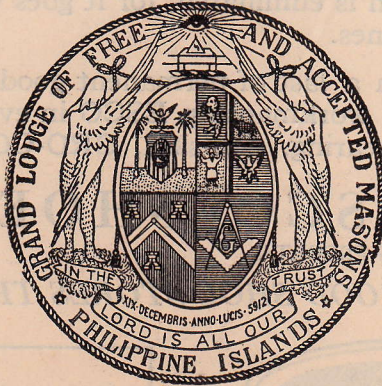


# The Cable Tow

Vol. VIII

Manila, P. I., July 1, 1930

No. 2



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

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



MARCELO H. DEL PILAR

*Died at Barcelona, Spain, on July 4, 1896*

He fought the fight—he kept the faith—  
His fame shines bright and clear,  
And his memory lives in loving hearts  
Which will hold it ever dear.



# The Shoe of Quality

... FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

## DECISION

Sometimes it is difficult to decide what shoe should go with which suit, but with this handsome model, indecision is eliminated, for it goes with any light-colored suit, such as are worn in the Philippines.

It is built on a last of permanent good looks, the materials used are of the best, the workmanship ESCO in every particular, and the soles are of the long-wearing, non-skid, GRO-CORD type.



## ESCO SHOE STORE

615 ESCOLTA

MANILA

SOLD BY GOOD SHOE STORES THRUOUT THE PHILIPPINES

### IMPORTANT

When you buy shoes it is to your interest to see that you get what you pay for. The genuine ESCO shoe has a label sewed inside and the trade-mark on the sole. Look carefully for them, and if you do not find the trade-mark ESCO do not buy the shoe—it is not a genuine ESCO.

FOR HAPPY FEET WEAR ESCO SHOES

SE VENDE AQUI

**Royal**  
SOFT DRINKS

ON SALE HERE

## Good Taste Good Judgment!

### You Display Both When You Ask For "Royal"

Because you are demanding a Soft Drink that is delightfully pleasing... one that is delicious and refreshing... And a drink that you know is safe, pure and wholesome—



Ask For and Insist on Getting

# Royal

SOFT DRINKS

## San Miguel Brewery

Every drop of "Royal" is pure and is bottled in our own sterilized bottles... with all its delightful flavor sealed in. It is a safe, healthful drink that is delicious and refreshing.

Each San Miguel product is a good product—manufactured in a plant that has nothing to hide. Visitors are given a cordial welcome.

# 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

JULY 1, 1930

No. 2

## Editorial Section

### Independence Day

There is nothing nobler and greater than a people striving for its independence without counting the cost. This is what the founders of the United States of America did in the glorious years of the Revolution, and the success of their efforts, ushered in by the Declaration of Independence, is being celebrated every year on the Fourth of July. It is a matter of pride to all Masons that among the signers of the Declaration of Independence and the valiant men who led the armies of the rising nation there were many members of our great Fraternity, and that the Masonic tie served to a large degree as the cement that knitted the patriots into one solid mass which the opposing powers were unable to disintegrate and overcome. It was a nation ruined economically which emerged from the great struggle, but against all probabilities and predictions, young America grew and prospered and finally developed into the greatest and wealthiest republic of the world. The day on which "the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress, Assembled," declared the United Colonies to be Free and Independent States and mutually pledged to each other their Lives, their Fortunes and their sacred Honor, is one to fill the heart of every citizen of the United States with pride and that of every member of a dependent people with hope.—L. F.

### The Fourteenth of July

The great national holiday of the French nation, the Fourteenth of July, has been established not so much to commemorate the storming of the Bastille by the people of Paris in 1789 as a great feat of arms, but the birth of the French Republic and of the new era of the rights of man which it ushered in. Too much ink has been wasted over the terrors of the French Revolution and the wrongs of the aristocrats who were caught in the maelstrom of those fearful days. The outcome of the Revolution seems to justify the belief of the ancients that a building will be stronger and stand longer if human lives are sacrificed when its foundation is laid. Dickens "Tale of Two Cities" is an excellent text to read for those who see in the events of 1789 and following years nothing but a carnival of bloodshed and crime. France may be well proud of her glorious contribution to liberty and progress of which the storming of the Bastille is the symbol.—L. F.

### Echoing Our Sentiments

In our March, 1930, number we published an editorial entitled "The Fear of Death" in which we urged the necessity of investigating committees and Lodges insisting upon petitioners making suitable provision for the future of their dependents. We have always advocated this and shall

always do so. That we are not alone in taking this stand is shown by the fact that editors elsewhere applaud it and back up our editorials on the subject of life insurance. Bro. Walter H. Braun, editor of *The Palmer Templegram*, a small but important and ably-edited paper published by Henry L. Palmer Lodge No. 301, of Milwaukee, Wis., after doing us the honor to reproduce our abovementioned editorial in full in his May number, has the following to say of it:

#### PUTTING YOUR HOUSE IN ORDER

In the preceding article from the "well qualified" pen of the Editor of the Manila, Philippine Islands, CABLETOW a subject has been touched which is assuming threatening proportions among members of Masonic Lodges throughout the world, and—we are very sad, but compelled to be brutally frank about it—also among members of our own Henry L. Palmer Lodge.

Despite all assertions to the contrary, on their admission to the Fraternity, Masons continue to labor under the misapprehension, that their membership entitles them, respectively their families, to full financial support from the Lodge in cases of death or equally severe disaster. Worse yet, they have conveyed such impressions to their families and even to the families of Brother-Masons. Incontrovertible evidence to this effect is on the records of our "Widows and Orphans Committee".

Free Masonry is *not* an Insurance Society and never did, does, nor will compete with perfectly legitimate commercial institutions, which take care of such matters.

The extent of our moral obligations as an Institution to support the widows and orphans of deceased brethren covers no more than to "help them to help themselves" and no Mason can justly claim to be included in the "worthy" of such aid, who has deliberately and willfully neglected to do his own share in providing for the needs of those loved ones whom he leaves behind him.

Any intelligent and thinking Mason can understand that the nominal yearly dues which he pays for the "maintenance" of his particular Lodge are entirely inadequate to supply insurance protection or financial support in large amounts to his family. It is one of those things which "can't be done".

These are plain words. They cannot and must not be misunderstood. Go, my Brother, and put your house in order—NOW!

Thank you, Bro. Braun, for your generous comment and support in a matter which we consider of vital importance for our Lodges.—L. F.

### Visiting the Sick—An Art

Visiting the sick is an art. Some possess that art naturally, by instinct and disposition. Others acquire it by observation and experience. And still others will never master it because they lack the fundamental qualities required: tact and fine feeling. A quarter or half an hour with a friend who has mastered the art of visiting the sick is a blessing to the patient; it refreshes, cheers, and encourages him and is a wonderful aid to the physician. The same time of presence in the sick-room of a tactless and unintelligent visitor annoys and tires the sufferer and leaves him in a frame of mind unfavorable to his recovery. The committee for visiting the sick should, therefore, be hand-picked and should not be the same for every patient.

The questions to be considered are: Will a visit do the sick Brother good or harm? At what hour and on what day should the visit be made? How long should it last? Who should visit the patient? What subjects of conversation should be avoided? Most of these questions can best be answered by the family or close friends of the sick man or by his physician. The visitor must be welcome to begin with. He must be entertaining and agreeable. He must have tact and common sense enough to avoid all subjects liable to irritate or discourage the patient. He must be a patient and sympathetic listener if the sick Brother is a man who likes to speak of his ailments. He must show consummate skill in cheering the patient, which must be done without showing the intent too plainly. He must leave at the psychological moment.

In this respect the same as in many others, the best policy is: imagine yourself in the position of the other man and act accordingly. If you can do that to perfection, your visit is very apt to be a success.—L. F.

### A Son's Letter to His Dead Father

Some time ago, a Brother whom we consider one of the very best Masons we have ever known, told us, on occasion of the death of his father, that he and his father had always been more like pals than son and father and had understood each other perfectly. Unfortunately, such an ideal relation does not always exist between son and father. To promote a better understanding between living fathers and their sons, an unknown author conceived the following letter, supposed to have been written by a son to his dead father, which we copy from the *Ivanhoe Masonic News* and which will, we are sure, appeal to many of our readers:

Dear Dad:

I am writing this to you, though you have been dead thirty years. From your seat in the Place Beyond I hope you can see these lines. I feel I must say some things to you, things I didn't know when I was a boy in your house, and things I was too stupid to say.

It's only now, after passing through the long, hard school of years; only now, when my own hair is gray, that I understand how you felt. I must have been a bitter trial to you. I was such an ass. I believed my own petty wisdom, and I know now how ridiculous it was, compared to that calm, ripe, wholesome wisdom of yours.

Most of all, I want to confess my worst sin against you. It was the feeling I had that you "did not understand".

When I look back over it now, I know that you did understand. You understood me better than I did myself. Your wisdom flowed around mine like the ocean around an island.

And how patient you were with me! How full of long suffering and kindness.

And how pathetic, it now comes home to me, were your efforts to get close to me, to win my confidence, to be my pal!

I wouldn't let you. I couldn't. What was it held me aloof? I don't know. But it was tragic—that wall that rises between a boy and his father, and their frantic attempts to see through it and climb over it.

I wish you were here now, across the table from me, just for an hour, so that I could tell you how there's no wall any more; I understand you now, Dad, and, God! how I love you and wish I could go back and be your boy again.

I know now how I could make you happy every day, I know how you felt.

Well, it won't be long, Dad, till I am over, and I believe you'll be the first to take me by the hand and help me up the further slope.

And I'll put in the first thousand years or so making you realize that not one pang or yearning you spent on me was wasted. It took a good many years for this prodigal son—and all sons are in a measure prodigal—to come to himself, but I've come, I see it all now.

I know that the richest, most priceless thing on earth, and the thing least understood, is that mighty love and tenderness and craving to help which a father feels toward his boy. For I have a boy of my own.

And it is he that makes me want to go back to you, and get down on my knees to you.

Up there somewhere in the Silence, hear me, Dad, and believe me.

—L. F.

### Don't Throw It Away!

It is not the cigarette butt that might cause a million-peso fire, or the banana peel that might spell a plaster cast for the next person coming along on the sidewalk, or a

postage stamp that Brother Comfort or Brother Banks will tell you is listed at fifty or a hundred pesos: it is that little piece of tin foil which you remove from your cigar or your candy. Don't throw it away! Put it in your pocket and have some receptacle—a cigarette tin, a vase, or something of that kind which is in a handy place, in which to toss it. Then, when you have filled that receptacle, take its contents and give or in some other way, shape or manner convey it to a friend of the little cripples by the name of Chapman, Wm. Huse Chapman, a Mason of the red-cap species who holds forth on the 6th floor of the Masonic Temple on the Escolta. This Brother has, in addition to a big heart, a lump of tin foil about the size of an old-fashioned cannon ball but he says he needs more ammunition, all he can get, in fact.

The explanation is simple: Bro. Chapman says that when he has gathered enough of this waste tin foil he will sell it, and he has calculated that if he gets one hundred pesos for his accumulated store of tin foil it will help to take care of another little cripple in our Masonic Ward.

Now, don't be satisfied with what you can collect yourself. Induce others to save tin foil. Tell your children, your wife, or your best girl to save the tin foil from candy and other things coming in that kind of a wrapper. The more, the better. Our good Brother on the sixth floor says he will place a box there to receive contributions of tin foil. Mark you, if he can't have your tin he wants at least your tin foil!

If you think this will be too much trouble for you, remember that it is for the crippled children, for our hospital, and you will surely change your mind about it!—L. F.

## Editor's Mail Bag

### Service Lodge, the De Molays, and Bro. Martin I. Lapp

In our March number we gave an account of DeMolay degree work done in Manila, and we now take pleasure in publishing a letter concerning that work and article, placed at our disposal by Wor. Bro. Beishir, which reads as follows:

UNITED STATES NAVAL RESEARCH LABORATORY  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

May 1, 1930.

MR. WILLIAM BEISHIR, *Secretary*,  
Service Lodge No. 95,  
Manila, P. I.

Dear Bro. Beishir:

Have just received a report from Bro. Binckley about the big meeting with the De Molays exemplifying the Ritual before the Lodge. Then Bro. Martin I. Lapp, radio man first class who is the son-in-law of Bro. Leo Fischer, gave me his copy of the March CABLETOW in which I found the article regarding this meeting.

We want you and your good Brethren of Service Lodge to know that you are deserving of the utmost praise for your efforts and hospitality extended to the De Molay boys and Bro. Binckley. Please convey the most sincere thanks from the Battle Fleet Chapter to the Brethren for their kind co-operation with these young men whom we sent away from Seattle, Washington, last August. They left their friends and parents here in the States but you Brethren have made them feel at home, and this means all to a man or boy of the Naval Service.

Fraternally yours,

CHARLEY M. HODGE,  
*Advisor, Battle Fleet Chapter*  
*Order of De Molay.*

P. S.—It may be interesting to friends of Bro. Lapp to know that he is attending the Naval Radio Engineering School here in Washington and is standing at the head of his class, as a Mason should.

Congratulations from the Editor to all concerned and our thanks to Wor. Bro. Beishir for his unfailing thoughtfulness!

### From the Brethren on the U.S.S. Henderson

Whether it be "Thank you," "Muchas gracias," "Besten Dank," "Maraming salamat," "Merci" or whatever you may think of, a cordial and sincere expression of appreciation

and gratitude is always gracious and welcome. Below we print a letter expressing the thanks of a number of our Brethren in the United States Navy and Marine Corps which was handed to us by Bro. C. E. Burnett, of Charleston Lodge No. 44, Guam, M.I., when the naval transport *Henderson* passed through Manila early in June. It breathes a spirit that appeals to us. The letter reads as follows:

On board U. S. S. *Henderson*,  
En route from Shanghai, China,  
to Manila P. I.

June 1, 1930.

The following Brethren are leaving for the United States aboard the U.S.S. *Henderson* and take this opportunity, through the *CABLETOW*, of thanking the Lodges of this Jurisdiction for the many courtesies bestowed on the signers while serving in the Orient.

That great tenet of Freemasonry, Brotherly Love, has been practised in its broadest sense in the Islands and it is with sincere regrets that we leave you.

