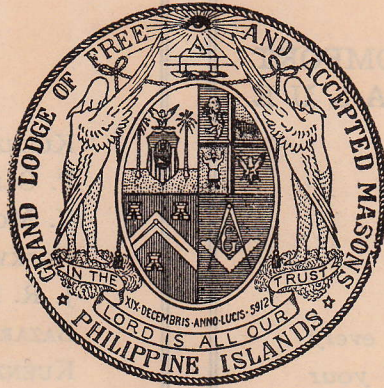


The Cable Tow

Vol. VIII

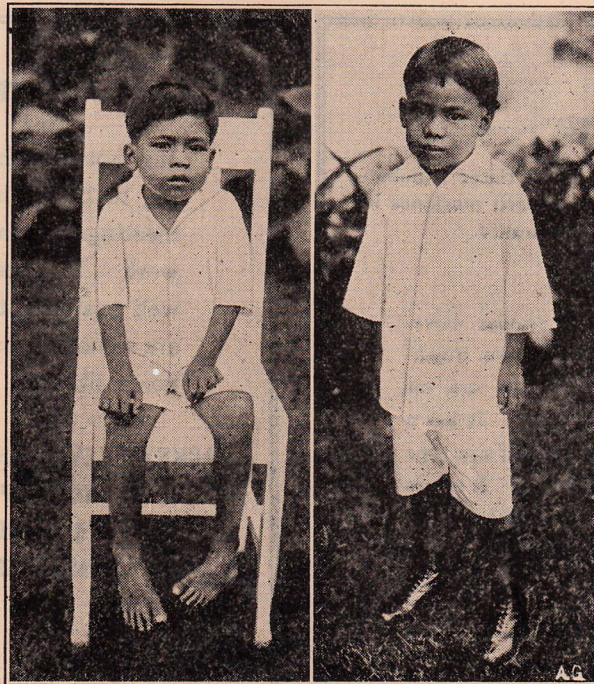
Manila, P. I., September 1, 1930

No. 4



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

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



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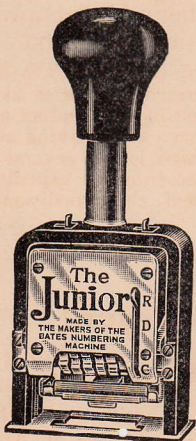
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THE CABLETOW

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

Managing Editor: LEO FISCHER, P. M.

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THE GRAND LODGE OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

The Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the Philippine Islands, founded in 1912, has 102 Lodges (29 in city of Manila), with approximately 6,650 Master Masons. It is the only sovereign Grand Lodge in Asia and is universally recognized. Its territory, the Philippine Archipelago, has a land area of 114,400 square miles and a population of over 12 millions. The present elective Grand Officers are: Vicente Carmona, Grand Master; Wm. W. Larkin, Deputy Grand Master; Isidro Paredes, Senior Grand Warden; Stanton Youngberg, Junior Grand Warden; E. del Rosario Tan Kiang, Grand Treasurer; Newton C. Comfort, Grand Secretary, and Manuel Camus, Grand Lecturer. Grand Lodge meets on the fourth Tuesday of January each year and transacts business in both English and Spanish.

Vol. VIII

SEPTEMBER 1, 1930

No. 4

Editorial Section

Always Conceal and Never Reveal

When a Mason has committed an offence against the laws of the land and is about to be punished for it, his duty to the Fraternity demands that he conceal, and not reveal, his connection with the Masonic Institution. To preserve unsullied the reputation of the Fraternity is an injunction laid upon the Mason when he receives the Master's degree, and that obligation should be sacred to him. The Grand Hailing Sign is to be given by a worthy Master Mason in distress and not by an unworthy one in disgrace. There have been instances of that sign being given in the courtroom to influence judge or jury; but in no case we know of has the person who gave the sign profited by it. The man who, being guilty, tries to use his Masonic connection, to ward off punishment, is not worthy of being a Mason.—L. F.

Making Enemies Without Purpose

There are in the world many individuals who make enemies without cause or excuse. They speak disparagingly of a nationality or race or class of people, regardless of whether this is liable to hurt the pride or feelings of some of those who may hear them. Quite often, the offence brings its own punishment with it. Few among us have not at some time or another been guilty of such thoughtlessness and have suffered for it. For this reason, we would all do well to follow the advice of a wise Italian, Francis Guicciardini, who says in his "Maxims":

"Beware of everything which may do thee hurt, and can do thee no good; wherefore, neither in absence, neither in presence of another, ever say, without necessity, things which may displease him; because it is foolishness to make enemies without purpose; and I give thee this maxim, because scarce any one but errs in this childishness."—L.F.

Strange Meeting Places

The *Masonic Outlook*, our interesting New York contemporary, publishes under the above caption the following item:

The three strangest meeting places that history and tradition record were, the oak tree at Sudbury, Georgia, where General Oglethorpe is said to have assembled the first Masonic gathering held in that State, in 1733; on board the British frigate *America*, while being built at Portsmouth, N. H., was used for three meetings of the local lodge in

1749; the burial plot of General John Austin's family, in Brazoria, Texas, where the first meeting of the Craft in that State was held in 1835.

We can offer an addition to this: On March 1, 1919, a special communication of the M. W. Grand Lodge of F. & A. M. of the Philippine Islands was held on board the U. S. Army transport *Sherman* in the harbor of Agaña, Guam, Marianas Islands, 1,506 miles from Manila, the seat of the Grand Lodge, for the purpose of constituting Charleston Lodge No. 44. The Lodge mentioned is among the most prosperous and progressive of the 102 Lodges of the Philippine Jurisdiction.

Brother Benjamin Roth Added to Our Roll of Honor

We take great pleasure in adding to our Roll of Honor the name of Bro. Benjamin Roth, of Service Lodge No. 95, who has recently received the Soldier's Medal, awarded to him, according to the War Department citation,

for heroism while serving as a member of the 1928-1930 Byrd Antarctic Expedition. Sergeant Roth performed his duties as airplane mechanic in a most meritorious manner and by his conduct and devotion to duty in the face of great danger, even after having nearly lost his life when a part of the barrier cliff collapsed, gained several commendations and recommendations for promotion from the expedition commander and brought great credit to himself, the expedition and the United States Army.

Congratulations, Bro. Roth!

Finish the Tasks Begun!

We have in the last few months observed that a certain feeling of restlessness, a desire to translate Masonry into action, exists among our Brethren. Such a feeling does them great credit, because no one admires a Mason or Lodge that "jogs along," as it were, conferring degrees, transacting routine business, and doing nothing else. The progressive Mason—and each and every Mason should be progressive—desires to extend the field of his endeavors, broaden the scope of his activities, and add to the luster of the name of the Institution to which he belongs. But to do all that, we need not go outside of Masonry nor is it necessary to do anything spectacular. First of all we must complete what we have begun and build on the foundations laid many years ago. To start a thing and not

finish it is not worthy of serious men. Constancy in all things, big and small, is a quality truly masonic. We Masons of the Philippines have two great enterprises under way which require our attention and constant effort: the Masonic Home, so-called, and the Masonic Hospital for Crippled Children. Let our young men who are brimming over with enthusiasm turn their thoughts to these enterprises. Soon the Lodges and the Grand Lodge will be governed by the sons of the men who laid the foundations of these splendid undertakings. Let them, let all, be loyal to the men of vision who started that work by helping to complete the edifices begun by them. Masonry is work, is service. How many of our Brethren are doing real work and rendering service worth mentioning?—L. F.

Don't Wait Till It Is Too Late

The average man who has a good position and is in good health often acts on the principle that he must not let worries over the future sour the sweetness of the present. To a certain extent, such an attitude is justified. Worry has spoiled more lives and killed more people than one realizes. But the policy of enjoying the present to the limit and letting the future take care of itself is wrong, nay criminal, when a man neglects the most elementary precautions. Many a man knows that he should provide for the future of his wife and children or other dependents by taking out insurance; but the need does not seem urgent to him because he is in good health and his earning power is unimpaired. Thus he puts the insuring of his life off because he wants to join an expensive club or buy a phonograph or a new car. Then, unexpectedly, ill health or unemployment, two enemies which stalk most men, fall upon him like thieves in the night and make that which he has postponed so often impossible for him. The sight of his wife and children, instead of a consolation and comfort, becomes a constant reproach to him. Death appears, not in the light of a kind messenger sent to translate him from this imperfect to that all-perfect world above, but as a grim tyrant come to snatch him from life and plunge those whom he loves into sorrow and destitution.

There is danger in delay. Would you have your family become a burden to your Lodge and your Brethren through your neglect and improvidence? Act now; don't wait till it is too late!—L. F.

Most Wor. Bro. Manuel L. Quezon

On August 2nd, Most Wor. Bro. Manuel L. Quezon, P. G. M., sailed for the United States to recuperate and renew his efforts in behalf of the cause nearest and dearest to him. Broken in health, our distinguished Brother's courage and determination are as magnificent as ever. The valor that he exhibited facing bullets and bayonets as Major Quezon in the days of 1899 and 1900 has not left him and challenges the admiration of even those who are his opponents.

We wish Brother Quezon bon voyage and a rapid recovery.

Calling On A Sick Brother

Under the above heading, Wor. Bro. William Merz, P. M. of Mt. Lebanon Lodge No. 80, has the following to say:

When you contemplate calling on a sick Brother, either get the right smile on your face or stay away.

A smile of the right sort is like sunshine in that sick-room.

Lur'ing in the tired mind of a sick person and often stealing into the sick heart of one who is ill, is that dreadful doubt that they may not know the whole truth about their condition—that they may not know what the doctor really thinks.

If you cannot pick up any encouraging word from the attending physician or the nurse, at least, cheer the patient with your smile.

IF YOU CAN GET ENCOURAGING NEWS, TACTFULLY REPEAT THAT GOOD NEWS TO THE PATIENT.

Just one tender smile, one sympathetic smile, then two three or four good chee. smiles and you have helped.

The soul of a sick person grows glad at the sight of a genuine good cheer smile—that smile of courage which comes from a well-founded Faith.

Sick folks are seldom fond of funny stories, neither do they want to be kidded. The situation is too serious for that.

Sick folks firmly believe God cannot lie, and the right kind of a spiritual smile helps them to hold to that great belief.

This is good advice and we hope our Brethren will remember it when they visit a sick Brother.

Editor's Mail Bag

From Honolulu

The editor had an interesting letter from Bro. S. G. Chapman (lieut. Supply Corps, U. S. N., of Cavite Lodge No. 2) from Honolulu. Bro. Chapman is one of the most active Masons we have ever known. He made things hum in Vallejo and adjoining pueblos and barrios (including San Francisco and Oakland) when he was there, and judging from the looks of things, he is doing the same thing in the Hawaiian Islands. He already is commander of King Kalakaua Camp, Heroes of '76, and says that "of late I have made a number of visits to different organizations and have always managed to take with me several service men. Thursday I took a carload out to Sojourners at Schofield (Hawaiian Chapter) and last evening I gave a little talk at the newly organized Masonic Club at Fort Shafter. A week from Sunday King Kalakaua Camp, Heroes of '76, and Honolulu Chapter of Nat. Soj. are giving a joint basket picnic. My visit to Schofield insured us at least fifty more persons so that we now expect over 300 to attend."

Bro. Chapman has purchased a movie camera and has been taking a lot of film. A few hundred more feet will be taken at the picnic. Bro. Chapman intends to show these films to Masonic organizations in the United States and China and asks this question: "If you know of any one who has for sale any 400-foot rolls of 16 mm. film covering subjects in and about Manila, Baguio, etc., I should greatly appreciate getting some information. The sort of stuff I want is every day life and places of interest; street scenes, the famous sun sets, the gorge above Los Baños, Baguio, Luneta with Manila Hotel and Clubs, Polo Club, etc." Bro. Chapman's address is Lt. S. G. Chapman, S. C., U. S. Navy, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

From Bohol

Bro. Frank Lombardo, S. W. of Dagohoy Lodge No. 84, in a recent letter praises the *Cabletow* and the Masonic fiction it is publishing in terms which modesty forbids us to publish. Thanks, Brother; such expressions of appreciation are encouraging.

From Wor. Bro. E. A. Perkins

Wor. Bro. E. A. Perkins calls our attention to an excellent article contributed to the June number of the *Bulletin* of the Grand Lodge of Iowa by Bro. Wm. L. Boyden, Librarian of the Supreme Council of the A. & A. S. R. at Washington, suggesting non-Masonic books that should or might be on the shelves of Masonic libraries. We have passed the suggestion on to the Library Committee of the Manila S. R. Bodies and thanked Wor. Bro. Perkins for his kindness.

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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."

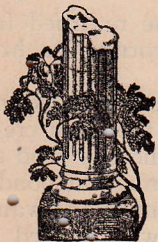
VICENTE CARMONA, *Grand Master.*

Grand Lodge Committee for Visiting the Sick

Most Wor. Grand Master Vicente Carmona has appointed Wor. Bros. R. J. Christman (1), Orestes Hermosura (13), and Lim Tiaw Ping (87) to act as Grand Lodge Committee for Visiting the Sick during the month of September, 1930.

Addresses Wanted

Correspondence addressed to two members of Abra Lodge No. 86 having been returned, the secretary of that Lodge, Bro. Apolinario Caridad, Abra, Bangued, P. I., would be grateful for any information regarding the address of either *Frederick G. Roth* (removed from Muñoz, N. E.) or *Federico Sto. Tomas*.



Our Dead

The appointed hour, by Heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last.

—Anon.

Brother Policarpio Castañeda.
Member of Pintong-Bato Lodge No. 51.
Died on July 24, 1930.
Buried under the auspices of his Lodge at the municipal cemetery, Bacoor, Cavite, on August 3, 1930.

Wor. Bro. Fernando Alvarez.
Past Master of Ma-Bu-Ti Lodge No. 92, Masbate.
Died on July 13, 1930.
Buried under the auspices of Isarog Lodge No. 33, Naga, Camarines Sur.

Bro. Fabian Cabansag.
Member of Dalisay Lodge No. 14.
Died on July 14, 1930.

Bro. Bonifacio Monzon.
Member of Pilar Lodge No. 15.
Died on July 27, 1930.

Bro. Juan Pimentel.
Member of Isarog Lodge No. 33.
Died at Daet, Camarines Norte, on August 14, 1930.

