The Cable Tow

Vol. VIII Manila, P. I., August 1, 1930 No. 3

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
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THE CABLETOW

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

Managing Editor: LEO FISCHER, P. M.

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Vol. VIII **AUGUST 1, 1930** **No. 3**

Editorial Section

August 14th

Fifteen years ago on August 14th, the corner-stone of the Masonic Temple on the Escolta was laid by the Grand Lodge of the Philippine Islands with simple, but impressive and solemn ceremonies. The men who conceived it, financed it, built it, and struggled hard to keep it in Masonic hands all deserve the highest praise. The imposing building on the Escolta will ever be a monument to their vision, their enterprise, and their constancy. To the profane, the Masonic Temple is an ever-present reminder that the Masonic Fraternity exists and is a factor to be reckoned with, and as such its value to our Institution is, perhaps, greater than most Masons realize. But, how much water has passed under the bridge since that 14th day of August of the year 1915!—*L. F.*

August 29th

If Bro. Marcelo H. del Pilar were still alive, he would complete his eightieth year of life on August 29th of this year. As it was, he succumbed on July 4, 1896, to the hardships and privations which he had suffered while fighting for liberty of thought and conscience in Spain for nearly eight years.—*L. F.*

The Chain Letter Nuisance

The chain letter nuisance is becoming so bad that we must again say a few words about it in our paper. A few of our local Brethren have been superstitious or foolish enough to sit down and make nine copies of an alleged "Masonic Prayer" and waste good envelopes and postage stamps to send these nine copies to the same number of persons, with the request to each that he pass the thing on to nine others, who must each send it to nine, and so forth, ad infinitum. We don't consider ourselves flattered when we get one of these missives. Generally they come anonymously, but lately we have seen one in which the sender did not hesitate to state his name. When you get one of these, return it to the sender with a slip with this quotation from—was it not Barnum?: *There is one born every minute.* For the anonymous kind we know only one place: the waste basket. Several of our local Brethren have suggested that we publish the names of all Masons who are known to have assisted in the circulation of such letters. We feel that we ought to do it but shall for the present abstain from taking any such action.—*L. F.*

A Just Requirement

Under this caption, the *Masonic Analyst*, of Portland, Oregon, one of the best papers that come to our desk, has the following to say in its June issue with regard to one of our recent articles on life insurance:

> One of our readers recently brought to the editorial desk an article clipped from THE CABLETOW, the Masonic publication of the Philippine Islands, edited by the well-known Masonic journalist, Leo Fischer.
>
> The article deals with life insurance among Master Masons and brings to the minds of its readers the absolute necessity of providing for dependents. Members of the fraternity, as well as the rank and file of American citizenry, are growing to realize the need and necessity of establishing an estate, of which insurance must comprise the largest amount.
>
> Masonic lodges are not indebted to the families of Master Masons to the extent that they should provide for their future welfare. Charity, fostered by the idea that Masonic lodges should provide for dependents over an indefinite period, is erroneous.
>
> In a recent statement, Bro. O. C. Hagmeier, Deputy Grand Master, remarked that the petition submitted should contain the amount of insurance carried by the petitioner. We heartily agree with this thought and subject.

We reproduce the above in order to show that we are not alone in our stand on the subject of life insurance. We are especially pleased to have the *Masonic Analyst* back us up so generously, not only because of the high standing of that publication, but also because both the CABLETOW and the *Masonic Analyst* began publication in June 1923 and we consider our Portland contemporary as our twin brother.—*L. F.*

Too Busy

"I am too busy" is an excuse frequently used to escape some task or duty or explain neglect of duty and failure to come up to expectations. Judging by our experience in Masonry, this expression is used much oftener by men who have little right to use it than by those who could use it with some justification. It has always been, and always will be, that way.

Marcus Aurelius who, though a pagan and most probably not a Mason, was yet possessed of a Masonic heart, judging by the sentiments he expresses in his "Thoughts," says on this subject:

> "I have learned not frequently nor without necessity to say to any one or to write in a letter that I have no leisure, nor continually to excuse neglect of duties by alleging urgent occupation."

Marcus Aurelius was really a busy man. To be an emperor of Rome was no sinecure in his time. His reign was one of many wars, rebellions, and calamities such as floods, pestilence, earthquakes, and famine. The empire over which he ruled extended from the Atlantic Ocean to the Euphrates and from the deserts of Africa to the Danube. For fourteen long years he strove to keep the Germanic tribes of the North from overrunning the empire, and he died in harness, at Vindebona, the present Vienna, while preparing the final defeat of the invading hordes.

What a pity we have not more Masons who can truthfully make the same statement as Marcus Aurelius, than we seem to have!—*L. F.*

A Visit to the Masonic Ward

We have only one organized Masonic charity in the Philippines and that being so, one might believe that each and every Mason would be a contributor to or active worker in that charity. But this is far from being the case. Despite the splendid work which the Masonic Hospital for Crippled Children is carrying on, it has not that support which it should have. The total membership on June 30th, last, was 1,717. This does not mean that 1,717 Masons have thought enough of the Masonic Hospital to join it, because that number includes wives, daughters, sisters, and mothers of Masons and we know that some of the enthusiastic members of the Association have taken out memberships for four or five of such eligibles belonging to their families. Less than twenty per cent of the Masons of these Islands have seen fit to join the Association.

To those who have for some reason or the other held aloof, we would recommend a visit to the Masonic Ward for Crippled Children now being maintained at the Mary J. Johnston Memorial Hospital in Tondo by the Association. Right Wor. Bro. W. W. Larkin, the president of the Association, has the following to say on this subject:

> No one with a spark of charity in his soul can make such a visit without feeling a just pride in what is being done in the remaking of little children, and without resolving to make further sacrifices on their behalf.
>
> There are many charities to which we all contribute, and many demands are made on our often limited purse, but there are none more worthy, none which pay greater dividends, than helping unfortunate and helpless little children like those who are cared for in our ward.

Make that visit. Give the Masonic Hospital your support. Be a Mason!—*L. F.*

Admirable Work and Its Proper Reward

Much work is done in Masonry with a hope of reward. There are members who would not crook a finger in Lodge work without being sure of recognition and compensation in some form or the other. Self-glorification, self-advertisement, and vanity are behind much of the activity in Lodge. But it is where the work has to be done without publicity and without hope of a recompense in the shape of honors, office or medals, that the true Mason, and he alone, comes to the fore.

This thought came to us when we attended the last annual meeting of the Masonic Hospital for Crippled Children. The officers' reports showed a vast amount of efficient work performed quietly and unostentatiously, and of pecuniary sacrifice on the part of the officers. As the president of the Association said in his report:

> Our auditor's report shows that none of our funds are squandered, that no salaries are paid to any of your officers, that their time and means are contributed free. Their compensation is in the joy of giving and in the smiles with which they are greeted by happy children.

Great credit is due especially to the president of the Association, Right Wor. Bro. W. W. Larkin, and its secretary, Most Wor. Bro. Joseph H. Schmidt. Year after year, these Brethren have given freely of their time, effort, and money to the work carried on so successfully and efficiently under their direction, and they have now shouldered the heavy burden for another year.

The best recompense for Brethren who have deserved so well of Masonry is not a glittering medal or high-sounding title, but coöperation, unstinted and unfailing, in the noble work which they are doing.—*L. F.*

Bros. Hedrick and Pulsifer Answer Last Call

Two American veterans well known in Manila and very active in Masonry have answered the last roll call.

Bro. *Franklin Edison Hedrick* died at his home at 625 Pennsylvania Avenue, Manila, on July 13, 1930, after a long illness. Bro. Hedrick served in the Philippines and China with the 9th U. S. Infantry in 1899 and 1900 and was active as an engineer and builder in the Islands for many years. He was a member of Manila Lodge No. 1 and was an enthusiastic Mason, generous and big-hearted as few. He was particularly active in the Scottish Rite, being a member of the Manila Bodies. Bro. Hedrick's untimely death is mourned by his widow and four children who lost in him a devoted husband and father. The funeral services over Bro. Hedrick's ashes were held by Manila Lodge on July 16th, in the Masonic Temple, and were well attended.

Bro. *George Pulsifer*, of Hancock Lodge No. 311, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, died at his home, 304 South Esplanade, Fort Leavenworth, on April 22, 1930. Born at Baton Rouge, La., in 1853, Bro. Pulsifer enlisted in the regular army in 1874 and retired in 1904, after participating in many campaigns. During the World War he served as captain in the Adjutant General's Department. He is survived by his widow, a daughter and three sons, the latter all three graduates of West Point. Masonic services over the remains were conducted by Hancock Lodge on April 24th. Bro. Pulsifer was a 33rd degree Mason and past potentate of Abdallah Temple of the Mystic Shrine.

The passing of these Veterans is much regretted by their Brethren and friends in these Islands.

The dust has returned to the earth as it was; and the spirit has returned to God who gave it.

A Pastime

A simple but entertaining game is what Bro. Gregorio Littaua, of 519 Alvarado, Manila (Tel. 4-97-69), offers to the public under the name of the Royal Game. It has the further advantage of being cheap, as it consists of nothing but sheets with rows of asterisks or dots and a very short and simple set of instructions. Bro. Littaua found this game a very agreeable pastime when he was laid up with a badly injured hand, and it was then that he conceived the idea of using it as a money-maker. Having lost his position, Bro. Littaua is now trying to sell his game, and we certainly wish him success.

From Makabugwas Lodge No. 47

A recent mail brought us a new bulletin, issued by Makabugwas Lodge No. 47, of Tacloban, Leyte, one of our really live provincial Lodges. It is a neat little folder of 8 pages, 5¼×7½ inches, and we shall immediately send a copy to our friend Bro. Hans Quint in Falkenstein, Germany, for mention in his monumental Masonic Bibliography. We have used the "Personals" which the bulletin contains to complete our Personals Department, and "The Goat Club" for our Lodge News Column. Under the caption "Why the Bulletin is published", the editor, Bro. Dominador Gallardo, has this to say:

> Following the suggestion of Worshipful Brother Leo Fischer's Editorial on Lodge publications this *Bulletin* is monthly issued for the benefit of Masons in this Valley, and the dispersed members of Makabugwas Lodge No. 47 who, bound as they are by a strong tie of affection to their Mother Lodge, should acquaint themselves of Her work.
>
> This *Bulletin* will be a welcome visitor, it is hoped, to those far-away brethren. We will endeavor to publish brief statements of news, brief articles on things Masonic, and brief reminders of our obligations to the Lodge.
>
> To produce Work, a philosopher said, one must have Knowledge. A spark of knowledge imparted to our Brethren through this *Bulletin* will perhaps spur them to Work harder with renewed energy and with greater enthusiasm for the glory of God and of Masonry.

We feel highly complimented and are glad that our suggestion has not fallen on barren ground.

And we congratulate Makabugwas Lodge and editor Dominador Gallardo on the first number of their bulletin which is very interesting and well gotten up.

Remember That Tin Foil Campaign!

Official Section

Monthly Announcement of Organizations Barred to Masons

It is unlawful for Masons under the jurisdiction of the M. W. Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the Philippine Islands to hold membership in or join any of the following associations and clandestine bodies:

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

The "Supremo Consejo del Gr. 33 para Filipinas" and the so-called Scottish Rite Bodies under its auspices.

The organizations calling themselves "Gran Masonería Filipina," "Gran Oriente Filipino," "Mártires de Filipinas," and "Gran Luz Masonería Filipina."

VICENTE CARMONA, *Grand Master.*

Grand Lodge Committee for Visiting the Sick

Most Wor. Grand Master Vicente Carmona has appointed Wor. Bros. Estanislao Alfonso (42), Urbano Garcia (49), John C. Hart (41) to act as Grand Lodge Committee for Visiting the Sick during the month of August, 1930.

Addresses Wanted

Letters to the following addresses have been returned to the Secretary of Manila Lodge No. 1:

Capt. Odmund Arensen, c/o Standard Oil Co., 26 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Mr. B. E. Donnel, Hdqrs. 13th Naval Distr., Seattle, Wash.

Mr. C. C. Long, 10507 Almayo Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

Mr. D. D. Yoder, 516 Virginia Street, Seattle, Wash.

Mr. L. M. Zeskind, 512-1/2 Tulip Avenue, Tacoma Park, M.D., D.C.

Anyone knowing the correct address of any of the Brethren above listed will do those concerned a good turn by communicating such address to Wor. Bro. August Schipull, P. O. Box 376, Manila, P. I.

The addresses of Bros. James Adrian Hawke and Celedonio Sandoval, of Ibarra Lodge No. 31, are needed. Any Brother knowing them, or either of them, is requested to kindly communicate with the secretary, Bro. Roberto J. Cipriaso, Kawit, Cavite.

Batong-Buhay Lodge No. 27 asks for the address of Bro. Telesforo P. Luna. Will any Brother knowing it kindly communicate with the secretary, Bro. Enrique Ant. Gaerlan, 1413 Azcarraga, Manila?

Stated Meetings of Manila Lodges

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.

August 6 (First Wednesday).—Cosmos No. 8, Masonic Temple; Rizal No. 22, Plaridel Temple.

August 7 (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.

August 8 (Second Friday).—Dapitan No. 21, Plaridel Temple.

August 9 (Second Saturday).—Biak-na-Bato No. 7, Masonic Temple; Dalisay No. 14, Plaridel Temple; Walana No. 13, Masonic Temple.

August 11 (Second Monday).—Southern Cross No. 6, Masonic Temple.

August 12 (Second Tuesday).—Benjamin Franklin No. 94, Masonic Temple.

August 13 (Second Wednesday).—Bagumbayan No. 4, Masonic Temple.

August 14 (Second Thursday).—Corregidor No. 3, Masonic Temple; Batong-Buhay No. 27, 527 Alvarado.

August 15 (Third Friday).—Modestia-Liwayway No. 81, Plaridel Temple.

August 16 (Third Saturday).—Hagdang Bato No. 87, 527 Alvarado; High Twelve No. 82, Masonic Temple.

September 1 (First Monday).—Luz Oceánica No. 85, Masonic Temple; Service No. 95, Plaridel Temple.

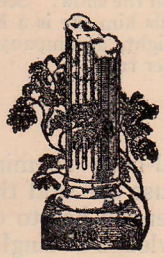
September 2 (First Tuesday).—Manila No. 1, Masonic Temple; Kasilawan No. 77, Masonic Temple.

September 3 (First Wednesday).—Cosmos No. 8, Masonic Temple; Rizal No. 22, Plaridel Temple.

September 4 (First Thursday).—Isla de Luzon No. 57, Masonic Temple; Minerva No. 41, Plaridel Temple; Mt. Lebanon No. 80, 1132 California; Mencius No. 93, Masonic Temple.

September 5 (First Friday).—St. John's No. 9, Masonic Temple; Hiram No. 88, Plaridel Temple.

September 6 (First Saturday).—Nilad No. 12, Plaridel Temple; Taga-Ilog No. 79, Masonic Temple; Araw No. 18, 527 Alvarado.



Our Dead

We do not sigh when golden skies have donned
The purple shadows and the gray of night,
Because we know that morning lies beyond
And we must wait a little while for light;
So when grown weary with the care and strife,
Our loved ones find in sleep the peace they crave,
We should not weep, but learn to count this life
A prelude to the one beyond the grave.

—Anon.

Bro. Frank Paschall.
Member of St. John's Lodge No. 9.
Died on February 11, 1930.

Bro. Chun Choy.
Member of Balintawak Lodge No. 28, Gumaca, Tayabas.
Died on May 10, 1930.

Bro. Charles C. Fuller.
Member of Cosmos Lodge No. 8.
Died on April 23, 1930.

Brother Franklin Edison Hedrick.
Member of Manila Lodge No. 1.
Died at Manila, on July 13, 1930.
Remains cremated; necrological services held by Manila Lodge No. 1 on July 16, 1930.

Brother David Cauveren.
Member of St. John's Lodge No. 9.
Died at Danville, Ill., on April 17, 1930.
Buried in Mt. Moriah Masonic Cemetery, Kansas City, Mo.

Wor. Bro. Fernando Alvarez.
Past Master of Isarog Lodge No. 33, Naga, Camarines Sur.
Died at Naga.
Buried on July 15, 1930.

Bro. John Moran.
Member of Maktan Lodge No. 30, Cebu.
Died on June 26, 1930, at Kinoguitan, Occ. Misamis.

