The Cable Tow

Vol. VII Manila, P. I., May 2, 1930 No. 12

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE
GRAND LODGE OF FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS
OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

PUBLISHED FOR AND IN THE INTEREST OF THE MEMBERS
OF THE CONSTITUENT LODGES OF
THIS JURISDICTION

This Number contains the Index of Volume VII (June 1929 to May 1930)



THE FAROLA LIGHT, MANILA

BETTER SAFE THAN SORRY/





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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.

All members of Lodges under the Jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the Philippine Islands are paid subscribers to THE CABLETOW, their subscriptions being paid by their respective Lodges. Subscription price for others: ₱3.00 ($1.50) Per Annum.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office of Manila, P. I.

Address all communications to THE CABLETOW, P. O. Box 990, Manila, P. I. Office, 524 Masonic Temple, Escolta, Manila, Phone 2-15-06

Vol. VII **MAY 2, 1930** **No. 12**

Editorial Section

Another Mile Stone

With this issue, the CABLETOW closes the seventh year of its existence, this being the eighty-fourth number we publish. We began publication on June 1, 1923, with an issue of 32 pages. Our paper was at that time published in English and Spanish in parallel columns and its title page was adorned by an enormous square and compass. There were more advertisements then, and the text was treated rather cavalierly at times in order to give more prominence to the ads. No attempt was made to divide the text into sections or departments; editorials, official publications, local news, and articles were mingled in confusion. There was a column entitled "Current Events" which gave a summary of the general events of the preceding month though these had nothing to do with Masonry. The heading of the paper showed that the same was "Edited by a Board of Control composed of the Elective Officers of the Grand Lodge," and gave the following names: "Associate Editors: George R. Harvey, Teodoro M. Kalaw, Leo Fischer. Advertising Advisor: F. J. Herier. Business Manager, Samuel Stickney."

A comparison of our first number with this issue will show that there has been a great deal of improvement in the general get-up of the paper. Little by little, various changes for the better have been introduced, and year after year, the CABLETOW has risen higher in the esteem of the Craft. The path that we have had to travel has not always been a smooth one; but the prospects for the future look excellent and we hope and trust our publication will keep on improving and being a valuable factor for the dissemination of the principles and teachings of Freemasonry and the strengthening of the Masonic tie in these Islands of the Pacific.—*L. F.*

The First Index Number

A propos of improvements, we introduce in this number one that will probably please many of our readers. Heretofore, the index of each volume of the CABLETOW was printed separately and copies of it were sold to the members who applied for them, or donated to those who had their numbers bound officially. In this number our readers will find the index for Number 1 to 12 of Volume VII, covering the issues from June 1929 to May 1930. Special pains have been taken to make this index comprehensive and practical. In order to accommodate it, we have increased the number of pages in this issue from 24 to 32. As announced in the Official Section, Brethren desiring to have their collections of the CABLETOW bound can do so through the management of this review at what it costs us, which will give them the benefit of the contract for binding which we have had with our publishers for many years.

Labor Day—May 1st

Masonry glorifies labor and teaches us respect and loyalty to those who work with their hands and brains for the benefit of humanity. It also teaches the working man loyalty to the individual or group of individuals for whom he is working. On Labor Day, we would invite the attention of our Brethren to these words of Elbert Hubbard which we all, whether we work for a man, a corporation, the government or the people, might well constantly remember:

If you work for a man, in heaven's name work for him! If he pays you wages that supply you your bread and butter, work for him—speak well of him, think well of him, stand by him and stand by the institution he represents. I think if I worked for a man I would work for him. I would not work for him a part of the time, and the rest of the time work against him. I would give an undivided service or none.

—*L. F.*

Mother's Day—May 11th

Most of all the beautiful things in life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds—plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins; but only one mother in all the wide world.

—*Kate Douglas Wiggins.*

Memorial Day—May 30th

Every year they're marching slower,
Every year they're stooping lower;
Every year the lilting music
Stirs the hearts of other men.
Every year the flags above them
Seem to bend and bless and love them
As if grieving for the future
When they'll never march again.

Every year we see them massing,
Every year we watch them passing,
Scarcely pausing in our hurry
After pleasures, after gain;
But their battle flags above them
Seem to bend and bless and love them,
And through all the lilting music
Sounds an undertone of pain.

—*Anonymous.*

Hospital Day

On the day set aside as Hospital Day this month, remember that we Masons have a hospital and visit our Masonic Ward for Crippled Children in the Mary J. Johnston Memorial Hospital in Tondo. It will make you proud of Masonry to see the good work that is being carried on by our Institution for the benefit of poor tots suffering from a terrible handicap which science, financed by the money contributed by generous Masons, is striving to remove. And it will, we are sure, make you feel like taking a greater part in that noble charity, which is an honor and credit to Philippine Masonry and to the success of which every good Mason in these Islands should contribute.—*L. F.*

Lodge Bulletins

A number of our Lodges issue regular monthly bulletins that are quite a credit to the Lodge and are, as a rule, received and read with interest and pleasure by the members. The news which they contain keep the members in contact with each other and with the Lodge and its concerns, and the little pamphlet is, in the case of many an absent Brother, the only link between him and the Lodge to which he belongs.

Some Lodges cannot, or think they cannot, afford to publish a monthly bulletin. Why should they not get out a monthly circular written on a roneo or other manifolding machine? Or, could they not afford the expense of printing quarterly or bimonthly bulletins? The psychological effect of the Lodge bulletin is, we fear, not properly appreciated. Its appeal is like that of a personal letter. The out-of-town member feels that the Lodge has not lost all interest in him and his being constantly reminded of the Lodge and kept posted on Lodge matters keeps him from losing interest in his Lodge.

One after the other, our progressive Lodges join the ranks of those which publish bulletins. The number of those which have once begun to publish bulletins and have then discontinued doing so is exceedingly small. The members insist upon having their Lodge publication because they would not do without it.—*L. F.*

Lodge Secretaries

The Secretary of the Lodge is the man who can make or break it. He can bankrupt the Lodge or make it prosperous in a material way. He can reduce the number of dimissions and suspensions for non-payment of dues to a minimum or increase it to the danger point. He can be a godsend or a source of worry to the Master of the Lodge.

The good secretary is not merely a clerk who writes up the minutes of the meetings, receives dues, issues receipts, makes out returns and reports, and writes the most necessary letters. He is the right hand of the Master whom he assists with counsel and advice. He knows each member of the Lodge and takes an active interest in him. He sends receipts for dues to absent Brethren with a personal message and strives to make his correspondence with and reports to the Grand Lodge such that they will reflect credit upon his Lodge. To be a good secretary, he must be intelligent, conscientious, and industrious and must have the necessary experience and training.

Fortunately, we have in our Grand Jurisdiction quite a few Lodge secretaries who measure up to these high standards, and we notice that they are reelected year after year. May their number increase!—*L. F.*

Lodge Critics

Every Lodge has a Lodge critic or critics. If the criticism is pronounced at the right time, in the right place, and in the proper manner and is constructive criticism, it can only do good. But unfortunately, the critic is often a Brother not qualified to criticise, and in the worst cases he does not know what he is talking about because he belongs to that pernicious class of members who stay away from the Lodge and who nevertheless presume to judge the acts and the work of the officers and active Brethren by what they learn from hearsay, generally emanating from biased sources. It is critics of this species who speak of the Lodge as if they themselves did not form part of it and who designate the Brethren who are doing the work of the Lodge as "the clique that is running the Lodge." Individuals of this description exist in all organizations, fraternal and otherwise, all over the world. They are generally persons with a habitual grievance and often disappointed office-seekers. For some time they are wont to find a small audience of kindred minds, but finally these tire of them and a void forms around the pernicious critic. Suspension for non-payment of dues or a demit grudgingly applied for and gladly granted are generally the final chapter in the history of the pernicious critic as member of the Masonic Fraternity. The sooner that chapter is written, the better it is for the Lodge!—*L. F.*

The Byrd Expedition

The news of the return to the United States of the Antarctic Expedition headed by our Brother Admiral Richard E. Byrd cannot but be of special interest to us Masons of the Philippines because of the fact that a member of Service Lodge No. 95, of this Grand Jurisdiction, Bro. Benjamin Roth, served with that expedition as aviation mechanic and, what is more, was saved by Bro. Byrd from death by drowning.

The following chronology of the Byrd Expedition, which we copy from a New York paper, will, for this reason, be interesting to our readers:

1928.

August 25.—The bark *City of New York* left New York.
October 10.—Commander Byrd and his party sailed from Los Angeles on the whaler *C. A. Larsen.*
December 2.—The *City of New York* and the *Eleanor Bolling* left Dunedin, N. Z., for the Antarctic.
December 14.—The *City of New York* started through the ice pack; the *Bolling* returning to New Zealand.
December 25.—The expedition arrived at the Ice Barrier.

1929.

January 6.—Permanent base established at Little America.
January 16.—Commander Byrd made his first Antarctic flight, exploring 1,200 square miles.
January 31.—COMMANDER BYRD SAVED ROTH, AVIATION MECHANIC, FROM DROWNING WHEN PART OF BARRIER CLIFF COLLAPSED.
February 18.—Commander Byrd explored 40,000 square miles of unknown territory by plane.
March 8.—Larry Gould, Bernt Balchen and Harold June flew to the Rockefeller Range for geological studies.
March 19.—Commander Byrd flew to their rescue and found their plane wrecked.
March 22.—Commander Byrd and geological party returned safely to Little America.
October 15.—Supporting sledging party started south on a base-laying trip.
November 4.—Geological party started 400-mile sledge trip to Queen Maude Mountains.
November 10.—Supporting party returned to Little America.
November 18.—Commander Byrd made a base-laying flight to Queen Maude Mountains.
November 28.—Commander Byrd and three companions started for the South Pole at 10:29 p. m. (New York time).
November 29.—Commander Byrd wirelessed *The New York Times* from the South Pole at 8:55 a. m. (New York time); returned to his base at 5:10 p. m.
December 5.—Commander Byrd discovered a new mountain range as he explored 35,000 square miles of unknown territory.
December 21.—President Hoover signed bill, commissioning Commander Byrd a Rear Admiral.
December 26.—Geological party found a cairn containing Amundsen relics of eighteen years before.

1930.

January 19.—Geological party arrived back at Little America, having discovered coal outcroppings on Mount Nansen.

February 7.—The *City of New York* completed passage of ice pack on way to bring the expedition home.
February 18.—The *City of New York* reached the Bay of Whales.
February 19.—The expedition left for home.

The Cabletow in the Frozen South

Bro. Benjamin Roth, of Service Lodge No. 95, one of the few who were chosen, from thousands of applicants, to accompany our Brother Commander Byrd on his Antarctic Expedition, writes that he received several numbers of the CABLETOW while with the expedition and that he was greatly gratified. Our paper, published in these isles of the Pacific, thus was a welcome guest in Little America, the same as it is and has for the last seven years been, to readers in Alaska as well as under the Equator.

Bro. Roth's new address is 61st Service Squadron, Mitchel Field, N. Y. We are glad to hear from him and congratulate him upon the happy ending of his adventurous voyage to the Frozen South.—*L. F.*

Wor. Bro. A. A. Williamson's Work Appreciated in U. S.

The editor of *The Palmer Templegram*, a most interesting pamphlet published monthly by Henry L. Palmer Lodge No. 301, F. & A. M., Milwaukee, Wis., knows good and square work in Masonry when he sees it. We knew that Wor. Bro. A. A. Williamson's lecture on "Minerals and Metals," published in our January number, would attract the attention of good judges of Masonic literature. Our Milwaukee Brother says, in the March issue of his paper, among other things, that Bro. Williamson's lecture "is one of the best, most straightforward, talks on the true nature of 'Masonic Charity' we have ever read and, because of its unusually plain language, will be of real help particularly to those numerous well-meaning brethren, whose conception of Masonic Charity hitherto has been limited to that of everyday physical charity. . . . Ten or fifteen minutes can hardly be spent better than by reading and THINKING over 'Minerals and Metals.' Pick them up at your leisure on the reading table of our Library where the CABLETOW, from Manila, Philippine Islands, is a regular and certainly most heartily welcome caller."

Our thanks to Bro. Braun, the able editor of *The Palmer Templegram*, and our congratulations to Wor. Bro. Williamson, whose contributions to our columns are valued most highly by us.

Death of a Noted Austrian Mason

Brother Otto Fuchs, Grand Secretary emeritus of the M. W. Grand Lodge of Austria, is no more. He passed away at the age of 78 years, honored, respected, and loved. His activity in behalf of the Masonic Institution was not stopped or limited by illness and age, and his death is a distinct loss to the Craft and to humanity in general. Bro. Fuchs was secretary emeritus of the Austrian Lloyd and a well-known writer. His funeral was attended by numerous Masons and others.

We deeply sympathize with the M. W. Grand Lodge of Vienna in their bereavement.

Here All Are Equal

Masters of Lodges too frequently pay homage to a man in public life when that man is taking his Masonic degrees. When a Master of a Lodge makes such remarks as, "We are honored by the presence of Brother Blank," which occurs many times, he places the man above the institution, which is contrary to all the teachings and principles of Masonry. He should remember that in a Masonic Lodge all men should be placed on the level.

Every member should be accorded equal rights and enjoy equal privileges. To treat one like a prince and the other like a beggar is a form of toadyism that should not be countenanced under any circumstances. "All men should be equal before the law" is a fundamental principle of government, and that principle of government is nothing more or less than a fundamental principle of Masonry.—*Voice Review.*

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."

VICENTE CARMONA, *Grand Master.*

Grand Lodge Committee for Visiting the Sick

Most Wor. Grand Master Vicente Carmona has appointed Wor. Bros. Verne E. Miller (3), Meliton Darvin (15), and Macario Peralta (21), to act as Grand Lodge Committee for Visiting the Sick during the month of May, 1930.

Addresses Wanted

Mail addressed to Capt. Odmund Arnesen, c/o Standard Oil Co., 25 Broadway, New York, and Mr. Bernard S. Riley, U. S. S. *Vestal*, c/o Postmaster, New York, having been returned unclaimed, the Secretary of Manila Lodge No. 1, F. & A. M., P. O. Box No. 407, Manila, P. I., asks any one knowing the address of either of these Brethren to communicate the same to him.

Bro. Pío V. Advincula, Secretary of Makabugwas Lodge No. 47, Tacloban, Leyte, P. I., would appreciate it if any one could give him the address of Bro. Demetrio Resurrección, who left Tacloban for Manila last January.

The Secretary of Mabini Lodge No. 39 desires to know the address of Bro. Fernando F. Bernardo, inspector, Bureau of Lands, formerly stationed in Isabela Province. If you know it, please communicate with V. Aguinaldo, P. O. Box No. 27, Aparri, Cagayan.

Error in March Number

The last word on page 230 of the March number, in Wor. Bro. Williamson's article "The Letter 'G'," should read "good" instead of "God."

Secretaries, Attention!

Lodge Secretaries are reminded of their duty to send to the CABLETOW immediately the address of any new member received by initiation because an Entered Apprentice is as much entitled to a copy as a Master Mason. Also send without delay all notices of changes of address, deaths, and suspensions. A Secretary recently wrote us as follows: "Please strike from the list of the subscribers of the CABLETOW from our Lodge the name of D. F. who is already dead *years ago. . .*" Brothers write that they have not received their CABLETOW *for years.* In the face of such neglect and indifference, the manager of a paper has a hard time of it Brother Secretaries, we need your coöperation!

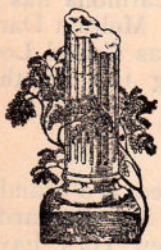
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The management of the CABLETOW has a contract of many years' standing with the printing company under which the firm binds twelve numbers of any volume of the CABLETOW in neat fabrikoid binding for the sum of three pesos the volume, provided orders for not less than

ten volumes are given. The CABLETOW management will give the benefit of this rate to any person desiring to have his numbers bound. Missing copies will be supplied at 20 centavos each. If the bound volume is to be sent by mail, send 64 centavos to cover postage and registration fee. Money must be sent in advance. Make remittance payable to THE CABLETOW, P. O. Box No. 990, Manila, P. I.

Masonic Literature

The management of the CABLETOW has received a number of copies of the "Reader's Guide to Masonic Literature" prepared by Wor. Bro. J. Hugo Tatsch. This booklet is an excellent guide for any Lodge or individual Mason who desires to acquire a few representative books on Masonic subjects. It will be sent to any Brother or Lodge upon application to THE CABLETOW, P. O. Box No. 990, Manila, P. I.



Our Dead

The good deeds left behind them
Will form a chain to bind them
To us who linger here.

—Anon.

Wor. Bro. Isidoro Hernandez.
Past Master, Araw Lodge No. 18.
Died on March 31, 1930.
Buried masonically at the Cementerio del Norte, Manila, on April 6, 1930.

Brother Francisco Vizcarra.
Member of Noli-me-Tangere Lodge No. 42.
Died on March 31, 1930.
Buried masonically at the municipal cemetery of Pasay, Rizal, on April 6, 1930.

