



The author in 1934

A TEACHER AND HIS TIMES

A Story of Two Worlds

By

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persistent students. We used to say, that all four Jews knew more than any of us Christians, and one knew more than Professor Butler.

Looking back on the Seminary in the light of later experience I am impressed by the limitation of the curriculum. It was still dominated by the classical ideal, and the new scholarship which was beginning to make its way was more critical than philosophical. But the Seminary did two things for us. It taught us not to be afraid of the truth, whatever it might be and wherever it might lead. And it taught us that there is no easy way to truth, but that it must be sought in prayer and by patience. These were lessons greatly needed, for stormy days were ahead for the Church, as some of us were soon to learn to our cost.

The religious life of the Seminary centered in the chapel, where the professors conducted prayers in rotation. But we got closest to our teachers at a weekly meeting of Faculty and students which, coming in the middle of the week, gave our teachers a chance to share some of the deeper convictions for the expression of which the formal work of the classroom made little place. In addition, most of us were hard at work in churches and Sunday school classes, using the city as the founders had intended, as a laboratory of practical Christianity.

Unlike most of my classmates, I lived at home during my Seminary course, a fact which robbed me of a share in the chief excitement of the year—a fire which broke out in the hospital across the way, and gave the students the opportunity to act as amateur firemen, shepherding the patients to places of safety while the official firemen fought the flames.

My class in the Seminary—if not exceptional—had its share of useful and successful men. The best known of its graduates were William Pierson Merrill, for many years pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church of New York, and Gaylord White, the assistant fellow, afterwards head of Union Settlement, and Professor of Practical Theology in the Seminary. We had half a dozen foreign missionaries, but the majority went into the pastorate, two achieving the distinction of retaining a single pastorate from their graduation to the present time.² The class contained one character, an erratic Irishman named Joe Baillie who, after many vicissitudes, drifted to China where he spent his time trying to interest the Mandarins in scientific agriculture. He had an experiment station on Purple Mountain, near Nanking, and conceived the idea of

²Doctor Henry Townsend Beatty and Doctor James Gore King.

using Ancestor Day as a time for planting trees under ceremonial auspices. When, some years later, I visited Nanking it appears that my classmate, Baillie, had charged his colleagues to look after me in the following words: "I had at Union," he said, "a classmate who gives his time to what he calls dogmatic theology. When he gets to Nanking, take him out to Purple Mountain and try to interest him in something useful."

As graduation approached, a certain nervousness became apparent among the Presbyterians of the class. Union Seminary, as a New School institution, was suspect by the more conservative members of the Presbytery, and the aggressive attitude of Doctor Briggs did little to dispel this suspicion. Under the circumstances, examinations for licensure became an ordeal for which careful preparation was in order. It happened that seven of my classmates were to be licensed on the same day, and we determined to stand or fall together. The crucial point was the inspiration of the Scriptures and turned on the question whether the original autographs were inerrant or not. The conservatives insisted that we should affirm that they were, but this our conscience would not allow us to do. The fact, however, that as all agreed, the original autographs had been lost and could not be recovered, proved our salvation. On the question whether the original documents were or were not inerrant, we professed ourselves ignorant. But whether they were or not we believed the Bible we had to be the word of God, whose saving truth we desired to preach. This statement proved sufficient to vindicate our orthodoxy, though a minority of the Presbytery felt constrained to vote against our being licensed.

After licensure came ordination. In 1893, in company with my friend and Yale classmate, Chauncey Goodrich, at that time assistant to Doctor Charles H. Parkhurst, I was ordained to the gospel ministry in my grandfather's old church, Doctor Francis Brown preaching the ordination sermon and Doctor Parkhurst giving the charge to the newly ordained ministers.

GRADUATE STUDY IN BERLIN

It had become a custom which had all the force of an unwritten tradition, that the man who won the Fellowship³ at Union Seminary

³A prize, awarded to each member of the graduating class, which gave the winner the privilege of spending two years in graduate study, under the direction of the Faculty.

should spend his years of graduate study in Germany. It was to Germany that the Seminary looked for maintaining the standards of exact scholarship to which it was committed. My predecessor as Roosevelt Professor, Doctor Henry B. Smith, had set an example in the days when to study in Germany was not so common as it later became, and signalized his return to America by a tribute to Schleiermacher, then in the zenith of his fame, as the man who first in his generation led his fellow-countrymen back to the feet of Christ.