Masonic Relief

Masonic charity is a personal duty and rests wholly with the individual Mason. According to the philosophy of the institution every brother is entitled to relief according to his necessities and the ability of his brethren to comply with them. Today the personal element has been largely eliminated and the burden shifted upon the lodge. The lodge is looked upon as an organized charity and the appeal for aid is met with the response "Go to the lodge." Dues and fees are collected to pay current expenses necessary in every well governed lodge and not to be used in aiding the distressed. Our duty is plain, and if we would be sincere to our profession we must go upon the errant of a needy brother individually, even though barefoot.—*Illinois Freemason.*

Masonic Fiction

Virginia Reel

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

(Continued)

The Story so far: Harriet Virginia Reel, eighteen years of age and very attractive, discovers that Dennis O'Brien, her uncle and guardian, an unscrupulous financier who has recently suffered reverses, is plotting to get her fortune into his possession. Fearing for her safety, the girl escapes from the private train on which they are traveling to California while the train is standing on a lonely sidetrack in the desert. This occurs in Wyoming, in March 1899. Robert Vanderford, member of a railroad surveying party, finds the girl in the snow. Seeing a Masonic ring on Vanderford's finger, Virginia tells him she is a Mason's daughter. Vanderford assists her in her flight, accompanying her, first on a freight train and then on the passenger train.

At Mother Pfannkuchen's

"Mutter" Pfannkuchen was a natural-born rooming-house keeper. She kept no boarders because she said that cooking for herself was all nature had intended her to do. She read no newspapers because her knowledge of English was extremely limited, and all her spare moments were spent with her knitting machine, so she had no time for gossiping with the German-speaking element of the vicinity. This does not speak very highly of Mutter Pfannkuchen's intellectuality; but everybody knew that there was no rooming house in Omaha where there were cleaner and pleasanter rooms and where decorum and decency were maintained at a higher level, than in hers.

Just now Mutter Pfannkuchen was in a quandary. Mr. Fanterfort, as she called him, who had been her favorite lodger before he left for "dot vild coontry oud vest," was standing before her with a girl and asked her to let that girl occupy Fritz Miller's room, saying that he would fix things up with Fritz and take a room in a hotel with him while the young lady was at Mutter Pfannkuchen's. The shrewd old lady had listened patiently to Vanderford's story that the girl was his cousin whose house in the country had been destroyed by fire while she was away. Her knowledge of human nature and her intuition told her that the story was fiction pure and simple. And yet the mien and bearing of the girl convinced her that a pure, unspotted soul was looking out of those deep-blue eyes, and she knew Vanderford to be a gentleman.

She was about to deliver her ultimatum that it "could not be did" when she saw the tired, haunted look on the sweet face of the girl before her grow more poignant as the girl sensed a refusal. The old lady hemmed and hawed once or twice, then she said: "Vell, all right. I know Fritz vould say O. K. but I vont let you blay dot trick on him. I vill fix up mine good room for de young lady and she can eat mid me."

"Why, that is perfect, Mutter!" exclaimed Vanderford. "Your cooking is wonderful, I know, and that little parlor of yours is the coziest place out."

"And I shall enjoy your cooking and your company," said Virginia, in fluent German; "my grandfather was from Vienna, and my father studied in Heidelberg and insisted on my learning the language."

The old lady's good face was wreathed in smiles. After that, all her conversation with the young girl was in her own tongue, and Virginia knew that she had won a loyal friend. The two disappeared in Mutter Pfannkuchen's small apartment while Vanderford went upstairs and made himself at home in his friend's room. He was well satisfied with the arrangements.

Fritz was delighted to find his friend in his room when he came at noon.

"Bob, old fellow, I'm glad to have you back!" he said. "I hope you are going to stay in Omaha now?"

Vanderford shook his head. "No, not this trip. I have gotten mixed up in an affair of which I shall tell you as much as I can—and that on the square, Fritz—the rest must remain a secret even to you. I have brought a girl here, the daughter of a Mason, who says she is in danger and who is hiding from her relatives. The young lady's guardian will probably send out a general alarm in order to get her back; he is a millionaire and seems to have no end of political influence."

Fritz nodded. "Mum is the word, old fellow! As to the rest, I need not tell you that I'll back you to the limit. Now come on, let us go down to Maurer's and have lunch; what do you say?"

A Thousand Dollars Reward

The next morning Vanderford was sitting in front of his "stack o' wheats" at the little restaurant which he and Fritz were patronizing, Fritz was nearly through with breakfast and was finishing his cup of coffee, engrossed in a newspaper that lay before him. Suddenly he turned to his friend, alarm written on his face.

"Say, Bob, look at this; doesn't that refer to—you know whom I mean?"

Vanderford took the paper. As he read, his face fell. "My God," he murmured, "that looks bad."

Again he read the item, which was as follows:

A tragedy occurred on the private train of Dennis O'Brien, the well-known Buffalo financier and politician, as it was on its way to California. Mr. O'Brien absolutely refuses to talk on the subject, but it appears that on Thursday morning, somewhere near Ogden, Miss Harriet Reel, his beautiful niece, a girl of 17 or 18, disappeared from the train, after inflicting several wounds on her uncle. Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien are disconsolate over this affair and have taken steps to trace the girl. Miss Reel must have left the train shortly after the assault on her uncle, who was found unconscious on the floor of the car. The O'Briens contemplated placing the young girl in the hands of an alienist for observation and treatment, as she has been acting strangely of late. The attack on her uncle seems to confirm their belief that Miss Reel is not in her right mind.

Vanderford folded the paper with nervous hands and put it into his pocket. His friend looked at him questioningly.

"How about that assault?" he asked. "Is there anything in that?" Vanderford looked angry.

"No, Fritz," he said; "that is all a tissue of lies. Virginia has explained the situation to me, and as you are in the secret, I am going to tell you her history. Virginia's father and Dennis O'Brien were half brothers. Both were brought up as catholics but Virginia's father became a Mason and married civilly. He was a good man, highly intellectual and unpractical, and his wife was as unpractical as he was. When Mr. Reel, Virginia's father, died, the O'Briens persecuted the widow, telling her that her marriage was no marriage at all, as it had not been blessed by a Roman catholic priest, and that her daughter was a bastard. The widow died and shortly after, oil was found on Reel's land and Virginia became wealthy. The O'Briens immediately changed their attitude towards their niece and O'Brien, who is an unscrupulous scoundrel, got himself appointed as the girl's guardian. He is a great stock exchange gambler, and he would have gambled the girl's money away long ago if her father's old friend, a Mason, had not warned her from time to time. The girl's advisor has died recently, but she opposes all her uncle's so-called investments. O'Brien has been unlucky in his speculations lately and needs the girl's money to gamble with. By accident the girl has learned that in his endeavor to get his hands on her money he has hit on a devilish scheme: to have the girl sent to an insane asylum. Luckily she overheard him and her precious aunt discuss the pros and cons. She says that with his money, his political influence, and his cleverness, her uncle would soon have gotten her out of the way one way or the other, and fearing for her liberty or even her life, she gave them the slip when they were at Coyote Siding.

"Now you must note that the alleged assault on O'Brien

is supposed to have occurred on Thursday morning when, as a matter of fact, she had made her escape on Wednesday evening. This she managed very cleverly: She hid her warm clothes in her berth and pretended to be ill. Saying she did not want any supper and desired them to let her sleep all the night through until she awoke herself the next morning, she went to her berth. She dressed in her berth and slipped out of the car when everybody was in the diner, a few minutes before the Express came along. This is her story, Fritz, as she gave it to me."

Fritz thoughtfully stirred what remained of his coffee, then he locked up.

"You can count on me, Bob; all you have to do is tell me what you want me to do. But first thing I am going to find out if there is an alarm out for the girl. If there isn't any, O'Brien has surely set detectives on her trail by this time, and they may connect your disappearance with hers and trace her through you. Don't you think you had better spirit her away?"

Vanderford nodded. "I reckon that must be our next move," he said. "I would break any law to protect Virginia and am going to see this thing through to the bitter end. I intend to take her to a friend of mine, Mr. Richards, a Brother Mason who has a farm in Kansas known as Druid Grove, on which he is living with his daughter. His son, who died in Chickamauga Park last August, was my bunkie, and on his account old man Richards would do a great deal for me. Well, do what you can, Fritz; I'll see you again this evening."

When the two friends met again at table at half past six o'clock in the evening, Fritz pulled his friend aside because the blond waitress, who evidently had her cap set for the prosperous-looking clerk, was flitting around them too much to suit him.

"Listen, Bob," he said, "that old devil of an O'Brien certainly has not lost any time. There is an alarm out for the young lady, with a 1,000 dollar reward for information leading to the discovery of her whereabouts. It gives a pretty good description of her. Every cop in town will keep his eyes peeled for her, and the detectives will be busy in Wyoming in the meantime. What are you going to do about it?"

"I think the best is to keep her out of sight, leaving her where she is. No cop will see her then. . ."

"That won't do, Bob. As I told you, they will follow her trail from Wyoming and find her through you."

Vanderford bowed his head; his friend's conclusions were fatally correct. He had been a fool to bring the girl to the place where he was known to make his headquarters in Omaha. After a moment's reflection he said, with determination:

"Well, Fritz, I must take her away to-night. Get a livery-stable rig at 6 o'clock and pick us up at the head of the alley in rear of Mutter Pfannkuchen's. I am going to shave off my mustache and ask her to wear a veil. I intend to take her to a farm in Kansas and leave her there until I can get the proper kind of legal protection for her. There is a train for Kansas City at 7 p. m. and we'll leave on that. What do you think of this plan?"

"Excellent. I hope it will work out as well as it ought to."

Two Tickets and a Marriage License

Robert Vanderford was again in a quandary. He had been lucky in his undertaking to smuggle his fair protégée out of Omaha and keep her as much as possible from the prying eyes of the police. The ticket agent at the station in Omaha had not seen Virginia, as she had separated from her escort for a moment, and he mistook the lanky boy whom Vanderford had hired to carry their grips, for the traveling companion of the fine-looking, smooth-shaved youth who purchased two tickets for Kansas City. The inquiries made by several individuals the next morning were, therefore, absolutely abortive: no young man with a fierce-looking mustache, accompanied by a pretty young girl had left from that station.

Vanderford and Virginia had arrived in Kansas City the day before and now the young man was returning to the hotel where they were staying and where he had left the girl. In his pocket he had tickets for Crawfish Springs, for which little station they expected to leave on the noon train. This would make them arrive some time after dusk. At Crawfish Springs, Vanderford expected to have a man who lived near the station drive him and Virginia to the farm of his good friend Herman Richards, five miles over the prairie. With the fine old man and his splendid daughter Rose, Virginia was to make her home for the present.

But there was another innocent-looking paper in his pocket besides the tickets, and it was that which was the cause of all of the young man's worries and qualms of conscience. It was nothing more nor less than a marriage license and the names on it were quite plainly Robert Vanderford and H. Virginia Reel. The latter way of writing the name had been suggested by Virginia because the police notices gave her name as Harriet V. Reel.

This is what had happened after the arrival of Vanderford and Virginia at Kansas City:

Virginia was tired and her nerves were unstrung when they arrived; but Vanderford soon succeeded in making her see things in a rosier light. At luncheon, in a restaurant near the station, the young girl was in excellent spirits. Vanderford then took her to a small hotel the proprietress of which he knew, and engaged a room for her. Virginia was delighted with the place and began to open her hand bag and lay out her things, as she expected to rest all afternoon.

The young man knew, from the looks of things, that the proper time to take his departure had come. He therefore told Virginia that he was going and would be with her again at supper. To his surprise, the girl did not take the hand which he had offered her; instead she threw herself on a chair and began to sob hysterically. Vanderford was dumbfounded. He had no experience with girls and this sudden transition from smiles to tears was something he was not used to. He anxiously inquired what was the matter, but the girl shook her head and went on crying.

In his endeavors to calm the girl, Vanderford put his arms about her and drew her close to him, and then things happened. Ere the young man knew it, Virginia's arms were clasped about his neck and he felt her tear-stained face against his. Then he felt a pair of warm lips seeking his own. They did not have to seek long. Vanderford fairly smothered the tempting mouth with kisses.

At last, with glowing checks and rumpled hair, Virginia disengaged herself and pushed him back, gently.

"Go now, Bob," she said affectionately, but firmly. "I knew all the time that you love me, dear, and I have loved you ever since that wild ride in the box-car. Darling, let us get married before we leave Kansas City. That will be the easiest solution of my present difficulties, won't it? It will be quite different you know, when I am a married woman and have you to protect me. And won't I be the happiest wife on earth? You know, dear, since the day when you came to me with that mustache of yours shaved off I consider you the handsomest man I have ever known."

Vanderford hung his head.

"Darling," he said, "I had no right to tell you that I love you; but the way this thing happened, I just could not help myself. I was determined that I would stifle my love for you because you are rich and I. . .

"Not another word about my money," Virginia said, placing her small hand on Vanderford's mouth. "I am willing to give up every cent of it but not my happiness. Now go, you bad boy; you have compromised me enough, and don't come back until you have that paper!"

And with a fond, clinging kiss and embrace she bade him good-bye.

Vanderford touched the license in his pocket with reverent fingers. It was a pass to happiness, he thought. But was it right for him to take advantage of this, perhaps, fleeting passion of that lovely creature, an heiress to great wealth? His own resources amounted to about a thousand dollars and he had no position nor any prospects to speak of. And yet he could not step back now—it would break the girl's heart.

Looking up, the young man saw that he was near the hotel. At the door, lovely and sweet in her simple dress, stood Virginia.

"You see, I am ready, dear," she said. "Have you got it?"

"Yes, dear, I have," replied Vanderford. His eyes rested fondly on the smiling, happy face of the girl who was so anxious to be his wife. No, he could not change that fond smile to tears!

"The cab will be here in five minutes, sweetheart," he said, and the minister is ready for us. We must drive from the parsonage direct to the station, because the train is leaving at noon. If everything goes well, we shall be at Druid Grove, Richards' farm, at nine o'clock to-night. Ours will not be a brilliant wedding, Virginia dear, and our honey-moon trip. . ."

"Please quit croaking, Mr. Frog," laughed the girl, closing his mouth with her soft warm hand. "What does that matter so long as we are the happiest people on earth? But here is the cab!"

Virginia's Wedding Night

"Crawfish Springs!" sang out the conductor on the Local as he walked down the aisle. "You are getting off, Mister, ain't you? We have only two minutes here, you know. Got anything in the baggage car?"

Vanderford, who had been buttoning his overcoat, answered pleasantly: "No, we folks are traveling light; we won't keep your old train waiting. So long!"

The conductor looked approvingly at the young couple as they were stepping off the train. "A fine-looking, pleasant young fellow, and the girl is a peach! I bet they are a pair of newly-weds—they got all the earmarks!"

Virginia looked about as they stood on the platform of the ramshackle little depot. "What a foggy, disagreeable evening," she said; "but I don't care. There is sunshine in my soul to-day, you know!"

Vanderford smiled. "Come, wifey, let us step into the old dust-bin that passes for a waiting-room in Crawfish Springs. I am going to leave you there because I have to tell Hank Carter to bring his rig around to the station. I shall walk down the track, which is closer, and after seeing Hank, I'll come back to you immediately and stay with you till he gets his buckboard hitched up, which may take a little time."

As Vanderford was about to step out into the dark, the young wife called him back. "Oh, Bob," she begged, "kiss me before you go out there. I am afraid, Bob! I feel as if you were not going to come back to me."

Vanderford drew his wife into a dark corner and kissed her. She clung to him passionately. At last she released him. "Come back to me quickly, darling," she whispered.

With a smile on his face, the young man stepped out of the stuffy little room into the raw, foggy night.

The young bride drew her cloak closely about her. The humid cold was much more penetrating than the dry cold at Coyote Siding where her lover had found her in the snow. It made her think of her father's funeral which had occurred on just such a day.

Virginia shivered. Were these thoughts for a happy bride on her wedding night? With a fond smile she looked at her left hand on which she wore her husband's 14th degree ring which he had placed on her finger, to serve as a wedding ring until he had time to get one. It was too big and she was afraid to lose it. Taking it off her finger, she kissed it and slipped it inside her waist. Then she consulted her watch. Why, Bob had been gone a long time and should be back by now.

Outside, there had been much noise for a while.

A freight train had rattled past the little depot and now there seemed to be some excitement, judging by the shouts she heard.

Virginia rose and stepped outside. Down the track a little way she saw a group of dark figures, some of whom were bearing lanterns; they seemed to be gathered around some object lying in the trampled snow. Her heart stood still for a second, then she ran towards the men as fast as her feet would carry her.

"What is it? what is it?" she asked, breathlessly.

One of the men turned around. "Don't look, ma'am," he said gently; "it ain't a sight for eyes like yourn. A hobo's been killed by the switch engine and his head is pretty baldly mashed."

