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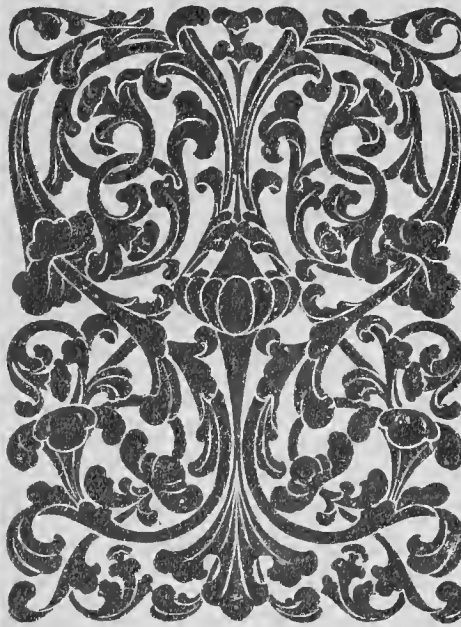
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Centennial Lodge 763

F. & A. M.



XXVth

Anniversary

CENTENNIAL LODGE

: : : : 763, F. & A. M. : : : :

HISTORY

OF THE

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
OF ITS INSTITUTION

AND OF

EXERCISES

HELD UNDER
ITS AUSPICES

IN MEMORY OF

WILLIAM MCKINLEY

XXV. PRESIDENT
OF THE UNITED STATES.

1901.

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CONTENTS

Anniversary Celebration

PAGE

INTRODUCTORY 11

COMMEMORATIVE SERVICES.

Temple Emanu-El, May 26th, 1901 17

Address. R.·. W.·. Elbert Crandall 18

Oration. Rev. Bro. Dr. Joseph Silverman 25

Memorial and Kaddish.—List of Departed Brothers read at Temple 35-36

RECEPTION TO LADIES.

Commandery Room, Masonic Hall, May 28th, 1901 .. 39

Address. W.·. Henry Lippmann 39

Address. W.·. Leo Ph. Ulmann 40

Address. Mrs. M. H. Theobald 42

History of Centennial Lodge 43

Address. M.·. W.·. Edward M. L. Ehlers 55

List of Brothers Receiving 25-Year Medals 56

Address. W.·. Louis J. Vorhaus 57

Address. W.·. M. S. Hyman 58

Address. Mrs. Pauline S. Kohn 62

Address. W.·. M. B. Abrahams 64

CONTENTS

(CONTINUED)

PAGE

BANQUET, May 29th, 1901 69

Address. W.·. Henry Lippmann 70

Address. W.·. Leo Ph. Ulmann 71

Prayer. Rev. Bro. Dr. Joseph Silverman 73

Address. W.·. Joseph Steiner 74

Address. W.·. Emanuel Marx 75

Address. Bro. Chas. G. F. Wahle 78

Address. R.·. W.·. Elbert Crandall 84

Address. W.·. Adolph Oppenheimer 88

Address. R.·. W.·. Wm. C. Popper 92

Address. R.·. W.·. Ferdinand Levy 97

McKINLEY MEMORIAL EXERCISES 101

Address. Bro. Charles G. F. Wahle 105

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE INSTITUTION OF

CENTENNIAL LODGE

763, F. & A. M.

UNDER JURISDICTION OF THE GRAND LODGE OF MASONS IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK

MAY 26, 28, 29, 1901

Introductory

IN compliance with resolutions adopted by CENTENNIAL LODGE, No. 763, F. & A. M., this book is presented as a memorial of two events which prominently marked the year 1901 in the history of the lodge, namely, the series of festivities attending the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the institution of the lodge and the memorial services held in the lodge on the 24th day of September, 1901, in honor of Bro. William McKinley, President of the United States.

The anniversary celebration was divided into three distinct functions: Memorial exercises at Temple Emanu-El, Fifth Avenue and Forty-third Street, in the Borough of Manhattan, City of New York, on Sunday evening, May 26, 1901; a Reception to the ladies in Commandery Room, Masonic Hall, New York City, on Tuesday evening, May 28, 1901; and a Banquet at Harlem Casino, One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street and Seventh Avenue, in the Borough of Manhattan, City of New York, on Wednesday evening, May 29, 1901.

The Committee in charge of this celebration was composed of the following members:

Committee of Arrangements.

WOR. HENRY LIPPMANN, CHAIRMAN
R. WOR. FERDINAND LEVY,
R. WOR. WM. C. POPPER,
WOR. MOSES S. HYMAN,
WOR. ISAAC MUSLINER,
WOR. ADOLPH OPPENHEIMER,
WOR. JOSEPH STEINER,
WOR. AARON STERN,
WOR. MAX PROOPS.
WOR. WILLIAM GROSSMAN,
WOR. LOUIS J. VORHAUS,
WOR. LEO PH. ULMANN,
WOR. M. B. ABRAHAMS,
WOR. MORITZ RHEINAUER
WOR. JULIUS H. COHN,

CHAS. G. F. WAHLE, SAMUEL KAUFMAN,
NATHAN S. KOHN, ISAAC H. GOLDSMITH,
BALDWIN SCHLESINGER, HERMAN MAYER,
WILLIAM A. GANS, JACOB SPIRO,

WOR. EMANUEL MARX, SECRETARY

who, on the 7th day of January, 1900, organized by the election of then Wor. Bro., now R. W. Bro., Henry Lippmann as Chairman and Wor. Bro. Emanuel Marx as Secretary.

A very important factor in contributing to the success of this celebration was an association of ladies of the families of members of the lodge, organized on the

11th day of April, 1901, under the name of "Centennial Ladies' Auxiliary."

Its officers were Mrs. Louis J. Vorhaus, President; Mrs. William H. Theobald, Vice-President; Mrs. Pauline S. Kohn, Treasurer, and Mrs. I. H. Goldsmith, Secretary.

At the occasion of the reception to the ladies this organization, through its treasurer, Mrs. Pauline S. Kohn, presented to CENTENNIAL LODGE a complete set of paraphernalia, all the jewels of which were in silver.

To fittingly commemorate the fidelity of our brothers who had continued members of the lodge for twenty-five consecutive years, it was resolved that to each of them a gold medal, properly engraved and designed, be presented at this occasion, and that, as each brother of the lodge thereafter completed twenty-five consecutive years of membership, he should, on behalf of the lodge, receive a similar medallion.

Devoutly remembering the goodness of God to the lodge and its brethren, and appreciating that gratitude to Him cannot be better expressed than by service to man, CENTENNIAL LODGE, as a feature of the celebration herein referred to, devoted the sum of $1,000 to charity, of which $500 was voted and presented to the Masonic Home at Utica; $100 to the Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Orphan Asylum; $100 to the St. John's Guild; $100 to the Hebrew Infant Sanitarium; $100 to the Educational Alliance, and $100 to the Sanitarium for Hebrew Children.

The history of the lodge, prepared by a Committee specially appointed for that purpose, was read by Wor.

Bro. Aaron Stern, at the reception held on the 28th day of May, 1901.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICES in honor of William McKinley, President of the United States, were held in Composite Room, in Masonic Hall, New York City, on the 24th day of September, 1901. They were conducted in the presence of a large number of distinguished craftsmen, prominent among whom were R. W. Elbert Crandall, Deputy Grand Master of Masons in the State of New York; M. W. Edward M. L. Ehlers, Past Grand Master of Masons in the State of New York, and present Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge; R. W. Henry Lippmann, D. D. G. M. for the Eighth Masonic District, Past Master of the lodge, and who on that evening was making his first official visit as D. D. G. M. and had selected our lodge for that distinction.

This book, containing the record of each of the occasions above mentioned, is presented in the hope that the spirit of fellowship and brotherly love inculcated at all times within the portals of our beloved lodge, and which was so richly evidenced at the several functions which constituted the Anniversary Celebration and the Memorial Exercises, will be strengthened as the years go on, and that the perusal of the following pages will ever bring back pleasurable and hallowed memories of the events recorded therein.

NEW YORK, MAY 1, 1902.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
CENTENNIAL LODGE, 763
F. & A. M.

COMMEMORATIVE SERVICES

TEMPLE EMANU-EL
SUNDAY EVENING, MAY 26, 1901

Programme

Organ Prelude
THE LODGE ENTERS

Coronation March *Svendsen*
ORCHESTRA

Mah Tovu *Kitziger*
REV. WM. SPARGER AND CHOIR

Opening Prayer
REV. DR. JOSEPH SILVERMAN

Antbem *Cherubini*
MISS VOIGT, CHORUS, ORCHESTRA AND ORGAN

PSALM CXVII.

1. Praise ye the Lord, all ye nations; ye people praise Him.
2. For His merciful kindness is great towards us, and His truth endureth forever.

Scripture Reading
REV. DR. MARCUS KRAUSKOPF

Antbem *Spicker*

MRS. JOSEPHINE S. JACOBY AND ORCHESTRA

PSALM LXXI.

1. In Thee, O God, do I put my trust; let me never be ashamed.
9. Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth.
17. O God, be not far from me. Thou hast taught me from my youth, and hitherto have I declared Thy wondrous works.
18. Yea, even when I am old and gray-headed forsake me not, O God, until I have declared Thy power unto the next generation, Thy might to those coming after me.

Address

R.·. W.· ELBERT CRANDALL

Ladies, Friends and Brethren: It perhaps at the outset is but proper that I should suggest some reasons for my being here upon this occasion, and assuming to appear before an audience of this character.

In the first place, as the brethren know, the Grand Master of Masons in this State resides far distant from this city. It was impossible for him to attend, and therefore, I suppose, it is that much of the burden, if such it be, rests upon the Deputy Grand Master, and in fact, it is only upon those occasions when the Grand Master cannot be present that the Deputy is permitted any occasion of this character to display himself.

One reason therefore is accordingly called to your attention. There is another reason for my being here, and it is because of the pleasure that I experience in being permitted to be with you, to join with the brethren of CENTENNIAL LODGE of Free and Accepted Masons when they commemorate a quarter of a century of their existence.

Another reason is personal friendship for very many of the brethren of this lodge extending over a long period of time. Therefore, I appreciate most

highly the compliment which the committee having in charge the arrangement of this occasion has given me to be present before you, and to give expression to some few thoughts and ideas which come to my mind.

These commemorative services mark an epoch and event in the history of this lodge and its brethren. In these days of progress, when a teeming population is striving for success in all commercial pursuits, when a rivalry born of the desire to excel in professional life is manifest on every hand, so that the deep shadows of forgetfulness may not surround us and envelop us in their growing darkness, it is well for us to pause and for a moment recall some of the associations which are the development and give expression to the sentiment of the highest manhood and of humanity.

It was my privilege, a few short months ago, acting in accord with the officers of the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, to participate in the laying of a corner-stone in a beautiful village in the western part of this State. That occasion brought to my mind one of the most beautiful thoughts, and was the expression of one of the most filial acts of a son to his honored and revered father and mother which it has been my pleasure ever to have experienced. The circumstances were that this gentleman had, at one time in his life, been a resident of that beautiful village, and as a boy he had gone forth and had made his fortune, and was then residing elsewhere; but notwithstanding that, it seemed that his thoughts returned to the place of his boyhood days, and it was his desire there to erect a monument which should stand for all time to come—a monument of his fealty as a son, of his filial love to the memory of his father and his mother. Therefore he donated a beautiful public free library to this village, constituting it their property in perpetuity. That occasion, and those circumstances, are significant only as they mark

an epoch and event in the history of the people of that village and of that locality.

So, too, as we look back through the ages and through the centuries, do we see that all great events are part of the history of the world. We may contemplate for a moment the existence of strife between nations, one nation against another—the success of the one, the downfall of the other. So, too, we may for a moment recall strifes which arise in nationalities and municipalities—the downfall of one, the conquest of the other—and thereby again is an event written in the history of the world.

Rome, in all her power, in all her magnificence and in all her wealth, rose and fell, bound down by the very existence of her own sin and shame—the sin and shame of her rulers. So, too, in the ages which have passed, great cities have been reared and have passed away, burdened with the weight of their own infamy. There, too, again, is history made.

It is recorded in the history of the world, and out of all this comes to me upon this occasion a thought that in CENTENNIAL LODGE of Free and Accepted Masons, to-night is history being made. Your lodge has been instituted and has existed for a quarter of a century—a long period of time. Within that time your brethren have associated themselves together, bound together according to the tenets and principles and teachings of our craft, upon the points of fellowship, with sympathy extended from one to another; and what means an occasion which shall commemorate such an event? It is the expression of the brethren and their friends, the expression of joy that they feel and experience in having thus attained their Silver Jubilee.

Occasions of this sort are fraught with great benefit to our fraternity—benefit in so many different direc-

tions that it would be almost impossible for me to call your attention to them; and yet you will pardon me, I am sure, if I suggest certain lines upon which we believe in the commemoration of events so important in the history of a lodge or of the fraternity.

Free Masonry binds men together by voluntary acts. It is forced upon no man. It can be attained by no man except as his voluntary act. In all the history of civilization we find that strong and lasting associations of all kinds spring up and exist. Let me call to your attention the fact that this craft has been in existence through the ages which have passed, bound together by the principles and teachings which it has inculcated, which are the highest development of our civilization, and transmitted from one age and from one generation to another only by oral tradition. And it is not because of its secret character, it is not because it has the secret ritual which the world may not know of, that it has stood the test of the ages which have passed. No, it is above and beyond that, because it is builded upon a foundation and basis reared according to the tenets and principles of mankind and of humanity. It is builded and it teaches and it inculcates those lessons which, if followed, cannot but be for the welfare and good, not only of those who are within its mystic circle, but of all who come in contact with its beautiful and delightful influence.

Again, to refer to this idea of association, we find that the grand central figure in Masonic association is one grand governing body, and we find subdivisions of it as in almost every kind of an association, and finally we find the individual lodge, governed by its Master and by its officers, and therein is to be found the support and the maintenance of the Masonic fraternity. In the individual lodge, and in the breast of the individual brother, is to be found the love of his fellow

man—love which is extended by one to another, love which extends to the brethren, those who may be in need—not only the charity which consists in helping the needy, but the charity which extends to a brother and to a brother's family and to a brother's friends, the sympathy which he may need in misfortune, and the expression of the good wishes and the sincere regard of his brethren.

It is all this we find as a result of the growth of our lodges, the growth of the craft, until to-day, in this grand jurisdiction of the State of New York, there are more than one hundred thousand Masons, all bound together by the same ties, by the same principles, all having been taught the same lessons of charity and brotherly love.

My friends, it is perhaps unwise for me to detain you at any great length upon this occasion. I feel that I have spoken to the brethren of New York upon so many occasions, and upon the same subject, because it is necessarily one which touches upon Free Masonry, and standing as I do, to some extent representing the Grand Lodge and the Grand Master for the time being, you would expect that I should say something upon this subject, I am sure; and very often I feel that it is with reluctance that I assume to say anything, for fear of repetition. I do, however, experience great pleasure personally, and because of my desire to see the craft and Free Masonry benefited, I do experience great pleasure in being permitted to participate in occasions of this kind. I feel that it is with just pride that a lodge sees fit to commemorate these anniversaries, so important, in such a manner, and therefore, while it may be with reluctance that I consent to take part in these ceremonies, yet, if I can at any time, and they feel the need of my assistance, I am willing to extend so much of that assistance as is possible.

