The Cable Tow

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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



Wor. Bro. José A. Ramos
Patriot and Mason
Died October 24, 1921

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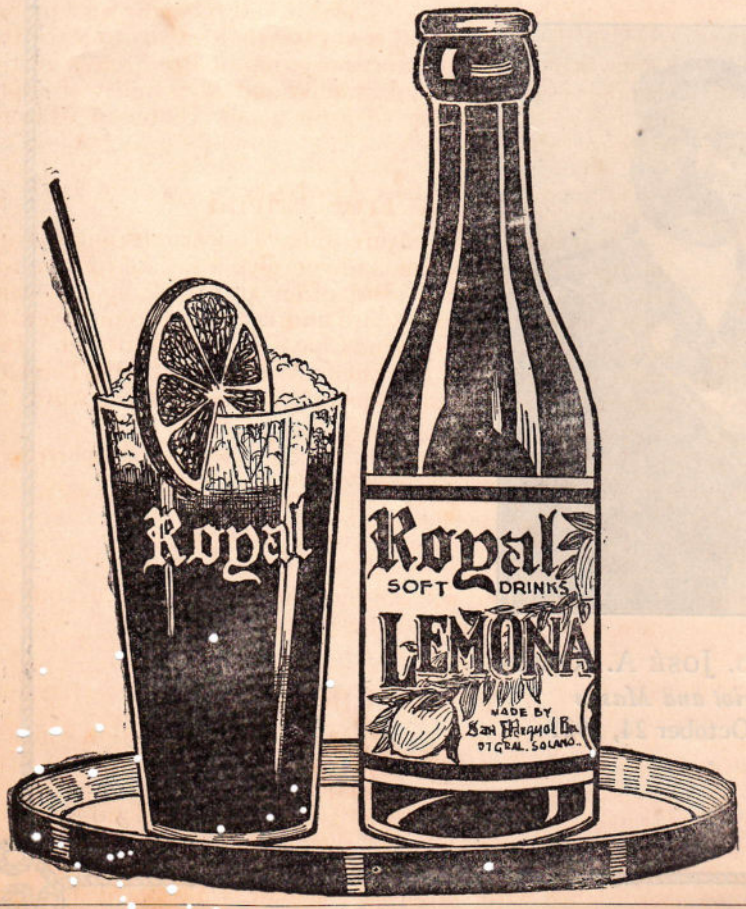
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THE CABLETOW

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 Fight Against Tuberculosis

"Tuberculosis takes so many lives yearly and saps the vitality of thousands and thousands of inhabitants of these Islands that every attempt to curb its ravages is a humanitarian work that merits the full support of the people." These are the introductory remarks of Governor-General Dwight F. Davis in the proclamation by which he declares the week from October 12 to 18, 1929, as Antituberculosis Week in the Philippine Islands and asks all public officials and citizens to aid the Philippine Anti-Tuberculosis Society in carrying out its educational program and in raising funds for its work.

The tasks which the Society mentioned hopes to accomplish with the support of the public are as follows:

1. Increase the capacity of the Santol Tuberculosis Sanatorium for incipient cases.
2. Construction of Hospitals for the segregation of advanced cases of tuberculosis.
3. Establishment of more clinics in the different districts of the city of Manila and in the provinces.
4. Establishment of public health nurse service.
5. Provide physicians for cases undergoing home treatment.
6. Educational measures for the families and a thorough study of contact together with instructions in nutrition under the supervision of a nutrition specialist.
7. Social welfare service to secure provision for charitable relief of the tuberculous poor and aid in other social problems.

During the nineteen years that it has been in existence, the Anti-Tuberculosis Society of the Philippine Islands, handicapped by insufficient funds and by an almost insurmountable indifference on the part of the great bulk of our population, has been slow in its growth. Considering that the number of sufferers from the "white plague" in these Islands amounts to over half a million, the task before it is tremendous. We are told that half of these sufferers are in need of immediate sanatorium care, while the present capacity of the Society's sanatorium at Santol is only 220 beds, all of which are occupied.

"For every incipient case admitted in the Sanatorium one human life is saved, and for every advanced case segregated, the spread of tuberculosis is diminished," we are reminded by the Society in its appeal to the public.

Like all campaigns for the benefit of suffering humanity, the forthcoming drive of the Anti-Tuberculosis Society should have the hearty support of all members of the Masonic Fraternity in these Islands.—*L. F.*

New Lodges

The organization of new Lodges in communities where there are several Lodges, some of which are small, is not to be encouraged. But we are always ready to applaud the pioneer spirit that prompts a few Masons residing in a district without a Lodge to form one. The expense and toil involved are considerable, but the reward is great. The first years of existence of the new Lodge are apt to be a period of struggles, worries, and discouragement. But later, the recollection of those trying years forms the pride and glory of a Mason's life. A Craftsman who has worked at the erection of a new Lodge, fired by the enthusiasm that inspires the builder with a vision, will never become lukewarm in Freemasonry. There is still room for such pioneer work in the Islands and it always gladdens us to learn that somewhere in the provinces a group of Brethren is getting together to discuss the possibility and advisability of applying for a dispensation to form a new center of Masonic activity.—*L. F.*

A True Friend

It is but human nature to have a warm feeling towards the man who praises us and conceive a dislike for one who criticizes our actions. But often an attack by an enemy shows us what we really are and lays open to our view defects in us that our friends have never mentioned. In a poem entitled "To an Enemy," Maxwell Bodenheim expresses this idea most eloquently in the following words:

> I despise my friends more than you.
> I would have known myself, but they stood before the mirrors
> And painted on them images of the virtues I craved.
> You came with sharpest chisel, scraping away the false paint.
> Then I knew and detested myself, but not you;
> For glimpses of you in the glasses you uncovered
> Showed me the virtues whose images you destroyed.

A true friend will not hide our defects from us, but will warn us of all approaching danger.—*L. F.*

You Will Be Criticized!

When a person holds a position of any kind in which he is required to make decisions and take action, he is often advised not to do this or that, because it will expose him to criticism. The reference is generally to the loud-mouthed, intolerant element which is the quickest to criticize anything not to its liking and is sure to annoy any one not acting in accordance with its ideas. A man is a coward if he acts against his own ideas and convictions in order to avoid

criticism from such quarters. Marcus Aurelius has left us a maxim which all Masons, especially those who hold an executive office of any kind, might well adopt as a motto: "I do my duty; other things trouble me not."—*L. F.*

The Teacher

We are sure that there are few Masons who do not retain affection and gratitude for the Brethren who taught them the work. The Master of the Lodge in which we received the degrees of Masonry and the Brother who was designated to impart the candidate's lectures to us are among the Craftsmen whom we are not apt to forget. If they measure up to their task, such Masonic teachers sow seeds sure to bear rich fruit. Often in later years, their grateful pupils will remember them by recollecting some particular injunction laid upon them by these Masonic mentors. There are many good and zealous Masons who, recognizing the importance of the Masonic teacher, are always ready to take over the duty and responsibility of working on the rough ashlar, of forming the mind of a Mason that is to be. We have known a few, and we occasionally hear the name of one or the other mentioned by some Brother who sat at his feet in the days gone by. They were true teachers. They left the world better than they found it. Of them, the poet said these beautiful words:

Perchance when roaming o'er some rustic way,
Breathing the fragrance of a summer's day,
The rambler sees a bit of broken ground,
Old-fashioned, hardy roses growing round;
And, coming nearer, he may next espy
The crumbling fragments of a house close by.
The walls have fallen, and the beams are gone,
And yet, in spite of years, the flowers live on,
And still bear witness of the kindly care
Of some fond hand that sometime placed them there.
So the true teacher, when his work is o'er,
Leaves the world better than it was before.
Not measured by his years, the life he lives,
Immortal are the lessons that he gives,
Truth, beauty, goodness, these are growths sublime.
Deep planted they survive the test of time.

—*L. F.*

Too Old!

The age limit set by big concerns and corporations in the United States for their employees has been gradually reduced until it is now so low that a protest against it is being voiced from many quarters. Special fitness and experience are counted as nothing. At an age at which a man was formerly considered most useful because of the experience and steadiness that comes with the years, he is now rejected as being superannuated.

Even Masonic Bodies have taken up this question. At its last Annual Communication, the Grand Lodge of New York went on record as opposed to the practice mentioned, when it resolved that the policy of "refusing employment to men solely because of the fact that they may be older than the prescribed age limitations and without regard to the special fitness of the individuals for the work to be performed is not in accord with our Masonic teachings and professions."—*L. F.*

A Masonic Library

Every Mason should have a small Masonic library. A few standard books suffice. If every member of the Fraternity had such a library and read those books, we would not hear the bunk that is being served out and consumed at Masonic gatherings when prominent Brethren who ought to have some rudimentary information about Freemasonry are called upon to address the Lodge. The applause following such talks and the favorable comment on the erudition of the speaker show that the audience does not know more about the subject than the Brother who has discussed it with such great satisfaction to himself. It takes very little effort to acquire an elementary knowledge of the history of Freemasonry, and that is all that seems to be necessary to entitle a man to being considered as a Masonic scholar. But, unfortunately, many of the members who address Masonic gatherings from the East lack even that elementary knowledge. The light that comes from the East is a snare and a delusion as far as they are concerned.

No man who reaches the East or aspires to the East should be without Masonic lore and Masonic books.—*L. F.*

Appreciation of What We Have

We are prone not to appreciate the blessings that we enjoy until they fail us. On occasion of the typhoon early last month, the floods caused by the heavy rainfall destroyed part of the water mains and the population of the city of Manila found itself faced by a water famine. The city water was cut off part of the day, the pressure was insufficient to carry the water furnished higher than the ground floor, and there was hardly a person who did not experience inconvenience and difficulties or suffer financial losses on account of this situation. Of a sudden, water was appreciated. It was no longer wasted, because it had become precious. It was hoarded. People went far to get it, fought for it and even knifed each other because of it.

What a lesson!—*L. F.*

Temperance

In these days of over-indulgence in drinking, smoking, and eating, Masons should remember the example of an illustrious member of the Craft, Benjamin Franklin. The *Philippine Observer* makes the following editorial remarks concerning that great American and the cardinal virtue practised by him throughout life:

When Benjamin Franklin was a young man, he decided to strive for moral perfection. With this in mind he prepared a list of thirteen virtues which were to serve as his guide. The first on that list was *temperance* with the accompanying statement, "Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation." By his example of temperance Franklin, from youth to old age, proved the sanity and strength of temperance. When others thought that strong beer made them stronger for their labor, this "water American," as they called him, proved that temperance makes for strength. They groaned under the weight of one form of lead while he carried one in each hand.

Science today verifies this contention. Therefore it remains for our youth to decide whether they will choose the ascending ladder of temperance or the descending stair indulgence.

Exclusive Territorial Jurisdiction

On our editorial desk lie Masonic journals in many languages and from many countries. Most of them are in English, but there are others in Spanish, Dutch, French, German, and Portuguese. They come from all parts of the globe, from places as distant from each other as the United States and Germany, Portugal and South Africa, Australia and Brazil, Java and Uruguay. But in all we notice the same disapproval of clandestine and irregular Masonry and the same tendency to insist upon territorial rights. As to the latter, the important Masonic powers have, with very few exceptions, swung into line. The recent action of the International Masonic Association in turning down the two clandestine and irregular organizations in the Philippine Islands who had applied for admission, and the action of the Grand Orient of France in withdrawing from Pennsylvania and refusing to charter a Lodge in the city of New York, show that the doctrine of territorial jurisdiction is gaining ground. More and more, the necessity of discipline and organization in the hosts of Freemasonry is being recognized, and poaching and trespassing are being discountenanced and condemned throughout the Masonic world, even where formerly they were considered as very convenient means of raising revenue.—*L. F.*

Welcome to the Asiatic Fleet

Some time this month, the first vessels of the Asiatic Fleet will steam past Corregidor and enter Manila Bay for another stay in the Philippines. We shall be glad to shake hands again with the many sailors and marines on board of the vessels of the U. S. Navy who are members of our great Fraternity. The Navy does not do things in a small way, and when a sailor or marine is a Mason he is generally a good one and a live wire in Masonic work.

The Masons in the U. S. Navy must not forget that they are always welcome in our Lodges and we hope to see them all come to our meetings and attend our gatherings. The latch string is out—you are welcome!

Bon Voyage, Most Wor. Bro. Manuel L. Quezon!

Our best wishes go with Most Wor. Bro. Manuel Quezon, who has just left for a trip to China and Japan. On his return, he will leave for Europe, where he is going to recover his health. May his voyage be a happy and safe one and may he return to his native land well and strong!

Most Wor. Bro. Newton C. Comfort's Illness

Our readers will be pleased to learn that after having been ill at St. Paul's Hospital from September 6th to 21st, Most Wor. Bro. Newton C. Comfort, P.G.M., our Grand Secretary, is now at home, convalescing from a minor operation. The stay at the Hospital forced our active Brother to take a complete rest and we sincerely hope that it will have been a blessing in disguise. Some of our younger Brethren who complain of being too busy would open their eyes if they knew the vast amount of work accomplished by our veteran Grand Secretary.

Letters of Appreciation

The wives of our Brethren are assiduous readers of the CABLETOW and appreciate it, as shown by recent letters.

Mrs. W. D. Evans, 328 Elizabeth St., Key West, Fla., wife of Bro. Evans, of Corregidor Lodge No. 3, who was in the Islands from 1906-1908 and 1915-1918, and remembers Manila and Manila folks with great pleasure, says, among other things, the following:

"When I enjoy anything, I must always congratulate the person through whom I have enjoyed it, and I have been reading your writings with much pleasure in each CABLETOW and enjoyed them all, but this last one about the Onyx Ring I enjoyed more than any other and it really made me homesick for beautiful Manila. I shall await anxiously to see how this story comes out. You are certainly a great worker with the CABLETOW; I read everything in the paper from cover to cover."

Mrs. Lena H. Hulbert, 5224 Hartwick Street, Los Angeles, Cal., wife of Bro. C. H. Hulbert, writes to Bro. A. Schipull, secretary of Manila Lodge No. 1, as follows about the CABLETOW:

"He and I enjoy reading it each month; it recalls names and past acquaintances and reminds us often of Masonic pledges and duties we are apt to slide by."

Old Friends in Panama

Being a Sojourner, the editor receives *The Sojourner*. In the August issue of that interesting paper he noticed an account of a meeting of Panama Chapter No. 35, National Sojourners, held on April 25, 1929, and reported by Col. Van Schaick, a Brother well known in the Islands, from which we copy the following portion concerning other Brethren known to many of our readers:

"I've known this man nearly thirty years," said Doctor Gurney to his friends, as he grasped my hand. He used to be the Chief of the Medical Service of the Philippine Constabulary. Justice Trent, formerly of Manila, was there. Tall, gray, erect, smooth ruddy face, blue eyes behind glasses, gray eyebrows, a Tennessee drawl, a keen mind, and a sense of humor, he adds personality to any gathering.

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. Mariano Chico (69), Clemente Bernabe (79), and Henry S. Townsend (94), to act as Grand Lodge Committee for Visiting the Sick during the month of October, 1929.

Brethren Seeking Employment

142.—Ex-municipal teacher, with 9 years experience, 33 years of age, married, two children, lately employed as time-keeper and gravel checker, Bureau of Public Works, is willing to accept any position with adequate compensation in Manila or any of the provinces of Luzon, especially Isabela, where he is now living.

143.—Spaniard, good cook, robust and willing worker, is looking for employment as cook in a restaurant (European cooking), watchman, or anything at which he can make an honest living. Has had experience in construction work and in the abacá business. Knows Tagalog and English, having been in the Islands since 1898.

144.—Electrician, at present working independently in Iloilo, seeks employment in Manila in order to send children to school there. Graduated in Boston, Mass., as electrician, in 1913; employed in U. S. from 1914 to 1917, then with Meralco, Manila, and after that in Iloilo. Filipino, 43 years of age, married, 3 children.

Any Brother having employment for any of these Brethren, or knowing of any, please communicate with the Managing Editor of THE CABLETOW, P. O. Box No. 990, Manila, P. I., or see the Assistant Grand Secretary, Wor. Bro. Ramón Mendoza, Room 524, Masonic Temple.

Addresses Wanted

The addresses of Bro. Chua Sun Pun, formerly a resident of Calle Dasmariñas, Binondo, and Uy Bunto, whose last address was Calle Jaboneros, Binondo, are wanted by the Secretary of Taga-Ilog Lodge No. 79, whose address is C. Bernabe, Callejon Sulo 1849, Manila, and whose telephone number is 2-77-55.

The Secretary of Pintong-Bato Lodge No. 51 needs the address of a member of his Lodge, Bro. Raymond J. Dinehart, whose last address was Navy Recruiting Office, Buffalo, New York. Any Brother knowing this address is kindly requested to communicate with H. R. Cuevas, P. O. Box 990, Manila, P. I.

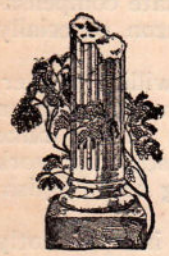
Stated Meetings of Manila Lodges

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.
October 8 (*Second Tuesday*).—Benjamin Franklin No. 94, Masonic Temple.
October 9 (*Second Wednesday*).—Bagumbayan No. 4, Masonic Temple.
October 10 (*Second Thursday*).—Corregidor No. 3, Masonic Temple; Batong-Buhay No. 27, 527 Alvarado.
October 11 (*Second Friday*).—Dapitan No. 21, Plaridel Temple.
October 12 (*Second Saturday*).—Biak-na-Bato No. 7, Masonic Temple; Dalisay No. 14, Plaridel Temple; Walana No. 13, Masonic Temple.
October 14 (*Second Monday*).—Southern Cross No. 6, Masonic Temple.
October 16 (*Third Wednesday*).—Sinukuan No. 16, Plaridel Temple.
October 17 (*Third Thursday*).—Solidaridad No. 23, Masonic Temple.
October 18 (*Third Friday*).—Modestia-Liwayway No. 81, Plaridel Temple.
October 19 (*Third Saturday*).—Hagdang Bato No. 87, 527 Alvarado.
November 1 (*First Friday*).—St. John's No. 9, Masonic Temple; Hiram No. 88, Plaridel Temple.
November 2 (*First Saturday*).—Nilad No. 12, Plaridel Temple; Taga-Ilog No. 79, Masonic Temple; Araw No. 18, 527 Alvarado.
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Our Dead



"There is a stream that we all must cross
The River of Human Years,
Now lying calm in the summer light,
Now splashed with the rain of tears;
Out from the Hill of God it flows
And on to the shoreless sea,
Where the noon-tide sun no shadows throws
And time is eternity."

Brother Venancio Lubayan.
Member of Nilad Lodge No. 12.
Died on September 3, 1929.
Buried under the auspices of his Lodge, in the Cementerio del Norte, Manila, on September 8, 1929.

Brother Francisco F. Blanco.
Member of Isagani Lodge No. 96.
Died at Provincial Hospital, Tarlac, August 8, 1929.
Buried under the auspices of his Lodge, on August 11, 1929.

Brother Luis B. Hinojales.
Member of Maktan Lodge No. 30.
Died on September 1, 1929.

Bro. Richard W. Oliver.
Member of Minerva Lodge No. 41.
Died at San Francisco, Calif., on July 15, 1929.
Buried under the auspices of Oriental Lodge No. 144, F. & A. M., in San Francisco.

Masonic Fiction

S. S. 54

By Leo Fischer, P. M.

