more elaborated until, to him who has ears to hear, it embodies a valuable and intricate system of moral philosophy. How much, if any, of this teaching existed before the Grand Lodge era it is impossible to say, though our Brotherhood is of enormous antiquity—but this will be further touched on in a brief historical notice later.

"It is not a benefit society. This fact cannot be too strongly emphasized. The Order must not be entered for mercenary or other unworthy motives. We do not subscribe so much a year to entitle us to draw out sick pay or old age benefits, nor to provide for those we leave behind us. For those who expect this there are other excellent societies founded for the end they require. No man should enter the Order unless there is a reasonable probability that he will never require the least help from its funds; for Masonic charity is not Masonry, but one exemplification of its many teachings, and is intended for those who from *unforeseen* circumstances are plunged in misfortunes and difficulties. For these the purse opens widely, but it must not have been their idea for entering the Order."

He then touches upon the social and convivial element of which he says, "It is not in any way an *object* of Freemasonry, but merely an adjunct to the lighter side of the Craft."

"No one," he says, "can authoritatively answer the question, 'When and where did Freemasonry originate?' "

Speaking of the first Grand Lodge, he names the four famous lodges of London of which it was formed and refers to other ancient lodges and then says: "This evinces a highly respectable antiquity in actual records, but the real origin of our Craft is lost in remote ages. The lack of records is probably due to the fact that few if any were ever written or kept. The ancient brethren, and even many within our own recollection, had the greatest objection to anything being written at all, and scrupulously destroyed any such that came in their way. The secrets were as far as we can tell confined to the modes of recognition, a pass word, and various important trade secrets which were all handed down by word of mouth and never committed to writing so that all risk of their being improperly obtained was obviated.

"Secret societies seem to have existed from the earliest times of man's intelligence, and passing through the mysteries of Egypt, India, Greece, Rome, and other races to the building fraternities of the Middle Ages, these gradually changed from Operative to Speculative, and though the ceremonies prior to 1717 seem to have been of the simplest description, an elaborate symbolism, probably borrowed from Rosicrucian and other mystical societies, quickly spread in the Order until we arrived at our present system and multiplicity of degrees."

According to the April, 1924, number of the *New Age Magazine*, the Grand Lodge of Illinois at that time attached a statement to each petition describing the nature and purpose of Freemasonry. The statement reads as follows:

"As the exact nature of the institution of Freemasonry is unknown to you, it is deemed advisable that before signing the attached petition you should be informed on certain features and phases of that institution which may affect your decision to apply for membership therein.

"Freemasonry has in all ages required that men should come to its door entirely of their own free will; not as the result of importunity nor from feelings of curiosity; but from a favorable opinion of the institution a desire for knowledge, and a sincere wish to be serviceable to their fellow creatures.

"Masonry is a system of morality based on the belief in the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and the brotherhood of men; therefore no atheist can be made a Mason. It strives to teach a man the duty he owes to God, to his country, to his family, to his neighbor and to himself. It inculcates the practice of every virtue and makes an extensive use of symbolism in its teachings. It interferes with neither religion nor politics, but strives only after light and truth, endeavoring always to bring out the highest and noblest qualities of men.

"It should be clearly borne in mind that Freemasonry is not to be entered in the hope of personal gain or advancement. Admission must not be sought from mercenary or unworthy motives. Anyone so actuated will be bitterly disappointed. The aim of the true Freemason is to cultivate a brotherly feeling among men, and to help the distressed and afflicted to the extent of his ability.

"It cannot be too strongly emphasized that Freemasonry is not a benefit society, although the practice of charity is a fundamental virtue taught in Freemasonry. We do not pay so much a year to entitle us to draw sick pay, or other benefits, or to make provision for those we leave behind. There are other excellent societies founded for this purpose.

"Loyalty to one's country is an essential qualification in Freemasonry, and those only are acceptable who cheerfully

conform to every lawful authority. Disloyalty in any form is abhorrent to the teachings of Freemasonry and is regarded as a serious Masonic offense. Freemasonry is not contrary to the beliefs of any man of upright heart and mind, and has in it nothing inconsistent with his civil, moral or religious duties."

A very important question to be considered in relation to each petitioner is, "Who are fit and proper persons to be made Masons?" Bro. Crowe says: "This is a matter on which every single member of the Fraternity should hold a very high ideal. It is impossible to exercise too strict caution in regard to new members. Numbers count for nothing; quality is everything. Because a man is a chance acquaintance of a club, or in business, it does not follow that he is suitable to be proposed the moment he expresses any wish for membership. We should carefully and without any haste test him in many ways."

The answers to the following questions propounded by Bro. Crowe will determine the fitness of the Candidate:

"Is he 'straight'? Has he self-control and moderation in his life and habits? Can his discretion and secrecy be depended on when pledged? Is he intellectually qualified to fill with credit to himself and the Fraternity the highest office the Lodge can bestow on him? Has he sufficient idealism to see in our ceremonies the solemnity and beauty they undoubtedly possess, and which will lead him on to pursue his researches into their hidden meanings instead of finding them wearisome repetitions? Also, has he sufficient in common with the other members of the Lodge to aid in the completion of the mosaic picture—to use a metaphor—formed by the individuality of his fellows, instead of spoiling the design? Is he prepared, as the Essential First Principle, to solemnly affirm his belief in God, the Sovereign and Supreme Creator of the Universe? Not a sectarian Deity. And here one of the greatest beauties of our Craft comes into play—namely, its Universality. The God of the Christian, the Jehovah of the Jew, the Allah of the Mohammedan, the supreme deity of the Hindoo, the Buddhist, the Parsee or the Confucian. That Supreme Being in which any free intellectual man truly believes—he must be *freeborn*, for no slave can be a Freemason—is the God in whom he must unreservedly express his real and full belief in order to be one of us. We safeguard his freedom on this point by forbidding all discussion on any religious matter in the Lodge."

Reference has already been made to a letter intended primarily as a preliminary test of the fitness of a candidate. The letter is a copy of one sent to every candidate for initiation in the famous old Lodge "Union des Coeurs" at Geneva, Switzerland. This letter Bro. Crowe altered in order to suit English needs. As arranged by him it will apply equally as well in this Grand Jurisdiction. It reads as follows:

"Dear Sir,—You have expressed a wish to be a Freemason. We believe we may assume that you have thoroughly considered the step you propose to take, but the exact nature of our association being unknown to you, it may be that you are not sufficiently informed on certain points, the knowledge of which might affect your decision, and prevent regrets when it is too late to alter it. It is, therefore, to facilitate your inquiries, important for you and for the Society, and as a guard against your own illusions, as well as to shield itself from any future reproach on your part, that we consider it a duty to offer you a few observations touching your future obligations towards it, and to certain possible prejudices and erroneous ideas, as well as to acquaint you with what it is entitled to expect from you. It also invites you most earnestly, for your own peace of mind, to beware of undue haste. The notion that men who are not Freemasons have as to the aims of our Society are as varied as they are mistaken, and have in former times drawn upon it in some countries violent, and even fatal persecution. Here we have been taken for sectarians, there for conspirators or men dangerous to the State. But respected theologians and ecclesiastics of all creeds, distinguished statesmen in diversely constituted States, princes, and even kings, are members of our Fraternity, and refute by their presence the unjust prejudices of our persecutors. Notwithstanding this, the calumnies have often been renewed. Even today, though our furrow be straight, and though we in no wise threaten State or Church, nor do them the slightest injury, nothing absolutely guarantees to us that these persecutions may not recur, and make you share our fate were you a member of our organization. We know not what weight you attach to these risks that may be realized. In any case, they deserve some consideration on your part.

"Freemasonry meddles neither with religion nor politics, and as to these recognizes no particular system. Neither does it concern itself with the cultivation of any branch of science or art, or of any trade—not even of practical architecture, from which it derives its name. It is, therefore, neither a religious, political, scientific, nor technical institution. At our meetings we remember suffering humanity, which has procured for us the honourable reputation we have for Charity. On another count, the fraternal meals that assemble us on different occasions, at which lightheartedness presides, have given rise with some to the mistaken belief that the aim of Freemasonry consists exclusively in the enjoyment of social pleasures. As for these pleasures, we only taste them to enliven our spirits, and we practice Charity, according to our individual means, as one of the first and holiest of duties. But, far from being the exclusive goal of our Craft, the practice of Charity and the participation in banquets are not in any sense its most important objects. In a word, Freemasonry is no more a simple charitable institution than the Lodge is a club or casino.

"Another misconception exists against which a Candidate must be forewarned. It is the hope of temporal advantage and favours and influence to be obtained in social and personal relations. Many a Candidate already has deceived himself on these points. Freemasonry does not by any means contemplate the gratifications of such hopes, but, aspiring to interests of a higher nature, it abandons to each of its members the care of himself that he may do what his welfare in civil life demands.

"The principal motive of many of those who wish to become Freemasons has its source in simple curiosity. The greater it is the more usually is expectation exaggerated. Precisely for this reason it is rarely that Freemasonry is able to gratify it. In all friendship we warn you of this because it may be that what you would find in our midst is not what you seek. In all probability it is an entirely different thing from what you have imagined.

"These remarks are only preliminary advice, yet they should suffice to allow you to infer what Freemasonry is NOT. In the present our duty is to leave to your own consideration whether it may not yet be something else which may induce you to persist in your determination. It remains

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for us to direct your attention to some points of our internal organization which might perhaps have an influence on your decision. In our meetings we only consider the character of the individual, without regard to the favour of fortune. We only appreciate the qualities of heart and mind. In the outer world we recognize and respect all distinctions and relations which it has established, but in the interior of the Lodge these distinctions fall. There we appear as simple members of one and the same family in the primitive relations of reciprocal fraternity, and also in the broad conceptions of filial dependence on God, Creator and Preserver of the Universe. Our sole and most beautiful title amongst ourselves is that of 'Brother'. But the *name* only could not suffice, wherefore Freemasonry wills that all should have truly fraternal feelings for those who call us or whom we call 'Brothers,' without our being influenced by their public station in life being superior or inferior to our own, or even if in outside matters our ideas are opposed. Will you, then, be strong and broad-minded enough to recognize for true Brethren those you may deem beneath you socially, or even those who on certain points may be conscientiously opposed to you? The duties which you must solemnly promise to fulfil have reference only to the aims of our Society. They contain nothing which is contrary to your duty to God, to your especial form of religion, to the State, or your domestic or other relations, but they impose on your discretion a faithful and strong attachment to the Craft in general, and in particular to the Lodge of which you may become a member. Also the observance of our laws, and respect for those who are charged with their application. They exact that in every circumstance of your life you should strive with zeal, with earnestness, and with all your strength to co-operate in our efforts to attain the ideal of our Craft, and to devote to that Masonic activity, which has for its first object your own welfare, as much of your time and faculties as you can give without neglecting other duties. They demand also that, without a legitimate hindrance, you will never neglect our meetings, and that when it may be necessary to take measures in accord with the spirit of our Institution you will unreservedly help to the best of your ability, for as much as it depends on you as well as the others to bring them to a perfect fulfilment.

"In truth, we have no authority at the present time to give you further information as to the real aim of our Brotherhood, but what we have already imparted to you is sufficient for you to be able to conclude that it is in no wise contrary to the principles and obligations of a man of upright heart and of cultivated mind, but that, on the contrary, it is worthy in every respect of his co-operation. Still, we cannot hide from you that for the various sacrifices that Freemasonry claims from its members it offers in exchange no compensation or enjoyment, except to those who in their inner being feel impelled to labour towards their own moral improvement and that of all with whom they are brought into contact.

"Finally, we warn you that admission to our Craft not only entails expenses for entering fees, but also for the maintenance of the objects belonging to the Society, which are covered by subscriptions levied."

The letter as sent out by the Geneva Lodge had amongst two or three formal requests, which Bro. Crowe did not transcribe as they were not in accordance with English customs, the following excellent rulings:

"Tell us whether you are single or married, and if so, whether there is any possible fear your consort may take umbrage at your participation in a society whose mysteries you will be forbidden to reveal to her? For were it so your request would be refused, because we attach too great a value to conjugal peace to be able to accept later the reproach of having contributed by your admission to disturb the tranquillity of your family. The same refusal would be given should your religion oblige you to compound with your conscience to be able to join us."

Bro. Crowe ends his admirable treatise in the following manner:

"For a final exhortation it must be impressed on the Initiate how much depends on himself. It is, of course, the duty of his proposer and seconder to be his guides, counsellors, and friends in his Masonic progress, but he must work for himself if he is to advance in knowledge. The ritual, with its depth of meaning and suggestion, is worthy of his closest study in daily life, and the true Freemason should be a better man, a firmer friend, a more charitable adversary, a more discreet confidant, a warmer-hearted sympathizer with sorrow and need, and, in the best and broadest sense, a more deeply religious man for his connection with our Order. He should be prompt and diligent in attendance at all meetings when he can be so without detriment to his family or his profession, and when there he should be friendly and courteous to all, offering obedience and honour where they are due, and for his own part preserving the dignity of self-respect which will prevent him lowering himself by lack of regard for the feelings of any he may consider beneath him. At the festive board he should practise self-restraint, and, whilst thoroughly enjoying himself, never in any way co-operate in allowing the feast to degenerate into a revel.

"When outside the Lodge he should be particularly careful never to talk of Masonic matters in public or private places where non-Masons are present. He should not speak to outsiders of Masonry or anything connected with it, for Masonry, like Wisdom, doth not cry, doth not lift up her voice in the streets. It should be sought and found, not advertised or offered indiscriminately.

"Masonry properly used will be a resource and a delight to him in many ways throughout his life. Some of one's greatest friends have been made in Lodge, and when travelling many delightful hours may be spent with Brethren of our own or other countries, who are ever ready to extend the right hand of fellowship to those who bring proper credentials and can prove themselves. For the student there is research, for the mystic there is elaborate symbolism, for the socially inclined there is companion-

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ship, whilst for those tired of the conflict of creed or politics there is the common altar of the Great Architect of the Universe, before which they may meet, forgetting—or, at any rate, ignoring—all differences, and there find themselves at once in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man."

