

Old Tiler Talks

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FOREWORD (1949)

"The Old Tiler first appeared in print in August, 1921 when the first of four hundred and fourteen "Old Tiler Talks" were printed in the Fellowship Forum, a fraternal newspaper published in Washington, D.C.

In 1925 the publisher asked the author to select a few of the best of the talks and thirty-one were accordingly made into a little volume, copyrighted that year. The book, which sold for a dollar, ran into two editions of five thousand copies each.

By the time they were all sold the Fellowship Forum ran head on into the depression and disappeared and with it the Old Tiler.

His homely philosophy, sharp tongue and common sense, however, had made a place for him in the hearts of readers; demand for the book has never ceased, although it has lessened in the twenty-four years since the Old Tiler first spoke from between the covers.

At long last the Old Tiler sits again before the door of his lodge, there to repeat the tales which made him liked so long ago, and, from the wealth of material of his hundreds of homilies, make thirty-nine new talks to the book, a total of seventy in all.

These have been roughly classified under seven headings. To offer in defense of his fanciful classification the author has no other alibi than the weak statement that the Old Tiler is himself fancy!

The portrait of the Old Tiler on the jacket is the loving work of Brother Frank A. Stockwell of Buffalo, New York, who has (at least to the author's eyes) succeeded in getting the biting sarcasm, courage and philosophy of the Old Tiler into his kindly face.

...The author does not always agree with the Old Tiler- perhaps it is the Old Tiler who disagrees with the author! Some to whom that statement is made make answer: "Why don't you make him say what you think? You are the boss man!"

All who have written know that, if they live, pen and ink characters have minds and thoughts of their own, sometimes to the benefit, sometimes to the grief of their fathers!

Therefore, with what is hoped is becoming modesty, this invitation is extended; whatever you like in the Old Tiler's talks, credit to his creator; if his sharpness or his ideas offend, blame the Old Tiler not

The Author

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WHAT IS MASONRY?

"I've been a Mason six months now and I ought to know something about Masonry. But there are more secrets in the fraternity I don't know than those I have been told!"

The New Brother was puzzled. The Old Tiler laid down his sword, picked up a half-smoked cigar and lit it, and settled back in his chair.

"Get it out of your system," he invited.

"Is Masonry a religion," continued the New Brother, "or a system of philosophy, or a childish getting together of men who like to play politics and wear titles? I have heard it called all three. Sometimes I think it's one and sometimes the other. What do you think?"

"It isn't a childish getting together for the love of titles and honors," answered the Old Tiler. "Men would soon invent a much better organization for the satisfaction of such purposes. In fact, he has invented better ones. Men who want to play politics and be called the Grand High Cockalorum of the Exalted Central Chamber of the Secret Sanctorum can join these. If Masonry were nothing but play, it wouldn't live, and living, grow.

"Masonry isn't a religion. A religion, as I see it, is a belief in deity and a means of expressing worship. Masonry recognizes Deity, and proceeds only after asking divine guidance. But it does not specify any particular deity. You can worship any God you please

and be a Mason. That is not true of any religion. If you are a Buddhist, you worship Buddha. If a Christian, Christ is your Deity. If you are a Mohammedan you are a worshipper of Allah. In Masonry you will find Christian, Jew, Mohammedan and Buddhist side by side.

"Masonry has been called a system of philosophy, but that is a confining definition. I don't think Masonry has ever been truly defined."

"Or God," put in the New Brother.

"Exactly. A witty Frenchman, asked if he believed in God, replied, 'Before I answer, you must tell me your definition of God. And when you tell me, I will answer you, no, because a God defined is a God limited, and a limited God is no God.' Masonry is something like that; it is brotherhood, unlimited, and when you limit it by defining it you make it something it isn't."

"Deep stuff!" commented the New Brother.

"Masonry is 'deep stuff,'" answered the Old Tiler. "It's so deep no man has ever found the bottom. Perhaps that is its greatest charm; you can go as far as you like and still not see the limit. The fascination of astronomy is the limitlessness of the field. No telescope has seen the edge of the universe. The fascination of Masonry is that it has no limits. The human heart has no limit in depth and that which appeals most to the human heart cannot have a limit."

"But that makes it so hard to understand!" sighed the New Brother.

"Isn't it the better for being difficult of comprehension?" asked the Old Tiler. "A few days ago I heard an eminent divine and Mason make an inspiring talk. I hear a lot of talks; nine-tenths are empty words with a pale tallow-tip gleam of a faint idea somewhere in them. So when a real talker lets the full radiance of a whole idea shine on an audience, he is something to be remembered. This speaker quoted a wonderful poem, by William Herbert Carruth. I asked him to send it to me, and he did; please note, this busy man, president of a university, and with a thousand things to do, didn't forget the request of a brother he never saw before!"

The Old Tiler put his hand in his pocket and took out a much-thumbed piece of paper. "Listen you," he said, "till I read you just one verse of it:

"A picket frozen on duty;
A mother, starved for her brood;
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
and Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight hard pathway plod;
Some call it consecration
And others call it God.'

The New Brother said nothing, held silent by the beauty of the lines.

"I am no poet," continued the Old Tiler, "and I know this isn't very fitting, but I wrote something to go with those verses, just to read to brothers like you." Shyly the Old Tiler continued:

"Many men, banded together

Standing where Hiram stood;
Hand to back of the falling,
Helping in brotherhood.
Wise man, doctor, lawyer,
Poor man, man of the hod,
Many call it Masonry
And others call it God."

"I don't think it makes much difference what we call it,
do you?" asked the New Brother.

BOOK ON THE ALTAR

"I heard the most curious tale," began the New Brother seating himself beside the Old tiler during refreshment.

"Shoot!" commanded the Old Tiler.

"Friend of mine belongs to a midwest lodge. Seems they elected a chap to become a member but when he took the degree he stopped the work to ask for the Koran in place of the Bible on the Altar. Said he wanted to the holy book of his faith, and the bible wasn't it!"

"Yes, go on," prompted the Old Tiler. "What did they do?"

"The officers held a pow-wow and the Master finally decided that as the ritual demanded the 'Holy Bible, Square and Compasses' as furniture for the lodge, the applicant was wrong and that he'd have to use the Bible or not take his degree. And the funny part was that the initiate was satisfied and took his degree with the Bible on the Altar. I'm glad they have him, and not this lodge."

"Why?"

"Why, a chap who backs down that way can't have very much courage; I'd have had more respect for him if he'd insisted and if he couldn't have his way, refused to go on with the degree."

"All wrong, brother, all wrong!" commented the Old Tiler. "The Mohammedan initiate wasn't concerned about himself but about the lodge. He showed a high degree of Masonic principle in asking for his own holy book, and a great consideration for the lodge. This man isn't a Christian. He doesn't believe in Christ. He believes in Allah, and Mohammed his prophet. The Bible, to you a holy book, is to him no more than the Koran is to you. You wouldn't regard an obligation taken on a dictionary or a cook book or a Koran as binding, in the same degree that you would one taken on the Bible."

"That's the way this chap felt. He wanted to take his obligation so that it would bind his conscience. The Master would not let him, because he slavishly followed the words of the ritual instead of the spirit of Masonry.

"Masonry does not limit an applicant to his choice of a name for a Supreme Being. I can believe in Allah, or Buddha, or Confucius, or Mithra, or Christ, or Siva, or Brahma, or Jehovah, and be a good Mason. If I believe in a Great Architect that is all Masonry demands; my brethren do not care what I name him."

"Then you think this chap isn't really obligated? I must write my friend and warn him-"

"Softly, softly! Any man with enough reverence for Masonry, in advance of knowledge of it, to want his own holy book on which to take an obligation would feel himself morally obligated to keep his word, whether there was his, another's or no holy book at all, on the Altar. An oath is not really binding because of the book beneath your hand. It is the spirit with

which you assume an obligation which makes it binding. The book is but a symbol that you make your promise in the presence of the God you revere. The cement of brotherly love which we spread is not material- the working tools of a Master Mason are not used upon stone but upon human hearts. Your brother did his best to conform to the spirit of our usages in asking for the book he had been taught to revere. Failing in that through no fault of his own, doubtless he took his obligation with a sincere belief in its sacredness. Legally he would not be considered to commit perjury if he asked for his own book and was forced to use another."

"What's the law got to do with it?"

"Just nothing at all, which is the point I make. In England and America, Canada and South America, Australia, and part of the Continent, the bible is universally used. In Scottish Rite bodies you will find many holy books; but let me ask you this; when our ancient brethren met on hills and in valleys, long before Christ, did they use the New Testament on their Altars? Of course not; there was none. You can say that they used the Old Testament and I can say they used the Talmud and someone else can say they used none at all, and all of us are right as the other. But they used a reverence for sacred things.

"If you write you friend, you might tell him that the ritual which permits a man to name his God as he pleases, but demands that a book which reveres one particular God be used, is faulty. The ritual of Masonry is faulty; it was made by man. But the spirit of Masonry is divine; it comes from men's hearts. If obligation and books and names of the Deity are

matters of the spirit, every condition is satisfied. If I were Master and an applicant demanded any one or any six books on which to lay his hand while he pledges himself to us, I'd get them if they were to be had, and I'd tell my lodge what a reverent Masonic spirit was in the man who asked."

"Seems to me you believe in a lot of funny things; how many gods do you believe in?"

"There is but one," was the Old Tilers answer, "Call Him what you will. Let me repeat a little bit of verse for you:

'At the Muezzin's call for prayer
The kneeling faithful thronged the square;
Amid a monastery's weeds,
An old Franciscan told his beads,
While on Pushkara's lofty height
A dark priest chanted Brahma's might,
While to the synagogue there came
A Jew, to praise Jehovah's Name.
The One Great God looked down and smiled
And counted each His loving child;
For Turk and Brahmin, monk and Jew
Has reached Him through the gods they knew.'

"If we reach Him in Masonry, it makes little difference by what sacred name we arrive," finished the Old Tiler, reverently.

"You reached me, anyhow," said the New Brother, shaking hands as if he meant it.

ACTING AS CHAPLAIN

"I was embarrassed in lodge tonight!" announced the New Brother to the Old Tiler. "I don't think the Master ought to make me feel that way!"

"That's too bad," answered the Old Tiler, with ready sympathy. "Did he call you down for something?"

"Oh, no. The Chaplain was absent, and the Master asked me to act in his place."

"Why should that embarrass you?" asked the Old Tiler, still sympathetic.

"It embarrassed me horribly to say I wouldn't."

"Oh, you refused?"

"Of course I refused! My embarrassment was bad enough as it was, but to get up in front of the Altar and offer a prayer! Man, I couldn't do that!"

"You surprise me!" answered the Old Tiler. "But let that pass. Who did act as Chaplain?"

"The Master asked the speaker of the evening, some brother I never saw before. He made a beautiful prayer, too. I heard him tell the Master he didn't know the prayer in the ritual, but the Master said that didn't matter, which I thought rather odd."

"Can you remember what the stranger said?" asked the Old Tiler.

"Pretty well, I think," answered the New Brother. "It was not long. He went to the Altar and kneeled, and then said 'Almighty Architect of the Universe, we, as Master Masons, standing in a Masonic Lodge erected to thy glory, humbly petition that Thou look with favor upon this assembly of Thy children. Open our hearts that the eternal Masonic truth may find ready entry that we be enabled to make ourselves square stones, fitting in Thy sight for the great Temple, eternal in Thy heavens. We ask it in the name of the All-seeing Eye, Amen.'"

"That was a pretty prayer," responded the Old Tiler.

"But it wasn't the ritual prayer," objected the New Brother.

"No, nor it wasn't by the appointed Chaplain," retorted the Old Tiler. "What difference does it make to God whether we pray the same prayer at every lodge opening? It must be the sincerity and the thought behind the prayer which count in His sight, not the words. But in your refusal to act as Chaplain, it seems to me you put yourself in an unfortunate position. You shave yourself, don't you?"

"Why, er, yes! What has that got to do with it?"

"Tomorrow morning, when you shave yourself, you'll look in the mirror and you'll say 'Hello, coward!' and that's not nice, is it?"

"Do you think I was a coward?" asked the New Brother, wistfully.

"Scared stiff!" smiled the Old Tiler. "So conceited, so filled with the idea of all your brethren admiring you, you couldn't bear to forget yourself, lest they falter in their admiration. Sure, that's cowardly. You ducked a duty because of conceit!"

"Old tiler, you use strong words! It was not conceit. It was modesty. I didn't think I was able."

"Don't fool yourself! You told me you were embarrassed. Why is a man embarrassed in public? Because he is afraid he won't do well, won't make a good appearance, won't succeed, will be ridiculous. So you refused the pretty compliment the Master paid you, and refused your brethren the slight service of being their mouthpiece."

"But I have never prayed in public!"

"Neither has any other man ever prayed in public prior to his first public prayer!" grinned the Old Tiler. "But please tell me why a man should be embarrassed before God? We are taught that He knoweth all things. If we can't conceal anything from Him, He knows all about you! A man may be ashamed of himself, sorry for what he is and has been, but embarrassed, in prayer? As for being embarrassed before you brethren, that's conceited. Almost any man is a match for an army if he has God with him. The man on his feet who talks aloud to God has no need to consider men. If men laugh, shame to them. In all my many years as a Mason, I never yet saw any man smile or say a word of ridicule at any one's petition to Deity out loud which touched the hearts of all present who admired their fearlessness in facing the Great Architect and saying what was in their hearts. I never

heard a man laugh when a Chaplain, ordained or substitute, made a petition to Deity. Whether it was the petition in the ritual, or one which came from the heart, be sure the Great Architect understood it. As for asking a blessing in the name of the All-Seeing Eye, what difference does it make to God by what name we call Him? That is a good Masonic name, sanctified by the reverent hearts of generations of men and Masons.

"For your own peace of mind, tell your Master you made a mistake and that you are sorry, and that if he will honor you by giving you an opportunity to pray for yourself and your brethren, you will, in the absence of the Chaplain, do your reverent best. And when you kneel before that Altar you will forget, as all Chaplains must who mean what they say, that any listen save the One to whom the prayer is addressed!"

"Old Tiler, I'll try to do it!" cried the New Mason.

"Humph!" grunted the Old Tiler.

ATHEIST AND AGNOSTIC

"I have had a shock!" announced the New Brother, sitting beside the Old Tiler.

"Shall I send for a doctor?" asked the Old Tiler.

"No, a minister," countered the New Brother. "I just met Smithkins in the lodge. He's a member and I never knew it."

"If you like Smithkins, that must have been a pleasant shock," answered the Old Tiler.

"Oh, I like him all right. But it was unpleasant to find him a member of the lodge. Smithkins is an atheist! He can't be a real Mason."

"Oh! So Smithkins is an atheist. Was he an atheist when he signed his application?"

"Of course he was! He's always been one!"

"Then your course is clear. You should prefer charges against him for un-Masonic conduct and perjury, and have him thrown out of the fraternity."

"But- but why should I do it? Smithkins never did me any harm!"

"Oh, yes, he did! If an atheist lied to gain admittance to the Masonic fraternity, he injured Masonry and injured all Masons, and you are a Mason. So he injured you."

"But, why must I do it? You do it! You know so much more about such things than I do!" answered the New Brother.

"Oh, thank you!" smiled the Old Tiler. "But I know nothing about Smithkins being an atheist. I never met an atheist. I don't know what one looks like. And if Smithkins is an atheist, then an atheist looks and acts just like a theist. Where are his horns and his tail?"

"Oh, don't make fun! This is serious! How can we allow an atheist to continue in membership of our lodge?"

"I don't think we can!" comforted the Old Tiler. "But how can you prove Smithkins to be an atheist? He must have signed his statement that he believed in God when he joined the lodge. Atheism is a matter of belief or non-belief; it isn't a thing you can prove if he chooses to deny it."

"I have heard him say he doesn't believe in the divinity of Christ!"

"Oh! Is that what made you call him an atheist? Many thousand Masons don't believe in the divinity of Christ; some are in this lodge. Jews do not; the Chinese do not; Mohammedans do not, but that doesn't mean they don't believe in God."

"But I have heard him say he doesn't believe in the God of the church."

"There is a conception of God in several churches in which I don't believe, either!" retorted the Old Tiler. "The God in whom I put my trust is not a vengeful

God, swayed by passion and prejudice. The God in whom many good people believe is a terrible God, who gets angry and is revengeful and plans horrible torments for those who do not please Him. Because I don't put my faith in that particular idea of God doesn't mean I don't believe in God. And the people who believe in the Deity as pictured by Calvin and Luther and the Puritans may think my conception of Deity is all wrong, but doesn't make them call me an atheist.

"The atheist is a curiosity. The very fact that a man says, 'I don't believe in God,' shows that he does. Where does he get his conception of the God he denies? The only real atheist is the man who has never heard of God."

"Maybe Smithkins isn't an atheist, but he is an agnostic. He doesn't know what he believes!"
defended the New Brother.

"That is different!" smiled the Old Tiler. "The agnostic is a mentally lazy person without enough energy to formulate a conception of Deity. The agnostic isn't satisfied with the God of Moses, or the God of Calvin, or the God of Luther, or the God of the Jews, or the God of Jesus Christ. He wants his own little God, made according to a formula which suits his kind of ego. But when he tries to make such a god he runs into so many contradiction that he gives it up and solves the problem by saying, 'I don't know what I believe!' Because he is then in a class by himself he gradually evolves a queer sort of pride in the negation; he is 'different' from his fellows, and therefore, 'superior.' But it's just a pose; let his child be desperately ill or he be in danger of drowning, and

you'll hear him... yes, and the 'atheist,' too... cry to God for help.

"Luckily for poor impotent humanity the Supreme Architect is a merciful God who hears the cries of His children in distress whether they are simple men you know and like, or strange-minded men like Smithkins, who distress us with their lack of understanding."

"Then you do not think Smithkins is a menace to the lodge because he is an... because he believes... differently from you and me?"

"I do not!" smiled the Old Tiler. "I know Smithkins pretty well. He doesn't lie so he must have some belief, or he wouldn't be a Mason. It doesn't concern us, or the lodge, or Masonry, what his belief is, so it is sincere. It takes all sorts of people to make a world, and if we all thought alike..."

"Why, then," interrupted the New Brother, "there would be no use for Old Tilers and their talks to the ignorant!"

"That would be terrible, wouldn't it?" agreed the Old Tiler, as he rose to answer knocks from within.

A LODGE IS BORN

"What did you think of it?" inquired the Old Tiler of the New Brother as they came out of the lodge room in which a lodge had just been consecrated, dedicated and constituted. "It isn't often that we have a chance to see that ceremony."

"I don't care if I never see it again." returned the New Brother. "It's hot in there, and it struck me as a lot of blah, just words which mean nothing. Why do they have to go to all that bother? Why the corn and wine and oil? Why not just say, 'you are a lodge- go ahead and work,' and have it over with?"

"Would you have the Master say, 'this lodge is open' and 'this lodge is closed' for an opening and closing ceremony?" asked the Old Tiler.

"I wouldn't go as far as that," answered the New Brother. "But this ceremony leaves me cold. I can't see any sense in having this new lodge anyhow!"

"Oh! So that's it!" The Old Tiler smiled wisely. "You are objecting to the beautiful ceremony we have just witnessed because you are not in sympathy with the creation of a new lodge at this time and place!"

"I wouldn't say that." The New Mason flushed.

"Did you, by any chance, happen to want election to an office in the new lodge, and they chose someone else?" The New Brother made no answer.

"There will be other new lodges!" comforted the Old Tiler. "And you are a little too young in Masonry to aspire to office in a new lodge. But I can't let you keep this wrong attitude about one of the really beautiful ceremonies of our beloved order. Have you ever attended the graduation exercises of any grammar school, high school, or college?"

"My little girl graduated from the eighth grade into high school last week," answered the New Brother. "Why?"

"It's at least an even bet that you saw half of that ceremony through wet eyes," answered the Old Tiler. "As you watched all those fresh faces, boys and girls leaving childhood for youth, taking the big step that is between the grade schools and high school, facing the unknown future so blithely, was not your heart touched with a knowledge of all the disappointments and heartaches these happy and carefree children must undergo?"

"Of course."

"You wouldn't be a human father otherwise! To me a consecration, dedication and constitution of a lodge is something like that. The new little lodge starts out so bravely. It is composed of Masons who have had no Masonic responsibilities. Sometimes one can find an old Past Master who will go into the line, but generally they are new and untried officers. They satisfy the authorities that they are competent to confer the degrees, but who knows their abilities to form a new lodge into a coherent whole, their tact in keeping harmony, their knowledge of the necessity for practicing brotherhood in the lodge?"

"They come here, these brave bright brethren, and the Grand Lodge performs this beautiful ceremony. The corn, the wine, the oil, are poured for them. They are consecrated to God, dedicated to the Holy Saints John, and constituted a member of the family of lodges under this Grand Lodge. Masters of other lodges are present to wish them well. Some come bearing gifts- the jewels the officers wear, the working tools, perhaps a modest check from the lodge which sponsored them to help the new thin treasury get a start.

"They have no traditions to steady them. They have no matters of common knowledge to bind them together. They have no past of which to talk. All they possess is their mutual Masonry and their mutual responsibility- their hopes, their fears, their plans and their determination. An unwritten page is theirs on which to record their Masonic future. The Mystic Tie is all they know of lodge life. The Grand Master pronounces them a lodge, the charter or warrant is presented and they are born. To me it is a simple, beautiful, pathetic, and interesting site, and one I never tire of seeing."

"I am a fool." The New Mason spoke with conviction. "Old Tiler, why did the Senior Deacon gather up the corn that was used and put it carefully away?"

"He couldn't gather the wine and oil, since they were spilled for good," answered the Old Tiler. "But that little horn of corn will be kept until this new lodge itself sponsors another new lodge, then to be offered to them, that they may be consecrated with the same corn poured for the Mother Lodge."

"Oh, I am a fool, indeed," cried the New Mason.
"Please take me with you to the next such ceremony,
will you?"

The Old Tiler grunted. But it sounded like a promise.

INNER MEANING

"Does the third degree of Masonry mean something else than what it says?" The New Mason sat beside the bearer of the sword in the anteroom and offered his cigar case.

"What does it say?" inquired the Old Tiler, extracting a cigar and lighting it.

"Why, you know what it says! Fancy asking me that! Any one would think you never saw one!"

"Oh, I have seen many a third degree," answered the Old tiler. "So have a lot of other men. But the third degree seems to say something different to each man who receives it, and to all who see it. So before I answer as to whether it means something different to what it says, I will have to know what it means to you, won't I?"

"But that's just the point! I don't know what it means to me!" cried the New Mason. "It's all so new and strange. It must have a deeper inner meaning than just the ceremony. It can't just be a repetition of what may or may not have been a historical fact!"

The Old Tiler puffed at his cigar. "I think the third degree of Freemasonry is one of the most beautiful of the symbols which mankind has ever erected, to teach himself what he already knows, to teach others what they must know. Its immediate and obvious lessons are fidelity to trust, fortitude in face of danger, the fact that the good a man does lives after him, the

inevitability of justice. But there are other teachings- immortality, for instance."

"I can see that the Master degree teaches immortality," responded the New Mason, eagerly, "and that the drama can be interpreted as one of resurrection. Indeed, the ritual so explains part of it."

"There is an inner meaning to teaching of immortality," continued the Old Tiler. "Have you a piece of string with only one end?"

"What? There isn't any such thing! It either has no ends, if it is a circle, or two ends."

The Old Tiler looked his questioner in the eye. "Immortality can't have one end only, either! Anything that is to continue to live forever must always have lived. If it had a finite beginning, it must have a finite end!"

"Do you mean that Freemasonry teaches the theory of reincarnation- that we have all lived before, and will again?" demanded the New Mason aghast. "I am no Buddhist!"

"I don't mean anything of the kind!" explained the Old Tiler. The Buddhist theory of reincarnation is only one way of using the idea of immortality which has neither beginning nor ending. Surely it is possible to believe that the immortal part of us, which must have come from God, has always lived, without thinking that it has lived in the body of some other man, or in an animal, as the animists believe. But I do not see how anyone who believes in endless life, can also believe that our souls began when our bodies were born.

"If I am to be immortal in the future, and have a soul which has been immortal in the past, I must have an immortal soul now. I am just as much in immortality and eternity at the present moment as I will be when my body is in the brow of a hill, and the brethren have invested my mortal remains with a lambskin apron and a sprig of acacia has been dropped upon my lifeless form.

"So that I must hunt farther than a mere teaching of immortality to extract the inner meaning of the third degree, I do not need a Master Mason degree to teach me the common sense of a piece of string which has but only one end!

"All men are, in one sense, haunted houses. The ghosts of their long dead ancestors rise up and walk with them. The good man who does something wrong, the clever man who does something stupid, the stupid man who does something enormously clever, is haunted with the ghosts of those whose loins he sprang. We are not just one person, but a lot of persons. We have an everyday self, and a better self; a selfish, self-seeking self, and a self-sacrificing, loving self. Sometimes one is in control and sometimes another.

"The third degree is to me not only the teaching of immortality of the soul, but the raising of my better self in my own house- my 'temple not made with hands.' It teaches me how to subdue my passions- my selfish and inconsiderate self- and to allow my better self, my Master Builder self, to rise from wherever my 'brow of a hill' is, in which the ruffians of selfishness,

meanness, dishonesty have buried him, to shine eternal as the stars, within me."

The Old Tiler paused. The New Mason broke his spell to ask, "Old Tiler, did you ever study to be a preacher?"

"I don't know enough!" he answered laughing. "What put such an idea in your head?"

"Maybe you don't know enough to preach," was the slow answer. "But you certainly know enough to teach. When next I see a third degree it will be with new eyes."

"That's nice of you." The Old Tiler was pleased. "My ideas are just thoughts of a common Mason."

"They are the common thoughts of the best Mason!" declared the New Brother.

WHY MEN LOVE FREEMASONRY

The New Brother sat near the Old Tiler in the anteroom, crossed his legs and took out his cigar case.

"Have a smoke and unpuzzle me."

The Old Tiler accepted the proffered cigar with a smile.

"I am often puzzled, too," he sympathized. "Tell me."

"I am crazy about Masonry. I love it. So do a lot of other men. And I don't know why. I can't find anyone who will tell me why. Old Tiler, why do men love Masonry?"

The Old Tiler got up and crossed the room to a book case, extracted a volume and returned.

"I read that question in this little book, 'The Magic of Freemasonry,' by Arthur E. Powell. Let me read to you--" The Old Tiler fluttered the pages. Finding his place he sat and began:

"Why do men love Masonry? What lure leads them to it? What spell holds them through the long years? What strand is it that tugs at our hearts, taut when so many threads are broken by the rough ways of the world? And what is it in the wild that calls to the little wild things? What sacred secret things do the mountains whisper to the hillman, so silently yet so surely that they can be heard above the din and

clatter of the world? What mystery does the sea tell the sailor; the desert to the Arab; the arctic ice to the explorer; the stars to the astronomer? When we have answered these questions mayhap we may divine the magic of Masonry. Who knows what it is, or how or why, unless it be the long cabletow of God, running from heart to heart..."

The Old Tiler closed the book and waited.

"The cabletow of God," repeated the New Mason.
"That's a beautiful phrase."

"It's more than a phrase, I think," the Old Tiler answered. "As I see it, the heart of Freemasonry by which all manner of men are attracted and held, is just that- the longing for communion with the Most High."

"Oh, you must be mistaken. Men who want God go to church."

"Do you go to church?"

"Er, oh, well, sometimes."

"Yet you never miss coming to lodge?"

"No, I don't, but--"

"Never mind the 'but.'" The Old Tiler smiled. "A lot of men come to the lodge who do not find heart's ease in the church. The lodge is not a substitute for church. Masonry is not a religion, although it has religion. If the church fails, occasionally, it is because all human institutions must fail at times. No minister or church

can satisfy all men. Some men find communion with the Most High in Masonry a greater satisfaction than in a church. I think that is the real reason some men love Freemasonry so much."

"You give me credit with being a lot more religious than I do," retorted the New Mason.

"Men are incurably religious," asserted the Old Tiler. "Many don't know it and refuse to call it by that name, like you, for instance! In a church men are told various things about God. In a lodge they are allowed to tell themselves what they will. In a church you are taught a creed, a dogma. In a lodge there is neither. In a church you are quiet and respectful and whisper if you speak at all. It is kept high, unspotted from the world. A lodge is more intimate, personal. You can be jolly in a lodge, except during a degree. Here are just other men, brothers. They think as we do; they believe in the one God, as we do. They repeat the same words, think the same Masonic thoughts, do the same Masonic acts, as we do. We feel at home with them in consequence.

"Through years of simple, profound degrees, we weave the Mystic Tie. We cannot say of what it is composed. We cannot put a name to it. St. Augustine, asked of God, answered, 'I know until you ask me- when you ask me, I do not know.' In your heart you know, and I know, what the Mystic tie is- what Freemasonry is. But you cannot say it, nor can I. It is too deep for words. It is the reason we use symbols, for words cannot express it.

"Deep in us is something which understands what our brains cannot think; something which knows what our

minds cannot comprehend. Masonry speaks to that something in its own language. If we must put it into words, God is the only syllable which seems to fit. But when we say God we mean no special deity, but all that is beautiful in life, in friendship, in charity, in brotherhood.

"So, my brother, there is no reason for you to be puzzled; no man can answer your puzzle. Freemasonry is loved by men because it strikes deep into the human heart, and supplies the answer to the question, the food for the hunger, which the tongue cannot express."

"Unless it is the tongue of a wise, wise Old Tiler," finished the New Brother thoughtfully. "And thank you, I am not puzzled now."

THE GREATEST WORK

"Old Tiler, what is the greatest work of Masonry?"

The New Brother sat by the guardian of the door and pulled out his cigar case.

"Persuading new brethren that Old Tilers need something to smoke!" returned the Old Tiler promptly.

The New Brother laughed as he handed over a cigar. "I hope you will smoke with me," he said. "But that wasn't just what I had in mind. Masonry has so many different jobs to do- I was wondering which is the greatest."

"Suppose you tell me what you think these jobs are," suggested the Old Tiler. "I can answer more intelligently if I know what you have in mind."

"Masonry teaches and practices charity," began the New Brother. "I suppose the brotherly love and relief she teaches are among the greatest of her works. She teaches men to agree to disagree, and to avoid dissension while meeting on a common level. She teaches brotherly love, which makes society run more smoothly and makes us all happier. One of Masonry's works is education, since she admonishes us to learn and to study. But I don't know that I could say that any one of them is the most important."

"That *is* rather difficult," answered the Old Tiler.

"Besides, you have left out a number of things. Masonry helps us to make friends- and surely in the

struggle for happiness, friends add much to the joy and take away much from the burden.

"Masonry helps men come closer to their Maker- she does not ape the church in teaching men *how* to worship god, but only that God is, and that one can commune with the Great Architect without sect or creed. She teaches sympathy and understanding. She teaches toleration of the other fellow's views. Democrat and Republican, saint and sinner, meet on the level in a lodge and forget their differences in their sameness, lose sight of the quarrels in their oneness. All this Masonry does for those who accept her gentle ministrations."

"But that doesn't tell me which is the *greatest* thing she does," objected the New Brother as the Old Tiler paused.

"I don't think there is a greatest thing, except for the individual," answered the Old Tiler. "The greatest thing Masonry can do for me may not be your greatest thing. To one man her brotherly love may be the greatest; to another, the friends; to a third, the charity. Doesn't it depend on the man?"

"You wouldn't say, then, that you think relief is Masonry's greatest accomplishment?" asked the New Brother.

"For those it relieves, yes; and it often is for those who have contributed to it. But suppose a man is engaged all day as a charity visitor or a doctor or a Red Cross official. Relief by Masonry won't be anything new to him. He must look elsewhere for the greatest thing."

"Well, what is Masonry's greatest accomplishment to you, as an Old Tiler?"

"Opportunity for service!" answered the Old Tiler, promptly. "It gives me a chance to do things for my fellowman I wouldn't otherwise have. I am an old man. I am not very active, and I have always been poor. But in Masonry I can be active, even if not very spry. Not having much means doesn't seem to count. Now let me ask you, what is Masonry's greatest accomplishment for you?"

"The New Brother laughed. "I knew that was coming. It's sort of hazy when I try to put it into words. But it is clear in my mind. The greatest thing which I get out of Masonry, save one thing only, is my kinship with the past. My sense that I am part of a living chain which goes back centuries. I do what George Washington did in a lodge. I see the same things Elias Ashmole saw. As I do, so did Bobby Burns. I am mentally akin with the Comacine builders and the Guild craftsmen of the middle ages."

"Back to Solomon and beyond," agreed the Old Tiler. "I understand."

"Perhaps you do, but I can't make it clear when I try to put it into words." The New Brother looked off into the distance, frowning. "I feel a mystic sense of strength and inspiration from the oneness with so many millions of brethren who have gone this way before me- it seems to me that I have added strength to my daily life because I am a part of so great a chain."

"All who love the Craft have that feeling," smiled the Old Tiler. "But you said there was one other benefit

which Masonry conferred on you, and which you thought was the greatest of all. What is that?"

The New Brother looked at the Old Tiler, without smiling. "The privilege of talking to a man as wise as you," he answered.

HIS CHRISTMAS

"Did you have a happy Christmas?" inquired the New Brother in the anteroom.

"Indeed, yes! Did you?"

"Not particularly. Same old day, same old expense, same old gifts, same old things," yawned the New Brother. "What did you do that made it happy?"

"First thing I went to church," answered the Old Tiler.

"Why, I didn't know you were a church goer!" The New Brother was surprised.

"It is debatable," confessed the Old Tiler. "But on Christmas I like to go to church. Anyway, I had to see the rector. I had a turkey for someone who would need it. After church I got in the automobile and the chauffeur drove me to see Brother Fosdick and-

"Whoa! You have a car and a chauffeur?" demanded the New Brother.

"Always on Christmas," grinned the Old Tiler. "Feel mighty important, too! But it's not mine, of course. A banker lends it to me."

"Oh!"

