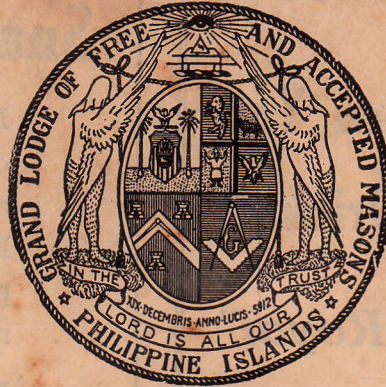


The Cable Tied

Vol. IX

Manila, P. I., June 1, 1931

No. 1



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 LODGES OF THIS JURISDICTION

The "Yes" Man

"What do you think of my plan?" asked he
And said he had come as a friend to me,
And hearing him through,
I said: "Twon't do!
In my opinion it isn't fair,"
And I knew I had lost my friend right there.
I knew by his looks as he went away
I hadn't said what he had wished I'd say.
Came another with friendship's plea.
"What do you think of my plan?" asked he.
"It's fine," said I,
Though I told a lie,
And he shook my hand as he went away,
For I'd said the things he'd wished I'd say,
But I knew I had lost him just the same,
For his plan must fail and I'd get the blame.
Good friend, ask only the truth from me.
My praise I'll give as your worth I see.
But don't seek me out
In your time of doubt
If flattery's all that you care to hear.
If the truth will hurt you, don't come near.
For no friend is he who to please his friend
Says "Yes" to a plan that he can't commend.

—Bennett's Budget.

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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 104 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: Wm. W. Larkin, Grand Master; Isidro Paredes, Deputy Grand Master; Stanton Youngberg, Senior Grand Warden; Manuel Camus, Junior Grand Warden; E. del Rosario Tan Kiang, Grand Treasurer; Newton C. Comfort, Grand Secretary, and Harvey A. Bordner, Grand Lecturer. Grand Lodge meets on the fourth Tuesday of January each year and transacts business in both English and Spanish.

Vol. IX

June 1, 1931

No. 1

Editorial Section

Defections

Masonry is not a thing to be taken up, used for a while, and dropped when a person has derived from it all the benefit, all the advantage that he can draw from it. It is not a servant to be hired and then abandoned to his fate when he has grown gray in our service. It is not a fleeting whim, a pastime. Like honor and friendship, it is something to be cherished, maintained and defended throughout life. The man who drops or abjures Masonry has never been a Mason in his heart because if he had caught the divine spark of the Institution it would never have died in him. With him, the precepts of Masonry are like the seeds that "fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth, and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth: And when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away."

The defection of a member of the Fraternity should be considered as a separation of the chaff from the grain, something natural and unpreventable that occurs for the good of the Order. There should be no hatred or contempt for him who leaves us, because not all hearts and minds are fertile ground for the principles and teachings of our Institution. Masonic charity should prevent recriminations or persecution in such cases so that the separation may not reflect upon the good name of our Institution, the dignity of which must be preserved whatever happens.—L. F

Stirring Up Trouble

There is no being more contemptible than a man who deliberately stirs up trouble, but the individual who creates trouble between nations or races is the most despicable of all. Some do it from thoughtlessness, some from stupidity, some from pure cussedness. The different races have different standards and ideas, and the intolerant person, which is the most likely to make trouble, maintains that the standards and ideas of his own race or people are the only ones worth anything and that all others are wrong and to be looked down upon. Tolerance being one of the chief characteristics of the good Mason, he will never be found among the breeders of mischief and dissension between nations and races, whoever they be. Nothing is so

foreign to Masonry as class and race hatred, and the man who fans these into flame and pours oil on the fire is not worthy of being a Mason.—L. F.

They Shall Not Pass

The self-seeker, the man intent only upon his own interest and advantage, shall not pass the portals of my Lodge.

The insincere and hypocrite, the man who is not to be trusted, shall not pass.

The quarrelsome and easily offended, the domineering and despotic, shall not pass.

The weak and pusillanimous, apt to yield to pressure and temptation and untrustworthy in times that try a man's soul, shall not pass.

The immoral, vicious, and impure of mind shall not pass.

The ignorant and foolish, whose mind is unable to grasp higher things and work seriously and constantly, shall not pass.

With the door of the Lodge guarded by such resolutions, fewer men may enter, but those select few will be a credit to Masonry and their Lodge and we shall have fewer backsliders and renegates, fewer black sheep, and fewer Masonic trials.—L. F.

Peace and Harmony

It is gratifying to see peace and harmony reign supreme in a Lodge. The slightest thing is liable to disturb such a condition in bodies of men who have not the principles and teachings of Masonry to steady and control them. Being taught to apply the compasses when our angry passions are aroused by a fancied or real slight, we Masons are in much less danger of strife and discord in our assemblies than other groups of persons. In fact, dissension cannot exist among us without a serious violation of the tenets of our Institution. The most fruitful sources of dissension in a Masonic Lodge are electioneering and the injection of politics into the Lodge. Another source of danger is the man who always carries a chip on his shoulder. A Masonic Lodge should never admit a man who is known as a stormy petrel, a man who takes offense easily, who picks quarrels, is intolerant of the opinion of others, and is known to be a "knocker."

We are all weak mortals and many of us have a bit of a temper that is apt to play them tricks at times; but if we use that valuable instrument, the compasses, at all times, no discord will ever arise in our midst.—L. F.

Rizal's Birthday

On June 19, 1861, José Rizal was born at Calamba, in the Province of Laguna. His life was a brief but eventful one. Had it not been cut short by his untimely death on December 30, 1896, he would now have reached the three-score and ten years of the psalmist. But—

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

As it was, Rizal's death was well worth the 34 odd years of existence which he would have lived had he died at the age of seventy. As Albert Pike said once, "Nothing in all a man's life, nor all that in his life a man can say or do, is of so great worth to those who outlive him and come after him as his heroic and noble death."

The Great Martyr might not be the idol of the people to-day had he not died for them on the field of Bagumbayan, in the fullness of his popularity. Little suffices to make the crowds who call Hosannah to-day change that cry tomorrow to crucify him!

No wonder that Rizal's birthday is little observed and that homage to his memory is almost entirely confined to December 30th, the anniversary of his death which placed him among the immortals.—L. F.

The Proper Procedure

Some time ago, the Grand Secretary's office received from the Master of a local Lodge a request that assistance in finding employment be extended to a Mason, formerly a member of that Lodge who "had been compelled to resign a month or two before because he had no work." There is evidently something wrong in the conception which the Master and Lodge mentioned have of their duty towards a distressed worthy Brother. To withdraw the privileges of membership from a Mason because he is in distress is, to our way of thinking, unmasonic. When a member applies for a demit because he is out of work and cannot afford to pay his dues for the moment, those dues should be remitted or he should be given further time to pay them. The Lodge is the last group of men on earth which should fail a man when the heavy hand of misfortune is upon him.—L. F.

Our June Number

With this issue, the CABLETOW enters upon its ninth year of existence. Our first issue was dated June 1, 1923. It consisted of 32 pages. On its title-page it bore the square and compass, measuring 6 x 6½ inches. The English and Spanish text were printed in parallel columns, the latter being a translation of the former. The advertisement feature was stressed to the great prejudice of the text. There were more than twice as many advertisements as we are able to secure now. Editorials, Lodge news, and articles were all mixed up and no attempt to arrange them into departments was made. Under "Current Events," extending over three pages, the readers were given the news of the month (non-masonic) in short paragraphs.

Now we offer our readers a number of only 24 pages, with separate and distinct English and Spanish sections. There are less advertisements and more Masonic reading matter. The title-page looks less aggressive, the enormous square and compasses having been replaced by the seal of the Grand Lodge and some cut or poem. The text is arranged in sections and the advertisements do not encroach upon it in an unsightly way. The space is husbanded much more

than it used to be. There are numerous other improvements.

We are proud of the progress that the official organ of our Grand Lodge has made since it was first published. We trust that there will be further advancement and improvement, and hope that during the new CABLETOW year we shall have the full support of our Brethren and Lodges, and that our paper will continue to fill in Masonic journalism the post of honor to which it has attained.—L. F.

Congratulations!

We congratulate Mayon Lodge No. 61, of Legaspi, Albay, upon the tenth anniversary of its constitution. The Lodge was constituted by Most Wor. Bro. Edwin E. Elser, then Grand Master of Masons of the Philippine Islands, on June 2, 1921. May its life be a long and prosperous one!

Editorial Comment and Correspondence

Your Unemployed Brother

The above is the title of an article in the *Scottish Rite Bulletin* of Pueblo, Colo., which is especially timely during the prevailing crisis. The unemployment situation, which is practically non-existent in the Philippines at present, may reach a more acute stage during the year, and the advertisements published in behalf of unemployed Brethren by the CABLETOW have rarely been successful. The article hereunder shows how serious the situation is in the United States and what is liable to happen here.

The average Mason does not hesitate when called upon to contribute funds to the relief of a brother in want. Had you ever stopped to consider that in many instances your financial assistance would have been unnecessary if your "Masonic charity" had been applied in "helping the brother to help himself"? Every self-respecting Mason wants only an opportunity to earn an honest living, but when no work is obtainable and funds are exhausted, is humiliated when he finds it necessary to go to a Masonic lodge or brother Mason for financial help. Our city has been widely advertised during the past year and nothing has apparently been done to absorb the ever increasing number who come in hope of finding employment; or who may have been attracted here by reason of our healthful climate. For the past several months the Scottish Rite Secretary's office has been besieged with hundreds of personal applications for employment from Masons or members of Masonic families; while many others have inquired by letter about the chances for securing employment in our city. To the written inquiry we have replied "do not come unless you have a job to come to". Not all of those applying for employment are qualified, to be sure; however, the list is lengthy and includes many college graduates, people with technical training and thoroughly capable in their respective lines. It is this latter group in which we are interested. Brother Employer, if you are in need of help of any kind, why not give us an opportunity to fill the vacancy? We are *not* running an Employment Bureau but are willing to cooperate with *you* in putting into *practice* the principles of Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth.

Bro. Gilbert Patten Brown

We are indebted to our good Brother, Prof. Gilbert Patten Brown, for two fine articles: one on Paul Revere, which we published in our May number, and one on Robert Burns, which we present to our readers in the present issue. Bro. Brown's vigorous and loving treatment of the subject makes his writings particularly attractive and we like the keynote of intense patriotism in his work. Many thanks, Bro. Brown!

Wor. Bro. Joseph Francis Boomer

On page 7 of this issue our readers will find a most interesting article entitled "Of Accepted Masons," from the pen of our Wor. Bro. Joseph Francis Boomer, Past Master of St. John's Lodge No. 9, of Manila. Many thanks, Bro. Boomer!

Official Section

Grand Lodge Committee for Visiting the Sick

Most Wor. Grand Master W. W. Larkin has appointed Wor. Bros. Paul F. Whitacre (94), Bonifacio N. Ibarrola (14); and Francisco Licuanan (23), to act as Grand Lodge Committee for Visiting the Sick during the month of June, 1931.

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."

W. W. LARKIN, *Grand Master.*

Stated Meetings of Manila Lodges

- June 5 (First Friday).—St. John's No. 9, Masonic Temple; Hiram No. 88, Plaridel Temple.
- June 6 (First Saturday).—Nilad No. 12, Plaridel Temple; Taga-Ilog No. 79, Masonic Temple; Araw No. 18, 527 Alvarado.
- June 8 (Second Monday).—Southern Cross No. 6, Masonic Temple.
- June 9 (Second Tuesday).—Benjamin Franklin No. 94, Masonic Temple.
- June 10 (Second Wednesday).—Bagumbayan No. 4, Masonic Temple.
- June 11 (Second Thursday).—Corregidor No. 3, Masonic Temple; Batong-Buhay No. 27, 527 Alvarado.
- June 12 (Second Friday).—Dapitan No. 21, Plaridel Temple.
- June 13 (Second Saturday).—Biak-na-Bato No. 7, Masonic Temple; Dalisay No. 14, Plaridel Temple; Walana No. 13, Masonic Temple.
- June 18 (Third Thursday).—Solidaridad No. 23, Plaridel Temple.
- June 19 (Third Friday).—Modestia-Liwayway No. 81, Plaridel Temple.
- June 20 (Third Saturday).—Hagdang Bato No. 87, 527 Alvarado; High Twelve No. 82, Masonic Temple.
- July 1 (First Wednesday).—Cosmos No. 8, Masonic Temple; Rizal No. 22, Plaridel Temple.
- July 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.
- July 3 (First Friday).—St. John's No. 9, Masonic Temple; Hiram No. 88, Plaridel Temple.
- July 4 (First Saturday).—Nilad No. 12, Plaridel Temple; Taga-Ilog No. 79, Masonic Temple; Araw No. 18, 527 Alvarado.
- July 6 (First Monday).—Luz Oceánica No. 85, Masonic Temple; Service No. 95, Plaridel Temple.
- July 7 (First Tuesday).—Manila No. 1, Masonic Temple; Kasilawan No. 77, Masonic Temple.
- July 8 (Second Wednesday).—Bagumbayan No. 4, Masonic Temple.
- July 9 (Second Thursday).—Corregidor No. 3, Masonic Temple; Batong-Buhay No. 27, 527 Alvarado.
- July 10 (Second Friday).—Dapitan No. 21, Plaridel Temple.

Addresses Wanted

Will any one knowing the present address of Bro. Carl Meyer Darus (last address Bandoeng, Java) communicate the same to Bro. Candido Fornillos, Secretary, Mount Huraw Lodge No. 98, Catbalogan, Samar, P. I.



News Items



Grand Master to Visit Lodges

Early in June, Most Wor. Bro. William Wiley Larkin, Grand Master of Masons of the Philippine Islands, accompanied by officers of the Grand Lodge, will visit the following Lodges in the Bikol region: Mayon Lodge No. 61, Legaspi, Albay, on June 3rd; Bulusan Lodge No. 38, Sorsogon, Sorsogon, on June 4th, and Isarog Lodge No. 33, Naga, Camarines Sur, on June 5th.

Grand Master Visits Scottish Lodge

On Saturday evening, April 25, 1931, Lodge Perla del Oriente No. 1034, of Manila, on the Rolls of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, celebrated its 23rd anniversary. Most Wor. Bro. Wm. W. Larkin, Grand Master of Masons of the Philippine Islands, honored the Lodge by his visit. The principal speakers of the evening were, besides Most Wor. Bro. Larkin, Wor. Bros. Juan Atayde, Wm. F. Gallin, Bernard H. Brown, and James W. Stevenson.

Death of Mrs. S. R. Hawthorne

On May 11th, last, Mrs. Samuel R. Hawthorne, Worthy Matron of Mayon Chapter No. 1, Order of the Eastern Star, passed away at St. Paul's Hospital after a major operation, at the age of 32 years. Mrs. Hawthorne's beauty and splendid qualities of character had won her a large circle of friends and admirers and the news of her death was received with general regret. Services were held at the Union Church in the afternoon of May 13th, the ritual of the Order of the Eastern Star being used and a short address being made by Rev. Rogers. The church was full to overflowing. Our sympathy is with Bro. Hawthorne, who left for the homeland on the S.S. *President Madison* on May 14th, with the remains of his wife which are to repose in the soil of her home state, California.