A Mason's Charity

(Lecture by Wor. Bro. Samuel N. Schechter, P.M., Mt. Lebanon Lodge No. 80, Manila, P. I.)

At a first glance a Mason's charity would seem to have no bounds or limitations. It would seem that he is in duty bound to respond to and answer every call made on him. On closer scrutiny, however, we find limitations by the injunction of "without serious injury to himself". The right to pass judgment on this injunction whether or not it is with serious injury to himself rests with the brother himself. We have no right to determine that for him.

"Without serious injury to himself" is a relative and elastic phrase, capable of extension and contraction as conscience dictates. This does not mean, however, that a Mason may at will so limit this injunction as to close his eyes and refuse to hear the call for help from the truly needy and the afflicted.

While we could without the slightest compunction refuse aid to a brother, who we know squanders and wastes his income, does not live frugally and within his means, is lazy and refuses to work, and as a result comes to grief, we dare not refuse to divide even our last morsel with a brother who comes to grief through no fault of his own.

The logic here is obvious. Masons are men well skilled in the arts and sciences. This symbolism means men of average and more than average intelligence. It presupposes that such men should and will live within their income, provide for a rainy day, and so plan their affairs as to be prepared to meet any emergency which the average human intelligence can foresee. Having done this, a Mason has lived true to his masonic obligations, and has a right to demand and no good Mason dare to refuse aid and assistance if ill fortune overtakes him. You cannot shut your eyes and pretend not to hear his call for help: you are in duty bound to come to his relief and give until it hurts.

So much for the individual, now for the collective body, the Lodge. Masonry invites no one no matter how high and important to join its ranks. The individual must knock at its door and ask for admission. He must state his qualifications and convince us that he is worthy, is all that is expected of a Mason morally, and is comfortable in a material way.

Having satisfied ourselves on these points and after ballot of the brethren he becomes one of us, his joys become our joys, his woes our woes.

The Lodge is, therefore, charged with the responsibility of promoting the happiness of its members and relieving their distresses and afflictions. Its funds to the last penny must be used toward these ends, and when this is not enough the members individually and collectively each to the utmost of their means must come to the aid of the Lodge.

All this without the sound of axe, hammer or any tool of iron, symbolically, meaning quietly, without publicity, so much so that your left hand may not know what your right hand is doing.

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.)*

458.—Is it proper for the Master of a Lodge to sign a letter with his name and, under it, the words "Worshipful Master"? I maintain that it is not. Just as the Governor-General does not sign "His Excellency, the Governor-General" but merely signs "Governor-General," so should the Master of the Lodge merely add "Master" to his signature, without the "Worshipful."

Answer.—You are quite right. The Grand Master of Victoria, in his annual address in 1916, pronounced himself against the practice you criticize as follows:

"The term 'Worshipful Master' grew out of the use of the word 'Worshipful.' Formerly the word meant to reverence or honor, and the mayors of towns were called, as at present among the English, 'His Worship' or 'Worshipful,' while those of cities were 'Right Worshipful.' A Justice of the Peace was also called 'Worshipful.' It is a title of honor. The French call the Master 'Venerable,' meaning deserving of honor or respect. How absurd, then, for a Master to sign his name as 'Worshipful Master' or 'W. M.' His office is Master, and while others may apply it to him, the title of honor, it is not modest for him to refer to himself as 'Worshipful Master.' "

459.—What is the procedure for forming a Grand Lodge? Whose consent must the constituent Lodges secure, if anybody's?

Answer.—Here is what the California "Blue Book" says on this point: "It is the 'American Doctrine' and has become the common law of Masonry, that where three chartered Lodges exist, a Grand Lodge may be formed; that immediately on forming it, such Lodges have the absolute right to throw off their former allegiance; and that the Grand Lodge so formed immediately gains exclusive jurisdiction therein, and no other Grand Lodge can there establish a Lodge."

460.—Is President Hoover a Mason? How about Vice-President Curtis and the members of the President's Cabinet?

Answer.—President Herbert Hoover is not a member of our Fraternity. Vice-President Curtis is a Mason, and so are the following-named members of President Hoover's Cabinet: Andrew W. Mellon (Treasury), James W. Good (War), Arthur M. Hyde (Agriculture), and James J. Davis (Labor).

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Gathered from Various Sources

Invictus

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find me, unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

—*William Ernest Henley.*

Strength Not Always in Numbers

The strength of an organization is not to be gauged by the number of names on its roster of membership. Because such list is lengthily beyond the usual does not always insure that the body is truly active, or that it exerts a beneficial influence in the community. There is not much to the counting of heads, whether in Lodge or elsewhere, if any true estimate is sought of values. This, of course, is rank heresy; it is in conflict with the long-accepted idea that the "voice of the people is the voice of God." For, according to such theory, if a great number of blockheads can be but gathered to further or oppose a cause, not any weight of reason can prevail against the mere numbering. It is the nature of men, as of sheep, to follow after any bell-wether that may present itself, if so be that such leader bleats in tones of authority. If with the counting of heads, there was but some simple yet infallible method of ascertaining what the heads contained, there might be hope of finding the worth of association or party. Within your experience there are Lodges, having large memberships, that are no more than mobs so far as discipline and ordered thought and definite purpose are concerned. And likewise there are bodies, comparatively small, in which the true spirit of the Craft has had free development, to the end that the Lodge is a rally-point for righteousness in the community. The question is to be pushed home: Is your Lodge, my brother, to be counted among the forces that are for good government, for cleanliness in the social life, for public decency, for advancement of the general physical and moral health? Or is it no more than a clattering tread-mill, on which you toil without ever reaching higher places or advancing upon the paths of attainment?—*Joseph E. Morcombe in "The Masonic World".*

Four Things Un-Masonic

ENVY.—If all the hidden works of envy could be brought to life, and their authors known, the greatness of their littleness would cover them in the thick darkness of the contempt of all honourable minds.

HATRED.—This element in human nature exists in the brute creation. Hatred will stop at no labour to satisfy its purpose when once it stimulates human efforts. Love, affection, and friendship tire in their act of devotion, but hatred grows in its own vileness.

MALICE.—This wicked intention and desire to injure covers itself too often in the garb of diffidence and innocence to hide its aims. It uses deceit. To accomplish its designs it counterfeits some of the virtues. To detect it is difficult, because it accepts falsehood as a means for its effectiveness. Unimpassioned, it rarely betrays its insidious efforts. Such a vice is detestable, and its punishment is the condemnation of the honourable and the courageous.

UNCHARITABLENESS.—"I am holier than thou," is the spirit of the censorious. To censure and condemn are the least difficult of all human judgments to arrive at or express. The generous impulses are poisoned by the venom of this vice. Self is the infallible arbiter which determines or decides, hence that which is opposed or not in harmony with such a judge is "condemned already." From the weakness of our nature comes this weakness of our character.

These four words—Envy, Hatred, Malice, Uncharitableness—are the four things that are un-Masonic.—*The Freemason (London).*

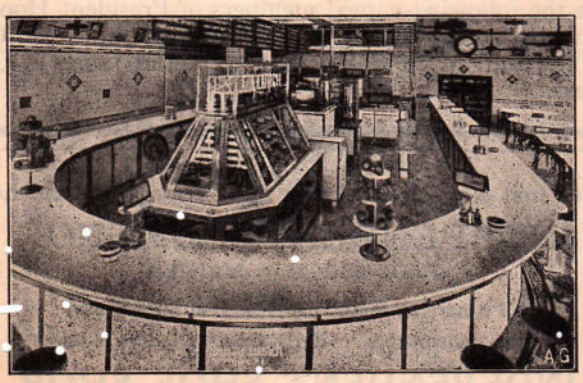
The Difference

There's a difference:
Some men wouldn't get to lodge if you furnished them with a motor car.
Others would walk miles to get there.
Some would like you to pay their dues.
Others would go down in their pockets to pay yours if necessary.
Some men gain their experience in fraternalism at the bedside of the sick.
Others only gain it on the sick-bed.
Some men remember the orphan child.
Others forget them and leave them to die by the wayside.
Some men can install the officers or be installed into any office and fill it with credit.
Others cannot work their way into the lodge.
Some men sit on the side-lines and let everybody know that the brother giving a charge has just made an error.
The same fellow puts on a robe and makes ten mistakes where the other brother made only one.
Some smile, some don't; some build, some tear down. Which do you prefer? Which are you?—*Winona Scottish Rite Bulletin.*

Avoid Hasty Judgment

Freemasons, of all men, should be deliberate in judgment, candid in consideration, charitable in construction, moderate in condemnation. If you feel moved to criticize a brother, suppose you see him first. Talk over the matter in question and discover his view-point. Probably it is a different angle from that which presented itself to you. Perhaps, after all, it is the right angle, and you may be spared the ignominy of doing him an injustice. Perhaps he can tell you things you did not know. On the other hand, perhaps you can enlighten him, and lead him to see the error of his way. How much better to convince and reform him, than to convict and destroy. At any rate, it is a satisfaction to be sure you are right before you go ahead.—*London Freemason.*

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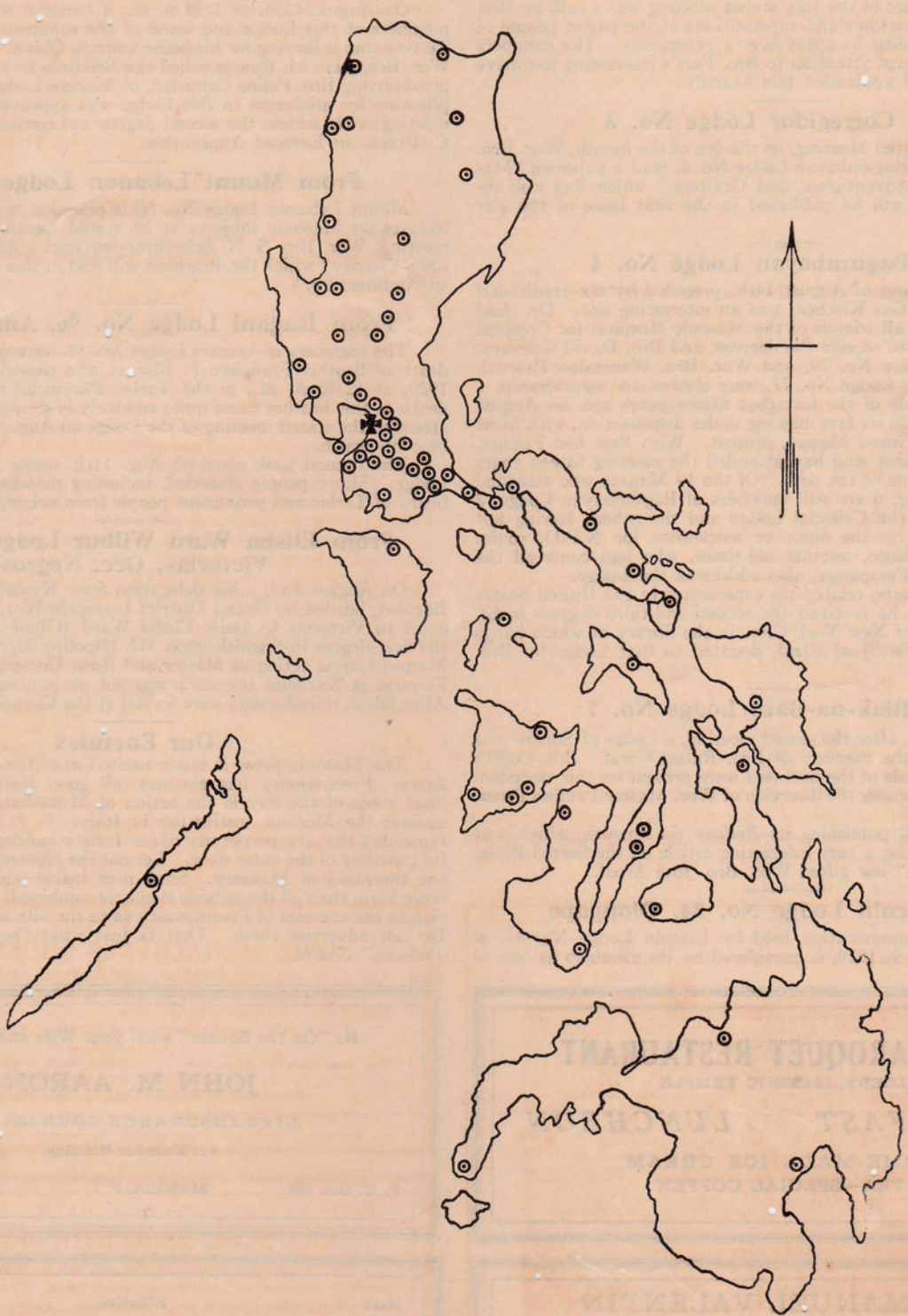
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DISTRIBUTION OF MASONIC LODGES IN THE PHILIPPINES

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 Manila Lodge No. 1

The striking feature of the July stated meeting was a talk by Bro. Guy O. Fort on the customs and superstitions of the pagan people of Mindanao in whose midst he spent over a generation. The members present listened with rapt attention to Bro. Fort's interesting narrative of his experiences and applauded him heartily.

From Corregidor Lodge No. 3

At the August Stated Meeting, on the 8th of the month, Wor. Bro. Leo Fischer, P. M. of Bagumbayan Lodge No. 4, read a paper on "Masonic Mountebanks, Adventurers, and Grafters," which was well received. This lecture will be published in the next issue of the *Far Eastern Freemason.*

From Bagumbayan Lodge No. 4

The Stated Meeting of August 14th, preceded by the traditional Lodge Dinner at the Gas Kitchen, was an interesting one. Dr. José Abuel, well known to all friends of the Masonic Hospital for Crippled Children, was elected to receive the degrees, and Bro. David Guevara, late of Taga-Ilog Lodge No. 79, and Wor. Bro. Wenceslao Pascual, formerly of Kasilawan Lodge No. 77, were elected to membership.