With a quick movement, the young woman pushed aside the man in front of her. What she saw made her shudder, but with a sigh of relief she stepped back.

"Thank God, thank God, it is not my husband."

Virginia was about to turn when something one of the men said made her pause. The man was examining a card-case which he had withdrawn from one of the pockets of the lifeless figure on the ground.

"Robert Vanderford," he read out loud. "I bet you neither this billfold nor that gold watch there belonged to the dead man. He must 'a robbed somebody before he cashed in."

"That explains the blackjack I found there in the snow, don't it?" asked the man who had spoken to Virginia.

The young woman seized the speaker by the sleeve. Her eyes looked haunted.

"Vanderford is my husband's name. The dead man is a stranger to me. This is my husband's card-case and that is his watch. But where is my husband? He left twenty minutes ago to get a Mr. Carter who was to drive us to Mr. Richards' farm at Druid Grove."

The men looked at each other, then the elderly man spoke up.

"Jim, you go down the track beyond the outer switch, and keep a' lookin' to the right, and you, Jack, examine the left side of the embankment and then go over to Carter's and ask if any stranger has been to see him. And you, ma'am, please go back to the waiting-room; I'll go with you. I'm sure your husband will turn up; he must 'a been held up and may be he went to look for the sheriff."

At the waiting-room, a stocky, honest-looking man carrying a whip was coming in through the back door as they stepped in.

"Mrs. Vanderford?" he said, removing his slouch hat. "I broke my neck hitchin' up and drivin' over here, ma'am, because Mr. Vanderford told me you was waitin'. But, where is he?"

"That is what we would like to know," said the old man, quietly. "Where did he go when he left your house?"

"Right back towards the railroad track, Mr. Watkins," answered Carter. "He wouldn't wait for me to hitch up; he said his wife was waitin'."

The young woman moaned.

"Haven't they found him yet?" she asked.

"Ma'am, they have looked everywhere where he might 'a passed, but they can't find a thing. Carter, you take this lady to your house and ask your wife to go with you over to Druid Grove, won't you? She is liable to faint any time, and old man Richards can be of great help to us."

"Shore I will," Carter replied. "You are all in, lady; no use yo ir hangin' around here. My wife will treat you like a daughter."

Virginia rose. She was evidently at the end of her tether. Pale, dry-eyed, she walked out towards the buckboard and

climbed in, assisted by the old man, while Carter put in the hand bags.

"Gidap!"

A few seconds later, the light vehicle had disappeared in the fog on its journey away from the scene of an accident and what looked to be a crime.

(To be concluded)

Pieces of Architecture

Tubal Cain

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

In the lecture on Minerals and Metals which began this series, reference was made to a secondary or economic lesson to be drawn from the Masonic treatment of those materials. That secondary lesson I call economic because it seems to me to instruct us in the right use of wealth, or, figuratively, the precious metals.

You will doubtless have noticed the increasing weight of the obligations laid upon the candidate. At first he has no obligation but that of secrecy; financially, he has no obligation except to himself. Then his obligation is extended to include his brethren in his Masonic duties; but there is no mention of families. At a later period the obligation is made to include not only the brethren but also their families.

As these duties are reciprocal, Masonry seems to contemplate the assumption of the duties and responsibilities of a father and the head of a family by every Master Mason; and the obligations are so graded and phrased as to impress upon the Mason that his own responsibilities are his first care, for aid and assistance given others is never seriously to prejudice these. Masons are thus taught that—in the homely phraseology of the proverb—"charity begins at home." And this is an important lesson. For, if everyone meets fully his own obligations, if everyone provides for those for whom it is his duty to provide, there will be none, no Mason, no widow, no orphan, to become an object of charity, even considerate, unostentatious, Masonic charity. Surely this is an important lesson, a lesson in economics each of us ought ever to bear in mind.

But it is when we meet Tubal Cain that we encounter that in which the deeper meanings lie.

Tubal Cain (we learn) was the eighth man from Adam, the first artificer in metals, a brother (or half-brother) of Jubal, the inventor of music, an account of both of whom is to be found in the fourth chapter of the First Bock of Moses, called Genesis.

Jubal was an Artist; Tubal an artisan. It is tradition that between these two existed a state of mutual scorn and hatred, sentiments inherited by and natural to their followers and figurative sons. This mutual hatred is pictured by Kipling in his poem, "Jubal and Tubal Cain."

Jubal sang of the wrath of God
And the curse of thistle and thorn—
But Tubal got him a pointed rod,
And scrabbled the earth for corn.
Old—old as that early mould,
Young as the sprouting grain—
Yearly green is the strife between
Jubal and Tubal Cain.

The artisan, seeing the artist reaping a golden harvest so easily, with so little sweat of the brow, yet producing nothing tangible, nothing of common, utilitarian value to the community, has looked upon his frivolous, time-wasting brother with scorn, with envy, and with malice. The Artist, insisting too strongly upon his exclusive right to that term and spelling it always with a capital letter, has looked down from his superior height upon the artisan as upon one but little better than the sweating, toiling brutes hitched to plow and cart, with scorn and even with disgust. His patronizing condescension has been resented, adding fuel to the fire; and thus the feud has grown and continued.

But recently a change of sentiment has taken place; a wider view has made its way; and with kindlier feelings it has been recognized that both artist and artisan have their places and that both places are places of honor. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The modern Tired Business Man, like his ancient predecessor, needs entertainment and spiritual refreshment and must have someone to furnish it. The artist performs a sociologically useful work and is entitled to his wages like any other workman. The artisan has become recognized as equally an artist and his place in society is established on the same basis as the other's—that of social service. Thus the old tradition is dead, or dying. Therefore as I read I take liberties with Kipling by dropping that part of each stanza which plays up the old tradition.

Jubal sang of the new-found sea,
And the love that its waves divide—
But Tubal hollowed a fallen tree
And passed to the other side.

There is something here more worthy of attention, something more near to the heart of things, and it is to this I now wish to direct your attention that you may muse upon it in your leisure moments. That something is this: that in the old days, even as now, Tubal Cain was the prototype of those who do things. Tubal Cain was the maker of things, the man of action who got things done, whose works outlived their maker and remained when he was gone and forgotten.

Jubal sang of the cliffs that bar
And the peaks that none may crown—
But Tubal clambered by jut and scar
And there he builded a town.

Now, Masons are supposed to be like Tubal Cain. They are supposed to be doers; they are supposed to be useful to the community, not useless. They are supposed to be men of weight and substance, men who have made their way in the world and have accumulated some modicum of the precious metals, silver and gold, some degree of wealth. They are not expected to become a weight upon the fraternity but are expected to give weight to it, weight and the power of doing good works among the less capable. They are supposed to be able, even at their initiation, at the very commencement of their Masonic career, to make a donative; and, as if to emphasize this point, every Mason is then asked to make such a donative and feels chagrined and placed at a disadvantage if he finds himself not in a condition to comply with that demand. Moreover, as I have pointed out and as we already know, he is expected to be able to render assistance to those worthy brethren whom the incalculable turns of fortune have placed among the distressed, both them and their widows and orphans. The whole ritual seems to contemplate Masons as peculiarly those who have shown themselves good sons of Tubal Cain, successful workers in metals, especially the precious metals, or the wealth of this world.

In choosing men of this type, Masonry commits no error; for it has been established as a principle that wealth is but the outward showing of intellectual power. And Masonry requires men of intelligence and intellectual power.

We hear of lucky turns of chance by which men have had wealth thrust upon them; but, unless guarded by intelligence, that fortuitous wealth is soon dissipated. Also, we hear of men of high intellectual power who have not garnered wealth, such as Socrates and Spinoza. These may be the exceptions necessary to prove the rule; yet it can be shown that they, too, were creators of wealth, even worldly wealth. But, by and large, the rule holds good even if it has exceptions; and it has been stated by Professor Frederick Adams Woods (THE INFUENCE OF MONARCHS, page 301, footnote) in the following terms:

"There never was an aristocracy that was not an aristocracy of the intellect, and there never was an aristocracy that was not an aristocracy of wealth."

Wealth being the outward sign of intellect, Masonry has laid some emphasis upon its possession; for it requires for its purposes (as I have said) men of intellect, of intellect tempered by skill, tact, and daring in dealing with their fellows. And these are they who make their way in the world. Masonry's interest in the possession of some measure of wealth is secondary only and is used merely as a guide to selection. Intelligence (intellectual power and the right use thereof) is its chief interest—capacity to comprehend, to understand, its truths and aims; ability intelligently to apply them to life: in a word, wisdom.

But, wherever men of such character form themselves into societies, there will men of lesser powers and with venal interests endeavor to force themselves in. Therefore are we enjoined to be continually on our guard against admitting those who would become Masons for selfish reasons, for purposes of gain, for financial benefit through connections thus made.

For Masonry is to us a spring of clear, cool water in a high place among the hills; a spring unfailing, never overflowing, never diminished; a spring to which, when weary and worn with the toils and troubles of the world, we may ascend and refresh ourselves and rest awhile in peace. To our lodges we ascend as to such a spring in such a place. In the beauty of our ritual our troubled minds find peace and rest; its teachings we drink in as living water from the very Well of Truth, reviving, refreshing the soul. And never, never, never do we wish to see those pure, clear waters muddied and defiled with the stains of self-interest.

Other organizations with high aims and hopes for humanity have sought their followers among the lowly. If Masonry does not likewise, it is not because Masonry has no interest in the meek and lowly, the unfortunate, the helpless; but because Masonry believes in reaching them by first spreading the truth of life among those thinkers who do the world's thinking, who give currency to that thought which others receive at second hand, who *make* the world's opinions. Thus shall it reach even the lowliest, for its all-inclusive philosophy neglects not even the least. And thus it hopes, with a sure hope, to raise the lower levels to greater heights of wisdom, strength, and beauty until at last "they all shall be one."

This is work to be done.

This is work to try the hearts of the bravest.

This is work for the sons of Tubal Cain.

Author's Note:—After reading this paper in THE CABLETOW, some may wonder, What of the saying that it is the internal and not the external qualities that recommend a man to be made a Mason? My answer is that there is no contradiction. First, however, notice those who are Masons. Whatever the saying, how are the facts? Second: wealth or worldly success is not the test but is merely a *guide*, prima facie evidence of worthiness. We must go behind that to the personality. Though a man be rich indeed, even a multimillionaire, yet may he be unworthy. "The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker," may be more worthy. But, whatever the candidate be, let him be like that "man of extraordinary force of character and vigour of intellect," the one-time tailor, President Andrew Johnson, able to boast of a proud reputation in his line.

Book Review

Year-Book of the World's Freemasonry, 1930. Published by the Chancellor of the International Masonic Association, Geneva (Switzerland). 4×6 in., 500 pages.—Bro. John Mossaz, of Geneva, Grand Chancellor of the International Masonic Association, gives us in a neat little volume a great deal of information on Freemasonry all the world over. It is a roster of Masonic Lodges preceded by the Declaration of Principles and Regulations and Statutes of the International Masonic Association, a list of Masonic Periodicals, and various tables. For each Masonic Grand Jurisdiction, the booklet gives the principal officers, a list of the powers with which the Grand Body maintains official relations, and a list of the constituent Lodges, except in the case of the Grand Lodges in the United States of America for which no Lodge list is given. The value of the booklet for reference purposes is very high. We have one fault to find with it, however: that as manifestly a spurious and clandestine organization as the "Gran Logia Soberana del Archipiélago Filipino" is included in the roster though the author attempts to dodge responsibility by a reference to a paragraph of the preface reading as follows. "In order to avoid any misunderstanding and to relieve us of all responsibility, we are forced to declare that the fact that a Grand Lodge is mentioned in our Year-Book in no way signifies that its masonic regularity is incontestable." The body mentioned being one the irregularity of which was formally recognized by the International Masonic Association (see Bulletin, I.M.A., VIII, p. 5) when it rejected the application for membership of the Gran Logia Soberana del Archipiélago Filipino on February 9, 1929, it should not have been included in the official Year-Book of the Association.

The text of the Year-Book, we might add, is in English, French, German, and Spanish. It may be obtained by sending 5 Swiss francs to John Mossaz, Case postale Stand 138, Geneva, Switzerland.

English-Speaking Freemasonry.—By Sir Alfred Robbins, P.G.W., President of the Board of General Purposes, United Grand Lodge of England. American Edition by Macoy Publishing and Masonic Supply Co., New York, 35 West 32nd St., New York City. 367 pages, cloth bound, $3.90, postpaid. We expected to read something good from the pen of so illustrious a Mason as Sir Alfred Robbins and we were not disappointed. "Dry as dust" certainly does not apply to this book. A man interested in Masonry can pick it up and read it through without his interest lagging for a moment. This will no doubt be to many the chief merit of "English-Speaking Freemasonry." The book covers a wide field and the author knows whereof he speaks. Study, travel, and experience in active Masonic work make him a master of the subject difficult to surpass, and that mastery appears on every page of the work. The story of the Craft in the United States has received full and sympathetic attention. The author, we learn, visited ten Grand Lodges there in 1924. We wish he had on his world-wide travels honored the Philippines with a visit; perhaps the only regular sovereign Grand Lodge in Asia would then have been given as many pages as it has received lines in Sir Alfred's book. A splendid book—one we shall take down from the shelf frequently.

From Contemporaries

Goes Into Action in Maori Costume

At the consecration of New Zealand Lodge No. 5175, of London, England, on April 25, 1930, as reported in *The Freemason's Chronicle*, Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, P. G. W., addressed the Lodge and related how he went through the Dogger Bank action wearing a Maori costume and how Sir John Green, his successor in command of the battle-cruiser *New Zealand*, donned the same costume in the battle of Jutland. Here is an extract from the *Chronicle* relative to Bro. Halsey's address:

Bro. Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, P. G W., said it was quite a pleasure for once to speak. He was only too pleased to do anything in connection with New Zealand. He went to New Zealand in 1905 and had a very pleasant time there. In 1912 he was offered the honour to command the battle-cruiser which was paid for by New Zealand. The result of three and a half months tour with the ship in New Zealand was

that he became a New Zealander. They were treated magnificently, and of the population of a little over a million, 600,000 people went on board, including every Maori chief. In April 1913 he received a gift of a Maori costume, and gave the solemn promise that if ever he went into action he would wear the costume. The ship arrived in England in 1914.

Admiral Halsey said that when the German fleet were sighted off Heligoland he sent for the Maori costume and went into the conning tower with it on (much to the astonishment of the officers, he humorously remarked). The ship never had a scratch in that action. The Dogger Bank action was fought on his wedding day and the costume was brought to him before he asked for it—H. M. S. "New Zealand" never had a scratch in that action. Shortly afterwards the I. P. M. (Earl Jellicoe) lost his Captain of the Fleet and he (the speaker) was offered the great dignity. At the Battle of Jutland he was on the Iron Duke, and it was the greatest pleasure to see his old ship "New Zealand" steam past in fine style. He left the Maori costume behind for his successor, Sir John Green, who donned it for the action, and it is significant that the ship ahead (Queen Mary) and the one astern (Indefatigable) of New Zealand were sunk. Their ship fired 579 rounds and although receiving a small hit went through without a single casualty.

The garment, continued Admiral Halsey, was now hanging in his hall, with the history attached. His heart was always with New Zealand and it was a very great pleasure to him to attend and assist in the consecration of the Lodge and be an Honorary Member. He wished the Lodge the greatest good luck and trusted The Great Architect would bless it.

Which all proves that one can dig up items of real interest in what is generally classified as local news.—*L. F.*

A Statue of Hiram, King of Tyre

An item which is of more than usual interest to the Craft is printed in *Time* in its issue of February 3, 1930, under the head of DISCOVERIES.

HIRAM OF TYRE

At Jebeil, Phoenicia, industrious Germans unearthed a statue of heroic proportions. After much learned controversy, the diggers agreed that the statue must be that of King Hiram I of Tyre, who reigned as a contemporary of Solomon, 480 years after Moises had led the children of Israel from the wilderness and a diet of manna. King Hiram was something of an entrepreneur for his time: Solomon needed aid for the building of his temple, the mighty *House of the Lord;* Hiram had certain supplies and many artisans. They bargained. The outcome was that Hiram sent Solomon hewed cedars of Lebanon, gold and many an artisan. In return Solomon paid Hiram 20,000 measures of wheat and 20 measures of pure oil per year. (Seven years were required for the building of the Temple.) The subjects of Hiram were evidently gratified at the business acumen of their king, for they built him this new-found statue.—*Bulletin of Manila Lodge No. 1.*

The Smutty Story

It advertises your own ignorance.

It reveals the depth of defilement you have reached.

It proves to your friends how greatly they may be disappointed in you.

It stultifies the testimony of those who said you were a good fellow.