Camarines Norte Lodge Materializes

A new Lodge of this Grand Jurisdiction which has been in the offing for some time past has at last materialized: on May 5, 1931, Most Wor. Bro. William Wiley Larkin, Grand Master of the M. W. Grand Lodge of F. & A. M. of the Philippine Islands, signed a dispensation for a new Lodge to be held at Daet, Camarines Norte, in the South of Luzon Island, and to be known as Camarines Norte Lodge. Bro. José Muniain has been designated as Master, Bro. Felipe Fernando as Senior Warden, and Bro. José Santos Seeping as Junior Warden of the new Lodge. Other signers of the petition for a dispensation are Bros. Elmer O. Worrick, Antonio Baltazar, Alfredo Suavillo, Mariano Santaromana, Luis Miguel, Basilio Peña, Gan Bok, Clemente Bernabe, and Tranquilino V. Natera. The petition was dated February 9, 1931, and was favorably indorzed by Isarog Lodge No. 33, of Naga, Camarines Sur.

The advent of Camarines Norte Lodge brings the number of Lodges holding under the Grand Lodge of the Philippine Islands up to 104.

We wish the new Lodge success and prosperity and trust that it will be a credit to the Masonic Fraternity in general and to Philippine Masonry in particular.

Two Service Lodge Members Publicly Honored

It was a rare coincidence—one that should fill the Masons of this Jurisdiction and especially the members of the Lodge concerned with pride—that of the eight members to whom Major General Hanson E. Ely presented the Soldiers' Medal at Governors Island, New York Harbor, on April 21st, last, two were Philippine Masons, both being members of Service Lodge No. 95, of Manila. One won his decoration at the South Pole and the other in China. We copy the following brief paragraphs concerning these Brethren from a New York paper:

- BENJAMIN ROTH, Master Sergeant, Air Corps—For heroism while serving as airplane mechanic with the Byrd expedition. When the Barrier cliff gave way he continued fearlessly to endeavor to save material stored there.
- MAXWELL WEINSTEIN, Bandsman, Fifteenth Infantry—For heroism in entering a burning building and rescuing a woman at Tientsin, China, Feb. 1, 1928.

Masonic Fiction

The Great Hand

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

(Continued)

The Story so far: On the s.s. *Maasland*, en route from Europe to New York, five passengers have formed what they call the Club of the Five to have a good time. They are Guy Galvin, 22, on his way from the Philippines to the United States, to enter Harvard University; Anne de Mézeray, an attractive Belgian girl who is going to the U. S. to marry a man whom she does not love; Berthe Welborn, a beautiful Canadian woman, unhappily married, consumptive, pleasure-loving, but not all bad; Robert Mellinger, an Austrian, who intends to marry Berthe after she has secured a divorce; and Georges St. Clair, a Prussian, ex-army officer, handsome, dissipated, ruined, but about to inherit a fortune. Guy Galvin is the son of an American army officer who has died in the Philippines. Deserted by his mother in his infancy, an attack of bubonic plague at the age of 6 years retarded his mental development for several years. He has caught up, but has remained pure and guileless like a child. Guy is traveling with Santos, an ex-Philippine Scout who considers it his duty to accompany Guy because many years ago Major Galvin asked him, as a Brother Mason, to look after his son. Guy has also become a Mason and has been told by Major Storm, his father's friend, that Masonry will guide and protect him through life like a great hand. He has already been saved from harm by a Brother Mason in Hongkong and has been attracted to Anne de Mézeray by a Masonic pin she wore. On board the *Maasland* Guy has again met beautiful Princess Vorontsov, whom he rescued from thugs in Hongkong. Guy's aims in life are now to find his mother and to marry Anne de Mézeray, who is, however, about to wed another man.

CHAPTER XII.—Guy's First Day in New York

Guy and Santos sat on a bench on Union Square in New York in the afternoon sun, contented to rest and watch the world move by. After the emotions of the morning, the excitement of landing, and the sight-seeing of the day, Guy felt tired and worn. Santos had been watching him for some time and it was he who had suggested a rest on the park bench.

Things had moved rapidly in the morning. Guy had been able to slip into Annie's cabin for a minute to bid the girl good-by. She had clung to him desperately, then she had pushed him away, saying: "Go now, please; forget me and be happy. If you stay a minute longer I shall give in and hate you and myself forever after for it." He had seen her again as she was leaving the ship, accompanied by a distinguished-looking old couple, the friends with whom she was going to stay in New York for some time before proceeding to St. Louis. Princess Vorontsov had made her way through the crowd at the dock to bid him good-by. St. Clair, Mellinger, Berthe and Guy had agreed to meet at a fashionable café at 8 o'clock that evening, for a last cup o' kindness, as Mellinger said.

Guy was stretching himself lazily. "Santos," he yawned, "I was certainly tired and you did just the right thing when you piloted me to this seat. In fact, old fellow, you are taking care of me like the best of nursemaids. I don't know what I would do without you."

Santos smiled. "I told you the only thing for me to do was to go with you to the States," he said. "You still need old Santos to look after you, Guy. But look over there—that fat fellow is staring at us as if he knew us. By George, it is Sergeant Newman who used to be at the post hospital at McKinley."

Excitedly, the two jumped up. A fleshy, prosperous-looking man was coming towards them. The honest, good-natured face, which was of a pronounced Jewish type, was beaming with pleasure.

"Vell, vell, vell, I'll be darned if the world ain't small after all! Who would 'a dreamt of meeting Major Galvin's son on Union Square! You've grown a foot or so, Guy, but it is you all right, boy!"

"Well, Sergeant Newman! It is certainly fine to see you again after all these years. You haven't changed a bit, except that you are a little stouter and a whole lot more prosperous-looking."

After the two got through shaking hands, Newman turned his attention to Santos. "And you, Brother Santos, how 's tricks? I recognized you first. I always look at a Filipino twice when I meet him, because I certainly was happy over in your country, and the moment I saw that mug of yours I said, there's Santos, and where is Guy Galvin, because he must be somewhere near."

There was half an hour's animated conversation on that park bench. Old friends from Fort McKinley and Manila were made to pass in review and Guy was kept busy answering Newman's eager questions. The ex-soldier was pleased to learn that Guy was a Mason.

"God, wouldn't the major be glad if he knew it!" he exclaimed. "He was a wonderful man. When you come to my house to-night you will find the picture which I bummed of him when I left the service, in the place of honor." When Guy told him they were engaged for the evening, Newman's face fell, but he brightened up when the young man promised to accept his invitation for the following day.

"As you are a broker, I shall see you on business tomorrow, and then we can make arrangements for an evening together," Guy said. "I have some mining stock about the sale of which I want to consult you."

The Jew patted his brief-case. "You will find the firm Newman & Goldstein as good as any in this city and more honest than most. So long, then; I'll see you again tomorrow."

At eight o'clock that evening, Guy met Mellinger and Berthe at the café where they had agreed to meet. Berthe was radiant with beauty. Mellinger was dressed in a tuxedo of not the most modern cut and Guy noticed to his great astonishment that he was wearing a masonic button.

"Why, Robert," he said, "I did not know that you were a Mason."

The Austrian was embarrassed. He looked in the direction of Berthe, who was busy with her vanity case, then he bent towards Guy and whispered: "I did not want you to know, Guy. You are so young and full of illusions, and as my relations with Berthe are known to you I thought I had better keep silent. I neglected to remove that button."

"There is Georges!" exclaimed Berthe, jubilantly, snapping her vanity case shut.

St. Clair was an elegant figure in his well-fitting evening clothes but his face was flushed and his prominent blue eyes were slightly watery as they used to become when he had been drinking.

"Good evening, all of you," he said. "I won't even sit down, friends. We are not going to stay here; I have ordered supper somewhere where we can have any kind of wine we want. This place is too dry. Down with prohibition! Rejoice with me, my friends: Georges St. Clair will no longer travel second class—my brother's will was opened this afternoon and there is a quarter of a million dollars for me, the black sheep of the family who expected to get next to nothing!"

Berthe sprang up with sparkling eyes. "That is splendid, Georges! How I envy you! What is it that money won't buy and do?"

St. Clair accepted the congratulations with a fatuous smile. Guy again felt sorry for Mellinger when he saw that Berthe's most dazzling smiles were now for the German. In the elegant limousine in which they went to the resort where they were to have supper, Berthe put her head against St. Clair's shoulder, stretching herself like a kitten and purring with contentment. It was almost anger against her that filled the young man's heart. "That green-eyed Canadian lynx", he murmured, looking at her. She caught his glance.

"I shall sit with Guy for a while," she announced, as she rose and took her place by the side of the young man, snuggling up against him.

"Put your arm around me, *chéri*," she said, coaxingly. The green eyes looked deep into Guy's and her warm breath fanned his cheek. "Don't be angry with me, dear," she whispered. "Don't spoil our last evening together. That is better; I thought I could wipe that frown off your face, bad boy!"

Guy smiled back at the beautiful woman by his side; somehow, his anger had evaporated.

CHAPTER XIII.—*The Lynx*

To his astonishment, Guy found wine in profusion on the table at the road-house to which St. Clair took them. He hesitated to drink because he had been taught to obey the law of the land, and this brazen violation of it went against his grain.

St. Clair laughed when the young man made a remark in this sense.

"Aren't you a baby, Guy! The way laws are made in this country is an outrage and you can't blame the people for disobeying them as they do. Talk about the land of liberty—pshaw! Come on, drink heartily; remember that I have invited you to celebrate my good fortune and that Robert's 'Mother Care' is banished from this table. Come on, be a sport!"

Guy drank in order not to spoil the enjoyment of the others; but he despised himself for doing it. St. Clair drank sparingly; Mellinger's glass was filled three times to his one.

St. Clair and Berthe were gay and happy, and at last Berthe's brilliant wit and the German's funny stories broke down Guy's defences and he laughed with them. Mellinger joined in the mirth only from time to time.

Berthe finished her demi-tasse and pushed away her cup of benedictine untasted. "How about dancing?" she suggested. St. Clair rose eagerly and Mellinger got up also, though somewhat unsteadily.

There was an amused, almost contemptuous flicker in Berthe's green eyes as they swept over the two men. "I can hardly dance with you both at once," she said. "Listen: I have three dances to give this evening. The first shall be for the host and the second for Robert. The third I shall sit out in some cozy corner, away from the rest, with Guy, who does not yet dance well enough to take me on the floor. *Viens, Georges!*"

Mellinger ordered another drink after Berthe and her partner had joined the dancers, followed by many admiring glances.

"He can dance; I grant him that," muttered Mellinger, through his teeth. He reached for his glass.

"I say, Robert, hadn't you better lay off on this?" suggested Guy, almost timidly.

Mellinger turned towards him with a scowl, then his expression changed to one of affection. "You are a good kid, Guy, God bless you! But you are only a boy and don't understand. I see my finish and I don't think another drink will hurt me." He tossed off the contents of his glass and set it down. When Berthe and St. Clair returned, Mellinger declared that he did not feel like dancing. A smile and a shrug of the shoulders were Berthe's answer. St. Clair turned towards Berthe. "Then I shall have another dance, yes?" he asked, eagerly.

The young woman shook her head. "I don't know why, but you two men disgust me to-night. Come, Guy, let us sit out the dance I promised you. That will give the others a chance to drink."

Guy found seats in a cozy nook protected by potted palms, and there Berthe and he sat down. The young woman handed him her fan.

"Put your arm there, behind me, and fan me, *chéri*," she purred, comfortably, raising her eyes to his. "You are not a bit affectionate—what are you thinking of now?"

Guy hesitated a moment, then he answered, abruptly: "To be frank, Berthe, I was thinking how much you are

like a lynx."

The young woman looked at him as if she did not believe her ears, then she paled under her rouge. The shaft had gone home.

"Oh, Guy! that from you!" she said, reproachfully.

Guy shook off the hand which she laid on his arm. "No, Berthe, don't keep me from saying what is filling my heart. Don't you realize what you are doing to Robert, Berthe? I may be a kid and all sorts of a fool; but I can see that the poor fellow is desperate. He has sacrificed much for you because he worships the ground you are walking on. And you—Berthe, remember, Robert is true gold while St. Clair—"

"Has the gold," finished the young woman, flippantly, as she took from her silver case a Turkish cigarette and prepared to light it. Then she looked at Guy.

The young man had been shocked unspeakably by Berthe's remark and looked reproachfully at his companion. For a moment there was silence. With a sigh, the young woman tossed away cigarette and match, then, impulsively, she took Guy's face between her hands and looked deep into his eyes. Her own slowly began to fill with tears. At last she said, softly:

"Hate me, dear; I deserve it. But I shall always think of you with love, and if I ever pray again in my life it shall be to ask the Almighty never to let you fall into the hands of a woman like me."

She pressed her feverish lips against his and then rose, dabbing her eyes with a wisp of a handkerchief.

"Don't mind me, *chéri*," she said, attempting a smile. "Now that we have mooned together long enough, let us go back to those two males at the table before they get too drunk to be amusing."

CHAPTER XIV.—*Bad News*

Guy and Santos occupied a room in a lodging house in the city. It was two o'clock in the morning when Guy, returning, cautiously opened the door, but Santos had not yet arrived. Guy was a sound sleeper, and when he awoke at seven, he looked over towards Santos' bed which was now occupied. The condition of the face of the Filipino and of his clothes which hung over the chair near his bed showed that he had been in some fracas. As Guy rose, Santos opened his eyes.

"Good morning," he said, stretching himself. "I am a sight, am I not?"

Guy looked at him reprovingly. "Santos, I did not think that of you! Sergeant Santos drunk and disorderly—wouldn't that look fine on your record?"

Santos blinked his eyes and grinned. "Not guilty," he said. "I was not drunk at all. That countryman of mine who invited me to the party last night simply made a mistake. They started by letting me win some money, but I found out that the cards were fixed before my luck had turned. When I told them about it, they would not let me leave with my winnings. I left after I had knocked out five of them. Golly, that was a fight, Guy; I wish you could have seen it! I have come out twenty dollars to the good; but look what they did to my coat!"

Guy laughed. "Serves you right for gambling and fighting. What is your program for the morning, Santos?"

"I would like to get another hour or two of sleep, then I am going to mend and fix my coat. And you must also have your dress suit cleaned and pressed, Guy; there is face-powder all over the front and sleeve. And you had better get rid of those lip-stick marks on your face, too."

"Damn you, Santos, you are too observing. All right; I'll have my bath, a shave, and breakfast, and then I am going to see Sergeant Newman. You just roll over and go to sleep, old man."

It was nearly eleven o'clock when the young man arrived at the office of Newman & Goldstein. The ex-sergeant's face was beaming with pleasure.

"All right, Guy," he said, "let us get rid of the business first and then make arrangements for the afternoon. Mrs. Newman is crazy to meet you. Let us see those stock certificates. That's a good company, Guy." Turning the certificate over, Newman looked at the indorsement. His face fell. "Come here, Abe," he called out to a wizened-looking clerk who was standing at a desk, writing in a thick volume. "What do you think of that?"

The old man held the paper close to his eyes, then he handed it back to Newman, slowly shaking his head. "The certificate is all right but the indorsement is phony," he said. "Which means that those bonds were stolen and the thief unloaded them onto some sucker. Why don't you telephone over to the company? Their central office is on Broadway."

Guy had been listening to the conversation with growing alarm. Drops of perspiration began to appear on his forehead and he gazed anxiously at his friend. Newman looked unhappy.

"It looks, queer, Guy, very queer. I am going to telephone over to the Caledonia Copper Company right now. May be it is not so bad after all."

After five minutes' conversation at the telephone, Newman turned towards the young man. "They are looking over their records, Guy. How much money did you say you had in these shares?"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars—all I have in the world."