(*Continued*)

The Kid was delighted. Clad in a suit of cotton flannel pajamas he sat on an easy chair outside the hospital ward. In front of him squatted Pedro, the old muchacho, whose chief duty consisted in keeping the floor in the officers' wards polished. Having completed his day's work, Pedro had obeyed the beckoning hand of the Kid and was speaking to him in his native Tagalog.

The boy sat there with shining eyes. "It is all coming back to me," he murmured. "Why, I understand everything he says!"

It finally dawned upon the old man that his Tagalog was thrown away on an *Americano*. He, therefore, changed to the jargon that passed for Spanish among the American soldiers and for English among the Filipinos. But his eyes nearly popped out of his head when the *Americano* asked him in hesitating, but perfectly idiomatic Tagalog to go on speaking in his own language.

"*Aba, marunong Tagalog!*" Pedro exclaimed.

The Kid smiled. "I know Tagalog," he said, "but I have forgotten much of it. I give you plenty of money for cigarettes, Pedro, if you come and speak to me whenever you have time. But I don't want everybody to know this, you understand?"

The old man nodded. The Kid, unmindful of the jocular remarks of the wit of the ward about the "little dago and his monkey," spent a great deal of time with old Pedro. But, finally, the day came when the wound in his shoulder, caused by a Mauser bullet, was practically healed and he was marked fit for duty. The Manila hospitals were crowded with wounded from the North and South lines and no patient was kept longer than strictly necessary.

The next day a launch carried Corporal Sinclair and a number of other "casuals" across the bay to Balaran, where Company "G" was now stationed.

The "Top" was happy to see the Kid again and still happier to hand him a pair of Sergeant's chevrons.

"Draw another shirt, Kid, seeing they have cut h—— out of yours," he said, "and sew these on it. The old man said it was a shame to make a kid like you a sergeant, but he added he did not know anybody in the company or in the regiment who deserved it more than you. What is more, you have been recommended for a certificate of merit!"

* * * * * * * * * *

A week later the Kid, with an expedition consisting of about a hundred picked men from his batallion, was on the other side of the mountains, engaged in the disagreeable duty of burning isolated dwellings in the valleys and ravines. The turn of the little town of Bago, situated at the foot of the mountains, on the shore of the China Sea, was to come as soon as the parties scattered through the woods had returned. The Kid was in bad humor; he didn't relish the job, but realized that it had to be done.

The next day, the entire force turned out early. They had been sleeping in some of the abandoned houses of the little town and fell in on the *plaza*, in front of the church.

The men having been reported all present or accounted for, the lieutenant-colonel, who was in command of the expedition, cleared his throat.

"Men—ahem!—" he said: "We've got orders to burn this town because we have not sufficient troops available to garrison an out-of-the-way place like this, and we know that the moment we walk out of here, the insurgents come in and find shelter and food here. It is—ahem!—a disagreeable duty. Each detachment commander will detail

three men to go with improvised kerosene torches up the streets and set fire to all the houses. Now be quick about it!"

Soon Bago, which consisted chiefly of huts of bamboo and palm leaves, was a mass of roaring flames, and the column started on its long march back over the mountains, to Balaran, their garrison.

With it went a dozen prisoners, most of them suspects pointed out as "bad mens" by Martinez, the Tagalog interpreter. When the column had crossed the fields surrounding Bago and was about to enter the woods, a number of women and children, evidently relatives of the prisoners, who had been hiding in the woods, approached the column. Some had small parcels of food wrapped in banana leaves, which they handed or threw to the prisoners, while others had nothing to give but words of encouragement. The Kid understood the greetings and words of affection that were exchanged, and his soft heart was touched. Finally, one of the officers ordered the soldiers to drive away the women, who were running alongside the column, trying to keep up with their men. Some would not be driven away. The most stubborn was a pretty girl of about fourteen, a woman in that tropical climate, who clung desperately to her father.

When the soldiers finally drove her off, her eyes fell on the Kid.

"You have a good heart," she cried out to him, beseechingly, in Tagalog; "you will believe me when I tell you my father is not one of Lanza's men. That interpreter is lying, I assure you. He has a grudge against my father on my account, the traitor! Please tell your commander to let my father go!"

The Kid looked unhappy.

"My poor girl," he said, in Spanish, "I don't know your language—"

"But you do," said the girl, grasping the sergeant's wrist. "You do! you cannot deceive me! I know it; I can see it in your eyes! And I also know that if my father is not released before you cross the mountains, I shall never see him again. I know these prisoners are all doomed; it was even so in the Spanish days. But my father must not die—you must save him!"

The girl's beautiful eyes were swimming in tears and her body was shaken by sobs. Hanging to the Kid's arm, she made him stop.

"I will be your mistress," she whispered, "I will give myself to you; I will slave for you, anything you want, but give me my father's life!"

Softly pushing her from him, the Kid shook his head. The girl, who saw a tear on his bronzed cheek, looked desperately at him and at her father, then she threw herself down on the ground. There she was rolling in the dust, wailing and racked by convulsive sobs, as the rear-guard disappeared in the woods.

After an hour's march, the column stopped for a rest. They were in the midst of the mountain forest now, with tall trees, like the columns of a Doric temple, on every side.

The Kid walked to where the prisoners were. The man pointed out by the girl as being her father stood by himself. His grizzled head was bowed; he seemed to be praying. As the Kid approached him, the Filipino raised his eyes, then, quickly, he made a sign. Apparently, the young American did not notice the signal of distress. Turning about, he quickly walked up the trail to where the lieutenant-colonel was standing, consulting a map. In a few words, the Kid explained that one of the prisoners had made a Masonic sign, and spoke of the accusations made by the young girl and of his own growing mistrust of Martinez, the interpreter. Fortunately, the lieutenant-colonel had been touched by the despair of the child; moreover, he had always disliked Martinez.

"The man you speak of is the only one of the prisoners I have any doubts about," he said. "His having given the sign settles it. Take him up that side trail there a distance and question him, seeing that he knows Spanish. If he gives you any information at all, tell him to make his getaway; then fire a shot into the air to make the others believe you killed him, *sabe?*"

"All right, Sir," said the Kid. Turning about, he walked quickly up the trail to where the prisoners were squatting.

"The lieutenant-colonel wants me to take the man they call Andoy up the trail to the left and point out the location of an insurgent lookout," he said to the sergeant in charge of the prisoners.

Sergeant Beeman, a hard-bitten old mountaineer from Tennessee, grinned.

"All right, Kid," he answered, "just help yourself to any of them niggers you may fancy. I reckon he'll bite the dust a little bit sooner than the rest of 'em, won't he?"

"He will if he tries to get away from me," said the Kid. "Come on, *hombre.*"

The Filipino rose, with a look of resignation on his face. The Kid made him walk ahead, up the little trail, with his cocked revolver close to the back of the prisoner. When they had gone some distance, he told the Filipino to stop.

"Look here, Brother," he said, in Spanish, "I have brought you here so that you can tell me if there is any truth in what I have heard regarding Martinez, the interpreter. Tell me all you know of him, and I shall let you go."

"*Señor Sargento,*" replied the Filipino, with quiet dignity, "I can tell you little of this man except that he, a married man and a vile character, tried to seduce my innocent daughter Tecla, the girl to whom I saw you talking a while ago, and that the 'child' used her *sueco* (clog) on him and knocked out two of his teeth. You know a Tagalog never forgets an injury, and he no doubt wants to strike the child through the father now. It is also a common report among the people that he withholds much valuable information from you *Americanos* because those interested in having it kept from you pay him much money. This is all I know."

"Very well," the Kid said, "now make your escape and go back to your daughter, because a young girl must have a man to protect her with so many fiends running loose. I shall fire a shot for appearance's sake. Adios!"

"Good-by, my Brother. Many thanks, and may the Great Architect guard your life!" exclaimed the Filipino, fervently. A moment later the bushes closed behind Andoy. Raising his revolver, the Kid fired a shot into the air, then he ran back toward the main trail.

"He did try to get away," he explained to the sergeant in charge of the prisoners; "but I plugged him and he lies dead in the bushes back there."

The old mountaineer laughed, then he took a good-sized chew. "You all had better get back to the point, where you belong, Kid" he said, "we are going to move off in a minute or so."

An hour later, while crossing a ravine, the point—the four privates under Sergeant Sinclair marching about a hundred yards ahead of the main column—was fired on from the other side. The only casualty among the American troops, as reported by Private Shell, was a hole through his canteen filled with prime *vino* which he had been saving for a night-cap. But heavy firing was heard from the rear of the column, and Sergeant Beeman reported that the prisoners, on hearing the shots ahead, had tried to escape and had all perished in the attempt.

The Kid, remembering Sergeant Beeman's innuendo and the foreboding of the girl, whose pleading eyes haunted him, felt happy that Andoy, the Mason, had been spared to his loving daughter through his efforts.

* * * * * * * * * *

Company "G" and two other companies of the 54th were at that time garrisoning Balaran, a small town situated

not far from Manila Bay, at the foot of a high range of timber-covered mountains. Aguinaldo's army had been scattered to the four winds of heaven; but the insurrection had now taken the form of a guerilla war, with frequent ambuscades and night attacks. The regular Insurgent soldiers were biding their time in cunningly concealed camps in the mountain forests, from which they would occasionally descend into the plains, meet volunteers from the towns and *barrios* on the way, and ambush small American detachments or attack isolated garrisons. The American troops were kept on the go all the time and marched hundreds of weary miles through steaming jungles and mangrove swamps without encountering the enemy, who was being kept posted by the native population on every move of the American troops.

The Kid was the busiest non-com in the regiment. Whenever "G" Company made a hike into the mountains after the elusive Insurgents, he was generally with the scouts or in charge of the "point," the head of the column, and in garrison he acted as Spanish-English interpreter of Colonel Bland, the regimental commander. Neither that officer, nor Martinez, the Tagalog-English interpreter, a native who had lived several years in Hongkong, nor any other person knew, however, that the Kid had a splendid command of the vernacular and that he kept close tab on the tricky Martinez.

In the evening, Sergeant Sinclair, whose pleasant ways, fine appearance, and faultless Spanish had won him many friends and admirers among the Filipinos, would sit on a bench in some native *tienda* or on a comfortable chair in the house of one of the *principales*, often with his guitar. He made music, laughed and joked with the girls, and entertained them and the others with stories of the strange countries across the sea. However, his sharp ears were always open, and many were the conversations in the vernacular that he overheard because he was not supposed to know a word of Tagalog. A report at headquarters, resulting in the interception of a native messenger, the arrest of an Insurgent officer or spy, or the failure of a carefully planned ambuscade or night attack on the Americans by the Filipino forces, would often be the consequence of such careless conversations.

General Lanza, the commanding officer of the Insurgent troops scattered throughout the province, laughed in his sleeve whenever he saw American columns cross the fields and cogon-brakes of the coastal plain and enter the forest, toiling and perspiring on the mountain trails in their vain endeavor to catch him, the wily fox, and his veteran soldiers.

Expedition after expedition returned from the mountains reporting failure. The enemy was seldom encountered, but occasionally a sudden attack was made on the column, sometimes with a casualty or two on the American side. However, the insurgents generally fired and ran, and pursuit through the dense growth of underbrush was out of the question.

Colonel Bland raved and swore when no results were forthcoming, and the men were dissatisfied and grumbling at being kept constantly on the hike, to the detriment of their feet, their tempers, and their uniforms and equipment.

At brigade headquarters, General Brown kept the wires hot demanding results. At last he gathered about him his staff and an escort of brigade scouts and rode the thirty or forty miles to Balaran to see for himself what that blankety-blank-blank 54th was doing.

Upon his arrival at Balaran, the storm broke loose.

Colonel Bland, who had grown gray following the guidons in the U. S. Cavalry, had to bear the brunt of it. The general, who had seen little field service in his life and whom the colonel considered as a rank upstart, did not mince words.

"Colonnel, you've been garrisoing these towns for over two months now and the insurgents are as cocky as ever in their mountains. Go up there after them and bring back guns like the 53rd is doing up in Tarlac. You tell me you've been hiking the legs off your men, but have been unable to locate Lanza and his gang. I don't say you haven't; but I want you to get him and his men, you understand? Only fifteen guns captured in one month—I'd be ashamed to report it, colonel!"

Colonel Bland had been listening to this outburst of the general, chewing his mustache in impotent rage. What was he to answer? He deeply felt the humiliation of getting this "call-down" in front of other officers. Sergeant Sinclair, who had been detailed to act as special orderly of the general during his stay at regimental headquarters, heard it too, and was boiling over with indignation.

The atmosphere at regimental headquarters was charged with sulphur and lightning that evening. At the officers' mess, all sorts of schemes for "getting" Lanza and surprising the enemy in his lair were proposed. In the regimental canteen and in the men's quarters in the Convento and other principal buildings of the town, equally wild schemes were proposed, because even the enlisted men had heard of the general's vitriolic outbursts against the 54th.

Colonel Bland was at his wits' end after a conference with his officers the next day. The chaplain said afterwards that he had no idea the colonel could be so profane, and the adjutant and members of the non-commissioned staff kept out of the "old man's" sight all they could.

The colonel was not at all astonished when, sitting in his office in the late afternoon and having sent his orderly on an errand, he found himself practically alone. Even Sergeant Sinclair, for whom he had just called, was not to be found in the vicinity of his office.

"That boy has done some good work and knows the ways of the natives," mused the colonel, "and I am going to see whether he has not some idea more intelligent and practicable than what my officers have been dishing out to me. But where in the devil is he this evening?"

Just then Martinez, the interpreter, entered. "Sare," he said, "dat sergeant is nowhere to be found. May be he is after some native womans. I dink he is ver' young to do proper work."

"I didn't ask you for your opinion of Sergeant Sinclair, Martinez," said the colonel, drily. "You can go home now."

"Goo' night, colonel," said the interpreter, backing out of the room. The colonel reached for the papers in front of him and replied curtly "Good-night; be sure to report early to-morrow."

A minute later there was a sound of voices in the anteroom, and soon Martinez reappeared with a young native, evidently a *mestizo*, wearing black glasses and dressed in a neat *camisa china* and white drill trousers.

"Sare," said the interpreter, "this boy he say his brother in barrio Mabatan can make you ship model as per specifications."

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"Ah," said the colonel, "you mean that model of a *casco* I wanted for a present to send to the States? I want you to explain to him that I want a perfect model, with outriggers, ropes, sails, and everything complete. Ask him how much he will charge me for it."

A rapid-fire conversation in the vernacular ensued between the interpreter and the youth. At last the interpreter said:

"Sare, this boy very impudently demand fifteen dollar gold, but I make him come down to ten."

"All right," said the colonel, "tell him it must be finished in a couple of weeks."

The two natives went out, while the colonel, with a sigh, picked up his papers again. He had hardly gotten a start when he heard a discreet cough at the door, and looking up, he saw the native with the black glasses, waiting to enter.

"What do you want?" the colonel asked, rather angrily Was he never going to get rid of those natives?

The youth stepped closer and whispered, in perfect English: "If there is no objection, I would like to have a private talk with the colonel where there are no listeners, after I have changed clothes."

The colonel jumped up. "Why, Sinclair, was that you all the time? But you were talking Tagalog! Am I going crazy or what is the matter with me?"

"I am going to explain the whole thing after a while, colonel. Nobody must see me in this dress and hear me talk English."

"All right," said the colonel, "I understand. Go now and come to my room after taps."

* * * * * * * * * *

The report that Sergeant Sinclair was leaving on the boat for Manila to undergo a surgical operation that might keep him in the hospital for several weeks caused astonishment and regret in the 54th and even among the natives. The regimental adjutant was especially sorry.

"The sergeant is not only an excellent Spanish-English interpreter," he explained sententiously. "But he knows the native character thoroughly and the Filipinos all like and respect him. He is a valuable man in the office and a first-class soldier out in the field. I'd rather have seen any other non-com, and many commissioned officers, to say the truth, leave us at this time than Sergeant Sinclair."

The colonel remained silent and kept his counsel.

Day after day, detachments of men were sent into the mountains scouting; but nothing satisfactory to the general was accomplished. Colonel Bland began to look haggard and worn. Sergeant Sinclair did not return; he seemed to have disappeared from the face of the earth.

* * * * * * * * * *

In the afternoon, after the *siesta* hour, the old hardwood bench in the "Dos Hermanos" barber-shop in the Walled City of Manila was generally occupied by three amateur musicians: the pock-marked Tomás, the round-faced Tinoy, and the curly-haired Siso. The latter, whose hair spoke of Negrito origin, was there with his guitar, while Tomás, whose eyes and color betrayed his Chinese ancestry, and Tinoy, who hailed from Pampanga, came with their *bandurrias*. The bench, polished most beautifully by the seats of at least a generation of habitués of the *barbería*, was big enough for three, but now it held four.

The new occupant had all the ear-marks of a Spanish half-breed. He had kicked off his slippers and showed a shapely, slender foot; but his good-looking face was marred by black glasses.

"All right, Nanoy," said Tomás, "let us start again. We'll let you sing alone, because you know the words and compared with yours, our singing is like that of the crow or the gecko. Are you ready?"

There was a mighty strumming as the two guitars and two *bandurrias* set in, then the clear voice of Nanoy, the Spanish mestizo, rang out

Dulce embeleso, grata ilusión. . . .

and continued the Spanish version of the popular American air "After the Ball" to the end. A number of admiring listeners had gathered outside. Two white women coming along the narrow side-walk stopped also.

The elder of the two seemed interested. "Dolores," she said, turning to the younger, a pretty girl of about nineteen, "I am going to ask this boy to write me out the words of that song; he seems to know them well." The words were said in fairly good Spanish, but with a pronounced American accent.

When the lady approached the four musicians, they rose politely.

"I am going to ask you a favor, young man. Would you mind writing the words of this song out in Spanish for me and bringing them to my house? I have never seen it in Spanish and you seem to know it all by heart. I live at number 227 on this street; I am Mrs. Cooper." These words were addressed to the singer.

"It will be a pleasure for me to accommodate the lady," said the young Mestizo. "I shall write out the song and bring it to your house in two or three hours."

"Thank you," said the lady. "Here is my husband's card which you must present at the door." And she handed the small piece of paste-board to the young man.

Nanoy, however, did not take it and the card fluttered to the ground. The young man gazed at the beautiful girl, of pure Spanish type, who stood behind the American woman. His face became pale, then, realizing that he was staring, he blushed and said, hastily:

"I beg your pardon, ladies." Stooping down, he picked up the card and read on it "Major Surgeon James L. Cooper, U. S. Army." A smile quickly came and went on the young man's face, then he gazed after the two women.

Tinoy laughed. "Look at Nanoy," he shouted in his high treble voice. "He is surely fallen a victim to that pretty *señorita*. But Nanoy, do you know who that is?"

"Who is she?" said the mestizo, violently. "I've got to know!"

Tinoy looked around cautiously. "You have heard of General Lanza, of course. Well, that is his step-daughter Dolores. The girl's mother died some years ago. They say she hated her husband worse than poison, because he was after her pretty daughter, and after she died, the girl found a refuge first with a Spanish family and now with that American army doctor."

"And where is that step-father of hers?" asked Nanoy.

Tinoy shrugged his shoulders. "He is supposed to be in the mountains over there across the Bay; but I saw him the other day prowling around this neighborhood."

"Pshaw, you must be mistaken," laughed Nanoy. "The Americans and their secret service men all have his description and I would not give two *cuartos* for his safety if he came here."

Tinoy took on an air of superior wisdom.

"What does a *bañgus* like you know of those things?" he sneered.

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"You aren't impressing me at all with your alleged knowledge, you rat-eater!" countered Nanoy.

