

# WE ELECT A BISHOP

BY NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

"**R**EV. Fathers and Gentlemen," began the president of the Standing Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Wexford, rapping on the little gilt table. The fifty-odd clergy and laymen in the hotel parlor, rented for the occasion by the Hon. J. Perry Baker, leading insurance agent and principal High Churchman of the diocese, sat up straight in their chairs and puffed their Havana perfectos, likewise the gift of the Hon. Mr. Baker. The clergy reflected piously on the generosity of their benefactor, who out of devotion to the Church had paid their traveling expenses to the conference.

The little gilt table jiggled as the presiding officer pounded for attention, and the venerable rector of Scott's Corners rescued a tumbler from the corner of it.

"Rev. Fathers and Gentlemen," repeated the president of the Standing Committee.

"Dr. Farnold knows his onions," whispered the young blond clergyman beside me.

"How's that?" I asked, for I am always somewhat blind to the niceties of ecclesiastical discourse.

"Calling all these priests from the country Father," my informant answered. "Most of them don't dare ask their congregations to do it, but they're tickled to death when anybody speaks to them that way. Yesterday I saw old Hibben over there walk past Assumption School three times at recess just to have the boys tip their hats and say, 'Good afternoon, Father.' Back in his own parish he hasn't even candles on the altar."

Dr. Farnold looked at the two of us with something between a pedagogical

frown and an ingratiating smile. Obviously we were interrupting his discourse.

"I am not here," he went on, "in any official capacity. I am sure you all understand that. I must preside at the council next month which is to elect a successor to our beloved late diocesan—God rest his soul!" Several of the pious crossed themselves, and Dr. Farnold continued.

"Several of the clergy and laity simply asked me to call this group together in the interest of the welfare of the Church. In particular, we were anxious to get the counsel and advice of the clergy outside the two large cities in the diocese. These men, as we all know, are doing the real work of the Church. I myself was never so happy as when I was rector at Bluff City, where Father Hunter is now the priest. We can always depend on the rural clergy, as we cannot always upon our urban brethren, to uphold the Catholic faith."

Again Dr. Farnold paused, giving his audience opportunity to meditate on the case of the Rev. Arthur Whitley, Ph.D., D.D., who had lately intimated that the bodily resurrection of Jesus was not an essential article of the Creed.

"Dr. Whitley ought to be deposed," muttered the rector of Scott's Corners.

"Hear! Hear!" came from several corners of the room.

The rector of Scott's Corners slid the tumbler under his chair and rose as if to make a speech, but merely bowed and sat down again.

"I have hoped that we might unite on one of our brethren from the smaller centers for bishop of the diocese," said Dr. Farnold.

"Amen," exclaimed my blond neighbor, and there was an echo of amens throughout the room.

"Apple sauce," he commented to me, *sotto voce*. "They couldn't agree on one in a thousand years."

The Rev. Willis Wilbraham, a tall, cadaverous priest with a shock of white hair, rose slowly from his arm chair.

"Reverend Sir — Reverend Father, I should say," he began. "I have been rector of St. Paul's Church, Wilsonville, for nineteen years—twenty years next Ascension Day. I appreciate deeply what has been said about us of the rural clergy. They have borne the burden and heat of the day. But let us consider the interests of the diocese. The diocese needs a bishop of counsel and understanding, of wisdom and ghostly strength. But it needs not less than these a bishop who understands the problems of both the city and the country, and who can influence the wealthy congregations of this diocese to give to the country work the support of which it is worthy. I see no reason why we should not unite enthusiastically upon our president of the Standing Committee, the Rev. Dr. Farnold."

There was a burst of handclapping. Dr. Farnold half rose from his chair by the gilt table and made a vague gesture of dissent. "I am only a humble priest," he said in a low voice.

The Rev. Hamilton Arkwright, diocesan superior of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament and the Guild of All Souls, got up, fingering the crucifix on his watch chain.

"What the Church needs is humble priests," he proclaimed. "No man need apologize for being a humble priest. Many of you think of me as a ritualist. I am frank to say that originally I thought of a priest like Father Hopkinson, of the Order of St. John the Baptist, for bishop. But this is not a diocese that would elect Father Hopkinson. We all—at least all of us here, priests and laymen who believe in the faith—can agree on Father Farnold. We who are true to the Church need to unite

our forces against heresy and schism. I move that it be the sense of this gathering that Father Farnold is the most eminently qualified priest available for the bishopric. Are there any remarks?"