Wishing all Lodges under the Jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the Philippine Islands success in propounding the Doctrines of Freemasonry to Mankind, we remain,

Fraternally yours,

Name	Lodge	Location
Blagden, J. D.	Benevolent No. 87	Carmel, Me.
Burnett, C. E.	Charleston No. 44	Agana, Guam.
Christman, R. E.	Geo. W. Kendricks, Jr., No. 690	Philadelphia, Pa.
Corr, F. A.	Delano No. 52	Philipsburgh, N. J.
Epperson, C. E.	Perla del Oriente No. 1034, S.C.	Manila, P. I.
Fredinberg, C. L.	Phoenix No. 115	Dansville, N. Y.
Ghornly, F. H.	Service No. 95	Manila, P. I.
Harper, W. S.	Faith Lodge	Faith, Mass.
Hicks, H. H.	Solomon No. 1	Charleston, S. C.
High, C. D.	Point Firman No. 558	San Pedro, Calif.
Huttle, R. R.	Port Royal No. 242	Port Royal, S. C.
Ketner, J. L.	Normal Heights No. 632	San Diego, Calif.
La Masters, O. R.	Cavite No. 2	Cavite, P. I.
Le Roux, W. V.	Service No. 95	Manila, P. I.
Landman, J. P.	Ashland No. 640	Ashland, Ky.
Meade, A. F.	Silver Gate No. 296	San Diego, Calif.
Lippman, W. P.	Elm City Lodge No. 544	La Grange, Ga.
Miller, A. N.	Cavite No. 2	Cavite, P. I.
Palma C.	Ibarra No. 31	Kawit, P. I.
Peterson, Robert	Ancient Landmark	Shanghai, China
Pollard, C. M.	Cavite No. 2	Cavite, P. I.
Schmidt, C. G.	Naval No. 184	Kittery, Me.
Sargent, J.	Perla del Oriente No. 1034, S.C.	Manila, P. I.
Shablek, L. F.	St. John's No. 11	Washington, D. C.
Skafidas, C.	Sinim	Shanghai, China.
Smith, L. D.	Monroe No. 160	Monroe, Wn.
Spencer, F. J.	Cavite No. 2	Cavite, P. I.
Thomas, W. L.	Cavite No. 2	Cavite, P. I.
Udasco, L.	Bagong Buhay No. 17	San Roque, P. I.
Weingart, J. E.	Cavite No. 2	Cavite, P. I.
Wright, T.	Byers No. 1106	Byers, Texas.

The following Brethren will remain in Manila:

- Palma, C.
- Udasco, L.
- Ketner, J. L.
- Wright, T.

## Official Section

### Grand Lodge Committee for Visiting the Sick

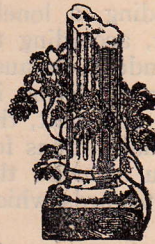
Most Wor. Grand Master Vicente Carmona has appointed Wor. Bro. Isidore Reich (80), José Guinto (48), and Clemente Bernabe (79) to act as Grand Lodge Committee for Visiting the Sick during the month of July, 1930.

### Addresses Wanted

The Secretary of Batong Buhay Lodge No. 27 desires to know the addresses of the following-named members of his Lodge: *Ang Chio'ng Siu, Hao Chiong Kap, Ventura Albao, Chan Naz Ye, Co Ting Sing, Gaw Cho, Lim Chu Hiong, Lim Kim Lo, So Keng Po, Teng Kuw Hya, and Tomas Tomi An.* Brethren knowing the addresses of any of the above-named Masons are kindly requested to communicate the same to Enrique Ant. Gaerlan, 1415 Azcarraga, Manila.

### Stated Meetings of Manila Lodges

- 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.
- July 10 (Second Thursday).—Corregidor No. 3, Masonic Temple; Batong-Buhay No. 27, 527 Alvarado.
- July 11 (Second Friday).—Dapitan No. 21, Plaridel Temple.
- July 12 (Second Saturday).—Biak-na-Bato No. 7, Masonic Temple; Dalisay No. 14, Plaridel Temple; Walana No. 13, Masonic Temple.
- July 14 (Second Monday).—Southern Cross No. 6, Masonic Temple.
- July 16 (Third Wednesday).—Sinukuan No. 16, Plaridel Temple.
- July 17 (Third Thursday).—Solidaridad No. 23, Masonic Temple.
- July 18 (Third Friday).—Modestia-Liwayway No. 81, Plaridel Temple.
- July 19 (Third Saturday).—Hagdang Bato No. 87, 527 Alvarado; High Twelve No. 82, Masonic Temple.
- August 1 (First Friday).—St. John's No. 9, Masonic Temple; Hiram No. 88, Plaridel Temple.
- August 2 (First Saturday).—Nilad No. 12, Plaridel Temple; Taga-Ilog No. 79, Masonic Temple; Araw No. 18, 527 Alvarado.
- August 4 (First Monday).—Luz Oceánica No. 85, Masonic Temple; Service No. 95, Plaridel Temple.
- August 5 (First Tuesday).—Manila No. 1, Masonic Temple; Kasilawan No. 77, Masonic Temple.



### Our Dead

They have gone  
To that country unknown;  
And each travelled the pathway  
Alone.

—Anon.

#### Brother Luis Parado.

Member of Noli-me-Tangere Lodge No. 42.  
Died on June 9, 1930.

Buried under the auspices of his Lodge in the Cementerio del Norte, Manila, on June 15, 1930.

#### Brother Clifford C. Butler.

Late a member of Nilad Lodge No. 12.  
Died on June 9, 1930.

Buried in the Del Norte Cemetery, on June 15, 1930.

#### Brother Robert S. Clemons.

Member of El Paso Lodge No. 130, El Paso, Texas.  
Died at the Sternberg General Hospital, Manila, on June 15, 1930.

Buried with Masonic honors on June 18, 1930.

#### Brother William N. Clum.

Member of Widow's Son Lodge No. 335, Livingston, N. Y.

Died in Manila, January 26, 1930.

Buried in the Masonic Plot, Del Norte Cemetery, on May 24, 1930.

#### Bro. Trinitario B. Munar.

Member of Union Lodge No. 70, San Fernando, La Union.

Died in Santa Maria, Pangasinan, March 12, 1930.

Buried masonically in the municipal cemetery of Santa Maria on March 16, 1930.

## Masonic Fiction

### Virginia Reel

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

#### A Glimpse of a Different World

"Jimminy Crickets, what's all that illumination thar?" Missouri Bill stopped in his tracks and pointed ahead where bright lights were visible through the gathering dark and drifting snow.

Charlie the Dane uttered a mild curse as he stumbled over a clump of sage brush by the side of the narrow path on which the three members of the U. P. railroad surveying party were walking in Indian file.

"By Golly, there's a train on the side-track!" he exclaimed. "Only a couple o' cars—I dank it is a special train waiting for the Express to pass. Vot you dank, Vanderford?" The question was addressed to the rearmost of the three men who, heavily booted and clad in sheepskin-lined jackets and other gear well suited to keep out the cold, were walking on the bank which, at this particular place, was a few feet higher than the side-track.

"Correct as usual, Charlie," answered the man whom he had addressed. "You are an oracle; but you had better mind where you are stepping or you'll skin your nose before you know it. And keep on walking, boys; I am hungry as a bear after hiking through that snow all afternoon."

Slowly, the three men walked past the train of three cars drawn up on the side-track at Coyote Siding, a lonely station on the Wyoming prairie—or desert, according to the official nomenclature. Lonely it was, indeed, because the section house, with the half dozen "jerries" living in it, and the tiny station building with its sole occupant, the telegraph operator, were the only human habitations for many miles around. Unless, of course, you included the three cars of the railroad surveying party towards which the three wanderers were heading.

From their elevated position on the bank, the men could look into the cars of the special train, two of which were brilliantly lighted inside. Cold, hungry, and weary from a hard day's work, the trio gazed longingly at the table, covered with white linen and shining silverware, which a negro in livery was arranging. It was like a picture from another world.

"Some rich guy's private train," growled Missouri Bill disgustedly. "I bet they don't feed them folks on sow-belly and beans. And look at that silver and that fruit and bread in gold baskets, and them flowers! By gum, I wouldn't mind. . . Oh, hell!" And Bill, whose favorite boast was being a relative of Jesse James, turned away and walked on.

Charlie the Dane was chuckling. "Go 'long, Bill," he said, good-naturedly. "That beans and bacon in the ole chuck-wagon are good enough for me and the Java is goin' to hit the right spot if it's good and hot! Come on, Vanderford; I'm for the grub—that's me, Charlie!"

The prospect of the cheer awaiting them in the snow-covered cars farther down the track seemed to have the effect of hastening the steps of the first two men, but the third stopped for a moment opposite the special train. The light from the cars showed Vanderford to possess a youthful, intelligent face, to which a large blond mustache added years of age. The wistful gray eyes under the fur cap rested on the cozy interior of the car with an expression of longing, then the young man shrugged his shoulders. Readjusting the strap of the bag which he was carrying, he was about to follow the others who had disappeared in the dark, when he suddenly stopped.

Through the door at one end of the dining-room, a young girl clad in a dressing-gown had appeared. Quickly she

passed through the brilliantly lighted room, which the negro had just left. Before stepping out, however, she turned towards the window and Vanderford looked into an attractive face, surmounted by a wealth of black, short, curly hair. The young man gasped. For a moment he stood rooted to the spot after the young woman had disappeared.

"What a pretty girl!" he murmured. "I bet she has the most beautiful blue eyes you ever saw. Some millionaire's daughter, I suppose. And in half an hour or so, after the Express has passed, their train will pull back on the main track and she will continue her journey towards some place in California, to bask in the sunshine."

With a sigh, Vanderford continued on his way. The three cars of the railroad surveying party stood at the other end of the long siding. They were old box-cars, with small windows cut in the sides and a door at one end. One served as drafting room, office, and lodging of the engineer in charge of the party, another as kitchen, store-room, and dining-room, and the third as bunk car. On the side of the latter were nailed the skins of a bobcat and three coyotes which had fallen victim to Vanderford's gun. The three cars were connected with each other by wooden platforms. The task of the surveying party was the same as that of others busy on the Union Pacific early in 1899, namely, the reduce grades and curves in order to enable the railroad to better take care of the increased volume of traffic. When the party had completed its work in a place, the cars were attached to a freight train and taken to some other station where work was to be done. Vanderford had been with the Clove party for six or seven weeks, during which their work had been carried on on snow-covered prairies, six thousand feet above sea level.

#### The Mason Hater

Half an hour after passing the special train, Vanderford was sitting at supper in the tiny dining-room of the party when the Express thundered past on its way east, and ten minutes later he saw the lighted windows of the special train flash by with a pang of regret. If he could be on that train, traveling towards sunnier climes with a charming companion like the girl he had seen! As it was, he would have a few minutes' conversation with Charlie or Jim, the rodman, and then he would retire, in the box-car fitted up with rough bunks which served them as sleeper, and have a good night's sleep, in spite of the reek of tobacco and of the biting wind that found its way through the cracks. Vanderford had been tramping through the deep snow all day, carrying a sack of heavy oak stakes, and the thought of his bunk, unattractive as that was, was not an unpleasant one. But even that boon was to be denied the young man.

"Mr. Vanderford?"

The rasping voice of the engineer in charge of the party announced a disagreeable surprise to the young man. Mr. Clove had taken a dislike to Vanderford from the day the latter had joined the party and lost no opportunity to put extra work on him. Vanderford knew a great deal about surveying from his college days but the engineer always found excuses for keeping him on as axeman and stake-marker instead of promoting him to one of the technical positions. The young man's patience was often taxed to the breaking point, but he clenched his teeth and kept silent.

"Sir?" he asked, turning towards Clove who was sitting at the head of the table.

The engineer poured milk from a can over the peaches which "Slim" Jack, the cook, had served for dessert, then he looked up, with a gleam of malicious enjoyment in his eyes.

"Mr. Vanderford," he drawled, "I have a little job for you. In about an hour and a half, the freight train from the West will be coming along and stop a minute or two

to throw off some location stakes which we ordered but which are not needed here. What I want you to do is to make them leave half the stakes here and take the rest to Rattlesnake Pass, for the Kane party. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," said the young man, choking down his wrath. He knew, and everybody else in the party must know, he said to himself, that this useless task had been put on him to vex him. The few bundles of stakes that were to be taken to the other surveying party could just as well have been dumped with the rest of the consignment, to be picked up the next morning and put in the cars for use at the next place.

He rose quietly and stepped out of the "diner," stopping a moment on the board platform which covered the coupling gear of the two cars, then he opened the narrow door at the end of the bunk-car and stepped inside. At the little stove, which was red-hot, sat Jim Metcalf, the rodman.

"Well, Bob, you look like a week of rainy weather," he said. "Has the old man been after you again?"

Vanderford nodded. "Yes," he answered. "Come on outside. It has quit snowing and I'd rather be out there in the cold and breathe pure air than be cooped up in this confounded place. I want to have a talk with you, and we can't talk with Bill and the rest of those yaps around."

Vanderford put on his coat and gloves, took a lantern from a hook and stepped outside, followed by Metcalf. It had quit snowing and stars were visible among the clouds. The two men descended the wooden ladder and stepped out on the main track which was almost free from snow. Vanderford took a few deep breaths of the pure, cool air, buttoned his sheepskin-lined coat and turned towards Metcalf.

"Everything dark and silent," he said. "There is not a light at the section house or at the station. I reckon the jerrics as well as the operator have hit the hay."

"Look out there," Metcalf retorted. "Do you see that light way over there twinkling like a star? That is the shepherd's wagon, and if you feel like quitting, Loony Abe will surely give you a job as night-herder. But, joking aside, what new stunt has the old man pulled off for your benefit?"

In a few words, Vanderford told the story. Metcalf removed the pipe from his mouth and spat in the snow.

"Well, that beats the Dutch," he said. "I wonder how you can keep your hands off the fellow, Bob. Some nice day that self-control of which you are so proud will leave you in the lurch and there'll be a fracas that both you and Clove will remember all your lives. The cuss is pretty handy with his fists and you can't box worth a damn; but I bet you'll make him sorry before he knocks you out."

Vanderford looked out over the wide plain for a few moments, then he turned to his friend.

"Look here, Jim, why does that rotter hate me so much?"

Metcalf laughed. "You don't know, ha? I do—it is all on account of that ring you are wearing on your finger."

"What? Has he anything against the Masons?"

