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DESERET EVENING NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

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Half a dozen lines of type may be the link between you and something you want.

PART TWO

FIFTY-SIXTH YEAR

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



FRENCH PRIEST IN A MUSIC HALL

Amazing Anomalies That Have
Come From Separation of
Church and State.

EARN LIVELIHOOD AS LAYMEN.

One Sells Foot-Warmers, Another
Wine, Third Goes to Law and One
Is Car Conductor.

Special Correspondence.

PARIS, May 15.—A priest as wine agent, another as seller of foot-warmers; still a third as first street-car conductor and now music hall singer—these are among the amazing anomalies which recently have resulted from the separation of church and state in France. It would be difficult, indeed, to exaggerate the hardships inflicted upon the rank and file of the French clergy owing to the denunciation of the concordat which for upwards of a century had regulated the relations between France and the papal see. By forbidding the Catholics to employ with the law on associations for public worship the pope, disintegrated the church of France of ecclesiastical property worth over \$100,000,000 and hundreds of French curies—especially the incumbents of poverty-stricken country parishes—found themselves threatened with absolute ruin.

IN LAYMEN'S OCCUPATIONS.

Some of the younger and more courageous promptly determined to earn their living as laymen while retaining their priestly functions. One of these now "travels in wine" and several others sell patent medicines. The reverend maker of foot-warmers has made a huge success of it, largely by dint of zealously advertising his wares. "The Abbe Ozeur, former vicar of Marville, in Normandy, has proved the most enterprising of all. He started an "association of worship" in his parish under the disestablishment law of 1905, but against the pope's encyclical of last summer, Therapies his bishop suspended him and he can no longer say mass. He went to the nearest large town, Caen, and worked for some time as a street-car conductor. Now he is taking to the stage, and the music-hall stage at that. He has a brother who is a chorus singer at the Paris opera, and he himself has a pleasing light tenor voice. The debut of the singer-priest, though suspended, he is in holy orders still, is announced shortly at a local music hall in Normandy.

AN ADVOCATE'S OATH.

Among the other priests who determined to earn their livelihood as laymen, was the Abbe Francois Lebrun, of the diocese of Angers. Having already taken the degree of bachelor of law, he recently created a mild sensation by donning the gown over his cassock and appearing before the first chamber of the Paris court of appeal to take the oath as an advocate. Abbe Lebrun's intention is to be called to the bar, but the bishop of Angers has cut his youthful counsel's career short, for the priest is contrary to canonical law. The admission of priests to the bar is by no means a new question in France. Yes, the patron of lawyers, was himself a "clever" and Guy Foullet, who, as Clement IV, was pope in the time of St. Louis, King of France, had been a lawyer of the Parliament in spite of his ecclesiastical gown. But under old canonical law ecclesiastics could only plead in three cases, for themselves or their relatives, for their church and for the poor. In 1833, Pierre de Fiesquy was not only a cardinal but was also an advocate of the parliament. In 1476, Pierre

de Brebant was advocate at the court and cure of St. Eustache, the grand old church which faces the Halles or great central market and which Zola describes so lovingly in his "Ventre de Paris."

NO LONGER VALID.

During the concordat priests were paid by the state and were functionaries. They could not, therefore, practise another profession. This objection, evidently, is no longer valid. But there always will be apparently insuperable objections to a priest's pleading. How could he associate himself with a sentence pronouncing divorce, which is not recognized by the Catholic church? The case frequently arises in France, where an advocate at right of seniority is called upon to give a ruling and in civil actions such an eventually a priestly do if in similar circumstances in a civil case he were called upon to sit and suddenly discovered that the accused was a person who had confessed the day before?

PAINTER AND PRIEST.

Fortunately, however, such grave obstacles do not apply to art, as the following pretty story of a rural socialist municipality and painter priest will show. The scene is laid in the little commune of St. Paul in the Oise. The cure, Abbe van Hollebecke, is an artist of talent in spite of his big wooden sandals, and he has exhibited at various salons charming scenes of a country parson's life. The cure, guarding the cure, reading his breviary, the village church, etc., and the parishioners are very proud of him.

IS NOW A HAPPY MAN.

The poor cure expected to learn the terrible news of his imminent expulsion from the presbytery and church. Imagine his surprise when the mayor solemnly said:

"Mr. Le Cure, we have decided to place at your disposal a new presbytery. The tears started to the good cure's eyes as he thought of the old vicarage with its yew trees, seven hundred years old and its pretty garden which he had been beautifying for the last 10 years. He bowed.

And a few days afterwards M. de Cure was installed as clerk in the office of a notary in the neighboring town. Whenever his flock needs him, he is for a baptism, marriage or death, he is rung up on the telephone, takes the next train, officiates, and a few hours later is sitting on his high stool again in the lawyer's office.