There were none. Some of the gathering were becoming fidgety, for the hour was at hand when cars were to be at the hotel to carry the group to the Country Club, to be guests of the Hon. J. Perry Baker at a stag dinner with entertainment. The motion was carried unanimously. Dr. Farnold, noting the anxiety of some to depart, rose and said:

"Rev. Fathers and Gentlemen, I humbly thank you."

A week later the Low Churchmen held a similar gathering in the other principal city of the diocese, with the Hon. George King Whitnam, banker and wholesale grocer, as paying host. It was admitted that the High Churchmen had stolen a march on the Evangelicals, but it was felt that Mr. Whitnam's resources in food, drink, and entertainment might overcome the effect of this. The country clergy, however, though many of them, sensing an opportunity for a good time, attended the meeting, felt bound by their vote for Father Arkwright's motion. Finally, the caucus was wrecked by a dispute over beer. As in most Episcopalian gatherings, there were some Prohibitionists, and these insisted that the beer had been spiked with grain alcohol. They would never support a clergyman who used liquor to win votes! On the other hand, the wets, presumably better trained in the subject, insisted that the drink served was only near-beer, and had no contempt deep enough for a man "cheap enough to offer this disgusting mess to gentlemen."

The result was the election of Dr. Farnold on the first ballot when the council met the following month. He still lives, a successful bishop, placating the wets and the dries, the Anglo-Catholics and the Evangelicals, the conservatives and the liberals. Best of all, he, like St. Paul, suffers fools gladly.

## II

When it becomes known in a diocese that a bishop is to be elected, either because of the death of the diocesan or because of his request for a coadjutor or a suffragan, there is immediate activity on the part of the ecclesiastical politicians. These gentlemen, indeed, often get wind of the situation before any public announcement. They know that the bishop is about to die, or they learn in advance of his desire for an assistant. This gives them an advantage comparable to that of a stock market operator who gets the tip that Harrison Radium is going to pass its dividend two months hence.

Bishops in the P. E. Church, as it is called by Southern Evangelicals nourished on M. E., M. P., U. B., and other ecclesiastical abbreviations, or the PECUSA (a typically British abbreviation of Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America), as it is termed, satirically, by High Churchmen anxious to change its name to the American Catholic Church, are elected in a manner known nowhere else in Christendom. In every diocese a council, or convention, or synod—the name varies in different dioceses—elects the bishop. This body consists of the active clergy and of lay delegates from the parishes and missions.

The lineup of certain elements in a diocese may be predicted in advance. There are the Anglo-Catholics, made up chiefly of the clergy; the Low Churchmen; and the group in most dioceses. Generally speaking, the money is on the side of the Low Churchmen; contrary to popular belief, there are few wealthy High parishes. But the fighting spirit is usually on the side of the High Churchmen. The problem of each group is to line up enough of the moderates or neutrals or those only casually interested—chiefly laymen—to get a majority. In all dioceses, the clergy and the lay delegates vote separately, and a majority vote of each group is necessary to a choice.

In a few dioceses, the clergy vote their

selection, and the laity have the power only to accept or reject it. In such a case, they usually reject two or three candidates, just to teach the clergy a lesson, and then accept a candidate much inferior to the earlier choices. Whatever the method of procedure, the laity can be counted on to throw monkey-wrenches into the machinery. Hopelessly ignorant of ecclesiastical matters, but as confident as farmers seeking agricultural relief, they have an ineradicable suspicion of any priest who is honest, quiet, and a gentleman. I know several lay delegates to a certain diocesan convention who were much disgruntled over the inadequacy of their votes to elect a certain candidate. Upon being pressed for reasons for their preference, they pointed out that their choice regularly wore a velvet waistcoat, which was their ideal of clerical elegance.

Despite the necessity of lay votes to ensure an election, the clergy are ordinarily in greater or less control of the situation. They have little to do at home except celebrate the Holy Eucharist and say their Offices, and so they can wear out the lay delegates if necessary, keeping the council in session indefinitely. When the laymen, eager to get back to the hotel to start a quiet game, or to return to their homes and await a future council, seek to adjourn, some priest will rise. "Vote by orders, Mr. Chairman," he will demand. Whereupon the vote of the clergy and the laity on the motion to adjourn must be taken separately—and the council, as a rule, does not adjourn.

