A DAY WITH THE WILD WEST

BUFFALO BILL'S MEN IN CAMP.

OVER 700 OF THEM LIVE LIKE AN ARMY IN THEIR TENTS.

BRILLIANT FEATS OF HORSEMANSHIP IN THE BIG ARENA—CAVALRYMEN FROM THE 7TH REGIMENT, U. S. A., FOREIGN SOLDIERS, INDIANS AND OTHERS IN THE RANKS—THE RIDING OF RECKLESS COWBOYS AND DARING COSSACKS—LIVING PICTURES OF WESTERN HISTORY.

When General Sherman, that grim old warrior whose name will always recall "from Atlanta to the sea," first saw Buffalo Bill's Wild West, he turned to his old scout with tears in his eyes.

"Billy," he said, with that affection which the old soldier displayed toward "my boys," "for my children and grandchildren who can never see these things as we saw them I thank you."

The Wild West then was only a handful of men.

A little army is encamped on the shores of New-York's Bay. It lives under canvas, like soldiers in the field. The white tents stretch out in perfect alignment over a green plain, as if in the rolling West. Soldiers in uniform stalk along the little lanes between the canvas walls. A guard stands to challenge a man who goes the wrong way, and troopers stretched at full length in their tents look around with a lazy indifference to what does not concern them. There is a military air everywhere in the camp. The notes of a bugle float over the plain in the morning, and at evening they sound again. For all that appearances count, here is an armed body of men resting for a day, to take up their march perhaps to-morrow.

That is the Wild West of to-day, encamped on the many acres of Ambrose Park, at South Brooklyn. There are 700 men within its lines—and such a mingling of men! The German soldier dreaming of the Rhine sleeps in a tent that is neighbor to one whose occupants sing the "Marseillaise." Cossacks, the daring riders of the Russian steppes, are here, and soldiers from the Royal Irish Lancers sweep along with men of Custer's own 7th Cavalry. There are Mexicans, South Americans, cowboys, Arabs, and mingling with all there is the red man from the West.

It is safe to say that not many people who go to see a performance of the Wild West recognize how much they are seeing or appreciate how dramatic and tragic a part some of these cowboys, Indians and soldiers have taken in Western history. If you look to your left as the crowd is pouring through the gates just before the performance begins, you will see a soldier in the uniform of the 7th Cavalry of the United States. He stands before a tent in a military attitude, his right hand holding a shining bugle, his yellow plume waving gently in the breeze. He is waiting for a signal from another tent opposite him, where Colonel Cody has his headquarters. The scout of a dozen famous generals comes forth from his tent across the road, and the soldier, erect and straight, of handsome face, with bronzed complexion, blue eyes and fair mustache, makes a military salute. Colonel Cody lifts his hand, the bugler places the mouthpiece of his glittering instrument to his lips, and a ringing call sounds through the camp that makes your blood tingle, and brings forth from a score of tepees Indians in their war paint and feathers, and from the long rows of tents soldiers wearing the colors and tokens of the greatest Powers of the world, to hurry away to the rear of the big arena, there to mount and ride out at a gallop before the spectators.

A CORNER OF COLONEL CODY'S TENT.

MR. SALSBURY AT HIS DESK.

HE SOUNDED THE CHARGE TO BATTLE.

On a cold day of December four years ago this same bugler's horse stood on a slope with troops massed behind him. The cavalryman was erect and attentive in his saddle, his bugle in his hand. At a signal he raised it to his lips, calmly as you just saw him raise it, and sounded the charge of the 7th Cavalry at the Battle of Wounded Knee Creek.

Some of those Indians who just trooped forth from their dingy tepees were in that same campaign, and the "boys in blue" whom you just saw going to the stables with their clanking swords were there, too. So was Colonel Cody, with the State troops of Nebraska, of which he is a Brigadier-General. And to-day as you see them swarming at the lower end of the camp, they are dressed and equipped just as they were in the Bad Lands.