Stated Meetings of Manila Lodges

- 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; Tagalog No. 79, Masonic Temple; Araw No. 18, 527 Alvarado.
- September 8 (Second Monday).*—Southern Cross No. 6, Masonic Temple.
- September 9 (Second Tuesday).*—Benjamin Franklin No. 94, Masonic Temple.
- September 10 (Second Wednesday).*—Bagumbayan No. 4, Masonic Temple.
- September 11 (Second Thursday).*—Corregidor No. 3, Masonic Temple; Batong-Buhay No. 27, 527 Alvarado.
- September 12 (Second Friday).*—Dapitan No. 21, Plaridel Temple.
- September 13 (Second Saturday).*—Biak-na-Bato No. 7, Masonic Temple; Dalisay No. 14, Plaridel Temple; Walana No. 13, Masonic Temple.
- September 19 (Third Friday).*—Modestia-Liwayway No. 81, Plaridel Temple.
- September 20 (Third Saturday).*—Hagdang Bato No. 87, 527 Alvarado; High Twelve No. 82, Masonic Temple.
- October 1 (First Wednesday).*—Cosmos No. 8, Masonic Temple; Rizal No. 22, Plaridel Temple.
- October 2 (First Thursday).*—Isla de Luzon No. 57, Masonic Temple; Minerva No. 41, Plaridel Temple; Mt. Lebanon No. 80, 1132 California; Mencius No. 93, Masonic Temple.
- October 3 (First Friday).*—St. John's No. 9, Masonic Temple; Hiram No. 88, Plaridel Temple.
- October 4 (First Saturday).*—Nilad No. 12, Plaridel Temple; Tagalog No. 79, Masonic Temple; Araw No. 18, 527 Alvarado.
- October 6 (First Monday).*—Luz Oceánica No. 85, Masonic Temple; Service No. 95, Plaridel Temple.
- October 7 (First Tuesday).*—Manila No. 1, Masonic Temple; Kasilawan No. 77, Masonic Temple.

[Grand Master's Edict No. 16]

*To the Masters, Wardens, and other Brethren
of all Lodges under the Jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge
of the Philippine Islands:*

GREETINGS:—Pursuant to the authority conferred upon the Grand Master by resolution of the Grand Lodge adopted at its Annual Communication of 1927, each constituent Lodge of this Grand Jurisdiction is hereby required to contribute to the support of THE CABLETOW for the period from December 1, 1930, to November 30, 1931, at the rate of ONE PESO AND TWENTY CENTAVOS (₱1.20) for each Master Mason borne upon its roll at the date of its annual report for the year ending November 30, 1930.

This quota shall be remitted jointly with the Grand Lodge dues and subject to the conditions governing said dues.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Grand Lodge, this first day of September, A. S. L. 5930, A. S. D. 1930.

VICENTE CARMONA, *Grand Master.*

Attest:—NEWTON C. COMFORT, *Grand Secretary.*

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.

He places the girl in hiding in Omaha, but hearing that O'Brien has offered a reward for information leading to the discovery of her whereabouts, he fears Virginia will be traced through him. The two leave secretly for Kansas City, from where Vanderford intends to take the girl to Druid Grove, an isolated farm owned by Herman Richards, Vanderford's good friend. On their arrival in Kansas City, Virginia asks Vanderford to marry her. He has conscientious scruples because she is rich and he is poor, but love wins the day. Immediately after the ceremony, the two leave for Crawfish Springs. There Vanderford, who has left his bride at the depot to hire a rig, disappears mysteriously. The body of a tramp is found with Vanderford's watch and billfold on it, but no trace of Vanderford. Hank Carter and his wife start with the desolate bride for Druid Grove, in their buckboard.

Druid Grove

Virginia Vanderford remembered little of her journey that night after it was over. The grief and fatigue had been too much for her and in her dazed, semi-somnolent condition she did not suffer as she might have done otherwise. Only from time to time she heard the soothing "Now, honey, that's all right" of the woman by her side when the buckboard plunged into a deep rut or the wheels struck an obstacle. At last the vehicle stopped. Virginia opened her eyes. The fog had cleared and the moon had appeared from behind the clouds. The buckboard was standing on the snow-covered prairie. A few hundred yards ahead a huge dark mass was visible against the snow. The deep baying of a hound came from the direction of the dark object.

"Where are we?" the young woman asked, bewildered.

"We are almost there now, honey," said Mrs. Carter. "Hank is opening the gate of Mr. Richards' pasture. That dark mass ahead there is the grove around the house. Mr. Richards planted a big circle of some kind of outlandish bushy trees around his place when he came here first, thirty-five years ago, and now you can't see his house at all unless you stand right in front of the opening he left on the side towards the rising sun. They say he got this idea from the old heathens and the county surveyors stuck the name Druid Grove on the place."

A few minutes later the buckboard came to a stop before a fine-looking two-story house. Two of the windows were lighted.

"Hello, whom have we here? That isn't you, Bob?" a deep voice called out from the door which the speaker, a large man with a long gray beard, had flung open.

For a moment there was no answer, then Carter spoke up: "Mr. Richards, this lady here is Mrs. Vanderford and she is comin' alone because somethin' has happened to her husband. She is all tuckered out, the poor child..."

"She's fainted, Hank," cried Mrs. Carter excitedly.

Quickly Mr. Richards stepped to the vehicle and looked compassionately at the girl huddled up in the seat. The beautiful face was pale and the eyes were closed. Taking Virginia in his arms, Richards entered the house. At the foot of the wide stairs he called: "Rose, I am bringing a girl who has fainted. Shall I take her into the guest chamber or put her in your bed?"

A young woman clad in a dressing-gown appeared at the head of the stairs. Rose Richards was about thirty years of age. A face on which kindness and affection were written, soft brown eyes, and a soft voice: that was Rose Richards.

"Put her in my bed, Dad; it is warm and I can take care of her much better if she is in my room. Oh, father, isn't she lovely! And did I hear right, she is Bob's wife? But Bob did not say he was married; he only wrote he might ask the shelter of our house for a young lady..."

Richards deposited his fair burden on his daughter's bed.

"All right, Rose," he said, "I leave her to your care, dear. Probably I shall have to go to Crawfish Springs and see what has happened to Bob."

"Oh, Daddy, I hope our dear Bob is all right," the girl said, with alarm in her voice, then she stooped over the young woman on the bed who had opened her eyes.

"Are you better, dear?" she asked, gently. "You are among friends; I am Rose Richards. Will you let me undress you?"

Virginia looked up into the sweet, kind face above her, then, with a sob, she buried her face in Rose's bosom.

"That is right, dear, cry, it will do you good," Rose said, soothingly, "and don't worry; I shall take the best of care of you and father will look after Bob."

Downstairs, the old farmer listened to Hank Carter's account of the disappearance of Robert Vanderford, while one of the farm hands saddled his horse. When Carter had finished, Richards said:

"They must have struck Bob from behind and robbed him, and then thrown him, unconscious or dead, on the freight train that left about that time. In trying to escape, the robber was run over by the switch engine. Those fellows at the depot should have telegraphed to the proper station to have the train searched. I am going to ride over and see what I can do. Now, Carter, you and your wife must stay here over night; the trip back on a buckboard is too dangerous with these roads and your horses are tired. So long, folks!"

Richards' report next morning when he returned from Crawfish Springs, looking haggard and worn, brought no consolation to the young bride.

"They searched the train at Jonesville," the old man said, "but did not find anybody in it, and the train crew is sure that nobody got off on the way. The boy who said he saw a man drag something heavy towards that pond by the side of the track was romancing; he is simple and wanted to give himself importance. Anyway, we dragged the pond early this morning without result. Now, dear, your husband must be alive somewhere in this world and will surely return to you. You are in the best of hands, Rose will take good care of her new sister." Rising from the chair by the side of Virginia's bed, Richards caressed the dark curls, then he kissed her on the forehead and stepped quietly out of the room.

Rose took the chair vacated by her father and looked fondly at Virginia.

"Daddy is so happy to be able to do something for Bob's wife, and so am I," she said. "Did Bob ever tell you why we love him so much?"

"No, he did not," replied Virginia. "He isn't a man given to praising himself and I suppose..."

"You are right in your supposition: he befriended my brother Victor, who was rather delicate—not at all like father—when they were in the army together in Chickamauga Park last year. Victor was passionately fond of Bob. Then my brother was stricken down with typhoid malaria. They had the poorest kind of hospital accommodations and very few nurses in that camp, and Bob would stay awake all night and act as volunteer nurse to take care of Victor. My brother died in his arms. There is nothing in the world, dear, that can ever wipe out that debt of gratitude."

Virginia seized Rose's hand and pressed it against her heart.

"I shall stay with you, dear, until my husband comes back to me," she said. "I know he will come back sooner or later."

A Tramp and a Mason

From the bushes by the side of the railroad track rose a dark figure. The lantern of the brakeman, surrounded by a halo, had just disappeared in the fog. The coast was clear. Dashing across the intervening track, the hobo stopped in front of one of the cars of the freight train that was about to pull out. With a quick movement he threw open the door, which was ajar, pulled himself up and disappeared inside, closing the door as far as its defective condition would allow it. Then he squatted down in a corner of the car which was empty except for a bundle of tarpaulins.

Suddenly there was a creaking of the door; some one was pushing it open. The tramp flattened himself out behind the tarpaulins and waited for developments, with bated breath. Outside a whistle shrilled and a jerking of brake-beams and the creaking and violent swaying of the car announced that the train was getting under way. It was pitch-dark in the car; the person who had opened the door, had closed it again almost immediately.

Five minutes elapsed. The train was rattling and bumping along. Slowly the tramp in the corner raised himself. There was no sign of life that he could notice. Cautiously he struck a match and lighted the end of a paraffin candle which he had drawn from his pocket. By the dim, flickering light of the candle he saw, stretched out in the center of the car, the body of a man. Judging by his clothes, he was not a tramp. The overcoat and the coat underneath were unbuttoned and the face of the stranger was pale. The hands of the tramp slipped swiftly over the body.

"Somebody sandbagged and robbed him and threw the body into this car to put off the discovery of the crime," the tramp muttered. "A fine-looking chap, too. I wonder if he is dead or merely unconscious... No, the heart is still beating..."

The stranger was beginning to regain consciousness and commenced to mumble incoherent words. "Let me go; I say... they are on our trail, and now the police has my description too... in imminent danger or distress... oh Lord, my God..." He went on mumbling while the other man listened intently.

The tramp rose from his cramped position. "Well, well," he murmured softly; so you are a Mason and the police is after you! I suppose you had a quarrel with a pal and he knocked you out and sent you on this journey."

He was about to blow out the candle when he thought better of it and had another look at the face of the stranger.

"That is not the face of a criminal or my name is not John McMasters," he said, blowing out the candle. "Anyway, he is a Brother Mason and I may be a bum and have lost most of my self-respect, but I won't let him fall into the hands of the police. So out we go, he and I, at the next stop this train makes, if I get half a chance."

The train rattled on through the Kansas prairie. McMasters was shivering with the cold in his inadequate clothes. At last there was a whistle of the locomotive.

"She is going to stop," muttered the tramp, then he began to shake the stranger. "Come on, partner; we must get out o' here. You don't want the police to get you, do you?"

For a time, McMasters' efforts to rouse the young man were fruitless; only the word "police" seemed to produce an effect. At last the stranger rose, and the tramp half dragged him out of the car. The train was stopping at a water-tank out on the open prairie, which was covered with a dense fog. The tramp descended the embankment, leading his protégé who was staggering along like a drunken man. Following a wagon road that turned off at right

angles to the railroad, they continued their journey without uttering a word. When they stopped at last, it was about midnight. The fog had cleared, and by the light of the moon McMasters perceived that they were near the bed of a river.

"By George, I am weary and worn out," he said. "Come on, partner; mind your step; we are going to camp down there on the river bank."

He led the young man, who walked as if he were blind, to a sheltered place between the rocks. Soon the hobo had a fire of driftwood going. A tin can of water was heating on one side of the fire, the grateful warmth of which seemed to revive the stranger.

The tramp was watching his partner as he looked about him, bewildered, then he asked, abruptly:

"Who slugged and robbed you, old man?"

The stranger's brow wrinkled, then he looked into the fire with a worried expression on his face.

"I don't know... I can't place you, Mr... Mr..."

"Cut out the mister, partner, I am nothing but a hobo.

It is true that we have not been introduced, but if you'll call me John you will have half of my name right, anyway. And what is your name?"

Again the young man looked puzzled and worried.

"My name, my name? but, what is my name? God, man, quit asking me questions or I'll go crazy. My head, my head..."

McMasters looked pityingly at the stranger, whose finely-cut young face was twitching with pain as he rocked to and fro, his arms clasped about his knees.

"All right, partner. Now you lie down and get a little rest. I'll keep up the fire and to-morrow I'll get us something to eat. How about some hot coffee now?"

The young man shook his head. "Water, water," he moaned. McMasters disappeared in the bushes and after a while he returned with the old army canteen which he carried full of water. Tenderly he ministered to the wants of the young man until the latter had fallen asleep. Then the tramp stretched out by the side of the fire with a sigh.

"Nursing is the dickens of a job when it is combined with hobbing," he said, "but I am making a pretty good stab at it." Having said this, John McMasters turned over and went to sleep.

Closer than a Brother

The odyssey of John McMasters and his newly found friend was to last longer than the genial tramp had imagined it would when he took the man whom he supposed to be a fugitive from justice under his protection. During the week or ten days that they wandered through the country, getting an occasional lift on a farmer's wagon and living of the proceeds of McMasters' solicitations of "hand-outs," the unfortunate young man did not regain his memory. His past seemed to be an absolute blank. He remembered vaguely that the police was looking for him, and in his dreams he saw a sweet face with blue eyes and black hair; but that was all. Once, in a lonely farm house where a friendly farmer had taken the two wanderers in and given them a good square meal and a shakedown, a recollection of the past had come to him. The farmer had proudly shown them the old Springfield rifle which he kept as a souvenir of his soldier days. Taking the weapon, the young man idly toyed with it for a moment, then, suddenly, he rose and stood rigid, with the gun by his right side. Again his face had the puzzled expression which McMasters had noticed so often. The farmer laughed.

"That is the correct position all right," he said. "Now, Port arms!" With a snap, the gun flew up to a position diagonally across the young man's body.

"Good!" the farmer shouted removing the pipe from his mouth. "Now, Pree-sent arms! Fine! Order arms!" Down came the rifle, the butt-plate hitting the floor with a crash.