"I couldn't get around without a car," explained the Old Tiler. "So Brother Vanderveer lends me his. I called on old Brother Fosdick. He hasn't been in lodge in ten years, but he doesn't know it. He thinks he was

at the last meeting, and will be there the next. His mind isn't as clear as it was. He orders me to vote on this and how to do that, and is so important about it that he has a good time, thinking he is still a power in the lodge. It's not much of a Christmas present, but it's what he likes best."

"Oh!" said the New Brother.

"Then I was driven to the Masonic Home. Had some toys for some pets and never can deny myself the pleasure of giving them."

"Pets?"

"Pets is the word. Two children of a brother of this lodge."

"Oh!"

"We had a riotous time, the kiddies and I. They showed me their tree and all their gifts and we played tag a while and they blew horns and it was real Christmas-like. It's a shame to take up so much of the children's time but I had a lot of fun and they were very kind, of course because I am old."

"Is that it!" said the New Brother.

"The big kick came in the afternoon. I made a few calls on sick and housed brethren, and then went to dinner. After dinner we got in the car and went to the orphan asylum, and I had the time of my life. We must have given away five hundred dollars in toys and games and books and dolls."

"You gave away five hundred dollars?"

"No, we did. I didn't pay for them. I am poor. Brother Vanderveer paid for them. All I did was buy them and take them there in Brother Vanderveer's car. He went along because he likes to."

"All you did was spend the money and distribute it and plan it. He just went along, I see," said the New Brother.

"Yes, I'd pay for part of them, but that would take some of the joy from Vanderveer," the Old Tiler explained happily. "We had fun. Then we went back to Brother Vanderveer's home and he gave me a present- think of that! There it is!" The Old Tiler pointed to a handsome stick. "He's quite a wag, is Brother Vanderveer. He's already done so much for me, lending me his car and all. I had no present for him, I told him so. He said I had already given him Christmas, which was nonsense, because I hadn't given him anything. I hardly know where the day went. But I had a real good time. That's what Christmas is for, isn't it?"

"I always thought it was a day to get up late and laze around and stuff myself and go to bed disgusted," snapped the New Brother. "I think I'll try your scheme next time."

"There's plenty of room for you in the car," answered the Old Tiler. "I'd love to have you and so would Brother Vanderveer."

"Oh!" said the New Brother, thoughtfully.

NEW CUT TRAILS

"Old Tiler, I have made up my mind that there is a fundamentalism and a modernism in Masonry, as well as in the church. And I am a Masonic Fundamentalist," began the New Brother.

"That's a fine mouthful of an expression," commented the Old Tiler. "'Masonic fundamentalist.' If I just knew what it meant, now, I'd go spring it on someone."

"Don't make fun. This is serious!" protested the New Brother.

"Then be serious and tell me what kind of an animal, if any, a Masonic fundamentalist is," begged the Old Tiler.

"Why, he is one who finds the ritual all-sufficient as a source of Masonic light; one who doesn't hold with the higher criticism of Masonic documents and the old charges and constitutions; one who believes in the exact truth of the Masonic legends; one who can bridge the gap between written history since Grand Lodges and the time of King Solomon without a mental effort; in other words, one who has faith without proof in the reality of the continuance of Masonry as a system of morality and philosophy right down from Solomon's time to now!"

"Guess I can't use the expression after all," answered the Old Tiler. "Too much of a mouthful."

"Don't you agree that a Masonic fundamentalist is the happier and better Mason than the modernist Mason?"

"You ask me if I think the ignorant Mason is happier than the educated one!" returned the Old Tiler, vigorously. "If a cow is happier than a philosopher, I'll agree. But what is happiness? If it makes you happy not to use your mind, to believe legends and fairy tales, I suppose Masonic fundamentalism is your proper meat. I am not built that way. I have found the real story of Freemasonry, as it has been patiently unfolded from the mists of the dim past by earnest students, a great deal more fascinating than the legendary history. I have loved the legends more as I have been able to distinguish between legend and fact. Santa Claus and Hans Andersen's fairies are much more real to me now than they were when I was a little boy.

"Instead of being a Masonic fundamentalist, I like to think of myself as a Masonic adventurer. And that reminds me of something I cut out of a magazine; maybe you'd like to read it." The Old Tiler produced a well-worn pocket-book, from which he extracted a clipping. "Listen to this and see if it doesn't fit-almost." He read softly Marie LeNarl's beautiful verse, "The Adventurer."

"God, in the name of Jesus' blood and tears,
Loose us from slavish bondage to dead years,
To dogmas that, encrusted in mould
Of age, no virtue have, save to be old.
Lo! A new era has been ushered in.
Lo! Now the new wine bursts the ancient skin.
Then gird us, Lord, dispel our coward's fears,

Give us the daring hearts of pioneers.
What though in quest of truth we sometimes stray?
Better to seek fresh morsels day by day
Than feed, like swine, on husks before us thrown
From which the inward nourishment has gone.
Better to stray- and struggle back again
If we far surpass our mortal ken-
Old paths for sheep, but new-cut trails for men!"

"Old paths for sheep, but new-cut trails for men,"
repeated the New Brother, softly, as the Old Tiler
finished. "That's rather fine, isn't it?"

"It seems fine to me, whether we speak of religion, or
Masonry, or science, or knowledge, or politics, or
government. That which is good and also old, is not
good because it is old, but because it is good. If it isn't
good in itself, we ought to throw it overboard,
regardless of its age. To persecute those who think
differently from constituted authority is an old doctrine.
It was old when the Inquisition made it new. But it
wasn't good, was it, just because it was old? Slavish
obedience to a king, regardless of right and justice,
was an old idea when the Magna Carta was signed; it
was older when the Liberty Bell first rang in this
country, but it wasn't good just because it was old.

"Brotherly love was known long before King Solomon;
it is as good today as it was then, but not because of
its age, but because of its goodness.

"'Old paths for sheep.' I am no sheep! As best I can, I
keep my feet upon new-cut trails. But I hold fast to the
staff of the Ancient Landmarks, and all that is good in
our order; I try to cast overboard the superstition and
the slavish adherence to doctrine. I do not, for

instance, believe that certain consequences which we agree shall follow failure to keep our obligations are to be taken literally. If William Morgan was slain by Freemasonry, in 1826 (which he was not!) I don't believe it was right, even though it was deserved. Neither did the Freemasons of that age believe it was right. But a Masonic fundamentalist must take such things literally. I do not believe that Solomon established the Grand Lodge, and met, as Grand Master, with two other Hiram's, also Grand Master. Yet I believe in the essential truths contained in the Solomon legend, and in the essential truth and beauty contained in the Hiram's legend.

"What difference does it make whether George Washington did, or did not, cut down a cherry tree, and refuse to tell a lie about it? Washington is an ideal, an embodiment of truth. If that ideal can be taught to children with a story, then the story is true, whether it ever happened or not. If men are taught fidelity and loyalty and bravery and honor and honesty by the Hiram's legend, it is true, whether it ever happened or not. Santa Claus is true, whether the children's saint be an actual fat old man living in a toy shop at the North Pole, or just a happiness in men's hearts.

"To my mind the more of the truth we know, the more we value the legends. Therefore, I try to be a student of the real history of Masonry, that I may love its stories, its myths and its symbols the more. No sheep, the new-cut trail is under my feet and will be, while these old eyes can follow it- ." The Old Tiler's voice trailed off into silence.

"I'm following after, if you give me a hand," answered the New Brother gently. "New-cut trails for men!"

MASONRY'S "FAILURE"

"Why does Masonry fail so much?" puzzled the New Brother, dropping into a chair beside the Old Tiler in the anteroom.

"I didn't know it did," commented the Old Tiler. "But then, I'm an old man and my eyes are not very good. Maybe I don't see clearly any more. Tell me about it."

"Oh, you see well enough! You just don't want to admit that the order to the service of which you have devoted so much time and thought is just a failure!"

"Is that so!" The Old Tiler seemed surprised. "You interest me! But pity my foibles and tell me your side of it!"

"Masonry fails because it doesn't interest men sufficiently to make them practice what they preach. I was at Jones' house tonight. Went to bring him to lodge in the car. After we had left he said: 'Of course you know I'm not really going to lodge! Got a hen on! Nice fat lil' poker game. Want to sit in?' I told him I didn't. But I took him to his 'nice fat lil' game!' Now, there is a man who tells his family he is going to lodge, and then plays poker. I say Masonry has failed with him. It hasn't even taught him to tell the truth!"

"Remember Roberts? He was arrested last week for forgery. He has been a member for several years. Yet Masonry couldn't teach him to be honest. There was Williamson, who tried to kill his doctor; and Burton who has been defending an ugly divorce suit...they are lodge members, but Masonry didn't teach them to

be what they ought to be. And say...did you hear about Larson? Well..." the New Brother lowered his voice. "It's being whispered about that..." He leaned over to talk in the Old Tilers ear. "Now, that isn't Masonry...it's a violation of all his obligations. So I say Masonry has failed with him. What do you say?"

"Yes, Masonry failed to make an impression on these men to suit you, even as Masonry has failed to make an impression on you to suit me!" snapped the Old Tiler. "That last remark you made was an unadulterated scandal! Does Masonry teach you to talk scandal? But never mind that! Let me dig a few weeds out of the scrubby, ill-tended, and unwatered garden you miscall your mind and see if we can't get it ready to grow one straight thought!

"I know Jones. He is a member of the city club, the country club, Dr. Parkin's church, and a luncheon club. Neither church nor luncheon club teach deception or foster lies. Both instruct in morality, one by precept, the other by practice. By what right do you blame Masonry for Jones' failure to tell the truth, any more than the church or the luncheon club? Is Jones' mother to blame because she didn't teach her boy never to tell a lie? How about his Sunday School teacher and his wife? Are they to blame? If not, why is Masonry to blame?"

"Roberts has been accused of forgery. I don't know whether he is guilty or not. Williamson seems to have had some real justification for feeling enmity toward his doctor, although nothing justifies murder, of course. Burton may be a sinner or sinned against...I don't know. As for Larson, it will take more than your

whispers of scandal to make me believe ill of a brother until I know something.

"But let us suppose Roberts a forger, Williamson a murderer, Burton a Don Juan. All these men grew up, went to school, got out in the world, joined clubs, societies, orders, became Masons, members of a church...Why pick on Masonry as the failure when these men go wrong? Is it just? If the church of God can't keep a man straight how can Masonry be expected to?

"It is rankly unjust to blame Christ for the failures of those who profess to follow Him. Was it Christ's fault that Peter denied Him and Judas betrayed Him? Was it the fault of the religion they professed? Or was it the fault of the man, the character, the up-bringing, the times?

"Men fail, and fall, and rise and try again...or fall and stay in the mud. To those who rise Masonry has a helping hand to extend. To those who fail and stay fallen, she has charity. Not hers the fault that humanity is frail. She hold the torch; if they close their eyes to its radiance and refuse to see the narrow path that the torch illumines, will you blame the torch?

"Masonry does not fail men. Men fail Masonry. Masonry has the teachings, the thought, the ennobling influence, the example to set, the vision to show those who have eyes to see. If they close their hearts to the ennobling influence, will not profit by the example and shut their eyes to the vision, is that the fault of Masonry?

"You, my brother, have just talked scandal without proof; a whispered slander against the good name of a Mason. Has Masonry failed with you that it has not taught you tolerance, brotherly love, reticence, charity of thought? Or is the failure in you as it may be within these men you mention?"

"The Old Tiler waited. The New Brother hung his head. At last he spoke.

"I am most properly rebuked. How shall I make amends?"

"A great teacher said to you and all like you and to me and all like me; 'Go, and sin no more!'" answered the Old Tiler reverently.

JUDGE NOT!

"Well, they'll have to show me!" cried the New Brother to the Old Tiler, on guard in the anteroom with sword in hand.

"Who will have to show you what?" inquired the guardian of the door.

"The committee appointed to investigate a couple of petitions for reinstatement on the rolls of the lodge!" answered the New Brother. "Old Godfrey was dropped for nonpayment of dues thirty-six years ago. He has never petitioned this or any other lodge for membership since. Now he wants to reinstate himself. A brother Jerkins I never heard of, who was raised forty years ago and took a demit thirty-one years ago, wants to come back - he's never affiliated in all that time."

"I've heard of those cases," mused the Old Tiler. "I helped raise them both."

"You can't tell me they haven't put their eyes on our Masonic Home! Having reached an age which shows them some practical use for the fraternity, they now propose to pay a year's dues, and then get into the Home to be taken care of for the rest of their lives! But not if I can stop it!

"Softly, softly, my brother!" warned the Old Tiler. "It is against the laws of the Grand Lodge to disclose to any one how you have voted or intend to vote on any application for membership."

"Well, and I won't then!" cried the New Brother. "But they won't get in!"

"Are you not previous in judgement?" inquired the Old Tiler, gently. "Seems to me you'd better wait and hear what the committees have to say on the matter."

"What could the committees say? I won't let any softhearted committee pull anything on me. I love the lodge too much!"

"Don't love her so much you forget that the 'greatest of these is charity!'" warned the Old Tiler. "Nor that these whose motives you judge are yet your brethren, sworn to the same obligations."

"I happen to know something about these cases. Brother Godfrey was a spoiled child. As a young man he had so much money that he didn't know what to do with it. It was just carelessness that he allowed himself to be dropped N.P.D. He didn't care for Masonry. He was all for travel, a good time, balls and parties and races and such. About ten years ago his wife died- he had a good wife and he was very fond of her. It changed him. He felt differently about many things. He commenced to do something for some one beside himself. He still has more money than he can spend. There is no possibility of his becoming a charge on the lodge. And I happen to know why he wants to come back."

"Why is it?"

"He's ashamed of himself!" answered the Old Tiler. "He's offered to pay back all the back dues, with interest. I told him we couldn't accept that; that he

couldn't buy his way back into the lodge. But he is no worse off than another in like case. If he tells the committee what he told me, that he is old enough to know better and to value brotherhood; that he wants again to be a part of our gentle Craft and to make up for what he has lost all these years, they will doubtless report favorably. This lodge will not override its committee unless someone has something personal against him."

"Oh, well, that's different, of course!" The New Brother looked a little ashamed. "How about Brother Jenkins?"

"Well, he's different, too!" smiled the Old Tiler. "Brother Jenkins was a young man full of promise, fire and energy. He had a good position, a good income, a fine wife and four little children. Then he fell and hurt his head; he was two years under the doctor's care. They had no money; she went to work. Of course the lodge helped. He got his wits back and went to work, but he couldn't do any but physical labor. Something was gone from his mind. He was not crazy, but he couldn't think hard or long. So he became a carpenter. He paid back to the lodge every penny it had spent on him. Then he took his demit. He couldn't afford the dues and he wouldn't let us carry him. Somehow he brought up his children; they are all happily married now. The wife is dead, worn out. He is alone, with an income quite sufficient for his simple needs, and four stalwart children to care for him if it isn't enough. Now that he can afford it, he wants to come back into the lodge he loved and left."

"Oh, you make me so ashamed! I'm a first-class moron and no Mason at all, to judge before I knew!"
The New Brother looked at the Old Tiler remorsefully.

"It never pays," grinned the Old Tiler. "I don't believe any one will want to drop a black cube for Brother Jenkins, do you?"

"Not I!" cried the New Brother.

"Didn't I tell you now to tell how you would vote?"
chided the Old Tiler. But his eyes smiled.

SHOOTING THE MASONIC GUN

"Going so soon?" asked the Old Tiler, as the New Brother reached for his hat and coat.

"I have a most important Masonic mission to perform," answered the New Brother, importantly.

"That's interesting," answered the Old Tiler. "I like to see new brethren so interested they are trusted with important Masonic missions. Care to tell me about it?"

"It can wait a few minutes," answered the New Brother. "It's a family matter. The young son of one of the members of our sister lodge came to me today to explain that his father wasn't doing right. He doesn't give the mother any money and the children need shoes, and this mistaken brother is spending his money on horse racing when he ought to be spending it on his family. The boy knew me and knew his father belonged to the fraternity. So he asked me to use the influence of Masonry to make him behave. That's what I am going to do."

"You grow more interesting every minute." The Old Tiler hitched his chair against the wall and leaned back. "Tell me what you are going to do in the performance of this important Masonic mission."

"I am going to explain to Brother Smith that his conduct is unbecoming that of a Mason, and to get him to reform."

"And if he refuses?"

"I shall then threaten him with proceedings against him."

"Such as?" inquired the Old Tiler.

"Why, one prefers charges, doesn't one? The lodge tries him and inflicts what punishment is necessary. In this case the punishment would be to support his family!"

"And while you are thus engaging in conduct unbecoming a Mason, explaining to him how unbecoming his conduct is, who will come and explain your unbecoming conduct to you?"

"My unbecoming conduct! Why, I am going to do nothing unbecoming a Mason!"

"Oh, yes, you are!" answered the Old Tiler, emphatically. "In fact, you are trying to do several un-Masonic things all at once. Even with the best of intentions, for which I give you credit, you can't succeed in getting any results but being shown the door, and, maybe, having charges preferred against you!"

"Why, you amaze me!" countered the New Brother. "I thought that one of the things Masonry was for was to make men act as they should!"

"You thought wrong!" answered the Old Tiler, "Masonry exists to **teach** men to act as they should, **persuade** them to do right, **encourage** them to be honest and upright, and thoughtful and kindly. But Masonry **makes** no man do as he should. Masonry does not attempt to usurp the law's work. A man who

will not support his family can be reached through the law. Masonry can reach him only through his heart. Charges can be preferred against him in his lodge, but with small prospects of results unless the law has first found him guilty. Masons try Masons for un-Masonic conduct. If the un-Masonic conduct is a legal matter, the law usually must first have taken its course. It is not for us to judge the legal aspects of his conduct, only the Masonic angles. And if he can say, 'I have done nothing; I am free before the law; my record is clear;' on what will you convict him?"

"Again, my friend, if this mission of yours is to be performed at all, it must be accomplished by the lodge, not the individual. If the brother were a member of this lodge, and son or wife complained to the Master about a brother's conduct, the Master could appoint a committee to investigate and report to the lodge. But for you, an individual, to go butting into the family affairs of a man not even a brother of your own lodge, would be to subject you to insult. Personally, I think he would be justified in adding to his insults a swift kick which would land you in the middle of the pavement. He would well say he kicked you in defense of his family!

"The way to reach this brother, supposing he is doing the wrong thing, is through Masons he knows and respects. Let the son or wife go to the Master of his own lodge and say that the man is neglecting them. Let the Master of that lodge reason with him. Perhaps he needs help. The lodge will give it. Perhaps he is slipping for want of a friendly hand and sympathetic understanding. His own brethren will give it. It is not for you, any more than it is for them, to judge this man

on one complaint until an investigation has shown what is the fact.

"You have no moral, legal, or fraternal right to 'whisper good counsel in his ear' until you know it is needed. By arrogating to yourself the powers of a Master and appointing yourself a committee of one to investigate, try, convict, admonish, and threaten with punishment a brother Master Mason, however good your intentions, you show yourself guilty of un-Masonic conduct and a decidedly un-Masonic ignorance. Where are you going now?"

"Back into the lodge!" The New Brother hung up his hat. "To see if I can learn something about this Masonic gun before I attempt to fire it!"

MASONIC TALK

"I'm seeking a little light," said the New Brother, sitting down by the Old Tiler and reaching for his cigar case.

"I think I have a match-" the Old Tiler felt in his pocket.

"I get you!" grinned the New Brother, "But that's not the light I am looking for. I want light on a Masonic subject."

"I don't pretend to be the only Masonic illuminant," answered the Old Tiler, "but if I have what you want, be sure I'll let it shine."

"Every now and then," began the New Brother, "I hear Masonic talk in public places. At a poker game in a club where I was recently, I heard one man say, 'Them you have passed, but me I shall not pass!' Lots of men say they will do this or that on the square or on the level. I run across 'and govern yourself accordingly' in print every now and then. Are such public quotations from Masonic work against good Masonic practice?"

"It seems to me your question isn't very complete," answered the Old Tiler.

"Why not?"

"It takes no account of motives. If you hear a man say that the stream rose and his house and his children were in danger, but a tree fell across the rushing waters, so that in His mercy God damned the stream, you have heard testimony to His glory. And if you

hear some man couple the name of Deity with the word which begins with D, you listen to profanity. Same sounds in each case; the difference is, the motive, the meaning.

"If I declare that I will do what I say I will do 'on the square,' any one understands that I mean I will act honestly. If any hearer knows the expression is Masonic, surely the fraternity has not been injured. But if I say to a stranger, or within a stranger's hearing, 'these are certain Masonic words, and we use them in the degrees' and then repeat various phrases, I skirt dangerously close to breaking my obligation, and by the very fact that I seem to be careless with Masonic business, I am doing it harm!"

"That's very plain, said the New Brother. "Suppose some man wants to learn if I am a Mason? Suppose I meet a man with a Masonic pin and want to examine him Masonicly? What about that?"

"You shouldn't want to do things which can't be done!" laughed the Old Tiler. You might, indeed, put the stranger through an examination as to what Masonry he knew, but it wouldn't be Masonic. You have no right to constitute yourself an examining committee. That is the Master's prerogative.

"Suppose he wants to talk Masonic secrets with me?"

"No Mason wants to talk Masonic secrets with any man he doesn't know to be a Mason! The man who wants to talk secrets, without having sat in lodge with you, or being vouched for to you, is either very new or a very poor Mason or no Mason at all!"

"But surely one can talk Masonry with strangers; if they wear the pin and have a card they are probably Masons, and-"

"Talk all the Masonry you want! But make sure it is the Masonic talk you could utter in the presence of your wife. Your true Mason won't want you to talk any other kind in public. Not long ago I was on a train, and behind me two men, neither of them Masons, arguing about Masonry. The things they knew which were not so wonderful! But I never opened my mouth. And the conductor, whom I have known for years as a Mason, heard them, and all he did was wink at me. We knew the truth; they didn't. What was the use of stirring up an argument?"

"What about giving some sign or word in a mixed company, so I can let the other fellows know I am a Mason?" asked the New Brother.

"Oh!" cried the Old Tiler. "You've been reading novels! You have an idea that when you go to a card party you should wiggle your ears or something, so that other Masons will know you are one, too! Nothing to that! Masonic recognitions are not for pleasure, but for need and use. You have been taught how to let others know, if you need to. You know how to recognize a Mason when he lets you know. But these are not for social gatherings, and the man who lards his speech with Masonic expressions is merely showing off."

"I asked for light; we could substitute you for one of the Lesser Lights," said the New Brother.

"If you mean that for a joke," the Old Tiler answered slowly, "I shall think my words were wasted."

"I didn't," protested the New Brother. "I was only trying to say, perhaps clumsily, that I thought you'd make a good Master!"

"Then I shall think only of the motive, thank you for the compliment, and forget the way you put it!" smiled the Old Tiler.

TWO-FACED!

"I'm sorry, but I don't like him. I think he's two-faced," snapped the New Brother to the Old Tiler.

"Of course he is two-faced. Every one is," assured the Old Tiler.

"What do you mean? I am not two-faced!"

"If you are not, you are the single exception to all the rest of humanity!" grinned the Old Tiler.

"Why, Old Tiler, to be 'two-faced' is to be deceitful! I am not deceitful!"

"When we define what 'two-faced' means I have as much right to my idea as you to yours. I do not say you are two-faced according to your definition. But I do say you, I, every one is two-faced according to my definition. That's what you became a Mason for, to learn to see the other face."

"You amaze me," answered the New Brother. "I don't understand you."

"That's one of your other faces talking!" responded the Old Tiler. "You are amazed when you don't understand. Why should you be amazed when you don't understand? Most of us understand so little, seems to me we ought to get used to it without being amazed every time it happens."

"What do you mean?" The New Brother's voice trailed off into silence. The Old Tiler laughed.

"It's so easy to tangle you up in a snarl of words, I really shouldn't find sport in it," he chided himself. "But I'll try to untangle the snarl. Every man has an inside and an outside. Animals have only one side, as far as human beings are concerned. They look angry when they are; they purr or wag their tails when they are pleased; they growl or meow or bray when they are hungry and are gentle when they are contented. Man conceals his emotions. He doesn't want every one to know how or what he feels. He has the inhibition of etiquette.

"Do you know what etiquette is? Probably not. It had its origin in the heart of an indulgent French king, who listened to the complaints of his gardener that the royal court walked all over his flowers. So the king caused to be put in the gardens a line of estiquet -little tablets- and issued an order that the ladies and gentlemen of the court should walk within the estiquet. The word gradually took on the meaning we give it; the established usages of our society, to walk within which is to be gentle, to walk without which is to be rude. When we walk 'within the etiquette' when we'd rather race over the garden, we conceal our real selves and our desires for the sake of our fellows. Therefore we are two-faced; we turn one outward face to the world, and carry, perhaps, a rebellious inner one so unlovely that we hide it."

"Masonry teaches man to make the hidden face lovely, and to see past the stony and frozen outer face to the inner and pretty one. You call Brother Smith two-faced, and from your standpoint, meaning deceitful, you are wrong. But from my standpoint, meaning conceal, you are right. Brother Smith

conceals a heart of gold under his forbidding face. He is the shyest man in the lodge. To protect himself he wears that stiff and 'don't touch me' expression. Inside he is warm-hearted and pleasant, and therefore, is two-faced according to my meaning.

"You are two-faced, my brother. You come out here with a statement or question, expecting me to straighten you out. Often you say something you do not believe, just to hear what I'll say about it. You conceal the truth of your thought in order to get at the truth of mine and-"

"How did you know that? It's true, but I..."

"Why, boy, I have been a Mason since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary!" laughed the Old Tiler. "Did you think your short time in the fraternity and less than a score and a half years in life could fool this old fossil? I knew you, like all other men, had a concealed as well as an outward one. Your concealed face is eager and interested. Your outer one has a shamefaced pride in knowing as much as other men. You are still so much a boy you don't want to be thought a boy, just as if being a boy wasn't the most beautiful state there is for the he-person. And so you try to be a know-it-all, and a devil-of-a-fellow, and an old-and-experienced-man-of-the-world and a Mason-of-erudition, and to carry out this little play, which fools people like you, but not the old hands like me, you pretend while you really want to know about it all."

"Why, you two-faced Old Tiler!" cried the New Brother aghast yet laughing. "I'll say you are two-faced, and in my meaning, at that, I never guessed you knew it!"

"The time wasn't ripe to tell you," grinned the Old Tiler. "To my certain knowledge no brother in our lodge is two-faced in your meaning of the word. Every one of them has a hidden face, but most of those are pleasant. Masons learn to show their hidden faces to their brethren, so I have just showed you mine."

"Do you think I'm grown up?" asked the New Brother, wistfully.

"If you were all grown up, you'd know all this without being told," answered the Old Tiler. "Go along with you, boy! You'll grow up soon enough. Especially if you show that hidden face."

"It's on exhibition from now on!" announced the New Brother.

THE DIRTY TRICK

"Old Tiler, what would you do about Jones?"

"Give him what he needs, of course."

The New Brother sat down beside the Old Tiler in the ante-room. "Of course, he's a Mason, and all that, but- but I don't like him. He did me a dirty trick once. I don't mean I want to get even with him, but I don't think he's a good enough Mason to get relief from this lodge."

"Is he under charges? Suspended? Expelled?" asked the Old Tiler.

"No-o-o-o, but..."

"But nothing!" The Old Tiler was emphatic. "A man is innocent until proven guilty. If he is good enough for the lodge to accept his dues when he is prosperous, he is good enough for us to relieve when he is in hard luck."

"But it was a filthy trick he played on me..."

"When I was a very little boy," interrupted the Old Tiler, "some fifteen years after the war between the States, my parents moved to a small town in the north. They brought with them a lot of confederate money. Confederate notes were of no value after the war. My parents gave me some to play with. I thought it was real money, and no Midas had anything on me when I looked at my ten dollar bill!"

"I trotted down to the country store and bought the biggest, most red and whitish stick of peppermint candy which ever delighted any small child's heart. The storekeeper wrapped it up for me, unsmiling. I handed him my ten dollar bill. He looked at it a moment, and then took from my hand the candy. He told me the money was no good and I couldn't have the candy.

"It was the greatest financial lesson I ever learned. I didn't understand; I was terribly disappointed.

"Only when I grew up did I come to know that I had met a particularly mean specimen of he-thing- a man who would hurt a baby for the sake of one cent. I grew up feeling rather contemptuous of that storekeeper. He was within his rights, but I didn't have much of an opinion of him.

"In later years I met him, a much older man. He was glad to see me. We chatted a while, and then he recalled my youth. So I told him I hadn't liked him for many years, and why. 'You tell me what you think of a chap who would take a stick of candy from a child for the sake of a penny.'

"He flushed. 'I was just mean,' he said. 'Will you forgive me?' Of course I did, and thought no more about it. But I still didn't like him.

"Several years later his wife appealed to me for aid. He was down and out. He had been so sharp a business man that people didn't like him, any more than I did. And he had failed. They were destitute."

"What did you do?" inquired the New Brother, as the Old Tiler paused.

"All I could, of course," answered the Old Tiler. "He was a brother of the Mystic Tie."

The New Brother sat silent for a minute.

"Something tells me I have been properly spanked!" he said at last. "Of course, I have no right to consider a personal matter in connection with a brotherly appeal to the lodge for relief. I shall vote for it. And I'll see if I can't do something, personally. I still don't like him and I never will, but-

"But you have come to a Masonic viewpoint!" interrupted the Old Tiler. "That's one of the hardest lessons to learn- that there are two viewpoints. A man is a man, a neighbor, a friend or an enemy. But he is also a brother. When he appeals to us for that brotherly aid and assistance we have all sworn to render, we have to remember only the brotherhood and not the man. I have never liked the man who took my stick of candy. The incident gave me an opinion of his character which I found unpleasant. But I couldn't vote against him in my lodge because of it, and I couldn't deny him the relief the lodge should have given him, because of it. Jones may have done you an unbrotherly trick- but that's no reason for you not to act like a brother to him."

"It is not, and I am going to, but I wish Masons wouldn't do dirty tricks!"

"So do I. But if all men were perfect, there would be no need of Masonry!" grinned the Old Tiler.

THE DISLIKED PETITIONER

"I am much disturbed!" announced the New Brother to the Old Tiler.

"Tell me about it. I have oil for troubled waters. If your water on the brain is disturbed, maybe I can soothe it!"

"I doubt it! I heard the name of Bedford Jones-Smith read out in lodge tonight as a petitioner. I don't want Bedford here!"

"That's nothing to be disturbed about," answered the Old Tiler. "You have a vote, haven't you? If you don't want to wait until he comes up for ballot, go tell the committee what's the matter with him." The Old Tiler leaned back in his chair as if the question was settled.

"There isn't anything the matter with him!" cried the New Brother. "If I could explain to the committee that Bedford was a rascal, or beat his wife, or stole money, or had been in jail or something, it wouldn't be a problem. But so far as I know Bedford Jones-Smith is correct to the point of perfection. He is a thoroughly respectable man. I dislike him extremely. He rubs me the wrong way. I despise his unctuous manner; he shakes hands like a fish. I think he wears corsets, and he is the most perfect lady I know, but there isn't a thing against him legally, mentally, morally! The committee will find him 100 per cent Simon pure, and this lodge will receive the original nincompoop, the pluperfect essence of idiocy, and the superheterodyne of jackasses, as a member!"

"Anything to stop you voting against him?" asked the Old Tiler. "It's your privilege to cast your little black cube in secrecy against any man you don't like."

"That's where the problem comes in! I know I can do it. I know that I don't have to let Bedford Jones-smith into my Masonic home if I don't want him, any more than I have to let him into my everyday life. It's just because I can keep him out that I am troubled. If I do, I'll feel that I did a mean act. Yet I don't want that double-distilled ass in this lodge!"

"Suppose you dig a little deeper," suggested the Old Tiler. "Just why don't you want him?"

"Because I don't like him!"

"And just why don't you like him?"

"Because he stands for everything that I despise; he never plays games, he never works, he never does anything except wear fashionable clothes, go to parties, and is an irreproachable escort for dumb Doras. He's not a man, he's a wearer of trousers!"

"Sounds harmless," said the Old Tiler. "He can't pink tea here, can he? He certainly can't bring any dumb Doras to this lodge. We don't need any games played here, and we have so many men in lodge who never work at it that one more won't hurt."

"But it will make me uncomfortable to have him around."

"Then keep him out!"

"Oh, you exasperate me! I come for help, and you laugh at me. What shall I do?"

"Really want to know?" asked the Old Tyler, the smile fading from his face.

"I really do!"

"Then I'll tell you. Snap out of your conceited, selfish attitude. Get rid of the idea that your comfort, your feelings, your happiness are so important. Get hold of the thought that Masonry is so much bigger than you and Mr. Jones-Smith rolled up into one that together you are not a fly speck on its map, and separately you can't be seen! Try to imagine yourself a part of a great institution which works wonders with men and forget that you are so important!

"By your own showing, nothing is the matter with this gentleman except that you don't like his ways and manner. Doubtless, he doesn't like yours. To him you are probably a rough-neck, a golf-playing, poker-playing, automobile-driving, hard-working, laboring man. He might not want to join the lodge if he knew you were in it! He has different standards. That they are not yours, or mine, doesn't make him poor material for Masonry. The fact that he wants to be a Mason shows he has admirable qualities. That he is moral, and respectable, shows he has manhood. That his manners don't please you is no reason for keeping him out. To keep a man who wants them from the blessings of Masonry because of personal dislike is a crime against those teachings of toleration which Masonry offers you. Let him in. Try to help him. Try to show him there is something else in life beyond fripperies and foolishness. Maybe you can make a

regular Mason out of him. But don't vote for him unless you are really prepared to take his hand and call him brother.

"Better let your conscience hurt you for being a snob than to have it hurt for being false to your obligation of brotherhood. Better realize you are a selfish and opinionated person than that you are a bad Mason, a forsworn member of the fraternity, a traitor to its principles, a..."

"For the love o' Mike, let up on me! I'll vote for the simp- for the man, I mean- and try my best. Old Tiler, Masonry has such a lot to do to make me a regular man, I'm afraid I'll never learn!"

"You are getting there, son," observed the Old Tiler, smiling with satisfaction. "Not every young Mason will admit he is an idiot even when it's proved!"

