An Apologist For the Trusts



Chancellor Day of Syracuse University Is a Man of Strong Opinions and Is Not Afraid to Make Them Pablic.

NE of the most remarkable church trials in the history of ecclesiasticism is on the docket of the New York conference, Methodist Episcopal church. A elergyman of that denomination is to be tried on the charge of defaming the president of the United States. There is a church rule forbidding "uncharitable and unprofitable conversation, particularly speaking evil of magistrates and ministers." If this particular clergyman were an obscure pastor of a rural church and had emptoyed uncharitable and unprofitable conversation regarding the township justice of the peace, there would not be a story, in the newspaper sense, in this incident and its antecedents. But the clergyman concerned is the Rev. Dr. James Roscoe Day, chancellor of Syracuse university, and the magistrate concerned is Theodore Roosevelt, who needs no introduction.

Chancellor Day himself really needs no further introduction to the American people, for by this time most of us know who he is. As the chief apologist for the trusts this noted elergyman and educator, orator and has made himself widely author, known by word of mouth and stroke of pen during the past two or three years. Yet a recapitulation and analysis of Dr. Day's doings and sayings, achievements and ideals, may be of interest in connection with the ec-clesiastical indictment brought against him by a Vermont preacher of his denomination

"I say just what I believe. Some-times I am cuffed by the newspapers for saying it, but I say it nevertheless."

So says Dr. Day, and thereby he proves himself to be a man with the courage of his convictions. He is just as outspoken from his seat on the university hill at Syracuse, N. Y., as is President Roosevelt from the high magisterial chair in the White House. And Dr. Day, in his way, is as big a man as is the president in his way. Physically he is bigger. The chanor weighs 260 pounds and touches the six foot four inch notch without oe leather. He is just the height of Abraham Lincoln and nearly a hundred pounds more in heft. In his outlook upon the world he is not Lincolnian. though both men brought themselves up out of poverty and obscurity by efforts

The big Methodist divine was born of the institution in Maine sixty-two years ago on a farm. In early youth he sought a

on the Pacific coast, worked in the northern lumbering camps and drove mules on a canal route. It is related that he used to lie upon the ground at night in the lumber camp reading theology by the light of a tallow candle flickering in the breeze. When he returned from the far west he entered college and was graduated from Bow-doin and from a theological 'institu-

tion. He was about thirty years old when he finished school and entered the Methodist ministry. The big young preacher soon had two or three D. D.'s and other doctoral titles attached to his name and was talked of for the bishopric when he was but little more than forty. Three years ago he was elected a bishop, but declined. He held important pastorates, including that of Calvary church in the city of New York. From this pulpit he was called in 1894 to be the head of Syracuse university. An Early Influence.

It was in the Calvary congregation more than twenty years ago that Dr Day met the man who seems to have influenced his mind and shaped his career more than any other. That man is John D. Archbold, who was then high in the councils of the Standard Oil corporation and is now and has been for some years the actual work-ing head of that patriarch of trusts. Dr. Day was Mr. Archbold's pastor. The two men became close friends. When the pastor was called to Syra-cuse Mr. Archbold gave a farewell dinner in his honor. Dr. Day hap-pened to be too ill to attend, but the dinner went right along. The ab-sence of the guest of honor gave opportunity for the oil man and other admirers to say many flattering things about the departing pastor. Dr. Day was lauded as a man who did things. His subsequent career has justified that laudation.

Everybody knows that Chancellor Day can say things, but not all of us aware that he found the Syracuse institution a small college and has built it into a great university. The school had less than \$00 students when

Dr. Day took the helm. Now it has approximately 3,000. Its endowment fund was merely nominal, its build-ings and grounds modest, its departments few. Syracuse campus now is almost doubled in area, the buildings have blossomed and spread magnifi-cently, and the endowment runs into the millions. Dr. Day undoubtedly did it all. Of course he had powerful friends, but it is not every man who can induce his friends to donate millions to a college

Mr. Archbold, for instance, the Calvary parishioner, has stood nobly by his old pastor. The Archbold donations are said to aggregate more than a million dollars. Mr. Archbold for some years has been president of the university's board of trustees and takes an active interest in the affairs



CHANCELLOR JAMES R. DAY OF SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY.

of the institution. The other Standard Oil John D., \$100,000 to Syracuse university. It is of the east, Mr. Carnegie has built a contribution. Other multimillionaires the chancellor said: "Anarchism farm. In early youth he sought a surnamed Rockefeller, also likes Dr. said to be the chancellor's ambition to which among anarchists is compara-wider field of operations, roughed it Day. Mr. Rockefeller has contributed make Syracuse the Chicago university Russell Sage recently has made a large

who matriculate therein may get the best that is going, so far as money can supply it. Dr. Day himself is by no means poor. It is generally believed that by fortunate speculations he has advanced his personal holdings to something like \$150,000, which is more than some preachers have.