In the diocese of Fond du Lac, where a Low Church clergyman is as ill at ease as a tap dancer among Shakespearean actors, the laity have never been converted to the Anglo-Catholic point of view. Yet, whenever a bishop is elected, an outstanding Anglo-Catholic is invariably chosen. All that the laity succeed in doing is to keep out a man who would introduce rosaries and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament into every parish.

In the election itself, all the approved

American political practices are employed. Chief among them is publicity. Not a few bishops are willing to pick their successors, or their coadjutors. Unluckily, they cannot do this by appointment. A bishop can, however, give his candidate prominent places on the programme of ecclesiastical gatherings, where he will be seen by many of the faithful and read about by many others through the press releases sent out by the diocesan publicity bureau. If wise, the bishop does not give his candidate a chance to celebrate Holy Communion in the presence of the assembled multitude, for the poor fellow is certain to displease through what he does or doesn't do in the course of the ceremonial. The Low Churchmen watch for genuflections and other stigmata of the Vatican. The High Churchmen look for such errors as failure to keep the thumb and first finger together during the Canon and the omission of the *Dominus vobiscum* before the *Sursum corda*. Occasionally a priest proves too High even for most of the Anglo-Catholics. One of my acquaintances lost all chance of a fine High Church bishopric because it was reported that he consecrated on the corporal instead of the paten. I have known the president of the Standing Committee of a diocese, himself a candidate for bishop, wisely to decline to take charge of the opening service of the council under the watchful eyes of all the varieties of churchmen present.

Publicity, of course, may be operated against as well as for a man, as the recent presidential campaign showed. Pictures of the clergy in all the panoply incident upon a meeting of the Catholic Congress are viewed by the country clergy and laity with the same awed but pleasurable guilt with which a Rotarian examines the picture post-cards offered by the hawkers outside the American Express office in Paris. And they are as reluctant to elect one of the participants to the episcopal dignity as any Kiwanian would be to marry one of the girls in the Follies. On the other hand, the quiet circulation of some Broad Churchman's remarks on trial marriage or some

Low Churchman's praise of the Methodists will stir the country delegates to almost equal reprehension.

The Right Rev. William Thomas Manning, B.D., D.D., S.T.D., D.C.L., LL.D., chevalier of the Legion of Honor, officer of the Order of the Crown of Belgium and ATΩ, was elected Bishop of New York through the misguided publicity efforts of the Hon. William Randolph Hearst. Dr. Manning was none too popular in the diocese; he had been the first rector of Trinity parish to be refused election as a delegate to the General Convention. On election morning, however, there were distributed to the delegates copies of an editorial by Dr. Hearst asking if they wanted a foreigner for bishop (Dr. Manning is a native of England). Most of them had long had it in for the impious newspaper owner, but they never had had a fair chance to swat him. Now was their opportunity. They promptly elected Dr. Manning, sang the Doxology in behalf of the Low Churchmen and the *Te Deum* in behalf of the High Churchmen, and adjourned. Opponents of the rev. doctor voted for him with joy in their hearts. Had it been possible to conduct a medieval *auto-da-fé* with Dr. Hearst as the central figure, it would have been voted unanimously.

The influence of the rural clergy and laity, who even in such a diocese as New York hold the balance of power, was strikingly shown in a previous New York election. The rectors of all the rich and aristocratic parishes of the city were receptive to the bishopric when the Right Rev. David Hummel Greer, D.D., LL.D., growing old, asked for assistance. The row became quite acrimonious—needlessly so, as it later turned out. For when the convention met, one of the country clergy bashfully nominated the Rev. Charles Sumner Burch, D.D., a former newspaper man, who, taking orders somewhat late in life, had spent most of his subsequent career as archdeacon, visiting the little country parishes and missions. What was the as-

tonishment of the rev. rectors of St. Bartholomew's, St. George's, St. Mary the Virgin's, and the rest, to find that all their votes together were fewer than Dr. Burch's. He was elected and eventually succeeded the older bishop, thereafter passing to his reward. It may be significant that New York now has no archdeacon.

The circulation of scandalous stories about candidates for the episcopal office has had some vogue in the less civilized dioceses. Such tales usually concern supposed excessive drinking and interest in women. One excellent priest was defeated for the bishopric largely because it was alleged that members of a military company of which he was chaplain referred to him as Holy Joe.