The farmer slapped his knee and turned to McMasters: "He's been a soldier and a good one! I didn't have a man in my company who put more snap in the manual! Now, look here, young fellow, can't you remember the outfit you were serving with?"

A blank look spread over the young man's face.

"No, I can't, but it seems to me I remember the men lined up in the company street, the rows of tents, and the oak under which the captain's tent stood. . ."

"Let that be enough for this evening," said McMasters. "You are giving him a headache and I'll have the dickens of a time with him."

That was about a week after the two men had left the railroad.

A few days later, they arrived at a prosperous-looking farm in the Chickasaw nation. McMasters had "spruced up" in the meantime, having purchased a suit of working clothes with a ten-dollar gold piece which he carried sewed in his clothes for an emergency.

"I can't look like a tramp going about with you, Bobs," he had said to excuse his extravagance. "Bobs" was the name that he had given to his friend, because one morning, upon awakening, the latter had informed him excitedly that in a dream he had seen his mother and that she had called him Robert.

"Your name shall henceforth be Robert Bobs—until future ages shall discover the right," he said. "It will be the best, though, not to dig too much in your immediate past, Bobs; some things are better forgotten than remembered, my boy, and you might as well turn over a new leaf as I shall do."

McMasters kept his promise, because that day he and Bobs accepted the jobs which the owner of the prosperous-looking farm offered them. The farmer was highly pleased with his new hands.

"That man Bobs is a queer fellow," he said. "I asked him if he could milk and he told me to put him alongside a cow and he would see if he could. And by gum, he could! He plows as straight a furrow as the best of 'em though he says he does not remember ever having had hold of a plow-handle. And he rides like a trooper and can hit a wild goose on the wing with a Winchester!"

McMasters was a changed man. His friendship for "Bobs" had brought out all the good that was in him. Great disappointments that he had suffered had ended by driving him "on the road" and he was fast sinking when "Bobs" had come into his life.

Physically, the two men were in the best of shape after they had been working on the farm for a few months, and it was with regret that they left the place after the wheat crop had been threshed. But they left "with money in their jeans" and more determined than ever to stick together.

Two days after leaving the farm, the two friends stopped in front of a recruiting office in a Kansas town.

"They want men for service in the Philippines, Bobs," McMasters said, "that ought to appeal to you. And if you enlist, you won't enlist alone, you know."

"Is that a bargain, John?" asked his friend, turning towards McMasters with joy in his face. "I am dead anxious to go, you know. The old flag and service across the seas! . . . come on, let us go inside."

And they went inside.

Back from the Philippines

Two years had passed since John McMasters and his friend had met on the freight train in Kansas. Now they were both seated at a table in the Cliff House near San Francisco, with a bottle of wine between them. Tanned by the tropical sun, they gave evidence by their bearing and carriage that they had years of strenuous war service behind them. They had just been discharged from the army, their regiment having been mustered out of the

service shortly after the transport had landed them in San Francisco.

Both men had made good. "Fighting Bobs" who had risen from private to lieutenant through his ability and conspicuous gallantry was the most popular officer in the 54th U. S. Volunteers when the regiment was mustered out, and a commission in the regular army was almost sure to be offered to him on account of his brilliant record in the field. John McMasters had been the best top sergeant in the regiment, and in Manila he had met a wealthy Californian who had just made him an offer of employment that far exceeded the fondest expectations of the ex-hobo.

"So you are going to report for duty in your new place to-morrow, John?" asked the ex-lieutenant. "That means that we won't see each other for some time, old fellow. Now, John, before we separate I want you to tell me just where you picked me up two years ago. I am anxious to find out who I really am. My memory seems to be coming back to me gradually as I see and hear things which my mind associates with the past. My headaches have disappeared since the day I had that fall on the head when my horse was shot under me. I have a hunch that I am not a criminal though I may have had some trouble with the police."

Bobs looked eagerly into his friend's face. "Come on, John, tell me," he urged.

McMasters, leaning back in his chair, blew smoke rings up into the air for a few moments, then he faced his friend.

"Look here, Bobs, I have always tried to keep you from digging into the past but I commence to think that I have made a mistake. I can't think of you as a criminal and I suppose there is some explanation of your ravings that night I found you. Now, here is exactly what happened, with dates and places and everything," and McMasters related, with all the details, how and where he had found his friend.

"Crawfish Springs?" mused Bobs. "I remember that name. Wait a moment. . . Yes, I bought tickets for that place somewhere, for me and my wife. . . My wife is the girl with the deep-blue eyes and the dark curly hair who has been haunting my dreams. Her name is. . ."

Again the puzzled look appeared on Bobs' face. "Some day it will come back to me, John. But look who comes here! If that isn't Major Spencer and Lieutenant Warner, in fair company, of course."

The new arrivals came towards Bobs with exclamations of joy. The ex-major turned to the fine-looking woman by his side.

"Marjorie," he said, "allow me to present the most gallant officer in the 54th, Lieutenant Bobs, the "Fighting Bobs" you have heard so much about, and his inseparable friend, Sergeant McMasters."

Mrs. Spencer said she was "delighted" and intimated that she would monopolize "Fighting Bobs" for some time as she had many questions to ask him about the islands and their people.

When they were seated at the table together, the lady smiled at Bobs over her wine-glass.

"Mr. Bobs," she said, "you are different from the rest of these men. You have gone to the trouble of learning languages and studying the customs and the qualities, good and bad, of the people over there and I am sure your judgment can be trusted. Do you like them?"

The young man nodded. "We Americans are prone to judge other people by our own standards and prejudices, Mrs. Spencer, and are too little inclined to try to understand their point of view. I have made an honest effort to understand them and I must confess that as a whole, I like them well."

"Now, how about the social feature? Have you attended many of their social functions, such as dances, weddings, and the like?"

"Not many, ma'am. We were out in the field most of

the time and there was not much of that kind going on, as you can well imagine. But I attended a few dances in Manila."

"The major told me about being invited to a big affair there but his description was not especially vivid and enlightening. He was particularly impressed by one dance, though, which he called the rigodon. Is not that something like our Virginia Reel?"

Bobs rose from his chair abruptly; he had become quite pale.

"Virginia Reel, Virginia Reel," he stammered, raising both hands to his temples. "Why, that is my wife's name. McMasters!"

Alarmed, the lady looked at her vis-a-vis. For a moment she thought he was under the influence of liquor, then she remembered having heard her husband speak of Bobs' being unable to recollect his past. McMasters stepped up and said a few words in explanation of the conduct of his friend who had stepped to the window and was staring at the sea below with unseeing eyes. The lady smiled graciously.

"I hope he will find his wife again, Mr. McMasters. How lovely, now romantic this is! I wish you would write me about the final outcome of it. Virginia Reel—what a strange name!"

Back Over the Old Trail

"Crawfish Springs!" called out the conductor. "I guess you're the only passenger for this burg, mister," he said to a well set-up, tall young man who was at that moment reaching for his hand bag.

"I reckon I am," replied the young man.

"Ain't I seen you before?" the old man asked. "You see, I pride myself on my memory, and it seems to me you got off here a couple o' years ago."

"Was I alone?" asked the young man, eagerly.

"Now, let me see. . . No, you were with a girl and she certainly was a peach! Here we are; we stop only a minute or two."

Half dazed, the young man stood on the platform. Mechanically, he walked towards the waiting-room and entered. There in the corner. . . yes, she had sat there and had kissed him, and then. . . Without hesitation, Bobs turned and walked down the railroad track. It was still daylight. He descended the embankment and walked towards a house, without knowing why or for what purpose.

His knock was answered by a portly woman whose face looked familiar to him.

She looked at him curiously.

"Can I do anything for you?"

For a moment the young man did not know what to do or say, then, from somewhere in the back of his brain came a suggestion. "Your husband has a buckboard, hasn't he? I would like to hire it to go to. . ."

A puzzled expression appeared on the young man's face. If he could only remember!

"I have forgotten the name. Can't you suggest some name?"

The woman looked half alarmed. "Well, you might want to go to Pecan Hollow, or Grayville, or Merritt, or Duncan."

The young man shook his head.

"Perhaps you know the people I want to see. Do you by chance know a lady by the name of Virginia Reel?"

"Why, you mean Mrs. Vanderford who is living with the Richards at Druid Grove, don't you? Sure I do. She is the young lady whose husband disappeared two years ago and was never heard of again."

"I am Mr. Vanderford," said the young man. "I have come back. And I know now that I want to go to Druid Grove to Mr. Richards' place. Please call Mr. Carter—isn't that your husband's name?—and ask him to take me there immediately."

The Bride

"How lovely you look in that white dress—like a bride!" Rose exclaimed, looking admiringly at her friend. "Oh, I am sorry, dear; I should not have said that," she added.

Mrs. Vanderford smiled. "That is all right, Rose. Somehow, I feel like a bride. You thought I would abandon all hope ever to see my husband again as the months and years rolled by; but, isn't it strange? I have more hope now to see him again than ever."

Rose straightened out her friend's lace collar and kissed her affectionately.

"I am so happy that you are staying with us although you need no longer hide from the world. Wasn't it providential that your uncle had that falling-out with his negro butler and that the man denounced him the way he did? Of course, that did not save your fortune. . ."

Virginia laughed. "I still have a pretty substantial bank account, Rose, and I can't forget that money nearly came between me and Bob. But I might as well take this 'bridal dress' as you call it off; it is nearly bed-time. It is certainly an excellent fit. I am going to undress here in your room, dear, it is cozier than mine."

Virginia stepped in front of the mirror. It reflected a beautiful, somewhat sad face, more mature than that of the girl who had married Robert Vanderford in Kansas City two years before, but just as pure and sweet.

She was about to undo the hooks and eyes of her lace collar when she stopped. "Listen, Rose," she called out, "there is Cesar baying at something; it sounds just as if there were visitors coming."

Rose had stepped to the window. "It is Carter's buckboard," she announced. "There is a tall stranger in it but I can't see his face. Well, father is downstairs working on his lodge history; he can do the honors."

The two young women heard the door open, then they heard an exclamation of joy from Richards; evidently the stranger was welcome. The ensuing conversation was carried on in an undertone.

At last there were steps on the stairs. Virginia became white and red in turns and pressed her hand to her bosom. Thus she stood in the middle of Rose's room, an apparition in white, when the door opened.

The stranger entered, tall, erect, pale under the suntan of the tropics. He gazed at the lovely girl in white with rapt eyes, then he opened his arms and with a happy cry, Virginia rushed towards him and threw her arms about his neck.

"Bob, my husband," she sobbed. "At last! I knew you were coming back to me. We'll be so happy, dear, so happy!"

To the old man at the window it seemed as if the dark trees forming a circle about his homestead were bowing their heads in the prairie wind and whispering: "So mote it be!"

THE END



Credit and Publicity

Some people want credit for everything they do, and are ever ready to take credit for some things that are accomplished, whether or not they may have had a part in them. The whole purpose of this is to place people under obligations to them, and it will not be long until these self-conscious individuals will ask a return of the favor. When a service is done for a friend, it is not necessary to go to him and apprise him of the fact. Neither is it advisable to mingle among other people, boasting of what has been secured. Real friendship always looks upon such manifestations with suspicion and many ties have been severed because of the fear that an ulterior motive prompted the boasted friendship. The key word of Freemasonry is "Service"—unselfish service. By this is meant that we are to do what we can for one another in a kindly, friendly way, not with a hope of reward, but because we feel better in our own minds and souls when we have done something for someone else. The real Mason doesn't want credit or publicity for that which he does for others. The satisfaction he feels in his own soul is his best reward.—*Illinois Freemason.*

Pieces of Architecture

Ashlars Three

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

When the furnishings of a lodge-room are explained to the newly-made Mason, he is shown two prisms of stone, one roughhewn, one dressed. These prisms, he is told, are called ashlars, specifically the rough ashlar and the perfect.

The rough ashlar is a stone as taken from the quarry, in its rude and natural state.

The perfect ashlar is a stone made ready by the hands of the workman to be adjusted by the working-tools of the fellow-craft.

By the rough ashlar we are reminded of our rude and imperfect state by nature; by the perfect ashlar, of that state of perfection at which we hope to arrive by a virtuous education, our own endeavors, and the blessing of God.

But, since the newly-made Mason is shown only two ashlars and there are no more such stones to be seen in the lodge, why do I speak of three?

I think—I hope—that those who have done me the honor of reading these articles in THE CABLETOW and have struggled through the form to the meaning will have no difficulty in answering that question.

I speak of three ashlars because there *are* three, even though the newly-made Mason be shown but two. There are reasons for not showing him the third. First: because he may not yet be ready for its contemplation. Second: so that its discovery may be made by himself. Third: because that discovery is truly made only through personal realization, which no mere showing can give, for it is an intuition.

The ashlars present for our meditation and instruction a beautiful picture in emblematical style of the making of a true Mason by degrees.

When a candidate prepared for initiation enters the lodge-room, there is yet no ashlar to represent him. Until the ceremonies are completed, he is still looked upon as part of that undistinguished mass of humanity, metaphorically called "the profane," which is the great quarry from which Freemasonry takes its material.

As an Entered Apprentice, he is represented by the rough ashlar, a stone as taken from the quarry in its rude and natural state and brought to the place of preparation—for, though he has now been separated from the undistinguished mass, Masonry still has much work to do upon him.

As a Fellow Craft, he is represented by the perfect ashlar, a stone squared up true and made ready. As a man, a member of the human species, he is considered as having attained the highest state of physical perfection. As a man, he is now fit to enter into the spiritual world. In him, as a representative of the human species, the physical reaches its end, the spiritual its true beginning. That state of perfection at which, as he contemplates the perfect ashlar, he hopes to arrive, is a state of understanding which he can only enter (in the vast majority of cases) by aid of the work done with him by the Masters who, as also fellow-crafts, will now assist him.

Like Masonic charity (to which it is intimately related) this further attainment is a state of mind. Before he can attain it, he must be born again. He must undergo spiritual regeneration. His heart, his mind, his soul, must open to a right understanding of those two commandments which are the greatest of them all: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord"; and, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

And why are these two commandments the greatest of them all? Why was it said of them that there is none other commandment greater than these? Why did Christ

say of them that: "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets"? (Matt. 22:40)

Talking with Nicodemus (Jno. 3:10) and finding in him a certain ignorance, Christ exclaimed in astonishment: "Art thou a master in Israel, and knowest not these things?"