It soils the imagination of your hearers.

It hangs vulgar pictures in the inner chamber of the imagination of other men, from which they cannot escape.

It disgusts men of finer sensibilities who care for the clean and wholesome things of life.

It nauseates good men who love fun but hate dirt.

It dishonors your parents and your wife and your children and your friends and your home and business and your God.

It proves nothing but your own unworthiness.

It accomplishes nothing but your own undoing.

It convinces others that you are a good man NOT to do business with.—*The South Australian Freemason.*

Masonry Does Not Pay Some—Others It Does

Does it pay the average man to be a Mason?

If he unites with the order for the purpose of learning and practicing the tenets that lead to temperance, prudence, fortitude, and justice, and will embody them in his life, practice them in his business, and in all of his intercourse with his fellows, it will pay him.

If he joins the lodge for the purpose merely of social gratification, and out of mere curiosity, and does not take across the threshold of the lodge room, into the room without, any of the ennobling principles there taught, it does not pay.

If he unites with a lodge for the purpose of helping him in business, and wears a large square and compass as a sign, he will probably find himself mistaken, and that the investment is not a profitable one.

Joining Masonry from a mercenary point will not pay. There are larger dividends from other sources. Again, if a man joins the lodge for the purpose of having some one to help him in the time of need it does not pay. The same amount of money that is paid out for fees, if deposited in a savings bank, and the annual dues every year added thereto, would yield ten times more in the time of need than could be expected from a lodge.

Any one who joins Masonry expecting there to find a band of unselfish, disinterested, fellow-loving human beings, will be sadly mistaken.—*Illinois Freemason.*

Lodge News

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

From Bagumbayan Lodge No. 4

The same as in past years, Bagumbayan Lodge No. 4 observed Rizal's birthday in a fitting manner this year. The 19th of June being the 69th anniversary of the birth of the hero, a special meeting was called for that day.

Lodge opened at 8:00 p. m. At 8:30 p. m. the Most Wor. Grand Master and officers and members of the Grand Lodge were received in due and ancient form. At 8:35 p. m. the special team was invited to take their respective stations and places and the first section of the third degree was conferred on Bro. Vicente S. de Kraal Monteiro. The team was composed as follows:

W. M.—Bro. Rufino Martinez; S. W.—Bro. Floro A. Santos; J. W.—Bro. José I. Abuel; Sec.—Wor. Bro. José A. de Kastro; Treas.—Bro. Fruto Bartolome; S. D.—Bro. Mamerto Buenafé; J. D.—Bro. S. N. Ilagan; S. S.—Bro. Lino Chaves; J. S.—Bro. Antonio S. Fernando.

The second section was conferred by the following: K. S.—Wor. Bro. Herminio Talusan; H. T.—Bro. Rufino Martinez; S. D.—Bro. Antonio S. Fernando; 1st F. C.—Bro. Floro A. Santos; 2nd F. C.—Bro. Lino Chaves; Men of Tyre: Bros. Mamerto M. Buenafé, Mario Gutierrez, and Daniel Limbo; Sea and Way-Faring man—Bro. Luis Meneses; Secretary—Wor. Bro. José A. de Kastro.

The working tools were presented by Wor. Bro. Fred M. Holmes, Grand Lodge Inspector; the lecture was delivered by Wor. Bro. de

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Kastro; the charge by Wor. Bro. David Guevara; and the congratulations by Most Wor. Bro. Francisco A. Delgado. The newly obligated brother assured the brethren that he would try to be worthy of the Fraternity and of the brethren who had helped him go through the work.

The next number on the program was a song, "Rizal's Birthday," (Music by Prof. Francisco Santiago and words by Bro. Francisco Carballo), by a double male quartette consisting of Bros. Buenafé, Bartolome, Carballo, Meneses, Mediavillo, Limbo, Santiago, and Suva.

Bro. José Abad Santos then rose and spoke eloquently of the labors and life of Bro. José Rizal. In part he said: "The life of Rizal stands on an eminence as an example of masonic virtue, truth, justice and fraternity. He believed in liberty, equality, and fraternity which he held so sacred for his country that he never allowed any selfish or personal consideration to pervert his efforts in his country's behalf. He placed the idea of country above the idea of self, and when the hour of trial came, he cheerfully made the greatest sacrifice that a man could offer."

Wor. Bro. Perfecto Feliciano of Sinukuan Lodge No. 16 then played a piano selection, after which Most Wor. Grand Master Vicente Carmona was introduced. He praised the officers and members of the Lodge for the splendid ritualistic work they had put on. While he believes that the ritualistic work is only a part of Masonry, he believes in good work. He then explained that Masonry is expressed in everyday activities—in the home, in society, in business, in fact everywhere.

Refreshments were served after Lodge was closed at 11:05 p. m.

33 members and 94 visiting brethren attended.

From Dapitan Lodge No. 21, Manila

In order to encourage and foster social intercourse among the members of the Dapitan Lodge No. 21 and promote the physicial welfare of its members, Wor. Bro. Macario Peralta, Master of the Lodge, appointed Wor. Bro. Manuel A. Guieb, Wor. Bro. Francisco J. Olizon, and Bro. José Serrano a committee to take charge of the inter-member bowling tournament. The Committee formed five teams, headed by Wor. Bros. Manuel A. Guieb, Wor. Bro. Francisco J. Olizon, Bro. Manuel Lennon, Bro. José Serrano, and Bro. Edilberto Dayao as captains. The tournament will start about the first week of August.

Prizes have been donated by Wor. Bro. Macario M. Peralta, Wor. Bros. Guieb and Rogaciano Cosio, and Bros. Temistocles Elviña, Felix Z. Ledda, Tomas Tan Eng Chiu, and Inocentes Villegas. The distribution of the prizes will be made on the day of the celebration of the *Seventeenth Anniversary* of the Lodge which will be held in September of this year. In this occasion, the members of the Bowling Team who took part in the last inter-lodge bowling tournament will present to the Master of Lodge the prize which they obtained at the tournament.

From Pampanga Lodge No. 48, San Fernando

On June 7th, at eight o'clock in the evening, Most Worshipful Grand Master Vicente Carmona, accompanied by the Officers of the Grand Lodge, among them Bros. W. W. Larkin, Deputy Grand Master; Ramon Mendoza, Assistant Grand Secretary; Wenceslao Trinidad, Past Grand Master; Quintin Paredes, Past Grand Master; and Antonio Gonzalez, Past Deputy Grand Master, paid an official visit to Pampanga Lodge No. 48 at San Fernando. The party left Manila at about four o'clock in the afternoon but did not arrive at San Fernando until a few minutes before eight on account of breakdowns on the way. They went direct to the Temple, and the Lodge being already open were received in due form. The sublime degree of Master Mason was conferred upon Bro. Apolinario S. de Leon, a Fellowcraft of this Lodge and provincial auditor of Pampanga, by a special team of Paster Masters.

First Section: W.M., Jose A. de Kastro (4); S.W., Mariano Gonzalez (12); J.W., Gervacio Ramirez (55); Treas., Sotero Baluyut (48); Sec., Santiago L. Bautista (48); Chap., Adriano Rivera (82); Marshal, Isidoro Makabali (48); S.D., Gregorio Carpaga (82): J.D., Manuel Guieb (21); S.S., Tomas V. Madela (68); J.S., Marciano S. Mata (31).

Second Section: King Solomon, Fernando Gonzalez-Sioco (4); Hiram of Tyre, Abundio del Rosario (42); Sec. Jose Gutierrez David (48); Fellowcrafts: Jose L. Intal (82), Nemesio Reyes (82), Marciano S. Mata (31); Men of Tyre: Cristobal Santiago (46), Adriano Rivera (82), Aurelio D. Rosario (88); Sea-Faring Man, Santiago L. Bautista (48); Wayfaring Man, Francisco J. Olizon (21); Presentation of Tools, Mariano Gonzalez (12); Lecture, Abundio del Rosario (42); Charge, Nemesio Reyes (82); Congratulation, Jose Guinto, Master of Pampanga Lodge No. 48.

Speeches were made by the candidate, and Brothers Richard C. Lewis of Sunnyvale Lodge No. 511, Santa Clara, California, Antonio Gonzalez, Quintin Paredes, Vicente Carmona, and Jose Guinto.

The Lodge room was full to its capacity; about one hundred members were present representing 26 Lodges of this jurisdiction and two foreign Lodges.

After the Lodge was closed, the Brethren repaired to the lawn of the Temple were a splendid supper was served, prepared by the Secretary, Bro. Basilio Castro.

From Sarangani Lodge No. 50, Davao

St. John's Day was observed by Sarangani Lodge No. 50 by a gathering on the evening of June 24th which was attended by Masons and immediate members of their family, including children. Addresses were made by Bros. Juan M. Ramos, Pedro R. Santos, Celestino Chaves, Eulalio Causing (30) and Ronquillo (78). Refreshments were served.



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From Dagohoy Lodge No. 84, Tagbilaran, Bohol

Rt. Wor. Bro. Stanton Youngberg, Grand Junior Warden, arrived at Tagbilaran on May 12th, to inspect the stock farm at Ubay. He was received by Senior Warden Frank Lombard, the superintendent of the stock farm, and other Brethren. Owing to lack of time, Bro. Youngberg was unable to arrange to visit the Lodge, but he promised a visit in July.

Personals

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

Manila No. 1.—Bro. and Mrs. D. L. Branch, in a card dated June 13th, sent greetings from Tijuana Hot Springs, Mexico, where they were spending a week "enjoying the climate and everything."

Wor. Bro. August Schipull, the secretary, was complimented by the auditing committee of the Lodge for the institution of a new and simplified system of bookkeeping and the excellent shape in which his accounts were found to be.

Bros. Grönkvist and Bailey were raised to the sublime degree of M. M. on June 17th, the second section being conferred by a special team composed of members of Far East Chapter No. 15, National Sojourners. Bro. Bailey is a member of Harlem Lodge No. 276, under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Georgia.

Cavite No. 2.—New States addresses of some of our Brethren are as follows: W. R. Lewis, 1500 Edgmont Ave., Chester, Pa.; D. A. Bradshaw, U. S. S. *Badger No. 126*, San Diego, Cal.; T. A. Crowford, 3345 Gregory St., San Diego, Cal.; E. W. Carlton, 737 Indiana Street, Vallejo, Cal.; C. R. Loudenslager, 100 Harrison St., San Francisco, Cal.; A. L. Molsbarger, 992 Linden Ave., Hubbard Woods, Ill.; P. R. Zimmerman, U. S. S. *Omaha*, c/o P. M., San Diego, Cal.; R. R. Stoll, 709 Wheeler St., Santa Rosa, Cal.; L. M. Gorman, U. S. S. *King* (242), c/o P. M., New York, N. Y.; M. B. Logan, 603 North Grant Ave., Tacoma, Wash.; R. J. Smith, Naval Hospital, San Diego, Calif.; D. R. Cheek, 5803 Woodstock Ave., Portland, Ore.; W. F. Crenshaw, U. S. S. *Woodcock*, c/o P. M., New York, N. Y.; J. W. Poore, U. S. S. *Blakely No. 150*, c/o P. M., New York, N. Y.

In the Hawaiian Islands: Lt. S. G. Chapman, Navy Yard, Pearl Harbor, T. H.; C. W. Miller, U. S. S. *Gamble No. 123*, Pearl Harbor, T. H.; David Hollander, U.S. Naval Hospital, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

Bro. W. S. Cox was granted a dimit on June 10th.

Corregidor No. 3.—At the June stated meeting, Robert Nelson Miller, son of Wor. Bro. Verne E. Miller, was initiated, the degree being conferred by Wor. Bro. J. F. Boomer, P. M. of St. John's Lodge, a dear friend of Bro. Miller's.

On July 1st, Manila Lodge No. 1 assisted Corregidor Lodge in conferring the E. A. degree on J. F. Brucher, Jr.

Most Wor. Bro. Edwin E. Elser, P. G. M., was married to Miss Paula Hicks on July 11th at the Union Church and left with his bride for the U. S. on the S.S. *President Pierce* at 4 o'clock on the same day. M. W. Bro. and Mrs. Elser will probably return to Manila by way of Europe.

Very Wor. Bro. Harvey A. Bordner is convalescing at his home from the serious illness which has kept his many friends worrying for several months.

Wor. Bro. E. Ford Hickman sends regards to all and hopes that any of the brethren who may be in or near Columbia City, Indiana, will call on him, and he assures all a most hearty welcome.

Brother John H. Linson sends greetings from Chicago where he is now stationed at the Marine Hospital.

Captain Edward A. Lovelly, Jr., sends greetings from San Diego, California, 326 Lewis St., and states that his health has improved.

Dr. P. R. Daugherty now in New York City sends best regards to all the brethren. He is practicing dentistry in the Metropolis.

Major J. I. Sloat of the Medical Corps of the Army is now stationed at West Point and has asked for a dimit.

Edward Freeman, our good brother of Santa Rosa, California, says he always has a good duck dinner ready for our members coming that way. He manages the Duck Inn.

Major Geo. W. Brower writes that he has been detailed for duty at Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, and expects to be there for several years.

Brother R. E. Spencer writes from Dumaguete that he is retiring from the Bureau of Education and will soon take over the management of a coconut plantation in Lanao, Mindanao.

Brother Stephen H. Robinson says that he has bought a chicken ranch and that his new address is Wolf Route, Auburn, California.

Bagumbayan No. 4.—The wife and youngest daughter of Wor. Bro. Leo Fischer sailed on July 11th for the United States. The daughter,

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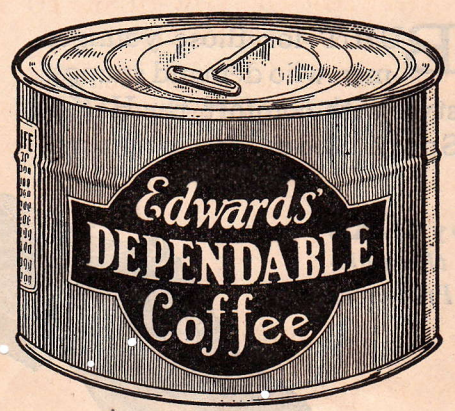
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Acacia, who broke her leg on May 14th, was able to walk on board without using crutches. She will enter junior high school at Elsinore, Calif.

Bro. Basilio Valdés delivered an interesting lecture on his impressions in Europe and America at the San Juan de Dios Hospital on July 9th.

Island No. 5.—Brother Earl Biscoe departed in June for the United States via the Suez Canal. He is assigned to duty with the organized reserves with station in New York City.

Brother Henry F. Grimm sailed for the United States in June on the U. S. A. T. *Grant.* He is assigned to the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Brother W. W. Wertz spent the month of June at Fort William McKinley, P. I., where he took the officers' course in mess management.

Brother A. R. Dayman left Fort Mills on June 1st, to enjoy a two months' furlough, granted him for visiting the Island of Luzon.

Brother Alex J. Connor has been assigned to duty at Camp John Hay for a period of six months.

Brother W. H. Kendall returned on the U. S. A. T. *Grant* in June from leave in the United States.

Our Worshipful Master, Wor. Brother Samuel Rubin, spent a day in the Station Hospital in June.

On June 27th, Wor. Bro. Troy Fields, P. M. of this Lodge sailed for the U. S. on the U. S. A. T. *Grant*, his sudden departure being due to the failing health of Mrs. Fields, for whom a change of climate was recommended by the army surgeons. The departure of Wor. Bro. Fields is a distinct loss to Island Lodge in which he has held successively the offices of Junior and Senior Warden, Master, and Marshal, and has been a most faithful worker. The members look forward to Wor. Bro. Fields' return to the Islands next March.

Fraternal greetings and dues have been received from the following brethren in the United States: Fred E. Breed, San Francisco, California; John Kasper, San Antonio, Texas; Edmond P. Hall, Owensboro, Kentucky; Grover C. Bowen, Huntington, W. Va.; Bernard W. Slifer, Dallas, Texas; Edward W. Christensen, Oshkosh, Wis.; Charles C. Rutson, Chicago, Illinois; Louis J. Pollard, Fort McDowell, California; José Perez-Brown, Alameda, California; Frank J. Forbing, Kent, Washington; Samuel C. Vestal, Washington, D. C.

Brother Henry H. Malven, Jr., has been transferred from Fort Mills, Corregidor, to Fort Santiago, Manila, where he is on duty in Philippine Department headquarters.

Southern Cross No. 6.—Bros. Whipple S. Hall, Walter Z. Smith, and Ruse are back with us again.

Bro. Leo K. Cotterman was on the sick list for a while in June.

Bro. E. Finley Johnson writes from Palo Alto that the health of both himself and Mrs. Johnson has greatly improved.