In my case there was an added reason for the choice. Graduate studies at Yale and work for the church history prize at Union had whetted my appetite for historical study and there had just been called to Berlin one of the greatest of living historians, Professor Adolf Harnack, then in his thirty-eighth year. My brother-in-law, Edward Moore, had studied with him in Giessen and I looked forward with keen anticipation to contact with this fertile and resourceful teacher. Accordingly, in the summer of '90, in company with my friend and Seminary classmate, Gaylord White, assistant fellow of the class, I sailed for Europe to enter upon two years of what was to prove a most inspiring and stimulating experience.

Inspiring and stimulating it was, indeed. Harnack was not only a great teacher but an original and constructive thinker. Born in Dorpat, in the German-speaking province of Russia, he early turned to theology, and before he was forty had made himself the foremost church historian of his day. A scholar of tireless industry and amazing mastery of detail, he first won fame by editing, with von Gebhardt, a series of editions of little known sources of early church history which already, by 1890, had come to include six volumes. He had just published his *magnum opus*, a history of dogma in three massive volumes of more than 2000 pages in all, in which he traced the growth of Christian dogma from its first beginnings in the New Testament, to the classical form which it assumed in the official creeds of Catholicism and Protestantism. The book was a monument of learning, every page furnished with notes, which together must have extended to twice the length of the main text. But the learning was never obtrusive. Through all details, Harnack made you feel the resistless sweep of the main current of history and, under his magic pen, the actors in that momentous drama lived again. Origen, the philosopher, Athanasius, the man who stood alone against the world, Basil and the two Gregories, and, most famous of all, the great Augustine,

Harnack's chief love and ceaseless study, the man in whose synthetic mind was to be found the spring of all that was to be best in the history that followed, Catholic and Protestant alike.

I asked Harnack once how he became so much at home in a life that was a millennium and a half removed, and he answered that it was by repeated rapid reading of the sources. "Every year," he said, "I read through the whole of patristic literature—in translation, to be sure—so as to be able more easily to get the feel of the whole, and always with a single interest in view." Now it was the missionary activity of the Church, now some particular ecclesiastical or theological problem. Once, he told me, he made the military life of the waning Empire his major study.

In theology he was a Ritschlian, and that meant one who approached the problems of religion from the ethical rather than from the metaphysical angle. To him, as to Ritschl, the person of Jesus Christ was the central fact of history and all that went before and all that came after was to be interpreted in the light of that creative personality. But, unlike Ritschl, Harnack could sympathize with views of which he did not approve, and could make you understand the Popes as well as the Reformers. Comparing Ritschl's best known book with Harnack's, you felt the difference between an anatomist's model and the living man whose skeleton was being studied. To Ritschl, the one thing that mattered was ideas. One theory battled with another, and the more disembodied they were the better. But to Harnack theory presented itself as the convictions of living men fighting their battle for a place in the world, and he made you understand what they felt as well as what they did.

This power to live himself into others' lives was the secret of Harnack's mastery as a teacher. He had a quality of detachment, rare in those who have deep convictions. He could judge views with objectivity—even his own.

Once he amazed, I might even say stupefied, his class by an exhibition of this judicial quality of mind. He had been lecturing on the origin of the Fourth Gospel, and developed in great detail an original theory, which required the collaboration of two Johns, the apostle and a disciple. When the explanation was finished he stopped, put one leg over the edge of the desk, a familiar posture of his when lecturing, and after a pause, said, "Well, gentlemen, you may have been thinking that this is a highly complicated theory. I will let you into a secret, I do not more than half believe it myself."

a vacant seat in a streetcar I was about to sit down when the *Schaffner* interposed, pointing out that all the places were *besetzt*. In vain I showed him the empty space. Ten people were allowed on each side and no more, however much or little the space they occupied. On one occasion, a mother left her baby on the train for a moment while she stepped out at a way station. On her return she found that while she was away the door had been shut by the official. Although the train was still standing he refused to open the door, and she saw her baby carried off while she remained weeping on the platform. This, however, was an exceptional case. In general the spirit of the people was kindly and in spite of our being in Prussia, something of the geniality and *gemüthlichkeit* of the old Germany was still in evidence.

