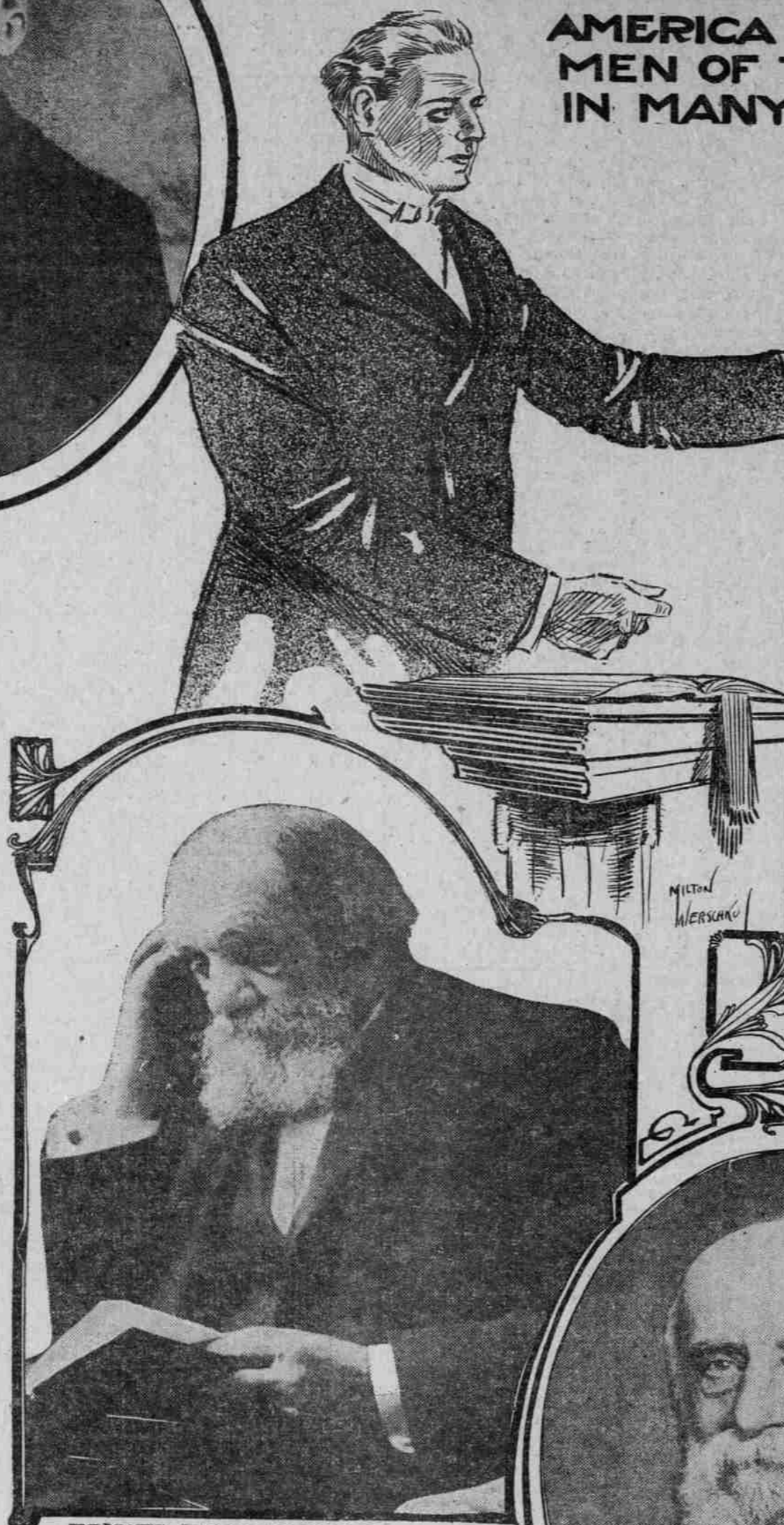


FAMOUS PREACHERS WHO ARE MORE THAN THAT

AMERICA RICH IN VERSATILE MEN OF THE CLOTH, PROMINENT IN MANY OTHER WALKS OF LIFE



REV. RUSSELL CONWELL

BY JOHN S. HANWOOD.
It is quite customary these days, when the cry is abroad in the land that the preacher is no longer a sizeable man in his community, for the average man or woman to look upon a preacher—especially the more famous ones—as just a preacher. Yet the fact of the matter is that today this country possesses an ever-widening circle of preachers who are more than that—wearers of the cloth who are forced to be reckoned with in fields of activity far beyond the church, making them, in numerous cases, leaders in their extra-clerical enterprises.