Stated Meetings of Manila Lodges

May 1 (First Thursday).—Isla de Luzon No. 57, Masonic Temple; Minerva No. 41, Plaridel Temple; Mt. Lebanon No. 80, 1132 California; Mencius No. 93, Masonic Temple.
May 2 (First Friday).—St. John's No. 9, Masonic Temple; Hiram No. 88, Plaridel Temple.
May 3 (First Saturday).—Nilad No. 12, Plaridel Temple; Taga-Ilog No. 79, Masonic Temple; Araw No. 18, 527 Alvarado.
May 5 (First Monday).—Luz Oceánica No. 85, Masonic Temple; Service No. 95, Plaridel Temple.
May 6 (First Tuesday).—Manila No. 1, Masonic Temple; Kasilawan No. 77, Masonic Temple.
May 7 (First Wednesday).—Cosmos No. 8, Masonic Temple; Rizal No. 22, Plaridel Temple.
May 8 (Second Thursday).—Corregidor No. 3, Masonic Temple; Batong-Buhay No. 27, 527 Alvarado.
May 9 (Second Friday).—Dapitan No. 21, Plaridel Temple.
May 10 (Second Saturday).—Biak-na-Bato No. 7, Masonic Temple; Dalisay No. 14, Plaridel Temple; Walana No. 13, Masonic Temple.
May 12 (Second Monday).—Southern Cross No. 6, Masonic Temple.
May 13 (Second Tuesday).—Benjamin Franklin No. 94, Masonic Temple.
May 14 (Second Wednesday).—Bagumbayan No. 4, Masonic Temple.
May 15 (Third Thursday).—Solidaridad No. 23, Masonic Temple.
May 16 (Third Friday).—Modestia-Liwayway No. 81, Plaridel Temple.
May 17 (Third Saturday).—Hagdang Bato No. 87, 527 Alvarado; High Twelve No. 82, Masonic Temple.
May 21 (Third Wednesday).—Sinukuan No. 16, Plaridel Temple.
June 2 (First Monday).—Luz Oceánica No. 85, Masonic Temple; Service No. 95, Plaridel Temple.
June 3 (First Tuesday).—Manila No. 1, Masonic Temple; Kasilawan No. 77, Masonic Temple.
June 4 (First Wednesday).—Cosmos No. 8, Masonic Temple; Rizal No. 22, Plaridel Temple.
June 5 (First Thursday).—Isla de Luzon No. 57, Masonic Temple; Minerva No. 41, Plaridel Temple; Mt. Lebanon No. 80, 1132 California; Mencius No. 93, Masonic Temple.
June 6 (First Friday).—St. John's No. 9, Masonic Temple; Hiram No. 88, Plaridel Temple.
June 7 (First Saturday).—Nilad No. 12, Plaridel Temple; Taga-Ilog No. 79, Masonic Temple; Araw No. 18, 527 Alvarado.
June 9 (Second Monday).—Southern Cross No. 6, Masonic Temple.
June 10 (Second Tuesday).—Benjamin Franklin No. 94, Masonic Temple.
June 11 (Second Wednesday).—Bagumbayan No. 4, Masonic Temple.

KILL THREE BIRDS WITH ONE STONE!

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THE CABLETOW

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Henry D. Riley (2)
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LAWRENCE BENTON (1), Inspector:
Island No. 5, Fort Mills, Cavite; Keystone No. 100, Fort Mills, Cavite.

JOHN M. AARON (3), Inspector:
Cavite No. 2, Cavite; Muog No. 89, Parañaque, Rizal.

FELIX CAJULIS (69), Inspector:
Pintong-Bato No. 51, Bacoor, Cavite.

MIGUEL BONIFACIO (29), Inspector:
Mount Mainam No. 49, Naic, Cavite.

MIGUEL G. LUNA (97), Inspector:
Zapote No. 29, Rosario, Cavite.

Third District, Province of Tayabas:

JOSE V. BAGTAS (20), Inspector:
Banahaw No. 24, Atimonan; Tayabas No. 43, Tayabas.

ALFREDO BAUTISTA (24), Inspector:
Balintawak No. 28, Gumaca; Plaridel No. 74, Calauag.

JULIAN GARCIA (37) Inspector:
Rizal No. 20, Lopez; Filipinas No. 54, Panaon.

FRANCISCO L. BELTRAN (54), Inspector:
Kalilayan No. 37, Lucena.

Fourth District, Province of Laguna:

BALBINO KABIGTING (26), Inspector:
Malinaw No. 25, San Pablo; Mártires del 96 No. 32, Nagcarlang.

RICARDO F. TICSON (25), Inspector:
Pinagsabitan No. 26, Santa Cruz; Makiling No. 72, Calamba.

Fifth District, Iloilo, Negros Occidental and Antique Provinces:

ILDEFONSO COSCOLLUELA (64), Inspector:
Acacia No. 73, Iloilo, Elisha Ward Wilbur No. 101, Victorias.

THOMAS FOWELL (78), Inspector:
Iloilo No. 11, Iloilo; Hamtik No. 76, San José, Antique.

MANUEL C. TORRES (11), Inspector:
Kanlaon No. 64, Bacolod.

Sixth District. Cebu, Bohol and Negros Oriental Provinces:

MARIANO RODRIGUEZ (30), Inspector:
Maktan No. 30, Cebu; Tupas No. 62, Cebu.

TIRSO CORONEL (103), Inspector:
Dagohoy No. 84, Tagbilaran, Bohol.

CLYDE V. POWERS (91), Inspector:
Mount Kaladias No. 91, Dumaguete.

Seventh District, Zamboanga, Davao and Sulu Provinces:

CLINTON T. ALDEN (1), Inspector:
Mount Apo No. 45, Zamboanga; Bud Daho No. 102, Jolo, Sulu.

FELICIANO IÑIGO (50), Inspector:
Sarangani No. 50, Davao.

Eighth District, Bulacan and Pampanga Provinces:

ISIDORO MAKABALI (48), Inspector.
Malolos No. 46, Malolos, Bulacan.

ESCOLASTICO GATMAITAN (46), Inspector:
Pampanga No. 48, San Fernando; Leonard Wood No. 105, Ft. Stotsenburg, Pampanga.

Ninth District, Nueva Ecija Province:

VICENTE OROSA (53), Inspector:
Nueva Ecija No. 73, Quezon; Memorial No. 90, Muñoz.

MARCELIANO HIDALGO (90), Inspector:
Cabanatuan No. 53, Cabanatuan.

Tenth District, Zambales Province:

EUSEBIO G. DIMAANO (37), Inspector:
Lincoln No. 34, Olongapo; Pinatubo No. 52, San Antonio; Zambales No. 103, Iba.

Eleventh District, Cagayan and Nueva Vizcaya Provinces:

RICHARD C. THRASHER (39), Inspector:
Mabini No. 39, Aparri; Gonzaga No. 66, Tuguegarao.

VICTORIANO LUNA (66), Inspector:
Isabela No. 60, Ilagan, Isabela.

DOMINGO MADDELA (68), Inspector:
Magat No. 68, Bayombong, Nueva Vizcaya.

Twelfth District, Batangas and Mindoro Provinces:

WENCESLAO TRINIDAD (35), Inspector:
Batangas No. 35, Batangas.

ANTONIO LUNA (65), Inspector:
Tamaraw No. 65, Calapan, Mindoro.

Thirteenth District, Leyte and Samar Provinces:

FEDERICO V. LARRAGA (47), Inspector:
Makabugwas No. 47, Tacloban, Leyte.

GREGORIO J. MARIANO (47), Inspector:
Mount Huraw No. 98, Catbalogan, Samar.

Fourteenth District, Misamis Province:

OLE C. WALOE (45), Inspector:
Maguindanaw No. 40, Cagayan, Misamis.

Fifteenth District, Union and Mountain Provinces:

CIRIACO Z. CUENCO (67), Inspector:
Union No. 70, San Fernando.

CLARK JAMES (56), Inspector:
Baguio No. 67, Baguio.

Sixteenth District, Ilocos and Abra Provinces:

FELIX MARTINEZ (65), Inspector:
Angalo No. 63, Vigan; Abra No. 86, Bangued.

PAUL C. PALENCIA (63), Inspector:
Laoag No. 71, Laoag.

Seventeenth District, Guam, Marianas Islands:

WALTER W. ROWLEY (44), Inspector:
Charleston No. 44, Guam.

Eighteenth District, Albay, Sorsogon, Camarines and Capiz Provinces:

LOT DEAN LOCKWOOD (61), Inspector:
Mayon No. 61, Legaspi; Isarog No. 33, Naga; Bulusan No. 38, Sorsogon.

JOSE ALTAVAS (55), Inspector:
Makawiwili No. 55, Capiz; Marble No. 58, Romblon.

PEDRO R. ALMONTE (38), Inspector:
Ma-Bu-Ti No. 92, Masbate.

Twentieth District, Palawan Islands:

AQUILINO H. ABERIN (99), Inspector:
Palawan No. 99, Puerto Princesa.

Twenty-first District, Tarlac and Pangasinan Provinces:

RAFAEL M. LLORENTE (56), Inspector:
Isagani No. 96, Moncada, Tarlac.

BONIFACIO TADIAR (70), Inspector:
Pangasinan No. 56, Dagupan; Agno No. 75, Tayug.





Masonic Fiction

The Gavel

A Masonic Story by Leo Fischer, Manila, P. I.

(Concluded)

Synopsis of Instalments in March and April numbers: In October, 1896, three "Rolling Stones" form a close friendship at Buenos Aires, Argentine Republic. Two are Masons; they are Edwin Voss, of German descent, who is telling the story, and Antonio Navarro, a Filipino who has been at college in Spain. The third, Tom O'Hara, an American carpenter, is a Roman catholic. Voss saves O'Hara's life when an unknown *gaucho* tries to knife him. O'Hara is anxious to go to the Andes because he has dreamt that he will find diamonds there. The three young men go by rail to Mendoza, a town at the foot of the Andes. After a stay of two months there, they cross the Andes on mule-back into Chile. One night, as they are camping near the trail, three horsemen pass, closely pursued by the police. One tosses a small satchel to O'Hara whom he takes for Gallagher, a crook closely resembling O'Hara. Next day, at Punta de Vacas, Voss returns the satchel to its owner, Dr. Fernand, a Frenchman who is dying from a knife-thrust. Fernand, upon learning that Voss is a Mason like himself, asks him to take a gavel contained in the satchel to Fernand's wife in Belgium, warning him that attempts will be made by a gang of criminals to recover the gavel. He gives Voss money for traveling expenses. The three friends continue their journey to Valparaiso. There Navarro leaves for the Philippines to take part in the revolt against Spain. Voss has taken the gavel to the German consulate for safekeeping. He now continues the story of the adventures of himself and O'Hara as follows:

Tom and I felt lonesome that day after the young Filipino had left.

"You had better get your ticket for Europe, old man," Tom said to me at the table at noon. "I have a premonition that something will pop to-day. I can always feel disaster before it happens. If they steal your money, it is gone, you know."

I laughed the thing off. Travel was light just then, I told Tom, and I need not get my ticket until the next day. As to the money, I had a hiding-place in the room where no one would dream of looking for it. Anyway, I was not foolish enough to carry it on my person on the excursion out into the country that we had planned for that afternoon.

Tom shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I hope you are right," he said.

That afternoon, as we got off the train at a little station out in the country from which we intended to take a long walk, Tom tried to make me believe that a man had been shadowing us. When I laughed again, he became almost angry.

"You may think me all sorts of a fool, Ed," he said; "but something is going to happen and somebody is on our trail to-day." After that he lapsed into a morose silence.

The walk was hot and dusty and we finally stopped at a *despacho* to have a cooling drink. The woman who kept the place was a rather attractive Chilena. She looked sleepy when we came in; but I noticed that she was watching us furtively as she was preparing our drinks. I stood in front of the counter, trying to pay her compliments in my halting Spanish, and when the two tall glasses were full of the cool mixture, I took them to our table.

A few minutes later, the young woman came from behind the counter and sat down on the chair by my side. Soon a lively conversation was under way. There were no other customers in the *despacho* besides ourselves, and I presume time was hanging heavy on the hands of the jolly Chilena during those dull afternoon hours. She was inclined to flirt and teased me unmercifully, taking advantage of my ignorance of the colloquial expressions of her country.

Tom's deficient knowledge of the Spanish language did not allow him to take part in our conversation. Anyway, he was not in the best of humor that afternoon. After a while, he rose and walked to the door. On the threshold he turned round and said:

"All right, Ed; when you are through flirting, pay for the drinks and start out after me. I am hitting the road now."

Ten minutes later I, too, stepped out into the heat and glare of the afternoon sun. Half a mile down the dusty road I beheld Tom, who was just then disappearing around a turn. I started after him at a brisk gait. When I arrived at the turn of the road where I had last seen Tom, I expected to perceive him, but was disappointed. The road was completely deserted. It looked as if my friend was trying to get rid of me for that afternoon and had put on speed.

I was annoyed. Perhaps I had spoken too superciliously to Tom and had really offended him. Anyway, it was no fun trudging along a hot, dusty pike all alone. So I, too, put on speed, in order to catch up with the deserter. Suddenly I thought I heard the bushes by the side of the road behind me rustle, and then followed a sound resembling the breaking of a cigar box. I quickly faced about and beheld, only two paces distant from me, a man whom I immediately remembered having noticed at the station in Valparaiso as we boarded the train. He had evidently been trying to sneak up on me with sinister designs. Just as I saw him, he was falling, then he rolled down into the deep ravine by the side of the road. A moment later, the body had disappeared from sight in the bushes at the bottom. On the road where he had been there lay a long shiny knife with an ivory handle. Looking up, I saw Tom emerge from the shrubbery on the hill-side. He was pale as death.

"My God, Ed, I have killed him!" he said, hoarsely. "But there was no time for anything else; his knife was just about to come down into your back, so I let him have it with a stone I had picked up."

"But, Tom—."

"Never mind, Ed; I shall tell you later. Let us make tracks for the city. I am anxious to put some distance between me and that fellow, because a Chilean judge might not accept our explanations."

For a mile or two we walked at a brisk gait. Tom had tossed the knife into the bushes and the body was not visible from the road, so there was little chance of the tragic occurrence being found out for some time.

At last Tom spoke.

"This is what happened, Ed: when I left you at the *despacho* I walked at a pretty fair clip for half a mile or so, then I sat down in the shade of a bush on the hillside to wait for you. A few minutes later, I saw that man come round the turn in the road. He looked down the road as if to make sure that I had gone on, then he slipped into a bush on the other side from where I was. I remembered having seen that fellow at the station in Valparaiso and I knew he was after you. Just as I was cogitating what to do, you came along. It was then that I picked up a big stone, and not a second too soon, because the man slipped out from the bushes after you had passed him and was just raising his knife when I threw the stone. I was the best pitcher in my town, you know, and it was my baseball training that saved the day."

Tom cut my thanks short.

"I owed you that for your prompt action in Buenos Aires," he said. "But I tell you frankly that I don't enjoy the idea of having killed a man."

I don't remember just how we got back to the hotel; but I recollect very vividly what happened when we arrived there.

The landlady received us, all excited.

"Gentlemen," she said, "I cannot believe that you are bad men, because you are both courteous and quiet, but the police has been here and they have searched your room, though they do not seem to have found anything. I was very much put out that this should have happened in my house, which has always been respectable."

Tom had turned pale, thinking of the occurrence on the road; but I immediately suspected what had happened.

"Did the men have a warrant, *señora?*" I asked.

"They showed me a paper, but I did not examine it closely. They had badges inside their coats, though, and said they came from secret service headquarters with instructions to search the room of Señor Eduardo Voss."

"Please telephone to the Secret Police immediately and ask them if they sent those men. I am sure they were impostors," I said, excitedly, then I rushed upstairs.

In our room we found everything topsy turvy. A thorough search had been made, evidently by expert hands. And my roll of two hundred and fifty Chilean pesos in banknotes, which I thought I had hidden so cleverly, was gone!

I must have looked like I felt, because Tom stepped up to me and put his hand on my shoulder.

"Never mind, Ed; it is hard on you, old fellow; but they have not got that gavel after all. You will have to work your way to Europe, I reckon. And I am going to stick to you; we'll see this through together."

Tom's words put new courage into me. We went to work immediately. My suspicion regarding the raiders was correct. Agents from the Secret Police appeared at the boarding-house and secured a description of the criminals. Late that evening I was introduced to Captain Thomas Thomsen, master of the three-masted bark *Gudrun* of Hamburg. The *Gudrun* was to leave the next afternoon for Iquique to take a cargo of nitrate there, and after that she was going to Europe, by way of Cape Horn. Captain Thomsen was about thirty-five years old and this was his first voyage as master, his predecessor having been relieved upon arrival of the ship at Valparaiso because he had been involved in shady transactions.

Mrs. Nielssen had told the captain that two decent, sober men, one of them a ship's carpenter, were looking for work, and the *Gudrun* happened to be short a carpenter and a steward.

Captain Thomsen listened to our story and looked at us thoughtfully a few moments with his honest blue eyes. Then, stroking his blond beard, he said: "Well, will you two meet me at the German consulate to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock? Mr. O'Hara, I can offer you a ship's carpenter's wages as fixed by my company, and you, Mr. Voss, will have to be contented with twenty marks a month. Is that all right?"

We accepted cheerfully because both Tom and I had an idea that Captain Thomsen would be a good man to sail with, and we made no mistake, either. Furthermore, there were many sailors on the beach in Valparaiso at that particular time and we were just about "broke."

As we sat in our room that night, discussing the happenings of the day, Tom expressed his satisfaction with the turn things had taken.

"That captain is one of the most honest, best-natured men alive, I bet you," he said. "It will take us about five months to make the trip to Europe, and we shall have some money in our pockets when we land and be not far from the place where you must deliver that gavel. As to the fellows that are after us, we need not worry about them for the moment. Here is my idea of what has been happening to us—"

Tom moved closer and pointed his stubby little pipe at me for greater emphasis:

"Listen and explain things better, if you can, after I am through. That fellow Gallagher must have been in or near Buenos Aires, running with a bad gang. He probably double-crossed his pals, and that is why I was nearly knifed at Buenos Aires, being taken for him. I suppose he was not under suspicion by the police in Mendoza, but was connected with a gang operating there and in Chile, and when the job was planned in which we got mixed up, he was given some part in it on account of his apparent respectability. That is how you came into possession of that gavel. The two fellows who murdered the French doctor made a bungling job of it. I am sure they are both in hiding, and so is our friend Gallagher. But they sent the rest of the gang after you when they learned that you still had the gavel. The men who went into Chile thought the gavel was either in our room or that you carried it with you, so they divided, and two of them pulled off the stunt in our room while the third followed us. I am sure the fellows who raided the room are hiding from the police now, and number three won't bother anybody after this. They will probably find his body and attribute his death to an accidental fall. I don't think those robbers will follow us to Europe. Anyway, I can't understand why so many men should risk their lives to get hold of that gavel. Where do you think the value of it comes in?"

I confessed that I was as much in the dark about it as he was. Tom's deductions seemed to be very plausible to me; anyway, since the incident on the road I had a great respect for Tom's hunches and premonitions, and during the following months I had no occasion to change my mind in that respect.

Next morning at ten o'clock we met the captain at the German consulate and signed the necessary papers. The clerk, who had given me the cold shoulder in spite of his brother's letter, handed me the precious package I had left in his care and gave me some good advice which I did not quite appreciate, perhaps.

Tom and I returned to the hotel for our dunnage, paid our bill, and then had a Chilean row us out to the *Gudrun*. The second mate, an undersized, bow-legged young fellow with a red beard, told me gruffly to go to the chart-house and call for Otto. I climbed the steps to the quarter-deck and did as I had been told.

Otto, who had been acting as steward, was evidently expecting me. He showed me my cabin, where I bunked with the cook, and the pantry and provision lockers, the cuddy, and the cabins of the captain and the mates, and instructed me in my duties.