Mention was made of the fact that fifteen years ago, on August 19, 1914, the Lodge held its first meeting under dispensation, with Most Wor. Comfort, then Grand Master, present. Wor. Bro. Leo Fischer, the only member present who had attended the meeting fifteen years ago, spoke of the events of the past. Of the 19 Masons who attended that historical meeting, 6 are still members of Bagumbayan Lodge, 3 having passed on to the Celestial Lodge and the others having left Bagumbayan No. 4 by the dimit or suspension for N.P.D. route. Wor. Bro. Gonzalez-Sioco, another old-timer, who had come all the way from Sta. Ana, Pampanga, also addressed the Lodge.

Bro. Antonio Viterbo related his experiences in the United States eight years ago when he received the second and third degrees in St. John's Lodge No. 1, of New York City, in the library of which hangs now the picture of Dr. José Rizal, donated to that Lodge by Bro. Eduardo Claudio.

From Biak-na-Bato Lodge No. 7

On June 8th, last, after the stated meeting, a Lodge of Sorrow was held as a tribute to the memory of Bro. Rafael Coral. Bro. Coral's widow and a few friends of the deceased were present on this occasion. The work, performed under the direction of Wor. Master Paulino Perez, was very impressive.

The Lodge is still publishing its *Bulletin* (in Spanish) which is at the present time running a very interesting article on the Sacred Bible, written by "Zurriaga," our gifted Wor. Bro. José Arpal.

From Lincoln Lodge No. 34, Olongapo

The Special Communication held by Lincoln Lodge No. 34, of Olongapo, on August 9, 1929, is considered by its members as one of the most remarkable functions ever held by the Lodge. On this occasion the District Inspector of the Tenth Masonic District, Bro. Alberto C. Donor, was present, also several high officers of the United States Navy, Bro. D. J. Friedell, Lieutenant-Commander, Captain of the Yard, Commanding at Olongapo; Bro. Frank T. Watrous, Captain, Supply Officer, Cavite; Bro. C. F. House, Lieutenant, Supply Officer, Olongapo; and Bro. W. C. Carpenter, Chief Boatswain, Assistant Captain of the Yard, Olongapo, also several Brethren from the U. S. S. *Rizal* and the U. S. S. *Pope*. The purpose of the Special Communication was the conferring of the Second Degree upon Bro. Lee Bee. Bro. C. F. House presented the working tools.

The Lodge was closed at 9:30 p. m., after which the Brethren partook of the refreshments provided for by the newly passed Brother and renewed acquaintances and exchanged impressions.

From Sarangani Lodge No. 50, Davao

On August 13th, at 7:30 p. m., a banquet was tendered by the members of this Lodge and some of the sojourning Brethren to Bro. Te Bao who is leaving for his home town in China. After the banquet, Wor. Bro. Juan M. Ramos called the Brethren to labor for the purpose of admitting Bro. Felipe Caburian, of Mactan Lodge No. 33, whose application for affiliation to this Lodge was approved at the last stated meeting; after which, the second degree was conferred upon Bro. Eligio C. Ureta, an Entered Apprentice.

From Mount Lebanon Lodge No. 80

Mount Lebanon Lodge No. 80 is planning to have short talks or lectures on Masonic subjects at its stated meetings. At the August meeting, Wor. Bro. S. N. Schechter delivered a fine lecture on "A Mason's Charity" which the Brethren will find in this issue, under "Pieces of Architecture."

From Isagani Lodge No. 96, Anao, Tarlac

The members of Isagani Lodge No. 96 were quite shocked by the death of Brother Francisco F. Blanco, who passed away on August 8, 1929, at 12:30 A. M., in the Tarlac Provincial Hospital. That the death of this brother came quite suddenly is shown by the fact that he attended the stated meeting of the Lodge on Aug. 5th, seemingly in the best of health.

The funeral took place on Aug. 11th, under the auspices of the Lodge. Many people attended, including members of the provincial board of Tarlac and prominent people from neighboring towns.

From Elisha Ward Wilbur Lodge No. 101, Victorias, Occ. Negros

On August 2nd, a big delegation from Kanlaon Lodge No. 64, of Bacolod, headed by Grand District Inspector Wor. Bro. Ernesto Salas, came to Victorias to assist Elisha Ward Wilbur Lodge in conferring the first degree in Spanish upon Mr. Hipolito Rigor. With Wor. Bro. Manuel Garcia acting as Master and Bros. Domingo Vallesteros and I. Ferraris as Wardens, the work was put on in a very efficient manner. After labor, refreshments were served at the Victorias Gun Club.

Our Enemies

The Masonic press is much excited over the enemies of Freemasonry. Freemasonry has enemies; all good institutions have. The chief topic of the day is the action of Mussolini, the Fascist leader, against the Masonic institution in Italy. * * * Let Freemasons remember that the perpetuity of our institution depends upon the careful guarding of the outer door. Let not the bigoted, ignorant man cross the threshold of Masonry. Such men inside our Fraternity can do more harm than all the outside elements combined. Pay as little attention to the enemies of Freemasonry as to the idle winds of the heavens. Do not advertise them. That is just what they crave.—"*Masonic Tribune,*" *Seattle.*

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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.—Kilwinning Lodge No. 59, A. F. & A. M. of Vancouver, B. C., sends greetings with the announcement of a visit by Bro. F. A. Stevenson on May third.

In a letter to Wor. Bro. Schipull, Bro. Marion Karolchuck sends a pen picture of himself in the mountains of Colorado: a new car, a German police dog for companionship, the vast cliffs of the canyons rising above him.

Another personal letter, to the Master, from Bro. Charles Gebhart tells us of his visit to his home town of Napa, California, attending first a family reunion with his bride, and later, with an uncle visiting a Stated Meeting of Yount Lodge No. 12. At the family gathering he found four of the craft, while within the meeting were many old school friends he hadn't seen for years, and little expected to find within the tiled doors.

Both Bros. Karolchuck and Gebhart send warmest greetings to the Lodge and members. Bro. Karolchuck may be addressed at Denver, Colorado, c/o the Elks Club; Bro. Gebhart at 415 Perkins St., Oakland, Cal.

Bro. George E. Brown sends regards from Rock Port, Missouri,—with them a remittance which makes him a Life Member of our Lodge. For twenty-six years a member of Manila No. 1, Bro. Brown by his action makes the event an occasion to heartily congratulate the Lodge as well as our faithful Brother.

Bro. John T. Golt wonders how the "Old Timers" are getting along out here. He left Manila before the present Temple was erected, but carries close recollections of the days of "210 Calle Cabildo," and the crowd who regularly carried on for us at that time.

Bro. W. F. Myers is constantly reminded of the happy days he spent in the Islands, looking forward to the arrival of the CABLETOW with news of his old associates.

Bro. Wm. S. Hatch, with his message of fraternal regards, mentions his enjoyment of the monthly *Bulletins*, and his desire to sit in Lodge with us again.

Bro. John F. Daye advises of his move to Oakland, Cal., where he now resides at 4070 Foothill Boulevard, and adds that he will be back in Manila on December twenty-eighth, so we may shortly expect to greet him in person.

Bro. F. E. Hedrick has since July 16th been at his residence at No. 740 Calle Dakota, Malate, convalescing from the stroke of paralysis that he had in the Southern Islands several months ago. He is recovering slowly, but steadily.

Cavite No. 2.—Bro. S. E. McCarty, Lieutenant, (S.C.), U. S. Navy, formerly of Pearl Harbor, T.H., gives his new address as c/o Cooks and Bakers School, Naval Training Station, Hampton Roads, Virginia.

Corregidor No. 3.—Bro. Verne E. Miller has written to the Lodge from Jerusalem and from Damascus. At the latter city he visited Kaisoun Lodge No. 506 (French Constitution) on the occasion of one of their stated meetings, which was held in the Arabic language. He writes that he very greatly enjoyed the business session of the Lodge which, as is customary in the European jurisdictions, was held while open on the Apprentice degree. Bro. Miller's letter from Jerusalem was most interesting and was read by the secretary at our August meeting.

Bro. J. Truitt Maxwell sends greetings to the Brethren. He is travelling in the middle west with headquarters at St. Louis, Missouri. He states that he greatly regrets that he will not be returning to the Philippine Islands.

Bro. Jerome L. Stern, now with the Colorado Markets, Inc., 976 2nd Ave., New York City, sends greetings.

Bro. Leonard, who was reported as having undergone a major operation some 10 weeks ago, is making wonderful progress towards recovery.

Wor. Bro. Massell is out of the hospital and is making steady progress toward complete recovery.

Bagumbayan No. 4.—Wor. Bro. José C. Velo, as Union Lodge No. 70 writes to the CABLETOW, visited that Lodge on August 3rd, and on this occasion he spoke of a mishap he had had the day before. He was crossing the Bauang River when his car became stuck in quicksand in the middle of the river bed. All efforts made to extricate it were in vain. Then a heavy rain came and the river began to rise rapidly. From fear of the freshet, the men who were helping Bro. Velo deserted him. Bro. Velo tarried too long near his car and would have lost his life had not Bro. Esteban David, of Bauang, a member of Union Lodge No. 70, come to his rescue. It took the efforts of a number of men to save Bro. Velo from drowning. Bros. Leoncio R. Salanga, supervising teacher of the Bauang district, and Prof. Shaw, also took care of Bro. Velo after the misfortune which might have had more serious results had not Bro. Velo's signal of distress been answered.

Wor. Bro. Velo was at the time of the accident travelling through the provinces as representative of the Philippine Education Company. The car was recovered after the flood and what remained of it was towed back to Manila.

Bro. Eduardo Montenegro came to Manila on a flying visit last month, returning to Dumaguete, Occ. Negros, after attending to his business in the capital city.

Island No. 5.—Brother George W. Hepler, R. D. No. 2, Williamsport, Pennsylvania, writes that he had looked forward to another tour of duty in the Philippines for several years in the hope of again being able to visit his mother Lodge. His hopes are now shattered as he has retired from the U. S. Army. He sends his kindest regards and best wishes to the brethren.

The secretary has received a long letter from Brother Edmond P. Hall, 803 Crittenden Street, Owensboro, Kentucky. Brother Hall has been in poor health for the past several years. He sends his best wishes to the brethren, and states that he enjoys THE CABLETOW very much, and looks forward to the coming of every issue.

Brother James Aitken of San Francisco, California, sends greetings to the Brethren and requests a dimit. He desires to affiliate with a Lodge near his home.

Letters and dues have been received from the following brethren:

L. J. Pollard, Fort McDowell, California.

A. B. Wilson, Fort Ruger, Honolulu, H. T.

A. G. Cameron, San Francisco, California.

Southern Cross No. 6.—Bro. Julius S. Reese has returned to Manila.

Bro. R. G. France has written another of his welcome letter, in which he extends his greetings to our new Brother A. J. Balls.

Bro. L. K. Young's mail has been returned.

Bro. James H. Warner has applied for reinstatement and sends greetings.

Brother H. J. Martinson has applied through Unity Lodge No. 32 of Genesee, Idaho, as to the necessary steps for reinstatement.

Bro. W. Z. Smith and Wor. Bro. T. L. Hall had a big part in the extension of the telephone service to Baguio which is but the forerunner of greater advancements to come in the long distance telephone communication throughout the Philippine Islands.

Biak-na-Bato No. 7.—At its meeting on June 8th, the Lodge passed a resolution thanking Bros. Catalino Navarro, Tomás Navarro, and

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Perfecto Abordo for entertaining the Lodge in a most generous and lavish manner in May.

The Lodge learned for this reason, with special regret, of the death of the wife of Bro. Catalino Navarro, only a few weeks after the picnic which was such a joyful and happy event.

Cosmos No. 8.—Bro. John W. Ratliff spent several days in Baguio during July and enjoyed a visit with Bro. Sam Olson there.

Bro. Arthur G. Moody has written from Paris, France, sending hearty good wishes and reporting his health much improved.

Bro. Horatio Smith is now with the Pacific Commercial Company, as assistant to Wor. Bro. J. W. Schilling, superintendent of the Farola Bodegas.

Bros. Joseph H. MacDonald and Philip W. Guimond were on the sick list in July.

Bro. August Jacobson left on July 31st for Sipaco, C.S., his station, after spending a few days in Manila.

The secretary has received a letter from Brother Samuel C. Hunter, who is located in Bakersfield, California, and who reports that he, Mrs. Hunter, and the baby are in the best of health. Brother Hunter has been on night duty for some time and has had little opportunity to visit the local Lodge, but hopes to represent us in their meetings in the near future.

Brother William J. Ellis, Jr., arrived in Manila on July 25th, after an extended residence in Evanston, Ill. Bro. Ellis received his degrees in Evans Lodge No. 542, in 1926, and has not since had an opportunity to visit his Mother Lodge.

Brother Paul A. Schwab left on July 26th for the United States via China. He expects to make a short stay in Shanghai to visit some old friends, and later go to Seattle. Brother Schwab will travel through the western States, and will return to Manila about the end of the year.

Brother George A. Mayhew made a business trip to the Southern Islands in July, and while in Cebu met Brothers Henry Strauss, Otto O. Hanson, and Henry C. Garretson, all of whom requested that their fraternal greetings be extended to all the brethren in Manila.

Brother Charles C. Fuller came in to Manila in July to get a breath of city life, and some supplies for his lumbering operations down in Tayabas. It seems that Bro. Fuller is constructing several lumber mills in that province, and will be fully occupied for some time to come.

M. W. Bro. Joseph H. Schmidt was handing out the cigars—good ones, we are told!—early in August. It was a girl. Mother and child are doing well, according to last accounts, Mrs. Schmidt having left the hospital on August. Brother Schmidt is kept quite busy by his duties as Department Commander of the United Spanish War Veterans and we are told that the Veterans' Rally on August 13th was the biggest affair ever pulled off by any Department Commander. Most Wor. Bro. Schmidt keeps on the go all the time; he evidently believes in the old German proverb "Rast ich, so rost ich" (If I rest, I rust).

St. John's No. 9.—Bro. L. F. Rothenhoefer has been appointed Junior Deacon to fill the vacancy left by the departure of Bro. Merton V. N. Best for the United States.

A dimit has been granted to Bro. Wm. T. Nelson and Bro. J. B. Armstrong has been reinstated.

Bro. Paul A. Gulick was a visitor in Manila in July and August, from Mindanao.

Bro. Leo Schnurmacher is a life member now; he is the 11th on our list.