If you go to the Wild West, walk directly down the broad way, enter the grandstand and wait for the show to begin, you will applaud the Indians as they come racing out, band after band, on their ponies. For the Irish lancers, bold and dashing, handkerchiefs wave and hands clap. The heavier-looking German cuirassiers, with their cream-white uniform, brilliant breastplates and shining helmets and crests, move you to a deeper feeling than can be expressed with bits of lace or linen, and you stamp your feet. The Cossacks, riding like mad, whipping wildly, leaning far over, swinging and swaying, make you cry out with enthusiasm. You clap for the Mexicans, laugh at the squaws, greet the South Americans generously, and begin to yell when those reckless, devil-may-care cowboys come dashing like mad down the plain, circling at the end, as all the others have done, as swiftly as the curved flight of a bird, sweeping around and back of the others now formed in long ranks across the arena, and coming to a halt in perfect alignment. When the 7th enters the arena, away back there, with yellow plumes streaming out behind them and sword blades glittering aloft, and comes rushing down toward you—well, that is the old 7th—Custer's 7th—the cavalry that has always had the brunt of the fighting when there has been fighting to do, and that is the same old flag, the Stars and Stripes, whipping splendidly in the air as the color-bearer's galloping horse dashes along, and the spectators clap their hands, stamp their feet, wave handkerchiefs frantically, cry out loudly, and even cheer, for the troopers and the colors are their own.

MARTIAL SPIRIT AROUSED.

You enjoy the dash, the fire and the glitter of it all. You are immensely pleased with yourself because your patriotism has thrilled you so and your blood has leaped in your veins. The splendor of the show, the skill of the riders, the swiftness and power of the horses, the streaming colors and flashing steel—swordblade, helmet and breastplate, the clanking scabbard and jingling, ringing spur—these all intoxicate your brain and inflame in you the martial fire; but there is a great deal more than this. If you go out and see all these people "off the stage," watch them in their tents, at their mess, in the stables, look at them when they mount their horses, see them leap from the saddles and stroke a gleaming, dripping neck—for cavalry charges, whether made in play or in deadly earnest, are an exciting, wearing business—if you see all this, too, and know how it is done, how much effort is expended and how much material needed for the work, you will find a new interest in this little army and will feel a new exhilaration when you see it displaying its power to charm your senses.

If you have the good fortune to know Major J. M. Burke, general manager of the show, and if that busy man has time to stop talking Sioux to a painted chief, Cheyenne to the ancient enemy of the warlike Sioux, German to a cuirassier, French to a bearer of the tricolor, Mexican to a vaquero, and to leave the thousand and one details that belong to a show in which 700 men are employed, and if you are, despite all this, presuming enough to withdraw his attention from so many and so varied affairs, you can spend a whole day at Ambrose Park and then wonder where the time has gone. But you will learn in that time a great deal that you will be glad to know.

While you are at luncheon in the tent back of Colonel Cody's you will get your first lesson—and a particularly delightful one. It is that Colonel Cody's table with the Wild West isn't Buffalo Bill's camp fire on the plains or in the mountains, when scouting among hostile Indians. With Colonel Cody, Mr. Salsbury, his partner, Major Burke and other "pale-face" chiefs, you find you are in a jolly company at a lavish feast. Major Burke, who would probably laugh and joke, because he can't help laughing and joking, while a redskin was scalping him, will tell you a dozen stories in as many minutes. Colonel Cody's manner is grave and dignified, but he relates many incidents of great interest with an easy manner. Mr. Salsbury chats in a low, musical voice and knows everything about the big show from the immense grandstands to a tent stop. You can pick up a lot of information by asking a few questions and then you begin to get an idea of the immensity of the show. There are over 700 people in camp, as has been said; 400 horses are used by them. Over in the tepees—you can see them from the tent, tight-closed and "exclusive" looking, are 100 Indians—Sioux, Cheyennes, Blackfeet, Pawnees, everything that will fight and scalp when "running wild." The grounds are big enough for a Western metropolis, and if you annex a few pastures, corrals and fields, in the Chicago way, you will have something like the Windy City. For the arena alone, with its grandstands, there are eight and one-half acres. To cover the stands 135,000 feet of corrugated iron were used. In the grandstand there are 1,265,000 feet of Georgia pine. That low fence that runs along the roads in the ground contains over 55,000 square feet of 24-gauge steel. It is considerably over a mile long.

AN IMMENSE LIGHTING CAPACITY.

It takes a good deal of electric light to illuminate the grounds and the plain at night. In the arena there are forty-eight 4,000-candle power reflecting lights, two 30,000-candle power reflecting lights, one 40,000-candle power reflecting light, 380 incandescent lights and in the grounds and other structures besides the stands, eighty-one arc-lights and 450 incandescent lights. The plant which furnishes this light is one of the largest in the world devoted to a single enterprise.