Tinoy saw that he had evidently angered his new friend calling him a *bañgus* and he realized that he had the "rat-eater" coming for his aspersion on Nanoy's descent.

"Come on, Nanoy, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings," he said. "But as you do not believe me, I tell you now that I saw General Lanza, disguised as a *Bombay*, only yesterday."

Nanoy became interested immediately.

"If I could only meet him," he said, enthusiastically. "He surely makes those cursed *Americanos* often wish they hadn't come over here, and I'd ask for nothing better than to help him give them fits up there in the mountains."

"That can be managed, I am sure," said Tinoy. "I used to be his servant once; but I am a man of peace and so I quit him when he joined the army. Just lie low a day or two and we shall see."

* * * * * * * * * *

"Major, there is a native downstairs; he has your card and says Mrs. Cooper is expecting him," announced Private Green of the Hospital Corps.

"I suppose that is your new *muchacho*," said the major, turning to his wife.

"Oh, no," answered his better half, rising from her chair. But she thought better of it and sat down, fanning herself vigorously.

"Send him up here, Green, he has the words of a song I asked him to write out for me and I want to thank him and ask him a few questions."

The visitor came up the wide hardwood stairs. "*Buenas noches, Señora, buenas noches, Señor Comandante,*" he saluted the couple, making a deep bow each time. "I have brought that poem for which you asked me, Señora."

Nanoy no longer wore his black glasses and looked handsome in his neat *sinamay* shirt and white trousers.

Mrs. Cooper took the sheet of paper and glanced at it. "That is nice of you and I thank you very much. You have a splendid voice and are an excellent guitar player my boy," she commented, patronizingly. "What is your occupation?"

"I am looking for a position with a commercial firm," said the young man: "in the meantime I am trying to pick up a little English. I was at college until recently, but had to give up my studies because my father's death left me in practically destitute circumstances."

Mrs. Cooper nodded, sympathetically, then she looked up. From the adjacent room a feminine voice called out: "Mrs. Cooper, I am going to show you my embroidery; but I am sure you will find it unsatisfactory."

The young man sprang to his feet as the Spanish girl he had seen that afternoon came out into the *sala*.

Dolores stood still for a moment, looking at the young man with a strange expression on her face. "Ah, the musician," she exclaimed, at last. "How I would love to be able to play the guitar and sing like you!" Frank admiration shone out of her beautiful eyes.

The young man bowed. "Thank you for the compliment, Señorita! But I beg everybody's pardon; the curfew hour is near and I do not want to spend the night in the lock-up. You know, the provost guard is none too gentle with those who are found out in the street after eight o'clock without a pass. I really must be going."

With a few words of thanks, Mrs. Cooper dismissed the young man, and the ponderous street door closed behind him.

The "major's lady" picked up her fan and began to ply it vigorously.

"Have you ever met that young man before, Dolores?" she asked. "You had such a puzzled expression on your face this evening, when you saw him without those smoked glasses, just as if you remembered his face, but could not place him."

The young girl reflected for a while, half-closing her splendid dark eyes, with the long black eye-lashes caressing her cheek.

Suddenly she exclaimed: "I have it, I have it! he reminds me of a boy whom I knew when I was a child and who filled my girlhood dreams for years. He was an American like you, the stepson of our neighbor, Don Miguel. A more chivalrous little lad never lived. I loved him with all my heart and I really believe I love him to this day. Don't think me crazy, Mrs. Cooper. Indeed that boy resembles my little friend Donald so closely that I would almost swear it was he!"

"Goodness alive, isn't that extraordinary!" commented the elder woman. "What became of that little *novio* of yours?"

"That I do not know," replied Dolores. "He was about ten and I nine years old when his mother took him back to America, his step-father having died. Strange to say, his mother, a beautiful and passionate woman, was jealous of her son's love for me. I took the separation very hard: in fact, I was ill for weeks after Donald and his mother left. I wonder what ever became of them!"

The major looked up from the book he was reading.

"Isn't it queer," he said, "I, too, can't get rid of the impression that I have seen that boy somewhere, either in the States or in Cuba. I have a fairly good memory for faces; but somehow I can't place that one."

"Perhaps it was my friend whom you saw over there, and we were both struck by the resemblance of this mestizo boy to the same person," exclaimed Dolores.

In the meantime, the subject of their remarks sat on a bamboo couch in the *entresuelo* of a little Spanish-Filipino boarding house. He was plunged into deep thought. It had been an eventful day. In the last few hours he had met his boyhood sweetheart, whose memory he had treasured through all these years as something too delicate and sacred to be put into words. He had also met the major who about eight months ago had turned him down as being a puny youngster, unfit for service in the army. And last but not least, he had learned that General Lanza was in Manila, and not that alone, but that he was Dolores' step-father.

Lanza, of all men! The most cruel guerrilla chief in the field, dreaded and hated by his own countrymen and retained in command only because of his fearlessness and efficiency. The thought of the man alone made the Kid jump up. By the light of the smoky little kerosene lamp he saw an enormous cockroach scurry across the floor. The creature tried to escape by running a zigzag course;

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but the Kid was too quick for it and crushed it under his foot.

"That is what I shall do to that man Lanza!" he muttered. "But first I must find him, and then I must devise some means of crushing not only him, but his command. I think I had better get busy and see Tinoy."

He extinguished the light and slipped out of the back door. Back of the house was the burnt district of the Walled City. Several years ago, a big fire had destroyed four or five blocks of houses, the walls of many of which were still standing and formed a maze of ruins. Sure-footed and agile as a cat, the Kid ran along the ruined walls. He arrived at the fortification wall which entirely surrounds the Walled City, without having been seen by the provost guard. Now came the most difficult task, that of climbing the wall, crossing the walk on top of it, slipping down on the other side, and traversing the moat, without being seen by a sentinel.

He was about to cross from the ruins to the city wall when he heard some one approach. Flattening himself out against the wall of one of the ruined houses, he listened. An American voice evidently that of a soldier who had imbibed rather too freely, said: "Now lookee here, you *hombre*, where is that *señorita?* I ain't going any farther, I tell you."

Some darned soldier or teamster who is after a skirt, thought the Kid. Holding his breath, he continued listening without being able to see those who were talking.

A Filipino voice speaking in an undertone, answered something that the listener could not understand.

"No, *hombre*; I ain't going to do it. I don't trust you, d—n you. I am going back to the quarters right now and you can keep your d— old squaw."

Suddenly there was the sound of a blow, a fall, and a strange gurgling sound. Looking around the corner, the Kid could vaguely distinguish a form stretched out on the ground, with a man stooping over it and searching the body, which was that of an American soldier. The Filipino was just withdrawing the revolver from the holster of the American, when sinewy hands closed around his wind-pipe. With a supreme effort, the Kid threw the Filipino against the wall. The man slid to the ground and lay quiet. Seizing the revolver, the Kid fired a shot into the air, then he ran to a convenient spot near the city wall and hid there. Three or four members of the guard came clattering down the steps leading to the top of the wall and ran towards the ruins, while the Kid quickly scrambled over the wall, unguarded for the moment, and slid down on the other side. He knew just where and how to cross the old moat, and in due time he reached the nipa shack where Tinoy was living, in the barrio of Concepcion.

"Tinoy! Tinoy!" Native fashion, he softly repeated the name, until a voice finally asked, cautiously: "*Sino ca?*"

"It is I, Nanoy," answered the Kid. "Come out, I have important news."

A white figure came from the shack and beckoned the Kid to follow him to some bushes near by. There was little danger of being stopped by the provost guard in that section.

"Tinoy," whispered the Kid, "I must see that General Lanza of yours. I have just killed two men, an American soldier and a spy. Here is the revolver I took from the American. I intend to make the general a present of it."

Tinoy chuckled with glee.

"Killed an *Americano*, have you?" he said. "Good for you, Nanoy. Wait here and don't budge; I know just where the general is and I am going to see if he is willing to receive you."

The Kid waited in the dark for what seemed to him an eternity. At last Tinoy reappeared.

"The general was terribly angry at first," he said, "he does not want anybody to know his whereabouts, as you will understand. But he changed his mind when I told him what you had done. He said he could use that revolver to great advantage, and a determined man like you was what he needed. Follow me and I shall take you to him."

Wending their way through bushes and under and between nipa shacks, the two friends finally arrived at a wooden house with a nipa roof. They signalled their approach, and were received by several Filipinos. The Kid immediately recognized the general by the description of the man, which he had studied carefully. Holding the revolver by the barrel, he handed it to Lanza.

"My present to you by way of introduction, general," he said, "and may you slay hundreds of *Americanos* with this good weapon."

The general took the revolver and examined it before he deigned to answer. His strong, brutal face did not change expression for a moment.

"You have earned our thanks," he finally said. "We need men of initiative and daring. Come inside with me, and I shall charge you with a mission that will test your mettle. Tinoy here tells me that you have met my wayward step-daughter, and that mission concerns her."

The Kid went inside with the general, while Tinoy returned home to make up for the sleep he had lost.

* * * * * * * * * *

It was a quarter past seven the next evening. Dusk comes early in the tropics, and Dolores was sitting in the *sala* under the electric light when the iron knocker on the street door announced a visitor. The *muchacho* rushed downstairs to open the door. He returned with a note inclosed in a small envelope which he handed to Dolores.

"To me?" Dolores opened the missive. "*Virgen santísima!* Aunt Emilia on the point of death, and here I am, all alone, with the Major and Mrs. Cooper out. What shall I do?"

She read the note again, then she quickly reached for a wrap.

"Juan," she said to the servant, "There is a *quilez* waiting for me downstairs to take me to my old aunt, who has had another of her attacks and is not expected to live. Tell Mrs. Cooper that I simply had to go. My aunt's trusty old servant is downstairs in the *quilez*."

Quickly the girl went down the stairs. The *quilez* stood there, waiting in the dark, with the door open.

"Good evening, Pio," said Dolores, as she stepped in and closed the door. But immediately a firm hand was pressed over her mouth.

"*Señorita*," whispered a voice that was certainly not the old *muchacho's*, "I am to kidnap you, by order of your step-father, but I shall give you a chance to escape. Open the door, jump out, and scream. But do not say anything about my letting you go, otherwise your step-father will murder me."

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THE CABLETOW

Seizing the hand of the young girl which was on her bosom, the Kid removed the dagger which she had drawn from her bodice. "Jump and scream," he ordered, just as the coachman started whipping the horse.

Dolores did as she was told. Upon her screams, Juan, who was closing the door, rushed outside, and the provost guard from the corner a fat artillery man, came tearing down the street. Taking in the situation, the guard drew his revolver, but Dolores begged him not to fire, as he might hit an innocent person. The guardian of the public order contented himself with running after the fleeing vehicle, yelling at tne top of his voice.

The *quilez* escaped pursuit the more easily because a tropical downpour started just then, and the Kid jumped out of the vehicle at the first convenient place. Half an hour later he arrived at the house to which he had been ordered to take the girl, properly chloroformed.

The general, who was waiting for him, gave the bedraggled, crestfallen Kid a withering glance; but the boy tore his shirt open and showed his breast, covered with blood.

"General," he said, "that wildcat took me by surprise. She was at me with that dagger she is carrying for you before I had a chance to cover her face with that handkerchief with chloroform, and her screams called the guard. Send me after the American General at the *Ayuntamiento* and I will bring him to you bound hand and foot; but give me a rest before you send me after that hell-cat again."

The general calmed down. "I shall call the pharmacist to dress your wounds. To-morrow we must leave for my province by a round-about route, and soon you will have plenty of opportunities to kill *Americanos*. My stepdaughter will get a brief respite; but sooner or later she will fall into my hands."

The Kid again turned in happy, though his self-inflicted wounds were giving him much pain.

Next morning he and the general, the latter disguised as a grasscutter, left Manila for "parts unknown".

(To be continued)

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A Canadian Prairie Tale

Being a Story with a Lesson, borrowed from a Friend of "The Cabletow."

My Brother, Fred Gorman, was a farmer—a farmer in the true sense of the word. He was wrapped up heart and soul in his farm, and, done up in the same wrapper and nestling close to his heart, were his pretty young wife Mildred and his three-year-old boy Sonny.

He loved his farm, not only because it had been good to him and rewarded him for all he had put into it, but also because it had made life happy for those around him. His days were days of labor, but they were golden days of peace and plenty.

Ten years before, Fred had purchased his first quarter section When war broke out he had been living in the East with me. He tried his best to get into the army, but a slight limp—legacy of an accident in his youth—debarred him. The army didn't want a lame man, but it did want something Fred could help to supply—food. The army clamored for food, so he determined to do his bit by giving it food. He went West with all his savings and purchased a farm. He now owned two sections, and every foot was utilized either for raising cattle or growing grain. Also there was a small garden near the house which was the special care of his wife and Sonny.

My brother and sister-in-law had written to me to come and spend my summer vacation with them this year. I was teaching in a private school in Montreal. We had closed early on account of an outbreak of measles amongst the younger children, so I packed my bags and came West unannounced.

Just in front of the hedge that bordered the garden, I first saw them: the little boy in blue rompers, and the slight graceful form of the young woman in a pink smock. She was stooping down talking to the little boy who held up his two chubby arms to clasp his mother around the neck.

"What's the matter with my little man?" I could hear Mildred saying as I stood watching them. "I want my Daddy," replied the little fellow in a voice which held the slightest trace of a tear.

"What does my baby want his Daddy for this morning? Daddy's gone all the way to Red Bend, dear, and he won't be back, I'm afraid, until after our little man is fast asleep in bed; but you'll see Daddy 'to-morrow-day' sweetheart."

Turning, she caught sight of me. Gathering Sonny up in her arms, she came running forward. "Look, Sonny, here's Aunty Kay," she cried with gay surprise.

Sonny regained his cheerfulness with the advent of a visitor, and presently was telling, in his baby prattle, the most amazing stories of which the Daddy he idolized was always the hero. And Mildred herself, pretending to deprecate this childish adoration, yet prompted him by glance and word, and rounded out his stories with an equal pride. Fortunate Fred!

* * *

It was one of those hot, sultry days which we sometimes get in early summer, when the sun seems to drop out of the heavens to see how near he can come to the earth without actually burning it up.

We sat in the shade of the verandah. The heat was intense; not a leaf stirred in the quiet garden. A huge humble-bee droned past. He seemed to be going somewhere in a hurry. The swallows circled low to earth. There was a tenseness in the atmosphere which we all could feel.

Mildred was talking.

"Why did you not let us know you were coming, Kay? Fred would have gone up to meet you. I suppose you came down with the Willmots and walked over."

"Yes, Henry was at the station with his car and he drove me down to the crossroads. He wanted to bring me right over, but I preferred to walk. I wanted to surprise you."

"Fred went up to Red Bend this morning with one of the men to get a load of lumber and I don't expect him back until dark," said Mildred. "I wanted him to wait overnight at Red Bend and come back in the morning. The road is very bad in some places; I'm always afraid of an accident."

"Don't worry, dear," I replied. "Fred is quite capable of looking after himself."

We got talking about the farm, and Mildred told me how they had worked and prospered, of their lean years and their full years, of their reverses and their successes, of their prospects and hopes for the future.

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Suddenly, and without warning, a hot gust of wind swept across the garden, swirling into a miniature cyclone in front of the porch and sending a loose sheet of newspaper flying upwards in a column of dust. At the same moment the sun disappeared behind the edge of a heavy cloud. There followed another hot blast, stronger than the first, bending the lilacs almost to the ground, and spreading havoc over the peaceful scene.

We hastily gathered up the chairs and cushions from the porch and entered the house. A minute later the storm burst.

Sonny stood on a chair by the window, looking across the prairie towards the woods whence he knew his Daddy would come, as Mildred and I gossiped. The little chap scarcely moved, but kept his face pressed against the pane searching the storm-lashed landscape for his Daddy.

The afternoon lengthened into evening and evening into night; but there was no sign of Fred or his companion. We became alarmed as the hours passed, and eventually, around ten o'clock, Mildred telephoned to the Willmots. George and Henry came over with their father and set off along the road my brother had taken that morning.

Sonny had dropped off to sleep and lay on a sofa tossing restlessly. At about midnight the sky cleared somewhat, and the moon peeped out through the flying scud.

Soon after this Henry Willmot drove up. His face was serious. He told us that Fred had been hurt and that the others were bringing him home. There had been a washout in the road at the edge of a ravine, and, in trying to pass, the heavy load of lumber had shifted and overturned the car; it had rolled down the steep bank, taking Fred with it. The man had jumped free; himself badly shaken, he had somehow managed to crawl down to the wreckage and free poor Fred. Then, unable to do more, he had waited until help arrived.

We telephoned for the doctor and made what preparations we could. . . . Presently they carried him in. . . . An hour later Doctor Johnston stepped back from my brother's bedside, and we knew that all was over.

He had spoken only a few words after they brought him home. He kissed Sonny goodbye, and told him to take care of Mummy. "I'll help you, old man," he said.

Then Mildred knelt by the bed and I left them alone. . . .

I don't know what he said to Mildred in those few minutes before she called us back into the room, but in all the shock of my own sorrow I saw in her eyes the light of abounding love, shining, it seemed to me, through the shadow of her great grief.

* * *

It is needless to go into the details of the sorrow that weighed upon us in the days following the tragedy. Mr. Willmot sent one of the boys over to look after the farm until other arrangements could be made. For my own part each passing day increased my apprehension, for I knew it brought us that much nearer to an inevitable reckoning.

The moment I dreaded came. One morning Mildred said to me: "Kay, dear, we must go through Fred's papers. There are bills to pay and I need money for the housekeeping; the mortgage installment falls due a week from to-day, too. Then the men's wages have to be paid, and there's the new reaper on the way and a lot of other things."

I felt sick and helpless. What should we do? Two women and a baby—how could we meet all these demands that were crowding in upon us? And there was young Willmot, too. We couldn't for much longer take advantage of his kindness.

And what of the future? I was dismayed as I tried to peer even a month ahead—the more so as Mildred did not seem to realize her position. No word about her intentions had passed her lips. She was consumed with sorrow, but she betrayed none of the anxiety that I felt for her or her boy. "I'm going to ask Mr. Willmot to come over this evening," she went on presently. "We will go through the desk together."

So that night Mr. Willmot came over. There was a will leaving everything to Mildred. There were papers in connection with the mortgages, and some receipts and statements. There still remained a debt of $10,000 on the farm. There were other papers relating to minor matters; but presently the pile in front of us was reduced to two sealed envelopes. The bulkier of the two was addressed to Mildred in Fred's handwriting; the other was marked: "To Sonny, with love from his Daddy."

Mr. Willmot opened the first. It contained three life assurance policies. One of these, for $5,000, was labelled: "To pay off mortgages." The next provided an income for Mildred for $50 a month as long as she lived. With the third, for $1,000, there was a note which read: "For immediate expenses."

The second envelope contained another policy and a letter from Fred to Sonny telling him that when he was old enough it would take him to college. . . . "I want you," the letter said, "to go to college, and I want you to work hard, old man. I have learned that the more a man knows the more he can do and the better he can do it. Our most earnest wish when God brought you to us, Sonny, was that you should have all the good things that a good home and a good education could give you, and I took these policies—your mother's and yours—to *make sure* that we should not be disappointed. If anything happens to your Daddy, you and Mummy will be all right anyway."

* * *

Two days later, the agent, having heard of Fred's death from Mr. Willmot, came over to arrange the settlement of the policies. He showed us a clause in the $5,000 policy that our good friend Willmot had overlooked; it provided for double payment in case Fred should come by his death through accident. Mildred seemed scarcely able to grasp the fact that this simple clause entitled her to $10,000. But presently, as we sat there, she took her little Sonny in her arms. Pressing him closely to her, she let fall the tears that would not be restrained . . .

