The Cable Tow

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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

God's Temple

Who builds a house to shelter wife and brood,
Howe'er unskilled his hands, his product crude,
Doth well.
What care he takes to make it snug and warm
To shield his loved ones from the bitter storm.
Observers note the air of wholesome cheer
And say, "Oh, happy home—Love dwelleth here."

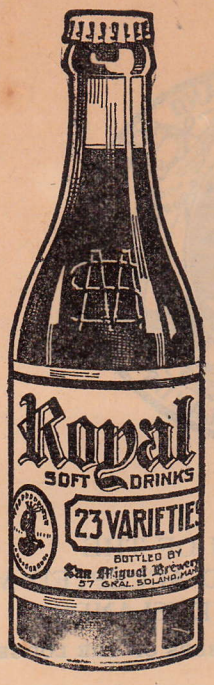
Who rears an altar whereat men may kneel
And kindle at its flame their flagging zeal,
Builds true.
To saint serene who seeks communion sweet,
To sinner drawing nigh on faltering feet
An ark of refuge 'tis from evil tides,
And trustfully they sigh, "Here Peace abides."

Who fits himself to be the dwelling place
Of virtues—growing, adding grace to grace—
Works best.
Each vice o'ercome a step on which to climb,
He shapes himself an edifice sublime.
Divinity esteems it not amiss
When awed beholders say, "God's Temple this!"

—George H. Free in Iowa Grand Lodge Bulletin.

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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 **October 1, 1931** **No. 5**

Editorial Section

Show Your Colors

In countries where Freemasonry has powerful enemies, not all members of the Fraternity are willing to make public the fact that they belong to the great Fraternity. We remember how reluctant many of our American Brethren were in the early days of the occupation of the Philippines to believe that the Craft would ever become a power in the Islands. Since then, many thousands of natives of the Islands have joined Freemasonry and have openly and publicly expressed their pride in their Masonic membership. In one of the splendid descriptions of Masonic journeyings by Most Wor. Bro. John H. Cowles, P.G.M. of Kentucky, better known to many of our Brethren as Grand Commander of the Scottish Rite Supreme Council for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States, we find a story which our illustrious Brother heard in Chile and which reminds us of the misgivings of our American Brethren of 1900 and 1901. Here it is:

> Another incident, and one that made Masonic history, occurred at the funeral of Past Grand Master Luis Navarrete three years ago. Grand Master Hector Boccardo at that time, a man of power and courage (his wife is a fine Scotch lady), called all Masons, both those who were active and inactive, to assemble to meet the funeral train and give their Past Grand Master a Masonic funeral. Grand Master Boccardo was very fearful as to the number who would comply with his call because it was to be the first public Masonic funeral ever conducted in Chile. He was gratified and surprised when nearly 3,000 appeared. The procession was long; the Masonic ritual had never been performed in Chile before. The people lined the streets, the religious in numbers, for they had never had an opportunity before to know who were or who were not Masons.

We are proud to say that the number of Freemasons who, for one reason or another, are not willing to show their colors, is a negligible quantity in our Grand Jurisdiction.—*L. F.*

Lawful Age

Lawful age is twenty-one years in our Grand Jurisdiction and a man cannot be made a Mason before he reaches that age. An attempt to have our Grand Lodge Constitution amended in the sense of making an exception in favor of sons of Masons failed a few years ago. In Pennsylvania, a Grand Master, who seemed to be given to indulging in the so-called (much disputed and condemned) prerogative of the Grand Master to make Masons at sight, made his own son a Mason at sight though he was a minor. The consensus of opinion among Masons in the United States seems to be that this was a deplorable *faux pas*. At any rate, we are sure that the thing will not be repeated anywhere after the hail of brickbats that followed it.

There is no reason why any young man should not wait until he has completed twenty-one years of age before he enters Freemasonry. "Wait a time with patience" is one of the first things that he learns, and twenty-one years is as low a limit as can safely be set. In fact, it is rather too low than otherwise!—*L. F.*

"Sleeping Masons"

We can conceive of only one purpose for which a good Mason may take out a demit, namely, to affiliate with another Lodge. Of course, a man holding membership in the Fraternity may become dissatisfied and may decide to get out of Masonry. We have known this to happen more than once. Such an individual, however, should consider himself, and should be considered by all, as no longer forming part of the Masonic Fraternity. A man who deliberately lays aside the burdens and responsibilities of membership in the Craft is no longer entitled to its rights and privileges and should be excluded from Masonic meetings and functions. There is considerable laxness in the observance of this rule; if there were not, there would not be so many applications for demits. A "sleeping Mason" is no Mason at all. Only the Craftsman who is active in Masonry can be considered a Mason. "Once a Mason, always a Mason" is a fallacy, because it is not the conferring of the degrees alone that makes a man a Mason.—*L. F.*

Wearing Masonic Jewelry

The above article brings us to another subject: that of the wearing of Masonic jewelry by men who are not Master Masons in good standing. A man who has ceased to be an active Mason is no Mason and has no right to wear Masonic emblems and insignia. A Masonic watch charm, ring or button announces to the world that the wearer is a Master Mason in good standing, entitled to recognition as such and to all the honors, rights, and privileges inherent in membership in our great Fraternity. The suspended or expelled Mason who continues to wear Masonic jewelry commits a fraud because he obtains that recognition and those advantages under false pretense.—*L. F.*

Presentations

The other day we read in the Proceedings of one of the Grand Lodges that the apron should not be presented in the first degree but in the third. That is a matter of opinion, and we are inclined to believe that the practice in our own Grand Jurisdiction is the correct one.

There is something about another Masonic presentation, however, that puzzled the writer when it occurred to him and has no doubt made the same impression upon countless others before and after him. It was touched upon by our Grand Master some time ago. The matter is this: you are presented with a working tool and enjoined to use it properly, and when you think it is yours to keep, you are told to leave it behind as you leave the Lodge room. Every Master Mason will know immediately to what we refer. M. W. Bro. Larkin, in commenting upon this matter, added the suggestion that the candidate be allowed to keep the last working tool presented to him in Lodge as a memento that he was then and there made a Master Mason, and we believe the idea is a good one. That working tool would even be a more suitable souvenir than a bible. Every Christian is supposed to own a bible, anyway, and to hand one to a Jew, Mohammedan, Buddhist or Confucian—and we have all these in our Lodges—is not quite logical.—*L. F.*

Editorial Comment and Correspondence

Unmasonic Practices

The articles we have been writing against certain irregularities and abuses that have crept into our Lodges have met with great approval. Our editorial in the August number, entitled "Bleeding the Candidate" has been particularly well received. We have a number of letters asking us to keep after the "Chain Letter" nuisance until even the most thoughtless or superstitious among the members of the Masonic Fraternity will hesitate to comply with the stupid "Masonic" (!) request contained in those missives. The Secretary of one of our local Lodges told us of the hard fight he had to drive the pernicious custom of bleeding the candidate out of his Lodge. We hope the personal friends of candidates will assist in a general campaign by advising the prospective victim to disappoint the knife and fork element of the Lodge. It is a pity that we have such an element at all!

The Inter-Service Masonic Club of the Orient

In an official communication dated August 25, 1931, Grand Master W. W. Larkin has authorized the Inter-Service Masonic Club of the Orient to include the word "Masonic" in the title of the club mentioned, as requested by Wor. Bro. Miore L. Gordon, P. M. of Service Lodge No. 95, who is vice-president of the club.

The membership of this club, which was chartered by the National League of Masonic Clubs in December 1930, is restricted to past and present members of the Armed Forces of the United States who have been initiated, passed, and raised in a regular Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons and are in good standing in their respective Lodges. The objects of the club, as stated by Bro. Gordon, are to further the work of the DeMolay in the Orient and to hold and promote the friendly fraternal spirit which now prevails among the Service Men, by providing a place where a member of the Fraternity can always meet a Brother, both in arms and in Masonry. Tentative arrangements have been made to secure club rooms on Calle Echague. Lockers will be provided where a service man can keep his clothes, and, of course, there will be rooms for writing letters, reading, and spending an enjoyable evening among Brethren without excessive cost.

The same club, under the name of Asiatic Fleet Masonic Club, has had two successful years in China and one year in Manila. The name was changed and a new charter secured so as to include also the Army and the Marine Corps.

The organizers are busy securing members for the new Club in order to have the organization ready for the arrival of the Fleet.

Criminal Waste

In the August number of the *Masonic Digest* of Los Angeles, Calif., there is an editorial entitled "Wasting Fruit" which reads as follows:

> Recently the newspapers carried the astounding information that the Fruit Control Board of California had decided to knock 190,000 tons of peaches from the trees and let them rot on the ground in order to stabilize the market and enable the orchardists to sell what was left without loss.
>
> We sincerely hope this report is not true. Of course we desire that orchardists should get profitable prices for their product and we concede that the Fruit Control Board is justified in taking such measures as may be necessary to protect the interests of its clients. But the same day the despatches reported this alleged decision of the board the newspapers carried stories of thousands of children receiving food from public charity to keep from starving.
>
> It ought not to take a supreme genius of administration to bring the surplus fruit from the orchards to the eager lips of the hungry children. There is something decidedly faulty in a social system that lets fruit rot in the fields while children starve in the cities.

Bro. Blight's criticism is well taken. Something is rotten in our social system. As the world grows wiser and more just, laws will be enacted making any waste of the world supply of food a crime. In the meantime we would suggest that any such selfish action is furnishing ammunition to the forces of communism and anarchy and serves to embitter the poor and needy.

Masonry at Practice

We greatly enjoy the articles published by Wor. Bro. A. Heber Winder, of Evergreen Lodge No. 259, Riverside, Calif., under the collective title above quoted, in the *Masonic Digest*, our esteemed Los Angeles contemporary. In the August number of the paper mentioned, we were especially struck by an article entitled "It Helped", which reads as follows:

> Two men faced each other in open court. One sat upon the Bench about to pronounce a judgment which would mean prison or freedom. The other stood before the bar, anxious and worried about his fate. Both men were of good character and splendid reputation.
>
> One day a few weeks before a man was driving his automobile at a very excessive rate of speed. It was twilight and the lights of a railroad crossing under repair were confusing. The machine hit the obstruction, plunged to the right and killed the watchman. Charges of manslaughter were filed against him. He plead guilty for he had taken a human life while engaged in the commission of an unlawful act. In due time, he applied for probation and that application was now under consideration by the court.
>
> For forty years the man had lived in the community. He was a person of good character and splendid reputation. He had always lived a clean life. He had never been in trouble before. He enjoyed the confidence of a host of loyal friends.
>
> Now, in this moment of greatest emergency, when liberty and happiness were at stake, that long record of good citizenship focused itself in the mind and heart of the jurist and probation was granted.
>
> Men build strong bodies in order to enjoy good health and in time of serious illness the good physical condition pulls them through the crisis. Men develop the ability of clear thinking, not only to meet the ordinary demands of each day, but also to think through when business emergencies arise. And one of the fine things of good character and good reputation is that it comes to one's rescue when danger threatens. Masonry directly contributes to the moral aspect of a man's development.

There is a tendency among modern young men to look upon violations of the laws governing speeding, gambling, prohibition, smuggling, etc., as something smart rather than censurable, something to boast about rather than to be ashamed of. They are reckless of their reputation which they do not hold in esteem, and continue riding roughshod over the law until some day retribution overtakes them. Then some take their medicine with ill grace, as if a rank injustice were being done to them, while others, more hardened, take it as a matter of course. When an emer-

gency arises where a man's reputation is cast into the balance, theirs weighs heavily on the wrong side. Masons should lead in respect for the moral law and the law of the land, and no one should be more jealous of his reputation than a man who hsa taken the Masonic vows.

Courtesy

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Master Mason* of San Diego, Calif., has this to say on the subject of courtesy in a paragraph entitled "The Fragrance of Life":

> Haven't you often experienced a sort of disappointment in finding a flower without fragrance? On the other hand, no matter how brilliant its color, or how delicate its form, or how unattractive to look at, isn't there an unusual appeal and appreciation when the flower has a spicy or otherwise pleasant odor? Courtesy is like that. It is the little touch in personal contact that means so much. It's the fragrance of life. Many men and women of splendid qualities and attainments, possessing ambition, energy and ability, are never appreciated because courtesy to others is missing. And oh, what a lot of happiness they lose and what a lot of joy they keep from other people. The flower without fragrance can't help it. Nature fixed that. But every human being has the opportunity, no matter how humble or poor in this world's goods, to develop the quality of courtesy.

Courtesy has always been one of the distinctive qualities of the gentleman and the lady. Some men—especially young cubs without experience—endeavor to impress their surroundings by disregarding the ten commandments of polite behavior. Few of them persist in their course, because sooner or later they find that to do so is disastrous. The boor is not a welcome guest anywhere.

Masonry encourages courtesy. Even our operative Brethren, rude and unlettered though they may have been, insisted upon the greatest courtesy in their masonic intercourse, as their rituals which have been handed down to us show. We are strong believers in courtesy in general, but especially in courtesy between individual Masons as well as between Masonic Bodies.

Masonic Education *vs.* Masonic Dinner

Bro. Delmar D. Darrah, of the *Illinois Freemason*, has this to say of Masonic education.

> Some years ago a spasm of Masonic education swept over the country. It was believed by some of the leaders that in order to save Freemasonry for the future that the membership must be Masonically educated. As a result Grand Lodges instituted educational programs. It is now being found out that these appeal but to a limited few. The great majority of Masons don't want to be educated, they are better satisfied with a good Masonic dinner.

We wonder if he is right? Of course, the percentage of Knife and Fork Masons is very large; but do they really constitute the great majority of the Craft? Are we cramming Masonic education down the throats of men who don't want it and who instead of a Masonic heart and intellect have an especially large and exacting stomach? If that is so, what is the remedy? Admit only a select few and starve the Knife and Forkers until they drop out?

We don't think things are quite as bad as that; and we believe that Masonic education, administered in doses proportionate to the capacity of each individual for that kind of diet, is still necessary and good.

Book Reviews

The Builders. By Joseph Fort Newton. 5½×8½ in. 327 pages. Macoy Publishing and Masonic Supply Co., 35 W. 32nd St., New York, N. Y. $2.65.

An old friend in new garb has come to our desk: "The Builders," that Masonic classic by Bro. Joseph Fort Newton which was first published many years ago to fill a long-felt want and which has since been translated into the Dutch, Swedish, Spanish, and Syrian languages.

The new edition contains the portraits of eight outstanding Masonic scholars and authors and an excellent index enables the reader to find instantly what he may seek. It is the tenth edition of "The Builders" of which forty-six thousand copies have already gone forth into the world to spread instruction in Masonry and serve as a guide to young and old Masons alike.

The work itself is too well known for us to make further comments upon it. It is a book without which no Masonic library is complete.

Official Section

Grand Lodge Committee for Visiting the Sick

Most Wor. Grand Master W. W. Larkin has appointed Wor. Bros. John J. Riehl (1) José Arpal (7), and Amado Y. Evangelista (69), to act as Grand Lodge Committee for Visiting the Sick during the month of October, 1931.

Bro. John Henry Kriete's Receipts

Bro. John Henry Kriete, of Cavite Lodge No. 2, reports the loss at Manila, on September 7th, last, of his pocketbook with Blue Lodge and Scottish Rite receipts. He is stationed on the *U. S. S. Parrott No. 218*, Cavite, P. I.

Addresses Wanted

The Secretary of Batong-Buhay Lodge No. 27 (Enrique Ant. Gaerlan, 1413 Azcarraga, Manila) asks any Brother who knows the address of any of the following-named Brethren to communicate the same to him (the addresses in parentheses are the last known address): Domingo Rivera (c/o Panama Mail S.S. Co., Pier 46, San Francisco, Cal.); Felix Yap Boki (6 Rosario St., Ibahay, Capiz); and Felix Tan Keng Heng (Bautista, Pangasinan).

The Secretary of Dapitan Lodge No. 21, 520 San Marcelino, Manila, asks for the addresses of the following-named members of his Lodge: Tomas Tan Eng Chiu, formerly of 716 Juan Luna, Manila, and later of Cabanatuan, N. E., and Desiderio Santiago, formerly employed in the Bureau of Prisons, Manila.