SO MANY RASCALS!

Why are there so many rascals in the Fraternity, and why don't we turn them out?" asked the New Brother.

"You remind me," answered the Old Tiler, "of the recalcitrant witness whom the prosecuting attorney could not get to answer his questions without a categorical 'yes' or 'no.' 'I can't answer them that way,' the witness protested. 'All questions can be answered that way!' stormed the prosecuting attorney. 'All right,' came back the witness, like a flash, 'you answer me this: Have you stopped beating your wife yet?' Of course the prosecuting attorney couldn't answer that 'yes' or 'no' without admitting that he did beat his wife. And I can't answer your question without admitting that there are so many rascals in the Fraternity, when I know there are not!"

"You know what I mean!" continued the New Brother. "There are a lot of fellows in Freemasonry who have no business there. How did they get there and why don't we turn them out?"

"But do we know it? I have been tiling this lodge for a great many years. I know every man in it, many of them personally. I can't call to mind a single rascal. Even when I think hard I can't remember a single Mason among them all I'd like to see put out, can you?"

"I sure can! I know half a dozen I'd like to see out of this lodge!" answered the New Brother.

"Without telling me their names, you might mention one or two and tell me what they have done to you," suggested the Old Tiler.

"I didn't say they had done anything to me," answered the New Brother. "One man I have in mind has no business in this organization. He swears horribly. He is rough and uncouth. He doesn't 'belong.' I'd like to see him out."

"You mean O'Rourke, the Irishman? Why, man alive, he's one of our prize exhibits! A protestant Irishman is pretty rare anyhow, and when you have a two-fisted fighting variety like Paddy you certainly are off on the wrong foot. Suppose he does swear? Have you no fault which is as bad? Uncouth? What has that got to do with it? Paddy is there with brotherhood; he'll fight for or nurse you, lend to you or borrow from you, work for you or with you, imagine anyone wanting Paddy out of the lodge."

"I didn't know all that," the New Brother excused himself. "There is another man; maybe I can describe him so you won't know him. He is very close with his money and he doesn't want the lodge to spend money. I don't say he is crooked, although I have heard stories about his business deals which looked queer. No one ever got the best of him in a deal. Men like that ought not to be in the great fraternity we have, which is supposed to be all virtue and open-handed giving."

"You talk like a book that was scrambled when it was written," retorted the Old Tiler. "I know perfectly well the man you mean. That's Taylor. I won't defend Taylor's reputation, because it's not a nice one."

Taylor's young wife died when he didn't have money enough to send her west and ever since he has worshipped money, because it could have given him the one thing he wanted. Taylor is not a rascal; he is as honest as you. But he is exceedingly shrewd and he doesn't make any deals which don't come out his way. As for his not wanting to spend lodge money, do you?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, there you are. He doesn't, you do. You do, he doesn't. Neither attitude is rascally; it's just difference of opinion. He thinks our money should be saved, you think it should be spent. He is a smarter man than I am, or you are. But none of those things make him a rascal. In fact, now I think about it, there is only one man in our lodge who might be put out with benefit to the lodge!"

"I thought you said there was none!"

"I have just recalled one. He's a nice enough fellow on the surface, too. Good looking and decent appearing. But he carries a concealed weapon., which is against the law."

"Why don't you prefer charges against him?" asked the New Brother.

"It's not that kind of weapon," smiled the Old Tiler. It's a verbal knife with which he stabs innocent people in the back. He hasn't very much sense and so he goes off half-cocked and shoots off his face before he knows what he is talking about. He sees evil where there is an appearance of evil instead of looking

below the surface. He cannot see leaves for the trees or the waves because there is so much water. And he hasn't yet learned several Masonic lessons, such as tolerance and brotherly love, even though he has been regularly initiated, passed, and raised. He was Masonically vaccinated, but the virus didn't take. I don't want to see the brother put out of the lodge, because there is good in him. I'd rather see him stay here and learn. But if you really feel that he ought not be on our lodge I'll show you how to do something no man in all this lodge has ever done before."

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand...I'm afraid I do understand... I'm afraid..."

"Don't be afraid, boy. That spoils it all!" cried the Old Tiler. "If you think this brother of whom I speak ought not be among us, prefer charges against yourself. That will make you a reputation and get rid of a narrow-minded and intolerant Mason. But if you think this brother can learn, I'm willing to forget I ever heard him speak of any of his brethren as rascals and..."

"...and try to remember that even a fool can be cured, if he has an Old Tiler for a doctor!" the New Brother finished the sentence for him.

MEANEST MASTER

"We have the meanest Master in captivity!" stormed the New Brother to the Old Tiler.

"Softly, softly!" cautioned The Old Tiler. "What has the poor man done now?"

"Refused to help me out of trouble!" answered the New Brother. "And he could have done it, just as easy..."

"Tell me about it," suggested the Old Tiler. "Maybe there are extenuating circumstances!"

"That's just what I told him!" replied the New Brother, hotly. "At the funeral of Brother Picus, two weeks ago, I was a pallbearer. I was late, and didn't go to the temple to see the lodge opened, but drove my car directly to the church. There was a big crowd, of course; Brother Picus was much beloved. I couldn't find a parking space. I drove around the block and finally found one and backed in. When I came out of the church a cop was standing by my car and I had a hard time to keep him from taking me to the police station! I finally convinced him that I had to act as a pallbearer, but I got a summons to go to court the next day.

"I took it up with the Master. He knows the Captain of that precinct. All he needed to do was to see him; but he wouldn't move in the matter. I think that was mean and maybe un-Masonic."

"Sounds very bad, to me," answered the Old Tiler, non-committally. "What did the cop say you did?"

"Parked in the wrong place," answered the New Brother. "I didn't see any sign!"

"That all?" asked the Old Tiler.

"No- he said I had left my engine running and he had stopped it."

"Well, did you?"

"Why, yes, I did. I knew I'd only be a minute in the church. The old car starts so hard so I just let her run."

"Oh, you did. Well, now, that makes it look even worse!" grinned the Old Tiler.

"I don't think you understand..."

"You will in a minute!" answered the Old Tiler, grimly. "The Master has a right to complain to me that you are a mean Master Mason! You go to a funeral and break two regulations; one of no, one of great importance. Then you ask the Master to intercede, ask that the police Captain elude his duty, all because you are a Mason! You try to make Masonry the father of special privilege and hide behind your apron, while a profane would have to pay the penalty of lawlessness! It looks very bad, my brother, but not for the Master."

"Oh, I say, Old Tiler! You are rough!"

"I haven't started yet," answered the Old Tiler. "Let me tell you..."

"But they were such little violations!" interrupted the New Brother.

"They were not!" answered the Old Tiler sharply. "You were a menace to society. Parking wrong is no crime; it's merely an inconvenience to other. But leaving your engine running is a serious offence because of the possibility of damage. Gear shift levers have been known to engage themselves. Small boys who want to drive a car like Dad have been known to get in cars with engines running and damage themselves and other people. I'm glad the Master had sense to let well enough alone. What did the judge say?"

"Well, he said pretty much what you said!" answered the New Brother, shamefacedly. "He only fined me ten dollars, although he might have plastered fifty on me. Said he would have turned me loose for the wrong parking, considering the reason for my haste, but that there was no excuse for leaving the engine running."

"Sensible judge!" remarked the old Tiler. "Masonry is no mother of special privilege. There is no reason why a Mason should be permitted to get away with anything his profane brother's can't do. Masons are supposed to be the pick of the community. They are taught to revere their country and its laws. Oh, I know this is a mere police requirement. But police regulations are as necessary for comfort and safety as amendments to the Constitution. Of all people, Masons ought to observe them. When a Mason breaks a regulation, he should take his medicine.

Your Master showed good judgment not to interfere. Had he done so successfully, he would have taught you that you could break the law with impunity, because Masonry would 'square' it for you. Instead of being the 'meanest' Master, I am inclined to think we have the most intelligent Master in captivity."

"I suppose you are right. somehow, I never see things the same way after I talk with you. I guess I'll have to speak to him, after all."

"Speak to who?" asked the Old Tiler.

"I had about made up my mind I wouldn't speak to the Master any more!"

"We sure did make a mistake!" answered the Old Tiler.

"Who did?"

"We did. We took in a child, and the Masonic law requires us only to accept grown men!" grinned the Old Tiler. "Next you'll be sticking your tongue out at me, or slapping me on the wrist, or refusing to play in my anteroom!"

To his credit be it said, the New Brother blushed.

COSTUMES?

"They are having a hot discussion!" replied the New Brother to the Old Tiler's inquiry. "Jones is arguing that we ought to spend a thousand dollars or more to buy costumes for the degrees. Past Master Smith is marshalling all his forces to combat it."

"That's the way it would line up," agreed the Old Tiler. "Jones hopes to be Master in a couple of years and wants costumes, and Smith doesn't want his last year's record eclipsed."

"I'm against costumes," said the New Brother. "Looks like a waste of money to me."

"Why is it a waste?"

"Why, we can confer the degrees just as well without them!"

"Yes, and we could confer the degrees just as well in a plain board building as in a fine Masonic Temple, with brethren seated on wooden boxes instead of on expensively upholstered leather settees; by candle light as well as electric light?"

"Oh, well! Of course we want to be comfortable and to impress the candidate..."

"That is what costumes are for, to impress the candidate. The degrees are allegorical; they teach lessons of the present from happenings of the past. If costumes can make them more impressive, the

lesson should be easier, and so better learned," countered the Old Tiler, but with an odd smile.

"You can't tell me..."

"Oh, yes, I can! I *am* telling you. The third degree in costume takes the candidate back to the building of the Temple. We show him characters dressed as Solomon's workmen dressed. He finds reality in the story he cannot see when the actors are in modern clothes. The more real the story is, the more potent the impression. Costumes add largely to the degree's spectacular features."

"You are right, at that," answered the New Brother. "You argue well. I think I'll support Jones in his motion."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that!" The Old Tiler smiled broadly. "You haven't thought the question through."

"But you have argued me into believing in costumes," answered the New Brother, bewildered.

"Oh, no, I haven't. I have told you what the costume proponents say of it. But there is another side. Masonry is a system of philosophy taught by allegories and symbols. We are not really stone masons. We do not actually lay mortar or construct actual buildings. Our Masonry is speculative, not operative. But the legend of our third degree, when enacted in costume, is certainly an operative performance. The aprons we wear in lodge would not do for a real worker in stone; they are but imaginations or symbols of a body protector and tool holder. Our lodge room does not look like the exterior

of a temple, and the three gates exist only in imagination. Why put the actors in costumes and omit a stage and lights and scenery?"

"I don't know why not," said the New Brother, thoughtfully.

"There isn't any reason why not," answered the Old Tiler. "Some lodges do it that way. But the majority of lodges have no stages, costumes or real actors. Most lodges have earnest workers, who enact the degree with hope of instructing the candidate in one of life's greatest lessons, a lesson so great that it does not need costumes. When the minister in the pulpit reads the gospel, does he act the parts of those whose words he reads? There is but one Passion Play, but all Christianity knows the story. It needs no costumes to sink home to the heart.

"So it is with the Masonic story. It needs no trappings to be glorious, no yellow and blue robes to be effective. It has the dignity of its own impressiveness. To put a business man in a blue and green robe and tell him he is to act like a stone mason of the time of Solomon, without scenery or training, is not to add to the impressiveness of the degree, but to take away from it."

"I guess you are right," agreed the New Brother, thoughtfully. "I will back Brother Smith in his contention that we don't need the costumes."

"But we do need them!" countered the Old Tiler.

"But you have just argued me into thinking we should not buy them!"

"Not at all, not at all," was the smiling answer. "I have just quoted you the reasons some urge against them."

"But one side must be right and one side wrong!" protested the New Brother.

"It is not a matter of sides but of men. The degree neither needs costumes, nor needs to be put on without them. Some need costumes in which to work; others don't. The right answer is in the people who work the degree. A group of dramatic actors, who throw themselves into the story as if it were a play, will do better work if fiction is made real with costumes. Brethren who find the story an allegory rather than a play do better without them. Whether costumes or not depends on the men who do the work."

"I am going back in that lodge and vote whichever way the degree team votes!" announced the New Brother.

"You see, I *did* manage to tell you!" answered the Old Tiler.

ON FINDING OUT

"I'm sore!" announced the New Brother to the Old Tiler.

"Where?" demanded the Old Tiler. "I'm no doctor, if it's your teeth or your back."

"It isn't. It's my feelings."

"That's different. As a soother of sore Masonic feelings I am the best doctor in captivity!" smiled the Old Tiler. "Pull out your symptoms and let's look at them."

"It's being jumped on, if you must know," began the New Brother. "I asked a friend to give me his petition to the lodge and Brother Smith heard it and walked all over me. How was I to know we didn't go around asking for petition? At lunch a man I know made slighting remarks about Masonry and I defended it, and a brother took me to task afterwards and told me I shouldn't discuss Masonry with the profane. How was I to know it wasn't done in the best Masonic circles? Just this evening I answered the telephone and a feminine voice asked for Brother Jones and I said he wasn't here. The Master walked up and down my spine for giving out information as to who was and wasn't present. How was I to know that was a secret?"

"How do you usually find things out?" asked the Old Tiler.

"But I think I ought to be told these things! I think I should be instructed what to do and what not to do. I think..."

"I don't think you think," interrupted the Old Tiler. "I think you think you think. Really, you just react. Now answer a few questions, like a good patient, and I'll cure your pimpled feelings, relieve the congestion in your inflamed emotions and reduce the swelling in your cranium and you'll feel a lot better. In the first place, what's your business?"

"Why, I am in the hardware business-I own the store at the corner of Main and Oak Streets-what's that got to do with it?"

"When you went into the hardware business, did you know all there was to know about it?"

"I'll say I didn't and don't now. But what..."

"I'm doing the question asking!" snapped the Old Tiler. "Did all the other hardware dealers of this town give you good advice? Did they all surround you day and night with council and assistance? Or did they let you paddle your own canoe?"

"Just that. I learned what I know by asking questions and reading, by listening to others who knew the game, by..."

"Exactly. You hung up a sign and launched out for yourself, and they accepted you at your own value-as a competitor, a man, a business agent, able to fight your own battles. That's what we do in the lodge. We make you a Master Mason. We give you instruction in

Masonry. We make you one of us. Then we turn you loose and expect you to act as if you were a man and a Mason, not a school child. If we spent all our time telling every new brother all we know, we'd have no time to practice brotherhood. We expect you to open not only your ears but your mouth. There are seventy-six men in that lodge tonight, any one of whom will answer any question you ask, and if they don't know the answer they will find some one who does. But to expect the seventy-six to force information on you is unreasonable. They don't know what you know; they have natural reluctance to put themselves in the position of teachers, when they don't know if you want to learn or what you want to learn. Ask a question and you'll hear something. Stick around with your mouth shut and you won't"

"The fraternity has certain customs and usages. Those who denounce it in public can do no harm, but defense can harm it. If a man gets up in public and says he thinks the public school is useless, the church a bad influence, and the government a failure, banks a hindrance to business and the automobile a blot on civilization, do you defend the school, the church, the government, the bank, the automobile? Every thinking human being knows the public school has made this country what it is, that the church makes men and women better, that this is the best of all governments and that the automobile is the greatest of time savers. These things are self-evident. The man who denies them makes himself, not the thing he criticizes, ridiculous. Criticism of Masonry hurts the man who utters it, not the Craft."

"All that is true. I admit it, but I didn't know it."

"No, and you didn't know you were not supposed to say whether Brother Jones was here or not. That's his business. But I'm telling you because you asked me. I thought you knew all this. How was I supposed to know you didn't? You never told me you didn't!"

"Well, er-I thought-I mean-"

"You thought you thought you but you thought wrong!" smiled the Old Tiler. "Just remember, don't do, don't say, don't think Masonry while you are new until you have asked. We are old; we have ideas, ways of doing and thinking, which have grown up through the years. You will learn them gradually as you attend lodge and talk with well-informed Masons. Don't be afraid to open your mouth. No one will laugh at you, all will help. But don't ask questions outside the lodge and don't talk outside the lodge until you know what you are talking about."

"I know one place outside the lodge where I can, do and shall talk!" defended the New Brother.

"In spite of what I say?" demanded the Old Tiler, somewhat tartly.

"Yep, in spite of what you say! And that place is right here in the anteroom," smiled the New Brother. "And thank you."

SUBSTITUTES AT FUNERALS

"It's too bad!" complained the New Brother, "I've got drawn on a funeral committee on the very day I want to play golf. I wonder if I can find a substitute?"

"Very likely," answered the Old Tiler. "The world is full of substitutes who perform the duties of people too lazy, inefficient, and careless of the rights of others to do it themselves."

"Oh, come now, don't be so rough!" The New Brother winced. "Going to funerals is all form. Why, I never even saw this deceased brother! What difference will it make to him or his family if I go to his funeral myself or get someone else to go for me?"

"No difference at all," agreed the Old Tiler. "The only person to whom it will make any difference will be you."

"The difference it will make to me will be the difference between being bored and having a good game of golf!" asserted the New Brother.

"It will make other difference." The Old Tiler was very emphatic. "One of them is that the only importance Masonry has is what it does to a man's heart. Objectively, it is of less importance than the necktie he wears. The important part of Masonry is its leavening power on that part of a man which is the ego, the person, the individual."

"The effect Masonry has on a man's heart is aided by the mechanics of Masonry; temple, lodge room,

dignity of the order, its public appearances, the respect it shows to its dead, its educational work, appeal to the general public, its secrecy, its reputation of being above party and politics, its alliance with all religion and its participation in none. These make Masonry objective, but they are the outward semblance of the inward and spiritual Masonry. These you ought to know for yourself: charity, relief, brotherly love, truth, knowledge, self-sacrifice, tolerance.

"But how can you separate the inward and spiritual from the outward and objective? We build beautiful temples and meet in handsome lodge rooms, to express our love for our belief. We make lodge work dignified, well done, impressive, to express to ourselves our sense of the dignity of the truths we teach. We conduct the funeral of a deceased brother, not to make a show before the world, but to express to ourselves our regret that a brother has departed and our conviction that he has but traveled upward to that Temple Not Made With Hands, where the Supreme Architect waits for all who have been builders upon earth.

"The world does judge by externals. As we make an impressive appearance at a funeral, so do the profane judge us. If we make a poor and straggling appearance at a funeral, we are judged by those who do not know Masonry from the inside. Therefore it is important to those who care for the good name of Masonry that our funerals are well attended and that we conform to these outward marks of grief which custom has made essential at a funeral.

"It is usual to have a funeral committee. In large lodges it is more essential than in small, because in small lodges everyone knows everyone else and goes to a funeral because he wants to. In large lodges we don't know everyone, and unless we have a committee we don't put up the right kind of 'front' at a funeral. The more obscure and unknown the brother, the less the size of the lodge turnout. Hence the committee, chosen by lot or alphabetical order.

"In this lodge we have many members and we chose fifty brethren by the alphabet. Once in twenty funerals your name will be drawn. If we have five funerals a year, which is average, you will be called upon once in four years to aid your lodge to show its respect for the grief of the family of a departed brother, and show the profane that Masonry honors its own.

"You can get a substitute. I will substitute for you if you wish. I have no golf game to attract me. I substitute for a many good men. Sometimes I substitute because of a real reason; business, absence, illness. Sometimes I substitute because a man is too careless and too lazy to do his own work. But then, nothing I can do will help him. For the sake of the lodge I go in his place. For his own sake I try to show him what a mistake he makes in delegating to another the duty he owes his fraternity.

"Masonry means something in my heart. It means more as its reputation grows. If anything I can do aids that reputation, I am glad. When is this funeral you want me to attend for you?

"I don't want you to," answered the New Brother. "I've got to go now..."

"What's your hurry?" asked the Old Tiler.

"I want to see the Secretary and tell him to put me down as a possible substitute next time, when someone does what I was going to do- miss my chance to do my last duty to one of my brethren."

EXAMINING COMMITTEE

"I have just had a great shock!" announced the New Brother, sitting down weakly beside the Old Tiler.

"What is wrong?" asked the bearer of the sword.

"I have been away for a few weeks," responded the New Brother, "I visited in every lodge where I could. I took delight in the very thorough way into which I have had my ritualistic work drilled into me. I wasn't stumped by a single question. And believe me, I had some examinations! Most of them lasted an hour, at least. But I knew my work, so I got in without any trouble.

"That was nice," answered the Old Tiler, "though it seems a long time to me."

"What's a long time? Never mind! It was nice, yes; but it was awful to get on an examination committee with Brother Filson here and have him get through in less than five minutes! He only asked three or four questions, and for all I know to the contrary, there is an imposter sitting in our lodge right now!"

"Upon my word!" exclaimed the Old Tiler. "Is that so! We'll have that perhaps-imposter out of there as quick as a wink..." He started for the door.

"Here, wait a minute! Don't go off half-cocked that way!" protested the New Brother. "I don't suppose he is **really** an imposter. But I don't know that he knows his work. How could I, after hearing Filson ask him just four or five questions?"

"Oh, well!" responded the Old Tiler, seating himself again, "that's different. But I thought better of you! I have watched you go into the lodge and through the degrees and I thought you were going to be a regular Mason. And here you are neglecting your duty, forswearing yourself, betraying your brethren, being false to your trust!"

"Why, what do you mean? I have betrayed no trust!" cried the New Brother angrily.

"Oh, yes; you have," responded the Old Tiler, sturdily. "The Master trusted you; your brethren trusted you. They believed when they sent you out with Brother Filson that when you came back and stood sponsor for the brother you had examined you meant what you allowed Filson to say at the Altar-that the brother was a Master Mason. Now you tell me you are *not* satisfied; that for all you know he may be an imposter! You don't know he knows his work! It was your business to know. That's what you were on the committee for. Masonry demands two on a committee. Both must be satisfied. You were not satisfied, yet you let the brother go in; and if that isn't betraying a trust, what is it?"

"Well-I-er-Oh, come, Old Tiler, you know I didn't want to butt in on Filson, and if he thought it was all right - and I'm so new in lodge and all -Oh, come now!"

"Worse and worse!" cried the Old Tiler. "You were not satisfied, yet rather than 'butt in' on Filson, you were willing to let Masonry and this lodge, which raised you, take a chance on an imposter. I shall certainly

report you to the lodge. I shall certainly see that you learn what is what in Masonry, I shall..."

"Oh, you wouldn't do that!" cried the New Brother. "I didn't mean any harm. I was just trying to be Masonically courteous to a brother and -you wouldn't do that, would you?"

"Certainly not!" answered the Old Tiler, eyes twinkling. "I wouldn't think of it."

"Then what did you say it for?" demanded the New Brother.

"To scare you into the realization that you don't know what you are talking about!" responded the Old Tiler. "All I said was true, if you were **really** not satisfied. But you **were** satisfied. You know perfectly well that brother is a Mason. But you wanted Filson to put on dignity and conduct a heavy examination and humiliate the brother to show how big and grand you and he were. Oh, I know! I was young myself-once. You say they took an hour to examine you. Brethren don't take an hour to find out if visitors are Masons, unless they have doubts. You were too cocksure, too full of pride, too eager. So they doubted you, and made sure. Filson is an old hand. He has been a Mason for years. And he knows what questions to ask. One doesn't have to ask you if you know that twice two is four and twice four is eight, if ones asks you what twice eight is and you say sixteen. The lengthy, involved, elaborate, difficult examination is only given to him who is more ritualistic than Mason, unless there is a real doubt of the applicant.

"Old Masons know that the visitor who seeks to enter compliments the lodge. The lodge is host, he is a guest. Hospitality demands all the courtesy possible. Masonry demands knowledge. The middle course is to find out as briefly and as quickly yet as surely as possible. It is not necessary to put a man through the whole ritual to know whether he is a Mason. Filson knows it. Evidently the visiting brother knew his work and his answers were satisfactory.

"But remember, my brother, *you* must be satisfied on a committee, or be faithless to your trust. Be satisfied as quickly and as gracefully as possible, or be false to the standards of hospitality and courtesy which are taught in Masonry. Understand?"

"I-I think so. My head is rather going around. About all I am sure of is I have rather made a fool of myself," said the New Mason.

"Never mind!" comforted the Old Tiler with a grin.
"Give yourself time. It's rarely fatal. A few years and you'll get some sense!"

HAND-PICKED

"I have been thinking," announced the New Brother to the Old Tiler.

"Interesting, if true," murmured the Old Tiler, crossing his legs and leaning his sword against the wall.

"Sometimes people think they are thinking when they only think they think."

"Huh?" said the New Brother.

"I said, in other words, give me a cigar," answered the Old Tiler. "If you are thinking, or even if you only think you think and are about to tell me about it, I should have some nicotine as support."

"I have been thinking," went on the New Brother, holding out his cigar case, "that the Masonic fraternity writes one of its unwritten laws upside down. I understand it is un-Masonic for me to ask the best man I know to become a Mason. But if a man against whom I know nothing, except that he is only a fair, average sort of chap, wants to come into my lodge, it is equally against Masonic principles to blackball him, just because he isn't the best educated man in the world!"

"All that you say is true," responded the Old Tiler. "But I think you have only been thinking you thought."

"Ah, but I am not through!" countered the New Brother. "All that being so we stultify ourselves by that unwritten law. If it was the law that no man might apply for Masonry, and that only those who are asked

could join, and we were careful whom we asked, what a wonderful personnel we could have!"

"Who, for instance, would you ask?" responded the Old Tiler.

"I know a lot of fellows I would ask!" was the immediate answer. "Dr. Bell, the famous eye man, and Jordan, the English professor, and Dr. Goodspeed, the eminent divine, and Tomlinson, the philanthropist; and that explorer fellow who did such wonderful missionary work...can't think of his name...and...and...oh, a whole lot of wonderful men! Think of the benefit to us all by having men like that in the fraternity."

"It would be wonderful, wouldn't it?" answered the Old Tiler.

"Of course it would! Well, why don't we?"

"Oh, that's simple enough. It wouldn't be Masonic."

"But why?"

"My son," answered the Old Tiler, "can you educate a man calling himself educated? Can you make a brick into gold be calling it gold? Can you make a silk purse out of a sow's ear by naming it a silk purse?"

"Of course not," was the ready answer. "But we...we Masons make things Masonic or not Masonic by the way we look at them."

"Oh, no, we don't!" cried the Old Tiler. "I have just been leading you on to see what you would say. Now

I'll tell you what you want to know. We can't make a thing Masonic by calling it so because the principles of Masonry are fixed and unalterable. We agreed they were unalterable when we became Masons. Therefore, we can't alter them. While it would do you and me good if these fine men conceived a regard for the fraternity and became members, it would do us no good to make them Masons on our initiative. Then would then be above the fraternity, not humble members, glad of the blessings of the order. If we picked the men at our own pleasure we might get a higher type of personnel, but they wouldn't be Masons. They would be hand-picked men. We would deny its blessings to the men who need Masonry to shower them upon men who need them least.

"There is no man who cannot be ennobled by Masonic influence. No matter how good a man is, his faith and his morality and his righteousness may be strengthened by Masonic influence. But good men need Masonry much less than others not so good. I do not mean that Masonry should take in bad men, but men like you and me, the average man, the banker, doctor, lawyer, merchant, clerk, laborer, the everyday fellow, needs Masonry in his heart and in his life much more than the eminent men who devote their lives to humanity. Masonry is for all who want her blessings and can show that they deserve them. To restrict it to just a few, and those few picked by men with selfish interests at heart, instead of the interests of their candidates, would be un-Masonic, unnatural, and the death knell of the fraternity.

"There are plenty of clubs, associations, organizations, which hand-pick their members. They are useful, good to know and belong to. But they do

no such work as do Masons. As well say no man may join the church of God or hear His ministers preach His word, save those who are invited and say, 'Let us have no candidates except those we choose.'

"After men apply for the degrees, then, indeed we can choose. But our choice should be dictated by the man's character, not his wealth or education or services. If he is a good man, able to afford the fees and dues, unlikely to become a charge on the lodge, and seeking Masonry, we want him. To give the blessings of Masonry only to those who need them least, would be un-Masonic."

"I guess you were right," answered the New Brother.

"Were right? I *am* right!" answered the Old Tiler.

"I mean, I guess you were right when you said I only thought I thought!" smiled the New Brother.

ON BEING ASKED TO JOIN

"I think it's an outrage," announced the New Brother with great emphasis, talking to the Old Tiler.

"Sure it is!" answered the Old Tiler.

"Why don't you have it stopped, then?"

"I dunno, what is it?"

"You just agreed with me it was an outrage. And now you don't know what it is!"

"No, I do not. But I am wise enough to agree with out-of-temper brethren. Then they don't get out of temper with me. So suppose you tell me what is an outrage?"

"All these brethren who try to get me to join things! Ever since I was raised they have been after me. Jones wants me to join his Chapter and Smith says as soon as I do I must come in his Council, and Robinson wants me in his Commandery and Jackson says I mustn't think of going York but must go Scottish Rite, and Brown tells of what he is going to have done to me when I join the Shrine, and Peters wants me to become a Veiled Prophet and Lem says I mustn't forget the Tall Cedars, and old Jerry tells me he'll never let up on me until I join the Eastern Star... it makes me ill."

"You sure do get sick easily," answered the Old Tiler.

"But I'll attend to it. Tomorrow I will see to it that at least ten brethren tell you you are not good enough

for the Chapter, not wise enough to join the council, not brainy enough for the Rite, not sincere enough for the Commandery, not a good enough sport to stand the Grotto, Tall Cedars or Shrine initiation and not decent enough to join the woman's organization. That'll fix it all right and you can be well again."

"Hey, wait a minute! What do you mean, I am not decent enough for the women or good enough sport to stand the Shrine? I'm perfectly decent and as good a sport as-

"Gently, gently! I did not say you were not- I said I'd arrange with a lot of brethren to tell you you were not."

"But why?"

"You get peeved when they tell you the other thing- I thought that was what you wanted."

"Our wires are crossed somewhere!"

"No, it is you who are cross and therefore not able to see straight," snapped the Old Tiler. You say it's an outrage that many brethren invite you to join with them. What is there outrageous about it? The brother who wants you in his Chapter sees in you good material out of which to make a Companion. The Knight who wants you in his Commandery thinks you will grace its uniform, live up to its high standards, conform to its usages. The brother who would like to have you in the Scottish Rite thinks you have brains enough to appreciate its philosophic degrees and believes that Albert Pike had such as you in mind when he wrote 'Morals and Dogma.' The Noble or the Veiled Prophet who asks you to come with him thinks

you are a good sport, able to be the butt of a joke for a while that others may laugh, and that you may, in turn, enjoy the antics of others. They all take you for a regular fellow.

When you are asked to join the Eastern Star a great compliment is paid you- you are selected as a man fit to associate with fine women; you are accepted as a gentleman as well as a Mason, a man women will be proud to know. That is your outrage!"

"I never looked at it in that way. Masons do not ask others to join with Masons in Masonry and I suppose I thought- I felt-"

"You didn't think; you just thought you thought." The Old Tiler was smiling now. "Think again. There is every reason why Masonry should not ask the profane to be of it. Masonry is bigger than any man. It never seeks; it must be sought. But once a Mason the matter is different. The lodge has investigated you. You were found not wanting by your fellows. Why wouldn't your brother ask you to join another organization in which he is interested and which he thinks will interest you?"

"Well, but-"

"There is no 'but' which fits! There are many Masonic organizations, each filling its place. Chapter, Council, and Commandery extend the symbolic lodge story. The Scottish Rite tells it to the end in another way. Shrine, Grotto and Tall Cedars are happy places where Masons play. The Eastern Star practices charity, benevolence, kindness, the gentler side of life. None duplicate; all have work to do. The better

the workers, the better the work. It is no outrage that they pay you the compliment of asking you to join with them."

"But I haven't the time; I don't know if I could afford it."

"That is another story. All these organizations cannot make you more a Mason than you are now, but they might make you a better one. Whether you have the time or the means needed is your affair. It would indeed be an outrage if any one questioned you about that. These brethren who ask you to join with them think you have leisure enough to be a better Mason and of sufficient means to indulge that laudable ambition."

"Oh, of course, you are right and I am wrong, as usual. I guess I'm a-

"A Mason," suggested the Old Tiler, gently.

"And a prospective, Companion, Knight or whatever it is they will call me when I join the Scottish Rite and all the rest!"

ON INVESTIGATING A PETITIONER

"An odd question was asked of me today," began the New Brother to the Old Tiler. "Chap who just received his Master Mason degree was assigned to his first committee on a petition. He asked me, 'What do you try to find out about this fellow?' Wasn't that a bird of a question?"

"I should like to hear what sort of animal your reply was," answered the Old Tiler. "So I ask you the same question. What do you try to find out about a petitioner when you are on his committee?"

"Oh, I take the duty very seriously, I assure you," answered the New Brother. "I go to see him and find out if he has all his arms and legs; no maimed man is going to get in if I know it! I size him up, and see what sort of a chap he is, and if I think he's all right I report so. If I have any cause to doubt anything, I talk to his employer."

"I thought so!" answered the Old Tiler. "You regard him as perfectly innocent until he is proved guilty, and satisfy yourself that he has two legs and arms. If he looks like a good fellow, you tell the lodge he is one, and I dare say if he has a dirty face and frayed pair of trousers you say he isn't ready to be a Master Mason!"

"Well, what's the matter with that? Isn't that what we are supposed to do?"

"Only partly," answered the Old Tiler. "Do you know Gus, of this lodge?"

"Everyone knows Gus! Chap who limps!"

"Do you think he is a good Mason?"

"As far as I can see, why?"

"Gus only has one leg, you know. He lost it after he became a Master Mason."

"Yes, I know. What's that got to do with it?"

"It seems to indicate that the least important part of your duties is to find out whether a man has the correct number of members! I know it's law; we do not admit the one-footed or the one-handed. Sometimes I think it is a cruel law. But when the law is stretched to say that a man with a finger or a toe missing, or one eye, or one ear, or a humped back, or a clubfoot, cannot become a Mason, then I think there should be a higher law than this one!

