A COMMANDING FIGURE IN ENGLISH RELIGIOUS LIFE

Dr. Tuckley Gives an Appreciative Character Sketch of the Rev. Dr. Forsyth, of Cambridge.

LEADER IN NON-CONFORMING CHURCHES

His Position on the Great Questions of Debate in the Religious World a Matter of Interest in England and America.

By REV. HENRY TUCKLEY, D. D.

(Special Correspondence of the Sunday Times.)

LONDON, Aug. 7.—Two years ago this fall there was held in Boston an International Congregational Council, the object being to bring the best thought and the best methods of English Congregationalism into actual, living contact with the Congregationalism of the United States. Many were the men of distinction attending from this side, and on both sides of the ocean the gathering attracted wide attention. Unusual ability marked the speeches and essays, and there were occasions when feeling ran very high. But the only occasion when the emotions of this great assembly were too much stirred to allow of the conventional discussion was when a paper had been read on "The Ultimate Seat of Evangelical Authority." This subject, tame and dull though it may seem to the uninitiated, is vital to Christian faith. The lay mind wonders what it can tie to in these days of changing creeds, and there are thousands of ministers who are troubled in the same way, and this essay, it was expected, would indicate at what point, amid our ever-varying views of the Bible, we might still, and might always, find sure anchorage. The essayist was Rev. P. T. Forsyth, M. A., D. D., of Cambridge, England, who was selected for this task not only because of his established scholarship, but because, dwelling continually in the atsmosphere of one of the great English Universities, he would be likely to know all that was freshest on the subject and to treat it in that broad scientific spirit which the Universities of England never fail to inculcate.

The result exceeded expectation. Dr. Forsyth's grip of his subject was masterly in the extreme. He went all around it and all through it. He was so liberal toward Higher Criticism and yet so tenacious of what he held to be the still unshaken and essentially-impervious message of the Gospel, that he carried the judgment of both the timorous and the advanced. When his great treatise concluded an unusual thing occurred, considering that it was a gathering made up so largely of ministers, for nobody felt like saying anything. Hearts were so moved that lips became dumb. The expected discussion went over by default. Handkerchiefs were in requisition for thousands of wet eyes, yet the feelings had not been directly appealed to in the least. There had simply been a convincing, thoroughly reasoned out demonstration, by a scholarly and masterly thinker of the most advanced type, that, despite all the concessions which intelligent faith is obliged to make to modern scientific inquiry, there still remains, as the most unique fact of all history and as the great living force of Christian civilization, the life and death of Jesus Christ. To many present this overwhelming conclusion came as a revelation; to others, who, like Dr. Forsyth himself, had faced the facts and fought them out, it came only as an ex cathedra confirmation of what they knew. But upon all the effect was so profound that, as I've said, the ordinary methods of expression were paralized, and all that great and intelligent audience could do, representative though it was of the best minds of the Congregationalism of two Continents, was to rise to its feet and sing, as with a common impulse, "In the Cross of Christ I Glory."

DR. FORSYTH'S POSITION.

Since that time Dr. P. T. Forsyth, of Cambridge, Eng., has been much in the thought of American Church people of all denominations. So much so that they will be glad, I am sure, to hear something further about him, and especially to get his views on some of the topics of the day. It is a fair presumption, too, that those who are aloof from the church and do not understand it, will be interested in Dr. Forsyth, for, of all men, he is the kind of man to put theology and religion before these in a reasonable light. This conviction is what led me to seek an interview with this learned and influential minister, and my visit was so timed that it enabled me to hear the closing sermon of his Cambridge pastorate. After seven years in that English University town, where, amid the towering scholastic emblems of the Church of England, he has preached regularly in a Non-Conformist pulpit, with many of the undergraduates and not a few of the dons to sit under the scintillations of his genius, Dr. Forsyth goes now to take charge of Hackney Theological College. This is a training school for Congregational ministers. He is decidedly advanced in his theological views, and from the fact that out of many possibilities, and from amongst many clamorous applicants, this thoughtful, progressive, and modestly courageous man is the one upon whom the lot of promotion has fallen, it would seem as though in the Congregational circles of England advanced theological views were in favor.