A striking feature of contemporary German life was the all but complete divorce of the Church from social interests. This is, I suppose, an almost inevitable consequence of the existence of a state church, in a country where there is no powerful dissenting minority. In a church supported by taxation the people feel little responsibility for the maintenance of the institutions of religion. The Pastors are state officials. The education of the clergy is provided for by the University. Apart from the "Inner Mission" and the support of foreign missions, there is little for the pious to do except to cultivate their own inner life.

We had a striking example of this absence of responsibility in the person of our landlady, Fräulein Jungk.⁴ Though the daughter of a clergyman, Fräulein never went to church and when we remonstrated with her, she answered, "Why should I go? I have been baptized, I never expect to marry, and when I am dead I do not care what becomes of me."

Fräulein Jungk, like her father,⁵ was a strict disciplinarian, though sometimes her discipline took a surprising form. Once we were waked out of a sound sleep by hearing the most extraordinary noise in the

⁴During most of my student life in Berlin I lived with my classmate, White, in a pension on the top floor of No. 73 Koniggraetzer Strasse, a quarter of an hour's walk from the University.

⁵Her father, the old Pastor, seems to have been a man of magisterial temper. It was his custom, when conducting a marriage service, to instruct the bride and bridegroom as to their matrimonial duties. On one occasion he observed that the bridegroom was paying little attention to his remarks, whereupon he interrupted the service, retired to his study and was only to be coaxed out when he had received an abject apology from the offender.

adjoining room. Running to the spot we found Fräulein in her night-gown, banging on the floor with a chair. "Why, Fräulein, what is the matter?" we asked. "It is these third floor lodgers," she answered. "They have been playing the piano after midnight. I won't have my young gentlemen disturbed."

The separation of religion from the ordinary life of the people was accentuated by the fact that the theological professors regarded themselves as primarily responsible to the University rather than the Church. They themselves seldom attended church and if occasionally one of them preached, it was so rare as to be subject of remark. On one occasion Professor Kaftan preached so excellent a sermon that I said to him with enthusiasm that it was a shame that he was not doing this every Sunday. "We theologians," he answered, "have something more important to do. It is our business to hammer out formulæ."

Speaking to Harnack about this separation of the University and the Church I expressed regret that his lectures on "What is Christianity" had not been delivered in a church instead of in the University, "for then," I said, "you would have made contact between the Church and the young doctors." He thought there might be something in the idea, but said it had never occurred to him. When I suggested that a separation of church and state might be a good thing in Germany, because it would throw the responsibility for the support of religion upon the people, he said that he could not approve this, since he doubted whether in that case there would be vitality enough in the Church to keep the institution alive. As a good American, this seemed to me an appalling statement and I ventured to register dissent.

My impressions of German student life are, on the whole, of an unexciting kind. Most of the German students were there not to gain knowledge, but to pass examinations, and they took down what their professors said as if it were the gospel. When you asked a fellow-student what he thought, he would be as apt as not to say, "I must look at my notes." There were, of course, exceptions. In Harnack's Seminar I made the acquaintance of some conscientious students; among others Georg Wobbermin and Ernst von Dobschütz, who were themselves afterwards to become professors. Many of the foreign students, too, were of a high order. With some of these I formed life-long friendships as, for example, with Professor George Albert Coe, who was afterwards to become my colleague.

This being the nature of political life, the problem for the reformer is not only one of object but of method. To what motive shall he appeal when he is trying to win men to his cause? Shall he assume that underneath all diversity of interest his opponent is at heart a decent fellow and that, if one appeal to his sense of fairness and good will, he may be won to the cause; or shall he try to beat the devil at his own game, recognize that politics is politics and in politics all is fair that wins, and so rely upon the sheer power of organization to win his victory?

FOUNDING UNION SETTLEMENT

On the walls of a dignified Scotch home of the early Victorian period there hangs an engraving admirable as to technique, evidently the work of a master of his craft, which depicts two children comfortably, even luxuriously, dressed, the girl in bonnet and furs, the boy in velvet and ruffles, who have just performed a meritorious act. Before them stands, clothed in rags, another boy of their own age upon whom they have bestowed an alms. The inscription under the picture reads, "The grateful beggar boy receives a ha'penny."