"It seems to me that your method of looking into the merits of an applicant leaves something to be desired. You say, 'If I think he's all right.' You have no business to think he's all right. You can't tell him from a criminal by sizing him up. You may be a remarkable judge of appearances, but the lodge doesn't appoint you on a petitioner's committee for your ability to 'size someone up.' It appoints you to go out and dig.

"You 'size a man up' by his appearance and his speech. Many a good Mason has been made out of a man whose clothing was not fashionable and whose speech was rough. It is not the outward appearance which counts; it's the man under the coat. You can't

discover the man under the coat by looking at the coat.

"It's good American doctrine that a man is innocent until he is proved guilty, but that doctrine presupposes that some power has accused the man. The applicant for Masonic degrees is not accused of anything. He is asking a favor. When a man asks a favor he should prove that he is worthy of having it granted. You regard him as unfit for the favor until he is proved fit. You have the same right to regard an applicant as unfit for the degrees of Masonry until he shows you that he is.

"When I investigate a petitioner I see him in his home. If he is married I want to see him with his wife. If he has a child or children, I want to know whether they hang around Daddy's neck or cower away from him. I once went to see a man and waited for him, talking to his wife and children. They were a gay little pair and she a nice woman. All three looked often out the window, anxiously. After a while Mother saw the man coming. 'Hush, babies,' she said, 'be very quiet now, here comes Daddy.' They hushed. The man didn't speak to them when he came in, and just nodded to his wife.

"I didn't stop there. I gave him every chance. I talked with his employers, and his fellow employees. I discovered an egotist, a self-seeker, a selfish and hard man. I turned him down with joy; he wasn't of Masonic caliber.

"No man can pass me who cannot explain why he wants to be a Mason. He has to argue that question with me at length. If I find it's because he thinks it will

help him in business or he thinks the lodge will care for him or his if he loses his job, or because he is curious, he doesn't get in.

"I want to know of a man, does he pay his debts? If he is married, is he insured? If not, why not? If it's because he can't afford to be, he can't afford to be a Mason. I would not willing allow an uninsured married man to join my lodge, because he has not the conception of the protection of dependent loved ones which marks a man as a man. I won't let a man pass who isn't trusted by his fellows. I have reported favorably on men who couldn't get in a business man's club or a fashionable church."

"I better hunt up the brother who asked me what I thought an odd question and give him a better answer!" said the New Brother.

"You just didn't think!" answered the Old Tiler.

"No, I didn't. But I'm right pleased with the conversation," added the New Brother.

"How so?" asked the Old Tiler

"Because I remember you were on my committee!"

KEEPERS OF THE DOOR

"Darn the luck! I am assigned on a petition again and I am going fishing tomorrow!"

The New Brother looked dolefully at his notification slip.

"Why not see the applicant the next day?" asked the Old Tiler.

"Because he is going out of town. I got to see him tomorrow or else. And I want to go fishing. This committee stuff makes me tired, anyway. Say, if I get the Master to change my name to yours, will you do it for me?"

"Why, of course," answered the Old Tiler. "I am always proud to be one of the Keepers of the Door."

"Now that," said the New Brother, "sounds both interesting and dangerous. It's interesting, because I don't understand it, and experience has taught me that when I come at you below the belt, as it were, I usually get kicked pronto and unexpectedly. Please explain the door which you like to keep, where the honor is, what me and my committee work have to do with it, and remember that I am a poor orphan che-ild alone in the wild anteroom with a raging Old Tiler, and not to be too hard on me?"

The Old Tiler did not smile. "I would laugh," he confessed, "only it's Masonry you are jesting about and it's not a jest. Yes, I will tell you about the door. I wish I could speak the word in capital letter.

"Masonry is a structure of brotherly love, relief and truth, cemented with affection, erected on a square to God, and towering miles high above puny humanity, its foibles and its failings. Masonry is a structure of which we, its humble builders, are proud, because we know that we have built better than we knew. We have so built, partly because we have had help from so many men of so many past ages, and partly because we have had help we could neither see nor understand.

"Some look at our temple of Masonry and wonder.
Some look, shrug shoulders
and pass by. Some look at our temple of Masonry and
see it not; others gaze
on it and seek to enter.

"In this country there are nearly 16,000 doors to our temple of Masonry, through one of which a man must pass who would see it from the inside. There are so many doors in order that any man who desires, and who is fit, may find the door which is easy for him to enter. It is not true that it is 'hard to be as Mason.'"

"We only ask that an applicant be free-born, of age, a man, and of good character. He may be high or low, rich or poor, great or obscure, famous or unknown. If he is a good man we want him to see our temple from the inside as soon as he expresses a desire to do so.

"So we have 16,000 lodges -doors- to our temple of Masonry, that no man can say he came not in because he could not find a way.

"Certain things a man must do, inside our temple, and in a certain way he must live. If he lives the life, the temple is stronger. If he does not live the life, the temple is weakened.

"Hence, Keepers of the Door. Like any other symbol in Masonry, they are three; three brethren to keep each door safe, sacred and undefiled from the footsteps of evil men, self-seekers, the wicked, the blasphemous, the immoral. Those three who keep each door are not assigned to it for any length of time.

"Not theirs a service which may become onerous from time-taking and effort. The Master appoints three Keepers of the Door for every man who tries to enter. Today there is you and John and Jim. Tomorrow it will be George and Jack and Will. The next day another three will keep the door, if any man raps upon it.

"With due humility, but infinite pride, I am the Guardian of the Locked Door. As Tiler I suffer none to pass within who have not the right. But the open door no one man may guard; it takes three.

"You were appointed tonight as one of those three. Some one has rapped at the door and now it stands ajar. To you it has been said, 'Keep thou the door; keep thou the faith; keep thou this thy temple pure and undefiled.'

"You do not want to labor. You want to go fishing. You ask me if I will do your work for you and I answer you, gladly, if so the Master shall find me worthy of the honor."

"I shan't ask him," he answered low. "I am ashamed. I didn't understand. I am not, I know, worthy of the honor, but as well as I know how, I will keep the door.."

"I thought you might," smiled the Old Tiler. "After all, no one will catch all the fish; there will be some left for you some other time."

"Not if it interferes with being Keeper of the Door," answered the New Brother vigorously.

HE FOUND OUT

"Old Tiler I can save you some trouble!" announced the New Brother.

The Old Tiler leaned his sword up against the wall and motioned the New Brother to a seat. "I am never adverse to anyone saving me trouble!"

"A petition was read in lodge tonight," continued the New Brother. "Man by the name of Ned Brinkley. I have known old Brinkley for years. I heard your name on his committee. I can tell you anything you want to know."

"Nice of you!" repeated the Old Tiler. "Why does Mr. Brinkley want to be a Mason?"

"Oh, I don't know... same reason we all do, I guess."

"You speak of him as 'Old Brinkley.' How old is he?"

"Must be all of 65, or maybe 68. Carpenter by trade, he is; worked for me off and on for years. The wife never wants a shelf put up or a hinge mended or a fence painted or the gutter spout fixed that we don't call on old Brinkley. He's a fine old chap, very religious too. I rather wondered at the Master putting you on his petition."

"Why?" asked the Old Tiler.

"I know your reputation as a committeeman!" smiled the New Brother. "You dig to the bottom. They don't waste you on people everyone knows about. Brinkley

is a dead open-and-shut proposition. Everyone in town knows him, I guess. I don't see why they put an old ferret like you on his trail. But I can tell you anything you want to know about him."

"Except why he wants to be a Mason!" answered the Old Tiler, dryly.

"Well, that isn't important in this case. He is a very religious man, and I suppose wants the religious part of lodge work."

"You suppose! Suppositions are not good enough for me. How does friend Brinkley know there is anything religious about a lodge or Masonry? Why does a very religious man find his church insufficient to supply his religion? Why does he wait until he is 65 years old to want to be a Mason? Those are questions I want answered. You know Brinkley as a workman, an obliging tinkerer with shelves and gutter spouts. But apparently you know nothing else about him except that he is religious. Suppose you tell me how you know that much."

"How do I know he is religious? Why, he goes to church every Sunday and he talks a great deal about it... I don't know!"

"I'll say you don't know! You don't really know anything about Brinkley, do you? Your attitude is too sadly common for the good of Masonry. You are familiar with Brinkley's name and his appearance and his looks; he has worked for you as an odd job man for years. Because he never stole your silver or beat your dog you think he is a good man. Because he talks religion and goes to church you term him

religious. He is a part... a small part, but yet a part... of your life, and therefore he is all right for your lodge! Oh, conceited man! As if you couldn't be fooled and taken in and hornswoggled and deceived like anyone else!

"I happen to know considerable about Brinkley. I heard he was going to petition this lodge and I made it my business to find out. Listen, and see how much damage you might have done if I had been less well informed and had taken your estimate of Brinkley for truth!

"Brinkley owes a lot of money. His credit is exhausted. There is nothing bad about the man; he is a well-meaning but shiftless person, who has never either the ambition or the ability to rise above sporadic day wages and occasional jobs. He is weak, so he borrows right and left and runs accounts which he seldom pays, not that he isn't honest, but that he is careless.

"A few years ago he got into difficulties, and seeing no other way out, attempted to become a Catholic. But the good fathers of the church turned him inside out in no time and found out that he had been, at various times, a member of at least four other churches, all for the work he could get and the charity he could receive from their organizations. He has been a member of the Odd Fellows, the Pythians, the Red Men and a few others, in all of which organizations he has been dropped for N.P.D.

"At 65 or more years of age he suddenly conceives a great regard for the Masonic fraternity and wants to join our lodge. Why, I don't know, but I strongly

suspect! And my suspicions are well founded in evidence that Mr. Brinkley wants to become a Mason for what he can get out of Masonry in a material way that I shall register a loud, round, and emphatic negative on my report, and I very much suspect that both other committeemen will do the same thing!"

"Oh, well, of course!" answered the New Brother. "I didn't know!"

"Of course you didn't! And because you only guessed and hoped and believed and had no real knowledge, you would have done this lodge a great injury if all the committeemen had depended solely on your report!"

"But I know now... and I won't do it anymore!" pleaded the New Brother.

The Old Tiler grunted.

TO WAIT HOW LONG?

"Old Tiler," began the New Brother, "do you think I ought to be a Chapter Mason and a Commandery Mason and a Scottish Rite Mason right away?"

"That's a rather large question," objected the Old Tiler. "Why do you ask?"

"I am constantly asked to join these bodies," answered the New Brother. "It seems to me I ought to wait until I know more about Masonry before I go farther."

"I agree with you," answered the Old Tiler, heartily.

"You just said it was too large a question to answer right off," cried the New Brother.

"That was before you told me how you felt," countered the Old Tiler. "No man should go farther in Masonry as long as he feels he should wait. But if you had said that your interest was flagging, and that you wanted to go ahead and explore, to refind the thrill of the third degree, I would probably have told you I agreed with you heartily."

"Seems to me," answered the New Brother, "that the Grand Lodge might profitably make a rule that no Master Mason could apply for the degrees in any other Masonic body until they have been Master Masons for six months or a year.

"You are not the only, or the first Mason, to think that," answered the Old Tiler. "But that is a very large

question indeed, and much can be said on both sides."

"Won't you tell me both sides?" asked the New Brother.

"I'll try," answered the Old Tiler. "The Grand Lodge side of it is simple enough; it is obvious that if there were only the three degrees of Ancient Craft Masonry a man could not divide his attention, his money, and his time with them and any other Masonic bodies. But we have Capitular degrees and Commandery degrees and Cryptic degrees; and Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite degrees, and the Shrine; while the Shrine is not a Masonic body, yet it is a goal for many Masons, so it enters into the problem. Those who propose that Grand Lodge forbid newly made Master Masons applying for the degrees in Chapter or Rite until after a lapse of a year, have in mind that if a man has only his lodge to go to, he will learn some Masonry, get the habit, and so, when he does take the other degrees, he will not forget his Alma Mater.

"Those who think the Grand Lodge should not make such a regulation, often believe that it should be made by the other bodies. Such Masons think that Capitular Masonry and Scottish Rite Masonry would be stronger and better if they refused any candidates who had not at least a year's experience in the Symbolic lodge. A college demands certain scholastic standards of its freshmen. Many demand a high school diploma, or its equivalent. A college has a right to say on what terms it will accept students. But the high school never says 'you mustn't apply to the college without a high school diploma.' The high school doesn't attempt to tell the college what it must

or must not do, or who it can and cannot have as freshmen. It but prepares those willing to study to enter to the college. It is the college which won't take the unprepared.

"Many Masons will feel that the so-called 'higher' degrees are a sort of college course to Masonry, and that the bodies which confer those degrees should demand at least a year's experience in Blue Lodge Masonry, but can see no reason why the Grand Lodge should keep their doors for them.

"No well-informed Mason sees the lodge as a primary school and the other Rites as colleges. No well-informed Mason but regards Ancient Craft Masonry as the source of all Masonry, to be honored above all others. A real comparison perhaps could be made with a country and citizenship. Citizenship in this nation is a very high estate. Yet some citizens know more statecraft than others and become leaders in the legislature, the cabinet, the law, the diplomatic service. They could do none of these things without being citizens. The United States demands a certain period- I think it is five years- which a 'candidate' for citizenship must wait, before he receives his 'third degree,' his final papers. Until he gets them, he cannot be a citizen or enjoy the rights of citizenship, or go higher in the State, or be an officer. That is like the lodge demand of a month between degrees, and a proficiency in the work before the next degree is conferred.

"The United States doesn't say to a newly-made citizen 'now that you are a citizen, you must wait a year or two before you exercise your citizenship.' Our Grand Lodge does not say to a Blue Lodge Mason

'you must wait a year before you try to be an officer or before you apply for any other degrees. Yet there are those who would have Grand Lodge do just that.

"There are two sides, my brother. Personally, I would think that a period of waiting would be an excellent thing. I would like to see the Grand Chapters and the Supreme Council decide that a Master Mason must be such for six months or a year before he could apply, just as they now demand six months' or a years' residence in a place before they will admit jurisdiction. But I think a Grand Lodge is less than wise if it attempts to regulate the so-called 'high bodies' in their standards."

"I thought Grand Lodge could do anything," put in the New Brother.

"So it can, very nearly," smiled the Old Tiler. "I did not say I thought a Grand Lodge would be going beyond its rights in making such a regulation. I said I thought it would be unwise. The Grand Lodge has complete control of a man's Masonry and his Masonic conduct. Its right to regulate is undoubted; its wisdom in doing so may be open to discussion."

"Well, I'm going to wait a while; but not a year," responded the New Brother.

"Which will be just right, for you," smiled the Old Tiler.

KINDS OF MASONS

"I am almost through!" The New Brother displayed a sheaf of cards to the Old Tiler. "Soon I will have joined them all and become every kind of Mason there is."

"What do you know about the kinds of Masons there are?" asked the Old Tiler, interested. "You have not been a Master Mason long enough to gain all that knowledge!"

"That's not hard to gain, with all the brethren poking petitions at you. There are Scottish Rite Masons and York Rite Masons and Templar Masons and Chapter Masons and council Masons and..."

"Oh!" the syllable said much. The Old Tiler added, "I didn't understand. I thought you couldn't have learned yet."

"Learned what? Are there some more kinds of Masons?"

"Indeed, yes! answered the Old Tiler. "A great many kinds. But seven you haven't mentioned stand out more prominently than others."

"Do tell me! I thought I had joined most of them..."

"You don't join these. You become one, or are made one, or grow into one of them. For instance, there is the King Solomon Mason. He thinks that everything that Solomon did as a Mason is right and everything he didn't do is wrong. To him Masonry was conceived, born and grew up in the shadow of King Solomon,

and every word of the legend is literally true, much like the man who refuses to believe the earth is round, because a verse in the Bible refers to the 'four corners of the earth!' The King Solomon Mason lives his Masonry according to his light; perhaps it's not his fault it is so dim.

"To the ritual Mason the importance of Masonry is the form of its words. A good Mason in his belief is one who can repeat a lecture from end to end without a slip. A man may do battle, murder, or cause sudden death, commit arson or run away with a neighbor's wife; if he knows his ritual letter perfect, it 'was all a mistake!' The man who doesn't know his ritual letter perfect is not, in this man's eyes, a good Mason; not though he give to charity with both hands and carry love for his fellowman in both head and heart.

"The practical Mason looks at life from a utilitarian standpoint. He prefers electricity to candles for Lesser Lights because they are simpler and prefers candles to electricity because they are cheaper. He thinks a choir impractical because it produces nothing permanent, and would rather spend the money for printed matter or a new carpet. He is at his best when raising money for a new temple and at his worst when asked to express himself upon the spirit of Masonry. His hand is in his pocket for charity, but never for entertainment. He is usually on the finance committee, and recommends a budget in which rent and heat and light are bigger than relief.

"The heart Mason is the opposite. He is full of impractical schemes. He wants to start a new temple which will never be built. He talks much of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, but is

absent when the hat is passed and the committee on funds needs a few workers to go out and gather in. The heart Mason is the lodge sob-sister; he usually seconds any motion to spend any amount of money for flowers or to send a brother away for his health, and always makes a little tear-filled speech about the fatherless loved ones, even if the dear departed died a bachelor.

The business Mason belongs because he thinks it helps his job. He usually sits next to the solid business man in lodge and likes to tell people what he does. If he is a Past Master, he never comes to lodge on time, so that he can get a special welcome at the Altar. His favorite speech is about the man who tried to advertise his business in lodge and how evil this was; in the speech he always mentions his own business. He wears an extra large sized pin and prints squares and compasses on his letterheads.

"We dominate another kind by the expressive term of belly Mason. He is most faithful in attendance at lodges where there may be a feed. He will cheerfully spend twenty cents car fare and a long evening to get a fifteen cent sandwich. If there is to be a sit-down meal he will sit up all night to be on time. If the affair is in another lodge and needs tickets he will take time off from his job to hunt a brother who has a ticket and doesn't want it. He usually manages to cross the lodge room while the cigars are passed so he can dig into the box twice. If the crowd is small, he is the last man to get a smoke, so he can take all that are left. If the crowd is large, he is among the first, to make sure he doesn't get left.

"And then there is the regular Mason- the fellow who does his best with the time and brains he has. He is the great bulk of the fraternity. He pays the dues and fills the chairs and does the work. He is seldom a fine ritualist, but he is usually an earnest one. He is not very practical, and would spend more than we have if it wasn't that he is too sentimental to permit the charity fund to be robbed. He passes the sandwiches and coffee, and if there is any left he gets his; but he doesn't care so long as the evening is a success. He isn't a student, but something in the heart of Masonry has reached deep into his heart, and so he comes to lodge and does his best. He is not learned, but he is not stupid. He is not hidebound, and yet he is conservative. He loves his lodge, but not so much he cannot see her faults. He is most of us."

"And what class of Mason am I?" asked the New Brother, uneasily looking at his sheaf of cards.

"You have cards enough to be considered a Mason for almost any reason," answered the Old Tiler. "But I'll take your word for it. What kind of Mason are you?"

"I don't know for sure, but I know what kind I am never going to be!" answered the New Brother, putting his many cards away.

ON KNOWING NAMES

"I've been watching you for half an hour and you haven't missed calling a brother by name," said the New Brother to the Old Tiler. "How do you do it?"

"Remembering names is my business. As Tiler I am supposed to know all the brethren of this lodge. I get paid for being a Tiler. If I didn't know my job I would be taking money under false pretenses."

"How did you learn names? I have been a member of this lodge for nearly a year. And I don't know more than a dozen men by name. How do you do it?"

"How do you not do it?" countered the Old Tiler. "Don't you ever know anyone by name in any organization you belong to?"

"Well, er- I- "

"I visited in one lodge once," interrupted the Old Tiler, "where they used the scheme developed in so many luncheon clubs. The Master started an automatic roll call, in which each brother stood, gave his name, address and business and sat down. It smacked a little of the commercial to me. To hear a chap say, 'My name is Bill Jones, agent for the Speedemup car, in business at 1567 Main Street,' may be very informing to the brother who doesn't know it, but it seems like advertising. I presume the scheme worked; everyone in that lodge got to know everyone else by name in time.

"In another lodge every brother wears a big, round celluloid name plate with his name printed on it in big letters. The Tiler, poor chap, has charge of a rack and is supposed to see that every brother entering the room has his button on and that none wears it home! This scheme works; you can read a brother's name and call him by it, and probably remember it next time.

"Ready-made brotherhood is the dream of the professional Mason; ready-made acquaintance is the thing he strives for with his announcements and his celluloid buttons.

"I don't regard the use of a name as essential. It is pleasant to be called by name, and nice to be able to remember them. But a name, after all, is an artificial distinction, conferred on us by our parents as a matter of convenience. A rose smells just as sweet if you call it a sunflower, and a man is the same whether you call him Jim or Jones. Not very long ago a man said to me: 'I don't know your name but you are Tiler of my lodge. My uncle in the country has just sent me a crate of strawberries. I can't see 'em all and I'd like to give you some. Will you write your name and address on a card so I can send them?'

If he had known my name he could have sent them without asking for the card. But would they have tasted any better? I had a warm feeling at my heart; my brother had remembered my face and who I was, and wanted me to share his good luck. That he didn't know my name didn't seem to matter. He knew me.

"It's friendly to call a man by his name. We are all more or less egocentric. (Doc Palmer tells me that the

word means that we revolve about ourselves!) When people remember our names we think we have made an impression. It tickles our vanity. Half a dozen members in this lodge come only once a year. When I call them by name they swell up like poisoned pups. But they wouldn't if they knew my system. One of them has prominent ears; so has a jackass. A jackass eats thistles. This man's name is Nettleton. Another chap has a nose that looks as if it grew on a Brobdingnagian face. His name is Beekman. It's no trick to remember them, because of the impression they make of ugliness. I remember your name as an earnest young brother trying to learn. I remember the Past Masters by remembering their services,. I know John and Jim and George and Elly and Harry and Joe and Frank and the rest because I know the men, know what they do, how they do it, what they stand for in the lodge and in Masonry; in other words, it's the brother I know first, and in my mind I tack a name to him. To remember a name and tack a face to it is the trick accomplished by the celluloid button, the automatic roll call, by all schemes to make men know each other's names with the idea that the name and not the man is important.

"You have been here nearly a year and know a dozen men by name. If you know a hundred by sight to speak to, you have accomplished something more important than filling your memory with names. But if you know only your dozen by sight and name, and no others either by sight or name, then there is something the matter with your idea of fellowship.

"In lodge, brothers learn to know each other; if they learn each other's names in the process, well and good. But if they learn to know each other as human

beings with friendly faces, it does make little difference whether they have good or poor memories for names.

"Our Master is a fine, lovable man. Every dog he meets on the street wags its tail and speaks to him, and he speaks to them all. I doubt if he knows their names. He has a poor memory for names, yet he never forgets a face. I know names and faces because it's my job, but I'd make a poor Master."

"I'm not so sure about your being a poor Master!"

"Well, I am! Don't confuse a good memory, a good Mason and a good Master. I try to have the first and be the second!"

A MASONIC SPEECH

"Old Tiler, I am in a jam!" The New Brother smiled, so the Old Tiler did not feel too worried. "If you don't help me out, I will be up against it."

"What's the trouble now?" The Old Tiler put down his sword to take the cigar the New Brother held out. "Must be something very bad or you wouldn't start me off with so good a cigar."

"I have to make a Masonic address."

"That has been done, and the addresser- yes, even the addressees- lived to tell the tale," countered the Old Tiler.

"I don't want just to get by. I want to make 'em remember it. I want to talk about something they haven't heard before. I've listened to many Masonic speeches, and most of them bored me to tears."

"There are rules for making a good address," mused the Old Tiler. "The three great rules are, have something to say- say it- sit down. Sometimes they are stated 'stand up, speak up, shut up.' Terminal facilities of adequate proportions are needed by railroads and Masonic speakers."

"That's just it!" cried the new Brother. "I want to know what to say and how to say it."

"Meaning you want me to make your speech for you, or to you, before you make it in there?"

"Well, er, no. Not exactly. But can't you, er, suggest something?"

"I could, but I won't. I'll suggest a method of handling your subject, however. Most Masonic speeches suffer from lack of preparation, and of clear thinking about what the speaker wants to say.

"I can't prepare you. I can't make you think clearly. But I can tell you the essence of appeal. It is drama. If you want your hearers to hang on your words, dramatize your subject. If you talk about the Rough and Perfect Ashlars, bring your workman before your hearer; let them hear the strokes of the mallet on the chisel, let them feel the chips of stone as they fall to the ground. If you talk of the plumb line, make them see the Lord on His wall, watch the Children of Israel gather around, wondering at his putting a plumb 'in the midst' of them, that He would not pass by them any more. When you tell of brotherhood, don't have it an abstraction, a theory, a hope; make it concrete. Tell some stories about it. Show one brother helping another; if you don't know any stories, make them up. But bring the living thought, alive, into the lodge room; men are nothing but children grown up. We all like stories.

"A most entertaining speaker made a talk on Masonic charity. One by one he brought vividly before the lodge a child in a Masonic home, an old blind Mason who was helped to be self-supporting by a lodge, an old mother of a Master Mason who kept her home, thinking it was supported by what her son had left her; he hadn't left a cent. The lodge pretended he had, and paid it

during her life time. He made us see these people; we lived and grew up with the child; we shut our eyes to see how the blind man felt; from a window we saw the world go by, happy that our sons had kept us from want, as his simple words brought these things before us.

"The speaker spoke quietly, restrained, calmly. He didn't make the eagle scream; there was almost no applause during his address. But he made us visualize the sweetness of Masonic charity, as distinct from the cool impersonality of mere giving. He made us proud that we belonged to an organization which worked. He dramatized charity, and made us see its living human aspects, not its economic importance, or its religious duty angle.

"That's the answer of 'how shall I make any Masonic speech interesting,' my brother. Make it simple. Make it human. Make it dramatic. there is drama in all the Fraternity; any symbol, any tenet, any part of Masonry has a dramatic angle.

"I do not mean melodramatic. I don't tell you to put battle, murder, sudden death, in your speech. Melodrama is action without character; drama is action with character. A railroad accident is melodrama. The mother who saves for a vacation and gives her son the money to buy a set of golf clubs is dramatic.

"Find the character behind the symbols; get the human side of the Craft into its teachings; tell them in terms of people and action, of the things they know only as theories, and your audience won't walk out on

you. Talk without ideas, and you'll speak to empty benches."

"I think," began the New Mason, "I think-"

"That's all that's necessary," smiled the Old Tiler.

"I think you'd better make this speech for me,"

"You think in melodrama," laughed the Old tiler. "It's you trouble, not mine."

THE FORGOTTEN WORD

"Never have I been so glad to get to lodge as tonight!" began the New Brother to the Old tiler in the anteroom.

"Some one here owe you some money or something?" asked the Old Tiler.

"No indeed! But lying awake last night, thinking about Masonry, I tried to recall the word of a Master Mason... and I couldn't! It was a lost word for me, sure enough! I couldn't sleep all night, trying to remember. I couldn't remember today and it bothered me a lot! So I was glad to come to lodge tonight and get instructed!"

"I shouldn't have worried over that," answered the Old Tiler. "Our memories play strange tricks. You didn't need it, did you?"

"No, but a Mason ought not to forget it. It's the most important thing in Masonry. If we don't have it we cannot visit and work as a Master- and everything!"

"So we are told," answered the old Tiler. "Yet don't you mistake the meaning? The syllables you are taught to pronounce are not important."

"Why, Old Tiler! How can you say that?"

"Because it is true," answered the Old Tiler. "Is it important what particular piece of cloth is put in an apron? Is it important what particular piece of iron is used to make a pillar, or what particular copy of a

million Bibles is on the Altar, or what particular piece of wood is used in the gavel? Isn't it important that we wear an apron and know why, that we have a pillar to teach a lesson, that we revere the Great Light in Masonry, that we have a gavel for our control? Then are the syllables of the word important, or is the spirit, the meaning, the symbolism important?

"Masons must know the word, the modes of recognition, the signs and tokens. But all these may slip from memory and still a brother have Freemasonry in his heart. They are audible symbols of spiritual knowledge.

"We are taught that in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God. Do you read into that statement some particular word? Or is the Word here used in the Old Jewish sense of the truth, the light of knowledge for which man may strive?

"Masonry's search for the lost word is for far more than a syllable, my brother. The substitute word is more than an exclamation. It is an inward knowledge of oneness with the Great Architect, for which all men of all ages have searched. Not all search in vain; many find their Word. Even the substitute word could only be given under certain circumstances; doubtless those earnest seekers who found the real word could never assemble the circumstances under which it, too, might be given to humanity.

"But we continue to search. Slowly but surely man has come up from barbarianism. The world improves with age. Except in war men are less cruel now than centuries ago; men know more than they did centuries ago. We are all brutes underneath, but to be

underneath connotes something above. In our long struggle after the lost word we have put something above the brute. On that we climb, and are by so much nearer the Word we seek.

"It is this which is important. Let not your heart be troubled if that strangest part of all God's works, the human mind, plays a prank on you. Better men than you and I have forgotten their own names. Now and then one forgets the name of Deity. But in the end we remember, in some far place where angels see that our memories work! All you needed was conversation with any brother who had sat in lodge with you. If you desire, nothing prevents you from giving and receiving it as Masons are taught to do.

"Your only cause for worry is that you fail to keep always before you that Masonry in men's hearts searches for a word which no man has yet put into words. The tender lesson of the Master Mason degree has been a solace to millions. The Word, substitute though it is, has meant much more than the scholar translates. It is this which you must never forget, even when your memory temporarily takes from you the recollection of the letters and their pronunciation."

"You should be a traveling lecturer!" cried the New Brother.

"You mean that as a compliment, but I'd rather sit still and tile."

"But you can't get anywhere!" cried the New Brother.

"Neither can a sign post by the road," smiled the Old Tiler. "Yet it points the way."

LEARNING THE WORK

"It seems to me," began the New Brother, offering a cigar to the Old Tiler, "that we make unnecessary demands on a candidate."

"Thanks," answered the Old Tiler. "Such as what, for instance?"

"A candidate who has received the Entered Apprentice degree must perfect himself in it before he gets his Fellowcraft. After he is a Fellowcraft he must learn that ritual before he can become a Master Mason. I can see the reason why all brethren must understand them and be able to tell about degrees, but I don't see why we must learn word for word and letter for letter. Last meeting we turned back a young fellow because he had not learned his Entered Apprentice degree. If he didn't learn it because he didn't want to he wasn't worth having, but it seems he just couldn't. Refusing him was an injustice. He's only one-third a Mason, and not likely to get any farther."

"You sure think of a lot of things Masonic to find fault with!" countered the Old Tiler. "But we would get along faster if you didn't mix your questions."

"How do you mean, mix them?"

"In one breath you want to know why Masonry requires learning degrees by heart, and don't I think it was an injustice to a certain young fellow because we wouldn't admit him to full membership when he couldn't or didn't, only you don't think it an injustice but a righteousness if he could and didn't. You agree

that one of the safeguards of Masonry which keep it pure is what we call the ancient landmarks?"

"I agree."

"And you know one of the landmarks is that Masonry is secret?"

"Of course."

"If we printed the work would it be secret?"

"Certainly not. But you don't have to print it."

"No? But if we can't print it and won't learn it, how are we to give it to our sons?"

"Oh!" The New Brother saw a great light. "We all learn the work and so know when mistakes are made and correct them in the workers, and our sons hear the same work we did and learn it and transmit it. But wouldn't it be enough if only a few men learned the work- those well qualified and with good memories? How would that do?"

"It is good Masonry and good Americanism that the majority rules. Masonry is not a despotism but a democracy. If a favored few were the custodians of the work would not the favored few soon become the rulers of Masonry, just as the favored few have always ruled the lazy, the ignorant, and the stupid?"

"If that happened we'd just put them out of office."

"And put in men who didn't know the work? Then what becomes of your landmark?"

"You are too many for me," laughed the New Brother. "I guess there is a reason why we have to learn the work. But I still think we might make an occasional exception when a man just can't memorize."

"If you read the Bible, you know that a little leaven leavens the whole lump. One bad egg will spoil an omelet. The man who won't learn is not fit to be a Mason, since he is not willing to tread the path all his brethren have trod. The man who can't learn the work hasn't control enough of his brain to enable him to appreciate Masonic blessings. This is no question of education. A brother of this lodge has had so little education that he barely reads and write. His grammar is fearful and his knowledge of science so full of things that are not so that it is funny when it isn't pathetic. But he is a good Mason for all that, and bright as a dollar at learning the work. It's only the stupid, the lazy, the indifferent and dull-witted, the selfish and foolish man who can't learn or won't learn Masonry. They add nothing to it; it is better they are kept out. To make an exception merely would be to leaven our lump with sour leaven."

"But, Old Tiler, many who learned it once have forgotten it now."

"Of course they have! You can't do a quadratic equation or tell me the principle cities in Greenland, or bound Poland, or do a Latin declination. You learned it and forgot it. But you had the mental training. If I told you a quadratic was worked with an adding machine, that Poland was in china, or that hocus-pocus meant Caesar's lives, you'd know I was wrong. Same way with ritual; leaning it is Masonic training,

and though we often forget it we never lose it entirely, and through the whole of us it is preserved to posterity."

"Oh, all right! I learned mine, any way. Have another cigar, won't you?"

"Thanks," answered the Old Tiler. "You have learned rather well, I'll admit, that I like your cigars!"

GEOMETRIC BULL

"There are a lot of things in Masonry," began the New Brother to the Old Tiler.

"Bravo!" cried the Old Tiler, sarcastically. "Who told you all that?"

"And some of them," continued the New Brother, "are more or less bull. I yield to no one in my love for the order, but I see its faults. And when I am expected to learn the science of geometry as a part of Masonry I know I am being bulled. There is no more sense to including geometry in the second degree than there would be including paleontology or..."

"I love to hear a man say he can see the faults of Masonry," interrupted the Old Tiler, "because then I am in the presence of a master mind. Generations of philosophers have made Masonry what it is. When a new brother can plainly see its faults he is greater than all of these."

"Of course I did not mean it that way. I just meant that I, er, you know..."