"You bet he has! He is the biggest Mason-hater in half a dozen States! And I shall tell you just why, though we are not supposed to peddle around information like that. There is a certain Lodge in Denver where the Brethren look well to their ballot, and—but I needn't say more. Clove evidently knows what that plain broad band of gold around the ring-finger of your right hand means and he hates you for that, and for that alone."

"Ah! that explains it. I have heard of such reactions before. Hell knows no fury like a woman scorned' may be true, but if hell made the acquaintance of certain rejected petitioners for the degrees of Masonry that saying would have to be consigned to the category of exploded theories."

Metcalf had been sucking at his pipe all the while. Now he fumbled through his pockets for a moment or two, then he exclaimed:

"By George, I forgot my tobacco. Anyway, I am going back to the bunk-car, Bob. But let me tell you: my advice

to you is to quit this outfit and get a job with the B. & M. Here you will get neither promotion nor a square deal because Clove will do you all the dirt he can. Good night, Bob; I hope that freight will get here on time."

#### The Girl in the Snow

Vanderford knew that he had still a long time to wait but he was determined not to return to the bunk-car. The night was still and Vanderford was enjoying the peace and solitude. The clouds had been thickening again and snowflakes commenced to make their appearance.

Vanderford stepped towards two piles of ties stacked up by the side of the track to light his lantern. He had just turned down the wick and lowered the chimney when the weird, hysterical cry of a coyote rang out from the prairie, some hundred yards away. The young man turned on his heels with throbbing heart, but not on account of the unearthly yelps and howls of the coyote. The moment the animal had begun to utter his discordant call, the young man had heard a woman's scream. As he turned in the direction from which the sound had come, he perceived a dark form huddled up against the ties. For a moment he thought it was a bear; but before he could step back, the creature crouching in the deep snow sprang at him. Vanderford had not even time to gather his wits: ere he realized it, he held the trembling form of a young woman, dressed in a fur coat, in his arms. A white, frightened face looked up into his as the girl's arms tightened about his neck.

"Oh! those horrible wolves! Are they near? Haven't you a gun?"

For a moment Vanderford gave no answer to the breathless questions of the lovely girl who clung close to him in her terror. The warm, sweet breath caressing his face and the subtle perfume that came from the luxuriant dark hair intoxicated him. Slowly disengaging himself, he stooped and picked up the girl's fur cap which had fallen into the snow. Handing it to her, he said with a voice that was a bit shaky, but reassuring nevertheless:

"Cover your head, ma'am, a cold is quickly caught. And don't mind that mangy cur howling out there on the prairie. One coyote makes enough noise for a dozen, and there is absolutely no danger."

The girl blushed as she began to realize that she had thrown herself into the arms of a strange man. Raising his lantern, Vanderford saw an attractive face and a pair of beautiful blue eyes fringed by black lashes.

"Blue! just as I thought!"

"What is blue? Why do you say that?" The young woman looked puzzled as she asked the question.

Vanderford quickly lowered the lantern in order not to show the embarrassment that he knew must be written on his face. Then he stammered: "Oh, nothing... Well, I might as well tell you; I saw you a while ago as you passed through the dining-room on the train that was standing on the side-track, and I was wondering whether you had blue eyes."

The girl laughed. Vanderford thought he had never heard a more silvery sound.

"So you were the fierce-looking man of whose face I caught a glimpse as I was going to my berth," she said. "You gave me a start and nearly prevented me from carrying my plan into execution."

Vanderford smiled. "Won't you please tell me now how you come to be here? You can't stay here in the snow, you know; you will freeze to death."

The girl looked at Vanderford searchingly. Her face had an expression of discouragement and perplexity, but suddenly, with an exclamation of joy, she seized Vanderford's right hand from which he had drawn the glove.

#### A Mason's Daughter

"That ring! let me see it! It is just like father's. You are a Mason, then, aren't you?"

Vanderford nodded. "I am, and you are a Mason's daughter?"

"Yes," the girl replied, eagerly; "and I feel much safer with you now because I believe I can trust you and know that you will help me. I have run away from the people I was with and want to hide somewhere where they will not be able to find me."

Vanderford shook his head, gravely. "You have picked out a poor place for running away," he said, setting the lantern down in order to make the little group less visible. "You are in the middle of the desert here and there are no hotels and no women for many, many miles around. The passenger trains do not stop at Coyote Siding as it is not even a flag station."

The girl's face clouded. "I knew I had made a mistake a few minutes after our train had left, with me hiding behind a bush by the side of the track. I had been told that the train would pull on a siding to meet the Express from the West and I was under the impression that we were close to a town. I intended to take the first train east and go to Denver and from there down to Mexico. Now I must jump on the first freight train that stops here. You will help me, won't you?"

Vanderford looked into the pleading eyes that were raised to his. Of course, he would do anything for that girl and would not count the cost, either. But he shook his head.

"You don't know what you might run into stealing a ride on a freight train," he said. "Anyway, I won't let you do it because I owe you protection. This is a perplexing situation; but I shall find a solution. It is essential, it seems, that as few people as possible should see you?"

"It is, it is! My uncle is rich and as soon as I am missed, he will keep the wires hot and notify the police all along the line."

"Can't you tell me why you are running away and why you must hide? I am planning to do something foolish for your sake, but before I take the risks that I am disposed to take I would like to know something more about you."

The girl stood mute for a moment, with her pearl-like teeth imbedded firmly in the rosy nether lip, then she laid her gloved hand on Vanderford's arm.

"I shall trust you, Sir, and I want you to trust me. I may tell you my history later; for the present I will only tell you that I am Miss Reel, Harriet Virginia Reel, eighteen years of age, and an orphan. I am running away from my guardian, Dennis O'Brien, who thinks I am asleep in my berth and will not find out his mistake until to-morrow morning. I must also tell you that I have enough money on my person to pay my way. I am willing to take any risk and spend every dollar in my possession to get away from my uncle and aunt. I can't tell you more, Mr. . . . , Mr. . . ."

"Vanderford is my name, Robert Vanderford. I shall help you, Miss Reel. There is only one thing for you to do, and that is to get on the freight train which will come in about half an hour, and go to Rawlins where you can take a passenger train early in the morning. I shall go with you because I would not think of letting you go alone on such a journey."

The girl took Vanderford's hand in both of hers and looked up at him with tears in her eyes.

"God bless you, Mr. Vanderford," she said. "I was desperate and you have perhaps saved my life by coming to my assistance. But it must be a great sacrifice to you—"

Vanderford laughed. "Not at all, Miss Reel. I was ready to quit my job with the surveying party anyway, because the engineer in charge has been making life miserable for me. Moreover, I have always longed to play the part of a knight errant and wouldn't miss an opportunity to rescue a damsel in distress, especially when she is a girl like you and the daughter of a Brother Mason."

"Thank you," the girl said, simply, but the way in which she said it touched Vanderford deeply and made his blood

tingle. For a moment there was silence, then the young man picked up his lantern.

"We must walk up the track a short distance, Miss Reel," he said, "I have to get my hand bag from the bunk-car and you must be ready to board the freight train with me the moment it arrives. They will stop only a minute or two, you know."

The girl picked up a light hand bag which was lying in the snow by her side; but Vanderford took it from her hand.

"I shall carry it for you, Miss Reel," he said. "There is no danger of our being observed just now. Every other human being at Coyote Siding is fast asleep except, perhaps, the night-herder over there. And, fortunately, the snow is flying pretty thick just now, which will facilitate our boarding that freight train."

When, half an hour later, the freight train pulled into Coyote Siding, it found Vanderford ready, standing in the deep snow by the side of the track. Behind him, in the dark, lay his hand bag, and nearby a small figure in a fur coat and cap was crouching in the snow, invisible from the train. With a discordant grinding of brakes, the train stopped. A brakeman jumped from the caboose, lantern in hand.

"There is your car," he yelled, pointing at a box-car almost opposite the cars of the surveying party. "Want any help?"

"No, thanks; there are two of us," answered Vanderford.

"Suits me," said the brakeman. "I'm going back to the caboose. Hump yourselves, you fellers, and when you are through, sing out. We are late, you know."

"All right."

#### Romance in a Box-Car

In a trice, Vanderford had lifted the girl into the box-car and thrown the two hand bags after her. Then he swung himself into the "side-door sleeper" and proceeded to examine the contents. It was a matter of a minute to pitch a dozen of the bundles of stakes out into the snow, then he dropped the lantern after them and shouted, bending out of the car: "All right; let 'er go!"

A few moments later, the train, with a violent jerking and bumping, started on its journey east. It was pitch-dark in the car. Vanderford had made the girl sit down on a bundle of empty sacks, with her back against the side of the car. He now seated himself beside her.

"This is pretty rough riding, Miss Reel," he remarked. "These box-cars have not springs like a Pullman, you know, and you will be pretty well shaken up by the time we get to Rawlins. Are you cold?"

"I am warmly clad," the girl replied, "and I don't mind cold feet. Please don't worry about me, Mr. Vanderford."

"Try to get a little sleep," advised the young man, "Here, put your head against my shoulder—no, not that way, your hair is tickling my face. That's it. Now forget your troubles, everything will come out all right, I'm sure."

The girl snuggled against him in grateful silence. Soon her body relaxed and Vanderford had to put his arm about her to keep her from sliding to the floor of the car. Part of the time her even breathing showed that she was sleeping; but when the car hit rough places or bumped over switches, she would wake up with a terrified start. Then she would again settle back against Vanderford's shoulder, like a tired child.

The young man, weary as he was from a fatiguing day's work, hardly closed an eye. He abstained from shifting his position while the girl was asleep, fearing to wake her up. Once, when he had to straighten out his cramped arm, the girl pressed it against her bosom with both hands, muttering "Daddy dear" in her sleep.

Vanderford felt his eyes getting suspiciously moist. Bending down, he touched the dark hair lightly with his lips, breathing its delicate perfume.

"If I have to give my life to make you happy, I'll give

it," he murmured. "That is a vow."

The young man had a hard time to keep his eyes from closing as the uncomfortable journey continued, and finally his fatigue got the best of him. Then he had a queer dream. The Nebraska Volunteer Regiment in which he had served during the Spanish-American War and from which he had been discharged but half a year ago, had been ordered to Cuba and he was in the thickest of a fierce battle with the Dons. A Spanish shell fell in the midst of his company. "There she blows!" yelled Corporal Marshall, who had been before the mast on a whaler, and the next moment the shell exploded. Vanderford was thrown up into the air and hit the ground with every bone in his body broken. He slowly raised himself and rubbed his head. Opening his eyes, he found himself in utter darkness. Where was he? Was he dreaming? What was that tremendous noise?

**A Rude Awakening**

Vanderford felt about him and touched a soft body. A terrified voice asked: "What has happened?" Then the young man remembered. With an exclamation he rushed to the door of the car and looked out.

"Miss Reel, we must hurry; the train is pulling into the yard at Rawlins. We must jump out the moment it stops; if we go all the way in we are liable to be arrested by the watchman."

A passing switch-light enabled the two to gather their belongings, and the moment the train stopped, Vanderford threw the door open and helped the girl to get out. The train had not quite entered the yard, the twinkling lights of which they could see ahead of them, and nobody saw the two or paid any attention to them.

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed Vanderford when they were clear of the tracks. "That was no pleasant awakening a while ago when we bumped over those switches; but it is fortunate we did not go on sleeping. I was thrown half-way across the car, and you, poor girl?"

The girl ruefully rubbed her head.

"Fortunately I was thrown against you," she answered, "but just the same I got an awful bump out of it. Now tell me, where are we going?"

"We are now sauntering to the depot as if we were absolutely innocent of trespassing, stealing rides, or any other form of lawlessness, Miss Reel, and there we are going to take the train for Cheyenne which will be coming along directly. . . But, hold on a bit, I wonder what time it is?"

Pulling out his watch, Vanderford gave a gasp.

"We must hurry, girl," he said; "the train is scheduled to leave in three minutes and it will take us all of that to reach the depot. She is liable to be late, however, and we may make it. Come on, let us do our best, anyway."

They were both breathless when they reached the station. The train had not yet arrived, and the station agent informed the young man that it was fifteen minutes late. Vanderford bought the tickets; the girl kept well in the dark in the meantime.

Out on the platform, Vanderford and his companion stood in a dark corner. At last the shrill whistle and clanging bell of a locomotive were heard in the distance, and a few moments later the small station was clamorous with the noises of the arriving passenger train. Vanderford and Miss Reel found seats side by side in the chair car and the young man soon had his companion comfortably installed. With a sigh, the girl stretched her supple young body on the cushions of the reclining chair.

"Ah, this is fine," she whispered turning to Vanderford. "After those awful hours in the snow and in that box-car, this is paradise, don't you think so?"

The young man smiled. "Just the same, I shall always remember that journey on the freight train with pleasure," he said. "And now, Miss. . . but I must not call you by that name any more; I might inadvertently give you away to those from whom you are anxious to hide. How shall I call you?"

The girl reflected for a few seconds.

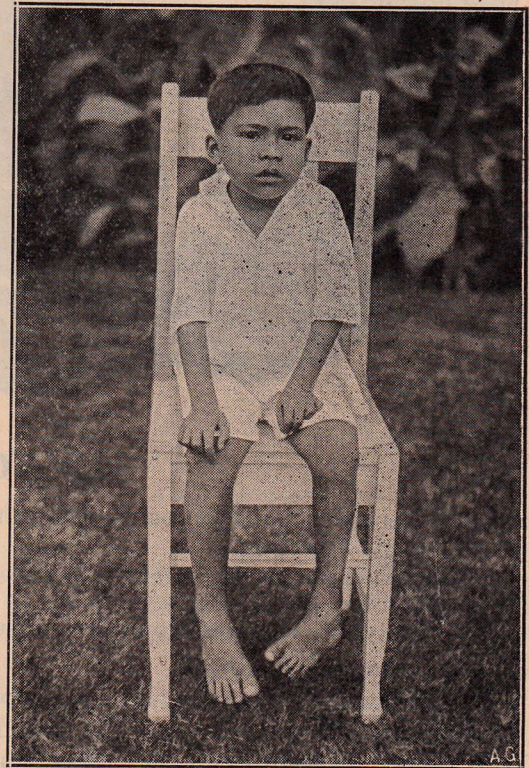
"The people whom I left last night called me Harriet, but my father always called me Virginia and so did the few friends I have had. Will you please call me Virginia, Mr. Vanderford? And remember that I am your stepsister, or am I your cousin?"

"Let us be cousins," Vanderford decided. "And I am not Mr. Vanderford, but Cousin Bob."