Mrs. Heald, wife of Bro. H. C. Heald of Baguio, spent a few days in Manila, shopping and visiting friends, during the last week of July.

Mrs. Walter E. Hicks was a patient in St. Paul's the first part of July but is now fully recovered.

Bro. Howard M. Cavender made a trip to Hongkong in early July, and so did Bro. E. S. D. Merchant.

Wor. Bro. C. S. Salmon had a tussle with the flu in July. The flu got the worst of it.

Bro. Eugene A. Rodier, our Junior Warden, was married to Miss Grace Olive Baker, of Pullman, Washington, on July 22, 1929, in the Union Church chapel.

Iloilo No. 11.—Bro. Timoteo Certeza mourns the death of his mother. The funeral took place at her native town, Meycauayan, Bulacan, on July 4th.

Bro. Felix A. Golez was in Manila towards the end of July to take the examination for a license as master of ocean-going vessels.

Bro. Antonio Horrilleno, judge of the Court of First Instance of Zamboanga, recently visited relatives in La Paz, Iloilo. Bro. Horrilleno is a charter member of this Lodge.

Wor. Bro. Engracio Padilla is in Manila, attending the sessions of the Philippine Legislature.

Bro. Juan Samson is visiting the International Exposition at Sevilla, Spain.

Bro. Isidro Uy Villanueva has taken up his residence in Manila for the time being.

Wor. Bro. Antonio Yson is at present in Manila, where he is residing at 1003 Calle Misericordia, for medical treatment. He was until recently at Samal, Bataan, his home town, to which he had retired after leaving the firm Wise & Co., after 27 years of continuous service.

Nilad No. 12.—Most Wor. Bro. Teodoro M. Kalaw's appointment as director of the National Library has been confirmed by the Philippine Senate. This distinguished Brother has lately been elected an honorary member of Bagumbayan Lodge No. 4.

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Bro. Pedro M. Maglaque writes from Sibul Springs that on July 31st, last, Mrs. Maglaque presented him with a sturdy son.

Walana No. 13.—Wor. Bro. Norberto C. Asinas, income tax examiner, left Manila on the S. S. *Panay* on July 15th for Zamboanga, Davao, Cotabato, and Jolo, on official business.

Bro. Esteban Diokno, of the S. S. *Dominga*, has been promoted to chief engineer of the cableship *Bustamente*.

Bro. José C. Badillo lost one of his sons on June 18th. Not being advised in time, the officers and members of the Lodge were unable to attend the funeral.

Bro. Agapito Fernandez lost his youngest son on June 25th. The secretary and several members of the Lodge attended the funeral, which took place in the Cementerio del Norte.

Wor. Bro. Orestes Hermosura celebrated his birthday on July 3rd by a party at his residence on Calle Misericordia, Sta. Cruz, which was well attended by Brethren and other friends and their families.

Sinukuan No. 16.—M. W. Bro. Manuel Quezon, P.G.M. and P.M. of this Lodge, celebrated the 51st anniversary of his birth on August 19th, last. A large number of friends, among them many Masons, came to congratulate the illustrious President of the Philippine Senate on this occasion.

Wor. Bro. Leonardo Garduño, P.M., Judge of First Instance, never forgets to visit Lodges wherever his official duties take him, and can always be trusted to take an active part in Masonry.

Dapitan No. 21.—Bro. Agustin Gustilo and family left for the United States last June. Before they left, a get-together was held at the Gas Kitchen by the members of Dapitan Lodge No. 21 in his honor.

Wor. Bro. and Mrs. Manuel A. Guieb were the hosts of Bro. and Mrs. Agustin Gustilo at the Pancitería Asia before their departure for the States.

Bro. and Mrs. Agustin Gustilo gave also a party to his Brethren of the Lodge at his residence at Calle Leveriza, Malate.

A letter has been received from Bro. Francisco Gavino, at present connected with the Tripple General Hospital, Honolulu, advising that all the members of his family are in the best of health.

Bro. Go Piao of San Fernando, Pampanga, has been very busy handling a large volume of business.

Wor. Bro. Tomás Valdez is earnestly inviting as many of the brethren as possible to go down to Mindanao to settle there and enjoy with him the pleasure of planting coconuts.

Bro. Inocentes Villegas, secretary of the Lodge, who accompanied the Director of the Bureau of non-Christian Tribes on his inspection trips to Mindanao, returned to the city in July.

Wor. Bro. Francisco J. Olizon is no longer connected with the American Electric Company and is now representing the Mora Electrical Supply.

In spite of the hard rain, the party given by Bro. Lorenzo de Guzman on the occasion of the birthday of his daughter, was a complete success.

Bro. Antonio Jonson, vocational supervisor of the Bureau of Education, has just returned from an official trip to the provinces of Tayabas, Camarines Sur, Camarines Norte, Marinduque and Batangas. He is expected to leave for Bataan, Zambales and Pangasinan shortly.

Bro. Macario Linsao, of the Pacific Commercial Company, met an accident lately while riding in his automobile. He was taken to the Philippine General Hospital for treatment. One of his arms was badly hurt.

Bro. Gonzalo Pagdanganan has left the Teal Motor Co.; he is now representing the Manila Trading and Supply Company.

Bro. Vicente Piñon has returned to duty after having been sick with malaria. He is at present on bridge construction work on the Amburayan River.

Bro. Macario Peralta has left the law offices of Paredes, Buencamino and Yulo and has now a law office of his own in the China Bank Building.

Bro. Ramon Talastas is mourning the death of his wife.

Bro. José M. Tapia has been granted a dimit from this Lodge to enable him to join Mayon Lodge No. 61 at Legaspi, Albay, his present place of residence.

Bro. Roman Tesoro has left for Misamis and other provinces in the Visayas on business for the Filipino Gun Store, Inc., which is owned by members of this Lodge.

Rizal No. 22.—Bro. Dr. Manuel V. Arguelles has been entrusted with the supervision of the Calmette vaccine laboratory of the Anti-Tuberculosis Society. The Calmette treatment is said to render newly-born children immune from tuberculosis for life.

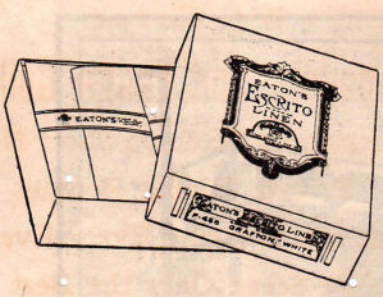
Ibarra No. 31.—A son was born to Mrs. Francisco Bellez on August 2nd. Both mother and child are doing well.

Bro. Francisco Roldan is well again after having been ill at the Philippine General Hospital for several days.

Bro. Toribio Ocsena is again ill in the Philippine General Hospital, suffering from pneumonia.

Bro. Pedro S. Dayrit has gone to Hongkong, China, where he will join the musical staff of the Majestic Theatre.

Bros. Angel Saqueton, our Senior Warden, and Anselmo O. Diaz, sailed on one of the Asiatic Fleet ships for Shanghai. They were summoned by the Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Asiatic Fleet to act as Government witnesses in a case of theft that occurred on the U. S. S *Canopus*.

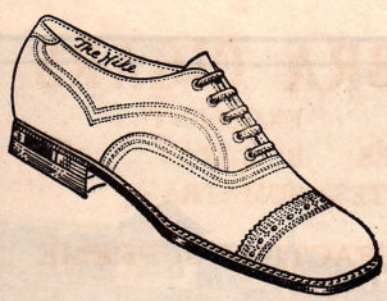


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Isarog No. 33.—Bro. H. A. Gibbons, principal of the Camarines Sur High School, is confined to bed at his home, sick with typhoid fever complicated with pneumonia, according to the diagnosis made by the physician attending him.

Bro. and Mrs. Alexander Gordenker are the proud parents of a baby boy born at their plantation at Sitio Pacul, Naga, Camarines Sur, on July 31, 1929.

Wor. Bro. Mariano Dy Liacco, Past Master of this Lodge, arrived last week from a business trip to Manila. Immediately after his arrival, he turned over to the provincial authorities several school buildings which he has constructed under contract, among them those of San José, Nabua and Tigaon. At present he is constructing the teachers' cottages for the Camarines Sur Agricultural School.

Bro. Doroteo Federis, principal of the Camarines Sur Trade School, has completely recovered from his illness.

Mabini No. 39.—Wor. Bro. Salvador Torra is still in Manila, under medical treatment.

Charleston No. 44.—The following changes of address show changes of station of members of our Lodge on the island of Guam:

Chief Gunner F. O. Lundt, U. S. M. C., Marine Barracks, to Base Service Company, Marine Corps Base, San Diego, Calif.

Patrick McKenna, 1001 Postal Telegraph Building, San Francisco, Calif., to Supt. C. P. Cable Co., Midway Island, via Honolulu, T. H.

Leland Stevens, Marine Barracks, Mare Island, Calif., to Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Bremerton, Wash.

Paul C. Hohl, 398 Haight Street, Apartment 5, San Francisco, Calif., to U. S. S. *Texas*, Box 23, c/o Postmaster, New York City.

Mount Apo No. 45.—Bro. Charles H. McIlvain passed through Zamboanga, coming from Manila, going back to his plantation at Saub.

Bro. A. Horilleno, No. 11, and Mrs. Horilleno, returned from Manila, after a short vacation.

Mrs. José Lozada, wife of our Senior Deacon, was successfully operated at the Zamboanga General Hospital and is well again.

Bro. N. W. Clum, Widow Lodge No. 335, New York, left for Manila for eye treatment.

Bro. Juan S. Alanao, P.M., returned from Manila on S. S. *Pompey*.

Bro. E. Sanson, P.M., returned from Davao Gulf after spending a month fighting rinderpest in that district.

Bro. Bartolome J. Cuadra, No. 50, and family, are visiting relatives in Zamboanga.

Bro. José Magno, No. 102, is visiting Zamboanga.

Pampanga No. 48.—Bro. Pedro Abad Santos, P.M., who has for several months been sick is now well.

Bro. José Panlilio, interpreter of the Court of First Instance of Pampanga, was sick in bed in July.

Bro. Domingo Aviado, principal of the Pampanga Provincial Trade School at Bacolor, returned on the *President McKinley*, on July 18th, from the United States as a Government pensionado.

Bro. Saturnino David, also a Government pensionado and until lately provincial treasurer of Bohol, writes from Springfield, Mass., that he is doing well. He sends fraternal greetings to the Brethren.

Mrs. Nazaria Luciano, mother of Bro. Santiago L. Bautista, P.M., died at Malolos on July 12 and was buried on the same day at Santa Ana, Pampanga.

Bro. Isidoro Makabali, P.M., is mourning the death of his mother, Mrs. Venancia Liuanag, who died at San Fernando on July 14th and was buried at the municipal cemetery in Mexico on July 17th.

Sarangani No. 50.—(July 22, 1929). Bro. Dr. Pedro R. Santos, Senior Warden of this Lodge, left for Iloilo with his family to spend several months vacation; and Bro. Bartolomé J. Cuadra left today on the S. S. *Albay* to take his wife to Manila for a surgical operation.

Three children of Bro. José Madrazo and the youngest baby of Bro. José Elayda, secretary of this Lodge, are at the Davao Mission Hospital with bronchitis. The youngest baby of Bro. Sergio Salvaleon, treasurer of this Lodge, is also suffering from the same sickness.

Wor. Bros. Alfredo Zamora and Eugenio de Jesus, Past Masters, and Bro. Eugenio Durante are on an extended official inspection trip in the remotest districts of the Province of Davao.

(August 15th). After a short vacation in Iloilo with his family, Bro. Dr. Pedro R. Santos, Senior Warden of this Lodge, returned last week to resume his work as physician in the Davao Mission Hospital.

Bro. Henry C. Stanton, Junior Warden of this Lodge, left last week for an extended vacation in his home State, South Carolina. Bro. Lim Sui, a prominent merchant in this locality, also left last week for an extended vacation in China.

Pintong-Bato No. 51.—Bro. Meliton del Rosario, post-office inspector at Calamba, Laguna, has been transferred to Lucena, Tayabas.

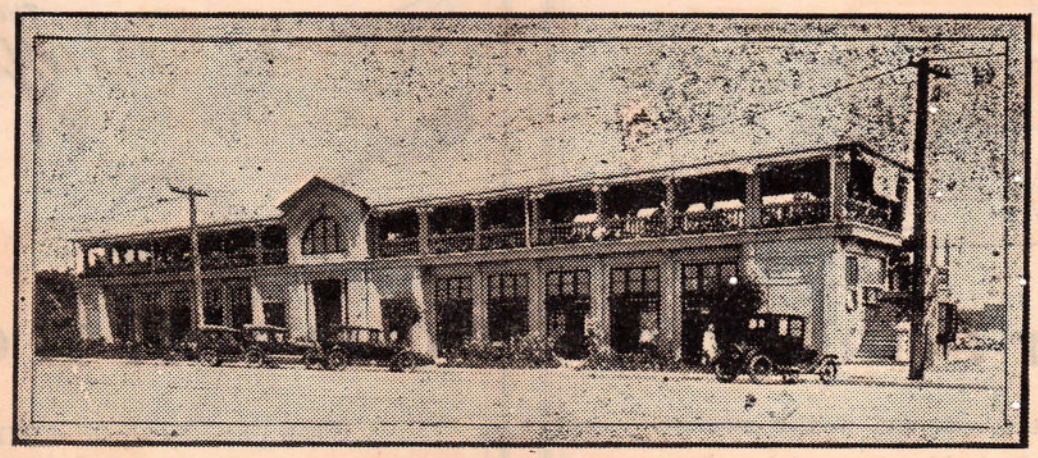
Bro. Mamerto Prudente sends greetings to all the Brethren of the Lodge from the U. S. Naval Station at Pensacola, Fla.

Bro. Florentino B. Bautista, post-office inspector at Cabanatuan, Nueva Ecija, who was on inspection at Bayombong, Nueva Vizcaya, last month, has returned to his station at Cabanatuan, Nueva Ecija.

Bro. Juan C. Bautista, of the U. S. S. *Black Hawk*, is in Manila on a 15-day furlough.

Makawiwili No. 55.—(See Spanish Section).

