The Cable Tow

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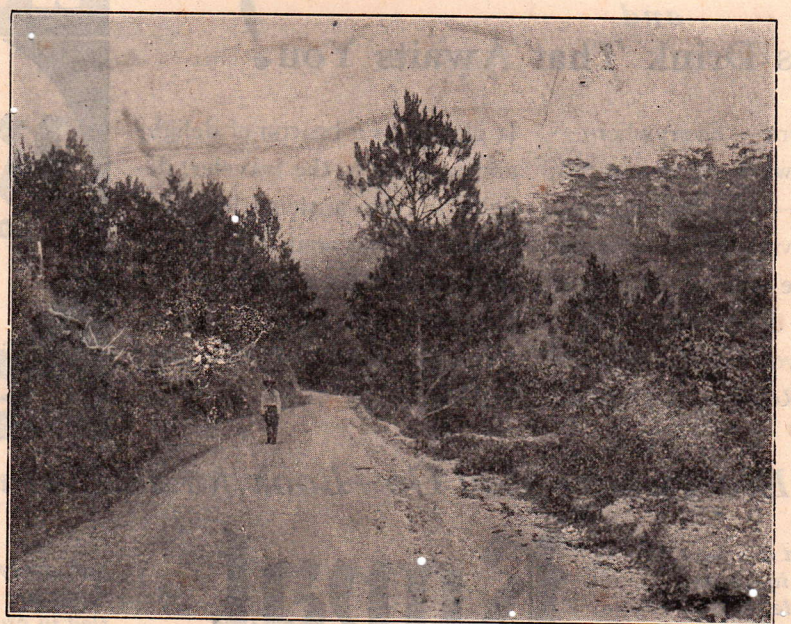
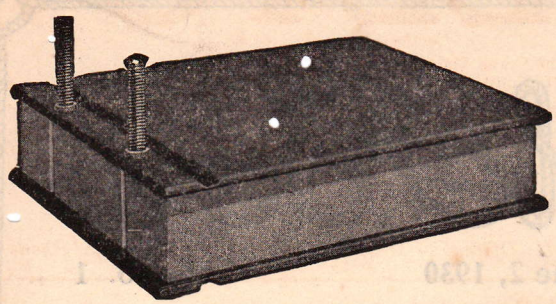
GRAND LODGE OF FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS
OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

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



THE PINES OF BAGUIO



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THE CABLETOW

A Masonic Journal Published Monthly in English and Spanish by the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the Philippine Islands, in the Interest of Its Constituent Lodges

Managing Editor: LEO FISCHER, P. M.

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Vol. VIII **June 2, 1930** **No. 1**

Editorial Section

Flag Day

June brings to those who enjoy the protection of the Stars and Stripes a day which is not an official holiday in these Islands but is observed by patriotic organizations and individuals: Flag Day. On that day, a tribute is paid to Old Glory and all for which it stands. Of what it is the symbol, Robert G. Ingersoll has most aptly expressed in the following words:

The flag for which the heroes fought, for which they died, is the symbol of all we are, of all we hope to be.

It is the emblem of equal rights.

It means free hands, free lips, self-government and the sovereignty of the individual.

It means that this continent has been dedicated to freedom.

It means universal education-light for every mind, knowledge for every child.

It means that the schoolhouse is the fortress of Liberty.

—*L. F.*

Rizal's Birthday

There is another anniversary in June that is not marked in red letters in the official calendar but is observed in many quarters nevertheless: Rizal's birthday. On June 19th, quite a few of our Lodges will pay homage to the Great Martyr, the 69th anniversary of whose birth will be remembered with gratitude and veneration by all individual Masons of this soil whithersoever dispersed. Rizal's life covered the brief space of thirty-five and a half years, but was one of intense effort and achievement. He sowed that others might reap and died that others might live. His name is one the memory of which will never perish in these Islands.—*L. F.*

Volume VIII

The present issue of THE CABLETOW is Number 1 of Volume VIII. We have in our book-case, neatly bound, seven volumes of our paper, and we are proud of them. They represent seven years of constant and painstaking effort to present to our readers Masonic matter of an instructive or entertaining nature and to put on record the activities of our Lodges and individual Masons.

In presenting the first number of an eighth volume, we venture to express the hope that our readers will coöperate with us the same as they have done in the past. We need articles and data for our Lodge News and Personal columns; we need suggestions as to what our readers want and what they disapprove of; and we need particularly help with the advertisements. If any of our readers has advertising to give out or has a chance to recommend our paper, let him think of THE CABLETOW. And if he has any buying to do or patronage to give, let him remember our advertisers. By doing these things he will benefit us and himself and earn our appreciation and gratitude.—*L. F.*

The Grand Lodge Proceedings

Again we call the attention of our Brethren to the Grand Lodge Proceedings which were distributed last month. They make a very creditable volume which contains a great deal of valuable information. We recommend Most Wor. Bro. Comfort's excellent reviews of the Proceedings of other Grand Jurisdictions which, though briefer than in the past, for reasons of economy, give a good idea of what is going on in the rest of the Masonic world. And Most Wor. Bro. S. W. O'Brien's message as well as Most Wor. Bro. Rafael Palma's Grand Oration are enlightening, edifying, and instructive and deserve being read oftener than once.—*L. F.*

Bon Voyage, Bro. Williamson!

Wor. Bro. A. A. Williamson, of Tupas Lodge No. 62, Cebu, left the Islands on the S. S. *President Jackson* on May 16th, for a stay of one year in the United States after which he expects to return to the Philippines. Wor. Bro. Williamson is entitled to our gratitude for the excellent pieces of architecture that he has been contributing to the CABLETOW, four of which are still unpublished and will appear in future numbers of our paper. We wish Bro. Williamson a pleasant voyage and health and success in the homeland and hope to see him return to these shores, well and hearty, in a year's time.—*L. F.*

Lodge for Camarines Norte

We learn from the *Bulletin* of Biak-na-Bato Lodge No. 7 that the Masons of Daet are busy making preparations for the organization of a Lodge in the capital of Camarines Norte and that the name of the new Lodge is to be "Pili," "Camarines Norte," or "Quezon." The latter is, of course, out of the question because paragraph 130 of our Grand Lodge Constitution prohibits the naming of any Lodge after a living person. We hope that the desires and designs of our Brethren in Camarines Norte will soon be converted into reality and that the new Lodge may become strong and vigorous and be a power for good in the community.—*L. F.*

A Reminder

The purpose of these lines is to remind our Brethren that we have in Manila an excellent place where to meet friends and rest and refresh ourselves: the Masonic Club at 520 San Marcelino, Paco. Many of the members of the Masonic Fraternity know this and take advantage of the facilities offered by the Club along many lines; but just as many do not realize what a splendid thing the Masonic Club really is. We shall not proceed to recount the attractions and facilities offered by the Club, but shall merely recommend that those who do not know them pay the Club a visit

and see what they are. And we shall consider that we are a very poor prophet if such visitors do not come back again and again once they have seen what the Masonic Club has to offer.

We also desire to remind our readers of a letter signed by Wor. Bro. Joaquin Garcia which we published in our February number, inviting members of the Fraternity to send contributions for the upkeep of the Club. Since every Master Mason of this Jurisdiction is a member of the Club and no fixed membership fee exists, Masons desirous of doing something for the Club may send such sum as their generosity may suggest to them. That looks fair to us. The Masonic Club of Manila certainly deserves the patronage and support of the Fraternity.—*L. F.*

The Light-House

At the mouth of the river stands the light-house. Night after night it casts its beams of light upon the waters of the Bay, be they calm and placid or turbulent and rough. The light that it sends forth into the dark means little or nothing to the dweller on shore. He does not need it and when he sees it flash, he gives it no thought. But out on the dark waters, anxious eyes are seeking that light, and once they have found it, the course of the ship approaching through the gloom is shaped accordingly. To the human beings on board of that vessel, the light-house flashes a warning of shoal and rock and points out a safe way to the anchorage.

Thus a book, a symbol, a message intended to warn and guide may seem unimportant or useless to some while it means a great deal to others. What may appear to be trivial and superfluous in Masonry or religion to a few may be all-important to others. This is the reason why passages that seem to be addressed to simple minds and understandings have been retained in our ritual. Should the light-house stand dark because not *all* need its resplendent rays?—*L. F.*

A Book by Brother Pedro V. Calo

It always gives us pleasure to announce the efforts of Brother Masons in the publishing line. We recently mentioned the Tagalog-English Dictionary published by Wor. Bro. Aurelio D. Rosario and now we announce the publication of a new book, entitled "Concise Outline in English Literature and Paraphrased Lessons in English Poems for Third and Fourth Year Students," from the pen of Bro. Pedro V. Calo, of Bagong-Ilaw Lodge No. 97, at present a teacher in the Pangasinan Academic High School.

Bro. Calo's work, which has ninety-six pages, will be a help to students and teachers alike.—*L. F.*

The Editor's Mail Bag

A Letter from Brother Benjamin Roth

Our Grand Secretary has received a letter from Bro. Benjamin Roth that is of special interest to THE CABLETOW and its readers, for which reason we copy it in full below:

Dunedin, N. Z., March 15, 1930.

MR. NEWTON C. COMFORT,
Grand Secretary.

Dear Sir and Brother:

Fraternal greetings and best wishes to the Grand Master and Officers of the Grand Lodge of the Philippine Islands and to all members of the Craft under your jurisdiction.

I regret very much that I could not answer your letter dated September 10, 1928, sooner as you will notice by the envelope your letter came in, the distance it had to travel to reach me.

I left the United States Oct. 1st, 1928, for New Zealand, leaving Dunedin, New Zealand, on Dec. 1st for Little America on the Great Ice Barrier, remaining there from Dec. 28, 1928, your excellent letter reaching me there.

We arrived back in civilization on March 10, 1930, when we reached Dunedin, New Zealand. The expedition received a wonderful reception on arrival here. Expect to leave here on or about 20th. Reach New York early in June.

I take this opportunity in thanking you for sending me the CABLETOW magazine. I received every one you sent since my departure from the Islands. I enjoyed reading them very much.

I also want to thank you for reprinting the wonderful letter received by Service Lodge No. 95 from one of the Lodges in New Zealand that I visited here on my short stay. I and other members of the Craft with the expedition were received with a true Masonic spirit when visiting any of the Lodges here in New Zealand.

Before leaving Dunedin for the ice barrier I had the pleasure to attend the installation of the Grand Master of this jurisdiction attended by a very large gathering. The work was very inspiring.

I am returning to you one 20-pesos Plaridel Trust Agreement certificate which I desire to donate to the Masonic Hospital for Crippled Children. The above explanation of the late arrival of your letter I hope explains my delayed action on said certificate.

Please forward all communications in the future to my future address, 61st Service Squadron, Mitchel Field, N. Y.

I would appreciate a reply from you very much. When this letter reaches you we shall be close to home.

Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

BENJAMIN ROTH.

P.S.—Money order for 20 pesos for said certificate will reach you thru postal authorities.

Will you please inform Brother Larkin action will be taken on his letter to me upon arrival in the States. Thank you.

BEN.

Comment on this letter is hardly necessary. It shows that the cold of the Antarctic did not chill our Brother's warm Masonic heart, and that he did not forget his Brethren in these tropical isles nor the little cripples whose care they have undertaken with such enthusiasm. And it pleases us particularly that in the ice and snow of the Southern Polar regions, Masons enjoyed reading the humble efforts of their Brethren in the Philippines as published in the CABLETOW.

From Bro. Gilbert Patten Brown

We are pleased to be able to publish in this number a contribution from the pen of a very busy and able writer, Prof. Gilbert Patten Brown, whom we thank most cordially for his courtesy. He did not know, perhaps, that we are particularly interested in Bro. Richard E. Byrd, the Antarctic explorer, who saved the life of a member of one of our local Lodges, his companion on the expedition that added greatly to the laurels already earned by Bro. Byrd. Anyway, we wish to say that the subject of his article made the contribution especially welcome. Thanks evermore, Bro. Brown!—*L. F.*

From Charleston Lodge No. 44, Agaña, Guam, M. I.

Charleston Lodge No. 44, of Agaña, Guam, has joined the Bulletin Lodges. The last mail brought us a neat little Lodge bulletin entitled *The Rough Ashlar*, of which Wor. Bro. R. C. Gibson, P.M. and Secretary of Charleston Lodge, is the editor. We appreciate as a very delicate compliment the fact that the first editorial remarks made by Wor. Bro. Gibson are kind words for the CABLETOW and its managing editor which we copy hereunder:

THE EDITOR SAYS

That in gathering together material for this small *Bulletin*, he has learned to appreciate the efforts of our Esteemed Brother Leo Fischer, Editor of the CABLETOW. Worshipful Brother Fischer is rendering Masonry a service in the publication of this Masonic paper which we fear is not fully realized by many who receive it, and lay it aside after reading, without a thought of the time, ability, and possible sacrifices which the editor has made to get it off the press in time to be mailed to the Masons of this jurisdiction.

If you like the CABLETOW, and we know you do, write and tell the Editor so. A word of appreciation is encouraging even if you don send some copy that he may use.

We are also pleased to note that Wor. Bro. Gibson devotes some of his limited space to a boost for the Masonic Hospital for Crippled Children. There are personal and Lodge news, and directories of the members of Charleston Lodge and of the sojourning Masons in Guam. The news contained in the bulletin we shall take up in the proper places.

We congratulate Charleston Lodge and Wor. Bro. Gibson on this stride forward and thank our good Brother for his kind words.

Our Dead

"Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

—Anon.

Brother Fernando Montaño.
Member of Agno Lodge No. 75.
Died at Tayug, Pangasinan, April 25, 1930.
Buried at Tayug, under the auspices of his Lodge on April 28, 1930.

Brother George R. Stewart.
Member of Manila Lodge No. 1.
Lost at sea on March 30, 1930, between islands of Manincolat and Tagao, off the coast of Mindanao.

Brother Francisco Alcantara.
Member of Walana Lodge No. 13.
Died April 6, 1930.

Brother Andrés Garcia.
Member of Sinukuan Lodge No. 16.
Died on May 14, 1930.
Buried in the Cementerio del Norte, with Masonic honors, on May 18, 1930.

Bro. Ramon Vanta.
Member of Sinukuan Lodge No. 16.
Died on May 10, 1930.
Buried in the municipal cemetery of San Roque, Cavite, under the auspices of Bagong-Buhay Lodge No. 17, on May 18, 1930.

Bro. Graciano Yukico.
Member of Balintawak Lodge No. 28.
Died on May 2, 1930.
Buried at Pitogo, Tayabas, on May 3, 1930.

Bro. José T. Ramos.
Member of Pintong-Bato Lodge No. 51.
Died on April 20, 1930.
Buried in La Loma Cemetery, Manila, on April 24, 1930.

Bro. Barrington K. West.
Member of Nilad Lodge No. 12.
Died of pneumonia, May 10, 1930.
Buried masonically in the Cementerio del Norte, May 18, 1930.

Bro. F. C. Cadwallader.
Member of St. John's Lodge No. 9.
Died at San Francisco, Calif., May 4, 1930.