Bro. T. W. Wright writes from San Francisco and sends greetings.

Bro. Arthur F. Fischer had the misfortune of losing his 10-year old daughter Ruth who died at Baguio on June 23rd from pneumonia and heart trouble.

Bro. James Herdman's wife has fully recovered from her operation for appendicitis in June.

Bro. Donald Maclean left for the United States on June 27th and will be married in San Francisco to Miss Lois Thomas, of Manila, to whom he became engaged shortly before his departure for the homeland.

Wor. Bro. John R. McFie, Jr. made a remarkably quick recovery from his operation for appendicitis in June and left shortly after for Davao, to visit his brother who was ill.

Cosmos Lodge No. 8.—Recent additions to the membership of Cosmos Lodge are Bro. Theodor Ebsen, who was initiated on June 14th, and Bro. Herry A. Steward, whom the Lodge gained by affiliation.

Bro. John B. Dorcey was raised on June 18th by the "Farola Team" headed by Wor. Bro. J. W. Schilling.

Bro. Nathan D. Levin was sick in the hospital in June and July, and so was Bro. F. E. Pfannenschmidt, both being patients at the Hospital Español de Santiago. Bro. Pfannenschmidt's illness was the result of an operation for appendicitis.

Bro. Paul Grossmann left for the U. S. on the transport *Grant* on June 27th, after a sojourn at the Sternberg Hospital. He expects to enter the Letterman Hospital in San Francisco for further treatment.

Bro. John W. Ratliff also left on the June transport; he will enter the Soldiers' Home at Sawtelle. He has lately been having trouble with his eyes.

Mrs. S. Craft, daughter of Bro. Herman E. A. Puething, left with her husband on the June transport. Bro. Seth Craft, her husband, a lieutenant in the U. S. Army, has been assigned to the Fitzsimmons Hospital at Denver, Colo.

Brother Henry N. Guernsey has written from Davao, P. I., where he is connected with the local office of the Luzon Stevedoring Company.

Another letter has arrived from our Honolulu member—Brother John Sinn—wishing the Officers and Members the best of health and happiness.

Iloilo is represented this month by Bro. Clinton F. Carlson, who writes that he will possibly have no opportunity to come to Manila this year, but hopes to be up after the first of next year. He receives the *Cabletow* and *Bulletin* regularly and appreciates them very much.

Brother Sixto Y. Orosa, superintendent of the Bacolod Provincial Hospital, accompanied the athletes to the Far Eastern games held in Japan last month, as medical advisor. He came back to Manila one day ahead of the delegation and returned immediately to his station in Occidental Negros.

Wor. Brother George A. Mayhew left on Saturday, June 28th, for a trip to Iloilo and Cebu in the interests of his firm.

Another passenger on the June transport was Miss Marie Tatton, the daughter of Bro. A. E. Tatton; she will attend college at Grand Forks, North Dakota, during the next two years. Miss Tatton has been teaching school in Zamboanga.

Brother Paul Schwab came to Manila last month to enroll his children for the new school term, and to call on his local friends. He returned to Masbate on June 13th, but hopes to be in Manila again soon to attend our meeting.

Brother William F. Daland was also a Manila visitor last month, bringing greetings from our many members in Sipaco, Camarines Sur, who have not had an opportunity to attend Lodge for some time. Bro. Daland reports that all are well in the lumber belt.

Brother Henry C. Garretson came to Manila from Cebu on June 19th, on business. He has recently retired from the government service and expects to engage in building construction, with office possibly in Cebu.

Our genial Senior Warden, Brother Thomas G. Henderson, left on July 16th for a visit to his son, Bro. Thomas G. Henderson Jr., who is attending college in Tucson, Arizona. Arrangements have been made to have Bro. Henderson confer the Third Degree of Masonry upon his son, the first two degrees having already been completed. Bro. Henderson expects to return to Manila about the first of November.

Brother William L. Simms came down from the mountains last month, to spend a few days enjoying the noise of a busy city, for a change.

St. John's No. 9.—Bro. Rigby sends greetings from Naples, Italy.

Bro. R. H. Whitfield of Cadiz, Occ. Negros, has become life member No. 14.

Bro. and Mrs. Cyrus Padgett, who left for the States (Martinsville, Ill.) a few months ago, announce the birth of a daughter, Elizabeth Jean.

Most Wor. Bro. Seldon W. O'Brien reports Mrs. O'Brien much improved in health and writes about attending Southland Lodge No. 618, of Los Angeles, and the meeting of the Grand Council, Chapter, and Commandery. His address in the U. S. is Arnold, Ohio.

Bro. and Mrs. Edmund W. Schedler have moved from Calle Pennsylvania to 49 Calle del Pan, Pasay.

Bro. Leo Schnurmacher's family has returned from the hills and Wor. Bro. C. S. Salmon, wife, and daughter (Frances) returned from Hongkong on June 2nd.

Bro. John Leslie Moore was married to Miss Virginia Lentz at Seattle on May 8th.

Wor. Bro. B. F. Jinks was married to Miss Theresa Maloy at Hongkong. Miss Maloy has been a teacher in the Bureau of Education for the last two years and has been stationed in Baguio for the last year.

Wor. Bro. Thos. Worthen has returned from his trip to the United States, looking and feeling fine.

Wor. Bro. J. F. Boomer's son, George, returned to the U. S. on July 11th, on the S.S *President Pierce*, after a brief visit to his family. The young man, who graduated with honors from the Oregon State College in the Department of Engineering on June 2nd, was awarded an assistant professorship in the Sterling Laboratories of Yale University.

Bro. E. A. Rodier and wife escaped with minor bruises from a serious auto crash in Manila.

Bro. Roy Barto arrived on the *President Jefferson* on June 5th.

Bro. E. M. Mark, of Shanghai, won an aeroplane trip to Nanking as prize in a mixed bridge tournament in Shanghai.

Araw No. 13.—Bro. Filemon Gana mourns the death of his mother, who died at Biñan on May 12th.

Bro. and Mrs. Agapito Fernandez report the birth of another son at the San Juan de Dios Hospital, on April 21st.

Pilar No. 15.—Mrs. Darvin, wife of Worshipful Master Meliton Darvin, had a child on July 9th.

Bros. Telesforo and Alfredo Saqui entertained the Brethren at their residence at Imus with a dinner on July 13th.

Bro. B. Monzon was a patient at the Sta. Teresita Hospital for a few days but has since returned to Imus.

Wor. Bro. Lorenzo B. Paredes returned on the S.S. *President Jackson* on July 17th from Illinois, where he had taken post-graduate work.

Bro. D. Esguerra, of the U.S.S. *Wasmuth*, writes from San Diego, Cal., advising the brethren of the fine reception accorded him by Solano Lodge No. 229 and Vallejo Lodge No. 487, both of Vallejo, California.

Bro. Dr. R. Jara, of the Batangas Hospital, sends best regards to the Brethren.

Bro. Oh Ma Lim, who went to China some time ago, returned to Davao on June 10th.

Bro. Lieut. R. Bañez, formerly in Baguio, has been transferred to Gagalangin Barracks.

Sinukuan No. 16—Bro. Fernando L. Forés has been promoted to a captaincy in the Manila Police and is now at the Luneta Station.

Bro. Captain Mariano de la Cruz has been appointed chairman of the Board of Marine Examiners, of which board Bro. Capt. Clemente Suncad is also a member.

Bro. Florencio Gavino has been appointed a member of the Board of Pharmaceutical Examiners.

Bro. Dr. Sulpicio Chiyuto, until recently director of the hospital at Culion, has been transferred to the Manila office of the Philippine Health Service.

Silangan No. 19.—Wor. Bro. Silvino Gallardo and Bro. Castor P. Cruz are making arrangements for a get-together party which will soon materialize.

Craftsmen, Attention!

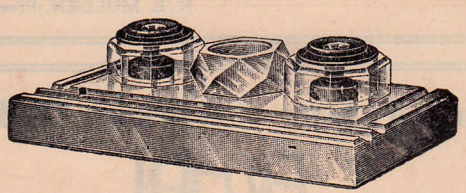
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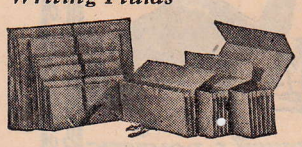
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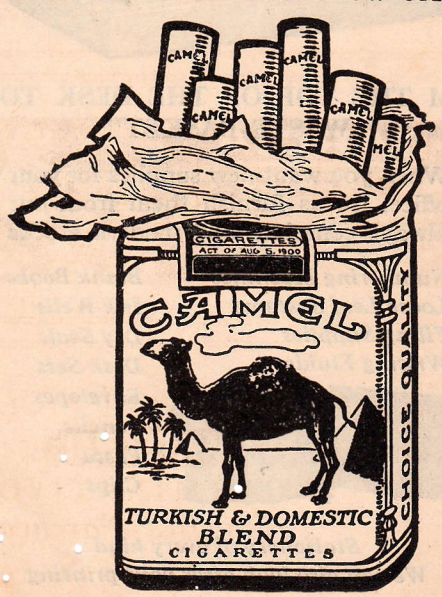
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PLAZA LUNCH

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Mr. G. Galindez, a candidate of this Lodge, was initiated by Kasilawan Lodge No. 77, which courtesy Silañganan Lodge appreciates most highly.

Bro. G. Gatchalian is back in his office after a few days' illness.

Bro. David S. Santos has been reassigned as supervising teacher of the San Felipe district, comprising the municipalities of San Juan, San Felipe, and Makati.

Wor. Bro. H. Musni is back in Caloocan after a few weeks' inspection in La Union.

Dapitan No. 21.—Bro. Leon Bartolome is still suffering from tuberculosis.

Bro. Tomas Chua Chiac is now in Manila and has opened a laundry (dry cleaning) at 546 Juan Luna, Binondo, Manila.

Wor. Bro. Rogaciano Cosio has been very busy in his plantation in Silang, Cavite. He has a good-sized pineapple plantation and several hundred head of cattle.

Bro. Edilberto M. Dayao is now connected with the Filipino Gun Store, Inc., which is owned mostly by the Members of the Dapitan Lodge No. 21. Bro. Dayao is in charge of the electrical department of the store.

Mrs. Leopoldo Diokno, wife of our brother by the same name, has given birth to a robust baby in the Philippine General Hospital.

The family of Bro. and Mrs. Temistocles Elviña has been increased by the arrival of a baby boy.

Bro. Francisco Geronimo is now chief clerk in the Secret Service Division of the Manila Police Department.

Writing from Los Angeles, California, Bro. Agustin Gustilo advised the Lodge that he is a frequent visitor of the different lodges in that City.

Bro. Fernando Maglaya has been confined to his bed by illness. He is still weak and unable to return to duty.

Bro. Inocencio Monillas has received an increase in salary in the Bureau of Audits.

Bro. Vicente Piñon is now at Rizal, Nueva Ecija, in connection with the investigation of the irrigation system in that place.

Bro. Tomas Tan Eng Chiu, treasurer of the Lodge, was hurt by a flying piece of wood while working in his lumber yard.

Bro. Cruz Z. Valenzuela left for Pangasinan in the interest of the Filipino Gun Store, Inc., of which he is a stockholder.

We regret to learn the death of one of the children of Bro. Onorre Zablan.

Bro. Matias Wetack was confined in bed for a week. Despite his illness, he attended the last stated meetings.

Writing from Hongkong, Bro. Young Kong Low sends good wishes to all Brethren.

Bro. Santiago Non has received a letter from Bro. J. M. Burdeos, Deputy governor of Agusan.

The wife of Bro. Villegas has been ill in the Philippine General Hospital.

Bro. Francisco G. Gaddi, reinstated in April of this year, is now residing in Cebu.

Pinagsabitan No. 26.—Bro. Emilio Noriega, who has been ill for many days, is now on the road to recovery.

Wor. Bro. Balbino Kabigting went to Manila to attend the meeting of the Provincial Treasurers' Association of which he is the president.

Bros. Rufino de Ramos and Sergio Dimalanta, entered Apprentice Masons of this Lodge, were passed to the degree of Fellowcraft by a special English Team.

Bro. José F. Dimayuga, Jr., manager of the Rosel Laboratories, died in Manila on July 10th. Interment took place at Santa Cruz, Laguna, his home town, with Masonic honors. Many brethren from other Lodges of the province attended the funeral.

Batong-Buhay No. 27.—Bro. Santiago Garcia Angtico was ill at St. Paul's Hospital in June.

Bro. Nicanor C. Mendoza received the degree of bachelor of science in civil engineering from the Mapua Institute of Technology on June 29th.

Bro. Arturo G. Cayetano left Beck's at the end of June and is now working for the Radio Engineering and Supply Company.

Bro. Lao Hao Kien had the misfortune of losing one of his children on July 10th.

Dimits were granted to Bros. Eugenio S. Barrica (1616 Pacific Avenue, Alameda, Calif.) and Simon C. Burdeos, who desire to affiliate with other Lodges.

Bro. Aquilino Salarda arrived on June 21st on the U. S. A. transport *Grant.*

Zapote No. 29.—The children of Bro. Alfonso Roque, at present at Jolo, were reported sick at home in July but their illness was not serious, according to the secretary of Bud Daho Lodge.

Maktan No. 30.—Bro. Eulalio Causing was temporarily assigned to Davao by the Bureau of Justice in June to try cases there.

Ibarra No. 31.—Bro. Eli Bell Sanders has recently been transferred to duty in the United States; he is now on board the U. S. battleship *California.*

Bros. Fred Blasingame and Joseph Guy Herndon, on the U. S. S. *S-41,* Harold Otto Yock, on the U. S. S. *Smith Thompson,* Willard Richard Sproles, U. S. S. *Beaver,* and James Kenneth Wheeler, U. S. S. *S-38,* are with the Asiatic Fleet in Chinese waters.

Isarog No. 33.—Dr. Dolores Dy-Liacco Encisco, a daughter of Bro. Mariano Dy-Liacco, was married to Francisco Imperial, of Baao, Camarines Sur, on May 24th.

Bro. Policarpo C. Calma married Miss Brigida Potenciana, of Biñang, on May 14th.

Bro. Victorino H. Perez took his daughter, Miss Rita Perez, to Manila in June. Miss Perez is a student in the College of Education of the University of the Philippines.

Wor. Bro. Ernest Schaffner, division superintendent of schools of Camarines Sur, went to Manila on official business in June.

Kalilayan No. 37.—Wor. Bro. E. G. Dimaano, provincial treasurer of Zambales, Past Master of this Lodge and inspector of the 10th Masonic District, is spending his accrued leave in Lucena.

Bro. Petronilo Vallejo has been transferred from Lucena, Tayabas, to Naga, Camarines Sur, as chief clerk of the auditor's office.

Minerva No. 41.—Dr. Martin E. Griffin, M. C., of Fort Mills, was made a Master Mason in this Lodge on June 17th.

Bros. Mack M. Green, John Baldwin, and Martin E. Griffin were given a despedida at the Plaridel Temple on June 17th. Bros. Green and Baldwin are very active in Masonry and will be missed particularly on this account. The three Brethren sailed for the U. S. on the transport *Grant* on June 27th.

Bro. Walter E. Schwager, formerly of the U. S. Army, now at the Ship Hotel, South San Francisco, Calif., has written to the Secretary that he is satisfied with his new friends but misses the Brethren of Minerva Lodge.

Bro. Albert M. Easthagen has been very busy with special committee work lately, being auditor of the Memorial Day Committee and secretary of the Fourth of July Committee.

Charleston No. 44.—Bro. S. M. Reinhardt is now on the U. S. Gold Star.

Wor. Bro. R. C. Gibson, the active secretary of the Lodge, sends greetings and Vol. VII of the *Cabletow*, for binding for the Lodge archives.

Mount Apo No. 45.—The secretary of Bud Daho Lodge No. 102, of Jolo, reports that Bro. William S. Price, a member of Mount Apo Lodge, formerly of the Bureau of Education and now teaching in the Agricultural School of Indanan, Sulu, has been ill.

Makabugwas No. 47.—Wor. Bro. Capt. Manuel Acuña, accompanied Bro. Col. G. Francisco on his recent inspection of the Constabulary in Leyte and Samar.

Bro. Mauro G. Rodriguez is the happy father of a boy.

Bro. Donato Pesado has been transferred to the Tacloban Central School as principal.

Bro. Ireneo Austria sends greetings from Oroquieta.

Bro. Ho Wing Choy has recently returned from Manila where he went to see his mother who had been recently operated on.

Sarangani No. 50.—Wor. Bro. Alfredo Zamora's broken leg is mending fast at the Davao Mission Hospital. Bro. José Elayda is acting as provincial treasurer in the meantime.