"Take your shoes off," he said; "save them for the cold weather. And at two bells you must go to the forecastle; you have to help with the anchors, you know. The tug-boat is coming at eight bells to tow us out of the harbor."

A few minutes after one o'clock that afternoon I was walking round and round the capstan with the others, a heavy oak capstan bar in front of my chest. The men were singing "Rolling home" and other chanties as the anchor was slowly rising from the bottom of the bay. We had four anchors out and it was quite a job to hoist them all by man-power, the *Gudrun* having no donkey engine.

In due time, the tug-boat came puffing along, and while we were being towed out of the harbor, part of the men were busy aloft with the sails. But sails are of little avail when there is no wind, and after the tug had left us, the ship lay outside the harbor, gently rolling, without making any headway. We lay there all night and it was not until the next day at noon that a breeze sprang up which filled our sails. Soon after, the mountains of the coast disappeared from sight.

After that, it took us eight days to reach Iquique. We had sunny weather, with a moderate breeze, all the way. My duties kept me busy from 4 o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock in the evening. Little by little, I got acquainted with the members of the crew, mostly young men who intended to follow the sea and were putting in the time of service necessary for a navigator's license. They were clean, upstanding boys, a number of them with high school education. Of the twenty-one men on board, only Skawinski, the blacksmith, a fine elderly Pole, Clausen, a Dane who had the reputation of being false and cowardly, Courtney, a tall, taciturn Englishman, and Tom were not men of German birth. The first mate was an efficient, silent man, while the second mate was a braggart and a fool.

We sighted land the day before we reached Iquique.

On entering Iquique harbor, we passed the forts which had been destroyed during the war between Peru and Chile.

Iquique lies at the foot of arid, high mountains, on a sandy plain. A railroad climbs the mountains back of the town; it goes to the nitrate mines which lie some distance from Iquique, in the interior. There is no fresh water and no vegetation in Iquique to speak of. As I did not go ashore, I cannot speak of the town.

After we had discharged our ballast, lighters came alongside with sacks of nitrate, and the loading began, under the supervision of a Chilean stevedore. On the West Coast, the crew had to work the cargo, and our men were slaving at the cargo winches all day, to their great disgust. Iquique being about 22 degrees southern latitude and it being the summer season then, the heat was rather trying, too. As steward, I did not have to work cargo.

The evenings were agreeable, however. The men sat on deck, singing, making music, or swapping stories, and on days when the surf was too heavy and the lighters did not come out because of it, the hard-worked crew got a rest. They did a lot of fishing for bonito and other fish and watched the seals and sea-lions in the harbor when they were not busy with duties about the ship.

I used to sleep on deck and watch the bright stars on the black velvet sky. Tom generally came to sit or lie on the hatch with me; we often yarned until late at night.

At last, eighteen or nineteen days after our arrival at Iquique, the last lighter with nitrate came alongside. The men at the winches, upon learning the news, straightened out their aching backs and sent up a yell that brought a smile to the captain's good-natured face. Franz, an irrepressible youngster, tossed his cap into the air and began to yodel, and Kurt, who had left the benches of the *gymnasium* to join the *Gudrun*, spat gleefully into his blistered hands and called out: "Boys, let us get this d— stuff into the hold in record time, and remember, it is I who goes up with the last sack!"

The hoisting and stowing of the last sack of nitrate was done with great ceremony. Kurt, who had changed clothes for the occasion, was hoisted as high as the first yard, sitting on the sack, with a German flag in his right hand. Then his fresh, clear voice rang out: "Three cheers for the *Arethusa*, hip, hip, hurra!" The rest of the crew joined in the cheers and the ship's bell was rung vigorously. A few minutes later, from across the water, came the sound of the bell of the *Arethusa*, a three-masted bark anchored not far away, and the cheering of the crew of that vessel who were returning the compliment.

Then came three cheers for the big six-masted ship *Potosi*, from Hamburg, then for the *Don*, the *Union*, the *Alexander Black*, and so on, until every sea-going vessel in the port of Iquique had received its tribute and had answered in kind. Then only the last sack, with the curly-headed, handsome boy enthroned on it, descended from its dizzy height and was lowered into the hold, amidst great enthusiasm.

After the hatches had been battened down, the boys, with a cheer, brought out the hose and began washing down the deck. They hated dirt and were anxious to get rid of it as soon as possible.

Early next morning I was again walking round and round the capstan with the others, singing chanties dear to the heart of the sailor. At last our anchors were up, and along came a tug from shore and towed us outside the harbor.

A fresh breeze was blowing when she left us near the point of Iquique Island, and before long Iquique disappeared in our wake.

The next few days we had excellent weather. The sea was blue and calm and from time to time we passed huge turtles asleep on the surface of the water. The boys who were off watch amused themselves catching bonitos and other fish, and everybody was happy and contented.

Were not most of the boys going home? Our destination was Falmouth, England, where we were to receive orders to proceed to Dunkirk, Rotterdam, Antwerp, or Hamburg, according to the destination of the cargo, which would be sold in the next few months while it was still on the water.

There was a new seaman on board who had signed on at Iquique, a German by the name of Fritz Gruber. Karl Skawinski, the old Pole, looked at the new arrival as he came up the gangway with his bag on his shoulder, then he turned away and spat over the railing.

"You don't like his looks, do you, Karl?"

The Pole spat again. "Not a bit," he answered. "That breed steals, and murders, too, if necessary."

I gazed thoughtfully after the old man as he walked away. The other members of the crew looked upon him with some awe, as he was supposed to have the second sight.

That evening I was sitting alone on the main hatch, looking out upon the calm, dark sea, when Karl came up to me. The old fellow looked worried.

"Look out for the new man, Ed," he said. "He means you harm. He is a bad character."

"But Karl, I have never seen the man in my life. Why should he have anything against me?"

"Perhaps you have something that he wants or you know something that may be dangerous to him. I saw him look at you. I never make a mistake. Look sharp, Ed, that is all I can tell you."

Tom, who had joined us, said that he did not like the man's looks at all.

"He is too smooth and polite and has shifty eyes," he said. "He is trying to make up to the boys but nobody seems to take to him. Moreover, they say that he got Erich Miller into trouble with the Iquique police in order that he might get his place on the *Gudrun*. Miller got six months in jail for assaulting a policeman and it is this man Gruber who made Miller drink and egged him on. Gruber talks Spanish like a native; he has been in South America for many years. What do you think of that, Ed?"

I thought of the words of the Frenchman at Punta de Vacas. Was it possible that Gruber had come on board to obtain possession of the gavel which seemed to mean so much to certain individuals? The attack on the road and the search of our room at Valparaiso having failed, had they set this man on our track? I rejected the idea as preposterous.

On the first Sunday out we had a calm. I had been busy all morning washing and mending my clothes, and in the afternoon Tom and I sat on top of the fo'c's'le head looking out upon the blue, calm sea. At the horizon we saw a white dot, the bark *Arethusa*, which had sailed shortly after us and was gaining on the *Gudrun*. Our ship would have made a knot or two more if she had not had a foul bottom, while the *Arethusa* had been in the dry dock recently. Just then both ships were becalmed. The *Gudrun* was rolling gently and her sails were flapping idly against the masts.

Tom was pulling contentedly at his pipe while I, with my back against the anchor, was studying my Spanish grammar. Suddenly Tom nudged me.

"There's Shifty Eyes," he whispered. In fact, the new seaman came up the stairs and sat down on the anchor.

"A fine day to-day," he said, in fairly good English. "But the old man is cursing a blue streak because of the calm. A run of 8 miles in 24 hours is discouraging, to say the least. What are you studying there, Mr. Voss?"

"Spanish," I replied, laconically.

"I have a good knowledge of the language," he said, "having been in South America since my childhood."

"Why are you leaving the country? Chances to get employment and make headway are certainly fair in Chile."

"Oh, I intend to visit relatives in Germany, and having followed the sea for a while, I thought a trip on a sailing vessel would do me good and save me money, besides."

"What were you doing in that God-forsaken hole, Iquique?"

"I was working in the nitrate mines up country and came down to Iquique to get a ship."

The explanations were plausible and the man seemed to be quite at ease under my cross-examination. Then Tom spoke up.

"In the nitrate mines? I intended to go there myself as I was told they needed carpenters there. And they must have other work, too. What were you doing there?"

For a moment the man hesitated. "Surveying a new railroad line," he said. "Running a transit."

We chatted eight or ten minutes more, then Gruber rose.

"My washing must be about dry," he said. "If you need any help with your Spanish, Mr. Voss, just call on me."

When he had disappeared, Tom chuckled.

"I caught him," he said. "He hesitated, as you must have noticed, before he answered my question about his occupation, and then he lied. A man who has been running a transit in the hot sun in the desert up there looks tanned, not colorless like that bloke. If I went in for lying, I would certainly make a better job of it. As the old Pole said, keep your eye on him."

We made slow progress during the first three weeks out of Iquique, as there were frequent calms. But the weather was delightful and the men were in good humor. In the evening they gathered on the deck and sang German folk songs, English music hall favorites they had picked up in Australia, or chanties in English. Quite often they danced, too. It was astonishing how well those boys danced the highland fling, the *fandango*, the *cachucha*, and other dances they had picked up on their travels. We had a regular jazz band on board, consisting of a bass drum improvised out of a barrel covered with tarred canvas, two tambourines, a steel triangle, a concertina, and a mouth harp. This band, helped out by the voices of the crew, functioned quite occasionally in the evening.

Tom, though he did not speak German, felt at home on board the *Gudrun*. The men all liked him and he liked them. At first both Tom and I, being newcomers, were looked upon as intruders. After a period of probation and observation, however, we were accepted as members of the family. Gruber, on the other hand, in spite of all his efforts, was constantly made to feel that he did not "belong."

I was not the only Mason on board. Harry Courtney, the aristocratic-looking Englishman, was also a member of the Craft, as I learned quite by accident. He was not an easy man to get acquainted with; but when he found out that I was a Mason, he became more friendly. He was a second son and had been roaming through the world after making ducks and drakes of his money. Tom and I had a good influence on him, I am sure. He called us "Castor and Pollux" and we three had many a long talk together.

Three weeks out of Iquique there was a change in the weather. It was quite cool now, as we were under the 40th degree of southern latitude, and rains, fogs, and squalls set in. This spell of foul weather lasted about five days. The *Gudrun* pitched and rolled considerably.

But on the morning of the sixth day, when I got up at four o'clock, I knew that we had run into a really bad storm. The whole world around us seemed to be filled with a tremendous roar and there was an uncanny shrieking and whistling in the rigging above such as I had never heard before. When I looked out of the chart-house door I saw that the deck was a mass of hissing, foaming water which rushed from one side to the other as the ship rolled and pitched, and frequently heavy seas would break over the weather side and bury everything in a smother of water and foam.

The starboard watch were running along the deck in their glistening oil-skins when, suddenly, a tremendous sea burst over the ship and buried them out of sight. All managed to get hold of the ropes that had been stretched along the deck except Harry Courtney. I saw him dashed against the fife-rail, to which he managed to cling; but when the deck was fairly clear of water I could see that the man had been injured. A moment later, he slid to the deck.

Two of the men of the starboard watch rushed to his side and, the stairs to the quarter-deck being the nearest, they took the unconscious man up there for safety. The second mate whose watch it was turned to the men with a growl.

"Take him to his bunk," he bawled; "he does not belong aft, you fools."

But then the captain, who had heard the commotion, came up the companion-way, his good-natured face full of alarm and compassion. He looked the unconscious man over.

"He has broken several ribs," he said, "and may be injured internally. Here, Kurt and George, take off his gear and carry him into the cabin back of mine. Ed, hurry up and clear all that junk out of the lower berth. Easy, boys!"

It was a marvel to me how those two boys managed to get the Englishman down the stairs, through the captain's cabin, and into the spare cabin, with the ship rolling and pitching as it was. Courtney, who had regained consciousness, had a look of astonishment and gratitude in his eyes.

"In the cabin!" he exclaimed. "Well, I never... Thank you, boys!" If he was suffering, which he must have been, he did not show it.

In the stuffy, cold cabin, the captain and I worked over Courtney. Four ribs on the right side were broken, and the back and left side were badly bruised.

"Thank God there are no broken limbs or fingers," said the captain. "You'll pull through in fine shape, Courtney."

The storm soon died down, but the sea continued to run high. It became colder every day. Numerous seabirds appeared over our wake, and the Dane amused himself angling for albatrosses.

At last, early one morning, we sighted a group of desolate, steep rocks, the Diego Ramirez Islands, two uninhabited islets which rise about 150 feet above the level of the sea, and in the afternoon of that same day we passed Hermit Island, the southernmost extremity of which is known as Cape Horn. This was the last land we were to see for 2½ months.

For a week after passing Cape Horn we had a fresh breeze. The waves were running mountain-high and it was with a feeling of mingled enjoyment and awe that I watched the *Gudrun* climb the enormous surges, dive down into the abyss, and then apparently take a straight course for the sky again.

Later, the breeze changed into a heavy gale which grew in violence. The deck was constantly flooded by the heavy seas that broke over the ship. We scudded along under storm sails for several days. One sea, racing after the ship, struck it with such tremendous force that it smashed the three windows in the cuddy—the small dining-room of the officers—and flooded the whole place. This happened during the noon meal and the captain, who had some surgical skill, pulled twenty or thirty glass splinters out of the back of the neck of the first mate after the deadlights had been screwed down and the water bailed out and mopped up. I could only sleep by putting my knees against one side of the bunk and my back against the other, on account of the heavy rolling of the ship.

This lasted for six days. We lost several sails, but the ship suffered no serious harm. However, during the worst of it, Gruber, the man who came on board at Iquique, was lost overboard. I happened to stand at the head of the quarter-deck stairs, waiting for a chance to dash across the deck to the galley, which was midships, when a tremendous sea burst over the weather bulwark and covered the entire ship. Three men were about to go aloft, the last, who had

just placed his foot on the bottom ratline, being Gruber. When the ship righted itself, only the two men higher up in the shrouds were left.

I sang out "Man overboard!" and the cook—very uselessly—threw a tub overboard to mark the spot. There was absolutely nothing to be done. The man would have been many miles behind us, drowned in the wild sea, by the time that we could have hove to, and no boat could have lived in such a sea.

Courtney was still confined to his berth in the cabin. Whenever I could spare a few moments, I would slip into the cabin and try to cheer him up. When I told him of Gruber's tragic death, he shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, Ed, all I have to say is that you should be the last to grieve about him. From what you have told me, I surmise that he came on board to rob you, and everybody seems to be agreed that he was a rotter and a criminal. I can only see the hand of Providence in this."

Tom took the same view.

When the dead man's sea chest was brought to the cabin to be put away, the captain tried to find some address or other information. He asked me to look for papers; but there were no letters or anything. In a book at the bottom of the chest, however, in a highly immoral Spanish novel, I found a note signed by "El Flaco" and addressed to "Federico," telling him that the "object" was still in the possession of the lad with the big nose, and that he must immediately go to Iquique and get it on board of the *Gudrun*. Upon his return to Valparaiso, he would receive his share of the proceeds and that of Moreno, who had evidently been "croaked" by the big-nosed fellow, besides. The last sentence of the letter was significant: "And, Federico, don't try to double-cross us. You know me, don't you? You will be watched."

When I told Tom about the letter, he sucked his pipe pensively for a moment or two, then, taking it out of his mouth and pointing it at me like a pistol, he said:—

"I bet my bottom dollar that he was playing them false! They wanted him to get that gavel while the ship was still at Iquique and he evidently made up his mind to give them the slip and rob you on our arrival in Europe. His is the third life that will be chalked up against that precious gavel."

I remember the rest of the voyage of the *Gudrun* with pleasure. We had no heavy gales after the one that cost Gruber his life. We had a lot of hard work but had quite a bit of fun, too. The hardships we did not mind. We were entirely out of vegetables and the diet of salt meat, hard tack, beans, and peas was getting monotonous, to say the least. We were also short of fresh water because during the storm off the Falkland Islands, a sea had knocked off the pump which the cook had left on the starboard fresh water tank and the salt water had entered and made the water brackish.

The entire crew was kept busy preparing the ship for the home-coming. The decks were holystoned till they were as white as snow. Everything was painted, inside and out, and I was kept busy burnishing the brasses, while Tom polished the furniture in the cabin and did an astonishing amount of carpentering.

We did some fishing, and on one occasion the first mate, seated on the jib-boom, harpooned a large porpoise weighing some 150 pounds. It took six or eight of us to pull the big fellow up on top of the forecastle head, and there he lay, jumping and thrashing about with his tail, until we finished him with a heavy oak capstan bar. The cook, who had tried to do the job with an axe, was knocked off his feet by a vicious swish of the tail of the porpoise. The blood of the animal ran down the scuppers smoking in the cold air.

The Sundays were very enjoyable on the *Gudrun*. The men did their washing and mending, and clothes lines with fluttering dungarees, shirts, underwear, and socks were strung everywhere. While the clothes were drying, each member of the crew had his own favorite occupation. Skawinski generally sat on a hatch, smoking his meerschaum pipe and reading his history of Poland. Mohr, the sail-maker, spent many hours making drawn-work, table-covers, doilies, and similar articles out of sail-cloth. Franz, the ex-cadet, and Kurt, the banker's son, got a lot of entertainment out of a pair of foils or wrestled or boxed for hours at a time. Max Nicolai, with his Sanskrit grammar, and I, with my Spanish book, generally occupied a place on the forecastle head which we had dubbed the students' corner. Courtney often joined us there with a book and his briarwood pipe. Hofer, one of the younger boys, did a land-office business painting the inside of the lids of sea-chests for others, for a consideration. The painting generally consisted of a bit of blue sea and sky, a rock with a lighthouse on it, and a picture of the *Gudrun* under full sail, the whole inclosed in a life belt. Clausen, the Dane, usually played solitaire with a pack of grimy cards. Two of the older men whiled away the time carving models of sailing ships.

Occasionally, Skawinski would hold the whole crew spell-bound with one of his gruesome stories. He claimed a first-hand acquaintance with the "Klabauterman" and the Flying Dutchman, and his tales of suffering and distress at sea and on shore used to send the shivers down everybody's back.

