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Worthy Matron

Oh, it is good to be a Matron,
And with the Matrons stand
A Patron at your left side,
A gavel in your hand.
And though we have our ups and downs
Right merry still we'll be,
For we are Matrons just for now--
Not for eternity.

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The Matron's Husband

I am the goat of this whole affair.
I have to run errands to goodness knows where.
Hear Eastern Star talk three times a day,
Eat cold meals or none, or any old way;
And through it all, I must keep sweet as I can,
I am not my own self--just the Matron's old man.

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How the Eastern Star Was Founded (HUMOROUS)

A Mason is a husband, who one evening took a walk
And he joined some other fellows who gave him a chance to talk.

And he liked the friendly gathering where the women weren't allowed;
He found his brand new stature made him masculinely proud.

He attended all the meetings and he went out more and more
Till the dates upon the calendar got the little woman sore.

So he talked with all the fellows, and he learned his marriage strife
Was a very common problem--what to do with good friend wife!

So the brothers huddled closer, and their brains began to whirl--
What would soothe the ruffled feathers of the little at-home girl?

Then one Masonic wit beamed, "We can't lose our poker games--
Let us form a female order for the troubled little dames!

"What's the harm in women meeting? They can have themselves a ball.
There the hens can cluck and clatter all around the temple hall."

So the Eastern Star was founded, but the boys did err, my friends,
When they wrote in regulations that a Mason must attend.

But the ladies were delighted with a man around the place;
And they flocked to every meeting just to see his handsome face.

Then one spider in the female web said, "If one man is so nice,
Wouldn't Masons to the rafters be much more than twice as nice?"

So the clever gals united, and the men with all their might
Were drawn meekly to the spider web--on our Chapter meeting night!

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