Figures do not mean much to those who are not experts, but if you walk into a grandstand when no one else is there you feel like shouting for some one to come to find you. Unless you have a trained eye, you would not know that the arena proper, the place where the horsemen go through their manoeuvres, is 525 feet in length and nearly as wide. Those figures may not express a definite idea to you, and you may not feel any more enlightened at the information that the course around is one-third of a mile. But if you stand at one end and overlook the plain when the horses are gone, and the grandstand is empty, you will see that a horseman away down there where the cañon breaks into the plain seems no bigger than a doll and his pony is a jack-rabbit. Behind the scenery down there, showing valleys, wooded hillsides and white-capped peaks, there are stables, barns, yards, corrals, dining-rooms for the army, and acres more of room. If you go back there with Major Burke he will show you the Indians, the soldiers, the cowboys and all the others at dinner. They eat a lot, that army. Soldiers, cowboys and Indians have appetites that are like the Western plains—boundless. For the hundreds of pounds of meat used at three meals a day, there is a cold storage house. There is a "general store," too, with a storekeeper, bookkeeper and clerks. Though the Wild West owns the store and all that is in it, every pound of beef and every ounce of salt that is used in furnishing 2,100 hearty meals a day is charged up on the books of the company. The head stable-keeper charges up the hay and oats. The equipment man enters his expense of repairing and renewing trappings. It must all go down on the books, for each department must be ready at a moment's notice to show the careful managers what it is costing them to give living pictures of Western and international history.

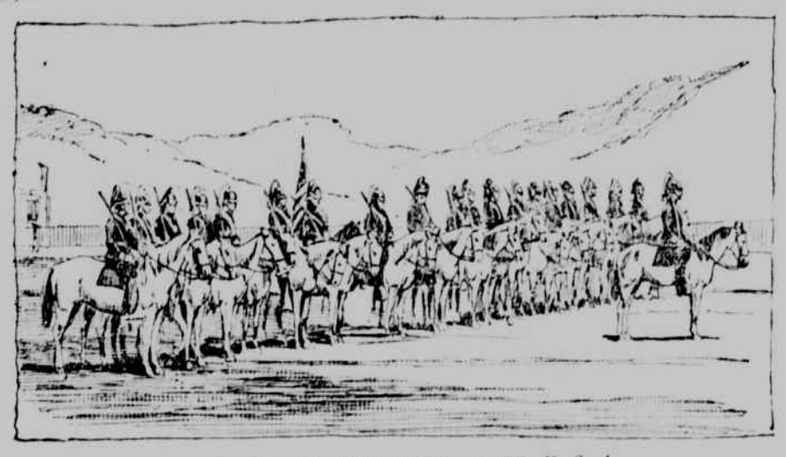
You can't have 700 men in a camp doing rough riding, making daring leaps on horseback, bold cavalry charges and lightning-like manoeuvres, without having bad falls, twisted joints, strained tendons and now and then a broken limb. You want to examine the hospital tent, the matron's tent, the repair shops, the barber shop, the postoffice and Major Burke's odd-looking Pine Ridge log cabin, but the signal out in the grounds among the white-sided tents has been given, the cavalryman has raised his bugle to his lips, and its notes float away back to you, wavering on the air. The show is about to begin.

SERGEANT, COLOR BEARER AND BUGLER OF THE 7TH CAVALRY.

PREPARING FOR THE SHOW.

You have seen them all getting ready by this time. The Indian warriors have oiled their bodies until they glisten in the sunlight. The paint has been daubed on, in streaks, on legs, arms and upper body, and in a solid mass on cheek and forehead. Their hair, free and flowing, has been rubbed to a glossy shimmer. Eagle feathers are in the raven locks, and glittering baubles on brown wrists. They are all horsemen now; Indians, commanded each band by a chief; cowboys, headed by their leader, a strapping, dark-faced, handsome fellow, and each troop of cavalrymen by a sergeant. Colors are waving, swords are drawn, and sharp commands are ringing out—in French where the tricolor waves, in German where the Emperor's flag shows, over gleaming helmets and shining breastplates. The Indians' cries are high-pitched and shrill, but where the Irish lancers sit under Great Britain's standard and where the Stars and Stripes float the English commands are clear and sharp.

MAJOR JOHN M. BURKE'S RANCH.



DETACHMENT OF THE 7TH CAVALRY, U. S. A.

THE FIRST ENTRANCE.