There are some other thoughts that come to me upon this occasion, and one is the thought of the narrowness and the bigotry which appears to be in the minds of some of those who, I have no doubt, think that they are very good men. Only last week I read of the occurrences which took place in some convention of a religious character in the State of Iowa. I saw it stated that by resolution they proposed to refuse to receive into the church any member of a secret society, and particularly any Mason.

Those gentlemen who spoke upon that subject in that way were ignorant of Free Masonry, or they would not have thus spoken. It demonstrated one fact, that the creed of those men was so narrow that they could not comprehend the broadness of the principles of our craft. It demonstrated that they spoke from ignorance of the tenets and principles and teachings of Free Masonry, or they would not have given expression to those thoughts. It demonstrated to my mind that they were ignorant, and spoke from ignorance of the subject, and of the fact that in every Masonic lodge, and upon its altar, rests this Holy Bible, the inspiration of light and truth. Therefore it is that we see, sometimes, those who, through ignorance and bigotry and their devotion to creed rather than to religion, speak in a manner which would seek to belittle the fraternity which is of such dimensions, and which has done so much good.

Again, to-night, I presume that many of our friends, the ladies being present, expect that I will divulge very many of the secrets of Free Masonry. I presume that they anticipate that I might put them in possession of our secret grips, signs, etc., and that they might be, to some exent, permitted to look into the secret ritual which possesses so many charms, and which has so much of fear to those who do not know so much about it; but I fear the time which is allotted to me is so lim-

ited that I ought not to branch out into that subject, although it be a disappointment to our fair friends.

And let us, in this connection, bear these thoughts in mind, coming as a result of these commemorative services, and after twenty-five years of existence of this lodge, let us remember that the past hath its memories, that the present hath its duties, and that the future hath hope which looks up to the stars as the golden stepping stones along the pathway of immortality, and where we shall meet and greet our loved ones on the blissful shores of the deathless eternities.

Such, my friends, is the desire of every true Masonic lodge; such is the constant prayer of the Masonic fraternity; such is the result which we seek and desire to accomplish.

Antbem *Spicker*

SOLI, CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA

JEREMIAH vi., etc.

Behold there shall be a day, when the watchman upon the mountain top shall cry aloud: "Arise ye! Get ye up unto Mount Zion, unto the Lord your God!" For thus saith the Lord:

Fear not now, O Israel, neither be thou dismayed. Refrain thine voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears; for I, the Lord, am with thee, and will save thee. I have loved thee with everlasting love, and have redeemed thee.

Why cryest thou in thine affliction? Why mournest thou in nightly watches?

I have redeemed thee.

Therefore, thus saith the Lord:

Sing ye aloud with gladness! Thy mourning is turned into joy! I, even I, have redeemed thee. Be glad and rejoice! Thy sorrows now are ended, and great shall be thy peace.

Rejoice! be glad and rejoice.

Then fear not, O Israel, neither be thou still dismayed, I have redeemed thee!

Oration

REV. DR. JOSEPH SILVERMAN

I regret that Brother Crandall did not allow himself enough time to tell the secrets of the Order, and I suppose he thought that I would have plenty of time to do that. I am usually not afraid of a task that is assigned to me, and I would not hesitate to tell all I know about Masonry, but I am such a poor Mason that I do not know all the secrets, and I am not sure whether what I do know is secret or public. Therefore I think it is possible that I shall mix up a great many things in my speech to-night, so that if you are very attentive, and if you interpret all that I say directly and indirectly, you will be able to know fully as much, almost, as I do about Masonry. I am not going to hesitate to tell the full truth about it, and to interpret it in language such as I can select; but to understand a thing depends not altogether upon the speaker; it depends also upon the hearer.

A scientist might explain all that he knows about chemistry, and still an audience not initiated would not understand a tenth part of it; while those who know, would understand. So, if you go away and say you know no more now than you knew before, don't blame me, but rather your lack of the power of penetration.

To this august assemblage there is eminently applicable the verse of the Psalmist: "How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious oil that anointeth the head. It is like the dew of Hermon, that cometh down upon the mountains of Zion; for there God has commanded his blessing, even life eternal."

This is at once the text and a commentary for which life, both individual and cosmic, furnishes many an illustration. Where there is unity there rests the blessing of God, even life eternal. All creation attests this

truth, for the whole universe consists of but an infinite number of aggregated molecules that eternally act and re-act upon one another. Coral reefs are built up by the accretions of infinitesimally small creatures, and, by an almost perfect adhesion, present an adamantine resistance to the ravages of the tempestuous sea. We cannot fail to recognize the harmonious action of the winds and the tides and the currents, and the rotation of the planets upon their axes, which so delicately adjust their movements as not to disturb that cosmic equilibrium upon which the very life of the universe depends.

Looking upon Nature from this standpoint, we find the revelation of its secret to be, not the law of gravitation, not the law of heat, of light or of electricity, but the law of unity. Unity rules the universe, the constellations in the heavens, and all the elements and forces that operate upon the earth. In terms of science you call it correlation of forces; in chemistry you call it affinity; in architecture, symmetry; in painting, the blending of colors; in ethics you call it brotherhood, and in music you designate it harmony.

Without this unity there would be no perfection; without it music would be merely discord; architecture would be merely disproportion; and without it the very mountains would crumble, the earth would disintegrate, and the planets, colliding with one another, would destroy one another in universal carnage.

This same law of unity obtains in the individual life; for life depends upon the harmonious action and sympathetic operation of all the organisms of the human constitution. Human life, moreover, requires a reciprocal and harmonious action of the body and the soul. Reason, sentiment and will must work together to produce a substantial result. Pitiable is that man in whose being the reason and the sentiment do not find the will to govern it and dissipate all weaknesses. For a blessed

individual life we need a unification of all the powers, a harmonious working together of all the functions of the human organism. And, in a higher sense, this same law of unity must operate with undisputed authority in the family, in order to insure its stability, its peace and its happiness. Let a home be divided against itself, and how, like a house of cards, it falls! The foundation is gone, and the structure cannot stand. The disunited home—how like a ruin of some ancient castle from which the spirit of nobility and of majesty has fled forever! How like some deserted temple, crumbling in the dust, and subjected to every sacrilege! How like some noble and proud statue, now overturned and disfigured, and used for ignoble purposes by every passerby! But a united home—there rests blessing eternal. A united home—how like a nest of cooing doves, where love resides; how like the green fields of Nature, where the kine and the fawn graze together; how like the woods, where the vines encircle the sturdy oak; how like the garden, where the roses and lilies dwell together in sweet and enduring harmony!

The unity of home is the grandest paradise that God ever created, of which the Garden of Eden was only the prototype. The united home, where love reigns, is the miniature of a united world for which mankind is ever longing and ever working.

A united world—what a grand, sublime thought! It was first only the casual fancy of an idle star-gazer of ancient times, who, beholding, night after night, the mysterious and harmonious twinkling of the heavenly constellations, gazed vaguely at the unity of God's creation, of its planets, its elements and its forces. A united world—it was first the dream of some hoary philosopher, who somewhat dimly recognized the origin of man. A united world—it was the ideal of an Abraham, of a Moses, of the ancient prophets, of the

great elders and teachers of all the religions of ancient times, who began to understand the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

Even to-day a united world is the teaching of most religions. It is even the proclamation of socialistic parties and of nations, and yet we are very far from realizing it; for, notwithstanding all our protestations and all our professions regarding the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, there is no united world. The world is separated and divided into nations that are more or less hostile toward one another, that are armed to the very limit of their capacity, that are working and striving constantly for territorial supremacy and for commercial advantage.

There is no united world to-day, and the religions of mankind that teach love and unity are practicing just the things that lead to the reverse, for they are still imbued with the thought that theology is the end and aim of religion. Their theological differences and their missionary propaganda produce disunion in most parts of the world, and we are still waiting for the millennium of which the prophets spoke—the time when nations would beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks, and learn the arts of war no more; the time when the lion and the lamb would lie down together, and a little child would lead them.

For a realization of this great and sublime truth—a united world, a united home, a perfect manhood, meaning by it the unity of all functions of the human body and soul—this order of Free and Independent Masons has been founded. It is not a school to preach merely theory; it is not a church to preach merely doctrines; because it is rather theory made actual; it is precept put into practice; it is creed crystallized into deed; it is a

living exponent of the doctrine of unity. And in all of my experience I have never found any other organization in the world, not even in religion, where the doctrine of unity is so logically carried out; no circle of society have I found where the essence of the Psalmist's words is so truly applicable—"How good and how pleasant it is when brethren dwell together in unity!"

And, friends, there is good reason for all this. There is a reason why the unity of Masonry has become a reality—because it is based upon that one principle without which there can never be any unity anywhere —the principle of equality.

Inequality divides and separates men. Inequality is that which prevents a universal social life and brotherhood. Inequality is the curse of mankind. It too often stifles the sweetest promptings of the human heart, chills the spontaneous warmth of affection, engenders hatred, and embroils the whole world in warfare. Inequality emphasizes the invidious distinctions of the classification of men into rich and poor, high and low, prince and pauper, employer and employee, capitalist and laborer.

Masonry knows no such classifications and makes no such distinctions, for it is founded upon the broad principle that all men are equal before God. Masonry points to the birth of man, and holds up to him this thought, that at birth and in early infancy all men are weak, helpless and insignificant; all babes are equals, whether they are born in the palace, in the hut, or upon the barren rocks. And as we were weak, helpless, and insignificant equals in our birth, how became we so unequal? Is it because men bedeck themselves with artificial ornaments, because they put on the trappings of an artificial world, because they obtain the insignia of office, or title, or rank, to give them added power and added influence?

To us, and in the sight of God, all these things are vanity, and no man is more to God than what He has made him. The Lord does not regard the external vanities which society has put upon man, but takes him only for what he is, his own soul, his mind and his heart, and whatever we have added to ourselves does not make us better; whatever we put on, whatever title or artificial dignity we acquire, does not change our mind or our heart. The man remains always the same. We are all alike—to paraphrase Shakespeare—alike in organs, dimensions, affections and passions; fed by the same food, hurt by the same weapon, healed by the same means, subject to the same diseases; we are all subject to the same influences of love, of hate, of joy and sorrow; to the same sensations of hunger and thirst, of heat or of cold. We are all alike in the emergency of great trials, of great suffering. We are all alike in times of great joy or of great sorrow. When the nation calls to war, then the spirit of patriotism fires all hearts alike, and the rich man's son and the poor man's son fight side by side upon the battlefield. Both die from the same effects; and in the hour of triumph all the citizens of the world are thrilled alike by the pæans of rejoicing and gladness; and when the great pall of sorrow falls upon the nation, as we have seen lately in the death of Queen Victoria, then all men again manifest the same tendencies, the same human nature. "One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin;" and when great danger overwhelms us, whether on board ship or in conflagration, or flood, or during cyclones, or earthquakes, then all the trappings and artificial insignia of society are cast aside, and all men are equal, and stand only for what they represent by the strength of their minds and their muscle. Then the peasant is the equal of the king. Then the king comes down to the level of the

peasant. Great Cæsar had to cry: "Help me, help me, Cassius, or I sink!"

And then, when death comes, when the grim reaper, who is no respecter of persons, who treats all alike—the king in his palace, the man in his hovel—the grave brings all down to the same plane, to the same narrow house for the rich and for the poor, and no grand mausoleum that is erected over the body of the deceased can add more to that dead man than the humble mound or the humble stone that covers the grave of the pauper.

So we are all alike from the beginning to the very end, from the cradle to the grave. That Masonry emphasizes and teaches to all its members, and therefore it brings together true-hearted men into an indissoluble bond of fraternity.

But Masonry rises higher than all this, for there is one thing above inequality that separates and divides men, and that throws obstacles in the way of universal brotherhood. The whole of mankind is attacked by what I call a disease of the soul, a blindness of the intellect, ordinarily known as prejudice. Prejudice is that judge that has taken a bribe, and that adjudicates without regard to the testimony of witnesses. Prejudice is the instigator of every persecution; it is the artificer of every rack and thumb-screw with which mankind has ever been tortured. Prejudice is the great curse of humanity that destroys whatever education, whatever religion, whatever charity or philanthropy may seek to build up, and whether it is national, racial or religious prejudice, it all comes from human blindness and ignorance.

Masonry, which brings together men of all nationalities, of all creeds and of all shades of social rank, is the great factor of life that can destroy prejudice, and in the Masonic fraternity I believe more prejudices

have been destroyed than in any other institution in the world; for the very genius, the very spirit of the Masonic fraternity is opposed to bigotry and prejudice. We build up religion; we are not the enemy of religion. And I concur indeed in the thought to which Brother Crandall gave utterance in this place when he mentioned the bigotry of some who regard Masonry as the enemy of religion. Masonry is the helpmate of religion.

I remember once saying to a friend, who asked me when I came from the lodge-room: "Where have you been, and what have you done?"—"I have been at a religious service, and I have prayed to God, and I have received religious instruction from my fellow men"; and then I uttered the most solemn truth about Masonry. It is as much a religion as the religion to which I give allegiance. For me there is no difference between my religion and Masonry. We acknowledge the same God, and pray to the same God, and teach the same Bible. We preach the same text, we practice the same morality, and we dispense charity in the same loving spirit, and we attempt to make true men out of the crude stuff that God has given us, and we do it not through feeble human efforts, but we do it with the spirit of the Almighty. We walk in the great light of truth, of right, and of justice. These are the great lights in Masonry that illumine the whole Order, and from the Order go out to illumine the whole world.

The possibilities of Masonry are without limit. It is one of the greatest civilizing and humanizing factors of mankind. You may speak of education, of science, of literature, of art, of philosophy, of religion, of charity, of benevolence, as humanizing influences; but I tell you the truth, friends, when I say that Masonry includes them all. There is no art, there is no science, there is no philosophy, there is no development of hu-

man knowledge which is not included in Masonry. It comprises all that we know, and all that we strive to know, between heaven and earth, and seeks to penetrate even beyond the veil of heaven, and to stand in the presence of the Lord God Himself.

In this great humanizing and civilizing work, CENTENNIAL LODGE has been engaged for twenty-five years. It has done its humble share in building up the great temple of humanity, and it seeks no more credit for its work than falls to the merited lot of any earnest lodge of the Order.

We have met to-night to rejoice at the consciousness not of what we have done, but merely of the power that we have acquired to do great things. In the future, not the past, is our greatest pride. At present we have only built a foundation upon which we intend to erect a great structure, and our hope lies in our future possibilities.

We owe a debt of gratitude to the founders of CENTENNIAL LODGE, and to all the workers and the leaders who have given up their time and their energy and their strength to the success of this branch of the Order, and we also owe a debt of memorial to those who have passed from our ranks, and who, for some years or months, have already stood in the presence of the Great Architect of the Universe.

We shall to-night fittingly remember them in all honor.