Bro. Pastor Escano, formerly a pharmacist at the Santa Ana Drug Store, is now connected with the Davao Drug Store.

Pintong Bato No. 51.—Letters with greetings have been received from Bro. Eleuterio Marqueda (Baguio) and Donato Sales de la Cruz, who has retired and is now in his home town, Unisan, Tayabas.

Bro. Policarpio Castañeda has entered the Santolan Sanitarium for treatment.

Bro. Teo. C. Batungbakal has been ill with influenza.

A daughter of Bro. Tomas P. Sobreviñas died on June 16th and was buried the day after, at Dinalupihan, Bataan.

Wor. Bro. Federico D. Suavillo received a well-deserved promotion recently, being appointed cashier of the Bureau of Posts, with a substantial increase of salary.

Bro. Juan C. Bautista, U. S. S. *Black Hawk*, celebrated his birthday on June 24th, by a party in one of the hotels of Chefoo, China, attended by a number of friends and Brethren.

Isla de Luzon No. 57.—Most Wor. Bro. Teodoro M. Kalaw, an honorary member of this Lodge, is scheduled for the 5th August to give an interesting lecture in this Lodge. Most Wor. Bro. Rafael Palma, also an Honorary Member of this Lodge, gave a lecture on "Education" a few months ago.

Bro. Leonardo Fajardo was taken to San Juan de Dios Hospital on June 24th. He was successfully operated on for appendicitis and is now back at his desk.

Bro. Maximo M. de Ocampo, of Chicago, Ill., writes from Kansas City sending best regards to the Brethren in the Islands.

Bro. Vicente Frias sent a radiogram from Guam with greetings to the Lodge.

Bro. Francisco Venturanza writes from Honolulu sending dues and regards.

Bro. Pacifico O. Ruiz, ass. gen. mgr. of Rosel Laboratories for the Visayan Islands, sends regards to the Brethren.

Bro. Antonino Buenaventura has moved to 335 Calle San Marcelino.

Marble No. 58.—Wor. Bro. Manuel T. Albero, accompanied by Bro. Solidum, of Makawiwili Lodge No. 55, went to Manila to attend the Independence Congress on May 30th. Bro. Luis Firmalo also attended the Congress.

Bro. José S. Perez went to Manila on May 30th, to take his adopted son to school there.

The wife of Bro. Sotero Darío has resigned as teacher at the elementary school of Looc to continue her studies in Manila.

Bro. Estanislao R. Lopez (92) arrived in Romblon on June 8th to assume the office of division superintendent of schools, and Bro. Ceferino Purisima left for Masbate to assume the post vacated by Bro. Lopez.

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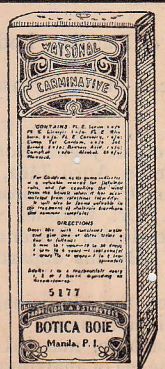
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Mayon No. 61.—The secretary of Dagohoy Lodge No. 84, Tagbilaran, Bohol, writes that Wor. Bro. W. C. Ogan attended their special meeting on April 24th.

Bro. Ceferino Ramos, auditor for Camarines Sur, is back again at his desk after 3 months leave of absence.

Wor. Bro. L. D. Lockwood, Inspector of the Eighteenth District, was in Naga on a flying trip to the Bicol Region.

Angalo No. 63.—Bro. Geronimo Sainz, agricultural extension agent, is very busy in connection with the campaign for the eradication of the leaf miner.

Baguio No. 67.—Bro. and Mrs. P. P. Heck report the birth of a son.

Bro. Forrester's new address will be c/o W. G. Squires, 12 Springfield Ave., East Hartford, Conn. He sailed on June 27th, on the army transport *Grant.*

Bro. Juan Zarate mourns the death of his father, who died on June 4th and was buried on June 6th in the Baguio Cemetery.

Letters have been received from Bro. Burton Y. Read (c/o The Adjutant General, Washington, D. C.), and from Bro. David A. Bond, who is still located in Vermont.

Magat No. 68.—From Tacloban, Leyte, comes the news that Bro. Capt. Alberto Ramos' wife underwent a surgical operation recently which was successful.

Laoag No. 71.—The secretary of Bud Daho Lodge No. 102, of Jolo, writes that at the stated meeting of that Lodge on July 4th, Bro. Buenaventura Ocampo, a member of Laoag Lodge, who was then holding court at Jolo, delivered a very interesting and instructive address before a large gathering of Masons. Bro. Ocampo left for Manila on July 11th.

Makiling No. 72.—Wor. Bro. Vicente O. Garcia, formerly supervising teacher of the Nagcarlang District, is now supervisor of industrial instruction at Sta. Cruz, Laguna, and is of great assistance to Pinagsabitan Lodge No. 26.

Kasilawan No. 77.—Bro. and Mrs. Lucio B. Angeles are mourning the deaths of their infant daughter and of Bro. Angeles' brother. Both died on June 17th.

Bro. Cirilo de los Santos has returned to duty after an absence of about a month, due to illness.

High Twelve No. 82.—Bros. Heriberto Vila and Severo Mariano y de Jesus have returned after a few weeks of inspection of their properties in the provinces.

The daughter of Wor. Bro. E. de la Cruz is fast recovering from broncho-pneumonia.

Bro. Alejandro de Mesa is stationed at Los Baños, as professor of botany of the Forest School.

The Secretary received a letter from Bro. Casiano Karganilla, our Chaplain, expressing the deepest sympathy of the Corregidor brethren over the death of Bro. Juan Zambrano.

Letters have been received from Brothers Prudencio Marcelo, Joaquin Ang Too, Vicente Maddela, sending dues and regards.

Bro. Severino Karganilla, who has been sick with trancazo, is back at his desk in the Mercantile Bank of China.

Brothers Gregorio Labitag and Calixto Santos were raised to the Master's Degree and Mr. Dominador Ambrosio was initiated, on June 21st.

Bro. Gregorio Zamuco left for his station at Zamboanga, after attending the Forester's conference held last June.

Bro. Juan Zambrano died on June 28th, after a valiant fight against severe attack of pneumonia. He attended our stated meeting on Saturday, June 21st, and died the following Saturday, June 28th. The burial and Masonic ceremonies were conducted by his Mother Lodge, High Twelve No. 82.

Dagohoy No. 84.—The secretary of Sarangani Lodge No. 50, of Davao, reports that Wor. Bro. Ricardo Santos, of Dagohoy Lodge, visited their Lodge and witnessed the raising of Bro. Mauricio I. Lumanog.

Wor. Bro. R. F. Tuason was absent in May as he was attending a convention in Baguio.

Wor. Bro. Dr. Alfonso Lecaros, a charter member of Dagohoy Lodge who has for a long time been residing in Cebu, visited the Lodge on May 10th.

Bro. Florencio Doliente, of Ubay, is mourning the death of his youngest daughter.

Bro. Fernando Fuentes has been promoted to assistant provincial treasurer of Occidental Misamis, where Bro. Leoncio Abella is also stationed.

Wor. Bro. Dr. Adolfo Aldaba, a charter member of Dagohoy Lodge, is stationed at Tacloban, Leyte.

Bro. Ceferino Villar is now examiner in the Bureau of the Treasury at Manila.

Worshipful Bro. W. C. Ogan, of Mayon Lodge 61, with Bro. Fred Warner, Director of the Filipino American High School in Jagna, Bohol, attended the special meeting held by Dagohoy Lodge on April 24th, on the occasion of the departure of Worshipful Brother Dr. Tirso Coronel, District Inspector, for Manila. Worshipful Bro. Dr. Coronel was stationed in Bohol for nearly three years as District Health Officer and has greatly helped the Lodge in all its activities. By his departure the Lodge lost one of its valued advisers.

Ma Bu-Ti No. 92.—Bro. Isidro P. Loyola visited the municipality of San Pascual in June on official business as provincial sheriff.

Bro. Andres Teodoro, municipal treasurer of Masbate, married recently. This is Bro. Teodoro's second venture on the sea of matrimony.

Isagani No. 96.—Bro. Lieut. R. O. Botin is on detail at Tacloban, Leyte, supervising the construction of the new Constabulary barracks at Camp Bumpus.

Bagong Ilaw No. 97.—Bro. Federico Roa, instructor in mathematics in the University of the Philippines, was married to Miss Andrea Ner of Rosario, Cavite, on May 29th, last. Mrs. Roa is now teaching in the National Teachers' College, Manila.

Bro. N. R. Baugh was confined to his bed for ten days last month at his home at 914 M. H. del Pilar, suffering from dysentery.

Bro. Diego de la Hoz, Superintendent of the Marine Railway and Repair Shops, Bureau of Commerce and Industry, was selected from among forty candidates to supervise the construction of two lighthouse tenders ordered by the Philippine Government in Elbing, Germany. Bro. de la Hoz sailed for Hamburg on the S.S. *Fulda* during the latter part of last month.

Bud Daho No. 102.—Bro. José Magno made an inspection at Siasi in July.

On July 7th, Bud Daho Lodge initiated the first Mohammedan member, assistant supervising teacher Muhammad M. Ebban of Jolo.

Bro. Benigno S. Viray, the tyler of the Lodge, was absent for several weeks in June inspecting the Zamboanga and Cotabato branches of the Land Transportation Co. of which he is general manager.

Bro. Felix Mendoza's child was ill at the Sulu Public Hospital in July.

The latest addition to the Lodge is Bro. Tan Ting Lick who was initiated on July 10th.

Zambales No. 103.—The members of Zambales Lodge have noted with pleasure the recent appointment of Bro. Tirso Coronel, P. M. of this Lodge, as pensionado to the school of Hygiene and Sanitation in Manila. Bro. Coronel was formerly district health officer of Zambales and was transferred to Bohol in the same capacity.

Bro. Gabriel N. Salgado, division academic supervisor of Zambales and Master of this Lodge, was transferred to Cabanatuan, Nueva Ecija, to act as academic supervisor of that province. Before his departure, a farewell dance in his honor was given by the Zambales teachers and a fraternal dinner was held by the members of the Lodge to honor their Master. Bro. Agustin N. Medina, the Senior Warden, will act as Master for the rest of the masonic year.

Bro. Uy Chuy Leng, of Iba, Zambales, has opened a lodging house.

Bros. Eugenio Encarnacion, Raymundo de Castro and German B. Divino have been assigned as supervising teacher of Botolan District, supervising teacher of San Antonio District and principal, Villar Settlement Farm School, respectively.

Bros. Mariano Trinidad and Luis Ruanto are ill.

Bataan No. 104.—Bro. Fabian Santiago has the distinction of being the first candidate initiated at Balanga, the permanent official domicile of the Lodge.

Bro. Stanley S. Tongko writes from Los Angeles, California, sending dues and regards to the Brethren.

Bro. L. Paulino, of the Bureau of Agriculture, will soon leave for his new station at Cebu, Cebu.

Bro. José F. Ditan, our Senior Warden, arrived with his family for a short vacation.

Bros. Felipe Fuentes and Leonardo San Pedro, both formerly of the Cadwallader-Gibson Lumber Co., arrived from Camarines Sur and went to Gingoog, Misamis, to work with the Anakan Lumber Co.

Bro. Gervasio Banzon, who has been ill for almost nine months, was showing improvement when last visited by a delegation of ten members.

Leonard Wood No. 105.—Bro. George A. Whatley, the Senior Deacon of this Lodge, is being congratulated upon his recent promotion to the grade of first lieutenant.

Lodge Perla del Oriente No. 1034, S. C.—Letters with greetings have been received from Bro. James Forest (c/o Postmaster, New York City), on the U. S. S. *Trenton* in Cuban waters at the time; from Bro. Lawrence G. Cox, same whereabouts and address as Bro. Forest; and from Bro. Cyril D. Matthewman, U. S. S. *Tutuila*; Bro. George Washington Earl, Zamboanga; Bro. A. Myhre, Socony Oil. Co., Cebu; Bro. L. J. Dulin, Occ. Negros; Bro. Dr. B. Samson, Candaba, Pampanga; Bro. Isabelo Macapagal, Cavite, P. I.; Bro. C. G. Hulse, 617 E. 80th St. Los Angeles; Bro. Charles J. Killian, San Diego, Cal; Bro. Malcolm W. Lyons, Radio Station, Agaña, Guam; Bro. W. A. Lawrence, c/o Postmaster, San Diego, Cal., U. S. S. *Badger No. 12;* Bro. M. E. McFarland, Ormoc, Leyte; Bro. R. A. Allen, Calubian Saw Mills, Calubian, Leyte; Bro. E. J. Johns, Rio Guinobatan, Masbate; Bro. Friberto Gonzales, Iloilo; Bro. Albert R. Furrer, Zurich, Switzland; Bro. E. M. Cnambers, U. S. S. *Breck No. 283;* Bro. R. O. Kerchaval, U. S. Naval Hosp., Mare Island, Calif; Bro. E. T. Dembinski, Submarine Base, Honolulu, T. H; Bro. Horace T. Smith, U. S. Naval Recruiting Station, Ardmore, Oklahoma; Bro. William Davis, Catabangan, Camarines Sur; Bro. C. R. Welch of Fabrica, Occ. Negros.

Bro. L. L. Bridenstine visited Athens Lodge No. 284, Scott City, Kas., on April 17th, as reported by the secretary of that Lodge.

Letters with good wishes have also been received from Bro. M. Sosnowski (Honolulu); Bro. F. A. Miller (U. S. S. *Idaho*, c/o P. M., San Francisco); Bro. E. C. Frost (Inglewood, Calif.); Bro. W. I. Hausheer, (c/o Pepsodent Co., Chicago); Bro. Bernardo Salazar (who has just been promoted to 1st lieutenant in the Constabulary).

Mr. William Allen Harrison was initiated on May 17th and passed on May 31st, and Messrs. Charles Joseph Noronha and Joseph Mullins were initiated on June 14th and passed on June 28th.

Sojourning Brethren.—Bro. H. A. Gibbons, of Peninsular Lodge No. 95, Everett, Wash., has been transferred from Naga, C. S., to Tarlac, as principal of the provincial high school.

Seccion Castellana

El Bandido

(*Cuento Masónico*)

Por Leo Fischer

El mismo Murray Marner no sabía qué era lo que buscaba en la espesura por la que vagaba con su alforja a la espalda y el fusil al hombro. Le interesaban la geología, las orquídeas y las mariposas. Gustaba de dibujar del natural, y durante su vida había cazado mucho. Más era el espíritu del explorador el que le impulsaba a ir a lugares a los cuales no se hubieran aventurado otros y el que le inducía a preferir el sendero de la manigua y la soledad de los bosques tropicales a los caminos más llanos y a la sociedad de sus semejantes.

Con el dinero que había ganado en operaciones de comercio en la América del Sur hubiera podido disfrutar de la vida y podría ahora pasear en coche por el Bosque de Bolonia o en el Tiergarten en grata compañía, en vez de pasar trabajos en los bosques de la Isla de Luzón.

Los estrechos caminos de herradura que atraviesan los bosques filipinos no permiten viajar con comodidad. Marner acababa de surgir de una de las hondonadas del camino que con frecuencia se encuentran en los montes, hundidos los pies hasta la rodilla en viscoso lodo y con la cara sudando copiosamente. A uno y otro lado del sendero había gigantescos árboles de narra y lauan, y colgando entre los mismos lianas que simulaban guirnaldas, y árboles más pequeños y la exhuberante maleza cubriendo el resto del espacio, formando todo ello una inmensa bóveda verde. No soplaba ni la más ligera brisa y la temperatura era la de un baño turco.

Marner avanzaba con dificultad. En Filipinas, lo mismo que en Cuba, donde había explorado el bosque y la manigua, no era de temer ningún animal carnívoro; pero dió un salto de sorpresa cuando un jabato, gruñendo y chillando, atravesó rápidamente el sendero y desapareció bajo la densa maleza. Siguiendo las huellas del animal, más bien por curiosidad que por el deseo de cogerle, Marner se encontró de pronto en una estrecha pero bien marcada senda que, indudablemente, había sido utilizada por seres humanos. Era evidente que se habían hecho grandes esfuerzos por ocultar este camino de la vista de los transeuntes de la vereda principal, y esta circunstancia excitó todavía más la curiosidad de Marner. Resueltamente se metió en el estrecho sendero.

Después de haber recorrido trecientas o cuatrocientas yardas por la espesura, con gran sorpresa suya se encontró de pronto en campo abierto, al borde de una depresión del terreno parecida a un caldero y que él supuso que tendría como una milla de diámetro. Era de forma casi circular y de una profundidad de varios centenares de pies. Sus pendientes laderas estaban formadas por escarpas de piedra caliza.