We encountered the usual calms and squalls in the doldrums, the region near the equator; but when we struck the trade winds we had an easy time of it. The sails required little attention and the *Gudrun* was bowling along merrily under full sail. At last, one morning, we sighted land; it was Skellig's lighthouse, on the southwest corner of Ireland. I shall not forget the impression produced upon me by the first boatload of Irish fishermen that came alongside. Having seen no other faces but those of the crew of the *Gudrun* for so long, they seemed like beings from another world and I did not tire looking at them. We were becalmed then, and the fishermen offered us "spuds" and bottles of milk in exchange for tobacco.

The *Gudrun* was bound for Falmouth, England; but the wind was dead against us, and after cruising along the Irish coast for nearly a week, the captain finally determined to run into Queenstown and telegraph for orders from there.

Thus it came that we lay three days in the beautiful Bay of Cork. The hills by which it is surrounded, covered with emerald grass, looked like paradise to me, and I watched the yachts sail out and return in the afternoon, graceful and white like sea-gulls. After the desolate stretches of ocean—we had sailed three weeks at one time without seeing a single ship—Queenstown harbor seemed like a theater to me. Boats would come alongside with boys who sang Irish songs for tobacco or coins thrown to them. There were bumboats with fresh provisions, Irish lace, and other merchandise. Red-coated soldiers from the neighboring forts would come out in small boats to fish. And occasionally, some big freighter would enter or leave the harbor, or a huge liner with crowds of passengers at the rails would steam past us.

At last, the long-expected boat with the mail arrived. Everybody seemed to be standing in some corner of the deck, reading letters. Two of the boys crept away silently; each had learned that his mother had passed away while her sailor son was away on the wide ocean. But as a whole, the news received by the men were good and all rejoiced at the idea of an early home-coming.

The mail brought the ship orders to proceed to Antwerp, the cargo having been sold to a Belgian firm. The *Gudrun* left Queenstown harbor towed by a sturdy tug, in a dense fog, with the bell at Roche's Point pealing forth its warning. The next day the ship was becalmed once more. We did quite a bit of trading with boats that came along-

side with fresh fish and provisions. At last a favorable breeze set in. The ship passed points on the English coast with which I was familiar from former voyages: Cape Lizard, Eddystone, Portland Bill, the Needles, Dungeness, and Dover. Near the Needles we took the Flushing pilot on board. Early in the morning of the seventh day out from Queenstown we arrived at Flushing, from where a tug-boat took the ship up the Schelde, through a level country with green fields and meadows, pretty villages, and small woods. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the *Gudrun* stopped in front of a lock, and at eight o'clock, with the rising tide, she entered the Kattendyk Basin and our voyage was ended.

The men, officers and crew alike, were in the best of humor the next day. The boys were getting their things ready for the trip home, having measurements taken for clothes by tailors who came on board, and talking of the great time they were going to have the next day when they got their pay.

Tom and I held a council of war that afternoon. We were not quite sure whether there would not be another attempt made to wrest the gavel from me. I had sold my revolver in Valparaiso, but Courtney slipped me his, a beautiful, pearl-handed weapon, and asked me to keep it as a souvenir of our friendship. Tom and I agreed that I was to put the gavel through my belt, under my coat, and that he would follow me at a certain distance, with my revolver ready in his overcoat pocket. I had induced him to part with his beloved derby hat, and with that identifying mark gone, Tom would probably not be noticed by any foe and would be able to observe any suspicious movement.

Everything went off smoothly, however. We were paid off and with few exceptions, the members of the crew immediately scattered through the city, on pleasure bent. Courtney was one of the exceptions. He told me he was going to take the Harwich boat that afternoon and assured me that he was determined to quit being the black sheep of the family. This resolution he nobly kept. I heard from him frequently; the last news I received was that of his death in the second battle of Ypres.

I felt nervous that day in the Antwerp station and in the train; but nothing happened. On our arrival in the quaint old city of Bruges we had no difficulty in finding the home of the Tervueren family. A buxom Flemish maid admitted us and conducted us into a beautifully furnished parlor. Tom and I were admiring the paintings on the wall, when a fine-looking old gentleman entered.

I rose from my seat.

"Sir," I said, "my name is Voss. I have a message for Madame Fernand which I desire to deliver personally, as it comes from her late husband."

"I am Colonel Tervueren, Madame Fernand's father," the old gentleman said. "My daughter is about to go out, but I shall call her. May I ask, first, of what nature this message is? My daughter has been seriously ill and we are endeavoring to keep all excitement from her."

"Colonel," I replied, "quite by accident, I came into the possession of a masonic gavel of which Dr. Fernand had been robbed, and when I was about to restore it to him, he asked me to take it to his wife. Several attempts have been made to take this gavel from me, and for that reason I shall not be quiet until I see it in the hands of the lady for whom it is intended."

The colonel nodded. "Quite right," he said. "I shall call my daughter. He rose and opened the door by which he had entered.

"Clémentine!" he called. A feminine voice answered from somewhere in the house, and a few moments later, a lady entered. She was a beautiful woman of about forty years, dressed in deep mourning.

"My daughter," the colonel said, "this gentleman, Mr. Voss, has a message for you from Armand and desires to deliver to you personally the masonic gavel which has caused us such worry and which Armand has entrusted to him."

Madame Fernand became pale and sat down in the chair into which her father helped her. Then, bending forward eagerly, she asked: "You saw my husband at the time of his death, Mr. Voss? Please tell me all the details; I know so little about Armand's last moments."

I drew the gavel from my belt and handed it to her. She gave it only a glance and put it on her lap. Her eyes filled with tears.

"Please tell me all, Sir; I shall be strong," she gasped.

I told her the whole story, from our meeting with the murderers to the attempts made to rob me of the precious gavel.

When I had concluded my story and answered a few questions which the beautiful widow asked me, the colonel spoke up.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I shall ask you to have some wine and cakes and my daughter will tell you things about this gavel which you evidently do not know, while I shall examine it more closely in my own room, if you will excuse me."

After the colonel had left the room, sherry and cakes were brought in by the maid. When we had helped ourselves, Madame Fernand, moistening her lips with the wine in her glass, began her story.

"Monsieur Voss, my husband always was a man with strange ideas. He had been making considerable money in the Argentine Republic, not so much practising medicine, as in business. Then, quite suddenly, he informed me that sooner or later, a terrible war would break out involving all European nations, and that the currencies of all countries participating in the struggle would fall in value to such an extent that thousands of families would be ruined. But diamonds, he said, would preserve their value; moreover, they had the advantage of being easily concealed and transported. He had then just sold a cargo of mules to the British government in South Africa, and he went over himself. While there, he purchased a number of valuable diamonds. He intimated to me that he had bought most of them at a fraction of their real value from a Jew, an illicit diamond buyer, who feared the government agents were about to lay hands on him. For a long time he would not even tell me where he had hidden those diamonds, in which he had invested almost every peso we had; but, finally, as I left for Europe to recover my health, he told me they were concealed in a masonic gavel with which his Lodge had presented him. Unfortunately my husband must have parted with his secret—he was rather weak where women were concerned and I should have known better than to leave him alone as long as I did—and an attempt was made to rob him of the gavel. He became panic-stricken. He sold out his interests in South America and prepared to leave secretly for Europe, choosing the round-about way of the Transandino Railway and Chile. But the criminals who had made the first attempt had been watching him, and the result, as you know, was my poor husband's murder at Punta de Vacas. It is terrible how many lives these diamonds have cost, *monsieur*. You may not have learned that the murderer was shot to death resisting arrest and that his companion fell over the edge on the trail and his mangled body was found in the gorge below, a few days later. The stones represent a fortune which I shall use for charitable purposes exclusively, because thank God, we have enough money in the Tervueren family to keep us in comfort to the end of our days and we do not need to touch money tainted with blood. Please explain what I said to your friend, won't you?"

I gave Tom the gist of what Madame Fernand had told me. He listened attentively and became more and more excited as I was speaking.

"My dream!" he burst out, at last. "The old man

who pointed at the map and said 'Here you will find diamonds!' "

The door opened and the colonel stepped in, holding out his right hand on which rested twenty diamonds of the purest water.

"I sawed the gavel apart and in it, closely packed, I found these stones. A king's ransom, gentlemen! Look at them well! That is what you have risked death and undergone hardships for!"

To make a long story short, we had to stay at the Tervueren home that day and the next and were treated like kings by the old colonel and his charming daughter. When we finally left, we had each a draft on New York for five thousand dollars in our possession. The colonel wanted to give us more, but we steadfastly refused, as we knew that the proceeds of the sale of the diamonds were to go to the poor.

I went back to Antwerp with Tom and there we separated. He went back to the United States while I returned to Germany for a few weeks' visit. As I said goodby to Tom on board of the Red Star Line steamer that was to take him to New York, he looked at me with his whimsical smile and said, pressing my hand: "Well, old man, I can't give you the kind of grip that you would like to have me give you, and in a way I am sorry for it. I shall remain a good catholic all my life because I was brought up that way. But damn the man who says anything against the Masons when I am around!"

The End.

Pieces of Architecture

The House Not Made With Hands

By Wor. Bro. Adolph A. Williamson, P.M., Cebu, Cebu, P. I.

The literature of Freemasonry is not scanty. Year after year, men have written and published books on this great subject, offering—as it does—room for all varieties of opinions. For Freemasonry is like the Bible in this, that whatever one desires to find in it that will he find. Hence the great range of views and opinions and the diversity of subjects covered by a well-stocked Masonic library. There will be found included works on Freemasonry expounding it from every possible point of view: its theory, its practice, its symbology, its jurisprudence, its ancient landmarks, and whatnot; works displaying wealth of learning and great literary merit; and, alas!—for this also must be—works with small claim to either.

Yet, despite all this wealth of information, when we have read widely in such a library in our search for understanding, there too often remains in our minds the question: What, after all, is it about? When we have gone through the preliminaries; when we have read and studied; when we are ready to say to our instructors: Now I am a man, Masonically of age: let us drop childish things: give me the strong meat and drink of Masonry—when we can say this, laying claim to Emerson's quality of Valor (look it up in the Essay on Circles), what do we find? That nowhere can we put our finger down and say, This is it, the essence, the heart, the Secret Doctrine of Freemasonry. For when we seek to come to the point with our author-interpreters we find them sadly beating about the bush. This is true, from "Morals and Dogma" down. Our craving to get at that essence is unsatisfied and we may begin to suspect that Masonry may be like our typhoons, blowing great guns at the periphery but at the center just ordinary, almost vacuity.

Now, I am going to try to show you that such a suspicion is groundless; that Masonry *has* an essential teaching, a heart, a Secret Doctrine, on which you can place your finger and say, This is it. I acknowledge that I have no patent giving me authority to declare, delimit, or define Free masonry. But Truth speaks for itself and I am merely trying to hand on to you Truth. Take it and test it by every means in your power. If you do not find it good, reject it. But if you find it good, receive it. I am confident you will find it good.

What is Masonry? It is defined as a system of morality veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols.

But what is morality? What makes a thing—an act or a thought—moral or immoral? Morals fluctuate and change from age to age, from zone to zone, from heritage to heritage. Who shall say, This and not that is moral; this and not that is immoral? Who can define morality in positive terms that will apply to all men at all times in all places? What one, single, unchanging standard is there which does not depend on abstractions?

To supply such a definition is to fix the essence of Freemasonry; by our understanding of morality our conception of Freemasonry is determined.

I believe I can supply such a definition; but to do so within limited space is difficult. I can here give but the outlines and refer you to a larger work I have in hand and which I hope soon to publish.

Let us now leave printed books and go in imagination into the fields to view the open pages of nature, the great book of revelation.

First note that we walk upon the earth, treading that mineral kingdom which is the rock foundation of all others.

Next, we view the vegetation about us. This is the second of the kingdoms, one step, one degree—the first—above the mineral.

Off yonder, in that lush meadow, cattle are grazing. Let these represent the animal kingdom, twice—or two degrees—removed from the mineral kingdom.

These are the great divisions of nature, the kingdoms whose names have been familiar to us from childhood.

Now let us mount a magic carpet and transport ourselves to Africa. It is night but the moon is shining brightly and from the protection of our thornbrush boma we may safely gaze upon the tree-dotted veldt before us. As we sit, holding our breath in expectation, a lion steps forth from his dark concealment. Standing at gaze a moment, he lowers his massive head until his great muzzle is close to the ground. Then he roars, using the earth as a sounding-board. As those mighty tones reverberate like the deep notes of a great organ, a silence falls upon the world; for this is the king of beasts, the great carnivore.

Life in the vegetable kingdom extracts its sustenance from that kingdom next below it, the mineral kingdom. Life in the animal kingdom secures its sustenance from that kingdom next below it, the vegetable kingdom. But the animal kingdom is a kingdom divided against itself: the carnivorous animals feed upon the herbivorous, taking their sustenance from them.

Great are nature's powers of concentration and vast her scheme employing them. For untold millions of lives from the vegetable world are concentrated in the life of one herbivorous animal. And thousands of lives from the world of herbivorous animals are concentrated in the life of one carnivore.

Now, what is the end of all this? It is the evolution of man. It is you who sit in Lodge with me tonight; not you individually and personally, but as representatives of the human species, *genus homo*. Every time you sit down to dinner you illustrate, in the food placed on your tables for *you* to eat, this great concentrating power of nature; for man is the greatest of all carnivora. We have widened our diet with the changing conditions of our life but meat still remains the only single article of food upon which man can live in health and strength for indefinite periods. Meat is his one perfect food. But (be it observed) that meat is never the meat of a carnivore; for life feeds upon inferior forms, not upon forms of the same level or degree, and we are carnivores.

The carnivora are looked upon as the fiercest, the cruelest destroyers produced in nature's workshop. But the carnivora were a necessary link in the chain of evolution leading up to man. Though science does not yet appear to have recognized it, they were the true forerunners of man. It was their adoption of the hunting habit, requiring concentration of sight upon one single objective (the kill), which brought the eyes into one frontal focal plane. That eye-placement (in mammals) is the hall-mark of the carnivore. That eye-placement—in one frontal focal plane—made possible the development of the brainpan which was a condition precedent to the evolution of man. When the carnivore appeared, man was but a step beyond. Perhaps the ancient religious rite of blood-sacrifice was commemorative of this crucial event in the evolution of man. Perhaps the Mosaic allegory of Cain and Abel conceals the recognition of its crucial character. And it is the carnivora which, by the test of the sustenance-securing method, are thrice removed—or raised to the third degree—above the mineral kingdom. Out of the carnivorous order grew man, the definitive end of the evolution of life forms.

Man, then, is the end of the evolutionary process of life forms. That evolutionary process has developed life forms in the animal world extending all the way from the "superficial flat" of the lowest, reptilian orders, to the "lively perpendicular" which is man. But man completes, perfects, that Mystic Square. In living matter, in the world of *life forms* (please note the limitation), man is the end. Nor can I stop now to expound the very definite reasons supporting this conclusion more than I already have.

Now, everything in the world of life forms lives at the price of death. That one superior form may live, thousands of lower forms must daily render up life and suffer death. As, upon this globe of ours, the sun never sets, so does the fire of this holocaust of death burn unceasingly upon it as upon an altar. For the world of life forms *is* the World of Death.

But man, individually standing so helpless, so impotent, before the other carnivores, has created by the use of his only great power, the intellect, a world unknown to all the other inhabitants of the earth, the world of mind. This he has done by uniting into groups, with each group creating (through the rising potential characteristic of spiritual energy) a group spirit which becomes superior to him and which exercises a spiritual sovereignty over him, setting its seal upon him and making him what he is. These groups we loosely designate as tribes, peoples, nations, races. Each of them may develop a distinctive soul. We freely speak of the soul of France, the soul of Japan, etc.; and though we may not be able to define our meaning we know what we mean when we so use that term. The soul of France was made by Frenchmen: now *it* makes Frenchmen. So of Japan, England, America, every commonwealth which is a true social organism. The social organism is the scientific name for that spiritual creation of the group which is, in everything but the possession of form, a living organism and from which we are as truly born spiritually as we are born physically from our physical mothers. Hence each of our compatriots is spiritually our brother. And this is what I take to be the meaning of Christ in the saying quoted in Mark iii, 31-34: "There came then his brethren and his mother, and, standing without, sent unto him, calling him. And the multitude sat about him: and they said unto him, Behold, thy mother and thy brethren without seek for thee. And he answered them, saying, Who is my mother, or my brethren? And he looked round about on them which sat about him, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren!"

But now be it noted, these social organisms exist not at the price of death; for their continuance and healthy existence depends upon the continuance in life of those who furnish them their sustenance, which is the characters of men, who labor to develop the best that is in them, their fortitudes and strengths, their wisdom and the beauty of their minds, to give to their social organism that it may live forever. Hence the world of social organisms is not the World of Death but is indeed the World of Life. Social organisms are the nearest thing in our experience to immortality.

The world of life forms was evolved and brought to perfection in man by means of that struggle of life which is everywhere at work in it. That struggle of life produced man, the one life form able to overcome all the restrictions, animate and inanimate, which set limits to the extension of all other life forms. Man, the end of the evolutionary process of life forms, is the one life form able to dominate the earth.

A similar struggle of life, but on a far larger scale, is in process among social organisms, each of which is endeavoring so to develop itself as to be able to dominate the earth. And as, out of the struggle of life of life forms came one life form to dominate the earth, so, out of the greater struggle of social organisms must eventually come one social organism to dominate the earth. This struggle and this end are part of the nature of things, unavoidable, inevitable, predetermined from the beginning.

And now we come to the great religious Ought of nature: that the struggle of life of social organisms necessary to develop one social organism to dominate the earth *ought* to be governed, not by the laws of the World of Death but by the laws of the World of Life. What those laws are cannot be told in a word, nor can they yet be completely told. Slowly, by the hard method of trial and error, we are learning them. When we shall have learned them; when they shall have become current among us; when they shall be the recognized laws governing the life of all mankind—then shall peace and goodwill reign and happiness be the common lot of all.

For happiness is not yet the legitimate end or purpose of our lives. To be happy now, at this stage of incompletion of man's work, man's great constructive work, is to reveal the measure of our ignorance, to demonstrate that our minds function but poorly. The great men of the earth are seldom happy; idiots and ignorant peoples—the imbeciles and the coolie class who live like animals—are happy. But Christ is called the Man of Sorrows. With one exception—which is "another story"—to be happy now, intellectually speaking, is not the legitimate aim of our lives. There is work to do so overwhelmingly important as to completely subordinate even human happiness—that human happiness of which we hear so much—into a matter of indifference. That work must be done whether human happiness be

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attained by us individually or not. What that work is, is that doctrine, "kept secret from the foundation of the world," which only now is beginning to be apprehended.

