

WHICH IS THE GUILTY ONE?

In view of the nearness of the convention of the Supreme Lodge at Detroit, would it not be well for Supreme Chancellor Sample to place a detective on the track of the Supreme Representative who maligned the Supreme Lodge by giving information to the Indianapolis "Sentinel," which he should have regarded as sacred? The Editor of the "Sentinel" said the man was a member of the Supreme Lodge. Is it not due to the honorable gentlemen who composed that body that the culprit be exposed? The eyes of the Pythian world are fixed upon two men, and only two—which is the guilty one? See Mark xiv. 19-20.—"The Knight."

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GRAND LODGE OF TENNESSEE.
May 18th, 1900.

At the session of the Grand Lodge of Tennessee, held on the above date, the following resolution was passed. It speaks for itself, and will be read with pleasure by the many friends of Bro. R. L. C. White, our honored Supreme Keeper of Records and Seal:

By a unanimous rising vote, a resolution was adopted, raising a special Committee of five, with instructions to have designed and present to Past Grand Chancellor, R. L. C. White a "silver anniversary" medal, commemorative of his completion, at the present convention, of twenty-five years of active membership in the Grand Lodge of Tennessee, and his attendance at twenty-five annual conventions without an omission. This record is believed to be without a parallel in the history of the Order.

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WHILE THEY LIVE.

We guard with reverent care the spot
Where lie our forgotten dead,
And when the roses bud and bloom,
We beautify their lowly bed.
We rear aloft the marble shaft,
That every passer-by may learn
That sacred memory keeps her trust,
In votive gift and storied urn.

But, oh, the hearts that ache and break
Through all the long, bright Summer days,
For just one word of tenderness.
Some generous and outspoken praise;
And, oh, the bitter tears that fall,
O'er life's mistakes and cruel fate,
For all that human hearts hold dear,
Of love and kindness come too late.

Then take the flower that blooms to-day,
And place it in some loving hand;
Nor wait until the ear grows cold
To breath the sweet thought that you
planned,
For one bright day of tender love
Outweighs an age of mourning hours.
One kiss on warm responsive lips,
Is worth a million funeral flowers.

"FRATERNITIES REVIEW,"

Nashville, Tenn.

MEASURE THYSELF.

Have you ever seriously asked yourself why you are a member of that purely fraternal order on the roster of which your name is enrolled?

There are some who deem their whole duty performed towards the fraternity whose colors they are entitled to wear by payment of the regular fixed charges or dues. They are always ready to receive either benefits or honors, and take them with as much complacency as if they were merited. Actions and countenance most frequently proclaim them self-satisfied absorbers, who apply to everything of a fraternal character the one (to them) all-satisfying test: What is there in it for me?

Like the camp follower, they are always in the rear when there is need for the valiant, and, like him again, are always active in garnering the fruits of victory. Something for nothing is their rule of action.

As a chain is only so strong as its weakest link, and added links but tend to lessen its safety, so such members of a fraternity do not elevate it, nor add to its beneficence. Measured by them as a standard, the order degenerates. They are the subtle poison that too frequently corrodes the life of a good lodge. And usually they are regarded in the world as men of probity. They are sometimes denominated shrewd. You know them.

But the greater number of those who make up the army of fraternal brotherhood are actuated by the desire to build up and extend the beautiful teachings of the lessons they have received. They account themselves fortunate in being units of the wondrous whole that is making the world better and elevating its standards of morality and justice, and tempering them with mercy and charity, purity and love. If a thought of self is obtruded, it is: Am I living up to my obligation?

Such members are the corner-stone and the key-stone to fraternity. They make its foundation as enduring as time, and cap it with the benediction, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."—"Fraternalities Review."

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A MEASURED TERM.

Tailor—"Will you have your coat in man-o'-war style, sir?"

Customer—"Man-o'-war style? What are you talking about?"

Tailor—"Why, a broad side, sir."

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