The riders keep their restless horses reined up, each nationality in rank or groups. Before them is an ascent, then a descent, and then a wall of scenery where the gate is. From the tower the signal is given and the gate swings back. A dark-skinned, almost naked, group moves swiftly out from the heterogeneous mass, horses at a trot. With a shrill cry a band of Indian horsemen appear over the ascent. Straight and swift, like a feathered arrow, the group shoots into the open, taking its flight down the plain to where the applause is swelling. With a swoop it curves at the end, spreads like an opening fan, circles and is stretched across the plain, motionless. Another band follows, this followed by another and still another, crying shrilly, singing in thin voices or chanting mournfully. Behind them, with a splendid sweep, ride the Irish Lancers by fours, leaning far over in their saddles as they turn at the end, and still with galloping horses they fall in behind the Indians. With that swift rush there come on wild Cossacks, the whooping cowboys, the Arabs, with their streaming draperies; the Mexicans, with wide sombrero and flapping trousers; the heavier Germans, the gallant Frenchmen, and then the horsemen of the 7th, with their yellow braid and plumes, the Stars and Stripes with them. By fours and sixes they have made that rapid flight along the plain, coming around in wheeling alignment at the turn, and circling like a moving wave of color until the ranks rest, one behind the other. Behind them all rides Buffalo Bill, bowing as his horse gallops with long and even stride, his long curls waving in the breeze, his hat held above his head.

It is a splendid picture then—rank after rank of horsemen from all the nations stretching across the plain, shining with steel and aflame with color; tossing manes, running along the lines like wheat moving under a breeze; above them the plumes and the bright crests, and still higher, held in upstretched arms, the white flashing sabres, until at a signal the ranks melt into moving streams of color and light, the horsemen threading their way in and out past one another, circling, halting, advancing, receding, reforming by fours and sixes, trailing out in single file, moving ribbons of men and horses spangled with gleaming metal, until two long lines gallop away evenly and steadily, and disappear whence they came.

After the dashing horsemen and their bewildering movements a woman trips out. In the arena she seems a little bit of a thing, slender and with flowing hair, wearing a broad-brimmed hat. She gives an exhibition of skill and dexterity with firearms, aiming so swiftly and accurately and breaking glass balls with such ease and apparent carelessness that you wonder if she uses her eyes at all. She is wonderfully quick, this little woman, with a finger touch on the trigger which must be finer than the pressure of a hairspring in a watch, for its work is always swift and true. Miss Oakley turns and shoots, picks up her rifle and fires over a barrier, lifts her weapon and discharges it—all after a glass ball has been tossed into the air, and never misses. In a dozen ways she shows the keenness of her eye and the steadiness of her nerve, and then breaking one after the other several balls thrown up together, she bows and runs away smiling. A cowboy, a Cossack, a Mexican, an Arab, a Gaucho and an Indian have a horse race; a post rider gives an illustration of the old pony express, dashing up on horseback, leaping from his horse to the ground and into another saddle, transferring at the same time his mail-bag, all with one motion apparently, and he is off at a driving gallop. A prairie emigrant train crossing the plains comes into view; it is attacked by Indians, but scouts and cowboys, Buffalo Bill leading them, dash over the plain and repulse the marauders. Riffian horsemen give illustrations of bold Arabian riding, and then, slipping to the ground, tumble, leap and give acrobatic sports until one's head whirls.

It is not possible in a limited space to describe in detail more that a few of the features. The Cossacks' riding takes your breath away. In spurred boots and long coats they stand on their horses' backs, lashing them furiously and inciting them to a madder speed with piercing cries, riding without check or rein. They sway far over and back, lean out, and bending low with a swift motion catch up an object and wave it wildly as they swing their bodies up again to the saddle. It looks like a delirium of riding.

Cowboys perform feats not less wonderful. When they want something that is on the ground they do not dismount to get it. They do not even check their galloping broncbos. Stooping over, they snatch it up and ride on with ringing spur. They lasso wild horses as easily as you might capture a sleepy puppy, and sit calm and secure in the saddle of a bucking, plunging, whirling broncho. Then they ride like a cyclone, but they ride undaunted and undisturbed—only they yell, with ear-splitting yells.

Indian boys on bareback have a race. There is a buffalo chase, showing how the hunter rode after his magnificent game, shooting right and left into the shaggy herd; "Johnnie" Baker, a young American marksman, hits anything that comes before him in the air with unfailing accuracy and an astonishing agility. Mexicans use the lasso, and South American Gauchos throw their bolas as they ride; the Deadwood coach, the same one which ran from Cheyenne to the Black Hills, is attacked by Indians; settlers' cabins are besieged; Colonel Cody, riding at a full gallop, breaks glass balls with his rifle—it is useless to try to explain all that is done.

BOLD AND DARING RIDING.