Some of these preachers who are more than that have attained National prominence as educators, as did many a preacher in the so-called good old days, and as heads of great institutions never dreamed of in the times when the preacher was supposed to be at his spouse's elbow, a potent and far-reaching influence upon the citizenship of tomorrow. Others of these preachers are civic workers in our leading cities—some of them have taken the stump against political corruption. Then there are preacher-editors, preacher-authors, preacher-soldiers, preacher-scientists, preacher-sportmen, preacher-diplomats, preacher-athletes, preacher-sociologists, preacher-state officials, even to preacher-governors—in fact, preachers who loom notably in almost every honorable walk of life.

Russell H. Conwell, the famous Philadelphia clergyman and head of the largest Protestant congregation in America, has built a college and a hospital, among his other enterprises, and both are directed by him. Frank W. Gunsaulus, of Chicago, can team with equal versatility to either the dry, hard facts of technology taught by the great Armour Institute of Technology, of which he is the founder and head, or to the fanciful flights of poetry of which he has written several volumes.

Archbishops Ireland and Ryan have fought far beyond the boundaries of Catholicism against the evils of divorce and intemperance, and both are civic leaders of large influence in their respective cities of St. Paul and Philadelphia. Bishop Samuel Fallows, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, and former Chancellor Illinois Benjamin Andrews, of the University of Nebraska, are men of the cloth who have also worn the regiments of war as well as the mortarboard of the college campus. And the bishop, in addition, for years has been the chief reformatory manager for the great state of Illinois.

In the venerable Edward Everett Hale the country has not only a preacher but also the author of "The Man Without a Country," a lecturer, traveler, editor, newspaper man, and molder of public thought on many of the vital questions of his day and generation. Then, too, there is Lyman Abbott, also venerable, and also noted as an editor and an author, both in this country and England.

Henry C. McCook, the clerical representative among the famous "Fighting McCooks," has enriched the natural sciences by his patient and exhaustive studies of the ant, the spider and others of the animal kingdom, and has written God's smaller and greater creatures. In Henry A. Buchtel, the state of Colorado has a Governor who was called by it from the head of a great university, which first enticed the gentleman in question from the pulpit, and, of course, the average American has heard more or less of Charles H. Parkhurst, whose sensational and stirring enterprises led to the exposure of New York police graft and the subsequent overthrow of Tammany Hall—a world-famous Sanscrit scholar, literary man and mountain climber, who has even been in the thick of the fight constantly being waged by certain persons and societies to purge the metropolis of the evil which they hold to be unnecessary evil and corruption. Thus the list might be extended—one is almost tempted to say to the length of a column or two of this paper.

Diversified Activities of a Bishop.

But of all our versatile preachers, none is more picturesque or influential than Bishop Samuel Fallows of the Reformed Episcopal Church, who is now in his 74th year. Like Dr. Conwell of Philadelphia and former Chancellor Andrews of the University of Nebraska, he has preached, fought and taught, and, like Dr. Andrews, he has not been averse to taking part in political discussions when he considers the occasion ripe for his intervention into that most difficult of all arenas for any wearer of the cloth to occupy with dignity and success.

In almost every respect Bishop Fallows' career has been varied. Not even in the domain of religion has he been content to follow one path. First a Methodist, later an apostle of the Reformed Episcopal Church, he has still more recently become an exponent of the new "faith-cure" in the West, as is Dr. Worcester of the Emmanuel Church of Boston in the East. In this work Bishop Fallows has the closest co-operation of many of the most prominent physicians of Chicago.

Person reform, in the opinion of Bishop Fallows, is one of society's most important tasks, and apart from his other duties, he has taken a great deal of time in studying this problem, not in an academic way, by reading or hearing, but by mingling with the inmates of prisons, confiding with convicts and obtaining their confidence, and, later, by visiting them upon their return to the outer world, that he might help direct them to better paths. Much credit has been given the Bishop for the successful work of the Illinois State Reformatory, of whose board of managers he has been one since 1891. Records of its inmates discharged during the last 12 years show

that over three-fourths have been really reformed.