The Higher Criticism was one of the first subjects he was drawn out upon. His response was brief but explicit, and to one who knows so well as your correspondent does how many ministers and teachers are treating this subject lightly, his words had in them a tone of rebuke. "We were never so much afraid of it here," he said, "as religious teachers in America seem to have been. Personally I am sympathetic toward the Higher Criticism in the main, though I realize that as it is getting now into the region of the New Testament it is a more serious matter. Still I am by no means afraid of it, and I wish the churches were not. Churches everywhere are suffering from a spurious kind of optimism which is afraid to face the facts of the religious situation." In this statement his exact words are given, but he explained afterwards that what he meant by "the higher facts of the religious situation" was that Higher Criticism was in the air; that both religious thought and life were sure to be affected by it for good or ill, and that if religious teachers, instead of denouncing or belittling the conclusions of eminent Bible scholars, would look farther into them and meet them in the spirit of courage, tempered by information and fairness, the perplexities of the ordinary mind would be relieved and its shaking faith re-established on a more sure foundation.

ENGLISH NON-CONFORMITY.

To properly estimate Dr. Forsyth as a representative of English Non-Conformity, the reader should know that the religious denominations included in that term embrace a good, round half of the church-going people of the United Kingdom. The figures of church year-books for 1900 show that the Church of England provides sittings in its different places of worship for a few more than seven million persons. But the allied bodies who are outside of that fold, like Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians, provide sittings for very nearly eight millions. These figures were disputed at first, but a committee appointed to look into them by the Church Diocesan Convention makes a report which does not disturb them to any serious extent. At the very least, Non-Conformity gives sitting room in its places of worship for 800,000 more than the State Church, and from this the reasonable claim is made, and does not seem to be successfully refuted, that in its relative allegience to what is called the Established Church and the Churches of Dissenters and Non-Conformists, England is pretty evenly divided, with a chance that Non-Conformity may have the advantage. In politics the Non-Conformists are overwhelmingly Liberal. So, at least, they were while Gladstone remained on the scene. But since the Liberal party has had divided leadership, and especially since the South African War became a dividing issue, their political standing is a rather mixed one, so much so that a great many of them scarcely know themselves where they belong.

Upon the subject of politics and the war, even Dr. Forsyth was in perplexity. This just now is a delicate subject with the Congregationalists of England. Between Congregational missionaries in South Africa and leading Congregational ministers at home there has been a heated and bitter controversy, and the badinage of strong words still goes on. The former, of course, justify the war, whereas at first nearly all the latter strongly condemned it. At the beginning, when feeling was not so high and there was a chance for peaceful settlement, Dr. Forsyth, in common with most of his brethren, took strong grounds against war in his pulpit ministrations. It was looked upon then as Joseph Chamberlain's war. I wondered if that opinion of it had been revised. Dr. Forsyth assured me that, so far as he could judge, it had not; certainly not amongst Congregationalists. He admitted, however, that there had been a change in the attitude of the Congregational pulpit on the subject. He himself had not referred to it in his sermons for a long time. He had not felt that he could with prudence; it had become now, he said, too much of a dividing wedge in the churches. His moral aspects had been obscured by policies and by a spurious patriotism. One could hardly now say anything against either the war itself or its methods without being classed as a traitor to his country.

UNIVERSITY LIFE TO-DAY.

With a minister before me who was just completing a seven years' pastorate in a University town, himself, too, a University man, I could not help asking what he thought of University life to-day as regards morals and faith, in comparison with the standards of twenty years ago. The moral standard he puts much higher. The number of students who dissipate and the number who take the course only because in certain grades of English life it is the custom to do so, are both very greatly reduced. There are nothing like the disgraceful escapades there used to be. Summing up the moral improvements in a characteristic sentence, he said: "Better things are now the better form." But as to faith, in the old meaning of that term, he could not see that there had been any improvement. "At Cambridge there are many who are preparing for the ministry. Putting those aside, as one must in judging University life by any religious test, I should say," said this careful observer, "that the boys in our Universities simply reflect the conditions outside. They are no worse and no better than the society out of which they come. In some ways we are not so well off religiously as we were a generation ago. Plutocracy has hold of us—just as it has its grip upon the United States, and there is a corresponding dullness in religious life."