As a humble Mason and brother of CENTENNIAL LODGE, I say to my brethren, you have done well. I bring to you my humble congratulations. This is our season of refreshment after twenty-five years of labor. Let us rejoice and be merry with the living, even whilst we are remembering the dead. Let us feel that we owe them much, but also that we owe much to ourselves, and

let us gather great inspiration from the present moment, new zeal and new enthusiasm to continue the work, to labor with might and main for the benefit of the lodge, the glory of the Order, and the welfare of humanity. Let us continue to be faithful to the Grand Lodge, by being loyal to CENTENNIAL LODGE, and let us ever remember that our Order is like the ladder in the patriarch's dream,

"Its foot on earth, its height above the skies,
Diffused in virtue, boundless in its power;
'Tis public health and universal cure;
Of heavenly manna, 'tis a second feast,
A nation's food and all to every taste."

Congregational Hymn (being the Introduction to the Memorial Service)

CONGREGATION RISING AND JOINING IN THE SINGING

1 It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Though they are here no more.

2 'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown;
But, oh! 'tis good to think of them,
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Though they are here no more.

3 More home-like seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore.
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God forevermore.

Olenu

REV. WM. SPARGER AND CHOIR

Memorial and Kaddish

REV. DAVID CAHN

In Memoriam

JULIUS HILLMAN

ISAAC WEIL

AARON HERZBERG

JACOB ASCH

JOSEPH MUHLFELDER

MORITZ BULLOWA

HERMAN LEBERMAN

HUGO POLLITZ

ARMAND WORMSER

WILLIAM L. WOLFF

NATHAN J. NATHAN

WILLIAM J. MADDEN

SAMUEL SCHWARTZ

SAMUEL HERRMAN

ISAAC WARNER

JACOB GUTMAN

JOSEPH S. MICHAEL

FERDINAND KATZ

NATHANIEL HARRIS

In Memoriam

NATHAN SANDERS

HERMAN BLEYER

BERNARD W. TRAITEL

DAVID HEILBRON

MEYER ROSENTHAL

LEOPOLD TURK

R.·. W.·. SAMUEL GODCHAUD

ABRAHAM SCHLESINGER

W.·. ALBERT KUBIE

MOSES SEEWALD

LOUIS KRAGEL

PHILLIP MARX

JULIUS E. LEVY

ISIDOR L. MAAS

EDWARD C. STONE

LOUIS S. MEYER

PEDRO ENRIQUE ARENCIBIA

WILLIAM L. BLUM

CHARLES PRESSLER

SAMUEL SINGER

IGNATZ FARIAN

Concluding Anthem (Adon Olam) *Gounod-Sparger*

REV. WM. SPARGER, CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA

The Lord of all did reign supreme
Ere yet this world was made and formed.
When all was finished by His will,
Then was His name as King proclaimed.

And should these forms no more exist,
He still will rule in majesty.
He was, He is, He shall remain:
His glory never shall decrease.

And one is He, and none there is
To be compared or joined to Him.
He ne'er began, and ne'er will end.
To Him belongs dominion's power.

He is my God, my living God;
To Him I flee when tried in grief;
My banner high, my refuge strong,
Who hears and answers when I call.

My spirit I commit to Him,
My body, too, and all I prize,
Both when I sleep and when I wake;
He is with me, I shall not fear.

Benediction

RECEPTION TO LADIES

: : : OF : : :

CENTENNIAL LODGE, 763

F. & A. M.

TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 28, 1901

THE second event of the celebration took place in the Commandery room, Masonic Hall. The brethren, to the number of about 300, filled the galleries, reserving the floor of the room for the ladies. After the opening of the lodge and the transacting of necessary business, it was closed, and about 250 ladies were escorted into the room. W. Bro. Henry Lippmann presented to the Master Mrs. Theobald, vice-president of the Centennial Ladies' Auxiliary.

Programme

March and Reception

Introductory

W.·. HENRY LIPPMANN.

Worshipful Master, in the words of an old writer, "Who entereth herein a conqueror hath been." I have the distinguished honor of introducing to you, and through you to the brethren of CENTENNIAL LODGE and its invited guests, Mrs. William H. Theobald, Vice-President; Mrs. Pauline S. Kohn, Treasurer, and Mrs. I. H. Goldsmith, Secretary, accompanied by two

hundred or more conquerors, who have organized themselves into a society called the Ladies' Centennial Auxiliary.

Worshipful Master, they bring to us the glad tidings of a successful launching of a new organization to be added to ours after an existence of twenty-five years. Nay, more than this, they have banded themselves together to make this celebration a most memorable one, even not counting our birthday party, which is to take place to-morrow night. Worshipful Master, the ladies of this organization share the joys and sorrows of our homes. They bring into our homes the bright sunshine of their love, after we have spent a cloudy day at our labors, and their purpose of organization is to bring into CENTENNIAL LODGE that brilliancy which they bring to our homes. The purpose of their organization, as I understand, Worshipful Master, will be explained, and this will be a memorable meeting of CENTENNIAL LODGE. It will be handed down to posterity, and with joy and contentment we will from time to time read the minutes of this communication, for, as it has oftentimes been said, we are a happy and mutual admiration society. After to-night we will be a most joyful and congenial body of men, wherein contention cannot find a place, and this meeting, Worshipful Sir and Brothers, will ever be before our eyes, this inspiring, this beautiful picture.

Address of Welcome

W.·. LEO. PH. ULMANN.

Mrs. Theobald, Officers and Members of Centennial Ladies' Auxiliary, as Master of CENTENNIAL LODGE, No. 763, it becomes my pleasant duty to welcome you in its behalf to this function of the festivities attendant upon the twenty-fifth anniversary of the institution of our lodge.

Doubtless you would have shared with me the pleasure of welcome, had we with us this evening the president of your organization, who, through illness, is prevented from being here; but I am sure that which I am about to say to you will be received by you as though she were present, and that you will understand that the welcome is extended and is given to Centennial Ladies' Auxiliary.

It is perhaps not a novel feature in Masonic celebrations to note that the ladies of the members of the lodge should have some share in its programme. It was, however, with feelings of great joy that the committee and members of CENTENNIAL LODGE learned of the spontaneous desire on the part of those who now compose your organization to mark, in some manner peculiar to your own ideas, this festivity. Such opportunity has been given to you, and we welcome you here in the hope that your stay with us may be fraught with satisfaction to you, as it is to us a high distinction and honor and a pleasure.

As Master of this lodge, I congratulate you upon the successful culmination of your organization. The futile attempts which heretofore have been made must therefore be regarded as forerunners of the happy termination of these endeavors. It is the earnest wish of CENTENNIAL LODGE, and every member thereof, from the Master, Past Masters, to its younger members, who have become such this day, that your organization may continue and thrive, to be an inspiration and a helpmeet to CENTENNIAL in its work, its desires and its ambition.

I extend to you a cordial welcome.

If the officers will kindly step to the East, under the escort of Worshipful Brother Lippmann, than whom they can have no better, I will be pleased to greet them.

Response

MRS. W. H. THEOBALD.

Worshipful Master and Brethren of CENTENNIAL LODGE, I regret sincerely the absence of our dear president, Mrs. Vorhaus, who is ill, and we hope she will have a speedy recovery.

Since the honor, then, falls upon me to respond to the beautiful and appreciative welcome we have received, I fear that words will fail me to adequately convey our sentiments on this auspicious occasion.

How impressive are the surroundings! One is almost inspired with the feeling of Godliness when entering this sanctuary. We know nothing of your workings, but we do know how exalted an honor it is and how proud you all feel to be members of CENTENNIAL LODGE, and instinct tells us to feel dearly and kindly to each and every one of you.

I feel, however, that there is a little bit of disappointment among our ladies this evening, for we have had a few of your members visit us at our meeting rooms; we have taken you into our secrets; we have shown you the work which we do; we at least expected when being ushered into your presence this evening to see those ferocious goats that you ride, and that we hear so much about. We have been deprived of this pleasure, however, and we must feel content, knowing that whatever you do is done for the best.

I firmly believe in the old adage that "Wit lies in brevity," and if I cannot be witty, at least I will be brief. So, in the name of the Ladies' Auxiliary of CENTENNIAL LODGE, we thank you, one and all, for this hearty welcome. May you all be happy in life; may sorrow and care never trouble your hearts, or find a place there!

Reading of the History of the Lodge

W.·. AARON STERN.

It was in the early part of the year 1875 that a number of brethren of the Masonic Fraternity thought that the time and circumstances were propitious to add another link to that fraternal chain of lodges which forms so solid a phalanx in the world of philanthropy, and so splendid an example of the spirit of brotherhood and equality the world over. In order to further this object, a meeting was held at the house of Bro. A. Schlesinger, No. 168 East Houston Street, on March 21st, 1875. There were present:

Wor. M. B. Abrahams.
" Samuel Godchaud.
Bro. Emanuel Marx.
" Ferdinand Levy.
" A. Schlesinger.
" M. Wasserman.
" M. S. Hyman.
" Gerson Krieger.
" Isaac Musliner.
" Joseph Muhlfelder.
" J. M. Cohen.

It was decided to form a new lodge, and to call it CENTENNIAL LODGE, to commemorate the date of its foundation and the patriotic events the nation was then preparing to celebrate.

The dispensation prayed for, and which was recommended by a number of lodges of the Jurisdiction, was issued by M. Wor. Elwood E. Thorne, then Grand Master, on the 17th day of July, 1875, and the first meeting and organization under it was held six days later.

The Charter Members were:

Samuel Godchaud.
Emanuel Marx.
Ferdinand Levy.
Moses S. Hyman.
M. Wasserman.
Abraham Schlesinger.
M. B. Abrahams.
Isaac Musliner.
Joseph Muhlfelder.
Sol. Hofheimer.
Leon S. Keller.
I. B. Levyn.
Julius Levine.
Abraham H. Hummel.
John C. Boak.
Benjamin Flandreau.
Charles S. Arthur.
Frank Myers.

The first communication, under dispensation, was held at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, on Friday, July 23d, 1875. There were present:

Samuel Godchaud, W. M.
Emanuel Marx, S. W.
Ferdinand Levy, J. W.
Abraham Schlesinger, Acting Treasurer.
Moses S. Hyman, Acting Secretary.
Wor. M. B. Abrahams, J. D.
Isaac Musliner, M. C.
Joseph Muhlfelder, M. C.
John Hoole, Tyler.

At this meeting the following gentlemen were proposed for membership:

Simon L. Ehrlich.
Meyer Schloss.
Samuel Schwartz.
Leo Schlesinger.
Henry Ehrlich.
Jacob L. Kahn.

And it will be observed that at the very first meeting of the lodge, our late lamented Treasurer, Bro. Abraham Schlesinger, gave evidence of the deep interest he ever manifested by thus early presenting the name of his son.

The first to receive their First Degree, under dispensation, were:

Leo Schlesinger,
Samuel Schwartz,
Simon L. Ehrlich, and
Meyer L. Schloss,

on August 10, 1875.

At the early meetings of the lodge, the late Wor. Bro. John Flandreau, of John Hancock Lodge, No. 70, was a regular attendant, and of great assistance to the lodge.

The aim to maintain proficiency in the work has ever been a feature with CENTENNIAL LODGE. As an instance, at the Communication held on October 12th, 1875, called for the special purpose of conferring the Second Degree upon five candidates, four were not proficient, and rejected, and the Degree conferred only upon one, Bro. Benjamin Blumenthal.

The Second Degree was conferred for the first time on October 12th, 1875.

The Third Degree was conferred for the first time on the evening of October 26th, 1875, upon

Bro. Benjamin Blumenthal.
" W. A. Gans.
" Mark Ziegler.
" Samuel Schwartz.
" Isaac Weill.

The Grand Lodge, at its annual session, held on June 6th, 1876, granted a warrant to CENTENNIAL LODGE, and the brethren assembled at the lodge-rooms, No. 946 Broadway, on June 27th, 1876, for the purpose of being constituted into a lodge, and for the installation of its officers. R. W. Bro. John C. Boak acted as Grand Master, assisted by a large number of distinguished Craftsmen, and the following officers were installed:

Samuel Godchaud, Master.
Emanuel Marx, S. W.
Ferdinand Levy, J. W.
Abraham Schlesinger, Treasurer.
Aaron Weinstein, Secretary.
Wor. M. B. Abrahams, Marshal.
M. S. Hyman, S. D.
M. S. Schloss, J. D.
I. Musliner, S. M. C.
J. Muhlfelder, J. M. C.
S. Hofheimer, Steward.
W. A. Gans, Steward.
John Hoole, Tyler.

The institution of the lodge and the installation of its first Board of Officers was followed by a banquet and entertainment. Among the distinguished Craftsmen present on that occasion were R. W. Joseph C. Couch, Deputy Grand Master of the State of New York; M. W. Elwood E. Thorne, Past Grand Master

of the State of New York; M. W. John W. Simmons, Past Grand Master of the State of New York; R. W. W. T. Woodruff and R. W. John C. Barker.

R. Wor. Bro. Samuel Godchaud was re-elected Master at the Annual Meeting in 1876, and, consequently, served two full terms as Master of the lodge, in addition to the period of the working of the lodge under dispensation.

The lodge steadily advanced during the administrations of Wor. Bros. Emanuel Marx, who served two terms, during 1878 and 1879; Moses S. Hyman, during 1880 and 1881; Isaac Musliner, during 1882 and 1883.

Various entertainments were successfully given; many very enjoyable excursions being under the auspices of CENTENNIAL ASSOCIATION, which invariably added to the sociability, as well as the financial standing, of the lodge. Various calls for public charities were entertained and liberally answered—notably, in 1878, the lodge contributed toward the sufferers from the yellow fever scourge in Memphis. Calls for private charity from sister institutions or brethren in distress were, at all times, met and dealt with as liberally as the circumstances deserved.

On October 9th, 1880, the lodge took part in a parade, on invitation from the Grand Master of Masons in the State of New York, which proceeded to Central Park, and participated in the ceremonies attending the laying of the foundation stone for the Egyptian Obelisk.

On March 8th, 1881, we changed our scene of labor by removing from Kane Lodge Room to Composite Room, Masonic Temple.

Wor. Bro. Isaac Musliner was followed in the administration of affairs by Wor. Bro. Henry Block, who was Master during 1884. In this year, a decided falling off in interest in the affairs of the lodge was mani-

fested, and at the Annual Communication, in December, 1884, Wor. Bro. Emanuel Marx was again called to rule over the destinies of the lodge. Some slight progress was made during this brother's third term in 1885, and he was followed in 1886 by Wor. Bro. Ferdinand Levy, as Master.

For some years the craft throughout the State had been greatly agitated by the onerous burden of an immense debt, which had been fastened upon the Hall and Asylum Fund. This debt was funded by well-meaning but inexperienced brethren in such a manner that its extinguishment by the craft seemed absolutely impossible. Most Wor. Bro. Frank R. Lawrence had been elected to the Grand Mastership in 1885, and at once proceeded to undertake the herculean task of wiping out the debt in toto. Appeals were made to all the lodges, quota allotted to each, and strenuous efforts were made in our own lodge to meet the demand.