Any one knowing the present address of *Bro. Cipriano Jularbal* (last address *S. S. President Jackson*, 8-8-30) is asked to communicate the same to Bro. A. F. Bana, Secretary, Bud Daho Lodge No. 102, Jolo, Sulu, P. I.

Stated Meetings of Manila Lodges

October 5 (*First Monday*).—Luz Océanica No. 85, Masonic Temple; Service No. 95; Plaridel Temple.

October 6 (*First Tuesday*).—Manila No. 1, Masonic Temple; Kasilawan No. 77, Masonic Temple.

October 7 (*First Wednesday*).—Cosmos No. 8, Masonic Temple; Rizal No. 22, Plaridel Temple.

October 8 (*Second Thursday*).—Corregidor No. 3, Masonic Temple; Batong-Buhay No. 27, 527 Alvarado.

October 9 (*Second Friday*).—Dapitan No. 21. Plaridel Temple.

October 10 (*Second Saturday*).—Biak-na-Bato No. 7, Masonic Temple; Dalisay No. 14, Plaridel Temple; Walana No. 13, Masonic Temple.

October 12 (*Second Monday*).—Southern Cross No. 6, Masonic Temple.

October 13 (*Second Tuesday*).—Benjamin Franklin No. 94, Masonic Temple.

October 14 (*Second Wednesday*).—Bagumbayan No. 4, Masonic Temple.

October 15 (*Third Thursday*).—Solidaridad No. 23, Plaridel Temple.

October 16 (*Third Friday*).—Modestia-Liwayway No. 81, Plaridel Temple.

October 17 (*Third Saturday*).—Hagdang Bato No. 87, 527 Alvarado; High Twelve No. 82, Masonic Temple.

November 2 (*First Monday*).—Luz Océanica No. 85, Masonic Temple; Service No. 95, Plaridel Temple.

November 3 (*First Tuesday*).—Manila No. 1, Masonic Temple; Kasilawan No. 77, Masonic Temple.

November 4 (*First Wednesday*).—Cosmos No. 8, Masonic Temple; Rizal No. 22, Plaridel Temple.

November 5 (*First Thursday*).—Isla de Luzon No. 57, Masonic Temple; Minerva No. 41, Plaridel Temple; Mt. Lebanon No. 80, 1132 California; Mencius No. 93, Masonic Temple.

November 6 (*First Friday*).—St. John's No. 9, Masonic Temple; Hiram No. 88, Plaridel Temple.

November 7 (*First Saturday*).—Nilad No. 12, Plaridal Temple; Tagalog No. 79, Masonic Temple; Araw No. 18, 527 Alvarado.

Pieces of Architecture

Of Solomon's Temple and Masonry

By Joseph F. Boomer, P. M., St. John's Lodge No. 9, Manila, P. I.

The beginner in Freemasonry, almost invariably, is surprised and interested by the frequent reference made to King Solomon's Temple, in the ritual. One Masonic writer has said:

"Take from Freemasonry its dependence on the Temple; leave out of it all reference to that sacred edifice, and to the legends and traditions connected with it, and the system itself would at once decay and die, or at best remain only as some fossilized bone, serving merely to show the nature of the once living body to which it belonged."

One need not subscribe to the dictum just quoted, in its conclusions; but there is no denying the importance of the Temple in Masonic symbolism. Nor does this importance necessarily imply that Masonry is founded on the Temple traditions or dependent upon them for its vitality and life or even for its symbolism. Masonry draws its being, as well as its symbolism from the same fountain from which the Temple itself proceeded.

While it is true that Masonry makes use of the symbolism of King Solomon's Temple in its ritual, it is true also that the Temple of Solomon and its predecessor, the Tabernacle of Moses, were not the first temples nor the originators of the symbolism which they employed. They drew upon the bank of the ages that preceded them for their capital. All nations have had their temples and every temple is a symbol, and employs in its service rituals and symbolism. Before Moses set up the Tabernacle in the wilderness, as a peripatetic temple, Egypt and the Euphrates Valley were studded with elaborate temples, attended by priests and spiritualized by rituals and symbols.

The adaptation by Freemasonry of the symbolism of the Solomonic Temple does not mean that Masonry partakes of the religion of that temple, more than of that of any other temple. Masonry, as we frequently have heard it said, "is a progressive moral science". That being true, Masonry has one thing in common with every temple erected by man, it starts with God. Upon that foundation it builds, not a religious, but a moral edifice, for apart from a conception of God, no morality ever has been conceived.

As already suggested, the earliest temple of man was conceived as a symbol and erected to give material form to a conception spiritually discerned. The model for that first temple was found in the world about its builders. Bryant had this fact in mind when he said:

"The groves were God's first temples
Ere man learned to build the arch
And lay the architrave."

Unfortunately the stones which have preserved the physical forms of those ancient temples whose ruins still survive, have not transmitted to us the rituals and the symbolism which expressed the spiritual and moral conceptions of those who chiseled their columns and worshipped at their altars. Age after age has added grace to temple ritualism and beauty temple symbolism. When Solomon erected his temple on Mt. Moriah, had Locksley Hall then been written, with Tennyson, he might have proclaimed himself,

"the heir of all the ages
In the foremost files of time."

Into his temple, therefore, he built the choice symbolism of all the then recorded past. Egypt, Greece, Persia and the East were drawn upon consciously or unconsciously. Moses had gleaned in most of these fields when he designed the Tabernacle, the precursor of the Temple.

It is therefore less than half the truth to say that Masonry is indebted to King Solomon's Temple for a large part of its symbolism. Expressed in that form, the symbolism of Masonry is narrowed to a legacy from a particular sect, whereas it is a heritage from the race, extracted by human experience, and human aspiration from God's world about us.

One Masonic writer, discussing this adaptation by Masonry of the Temple as a symbol of human life, says:

"But the mode of treating this symbolism by a reference to the particular Temple of Solomon, and to the operative art engaged in its construction, is an application of the idea peculiar to Freemasonry. Hitchcock, in his *Essay on Swedenborg*, thinks the same idea was also shared by the Hermetic philosophers. He says: 'With perhaps the majority of readers, the Temple of Solomon, and also the tabernacle, were mere buildings—very magnificent, indeed, but still mere buildings—for the worship of God. But some are struck with many portions of the account of their erection admitting a moral interpretation; and while the buildings are allowed to stand (or to have stood, once) visible objects, these interpreters are delighted to meet with indications that Moses and Solomon, in building the Temples, were wise in the knowledge of God and of man; from which point it is not difficult to pass on to the moral meaning altogether, and affirm that the building, which was erected without the noise of a 'hammer, nor ax, nor any tool of iron' was altogether a moral building—a building of God, not made with hands. In short, many see in the story of Solomon's Temple, a symbolical representation of *man* as the temple of God with its *holy* of *holies* deep seated in the center of the human heart.' "

The Unique Theodore Roosevelt

(Soldier, Patriot, Diplomat, Author, Statesman.)

By Professor Gilbert Patten Brown, D.D., Ph.D., L.L.D.

Long has the genius of worth mastered circumstance. Originality is that in man which comes fresh from the portals of Heaven; the rational world feels its power and willingly does it yield to its ascendancy. Journeymen historians and other fakers on society have written much about Theodore Roosevelt, both for and against this most unique man of his time and generation, and now comes Prof. Walter F. McCaleb, Ph.D., and gives the reading world a fairly good account of the outstanding events in his life. The work is entitled "Theodore Roosevelt," 383 pages, published by Albert and Charles Boni, New York, and sells for $4.00.

It is a most welcome volume to my study. I have reviewed it with extremely great pleasure. Our contemporary and most esteemed compatriot, like almost all writers of biography, leaves out the Masonic affiliations of his subject.

Colonel Roosevelt's widow has placed at Dr. McCaleb's disposal the Roosevelt papers, including all those Joseph Bucklin Bishop had access to and more. He has searched, under the auspices of Robert H. Lyman, The World archives. Gilson Gardner, the one man who was on the inside of the historic break in 1912 and who is about to reveal the secrets of it in a book coming straight from Roosevelt, Taft, La Follette and many more, has lent him his manuscript. The Roosevelt House Library and Museum, with all its unpublished data, has been thrown open to him. In addition, he reveals in his preface fourteen more willing sources of which he has availed himself, including Professor William E. Dodd, Governor Gifford Pinchot, ex-Secretary Newton D. Baker and other insiders. And yet he has, in this biography, unbelievably little to show for all his opportunities.

It is not merely that he gets the names and dates wrong. He reads a thing thoroughly, from the original, and gives no indication of understanding a word of it. He turns all the characters topsy-turvy. He leaves out the important events and makes an Alice in Wonderland of what he does tackle. Nothing that happened, from 1858 when Roosevelt was born until 1919 when he died, goes undistorted, whether it relates to Roosevelt or some one else. He dabbles sagely in philosophy and is wrong every time. Whether Democrat or Republican, every man he mentions even casually turns inside out. In this summary the present writer

has touched on only a few of Prof. McCaleb's miracles of misrepresentation.

Let us take a single instance, since to analyze the book would necessitate another book. In 1903 Roosevelt and Mark Hanna were contesting candidates for the Presidential nomination, and Hanna had the first chance. He aimed to put through the right kind of resolution at the State convention in Ohio that year, and Roosevelt took the revolutionary step of sending a telegram that the delegates who supported that resolution would be regarded as anti-Administration men. Hanna did not dare enter the lists, all opposition died out, and Roosevelt was unanimously nominated in 1904.

With all the papers before him, published and unpublished, McCaleb has managed to mix up the Ohio conventions of 1903 and 1904. Of course, the 1904 convention, like all others, obediently ratified the choice already made and endorsed Roosevelt. But McCaleb has carried the fight of 1903 into 1904 and has represented Hanna as fighting Roosevelt there, as he says Hanna did in 1903. The funny thing about it is that when the Ohio convention of 1904 met, at which Hanna conducts this anti-Roosevelt battle, Hanna had been dead for several months.

There were five Senators who, for a few years, ran the Senate, with the collocation of the President and the Speaker of the House. McCaleb reduces them to four, and is so bewildered that among the four he includes "Platt of New York," the most inconsequential man in the Senate, who never knew what was going on around him and whose public services was limited to drawing his salary and voting as he was told. McCaleb has got him mixed, inexcusably, with Orville H. Platt of Connecticut, one of the most influential members of the Big Five. Neither would you suspect, from McCaleb, that the Speaker had anything to do with running the Government, or that the President had anything to do with it except to take the orders of the imaginary "Four."

Brother William H. Taft appears in this book as somewhat diabolical. So does Elihu Root, whose playful japes are recorded as sinister and maleficent, and as the devilish prelude to his break with Roosevelt in 1912. Taft is plotting against Roosevelt the day after Roosevelt forced the Convention of 1912 to nominate him, and for no ascertainable reason. But quite the funniest thing in the book is the account of John Hay's "sneering" and "sarcastic" attitude toward Roosevelt from the day he entered the Cabinet to the day he died. It Roosevelt ever had a true friend, it was Hay. Professor McCaleb ingeniously combines Hay with Root in this discreditable performance, though Roosevelt was so unaware of it that he put Root in the Cabinet twice, once as Secretary of War and once as Secretary of State, and loved Hay like a brother.

How Roosevelt got to be Vice-President is another McCaleb mystery. Part of the time Thomas C. Platt is plotting to promote him to that office from, presumably, noble motives, and part of the time Platt is malevolently plotting to "lay him on the shelf." Root and Hay play a "treacherous" part in making him Vice President. McCaleb, at this juncture, does not seem to have heard of men named Quay, Hanna, and Cornelius N. Bliss.

McCaleb has found out that Roosevelt's political start was his election to the New York State Assembly in the course of a scrap between Joe Murray and Boss Jacob Hess, whom, of course, McCaleb renames "James Hess." But this writer has no intention of following McCaleb through his convulsive christenings, which go all through the book.

Theodore Roosevelt was born in New York City on October 7, 1858, of old and noteworthy American families, and died at Oyster Bay, in the State of his nativity, on January 6, 1919. He was by religion a member of the Reformed Church of America.

Initiated January 2, 1901; passed, March 27, 1901, and raised, April 24, 1901, in Matinecock Lodge No. 806, of Oyster Bay, N. Y. His son, Theodore, is also of the Masonic Brotherhood. Colonel Roosevelt (I knew him well) never went beyond the degree of Master Mason. And a good Mason he was, too. Quick of temper, large of heart, and honest of purpose: these three things were most noticeable throughout his eventful and most useful life.

The last time that I conversed with the Colonel was when the 15th New York Regiment (colored) was passing down 5th Avenue, past the Public Library, on its way to the seat of war in the recent conflict.

The unique Theodore Roosevelt was truly a man of action. Like two other great Americans, Benjamin Franklin and Paul Revere, Theodore Roosevelt was an "all-round man" and good at any line of human endeavor. His was the "open book of real Americanism," and he didn't care who knew it, either. He was a member of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, as is the present occupant of the White House, President Herbert Clark Hoover, who, too, is doing his work well on the pulse of the world's greatest nation. The virtues of Theodore Roosevelt will live while the stars shine and the flag of the Republic of these United States of America sails the Seven Seas.

Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, U. S. A., July 4, 1931.

Masonic Fiction

The Island

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

I.—*The Cesar Augustus Decree Meeting*

Thousands of Masters of Masonic Lodges in the United States, from Maine to Hawaii, from Alaska to Florida, are wrestling manfully each year with the problems of keeping the side-lines filled and of having at least one big Lodge function by which their administration may be known to fame forever after. Worshipful Brother Thomas Clark, Master of a Lodge in Michigan, had been turning this matter over in his mind frequently without result, when, one day, the great inspiration came and he proceeded to put it into execution without delay.

Here is how he told the story of the birth of that idea to Stuart Lee on the night of the Cesar Augustus Decree Meeting which gave him a place in the history of Masonry in his State:

"I was after an original idea, you know," he explained, his rubicund face glowing with pride and pleasure, "but though I lay awake many sleepless hours at night sweeping that think tank of mine with a relentless broom, none was forthcoming. At last it occurred to me to try the system of my grandfather who in such emergencies was wont to take down the old family bible, open it at random and use the first passage his eye fell on as inspiration and guide. Well, I did the same thing, and the book opened on the second Chapter of the Gospel of Luke. I began to read the account of the decree that went forth from Cesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed, and that all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

"I have some imagination and I was beginning to visualize the return of wanderers from all parts to their native town, the meeting of old friends and playmates, the reminescences, the revival of happy childhood days, the thrill of being back home once more, and all such things when suddenly, like a flash, the great idea was born.

"I closed the Great Light abruptly and, I fear, somewhat thoughtlessly and ungratefully, and after I got through yelling 'Eureka!' and patting myself on the back, I took a pencil and paper and drafted my plan of campaign for this Cesar Augustus Decree Meeting of Hiram Abif Lodge.

Every Mason in good standing who had ever been a member of this Lodge received an invitation. The present members in or near town added their personal invitations to those sent to out-of-town members and ex-members, and in every home preparations were made to accommodate at least one visitor. Invitations, sent four months in advance, went to twenty States of the Union, to Panama, the Philippines, China, and one or two other foreign countries. And the response was gratifying, overwhelming. Just look about you!"

The Master of Hiram Abif Lodge made a sweeping gesture with his hand as he said this. In fact, the spacious hall was crowded with Brethren, most of them in animated conversation, looking happy and interested.

"And you, Brother Lee—the Master continued—are one of those who have confessed to me that without that invitation they would probably not have visited the old Lodge for years and years to come. To think that it brought you home all the way from the banks of the Euphrates where you were excavating Hittite ruins and the Lord knows what else. Now look about you and renew acquaintance with some of your old school mates while I shake hands with those new arrivals there in the West."

Stuart Lee measured nearly six foot in his stocking feet. His spare frame, thin, tanned face, and prematurely gray hair, coupled with a slight stoop, made him appear older than his age, which was twenty-eight years. He was not handsome; but his face was one of those that men and especially women look at a second time: the face of a dreamer and thinker. He had spent part of his boyhood in Germany, where his father was stationed as American consul, then he had come to Michigan with his parents. He had been made a Mason in Hiram Abif Lodge while home on a vacation from Harvard. During the World War, his knowledge of languages and his almost uncanny skill as a cryptographer had kept him from service in the trenches but had brought him fame and quick promotion in the Military Intelligence Department. It was, perhaps, better so, because while Stuart was not at all lacking in courage, he abhorred violence and bloodshed.