Dr. Day likes money. He freely ad-mits this. He believes that money, no less than knowledge, is power. He holds that there never was a dollar with sufficient taint to impair its power for good. When Dr. Washington Gladden and others a few years deplored the acceptance ago of "tainted money" for educational or church purposes, Dr. Day spoke out loud in meeting and declared that he would accept all the "tainted money" he could get for Syracuse university and would "take the taint off it in five minutes." This utterance was the beginning of the Day notoriety in the matter of trust defense. Since then Dr. Day has lost no opportunity to thunder against those who would curb the corporations. In the nature of things his thunderings have been directed against the present occupant of the White House. Not long ago the chancellor compressed a considerable portion of his thunder and lightning in book which he wrote, entitled "The The title indi-Raid on Prosperity." cates the trend of the argument.

An Outspoken Critic.

and other utterances of President Roosevelt in opposition to "wealthy malefactors" and the unlawful acts of gigantic corporations constitute an attack on the prosperity of the country. "The accumulation of wealth," writes the chancellor, "is the multiplication of man's powers of noble conquest. It is the measure of possibilities in subduing the lands and seas, in the in-stitutions of the state, in education and the church, in the development of the earth's resources, and the application of them to the varied demands of mankind. It is a prime equation when roperly used of civilization and the millennium.

This is scholarly and austere, but here is something from the doctor's pen which smacks of sarcastic humor "The millionaire has given the com-

fort of the millionaire to the poor man and made himself miserable. In the good old times, when they had no grinding corporations or devilish with their tentacles on the rusts ileges, you could have traveled on a canalboat, and if you were in a hurry could have gone on an express canalboat drawn by three mules instead of two mules. But in any event you would have been so long going that you would have forgotten where you were going and what you were going for before you reached your destination." statement given

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He Believes That the Trusts Have Contributed Greatly to the Prosperity of the Country and Should Not Be Michelied.

adopt it into the administration of our government. The president of the United States has positively no right, constitutionally or morally, to attack corporate business or private business by name or court judges who decide cases in opposition to his views. * * * It is an amazing blunder for our president to depreciate the properties of the country, like those of the New York Central railroad, Standard Oil, the sugar and other corporations, by an ex parte condemnation and by sen sational charges. It is an amazing blunder for our chief executive to ride into the senate with a roundup of commercial interests in which dreds of thousands of people have their investments. * * * Anarchism in the White House is the most perilous anarchism that ever has threatened our country."

So there you have it. The Vermont brother clergyman has picked up and pieced together these and other utterances of Chancellor Day and has insisted that the man responsible for Dr. Day believes that the messages them has defamed the president and should stand trial before his church conference.

Dr. Day screnely declares that the Vermont brother is "a joke," with "a munia for bringing charges against some one." Those who know the Syracusan know that if brought to trial he will defend himself in a manner calculated to make mighty interesting reading.

Whether Dr. Day's views are right or wrong and his expressions of them seemly or unseemly, it cannot be charged that he is a mollycoddle. After all, wouldn't this be a very stale, flat and unprofitable world if somebody didn't differ from somebody else now and then and shout his divergent opinions from the housetop ROBERTUS LOVE.

HIS CONVERSION.

Lord Rosebery, the English statesman, once held the view that a well trained coachman should never look behind him, but he thinks otherwise now. throats of individual right and priv- His lordship had just arrived at a little station some half dozen miles from his country house and, in accordance with his orders, found his brougham waiting for him.

On seeing his master the coachman touched his hat and then gazed stolidly in front of him. Lord Rosebery threw in his rug and then remembered that he wanted an evening paper. So he shut the carriage door and returned to the station to get one. When he came back he discovered that his coachman, "Anarchism | having heard the door close and imagining his master was safely inside, had