This religious dullness is evidently having its effect upon those who in other conditions would be candidates for the Christian ministry. For a long time dignitaries of the Church of England have been deploring the fact that young men were not coming forward for holy orders in anything like the number in which they formerly came. The Bishop of London accounts for this largely by the fact that Church livings are so much poorer than they were, owing to the universal decline of agriculture and the consequent depreciation of land in this county. With these facts in mind, it was only natural I should ask Dr. Forsyth how it was in Non-Conformist circles, especially in his own denomination. There was, he said, similar decrease in the number of men looking to the ministry as their life calling. He admitted, too, that salaries were distressingly small, and that in many country places chapels which formerly supported a pastor could no longer do it, and so were either abandoned or were trying to exist on cheap supplies. But he could not think that the poor pay offered was the chief discouragement. He rather found the chief reason in that prevalent religious dullness of which he had before spoken. "But think," he said, in furtner explanation, "how many other respectable and influential callings are now open to well-educated young men. Think what a change the single innovation of electrical engineering has made. The Civil Service, too, is all the time rising in grade, and, as our Colonies extend, is all the time multiplying desirable openings for young men."

AN OPTIMIST AND THINKER.

Should any infer from Dr. Forsyth's repeated references to "the prevailing religious dullness" that he a pessimist, they would be greatly mistaken. No one who despaired of the religious future would leave an influential Church when he was still in the prime of life, to take up the guidance of budding theologs. It takes an optimist these days to be a teacher of theology to those who have to teach others, and that is decidedly the kind of man who hereafter will have charge of Hackney Theological Institute in London. But to be an optimist one must be a thinker. He must think broadly, deeply, and at great lengths as regards the future. He must get, to at least a small extent, the view point of infinity. He must look far ahead and must not fail to distinguish the end from the beginning, even though he may not be able to trace out perfectly all that comes between these two points. And sitting that Sunday afternoon in a face to face and heart to heart tete a tete with Dr. Forsyth, I was profoundly impressed that this was the kind of thinker who was before me. The conviction, too, was strengthened by the sermons I heard him preach. It was confirmed also by the tributes in the local papers the day following. The "Daily News" said: "He has been an intellectual force in a town which is the rallying place of intellect," and in another sentence it spoke volumes of praise by saying, "He has been a preacher for the people who think."

His closing sermon made not the slightest allusion to the fact that in preaching that night he was winding up a greatly influential pastorate. The only thing that in the entire service seemed to recognize this fact was when in his opening prayer he asked the Lord to forgive any in the large audience who might have come out of mere curiosity. His thoughts were wholly abstracted from himself and from his own church. He looked as usual at the larger world-wide church. His text was Matthew 28-19, consisting of the Lords last words to His disciples, instructing them to teach and baptize all nations, claiming for himself all power, and promising to be with them all the day, even unto the end of the age. Everything in this last utterance of Christ was, he said, saturated with greatness; and without either irreverence or flattery, one might say the same of the sermon. There was not a hackneyed phrase in it, nor a commonplace thought—not anything which in its depth stopped short of bedrock logic, or which in its scope and purview embraced anything less than the universal presence of Christ animating and governing a universal kingdom.

One point in this great discourse possessed special interest. It naturally did to me, as it had been specially put in in reply to one of my afternoon questions.

But to readers in America it will also be of great interest because it gives the view of a great thinker on the present condition of religious faith. When I asked him: "What, to your mind, is the most hopeful sign of the times in the religious world?" he excused himself from answering so great a question on the spur of the moment. But this sermon contained the answer as clear cut as one could wish it. "The most cheering and hopeful sign in the religious outlook is," he said, "the intense, the passionate interest in the person of Christ. There never was a time when the person of Christ exercised such a spell over so many as now. There are, perhaps," he added, "not so many people now as formerly who can exactly define their religious belief, but, on the other hand, there never before were so many intelligent people who clung by faith to Christ

IGNORANCE OF THE PUBLIC.