There is a great deal that might be said in answer to our questions of why these two commandments are the greatest of them all. There is a great deal in Masonry (or my understanding of it) which directly bears upon such questions. Unfortunately, it cannot be published at this time in these columns; but if there is one in our fraternity who, having been raised to the sublime degree, still does not know the nature of the third ashlar, well might it be asked of him: Art thou a master in Masonry, and knowest not these things?

For we are builders of a house not made with hands; a house, an edifice, in the construction of which each of us is a living stone. The Master Mason is himself the third ashlar. And that house not made with hands, into the fabric of which he must fit as smoothly as a perfect ashlar adjusted into the common mass of a building, is the social organism of which—whether he know it or not, whether he will it or not—he is a part.

Never can he so fit until there is born in him the social instinct, that spirit which subordinates the welfare of the individual to the welfare of the group, that spirit which is the spirit of service to one's fellow men.

When Masonry accepts a candidate, it presumes him to be destitute of the social spirit, the spirit of service, coöperation, and self-sacrifice. This attitude is an inheritance from those Middle Ages in which was formed the Freemasonry which has come down to us unimpaired. In those days the ambitions of a priestly hierarchy had almost destroyed such sense of nationality as then existed. All the kingdoms, principalities and powers were looked upon by Rome and generally acknowledged to be as held in fee from it. Every monarch received his crown from the hands of Rome, which sought thus to establish a sovereignty which was eventually to be extended until it encompassed the earth and held dominion over the whole human race. Its principal instruments outside its own religious corporations were feudalism and the orders of chivalry. The first chained the people to the soil like cattle; the second leveled the bars of race and language, barriers both natural and necessary to right evolution. Knighthood was itself a kind of freemasonry, making one of its order free and welcome everywhere throughout Christendom. Thus, in France, a German knight could claim and would receive privileges denied a Frenchman not a knight. And so in every country where chivalry extended its influence: the foreigner, if a knight, was above the unknighthed native. And thus was stagnated the life-blood of even such social organisms as then were. Almost the social organisms died—until the hammer of Luther, nailing his theses to the church door, sounded for them the call to life. Then began the Reformation, with the German princes standing firm for freedom. But for their support, their defiance of Rome, Luther would have been burned alive. It was the spirit of nationalism that made the Reformation possible.

When the Reformation had crystallized ecclesiastical architecture into its final forms, Freemasonry was born and the new social organisms began to live as a form of life above and beyond man; organisms living here on the earth that are yet suprahuman.

This form of life, then new in the world as it had never been before, required a new spirit of coöperation from all its constituent members, a spirit of service to it and to those in whom it lives, one's friends and neighbors. Although, in this form, it was a new fact in the world and the history of man, this spirit is nowhere better expressed than in that old commandment made when it was but a hope: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

It is the spirit of nationalism which creates and maintains

the social organism, that social organism which is for man the god-like Being to whose service his life is devoted. Whatever other gods he may have, this is the first. The deeds of men, speaking louder than their words, have proved it in all ages and in all parts of the world. The high spirit of patriotism, such as Christ himself possessed (who never moved beyond the confines of his native land), has been man's one true, unchanging religion. Its universality, knowing no localization of time or place, is its proof of essential rightness. The social organism to which a man belongs is his Father in the spiritual world. All his compatriots worship the same Father. "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord."

But the spirit of nationalism is only a beginning. Above and beyond—high above and far beyond—stands the hope, the belief, the faith, in that one great house not made with hands which evolution will establish. Evolution must establish it. "Nature suffers nothing to remain in her kingdoms which cannot help itself." If evolution does not produce it, it will not be established in strength, it will not stand firm forever. In that house will live the spirit of the Supreme Being; the one great social organism; the Supreme Father here on earth in which we will live and move and have our being. At this very moment a historic step is being taken in that direction in the disarmament-conference at London. It may succeed, it may fail; whatever the outcome, it is a beginning. Our first efforts will appear crude and blind to future ages. But we are beginning, and history will continue to record movements in the same direction until the end is achieved. Whatever happens, be it war or be it peace, that is the course of history in the future as it is now and has been all through the past. In the final analysis, everything works toward that one, single end (for reasons which are also "another story"). And when at last it is established, then will the blessing of God descend upon us. Only the true Mason, one who adds this ideal to his unswerving patriotism, can perform constructive work in the service of that one single house which is the hope of the world.

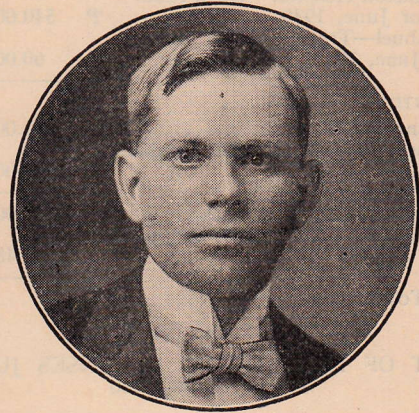
In our lodge-rooms, our progress towards the attainment of this attitude of mind, towards the perception of that ideal which, rightly to understand, we must be born again, is represented by the ashlar, the roughhewn and the smooth. There is nothing to represent the third. Nevertheless, it is there. Only when we meditate upon the Masonic references to living stones are we upon the road to its discovery. Still is it true that we are first made Masons in our hearts.



Masonic Hospital Meeting on July 21st

With a small number of members in attendance, the Masonic Hospital for Crippled Children, Inc., held its annual meeting in the Central Hall of the Masonic Temple on the Escolta in the afternoon of Monday, July 21, 1930.

The business before the meeting was dispatched in record time. The officers read their reports which were accepted and approved; a resolution was passed thanking the outgoing officers, and the Association elected the following Board of Directors: Rt. Wor. Bro. W. W. Larkin (President), Most Wor. Bro. Joseph H. Schmidt (Secretary), Wor. Bro. Fred M. Holmes (Treasurer), Very Wor. Bro. Manuel Camus, Most Wor. Bro. Frederic H. Stevens, Wor. Bro. Lawrence Benton, Wor. Bro. Joaquin Garcia, Bro. Wm. Huse Chapman, and Bro. C. G. Go Quiolay.



RT. WOR. BRO. W. W. LARKIN
President

Rt. Wor. Bro. Larkin's report as president was a document breathing the spirit of enthusiasm of its author. Lack of space preventing its publication in full, we shall publish a few extracts and shall reserve our comment on the work of Bros. Larkin and Schmidt for the editorial column of this issue. (See our August number.)

The following are extracts from Rt. Wor. Bro. Larkin's report:

Since our last meeting in this room another year has past, and another year has been added to our work on behalf of crippled children. While it has been a year of sacrifices, it has also been a year of joy and happiness, not only for those generous men and women who have given of their time and means, but also to the many little cripples who have been so greatly helped as a result of such sacrifices. It has been said that there is more joy in giving than in receiving, and it only requires a visit to the crippled children's ward at the Mary J. Johnston's Memorial Hospital to experience a thrill of joy in the giving, and to know that you have had a part in bringing sunshine and happiness to the unfortunate children, who have been the recipients of your charity.

* * * * *
Notwithstanding the apathy shown by many members of the Craft, our Income and Expense Statement for the past year shows a net gain of ₱2,640.48, the details of which are shown by the Auditor's report submitted herewith:
* * * * *

BALANCE SHEET JUNE 30, 1930

ASSETS		
CASH ON HAND AND IN BANKS:		
Peoples Bank and Trust Co., Savings Account.....		₱ 23,735.41
Philippine National Bank—Savings Account.....	₱18,364.82	
Current Account.....	1,183.45	19,548.27
With the Secretary—		
General Cash.....	2.00	
Petty Cash.....	52.89	54.89
		<u>₱ 43,338 57</u>
INVESTMENTS:		
New Masonic Temple Association:		
Note Receivable.....	₱25,000.00	
Stock.....	2,000.00	₱27,000.00
Plaridel Temple Association:		
Stock, 791 Shares, Nominal Value.....	₱ 1.00	
Trust Agreement Certificates.....	30,150.00	30,106.00

Cavite Masonic Temple Association:		
Stock.....	10.00	57,116.00
ACCRUED INTEREST ON DEPOSITS AND INVESTMENT.....		892.14
FURNITURE AND EQUIPMENT.....		1,335.77
TOTAL.....		<u>₱102,682.48</u>

LIABILITIES AND PRESENT WORTH

ACCOUNTS PAYABLE:

Mary J. Johnston Hospital—Ward Maintenance for June, 1930.....	₱ 540.00	
Dr. Jose Abuel—Transportation Allowance for June, 1930.....	60.00	₱ 600.00

PRESENT WORTH:

Balance, June 30, 1929.....	₱106,651.00	
Less—Depreciation on Plaridel Temple Stock.....	7,209.00	
Balance July 1, 1929, as adjusted.....	₱ 99,442.00	
Add—Net Income July 1, 1929, to June 30, 1930, Exhibit "B".....	2,640.48	102,082.48
TOTAL.....		<u>₱102,682.48</u>

* * *

STATEMENT OF INCOME AND EXPENSES JULY 1, 1929, TO JUNE 30, 1930

INCOME:

From Membership:

Dues—		
Cash.....	₱1,440.00	
Trust Agreement Certificates, P. T. A.	206.00	₱1,646.00
Fees—		
Cash.....	₱ 230.00	
Trust Agreement Certificates, P. T. A.	70.00	300.00
		<u>₱1,946.00</u>

From Donations:

Cash.....	₱3,585.47	
Stock, Plaridel Temple Association.....	700.00	
Trust Agreement Certificates, P.T.A.....	1,974.00	
Furniture and Equipment.....	72.00	6,331.47

From Other Sources:

Interest Earned on Deposits and Investments.....		4,519.07
TOTAL GROSS INCOME.....		<u>₱12,796.54</u>

EXPENSES:

Hospital Expenses:

Ward Maintenance.....	₱6,759.00	
Maintenance Extra Patients....	1,218.00	
X-Ray and Clinical Expenses....	45.00	
Hospital Supplies.....	15.00	
Transportation Allowance, Dr. Abuel.....	780.00	
		<u>₱8,817.00</u>

General Expenses:

Publicity—Photos, Slides, etc....	₱ 7.38	
Stationery and Printing.....	543.40	
Postage.....	71.40	
Sundry Expenses.....	16.88	
		<u>639.06</u>

Depreciation — Plaridel Temple Stock.....	700.00	10,156.06
---	--------	-----------

NET INCOME FOR THE PERIOD TO EXHIBIT "A"..... ₱2,640.48

(Next follows an acknowledgment of the publicity given to the Masonic Hospital propaganda and notices in THE CABLETOW, the *Far Eastern Freemason*, *The Lambskin*, *The Rough Ashlar*, and the bulletins of Cosmos Lodge No. 8 and other Philippine Lodges.)

In addition to the foregoing, the following is quoted from our Secretary's report:

"Over nine thousand letters were mailed by your Secretary during the year, including fifteen hundred letters requesting payment of dues and for the purpose of increasing our membership. During the month of December, 1929, approximately seven thousand letters asking for donations were mailed."

Mainly as a result of these letters donations were received during the past year as follows:

Cash.....	₱3,585.47
Stock, P. T. Association.....	700.00
Trust Agreement Certificates, P. T. Association.....	1,974.00
Equipment.....	72.00

making a total of..... ₱6,331.47"
which is very gratifying indeed, however, it is hoped that during the coming year, your very busy Secretary will not be burdened with the necessity of writing so many letters, but that the voluntary contributions, augmented by dues, fees, and interest on investments, will be sufficient to cover the cost of maintaining our ward.

PATIENTS

The following is a brief statement of patients admitted to our ward during the past year:

86. Eduvigis Arguelles, age eleven years, admitted July 16, 1929, from Ft. Mills, Corregidor, with bent foot, deformed back, tuberculosis of the hip, etc.
87. Angel R. Lázaro, age eleven years, admitted July 18, 1929, from Malabon, Rizal, with ankylosis of the right arm. Discharged August 3, 1929.
88. Felisa Santos, age nine years. Admitted September 25, 1929, from Occidental Negros, with a brain tumor. Since parents would not consent to an operation, she was sent home after several weeks in the hospital.
90. Amando Quintero, age eleven years. Admitted October 9, 1929, from Katarman, Samar, with tuberculosis of the spine.
91. Lydia Diwa, age four years. Admitted October 25, 1929, from Lubao, Pampanga, with harelip and cleft palate. Discharged November 18, 1929.
92. Segundo Capili, age six years. Admitted October 30, 1929, from Manila, with tuberculosis of the knee. Discharged January 4, 1930.
93. Rizalina Manuel, age three years. Admitted November 27, 1929, from Cebu, with tuberculosis of the vertebra.
94. Angel Lysico, age twelve years. Admitted January 4, 1930, from Manila, with tuberculosis of the hip joint.
95. Angel Garchitorea, age seven years. Admitted January 14, 1930, from San José, Camarines, with inability to walk well and a cough and fever. Discharged greatly improved on February 18, 1930.
96. Bienvenido Dizon, age one and a half years. Admitted February 23, 1930, from Cavite, with a damaged and infected lip as result of being bitten by a mad dog. Discharged March 10, 1930.
97. Consolación Cortez, age three years. Admitted February 24, 1930, from Manila, with closure of the left nostril. Discharged after successful operation.
98. Mariano Maravilla, age four years. Admitted April 2, 1930, from Manila, with club feet.
99. Remedios Barion, age thirteen years. Admitted April 7, 1930, from Batangas, with defective right foot.
100. Socorro Vergonzalo, age four years. Admitted May 6, 1930, from Manila, with congenital harelip. Discharged June 30, 1930.
101. Lydia Urbano, age six years. Admitted May 16, 1930, from Manila, with congenital harelip. Discharged June 4, 1930.
102. José Razon, age eleven months. Admitted May 28, 1930, from San Fernando, Pampanga, with harelip and cleft palate.
103. Dario Talusan, age eleven years. Admitted June 12, 1930, from San Rafael, Bulacan, with harelip, cleft palate and enlarged tonsils.
104. Mary Puckett, age two years. Admitted June 17, 1930, from Pasay, Rizal, with crooked legs.
105. María Paz Ferriols, age two years. Admitted June 20, 1930, from San Juan, Rizal, with a swelling on the left hip joint.

