

THE REV. MISS NANCY TYPE PASSING, SAYS MODERN MINISTER

It was 6 o'clock when the minute that the clergyman arrived at the parish house connected with his church, swung through the door and rapidly strode toward his study, which consisted of a reception room, a private study. In another room he was seated at his desk, glancing at a list of appointments for the day when he summoned his secretary, placed upon a letter after another of the morning mail and started in to his replies.

The clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Boynton of Brooklyn, was thus engaged when the visitor called and sat down in the reception room. Through its open door could be seen a large study lined with bookshelves from floor nearly to ceiling, one or two tables, holding other books, magazines and pamphlets, and a few chairs completed the furnishings. At the further end of the study Dr. Boynton, a man in the late thirties, a little under, medium build, with broad shoulders, a prominent nose and side whiskers and penetrating eyes that ever held a gleam of humor—a veritable type of the New England—was for her own peculiar son.

He looked the clergyman as he sat there that morning, at least, not as a clergyman is usually thought of. His brisk manner, clear cut words, his energetic vigor indicated rather the man engaged in transacting large affairs in business. In a few minutes he dismissed his secretary, and rose to meet the visitor, who came by appointment to ascertain how the minister of a large parish church in a large city, would like to talk "right off the bat" on the "Nancy" type.

"Yes," said the visitor, "Start in, please, and give a sample of your activity in a single definite week—the present week, for example."

"Very well," said Dr. Boynton, taking a memorandum book from an upper wastebasket. "Six o'clock we begin with Sunday. Evening service as usual, a jump across to Manhattan in time to catch a night train for Detroit, where I had been summoned suddenly to conduct funeral services for a former parishioner and very dear friend."

"It was necessary for me to leave Detroit Monday evening, which I did, arriving in Waltham, Mass., in time for commencement exercises, and, these completed, I made a train which brought me back here to Brooklyn in time to attend the flag officers' dinner last night of the Atlantic Yacht Club, of which I am captain and where I was down for an address. Had a splendid time there, as always, and got to bed at 1 o'clock this morning."

"That 7 o'clock breakfast by 8, and leaving home at 8:45. Before I got away, however, I had three telephone calls at the house from persons who wanted to make appointments. One was from a man connected with the church, who wanted to see me later in the day; another was from the president of a college in Florida, who is in New York; the third from the secretary of the Foreign Mission Board asking me to take lunch with him and talk over the programme for our convention and also to outline a speech to be delivered there."

"Yes," Dr. Boynton continued, in answer to a question interpolated at this point, "I have a phone at my house and its number is listed in the book. I am well aware that a good many busy clergymen of large churches do not have their house telephones listed because of constant calls, but so long as my strength holds out I propose to continue on duty twenty-four hours a day, and ready at any hour to respond to any one who really needs me."

"Well," he went on, "when I arrived here at the office this morning I found

Rev. Dr. Boynton Gives That as a Reason Church Is Doing More Good—Believes Religion More Real, World Better—Varied Activities in Busy Clergyman's Day

besides routine mail several letters on special matters. One of them enclosed a legal document incorporating the Congregational Conference of the State of New York, with a request that I personally see eight of the incorporators and under seal of a notary obtain their signatures to the official document, which is to be sent to the Supreme Court.

"In this same early mail came my appointment as delegate to attend the Peace Conference at Geneva, Switzerland, in August. It took only a few minutes of figuring with my secretary to ascertain that the appointment could be accepted."

"When do you expect to start?" "I have arranged to sail on July 24. This will get me to Geneva in time for the week of conference, and I will be back in New York on August 14 in order to meet engagements in Massachusetts on August 15, 16 and 17. I am due to conduct services in the church at Watch Hill on Sunday, August 16, and I'll be there if I have to swim for it."

"Anything else of special interest in your early morning mail?" the visitor inquired. "Yes," the minister answered. "I had another request to conduct church services at a summer resort, but I'm not sure whether I can make it. Then I received notice that the newly chosen Colonel of the Thirtieth Regiment had ordered us into camp at Fisher's Island. The other communications formed the usual miscellaneous mail that comes regularly, day after day."

"What are you going to do during the rest of the day?" "I'm here in the office until 1 o'clock to transact business connected with the church, and to see any one who wants to see me. I have two assistant ministers. One is my son, who has just completed his first year's work, and is on duty a large part of the time; the other is this little telephone instrument here on the desk—it is on duty all the time. Frequently twenty or thirty calls come in over it during a morning. I couldn't get along without it."