"Good," the girl answered, putting her small, soft hand into Vanderford's. "Now, Bob, I am dead tired, my eyes are closing. Please, let me sleep."

The train thundered through the snow-clad hills and plains of Wyoming, awakening the echoes with the whistle of its powerful locomotive; but the two young people slept peacefully on until a pale sun, struggling through gray clouds, awakened them almost at the same moment.

*(To be continued)*



**New York Children and Philippine Cripples**

From Bro. Robt. L. Maby, 9137-109th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y., the Secretary of the Masonic Hospital for Crippled Children, M. W. Bro. Joseph H. Schmidt, has received a check for five dollars with the following note:

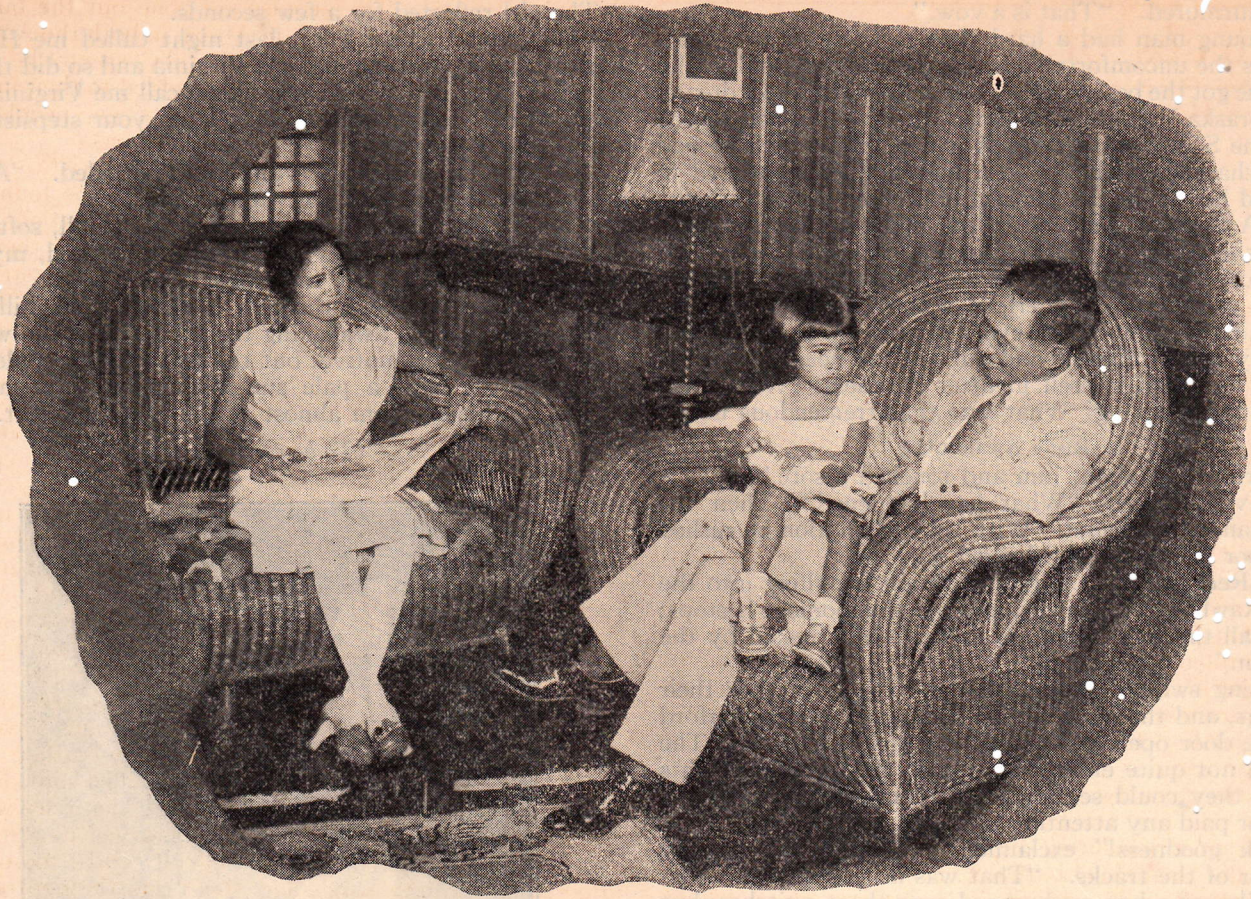
Dear Sir and Brother:

Of the sum inclosed \$2.00 is a donation from the Primary Department of the Sunday School of the Union Congregational Church of Richmond Hill, N. Y. This sum represents the penny birthday donations for the month of April. After having heard about the missionary work in the Philippines they decided that they wanted to help out and when they saw the picture of the Crippled Child on your letterhead they too wanted to assist in the good work you are doing.

Fraternally yours,

ROBT. L. MABY.

The gift must have been a welcome one to the devoted Brethren who are the soul of our Masonic Hospital, Rt. Wor. Bro. Larkin and M. W. Bro. Schmidt; and the spirit of charity and humanity that inspired the givers must have touched a kindred chord in their hearts and provided an incentive to continue undismayed in their efforts on behalf of the poor crippled children of the Philippine Islands. May we add the wish that this spirit were more in evidence among our local Brethren than it seems to be?



## ANNOUNCEMENT

We offer for inspection to the husbands and fathers of the Philippine Islands, a financial plan which is new, unique, inexpensive and vastly appealing.

This plan was worked out only after ten years of study by an American Actuary. The completed plan as we offer it, has been modified by officials of this Company to comply with local conditions. There is no plan similar to it offered by any savings society, life insurance company, or building and loan organization, in the Philippine Islands.

Briefly, the plan will do this:

1. It will guarantee a monthly income to your family during the educational years of your children.
2. It will pay a lump sum to your wife, should you pass on, after the children have finished their schooling.
3. A constantly increasing cash reserve is available for yourself.
4. Should you live until age 65, a competence will await you which, in most cases, will be sufficient to build a house, buy land, and equip you for the sunset days of life.
5. All this is provided with a deposit less than you could secure these advantages under any other combination of modern savings or life insurance.

This new plan is called the Family Income Policy.

Let us suppose that you have one of these contracts with a face value of ₱10,000.00. Here is the total amount your family would receive should you die in any of the following years of the contract:

1st Year.....	₱33,400.00	5th Year.....	₱29,200.00
2nd Year.....	32,800.00	10th Year.....	23,200.00
3rd Year.....	31,600.00	15th Year.....	17,200.00
4th Year.....	30,400.00	20th Year.....	11,200.00

At age 30, the weekly savings to make this plan available is only ₱8.02.

An attractive proposal form will be sent those who are interested. There is no obligation, we will be glad to give this information to anyone interested in the future of his family and of himself.

-----  
 Name.....  
 Address.....  
 Monthly Income Desired.....  
 Mail to C. S. SALMON  
 Box 734  
 Manila

Age.....

*Send me a Family Income Proposal*

**C. S. SALMON**

*General Agent*

P. O. Box 734 115 T. Pinpin  
 MANILA, P. I.

**Insular Life Assurance Co., Ltd.**

MANILA, P. I.

## Pieces of Architecture

### How Old Is Freemasonry?

By Adolph A. Williamson, P. M., *Tupas Lodge No. 62, Cebu, P. I.*

Despite the fact that modern Freemasonry can be shown almost conclusively to have originated with the cathedral builders of the Middle Ages, there is a school of Masonic thought—and a very widely accepted one, too—which persists in claiming for the Craft a still more ancient parentage. Freemasonry is for them the spiritual descendant and heir of those secret, mystic bodies which, in all ages and despite their esoteric nature, have been prominent in the social fabric of their times. The question is, Has this school of thought any real foundation in fact for its claims?

To me, it seems that this school of Masonic thought not only has a real foundation in fact for its claims but that the birth of modern Freemasonry in the Middle Ages has a distinct philosophic cause behind it. I will attempt to explain.

I believe it was in obedience to law and not a mere coincidence that Freemasonry was founded by those engaged in architectural pursuits; that it was law, not blind chance, which gave Freemasonry a symbology derived from architecture; that it was law, not hazard, which determined and fixed the birth of Freemasonry in the Middle Ages, neither before nor after.

That law which by its operation produced these things is—in my opinion—the Law of Evolution. Not, however, that half-truth Evolution which Spencer visualized and which is the theme of his *Essay on Progress*—a process of change from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous by differentiation. Not, however, that idea of degeneration which caused the brave but pathetic soul of Henry Adams to look upon the Silurian scorpion with dismay and which furnishes arguments for the proponents of the thermodynamic theory. Not, therefore, the concept of evolution our modern variety of pessimist delights to dwell upon, insisting that the next logical step is a world gone mad.

The evolution of which I speak is that evolution I attempted briefly to sketch in the lecture on "The House Not Made With Hands"; an evolution dual in form and compensative in nature; degenerative, perhaps, as to life forms but generative as to mind, intelligence, the spirit; an evolution which has already proceeded beyond man and produced the social organism, whereas physical evolution halts at man, who marks its definitive end.

This evolution was—I am persuaded—known to Moses, at least in principle. It was suspected by Wallace and desired by Huxley (not Aldous). Towards it Darwin was being slowly forced when he died. It will yet make its way in the world for it is the evolution of hope, not pessimism. It is the key to history and to life, true of life and of all men at all times in all places, both in general and in detail. It has bearing upon the question we are considering in this lecture and to which we shall now address ourselves.

I should be able to proceed with vastly greater assurance that my meaning was clear to you were I certain that you had read and could recall that famous chapter on architecture incorporated by Victor Hugo in his historical novel, *NOTRE DAME DE PARIS*, the second chapter of Book V. In that chapter has been portrayed and described by a master hand the simultaneous development of architecture and society. Seen through Hugo's eyes, architecture becomes a graphic record of human progress. From the earliest times, from prehistoric ages, man has builded these mighty works. All over the world they are to be found: on the mountains and in the deserts; in cañons and caverns; in forests and plains; even sunk beneath the waves. The earth is covered with them; and so ancient is operative masonry that ruins exist of whose builders not even a

legend is known. The peoples are gone but the buildings remain. In Europe, in Asia, in Africa, in both the Americas, on many an island—everywhere, they are to be found. And no age, no great people, but has added to their number, even down to the present day. Age on age, people after people, literally city upon city—all builders.

Now, as Hugo showed, there is a characteristic common to all this construction, a characteristic to be found running through all of it. It is that the civilizations which produced these buildings found expression in them and impressed their character upon them. The indestructible granite was stamped with the spiritual signature of those peoples who designed and built them. The minds of peoples are thus written in great books of stone which are their architectural monuments. And nowhere is this more plainly evident than in those buildings which we either know or conclude to have been consecrated to religion. Nor is this to be wondered at; for nothing so truly expresses the spirit, the soul, of a people as does its religion.

There are those who decry religion, who see in it nothing good whatever. And certainly religion—or what has passed for religion—has furnished history many of its most dark and bloody pages. Yet, when all that is said, it would still be difficult to deny that religion nevertheless remains a striving after better, higher, nobler things; a reaching up to wisdom and understanding; a straining after truth.

Hence we may not be far from the fact if we conclude that the great architectural works of the ages have been produced by the yearnings of peoples after truth.

In past ages that yearning was controlled and directed by a priestly hierarchy. Too often that hierarchy was the real ruler of the nation; too often it betrayed its trust; too often it used its sacred office for worldly ends; too often it imposed a tyranny harsh and stern, restricting freedom, obstructing progress.

In the Middle Ages, for the first time in history, the priestly hierarchy was dethroned, its tyranny was brought to an end, its dominion over the minds of men was challenged and man became free. Not free by rebellion, as sometimes had happened in the past, but free by revolution, a revolution unique in history. And that revolution is duly recorded by architecture. No longer does architecture reflect the spirit of the age in buildings consecrated to religion. The style of these remains that of the Middle Ages. Yet progress has been made since that revolution and progress in architecture. But it is not found in buildings of a religious nature. It is found in the great modern buildings dedicated to commerce and industry, the skyscraper. Thus is the major premise Hugo set forth confirmed.

The period of history known as that of the Renaissance was great for many things. Every field of human endeavor seemed regenerated, impregnated with new life. But, underneath it all, as the rich soil from which sprang the new fruits of the mind, was the rebirth of nationalism, the rousing of peoples to consciousness of themselves, a renaissance indeed. It was a step, and a long step, upon the road to self-government, to democracy, that form of government and mode of expression of the spirit of the social organism destined to conquer the world through the power of economic laws because it—and it alone—brings continuous prosperity to meet and overcome the sporadic prosperity (varying with the character of the sovereign) of the monarchial form.

The Middle Ages witnessed the commencement of a complete revolution of thought. Prior thereto, power was held to reside in the sovereign, who ruled by divine right, an idea fostered for a price by the dictators of the religious concepts of the times, the priestly hierarchy. After that period, power was known to reside in the people and in the people alone.

Prior to the Middle Ages, the Secret Doctrine of the true Theory of Evolution was guarded and preserved by the

mystic societies, though they hardly understood the real nature of their treasure.

After the Middle Ages, that Secret Doctrine—still secret and undefined—passed into the guardianship of the peoples.

It was then, at that time, in the Middle Ages, when the commencement of that transfer began, that Freemasonry was born. That was the psychological moment of history; that was the time for it to be born. Unto the peoples power descended; unto the peoples the guardianship of their destinies was given, the guardianship of the Secret Doctrine, so that, spreading its leaven through the whole mass, understanding might come upon them when they were ready at last; so that it might come to them through channels already prepared and by means already at work. The greatest of these is symbolic Masonry.

Who better fitted to bring to the masses that Secret Doctrine—even though still veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols only—who better fitted than those free, operative masons who built the last of the great ecclesiastical structure and thus wrote in stone the last page of a closing chapter of history? They were free, and they recorded their freedom in the buildings they erected, where it may be read today. They were operative and able themselves to read that which was written in the ancient pages of this monumental history of man. They were banded together for mutual aid, support, and protection, and knew the value of organization. They were speculative, sensing that change which was already beginning. And when they founded Freemasonry, they used symbolically the tools and implements and the terminology of their art, that art which—in contrast to the merely representative arts, the so-called “fine arts”—is real.

Yet they were but instruments of a mightier thing than they; they were but the tools of that great law which, in the circumstances of the times, found its opportunity.