* * *

I wondered what she was thinking. Of the farm that now was hers, as her dear husband intended it should be? Of the income that would pay the wage of a man to look after the farm? Of the education that would open the door of success to their boy? Maybe. For myself, I fancy her thoughts were in that room where her husband had spoken his last words to her; where she learned that true love can stretch its hand from the Beyond, to safeguard and protect those who are dearer than life itself.

Masonic News

Masonic Despedida to Most Wor. Bro. Quezon

On Monday, September 16, 1929, the Manila Bodies and Philippine Bodies of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry gave a despedida to Past Grand Master Manuel L. Quezon, President of the Philippine Senate, in the Scottish Rite Hall on the sixth floor of the Masonic Temple on the Escolta. This was the first appearance of Most Wor. Bro. Quezon at a Masonic function for several years, illness and absence from the Islands being the chief reasons. A large number of Masons greeted the guest of honor, who was conducted to a seat by the side of the presiding officer, Most Wor. Bro. Frederic H. Stevens, P.G.M. Most Wor. Bro. Seldon W. O'Brien, Grand Master of Masons of the Philippine Islands, and eleven Past Grand Masters occupied the seats in the East, the Past Grand Masters present being Most Wor. Bros. George R. Harvey, Manuel L. Quezon, Rafael Palma, Edwin E. Elser, Quintin Paredes, Frederic H. Stevens, Wenceslao Trinidad, Christian W. Rosenstock, Francisco A. Delgado, Joseph H. Schmidt, and Teodoro M. Kalaw.

Most Wor. Bros. O'Brien and Teodoro M. Kalaw were called upon to speak and addressed the gathering in English and Spanish, respectively. They as well as Most Wor. Bro. Stevens spoke highly of the excellent work done for

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WILLIAM W. LARKIN, Senior Grand Warden President.

Freemasonry by Most Wor. Bro. Quezon, who can always be depended upon to solve difficult problems and situations. Most Wor. Bro. Kalaw spoke of the great enthusiasm shown by Bro. Quezon as a young Mason and of the part which he took in bringing about the "Fusion" in 1917.

The guest of honor, when called upon to speak, thanked the Brethren for the demonstration of esteem and affection offered to him and spoke feelingly of the many tokens of brotherly love that he had received while ill in the United States. He then proceeded to discuss at length the work and influence of Freemasonry in the Philippines in the past and the present, speaking with the straightforwardness and frankness that have always been characteristic of him. He was much applauded and received an ovation when he left the hall, it being necessary for him to depart early as he was to leave for the typhoon-stricken regions of Tayabas on an errand of mercy.

When the guest of honor had left, Most Wor. Bro. Stevens stated that the hour being early, he would call on a few other Brethren for remarks upon the matters discussed by Most Wor. Bro. Quezon. Most Wor. Bro. Harvey, P.G.M., made a brief address, followed by a longer speech by Most Wor. Bro. Francisco A. Delgado, also in English, and one in Spanish, by Rt. Wor. Bro. Antonio Gonzalez, Deputy Grand Master. Most Wor. Bro. Quintin Paredes, P.G.M., and Speaker pro tempore of the House of Representatives, then delivered a lengthy address, supporting the views expressed by Most Wor. Bro. Quezon in a very effective manner.

The debate was very interesting, but in order to avoid misunderstandings and misinterpretations, we have, at the request of the principal speakers, not given the gist of the speeches which deal with general questions of policy of the Masonic Institution in the Islands.

The Chefoo Masonic Picnic

The Masons in the Asiatic Fleet had their annual picnic at Cat's Eye Beach near Chefoo, China, this year, as usual. Bro. S. Alamares, of Bagong-Buhay Lodge No. 17, writes us from the U. S. S. *Pecos*, at Chefoo, that this year's affair was a huge success, and far better than any in the past. Unfortunately the photograph which he sent was not clear enough for publication. The picnic took place on August 31st and was attended by many Masons, a number of DeMolays, and numerous guests. The music was furnished by the band of the U. S. S. *Black Hawk* and a short sport program furnished many laughs and much enjoyment, the three-legged race being the main event of the day. The menu on the back of the program looks good to us and we do not wonder that our correspondent speaks of the necessity of letting out the belt a couple of notches.

We cannot publish the names of all present, but will give a few statistics. Of the Masons and DeMolays present, the following States furnished 1 each: Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Montana, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Oklahoma, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Wisconsin. The following contributed 2 each: Arkansas, England, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Maine, Ohio, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Scotland, and Texas. The following States furnished 4 each: Connecticut, Kansas and Missouri. Quotas of 5 came from the District of Columbia and Massachusetts. New York contributed 6, Virginia 7, Washington 8, California 14, and the Philippines 35. Hurrah for the Philippines! From Philippine Lodges, there were 21 from Cavite No. 2; 1 each from Southern Cross No. 6, St. John's Lodge No. 9, Bagong-Buhay Lodge No. 17, and Lincoln Lodge No. 34; 2 from Ibarra No. 31; 5 from Pintong Bato No. 51; 1 from Mt. Lebanon No. 80, and 2 from Perla del Oriente No. 1034. S. C.

New Persecutions of Freemasons in Italy

We translate the following article, published in the *Wiener Freimaurer-Zeitung* (July-August, 1929) under the above heading, as showing how the dictator Mussolini and his government hate and fear Freemasonry:

In the last issue of our paper we spoke of Domizio Torrigiani, ex-Grand Master of the Grand Orient of Italy, having gone blind. The result of this sad piece of news has been a flood of inquiries concerning the present condition of the martyr. We hope soon to be in a position to give more detailed information to the many inquiring friends. Unfortunately it is not possible to obtain authentic news. A recent attempt on the part of the Grand Lodge of New York to aid Bro. Torrigiani has been abortive. The Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge, Bro. Kenworthy, who had again addressed to Mussolini a request that he be allowed to send a physician, etc., to the former leader of Italian Freemasonry, at present confined in a hospital in Central Italy, received no reply.

On the other hand, we learn that the Fascists have suddenly initiated new persecutions of the Freemasons. Again several former leaders have been sent into exile without having been guilty of any offense, without their having been active in any way in the last few years, and without having been tried by a proper court. Among the Masons deported to the Sicilian sulphur islands are the former Deputy Grand Master Bro. Giuseppe Meoni, who was recently arrested and sentenced to five years' confinement, merely on recommendation of the Fascist Commission. The same fate has befallen the ex-Grand Secretary of the dissolved Grand Orient, Bro. Ulisse Bacci, well known throughout the Masonic world by his great, original work "Il libro del masone italiano" and his Masonic labors extending over decades. This aged man, who had been living in retirement since the prohibition of Freemasonry, was likewise sent to one of the islands as a prisoner. The total number of exiled Brethren is said to be forty. They have been interned on the island of Ponza.

Sad is also the fate of the chemist Francesco Leti, son of the former Vice-Grand Commander of the Supreme Council, Giuseppe Leti. The latter, an excellent man and Mason, left Italy some time ago and made his home in Paris. This alone was the reason why his son Francesco, who had remained in Rome, where he was devoting his life entirely to his science, was arrested. He, too, was sentenced administratively, without trial by any court, to five years exile.

Among many other Freemasons, General Bencivenga, ex-president of the Italian Press Association, is still in banishment on Ustica Island. Past Grand Commander Ettore Ferrari, the famous sculptor, probably escaped a similar fate because they were ashamed to deport a man 86 years of age, who has given his country so many splendid works of art. But nevertheless, he is kept under strict surveillance in his home. According to the *Manchester Guardian*, he is not allowed to leave his residence except by permission of the police."

Italy in bondage is nothing new. We have an idea that the present efficient tyranny of Mussolini and his Fascist Government will not last many years more. No action

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of their own government, no outside agency will deliver the Italians from the yoke that is now galling them.

They can only set free men free . . .
And there is no need of that:
Free men set themselves free.

—*L. F.*

Membership Statistics for the United States

The figures below represent the annual compilation of Masonic membership statistics, as derived from figures submitted by the various Grand Secretaries, or taken from the official publications of Grand Lodges. While the total membership of the Fraternity has increased, it will be observed that twelve Grand Lodges show a decrease:

Comparative Statistics

Year	Members	Increase
1923.....	2,850,910	
1924.....	2,971,662	120,752
1925.....	3,107,229	135,567
1926.....	3,166,177	58,958
1927.....	3,226,774	60,597
1928.....	3,273,495	46,721
1929.....	3,303,629	30,134

Statistics 1928-1929 Grand Lodges of the United States

State	Date	Membership	Increase
Alabama	Sept. 15, 1928	53,293	973*
Arizona	Dec. 31, 1928	6,432	168
Arkansas	Oct. 1, 1928	40,000	3736
California	July 31, 1928	134,302	4993
Colorado	July 31, 1928	33,264	535
Connecticut	Jan. 1, 1929	45,905	410
Delaware	June 24, 1928	6,058	48
Dist. of Columbia	Sept. 30, 1928	23,281	17
Florida	Dec. 27, 1928	32,301	103*
Georgia	Aug. 31, 1928	68,415	1572
Idaho	June 30, 1928	10,302	184
Illinois	June 30, 1928	293,110	2492
Indiana	Dec. 31, 1928	129,443	372
Iowa	Dec. 31, 1928	86,416	70*
Kansas	Dec. 31, 1928	83,708	307
Kentucky	Aug. 31, 1928	63,267	1968*
Louisiana	Dec. 3, 1928	34,204	987*
Maine	March 1, 1929	43,935	39
Maryland	Nov. 1, 1928	33,857	267
Massachusetts	Aug. 31, 1928	125,288	1927
Michigan	Dec. 31, 1928	151,896	1246
Minnesota	Dec. 31, 1928	61,939	443
Mississippi	Aug. 31, 1928	36,460	94*
Missouri	June, 1928	113,705	85*
Montana	June 30, 1928	20,631	162
Nebraska	April 10, 1929	41,964	16
Nevada	April 18, 1929	2,954	64
New Hampshire	April 15, 1929	15,486	74*
New Jersey	Dec. 31, 1928	94,773	2208
New Mexico	Dec. 31, 1928	6,932	240
New York	Dec. 31, 1928	343,700	6142
North Carolina	June 30, 1928	41,350	168*
North Dakota	Dec. 31, 1928	15,470	11
Ohio	July 31, 1928	204,638	2513
Oklahoma	Jan. 1, 1929	70,969	1718*
Oregon	Dec. 31, 1928	30,759	421
Pennsylvania	Dec. 27, 1928	212,803	2210
Rhode Island	April 30, 1928	18,852	——
South Carolina	Jan. 1, 1929	29,694	153*
South Dakota	June 12, 1928	19,707	——
Tennessee	Oct. 31, 1928	50,732	58
Texas	June 24, 1928	137,836	1088
Utah	Dec. 27, 1928	5,177	68
Vermont	June 1, 1928	19,438	175
Virginia	Dec. 31, 1928	48,827	269
Washington	Jan. 1, 1929	49,421	381
West Virginia	Aug. 31, 1928	34,414	337
Wisconsin	Dec. 31, 1928	61,509	1204
Wyoming	June 30, 1928	8,145	220
Philippine Islands	Nov. 30, 1928	6,667	16*
		3,303,629	36,543
	*Less Decrease		6,409
	Net Gain		30,134

—*From Grand Lodge Bulletin, Iowa.*

Clandestinism in Denmark

Denmark is plagued by clandestinism. One of the clandestine organizations has taken offense at a number of sensational articles by which the *Morgenbladed*, a leading Danish newspaper, has been exposing its activities, and has sued the paper for libel.

The Danish territory is legally occupied by the universally recognized Grand Lodge of Denmark. There are also several regular Lodges under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Hamburg.

In September, 1923, one C. W. Hansen, who was not a Mason, started a branch of the so-called Martinist Order, which was dissolved a year later and reorganized in the form of an alleged Grand Orient and Supreme Council under the Cerneau System. To this, the Morin System

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and the Rite of Misraim and Memphis were added, besides other spurious excrescences of Masonry too numerous to mention. The usual profitable business in degrees and diplomas followed, but the embezzlements and disclosures of swindles which came in due time, did not discourage the spurious "Danske Stor-Orient," as the present litigation seems to indicate.

The libel suit against the *Morgenbladed* was set for trial last August and it will be interesting to know how the clandestine "Grand Orient" came out.—*L. F.*

Chinese Minister Member of Craft

Washington, D. C.—The present Chinese Minister to the United States is C. C. Wu, a member of the Masonic Fraternity. Dr. Wu is the son of the famous Chinese statesman, Wu Ting Fang. Several other prominent Chinese officials are Masons. C. T. Wang, Minister of Foreign Affairs, has taken a very active interest in the welfare of the Order in his country. The Chinese General Consul in New York, Sam Young, 32°, K.C.C.H., is a member of the Scottish Rite Bodies in Peking. Before he came to this country Mr. Young was Master of his Consistory.

Half A Span

A Remarkable Prophesy

According to an article in *Die Bauhuette*, Major Lukasinsky, the Polish patriot and Freemason, who was a political prisoner for nearly forty years, was, during the last years of his life—he died in 1868—permitted to write his memoirs. To these he added the following prophesy: "In the 18th year of the 20th century there will come a big world war, after which the thrones will be overthrown and Russia will be devastated. The Czar and members of his family will be assassinated and the country will be governed and ruined by an unbeliever. All those of a different creed will be persecuted. But the despot will himself perish in a terrible manner." This prophesy caused great consternation at the court of the Czar and was kept secret; but by accident, the Polish professor Simon Askenasy found it at the time of the occupation of Warsaw and published it a short time before the assassination of the Czar and his family.—*L. F.*

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.

A Gala Night in Corregidor Lodge No. 3

One of the most remarkable Masonic functions it has ever been our privilege to attend was the special meeting of Corregidor Lodge No. 3, which was held at the Masonic Temple on Tuesday, September 24, 1929. A team of Masonic Sojourners conferred the third degree on Bro. James Alexander Greer, a Fellow Craft of Corregidor Lodge, with 35 members and 171 visitors present, the latter including Most Wor. Bro. Seldon W. O'Brien, Grand Master of Masons of the Philippine Islands.

The Sojourners, who had previously assembled in the hall on the Escolta side, marched into the Riverside hall, where the Lodge had opened, in column of twos, 95 strong, with brisk, military step, and filled the benches in the North. Then Most Wor. Bro. Seldon W. O'Brien was introduced, received with the Grand Honors, conducted to the East, and offered the gavel, which he returned to Wor. Bro. John M. Aaron, Master of Corregidor Lodge, with a few words of thanks. Wor. Bro. Aaron then announced that the third degree was about to be conferred upon Bro. J. A. Greer by a special team of Masonic Sojourners and invited the officers to relinquish their stations to the members of that team, he setting the example by turning the gavel over to Most Wor. Bro. Frederic H. Stevens, P.G.M., and president of Far East Chapter No. 15, National Sojourners.

The third degree was then conferred on the candidate in a most efficient and impressive manner by the following Brethren:

FIRST SECTION:

W. M.—Joseph H. Schmidt, P.G.M.
S. W.—Wm. W. Larkin, S.G.W.
J. W.—E. C. Ross, P.M.
S. D.—John K. Pickering.
J. D.—G. B. Obear, P.M.
S. S.—Stanley Mathis.
J. S.—Samuel S. Schechter, P.M.
Working Tools.—T. B. Hacker

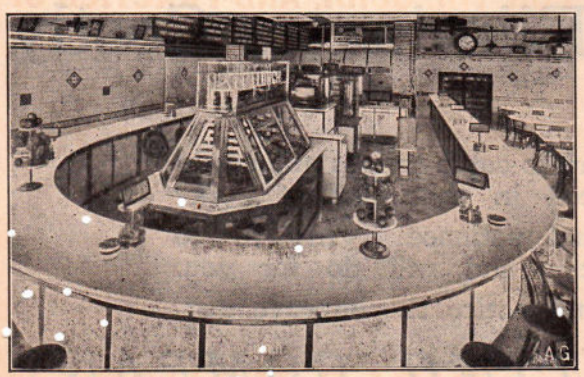
SECOND SECTION:

K. S.—Frederic H. Stevens, P.G.M.
K. of T.—George R. Harvey, P.G.M.
S. D.—C. W. Rosenstock, P.G.M.
J. D.—Wm. W. Larkin, S.G.W.
Secretary—Frank Brezina.
Seafarer—W. W. Larkin, S.G.W.
Chaplain—George J. Rixey.

Fellow Crafts:

C. W. Rosenstock, P.G.M.
Ervin C. Ross, P.M.
G. B. Obear, P.M.

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John K. Pickering
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A special team of 9 Fellow Crafts under the leadership of Bro. (Col.) Resolve P. Palmer made an excellent showing.

The lecture was given by M. W. Bro. Joseph H. Schmidt, whose delivery was irreproachable as usual, the Charge by M. W. Bro. F. H. Stevens, and the Congratulations by Wor. Bro. John M. Aaron.

The music was excellent. A choir composed of Bros. Joseph Garrison (who had trained it), Edwin C. Cooper, H. D. Cranston, and Omar Shuman sang several selections and Bro. Juan S. Hernandez presided at the organ.

The degree work was not marred by undue haste as it occasionally is, and it was late when the hour for speech-making arrived. After a few brief remarks by the candidate, Bro. R. P. Palmer gave an interesting outline of the history and purposes of the National Sojourners. This organization which, in its present form, originated in Chicago in 1917, is composed of Master Masons who are American citizens and hold or have held commissions in the uniformed forces of the United States. Its purposes are to promote good fellowship among its members, cultivate Masonic ideals, support all patriotic aims and activities in Masonry, develop true patriotism and Americanism throughout the nation, further the military needs of national defense, and oppose any influence whatsoever calculated to weaken the national security.

Most Wor. Bro. Frederic H. Stevens, president of Far East Chapter No. 15, the local unit of the National Sojourners, made additional remarks on that organization. Most Wor. Bro. Seldon W. O'Brien, Grand Master, warmly congratulated the W. M., the Lodge, and the special team and expressed the hope that similar get-together meetings would be held and that the result of the evening's work would be renewed interest in Lodge work on the part of those of our military Brethren who, without it, might have completed their tour of duty in the Islands without doing any Masonic visiting.

The Sojourners held a brief business meeting in the small hall and then joined the rest of the Brethren at refreshments in the hall on the Escolta side.

The entire affair was splendidly organized and managed and Wor. Bro. John M. Aaron and Most Wor. Bro. Frederic H. Stevens, as well as all others who contributed to its success, are to be complimented upon their initiative and upon the efficient manner in which the whole thing was carried through.—*L. F.*

Dapitan Lodge No. 21 Visited by Grand Master

On August 17th, Dapitan Lodge had the official visit of Most Wor. Bro. Seldon W. O'Brien, Grand Master of Masons of the Philippine Islands, accompanied by officers and members of the Grand Lodge, among them Rt. Wor. Deputy Grand Master Gonzalez and Rt. Wor. Senior Grand Warden Larkin. The First Degree of Masonry was conferred on this occasion upon Mr. Cruz Zafra Valenzuela by the regular officers of the Lodge, the apron being presented to the candidate by Wor. Bro. Venancio Dungka and the working tools by Wor. Bro. Francisco Santiago, Master of Bagumbayan Lodge No. 4. Wor. Bro. Francisco J. Olizon delivered the lecture.