"Do I? Well, then I suppose I'd better not mince words about it. To say there is no sense to geometry in the second degree is to advertise the fact that you know nothing and care less for the symbolism of the order. Take from Masonry its symbolism and all you have left is a central thought with no means of expression. Imagine a great musician, deaf, blind, and paralyzed, his heart ringing with wonderful melodies and harmonies, yet unable to give them expression, and

you have a mental picture of Masonry without symbolism. Symbolism is Masonry's means of expressing thought, and geometry, in the second degree, is not an arithmetical study, but a symbol.

"Geometry was an outgrowth of the first science. The first glimpse brute man had there was aught in nature but haphazard chance or the capricious doing of a superior overlord was when he learned the stupendous fact that two and two always make four.

"From that humble beginning and recognition of the master law of the universe-which is, that law is universal, unchanging, and invariable-grew the study of things; their surfaces, their areas, their angles, their motions, their positions. Modern methods have gone farther than Euclid, but his work was perfectly done and Euclid's geometry stands today as a perfect thing, as far as he took it.

"Geometry is the science of order. Reaching back to the first recognition that there was order in the world, it may stand for anyone who has eyes to see, as it does stand in Masonry, for man's recognition of God in the universe. It is a symbol of universality. By geometry we know that natural law on earth is nature's law for the stars. There have been few atheists in the world, but I venture to say that none of them have been geometers or astronomers. They know too much to deny the existence of the Great Geometer when seeing His work.

"Geometry is everywhere. It is in the snowflake's measured lines of crystallization. There is geometry of the honeycomb and a geometry of the cone of a fir tree. Mountains stand or fall as they obey or disobey

the laws of geometry and the spider in her web and the planets in their orbits alike work according to the universal laws of geometry.

"I think God's thoughts after Him," said the great astronomer Kepler, looking through his telescope and thinking of the geometry of the skies.

"If we know two angles and one dimension, we can find the other dimension. Man has angles and dimensions; and if we know enough of them we can find the rest. One of a man's angles is his love of Masonry. Given a real love of Masonry as one angle, a willingness to live her precepts as the other and we can tell what sort of a man he is now, used to be, and will be in the future.

"It is a real geometry the second degree commends to you, my brother, because it is a symbol of law and order, of Deity, of universality. But it is spiritual geometry which you should study rather than the propositions of Euclid, bearing in mind that they are symbols of that which Masonry most venerates, most wisely teaches, and most greatly loves.

"Our ancient brother Pythagoras discovered the wonderful demonstration of the Great Architect which is the forty-seventh problem of Euclid. And so when I hear a young squirt of a Mason, with his eyes barely opened to the long path which is Masonry winding through the stars to God, say that the geometry in the second degree is bull, I wish I were young enough to take him out in the back lot and treat him as I would a small boy who found humor in church and fun in sacred things, and..."

"Oh, stop!" cried the New Brother. "I was wrong. I didn't understand. Say, where can I get a geometry book? I want to know more about that forty-seventh problem."

"In the reading room," growled the Old Tiler. "And, say, son, when you get it in your head, come back here and explain it all over again to me, will you?"

BLUFF

"You are the only man in the lodge I can talk to and say what I think!" announced the New Brother to the Old Tiler.

"Do you think me the only one with understanding, or am I the only man stupid enough not to take exception to your remarks?" smiled the Old Tiler.

"I don't exactly know," confessed the New Brother. "You are not offended when I say that which you don't agree. For instance, I think there is a lot of bluff about Freemasonry. You won't get offended with me; you'll probably convince me I don't know what I am talking about."

"Assuredly I am not offended," answered the Old Tiler, "but give me some examples of Masonic Bluff. To me, the fraternity seems honest, upright, aboveboard, simple, sincere."

"Oh! It intends to be," rejoined the New Brother, impatiently. "But it does bluff. For instance, we prate about 'Masonic light,' 'further light,' 'more light,' yet Masonry never gives it to you!"

"Don't you mean it never gives it so an ignorant and unintelligent man can understand it? I have been Tiler for more years than you have lived. I have grown old and gray in Masonry, always getting a little more light through its gentle ministrations. Now you try to tell me it is all a bluff!"

"There, there, old chap, don't get sore! I am puzzled as to why we promise so much and give so little."

"I think we promise much and give more!" retorted the Old Tiler. "We give the path at the end of which the light shines in glorious brightness. Masonry is not a school, a college, a university. It doesn't attempt to hold classes, to use textbooks, to pump the young and uninformed mind full of information. It veils its truths and their application in symbolism and allegory. Masonry points the way to study, to new vistas, to a new beauty to life, a new truth to philosophy, a new meaning to religion."

"The simple facts and the simpler faith of the ritual are learned in a couple of lessons. But the inner meaning requires many lessons. Earnest students have spent their lives trying to reach the bottom of the well of information which is Masonry, nor ever plumbed its depths. Masonry teaches men how to think, and to think for themselves. Masonry teaches men the real beauty of the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God. Masonry instills into men's minds a new conception of God. It makes no difference what religion you follow, Masonry amplifies it, clarifies it, helps you to understand it. No man with a heart in his breast and a brain in his head can stand before a Masonic Altar without a new conception of his relations with his fellow men. If he hears with deaf ears he is a Mason in name only."

"Masonry's ritual is a key by which to read the symbols. If you are lazy, or unable to think, Masonry safeguards herself by requiring effort of you. If she wrote every truth she has, she would cast the pearls of her wisdom before the swine of brethren who

cannot appreciate her. The winding tortuous road of knowledge is difficult; Masonry's wisdom is only for those with the brains and the perseverance to pursue her secrets through her symbols into the broad light of understanding."

"You mean that if I find the 'further light' of Masonry a bluff the fault is in me and not in Masonry?"

"Absolutely! That so many learned men devoted their lives to fathoming Masonry should show the young Mason that when he is entitled to wear the square and compasses he has just begun! Masonry has vast knowledge, but only for those who look. Masonry gives a wonderful reward, but only for those who are willing to follow where she leads.

"The bluff in Freemasonry is in the minds of brethren who expect all and give nothing; who try to appear Master Masons when they are but lodge members. The bluff is not in the system of philosophy we call Masonry, but in the unthinking, dull-witted, unimaginative, and non-useful members of the lodge who are Masons in name only!"

"Ouch!" cried the New Brother, "I shall go away from this company to hunt the library!"

ON SECRETS

"Someone should speak to Brother Filmore," said the New Brother, thoughtfully, sitting beside the Old Tiler.

"People do speak to him- I speak to him myself," countered the Old Tiler.

"I mean speak to him seriously."

"I speak to him seriously. I asked him tonight how his wife was," answered the Old Tiler.

"Oh, you know what I mean! I mean admonish him."

"About what?"

"About his carelessness of Masonic secrets. He runs the lantern and leaves the slides out where any profane can see them. He takes them home sometimes and his children can get them and..."

"I appoint you a committee of one to see that his children are all properly murdered. No child should look at a Masonic slide and live."

"Now you are kidding me."

"Boy, you are kidding yourself. The only secret about a Masonic lantern slide thousands of Masons have tried to find, but none ever have. It is not to be revealed by looking at them."

"I don't understand..."

"No secrets of Freemasonry are to be learned from a Masonic lantern slide. They are sold to any one who has the price. If there was anything secret about a lantern slide, making it would be against Masonic obligations."

"But you said there was a secret..."

"Sure, but not a Masonic secret. Generations of Masons have tried to learn who designed them that they might slay him with ceremony and an axe. The harm done leaving Masonic lantern slides where the profane may see them will come from the poor opinion the profane gets from the Masonic slide conception of charity and brotherly love and truth and relief. Some slides representing Time counting the ringlets in the hair of the virgin give anyone with the slightest idea of art the notion that Masons are all cubists! We are trianglists or rightanglists, maybe, but not cubists! Those illustrations of brotherly love in which one fat man lays a ham-like arm lovingly about the bull-like neck of a misshapen Roman gladiator would scare any child who saw it into such a fear of the fraternity he would probably weep ever time Dad went to lodge... but as far as giving away any Masonic secrets is concerned- piffle!"

"You haven't the same reverence for the sacredness of Masonic ideas as I have."

"Whoa! Boy, you have things upside down. My reverence for real Masonic secrets is second to none. Your reverence is inclusive; mine only for what is real. You wouldn't go home and tell your wife that a lodge room has a chair in the east, where the Master sits,

that there is an Altar in the center of the lodge, or that candidates take an obligation, would you?"

"Certainly not!"

"I would! The scrubwomen see the lodge room. If they can be permitted to view its sacred outlines, I see no reason why my wife shouldn't. In lodge entertainments we don't move the Altar and women have entertained us after the lodge was closed, more than once. Any catalogue of Masonic paraphernalia advertises hoodwinks, and ours are regularly sent to the laundry, anyhow!

"The real secrets of Freemasonry mean something for you and me, which is not for the uninitiated. But they are not upon lantern slides, in the size of the room, the height of the ceiling or even the place where a Worshipful Master hangs his hat! Circumspection in speaking of the things of the lodge, as opposed to the spirit of a lodge, is necessary only that no false idea be given the outsider. If it were possible to photograph men receiving the first degree, the profane might laugh, unappreciative of the symbolism they saw. But do you really think the value of Masonic secrets would be decreased by such an exhibition?"

"A number of men have written exposes of Masonry. Half true, half manufactured, no one is interested in them. In second-hand bookstores you can pick them up for a few cents. They are in every Masonic library. If what they contained really harmed the fraternity, would the librarians not destroy them?"

"The secrets of Freemasonry are carried in your heart; they are not what you see with your eyes or

touch with your fingers. There is nothing secret about an organ, or the music books the choir uses, or the gavel the Master holds in his hand, nor yet the books in which the Secretary records who has paid his dues. The shape and form and furniture of a lodge is not a secret, nor the time of meetings nor the name of the Chaplain! The lantern slide conceals no secret worth knowing, nor does the chart to which the lecturer points nor even the carpet laid down the second degree. These are all but a means of putting a picture in your mind and it is the meaning of that picture which must be sacredly kept, not the means which put it there."

"Then you don't think someone ought to speak to Brother Filmore seriously!"

"No, but there was a brother in this lodge who had to be spoken to seriously. I did it.."

"Why, who was it?" asked the New Brother anxiously.

"You!" said the Old Tiler.

THOSE DISCLOSURES!

"I have just visited the Masonic library," began the New Brother, excitedly, "and I am much distressed."

"It is a shame," answered the Old Tiler, sympathetically. "It is the best we can do, as we can only afford just so much and so we haven't all the books we want. Even so there is a lot of good reading there and..."

"That isn't the trouble!" cried the New Brother. "What worries me is the apathetic attitude of the authorities of Masonry who permit so many books to be written about our secrets! I skimmed through some and all a man not a member of the lodge need do is read a few and he will know more Masonry than I do!"

"That is probably true!" smiled the Old Tiler. "But what of it? He will then be a well-informed man. You will remain ill-informed. Surely it is better to have well-informed profanes and ill-informed Masons than have both profane and Mason badly informed!"

"But the profane will learn our secrets! Where will we be when we have no secrets? How can Grand Lodge authorities allow brethren to publish what they have sworn never to reveal?"

"Oh! what makes you think these books contain secrets?"

"Why, I read them! There was one book which had an account of the great lights, and another which talked about Jachin and Boaz, and another which referred to

the drama of Hiram Abif, and another which quoted old obligations at length to show the genesis of Masonic obligations and..."

"You are somewhat in the dark regarding the secrets of Freemasonry," observed the Old Tiler. "You can read of Jachin and Boaz, and Hiram in the Bible and the old obligations were printed long before they were incorporated in Freemasonry. The secrets of Freemasonry are not disclosed in the printed works of Masonic students. You are not to reveal anything not proper to be made known. You are not to describe the Masonic initiation. You are not to divulge the modes of recognition. But nowhere in any obligation of any degree in Freemasonry will you find any prohibition against teaching the principles of Masonry, or explaining the symbolism by which Masonry reveals her gentle teachings.

"In books learned Masons have expounded for you and me something of the meaning of Freemasonry; what it is all about, what it teaches, why it exists, what it can accomplish. It is not necessary to make a secret out of knowledge. It is not necessary that Masonry keep to herself the philosophy of conduct, morality, upright living, brotherhood, she has developed. That is for the world to read if it will. The pity of it is that so few will; that so many rob themselves of their Masonic birthright and refuse to read what has been written for them.

"Masonry is a far greater subject than most members of the fraternity know. The majority of us take the three degrees and stop. Not for us is there symbolism. Not for us is there an intimate intertwining between our order and the wise men, the knowledge

of the past. Not for us is Masonry a welding together of the underlying principles which animate all religion, with the dogma left out. Not for us is there a literature, a tradition, a history. We let it all go by the board, content to wear a pin and pay dues and vote for a new Master...and call ourselves Masons.

"But a few of us in every lodge are not satisfied merely to be members; we want to be Masons in our minds as well as the records of the lodge. So we read and study. And once in a blue moon is born a Pike or a Pound, a Haywood or a Newton, a Mackey or a McBride, who interprets through the greatness of his vision that you and I may catch at least a glimpse of the vastness which is Freemasonry.

"They do that in books, but none tells what he has sworn never to reveal... why should he? But he explains the meaning of that which is hidden, so that we who have the key may understand. The trouble with our Masonic books is not that they tell which should not be told, but that we are not rich enough in our lodge to buy enough of the expositions of Freemasonry to educate all our brethren.

"Go back to that library. Take one or two books home with you. Read and reflect. When you find the Masonic author who has violated his obligation, show it to me, because I am an old, old man and I have heard of this forsworn author all my life, but I have never found him!"

"I'm going," answered the New Brother, "I wish I had more sense!"

"I don't!" came the smiling answer. "If you knew much there'd be no point in talking to you, and think of the fun we'd both lose!"

INVIOABLE

"Jones didn't get through, I knew he wouldn't," said the New Brother, sitting down in the anteroom.

The Old Tiler hitched his sword to be more comfortable. "Some of you young Masons sure do know a lot."

"I knew he wouldn't get through because I know two brethren who were going to blackball him," defended the New Brother.

"I have heard that before, too. Don't tell me who your friends were. Perhaps they try, once in a while, to be good Masons. But they don't succeed very well."

"What do you mean? They are splendid fellows, both of them. They know this fellow Jones ought not to be made a member and so they kept him out. One of them is..."

"Wait a minute son, wait a minute. The secrecy of the ballot is one of the great guardians of the Masonic fraternity. Every brother has a right to vote as his conscience tells him he should. None has the right to tell others either how he will vote or how he has voted. Whoever does so tears down the fraternity to some extent. If every Mason told how he would or had balloted there would be no secret ballot. If the ballot is controlled by outside influence, Masonry is no longer under the guidance of the hearts of its members.

"If I know you will vote against my candidate, I argue with you. I plead with you. I remind you of the favor I

did you. I work upon your feelings and perhaps, for my sake, you let into the lodge a man I like but whom you believe unfit for membership. If I don't know how you will vote, I cannot argue with you, and your vote is dictated, as it should be, entirely by your conscience."

"But..."

"Never mind the 'but' just yet. After my candidate gets in because of your affection for me, in spite of your knowledge of his unfitness, then what? Isn't the lodge weaker than it was? Even if you are mistaken and a good man thus gets in, isn't your telling that he isn't a good man a weakening influence? Are you not apt to value it a little less because you weakened it? The harm, once done, may persist for years- and all because you opened your mouth and let out a few words of your intentions before you balloted."

"Suppose I want advice as to how to ballot? How can I ask your advice without telling you why I want it?"

"You can't. But there is a remedy provided for such cases. Masonry demands that every application be investigated by a committee a month prior to the ballot. You have ample time to go to the committee. If you know anything against a petitioner it is your duty to tell the committee. If you heard something against the applicant, tell the committee. Let the committee find the facts. If what you heard is an idle rumor, the committee will learn it. If there is a foundation to the gossip, they will learn that, too. Then you can be guided by what the committee reports."

"Isn't that to say that all balloting should be done by the committee?"

"Not at all!" answered the Old Tiler. "The committee decides for you as to the foundation of the rumor or the malice behind the gossip. If you know anything which in your mind justifies a blackball your course and your conscience are clear. You asked me what you should do when you needed advice."

"But committees are often perfunctory."

"That's your fault!" was the sharp answer.

"My fault? How do you make that out?"

"If you think a committee has made a perfunctory investigation, tell the Master you want a new committee appointed. If you think a committee isn't doing its duty, ask its members what they have done. If they won't tell you, notify the Master that you wish more time. He won't refuse it; he knows such a request means a blackball if it is refused. No Master wants any good man kept out, or any unfit man in. Finally, get yourself on a few committees- the Master will be happy to have your request for such work. Then by example show the other committees what a real committee can do."

"I see!" said the New Brother. "I wonder why all this isn't told to us when we first come into lodge?"

"Humph! 'All this.' Boy, there are thousands of books written about Masonry. Do you expect someone to teach you the contents of them all? The shoe is on the other foot."

"How do you mean, other foot?"

"When you first came into this lodge, why didn't you ask?" responded the Old Tiler, as he rose to answer raps on the door.

DEMOCRACY IN LODGE

"Before I became a Mason," announced the New Brother, "I was under the impression it was an institution of the greatest democracy. I have gathered the idea that it was simple, unassuming; that it inculcated the principles of our government and that in it all men were equal. I am very fond of my lodge and the fellows, but I have been disappointed in that respect."

"Why, son, do you find Masonry undemocratic?" inquired the Old Tiler. "I have heard Masonry called a lot of funny names, but never that!"

"Why, yes, I do!" answered the New Brother. "Seems to me we have a lot of unwritten laws and customs which are autocratic."

"You might mention a few. I am not too old to learn!" answered the Old Tiler. "This is evidently going to be good!" he finished.

"Take this idea of not passing between the Altar and the East," began the New Brother. "It's a free country, yet here is a restriction without rhyme or reason. We salute the Master. He's just a Mason like the rest of us. We have put him into power. He is our servant, although he has the title of Master. Take the custom of the officers retiring in favor of the Grand Officers when they visit; why should we give up our authority and our seats to others no better men than we are?"

"Is that all?" asked the Old Tiler.

"Oh, there are a few more, but those will do. Explain to me where the democracy is in them!"

"When you go to church," countered the Old Tiler, "do you keep your hat on? Does your wife keep her hat on?"

"Of course she does and I don't," responded the New Brother.

"Why?"

"I take my hat off as a mark of respect to the House of God, of course. She keeps hers on because...well, er...Oh, it's the custom!"

"It's a free country," responded the Old Tiler. "The minister is just a man like the rest of us. Why not wear your hat? Why not have your wife take hers off?"

"But I don't take my hat off to the minister, but to God!" was the puzzled answer.

"And your wife keeps hers on because it is the custom for women to remain covered in church," responded the Old Tiler. "In lodge you don't fail to salute the Master because it is the custom, and because you are saluting, not the man who happens to be in the East by the votes of the lodge, but the exalted station he occupies. You pay respect to religion when you remove your hat in a church."

"How about passing between Altar and East?" asked the New Brother.

"That pretty custom is founded on a very happy idea," explained the Old Tiler. "The Altar is the foundation seat of Masonic light and wisdom. Upon it lie the Great Lights of Masonry. Before it rests the charter by means of which a continuously unobstructed view of the source of all Masonic wisdom, so that the lodge may never be without a direct connection with the Great Lights. It is the custom to leave the charter always in his sight, that by no chance may he fail to be responsible for its safekeeping. Nothing happens to a brother who passes between the Altar and the East any more than would happen to a man who walked up the aisle of the church and perambulated about the lectern. But it wouldn't be polite, or respectful, or in keeping with the custom. Your respect is paid to religion or Masonry, not necessarily to the men who expound either."

"But I still don't see why a sovereign lodge must abdicate authority for any old Deputy Grand Master who comes along!"

"Then you are very obtuse!" answered the Old Tiler.

"The Deputy Grand Master represents the Grand Master, the supreme Masonic head. In him is, theoretically, all Masonic wisdom. Why should a Master not offer his gavel to such knowledge? He merely says, in effect, 'you know more than I do; your years of service and experience in the craft entitle you to supreme authority. I have less knowledge, therefore am less fit to preside than you. You have more power and authority than I, therefore I offer you its symbol while you are with us.' But note the Master says this to the *position*, not the *man*. Grand Masters do *not* always know all there is to know any

more than kings or presidents do. But we pay that sovereign respect to the office they hold, while it is held by them, because of the office."

"My brother, democracy does not mean bolshevism! It does not mean socialism. It means democracy, in which men are created equal, have equal opportunity, but reverence to the power they give to those to whom they give it. The United States is a republic founded on the principles of democracy, and we are proud of our freedom and our independence, yet we remove our hats to our President and governors, and pay respect to our courts and our lawgivers, even though they be but men like ourselves. So it is in Masonry...a simple and unassuming democracy of brotherhood, in which no man loses his independence because he pays respect to authority."

"Well, of course, you are right, and I am wrong, as usual. It wasn't so good, after all, was it?"

"Not so good!" responded the Old Tiler. "But Masonic youth, like any other kind, can be forgiven much if only it is willing to learn."

PROMOTION

The New Brother's face showed a bad case of peeve, and his voice reflected it as he greeted the Old Tiler in the anteroom.

"S'matter, son?" inquired the Old Tiler. "You look like a cross between a thunder cloud and the Black Hole of Calcutta!"

"Politics!" snapped the New Brother. "I thought it was bad form, undignified, un-Masonic to electioneer for officers. It's bad enough any time, but when they electioneer for one who isn't in line for promotion and to throw out one who has served years in the chairs, I think it's terrible!"

"Yes, yes, go on," encouraged the Old Tiler. "Get it all out of your system."

"Tonight they elected Bill Jones Junior Warden. He doesn't attend regularly, does he? And Smith, who was in line for promotion, was dropped. Smith never missed a night last year and did his best as Senior Deacon. Jones is more popular than Smith, and may make a better officer, but the point is that Smith worked and Jones never has. So I'm peeved!"

"Wiser heads than yours have been peeved at politics in a lodge," answered the Old Tiler. "It's a difficult question. By Masonic usage any electioneering is taboo. The unwritten law and the theory contend for a free choice of officers by unbiased votes. But men are men first and Masons afterwards, and politics always

have been played. I know of no way to stop a brother from telling another brother how he ought to vote!"

"That doesn't dispose of the injustice of Smith," answered the New Brother. "It isn't right."

"The majority thought it was right," countered the Old Tiler. "Now that Jones has the job, I'll tell you that I knew Smith wouldn't get it. He has been faithful to his work, never missed a night, done his best. But his best just wasn't good enough. You speak of Jones being more popular than Smith. There must be a reason, and if he is better liked he'll make a better officer."

"But it is still an injustice." The New Brother was stubborn.

"You argue from the standpoint of the man who believes that a man elected or appointed to be Junior Steward has a neck-hold on the job ahead of him," answered the Old Tiler. "According to your idea any Junior Steward who attends lodge and does his work ought to be elected to the succeeding position each year as a reward of merit. Actually the job, not the man, is important. The good of the lodge is more important than the reward for the man."

"You don't realize that Masonry is bigger than the individual, that the lodge is bigger than its officers, that the positions in line are greater than the men who fill them."

"A Master may make or mar a lodge. If he is a good Master, well-liked, popular, able, attentive to his duties and enthusiastic in his work, the lodge goes

forward. If only enthusiasm and faithfulness recommend him and he lacks ability, and the respect and liking of his fellows, and he has not the equipment to rule, the lodge will go backwards. Smith is a nice fellow, faithful, enthusiastic. But he has more from the neck down than from the ears up. Jones hasn't attended lodge much, but he is a brainy man, accustomed to preside, knows men and affairs, and, if he bears out the judgment of the brethren, will carry this lodge to new heights.

"Smith was given his chance for four years. In that time he could not demonstrate to the satisfaction of his brethren that he would make a good Master. It was a kindness to drop him now and not let him serve two more years. It is hard to be told 'we don't want you,' but the lodge showed wisdom in choosing as Junior Warden a man in whom it believes, rather than merely rewarding faithful effort.

"I am sure the Master made a nice speech to Smith and thanked him for his work. His brethren will show him they like him as a brother if not as a Junior Warden. Smith will not be as peevish about it as are you. He has been a Mason long enough to know that the majority rule is the only rule on which a Masonic lodge can be conducted. He won't understand his own limitations, or believe he couldn't be as good an officer as Jones, but he will bow to the decision of his fellows and keep on doing the best he can. That is Masonry at its best. Politics is often Masonry at its worst, but in the long run the right men get chosen to do the right work. Sometimes it is a bit hard on the man, but the good Mason is willing to suffer for the love he bears his mother lodge."

"As a peeve-remover you are a wonder!" smiled the New Brother. "But I wonder how you'd like to be supplanted by another Tiler?"

"When the lodge can find a better servant, I shall be glad to go," answered the Old Tiler simply. "I try to be a Mason first, and an Old Tiler afterwards!"

JOKE

"I never saw much point in this joke about 'sitting up with the sick,'" began the New Brother to the Old Tiler, "but since I joined the lodge I do. I used to think it was a pretty idea; that a lodge member should sit up with a sick brother seemed real brotherhood. Now I find we don't so I see the joke."

"Do you, now! How keen is your sense of humor?" answered the Old Tiler. "Who told you we didn't sit with our sick friends?"

"Why, no one. But if we did, I'd have heard of it, wouldn't I?"

"Depends on the length of your ears. Yesterday I tried to buy a hat. The salesman showed me one and said it was twenty-five dollars. I asked him where the holes were. 'What holes?' he asked. I told him I meant the holes for the ears of the jackass who would pay twenty-five dollars for that hat. If your ears are long enough, maybe you can hear about our sitting up with our sick friends. But I presume you are hard of hearing?"

"In small towns a few decades ago, nurses were few. When a brother was sick we often sat with him, to cheer him, hand him water or medicine, doing what we could. In modern days there is less need for such help. But don't think we never do. Last month the Master called for volunteers to stay all night in a house where an old lady was dying. Our brother from that house was out of town. The old lady had a daughter and a nurse, but daughter was afraid to be

alone. We had sixteen volunteers, and every night for a week two did their part. All they did was sit there and read, but who knows what comfort they were to that distracted daughter? The old lady finally died and in the day time. It looks as if what we did was wasted effort but the old lady might have died in the night; our brethren were there to help if she did. The daughter knew her husband's brethren were within call so she slept secure in the protection Masonry threw about her.

"You say 'we don't sit up.' Don't confuse 'sitting up' with actually resting erect in a chair. No brother of this or any other good lodge is reported sick but he receives a call from the Master, Warden, chairman of the committee on the sick, or some brother. It makes no difference whether the brother is wealthy or poor, we see what we can do. Most members of the lodge are fairly prosperous citizens, able to look after themselves, but even so sick a member is human enough to value the interest the lodge takes. Knowing that his mighty brotherhood is anxious about him acts as a tonic. The sick man may be too ill to admit us to his bedside, but they tell him about it, and it heartens him.

"I was one visitor and a streetcar motorman was the other on duty last week. We visited an ill banker, president or director in half the companies in town. You never saw a man more pleased than Mr. Rich Man. He had us shown to his room and talked lodge and asked questions and wanted information about the fellows just as if he was a poor man like the rest of us. He happens to be a real Mason as well as a wealthy man. He wrote a letter to the Master and said our lodge visit had done him more good than his

doctor, and wouldn't he please send us or some other brethren again.

"I called on a sick brother too ill to see me. I saw his wife and his home and it was easy to see the brother needed help. He was too proud or his wife didn't know enough to ask for it. So I reported and we sent our own doctor and nurse and paid some bills and generally managed until the brother got well. He paid back every cent, little by little, but he says he can never repay the kindness.

"'Sitting up with a sick lodge member' may be a good alibi for the poker player; I don't know. I have read it in joke papers. But I never thought it funny, because I know how well Masonry does care for her sick, and how much it means to an ill man to have his brother take an interest in him. If you know any sick, tell us. If you hear of any, tell us. And if...say, did you ever visit a sick brother?"

"I never had the chance," defended the New Brother.

"You mean you never made the chance!" countered the Old Tiler. "Will you go to the sick committee and ask for duty, or will i report your name for that duty to the Master? Or do you want to go on thinking it's a joke?"

"I got an earful, didn't I?" responded the New Brother. "You tell me to whom to go!"

INDICTMENT

"Why don't men practice what they preach?" demanded the New Brother of the Old Tiler, walking up and down in the anteroom.

"I dunno, why don't they?" the Old Tiler hooked a chair nearer to his own. "Sit down, son, you remind me of a Marathon."

"I don't want to sit down! I want to know why men profess brotherhood and act like selfish beasts. I want to know why Masons agree to uphold each other in trouble and forget they have any brethren when trouble comes. I want to know why we preach charity and practice personal isolation from the other fellow's woes. I want to know..."

"Don't you also want to know why Masons preach toleration and broad-mindedness and then walk up and down the anteroom like caged lions, spouting intolerance and narrow-mindedness?" inquired the Old Tiler, mildly.

"That was right pat, for you," laughed the New Brother, "but we prate a lot of charity and while we give money enough, we don't do enough personal work!"

"Vague indictment," countered the Old Tiler. "You have something on your chest beside your vest. Suppose you unload?"

"I was put on a sick committee last week," began the New Brother. "And among our sick was a chap named

Brown. We found him in Mercy Hospital. In a ward, he was, with a dozen or so other patients. He was pleased to see us and so appreciative of our visit, it was pathetic. Said if it wasn't for the visits of his brethren he'd go crazy. Said some of us had been to see him every two weeks for several months. Then he pulled me down over his bed and said, "Look here, brother, you look like a regular guy; lemme tell you I am not the only Mason here, There are seven brethren in this ward, all from foreign jurisdictions, and no one visits them!"

"I hunted these chaps out, and I conferred with the committee, and we brought fruit and flowers and took them to all these seven, and five of them cried! And, damn it, I cried, too! Here they were, four of them hardly more than boys, in a strange town, in a strange place, and not a single Mason had hunted them up or said a word to them until we did it. I say we are pikers not to go and see them, and I'm going every week, and the lodge can pay the bills, or I will, but these chaps are going to think at least one brother believes in charity and...I don't mean it as charity, I mean brotherhood and common decency. We preach a lot and do so little and we ought to be ashamed of ourselves and..."

"Whoa!" the Old Tiler grinned. "Back up, son! Your sentiments do you credit. It is true Masonic spirit to comfort the sick, but don't be too hard on the lodge. A lodge is not omniscient, you know. Neither the Master nor the committee on the sick can know of every sick Mason in town. If those seven Masons had written to their own lodges and told the facts, those lodges would have written to us here, and we would have been on the job. Nine times out of ten when a strange

brother in a strange town is sick and no Masons visit him, it's because they don't know he is there.

"Now you have discovered these brethren, you need not keep a monopoly of their care. Tell your story in lodge and you'll start a whole procession of Masons toward Mercy Hospital. We are often apparently careless because we don't know, but that we preach charity and practice its neglect I will not agree. Are you a better Mason than any in our lodge?"

"Why, of course not!"

"Well, are you a better man than any in our lodge?"

"I don't think so!"

"You certainly do talk so!" responded the Old Tiler. "You have been to Mercy Hospital. Your feelings have been touched by visible evidence of suffering and the need for Masonic visits. You are going to give what is needed. But you never did, before you went there. If you took the lodge out there wouldn't they all feel the same way?"

"I suppose they would!"

"Then why damn them because they haven't had your opportunity? You didn't have to wait until you were drawn on a sick committee to go to Mercy Hospital. You just never thought of it. Now you have seen for yourself, you are moved to action. So would any of the rest of the Masons in this lodge be. Be charitable to them, too, as well as to the boys in the hospital. Go inside and tell your story; you'll have plenty of company when you go to the hospital next time."

"How do you know?"

"I visit Mount Alban Hospital every week," said the Old Tiler, a little shyly, "and tell the boys, I know what they do."

"There are times, answered the New Brother, "when I think you should be framed and put on a wall! You are too perfect to be real."

"Oh, don't say that!" cried the Old Tiler, "or I'll think you are trying to borrow a cigar instead of just about to give me one!"

BURDENS

"I am inclined to think that Masons do too much for each other," announced the New Brother.

"Who has been talking too much for you?" asked the Old Tiler.

"Why, no one, that I know of."

"Well, who have you been doing too much for?"

"Well, er- I wouldn't say I have been doing too much. But we all do too much. It gets to be a burden sometimes."

"What do you mean, burden?" countered the Old Tiler.

"A burden is something heavy which you carry, isn't it?" asked the New Brother.

"You think what we do for our brethren is a burden?"

"Sometimes it seems that way. Too many calls on our time. Too many calls on our sympathy. too many calls on our charity. Yes, I think it is a burden."

"Last week I walked to work," answered the Old Tiler. "I don't usually because my rheumatism says walking is too big a job. My legs," his eyes twinkled, "are a burden to me! But that day it was so bright that the old legs forgot to growl, so I walked. I saw a little lad of about ten looking after a small child of about two, who toppled on his nose and yelled. Ten years old picked

up the squalling baby and soothed him, then put him across his shoulders and staggered up the sidewalk with him.

"I asked him, 'Sonny, isn't that child too heavy for you?' 'Heavy?' he answered me, 'Heavy? Why, sir, he's my brother.'

"Little brother would have been too heavy for me—maybe because of my old legs and perhaps because he wasn't my brother! The facts are that one weighed 60 pounds and the other 30 pounds. The stagger and the straining arms were facts. The cheek flushed with effort was a fact. But two years old was a brother to ten, and that made him 'not too heavy.'

"A burden is, after all, what we think it. You would look desperately at the task of carrying a 200-pound sack on your back. But if it were 200 pounds of gold, and it was to be yours after a mile, you wouldn't find it 'too heavy.'

"Years ago a brother of this lodge went to Alaska in the gold rush days. He and his partner had to tramp five miles through a blinding snowstorm and heavy drifts to get food to a starving camp. On the way this brother played out, or thought he did. He told his partner he was all in and they'd better abandon the load and try to get back before they died.

"'Oh, no,' said the partner. 'I'll pull it!' Which he proceeded to do. Whereupon the man who was 'all in' became so ashamed and angry at himself that he stepped back into the sled harness and pulled, too, and together they got the load to camp. It was 'too heavy' only while he thought it was.