"You see," he continued, "the scope of the minister's work has widened enormously in recent years. Formerly a minister's business was predominantly connected with his own parish; whereas at present that is an incident, although a very important incident, and his larger educational work is in his larger, wider relations. The great social movement that has come within the last ten years has brought with it opportunities never before available to clergymen who want to be of real use in the world."

"Not long ago one of the eminent pathologists of the country, rendered his deliberate opinion that the only general remedy for chronic alcoholism lies in what ecclesiastics would term 'submission to the Divine will.' What this medical authority said was, 'The only cure I know of for a drunken wreck is for him to get religion—and get it hard. I don't pretend to know what religion is,' this pathologist continued, 'but if a man really gets it it works.'"

"Five years ago the medical faculty was not inclined to admit that complete dependence upon God's mercy would revolutionize men and women, changing them from slaves of debased habit into normal, happy members of society. I

venture to say that there are thousands upon thousands of useful, respected, hard working citizens to-day who a few years ago were hopeless, desperate, literally down and out. So large has this multitude of reformed men and women become in every large community that it would be a very narrow or a cloistered scientist who could overlook the practical effect of religion in the twentieth century.

"Never before has there been so great an opportunity to preach the gospel as right now, and in many instances the best way to preach it is to get up and preach without letting those present know just what you are doing, whether at a dinner, a firemen's rally, a political conference, a civic convention or a hundred other occasions of the kind. Men and women are to-day leading more spiritual lives than at any other time in my experience, but these lives are led in such wide relationship to the world at large that the men and women do not realize the situation."

"If you wonder sometimes that people nowadays seem to be less religious than in former years think of what they are doing to aid God's programme of mercy, help in time of trouble and loving sympathy. Remember that in past generations religion was cast in rigid theological moulds; that it was interpreted by holy men of old largely in pietistic fashion—and virile men and women of character got terribly sick of it. To-day the spirit of religion is to be interpreted as pervasive, exercising its functions in all the areas of life, whereas formerly it was largely restricted to the distinctively religious areas."

"If your analysis is correct," said Dr. Boynton's visitor, "then why is it that people don't go to church as they used to?" "They do go relatively as well as they ever did," he responded. "The people as a usual thing never thronged the sanctuary. You will find that people of all ages and conditions go to a church when the human heartbeat is there and God is presented as the Father of love and Christ as the brother of humanity."

"One reason why the church is doing more good than ever before is due to the passing into obscurity of the Rev. Miss Nancy—the type of narrow, simpering, sanctimonious creature who formerly afflicted so many congregations of intelligent men and earnest women, who naturally regarded with contempt his circumscribed outlook on life and his ridiculous pretensions. That sort of a pitiful mistake, thank heaven, has no place to-day in a church where people worship the God of things as they are. You don't hear much of a church that still harbors a Rev. Miss Nancy in its pulpit."

"When we reflect upon the seeming lessening of church influence we must not forget that to-day the church, so far as its Sunday services are concerned, has great competitors for public attention that were not in existence twenty-five years ago. I do not here refer especially to the Sunday newspaper, for while it was anathema to a large proportion of clergymen a quarter century ago, to-day the representative minister must read at least the important news in his Sunday paper before he steps into his pulpit for the morning service."

"The church to-day is in competition on Sunday with the growing spirit of recreation—a perfectly proper idea, but

used just now in a childish manner all down the line from the expensive country club to the baseball game Sunday afternoon, and the motion pictures Sunday evening. These are some of the things which cause what seems to be a decline in church attendance in many localities. Perhaps there has been, in not a few instances, an actual dropping off in numbers. Even so, we must remember that the services of an active, conscientious clergyman were never in so great demand, and that never before has he had approach to so many people of so many kinds and conditions.

"Getting down to more definite details about the modern city minister and his job, let us take as a starting point this study we are sitting in, where I keep regular office hours. Do you know that many a man and many a woman came here to talk over perplexities of family or business relations who never would come to my home for that purpose?"

"In former days the minister didn't have an office in his church or parish building, and when he saw people in his own home they felt under more or less restraint. But here they come freely, lay before me secrets that weigh down their minds, breaking down their bodies, wracking their very hearts. And I tell you that sometimes as I listen it takes all the grit I possess to remain calm and fill those unhappy people full of courage and determination, first of all to do right themselves, and then to keep a brave face to the world."

"Furthermore, a clergyman who recognizes the increased breadth of his opportunity frequently is called upon to render service to the State or to the community wherein he resides, being called upon by the Governor of the Commonwealth or by the Mayor of his city to serve on committees or in conference called for discussing matters of public interest. Last winter, you remember, there was an outburst of public opinion as to regulating the all night restaurants along the Great White Way. Mayor Mitchell, desiring to deal justly by all concerned, appointed a committee consisting of seven men and including a professor in Columbia University, the proprietor of one of the leading hotels, a member of the vice committee, the manager of a New York newspaper and myself as a clergyman. And he put the whole matter up to this committee, telling us to make careful investigation, to decide what should be done, and that he would carry out our recommendations."