No doubt at the time that the engraving was made it was considered highly edifying. The expression of condescension on the face of the well-dressed boy would not give offense. The abject attitude of the "beggar boy" would be considered only proper, considering his station. To us who are reminded of this bit of social history, it represents a period so long past that our own generation can hardly remember it. No longer do we condescend to beggar boys in rags. We regard them as social possibilities. We know that for our own social safety, if for no higher reason, we must see to it that the beggar boy has a chance to rise in the social scale. Not many years ago a relative attended a reception given in honor of the governor of a Western state. When he was presented, the governor said to him without a trace of false pride, "You do not remember me. You ought to. I once blacked your boots."

This transvaluation of all values, this remaking of the whole idea of "charity," once so called, was brought about in no small degree by the Settlement Movement. It is difficult at this point of time to realize what this movement meant to the idealistic young people of the last generation. The labor movement was still in its early stages. Socialism was looked on as a foreign importation for which we in the United

States had little use. But the Settlement Movement, founded as it was on an optimistic view of human nature, fitted admirably the liberal philosophy in which we had been brought up. The central idea of the movement was contact. It was its aim to break down the middle wall of partition which, in England even more than in the United States, separated the haves from the have-nots, and by establishing relations of friendship and confidence, to lay the foundation for more radical changes in the future. Just what those changes would be the founders of the Settlement Movement could not have told you. They were opportunists in their political philosophy, content to do the thing their hand found to do without asking too many embarrassing questions as to the future. Of one thing only they were sure, and that was that if you could get close enough to people friendship was possible, however deep might seem the cleft in education, in interest, even in religion. But for spiritual contact it was necessary that those who met should do so on equal terms. It was not enough to give; one must be willing to take. It was not enough to teach; one must be willing to learn.

The movement was fortunate in its leaders: men like Canon Barnett and Arnold Toynbee in London; women like Miss Jane Addams, Miss Lillian Wald and Mrs. Mary Simkovitch in our own country. Generous in their sympathies, fertile in resource, they opened to many an aspiring spirit a new world of insight and of consecration. Most far-reaching in its effects was the influence of Miss Addams. At Hull House generous spirits from all over the country came to learn the new social gospel and to drink from the fount of Miss Addams' idealism. Among the great women of America she will always have her place and her claim to that position lies in her true instinct that as human beings we are all one family and that in a family those who have more should share, personally, not through almoners, with those who have less.

I have already told how, during my years of study as Fellow of the Seminary, I accompanied my friend and classmate, Gaylord Starin White, to London and there visited Toynbee Hall and made the acquaintance of Canon Barnett. It was natural, therefore, that when in 1886 Doctor Stanton Coit, one of the early residents of Toynbee Hall, came to the city and founded the University Settlement, the first of the kind in America, my sympathy should be enlisted. I spent a week in De Lancey Street as a resident and when, at a meeting of the Union Seminary Alumni Club, on April 3, 1903, the suggestion was made that

Union Seminary, as a mark of its interest in social problems, should establish a settlement of its own, I approved the plan and became a member of the committee appointed to choose the site.

The field of choice was a wide one. Apart from the Delancey Street Settlement, the first in the field, there were only two others in existence—the College Settlement in Rivington Street, and the East Side House in 76th Street. Others soon followed. But at that time there were few precedents to follow and we had to feel our way.

Our choice came to lie between two districts: the area on the West Side in the Forties known as Hell's Kitchen, and the upper East Side between 95th and 110th Streets. Two reasons determined our choice in favor of the latter: in the first place, it was more convenient of access, being on the same side of the city as the Seminary. In the second place the region was more sparsely settled and was at that time entirely destitute of any civic center. It seemed to us that, as early settlers, we had a chance to grow up with the community and affect its development; and so indeed it has proved.

The district was at that time largely Italian, but the subsequent development has seen many changes, both in the nationality and the occupation of our neighbors, and the Settlement has more than once had to adapt its plans to meet the new conditions.

On one of our early trips of inspection we entered into conversation with a man standing on the doorstep of one of the houses we passed. When we explained to him the reason for our visit, he said, "It's a good thing you have come to me. I am the oldest resident of the district. I have lived here three years."

The site first chosen was a little flat on 97th Street. This was succeeded in the next year by a basement and two floors on 103rd Street. Soon after we secured the whole house and in course of time the house adjoining. As the work expanded and the number of our friends increased, the size of the plant increased accordingly until now it covers thirteen city lots, with one of the best-equipped groups of buildings of its kind anywhere to be found.