"Oi, oi, oi, that is too bad. Here they are back on the line again. Yes, this is Newman.—Stolen, you say, when they held up the Western Express, five years ago, and cancelled? A dead loss for the poor young chap who bought them, of course? Well, I'll be damned!"

Guy felt sick and faint for a moment. Newman stepped towards him, looking alarmed, but Guy raised his head, proudly.

"I am all right, Mr. Newman. I shall have to give up college and go to work, that is all."

The Jew looked at Guy admiringly. "That is fine, kid; take it standing up like the thoroughbred you are! Remember, as long as I have a cent to my name, you and Santos needn't worry."

Guy pressed Newman's hand vigorously. "Thank you, Brother Newman. A Mason to the rescue! It is worth while losing all you have to find such friends. But I think Santos and I shall manage somehow."

CHAPTER XV.—*The Bride*

The train was rolling into the suburbs of St. Louis. Anne de Mézeray looked out into the gray morning and shivered when she saw the squalor and dirt of the negro huts. She had had a wretched night and was in an anything but happy frame of mind. Walter Turner, her fiancé, had telegraphed that the date of the wedding would have to be advanced three days and she had been compelled to cut her stay in New York short. This was her wedding day and in a few moments she would meet her intended though she did not feel fit to meet anybody. The mirror of her vanity case showed her a drawn, pale face and the hand that held it shook. The Pullman car porter noticed it.

"You don't look well, ma'am," he said, approaching. "Caint I do anything at all for you, ma'am?"

The girl shook her head. "No, thank you," she said; "I'll be all right in a minute."

As she descended the steps of the sleeping-car, half dazed by the noise and turmoil of the station, she found herself looking into a familiar face. It was a handsome face, but the lines about the mouth betrayed weakness and, perhaps, vice. Then came recognition.

"Walter! I did not know you at first. Why, you have shaved off your beard!"

The man kissed the girl on the cheek and took her hand bag. "Well, you ought to be happy," he said. "You have asked me often enough to remove it."

"But Walter, I did not know that it would—"

"Disguise me so that you wouldn't know me? Well, it makes me look younger, doesn't it?"

The girl followed the man with sinking heart. She could not explain that the Van Dyke, ugly as it had always seemed to her, had been an effective disguise for the weak chin and cruel lines about the mouth that had made her abhor Walter Turner at school.

"But why that sudden change in the date of our wedding?"

"It was necessary: that is all I can tell you now," Turner said, rather peevishly. Noticing the disturbed expression in her face, he changed his tone.

"Dearest, since I wrote you last many things have happened which have made this necessary. I shall explain later. Now please follow me. My car is parked about a block from the depot. It is a borrowed one; I had to sell mine."

"Are we not going to get my baggage first?"

"No, we must leave it at the station; we are going to leave for California right after the wedding."

"What? Have they given you a vacation?"

"A vacation? not much—not that outfit! The sack—that is what they have given me. We had a disagreement and they canned me. But I have excellent prospects in California and that is where we are going."

"Why did you not let me know?"

The man was evidently about to give a sharp answer, but he thought better of it. They were passing through the large waiting-room. Facing his betrothed, Turner looked at her, appraising her trim, neat figure and the sweet face with the tempting lips. Had the girl seen it, the light in his eyes would have repelled her. He led her to a seat.

"Come, let us sit down a moment, darling," he said, gently. "I have had bad luck and I would have telegraphed you if I had not known that it would make you come only the quicker. You are not the kind of a girl who will turn a man down when he has had one piece of bad luck after another and doesn't know what is coming next. I have made an enemy in the firm and he has not only made me lose my position but has rendered it practically impossible for me to stay in this city. If you abandoned me now I might as well blow out my brains because there would not be anything to live for."

The man was not mistaken. A scoundrel generally knows that with a woman an appeal to compassion and the motherly instinct is apt to be successful. The girl's resentment disappeared. She rose.

"Walter", she said. "I am all unstrung and weary and you must not mind me. Let us get this thing over with. I feel I cannot stand much more." And with a determined expression on her face she followed the man through the crowd.

CHAPTER XVI.—*The Great Hand at Work.*

Mrs. Johnston's boarding house to which Walter Turner took his bride was a ramshackle frame building with no pretense to art or beauty. The guests being of the kind that does not look for culture but for comfort and good food, which Mrs. Johnston provided, she always had a full house. On their arrival at the place, Anne de Mézeray and her fiancé were received by Mrs. Johnston in person. The look which the landlady gave Turner was not a friendly one; but the scowl on her face disappeared the moment she saw the sweet, attractive face of the girl with him.

"Bless your heart, so you are going to be married to-day," she exclaimed, after the introduction. "That is a serious step, honey, very serious. I ought to know. Come into my room, dear; you can have a few moments' rest there and fix yourself up for the wedding while Mr. Turner is getting ready in his own room."

The young girl felt listless and forlorn after the good-hearted Irishwoman had left her. She sank into a rocking-chair, exhausted. She was glad to be alone. Anne de

Mézeray had always loved the intimacy of her cozy little room at home. After to-day, there would be no privacy for her, neither day nor night. She would be compelled to share everything with the man to whom she would soon be tied by shackles forged by the law and religion and whom she would probably despise all her life.

The girl shuddered. There was no way out of it now. She would have to go through with it. Despairingly, she pressed her handkerchief against her mouth and tore the lace of it with her teeth. It never occurred to her that she could still withdraw; her only idea was to get it all over with as quickly as possible.

She rose and stepped to the mirror. With deft hand she arranged her abundant hair, coiled coquettishly on the proud head. A touch here and there with the powder puff—Annie used neither rouge nor a lip-stick—did the rest. She was presentable, she decided. She was going to be married as she stood there, in her simple traveling dress.

Resolutely, the young girl stepped out into the drawing-room. She found Mrs. Johnston engaged in conversation with a stout gentleman who had evidently just arrived.

"If you have come to attend the wedding, you come just in time," the landlady was saying. "Mr. Turner is upstairs in his room, getting ready, and the bride is dressing in my room. Ah, there she is."

The stout gentleman rose and held out his hand.

"Miss de Mézeray, you remember me, don't you?"

"Why, Mr. Moller, my fellow-passenger on the 'Maasland'. How do you do? I am glad to see you again."

Moller's eyes were full of pity as he looked at the charming face before him. Once or twice he cleared his throat, then he said:

"Poor girl, I wish I could have spared you this. I have come for no other purpose than to stop this wedding." With nervous hand, the visitor drew a silk handkerchief from his pocket and mopped his brow. The girl looked at him beseechingly.

"Tell me everything, Mr. Moller," she said, firmly. "I shall not scream nor faint, and I know I can trust you."

Moller looked relieved. "Thank God you take it that way, madam. Ah, there is Turner; I prefer to say it in front of him."

The groom was entering the drawing-room at that moment, dressed elegantly in a well-tailored traveling suit. He looked handsome and well pleased with himself; but when he perceived the visitor, he became deathly pale. For a moment or two he stood motionless; only his fingers kept twitching nervously and his lips were trembling.

Moller was looking stern as he faced the other man.

"I have come to stop this marriage, Turner. There is a law against marrying when you have a lawful wife living, you know. When I left for Europe three months ago, I heard about your bragging that you were going to marry a pretty girl in Belgium who was going to inherit a fortune from a miserly old uncle. I had never heard of your marriage to that waitress in Illinois being dissolved and I was wondering. Well, on my way back I met this young lady here and the pin she wore told me that I had certain duties towards her. I therefore went to the trouble of hunting up that woman you married, and I learned that the marriage had never been dissolved. Not only that: she told me stories about you, Turner, that filled me with disgust, and she assured me that she would not live with you again for a million."

"He is lying! Don't believe a word of it!" Turner almost shrieked.

The veins on the forehead of the big man began to swell and his voice sounded ominous as he growled: "Never mind, Turner. Talk till you are black in the face, but listen to this: I have friends in the prosecuting attorney's office and unless you are gone by noon there will be a warrant served on you for that Joplin affair. Then there is that business in Illinois, too. Will you go or must I telephone to the police?"

The keen gray eyes under the bushy brows were too much for the other man. His eyes shifted.

"All right, have it your way," he snarled. "I am going. Anne—"

Moller raised his hand. "Not a word to that young lady!" he warned. "Rid her of your presence, you crook, and be quick about it or I'll break every bone in your body!"

When Turner had disappeared, the big man turned towards the girl who was hiding her face in her hands, shaken with sobs. Laying his hand on her shoulder, he said, soothingly:

"Come, come, girl. Brace up; it is all over. If you are willing, I shall take you over to East St. Louis to my old mother. She is a dear old lady; you can stay with her until you have recovered from this shock and know what to do."

The girl rose. Pale, with dry eyes and tightly closed lips, she faced Moller.

"Thank you, Mr. Moller," she said, gratefully. "I shall go with you."

(To be continued)

Pieces of Architecture

Of Accepted Masons

By JOSEPH FRANCIS BOOMER, P. M.

One of the first questions that occur to the minds of neophytes in Masonry concerns the two qualifying words which help to make up the name of the craft. Why are Masons called "*free and accepted*?"

The best sources of information on the subject indicate that the first of these two qualifying words was originally used as a descriptive term to differentiate the members of the craft from other workers in stone and mortar who were not free. The word was first used, we are told, in an age when serfs were bound to the soil and artisans were little more than bond-servants, hedged about with all manner of restrictions and confined within the limits of their own particular communities. The members of the craft making up the *cathedral builders*, in distinction from those artisans who made up the guilds of workers in stones and mortar and were subject to the restraints which surrounded all the other artisans of the age, were *free*. They were at liberty to come and go as the exigencies of cathedral building might require. They were as free as the missionaries of the church and might pass national boundaries with as little restriction. In this connection it may be remarked that liberty and Masonry have had a long and close association. No one can say precisely at what time the term *free* became a part of the name of the craft.

The same thing may be said of the term *accepted*. The word was first used to describe a speculative Mason as distinct from an operative Mason, at a time when both kinds were known in the same lodge. It is difficult for modern Masons to realize that there was a long period of time when Lodges were made up of certain members who actually worked with stone and mortar and of certain members who knew nothing about the actual use of the square, plumb-line and compass, but were well-skilled in the symbolic use of those tools of the mason's trade.

Because Masonry is, today, purely and simply a progressive moral science, most of its initiates do not inquire when and how it became such, but rather assume that it was organized in its beginning in the same form and character which it sustains today. To the person who is interested in knowing how institutions grow, the origin and development of Masonry offers a most fascinating study. Indeed such a study, in addition to furnishing an interesting exploration into the history of one of the oldest institutions of civilization, throws a great deal of light upon the nature of man. For when one discovers how one of the most fundamental and material of human occupations has been

gradually spiritualized through the ages and, in the course of time, changed into a purely metaphysical institution devoted to the study and application of moral philosophy, he is irresistibly drawn to the conclusion that the unseen and intangible forces in human life are, after all, the most powerful, and most essential, and come the nearest to answering the age-old question of the whence, the whither and the why. We shall never know, this side of the invisible world, the ultimate purpose of this transformation, but we can trace very easily the steps by which it came to its present stage.

We know that from the beginning and through countless generations, in every civilized land, the trade of a mason was associated closely with the expression of man's religious nature. The first stone shaped and put into place by the hand of man probably was shaped and adjusted to form an altar. The first altar was probably found ready to hand, in the form of some projecting rock. But when a sense of symmetry impelled some individual man to break off some superfluous part of that rock the mason's trade began. The crude altar thus formed was used by the first mason to offer up his devotions to the Great Architect of the Universe, of whose existence and nature he conceived as vaguely as he sensed the outlines of beauty in the stone out of which he shaped his altar. As the altar developed in elaborateness and beauty and expanded into a temple, the trade of the mason became more and more highly specialized, and drew to itself the most original minds and skillful hands of every age. The workers in stone and mortar planned and built the altars and temples of religion from age to age, because those altars and temples were built of the materials with which these workers had to do. It was inevitable, therefore, that these workers in stone and mortar, in the course of time, should become impregnated with the ideas and aspirations given form and expression upon the altars and through the temples built by them. It was inevitable, also, that these ideas in the mind of the worker in stone and mortar should take a quality different from that imparted to them in the mind of the priest who officiated at the altar and presided in the temple. The worker handling the hard facts of stone and mortar had the surest touch with God's world in all its forms and aspects. While the priest accumulated a great body of dogma, more or less vaguely related to practical affairs and often as hazy and instable as the smoke that ascended from the altar; the worker as he grew more and more specialized, became the repository of a vast body of technical knowledge and skill, inseparably articulated with an extensive system of nonsectarian moral philosophy. While the priest saw the altar and the temple from within, the builder saw them both within and without, and was, therefore, the better able to understand the relation of the Great Architect to the Universe that came from His hand.

Naturally, as the work of the builder became highly specialized, a long apprenticeship under the tutelage of skilled craftsmen became necessary to everyone who would

adopt the trade of a mason. This specialization naturally set the operative masons apart as a distinct group, as definitely differentiated from the ordinary man as was the priesthood itself. While the priesthood was the custodian of the dogmas of religion; the builders, whether it was the ancient order of *Dionysian Artificers*, the Roman *College of Architects*, the *Comacine Masters* or the more recent *Cathedral Builders*, became the possessors of an enormous volume of technical knowledge and skill unknown to their neighbors, as well as the repository of a progressive moral science including wise and serious truths relating to the sublime and beautiful in God's world. Such a group of men in any community, set apart from other men by the very nature of things, could not help but lay down rules and regulations for themselves and become an organic body.

By the very facts which set them apart from other men, the members of these organic bodies of builders could not do otherwise than regard their work as having two aspects—literal and symbolic, practical and spiritual, operative and speculative. And we have every reason to know that as their operative work progressed from the rude altar stone to the highly organized cathedral of surpassing beauty, so their speculative work developed from the first taboo of the primitive savage to a system of moral science embracing at the same time, rectitude of personal conduct and a spiritual comprehension of the sublime and beautiful, that challenged the admiration and provoked the envy of philosophers and churchmen, of scholars and men of affairs.

Naturally, as the cathedral building centuries came to a close, the interest in the practical side of the builders' organizations declined but the interest in the philosophic side increased and expanded. That is to say, operative Masonry decreased while speculative Masonry increased. At that time the members of the craft might properly have been referred to as Free Masons. The members of the craft were both operative and speculative Masons. But the Masonic organizations of the period, as we know, began to attract men interested intensely in the speculative side of Masonry, but ignorant entirely of its declining operative side. Scholars, churchmen, philosophers, and virtuous and intelligent men in all walks of life knocked at the doors of Masonic organizations, and there came a time when they were admitted. These men not being actual workers in stone and mortar—not being masons, in short, yet were *accepted* as masons. It therefore came about, that for a long period of time, lodges were made up of two classes of members, namely, those who were masons in fact and those who were *accepted* as masons; that is to say members who were both operative and speculative, and members who were speculative only.

In the process of time, operative Masonry faded out of the picture leaving the body of speculative Masonry that has come down to us. During the same time, the term *accepted* which began as a merely descriptive adjective to designate one class of members in a Lodge became assimilated as part of the name of the craft.