Official Section

Grand Lodge Committee for Visiting the Sick

Most Wor. Grand Master Vicente Carmona has appointed Wor. Bros. Juan A. del Rosario (23), Joseph F. Boomer (9), and Conrado Tanting (27) to act as Grand Lodge Committee for Visiting the Sick during the month of June, 1930.

Addresses Wanted

Brothers *E. B. Elliott*, *J. J. Menefee*, *Dabney McDonald*, *A. J. Nix*, and *Frederick Childress* are requested to communicate with the Secretary, Island Lodge No. 5, F. & A. M., Box 3, Corregidor, Cavite, P. I.

Any Brother knowing the present address of any of the following-named Brethren, to wit: *B. E. Donnel*, *C. C. Long*, *Bernard S. Riley*, and *D. D. Yoder*, is asked to communicate the same to the Secretary of Manila Lodge No. 1, Wor. Bro. August Schipull, P. O. Box 376, Manila, P. I.

Bro. Bonifacio Marron, Secretary of Marble Lodge No. 58, Romblon, P. I., wishes to know the address of Bro. *Alfredo Villarruz*.

The Secretary of Hiram Lodge No. 88 desires to know the present address of Bro. *Aurelio L. Peña*, formerly connected with the office of the provincial auditor of Cebu. Any Brother knowing it please communicate with R. Ramos, P. O. Box 2530, Manila.

The Secretary of Cabanatuan Lodge No. 53 does not know the present address of Bros. *Vicente Agatep*, *Sixto de la Costa*, and *Rufino Sabino*. He asks any Brother knowing the address of any of the Brethren above named to communicate the same to G. S. Castelo, Sec., Cabanatuan Lodge No. 53, Cabanatuan, Nueva Ecija.

Brethren Seeking Employment

150.—Filipino, married, 39 years of age, with two years' experience as mill foreman and lumber grader with one big lumber concern and six years as lumber grader with another, as mill foreman and assistant mill superintendent for twelve years, and as yardmaster for two years, having a total experience of twenty-one years in the lumber business, seeks employment. Speaks and writes intelligently English and all the Visayan dialects.

Any Brother having employment for this applicant or knowing of any is requested to kindly communicate with the Managing Editor of the *Cabletow*, P. O. Box 990, Manila, or see the Assistant Grand Secretary, Wor. Bro. Ramon Mendoza, Room 524, Masonic Temple, Escolta.

Stated Meetings of Manila Lodges

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.

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

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

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

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

June 19 (*Third Thursday*)—Solidaridad No. 23, Masonic Temple.
June 20 (*Third Friday*).—Modestia-Liwayway No. 81, Plaridel Temple.
June 21 (*Third Saturday*).—Hagdang Bato No. 87, 527 Alvarado; High Twelve No. 82, Masonic Temple.
July 1 (*First Tuesday*).—Manila No. 1, Masonic Temple; Kasilawan No. 77, Masonic Temple.
July 2 (*First Wednesday*).—Cosmos No. 8, Masonic Temple; Rizal No. 22, Plaridel Temple.
July 3 (*First Thursday*).—Isla de Luzon No. 57, Masonic Temple; Minerva No. 41, Plaridel Temple; Mt. Lebanon No. 80, 1132 California; Mencius No. 93, Masonic Temple.
July 4 (*First Friday*).—St. John's No. 9, Masonic Temple; Hiram No. 88, Plaridel Temple.
July 5 (*First Saturday*).—Nilad No. 12, Plaridel Temple; Taga-Ilog No. 79, Masonic Temple; Araw No. 18, 527 Alvarado.
July 7 (*First Monday*).—Luz Oceánica No. 85, Masonic Temple; Service No. 95, Plaridel Temple.
July 8 (*Second Tuesday*).—Benjamin Franklin No. 94, Masonic Temple.
July 9 (*Second Wednesday*).—Bagumbayan No. 4, Masonic Temple.

Masonic Fiction

The Treasure in the Desk

(*A Masonic Story by Leo Fischer*)

A man without a hobby is a *rara avis* in this old world of ours. Max Newton, builder of roads and veteran of two wars, was no exception to the general rule. His hobby was swords. He was never happier than when he was able to add a new bolo, kampilan or kris to his collection of native weapons. During the five years that he had spent in the Philippine Islands, two of them in active campaigning, he had secured a number of fine specimens. The walls of his bachelor's apartment in the Walled City of Manila were covered with weapons of all descriptions.

Now the young man was sitting in a comfortable rattan chair in his room, holding in his hand a beautiful short sword of Japanese manufacture in an exquisitely carved ivory scabbard. It was a present from Dr. Hashimoto, the surgeon of one of the Japanese liners plying between Japan and Australia which make Manila a regular port of call. Max had just returned from a visit to the ship of his Japanese friend, who, knowing his hobby, had presented him with the weapon.

Slipping the sword carefully back into its silk cover, Max rose and stepped to his writing desk in a corner of the room. He would keep that little beauty under lock and key, he thought, otherwise it might disappear.

He opened the lower drawer of the desk and made room for the sword. As he was about to put it in the drawer, he perceived, to his surprise, that the length of the sword exceeded that of the drawer by several inches. The young man was puzzled. He had a good eye for measurements and a quick glance at the desk had convinced him, a moment ago, that the drawer would be long enough, with an inch or two to spare.

Holding the sword against the side of the desk, he found that there was an unexplained difference of five or six inches in the measurements. With an exclamation, he pulled out the drawer and began to examine the interior of the desk behind it, but there was no evidence of the secret drawer that he had fully expected to find.

Max stood before the desk, musing. Three years ago, a friend had informed him that Señora del Rey, a Spanish lady of good family, who happened to be in need of money to enable her to return to Spain, was selling a few pieces of good furniture at reasonable prices. He had purchased this beautifully carved, solid desk of red narra wood. Later, upon examining the carvings more closely, he had discovered a cunningly disguised square and compass among the arabesques on the frieze that ran around three sides of the desk. The owner had evidently been a Freemason, but for reasons easy to understand in a country under the Spanish rule, he had been compelled to more or less conceal this fact. However, this had not prevented him from having the native woodcarver put the emblems of the Craft on his furniture.

The young man had been sitting in front of the desk five or ten minutes when he suddenly jumped up. An idea had struck him. He quickly pulled out the upper drawer and examined it. He found it half as deep as the one below, but five or six inches longer.

Max introduced his arm into the place from which he had just removed the upper drawer. His hand touched a ring. Seizing it, he pulled upward. There, from behind the lower drawer, he took a solidly made little box, some eight inches high, five deep, and twelve wide. It had fitted snugly into the space between the back of the desk and the false back behind the lower drawer, which had nearly thrown the young man off the scent.

Opening the sliding lid of the box, which worked with some difficulty, Max shook the contents out on the table. There were three packages wrapped in oiled paper. He carefully unwrapped them, one after the other. The first contained a small morocco leather case with a masonic apron, and the second a masonic diploma rolled up in a tin tube. The young man now proceeded to open the third. When he had removed the second wrapper, he uttered an exclamation of surprise. With his eyes wide open with astonishment, he saw that the note on top of the little package of neat, crisp bank-notes that he held in his hand was a one hundred pound note on the Bank of England. And so was the second, and the third! Why, there must be a small fortune in the package!

Max began to count. There were one hundred notes, all of the same denomination.

Putting the money back into the box, he drew a deep breath. For five years he had denied himself many pleasures in order to save up enough money to satisfy his ambition to travel and see the parts of the world where he had not yet been. After all these years of scrimping and saving, he had but two thousand dollars in the bank, and now, without any effort on his part, he had come into the possession of fifty thousand! With that much money he could spend years traveling in India, and Persia, and Arabia!

But—was the money his? The man whose it had been—Ricardo del Rey Olivares, as the masonic diploma, issued by a Lodge in Cuba, read, had died fighting the Filipino insurgents. His mother, Señora del Rey, had so informed Max when he bought the desk. Del Rey's widow, upon learning of his death, had fainted and had remained unconscious until her death, which occurred a few days later. Their only child, a girl, had been left in her grandmother's care.

Ah, yes, there was that orphan, the daughter of the owner of the money, the daughter of a Mason! Was not the money hers?

The young man sprang up from his chair and began to pace the room. A fierce struggle was going on in his mind. There, on the desk, lay the money representing the realization of his dreams. If he kept it, nobody would be the wiser. Had he not bought the desk with all its contents? Was the money not his?

But no! The man whose money had fallen into his hands in such a strange fashion had evidently been a faithful and zealous Mason. The very fact of his belonging to the Fraternity must have constituted a peril to him in the troubled times that preceded the Spanish-American war in the Philippine Islands. How carefully he had hidden his apron and his diploma! He must have loved and trusted the Fraternity. Now should he, Max Newton, prove faithless to the trust that destiny had placed in his hands, keeping the money that rightfully belonged to an orphan, the daughter of a brother? Should he violate his Master Mason's obligation?

No, a thousand times no!

He returned the box to its place and closed the desk. Leaning back comfortably in his chair, he began to meditate.

When Max went to bed that night, he had made up his mind that he would ascertain the address of Del Rey's mother, take his accrued leave of absence, and go to Spain to place the money himself into the hands of the proper person.

The young man slept very well that night.

II

Three weeks later Max Newton was sitting on the veranda of the Hotel de l'Europe at Singapore. The hour being early, there were only few guests present, but among these the young man recognized several passengers of the *Isla de Cuba*, on which steamer he had arrived early that morning. On the table before Max stood a half emptied glass of "scotch and soda". He was busy writing illustrated postal cards to friends at Manila and in the United States, but from time to time he interrupted his task to steal a glance at the pretty Spanish girl sitting at the next table with a lady and a gentleman.

The girl was barely sixteen. She had the beautiful, blush-black hair and large, dark eyes of the Celto-Iberian, but in her ways she resembled an English girl a good deal more than one of a Latin race. Just now she was speaking in perfect English to the tall, emaciated-looking Britisher who was sitting opposite her.

"What a pretty girl," thought Max, "I must try to make her acquaintance. To be sure, I shall have plenty of time for that, seeing that we are going to be shipmates for over twenty-five days."

The young engineer had left Manila on the Spanish mail steamer five days before. The *Isla de Cuba* had hardly steamed out of Manila Bay when she ran into foul weather which lasted nearly all the way across to Singapore. Most of the passengers had failed to make their appearance in the dining-saloon until the vessel was safely moored at the Tanjong Pagar dock, and Max had seen very little of the pretty Spanish girl and of Mr. and Mrs. Lascelles, the couple with whom she was traveling. Lascelles was a stalwart Englishman, though now considerably pulled down by the sprue, a severe attack of which had compelled him to leave the tropics in order to regain his health in colder climes. His wife, a portly Spanish woman, was, according to the talkative ship's surgeon, the aunt of the young girl, whom everybody knew as Luz Lascelles.

The Englishman rose and paid the waiter, then he and the ladies walked towards the stairs. Max quickly gathered the postal cards that lay scattered about the table, tossed a coin to the Chinese waiter, and picked up his hat.

Stepping to the balustrade surrounding the veranda, he looked out to see whether he could not catch another glimpse of the girl. There she was, standing near her jinrikisha, tapping the ground impatiently with her elegantly shod small foot while the coolie was arranging the cushions. Now she stepped gracefully into the light vehicle.

Max bent slightly forward to get a better view of the girl, when she suddenly raised her head and looked him full in the face. The young man blushed furiously, while the girl looked half annoyed, half interested. Max withdrew, angry at his having made a fool of himself, when he suddenly stopped. Under the chair where Mr. Lascelles had been sitting, lay a red card-case which Max had seen in that gentleman's hands a while ago. It had evidently slipped out of its owner's pocket and had escaped observation. The young man quickly picked it up and returned to the rail, just as the three jinrikishas of the Lascelles were passing. The young girl had her face half turned towards the veranda, and Max raised the card-case in order to attract her attention. She quickly understood and called out to Mr. Lascelles whose jinrikisha was about to pass hers. The Englishman looked in the direction in which she was pointing. Turning a shade paler, he felt his coat pocket, then he stopped the jinrikisha.

Max, in the meantime, had hurried down the stairs. Stepping to Mr. Lascelles' jinrikisha, he bowed and handed him the card-case. The Englishman, still pale with excitement, stammered:

"By Jove, I am a thousand times obliged to you, Mr. . . Mr. . ."

"Newton is my name," the young man said. "We are going to be fellow-passengers for the rest of the trip to Spain, Mr. Lascelles."

He seized the hand of the Englishman. Lascelles looked him in the face.

"Ah, now I remember where I have met you before," he said, with a significant smile. "You have rendered me a great service, indeed. Mr. Newton, I want you to meet my wife and niece and then join us for a trip over to Johore, won't you? We can have a chat on the train."

The young man assented. After he had been introduced to the ladies, he stepped into one of the waiting jinrikishas, and a few seconds later the little procession moved off. Lascelles made the coolies run top speed. For ten or twelve minutes, the bamboo hat and broad, perspiring back of the Chinaman pulling his jinrikisha kept bobbing up and down in front of Max. Then, abruptly, the coolie stopped and dropped the shafts of the vehicle. Drawing a towel from his belt, he began mopping the perspiration from his face, then he expectantly faced his passenger. They had arrived at their destination, the Johore & Kranji railway station.

It was high time, as the train was about to start. But it took the little party only a minute or two to pay their jinrikisha coolies, purchase tickets, and board the train. A few minutes later, they were on their way to the terminus of the railroad, on the other side of the island of Singapore, sixteen miles distant, where a ferry was to take them over to Johore, on the mainland of Asia.

As the train was rolling, first through the suburbs of Singapore, then through coconut and pineapple plantations, and finally through marshy jungles, the young American and the Englishman began one of those acquaintances that last forever. The ground was admirably prepared by their both being members of the same great Institution.

But after a while, the sick man lapsed into silence and Max undertook the pleasant task of trying to entertain the young girl. He was eminently successful. He started operations with the deliberate intention of capturing the charming señorita; but, by the time the party had reached Johore, it was doubtful whether he was not a prisoner instead of a captor.

When they returned on board, late that evening, Max found it impossible to sleep. It was hot below and he remained on deck, where it was comparatively cool. Strings of coolies were running to and fro between the wharf and the ship, with heavy baskets of coal. The ship was to sail early in the morning and her bunkers were filling slowly, but surely.

Max was leaning at the rail towards the sea, thinking over the events of the day. The visit to the Sultan's Palace and the Mosque at Johore, and the dinner at the Raffles Hotel in the evening were but hazy recollections in his mind. What had he seen throughout the day? Many interesting and beautiful things, but can you see the stars while the sun is shining? All Max was able to remember clearly was a charming, bright face and a pair of big black eyes, the most beautiful he had ever seen.

III

The *Isla de Cuba* had left Genoa early in the morning, bound for Barcelona. Shortly after sailing from the Italian port, she had run into foul weather, and now she was pitching and tossing on the choppy sea, while the mist and a constant drizzle made the stay on deck not very pleasant.

The few passengers who had ventured out were well ensconced to the leeward of the deck-buildings. Mr. and Mrs. Lascelles were there, with their steamer chairs and wraps; they had found the air below too stuffy.