People Know Very Little About the Fire Insurance Business.

Mr. D. H. McCarthy, writing in the Insurance and Commercial Review, published at Dubuque, Iowa, says:

We have spoken in these columns of the amazing lack of knowledge on the part of the public concerning insurance. Every other branch of commercial industry is carefully discussed and understood by the American public, and it is passing strange that such an important subject and everyday matter as the insurance of their property against fire hazard should be slighted and little considered from a scientific point of view by this learned public of ours.

Like all such conditions, there is a reason for it. That the American public, whose restless mind is ever on the alert to acquire new knowledge of any kind, especially when such information may affect the fatness of their pocket-books or the protection of their property, should deliberately shut their eyes to the conditions affecting insurance, shows a lack of business intelligence that it requires a grave reason to explain, and we will consider some of the most important.

Many of the representatives of insurance companies themselves are not conversant with the insurance subject, with the facts and conditions that govern it, and their ignorance is directly responsible for the lack of knowledge on the part of the public. The president, secretary or general manager of the company cannot educate the public, for the reason they do not come in contact with the public. The special cannot educate the public for the same reason. The public must be educated by the local agent, who comes in every day contact with his customer. The average agent can write policies, collect premiums and tack on endorsements in the proper manner, but how many of them have made a careful study of insurance from a business mans point of view? What governs cost of insurance, its worth, the various changes that increase or diminish rates and hazard, the various constructions that can be had from the reading of a policy, the intricate study of statistics, from which is determined the methods of an insurance company—these they know nothing of and care less. These are matters that should be thoroughly understood by every insurance agent at least. A man receives his policies from an agent, carefully puts a rubber around them, chucks them in a safe and feels secure. He rarely knows the conditions of his policy or whether he is complying with the requirements therein, or what is the standing of the company that has taken his risk. The local should be so posted that he can at all times answer any proper question that may be put to him by a policy-holder. Then, too, in the commercial colleges of the country and educational institutions generally, little or no attention is paid to the subject of insurance. Banking, railroading, steamboating, commissioning, in fact, almost all other branches of commercial and professional pursuits are elaborated upon, and the very thing that makes these pursuits possible and prontable is entirely lost sight of.

Manassas.

The fortieth anniversary of the first Battle of Manassas, commonly called the Battle of Bull Run, occurred Sunday, July 21, 1901.

A far, faint beat of rolling drums
Awakes the echoes of the past—
A marching footfall softly comes
Through glades of peace, at last

For peace is not alone in that
Which haply finds the end of war—
Like night's wild flight of frowzy bat
Are thoughts which whirl afar.:

And memory long had cherished hate
Deed bedded. Peace comes to us in
Peaceful minds—hearts no longer mate
War's gaunt, envenomed sin.

'Tis, thus, that faintly, far away,
As in some other world of mar,
We hear but echoes of the day
Which left this long healed scar.

JAMES PAXTON VOORHEES.

Before the Marriage and After.

Dr. Temple, the Archbishop of Canterbury, is a notable personage about whom many good stories are related. Some years ago a young curate seeking to be licensed was bidden by Dr. Temple to read a few verses of the Bible, in order that his fitness for conducting public worship might be judged.

"Not loud enough," was the criticism of the Bishop, when the young man had finished.

"Oh! I'm sorry to hear that, my lord," replied the curate; "a lady in the church yesterday told me I could be heard most plainly all over."

"Ah! are you engaged?" suddenly asked Dr. Temple.

"Yes, my lord."

The Bishop smiled grimly and said: "Now listen to me, young man. While you are engaged don't believe everything the lady tells you, but," he added, with a deep chuckle, "after you are married believe every word she says."—London Truth.

DESERT ISLANDS AS RURAL HOMES

Flaws in Popular Conception Tha Life is Torture.