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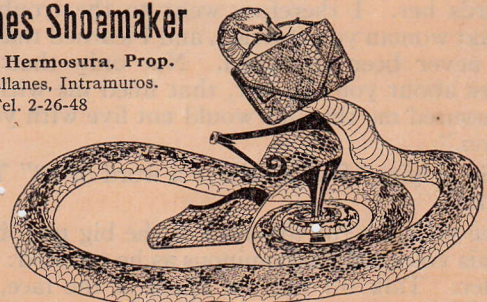
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The Last Word in Robert Burns

By PROFESSOR GILBERT PATTEN BROWN, Ph.D., LL.D.
(*American Genealogist and Biographic Writer.*)

This old world of ours has not yet forgotten Nature's Sweetest Bard and fair Scotland's greatest son; nor will it while the stars above us shine. That noble peasant who came out from behind the plough on the mountain side stood unabashed in the presence of royal splendor, for he felt that

"The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that."

And now among the most welcome books coming to my busy desk to be reviewed is "The Life of Robert Burns," by Catherine Carswell, New York: Harcourt, Brace. It is truly a cleverly written work on the Master Poet and Master Mason and deserves the attention of the reading public. Yes, my fond and fraternal reader, it is astonishing to observe how almost always that "breath and finer spirit of all knowledge," which Wordsworth declared poetry to be, slips through the fingers of the biographer. Readers of Maurois's "Ariel," whether they admired or resented the clever Frenchman's portrait of Shelley the man and the lover, were at one in holding that the book did not show us Shelley the poet. The same strictures hold good of various biographies sounder and more serious than M. Maurois's.

They hold good of Mrs. Carswell's new life of Burns. Burns the peasant, the lover, the good fellow, the farmer dogged by misfortunes, the prodigy petted and patronized by the élite of Edinburgh, the exciseman—this Burns is here, drawn firmly and at full length. But Burns the poet somehow eludes the grasp. Mrs. Carswell would plead that she, a Scotswoman, is writing for Scots and that in their estimation Burns does not need her advocacy. For that matter, he does not need her advocacy in the estimation of the world beyond Scotland, though his fellow-countrymen have always held that outer world was unable to appreciate their national poet.

But the very fact that he is undoubtedly a national poet makes it the more necessary to relate his poetry to the poetic tradition of his nation. For Burns is not so much the herald of Romanticism (that place belongs equally to Blake and Chatterton) as he is the flaming sunset of a long tradition. The old "makers," the nameless singers of the seventeenth century, Ramsay and Ferguson, these form the line which culminates in Robert Burns. By implication at least, Mrs. Carswell says as much; but the point is one that needs emphasis, and for this reason one can, we think, learn more about the essential Burns in President William Allan Neilson's simple little book, "Burns: How to Know Him," than in this ambitious biography.

If, however, we wish to know not so much about the poetry as about the stuff out of which the poetry was made,

then Mrs. Carswell gives us good measure. She knows intimately the Ayrshire country and villages and towns; she has made independent and careful study of the abundant documents; she is so conscientious as to risk wearying her readers with detailed analyses of episodes of fleeting love affairs and pathetically petty financial dealings; she is even brave enough not to pass lightly over the Sylvander-Clarinda correspondence carried on so affectedly and verbosely by the poet and Mrs. McLehose. And she has the great merit of being thoroughly in sympathy with her subject.

The biographer of Burns has to decide on many occasions between rival interpretations of the evidence. That some of these occasions are trivial is not excuse for shirking the duty to come to a decision. Mrs. Carswell does not shirk her duty; but the desire to keep her pages free from controversial matter has led her to adopt the plan of stating her own conclusions from evidence that is sometimes contradictory. It is, of course, her right to interpret the evidence according to her own best judgment, but her book would have been of far more value had she set forth the evidence so that her reader could check it up for himself. To have done so would not necessarily have clogged her pages with controversy; such matter could have been thrown into footnotes or, still better, have been indicated in a bibliography. This kind of book stands in absolute need of at least a modicum of bibliographical apparatus; and this Mrs. Carswell does not supply.

For the rest, the narrative is firmly taken in hand from the period of Burn's father's hard and struggling youth. The touch is almost masculine in its strength, and the sympathy, too, is masculine. One is reminded that the best biography of Byron, a poet who has more than a little in common with Burns, is the work of a woman. Mrs. Carswell has written the best biography of Burns, better than any other because freer from prejudice and cant. But this is not to say that her book could not be improved. It could be improved by severe pruning in some places, by the addition of a chapter or group of chapters on Burns's poetry, and by a scholarly exposition of the evidence, manuscript and in print, upon which the narrative is based.

Mrs. Carswell has of course left out the Masonic side of the poet. Like all real philosophers he was not a creed-monger or a race-egoist. He loved the fine things of life. Our Brother was ushered into mortality in a small mud-walled cottage at Ayr, January 25, 1759, son of William Burness and his spouse Agnes Brown (a daughter of Gilbert Brown), and died at Dumfries on July 21, 1796. On July 4, 1784, he received his first Masonic light in St. James Lodge of Tarbolton. He in due time was made a Royal Arch Mason—no fee, "gratis", too. Robert Burns loved many ladies—but unwisely. A poet is always an ardent lover, and Burns was truly a master poet. Burns' virtues

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outweighed his mistakes in life. He finally married one of the girls he loved most dearly. Jean Armour made him a good wife, too. Her father, too, was a master farmer and Master Mason (History tells of them further).

Under every Grand Lodge in the world there should be at least one Lodge named in honor of Robert Burns, who taught the world the difference between creed and religion. He loved a religious man but hated a bigot. What a lesson we here have as Masons in these aggressive times!

Englewood Cliffs, N. J., U. S. A., March 25, 1931.

Book Reviews

The Lost Keys of Freemasonry or The Secret of Hiram Abiff.—By Manly P. Hall. Fourth Revised Edition, brought out by the Macoy Publishing and Masonic Supply Company, 35 West 32nd Street, New York, 1931. 5x7 $\frac{1}{4}$ in., 128 pages, 7 illustrations. Bound in blue cloth, \$1.10, postpaid.

The average Mason who is studiously inclined welcomes a book like *The Lost Keys of Freemasonry* which, though scholarly written, is couched in clear, simple language and brings at the same time enlightenment and inspiration. Bro. Hall's book is not unknown to the Masonic world. Eighteen thousand copies of it have already been printed and have created a constant demand which this revised and rearranged Fourth Edition is for the time being to satisfy. A reading of the little volume will fully explain the reason for this demand. The author presents the progress of the initiate, the Hiramic Legend, and the quest for the Lost Word in such a way that the reader's interest never lags. The chapter "The Priest of Ra" portrays an initiation in the Ancient Mysteries of Egypt, and the "Addenda," entitled "The Robe of Blue and Gold" and "The Emerald Tablet of Hermes," brief though they are, are rich in symbolism. Throughout the work runs the conception of the author that "Freemasonry is not a material thing; it is a science of the soul; it is not a creed or doctrine but a universal expression of the Divine Wisdom." He believes that Masons "are (or should be) philosophers, sages, and sober-minded individuals who have vowed by all they hold dear that the world shall be better, wiser, and happier because they have lived."

Questions and Answers

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

502.—I have heard it asserted that in this Jurisdiction the use by clubs, etc., of the title "Masonic" is prohibited unless authorized by the Grand Lodge. I can find nothing of this kind in the Constitution. Can you enlighten me on this subject?

Answer.—In his message, delivered on January 26, 1926, M. W. Bro. C. W. Rosenstock, Grand Master of Masons of the Philippine Islands, recommended that "No society, club, or organization of any kind, even though it be composed entirely of Masons, should include the word "Masonic" in its name without authority from this Grand Lodge." This recommendation was adopted by the Grand Lodge which makes it law in this Grand Jurisdiction. (See Proceedings, 1926, pp. 20, 56, 58.)

503.—What is the "Inner Guard" I see mentioned in one of Kipling's stories? Is it a Blue Lodge officer?

Answer.—In Lodges of the English system, the Inner Guard is an officer whose duties are somewhat like those of our Junior Deacon. The Inner Guard is a subordinate officer attached to the Junior Warden, who admits visitors, receives candidates, and obeys the orders of the Junior Warden. There is no such officer in the American Lodges.

504.—Is it obligatory for my Lodge to pay its indebtedness for the Masonic Home Fund quota, amounting to over 1900 pesos?

Answer.—To be sure it is.

In January, 1923, the members of the Grand Lodge pledged the Lodges of this Grand Jurisdiction to raise a sum equal to ten pesos per member, to be added to the Masonic Home, School and Dormitory Fund. As Grand Master C. W. Rosenstock said very well in his "Message to the Grand Lodges of this Grand Jurisdiction" published in THE CABLETOW of December, 1925 (Vol. III, page 178):

... strictly speaking, every member was then called upon to contribute ten pesos to his Lodge in order that the same might deliver its full quota to the Grand Secretary by Saint John the Baptist's Day, the 24th of June, 1924. . . The legality of the resolution has not been questioned, nor can it be. The Grand Lodge is made up of its subordinate Lodges and, when in session, it forms a convention of those subordinate Lodges. It can not be conceived that Masons would meet and pass resolutions to support an institution for the benefit of Masonic widows and orphans, without carrying them into effect. . . The contribution pledged was, strictly speaking, to be a contribution by the Lodges and not by the individual members. It is therefore to the Lodges that the Grand Lodge must look for the redemption of the pledge taken in January, 1923. A number of loyal Lodges have come forward and have paid their quota in full. The Grand Lodge has a right to expect all Lodges to do this. And what is more, it has the right to insist upon the remaining Lodges redeeming their pledge. A Lodge that can not live up to its financial obligations has no more right to exist than a commercial house unable to do so.

Freemasonry No Reformatory

In no sense is Freemasonry to be looked upon as a reformatory institution. The remark is frequently made concerning petitioners that Masonry will help them to a better life. All this is true but experience has proven that the most expensive thing that Freemasonry has ever done has been to take a man with wayward tendencies and to try and make a Mason out of him. It is a pretty well established fact that a man has to have some Masonry in him before he ever becomes a Mason.—*Illinois Freemason.*

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T. G. HENDERSON, Proprietor



Our Dead

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away
And then we call them "dead."

—Anon.

Brother Everett Roscoe Wilson.
Member of Manila Lodge No. 1.
Died at Fairmont, West Virginia, on January 27, 1931.

Brother Clayton John Young.
Member of Manila Lodge No. 1.
Died at Naperville, Illinois, on February 28, 1931.
Buried in Rosehill Cemetery, Chicago, under the
auspices of Sincerity Lodge No. 982.

Wor. Brother Fermin Paz.
Past Master of Silañaganan Lodge No. 19, Pasig, Rizal.
Died on April 23, 1931.
Buried at Pililla, Rizal, under the auspices of his Lodge,
on May 3, 1931.

Brother Melquiades T. Adre.
Member of Pinagsabitan Lodge No. 26, Sta. Cruz,
Laguna.
Died at the San Juan de Dios Hospital, Manila, on
April 24, 1931.
Buried under the auspices of his Lodge at Pañgil, La-
guna, on April 26, 1931.

Wor. Bro. Julio Herrera y de Leon.
Past Master, Filipinas Lodge No. 54, Unisan, Tayabas.
Died on May 17, 1931, at Manila.
Buried on May 23, 1931.

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 Walana Lodge No. 13

On May 1, 1931, Walana Lodge had a picnic at Montalban which will ever be remembered with pleasure by all who participated in it. The Brethren and members of their families assembled at the Tutuban station and left at 8:15 a. m. on three motor rail coaches, with Wor. Bro.



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Canuto S. Nadurata, W.M., in command. Upon their arrival they had to walk 2 kilometers to reach Bro. Geronimo Genilo's house; but this only served to whet their appetite for the splendid "eats" prepared for them. The party then went by special truck to the famous Montalban waterworks which many of them had not yet seen and which were much admired. After a very enjoyable visit, the excursionists returned to Manila at 5 p. m., tired but happy. At the May Stated Meeting, the Lodge unanimously passed a resolution thanking Bros. Nadurata and Genilo for their share in making the May Day picnic of the Lodge such a great success.

From Pilar Lodge No. 15, Imus, Cavite

On Sunday, April 26, 1931, the members of Pilar Lodge No. 15 made a very interesting excursion to Angat, Bulacan, for which purpose they left at about 6:00 a. m. At 11 a. m. they arrived at the Angat Dam where they enjoyed the fine scenery and did justice to a good lunch. They then proceeded to the town of Angat where they were hospitably entertained by friends. On the return journey, the party visited the historical church of Barasoain, Malolos, and the recently erected monument to the Philippine Republic and Congress of 1899. That every one of the excursionists had a good time goes without saying.

From Silañaganan Lodge No. 19, Pasig, Rizal

Wor. Bro. Fermin Paz, P. M., who died on April 23, 1931, was laid to rest with masonic honors, under the auspices of Silañaganan Lodge No. 19, at Pililla, Rizal, on May 3rd. The services were attended by numerous Brethren, among them Grand Master W. W. Larkin, Past Grand Master Joseph H. Schmidt, Assistant Grand Secretary Ramon Mendoza, and other members of the Grand Lodge. Among the wreaths was a beautiful one from the Grand Master and one from the Grand Lodge. Nilad Lodge No. 12, Pintong Bato Lodge No. 51, Batong Buhay Lodge No. 27, Kasilawan Lodge No. 77, and Hagdang Bato Lodge No. 87 also sent wreaths.

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

On April 4th, the Lodge honored two Brethren by a banquet: Bro. Angelo Angeles, J. W., who has been transferred to Bulacan as provincial auditor, and Bro. Gabriel D. Corvissiano, who is going to Europe for a vacation. After the banquet, the Lodge proceeded to the transaction of its business, it being the stated meeting. Great interest was shown by the Brethren in the plan to build a Masonic temple, and it is hoped that Pinagsabitan Lodge will have a home of its own in a future not far removed.

On April 18th, Mr. Pedro Nicandro was initiated. The work was done by a visiting team from Makiling Lodge No. 72, of Calamba, headed by Wor. Bro. Juan O. Chio, and was exemplified in an excellent manner. Upon its completion, the Special English Team of Pinagsabitan Lodge made a good showing when it conferred first section of the Fellow Craft degree upon Bro. Arsenio P. Tobias. The second section of the degree was conferred by the Makiling Lodge Brethren. Refreshments of a substantial nature were served.

From Malolos Lodge No. 46, Malolos, Bulacan

Following its established custom of holding monthly get-together meetings, Malolos Lodge held a social gathering at the Plaridel Temple, Malolos, on April 12th, as a despedida to Wor. Bro. and Mrs. Mariano Salud, who are leaving for Pangasinan. Lunch was served and dancing was indulged in till 4 p. m. The wife of Bro. H. Pascual, the Secretary, supervised the preparation of the lunch and ice cream.

From Dagohoy Lodge No. 84, Tagbilaran

Dagohoy Lodge No. 84, of Tagbilaran, Bohol, has joined the *Bulletin* class by publishing the first number of *The Compass*, a mimeographed Lodge paper which is to appear monthly. Among other interesting items we find one concerning the plan of the Lodge to start a Masonic cemetery in Tagbilaran, for which purpose a committee consisting of Bros. Anacleto M. Sevilla and Felix M. Maceda, with Bro. Emilio Buenaventura as technical adviser, has been appointed. We also learn that the Lodge has for two consecutive years allowed the Tagbilaran Central School to use the ground floor of its temple free of charge. Bravo!

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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 letter 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.—Mr. Irvin Stanley Crum was initiated on April 21st, last.

Bros. George H. Hayward and Quincey S. Lockart are convalescing after having been seriously ill.

Bro. M. M. Karolchuck has recovered from his recent illness which required an operation.

Col. J. B. Kemper, a frequent visitor to Manila No. 1 when in the Islands, writes from Manchester, N. H., sending regards to all.