On the windward side only two of the passengers were braving the inclemency of the weather, pacing the slippery deck and shaking themselves, laughing, when a sudden gust of wind tossed the spray from the crest of a wave over the rail. Their waterproofs were shining with moisture, and occasionally they had to stop in order not to be thrown off their feet by one of the sudden lurches of the ship.

"What a funny old tub!" said the pretty girl, turning to her companion. "Do you think there is any occasion for all this rolling?" She had to shout to make herself understood.

Max laughed as he wiped the spray off his face.

"Of course there isn't," he said, "but you know, they use their worst and most ancient boats on the Manila run, and about this time of the year you are always liable to have bad weather on the Mediterranean. This is a good specimen, isn't it, Luz? However, I would cheerfully stand months of this weather if I could but enjoy your company a little longer."

The young girl laughed.

"Don't look so tragic, Max," she said. "You will soon be with other traveling companions whom you will find more attractive and interesting than your Spanish friend of the *Isla de Cuba*. But we both shall always remember this voyage with great pleasure, shan't we?"

She turned towards her companion. Her large eyes shone with a bright, warm light and her usually rather pale face was suffused with a soft red glow. She looked bewitching, and Max felt a mad impulse to take her in his arms and kiss her full red lips.

A great friendship had sprung up between the two since they had met, three weeks ago. Luz had not been brought up in the Spanish way, and the Lascelles had allowed her to be with Max much more than this would have been considered proper by the average Spanish mother. The young man had fallen deeply in love with the beautiful girl, but Luz, though she felt herself powerfully attracted towards him, did not yet realize that she was in love, too.

One day she had told him, laughingly, in her naïve, frank way: "If I ever marry, it will be a man like you, Max, strong, manly, and good-looking, one willing to make sacrifices for the sake of his principles, a man who will suffer for what he thinks is right."

They had just reached the wheel-house when a heavy rain squall forced them to look for shelter. They stepped inside.

The young girl sat down, then she looked up at Max, who was standing by her side.

"You know, to-morrow we shall have to separate, perhaps never to meet again?" she said, thoughtfully. "Now, Max, before we leave the ship, you must tell me the story of your life and of the mission that is taking you to Spain, won't you? You have whetted my curiosity with your casual remarks, and I am a true daughter of Eve. Not now, you know, but as soon as you feel inclined."

"All right," replied the young man. "To-night, when everybody is busy packing, we shall find some cozy nook up on deck and there have a last chat, and then I shall tell you all that you wish to know."

A few minutes later the violence of the squall let up and Max and Luz stepped outside and looked for a sheltered place where they could stay until the squall had abated entirely. They found that if they stood with their backs against the wheelhouse, they would be protected from the rain without losing the benefit of the fresh, cool breeze.

Max stole a glance at the charming face of the girl at his side. She was looking over the gray, tumbling waves, through the drifting rain and the swirling masses of gray fog that had descended upon the sea.

Neither of the two said a word; both were evidently taken up with their thoughts. Max was about to break the silence, when the wind carried the voice of Mr. Lascelles to where he was standing.

"Well, I think you are right, Nena," he said, "but I am heartily sorry for the young chap, and for Luz, too. Neither of them has any money, and the old lady in Spain would not stand for such a match. She has set her heart on having her granddaughter live in style, you know. If either of the two had money—let us say five or ten thousand pounds to help with the expenses—she might consent. And the poor girl is just as much in love as he is!"

The beautiful face at which Max was glancing at that moment had turned crimson. The young man's heart began to beat as if it were trying to break through his ribs. He, too, felt the hot blood rush to his cheeks. He was about to stammer something—he did not know himself what it was, but Luz prevented him.

"I shall see you again after dinner," she said, and before he could say anything, her fluttering white skirt had disappeared around the corner of the wheelhouse.

IV

When Luz and Max came on deck that evening, they had the place almost entirely to themselves. Only in one remote corner, stretched out on his steamer-chair, there was a friar who was feeling too sick to move and had therefore not gone below. Everybody else was indoors, either asleep, or busy packing, or playing cards or domino.

It was almost nine o'clock and the young people had been walking up and down for ten minutes when another squall compelled them to seek a sheltered place. The ship was rolling considerably.

"I confess I feel a wee bit dizzy," said Luz, as she lay down on her steamer chair. "Just now the ship is pitching horribly and that is a motion I can not stand."

Max adjusted her pillows and wraps and sat down beside her.

"I think this is a favorable moment for telling you the promised story," he said. "Are you still anxious to hear it?"

"Why, certainly," Luz said, eagerly. "I feel quite comfortable now and shall enjoy listening to you."

Max moved his chair closer to the young girl's and began:

"As I have told you before, I lost both my parents when I was still a boy. My father having been unfortunate in business, I would have been in dire straits after his death if it had not been for the Masonic Lodge of which he was a member. They kept me at college and assisted me in every way. They even obtained for me a position as junior engineer with a firm of contractors and builders. I had been working half a year or so when the Spanish-American war broke out. I volunteered and was commissioned a lieutenant and sent to the Philippines. I saw a good deal of fighting in Central Luzon, and when I was finally mustered out, in 1901, I accepted a good position with the civil government of the Islands. With what I saved out of my pay in the army, I paid back to my benefactors every cent I had cost them, with interest; but no money will ever repay them for the aid and comfort that they gave me during the years following my father's death. Of course, I myself joined the great Fraternity of which my father had been such an enthusiastic member. This I mention because it is responsible for my trip to Europe, as you will see presently."

Max paused and looked out into the dark. Luz, snuggling closer to the young man, waited patiently for him to continue. But Max seemed to find it hard to go on and kept gazing out into the sea.

"Max," finally urged the girl, "please go on. I must know all about the mysterious purpose of your voyage to Spain at which you have hinted once or twice."

All was quiet on deck. The fat friar was snoring in his chair to the leeward of the ventilator, and the moon was hidden by black clouds. A thrill ran through the young man as he felt the small, warm hand of the girl touch his.

"All right," he said, smiling a little bitterly. "This is

like the old tale of the pieces of gold that turn to withered leaves when you take them home."

And he began to tell the story of the narra desk.

Luz was listening with the greatest interest. Once or twice she became so excited that she rose from her chair, but she sat down again, quite on the edge of the chair, bending forward as if she feared to miss a single word.

When Max had finished, the young girl exclaimed:

"And you are now on your way to Spain to return that money to the old lady?"

"Every cent of it," replied Max.

"But it has cost you a struggle to take that decision, hasn't it?"

"It has, indeed, especially after the conversation we overheard a few hours ago."

Luz blushed. "Don't mind," she said, lightly. "Tomorrow our ways will part. You will go and do your duty like the good, noble man you are, and perhaps it will not take you long to forget the poor, silly Spanish girl who helped you to pass away the time on a tedious sea voyage."

Max looked gloomy.

"Luz," he said, earnestly, "I shall never forget you. I hope that fortune will be kind to me and put me in a position to woo and win you, dear. But do you care enough for me to wait years and years?"

The young girl rose from her chair without replying and looked around her. There was no one in sight—the deck was dark and deserted. With a sudden movement she bent over Max who, for a moment, felt her soft, warm lips on his.

"I do, dear," she whispered, then she turned and ran away.

When Max recovered his senses, he saw the slender white figure disappear down the companion-way, otherwise he would have thought that all was a dream.

An hour later one of the Spanish sailors said laughingly to his comrades, as they were making things fast about the deck, the sea having risen considerably in the last half-hour:

"I say, Lorenzo, they must all be crazy, those Americans and English. That handsome tall chap with the blue eyes has just gone below, drenched to the skin. He has been pacing the deck for an hour, without paying any attention to the spray and rain. I wonder what ails him?"

His companion laughed. "*Por Dios*, Pepe, you are a fool!" he replied. "I am sure the *señorita* who is always with him has something to do with that. *Caramba*, hasn't she eyes, though! You could light your cigarette on them!"

And he hummed a *copla* as he was sauntering along the poop-deck, inspecting the lashings of the covers on ventilators and sky-lights.

V

Max Newton was strolling along the Paseo de las Palmeras in the little town of Alicante, stopping from time to time to gaze upon the picturesque scene before him. The day was splendid, and the cloudless sky, the blue sea, the stately date-palms bordering the drive, the white houses and villas, and the gray old castle perched on the yellowish-brown hill above the town formed a beautiful panorama. Occasionally the young American cast a glance at the fair inmates of some of the carriages that were rolling past, wondering whether any of them was as pretty as Luz! Would he ever cease having her constantly before his mind's eye?

He looked at his watch. It was time now to call on Señora del Rey, he thought. He had arrived at Alicante a few hours ago. At Madrid he had been told that the old lady had removed to Alicante, and on the next morning he had started for the town on the Mediterranean in order to fulfill the mission that had brought him all the way from the far-off Philippines to sunny Spain. He had already located the residence of Señora del Rey and was only waiting for the proper visiting hour to arrive.

Stopping in front of one of the pretty white houses, the fountain and green shrubs of the *patio* of which were showing invitingly through a gate of beautifully wrought iron grating, he rang the bell. A maid appeared, opened the grating, and took his card. For a moment she scrutinized the young man with the bold, fearless look of her class, then she conducted him to the *sala* and asked him to wait. A few minutes later she returned and ushered Max into a spacious parlor where Señora del Rey, calm and proud as he had seen her in Manila three years ago, awaited him.

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The young man advanced and bowed.

"Señora," he said, in faultless Spanish, "My name is Max Newton. I have come to restore to the heirs of Don Ricardo del Rey Olivares a sum of money which has come into my possession in a very strange manner. Do you remember my face?"

The old lady looked at him for a moment. Suddenly her features brightened.

"Ah," she exclaimed, "I remember you quite well now! Are you not the young man who bought the writing-desk when I sold my son's furniture at Manila, about three years ago? I am sure you are. But please, be seated."

Max complied.

"You have an excellent memory, *Señora*," he replied. "But to proceed to the matter which has brought me here: A few months ago, while examining the desk, I accidentally discovered a secret compartment behind one of the drawers, and in it I found the things and the money which I shall now return."

The old lady half rose from her chair. She had turned quite pale with excitement.

"Ah, that is the reason why my daughter-in-law pointed in the direction of the desk several times before she died," she said. "You know, she never really recovered consciousness after she was stricken down by the sudden news of Ricardo's death, and the secret of the desk died with her until you discovered it again. How happy I am, for the sake of my poor granddaughter! It was strange: we knew that there must be many thousands of pesos invested or deposited somewhere, but we were unable to find any trace of the money. Ricardo was always afraid of the priests, especially since the days of the insurrection of 1896, and kept very secret about his money matters which he confided to his wife only. His daughter is with me now; the wealthy relatives who had opened their home to her have lost all they had, and she has just returned to her grandmother. She is the only lawful heir of my son Ricardo."

Max produced a small package.

"Here, *Señora*, are your son's masonic apron and diploma which I found in the desk, and here are receipts for ten thousand pounds sterling which I have deposited with a bank in Madrid."

The old lady looked amazed.

"Ten thousand pounds!" she cried. "Why, that is over a quarter of a million pesetas! My darling will be a rich girl, thank God!"

She rose, pulled a bell-cord by her side, and resumed her seat. A few moments later the maid entered.

"Ask the *señorita* to come here," the old lady said.

Hardly had the maid stepped out of the room, when the portière hiding the door to Max's right was flung aside and a beautiful girl rushed into the room.

Max could hardly believe his eyes.

"Luz!" he exclaimed, his voice trembling with joy. "You here?"

A moment later he held her in his arms, still dazed and bewildered by her sudden appearance. She nestled close to him, unable to speak, and sobbing and laughing with happiness.

"Luz, my darling," he whispered. "I begin to understand."

She looked up at him, with a blissful look in her eyes which were still filled with tears of joy.

"Are you glad you were honest and true to your principles?" she asked, "and will you pardon your Luz for playing hide-and-seek with you the way she did? Oh, it was so exciting and I nearly had to bite my tongue off to keep still after you had told me that story."

"Luz!" The voice of the old lady sounded stern. She had just recovered from her amazement at the conduct of her granddaughter, who had completely forgotten her presence.

The girl threw herself at her grandmother's bosom, and when she had told the whole story, the old lady stroked the beautiful hair of the younger woman with trembling hand. Then she looked straight into the eyes of the young man.

"I am sure Luz has chosen well," she said.

Pieces of Architecture

The Lost Word

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

I am going to talk to you tonight about the great Lost Word of Freemasonry. It is a word which every Mason has heard, not once but many times. It is a word pronounced aloud in open Lodge, clearly, distinctly, syllable by syllable, and pointed to by allusion, so that none can have failed to hear it. Every one of you, I repeat, has heard it and is well acquainted with it. Yet it is safe to say that hardly any of you can tell me what that Word is. And fewer yet are they who can tell why it is a Lost Word and why it is given such importance in the ritual of Freemasonry.

But every Mason should know that Lost Word; should know why it is a Lost Word and why Masonry gives it such importance. For Masonry *does* give it importance. At a time which no Mason can forget, Masonry uses it. At a time when his attentive ears are tuned to catch the faintest whisper, Masonry pours it into them in tones that fill the silence, reaching from one end of the room to the other and graving themselves—it is hoped—upon the tablets of his memory forever. And Masonry does this because, by its use of that word at that time and in that manner, it desires to fix in our memories a lesson that we shall never forget, a lesson of hope and faith.

That this lesson is necessary is witnessed by the fact that there are forces at work today, here in this country and in many of our Lodges, right here in this city and penetrating into this very Lodge (if I mistake not), which deny that lesson and seek to inculcate and propagate its contrary. I have seen the evil raise its head; I have seen it grow; I have seen it attempting to absorb Freemasonry, speaking in patronizing tones of our secret arts and mysteries. But not once have I heard a Masonic voice raised in protest or in warning to the Craft. Possibly no Mason has stood forth in opposition because so few understand the significance of our great Lost Word; and those few who are armed with the knowledge may not have deemed it worth

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while or the moment propitious. But I consider this one of the most dangerous and insidious attacks upon Freemasonry ever made, appearing so innocent but threatening the very life of our Craft. Therefore I speak now of that Lost Word and shall try to show you what it means and why Masonry uses it as it does. I do this not so much to controvert another system as to make clear the teachings of Freemasonry in an effort to preserve them unimpaired.

I hope, now, that I have your undivided attention; for I am about to change the subject violently by way of preparation.

Have you ever noticed, before you dropped off to sleep at siesta time, certain wasps which come buzzing into the house seeking flies and other insects? Have you watched them capture their prey and fly off with it? Do you know what happens then?

The wasp carries her prey to her "nest" and deposits it there. Then she flies away and captures another victim, repeating her marauding expeditions until she has gathered sufficient for her purpose for the time being. Then she seals up the mud cavity which serves as "nest" and goes away, perhaps to begin a new one.

Now, all these victims are stung by the wasp before they are stored away; but with such cunning skill, such exquisite art, that they remain alive, stupified but not killed. For they are stored away in the "nests" to serve as food for the grubs which will hatch from the eggs of the wasp deposited with them. They will not decay nor dessicate, but will remain soft and juicy—"fresh meat" for the wasp larvae.