Pangasinan No. 56.—Wor. Bro. Clark James was host to Wor. Master and Mrs. Rafael M. Llorente and a number of other friends on July 13th, at a supper given by him in his new residence on East



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LEGASPI LANDING MANILA, P. I.

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Alvear Boulevard, Lingayen.

The Lodge mourns the untimely death of Brother Pablo D. Roy, 36 years, of this Lodge, who suddenly passed away early in the morning of July 23rd. The medical diagnosis showed that he died of cerebral hemorrhage. The body lay in state in his house in Lingayen where his Brethren and many friends watched over his remains until his burial the next Sunday, July 28th. He leaves a widow and three children.

The wife of Brother Cuadrato Manaois passed away in May this year, after a long illness.

Bro. Ignacio S. Bernabé came from Baguio on the 26th of July to pay homage to the late Brother Roy. He brought with him several wreaths made of selected Baguio roses. Bro. Bernabé is chief clerk of the city auditor of Baguio.

Bro. Manuel Peña has been transferred to Bauang Sur, La Union, to take charge of the railroad station there. He was formerly stationed at Mangaldan.

Isla de Luzon No. 57.—Wor. Bro. Ramón Mendoza has been ill for quite some time and his Brethren are missing his friendly face when they have any business to do at the Grand Secretary's office. The ailment of our Assistant Grand Secretary, which is kidney trouble, has weakened him considerably and he seems slow in recovering.

(See also Spanish Section.)

Mcgat No. 68.—Bro. Emiliano Anonas, special agent of the Bureau of Non-Christian Tribes, visited the municipal district of Pinappagan, Nueva Vizcaya, with the provincial governor and Bro. E. H. Dolojan, chief clerk and deputy of the provincial treasurer, during the early part of June.

Bro. Lázaro Milaor, academic supervisor and secretary of this Lodge, having been transferred to the capital as instructor at the Philippine Normal School, Bro. Arsenio Ramel, industrial supervisor, is now occupying the combined positions of academic-industrial supervisor of the province.

Bro. Juan Silva, provincial auditor, a member of Cabanatuan Lodge No. 53, and chief clerk and deputy Bro. E. H. Dolojan, our Senior Warden, have recently returned from official inspection trips in the municipalities of Aritao, Bambang and Dupax.

Bro. N. S. Vergara, provincial treasurer, is busy inspecting the realty tax collections in the municipalities of this province.

Bro. Capt. Diego Gloria, Jr., of the Constabulary, has been granted accrued leave of absence. A farewell dinner was given in his honor at the Directo Hotel.

Bro. E. C. Tito had the grief of losing his young daughter who died at the Bayombong Hospital. The remains were laid to rest in the municipal cemetery of Bayombong.

Bro. Luis J. Dangilan reports the death of his first-born at Trinidad, Mountain Province, where he is newly stationed.

Bro. Julio Tugab, treasurer of this Lodge, had the misfortune of losing his five-year-old beautiful daughter.

Bro. Pet. I. Vallejo writes that he is taking a vacation in Sorsogon and sends best regards to all the Brethren.

Wor. Bro. Domingo Maddela, P.M. and inspector of this Lodge, has left for Manila to attend the burial of his daughter Mrs. Nieves M. Zabarre.

Bro. Capt. H. C. Cambaliza reports that he is now stationed at Davao, Davao.

Bro. Sergeant Damaso Velasco reports that he is now at San Fernando, La Union.

Taga-Ilog No. 79.—(See Spanish Section).

Mount Lebanon No. 80.—Bro. W. S. Flavin has been in the Mary Chiles Hospital undergoing an operation for appendicitis. It was a rather complicated case and the Brethren rejoice that he is now fast recovering.

Bro. J. R. Kosh has returned from his trip to the United States.

Abra No. 86.—Most Wor. Bro. Quintín Paredes, P.G.M. and P.M. of this Lodge, has been chosen as Speaker pro tempore of the House of Representatives of the Philippines, during the absence of Wor. Bro. Manuel Roxas, and has taken hold of the functions of his office with the ability and energy that was to be expected of him.

Benjamin Franklin No. 94.—Wor. Bro. Harry Lawrence Noble, now engaged on the regular editorial force of the Lawyers' Cooperative Publishing Company, Rochester, New York, has put in an application for affiliation (on dual membership basis) in Seneca Lodge No. 920, of Rochester, as he does not wish to sever his connection with Benjamin Franklin Lodge.

Bro. J. R. Conrad writes that next year he will leave the active service and transfer to the Fleet Naval Reserve. He will make his home in Richmond, Va., for a few years at least.

Bro. Howard B. Rumsey's present address is Office of Chief of Infantry, War Department, Washington, D.C. He writes that he reads the CABLETOW and his Lodge circular wich great interest.

The Secretary of Tullock Lodge No. 395, of Tullock, Calif., writes that Bro. Samuel W. Stagg visited the Lodge on June 6, 1929.

Wor. Bro. James M. Bury was taken ill again on August 14th and is now at his home in Pasay, where Mrs. Bury, his devoted wife, who is a trained nurse, is taking excellent care of him.

Bud Daho No. 102.—Bro. Pablo Rivera, fiscal, received orders from the Office of the Attorney-General to remain in Jolo until after the trial of the murderers of Moro Japal Ali and his wife.

Bro. Col. Stevens inspected all Constabulary posts on the island of Jolo last July.

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Bro. Lieut. Liberato Littaua came to town from Camp Andrés in July with his daughter Virginia, whom he was taking to the Sulu Public Hospital for treatment.

Bro. José M. Burdeos, at present bookkeeper in the provincial treasurer's office, was one of the contestants in the promotional civil-service examination held on July 20th.

The first son of Bro. Lieut. Luciano Abia and the youngest son of Bro. Lieut. E. A. Fawcett (4) were baptized on July 20th. The mothers of the new Christians offered a tea party to their many friends on this occasion.

Miss Julia Schuck, nurse of the Sulu Public Hospital and daughter of our Bro. Julius Schuck, is leaving on the S. S. *Islas Filipinas* for the Baguio Hospital as supervising nurse and instructor of the Training School for Nurses. Miss Schuck is a graduate of the Zamboanga General Hospital Training School for Nurses and was head nurse of the Sulu Public Hospital until her recent transfer.

Wor. Master Dr. Julian Pilares, district health officer for Sulu, accompanied by Mrs. Pilares, went to Zamboanga in July to visit his sick sister, the wife of Bro. Dr. Demetrio Lacuna, district health officer for Zamboanga.

Bataan No. 104.—Bro. Pakingan has lost his infant son who died at the San Juan de Dios Hospital, of lobar pneumonia, and was buried at Limay on August 13th. Almost all the Brethren of Limay and Balanga attended the funeral.

The wives of Bros. Patricio Mistal and Leoncio Blanas are convalescing from serious illness.

Bro. Leo San Pedro's baby girl was taken to the Mary Johnston Hospital for an operation, on August 18th.

Bro. Leoncio Tolentino is back in Limay, after two months temporary duty at Cadwallader-Gibson's mill at Sipaco.

Bro. Pedro L. Paulino, of the Bureau of Agriculture, has been temporarily assigned to Cebu.

A Letter of Thanks

The Secretary of the Masonic Hospital for Crippled Children is in receipt of a letter of thanks from Bro. Juan Yuste, 1st Musician, U. S. Navy, whose son was discharged from the Masonic Hospital on July 24, 1929.

Bro. Yuste is very happy over the greatly improved condition of his child and asks that the expression of his gratitude be made public. He greatly appreciates our Dr. J. Abuel's "fatherly patience in attending to the poor little Cripples" and urges the Brethren to continue supporting this great work for humanity.

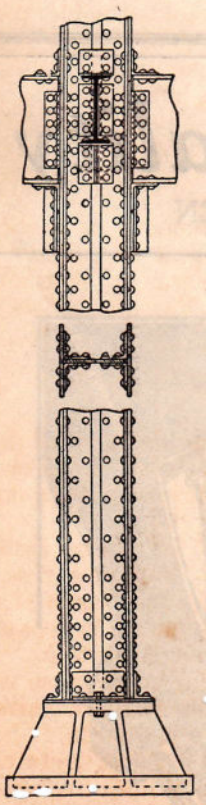
Masonic Publications and Masonry

Those who have studied the reasons for the unusual growth of Masonry have been forced to attribute much of this advancement to the growth and influence of Masonic publications. Many of the largest and most influential Masonic publications were established during the past thirty years and it has been found that the increase in Masonic memberships has far outdistanced the increase in population during the life of the publication and that the like period previous to the organization of the Masonic organ did not witness a growth in Masonry to compare with the growth since the publication entered the field.

As reluctant as some have been to attribute the increase in Masonry to the growth of its publications yet it is now generally conceded that the two have gone hand in hand. There are fifty pages of Masonic literature published today where one was published fifty years ago, and in turn $50 is being put into temples, Masonic homes and in Masonic relief work to every $1 expended fifty years ago. Publishers often hesitate to flaunt these facts for fear of being placed in the light of tooting their own horn, doubtless for that reason, this information seldom breaks into print.—*The Masonic News.*

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Built-up Riveted Columns.

BETHLEHEM Structural Shapes, consisting of Bethlehem I Beams, Girder Beams, and H Columns are scientifically proportioned sections with wide flanges Bethlehem sections are produced on mills which roll both web and flanges, thoroughly working all the metal in the section.

Wide flanges give Bethlehem Sections the advantage of increased lateral strength as compared with the standard Beam Sections of the same depth.

Bethlehem Sections, because of increased strength, can be used with economy in weight and a substantial saving in the cost of fabrication for every purpose where ordinary beams or riveted sections are used.

The illustrations herewith show the advantage of the Bethlehem Rolled Column Section when compared with a riveted column made of Standard Structural Shapes and Plates.

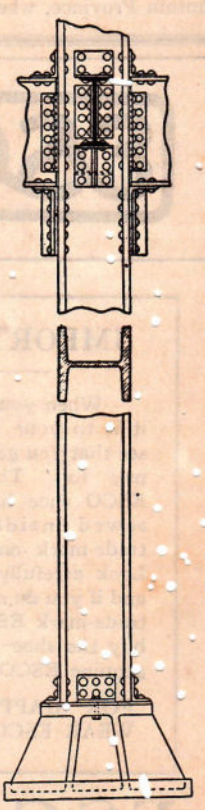
Bethlehem Girder Beam and I-Beam Sections range in sizes from 8″ to 36″ in depth and Bethlehem Rolled H Columns are made in nominal depths of 6″, 8″, 10″, 12″ and 14″.

New Handbook S-27 on Bethlehem Structural Shapes Sent on Request

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Bethlehem Steel Company also rolls American Standard Structural Shapes as follows: I beams, from 3″ to 24″ in depth; Channels, from 3″ to 15″ in depth; Equal Angles, from 1¼″×1¼″ to 8″×8″; Unequal Angles, from 1¾″×1¼″ to 8″×6″; Zee-Bars and Tee-Bars; Shipbuilding Channels, from 6″ to 12″ in depth; Shipbuilding Bulb Angles, from 6″×3″ to 10″×3½″; Car Building Channels and Bulb Angles.

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Seccion Castellana

Página Editorial

¿Es Lucrativo El Robo?

Leyendo los periódicos que diariamente nos dan cuenta de robos y desfalcos de importancia, cometidos por empleados públicos, nos preguntamos si es verdaderamente lucrativo el robo y si la honradez es tan sólo un lujo que se gastan los bobos y faltos de valor. La contestación que a esta pregunta dan los expertos en la materia, los grandes criminales y los criminalistas de más renombre, es que el crimen no es lucrativo y que si los criminales invirtieran la misma suma de energía y esfuerzo en algo útil, ganarían mucho más de lo que les produce el crimen. Desde el punto de vista moral, no es lucrativo nada que se pague con el honor y el respeto de sí mismo. Más tarde o temprano, el criminal tiene que satisfacer lo que debe a la sociedad. Hace una veintena de años, ocurrió en París un suceso trágico que nos parece útil citar como ejemplo. En uno de los conventos más de moda en París estaba educándose una jóven hermosa y simpática. Desde su infancia vivía separada de sus padres, pero una vez al año, éstos vinieron para sacarla y marcharse de veraneo con ella. Tenían un hermoso chalet en la playa y allí la chica pasaba algunas semanas deliciosas con sus padres amantes que la colmaban de cariño. La niña sabía que en alguna parte de París, sus padres tenían un establecimiento industrial y su casa, pero nunca había estado allí. No sabía, por esta razón, que sus padres eran dueños de un lupanar elegante que les producía pingües ganancias, y que calculaban que dentro de pocos años podrían retirarse del negocio con una fortuna nada despreciable.

Pero la niña se enamoró del hermano de una condiscípula suya, la cual, por envidia más bien que otra cosa, quería a todo trance impedir que el jóven se casara con su compañera. Dió parte de lo que se estaba preparando a su madre, la Sra. X., y le aconsejó indagara las condiciones y antecedentes de los padres de su amiga. Se descubrió todo, pero la Señora X., después de comunicarlo a su hija, la rogó no hablara más de ello, por caridad. Pasaron algunas semanas, cuando, por algún motivo de poca importancia, las dos niñas se disputaron y en el calor de la discusión, la una soltó todo lo que sabía de la familia de la otra. La pobre chica se quedó aturdida por el golpe tremendo que había recibido en sus sentimientos más caros. Logró escaparse del convento, se cercioró de la verdad de la acusación terrible, y se suicidó, y sus desgraciados padres siguieron su ejemplo poco tiempo después de enterarse de la muerte de la hija.—*L. F.*

Hogares Felices

Al aceptar la presidencia de los Estados Unidos, el Honorable Herbert Hoover pronunció las siguientes palabras: "Nuestro propósito es edificar en esta nación una sociedad humana y no un sistema económico. Deseamos aumentar la eficiencia y productividad de nuestro país, pero el propósito final es que haya más felicidad en los hogares."

La Masonería, al trabajar por el mejoramiento de la especie humana, también tiene como finalidad la felicidad de los individuos que componen la humanidad, sin distinción de raza, color o ciudadanía.—*L. F.*

De Fuentes Extranjeras

Nuestra Universalidad

"El principio de la universalidad masónica no tiene nada de común con el internacionalismo. Tampoco tiene nada que ver la universalidad con credos de reformas sociales como pacifismo, militarismo, socialismo o cualquier otra teoría general sobre transformaciones de los instituciones de la sociedad.