Stories are passed about in the same way as in the well-known political whispering campaign. An ecclesiastical politician assembles his friends, including a sufficient number of loose-tongued women.

"None of us, I know, favors Dr. McDougal for bishop," he begins portentously. "But we want to be fair to him. Some people are circulating a rumor that he drinks and that he holds hands with women who call at his study. I'm sure that isn't true, and I just wanted to tell you about it so that you can deny it in case anyone mentions it in your presence. Dr. McDougal is probably a good man, and we want to be fair to him."

Within a week a story will be going the rounds that the rev. doctor has to drink a quart of whisky in order to preach, and that he has eleven illegitimate children, four of them mulattoes.

### III

The election of a bishop by a diocese must subsequently be approved by a majority of the bishops holding jurisdiction in the Church and by a majority of the standing committees of all the dioceses. If the General Convention is in session, a majority vote in the House of Bishops and in the House of Deputies suffices.

Approval of elections is usually a mere formality, but occasionally it becomes a grim and forbidding gate, especially when some pious soul, convinced that the Church is in peril, decides that the guidance of the Holy Ghost is insufficient and proceeds to garner in negative votes. For example, half a century ago, the famous James De Koven was prevented from becoming a bishop by Low Churchmen fearful of his sacramental views. Though still a young man, he unluckily died before the High Churchmen had the opportunity to get a steam-roller started in the opposite direction. Even so, they might not have succeeded, though they gave the Rev. Phillips Brooks some anxious moments when he was elected Bishop of Massachusetts over Father Arthur Crawshaw Alliston Hall, of the Order of St. John the Evangelist, now Bishop of Vermont. Indeed, Dr. Brooks had been reduced to a state of pious resignation to the will of God before it was finally announced that the bishops and standing committees had approved his election.

The High Churchmen met another defeat in 1921, when the Rev. Herbert Shipman, the rector of the fashionable Church of the Heavenly Rest, was elected Suffragan Bishop of New York, and Dr. Frederic Cook Morehouse, editor of the *Living Church*, attacked him through the columns of his magazine. Dr. Shipman was at the time a member of the board of directors of the Society for the Promotion of Evangelical Knowledge, and the *Chronicle*, the organ of the society, had been making bitter assaults on both ritualism and socialism in the Church. Dr. Morehouse asserted that Dr. Shipman was responsible and that on one count or the other he would, as bishop, be at swords' points with a majority of the parishes in the diocese. The redoubtable Milwaukee editor rallied considerable support, but not enough. A good many even of the Anglo-Catholic churchmen looked on the incident merely as a quarrel between journalists. Their view appears to have been justified, for the rev.



doctor resigned his position in the famous society and now blesses incense at Solemn Mass with as much unction as if he were the Pope.

In considering episcopal elections, the bishops are much less censorious than the standing committees. Well-fed, well-upholstered, and confident of the power of the apostolic succession to transform a weak brother, they usually vote almost unanimously to confirm an election. The only election that they ever upset in the history of the Church was one in the diocese of Kansas some fifteen years ago, when the Low Churchmen, after an acrimonious convention, polled a majority for a well-known clergyman. It developed that the rev. gentleman had a divorced wife living. True, he had not remarried, and nobody maintained that the divorce had cast any personal discredit upon him. The Right Rev. William Crosswell Doane, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., however, despite his eighty years, jumped into the fray as if he were a youth of twenty. A divorced man for bishop? God forbid. Think of reading the epistle for the consecration of a bishop: "A bishop then must be blameless, the husband of one wife, . . . one that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity; (for if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the church of God?)" The friends of the bishop-elect succeeded in preventing for some time the announcement of the bishops' votes, but the partisans of "no divorced bishops" held firm, and the candidate at last withdrew.