But there are other features which cannot be passed over with a word. The horses and their wonderful riders merit the closest attention and the warmest praise. There is a hurdle race that is amazing for the recklessness of the riders—they are Indian, cowboy, Mexican, South American and "gentleman rider." The horses do not pause in their flight, only rising like swallows at the leap and speeding on. There is never a slackening of speed. Under whip and spur the horses run wildly toward the barrier; they make the leap, run on, urged to their utmost, and go over the next at the same furious gallop. It is like riding for a fall, but the fall does not come.

The martial spirit is aroused again by the military music. Drill. Cavalry detachments from the 7th United States Cavalry, the Fifth Royal Irish Lancers, the French Dragoons and the German Emperor's Cuirassiers once more come galloping down the arena. There is again a music in the noise of the bit, the spur and the scabbard which delights the ear, and the eye is fascinated with the brilliancy of uniform, plume, braid and trappings, the flash of helmet and breaststeel and the glancing light of waving sword. The colors, standards and pennants of four great nations flutter and stream and whip in and out and around, and the plumes extend straight out behind, while the horses, galloping in sweeping lines, are magnificent. These are all real soldiers, taught in the schools of armies. They ride with shortened stirrup strap, close knee, firm seat, and bodies that sway, when they sway, in unison. Gray horses are used by the 7th, famed for its bloody battles. To-day they come down the plain with a long, even stride, ridden by fours, their riders erect and with motionless arms. It was just that way that they rode when Benteen's command, struggling in the morasses lower down, saw for the last time away through the valleys and ravines higher up Custer's column galloping on for the charge in the Little Big Horn—only the cavalrymen on their big grays were waving their hats and cheering.

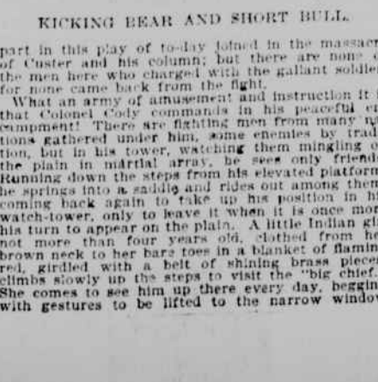
The riders of the 7th now in the arena, and the other cavalrymen with them, reel down the plain in perfect rank. At the turn they curve and swing, the bodies all parallel, the lines unbroken; gallop on, circle again and go galloping back. Swinging out in single file, the gray carrying the blue wheel, cross the plain and halt, the rest sweeping on. Platoons fall apart and ranks re-form, as the while the horses at a gallop, their stride unchanged. While the foreign soldiers ride on, turning the corners with a sudden whirl, and flashing the light of steel around the plain, the horsemen of the 7th, mounted as are for their waving arms and glittering bodies, give a sabre drill. Again they fall in with the galloping lancers, dragons and cuirassiers, and swift manoeuvres follow, by platoons and in squares, by fours, sixes and eights and in single file, moving in an endless circle of radiant color and gleaming weapons. Curving again by sixes and swinging around a corner two horses come together. They and their riders go down, two swords flying out and falling in the dust, the horsemen struggling to their feet and darting away from pounding hoofs, for the lines are dashing on. One horse has leaped up and regained its place, following, though its rider is gone, the evolutions and keeping its place in the ranks. The other, badly lamed, is caught dexterously by its dismounted rider, and led away, but the swift manoeuvring never once stops or wavers.

MAKING THE CHARGE.

Then coming around quickly at the lower end of the plain the cavalry strings out across it, coming to a halt. It is stretched from side to side, horses and men waiting for a new command. From the scabbards come all the sabres; they are flashed aloft, and in an even line the charge begins. The horses are at a hard gallop, the uniformed bodies bending over their outstretched necks, and the sabres waving. With a magnificent rush they all go sweeping down the level plain from end to end, halt with swords still uplifted, salute, wheel in two platoons and canter away, each column disappearing in a canyon at the further end.

There is, too, a living picture of Custer's last charge, with the camps, dances and customs of the Indians shown. Several of the Indians who take part in this play of to-day joined in the massacre of Custer and his column; but there are none of the men here who charged with the gallant soldier, for none came back from the fight.

KICKING BEAR AND SHORT BULL.



CHIEFS IN THEIR EAGLE FEATHERS.

What an army of amusement and instruction it is that Colonel Cody commands in his peaceful encampment! There are fighting men from many nations gathered under him, some enemies by tradition, but in his tower, watching them mingling on the plain in martial array, he sees only friends. Running down the steps from his elevated platform, he springs into a saddle and rides out among them, coming back again to take up his position in his watch-tower, only to leave it when it is once more his turn to appear on the plain. A little Indian girl not more than four years old, clothed from her brown neck to her bare toes in a blanket of flaming red, girdled with a belt of shining brass pieces, climbs slowly up the steps to visit the "big chief." She comes to see him up there every day, begging with gestures to be lifted to the narrow window that she may peep out over the plain, alive with active, quick-moving men. She crows in delight, claps her small, dark hands and climbs down to the ground to join a band of Indians which must soon swarm out on the plain.