Now, although financially sound, interest in the lodge proper seemed to flag. Members began to drop out, and hardly any more were added to the roll. Here we had a lodge not lacking in members or capital, but, what is of far more importance, in activity, in life-blood, as it were, to stir in the veins of the almost inanimate body. During the year 1886 the task of keeping the lodge together seemed a greater one than could be performed, owing to the lukewarmness of a majority of its members. A general demoralization seemed to have seized upon the affairs of the lodge. Despairing of any attempt to continue the lodge under the state of affairs that existed at that time, a number of the oldest and best members instituted the movement which looked to the consolidation of this lodge with some other in the Jurisdiction as the only means of keeping the membership intact as a Masonic body. Lists for signatures were circulated, and so universal

was the feeling of failure that all but nine of the members of the lodge signed the document consenting to the surrender of the Charter to the Grand Lodge. The faith that was in these nine brethren saved our lodge.

At the Annual Meeting of December, 1886, with the pall of consolidation hanging over us, Wor. Adolph Oppenheimer was chosen as Master of the lodge, and from the evening of his installation as such we now date the regeneration and salvation of an institution which had been almost given up as dead. On the evening of January 11, 1887, he was installed, with A. L. Newburger as Senior Warden; Samuel Kaufman, Junior Warden, and Israel Lindenborn, Senior Deacon. The quota of the lodge to the Hall and Asylum Fund was now paid in full, and with strong faith in the efficacy of enlisting the assistance of a newer and younger element in the upbuilding of the lodge, Wor. Bro. Oppenheimer began that revival which has continued with ever increasing impetus and placed CENTENNIAL upon its present pinnacle of success.

With the beginning of work, the Master undertook the publication of a semi-monthly leaflet, in the shape of a diminutive journal, called "CENTENNIAL," which proved a material factor in the efforts of Wor. Bro. Oppenheimer to rehabilitate the lodge.

At the meeting of January 25th, 1887, the Third Degree was announced. The meeting was so well attended that an immediate feeling of exaltation pervaded all its proceedings. Five candidates were proposed, and hope, springing eternal in the human breast, was once more enkindled in those of the well-wishers of CENTENNIAL LODGE.

In order to economize for a time and husband our resources, it was determined to remove to cheaper quar-

ters than the Temple afforded, and our Trustees reported in favor of removing to Logeling's on Fifty-seventh Street.

The end of the year 1887 found us going bravely forward. The consolidation project had by this time been fully abandoned; work in the several Degrees was performed at every Communication. Visitors responded gladly to our invitations, and a better condition of affairs had made itself manifest. Nine members were raised during the year. With the return of prosperity came the determination to again make our home in Masonic Temple. During this year also the Great Ladies' Fair to help build the Asylum was held, and Wor. Bro. Oppenheimer was selected to publish and edit the Official Journal of the Fair. This proved so successful that our lodge was credited with the $1,200 profit which the paper realized, together with $102.50 contributed through the sale of tickets.

An era of prosperity and good feeling was now in full sway in the lodge, and at the Annual Meeting of December, 1897, Wor. Bro. Oppenheimer was again called to the East. Again a prosperous year ensued, sixteen members being raised during this year, and again, and for the third successive term, was Bro. Oppenheimer entrusted with the gavel.

The year 1889 witnessed the extinguishment of the debt on the Hall and Asylum Fund, and a Jubilee celebration was duly observed throughout the entire Jurisdiction. CENTENNIAL LODGE held its celebration on the evening of April 24th, 1899, with most appropriate exercises. Twenty-three new members were added during this year. The lodge was now on a solid foundation; no thought of disbandment could any more be entertained, and the future was bright with promise.

On December 10th, 1889, Bro. William C. Popper was elected to the East, and with his administration

began a series of brilliant and prosperous administrations of the younger element in CENTENNIAL LODGE. Thus, the five succeeding Masters to Wor. Bro. Oppenheimer, Wor. William C. Popper, 1890-1891; Joseph Steiner, 1892-1893; Aaron Stern, 1894-1895; Henry Lippmann, 1896-1897; Max Proops, in 1898, were all admitted to membership during Bro. Oppenheimer's administration. The lodge meetings were now always well attended, and many young and active candidates seeking admission. Visitors from sister lodges were ever in attendance, and its meeting room became the scene of animated and entertaining social events.

On January 3d, 1891, Wor. Bro. Popper was publicly installed for a second term, and our revered Bro. Abraham Schlesinger presented with a silver service, as a token of our esteem and affection, upon the completion of his fifteenth year as Treasurer.

In June of the year 1891, Wor. Bro. Popper was appointed District Deputy Grand Master of the Eighth Masonic District. He received a jewel and apron from our lodge on October 13th, 1891. During this year a delegation of our members participated in the laying of the cornerstone of the Asylum at Utica.

Wor. Bro. Joseph Steiner succeeded R. Wor. Bro. Popper as Master in 1892, was re-elected for 1893, and served through two most prosperous years. During Wor. Bro. Steiner's term, M. Wor. Bro. Hodge, the Grand Master, appointed Wor. Bro. Ferdinand Levy Grand Sword Bearer, and the lodge presented R. W. Bro. Levy with a suitable jewel and apron indicative of his rank and station.

During the administration of Wor. Bro. Stern, we had the high honor to entertain Right Rev. Bishop Henry C. Potter, who was addressed by Bro. Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, thus exemplifying the universality of Masonry, upon whose platform Jew and Christian can

unite in deeds of mercy and the worship of one ever living and true God.

Upon the assumption of the duties of the East by Wor. Bro. Henry Lippmann, the lodge obtained as its Master a follower of that school of strict observance of detail in floor work which goes so far to make CENTENNIAL LODGE celebrated for the perfection of its work in the Degrees. The nucleus of our well-trained team of Fellow-Crafts was formed under his tutelage, and the success of this picturesque feature of our work is due to this brother's activity.

On March 25th, 1897, Wor. Bro. Albert Kubie, one of the stalwart nine who held out for the continuation of the lodge, was presented with a handsome locket, with the insignia of his station as Chaplain, which position he occupied for twelve years, and to the time of his death.

In January, 1898, Wor. Bro. Max Proops was installed as Master. A year of successful work marked his administration, and when, at its conclusion, another term was unanimously offered to this worthy and efficient brother, he declined re-election on the ground that our lodge had now arrived at a stage when two and three year terms were no longer necessary for its welfare, and that a better chance would thus be offered to the younger men to obtain preferment. This policy has been pursued ever since, and has proven to be most beneficial to the interests of the lodge.

The brilliant talents of Bro. William Grossman were speedily recognized, and 1899 saw him installed in the East, and, as was anticipated, the year was replete with social and fraternal events of a most gratifying nature.

Two notable features marked the administration of Wor. Bro. Louis J. Vorhaus, who followed Bro. Grossman. One was the admission of forty-two new members and three affiliates, the largest accession of new

material in the history of the lodge during any one year; and the other, that not one death occurred—certainly a happy epoch in our existence.

Numerous were the times when CENTENNIAL had occasion to recompense its friends with tokens of its appreciation of their efforts in its behalf, and there were added to its list of Honorary Members the names of R. Wor. Isaac Fromme, Wor. Rudolph Holde, R. Wor. Frederick B. House, Wor. Rev. Edward Kartschmaroff, and R. W. George L. Montague. Those brethren were so self-sacrificing in their aid to our lodge in the time of its need that their names deserve to be on perpetual record on its rolls.

Memorable occasions were those on which CENTENNIAL proceeded to Temple Emanu-El to hear an Annual Sermon by its Chaplain, Bro. Rev. Dr. Joseph Silverman, and especially on the occasion of the commemoration services of the burial of our illustrious BRO. GEORGE WASHINGTON, the first President of this great and glorious Union of States. On that occasion, December 31st, 1900, we were joined by several other lodges, at our invitation.

In the field of practical charity, we are enrolled as contributors to the Masonic Board of Relief, Patrons of Montefiore Home, Annual Contributors to the Saturday and Sunday Hospital Association, and Contributors, by special resolution, to the Masonic Asylum at Utica, St. John's Guild, Hebrew Infants' Asylum, Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society Orphan Asylum, Sanitarium for Hebrew Children, and the Educational Alliance.

With the accession of Wor. Bro. William Grossman to the East, followed by Wor. Bro. Louis J. Vorhaus and Wor. Leo Philip Ulmann, our present Master, another era in the history of the lodge might properly be said to have begun—that is, the accession of those

who came later than the ones who joined during the period of storm and stress. Not having ever experienced any of the pangs of strife for existence as a lodge, coming in on the flood tide of prosperity, what wonder that their careers should be as blithe and cheerful as that of the singer who proclaimed that life with him was "as one long, sweet song." Still onward and upward the banner of the lodge was planted at every stage of progression, and we stand to-day at the pinnacle of fame in our career.

Our membership is now 421.

Our capital over $9,000.

Our aim to promote sociability and brotherly love among mankind, to relieve distress, to practice charity in its best form, and now and forever help our brethren and ourselves to live pure lives, that the honor of our institution may be enhanced, and the glory ever be to the Father on high whom we ever reverence and adore.

Wor. M. Ulmann.—I noticed, during the reading of the history of Centennial Lodge, that some one has entered our portals unheralded and unannounced. The Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York is one of our guests, Most Worshipful Brother E. M. L. Ehlers, and if the Most Worshipful Brother will permit himself to be escorted by Worshipful Brother Lippmann, I would be pleased to greet him and present him from the East to the entire assemblage of Centennial Lodge.

Ladies and Brethren: While we are celebrating our twenty-fifth anniversary, and while honors are being showered upon so many, I have the privilege of presenting to you Most Worshipful Edward M. L. Ehlers, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge, who has been so highly honored by the Grand Lodge at its last com-

munication for faithful service in Masonic work for the last twenty years. To me belongs the honor, and no one is more pleased, of receiving him here in CENTENNIAL LODGE, with its ladies, friends and brethren.

Address

M.·. W.·. EDWARD M. L. EHLERS.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I am always a modest and a diffident man. I recognize that I stand before you not in a wedding garment. I was surreptitiously brought to this room under the absolute promise of one of those pure, noble, honorable gentlemen of whom Brother Stern has just read, with the positive assurance that I should not be permitted to make a fool of myself. Business kept me from this gathering, to which I had an invitation—business that I could not throw aside. It took place in the building; the meeting of a committee by appointment for a specific purpose demanded me to be there, else I should have been of the festive company, properly arrayed, provided a suit had been left in some place where I could hire it. But, ladies and gentlemen, standing before you, I cannot resist the temptation to say just a word in commendation of the lodge under whose auspices you are met. Its history to me is reality. I have known it from its inception. I have been acquainted with the sterling, upright men that compose its membership. I have witnessed its various conditions; I have seen the good work in which the brethren have been engaged; I have observed a fraternity as beautiful as any that could take place on earth, in this organization. I have seen the deeds of kindness, the deeds of benevolence, which have come from these brethren. I have heard the kind words with which they have cheered on their

officers, and their numberless acts of Masonic courtesy are as well known to me as the letters of the alphabet; and therefore I take exceeding pleasure in saying that you are met under the auspices of a band of brothers as noble and as true as any that grace our fraternity, and under the auspices of a lodge standing in the very forefront of the great craft which they adorn.

Music

Presentation of the 25 Year Medals

W. M. ULMANN.—Ladies and Gentlemen: The very pleasant duty now devolves upon me to call upon the members of CENTENNIAL LODGE whom, for their many years of service, CENTENNIAL LODGE desires to honor, and as I call their names, if they will kindly, under the escort of Worshipful Brother Lippmann, present themselves at the altar, I shall be extremely pleased:

R. Wor. Ferdinand Levy.
" Moses S. Hyman.
" M. B. Abrahams.
" Isaac Musliner.
" Emanuel Marx.
" Adolph Oppenheimer.
Bro. Sol Hofheimer.
" Julius Levine.
" Leo Schlesinger.
" Mark Ziegler.
" Moses Hatch.
" Benjamin Blumenthal.
" Julius Doernberg.
" Nathan Hellman.
" Israel Lindenborn.
" Jonas R. Goldsmith.
" Samuel Metzger.

Friends, I invite your attention to Worshipful Brother Louis J. Vorhaus.

PRESENTATION OF MEDALS, BY W.·. LOUIS J. VORHAUS.

My Brothers, twenty-five years have rolled by since you planted the seed from which has grown our beloved CENTENNIAL LODGE, and we meet here to-night for the purpose of celebrating that epoch in the history of our existence.

What can there be more appropriate upon an occasion of this character than to present some testimonial of our gratitude to those men who have not only founded our lodge, but who, through all the years of its life, have kept faithful vigil for its continued existence, and who through rain and sunshine, through calm and storm, have safely brought the ship of CENTENNIAL LODGE to the harbor of safety.

We all know that it was not easy sailing; we know there was a period during our existence when it looked as though the ship would founder upon the rocks and be abandoned to its fate. Those were the days of rain —heavy, distressing rain; the clouds hung low and heavy, and it seemed as though they would never break. But this period of gloom was not without its value. The best things that are produced in this world cannot grow under one continued white glare of light; the finest things in human life need the rain and the clouds; they need the shadow. And so the life of CENTENNIAL has been rounded and mellowed by the tinge of sadness and the touch of storm.

The services which you have rendered to CENTENNIAL LODGE insure for you not merely the reverence and the gratitude of those who now constitute and

make up its ranks, but of those who are to augment it hereafter.

It must be to you a source of great pleasure and satisfaction to look back upon your years of toil, and to feel that your work has not been in vain; that you have handed over to the younger and newer generation of CENTENNIAL a lodge that is full of life, of hope and of promise.

And in behalf of this new and younger generation, let me say that we shall carry the burden which has fallen on our shoulders with good will and zeal. We shall be ever mindful of the traditions which you have established, and be ever guided by the light of your example and experience.

I ask you, in behalf of CENTENNIAL LODGE, to accept these medallions as a token and an evidence of our love and gratitude. I cannot think now who it was that said: "Gratitude is the fairest flower that springs from the soul, and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant." May the Ruler of us all grant you many years of happiness and peace, and may these beautiful souvenirs abide with you through all your lives, a lasting reminder of the days and years you have toiled in CENTENNIAL'S quarries, doing your part and contributing your share in the erection of a world-wide temple, whose dome is the heavens, whose pillars are the mountains, whose curtains the clouds, and whose floor the green grass and the restless sea.

Response

W.·. M. S. HYMAN.

Worshipful Brother Vorhaus, Worshipful Master, Ladies and Brethren: I am deeply sensible of the distinction and courtesy extended to me in being selected as the spokesman and representative of what is termed

the "Old Guard of CENTENNIAL LODGE," and my gratification is enhanced by the fact that I have been spared these many years to enable me to participate in this momentous occasion.

The appellation "Old Guard" is rather ambiguous, but its proper construction will undoubtedly be fully comprehended by all when it is understood that it has especial reference to those brethren who were the organizers of the lodge, who have been members from its inception, and have, at least, been partly instrumental in elevating the lodge to that pinnacle of fame which has characterized its standing and position in the Masonic fraternity for the past twenty-five years.