There are in nature quite a number of species of predatory insects which provide food for their young in somewhat the same manner. Among these the ichneumon-fly is remarkable, attaching its egg to caterpillars (with a strong preference for those of the hawk-moth) and stinging the caterpillar so skillfully that when the larva begins to feed upon its body the caterpillar is quite unaware. The sand-wasp is an especially skillful member of the predatory tribe, that tribe of parasite insects which has puzzled so many naturalists and provided ammunition for those who argue contrary to the Theory of Evolution. For how does the parasitic insect learn an art requiring the utmost nicety and precision? How does it know the exact spot at which to insert its sting; the dosage—so to speak—required to produce insensibility or coma but not death? It cannot learn by trial and error, by experience; for error means death to its own young and possibly the disappearance of the species. It does not learn by example, for there is no instruction; and the wasp is full-armed with this knowledge on emerging from the pupa stage as an adult insect.

For a long time naturalists have puzzled over this enigma; and doubtless many are still seeking the answer. But Trystan Edwards, an architect and an author (THE THINGS WHICH ARE SEEN), has propounded a simple explanation which seems satisfactory. The wasp—and every adult parasitic insect—knows where to insert its sting because it is itself an insect and has the insect mentality. Many of our bodily processes, says he, which now are involuntary (automatic, as it were) were once voluntary (or performed by an act of will). In insects and the lower orders of life, these processes are still voluntary. Hence they require a kind of willing or mental effort. Edwards names digestion as one of these processes which were first voluntary, occupying the mind, then involuntary and unconsciously performed, or performed without any conscious effort of the will. This consciousness of the intricacies of the bodily processes gives to those low forms of life which still exercise it an intimate knowledge and a skill in applying it which appear to us miraculous but are in reality the reverse, being simply the manifestations of mentality of a low order.

Now let us drop insects and talk of human beings.

In February, 1929, W. B. Seabrook published a book on Hayti entitled "The Magic Island". This author, by a curious chain of circumstances, was able to penetrate within the pale of that mysterious thing called Voodoo, which he describes as a strange conglomeration of the unforgotten rites of African savages with adaptations from the forms of Christianity. His account of his blood-baptism is particularly vivid and interesting; for a sort of miracle is performed by the negro priest, the "papa-loi", who causes the spirits of a black maiden and a male sacrificial goat to exchange places by a species (I suppose) of mesmerism in which sexual lust plays a conspicuous part. As the transmigration is seemingly accomplished, the goat's throat is cut and he dies painlessly and unaware. At that instant the girl—who all the while has been facing the goat nose to nose before the altar in the attitude of a quadruped—bleats aloud with the goat's voice and collapses. Symbolically, she has died for the initiate; and symbolically it is her blood, not the goat's, which is caught in a wooden vessel, is drunk by the initiate and the officiating priests, and is sprinkled over the awed spectators.

The book relates instances of god-possession; of dead blacks brought to life after burial and put to work in the cane fields; and other species of magic—all personally observed by the author and which he states exceeded in power the magic he had witnessed in Tibet, or Arabia, or anywhere else.

Now let us take note of something.

To witness things such as these you must do one of two things: you must travel far from the centers of civilization; or you must descend low in the scale of life, as among the insects.

But let us be more exact. It is descent in the scale of life which is the true necessity. The other—that of having to travel far from the centers of civilization—is but the means of fulfillment which has now become a necessity, for among us this power is lost.

Primitive religions all over the world since time immemorial have produced these manifestations. And wherever religions are still primitive these manifestations are still produced, as in Hayti among the black worshipers of Voodoo, the African cult of the snake.

Manifestations of magic are inextricably associated with the animal nature of man. Hence they are directly related

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to the sex-urge; and it does not require a psycho-analyst to reveal the connection between them and sex repression or over-stimulation. It may boldly be stated that most of the rites, ceremonies, and prescriptions of the primitive religions have primarily in view the repression or the excessive stimulation of the sex impulse. For then the animal nature and the animal mind become dominant and perform their "miracles". But those "miracles" are not supernatural; they are natural to that nature and that mind.

Now, civilization—modern civilization especially—has found safe and sane outlets for the sexual urge, sublimating it and awakening—even creating—the higher powers of the mind by the cultivation of the reasoning faculty. Then the higher powers of the mind justify themselves and the practitioners of the better method find their reward in the creation of the *real* spiritual world, the world of the intellect, as instanced in Sir Isaac Newton, who died without sex experience.

"Instinct is capitalized intelligence"; the subjective or subconscious mind is the storehouse in which the objective or reasoning mind lays up what it has found good. All that the subconscious mind has it has received. Of itself it has gained, made, done, nothing. At most, it can but bring to the surface things ancient and outgrown, the "miracle"-producing, the animalistic, nature and mind. But civilization has been built up by and owes its existence to the exercise of the reasoning faculty, the trained use of the objective mind based on Aristotelian principles. And all the great warriors for civilization, the great builders, of whatever race or age, have been exemplars of the right use of reason. To this great work the subjective, the subconscious, mind has contributed nothing; and those who would persuade us to account it more worthy of honor than reason are bad counsellors.

India, "Mother India", is the home of a cult which directly and insidiously teaches the contrary. There that cult is practiced as it has been practiced for century after century. This cult has its system of training, the first step in which is to gain control of the sex impulse through repression. When that is accomplished, the student or initiate may begin exercises aimed at producing the trance state in which (it is claimed) he enters upon the "astral plane" and through which he may acquire extraordinary, superhuman, powers.

These exercises vary somewhat; but they invariably include regulation of the diet, breathing exercises, and the repetition of mantrams. Mantrams are ritualistic formulas monotonously repeated. (Certain of the Psalms are mantrams.) The use of mantrams is to overpower the subjective, reasoning mind; to lull it to sleep so that the subjective or subconscious mind may be free from its control. The purpose is to produce a state of auto-hypnosis in which the subjective mind will see what it has been ordered to see, hear what it has been told to hear, sense what it has been told to sense, however false or erroneous these may be. For the subsconscious mind is wholly indifferent to truth; that is the concern of the conscious mind. Whatever it is ordered to receive it receives, for it is the great preserver, the unforgetting. Truth concerns it not; and to rely upon it for the discernment of truth is at once to abuse both it and reason. From this abuse of its proper functions it finally becomes disordered, while reason (being dethroned) loses its power. The ultimate result is always disastrous, as can be seen in India or wherever else these practices are indulged in. (OCCULT SCIENCE IN INDIA, *Jacolliot.*)

Now, one of the exercises used and highly praised for its efficacy is a certain kind of deep breathing (inhaling first through one nostril, then the other) while pronouncing with the exhaled breath the mantram-syllables AH, OH, and UM. Each syllable is softly droned and the three-syllable word is repeated many times in this manner until the desired effect is produced, thus: (breath) Aaaaaaaaaaah; (breath) Ooooooooooh; (breath) Uuuuuuummmmmm.

The origin of this mystic, magical word is lost in the gloom of antiquity. Its three syllables are said to represent Creation, Transformation, and Preservation. It comes down to us by way of Latin through the Greek and Hebrew languages from times when magic was universally practiced and it reaches us as the word AMEN. But so far from the practice of magic are we removed that, for us, the word has lost all significance of that nature. To us it simply means, So be it; Verily; or something like that. Its true significance, its use, and its power, alike are lost.

But this loss is not a loss to be mourned. The ancients would have mourned such a loss, for they knew no better. But so far have we advanced beyond them by the exercise of reason and so wonderful is the intellectual world we have built since this word became obsolete that we find in its very insignificance and loss of power among us proof of our progress, proof that we are working now in the right direction with the right instrument, the reason. We know that to dethrone reason, to give the subconscious mind mastery, is to produce mental confusion; that madness is then not far removed in time. We see the state at which the present practitioners of the old way finally arrive, and we are moved to pity. We behold the degradation of the peoples who—as in India today—live under the rule of this cult, and we do not find it good. We see what they do not see: that evolution proceeds beyond man, the individual, to the social organism. And we believe that we see better, with clearer vision, than they. So if that mysterious, that magical, word of theirs is for us a Lost Word, we are content, more than content.

The three ruffians represent the subconscious mind, a servant to be employed but never to be given mastery. We made that subconscious mind to take charge of our bodily processes that our minds might be free for other things, things grown more important. We can use it, for we have made it. (FOOTNOTE: How beautifully the significance of the three syllables fits the subconscious mind if they be understood to signify the *creation* of instincts by the *transformation* of practice into habit and their *preservation* in its memory.) Slowly, by degrees, we have given it all that it has; and it has its uses. But these are of service, not of mastery. It cannot attain to the rank of the objective mind, the reason. To consent to give it that rank is treachery to the human race. It is betrayal of that trust of human destiny which the true builders of past ages have committed to our charge. To that trust let us be faithful with the unswerving fidelity of the widow's son.

The perils symbolically encountered by the candidate in the tragedy of the third Degree are far from imaginary. They represent a contest, a rebellion, which is ancient but never-ending, which is alive today. In that Volume of

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the Sacred Law upon our altars it is recorded: Moses, the mighty man of Israel, the great Lawgiver of the Hebrews, neglects it not. In Exodus xxii, 18, and in Deuteronomy xviii, 10-12, Moses sternly warns his people against this same peril, the identical peril of the ruffians. And there he metes out to it the same treatment it receives at the hands of Masonry. Out of the gate; away from us; to have no part in our councils evermore!

The mystery of the parasitic insects; the magic of Voodoo: these seem to us as wonders. But they are wonders we need not fear. For us—if we are faithful—they now are impotent to touch. Nor need we envy the powers of the Lost Word, for these are the powers of a nature above which we have risen at long last. He who turns to them looks backward, not forward; downward, not up. And it is upward and onward we must go.

This is the lesson Freemasonry strives, by the soul-stirring intensity of drama, to impress upon our memories forever.

The word of power of ages aforetime is lost. But the jewel of reason remains. Its splendor yet shall light one house where many mansions are.

Our Youngest Rear Admiral

By Prof. Gilbert Patten Brown, M.S., Ph.D.

(*Life Member of King Solomon's Lodge, Somerville, Mass., U. S. A.*)

All of the world rejoices over the prowess of a real hero. Such a one is Rear Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd, U. S. Navy, who was born in Winchester, Va., on October 25, 1888. He married in Boston, Mass., on January 20, 1915, Miss Marie D. Ames, of old New England stock, whose ancestors were patriots and warriors of note in their times.

On December 21st, last, in Washington, D.C., President Hoover made by the signing of his name, Commander Byrd a Rear Admiral. This happened when President Hoover signed the bill providing for the advancement of the polar explorer, which only a few hours previously had been passed by the House of Representatives, the action being accompanied by the applause of its members. The measure which had passed the Senate the day before, provided that the rank, pay and allowances should become effective from the date of approval by the President.

The bill recited that the promotion was in recognition of Admiral Byrd's "extensive scientific investigations and extraordinary aerial explorations of the Antarctic continent and of the first mapping of the South Pole and polar plateau by air."

Rear Admiral Byrd is now the youngest officer of that rank. Congress "jumped" him over the rank of Captain, as it did the late Rear Admiral Bro. Robert E. Peary when he was similarly honored for discovering the North Pole.

Admiral Peary's rank was raised by an act of Congress in 1911 and was made to date back two years to the day he actually discovered the Pole.

Instances of naval officers "jumping" the rank of Captain were said to be very rare. That rank is considered the hardest grade for a rising officer to make on his route to a Rear Admiral.

Rear Admirals of Byrd's age, 41 years, are also rare in United States naval history. Rear Admiral Grayson, President Wilson's physician, was one of the exceptions, having received the rank at 37. Charles Wilkes, another Arctic explorer, remained a Lieutenant until he died.

Rear Admiral Byrd has received both his advancement from a Lieutenant Commander and to his present rank through acts of Congress. The first promotion followed his flight over the North Pole. He was on the retired list while on leave to carry out the exploits for which he is thus being honored. As a retired Rear Admiral he receives a salary of $4,500 a year.

Rear Admiral Byrd is a most cheerful Mason; he holds membership in Kane Lodge No. 454 of New York City, often called the "Explorers' Lodge" from the fact that many noted navigators have in years past been among its most notable members. The Admiral's brother, the last Governor of the State of Virginia, Robert Flood Byrd, is also of the Craft.

The family of Byrd is one of the oldest in the land of such Masons as Washington, Monroe and Jefferson. It is of Anglo-Saxon origin and is famous as defenders of religious liberty in two hemispheres. Shipmates and members of the Craft salute the youngest of the world's Rear Admirals.

At this writing, Admiral Byrd is on his way home from the frozen South.

I visited the "Explorers' Lodge" back in the days when I was myself a mariner on the "Seven Seas". I have also met the youngest Rear Admiral. He is a modest and courteous gentleman. His is the genius of the North. May Heaven bless his future efforts!

Lodge News

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

From Corregidor Lodge No. 3, Manila

At its April Stated Meeting, Corregidor Lodge raised its life membership fee from ₱150.00 to ₱200.00. At the same meeting, Wor. Bro. John M. Aaron was installed as Marshal and was also presented with a Past Master's jewel. A vote of thanks was tendered to Wor. Bro. Massell for a ballot box presented by him to the Lodge. The May *Bulletin* of the Lodge contains the proposed financial budget for the year 1930.

From Southern Cross Lodge No. 6

At its March Stated Meeting, Southern Cross Lodge was agreeably entertained by Wor. Bro. P. M. Bennett, Hiogo and Osaka Lodge, of Kobe, Japan, who told the members present of the trials and tribulations of Masonry in Japan. As our readers have seen from the article "Some Japanese Opinions on Freemasonry" which we published in our August, 1929, number (Vol. VII, p. 70) and which was reproduced extensively by the Masonic press, Freemasonry is looked upon with suspicion by the Japanese authorities.

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From Cosmos Lodge No. 8, Manila

Cosmos Lodge lost a faithful member in Bro. Charles Clement Fuller who died in Calauag, Tayabas, where he was engaged in the lumber business, on April 23rd. He complained of feeling slightly ill on the evening of the date mentioned and was found dead, sitting in a chair in his bedroom, the next morning. Bros. Edward F. Jones, of Cosmos Lodge, and Bros. Mamerto Epino and Gregorio Orlando, of Plaridel Lodge No. 74, accompanied the body to Manila, where funeral services were held by Cosmos Lodge on Sunday, May 4th, with M. W. Bro. Joseph H. Schmidt, P.G.M., acting as Master and Wor. Bro. Fred H. Holmes, P.M., as Chaplain. The commital service was rendered at the Del Norte Cemetery, the body being buried in the Cosmos Lodge plot there.

Bro. Fuller was born in Creston, Iowa, on July 24, 1876, and was initiated on November 26, 1926, passed on November 27, 1926, and raised on March 22, 1927. He had, during his long residence in the Philippine Islands, won the esteem and affection of all with whom he came in contact, and many came to render him a last tribute when he was laid to rest.