"Masonry, my son, is a state of mind. You can't put it on the scales or measure it with a scoop. Because it has no material existence it cannot carry a child of two, or a sack of flour. Its burdens are burdens of the heart.

"Minds and hearts have unlimited strength, if we but know how to call it up. The tired business man who can barely get up the steps at night and falls into bed as soon as dinner is over, forgets the physical weariness if his child is sick. He sits up all night nor thinks it a burden.

"I rather like you, my son; you say what you think. But I cannot agree that Masonry does too much for her brethren, or that anything Masonry or a lodge or an individual brother may do in the name of Masonry is a burden.

"Not all brethren are real Masons, any more than all that looks the part is real gold. Lots of men wear the pin and know the words and give the signs who are but shadow Masons; they are all show on the outside and as full of meat as a balloon. To these, doubtless, there are Masonic burdens. But to the real Mason, any weight which must be carried is not heavy because, 'it's my brother!'"

"I will not be called a Masonic balloon!" objected the New Brother. "As I cannot quarrel with what you have said I will fill that balloon with a new attitude of mind. I will never think a Masonic duty is a burden again."

"It is your Masonic duty, my soon," smiled the Old Tiler, "to give me a cigar if you have it."

"And here is a match and I'll light it for you, too!"
agreed the New Brother.

COULD BE

"I am much disappointed," announced the New Brother, sadly, sitting down beside the Old Tiler during refreshment.

"Disappointed in what?" asked the wielder of the sword.

"Why, Masonry in general, and this lodge in particular," answered the New Brother. "Neither are what I thought they were."

"That's too bad," sympathized the Old Tiler. "Tell me about it."

"My dad was a Mason. He told me how helpful Masonry was and how a lodge stood back of a fellow, and how one brother would go out of his way to help another, and if you were in trouble, a brother would help you out of it. I believed it. But I have been a member here now for some time, and I have seen none of that."

"Been in trouble, son?" asked the Old Tiler.

"I suppose everyone has some troubles."

"Have you been in any real trouble, in which you could have been aided by the lodge had the lodge known of it?"

"That isn't the question," answered the New Brother.

"No, I agree it isn't. So I will ask you the real question," said the Old Tiler, and his lips lost their smile. "How many brothers have you helped since you have been a member? How many shoulders have you slapped? How many men have you gone to and said," Jim, I know you are in trouble, count me in to help because we both belong to the same lodge?"

"Why, how you talk!" replied the New Brother. "I hardly know anyone in the lodge, yet. How would I know whether they were in trouble?"

"The same way they would know if you were in trouble, of course!" answered the Old Tiler. "I am an old man and I have had a lot of trouble, most of which never happened. You complain that Masonry is a failure because you have not personally experienced its helping hand. You admit you haven't needed it. And you also admit you haven't held it out. Brotherhood means the relation between two brothers, not the relation of one brother to another and no comeback. If you can't be a brother, how do you expect a man to be a brother to you? You ask me how you would know if a brother is in trouble. How does anyone know?"

"Here are some stories I heard last week. Brother A, of this lodge, lost his wife two weeks ago. It was in the papers. Two brothers of this lodge sent their wives to his house to look after his children until he could make arrangements for a nurse. Another brother of this lodge failed in business. Lodge action wasn't necessary, but two bankers and a business man went to the poor failure and staked him, and put him on his feet. A brother of this lodge has a boy who is wild. Last week the boy went joy riding with too much

hooch in him and smashed up a car which didn't belong to him. The owner wanted to put the boy in jail, where he belonged, but a brother of this lodge took the responsibility on himself, sent the boy to a farm during good behavior, saved the father from a broken heart and maybe society from a criminal. The home of a brother of this lodge burned down last month. It wasn't insured. He had just paid for it. Ten brothers of this lodge financed his new house; he will pay a dollar a week for life, or something, but he had fraternal help. Three brothers in the lodge tonight are out of work, and with little money. Before they go away someone will see that they get a chance."

"But how do brothers know other brothers are in trouble? They don't get up in lodge and tell it!"

"How did you expect people were going to come and help you if you didn't let them know you needed help?" countered the Old Tiler.

"Why, I just thought maybe someone would have enough interest in me to know..."

"Have you had enough interest in your brethren to know when they were in trouble?"

"I...er...why..."

"You needn't answer. In every lodge are the 'gimme's' and the 'lemme's.' The 'gimme's' are those who want things done, and the 'lemme's' do them. In every lodge are the 'have's' and the 'haven'ts.' It's up to the 'have's' to share with the 'haven'ts.' I take it you are naturally a 'have.' You have money, clothes, a good position. You are not in need of help from your

brother. But some brethren are in need of help from you. It may be a dollar, advice, a word to an influential friend, a loan, it may be some of the things I have told you about. If brotherhood is to mean what you hoped it won't be because you get it, but because you give it. A Masonic lodge should never be an organization from which a man expects to get something. If everyone was disappointed because no one did anything, it would be a failure. It isn't a failure because most real Masons look for the chance to do something for some brother who needs help."

"Some brethren do a lot for idiotic new brothers, just by talking to them!" responded the New Brother remorsefully. "Do you suppose you could slip a dollar to each of those three who haven't any and tell 'em you found it on the floor?"

"Could be," answered the Old Tiler.

"And please believe I don't think it's a failure and the only thing about it which is disappointing to me is myself."

"Could be," answered the Old Tiler.

HEP! HEP!

"Thank you for tiling," smiled the Old Tiler, as he resumed his sword after a trip for ice water. "What are they doing in there now?"

"Fighting like a lot of snarling puppies!" responded the New Brother disgustedly. "My idea of Masonry is not a red-hot discussion every meeting as to whether or not Jim Jones is or isn't, or we ought or ought not, to spend eleven dollars for something or other."

"Go on, tell me what your idea of Masonry is!" the Old Tiler's voice was sardonic.

The New Brother had crossed swords with the Old Tiler before. "Not much I won't, and have you blow my ideas full of air holes!" he retorted. "But you tell me why some lodges pull so well together, have such harmonious conception of their goal, and others, like ours, are always fighting."

"Did you ever see a dog-fight, with only one dog?" asked the Old Tiler. "Did you ever see a boiler explode without too much steam and not enough water in it? Did you ever see a team of horses take a heavy load uphill all pulling different ways?"

"A lodge can't fight unless it has some thing enough to quarrel about. We are having a series of floor fusses because we have about three or eleven alleged brothers who don't know anything about military drill! If they had heard an old drill sergeant say, 'hep, hep, hep,' a few thousand times, they'd get 'hep' to themselves. At first they's be like the soldier

son of the proud old Irish mother watching her boy parade and saying, 'Ah, do yez mind, they is all out o' step but him!' After a while they'd learn that they couldn't keep in step by going as they' please-they'd learn to watch the fellow to the right and the chap to the left.

"In a lodge there are brothers who won't stay in step, not because they can't, but because they are too busy watching their feet to see the other fellow's shoes. Take Biggsby now; Biggsby is the big fellow with the overgrown grip on a nickel, who is forever and always blocking business by insisting on a detailed explanation of every appropriation. He isn't in step. Our lodge is rich enough to spend some money without worrying. Biggsby thinks that if we don't pinch ten cent pieces until they drip coppers, we are going to the Masonic Home!"

"Isn't it right to have someone watch the appropriations?" interrupted the New Brother.

"Watch 'em by all means," answered the Old Tiler, "And kick if anyone tries to slip something over. But watching is one thing and objecting to the wishes of the majority because of private beliefs regarding the sacredness of two-bit pieces is another. No one cares if Biggsby wears out a dollar's worth of shoes saving a ten-cent car ride. They are Biggsby's shoes and that's Biggsby's shoes and that's Biggsby's business. But in lodge he should get in step and not object to lodge expenditures on personal grounds.

"There should be no politics in Masonry, but there never was a lodge that didn't have politics in its elections. If Jim Jones lobbies trying to get Bob Smith

elected, and Frank Robinson spends time and effort to get Bill Brown elected, no special harm was done, unless they keep up their fight after it is won and lost. 'Some people never know when they are licked' is not always a compliment. In a lodge with real spirit, Bill forgets after he loses his fight and works for the successful candidate. In a lodge where Bill isn't 'hep' to his Masonry or himself, he carries a grouch, tries to make the successful chap unhappy, gets in the way of the machinery and generally stirs up trouble.

"You are just beginning in Masonry. You have joined a good lodge. What's happening in there is just a phase. Those fellows will learn, in time, that when ten or forty or four hundred men form a real Masonic lodge, as a body they are something bigger and better than ten or forty or four hundred times the bigness and goodness of the individuals. A true lodge spirit provides a lot of give and not much take. When every member is 'hep' to the other fellows' ideas--when every member makes a distinction between conduct for himself and what his organization should do--when each of us thinks of his fellow-member as his brother in heart as well as in organization, then your lodge develops real lodge spirit and stops foolish fighting."

"I see," answered the New Brother. "A lodge, like a piece of machinery, squeaks if it isn't well oiled. If any part of it is out of order, the whole suffers. And because Masons are human beings, we are not perfect and so no lodge is ever perfect. But we can make our lodges better by sinking individual desires for the good of the organization."

"Well, well!" said the Old Tiler. "Almost do you persuade me you have the makings of a real good..."

But then there were three raps, and the New Brother is still wondering whether the Old Tiler meant to say "fellow" or "Mason" or "officer!"

WAGES

"We ought to revise the ritual. It has so much in it that doesn't apply nowadays..."

"I have heard that said about the Bible, too," the Old Tiler interrupted the New Brother. "What particular part of the ritual do you want changed?"

"Well, for instance, 'and pay the Craft their wages, if any be due.' That doesn't mean a thing today. We pay 'wages' or dues to the lodge- the lodge doesn't pay us wages of any kind."

"Haven't you been present at a Craft payday yet? You sure are out of luck," answered the Old Tiler.

"Why, what do you mean? Have I missed something?"

"If you have been a member of the Craft for six months and haven't received any Masonic wages, you must be among those the fathers of Masonry had in mind when they wrote 'pay the Craft their wages if any be due.' Evidently no wages are due you, or you would have received them.

"I have been a Mason so long I forget what it's like not to be one. I receive my Masonic wages regularly, and always have. Most members of the Craft get their wages regularly. It's a shame you don't work so that some are due you.

"Masonic wages are paid in many coins. Last week my son-in-law lost his job through a

misunderstanding. He is not a member of the Craft. He asked me what I could do. I told his one-time boss the story as my son-in-law told it to me. The boss asked me, 'Is this on the square?' I told him it was.

"I know you for a true four-square man,' he answered. 'Tell the boy to come back.'

"Last year Brother Michby, President of First National, was in the hospital. I went to see him two or three times. Michby never had much of an idea about Masonry before he was so ill; he seldom came to lodge. Now he never misses a meeting. And he never fails to chat with me going and coming, or when I meet him on the street. He is one of my wages; a small act of brotherhood brought Michby to appreciate that the lodge wasn't just words. I don't know how much good he has done since he has been really interested, but I do know that he lays it all to my visiting him.

"Over my bed is an electric light. I read before I go to sleep and reach up and turn it off when I am tired. Both it and the books I read came from Brother Tome, librarian at the big temple. Tome heard me trying to explain the meaning of a symbol and asked me if I had ever read Mackey. It sounds foolish now, but then I hadn't and I said I never heard of him. The light and the books were the answer. Now I am never without a book of some kind, and it's astonishing what even an Old Tiler can read if he reads long enough. Masonic wages, my boy, are worth much fine gold.

"Two years ago my little granddaughter was all smashed up in a street car accident. After I got over the first shock I began to wonder what could be done.

It looked like a illness and a hospital, and nurses and doctors and expenses beyond her father's and my means.

"But I didn't trust the lodge enough. We have seven doctors on the rolls. One of the seven was at the hospital every day. Jim, the florist, kept her room a bower. Maxie, the preacher, brought a different young girl to see her every other day, until she had a wonderful circle of friends. Boys I only knew by sight stopped me on the street or came to the house or hospital, and when she was strong again she always said it was as much because of the loving care everyone took of her grandfather's girl as because of the surgeons. Masonic wages beyond my deserts, my boy, but Masonic wages nevertheless.

"I never learned much in the way of a trade or business. I'll never be much of a financial success. But is there a man in this town who can call more big business men by their front names than I? I once thought it was just because I was Tiler. Now I know it isn't. Michby and Lawyer Repsold and Doctor Cutter, and Harrison of the big department store have asked me to their homes to chat Masonry. I've gone as gladly to the bricklayer and the crossing policeman and the elevator man. When men like these tell me I've meant something in their lives that money can't buy, I don't care so much that I never earned much cash.

"Don't revise the ritual. Masonic wages are those which are paid in love and brotherhood and mutual help and information and inspiration and charity and assistance and being pals. They are worth much more than money. Take the Masonic wages out of a

lodge and you would need to revise the whole fraternity. The payment Masons make to Masons is the most valuable which a man can receive. And you want to revise it out of existence!"

"No, I don't," answered the New Brother. "Now I'll tell you something. Brother Maxie, the preacher, told me to say that to you. He started by telling me how grateful some brother was because I had helped him out of a hole. Maxie asked me if I'd received any Masonic wages yet. When I said I hadn't, he said you were paying off and that the way to get mine was to talk to you about the ritual and- I've been paid"

"You are a pair of rascals!" growled the Old Tiler, but his eyes looked as if he smiled inside.

GOLD AND IRON

"Old Tiler, why are not more Masons, Masons?" asked the New Brother in the anteroom.

"For the same reasons that not more friends are friends, or hot dogs, sausages, I guess," answered the Old Tiler. "You tell me the answer."

"It seems mighty queer to me that we can't make more lodge members feel the inner spirit of Freemasonry," answered the New Brother. "I can't understand it."

"That shows you haven't a very observing pair of eyes or a great understanding of human nature," smiled the Old Tiler. "If this were a perfect world made up of perfect men there would be no need of Freemasonry!"

"Maybe not. But if you can see what I can't, and understand what is hidden from me, tell me, won't you?"

"I'll try," answered the Old Tiler. "A great many years ago there was a great leader of men on earth; I don't know whether it was Guatama Buddha, or Mohammed, or Brahma. No matter what his name was, this great leader and teacher of men wandered in a sparsely settled part of the back country near the sea, hungry and tired and footsore. He had asked several of the country people for aid and shelter but while they were not unkind they also were poor and offered him nothing, thinking him one of themselves.

"At last, however, he found a poor peasant who took him in. The peasant gave him some dry clothes, for his were wet from storm, and shared his crust of bread and his humble cottage. In the morning he gave the wanderer breakfast and a staff to help him on his way.

"What can I do to repay you?' asked the great leader of his host.

"I need no payment. I, too, have been a wanderer and you have both my sympathy and my aid for love only,' answered the peasant.

"Then the great leader told him who he was. 'And because I have power, I will reward you in any way you wish,' he said. 'Choose what you will have.'

"If it is indeed so, oh, my Lord,' answered the peasant, 'give me gold; gold, that I may buy clothes and food and women and wine; gold, that I may have power and place and prominence and happiness.'

"Gold I can give you, but it would be a poor gift,' answered the great leader. 'Who has gold without earning it eats of the tree of misery. And because you have been kind to me I will not give you such a curse. Gold you shall have, but a task you shall do to earn it. You wear an iron bracelet. On the shore of the sea, among many, is a pebble which if you touch it to iron will turn it to gold. Find it, and all iron will be your gold.'

"Hardly stopping to thank his benefactor, the peasant ran to the seashore to pick up pebbles and touch them to his bracelet to see if it would turn to gold. All

morning he ran, picking up pebbles, touching the iron, and then, so that he wouldn't pick up the wrong pebble twice, he tossed the useless pebbles, which were not the magic stone, into the sea.

"After a while the task became monotonous; pick up pebble, touch it to iron, throw it out in the sea- over and over again. So he amused himself with visions of what he would do when he should have won the great wealth. He planned his harem and his wine cellar, pictured the great banquets he would give, thought of the slaves he would purchase and how he would be recognized by all as a rich and powerful noble. Meanwhile, of course, he was busy picking up pebbles, touching them to his bracelet and throwing them into the sea.

"The day wore on. The visions became more and more entrancing, the task more and more mechanical. And at last, just as the sun was going down, the peasant looked at his bracelet- and behold! It was ruddy yellow gold! Some one of the thousands of pebbles he had touched to the iron was the lucky one, the magic one, and because he had been thinking of something else, doing his task mechanically, he cast it into the sea."

The Old Tiler stopped, thoughtfully puffing at his cigar.

"That's a very nice fable," observed the New Brother.

"Much," answered the Old Tiler. "In Masonry we are too much like the peasant. We take the pebbles of the beach, the many who apply to us, touch them to the iron of our Freemasonry and cast them out into the sea of life. Or we take the touchstone which is

Freemasonry and touch it to the iron which is a man, and let him throw it away. Work the simile how you will, what we do is to neglect the newly made Mason; we give him only perfunctory attention. We do our work mechanically. We are letter perfect in our degrees, and too often without the spirit of them. We have ritualists who can dot every I and cross every T, who have every word in place and no wrong words, but who have no knowledge of what they say. I once knew a Grand Master who didn't know what a hecatomb was, and plenty of Masons cannot tell you if the two pillars on the porch were supports for a loafing place or whether they have a spiritual meaning not at all concerned with the porches.

"The reason more Masons do not deserve the title is not altogether their fault. It's our fault! We don't know enough ourselves to teach them; we don't care enough about it to teach them. A good balance in the bank, a growing membership, a free feed, 'nice' degrees- and we call ourselves a successful lodge. But we make only ten men real Masons for every hundred to whom we give the degrees, and the fault is ours, not theirs; my fault, your fault, our fault because we don't study, don't learn, don't care to learn the real secrets of Freemasonry and so cannot teach them."

"There is one who teaches in this lodge," answered the New Brother, slowly, "and one who tries to learn."

"Yes?" answered the Old Tiler. "Who are they?"

"You, who teach, and I, who try to learn," answered the New Brother.

"Humph," grunted the Old Tiler, but his eyes smiled, well pleased.

BEAUTIFUL ADVENTURE

"They are forming a study club in there!" announced the New Brother, disgustedly, to the Old Tiler. "Get all I want of study in school. Can't see why men in lodge want to make a job out of Masonry!"

"Maybe they want to learn something about it," suggested the Old Tiler. "Some people do like to know something about the religion they practice, the organization they belong to, the truths they embrace."

"Is that a dirty dig?" demanded the New Brother. "It isn't deserved. I am not one of those careless Masons who wear the pin and pay dues and end their activity. I attend regularly. I do what I am called upon to do. I learned the work and learned it well. I even learned all the third degree, although it wasn't demanded of me. But to get together evenings in a study club and go all over it again and learn it some more- not for mine!"

"Well, no one is going to hog-tie you and throw you into a study club," answered the Old Tiler. "It's not only a free country, but a free lodge."

"I am properly thankful for it," answered the New Brother. "But I can't understand the complex these fellows have."

"Suppose you change the subject and give me a definition of the philosophy of Masonry," suggested the Old Tiler.

"Why, the philosophy of Masonry is...it's er...why, I suppose it's...I don't know what it is."

"Well, tell me then, what the religion of Freemasonry is?"

"That's easy," laughed the New Brother. "Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man."

"Brotherhood of man cannot be a religion," answered the Old Tiler, "because a religion is a system of belief and worship of Deity. And the Fatherhood of God is taught in a dozen different religions, including the Christian religion, the Jewish, the Mohammedan and most of the pagan religions. You'll have to dig deeper than that for the religion of Freemasonry."

"As that sticks you, you might explain to me the real origin of the letter 'G' in Freemasonry; I don't mean the ritualistic reference to it, but its connection with the symbols of the first and second degrees."

"I didn't know it had any other origin than what we give it in the Fellowcraft degree," answered the New Brother.

"Seems to me there are several things you don't know about this craft work of which you are so self-sufficiently proud to have learned," scoffed the Old Tiler.

"Can you give a history of Freemasonry? Do you know anything about the first Grand Lodge?"

"You mean the one in Jerusalem?"

"No, I mean in London!" was the sharp answer. "Can you tell me anything about Ars Quatuor Coronatum?"

Do you know the story of Price and Coxe and Freemasonry in the United States? Who Morgan was? What Freemasonry had to do with Mormonism? What other patriots besides Washington, Warren, Lafayette and Paul Revere went to a Masonic lodge for help in the revolutionary war?

"Do you know anything of the Egyptian and Syriac origins of any of our ceremonies and symbols? Do you understand the connection of the myth of Isis and Osiris with our lion's paw and Lion of the Tribe of Judah? Do you know why clandestinism is mentioned in our ritual or anything about Cerneauism and other spurious Masonry?

"I know you do not! And therefore, it seems to me that you are among the many to whom attendance in a study club would be of the greatest value.

"Freemasonry is much more than a system of lodges. It is a system of living. It has many secrets to give you...you have learned only the exoteric secrets; the secrets which all initiates are taught. You have nothing more from your Freemasonry than any of the rest. Yet the simple and few secrets given you in your degrees are keys with which to unlock doors behind which lie other secrets of untold value. They cannot be told to you. You wouldn't know how to understand them if you had them told to you. The only way a Mason can learn these, the inner, esoteric secrets of Freemasonry, is to use the keys we give him and unlock the doors and enter the holy of holies himself.

"A man can do this alone. Many men have. A man may study medicine or engineering or stenography or house building or anything else alone, if he has the

wit and the determination so to do. But it's easier to study such things in the company of others and with a teacher. Teaching is an art and so is study. Not all of us know these arts. Hence, we have schools and colleges to help those who want to learn but don't know how."

"A study club is a Masonic school. It makes Masonic study easier. Unfortunately, there are many to whom the word 'study' is anathema; it is connected in their minds with tiresome days in school, when some teacher taught an uninteresting subject uninterestingly. If I should form a club, I'd call it the Beautiful Adventure Club. I'd try to make its members feel that instead of hard, laborious hours studying something, they were setting out on a beautiful adventure to find the end of the Masonic rainbow, to look for the pot of hidden gold, to learn the secrets which may not be told, to get the knowledge that each man must find for himself. That's what the right kind of a study club is; a means of having an adventure which the casual-minded man can never have. But, of course, it's only for the Masons who like adventure and who want to see behind the locked door to which they hold the keys- where are you going?"

"You know perfectly well where I'm going!" retorted the New Brother scornfully. "I am going inside to join that club before they close the list of members! If there are any adventures to have in Freemasonry I want them, and if there are any locked doors I want to open them!"

The Old Tiler smiled. He had been an Old Tiler for a long, long time.

GIFT OF THE MAGI

"What do you think happened to me in there tonight?" asked the New Brother of the Old Tiler.

"Someone give you a dollar?"

"No, of course not!"

"You give someone a dollar?"

"Certainly not!"

"Well, I can't imagine what happened. Men don't usually get as excited as you are except about getting or giving dollars. What did happen?"

"Brother Smith asked me if I would stand for election as Junior Steward in December!"

"Most natural and reprehensible of Brother Smith!" chuckled the Old Tiler. "Of course you told him you would be pleased to do so."

"Why was it natural and why was it reprehensible, and of course I did nothing of the sort!" answered the New Brother.

"It is natural for men to ask their friends if they want office. It is reprehensible, because Masonry is not supposed to have any politics. An election is supposed to be like a wen, something that just grows without and previous warning or conversation! But why didn't you accept with pleasure?"

"I didn't accept at all! What would I want be an officer for?"

"Why not?"

"Why, Old Tiler, you know well enough why not! I have heard you talk before about the responsibilities of office. An officer has to serve at least seven years before he gets to the East in this lodge. He has to learn degrees and attend meetings and go to all funerals and visit the sick and labor instructing candidates and I don't know what all besides. Why should I run my head into any such noose as that? What does the officer get out of it, anyway? Nothing but fifty dollars' worth of square and compasses to hang on a blue ribbon on his coat and for the rest of his life have some Master say, 'You are cordially invited to a seat in the East!' Not for me, thank you!"

"No, very evidently not for you," agreed the Old Tiler. "Did you tell Brother Smith all this?"

"I sure did!"

"What did he say?"

"He didn't say anything. He just looked shocked!"

"I can understand that," mused the Old Tiler, placidly. "Most men are shocked when they go to a friend to do him honor and make him the priceless gift, and he laughs in their faces and calls their gift trash."

"Say, hold on a minute! What are you talking about? He didn't try to give me anything. He tried to wish something on me. He tried..."

"Oh, no, he didn't!" contradicted the Old Tiler. "You are laboring under a misapprehension. You evidently think a lodge has to beg members to be her servants. Such is not the case. The lodge looks around to see which of her sons she shall honor. Through a few men she picked you. Brother Smith came to you with the Gift of the Magi in his hands. Of course, the gift is not his to make, it is the lodge's to make. But just because there is, now and then, the unappreciative, non-understanding member, who would tread on pearls if they were thrown before him, to get at the swill of ease and luxury instead of the jewels of labor and their reward, the lodge allows certain of its brethren to sound out the others before it offers them the position by an election.

"The lodge looks upon the election to the junior end of the line as a signal honor. In all probability, the man elected Junior Steward this year will be the Master seven years hence. At least he can be, if he has ability and love for Masonry and sticks to his job. So the lodge feels that in saying to a brother 'you may be a Master in seven years; at least, we will trust you to try, as we will try you in trust,' it is paying him the greatest compliment outside of an actual election to the East which it can pay. As betrothal is to marriage, so is election to the foot of the line to the Mastership.

"To be Master of a lodge is a position of responsibility. It means work. It means effort. It means trials. It means difficulty. But it also means much in education, in assurance on one's feet, in knowledge of character and strength of will and wit. Being a Master brings great rewards, of which your 'fifty dollars' worth of gold' is but a symbol, not the substance.

"But we all make mistakes, and Brother Smith and I both made one. When he asked me about you, I said you had good stuff in you. So he spoke to you, but you don't want to bring it out for the lodge. That's your business. It was our error. So we will take the better man."

"Why...why didn't you take the better man in the first place?" asked the New Brother.

"Oh, we didn't know he was the better man until you told us so. You had concealed it from us. We thought you had Master's quality in you. Willingness to serve, love of your fellows, desire to be something in Masonry for what it will do for you and what you can do for others; these make a Master's quality. But we were mistaken."

"No, I was mistaken," cried the New Brother remorsefully. "Do you suppose I could unconvince Brother Smith?"

"Not this year," answered the Old Tiler. "You have a year to try."

MIRROR LODGE

"How do you like it now you've been a member six months?" asked the Old Tiler.

"I am discouraged," was the dejected answer of the New Brother.

"Tell me about it," suggested the Old Tiler, leaning his sword against the wall and shifting in his chair.

"Maybe I expect too much. My dad was a Mason and he always thought a lot of it- he was a Past Master and a trustee. He talked much about the friends he made in lodge and the spirit of brotherhood there, and how Masons helped each other. I have found none of that. I come to the meetings and listen to the degrees, of course, but the rest is all talk so far as I can find. I don't know any one in lodge. I am not really a part of it- I just play audience."

"You remind me of a story," grunted the Old Tiler. "A chap came to a wise a man and said, 'I am not popular. People don't like me. They leave when I come around. I like people; I don't like to be unpopular. What's the matter with me?'

"The wise man looked his inquirer over and then said, "What do you do when you are alone?"

"I don't do anything when I am alone,' was the answer, 'I am never alone. I hate to be alone. It bores me. I bore myself. I have to be with people to be happy.'

"The wise man smiled and answered, 'How do you expect not to bore other people if you bore yourself? The man who has no resources to interest himself, cannot interest others. Go, read, think, reflect, get an idea, a personality, a smile, a story, an accomplishment- learn something, do something, be something, amuse yourself, please yourself, interest yourself, and you can please, interest and amuse others!'"

"You mean I find no brotherhood in lodge because I bring no brotherhood to it?"

"You get it!" exclaimed the Old Tiler. "Masonry offers treasure for her children who take it. But it has to be taken. She doesn't stuff her treasures down your throat. Your father was a Past Master. That means he gave years of service to the lodge. He was a trustee- so he was well known, liked, trusted. Men do not get well known, liked and trusted by sitting in a corner listening. They get up and talk, get out and work, do something, serve their fellows, to be known and liked. Your father brought rich treasures of service, interest, ability to his lodge. His lodge gave him back honor, respectability, respect, love. You sit on the benches and listen! We made you a Master Mason but only you can make yourself a good one. We give you privileges- only you can enjoy them. We give you opportunities- only you can use them. We did all we could for you. Now you must prove yourself.

"Many a man comes into lodge expecting a special reception committee, crowding around him at every meeting, saying how glad it is to have him there. Many a man is disappointed. You had our undivided

attention as a candidate, as an initiate, as a Fellowcraft, and when we made you a Master Mason.

"Now it's your turn. We are through with your candidacy- you are now a part of the lodge. Every privilege has a duty attached. When you perform those duties, other privileges await you. If you never perform them, you will get no farther. The responsibility we assumed in approving you as a man worthy to be a Master Mason and sit with us must be shared by you. Your responsibility is to be a good lodge member. There are good Masons who are poor lodge members, but they are not the beloved ones. The beloved lodge members, like your father, finds labor and service and takes his pay in the spirit of fraternity, in the love and admiration of other men, in the satisfaction which comes from playing his part."

"But what can I do- what is my first step?"

"You want to make friends in the lodge?"

"I surely do."

"Then be a friend! I am told that the Master read tonight that Brother Robinson is ill. Go and see him. Old Willis is back at work after being sick a year. Call him up and tell him you are glad. Hungerford just returned from the West. He is out of a job and wants help. Ask him to come and see you. Maybe you can help him, maybe you can't. But if a brother takes an interest in him, he will be heartened and given courage. Ask the Master for a job- he'll use you, never fear. A sister lodge comes to visit us next month. Offer your car to the chairman of the entertainment committee. Bob always has trouble getting enough for

his personal column in the Trestleboard, scout around, learn a few things, tell him them. I understand you play the piano. Offer your help to the choirmaster when he needs someone to take the organist's place. There are one thousand and one ways a chap can make himself known and liked in a lodge. All you have to do is look for them."

"I see..."

"Not yet, you don't! But you soon will. When your eyes are opened you'll see just what you are. And if the reflection is dejection, dissatisfaction, unhappiness, it is because those are you. When you look in the lodge and see yourself happy, busy, well liked, giving service and taking joy in brotherhood as a return, you will know that you are a real Mason, a real lodge member, a real son to a father who learned that the secret of Masonic joy is to give, that it may be given back to you."

"I'll begin now! Don't you want to get a smoke? I'll stay on the door until you come back!"

EYES LIFTED HIGH

"I'm so tired of hearing about brotherhood!" complained the New Brother. "I'm sold on it, but I am weary of hearing it preached!"

"I make my bow to you!" answered the Old Tiler. "All my life, I have wanted to meet the perfect brother!"

"Why, Old Tiler!" cried the New Brother joyfully, "I never expected to hear that from you! Are you too, tired of the preaching of brotherhood?"

"Oh, no!" responded the Old Tiler. "I meant that if you are weary of hearing of brotherhood, you know all about it. The human mind tires of what it has already beheld. We long to hear the new and unknown, to see the strange and the unusual. We tire of that which is well known. You weary of brotherhood, because you know all about it. The man who knows all about brotherhood is, obviously, the perfect brother. So I make my bow!"

"I thought there was a trick in it somewhere!" grinned the New Brother, somewhat shamefacedly. "Of course, I don't know all about it. What I am trying to say is that I weary of being preached at, rather weary of the preaching."

"That is something else!" smiled the Old Tiler. "We all resent being preached at. And I know what ails you—that good brother from the far jurisdiction who spent half an hour talking platitudes. But you should look behind what he says to the motive before you let him weary you. A little boy I know sat down beside me

recently and read me a chapter out of his school history. I knew the history and I knew the boy. I wasn't especially interested in either. But the boy was grateful for some small favor I had done him and because his history was a new story to him, he thought it would please me. I was bored by the history, but pleased with the child's effort to entertain me.

"Brother Small Talk in his dry and uninteresting remarks means to do right. He is an honest and earnest Mason. He is following Oxenham's lovely lines as well as he can, and..."

"Who is Oxenham?" interrupted the New Brother.

"Oh, don't you know him? A poet. Listen..." the Old Tiler stopped for a moment, and then, very softly, quoted: "But once I pass this way. And then... and then the Silent Door swings on its hinges; opens... closes... and no more I pass this way again. So, while I may, with all my might I will essay sweet comfort and delight to all I meet upon the pilgrim way. For no man travels twice the Great Highway, that winds through darkness up to light, through night, to day."

"That's beautiful!" cried the New Brother.

"Indeed it is!" agreed the Old Tiler. "It is the very Shekinah of Brotherhood; the glow of beauty which surrounds that which is holy. Brother Small Talk knows he will pass this way but once, and so, while he may, he essays sweet comfort and delight to all the brethren he meets upon the pilgrim way of Masonry. His idea of 'sweet comfort and delight' is to

spread the doctrine of the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God."

"But," objected the New Brother. "It doesn't spread it to bore people with platitudes. I've heard what he said a thousand times."

"Ah, but now you are criticizing God!" answered the Old Tiler. "Look for the motive. God didn't give him much of a mind or provide him with many ideas. But Brother Small Talk does the best he can. His heart is right and his Masonry is good, and he tries to spread his 'sweet comfort and delight' as he goes along. To him his thoughts are beautiful. They touch his heart. And so, with a pleasant voice and smooth flow of words, he gives them to his brethren, not knowing that they hear nothing that isn't better said in the ritual. Do you know About Ben Adhem?"

"No," answered the New Brother. "Member of this lodge?"

The Old Tiler smiled. "Not exactly," he answered. "He never lived; and yet he will live forever." The Old Tiler quoted softly; "About Ben Adhem, may his tribe increase, awoke one night from a deep dream of peace, and saw, within the moonlight in his room, making it rich and like a lily in bloom, an Angel, writing in a book of gold. Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold, so to the Presence in the room he said 'What writest thou?' The Vision raised its head and with a look made of all sweet accord, answered. 'The names of those who love the Lord.' 'And is mine one?' asked About. 'Nay, not so,' replied the Angel. About spoke more low, but cheerily still, and said. 'I pray thee, then write me as one who loves his fellowmen.'

