



THE
PROPOSED
KANSAS
HOMES

AN
ADDRESS
BY
ADELAIDE WAYLAND



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ADELAIDE WAYLAND.

ADDRESS RELATIVE

TO

**The Proposed
Kansas Homes**

FOR THE

**Orphan and Indigent
Aged of the Order**

By ADELAIDE WAYLAND.



1904.

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Dedication.

To you, dear sisters and brothers of Kansas, who, in the past, have labored side by side, and hand in hand with me in efforts to bring our beloved order up to the full realization of its great and benign possibilities, this little volume is most lovingly dedicated.

As I pen this dedicatory, a vision of the twelve thousand members, who worked with me during my presidency, comes before my eyes; and I am reminded anew of the earnest support and hearty co-operation they gave me, without which my endeavors would have been as worthless as dead leaves. Many of these dear ones have fallen by the wayside

under the banner of friendship, love and truth, yet, others have come, not only to fill the places made vacant by these absent ones, but to make new ranks, until now we number more than eighteen thousand.

To you who are new in the field and to those who shall, in the future, espouse our cause, as long as we shall stand a power in the state, I, also, dedicate this book, with the one hope that in its contents may be found some rays of light, some crumbs of comfort, some incentive to keep you ever with us in our endeavor to make smooth the pathway of the unfortunate.

**Address Made by the Author Before
Some of the Kansas Lodges in Behalf of
the Proposed Kansas Home.**

The mountains are clothed with majesty; their lofty peaks tower above the clouds, their ranges stretch out through space in long rocky crags of greatest sublimity or in verdure clad series of exquisite and romantic grace. The grandeur of sea and ocean, the beauty of the valley, the shimmering surface of pellucid lakes, the rush of foaming torrents and babbling brooks fill, throughout, the length and breadth of the land. As far as the eye of man can see, as far as his wandering foot can pene-

trate, he finds new beauties, new and gratifying surprises in the world of Nature. There is the wild luxury of the tropics, the brilliant Aurora Borealis and the azure tints of icebergs and glaciers at the poles, and the never-ending variety that ministers to the five senses, in the middle zones. Yet, not one of these units, nor all of them, collectively, are worth one pang of sorrow of the least one of God's Human family. We may study every branch of mathematics, from the simplest mental problems of the fundamental rules, to the branch that makes it child's play to compute the distances of the planets from us, and the course and time of their rotations; we may dip into science until the component parts of rocks and minerals, with their growth from the tiniest atom, are an open book to us, until the minutest part of every flower is known by name and function, until every living thing that

creepeth upon the Earth or is hid away in the depth of the sea is as familiar to us as the passing of the night and the coming of the morning; we may know the fields of literature as we know our own back yards, but, when all this has been accomplished, if we have no deep knowledge of the workings of man's heart, the yearnings of man's soul, the needs of man's physical, mental and spiritual nature, we are cold, weak and worthless. We are a body in which an intellectual brain, only, has been developed; an abnormality, not fit for the practical purposes of this world, nor prepared to be graduated into the higher life beyond the grave.

It was the immortal Pope who declared that "The greatest study of mankind is man." While it is true that at the present day there is a tendency to criticism, a marked inclination to tear our neighbor's reputation to shreds, to get as much out

of a man for as little as possible, yet, in spite of all this, the weather-beaten remark that the world is growing worse is not only untrue, but fearfully so.

Go back in history to the mediæval Caligula and Nero and follow down to the comparatively modern times of Henry VIII, Bloody Mary and even Elizabeth, and, not only, will we not dare to say the world is growing worse, but, however biased or narrow we may be, we shall be obliged to admit that the world is growing better, and that each year makes the moral condition and surrounding of the world so much better, that the time is even now staring us in the face, when man shall be considered his brother's keeper, when man shall be man's brother, and when no man shall hoard up vast wealth at the expense of his brother who earns his bread, not by the sweat of his brow, which is an honest and happy thing, but by the

blood of heart and brain.

In the dark ages, when war was man's sole occupation, and rare intervals of peace his greatest luxury, defeat in war meant rapine, murder and slavery for the defeated. Slavery is no stigma on the African race, for the fairest and most cultured races have served as slaves. The Goth, the Celt, the Greek, even the Roman, himself, toiled as slave or drove as master, as he was defeated or victorious. Out of such awful conditions came the cry for more humane dealings, and, by very gradual degrees, man's life was brought up to a higher plane. Out of the growing need and demand for a better and higher state of existence, grew, in our modern times, such orders as the Masons, Knights of Pythias, Odd-Fellows and others, with their different branches. The primary principles and ultimate results of these various organizations is the same, but, as Odd-Fellows, it is

more particularly of their work that we speak to-day.

When you consider that eighty-three years ago the order consisted of five members, men, and that, to-day, Kansas alone has thirty thousand subordinate Odd-Fellows and fifteen thousand Rebekah Odd-Fellows; that Kansas is but one of the forty-eight states that represent the order; that it flourishes in every country abroad and in the islands of the sea, you will recognize that it has come to stay, and statistics will not make this fact any more impressive to you. It may help you, however, to comprehend what a power we are if you think that every state in the Union has enough Odd-Fellows, male and female, to make a large city. Think of the charities, the schools, the public institutions, the improvements a city keeps up and you will realize what the Odd-Fellows of any state may do, if they will. What they do, in reality, ac-

comply each year is beyond the power of anyone's tongue to tell.

How do you hold the attention of your members? the uninitiated may ask. What means do you employ to hold them interested in the cause and keep them from growing apathetic? It is because of the wisdom of the early founders, who, when they laid the foundation, placed no material there that could be corroded by the calumny of evil, no quality that could crumble in the atmosphere of selfishness and jealousy. They laid their foundation stones of friendship and love, everlastingly cemented together with truth, and, upon the whole, they erected the house beautiful of charity. That is why we have Odd-Fellows enough to build a greater Boston or a Philadelphia and have a few small cities left over.

We will have to admit that, in all these years of ministrations to the sick, the afflicted, the broken-heart-

ed, the helpless, the good work has been marred by mistakes. Just as it is sometimes true that a man may build up a most beautiful home for himself and family, fill it with works of art and luxury, lavish gifts of value on his wife and children, while some deserving relative is toiling from early dawn to late into the night to keep the souls and bodies of his family together, so individual lodges have drifted into the habit of getting rich, and doing nothing to lighten the burdens of their members beyond the rigid accomplishment of duties, as prescribed by their by-laws. These lodges have built fine halls, filled them with expensive furniture, with sumptuous staff paraphernalia of richest silks and finest velvets, with jewels and garnishings that represent mints of money. Yet, some of these lodges, after burying dead brothers, instead of mingling their tears with those of the widowed women left behind, have left

them to shed their tears alone into the unresponsive depths of the wash tub, and feel that, when they have left a Thanksgiving turkey at the doors of such afflicted ones, a few calico dresses and jeans pants for the children at Christmas time, they are justified in getting a new velvet robe for the Noble Grand. They vote five hundred dollars out of the treasury for a piano for the lodge room, and five dollars to help buy a sewing machine for the widow, or to pay the interest on some poor, mind harassed brother's mortgage. Do not glare at me, and say I am unjust to the order. I am not. I am only painting some things as they have existed and do exist. I shall soon give you the celebration and the fireworks. I shall speak of the things that lodge aggrandizement led to, the result and the reforms. I will, however, say right here, that I could tell of numerous cases where lodges have gone to the home of a sick

brother, and have planted his crop for him or gathered in his harvest; of lodges that have educated the orphan and bought homes for helpless brothers or their widows. These are but the concerted action of single lodges and not that of the great organization as a whole. Of this we shall soon speak.

Of the state organization in the past I could tell of orphans who were left to roam the streets in poverty, to drink in the vile lessons taught them about the doors of low haunts, to acquire habits of viciousness that it may take years of moral courage and fortitude to break up. They become a menace to the good children of a community, and become thoroughly corrupted while lodges are squabbling whether they shall board with Mr. ——, whose influence is not of the best, but who will keep them for two dollars a week, whether they shall be sent to the country, where they can work

for their board and attend winter school, or whether it would be best to place them with Widow——, who cannot board them for less than three dollars, but who can bring them into environment and a home atmosphere that will go far towards bringing them to a worthy manhood and womanhood.

Go to the state lodge reports of the past years and you may read, worth of lodge property so many hundreds of thousands, relief of members so many tens of thousands, care of the widow and orphans so many thousand, and this I assert to be true. The largest per cent of the tens of thousands for the relief of members is the weekly benefits that are fixed by law, and that no lodge could ignore and hold its charter. It was because of such mistakes and golden opportunities that Odd-Fellows all over the world began to think, then to talk, and, finally, to act. Had they lived up to the re-

quirements of their by-laws? As a rule, yes. Had they lived up to the possibilities of the beauties of their ritualistic lessons, that fell upon their ears in the lodge room once a week, fifty-two times a year? By no means. That was evident to the most thoughtless. Outside of what they owed to those who were banded together with them, did they, as a great and mighty army of men and women, owe anything to the world at large; was it their duty, from a standpoint of wealth, numbers and intellect to be a moral force in the land? Yes. The very conditions of the world made it an offense for any mighty organization of the people to exist without being a force for the elevation of morals and manners. From the time when one man could sell both bodies and souls of scores of human beings, to the time when a man could sell only his own body and soul, conditions had, of course, been gradually improving, and a

time had arrived when the atmosphere demanded that men should cease to look calmly on while other men went to the dogs, that they should lead them to the development of the highest and best in them, and to the greatest cultivation of that highest and best. It was evident that a problem lay before Odd-Fellowship, and when they sought a solution for it, the word home stood out in bold relief and dazzling illuminations in the minds of the questioners. The first man and woman in creation had a home of surpassing loveliness. It came direct from the hand of God. The Divine mind worked out the thought of that first home.

The Esquimeau builds him a home of ice, the Indian one of skins or boughs, the Hottentot one of mud, the bird one of hair and down and twigs, the rabbit a cellar home lined with its own soft fur, the ant a most intricate insect palace. Whether lofty

or lowly, large or small, imposing or insignificant, the first instinct of the lower animal, the first thought of the human is to provide a home, a retreat from the great world, a place that shall be his very own, where rest can be enjoyed and young properly reared. Home! The name has ever been associated in all lands and at all times with those of mother and Heaven.

The Earth is dotted with thousands and thousands of cities, towns and hamlets, and what are they? Aggregations of homes. If anyone uses the expression, "My home is where my hat is off," and means it, it is an indication of a cold, dull nature. Most often this quotation is used to cover up the heart longing of the homeless man or woman, for the human yearning is always for a home, and even though mid pleasures and palaces, however far and wide one may roam, no spot and no place can fill that of home, however

humble the cottage may be.