The following patients were in the hospital on June 30, 1930:

93. Rizalina Manuel
90. Armando Quintero
81. Francisco Rodriguez
78. Adelina Gutierrez
102. José Razón
104. Mary Puckett
87. Eduvigis Arguelles
105. María Paz Ferriols
98. Mariano Maravilla
99. Remedios Barion

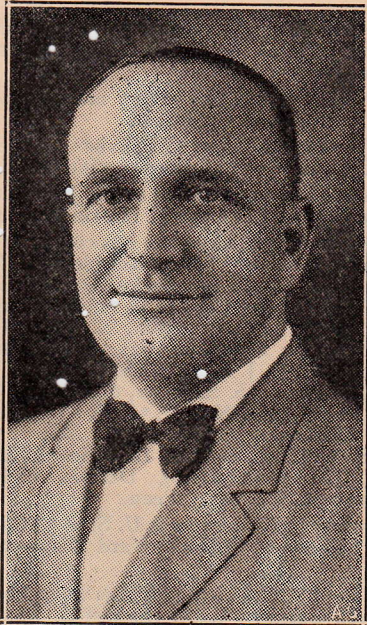
In addition to the foregoing a number of out patients have been treated and assistance rendered to some of our discharged patients. Among these was Jimmy Friend (Rice) who is incurable on account of his mental condition.

No attempt is made here to discuss treatments, operations, etc., since such discussion must of necessity be of a technical nature. Suffice it to say that the work of Dr. Abuel and the staff at the Mary J. Johnston Memorial Hospital has been remarkable, and they deserve great credit for the wonderful work they have done for the children whom we have placed in their care.

I am pleased to record that complete harmony has existed throughout the year in all things pertaining to the administration of our ward and that Dr. Abuel and the hospital staff have cooperated to the fullest extent, and all take a just pride in the good work that has been accomplished.

I bespeak the same cooperation during the coming year and trust that all of our members will give their full support to the new directors and officers which are to be elected today.

I have derived great satisfaction and pleasure in what service I have been able to render to our association and to the crippled children, who have been our patients. And now on behalf of the little cripples, I wish to thank one and all for the assistance you have rendered and the contributions you have made to a worthy Masonic charity. May your generosity continue as long as there are suffering children appealing for help, so mote it be.



MOST WOR. BRO. JOSEPH H. SCHMIDT
Secretary

Most Wor. Bro. Joseph H. Schmidt, in his report as Secretary of the Association, informs us that the same has now 2 honorary, 42 life, 23 sustaining, and 1,650 regular members, making a total of 1717, which represents a gain of 37 over last year's total. Sixteen deaths are reported by name, and the entire document shows hard work on the part of the Secretary.

Wor. Bro. Fred M. Holmes, the treasurer, another old stand-by, also submitted a brief, business-like report, and the report of Mr. Francisco Dalupan, a certified public accountant, which was likewise submitted, shows the accounts and books of the Association to be in excellent shape.

The Masonic Hospital for Crippled Children was organized on July 29, 1924, for the purpose of building and operating a hospital for the treatment of crippled children, without distinction of race, religion or parentage, who are curable and whose parents cannot afford to pay for their treatment. Membership in the Association is confined to Masons, the wives, daughters, mothers, sisters, and widows of Masons. Since 1925, the Association has been operating a Masonic Ward for Crippled Children in the Mary J. Johnston Memorial Hospital in Tondo, which has been doing excellent work and is always full, with a waiting list of little cripples. Bro. José I. Abuel, an orthopedic surgeon of great ability, takes care of all cases requiring treatment by a specialist.

The affairs of the Association are managed in the most efficient and economical manner by Masons who serve for the pleasure and satisfaction of doing good work for suffering humanity, and the Masonic Hospital is the most admirable undertaking of Philippine Masonry and as such should have the support of every Mason in the Islands.—L.F.

Lodge News

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

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

Charleston Lodge No. 44, F. & A. M., observed St. John's Day with the regular Masonic Memorial Services.

The ceremonies were held at Masonic Hall, Agaña, Tuesday evening, 24th June, and among those present were Commander Willis W. Bradley, Jr., U. S. Navy, Governor of Guam, Chaplain T. C. Miller, U. S. Navy, and a number of other sojourning members of the Fraternity, in addition to the local members of the Lodge.

Chaplain Miller, upon invitation of the Lodge, accepted the office of orator of the evening, and delivered a very interesting oration, touching upon the life of St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist, and the feasts of these two saints, one being during the summer months and the other during the winter months of the year. In closing, he eulogized those of Charleston Lodge who have passed into that country from whose bourne no traveler returns.

From Pintong Bato Lodge No. 51, Bacoor, Cavite

A Lodge of Sorrow was held by Pintong-Bato Lodge on Saturday, August 2nd, at 9:00 p. m., in memory of Bro. Policarpo Castañeda and the following deceased Brethren of this Lodge: Benigno Zialcita, died May 26, 1923; Justino Mendaros, died November 23, 1924; Bro. Felix Pagtakhan, died January 30, 1926; Bro. Amando Buencamino, died March 23, 1926; Bro. Severino Inocente, died July 28, 1927; Bro. Marcelo F. Cuenca, died July 11, 1928, and Bro. José T. Ramos, died April 20, 1930. The services were held under the direction of Wor. Bro. Julian C. Balmaceda, acting as Master, and addresses were delivered by Wor. Bros. Gaudier, Balmaseda, Pagtakhan, de Guia, Ocampo, David, Pañgilinan, and Castañeda.

From Batong-Buhay Lodge No. 27

On August 13th, Batong-Buhay Lodge No. 27 celebrated the 18th anniversary of its constitution by a lauriat party at the Oriental Masonic Club, with Most Wor. Bro. Vicente Carmona as guest of honor. Most Wor. Bros. Wenceslao Trinidad and Teodoro M. Kalaw, and Wor. Bros. Irineo C. Vega, Joaquin García, Mariano Gonzales, and Adriano Rivera, who are all honorary members of this Lodge, were also present, in addition to a numerous attendance of regular members.

On August 23rd, at 8 p. m., the Lodge held a special meeting at the Oriental Masonic Club building, with the Most Worshipful Grand Master, Bro. Vicente Carmona, and officers and members of the Grand Lodge as official visitors and the officers and members of Biak-na-Bato Lodge No. 7 as special guests of honor. On this occasion the degree of M.M. was conferred in the Spanish language on Bro. Gregorio S. Narvasa, a F.C. of Batong-Buhay Lodge.

From Ma-Bu-Ti Lodge No. 92, Masbate

A Lodge of Sorrow was held under the auspices of Ma-Bu-Ti Lodge No. 92 on August 13th, in the hall of the Provincial Government Building of Masbate, in honor of the memory of Wor. Bro. Fernando Alvarez, a charter member and past master of that Lodge. Besides the members of the Lodge, a number of sojourning Masons and other visitors attended the solemn ceremonies which were held under the direction of Wor. Bro. Enrique Legaspi, Master of the Lodge. The oration, pronounced by Bro. Sixto B. Ortiz, of Iloilo Lodge No. 11, was touching and impressive. After the ceremonies, the Brethren gathered for a collation in the local restaurant.

Sojourners' Team Confers Degree in Lodge Perla del Oriente No. 1034, S. C.

Lodge Perla del Oriente No. 1034, of Manila, P. I., on the Rolls of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, is much beholden to the team of members of Far East Chapter No. 15, National Sojourners, as Wor. Bro. Michael Stamelos, Master of the Lodge, informs us. On August 16th, this degree team, which is composed largely of Brethren from Fort McKinley, conferred the Third Degree upon Bros. Wendel and Senn, two F.C. of Perla del Oriente, in the impressive and efficient manner characteristic of our military Brethren.

The National Sojourners are an association of Masons who hold or have held commissioned rank in the uniformed forces of the United States and are banded together for masonic and patriotic purposes. The local chapter is headed by Rt. Wor. Bro. W. W. Larkin, Deputy Grand Master of Masons of the Philippine Islands. We append a list of the members of the team which conferred the degrees for Perla del Oriente on August 16th showing from how many different Grand Jurisdictions they come:

W. M.—1st Lieut. E. M. Masterson, Retd., P.M. Service Lodge No. 95, Manila, P. I.

S. W.—1st Lieut. H. J. Edmands, Baguio No. 67, Baguio, P. I.
 J. W.—Capt. Allen Johnson, Alexandria-Washington No. 22, Virginia.
 S. D.—Capt. A. E. Andrews, Franklin No. 20, Farmington, Maine.
 J. D.—Capt. M. B. Goodyear, Cumberland Star No. 171, Carlisle, Penn.
 Std.—1st Lieut. C. J. Ancker, Independence No. 87, Independence, Iowa.
 Std.—1st Lieut. J. E. Rycroft, Fort Benning Lodge, Fort Benning, Georgia.
 Ja—1st Lieut. Wm. E. Dunckelberg, Sirius No. 323, Rockford, Iowa.
 Jo—Capt. J. L. Ostrander, Western No. 22, Littleton, Colorado.
 Jm—Capt. H. B. Hildebrand, Washington No. 9, Eatontown, New Jersey.
 1st Fc.—Capt. J. D. Carter, Etiwan No. 95, Mt. Pleasant, South Carolina.
 2nd Fc.—Major R. B. Moore, George C. Whitney No. 22, Washington, D. C.
 3rd Fc.—Capt. F. A. Ward, Manila No. 1, Manila, P. I.
 Charge—Major John F. Day, Manila No. 1, Manila P. I.
 Chaplain—Chaplain R. C. Fraser, Landrus No. 48, Savannah, Georgia.

Wise Men Say

That little men have short tempers.
 That it is not work that kills men; it is worry.
 That if you and your job are not friends, part company.
 That the longer you live, if you live right, the less you will think of yourself.
 That following the line of least resistance is what makes rivers and men crooked.
 That determination reduces hard work to nothing; procrastination makes hard work out of nothing.
 That to keep watching, to keep working, to let the brain and hand go together—that is the secret of success.—
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THE CABLETOW

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. Samuel R. Hawthorne has returned from a short vacation in the United States, looking fine. Mrs. Hawthorne is expected back on September 1st.

A dimit was granted at the July stated meeting to Bro. Otto Kahl who desires to join a Lodge in California.

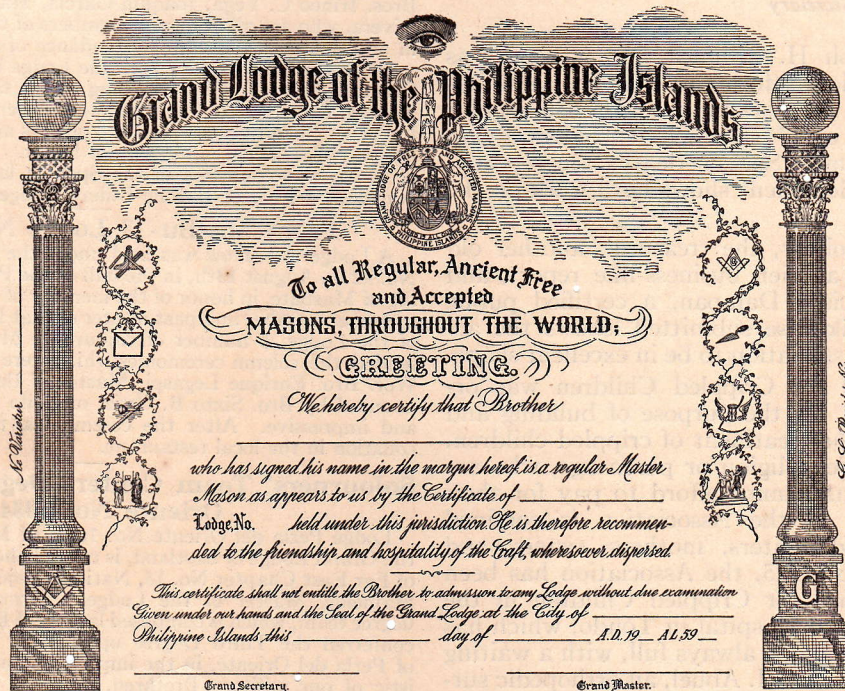
Bros. Bailey, Tielkemeier, and Gronkvist were examined in the Master Mason's catechism and received certificates of proficiency.

Mr. Albert Jessen Foyt was initiated at the July stated meeting, and Mr. James Durward Barnett at a special meeting held on July 15th.

Cavite No. 2.—New States addresses reported by the Secretary are those of Charles F. Henrichsen, 148-33 Hillside Ave., New York, N.Y.; T. M. Adams, 4212-7th Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.; G. E. Tyler, U. S. S. Langley, c/o P. M., San Diego, Cal.; R. B. Smith, (Corporal U.S.M.C.), Marine Barracks Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. C. McDowell, U. S. Receiving Station, San Francisco, Cal.; H. H. Stafford, 4453-33rd Street, San Diego, Cal.; L. J. Lick, U. S. S. Tarbell, c/o P. M., San Diego, Cal.; T. W. Owens, U. S. S. Roper, c/o P. M., San Diego, Cal.; F. M. Charles, U. S. S. Luce, No. 99, c/o P. M., New York, N. Y.; A. Riggan, Navy Disbursing Officer, P. O. Box 9, Station C, New York, N. Y.; C. S. Williams, 610-No. La Reina Ave., Downey, Cal.; M. A. R. Neely, 19128 Cameron Ave., Detroit, Mich., and L. W. J. Shepp, 438 W. Jackson St., York, Penn.

Bro. W. E. Gooding's new address is U. S. S. Gamble, Pearl Harbor, T. H., and Bro. Lowery P. Spiller's, Yard Dispensary, Navy Yard, Cavite, P. I.

Corregidor No. 3.—Letters with greetings have been received from Bro. Ernest J. Frei, Chicago; Capt. Herbert L. Leonard, San Diego,



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Neat traveling certificates, same size as above, printed on stout parchment paper and inserted in a handy leather case which fits the coat pocket, can be obtained from the Grand Secretary's Office, thru your Lodge Secretary (who must issue a certificate of good standing). Price ten pesos, to be remitted with order.

Calif.; Bro. Carson Taylor, Los Angeles, and Bro. Carleton N. Connor, Washington, D. C.

Bros. Joseph A. Thomas and Frank C. Swan are back in the Islands after a trip to the United States.

Very Wor. Bro. H. A. Bordner is recovering very nicely from his illness.

Information has been received of the death of Bro. Sofus George Jensen, a former member of this Lodge.

Bro. John W. Green, who is now with the State Department, General and Special Claims Commissions Section, at Washington, D. C., sends special greetings to all the members of Corregidor and his many friends in Manila. He says he finds Washington most interesting after so long an absence from States surroundings.