CRUSOE FOUND IT EASY.

Swiss Family Robinson Had Everything it Wanted Right on the Spot. Their Existence Was Ideal.

"It is a source of infinite amusement to me," remarked the old-timer, reflectively, "the way people shudder at the prospect of being left alone on a desert island. Of course, we may all be morally certain that to very few of us is the lot of being left on a desert island likely to fall, but nevertheless and notwithstanding, to be stranded thus is held up to public view as the most horrible of worldly tortures. To my mind, on the contrary, as I sit in my little back window and try by means of a fan to keep out the hot breath of the rubber factory next door, nothing seems more alluring. Want to know my reasons? All right. Enter reasons.

"In the first place, where does the average man get his notions about desert islands and people lost on them? From histories? Not so. From personal reminiscenses? I rather guess not. Where then? Nowhere else, to be sure, than from the thumb-worn pages of 'Robinson Crusoe' and the 'Swiss Family Robinson,' the companions of his boyhood days. That being so, what is there terrible about the desert island experiences of either Rambling Robinson or the Swamped Swisses? Plenty to eat, plenty of time to sleep, no trains to miss—nothing, in fact, to do but just enjoy themselves. Don't think I'm making these statements on my own authority. I'm making them on the authority of the books.

CRUSOE ON THE ISLAND.

"Let us consider first Robinson Crusoe and the desert island to which he fell heir. It is true that Robinson did not fare as well as the Swiss family aforesaid, but still he didn't do badly. Crusoe's happiest faculty lay in his ability to go out to the wrecked ship and find things. In the morning, at breakfast, Crusoe would say to himself—not being used then to desert islanding—'Dear me, how careless! I've no knife and fork. I must get them.' Then, without much ado, he would launch his faithful raft and plug along through the surf till he reached the wreck. You all know how fond he was of going there. Well, in addition to knife and fork sought for, old Robinson would bring back to shore a folding bed that somehow or other escaped wetting, a package of oatmeal, three dogs, a chest of tools, just what he wanted, a set of French china and a bag of gold money. That was enough for one trip. Over the bag of gold, Robinson would invariably shed a few tears and—foolish man—seriously contemplate casting it into the sea. He used to feel that way every time he found any cash, instead of setting up a public treasury and buying things of himself with the public funds, the way city officials do nowadays.

"That, however, is neither here nor there. One day Robinson was seized with a burning desire to write. Was he frustrated? Oh, no. He went out in a few minutes and found some ink. When that was all used up, he fortunately lit upon some weird sort of plant and out of that he replenished his supply. Whenever he felt tired or needed anything, Robinson went out to the ship to get it. Everything came his way, and when, one night in a storm, his faithful wreck went down in the deep, it was not very long, mark you, before another wreck stranded on the same reef to take its place.. Thereupon old Crusoe's graft started in with a new lease of life. He built an addition to his house with the material secured, he found a fresh dog, discovered more rum—Robinson was alwalys discovering rum, he seemed to have a knack for it—and unearthed a new saw to replace the one which he had worn out building boats, seven miles from the sea-coast.

GOT WHAT HE WANTED.

"Yes, indeed, Robinson Crusoe had a great system of getting what he wanted; but, compared with the combination worked by the Swiss Family Robinson, his was a very crude affair. In the first place, there were several in the Swiss family, while of Crusoe there was but one. Obviously, a family on a desert island, each member being adept at discovery, can pick up more in a day than a single individual. My edition of the Swiss Family, etc., was an easy syllable, colored picture volume, which left out many of the details, telling how the push happened to be wrecked; but as to the details on the island, the old book was consistent and strong.

"The essential difference between members of the Swiss cohort and Robinson Crusoe lay in the fact that members of the former could pick up good things on shore, while unfortunate Robinson was invariably obliged to pull out to the wreck for them. You all remember the first few meals the Robinsons ate on their desert island. Except a healthy appetite, they didn't possess much to begin with. Then, the supreme genius of the family asserted itself and they began to find things. The first course was oysters, which Fritz found by the ton in the shallow water; by the time the oysters had been consumed Ernest arrived with a load of desert island potatoes. Potato soup would be good, so Mrs. Robinson thought, but what in thunder was she going to cook it in?