For individual lodges to establish and maintain homes for all of their needy ones was clearly impossible, but each organization, through the efforts of its many members, could build and maintain one home, where healthy food, clean, sanitary rooms, good schooling and pure moral instruction could be obtained. The thought was father to the deed, so much so that, to-day, there are but few states without a home for the orphan and indigent aged. I will venture the assertion that in such states there is no old man or woman, no helpless orphan, coming under the jurisdiction of the order, but who is provided for most bountifully; for our order is so well organized, and worked so systematically, that not one child would be able to slip away out of the range of the careful eye of the lodge.

The building of these homes in the different states and the main-

tenance of them after they have been established has come to be the one absorbing theme with the order. The unimportance of petty points of law and the time that was once considered necessary to their discussion have given way to the study of ways and means for keeping up the homes and rearing the inmates, not only in a way that shall comply with the letter of Odd-Fellow law, but in such a manner that they shall be the best possible citizens, with characters so broadened and strengthened for the higher things of life, that they will make an impression on the moral atmosphere surrounding them.

The London Times recognized the importance of building such character when it printed in its columns the following sentiment:

“That which raises a country, that which strengthens a country, and that which dignifies a country—that which spreads her power, creates her moral influence, and makes

her respected and submitted to—the instrument of obedience, the fountain of supremacy, the true throne, crown and scepter of a nation—this aristocracy is not an aristocracy of blood, not an aristocracy of fashion, not an aristocracy of talent only; it is an aristocracy of character. That is the true heraldry of man.”

To quote from a most excellent work: “The crown and glory of life is character. It is human nature in its best form. The strength, the industry and the civilization of nations and the very foundations of civil security rest upon it.”

These are strong words, and it was such thoughts that made me realize that the Odd-Fellow, in educating and surrounding with the influences of home the orphan of his dead brother, was not only doing his loving duty, but reaping a thousand-fold reward, not more in the peaceful consciousness of having done good and righteous acts, than from

the amount he has added to the strength, industry and civilization of nations. If the Odd-Fellows educate and establish in life some helpless orphan, what a tremendous force they have started to moving in the world through the leverage of their homes. The educated, well-trained one sheds the light and strength of his character into the lives of the members of his family, they, in turn, each do the same by their respective families, and so this force goes on, from year to year, from one generation to the next like an arithmetical progression.

Let us suppose that the order should leave a child uncared for, unprotected. For an example we will let him fall to the lowest depths to which a man can descend, and, after having been a menace and a terror to his community, we will see him safely housed in the penitentiary for life, while the wife and children of his murdered victim cry out in the agony

of their souls. In this case the order has failed to fulfill its vows and moral obligations. It has missed that sense of joy that comes from a privilege and a duty performed; it has thoughtlessly but surely wrecked that man's life, and cast a shadow over the lives of many with whom he has come in contact; it has been an enemy to the public good in allowing a bad element to flourish which it might have moulded for good; it has been an enemy to the government in that it has, perhaps, let loose a worthless wretch to help drain the public treasury.

Did you ever consider that when enough good influences have been built up to overpower the evil, so that penitentiaries, prisons, reformatories, etc., can be, if not abolished, at least made fewer, the government would have more money to spend for better things? It might not be available for the needy, yet there could come a day and a condition

when public money shall be used for this class, a time, when in its own defence the government will rear the unfortunate to be a bulwark to its own walls. But, if this time has not yet arrived, if it is still too Utopian a dream, the public money had better go into post-offices, battle ships or the re-enlarging of the White House than into penitentiaries or lawsuits.

Kansas, up to this time, has no established home, but she is well on her way to one. This is not only a matter for rejoicing, but one to touch the pride of the order in the state, for we have such wealth, such numerical strength in the state that smaller jurisdictions, already equipped with well-managed homes, are watching us and wondering when we are going to fall in line. This is why it should be a matter to touch our pride; one reason why we cannot afford to let this matter drag along; one reason why we must push

it to a rapid fulfillment. Kansas is not wholly to blame in this matter. Years ago the De Boissiere Home was accepted, thousands of dollars spent on it, and enthusiasm ran high in both Grand Lodge and Assembly. But the course of things did not run smoothly there, and, now, both home and money are gone. While this is to be regretted and is discouraging, it is not going to be any great dampener to the courage of Kansas Odd-Fellows, who arise, Phœnix like, out of the ashes of lost endeavors. We cannot afford to be crushed under adversity. "He that will do no good offices after a disappointment must stand still and do just nothing at all. The plow goes on after a barren year, and while the ashes are yet warm we raise new houses on the ruins of the former."

I wish you could have been in Atlantic City with me at the time the Sovereign Grand Lodge met there. That supremely lovable woman, Sis-

ter Morrison, matron and superintendent of the Lincoln, Ill., Odd-Fellows Home, was present at a lodge meeting where there were representatives from every state in the Union and from Canada. Almost every man present was a grand representative, while some were past grand sirs or other officers, and almost every woman was an assembly president, past president, or other officer, past or present.

Mrs. Morrison was called upon to talk about the Home. She arose and modestly made the statement that she was not a speaker, but, for love of her work, she would, as well as she was able, try to throw a light on the life that was lived by the inmates of the Home. Out of the abundance of a full heart she talked, quietly, without any effort at oratory. In a simple conversational way she told about her children. She told of the little fatherless and motherless waifs that were brought to her. She told

of the way in which they expanded and developed under the cheering and healthful atmosphere of the home life; she told of the budding of talents and warm affections; she told of pitiful scenes, of new infants, who, could they live to be a hundred years old, could never feel the touch of a mother's pure lips, to whom the word mother could never be anything but a word, unless, in God's providence, the blessing of motherhood should someday fall upon them; she told of the school, of the Christmas joys, of the little heartaches and the little gladnesses, until tears stood in her own eyes, and until, in that concourse of people, who had traveled much and learned to school their feelings, there was hardly a dry eye.

I wish I could make you see the time at the Sovereign Grand Lodge, of Dallas, Texas, when the orphans from the Odd-Fellow Home were brought before the members of that most august body, and, with their

sweet childish voices, sang "Home, Home, Sweet Home." That was another occasion when men's eyes were wet.

I know of a case that happened in another state, far from Kansas. An Odd-Fellow's son was left an orphan at the age of nine years. From that age he was a street imp. No brighter intellect ever existed. On one occasion his father's lodge gave fifteen dollars towards his support. All of the schooling that he ever had would not exceed four years, but, so naturally bright was his intellect that he picked up a big amount of desultory knowledge, but natural vivacity led him in the wrong direction and at twenty-one he was a physical and moral wreck. Consider what the life of such a boy might have been had he been in a home under the influence of such a woman as Mrs. Morrison, or hundreds of those in the order in our own state.

Do you not see the weight of our

moral responsibility and realize that we should be unremitting in our labors until we have our home established and our children in it? Have we any children in this state of sunny Kansas to place in such a home? Aye! That we have! I have seen them. I have an actual knowledge of them. I heard of them and saw them when I was state president and made tours among the lodges. And I saw what was, in a sense, worse. That was the old children, the pitiful old babies of seventy-five and eighty. They had struggled through the world most manfully, and, when they had nothing to pit against the grim, gray pitilessness of the world but tottering steps and aching limbs, their lot was made a still bitterer irony because they had not the wherewithal to buy even the smallest necessaries of life.

I had the pleasure of taking up an eighty-nine dollar collection in the Grand Lodge of Kansas for one of

these poor, infirm Rebekahs, a sweet, lovable woman, whose one trust was that, although she might be indigent, painfully so, up to the day of her death, the Odd-Fellows would not let her die in the poor-house.

Oh, that dread of the poor-house! I have never felt it and you never have. Would to Heaven that we could each one feel the cruel pangs of it for an instant, that we might know the keen anguish in the hearts of the very poor. I knew an old lady whose feelings had been so subdued and bowed down that nothing, apparently, could touch an emotion in her or bring a tear to her eye, yet, when someone brutally mentioned the poor-house to her she broke down and wept, not the silent tears of a person whose feelings are well-schooled, but the sobbing, gasping, heart agonizing wails of a little child, whose tender feelings have been cut through and through.

Before going to the subject of our

own proposed homes, I beg to consider the case of the old people. How many times is a man fortunate all through the years of his prime and, when old age overtakes him, through some unavoidable cause, adversity also overtakes him, and, in addition to the infirmities of old age, he must suffer the hardships of penury. His home is lost and sometimes his friends with it. Perhaps he has been one of the most active in watching over the sick, in burying the dead, and in caring for the lonely and afflicted, yet, through adversity, he must be disunited from his beloved order. How blessed a thought that we shall soon have a home to take in such specimens of manhood and womanhood. How much more blessed the thought that this home is no charity institution, but one in which these old people have a financial interest. The poor-house is a charity and not even a warm one, but the most cold and calculating one possible of conception; a charity growing

out of the fact that it is better to make such people public charges than to allow them to be public vagrants, cheaper to farm them out at the poor-house than to board them in individual families. But as cold as this charity is, it is not as cold as that sometimes bestowed on these helpless ones by those of their own blood. There is no child so helpless as the worn-out, buffeted saddened old man or woman. It is an easy matter to get a home, though it may be an indifferent one, for the orphan child. Its bright winning ways attract, and there may be the underlying thought that the work that the fresh young physique may be able to stand will pay for the raising, but what work could one get from the rheumatic aged man or woman? Everyone is sorry for them in an abstract sort of way, but no one wants them. Let them be turned out to die like old cart horses. Is it any wonder that

we are in a hurry to establish our home for the aged, these old brothers and sisters, who have been fathers and mothers just like you and me; who have given birth to bright hopes and fond aspirations, but who, in bitterness of spirit, have seen them wither and die, as I hope our cherished plans may not?

Let us look at this home question from a selfish point of view and see if we can discover any possible benefits to accrue to us. The orphan uncared for, left to the devices of his own heart and the evil influence of the rabble may come to a fine manhood or womanhood; the probability is that such a one will become a besotted beast. In that case he is a curse to himself, to his people, to the public, and would be to a lodge if he could gain admittance to its ranks. "His father was an Odd-Fellow," men will say. "Little they have done for his son. I think that I shall never care to join such an order."

But the boys whom we shall educate in our home, and, later, establish in life, will be the very cream for future membership, will they not? These fine young men and women, too, will go out into the world and wield the same kind of influence that we gain from any good upright citizen. From the very condition of things every one of them will be Odd-Fellows and Rebekahs. You could not keep them out of the order. You sometimes have to beg a man or a woman to join your lodge. In our home we will be training Odd-Fellows and Rebekahs, boys and girls who will wait impatiently for the proper age and then beg to be taken into the order. Not only will they come in, but every wife and husband and every child of these marriages will come in, and their children's children after them.