The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night it came again with a great wakening light and showed the names whom love of God had blessed; and lo, Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

"That is very beautiful, too," said the New Brother, softly.

"Aye, that is beautiful," answered the Old Tiler.

"Brother Small Talk, with his platitudes and his love of his fellowmen is beautiful, too. Look within, my boy, to the motive. Do not judge men by what they do, but by what they try. We all fail; if the Great Architect judged by accomplishment, what a pitiful state would we be in! But if He judges us by what we try, if He regards not our stumbling feet, but our eyes fixed on the star, then will Brother Small Talk meet kindly friends and a great welcome when he approaches the Tiler's door of the rand Lodge above, for his eyes are lifted high!"

"I will never be tired of any man's sincere talk again!" assured the New Brother. And Old Tiler, write me that about the pilgrim way, and Abou, too, will you please?"

The Old Tiler grunted as he reached for his pencil.

LAUGHTER

"If I had it my way," began the New Brother, sitting beside the Old Tiler, "I'd make it a Masonic offense to laugh in the lodge room. We are not as serious about our Masonry as we should be."

"Someone laughed at you, or you are talking to yourself very seriously!" answered the Old Tiler.

"I am not!" cried the New Brother. "I take Masonry seriously! What we do in the lodge room has the sacredness of a religious ceremony. I can see no difference between the sacredness of the Altar of Masonry and the altar of a church, and when I go and see the beautiful windows, and hear the music and watch the choir boys come up the aisle, and hear the minister give out the solemn text- well, you know how inspiring it is. I feel the same way in lodge sometimes, during the more solemn parts of the degrees. But we have a business meeting first and sometimes someone cracks a joke and everyone laughs, and some brethren misinterpret and giggle sometimes in the degrees, and there is some ritual which isn't awe-inspiring and- and I think it should be changed!"

"Well, go ahead and change it!" cried the Old Tiler. "I don't believe that absence of solemnity is a Masonic landmark which can't be changed."

"Of course it isn't, but how can I change it?"

"That's your problem!" smiled the Old Tiler. "You are the reformer, not I. But before I wasted much grey matter, I'd ask myself a few questions. You seem to

like things serious, so this should come easy to you. Then I'd talk to the Chaplain. David is young, but he has common sense.

"It would do you good to go his church. You would find it as solemn and beautiful as any other during the service. But if you went to a vestry meeting you'd see David grin, and maybe someone would tell a ministerial joke. I can't imagine God being displeased about it. Seems to me if he hadn't wanted people to laugh he wouldn't have made so many brethren to laugh at!

"Brother David would tell you that there was a time to be reverent and a time to be happy, and that a church in which people couldn't be happy wasn't much of a church. Ever go to a wedding? Ever see people grin and kiss the bride when it was over? Ever go to a church social? Ever go to the boys' club in a red-blooded church?

"It didn't hurt the church in their eyes, did it? Then why should it disconcert you to have a lodge room treated the same way? Get it out of your head that Masonry or religion is bound up in a room, or a building. It doesn't hurt so long as we don't laugh at the wrong time! It doesn't hurt the solemnity of the Masonic degree that our lodge room is first but a business meeting hall and afterwards maybe a dining room. It is the spirit in which we do our work that counts, not the letter; it is the temple in our hearts which must be kept sacred, not the mere physical confines of brick and stone in which we meet.

"That there should be no cause for laughter during the degrees. But to say we can't laugh in a lodge room is to get the dog by the wrong tail!

"Masonry, my son, is joyful, not mournful. It should be filled with laughter of little children, the happy smiles of contented women, the loveliness of faithful friendship, the joy of flowers and music and song. To make it too serious for smiles, too solemn for happiness, perverts it. If God made sunshine and children and flowers, don't you suppose He wanted the one to dance with the other in the third? If He made happiness and human hearts, don't you suppose He wanted the one to live in the other?

"Masonry is an attempt to live the brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of God. The best of all human fathers can but touch the skirts of the Being who is the All Father. But did you ever see a human father worth his salt who didn't want his children laughing and happy?

"There is a time for work and a time for play. There is a time for degrees and a time for refreshment. There is a time for business meetings and a time for ritual. There is a time for laughter and for joy as well as a time of solemnity and reverence. The one is just as important as the other."

"I wish just once," said the New Brother, "I could start something with you which I could finish!"

"Try offering me a cigar!" suggested the Old Tiler.

PEP

"It's a wonderful idea! I'm strong for it, strong!" cried the New Brother to the Old Tiler in the anteroom.

"Tell me about it!" begged the Old Tiler. "Wonderful ideas are rare!"

"A lot of us think the old lodge needs pepping up. We go along in the same old way, never doing much of anything different; just making Masons and having little lodge room talks and all. So we thought- Smitty and Bunny and Wilmot and a few others and I- that we'd start something. We plan to hire a boat and take the lodge down the river and have a special dispensation to hold a third degree and feed out on the water. We'll hire a band, all Masons, of course, and probably have an entertainment afterwards; maybe we can get some high divers and hold a swimming race, too."

"It is a wonderful idea," commented the Old tiler, "but you don't carry it far enough."

"I thought maybe you could add to it," said the New Brother, enthusiastically. "What would you suggest?"

"I think a small boat in the river is undignified. Why not hire an ocean liner? Why not go halfway to Europe, and instead of having diving and swimming matches, get a couple of whales and have a real whale of a time? Or you might be able to get Uncle Sam to lend you a couple of submarines."

"I wouldn't hire just a Masonic band. Get three or eleven bands, and have a competition to see which can blow the loudest. Hold all three of the degrees at once; the first in the hold, the second on deck and the third up in the crow's nest. That would be different and exhilarating. Don't be a piker! If you are going to innovate, innovate right!"

"Why, you are laughing at me! Don't you think it's a good idea to put pep in the lodge? Didn't the Shriners hold an initiation in a cave, and another in the locks at the canal, and didn't our ancient brethren hold their lodges on hill and in valleys and..."

"The Shrine did, and does, and will again, more power to it. The Shrine is a modern organization, with no need to uphold ancient traditions. The Shrine is a fun-loving organization, the playground for Masonry, and Masons; it thrives in the new, the different, the novel, the startling. I love the Shrine, and everything it does. I love a good comedy, too, but I don't like to see a minister pulling funny stuff in the pulpit. And what is fine for the Shrine is poor for the lodge.

If our ancient brethren held their meetings on hills and in valleys, it was because they had no buildings. Had we no temples we would do the same. But our ancient brethren didn't go out under the stars to be 'peppy,' nor should we.

"Somewhere or other in Shakespeare (I think it's Henry IV) are the lines, 'Fickle changelings and poor discontents, which gape and rub elbow at the news of hurley-burley innovations.' There are 'poor discontents' who are dissatisfied unless they are amused, but they are not devoted lodge members.

"I can't say much for your idea. Trying to put 'pep' into Masonic degrees is like painting a statue or putting perfume on a flower, or having red fire and a brass band at a funeral.

"Masonry is sacred and beautiful. It is beautiful with age that has mellowed and softened it, and given it the tints and colors of the glory of service. Could you improve the Grand Canyon with better colors than nature gave it? How can you improve a lodge meeting with a boat, a brass band and a diving contest? When you go on your knees to tell your Creator, do you play the phonograph, dance a jig and tell a funny story to put 'pep' in the performance?

"Masonry is much more than a lodge meeting. It is selflessness, brotherhood, charity, toleration, veneration; it is the sweet and quiet influence, which makes a brother more than a mere lodge member; it is an expression of the divine will to make men better. You cannot aid it with a boat trip or a brass band, my son; you cannot help it by innovations. You must take it or leave it as it is; that which has endured for centuries needs no such artificial stimulation."

"But don't you believe in entertainment or excursions or play?" asked the New Brother.

"Of course! Hire a boat, get a band, hold a diving contest, make merry, by all means. Have a lodge picnic, blow-out, whatever you will, and I'll help you. But don't spoil it by trying to make it into a lodge meeting, and don't spoil a good meeting by trying to make it a picnic.

"We are taught to have refreshment. But we are not taught to mix labor and refreshment. It is first of the ancient laws that it is beyond the power of any Mason to change ancient laws. Find me any authority in the ancient laws for holding a third degree in a boat with a brass band and a diving contest and I'll help you. Otherwise, I'll try to keep the old lodge just as she is and save your pep for the excursion you want to give and don't know it!"

"Something tells me this proposition will not be popular if I bring it up in lodge, unless I make it plain it's an excursion and not an attempt to put 'pep' in the degrees," answered the New Brother.

"Something tells me you are right, son," answered the Old Tiler.

ANONYMOUS

"The nicest thing happened in lodge tonight," began the New Brother enthusiastically to the Old Tiler in the anteroom. "I don't know when I have been more touched."

"Tell me about it," suggested the Old Tiler.

"Brother Wells said he had received an anonymous letter from some brother of the lodge inclosing a \$5.00 bill, which was to go towards buying a birthday present for Brother Wells' boy. He told us about his boy being injured in an automobile accident and how he has struggled with the doctor's bills. He said he had bought the boy some books with it; and that it would be the biggest part of the lad's birthday. When he thanked the unknown brother, I would have cried if I wasn't a pants wearer."

"Why did the unknown brother send his gift anonymously?" inquired the Old Tiler.

"Oh, didn't I tell you? that was the prettiest part of it. The letter said the present wasn't from any one in particular, just from the 'Masonic spirit' and came because the 'agent'--that's what the anonymous brother called himself--had benefited from instructions received from Brother Wells. Wells is always instructing someone, so he can't tell which of dozens of men sent it."

"That was a nice thing to do," agreed the Old Tiler.
"Brother Peters' work bearing more fruit."

"Peters? Peters? I don't think I know him..." the New Brother considered thoughtfully.

"He's dead ten years," explained the Old tiler. "You never saw him in lodge, but he started the idea. He made a talk once in lodge about lodges not being Christian or Jewish or Mohammedan, just Masonic. He didn't see why Masons shouldn't observe the lovely things in any religion. He didn't want to inject religion into the lodge, he would like to see the brethren take part in the generosity taught in all religions.

"Brother Peters had a comfortable income; could afford it. But it cost him some effort. And gradually we found out about it by comparing notes and asking questions. Brother Peters had made himself the lodge benefactor. He learned which brethren were poor and had children, and he sent them all birthday gifts. He always had a list of the sick, and they all had flowers and visits. If a widow didn't have much she got a ton of coal or a cord of wood, or some man appeared and told her he had been hired by the Masonic Society to clean off her snow. But no one knew, until his talk started us investigating, that he was the individual who had made this lodge a Giver with a capital G. He'd draw a square and compasses on the package, or just a letter G, beside the address. He had a lot of fun out of it. When he died, he had the biggest funeral this town ever saw.

"The anonymous five dollar bill must have come from Brother Peters—someone else was indeed the agent, but it was Brother Peters' idea here. Of course it wasn't his originally.

"It's a pretty idea too--using Masonry to make someone happy. Some brother who doesn't expect a visit from you--you go and see him on his birthday, just to let him know you are thinking of him; think of the joy he'd have. Half a dozen boxes of flowers sent to as many hospitals marked for birthdays would give sick people a lot of pleasure. A few small greenbacks, sent like Brother Wells received his, without a name, but with a letter; can you imagine anything more joyful?"

"There is no taint of alms about a birthday gift--the proudest of the poor might be happy to be so remembered. I recall one old lady who got money from someone in this lodge once--there was nothing in the envelope except the ten spot and a card saying 'Birthdays should be merry; the lodge hopes yours will be.' I knew her--she insisted I find out who did it, so she could thank him. Of course I couldn't. But I have always thought that whoever he was and is, he and Brother Peters found out more about how to have a good time than most of us know."

"There isn't any patent on the idea, is there?" demanded the New Brother. "I can do that if I want to, can't I?"

"Of course you can," responded the Old Tiler.

"Will you find out and tell me where to send them?"

"I will not. If I did the work, you wouldn't have the fun. Besides, I supervise no brother's gifts. The Master will tell you..."

"You said it wasn't Brother Peters' idea originally.
Whose idea was it, in the very beginning?"

"Someone who said, 'inasmuch as ye do it unto the
least of these, my brethren...'"

"Oh!" said the New Mason. And again, "Oh!"

MUSIC

"It's a shame! Our music! We don't get nearly what we pay for!" complained the New Brother.

"Is that so!" exclaimed the Old Tiler. "I thought Brother Henderson trains and leads a very good quartette."

"Brother Henderson, I suppose, is a competent musician," answered the New Brother, "but he hasn't much voice. People who can't sing ought not to. Why did the Master appoint him? We pay for our music; why can't we get it?"

"I take it then, if you were Master, you would not have reappointed Brother Henderson director of the choir?"

"I certainly would not!"

"And how would that have affected Brother Henderson?"

"Oh, I'd be sorry for the poor chap, of course. But age must give way to youth. He can't expect to sing forever."

"How would it affect the membership of the lodge not to have him there?"

"It would affect them pleasantly. We'd have good music, without his quivery voice."

"My son," answered the Old Tiler. "You are right in theory and wrong as to practice. Perhaps I can make you see better. Brother Henderson's voice is not what

it once was. But Brother Henderson is still Brother Henderson.

"Not long ago I was so unregenerated as to go to a ball game. A once great pitcher was on the mound and they pounded him all over the lot. When they took him out to give place to a younger man, there was heartier cheering than when the game was won. The cheers were for what the old pitcher was in days gone by; the joy he had given, the work he had done, the manly way he played the game.

"John L. Sullivan was more famous in defeat than in victory; fight fans revere the memory of Lanky Bob Fitzsimmons, no less that he was finally supplanted in the ring by a younger man, because of the fair, square, hard hitting, honest fighter he always was.

"Brother Henderson has done something for Masonry. Year after year he has directed the choir and sung in this lodge. We pay him a pittance, but what he has given is not paid for by money. Never the funeral, no matter how cold or dreary the day, that Brother Robinson hasn't given the comfort of his voice to those who mourn. Never the entertainment for charity that Brother Henderson has not sung himself hoarse for. Never the sick man getting well that Brother Henderson didn't appear at his house to sing some cheery songs.

"I have seen Brother Henderson at a funeral sing with dry eyes when I knew his heart was breaking up for some brother he loved; why? To comfort those who remained. I have known him to sit up many a night with the ill. He is the first to respond to any call of distress. He is a Mason through and through. And I'll

tell you a secret he doesn't know I know. The checks he gets from lodge for singing he signs over to the charity fund.

"Brother Henderson has not a good voice now. But we are a lot of old timers. We take in new members slowly. All the old timers love Brother Henderson. They would rather have Brother Henderson on the job than in the shade of Caruso to lead the choir. For every cracked note he sings, they see a cracked heart he mended. For every false note he sounds they remember a false step he corrected for some wayward brother. For every husky note he whispers they see the husky strength with which he has served the Craft through nearly sixty years.

"If you want to be unpopular, just say something to any of our membership about Brother Henderson retiring.

"Brother Henderson isn't perfect. He's human. And, like all singers, he hates to admit his voice isn't what it was. But what does it cost us? We pat him on the back and tell him how beautiful his voice is, and how we enjoy it, and Brother Henderson is heartened and encouraged in his declining years.

"He would work just the same if we took him off the choir, but he would be cut to the heart to think we didn't like his voice any more; the voice he wore out in our service and for the comfort and the strengthening of his brethren.

"If we were a commercial organization we might have to think of value received! But we are brethren who love and comfort each other. What Brother

Henderson has done entitles him to whistle in the choir, if he wants to; and he could direct and never sing a note, and we would still tell Brother Henderson that his voice is lovely! For that kind of a lie the Great Architect loves, my son; even as He must love Brother Henderson and... where are you going in such a hurry?"

"To a committee room, to see how many times I can kick myself in five minutes, and then to tell Brother Henderson his solo touched my heart...only, Old Tiler, it is you who touched it!"

The New Brother gulped as he went to kick himself; but the Old Tiler grinned.

COUNTRY LODGE

"It was the funniest thing I ever saw!"

"What was?" asked the Old Tiler of the New Brother.

"That lodge meeting I attended in Hicksville. Listen, and I'll tell you!"

"I'm listening. Anyone who can find a lodge meeting funny deserves to be listened to!" answered the Old Tiler.

"The lodge room was funny!" began the New Brother. "Lodge rooms ought to have leather-covered furniture and electric lights, a handsome painting in the east, an organ - be dignified, like ours. This lodge room was over the post office. There were two stoves in it. And every now and then the Junior Deacon put coal on! The Lesser Lights were kerosene lamps, and the Altar looked like an overgrown soap box! The benches were just chairs, and they didn't have any lantern or slides- just an old chart to point to in the lecture.

But it wasn't so much the room, it was the way they did their work. You'd have thought they were legislating for a world, not just having a lodge meeting. Such preciseness, such slow walking, such making every move and sign as if it were a drill team. There wasn't a smile cracked the whole evening and even at refreshment, there wasn't much talking or laughing. I'm glad to belong to a lodge where people are human!"

"Yes," answered the Old Tiler, "I expect it is."

"Expect what is?"

"Impossible for a New Brother to understand the work of a country lodge," answered the Old Tiler. "What you saw wasn't funny. Listen- it is you who are funny."

"Me funny? Why, what do..."

"I said for you to listen!" sternly cut in the Old Tiler. "I have never been to Hicksville, but I have visited in many country lodges and your description is accurate. But your interpretation is damnable!"

"Masonry is beautiful, truthful, philosophical, strives to draw men closer to God, to make them love their fellow, to be better men. Is that funny? The more regard men have for outward symbols, the more apt they are to have regard for what is within. A man who won't clean his face and hands won't have a clean heart and mind. A man who is slovenly in dress is apt to be slovenly in his heart. A lodge which reveres the work probably reveres the meaning behind the work.

"You criticize the Hicksville Lodge because it is too precise. Would that our own was more so! The officers who have so deep a regard for appearances can only have learned it through a thoughtful appreciation of what the appearances stand for.

"You have been taught that it is not the externals but the internals which mark a man and Mason. What difference can it make whether a lodge seats its membership on leather benches or chairs, or the floor, or doesn't seat them at all? Our ancient

brethren, so we are taught, met on hills and in valleys. Think you that they sat on leather benches, or the grass?

"It's good to have a fine hall to meet in. It's a joy to have an organ and electric lights and a stereopticon to show handsome slides. But all of these are merely easy ways of teaching the Masonic lesson. Doubtless Lincoln would have enjoyed electric lights to study by, instead of firelight. Doubtless he would have learned a little more in the same time had he had more books and better facilities. But he learned enough to make him live forever.

"We teach in a handsome hall, with beautiful accessories. If we teach as well as the poor country lodge with its chairs for benches, its kerosene lamps for Lesser Lights, its harmonium for organ, its chart for lantern slides, we can congratulate ourselves. When we look at the little lodge with its humble equipment, thank the Great Architect that there is so grand a system of philosophy, with so universal an appeal, as to make men content to study and practice it, regardless of external conditions.

"I do not know Hicksville Lodge, but it would be an even bet that they saved up money to get better lodge furniture and spent it to send some sick brother South or West, or to provide an education for the orphans of some brother who couldn't do it for his children. In a country lodge you will get a sandwich and a cup of coffee after the meeting, in place of the elaborate banquet you may eat in the city; in the country lodge you will find few dress suits and not often a fine orator, but you will find a Masonic spirit, a feeling of

genuine brotherly regard, which is too often absent in the larger, richer, city lodge.

"I find nothing 'funny' in the dignity and the seriousness of our country brethren. I find nothing of humor in poverty, nor anything but sweet Masonic service in the Junior Deacon putting coal on the fire. Would that we had a few brethren as serious, to put coal upon our Masonic fires, to warm us all."

"You've put coals of fire on my head!" answered the New Brother, "I deserved a kicking and got off with a lecture. I'm going back to Hicksville Lodge next week and tell them what they taught me through you."

"If you won't expect me to laugh, I'll go with you!" answered the Old Tiler, but his eyes smiled.

FOOLISH QUESTIONS

"Jones is a nut!" remarked the New Brother to the Old Tiler. "I went with him yesterday to look up an applicant for membership. I didn't know much about such things, so I let him do the talking. And the questions that man asked!"

"What did he want to know?"

"First, he wanted to know what kind of job the applicant held, how long he had been there, where he had worked before, was he satisfied, did he like his boss, how much he made and whether he saved any of it or spent it all!"

"Quite right, too," commented the Old Tiler. "He wanted to know if the applicant was a solid citizen, able to pay his dues and unlikely to become a charge on the lodge. Chap who holds a job today and leaves it tomorrow for another is apt to be an applicant for charity."

"But that's one of the things a lodge is for- charity," said the New Brother.

"To its members who are in need, yes," answered the Old Tiler. "But no lodge willingly takes in members who may need charity. Masonry is not a crutch for the indigent. It is a staff for those who go lame in life's, journey, but when a man starts out lame he has to get crutches from some other institution."

"He asked, 'Why do you want to become a Mason?' that seemed to me an impertinence. A man's reasons for wanting to join Masonry are no business of ours."

"Is that so!" answered the Old Tiler. "Son, you know so many things that are not so! I have been on the petitions of a great many men and that is always my first question. I have heard many answers. Some men want to join because their fathers were Masons. Some think it will help them in life. Some frankly say they want to make friends so they can be successful. Others think that Masonry will help them in their religion. Still others want to be Masons because they want to belong to a secret society."

"But why is that our business?"

"A man who wants to join a fraternity because his father belonged, is good material," answered the Old Tiler. "He wants to imitate his father. As his father was a Mason it is probable that he was a good man. If the applicant desires to imitate a good man, and thinks we can help him, his motives are worthy. The man who wants to become a Mason to stiffen his religious belief is not a good candidate. Masonry demands no religion of its applicants, merely a belief in Deity. A man with religious convictions which are slipping and looks for something to prop them up, should go elsewhere than the Masonic Altar. Asking nothing but a belief in God, we have a right to demand that that belief be strong, well-grounded, unshakable, and beyond question."

"The man who says he wants to join the Masonic order because he wants to belong to a secret society doesn't get asked and more questions! He is through

right there. Masonry is no haven for curiosity seekers. The chap who thinks Masonry will make him friends who will help him in his business gets nowhere with a good committee. Masonry is not a business club. Imagine a man going to a minister and saying: 'I want to join your church so I can sell lawn mowers to your members.' Would the minister want him? Masonry is not a church, but it is holy to Masons. Masonry is a bright and shining light in a man's heart which must not be sullied by profane motives. To attempt to use Masonry for business is like using the Bible to sit on - diverting from the proper purpose that which should be held sacred.

"The man who answers that question by saying, 'I have always heard of Masons as men who receive help in being good men; I would like to have the privilege of becoming a member,' is approaching the matter in the right spirit. Masonry doesn't hunt the man, the man must hunt the lodge. And he must hunt with a pure motive, or cannot join any good lodge, with a good committee. The motive is vitally important. We want to know if he can afford \$50 for a fee and \$5 a year for dues. If they have to rob their children to join we have no use for them. We want to know if a man stands well with his fellows outside the lodge; if so he is apt to stand well with them inside. If he has few friends and those of doubtful character, the chances are he is not good timber for us.

"Masonry is what we make it. Every good man who comes into a lodge helps the fraternity. Every insincere man, every scoffer, every dishonest man who gets into lodge, injures the fraternity. Masonry can accomplish good in the hearts of men only as it is better than they are. When it becomes less good than

the average man, the average man will not want to join, and Masonry's power will be gone.

"The price of liberty, so we are told, is eternal vigilance. The price of quality in a lodge is eternal care by the investigation committee. An important job, it should be approached with the idea that the future of the lodge and of Masonry to some extent rests on the man making the investigation.

"Hm. Thanks. See you later."

"You're welcome- but what is your hurry?"

"Got to find Jones and tell him I'm the nut. Then ask the Master to let me go with him again and see if I can't see something else in his questions besides foolishness!" answered the New Brother.

ODD

"Of all the odd things in Masonry," began the New Brother to the Old Tiler in the anteroom, "the oddest is why men want to become Masons."

"Meaning what?" asked the Old Tiler.

"Well, Masonry is serious," explained the New Mason. "Why should it appeal to men who are not serious?"

"But in Masonry is good fellowship, and fun, and mutual help and a good time... lots of people go to church for the associations they get, rather than any desire to take part in the service. Some come to a Masonic lodge for what they get, and watch the degrees as a necessary penalty.

Some men find in the lodge the satisfaction of an instinct. A good brother of this lodge is a motorman on a street car, a silent job. He has been street railroading all his life, and never has had a chance to talk much. In the lodge he found his feet, and discovered that he could stand on them and use his mouth at the same time. He became a fine ritualist, and has been Master. He is now a certified instructor. Masonry provided him with an opportunity to use gifts nature gave him, but which his job denies him.

"Another Mason I know finds the greatest joy in his lodge as the charity committee chairman. His business in life is being a turnkey in a jail! He lives his waking hours standing guard over criminals; in the lodge he comes into contact with the softer side of life. He is an excellent man on the committee. He

know when folks are in distress and when they are shamming. He is charitably minded and Masonry gives him an opportunity to indulge that side of his nature.

"One brother gets great joy in the fun he makes during business meetings. He is a wit; and his remarks usually cause a gale of laughter. He is an undertaker, and can't wear a smile from the time he gets up until he comes to lodge!

"Some men find the lodge an outlet for their gregariousness, which shyness prevents them from expressing elsewhere. Meeting on the level they are not embarrassed. No one in lodge cares if you have a lot of money or none. So the little fellow who never made much of a commercial success enjoys being just as good, in his own eyes and that of the brethren in the lodge, as anyone. It's a provider of self respect.

"But none of these are the real reason why so many men cannot get along without Masonry."

The Old Tiler paused to light a cigar.

"What's that?" inquired the New Brother.

"It's a compound, not a simplicity," returned the Old Tiler. "Take ten parts reverence for what is old, add twenty parts of love of one's kind and common humanity, stir into it the religious complex which is fifty percent of any man's underlying motives, though a lot of them don't know it, and sprinkle with twenty parts of the habit of doing what the other fellow likes to do. Scientists call it the herd instinct- and you have about

my conception of why the average man loves
Masonry."

"That's not too exalted an ideal, is it?" Objected the
New Brother.

"Few men have exalted ideals!" countered the Old
Tiler. "I didn't say that was the best reason, I said it
was the of the average man. I know three Chaplains
of lodges who say it rests them to come to a place
where preachers of the Word of God can worship Him
without dogma or creed. I have been a Mason for
more years than you have lived. I haven't been a Tiler
all that time. But I have never seen an irreverent
action in a lodge, or known a man who felt irreverent
about his lodge symbols and ceremonies.

"It is a comfort that so many Freemasons find in lodge
spiritual help, a touch of religion, a feeling or reality to
their relations with Deity. Few of them say it. A large
number do not consciously think it. For every man
who says religion and Masonry mean the same thing
to him a hundred feel the religious appeal of the lodge
and don't know to what they respond."

"I don't know that it's so odd as I thought it was,"
mused the New Brother.

"The oddest part of it," suggested the Old Tiler,
evenly, "is that you think there was something odd
about the appeal of Freemasonry to anyone!"

"You are right!" assured the New Brother. "But I'm all
even now!"

THE HALLOWED OLD

"Old Tiler, let's start a campaign to buy new jewels and furniture." "I have heard that before," answered the Old Tiler to the New Brother. "What's the matter with our jewels and our furniture?"

"So old-fashioned!" returned the New Brother, disgustedly. "I visited Corinth Lodge last night, in their beautiful new temple. All new paint, new mahogany furniture, new leather, bright and shining new jewels and all. It rather made me ashamed of our outfit."

"But Corinth is a new lodge," protested the Old Tiler.

"And this is an old one," retorted the New Brother. "Why should we let the new lodges beat us?"

"We don't. We have them beaten seven ways," returned the Old Tiler, puzzled. "Our old furniture and jewels are beautiful in themselves, and are hallowed with age and memories."

"Don't you believe in lodges making progress and getting new things? Can't we outgrow our temple?" asked the New Brother.

"We can. I doubt if we have. But a new temple is one thing, and new fittings quite another. The only beauty in modern fittings is their newness. There is no musk of age about them; no feeling of these having watched Masonic sights which have been worth seeing. We may have a new temple someday but when we give up our hundred-year-old Master's chair and the crude jewels our officers have worn more

than a hundred and twenty years I want to see it from the Grand Beyond."

"Well- I never thought of it that way..."

"You are not the only one, retorted the Old Tiler. "Let me tell you a little story. In 1789, I think it was, a lodge in Trenton, N.J.- Trenton No. 5- built a temple. It is two stories high. Below is one big room, probably a refreshment room. Above is a lodge room. Atop that, an attic. Built of stone it was, and built to last.

"Trenton Lodge grew much too big for the little lodge room. In 1867 the old building became a school. Later it was used for commercial purposes, The brethren of Trenton Lodge, in those days, were too close to their old home to know what they were doing to it. They let it go.

"Years passed, and sentiment grew. Trenton began to make parks and change its streets. The old Masonic building was to be torn down to make room for a street. By now sentiment was all to the fore. So the Grand Lodge picked up the old building, lock, stock, and barrel, and moved it to land it owned, and laid another cornerstone with impressive ceremonies in 1915. Now the old building is a house of Masonic and patriotic relics, carefully and lovingly restored. Much of the old furniture was recovered. The East, a niche in the wall, had been boarded up to make a square room. That sacrilege was removed. The ceiling had been papered; when it was repapered, they found a sculptured sun, with radiating rays, directly above the Altar and seven stars, and a moon. They had been lovingly restored.

"Lafayette and Washington trod the boards in that floor. The old building was made when memories of Washington crossing the Delaware were fresh. The old jewels of the lodge are carefully preserved. If you were a member of Trenton Lodge No. 5, would you want to see all this thrown away for a new outfit?"

"Well, er- no. But does Trenton Lodge meet there?"

"No. They meet in a new temple immediately adjacent to the present site of the old building. Trenton Lodge has a vast pride in this ancient possession; it is a Mecca for the visiting Mason. Perhaps our old lodge will become such someday.

"I am an old man, and I love old things. I try to be progressive; I am accustomed to electric lights and steam-heat. But I could never be reconciled to diamond-set jewels for Master and Wardens. The Bible on the Altar our first Master gave us four generations ago is hallowed to me. I believe in progress, in comfortable meeting places and settings worthy of Masonry. But let us not discard the old merely because it is old. Let us cherish the hallowed old; when great history, patriotism, sacrifices, accomplishments are woven into the old, then should we cherish them.

"Such a lodge as this lodge. To wear the jewel a hundred Masters have worn is an infinitely prouder joy than to wear for the first time the newest and most elaborate jewel. To take an obligation on a Bible on which thousands have been obligated is holier, though not more binding, than to do so on a new Book.

"Let us have a new temple when we must; let us even have new carpets and new lights. But let us keep our old and time-worn jewels; let us stick to our old Bible; let us keep our memories and those objects around which memories cling, for of such stuff are the dreams of men. When a man thus dreams, his Freemasonry touches the heart because it comes from the heart."

"You ought to have been- why, Old Tiler, you are a poet!" cried the New Brother.

"Humph!" snorted the Old Tiler. But he fingered his old sword, not unpleased.

MASONRY IN BUSINESS

"How many brethren in this lodge are worth a hundred thousand dollars?" inquired the New Brother of the Old Tiler in the anteroom.

"I don't know. Jones and Brown and Robinson and Hitchcock, certainly, and perhaps Wilson and Moore. You want to make a touch?" The Old Tiler looked curiously at his questioner.

"A friend of mine is interested in forming a company," answered the New Brother, "and I intend to invest with him. As I want to see it succeed, I'll go to see all the wealthy men and ask for subscriptions. We are going to manufacture a patent elevator device, that..."

"Why confine your list to those in this lodge? There are more men with money outside the lodge than in it."

"But I have no right to ask them to invest money in a company just because I am interested in it!" The New Brother looked very virtuous.

"Have you right to ask brethren to spend money on your behalf because you belong to the lodge?" The Old Tiler looked shocked.

"Why, of course. We are brethren, are we not? Brethren help each other, don't they?"

"I see no reason why any brother should spend money exploiting an invention, just because you are interested.," answered the Old Tiler. "Masonry is not

intended to influence a man's business. If these brethren think well of the invention they will invest. If they don't think well of it, they won't. Masonry does not enter into the matter."

"But it would mean much to me and to my friend, if this company should succeed and make a lot of money!" explained the New Mason.

"Suppose it doesn't succeed, and loses a lot of money?" suggested the Old Tiler. The New Brother began to write in his notebook.

"That won't happen," he answered as he scribbled. "This is bound to succeed. But any business man takes a risk in any company in which he invests."

"Now we get to the root of the matter!" exclaimed the Old Tiler. "They are to help you, because of their Masonry, which is mutual with you both; but if they lose, that's because they took a risk!

"If the company was to develop a Masonic property or build a temple, I could see that your common Masonry might make an appeal. But I see no reason for anyone to buy stock in your company except a business reason.

"A mutual lodge membership may serve as an introduction between any two men to discuss anything of interest to one, in which he hopes to interest the other. Your mutual lodge membership is a guarantee the other man will receive a welcome. It ought to guarantee the other man that you will not abuse his time and confidence by taking up the one to exploit the other. He has the same right to expect

consideration from you that you have to expect consideration from him. But you have no right to expect him to suspend his business judgment just because you are both Masons.

If you have what you believe is a good proposition, and, therefore give your Masonic friends an opportunity to make some money, your motive in listing the wealthy members of this lodge is commendable. But you have no such idea. You hope they will win, and so, help you to win. But if they lose, that's their lookout. That is not Masonic.