Bro. Columbus E. Piatt, S.D. of this Lodge, has just had his appointment as Bro. Green's successor in the office of chief of police of the city of Manila confirmed by the Philippine Senate. Bro. Piatt has been doing excellent work as Junior Warden during the absence of Bro. Cox.

In the June number of *The New Age*, the Grand Commander, John H. Cowles, 33°, writes that when he visited Porto Rico he called on Governor Roosevelt and while in his office he "met Bro. I. F. Wiltse, 32°, of the Manila Bodies. He was there to upbuild the Scout movement for Porto Ricans." Bro. Wiltse was our Secretary a few years ago.

It is reported that Bro. Thomas Leonard is now in Baguio as manager of the Baguio Cold Mining Company.

Bros. William Howard and Kirby Rix Gile received the degree of Master Mason at a special meeting held on August 8th and Bros. Robert Nelson Miller and John Fritz Brucher were passed to the degree of Fellow Craft on August 14th.

Bagumbayan No. 4.—Bro. Eduardo Montenegro came up from Dumaguete for a few days' visit to Manila about the end of July.

The name of Bro. Cataino D. Gonzalez has been changed to Catalino D'Bayan in accordance with a petition filed by him with the Court of First Instance of Manila.

Letters with greetings have been received from Bro. (Major) Rafael L. Garcia and William D. Hopson (the latter at Perth, Australia).

Mr. Agapito Alano was initiated at the July stated meeting and passed at a special meeting on July 29th. Bro. Guillermo Manlapit was passed at the same meeting.

Wor. Bro. Rafael L. Garcia, major, P. S., who has been in the U. S. for some time, has recently graduated from the Tank School.

Southern Cross No. 6.—Bro. A. P. Drakeford reports the arrival of a daughter on July 31st. Miss Drakeford is to be known as Elizabeth Ruth, or "Betty" for short.

Wor. Bro. Luther B. Bewley and wife left for a well-earned vacation in the United States on August 2nd.

Wor. Bro. Truman S. Holt wrote from Edinburgh, on June 17th, that he had been travelling in Ireland and other countries.

Bro. Fred Noble wrote from Munich, on June 18th, stating that he had been spending a week in the Bavarian capital and a week in Zurich, and that the turn of Vienna was coming next.

Bros. E. G. Rivers and W. K. Perrett sent greetings from San Miguel, Tarlac, and Saub, Mindanao, respectively.

Cosmos No. 8.—Bro. Theodor Ebsen was passed to the degree of F.C. after the transaction of business at the July stated meeting.

Among Brethren from distant places present at the July meeting (on July 2nd) were Bro. Charles C. Neuffer, of Dapa, Surigao, and Bros. Jesse W. Palmer and Amund P. Solberg, both of Sipaco, Camarines Sur.

Our Brethren on the sick list are all improving. Bro. William B. Pennington, who spent a few days at the Hospital de Santiago with dysentery, is back at his office. Bro. Nathan D. Levin is back at his home after a severe attack of pneumonia. Bro. F. E. Pfannenschmidt, who has been seriously ill for the past two months, is slowly improving at the Hospital de Santiago, but is very weak. Bro. Paul Grossmann, who is en route to the States for treatment at an army hospital, writes from Nagasaki, reporting that the sea trip has made him feel much better.

Bro. William F. Daland, of Sipaco, Camarines Sur, on a recent visit to Manila on business, reported Bro. Francis Seeckts located at Limay, Rataan.

Wor. Bro. George A. Mayhew returned on July 21st from a business trip to Iloilo and Cebu.

Bro. Bernard H. Berkenkotter left for Masbate on July 19th, after a short visit to Manila.

Bro. Andrés V. Seavedra is travelling through northern Luzon, with headquarters at Cabanatuan.

Bro. Samuel C. Hunter has moved back to his old home in Detroit, Mich. (3507 Gray Ave.), after a sojourn of two years in Bakersfield, Cal.

St. John's No. 9.—Bro. James A. Rigby, chief steward of the S. S. *President Van Buren*, celebrated his fiftieth birthday in the Panama Canal on June 13th.

Bro. Heald of Laguio returned to his home towards the end of July from a trip to the Visayan Islands.

Most Wor. Bro. S. W. O'Brien, according to letters received late in July, had then completed a trip by motor across the United States and was in New York. He expects to be back in Manila in November.

Bro. Fred Pray is contemplating a trip to Balabac where he has extensive lumber interests.

A second daughter was born to Bro. and Mrs. E. M. Grimm at St. Luke's Hospital on Sunday morning, July 13th.

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Are you a member of the Association? If you are not, send your application, accompanied by 12 pesos (P10.00 entrance fee and P2.00 annual dues) to the Secretary, Masonic Hospital for Crippled Children, Inc., P. O. Box 34, Manila, P. I. No special blank necessary. Entrance requirements: be a Master Mason in good standing or the wife, widow, sister, mother, or daughter of one.

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

The Hospital needs the support of every good Mason in the Islands. Give it yours!

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By J. Hugo Tatsch, P.M.



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Manila, P. I.

Bro. and Mrs. William R. Hamme gave a turkey dinner at their home in Malolos on June 28th to celebrate their tenth anniversary.

Nilad No. 12.—Bro. H. A. Slonski made a trip to Pangasinan in July, on business of the United Spanish War Veterans.

Bro. Moisés T. Cadiz was a visitor to Manila for a few days; he returned to Candelaria, Tayabas, on August 3rd, to resume his work as municipal treasurer there.

Bros. Enrique C. Villanueva and Rufo C. Cruz are in Manila, attending the sessions of the Senate and House of Representatives of which they are, respectively, members.

Bro. Catalino A. Fernandez, of Tayug, Pangasinan, and Bro. Guillermo C. Caliang, of the city of Cebu, send greetings.

Bro. Pablo Hernandez has taken leave of absence on account of ill health.

Most Wor. Bro. Teodoro M. Kalaw was suffering from kidney trouble in August but is much improved now.

Pilar No. 15.—Greetings have been received from Bros. Eleu. Nave and Ricardo Jara.

Bro. Toe Hio has removed to Davao with his family.

Wor. Bro. Faustino Mañago was acting Director of the Bureau of Commerce and Industry for some time during July and August.

Wor. Bro. Lorenzo B. Paredes, who recently arrived from the States where he took post-graduate work, has been appointed principal of the Tuguegarao Normal School.

A letter was received from Bro. D. Esguerra advising the Secretary that during his visit to Solano Lodge No. 229, Navar Lodge No. 87, and Vallejo Lodge No. 487, of Vallejo, California, he met Bros. Rufino Ancheta of Union Lodge No. 70, Eligio Aliga of Angal Lodge No. 63, and José Potente of Ibarra Lodge No. 31.

Bro. Tiburcio Gayo has temporarily transferred his residence to No. 16 Romualdo St., Caridad, Cavite.

Silañagan No. 19.—Bro. Tiburcio Versola sends greetings from Cupapo, N. E.

Bro. Angelo Angeles having been transferred to Laguna as provincial auditor, he has requested a dimit.

Rizal No. 20.—Bro. Domingo Villaseñor, secretary of this Lodge, visited the editorial office of the CABLETOW on official business on August 6th.

Batang-Buhay No. 27.—Bro. Emeterio R. Balboa has severed his connection with the Secret Service to accept employment with one of the largest firms in the city of Manila. His record with the Manila Secret Service, extending over twelve years, is a very creditable one.

Bro. Alejandro S. Tan is leaving for China to attend the obsequies of his mother who has died recently.

Bros. Buon Pow Peck and Hoc Lai Gaw are in the provinces on business.

Greetings have been received from Bro. Antonio Onrubia, now at Zamboanga.

Maktan No. 30.—Wor. Bro. Angel Llanes passed through Manila about the middle of August, on his way to Tuguegarao, where he will assume office as provincial treasurer of Cagayan.

Ibarra No. 31.—Bro. and Mrs. Pedro L. Ramos were hosts of a party of twenty-two headed by Wor. Bro. Angel Saqueton which made an excursion to Taal and Lucena on Sunday, July 27th. The party left Cavite at 5:30 a. m. and had a very enjoyable day of it. It included members of Ibarra Lodge and three Sister Lodges.

Charleston No. 44.—Bro. William V. Harris has changed his address from Marine Corps Base, San Diego, to Marine Barracks, Sumay, Island of Guam.

Mt. Apo No. 45.—Bro. Marcelo Domingo was reported on the sick list by Bud Daho Lodge No. 102, of Jolo.

Writing from Lebak, Cotabato, Bro. J. Seibert expresses his appreciation to all Brethren who showed their sympathy and attended the funeral of his wife who died on July 27th. He is also very grateful to Bro. Marcelo Mendoza who extended help to his wife at a time when Bro. Seibert himself was away from Zamboanga.

Makabugwas No. 47.—Bro. Pio V. Advincula, the secretary of Makabugwas Lodge, visited the Grand Lodge and CABLETOW offices in Manila in July.

The monthly *Bulletin* for August pays a glowing tribute to Wor. Bro. John J. Riehl, who has requested a dimit in order to return to Manila Lodge No. 1, his Mother Lodge. Bro. Riehl has done good work for Makabugwas Lodge during his sojourn in Tacloban.

Bro. Yee Bo Mann is now connected with the Standard Oil Co.

Bros. Botin and Rodriguez were on the sick list in July.

Bro. Adriano Valdez, officer in charge of the Hinunangan forest station, visited Tacloban on July 21st for the first time in four years.

Bro. Joaquin L. Panis and wife spent a week in Tacloban where our Brother had business in court.

Bro. Tantuico visited Bro. Pedro Alviola, station commander of the Constabulary at Dansalan, Lanao, in July.

Pampanga No. 48.—Bro. Domingo Aviado has been transferred to Pangasinan as trade school principal.

Makarivivil No. 55.—Bro. Manuel Datiles' son is convalescing after a stay at the Mission Hospital in Capiz in June.

Bro. Faustino Martinez, of New Washington, was a visitor in Capiz for three days, and so was Wor. Bro. Ramon R. Arnaldo.

Bro. José A. Quimpo lost a son on July 31st, from meningitis, and Wor. Bro. Ceferino Sevilla lost his mother-in-law.

Bro. Vicente Hidalgo has applied for his dimit as he desires to affiliate with the Lodge in his native town, Naga, C. S.

Pangasinan No. 56.—Bro. P. Edralin and wife had a narrow escape from death in July when our brother's automobile ran into a tienda on the Lingayen-Dagupan road in order to avoid a collision with a calesa. Both were slightly injured.

Bro. Juan B. Vistro's youngest child died of beriberi in July. Wor. Bro. de Leon and several other members of the Lodge attended the funeral at Binmaley.

Bro. E. A. Beltran after being confined to bed in his home at Alaminos by serious illness is now back at his office.

Bro. David Shaw was operated on for appendicitis at San Juan de Dios Hospital, Manila.

Word has been received from Bro. Angel C. Dizon from Masbate and from Bro. Mauro Rosario, now chief clerk of the auditor of Cotabato.

Isla de Luzon No. 57.—The daughters of Bros. Ramón Mendoza, Crispulo Layog, Sisenando Palarca, S. Gochangco, and J. M. E. Leon, who sang the Masonic Hymn at the gala night of the Lodge on August 7th, received beautiful bouquets of flowers.

Wor. Bro. Ladislau José has had an operation performed on his eye. Two of Bro. A. S. Telesforo's children were seriously ill in July.

M. W. Bro. Teodoro M. Kalaw who delivered a fine lecture on Philippine Masonry before Isla de Luzon Lodge on August 7th, has received from Bro. Juan Samson, as a token of admiration, a copy of Leo Taxil's famous work "The Mysteries of Freemasonry".

Bro. Ty Tian Kee was on the sick list last month; he is now living at No. 234 Isaac Peral.

Bro. José M. E. Leon has been appointed librarian of the Lodge. The library contains volumes of proceedings of other Grand Lodges, Masonic books and magazines in English and Spanish, and rare documents concerning Philippine Masonry.

Bro. Vicente P. Flechero has returned from his vacation.

Marble No. 58.—Bro. Felicísimo Capucac has dimitted in order to join the Lodge at Naga, C. S., where he is now residing.

Bro. Marcelino Buyco, of the Constabulary, has been transferred from San José, Antique, to Sara, Iloilo, as post commander.

Tamaraw No. 65.—Wor. Bro. Thos. I. Weeks has donated a canvas stairway for the Second Degree.

Bro. Pio Magsino is at the Philippine General Hospital suffering from a fractured and dislocated knee-cap, the result of an automobile accident on July 26th.

Bro. Vicente Kasilag has been promoted from teacher in the Mindoro High School to principal of the Davao High School.

Baguio No. 67.—Bro. Paul Gulick came up from Mindanao in July and Bro. Lintner was in town on July 13th.

Bro. Andrew H. Forrester left on June 25th for the States. Bro. Ames is expected back in Baguio in time for the opening of the Brent School.

Bro. Moses was retired from the Army on June 28th. The members of the Quartermaster Corps gave a nicely appointed stag luncheon in his honor at the Auditorium in Baguio. Bro. Moses has taken up his residence in Baguio as caretaker of the Mansion House.

Magat No. 68.—Bro. L. C. Danguilan, who was transferred to the island of Tablas last year as supervising lineman, has been retransferred to Nueva Vizcaya. Bro. Danguilan reports an addition to his family, a daughter this time.

Laoag No. 71.—Wor. Bro. Zoilo Tolentino has been transferred from Ilocos Norte to La Union. His successor as provincial treasurer of Ilocos Norte is Bro. Baldomero Perez of Mabini Lodge No. 39, formerly provincial treasurer of Surigao.

Bro. Melañó A. Orbeta, our J.W., was transferred to Pampanga as principal of the provincial trade school there. He was given a send-off by the members of Laoag Lodge on July 19th.

The Lodge is beholden to several members of this Lodge now in Hawaii for a present of stationery received through Bro. Juan A. Valentin.

Bro. Agaton Pasión is mourning the death of his father, Bro. Felicísimo Ruiz that of his father-in-law, and Bro. Basilio Fagaragan that of one of his sons.

Mr. Andrés V. Sionil, a surveyor in the Bureau of Lands, received the first degree on the evening of July 24th, with Bro. Vicente Giron in the East and Bro. B. C. Aguirre delivering the lecture.