"We must not forget the fact, however, that in spite of such activities as have been mentioned the heart of a minister's service is to preach the gospel he believes in; that is his main job. And it must also be remembered that at present his pulpit is movable, that if he is a wise man he takes it out into the world with him."

"Five days each week, while I am in the city, I go to Pratt Institute, of which I am chaplain, and conduct brief religious services. Twice a week I make there a four minute address, trying to give at least one definite impression to as many of the 3,000 students as are assembled."

"What are the largest salaries paid to ministers of New York churches?" "With the possible exception of a bishop or two," said Dr. Boynton, "the largest salary I know of in New York is \$15,000 a year. Quite a number, I believe, receive \$10,000, but the more a minister gets the less he has. This is absolutely so."

"A minister has to live in a way that he may meet on approximately common footing the people among whom he serves as spiritual leader. He has to travel from one part of the country to another; he has to undergo many other expenses not necessary to the minister of a small church, of a congregation that lives modestly. For example, a minister who receives \$7,500 salary may



Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Boynton.

easily find that \$2,000 of it goes for travelling and hotel expenses at the end of an average year."

"What, in your opinion, is the moral condition of the country, compared with its condition, say, a generation ago—that is, the entire social fabric of the United States; are the American people living on a lower plane of a higher?" "The reply was instant, unhesitating. 'The standards of honesty, decency, right living were never so high, in my experience of thirty-three years of active work, as they are to-day. Men of business would not dream of doing to-day what they did without question even a dozen years ago. Politicians would not dare to repeat that which their predecessors of a generation ago carried out as a matter of course.'"

"The one great failing of men in our

large cities, as I see them to-day, is that too often they are afraid to face all the facts in a given case. Our country is so young and vigorous, it is so buoyant, so rich in opportunity for rich and poor alike that men are inclined to discount the future, assuming that everything will turn out all right somehow, and avoiding—from lack of courage—the disagreeable duty of facing all the facts, examining them impartially and reckoning with them."

"In too many instances they refuse to accept the axiom that history repeats itself, in political life as in business or social relations. One reason perhaps is that most of the men are too deeply engrossed in their affairs to take time for study and reflection. In this the American women are getting far ahead of the men."

"All over the land, in every small town as in every city, you see women—young, of middle age and elderly as well—formed in clubs and societies, carrying on regular, systematic study of civic problems, economic theories, domestic experiments, reading along scheduled lines, writing papers, discussing them; with the result that before long the average woman of intelligence will be far better equipped mentally in such directions than the average man. And it is still true," Dr. Boynton concluded with a smile, "that knowledge is power. Some day perhaps the men will wake up to this fact."

"The assistant minister—the little telephone on the desk close by—called Dr. Boynton just then, reminding him of an appointment; and the visitor took his departure."

A Trying Moment in Choosing Sides



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The Real Romance of Jefferson Davis

Continued from Fifth Page.

He made his way successfully to England and won fame and fortune in the old world.

On hearing that the Federal cavalry were scouring the country Breckinridge and Reagan proposed that Davis disguise himself in a soldier's clothes, a wool hat and brogan shoes, take one man with him and go to the coast of Florida, ship to Cuba.

His reply was firm. "I shall not leave Southern soil while a Confederate regiment is on it, Kirby Smith has an army of 25,000 men. He has not surrendered. Gen. Hampton will cut his way across the Mississippi. We can lead an army of 60,000 men on the plains of Texas and fight until we get better terms than unconditional surrender."

The soldiers were dismissed and the money still remaining in the Treasury was divided among them. A picked guard of ten men rode with the fallen chieftain in search of his loved one.

They joined Mrs. Davis after a hard ride and found her camp threatened by marauders. He travelled with her two days, and, apparently out of danger, she begged him to leave her and make good his escape. He finally agreed to do this and with Reagan, the members of his staff and Burton Harrison, his secretary, started for the Florida coast.

The day was one of dismal fog and rain and the party lost the way, turning in a circle, and at sunset met Mrs. Davis and her company at the fork of the road near the Ocmulgee River.

The President and staff travelled with his wife next day and made twenty-eight miles. At Irwinesville their presence was betrayed to the Federal cavalry, his camp surrounded by Col. Pritchard, and the Confederate President and party arrested.