Marner examinó el extraño valle con atención. En el fondo había árboles y el agua de un arroyuelo relucía al sol. Algunos trozos de verdor próximos, esparcidos cerca de la corriente se asemejaban mucho a pequeñas huertas. Esto y lo oculto de la senda que conducía al valle despertaron la natural curiosidad de Marner. Cautelosamente continuó marchando por el sendero que atravesaba la empinadísima falda de la montaña. De pronto, el camino se cortaba. En la piedra caliza se habían borrado todos los rastros del camino, y Marner, tanteando sus pasos, siguió descendiendo, pisando los bordes salientes y ayudándose de las raíces.

De pronto, cuando menos lo esperaba, una raíz que parecía fuertemente asida a la tierra cedió, y con un estallido y la avalancha formada por las piedras y guijas que caían, Marner, medio deslizándose y medio cayendo de la escarpa, fué a dar con su cuerpo en un montón de tierra que había en el fondo. Una de las piedras que cayeron le tocó en la cabeza, y por algunos momentos quedó allí tendido y aturdido por el golpe.

Cuando volvió a abrir los ojos se encontró con los de un filipino alto y delgado que estaba en pie frente a él, blandiendo un bolo desenvainado. La hoja larga y afilada del arma brillaba como la plata, y los ojos hundidos del indígena penetraban en los del americano curiosa y malignamente. La terrible expresión de aquel semblante de profundas líneas, curtido por la intemperie y feroz, auguraban desgracias al intruso.

El filipino rompió el silencio.

—¿Conque al fin me han encontrado?—dijo con voz cavernosa.—La gente me ha estado persiguiendo como a una fiera y ni aun quiere dejarme morir tranquilo en mi retiro de la montaña. Sufra usted ahora las consecuencias. Yo no iré a la cárcel y el verdugo no podrá poner sus viles manos sobre mí. Hay un Ser superior a vosotros y a mí, y Él es el que le ha puesto a usted en mis manos, aunque venga bien armado.

El americano vió que el filipino pisaba el fusil que había caido con él. Intentó levantarse, pero soltó un grito de dolor y volvió a caer. Tenía fracturada la pierna izquierda por encima de la rodilla.

Marner sabía que el otro tenía intenciones de matarle. Amaba la vida, pero sentía poco temor. Sonriendo, miró al hombre que tenía delante y le dijo en un castellano tan correcto como el que había hablado el otro:

—Esta es la primera vez que le veo, amigo mío, y le aseguro que no he venido a buscarle. Lo ocurrido es que encontré por casualidad el sendero que conduce a este valle y me metí en él sólo por curiosidad. Mi único delito es el ser un intruso. Tengo una pierna rota y esto me da derecho a que se me guarde consideración en vez de que se me amenace.

El filipino movió la cabeza.

—No le creo a usted—le respondió.—Sea lo que fuere, sabe usted ahora demasiado para volver al mundo exterior. La ley manda que los espías mueran, y usted debe sufrir esta pena.

El filipino dirigía la vista hacia el pecho del americano, disponiéndose tal vez a clavarle su agudo bolo en el corazón. De pronto, se inclinó hacia adelante. Una raíz rota había rasgado la camisa y camiseta de Marner y el triángulo que se había formado en la tela descubría una buena parte de la piel. Cuando, en 1898, siendo Marner un joven de veintidos años, se disponía a embarcar para Cuba con el regimiento de *Rough Riders* de Roosevelt, hizo que se tatuara en su pecho la escuadra y el compás masónicos, y este emblema fué el que atrajo la vista del hombre que se disponía a enviarle al otro mundo.

Marner observó un cambio repentino en la actitud del filipino. La fiera expresión, la determinación de herir, habían desaparecido de su semblante. Los músculos de su brazo derecho se habían distendido. Sin apartar la mirada del americano, trazó algunas figuras con la punta de su bolo en un trozo de piedra caliza que estaba junto a él.

—¿Puede usted explicar lo que significan estas figuras?—le preguntó.

Entonces Marner lo comprendió todo. Sonriendo, explicó la significación simbólica de la escuadra y el nivel, y cuando el filipino le pidió un signo, al momento se lo dió.

—Yo soy Arturo Maclaran, el bandido—dijo el filipino gravemente—el mundo cree que hace muchos años que no existo; pero algunos de mis enemigos temen todavía

que retorne, y unc de ellos es el gobernador de esta provincia. Yo he perdido la fe en muchas cosas, pero aun estoy adherido al Real Arte. Vivo como un ermitaño en este valle, cuya única entrada ha encontrado usted. La vida de usted es sagrada para mí, como la de un hermano; y pongo mi vida en las manos de usted. . .

—Y, por cierto, en seguro—continuó Marner.

Con manos hábiles, el bandolero examinó la pierna lesionada de Marner.

—No es más que una simple fractura—le dijo—pero pasarán meses antes de que usted pueda dejar este valle. Confíe usted en mí, amigo mío; en mi juventud fuí practicante en el ejército español y sé precisamente lo que debo hacer.

En un santiamén, improvisó tablillas y vendas, y después de hecho el vendaje y empleando infinitas precauciones y una fuerza que Marner hubiera creído imposible en cuerpo tan enjuto, condujo al paciente a su choza, situadá a una distancia de varios centenares de yardas. Era esta una cabaña de reducidas dimensiones, compuesta de maderas y cañas, hábilmente unidas y adaptadas a una cueva que se hallaba abierta en la escarpa. El piso se componía de cañas partidas, y delante de la choza había una cortina de tela del país del mismo color que la escarpa. En aquel lugar se advertía una limpieza escrupulosa.

Después de colocar a su huésped cómodamente en el suelo de la choza, Maclaran le dijo:—No tengo muchas cosas que ofrecerle, amigo mío; sólo tengo aquí algún camote, berenjenas, tomates y maíz, cosas estas que cultivo cerca de mi choza; las mangas, guayabas, papayas y otras frutas que los bosque producen en abundancia, las tórtolas y otras aves que yo cojo, y de vez en cuando algún puerco de monte o venado que cazo con este arma.—Esto diciendo, señaló un enorme arco y un haz de flechas fabricadas por negritos, que se hallaban en un rincón apoyados en la pared. —Lo único que puedo ofrecerle ahora es *tapa* de venado, maíz asado, camotes asados y frutas. Y si a usted le gusta, también puedo ofrecerle miel de abejas.

Marner pidió entonces a su anfitrión que abriese la alforja que había traído, y no pudo menos de sonreir en su interior al observar la curiosidad infantil y el afán con que el bandido examinaba las compactas provisiones que iban guardadas en varias latas y cajas. Los ojos del filipino brillaron al contemplar aquellas cosas exquisitas, como el café y el te. De este último había él gustado frecuentemente en compañía de sus amigos chinos hacia muchos años, y ahora lo había reemplazado por unas hojas aromáticas que crecían abundantemente en el valle; pero el café lo había echado muy de menos.

El bandido mostró a Marner con la mano el lugar en que tenía su plantío de tabaco, y quedó muy complacido cuando el americano colocó alguna hoja en su pipa y lo proclamó excelente. A su vez, Maclaran fumó con gran fruición algún tabaco de Marner, que para él constituía una novedad, pero luego volvió al tabaco de su producción.

—¿Cuánto tiempo hace que vive usted en este valle?—preguntó Marner a Maclaran mientras éste se ocupaba en cocer el te.

El bandido reflexionó algunos momentos. Al fin dijo:—Pronto se cumplirán doce años. Después de haber sido yo herido gravemente en un encuentro con la Policia Insular, mi antiguo teniente Molina me ocultó durante algunas semanas en su casa. Habiéndose enterado de que su querida trataba de traicionarnos a los dos para entregarnos a nuestros enemigos, que habían ofrecido un premio por mi captura, la degolló antes de que yo pudiera impedirlo, y después me condujo a este lugar, el "Valle Escondido", de cuya existencia él era el único que estaba enterado. Daniel, mi viejo criado, nos suministra provisiones periódicamente, las que deja depositadas en una grieta de las rocas que se halian cerca de la vereda principal, en los días de luna llena, y esto es lo que continúa haciendo ahora el leal anciano. Poseo algún dinero, con el cual mi criado compra mis provisiones. Molina murió un año después de haber venido nosotros a este valle.

—Pero ¿ha estado usted viviendo solo aquí desde entonces?—preguntó Marner.

—Durante todo ese tiempo, no—respondió el bandido.—Hace cinco años, un leproso que huía del gobierno, el cual había dispuesto que se le enviase a Culión, la isla de los leprosos, halló el camino de este valle. Se moría de hambre. Le alimenté, construí una choza para él al otro lado del valle, y le cuidé lo mejor que pude; pero falleció hace tres años. Se mostraba agradecido, aunque algunas veces me maldijo por haber procurado conservarle la vida.

Marner tendió la vista sobre el pequeño y silencioso valle. Bruscamente, señaló al otro lado.—¿Qué es esa columna de humo que se vé allí? Hace ya algunos minutos que la veo.

El bandido sonrió—¿Humo? no, amigo mío, son murciélagos. Allí hay una gran caverna poblada de murciélagos. Son tantos que necesitan unos cuarenta minutos para salir de la caverna por la tarde y emplean el mismo tiempo para retornar a ella por la mañana. Se mueven con la precisión de un ejército. Seguirá usted viendo esa columna de humo por espacio de media hora más.

Aquella tarde, los dos amigos fumaron sus pipas en grata compañía y hablaron de la Masonería. Maclaran había sido venerable maestro de su Logia y era ferviente masón. Mostró a Marner las profundas cicatrices que en su cuerpo habían dejado las cuerdas e instrumentos de suplicio cuando, en 1896, fué arrestado y torturado por los españoles sin más motivo que el de que era miembro de la Hermandad. Se había negado firmemente a traicionar a sus hermanos, y luego consiguió fugarse de la cárcel en que había sido encerrado en Cavite, con el auxilio de un antiguo compañero de armas, también masón, que pertenecía a la guardia civil. Después se unió a Aguinaldo y asistió a muchos combates, primero contra los españoles y luego contra los americanos.

—Ese Don Emilio es un hombre—dijo el bandido al hablar de Aguinaldo—lo que más siento es que moriré sin haber vuelto a verle. Es miembro de nuestra Ilustre Orden, como lo fué Mabini, el Sublime Paralítico, y como lo fué Rizal, nuestro Gran Mártir. También lo es Manuel Quezon, ese patriota ardiente y fogoso, que por ello no deja de ser un sagaz político y estadista como no hubo otro.

El bandido mostró a su amigo un estante situado en un rincón de la choza. Allí, cuidadosamente preservados y guardados contra los insectos y el polvo, había depositados algunos libros, que habían sido sus compañeros durante muchas horas interminables de soledad de la época de lluvias y cuando los aguaceros caían incesantemente durante días y aun semanas.—Ahora ya tengo con quien hablar—dijo él—un hombre ilustrado y de esmerada educación que ha visto el mundo y, además, tiene el corazón de un masón. Esto es como un oasis en el desierto, como un rayo de luz en noche obscura.

Marner pasó la noche bastante bien. A la mañana siguiente, el bandido le preparó una taza de te, y después le rogó que le excusara pues tenía que salir para proveer de mejor alimento a su huésped. Tomando luego su arco y flechas, cruzó el estrecho sendero y pronto desapareció por el borde del valle.

Al cabo de una hora regresó llevando sobre sus hombros un venadito, y cubierto de lodo y de la sangre del animal muerto, pero contento.—Esta noche probará usted el caldo más rico de venado que haya probado jamás—dijo a Marner—y estoy seguro de que mi *tapa* de venado es una cosa que le ha de gustar.

Por la tarde, después de haber gustado del famoso caldo de venado, que, en verdad, era delicioso, los dos amigos disfrutaron de la fresca brisa de la noche, fumando sus pipas. El bandido dijo señalando la luna:

—Mañana tendremos luna llena, y si usted tiene alguna carta que enviar con respecto a su seguridad, entréguemela.

Voy a buscar a Daniel, mi antiguo criado, en el lugar convenido, cuando me traiga las provisiones. Esto lo hago pocas veces. Escriba usted una carta y yo le enseñaré a mi criado la manera de depositarla en el correo. No deseo entregar mi cuello al verdugo, y para ello debemos guardar mucha cautela.

Afortunadamente, Marner nunca solía emprender un viaje sin llevar consigo en su alforja algunas tarjetas postales. En una de ellas escribió algunas líneas a un amigo suyo que se hallaba en Manila, que era el que le había invitado a venir a estas Islas, manifestándole que no se alarmase, y que no se había muerto, pero que se hallaba acostado con una pierna rota y residiendo con un amigo en los montes.

Transcurridos algunos días, Marner llegó a admirar y estimar a su nuevo amigo. Se persuadió de que el bandido estaba acusado de muchos delitos que no había cometido. Algunos de los asesinatos de que estaba acusado no fueron más que actos de legítima defensa. Se le culpó de muchas acciones malas cometidas por sus compañeros y, especialmente, por Molina, su lugarteniente, el cual, aunque era valiente y leal a su jefe, no dejó de ser un pillo de siete suelas. Maclaran había ejercido sobre todos los malhechores que le rodeaban una beneficiosa influencia en una época en que los actos de violencia constituían la regla general y no la excepción. Pero es el caso que sus enemigos le habían calumniado, desnaturalizando y falseando los hechos hasta el punto de que las autoridades constituídas le considerasen como un malhechor sediento de sangre que debía ser capturado y exterminado.

De joven, Maclaran estudió la medicina, pero no pudo terminar su carrera porque uno de sus profesores de la Universidad de Santo Tomás, un orgulloso fraile español, le había tomado tal inquina, que acabó por conseguir que el estudiante fuese expulsado. Posteriormente, había servido en varias campañas como practicante en el ejército español de estas Islas; después se dedicó al comercio y cuando ya se hallaba en la prosperidad, ingresó en la Masonería. Al iniciarse la gran persecución masónica en 1896, fué uno de los primeros en ser capturados y perdió todo lo que tenía. Como oficial del ejército filipino se distinguió por su bravura, y por no haber querido rendirse a las tropas americanas, fué finalmente declarado bandolero.

Concluída la cena, cuando el Valle Escondido semejaba un país encantado a la clara luz de la luna, el bandido entretenía los ocios de su compañero declamando capítulos enteros del *Quijote* o algún otro libro clásico español de los que tenía en su pequeña biblioteca; pero, generalmente, prefería oir las narraciones de Marner respecto a hechos sucedidos en la guerra hispano-americana y sobre sus viajes en Cuba y la América del Sur. Le interesaban extremadamente las repúblicas latino-americanas.

—¡Oh, si mi país fuese libre e independiente, el mundo pronto vería que nosotros estamos mejor preparados para gobernarnos que los habitantes de muchos de esos países!—exclamó el bandido.—En muchos respectos, nosotros hemos sido una revelación para los compatriotas de usted, y estoy seguro de que su país nunca se arrepentirá de habernos concedido aquello que yo considero que nos pertenece de derecho.

Durante algunos minutos reinó el silencio. Por punto general, Marner pensaba como el bandido; pero no se consideraba suficientemente enterado de las circunstancias para obedecer los impulsos de su corazón que ordinariamente le llevaban a hacer caso omiso de las consideraciones económicas y prácticas cuando se trataba de defender los altos ideales que él acariciaba en su condición de americano y de masón.

Durante el día, y en sus horas de vagar, el mayor placer del bandido era jugar al ajedrez con su nuevo amigo. Era un ajedrecista muy hábil, y Marner, que no jugaba mal, perdía más veces que ganaba. Las figuras del ajedrez habían sido labradas por el mismo Maclaran, y el tablero en que jugaban era una delgada losa preparada al efecto.

Maclaran era un excelente cazador. En la mesa del bandido y su huésped nunca faltó la carne. El gran arco negro era tan eficaz como cualquier escopeta, y el rifle de Marner quedó abandonado en un rincón de la choza.

Mientras transcurrían los días, se apoderaba del bandido la melancolía.

—Dentro de poco—dijo suspirando—el hueso de su pierna quedará perfectamente soldado y entonces podrá usted abandonar el Valle. Nunca he temido la soledad, pero ahora la temo. Es que ya me siento viejo. En el mundo ya no me queda esposa ni hijos, hermanos ni hermanas; pero un amigo como usted los reemplaza a todos.

Marner levantó la vista de su cuaderno. Acababa de dar los últimos toques al dibujo de una "paloma de la puñalada" que, amansada por Maclaran, estaba posada en una rama de un árbol cercano a la choza.