From Pilar Lodge No. 15, Imus

The members of Pilar Lodge No. 15, members of their families, and invited guests enjoyed an excursion to Los Baños on Sunday, May 18th. The party left Imus on a truck at 7 a. m. and visited Calamba and Pansol, where everybody went bathing in the medicinal spring. At Los Baños, the College of Agriculture was visited, the party being shown around by Professors Mondeñedo and Sarao and entertained at the mess hall. Leaving Los Baños at 3:15 p. m., the excursionists arrived at Imus at about 5 p. m.

From Banahaw Lodge No. 24, Atimonan, Tayabas

Last December, the Lodge removed to its new, spacious Temple, and at its inauguration and the installation of officers for the masonic year 1929-1930, a past master's jewel was presented to Worshipful Brother Alfredo Bautista; by the Lodge, the presentation being made by Worshipful Brother Federico Unson, Inspector of this Lodge.

Mr. Isabelo Manalo of Atimonan, of the Academic Division of the Bureau of Education, who was initiated in January, was recently passed to Fellowcraft and awaits third degree, which may be conferred on him during the Normal Institute at Atimonan in June.

Worshipful Brother Alfredo Bautista, Past Master, has been appointed by the Grand Lodge as Inspector of Balintawak Lodge No. 28 and Plaridel Lodge No. 74.

Most Wor. Bro. Vicente Carmona, G.M. of the Grand Lodge of the Philippine Islands, accompanied by Wor. Bro. Ramon Mendoza, Assistant Grand Secretary, made an official visitation of this Lodge on May 17th. After the visitation, a fraternal ball was tendered the visitors at the Orda Building. The following day, the Wor. Grand Master and Assistant Grand Secretary, accompanied by Worshipful Master Pedro P. Diaz, Senior Warden Eleuterio Lim, and Inspector Bautista, visited the Quezon National Forest Park at Malinao and the Perez Park in Lucena.

From Pinagsabitan Lodge No. 26, Sta. Cruz, Laguna

Most Wor. Bro. Vicente Carmona, Grand Master, accompanied by M. W. Bro. Quintin Paredes, P.G.M., Wor. Bro. Ramon Mendoza, Asst. Grand Secretary, and other members of the Grand Lodge, honored this Lodge with an official visit on Saturday, May 10th. After the M.W. Grand Master had been received with due honors and had made a brief address, the Lodge was closed and the Brethren present repaired to the house of Bro. Esteban L. Uson for dinner. The welcome visitors left for Manila at about 11 p. m.

From Mártires del 96 Lodge No. 32, Nagcarlan, Lag.

The Most Worshipful Grand Master of Masons of the Philippine Islands, accompanied by Wor. Brother Ramon Mendoza, Assistant Grand Secretary, Wor. Brother Aurelio D. Rosario, Wor. Brother Balbino Kabigting, and Jose Rivera Sayo, visited Martires del 96 Lodge No. 32 on May 14th.

The party arrived at Nagcarlan at about 5:30. After the *merienda* served by the members of this Lodge at Wor. Brother Jose Lucido's house, the party proceeded to the Lodge. The books of the Lodge having been inspected and found correct, Most Worshipful Brother Vicente Carmona delivered a most interesting and instructive speech.

The party, with Brother Getulio Vitaza of this Lodge, left at 8:00 P. M. for Malinaw Lodge No. 25, San Pablo, Laguna.

From Maguindanaw Lodge No. 40, Cagayan, Or. Misamis

Rt. Wor. Bro. Stanton Youngberg, Junior Grand Warden, visited this Lodge on May 10th and witnessed the initiation of Mr. Alfredo P. Shapit, with Wor. Bro. Antonio T. Cosin in the East and Bros. Jose Quirolgico and Manuel C. Fernandez in the West and South, respectively. Rt. Wor. Bro. Youngberg delivered the charge and made an inspiring address. Wor. Bro. Antonio T. Cosin, in thanking the Rt. Wor. Junior Grand Warden, mentioned the fact that Maguindanaw Lodge had not been visited by a Grand Lodge Officer for ten years.

From Sarangani Lodge No. 50, Davao

Rt. Wor. Bro. Stanton Youngberg, Junior Grand Warden, arrived at Davao on April 23rd with a party headed by Bro. R. R. Alunan, Secretary of Agriculture and Natural Resources. A delegation of Masons headed by Bro. T. I. Alfelor, the Secretary of Sarangani Lodge, met the Junior Grand Warden at the wharf and took him to the Lodge Hall, where he inspected the books and records of the Lodge. At 8:00 p. m., the distinguished visitor was received officially by the Lodge, Wor. Bro. Victoriano de Guzman presiding. The second degree was then conferred upon Bro. Te Chioco. Rt. Wor. Bro. Youngberg expressed his satisfaction with the showing made by the Lodge and made a few impressive remarks about the selection of material in Masonry. After labor, refreshments were served. The official party started on their return voyage to Manila on the following morning, with the Masons of Davao regretting the shortness of the stay of the Rt. Wor. Junior Grand Warden.

From Agno Lodge No. 75, Tayug, Pangasinan

A large crowd attended the funeral at Tayug, Pangasinan, on April 28th, of Brother Fernando Montaño, a member of Agno Lodge No. 75, it being the first time that a Masonic funeral was held in the municipality mentioned. Bro. Montaño's death occurred at Tayug on April 25th. Among those who attended the funeral were Rt. Wor. Bro. Isidro Paredes, Senior Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of the Philippine Islands, and several other government officials.

From Acacia Lodge No. 78, Iloilo

At a well-attended meeting on April 16th, Acacia Lodge raised Ceferino de los Santos, a F. C. of Kasilawan Lodge No. 77, and Francisco S. Hortillas, both prominent lawyers of Iloilo. Seven Past Masters were present and visitors from seven Sister Lodges attended. Refreshments were served after labor. Addresses were made by Wor. Bros. Leonardo Garduño and Evelio Zaldivar.

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From Service Lodge No. 95, Manila

Monday night, May 12th, Service Lodge No. 95 held a special meeting and the Sublime Degree of Master Mason was conferred upon Brother Floyd E. Dunn by a special team of Sojourners composed entirely of officers from Fort McKinley and Camp Nichols. Judging from their initial appearance, the Fraternity in and around Manila will be given a treat in watching them work in the future. The team is exceptional in that it is composed of representatives from sixteen jurisdictions. We think that's a record. And with few exceptions our own ritual was strictly adhered to. That shows work and enthusiasm to be commended.

Those who took part in the work are:
W.M., Lt. E. M. Masterson (Rtd) P. M.—Service Lodge No. 95.
S.W., Lt. H. J. Edwards—Baguio No. 67.
J.W., Capt. Allan Johnson—Alexandria Washington No. 22 Virginia.
S.D., Capt. A. E. Andrews—Franklin No. 20, Maine.
J.D., Capt. J. L. Ortrander—Western No. 22, Colo.
Std., Lt. C. J. Ancker—Independence No. 87, Iowa.
Std., Lt. W. E. Dunkleberg—Siruis No. 323, Rockford, Iowa.
Ja., Capt. Guy L. Hartman—Farmington, N. C. No. 265.
Jo., Capt. H. B. Hildebrand—Washington No. 9, N. J.
Jm., Capt. E. P. Passailaigue—Friendship No. 9, Charleston, N. C.
1st F. C., Capt. L. Zuppann—Friendship No. 417, Detroit, Mich.
2nd F. C., Major R. B. Moore—Geo. C. Whiting No. 22, Washington, D.C.
3rd F. C., Capt. F. A. Ward—Manila No. 1, Manila.
Sect., Capt. R. F. Love, Hiram No. 616, Altoona, Pa.
Chaplain H. C. Fraser, Sandrum No. 48, Savanah, Ga.

Captain Passailaigue read the Perambulation, and the Charge was delivered in an impressive manner by Major Moore, who also gave a short address on behalf of the Sojourners. Our own Deputy Grand Master, Rt. W. Bro. W. W. Larkin, presented the Working Tools, and left no doubt in the candidate's mind as to the symbolical use of the Trowel. Other Sojourners present were Capt. T. A. Roberts, Tomkins No. 466, Ga., Capt. T. E. Gerber, Rolla No. 213, Mo., Lieut. A. P. Bragan, Bhan No. 757, Bhan, Ala., and Lieut. R. E. McElfirt, (Res), Service No. 95. All told there were representatives from nineteen Lodges in the States and several Lodges in the Islands—quite a collection for one Lodge room! After the meeting the Brethren adjourned for refreshments and a social hour before departing for their various posts.—*M. L. G.*

From Leonard Wood Lodge No. 105, Fort Stotsenburg

On May 5th, last, Leonard Wood Lodge conferred the degree of Master Mason on Bro. John D. Cook. The work was done by a team composed of members of the local chapter of National Sojourners, headed by Wor. Bro. Fred Damman. Most Wor. Bro. C. W. Rosenstock, P.G.M., was present; he read the charge and made a brief address.

The Ruling Thought of Freemasonry

The ruling thought of Freemasonry is the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men. A fatherhood better worshiped by the upbuilding of a pure and spotless character than by all the graces of carven stone. A brotherhood which sends its thrill of human sympathy through every heart that throbs with pain or sorrow; which kneels in unselfish devotion to remember a brother's welfare; which extends a helping hand to him who stumbles and is about to fall; which whispers words of counsel in the ear of him who strives but fears defeat; a brotherhood inculcating a charity which binds all mankind by the sacred ties of sincere affection.—*Illinois Freemason.*

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Personals

Manila No. 1.—Bro. Albert Karl Spielberger, who was raised on February 18th, received a certificate of proficiency in the work of the third degree on May 1st.

Bro. Frank C. Bennett was installed as Senior Deacon on May 1st, in place of Bro. Mathes who had resigned. At the same meeting, Wor. Bro. John W. Smith was installed as Chaplain.

Bro. Samuel Roy Hawthorne, J. W., now absent on a short business trip to the U. S., has presented the Lodge with a new ballot box.

Bro. Myron Edward Tielkemeier was raised on April 15th.

Word has been received that Bro. George I. Frank was married on February 8th to Miss Lee Haas of Cleveland, Ohio, and that they expect to make their home at Seattle.

Bro. Jos. C. Thomas writes from Helena, Montana, that he still has hopes of again being stationed in Manila before retiring from active service.

Bro. Barclay is with the Veterans' Bureau in Richmond, Va.; Bro. Frank F. Becker is instructor with the R. O. T. C. at the University of Florida, and Bro. Pinger is in Washington, D.C., but would like to sit in his Mother Lodge once more.

Corregidor No. 3.—Captain Alexander MacKaskill, Master of the S.S. *Silveryew*, and Mr. Kirby R. Gile were initiated at a special meeting held on April 26th.

Wor. Bro. E. Ford Hickman and family sailed for the United States on the S.S. *Fernglen* on May 8th. They were going direct to San Pedro and expect to motor up the California coast to Seattle and thence east through Montana, where they will spend some time, down through Yellowstone Park, the Grand Canyon, and then to Columbia City, Indiana. It is not yet known whether Bro. Hickman will return to the Islands, though his Brethren hope he will.

Bro. L. M. Cox, J.W., has left for duty as treasurer of the Silliman Institute at Dumaguete, Or. Negros.

Wor. Bro. Verne E. Miller delivered a splendid illustrated lecture on his travels before Mt. Arayat Lodge of Perfection on May 9th.

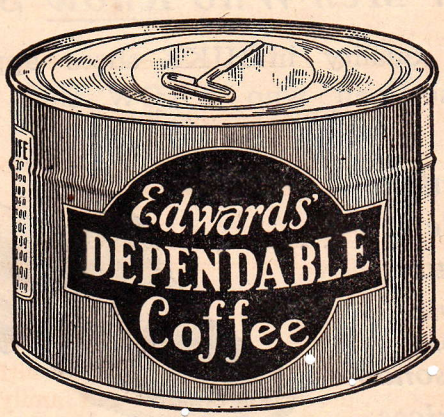
Most Wor. Bro. N. C. Comfort spent a few days at Pagsanjan during the first week in May and a few days in Mariveles about the middle of the month.

Wor. Bro. Verne E. Miller and wife celebrated their Silver Wedding on May 17th; they were married at Laoag, Ilocos Norte, on May 17, 1905.

Bagumbayan No. 4.—Wor. Bro. Daniel Limbo, whose house was burned during the big fire in Singalong on March 13th, is now living at 1023 Anacleto.

Wor. Bro. Leo Fischer has removed from 852 Mabini to 1141 Mabini, Malate. Mrs. Fischer and their daughters Emily and Acacia are making preparations to leave for the United States in June, for an extended stay.

DEPENDABLE Coffee



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On May 15th, Wor. Bro. and Mrs. Fischer celebrated their silver wedding; they were married at Brussels, Belgium, on May 15, 1905.

Acacia Louise, Wor. Bro. Fischer's youngest daughter, had the misfortune of breaking her leg while playing near Fort San Antonio Abad on May 14th. She is getting along nicely.

Southern Cross No. 6.—Mr. Alexander McNair Willing, of the General Motors Export Co., was initiated on April 14th by a special team headed by Bros. R. P. Flood, I. B. Brown, and J. R. Herdman.

Announcements have been received of the marriage of Bro. T. R. Scoon.

On March 17th, last, Polar Star Lodge No. 245, of the State of New York, conferred the third degree upon Bro. Chas. B. Breunich, a F.C. of Southern Cross Lodge.

Bros. Robt. H. Soule, James H. Warner, and Charles J. Wheeler have applied for and been granted demits to enable them to enter into the work of Lodges in their respective home towns.

Letters and regards have been received from Bros. Clifford H. French and Geo. D. Templeton.

Biak-na-Bato No. 7.—Bro. Catalino Navarro's son Rafael has been operated on for appendicitis.

Bro. Geronimo Montoya having gone to the provinces, his raising to the degree of M. M. has had to be postponed until the June meeting. Bro. Genzo Gobayasky will probably be passed to the degree of F.C. at the same meeting.

Cosmos No. 8.—Bro. Herman E. A. Ruething returned in April from a visit to the Hawaiian Islands. He visited Hawi, where he was employed before coming to the Philippines, making the trip there and back to Honolulu by regular express airplane. Bro. Ruething addressed the Kohala Masonic Club on February 10th.

Bro. John Sinn writes from Honolulu, sending the program of a Masonic play entitled "The Traitor" which was staged there by the Scottish Rite Bodies.

Bro. Thomas G. Henderson spent a few days in April in Bohol and Cebu. He expects to leave shortly for a trip to the United States to visit his son who is attending university in Arizona. Bro. Henderson has been appointed a member of the Memorial Day Committee by the Governor-General.

Bro. and Mrs. Martin B. Lauritsen sailed on the S.S. *President Cleveland* on April 23rd for a trip to the United States; they intend to stay away six months.

Bro. Sixto Y. Orosa came up from Bacolod, Occidental Negros, late in March, but had to hurry back to perform an urgent operation.

Word has been received of the marriage of Bro. Arturo Soler to Miss Carmelita Wille in Zamboanga in April.

Wor. Bro. A. J. N. Gabler-Gumbert made a trip to the Southern Islands during the Easter Holidays to inspect his hacienda and visit friends in Mindanao.

Bro. F. E. Pfannenschmidt made a business trip to Iloilo in April, and on May 3rd he left Manila again for Cebu, Zamboanga, and Davao.