Bro. Samuel R. Hawthorne lost his beloved wife who died after a major operation at St. Paul's Hospital on May 11th. On May 14th, our Brother left for the United States, accompanying Mrs. Hawthorne's body which is to be buried in her home town in California. Mrs. Hawthorne was only 32 years of age when she died and was a beautiful and accomplished woman who had the gift of making friends and keeping them.

Bro. C. Burgess writes from Fort Riley, Kas.; Bro. Wm. J. Green from Berkeley, Calif.; Bro. John T. Golt from Los Angeles, Calif.; Bro. Z. C. Mitchell from Stateville, N. C.; Bro. S. L. Weld from Washington, D. C.; and Bro. G. C. Jones from Redwood City, Calif. All send regards to the Craft in the Islands.

Brother Thomas C. Fain writes from Park Hill, Texas, that he is still in hopes of returning to Manila some day, but at the time of writing could not say when. Attends Lodge there occasionally, enjoys the work very much, but finds the work quite different to ours. Mentions of receiving the CABLETOW and enjoys it immensely, especially Wor. Bro. Fischer's comments and stories. They bring back to memory many pleasant recollections of by-gone days.

Cavite No. 2.—Bro. R. E. Shoff is now with the Motion Picture Exchange in the Navy Yard at Cavite.

Bro. T. B. Jennings gives his new address as 3421 Emerald Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; Bro. B. M. Dobson his as Supply Department, Pearl Harbor, T. H.; Bro. A. M. Wheeler his as 2711-1/2 W. Ave. 34, Los Angeles, Calif., and Bro. William Kolianni his as U. S. S. Yarnell No. 143, c/o P. M. New York, N. Y.

Bro. M. R. Young, Cpl. U. S. M. C., is now with the Post Exchange at Mare Island, Calif.

Bro. Francis M. Charles is on the U. S. S. *Chuail*, No. 15, c/o P. M. Honolulu, T. H.

Bro. David N. Krone, Ch. Phar. Mate, U. S. N., asks that his mail be sent to 263-Flushing Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bro. P. R. Zimmerman is with the Naval Research Laboratory at Bellevue, Washington, D. C.

Corregidor No. 3.—Letters with dues have been received from Bro. Frank Lachance, who is still with the Ninth Airship Co., Scotfield, Belleville, Ill.; from Bro. C. P. Stewart, with the Solar Violet Ray Corp., Ltd., 667 Rowan Avenue, Los Angeles; R. E. Spencer, Malabang, Lanao, P. I.; Robert F. Olds, C. M. Waddell, I. F. Wiltse, Maurice Toby, and William A. Kufs.

Most Wor. Bro. Newton C. Comfort, who has been slowly recovering from a stroke of paralysis which he suffered on April 2nd, last, is scheduled to sail for the United States on April 23rd, accompanied by Mrs. Comfort.

Bagumbayan No. 4.—Bro. Luis Duka, of Sorsogon, attended the summer classes at the Manila Trade School in April and May.

Island No. 5.—Letters with greetings have been received from Bro. George W. Card, 42 Mountain Ave., Malden, Mass., and Bro. Elvin B. Elliott, Box 1668, Ketchikan, Alaska.

Southern Cross No. 6.—Bro. Roy C. Bennett, who is at present in the U. S. on a vacation, is to be married in June to Miss Margaret Wilson,

of Madison, Wis. The young lady was at one time teacher of English at the Philippine School of Agriculture and Forestry at Los Baños and is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin. The Bennetts expect to make their home in Manila and will return here in August.

Bro. James R. Herdman and wife returned to Manila from the U. S. on May 7th after an absence of six months.

Wor. Bro. Irving B. Brown informed Wor. Bro. Theo. L. Hall by long distance telephone from San Francisco, Calif., a few weeks ago, that he was enjoying his vacation and looked forward to returning to Manila in September.

Bro. H. J. Hawkins is now stationed in Manila, with the Standard Oil Co.

Bro. Ernest Heybroek's young son Billy had his appendix removed on April 15th.

Bro. W. H. North writes from Queens House, 28 Kingsway, London W. C. 2, England.

Bros. Francis R. Slater and O. S. Cole left for the States in April, and Wor. Bro. and Mrs. Geo. C. Dankwerth sailed for the same country on May 18th.

Biak-na-Bato No. 7.—The wife of Bro. Florentino Perez has been seriously ill at St. Luke's Hospital.

Cosmos No. 8.—Wor. Bro. and Mrs. Joachim W. Schilling arrived in San Francisco on April 13th and went from there directly to Minnesota. Mrs. Schilling is to enter the Mayo Bros. Hospital for treatment.

The Brethren were pleased to learn of Wor. Bro. Frank Krueger's well-merited appointment as Chief of the Manila Secret Service.

Visitors to Manila in April included Bro. Dr. Sixto Y. Orosa, director of the provincial hospital at Bacolod; Bro. Henry C. Garretson, of Cebu, and Bro. Sam Olson, from Baguio.

Among those who left for the United States were Bro. Wm. H. Hastings, who sailed on April 10th, to be away until October, and Bro. David Naftaly, who left on April 9th on business, to be gone 6 or 7 months. Bro. Arnold E. Pfeiffer is also to leave; he plans to return to his old home in Illinois.

Bro. Albert E. Tatton finds life rather monotonous at the Station Hospital at Camp John Hay, Baguio.

A returning traveler who received an enthusiastic reception in Manila upon his arrival from the United States was Bro. Michael J. Hogan, who got back to Manila just in time to enjoy the high temperatures of the first half of May. He is glad to be back, nevertheless.

Wor. Bro. A. Gabler-Gumbert visited his Mahabang Island Hacienda in May.

St. John's No. 9.—Bro. Chas. C. Reese is now with the Olaa Sugar Company, Olaa, Hawaii.

Bro. Charles J. Nicholas writes that he has returned to San Francisco after a honeymoon and that his future permanent address will be P. O. Box 75, Wyncote, Penn.

Rt. Wor. Bro. Stanton Youngberg and Wor. Bro. F. A. Rodier left on an official inspection trip to the Mountain Province on April 16th, to be gone about ten days.

Bro. Edmund W. Schedler took his two small sons to Baguio during the Easter week and left them with Mrs. Samuel Fraser for the hot season.

Wor. Bro. C. S. Salmon and his three daughters made a 21-day horseback trip through the Mountain Province in April, terminating their horseback ride at Kiangan, from which point they returned to Manila by auto.

Iloilo No. 11.—Bro. Bernardo Dueñas is seriously ill at his residence at No. 16 Quezon, Iloilo.

Walana No. 13.—Bro. Gregorio A. Vicente has demitted from the Lodge.

Bro. Antonio Manuel has for some time past been ill at his home at 829 Teodora Alonzo, Sta. Cruz.

Bro. Antonio A. Francisco has lost his mother who passed to eternal rest at Pililla, Rizal, in February.

Bro. Dalmacio Alarilla's wife presented her husband with a daughter on April 17th, last, at the Philippine General Hospital.

Silangnan No. 19.—Wor. Bro. Silvino Gallardo is on a tour of inspection in Palawan, in his capacity as district inspector of the Philippine Constabulary.

Wor. Bro. Honorio Musni is in La Union inspecting railroad conditions there.

Bro. David S. Santos, supervising teacher of the San Felipe district, is spending his vacation in Tagig, Rizal, with his family.

Batong-Buhay No. 27.—Wor. Bro. Conrado Tanting and Bro. Cirilo Lim were on the sick list early in May, and so was the wife of Wor. Bro. Eugenio Dizon.

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Bro. Telesforo P. Luna, of Sta. Cruz, Davao, is going to Pasuquin, Ilocos Norte, for his health.

Bros. Lim Tiaopo, To Mun Buit, Ong Ho Tek, and Juan Ang Unchi have gone to China for a vacation.

Bros. Serafin Torres and Alejandro S. Tan returned from a short vacation in Shanghai on April 24th.

Bro. Francisco Hernandez had the misfortune of losing his small son by death recently.

Makian No. 30.—Bro. Valentin Segura has recovered from his illness.

On May 9th, the Lodge had the visit of Bro. A. Gabler-Gumbert, P. M. of Cosmos Lodge No. 8, who made an interesting and instructive address.

Lincoln No. 34.—Bro. Jesus Banday, Commissary Store, Navy Yard, New York, is glad to get the CABLETOW and sends regards to all the Brethren.

Batangas No. 35.—Bro. Juan Villena, provincial auditor for Cagayan, made a short visit to Batangas to see his mother who was ill.

The Lodge enjoyed a talk by the Grand Tiler, Wor. Bro. Joseph Ramos (97), on April 21st.

Bro. Emilio Cabrera, postmaster of Batangas, will soon be transferred to Davao in the same capacity.

Bro. Victorino Villafranca recently left Catbalogan for Manila for a surgical operation and hospitalization. He has been ailing for sometime.

Charleston No. 44.—Bro. Clarence P. Funkhouser has changed his mailing address from Costa Mesa, Calif., c/o Harry F. Schick, to Airways Radio Station, Department of Commerce, Reno, Nevada. He says he enjoys the CABLETOW very much and does not like to miss out on any issues.

Malolos No. 46.—Letters have been received from Bros. Albino C. Martin (1316 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.) Policarpio Padlan (Box 207, Iloilo), and Dr. Leon C. Santiago (Calumpit).

Bros. José B. Libunao and Dr. José H. Iletto report visits of the stork at their homes.

Bro. Francisco Viri's daughter Leonor was elected queen of the Hagonoy Fair and Garden Day.

Wor. Bro. Dionisio Dimagiba's son Marcial died at Misamis in January.

Bro. Charles José Hollmann was sick in the hospital in March.

Bro. Cornelio Buencamino is back at his desk after several months' illness.

Bro. Honorato Carlos has had an increase of salary.

Wor. Bro. Mariano Salud has been transferred to Pangasinan as provincial auditor.

Wor. Bro. Escolastico Gatmaitan's youngest son, Magno, was valedictorian of his class in the College of Law, U. P.

Pintong-Bato No. 51.—Bro. Simeon de Jesus, S. W., was married to Miss Guadalupe Mendiola on April 19th.

Bros. Tomas Eusebio and Flor B. Bautista were ill in April but have recovered and are back at work.

Bro. Honorato Pacquing, a F. C. of this Lodge, was raised by Compass Lodge No. 1019, of Brooklyn, N. Y., by way of courtesy.

Bro. Carlos de Castro received his third degree on April 4th.

Bros. José Arcellana and Carlos de Castro have had visits from the Stork.

Makawiwili No. 55.—Wor. Bro. Manuel Roxas is traveling about the Islands a great deal these days; but from time to time he pays Capiz a short visit.

Bro. Mario B. Merto was married to Miss Concepción Zurita at Oton, Iloilo, on April 12th.

Wor. Bro. Rito Islao has recovered from his illness and is convalescing at Santamesa, Manila.

Bro. Manuel Lacerna's son was operated on at Iloilo in April.

Among visitors to Capiz in April were Bro. José T. Lacerna and Bro. Bartolome Venus.

Pangasinan No. 56.—Bro. Vicente de Leon, supervising teacher of Dagupan district, retired from the service at the end of last school year and engaged in business.

Bro. Feliciano Estrada reports the birth of a son, on March 14th, and Bro. Leovigildo Bito also reports the arrival of one, on April 16th.

Bro. Marcelino Gonzales' father died on April 22nd, of old age.

Bro. Moises de Guzman was raised by this Lodge as a courtesy to Lincoln Lodge No. 34, of which he is a member.

Bros. Sixto F. Tandoc and Bonifacio Torio attended the General Assembly of Teachers in Manila from April 13th to May 23rd.

Bro. G. H. McClure left for the U. S. on April 4th, on a vacation.

Bro. Emiliano Lamas' son, Rizalino, was married to Aurora Medina at Iba, Zambales, on April 19th.

Isla de Luzon No. 57.—Bro. Alberto C. Donor's new address is c/o Accounting Department, U. S. Naval Station, Olongapo.

Bro. Antonio Buenaventura will soon leave for Chicago where he intends to take a post graduate course in music.

Bro. Sebastian Alamares reports the arrival of a son on April 23rd. Bro. Nicanor Abelardo sailed for China and the U. S. on the s.s. *Empress of Russia* on May 3rd. He expects to see relatives in Shanghai and then continue his voyage to Chicago.

Wor. Bro. Ramon Mendoza was given a dinner party at the "Pan-criteria Asia" to celebrate his designation as Acting Grand Secretary.

Marble No. 58.—Bro. Amando Bulaong left for Bulacan on April 29th, after spending a short vacation with his family in Romblon.

Wor. Bro. Salustiano Vibar's wife has received the B. S. E. degree from the University of the Philippines.

Bro. Marcelino Buyco announces the birth of a son at the Mission Hospital, Iloilo, on January 19th, last.

Bro. Pedro Raqueño gives his new residence as Rosario, Cavite.

Bro. Sih Toc Keng went to Manila early in May with his wife who was ill.

Jesus, the eldest son of Wor. Bro. Matias S. Martinez, was married to Miss Eulalia Mayor at Magallanes, on Sibuyan Island, on May 6th.

Bros. Adriano N. Rios and José S. Perez were recent visitors in Romblon.

Mayon No. 61.—Bro. David Lynch left for Columbia, S. D., two weeks ago.

Bro. Catalino Elizondo lost his mother, 84 years of age, on April 13th. Many Brethren attended her funeral, on April 18th.

Kanlaon No. 64.—The former employees of the Insular Lumber Company are now pretty well scattered. Bro. Albert F. Thomas is in South America. Bro. Nicolas J. Salas, who was mill foreman, is at Catabangan, Camarines Sur, as mill superintendent of the Philippine Lumber Mfg. Co. Bro. Teofilo Santiago, formerly surveyor, is at Port Lamón, Surigao, as logging superintendent of the Port Lamón Lumber Co.

Tamaraw No. 65.—Bro. Lt. Pio Magsino has been transferred to Lucena, Tayabas.

Bro. Luciano Gansico attended the summer classes in the Trade School in Manila. His duties as secretary of the Lodge were performed by Bro. Pedro Rabulan, the treasurer, during his absence.

Bro. Gorgonio Jacob, postmaster of Pinamalayan, spent his vacation in Daraga, Albay, returning early in April, with his eldest daughter.

Bro. Doroteo Jacob, of Bongabong, was a visitor in Calapan recently, to see about his appointment as pensionado in the Philippine Normal School for 1931-1932.

Baguio No. 67.—Bro. Nicolas L. Mendoza, of Bontoc, is a patient in the Leper Department of the San Lazaro Hospital, Manila. He is grateful to Bros. John C. Early, Hugo H. Miller, and J. S. McCormick, who have furnished him with reading material and done him other favors.

Makiling No. 72.—Bro. and Mrs. R. A. Ruiz have lost their daughter who died of bronchitis.

Bro. E. Delfino was sick in his bed at home for some time in April.

Wor. Bro. Juan O. Chioco made a business and pleasure trip to Cebu, Iloilo and Zamboanga on the S.S. *Mayon* in April.

Hambik No. 76.—The secretary of Mount Huraw Lodge No. 98 of Catbalogan, Samar, writes that Wor. Bro. José Quisumbing gave a dinner and dance on May 6th to celebrate the birthday of his wife and the birth of their first son.

Kasilawan No. 77.—Wor. Bro. Dr. José J. Vergara is acting as secretary of the Philippine Anti-Tuberculosis Society.