Kasulawan No. 77.—Wor. Bro. José F. Fetalvero has been promoted to the position of chief clerk of the Pandacan office of the Asiatic Petroleum Company.

Bros. Santiago Salvador and Braulio M. Espino were on the sick list in July but have recovered since.

Taga-Ilog No. 79.—Wor. Bro. and Mrs. C. Bernabe celebrated their silver wedding on August 16th by a party at their residence which was well attended. On the same day Wor. Bro. Bernabe had another anniversary because on it he completed fifteen years of continuous and fireless service to Freemasonry.

Mt. Lebanon No. 80.—Wor. Bro. M. Goldenberg left for the United States on business in July. He expects to return to the Islands within six months.

Bro. E. M. Levine, accompanied by his wife and daughter, left for the United States on the S. S. *Empress of Canada*.

Bro. A. A. Powell is still confined to his home at No. 13 Calle Buenos Aires, Santa Mesa. The Brethren are requested to visit him and cheer him up.

Bro. J. M. Goldberg and Jack Kovitz have written from New York and Chicago respectively and wish to be remembered to the Craft.

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High-Twelve No. 82—Bro. Juan Fonranzo attended the August stated meeting of the Lodge after a year's absence in Baguio.

Bro. Cornelio Lacsamana is now with the firm S. M. Berger & Co. Mr. Juan Docto was initiated on July 19th.

Bro. Eduardo Co Seteng has been ill with trancazo but is better now.

Bro. Guillermo Ponce, F.C., has been travelling in the southern provinces for the Bureau of Forestry.

Bro. Alejandro de Mesa was in Manila on account of the operation of his son for appendicitis.

Bro. Vicente Maddela has been transferred again, this time to Aparri.

Bro. Escosa attended a fraternal lunch given by Batangas Lodge No. 53 on August 16th, in honor of Wor. Bro. Modesto Castillo, newly appointed chief of the Executive Bureau.

Wor. Bro. Galang has been travelling in the northern province on business for various firms represented by him.

Letters with greetings have been received from Bro. Eugenio Plata of Baguio, and Bro. Felix Jucaban, of Calauag, Tayabas.

Benjamin Franklin No. 94—Letters with greetings have been received from Bros. Charles M. Hewett, Sheboygan, Wisconsin; Ralph A. Snavelly, now at Rockwell Field, Calif.; Jerry Jackson, Fort Benjamin Harrison; Clarence Peterson, Rahway, N. J.; Ludvik Anderson, Schenectady, and Owen M. Adams, San Carlos, Occ. Negros.

Bro. Harold N. Wilson and family have returned to the States on leave; they expect to be back in the Islands shortly before Christmas.

Bro. Milner H. Eskew has resigned as major in the Medical Corps and is now practising privately in Uniontown, Ala., near his old home. Mrs. Eskew and their two children are in good health.

Bro. Oea E. Musgrove, now at Omaha, Neb., is planning an auto trip with Mrs. Musgrove and their daughter through the eastern states for their two months vacation.

Mr. Henry Frank Coblentz was initiated and passed in July.

Service No. 95—At a special meeting on July 21st, the Sublime Degree of Master Mason was conferred on Brothers Stone and Cockran. A few "friends" of Brother Cockran requested the privilege of escorting Brother Cockran on his rough and rugged road. They did and how.

At our last stated meeting, Brother Charles Burnett was made an honorary member. Brother Burnett is an ardent Mason and his zeal for Masonry and particularly for Service Lodge will never be forgotten.

Brother W. H. Jackson writes that he is as active in Masonry as ever. During his stay in the Islands, Brother Jackson was one of the mainstays of Service Lodge.

The last few months were particularly tough on Service Lodge. The members had hardly had time to adjust themselves to Bro. Jackson's loss when Bros. Burnett, Ghormley, and LeRue left for the homeland.

Four more enthusiastic Brethren than those named are hard to find and their absence is keenly felt.

"Bill" Cartwright writes from Fort Hamilton, N.Y., sending regards and clipping; and complimenting Wor. Bro. Beishir on his activity.

Wor. Bro. Beishir and wife are counting the days when they will return to the good old United States upon our Brother's retirement. They intend to settle in Georgia and are already figuring on the kind of house they are going to build. There are two more people who will be much missed when they shall have sailed for the homeland!

Service Lodge is very much pleased to learn that Bro. Benjamin Roth has received the Soldier's Medal.

A letter from Bro. Sylvester Smith of San Diego, Calif., stating that he has at last gotten his third degree. Bro. Smith was initiated by Service Lodge January 28, 1929. Then, as sailors are very likely to do, he left for the United States. After much correspondence he finally was passed on March 28, 1930, by San Diego Lodge No. 35. He was raised by Naval Lodge No. 87 at Vallejo, Calif., June 9, 1930. Bro. Smith sends dues for one year and best wishes to all.

A very interesting letter has been received from Bro. Chester A. Thomas, telling of his arrival at the Naval Hospital, Pensacola, Florida, where he will be on duty for a long time. Also Bro. Thomas tells us he has joined the Benedicts, having married Miss Ethel Mayfield Thompson of Richmond, Va.

Bro. 1st Lieut. V. Walter Smith has been transferred to the 65th Infantry at San Juan, Porto Rico; he sends best wishes to all.

Bud Daho No. 102—Our good Brother Major D. H. Malone, of Davao, whom we reported as connected with the Asiatic Petroleum Company in our "Personals" in July, writes that he is with The Texas Co. (P. I.). We stand corrected.

Bro. Julius Schuck, who returned recently from a two months' absence in Palawan where he had gone to look up a sawmill concession, is suffering from malaria and from the effects of the hardships undergone.

Bro. James Green is still on the sick list.

Bro. Cipriano Jularbal is enjoying his vacation in Baguio.

Wor. Bro. Dr. Julian Pilares, Wor. Bro. U. D. Laya and Bro. José Magno have left on the S. S. *Mindoro* for a 10-day tour of inspection.

Bro. Muhammad M. Ebbah was passed to the degree of F.C. on July 26th.

Wor. Bro. U. D. Laya acted as sponsor at the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Gonzales at Jolo on July 19th. The bride, Miss Vicenta Sebastian, is a sister of Bro. Arsenio Sebastian of Mt. Apo Lodge No. 45.

Bataan No. 104—Bro. Pedro L. Paulino, of the Bureau of Agriculture, was given a supper by the Brethren on August 16th before leaving for his new station at Ilagan, Isabela, instead of Cebu as formerly announced.



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Calidad vs. Cantidad

De una alocución del Muy Ilustre Hmno. Rodolfo Ramírez Pabón, Gran Maestro de la Gran Logia de M. L. y A. de Puerto Rico, copiamos los siguientes párrafos, relativos a una cuestión que más de una vez se ha planteado ante los Masones de Filipinas y que explica perfectamente el ilustre Masón borinqueño:

La Masonería es un hecho social e histórico de fisonomía ya definida en las sociedades cultas, y ha resistido la prueba de los siglos gracias a su naturaleza, tendencias y fines.

Acoge en su seno a hombres libres de todos los países, de todas las religiones, de todas las condiciones sociales y tendencias políticas, siempre que gocen de una reputación intachable y su conducta sea virtuosa.

Para llenar cumplidamente sus obligaciones y los altos fines de la Masonería las Logias deben ser escrupulosas en la selección y admisión de candidatos.

La creencia en un Ser Supremo y en la inmortalidad del alma son requisitos indispensables para ingresar en la Masonería y poder asimilar sus principios y profundas enseñanzas.

Todo candidato debe ser un hombre libre de prejuicios y convencionalismos y en pleno goce de sus derechos civiles, físicamente apto para el cumplimiento de sus deberes sociales y masónicos, que obedezca los preceptos de la Moral universal, con recursos honrosos y posición social independiente que le permitan llenar sus obligaciones masónicas sin sacrificio en sus deberes del mundo profano, y con capacidad mental suficiente para comprender y practicar las enseñanzas de la Institución.

El ingreso en nuestra Orden debe estar limitado exclusivamente a ciudadanos dignos y honorables. La tolerancia y la liberalidad en la admisión de candidatos llenan los Talleres de socios y miembros, pero nunca de masones.

La Masonería no necesita miembros ni socios, y sólo puede cumplir sus altos y elevados designios con masones verdaderos, conscientes y leales, capaces de comprender el espíritu de servicio y disciplina imperantes en la Institución desde tiempo inmemorial.

No debemos olvidarnos de que la selección y admisión de candidatos constituyen la verdadera fuente del auge y esplendor de toda Logia y aún de la misma Fraternidad, y pueden ser también causa de deshonor y ruina, según se ejerzan con buen criterio o sin él.

El Cargo de Historiador Oficial

En su cuadragésima quinta Asamblea Anual celebrada en Ponce a fines del mes de abril de este año, la Gran Logia Soberana de Puerto Rico adoptó la siguiente resolución:

Por cuanto, parece natural que nuestra Gran Logia conozca la Historia de la Masonería en Puerto Rico para determinar así nuestra personalidad en el Mundo Masónico.

Primero: Se ordena al Gran Maestro proceda a la investigación de los orígenes de la Hermandad Masónica en Puerto Rico, recoger datos y documentos, estudiar archivos, etc., con este fin, tanto en las logias, como en oficinas particulares.

Segundo: Se autoriza al Gran Maestro para dictar las reglas pertinentes al fin que se persigue.

Tercero: Se crea el cargo de Historiador Oficial de la Gran Logia Soberana de Puerto Rico con los deberes que le imponga el Gran Maestro de acuerdo con la finalidad de esta resolución.

Cuarto: Se dá poder al Gran Maestro para designar a un M. L. M. miembro activo de la Gran Logia, para el cargo de Historiador Oficial de la misma.

Quinto: Se ordena a las logias y masones de esta jurisdicción a dar facilidades de todas clases al Historiador Oficial, para la realización del propósito de esta resolución.

Sexto: Se autoriza al Gran Maestro para pagar con cargo a Imprevistos, cualquier gasto necesario y razonable en que se incurra para los fines de este acuerdo.

Séptimo: El Historiador Oficial presentará en cada Sesión Anual de la Gran Logia el resultado de su investigación y estudio durante el año, para los fines de publicación en la forma que ordene la Gran Logia.

Octavo: Esta resolución será efectiva inmediatamente después de ser aprobada y deberá darse a conocer a las logias de la obediencia.

Nos parece buena la idea y digna de ser adoptada en Filipinas, bajo el supuesto, desde luego, de que el cargo de Historiador Oficial no se ha de conferir a algún Hermano de los muchos que están muy dispuestos a ostentar cualquier título pero que se distinguen por su antipatía al trabajo.

[Edicto del Gran Maestro No. 16]

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

SALUD:—De acuerdo con la autoridad conferida al Gran Maestro por la Gran Logia en su Reunión Anual de 1927, por la presente ordeno que toda Logia constituyente de esta Obediencia contribuya al sostenimiento del CABLETOW para el período desde 1° de Diciembre de 1930 al 30 de Noviembre de 1931, al tipo de UN PESO Y VEINTE CENTAVOS (₱1.20) por cada Maestro Masón cuyo nombre figure en su report anual correspondiente al ejercicio que termina el 30 de Noviembre de 1930.

Esta cuota se remitirá juntamente con las cotizaciones anuales a la Gran Logia y con sujeción a las mismas disposiciones que rigen respecto a dichas cotizaciones.

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

VICENTE CARMONA, Gran Maestro.

Doy fé:—NEWTON C. COMFORT, Gran Secetario.

Germinando

Sobremanera complacido con el *Buen Consejo* aparecido en la anterior edición y sección hispana de este nuestro apreciable y constructivo órgano oficial, creo ahora ya oportuna y autorizada la propagación del subsiguiente *Código Masónico*, precisa e insistentemente recomendada por el honorable y muy apreciado Hermano Sevilla con propicia ocasión de una brillante y persuasiva conferencia obtenida del mismo para esta nuestra modesta Logia *Mabini* de estos Valles de Cagayán. En verdad, ofrecí mis dudas acerca de la debida autorización para la impresión más o menos pública del citado Código Masónico, dudas que han sido totalmente disipadas.

Medítese o siquiera léase, en el interin de mi propuesto desarrollo futuro tan preciosos preceptos, contenidos en este verdadero ejemplar.

CÓDIGO MASÓNICO

Adora al Gran Arquitecto del Universo. El verdadero culto que se da al mismo, consiste principalmente en las buenas obras.

Ten siempre tu alma en un estado puro, para parecer dignamente delante de tu conciencia. Ama a tu prójimo como a ti mismo. No hagas mal para esperar bien. Haz bien por amor al mismo bien.

Estima a los buenos, ama a los débiles, huye de los malos, pero no odies a nadie. No lisonjees a tu hermano, pues que es una traición; si tu hermano te lisonjea, teme que te corrompa.

Escucha siempre la voz de tu conciencia. Se el padre de los pobres; cada suspiro que tu dureza les arranque, son otras tantas maldiciones que caerán sobre tu cabeza.

Respeto y atiende al viajero nacional o extranjero; ayúdale: su persona es o debe ser sagrada para tí.

Evita las querellas, prevee los insultos, deja que la razón quede siempre de tu lado. No seas ligero en airarte, porque la ira reposa en el seno del necio.

Parte con el hambriento tu pan, y a los pobres y peregrinos mételes en tu casa: cuando vieses al desnudo, cúbrelo y no desprecies tu carne en la suya.

Detesta la avaricia, porque quien ama las riquezas ningún fruto sacará de ellas, y también porque esto es vanidad.

Huye de los ímpíos, porque su casa será arrasada; mas las tiendas de los justos florecerán.

En la senda del honor y de la justicia está la vida, mas el camino extraviado conduce a la desesperación y a la muerte.

El corazón de los sabios está donde se practica la virtud, y el corazón de los necios, donde se festeja la vanidad.

Respeto a las mujeres, no abuses jamás de su debilidad y mucho menos pienses en deshonrarlas.

Si tienes un hijo, regocíjate; pero tiembla del depósito que se te confía. Haz que hasta los diez años te tema, hasta los veinte te ame y se honre contigo y que hasta la muerte te respete. Hasta los diez años se su maestro, hasta los veinte su padre y hasta la muerte su amigo. Piensa cuidadoso en darle buenos principios antes que bellas maneras; que te deba rectitud esclarecida y no frívola elegancia. Haz un hombre honesto, antes que un hombre hábil.

Si te avergüenzas de tu destino, tienes orgullo; piensas que aquel ni te honra ni te degrada; el modo con que cumplas te hará uno u otro.