St. John's No. 9.—A letter from Sibert Lodge, Gatun, Canal Zone, reports that Bro. Harry Weinrabe of St. John's visited that Lodge on February 19th.

Mrs. Martin Ruppel and her young son have left for the States.

Bro. Norman A. Cook sailed on April 1st for an extended trip to the United States.

Bro. Walter Dencker, of Camp John Hay, left on April 9th on the S.S. *Van Buren* for Hamburg, Germany, to join his family and visit his wife's relatives in Denmark.

Bro. Dave M. Burchfield of Davao came to Manila to meet Mrs. Burchfield and their child who had arrived on April 23rd after having spent a vacation in the United States. Mrs. Burchfield's mother accompanied her daughter, for a short visit to the Islands.

Letters have been received from Bro. F. J. Trevilian, 293 Fourth Ave., San Francisco; Charles H. Leavitt, and Joseph M. Anderson. The brother last named, who writes that fishing is fine at San Diego, his present station, expects to return to Manila in the near future.

Walana No. 13.—Bro. L. Gutierrez y Avecilla, after having been engineer at the Victorias Milling Company central for a year and eight months, has returned to Manila and is now located at 779-B, P. Paredes, Sampaloc.

Bro. Norberto Asinas is back from his inspection trip to the Moro country.

Pilar No. 15.—Bro. Manuel de Leon, formerly on the Receiving Ship at Cavite, was transferred to the U. S. S. *Pecos* and sailed for Shanghai, Sunday, May 11th.

Bro. Bonifacio Monzon has been sick for some time and is still confined to his bed at his residence at Imus, Cavite.

Bro. Justo P. Yabut writes from Baguio sending best regards to the Brethren.

Bro. Mariano Dominguez had the misfortune of dislocating an ankle but is all right now.

Bro. Sinforoso G. Tan Song Tay wrote from Legaspi, Albay, asking for a dimit, as he intends to affiliate with Mayon Lodge No. 61.

Wor. Bros. Zosimo Topacio and Candido Sayoc, both of the Internal Revenue Bureau, attended the Baguio Conference.

Banahaw No. 24.—The members of the Lodge greatly rejoice over the recovery from sickness of the following Brethren: Bro. Diego S. Ortiz, who was operated on for appendicitis at the Philippine General Hospital; Bro. Emilio Veranga, who has been ill with dysentery; and Bro. Juan Parafina, whose complaint was rheumatism.

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Wor. Bro. Pedro P. Diaz, Master of the Lodge, visited the Brethren residing in Alabat in connection with the establishment of a new private high school there. The name of the new high school is Alabat Island Academy.

Bro. Enrique Epino, our secretary, has just returned from Manila after taking the summer course in the Philippine School of Arts and Trades.

Bro. Vicente Orda, our Junior Warden, has commenced the establishment of one of the biggest lumber mills in Tayabas; it will be named Villa Lumber Mills and be located at Villa, Tayabas.

Bro. Ambrosio Velasco, our Senior Deacon, has just returned from Manila after taking his sister, Miss Gliceria Velasco, to the Chinese Hospital to study nursing.

Bro. Eleuterio Lim's father, Bro. Lim Uy, also a member of this Lodge, has just returned after six years vacation in China.

Pinagsabitan No. 26.—Wor. Bro. and Mrs. Roman Kamatoy celebrated their silver wedding on May 6th by a dinner and dance in the Lodge hall. Many members and sojourners attended this delightful affair.

Wor. Bro. Balbino Kabigting accompanied Grand Master Vicente Carmona and party on May 14th on their official visits at San Pablo and Nagcarlang.

Bros. Zosimo Fernandez and Angelo Angeles (19) and Wor. Bro. Balbino Kabigting are back from Baguio.

Ibarra No. 31.—Bro. Castor Silvestre is now provincial auditor of Oriental Misamis, with station at Cagayan.

Isarog No. 33.—Wor. Bro. and Mrs. Alexander Gordenker are mourning the death of their son, Edward Gordenker, eight months old, who died on April 22nd of acute gastro-enteritis in the provincial hospital at Naga, Camarines Sur.

Maguindanaw No. 40.—Bro. Maximo Suniel is mourning the death of his first child who died on April 24th. Several Brethren attended the funeral. Our Brother and family are now at Camp Keithley, on a vacation.

Bro. Clemente Hipe is now administrative deputy in the office of the provincial treasurer of Occidental Misamis.

Bro. Mariano B. Bonan, of Mambajao, visited Cagayan recently; this was his first visit since he was raised here six years ago.

Wor. Bro. Antonio A. Pabayo has written from Oroquieta, Occ. Misamis, and Bro. G. R. Monsod from Iloilo.

Mr. Julio V. Pacana was initiated on April 17th.

Charleston No. 44.—Bro. F. H. Gormley has changed his address from 24 High St., Newport, R. I., to Box 624, Nantucket, Mass.

Bro. W. H. Pitkin's new address is 228 W. 16th St., New York City.

Bro. W. O. Corbin, Chief Gunner, U. S. M. C., has been appointed chief of police of Guam, and Bro. Clive Oates, sergeant, U. S. M. C., will be assistant chief of police. Bro. Corbin belongs to Friendship Lodge No. 89, Barnesville, O., and Bro. Oates holds membership in Pearl Harbor Lodge No. 598, of Honolulu.

Bro. Arthur Brown, of Osiris Lodge No. 26, Washington, D. C., will leave for the U. S. soon, after having been particularly helpful to Charleston Lodge during his sojourn in Guam.

Another sojourner who has been active in Masonic work left Guam on April, in the person of Bro. M. Axlerod, of Hawaiian Lodge No. 21, Honolulu. Bro. Axlerod has completed his second tour of duty with the Commercial Pacific Cable Co.

Bro. Edward Brook Howell, lieutenant-commander (D.C.), U. S. Navy, was raised on December 23, 1929.

Bro. George C. Gentry's new address is c/o Receiving Ship, San Diego, Calif.

Makabugwas No. 47.—Wor. Bro. Dominador J. Gallardo has returned to Tacloban after a stay of two and a half weeks in the Philippine General Hospital in Manila where Bro. Dr. A. Mandanas performed a successful surgical operation upon him.

Sarangani No. 50.—Bro. Lim Juya gave a party to Secretary Alunan and those who accompanied him, on April 23rd, at his residence.

Wor. Bro. Alfredo Zamora, Bro. Sergio Salvaleon, and Eugenio Durante inspected the several municipal districts on the gulf of Davao in April.

Dr. Pedro R. Santos, S.W. of the Lodge, spent several days vacation on his hacienda in the barrio of Bunawan with his family.

Bro. Eligio C. Ureta was ill at the Davao Public Hospital in April.

Wor. Bro. Victoriano de Guzman spent a short vacation in Manila and Bro. Bartolome J. Cuadra did the same thing in Zamboanga, in April.

Bro. Bernardo Bagamaspad sends greetings from Cotabato.

Pintong-Bato No. 51.—Wor. Bro. Higino de Guia had the misfortune of losing one of his children by death recently.

Wor. Bro. Julian C. Balmaceda is being congratulated upon his election as president of the newly-formed "Academia ng Wikang Tagalog."

Bro. Jose Arcellana is acting chief operator of the Telegram Section now.

Filipinas No. 54.—Bro. Alipio R. Nuqui was married to Miss Julia Rojo at Sta. Cruz, Marinduque, on May 5th, last, sponsors being Representative Ricardo Nepomuceno, Mrs. Celso J. Zoleta, Governor Leon Pelaez, and Mrs. Amado K. Villarica. In the evening, the parents of the bride gave a well-attended ball in the house of Don Perfecto Riego.

Pangasinan No. 56.—A daughter was born to Bro. Francisco Aquino, the J. W. of this Lodge.

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Bro. Mamerto P. Carpio was operated on for appendicitis at the San Juan de Dios Hospital, Manila, in April.

Bro. Manuel Peña, station master at Bauang, Sur, was under medical treatment at Mangaldan, his home town, when heard of in April.

Marble No. 58.—Wor. Bro. Matias S. Martinez, Master of this Lodge, returned from Manila on May 4th, in much better health than when he left to undergo medical treatment at the capital of the Islands.

Bro. Agustin Fetalvero is convalescing after undergoing a surgical operation at St. Luke's Hospital in Manila.

Bro. Melanio Honrado, acting provincial treasurer of Surigao, attended the provincial auditors' and treasurers' convention at Baguio.

Bro. Domingo J. del Callar has removed from Tarlac to Dagupan where he is representing the Athletic Supply Company.

Tamaraw No. 65.—Bros. Gorgonio Jacob and Doroteo Jacob are mourning the death of their father which occurred on May 8th in Daraga, Albay, their home town.

Baguio No. 67.—Bro. and Mrs. Madrid report the birth of another daughter, on March 20th. They now have two boys and two girls.

Bro. and Mrs. James Moses celebrated their silver wedding on April 7th.

Bro. Louis O. Heck's new address is c/o Episcopal Theo. Seminary, Alexandria, Virginia.

Bro. Feliciano Nivera sends greetings from Kiangan, Ifugao.

Wor. Bro. C. Z. Cuenco has been appointed Grand Lodge Inspector for Union Lodge No. 70.

Magat No. 68.—On May 11th, Bros. Jovito Tottoc and F. D. Guimban visited Bro. Mateo Tottoc who is in bed suffering from an abscess of the salivary glands.

Kasilawan No. 77.—The wife of Bro. Jose Atienza has undergone a surgical operation at the Philippine General Hospital.

Bro. Francisco Ancheta has been promoted to Secretary of the Collegiate Department of the Y. M. C. A.

Bro. Mariano Y. Guzman, of the Bureau of Labor, was on duty at Luisiana, Laguna, for some time, returning to Manila on March 10th.

Bro. Gerardo G. Armonio, who is connected with the International Youth Survey, made a short trip to Lingayen in April.

Bro. Ricardo H. Guzman writes from Bongabon, Nueva Vizcaya.

Bro. Ceferino de los Santos, a F. C. of this Lodge, was raised on April 16th by Acacia Lodge No. 78, of Iloilo.

Bro. Zacarias de Guzman writes from the U. S. Naval Station, Great Lakes, Ill., that on his travels he visited Masonic Lodges in Port Angeles, Wash., Valparaiso, Chile, and Bremerton, Wash.

Bro. Pia Paw Chi's wife died at the Mary Johnson Hospital on April 29th and was buried in the Chinese Cemetery on the same day.

Bro. and Mrs. Calixto Ferreria's niece, Aurora, died on May 12th.

Bro. Ariston Macapugay writes from San Fernando, Pampanga, where he is stationed as a salesman of Macondray & Co.

Acacia No. 78.—Wor. Bro. Henry H. Sherrard of the Phil. R'y. Co. has left on a vacation for the United States. He will not return to Iloilo until about the end of the year.

A letter was received from Past Master Amos Dorr Haskell conveying happy news and sincere wishes for the Brethren of this Lodge. Wor. Bro. Haskell left Iloilo for Houston, Texas, three years ago. Now he writes that he is very much delighted to return to Iloilo and is anxious to see the new Masonic Temple which, when he left, was under construction.

Bro. Oscar H. Charles, whose whereabouts was reported erroneously by this Lodge to be unknown, sends greetings and dues from Lingayen, Pangasinan. Bro. Charles is again superintendent of schools of Pangasinan.

Bro. H. W. Lewis and Bro. A. H. Taylor gave this Lodge the amount of ₱50.00, to be added to its special fund for charity purposes.

Wor. Bro. Fernando Ramirez, secretary of this Lodge, reports that, after the lapse of ten years, he was able to meet again his old boss, Rt. Wor. Bro. Dr. Stanton Youngberg, Director of the Bureau of Animal Husbandry, when the latter honored Acacia Lodge No. 78 by an informal visit on May 19th. Bro. Ramirez has been recently operated on for a tumor by Bro. Dr. Antonio Sanagustin, and though he was not feeling well, he made efforts to report to his Lodge to extend a fraternal welcome to Rt. Wor. Bro. Youngberg, our Junior Grand Warden.

High-Twelve No. 82.—Wor. Bro. Nemesio Reyes has returned from Tuao, Cagayan, where he spent a few months' vacation. His new Manila address is 1453 Felix Huertas, Sta. Cruz.

Wor. Bro. Filomeno Galang is busy traveling in the provinces representing several concerns.

Bro. G. Lewis de Sylva visited the southern provinces in May in the interest of the El Brillante Jewelry Store.

Bro. Severo Mariano y de Jesus left on April 29th for Digos, Santa Cruz, Davao, to look after his plantation.

Bro. Mauricio Lazo, who has been ill since April, is well on the way to recovery.

Bro. Fidel T. Manalo, our S.W., had a bad fall from the gang-plank of a steamer at Pier No. 7 in April but has recovered from his injuries.

Bros. Cesareo Deocampo and G. W. Lewis de Sylva announce the birth of daughters.

Bros. Francisco (48) and Alejandro de Mesa are mourning the death of their mother who passed away on April 27th.

Bro. Quintin Gallidon recently lost his brother, a member of Tayabas Lodge No. 43, of whose four orphaned children he is now taking care.

The youngest Entered Apprentices in this Lodge are Bros. Guillermo Ponce, Calixto Santos, and Gregorio Labitag, who were initiated on April 19th.

Bro. Eduardo Co Seteng was elected president of the Manila Lumber Merchants' Association on April 23rd.

Wor. Bro. Eugenio de la Cruz is acting chief of the Division of Forest Lands and Regulations of the Bureau of Forestry since April 1st.

Bro. Atanacio de la Vega visited Manila early in May to buy modern machinery for his printing plant in Batangas.

Bros. Gregorio Cariaga and Ong Siong Ya were hospitably entertained by Bro. Dominador R. Escosa when they visited San Pablo, Laguna, on April 30th.

Bro. Cornelio Lacsamana is back at his desk after a business trip through the provinces for the Minerva Cigar Corporation.

The Secretary has received letters from Bro. Casiano Karganilla, Bro. Manuel Santiago (Bacolod), and Bro. Felipe Carbonilla (Iloilo).

Bros. Modesto and Numeriano Flores lost their father who died of pneumonia on May 3rd.

Among the Brethren who are on a vacation are Bro. Roberto P. Villatuya, in Atimonan; Bro. Paciano Armeña, in Tarlac, and Bro. Juan V. Cunanan, in Masantol and Baguio.

Bro. Esteban T. Cruz is recovering, having been ill for several weeks.

Abra No. 86.—Bro. Calixto Sudiacal passed through Manila on May 8th, coming from Dipolog and Sindangan, in Zamboanga Province, where he has been active as private and deputy land surveyor. From Manila he continued his journey to Abra with his family who had come to Manila to meet him. Bro. Sudiacal will return to his station with his wife and children after a brief sojourn in Abra.

Wor. Bro. Angel Tadeo, after having barely recovered from an operation for appendicitis at the Philippine General Hospital, had the misfortune of losing his daughter of seven years who died at the hospital mentioned, from an abscess, on April 16th. The remains of the child were taken to Romblon and buried there on April 21st.