The M. W. Grand Master made a brief, but instructive speech in which he emphasized the importance of the various tools and instruments used in the Entered Apprentice Degree.

Refreshments were served after the meeting, which was well attended.

A New Departure by Batangas Lodge No. 35

Despite its great area, population, wealth, and progressive spirit, the Province of Batangas has only one Masonic Lodge. Many of the members of this Lodge reside in towns distant from Batangas, the seat of that Lodge, and their attendance at meetings is for that reason irregular. In order to bring the Lodge to as many of these Brethren as possible, Batangas Lodge No. 35 has made arrangements for a series of Masonic gatherings, with lectures and talks, to be held in the principal, most centrally located towns. The first of these gatherings was held at Balayan on August 25, 1929. A party of Lodge officers and members and other Masons, numbering 36 in all, proceeded to Balayan early in the morning of that day by automobile, to be joined at Balayan by Brethren from that town and from Taal, Calaca, Tuy, and Nasugbu. The meeting was opened at 11 a. m. with an address by Wor. Bro. Roman Perez, Master of Batangas Lodge No. 35, who spoke on the purpose of the gathering. He was followed by Bro. M. Evangelista, whose subject was the ways in which a Mason can help his Lodge. Bro. A. Barrion then spoke on regular attendance at meetings of the Lodge. At high twelve, the Craft was called from labor to refreshment, until 1 p. m. In the afternoon, Bros. Deguito, Martinez, and Oliva made remarks, promising support and cooperation to their Mother Lodge. After a few words from Bros. Ocampo and Sarmiento, the conference was called off at 3. p. m. and the Brethren returned to their respective places of abode, well satisfied with the labors and impressions of the day.

From Minerva Lodge No. 41

We learn, rather late, the details of the funeral of Bro. Pedro Manuel Garcia, charter member of Minerva Lodge, who died on board the S. S. *Dos Hermanos* while en route to Legaspi, Albay. Masonic funeral services were held at the Quiogue Funeral Parlors on August 14th, Most Wor. Bro. Joseph H. Schmidt, P.G.M., presiding. There was a numerous attendance of Brother Masons, relatives, and friends. Bro. Garcia was chief engineer of the S. S. *Dos Hermanos* at the time of his death, and his body was returned to Manila through the efforts of Bro. Fred M. Harden, brother-in-law of the deceased.

Bro. Garcia leaves a widow and two young daughters.

From Acacia Lodge No. 78, Iloilo

Acacia Lodge, at its September stated meeting, passed a resolution thanking Bro. John Thomas Bootes, of Tupas Lodge No. 62, Cebu, for donating a fine Tyler's sword to the Lodge and for assisting the Lodge in its work whenever he can.

Special Night at Taga-Ilog Lodge No. 79

On Saturday evening, August 24, 1929, Taga-Ilog Lodge No. 79, F. & A. M., held a special meeting at which the Third Degree of Masonry was conferred in English on Bro. Sator, a fellowcraft of the Lodge. At precisely six o'clock, the officers and members of Muog Lodge No. 89, the guests of honor of the evening, were introduced and duly received by the Lodge. Immediately thereafter the officers and brethren of Bagumbayan Lodge No. 4 were also received in due form.

The officers of Taga-Ilog No. 79 then conferred the first section on the candidate. After the Lodge was called from labor to refreshment, the special team from Bagumbayan Lodge No. 4, headed by the Master, assumed their stations and places and then conferred the second section of this degree, including the lecture, the charge, and the congratulations. The degree work by both lodges was creditable.

The Masters of Muog Lodge No. 89 and Bagumbayan Lodge No. 4, Wor. Bros. Francisco Santiago and James T. Lyons, made brief addresses. Wor. Bro. Julián Gimenez, Master of Taga-Ilog Lodge, and Gathercole, P. M. of Cosmos No. 8, also addressed the gathering.

Refreshments were served after the meeting to the Brethren present, who numbered approximately 100.

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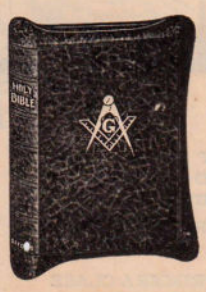
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Personals

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 Brethen with greetings, trips abroad, and similar news. Secretaries of Lodges publishing bulletins should send the latter to the CABLETOW *immediately upon publications, 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.—The Secretary has received letters from Bros. G. S. Folkard and J. S. Waddington, expressing a desire to be able to sit in their Lodge once more and sending greetings to all Brethren.

Bro. James Carter Brandon left the Islands for Siam in August, having joined an engineering firm in Bankok, where he and Mrs. Brandon expect to make their home for some time.

Bro. David L. Branch sends greetings from 5828 Genoa St., Oakland, Calif.

Bro. B. E. Donnel writes of his intention to leave the Navy after over sixteen years service. He will make Seattle his home for a while.

A comfortable letter, accompanying literature regarding the "California Junior Republic" tells us much of interest about that pioneer in school movements, with the hearty greetings of Bro. Charles E. Wright, who is superintendent.

Bro. J. F. McCullough sends a year's dues and an extra ten pesos for the "Crippled Children." His home is in Mechanicsburg, Pa., where Most Wor. Bro. Milton E. Springer also resides.

Bro. Charles Shaw sends regards from Washington, D. C. (U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey.)

Another letter of greetings, also from a member of the Geodetic Survey, was received from Bro. Louis M. Zeskind, who lives nearby at Takoma Park, Maryland.

Wor. Bro. C. T. Alden sends us the welcome news that he expects to sail for the Islands in September, which will find him in Lodge again during October.

Bro. B. H. Graves writes from Naknek, Alaska, a long way from our mild shores; Bro. E. O. Clayton from San Francisco; Bro. Werner Tornroth from Shanghai and Bro. Guy Stratton from Jolo.

Cavite No. 2.—Bro. S. G. Chapman, whose present address is 716 Maine Street, Vallejo, Calif., is very active in Masonic work. He was instrumental in organizing Island Chapter No. 82 of the National Sojourners, of which he was elected the first president, and is Junior Warden of Naval Commandery, Vallejo. He also does what he can in his district to help along the work of the Oakland Scottish Rite Bodies and Aahmes Temple. Off and on, Bro. Chapman has spent twelve years in the Philippine Islands and is still keenly interested in Philippine Masonry.

Corregidor No. 3.—Wor. Bro. Charles A. Massell left Manila on August 31st, on the S. S. *Siantar*, a Dutch steamer which makes the voyage from Manila to Los Angeles direct. Bro. Massell was still suffering from the consequences of an operation when he left the Islands and expects that the change of climate and a rest in the homeland will aid him to recover his health. His address in the U. S. will be 1969 Main Street, Bridgeport, Conn. Mrs. Massell and their daughter left for the U. S. some time ago.

Bro. Frank C. Swan sailed on the same ship and will look after Wor. Bro. Massell on the way over.

The wife of Bro. Irving F. Wiltse, whose eyes were seriously injured in an explosion of chemicals while she was giving a lesson in chemistry in Manila in July last year, is reported to be improving. It was feared that she would lose the sight of the right eye, also; but now seems that this danger no longer exists.

Dues and greetings were fraternally forwarded by Brother Benjamin L. L. Carroll from his home in Shreveport, Louisiana.

Major John H. Linson, with dues for the year, extends his best thoughts to all the Brethren. He is still in Chicago at the U.S. Marine Hospital.

John H. Ayres, Bureau of Public Roads, Troy, New York, writes to "give my best wishes to all who remember me". He always stays at a town with a little name, last it was Little Rock, now it is Troy.

Senior Warden Verne E. Miller, writing from Interlaken, Switzerland, says that, with his mother and wife they were climbing to over 11,000 feet altitudes in the Swiss Alps.

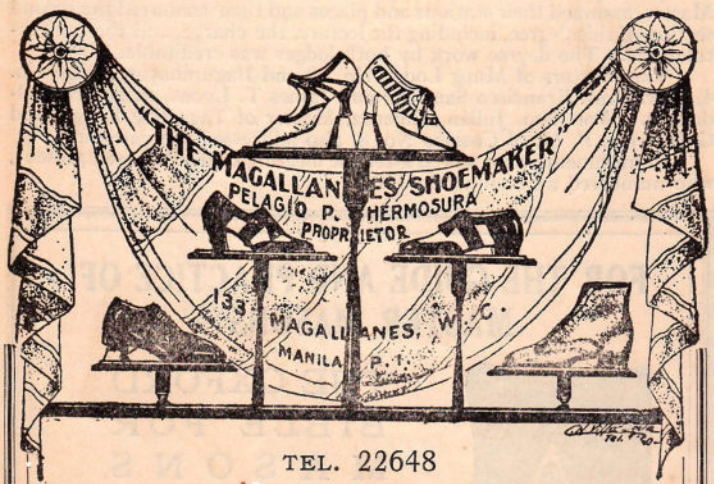
Brother Earl C. Earle, who is now assistant Harbor Engineer at San Pedro, California, sends greetings.

Past Master Charles C. Cole salutes all the Brethren from San Francisco, California.

Brother Leon E. Williams, who resides in Denver, Colorado, writes his annual check and is loyal to his Lodge.

Wor. Bro. John M. Aaron is winning laurels in amateur theatricals, in addition to being a very active Master.

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Most Wor. Bro. Newton C. Comfort, P. G. M., entered St. Paul's Hospital for an operation on September 6th and was discharged a fortnight later. During his stay at the hospital he got a complete rest, which was probably just what our hard-working Brother needed.

Bagumbayan No. 4.—Angalo Lodge No. 63 writes that on August 12th, Wor. Bro. José C. Velo helped the Lodge to put on the Second Degree and conveyed the greetings of the M. W. Grand Master to Angalo Lodge. A response to his address was made by Wor. Bro Miguel I. Aguinaldo.

Bro. Fausto Gonzalez Sioco mourns the death of his wife, Mrs. Amparo de la Rama de Gonzalez Sioco, which occurred in Switzerland on August 25th, last. Mrs. Gonzalez Sioco was 28 years old at the time she died and leaves one child. She had been ill for two years and had left the Islands last May in an attempt to recover her lost health in Europe.

Southern Cross No. 6.—Bro. J. R. Herdman is being congratulated upon his engagement and forthcoming marriage (in December) to Miss Elizabeth Hawkinson, of Los Angeles.

Bro. Whipple S. Hall was seriously ill at home, with pleurisy, complicated by heart trouble, last month.

Wor. Bro. G. C. Dankwerth, vice-president of the Philippine National Bank, and wife are enjoying a well-earned vacation in China.

Wor. Bro. E. A. Perkins is reported on his way back to Manila.

Bro. Adna W. Gibson has been transferred to Hong Kong, Bro. Harry J. Hawkins to Baguio, and Bro. Erwin F. Koch to Medan, Sumatra.

Biak-na-Bato No. 7.—Cosmos Lodge No. 62, of Barcelona, Spain, has notified this Lodge that on June 18, 1929, it had the visit of Bro. Pedro Hervas Sebastia.

Wor. Bro. José Campos Rueda has also done a good deal of Masonic visiting in Spain, as shown by a letter from Málaga which we publish in the Spanish section of this number of the CABLETOW.

Cosmos No. 8.—Several Brethren who were on the sick list in August have recovered since. Among them are Bro. Wm. B. Pennington, who had an infection of the throat, and Bro. Joseph H. MacDonald, who was laid up with an injured foot.

Letters with regards to all have been received from Bro. John Sinn, of Honolulu, and Bro. Andres V. Saavedra, who wrote from Nueva Ecija.

The Secretary has also received a letter from Bro. Paul A. Schwab, written from the round-the-word liner *President Jefferson*, expressing his regret at not having been able to say good-bye to the brethren before he left Manila, and asking that his fraternal greetings and best wishes be extended to all the members. Bro. Schwab expects to spend some time visiting his relatives and friends on the Pacific Coast, and his address will be 1554 Mozart Street, Alameda, California. He will possibly return to Manila about the first of the year.

Through the courtesy of Bro. William M. Thomas we are informed that Bro. Shelby M. Yount is now at the Naval Radio Station at Mare Island, California. Brother Yount was recently attached to the Naval Radio Station at Los Baños, and left for the United States for a new assignment.

Brother John W. Ratliff spent a few days last month in the province of Tayabas, and reports that he enjoyed a visit with Bro. Charles C. Fuller at Sumulong Station.

Brother Henry Strauss returned to Manila on August 7th, after an extensive trip through the provinces.

Brother Thomas G. Henderson recently received word that his brother, who is a prominent Mason and business man in Cape Town, has been elected a Member of Parliament of South Africa. Brother Henderson visited his brother in Cape Town during his trip around the world in 1927.

Bro. A. E. Tatton, who has been ill at the Sternberg General Hospital for some time, left for Camp John Hay at the end of last month to recover his health in the high altitude of that military post. He had been ordered to the United States, but having been a resident of the Philippines for a generation and having his family in Manila, he requested to be allowed to stay in the Islands. Bro. Tatton, who is a warrant officer in the U. S. Army, is well and favorably known to the readers of the CABLETOW by his instructive articles on Masonry.

Most Wor. Bro. Joseph H. Schmidt, one of the hardest workers in Freemasonry and other fraternal organizations in the Philippines, will, we understand, leave for the United States on a flying trip, on business of his company, some time next January. The sea trip and a brief sojourn in a cool climate will do our Brother good after the strenuous work of the last few years.

St. John's No. 9.—Mrs. Archie L. Ryan and son, Lloyd, wife and son of Bro. A. L. Ryan, returned to the Islands August 15, after an absence of several years. She left her daughter, Martha, and her son, Allen, in college in the States.

Letters recently received from Bro. Merton Van Norman Best told of his interesting travels in Europe. He was then in Paris and expected to sail shortly for New York where he was to visit the head office of his firm, the American Express Co.

Wor. Bro. W. R. L. Best, who has been ill at his home for several weeks, shows steady improvement, as this circular goes to press, although still on his back by orders of his physicians. Wor. Bro. Best is allowed to have visitors and appreciates being remembered by the brethren of his Lodge.

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The Master and Secretary have received cards from Mr. and Mrs. Albertus Benjamin Baker of Spokane, Washington, announcing the marriage of their daughter Grace Olive to Dr. Eugene Alfred Rodier, on Monday, July 22, 1929. Dr. Rodier is otherwise known as Junior Warden of St. John's.

Mrs. E. S. Turner, wife of Bro. E. Stanton Turner, and Mrs. C. W. Edmunds, are to entertain September 4, 1929, in honor of Mrs. F. E. Moir, an old-time Manilan, who arrived from Los Angeles, August 29. Mrs. Moir is a sister of Mrs. Fraser, wife of Bro. H. C. Fraser, a chaplain at Ft. McKinley.

Bro. R. H. Whitfield and wife from Cadiz, Negros Occidental, are spending a week in town living at the Manila Hotel. Bro. Whitfield informs us that his company has ordered him to transfer his residence to Manila.

Bro. A. H. Warren was operated on at St. Luke's Hospital on August 17.

Bro. A. R. Hubber has changed his address from calle Georgia to No. 166 Gastambide, Manila, P. I.

Bros. Oscar Baier and Sam Barker are among the incorporators of a new sugar central to be erected in Cavite near their plantation.

Bro. E. W. Schedler, with his wife and two sons, returned August 29 on the *President Pierce* from a vacation in the United States.

Bro. Jack George and family are expected back from their vacation in the States during September. They were in Seattle in late July.

Mrs. Paschall, wife of Bro. Frank Paschall of Davao, came to Manila during August to spend a month visiting and shopping, staying at the Manila Hotel.

Mrs. Heald, wife of Bro. H. C. Heald, of Baguio, will sail on September 6th for the United States. She will visit her mother and brother before returning to the Islands.

Bro. Eugene A. Rodier, Junior Warden, was unable to attend practice meeting, August 29, owing to his being confined to his bed by an attack of fever. Fortunately he is quite himself again.

Bro. L. E. Hughes writing from Mare Island, California, under date of July 20, said he expected to leave for Nicaragua July 22, and gave his address as c/o P. M., N. Y., N. Y.

The Secretary has received a letter from Bro. William Yost, under date of July 19, mentioning a change in his business address and requesting that all mail be sent to his home address at 133 E. 35th St., N. Y. City. Bro. Yost mentioned having received a letter from Bro. J. Leonard Johnson. He also said that the American Express Co. had suggested his own return to the Far East to manage one of its offices, and that he might accept the suggestion, should his wife's health later permit it.

The Secretary has received an appreciative letter under date of July 20, from Bro. J. Leonard Johnson telling of the receipt of letters from a number of the Brethren. Bro. Johnson wrote hopefully of the prospects of saving his leg; said he had discarded his crutches the first part of June and had been walking with the aid of a cane, getting around very well

Under date of July 29, Bro. George Verrill wrote from La Grange, Illinois, sending dues. Bro. Verrill is a civil engineer with an office at 14 South Fifth Avenue, La Grange.

A letter to the Secretary from the Seaboard Branch, Anglo-California Trust Company, gives the address of Bro. Francis S. Gates as 300 Haight St., San Francisco.

At the August stated meeting, a letter was read from Bro. Wm. J. Volkman, then at Pearl Harbor, T. H., inclosing dues and thanking the secretary for assistance given in securing a duplicate to a lost navy pay warrant, which went astray two years ago.

Iloilo No. 11.—(See Spanish Section.)

Pilar No. 15.—Bro. Dr. M. Bautista wrote from Sacramento, California, where he is spending his vacation with his family, saying they are enjoying their stay there.

Bro. D. Quitorio, of the U. S. S. *Pope No. 225*, sends best regards to the brethren.

Bro. Toe Hio, who had gone to Davao on business, has returned to the city.

Bro. Tungol of Lubao, Pampanga, is now working in the Claim Department of the Meralco.

Bro. M. Dominguez's son, Andres, has obtained his doctor's degree in dentistry.

Bro. T. Gayo celebrated the birthday of his two daughters on the evening of September 7th. The occasion was enjoyed by the Brethren after the stated meeting, and also by all other visitors.

Bro. M. Sayoc is very grateful to all Brethren and friends who visited him in the Philippine General Hospital while he was confined there on account of an operation for appendicitis.

Bro. A. Pineda is ill at his home.

Bro. J. Dumlao, of the U. S. S. *Trenton*, sends regards to the Brethren.

Bro. Major H. Garma, P.C., formerly stationed at Legaspi, Albay, has been transferred to Tuguegarao, Cagayan.

Bro. C. Sayoc sends greetings from Surigao.

Bro. D. Esguerra, formerly of the U. S. S. *Pope No. 225*, has been transferred to the U. S. S. *Henshaw No. 278*, San Francisco, California.

Bro. Hao Puy has left for Sorsogon on account of the death of his father which occurred there.

Bro. Attorney Fortunato Ejercito, formerly in the office of the Clerk of the Court of First Instance at Sta. Cruz, Laguna, has been

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Sinukuan No. 16.—(See Spanish Section.)

Dapitan No. 21.—Bro. Felix Z. Ledda reports a new arrival in his family, a son being born to him at the Ledda home at 327 Tayabas, on August 28th. Mother and child are doing fine.

Less lucky was Wor. Bro. Enrique Hernandez, whose child, born on August 27th, died a few days after birth. Several members of the Lodge attended the funeral.

Bro. Tomas Tan Eng Chiu, in order to avoid hitting a pedestrian, ran his automobile into a post on Calle Rosario, damaging the car considerably and sustaining serious injuries about the head himself. He was taken to the Chinese General Hospital, where he stayed over ten days, and is now rapidly recovering at his residence at 930 Juan Luna.