While the collecting of money to establish and maintain our home and

the raising of our first orphans will be an enormous expense, we must bear in mind the future years, when our early struggles have passed away, and the many whom we have raised are out in the world, and have paid us a hundredfold financially, in the swelling of the ranks of our order, and in the added dignity and respect that our action has won from the world. Reason from the attributes of your own soul and answer the question, "Will any orphan whom we have brought to a perfect and successful manhood be satisfied with simply joining the order?" You know that, in one way, our home will be his home throughout life, and that it will be one of his pleasures to make it a sharer of his purse. True, there will be those who will do nothing material for it, but, out in life there are people who send their parents to the poor-house. There will always be exceptions to all rules,

but, thank God, they will be exceptions only.

What we can count on twenty-five years from now is fully one-fourth of the whole support from the very ones who have been raised in our Home. There will come a time when there will be endowments from those who have been reared. We can very reasonably look beyond the sowing to a glorious reaping time.

Now, dear sisters and brothers, the question confronting us is, can we afford to wait much longer? Consider that the days of man are as the grass, "as a flower of the field so he flourisheth. The wind passeth over him and he is gone." Every day that we remain inactive in this matter is like the loss of so much gold. Life is so short at best, and we are sluggishly letting its beautiful years drift from us without doing this work that shall be as a monument to us generations after our youngest member sleeps under the sod.

I have given selfish reasons why the state organization might profitably take up this work. I can give your lodge and every other one a selfish reason why it should take it up. Some day these homes will be reared and in thorough working order. We have gone too far to retract. We may move slowly, but we shall move onward all of the time. Then, when the great fulfillment comes, it will be a pride and joy and blessing to be able to say: "We were identified with this move from the start."

But we are not going to work for selfish reasons, because the unselfish ones are so many more and so much stronger; and because it will give us something in the order to satisfy the longing of the great mother-heart in its love for helpless little ones, and to fill the desire of the great father-heart in its reaching out for the something to care for and protect.

Memory Gems.

“By their fruits ye shall know them. Roses do not grow on thistles, nor do figs grow on thorns. Neither can the life of a professed Odd-Fellow produce the rich fruits of friendship, love and truth if his heart is filled with the vile seeds of jealousy, envy and malice.”

The above beautifully expressed sentiment contains a life lesson. Such a memory gem might be learned by every Odd-Fellow, man or woman, to his or her lasting benefit. Why do we not, as members, learn some beautiful lines of prose or poetry for each meeting night. It is the penalty of an evil life and the blessing of a pure one, to think. That rest-

less guardian of the body, the mind, is ever on the alert, even in sleep, which it peoples with spectral visions and thoughts. Since, then, we must think, if we are to grow nobler, if we are to be a tower of strength to the age in which we live, we must think pure and lofty thoughts, and nothing can cultivate this habit better than to memorize the writings of men and women whose life work was to write the grandest of sentiments in the purest of English.

What could be more unique and fitting than for the Noble Grand to call upon the members at the opening of the meeting, for the memory gem, which she shall have chosen herself on the evening of the previous meeting.

Suppose she has chosen for you to learn the lines :

“Get leave to work.

In this world 'tis the best you get at all.”

And when called upon you all re-

peat it in concert and with animation, do you fancy that, with such words ringing in your heads, you could have a dull evening? Don't you think the sick would be called on, the orphan cared for, and the widow's tears wiped away with something more soothing to the touch than newspaper articles?

If your memory gem should be, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," wouldn't there be a wholesale struggle, in your lodge, to escape from the toils of selfishness that entangle us adult mortals? Wouldn't there be a desire to live the loving life of childhood combined with the wisdom of mature years, that you might live nearer Heaven?

Suppose your memory gem were:

"And whether crowned or crownless,

When I fall—

It matters not, so as God's work is done."

Lodge elections would be less

fierce in some localities, and the final result would leave no sting. There would be more desire to work because we are doing something for God; whether we work as high privates wouldn't so much matter.

We aren't a religious body, you say. True! That is, we are not a sect, but we are doing God's work; if not, our vows are falsehoods and our rituals reproaches to us.

Learn and repeat in concert the following:

“The true friend is not he who holds
up flattery's mirror,
In which the face to thy conceit most
pleasing hovers—
But he who kindly shows thee all
thy vices, sirrah!
And helps thee mend them e'er an
enemy discovers.”

And, while discussion may and should come up in your lodge rooms, dissensions will not. While the words that prove a difference of opinion may be forcible and unmis-

takable in their meaning, they will be kind and courteous, never rude, insulting or cutting.

Remember, my sisters and brothers, that in this life we cannot stand still. We must advance or retreat, live higher or lower, nobler or more ignoble, morally better or morally worse. We drift sometimes, but we drift in the wrong directions. Selfishness, with all its attendant evils, are situated down the current. It takes work to go up the current towards friendship, love and truth, and the other moral virtues. So, my brothers and sisters, we must not drift, we must not think in, but out, we must not look earthward, but heavenward, if we are to seek God's blessing through the good we do our brother.

Thoughts by the Wayside.

Help us to sail under the banner of truth and to assail falseness on all sides, and if there be any who think evil of our course, let the "evil be to him who evil thinks."

In my readings lately I came across the following beautiful lines of Joanna Baillie:

"Friendship is not a plant of hasty
growth,
Tho' planted in esteem's deep fixed
soil,
The gradual culture of kind inter-
course
Must bring it to perfection."

If we read these lines over and over, we may learn from them how to gain that friendship we so crave from the members of our own lodge. It is not reasonable to think we must have it simply because we have joined an order, the principles of which are founded on friendship, love and truth. Our brothers and sisters may have charity for us, and treat us kindly, and, yet, not feel a deep friendship for us unless we awaken it ourselves. We must cultivate those qualities that will bring us esteem, then we must have kindly association with each other. We must not indulge in that pernicious habit of saying hateful things behind each other's backs. Do we ever do it?

We must not say to each other nor in lodge, the words that have a sting. Are we witty and inclined to force our wit on the lodge?

Let us suppress this doubtful gift, for wit must, always does hurt someone. Let us ponder on the cor-

nerstones of our order, until we have naught but gentle words, kind deeds and generous thoughts.

These would make lodge divine. Do not say, "others in our lodge do not follow this course." What of that? Your duty is none the less. See that you follow it. Remember how great a thing is example. I leave with you three beautiful sentiments. Learn them by heart, and let them sometimes be your monitors.

"Friendship is like the sun's eternal rays; not daily benefits exhausts the flame: It still is going and still burns the same."—Gay.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers."

—Bryant.

"Love is the ladder on which we climb to a likeness with God."

A dear friend of mine, and a good

Rebekah, in a despondent moment, said that none of us lived up to our vows and that she had decided that none of us can get to Heaven through a lodge. I wonder if we have not all had the same discouraging thought. But is it a just one? Should we blame the lodge for faults that lie within ourselves? We cannot get to Heaven on the skirts of any lodge or any church, nor on the virtues of a friend, nor by simply reading the Bible. The power to reach Heaven lies in ourselves through the redeeming grace of a loving Saviour. It is not the lodge that can form our characters. It is we, who should so build up our characters as to make the lodge a Christian precinct, and a place full of loveliness and grace.

I will venture to say that nine-tenths of our lodge troubles, our non-interest, our lodge-heartaches, the deaths of our lodges are caused

by an attribute, of which every true man and woman should be thoroughly and heartily ashamed—a characteristic that belongs in the category of sins; the sin of jealousy. Sister and brother, your conscience tells you when your heart is palpitating with the black blood of jealousy. Go to the lodge room alone, read all the beautiful things in the ritual, the odes, the prayers, the vows; think of the night when you placed your hand on the most holy book and repeated, in all earnestness, those most solemn and binding obligations. If you harbor jealousy, you are false to those words that you spoke. There is a strong term that is sometimes applied to the false person, that you never want applied to you.

Read and think of these matters seriously, and all jealousy and the evil that it engenders will leave your hearts, and you, who might cause troublesome factions and division in your lodge will, instead, be the means

of building it up and making it like a fair city placed upon a hill, a joy to all who behold it.

Keep at work. Give lodge members something to do. My mother always told me that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." In lodges, unless the members have something to do, the time honored gentleman referred to generally sends the charter and effects to headquarters. So keep at work. One thing you can always do is to work for the poor, whether they are of you or not. The Master has said: "The poor ye have always with you."

Surely He would not have called our attention to them had He not wished us to care for them.

Of course, the lodge meetings must be made bright and cheerful to draw out the members. For this we have "Good of the order," and it has, wisely, been put in the right

place. Coming after the bulk of the business has been transacted, it comes as a panacea for all bitter words, dissensions or any unpleasantness that may have arisen, and, conducted properly, should put the members in such a happy frame of mind that they will bring up under miscellaneous business every important thing that can build up the lodge, and leave to die everything that could cause trouble.

If you cannot make a speech make a quotation. You will be the better educated for the effort you have made to learn it. How appropriate such sentiments as :

“The greatest preparation for doing great things is to be faithful in little ones.”

“If love could have her way there would never be another tear shed on Earth.”

“The man who has the courage to admit that he has been in the wrong is not a coward.”

“No man can be happy without sharing it with somebody.”

“If we could only know how much people have suffered, how easy it would be to love them.”

“Life is not worth living unless you live it for someone else.”

“When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch; in the family, our tempers; in society, our tongues.”
—Hannah More.

“There is evil enough in man, God knows! But it is not the mission of every man and woman to detail and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible, and fragrant with gentleness and charity.”—Dr. John Hall.

“Charity, as organized in the fraternities, has none of the sting that goes with the charity from a stranger. Each has done his portion toward creating the fund, and is able to take it without feeling a pauper.”

Rebekahism has grown more since

the establishment of homes for the indigent and aged Odd-Fellow and his wife, and the homes for the orphaned ones of the order. Since our lodges have been made direct auxiliaries, to aid the subordinates in maintaining these homes, there is not a woman in the order, but who will work for an orphanage, because it touches the mother love in her heart. In working for these homes we find a great central purpose that we did not have several years ago; and the very women who once asked, "What is Rebekahism for? I do not see the benefit of it," have now put their shoulders to the wheel, because there is something to work for.

I believe that our doors should be open to all good women, just on account of mother love, the only natural affection. Noble women will flock into our order, just because there are helpless and homeless children to work for.