At night, when the second performance is given, Colonel Cody is again in his dark tower, following the movements on the brilliantly lighted field with watchful eye. The air behind him and in his tower is black, but there is no guard near him. Years ago Buffalo Bill rode out on a Western plain between two hostile armies, one warlike Indians and the other soldiers of the United States, who had come to demand their surrender. On horseback he met a famous chief in a strange duel, and before the two armies he stabbed the red man through the heart. Friends and kinsmen of the chief are in the camp of Colonel Cody now, but at night in his tower his only solicitude is that the manoeuvres under the electric lights may go on without hitch or accident. When the show is ended he walks alone through the grounds to his tent. He sleeps there with only a thin canvas wall between him and any man who may approach. In the same inclosure with his tent are the tightly closed tepees of his Indians. One is not twenty yards away.

TWO BASHFUL INDIAN MAIDENS.

At night when the strangers are all gone a tall Indian strides solemnly along, his form enveloped in a blanket which hoods his head. A cowboy, going his way carelessly, meets him, and they pass in silence. A Mexican ambles along peacefully, smoking a glowing cigarette. On July 14, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastile, the French dragoons came forth from their tents at night to sing the "Marseillaise" and other of their National hymns, and the German cuirassiers applauded. When "taps" sound at midnight the men of this mixed army sleep with only the thinnest covering between them and the stars, and with neighbors separated only by a sheet of canvas. A strange mingling of strange men and a striking plea for peace! E. W.

THE POPE'S ANTI-MASONRY.

IT IS DIRECTED AGAINST FRENCH AND ITALIAN ATHEISTIC LODGES RATHER THAN AGAINST AMERICANS OF THE CRAFT.

Of all the subjects touched upon by Leo XIII in the remarkable encyclical just issued (and which, if we are to credit the reports that reach us from Rome concerning the health of the venerable Pontiff, is destined to be his last) there is probably none more calculated to interest the American people than that which refers to Free Masonry. The Pope once again condemns the craft "as defying God," as "assailing Christian institutions," as "ridiculing the sacraments as mere superstitions" and as "aiming at the destruction of the popular respect for the Divine Power." These denunciations, which have come from the Vatican at different intervals during the last three decades, must sound strange and incomprehensible to the Free Masons of the United States and England. It would be wrong to attribute the animosity of the Roman Catholic Church, however, toward the institution to mere bigotry or to clerical tyranny and reaction. It is based on quite different grounds, which can only be explained by calling attention to the radical difference that exists between American and British Masonry and that of France, Italy and Austria. Were the brethren of these three countries like those of America, the Church of Rome would probably never have felt itself impelled to anathematize the craft and to object to Roman Catholics becoming affiliated therewith. Indeed, as long as they adhered to the original doctrines of the order, the Papacy maintained a passive and even friendly attitude toward the craft, to which many eminent prelates have belonged. When, in 1848, however, continental Masonry began to devote its resources and its activity to politics instead of to works of charity and benevolence, the attitude of the Church of Rome underwent a change for the worse, and since the schism has taken place between the lodges of France, Italy and Austria and those of America and Great Britain, the Vatican has considered it necessary to condemn Masonry and to fight it with all the means at its command.

The cause of the objection of the Roman Catholic Church to Masonry—and by that I mean continental Masonry—is the very same as that of the schism between the latter and the American and British lodges. It is the identification of French and Italian Masonry with atheism—atheism, too, of the most aggressive and militant character. In all the documents and rites of the craft in English-speaking countries figure the mystic letters A∴N∴G∴A∴O∴T∴U∴, which mean "In the name of the Grand Architect of the Universe," and a profession of belief in the Deity constitutes part and parcel of the initiation of the brethren of the order. In the lodges of France and Italy, however, the use of these symbolical letters has been abolished and reference to the Divinity in any shape or form has been strictly forbidden. Strangely enough, this elimination of all religious element from the French and Italian lodges owes its origin to M. Littre, the compiler of the celebrated French dictionary, who subsequently died a fervent and even bigoted Roman Catholic. To him belongs the chief burden of responsibility for a measure that has become an overwhelming obstacle to the principal aim of Freemasonry, which is the establishment of sentiments of brotherhood and union not only between individuals, but also between nations. The moment this action of the Grand Orient of France and Italy became known decrees were at once issued by the Masonic Grand Masters of Great Britain, the United States, Spain, Portugal and Prussia, as well as Sweden, prohibiting the brethren of their respective nationalities from attending any French or Italian lodge meetings or even from entering into Masonic intercourse with members of the Gallic or Italian rite.