Speaking, therefore, in behalf of the Old Guard of CENTENNIAL, who are surrounding me here to-night, and not a few of whom are on our roll, I beg to say that we are fully impressed with the importance and dignity of this occasion, which calls forth this vast assemblage to-night, and that we fully appreciate the distinction and the honor that this presentation and ceremonial is meant to imply. We are here to-night to bear witness to the loyalty of CENTENNIAL—to everything that is typical of true Free and Accepted Masonry, which is symbolic of, and synonymous with, charity, brotherly affection and the truest type of friendship. We are here to-night to rejoice with you and exchange congratulations upon the successful termination of a quarter of a century's existence, during which time our noble band of brethren stood loyally together and weathered the storm which, at one time, threatened the very extinction of our lodge.

There are few within the hearing of my voice—and I allude to the brethren of CENTENNIAL LODGE—who will remember the trials and tribulations which hovered over us and through which we had to pass about fifteen years ago, but through the darkening clouds a ray of

sunshine appeared, and our beloved lodge was saved by a few self-sacrificing brethren to whom all the credit and praise for the phenomenal success of the lodge since that time is entirely due.

The members of the Old Guard, while unable, through force of circumstances and changed conditions and advancing years, to serve you as faithfully in late years as they have in the past, are and ever have been solicitous for your welfare and prosperity, and to-night we renew our promise of fealty to everything that will conduce to the best interests of our beloved lodge.

We are not unmindful of the many favors and courtesies received from your hands, and express here, in the presence of this vast assemblage, our grateful acknowledgment for the renewed evidence and manifestation of your esteem and affection. We shall cherish this decoration as long as life shall last, and by it we shall be reminded of the many happy hours and evenings spent within the portals of our lodge-room, and associate with it the warm friendship that we have been enabled to cement and foster during this long period.

I need scarcely assure every one present here to-night that it will be a source of gratification, of unalloyed pleasure and happiness if the members of this Old Guard would be permitted to be with you twenty-five years hence at the Golden Anniversary of CENTENNIAL LODGE. Those of us that are fortunate enough to be with you will, I trust, prove to you that they have merited the honor which you have bestowed upon them to-night; ever praying for the perpetual welfare of dear CENTENNIAL, our blessings go forth to you and yours, coupled with the wish that the full measure of success and prosperity may attend you in the years to come, and expressing the hope that the golden thread of memory may link in firm and lasting

bonds our past, our present and our future fellowship.

As a fitting conclusion to this ceremonial, may I be permitted to quote a stanza from the pen of a distinguished Irish poet, which is applicable to the Old Guard as to their interests in CENTENNIAL:

"Long, long be our hearts with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have oft been distilled.
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

I apply this, ladies and gentlemen, in so far as the Old Guard is concerned—our hearts are full with the pleasant recollections and memories of the past; come what may, joy or sorrow, success or failure, prosperity or misfortune, you may always rely upon the Old Guard of CENTENNIAL LODGE, who will ever rally around the standard of the lodge upon which is emblazoned in letters of fire and gold the motto of our beloved Order, "Friendship, Morality and Brotherly Love."

Music

WOR. MASTER ULMANN.—Mrs. Kohn, as Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements of Centennial Ladies' Auxiliary, I do most cordially greet you. Your arduous efforts to assist the Ladies' Auxiliary in its very great work, the culmination of which we will have here to-night, I can fully appreciate, and nothing gives me greater pleasure than to be enabled to receive you in the lodge and thank you personally for your many endeavors. The work which has devolved upon the ladies, more particularly upon the officers of the Ladies' Auxiliary, has been such as to deserve great commendation.

If you will kindly accept the escort of Worshipful Brother Lippmann so I may greet you here in the East, I will be extremely gratified.

Ladies, Brethren and Friends, to the ladies of the Ladies' Auxiliary I scarcely need introduce Mrs. Kohn. To those who do not know her, let me present to you Mrs. Pauline S. Kohn, the mother of our Junior Warden.

Presentation of Paraphernalia to the Lodge by the Ladies

MRS. PAULINE S. KOHN

So far back as the seventeenth century, when in England even the co-relation of man and woman was comprehended by the large majority only in a most primitive and revolting aspect, Matthew Henry, a writer of that country, penned this beautiful thought:

"Woman was made out of the rib taken from the side of Man—not out of his head to rule him, but out of his side to be his equal; under his arm to be protected, and near his heart to be beloved."

Sirs, there come to you to-day here to give living testimonial of the great truth contained in that quaint paragraph, those who, near your hearts, know themselves to be beloved, whose shelter and safety is your protecting arm, who at your side, participating in your sadnesses, have thus established themselves your equal, and now, in these precincts hallowed by the sacred activity of your craft, demand the right, side by side with you, to share your joys.

We come: Your sweethearts, whose hearts are warmed by the light of your love; we come, your sisters, proudest in your success; we come, your wives, gladdened by the fraternity of charity which makes you brothers—yes, and we come, your mothers, to whom your first life's throb was heaven's message of happiness; who have watched and prayed over you; who

have prayed with you, and still pray for you; whose neck no jewel more precious ever circled than the plump arms of your boyhood; who have led you by the pitfalls of youth, wiped away the tears of your early griefs and allowed our tears of joy to flow at your triumphs; who brought you to the gates of man's estate and there saw blossom that other love—and we gave you up to her, and called you blessed, for that is woman's work.

We all come who hold you dear and say, on this resting day in your labors: Has the ground been hard and the tilling made you sore and weary? Yea, even so wonderful and blessed is the fruition of your perseverance and energy!

It was no flitting fancy that prompted us to demand our place in your celebration. It was no momentary impulse that created in us the desire here to be and here to make merry with you. It was rather the natural outpouring of our pent-up respect and veneration for your Order and your lodge, which sought not only admission here, but the right to perpetuate woman's share on this occasion.

I have been commissioned, and, sirs, believe me that I esteem it a proud and extraordinary privilege—I say I have been charged by those who surround me to felicitate you upon the splendid record of CENTENNIAL LODGE; upon its proud position in the Order—an Order which even we, whose place is beyond its portals, know potentates, both sovereigns of mind and masters of men, from ages past to the present moment have entered, there proud to be called brothers with the humblest toilers in the ranks. Sirs, we wish you continued prosperity. We trust that the future of CENTENNIAL LODGE may ever be bright and happy. That there may always be here mementos of this occasion, everlasting souvenirs of the woman's blessing that goes

with you in your labors, and as a token of our great regard for CENTENNIAL LODGE, on behalf of and for the members of the Ladies' Centennial Auxiliary, I present to you these working tools and jewels of your craft. To us their meaning, as you use them, is unknown; but we commit them to the keeping of those whom we love, knowing that they can put them to no unworthy purpose. May their presence in your lodge ever be reminders of the regard and affection of the women who hold you dear! May the purity of the metal bespeak the chastity of our love! May their durability betoken our everlasting affection for and faith in you, and as you use them may it be to us the pledge of your reciprocal regard!

May the men who will follow in your wake and travel in this lodge find in their use and employment encouragement, faith and strength to keep high the noble work, the lofty ambition, and the splendid results of CENTENNIAL LODGE, No. 763, in this the first year of the twentieth century!

Gentlemen of CENTENNIAL LODGE, the ladies wish you Godspeed as you cross the threshold of the second generation of your existence, and cry with one accord: "CENTENNIAL LODGE, vivat, floriat, cresciat; live, flourish, increase."

Acceptance

W.·. M. B. ABRAHAMS.

Mrs. Kohn and Ladies of the Auxiliary Society of CENTENNIAL LODGE: It was through the courtesy of our beloved Master and the Chairman of the Committee having charge of the arrangements for the celebration of our twenty-fifth anniversary that I have been commissioned to express to you, madam, and to the ladies of the Society, as best I may, the thanks of this lodge

for this most magnificent present that you have brought to us, and to place upon record the profound gratitude, the pride and gratification that must be in the hearts of every member of this lodge at your beautiful gift.

I esteem it as a very high honor and distinguished privilege that I am permitted to stand here, the representative of over four hundred members of this lodge, Free and Accepted Masons in good standing, to give some expression to their feelings at the work that has been done for their pleasure by the ladies of this Society. Your presence here to-night, ladies, converting the prosaic walls of our working lodge into a very garden of roses, is sufficient indication to us of the interest which you have felt in the welfare and success of our lodge, but when you come to us bearing so noble a gift, such a beautiful and appropriate testimonial of regard and esteem, coupled with the beautiful sentiments that have been given utterance to by the lady who was deputed to make the presentation, I feel that my words fail to express the sentiments that are in the hearts of my brethren.

We realize—we know full well, ladies, that you have made many sacrifices of time and labor in procuring for us this beautiful gift, and while we feel that it has been a labor of love with you, we want you all to understand that we fully appreciate what you have done for us, and the sacrifices that you have made. Let us indulge in the hope, however, that the old friendships that have been renewed, the new friendships that have been formed during the meetings of your association, may be so enduring and so lasting and so beauful to you that they may form, in some degree, a slight recompense for the work that you have done.

These beautiful implements, jewels and working tools, as we call them, in our craft, have to the initiated very significant and potent meaning. They form a symbolism which, to the craft, is dear and hallowed. They come to us through the ages hallowed by the traditions of use of centuries. If it were not so late to-night I would take the most infinite pleasure in explaining to you ladies every one of these working tools, and tell you just what it means.

The Holy Bible upon our altar is ever spread in our lodges. No lodge can work properly and legally without the Holy Bible there. It is the rule and guide for our faith and practice. It points out to man the whole duty that he owes to his God and to his fellow man. Upon the open pages of the Bible rest the square and compasses, teaching us to act squarely by everybody, do no man wrong, and so circumscribe our desires that we may live in unity and comity with the entire world, the whole of mankind.

So, you see, ladies, there is no secret about it. It is all an open book. Anybody who wishes may come and read—and that is all there is to Masonry. Of course, we have some secrets which serve to distinguish us from others, but then they do not amount to a great deal, except in the symbolic work of the craft.

These beautiful jewels and ornaments are very gratifying to us, because they come with the noble sentiments that you have given such beautiful expression to. By them, ladies, we teach those whom we choose to associate with us the great principles of our profession, friendship, morality and brotherly love. Is there anything more simple and more beautiful? We teach purity of life and conduct. We teach that every man

should do by his neighbor as he would his neighbor should do by him—the Golden Rule throughout the whole universe.

We inculcate charity—not that mere charity that gives material aid to a distressed brother, but that greater charity, more beautiful, sweeter charity that tempers justice with mercy, that looks with a pitying eye upon the foibles and failings of a brother, and stretches forth the hand to help him in his weakness and to give him our sympathy, our wise counsel, and care for him under all circumstances.

So you see, ladies, that is the basis upon which the superstructure of Free Masonry is erected, and as we employ these implements which are dear to us from the very inception of the work which brought them to our altar—as we employ these in teaching the moral lessons to our brethren, we will be constantly reminded of the great interest and affection that have been shown to CENTENNIAL LODGE by the mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, and perhaps I may say sweethearts, of the members of our lodge.

We pledge ourselves here never to use these implements except for the benefit of the craft and the glory and honor of our great institution, and when our labors on earth are over, when we are called to the everlasting Paradise above, when the places that know us now know us no more, we pledge ourselves to transmit them to our successors as pure and untarnished as they are before you to-night.

And so here, in conclusion, I can only say that, on behalf of CENTENNIAL LODGE, on behalf of its members, I thank you from the very bottom of my heart, and I

pray that the hand of Time shall deal so tenderly with you that under the grace of the Grand Architect of the Universe, Whom we are taught to revere, and Whom we try to serve, you may be all spared to be with us when we celebrate the Golden Jubilee of CENTENNIAL LODGE.

I wish you all long life and health and happiness.

Music.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
CENTENNIAL LODGE, 763
F. & A. M.

HARLEM CASINO
WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 29, 1901

Menu

Little Neck Clams

Amontilado

Potage

Crême de Volaille à la Reine

Hors d'Oeuvres

Radis Olives farcis Anchovies

Poisson

Brook Trout à la Meinière
Cucumbers New Potatoes

Liebfrauenmilch

Relevé

Filet of Beef
Légumes à la Trianon
Fresh Mushrooms on Toast

Pontet Canet

Entré

Asperges en branche à la Polonaise
SORBET A LA ROMAINE

Roti

Squab aux Cressons
Salad Compote

Moet & Chandon White Seal

Dessert

Pudding Nesselrode
Assorted Cakes Petits Fours
Fruits Nuts Raisins
Café Noir

Mineral Water

Music

Under Direction of M. S. RAUCH.

1.	MARCH	Metropolitan	*Bial*
2.	SELECTION -	Carmen -	*Bizet*
3.	BALLET MUSIC	Naila	*Delibes*
4.	SONG	Answer	*Robin*
5.	SELECTION -	Florodora	- *Stuart*
6.	INTERMEZZO	Salome	*Loraine*
7.	MEDLEY	Coontown's Delight	*Rauch*
8.	EXCERPTS	San Toy	*Jones*
9.	POTPOURRI	The Burgomaster	*Luders*
10.	MARCH -	Hail to the Spirit of Liberty	*Sousa*

Programme

Introductory

W. HENRY LIPPMANN, Chairman of Committee

Ladies, Invited Guests, and Brethren of CENTENNIAL LODGE: It is my pleasant duty at this time, as Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, to say a few words to you. It is my purpose to review that part of our celebration which has passed.

CENTENNIAL has endeavored to celebrate her twenty-fifth anniversary in a manner appropriate to her standing in the community. Ours is a prominent position. We are numerically the largest lodge in the Eighth Masonic District, and we stand among the first twenty-five lodges in the State of New York.

The first part of our celebration, held at Temple Emanu-El on Sunday evening last, demonstrated that

which we teach, that before entering upon any great or important undertaking we should first invoke the aid of Deity. The splendor of that part of the ceremony need not be rehearsed by me at this time.

The second part of our celebration, devoted to the ladies, added another charm to our lodge and another chain to our strength, testifying thereby that a Masonic lodge can and should do more and do other work than that of conferring degrees.

To-night's celebration is intended to cement us closer, to unite our families, and to bring about that brotherly love which must and should prevail both in and out of the lodge.

CENTENNIAL LODGE must and will be one grand family. Such was the aim of this Committee, and if the brethren will but heed the lessons that were intended for them by this Committee, success and prosperity will be with us always.

I desire to take this opportunity publicly of thanking the members of the Committee of Arrangements for their loyal, earnest support which they have given to its Chairman, and to express my satisfaction at the unanimity with which they all worked to bring about the success of these three festivals.

It is with pleasure at this time that I introduce to you one whose time was at the beck and call of this Committee, our Worshipful Brother Leo Ph. Ulmann.

Address of Welcome

W.·.LEO PH. ULMANN, Master

Ladies, Guests and Brethren of CENTENNIAL LODGE: It is perhaps unusual for the Master to preside while the lodge is at refreshment, but the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements in his wisdom has

ordained that I should here preside, and obedient to all mandates that come from above, but with an obedience that is coupled with pleasure and cheerfully given, I accept the gavel here to-night, thankful, however, that the gavel is in the form of a ladle.