Do you know why everyone's sometime dream of Arcadian loveliness has never been realized? Do you know why Earth has no Utopia? Can you tell me why the millennium is still so far away that the eye of the soul cannot catch its faintest gleaming? It is because we have not yet that all powerful love that is of God. Examine your hearts and you will find that love is crushed out of all semblance to itself, and beyond recognition behind a great unsightly barrier of selfishness. I am just as bad as the rest. It may be, though, that I am where I can look myself square in the face and say:

"I know you. What you call justice is simply selfishness, and if you would only let that poor little atom of love crowd out from beneath that selfishness it would soon grow large enough, by the aid of your conscience, to tell you what justice is."

When we all reach the point where we know ourselves, we will

be in condition to expand morally and spiritually, and to help forward that much needed universal atmosphere of love, eternal love.

I have read that, "In all things throughout the world, the men who look for the crooked will find the crooked, and the men who look for the straight will see the straight." Let us add that, if, in a body of people, some see in a thing the crooked, and others, the straight, the latter class, by fortitude and moral courage can convert the former class, and then the undivided whole can straighten what little crookedness may exist.

Three Golden Links.

This address was delivered by Past-President Adelaide Wayland, at the following Kansas towns:

Barnes, Waterville, Blue Rapids, Baileyville, Oneida, Sabetha, Seneca, Hiawatha, Troy, Kansas City, Armourdale, Nortonville, Topeka, Lawrence, Burlingame, Scranton, Olathe, Oswego, Cogeyville, Independence, Kingman, Wichita, Halstead, Clyde, Concordia, Jewell City, Ionia, Cawker, Beloit, Gaylord, Osborne, Downs, Stockton, Minneapolis, Manhattan, Junction City, Louisville, Fredonia, Cummings, Garnett, Ellsworth, Salina, Marquette, Randolph, Holton, Melvern, Clifton, Cuba.

It was also delivered, in part, at Atlantic City, New Jersey.

Three Golden Links.

In the beginning God stretched forth His hand, and, out of the infinity of space, created He the Earth. At a command broad lands arose out of the waters; light was wrought out of darkness; and a firmament, studded with planets, the windows of Heaven, encircled the world. At a word the sun appeared to reign over the day, and the moon, with her silver rays, to be Goddess of the night.

The result was grand. So much of imperceptible life, the vine and fig tree, the herbs of the field, the flower and fruit were beautiful in the extreme; but it was not complete without a higher life; so God ordained that the fishes of the sea, the

fowls of the air, the beasts of the field, and every creeping thing should be created and multiply to fill the Earth and the sea.

Still the great work was not complete. The bird could pour forth its song of praise; the bud, sun-kissed into blossom, could raise its petals God-ward in silent glorification, but there was nothing throughout all this vastness to give forth intelligent thanksgiving. So the Ruler and Creator of the universe moulded out of the dust of the Earth, an image, like unto Himself, and, breathing into its nostrils the breath of life, and endowing it with a soul, it stood before Him transformed, glorified, a man, perfect in physical, spiritual and moral attributes.

God, the infinite, the supreme ruler, who has sovereign control of all material things, as well as things intangible, who heeds the smallest worm that crawls in the dust, and sets in tune the music of the spheres,

has a mind broad beyond man's comprehension, and a fullness of the purity of love far exceeding man's power to conceive. The soul of man has always been imprisoned in a corruptible body, and, through that body, he has continued, from his primitive history, to fall from one high estate and another; yet, being made in the image of God, he has always had enough of spirituality and worship to cause him to try to arise, like a Phœnix out of the ashes of a ruined or a misguided life.

It is self, the ego, the utter forgetfulness that we are to live for others, that has caused the sins of the world, and the overthrow of nations. It was self that cast Adam out of the garden of Eden and branded Cain with the mark of the murderer. It was disobedience, through the gratification of self, that caused the downfall and wanderings of the house of Israel. Through man's own selfishness and desire to place

his heel on the neck of the weak, and to make the moral law a thing of torture, society became in such a state that the time was ripe for the coming of a Messiah, who could make man's duty to man plain. And the Messiah came! Not with martial music and warrior hosts, but in the humblest manner babe was ever brought into the world. He was the merciful. He it was who taught brotherly love in such simplicity of language that the most ignorant understood; and, yet, with such eloquence, that the richest and most learned were touched and converted.

For twenty hundred years the life and lessons of this man have swayed a Christian universe. The world has grown cold many times in these twenty centuries; but, the work of the man of sorrows, who gave up His life in the glorious prime of young manhood, has gone on in one way and another. Churches have

grown, and philanthropies, both public and private, have sprung up, as the need of the times have required them; and, if these different fountains of good spring from a desire to benefit mankind in any of the respects taught by the divine Man of Galilee, they cannot perish.

Reading clubs, dancing clubs, society associations, political parties are born and die from off the face of the Earth, but the society or association for the amelioration of the woes of mankind live on and flourish forever as a green bay tree. This is why Odd-Fellowship has lived and grown until you hear of its mightiness the world over. This is the hidden mystery, the underlying secret of our order, that now holds the fealty of one million souls, and that continually draws into itself an earnest throng.

Odd-Fellowship lives because it is like the wise man "which built his house upon a rock, and the rain de-

scended, and the floods came, and the wind blew and beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock." Our house is founded upon a rock, the rock of charity. Its cornerstone is truth, its keystone, friendship, and its capstone, love. How can the fabric of its walls sink under such support? First, let us consider the rock of our foundation, charity. The Master Himself said: "Follow thou after charity," so what better could we do than take it for our rock of hope? What is charity? If I give a crust of bread to a beggar that is charity. If I bathe the aching brow of a sick brother that is charity. These things are easy to do. Surely it is not hard to be charitable. No, truly! If the crust of bread presented, and the gentle office to the sick were all of charity, then it would be an easy matter to fulfill that part of our obligation; but these deeds are only the smallest part of charity. Indeed, the gift of material

things is, as a rule, but charity to ourselves.

Physical suffering, such as hunger or bodily pain, appeals to our sympathies, aggravates the tear glands until we weep, and gives us the uncomfortable feeling that we should not have so much ease while those about us are suffering. So we alleviate the ills that upset our tranquil lives, and call our deeds charity; and so they are, but not charity of the highest type.

Corinthians 1:13 tells us the nature of charity. "Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly; is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things; charity never faileth."

Of all the pains in the world, the keenest, most bitter, is the mental

pain that comes from heartache. It is the only pain that we hide from the world, and the only pain that the world rejoices in aggravating. It is the pain that drives men to the depths of despair and suicide; the one that makes infidels of men, and that shuts the gates of Heaven against them. The charity we give to bodily needs builds up the material man; but the charity we give to the man in mental distress is the kind that warms up the cockles of the human heart, and that brings souls into a higher plane of living.

The charity that is engendered in the mind of the good, true and pure man and woman by Odd-Fellowship is that of kind word and thought; the charity that is gradually breaking down the partial barbarity, that has been bequeathed to us by long lines of progenitors; the charity that is slowly but surely civilizing the world, in its highest and most fraternal sense; for true fraternity is

civilization, the civilization that could be seen glimmering through the song of the angels:

“Peace on Earth, good will to men,” when, on that ancient and far famed Christmas morn, they announced the birth of our suffering and beloved elder brother and example.

Let me assure you that the money we, as Odd-Fellows spend on our brothers and sisters is not charity, and it is not on account of such expenditures that we are a charitable organization. The money spent on sick or needy brothers and sisters is their just due, dividends belonging to them, for money paid into our treasuries, and work, its equivalent, done in the interests of our order, when such members were in the enjoyment of health and prosperity. The thousands upon thousands of dollars that are represented in the fair and beautiful homes for the orphan and aged do not characterize

us as a charitable institution. These homes, these palatial orphanages, with their vast libraries and cheerful and fitting appointments and surroundings are not marks of charity, but monuments of justice, erected in honor of those, who, in life and health, helped to build up our order, and whose helpless orphans are not being educated as charity wards of Odd-Fellowship, but who are receiving their education and training for life and good citizenship, as their dividends from the money and work put into the order by their dead fathers and mothers, during life. It is not the giving of money that makes us a charitable body, but the moral and spiritual considerations, upon which I have touched.

You ask the question, "Can you not, as individuals, do the kind and noble deeds that you do when banded together?" I answer, "Yes, God has given us the power so to do, but, implanted in our natures, developing

without culture, like the tares of the Bible, are the seeds of original sin; the sin of selfishness, the sin of procrastination, the sin of shirking. Examine yourselves impartially, and you will find these seeds springing up, reaching out, thrusting aside the good, taking root where there is scarce room to cling, and drinking up the rich nourishment of the heart. We never grow rapidly in grace alone. We grow self-conscious, self-loving; we have no incentive to broaden our souls, to grow out of the narrow limits of self. Alone we leave the charities of the world to others. If we know of a helpless widow we say: "The county will take care of her." If we see an orphan we say: "The state has provided a home for such ones." If a family is needy we say: "I would take over a basket of provisions, but I am too tired, and somebody else has probably attended to it already." If someone has sinned, and a kind word

or a smile from us can give that aching heart the encouragement to make a new life, to arise out of the toils of surrounding circumstances, if we stand alone, we sometimes forget that "charity beareth all things and never faileth," do we not?

So, while the good All-Father gave us the power to work for good alone, He, Himself, deemed it so much better for us to work together that He gave Eve and Adam, He took the companionship of the twelve disciples, and He gave to us the greatest secret society ever formed on Earth, the family, in the most sacred place on Earth, the Home. Alone, we are like thousands of brick that lie scattered here and there over the ground. Each one is perfect in form, color and strength, yet, each one is useless by itself. Indeed, the whole mass is useless so long as it lies in a shapeless heap; but, let the mason lay these bricks one upon another in some building, and, in the

course of time, they will form a beautiful piece of architecture for the good of man. Or, we are like a bundle of sticks. Each stick taken separately can be easily broken, just as our resolutions are if we work good alone. Collectively, it is impossible to break the bundle of sticks, just as it is impossible to break the fixed purpose of those who are bound together by bonds of friendship, love and truth, for the succor of their brotherhood.

In spite of original sin and natural selfishness, we, as human beings, have noble aspirations and intense longing for pure action and noble deed; and this worship of and aspiration for the good has caused the growth of churches and secret societies, among the latter Odd-Fellowship. Why should we not link the church and Odd-Fellowship? Both are doing work for God, though, in the church our work is sometimes more for self. There we

are working, primarily, for our own soul's salvation, while we are in the lodge for humanitarian purposes. We are in the latter to work for our Master through the good aid we give our brother.

And the King shall say :

“For I was anhungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; sick and ye visited me.”

Then shall they answer and say :

“When saw we Thee anhungered and fed Thee, or thirsty and gave Thee drink? When saw we Thee a stranger and took Thee in, or naked and clothed Thee? When saw we Thee sick and came unto Thee?”