It is considerations such as these which have brought me to believe, with the followers of the theoretic school of Masonic history, that our Craft has a genealogy antedating the cathedral builders of the Middle Ages, a spiritual genealogy tracing back to the first days when men formed social groups, a parentage derived from the laws of the Great Architect of the Universe, those laws which, becoming more perceptible, are seen to include even us. If we see in the origination of Freemasonry in the Middle Ages by those who wrote the great stone book the manifestation of law far-reaching and profound, may we not be nearer to essential truth than are our brethren whose views are bounded by the event? For what is an event but the product of a cause?

### Masonic Hospital for Crippled Children to Meet on 21st

All members of the Masonic Hospital for Crippled Children, Inc., are urged to attend the Annual Meeting of the Corporation which will be held at the Scottish Rite Hall, Masonic Temple, Escolta (6th floor), on Monday, July 21st, at 4:30 p. m.

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## Questions and Answers

(This Department has been conducted by the Managing Editor of the CABLETOW, Wor. Bro. Leo Fiscier, since July, 1923. The answers are based upon generally accepted Masonic jurisprudence and the Landmarks and usages of Masonry; but are not to be considered as official rulings of our Grand Lodge or Grand Master, unless the answer specifically states that fact.)

477.—If the day set aside by the By-Laws for the Stated Meeting of the Lodge happens to be an official holiday, has the Master of the Lodge the right to hold the Stated Meeting before or after that date and cause the minutes and the Tyler's register to show the meeting as having been held on the date on which it should have been held in accordance with the By-Laws? What penalty should be imposed on the officers of the Lodge guilty of such an act?

*Answer.*—Our Constitution provides that the Stated Meeting of a Lodge MUST be convened at the hour and on the date fixed in the by-laws. Any business transacted at a stated meeting before the hour fixed in the by-laws is void and of no effect, and so is, of course, any business transacted at an alleged Stated Meeting held on a date other than that fixed in the by-laws. To state in the records of the Lodge a date different from that on which a meeting was actually held is a falsification of the records and renders the responsible officer liable to severe punishment for unmasonic conduct. A Lodge consenting to such violations of its own by-laws, the Constitution and moral law, likewise deserves severe punishment.

478.—Are Entered Apprentices and Fellow-Crafts entitled to the *Cabletow* now that the Lodge no longer pays the sum of ₱1.20 per annum for them but for Master Masons only?

*Answer.*—Entered Apprentices and Fellow-Crafts are entitled to receive their number of the *Cabletow* the same as Master Masons, although the Lodge is not required to pay the annual quota for them. The name and address of a member received by initiation should be forwarded to the *Cabletow* immediately in order that he may receive the next number, if there be time, and subsequent issues of the paper.

479.—A member of another Lodge having died in a certain town, the Lodge there buries him with Masonic honors. The Lodge to which the deceased belonged refuses to pay the expenses incurred in this connection, stating that the deceased was in arrears with his dues, though not suspended. Question: is a Mason in arrears with his dues but not suspended entitled to Masonic Burial?

*Answer.*—Our law on the subject, as contained in paragraph 261 of the Grand Lodge Constitution, is as follows:

\* \* \* Every Master Mason who dies in good standing is entitled to burial with Masonic honors, regardless of the disposition which is to be made of his remains. It is the duty of the Lodge within whose jurisdiction such an one dies to bury him and to pay the necessary expenses of the burial of such of its members as die in financial circum-

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stances requiring it, and to reimburse any other Lodge for the expense incurred by it in suitably burying such members. No Lodge shall, by by-law or otherwise, fix in advance the amounts to be paid for such burial. The Lodge may, in its discretion, bury a member suspended for non-payment of dues if there be no other Masonic offense established against him, but it shall not pay the expenses of the burial. . .

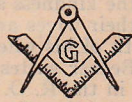
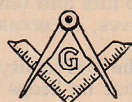
The Mason referred to was entitled to burial by the Lodge within whose jurisdiction he died, and it was the duty of the Lodge to which he belonged to pay what reasonable expense the other Lodge incurred for this purpose. A Mason is entitled to burial by the Lodge so long as he is not suspended for non-payment of dues or has not had some other Masonic offense established against him. A Masonic Lodge should not allow an expense that by right belongs to it to be saddled upon a Sister Lodge, nor should it deprive a member of a Masonic funeral unless the Constitution absolutely denies this honor to the deceased.

480.—A Brother who is a Knight Templar tells me that the saber salute has a Masonic significance and that other military usages are of Masonic origin. Can you tell me anything about this, for the enlightenment of the Brethren in the military service?

*Answer.*—We consider that your informant was not quite correct when he made this statement. We find among our clippings one taken from the Indianapolis News which, as does also the "Officers' Manual" which we used in the training camp twelve years ago, attributes the sword salute to the crusaders. The clipping mentioned reads as follows:

The sword salute originated in the time of the crusaders when the hilt of the sword was made in the form of a cross. Every crusader kissed the cross as a seal of his purpose and faith and swore by the hilt of the sword, raising it to his lips for that purpose.

Another custom passed down the ages from the crusaders, and one that has been a custom in all Christian navies since then, is that of placing an officer's cap and sword on his coffin during the burial services. The crusader's arms and shield covered him in death.



## Lodge News

### From Malinaw Lodge No. 25, San Pablo, Laguna

On Wednesday, May 14th, Malinaw Lodge No. 25 had the honor of receiving the official visitation of the Grand Master, Most Wor. Bro. Vicente Carmona, accompanied by a party of prominent Masons which included Assistant Grand Secretary Ramon Mendoza, District Inspector Kabigting, Bro. Sayo, and others more. The visitors were introduced and welcomed by the Master of the Lodge, Wor. Bro. Restituto-Briñas. The speech of the evening was that of the Most Wor. Grand Master who pointed out the defects he had noticed in Masonry the way we practice it and suggested remedies.

### From Balintawak Lodge No. 28, Gumaca, Tayabas

Balintawak Lodge No. 28 was honored by the official visitation of the Most Worshipful Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the P. I. accompanied by the Assistant Grand Secretary on May 17th.

They were met at the railroad station by the members of this Lodge, headed by the Worshipful Master and the district inspector, Wor. Bro. Alfredo Bautista. They proceeded to the home of Bro. Marciano Principe, where a fraternal banquet was offered to the distinguished visitors.

At eight o'clock in the evening, the Lodge was opened and Most Wor. Bro. Vicente Carmona, Grand Master, V. W. Bro. Ramon Mendoza, Assistant Grand Secretary, Wor. Bro. Alfredo Bautista, inspector of this district, and the Senior Warden of Banahaw Lodge No. 24, were received in due form.

Wor. Bro. Arsenio Natividad, the Master, delivered an address of welcome and then introduced Most Wor. Bro. Carmona, who delivered an impressive and instructive address. V. W. Bro. Mendoza delivered a historical address, W. Bro. Bautista offered a few remarks. Bro. Felipe de Leon spoke briefly, and the Secretary, Wor. Bro. Victoriano Tañafraña, delivered an address of thanks.

After the work, the Most Wor. Grand Master and all the members went directly to the home of Bro. Mariano Veluz for a ball and refreshment.

At about 11:00 P. M., the M. W. Grand Master, Assistant Grand Secretary and District Inspector, and the Senior Warden of Banahaw Lodge left for Atimonan.

### From Maktan Lodge No. 30, Cebu

On May 13th, Maktan Lodge No. 30 and Tupas Lodge No. 62 held a joint meeting for the purpose of receiving the official visit of the Junior Grand Warden, Rt. Wor. Bro. Stanton Youngberg. A large number of Brethren attend. After an inspiring address by the distinguished visitor, who was received with all the honors due to his rank in Masonry, Wor. Bro. D. Leyson, who presided, bade R. Wor. Bro. Youngberg welcome on behalf of the two Lodges. After this exchange of courtesies, the officers of Tupas Lodge No. 62 occupied their stations and proceeded to transact business, it being the stated meeting night of their Lodge.

### From Makabugwas Lodge No. 47, Tacloban, Leyte

In the first number of the Bulletin of Makabugwas Lodge No. 47 we read the following account of the origin and aims and purposes of the "Goat Club" organized by the Masons of Tacloban, Leyte:

Last year, a movement was fathered by Wor. Bro. John J. Riehl, then Senior Warden, of organizing and placing in active operation, a periodical gathering of all Master Masons, for the purpose of becoming better acquainted with each other and of exchanging views and ideas and thus work for the benefit of Masonry in general and Makabugwas Lodge in particular. GOAT, which means Gathering Of Accepted Timber, was adopted as the name of the Club. All Masons in this Valley responded and gave their all,—coöperation, aid, and assistance. More informed brethren volunteered to give lectures which were of great help to our Masonic education, and less informed ones had to do research and study, when their turn came. Some of the papers read during our gatherings were sent to the CABLETOW of which Bro. Fidel Fernandez's articles were published in the Spanish section. It is needless to say that in every reunion, the members partake of all kinds of refreshments, particularly of the spiritual and intellectual refreshment which are so essential to the body.

The last Goat gathering was on occasion of the birthday of Bro. Dr. José Rizal, June 19, at Gallardo's Hotel. Bro. Capt. Alberto Ramos of Magat Lodge No. 68 was Officer of the Day. No gathering could have been livelier than this. Wor. Bro. Adolfo Aldaba, P. M. of Dagohoy Lodge No. 84, one of the lecturers of the evening, delivered a splendid talk on the life of Dr. José Rizal and dwelt on the social cancer of the present time. "We need", he said "more men of Rizal's type to cure the cancer growing in our present social life". Bro. Luciano Ortiz, one of our mature thinkers, spoke of Rizal's masonic life, of his determination, and of his character, a personification of our G. M. H. A.

### From Union Lodge No. 70, San Fernando, La Union

On March 12, 1930, Bro. Trinitario B. Munar, a member of this Lodge, passed to the Celestial Lodge above at Santa Maria, Pangasinan;

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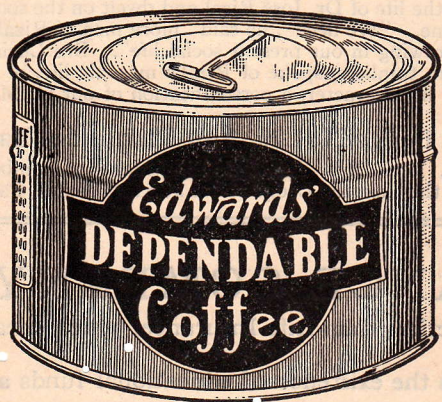
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If you desire to see what the Association is doing, visit the Masonic Ward for Crippled Children at the Mary J. Johnson Memorial Hospital, 101 Quesada, Tondo.

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he was buried with Masonic honors on the afternoon of the 16th. The funeral was attended by the Worshipful Master, Wor. Bro. Leoncio R. Salanga, Worshipful Bros. Bonifacio Tadiar, Miguel Rilloraza, Justo de Leon, and twenty-three other Brethren of this Lodge, by Wor. Bro. Abad and other members of Agno Lodge No. 75 and by other Brethren residing in Tayug and Santa Maria. The body was conveyed from the house of the deceased to the municipal cemetery, with the Brethren following in procession. The services were conducted by Wor. Bro. Tadiar in accordance with the ritual of this Grand Jurisdiction. It was 6:30 p. m. when the Worshipful Master and his party left Santa Maria, Pangasinan, arriving at San Fernando at about 12:30 p. m.

### From Kasilawan Lodge No. 77

On the evening of May 24th, the First Degree of Masonry was conferred upon Godofredo Galindez y Bal-ot by a Special Team composed of employees and ex-employees of the Bureau of Customs; the line-up was as follows: Delfin Medel, Master; Leoncio Pallorina, Senior Warden; Santiago Salvador, Junior Warden; Alejandro E. Sison, Treasurer; Manuel M. Agbulos, Secretary; Baldomero Torres, Marshal; Teofilo Aromin, Senior Deacon; Wenceslao Flores, Junior Deacon; Juan Velasquez, Senior Steward, and Agaton Day, Junior Steward. The Officers and members of Silanganan Lodge No. 19 were guests of honor on this occasion. Refreshments were served on the fifth floor of the Temple after the degree work.

## Personals

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

Manila No. 1.—Bro. Kahl, writing from La Grande, California, praises the kindness shown to him and family by members of the local Lodge, their wives and relatives, on occasion of the protracted illness and death of his wife.

Bro. Becker writes from the University of Florida where he is instructor in the R. O. T. C., that he keeps in touch with the Lodge by carefully reading the CABLETOW.

Mr. Ernst Uno Groenkvist was initiated in this Lodge on May 20th. The following details have been received concerning the loss at sea of Bro. George Raymond Stewart:

"The Launch *Budjang* of the Bureau of Education left Siasi with Mr. George R. Stewart at about one o'clock on the afternoon of March 30th, 1930, en route to South Ubian Island. Mr. Stewart was Supervising Teacher of Bato-Bato. On this particular trip, they sailed south. When they were passing the small island of Maniacolat near the slightly large island of Babuan, between 6:30 and 7:00 p. m. the launchmen saw Mr. Stewart go up to the topside of the launch. Upon reaching the island of Tago-o (Tagao) east of Tawitawi Island and directly south of Babuan Island, at about 8:10 p. m. one of the launchmen went up to get a breath of fresh air, failed to see Mr. Stewart, and reported that fact to the Patron and the Engineman. They returned the way they came, shouting for him. They also let the launch drift with the current for the same purpose but without any result. The conclusion was that Mr. Stewart was lost between the islands of Maniacolat and Tagao between 7:00 and 8:10 o'clock on the evening of March 30, 1930."

Cavite No. 2.—The Secretary has heard from Bro. G. B. Evans (Lieutenant, U. S. N.), now on the U. S. S. *Swan* at Coco Solo, Canal Zone; Bro. H. Scheidegger, at the Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, Va.; Bro. W. B. Hountis, Sgt. U. S. Marine Corps, 38th Co. MD., AL. Peiping, China; D.E. Schreiber, 102 Medford Ave., Hayward, Calif.; J.M. Sutton, U. S. S. *Buchanan* No. 131, San Francisco, Calif.; G. L. VanSlyke, Sub-Base, Pearl Harbor, T. H.; N. M. Gibson, U. S. S. *Barnes*, Guam, M. I.; G. E. Johns, 640 Kalamath St., Denver, Colo.; J. R. Alley, U. S. S. *West Virginia*, Box M. San Pedro, Calif.; C. T. Holt, 2210 Vine St., Berkeley, Calif.; T. C. Campbell, U. S. S. *William Jones*, San Diego, Calif.; and V. R. Crockett, 616 Portland St., S. E., Washington, D.C.