"Masonry does not butt into a man's business. Only insofar as it guarantees that a brother is honest is it a help in business. As it promises mutual esteem and helpfulness it smooths the business path. But when you use Masonry to make the other fellow do something financial which he otherwise wouldn't do, it is not a proper use of Masonry. Ask your friends to help you- that's what friends are for. But don't ask strangers, merely because they are fellow lodge members, to risk their money unless you are willing to begin not using Masonry as a means to private gain! Your friends will help you- brethren not close friends expect you to treat them in a brotherly way. It's not brotherly to go to wealthy strangers and say, 'I want some money from you, because we are both Masons!'" The Old Tiler stopped, short of breath.

The New Brother looked up from his busy writing, "I could hardly keep up with you!" he exclaimed. "You talked so fast. But I'm sure I got most of it. This will make a dandy speech!"

"Speech?"

"Certainly. I have no intention of getting any subscriptions from anyone. I was after material for a talk I have been asked to give on Masonry in Business!"

"Upon my word!" cried the Old Tiler. Then he chuckled, "I hope you will see that I am invited inside to hear it," he said good-naturedly.

DISCOUNTS

"You know Briggs, the tobacco man?"

"I buy my cigars from him," answered the Old Tiler.

"Have a cigar that Briggs didn't sell!" answered the New Brother, offering his case. "I have bought my last one from Briggs!"

"Too expensive?" asked the Old Tiler. "Thank you for a match, too, I'll supply the habit, though!"

"Much too expensive!" agreed the New Brother. "Briggs is a member of this lodge and I wanted to give him my trade, but he doesn't appreciate it."

"I always found old Briggsy a very decent sort of chap," answered the Old Tiler, surprised. "We have bought lodge smokes from him for years. Many brethren give him their trade. What's he done to you?"

"Sent me a bill marked 'please remit!' That's something I don't like. My credit is good. I always pay my bills."

"Why did Briggs do it?"

"I suppose he wanted the money! I had intended to pay the bill, but I was short last month, so I let it go over. And then comes this insulting note!"

"Pay full price for the good?"

"Oh, no. Briggs always gives a little discount to the members of his lodge."

"As a piece of Swiss cheese you are the smallest round hole filled with bad air I ever saw!" snorted the Old tiler, disgustedly. "First you ask for and take a discount, because of a common brotherhood, then you keep your brother waiting for his money, and finally you get peeved when he asks you for it and propose to take your trade elsewhere. I have heard of small potatoes and a few in a hill, but I didn't know we had nubbins in this lodge that grew in hills all by themselves!"

"Why, how you talk!" responded the New Brother, indignantly. "Is it your idea of brotherhood to talk to me that way?"

"It surely is! In the most friendly manner I am reminding you of your faults! You treat Briggs in a most un-Masonic way and then grouch about the way he treats you! Asking for discounts because of a common Masonry is a most un-Masonic practice. You don't say to a merchant, 'Mr. Jones, you and I belong to the same church, therefore give me a discount.' You don't say, 'Mr. Brown, you and I belong to the same country club, therefore give me a discount.' You don't say, 'Mr. Smith, you and I graduated from high school in the same class, therefore give me a discount!' But you do say to old Briggs, 'Briggs, you and I belong to the same lodge, therefore give me a discount. If you don't, I'll buy elsewhere. And if you favor me I'll keep you waiting for your money and when you ask me for it I'll get peeved!'

"Masonry is not a purchasing society, a mutual benefit association, or a cooperative buying plan. When a Mason can buy from a Mason it is a pleasant custom to do so. Members who can help each other financially without loss to themselves should do so. But we should not use our common Masonry as a lever to make men favor us financially. We shouldn't demand discounts. Masonry should make us charitable, not irritable. We shouldn't visit on a brother the sins we commit. You were delinquent about that bill. Instead of being peevish, you should pay without taking a discount, and apologize to old Briggs for being so negligent of your obligation!

"Like vaccination, Masonry either takes or it doesn't. If, seeing another Mason, you say to yourself, 'He wears the same pin I do. I wonder what he will do for me?' Masonry hasn't taken with you. But if you say, 'That chap wears a Masonic pin! I wonder what I can do to help my brother?' your Masonry has taken.

"Briggs likes to favor his brethren. Most of us won't let him give us discounts. I pay Briggs just what I'd pay any other cigar merchant, and glad to. I even walk out of my way to buy from Briggs, because I like to help him. the lodge takes no discount when it purchases cigars. Why should it? It's not an object of charity. Briggs ought not to have to subsidize as customers his own lodge members. Yet you complain of a bill!"

"Wait a minute! I didn't think. I'm on my way now to buy a whole lot of cigars from Briggs at the best price and pay my bill and tell Briggs I am sorry and..."

"Oh, I knew all that before!" grinned the Old Tiler.
"You are not a bad potato, you know, just a little one.
But you will grow!"

"And one of those boxes of cigars is for you!" ended
the New Brother.

"Discount offered me for lending yourself to be my
verbal chopping block!" grinned the Old Tiler.

"Not at all!" cried the New Brother. "Payment in full for
half an hour's conversation!"

FOOLISH SPENDING

"Why do Masons spend their money so foolishly?" asked the New Brother.

"A fool and his money are soon parted," answered the Old Tiler.

"Do you think Masons are fools?"

"Certainly not. I was just agreeing that if Masons spend money foolishly they are foolish. What variety of foolish spending is teasing you?"

"Oh, a lot! We spend five dollars to send a funeral wreath to every brother's funeral, and three dollars for flowers every time one is sick, and four dollars for fruit when one goes to the hospital. We decorate the lodge room when we have entertainment. We spend money for food for men who are well fed at home. We hire entertainers for a blow-out. My idea would be put all that money in an educational fund or a charity fund or..."

"By any chance," interrupted the Old Tiler, "are you delivering a lecture? I want to talk, too!"

"I want you to talk. Tell me that I am right and that we do spend our money foolishly!"

"I can't do that," answered the Old Tiler. "But perhaps I can show you something on our side. You object to five dollar funeral wreaths to deceased brethren, and would rather see the money put in charity. Do you think we send the wreath to the dead man? With it we

offer consolation to the family! We show that his brethren care that he has died and that the world may see that we hold our deceased brother in honor. If we are careless when grief comes to the loved ones of those we love, the world will hold it against us, and our influence be lessened.

"We send flowers to the sick and fruit to the hospital, that the ill brother may have the cheering comfort of knowing that in his hour of need his brethren forget him not. Is it, then, more charitable to feed a hungry body than a hungry heart? Have you ever been ill in a hospital? Did no one remember you with a card, a flower, a basket of fruit? If you were unremembered, you passed a sad hour in the thought that no one cared. If friends brought their friendship to you when you needed it you were helped to recover. If we do not cheer a worthy brother, for what does our brotherhood stand?

"Of course we decorate a lodge room for an entertainment! In your home are there but bare walls, without pictures, carpets or furniture? Do you give to the poor all you make over a bare subsistence? Do the poor spend only for food? In a poor man's home you will find a flower, a book, a picture. Beauty is as much a need as bread. Cows chew cuds contentedly, but man must chew the cud of life with a spiritual as well as a physical outlook. The lodge room is our home. We decorate it for entertainment that all may remember their Masonic home as beautiful with pleasures taken together.

"Refreshment, whether sandwiches and coffee or a vocal or instrumental solo, refreshes mind and body. The solo we hear alone gives us not half the pleasure

which comes from listening in company. The few cents per capita we spend for refreshment is no more wasted than were the twenty cents you paid for your cigar or the fifteen cents for your shoe shine!

"Suppose the world spent only for food, clothes and charity? The poor would become rich; ambition, thrift, independence and manhood would become extinct. If there were no music, painting, love of flowers, beautiful buildings in the world, where would our hearts reach when they seek something they know is just beyond? We do not see God in the ham sandwich as in the beautiful notes of music. I'll agree He is everywhere, but we find Him easiest through our appreciation of the lovely, rather than the mundane things of life.

"Would you cease printing Bibles that more hungry people be fed? You argue that money not spent for charity is ill spent, but charity is but a part of Masonry. Masonry teaches men to help themselves, to think, to aid their fellows, not only by gifts, but by encouragement, cheer, help, aid, the kindly word. When we express them in the flower, the basket of fruit, the song or refreshment, we spend out money wisely.

"Truly the fool and his money are soon parted, but the fool parts with his for foolishness. We part with ours for value received, to carry Masonic cheer to the hearts of our brethren."

"You are right, as you always are," agreed the New Brother. "By the way, you are chairman of the committee on hospitals, are you not? Stick that in

your pocket and make the next bunch of flowers or basket of fruit twice as big."

That with which the New Brother soothed his conscience crinkled as it was folded.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

"I don't hold with this subscription idea at all," announced the New Brother to the Old Tiler. "Masonry should be a self-supporting institution and not ask for contributions."

"Yes, yes, go on, you interest me. So does the braying of the jackass, the gurgling of a six months old child, the bleating of a lamb and the raucous cries of the crow."

"You can call it what you like," defended the New Brother, "but asking for contributions to build a temple is all wrong."

"Just what do you mean, that Masonry should be self supporting?" asked the Old Tiler.

"Why, it ought to get along on its dues and fees!"

"Do you think you can get along entirely on your salary? You don't borrow money to build a house, or to aid you in your business?"

"That's different!"

"How is it different? You borrow to build a house, and the house is security for the loan. Someday you pay it back and own the house. We borrow from our members to build a temple and..."

"But that's just the point. We don't borrow, we beg. And we don't pay back, we grab the temple and the

fellows that have paid for it have nothing to show for it."

"Suppose we 'beg' as you put it, sufficient contributions from our membership to build the temple and own it outright," answered the Old Tiler. "The money we then spend on it is upkeep, overhead. We won't charge ourselves rent because we won't be paying on a loan. In our present temple the lodge pays the rent. With no rent to pay we will have more money in the treasury. With more money than it needs in the treasury a lodge may reduce its dues or spend more in charity and entertainment. The mere reducing of the rent charge will soon equal, per capita, the entire contribution asked for any individual brother.

"But apart from the dollars angle, a temple is more than a mere pile of stone in which is a room where Masons meet. The temple expresses Masonry to the world. As it is beautiful, solid, substantial, massive, permanent, so does the fraternity appear. As it is paid for, free from debt, a complete asset, so does the institution seem. A poor, mean temple argues that lodge members have so little belief in their order that they are not willing to provide it with proper quarters. As a beautiful church expresses veneration for the Creator, so does a beautiful building for Masonry express veneration for the order and reverence for the Great Architect in Whose shadow we labor and to Whom all temples of Masonry are erected.

"Our brethren have undertaken to erect a beautiful temple. They want a meeting place which is convenient and comfortable, in which they can take pride and which will show visitors that Masonry has

love for its tenets. By a new temple they want to express the love they have for the vision of brotherhood. So they say, each to the other, 'Brother, how much will you give?' and brother answers brother, 'All I can afford,' and does so.

"We are asking less than \$2 a month, less than ten cents a day. But it is enough. Each brother will make some little sacrifice for the order he loves. When the temple is built every brother will feel that it is truly his temple, in the actual sense of personal ownership. He may look at a block of stone on the wall and say to himself, 'That is mine, I paid for it.' And what a man buys because he loves it, he cherishes. Nothing which we could do will more thoroughly solidify our Masonry. When finished, the building will be out temple in the truest sense; not only that we went down in our pockets and paid for it, but ours because we put our hearts into it. And what a man puts his heart in, he defends, upholds, makes better.

"If we ask \$100 from each brother, we will give every brother \$1,000 worth of pride of ownership. We build not only for the brethren who would shoulder the burden in the heat of the day, but for the brethren who come after.

"Our ancient brethren who built the temples of the middle ages for all to see and revere, left their mark on time and history and on the generations which followed them. We will leave our mark on generations of our sons and their sons and their sons' sons after them, because we are willing to make a freewill offering to that which, next to God, is the greatest leaven of our life, the fraternity which makes a man love his fellow men."

"Oh, stop talking! Twice while you have been lecturing me I have mentally increased my subscription. Now I have doubled it. Hush, or I won't be able to buy shoes for the baby!"

"Don't start things, then!" grumbled the Old Tiler, but he smiled as he held out a fresh subscription blank and a fountain pen.

ON A LODGE BUDGET

"It is an outrage! That committee should be indicted for defaming the fair fame of Masonry!" The new Brother was indignant.

"Sounds terrible to me," agreed the Old Tiler, sympathetically. "What committee and what did it do?"

"That committee on the budget. They brought in a report which is to lie over a month before discussion, and I am seething with indignation!"

"Seethe out loud. Maybe I can seethe, too, and then there will be two of us!" suggested the Old Tiler without a smile.

"Oh, you'll seethe all right!" assured the New Brother. "The committee averaged our income from past years to find what we can expect this year. Then they laid aside a fund of \$2,000, subtracted the fixed charges from what is left, and apportioned the remainder among our other activities."

"Isn't that all right?" asked the Old Tiler.

"You don't understand! This committee has dared to say we should spend only so much for entertainment, only so much for relief and charity, only so much for education!"

"I must be stupid or something," puzzled the Old Tiler. "That sounds reasonable to me!"

"Reasonable to decide beforehand that we can't spend more than a certain amount for charity? For entertainment? For education? Masonry was built on the thought of relief! How can we function if we must circumscribe our charities?"

"Softly, softly!" countered the Old Tiler. "You forget that Masonry is founded not only on relief but also on brotherly love and truth. If we spend all our resources on relief, where do we get the money to spend on truth and on cementing the ties of brotherly love?"

"Fine words!" derided the New Brother. "But this report says that only such and such a percentage of our receipts can be spent in charity and..."

"Wait a minute!" The Old Tiler spoke sharply. "Either you didn't listen or you couldn't understand the report. Evidently you didn't know that the Master did me the honor to make me a member of that budget committee, so I know all about it. The budget committee says nothing about confining charity to the amount stated. It said that the average expended for charity during the past five years was so-and-so much, so that we could reasonably look forward to spending a similar amount in the coming year. The figure was given to allow a basis of comparison and a decision as to how much could be spent for other purposes.

"Running a lodge without a budget is like running an automobile without gasoline. By the budget we determine how and where and when we are to function. Without a budget we overplay our hand, spend too much in entertainment, not enough in relief. Without a budget we may rob our future brethren by

encroaching upon our capital assets. A budget is an advisor constantly saying, 'Go slow!' Not all worthy projects are within our means."

"You still don't explain what we can do when our charity calls exceed the average of the past five years." The New Brother spoke less excitedly.

"We will meet them, of course," snapped the Old Tiler. "No Masonic lodge refuses a call for charity when it has the means. But if the calls for charity are twice as big as expected, then we cut down on entertainment. If we have no budget line to which to hew, we spend as much for entertainment as before, and so come out at the end of the year a loser."

"But this budget cut down on so much. We must use less or cheaper printed matter, and only a certain sum for ladies' night instead of..."

"Instead of giving a committee of three authority to loot the lodge treasury of all that's in it to provide free entertainment for wives and sweethearts! You said it! No man loves his wife more than I love mine, yet I am content to have the lodge entertain her once a year with a sandwich and a cup of coffee, and undertake her entertainment on more elaborate lines myself. Don't forget, my brother, that our primary purpose is neither charity nor entertainment, and that when we make either or both the principle parts of our Masonic activities, we work against the best interests of the fraternity.

"Masonry is a cultivation of love between man and man; it is education, as between heart and heart. It stands for simple devoutness, for reverence, as well

as for fun and frolic. Our ancient brethren found 'refreshment' necessary, but only when the 'work' was done. The 'pay as you please' system of too many lodges always skimps something, and it's usually the work, not the refreshment. So I'm for the budget, and for it strong!"

"So am I!" agreed the New Brother, in a very small voice.

POOR FISH

"If I didn't love the old lodge so much I'd dimit and go to a live one!"

The New Brother spoke disgustedly to the Old Tiler. He laid down his sword, hitched in his chair and snorted. "S'matter with the old lodge now?" he asked belligerently.

"Oh, the same old thing. Same old gang. No possible chance of doing anything different than we ever did. No pep. No costumes. No new expenditure for anything. We have died on the vine and don't know it!"

"Someone step on a resolution you offered?"

"Didn't offer any. Knew better. No use asking that bunch to do anything."

"Listen, brother, while I give you some advice. Look at an aquarium and consider the fishes."

"Huh?"

"Consider the fishes- the poor fishes. I asked the master of the aquarium what kept a bass in a glass pot full of water from eating up his small minnow companions. He told me he had trained the bass not to eat the minnows. I asked him how he could do that. He said he put a plate glass partition in the aquarium, with the minnows on one side and the bass on the other. The bass made a nose dive after a mouthful of minnows and got a noseful of invisible plate glass.

That made him pause for a moment but he soon returned. For three days that determined bass tried to dive through the glass he couldn't see. After the third day his nose was so sore he gave up. Decided, probably, that the minnows were ghost minnows and couldn't be eaten! He has lived with them a year since and never tried to eat one, even when it rubs against his nose.

"Now, brother, you consider the poor fish. He doesn't try anything because once he did and got a sore nose. You think the old lodge is dead because it won't spend money for costumes or stage an entertainment or buy a new temple or something. You are convinced it has withered on the vine, because it hasn't done anything progressive. Every brother in it talks the same way. Everyone wants to do something, but a few years ago a crowd of standpatters put a plate glass between the membership and any minnows of progress. The plate glass is long gone and the standpatters are a ring no more. But you and all the rest are afraid to offer constructive programs because you think the plate glass is still there. Between you and the bass, there's little difference in wealth."

"Wealth? I don't get you!"

"I said wealth. You are the poor fish."

"That's handing it out pretty straight," commented the New Brother. "Now, tell me, Old Tiler, why you think this old lodge doesn't spend money for anything except necessities and charity? You think it is a good lodge, a flourishing lodge, an old lodge!"

"Got any loose change in your pocket?" asked the Old Tiler.

"Sure, a handful," said the New Brother, pulling it out.

"Hold a dime in front of one eye and close the other. What do you see?" commanded the Old Tiler.

"Why, I see a dime, of course!" was the surprised answer.

"Exactly. You see a dime. You don't see the \$1.87 on the chair. A dime is close so that you can't see the \$1 a foot away. That's the idea of brethren who won't spend lodge money for anything they don't have to. They see the treasury full to bursting and investments piling up, then they try to look through a dime and are so scared to spend a dollar they don't dare read the treasurer's report aloud for fear someone will steal it!"

"It was a fine lodge, now it is running on its reputation. It used to spend money wisely. Everything we needed we had. We had jamborees and smokers and entertainments; we had picnics and outings; we had educational lectures and a library; instructive talks were given new brethren and candidates. We spent what we took in and made better Masons by so doing. Gradually we began to look at the thin dimes so hard we couldn't see the success, progress, reputation, we had bought with dollars. So we stopped spending. Now we have money and a reputation of having died on the vine. What shall it profit a lodge if it lay up large numbers of dollars in the treasury, and lose its hold on its members? Where is the profit of penuriousness and lack of progress, even if we have money? What good is money unless you spend it? A million dollars

at the North Pole isn't as valuable as one fur coat. All the money in the world on a desert island wouldn't but one newspaper. You must spend money to get the good of it. You must spend money to make money. And you must spend money to keep your lodge alive and make your members better members and your Masons happy Masons."

"I never thought of it that way," hesitated the New Brother.

"I think I'll start a public aquarium," continued the Old tiler.

"For what?" the New Brother was unwise enough to ask.

"For the poor fish, of course," snapped the Old Tiler. "I've got one here to start with."

"Come on in the lodge room with me," commanded the New Brother firmly. "No Old Tiler can call me a poor fish and get away with it!"

"What are you going to do?" asked the Old Tiler.

"Offer a resolution to spend \$1,000 in the next six months in educational work among our members, and you are going to second it."

"There goes the start of a perfectly good aquarium," sighed the Old Tiler.

OUTSIDE ACTIVITIES

"We are coming to a pretty pass in our Masonry!" announced the New Brother, disgustedly.

"That has a familiar ring! No times like the old times, no days like the old days, everything going to the demnition bow-wows. They uncovered inscriptions like that in King Tut's tomb!" grinned the Old Tiler. "What's wrong our Masonry now?"

"All these extras in the lodge. First, we have a choir; that's all right, since music adds to the solemnity and beauty of the degrees. Now we are forming a lodge glee club. There is to be a saxophone quartet and there is talk of a lodge band. A brother in lodge long enough to know better is organizing a dramatic society. If he has any dramatic instinct he should put it into the degrees. The Master is interesting some brethren in forming a Masonic club, and a lot of brethren are talking of a camping club, for summer fishing! This scattering of effort is a shame. We ought to put it into the work of the lodge; don't you agree with me?"

"I sure do; I think all our effort Masonic should be Masonic effort!" answered the Old Tiler.

"That's the first time I ever started a discussion with you and found you were on my side!" laughed the New Brother, triumphantly.

"Oh, I wouldn't go as far as to say I was on your side this time. Our efforts ought to be Masonic, but I don't see un-Masonic effort in a glee club, saxophone

quartet, camping association, dramatic club, and so on. What's wrong with them as Masonic work?"

"Why, Masonic work is putting on the degrees well, and making an impression on the candidate, and charity, and... and..."

"Go on, son, you are doing fine!"

"Oh, you know what I mean! Masonic work isn't going camping or playing a saxophone!"

"Isn't it?" asked the Old Tiler, interestedly. "Now, that's a plain statement about which I can argue until tomorrow morning! But explain why playing a saxophone in a lodge for the pleasure of the lodge isn't Masonic."

"Oh, the time spent could be better spent in- in listening to the degrees."

"Granted, if there were degrees to listen to. But you wouldn't put on a degree without reason? If the lodge neglects its degree work to listen to a quartet, the quartet does harm. But if the quartet brings down brethren who like music, and to whom we can then give Masonic instruction, why isn't it good Masonic work?"

"How about the dramatic club and the fishing association?"

"They are the same in intent. The dramatic club will gather together brethren interested in plays. It will develop histrionic talent which now doesn't exist. It will train men for sincere and well-managed degree work."

But if it never led a single man into our degree teams, it would still be a bond of union between men who would thus get better acquainted; the better members know each other the more united the lodge.

"Fishing is an innocent and delightful sport. When Masons congregate to enjoy it and prefer the company of each other to others, it speaks highly of the bonds of brotherhood. If I can afford it I will surely join. I'd much rather tell a fish that he has passed the other anglers, but me he cannot pass, in the presence of my brethren, than have to keep my thoughts to myself before strangers!"

"You think these extra growths on the body of the lodge don't sap its strength?"

"I don't think they are growths on the body of the lodge at all!" growled the Old Tiler. "Brethren who do these things are not taking strength from the lodge! Banding together to sing, play musical instruments, fish, act in plays together, shows a real feeling of brotherhood. The more such activities, the more united we will be.

"All work and no play makes a Mason a stay-at-home. Our ancient brethren specified the usages of refreshment. They understood that playing was as necessary as working. If part of us can play together for our own pleasure, well and good. If, at the same time, we can give pleasure to others, and benefit the lodge by increasing its unity, why, well and best of all!"

"You sure are a salesman!" cried the New Brother. "I ought not to afford it, but..."

"What have I sold you?" asked the Old Tiler, interestedly.

"Memberships in the glee club, the Masonic club, and the fishing club!" grinned the New Brother.

ADVERTISING

The New Brother leaned against the wall near the Old Tiler and lighted a cigar. "We would do more good in the world if we advertised ourselves more," he said.

"Why?" asked the Old Tiler.

"So that those not members of the fraternity would know more about our work."

"Why should they?"

"The more people know about us, the more regard they have for us, the more men would want to be Masons, the larger we would grow, and so the more powerful we would be!" answered the New Brother.

"You would advertise us until all men became Masons?"

"Well- er- I don't know about all men; but certainly until most men applied."

"If all men were Masons at heart there would be no need for Masonry," answered the Old Tiler. "But not all who call themselves Master Masons are real Masons. What we need to do is advertise ourselves to our brethren."

"But we know all about Masonry," protested the New Brother, "the world at large does not."

"Oh, no, we don't know all about Masonry!" cried the Old Tiler. "Even the best-informed don't know all

about Masonry. The best-informed electricians do not know all about electricity; the best-informed astronomers do not know all about astronomy; the best-informed geologists do not know all about geology. We have much to learn."

"But electricity and astronomy and geology are sciences. Masonry is- is - well, Masonry was made by men, and so men must know all about it."

"Can a man make something greater than himself?" countered the Old Tiler. "Our ears hear sounds- translate vibrations of air or other material to our brains- as noise or music. But the ear is limited; we do not hear all the sounds in nature; some animals and insects hear noises we cannot hear. We have eyes, yet these imperfect instruments turn into color and light but a tiny proportion of light waves. Scientific instruments recognize vibrations which physical senses take no account of- radio and x-ray for instance. Yet our whole conception of the universe is founded on what we see and hear. Very likely the universe is entirely different from what we think. The ant's tiny world is a hill; he has no knowledge of the size of the country in which is his home, let alone the size or shape of the world. A dog's world is the city where he lives; not for him is the ocean or the continent or the world. The stars and the moon and the sun are to him but shining points. Our world is bigger; we see a universe through a telescope, but we can but speculate as to its extent or what is beyond the narrow confines of our instruments.

"Masonry is like that. Our hearts understand a certain kind of love. Prate as we will about brotherhood of man and Fatherhood of God, we yet compare the one

to the love of two blood-brothers and the second to our feelings for our children. We measure both by the measuring rods we have.

"Real brotherhood and real Fatherhood of God may be grander, broader, deeper, wider, than we know. Masonry contains the thought; our brains have a limited comprehension of it. If this be so then we know little about Masonry, and what even the most learned of us think is probably far short of reality."

"All that may be so," answered the New Brother, "and it is a most interesting idea; but what has it to do with advertising to the profane?"

"Does a scientist make any progress by advertising his science?" countered the Old Tiler. "Will a geometrician discover a new principle by advertising for more students? Will the astronomer discover a new sun by running placards in the newspapers? Will a geologist discover the mystery of the earth's interior by admitting more members to the geological society?"

"Masonry needs no advertising to the profane, but advertising to its own members. I use the word in your sense, but I do not mean publicity. Masons need to be taught to extent Masonry's influence over men's hearts and minds. We do not need more material to work with, but better work on the half worked material we already have.

"Masonry is humble and secret; not for her the blare of trumpets and the scare head of publicity. To make it other than what it is would rob it of its character. To study, reflect, and labor in it is to be a scientist in Masonry, discovering constantly something new and

better that it be more effective on those who embrace its gentle teachings and its mysterious power."

"Oh, all right!" smiled the New Brother. "I won't put it in the paper tomorrow. Old Tiler, where did you learn so much?"

"I didn't," smiled the Old Tiler. I know very little. But that little I learned by keeping an open mind and heart- which was taught me by-

"By your teachers in school?"

"No, my son," answered the Old Tiler, gravely, "by Masonry."

GAMBOLS ON THE GREEN

"It's disgusting!" began the New Brother. "Morton must think more of his stomach than he does of his Masonry. Insisting on expensive refreshments for ladies' night. What's the use of a ladies' night, anyhow? Jenkins is trying to start a ball game and Elliot wants a picnic! All this isn't Masonry!"

"Why isn't it?" asked the Old Tiler.

"What a foolish question. You know that Masonry isn't just enjoyment and foolishness."

"I've been a Mason half a century," said the Old Tiler, "but maybe I don't know what Masonry is. Who told you these chaps who want refreshments and ladies' nights and ball games and picnics thought these were all of Masonry?"

"But they are not dignified! Masonry is grave, impressive, grand, solemn. Picnics and ball games and entertainments are frivolous. They can't mix."

"Go on, you interest me strangely," commented the Old Tiler. "Tell me, is it irreligious for a church to have a picnic or a social?"

"Why- er- I suppose not. But it isn't the church that has 'em, it's the Sunday School."

"Where they train children to be good, love God and come to church. The minister should know better than to try to impress children with the Fatherhood of God by holding a picnic! Any church entertainment which

makes people come and laugh and know each other better and make money to decorate the church is wicked. I would speak to the district attorney about it, if I were you."

"Now you are laughing at me!" protested the New Brother.

"That's more than anyone else will, if you keep on chattering," went on the Old Tiler. "Masonry is all you have said it is, and a great deal you haven't said. Religion is more than going to church. If God can stand seeing His ministers, and those who love and follow him, having innocent enjoyment in the entertainment or a ball game or a picnic, it should not hurt Masonry to do the same thing.

"Masonry is strong only as its bond are strong. Its greatest bond is not charity, relief, knowledge, learning, ritual, secrecy- but brotherhood. The feeling you have for one who has sat in lodge with you is brotherhood. You have sworn the same obligations, seen the same work, experienced the same emotions- there is a bond between you. Whatever makes that bond stronger is a help to Masonry.

"A picnic brings Masons together informally. It brings children together to play. You learn that Smith is different from what he appears in the lodge - there he is shy, retiring, almost insignificant. On a picnic he is in his element; playing with the children, having a good time with the men, helping the women- and you like Smith better. There are a thousand Smiths and a thousand of you, and it is a picnic or a ball game or an outing of some sort which brings you together.

"Ladies' nights show women that Masonry is innocent, happy, good. They learn what sort of men their husbands and brothers and sweethearts and sons see every week. They learn to associate a name and a personality with a position; they discover that the Master is human, the secretary is nice, the Junior Warden decent, the Senior Warden delightful. Such contacts spread the good repute of the order. Some men don't get as much out of the lodge as they might; it's their fault, perhaps, but we are not supposed to look for our brother's faults. If the ladies' night makes the come-but-seldom brother feel that his lodge is doing something for him, it is worth while.

"There are other uses for money than hoarding it. There are better ways of spending it than upon new costumes and furniture. One good spending is to make someone happy. If this lodge has spare funds to provide some pleasure for its ladies, we should so spend it. If we have cash to finance a picnic or a ball game, it's wise to use it so. The gravity and solemnity of the third degree will not be hurt by the fun you have, any more than our reverence for the Creator is damaged by a Sunday School picnic or a church entertainment.

"Son, Masons are human. We are not better or different or larger, finer or more learned than our fellows. We strive toward perfection by means of a fraternal vehicle which the years have proved to be strong, well made, able to carry us to happiness and honor. If it could be damaged by picnics and ladies' nights, it would have fallen to pieces long ago. If its dignity was so slight that it was injured by a Masonic ball game, it would have been a laughing stock the day after baseball was invented.

"Get outside of Masonry and look in on it; see it for what it is, not for what it merely appears to be during a degree. When you see Masonry as love for one's fellow, brotherhood between men, charity to all, and reverence for God, you won't think that gambols on the green of life can hurt it."

"I have to go in lodge now," the New Brother announced.

"What's the hurry?" asked the Old Tiler.

"Got to support the motion to spend enough to give the girls a real feast!" grinned the New Brother, as he retied his apron strings.

IN MEN'S HEARTS

"Where is the most beautiful Masonic temple in the world?" asked the New Brother of the Old Tiler.

"Wouldn't the answer depend on one's conception of beauty?" retorted the Old Tiler. "I might think, and you another, while an architect or an artist might choose still another."

"Well, which one do you choose?" persisted the New Brother.

"I don't!" answered the Old Tiler. "The House of the Temple in Washington is impressive; Detroit has a wonderful temple; Philadelphia's temple is massive and beautiful, the Albert Pike memorial in Little Rock is considered fine. I cannot choose."

"You think it is one of these?"

"No, I am simply trying to oblige," laughed the Old Tiler. "I know three temples which impressed me more than any of these."

"I asked because I am taking a winter vacation. I'd like to see the wonderful temples Masonry has erected. Tell me where your three are located!"

"One temple that to me is great in beauty is in a town of about 2,000 people in the Middle West. The lodge room is over a country store. The floor is bare of carpet. The chairs are plain wood. The heating plant is one large stove; it is the Junior Deacons' business to feed it during the meetings. The walls are stained,

the lamps are kerosene, there is no organ or piano and the ribbons in the lodge jewels are frayed. Not very up-to-date, the members of this lodge.

"But this lodge made a boy of twenty-two a Master Mason just before he went to France in the first world war. After Soissons he lay all night on the field with a shattered leg and an arm so badly mangled that later they cut it off. While he lay there he heard familiar words from the familiar burial service of a Mason; 'this evergreen, which once marked the temporary resting place of the illustrious dead is an emblem of our faith in the immortality of the soul.'

"The wounded boy called for help. Came crawling to him was a man slightly wounded, who had said the service over the remains of a comrade. At the risk of his life he hauled the wounded boy to safety. That wounded boy came back to this little country lodge to tell his brethren of what Masonry means in men's hearts when they carry it into the battlefield. As I listened the plain board walls fell away, the deal floor became tessellated marble, the low stained ceiling became a vaulted archway and the Great Architect Himself entered the East Gate.

"Another beautiful temple I only heard of. Civil engineers were building a railroad in the Andes. One of their laborers, a Mason, had fever and had to be sent home. This party of five sat out under the trees and the stars and talked on the square. Each of them gave a month's salary to the sick laborer. He had a wife and two babies in Denver, the wife trying to live in spite of the dread disease Denver's high altitude cures. Our ancient brethren met under the stars, where their 'covering was no less than the clouded

canopy or starry-decked heaven.' But none of these ever held a more beautiful lodge than those five young men, filled with Masonic charity, giving each more than he could afford for a day laborer in hard luck, because he was a Mason.

"My third most beautiful temple was made of many little tents. There were children in them; children large and small, and there was no distinction between them of race, creed, color. All a child had to be was poor to have two weeks in the open. Nor was this a lodge charity; it was the work of a Masonic club, and run by individual contributions. As I looked I heard the organ peal as I have never heard it in many temples of stone.

"As a teacher said, 'for where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.' Where three, five, seven or more Master Masons gather in the name of Masonry, there is the temple. It is right and wise that we build great temples of stone and carving; which give testimony to all the world that here men gather in brotherhood. Masonic structures play a great part and we could spare them ill. But the greatest Masonic temples are built in men's hearts.

"If you would visit beautiful temples in your travels. Seek less for mighty building and more for a house not made with hands. 'Masonry builds her temples in the hearts of men' and in men's hearts shall you seek for, and find, those most beautiful."

The Old Tiler ceased and looked off into space as if he saw a vision. The New Brother looked at the Old

Tiler. "I do not need to travel far to see one of the most beautiful temples," he said.