And the King shall answer and say unto them :

“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”

God has laid the command of charity upon us, and has said: “Ye

are my friends if ye keep my commandments;" and this brings us to our keystone, friendship. How wise to give this precedence. Unless friendship is cultivated, we can not have true, undefiled love in our hearts. History and the Bible are full of friendships. There was the friendship of Damon and Pythias, and the never changing and beautiful friendship of David and Jonathan, that wavered not, even when David came to the throne that was rightfully Jonathan's. The latter is one of the most unselfish types of human friendship that has ever existed.

I do not like that unkind and hackneyed expression that no one can have many true friends. I like to believe, as a good Rebekah, that you and I and all of us can so graciously open our hearts that we may be friends to all, and have the true friendship of all good people in return. Friendship is not exacting, it

is charitable, and, as such, is everything that charity is. Joanna Bailey says of friendship that:

“It is not a plant of hasty growth,
Though planted in esteem’s deep
fixed soil,
The gradual culture of kind inter-
course
Must bring it to perfection.”

So in the lodge room we meet in kind and charitable companionship to cultivate the friendship we so crave from one another; and, if lodges, like families, have misunderstandings and troubles, it is not because the principles of the order are low or insufficient in nobility, but, because “to err is human;” but “to forgive is divine,” and, remembering our foundation, we forgive, and our order lives on in all of its original beauty. The friendship of Odd-fellowship should not be of a summer type. It should be the friendship that endureth, not the friendship that asks: “What can I do for

them?" It should be a friendship in which there should be no trace of jealousy. There can be no self in true friendship.

To still further strengthen the structure of Odd-Fellowship, its founders added to the keystone of friendship the capstone of love, the deep kind sentiment that should exist towards those we call brother and sister. In adding love they did God's bidding, who said:

"Be kindly affectioned one toward another, in honor preferring one another."

And, again, "He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him."

What a grand promise that for love to our brother we shall abide in the light. There is no more beautiful instance of brotherly love than that of the good Samaritan to the wounded traveler between Jerusalem and Jerico. The traveler was a Jew,

and had been left to suffer by the Jewish priest, while the Levite, also, passed by on the other side. How could he expect help of the Samaritan dog, who was spurned by the Jews and considered by them too low to eat the crumbs that fell from their tables. The wounded man, no doubt, groaned in spirit as he thought, with horror, of the terrible revenge that the Samaritan would take. But the social outcast saw only a brother in distress, so he poured oil into the gaping wounds, held the poor sufferer in his strong arms, helped him upon his beast, and considered his work unfinished until he had seen the sick man to a place of safety, with money to supply his wants.

We, as Odd-Fellows, strive to be the good Samaritans to the members of our order, sacrificing money, labor and time to alleviate any suffering that may exist among them; never stopping to ask, are they

Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians; are they Republicans or Democrats; only realizing that they are our brothers and sisters and need the oil of friendship and love poured into aching wounds.

The love of our fellow man reminds me of a beautiful poem written by Leigh Hunt, and showing the importance of such love. The poem is about a devout Rabbi, by name Abou Ben Adhem. Abou awoke one night from a deep sleep of peace, and found an angel of the Lord within the room writing in a book. The Rabbi asked him what he wrote, and the angel answered:

“The names of those who love the Lord.”

“Is my name among them?” Ben Adhem asked. But the angel sadly shook his head. Ben Adhem then said:

“I pray you write me as one who loves his fellow men.”

The angel wrote again, and this

time the Rabbi's name led all the rest.

At our last assembly in Topeka, Sister Eunice Melville of the National Rebekah, in the course of her remarks, said that good food was the motive power of a man's whole life, and so I presume it is from a hygenic point of view.

"You may surround a man with all the luxuries of life; you may place his easy chair for him and warm his slippers; you may smile upon him and love him, and it will have no effect on him if his coffee is muddy, his bread sour and his beef-steak burned."

This was the import of her words. I know it is a common joke, especially with lodge, that a man's brains are centrally situated in his body, but, for the sake of a position, I'm going to stand up for the men. I like 'em, and give them credit for higher ideals, and loftier yearnings than army beans and hardtack, or any-

thing else that is good to eat. The man of humane feelings and a desire for a higher civilization, the man of soul, as well as the woman, must have something to make his life in perfect atune with the universe, besides well cooked meat and potatoes; and that something is love. Feed a man on the wealth of the vegetable kingdom, tempt his appetite with fish from the seas or the fresh waters of the world, place before him meats that have been raised on the most succulent grasses and grains, give him the luscious fruits of the tropics, but let him be without the respectful love of man or woman, and that man will be the most abject wretch on the face of the Earth. He will be worse than a man without a country. He will be ready to lay down his life. Lack of good food will give a man the heart burn, but lack of love will give him the heartache, that touches the real brain, and burns up life and manhood.

Let a man be unloved and unloving, and there is neither a bird nor a blade of green grass, nor is there sunshine in the Heavens, even though it be a rare and perfect day in June. Or, if it is winter, he pulls his heavy overcoat around him, but he is cold, bitter cold. But let human love permeate a man's life, and this old world will be a marvel of glory and loveliness, be it ever so foggy and damp. The blasts of winter trouble not such men, for the subterranean fire of love is aglow in their hearts, warming up the life stream, and sending it bubbling and glowing through the veins. This quality of love is the central one of the three links of Odd-Fellowship. With bands that are as strong as iron, yet as fair and light as flowers, it binds together its sister links of friendship and truth.

It seems as though friendship and love, resting upon charity ought to

be sufficient to immortalize any society, but can even these exist without truth? No! The mighty fabric of civilization itself would be torn down did not truth underlie it.

“Truth crushed to Earth shall rise again,

The eternal years of God are hers.”

So to more firmly bind together the walls of Odd-Fellowship, and cause it to stand through the eternal years, its founders added truth. Did not the Holy Word bid them to “buy the truth and sell it not?” and say that “He that speaketh truth showeth forth righteousness?” From Christ’s own mouth came the words:

“The truth shall set ye free.”

Besides these was the divine teaching that “love rejoiceth in the truth, and, for this alone, it seemed the most fitting virtue to complete the foundation of the order. I have spoken at some length of the virtues that have made Odd-Fellowship withstand the storms of seventy-

eight years. In brief, I say, it is because, like the man of the Bible, we have founded our house upon a rock, because we have taken for our underlying virtues, friendship, love, truth, charity, and because God is with us.

For three decades and a half Odd-Fellowship existed without a woman in it. Imagine those blessed old ancestors of ours struggling blindly through so many years without us. Truly it was not themselves, but the strength of their building stone that upheld them. At the end of all these years they began to realize that:

“There’s not a place in Earth or
Heaven,
There’s not a task to mankind given,
There’s not a blessing or a woe,
There’s not a whisper yes or no,
There’s not a life, a death, a birth,
There’s not a secret lodge on Earth,
That has a penny’s weight of worth
Without a woman in it.”

The idea of a degree to which

women could be admitted was wrought out forty-four years ago in the mind of the late Schuyler Colfax. We owe the embryo of our order to the man who became Vice-President of these United States at so early an age as to create astonishment among his colleagues. We should feel proud to think that a man of so great mental caliber should give a thought to the interests of women in Odd-Fellowship. Why did this idea come to him?

I have heard several reasons assigned. I have heard that he was a young man at the time, living with his mother, and that the Rebekah degree was but the realization of one of her fondest dreams, that she had solicited her son to make it real for her. I have heard that it was his wife's influence that shone through his work, and that one leaf from his laurel wreath should be plucked to adorn her brow. I have heard that it was first suggested as a protection

to Odd-Fellows' wives, by an accident occurring to a lady, who lost her pocketbook with her money, in a large city, midway between her home and the place of her destination. Applying to a church of her denomination for immediate relief, she was met with cold and discourteous refusal, and words, the import of which was that they dealt with such fraudulent cases every day. In her desperation she applied to an Odd-Fellow, who took her to his home and wife for entertainment, while he telegraphed to her home to find out about her. A satisfactory answer returning, she was loaned the necessary money, and sent on her way rejoicing.

Out of this circumstance, some say, grew the Rebekah degree, which was simply the nucleus of our present glorious work. I give but little credit to any of these stories, but believe implicitly that the degree of Rebekah was born because Odd-Fel-

lowship was ready for it; and Schuyler Colfax, its great and benevolent father, feeling the pulse of Odd-Fellowship, knew that it was in a moral condition to sustain and nourish this lovely child.

Odd-Fellowship had grown out of its tap-room days. It no longer met in saloons. Slowly, but surely, it had come up out of the darkness of night into the broad light of day, and blazoned on that light, in rainbow colors, Colfax read:

“Your order needs the presence and influence of women.”

For thirty-five years, in weather clement and inclement, the members of the mystic order had been aiding in the last sad rites of deceased Odd-Fellowship. Night after night they had sat up to minister to sick brothers until the stars paled, and rose and golden hues shot up the Eastern sky. Yet, with all this, there was an element lacking, and that element was womankind; the

mothers of the race. Man's heart might be as kind and gentle as woman's, yet, through no fault of his, her touch was oftentimes more soothing, her words more comforting than his. What could the gentlest of men do for an Odd-Fellow's sick wife or child compared to what a woman could do? I believe it was this need of the woman nature in the order that actuated Colfax to urge the institution of the degree that shall be a lasting monument to his name and fame; that has proven itself the strongest auxilliary to the subordinate lodge; and that always has and always will walk hand in hand with it.

Has woman proved a blessing to Odd-Fellowship? I answer yes, decidedly yes! She has been the inspiration of good in that as in all else. It was meant for her to be in the order. It is meant that she should be in anything that needs the influence of her womanly character.

The divine book upon and from which the order was founded says:

“Man was not meant to be alone.”

This was proven beyond a doubt when the Earth was young. Review your Genesis and you will find that, after creating a male being, perfect in all attributes, the eternal ruler felt that it was not complete without woman. Up to this point He had advanced in the formation of the world and all there was therein from chaos to a complete and perfect whole. Everything that he had commanded to be was higher and better. Then, when He had said: “It is not good for man to be alone,” it is not reasonable to suppose that, after advancing, degree by degree, to grander results, he would move in a retrograde direction by bringing into being something less noble than His last noble creation, man. We have every reason to believe that, when, instead of making woman of the dust, or out of some part of the body

of one of the lower animals, God made her out of the side of man, she was, at least, his equal; and, that, as He made her last of all created things, and could endow her with what was lacking in the others, it is reasonable to suppose that she was a nobler and more perfect creature. Robbie Burns says:

“God tried his ’prentice hand on
man,
And, then, he made the woman, oh.”