CENTENNIAL LODGE has ever been progressive. We started you on Sunday evening at Fifth Avenue. Following the move of events, we took you on Tuesday evening to Sixth Avenue, and have landed you this evening at Seventh Avenue. And we trust that not only will this evening's stay prove beneficial at Seventh Avenue, but culminate in the seventh heaven of your enjoyment of the celebrations attending the twenty-fifth anniversary of the lodge's institution.

We gave you on Sunday the feast of intellect; we gave you on Tuesday evening the feast of pleasant companionship and that family unity of which the Chaplain of our lodge spoke with so much eloquence on Sunday evening; we give you to-night the feast of corn, wine and oil, symbolically represented as nourishment, refreshment and joy.

We bid you welcome to this, the closing scene of our celebration, one that has been marked by devotion to Deity, by reminder of our fraternal and social ties, and which now culminates around the festive board which, in all phases of human existence, marks satisfaction, peace and harmony.

To this feast I bid you welcome. I sincerely trust that your appetites are such that you will be able to do justice to that which will be presented to you, as I equally hope that that which will be presented to you this evening will do justice to your appetites.

I bid you all to unite in one common endeavor to make this banquet a happy climax to the very successful celebration of our anniversary. Once more, then,

ladies, guests, and brethren of CENTENNIAL LODGE, I bid you to this feast a hearty, hearty welcome.

Prayer

REV. DR. JOSEPH SILVERMAN.

Praised be Thou, O Eternal, our God, Who hath provided food for the service of man and beast. We thank Thee, O Lord, for all Thy blessings, for health and strength and happiness, and we are grateful unto Thee for these viands that Thou hast given unto us. We ask Thy blessing upon all assembled, and Thy grace upon this repast. Amen.

Introduction of Toastmaster

W.·. LEO PH. ULMANN, Master

Ladies, Guests and Brethren of CENTENNIAL LODGE: It is indeed a pleasure to me, as Master of this lodge, to have been enabled to preside over you at this our concluding function of the twenty-fifth anniversary. I know that you will echo the sentiments, one and all, that CENTENNIAL has really outdone itself in providing for its guests, its members and its ladies all that could be expected of it—more so, inasmuch as we have made many attempts to try and please you within the last few years, but never before have been so successful.

It now becomes my pleasant duty to introduce to you the gentleman who has been assigned as the Toast Master for the evening, one with whom every member of CENTENNIAL LODGE is fully acquainted, one to whom it is the first occasion that he is able to speak to the members and to the ladies, and not only the waiters who have attended all the functions of CENTENNIAL LODGE. To-night our good brother will have the only opportunity he has had in his existence as a member of

CENTENNIAL LODGE to address you first and foremost, and I am sure you will be pleased with him. It affords me exceeding pleasure to present to you our Worshipful Brother, Joseph Steiner, as Toast Master.

Response of Toastmaster

W.:. JOSEPH STEINER

Worshipful Master, Brothers and Sisters: I think I have a right to address the ladies by that endearing title after they have become full-fledged members of our craft through the initiation they received last evening within the portals of CENTENNIAL LODGE.

You will observe, my friends, that they have placed before the Toast Master's station a bed of roses, yet the life of a Toast Master is not a bed of roses. You undoubtedly have noticed the difficulty I had in getting this audience together, and now that we have got you here where you cannot escape, we propose to compel you to listen to the programme printed upon the third page of the menu, which a great many of you undoubtedly overlooked at the conclusion of the dinner.

The Chairman of the Committee, when the position of Toast Master was delegated to me, gave me some wise counsel, as he thought. He cautioned me and warned me against responding to every toast upon the list. He also told me that I was the Toast Master, and not the "roast master." I shall not attempt to roast any of the speakers, yet the privilege of toasting them is mine, and I will let them roast the toasts as they see fit.

In arranging a large affair of this kind, we had a Committee of Arrangements. That was again subdivided into various other committees: the Committee on History; the Committee on Speakers; the Banquet

Committee; the Printing Committee; and last, but not least, the Smoke Committee. The Smoke Committee had selected a brand of cigars which, on being presented to the Banquet Committee, and passing their criticism, was found to be a brand not up to date, and we had slips printed: "Please don't smoke these cigars here." Subsequently we got different cigars and withdrew the slips.

The first toast upon our list will be responded to by one of the Old Guard, who has waited twenty-five long years for this opportunity, and undoubtedly will do full justice to the subject.

"THE DAY WE CELEBRATE."

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

The toast will be responded to by our good brother, Emanuel Marx.

"The Day We Celebrate"

W.: EMANUEL MARX

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

Mr. Toast Master, I am indeed grateful for the generous manner in which you have referred to me, but I am willing to ascribe it rather to your usual ebullition of good feeling than to any credit that is due me.

"The day we celebrate!" How prolific of reminiscence, how replete with thought, is this theme! I am carried back a quarter of a century, and can truthfully say: "The old thoughts never die. Immortal dreams outlive their dreamers and are ours for aye."

I can recall a body of young men full of vigor and energy, who were desirous of affiliating themselves with the Masonic Institution, and being possessed of the belief that, because of the warm friendship existing be-

tween them, their aims could be best subserved by joining a new organization, they sought assistance with that object in view. Although difficult of attainment at first, their efforts were finally successful in consequence of the influential men of the time who lent them their aid and co-operation.

I recall with gratification the names of M. W. John W. Simons, M. W. Elwood E. Thorn, M. W. Charles Roome, M. W. J. Edward Simmons, R. W. Charles S. Arthur, R. W. John C. Boak, R. W. James M. Morrison, all of whom, with but one exception, have passed to the great unknown, and who were encouragers and patronizers of our early career.

And while being reminiscent, I cannot permit the opportunity to pass without referring to two of our own members who have been called to the Grand Lodge on High. I allude to R. W. Samuel Godchaud, who was active and instrumental in our initial success, and to Bro. Abraham Schlesinger, who, during his life, was our first and only Treasurer, and whose purse was always at our command.

Twenty-five years is a great period, whether in the life of a man or body of men, and, confronted with Time's turmoil, must needs be freighted with obstacles. CENTENNIAL did not escape the common lot, and although in the main its record was progressive, there was an epoch when, through misunderstanding and misconception, its horizon was cast with dark clouds, but through the efforts of brave and determined hearts we have happily emerged from it with a splendor as refulgent as the noonday sun, and bearing this in mind, in casting a retrospect, we have just cause for rejoicing in the attainment of this important day in our lodge's existence.

Identified as we are with that great fraternity which encircles the globe, and whose only contention is, how

best to work and best agree, we have from our very beginning been thoroughly imbued with the sacred admonitions with which we were called into being. We had a mission to fulfill, and in the accomplishment of the work to which our existence has been consecrated have never faltered. We have learned that friendship has a power to soothe affliction in her darkest hour, and have acted under its impulse. We know that,

> "In faith and hope the world will disagree,
> But all mankind's concern is charity.
> All must be false that thwart this one great end,
> And all of God that bless mankind or mend."

We can refer with just pride to our past record, for a brother's sufferings have always claimed our pity, and the overburdened heart of the widow has ever become lightened by our ministrations.

Ours is an institution of love; "it is the secret sympathy, the silver link, the silken tie, which, heart to heart, and mind to mind, in body and in soul can bind."

To-day we have the gratifying assurance that at the end of a quarter of a century we are possessed of the consciousness of duty well performed, and I can say with freedom from any charge of egotism that our lodge ranks as one of the shining marks in this Grand Jurisdiction.

As for the future, many of those who have adhered to and labored with dear old CENTENNIAL throughout its years are fast approaching the evening of life, and the time will come when, in response to Nature's inexorable dictates, they must retire from active participation in the work before us. We are, however, fortified with the positive conviction, and therein lies the chief cause for to-day's rejoicing, that there are always ready and willing hands to fall into the breach, and guide the dear old ship.

Permit me therefore in conclusion to venture the hope that, inspired and inflamed by the recollection of this day, and prompted by an unceasing desire to emulate the record achieved, those who from now on are to have the destinies of our beloved lodge in their holy keeping, may labor with renewed efforts and unrelaxed energy, to the end that our star may shine with even greater brilliancy to the benefit of Masonry and humanity.

WOR. BRO. STEINER.—The next toast, my friends, will be responded to by one of the Young Guard. It was not necessary for him to wait twenty-five years to gain decorations. He has medals to burn. He has medals for bowling, sharp-shooting, pinochle playing, long-distance oratory and rag-time singing. Those who have heard him sing will never forget him—or forgive him. I take extreme pleasure in presenting to this Silver Anniversary audience the silver-plated orator—I mean the silver-tongued orator of CENTENNIAL LODGE, the picturesque Charles Good Fellow Wahle. I want to tell you what he is going to respond to. Give me a chance.

"CENTENNIAL LODGE."

"Hands of want, or souls in pain,
Have not sought my door in vain."

"Centennial Lodge"

Bro. CHAS. G. F. WAHLE

"Hands of want or souls in pain,
Have not sought my door in vain."—*Whittier.*

"In every cycle life doth generate new forms, and hid in every shell lie pearls whereon the sun or poet hath not gazed."

Philosophers tell us that the progress of mankind is traceable only in its larger advancing strides; that as

in Nature the time is unmarked when the bud becomes the flower, the maid becomes woman, or the boy becomes man, so, in the constant evolution of humankind, it is only in the height of supremacy attending cycle after cycle that advance is marked.

In the history of the world feet and yards do not count; only the mile-stones along the road mark the progress of the ages. Some are green with the fulsome verdure of growth; some are rusty with the barrenness of misspent energy, according as their labors have been fructuous or defunct. And yet it seems to me that when, in the ages to come, some philosopher, some poet or some historian, will seek to draw a line of demarkation which will define on the one side the ultimate accumulation of stagnation, and on the other the consummate impulse of energy, when that genius shall appear who will grasp from the heavens the light of day and seek therewith to pierce the past, he will find that the highest mountain-peak separating the valley of retrogression from the plateau of progressing energy was reared on that eventful day when, from Philadelphia's Independence Hall, was tolled the death of intolerance and bigotry and the gladsome message of freedom's birth.

To me it has always been a remarkable and poetic fact that the last toll of the bell of Independence Hall marked the death of the bell-ringer. Truly it seemed that on that day the old man must die and a new giant take his place in the history of the nations. Then and thus was born a new nation in the family of the world; then and thus was born a new giant, strident with the energy of youth, and with the perseverance of progress; for one hundred years this giant grew, and a generation ago celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the independence of humankind.

Great had been the progress of the world in that time. It would seem as if, with the proclamation of the independence of our country, there came over the world a new light. All those inventions and discoveries which have made the nineteenth century the great, bright star in the constellation of history's canopy have been made since the 4th of July, 1776. The telegraph, the electric cable, the progress in steam navigation, the telephone, steam railways, the enslaving of one of Nature's great powers, the universality of education, the spread of civilization, the advancement of mankind, the abolition of slavery, the betterment of public morals, the training of the mind, direct responsibility to the governed by those who govern, the maintenance of the principle that those are best governed who are least governed, the right to worship God as our hearts and our consciences dictate, the education of freemen, the universality of the suffrage—these are of the teeming vines that grew on that field which was hallowed by the blood of the martyrs; these the luscious fruits which a generation ago were placed on the banquet table of the universe's festival in honor of the Centennial of America's Independence.

The sun of the first century of our national independence sank warm in the royal purple of her majesty, and blending with the prismatic twilight of that evening and the silver of night, burst forth as the sun of the second century of our liberty in the great white light of eternal truth, culling from the garden of human desires a new form, generated in the great principles of Masonry embodied in the Declaration of Independence, dedicated to God in the name of liberty, equality and fraternity, tinted in the richness of human faith, perfumed with the sweet incense of human char-

ity—a rare and fragrant flower—and they called it CENTENNIAL LODGE.

It was a beautiful bud that stood in the Master's vineyard that morning. Steeped in the gray of the early dew, the chill of morning hardened it; the moisture on its petals looked for a time gray and sad, like pearls; but as the warmth of the sunlight played upon it, and gentle winds dispelled the mist, the dewdrops upon the opened petals of this new, full-blown rose shone red and beautiful as rubies—rubies in strength, rubies in warmth—rubies in constancy.

My friends, we have been celebrating in a manner which to many of you, perhaps, may seem extravagant, the completion of the first generation of the existence of CENTENNIAL LODGE. We were dedicated in the name of CENTENNIAL. Whoe'er enters the portals of our lodge and speaks our name, his mind will go back to the first century of our nation's existence, and he will carry with him through life the beautiful teachings of our Grand Order, hallowed and sanctified by the recollection of the martyrs who died in defense of those great principles of liberty, equality and fraternity, which we, as Masons, know as charity. It will always be a reminder of that glorious spirit of self-devotion, known to the history of the world as the "Spirit of '76." than which none grander has ever gladdened the heart of man.

Therefore it is that we of the CENTENNIAL LODGE are proud, and justly so, of the honors which have been bestowed upon us by our fellow craftsmen; proud, and justly so, of the standing which we hold in the Order; proud, and justly so, of our numerical strength and the unity which makes our work the diapason of one grand fraternal harmony; therefore we claim the right in unique and unwonted manner, with all those we love gathered about us in solemn conclave, feast and dance,

to celebrate the fact that not only does he who enters CENTENNIAL LODGE become a Mason true and firm, but he has his Masonry upheld and supported by the glorious recollections of those deeds which will forever make the figures '76 bright and fixed stars to guide those in want and distress.

For twenty-five years we have lived, and what a life has been ours! Think you, perhaps, as you see us here in the fulness of manhood's growth to-day, that we have escaped the dark hours and the travail of youth? Think you, perhaps, that as with the fulsome notes we give thanks to God for all the blessings he has showered upon us we think not also of the dark moments in our history? But to those great leaders of CENTENNIAL LODGE who launched this boat and sent it on its destinies on the ocean of life, to those pioneers the storms might come and the rains might pelt and the winds might blow; but the winds were to them but the song of the haven of rest which lay beyond the tides; the rain was to them but the forerunner of the manna which Providence was to send, and the storms were but the encouragement echoing from mountain to mountain, from the heavens to earth and back again, to proclaim that whence came the storms come also the gentle and refreshing zephyrs; to proclaim that whence came the turbulence comes peace—and they stood firmly by the helm until there came that tidal wave which thrust CENTENNIAL upon her career of success.

Some of them we have with us now; some have preceded us to the great beyond; but we were all together the other night for a few moments in the Temple —those who are no more in the craft, as we know it, and those who still belong to the craft—and it seemed while the names of those who have gone were read, that once again the great roll of CENTENNIAL LODGE was called and each man answered "Here." But

more than that—ask the orphans who with us prayed that night for those who are gone; ask the widows whose silent tears bespoke their remembrance of the past, and they will tell you that when the great summons came, or when want and distress followed the path of sickness, when gloom pervaded their homes, CENTENNIAL LODGE, without emblazonry, but quietly and calmly, extended that charity which has made its history.

A membership of over four hundred, containing within its ranks the merchant, the man of profession, the man of learning, where science, art, literature and learning all are combined to elevate and inspire our fellows, where all our endeavors have but one object—charity, and the advancement of fellow man—that is CENTENNIAL LODGE.