Bro. Roman Tesoro returned to Manila a few days ago after spending about a month in the province of Misamis on business.

Three of the children of Bro. Santiago Non were sick recently. Two of them have fully recovered while the youngest who was seriously ill is now fast recovering.

The wife of Bro. Gonzalo Pagdanganan gave birth to a son at the Philippine General Hospital on August 28th.

Bro. Inocentes Villegas, Secretary of the Lodge, made several visits to Bro. Lorenzo Palileo at the Philippine General Hospiral. Bro. Palileo is provincial treasurer of Cotabato and a member of Mount Apo Lodge No. 45 at Zamboanga.

Bro. Macario Peralta, who is a practicing attorney, spent a week in Pangasinan and Nueva Ecija, attending the court sessions in those provinces.

Bro. and Mrs. Vicer te Albo arrived at Manila on the S. S. *President McKinley*. Bro. Albo had gone to Hongkong to meet his wife who was returning from a world tour.

Ibarra No. 31.—Bro. Maximino Frondoso took the bar examination in July.

Bro. Guillermo E. Victorio writes from Laoag, Ilocos Norte, where he is now located as station manager of the Radio Corporation. He asks for back numbers of the CABLETOW and says he is anxious to know the conclusion of the story "The Onyx Ring" which he missed.

Minerva No. 41.—Bro. Albert J. Morris had a short spell of illness early in August, when he was for some time a patient in St. Luke's Hospital.

Bro. Chas. F. Klein, a charter member of this Lodge, writes from 25 South Street, New York City, that after several months of serious illness and unemployment he is now second engineer on a Grace Co. steamer engaged in trade in the South Atlantic. He says that in his department there are four Master Masons, one from North Ireland, one from New York City, one from Scotland, and one from the Philippines. He as well as the other Brethren on board read the CABLETOW with great interest. Bro. Klein sends his best regards to his friends in the Philippine Islands.

Mt. Apo No. 45.—Bro. J. Pilares, P. M. No. 102, Jolo, and wife made a short visit to Zamboanga early in September.

Bro. N. C. McClelland, general manager of Atkins, Kroll & Company, arrived from Manila on the S. S. *Sirius* on August 12th and returned to Manila by the same vessel.

Bro. Howard P. Moore sailed on the S. S. *Alba* for Manila on August 29th. He is en route to the United States.

Bro. Joseph H. Brooks after being absent for several months returned from the United States early in September.

Mount Mainam No. 49.—Bro. Felix Lupisan, of the Claim Department of the Meralco, writes from Luisiana, Laguna, where he is at present located as right-of-way man of the company mentioned on the Botocan project. He writes that recently a number of American employees from the U. S. arrived in Botocan and that nearly all are Masons from New York.

Sarangani No. 50.—Among the sick in August were the wife of Wor. Bro. Celestino Chaves and the youngest son of Bro. Vicente Narciso (30), the latter being ill at the Davao Public Hospital and the former at home.

Bro. A. Hui (93) employed in the Asiatic Petroleum Co. in Davao has been ordered to report to the Central Office in Manila, his new assignment.

After spending several months vacation in his home town in Iloilo, Bro. Luis Sirilan (55), Assistant Civil Engineer temporarily detailed in Davao, had been called to Manila by the Bureau of Public Works for new assignment.

Bro. Patricio Cunanan was in Davao last week for the purpose of business.

Bro. Eugenio Durante, Traveling Deputy Treasurer, left for official inspection trip in the Municipal Districts of Caburan, Butulaki and Malita.

Bro. Salvador Lopez, Municipal President of Mati, left for China to see if the remains of his father, Bro. Enrique Lopez, who died there on June 30th, last, can be brought back to the Philippines for interment.

After several days stay in bed due to sickness, Bro. Juan D. Soriano, of Union Lodge No. 70, internal revenue agent, returned to his desk last week.

Bro. Wee Tee, of Noli Me Tangere Lodge No. 42, was buried on August 29, last, in the municipal cemetery. The majority of the members of this Lodge as well as the sojourning Masons attended the funeral.

On September 1st, Bro. José Elayda, Secretary of this Lodge, gave a stag party celebration of the birthday of his 1-year old son Constancio.

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ILOILO MANILA CEBU

Pintong Bato No. 51.—Bro. José Arcellana acted as Master and a number of Brethren "picked up from the floor" as officers when the first degree was conferred on Mr. Celestino R. Convento, on August 31st.

Bro. Agapito E. Baysa sends greetings from the U. S. S. *Denver*, from the Canal Zone.

Another Brother who sends greetings is Tito G. Edurise, on the U. S. S. *Maryland*, c/o P. M., San Francisco, Calif.

Cabanatuan No. 53.—Bro. José Santos Soo Ping writes from Daet, Camarines Norte, that he is located there as representative of the firm Siy Cong Bieng & Co., Inc.

Bro. F. M. Alejo is now at Balanga, Bataan.

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

Isla de Luzon No. 57.—Bro. Nicanor Abelardo received a letter from Prof. Max Felix Bruch, of Berlin, Germany, congratulating him upon his exquisite musical composition entitled "Ikaw rin", which is now very popular in Berlin. He also received a letter from the Southern Music Publishing Co., Inc., asking his permission to reproduce his musical piece named "Nasaan ka Irog" in the Victor Talking Machine Records.

Bro. Antonino Buenaventura is now conductor of the Junior Symphony Orchestra in the Conservatory of Music of the University of the Philippines, recently organized by him.

Bro. Ambrosio S. Telesforo celebrated a dinner dansant on September 8th, on the triple occasion of a birthday, baptism and confirmation of his three sons. Wor. Bro. Francisco Santiago, Master of Bagumbayan Lodge No. 4, acted as godfather. The following Brethren attended the fiesta: Bros. Francisco Santiago, Ramon Mendoza, Lino Chavez, J. M. E. Leon, Leonardo Fajardo, Vicente Flechero, and ladies and gentlemen of the younger set, who indulged the whole afternoon in dancing.

Wor. Bro. Ramon Mendoza, Assistant Grand Secretary, is now again back at his desk, after having been confined in bed for a long time by illness.

Bro. Sisenando Palarca, honorary member of this Lodge, is suffering from acute rheumatism.

Bros. Bruno P. Baguio, Juan G. Cortes, Primitivo Dalman, Bernabe Ejidang, Vicente Frias and José A. Varcas are expected to arrive on October 4th on the U. S. Transport *Grant*.

Bro. Honorio Fajardo lost his 3-year old boy, a victim of meningitis. The burial took place at the La Loma Cemetery on September 16th.

Bro. Santiago Gochangco left last week for Tuguegarao in connection with his business. He will return before the end of this month.

Bro. Leonardo Fajardo was confined to bed for a few days with fever.

Wor. Bro. José P. Paterno held an intimate supper with his Brethren on occasion of his 40th birthday September 17th. Bros. Felisberto Z. Soriano, Ramon Mendoza, Cayetano Gutierrez, J. M. E. Leon, Nicanor Abelardo, Antonino Buenaventura, Ladislao Corro, Ladislao José, Emeterio C. Yalong, Ambrosio S. Telesforo, Hilario M. Soriano, and many others attended this fiesta.

Bro. Vicente Badillo left for San Pablo, Laguna, to attend to his business, the Orlanes Transportation Co., after having been in the City for a short time.

Marble No. 58.—Bro. Domingo J. del Callar writes that his new address is P. O. Box 88, Tarlac, Tarlac, to which place he has removed from Dagupan, Pangasinan.

Gonzaga No. 66.—Bro. Hermogenes Tamaray, until recently bookkeeper of the Red Line Transportation Company, is now traveling deputy of the provincial treasurer of Cagayan.

Wor. Bro. José F. Quinto visited Manila early in August, in company with Bro. and Mrs. Geronimo Paredes. He returned with his brother Lope, a law student, who was ill.

Bro. Marcelo Paguyu, municipal treasurer of Tuguegarao, is back at his desk after a leave of absence of four months which he spent in Manila and in his home town.

Wor. Bros. José F. Quinto and Ceferino R. Diño, both Past Masters of this Lodge, visited Abulug in connection with the inspection by the latter of the office of the municipal treasurers of Ballesteros and Abulug, on August 24th.

Bro. Felino Cepeda was presented by his wife (née Angela Calucag) with a robust son on August 26th.

Bro. and Mrs. Juan B. Pagulayan are mourning the death of their youngest child.

Laoag No. 71.—Bro. Alfredo C. Sese, lieutenant, P. C., writes us that his present station is Lubuagan, Kalinga, Mountain Province.

Agno No. 75.—Bro. Felipe S. Fernandez writes from Bacolor, Pampanga, that his eldest son again entered the Philippine General Hospital, suffering from heart trouble, on August 1st, and is unable to continue his studies.

Kasilawan No. 77.—Bro. Elias Ibañez writes from Zamboanga sending his best wishes to the Brethren.

Bro. Agaton Day, captain of the bowling team, predicts that the Lodge will get the championship this year in the Inter-Lodge Bowling Tournament, which will begin some time next month. He is now busy practising with his men.

Bro. Dionisio Lintag informs the Secretary that his wife has been at the Mary Johnston Hospital since the latter part of last month, an obstetrical case.

Wor. Bro. José S. Velasquez was unable to attend the September stated meeting on account of the storm which occurred on the night of September 3rd and flooded his town, Pasig.

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ILOILO MANILA CEBU

Taga-Ilog No. 79.—Bro. Gabriel Garduque, staff sergeant in the Air Corps of the U. S. Army, sends regards from Langley Field, Hampton, Va. He sends a picture of his family and writes that he has been doing considerable Masonic visiting and has always found a warm welcome in the Lodges.

Bro. Engracio Abasolo has moved into his new residence on Calle Forbes, Sampaloc. He has invested all his savings in the purchase of the lot and the construction of a modern type dwelling on the same.

High-Twelve No. 82.—(*Aug. 20*). Wor. Bro. Filomeno Galang, P. M., arrived from Baguio in time to attend the August stated meeting of this Lodge. He stayed in the city for a few days only.

Bro. Jesus Alvarez was ordered by the Director of Posts to proceed to Batangas during the last days of July, on official business.

Bro. Pedro Menor reports that his wife, who has been seriously ill for quite a long time, is convalescing.

Bro. Eduardo Co Seteng, a Fellow Craft of this Lodge, left on August 1st on board the S. S. *Susana* for Amoy, China, to see his mother who is ill. He expects to be away for a couple of months.

Bro. G. W. Lewis de Silva and family have removed to No. 1403 Callejon Sulu, Santa Cruz, Manila.

(*Sept. 20*). Wor. Bro. Felipe Carbonilla, P. M., after a silence of about four months, has at last been heard from, sending his regards to the brethren of High-Twelve. He is at Calinog, Iloilo, but every time he is in the City of Iloilo he visits Lodge.

Bro. Juan Fontanoza left on August 31st for the forest stations situated in the provinces of Leyte, Samar and Lanao. He will be back in time for the election in December.

Bro. Dominador R. Escosa has resigned his position at the Philippine Cold Stores to work in the law offices of Wor. Bro. L. D. Lockwood.

Bro. Gregorio Zamuco arrived on the s.s. *President Jackson* on September 2nd after an absence of four years in the United States. He came back with the degrees of Bachelor of Science in Logging Engineering from the University of Washington, Seattle, and from Yale University, where he took his post-graduate work. He expects to report for duty in the Bureau of Forestry in the near future.

Bros. José B. Logan and Antonio Quiaoit are in the City in connection with their respective business enterprises.

Muog No. 89.—Brother Botkins writes from San Francisco, California, that he is now working as a civilian employee in the Wm. Beaumont General Hospital and sends greetings to the members of the Lodge.

The Secretary is in receipt of a letter from the Secretary of Meridian Lodge No. 268, of Meridian, Texas, informing him of the visit of Brother Lewis M. Gould, Senior Deacon of Muog Lodge, to that Lodge. A letter of greetings to the members of Muog has been received by Wor. Bro. Lyons from Brother Gould.

Brother Pedro Santos appointment as chief buyer of the Bureau of Supply has been confirmed by the Senate.

The wife of Brother Doctor Teodorico Santos has presented him with a son.

Bro. Felipe Mapoy is again with us after undergoing an operation for appendicitis in the San Juan de Dios Hospital. Brother Mapoy is mourning the death of one of his children.

Brother Alejandro H. Lacuna is now working as an attorney with the law Firm of Guevara, Francisco and Recto.

Bro. Tomás Borja has been recently discharged from the Philippine General Hospital completely cured from the injuries he suffered in an automobile accident.

Mt. Kaladias No.—19. Bro. José M. Estación has removed from San Carlos to Bacolod, where he will engage in the practice of law.

Mencius No. 93.—Bro. Benito E. Lim and Bro. Tan Tay Duan, Fellow-Crafts of this Lodge, were raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason on the 5th of September, with Wor. Bro. Luis Lim Billan acting as Master and Bro. Fua Guiocji and Wor. Bro. Victorino Tanlayco as Wardens. The work was done in a very satisfactory manner. After the ceremonies, a banquet was tendered in one of the downtown restaurants which many Brethren from other Lodges attended.

Bro. Lim An is in Davao on business for the Philippine Foreign Trading Corporation of which he is the general manager.

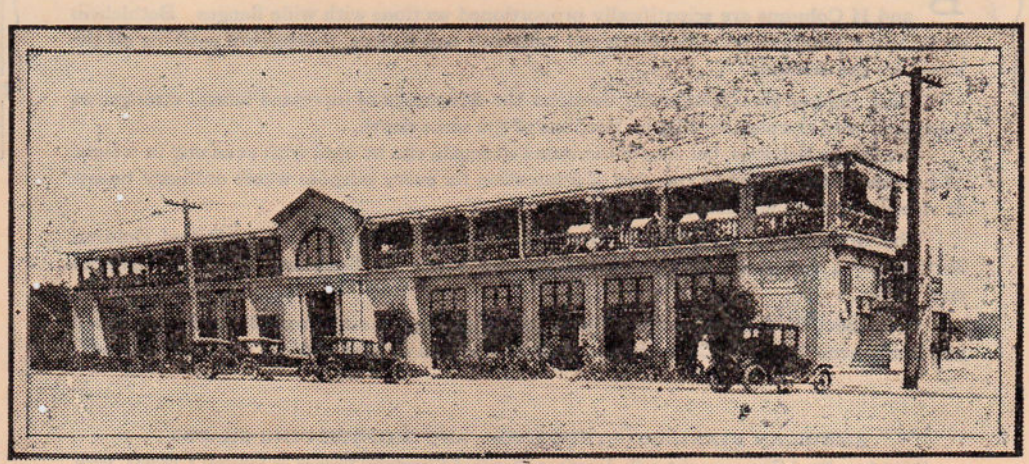
Bro. Chua Bon He, a Rosario business man, left for China some months ago on a vacation. He expects to return to the Islands beginning of next year.

Bro. Yap Fan Cuy, after five years absence in China, is back in Manila where he is now active in the dry goods business bearing his name.

Bro. Agapito Yulak left for Cebu on September 10th, on business; he expects to return to the city after two weeks.

Benjamin Franklin No. 94.—Bro. Wm. E. Lunsford writes that Mrs. Lunsford's health improved from the day she put out to sea and that she has almost recovered from her serious illness.

Wor. Bro. James M. Bury, who has been very ill, is slowly recovering.



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Bud Daho No. 102.—Miss Salome Magno, daughter of Bro. José Magno, was married to Dr. Roman T. Salacup on August 3rd last, at the South Seas Club, the ceremony being performed by Judge Sabino Padilla. The wedding was a military one and very impressive.

Wor. Bro. Juan S. Alano (P. M., 45) and wife visited Jolo early in August on business and pleasure; they returned to their coconut plantation in Malamawi, Isabela de Basilan, on the next boat.

Bro. Dr. J. H. Yanzon wrote the Secretary from Irosin, Sorsogon, where he was on duty with Health and Relief Unit No. 1 of the American Red Cross, making a survey of the typhoon-stricken regions of Sorsogon Province.

Wor. Bro. Juan S. Alano (P. M. 45), accompanied by Mrs. Alano and Bro. and Mrs. Pedro Macrohon (45), took the S. S. *Sirius* for a business and pleasure trip to Davao.

Bro. Lt. E. A. Fawcett (4) and family left for Tawi-Tawi district, his official station, after Mrs. Fawcett's recovery from her illness.

On August 17th, Bro. and Mrs. Benigno Viray's youngest daughter died in the Sulu Public Hospital.

The mother of our treasurer, Bro. Agapito de los Reyes, was admitted to the Sulu Public Hospital with malaria.

Bro. José Magno has just returned on the S. S. *Mindoro*, having been on special duty in the northern part of Mindanao and Cebu, in connection with his works in the Bureau of Customs. Bro. Magno visited Maktan Lodge No. 30, Cebu, and speaks highly of the courtesy extended to him by the Brethren he met in that Lodge.

Wor. Bro. Julian Pilares, District Health Officer for Sulu, left on the S. S. *Mindoro* for an official inspection trip in the southern part of the province.

Bro. Lorenzo Palileo (45), provincial treasurer of Cotabato, and Bro. Elayda, professor of the Col. of Agriculture, who is touring Mindanao and Sulu in the interest of his College, were among the passengers on the S. S. *Islas Filipinas*, for Manila.

Wor. Bro. Ubaldo D. Laya, provincial treasurer of Sulu, left on the government launch *Engineer* for an official inspection of the municipal districts of Siasi, Bongao and Sitanki.

A group picture of the officers and members of the recently organized "Agusan Sojourners' Association," the first of its kind in the history of Agusan province, was received from Bro. Cipriano Jularbal.

Bro. Felix G. Mendoza, supervising teacher of Sulu, left on September 3rd, on the S. S. *Sirius*, for Cebu, to visit the Cebu Normal School and other schools in the province, for class-room observation. On his way home, he will visit the Dumaguete schools, for the same purpose.

Bataan No. 104.—The wife of our Senior Warden, Bro. J. C. Hill, has been operated at the San Juan de Dios Hospital. She is doing well, according to Bro. Hill.

Bro. Felipe Fuentes, of the Cadwallader-Gibson Lumber Co., has been offered a more remunerative position by the Ynchausti Tabacalera Lumber Co., with headquarters at Gingoog, Misamis.

A daughter has been born to Bro. Felipe Padolina, our present Master.

Bro. Pedro L. Paulino, of the Bureau of Agriculture, is back after an inspection in the Visayan Islands. He reports having met a number of Brethren in Cebu and Tagbilaran where he was received courteously.

Bro. Geo. Richardson (3), Mill Supt. of the Cadwallader Gibson Lumber Co., celebrated his birthday with refreshments and dancing.

Bro. P. Castañeda (51) made a nice sword for Bataan Lodge. In appreciation of his work, our Bro. Secretary bought him an umbrella.

Bro. Marcelo de la Cruz, of the Cadwallader-Gibson Lumber Co., has gone to Manila for medical treatment.

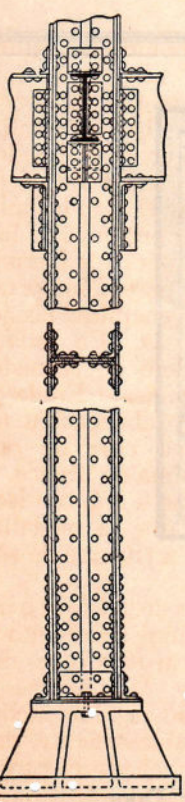
On August 19th, the baby daughter of Bro. Leonardo San Pedro was rushed to the Mary Johnson Hospital for operation.