This gratifying result was largely due to a gift by Mr. Morris K. Jesup, one of the Settlement's earliest and most generous friends. He purchased a considerable part of the land on which the Settlement now stands and presented it to the Seminary on the condition that the latter should become the landlord of the Settlement and exercise a

general supervision over its affairs. This arrangement continues to the present time; a responsibility which has faced the Seminary with some problems owing to the new conditions brought about by its own change of location which has separated the Settlement from the Seminary, for which it was originally designed to serve as a training school.

The first head worker of the Settlement was the Reverend Robert E. McCord, a representative of muscular Christianity who long served as chaplain of the Seventh Regiment.

On his resignation in 1901 he was succeeded by the Reverend Gaylord Starin White, to whom much of the later success of the Settlement was due. On his return from his years of study abroad, White had taken the pastorate of the City Park Chapel, an offshoot of the First Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn. Here he had a parish after his own heart which brought him into touch with the lives of working people, but like Norman Thomas in his parish on the upper East Side, he became increasingly restive under the limitations imposed upon him by his dependence upon conventional standards, and when the opportunity came to enter upon settlement work he gladly accepted it. A modest yet none the less forceful personality, with a happy combination of persistency and tact, White won friends for the Settlement and when he won one he never lost him. So long as he was head worker, the supply of residents presented no problem: there were always more applicants than there were accommodations. As the work expanded, adding one feature to another, a library, a clinic, clubs for boys and girls, for men and women, a gymnasium, a playground, and all the associated list of settlement activities, White found the man or woman he needed for the place.

One of the puzzling problems which White was called to solve was as to the attitude to be assumed by the Settlement toward religion. As a Christian minister, representative of an institution, committed to the training of Christian ministers, it would have been natural for White to give a central place to direct religious activity, and for some years an informal Sunday afternoon service was maintained in the Settlement rooms. But the neighborhood was largely Catholic and Jewish and any suspicion of propaganda would have made the kind of contact we desired impossible. Reluctantly, therefore, White came to feel that in the interest of the spirit of Christianity, the effort to impose its outward forms should be abandoned. Later it proved pos-

sible through the devoted service of the Reverend Harris E. Adriance, one of the earliest and most valued friends of the Settlement, to establish in an adjoining building a little church to which we gave the name of the Church of the Son of Man. Here Protestant services were maintained for those of our neighbors to whom this form of religion was congenial, and thus the relation of the Settlement to religion was solved in the best possible way.

My own connection with the Settlement, apart from a brief term of office as president, was largely on the administrative and financial side. As may be imagined, it was not easy in the early days to find funds for the new enterprise. Had it not been for the devoted efforts of a small group, among whom the Reverend Harris E. Adriance was particularly active, we should never have been able to pay our bills. Our treasurer, a martinet in matters of finance, set his face rigidly against our running into debt and as pay day approached and the treasury was empty, we faced recurrent periods of anxiety. One in particular I remember when on the last night before the bills must be met, I sallied out to see what could be done. All natural points of contact having long ago been exhausted, I determined with no little hesitancy to try my fortune with some old family friends. The first person approached was Mr. Frederick Baker, a leading New York merchant whom I have never met but who I knew had been a friend of my grandfather. He received me courteously and when I had explained my errand put me at once at my ease. "Don't apologize for coming to me," he said. "I feel that you are doing me a favor. I don't know how I should give wisely. You are helping me to find out." So he dismissed me with \$150.00 and his blessing. But alas, there was still \$800.00 to be raised and the hour was late. One more chance remained. There was an old friend of my mother's, Mrs. Charles Cassilly, whom I knew to be a generous woman, but she had no connection with the Settlement and I had no reason to suppose she would be interested. Still, one could but try. When she learned the purpose of my visit, she said, "You have come at a providential time. Once a year I balance my accounts in order to find what still remains unpaid on my charity account. Today is the day. How much do you need?" "Eight hundred dollars," I answered. "That is the exact amount of my balance," she said, "and you shall have it."

The transition from this precarious situation to the more assured

basis on which the Settlement has rested during its later years was largely due to the efficient efforts of the Women's Auxiliary, of which my wife was founder and one of the early presidents. This group of able and energetic women, many of them of established social standing, brought the Settlement not only their financial support but, what was more important, their personal interest and service. They assumed responsibility for many branches of the work. Only one thing they insisted on: that they should have their own independent treasury, and the comfortable balance with which they closed each year was a constant subject of mingled admiration and envy to the male members of the Settlement Board.