I know not what there may be in store in the future for CENTENNIAL LODGE. Will it thrive? Will it flourish? Will it flower as it bids fair to do, or will its day of crumbling come? Who will be its guide past the cliffs that will sooner or later appear? What unifying hand will hold it? I know not whether in the days to come vast numbers will seek its gates. I know not whether its portals will be looked to only by the few, but this much I know, this much I trust, and this much I prophesy: That, as it was in the beginning, it is now, and ever will be—the mighty CENTENNIAL LODGE,

> "Hands of want, or souls in pain,
> Will never seek its door in vain."

WOR. BRO. STEINER.—"The Grand Lodge" is the next subject on our programme, and the sentiment "Loyal to truth and the sacred professions of friendship." The loyalty and fealty of CENTENNIAL LODGE to

the Grand Lodge and to the Grand Master is recognized by the presence here to-night of his immediate representative, the Deputy Grand Master, the handsomest man in the Grand Lodge, whose Masonic experience and knowledge eminently qualify him to respond to this toast. I have the extreme pleasure and distinguished honor of presenting to you Right Worshipful Elbert Crandall, Deputy Grand Master.

"The Grand Lodge"

R.·. W.·. ELBERT CRANDALL, Deputy Grand Master

"Loyal to truth and the sacred professions of friendship."—*Longfellow.*

Mr. Toast Master, Ladies and Gentlemen: The toast which has been ascribed to me is one which, I assure you, is absolutely new. It has appeared on every toast list from the time the Grand Lodge had its first inception in this Grand Jurisdiction; it has been talked to by every Grand Master, and by every Deputy Grand Master, and by every District Deputy Grand Master in the absence of the other two, from time immemorial, and I am sure that you will expect, under such circumstances, utterances from me which shall be absolutely new and interesting.

I am reminded to-night somewhat of the story they tell—and in speaking thus I am sure you will agree with me that I am upholding the dignity of the Grand Master, because in his absence it is delegated to me to represent him and speak for the Grand Lodge—I am reminded of the story of the gentleman who was sitting in his club in an adjacent city in the State of New Jersey, who was giving expression to reminiscences, and among them he recalled that a friend of his had spoken of a gentleman, very successful in commercial pursuits, and who had lived and made his fortune in the

city of Paterson, New Jersey, and in the course of time, as comes to all, had passed away, and this was the spirit of his dream: He had, after passing from this terrestrial sphere, gone to the abode above and had knocked at the gate where he hoped to gain admittance, and the representative holding the keys to those Golden Portals inquired of him his name. He, for the time being, thought perhaps to qualify himself somewhat, and said that his name was Leo Ulmann, and he was asked from what place he came. "Paterson, New Jersey." He was reminded that he had got to the wrong place; that he should go down below, and consequently went there and knocked at the portals, was met by the representative of his Satanic Majesty, and thought he would change his name upon that occasion, and when he was asked what his name was responded that he was Henry Lippmann, and he was asked from whence he came. "Paterson, New Jersey." "You have made a mistake; you cannot come in here." He threw up his hands in abhorrence and says: "Great heavens, must I go back to Paterson, New Jersey?"

To-night, when it came time for me to repair to this festive occasion, I was almost ready to throw up my hands and say: "Great heavens, must I go to CENTENNIAL again?" However, the attraction was so great, the pleasure I had experienced was so great that I assure you it was not with difficulty that I found my way here even if it were at a late hour.

This expression of commemoration which has existed in the three occasions which you have celebrated, bears with it a most important signification. I can recall Sunday evening when you gave expression by a service of song unparalleled, I believe, in my experience, and although I was not permitted to participate in your festivities last evening, I am told they were superb. I am reminded by them of one significant fact

—the fact that last night you presented to your brethren who had been twenty-five years members of CENTENNIAL LODGE a badge which they could bear with them throughout the coming years as a testimonial of their fidelity to the principles of our craft. This, brethren, is something beyond the pleasures of mere festivity. It is something beyond the mere expressions of fraternity and brotherly love. It is an expression of fidelity to the principles of Free Masonry, an expression of the fidelity of those brethren to their brethren, an expression of their fidelity to CENTENNIAL LODGE, and in the years to come those who shall achieve that distinction will also bear with them that expression of the distinction and regard of their brethren.

I am wandering from this new and interesting toast which has been ascribed to me, "The Grand Lodge of the State of New York." Scarcely any of you knows what the Grand Lodge is. Scarcely any of you have any conception of its duties and its functions. The brethren of CENTENNIAL LODGE scarcely know what the Grand Lodge is, and therefore I ought not to digress, but to confine myself absolutely to telling you about the Grand Lodge, and all that the Grand Lodge does. The exodus which was manifested just prior to the time that the coffee came reminds me that perhaps I ought to further inflict myself upon you by telling you all about the Grand Lodge. I am sure by so doing I would conserve the very great pleasure of the ladies and gentlemen present, and therefore for about forty minutes now I propose to tell you all about the Grand Lodge. I propose to tell you that it is the supreme grand organization in this State which controls everything concerning Free Masonry. I propose to tell you that it is the Central Organization, and from it has emanated those charters which have been the mode of organizing all the subordinate lodges, numbering

about eight hundred in this Jurisdiction, and after we get through with all that, and after I tell you that the Grand Lodge officers are called upon not only to attend at the annual communications of the Grand Lodge and look after its affairs, all of which have been cut and dried beforehand, and by which a rule is carried out at the annual communication in which our Masters, representatives of those lodges, participate, then I have told you very much of what the Grand Lodge consists. But, beyond that, the Grand Lodge has certain other functions which it is called upon to perform. It is called upon to go from New York to Buffalo, and to other intermediate points, for the laying of corner-stones, the dedication of lodge-rooms and such functions as that, and it is indeed a very great pleasure, I assure you, to the Grand Lodge officers to participate in those functions, particularly when they occur, as they usually do, in the heat of summer, when the sun is shining down from above with rays that almost make you wish to be in a refrigerator car. Then you think that it is indeed a very great pleasure to be a Grand Lodge officer, when, after you have got through with it all, you must perforce be a recipient of the hospitality of the brethren throughout this great State of New York, and after you have got through with that and pack up your belongings, with an interval, perhaps, of sleep, and perhaps not, you take your train and again get yourself back to the city from whence you came, you are quite ready to conclude, amid it all, that the lot of the Grand Lodge officer is replete with pleasure and with happiness.

Notwithstanding all that—notwithstanding all of the burdens and the duties which rest upon the Grand Lodge and its officers, they have an added responsibility—a responsibility in seeing to it that each individual lodge which composes and is a component part of that

Grand Lodge, shall discharge its individual duties to the Grand Lodge and to the craft. They accept that responsibility, and they rejoice in knowing that the brethren have the interests of Free Masonry so at heart that we truly may say, without detaining you longer, loyalty to truth and the sacred professions of friendship, and beyond all, loyalty and truth to the sacred teachings and lessons of the fraternity, are their constant aim and purpose.

WOR. BRO. STEINER.—The next toast, "The Past Masters," "Nobles by the right of an earlier creation and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand," will be responded to by the father and savior of CENTENNIAL LODGE. In the darkest moments of CENTENNIAL'S history, when destruction threatened CENTENNIAL LODGE, he saved it by reducing his bills for printing. His age is a mystery, but when we consider his genial disposition, his kindness and lovable characteristics, we know that these have kept him youthful even at three score and ten. He will tell you about the old mossbacks and has-beens of CENTENNIAL. He is thoroughly competent to respond to this toast. He is one of us—I mean one of them. Listen to the voice of the patriarch, Worshipful Brother Adolph Oppenheimer.

"The Past Masters"

W.·. ADOLPH OPPENHEIMER

> "Nobles by the right of an earlier creation and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand."—*Macauley.*

My friends, to be a Past Master in any art has grown to be a proverbial expression of proficiency in that art. To be a Past Master of Masons, then, calls for a proficiency so rare that one may seek the title with all hono-

rable striving with which the greatest of life's honors are sought.

Masonry as an art is the struggle of mankind toward perfection. Masonry teaches, as its fundamental principles, the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, the Immortality of the Soul. A Past-Mastership in such an art makes a priest of its devotee —a missionary of God to mankind. Past-Mastership in this art means proficiency in the higher living, the living not for one's self alone, but the practice of that philanthropy which recognizes that we are here for some purpose not fully revealed to us, but the spirit of which purpose we can strive to approach by helping those less fortunate than ourselves.

Masonic lodges are fundamentally different from other fraternal organizations in one particular feature, that of the power of the Master. This power is absolute in a very high degree. Very few laws hamper his decisions, and his will is supreme in a very great measure in the lodge. And this attribute is carried along somewhat when the Master is promoted and becomes a Past Master. Then comes a still higher responsibility. He now becomes a power without office, without precise duties and obligations as to routine, but a power withal. His influence now can lead aright in the destinies of his lodge. Many now are the opportunities where the Past Master is called upon to give advice from the rich store of his past experience in matters of detail, in matters of policy, in matters of charity. Strife and discord can be avoided if the Past Masters of a lodge agree. Where is the Charity Committee in a Masonic lodge that does not have recourse to the knowledge of the personnel of the lodge obtained by the Past Masters during their term of office as Masters, to help them to come to correct decisions in the dispensation of their

charity? And where is the lodge that has ever resisted the advice of its Past Masters, when they themselves were united?

Come we now to CENTENNIAL LODGE's Past Masters, as everything this evening must center in CENTENNIAL. In the period of its direst need it was the moral support of two of its Past Masters, Worshipful Brother Albert Kubie, since gone to his reward on high, and Right Worshipful Brother Ferdinand Levy, two of the nine brethren who refused to give up the charter while they thought there was still hope to save our beloved lodge. It was the faithful work of still another Past Master, Worshipful Brother Emanuel Marx, who, in those troublous days, helped by word and deed to rehabilitate the lodge. With what strength of purpose and all-abiding faith did our Worshipful Brothers Hyman and Musliner at all times encourage the younger CENTENNIAL in its renewed career of prosperity? What function of the lodge's later progress but has the lasting impress of the wise and brilliant administrations of the younger generation of Past Masters—Popper, Steiner, Stern, Lippmann, Proops, Grossman and Vorhaus? And what Annual Communication is complete without that sturdy veteran, Worshipful Brother M. B. Abrahams, presiding in the East, ever ready to give wise words of counsel and keep our feet in the straight Masonic path?

As a King has his Council, a President his Cabinet, so the Master of a lodge, with a conscientious desire to exercise his power aright, will always look to the sustaining advice of his private Cabinet—his Past Masters. There is no law that makes them such, but it has grown into a Masonic tradition as binding as the laws of the Medes and Persians, or the unwritten Constitution of the British Empire, that in matters of great moment the Master looks for support to his predeces-

sors in office, and as there is presumed to be safety in a multitude of counsellors, he thus divides his responsibility, and feels more secure in his inmost heart that his actions in the administration of his trust are for the best interest of those who have placed their faith in him. So, the Past Master in Masonry is the power behind the throne; the power that helps, aids and assists the Master in the performance of his onerous work; the power that is called upon in times of trouble to devise means that shall tide over the perilous places, and in times of happiness and plenty shall help give expression to the feelings of joy and gratitude.

Then ask we the help of the Supreme Architect of the Universe, that he shall so direct the steps of our brethren who wear this proud title, that they shall be united in their Council. Let not the spirit of discord enter their ranks, for they are the microcosm—the little world—which directs the larger. May their efforts ever be directed toward harmony, letting not personal ambition blind them to the detriment of the good of the whole body. And thus may they help to lead the hosts of CENTENNIAL'S followers ever onward, keeping its banner in the van in our noble endeavors to further the cause of Masonry—Faith in God, Hope in Immortality and Charity toward all Mankind.

WOR. BRO. STEINER.—The next toast is dedicated to "Our Ladies." I would like everybody to remain here, and hope the ladies will stay here also and listen to the many pleasant things that will be said to them by the respondent to this toast:

> "The all-beholding sun has ne'er beholden,
> In his wide voyage o'er continents and seas,
> So fair a creature."

This sentiment applies solely to the subject matter of the toast, and not to the respondent. Originally there had been selected a brother to respond to this toast with a head of hair like Paderewski. Then the Chairman of the History Committee, who had made researches into Masonic antiquities and into the histories of banquets, reported that nowhere within the annals of post-prandial oratory had a man with hair to burn ever responded to this toast. So the Committee changed the co-respondent, and I now have the pleasure of presenting to you, ladies, your Popper.

"Our Ladies"

R.·. W.·. WM. C. POPPER

> "The all-beholding Sun has ne'er beholden
> In his wide voyage o'er continents and seas
> So fair a creature."—*Shelley.*

Mr. Chairman, I find that upon examining the toast list that is presented here to-night, that immediately after I get through responding to the toast to the ladies, the Coroner appears. I want to inquire whether I am to be the subject or the ladies, and whether I am expected to die in the effort?

Ladies and Brethren, as I rise to my speech to-night there comes to my mind a story. A Sunday-school teacher asked John, "Who made you?" "Don't know." "What! Don't you know who made you? Why, little three-year-old Dicky could answer that question. Dicky, who made you?" "Dod," lisps the three-year-old. "There, John, are you not ashamed of yourself?" "No; he was made so lately he has not had time to forget it yet."

There has come to you all so lately in the course of this celebration, which is being brought to a close to-night, so much splendid eloquence that you have not

had time to forget, that I hesitate to speak at all, lest my tallow-candle effort may be entirely eclipsed by the lively recollection of the brilliant meteors of oratory to which you have all hearkened so recently. Exordium after exordium has come and gone. Argument has followed argument; peroration after peroration has hurled its glowing periods at your heads in a perfect avalanche of eloquent phrasing, kindly sentiment and good cheer, and were it not for the subject assigned to me I would but rise and sit. But what Mason worthy of the name would not do his best in the cause of woman? What Mason who has been taught that as his last and best gift to man God created woman. Under his forming hand the creature grew, manlike, but of different sex, so lovely fair that what seemed fair in all the world before seemed now mean—all in her summed up, in her contained, on she came, led by her Heavenly Maker, though unseen, yet guided by His voice, adorned with all that heaven could bestow to make her amiable; grace was in her step, heaven in her eye, in every gesture dignity and love.

What Mason who has been taught this lesson would decline to raise up his voice in her behalf, and who, if he has forgotten that lesson and was present last night in our lodge-room and heard that magnificent address which marked the presentation from our ladies, would not be thrilled and strive, on his part, to do his uttermost to make fitting reply?

Dear ladies, as I sat and listened to that magnificent address, with each sentiment more beautiful than its predecessor, each thought more precious than its forerunner, I picked out of all that one sentence, that dearer than any jewels that could encircle the mother's neck were the fat arms of the little boy. From the standpoint of the little boy let me say that though fame

and honor may come, though wealth and prominence may be his, though he be young or old, cultured or ignorant, wedded or single, strong or weak, the mother's breast is the dearest spot on earth to him, and so long as we can have our mothers, lay our heads on her breast, encircle her neck with our arms, though they be no longer the chubby ones of youth, so long at least shall we be inspired to work for the right, to strive for the best, to keep our honor unscathed and our escutcheons unblemished.