Es una exigencia fundamental de los Códigos (Constitutions) lo siguiente:

Que la Masonería tiene que vivir en paz con el Gobierno del país en que reside.

No tiene nada que ver con revoluciones políticas, sociales o industriales.

No es misión del Arte Masónico emprender obras políticas o sociales, ni hacer campaña alguna contra un Gobierno. Sea donde sea, el profano tiene que acercarse a la Masonería por su propia voluntad y convicción.

Si la Masonería aspira a una universalidad que la dé a conocer por todo el mundo, es porque ella cree que contiene en sí misma un ruego a los hombres de todas partes, sin consideración de raza, creencia o nacionalidad.

Con la elevada idea de una humanidad noble, piensa hallar en todos los sitios del mundo hombres que posean sentimiento y afán hacía lo sublime, que quieran colaborar con entusíasmo por el desarrollo de la humanidad.

La Gran Logia de Nueva York ha fundado Logias en Finlandia, Rumania y Siria. Esto acontece a la luz del día, no para ganar influencias políticas, sino para propagar los ideales de las enseñanzas masónicas.

Si los hombres mutuamente aprenden a conocerse mejor, la humanidad evolucionará hacia un mundo más noble. Pero cada pueblo debe conservar su sentimiento nacional y amor patrio".—*De "The Masonic Outlook" de New York.*

El Camino

Estamos en la vertiente del monte de la vida; de un lado los ríos bulliciosos, derribando árboles, desnivelando peñas, arrasando caseríos para confundirlo en el valle donde todo es igual, perdido en podredumbre.

En la otra las fuentes cantarinas, las riberas risueñas fertilizadas con limo de las alturas. Van esos ríos con infinidad de curvas, por interminable cauce como si quisieran abarcarlo todo, diríase que el alma de las cosas les llama indicándoles la misión del Gran Arquitecto. Aumenta su caudal con los riachuelos que acoge en su seno, llegando a ser inmensos ríos de apacible curso, navegables, arterias de vida, que conducen al mar, a lo infinito.

Así dos sendas para el hombre: al llegar la madurez de facultades entrevé la dualidad terrible, la línea divisoria de Payot, el principio de las dos finalidades: el mal y la suprema perfección. Esta que no se alcanza si no obra el milagro de un motivo poderoso para enfocar las facultades en lo bello.

Las matanzas sin sentido y el odio de los humanos, son obra de los descaminados, de los que siguen el ocaso de la vida. Nacidos para el mal, no hubo acción conjunta de

bondad que los salvara, es la florecilla perdida en el fangal! Porque, hasta la fiera y la víbora pueden convertirse en seres inofensivos, indicárseles el camino, el ideal, limándole la fiereza a aquélla o quitándole el veneno a ésta.

El santo de Asis, descubrió en lobo montaraz, la intención de un fiel amigo.

Cristo lo enseñó, su infinita sabiduría se esparció por el mundo cual germen bienhechor, columbrando en lontananza la senda que debieron seguir los descarriados.

La constante evolución del tiempo de armas de defensa y de combate. Defensa, las profesiones útiles que dan fuerza a los brazos para abrir la brecha necesaria.

De combate, para enfrentar con grande corazón las embestidas del destino y sembrar en las arenas del desierto la semilla de los triunfos.

Difícil es, empero, hallándose a la vera del camino apartarse de los aparecidos, saber seleccionar las sustancias propias para el desarrollo del germen de bondad que en nuestro ser tenemos, conducirse en medio del estruendo y el desorden al oriente. Mas, la salvación se encuentra en los templos, como el nuestro, donde la verdad y la belleza resplandecen.

En el antiguo Egipto y en los primeros pueblos civilizados de América encontramos costumbres bellas que pueden ser lección de Ética.

Cuando moría el Faraón o un Quetzalcoatl, su esencia se convertía en estrella luminosa e iba a formar parte de la constelación celeste, si las acciones buenas excedían a las malas, es decir, si habían servido de norma de provecho a aquellos pueblos infantiles.

Cada vez que el brillo de la Estrella de la mañana, del despertar a la vida era contemplado, las pasiones se aplacaban y los hombres volvían al trabajo, a la reedificación como sus dioses se los enseñaron. Rendían culto a la virtud y en este afán, llegaron al poderío dejando como legado precioso la sabiduría de nuestros tiempos.

Imitar la noble sencillez de esas costumbres, no es seguir un trazado de belleza en el camino? No es tener en la existencia un objetivo?

Penetrar al templo sagrado de virtud con las alas extendidas, recibir y conservar la caricia suave y dulce de los hermanos corazones que dan algo, será poseer en la vida, la senda de las bellas realidades! Un camino! Un ideal!—*Alonso de León* (*Boletín Masónico*).

¡Plegaria!

No me falte tu luz, Señor, te pido
En la lucha moral de la existencia,
Cuando la sombra con la luz batalla
Zozobrando la Fe de mi creencia.

Hay momentos de lucha incomprensibles
Cuando la duda su aguijón nos clava,
Emponzoñando las heridas hondas
Que enconadas dormitan en el alma.

Aparta de mi mente las ofensas
De los seres rastreros y cobardes,
Y haz, Señor, que mi alma sólo sienta
Compasión y perdón por sus maldades.

—*Juana Fúster Molla* (*Acacia, Puerto Rico.*)

"THE MAGALLANES SHOEMAKER"
PELAGIO P. HERMOSURA, Prop.
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Fabricamos botas y polainas y vendemos y recomponemos zapatos.
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De Nervo

Artifex vitae, artifex sui.

Muy cerca de mi ocaso, yo te bendigo, Vida,
porque nunca me diste ni esperanza fallida
ni trabajos injustos ni pena inmerecida;

Porque veo al final de mi rudo camino
que yo fuí el arquitecto de mi propio destino;
que si extraje las mieles o la hiel de las cosas,
fué porque en ellas puse hiel o mieles sabrosas:
cuando planté rosales coseché siempre rosas.

. . .Cierto, a mis lozanías va a seguir el invierno;
¡mas tú no me dijiste que mayo fuese eterno!

Hallé sin duda largas las noches de mis penas;
mas no me prometiste tú sólo noches buenas,
y en cambio tuve algunas santamente serenas...

Amé, fuí amado, el sol acarició mi faz.
¡Vida, nada me debes! ¡Vida, estamos en paz!

—*Amado Nervo* (*en "Dharma"*)

En el Sendero

Da un poco de tu amor al pordiosero;
da un poco de tu luz al ignorante;
y si llama a tu puerta el caminante,
déjale descansar bajo tu alero.

Son muchos los que cruzan el sendero
de la amargura, en caravana errante,
sin que haya un solo corazón amante
que les marque piadoso derrotero.

Como el Cisne Inmortal de Galilea,
da siempre de tu amor o de tu idea;
y cuando llegue la suprema hora

del balance final, no temas nada:
¡Dios te abrirá las puertas de su aurora
bajo el arco triunfal de una alborada!

—*R. Negron Flores* (*Acacia, Puerto Rico.*)

Necesidad de la Masonería

Al espíritu de asociación débese la mayor parte de los progresos realizados en los modernos tiempos, así en la industria y en el comercio, como en otras manifestaciones de la actividad humana. Se ha demostrado que el hombre, a diferencia de otros séres físicamente mejor organizados para la lucha por la vida, aventaja a todos por la inteligencia, con la cual suple la flaqueza de sus miembros, creándose las armas necesarias para el combate en que generalmente sale victorioso. Pero el hombre, aislado de sus semejantes, vale poco. Ha necesitado asociarse y de la reunión de las fuerzas, por la inteligencia dirigidas, ha salido su predominio sobre los demás animales. De otro modo vegetaría en el estado primitivo.

Es, pues, innegable que el hombre es un sér sociable por la naturaleza misma de su organización, y por el destino que está llamado a realizar en la tierra. Negarlo sería cerrar los ojos a la evidencia de los hechos. El industrial se asocia a otro industrial para mejorar sus efectos, y conseguir con el aumento de capital mayor suma de utilidades. El comerciante se asocia a otro comerciante para dar más extensión a sus negocios y obtener pingües ganancias. El hombre de letras se asocia igualmente a otros de sus mismas aficiones para acrecentar sus conocimientos en las artes, nutrir su espíritu con las ideas que los demás han concebido y realizar la belleza del modo que le parece más en armonía con las leyes del buen gusto

y de la racional imitación de la Naturaleza. La asociación, bajo cualquier punto de vista que se considere, es un medio y un fin. Una sola manifestación del humano espíritu había quedado aislada: la Moral, y nació la Masonería.

En la época presente, momento histórico admirable en que se agitan por todas partes violentamente las pasiones; en que parece que la humanidad experimenta una transformación radical en su manera de ser, sufriendo crisis dolorosísimas, en que los ideales que hoy surgen al choque de las ideas, desaparecen mañana por nuevos ideales arrastrados; en que la instabilidad de las instituciones apoca y desalienta a los más esforzados corazones, en este momento histórico sólo la Masonería resiste pujante y vigorosa el embate de tan diversos y destructores elementos. Y es que el instinto de la propia conservación, innato en el hombre considerado en sí mismo, se manifiesta de la misma manera en el conjunto de la raza. Las ideas políticas, las creencias religiosas, los intereses materiales de todo género, las preocupaciones de raza y las aspiraciones sociales se subordinan al sentimiento de la Moral pura, que es idéntica en Asia como en Europa, en África como en América.

Es cuestión matemática, por tanto, que la Masonería es una necesidad social, y que subsistirá siempre cualquiera que sean las transformaciones o vicisitudes que experimente la raza humana. Creer que el mejoramiento de las sociedades la haga innecesaria, es error. Subordinada como está a una idea absoluta, eterna e infinita, vivirá con ella y para ella mientras la tierra que habitamos forme parte en el concierto de los mundos. Solo que es preciso no desviarla del objeto a que está destinada. Encauzarla en el camino de la Moral es deber de todo Masón. Ahí está su gran fuerza generadora, su manantial fecundo en espirituales bienes. Impulsarla en otra dirección, por racional que sea, es debilitarla y falsear su objeto.

Conocida perfectamente la misión de la Masonería, ha demostrado hasta la evidencia su utilidad en todos los tiempos y en todos los pueblos, se ve claro como la luz de la necesidad que entraña. Ninguna otra institución tiene tan elevados fines. Los hombres de buena voluntad no permitirán jamás que falsos apóstoles la envilezcan, utilizándola para provecho propio. Sus entusiastas mantenedores sabrán despojarla de sus indignos atavíos, velando por la pureza de su dogma y conservando incólume la santidad de sus principios. Es empresa a que están obligados todos los hombres de espíritu independiente que en algo estiman el mejoramiento de sus semejantes, y que tienen fe en los destinos del género humano.

Si queremos cumplir el nobilísimo deber que espontáneamente hemos contraído, preciso es que utilicemos prudentemente los medios que la misma institución pone en nuestras manos para darle mayor prestigio y realizar su provechosa influencia en el desconcierto de las sociedades.

¡Educar! He aquí su única, su exclusiva misión. Nunca serán bastante grandes los sacrificios que hagamos en este sentido. Los masones todos, cual más cual menos, podemos contribuir a tan laudable propósito, lo mismo dentro que fuera de la institución. No es indispensable asistir a la Logia para cumplimentar esta primordial obligación, si es que verdaderamente se interesa uno por la futura suerte de la Masonería, que es como si dijéramos el porvenir de la humanidad.

Eduquemos. Cada día se hace más necesaria esta tarea. El que intenta eludirla con pueriles pretextos, o no es verdadero masón, o no comprende el alcance de las obligaciones que ha contraído al iniciarse

Es preciso preparar el corazón de las generaciones venideras a una vida más sosegada que la que disfrutamos en la época presente. Los dulces afectos no prosperan cuando la lucha de las pasiones y los intereses de partido agitan los pueblos. Los goces apacibles del espíritu sólo pueden saborearse a la sombra benéfica de la paz. La educación masónica neutraliza las amarguras de la vida real, y ejerciendo su influjo en el hogar doméstico, con bellos ejemplos de caridad y benevolencia, hace que los hijos imiten a los padres y propaguen más adelante la buena simiente que ha germinado en sus corazones, fecundada por la savia vivificante del mutuo respeto y del noble deseo de hacer el bien por el placer inefable que produce.

Armas de una potencia inverosímil se han inventado en estos últimos tiempos. No hay plaza fuerte que resista a su acción demoledora; pero la mejor templada es impotente para doblegar los corazones. La educación es la única arma que puede obrar semejante prodigio. La Masonería la tiene en su mano y debe esgrimirla a toda hora y en toda circunstancia para conmover el mundo.

Educad, masones, educad a los hombres para la realización de la moral, que ella trae consigo el imperio de la Libertad y del Derecho.—*C. G. Valdés, en "Boletín Masónico," San Salvador.*

La Mentira

Nos dice la Biblia, esa obra sublime que en prosa elegante y armoniosa cantó Juan Donoso Cortés que llamó "eterna palabra de Dios" y que dijo libro "donde han ido a beber su divina inspiración todos los grandes poetas de las regiones occidentales del mundo, y en el cual han aprendido el secreto de levantar los corazones y de arrebatar las almas con sobrehumanas y misteriosas armonías", que la mentira fué la primera arma corruptora que empleó el genio del mal para herir la felicidad humana; que puso en boca de la serpiente pára seducir a la primera encantadora pareja del Paraiso.

Y más adelante en ese mismo libro portentoso leemos esta sencilla pero elocuente sentencia del Rey Salomón, del Rey sabio de la fecunda tierra de Israel: "Los labios mentirosos son abominación de Jehová; mas los obradores de verdad su contentamiento", sentencia que cual aureola de gloria hace más resplandeciente la virtud de la veracidad.

La mentira no sólo se propone desfigurar el hombre ante el hombre, sino también el hombre ante su conciencia; de lo cual resultan dos formas de mentira que podremos llamar objetiva y subjetiva, respectivamente.