The merry Scotchman evidently thought that an apprenticeship was served on man, but the master-hand being employed in the making of woman, she was, consequently, a masterpiece. Be that as it may, we all know that, in the world of men and women, while the men, as a rule, have the greatest amount of physical strength, women are morally and spiritually stronger. Leaving out the evil men and the evil women and considering all other classes, you will find, among the women more regard

and reverence for holy things, more tenderness in sickness, more emotion and sympathy than among men. At the same time you will find them quite as courageous when put to the test, quite as quick witted, quite as strategic and quite as business-like as men. Her faculties are quickened by love, the broad minded love of Odd-Fellowship.

“A woman talks more than a man,” you say. Yes, I have heard so, but you ask her where she heard what she talks about, and she frequently says:

“Oh, John told me!” John is her husband.

Admitting, hypothetically, that women do talk more than men, and I warrant you that the men would never know this if they didn't listen with both ears.

With regard to woman's courage, it was as courageous for the noble Mexic women to hover over the dead and wounded on the battle field

of Beuna Vista, among the stray minie balls, as it was for the soldiers to fight on that field. Theirs was a courage born of the love and charity of pity. Can it be doubted that Odd-Fellowship needs women? Think of the courage of brave Molly Pitcher, who, when her husband, the gunner, was killed, sprung forward and manned the gun just as well as he did. Think of the noble Joan of Arc, the young French girl, who, when the French army was in the lowest depths of despair, with hardly an officer with courage to take command, placed herself at the head of the French forces, and led them on to victory. The battle of Orleans, at which she gained the sobriquet of Maid of Orleans, closed a bloody war that had lasted one hundred years. She had been inspired by God, so she believed, to do this deed, and her reverential love redeemed her country and her people. Think of a good woman when and where

you will, and you will find her in the home, in the church, in business, courageous, level-headed, loving magnanimous. Is it any wonder she weilds the power she does in the degree of Rebekah? If she would think conscientiously of her God-given endowments, would she not be incited to do more and better work than she ever did before, in all walks of life, especially in the home; and, since the lodge is a home, a big family, of which she is a member, could she not do more for it than she has ever done before?

The concession has long since been made that the subordinate lodges that have Rebekah auxilliaris accomplish more real good than those do that have no such branch. My extensive lodge visitation, as President of the Assembly, shows me that, in places where the subordinates and Rebekahs co-operate with each other there is the best work and the purest Odd-Fellowship. The great history

of Rebekahism is yet to come. Through its agency homes for the orphan and indigent aged ones of our order will be founded, libraries will be formed, our children will be drawn closer to the order, and, through it, be given a true realization of the virtues of friendship, love and truth. I believe all of these things will be perfected years before they could be, did the men stand alone in the order.

The Rebekah, that is now a separate and, largely, self-governing lodge, was forty-four years ago, but a degree of the subordinate lodge, to which the dear ladies could be admitted upon promise to touch not and handle not. They were politely given seats against the wall and commanded to hold their peace, beautiful mute wall-flowers, as it were. I have often wondered why the men were so particular for the sisters to keep such eternal silence and quiet, and I have decided that it was

through fear that the dear girls would steal that proverbial lodge goat, to put in a goat cart for the lodge babies. I have been a Rebekah but ten years, but my recollections of the order date from my early childhood, from the fact that my father and mother both belonged to it. My father belonged to the encampment and wore their then stunning uniform, the plumed hat, purple gauntlets, and sword belt, with their gold trimmings and dashing sword. My father was also a Mason, and when I was the least mite of a little woman, about big enough to make mud pies and get spanked for it, I heard my father say to my mother :

“I belong to the Masons and the Odd-Fellows, and they are both fine orders, but, if I had to give up one, it would be the Masons.”

This remark troubled me immensely. I thought it must be simply divine to be a Mason, one could paddle in mortar to one's heart's con-

tent. If anything it would be preferable to mud pies. On the other hand, I could not appreciate anyone's pride at being an Odd-Fellow. My mother sometimes called me an odd girl, but it was in a tone that made me feel as though someone had poured cold water down my back. My father certainly was an Odd-Fellow for liking to be one. I finally came to the conclusion that his tender affection for the order was because he had such a beautiful uniform to wear. I have learned differently since I have quit making mud pies, and have taken to making them of other materials.

I was about eight years old when I made my first vow to be a Rebekah. It was one 25th day of April. My father and mother had started down the street on their way to the Portland, Maine, train. They were going to that city to be present at a grand celebration of the anniversary of Odd-Fellowship. Father had on

his encampment uniform, and mother had, about her neck, a Jacob's ladder, made of pink and green ribbons. As I swung on the front gate, and watched my folks out of sight, I exclaimed to my little sister, who stood near by:

“I am going to be a Rebekah and wear a pink and green ribbon chain, when I am as big as mother; and I'm going to marry an Odd-Fellow, too, so he can wear a uniform like father's.”

I actually did marry an Odd-Fellow, not, I must confess because he belonged to the order, but because I fell in love with—well, you know how it is yourselves. You have all been there.

Following in the footsteps of my father and mother, I enlisted under the banner of truth, espoused the cause of charity, and pledged myself to the service of friendship and love.

“I am not a brother,” some of the

subordinates say to me when I meet them in my travels.

“Why not?” I ask.

“Oh, because I do not belong to the Rebekahs!”

“But that makes no difference,” I answer. When I embarked in the craft of Odd-Fellowship, even though I am confined to a very small apartment, my heart went out to every worthy member who is sailing under the same colors. If I were in trouble or distress I would come to you for help without hesitation. I know you would give it to me, so how can I help but feel that you are my brother. I feel the close relationship between the subordinate and Rebekah branches of Odd-Fellowship; and I hope the time will come when every good Odd-Fellow will think it is for his best interests to take our beautiful degree of Rebekah, and extend it to his wife, daughter, mother, sister and women friends. I want him to see what is,

beyond a doubt, true, that subordinatism and Rebekahism are complements of each other, and that neither is perfect without the other.

What is Odd-Fellowship? It is practical Christianity, and that is why both men and women are needed to make its work well rounded, perfect, complete.

“Your principles are beautiful,” outsiders frequently say, “but do you always practice them?”

Alas, no! Not always! But that is because we are frail; we are but weak humanity and we oftentimes fail, and we have a long earnest work before us if we expect to attain the excellence of our pristine purpose. But ours has been such a practical order that a printed account of all the good it has done would fill a library as large as the Bodleian. I have listened to dozens of tales of good Samaritan deeds among Odd-Fellows, but the two that impressed me the most were the following:

In the lodge room at Nortonville a brother, whose childhood home had been on the New Jersey sea coast, said that he was but nine years old when Odd-Fellowship first became a part of his life. He had driven to mill with a load of wheat, or some kind of grain, and was sitting in his wagon chatting with the miller, when a tramp, and a rather rough looking one at that, came up. The boy saw no sign of recognition pass between the miller and the tramp, but there must have been one, for the former ran down the mill steps, shook hands with the latter, called him brother, and began a conversation, in which it appeared that the tramp was a shipwrecked sailor, trying to get home, a place some distance away. The miller took some money from his pocketbook and loaned it to the tramp, while the boy laughed in his sleeve at the miller's gullibility in ever expecting to see his money again. Sometime after that, being

at the mill, he asked if the tramp had ever returned the money.

“That man was my brother, and the money was returned,” said the miller with dignity.

“I thought, then,” said the gentleman at Nortonville, “that an order that could influence a man to recognize and trust a brother behind the rags and dishevelled appearance of a tramp, was something that could make a man a better and a nobler being. I decided that I would join it as soon as I was old enough, and I did.”

While visiting the Rebekah lodge at Barnes, Kansas, on one occasion, an aged brother arose and said that, if any man owed his health and, probably, his life to Odd-Fellowship, that he was the man. He was a lieutenant in the Northern army at the time he was benefited, was stationed in Tennessee, and had been detailed to go out with two private soldiers to gather blackberries. His detach-

ment of the army was in camp, awaiting orders, and the men, whenever they could get an officer to go with them, were wiping out old scores against their appetites, by devouring the luscious Southern blackberries. The lieutenant and his men were in the patch, and he had heedlessly wandered away from them. He heard a sound of voices near him and spoke, but was not answered. Upon looking up, he found himself only a few feet from three men in citizen's clothes, but his own men were nowhere in sight. Hoping against hope that these men were unconnected with the Southern army and realizing that he had better put on a brave face, he remarked that he had been out long enough, and had better get back to his own part of the country.

"Don't be in a hurry," said one of the men, "you are my prisoner."

At this instant his eyes caught sight of a pin that the prisoner wore

on his vest. Turning to his men he called out:

“Walk on, boys, I want to talk to this man. I’ll be with you presently. I can manage the prisoner. He’s alone.”

Turning again to our Northern lieutenant, he said in a low tone:

“You are an Odd-Fellow.”

“Yes,” was the answer, “and you are, too. Perhaps, under the circumstances, you’ll be a little considerate.”

“Considerate,” said the Southerner, who was, also, a lieutenant, but in the Confederate army. “I can’t capture you. We have both vowed the same vows on the altar of Odd-Fellowship, and I can’t take you. When I say go, you cut and run. The boys will soon be out of sight, and you can escape easily. I’ll have to shoot after you, so that the boys will think that I tried to do for you.”

The signal was given, the Northerner shot through the bushes with

the speed of Mercury, and soon came to his men, who had heard the musket shot and had come to meet him.

“Odd-Fellowship has never owed me anything since then,” said the old gentleman, “but I have been trying, ever since that day to pay, in part, the debt I owe to it.”

This debt proves that the brotherly love taught by Christ, that the Christ spirit in Odd-Fellowship is stronger in men’s breasts than the demoniac spirit that incenses the hearts of men who are engaged in unholy warfare. There is something peaceful about Odd-Fellowship that opposes strife and bloodshed. Yet, those who make up Odd-Fellowship are human, with all of human frailties. They make failures and commit errors, and the order is blamed.

Nothing can be more beneficial to the growth and prosperity of the order than to explain its principles and workings to the public; but it is quite, and sometimes more, essential

to tell Odd-Fellows themselves, those who are initiated into the degrees, the mistakes that are made by Odd-fellows, and show them how to rectify these, and hold the order up to its royal standard. If Odd-Fellowship ever falls below par in any community, it is because the members, into whose hands its beauties and grandeurs have been entrusted, have exchanged its sterling gold for green goods, and the outside, disinterested world thinks it is all counterfeit.