New addresses of members of the Lodge have been reported as follows: L. M. Eddy (C. T. M.), U. S. S. *Black Hawk*, c/o Postmaster, Manila; V. Holmgren, c/o American Consul, Nagasaki, Japan; M. R. Young, U. S. Marine Corps, Cavite, P. I.; R. M. MacRobert, U. S. S. *Bittern*, c/o Postmaster, Manila; J. E. Neal, U. S. S. *S.S. 2*, c/o Postmaster, Manila; R. W. Pickering, U. S. Marine Corps, Cavite, P. I.; Harry Meyers, 66th Service Squadron, Nichols Field, Rizal, P. I.; and C. M. Alvord, U. S. S. *Pittsburg*, c/o Postmaster, Manila.

Corregido No. 3.—Bro. C. E. Piatt has been elected president of the Cosmopolitan Gun Club of which he one of the oldest members.

Bro. Kirby Rex Gile, of the Coast and Geodetic Survey steamer

*Pathfinder*, was passed at a special meeting on June 2nd.

Wor. Bro. Harvey A. Bordner was seriously ill at the St. Paul's Hospital most of the month of June but is greatly improved now.

Past Master Charles C. Cole sends greetings from his home in San Francisco.

Brother Douglas C. Ford announces a change of house address in San Francisco and tenders to all his best wishes.

Brother A. J. Cottrell, now living at Concord, California, lost all his belongings in a fire which destroyed his home while all the family were absent. All sympathize with Bro. Cottrell and his wife and two girls in the loss of their accumulated treasures including many curios from the Philippines.

Brother G. Clyde Arnold sends congratulations on the progress of the Lodge from Los Angeles, California. He says he enjoys the *Lodge Bulletin* and *THE CABLETOW*.

Brother A. Cideon, of 220 Lee St., Oakland, Calif., asks to be remembered to all the brethren, particularly the officers and members of No. 3.

Our genial Brother W. A. Kuffs has moved from one street to another in Woodhaven, Long Island, New York. He sends dues and best wishes to all.

John H. Ayres, Bureau of Public Roads, Troy, New York, greets all the brethren across the distance.

Dr. L. C. O'Donnell, Past Master, sends profusive well wishes to all the members from Greenville, Ohio.

Brother Isador Erlanger continues to reside in San Francisco, and with his dues he sends kindest regards to all the brothers who knew him when in Manila.

Captain Herman Helland is "At Sea" most of the time and radioes his wishes for a successful year for No. 3 and each of its members.

One of our charter members, Brother Thomas D. Aitken, sends dues, and we know his mind is often with his fellow members in Manila even if he is in California.

Bro. Wilbur K. Hoyt, U. S. Trade Commissioner at Mukden, China, passed through Manila on the *ss. President Harrison*, June 3, on his way to America.

*Bagumbayan No. 4.*—The newspapers report that the President of the United States has accepted the resignation of Bro. Eugene A. Gilmore as Vice Governor-General of the Philippine Islands.

We learn also through the newspapers, that Bro. Basilio Valdes sailed from San Francisco for Manila on May 30th and that he will give the new cure for cancer which is being experimented with in the United States a trial in the Philippine Islands. Bro. Valdes has been studying hospital methods in Europe and America.

M. W. Bro. Francisco A. Delgado and Wor. Bro. Conrado Benitez took leading parts at the Masonic Congress for Independence on May 30th, and many other members of the Lodge attended.

Bro. Tomas Mapua is supervising architect of the new Post-Office building which is nearing completion and will be one of the finest public buildings of our city.

Wor. Bro. José A. de Kastro came down from Baguio a few hours before the big land-slides occurred which blocked the Kennon road for some time.

*Southern Cross No. 6.*—Wor. Bro. John R. McFie, Jr., Master of this Lodge, entered St. Luke's Hospital on June 14th for an operation for appendicitis which was a success. Wor. Bro. McFie is out of the Hospital and back in his office now.

Bro. A. A. Goodwyn writes about a bad auto wreck and other misfortunes.

Bro. Francis Robert Slater is a Master Mason now; he was raised on May 12th.

Another new Master Mason is Bro. Alexander McNair Willing who was passed on May 26th and raised on June 9th.

Wor. Bro. Wm. A. Weidmann has been ordered to Vigan, Ilocos Sur, where he will probably be stationed for the next few months.

*Biak-na-Bato No. 7.*—Wor. Bro. José Arpal is running a very good story in the Spanish section of the *Far Eastern Freemason*. The publication mentioned is not coming out very regularly and some of the readers are anxious to know what will be the outcome of Bro. Arpal's story, the title of which is "La Cabaña del Diablo."

*Cosmos No. 8.*—Bro. John C. Ropp was raised to the degree of M. M. on May 7th.

Messrs. David Naftaly and Theodor Ebsen were elected at the May Stated Meeting to receive the degrees of Masonry in Cosmos Lodge, and on May 21st Mr. Naftaly was initiated by a special team composed of Brethren who are employees of the Pacific Commercial Company. This team was organized by Wor. Bro. J. W. Schilling who acted as Master.

Bro. Nathan D. Levin was ill in St. Joseph's Hospital and Bro. Paul Grossmann in the Sternberg General Hospital in May.

Bro. Henry Reislund writes from Kling, Cotabato, where he is busy on his plantation.

Bro. Charles C. Naylor writes from Hinunangan, Leyte, sending regards to the Brethren.

Bro. Albert E. Tatton became a grandfather on May 19th.

Bro. Everett W. Wyatt, who for the last seventeen months has been on the U.S.S. *Dahu*, with the Yangtse Patrol, writes very interestingly about his work. His last address was Ichang, China.

Brother Henry C. Garretson has recently retired from the government service and is expected to arrive from Cebu about the first of June. He has made no announcement of his future plans but having received many flattering offers he may possibly locate permanently in Manila.

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## Craftsmen, Attention!

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“ **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FREEMASONRY, 2 vols.**

“ **JURISPRUDENCE OF FREEMASONRY**

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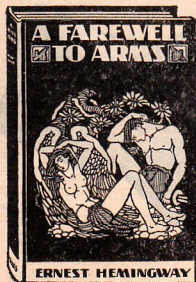
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Brother Benjamin S. Houston, lately returned from Los Angeles California, has organized a mechanical rubber manufacturing company located in Pandacan. In the short time it has been in operation, this company has become an important factor in the local market and the members compliment Brother Houston on the progress already made and wish him continued success.

Worshipful Brother Fred A. Gathercole is drilling a team composed of brethren from the Utility Division of the Quartermaster Department, to confer a degree in Cosmos Lodge in the near future. The personal direction of Worshipful Brother Gathercole is assurance that this team will be worth seeing, and the brethren are advised to watch for notice of their appearance.

A letter has been received from Brother Arthur G. Moody who is spending his vacation in Paris, France. He reports that his health is continuing to improve and that he hopes to be back here in Manila about the first of October.

*St. John's No. 9.*—Bro. John Harrison Leask was passed on May 22nd.

Letters have been received from Bro. E. D. Hester, Bro. Wm. J. Volkman (Pearl Harbor, Honolulu, T. H.), Wor. Bro. W. R. L. Best, and Wor. Bro. Thomas R. Worthen.

Bros. Huber and A. L. Ryan and families have been vacationing in Baguio and Bro. Rothenhoefer's family has spent a short vacation in the mountain resort. Bro. Leo Schurmacher has been going weekly to visit his wife and child.

Wor. Bro. Boomer's family is back from Baguio.

Wor. Bro. Salmon made a trip to Hongkong in May to meet his family. His daughter Charlotte arrived in New York on June 2nd; she will attend school in the United States.

Bro. Fred Harden, who left for the United States some time ago for a combined business and pleasure trip, expects to return to Manila in November.

Bro. Roy Barto is back in Manila after spending two years in Los Angeles; he is with the Cadwallader-Gibson Lumber Company.

M. W. Bro. S. W. O'Brien sat in Southland Lodge, Los Angeles, with Bro. Grover Heyler, of this Lodge, in April.

Bro. Henry B. Smith, who left for the States several months ago in poor health, returned to Manila on March 10th.

Wor. Bro. Joseph F. Boomer's son George has done exceptionally well at school in the United States and the President of the University which he attended has made the statement that George was the best man who ever graduated from their institution. The young man is on his way back to Manila.

*Nilad No. 12.*—Wor. Bro. Ambrosio Pablo arrived in Manila during the first week of June after attending the provincial treasurers' convention in Baguio.

Bro. Sixto Tenmatay lost his mother and Wor. Bro. Joaquin Garcia his only brother, a member of Sinukuan Lodge No. 16, in May. The officers of the Lodge attended Bro. Garcia's burial, on May 18th.

Bro. Nicolas S. Cruz celebrated the inauguration of his new house at 2739 M. Natividad, Manila, and the christening of one of his children, on May 18th, by a dance which was well attended.

Bro. Florencio Tamesis, Vicente C. Ramos, and Cirilo Asperilla attended the 20th anniversary celebration of the School of Forestry in Los Baños.

*Walana No. 13.*—Wor. Bro. N. C. Asinas returned to Zamboanga, his present station, on May 13th, after attending the Bureau of Internal Revenue conference in Baguio in April. His grown daughters remained in Manila.

*Sinukuan No. 16.*—Wor. Bro. Leonardo Garduño has returned to his district, Capiz, after having attended the Judges' Convention at Baguio and spent a few days in Manila with his daughters.

Bro. Emilio Lasam is seriously ill in the San Juan de Dios Hospital.

Bro. Luciano Ortiz has returned to his duties as judge of the Court of First Instance of the 19th Judicial District after a well-earned vacation.

Bro. Jorge B. Vargas is back from Japan where he was as chief of the delegation of Filipino athletes who took part in the Olympiad there.

Bro. Alfredo S. Herrera is back from an extensive journey through the province of Nueva Ecija in connection with the campaign against infantile mortality and tuberculosis. He speaks highly of the hospitality and courtesy of the Brethren whom he met on his travels.

Bro. Ramon Farolan is still ill at his house at No. 14 Calle Progreso, Quiapo.

Bro. Nicanor del Rosario is sick in bed at No. 11 Calle Perla, Pasay.

*Pinagsabitan No. 26.*—Bro. Pedro Flores is installing two bowling alleys under the Lodge Hall.

On May 20th, Messrs. Severino Fuentes and Go T. Yoo were initiated by a special team, presided by Bro. Ramon Dado, Jr. After the initiation a delightful dinner was served.

Bro. Mateo Alfonso, formerly supervisor of industrial instruction for Laguna, is engaged in business.

Many of the brethren went to Manila on May 30th, to attend the Masonic Convention for Independence.

*Batong-Buhay No. 27.*—Wor. Bro. Eduardo del Rosario Tan Kiang, after being elected Grand Treasurer in January, has been honored by being elected Venerable Master of Lakandola Lodge of Perfection, Vice-Master of Burgos Chapter R. C., and Master of Kadosh of K'zal Consistory.

Wor. Bro. Eugenio Dizon has had his salary raised to P3,600.

Bro. Pedro P. Servillas, of the Pampanga Sugar Development Company, had a pleasant vacation in Cebu, Mindanao and Jolo in April and

May.

Wor. Bro. Conrado Tanting, Bro. Enrique Ant. Gaerlan, and Mrs. Mariano Sia, who were ill in May, have all recovered. Wor. Bro. Tanting is now living in his new house on the corner of Misericordia and Alvarez Streets.

Bro. Francisco Z. Reyes has been transferred from Laguna to Manila and is now residing at 736 Sanchez in this city.

Communications and dues have been received from Bros. Antonio H. Pagsibigan, Cabanatuan, and Felix Yap Boki, Ibaday, and letters with greetings from Bros. Pastor G. Malabanan, 20 Ellis Street, San Francisco, Calif., and Simplicio A. Sunga, 722 Golden Gate, San Francisco, Calif.

*Balintawak No. 28.*—Bro. Chun Choy, an active member of this Lodge, died while on a vacation in Canton, China, on May 10th, last. Bro. Hugo Cancio is back home from the summer school.

On June 12th, a daughter was born to Bro. and Mrs. Marcos Amido. *Maguindanaw No. 40.*—Bro. Vicente C. Hipona's wife died at the Misamis Public Hospital on May 21st and was buried on the following day, with all Masons in Cagayan in attendance at the funeral.

Mrs. P. M. Aberin lost her father who died on May 21st after several weeks' illness.

Wor. Bro. Apolinar Velez lost a grandson who died on May 14th.

Bro. Castor Silvestre is back from the auditors' convention in Baguio. Bro. Maximo Suniel, who is vacationing at Camp Keithly with his family, reports meeting several Brethren among the Constabulary officers now in Lanao in connection with the Moro trouble.

Bro. Santiago Arceño is now at Misamis and so is Bro. Marcelino Calinawan, who is resident salesman of the P. C. C. there.

On June 5th, Bros. Julio V. Pacana and Alfredo P. Shapit, both E. A. of this Lodge were passed to the degree of Fellow Craft.

Bro. Modesto Reyes was married to Miss Josefa Ramos on June 7th. Bro. Juan E. Valmores is now chief deputy assessor in the office of the provincial treasurer of Occidental Misamis.

Bro. Francisco Roska, P. C., has written from Tagbilaran, Bohol.

*Makabugwas No. 47.*—Bros. Fidel Fernandez and Dominador Gallardo were in Manila recently to attend the Masonic Congress for Independence. They represented the Masons in this Valley, and reported that the Congress had a huge attendance.

Wor. Bro. John J. Riehl has made Manila his permanent place of abode. He is connected with the Engineering Corps of the United States Army at Fort Santiago.

Our Wor. Bro. Federico V. Larraga is preparing the Lodge History which will be published in due time. Mrs. Larraga is suffering from pneumonia, but is on the road to recovery.

Bro. Joaquin L. Panis, our Junior Warden, has been promoted to district engineer of Surigao. We have heard, he is helping erect the columns of a new lodge in that Valley.

Another promotion is that of Bro. Francisco Tantuico, now stationed at Cagayan, Misamis, as chief of the internal revenue office.

Bro. Mauro Rodriguez, S. W., has left for La Castellana, Negros Occidental, to join his wife, who expects a visit from the stork very soon.