La objetiva es aquella de que hacemos víctimas a nuestros semejantes, y subjetiva aquella con que nos engañamos, o tratamos de engañarnos a nosotros mismos, con que acallamos la voz de nuestra conciencia.

De la mentira objetiva no es necesario dar ejemplos, pues ella es bien conocida. De la subjetiva citaré este que da el sabio filósofo español don Jaime Balmes, hablándonos de la necesidad que hay de tener en cuenta todas las circunstancias del individuo para juzgar su conducta.

Es el caso de un "hombre de intención recta y corazón puro pero pusilánime" que acalla su conciencia *vistiendo su falta* con el ropaje engañoso de la prudencia. En lucha consigo mismo se dice:

"*Hay un deber* que cumplir, es verdad; pero trae consigo la muerte de quien lo cumpla, y la orfandad de la familia. El mal se hará también de la misma manera, y quizás, quizás, los desastres serán mayores. Es necesario dar al tiempo lo que es suyo; la entereza no ha de convertirse en terquedad; los deberes no han de considerarse en abstracto, es preciso atender a todas las circunstancias; las virtudes dejan de serlo si no andan regidas por la prudencia."

Y así como este caso de mentira subjetiva originada por el temor, podríamos citar muchos y muchos con orígenes diversos.

Existen también dos formas correlativas de la verdad; aquella que obliga a nuestra voluntad a obrar atendiendo a los dictados de la moral y la justicia y que llamaremos subjetiva; y la objetiva que es la que se expresa para el conocimiento de nuestros semejantes.

La primera tiene grandísima importancia en la educación de nuestra voluntad, en nuestro carácter y en todas las manifestaciones de nuestra moralidad.

La segunda, resultante directa de la primera, es la que nos enaltece ante los ojos de nuestros semejantes.

Muchísimas veces oímos que personas de todas las clases sociales se vanaglorian de tal o cual vicio que constituye para ellos la demostración del valor, de la elegancia, del poder.

En la Historia encontramos que ciertos vicios y hasta crímenes han llegado a formar parte de las costumbres de un pueblo. En Esparta el infanticidio de los niños que nacían mal constituídos, y en gran parte de los pueblos bárbaros de la antigüedad el robo, son prueba de este aserto.

Pero la mentira nunca ha podido serlo ni lo será, porque el hombre ama la luz y la mentira es confusión, obscuridad; esparce el caos a su derredor. Es asquerosa por sí misma y así como el leproso esconde su lepra de la vista de los demás por no hacerse repulsivo, así el mentiroso aunque sienta deleite en el mentir cubre cuidadosamente su lepra moral.

Ese temor que experimenta el que falta a la verdad de que esto sea descubierto por las personas que lo rodean es quizás la prueba más inequívoca de que el respeto a la verdad es ley universal.

Ese mismo temor impele al mentiroso y a los que cometen faltas que detesta la sociedad en que vive, a esconderlas; y sólo nuevas y nuevas mentiras con el escondite cómodo y aparente seguro. Artificioso castillo de naipes construído en el vacío que se derrumba, tan pronto éste se deshaga, al contacto de leve brisa, dejando al descubierto el vicio depravado.

La mentira, como vemos, es la trinchera de las otras faltas humanas, es su escondite predilecto. Volemos la trinchera, sellemos el escondite y tendremos al vicio en el caso forzoso de batirse en retirada. Porque el individuo vive acosado siempre por la curiosidad de sus semejantes—curiosidad hija del instinto de conservación—y si no escondiere sus faltas en los pliegues de la mentira sería víctima de sus propias víctimas.

Y entiéndase bien que aquí no me refiero las mentiras inocentes que no encierran ningún propósito mezquino y muchas, ni siquiera pretensiones de engañar. Tales las ficciones literarias que a veces son de necesidad casi absoluta y a las cuales debe brillantes éxitos la literatura universal.

Las bromas también son mentiras inocentes, pero a veces llegan a ocasionar desgracias irreparables.

Tampoco quiero referirme a otras mentiras inspiradas por santos y elevados propósitos. La escuela pragmatista las apoya y nosotros nos abstenemos de analizarlas.

Nos limitaremos a ilustrarla con un ejemplo y dejaremos a los oyentes que la califiquen: Un hijo acaba de morir inesperadamente; la madre que lo ama entrañablemente no lo sabe. La noticia dicha bruscamente le ocasionaría la muerte. Un amigo para prepararla, le conversa de su hijo, le dice que está enfermo, en tal parte, después le manifiesta que está grave y al final es cuando le descubre la fría y triste realidad.

La mentira que ocupa especialmente nuestra atención, la culpable, toma formas diversas de acuerdo con las circunstancias; ya es disímulo, ya hipocresía, fraude o calumnia, en las cuales afecta nuestra vida privada; siendo quizás la última en la que resalta más la perversidad, la más dañosa en la vida social porque atenta contra el honor de las personas: ella es a menudo el producto de la envidia y la venganza.

Pero la mentira no sólo llega hasta aquí, sino que afecta también nuestra vida nacional. Pues el Juez que prevarica y el ciudadano que vota sobornado engañan a la Nación y causan así a menudo, daños irreparables a la Patria, tanto en el orden moral como en lo material.

Y en su manifestación que ataca el individuo como en la que afecta a la Nación misma tiene causas diversas. La cobardía, la vanidad y el mezquino interés son sus progenitores directos.

También hay mentiras, producto de imaginaciones calenturientas, que debemos disculpar: son hijas del error o del miedo y gozan de la convicción íntima de quienes las expresan.

Las creencias erróneas y las supersticiones también poseen esa íntima convicción y sólo deben inspirarnos lástima: son abortos de la ignorancia.

Hay, además, algo que sin que podamos calificar de mentiras es conveniente tratar aquí y son los juicios temerarios, que a menudo resultan errados y que, no obstante, hieren y dejan dolorosa herida en la honorabilidad de la desgraciada víctima, blanco de esos murmuradores, víboras que el cenegal anida como los apostrofó la pluma vibrante y armoniosa del poeta Díaz Mirón.

Ciertamente que en muchos casos es lícito y hasta prudente desconfiar de la virtud de los hombres, pero no lo es expresar esa desconfianza y menos con ánimo de denigrar.

El respeto a la palabra empeñada está tan íntimamente relacionado con el tema propuesto que creemos oportuno mencionarlo siquiera como una consecuencia lógica del amor de la verdad; pues la persona veraz no puede mentir promesas.

Sublimes ejemplos de esta virtud tenemos en Bolívar, quien independizando a América, cumple el juramento solemne que allá en tierras de la hermosa Italia, en la cumbre del Monte Sacro, hiciera en un momento de exaltación sublime.

Aníbal, luchando con todo el heroísmo y la perseverancia de que es capaz la especie humana, cumple el juramento que a la edad de nueve años hizo ante el altar de su Dios.

Régulo, muriendo satisfecho entre los atroces suplicios que ideara la venganza cartaginesa, es quizás el ejemplo más sublime de este santo respeto.

Recordemos a Jorge Washington, el padre de la patria norte-americana, "el primero en la paz, el primero en la guerra, y el primero en el corazón de sus conciudadanos", quien jamás manchó sus labios con la mentira cobarde; y presentémoslo a la niñez como acabado modelo rememorándole la historia del cerezo, árbol predilecto de su padre, estropeado por sus infantiles manos y cuya falta confesó con estas palabras, que todo niño bueno debe llevar en su corazón:

"No puedo decir una mentira, padre, ya sabe usted que no puedo decir una mentira, yo he sido quien lo he cortado con mi hacha; castígueme usted."

Recordando estos sublimes ejemplos de amor a la verdad que hallamos en la Historia, emprendamos confiados en el triunfo, la cruzada en su defensa y haremos nuestra felicidad propia haciendo felices a nuestros semejantes.

Comencemos inculcando ese amor a la niñez, que en esa edad el alma se moldea al querer de aquellos que toman a su cargo ese tesoro.

También en la juventud, primavera de la vida, días en que, según ha dicho nuestro genio inmortal Simón Bolívar, se templa el carácter y se pone el sello de sus destinos, debemos inspirar, robustecer ese amor santo a la verdad, de esa ley universal que rige en todos los pueblos, y que la sabia ley de Moisés ordena dos veces en las Tablas de la Ley; en el octavo y en el segundo mandamientos.

Porque el niño incapaz de mentir, evita cometer faltas; que siempre es doloroso confesarse culpable.

El alumno será obediente y aplicado porque con la mentira no escudará su desobediencia y desidia.

El joven será comedido en el ofrecer, recto en el proceder, porque no querría sino decir cosas que lo enaltecieran.

Y porque, después de los albores, en la plenitud y en los atardeceres de la vida ya el hábito de la verdad nos hace natural esta virtud, escudo y origen de las otras virtudes humanas.—*Profesor J. M. Quirós y Q., en "La Fraternidad," Panamá.*"

¿Qué es la Masonería?

El bien por el bien mismo, unión y fuerza,
Lluvia de amor, perfume en los altares,
Iris de paz que ahuyenta la perversa
Tiranía de los odios, que a millares
Perturban la quietud de nuestro suelo
Llenando el alma de angustioso duelo.

¿Qué es la *Masonería?* Es el incienso
Que se ofrece al Señor con infinita
Ternura, con inmenso
Fervor, con bendita
Y gloriosa devoción
En la honda liturgia de la oración.

Es la mirra, la mirra muy amarga
Que se ofrece a los mártires que juran
Lealtad y amor a ella, en su larga
Carrera, y por eso la apuran
Con estoica grandeza en el Calvario
De lágrimas y penas tributario.

Es el oro, riqueza incomparable
Que se encuentra en la mina del trabajo,
Quien va a ella no siente el detestable
Fastidio del que vive muy abajo
De lo noble, que encierra un alma buena.
Un alma que a la lucha va serena.

Es fuente de Moral, nunca rechaza
Al que profesa religión cualquiera,
No debate creencias, ni amenaza
Al que hiera cruel y vitupera,
No admite entre los hombres diferencia
Porque sus leyes son: Razón y Ciencia.

Muchos dicen que es una herejía
Ser masón, pero es que no comprenden
Que disipa la noche un nuevo día.
De la sublimidad ellos no entienden,
Dicen que es religión absurda y mala
Y que Luzbel apenas les iguala.

Y la *Masonería* jamás ha sido
Religión, como algunos lo sostienen,
Es una Institución que siempre ha ido
Pregonando el ideal de los que vienen
Sintetizando las ideas modernas,
Las que triunfantes vivirán eternas.

Ya no es tiempo de aviesos fanatismos,
La epidemia mortal de excomuniones
No existe ya. Fuego de misticismos
Se apagó. Ya no hay inquisiciones,
Porque en pleno apogeo del siglo Veinte
Golpes de pecho no se da el creyente.

La *Masonería* va encaminando
El libre pensamiento hasta la meta,
Ella va redimiendo y ayudando
Como en Jerusalem el buen profeta
Ayudó y redimió a los que sufrían
A los que bendiciones le pedían.

Fué el Maestro Masón que en sus doctrinas
Escudó la moral. Y en la Belleza
De todas sus parábolas divinas
Se encontró la instrucción y la pureza
Del ideal que benigno fortifica
En la Cruz y el Tabor que nos indica.

Y como *Jesucristo* los *Masones*
Sus parábolas tienen y sus ritos
Moralidad desbordan sus acciones,
No profanan sus símbolos benditos.
Porque en su código hay Filosofía
Amor, Fraternidad, Luz e Hidalguía.

Por eso desde lejos vine a ellos
En plena primavera. Sus ideales
Me guiaron a su Oriente con destellos
De antorchas siderales
Y al ver a la familia *Mexicana*
Mi alma les cantó: ¡Hosanna Hosanna!

Entré al templo. ¿Y qué ví?
Símbolos Santos, honda Filosofía
En todos ellos. Comprendí
Luego aquella Epifanía,
En su Oriente miré belleza rara,
En el Trono una estrella y mirra en Ara.

Y mi alma de tierna adolescente
Se estremeció de dicha y esperanza.
Solo una mariposa febrilmente
Allí revoloteaba. Y su confianza
Solo una mujer ya concentraba
en aquel Templo, porque ya lo amaba.

Aquella mariposa era mi alma
Que extasiada sonreía.
La mujer, era yo. Todo era calma.
Joyas áureas había
Y escrito en el Dosel purpúreo y terso
"A Gloria del Supremo Hacedor del Universo"

La Escuadra y el Compás, Gloria en el centro
Todo el ambiente respirando amores
Manos entrelazadas. Mas adentro
Efigies de incansables Redentores,
Amor, Luz y guirnaldas. Aquello era
Jardín azul de Augusta Primavera.

Todo me sonreía, todo me hablaba
De Redención, mi alma agradecía
La protección que franca me brindaba.
La Gloriosa y Leal Masonería
Y una prueba yo soy de sus Acciones,
Al llover sobre mí sus bendiciones.

Mujer.....mujer ¿Ya sabes? ¿Ya comprendes
Quienes son los Masones? ¿Aún lo dudas?
Te he abierto el camino, ven, ¿No entiendes
Todavía quiénes son? ¿Aún te escudas
Bajo el velo de avieso fanatismo,
Dominada por falso obscurantismo?

No, mujer, no los odies; con ternura
Bendícelos, son buenos
No le hacen mal a nadie. A ninguna criatura
Postergan, van serenos
Cumpliendo su misión de Redentores
Arroja, pues, en su camino flores!

Yo soy prueba del bien que ellos practican,
Que su Templo es mi hogar, nada me falta,
No hieren, no apostrofan, no claudican
Por eso es que a mi mente nunca asalta
La desconfianza. A ellos Pertenezco
Y Ante el Ara mi Alma les Ofrezco.

—*Maria del Refugio Guerrero, Mexico, D. F., en "Acacia," Montevideo (Uruguay).*

El León

(*Cuento por Lafcadio Hearn*)

Había en otro tiempo cuatro adolescentes de la casta de los brahmanes, cuatro hermanos que se amaban tiernamente, y que habían resuelto viajar juntos hasta un imperio vecino, a fin de buscar en él fortuna y renombre.