Bro. Leoncio Pallorina and Santiago Salvador have completely recovered from their illness.

The following-named Brethren have left for vacations: Bro. Paw Pia Chy for China, Bro. Alfonso Duldulao for Laoag, Ilocos Norte, and Bro. Gerardo G. Amonio for Pila, Laguna.

Bro. Baldomero Torres took leave of absence in order to prepare for the bar examination.

The families of Wor. Bro. Manuel M. Agbulos and Wor. Bro. José J. de Guzman are spending their vacations in the mountains.

Bro. Lucio B. Angeles has moved his store to 20 Molave, Tondo.

Letters with dues have been received from Bros. Zacarias de Guzman, Great Lakes Naval Station, Illinois, and Elias Ibañez, Zamboanga.

Bro. Braulio M. Epino has been elected honorary member of Banahaw Lodge No. 24.

Bros. Quintin San Miguel, Eufemio Pablo, and Luis de los Santos

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were passed on April 7th. The following-named Brethren were raised to the sublime degree of M. M.: Filemon Asunción, on April 7th; Quintin San Miguel, on April 18th, and Eufemio Pablo, on May 5th.

Acacia No. 78.—Bro. H. Paloma has recovered from his illness. He visited Manila in May and delivered on this occasion two heavy boxes of tin foil for the Hospital for Crippled Children. Bro. Paloma's present address is c/o Benguet Consolidated Mining Co., Baguio.

Taga-Ilog No. 79.—Bro. Isabelo Sanga has lost his eldest son, who died of tuberculosis on March 29th, and whose funeral was attended by Wor. Bro. Timbol and other members of the Lodge.

Bro. Vicente Santos reports the birth of a son, on March 28th.

Bro. Modesto Fernandez' wife, Wor. Bro. José Timbol's sister Josefina, and Bro. Antonio Ranjo have recovered from serious illness.

Wor. Bro. C. Bernabe has been reappointed Masonic district inspector, and Wor. Bro. Julian Jimenez has been designated as orator of the Lodge.

One of Bro. Romualdo Sator's has passed the pharmacist's examination and the others are about to finish high school.

Bro. José Macaraig was visited at the San Lazaro Hospital by the officers and members of the Lodge on San Lazaro Day.

Bro. Go-Kawe's office and warehouse were damaged by fire and water on March 25th, the loss amounting to about ₱3,000. Our Brother has recently left for a short vacation in China.

Bro. Gabriel Garduque writes from Langley, Va., where he is on duty as staff sergeant.

Mt. Lebanon No. 80.—Wor. Bro. A. Simkus state of health has improved considerably and he is back at his work, looking much better.

High Twelve No. 82.—Bro. Eugenio Columbretes was confined at the Station Hospital at Fort Mills, suffering from dysentery, when he received news of the birth of a fine son at the San Juan de Dios Hospital on April 19th.

Dagohoy No. 84.—Bro. Deogracias U. Tenazas reported the birth of a son on December 31, 1930.

Bro. Ceferino Villanueva has married a daughter of Mr. Juan B. Ferniz of Bilar.

Bro. Leoncio A. Abella visited Tagbilaran in April, while on his way back to his station, Oroquieta, Occ. Mis., after an enjoyable vacation in Mambajao.

Bro. Nicolas Roxas went to Manila in April to get his sister who will spend her vacation in Ubay.

Miss Concordia Yap, daughter of Bro. Yap Son Leon, was ill in Dr. Graham's Hospital in April.

Wor. Bro. Adolfo Aldaba sends greetings from Tacloban, Leyte.

Wor. Bro. Roman F. Tuazon visited the Grand Lodge office on May 18th and left a package of tin foil for the Crippled Children.

Muog No. 89.—Wor. Bro. Monsod's youngest child died on April 21st. Mr. Paulino Marquez, court stenographer, was initiated on April 18th. Bro. William J. Walls is spending the hot season in Baguio.

Mt. Huraw No. 98.—Wor. Bro. S. D. Gonzales is at Tacloban, Leyte, for a five months' vacation.

Bro. Felix Caburian was initiated on April 17th.

Palawan No. 99.—Bro. E. A. M. Manuel Alcazar was passed to the degree of F. C. at a special meeting on April 4th.

Keystone No. 100.—Bros. Cipriano Queppet and Pedro M. Angeles were granted demits in March.

Bro. Juan Banaga's wife has been ill for a month but is recovering.

Wor. Bro. Pacifico C. Sevilla spent a short vacation in his home town.

Wor. Bros. Federico E. Palma and Cornelio Aguirre and Bro. Cecilio Munar spent some time in Baguio about the middle of April.

Bud Daho No. 102.—Bro. Vicente Magno and Bro. José Magno and family visited Manila in April.

Bro. Felix G. Mendoza had his appendix removed in April.

Bros. Littaua and Felix G. Mendoza each report the birth of a daughter.

Bataan No. 104.—Greetings and dues have been received from Bros. Stanley S. Tongko, Box 1110, Los Angeles, Calif.; Felipe Fuentes, Gingoog, Misamis, and Candido Alvarez, Sipaco, C. S.

Bro. Silvestre R. Ganzon went to Sipaco, C. S., on April 12th, for temporary duty as physician at the lumber camp there.

Friendship in Masonry

Has it ever occurred to you as a member of the Fraternity to transact, so far as it is possible, business with your fellow member? Trivial as it may seem, it is one of the important factors in holding together a fraternal organization.

The support extended by you to a Masonic merchant is appreciated. He is, in many cases, your community merchant and an able and upright citizen. Then, too, he is often a friend and a neighbor. If for no other reason, you should aid him as a friend and for the sake of friendship.

Business relations should not be dependent, in a figurative sense, on friendship, but when your Masonic friend has some product to offer, he should be given the utmost consideration. You may think that this will lead to clannishness, and no doubt it will. Why should not Masons be clannish?—*Masonic Analyst.*

A SUGGESTION TO ADVERTISERS

Manila, P. I., June 1, 1931.

Gentlemen:

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

The *CABLETOW* goes to 7,000 subscribers in the Islands, scattered from Aparri to Jolo; the rest of the 7,500 copies printed monthly goes to the United States and other countries.

The paper has the following special advantages:

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

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

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

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

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

Yours very truly,

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

Sección Castellana

THE CABLETOW

Órgano Oficial de la Gran Logia de M. L. y A. de las Islas Filipinas

La Gran Logia de M. L. y A. de las Islas Filipinas se fundó en 1912. Tiene 104 Logias (29 en la ciudad de Manila) con 6,650 Maestros Masones aproximadamente. Es la única Gran Logia soberana en Asia y es universalmente reconocida. Su territorio, o sea, el Archipiélago Filipino, tiene una superficie de 114,400 millas cuadradas de tierra y una población de más de 12 millones. Sus actuales Grandes Dignatarios principales son: William W. Larkin, Gran Maestre; Isidro Paredes, Gran Maestre delegado; Stanton Youngberg, Primer Gran Vigilante; Manuel Camus, Segundo Gran Vigilante; E. del Rosario Tan Kiang, Gran Tesorero y Newton C. Comfort, Gran Secretario. La asamblea anual de la Gran Logia se celebra el cuarto martes de enero de cada año y en sus deliberaciones se emplean indistintamente el inglés y el castellano.

Página Editorial

Nuestros Oradores

A aquellos oradores de nuestras Logias que gustan de escucharse a sí mismos cuando hablan y que creen, por cierto, erróneamente, que su auditorio está ansioso de oír sus kilométricos discursos, les trasladamos la opinión expresada sobre el particular por el *Masonic Home Journal*. He aquí lo que dice nuestro colega de Kentucky:

Se cuenta que cuando Abraham Lincoln estaba conferenciando con un comité sobre un discurso que el Presidente tenía que pronunciar, dijo: "Si tengo que hablar durante cuarenta y cinco minutos, no necesito ningún tiempo para prepararme; pero si he de hablar diez minutos, me agrada disponer de una semana entera para redactar el discurso." En literatura, lo mismo que en la oratoria, es la forma de expresión breve, sencilla y diáfana la que crea la impresión más duradera. Lincoln podía decir más en unas cuantas palabras que cualquier orador de los tiempos modernos. El difunto senador Beveridge nunca pudo hacer olvidar la broma de Mr. Dooley, el cual describió uno de sus vuelos oratorios en el Senado diciendo que era "un discurso bailable." Muchos de nuestros escritores y oradores públicos deben aprender con Cicerón que la brevedad es un gran elogio de la elocuencia.

Así, pues, hermano, cuando le toque el turno, sírvase ser breve.—L. F.

Puntualidad

La puntualidad es una condición sobresaliente en toda Logia floreciente. La Logia se abre precisamente a la hora señalada, tramita sus asuntos con prontitud y se cierra sin demora indebida. Ningún dignatario llega tarde, los asuntos están preparados con anticipación, y el Secretario tiene listos y en buen orden los papeles.

Ciertamente, la puntualidad constituye, en todas las cosas, una fuerza poderosa para el bien. Para los hermanos es un fuerte estímulo para acudir a las tenidas cuando saben que todo se ha de mover con precisión. Al Venerable Maestro incumbe procurar que así se haga, y no será necesaria ninguna acción arbitraria para conseguirlo, si acude a ello de modo firme y con dignidad. El Venerable de una Logia debe acordar anticipadamente el plan y saber prácticamente qué asuntos y trabajos se han de plantear ante la Logia antes de comenzar la sesión. En este mundo no logra éxito nada que se haga a trompicones, y, a la verdad, la Masonería no constituye excepción de esta regla.—L. F.

Visitantes de Logias

El *Northern Freemason* de Liverpool, Inglaterra, dedica algunos párrafos a un asunto del cual hemos tratado de vez en cuando en estas columnas y cuya importancia no puede exagerarse. He aquí lo que dice aquella revista:

Toda Logia viva gusta de tener numerosos visitantes. El solo hecho de que una Logia tenga visitantes demuestra que éstos la consideran viva. El tener muchos visitantes en las sesiones estriba frecuentemente en la forma en que son recibidos y tratados.

A los forasteros se les debe recibir cordialmente. Procurad que se sientan bien recibidos y que cuando entren en vuestra Logia estén como en su casa. Es trascendental el magnetismo del templo de una Logia. Todos habéis visto pequeños edificios de aspecto atrayente que parecen deciros: "Adelante; sed bienvenidos." En cambio, otros grandiosos edificios parecen advertiros: "¡Fuera de aquí!"

Lo mismo sucede con la atmósfera de las salas de las logias. Al entrar en algunas de ellas, sentís como estuvieseis en una cámara frigorífica; mientras que en otras, os sentís como en vuestro hogar. La actitud de los hermanos es la que crea semejante atmósfera. La fría indiferencia o la cortesía glacial al forastero y aun entre los mismos miembros de la Logia bastan para helar la sangre y matar a cualquier Logia.

Estamos de acuerdo con nuestro colega inglés. No es propio de la naturaleza humana volver a un lugar donde uno ha sido recibido con frialdad o indiferencia. Los visitantes son una inspiración para los dignatarios y miembros de una Logia, y por eso se les debe mostrar aprecio, por cortesía fraternal y para que repitan la visita.—L. F.

El Anuario de la Gran Logia

Ha salido a luz el Anuario de la Gran Logia, y ya se han enviado a cada Legia tres ejemplares. Recomendamos a nuestros hermanos que pidan prestado uno de esos ejemplares para leerlo. Todo masón está obligado a saber qué hace su Gran Logia, y leyendo la sección referente a la correspondencia extranjera obtendrá idea exacta de lo que sucede en el mundo masónico y del espíritu de nuestra Institución.—L. F.

El Natalicio de Rizal

El 19 de Junio de 1861 nació en Calamba, en la ribera de la Laguna de Bay, un niño que estaba destinado a ser conocido con el apelativo de el Mártir de Bagumbayan: nuestro ilustre Hermano José Rizal. Él sembró para que otros recogieran; él sufrió para que otros fuesen felices; murió para que otros vivieran. Había nacido y muerto bajo un yugo que sólo le sobrevivió poco más de un año. Nosotros celebramos el aniversario de su muerte más bien que el de su nacimiento; pero ningún Masón filipino debe dejar pasar el natalicio de nuestro Hermano mártir sin dedicar a su memoria pensamientos de afecto y gratitud.—L. F.

El Catequizante

En cierta ocasión, un recién iniciado, al ser invitado para dirigir algunas palabras a la Logia, dijo entre otras cosas más o menos lo que sigue: "Debo el privilegio de estar aquí esta noche exclusivamente a aquel buen Masón, el Hermano Fulano de Tal, porque jamás hubiese pensado en solicitar los grados si no hubiese sido por su insistencia." No cabe duda de que dicha observación se hizo sin malicia, pero no es menos cierto que reveló dos cosas: que por ignorancia o negligencia, el interesado había faltado a su palabra de honor al ingresar en la Logia y que su

padrino le había hecho cometer esa falta, infringiendo al mismo tiempo una de las reglas fundamentales de nuestra Institución que prohíbe terminantemente el catequizar a profanos.—L. F.

Traducciones

La Masonería y Los Negocios

Es lógico y natural que, en igualdad de circunstancias, los miembros de la Orden Masónica hagan los negocios entre sí siempre que sea posible; pero esto no quiere decir que un masón tenga derecho a esperar que otros masones estén obligados a hacer negocios con él en perjuicio de sus propios intereses.

Esta idea proviene de la frecuencia con que se suele oír a algunos miembros de la Orden, en estos últimos años—especialmente desde que se inició la extraordinaria afluencia de material—comentar, con mayor o menor amplitud, la cuestión del comercio en relación con la Masonería.

No existe motivo alguno para que un masón espere de otro que le fije un precio más bajo por un artículo por la única razón de que se trata de masones.

No existe ningún motivo por el cual un masón espere de otro que le conceda crédito en cantidad desusada por la única razón de la relación creada por pertenecer a una misma sociedad.

No existe ningún motivo por el cual un masón espere que otro cancele un convenio o contrato por la única razón de que ambos pertenecen a una misma Logia y se reúnen frecuentemente en el mismo taller.

No existe ningún motivo por el cual un masón espere de otro que se resigne a que no se le satisfaga una obligación justa por la única razón de que ambos llevan la misma insignia en el ojal de la americana.

Todo esto es completamente extraño a la Orden y a sus principios. Cuando un masón se halla verdaderamente necesitado de ayuda, sea pecuniaria o de otra índole, tiene derecho moral a esperar ese auxilio, si es procedente, pero este no sería más que el caso en que un hermano acude en socorro de otro hermano, y no de favoritismo mercantil.

La Masonería enseña que sus miembros sean honrados consigo mismo y con los otros; que satisfagan sus deudas y cumplan sus contratos con tanto mayor celo cuanto que se trata de obligaciones contraídas con otro hermano. No se puede sacar de una Orden más de lo que en ella se pone, y el hombre que ingresa en la Masonería con la idea, por muy oculta que se tenga en el fuero interno, que podrá sacar ventajas de ello, acabará, tarde o temprano, por descubrir su error.

El hombre que no pueda valerse de sus propios méritos, que no esté tan dispuesto a dar como a recibir, a cumplir su palabra, a satisfacer sus deudas, y conducirse, en suma, rectamente, no es digno de pertenecer a la Orden.—*The Missouri Freemason*. (Traducido por THE CALBETOW.)