Our Master, José F. Nano, was called to Manila by his Director to attend a conference of District Foresters.

Wor. Bro. W. S. Price left for Manila to enroll his children in one of the colleges of the city.

Wor. Bro. Judge Emilio Araneta Diaz is hearing Cadastral Cases in Jaro, Leyte.

*Pampanga No. 48.*—Bro. Gregorio Solis writes that he has been transferred from Legazpi, Albay, to Puerto Princesa, Palawan, as provincial treasurer.

The wife of Bro. Felix B. Bautista who has been in San Juan de Dios Hospital for the last two months with nephritis is on the way to recovery.

Bro. Victoriano Castro, assistant provincial treasurer of Romblon, is at home in Tarlac on a month's leave.

Bro. Amado Pekson has been staying in the City of Manila for the last couple of weeks for medical treatment.

Bro. Tomas C. Parel has tendered his resignation as chief clerk of the Register of Deeds for Pampanga and has moved from San Fernando to Mexico where he is engaged in private business.

Bro. Albino C. Zabala has been traveling extensively in the northern provinces as an insurance agent.

A letter was received by the secretary from Bro. José M. Dizon of Mabalacat informing him that he is temporarily living in the town of La Paz, Tarlac, during the rice planting season. Bro. Dizon owns a large tract of rice land in that municipality.

Bro. Pedro Abad Santos, P. M., who has not been feeling well for many days on account of stomach trouble is well again.

When Bro. Governor Sotero Baluyut was returning home from the northern provinces, his automobile collided with another and turned turtle. Bro. Baluyut received light bruises and dislocations.

*Sarangani No. 50.*—Wor. Bro. Feliciano Inigo, who was recently appointed inspector of this Lodge, was the guest of honor at a party tendered to him by his Brethren on May 15th.

Miss Alicia Zamora, daughter of Wor. Bro. Alfredo Zamora, had a narrow escape from being killed by an automobile in May.

Bros. Sergio Salvaleon and Eugenio Durante are out on official trips. Wor. Bro. Alfredo Zamora, provincial treasurer of Davao, is at the Mission Hospital with a broken leg with which he returned from an official inspection trip a few days ago.

*Makawili No. 55.*—Bro. José T. Lacerna's son who was ill in Capiz

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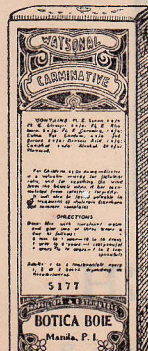
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for some time left for San Fernando, Romblon, completely cured, to join the family there.

Bro. Felix G. Martinez and wife are back from Manila where they stayed a week to have Mrs. Martinez' health attended to, with excellent results.

Bro. Simplicio Lacerna attended the Masonic Independence Congress in Manila on May 30th.

*Isla de Luzon No. 57.*—Bro. Ramon Fernandez Lu Songhap returned on May 31st from Amoy, China.

Bro. Nicanor Abelardo was the recipient of many congratulations upon the success of his musical masterpiece "Hiram," a Masonic hymn, which was sung at the Masonic Congress. He was awarded a valuable prize.

Bro. J. M. E. Leon was confined to bed with influenza in June; he returned to his desk on June 10th. Bro. S. Sochangco was also on the sick list with flu.

Wor. Bro. Ramon Mendoza moved to 222 Calle Lope de Vega (Tel. 26645) on June 15th.

Bro. Eusebio Alejo Melo of San Roque, Cavite, announces that he will gather his friends and brothers on June 29th to celebrate the wedding of his daughter Amparo to Mr. Dionisio Arpon.

Wor. Bro. Ramon Mendoza will have a little "fiesta" in his new home on occasion of the graduation of his son, Bro. Nicanor Mendoza, as engineer at the Mapua Institute.

*Tamaraw No. 65.*—Wor. Bro. Thos. I. Weeks has been elected as assistant manager of the Insular Lumber Company.

Bro. Vicente Kasilag reports that numerous courtesies were extended to him by Mactan Lodge No. 30 and Tupas Lodge No. 62 while he attended the summer classes in Cebu.

Bro. Pedro Rabulan has been appointed acting treasurer of the Lodge, replacing Bro. Kasilag.

Bro. Pio Magsino was raised on June 10th, with Bro. Sisenando Bugarin in the East in the first section and Bro. Antonio L. Luna in the second section.

Brothers Doroteo Jacob, principal teacher, Bongnabong Elementary School; Daniel Llavo, principal, Quinabigan Elementary School; Ignacio Tria, teacher, Non-Christian Settlement Farm School; Eduardo Medina, intermediate teacher, Baco Elementary School; Eladio Castro, supervising teacher, Lubang District; Pedro Mantaring, supervising teacher, Bongnabong District; Luis Raymundo, supervising teacher, Mamburao District; Amador Catama, supervising teacher, San José District, and Roman Villar, teacher, Non-Christian Settlement Farm School, are in Calapan attending the Division Normal Institute.

*Union No. 70.*—Wor. Bro. Leoncio R. Salanga whose address was 18 G. Reyes St., San Juan Height, Rizal, last summer while he was studying in the National University, is now at his station, Bauang, La Union.

Bro. Matias S. Parlan has returned from the Teachers' Camp, Baguio.

Bro. Eusebio Albayalde is now in Batangas helping in the leaf-miner campaign. Bro. Albayalde writes that he does not expect to return to Union for some time.

Bro. Bonifacio Cacdac has returned to Rosario, La Union.

The son of Bro. Pablo Salazar who was studying in the Philippine School of Arts and Trades died of typhoid fever last April.

*Agno No. 75.*—Bro. Emilio Naraval's wife died on May 26th, survived by two children, after an extended illness.

Bro. Paulo C. Fernandez had the misfortune of losing the sight of both eyes. An operation last year proved unavailing to save his eyesight. This Brother is at his home in San Quintin, Pangasinan, and will be glad to have any of his Brethren visit him.

Another worthy distressed Brother of this Lodge is Graciano Datuin, of Bayambang, Pangasinan, who is a complete paralytic as a result of burns which he sustained when his house was reduced to ashes by a fire which occurred several years ago.

*Kasilawan No. 77.*—Bro. Teofilo Aromin has lost his father who passed away on May 30th.

Wor. Bro. and Mrs. José F. Fetalvero entertained a number of Brethren and their families at their home on May 18th, on occasion of the fiesta of Gagalangin.

Bro. José J. Vergara sends greetings from Mexico, Pampanga, where he is practising medicine.

*Acacia No. 78.*—Bro. Serafin de la Cruz left on June 7th for Manila to visit that city and take his eldest son to school there.

Bro. Dr. D. L. Johnson, director of the Iloilo Mission Hospital, informs us that a son has been born to the wife of Bro. Antonio Beloso and that mother and child are doing well.

*High-Twelve No. 82.*—Bro. Dominador R. Escosa, now with the Batangas Transportation Co., Bro. Antonio Quioaic, at San Vicente, Sorsogon, and Bro. Casiano Karganilla, at Fort Mills, have sent letters with regards.

Bro. José B. Logan was a visitor from Echague, Isabela, during the last week of May.

Bros. Gregorio Labitag, Calixto Santos, and Guillermo Ponce are Fellow Crafts now and so is Bro. Dalmacio Reyes. The Brother last named was passed by Bulusan Lodge No. 38, on April 12th.

Wor. Bro. Filomeno Galang is back from a business trip to the South. Wor. Bros. A. R. Rivera, José L. Intal, Nemesio Reyes, and Gregorio Cariaga were members of a team of Past Masters which conferred the third degree at San Fernando, Pampanga, on June 7th.

Bro. Eduardo Co Seteng left for Tayabas on June 8th, on business. Bro. Sixto C. Granfil has recovered from his illness.

Bro. Gregorio Zamuco arrived from Zamboanga on June 8th to attend the Foresters' Conference in June.

Bro. Cornelio Lacsamana has left for the southern provinces on business.

Wor. Bro. Nemesio Reyes left for Nueva Ecija on June 11th to attend to his hacienda.

Wor. Bro. Eugenio de la Cruz and Bros. Zamuco, Tadde, Co Seteng, Gell'don, de Mesa, Labitag, Santos, and Ponce attended the Forest School anniversary celebration at Los Baños on June 13th and 14th.

Bro. Irineo L. Stana was a visitor from Fort Mills on June 17th.

*Ma-Bu-Ti No. 92.*—A despedida party was given by the Masbate Masons to Bro. Felipe Urtola, postmaster of Masbate.

Bro. Estanislao R. Lopez, division superintendent of Masbate, has been transferred to Romblon.

Wor. Bro. Andres F. Navarro attended the Masonic Independence Congress while on official business in Manila.

Bro. Pedro S. Sales writes from Mariveles where he is stationed as veterinarian.

Bro. Florentino M. Serrano is in Manila, where he was successfully operated for appendicitis.

Bro. Lee Lang has returned from a business trip to Manila.

*Benjamin Franklin No. 94.*—Bro. Seth O. Craft has been transferred from Sternberg Hospital to Fitzsimons General Hospital, Denver, and will leave Manila on the Army Transport, June 27th. Bro. Craft was raised this year and will have had the opportunity of attending only two stated meetings.

Bro. H. Lawrence Noble, P. M., sends dues and a long interesting letter. He is now a member, enjoying dual membership, of Seneca Lodge No. 920, Rochester, N. Y.

Bro. Charles A. Frances, who left for the States shortly after being raised last year, has visited several Lodges at home. He sends dues and greetings and says he does not know when he will return to Manila.

Bro. Forrest L. Regan recommends Gen. Henry Knox Lodge, Masonic Temple, Boston, as a rendezvous for brethren passing that way, and encloses dues and greetings.

Bro. Wm. C. Conner, Clinton, Ill., sends dues and greetings to all.

A future "prospective" member of the fraternity is rapidly developing in Bro. Charles H. Storms' family, he writes.

Bro. L. W. Laycock writes from El Paso, Texas, where he is temporarily; he mentions the delightful climate there and sends dues and regards.

The following changes of address were reported or taken from the Army register: Capt. Harry A. Clark, Fort D. A. Russell, Texas; Capt. Milner H. Eskew, M. C., Fort Benning, Georgia; Charles A. Frances, Hotel Vosburg, San Jacinto, Calif.; Lt. Hugo P. Rush, Air Corps, Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio.

*Bud Daho No. 102.*—Wor. Bro. Dr. Julian Pilares has returned from an inspection trip to Sitanki and other places.

Misses Felicidad and Grace Real, accompanied by their brother Samuel, who has just returned from the United States, left Jolo on the ss "Kinaw". The girls will attend school at the Silliman Institute, Dumaguete, while Samuel Real, now a full-fledged electrical engineer, is going to work for the Meralco in Manila. The three are children of Bro. William J. Real.

Bro. Major D. H. Malone, now with the Asiatic Petroleum Company, visited Jolo on business of his company.

Bro. Vicente Magno and wife are back from Manila where Bro. Magno placed their eldest son in the Ateneo and attended the Masonic Independence Congress, on May 30th.

Wor. Bro. Ubaldo D. Laya and Bro. William J. Hollis left on the launch *Palawan* for an inspection south.

Bro. James Green has been on the sick list but is better now.

Bro. Cipriano Jularbal writes from Manila, where he is on vacation.

*Bataan No. 104.*—Bro. Gervasio Banzon is taking things easy at his home at Balanga, Bataan, recuperating from his long illness.

Bro. Cecilio M. Bituin, writing from San José, Antique, sends regards to all the Brethren.

Bro. Marcelo de la Cruz recently returned from Catabangan, Camarines Sur, with his family. He went back to the lumber camp the next day.

Bro. José A. Cruz accompanied by our secretary, went to Manila to confer with our Inspector, Wor. Bro. Julian C. Balmaseda.

An interesting letter has been received from Bro. Dr. Salvador Martinez who has been successfully operated on for hernia at the Philippine General Hospital. Bro. Martinez is going to Tuguegarao, Cagayan, as district health officer.

Bro. José A. Cruz was given a dinner by a group of brethren and friends before leaving for his new temporary station at Tuguegarao, Cagayan, as assistant civil engineer.

Bro. Leoncio Blanas returned to Limay after a few months' stay at Sipaco, Camarines Sur, where he worked with the Cadwallader-Gibson Lumber Co.

Bro. Patricio Mistal went to Gingoog, Misamis, on June 16th, to work for the Anakan Lumber Co.

Bro. Toribio David was a visitor to Limay.

Bro. Laureano Escalada, supervising teacher, has transferred his office from Limay to Orion.

Bros. Salvador Banzon, Daniel Bascarra, Marcos Jorge and Amando Banzon have been working hard looking for a suitable building to which the Lodge can be temporarily transferred.

Bro. Tomas Fernando has been transferred from Bagac to Balanga, to the provincial treasurer's office.

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Damos las gracias al Ven. Hmno. Sevilla por esa atención. Las recomendaciones que hace son muy acertadas. El redactor del *Cabletow* tuvo el honor de presenciar la constitución de la Logia Makawiwili en 1920 y se acuerda con mucho placer de los Hermanos de los Valles de Cápiz.

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**GERMINAR:**—Brotar, crecer, desarrollarse cosas morales o abstractas como los vicios, las virtudes, la libertad, etc.

Con suma complacencia he visto reproducido en el último número de ese nunca bastante ponderado órgano oficioso y oficial, *THE CABLETOW*, el substancioso articulo del Her. Zurriaga, *Espíritu Masónico*, publicado en el Boletín de la Respetable Logia *Biac-Na-Bato* No. 7 de esa nuestra Gr. Jurisdicción de las Islas Filipinas.

Asimismo he leído con no menor complacencia en el mismo número, la reproducción de *Las Granadas* del colega "Acacia," de Montevideo, Uruguay.

Aparte de observar felizmente no haber resultado del todo vano el clamor en estas mismas apreciadas columnas de idioma hispano y en referencia a una más copiosa y substancial colaboración, ambas reproducciones satisfacen y responden a mis sinceros anhelos y afanes de una más activa e imperiosa labor masónica en todos aspectos y por parte de todos.

En verdad; el contenido de ambas reproducciones ha tenido la virtud de remover y sacudir mi espíritu de tal modo que a pesar de mis notorios achaques y avanzada edad, me he propuesto aportar al objeto expresado, mi humilde pero entusiasta y simbólico grano. Estoy resueltamente decidido a la desde bastante tiempo acariciada y prometida colaboración respectiva.