Masonry is the repository of this doctrine; and everything in Masonry is colored, shaped, and made alive by it. Concealed in Masonry are clear and definite conceptions of the laws of the World of Life; above all things it is these Masonry desires to teach us. And so we find that Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth are the principal tenets of our fraternity.

The whole duty of man is towards that social organism in which he lives and which lives in him. First to that, then to humanity at large. This is the essence of morality. Whatever promotes the good of the social organism and is harmonious therewith, is moral; whatever is discordant therewith is immoral. There is no other standard. (Yet it must be borne in mind that nothing can be ultimately good for any social organism that is bad for the whole race. Therefore it is the larger, the longer view which must govern.)

Social organisms have varied in development from age to age. Therefore have morals changed and fluctuated with times and places and peoples. Therefore will they continue to change. Our hope and faith is that their fluctuations in the years to come will have a steady tendency towards improvement as the laws of the World of Life become better understood and are more widely followed. We are working towards that now as we have always worked under the guidance of Freemasonry, a system of morality veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols.

Observe, now, that our very life is in the social organism of which we are a part. Therefore it is indeed for us a house, a house in which in very deed we live, a house not made with hands, eternal (we patriotically believe) in the heavens (of eventual human happiness such as all heavens are).

Each of these social organisms, these living creations of the human mind, is like a house not made with hands in which the spirit doth reside. And because they still are many, so Christ hath said: "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you." John xiv, 2.) But as—by the resistless advance of democracy, by leagues of peace, and by other instruments evolved—we work towards that single social organism which must ultimately be, we may perceive the significance of that Masonic saying, not found in Scripture yet attributed to the great Father of all: "In strength will I establish this mine house to stand firm forever." That house, yet to be established, is *one* house.

And now I have performed the task I set myself in the beginning. I have given you but a sketch, the merest outline, dogmatically, without stopping to fill in the detailed reasoning of the argument and skipping much that might hold your interest. But let me say here that this great generalization, which is the other side, the complementary side of Evolution as now understood, is nothing new. It is the whole story of that great Book, the Volume of the Sacred Law, which rests upon our altars. It is the work of creation taken up by man in that seventh creative day, that evolutionary epoch, in which God rested: that day of man which is now. Moses, seeing this Vision and dreaming great dreams, came down into Egypt from forty years' retirement in the Wilderness to take the Hebrew people and make of them a nation to live by the laws of the World of Life and be a light to lighten the way of mankind. In the dissensions of his (alas!) "stiff-necked people," the great Secret Doctrine was lost. It was this Secret Doctrine that Christ came to save, to resurrect for men; therefore his teachings are sociological. And it is because this Secret Doctrine was the Secret Doctrine of Moses that there is so much of Moses and so much that is Hebraic in our ritual.

If I have succeeded in conveying to you some understanding of its significance, you will perceive that this Secret Doctrine of Freemasonry furnishes a philosophy of history which gives that otherwise chaotic record new meaning. For history is simply the record of the working out of this principle, this law. The making of history is not finished; it is going on today; and in every newspaper you read, in every serious book and magazine article you peruse, you will find something touching this law and its operation. If you will but ponder it a little, you will see that in this Secret Doctrine is Truth, the Truth of life from its earliest beginnings upon this earth up to now and extending from today far into the future, farther than our mental eyes can clearly see. And you will discover this great Doctrine residing pure and undefiled in Freemasonry.

You will perceive with satisfaction its perfect harmony with that Beauty which is history, in the warp and the woof of which its design is woven.

You will see the Strength given it by science, every development of which carries it more quickly, more surely, towards its goal.

You will rejoice in the Wisdom of its humanity, which does not force but persuades, which seeks to mitigate the sternness of necessity, and which neglects not even the least of us.

These are the three great metaphorical pillars supporting THE HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS.

From Contemporaries

Masons First to Condemn Wilkes Booth

Little Rock, Ark.—The Masons of this city were the first to call a meeting and emphasize their condemnation and sorrow for the tragic death of Abraham Lincoln by the hand of John Wilkes Booth, according to Stoddard's *Life of Abraham Lincoln*. This work states:

"The intelligent people of the Southern States felt that their 'Stage Mad Avenger' had inflicted upon them a fresh disaster and they both publicly and privately expressed their anger and regret.

"Their feeling is well illustrated by the action of the Masonic Fraternity of Arkansas, locally known as the 'Reb Masons.' They were the first to call and hold a meeting to declare and emphasize their condemnation and sorrow, and a hall in Little Rock, the State Capital, was well filled with those assembled.

"In large part they were ex-Confederate soldiers, many of whom still wore the remnants of their army uniforms, and they listened to a funeral oration upon Abraham Lincoln from the lips of a well-known Union man of the Masonic Fraternity. It was but twelve hours after the news of the murder reached Little Rock by telegraph."—*S. R. N. S.*

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Misplaced Confidence

Probably there is one thing that causes more trouble among Masons, and brings Masonry more into ill-repute among the profane than anything else, and that is misplaced confidence and broken faith among the Craftsmen themselves.

Scarcely a lodge can be found which does not contain some one who has, or believes he has been ill-used by a brother-Mason. Some sharp practice has been performed, promise broken or misleading advice given by a brother-Mason against one who had a right to expect entirely different treatment at his hands.

Election to a Masonic Lodge is one of the best character recommendations any man can possess, providing the committee properly performs its duties and the brethren vote intelligently. And there is no gainsaying the fact that the membership of the lodges is from the best men in the community. But it does not follow that they are all of that class, neither can it be helped if some fall from grace and do things they should not. A strict weeding out of this class would have a salutary effect upon others, and would increase the public respect for Masonry.

Freemasonry is a brotherhood, a family wherein we are taught to help each other, to keep sacred a brother's secrets, and should we hear a brother's character wrongfully traduced, we should speak up in his behalf. Should we deem him to be in danger we should forewarn him; in fact, we should have full confidence in one another. But can we always rely upon receiving just treatment from Masonic brethren?

Backbiting and petty jealousies between Masons should never be countenanced. There are some who seem to take great delight in spreading unsavory reports concerning their brethren. Such persons should have a quietus put upon them wherever they indulge in such reprehensible and un-Masonic conduct. Masons should pull together, and not permit anything to come between them.

At times it seems that the "broad mantle of Masonic charity" has grown so old and threadbare that it sadly needs repairing, or, perhaps, it would be better to have an altogether new one made.—*Square and Compass.*

Too Much Brothering

There is a place for all things and the place for Masonic recognition among Masons is not in the presence of the profane. The world is ever curious concerning the Sons of Light and the mystic tie by which they are bound. It is no part of the duty of a Mason to gratify that curiosity.

Dignity and respect which is due to our venerable institution demand circumspection and reserve among Masons, on the subject of Masonry, when in the presence of those who are not of the fraternity. For this reason it would be well to suppress miscellaneous and promiscuous "brothering" in public places.

"Brothering" in public is in as poor taste as public exhibitions of affection between the sexes. In private and in the Lodge, the use of Masonic titles is proper and wholesome. But when you meet the Worshipful Master in a restaurant or in the street, plain "Mister" is a good enough salutation. This seems to be a very needful matter for proper education.—*Square and Compass.*

Grand Lodge Honors

Honors in the grand lodge should be bestowed according to service rendered in the Masonic vineyard. No Mason should be given a committee or grand lodge appointment on account of his political or commercial relations, and yet how frequently does it happen that men are given places of Masonic preferment who are rendering little or no service to the lodges to which they belong. The Mason who does not help his lodge with his presence as well as his dues should not be entitled to any recognition of an official character. Much more might be said along this line but a word to the wise is sufficient.—*Illinois Freemason.*

A Sam Jones Story

Among the many quaint things said by Sam Jones in his preaching, he is credited with the following: "Before I was ever a Christian I learned one thing and I want you to hear this. I was away from home and was robbed on a train. I had all the money I and my friend both had. He didn't have any and they got mine, and we got off at a station. That was when I was a sinner. My friend was a steward in the Methodist Church. I was just a plain, common sinner; that is all I was. When we got off at the station we stayed around there a moment or two. He says, 'Sam, I wonder if there is a Mason in this town?' I said, 'A Mason?' He says, 'I can get some money if I can find a Mason.' I said, 'Ain't you a Methodist?' He said, 'Yes.' I said, 'Why don't you go to the Methodists?' 'Oh, shucks,' he said, 'I will go to the Masons.' And he struck out and after he was gone a few minutes he came back, and I said, 'How did you come out?' 'All right,' he said; 'I got it.' 'Where did you get it from?' 'From a Mason,' he said. 'Sam, if you want to go to heaven join the Methodists, but if you want a hold down here join the Masons.' So when I started in I just joined both, and tonight I am a Methodist and a Mason, and am getting along well for both worlds."—*Missouri Freemason.*

The Bowlers

On April 26th, the Masonic Club of Manila gave a ball in honor of the winners in the 1929 Inter-Lodge Bowling Tournament. The function took place in the Plaridel Masonic Temple, 520 San Marcelino, and was well attended. Bowling has been very popular among our Brethren during the last ten years or so, and the spacious home of the Masonic Club of Manila, with its fine alleys and splendid rest and refreshment rooms, is admirably suited for the use of the bowlers whose number is quite large.

The prizes awarded at the Tournament are as follows:

1st Prize—ROSENSTOCK'S TROPHY—Won by Cabanatuan Lodge No. 53. Champion for 1929.

2nd Prize—O'BRIEN'S TROPHY—Won by Nilad Lodge No. 12*

3rd Prize—LARKIN'S TROPHY—Won by Kasilawan Lodge No. 77.

4th Prize—GO QUIOLAY'S TROPHY—Won by Dapitan Lodge No. 21.

5th Prize—LOCKWOOD'S TROPHY—Won by Bagumbayan Lodge No. 4.

Special Prize—BUST offered by Bro. A. Bartolome—Won by Cabanatuan Lodge No. 53.

High Team Triple Games: AMERICAN ELECTRIC'S TROPHY—Won by Cabanatuan Lodge No. 53.

High Team Single Game: FRANCIA'S TROPHY—Won by Cabanatuan Lodge No. 53.

High Team by Points: BUST, offered by Bro. Juan Fajardo—Won by Cabanatuan Lodge No. 53.

INDIVIDUAL PRIZES

High Triple Games: SILVER MEDAL, offered by Bro. P. W. Guimond—Won by Bro. G. Fajardo of Cabanatuan Lodge No. 53.

High Single Game: BRONZE MEDAL, offered by Bro. S. Tenmatay—Won by Bro. E. Dayao of Dapitan Lodge No. 21.

INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES

1st Prize—GOLD MEDAL, offered by Wor. Bro. E. del Rosario Tan Kiang—Won by Bro. R. Salazar of Cabanatuan Lodge No. 53.

2nd Prize—SILVER MEDAL—Offered by Rt. Wor. Bro. Antonio Gonzalez—Won by Bro. Agaton Day of Kasilawan Lodge No. 77.

3rd Prize—BRONZE MEDAL—Offered by Bro. J. Nabong—Won by Bro. G. Fajardo of Cabanatuan Lodge No. 53.

4th Prize—BORSALINO HAT—Offered by Bro. Alonso—Won by Bro. D. R. Escosa, of High-Twelve Lodge No. 82.

5th Prize—BED COVER—Offered by Wor. Bro. M. Goldenberg—Won by Bro. E. Dayao of Kasilawan Lodge No. 77.

6th Prize—ARTISTIC FRAME—Offered by Wor. Bro. P. Herrera—Won by Bro. S. Tenmatay of Nilad Lodge No. 12-A.

7th Prize—BOLT OF DRILL—Offered by Bro. Lao Un Chin—Won by Bro. A. Damian of Cabanatuan Lodge No. 53.

8th Prize—NICKLED WATCH—Offered by Wor. Bro. M. Lontok—Won by Bro. J. Timbol, of Taga-Ilog Lodge No. 79.

9th Prize—ONE DOZEN HANDKERCHIEFS—Offered by Bro. G. Lim—Won by Bro. David Navarro of Nilad Lodge No. 12.

10th Prize—ONE DOZEN HANDKERCHIEFS—Offered by Bro. M. Govantes—Won by Bro. T. Azarcon of Cabanatuan Lodge No. 53.

SIX (6) BRONZE MEDALS FOR THE WINNING TEAM—Offered by Bro. N. T. Hashim—Won by Players of Cabanatuan Lodge No. 53.

GOLD MEDAL—Offered by Bro. Lim An—Won by Bro. D. R. Escosa of High-Twelve Lodge No. 82.

(* Single Tournament 1928)

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Lodge News

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

From Biak-na-Bato Lodge No. 7

The anniversary celebration of Biak-na-Bato Lodge No. 7, in March, at which Batong-Buhay Lodge No. 27 and Mencius Lodge No. 93 were present as guests of honor, was a very successful affair. Among the entertainers, special mention is made in the Lodge bulletin of Miss Sara Tempongko, whose recitation was much applauded. The same is said of the address made by Wor. Bro. Agapito Yulak, Master of Mencius Lodge. Very Wor. Bro. Eduardo del Rosario Tankiang, Master of Batong-Buhay Lodge, was unable to be present but sent a letter instead and delegated Bro. Mariano Sia, J.W., to represent him.

The Lodge continues to issue a monthly bulletin in the Spanish language, which is very ably edited by Wor. Bro. José Arpal.

From St. John's Lodge No. 9

Past Masters' Night, on March 8th, was a memorable function. After examining and raising Bro. Geo. W. Stedman in the late afternoon, the Lodge resumed labor at 8:00 p. m. and received Most Wor. Bro. Vicente Carmona, Grand Master of Masons of the Philippine Islands.

The First Section of the Third Degree was then conferred upon Bro. Glen Leroy Stanton Woodcock by Wor. Bro. Ross. These officers then vacated their stations and Most Wor. Seldon W. O'Brien took the East, Right Wor. Brother Youngberg the West, and the special team proceeded to confer the second section of the degree upon Brothers Stedman and Woodcock. The team of Fellow-crafts consisted of Wor. Brothers Boomer, Ross and Worthen and the Men of Tyre on the first candidate were Brothers Cadwallader, Rodier and Jinks and Brothers George, Rodier and Jinks on the second. The charge was delivered by Most Wor. Brother Newton C. Comfort and the congratulations were given by Wor. Bro. Jinks. Most Wor. Brother O'Brien was then called upon to deliver a few remarks before his voyage to the United States. Most Wor. Brother Carmona concluded, after which Lodge was closed at about eleven o'clock.

From Mount Lebanon Lodge No. 80, Manila

On Thursday, April 10th, Mount Lebanon Lodge No. 80 had a special communication that will figure among the outstanding events in the history of the Lodge. In the presence of a large gathering of Masons, with Most Wor. Bro. Vicente Carmona, Grand Master of Masons of the Philippine Islands, and other officers and members of the Grand Lodge in attendance officially, Bro. Lothar Lissner, a F. C. of the Lodge, was raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason. One of the features of the work was that the second section was conferred by countrymen of the candidate, who is of German birth, the line-up being as follows: *K. S.*, Wor. Bro. Gabler-Gumbert (8); *H. K. of T.*, Bro. Georg Kluge (8); *S. D.*, Wor. Bro. Merz (80); *1st F. C.*, Bro. Rasch (9); *2nd F. C.*, Bro. Ruebe (80); *Men of Tyre*, Bros. Spielberger (1), Pfannenschmidt (8), and Ganz (8). The Working Tools were presented by Wor. Bro. Merz and the Charge was delivered by Wor. Bro. Simkus, both Past Masters of Mount Lebanon Lodge, while the Master of the Lodge, Wor. Bro. Samuel Awad, congratulated the candidate and delivered the Lecture. Instructive and inspiring addresses were made by Wor. Bro. Gabler-Gumbert, Wor. Bro. Goldenberg, Rt. Wor. Bro. Larkin, Deputy Grand Master, and M. W. Bro. Carmona, Grand Master. Most of Wor. Bro. Gabler-Gumbert's remarks were made in German. After labor, excellent refreshments were served, Mrs. F. E. Hedrick having charge of the catering. Mount Lebanon Lodge meets at the Odd Fellows' Hall, 1132 Calle California, as before.

From Benjamin Franklin Lodge No. 94

Wor. Bro. Paul F. Whitacre had the pleasure of raising his son-in-law, Bro. James W. Lucas, Jr., to the Sublime Degree of Master Mason after the Stated Meeting in March. Wor. Bro. Birsh delivered the lecture. The Working Tools were presented and the Charge delivered by Wor. Bros. Williams and Lawson, of Cavite Lodge No. 2. A Bible was presented to the newly raised Brother by the Master. Bro. Lucas being a naval officer, there was a large attendance of Brethren from the United States Navy.

From Service Lodge No. 95

The source from which Service Lodge draws its material has a wealth of men of high physical, moral, and mental standard, it being the armed services, that is, the Army and Navy, of the United States. Owing to the reputation that the Lodge has made for itself of being very particular in the selection of material, none but the best apply and rejections are few and far between. Nevertheless, Service Lodge is kept busy with degree work, as the following résumé of its activities since the first of the year will show: January 6, received six petitions; January 13th, passed Bro. Brown; January 20th, initiated Mr. Campbell; February 10th, raised Bro. Waldon; February 17th, initiated Messrs. Moorehead, Kelly, and Kenoyer; February 24th, initiated Messrs. Marett, Lambert, and Murphy; March 3rd, passed Bro. Campbell and received two petitions; March 10, passed Bro. Shawkey; March 17th, passed Bros. Moorehead, Marett, Lambert, and Kenoyer; March 24th, raised Bros. Moorehead, Shawkey, and Campbell; March 31st, raised Bros. Lambert and Kenoyer; April 5, raised Bro. Marett, and April 7th, received seven petitions and elected Messrs. Dunn and Fortress. Wor. Bro. Miore L. Gordon, the Master of Service Lodge, and his officers evidently get considerable practice in the ritualistic work.

From Mount Huraw Lodge No. 98, Catbalogan

Wor. Bro. Luis Cervero is very anxious to have the Masons of Samar form a corporation for the purpose of building a Masonic Temple at Catbalogan, the provincial capital. He has appointed Bros. Lao Hoo, Fornillos, Uy Pit Chin, Santos, and Gonzales a committee to devise ways and means of organizing the proposed Samar Masonic Temple Association, the papers of incorporation of which Bro. Santos has offered to draw up.