It should, therefore, be thoroughly borne in mind that the anathemas of the Church are directed, not so much against American, English or even Spanish and Portuguese Masons, but mainly against those of Italy and France. The activity of the Brotherhood in these last two countries is neither benevolent nor social, but purely political, and its openly avowed object is the overthrow of the Church and the annihilation of every form of religious belief. Among its publicly declared aims—I quote from French and Italian Masonic writings and speeches—are "the exclusion of every Catholic or religious element from all public administrations, from hospitals, schools; from the councils that govern the destinies of the country, from academical and other corporate institutions, from committees and families—and exclusion from everything everywhere and forever," and "the abolition in schools of every kind of religious instruction because the state, which ought to be absolutely Atheistic, has the inalienable right and duty to form the heart and spirit of its citizens," and, again, "to lay religion waste in its foundations and in its very sources of life—namely, in the school and in the family." The Italian lodges, moreover, proclaim their determination to secure "the suppression of all religious corporations, the confiscation of all ecclesiastical property and the abolition of the Papacy," which the Grand Orient of Rome declares to be "the implacable and deadly enemy of Italy."

If these were merely empty threats the Vatican could afford to treat them with contempt. But they are quite the reverse, for of the 504 members of the Italian Chamber of Deputies there are no less than 300 who are openly avowed Free Masons, and for the last ten years there has always been a Masonic majority in the Cabinet. Crispi, Doda, Zanardelli and Lacava, all hold high office in the Grand Orient of Italy, and the late Prime Minister, Depretis, as well as the popular statesman, Nicotera, were buried with Masonic instead of religious rites.

In the French Chamber there are over 200 Masons, and most of the prominent statesmen of the last twenty years, including Gambetta, Grevy, Tirard, Clemenceau, Douvier, Floquet and Ferry, have belonged to the fraternity. The Grand Orient of France has taken a leading part in the war organized during the last fifteen years against the Roman Catholics and the clergy. "Le clericalism, voila l'ennemi," is the device of every lodge in the country. The former Grand Master, M. Colfavru, who was on the Board of Directors of the Panama Company, besides being a salaried employe in the railroad department of Baron Alphonse Rothschild's office, has publicly described Freemasonry as the bitterest and most relentless enemy of the Church. As stated above, it was in the latter part of the forties that the continental Masons first began to devote their attention to politics. This was due to the severity of the various monarchical governments in dealing with persons professing liberalism and radicalism. The men found that it was only behind the closed doors of lodges duly "tiled" that they could make their voices heard and give free expression to their political sentiments without peril of imprisonment and even worse. Every radical politician in France, Italy and Austria became affiliated to the order for political purposes only, and while in the Peninsula Masonry became synonymous with Garibaldianism and Massinism, in France the mere fact of belonging to the craft was understood to indicate adherence to the advanced doctrines of Louis Blanc and of Ledru Rollin. During the Empire Napoleon III, who was himself a Free Mason of the Italian rite, endeavored to counteract the increasing tendency of the French Masons to radicalism and republicanism by getting, first, his cousin, Prince Murat, and then the chief of his military household, bluff old Field Marshal Magnan, appointed as Grand Master. But his efforts were doomed to failure, and it was the Masonic element in French politics that contributed more than anything else to the overthrow of his throne.

Whereas in the United States, Great Britain, Germany and Scandinavia Masonic interference with politics is discountenanced and condemned, in France any attempt to check this interference would be treated with derision, as the brethren regard themselves, with some degree of justice, as important factors in the creation of the Republic. After the collapse of the Boulanger bubble a few years ago, those of his adherents who belonged to the craft were subjected to severe disciplinary measures by their lodges, not because they had taken part in a political movement, but because they had been on the losing side. In order to appreciate this, let any American Mason consider how he would feel if called to account and punished by his lodge for having voted with the Farmers' Alliance or some other factional movement against the party in office.