Stuart was about to look for a seat when he suddenly found himself confronted by a stocky young man with curly black hair and a frank, rather handsome face, and a moment later a large hand crushed his in an enthusiastic grasp.

"Well, Stuart, old fellow, how are you? I have not seen you since 1917. What have you been doing with yourself all these years? Somebody told me you were a major in the M. I. D. during the war."

"It is certainly fine to see you again, John! They told me that you got the *croix de guerre* in France and that you served with the army on the Rhine. Is that so?"

"That is correct, Stuart. I returned from Germany half a year ago and am now farming on the old Sterling homestead on Owl Creek, the place where you visited me about ten years ago, don't you remember?"

"Indeed, I do, John; didn't we have a fine time together, fishing, hunting, berrying, and loafing?"

John Sterling's face was beaming.

"Stuart," he said, "I can never forget how you helped me at school and what a wonderful friend you were to me. Can't you come out to Owl Creek with me and stay a few weeks? I have a spare room and my *frau* will be glad of your company. In fact, you will probably be a godsend to her; she is homesick and I know that you speak German like a native and are more of a high-brow than I am. Gretchen has had a fine education, you know."

"Ah, you brought a wife back with you from the Rhine?"

"I did, Stuart; she is the daughter of a high-class family. Her father was ruined by the war and both her brothers were killed in battle. She is very young and pretty as a picture. I hated to take her out on the farm; but it could not be helped."

The sound of the gavel in the East warned the two friends that work was about to begin, the candidate being ready outside. As they sat down on a bench near the West, John said:

"Come on, Stuart; accept that invitation. My wife is staying at the Millers, where we shall get her after Lodge. I have an old flivver and we can drive out to the farm in an hour. Where are you stopping?"

"At Stimson's, John. We are awfully crowded there and I am sure they won't mind my leaving to-night. All right, I accept."

II.—*A Midnight Ride*

It was shortly before midnight when the two friends stepped out of the hall after shaking hands with the Brethren. Worshipful Brother Clark, surrounded by a group of members and visitors, accepted their congratulations with beaming face and exacted from both the promise of an early visit. As John felt the cool night air, he pulled a muffler about his throat and chest.

"I have to be careful of my lungs," he said. "They have not been what they used to be since I was gassed at the Chemin des Dames. The doctor says this is not exactly the best climate for me; but what can a fellow do? I ought to sell the old place as soon as I can get a half-way decent offer for it; but it hurts me to do it. It has been in the family for a century, you know."

A few minutes later, the two friends were traveling down the quiet streets of the town. They stopped in front of the old-fashioned frame house of Fred Stimson, a past master of the Lodge, who had put up several of the visitors. When, after a short delay, Stuart emerged, carrying two suit-cases, John laughed.

"Do you remember the last time you came out to the farm with me on our old hay wagon?" he asked. "I tried to do some fancy driving, for your benefit, and came very near upsetting us into the creek. And you never batted an eye."

"Which does not mean that I was not scared," answered Stuart.

After a drive of five minutes, John brought his car to a stop in front of a small cottage, sitting back from the street under old chestnut trees. The porch was lighted up; evidently visitors were expected. John called out, cheerily:

"Hello there, Gretchen, are you ready?"

"I have been for some time, John. Don't get out; Mr. Miller is going to help me with my bundles."

The voice sounded tired and sleepy and the accent was unmistakably German.

Stuart got out of the car and opened the garden gate. The slender figure of a woman appeared. With a thin wrap drawn tightly about her and her small, oval face framed by a wealth of blond hair, she had the appearance of a school girl. Large eyes of an intense violet looked astonished into Stuart's. As Mr. Miller, a florid, good-natured looking German, was handing some bundles he was carrying into the car, John said:

"Put these on the front seat by my side, Jim; Gretchen will ride with Stuart. Oh, Gretchen, excuse me; this is Stuart Lee, an old school mate of mine, whom I have invited to make us a good long visit on the farm. You can talk German together; he knows your language quite well. You will be able to discuss Schiller and Goethe with him; he is not like me, he has other things on his brain than wheat and oats."

Stuart felt a small, cold hand in his own.

"I won't even say how do you do, ma'am," he said. "I am going to put you in the car and wrap my traveling rug about you. You are shivering in that thin shawl of yours."

John stopped arranging the parcels, evidently purchases his wife had made in town. Turning around, he looked anxiously at his wife.

"Are you cold, dear? Well, Stuart will sit with you and

look after your comfort, while I attend to the driving. It is going to be rough riding for two miles after we leave the paved road, Stuart; but I dare say you have seen it worse in Asia Minor. So long, Jim; many thanks!"

After leaving town, the car put on speed and the wind became cutting. The young woman stirred.

"I thank you for your thoughtfulness, Mr. Lee," she said, in German. "I would be freezing now if it were not for the warmth of your rug. It is some foreign fabric, isn't it?"

"It is a camel hair rug I bought in Bagdad," answered Stuart.

"Bagdad," murmured the girl. "Do you know my brother Erich was killed near there? He was a non-commissioned officer in the artillery and they had sent him down there for duty with the Turkish army. Oh, there hardly seems to be a thing in the world that does not remind one of the war when one has suffered from it as I have. I don't know what would have become of me if I had not met John; I was left without any one after my father's death, you know. Perhaps it would have been better if we had never met, though."

Stuart was startled by her last remark. Were not the two happy together? John's story had made him believe they were. But the explanation followed quickly.

"Don't misunderstand me, Mr. Lee," the girl said. "John is the best and most unselfish husband you could think of; but if he had not burdened himself with me, he could get some light work somewhere in the Southwest and could take care of his lungs; instead of having to slave away on a farm in this unfavorable climate. I can understand that he will not sell the place where his ancestors have lived and made history for a century; but his life is at the stake. And, unfortunately, I am not much suited to life on a farm and I fear I am a handicap to him instead of a help, though I am doing my best."

At that moment, John turned around and called out: "Look out for bumps now, folks, we are no longer on the paved road and it will be nothing but ruts and holes for us until we reach Owl Creek. Hold Gretchen tight, Stuart; she has to be handled with care and I am having troubles of my own just now."

It was rough riding, indeed. Stuart had no trouble protecting the young woman by his side from shocks and bumps; her slight, girlish figure fitted easily into the hollow of his arm and he had muscles like steel. Gretchen was grateful.

"You are awfully kind, Mr. Lee," she exclaimed. "I hardly feel any of the discomforts of traveling on this awful stretch of road with you holding me this way. You are a regular shock absorber."

She snuggled close to him and for a moment he felt her warm breath on his cheek. Stuart was not a ladies' man and had shunned the society of women for years; but he found the present situation distinctly pleasant. Was it only the satisfaction of being the protector of a fair lady or was it a natural attraction? Stuart had no chance to analyze his feelings because the car reached a smoother part of the road and Gretchen slid out of his arm with a softly murmured "Thank you."

At last the car stopped in front of a gate which the young farmer, alighting, opened. As he drove in, he sounded the horn.

"Just to warn Olaf, my hired man," he explained. "He will light the lamps and then shut the gate."

Through the haze of the night, Stuart beheld in front of him the farm house, a structure of solid logs, with small windows. A lamp that had just been lighted promised hospitality. The gurgling of a fountain in the back yard sounded familiar to Stuart.

"The old place has not changed a bit," he exclaimed, as he alighted. He half lifted the young woman out of the car while John gathered the parcels, then he took out his suitcases.

The young farmer turned around and said, proudly: "Just wait till you get inside, Stuart, then you will see what that little wife of mine has done to the house. It is certainly a cozy place now; anyway, you can see that one member of the household has the sense of the artistic well developed. How about the guest-room, Gretchen; is it presentable?"

"Of course it is!" The indignant reply of the young woman showed where her pride lay. While Stuart's eyes swept the living room, which looked neat and cozy, Gretchen took a small kerosene lamp from the sideboard and lighted it. The delicate, aristocratic face which the proximity of the light brought out more clearly than Stuart had seen it before seemed out of place in the rugged Michigan farm house. With a smile dimpling her cheek, the young woman said:

"Now, Mr. Lee, let me show you your room, the same in which you and John slept many years ago, and tell me if it is presentable or not. The guest chamber is the one luxury we have in the house. I generally retire into it when I have a fit of the blues, which is a frequent occurrence, unfortunately. Perhaps I shan't have them so often now that we have a guest to entertain us."

III.—*Twenty-four Emeralds*

The next evening after Stuart's arrival at the farm, the two friends were sitting comfortably in the living room of the old farm house. It was a quiet night. Dense masses of mist lay over the fields and pastures of the Stuart farm and the air outside was chilly. From time to time, a persistent owl hooted in the bushes, and the gurgling of the fountain and the slow ticking of the carved wooden clock on the wall invited to sleep. The young farmer, who had been looking in front of him, sucking his pipe, suddenly looked up.

"It strikes me that I am not very good company, Stuart," he said. "I have not opened my mouth for at least ten minutes. That is what gets Gretchen; she just can't stand it.—I wonder what is keeping her now?"

He was about to rise, when the door towards the kitchen opened and the young woman stepped in.

"I am sorry I kept you waiting," she said. "I piled the supper dishes unwashed in the sink, as you asked me to do; but I had a lot of other things to attend to. You excuse me, won't you, Stuart?"

Stuart smiled.

"You came at the right moment," he answered. "John finished thinking a few moments ago, and if you will sit down, we shall hear the result of it. Judging by the way in which he wrinkled his brow it must be something very important."

Gretchen sat down on the chair by the side of her husband. Leaning her head against his shoulder, she smiled at Stuart.

"I see you know him, and I myself am wondering what it is all about?"

"You are right; I have been doing some thinking. You said a while ago, Stuart, that you got a lot of practice in deciphering secret codes during the war. I thought you might perhaps help me to decipher some writing in cipher on the back of the masonic diploma of my great-great-granduncle Ulysses, who was killed in the Mexican War."

He rose and stepped over to the old oak cup-board in the corner of the room and opened a drawer.

"Here it is. I found it in Uncle Ulysses' trunk, that ponderous brass-bound chest which you must have noticed in the guest room. What do you think of it?"

Stuart looked attentively at the old parchment which John had handed him, and after examining the face of it, he turned it over.

"That should not be difficult to decipher," he commented, after a glance at the hieroglyphics, consisting of angles and

dots that covered the back of the document. "This is a certificate showing that your relative was a Master Mason in a Lodge in Venezuela in 1820, and the writing on the back is in the kabbalistic cipher which was in vogue among Masons a century ago and was used for a time by the American Royal Arch, but has become obsolete. I have not the key; but it won't take me long to make one. Just give me a pencil and paper and we shall see."

Gretchen jumped up and opened a drawer of the sideboard from which she produced a pencil and a writing tablet. While the young couple were conversing in a low tone of voice, Stuart, bending over his work, covered sheet after sheet with his clear, neat hand-writing. From time to time, Gretchen stole a curious glance at him. Little by little, the wrinkles that had formed on Stuart's brow disappeared until at last, with a smile of satisfaction, he leaned back on his chair and picked up the last sheet on which he had been writing.

"Listen to what it says, John," he said. "You may know what he means:

"'My dear Georgie Boy: When you read the gospel on Christmas Eve, as you will surely do, using my bible instead of the unwieldy old family Bible, mark well the dots that you will perceive, because they will convey a message to you. You will be rich, my boy, and independent from your father. I shall have died for my own flag then, God bless it, after fighting for half a dozen others in the course of my wild life. May the G. A. O. T. U. bless you, and may He forgive your father, is the prayer of your Great-Uncle Ulysses Sterling.' "

John's pipe fell to the floor, but he did not stoop to pick it up. The tanned face had paled.

"The treasure," he gasped. "The treasure—Ulysses' treasure."

Gretchen looked alarmed at her husband.

"What is it, John?" she asked, anxiously. "I have never seen you that way. What are you talking about?"

John smiled and looked fondly at her, then he put his arm about the slender shoulders.

"Sweetheart," he answered, "there is a tradition in our family about a treasure that my great-great-granduncle Ulysses promised to my grandfather, George Sterling. I was inclined to consider this an idle tale; but this writing seems to indicate that there is something in it. If it could be true, dear; if we could be rich, many problems would be solved. Please read the paper again, Stuart."

After a second reading of the paper, Stuart said:

"Now, if we could get hold of that bible—"

Instead of answering, John rose and stepped out of the room, and a moment later Stuart heard him go up the stairs. The young woman was pale with excitement.

"You will help us find it, Stuart, won't you?" she begged, laying her hand on his arm. The violet eyes filled with tears.

"It would mean so much to us," she added. "I am terribly afraid for John after what the doctor said. If you knew how frightened I was during those cold days in February."

"I will do all I can, Gretchen," answered Stuart. "I hope you won't be disappointed, though I must say that this story of a treasure sounds rather outlandish to me."

"Don't say that," the young woman moaned. "That dream must come true, for his sake!"

John Sterling was still pale when he entered the room, and his hands shook slightly as he handed the book to Stuart.

"You look for it, Stuart," he asked, moistening his dry lips with his tongue. "You are better at those things than I am, and I must confess I am too excited to attempt anything like that just now."

Again Stuart bent over his work, turning the pages of the old bible carefully. Then, taking up paper and pencil, he began to write, with his eyes on the page before him. The ticking of the old clock was the only noise in the room; the young couple hung breathlessly on John's face. Again Stuart raised his eyes from the paper with a smile of satisfaction.

"It was a simple job this time. I first turned to the gospel of the birth of Christ in St. Matthew, and then in St. Luke. There I found over certain letters dots made with red ink, and here is the message that I have worked out by simply putting these down, letter after letter:

"'Under the big oak in the NE corner of the island, under the stone slab, you will find a jar containing two dozen emeralds, all matched, all *cañutillos*, worth a king's ransom, also some gold. The emeralds are loot; but I came by them honestly. Go to New York and sell them there, as I planned to do on my return.' "

John looked puzzled at Stuart, who pushed the bible, paper and pencil across the table, saying: "Here, read it for yourself; it is child's play. Begin with the 'u' in the word 'out,' on the second line of Chapter two, which is the first marked letter, and go on."

John shook his head and said, gloomily: "You have read it and that was enough to convince me that we are stuck again. There is no island in this vicinity; we are over twenty miles from Lake Huron. Of course, like the rest of the male members of my family, Ulysses and George Sterling made occasional hunting trips up north, and he probably refers to their favorite hangout there. Unfortunately they did not go in much for keeping diaries and writing letters in those days, and there is not a scrap of paper in the house that might serve as a guide. There are deeds, military papers of all sorts, and receipts; but nothing else. It looks mighty discouraging, Stuart."

"It does, indeed."

Gretchen, who had been listening intently, jumped up from her chair. Her eyes were shining and her face was flushed. She laid a trembling hand on her husband's shoulder.

"Don't be downhearted, Johnny dear," she said, soothingly. "I know that we shall find that treasure, those emeralds, twenty-four of them, all matched, as the book says. Stuart will find them for us. You are only a *dummer Bauer;* but I love you!"

Stooping down, she kissed her husband, then she nodded to Stuart and said, with a laugh which had a hysterical note to it:

"Good night; you must excuse me. I must rest; this has been altogether too much excitement for me."

As she disappeared through the bed-room door, her husband looked after her with a smile, then he turned to Stuart.

"Yes, she is right; I am only a dumb farmer. Poor kid; if she knew how little hope I have of ever finding those emeralds! But I won't give up, and you will go on helping us, Stuart; won't you?"

Stuart nodded, then, leaning back in his chair, he said: "How about giving me a historical sketch of your family, including that famous soldier of fortune Ulysses Sterling? It might furnish us a clue, seeing that you have asked me to unravel this mystery for you."

John's hand was steady now as he filled and lit his pipe, which was usually empty or not lighted when Gretchen was in the room. Stuart listened attentively, with half-closed eyes, to the story of the five generations of sturdy Americans who had toiled on the Sterling Farm, beginning with John Sterling, who had left his native England in quest of adventure, a century before the present bearer of the name was born.