In the Civil War Samuel Fallows proved a good fighter, physically as well as spiritually. Although he entered the Union army as a chaplain, he afterwards shouldered a gun and plunged into the conflict with such zeal that for gallantry in action he was promoted to the rank of colonel and later, brevet brigadier general. At no time, however, did he forget his original calling. In one battle he was missed from his post and the report was brought in that he had been killed.

"We thought you had either been killed or left on the field to die," said the commanding officer.

"No," was the reply. "A young fellow whom I shot asked me to stay by him and pray for him. I have just left him in the hospital—dead."

When it came time for this chaplain-general—a combination considerably rarer than that of pastor-fighter—to lay down the sword, he not only returned to the pulpit, forsaken for the defense of the Union, but also plunged as energetically into educational work as previously he had launched bullets and troops in the direction of the "Johnnies." The result was that a bare year after the close of the war he became a regent of the University of Wisconsin, and five years later his fight for the proper education of the citizens of tomorrow placed him in office as superintendent of public instruction for the state of Wisconsin, whither he had gone in '48 from his birthplace in Lancashire, England. Later on, on removing to Illinois, the Bishop became a university president, holding the position for several years, or until he went over to the Reformed Episcopal Church. But his allegiance to a new creed did not stifle his educational work; today his interest in that branch of activity is as great as ever, and as chancellor of the University Association his influence is still large in the country's higher education circles.

The Bishop is typical of that small class of men who do not let piling years decrease their pile of daily work, and his latest enterprise—that of "church healing" shows his ability to keep pace with modern thought and movements, though he is now more than three years beyond man's allotted threescore and ten. In Chicago, which has been his home since the year before the great fire—when, by the way, he proved himself to be more than a mere preacher—he is welligh universally looked upon as one of the West's most versatile and influential leaders in movements having for their aim the ultimate betterment of the race.

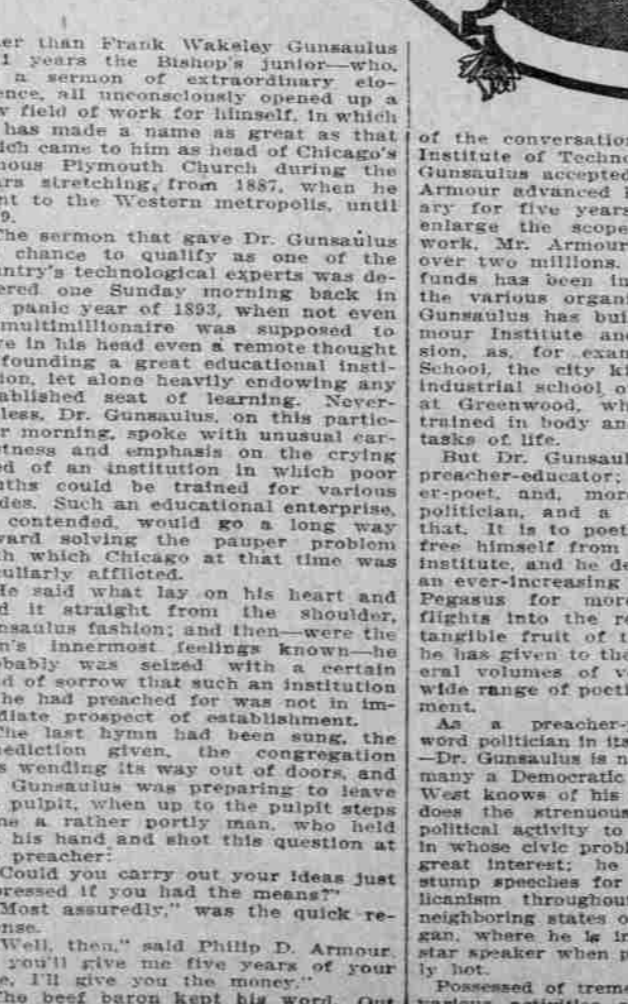
Chicago also is the adopted city of another versatile preacher whose fame is equally as widespread as that of the Bishop's. This preacher is none



REV. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS



EDWARD EVERETT HALE



LYMAN ABBOTT



DR. HENRY VAN DYKE



REV. CHARLES H. PARKHURST

other than Frank Wakeley Gunsaulus—21 years the Bishop's junior—who, in a sermon of extraordinary eloquence, all unconsciously opened up a new field of work for himself, in which he has made a name as great as that of the famous Plymouth Church during the years stretching from 1887, when he went to the Western metropolis, until 1922.