From Lodge Perla del Oriente No. 1034

Lodge Perla del Oriente No. 1034, on the Rolls of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, has joined the ranks of the Lodges in these Islands which issue printed bulletins. The first of these bulletins, which will be pub-

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lished quarterly, is quite interesting. From it we see, among other things, that the installation of the Office Bearers of the Lodge was well attended and that among the distinguished guests present were two Past Grand Masters, M. W. Bro. Frederic H. Stevens, who delivered a splendid address, and M. W. Bro. Harry M. Belt, of Iowa, who was requested to present the P. M. jewel to Wor. Bro. H. G. Ellsworth, the retiring Master. The present Master of the Lodge is Wor. Bro. Michael N. Stamelos.

Personals

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

Manila No. 1.—Bro. Jas. W. Duckworth, Major, Medical Corps, U. S. Army, is expected back in the Islands in June, after an absence of eight years. He writes that he is delighted to return to old Manila and is anxious to take up the work where he left off in 1922.

Bro. L. R. Sawyer writes from Santa Marta, Colombia, S. A., that he is longing for an opportunity to visit the Philippines again and that a world tour enabling them to make such a visit is one of his and Mrs. Sawyer's pet projects.

Bro. Chadwick, who left the Islands in June 1902, reports visiting Fort Benning Lodge and meeting Wor. Bro. Rafael L. Garcia, of Bagumbayan Lodge No. 4, on that occasion.

Bro. L. P. Willis writes of visits to Lodges in the U. S. and of the interest shown there in the work of the Craft in the Philippines.

Mrs. Mabel E. Parker, the widow of our late Brother Harry B. Parker, thanks the Lodge and all concerned for their kindness in connection with her husband's death.

Cavite No. 2.—Bro. P. C. Cobet is with the Marine Corps Expeditionary Force in Nicaragua.

Bro. W. F. Crenshaw is on the U. S. S. *Woodcock* (c/o Postmaster, New York).

Bro. Thomas B. Terkildsen's present address is 2824 Waldo Ave., Bayside, L. I., New York.

Bro. Siegel Knight is with the Deep Sea Diving School, Washington, D.C.

Bros. A. J. Lazarre and C. F. Johnson are on the U. S. S. *Black Hawk*.

Bro. F. L. Campbell is on the U. S. S. *West Virginia* and Bro. E. W. Carlton on the U. S. S. *Idaho*, both c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

Bro. F. F. Mosier's present address is 335 East Philadelphia Ave., Youngstown, Ohio; Bro. D. B. Little's, 2107 Maplewood Ave., Toledo, Ohio; Bro. B. J. Simpson's, c/o Vancouver Kraft Co., Port Mellom, British Columbia, and Bro. W. B. Jacob's U. S. S. *0-2*, New London, Conn.

Bro. A. C. Leonard, Lieut., U. S. Navy, is at the Receiving Ship, Cavite.

Bro. H. Larn, sergt. major, U. S. M. C., is at Marine Barracks, Paris Island, S. Carolina.

Bro. R. A. Welsh is on the U. S. S. *Canopus*, Bro. A. N. Miller on the U. S. S. *McCormick*, Bro. L. M. Eddy on the U. S. S. *S. Thompson*, all c/o Postmaster, Manila.

Corregidor No. 3.—Wor. Bro. Verne E. Miller returned to Manila on March 27th, accompanied by Mrs. Miller and their son, after a wonderful ten months' trip on which he visited the Malay States, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Italy, Switzerland, France, and the United States. He travelled about 16,000 miles by automobile in the home country, visiting and seeing many friends and relatives. He brought greetings from Wor. Bro. Edwin L. Driggs and Bro. John C. Howe. On April 1st, at 5 p. m., Wor. Bro. Miller was installed as Master of Corregidor Lodge, with Most Wor. Bro. Elser acting as Installing Officer and Most Wor. Bro. Rosenstock as Master of Ceremonies.

Among recent departures for the United States, for vacations, are those of Bro. F. W. Vicent and family, Bro. D. O. Gunn, and Wor. T. S. Holt, the Inspector of Corregidor Lodge.

A letter was received from Past Master John M. Sampson who left Hong Kong some time ago for Calcutta and now is being sent to Shanghai by his firm and says that he will be there for some time, his mail address being Y. M. C. A., Shanghai, China.

Bro. Ira W. Galehouse is now located at 1686 Hayes St., San Francisco, Calif.

Bro. Siegfried Guggenheim has moved to 1623 West Ocean Blvd., Long Beach, Calif., and hopes that any of the Brethren visiting Long Beach will not fail to call on him.

Bro. Major A. Garfinkel has returned to Manila and is now Military Instructor at the University of the Philippines.

Bro. General John A. Hull will arrive shortly and be on duty at the Governor-General's Palace.

Greetings and regards to the brethren were received from Bro. R. W. Spofford of New York.

Among those who arrived on the S. S. *President McKinley*, on March 27, were Bros. Verne E. Miller, John W. Haussermann, Robert S. Rogers, and George P. Bradford. They were met at the pier and welcomed by Bros. Elser, Comfort, Bordner, Massell, Aaron, Gunnell, and Mason.

Bro. Thomas Leonard was in Manila for a short time.

The Lodge congratulated Junior Warden Cox on the arrival of a son in his family, and Bro. De Lude because of twin daughters in his family.

Mrs. A. B. Roosa and children, Dorothy, Betty and Robert, sailed for the States on the *Tai Ping* on April 16th; they are going to Meriden, Connecticut, for a year. Dorothy and Betty will go to school there.

Bagumbayan No. 4.—Bro. Froilan Eubanas is now a captain in the Medical Reserve of the United States Army. He left for Baguio on April 1st to act as camp physician at the Teachers' Camp there, and expects to stay till the end of May.

Bro. Luis Meneses left for Baguio on March 26th, for duty at the Teachers' Camp there.

A letter with greetings has been received from Bro. Paulino Vytiaco, Bulan, Sorsogon.

Southern Cross No. 6.—Wor. Bro. T. S. Holt has left on a vacation and will not return to the Islands until about the end of the year.

Bro. J. H. Marsman and Bro. Frederick H. Noble and family have also left for the United States on vacation.

Wor. Bro. Harry R. Andreas suffered considerable loss in connection with the fire which destroyed the establishment of the Transportation Company which he is managing at San Fernando, Pampanga. His pet dog, well known to all his friends, perished in the flames.

Bro. J. G. Horstink has been on the sick list.

Letters with greetings have been received from Bros. Mygatt, Lyman, France, and Lewis.

Cosmos No. 8.—Mr. John Chalmers Ropp was initiated on March 5th.

Bro. Bernard H. Berkenkotter, in charge of the Syndicate Mining Company at Rio Guinobatan, Masbate, arrived in Manila in time to attend the March meeting.

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Bro. Wm. M. Thomas has been transferred from the Naval Radio Station at Los Baños to the U. S. S. *Canopus*.

Bro. John W. Ratliff was sick in the Sternberg General Hospital in March and April.

Bro. Otto O. Hanson left on March 22nd for a business trip to Iloilo, Cebu, and Zamboanga.

Letters have been received from Bro. Charles W. Martin, Fort Mills, Corregidor; Sixto Y. Orosa, superintendent of the provincial hospital at Bacolod, Occ. Negros; and Bro. Henry W. Pahl, Malita, Lapuan, Mindanao. Among recent visitors to Manila was Bros. Gilbert S. Perez.

Bro. Herman E. Ruething returned to Manila in March from a short vacation spent in Honolulu.

Bro. Gordon H. Stagner has been detailed to erect the new radio station at Muson, Bulacan, and will be in charge of the plant when it begins operating.

Wor. Bro. George A. Mayhew, Master of this Lodge, announces his intention to visit as many of the Lodges in Manila as possible during the year, and that he will give notice of the dates on which visits are to be made so that all may attend who wish.

St. John's No. 9.—Mrs. E. C. Ross entered the hospital at Los Angeles, Calif., in March. She intends to stop at Bro. Grover Heyler's home in Los Angeles during her period of convalescence.

Most Wor. Bro. Seldon W. O'Brien left for the U. S. on the S. S. *President Pierce* on April 7th; he expects to be gone six or seven months.

Mr. Bernard Thomas Cox was initiated in this Lodge on March 24th and sailed for the U. S. at 5 a. m. on the 25th.

Mrs. Charles S. Salmon and daughters, Charlotte and Francis, will leave on the *Tai Ping* on April 16th. Mrs. Salmon and Francis went to China for a vacation of several weeks, visiting Peking, Tientsin, Chinwangtao, Dairen and Shanghai and returning to Manila on June 3rd on the *Saarbrucken*. Charlottee, who is another spring graduate, goes to New York and thence to Summit, New Jersey, for the summer. In the fall she will enter college at Hackettstown, New Jersey.

Nilad No. 12.—Bro. Maximino Nebres, of the Bureau of Public Works, spent a week in Bacnotan, La Union, in March, visiting his father who was ill.

Bro. Severo de Ungria, of the Bureau of Audits, is a member of the committee appointed to investigate certain irregularities in the automobile division of the Bureau of Public Works.

Wor. Bro. José P. Guido spent a week in Zambales to visit his father. He has been very busy recently in a successful campaign against gambling and opium-smoking.

Wor. Bro. Joaquin Garcia is mourning the death of his sister-in-law.

Bro. Porfirio San Buenaventura, now with the School of Forestry at Los Baños, has been instructed to take charge of a group of forestry graduates who will study lumber scaling work in sawmills located at Catabañgan and Binahian, Tayabas. He will be gone from Los Baños for about two months.

Bro. Gregorio Villa has been vacationing in Caridad, Cavite, and Wor. Bro. Ambrosio Pablo in Baguio.

Bro. Doroteo Soriano, of the School of Forestry, was in Manila to attend the commencement exercises of the University of the Philippines.

After having had to go to the Philippine General Hospital on April 2nd, for treatment for a mongoose bite, Bro. B. K. West had an attack of pneumonia and is now at Saint Paul's Hospital.

Wor. Bro. Mariano Gonzalez is the recipient of condolences, his mother having died on April 14th. The funeral, on April 16th, was attended by a number of Brethren.

Wor. Bro. Ambrosio Pablo left for Baguio to attend the provincial treasurers' convention on April 21st. After the convention he will travel through the Ilocos Provinces, Isabela, and Cagayan, on official business. He is expected to return to Manila on or about May 18th.

Bro. Joaquin Pleno spent a few days' vacation in Bulacan in April.

Bro. Slonsky, who was burned out in the Singalong fire, is now living at No. 732 Pennsylvania Avenue, Manila.

Pinagsabitan No. 26.—Bros. Zosimo Abejero and Pastor Maceda gave a picnic at Paagahan, Mabitac-Pililia Road. Many Brethren were present.

Bros. Balbino Kabigting, president of the Provincial Treasurers' Association, and Angelo Angeles, Laguna provincial auditor, went to Baguio to attend Conventions.

Bros. Fermin D. Buan, Juan Evangelista, and Pastor Maceda, municipal treasurers of Santa Cruz, Calamba, and Pagsanhan, respectively, received salary promotions recently.

Bro. Eloy Guarin is connected with the district engineer's office in Pasig, Rizal.

A banquet was offered to Bro. Bruce M. Boyers, superintendent of schools of Laguna, who is going to the United States on one year's leave.

Bro. Pablo A. Sonido has moved to Manila.

Bro. Mateo Alfonso, industrial supervisor for Laguna, went to Baguio to take charge of the men's dormitory.

Wor. Bro. Julio Sulit, P. M., supervising teacher of Paete district, is in Santa Cruz to spend his vacation.

Bro. Carlos Sulit has been promoted to the position of chief of forest investigation in the Bureau of Forestry, with a salary of ₱4,500.00.

Isarog No. 33.—Wor. Bro. Mariano de la Rosa is spending a short vacation in Naga, Camarines Sur. He plans to attend the conference of Judges of the Court of First Instance at Baguio in May before he returns to Catbalogan.

Maguindanaw No. 40.—Bro. José E. Pura, who was in Capiz as agent

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of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, has been transferred to Iloilo.

Mount Apo No. 45.—The sympathy of the Brethren of this Lodge is with Bro. Captain Herbert C. Page, of Glan, Cotabato, who on March 14th received the sad news of the death of his younger brother, Matthew Page, who died of pneumonia in California, on January 26th, leaving a widow with seven children whose ages range from two to fourteen years.

Pintong-Bato No. 51.—Letters with greetings have been received from Bros. Eulalio Evangelista (U. S. S. *Argonne*, New York City); Ambrosio G. Vila (Philadelphia), and Antonino F. Obero.

Bro. Flor. B. Bautista, who has been ill for some time, is convalescing at San Fernando, Pampanga.

Bro. Eugenio Padua is back at his desk after a short visit to the province to which he has taken his family.

Wor. Bro. Federico Suavillo is exceedingly busy, as he is acting in two capacities in the Manila post office, being cashier and disbursing officer and acting superintendent of the money order division.

Cabanatuan No. 52.—On March 9th, the wife of Bro. R. Sabino was buried in the cemetery of Calasiao, her home town. She died in Manila after a lingering illness and leaves a daughter. Bro. Sabino and several Masonic friends attended the funeral.

Makawiwili No. 55.—Bro. Simplicio Lacerna's mother died on January 30th.

Wor. Bro. Ceferino Sevilla is back in Capiz after having been assigned to Occidental Negros for some time as internal revenue agent.

Among the Brethren who visited the town of Capiz in March were Bros. Diosdado Delfin, Manuel Datiles, Julio Orillos, Wenceslao Quimpo, and Januario Delisay.

Bro. Matias Alba is back from Romblon where he was for two weeks on business.

On March 27th, the Masons of Capiz gave a despedida banquet to Bro. Frederick W. Meyer, S. W. of this Lodge, who left on March 31st for a vacation trip to the United States, via Europe.

Pangasinan No. 56.—A farewell dinner was given to Bro. Gregorio P. Domagas, S.W. of this Lodge, at the Dagupan Hotel, on February 8th, on occasion of his departure for Batangas to assume the office of supervising agent of the Bureau of Internal Revenue there.

Bro. Leovigildo Bito's wife was ill for a short time, and the wives of Bros. Marciano E. Garcia and Vicente Vinluan had the misfortune of losing their newborn babes.

Bro. and Mrs. Feliciano Estrada entertained in their home at Bautista on March 21st, the occasion being the christening of their youngest child and the town fiesta.

Isla de Luzon No. 57.—Wor. Bro. José P. Paterno sailed for Dairen on the S.S. *Macaria* on April 16th. He is traveling on business and expects to return early in May.

Bro. John Walcykowski is back at work now after having been seriously ill for some time.

Bro. Antonino Buenaventura has returned to Manila after spending a vacation in his home town.

Bro. Vicente Badillo, who has been kept home for some time by a sore foot, is recovering rapidly.

Mayon No. 61.—Wor. Bro. and Mrs. L. D. Lockwood left for a vacation in Japan on April 17th.

Gonzaga No. 66.—Wor. Bro. Ceferino Diño received many demonstrations of esteem and affection upon leaving the Province of Cagayan to take charge as provincial treasurer of Albay. On March 16th, the members of his Lodge and other Masons of Tuguegarao gave him a lauriat party in the New Canton Hotel, and on March 22nd, a farewell reception and dance were tendered to him and his family in the provincial capitol and Bro. Federico David (84) delivered to him a farewell present from the personnel of the provincial treasurer's office. Wor. Bro. Diño and family left on March 29th. Wor. Bro. Angel Llanes, Wor. Bro. Diño's successor, who comes warmly recommended by Maktan Lodge No. 30, of Cebu, was tendered a fraternal welcome supper in the New Canton Hotel on March 25th.

Most Wor. Bro. Quintin Paredes, P. G. M., visited his brother, Bro. Geronimo Paredes, judge of the Court of First Instance here, on April 16th.

Bro. Florentino Oliver, income tax examiner, has changed his address from Aparri to Zamboanga.

Baguio No. 67.—The April *Bulletin* of Baguio Lodge reports an epidemic of measles among the school children, the sons of Bros. Edilberto Madrid and Juan Resurreccion being among the patients. They have, of course, recovered long ago from their illness.

Bro. Carlos, the city fiscal, is the proud father of another daughter.

Bro. L. L. Gardner and wife plan a trip to the United States, via Europe, in June.

Bro. Harold C. Amos, headmaster at the Brent Schol, has been elected to membership in this Lodge. He intends to go to the States soon and expects to return about September 1st.

Another Brother planning to leave for the U S. is Bro. Andrew H. Forrester, S.W. of this Lodge.

Mount Lebanon No. 80.—Bro. Wm. W. Welsh writes that he is now employed with the Willys-Overland Co. and requests that the CABLETOW be sent to him at 2247 Maplewood Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

Bro. James A. Davis, whose present address is 3428—13th Ave., Seattle, Wash., desires to have the CABLETOW sent to him regularly at the above address.

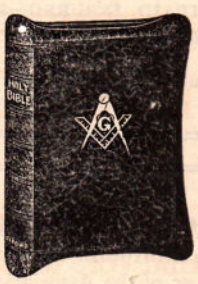
Bro. A. Adad is making a remarkable recovery from an injury to the brain caused by a bullet.

High Twelve No. 82.—Bro. and Mrs. Adriano Uson entertained their friends at their home in Paco on March 23rd, the occasion being the christening of their youngest son.

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Bro. Dominador R. Escosa conveys to the Lodge the greetings of Malinaw Lodge No. 26, at San Pablo, Laguna, which he visited recently.

Bro. Alejandro de Mesa's son, who was seriously ill and caused our Brother to hasten his return from Zamboanga, is recovering and was able to have a birthday party on April 12th.

Bro. Eugenio Tadle announces the birth of a daughter, on April 3rd, and Bro. José V. Altre reports a new son, born on March 25th.

Bro. Prisco N. Evangelista left for Gapang, Nueva Ecija, for a short vacation, on April 16th.

Bro. José B. Logan sends dues and regards from Echague, Isabela.

Wor. Bros. José L. Intal and Nemesio Reyes are vacationing in the provinces. Bro. Pedro Menor has left for Mangatarem, Pangasinan, where his family is now residing, for the same purpose.

Bro. Cornelio Lacsamana is in the provinces on business.

Bro. Pedro Vergel de Dios' wife was operated on for appendicitis and spent some time in the San Juan de Dios Hospital convalescing.

Mencius No. 93.—Bro. A. Hui left for China aboard the S.S. *Kaga Maru* on April 14th. He is on a vacation with his family and will be absent from the Islands for some time.

Benjamin Franklin No. 94.—Bro. J. B. Finley writes from Poplar, Montana, that the thermometer there is 16 degrees below zero.