NOT TERRIBLE, BUT IDEAL.

"Then it was that old infallible 'I'—the chief of the tribe—rose to the occasion. In record time he climbed down from the treetop in which the family was living and found a quantity of gourds, which, when cut in half, made ideal cups and bowls. With these as starters, in ten minutes more 'I' had unearthed a clay pit, dug a supply, made a fire and baked a cook-pot that wouldn't crack. There you have a sample of the family resources. Their existence, instead of being terrible, was simply ideal. If they wanted a thing, they took it, and no one said them nay. Old 'I' and the boys never went out for an afternoon walk but Mrs. Robinson would sing after them: "Now, then, you fellows; don't forget to bring home something brand new for supper!"

"And it was not food alone. Far from it. Suppose it rained and the massive mind of the Robinson chief told him that the family would shortly get wet. Did he despair? Never. He would simply hustle out, find a rubber tree, mix the rubber with sand, and have six pair of hip boots, the same number of rubber cloaks and a rubber ball for the baby even before the worst clap of thunder came. In this way the Robinsons were a sight better off than they ever could have been in their old Swiss home. If they got tired of dwelling up a tree—some people might—the ever reliable 'I' went forth and found a cave. If the cave was not big enough, one of the family accidentally stuck a pick-axe through the innermost wall and caved the whole business in, thus enlarging the premises and incidentally discovering several tons of rock salt, just as the family supply was beginning to dwindle.

"Ideal? Why, the life of moderns in a crowded city, under the most auspicious conditions, is a poor, cheap veener when compared with the desert island existence of Crusoe and the others. And, oh, by the way, it will be remembered that when the clothes of the Swiss crowd wore out, there was no recourse to goatskin. Once again 'I,' the wonder, went out into the uplands and located a field of flax. Joy reigned. Mrs. Robinson knocked together a spindel and each of the Robinsons got a new pair of pants."—A. H. F., in Brooklyn Eagle.

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A COLLEGE FOR WAITERS.

An Austrian Idea Which Will Readily Bear Imitation in America and Elsewhere.

Julian Ralph writes as follows in the Brooklyn Eagle:

In the dining room of the best hotel in Vienna, one day last week, the principal table bore an eagle cut out of ice and many American flags in honor of the presence of a man who looked like Uncle Sam himself, but who was only the comissioner of the coming St. Louis Exposition. I noticed that the waiters upon this table, and my own waiters as well, spoke fairly good English. Such an experience had never happened to me in either a German or an Austrian hotel, where, as a rule, you may get a little English out of the porter and the head waiter, and with that you have to be satisfied. But here a half a dozen waiters were talking freely to us Americans and mine, for one, was giving a good deal of valuable information which I should not like to have missed. I said to my old friend, the Herr Fuchs, stadt redacteur (which means city editor) of the Neue Freie Presse, that this was a remarkable corps of waiters. "Naturally," said the Herr Fuchs—he always says "naturally" when you praise anything in Vienna—"naturally; are they not from the waiters' college?" "Come, now," said I, "you have been associating too much with George Starr and Tody Hamilton of Barnum's circus, and you have learned something of their art of keeping the world amused, but even they would not try to pull my leg and why should you?" "I do not know what it is to pull the leg," said the Herr Fuchs, "for we do not have that phrase in the German language. I supppose it is something like your way of saying of every pretty girl that "she may pack her clothes in my trunk." I have tried once or twice to introduce that pictureful expression in Viennese society, but it is attended with too much danger of having to fight a duel with the lady's brother, who thinks evil where only sport is intended. But as to the existence of our waiters' college, it is no George Starr sort of story at all, but is the veritable truth. We have here the only large and complete school for the fabrication of skilled waiters which is known in the world. In that school the young men are taught how to lay the table cloth, how to arrange the knives and forks and spoons in the manner of the most refined society, how to bestow the various wine and water and liqueur glasses and how to make decorations comme il faut, with the flowers and trailing leaves upon the table cloths. Though they do not learn to be cooks, they nevertheless, must master the methods of the kitchen so as to be able to explain how each dish is made and in order to be able to recommend this or that dish to customers with jaded palates or with illness requiring special diet.