IV.—*Five Generations*

"This house was built in 1820 by my great-great-grandfather, John Sterling, English-born but a loyal American citizen. For services rendered by him in 1812, Governor Lewis Cass, of Michigan Territory, secured a grant of a

section of land for him in this part of Michigan which was then considered to be nothing better than a swamp. Part of it was indeed a tamarack and cedar swamp; but it has been drained since.

"John Sterling had a younger brother, Ulysses, who was a regular soldier of fortune and who was somewhere in South America in 1825 when John was killed by Indians. The farm was taken over by Oliver Sterling, John's only son, a tyrannical, violent man, who quarrelled with everybody, and who soon succeeded in making his three sisters leave the place. He was afraid of only one man, and that was his uncle Ulysses, who came up from South America about the middle of the forties. Ulysses befriended Oliver's eldest son, George, and many were the quarrels which he had with Oliver. It was due to Ulysses that George did not run away like his brother, James, who left the farm one dark night, being about 19 years old at the time, and never came back.

"In 1846, when the war with Mexico broke out, Oliver was still running the farm; in fact, he ran it from 1825 until 1870. Ulysses being an experienced soldier and an excellent Spanish scholar, he was offered a commission in the U. S. Army. Before he left for Mexico, he told George, who was my grandfather, you must remember, that he had a treasure hidden somewhere in a safe place, and that if he, Ulysses, should not come back from the war, George would learn the location of the cache in due time. Well, old Ulysses was killed at Buenavista, in 1847, and George apparently never read the message which you deciphered for us this evening. I presume that Ulysses' bible was never opened again and the old family bible was used instead, a contingency which Ulysses did not foresee. I found his bible, carefully wrapped in an old Spanish flag, some war trophy, I reckon, in the old chest there upon my return from Germany.

"My grandfather joined the army when the Civil War broke out and was killed in the first battle of Bull Run. My father, Murray Sterling, was nine years old at the time. Old Oliver continued managing the farm until my father was about twenty years old, then he reluctantly turned it over to my father and died soon after. His end was probably hastened by the death of my aunt Mathilda, his grandchild, a cripple whom everybody seems to have loved. The violent, crabbed old man loved the girl tenderly and was inconsolable when she died at the age of sixteen years. She was the only person who had any influence over old Oliver and it was she who kept my father from leaving home more than once.

"My boyhood was not exactly a happy one. My mother died when I was born, and my father, as you may remember, was taciturn and almost morose. He loved me, though. About the time of my departure for the World War, he began to tell me things and open his heart to me, and that is how I learned part of what I have just told you. The rest I got out of the old family bible. My father died early last year, while I was still with the army in Germany.

"Upon my arrival here, I took over the farm. The first chance I got I opened the brass-bound oak chest that contained things and documents that had belonged to Ulysses Sterling. There were all kinds of old weapons, insignia, decorations, and coins, and a few books, including his bible. The Masonic diploma was with several other documents, mostly military commissions and similar papers. I suppose my grandfather never looked at it when he put it away; he loved Uncle Ulysses dearly and did not want anything lying around to remind him of the old soldier. That is why he neither saw the message on the diploma nor used Ulysses' bible on Christmas. If he had—. Well, that is all there is to it, Stuart."

Stuart began to turn the fourteenth degree ring which he wore on the ring finger of his left hand, a habit of his. He did it to aid reflection, he explained. At last he broke the silence.

"If you will let me go over all the documents and papers that you have in the house, and then examine the old books, I may find a clue, though in view of the lapse of time that is not very probable. Do you know of any relatives with whom Ulysses Sterling corresponded, or any descendants of the persons with whom he and your grandfather went on those hunting trips up north? We may through them find out on which of the islands they generally stopped, because Ulysses may have hidden the gems there. The oak may have disappeared; but the stone slab must still be there."

John shook his head.

"Not a soul, old man. I have some relatives out in California, descendants of my granduncle James, the one who ran away. They are wealthy, and my father told me one of his California cousins high-hatted him when they met, father being only a poor Michigan clod-hopper and he no end of a swell guy. Of course, father returned the compliment."

Stuart laughed. "I bet he did! Your father was quiet and unassuming; but he was proud and you could not step on his corns. Well, we must rely on what documents we can find in the house. So you are starting with your spring plowing to-morrow?"

John nodded. "It is high time. Gretchen will help you with your search, while Olaf and I will be busy plowing. Keep up her courage, won't you, old man? I have been trying to keep my worries about my health and the farm from her; but she is too clever for me. She found out all about the mortgage; it beats me how she got hold of that detail."

"You have mortgaged the place?"

"My father had to, and the mortgage will be due soon. It is only fifteen hundred dollars; but that looks mighty big to me."

"Don't worry, John; when it is about time, just let me know and I'll let you have the money. I have a few thousand dollars in the bank that are not working, and you are welcome to them."

John nodded. "Thanks, Stuart; I may take you up on that. Now let us turn in; I have to get up bright and early to-morrow. Good-night, old man! I am sorry I have burdened you with all our worries; but you will understand."

V.—*The Quest of the Mysterious Island*

Stuart Lee proceeded carefully and systematically in his examination of the documents which Gretchen had unearthed from chests and cupboards all over the house. When she arrived with the last batch, gathered in her kitchen apron, Stuart had already arranged and classified what she had brought before and was writing labels for the different stacks lined up on the improvised table out on the

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porch. As the young woman dumped the contents of her apron on the chair beside Stuart, she sighed.

"I wish there were more of those yellowish-looking documents," she commented. "I see there is only a small stack of them."

"Unfortunately," said Stuart. "It won't take me long to examine that small pile there. The other papers are all of periods after the death of John's grandfather and must be discarded for the purposes of our search. It won't hurt to classify them, though, and that is what I have done. Are you sure there are no papers anywhere else?"

"I am quite sure, Stuart. I know there is nothing in the barns or elsewhere outside of the house, and I have searched every nook and corner of this place."

Gretchen sat down on the rocking chair, while Stuart straightened out his lanky frame and stepped to the edge of the porch. The house stood on a slight eminence, and half a mile away he could see his friend and Olaf hard at work. The air was keen and bracing, and Stuart took deep breaths of it. Gretchen, who was watching him curiously, blushed when he caught her looking at him.

"It does me good to see you fill your lungs that way, Stuart. Mine are not strong at all; there have been several deaths from consumption in my family and I have a lurking fear of it. If you find that treasure for us, it may be the means of adding years and years to both our lives. But I am sure you will succeed; you are so intelligent and competent."

The look of admiration in the big violet eyes was so child-like that Stuart was deeply touched. When he was at college, he had seen a beautiful, frail body like Gretchen's consumed in a few months' time by the disease of which the young woman before him was so mortally afraid. He had kept his great grief to himself; and he now reflected how his sweetheart, to whose memory he had been true all these years, might have been saved if she had quit her studies and gone to New Mexico or Arizona when it was still time.

"You have much confidence in me, Gretchen"; he said. "I wish I had your faith. But believe me, I shall leave no stone unturned to find that island for you. I am convinced that the treasure mentioned by Ulysses Sterling exists and that it still is where he put it, over seventy years ago. Perhaps not my own efforts, but some chance accident may help us to find the island on which it lies hidden. And if we don't find it, I shall persuade John to sell this place or rent it if he can, and go to New Mexico. John is quite a mechanic, and I know a little place where he can start a small automobile repair shop and gasoline station and make enough money to keep you both. The cash he needs he can get from me for the asking, as I told him last night."

Gretchen looked at Stuart with moist eyes.

"John must certainly be a good man to have won and preserved a wonderful, loyal friendship like yours," she said. "God was good to us when he sent you here, and I hope the coming winter will find us in that dry and clear air of which you spoke a while ago. The farther I get away from here, the better!"

"Then you don't like this place?"

"I detest it, Stuart. I feel that it will rob me of my husband if we stay here. I have tried hard enough to like it, though, for his sake. You know how beautiful our forests are in Germany: those tall, dark pines, with no undergrowth between them, that make the woods look like cathedral aisles; the perfume of the pine needles; the beautiful moss, the ferns, and the birds and squirrels. When I saw that clump of trees down there, it looked mysterious and attractive and I proposed to explore it. But John told me to be very careful, because there was a lot of poison ivy in there. That filled me with an additional loathing for the place."

Stuart smiled. "The Grove, as we called it, is beautiful and romantic, though. As regards the poison ivy, Nature seems to play us tricks like that in the most attractive places. On my travels I have often longed for a swim on some fine beach or in a clear pool or creek; but where there were no jellyfish or sharks, there would be alligators, water moccasins or malarial mosquitoes."

"I shall miss my robins, bobolinks, and orioles," mused Gretchen, "and those dear little chipmunks. Do you know, they eat out of my hand now and jump on my lap, the sweet little fellows! Even this house, with its associations, seems to be getting a hold on me."

Inside the house, the old clock began to strike the hour. With a cry of dismay, the young woman jumped up.

"Oh, Stuart, it is eleven o'clock and at noon sharp those two men down in the field will sit down at the table, with appetites like bears."

Stuart laughed. "That gives you a whole hour, doesn't it? I am going to help you; I am no mean cook, you know."

Again the young woman looked at him with beaming eyes.

"Oh, you Americans are wonderful that way!" she exclaimed. "But I won't have you in my kitchen, Stuart Lee, I can make things fly in an emergency. You just go on looking for our island!"

(To be continued)

From Contemporaries

The Symbol of Gloves

In Germany the candidate in the first degree of Masonry receives a pair of white gloves; at least that was at one time a custom. These gloves are symbols of purity.

In the Middle Ages the operative Masons wore gloves to protect their hands, much as carpenters and other workers wore aprons to protect their clothing, the smith an apron of leather.

In law we learn a man must "come into court with clean hands." That is, without fault or falsehood.

In the services of the Roman Church during the Middle Ages the priest celebrating Mass wore gloves to denote that human hands should not handle sacred things.

White gloves are often worn in European courts to denote innocence. Thus, while one might know something of a crime, by wearing white gloves he showed he had no part in the actual crime, and was willing to aid in capturing the offenders.

In services for the dead, white gloves as a symbol of purity have been worn for many years by those who took an active part in the service.

Thus he who is clad in white gloves confesses his past offences, and by that symbol asks that those offences be forgiven.—*South Australian Freemason.*

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Motion to Adjourn

According to parliamentary law a motion to adjourn is always in order. In Masonic law a motion to adjourn is never in order. This is because the master in his lodge holds absolute power. All business is entirely within his control.—*Illinois Freemason.*

The Trowel

There is a little lesson taught by the trowel which is too often forgotten: "Who best can work and best agree". If this spirit characterized more of our Masonic work better results would be attained. The Brother who insists upon performing a part in our ritual for which he is wholly unfitted is really to be pitied. It is a matter of regret that he cannot see himself as others see him. Yet, Masons are often assigned to some particular place which they are unable to fill even in a bungling manner, simply to avoid offending them. Efficient work demands efficient workers. Every Master in selecting his workers should take the very best material available, and that Brother who becomes offended because he is not chosen to the most conspicuous place should have his attention called to the lesson of the trowel of "Who best can work and best agree."—*Illinois Freemason.*

Lodge News

Grand Lodge Visitation to Cosmos Lodge No. 8

On the evening of Wednesday, August 19th, a special meeting of Cosmos Lodge No. 8 was convened, at which Most Worshipful Bro. William W. Larkin, Grand Master, and the Officers of the Grand Lodge made an official visitation.

After the formal reception of the Grand Master, the Lodge was reduced to the First Degree, and with the regular officers of the Lodge presiding, Morris Finkelstein was initiated an Entered Apprentice Mason.

Most Worshipful Bro. Joseph H. Schmidt, Past Grand Master, made the presentation of the apron, with that impressive lecture for which he is noted. Wor. Bro. Bernard H. Brown, Master of Manila Lodge No. 1, presented the working tools to the candidate, and Bro. Richard E. Jamison, Senior Deacon, delivered the lecture.

Most Wor. Bro. Joseph H. Schmidt, Secretary of the Masonic Hospital for Crippled Children, gave an interesting outline of the good work this institution is doing, and stated that Cosmos Lodge represents one tenth of the total membership of the Hospital. He further said that Masonry today is what our former brethren made it, and Masonry of the future will be only what we make it. In supporting this great Masonic charity, the Crippled Children Hospital, the Masons of today are not only practicing the tenet of Relief, to the betterment of humanity, but are building an enviable reputation in the eyes of the general public as an institution which seriously practices what it teaches, and as a valuable body of civic minded men.

The members of Cosmos Lodge are urged to not only maintain their membership in the Hospital, but to encourage others to give it their support.

The address of the Grand Master dwelt upon the importance of the First Degree, and of its proper exemplification, so that first impressions, which are the most lasting, may be of the best.

After the close of Lodge refreshments were served in the lobby, and the many brethren who had come from a long distance, and had braved the stormy weather to be present, enjoyed an informal reunion and renewed old acquaintanceships.

From St. John's Lodge No. 9

A Special Meeting of St. John's Lodge No. 9 was held on August 21, 1931, for the purpose of conferring the degree of Master Mason upon Gerard Edmund Carl von Pelikan. The degree was exemplified by the following-named Past Masters: William F. Gallin, J. F. Boomer, Ervin C. Ross, Stanton Youngberg, Thos. R. Worthen, Seldon W. O'Brien, C. S. Salmon, B. F. Jinks, E. A. Rodier, and A. Schipull. The ritualistic work was exceptionally good. Most Wor. Bro. William Wiley Larkin, Grand Master of Masons of the Philippine Islands, accompanied by officers and members of the Grand Lodge, made an official visitation on this occasion and delivered an address in which he explained the significance of the scripture quotations used during the peregrination in the Third Degree. Most Wor. Bro. Francisco A. Delgado also made an address. After labor, the members and visitors present, numbering over ninety in all, enjoyed a fraternal repast and social half hour.

The members of the Lodge take much interest in the discussions of Masonic questions which take place at the meetings. Lists of these questions are furnished in advance in order to give everybody time to study up. The questions set for discussion at the September Stated Meeting, for instance, were as follows:

When is a Lodge to be "just"; when "perfect"; when regular"?
What style of architectural column represents the West in a Lodge?
What style of column architecturally represents the South?
Why is there no column represented on the Master's pedestal?
From whence is the expression "the Lion of the tribe of Judah" derived?

From Batong-Buhay Lodge No. 27

Undaunted by the inclement weather, the officers and members of Batong-Buhay Lodge No. 27 met on August 13th, last, to celebrate the 17th anniversary of the constitution of the Lodge by a lauriat party, which was attended by many members of other Lodges. On that occasion, the degree of Master Mason was conferred upon Bro. Ang Ka.

De la Logia Maktan No. 30, Cebu

En la noche del 29 de agosto próximo pasado tuvo lugar una tenida especial para conferir el 1er. Gr. al solicitante Gervasio Ornopia. La concurrencia era regular, pues se hacían los trabajos en honor del Hmno. Pedro Licuanan, Segundo Vigilante que fué en la legislatura de 1930 de esta Logia, y que acababa de llegar en viaje de inspección a las escuelas de esta región.

Ya están de vuelta de sus viajes los Hmnos. H. Langara y Ven. V. Sogura, en cambio se encuentra en esa capital en viaje oficial nuestro ex-venerable Hmno. J. A. Alix.

Acaba de pasar al Oriente Eterno el 17 del presente mes el Hmno. Vicente Griñon, miembro activo de esta Logia que tiene su residencia en los valles de Iloilo. El entierro tendrá lugar el Domingo por la tarde (Sept. 20) bajo los auspicios de la Resp. Logia Iloilo No. 11.

El Hmno. Marcial Borromeo ha entrado en franca mejoría del mal de disentería que por algún tiempo le obligó a guardar cama.

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

The Lodge has recently acquired a lot in the municipal cemetery, so that it has now not only a decent temple with spacious grounds, but also a burying ground of its own. The Masons residing in the provincial capital have formed a club and use the ground floor of the Temple for playing billiard, pingpong, chess, and other games and having a social time.