Bro. L. W. Becker is in poor health. He is to be retired soon and expects to spend about a year sailing and fishing along the Florida coast and in the West Indies.

Wor. Bro. and Mrs. H. S. Townsend have sailed for Honolulu and the States. They will spend some time in the Hawaiian Islands and will then visit their children in the U. S.

Bro. W. W. Berry has been transferred from Washington to Fort Shafter, T. H., and Bro. R. A. Barth from Fort McKinley to Camp John Hay.

Bro. F. S. Gutierrez is with the American Express Company in San Francisco.

Bro. Ora E. Musgrove writes that he witnessed the conferring of three third degrees by Nebraska Lodge No. 1, of Omaha. He and his family are in good health but find the winter rather severe.

Bro. Harry J. Morgan is back from a vacation in the United States.

Bagong Ilaw No. 97.—Bro. Neville R. Baugh, civil engineer, joined this Lodge by affiliation last March. Bro. Baugh received the degrees of Masonry in Malinaw Lodge No. 25, F. & A. M., San Pablo, Laguna.

The eldest daughter of Bro. and Mrs. Diosdado P. Ricafrente was confined for two weeks in San Lazaro Hospital during the latter part of March, suffering from diphtheria. The child has completely recovered from the disease.

Bro. Pedro V. Calo, who was recently transferred to the Pangasinan high school, Lingayen, attended the stated meeting of this Lodge in April. Bro. Calo spent a two-week vacation in Manila.

Wor. Bros. Marcelo G. Alvarez and Miguel G. Luna, and Bro. José A. Alvarez, accompanied Boy Scouts Troop No. 282, sponsored by this Lodge, to an overnight camping trip to Bakero, barrio of Amaya, Cavite, on April 17th and 18th. The boys enjoyed the two-day outing very much, visiting interesting places and sleeping in the open. This was the first time the troop tried camping since it was organized last June.

Mount Huraw No. 98.—Visitors to Catbalogan were Bros. Farrales, Nario, Borja, Dr. Bringas, and Dr. Tan.

Bro. Uy Pit Kong and Orgiles have left for Manila, and Bros. Villarin, Fornillos, and Tubal for Baguio. Bros. Villarin and Fornillos will attend the conference of trade school principals and industrial supervisors and Bro. Tubal will take summer courses.

Bro. Dr. Rosales is in Cebu on temporary assignment.

Bros. Salazar and Montejo, of the office of the provincial treasurer, have been doing a good deal of traveling on official business lately.

Bro. Lieutenant Ibañez, P. C., and wife celebrated the birthday of their daughter Lydia by a well attended party in their home in the Constabulary Camp. He and his family will soon leave for Cebu on a temporary detail.

Palawan No. 99.—Wor. Bro. A. H. Aberin had the misfortune of losing his wife, who died on April 8th. All Brethren in Iwahig and Puerto Princesa attended the funeral which took place in the afternoon of the following day. The cause of death was nephritis with uremia, following childbirth.

Bro. Pay Kay Seng is back in Puerto Princesa after a two years' vacation in China.

Bro. Valentin Macasaet, acting superintendent of the Iwahig Penal Colony, has donated a trophy for indoor baseball. The Brethren who are officers and employees of the Colony have formed two teams and are actively training and practising.

Bro. Hilario Marquez is in the north, making a survey, and Bro. and Mrs. Gaudencio E. Abordo have just returned from an official trip in the north of the island.

Bataan No. 104.—Bro. Gervasio Banzon, who has been seriously ill for a long time, is convalescing in his home town, Balanga, Bataan.

Fraternal greetings and dues have been received from Bros. Cecilio M. Bituin, San José, Antique; Laureano Escalada, Ptc Rivas, Balanga, Bataan; Marcelo de la Cruz, Catabangan, Camarines Sur; and J. C. Hill, Sipaco, Camarines Sur.

Mrs. Marcelo de la Cruz and her children have left for Catabangan, Camarines Sur, to join Bro. de la Cruz in the lumber camp.

Bro. José A. Cruz, acting district engineer of Bataan, came to Limay on April 15th on official business.

Bro. Stanley S. Tongko sends greetings and dues from Los Angeles, California. He has visited several Lodges in the States and was cordially received.

Bro. Patricio Mistal, of the Bataan Sugar Co., has accepted a more remunerative position with the Anakan Lumber Co. operating in Gingoog, Misamis.

Leonard Wood No. 105. During the last few months, the Lodge lost a number of members who returned to home stations; they were, Col. John D. Long, Major John O. Lackey, Captains Doyle H. Hickey, Eli E. Brown, George F. Rixey, Callie H. Palmer, Frank C. de Langton, Harry A. Maas, and Howard N. Beeman, all charter members of this Lodge.

Bro. Arthur LeRoy Bump, Jr., who has raised on March 24th, is the first Brother to receive all three degrees in Leonard Wood Lodge No. 105. He was raised by a National Sojourners team, with Lt. Whatley in the East in the first section and Col. Damman in the second section. Among the numerous Brethren in attendance were the post commander, Gen. Frank C. Bolles, with his two aides, and Wor. Bros. Isaac Santos (Master, Isagani No. 96) and Isidoro Makabali (twice Master of Pampanga No. 48).

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Seccion Castellana

Para el Día del Trabajo—1.o de Mayo

La Masonería no desdeña el trabajo manual: lo glorifica y enaltece como pocas otras instituciones. Sus símbolos son herramientas y utensilios de que se sirven los que labran las piedras y levantan edificios. Sus "obreros" "trabajan" en "talleres" y no hay o no debía haber zángano en la colmena masónica. Pero el trabajo principal del Masón es intelectual y el salario que recibe no consiste en lo que nuestros antiguos Hermanos llamaban "medallas profanas" sino en valores espirituales y morales. El obrero más apreciado en la Masonería es el que trabaja en beneficio de otros y no está movido por móviles egoistas. Este es trabajo noble y verdaderamente masónico. Alberto Pike expresa la misma idea en las siguientes palabras que merecen conservarse para siempre:

La nobleza del trabajo, ya sea intelectual o manual, depende enteramente de su objeto. La adquisición de conocimientos con la sola mira de satisfacer las propias necesidades y procurarse goces sensuales o mentales, no tienen ningún mérito a los ojos de Dios.

Poco respeto merece el grande abogado que incesantemente vende por dinero y al mejor postor su elocuencia y su instrucción, mientras jamás se atreva a atacar generosamente un antiguo abuso atrincherado en la preocupación y en la rutina, precedentes inicuos que son fuertes para resistir villanías que manchan la majestad de la ley, disposiciones contrarias a la buena fé y que violan la santidad de los contratos, injusticias perpetradas por el rico y por el poderoso contra el pobre y el desválido.

El mundo se apresura a olvidar a los que sólo han trabajado para si mismo y recuerda con ternura y veneración a los que se han esforzado en servir y beneficiar a los demás. Y aún cuando los olvidara, sus lecciones y su ejemplo llegan a ser la ley de las futuras generaciones, y su espíritu, por medio de su saludable influencia, vive, más que la memoria de los grandes conquistadores, en esculturas de mármol o en pirámides egipcias.

El cumplimiento del deber es la ley de la Masonería. Ella promulgó esta ley que recibió de la naturaleza, cuando apareció por primera vez vigorosa en su juventud, en una época ignorada para nosotros, para iluminar con luz pacífica y serena las tinieblas de remotas edades.

—*L. F.*

Algunas Sugestiones a los Aplomadores

Visitar al solicitante de los grados masónicos en su casa donde se podrá estudiar mejor su carácter. Observar la actitud de su familia para con él.

Investigar sus motivos. ¿Qué espera él de la Masonería? ¿Qué puede la Masonería esperar de él? ¿Estará él dispuesto a servir a la Logia? ¿Procurará aprender las enseñanzas de nuestra Institución?

Pregúntese a otros, y no al interesado, si paga puntualmente sus obligaciones y deudas y otras preguntas de la misma clase.

¿Le conocen bien los Hermanos que le han recomendado? No vale mucho su recomendación si no le conocen muy bien al solicitante y el aplomador debe proceder con sumo cuidado en semejantes casos.

Examinar sus referencias pero acudir a otros para saber los hechos.

No permitir que el hecho de haber sido alguna vez rechazado el solicitante cree un prejuicio en contra del mismo. Puede haber habido equivocación o enemistad.

¿Tiene la capacidad moral y mental necesaria para apreciar las enseñanzas masónicas en su verdadero valor? Necesitamos a hombres que saben reflejar y pensar.

Tener presente que no se pueden conseguir todos los datos e informes en un par de días. Por consiguiente, el Masón a quien la Logia ha confiado la misión de aplomador debe empezar a trabajar en seguida en vez de esperar hasta la última hora.

En sus relaciones con el solicitante, el aplomador debe comportarse en tal forma que la opinión que tiene aquél de la Masonería sea más favorable que antes, aún en el caso de ser desfavorable el informe del aplomador.

Considerar como confidenciales y reservados todos los informes obtenidos, de los cuales se debe tratar solamente con el Venerable Maestro.—*L. F.*

El Anuario de la Gran Logia

Acaba de salir de la imprenta el anuario o informe de las actuaciones de la Gran Logia de M. L. y A. de las Islas Filipinas correspondiente al año masónico que feneció en Enero de este año. Recomendamos a nuestros Hermanos la lectura de dicho tomo, porque contiene mucho material de sumo interés para todo Masón. No solamente da cuenta exacta de la labor realizada por nuestra Gran Logia durante el año 1929 y en su décimaoctava Reunión anual, sino que contiene una relación de lo realizado por la mayoría de las potencias masónicas del mundo, cuyas actividades quedan expuestas en el informe de la Comisión de Correspondencia el cual abarca una parte considerable del tomo. En vista de lo poco que la mayoría de nuestros Hermanos saben de lo que se hace en la Masonería fuera de estas Islas, recomendamos a todos nuestros lectores que deseen instruirse en el Arte Real se procuren un ejemplar del tomo de actuaciones y lo estudien con detención.—*L. F.*

Nuestros Defectos

Más de una vez nos ha preguntado algún Hermano: "¿Por qué se ocupa Vd. tanto de nuestros defectos y debilidades, como si no tuviesemos más calidades admirables y vigor y fuerza que vicios y flaquezas en Masonería?" Es verdad lo que alegan acerca de la proporción entre lo bueno y lo malo en la Institución; pero también es cierto que nosotros debemos esforzarnos por hacer desaparecer todo lo que es malo en ella, porque según dice el autor americano Marden,

La resistencia de una cadena está modulada precisamente por su eslabón más débil, por grandes y fuertes que los otros sean. Así solemos engreirnos de nuestros puntos fuertes y no cuidamos de robustecer los flacos, por inadvertencia de que nuestra mayor debilidad es el módulo de nuestra mayor fortaleza.

A fin de que se aperciban los Hermanos dónde se encuentran los eslabones débiles en la cadena masónica, es preciso señalarlos, y esta es la misión de la prensa masónica. Si nos ocuparamos en cantar las glorias y excelencias de nuestra Institución y callaramos los defectos que observamos, prestaríamos mal servicio a la causa de la Francmasonería.—*L. F.*

[Edicto No. 15]

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

SALUD:—A fin de que esta Gran Logia pueda servir mejor a los Talleres de su obediencia, y de conformidad con lo acordado por ella en su Reunión de 1930, vengo en decretar lo siguiente:

1.—El Venerable Maestro de toda Logia, inmediatamente después de su instalación, confeccionará un presupuesto de gastos de su Logia y un cálculo de sus ingresos por cotizaciones e inversiones. Dicho *budget* se someterá a la consideración de la Logia, y una vez aprobado por ésta, se enviará un ejemplar del mismo al Gran Secretario, para la Comisión de Administración de Logias, verificándose dicho envío por conducto del Inspector de Distrito correspondiente.

2.—La Comisión de Administración de Logias cooperará con cada Logia en la confección del *budget*, facilitando los

consejos convenientes tanto a los dignatarios de las Logias como a los Inspectores de Distrito en cuanto al cumplimiento de las disposiciones del referido *budget*.

3.—El Venerable de cada una de las Logias de esta obediencia hará que se prepare a fines de cada mes civil una relación basada en los libros y archivos de la Logia, demostrativa de los detalles de todos los ingresos, obligaciones y egresos, tenidas, asistencia y demás datos que se exijan. Los formularios en blanco necesarios podrán pedirse a la Gran Secretaría. Un ejemplar de dicho informe, firmado solamente por el Venerable Maestro, se enviará lo más antes posible al Gran Maestre, y otro ejemplar firmado por el Venerable Maestro, Tesorero y Secretario y el Inspector se enviará más tarde, para la Comisión de Administración de Logias. Tanto este ejemplar como aquel se enviarán por correo a la Gran Secretaría.

En testimonio de lo cual, la firmo de mi puño y letra y hago estampar el sello de la Gran Logia, en la ciudad de Manila, hoy veinticinco de Febrero, A.·. L.·. 5930, o sea, 1930 (E.·. V.·.).

VICENTE CARMONA, *Gran Maestre.*

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

[Circular de la Gran Logia No. 54]

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

SALUD:—En su Décima Octava Reunión anual celebrada en Manila en los días 28 al 30 de Enero de 1930, la Gran Logia de Masones Libres y Aceptados de las Islas Filipinas adoptó las dos reformas siguientes de su Constitución:

I

En la Parte III, Artículo III, Sec. 11 (Pár. 172) se suprimió la cláusula condicional aumentada a dicha sección mediante enmienda aprobada el 27 de Enero de 1926, de suerte que la referida sección se queda como antes de la aprobación de la enmienda de 1926. La disposición que se suprime es del tenor siguiente:

Entendiéndose, además, Que será deber de todos los miembros de las Logias asistir a las tenidas regulares según están fijadas en su reglamento interior. La falta de asistencia de algún miembro por doce meses consecutivos será tratada, en defecto de excusa válida, del mismo modo como la falta de pago de las cuotas y todas las disposiciones relativas a ésta se aplicarán igualmente a la suspensión y rehabilitación de cualquier miembro por falta de asistencia durante el período mencionado.

II

Las disposiciones sobre miembros vitalicios contenidas en el *Entendiéndose*, en la Parte III, Artículo III, Sec. 19 (Pár. 183) fueron reformadas de modo que se lean como sigue:

Sec. 19. * * * *Entendiéndose,* Que la Logia, mediante la adopción de una resolución permanente a dicho efecto, resolución que no deberá adoptarse en la tenida regular en que se ha presentado, ni hasta que se haya enviado por correo a cada miembro aviso escrito de la misma, puede establecer una clase de miembros vitalicios, los cuales estarán exentos para siempre del pago de cuotas a la Logia. La mencionada resolución dispondrá que no se concederá la categoría de miembro vitalicio, a menos que se satisfaga una cantidad de dinero fijada en dicha resolución, la cual cantidad, en caso de que las cuotas anuales asciendan a ₱24.00, no será menos de ₱300.00, debiendo ser la cantidad mínima proporcionalmente mayor o menor, según sean las cuotas mayores o menores; y dispondrá, además, que todas las cantidades pagadas en concepto de miembro vitalicio se invertirán solamente en aquellos bancos de depósito acreditados o en aquellos bonos de los Estados Unidos, de las Islas Filipinas, o en aquellas acciones, bonos o valores de primera clase que la Logia determine y el Venerable Maestro apruebe, y que únicamente podrá disponer la Logia de los réditos de aquellos, debiéndose guardar y mantener las cantidades originales en concepto de "Fondo de Miembros Vitalicios." *Entendiéndose, sin embargo,* Que si el miembro vitalicio es en la fecha de su fallecimiento miembro de la Logia en el pleno goce de todos sus derechos como tal, se podrá, a discreción de la Logia, consignar de dicho Fondo de Miembros Vitalicios y entregar y donar a la viuda o hijos o representantes personales de dicho miembro fallecido, cualquier remanente que quedase de la cantidad primitiva pagada para adquirir dicha calidad de miembro vitalicio, después de descontadas cualesquiera cuotas que no hayan sido satisfechas de los réditos del referido fondo. La tal resolución requerirá del Secretario, al hacer su memoria anual a la Gran Logia, que informe acerca del número de miembros vitalicios que figuran en el cuadro lógico, la cuantía del fondo así creado y la forma de inversión de dicho fondo. Dicha resolución sólo entrará en vigor en cuanto sea aprobada por el Gran Maestre.

Las enmiendas precitadas se publican por la presente para la información de todas las Logias y miembros de las mismas en esta Gran Jurisdicción.

Dada en Manila, Islas Filipinas, hoy día 10 de Marzo, A.·. L.·. 5930, o sea, 1930 (E.·. V.·.).

VICENTE CARMONA, *Gran Maestre.*

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

Por qué el Secreto en la Masonería

(Conferencia leída en el G.O.A.T. Club de Tacloban, Leyte, I. F., por su autor, el Hmno. Fidel Fernandez)

Permitíd esta noche que mi pensamiento se condense en breves palabras y trate del secreto que es un deber observar en nuestra Institución y que es una de las más esenciales características de ésta. Según dice Gonzales-Navas en su Diccionario de la Lengua Castellana, la "Francmasonería es una sociedad secreta, extendida por todo el mundo, cuyo objeto es la protección mútua y el desarrollo de las virtudes sociales".

La Masonería, por el fin que persigue, es una Institución con fines sublimes cuya concepción y realización abarcan la perfección moral del hombre, no como ser destinado a vivir lejos o aislado de sus semejantes, sino asociado con éstos, ayudándose mutuamente para conseguir la mayor perfección posible en esta vida de pruebas, para hacerse dignos de la otra vida que el Gran Arquitecto tiene preparada a los que han cumplido sus preceptos de paz y de amor. Estos principios son inconcusos en la Masonería.

Todas las edades tienen sus verdades, grandes verdades que están como cubiertas con un velo, mas no sepultadas de modo que el entendimiento no las pueda descubrir. Porque las verdades, como piedras preciosas enterradas en el suelo donde crecieron, deben ser extraídas de los hechos que constituyen su esencia y su vida. Hechos aislados no pueden formar una verdad, sólo pueden darla intensidad y fuerza. Empero de una serie de hechos la verdad puede originarse. La verdad no puede ser vista, sentida ni entendida por todos, hasta que éstos con la voluntad y el entendimiento se hallen dispuestos a ello.

