

cation. It takes two to make a fight. It is better to take a licking good naturedly—and a “squealer” is not esteemed a good lodge brother.

It would be better for the aggrieved brethren to examine their own conduct and recollect if there were not sundry zealous recommendations by themselves of candidates, sundry conversations that might have been mistaken for canvassing and sundry more or less accidental meetings in hotel corridors and parlors which a hasty observer might have mistaken for caucuses.

Let the defeated brother show himself large-hearted, and when the brethren see that his interest in the fraternity is in no wise diminished and his lodge spirit is still up to the mark, it will not be easy to get a caucus against him. The boys will vote him a “jolly good fellow.” Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.

At any rate, allow the last year's bitterness to die down and the plow of fraternity will turn up to be withered by the sun—the roots of small cunning and misapplied election science.

But the chiefest remedy lies to the hand of the individual voter. It is for every delegate, when he is canvassed, to consider whether the canvasser is within his rights as a brother or is pursuing an injurious and unfraternal design. If he detects the handiwork of the wirepuller and feels the throb of the machine he should assert in no equivocal fashion his disapproval and disgust. A fraternalist should, above all, cherish his right to act on his own judgment and in the best interests of his Order. A true believer in fraternity, and especially a member of the I. O. F. who is not only a Forester but an *Independent* Forester, will resent all encroachments upon his independence as he would an insult to his personal dignity. The spirit of brotherhood is strong and will not let itself be killed by caucusing any more than a stout apple tree will let itself be killed by a few worms that are found in its windfalls. The rank and file may be trusted to draw the line beyond which canvassing shall not go.

The Genial Deputy.

The man who came around and got the boys interested and while they were hesitating drew them together and put their names down as charter members, and before they knew it had the officers installed and the Court going ding-dong; the man who, when the old Court had settled down to stagnation, and you all thought it was folding its hands for the last sleep, came into your midst and brought in twenty new members, applicants whom you in your timidity thought unapproachable and hopeless—be kind to this man; he is the genial deputy.

Others may be late, absent, forgetful, lacking in steadfast faith. But the organizer must allow neither season nor weather nor broken bridges nor swollen streams to stand between him and his work. The Deputy must partake of the spirit of the Chief, and go where fraternity calls. It may be that some one started to build a Court and stopped half way, leaving his work as desolate as a boom-departed mining camp. The deputy must go in and make success out of failure, re-enthuse the disgusted, pacify the disgruntled, silence the obstructionist and pump the warm blood of conviction through the veins of the sceptic.

It may be that in a live Court some one was entrusted with office who made ducks and drakes of the finances, and when the brethren found their assessments going astray, and their certificates suspended, they thought the whole Order rotten. Taking a wrong view of things they said, “Life is short,” and threw the whole thing up. Then the deputy had to go and reheat them in the flame of his genial nature, and put them in good standing and bring in others to make the good Court flourish. But do not forget that the man who devours the doubts and difficulties of other men has sometimes a precious indigestion. Many a deputy has felt the yoke a little too galling and the burden too crushing. He has gone out into the business world to some more tranquil occupation where he can succeed with less strenuous argument and make money for himself rather than for the widow and fatherless.

They that wear soft clothing are in kings' houses, not on the organizing staffs of fraternities. The organizer is less familiar with the parlour car than with the value of his ear as a pillow. He cannot choose the hour of his rising or be particular about the hour of his going to bed. He goes out to strange places where his comfort is a late consideration with every man he meets. Like the carver he is the last served.

Be kind to this man. When death and weariness make him drop out, you will be looking for his face at High Court meetings and passing resolutions praising the value of his work. For then you will miss the genial deputy, and find it easier to miss than to replace, and unavailingly wish that you had made more of him when you had him.

The great man has greatness in him before the occasion brings it out.

Kites rise against, and not with, the wind. Even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance.—*J. Neal.*