From Malolos Lodge No. 46

On August 30th, last, Malolos Lodge made an enjoyable excursion to Ipo (Norzagaray). The party, numbering about 50, left at 8 a. m. in a truck and arrived at Ipo about 12:30 p. m. Lunch, prepared under the direction of Mrs. H. Pascual, was served upon arrival there, after which the excursionists went sight-seeing. At 5 p. m. the party left for Manila, where they did not arrive until 9 p. m. because of engine trouble on the way. After supper at the Gas Kitchen, dancing was indulged in till about 1 a. m., and it was not until 3 a. m. that the excursionists returned to Malolos. Those who took part were:

Wor. Bro. and Mrs. Juan L. Reyes, Secretary and Mrs. Hermenegildo Pascual, Past Masters Amado V. Aldaba, Dionisio Dimagiba, Escolastico Gatmaitan, Fermin Samson, Remigio V. Bernabe, Cristobal Santiago, Bros. Balbino Baltazar, Juan Velasquez, Pedro Ponce, Santiago V. Rodriguez, Tripon Adriano, A. Bulaong, M. Castillo, C. Calalang,

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From Makabugwas Lodge No. 47, Tacloban, Leyte

Makabugwas Lodge is stressing the educational feature. The Lodge library is an incentive for the members to study, and the studious Brethren give the Lodge the benefit of their work in the shape of lectures. At the September Stated Meeting, the following lectures were delivered: Bro. Fidel Fernandez, on the Origin of Freemasonry; Bro. Alberto Santacruz, on the Crusaders, Knights Templar, and Roman Collegia; Bro. José Mendoza, on the Operative Masons of the Middle Ages and the Rosicrucians, and Bro. Benedicto Cunanan, on Oliver Cromwell and the Stuarts. Subjects for the October Stated Meeting have been assigned to Bro. Marcelo Ruiz, of Memorial Lodge No. 90; Bro. Francisco Reyes, of Batong Buhay Lodge No. 72, and Bro. Bernardino Santos, of Mount Kaladias Lodge No. 91.

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 immediately family of Masons, marriages, promotions, changes of station or occupation, honors, letters from absent Brethren with greetings, trips abroad, and similar news. Secretaries of Lodges publishing bulletins should send the latter to the CABLETOW *immediately upon publication, or make an extra copy of the personals when preparing the bulletin for the printer and send it to the* CABLETOW*—L. F. Editor.*

Manila No. 1.—Bro. Jesse M. Maxwell has qualified for his certificate of proficiency as Master Mason.

Bro. Charles Grether has had a long siege of illness at the Santiago Hospital, and Bro. David L. Cobb has been under the doctor's care at No. 165 Calle Magallanes.

Tupas Lodge No. 62, of Cebu, has been authorized to confer the third degree upon Bro. Burton Whitney Guysi, a F. C. of Manila Lodge.

Bro. E. M. Clarke sends dues and greetings from Long Beach, Calif.

Bro. Wm. E. G. Foster gives his new address as 1086 Kensington Road, Los Angeles, Calif., and sends good wishes to all.

Bro. B. H. Graves (No. 2 Pine Street, San Francisco, Calif.), writes from Naknek, Alaska. He is an old timer, having been initiated in Dr. Stafford's home in 1901.

Bro. Jacob H. Haber gives his address as No. 107-09 Metropolitan Avenue, Forest Hills, L. I., New York, and sends greetings.

Bro. W. H. Harstedt has just returned to New York from a trip to the Black Sea and is now located at 461 Ft. Washington Avenue, New York City.

Bros. Joseph H. Manning (Room 302, 45 Broadway, New York) and B. G. Squier (Plattsburg Barracks, N. Y.) write that they enjoy the Lodge *Bulletin* and the CABLETOW.

Bro. Llewellyn Hilliard has just returned from an extended trip to the United States and is now with the Pacific Commercial Company in Manila.

Bro. Jesse M. Maxwell has left for the United States.

Cavite No. 2.—Bro. P. C. Cobet is with the Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Bro. Frank R. Brown is at 8044-90th Ave., Woodhaven, L. I., New York; Bro. B. H. Bowling is at Edgemont Station, R.F.D. 4-Box 399, East St. Louis, Ill., and Bro. A. L. Molsbarger's new address is c/o H. M. Olsen, 2125½ Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

On the U. S. S. *Canopus*, (c/o Postmaster, Manila, P. I.) we have now, among others, Bros. W. N. Ramsey, F. A. Lavsky, J. H. Walls, and D. A. Liechty.

Bro. R. D. Searfass is on the U. S. S. *S-31*, c/o Postmaster, Manila, and Bro. J. Tansell on the U. S. S. *Stewart*, same address.

Bro. R. O. Stone can be reached now at Box 29, Washington, R. I.

Bro. E. C. Frost is at 108 Penn. Ave., Vallejo, Calif., and Bro. A. L. Phelps is on the U. S. S. *Alden* No. 211, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Cal.

Corregidor No. 3.—Bro. Vernon J. Snapp was raised on September 10th, and Bro. Benjamin F. Butler on September 24th.

Bro. E. J. Frei, an old member of this Lodge, has returned to Manila after an absence of several years, accompanied by his bride.

Bro. Edwin M. Cooper and family have also returned from the homeland after a short vacation.

M. W. Bro. N. C. Comfort and wife are expected back in Manila on November 15th, on the German steamer *Saarbruecken*. When last heard from (on the eve of his departure for the Mediterranean, from New York), our Brother reported that he was improving slowly.

Bagumbayan No. 4.—Bros. Isaac Barza and Leo Fischer were appointed by the Governor-General as members of the Reception Committee for Secretary of War Hurley who arrived in Manila on September 1st.

M. W. Bro. Francisco A. Delgado has been elected chairman of the Committee on Metropolitan Relations of the House of Representatives.

The members of Bagumbayan Lodge, who were all getting ready to give a rousing reception to Wor. Bro. Rafael L. García upon his return from the U. S., were sadly disappointed by Bro. García's last letter to the Secretary, from the Philadelphia Quartermaster Depot, 21st and Johnston Street, Philadelphia, Pa., where the major will be studying at the Q. M. School for a year. The Garcías were preparing for their return to the good old "Pea Eye" again when the major's orders were changed.

Island No. 5.—Bro. Daniel P. Surber, Tech. Sgt., Ordnance Dept., is now stationed at Fort Bragg, N. C.

Southern Cross No. 6.—Bro. E. R. Hyde gave an interesting talk on "Guilds" at the August Stated Meeting.

M. W. Bro. Frederic H. Stevens made a business trip to Cebu in September.

Wor. Bro. W. W. Weidmann is with the P. C. C. at Dagupan.

Bro. E. A. Hirsch and family and Bro. Roy C. Bennett and bride returned to the Islands in August.

Wor. Bro. Geo. C. Dankwerth and Bro. E. N. Mullen, and families, have also returned to Manila, arriving here on September 24th, on the *President Hoover*.

Bro. R. C. Caldwell has joined the ranks of the benedicts.

Wor. Bro. McFie has been elected secretary of the Philippine branch of the American Bar Association.

Cosmos No. 8.—Quite a few Brethren braved the bad weather and flood and other inconveniences to attend the special meeting on August 19th. Bro. Juan San Fernando motored down from Malolos. Bro. Bernard H. Berkenkotter endured a rough sea voyage from Masbate. Bro. Chas. W. Martin came from Corregidor, Bro. Karl F. Mueller from Canlubang, and Bro. Edward F. Jones from Tayabas.

Bro. Andres V. Saavedra has been transferred from Cabanatuan, N. E., to Manila, and Bro. Ludwig C. Wienke from Cebu to Manila.

Wor. Bro. Geo. A. Mayhew made a business trip to Iloilo and Cebu in August and September.

Bro. Michael J. Hogan has accepted a position with the General Electric Company, with station in Manila.

Bro. Thorbjorn M. Holmes was a visitor to Manila in August. He is operating a large lumber concession in Palawan.

Bro. John B. Dorcey left on August 26th for a trip to Europe. He will spend some time in France, both on business and pleasure. The date of his return is not certain.

Wor. Bro. Joachim W. Schilling returned to Manila on the S. S. *Empress of Russia* on August 22nd, after a pleasant vacation. Another returning traveller is Bro. David Naftaly, who arrived from the States on the same date.

St. John's No. 9.—Bro. Andrew Kearney sends dues and regards from Chicago (1819 West Pershing Road).

Bro. Paul Gulick spent three weeks in Baguio in August.

Bro. Cyrus Padgett is back in Cebu after spending a year in the United States.

Bro. Ed. Seeley has been promoted to the position of purser on the fine new Dollar liner *President Coolidge*.

Bro. and Mrs. Wm. R. Hamme expect to leave for a six-month vaca-



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tion in the States in October. They plan to visit relatives in Kansas. Bro. Hamme is division superintendent of schools at Malolos, Bulacan.

Nilad No. 12.—Bro. Buenaventura Doliente y Castillo, who has recently taken the bar examination, is about to leave for a vacation at Bolbok, Batangas.

Walana No. 13.—Bro. Agripino Farol has lost his youngest son who died on August 28th. The Master, Secretary, and other members of the Lodge made a visit of condolence at Bro. Farol's home in Quiapo. Bro. Farol is with Heilbronn and Co. as a salesman.

Bro. Antonio Manuel, formerly with the Ilaya Music Store, has been seriously ill the last six months. He is now living with his brother at No. 6 A. Mendoza street, San Pedro Makati.

Pilar No. 15.—Bro. Deogracias Esguerra entertained the Brethren on September 5th in a popular refreshment parlor in Imus.

Letters with dues and greetings have been received from Bro. Justo P. Yabut, Baguio, and Bro. W. R. Barnes, Cavite.

Sinukuan No. 16.—Bro. Luciano Ortiz' mother-in-law, Mrs. Pilar de Rosales, died at Tacloban on August 8th. The remains were shipped to Calbayog, her home town, for interment there.

Mr. Timoteo Evaristo, Bro. Juan Evaristo's father, died on August 29th, last, at Bacoor, Cavite, and was buried the following day. He was at one time municipal president of Bacoor.

Bagong-Buhay No. 17.—Bro. Bernardo D. Hintolan informs us that he is now the proprietor of the Aloha Barber Shop, at Hotel St., cor. Smith St. No. 50, Honolulu, and of the Bagong-Buhay Barber Shop, at 555 N. King St., in the same city.

Silañganan No. 19.—Wor. Bro. Silvino Gallardo writes from Cagayan, Misamis Oriental, that he has just finished an extended inspection trip through the provinces of Bukidnon, Surigao, and Misamis Occidental. He and the family are well.

Bro. José M. Santos was passed by courtesy on September 1st by Kasilawan Lodge No. 77.

Wor. Bro. Castor P. Cruz, secretary of the Peoples Bank and Trust Co., was several days in San Pablo, Laguna, on business.

Dapitan No. 21.—Bro. Yap Chuan Seng, who is in business in Tanjay, Or. Negros, visited Manila on business and pleasure in September.

Bro. Edilberto Dayao has recently lost his father, and Bro. Inocentes Villegas his wife.

Bro. Felix Z. Ledda has resigned from C. Alkan, Inc., to engage in the sporting goods business on his own account.

Batong-Buhay No. 27.—Bro. Emeterio R. Balboa had the misfortune of losing his little daughter who died on August 16th.

Bro. Angel Montes Sousa is directing the "Ten years old Boys' Orchestra" of which two of his sons are members and which is sponsored by the Mora Electric at the Radio Manila every Wednesday night.

Bro. Pedro P. Servillas' wife is ill at the General Hospital.

Bro. Telesforo P. Luna reports the birth of a seven-pound baby at Pasuquin, Ilocos Norte.

The Brethren were shocked to hear of a serious accident which happened to Bro. Teh Le Kim at Iloilo. As he was alighting from an airplane, his arm was caught by the propeller which was still revolving and was so badly lacerated that it had to be amputated at the St. Paul's Hospital of Iloilo. Wor. Bros. Felipe Carbonilla and Fernando Ramirez, secretaries of Iloilo Lodge No. 11 and Acacia Lodge No. 78, respectively, did what they could to help, for which Batong-Buhay Lodge is very grateful to them.

Bro. Ong Ta has left for Amoy, China, to attend the funeral of his mother.

Isarog No. 33.—Bro. José D. Liacco has returned from Kulangsu, Amoy, China.

Wor. Bro. Mariano D. Liacco left in September for a vacation in his home town, Kulangsu, Amoy, China.

Bro. George Skribikin was initiated in this Lodge on September 11th.

Bulusan No. 38.—Bro. Rafael Ramos, captain in the Philippine Constabulary, of which he is assistant adjutant, was decorated with the "distinguished conduct star" by the chief of that organization on August 8th, last.

Mabini No. 39.—Wor. Bro. Salvador Torra visited Manila in September to undergo medical treatment.

Maguindanaw No. 40.—Bro. Godofredo R. Monsod announces the birth of a 9½-pound son.

Bro. Santiago Arsenio has been transferred to Jolo, Sulu, after enjoying his accrued leave of absence.

Bro. Alfredo P. Shapit has recently returned from an inspection trip to Camiguin Island. He is enthusiastic about the progress the schools are making there.

Malolos No. 46.—Wor. Bro. Amado V. Aldaba and Bro. Liberato Lopez report increases in their families.

Bro. Elisoe Tayao, division academic supervisor for Pampanga, has been transferred to Cavite in the same capacity.

Bro. Dr. José H. Ileto has been transferred to Culion.

Bro. Mariano Salud writes that he is enjoying his new station, Lingayen, and has helped organize the 50-50 club among the Masons there.

Bro. Ariston Morelos was ill during the latter part of August.

The following Brethren came out victorious at the polls in June; Moises Ligon, municipal president of San Miguel; Marcelo Tablan, vice-president of Bulacan; Dr. Peregrino E. Sauco, municipal president of Baliuag; Ignacio Tapang, municipal president of Malolos, and Nazario Trillana, municipal president of Hagonoy.

Dues and greetings have been received from Toribio Ortega, Mateo Flores, and Nicasio Marin.

Makabugwas No. 47.—Bro. Yu Liong Suy was raised on August 4th, the work being done by a Spanish team headed by Wor. Bro. Adolfo Aldaba, P.M. of Dagohoy Lodge No. 84.

Bro. Chas. R. Anderson has been heard of from the Tayabas High School where he is teaching English.

Bro. George Abbott, now at 838-F Singalong, Manila, is much improved in health.

Bro. Donato Pesado is enjoying his work as supervising teacher of the Calubian district.

Bro. Irineo V. Austria writes from Occidental Misamis, sending greetings.

Pintong Bato No. 51.—Bro. Thomas N. Roque, district forester, has been suffering from malaria since August 18th; but is now recovering.

Makawiwili No. 55.—Bros. Adolfo Morales and Jovito V. Engojo have been appointed acting municipal treasurers of Pilar and Altavas, respectively.

Wor. Bros. Salvador Villarruz and Ceferino Sevilla and Bros. Frederick W. Meyer and Gabriel K. Hernandez composed the delegation of this Lodge which attended the Grand Lodge Reception at Iloilo on August 13th, last.

Bro. Gabriel K. Hernandez was passed on August 1st and raised on the 8th of the same month, and Policarpo de la Fuente was passed on August 29th.

Bros. Diosdado Delfin, Manuel Datiles, and Julio Orillos are now on duty as supervising teachers in Capiz, Pontevedra, and Mambusao, respectively.

Bro. Felipe Fernando has been transferred from Daet to Legaspi.

Isla de Luzon No. 57.—Wor. Bro. Vicente Badillo has been elected councilor of the municipality of Lipa, Batangas.

Bro. Antonio G. Roxas, sergeant, "H" Company, 45th Infantry, at Fort McKinley, has retired from the service, effective on September 1st. He will settle at his home town, Bayombong, N. V.

Wor. Bro. Ramón Mendoza and Bro. Santiago Gochangco represented the Lodge at the funeral of Wor. Bro. Sisenando Palarca's father at Paniqui, Tarlac, in September.

Bro. Honorio Fajardo is busy fixing "talkies" in Surigao.

Bro. Vicente P. Flechero is recovering from a disease of the epidermis which kept him at home for some time.

Bro. John Walczykowski gives his address as P. O. Box No. 673, Manila.

Mayon No. 61.—Wor. Bro. L. D. Lockwood has been elected President of the Philippine Branch of the American Bar Association.

Mrs. L. D. Lockwood sailed on September 26th for California, to be with her parents on the occasion of their golden wedding anniversary. She will be absent from the Islands about three months.