The sermon that gave Dr. Gunsaulus his chance to qualify as one of the country's technological experts was delivered one Sunday morning back in the panic year of 1893, when not even a multimillionaire was supposed to have in his head even a remote thought of founding a great educational institution, let alone heavily endowing any established seat of learning. Nevertheless, Dr. Gunsaulus, on this particular morning, spoke with unusual earnestness and emphasis on the crying need of an institution in which poor youths could be trained for various trades. Such an educational enterprise, he contended, would go a long way toward solving the pauper problem with which Chicago at that time was peculiarly afflicted.

He said what lay on his heart and said it straight from the shoulder, Gunsaulus fashion; and then—were the man's innermost feelings known—he probably was seized with a certain kind of sorrow that such an institution as he had preached for was not in immediate prospect of establishment.

The last hymn had been sung, the benediction given, the congregation was wending its way out of doors, and Dr. Gunsaulus was preparing to leave the pulpit, when up to the pulpit steps came a rather portly man, who held out his hand and shot this question at the preacher:

"Could you carry out your ideas just expressed if you had the means?"

"Most assuredly," was the quick response.

"Well, then," said Philip D. Armour, "if you'll give me five years of your time, I'll give you the money."

The beef baron kept his word. Out

of New York to practice law therein; and this he did—with the ambition before him of gaining fame and fortune—before he was influenced by Henry Ward Beecher's sermons to enter the pulpit. Lyman Abbott was 25 when, in the year before the Civil War broke out, he was ordained a Congregational minister; but though he has not hung out his shingle from that day to this he has remained a member of the Empire State bar, and, according to his friends, is as good a lawyer today as many of the well-known active members of the metropolitan bar.

Because of the great volume of his literary work, the impression has long been abroad that Dr. Abbott dictates to a stenographer and then recasts the spoken words into final form. Not long since he took occasion to correct this impression, when he made this rather interesting statement: "I have to write out every word with the pen," he said. "I think I was born with a pen in my hand. I do my own writing because, as I always speak extemporaneously, if I should dictate my literary work I should be in danger of becoming slovenly in form. Besides, I think all work needs some active physical expression, and the use of the pen affords this necessary exercise."

While Dr. Hillis can claim authorship of a historical novel, the honors in this line among the younger preacher-writers of the day doubtless belong to the Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., whose novels dealing with problems and situations peculiarly associated with the South have given him an international following. But the preacher-writer of today whose name is held highest as a writer of fiction is he who probably is the best loved man of God of this day and generation—the venerable Edward Everett Hale, who, on the 27th of next month, will have passed his 83rd milestone.

It was while he was still in his 56 that Dr. Hale was greatly impressed with the remark of a then famous preacher that every man should have an avocation, as well as a vocation; and to the influence of this remark had upon him the country is indebted for "The Man Without a Country," and many of the other good things that Dr. Hale, as he has gone through life, has showered upon us in his one ambition to do good to one and all.

Famous Disciple of Isaac Walton.

To every true lover of the great outdoors—and especially to every devoted follower of Isaac Walton—the name of Henry Van Dyke is a household one. Indeed, a vote of all the enthusiastic fishermen of the country on the question, Who is America's leading expert with the rod and reel? would undoubtedly show an enormous majority for Dr. Van Dyke. To preach, to fish and to write constitute a true inheritance for Dr. Van Dyke; for when he was a mere lad he was accustomed to spend whole days dashing with his father, who also was a Presbyterian minister and writer.

It would seem that Dr. Van Dyke has the ambition to fish in the waters of every country under the sun. With his father he spent long vacations whipping the streams of Canada. He has fished in the gamey salmon off the Hebrides, and he has fished in the Holy Land, in the very waters where the apostles once cast their nets.

Among the preachers who have fought for civil righteousness the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst is till best known to fame. His thundering against political crime on that memorable April Sunday in 1892 when he startled the entire Nation by his utterances started a political revolution which all the forces of vice and iniquity have not been able to smother. Tammany has been defeated on this issue, and never since has crime flourished so openly in the metropolis.