Bro. Governor Gregorio R. Quicho has been very busy during the month, inspecting the municipalities of the province.

Letters expressing regret over the death of the baby boy of our Bro. Secretary have been received from Bros. Mariano Sy-Quimsiam and Dr. Baltazar Karganilla.

BETHLEHEM STRUCTURAL SHAPES

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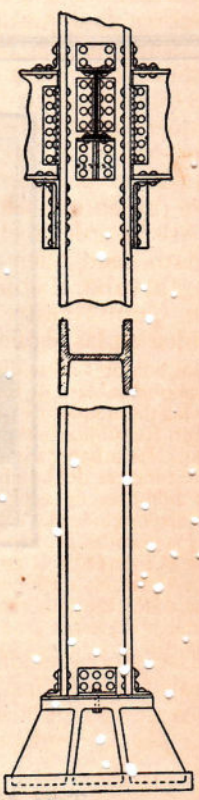
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Seccion Castellana

Página Editorial

La Honradez

En estos días vemos más que nunca que la honradez no tiene precio. Por todos lados oimos hablar de robos, estafas, sobornos y chanchullos. Al hombre honrado lo señalan como excepción.

La honradez es una de las primeras condiciones que se exige al profano quien solicita admisión en nuestros misterios. Pero la honradez ordinaria no basta para ser Masón. Los que trabajan en nuestros Talleres no son dignos de pertenecer a la Masonería si todo lo bueno que se puede decir de ellos es, que no son ladrones ni estafadores. No bastan las cualidades negativas. El Masón, tanto en los negocios como en los cargos públicos, no solamente debe ser hombre de integridad acrisolada sino que debe saber crear en su alrededor una atmósfera en que no pueden medrar el engaño, la estafa y la mala fé. No basta que proceda con rectitud: si no procura combatir y suprimir el mal y luchar por el triunfo de la probidad, no cumple con su deber. No debe haber comerciante más honrado, abogado más íntegro, funcionario más probo, ni dependiente más leal que el Masón.—*L. F.*

La Obra Común

La Gran Logia de las Islas Filipinas reune en su seno a hombres de distintas razas, naciones, idiomas y religiones que, como buenos Masones, tratan cada uno de aportar su grano de arena a la obra común. Es verdad que hay Talleres puramente filipinos y otros integrados solamente por americanos, pero esto no significa que no hay unión y solidaridad. La cooperación en la labor masónica es perfecta y el auxilio masónico no conoce color ni idioma. Basta que se presente la necesidad o se dé la señal de socorro.

Así lo ordena el Gran Arquitecto del Universo cuyo mandato todo buen Masón respeta y obedece, y este es, al fin y al cabo, el objeto de la Masonería. El Ilustre Hmno. Antin, Gran Maestre del Gran Oriente de Francia, expresa esta idea en las siguientes palabras elocuentes:

> Los hombres no se distinguen esencialmente por la diferencia de los idiomas que hablan, de los vestidos que llevan, de los países que ocupan ni por las dignidades de que están investidos. El mundo no es más que una gran República, en que cada nación es una familia y cada particular un hijo. Para hacer vivir y extender estas máximas esenciales tomadas de la naturaleza del hombre, se estableció nuestra sociedad. Queremos reunir hombres de espíritu esclarecido, de costumbres limpias y de felices disposiciones no sólo por su amor a las bellas artes, sino más bien hacia los grandes principios de la Virtud y de la Ciencia; principios en los que el interés de la confraternidad es el de todo género humano, en los que todas las naciones puedan adquirir conocimientos sólidos y en los que todos los súbditos de todos los reinos puedan aprender a profesarse mutuos afectos sin renunciar a su patria.

Esta cooperación, esta unión constituyen la fuerza de la Gran Logia de las Islas Filipinas, la cual, edificada sobre la roca de la regularidad, vivirá siempre si continua avanzando por la senda empezada.—*L. F.*

Los Que Leen

Va disminuyendo el número de los Masones que están satisfechos con lo que aprenden dentro del Taller. Muchos empiezan a darse cuenta de que la literatura masónica existe y que conviene que ellos también beban de la cristalina fuente que ofrecen obras recientes sobre Masonería y las buenas revistas masónicas que hoy se publican en diferentes idiomas y paises. Ya han pasado los tiempos en que los libros masónicos se leían en secreto porque las autoridades habían prohibido su introducción y posesión, y tenerlos en casa equivalía a la presencia en el hogar de una caja de dinamita que en cualquier momento podía estallar y destruirlo todo.

Los Masones que se dedican a la lectura de obras sobre la historia y el simbolismo de nuestra Institución aciertan a verla en toda su belleza y claridad. Las instrucciones rudimentarias que recibimos dentro del Taller no bastan para enseñarnos toda la luz que irradia la Masonería. Nos dejan en posesión de la clave y nada más. El patente de Maestro Masón es como el título que se entrega al estudiante al terminar el curso. El jóven escolar que al abandonar las aulas cree que ya no tiene necesidad de abrir un libro, no puede estar más equivocado que el Masón cuyos estudios del Arte Real se limitan a las instrucciones de los grados simbólicos y alguna que otra conferencia más o menos provechosa.

La Masonería ha declarado la guerra a la ignorancia y el Masón que deja de instruirse en las enseñanzas y la ciencia de la antigua sociedad de que forma parte falta a su deber y es inútil como soldado de la Luz.—*L. F.*

¡Menos Lujo!

Muchas de nuestras Logias han adoptado la costumbre de regalar a cada Venerable saliente una joya de ex-venerable, como señal de agradecimiento por los servicios fieles prestados por dicho dignatario. Tan generalizada es esa práctica que hay Hermanos que creen que todo ex-venerable tiene derecho a que se le conceda dicha joya. Admitimos que la costumbre de expresar el agradecimiento de la Logia mediante la presentación de una joya es buena y conveniente, pero deseamos señalar a nuestros Hermanos un aspecto de dicha práctica que nos parece importante. Hallamos que, hablando en términos generales, las joyas que se presentan son demasiado costosas. En toda medalla o condecoración, el valor verdadero no consiste en lo que ha costado sino en lo que significa. En la vida profana, los actos de valor conspícuo y abnegación noble se premian generalmente, no con una cruz de oro y brillantes, sino con una medalla sencillísima de bronce. La cruz de oro y brillantes es en muchos casos una condecoración que se puede comprar, mientras que la medalla de bronce se gana con actos de intrepidez y a trueque de sudor, peligro y sangre.

Todo gasto innecesario de los fondos de la Logia o de los Hermanos, hecho para algo de supérfluo, representa una merma de lo que se puede o debe dedicar al socorro de los necesitados. Desgraciadamente, entre las Logias que gastan poco para socorros, las hay que regalan medallas costosas de ex-venerable a cada venerable saliente, entregando éstas hasta a los que han desempeñado el cargo de un modo poco aceptable.

Hay otra clase de gastos en que se observan excesos más o menos inexcusables. Con frecuencia vemos a familias y Logias contraer deudas a fin de enterrar con lujo a algún miembro difunto. Si estuviesemos convencidos de que estos gastos excesivos se hacen exclusivamente por veneración y amor para el muerto, acaso los consideraríamos menos injustificados, pero desgraciadamente estamos

persuadidos de que la vanidad y el orgullo son a menudo los móviles principales de los interesados. En efecto, en numerosos casos la familia o Logia interesadas procuran sencillamente que el entierro de su difunto, la corona que envían o el monumento que erigen, sean más suntuosos, más grandes y más costosos que los de los demás. Y lo peor es que, siendo tan importante la merma de los fondos de la familia o de la Logia causada por dichos gastos, los pobres y menesterosos que de otro modo recibirían algún socorro tienen que contentarse con muy poco o nada, de suerte que los desgraciados vivos pueden envidiar a los muertos!

Mayor deuda hemos contraído con los vivos que con los muertos. Se da sepelio lujoso a hombres que aún estarían entre los vivos si se hubiese gastado la décima parte del costo de sus funerales por mejor asistencia médica durante la enfermedad que los condujo a la fosa, y se levantan monumentos magníficos a hombres que murieron en la miseria.

El lujo y la ostentación están fuera de lugar en nuestra antigua y honorable Orden.—*L. F.*

Los Masones Tuberculosos

Hace unos tres años, los Masones de los Estados Unidos empezaron a ocuparse seriamente de una enfermedad la cual, según los cálculos hechos por estadísticos competentes, cuesta a la Masonería de dicho país la respetable cantidad de sesenta millones de dólares al año: la tuberculosis. Se ha demostrado que de los cuatro mil Masones que de dicha enfermedad mueren en América cada año, muchos perecen por carecer del socorro económico que necesitan para hacerse curar en un hospital. Se calcula en treinta mil el número de los Masones tuberculosos en los Estados Unidos que tienen necesidad de ingresar en algún hospital para restablecer su salud quebrantada. Entre los periódicos masónicos de América que se ocupan de la cuestión del socorro organizado para estos desgraciados se destaca *The Builder*.

En Filipinas, el número de Masones tuberculosos es bastante crecido para justificar un estudio detenido encaminado a indicar si no podemos hacer algo de útil. El auxilio prestado cuando aún es tiempo salva muchas vidas, sobre todo tratándose de la tuberculosis. Muchos de nuestros Hermanos y numerosos hijos y esposas de Masones han fallecido víctimas de la terrible "peste blanca" por el único motivo que no han recibido la asistencia necesaria en tiempo oportuno. Por temor a los gastos crecidos de la asistencia médica y la hospitalización, el paciente deja que la enfermedad se desarrolle y progrese, firmando así su propia sentencia de muerte.

Sería interesante obtener datos exactos sobre los estragos que causa la tuberculosis en las filas de la Masonería en Filipinas y escuchar la opinión autorizada de expertos en esta materia, sobre la necesidad, conveniencia y posibilidad del socorro organizado para los Masones y miembros de las familias de Masones que padecen de la tuberculosis, y también sobre el establecimiento de un sanatorio masónico para tuberculosos.—*L. F.*

El Candidato

La iniciación en los Misterios de la antigüedad no era cosa fácil ni exenta de peligros. En los Misterios de Mitra, por ejemplo, se obligaba al candidato a caminar a lo largo de un abismo y a luchar con iniciados disfrazados de fieras y con perros feroces que le dejaron lleno de heridas, y en los Misterios druídicos se colocó al candidato en un bote que se abandonó luego a la merced de las olas.

La Masonería de la actualidad no se vale del terror: las pruebas que impone son de naturaleza distinta. Andan muy equivocados, pues, los Hermanos que creen que conviene hacer miedo al iniciante. El reinado del miedo es cosa del pasado. Ya no nos hablan los predicadores cultos de las llamas del infierno, y la pedagogía moderna trata de estimular al joven escolar por otros medios que no son el miedo a los palos.

Los que preparan al candidato deben procurar que éste penetre dentro del recinto de la Logia con ánimo sereno y mente receptiva, a fin de que no se pierdan las enseñanzas del grado.—*L. F.*

La Gran Enemiga

"Son tantas las vidas que la tuberculosis sacrifica anualmente y tanto mengua ésta la vitalidad de millares y millares de habitantes de estas Islas, que todo intento de contener sus estragos constituye una obra humanitaria que merece todo el apoyo del público. La Sociedad Antituberculosa de las Islas Filipinas, que ha tomado sobre sí la gran empresa de ir a la cabeza del pueblo en la lucha contra la tuberculosis, necesita vuestro apoyo moral y pecuniario."

Con las palabras que acabamos de citar empieza la proclama del Gobernador General de las Islas Filipinas en la cual declara Semana contra la Tuberculosis en las Islas Filipinas la semana que media entre el 12 y el 18 de Octubre de 1929 y recomienda que todos los ciudadanos cooperen con la Sociedad en su lucha contra la gran enemiga de la humanidad.

Los fondos que se reunan se gastarán para los siguientes fines: aumentar la capacidad del sanatorio de Santol; construir hospitales para la segregación de los casos avanzados; establecer más clínicas en Manila y provincias; establecer un servicio de enfermeras; emplear médicos para asistir a los pacientes en sus casas; educar a las familias y socorrer a los pobres de solemnidad que padezcan de la tuberculosis.

Unimos nuestra débil voz a la del Jefe Ejecutivo y esperamos que la Sociedad Antituberculosa contará con la ayuda de nuestros Hermanos en su labor humanitaria.—*L. F.*

Masones Sin Empleo

De vez en cuando publicamos en nuestra sección oficial anuncios de Masones que buscan empleos. Desgraciadamente, dichos anuncios no producen el efecto apetecido porque son muy pocas las contestaciones que recibimos. Es deber de todo Masón ayudar al Hermano que se encuentra sin empleo, participándole todo que pueda serle útil en sus esfuerzos de hallar una colocación. Los Hermanos que se enteren de alguna vacante deben de participarlo a la Gran Secretaría o a la redacción del CABLETOW, con el objeto de que se pueda avisar enseguida a cualquier Hermano que tuviese necesidad de empleo.—*L. F.*

La Masonería es Activa en España

Desde Málaga, España, el Ven. Hmno. José Campos Rueda ha dirigido a la Logia Biak-na-Bato No. 7, de la cual es ex-Venerable, una carta interesante que ha sido publicada en el Boletín de dicha Logia y cuyo texto insertamos a continuación:

El Hermano Rueda dice lo que sigue:

Después de enviarles desde estas lejanas tierras mi más cariñoso saludo a todos, paso a comunicarles que he hecho dos visitas a la Logia "Fraternidad No. 19" bajo la jurisdicción de la Gran Logia Española, que velada con el título de Ateneo Humanidad, se halla establecida en la calle de Aviñó No. 27, Barcelona.

Después del examen debido e informe legal, fuí recibido con grandes honores en Logia abierta. El Ven.: Maest.: me hizo pasar a Orieent, colocándome a su diestra en sitio preferente. Con palabras elocuentes y conmovedoras, me dió la bienvenida, siguiéndole en el uso de la palabra el Her.: Orador, quien en un discurso brillantísimo, celebró mi feliz arribo a la Península, saludándome en nombre de la Masonería Española en general y de la Logia "Fraternidad No. 19" en particular.

El orador, que por cierto, demostró tener excelentes facultades de tal, haciendo así cumplido honor a su cargo, ensalzó y colocó a inconmensurable altura la Masonería Universal y particularmente la Fraternidad Filipina. Con una galantería inapreciable, hizo alusión a mi humilde persona, dedicándola inmerecidos elogios. No le faltó al hábil orador argumentos para apoyar sus aseveraciones, alegando que mi espíritu masónico quedaba de relieve en el hecho de que, apenas llegado a esta Patria, procuré inmediato contacto con nuestra Institución.

Sería prolijo explicarles y repetir todas las frases y muestras de cariño que han tenido para mí, y por mucho que les dijese, se me ago-

tarían las palabras sin conseguir mi deseo.

Me han nombrado Garante de Amistad de nuestra Logia, y esto, según la Constitución y costumbres de este Rito (el Escocés) significa ser miembro de honor, y un día de estos me darán el correspondiente pergamino. Así, pues, tengo la satisfacción de manifestarles que soy miembro honorífico de la Logia "Fraternidad No. 19", bajo la jurisdicción de la Gran Logia Española.

La Masonería aquí, está tomando un incremento extraordinario. Hay en su seno elementos valiosísimos y de relieve; y, no obstante las persecuciones de que es objeto, gana diariamente en prestigio y fortaleza. Deplorable es que tengan que desarrollar con tanto sigilo la labor constructiva, espiritual y material que, con laudable empeño, se ha impuesto nuestra Institución. No deja de ser una rémora para nuestra labor, tener que ocultar nuestras actividades tonificantes y regeneradoras; pero ¿qué hacer?; paciencia. Tiempo vendrá en que estos obreros podrán, con más libertad, hacer en este suelo la santa obra que hoy, solo a medias, pueden ejecutar.

Hay aquí, en Málaga, varias Logias y a todas las he de visitar estampando en el registro de presencias, el honroso nombre de mi Logia Madre. Todas ellas son regulares, subordinadas a la citada Gran Logia Española, cuyo nombre y dirección me habían sido facilitados por nuestra Gran Logia, por conducto del Ven. Hermano Arpal.

Aquí, la acumulación de trabajos obliga a las Logias a celebrar tenidas semanales, pues hay miembros aspirantes a los grados masónicos.

La Logia "Fraternidad" tiene unos 14 candidatos que recibirán el Tercer Grado, durante el mes de Julio. En cada tenida se leen dos o tres peticiones de grados, y, según tengo entendido, igual o mayor actividad masónica se observa en las demás Logias.

Por consiguiente, ya pueden apreciar el incremento de fuerzas que esto significa para nuestra Institución.

Noticias del País

De la Logia Iloilo No. 11

Desde Bayombong, Nueva Vizcaya, nos envía sus cuotas y sus saludos fraternales el Hmno. Carlos Y. Salcedo, de la Oficina de Obras Públicas.

También nos envía sus saludos y sus cotizaciones el Hmno. Vicente Agudo, desde la estación radiográfica del Gobierno en Cebú que está a su cargo.

Acusamos recibo de otras dos postales del Hmno. Juan Samson, una desde Marsella y la otra fechada en Barcelona, donde nos anuncia que ha llegado allá sin novedad y espera estar de vuelta entre nosotros para el Noviembre de este año.

De la Logia Sinukuan No. 16

El Her. Ramón Farolan: se encuentra enfermo en el Hospital General; fué sometido a una operación.

El Her. Manuel L. Quezon: disfrutará de vacaciones fuera del país por espacio de unos tres meses.

El Her. Andrés García, empresario del "Circo Antoñita": está recorriendo las provincias de Albay, Sorsogon y Leyte para dar representaciones de su compañía.

El Her. Alfredo L. Yatco, Deputy Collector del Buró de Rentas Internas: acaba de llegar de su inspección de las provincias del Sur.

El Her. Pedro T. Tuason, Juez de Primera Instancia: ha confirmado el Senado su nombramiento para el Juzgado de Tayabas; actualmente celebra sesiones en el Juzgado de Manila.

El Her. Antonio Aquino: acaba de confirmar el Senado su nombramiento como Assistant Director del Bureau of Supply.

El Her. Alfonso Santos: ha confirmado el Senado su nombramiento para la fiscalía de Nueva Ecija; ocupaba antes la fiscalía de Ilocos Norte.

El Her. Gil Peralta: está completamente restablecido de su enfermedad y fué dado de alta del Hospital.

De la Logia Makawiwili No. 55, Capiz

El 26 de Agosto tuvo lugar el entierro, en el cementerio masónico de Cápiz, de los restos mortales del último hijo del Ven. Hmno. Ramón A. Arnaldo, fallecido en Iloilo el 26 de Agosto.

El Hermano Florencio Arquillo, después de haberse operado en el Hospital San Pablo, Iloilo, murió el 14 de Agosto de 1929. El cadaver fué llevado a Pilar, Capiz, donde se enterró el día 24 del mismo mes en el Cementerio Romano de Pilar bajo la dirección del Cura romano P. Manuel Alba por insistencia de la familia. Hubo mucha concurrencia. También los masones asistieron a dicho acto fúnebre.

El nombramiento como registrador de terrenos de esta provincia del Hermano Salvador Villarruz de la Logia Sinukuan No. 16 ha sido confirmado.

El Hermano Pedro A. Bernas se encuentra hoy (31 de agosto) en el Hospital Emmanuel de Cápiz por haberle quebrado los huesos de su pie derecho por un accidente de un autobus que venía de Pilar a Cápiz el día 1 de Agosto.