The financial position of the Settlement was further improved by a generous gift from Mr. William E. Dodge, which—by establishing a Professorship of Practical Christianity in the Seminary, to which White was appointed—relieved us of the necessity of raising his salary. Thus began a connection with the Seminary that continued through Mr. White's life and proved invaluable to both. When advancing years and the death of Mrs. White made his continuance in residence as head worker no longer practicable, he devoted more and more of his time to the Seminary, assuming responsibility for placing men in the churches and in many other ways rendering invaluable service. During my term as acting-president he was my right-hand man, relieving me of many difficult and thankless tasks.

White's greatest service to the Seminary was his starting of the Lincoln Day Conference for social workers. This, beginning as an informal gathering, soon became a feature not only of the Seminary but of the city life. The first inception of the idea was due to Mrs. Mary Simkovitch, the head worker of Greenwich House. An ardent church woman, it troubled her that the altruistic motives which inspired the Settlement movement should not find more systematic expression than they were receiving. What the movement needed, she felt, was not simply a philosophy but a religion. But this, in view of the very different antecedents and convictions of the workers, proved difficult to find.

To meet this need the Lincoln Day Conference was founded. It brought together workers of many creeds and of none, who had this at least in common: that they wished to give their lives to the service of their fellow men. All discussion of shop was ruled out, as was any

attempt at propaganda. We came together to talk of deeper things, our hopes, our motives, our underlying and sustaining faith.

The experiment, tried at first with some hesitancy, proved so successful that it was repeated and the Lincoln Day Conference soon became an established institution. Never large in its numbers (the attendance varied from 75 to 100), it created an *esprit de corps* among the social workers of the city, made religion respectable in the eyes of many who had despised it, and helped to prepare the way for the Neighborhood Workers' Association, a more formal and inclusive gathering of which Mr. White became the first president.

My connection with the Settlement early taught what my experience as chairman of the Home Missions Committee was to reinforce—what needless suffering to the poor is brought about by inefficient and corrupt city government. One of the questions which the settlement worker is constantly called upon to answer is: what shall be his attitude to such a government? Shall he work with it in spite of its corruption or shall he denounce and expose it? On the whole, it was the policy of the Settlement to follow the former course, but the time came when conditions became so bad that we had no recourse but to adopt the latter.

HOW WE BEAT TAMMANY IN 1904

When in 1886 I cast my first vote Tammany Hall was in complete control of the city government and it retained that control without interruption till 1904. Indeed, so complete was this control that it never occurred to any of us that it could be changed. Tammany was one of the fixed points in the political compass; something which you took for granted and to which you adjusted yourself as best you could.

The story of the way in which this *idée fixe* was finally overcome and the forces that at last succeeded in overthrowing Tammany were marshalled has often been told, but it has a place here since it furnished the only occasion for my direct entrance into politics as an active campaign worker.

The first gun in the political battle was fired in 1902, and of all places in the world, from the pulpit of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church. This, it will be remembered, had been my grandfather's old church and was then, as in his day, the center of all that was most respectable and conventional in New York society. The pastor at that

time was Doctor Charles H. Parkhurst, a New Englander who, like my grandfather, had come to the city from a Congregational background and remained all his life a free lance on whom his newly acquired vestments of Presbyterian law sat lightly. A forceful and picturesque preacher, his indignation had been stirred by some more than usually revolting tale of Tammany corruption and he astonished his congregation one Sunday morning by making a direct attack on Tammany as being responsible for the conditions he deplored.

The sermon received wide publicity and was treated by the Tammany bosses with the good-natured indulgence which they were accustomed to show to pulpit utterances of this kind. This good man, they said, has allowed his emotions to get the better of him. He is talking of conditions of which he knows nothing. If he were better informed as to the facts he would know better than to utter such unfounded charges.

This supercilious reception of what he had meant in all seriousness touched the good Doctor at a tender spot. If knowledge was what the malefactors wanted, he would show that a clergyman, as well as a lawyer, can be a fact finder and he adopted an original method to prove his case.

There was in his congregation a young layman in whom the Doctor had confidence, who shared his views as to the iniquity of Tammany Hall. To this young man Doctor Parkhurst opened his heart and asked him if he would be his companion in a personal visit to the haunts of vice of which he had hitherto known only at second hand. The appeal was successful and, under the guidance of a detective more experienced in the ways of the world than either, the two spent the next few nights in making a first-hand acquaintance with a type of city life which was familiar enough to some of his contemporaries, but over which, for reasons easy to be understood, it had been tacitly agreed to draw a veil.