The soldiers plundered his baggage, tore open his wife's trunk and scattered her dresses. In one of these they found a pair of new hoopskirts which Mrs. Davis had bought but never worn. An enterprising newspaper man immediately invented and sent man the story that he had been captured trying to escape in his wife's hoopskirts. His enemies refused to hear any contradiction of this invention. It was too good not to be true. They clung to it long after Col. Pritchard and every man present had given it the lie.

His escape from Fortress Monroe was a physical impossibility without one of the extraordinary precautions taken. The purpose of these arrangements could have only been to inflict pain, humiliation and possibly to take his life. He had never been robust since the breakdown of his health on the Western plains. Worn by privation and exposure, approaching 60 years of age,

he was in no condition physically to resist disease.

The damp walls, the coarse food, the loss of sleep caused by the tramp of sentinels inside his room, outside and on the roof over his head and the steady blaze of a lamp in his eyes at night within forty-eight hours had completed his prostration.

But his jailers were not content. On May 23 Capt. Titlow entered his cell with two blacksmiths bearing a pair of heavy leg irons coupled together by a ponderous chain.

"I am sorry to inform you, sir," the polite young officer began, "that I have been ordered to put you in irons."

"Has Gen. Miles given that order?" "He has."

"I wish to see him at once, please." "My orders are peremptory."

"You shall not inflict on me and on my people through me this insult worse than death. I will not submit to it."

"I sincerely trust, sir," the Captain urged kindly, "that you will not compel me to use force."

"I am a gentleman and a soldier, Capt. Titlow," was the stern answer. "I know how to die." He paused and pointed to the sentinel who stood ready. "Let your men shoot me at once—I will not submit to this outrage."

The prisoner backed away with his hands on a chair and stood waiting.

The Captain turned to his blacksmiths: "Do your duty; put them on him!"

As the workman bent with his chain Davis hurried him to the other side of the cell and lifted his chair.

The sentinel cocked and lowered his musket, advancing on the prisoner, who met him defiantly with bared breast.

The Captain sprang between them. "Put down your gun. I'll give you orders to fire when necessary."

He turned to the officer at the door. "Bring in four of your strongest men—unarmed—you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

The men entered, sprang on their helpless victim, bore him to the floor, pinned him down with their heavy bodies and held him securely while the blacksmith riveted the chains on one leg and fastened the clasp on the other with a heavy padlock.

His jailer persisted in denying him the most innocent books to read. He asked the doctor to get for him if possible the geology or the botany of the South. Gen. Miles thought them dangerous subjects. At least the names sounded treasonable. He denied the request.

thus dole out my clothes as if I were a convict in some penitentiary. They mean to degrade me. It can't be done. No man can be degraded by unmerited insult heaped upon the helpless. Such acts can only degrade the perpetrators. The day will come when the people will blush at the memory of such treatment."

At last the loss of sleep proved beyond his endurance. He had tried to fight it out, but gave up in a burst of passionate protest to Dr. Craven. The sight of his eyes was failing. The horror of blindness chilled his soul.

"My treatment here," he began with an effort at restraint, "is killing me by inches. Let them make shorter work of it. I can't sleep. No man can live without sleep. My jailers know this. I am never alone a moment—always the eye of a guard staring at me day and night. If I doze a feverish moment the noise of the relieving guard each two hours wakes me and the blazing lamp pours its glare into my"aching, throbbing eyes. There must be a change or I shall go mad or blind or both."

He paused a moment and lifted his hollow face to the physician pathetically. "Have you ever been conscious of being watched? Of having an eye fixed on you every moment, scrutinizing your smallest act, the change of the muscles of your face or the pose of your body? To have a human eye riveted on your every movement, waking, sleeping, sitting, walking, is a refinement of torture never dreamed of by a Comanche Indian—it is the eye of a spy or an enemy gloating over the pain and humiliation which it creates. The lamp burning in my eyes is a form of torment devised by some one who knew my habit of life never to sleep except in total darkness. When I took old Black Hawk, the Indian chief, a captive to our barracks at St. Louis I shielded him from the vulgar gaze of the curious. I have lived too long in the woods to be frightened by an owl and I've seen death too often to flinch at any form of pain—but this torture of being forever watched is beginning to prey on my reason."

The doctor's report that day was written in plain English: "I find Mr. Davis in a very extreme state, his nervous debility excessive, his mind despondent, his appetite gone, prostration of all vital energies. I am alarmed and anxious over the responsibility of my position. If he should die in prison without trial subject to such severities as have been inflicted on his attenuated frame the world will form conclusions and with enough color to pass them into history."

Dr. Craven was getting too troublesome. Gen. Miles dismissed him and called in Dr. George Cooper, a physician whose political opinions were supposed to be sounder.

"It's contemptible that they should