Muog No. 89.—Wor. Bro. James T. Lyons, Past Master of this Lodge, and Bro. Lawrence W. Cott were given a despedida on March 2nd, at the Legaspi Landing prior to their departure for the United States. Wor. Bro. Lyons was presented with a resolution thanking him for the valuable services and help he has rendered to Muog Lodge.

Wor. Bro. Pedro Lombos was absent from the City on official business in Capiz during April.

Wor. Bro. Eulalio Monsod made a trip to Iloilo to visit his brother, Lieutenant Godofredo Monsod, P. C., a member of Maguindanao Lodge No. 40.

Our Lodge is in receipt of a letter from Bro. Lewis M. Gould sending fraternal greetings to the Brethren. Bro. Gould has recently been promoted to 2nd Lieutenant in the United States Army with station at William Beaumont General Hospital, El Paso, Texas, U. S. A.

Benjamin Franklin No. 94.—Bro. Seth Overbaugh Craft was raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason after the transaction of business at the April Stated Meeting, with Bro. R. C. Caldwell, S.W., occupying the East.

Bro. A. M. Wagner has left for his new assignment in Zamboanga.

Bro. C. H. Conrad, Jr., writes from Fort Sheridan (Chicago), and Bro. Roy L. Bodine from Fort Benning. Bro. Bodine has been promoted to major since he left the Islands.

Bro. Roy M. Newlin has joined the ranks of the married men; his present address is 1345 Taylor Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Bros. C. Otis Bohanan, Harry J. Morgan, and R. T. Fitzsimmons have been appointed members of the Memorial Day Committee by the Governor-General.

Wor. Bro. J. M. Bury and wife have returned to Manila after a sojourn of several weeks in Baguio. The rest and the mountain air seem to have done Bro. Bury a great deal of good.

Isagani No. 96.—Wor. Bro. Clemente Terso was sick in bed in the early part of May.

Wor. Bro. Isaac Santos' mother is recovering at the San Juan de Dios Hospital after a successful operation.

Bro. Alfonso A. Pablo reports the birth of a daughter on April 30th.

Bro. Rafael Sarmiento, academic supervisor for Batangas, is teaching summer classes in the city of Iloilo.

Bro. Julian Esteban, of Victoria, Tarlac, is attending summer classes in the Philippine Normal School in Manila.

Bro. Elpidio Rafael left his position as cashier of the Tarlac Provincial Hospital at the close of May to continue his studies in Manila.

Leonard Wood No. 105.—Wor. Bro. Chas. O. Sigler reports the birth of a son at the post hospital at Fort Stotsenburg. The Lodge, at its special meeting on May 12th, suspended labor for the purpose of congratulating the proud father.

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Masonic Mystery

Freemasonry stands as a most mysterious institution. Its origin is lost in the abyss of unexplored antiquity. No historical records exist that point out with a certainty the time, place, or particular manner of its commencement.

Masonry seems to be the direct descendant of the ancient mysteries, but this is only speculative imagination.

The Eleusinian mysteries taught the immortality of the soul, and other sublime truths, and Freemasonry does the same. It is the doctrine of the Essenes and that of Pythagoras.—*Masonic Tribune.*

Seccion Castellana

Editoriales

Los Aplomadores

En la Reunión trimestral de la Gran Logia de Massachusetts celebrada el 12 de Septiembre de 1923, el Gran Maestre de dicha jurisdicción habló con alguna detención de los deberes de las comisiones de aplomadores. Dijo que las dificultades que encontramos en la administración de los asuntos de la Orden tienen su origen ya en la ignorancia o ya en la negligencia y dejadez de los miembros y que no hay ocasión en que se vea más ignorancia o negligencia de parte de los Hermanos que cuando una comisión de aplomadores presenta su informe relativo a un candidato. Dijo, además, que las comisiones no deben jamás basar un informe favorable en el hecho de que no han podido descubrir nada de desfavorable al solicitante, sino que no se debe informar favorablemente a menos que una investigación comprehensiva de las condiciones y circunstancias del solicitante y las interrogaciones más francas dirigidas a los a quienes trata, hubiesen revelado algo en el carácter y la conducta del candidato que justificara su admisión y garantizara que ha de ser material valioso para la Logia.

Nuestro Ilustre Hermano de Massachusetts tiene razón sobrada al hacer estas observaciones y al concluir diciendo que impondrá el castigo correspondiente en cualquier caso de negligencia relacionado con la recepción o aplomación de solicitudes que pueda ocurrir en el futuro. Con harta frecuencia, el informe de los aplomadores se reduce a la observación de que no se ha podido encontrar nada de desfavorable al solicitante y se admite a material que luego se convierte en carga o peligro para la Logia.

No podemos repetir con demasiada frecuencia que los aplomadores deben ejercer su delicado cometido con el mayor celo y cuidado.—*L. F.*

Los Cuidados Matan

Dicen que los cuidados matan a más personas que las epidemias y nos parece que hay mucha verdad en eso. ¿Para qué debemos dejar que el pensamiento del futuro agrie la dulzura del presente? Sin embargo, no debemos ir demasiado lejos con ese abandono de toda inquietud y ansiedad. El hombre que no se preocupa del porvenir de su familia hasta el punto de dejar de asegurar su vida, no cumple con su deber hacia los seres que dependen de él y hacia la sociedad que, desaparecido él, tendrá que encargarse de mantener a su viuda y huérfanos.

El hombre que se halla en la plenitud de sus fuerzas y tiene buen destino o medios de fortuna, piensa raras veces en la espada de Damocles suspendida sobre su cabeza. No se da cuenta de que la falta de salud y la ruina económica son dos enemigas que asechan a todos y pueden caer sobre él en cualquier momento. Sabe que es deber suyo hacer algo para asegurar el porvenir de su familia, pero lo aplaza de día en día y se queja amargamente cuando cae víctima de la adversidad sin haber podido hacer nada en beneficio de los suyos.

Pocas Logias hay que no tengan que socorrer a viudas y huérfanos de Masones que murieron dejando a sus familias sin medios de vivir. La frecuencia de semejantes casos habla mal no solamente de los individuos que no hicieron nada para impedir que esto suceda, sino de las Logias que aceptaron a solicitantes tan mal preparados, en vez de insistir que el candidato asegure su vida antes de ingresar en la Logia.—*L. F.*

De la Logia Marble No. 58, Romblon

El Ven. Hmno. Manuel T. Albero, gobernador provincial, estuvo de inspección del 12 al 16 de Marzo en los municipios de Jones y Concepción, y en abril en la isla de Tablas.

El 30 de Marzo salió de Romblon el Ven. Hmno. Leonardo Garduño, juez de primera instancia, para celebrar sesiones en Cápiz.

El Ven. Hmno. Angel S. Tadeo (86), tesorero provincial de Romblon, ha sido operado por apendicitis en Manila.

El Ven. Hmno. Matías S. Martinez estuvo en Manila en Abril.

El Ven. Hmno. Adriano N. Ríos salió para Negros el 30 de Marzo para tratar un importante negocio en maderas con el Hmno. José S. Perez.

El Hmno. Filomeno Piczon volvió a Romblon a mediados de Marzo después de unas vacaciones bien disfrutadas en su provincia natal, Samar.

No se pudo celebrar la tenida regular correspondiente al día 12 de Abril por falta de quorum y por consiguiente no se pudo tratar la propuesta reforma al reglamento interior de la Logia cuyo objeto es rebajar el tipo de la cotización anual.

De Fuentes Extranjeras

La Fiesta de San Juan

La fiesta de San Juan es una fiesta tradicional y existe como una de las prácticas más antiguas en nuestras Logias.

Desde los más remotos tiempos los tres primeros grados de la Masonería se han denominado Masonería de San Juan, porque Juan Bautista ha sido el patrono de nuestra Institución, puede decirse desde su nacimiento.

La antigua masonería, compuesta de las asociaciones de constructores albañiles y talladores de piedra, celebraba ya con gran suntuosidad y con singular regocijo la fiesta de Juan Bautista.

Numa Pompilio fundó varias sociedades de arquitectos, bajo la protección de Jano, rey del Lacio, a quien Saturno le concedió el más alto poder de sabiduría. Años más tarde estas sociedades convertidas al cristianismo eligieron a Juan Bautista como su patrono, en concordancia con sus nuevas doctrinas.

Entre Jano y Juan Bautista existen numerosos puntos de contacto simbólico; Juan Bautista, como el rey del Lacio, representa la avanzada de las nuevas doctrinas que debían redimir a la doliente humanidad, bajo los aspectos de bondad, respeto y confraternidad, esparciendo sus sabias doctrinas con cariño y sin ningún fin interesado, transformando así las costumbres primitivas y concentrando sus enseñanzas en la cristiana frase: "Amaos los unos a los otros", frase hoy muy difundida teóricamente entre los católicos de profesión y muy pocas veces respetada o practicada por los llamados Ministros de Dios.

En los tiempos modernos, la Masonería a pesar de las muchas variaciones que ha experimentado en sus simbolismos, conserva intacta y con todo respeto la invocación de Juan Bautista, prescindiendo, naturalmente, de su carácter de Santo y manteniendo a este tradicional personaje bajo su aspecto estrictamente simbólico.

San Juan como precursor encarna la pureza y es el que limpia a los espíritus para conducirlos por el camino de una nueva vida, de la misma manera como se le encamina en nuestra orden a los nuevos hermanos que acuden a nuestros templos a recibir la luz de la verdad para sepultar para siempre el pesado fardo de prejuicios y errores que flota en el ambiente de la vida profana. Juan Bautista representa o simboliza al ser que lucha por sus ideas, por sus convicciones y que está siempre dispuesto al sacrificio, como lo hace todo masón cuando se trata de defender la verdad y combatir el error y la mentira.

La Masonería, como toda obra humana, ha sufrido en su desarrollo muchos tropiezos que le han ocasionado enormes

perjuicios. Todos sabemos que la antigua Masonería era formada por obreros constructores. Mientras en Europa los cristianos hacían construcciones de importancia, los hermanos constructores tenían trabajo en abundancia y así la orden llegó a su más alto grado de prosperidad, pero las construcciones empezaron a escasear y las logias empezaron a decaer. A principios del año 1700 las logias eran víctimas de la más completa desorganización, notándose en ellas gran escasez de afiliados. Con el decaimiento anteriormente anotado las fiestas anuales habían desaparecido por completo.

Por fortuna en el año 1703, la Logia San Pablo de Londres, alarmada por la crisis masónica reunió a sus miembros e hizo la siguiente declaración: "LOS PRIVILEGIOS DE LA MASONERÍA NO SERÁN EN LO SUCESIVO PATRIMONIO EXCLUSIVO DE LOS MASONES CONSTRUCTORES; CUALQUIERA OTRA PERSONA AUNQUE SEA DE DIFERENTE PROFESIÓN TENDRÁ DERECHO A OPTAR A ELLOS CON TAL QUE SEA REGULARMENTE APROBADA E INICIADA EN LA ORDEN".

Así pudieron ingresar a la Orden numerosos individuos sabios que tuvieron gran actuación por sus elevadas ideas emitidas en el seno de sus hogares masónicos. De esta manera revivió la Masonería en Inglaterra.

A continuación las Logias de San Pablo, la de la Taberna de la Corona, la de la taberna al Romano, nombraron una comisión con el objeto de reformar la Masonería en Europa. Esta comisión acordó reunirse cada tres meses, bajo la dirección del hermano más antiguo, hasta designar de Gran Maestro a un hermano de gran prestigio y que desempeñase con acierto este delicado puesto.

El 24 de Junio de 1717, día de San Juan, se reunió la comisión y eligió Gran Maestro al prestigioso hermano Antonio Sayer. Este activo hermano nombró a sus oficiales y con la entusiasta cooperación de estos inició con acierto los trabajos de reorganización, formando así la Francmasonería. Desde esta fecha empezó para nuestra Orden una nueva era de progreso. Este importante acontecimiento iniciado el día de San Juan, constituye por su trascendencia un motivo muy justificado para celebrar el 24 de Junio.

—*Revista Masónica de Chile.*

Espíritu Masónico

(*Por "Zurriaga," en el Boletín de la Logia Biak-na-Bato No. 7, de Manila, Islas Filipinas*)

Esta frase es desgraciadamente una de las que se componen de palabras hueras para muchos, y tal vez completamente desconocidas, por un olvido lamentable de lo que nos enseñaron cuando dábamos los primeros pasos para atravesar los umbrales de la Masonería.

¡Tolerancia y fraternización! Hermosas virtudes que se practican con muy poca frecuencia. Lo que más comunmente sucede es que nos enfurezcamos y nos irritemos por la cosa más trivial. El espíritu de separación, de desviación, de sublevación, es lo que al momento se apodera de nuestro sér, haciendo que impere el mal y que se alejen la paz y la armonía. En nuestras conversaciones con nuestros hermanos, como en nuestros tratos con los profanos; en nuestras discusiones sobre religión o política, sobre artes y ciencias y sobre cualquier cosa que envuelva diferencia de criterio, o que ataque de alguna manera nuestro amor propio, o parezca una crítica de los defectos de nuestra nación, de nuestro gobierno, de nuestra raza o de nuestras costumbres, lo que inmediatamente nos anima es el espíritu de discordia, de lucha, de despedazamiento del enemigo creado por nuestra fantasía, ofensor encarnizado a quien se le desea ver poco menos que triturado o deshecho en pedazos a nuestros pies. Pero la tolerancia, el perdón, la armonía, la fraternización y la humildad muy pocas veces toman parte en nuestras contiendas, muy pocas veces sentimos su presencia en nuestro espíritu, muy pocas veces nos ofrecen la paz de nuestra alma y la tranquilidad de nuestros corazones.

El orgullo y la soberbia son las dos pasiones que más generalmente se enseñorean en el alma de la humanidad y desgraciadamente no son ajenos a ellas muchísimos miembros de nuestra fraternidad. ¿Qué otra explicación puede darse al resentimiento de algunos porque se saque a relucir algún defecto que se haya observado en ellos y que de una manera indirecta se haya tratado de corregir sin mentar para nada ni sus nombres ni sus señas personales?

¿Qué otro significado puede tener esa indiferencia que se nota en algunos cuando publicamos en forma festiva lo que hemos podido observar aquí y allá que nada favorece y que por el contrario debe cortarse de raiz por maléfico y pernicioso?

No hace mucho oimos de un personaje que desgraciadamente sostiene un criterio distinto del nuestro, que no convenía sacar a relucir nuestros defectos ni hacerlos públicos, porque el pueblo profano y particularmente nuestros detractores se enteraban de ellos y podían echárnoslo en cara. Indudablemente, este señor estaba distraído cuando dijo semejante cosa, pues, fuera de semejante estado y hablando en serio, no es posible creerlo. Jamás hemos hecho alarde de ser perfectos, ni de que hayamos llegado a la santidad. Nunca hemos asegurado que no tengamos defecto los masones, y por el contrario, siempre hemos proclamado que nos hemos hecho masones para ser mejores hombres y que nos hemos hecho obreros de ese edificio moral para conseguir llegar al *summum* de la perfección. Pues, si esto es así, mal podemos vanagloriarnos de una perfección que no tenemos y a que sólo aspiramos llegar mediante las sabías lecciones que proporciona el Arte Real.