Tres de los hermanos había estudiado seriamente todas las ciencias, y conocían a fondo la magia, la astronomía, la alquimia y las más difíciles artes ocultas. En tanto, el cuarto hermano no poseía saber alguno, sólo tenía inteligencia.

De pronto, mientras viajaban, uno de los doctos hermanos hizo esta observación:

—No veo la necesidad de que nuestro hermano, desposeído como está de todo saber, haya de aprovecharse de nuestra ciencia. El no podrá nunca obtener el favor de los reyes y antes bien nos pondrá en ridículo. ¡Qué se vuelva para casa!

Pero el mayor replicó:

—¡No! Permitámosle participar de nuestra próspera fortuna mientras tanto, pues es nuestro hermano bien amado; que quizá logremos luego encontrarle un empleo en donde pueda ocuparse sin ser motivo de vergüenza para nosotros.

Con esto reanudaron su camino y pasado algún tiempo, como atravesasen una selva, advirtieron yacente sobre el sendero, la osamenta de un león. Eran unos huesos blancos como la leche y duros como sílex; tanto habíalos resecado y blanqueado el sol.

Entonces el que había censurado la ignorancia de su hermano menor, declaró:

—Mostrémosle a nuestro hermano algo de lo que es capaz de realizar la ciencia; burlémosle de su falta de saber, devolviéndole la vida a estos huesos, de los cuales haremos un nuevo león. Mediante algunas palabras mágicas, yo puedo ordenar a estos huesos que se reunan de manera que guarden el orden primitivo y encajen unos y otros.

Y pronunció las palabras mágicas de suerte que los huesos se juntaron, ocupando cada cual el lugar que le era propio, y el esqueleto del león quedó regenerado a sus pies.

—Yo—declaró el segundo hermano—puedo, gracias a una fórmula encantada, cubrir estos huesos con tendones, cada uno en su lugar y rehacer los músculos y enrojecerlos con sangre, y crear los humores, las venas, la médula, los órganos internos y la piel externa.

—Por lo que a mí hace—exclamó el tercer hermano—puedo, en virtud de una mágica palabra, dar calor a esta sangre y movimiento a este corazón, de modo que el animal viva, respire y pueda devorar a las demás criaturas. ¡Y hasta lo escucharé rugir!

Pero antes de que hubiese pronunciado la palabra encantada, el cuarto hermano, que nada conocía colocó la mano sobre la boca del hermano mayor, y gritó:

—¡Detente! No profieras esa palabra. . .Porque lo que aquí vemos delante de nosotros es un león, y si le das vida, nos devorará. . . .

Mas sus hermanos se rieron en su cara e hicieron mofa de él. Finalmente, le dijeron:

—¡Vuelva a casa, imbécil, es lo mejor! ¿Qué sabes tú de ciencia?

Pero el joven les replicó:

—Aguardad al menos, para resucitar este león, a que vuestro hermano haya logrado refugiarse en aquel árbol.

Y consintieron en ello.

No bien había trepado al árbol, cuando la palabra fué pronunciada, y el león se movió y abrió sus grandes ojos amarillos. Luego se estiró, se levantó y comenzó a rugir. Y saltando sobre los tres doctos sabios los mató y los devoró.

Y cuando se hubo ido el león, el adolescente, que nada sabía de ciencia y que no poseía sino inteligencia, bajó del árbol e ileso regresó a su casa.—*Tomado de "Fraternidad", Mexico, D. F.*

"LOS ARQUITECTOS"

HISTORIA Y ESTUDIO DE LA MASONERÍA

Traducción de la célebre obra "The Builders," por Dr. Joseph Fort Newton

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

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

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

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

THE CABLETOW

524 MASONIC TEMPLE MANILA, P. I. P. O. BOX 990

Noticias del País

Noticias de Camarines Norte

Nuestro activo Hmno. Clemente Bernabe, Secretario de la Logia Taga-Ilog No. 79, nos envía notas muy interesantes sobre la situación masónica en la provincia de Camarines Norte. Como ya saben nuestros Hermanos, dicha provincia, formada hace pocos años por la división de la provincia de Ambos Camarines, aún no cuenta con una Logia, como la tienen hoy casi todas las provincias del Archipiélago, y según nos dice, en Camarines Norte hay un número suficiente de Hermanos deseosos de formar un nuevo Taller y practicar el Arte Real. Dicen ellos que ahora están allí como soldados sin cuartel. Entre los Masones pudientes e influyentes de dicha provincia se hallan los Hermanos Luis Miguel, José Santos, Juan Pimentel, Capt. Warwick y otros más. Es más, Daet, la cabecera de la provincia, es pueblo natal del Hmno. C. Bernabe mismo, el cual dice que tarde o temprano tendrá que volver allí para residir permanentemente.

El Hmno. Bernabe manifiesta, además, que los Masones de Daet, sobre todo los Hmnos. Miguel, Santos y Pimentel, arriba mencionados, le han dispensado muchas cortesías durante su estancia en dicho pueblo.

De la Logia Malolos No. 46, Malolos

Como se ha anunciado ya oportunamente en el número anterior del CABLETOW, la acostumbrada reunión fraternal que se celebra mensualmente por los miembros de la Logia Malolos No. 46, se llevó a cabo el 18 de Agosto, en el municipio de Bulacan, en la pesquería del Ex-Venerable Hermano Jacinto Molina, a la que concurrieron muchos hermanos tanto de Bulacan como de Manila, y muchas chicas de Malolos y Manila.

La numerosa comitiva, encabezada por los oficiales de la Logia Malolos No. 46, partió del Templo Plaridel en Malolos a las 9 de la mañana en 10 automóviles, en dirección a Taliptip, Bulacan, desde donde ha sido transportada en dos lanchas hermosamente decoradas, llegando a la pesquería a las 11:00. Después del desembarque de la comitiva en el pantalan de la pesquería comenzó inmediatamente el baile al compás de la afamada orquesta de Bulacan, que iba con la misma comitiva en la lancha.

A las 12:00 se suspendió el baile y el hermano Molina, ayudado por su amable esposa, ofreció una suculenta comida a los numerosos invitados. Entre charla amena y familiar terminó la comida a la 1 de la tarde en que todos se levantaron muy satisfechos.

Después de la comida, el hermano Molina ofreció a las chicas invitadas dos docenas de pañolitos de seda, uno a cada una, como grato recuerdo de aquella memorable reunión. También ofreció 3 premios especiales de perfume mediante un juego de eliminación en que tomaron parte 24 chicas que caminaban al compás de la orquesta alrededor de 23 sillas colocadas en forma de círculo, sentándose todas inmediatamente al cesar la música, quedándose eliminada aquella que no haya podido ocupar ningún asiento, repitiéndose el juego hasta eliminar a todas, correspondiendo el primer premio a la última que se queda, el segundo a la penúltima y el tercero a la antepenúltima, siendo agraciadas respectivamente las señoritas Natividad Samaniego, Maria Ocampo y Remedios Morelos.

Ya eran las 4 de la tarde cuando se disolvió tan amena reunión, quedándose todos muy satisfechos de la amabilidad con que la familia Molina agasajó a sus invitados.

Es probable que la reunión para el mes de Septiembre se celebre en el mismo Templo Plaridel en Malolos y la darán los hermanos residentes en este municipio.

De la Logia Makawiwili No. 55, De Capiz

El Her. José Ortiz Barrios ofreció un banquete en su casa en Dao, Capiz, en honor del Her. Ildefonso D. Jimenez, nuestro nuevo tesorero provincial, el día 7 de Julio de 1929.

El Her. Magin Morales ha estado en Capiz para mandar reconocer a su esposa que padecía de una enfermedad en el Hospital Emmanuel. Volvieron a su pueblo después de dos días.

El Her. Vicente Salas Reyes ha estado de paso en esta cabecera; vino de Antique para Calivo por asuntos de negocio.

El Her. Fidel Fernandez, miembro de la Logia Makabugwas No. 47, ha estado cuatro horas en Cápiz por negocios propios. Visitó nuestra Logia antes de su marcha.

De la Logia Isla de Luzon No. 57

El domingo 11 de agosto, el Venerable Hermano Felisberto Z. Soriano celebró un agape familiar en su residencia con motivo del bautismo de su nieto. Recordamos haber visto entre los presentes a los Hermanos Ladislao José, Emeterio C. Yalong, Santiago Gochangco, J. M. E. Leon y otros más cuyos nombres no recordamos en estos momentos.

El Hermano Vicente P. Flechero se halla hoy empleado en una de las bodegas de la Rizal Cement Co.

De nuevo se halla entre nosotros el Hermano Nicanor Abelardo para permanecer definitivamente en Manila y estar al frente de la Orquesta del Cabaret de Santa Ana.

De la Logia Marble No. 58, Romblon

El Hmno. Matias S. Martinez, nuestro Prim. Vig., ha inaugurado el día primero de este mes su nueva casa, que es un hermoso edificio levantado en el punto comercial de la plaza Libertad de esta capital.

Nuestro Ven. Maestro se encuentra actualmente en la isla de Tablas desde hace algunos días en el cumplimiento de deberes oficiales, acompañándole el Ingeniero de Distrito Hmno. F. Piczon.

El Hmno. Domingo J. del Callar nos ha comunicado el cambio de su residencia de Dagupan, Pangasinan, a Tarlac, Tarlac, siendo gerente de la Nava Motor Company en este último punto.

De la Logia Taga-Ilog No. 79

El secretario de esta Logia Ven. Her. Clemente Bernabé (P. M.) con toda la familia, acaba de volver de Daet, Camarines Norte, donde estuvo de vacaciones.

Los oficiales de esta Logia hicieron una visita de sorpresa al hermano Alfredo Maglaya cuya residencia está en Santol. Tanto el hermano Maglaya y su distinguida señora se encuentran bastante mejores de salud.

El hijo mayor del hermano Antonio Maglaya que estuvo postrado en cama por más de un mes padeciendo de disentería, ya se halla en completa convalecencia.

Nuestro Capellán, el Rev. Hermano Guillermo Valido, con toda la familia, se encuentra en Silang, Cavite, de vacación para recuperar la salud de su señora que estuvo enferma de gravedad hace meces.

El hermano Restituto Carpio, después de estar por más de una semana en cama atacado del dengue, ya ha vuelto a su oficina.

La esposa de nuestro hermano Rufino Peralta ya está fuera del hospital en plena convalecencia.

El hermano Tomas M. Ferrer y Sra. han tenido la desgracia de perder a su hijo Gonzalo, que falleció el 31 de Julio de disentería japonesa, y fué enterrado el 3 de Agosto.

La Sra. Juanita Aguilar de Fernandez, esposa de nuestro hermano Modesto Fernandez que está en Amèrica, se encuentra enferma de mucho cuidado en su residencia No. 1123 Trabajo. El Ven. Maestro comisionó a los hermanos Bernabé y Lontoc para hacer visitas a la enferma y ofrecer toda ayuda necesaria, en vista de la ausencia del hermano Fernandez.

Está de enhorabuena nuestro P. Vigilante, el hermano José Timbol, que ha sido asignado para ocupar temporalmente la jefatura de la sección de Sellos de Correos.

El hermano Alberto Capule nos comunica que su esposa e hijos se encuentran todos enfermos.

Nuestro Guarda Templo ha tenido la desgracia de perder a su madre que falleció de debilidad senil. El entierro se verificó el día 2 de Agosto.

El hermano Romualdo Sator está de enhorabuena. No solamente se le ha aumentado de haber sino que ha cobrado toda la suma del aumento desde el año 1928. Por este motivo dió un *Blowout* improvisadamente a algunos de los hermanos de la Logia.

El hermano Isabelo Sanga va progresando. El año pasado había adquirido una máquina Linotype que le costó ₱12,000 y ahora acaba de adquirir otra máquina del mismo tamaño pero de más valor que acaba de ser instalado en su Imprenta Juan Luna 351.

La Sra. Naka, esposa del hermano Sotaro Kumagari, acaba de embarcarse para el Japón, en donde permanecerá de vacaciones con sus dos hijas hasta antes del próximo diciembre.

Después de algunos días que estuvo guardando cama con trancazo, el Ven. Maestro Julian Gimenez ha vuelto a trabajar en su oficina.

Cualquiera oportunidad para hacer un favor, otorgar un beneficio o prestar un servicio a un hermano, que el Masón deje de aprovechar cuando pueda buenamente hacerlo sin daño ni injusticia para sí ni para aquellos que están ligados a él por lazos de parentesco, le hace culpable de un acto de deslealtad y le deshonra: el dejar de ayudar a un hermano es perjurio: y veneramos en nuestros Templos la amistad verdadera, tierna y consoladora no tanto porque sea un sentimiento, sino porque, siendo un deber, puede llegar a ser una virtud.—*Pike.*

¡ANUNCIADORES!

Los anuncios más económicos en el *Cabletow*, del tamaño del presente (1 por 3¾ pulgadas), cuestan solamente 4 pesos por inserción o ₱21.60 al semestre si hay contrato por seis meses. No hay medio anunciador mejor que

THE CABLETOW

A SUGGESTION TO ADVERTISERS

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

Gentlemen:

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

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

The paper has the following special advantages:

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

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

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

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

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

Yours very truly,

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

CABLETOW READERS BY PROVINCES

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

Abra	39	Misamis	49
Albay	27	Mountain Province	54
Antique	25	Negros Occidental (2)	87
Bataan	21	Negros Oriental	28
Batangas	119	Nueva Ecija (3)	208
Bohol	46	Nueva Vizcaya	54
Bulacan	115	Palawan	29
Cagayan (2)	128	Pampanga (2)	70
Capiz	82	Pangasinan (2)	103
Camarines Sur	42	Rizal (5)	236
Cavite (11)	1,138	Romblon	38
Cebu (2)	177	Samar	34
Davao	49	Sorsogon	47
Ilocos Norte	111	Sulu	20
Ilocos Sur	45	Tarlac	29
Iloilo (2)	149	Tayabas (7)	297
Isabela	71	Union	68
Laguna (4)	212	Zambales (3)	127
Leyte	56	Zamboanga	96
Manila (28)	2,629	Guam, M. I.	92
Masbate	26		
Mindoro	45	Total	7,118