My Odd-Fellow brothers and sisters, you want your light to shine before men. Then you must keep it trimmed and clean. Do not smoke and dim your works with the untrimmed wicks of non-interest, nor the rancid oil of strife, hatred or any evil, the direct opposite of our vows, obligations and teachings. We teach charity, but, in spite of this, lodges are sometimes divided against each other. Did you ever know such a lodge, one in which two or more fac-

tions existed? In case of death every member followed the dead brother or sister to the grave, dropped the bit of evergreen into the yawning chasm and went home with sad hearts, yet, at the next regular meeting attended lodge hand in glove with one faction or the other. Such things may never occur in your lodge, but, as you are human beings, the trial may sooner or later come to you, and it will be the thing that will test your charity. Stand up, then, and say:

“Let the white robed angel of peace hover over us. Come, brothers and sisters, let us have harmony.”

Go to the sister or brother who has injured you and speak with kindness and generosity. Would it be hard to do? Yes, but it would be charity. Look back to the night you first took the new and solemn obligations upon yourself. Remember how you went home with the

thought that it was more holy and impressive than you had ever pictured it to be. Think of the good deeds you have done, and the sad offices you may yet be called upon to perform. Think of the time when death, that makes alike both king and pauper, that levels imperial Cæsar with no more respect than it does the most unassuming man, and let these thoughts stand, as a peacemaker, between your longing for revenge and your enemy brother and sister. Never trail the banners of your order in the dust to gratify your hatred or indignation. Would it be hard to arise to the level of your teachings in such a case? Yes, yes! nothing could be harder, but you will be protecting the order, and you will be, besides, doing something far better. You will be expanding your soul and building character.

You want to let your light shine before men. Then let me warn you off the Scylla and Charybdis of your

order. One of our greatest enemies, that may find its way into any place, is apathy. Did you ever think what an unwholesome characteristic apathy is? I have an unearthly feeling of gooseflesh whenever I hear a person spoken of as cold or apathetic, or when I shake hands with a person who has an apathetic hand. Nothing kills a lodge quicker than lost interest. It is so easy to decide that it is too hot or too cold to go to lodge; so easy to wait for somebody else to put a motion that is needed. Under unfinished business, you remember that little matter that Brother B—brought up for discussion was left over; but it is as much your left hand neighbor's business to bring it up as yours, so you wait and wait for him to bring it up, he waits for you, of course, and the Noble Grand hastens on. You feel sure it is late, so you move an adjournment. When you reach home your wife remarks that it is only 9 o'clock. In a lackadaisical

manner you answer that lodge was so dull, you thought it must be late. Your lodge members soon become apathetic, and your lodge suffers a glacial period. In a short time news comes from Fog Hollow that their lodge has died a natural death. No one says a thing about it, but all look wise, for everybody knows that that lodge died of concussion of the brain.

Go to the lodge room with something to say, and say it. If someone else has something to say and asks the opinion of others make an opinion and express it. When lodge night comes, don't say:

"I am too tired to go to lodge tonight. There will be enough there without me."

If everyone should do this, your lodge would have hard work to cast a shadow. No one who has taken up the work of Odd-Fellowship has any right to be listless, lazy, apathetic, for apathy is laziness. We

should each feel that there is some particular work for each one of us, that no one can do quite as well as we can. If we happen to be in a healthy and rich community, where sickness is unheard of, and poor orphans are rare, thus making business scarce, we should have more time to improve ourselves. Our lodges are, in many cases, and should be in all cases, educational. Many lodges have and all should have libraries. Under good of the order have literary programs and lessons. Study the American authors, poets, novelists and philosophers. Study United States history, study anything you please, but study to kill apathy. Your lodge room should be your school room, where you systematically learn the lessons that you are to take out and make a part of your every-day life. Every Odd-Fellow should have a realizing sense of the fact that his lodge is a school, his hall a school room, and his brothers and sisters

an earnest and united band of scholars, who are eagerly studying and practising the precepts of their humanitarian school.

Another evil that, sometimes, on account of our human fallability, threatens Odd-Fellowship, is jealousy, the green-eyed monster that has eaten at the vitals of men since the recorded population of the world was four persons. There is no precinct too precious to debar its entrance. It lurks in the corners of the church; it casts a gloom and fitful fever over the home; it envelops the altar of the lodge room in an impenetrable gray mist, hiding the divine text book from the eye of the soul. In the lodge room it sometimes crops out this way:

“Our lodge does not prosper very well, so-and-so tries to run it.”

I trust this is not said in the majority of lodges, but I make mention of it to warn us off of such shoals and away from such treach-

erous quicksands. So long as we think, earnestly, of the golden rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them," there can be no jealousy.

Let us consider, more closely, that remark, so-and-so is trying to run the lodge. I don't believe that is quite true. Do you? Some people have a natural aptitude for keeping things in working order. They see, at a glance, what could be done here and what should be done there. Being ambitious, not for themselves, but for their order, they endeavor to make people see as they do, and are dubbed "bosses." We should guard against this feeling, for it is, undeniably, jealousy, and no more regrettable thing can enter a lodge than jealousy. Give us Ruths, Naomis, Deborahs and Miriams, and the patriarchs of old, but no personification of jealousy. Has a lodge a leader, a so-called leader, an almost impossible thing where all should be lead-

ers, it should be proud of whoever it is. It would make so much better feeling and be so much broader-minded for members to say:

“Brother —— knows just how to go ahead to make our lodge a success; or, Sister —— has some excellent ideas that we should adopt,” than to say:

“Brother and Sister So-and-so are trying to run the lodge and I shall leave it.”

I do not mean that a leader should always be a high official, but, if capable of making excellent suggestions, or carrying out the plans of others, lodges should be willing to have this done, and glad that they have someone to do it. Lodges need these so-called leaders as much as armies need generals. Those who are not leaders should be glad that they belong to the rank and file. No general ever gained a victory except through his soldiers. No officer ever held a pass by himself, that has to be

done by willing and efficient private soldiers. I have spoken of so-called leaders because ours is an organization where all are equal. We meet, the rich and the poor, the young and the old, the lettered and the unlettered in one common brotherhood. Ours is an order where character alone counts, or should count. If a lodge has a member so eloquent that he can sway the world by his words, and another member who can barely read and write, but who keeps the room neat and in order, the lamps bright and shining, that latter is doing as great a work as the former. Both are doing according to his strength. God requires no more, nor should we.

One other great evil with which Odd-Fellows have to contend is the selfishness that keeps them from telling friends of their beloved order and the strength it has been to them in their lives. We should so live up to our principles that all good men

and good women shall desire to join our ranks. We should also solicit the support of good people. To work for our order is to work for mankind. An old idea still prevails in certain localities that members should not be solicited, but this seems unreasonable. The Lord taught us that our charities should be done in secret, but He also taught that our light should not be hid under a bushel, but should be set, like a fair city, on a hill, to be seen of all men. He taught that our lives should be so upright and our actions so pure that people would desire to follow in our footsteps, but He never said to the twelve disciples:

“Come, we will form a secret society of ourselves and, by and by, people will see that we obey the golden rule, and they will join us and do as we do.”

He knew that people do not, as a rule, notice the purest things of life unless their attention is called to

them, so He sent His disciples out into the highways and byways to tell the people that they must do to others as they would be done by, that they must judge not lest they be judged, that they must love their neighbors as themselves; then, and then only, did people take great heed of Christ's teaching and example.

So with your lodge. You cannot expect the world to realize what a moral and spiritual factor it is unless you tell them. Membership should be solicited, but with the greatest of caution. Go to those whom you know would elevate Odd-Fellowship and tell them you need their help and influence. In this way you can build up your order, not only in point of numbers, but in quality.

Occasionally you will find someone who does not believe in secret societies. They will tell you that they consider your order a powerful factor in the world of philanthropy and justice, its only drawback being

its secret character.

You can tell them that, if they object to secret societies, they must object, equally, to lovers and burglar-proof safes. Ask them if it has ever occurred to them that the lorn lover and the lady of his affections are a secret society on a small scale, and that, when the lorn one gets his courage up sufficiently, to ask the lady to share his name and fame and fortune, and she says she can't thanks, but she will be a sister to him, he wishes, oh, how sincerely, that she will never give away that secret of the order.

You may tell them that the owner of the burglar-proof safe and the combination or time lock are another mutual secret society. The owner puts his valuables in the safe and fastens them in with a secret known only to himself and the time lock. It is a very small secret, yet it protects against thieves, who might break in and steal.

Then, to be serious, say to them:

“If you are opposed to secret societies, you must be opposed to that Heaven instituted secret society, the home. Would you? Do you tell the world of your little troubles, your vexations, your heartaches, your joys, your family ambitions and plans? Would you have the world dwell with you, eating at the table with you, and sitting always at your hearthstones with you, between you and your wife and children? Would you open your doors to all, the murderer, the slanderer, the robber, the pleasure seeker, who steals from man those who are nearest and dearest to him, and let them know the ways of your household? No? Then your prejudice has been a myth all of the time, for you are a firm believer in secret societies.

Odd-Fellowship is no more a secret society than the home, but, being larger than the home, and extending almost all over the whole

universe, it must have some secret signs and tokens by which its members may recognize strangers, and to prevent fraud being practised on them by unprincipled people, who do not belong to the order. I do not like to think of our beautiful Odd-Fellowship as a secret society. I like to think of it as a protective society with a few necessary and simple secrets in it. If we had the wealth of the Indies at our disposal, or, if all men were pure and good, we could dispense with these few secret signs and words; but, alas, all men are not good and would abuse our charities. Then, too, our means, while sufficient to relieve the wants of our members, to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars, are too limited to relieve the wants of all, so we must confine ourselves, principally, to those who take up the noble work with us, and, for this reason, we need some secret recognition signs. For this we are spoken

of by all and stigmatized by some as a secret society.

There are but few things occurring in Odd-Fellowship but what could be told to everybody. We do not keep the proceedings of our meetings to ourselves because we are a secret society, but because "a still tongue showeth a wise head," and because we would stand very low in the eyes of the public if we should go about telling our business. We must have dignity for our own affairs if we would have the public respect.

I have made mention of Schuyler Colfax, whose memory we reverence, but there is a man now living, but who is rapidly nearing the shore of the water of life, whose name should live through the eternal ages, side by side with that of Colfax. I refer to our aged and beloved Past Grand Sir, Brother Nicholson, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. No one who has lived in the order has done

more for it, through a long and upright life, than has Brother Nicholson. With a heart yearning to relieve all suffering, and striving to lead men and women to grander purpose and greater achievement; with a strong sense of the injustice that has been done to women since their early history, and an utter abhorrence of scandal and lowness in any form, his face shines with the innocence, refinement and high breeding that can come only through pure living. To know him is to be a better man or a better woman. While Colfax gave a beautiful branch of our order to Odd-Fellows' wives, to Brother Nicholson is due the honor and praise of making that branch, in part, as far reaching and influential as the other branches. Nor must we forget the Sovereign Grand Lodge representatives, who, at Chattanooga, Tennessee, in September of '94, supported the resolution, and, by their votes, made it a law. May it

not be possible that the presiding genius of Mount Lookout, around whose lofty head floats so broad an expanse of pure ether, upon whose sides men fought for life and liberty, had something to do with making this law of broadness and liberty; this law that makes all unmarried women over eighteen years of age, who believe in God and are of good moral character, eligible to Rebekah membership, even when they have no male Odd-Fellow relatives.