El Venerable Maestro Hermano Ceferino Sevilla, chief deputy assessor, se ha ausentado de su oficina por tres semanas para inspeccionar los pueblos de la region de Aklan de esta provincia, en compañía del Tesorero Provincial Hermano Ildefonso D. Jimenez.

El auditor supervisor de la Auditoría Insular Hermano Severo Ungría, de la Logia Nilad No. 12, ha estado en esta provincia de inspección.

El Hmno. Fernando Fuentes que está empleado en la División Académica del Buró de Educación ha estado en esta Cabecera por inspección de escuelas.

Los hermanos Mamerto Portillo y Aniano Tolentino, Venerable Maestro y Primer Vigilante, respectivamente de la Logia Hamtik No. 76, han visitado a esta Logia durante su corta estancia en este Valle.

De Fuentes Extranjeras

Amor Filial

El Gran Arquitecto del Universo, al ilustrarnos con las luces de la razón, ha grabado en el fondo de nuestra alma deberes ineludibles para con nuestros padres; pues les debemos obediencia, amor, respeto y los servicios que podamos hacerles. La naturaleza por sí sola nos ha enseñado lo que debemos a los que, además de habernos traído al mundo, se han ocupado con tanta ternura en conservarnos la vida. Debemos venerar a aquella que nos ha llevado en su seno, que nos ha dado el alimento o al menos que ha empleado la más tierna solicitud en precavernos de los peligros y de las enfermedades, que nos ha enseñado por grados a expresar nuestros deseos, que ha soportado las enfermedades y sinsabores de nuestra infancia; estos continuous y multiplicados cuidados de una madre jamás se pueden pagar, por grande que sea nuestro reconocimiento, por asidua que sea nuestra ternura, ni por ciega que sea nuestra sumisión. Los justos sentimientos de un reconocimiento ilimitado no deben ser borrados ni por el mal humor, ni por las largas enfermedades, ni por las incomodidades anexas a la edad avanzada de nuestros padres.

Estos sentimientos de respeto y de ternura los debe también un buen hijo a su padre, que se ha desvelado por proporcionarle una fortuna o al menos los talentos necesarios para ganarse una subsistencia honrosa y para ocupar un buen lugar en la sociedad. Debe tener como un grande honor el descender de un padre que haya sido estimado por sus conciudadanos y lisonjearse de haber recibido de él la vida, la educación y los talentos. El nombre de un padre amable por su bondad, respetado por sus luces y sus virtudes y que se haya hecho apreciable por sus beneficios, excitará siempre en las almas elevadas una ternura capaz de ahogar los impulsos de un sórdido interés. Un hijo puede ser ávido hasta el punto de desear la muerte de un padre a quien no puede menos que reconocer como a su primer bienhechor, pero estos sentimientos tan bajos y tan crueles sólo se han hecho para las almas depravadas de aquellos hijos desnaturalizados. Estos deseos jamás se anidan en el corazón de los hijos virtuosos porque la educación, la moral, la religión y la opinión pública, siempre favorable a los padres, se concertarán para hacerle sentir que el padre más injusto, más lunático y más incómodo, es sin embargo padre, que es el autor de sus días y que tiene momentos felices en que habla su ternura.

Cualquiera que sea la fortuna que hayamos adquirido y la dignidad a que hayamos sido elevados, siempre debemos conservar igual respeto por aquellos a quienes debemos el sér. Evitemos sobre todo el orgullo insensato y culpable de aquellos hijos que desprecian la condición de sus ancianos padres que han permanecido o caído en la indigencia, que se avergüenzan de presentarse en público en su compañía y que a veces, humillados por las relaciones que con ellos deben tener, rompen todos los lazos de familia, reniegan de su parentesco y se apartan para gozar solos de su fortuna y de su dignidad. Dejemos que estos hijos desnaturalizados vivan en su aislamiento con su oro y con su orgullo,

pero que no se presenten a manchar con su presencia el santuario de las familias, porque introduciría en ella el horrible espectáculo de su ingratitud.

Así, pues, los principales deberes que tienen que llenar los hijos para con sus padres son el amor, el respeto, la sumisión y la asistencia. Todos deben ser practicados con la mayor exactitud si queremos gozar de algún aprecio ante los ojos de las personas honradas, a los de nuestra propia conciencia y ante los del Gran Arquitecto del Universo.—*Revista Masónica de Chile.*

Libertad, Igualdad, Fraternidad, Solidaridad

Suponed una inmensa noche sombría sin una estrella en el cielo y sin una lámpara en la tierra. El viajero, envuelto en la obscuridad, no consigue horadar con su mirada los fantasmas endrinos. No puede avanzar. No puede retroceder. Todo es sombra. No columbra siquiera sus manos que simulan crisparse en la atmósfera, que parecen querer desgarrar los densos crespones . . . Y la noche es larga, es enorme, finge ser infinita. Y de pronto, un estruendo . . . y tres astros de fuego surgen en el espacio. Tres astros que inundan la tierra de una luz serena y suave. Tres astros que iluminarán para siempre la senda del viajero.

La noche es la tiranía. El viajero es la idea. El estruendo la revolución que estalla. Y los astros componen la trilogía sagrada: Libertad, Igualdad y Fraternidad. Y vincula la trilogía un a modo de lazo de luz: la Solidaridad.

Con la revolución francesa nació el ciudadano. Antes eran vasallos. Desde ese día fueron hombres libres. Una cuchilla tajante cercenó la esclavitud. Y su sangre abonó la tierra y de la tierra surgió una flor de belleza eterna y savia perenne: la Idea. El pensar sin trabas. Y caro fué el pensamiento.

Sus gallardas alas de pureza se abrieron deslumbrando a los poderosos de cuna, y la aristocracia enjoyada besó los pies del pueblo andrajoso, del mismo pueblo que tanto repudiara. Los nobles hubieron de codearse con sus vasallos. Y éstos, ebrios de libertad, no se inclinaron más, servilmente, ante los nobles.

La Fraternidad niveló las escalas sociales. La libertad estranguló al mandón. La Fraternidad unió a los humildes para derrumbar los tronos. Faltaba la Solidaridad. Y la Solidaridad vino, que no es lo mismo Solidaridad que Fraternidad. Fraternidad es hermandad. Es amistad. Es cariño. Es amor. Solidaridad es firmeza. Es grandeza. Es sacrificio. Un hombre puede solidarizarse con los actos de otro hombre sin amarle. Un hombre puede amar a otro hombre sin solidarizarse con él. Fraternidad significa mucho, pero es más grande cuando va unida a la Solidaridad. Solidaridad entraña la comunión de una idea que se expone y se practica. Si un miembro de una colectividad mata y sus compañeros rubrican, también, el homicidio: eso es solidaridad.

Dos hermanos se quieren apasionadamente. Uno de ellos comete un delito. El otro se desespera y sufre y quizá el cruel dolor de su desesperación le lleve hasta la muerte, pero no rubrica el delito. Eso es Fraternidad.

Cuando el pueblo aullaba contra la Monarquía en las calles de París, cuando una masa imponente de hombres desgarraba sus manos al golpear contra los muros de la Bastilla, cuando en el altar de la Patria fué levantada la efigie de la República temblaron todos los reyes de Europa. No temían el triunfo de los revolucionarios porque fuesen valientes. Les temían porque su vanguardia era la Idea. Porque la trilogía sagrada les convertía en un huracán avasallador. Les temían porque la solidaridad no era una vana palabra. En derredor del trono centenario resplandeciente, sólo de piedras preciosas, pues las virtudes en él no brillaban: construyóse pacientemente una red de justicia. Y ninguno de los nuevos y fieles guardianes, nobles en su valentía, heróicos en su sacrificio, sabían de vacilaciones. El grito rebelde los hacía una sola fuerza, una sola potencia. Y si en la calle era atacado un insurgente, a su voz, los hermanos en idea, acudían a protegerle arriesgando la vida, muriendo por él si era preciso. La Solidaridad maravillosa de los que imponían los derechos del hombre, asestó el golpe de gracia en el propio trono de Luis XVI.

Han hecho, pues, los masones, una obra reparadora, al envolver la trilogía en el sentimiento valeroso de la solidaridad. Para alimentar ese sentimiento, es preciso ser un fuerte en quien no haga mella el egoísmo. La solidaridad anula el egoísmo. El egoísmo entraña, en sí, un desconocimiento de la Fraternidad. Si en las cuatro dicciones de que venimos hablando se afirmase la Humanidad, los problemas sociales que agitan el mundo se esfumarían creando ante los asombrados ojos de todos una primavera loca de amor y calma, fecunda en ternuras y exquisita en aromas.

Y esa obra lenta y segura, la va realizando la Masonería. Hoy no existen, propiamente, tiranos que derrocar; pero se yerguen en cambio, tan feroces como aquellos, las ambiciones y las maldades. Peleamos contra el "yo" malo del hombre. Amasados, como somos, con barro impuro,—atavismos y prejuicios,—desde niños trepamos el monte de la vida, luchando con nosotros mismos. Dos seres se agitan dentro de nosotros: el todo bondad y el todo impiedad. La lucha es formidable, verdaderamente homérica. ¡Es tan fácil ser malo! ¡Y es tan difícil ser bueno! . . . La bondad está hecha de luz. La maldad de tinieblas. Ésta intenta envolver a aquella en sus mantos luctuosos. Muchas veces triunfa. Y muchas veces también es derrotada. Y cuando el hombre ha sabido ser libre, cuando ha subido al más alto peldaño social mirando con amor hacia el último, cuando ha amado al genio y al ignaro, y, por fin, cuando ha sabido condenarse por una idea y por un su compañero, entonces es cuando el hombre comienza a vivir. Entonces es cuando la bondad, con su luz brillante, hace que las tinieblas de la maldad huyan como fantasmas de sombras que se pierden en la Nada . . .—*Georges Heyberger, en "Acacia"* (*Montivideo.*)

La Familia Espiritual

Así como existen nexos que unen a las personas, constituyéndose la familia, identificados por los mismos anhelos y necesidades, así existe el parentesco espiritual. La familia espiritual se reconoce por una extraña intuición, por una manifiesta simpatía, por una intensa afinidad.

Conozco el interesante caso de un matrimonio perteneciente a una de las más distinguidas familias de la sociedad, que ofrece una idea de estos lazos ocultos. Cierto día, los esposos X se dispusieron a visitar a sus familiares, residentes en una pintoresca quinta del pueblo inmediato. Paraje bello; sitio residencial, habitado por familias de gusto, que huyen del bullicio; ornado por un primoroso jardín, donde abren sus pétalos las más fragantes y perfumadas flores y se cultiva una granja poblada de naranjos y arbustos ornamentales. Terminados los saludos y la prodigalidad de afectos, se congregó la familia en la amplia terraza, que domina todo el valle, ofreciendo un pintoresco y multicolor panorama. La conversación, pasada los primeros momentos, giró acerca de una tierna niña, precoz y extraordinariamente simpática, hija de un matrimonio de labriegos agregados de la granja. Como movida por un resorte, la esposa del Sr. X sintió inquietud e inclinacion hacia la niña mencionada, no deteniéndose hasta encontrarse con ella en la casa de sus padres. La señora hizo a la infanta una especial invitación para que se fuera a vivir con ellos. Todo se facilitó de modo que al siguiente día la precoz chicuela residía en el hogar de los esposos X.

Unos días después de estos sucesos, la niña había interesado de tal modo al jefe de la familia, que éste refería, con manifiestas demostraciones de cariño, su viveza intelectual y sus admirables disposiciones para adaptarse a un medio distinto al que había vivido hasta la fecha.

Ya no era una extraña la recién llegada. En la alquimia de la vida las almas se interpenetran, se funden, como en el crisol los metales. Es ése el amor en una de sus más sublimes manifestaciones.

Entre esos seres existía un nexo que solo esperaba la oportunidad para manifestarse. Un desconocido parentesco que los une eternamente.

¿Por qué esa intensa simpatía que nos inunda con raudales de sublimes y gratas emociones? ¿Por qué se buscaron estos seres de distinta condición social? ¿Quién guió a los esposos X hacia la casa del labriego? ¿Cómo se explica esa intensa afinidad sin lógicos precedentes?

Como este caso, sería fácil presentar centenares, como seguramente podrá hacerlo el hermano lector. Es la ley de afinidad; el parentesco espiritual.

Lector hermano, ¿no crees lógico admitir que pueden y deben haber leyes ocultas que intervienen en estos actos? ¿No has visitado por primera vez un paraje, notando que te es familiar; que una extraña reminiscencia te actualiza acontecimientos pretéritos? ¿No has sentido atracción o repulsión hacia personas que saludas por primera vez? ¿En qué consiste ese fenómeno, cuando no hay motivos para predilecciones o injustificados prejuicios?

Cuando hayamos evolucionado lo suficiente, y despertemos los poderes latentes en nuestro Yo interno, se dilatará nuestra visión; podremos apreciar clara e inequívocamente el poder y la efectividad de esas leyes, que aún permanecen en la penumbra.—*Ramón Lebrón, en "Acacia" (Puerto Rico).*

¡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

Patria y Masonería

La idea de patria, grandiosa como es, no llega en excelsitud al pensamiento masónico. La patria,—dice un conocido autor—"es un recinto donde los pueblos se ahogan; extensión de tierra más o menos vasta en donde no se ve más allá de las fronteras, la patria sólo vive para sí, sin siquiera preocuparse por el pueblo vecino. Hermanos, día vendrá en que la hoy sagrada palabra de patria desaparecerá, como desaparecen en los teatros los telones que cubren el escenario para la preparación de los actores; día vendrá en que los hombres que han conquistado ya la tierra, el agua y el aire, completarán su conquista de las fuerzas naturales, y entonces engancharán corceles de llamas, no sólo al pensamiento sino también a la materia; día vendrá, en fin, en que, comunicándose por cuantos medios ofrece la naturaleza, comprenderán los pueblos que están unidos por todos los dolores pasados, y se confundirán en un solo anhelo. Entonces, se presenciará un espectáculo magnífico; toda frontera ideal desaparecerá, todo límite ficticio quedará borrado; los ríos no serán ya un obstáculo, ni las montañas un impedimento; desde un confín a otro los pueblos se darán la mano, y en toda cumbre se erigirá un altar, el de la Fraternidad."—*Francisco Diaz Bello en "Unida Mexicana."*

El Mandil Masónico

Desde los tiempos más antiguos, el delantal o mandil formó parte del vestido masónico y era de mayor valor en su ornamentación así que se elevaba la graduación.

El mandil de la masonería operativa o simplemente inicial, era mucho más grande que las que hoy se usan por los masones, y se hacía de cuero: la piel de las garras del animal se conserva para formar con ellas un nudo al rededor del cuello.

En el célebre cuadro de Hogarth, que tiene por sujeto

"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. Se han agotado los ejemplares en tela, pero nos quedan algunos en rústica.

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

"La Noche", se ve a sir John Vale en traje masónico con la joya del maestro; el collar es un largo mandil.

En la antigua Gran Logia, el mandil largo era de rigor: era blanco con el borde azul. Más tarde se usaron más pequeños y los Hermanos los adornaban según su gusto.

La uniformidad de los ornamentos data desde el día en que los diseños se imprimieron en acero.

Los mandiles ingleses diñeren en los detalles de aquellos usados en el continente.

La más antigua reproducción de los mandiles ingleses actuales se ve en el cuadro de Antonio Sayre, que data de 1717. En la primera edición de las Constituciones de Anderson (1723) los dos Grandes Maestres están representados sin mandil, pero el Tejador está revestido con él, llevando un lío debajo del brazo.—*Il Diritto Umano.*

La Instrucción

Cada niño que dotamos de enseñanza, nos hace ganar un hombre. De cada cien ladrones, ochenta no han ido a la escuela, no saben leer y firman con una cruz debajo del escrito.

La ignorancia engendra el crimen; la ignorancia es la oscuridad donde comienza el abismo, en que se arrastra la razón en que la honradez perece.

Todo hombre que abre un libro encuentra en él las alas y puede cernerse en las alturas, en las que el alma se mueve con la libertad.

La escuela es santuario.

El alfabeto que el niño deletrea, contiene una virtud debajo de cada letra, cuyo ténue fulgor ilumina suavemente el corazón.

Dad al niño libros adecuados.

Caminad delante de él con la lámpara en la mano para que pueda seguiros.

La ignorancia produce el error y el error produce el atentado.

La falta de enseñanza lanza en el Estado hombres animales, cerebros incompletos, instintos fatales, ciegos, terribles, que caminan a tientas por el mundo moral. Iluminar los espíritus, es nuestro primer deber; hagamos que el cerebro más vil se convierta en luz.

Debemos cultivar las inteligencias, el germen tiene derecho a ser fruto y el que no piensa no vive.

Comprendamos al fin que la escuela convierte el cobre en oro y la ignorancia transforma el oro en plomo.—*Emilio Castelar.*

Mi Lema

Yo tengo un lema también, bello y sencillo,
Fulgura como el sol de la mañana.
Nunca empañado por las sombras
De pasiones insanas.

Mi lema es la verdad, la que se esconde
Como rico tesoro en nuestras almas,
Despejada de torpes mezquindades
Despreciando el oropel de falsas galas.

Si luz quieres hallar en tu sendero
Y no hollar en él, mañana abrojos,
Haz que brille la verdad siempre en tu alma,
En tus labios y en tus ojos.

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

La Caravana

Todos nosotros, los que vivimos en este globo, formamos una inmensa caravana que marcha confusamente a la nada. Rodeamos una naturaleza incontenta, impasible, mortal como nosotros que no nos entiende, ni siquiera nos ve, y de la que no podemos esperar ni socorro ni consuelo.

Sólo nos queda para orientarnos en la ráfaga que nos lleva, este secular precepto, suma divina de toda experiencia humana:

"Amaos los unos a los otros."

Por tanto, que en la tumultuosa caminata donde se mezclan los pasos sin cuenta, cada uno cede la mitad de su pan a aquel que tiene hambre, extiende la mitad de su manto a aquel que tiene frío, acude con su brazo a aquel que va a tropezar, levante el cuerpo del que cayó; y si alguno más bien provisto y seguro para el camino necesita no más que las simpatías de las almas, que las almas se abran demostrando simpatías.

Sólo así lograremos dar alguna dignidad y alguna belleza a esta lúgubre desbandada hacia la muerte que se llama vida. . . —*Eca de Queiroz (en Revista Telefónica Cubana).*



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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

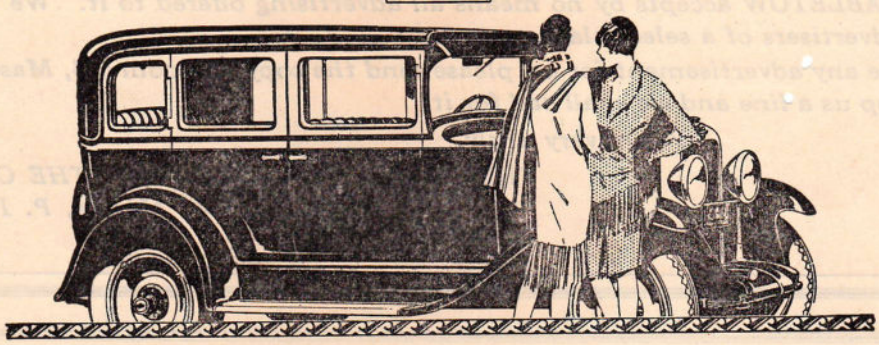
(The list below shows the number of Masons, including M.M., F.C., and E.A. in the 101 Lodges of the Jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the Philippine Islands, as of November 30, 1927. The figures in brackets indicate the number of Lodges in places where there is more than 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		
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