

variegated night-gown (whence, perhaps, the word Knight) in the daytime, and took a series of iron-clad oaths. He bound himself never to marry, a vow that did not put him to much inconvenience, but which must have signally failed to meet the views of his wife and children. He also swore to live in a state of poverty, a vow which he liberally interpreted to mean that he should earn nothing; but should live on the confiscated property of other people. He took an oath of obedience to his Grand Master, and undertook to go to the Holy Land to deliver Jerusalem from the Saracens. The latter obligation had its manifest advantages. Occasionally the Knight Templar did go to the Holy Land and fight, but to a much greater extent he stayed at home. He was, however, always on the point of taking the 8.30 p.m. express for Joppa, and consequently always had an excuse for declining to do anything that did not please him. If his children wanted shoes he always remarked that he expected to depart immediately for the Holy Land, and he really needed all his available money wherewith to pay his passage, and could not possibly buy shoes until his return. If his rent was due and the landlord notified him that he must pay at once, he immediately wrote him a note saying that he had just received orders to start for Jerusalem, and that as it was quite out of the question for him to call on his bankers before leaving, he would be compelled to postpone that little matter of the rent until his return. Thus the Templar who was always going to the Holy Land, but who never went, was the envy of less fortunate men who had no ready-made excuses to meet every difficulty. It appears from the life of Eminent Sir Wilfred Ivanhoe that the Knight Templar frequently took part in free circus entertainments, most of which were doubtless designed for the benefit of Sunday Schools. In these entertainments the Knights were often

badly hurt, and there is good reason to believe that they were occasionally happily killed. In the absence of any steady employment, the Knights did a good deal of miscellaneous fighting with any available neighbor, and Most Eminent Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, of Jackson Commandery, No. 27, was in this respect a fair specimen of the fighting Knight.

The modern American Knight Templar is not at all like his illustrious predecessor. Instead of a white night-gown with a red cross, he wears a black frock-coat, a cocked hat, and shoulder straps—a uniform that makes him resemble a chaplain in the Navy who has pawned his regulation blue coat and been compelled to transfer his shoulder-straps to a borrowed black coat. He does not take vows of chastity, poverty and obedience, and rarely—if we may credit the reports of the recent Chicago Conclave—takes even the total abstinence pledge. For Jerusalem he cares nothing, and never makes the slightest pretence of going there. His holy places are Chicago, St. Louis, or San Francisco, in one of which cities he gathers himself together once every three years, and marches in a solemn procession, sweltering in a close buttoned coat and cocked hat, and exciting the wonder of the beholding foreigner. At these Triennial Conclaves he always gives a public exhibition of Templar tactics, which consist in a series of semi-military evolutions of great intricacy and total lack of purpose. To the small boy he is an object of mingled amazement and mirth, and the public, which regards him as a sort of hybrid between the militia soldier and the circus performer, fails to comprehend why he exists and fatigues himself in the tiresome and expensive Triennial Conclave. * *

What the American Knight Templar does in the secrecy of his Lodge room is, of course, a mystery to the outside world. People who are immediately below a room in which the