Gonzaga No. 66.—Bros. Marcelo Adduru and Sabas Casibang are attending the first session of the Ninth Philippine Legislature in Manila as member of the House of Representatives for the 1st and 2nd districts of Cagayan.

Wor. Bro. Teodorico T. Taguinod spent over a week in Tuguegarao in June, attending the Division Normal Institute and was able to be present at the Stated Meeting of the Lodge.

Wor. Bro. Lorenzo de Leon is on extended leave of absence and Bro. H. Tamaray occupies his desk in the provincial treasurer's office for the time being.

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Bro. Cipriano Samonte visited Tuguegarao on June 1st and 2nd, last, after an absence from home of about nine years.

Bro. Romualdo Naval has resigned as district land officer and is now a private surveyor, with headquarters at Tuguegarao.

Bro. Pedro R. Perez made a good record as acting municipal treasurer of Tuguegarao during the last two weeks of May, 1931.

Agno No. 75.—Bro. Liborio G. Bernarte's wife died in July and Bro. Mamerto Cabanayan's on September 3rd. Mrs. Cabanayan is survived by her husband, one daughter and three sons, the youngest of whom is only 10 months old.

Wor. Bro. Emilio Naraval, Master of this Lodge, broke his hand in a fall from his horse in August, while performing his duties as supervising teacher of the Pozorrubio district. He had to go to the Philippine General Hospital for treatment.

Wor. Bro. José G. Polotan is now station commander of the Constabulary at Tayug, where he took a prominent part in quelling the Colorum uprising last January.

Bros. Fidel Paragas and Paulino Bautista have been transferred to Malasiqui and Asingan, respectively, as municipal treasurers.

Bro. Mariano G. Oriña is now principal of the San Jacinto elementary schools.

Mt. Lebanon No. 80.—Wor. Bro. William Merz returned on September 6th from a visit to the United States and Europe and was glad to get back to the Islands after seeing the results of the financial depression in the countries through which he travelled.

High Twelve No. 82.—Bro. Gregorio Labitag has been promoted and is now administrative officer of Forest District No. 4 at Cabanatuan, N. E.

Bro. George W. Chan was given a farewell luncheon by his Brethren on August 23rd, the day before his departure for Shanghai on the S. S. *Empress of Russia.*

Bro. José B. Logan came from Echague to Manila on business and was able to attend the August stated meeting of the Lodge.

Wor. Bro. Fidel T. Manalo has changed his mailing address to 165 Santamesa, Int. 15, Manila.

Hiram No. 88.—After the August stated meeting the members present attended a "home-cooking social" at the home of Wor. Bro. Ramón Ramos.

Wor. Bro. Filemon Cosio's youngest child, a baby boy, died lately.

Wor. Bro. Aurelio D. Rosario spent several days at St. Joseph's Hospital lately. Wor. Bro. Ramón Ramos was also on the sick list; but remained in bed at home. Bro. Alejandro Diamitas is recovering from a protracted illness at Rosario, Batangas, his home town.

Bro. Inocencio C. Dumpit is back at his station, Capiz, after an extended vacation most of which he spent in Naguilian, La Union.

Bro. Benjamin Ríos has joined the field force of the Associated Publishers, 428 Rizal Ave., Manila.

Benjamin Franklin No. 94.—On August 11th, the third degree of Masonry was conferred upon Bro. Edward Bernard Mullaney by a team of Masters of Lodges in and near Manila, who turned up in spite of rain and floods.

At this meeting, Messrs. James Cyril Mahoney and Howard Sorsogon Whitacre were elected to receive the degrees of Masonry. The candidate last named is the son of the Master of the Lodge, Wor. Bro. Paul F. Whitacre.

Bro. Joseph Ginsburg writes from 3253 W. Potomac Ave., Chicago, Ills.

Wor. Bro. Frederick L. Smith, 2nd, expects to receive his Ph. D. from the University of Pittsburgh soon.

Isagani No. 96.—Wor. Bro. Sisenando Palarca's father died at Paniqui on September 7th, last, after several months' illness, and was buried on the 9th of the month.

Mount Huraw No. 98.—Bro. Marciano Lim, formerly at Oras as supervising teacher, is now supervisor of the normal training department at Catbalogan.

Bro. Cándido Fornillos has lost his 8-month old child by death.

Keystone No. 100.—Wor. Bro. Felix Carreon was sick in bed at his home at 1474 Oroquieta, Manila, in September.

The youngest son of Bro. Esteban Castillo was at the San Juan de Dios Hospital with bronchitis in September.

Bro. Modesto Mendoza's wife was also on the sick list, but has recovered.

Bud Daho No. 102.—Wor. Bros. William J. Real, Dr. Julian Pilares, and Ubaldo D. Laya returned early in September from an official inspection which took them to the southern part of the island and Sandakan.

Elizabeth Real, daughter of our Master, was successfully operated on for goiter at the Sulu Public Hospital.

Bataan No. 104.—Bro. Marcos Jorge's rice field at Hermosa, Bataan, was destroyed by the recent flood.

Bro. Pedro L. Paulino reports the birth of a daughter at Ilagan, Isabela, on July 17th.

Bro. Ciriaco de la Cruz has been transferred from Tanauan, Batangas, to the Lamao Experiment Station at Limay.

Bro. Leoncio Blanas is now with the Port Lamon Lumber Co. at Surigao.

Wor. Bro. Laureano Escalada has been suffering from kidney trouble.

Bro. L. Pakingan's wife has returned to her home at Limay after having undergone two minor surgical operations at Malolos.

Letters with greetings and dues have been received from Bros. J. C. Hill, Leo. San Pedro, Marcelo de la Cruz, and Cándido Alvarez.

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

La Beneficencia Masónica

La práctica de la beneficencia masónica suele ser mal comprendida. Cuando muere un Masón, los miembros de su familia suelen creer que tienen derecho a exigir un socorro pecuniario a la Logia respectiva. No existe semejante derecho. La Masonería no es una sociedad benéfica. Todos los miembros ingresan en la Masonería de su propia y libre voluntad y sin ser solicitados. No se otorga ningún contrato con la estipulación de pagar una cantidad determinada bajo ciertas contingencias expresas.

La Masonería no es una compañía de seguros ni de socorros mutuos.

La Masonería, sí, socorre a los necesitados cuando éstos no puedan valerse por sí mismos. El ayudar a quien puede valerse no sería caridad. Ni la caridad consiste solamente en socorrer con dinero. A veces, una palabra bondadosa o un consejo de amigo es un verdadero acto de caridad.

Todo Masón está obligado a socorrer a la desgracia, donde quiera se halle, ya sea entre los Hermanos o ya entre los extraños. Y esto lo hace a la chita callando, como individuo particular. De esta única manera se practica la caridad o beneficencia masónica.—*L. F.*

El Maestro Masón Más Jóven

Triste verdad es que hemos conocido más de un hombre en cuyo caso las pocas palabras que dirigió a la Logia después de firmar los Estatutos y de asumir, en la parte que le correspondía, las responsabilidades de su Logia, fueron la última ocasión en que ejecutó alguna labor masónica activa. Para decirlo con más exactitud y claridad, su búsqueda de más luz en la Masonería terminó en la misma noche en que pasó por la Puerta del Sur. Tal vez algunos, por pura curiosidad, han asistido a una o dos sesiones después de aquella ocasión, o han concurrido a la reunión anual para votar por algún amigo que aspiraba a un cargo. Algunos han procurado dominar alguno de los trabajos con el objeto de adquirir méritos para aspirar a algún cargo en la Logia; pero no faltan quienes ni aún eso han hecho.

¿Cuántos de los miembros de vuestra Logia, después de haber alcanzado el tercer grado, han continuado su camino en busca de aquella luz de la cual las ceremonias de ese grado han revelado un fulgor apenas perceptible a la incierta distancia? ¿Cuántos de ellos han comprado o pedido prestado para hojearlos libros sobre materia masónica y otros asuntos análogos o se han suscrito siquiera a una revista masónica? ¿Cuántos de ellos han asistido a su Logia asiduamente, oyendo con atención la labor y las lecturas que, cada vez que las volvemos a leer, revelan nuevas bellezas, nuevos sentidos que nunca habíamos percibido antes, aplicaciones a nuestra propia existencia, así profana como masónica, de las que nunca habíamos pensado antes?

¿Cuántos de los miembros de vuestra Logia han estado alguna vez en íntima comunión con la Masonería? ¿Cuántos de ellos han oído los latidos del corazón de nuestra noble Institución? ¿Cuántos de ellos saben qué es ella en realidad, qué principios defiende y que fines busca?

En la Masonería no hay sitio para los perezosos, y es de esperar que los Hermanos a quienes no podemos calificar de plazas muertas ni plazas vivas, pero aproximándonos a lo primero más que a lo segundo, examinaran su obra para ver si se pueden lograr mejoras, y después de descubrir la verdad, confiamos en que éstos erigirán su edificio masónico y serán masones sinceros, en lugar de miembros que se contentan con lucir el anillo y la insignia de la Orden. Esta necesita obreros activos y no inútiles zánganos.—*L. F.*

Historias de las Logias

Cada vez que depositamos una ramita de acacia sobre el ataúd de algún Masón veterano que ha partido a mejor vida, queda roto para siempre otro eslabón que nos unía al pasado y enmudece para siempre uno de los testigos de los acontecimientos dignos de figurar en la historia de la Masonería. Muchos de los que quedan sienten que sus recuerdos de lo que ha ocurrido cuando aún eran jóvenes en la Masonería son vagos e inciertos, y que algunos sucesos e impresiones que se entrelazan y que se presentan a su fantasía como un miraje o entre brumas, ofuscan su memoria con respecto a las escenas y a los actores de un remoto pasado, haciendo que su testimonio sea de escaso valor.

Feliz, ciertamente, es la Logia que cuente con un hermano bastante interesado en coleccionar documentos y recortes y anotar los asuntos que no constan circunstanciadamente en las actas, caso de que se dé cuenta en ellas, y más afortunada es todavía la Logia que entre sus miembros tenga un hermano competente y dispuesto a escribir una crónica de su Logia o siquiera una narración de sus recuerdos.

Son pocas las Logias que han seguido el ejemplo que ofrecen otras sociedades de nombrar un cronista o historiador. En vista de la autonomía que nuestras leyes conceden a las Logias en lo que respecta al nombramiento de sus funcionarios, creemos que entre los puestos que se proveen mediante nombramiento hecho por el Maestro entrante puede muy bien figurar el cargo de cronista.

Cuanto más pronto se haga esto tanto mejor será y más completo resultará la fuente de información de que se han de valer los futuros cronistas de Logia para poder escribir una historia perfecta que perpetúe las grandes obras de nuestras Logias subordinadas, muchas de las cuales tienen archivos que pueden muy bien servir para formar crónicas interesantes y llenas de bellos ejemplos para las otras.—*L.F.*

Traducciones

El Problema de la Suspensión Anual

Los informes que se han recibido de las Logias de la ciudad la semana pasada indican un número extraordinariamente elevado de suspensiones, pero nosotros no creemos que esto sea un síntoma alarmante, como tal vez han creído algunos al examinar estos informes de las Secretarías.

Es posible, y hasta probable, que una porción de estas suspensiones sea la mudanza de piel de los ineptos y de los que no están verdaderamente interesados en la Masonería, lo cual sería poner sobre una base regular y útil la lista de miembros. A la verdad, creemos que la Masonería perderá muy pocos de los hombres que sincera y celosamente desean permanecer, porque éstos harán los mayores sacrificios por saldar sus deudas con la Logia o, de no hacerlo así, se presentarán con entera franqueza a la Logia para exponer sus problemas, abrigando la seguridad absoluta de obtener prórrogas o la condonación efectiva, según lo permitan las circunstancias.

Naturalmente, es probable que haya que arrojarse al agua la echazón, pero también es cierto que el cuerpo principal de hombres sinceros que queden a bordo constituirán una masa más compacta y más unida que antes y, que, indudablemente, continuarán la labor necesaria y levantarán en alto y sostendrán a una mayor altura las tradiciones de nuestra Institución.

Según el plan general de la mayoría de las Logias, el mes de junio y, sobre todo, el de mayo son los meses en que las Logias tienen que trabajar en la enojosa tarea que se refiere a los miembros morosos. Bajo la Ley de la Gran Logia, que es inflexible y que se debe cumplir antes de enviarse las memorias anuales, que deben estar presentadas el 30 de junio, está mandado que aquellos que por diversas causas hubiesen dejado de pagar sus cuotas deben ser suspendidos o sus deudas condonadas; en algunos casos extraordinarios, cuando la Logia está dispuesta a pagar la contribución *per capita* y responder de que el miembro moroso pague después de finado el año de la Gran Logia y de enviarse al Gran Secretario las relaciones.

El estado de cosas en este año ha sido influído indudablemente por la actual crisis financiera y la falta de trabajo, pero los que verdaderamente sufren las consecuencias de esta situación no tienen más que exponer sus circunstancias a la Logia para recibir con toda seguridad el auxilio que, en su calidad de masones, tienen derecho a esperar.

Generalmente, la Masonería es benévola con los que se hallan en situación económica apurada, y se deben hacer todos los esfuerzos posibles para que éstos se mantengan bajo los pliegues de nuestra bandera. Se debe practicar una averiguación definitiva respecto a aquellos que no hayan expuesto su situación a la Logia o a los oficiales de la misma, para determinar su verdadero estado económico, si bien este es un procedimiento delicado que se debe emplear con tacto por los oficiales o por los comités. Si se viese que estas personas desean sinceramente continuar perteneciendo a la Orden, pero que se hallan en situación económica apurada, se deben hacer todos los esfuerzos posibles por concederles un plazo para "ponerse al corriente", y en casos de verdadera necesidad, se deben condonar las cuotas.

Esto es de una importancia singular, en vista de las reglas que actualmente rigen en relación con la admisión al Asilo Masónico, ya que el ser miembro activo de la Masonería actualmente se le hace datar de su última admisión o reposición. La suspensión de un miembro, que lleva su nombre a la lista oficial de suspendidos, según se ha dado cuenta a las oficinas de la Gran Logia, señala la fecha desde la cual se debe calcular su opción a ingresar en dicho establecimiento, y por esto es por lo que los que son prudentes en lo que respecta a su situación económica y no están dispuestos a revelarla a los demás deben pensar atentamente antes de permitir que sus nombres sean borrados de la lista de miembros, quedando por ello afectados en lo económico. Se puede apreciar su previsión, pero es el caso que para ellos es una cuestión práctica que debe ser considerada por ellos mismos, adaptando su conducta a las circunstancias.

Los miembros que no muestran verdadero interés en la Institución no pueden ser considerados como una partida del activo y, por consiguiente, su eliminación mediante la suspensión no se debe considerar como una pérdida para la Orden. Más bien es un beneficio, porque cuanto se pueda contar más definitivamente con la lista de miembros, tanto mejor será la situación de la Orden, colectivamente. Mas, en ningún caso debe un masón ser expulsado sumariamente sin que se preste al asunto alguna atención, sin que se haga alguna observación que tienda a conservarle en nuestras filas, con el fin de determinar su verdadera actitud en la cuestión, o su situación.

La suspensión por morosidad en el pago de las cuotas no es necesariamente un procedimiento cruel ni tampoco desacredita al hermano suspendido, pero, como ya hemos dicho, hay motivos sobrados para que no se permita semejante procedimiento sin que antes se determinen plenamente las razones para ello.—*Missouri Freemason* (*Traducido por* THE CABLETOW).

El Presente y El Porvenir de la Masonería

Mucho se ha dicho y escrito sobre el actual estado de la Masonería, y es indudable que aun se escribirá y se dirá mucho más, antes de que un progreso verdaderamente definitivo hacia la prevención de los lamentables sucesos presentes las impida o venza siquiera moderadamente.

Con todo, al fin se reconocerá que la Orden está pasando por una etapa que forzosamente dará por resultado el reconocimiento del hecho de que, aunque los principios de la Masonería son y continuarán siendo inalterables, es necesaria una aplicación mejor de esos principios a las circunstancias modernas.

Hoy más que nunca es necesario infundir en la Hermandad, así como en los futuros neófitos, la convicción de que la Masonería necesita más bien calidad que cantidad, y mientras no se reconozca esto plenamente, tropezaremos con dificultades cada vez más graves.