MORE PATHETIC.

More pathetic is the case of a cure in Seine et Oise, whose parishioners are so poor to maintain him. The cure addressed them as follows: "My dear friends, I have no more money and you are yourselves not in a position to keep me. Therefore I shall leave. I write a good hand, I possess a smattering of law; you will see, Providence will look after us." And a few days afterwards M. de Cure was installed as clerk in the office of a notary in the neighboring town. Whenever his flock needs him, he is for a baptism, marriage or death, he is rung up on the telephone, takes the next train, officiates, and a few hours later is sitting on his high stool again in the lawyer's office.

White Haired Preacher Shakes London.

Deseret News Special English Correspondent Has Interview With Reginald John Campbell Who Succeeded Dr. Joseph Parker as Pastor of the Famous City Temple—Has Stirred Up a Tremendous Commotion.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, May 15.—In another age, Reginald John Campbell, pastor of the City Temple, would have been burned at the stake as a heretic. And there are those today, perhaps both in the United States and Britain, who believe that the merits such a punishment, men—and women, too—who cheerfully would help pile the faggots around him and light the pyre. As readers know, a big religious controversy is raging, and the Rev. R. J. Campbell is the storm center. Although Mr. Campbell had expressed his views as early as September of last year, it was only at Christmastide that his message was set forth fully in the public press. The work was started. Here was no striking demagogue, no blatant charlatan. It was a confession of faith in science by an earnest minister of the gospel, a man of tried and proved sincerity, the successor of the famous Dr. Joseph Parker, the holder of the pastorate of London's great City Temple. Somewhat to his own astonishment, apparently, Mr. Campbell was suddenly hoisted into the position of chief apostle of the new theology—although he abominates the title.

OF IRISH PARENTAGE.

This man, of Irish parentage, of Scotch extraction, of English birth and education, is today known in all the four quarters of the globe. He is denounced and praised for his alleged heresies in a score of different languages, and in thousands and thousands of letters and newspapers that come pouring in upon him. According to Mr. Campbell this "new theology" is not apostasy but is the religion of the future, the religion of the divinity of man. In speaking of the movement following his candid confession of "new" faith, he says: "This is only incidentally a theological movement. It is far more a moral and spiritual movement. It is a religious quickening; it is a rising up of every church, every Christian, and sooner or later it will call the whole civilized world back to God. It will put an end to the alienation from religion of the masses and the alienation of the intellectual classes on the one hand, and of the intellectual classes on the other. It is the Gospel of the kingdom of God."

CELEBRATED LOCALITY.

Clay Hill is a celebrated locality some little distance from the village of Enfield, a matter of nine or ten miles to the north of London. Hill Lodge is a large white stone house perched at the top of the hill. It is the home of the Rev. R. J. Campbell. The house is a large, comfortable, modern house, all the land around being rural demesne and the house a more comfortable residence. Within a few yards of this rambling two-story house was the famous Gunpowder Plot of the infamous Guy Fawkes, commemorated to this day on every Nov. 5 by the youth of England.

There is no more peaceful place in all England than this home of Mr. Campbell. Around it are undulating fields and woodland. In the front of the house stretches the rhythmic formation of an Italian garden to the right, and a more grotesque Dutch garden. Down a leafy walk some hundreds of yards and through a white gate one suddenly comes upon a far more sedate and stately and more comfortable residence, the house of the Rev. R. J. Campbell. The house is a large, comfortable, modern house, all the land around being rural demesne and the house a more comfortable residence. Within a few yards of this rambling two-story house was the famous Gunpowder Plot of the infamous Guy Fawkes, commemorated to this day on every Nov. 5 by the youth of England.

ical but certainly as unity as any editor's office. Amid the old-fashioned atmosphere of roomy armchair, prints, pictures and luxurious rugs there is a striking note of twentieth century modernity, the presence of American typewriters. At first sight, Reginald John Campbell takes one by surprise. Luminous eyes that seem to search your inmost thoughts are what one sees first. They are deep-set and constantly change color—at least so one fancies—now deepest black, now fighting blue, now beaming brown with light of gold. They are the predominant feature of a pale, ascetic face, intensified by bushy dark eyebrows, by curling, wavy, white hair. Slight, frail, almost womanly, is the figure of this man, with small hands, small feet, small frame, a breath might blow him away. But his arms are long and he knows how to use them. His voice is rich, resonant, musical.

BUNDLE OF NERVES.