I think that no law of the order has been so widely discussed in lodge circles and through the press. Arguments there are for it, and they are many and strong. Little by little the opposition side has been won over, yet there still remains a class who are dissatisfied, very prominent in which is the subordinate who wouldn't join the Rebekah lodge if his initiation fee were paid for him, and a carriage placed at his disposal to take him to the hall. This type

reminds me of the man who holds down the sidewalk, day by day, and then growls because his farm produces nothing.

“The Rebekah degree should be exclusively for Odd-Fellows and their families,” can be heard, even now. Granted, if the Rebekah degree were a card party, or a pool association, or a society affair, for the purpose of getting all of the pleasure possible out of life; but, thank God, the Rebekah degree is an organization for the purpose of humanizing, civilizing and bettering mankind, and, therefore, is too glorious a thing to be kept for those who will have none of it. There are a million Odd-Fellows, with their wives and daughters who would not come into the Rebekah lodge if they were asked on bended knees. These women will have none of your favors, nor will they help to dispense them. Their husbands and fathers will not join because the wives and

daughters do not. On the other hand there are a million unmarried women, in the budding beauty of young girlhood, in the first glad flush of young womanhood, in early middle age, late middle age and old age, who would come to you for the asking, because they love the kind of work you do. In the face of this truth why should our degree be kept for Odd-Fellows and their wives? Simply for tradition's sake. It was the clinging to tradition that caused the religious wars, and the burning of supposed witches at Salem. The greatest foe to advancement and civilization is tradition. I can understand why a man might oppose the law, but I cannot see what is the matter with a woman's gentle and motherly heart to do so.

Justice is represented by a beautiful female figure with great sightless eyes. The blind eyes are allegorical of the perfect honesty with which an unbiased person, a person who can-

not see one side nor the other of a case, would mete out justice. This is the popular tale, but how do we know but what the unbearable pain in the beautiful eyes, caused by "man's inhumanity to man," and the hand of woman raised against her sister woman are what put out their light 'o day forever.

I could give you hundreds of cases where lodges that would otherwise have gone down, have been built by this law. One case, however, stands out very clearly in my mind. Missouri has, for its orphans' home, one of the most stately and elegant edifices in the country, exquisitely finished inside and furnished throughout. It has been dedicated less than a year and already contains nineteen orphans. Sister Stone Robinson, a music teacher of extra ability, desiring to do something for the home and its inmates, has selected the children who have musical ability, and is teaching them free of charge. This

sister came in under the new law, and joined the order because she believed in its principles and felt that it was a medium for the accomplishment of great good. Why should we oppose a law that brings such womanly women to our ranks? Aren't they worth more to us than the women who join because their husbands are Odd-Fellows?

We should take up our banner of friendship, love and truth, and bear it farther aloft than ever, because it is the emblem of an order that has broken down the prejudiced-bound ideas of a half century ago; that considers Earth's daughters as worthy as Earth's sons; that has given our sister woman the right to stand on her own merits, and that has recognized our intelligent ability to build up our branch of the order from a field of our own. We have Earth's fairest and noblest to glean from. We should go forth, like Ruth, to gather in a new harvest, and feel

proud that God has put it into the hearts of our brainiest Odd-Fellows to make Odd-Fellowship the farthest reaching and most elevating secret society in the world.

Did you know that you were eligible to our Rebekah branch, my dear young lady, just as much as your brother is eligible to the subordinate branch? I thought not, or you would have availed yourself of the law to have joined. It is not too late now. You are needed for your pleasure and profit, and the profit it would be to your co-workers. With your home, your church and society you have your hands full, you say? In your home you live to love and work for, and to be loved by those to whom you are bound by ties of blood and nature; in the church you gain strength for your own soul; in society you reach and grasp those ephemeral joys and pleasures, so beguiling, so seductive, yet so conducive to the growth of selfishness, that

you need some counter occupation to destroy that unhappy characteristic. I know of nothing better for this than some organization, the central truth of whose teaching is unselfishness, which is practically illustrated by work for humanity. Such an organization is Rebekah Odd-Fellowship. Its work is of such a character that the more of it you do, the more you gain in soul breadth. If you could know that by joining our order, you would be the means of educating some orphan, and placing him where he will be a blessing to his age; if you could know that without education and training that orphan would be a convict within penitentiary walls, would you hesitate to join us? It is impossible for you to know these things, but it is infinitely worth your while to try to bring about the former condition, and defeat the latter. The influence of one life is not a small thing. Remember that so simple a thing as the

cackling of geese saved splendid Rome.

I predict that, in the near future, there will be another feature added to Odd-Fellowship that will strengthen it as nothing else has. That is a children's club. In England and Australia there is what is known as the juvenile Odd-Fellows' lodge. It is composed of young boys from nine or ten years of age to eighteen. In this juvenile lodge the youths are firmly grounded in the principles of Odd-Fellowship, at eighteen are allowed to enter the parent lodge, and make more thorough Odd-Fellows than those do who enter at a more mature age. The children prove to be a strength to the order, just as children in the Sunday school strengthen the church. We owe something to the children of our order. We should inculcate the lessons of morality, and the principles of the order into the minds of our little ones; and, to do this, we must

open the lodge room to them sometimes. We must have special evenings for them, and programs, in which they can take part. They should be allowed to sing and recite; and someone, who can command the language that appeals to the hearts of children, should tell them of the beautiful virtues of our order. There is hardly an Odd-Fellow's child but who speaks of lodge night, asks permission to go, and what is done there. It is high time that our children should know that we are doing something besides prance around the room, in an undignified manner, after a thoroughbred goat, who is kept up to condition by such succulent things as leather straps, and old leather boots.

In a newspaper article, over a year ago, I spoke of the benefit of a children's day of entertainment, and mapped out a plan for its celebration. In a short time I heard that this had been done at Nortonville, with such

excellent results that two days in each year, one in the summer and one in the winter, had been voted for the children. On the 11th of December I had the pleasure of witnessing one of these entertainments, and when the thirty or forty little children marched into the hall, with happy and delighted faces, and went through their part of the program, I thought that if every Odd-Fellow in the nation could have seen them, that Odd-Fellows' "children's day" would be established in every lodge. I spoke to the children on the evening mentioned, and after I had finished talking to them there were refreshments and a recess for a good social time, and these little children stood about in groups, and reckoned up how long it would be before they could be Odd-Fellows. The children's day now is a familiar theme. Such a day has been tried and established in Nortonville, Concordia, Kansas City,

Kincaid and other places that I do not recall. Do you realize all that this work with the children means? It means a renewed interest in your own lodge work, but, more than all else, it means the building up of strong, serviceable material for future membership. Do you want to know why so many members lose interest and drop out of the order? It is because they did not take it up until they were grown, perhaps well along in years, and the teaching of our order did not take hold of their minds with its fullest force.

The things that make the strongest impression on us are the things we were used to in childhood. I read of a man once who sniffed with delight every time he smelled gas. His boyhood's home was beside a large gas plant.

A Western yard is beautiful to me if it has a few evergreens in it. I was raised under the shadow of the pine forests of Maine. You can

hardly find the man or woman but who says:

“Mother used to do so and so.”

“Father always said that.”

Odd-Fellowship means more to me than it would otherwise, on account of something that occurred during my childhood. My father's membership was at Kittery, Maine, a Navy Yard town, where many men were dependent for a living upon the caprices of the government. Sometimes, when large yard appropriations were expected, word would come that none had been made, and the yard would shut down. One winter, when the yard had shut down, there were a great many sick Odd-Fellows in our town. Their families were in almost destitute circumstances. The lodge was pushed to the utmost to pay the benefits, which did not suffice to support the disabled members and their families. My father had a long talk with my mother about it, and she advised him

to lecture for the benefit of these men. His lecture was on "Reminiscences of the Navy," and he delivered it in South Berwick, Great Falls and our own home town. After the lecture on all of these occasions, I recited that grand poem of Whittier's, "The Angels of Buena Vista." I was not more than eleven years old, and it gave me a just feeling of pride to think that I was doing something to lesson the griefs and anxieties of sick Odd-Fellows. I felt that I was quite as important, in this matter, as my father was. This work made a strong impression on me, and I date my Odd-Fellowship, in a sense, from that period.

Seventy-one years ago Odd-Fellowship started with five members. To-day a million people, in almost all parts of the world, are its standard bearers. Its principles are being taught and its lessons being practised in all parts of the United States, in a large portion of Europe,

in parts of Asia, Australia and the islands of the sea.

Considering the age of Odd-Fellowship in Kansas, she is well represented, coming to the front with about thirty thousand subordinates, and twelve thousand Rebekahs. This number should be increased many fold, and this can be done by letting our light shine. To do this we must renew ourselves in its cause. We must be sure that we have truth of sentiment, and dignity of thought, and then we will be ready for work. Especially, if we expect to influence others and increase our ranks, we must bear in mind that Bible text, "Pay that thou hast vowed."

We would scorn to beat a neighbor out of a cup of sugar borrowed of her, although it is a trivial thing. It would bring the blush of shame to our faces to even think of beating a merchant out of the goods with which he has given us credit; we would be filled with righteous indig-

nation if any one should speak of us as dishonest men and women, yet, ye will place our hands upon the Bible and, in all earnestness and sincerity, take the most beautiful and holy vows that ever fell from human lips, and, in thoughtlessness and selfishness, proceed to break them. We are honest men and women. Aren't we? Yet we have not always paid that we have vowed. Conscientiously, that we may stand well in our own eyes, we must pay these vows, and we shall see the order flourish as the flowers of the field, in the refreshing shower of the springtime.

The onward tramp of Odd-Fellowship will never cease. Built upon the immutable cornerstones of friendship, love and truth, it cannot perish. It is the handmaiden of the church. It is a fitting place for all good men and women. In it can be found a personal help for mind and body, and it is as broad a field as could be asked for by the greatest

philanthropist. It is an order that
"Seeks to but meliorate the sorrows
of mankind,
Relieve the poor, the sick, the maim,
the blind,
Lift up the drooping heart, the wid-
ow cheer,
And wipe away the helpless orphan's
tear.
To form of man one widespread
brotherhood,
Linked only in the bonds of doing
good."

THE END.

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