No cabe duda de que ciertos elementos contribuyen a la desmoralización de nuestra Institución, y mientras no se logre que la Hermandad, colectivamente, comprenda cabalmente el peligro que tenemos ante nosotros, no pasará mucho tiempo sin que la Masonería que nuestros padres conocieron no será más que un recuerdo.

Algunos de los elementos que contribuyen al presente estado de cosas, respecto al cual se han oído tantas quejas y que tan poco se ha procurado remediar, son evidentes para la Orden, si se detuviese un momento para reflexionar.

No es conveniente que se hagan esfuerzos por que la Masonería se adapte a cada nueva modalidad. No quiere decir eso precisamente la aplicación de los principios masónicos a las circunstancias modernas. Tampoco es del todo conveniente que las Logias tengan por principal función, como sucede con tanta frecuencia, la de divertir y entretener. Además, existen sobrados motivos para que los masones neutralicen, con su propia conducta, la convicción que indudablemente cada vez se extiende más, particularmente entre los profanos, de que los masones, dentro de su Logia, imparten enseñanzas que no practican, y por ello se demuestra que son enseñanzas en las cuales no creen aquellos que no las practican.

Es indispensable una investigación que sea algo más que la ordinaria del solicitante para hacerle comprender

que para la Masonería existe algo más que los dólores que él entrega para ser miembro y los demás dólares que paga en concepto de cuota. Es importante que el miembro entrante comprenda bien que la Logia en que ingresa está formada por un grupo selecto y que el ser miembro de ella es una cosa que se puede lograr con sólo pagar el precio comprendido en los derechos de iniciación. Al miembro entrante se le debe hacer comprender de un modo que no ofrezca la menor duda de que una vez dentro de la Masonería se le juzga por su conducta y no por su cuenta en el banco.

En años que ya pasaron, años que parecen cada vez más remotos, la Masonería era considerada como una institución selecta y el figurar entre sus miembros era tenido como un privilegio de carácter supremo. En aquellos tiempos los hombres comprendían, y en muchos casos sin que se les manifestase expresamente, que sus oportunidades de admisión en la Orden eran, en verdad, limitadas, si es que en realidad no había ninguna. En otros tiempos los masones eran muy exigentes con respecto a las personas a quienes trataban, y en su credo tenían un artículo de fe que decía que un hombre se hacía primeramente masón de corazón y no en su libro de cheques. Ninguno era recibido en el seno de la hermandad como no fuese un aspirante de buena reputación no meramente superficial sino plenamente establecida ante el mundo.

En aquellos tiempos sucedía también que no había tanto empeño en construir edificios suntuosos para servir de templos, y nadie abrigaba la ambición de formar logias tan numerosas que fuera imposible que un miembro conociese a todos y a cada uno de sus hermanos. Lo que entonces se deseaba y lo que ahora debiera desearse es una asociación íntima de respeto y amor para cada uno y una disposición a ayudar a un hermano a ser leal bajo cualquier condición, sin tomar en cuenta el costo de dicho auxilio. En aquellos tiempos los hombres se estimaban mutuamente, no por su apariencia, sino por lo que realmente eran.

Mientras no reaparezca algo que se asemeje a estas condiciones, la Masonería continuará sufriendo mengua ante su propio concepto y ante el concepto universal, pues ninguna institución puede sostenerse por mucho tiempo sobre cimientos falsos, y los cimientos de la Masonería perderán su solidez a menos que sus miembros, así antiguos como nuevos, comprendan plenamente las verdaderas cosas que son el fundamento de nuestra hermandad y presten menos atención a las cosas superficiales.—*Missouri Freemason*—(Traducido por THE CABLETOW).

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Como Debiera Ser Nuestra Biblioteca

EL LIBRO Y SU INFLUENCIA CULTURAL

Desde los tiempos más remotos, el ser humano ha sentido la necesidad de perpetuar su espíritu. Testigo de sus emociones fueron las cavernas y las rocas prehistóricas, en cuyas paredes y caras, el hombre grabó formas reales y signos emblemáticos que son la admiración de la posteridad.

Cuatro mil años antes de Cristo, ya, los mastabas, hipogeos, pirámides y templos egipcios ostentaban grabados con leyendas históricas o religiosas. Muchas de ellas por su extensión eran verdaderos volúmenes.

De los pueblos antiguos, Egipto, Asiria y Grecia, son las sentencias y leyes grabadas en placas de madera o bronce.

Más tarde el pueblo egipcio manipulando el tallo del papirus, llegó a descubrir el papel, invento éste, que permitió la formación de volúmenes o libros.

La generalización del papel permitió propagarse con relativa rapidez, comodidad, y poco costo cuanto sabían y pensaban los pueblos de la época. Sin embargo, el egoísmo característico del pueblo egipcio retardó hasta el siglo VII antes de J. C. que al resto del mundo civilizado, llegara el precioso elemento, vehículo de divulgación espiritual.

El empleo de papel parirus en la escritura, permitió a Grecia dar vuelo a todas las manifestaciones del pensamiento de sus hijos; pronto se publican y multiplican libros de clase más variada: nace en los particulares el gusto por las colecciones y aparecen las primeras bibliotecas.

Con el apogeo del esplendor político y social de Grecia y Roma rivalizan el esplendor y la presentación de los libros. Los poderosos del dinero y los príncipes se empeñan en fundar bibliotecas y en organizarlas.

Fueron famosas las bibliotecas de Atenas y Alejandría; la primera de carácter netamente nacionalista y la segunda, enciclopédica, acrecentada con las obras más diversas que hasta entonces produjera el humano saber.

El cristianismo en sus primeros tiempos fué poco indulgente con el libro, principalmente con aquél que no le acataba o se permitía dudar de sus doctrinas; es que la pasión religiosa siempre ha sido contraria a determinados libros.

La Edad Media con sus invasiones bárbaras, sus conquistas a golpes de espada y fuego, completó la obra del cristianismo; bibliotecas enteras sucumbieron aprisionadas en las fauces del divino Plutón.

Partiendo de Florencia y de Roma y de otros centros de cultura, comenzó una verdadera caza de manuscritos. Los entusiastas iban de convento en convento, de ciudad en ciudad, a fin de conseguir, valiéndose de cualquier recurso, apoderarse de los escritos o sacar copia de ellos. Se acumulan manuscritos memorables, copias recientes, obras aún existentes de todos los autores de la Antigüedad: paganos y cristianos, sabios y poetas, morales o inmorales.

Este acervo de libros y manuscritos permitió a príncipes cristianos o paganos, fundar grandes bibliotecas. Coincidió este fervor coleccionista con el grandioso invento del genio de Maguncia, Juan Gutenberg, que consiguió reemplazar a los copistas por la *Imprenta*.

El empleo de unos cuantos tipos de fundición sabiamente combinados, permitió al producto del intelecto alcanzar en corto plazo, la necesaria difusión en el tiempo y en el espacio.

El gran impulso que, con el invento de Gutenberg, recibieron todos los conocimientos humanos, hizo que en pocos años aparecieran impresos millares de libros, propagándose con la más sorprendente rapidez, escritos en todos los idiomas, y publicados en los diversos países y tan baratos, que se colocaron al alcance de toda persona que se interesara por ellos.

Los manuscritos, conservadores de más de diez siglos de civilización y cultura, pasaron a ser objeto de lujo.

Hasta aquí hemos hecho una exposición de la evolución que el libro ha experimentado a través del tiempo.

Ahora, cábenos preguntar ¿Qué es el libro? ¿Qué contiene? ¿Objeto del libro? ¿Cómo es? ¿Su influencia?

Libro es un pedazo espiritual de su autor, fuente de ciencia, de arte; la suma de conocimientos humanos.

El libro nos comunica el pensamiento de una persona que está lejos de nosotros.

En sus hojas diminutas está condensada una enorme fuerza de luz y de acción, que puesta en movimiento, es capaz de trastornar a los hombres, arrastrar a las multitudes y hacer cambiar la marcha de la humanidad. Desde que la imprenta echó a vuelo el pensamiento en las páginas del libro, la humanidad corre desenfrenada tras de las múltiples conquistas del saber. Es que el poder de agitación del papel impreso, fué un nuevo sol, que pronto llevó la luz vibrante a los confines de la tierra. Desde entonces el movimiento de cultura humana no admitió comparación, con el hasta entonces pesado desenvolvimiento que viniera haciendo el hombre desde los tiempos pre-históricos.

El libro es varío, tanto como autores hay; el libro cambia todos los ideales, todas las ciencias; todos los sentimientos; todos los negocios, todas las manifestaciones.

El libro construye y destruye. Bajo su influencia tam-

balearon o cayeron tronos y poderíos; a su sombra se levantaron otros al nombre de libertad, igualdad y fraternidad.

Sin el libro ¿se habría hecho, acaso, en época aquella, la Revolución Francesa y la Independencia Americana? El libro fué el que llevó la chispa al cerebro americano, fué el que le mostró la senda del deber y del derecho; fué el enemigo más poderoso y peligroso, que tuviera el sostenedor de la Colonia. Por eso, con cuánta saña y encarnizamiento se le buscó. Cuánta tortura debieron soportar sus fieles huéspedes.

Para cuantos hombres de la antigüedad, fué el libro una escuela de moral. Cuántos hombres célebres cuenta la historia que transformaron su vida debido a la influencia de aquél.

Para el que sabe leer, los libros encierran una fuente inagotable de sabiduría, consuelo, descanso y bienestar.

El buen libro es el amigo fiel del hombre, y el sabio consejero, que en todas las circunstancias de la vida sabe proporcionarle a su mente el consuelo espiritual; es el que lleva la verdad y graba en el cerebro la suma de los conocimientos científicos; es el que relata los sucesos históricos de las naciones que se han sucedido en la existencia del mundo, y nos da a conocer las costumbres y la civilización de los pueblos; es el que contiene la expresión de una nacionalidad, representa en su fondo las creencias de una gran familia que constituyen quizá el lazo que une más fuertemente a todos sus individuos; es el que nos permite tratar a los artistas, poetas y hombres eminentes de todas las épocas; es el que discute y avalora las doctrinas filosóficas para proporcionar al ser la ciencia de la vida.

El que lee, piensa y estudia, puede divertirse en cualquier tiempo y edad y en cualquiera situación con el libro. Para sacar de ellos el mayor provecho y gusto es necesario saber leer, y aprender a quererlos.

Tenemos motivos para pensar en recomendar la lectura, como el mejor medio de levantar nuestro nivel moral; pues, el poder mágico de la lectura atrae al camino de la verdad y del deber; proporciona goces espirituales y educa el razonamiento.

La necesidad de aprender es imperiosa en el hombre, para todos los actos de la vida diaria, pues, la sociedad en que actuamos, nos exige comprensión y cultura.

Labor importante para el desarrollo de la cultura del individuo o colectividad, es el que corresponde a la Biblioteca. Es necesario ofrecer, poner el libro en manos del lector. Pero no basta tener biblioteca e interés que lea el lector, es necesario que los libros sean de interés; que la bilioteca responda a su fin, para que preste los servicios que está llamada a ofrecer. Para determinar las adquisiciones necesarias al verdadero interés de la biblioteca y del lector, bien podía ayudarse el buen criterio del bibliotecario de un libro adjunto de pedidos, en el cual cada lector, podría indicar los títulos y autores de las obras que para la biblioteca, le parezcan necesarias.

Este procedimiento permitiría al bibliotecario conocer el interés de los lectores. Antes de comprar nuevas obras para acrecentar nuestra biblioteca, cábenos examinar, si las obras a comprar tienen valor real, si nuestra biblioteca las necesita.

Para acrecentarla, pensamos que además de la compra, donaciones y canje de obras repetidas, podrían venderse aquéllas, que por su naturaleza, no respondan al fin de la biblioteca, y con su producto se podrían comprar nuevas, naturalmente, más útiles.

Hay necesidad de un plan en la adquisición de obras, a fin de que las obras de poco valor, no vayan a imperar más que las valiosas.

Debemos tener presente que un libro es realmente útil, sólo cuando responde a una necesidad positiva de la biblioteca.

Para terminar, pedimos que nos permitáis rogaros que penséis en la importancia del libro, del maestro erudito cuando es comprendido; que la biblioteca es tan vital, que sin ella, las instituciones serían cuerpos sin alma. Pero sí, para la cultura nada son los libros y las bibliotecas si éstos no se abren; tened presente el viejo proverbio: "Los libros cerrados no hacen letrados"—*M. M. N., en la "Revista Masónica de Chile."*

¿Dónde Está Dios?

Pasó un cuervo, tan lento que pareció un momento
inmóvil en la vasta quietud del firmamento.
Su graznido agorero me saludó al pasar
"Meditas vanamente, hombre meditabundo
yo he meditado mucho. . . . Tengo la edad del mundo"
—¿Dónde está Dios?—le dije—
Se fué sin contestar . . .

De la azul y calmada perspectiva remota
batiendo el ala lenta, se acercó una gaviota:
"¡Qué cansancio!, conozco los secretos del mar:
yo ví los continentes que hoy yacen sumergidos
y mi madre, la Historia se adormeció en mis nidos. . . ."
—¡Dónde está Dios!—le dije—
Se fué sin contestar. . . .

Haciendo encajerías de portentosa espuma,
llegó una lenta ola rodando entre la bruma
y un momento en la playa echóse a descansar:
"Del mar hácia las nubes y del cielo a los mares,
ir y volver me han visto los ojos seculares. . . ."
—¿Dónde está Dios?—le dije—
Se fué sin contestar. . . .

Y el fantasma de un muerto se condensó a mi lado:
"Yo soy el primer hombre que vivió en el pasado . . ."
me murmuró al oído con misterioso hablar. . . .
—¿Dónde está Dios? ¡Responde! gritóle mi quebranto
y el alma de aquel muerto, bañándome con llanto
la atormentada frente . . . ¡se fué sin contestar!

¿Dónde está Dios? pregunto a las estrellas
que al firmamento inundan con su luz.
"Dios está en el espacio que habitamos"
Contestáronme todas a una voz.

¿Qué nombre bosqueja
la luz que refleja
de tantas estrellas?
"El nombre de Dios".

¿Dónde está Dios? les pregunto a las flores
que despedían su aroma sin cesar.
Y las flores abriendo su corola me contestaron:
"Buscadle. Aquí está Dios".

¿Qué cantan las aves
en trinos suaves
volando en el monte?
"Le cantan a Dios".

¿Dónde está Dios? pregunto yo a los niños,
a esos seres de rostro angelical.
Y en su dulce sonrisa me contestan:
"Buscadle en nuestro ser. Aquí está Dios".

¿Qué dice ese velo
de azul que en el cielo
los astros sostiene?
"Detrás está Dios".

¿Dónde está Dios? pregunto en todas partes.
¿Dónde ese Ser que llámase el Creador?
Y una voz armoniosa me contesta:
"Dios es el Infinito. Es la Creación.
¡Dios es entonces el Creador de todo!
Dios solo es Luz y Verdad. Dios Amor!
Dios está en el arcano incomprensible.
Postrémonos de hinojos ante Dios.

—*De "Fénix".*

El Capitán Simón

El bergantín *María Trinidad* surto en el puerto de M, había terminado la carga y esperaba viento favorable para zarpar.

Pertenecía el barco a la armada, por convenio del Gobierno con su dueño que lo subvencionaba. Lo tripulaban: el capitán Simón, viejo marino de carácter enérgico, amante exagerado de la disciplina, que por nada ni por nadie habría dejado de cumplir las órdenes de su gobierno, y el teniente Raúl, joven fuerte y valeroso, de fisonomía simpática e inteligente, que dedicaba los momentos de descanso que le permitían sus múltiples ocupaciones a la lectura de libros amenos e instructivos.

Desde niño gustábale la soledad y por eso eligió el oficio de marino. La majestad del mar ofrecía hermosa contemplación a su alma soñadora.

Ocho marinos a las órdenes de estos dos hombres de firme voluntad, componían la dotación del bergantín. Un viento favorable empezó a soplar, y el capitán Simón dió órdenes para hacerse a la vela. La noche estaba hermosa. En aquel momento atracó un bote al bergantín. Un hombre encapotado saltó sobre cubierta. "Capitán, dijo, dirigiéndose a Simón: Os traigo tres hombres muy peligrosos que guardaréis cuidadosamente en vuestra bodega. Tomad este pliego y mañana a las diez ejecutaréis las órdenes que en él se os dan. Interesa a la salud de la patria la misteriosa desaparición de estos hombres. El gobierno tiene en vos ilimitada confianza y el Rey premiará vuestros servicios."