He received me in his everyday working garb; plain, verging to shabbiness, featured only by a loose valise, a bundle of nerves, of vigorous enthusiasm. Not a dreamer, but a worker; not a mere student, but a leader; not a man of letters, but a man of action. He sat one side of the great fireplace lost in the roomy chair. His body was crumpled along the seat, his legs crossed, one long arm lay over the supporting arm of the chair; the other held and caressed the big central vase of flowers on the table. It was a trick of his when speaking at his ease to snatch this lock and hold it. Reginald Campbell's father is a Methodist minister at Bevington in Nottinghamshire. The son was a feeble child, sickly, threatened by weak heart and weaker lungs. So his father, struggling for a foothold in a crowded city, gave him into the care of the boy's grandfather, a stern old Presbyterian elder. Here in the open, invigorating air of a manse in the heart of the English country in Ulster Reginald spent his youth.

PROBLEM OF EXISTENCE.

He knew little of his father or mother. When his grandfather died the boy faced the problem of existence. He entered a boarding school, and when he graduated turned to the profession of schoolmaster. He was an assistant master in a high school in Lancashire, near Manchester. He was a member of the Church of England. At this school Mr. Campbell fell in love with the sweet, womanly woman who has been his helpmate ever since. Two years after his marriage, the proud father of a child, Mr. Campbell entered Oxford university as a student. He went to Christ church, the college of King Edward of Gloucester. Sixty of a majority of the modern young men of England. In a long spell of illness, news was brought to him that he had won the honors of the university in modern history and in political science.

FOUGHT A GREAT FIGHT.

When he recovered his health he fought the great fight. The mysticism of the High Church of England fascinated him, but he revolted at the dogmas. Great churchmen of the day argued with him. Yet he wrenched himself away from that church and began preaching in the little Free churches around Oxford. And 12 years ago he definitely acknowledged a church—not of his father—but of his grandfather. As a full-fledged Congregationalist, Brighton called him. The church there—at England's bay of watering places—was small, forsaken, practically at its last gasp. But in a year there came a marvelous change. Funnies people from all the world, from all the world, came under the spell of the young preacher—the Church of Christ convert from the Church of

England. The little church overflowed. Marie Corbell, Professor Lecky, Mrs. Barney Barnato, Lord Rosebury, England's present premier—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman—cabinet ministers, great scientists, churchmen, literary lights of all creeds, denominations, flocked to hear Campbell. Such was his success that the other Congregationalist church in Brighton was joined to his.

Seven years later all England acknowledged him as inspired preacher, and including Parker himself, recognized him as the man to fill the justly celebrated pulpit of the City Temple when it should become vacant. As prophesied, he followed Dr. Parker at the City Temple. That was nearly four years ago.

There is now talk of ousting Pastor Campbell because of his confession of faith. Some outsiders have taken legal advice, and may attempt through the courts to turn him out of his pulpit. But this is not a serious thing. Nor his friends and supporters, who are legion.

ORTHODOX DEPARTURE.

I thought it would be interesting to know why and how Mr. Campbell had come to make his departure from orthodox views. He said: "I have been reading these truths for years. I dislike the phrase, 'New Theology,' but must accept it because it has come to stay. Some of the arguments are as old almost as the hills. But its general adoption is coeval with the adoption of modern science. The great results we have from modern science today are comparatively new. Modern science of itself is scarcely 50 years old. Science is only the mind trying to understand the universe. Religion is the soul's response to universe. As soon as religion becomes theology it must either be consistent with science or be foredoomed. For the universe explored by science is after all, the very universe which calls the soul to prayer."

For want of a better phrase, let us call the movement the New Theology. But one can call it also the higher politics or the higher sociology. For it is one and the same thing. The social movement is the gospel of the humanity of God and the divinity of man. Social reformers may not admit it, they may not know it. They may believe the movements are parallel. But I believe they are one and the same thing.

"The church has nothing to do with getting men up to heaven. Its real work is to get heaven into this everyday world. Too long has the church been trying to save men from suffering in the world to come. Too little it has concerned itself with the real suffering in this world. "But social reformation, that is, the gospel of the kingdom of God, is surely and surely spreading. When men get up in the United States Congress, in the English parliament, in the legislatures of the world, and discuss and vote the measures of the poor, the betterment of the unemployed, the sanitary housing of the masses, old-age pensions, they may be called by the names of the day, but they are the true Christians; they are preaching, as well as I am, the gospel of the kingdom of God."

betterment of the condition of human and cure of the churches joined hands in unity of purpose with men of science, ethical teachers and social reformers. Instead of the puny work possible from a score of separate little bases we should have a greater grander, overwhelming movement from a world's united base. The United States has led in many matters. Here is its most glorious opportunity. Let it lead in such a movement. From what I know the support in Britain would be very strong. Personally I cannot lead a movement of this kind. There is too much animus directed at the moment against me. I have had bushels of letters and clippings of published attacks from the United States, too numerous to specify. But it is not alone America—I have heard from the whole world. I have not answered specially.

CAN'T COME HERE.