In strong contrast with the hostility displayed by the Roman Catholic Church toward Masonry in Italy and France is the tolerant attitude of its clergy toward the craft in Portugal and Spain. I remember some years ago attending the funeral at Lisbon of Antonio de Aguiar, who at the time of his death held the place of Grand Master of the order in Portugal. Don Antonio was an ex-Minister of Public Works, a Senator, the president of the Royal Geographical Society, and had for several years acted as governor and bear leader of the present King. His body lay in state for two days in the Church of St. Isabelle at Lisbon, arrayed in his Masonic insignia, and among the wreaths and floral emblems deposited at the bier were many bearing Masonic inscriptions. During the whole time that the body remained in church priests were kneeling in an attitude of prayer beside the coffin. On the day of the funeral, which was attended by representatives of the King and Queen in state carriages, a large cortége of prelates and priests in full canonicals was present. They drove to the cemetery in court carriages. The full services of the Roman Catholic Church were performed at the grave by the clergy, during the course of which the discourses of farewell to the dead statesman were delivered by Deputy Señor Elias on behalf of the Free Masons of Portugal, and by Señor Villareno on behalf of those of Spain. The latter, by the way, though the most Catholic country on the face of the earth, has as its Masonic Grand Master Señor Sagasta, the present Prime Minister.

In Sweden and Norway the Grand Mastership is held by King Oscar, who occupied that office long before his ascension to the throne, and his sons are all Masons, as are also the sons and grandsons of Queen Victoria, whose heir, the Prince of Wales, is Grand Master of the British Masons. In Denmark it is the Crown Prince who is at the head of the Grand Orient, while the late Emperor Frederick held the Grand Mastership of Prussia's Free Masons from the year before his marriage until the time of his death. The present Emperor, although a Mason, has declined to accept the Grand Mastership in succession to his father, and it is now held by his brother-in-law, Prince Frederick Leopold. Like all the sovereigns who have reigned over Prussia since the time of Frederick the Great, William figures on the roster of the order as protector of the Prussian branch of the craft.

It is probably owing to this marked interest in the fortunes of the craft manifested by royalty in the north of Europe that has led to the large representation of the aristocracy to be found in the order. While in France and Italy membership of a lodge is regarded in the light of an admission that one belongs to the nouvelles couches of society. In Prussia, Scandinavia and particularly in Great Britain, the Grand Orients are composed almost exclusively of titled personages or of the intimate associates of royalty. The result is that in London and Berlin admission to a good lodge is just as eagerly sought and as difficult to secure as election to an exclusive and fashionable club.

EX-ATTACHE.

"WHAT QUEER THINGS WE ARE!"

THE INTERESTING RESULTS OF SELF-EXAMINATION ON THE PART OF THE MAN WITH THE TOPCOAT.

Two men were riding downtown one morning recently in an elevated train. The man with the silk hat had made a discovery, and he questioned his friend thus:

"Are you right-handed?"

"Yes," said the man in the topcoat.

"Right-legged, also?"

"Right-legged, no."

"Sure?"

"Why, of course I'm sure. I have more power and accuracy and dexterity in my right arm and hand than in my left arm and hand. But as for my legs, I can and do use one the same as the other."

"How about your ears?"

"Same as legs."

"Eyes?"

"Each equal to the other in all respects."

"Sides to your jaws?"

"Why are you asking me such questions? If there's a joke in prospect, let's have the laugh now."

"No joke. All sincerity. Wanted to know how well you knew yourself. See you're very slightly acquainted. Just watch yourself for a few days. The proper study for mankind is——goodby, here's my station. You'll be the most surprised man"——"Step lively, please," called the guard——"in the world." And the inquisitor just managed to get out upon the station platform as the iron gates banged behind him.

"You're right," said the man with the topcoat, a couple of mornings later.

"Told you"——

"Dead right. I've kept tab on myself. Noticed when I used the telephone I always put the receiver to my right ear. Tried my left ear and got all mixed up. Found I always put my left foot first into an elevator, and always took the first step with it when I went up or down stairs. Started to go down some steps with my right foot leading, and nearly had a tumble. Then I'm right-jawed. I always chew my food on the right side of my mouth. Never thought of it before, but things do not taste as good on the left side. They do not taste so much, either. Queer, isn't it, how the sense of taste will become more highly developed in one part of the mouth than in another by use and force of habit? I'm left-eyed. You know, I'm interested in botany and use a microscope a great deal. Well, I invariably look through the instrument with my left eye. For ordinary purposes, my right eye seems to be as keen as the left one, but I found that it was not at all satisfactory when I applied it to the microscope. I'm right-handed, left-eyed, right-jawed, left-legged and right-eared. I suppose I'm right or left a good many more things, but I haven't had time to discover them yet."

"What queer things we are!" said the man with the silk hat.

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