El Peligro "Rojo"

No todas las ideas avanzadas ni las pesquisas sobre la justicia de las cosas presentes se han de considerar como pertenecientes al "bolchevismo". Algunos de los más tímidos dan en la manía de clamar contra el radicalismo cuando se expresan opiniones que no están muy en armonía con el presente estado de cosas. En todas las generaciones el conservatismo ha visto en la senda fieros leones que no eran más que fantasmas vanos creados por sus propios terrores. Solamente se abren nuevos caminos cuando los precursores se atreven a denunciar ideas aceptadas de su tiempo. Debemos distinguir entre los individuos que con gran anhelo trabajan por aumentar la justicia en las relaciones humanas, invitando a la razón a considerar y decidir, y aquellos otros que sólo apelan a las pasiones de la ignorancia. El verdadero amante de esta clase podrá poner

en tela de juicio la razón de las cosas presentes; pero no se arrojará de cabeza a la reforma que signifique destrucción. Sabe que todo progreso útil viene de pasos dados a tientas y de felices ensayos de posiciones ganadas. Con los elementos que predicán la revolución, cuyas palabras son de fiera condenación y cuya meta final es la anarquía, siniestra y desesperada, no puede haber tregua ni transacción. Los hombres que están dispuestos a echar abajo toda ley, pero que invocan esa misma ley para salvar su mísera pelleja, no merecen piedad ni simpatía. El Gobierno debe ser inflexible con los "rojos", que últimamente se muestran tan vocingleros. En un conflicto con los elementos perturbadores, cuyas doctrinas nacieron de la miseria extraña, producto de cerebros desequilibrados, y predicadas a los desocupados por fanáticos y demagogos, no puede caber duda con respecto al lugar que corresponde a todo americano sincero. Y ningún Masón digno buscará excusas en favor de esa gente dispuesta a destruir la democracia para entronizar al monstruo del odio de clases y al deforme dios de la anarquía.—(Traducido del *Masonic World* de S. Francisco para The CABLETOW.)

Contra la Excesiva Humildad

La humildad no es un notorio atributo del temperamento americano. Vamos a la cabeza en demasiadas cosas para ser un pueblo humilde. La necesidad en que nos vemos de competir para lograr la mayor parte de las cosas que deseamos tiende también a hacernos confiados en nosotros mismos y animosos. Pero eso no impide que haya gentes que no progresan ni disfrutan por ser humildes en demasía. El presidente de una de nuestras grandes empresas industriales dió en el clavo cuando mandó colocar en un cuadro y colgar sobre su mesa escritorio esta máxima: "En este establecimiento no hay ningún empleo sin importancia." Es posible que su empleo no sea tan importante como algunos otros; y tal vez no requiera tanta habilidad o pericia. Sin embargo, si es necesario y si usted lo desempeña tan bien o mejor que otro, o de la mejor manera que le es posible, no hay lugar para esperar más de usted dentro de lo razonable. No hay para qué avergonzarse de ello. Levantad, pues, la cabeza y mirad al mundo confiadamente a la cara.—*Masonic Chronicle* (Traducido por THE CABLETOW).

De Fuentes Extranjeras

La Intolerancia

I

El viajero que visita la España, encuentra aún en varias ciudades una construcción extraña, totalmente diversa de los edificios conocidos, con la fachada de un palacio, y el lado opuesto de una prisión; pero una prisión construída en forma de claustro, con filas de celdas, una en el piso bajo, y otra en el principal. En estas celdas sólo penetraba el aire por una lumbrera abierta en el techo, y resguardada por triple enrejado. El piso bajo está distribuído en muchos calabozos, en los que la luz no penetra sino por la puerta.

Este conjunto sirve de techo a un subterráneo abovedado y misterioso. Allí no hay más que obscuridad continua. Una linterna cuelga del techo; grandes manchas de sebo se ven en la pared; aquí y allá una cuerda, un garfio, un escalfador y un depósito de carbón. El lodo, siempre húmedo en el suelo, está constantemente rociado, sin que pueda secarse jamás: cuando se pisa destila sangre como una esponja.

Tan siniestro edificio llevaba antiguamente el nombre de Santa Casa; pero cuando un transeunte pasaba por delante de ella, acostumbraba acelerar el paso, volviendo a un lado y a otro la cabeza con aire temeroso.

II

Un fraile dominico habitaba una parte de esta prisión disfrazada de palacio: era el inquisidor vicario de San Pedro y dueño de las armas espirituales.

Como representante del humilde pescador, primer obispo de Roma, aquel fraile tenía como el Papa un poder absoluto sobre todos los hombres, ya fuesen campesinos, artesanos, clérigos, nobles, príncipes o monarcas.

El inquisidor vivía en una habitación alhajada con regia magnificencia, y poblada de pajes y lacayos. Cuando salía de su palacio, una escolta de hidalgos acompañaba a caballo su carruaje. Por lo demás, ostentaba en todas las solemnidades públicas un ceremonial semejante al de un soberano.

La inquisición, en efecto, representaba otro Estado en el seno del Estado. Tenía también su ejército, llamado la Santa Cruzada; porque la santidad en este inhumano oficio, servía siempre de pronombre a su ministerio.

La *santa cruzada* no era sino una especie de policía secreta, que el inquisidor enganchaba gratuitamente a su servicio, y que reclutaba por lo general entre la clase noble. Aunque no tenía un sueldo fijo esta milicia, gozaba de una completa inmunidad contra toda clase de persecuciones, lo mismo de parte del inquisidor que de la del Alcalde de casa y corte.

III

El dependiente del Santo Oficio, inviolable por su profesión, seguro de no incurrir en ningún castigo, podía cometer toda clase de crímenes, sin que tuviera que dar cuenta a nadie de su conducta. ¿Le estorbaba un marido? Este marido, acusado de hereje, era inmediatamente encarcelado. ¿Quién se hubiera atrevido a protestar? La misma protesta habría sido considerada como una herejía.

La *santa cruzada*, pues, difundida por todas partes, pero en todas partes de incógnito, era una especie de oreja siempre abierta, y un ojo universal, por donde la inquisición, constantemente en acecho, podía verlo y oírlo todo, puesto que estaba en todas partes a la vez, con especialidad cerca de su víctima, acompañándola por la calle, delatándola con un saludo.

Nadie podía vivir, trabajar, hablar, ni dormir sin dar cuenta de sus acciones al inquisidor, que estaba vigilando a la puerta, a la mesa y a la cabecera del lecho de cada ciudadano, para escudriñar su vida, sus comidas y hasta su sueño. Para cumplir tan piadosas funciones, la Santa Cruzada se revestía, según el caso, de la figura de padre, hijo o hermano de la persona sospechosa de herejía.

IV

¿A dónde huir? ¿En dónde refugiarse? Para la Inquisición no existe el mar ni las distancias. Doquiera que el fugitivo

busque un asilo, la Inquisición sigue sus pasos, aunque sea hasta la otra parte del Océano. Cuando una escuadra aparejaba para el Asia, tenía a bordo un esbirro: cuando una fragata desembarcaba un regimiento en Manila, saltaba también a tierra un inquisidor.

En vano el hombre sospechoso, para librarse de la muerte, trataba de pasar las fronteras; un centinela mudo e invisible le perseguía. En todas partes en que este asiduo centinela encontraba un fraile dominico con poderes del Papa para asar carne humana, hacía una señal, y el culpable era detenido y entregado a las llamas.

La Inquisición tenía el oído muy fino y la mano muy larga. Su poder era ilimitado.

Para mayor seguridad aún, obligaba al sacerdote a descubrir el secreto de la confesión; imponía al hijo el deber de delatar a su padre, y a la esposa el denunciar a su marido.

El código de la Inquisición asimilaba la discreción con la complicidad. Al lado del delito cometido por medio de la palabra, figuraba el crimen cometido por el silencio. Así contaba con un resentimiento oculto en cada caso, como un traidor en cada familia.

Un noble da un banquete a sus amigos: vácianse varias botellas entre alegres brindis; pero en medio de la expansión de la fiesta, uno de los convidados deja escapar un expresión maliciosa, una sátira contra el clero. Al día siguiente este convidado ha desaparecido de su casa: la Inquisición ha escuchado sus palabras.

Una mujer descansa por la noche al lado de la cuna de su hijo. Su esposo, al acostarse, le dice al oído alguna cosa que alarma su conciencia. Va ella a consultar a su confesor, y una hora después, cuando regresa a su domicilio, encuentra la puerta sellada. La Inquisición acaba de llevarse al padre de su hijo.

V

Parecía en ciertos momentos que la España entera no era más que una agencia de espionaje; que una voz acusadora salía de cada grieta de pared, de cada soplo de aire, de cada peña, de cada ola del mar; que la piedra hablaba; que la noche hablaba; que las yerbas del cementerio hablaban; que la misma almohada repetía los sueños de la noche, y que allí, en las sombras, detrás de sus robustas rejas la Inquisición, siempre en acecho, prestaba oído al viento y escuchando sin cesar, se complacía en recoger hasta el menor murmullo que resonaba en el espacio.

Cuando la Inquisición sospechaba alguna herejía de palabra o de hecho, por haber vuelto, verbigracia, la cabeza un moribundo hacia la pared; por haber quitado la corteza del pedazo de tocino que se había servido en la mesa, o por haber pasado la uña por el filo de un cuchillo, en seguida decretaba el arresto del culpable. Inmediatamente la

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MANILA, P. I.

multitud huía de él con horror; su nombre era maldito; su habitación amurallada. Ingresaba en la cárcel el acusado con la cabeza baja, cual una víctima resignada a la infamia. A su llegada la Inquisición le quitaba el dinero, y luego le encerraba. Después de haberlo entregado a la agonía preparatoria de la soledad, la Inquisición le llamaba a su audiencia. El juez, cubierto el rostro con una capucha, recibía la indagatoria. No dirigía al reo más que esta sola exhortación: "Eres culpable: confiesa tu delito, y el tribunal tendrá en cuenta tu arrepentimiento". Pero nunca el inquisidor designaba el crimen cometido, ni la época ni sus circunstancias; de manera que el preso, detenido algunas veces por una conversación ya olvidada, tenía que buscar en su memoria alguna antigua imprudencia cometida por su lengua, y si no le recordaba adivinarla, y si no la adivinaba, morir.

¡Morir! . . . Sí, sí, morir; porque la negativa era para aquella justicia enmascarada la impenitencia final, la mayor de las herejías; por cuyo motivo el hereje que persistía en no confesar el delito cierto o falso de la acusación, era entregado sin piedad a la hoguera.

VI

Una fórmula vaga, general, sin ningún hecho preciso, sin designación especial, era de admirable utilidad para la acusación. Acontecía con frecuencia que el detenido, ignorando o no pudiendo sospechar por qué infracción de la ley de Dios le había encarcelado el Santo Oficio, confiesa espontáneamente otro delito de que el inquisidor no tenía conocimiento; de manera que se convertía, por sorpresa, en delator de sí mismo, y condenado por su propia confesión, expiaba su candidez en un calabozo, en el que permanecía encerrado durante cierto tiempo o a perpetuidad.

No solamente el prisionero ignoraba el crimen que se le imputaba, sino también el nombre del acusador. Perseguido las más veces por delación de un enemigo, ni siquiera se le reconocía el derecho de ser encarado con el delator, ni de confundir la calumnia por medio de otra información. La Inquisición no admitía sino la información acusadora, y no recibía bajo pretexto alguna información justificativa. Admitía la prueba del crimen, pero no la justificación de la inocencia.

A más de ocultar al reo su delito y el nombre del que le denunciara, la Inquisición le ocultaba igualmente su proceso. En ninguna ocasión el acusado podía saber el crimen que se le imputaba contra la Iglesia Romana.

"Es preciso obrar con prudencia, decía el código de la Inquisición, y encubrir hábilmente el hecho imputado".

He aquí ahora cómo ocultaba la Inquisición los crímenes de que se acusaba al infeliz que caía en sus manos. Notificaba al preso procedimientos apócrifos, instruídos arbitrariamente, en los que entremezclaba acusaciones graves con otras más leves. El detenido rechazaba naturalmente con energía las más graves, sin ocuparse de las más leves y de esta conducta se deducía que confesaba los delitos a que no había contestado. El olvido era considerado como una confesión.

Así el desventurado reo luchaba a ciegas en las tinieblas, contra fantasmas invisibles empeñados en su condenación. Empezaba por entrar en una celda silenciosa como la tumba, en la que pasaba semanas enteras entregado a la perplejidad. Desde esta celda a una sala de audiencia, tan sombría como su prisión, en la que un juez siempre encapuchado y misterioso como un espectro, le preguntaba por detrás de una puerta cerrada acerca de un hecho desconocido, y después de haberle interrogado, le mandaba de nuevo a su calabozo.

VII

La Inquisición, no obstante, no lograba siempre convertir al acusado en delator de sí mismo. Entonces recurría a su último recurso, a una indagatoria casi siempre decisiva en la materia, que consistía en interrogar a la carne despedazada por el sufrimiento. "En caso de negativa, decía el

código de la Inquisición, el juez deberá emplear el tormento para arrancar al reo una buena confesión".

Pero el tormento hubiera debido ser considerado, sin exageración, como un castigo, y castigo el más cruel, ya que imponía al hombre todo lo que puede sufrir antes de perder la vida. Pues bien, la Inquisición, cuando se dignaba consultar el Evangelio, sentía un escrúpulo de conciencia, un movimiento de caridad, y en la efusión de su *mansedumbre cristiana*, exigía un motivo, o cuando menos un pretexto para la aplicación del tormento. ¿Y qué pretexto era éste? Nada más que una palabra balbuciente del acusado durante su indagatoria; su turbación, su perplejidad, su palidez, su contradicción; una sola sospecha justificada por otra sospecha; un indicio, medio indicio, la cuarta parte de un indicio multiplicada por otra cuarta parte de indicio; el todo equivalente a la mitad de una probabilidad, a una apariencia unida a otra apariencia, las cuales, en conjunto, forman la suma de una probabilidad.

Así, con el auxilio de esta aritmética jurídica, por aproximaciones o por fracciones, el inquisidor fijaba arbitrariamente el principio de la prueba, a la que debía seguir la prueba completa del tormento, y aplicaba la tortura con tanta frecuencia como quería durante el tiempo que se le antojaba; solamente que, antes de despedazar en nombre de Cristo el cuerpo de un cristiano extraviado o calumniado, solía tranquilizar su conciencia con una declaración concebida en estos términos:

"Mandamos que dicho tormento sea aplicado en la forma y durante el tiempo que juzguemos necesario, protestando como protestamos, que en el caso de muerte o fractura de un miembro, sólo podrá echarse la culpa al acusado."

VIII

Después de esto, dos frailes, cubierta la cabeza con una caperuza con agujeros a la altura de los ojos, sacan al paciente de la celda para llevarlo al tormento. La víctima ha salido de su calabozo: sus pies resbalan sobre el fangoso suelo. Ya ha llegado al sitio fatal. Mira a su alrededor, y envueltos en el humo que despiden las antorchas, aparecen a sus ojos diferentes fantasmás. Estos verdugos, igualmente encaperuzados, despiden al través de sus máscaras siniestras miradas, que aterrorizan al pobre prisionero.

Las piedras de aquel subterráneo conservan en todas partes dilatadas manchas de color dudoso. Un hedor fatídico se desprende de aquella mazmorra infecta. Llega temblando la víctima al centro de tan horrible estancia, en la que cuatro o seis desalmados, sin proferir una palabra, matan solamente a medias, para tener el derecho de asestar el último golpe en otro sitio.