"I have had many invitations from the United States, but cannot accept. My mission is in England. My work is here. My plans for the future, if I am spared, are to continue my work from the pulpit of the City Temple and from the platforms of the Labor party of England, which have everywhere been thrown open to me. I am a Socialist. I am a Christian. I am going to continue preaching with all my heart, my soul, my strength, the gospel of the kingdom of God."

HAS TWO SECRETARIES.

He has two secretaries. There is a charming romance about one of them, now his chief private secretary. Mr. Campbell has only one child, a daughter. She is a proud, patriotic little beauty, in her teens, who leads the minister and his wife in home life by the reign of the New Theology. She was five years old a little playmate some years older came to visit her. The visit was for two weeks. The weeks passed in the most delightful manner. That was ten years ago. The little visitor is now the private secretary. She so endeared herself to the little daughter of the house and to the minister and mother that they begged she might stay, and stay she has.

This lady is an expert motor driver. When the progress of the times caught Mr. Campbell to get a big, six-seated automobile it was his wife of a secretary who asked to be allowed to drive it. She was sent to a motor school and quickly graduated. Now she is the full-fledged chauffeur of the Campbell family. She drives Mr. Campbell in and out London's heavy traffic with skillful ease.

In conclusion, I venture a prophecy regarding the Rev. R. J. Campbell. It is that this modern crusader will be the first man of his class to enter the British house of commons, and that he will lead a great political party, that of social reform.

CHARLES BYNG-HALL.

Information Bureau for All.

Learn one new thing every day and remember it. That is the secret of knowledge. If you learn too many things at a time your mental stomach cannot digest or assimilate them all, and you suffer from mental clog. The cerebral wheels are gummed up. The machinery refuses to work to advantage. The average man's entire vocabulary is about 5,000 words. The uneducated man gets along in life with about 300. Some of the cleverest men of the day struggle along with 5,000. Philologists may have mastery of 10,000. The dictionaries give from 20,000 to 50,000 words. But most men are too lazy to consult their dictionaries; they prefer to write to the editor. The press in general is the information bureau of the world.—New York Press.

GOOD WORK OF AMERICAN WOMEN

Have Organized a Society to Re-
vive Old Feminine Arts in
Sunny Italy.

ALSO A WOMAN'S EXCHANGE.

Poor Women Taught Arts and Crafts
By Which They May Earn a
Livelihood—Their Plan.

Special Correspondence.

FLORENCE, May 15.—American women living abroad may be divided into two classes, those who lapse from the home standard of enterprise, and those who remain it by devoting themselves to work for the women among whom they live.

To the latter class belongs Miss Nellie Ryerson of the well known New York family of that name, and daughter of the late Edwin W. Ryerson. For 17 years Miss Ryerson, who is treasurer of the "Feminile Industrie Italiane," which means in English, "The Women's Industry of Italy," has been working to revive the old feminine arts of Italy, and to make them a source of livelihood for the women among whom they live.

ACCOMPLISHED PAINTER.

Mr. Ryerson is an accomplished painter of tapestry hangings and has painted in most of the famous galleries of Europe. One of her most admired tapestries, now ornamenting her own home, is a copy of the portion of the Brussels set known as "Events in the Life of Henry III, King of France," which picture the French queen, Catherine de Medici, and her daughter, the Queen of Scots. Miss Ryerson, who is an expert embroiderer, is a member of the Navy League of America, and a devoted conversationalist. But her pet hobby is the "Industrie Feminile."

American visitors to Florence know what they mean on the Lung' Arno in whose windows may be seen all that is tempting in the line of the embroidery, lace, draped linen work, tapestries, and other handicrafts. This is the saloon of the Industrie Feminile and here, one bright morning, when the sun was shining upon the Arno flowing beneath its renowned bridges, I found Miss Ryerson who kindly consented to talk of the work of the society of which she is treasurer.

AMERICAN ENERGY.

In spite of her long residence abroad Miss Ryerson retains her New York air and all her American energy. "Yes," she said, "I am deeply interested in this work and I wish to see it carried out in America, for we are our most magnificent handicrafts. The Feminile Industrie is a cooperative society much like the American Women's Exchange, only here in Italy it has a central head at Rome and three objects—to aid women to sell their work to revive all the old feminine arts of Italy, and to preserve, by raising them, all the famous patterns of Renaissance needlework. In the old Italian palaces, there are marvelous things in the way of old lace, embroidery, and tapestry. The owners are now permitting our women to copy them. Our room at the Milan exposition was a dining room with blue and yellow embroidery on old gold, copied from a possession of the Cavour family now in their villa at San Raffaele. The king and queen had tea in this room at the opening and expressed admiration of the work. And as you know, the director of the department of the Feminile Industrie and only a few