Una hora después el *María Trinidad* navegaba impelido por brisa bienhechora, sobre un mar terso y tranquilo, llevando en su bodega tres reos políticos condenados a muerte. Las estrellas brillaban con hermoso esplendor. El capitán meditaba sobre la importancia de su misión; Raúl leía los "Derechos del Hombre"; los presos gemían en la lóbrega oscuridad de una sentina y Dios estaba ausente de la conciencia de los tiranos.

Raúl dejó su libro predilecto, tomó una linterna y bajó a la bodega. Descendió al abismo donde gemían tres infelices víctimas de las pasiones, que pensaban en las dulzuras del hogar, en el sueño apacible de sus hijos, en la desesperación de sus esposas y en las iniquidades de los hombres. Uno de ellos alzó los ojos al cielo en ademán de súplica. Raúl se le acercó, cambió con él algunas palabras al oido y le desató las ligaduras. Después hizo lo mismo con los otros dos, que absortos contemplaban aquella muda escena.

A las diez en punto de la siguiente mañana el capitán Simón mostraba a Raúl el contenido del pliego. El Rey mandaba que fueran ahorcados y echados al mar los cadáveres de los tres reos políticos. "Dad las órdenes necesarias para que se cumpla la voluntad del Monarca", dijo el capitán. "Dad vos esa orden y dadla también para que me ahorquen con ellos, porque no teniendo que luchar con vos a quien estimo y respeto, daría la última gota de sangre por la vida de esos hombres."

"¿Hay algún motivo más poderoso que tus deberes que te imponga sacrificio tan grande por la vida de esos tres seres que están fuera de la Ley? Sí. Venid y os lo dire".....

.....

.....

Un mes después celebraba la Resp. Logia "Libertad" una espléndida recepción. Un viejo marino, tostado por el sol de los trópicos, recibía las abluciones sagradas y pronunciaba con voz firme un juramento hermoso. A su lado vieron la luz dos neófitos más. Raúl lloraba de alegría. Había devuelto tres hombres a la patria universal y a la familia humana. El capitán fué expulsado de la armada y de su país.

Dos años depués la casa de Raúl, de Emilia y compañía botaba al agua en el puerto de X el bergantín *FRATERNIDAD*. El capitán Simón desde su bordo contemplaba gozoso la arboladura de su nueva vivienda, y exclamaba: "¡Qué bello es el mar! !Qué hermosa es la libertad! Cuando no haya reyes los hombres serán libres. Raúl tiene razón."—*Pelegrín López de Victoria, en "El Universo"*.

Idealismo

Como su nombre indica, Idealismo es aquel aspecto de la filosofía que pone por arriba de todo lo existente la Idea, desde un punto de vista universal y fundamental, juzgándola primario origen de todas las cosas y finalidad a que tiende toda vida, en el universo.

Así, es idealista aquel que, partiendo de ese soberano principio, ajusta a la enseñanza que del mismo proviene sus pensamientos y sus actos, formando con arreglo a la misma un lógico sistema de conducta, tanto en lo que a él, individualmente, atañe, como en sus relaciones con la sociedad.

Idealizar la vida es, por tanto, función propia del idealista y característica del idealismo; es decir, tener siempre por normas la belleza y la bondad, la verdad y la justicia, pero de un modo trascendental, como virtudes o esencias que reconocen y proclaman la existencia de una Inteligencia suprema y de una infalible Ley, regulando el progreso del hombre y el mundo.

El materialismo, y como es consiguiente, el materialista, también reconocen y proclaman lo que es bello, bueno, verdadero y justo, pero sin acatar ninguna norma superior a las normas humanas y con fines esencialmente utilitarios.

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substancia y alma de su doctrina la existencia del Gran Arquitecto del Universo, el masón es, naturalmente, un idealista; lo es por su filosofía, por su lógica y por su moral; su misión, por tanto, tomada en líneas generales, es idealizar el ambiente en que vive, haciéndolo más noble y bello.

La reflexiva creencia en un Poder ordenador de todas las cosas, presupone en el creyente, si ha de ser lógico consigo mismo, un propósito interno de ajustarse, en todo lo que sea capaz dentro de su propia órbita, a realizar un trabajo de orden y armonía, que ostente en alguna forma el sello de un divino ideal.

Un masón, como individuo, es a modo de una piedra viva que forma, parte, por voluntad del Gran Constructor, del Templo Cósmico. El altar de ese templo es la Naturaleza. Y lo que ofrendamos ante el ara no son formas externas, pues en tal caso el culto habría de degenerar en idolatría; lo que ofrendamos es nuestro propio corazón. Pero, para que la ofrenda sea valiosa y digna del homenaje que presta y adecuada a su objeto, nuestro corazón tiene que ser sencillo y puro, despojado de todo sentimiento ruín, de toda propensión egoista y ardiendo como una llama por el bien de los demás.

El ideal divino consiste en esto: en adaptarnos a la obra divina. Ningún ideal más inmenso que ese, puesto que los abarca todos. Nada importan las apariencias y los medios; por humildes que ellos sean, valdrán y brillarán, si es pura, recta y noble la intención que los anima. Sobre todo, el culto debe ser activo. Moldearse, concretarse en acción. La Masonería es una institución dinámica. La plegaria del masón es trabajo. Y el trabajo del masón es idea que aspira a convertirse en hecho.. Donde quiera que actúa levanta un pequeño templo, da relieve a una verdad filosófica, realiza una liturgia espiritual. Así cada palabra, cada idea, cada aspiración sensible, cada esfuerzo que van a lo externo de las interioridades de su espíritu, por insignificantes que parezcan, obedecen a un secreto ritmo que es cónsono en todas sus modalidades con la armonía universal.

Llega un tiempo, en la evolución masónica, en que tal desenvolvimiento se precisa claramente a la inteligencia del masón. Lo que antes sólo conocía y sentía por grados, por fragmentos, se dibuja en su mente como una vasta síntesis. Entonces la piedra cúbica se reconoce como parte integrante del Templo y donde quiera y como quiera que actúe vibrará siempre al unísono con su creador.—*De "Acacia" San Juan, Puerto Rico.*

Pensamiento Masónico

Un maestro de sabiduría ha dicho que la Orden Masónica es una institución que tiene en su seno el pasado, el presente y el futuro de la humanidad, porque hay en sus símbolos un soplo creador que domina los acontecimientos, que supera las visicitudes de la Historia y que les señala a los hombres el sendero perdurable de la esperanza. . .

La Franc-Masonería es milenaria como el pensamiento humano, es antigua como la civilización y pasa a través de los siglos, en una eterna juventud, que renueva las ideas, que ennoblece los corazones y que eleva por encima de la miseria cotidiana, a los hombres que han puesto en ella, la fe de su entusiasmo, la fraternidad de su espíritu y la fuerza de sus convicciones.

Donde quiera que vamos, en el norte, en el sur, en todos los puntos de la tierra, se alza un templo masónico y bajo la advocación de un triángulo, de una escuadra o de un compás, se reunen los hombres de buena voluntad para trabajar por el mejoramiento de la vida, por la dignificación de la conciencia y por hacer de los seres humanos un santuario de la belleza, del altruísmo y del amor.

En el silencio del templo masónico, se apagan los estruendos de la política, se atenúa el combate de las pasiones, se olvida el apetito de los intereses y las columnas son una enseña de liberación, un sendero de esperanza, donde los hermanos se esfuerzan por elevarse hacia una vida luminosa, serena y tolerante que hará de ellos una verdadera representación de la armonía universal.

La Franc-Masonería acoge a todos los hombres sin averiguar si son incrédulos o creyentes, si son protestantes, mahometanos, o budistas, si son espiritualistas o materialistas y sólo les pide que el honor dignifique su conciencia, que la tolerancia sea la norma de su vida, que el altruísmo sea el consejero de sus actos, porque ella sabe que la verdad es infinita y nadie puede limitar sus atributos, porque la sabiduría es un reflejo de la belleza suprema y nadie puede enumerar los senderos del Gran Arquitecto del Universo.

De aquí nace principalmente la fuerza expansiva de la Orden Masónica y por eso en este Domingo de Pentecostés, los hermanos de toda la tierra, sin distinción de raza, de religión o de partido, se congregan en el templo para trabajar por la fraternidad universal, por difundir la tolerancia en la familia humana, por contribuir con el pequeño aporte de nuestra energía individual a la edificación del santuario que iluminará al mundo con la divina gracia de la fecundidad, del amor y de la belleza.

En la suprema jerarquía de los hombres, de los seres y de las cosas, cada individuo tiene asignado su papel, la tarea que debe realizar en la vida y el aporte que debe entregar al acervo común: algunos, como el Cristo y el Buda, dieron a la humanidad el mensaje de la esperanza, el evangelio de la liberación; otros, desempeñan funciones más modestas y encerrados en el silencio de un templo, tienen la misión de preparar las almas de sus hermanos, la conciencia de sus discípulos y el corazón de los adeptos para servir a los fines del Gran Arquitecto del Universo.

Nosotros, maestros masones, que hace un instante nos congregamos en el templo, tenemos la misión de ayudar al progreso moral e intelectual de nuestros hermanos, aportando a la Logia a que pertenecemos, el contingente de nuestra capacidad, de nuestro conocimiento, de nuestro entusiasmo, porque los Talleres son el laboratorio en que se prepara el buen padre de familia, el buen comerciante y el buen ciudadano, que harán más tarde la grandeza de la Orden Masónica, de la Patria y de la Humanidad.

Pero el amor, la devoción y el entusiasmo que ponemos en la prosperidad de nuestra Logia, no debe hacernos olvidar que la Orden Masónica es una en toda la tierra y que innumerables corazones fraternales palpitan con nosotros, de uno a otro confín del mundo, en los mismos ideales de liberación humana, en idénticas aspiraciones de progreso moral, en iguales propósitos de verdadera espiritualidad.

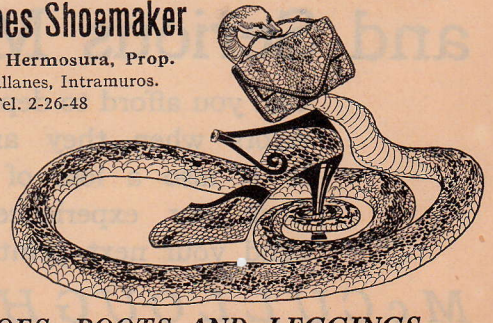
—*Revista Masónica de Chile.*

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Camarines Norte	12	Rizal (3)	88
Camarines Sur	38	Romblon	31
Cavite (11)	1,048	Samar	53
Cebu (2)	156	Sorsogon	47
Davao	63	Sulu	35
Ilocos Norte	104	Tarlac	23
Ilocos Sur	47	Tayabas (7)	235
Iloilo (2)	155	Union	81
Isabela	27	Zambales (3)	120
Laguna (4)	184	Zamboanga	91
Leyte	54	Guam, M. I.	101
Manila (30)	2,699	China	28
Masbate	20		
Mindoro	37	Total	6,800

The above figures, which are based on statistics compiled in November, 1930, do not include subscribers belonging to Lodges not under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the Philippine Islands.

6. The CABLETOW is not an ephemeral affair: it has been published uninterruptedly for over eight years; the issue for September, 1931, was the 100th number published.

7. The CABLETOW is not dependent upon advertising for its existence and does not stress that features. However, advertisements of dependable firms and goods are always welcome.

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.

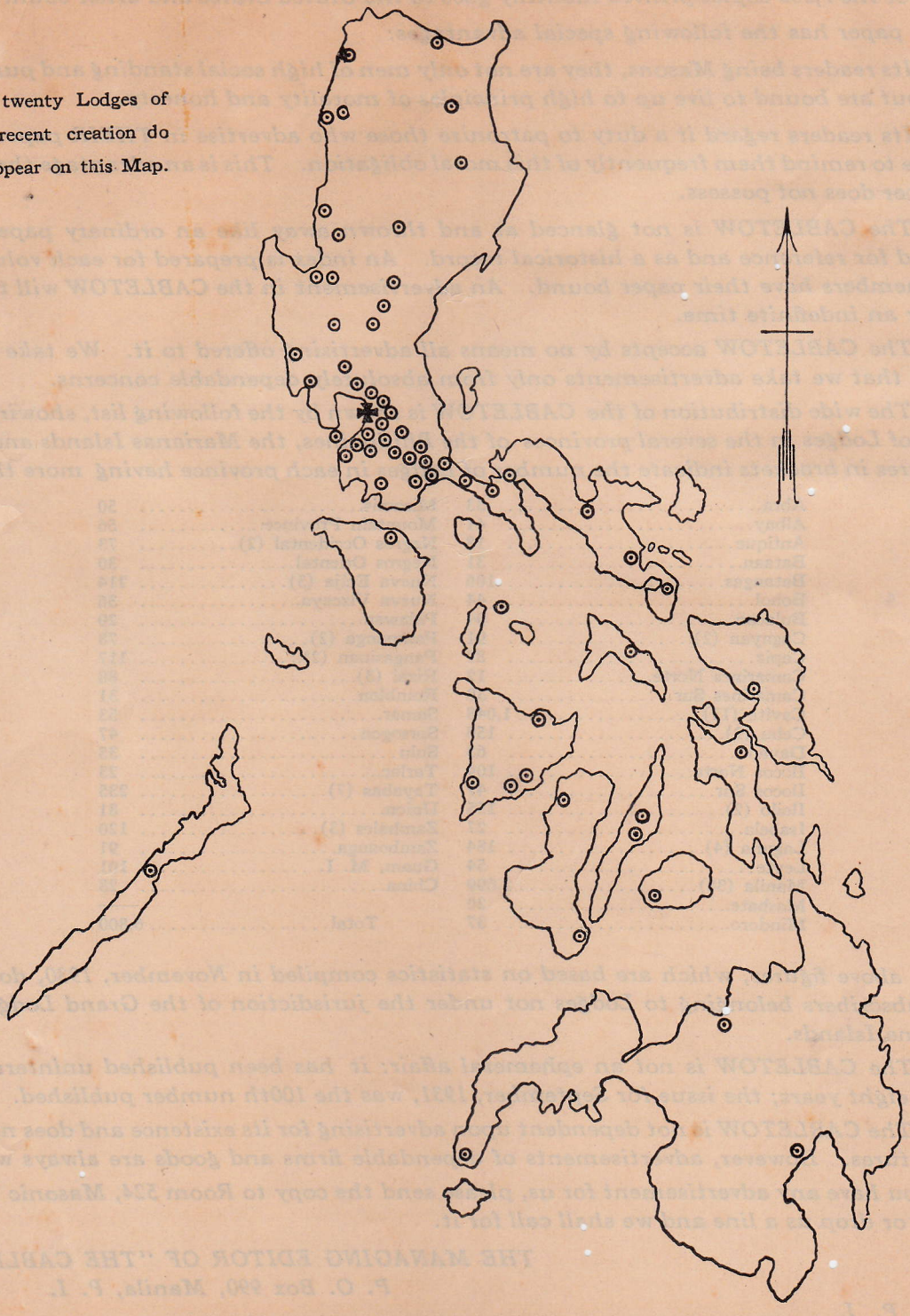
THE MANAGING EDITOR OF "THE CABLETOW,"
P. O. Box 990, Manila, P. I.

Manila, P. I.,
October 1, 1931

THE CABLETOW

Offers class advertising of a distinctive nature at rates which compare favorably with those of other publications of the Philippine Islands. It has the three important qualifications of a good advertising medium—large circulation (7,500 monthly), reaches a select class of readers who represent great buying power, and has a very wide distribution throughout the Archipelago. Every Master Mason, Fellowcraft and Entered Apprentice of this Jurisdiction is a paid subscriber to the CABLETOW. It is the fraternal publication par excellence of the Philippines and the only Ancient Craft Masonry publication in the Orient.

Some twenty Lodges of more recent creation do not appear on this Map.



DISTRIBUTION OF MASONIC LODGES IN THE PHILIPPINES