La limitada inteligencia del hombre no puede descubrir en un golpe de vista muchas verdades, así como los bienes que se derivan de estas verdades. Muchas veces palpamos estos bienes, pero sin comprender la causa que los origina, o, vice-versa, muchas veces palpamos estas causas y las ridiculizamos o, por lo menos, no hacemos caso de ellas.

De allí el temor de muchos que verdades tan sacrosantas y ritos de alta significación simbólica puedan caer en ridículo si no se los pone a cubierto de inteligencias que, careciendo de la debida preparación, pueden profanarlos. Muchas religiones no permiten a nadie oficiar o ejercer en ellas, sino a personas debidamente iniciadas en sus secretos o principios. Digan, si nó, las Religiones mosáica y cristiana, madre e hija respectivamente, en sus tan variados ritos, sobre todo esta última. Digan también las otras religiones, la druídica y la de los mayas, por ejemplo, y no sólo estas instituciones que tienen por principal objeto el culto que debe la criatura a su Creador, sino hasta instituciones con fines distintos, como el anarquismo, el carbonarismo y otras más modernas; creadas con la mejor buena fé tal vez por hombres de criterio estrechísimo.

Es que, a diferencia de las del orden físico, las ideas del orden metafísico, para imponerse en el hombre, exigen una disciplina gradual de todo lo que se encierra en el entendimiento, cuanto más envueltas en misterios tanto mejor.

Y los antiguos masones, conocedores de la psicología

humana y estudiosos y observadores como ellos solos, establecieron que la Masonería estuviese rodeada de misterios, como que fué concebida en el más admirable sacreto que hasta ahora los siglos no han conseguido profanar, ni lo conseguirán, pese a los que por error nos odían a muerte.

El universo todo, todo lo que es y será, descansa sobre una gran ley que permanece y permanecerá en el secreto. En todo el mundo nadie puede decirnos cual es la naturaleza de Dios; porque Dios es un secreto para el hombre. Nadie puede decirnos cómo se forma la hoja de una planta, porque ello es un secreto. En verdad hay muchos hombres presumidos que pretenden poder decir quién es Dios o lo que es la hoja de una planta. Ellos saben, como nosotros sabemos, que la planta está formada de moléculas, con ciertos componentes químicos, y que estas moléculas están compuestas de átomos y éstos de electrones, etc.; pero el cómo y por qué estos electrones se combinan para formar átomos, los átomos moléculas y éstas la hoja de la planta, con su color, forma y todo es un secreto y lo será siempre para el hombre.

Una de las más poderosas fuerzas que nos hacen fuertes y admirablemente unidos es el secreto con que nosotros nos conducimos en nuestros propios y exclusivos actos.

El no dejar, bajo ningún motivo, que nadie, por muy poderoso que fuere, sea testigo de lo que pasa en las interioridades de la Logia es la causa del respeto que inspira esta Institución desde su fundación.

El deseo de sus fundadores de no dejar entorpecer en lo más mínimo sus trabajos fué el motivo de que se guardare en todo el más riguroso secreto. Así vemos que la Masonería realiza con mayor eficiencia sus trabajos, libre de trabas, que permitiendo la publicidad en los mismos.

Otro ejemplo de la necesidad del secreto, relacionado con las obras y enseñanzas de Jesucristo: Cristo no pidió más que fé a sus discípulos, porque Él sabía que estos no podrían entender los principios y leyes en que descansaban sus doctrinas. Bien sabía Él que con la fé sola eran capaces de llevar a cabo su obra. Si Cristo hubiese revelado las leyes y principios que informaban sus obras y enseñanzas, algunos de aquéllos, indignos o sin la debida preparación, habrían intentado ejecutar la misma obra y, fracasados, se habrían reido de Él. Esto, como se podrá comprender, habría sucedido en detrimento de sus enseñanzas.

El secreto de la Masonería no está reñido con la publicidad, esto es, si secreto existe dentro de la misma; en efecto, de vez en cuando la Masonería abre sus templos a todos, sin distinción de razas ni credos, permitiendo que asistan a ciertos actos públicos.

Si la Masonería nació en el secreto y, envuelto en los pañales del secreto, fué mecida en la cuna para andar, cuando ya fuerte, envuelta en el sublime y misterioso traje del secreto por todo el mundo, sembrando el bien a manos llenas en el hogar y en las conciencias, alumbrándolas con su bienhechora y misteriosa luz ¿por qué no hemos de conservar con verdadera escrupulosidad este secreto misterioso y encantador en nuestros cultos y ceremonias, para afianzarnos más y más en nuestra fé en la redención moral de todos y de cada uno de nosostros, que con toda seguridad conducirá a la humanidad en tiempo tal vez no lejano a su verdadera perfección y redención, lo cual es su objeto primordial?

Procuremos, pues, ser perfectos en todo, para ser dignos hijos de nuestra santa madre universal, la Masonería.

Notas de la Logia Maktan No. 30

Con motivo del traslado del tesorero provincial de esta provincia, Ven. Hmno. Angel Llanes, P.M. de esta Logia, a la provincia de Cagayan, se organizó, a iniciativa del Ven. Hmno. V. Segura, P.M., un agape fraternal en el Hotel Shamrock en la noche del 14 de Marzo del presente año. Muchos Hermanos concurrieron al banquete de despedida, demostrando al Hmno. Llanes la gran estima que se le tiene entre sus amigos y Hermanos.

Después de la cena, todos concurrieron a la tenida ordinaria y los discursos que se suprimieron en la cena en el Hotel, se pronunciaron dentro del Taller después de los trabajos.

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Un Monumento Interesante

En Santa Cruz de la Palma (Canarias), se ha erigido un monumento que tiene sumo interés para los Masones por representar a Don Manuel Díaz Hernández, rector de la iglesia parroquial del Salvador del referido pueblo, y ostentar los emblemas Rosa-Cruz porque el venerable sacerdote fué Masón entusiasta. Reproducimos a continuación un artículo que sobre este asunto publica el Hmno. José de Foronda, de Tenerife, en el *Boletín Oficial de la Gran Logia Española*. Dice lo que sigue:

De tradición francamente liberal el archipiélago canario, cuenta en su historia efemérides democráticas de merecida recordación. Se irán evocando en números sucesivos. Limitémonos en éste a recoger los rasgos más salientes, edificadores y cívicos de un varón ejemplar, que, contra lo que el vulgo ignorante cree, seducido por los mercaderes del templo de Jerusalén, supo hacer compatibles los hábitos talares y los gloriosos emblemas de los caballeros Rosa-Cruces. Aludimos a la provecta y ejemplar existencia del que fué ilustre Rector de la iglesia parroquial del Salvador, de Santa Cruz de la Palma, D. Manuel Díaz Hernández, al que la feligresía erigió una estatua en la plaza parroquial, que reproducimos, y cuyo retrato enaltece estas cuartillas.

Someramente relataremos tan fecunda y enaltecedora existencia. Es la lección más elocuente que podemos dar a la intolerancia y a la incompresión.

* * *

Nació tan insigne varón, el 9 de Mayo de 1774, en la ciudad de Santa Cruz de la Palma. Fueron sus padres D. Francisco Díaz Leal y D.a Francisca Hernández Carmona, matrimonio de modestísima posición social y económica, tanta, que el padre tuvo que emigrar a Colombia para suavizar un tanto los rigores materiales del hogar, y en cuyo territorio le sorprendió la muerte. Colombia fué secularmente propicio cobijo al emigrante canario.

La situación de la viuda y del hijo hubiera sido desesperada, si la mano bienhechora de D. Agustín Hernández Carmona, hermano de la madre, no les hubiera sostenido, recogiéndolos en su casa y partiendo con ellos los escasos rendimientos de su pequeña herrería.

Próxima la casa del herrero a la iglesia del Salvador, no dejaron tío y sobrino de asistir a los oficios, aficionándose nuestro biografiado a las cosas de la iglesia, al punto de actuar de monaguillo, cuando contaba ocho años de edad, de la misma iglesia, la que, andando el tiempo, regentaría.

Despertada la vocación religiosa, ingresó en uno de los conventos de la población, dedicándose a amplios y profundos estudios de latín, filosofía, teología, etc., recibiendo a los quince años la primera tonsura. Pero se acusaron de tal modo sus virtudes y excepcionales condiciones oratorias, que, sin recibir órdenes mayores, en 1797, el Obispo de Canarias le concedió, por gracia especial, licencia para predicar, ocupando con singular éxito, que rápidamente se extendió por todo el archipiélago, la catédra sagrada.

A pesar de todo esto, como no pudiera reunir los medios económicos necesarios para constituir la *congrua* indispensable para recibir las órdenes mayores y ser ungido sacerdote, y no existiendo en la parroquia ninguna capellanía que ocupar, se demoraban demasiado las ansiadas aspiraciones del joven D. Manuel Díaz. Y de tal manera se alejaba el ideal perseguido, que se dispuso a renunciar a la carrera eclesiástica.

Pero una feliz circunstancia le facilitó el camino. Se convocaron oposiciones a beneficios vacantes en la diócesis, y se entera pocos días antes de dar comienzo, y con los pocos recursos que pudo conseguir, embarcó para Las Palmas, dándose la terrible circunstancia de que, en lo más culminante de los ejercicios, al abrir el misal, jamás abierto por tal epígrafe, lo hiciera precisamente por la misa de difuntos, presintiendo la muerte de su madre, de la que tuvo confirmación el mismo día que, después de brillantísimas oposiciones, en las que figuró en primer lugar, le concedieron uno de los beneficios vacantes de la misma iglesia del Salvador. Recibió las órdenes mayores y luego el presbiteriado, tomando posesión del beneficiado en 22 de Agosto de 1800, y en ese cargo estuvo hasta que murió.

En el desempeño de su ministerio fué sacerdote ejemplar, orador inspirado y fervoroso, tolerante, hermano de los pobres y de los humildes, modesto, bondadoso y paternal e implacable persecutor de vicios, ambiciones, fanatismos, intolerancias, vanidades e hipocresía.

En 1819, al crearse el Obispo de Tenerife, rechazó una canonjía que le ofrecieron, por no separarse de su octogenario tío y benefactor, ni abandonar su querida iglesia parroquial, a la que dedicó no tan sólo todos sus entusiasmos y preocupaciones, sino a la que ofrendó sus geniales aptitudes artísticas, realizando considerables obras arquitectónicas de reconocido mérito, exornándola con pinturas de notoria estimación, y construyendo altares de indiscutida valía, que son orgullo de la laboriosa ciudad.

En justo premio a tanto merecimiento sacerdotal y artístico, se le nombró Rector de la referida iglesia.

* * *

La reacción, parásita de los bienes temporales, cultivó siempre el equívoco de la antinomía de la fe en Cristo a la par que en convicciones liberales; que no se podía ser amante del progreso y de los principios democráticos y, al propio tiempo, practicar el credo católico. Nuestro biografiado, ejemplar sacerdote, como hemos visto, fué asimismo un

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perfecto francmasón, irreductible antagonista del despotismo y de la opresión. ¿Cómo podía ser otra cosa, cuando las dos universales instituciones, la Francmasónica y la Iglesia, descansan en una moral universal de fraternidad humana, de virtud, de perdón, de sacrificio, de humildad, de igualdad, sin privilegios de clase, raza, sexo ni nacionalidad?

Durante su permanencia en Santa Cruz de Tenerife, el Rector Díaz Hernández cultivó tratos y relaciones con francmasones. Esto era con anterioridad a 1810. Y al observar éstos su perfecta moral, le iniciaron en el *Arte Real*, ascendiendo más tarde a la Maestría, y alcanzar, por último, en sucesivas exaltaciones, el grado capitular de los Rosa-Cruz o Emanueles, que ostentó con dignidad hasta que se extinguió su vida.

Practicó nuestras humanitarias máximas y santas doctrinas, repartiendo dadivosamente sus recursos entre los desválidos, hasta quedarse con lo estrictamente necesario para sus elementales necesidades y las de su hermana; confortando a los dolientes, amigos y enemigos, nacionales o extranjeros.

Esto se probó con los prisioneros franceses que en 1810 fueron deportados a Santa Cruz de la Palma, consolándolos en sus tribulaciones y perfeccionándolos en el castellano.

Como amante del progreso, implantó, con el concurso de otros distinguidos patricios, la enseñanza mutua con arreglo al método de Lancáster, ensalzando desde el púlpito la conveniencia de la instrucción, abriendo a su esfuerzo escuelas para estudios especiales; propagando los adelantos de la Ciencia, cual ocurrió en las postrimerías de 1803, ocasión de llegar a Canarias, por disposición del Gobierno, la expedición científica que, en unión de pequeños niños, eran portadores de la vacuna antivariolosa. Hubo formidable resistencia a vacunarse, y fué entonces cuando, desde la cátedra sagrada, encareció la maravilla del sabio y filántropo Eduardo Jenner, y no bastando esto, se prestó a transmitirla, propagándose la vacuna por toda la isla.

Ya hemos dicho que fué amante de la libertad e incompatible con la tiranía. De ello dió muestra pronunciando un sermón en la iglesia parroquial en 1820. Se solemnizaba el suceso extraordinario de haber jurado *por segunda vez* la Constitución del 12 Fernando VII. Se trataba de una función religiosa patrocinada por las autoridades locales. El sermón fué una grandilocuente diatriba del absolutismo, abominación de los perjurios reales y exaltado canto a la libertad, ensalzando el alzamiento de Riego en las Cabezas de San Juan. De tal manera, que, al derogarse por segunda vez la Constitución, se desencadenó tan feroz persecución, que él mismo sufrió un proceso por *infidencia*, que se convirtió luego en religioso, desterrándosele a la isla de Tenerife, en la que residió hasta 1835, en cuyo año, al derrumbarse el absolutismo, se reintegró a su parroquia, no sin dejar en la antigua Vicaría extensa y legítima fama como sacerdote, artista y francmasón.

Y así terminó sus días. Hizo conciliables siempre sus deberes sacerdotales y francmasónicos con el cultivo de las Bellas Artes, hasta la madrugada del 5 de Abril de 1863, o sea a la avanzada edad de ochenta y nueve años, en que pasó al Oriente Eterno. Al dirigirse a la iglesia de su Rectoría para asistir a la festividad de la Pascua de Resurrección, tuvo la fatalidad de tropezar en un peldaño de la escalinata que da acceso a dicho templo, cayendo al suelo, produciéndose una grave herida en la frente, haciendo inútiles cuantos auxilios se le prestaron. La sangre del Rector salpicó aquellas gradas que durante cincuenta años dieron entrada a un espíritu de vida inmortal.

Tan luctuosa nueva cundió rápidamente por la ciudad, conmoviendo todo el archipiélago. El sentimiento agitó todas las clases sociales. El lúgubre tañido de las campanas hizo más emocionante el intenso duelo.

Como recuerdo indeleble y manifestación elocuente de eterna verdad, el pueblo palmense, por suscripción popular y libre, levantó una estatua a su Rector. Desde 1894, se yergue el monumento en la plaza de la iglesia parroquial del Salvador, a corta distancia del sitio teñido con su sangre. Sobre los pliegues de los hábitos talares aparecen los emblemas Rosa-Cruz, y en el pedestal, la siguiente inscripción:

"A Díaz, su Patria—1894".

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vienes
y llevas un dolor de siglos en las sienes
que angustia tu perfil de eterno interrogar. . . .

¡Detente! . . . en mi regazo se hace el pensar
profundo
y la vida del hombre va a la vida del mundo
como un agua de nubes que llueven sobre el mar! . . .

—*J. M. R. en la Revista Masónica de Chile.*

Un Templo Masónico

¡Un templo! ¿Cuándo se alzó?
¿Qué divinidad se adora?
Aquí se ampara al que llora
Y se alza al que cayó.
¿Qué imagen, qué pedestal
Rigen su profundo arcano?
Aquí todos son hermanos,
Pues domina la igualdad.
Aquí la virtud bendita
Posó su divina planta;
Si cae, otra vez levanta
Y a la bondad resucita.
Y la fuente luminosa
Mirando a la altura inmensa
Tiene aquí su recompensa
De la mano poderosa.

Templo de luz y poesía
Donde el corazón valiente
Como el sol de un claro día
Esparce su luz ardiente.
Es la luz que al orbe inunda,
La humanidad que se aúna,
Para proteger la cuna
Para llorar en la tumba.
Es el cosmos que palpita
Con inmensa claridad,
Templo de la caridad
Por la humanidad bendita.

¡Un templo! ¿Cuándo se alzó?
¿Qué virtudes atesora?
Aquí se ampara al que llora
Y se alza al que cayó.

—Fidela M. de Rodriguez,
Yauco, P.R., en *Acacia.*

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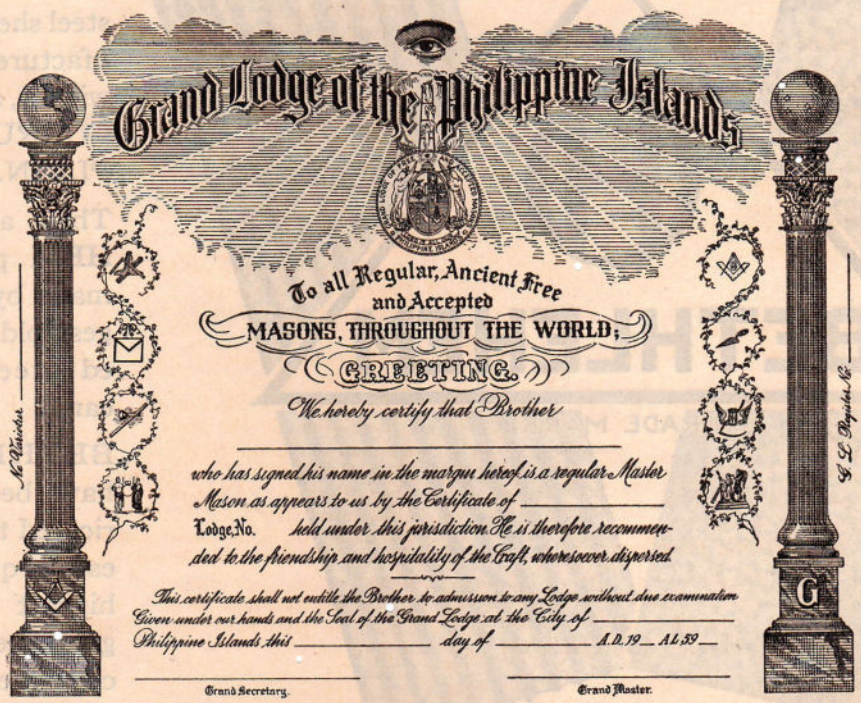
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