"There would seem to be very little that they are not taught. They must know the history of each mineral water that is offered to the public—where it comes from, what are its properties, for what persons it is best. The same is true of all wines. They must know the years of the best vintages of all sorts of wines and the best vineyards and best exporting houses. Even down to the manner of opening a table napkin to hand it to a lady in a way to give her the least trouble—the mode of putting on a lady's shawl and of holding her jacket for her to slip her arms in, and the polite way of offering a match, always lighted, to a gentleman when he would smoke (after first having proffered the cigar cutter to remove the nub of his cigar), all these things are taught in the Vienna waiters' college. When the students are graduated into the service of the public they are advised to travel—now to Paris, then to London and to Rome and to New York and St. Petersburg, so that they may acquire the polite and the useful languages. At the end of a few years they are finished and have become what you see around you—men of great intelligence, masters of their calling, with whom gentlemen find it agreeable and profitable to converse. The theory of the waiters' college is that to be a first-class waiter one must be at once a gentleman, a valet, a physician, a sympathetic companion and a father-confessor—a gentleman, at least in his understanding of the ways and tastes of refined persons, a valet in menial services of an intimate sort, a physician in comprehending the nature of men's ailments, and the properties of the foods suited to such patients; a sympathetic companion in causing a stranger to feel at home in a strange city by adapting his speech and informing him of what may be done and seen in the way of entertainment, and, finally, a father-confessor in drawing from gentlemen their avowals of things from dissipation and of weakness and partialities in dining."

As a last and most curious word about the subjects of eating and of Vienna, I will add that fond as we at home are of Vienna bread, such a thing does not exist in Vienna. To go there in order to enjoy it would be as wild as to go to Wales in order to see the Welsh rabbits leaping upon the hills. A very little schwartz brod (rye bread) is eaten in Vienna, but there is no white bread. Its place is taken by very small hard but very sweet tasting rolls. There was once a baker there who made a delicious bread and found a fair demand for it. He went with his bakery to Paris and made a great fortune. His bread, or rather the fame and name of it, spread all over the world and we got our share, but Vienna is a breadless capital.

The Cost of Defending the Cup.

The exact sum of money paid for the Columbia in 1899 is not known, but the sum has been estimated at not less than $150,000. Without a doubt it cost over $50,000 to carry her through the season; probably the sum was much greater than this. In the first part of the season her owners paid $16,000 for three suits of sails. And then there was the Defender, which acted as a trail horse to the Columbia. It cost just $50,000 for her to be a trail horse, but it was paid without a groan. And now for the present season:

It will have been noticed that the construction of each cup defender has cost infinitely more than its predecessor. The fact is, the Herreshoffs have charged several thousands of dollars for each minute of extra speed. Following those deductions the Constitution has unquestionably cost not a cent less than $200,000 to build. She has a large tender, the steamboat Mount Hope, and a crew of sixty-eight men. She has three or four suits of sails, extra spars, and the like, and she will go into dry dock before the cup races. Outside of the $200,000 spent on her construction she will probably cost the Belmont syndicate about $80,000. Then there is the cost of her trial horse, the Columbia. She will carry a crew of forty men, each of whom will receive $35 a month in wages. That makes $2,200 a month; $11,000 for the five months she will be in commission. The wages of Captain Barr and the first and second mates will aggregate for those five months $6,000; the tender will cost $7,500. Uniforms for the men have already resulted in an expenditure of $1,000, and there is the cost of feeding them to be considered. This makes $25,000, and her sails and spars and overhauling and other particulars will easily cost another $25,000. It will thus be seen that, all in all, $350,000 is a conservative estimate of the cost of defending the cup this year.—Leslie's Popular Monthly.