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¿Qué otro distintivo mayor y más consecuente resta al Hermano para acreditar el Honorable título de buen Masón?

Pero precisa terminar por hoy estas puramente fraternales líneas, que salvo la poderosa voluntad del Supremo Hacedor de todas las cosas, pienso continuar en sucesivas periódicas ediciones de esa mi muy apreciada publicación masónica.

GERMINAL

P. M. de Mabini No. 39.

## Junta Anual del Hospital Masónico

Se ruega a todos los miembros del Hospital Masónico para Niños Lisiados acudan a la Junta Anual de la Corporación que se celebrará en el Salón del Rito Escocés del Templo Masónico en la Escolta el día lunes, 21 de julio, a las cuatro y media de la tarde.

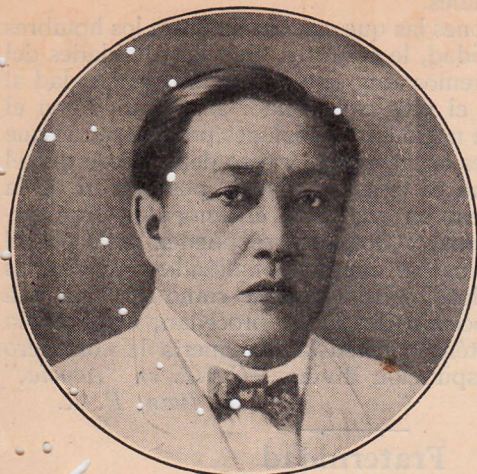
## De Fuentes Extranjeras

### Masones Que Duermen

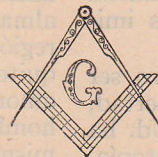
Soy Masón hace algunos años. Las finalidades de la masonería me encantan, sus preceptos todos son cristianos, sus trascendencias las hallo sublimes, y me pregunto muchas veces cuando visito una logia en la que veo poca asistencia y poca animación, ¿cuál será la causa de este marasmo?

Muchas veces hallo en mi camino individuos que dicen: yo fui masón, y les interrogo: y ¿no es Ud. masón ya? ¿Por qué no lo es? ¿No sabe Ud. que el que vió la luz, ya no puede dejar de pertenecer a los hijos de la viuda, a meros que la deshonre? ¿La ha deshonrado Ud? No la ha deshonrado, es que duermo. ¿Y por qué duermo Ud? le pregunto. Es que veo cosas que no me agradan, contesta, que hay allí individuos con los que no simpatizaré jamás, predominantes unos, débiles otros, en fin, no me siento plácido de estar con individuos que en vez de despertar en mí el entusiasmo por la masonería me lo debilitan.

Ya comprendo, hermano, es que Vd. no ha comprendido la masonería, le digo: porque si Ud. la hubiera comprendido, estos hombres no le hastiarían, sino que sería Ud. tolerante, y buscaría su enlace con ellos, porque no hay hombres absolutamente aceptables ni absolutamente repulsivos; el mundo está integrado por tan diversos estados de mentes humanas, y todas las instituciones llevan el sello de las debilidades y las grandezas del hombre, y si Ud. comprendiera la masonería, se hubiera dado cuenta de que la



Rt. Wor. Bro. ISIDRO PAREDES (26)  
SENIOR GRAND WARDEN



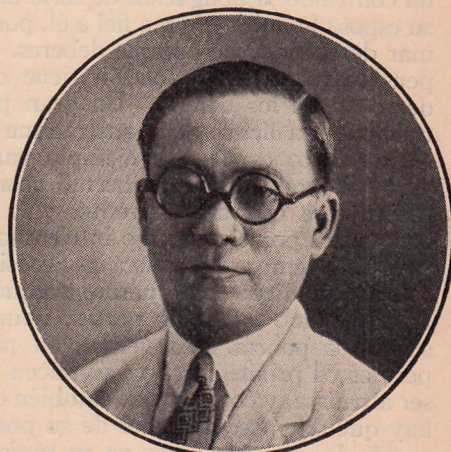
M. W. Bro. NEWTON C. COMFORT (3)  
P. G. M. AND GRAND SECRETARY



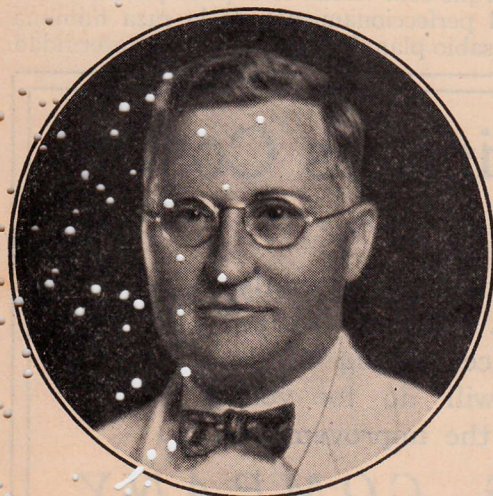
Rt. Wor. Bro. W. W. LARKIN (6)  
DEPUTY GRAND MASTER



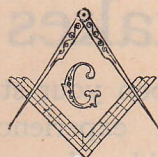
MOST WOR. BRO. VICENTE CARMONA (22)  
GRAND MASTER



VERY WOR. BRO. EDUARDO DEL ROSARIO  
TAN KIANG (27)



Rt. Wor. Bro. STANTON YOUNGBERG (9)  
JUNIOR GRAND WARDEN



VERY WOR. BRO. MANUEL CAMUS (8)  
GRAND LECTURER

masonería es una escuela en la que ingresan los hombres como los niños para ascender de grado en grado, y darse cuenta de que todos los hombres son perfectibles si se cultivan; Ud. mismo ha dejado la escuela antes de recibir su diploma, y no ha comprendido la masonería. Regrese Ud. a estudiarse usted mismo, y a estudiar a los hombres, y comprenderá que cada hombre es un eslabón de la cadena humana con sus defectos corregibles y sus virtudes imitables.

Hallo otro que me dice: duermo porque yo quiero ser absolutamente libre, y en horas en que necesito mi libertad, tengo que asistir a las tenidas. ¿Sabe Ud. lo que Ud. ha dicho? le interrogo. La libertad absoluta es una utopía, todas las libertades son relativas, y el hombre no tiene más libertades que aquéllas que lo mantienen en equilibrio con los demás hombres, y para mantenerse en equilibrio con los demás seres, tiene que cumplir con todos los deberes que la sociedad le impone; y por tanto, si pertenece a una institución en la cual está asociado a otros hombres, tiene que cumplir con los deberes que aquella institución le impone; pero es que uno de los lemas de la masonería es la libertad, me redarguye:—Sí, cierto, le contesto, uno de los lemas de la masonería es la libertad y es verdad, los hombres deben ser libres de pensar y de obrar de acuerdo con todo lo que no afecte a sus obligaciones contraídas, si es casado ha contraído la obligación de serle fiel a su esposa para que su esposa le imite y le sea fiel a él, porque nadie puede reclamar derechos si no cumple deberes. Se puede ser libre de pensamiento, pero la acción tiene que ser ajustada a los derechos de los demás. Un gran pensador dijo: Aunque todo me sea lícito, debo sustraerme a ejecutar lo que aún siendo lícito es de mal ejemplo para la sociedad en que vivo, de modo que una libertad absoluta será siempre más destructora que constructiva, y la verdadera libertad se conseguirá por el progreso intelectual y moral del hombre, pero será siempre limitada a las necesidades del estado social.

Otro me dice:—Yo duermo porque allí la igualdad es un mito y como en todas partes, tienen privilegios los ricos sobre los pobres. Es verdad en parte esto, le contesto, pero estos privilegios a veces hacen que el rico despierte a ser altruísta, y como el rico también es un aprendiz del bien, hay que dar paso al poder de su posición para corregirlo y enseñarlo, y desde luego en su posición hay un apoyo que redundará muchas veces en hallar protección el pobre en el progreso de la institución: Dios no permite nada que no sea para el progreso del hombre y a veces de lo que nos parece malo procede el bien.

Otro me dice:—Duermo porque no es verdadera allí la fraternidad, que aun no siendo verdaderamente hermanos los que salen de un mismo claustro materno, mal pueden llegar a ser hermanos hombres de distintas razas, distintas madres, distintas posiciones materiales, y distintas

facultades intelectuales.

No son las posiciones las que establecen entre los hombres los lazos de fraternidad, le contesto, sino las afinidades del espíritu, y a veces vemos amarse con profunda sinceridad al más ignorante con el más capacitado, al más rico con el más pobre, y al que nació en las regiones polares con el que nació en las regiones ecuatoriales, y esto depende de que el alma del hombre no es origen, ni de la posición ni de la región, sino que tiene su origen en el amor del Gran Arquitecto del Universo, y doquiera se pueden unir por el amor. La fraternidad se engendra hallándose unidos los hombres, estudiándose, considerándose como seres de una misma especie, procedan de donde procedan, estén en la posición en que estén; por eso la Masonería la considero yo una sublime inspiración divina.—C.B.Z. en "Acacia,"  
S. Juan, P. R.

### Fraternidad

La solemnidad de ciertos momentos no encuentra comparación en ningún otro instante de nuestra vida y sentimos la impresión de encontrarnos en un lugar inmenso y en presencia de centenares de personas. Sentimos el peso enorme de miradas penetrantes que no nos abandonan un solo momento. Cuando cae la venda y vemos y oímos que hay muchos hombres que nos reciben como hermanos y que están dispuestos aun al sacrificio de su vida por nosotros, notamos que en realidad hemos asistido a un acto verdaderamente *fraternal* y que puede ser de enorme trascendencia en nuestra vida.

La fraternidad en la masonería es el secreto de sus conquistas, el eslabón de su fortaleza, la llave de seguridad. El progreso de nuestra Institución está, pues, estrechamente vinculado al sentimiento fraternal de todos los miembros que la forman. Si esta unión es fuerte y verdadera no prevalecerán en sus columnas las vicisitudes de la vida profana, sino que ella irá siempre adelante, imperturbable, como una roca en medio del mar de las evoluciones y revoluciones de la Humanidad.

La fraternidad es también fuente inagotable de virtudes y de armonía; su nombre nos da la fortaleza para obrar, porque sentimos en torno nuestro, el apoyo de los que como nosotros piensan.

Mantener latente, vivo y real el sentimiento fraternal es un deber imperioso de cada hermano. Amor fraternal es lo que todos los masones debemos tener como divisa, tanto en la vida profana como con todos nuestros hermanos de la tierra; porque es Fuerza y Unión y sin esta base nos apoderaría la inquietud, la timidez, la decadencia y la ruina.

Si la masonería enseña a practicar la fraternidad entre los hermanos es porque esta virtud es el principio básico de la Institución y el perfeccionamiento de la raza humana de acuerdo con un sabio plan de evolución. La fraternidad

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es intensa y pura donde la humanidad ha alcanzado su mayor perfeccionamiento moral. La fraternidad masónica es el amor y el cariño que deben existir entre los hermanos porque su ideal es libertad, igualdad y fraternidad, cuyo simbolismo nos representa la escuadra.

La escuadra formada por la horizontal nos simboliza la igualdad y por la vertical la libertad, y la unión de ambas nos simbolizan la fraternidad.—*Revista Masónica de Chile.*

### Como Hacen Justicia Los Masones

En cierta corte de justicia, se celebraba una vez un juicio por un delito que se imputaba a un miembro de una Logia. El acusado, sabiendo que el juez también era masón, se declaró culpable, y creyendo salir mejor, al ponerse de pie para oír su sentencia, empezó a acariciar ostensiblemente un hermoso dije de brillantes que pendía de la cadena de su reloj, con la insignia masónica.

El juez observó bien la maniobra y se pronunció del modo siguiente:

“Acusado, la ley impone dos penas por el crimen que confesáis haber cometido: una multa que fluctúa entre \$50 y \$500 y prisión por un término que puede ser hasta un año. Por regla general, cuando el acusado se declara culpable, esta corte impone el mínimo de ambas penas. Pero, a juzgar por el dije que lleváis, sois miembro de la fraternidad masónica. Yo también soy masón. Yo sé que a los masones se les enseña a respetar las leyes, a practicar la moral y a ser buenos ciudadanos. En algunos casos en que la ignorancia de la ley ha sido manifiesta, esta corte ha sido benévola con el acusado. Pero en este caso es distinto. A Vd. le han enseñado a ser un ciudadano correcto, y Vd. sabía que faltaba a la ley cuando estaba cometiendo este delito, porque Vd. sabe lo que hace. Por lo tanto esta corte le impone \$500 de multa y 30 días de cárcel.”—*Acacia, San Juan, P. R.*

### La Francmasonería

¡Salve, Ideal! Tu credo luminoso marca al hombre la senda bendecida del Amor, que es la esencia de la Vida, y la Virtud, del alma bien precioso!

Tu guardas, como un cáliz milagroso, la Dicha en tus Misterios escondida, y mantienes la lámpara encendida de la Ciencia, que es faro prodigioso!

¡Salve, Ideal! Del ogro obscurantismo el dominio, rendiste, soberano, haciéndole rodar hacia el abismo!

¡Y a tu mágico influjo sobrehumano, vencido en su cubil el Fanatismo, al plebeyo el monarca llama hermano!

—JOSÉ LIMÓN DE ARCE,  
Puerto Rico, en *Hojas de Acacia.*

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## A SUGGESTION TO ADVERTISERS

Manila, P. I., January 2, 1930.

Gentlemen:

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

The *CABLETOW* goes to 7,200 subscribers in the Islands, scattered from Aparri to Jolo; the rest of the 7,500 copies printed monthly goes to the United States and other countries.

The paper has the following special advantages:

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

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

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

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

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

Yours very truly,

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

## CABLETOW READERS BY PROVINCES

(The list below shows the number of Masons, including M.M., F.C., and E.A. in the 101 Lodges of the Jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the Philippine Islands, as of November 30, 1927. The figures in brackets indicate the number of Lodges in places where there is more than one Lodge. In addition to the member listed below, each of whom receives the *CABLETOW*, the paper goes to a number of other subscribers belonging to Lodges of other jurisdictions residing in these Islands, and others. 7,500 copies are printed of each issue. The *CABLETOW* being the official organ of the Grand Lodge, many of the readers keep the paper on file. A good index is prepared for each volume of the *CABLETOW* for reference and binding purposes.)

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