—Mire, Arturo—dijo—he estado pensando profundamente en estas cosas, y me imagino que puedo conseguir su indulto. El actual gobernador general de estas Islas es uno de los americanos más ilustres que ha habido. Es un hombre tan justo y sincero como generoso y dispuesto a arrollar las conveniencias y la oposición cuando su corazón le impulsa a ello. Además, fué coronel de mi regimiento en 1898 y es un buen amigo mío. Estoy seguro de que conseguiré hacerle ver las cosas tales como son. Como ya le dije a usted, pertenece también a nuestra benemérita Orden.

Maclaran movió la cabeza.—Amigo mío—dijo.—El hombre que vive en Malacañang no puede siempre hacer lo que se le antoja, y el gobernador de mi provincia y sus secuaces y amigos políticos harán cuanto puedan por impedir que se me conceda el indulto. Es posible que su amigo no sea como Pilatos; pero no creo que quiera arriesgar el éxito de su administración sólo por favorecer a un hombre que no tiene amigos, y cuyos enemigos son tan numerosos como los murciélagos que duermen ahora en esa caverna.

—Yo estoy seguro de que lo conseguiré—dijo Marner.—Tengo entendido que la situación de su gran enemigo, el gobernador provincial, es ahora bastante precaria, y que por eso no se opondrá a Malacañang por temor a las represalias.

Marner podía ya andar con la ayuda de un bastón, y el bandido estaba seguro de que al cabo de dos semanas su amigo podría subir al borde del valle. Si lo hiciese un sábado, estaría seguro de encontrar gente en el camino de herradura, pues este día era el del mercado del pueblo, en el extenso valle de abajo, y en ese caso podría alquilar un caballo.

Desde entonces los días transcurrían rápidamente, demasiado rápidamente para el bandido.

—Hoy es viernes—dijo él con tristeza—y mañana será el día más conveniente para su partida. Al amanecer, le conduciré al borde del valle, y allí le dejaré. Pero usted debe bajar por el camino un gran trecho con el fin de que su presencia no pueda revelar el lugar en que se encuentra este valle.

El americano guardó silencio. Aunque ansiaba retornar al mundo civilizado, a sus amigos y a su trabajo, sintió un anhelo casi insensato de permanecer en el Valle Escondido y continuar participando de la suerte de su amigo filipino.

—Arturo—dijo al fin.—Usted no permanecerá aquí por mucho tiempo. Tengo la seguridad de que podré convencer al gobernador general y que aplastará la oposición cuya importancia creo que usted exagera. Pero yo debo marcharme mañana; démonos un paseo por el valle. Nunca he estado en la parte oriental, donde está enterrado el leproso.

—Yo casi nunca voy allí—replicó Maclaran.—Sin saber por qué, cuando voy allí se me figura que la muerte me

está rondando, más allá de la choza del leproso. Bien sabe usted que los seres humanos tienen frecuentemente extraños presentimientos, y quién sabe si. . .

Se detuvo por un momento, y luego continuó:—Bien; olvidemos nuestras preocupaciones y pasemos nuestro último día como los niños de la escuela en vacaciones. Coja usted su rifle; hace ya muchos años que no he disparado un tiro, y uno o dos tiros no han de revelar el lugar donde se encuentra el Valle Escondido.

Recorrieron el valle. Cerca de las ruinas de la choza que había albergado al leproso, una cruz marcaba la tumba en que descansaban los restos de aquel desgraciado.

—¿Murió aquí el leproso?—preguntó Marner.—¿No hubiera sido más seguro quemar la choza?

El bandido sonrió.—Amigo mío, aquel infeliz era un católico cerrado y rechazaba la cremación. Encontré su cadáver a unas doscientas yardas del lugar en que ahora está enterrado, al pie de una roca. Estaba hinchado como si una culebra le hubiese picado cuando aún vivía. Arrastré el cadáver por todo este trecho porque no podía abrir una fosa en el sitio donde lo hallé porque allí el suelo era rocoso.

Continuaron la caminata, yendo detrás y a corta distancia el americano, y el filipino se detuvo cerca de una roca grande.

—Aquí es donde encontré el cadáver—dijo éste. Se paró a un lado con intención de rodear la roca. De pronto, Marner soltó un grito de alarma. Se oyó un fiero silbido. De la exhuberante hierba surgió una terrible aparición: el cuerpo hinchado, la agitada lengua y los ojos malignos presagiaban muerte. Antes de que el filipino pudiese saltar a un lado, la cobra le había picado en una pantorrilla. Cuando la serpiente se escurría por el espacio que había frente a la roca, Marner la golpeó con su rifle, matándola.

El bandido se caía lentamente al suelo. Con el cuerpo apoyado a la roca, sus ojos miraban su choza al otro lado del valle.

—No se moleste—dijo a Marner,—ya no hay remedio; es cuestión de algunos minutos. Entiérreme al lado de ese pobre leproso, y si aun le queda tiempo, ponga una cruz sobre mi tumba y sobre ella grabe una escuadra y un compás. Me alegro de haberle conocido, hermano mío. El Gran Arquitecto fué bueno conmigo cuando envió a usted a este valle, y ahora yo muero contento.

La lucha fué breve. De rodillas junto al bandido, cuya mano derecha se había asido a la suya con contracciones de muerte, Marner vió a su amigo exhalar el último suspiro antes de transcurrir quince minutos de haberle picado la cobra.

El americano se puso en pie lentamente, contempló el inanimado cuerpo por algunos minutos, y luego se dirigió a la tumba del leproso. Trabajó toda la tarde, y cuando llegó la noche, junto a la sepultura del leproso se levantaba otro montón de tierra y sobre ella una tosca cruz. Atada a esta cruz estaba la losa que había servido al difunto de tablero de ajedrez, y grabada en ella una escuadra y un compás.

Al amanacer del día siguiente, Marner se encontraba de pie en el borde del Valle Escondido. Con sus gemelos podía ver bien la nueva cruz con lo que, según él sabía, era el emblema de la más grande y noble institución que el mundo ha conocido.

—Adiós, hermano mío—murmuró. Después, devolviendo los gemelos a su estuche y ajustando sobre sus hombros la alforja, recogió su rifle; y dirigiendo una última mirada al silencioso valle, se volvió y emprendió la marcha por el camino que debía devolverle al mundo del que se había ausentado unos meses antes.

De Fuentes Extranjeras

Idealismo

Voy a hablaros de exaltaciones idealistas. En medio de la época de convencionalismos y claudicaciones en que vive el mundo, yo quiero expresar mi fe en las fuerzas del espíritu. No todo es barro en el hombre: hay también chispa divina animando—fuego y luz—la carne de nuestra ingénita bestialidad. El fracaso de las nobles doctrinas sembradas entre hombres o en pueblos de grados inferiores no significa desdoro para los sembradores, para los que intentaron sin éxito implantarlas. Las palabras dejadas caer sobre las almas tienen siempre un oculto sentido, una supervivencia increible. Y las reglas morales son inflexibles al través del Tiempo y del Espacio, como que son emanadas de fuerzas superiores y evidentes.

Corresponde al Masón, obligatoriamente, ser, a este respecto, un sembrador. Entra dentro de nuestros deberes primordiales adoptar una posición de combate frente al error y la injusticia, y propender a una realización total de nuestro ideal.

Se ofrecen ante nuestra opción, tres términos, a escoger: la opinión, el interés y el ideal. La opinión pública representa el hecho; el interés público representa el provecho; pero el ideal puro representa el Derecho. En otras palabras: el primer término de opción es la realidad; el segundo es la utilidad; y el tercero, la idealidad, o sea la Justicia.

Esta clasificación de Alomar, uno de los más fuertes espíritus independientes de la España de hoy, encierra para mí—y, a mi juicio, para todo Masón—enseñanzas supremas, normas a seguir en nuestra vida.

Frente al hecho y al provecho se encuentra el ideal. ¿Debemos conformar nuestras acciones y nuestros pensamientos, adaptar nuestras opiniones a la materia social, a la realidad ambiente, en sus circunstancias de lugar y tiempo? ¿O habremos de obrar siempre ajustándonos a las normas inmanentes y objetivas de la justicia y del ideal? En estos dos ejes gira y se polariza la actividad pública del hombre. Lo primero, es el criterio conservador. Lo segundo, es el criterio liberal. Para un Masón, no hay término medio, no hay donde escoger; abandonar el segundo término por adoptar el primero no sólo es pernicioso y execrable, sino que con ello podrían justificarse todos los horrores de la Historia.

Se habla mucho de la crisis de la idealidad, de la depresión del idealismo. La realidad actual parece prescindir de la elevación del espíritu y contraerse a la consagración de la fuerza. Si fuésemos a buscar el origen de este materialismo, deberíamos atribuirlo al triunfo de las medianías en la dirección social, y al enseñoreamiento de una religión sin grandezas y con apetitos en el alma de las masas.

Toda religión representa dos conceptos: el ideológico y el ético, la fe y la moral, y dan origen a dos grandes corrientes: la idealista y la pragmática. La pureza primitiva de las religiones es toda idealista, sembrada de profetas y de mártires. Pero las corrientes pragmáticas se engullen de dogmas y viven de la desvirtuación de la doctrinas puras, en las manos groseras de los oficiantes. (Renán advertía esta diferencia de misiones y oponía el Profeta al Sacerdote). Es la sustitución del Evangelio por el Catecismo, la decapitación de toda libertad, de toda belleza altruista.

Yo tengo un concepto rebelde de la misión del Masón. Creo y afirmo que no es suyo adaptarse mansamente a las fuerzas mediocres, por muy endiosadas que parezcan. Nosotros hemos llegado a nuestros templos con el propósito del sacrificio, pero no como va el buey al matadero, sino como va el maestro a las aulas, como va el estudiante al anfiteatro, como va el médico a la epidemia, a sacrificarse por el bien. Esta rebeldía, biológicamente considerada, forma consubstancialmente, el alma de la juventud. Y la

Masonería tiende a la conservación del espíritu joven. Hay magníficos ejemplos de esta conservación prodigiosa, que hace el milagro de detener el Tiempo, o mejor, que hace correr la ideología a la par de las corrientes novísimas. Conozco, y también vosotros conocéis, de entre nuestros viejos Masones, nobles ejemplares para los cuales los años no han corrido y mantienen su mente fresca y actualísima como la del más reciente iniciado, como la del más avanzado exponente.

Seamos un poco "inductores". Vivamos en contacto con la bajeza—ya que no es posible otra cosa—pero que sea para despertar en las conciencias aleteos de mejoras, ansias de renovación, impulsos de saneamiento. La inducción es la ejecutoria de nobleza humana en su lucha contra la materia. Desde el primer hombre que roturó la tierra hasta el Venerable Maestro que con un golpe de mallete inicia la labor de desbastar la piedra bruta, todos los grandes espíritus han sido—poco o mucho—inductores. Desgraciado el que no sea inductor de una santa inquietud en el ánimo de quienes le escuchan.

Nuestro campo de acción es vastísimo, como que abarca todas las actividades. Día a día, en toda obra, en cada instante, hay la oportunidad de sembrar una idea. No desaprovechemos la oportunidad. Bástenos—si acaso queremos recompensa—con la gran satisfacción que paladeamos después de haber cumplido un deber. Pero fijémonos en que los regímenes opuestos a toda inducción, a toda movilidad, absorben y domestican esas idealidades y las convierten en rodajes del mecanismo oficial, en máquinas de dominio.

Yo espero ver al Masón tomar y conservar su puesto en la lucha por el espíritu. Defenderse de los ataques y de las tentaciones de la reacción. Porque los enemigos no escatiman armas para venir en contra nuestra. Muchas veces, hasta uno de nosotros mismos es instrumento en manos de ellos para consumar su obra de ambición y predominio, ya que la deleznable naturaleza humana es vulnerable a los halagos. Cuidémosnos mucho de los enemigos disfrazados, de los falsos apóstoles, y sepamos advertir el límite de la tolerancia.

Quiero terminar estas palabras refiriendo una leyenda, aromada de dulzura y profunda de enseñanzas, sacada de la historia pre-colombina de mi país. Un gran cacique nuestro, llamado Tenderí, cuyos perfiles de estadista sabio nos llegan a través de cronicones españoles de la época, sintiendo cercana la hora de su desintegración, congregó a sus hijos frente a su lecho, y el cacique habló: Hijos míos, dentro de poco el Padre Sol no alumbrará ya mi camino, porque tengo delante de mí sino el camino del cual no se vuelve. Se cerrarán los ojos de mi carne en la noche definitiva. Y quiero, hasta el último momento, velar por vosotros. Hijo mío—dijo al mayor—trae mis flechas y tomad una cada uno.

El mozo, fornido y moreno como vaciado en bronce vivo, corrió presuroso y trajo la aljaba del cacique de donde tomaron cada uno su flecha finísima y mortal.

—Probad a quebrarlas, hijos míos.

Con poco esfuerzo, los príncipes vencieron la flexibilidad del huiscoyol, y las flechas saltaron en astillas.

—Ahora, tomad dos flechas cada uno y rompedlas también en mi presencia.

Se tendieron los músculos juveniles, crispándose bajo la piel; pero la fibrosa madera cedió a la fuerza, y las flechas cayeron rotas.

Cuando juntaron tres flechas, la resistencia opuesta fué vencida violentamente.

Cuatro flechas juntas necesitaron para romperse un impulso formidable, que perló de sudor la frente de los mozos.

Pero cuando el anciano hizo que tomaran un haz de cinco flechas, las tentativas fueron vanas, y la fuerza se estrelló contra la unión.

—Hijos míos: sacad de esperiencia la enseñanza que os quiero dar ya con un pie del lado de la Sombra; uno a uno, separados, sois fáciles de quebrantar, expuestos a morir. Mientras más unidos estéis, mayor será vuestra resistencia, más fácil vuestra defensa, más invulnerables vuestros pechos. Hijos míos, conservaos unidos para siempre.

Calló la voz grave y lenta del cacique, voz como salida de una montaña nocturna, y sobrevino a los jóvenes profunda meditación.

Esta leyenda—cuya lección, por cierto, han desaprovechado mis compatriotas—yo la repito ante vosotros, queridos hermanos, a la sombra sagrada de nuestro Templo, en cuyo friso se ve la cadena formada por los eslabones masónicos, cadena que le da vuelta al mundo. Queridos hermanos, conservémonos unidos para siempre, practiquemos el heroísmo del espíritu, y vayamos con fe hacia el Oriente luminoso y sabio.—*Revista Masónica de Chile.*

A Una Calavera

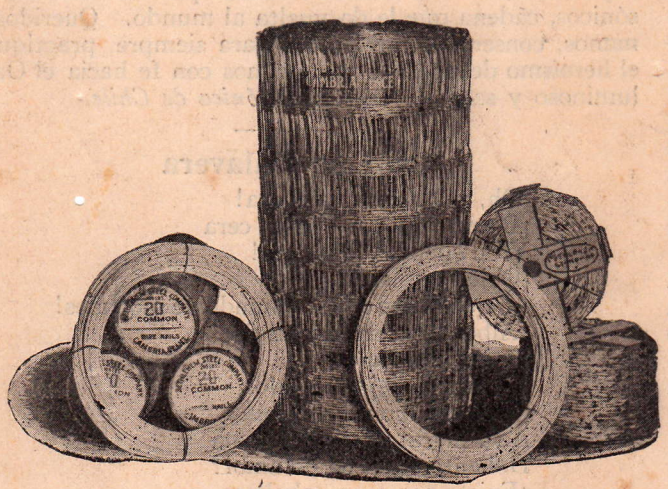
¡Oh, tú, blanca calavera!
¡Blanca con blancor de cera
Y de cuencas funerales!
¡Quién supiera
Lo que fuiste en este mundo de mortales!
¿Albergó tu cráneo un día
El alma-melancolía
De algún viejo trovador
Que tejió, con luz de luna
A su ingrata amada alguna
Doliente endecha de amor?
¿Fuiste acaso un caballero
De corcel, paje y acero
Que hacia la gloria partió.
Y manando de una herida
Sangre que segó su vida
Sobre el sepulcro cayó?
¿Fuiste acaso una mujer
Que en las lides del querer
Sus miradas esgrimió.
Y que, sabiéndose amada
Y linda y agasajada
A quien la amaba olvidó?
¿Fuiste mala? ¿Fuiste buena?
Sobre tu frente serena
Hay una interrogación
Pregunta que es un arcano
Y que no cabe al humano
Encontrar la solución.
¡Oh, tú, blanca calavera!
Blanca con color de cera
En tus ojos hay un reto
¡Quién pudiera
A las cuencas insondables
Arrancarle su secreto!

—Dr. Eugenio de Nicolás, *en la revista "Simbolismo," de Veracruz, Mex.*

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