My delightful task is to speak for the ladies. Speak for yourselves, I say, and say it with a mother's tongue. Her experience includes the whole range. She has been the little maiden who was rocked upon the knee, the charming young miss who captured all hearts; she speaks as a sister, and as a wife, and she speaks from the holiest relation on earth, the proud pinnacle of motherhood. She has nursed and tended the babe in its infancy, counseled him in his youth, loved and mothered him still in his prime, and when the second generation has come, she has lived her motherhood over again and repeated the care and counsel and the love for the benefit of the grandchildren. And when at last the time comes when—

> "How loved, how honored once, avails thee not,
> To whom related or by whom forgot;
> A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
> 'Tis all thou art and all the proud shall be"

—then on the highest pedestal in our memories, in the innermost holy of holies of our hearts, she lives yet and continues to live to all to whom her love has been a cheer, her care a help or her counsel precious.

If the mother should be the one to speak for you when you speak for yourselves, a bachelor should never

be given a brief to plead for you, and for that mistake to-night I ask your pardon and the indulgence of the Committee who selected me, not for my ability, but for my hirsute adornment. My view may be too limited, my horizon too enclosed, and if I fail to do justice to all phases of womanhood, I pray my laches may be forgiven.

My experience in CENTENNIAL goes back through many years. The successes of each administration are familiar to me as household words—the genial Marx, the untiring Oppenheimer, the scholarly Vorhaus—all have had their little triumphs, as also have all those who have served between, but not until to-day, not until our first quarter century has been completed, has the beginning of our possibilities appeared before us. I care not whether the next quarter of a century shall find us four hundred or four thousand, whether our coffers be empty or overflowing, whether our record as ritualists be high or low—I say I care not—I do care, but more than all this, I care that the next generation shall know us for our good deeds. We have enlisted in our aid, our sisters, who shall point out to us the way to minister to the helpless, to heal the sick and nourish the needy.

It has been said the rock upon which Masonry is founded is Deity; the obligation to obey God is the teaching of our craft. This command is the keystone of our art, which she binds as an oath upon the lips of every one who enters the portals of our Temple, and our sisters typify the angels who shall teach us anew our duty to God and the purest of his creatures, and by their aid our history of the next generation shall glow with a Mason's highest duties, with page after page of good deeds in which they shall join. Therefore, say not, as you did last night, the pinnacle of our fame

is now. No; its cornerstone is only just laid, and, dear sisters, and with your aid we shall raise its tower even unto the skies.

Wor. Bro. Steiner.—At the conclusion of the response to the next toast, everybody present will please join in singing "The Star Spangled Banner," and the belles will please ring the bells that were presented to them this evening. The next toast, "Our Country." "That country is the fairest which is inhabited by the noblest minds."

When, in 1861, the reverberations of the gun aimed at Fort Sumter—a sound which was heard around the civilized world—had died out, there rushed to the front the brother whom I propose to introduce to you. He shouldered his musket and he "fit" and bled for our country. He gained military honors; he was the captain of one of the companies of a regiment that engaged in that bloody struggle, the battle of Spottsylvania, and it was at the close of a day of fierce fighting, when the different company commanders were called up to report to the officer of the day as to the records of their companies, and each captain was obliged to give his report as to the number of men wounded, killed and missing, Captain Levy reported as follows: "None wounded; none killed; all missing."

Our country has indeed been kind to the Right Worshipful Brother. Upon his return from the bloody field of battle he was first sent to the Board of Aldermen, then he became Coroner, then he became Register, and now he is Tax Commissioner, so that he is fully capable to properly respond to this magnificent toast. I take great pleasure in presenting to you the hero of Gettysburg, Ogdensburg, Harrisburg and Williamsburg, our Worshipful Brother Levy.

"Our Country"

R.·. W.· FERDINAND LEVY

> "That country is the fairest, which is inhabited by the noblest minds."—*Emerson.*

Brother Chairman, Ladies and Brethren: Brother Popper started in with a joke at my expense. He stated that after he was through with his toast that the Coroner was to follow. He was right. Any man that will assume the responsibility of responding to a toast to our ladies, and is a confirmed bachelor, deserves a Coroner's investigation.

Any man who acts as Toast Master and gives you such a correct historic record of the Grand Army deserves to be commander of one of the posts. Besides that, I am not surprised at the eloquent manner in which Brother Steiner has described the battle of Spottsylvania, Harrisburg, Williamsburg and Brownsville, because in looking over the list of toasts I see that "Our Country" has been treated rather shabbily. If we were a German gathering, I would say to-night, "Our country wird mitgeschleppt." It is the last on the programme. Down in Concordia Hall, in Avenue A, where Steiner and I have addressed a good many good Tammany Hall meetings, they would call us in our country, "Ein Stiefkind."

But, nevertheless, there is perhaps more than one reason why I should respond to "Our Country," because last night I was made a member of the Old Guard. Before, however, I take up the toast, I must express astonishment at another item. I see that our distinguished representative of the Grand Lodge is still here, I am glad to say, and he spoke about a dream in which he connected Brother Lippmann. I have no objection to Brother Lippmann's dreams, but I do differ with my good friend, Right Worshipful Brother Crandall, when

he says that Brother Lippmann had anything to do with Paterson. Since when is Lippmann an anarchist?

Now to my toast. Don't get frightened; as we say in Paris, it is a very short "magilla" that I hold in my hand. This morning, my good friends, while I was seated in the Tax Office—I have a right to be seated there, because you help to pay me for being seated there—a Committee of Taxpayers called while I was very much interested in making an attempt—one of the many attempts I have made the last week—to commit to memory this little speech that I intend to deliver here to-night. It was one of the committees of the well-known Taxpayers' Association of the old Seventeenth Ward—in poetic German we used to call them Breckbox Verein—and the Chairman said to me: "My dear Coroner"—because there I am still Coroner on Avenue A—"My dear Coroner, I presume you are reading the latest decision of the Appellate Division with regard to the tax laws concerning real estate." Says I: "My good friends from Avenue A, I am doing nothing of the kind. I am trying to study a little speech to be delivered to-night to good old CENTENNIAL."

Now to my little speech. Brother Oppenheimer said something about holding his notes close to his eyes. I have not got to that age of a patriarch yet, as he was described by Brother Steiner, but I am close on to it, and if I behave myself much longer, I will become one of the patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, by the way.

In the first year of the twentieth century, a century full of promise and of hope, it is most fitting that we cast a glance upon the place our country has made for herself among the nations of the world. We laid the foundations of our national existence deep and broad, in self-reliance upon the ability of the people to manage

their own affairs without the aid of self-styled lords claiming a definite commission as rulers. Have we failed or have we succeeded? Where do we stand to-day?

Our country has expanded from ocean to ocean, even reaching out to the Pacific isles. We have prospered beyond the fondest dreams of our forefathers, both in material wealth and the still more precious achievements of science and moral progress. Our fields and mines bear forth in answer to man's industrious efforts the richest harvests of commodities for our use and enjoyment. In fact, we have become the granary of the world. The inventive genius of our people has harnessed the mighty forces of Nature and compelled them to perform all our work and to lighten our burdens. Ease and comfort are within the reach even of those classes who in former ages considered it their lot and destiny to suffer poverty and suffer want. In science and in art we march abreast of the nations who boast of an experience antedating ours by many centuries. We have poets, sculptors, painters, architects and inventors—I was going to add, investigators—who are recognized the world over as stars of the first magnitude, including our own political stars.

We have blended together into one harmonious brotherhood the fragments of many peoples who drift to our shores from all parts of the globe; the poor and the distressed, the refugees and the exiles, we have received with open arms, and offered them safety and protection under the ægis of our flag, and an opportunity to live with us as our brothers and our fellow citizens.

Thus we have built up a nation composed of the most energetic, the most progressive, the most spiritual of all the elements of all the peoples of the world, and with a deep religious sense we recognize the obligations

destiny lays on our shoulders. With great gifts must go great responsibilities. It is for our country to show to all mankind what free and equal rights to all its citizens can and must accomplish in the onward march of humanity. We recognize the sovereignty of man, and we must strive to establish the brotherhood of all human beings.

This is the great problem of the new century. As its momentous importance is clearly grasped by us we feel the weight of the task we must work at and accomplish. All the progressive elements of the world look for leadership and for action. Their blood flows in our veins; theirs a sacred claim upon our brotherly interest.

The sun of the twentieth century has risen over our country; our nation is full of hope, energy and activity. When the century draws to its close, our country will be found progressing steadily, harmoniously and triumphantly, beckoning to the peoples of the world to follow in a grand procession of peace, love and humanity.

And in conclusion, as Craftsmen, let us not forget that the great patriots who laid the foundations of this glorious edifice were nearly all members of our grand fraternity, and may their patriotism ever be an incentive to us to follow in their footsteps, and demonstrate, by our actions, that we are true believers in one God, one Brotherhood and in one Country.

In Memoriam

William McKinley

25th President of the
United States

September 24th
1901 . . .

Centennial Lodge
763, F. & A. M.

Nearer, My God, to Thee

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though like a wanderer,
Weary and lone,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

O God, Our Help in Ages Past

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou on guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

My Country, 'Tis of Thee

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
  Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free—
  Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
  Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
  The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God to Thee,
Author of liberty,
  To thee I sing;
Long may our land be bright;
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
  Great God, our King.

Memorial Address

By CHAS. G. F. WAHLE.

"Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, oh, Lord! Lord, hear my voice! Oh, let Thine ears consider the voice of my complaint!

"If Thou, Lord, would be extreme to mark what is done amiss, who may abide it?"

Out of the deep, yea, the nethermost depths of heart's grief, the world has, in the troubled darkness of the days that just have passed, cried to Heaven for mercy and then for light; and who will say that even now dawn is at hand? The world has wept; the world has mourned—not that of a generation ago, jealous of us—not the world of a decade past, suspicious of us. No! But from the secret palaces of Pekin, from

> "Greenland's icy mountains
> To India's coral strand,
> Where Afric's sunny fountains
> Roll down the golden sand,"

wherever human heart and human impulse urge, there men have stood, bound with us in an indissoluble fraternity of grief at the horrible catastrophe that has cast its gloom over mankind.

It was the deed of blood—it was the death with tears. We know not why this crime was done; but the history of human progress is thus sadly marked. The day that saw the Jew liberated from Egypt was the day of blood and mourning in the homes of the captors left behind; the fires that on the hills about Jerusalem in olden days sent to those in other lands the message that at home they were celebrating Passover

were the messengers also which told of the death that was necessary that Israel might be free. The sacrifices for ages to come thereafter were in commemoration of the great freedom, for which victory the first-born of Egypt died.

The victories of Rome had set her eagles in the heavens to proclaim the fight for right and early progress. Soon they became the harbingers of a conquest for booty and devastation. Vestal virgins became the playthings of the Roman Senators; public offices were purchasable commodities; the brave soldiery of Rome became the rabble around the corn-cribs of the wealthy; the proud name of Rome was dragged in the mire of indolence and acquiescent pillage, and then Brutus stabbed Cæsar.

Soon thereafter the guttural of the healthy Teuton was heard in the temples where Cicero had held forth and the owls and bats housed their broods in the places where strong men had been killed in gladiatorial combat to satisfy the whims of Rome's degenerates or because their women were too lazy or otherwise disinclined to raise their thumbs.

And still the ages came and went. Civilization spread. Its path is marked by the blood of its martyred apostles. Some burned at the stake because they foresaw the truths of the evolution of man; others because they believed the earth was round; others slain by the bigotry of nations because they dared to preach the independence of thought; and others, again, by the savages, to whom they were bringing the blessings of light, turned into everlasting torches to mark the path whence came and must come the light.

Slavery, wiped from the face of the earth by the blood of millions of brave men who fought when this country's union was threatened, received its chief sacrifice and penance when the blood of the martyr Lin-

coln was shed; and as he expired, under that woeful shock, for the first time in four years there was one common thought on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line, a gloomy thought of the horror that this deed should have been committed, that this crime should have taken place after Grant and Lee at Appomattox had uttered the message of peace.

Again, when party strife was at its height—and we may speak of these facts now philosophically, for they have passed into history—when political combat reached the climax, a struggle not for principles, but for booty; when one section of this country believed the other was its conquered territory, the maniac's arm was raised and Garfield was the offering. Then the people awakened to their danger and North and South approached each other and commenced again the reforming of that nation which under the administration of McKinley became indeed that country where North, South, East and West exist only in a splendid emulation for the welfare of the whole. But we are not now in the midst of strife; bitter political dissension exists not.

No man ever had the support of his antagonists politically as did McKinley the confidence of his political adversaries. To no man did a Congress ever convey powers so broad or far-reaching as those which a party-divided Congress unanimously gave to him who is gone. The nation was quiet in prosperity; the harvests of the past year spent and the farmers ready to gather the fruits of their newer labors, our land indeed becoming a country upon whose possessions the sun never set, our flag raised and respected throughout the civilized world, our triumphs of war the amazement of civilization, happiness at home, respect abroad, a united country, proving to the world that a land may be free and yet hold its place among

the sovereign powers of the world—that was the fruition of McKinley's work, when the dread assassin shot. And as we look out upon our country to-day, as we see that which the past four years have brought us, as we view the goodness of the man who is gone, as we remember the grief that the nations poured out for him, we raise our eyes to Heaven and ask, "Why was this cup held to our lips?" Wafted by the waving foliage, borne on the brook, carried by the winds of Heaven, whispered by the hearts of men, sent forward through ages, comes from Canton's quiet graveyard the answer of faith: "It is God's way, not ours; His will be done."

I know not what history may say of William McKinley. It is the greatest tribute to him and to the progress of his day that none of us can say to each other that which is new about him. From the primary scholar in the street to the philosopher, the busy merchant and the man of toil, the preacher and the soldier, all know his life's story, his goodness and his works, his vicissitudes, his wonderful successes in life, his never-ceasing faith in himself and confidence in his duty, of the strength and the power to do it as he saw it, and God gave him the strength to fulfill it. It will speak of the triumph of our flag on ships of war and on ships of peace, of our manufactures, of our commerce and of all that will go to make his administration co-equal in dignity and importance with that of Washington and that of Lincoln. But the people know all this. But that which, to my mind, is the greatest thing that he ever did, and which places him, in my humble judgment, in the hearts of the people so long as faith and love and joy reside in human breasts, and which will be carried down from generation to generation, from father to son and to sons unborn, and told of him even as now we tell of the great men who

have passed away, until it shall become the sweetest tradition of our national being, is the simple faith, godly life and holy goodness of the man, William McKinley—so calm in his faith in God that when the dread summons came without warning it found him ready for God like a tired child resting in his father's arms, saying, "Now I lay me down to sleep." So he nestled closer to God as his day commenced to sink.

His simplicity as a man, a wonderful faith abiding with him in darkness and in light, the cleanliness of the man, the purity of his heart, his exalted morality, make him a great example to our people—doubtless becoming careless of the truths and beliefs of our fathers. He lived the life of the true man. That is the heritage which he leaves to the people.

He who has gone was one of us. With us he has faced the East and seen its light. Let us hope that as the shadows of his life were lengthened, and the evening and the morning of his life came together, he awoke in that resplendent light which knows no shadow, whose fruit is the peace which passeth all understanding, whose warmth is life eternal.