Lee y aprovecha, ve e imita, reflexiona y trabaja, ocúpate siempre en el bien de tus hermanos y trabajarás para ti mismo.

Conténtate de todo, por todo y con todo. No juzgues ligeramente las acciones ajenas; no reproches y menos alabes; antes, procura sondear bien los corazones para apreciar sus obras.

Se entre los profanos libre sin licencia, grande sin orgullo, humilde sin bajeza; y entre los hermanos firme sin ser tenaz, severo sin ser inflexible y sumiso sin ser servil. Habla moderadamente con los grandes, prudentemente con tus iguales, sinceramente con tus amigos, dulcemente con los pequeños y tiernamente con los pobres. Justo y valeroso, defenderás al oprimido, protegerás la inocencia, sin reparar en nada los servicios que prestares. Así, exacto apreciador de los hombres y las cosas, no atenderás más que al mérito personal, sean cuales fueren el rango, el estado y la fortuna.

Todo esto muy fraternalmente.

GERMINAL

P. M. de Mabini No. 39.

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La Libertad de Pensamiento

Entre los principios conquistados a costa de la sangre de nuestros padres en las revoluciones modernas, existe uno que, si bien no es el más práctico, y de aplicación más inmediata al bienestar de los ciudadanos, ocupa un lugar prominente entre todos los de su especie, por referirse a la más preclara de las facultades del hombre y constituir una de las prerrogativas de la conciencia humana. Este principio es la libertad del pensamiento, que tiene su órgano propio en la libertad de imprenta.

Hay espíritus asustadizos, reaccionarios y miopes, que pedirían gustosos la abolición de este santo principio, so pretexto de que los hombres usan mal de él, extorsionando las conciencias con la exposición de perniciosas doctrinas.

Aun suponiendo que esto fuera así; aun admitiendo que el error se difundiese, enseñoreándose de las inteligencias, no sería ésta bastante razón para condenar este fecundo principio, en el amor del cual nos hemos criado las generaciones actuales, pues aboliendo la libertad de imprenta, la libertad de pensamiento, ahogaríamos la voz de los grandes reformadores, de esos hombres destinados a transmitirnos las escondidas verdades de la ciencia y del arte, en persecución de las cuales andamos, día tras día, en penosas jornadas, pugnando por disipar las sombras en que se hallan envueltas y por orientarnos hacia los arcanos lugares donde se hallan ocultas.

Y si bien es preciso confesar que, en efecto, muchas veces esta libertad sagrada es ocasión para extraviar a los hombres con falsas doctrinas, hemos de abrigar la justa esperanza de que el imperio del error será pasajero; y aunque a nuestra insignificante pequeñez le parezca largo el tiempo que se alberga en la inteligencia, si miramos el curso de los sucesos desde un punto de vista menos influído por la contingencia humana, tendremos que convenir en que es ley de la humanidad que ésta de-

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ponga sus equivocadas opiniones y acepte otras, que aunque acaso equivocadas también, estén más cerca de la verdad, porque a ella vamos conducidos como por un hilo invisible, tropezando y cayendo muchas veces, pero con la infatigable terquedad del que no tiene otro fin que cumplir y en su consecución pone todo el esfuerzo de que se siente capaz.

Incalculable es el número de errores que se habrán extendido con la libertad de pensamiento; ¿cuántas patrañas, cuántas ridiculeces, cuántos embustes no se han llevado por todas partes, en triunfo con los honores de la verdad y de la ciencia? ¡Qué mal se ha usado de este divino derecho! Convengo en ello; pero por su misma cualidad esencial, la libertad de pensamiento, hacía que el error durase menos en la inteligencia de los hombres, aunque no fuera más que sustituyéndose con otro distinto. En la antigüedad, en cambio, se medía por siglos el curso de las ideas. Cuando una preocupación se entronizaba en un pueblo, era seguro que sobre él pesaría centenares de años, y los hombres verterían su sangre por él, reverenciándola como santa herencia legada por la tradición; era seguro que si algunas conciencias se subievaban contra la impostura de aquel principio funesto, no hallaría su voz condiciones de resonancia para que, difundiendo la protesta por la sociedad toda, sirviese de aviso contra las inevitables consecuencias del error, y de ellas la salvase.

Hoy, por fortuna se ha dado a la opinión individual tal importancia, que se la autoriza para ser expuesta en todo caso y sobre cualquier materia.

Por esto, en la época presente, todo ciudadano puede clamar, en la forma que tenga por conveniente, contra los abusos de una institución o contra la institución misma. Abundan con este motivo la exposición de teorías nuevas, disparatadas o geniales, de principios revolucionarios que si antes espantaban a las gentes porque venían a turbar la calma en que nos sumía el imperio de antiguos y venerados

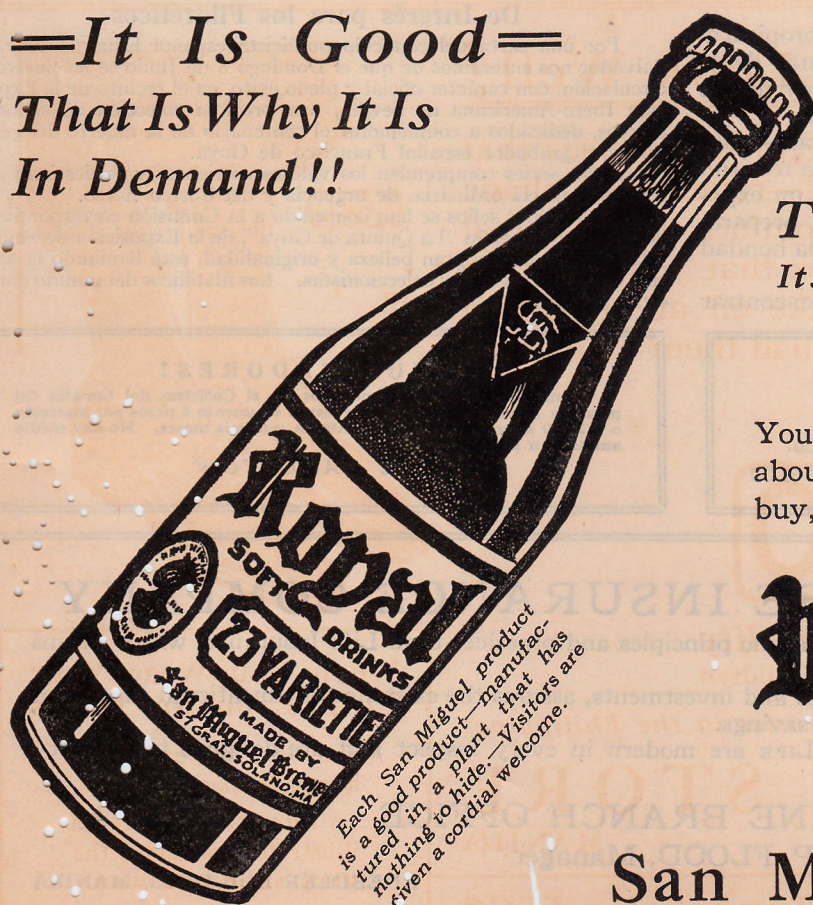
principios, el sosiego que de la aquiescencia general respecto de las cuestiones primarias y fundamentales era el resultado. Hoy las oímos como quien oye llover, porque el choque de unos principios con otros, de unas teorías con sus contrarias, ha hecho inofensivo el filo de las doctrinas y la agitación de sus sostenedores y combatientes para turbar la paz de los Estados. Así, hoy nadie se asusta, ni debe asustarse, porque alguno se le antoje pedir que se invente una máquina para hacer volar el planeta, si así le parece conveniente, porque en la incesante barahunda en que nuestra actividad intelectual nos sume, todo se oye y todo se permite, y como son tantas y tan encontradas las doctrinas que se predicán, como son tantos los pseudo-profetas, como son tantos los vaticinios, todos estamos convencidos ya de que porque Fulano diga *hache* y Mengano diga *erre*, no se ha de cambiar el curso de los sucesos, obediente y sometido a una ley fatal, sobre la que no influye la vacía y gárrula palabrería de los charlatanes de feria.

Pero si en el orden de los principios y aun en el orden legal es lícito que alcen su voz los malos y los tontos, para poder escuchar la de los buenos y los sabios, no sucede así en el orden práctico de las costumbres, en donde la opinión social constituye un coactivo de más importancia de lo que parece a primera vista.

Lícito es, y permitido, a un hombre censurar los males que a su parecer afligen a su patria; atacar por su base a las instituciones existentes, y predicar el advenimiento de otras más perfectas. La ley no le condenará, y en principio no hará sino usar de un derecho atribuido a su conciencia. Pero ¿cuántas voces no se alzarán contra la suya calumniando su propósito, tachando de impío, de opuesto el inmenso cúmulo de preocupaciones bajo cuyo enorme peso se hallan abrumados la mayoría de los hombres, a sus intentos de reforma y a sus pretensiones de mejoramiento?

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eso al que combate una institución, se le cree movido por algún interés particular. El que niega lo que los demás creen, sólo puede estar inspirado, según algunos, por el interés o por la soberbia.

Aunque todos reconocemos la ley del progreso, es tal nuestro apego a las costumbres, que miramos con ceñuda expresión a todo aquél que pretende interrumpir la monotonía de nuestros hábitos o la uniformidad de nuestras creencias. La risa, el escarnio, el insulto, el anatema, la calumnia, todo se esgrimiría contra él por haber osado profanar con su mirada el arca santa donde se guardaba misteriosamente el decálogo de nuestras convicciones, y haber publicado su descrédito.

El hombre es un animal venenoso. Dejadle seguir en paz su trillado camino; si os oponéis a su paso, os clavará su aguijón.

No hay tarea más ingrata que la del satírico. Su celebridad se verá amargada por la calumnia, su gloria mezclada con la difamación. Los actos de los hombres, sus costumbres, aquello que cae bajo el dominio del moralista y que podemos achacarnos todos, es el punto más sensible de nuestra naturaleza moral, y cada picadura en esa parte, levanta ronchas mortificadoras e irritantes. En resumen, y para expresar gráficamente mi pensamiento, el que toca el sagrado de las creencias y hostiga a los hombres en sus preocupaciones morales, es como el que se acerca a una columna a sacar miel sin ponerse careta.—LCDO. BURBÉGUENA, en "Cadena de Unión," Buenos Aires, R. A.

"La Moral y la Escuela"

Podría decirse que la escuela es el crisol de la conciencia humana; el crisol en que se depuran los instintos para transformarse en las facultades que han de regir luego toda la vida del mundo entero; o la fragua, quizás, en que se templó el carácter, el taller en que se esculpe la personalidad del *homo sapiens*. Y el maestro ideal es un orfebre que modelar; un artista que cincela; Praxitele que labra; Cellini que forja; Rodin que burila.

Los hogares no tienen siempre una atmósfera propicia al desarrollo de individuos buenos; pero el ambiente de la escuela siempre puede saturarse de virtud, oxigenándose con ideales elevados, para crear hombres de bien.

Los padres no son siempre seres cultos, preparados para cincelar en sus hijos espíritus nobles y fuertes en la rectitud y en el deber; pero el maestro puede ser siempre un exponente de cultura, inspirándose en sanos principios, preparado para construir almas robustas con la energía de la bondad incólume.

Por eso es tan difícil hallar la escuela perfecta y encontrar

el perfecto maestro. Y, a pesar de esto, por eso mismo es tan bella la esperanza y es tan lisonjera la promesa del futuro.—DIEGO J. RIVERA, en "Acacia," S. Juan, P. R.

La Mujer Culpable

Sentado en una peña,
inclinado a la tierra el rostro augusto
y los largos cabellos extendidos,
en las arenas dibujaba el Justo
signos desconocidos.

Ante él, el pueblo airado
castigo con furor le demandaba,
contra una mísera mujer impía,
que su terrible ley apedreaba
con bárbara alegría.

La multitud inquieta
las voces con más fuerza repetía;
gime de horror la víctima y de espanto,
y él, inclinada la cabeza en tanto,
a nadie respondía.

Con majestuosa pausa,
al fin, alzando la divina frente,
al pueblo turbulento y agitado
respondióle con voz omnipotente
y rostro sosegado:

"Aquel entre vosotros
"que no tuviere culpa, ni pecado,
"acuse con justicia inexorable,
"y la primera piedra denodado
"arroje a la culpable"...

Avergonzado el pueblo
se alejó, al escucharle, con presteza;
la víctima besó sus pies gimiendo,
y otra vez inclinando la cabeza
siguió el Cristo escribiendo!

—Luisa Pérez de Zambrana.

De Interés para los Filatélicos

Por una carta del conocido publicista español Eduardo Navarro Salvador nos enteramos de que el Domingo 8 de Junio se ha puesto en circulación, con carácter oficial y pleno éxito, en el recinto de la Exposición Ibero-Americana de Sevilla, una preciosa colección de sellos de correos, dedicados a conmemorar el centenario de la muerte del genial pintor y grabador español Francisco de Goya.

Las dos series comprenden los valores corrientes y se destinan a la correspondencia ordinaria, de urgencia y del Correo Aéreo.

Los novísimos sellos se han concedido a la Comisión correspondiente del artístico pabellón "La Quinta de Goya", de la Exposición de Sevilla, y la emisión, por su gran belleza y originalidad, está llamando la atención del público y de los coleccionistas. Los filatélicos del mundo entero están de plácemes.

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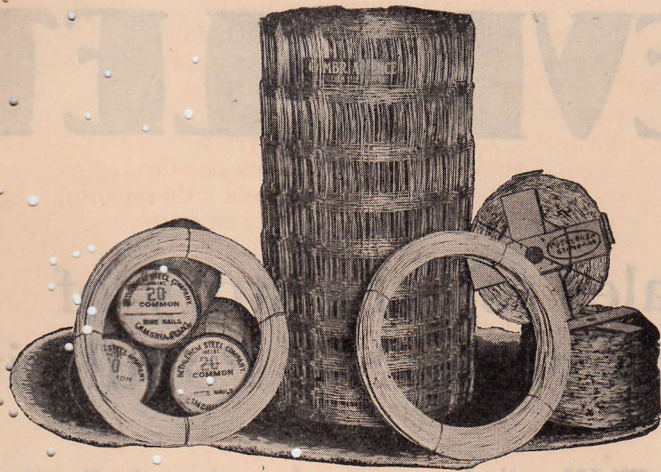
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