No debemos, por consiguiente, avergonzarnos de tener defectos, pero sí, de no corregirlos. No debemos ser hipócritas ocultando lo que tenemos, pero debemos demostrar que ponemos los medios de evitar no sólo nuestra caida, sino también la de nuestros prójimos. Por eso predicamos la armonía, por eso aconsejamos la unión fraternal, porque comprendemos que sin ellos, el mundo iría de descalabro en descalabro, y el hombre nunca podrá llegar a su perfeccionamiento moral. Este es el trabajo de la verdadera Masonería.

La Insurrección en Filipinas*

Por considerarlos de sumo interés, reproducimos algunos párrafos de unos estudios, que sobre la insurrección en Filipinas, ha publicado el distinguido diario madrileño *La Justicia:*

La Francmasonería es muy moderna en Filipinas. Si en las Baleares tiene un abolengo que se remonta, nada menos que al primer tercio del Siglo XIII, en que se construyó la catedral de Palma, preciosa obra arquitectónica que los francmasones trazaran en 1230, bajo la protección del Rey D. Jaime; si en el Reino de León existían logias de maestros, que en el siglo XV levantaban templos como el de San Zoilo, dirigido por Juan de Barrajoz, y en el de Castilla un Masen Rubi edificaba, a los comienzos del siglo XVI, iglesias como la de los Bracamontes, en Avila; si los maestros francmasones haitianos de Santo Domingo implantaron logias en Cuba y Puerto Rico en los comienzos del siglo actual, en el Archipiélago filipino las hubo hasta fines del año de 1854, en que las fundara el médico D. Mariano Marti, fallecido veintisiete años más tarde en el curso de su navegación al regreso a su patria.

El referido señor, juntamente con algunos extranjeros, fundó logias en varios puntos del Archipiélago, pero no prosperaron y pronto quedaron disueltas.

En 1872 llegó a Filipinas D. Rufino Pascual Torrejon, iniciado en la Logia de Madrid, y unido a Marti, fundaron logias puramente españolas y compuestas de españoles.

Hasta 1884 las logias de Filipinas no admitían a trabajos a los indios y mestizos. Desde dicha época, y por iniciativa del Gran Oriente Español, se abrieron las puertas de los templos a todos los indios y mestizos que supiesen bien leer y escribir, tuvieran una regular instrucción, y siempre que de las sindicancias que se corrieran en la logia, resultase:

1. Que el candidato era una persona de conducta intachable.
2. Que era hombre libre y de buenas costumbres.
3. Que tenía posición decorosa de que vivir.
4. Que amaba a España y que profesaba una religión determinada.
5. Que era útil a la logia, a la patria y a su familia.

(*) *El Candil* 27 Septiembre, 1896. Año 1, Num. 5.

Pero con todo esto, apenas si los indios** ingresaron en las logias, y éstas, en un 70 por 100, estaban compuestas de españoles, en su mayoría militares de alguna graduación y empleados civiles de categoría superior.

Las logias vienen siendo gobernadas con gran orden, y sin estas algaradas que en ocasiones determinadas se han repetido en España.

También pertenecen a ellas señoras, y hay adopciones de menores.

La beneficencia es la nota característica de las logias.

En estos últimos años, desde 1886, éstas han celebrado numerosas tenidas blancas (reuniones o sesiones con profanos) leyéndose trabajos literarios, históricos y científicos; pronunciándose discursos, ejecutando obras musicales y cantando piezas escogidas del repertorio español e italiano. De esta suerte, la Francmasonería en Filipinas no es sólo benéfica, si que también tiene carácter educativo.

No pertenece a ninguna logia ni un solo militar que no sea de la clase de oficial, ni un solo clérigo, según he podido comprobar por los cuadros lógicos que de todas ellas he tenido a la vista.

El número de francmasones y su clasificación, es este:

Europeos (Españoles)	1,214
Idem (Franceses, ingleses, alemanes, etcetera)	32
Indios, mestizos, chinos y africanos	890
Señoras (españolas)	17
Idem extranjeras	9
Idem Indias, mestizas, chinas y africanas	61
Adoptados (Lovetones)	10
Total	2,233

(**) Indios—Filipinos.

Las Granadas

Las *granadas* que ostenta la parte superior de las Columnas de entrada al Santuario, nos simbolizan, al primer análisis, que la unión de todos los corazones masónicos, es rítmica y perfecta, compacta y uniforme como lo es la unión de los granos en el interior de la mencionada fruta; enseñándonos también, que la Cadena Mística que envuelve a los Masones en una afectiva y amorosa solidaridad, es una, única, dentro del gran conglomerado de la universal Institución.

Nos emblemizan, esotericamente, los dulces bienes que brinda la naturaleza y que como los granos de esta fruta encerrados y unidos en su misma envoltura, así de igual manera, los Masones están unidos en la Verdad, única que los envuelve y que a pesar de ser múltiples no forman más que una sola familia en torno de la redondez del planeta, constituyendo un hermoso ejemplo de la armonía social.

Así como las granadas son pródigas en deliciosos frutos, así los Masones son pródigos en la Beneficencia y en obras de Caridad.

Filosóficamente su simbolismo nos enseña el ser pródigos en ejemplos de virtuosidad y abundantes y benéficos en sabios principios de alta moral, a fin de que el mundo profano pueda cosechar nobles enseñanzas y sublimes ejemplos, sólida base sobre la que descansa el andamiaje de la liberación de los pueblos y por lo tanto la redención de la humanidad.

Nos *revela*, en su esotérico lenguaje, un mismo germen, una misma substancia, un mismo asilo, imagen del pueblo masónico que multiplicado al infinito, a pesar de la múltiple variedad de creencias religiosas, filosóficas y políticas, no constituye más que una sola familia, unida por un único ideal de mejoramiento y de perfección de la especie humana.

Es la *granada*, por el simbolismo de su contextura filosófica, fiel *reflejo* de la Logia, donde se condensan todas las opiniones con el fin de crear un solo pensamiento, una

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sola armonía de conjunto, dentro de la diversidad de tendencias u opiniones, llegando asi al cumplimiento de los deberes de Solidaridad y Tolerancia. De ahí nace la Fraternidad y el Amor que a todos nos iguala y cobija en un exquisito ambiente de Libertad y de Justicia.

Es, también, *Imagen* del espacio estelar donde, bajo la comba azul del cielo, brillan las estrellas, unidas en una sola substancia interplanetaria, como brillan los dones de la Ciencia y de la Virtud, bajo el cielo fraterno de la Hermandad Masónica, extendiendo su amplio manto de protección y de cariño a todos los hombres deseosos de un mejor despertar a la vida de relación y que solicitan cobijarse en la límpida claridad del luminoso Templo de la Fraternidad, Amor y Tolerancia.—*De "Acacia," Montevideo, Uruguay*).

Palabras de un Maestro

Por las calles maltrechas de una aldea se paseaba un viajero. Se detuvo de pronto, frente a una finca en cuya puerta, se hallaban en relieve, algunos instrumentos de albañilería, y su arquitectura mereció su atención.

En esto pasó un aldeano, quien, receloso acercóse al viajero, y le dijo: señor, señor, no se detenga aquí; esta casa está embrujada. Por la noche se reunen hombres misteriosos que se retiran muy tarde y a veces, se oyen ruidos extraños como de cadenas. Hemos averiguado que algunos de ellos no son de la aldea y vienen desde muy lejos, ni con frío, ni con lluvia, faltan a la cita. Su constancia admira. El padre cura dice que hablan con el diablo, que hacen brujerías, que están excomulgados y que no debemos tratarlos. Estamos alarmados y pronto los correremos de estos lugares.

Ya sé, interrumpió el viajero, quienes se reunen aquí, son masones, no les temáis, puesto que trabajan para vuestro propio bien; ellos no hablan con el diablo, sino con su propia conciencia para ser rectos en sus juicios; para ser benevolentes sin ostentación.

La mentira los persigue, la ignorancia, los denuncia, Satanás, brujería, anatema, infabilidad, etc., son términos vertidos por quienes tienen interés en que vosotros permanezcáis en la penumbra del terror. Estudiad y os libraréis de esas inquietudes; de modo que, cuando truene, o se pierda la cosecha no tengáis que atribuirlo, supersticiosamente a santos, diablos o persona alguna. He recorrido muchos pueblos y en todos he hallado masones.

En todas partes los he visto trabajar para saber, para fortalecer, para embellecer. Si sois hombre honrado y bueno, golpead en esa puerta; os abrirán, y entonces, veréis que vuestros temores son infundados.

No les temáis y divulgad lo que os digo: "no levantéis falsos testimonios."—*"Acacia," Puerto Rico.*

Solsticio de Verano

Es hora de quietud y arrobamiento:
Osiris brinda a Isis sus amores
pletórico de ensueño. En los albores
hay susurros de paz y de contento.

Es la hora fecundante. Deja el viento
el pólen en el cáliz de las flores,
y en los nidos los pájaros cantores
unen sus trinos al creador concento.

Día de gratitud y exultaciones,
la flor de los afectos fraternales
perfuma el corazón de los masones.

Y en las almas, los rayos solsticiales,
dejan besos de róseas ilusiones
y perlas de divinos manantiales!

—José Limón de Arce,
de Puerto Rico, en *Hojas de Acacia.*

Los Cinco Mandamientos del Masón Como Patrono

En uno de los números del *Masonic Analyst* se leen los siguientes mandamientos del Masón patrono, firmados por el reverendo John F. Lanier:

Primero.—Toda adquisición, que persiga ganancias de dinero a costa de la moral y pone el dinero sobre los demás bienes de la tierra, es antimasónica.

Segundo.—Toda ganancia que en los hombres ve sólo instrumentos de trabajo, en lugar de colaboradores en el bienestar general, es antimasónica.

Tercero.—La doctrina de que el trabajo es una mercancía y de que, por lo tanto, las relaciones humanas deben rebajarse al nivel de un negocio pecuniario, no corresponde a la concepción de que los hombres deben considerarse unos a otros como hijos de padres y es, por tanto, antimasónica.

Cuarto.—El mandamiento divino, Ama a tu prójimo como a tí mismo, obliga a los masones, como patronos, a desear para sus obreros, en su trabajo y en su vida, lo que desean para sí mismos y para sus hijos.

Quinto.—El crédito nacional e internacional es el resultado de una actividad común; por lo mismo debe servir al bien de todos y no de uno solo.

Recuerda estos cinco mandamientos. Por ventura ¿consiste tu profesión en hacer dinero y perder a los hombres, y no en la satisfación de las necesidades y en el perfeccionamiento de la humanidad?

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Orientaciones Temperamentales y Evolutivas

Por RAMÓN LEBRÓN, en *Acacia*, S. Juan, P. R.

Hay, esencialmente, tres tendencias en la vida a las que se acogen los humanos, conforme a su temperamento y a su desarrollo evolutivo.

Estas tendencias están representadas por el egoísmo, el altruismo y la espiritualidad.

EGOISMO

Los egoístas viven en el porvenir. Están apegados a todo lo que sea material, especialmente a los bienes de fortuna; como la hiedra que se adhiere a la pared. Para ellos, el pasado no tiene importancia y el presente lo utilizan solamente como medio de precaución para asegurar el porvenir.

Si tienen bienes de fortuna, nunca están seguros de su situación. Ven en lontananza un futuro lleno de desolación y de miseria, y a sus hijos en la orfandad y en la estrechez.

Por estas circunstancias se muestran conservadores en la inversión de sus recursos, a tal extremo, que renuncian a los placeres y al *confort*, y niegan a sus familiares aquellas cosas que otros padres más felices les proporcionan, para su bienestar, como medio de endulzar su existencia.

Son, en una palabra, parásitos, inútiles para toda obra altruista, para toda tendencia civilizadora y progresista.

OPTIMISTAS

Los optimistas viven el presente. Siguen el principio sustentado por Marden y otros psicólogos, quienes recomiendan que no agriemos el presente ni con el pasado ni con el porvenir.

El pasado se hundió en la penumbra de la historia y el porvenir es incierto, desconocido.

Vivamos el presente, teniendo la mente predispuesta a los altos ideales y actuemos en armonía con la razón y la justicia, libre de prejuicios, de pasiones bastardas; el presente es una consecuencia del pasado, como el porvenir será una consecuencia del presente.

"Lo que tú siembras, eso cosecharás". Si trigo, espigas: si flores, perfumes: si odio, venganza.

Dice un filósofo "somos lo que fuimos, seremos lo que querramos ser".

ESPIRITUALIDAD

Los hombres superiores, los seres evolucionados, que han entrado en el *sendero de perfección*, esos viven en lo eterno.

Ellos saben que la vida es transitoria, efímera, deleznable: que dura lo que las flores, que abren su corola con la aurora para recibir el rocío vivificante que les da vida y lozanía, y mueren al caer de la tarde, calcinadas por los ardorosos rayos solares.

El promedio de nuestra existencia es tan corto, que no llega a una centuria, antes de efectuarse el fenómeno que llamamos muerte, para renacer en la inmortalidad.

La vida es eterna como el mundo. Cada existencia es un minuto en el reloj de la evolución humana.

En estos tres aspectos de la vida están los hombres de distintas categorías en la evolución espiritual. A través del tiempo los egoistas pasarán a la categoría de optimistas, y éstos al plano bello y fecundo de la espiritualidad.

Los últimos son los más felices. Ellos han libertado su conciencia y viven placenteramente, sirviendo a la humanidad, inspirados en la ley de renunciación, con absoluta ausencia de deseos haciendo la vida sencilla, y poniendo sus conocimientos, su poder y sus actividades al servicio de sus hermanos, como medio de cumplir la ley, la suprema ley de fraternidad universal.

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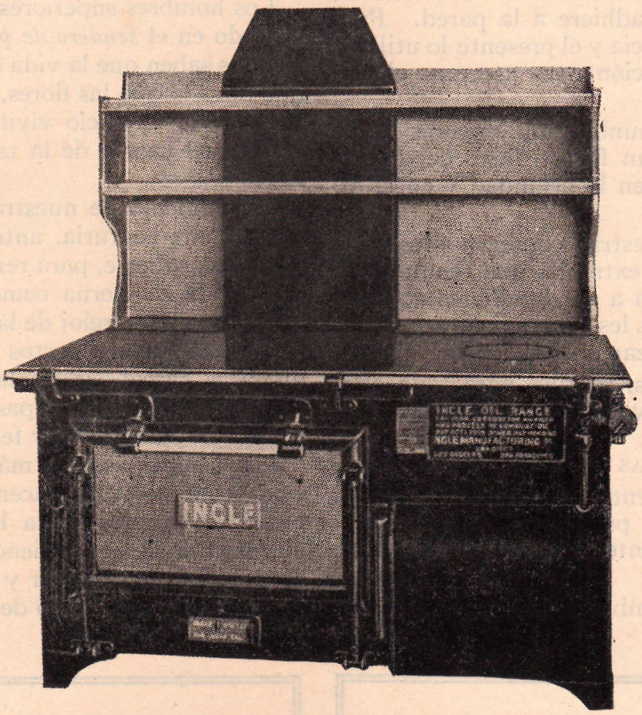

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