Dr. Parkhurst is the writer that he was led to take up arms against corrupt police and graft-leaving city officials because of his interest in young men. He had discovered, twice 12 years of preaching in the Madison-Square Presbyterian Church, that he was unable to reach the sons of many of his wealthy parishioners. Conference with certain men of the world caused him to learn of an alarming prevalence of certain forms of dissipation which were ensnaring the youth of his own congregation. This discovery led him to investigate deeper, with what result all the world knows.

Another preacher noted for his civic activities is the picturesque Protestant Episcopal bishop of Albany, William Grosvenor Doane, who might be called the best known of the country's preacher-lobbyists, for in his long fight for special legislation that might guard society against certain evils, which, he says, particularly menace it at the present time, he was accustomed to appear before the New York State legislative committee in support of his pet measure, that of making the violation of a marriage contract a crime. His labors were at last crowned with success two years ago, when the famous "anti-affinity" law was enacted.

The Bishop's visits to the state Capitol will long be remembered, because he came almost always attended by an extraordinary bodyguard, a huge St. Bernard, which he had named Cluny after a noted canine ancestor. When the bishop would lay aside his cloak and hat, Cluny stood guard over them; and at his master's call he would carefully bring them to him. The dog at last became so old that when accompanying the bishop up State street hill, he would frequently rub against the churchman's leg, as if a signal to stop that he might get his breath.

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further increases his capacity for work by means of a thoroughly trained corps of assistants. To them he leaves smaller details. His secretary keeps track of appointments and correspondence. Every hour of the day is strictly accounted for. He is up in the morning as early as a day laborer and by 7:30 A. M. he is at his desk at the institute. From then until 9:30 A. M. he and his secretary and stenographer attend to his voluminous mail. Then until noon he receives and talks with all who seek his help and advice. After luncheon he devotes the rest of the afternoon to reading and study, or consulting with his assistants who are reading and studying for him. The bulk of all reference and research work he turns over to some one else, and then quickly digests the fruit of the subordinate's labor.

In appearance, as well as in his methods of work, Dr. Gunsaulus differs from the stock-out clergyman of tradition. To illustrate the former point, his friends are fond of telling of an experience which they say, befell him when he had gone out to Arizona to inspect some properties held by him in that land of deserts, rattlers, gila monsters and uninterrupted sunshine. Being fond of red neckties, and believing that they would awaken criticism in the desert, as they might in State street, Chicago, the doctor dressed his neck one morn in an especially brilliant cravat of his favorite hue. The flaming Ascot, the owner's wide-brimmed black felt hat, his heavy dark hair and bushy black mustache fairly startled the conductor—accustomed though he was to strange habiliments—as he asked for the passenger's ticket. Out came a pass, on the back of which was the legend, "Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus."

The "cager" son of the desert bored the

passenger with a steely eye. "No, you don't," he exclaimed, decisively. "You don't play that game on me. You're no preacher. I want your car fare—and I want it quick!" It was in vain that Dr. Gunsaulus protested; he was told that he would have to pay or get off. And pay he did.

An hour or so later, to the great relief of the Chicagoan, the Mayor of Santa Fe bearded the train and identified him. But not until His Honor swore legally were ensnaring the youth of his own congregation. This discovery led him to investigate deeper, with what result all the world knows.

Preacher-Editor of National Fame.

Among the preacher-editors of whom there is quite a noticeable company—none today exerts a wider influence than Lyman Abbott, who, curiously enough, is practically the same age as Bishop Fallows, being only five days younger than that famous Chicagoan. Since 1850, when he resigned from a pastorate to engage in literature, Dr. Abbott has been one of the country's noted magazine and newspaper editors—and all this time, too, he has been among its better known men of God, as well as a lecturer of no mean reputation.

As an editor Dr. Abbott will go down in the history of the American publication field as one who was extremely fortunate in his editorial associations on at least two occasions—first, when he was collaborator with Henry Ward Beecher in editing the old Christian Union, and second, when he and Theodore Roosevelt shared the editorial chair of the magazine which Dr. Abbott now heads editorially. But though he is best known as a preacher-editor-lecturer, Dr. Abbott has in his possession a license from the state