When next Sunday came, New York was treated to a sensation of the first order. The Doctor mounted his pulpit with fire in his eye in order to share with his people the first-hand knowledge he had gained. "Tammany Hall wants proof of the facts in my charge," he said. "Very well, here it is," and he proceeded to rehearse in detail to his stupefied congregation the things he had seen and heard in his week-night visitation. "These," he said, "are the things that are being openly done in the City of New York. These are the temptations which are

problems they present laid the foundation upon which the later work of the Lausanne and Edinburgh Conferences was based.

Mention should be made finally of the way in which the Churches, through their official agencies, reestablished contact with their fellow Christians of the enemy nations. That story in its fullness is a part of the movement for unity to which we shall return in a later chapter. Here it is enough to say that among the first to take steps to establish contact with the Churches of Germany was the Federal Council of Churches. It consistently pleaded for a just, not to say a generous, treatment of those to whom the fortunes of war had brought defeat, and in 1923, through its Committee on Mercy and Relief, issued an appeal for the sufferers in Germany, and authorized the appointment of a special committee, to further the appeal. Even more important because the expression of a continuing activity was its cooperation with the Christians of other countries in establishing in 1922 the Bureau for Central Relief, an organization which, under the leadership of Doctor Adolf Keller, during the seventeen years of its existence, has raised and distributed to the needy Churches of the various European countries more than two million dollars.

CONTACTS WITH POSTWAR EUROPE

Unlike my wife, whose duties as vice-chairman of the Young Women's Christian Association War Council had carried her to Paris while the War was still going on, my own duties had confined me strictly to this country. In June of 1919, however, in company with my friend and classmate, Gaylord White, I took ship for England where, with brief intermissions on the Continent, I spent the summer of 1919.

A four-day trip to the battlefields of the Great War showed us that after more than six months they remained almost exactly as they had been when the Armistice was declared. Beginning in the north, where the contending armies battled in the fields of Belgium, we moved south through the central region where the most intensive fighting took place and concluded our trip in the forests of the Argonne. I find in my sketch book sketches of the sunken vessels that had blocked the passage of the submarines at Zeebrugge, the battered remnants of the Town Hall at Ypres, the scarred façade of the Cathedral of Rheims, the ramparts of Douaumont, and the barren fields on which

they looked down, the shell-marked hillside of the Chemin des Dames and the craters left by the shells which dropped on the allied lines near by. At more than one place we saw German prisoners searching the battlefields of France for live shells, simple fellows with whom we entered into conversation and who seemed to have little understanding of the reason for their being there. But the thing that impressed us most in its witness to the intensity of the struggle was the silent evidence of what war had done to the trees. In Belgium, while most of the trees were down, we saw here and there a scarred trunk still standing. In the Argonne the forests were substantially unharmed. But in the fields of Verdun, so terrific had been the rain of fire that not a single thing was standing more than one foot above the ground. Towns and villages, trees and bushes, like the men who had inhabited and planted them, had been mowed down as with a scythe, leaving only the bare ground.

These scarred fields represent one of the many lost opportunities of the postwar years. When peace terms were discussed at Versailles the Germans offered to restore the country that had been devastated as part of the postwar reparations to be exacted. The peasants and little townspeople who had already learned to like the Germans whom they had known as prisoners of war were ready enough to have this done but the great French industrialists would have none of it.

We first learned of this attitude at a café in Paris where two or three of us were talking over postwar experiences. Among those present was a Monsieur Francis Delaisé, one of the best authorities on labor conditions in France. We had been speaking of meeting German prisoners engaged in reconstruction work and expressed our satisfaction at the contribution which might thus be made to international goodwill if this work were continued on a nation-wide scale. Delaisé laughed. "Do not deceive yourself," he said. "That will never happen." "Why not?" we asked. "Because this reconstruction work is a gold mine for the great French industrialists. They see ten years of profit for themselves in it and they will never let them go."

To us this seemed shocking, even incredible, and we said so. Events have proved, however, that Delaisé was right. Such at least is the testimony of Sir Arthur Salter in his discussion of the lost opportunities of the postwar period.³

³Recovery: The Second Effort, pp. 148-150.