A dos pasos del desgraciado, vése un armatoste misterioso, desconocido en forma de caballete, teñido de sangre y atravesado por un palo. El miserable destinado a sufrir el tormento, ve en el suelo una cuerda húmeda aún, un vaso lleno de agua, y sobre el vaso una servilleta mojada.

En medio de esta lúgubre escena, se pasea en todas direcciones un fraile con la frente descubierta y la satisfacción pintada en el semblante. Este personaje saluda, manda, sonrío, y dirige las palabras con benevolencia al acusado. Este hombre amable, risueño, es el inquisidor principal, que representa siempre en este espectáculo el papel de la caridad.

IX

Dos verdugos se apoderan del reo, le levantan en alto, y lo tienden encima del caballete, con las espaldas sobre el palo y la cabeza inclinada hacia el suelo: luego le agarrotan las piernas y brazos con gruesa cuerda.

Cuando el paciente, echado sobre el caballete, de manera que el peso de su cuerpo inclinado sobre el palo transversal descansa por completo en un solo hueso de la columna vertebral, no puede hacer ya el menor movimiento, el secretario le manda recitar el *Quicumque cult*, y encomendar su alma a la Virgen María.

Concluído el rezo, uno de los ejecutores da una vuelta más a la cuerda, mientras el otro introduce la servilleta mojada en la boca del acusado, filtrándole a través de aquel trapo el agua del vaso.

Con esta segunda vuelta, la cuerda penetra en la carne; el pecho se dilata para aspirar el aire, y en cada esfuerzo de aspiración, el pañuelo penetra más adentro de la garganta, e intercepta el aliento. La sangre brota por la nariz y por los ojos de la víctima.

A cada minuto se inclina el inquisidor sobre aquel hombre lívido, y le invita bondadosamente a confesar su delito.

Pero la víctima persiste en su negativa; el agua sigue filtrando gota a gota, y el verdugo da otra vuelta a la cuerda. Ni una sola fibra del cuerpo, despedazado y comprimido, deja de sufrir y de estremecerse, hasta que la columna vertebral cruje hecha pedazos por la presión, y el cuerpo del atormentado vuelve a caer con todo su peso sobre el caballete.

Durante esta operación, el ejecutor, con la mano puesta sobre el pecho del reo, observa atentamente los latidos de su corazón, como un termómetro viviente que marcara la intensidad del dolor que puede el hombre soportar sin morir.

X

Cuando el semblante empieza a palidecer y a inundarse en sudor frío; cuando los nervios dejan de crujir bajo la presión de la cuerda; cuando el soplo intermitente de los pulmones espira en ahogados suspiros; cuando va entrar la víctima en la agonía; cuando ha entrado ya en ella, el fraile ordena con la mano suspender el tormento, a fin de no perder su presa y adelantarse a la muerte.

Entonces los verdugos cesan en el suplicio; aflojan la cuerda; sacan el trapo empapado en sangre; cargan sobre sus espaldas al reo sin sentido, y lo vuelven a su celda.

¿Está muerto? ¿Está vivo? Poco importa: se ha representado la tragedia: la puerta del calabozo ha sido discreta; la tierra ha empapado la sangre, y las gruesas paredes de aquel horrible antro han apagado el grito del tormento.

Si el prisionero moría a consecuencia de este asalto dirigido contra su persona, la Inquisición lo trasladaba al muladar y proseguía la causa sobre su sepultura: si, al contrario, vivía, renovaba el tormento, hasta que confesaba el delito cierto o falso de herejía.

Porque era la confesión a todo precio, la confesión a todo trance, lo que el Santo Oficio se proponía alcanzar por medio del agua y del fuego, y esto únicamente para tener el derecho de escribir en el libro de las sentencias: "Condenado por su propia confesión". Estas palabras servían de descargo a su conciencia.

Después, podía la Inquisición castigar al reo, arruinarlo sin temor, porque había adquirido por su parte la apariencia de la justicia. He aquí por qué trataba de obtener a todo trance la confesión, primero por el tormento, y luego por el ayuno, por el insomnio, por la soledad, por la presencia de un compañero de cautiverio, que tenía la misión de insinuar al infeliz, rendido por el hambre, el cansancio y la meditación, el caritativo consejo de que sólo podía salvarse confesando el delito.

Efectivamente, desde el momento en que el acusado confesaba su crimen, quedaba de derecho libre del suplicio: la Inquisición le imponía sencillamente la pena de prisión durante un tiempo indefinido; el sentenciado se convertía en propiedad del Santo Oficio, y éste le restituía la libertad a su tiempo o le guardaba a perpetuidad.

XI

Después de castigar de este modo a un padre de familia, culpable cuando más de una palabra, de un pensamiento, de menos aún, de una interpretación dada por un tercero a un pensamiento o una palabra, la Inquisición arrojaba a los hijos de la casa paterna; los condenaba a la infamia hasta la tercera generación, y ninguno de ellos podía en lo sucesivo ejercer una profesión honrosa.

Y a fin de que la maldición quedase para siempre impresa sobre la frente de aquella familia, la Santa Casa guardaba el *sambenito*, la librea de la vergüenza, para colgarla del pilar de la iglesia parroquial a que pertenecía el condenado, con su nombre escrito en un cartelón, junto con la clase de herejía que había cometido.

Algunas veces moría el preso antes de pronunciarse la sentencia: en este caso el Santo Oficio exhumaba el cadáver para encausarle, y después de haber preguntado judicialmente a un esqueleto, y de declararlo convicto de blasfemia, lo acompañaba en procesión a la hoguera. Una vez pronunciado el fallo contra un resto de polvo, el tribunal confiscaba la herencia que había pasado a los descendientes del

Smoke —————

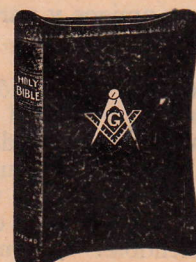


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difunto.

Pero si el detenido, preguntaba en general sobre los sucesos de toda su vida dejaba de confesar un crimen imaginario, que ni siquiera sospechaba, entonces nada de compasión; era un *negativo*, y marchaba al quemadero. "Negar un crimen es confesarlo", decía claramente el código de Torquemada. Pues bien: como la confesión por medio de la negativa implicaba endurecimiento de espíritu, la Inquisición condenaba al negativo al último suplicio.

En caso que el acusado confesara solamente parte del delito, no por eso era menos perdido; se le llamaba *confidente diminuto*, y culpable de reticencia. Debía, pues, casi siempre convertirse en delator de sí mismo, y serlo sin restricción, so pena de morir víctima de los tormentos más horribles que haya podido inventar el hombre.

XII

Un trompeta a caballo anunciaba por todas las calles de la ciudad el día del auto de fe. Aquel día el Santo Oficio levantaba en la plaza pública unas gradas, destinadas a la distinguida sociedad que debía asistir al agradable espectáculo que ofrecía un hombre vivo entregado a las llamas. A la hora prefijada aparecía el lúgubre cortejo. El sentenciado en el centro de la comitiva con una antorcha en la mano, una soga al cuello, el cuerpo metido dentro de un saco, y la cabeza cubierta con una mitra de cartón. Ya no era un hombre; no era más que un maniquí grotesco, hábilmente desfigurado, y que por los dibujos infernales de su traje causaba repugnancia a la vista de los espectadores, al propio tiempo que extinguía en ellos todo sentido de compasión.

De este modo llegaba el infeliz al quemadero, a pie unas veces, y otras montado al revés sobre un asno, con la cola en la mano en vez de brida. Después de haber dado tres vueltas alrededor del cadalso, el secretario de la Inquisición le notificaba la sentencia de muerte, y le entregaba a la justicia ordinaria, suplicando caritativamente al verdugo tratase al culpable con la mayor bondad, es decir, que lo arrojase a la hoguera. La Inquisición aplicaba el tormento con la sonrisa en los labios; mataba mintiendo.

Cuando el juez ordinario había recibido de manos de un fraile al hereje sentenciado a la más dulce de las penas (según la fórmula), le vestían una camisa embreada, y le sujetaban las manos a la espalda, atándole a un madero fijo en medio de la hoguera. Luego encendía el verdugo una antorcha; la pasaba por el rostro del paciente; le quemaba la barba, como para hacerle probar los sufrimientos del suplicio; aplicaba el fuego a la hoguera, y la víctima desaparecía envuelta en un torbelino de llamas.

Y mientras el olor de la carne asada subía hasta el cielo, las señoras de la ciudad, sentadas en las gradas en traje de baile, se abanicaban graciosamente o tomaban sorbete, saludando con la mano a sus amigos y parientes.

XIII

Tal es lo que ha hecho la Inquisición en representación de Cristo, que se daba a sí mismo el nombre de cordero. Esto es lo que ha hecho, no por casualidad, no furtiva y misteriosamente, sino a la luz del día y durante muchos siglos, hasta que al fin la conciencia humana, vuelta en sí del dilatado letargo de la edad media, arrancó el tizón de las manos del Santo Tribunal, diciéndole: "¡Ya no asesinarás!".

¿Y de qué ha servido aquella justicia de caníbal, que consistía en quemar a un hombre para corregirle de sus errores? ¿Ha servido acaso para prevenir o para impedir el crimen imaginario de herejía?

Aun no se había apagado la hoguera de Juan Huss, y ya Lutero predicaba sus ideas. La Inquisición cerró la boca de Galileo con la mano de un fraile, ¿y ha dejado por eso la tierra de verificar sus evoluciones alrededor del sol? El Santo Oficio aventó en el aire las cenizas de Jordano Bruno; pero los aires reunieron lejos de allí aquellas cenizas, que resucitaron con el nombre de Descartes.

No existe en el día gobierno alguno en Europa que consintiera en prestar el verdugo a la iglesia para ayudarla a refutar la herejía, y la iglesia reducida a sus propias fuerzas, ya no quema al hombre como antiguamente; pero quema libros y los hace prohibir. Ella no convierte ya por la fuerza bruta; pero se apodera del hijo de familia para bautizarlo contra la voluntad de esta familia. La Intolerancia ha sustituido a la Inquisición. ¿Y qué es la Intolerancia? Es la Inquisición sin armas. Vuélvasele la fuerza y sería de nuevo lo que era en la edad media.

"¿Recordáis—decía Luis XIV al Duque de Vendome, señalando una cuesta;—recordáis que había aquí en otro tiempo un molino?"

—“Sí, señor,—contestó el Duque; pero si el molino ha desaparecido, el viento que lo movía no ha dejado de soplar”.

—*De la Revista Masónica de Chile.*

Pensamientos

Por FELIPE APONTE CORTÉS

I

En estos tiempos de incertidumbre, de duda y de temor, en que la fe vacila como una mustia flor... aquellos que tenemos en el alma el fuego santo del Amor debemos, en un gesto de sinceridad y de valor, abrir todas las llaves de nuestro corazón para que vengan a abreviar aquellos huérfanos de optimismo, alejados de Dios.

II

¡Hermanos! ¿Por qué sois hermanos?
¿Para qué sois hermanos?
¿Sólo en teoría
o en la práctica santa
de dar y dar y dar?
Hermanos, Dios se da
todo en su eternidad.
Si somos hijos de Él
debemos siempre dar.

III

Hermanos, yo ensoñaba
y en mis ensueños ví
alzarse ante mí
la imagen de Aquél que un día cantó:
“Cúmplase en mí
tu voluntad, mi Dios.”
Y desde aquel día, hermanos, yo siento
la voz del Señor cantando en mi pecho.

IV

Hermano, ¿dudas?
¿Por qué dudas?
¿Crees? ¿Por qué crees?
¿Has ahondado en tu alma?
¿Conoces tu abolengo?
Si supieras de donde tú has venido,
si conocieras a tu Padre, bueno,
la duda no haría nido en tus entrañas
y sí el Amor con todo sus ensueños.

—*De "Acacia,"* Puerto Rico.

Por qué He Ingresado en la Masonería

En mis años de niñez comencé a sentir una viva simpatía hacia la Masonería. Acostumbraba pasar largas temporadas en la residencia campestre de un tío político, poseedor de un alto grado en la hermandad masonica. Cuando nadie acechaba, indagaba ansiosamente los fascinadores

misterios de un recio cofre de hierro que reposaba en una habitación de la casa solariega, y examinaba con vehemente curiosidad ciertos implementos, insignias y fotografías que espoleaban vivamente mi mentalidad infantil, la cual, una vez encabritada, se perdía en extrañas y hasta absurdas conjeturas para explicar todos aquellos adminículos cuyo verdadero significado ignoraba.

Creí, y al llegar apenas a la adolescencia, salí a viajar por el mundo. En todos los países visitados, la existencia de la poderosa organización secreta se hacía diariamente patente en diversos órdenes de la vida. Un día era la vista de un hermoso y severo templo masónico, que se alzaba imponente en algún punto céntrico de la ciudad; al siguiente, alguna nota periodística dando cuenta de un donativo de la Masonería local para alguna obra benéfica; al otro, la mención de algún prohombre fenecido a quien sus hermanos masones habían rendido honras funerales. Y, de cuando en cuando también, un sañudo ataque de alguna institución arcaica y reaccionaria, que veía en la Masonería un peligro para la humanidad. Debo hacer constar aquí que estos esporádicos actos de hostilidad hacia la agrupación masónica contribuyeron más que nada a que me fuera formando un alto concepto de ella. No se ataca lo que nada vale.

Tuve luego amigos masones y pude observar que la institución a que pertenecían ejercía sobre ellos un poderoso y benéfico influjo, modelando su carácter, haciéndolos caritativos y serviciales, controlando sus impulsos y sus pasiones y creando en ellos un admirable sentimiento de tolerancia hacia el prójimo. Como estas virtudes son raras, muy raras entre nosotros, los seres humanos, razoné que una organización que de un modo tan decisivo y altruista influía en sus adeptos, merecía seguramente el parabién y la aceptación de todos los hombres rectos y desapasionados. Y me propuse formar parte algún día de aquella falange de hermanos consagrados a ayudarse mutuamente y a despertar los sentimientos más nobles y generosos de confraternidad entre los seres humanos de todas las clases y de

todas las razas. Al mismo tiempo que me decidí a ingresar en la Masonería, hice el firme propósito de realizar ese importante acto en mi patria puertorriqueña, como lo habían hecho antes varios queridos miembros de mi familia.

Hoy que he merecido el alto honor de ser admitido en el seno de la Masonería, veo completamente justificadas todas mis suposiciones acerca de lo grande, espiritual y regenerador de esa augusta institución. Cuán hermoso y noble ese simbolismo que encierra en cada gesto, en cada movimiento una lección práctica de la vida, una pauta que, fielmente seguida, hace de cualquier individuo indiferente ante el problema de la vida un hombre útil a la sociedad y un instrumento eficaz de mejoramiento social!

La Masonería une a los hombres en un estrecho lazo social, siempre dispuesto a ampliarse para acomodar dentro de sus confines a todos aquellos seres humanos prontos a cooperar en el progreso moral propio, y en el de la humanidad entera.—Por L. G. M. en "Acacia," San Juan, Puerto Rico.

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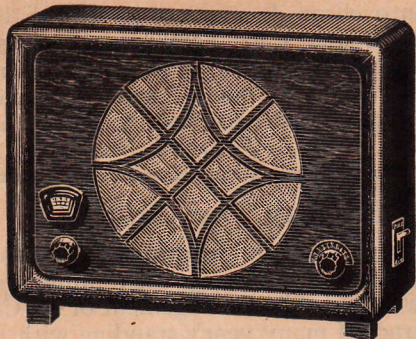
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