While the laity, none too familiar with the intricacies of ecclesiastical procedure, usually confine their politics to the diocesan councils, occasionally they kick up a row in the national church. When the Rev. Frederic Ebenezer John Lloyd, M.A., Litt.D., D.D., was elected Bishop Coadjutor of Oregon in 1905, a faction of the laity opposed to his election promptly wrote to him and urged him to stay in Chicago. They would be loyal to him if he became bishop, but— The but meant a lot,

for when Dr. Lloyd tartly declined to follow the advice of this minority, they sent a long letter to the bishops and standing committees, urging numerous objections to the bishop-elect. When it began to look as if the letter might procure enough votes to defeat his confirmation, Dr. Lloyd declined the election. The more he thought about these contumacious laymen, the madder he got, and the next year he entered the Church of Rome, where the gates of Heaven may be officially closed to the recalcitrant. Unfortunately, he was married and consequently could not take Holy Orders. He finally became a member of the Illinois Legislature, and, still later, joined the so-called American Catholic Church—a small body claimed by both Anglicans and Romanists to be schismatic, if indeed, a church at all—and now is its archbishop and primate.

For missionary districts, bishops are elected by majority vote of the House of Bishops, and confirmed by the standing committees, or by the House of Deputies of General Convention if in session. It is only in late years that any sessions of the House of Bishops have been open to the public, and even now elections are in executive session. They are really not much more secret than executive sessions of the United States Senate, but none of the ecclesiastical journals has as yet had the courage to publish the actual votes.

The voting usually takes many ballots. In addition to the usual controversy among the High Churchmen, the Broad Churchmen, and the Evangelicals, the various bishops have pet clergy whom they would like to raise to the rochet—or miter—and whose claims they urge with much eloquence. Even bishops, sustained by God, grow tired. Some of them are willing to go home and break a quorum, and unfortunately the House of Bishops has no sergeant-at-arms to lock the doors and round up contumelious absentees. When a number of bishops are to be elected at one session and voting is prolonged, it is not an uncommon practice to confine the voting on the remaining

bishoprics to priests who have received votes on previous ballots but not enough to elect. Consequently, it may happen that the rector of St. James the Less, Powerville, who received three votes for Bishop of Liberia and two votes for Bishop of Hankow, is triumphantly elected to some difficult missionary field in the Far West.

When a session of the House of Bishops for election purposes is held, it is not uncommon to see groups of the lower clergy standing about expectantly, like Yale boys on Tap Day.

In its elections the House of Bishops moves in quite as mysterious a way as God is reputed to do. One man is chosen because he is a third cousin of a former President of the United States. Another—and this might apply to many—is a notable figure in Rotary. A third shows so much respect for the episcopal office that it ought to be conferred upon him. The present Bishop of the Missionary District of Eastern Oregon refers to himself as “a high-class consecrated traveling salesman.” The Bishop of North Dakota was picked from a little Maryland town, and until his consecration had never been west of Chicago or in a temperature below zero. The former Bishop of Oklahoma came from a rich parish in Minneapolis and eventually became so weary of the cowboys and Indians in his neighborhood and the High Churchmen in the District of Salina adjoining that he resigned. The Bishop of Wyoming obtained his training for a mountain diocese in Chicago. The bishops of districts in foreign parts, such as Liberia and Haiti, are usually more experienced in their fields.

The High Churchmen always count on a clergyman’s becoming more ritualistic once he becomes a bishop. Few men can resist the lure of purple and fine linen; still fewer, the attraction of lace surplice, brocade cope, and cloth-of-gold miter. Occasionally, however, an error is made. When the Rev. John C. Sage, D.D., was elevated to the bishopric of Salina, he inherited an elaborate Anglo-Catholic service, which he promptly threw overboard. Old Low

Churchmen were installed instead of the young Anglo-Catholics that his predecessor had favored. Incense no longer perfumed the cathedral. “Father” was a form of address in bad odor, and to speak of “saying mass” was to court hydrophobia on the part of the bishop. The High Churchmen were mad all through—not only within the district, but outside. They soon saw their chance for a flank attack. The cathedral had been given as a memorial on condition that mass be celebrated daily in it forever. The bishop had abandoned the daily services. The High Churchmen would back a suit to void the bequest of the building. Whether it were successful or not, it would, they figured, finish the bishop. And so it did. In the gathering storm, he had a heart attack and conveniently passed to his reward.)

#### IV

Not only in churchmanship do the bishops grow. The lowest churchman ever elevated to the episcopate can, in a grey suit and a four-in-hand tie, exhibit greater hauteur than the most ritualistic rector arrayed in a lace-trimmed alb and a cloth-of-gold chasuble. The late Right Rev. Alexander Mackay-Smith, D.D., sometime the Low Church diocesan of Pennsylvania, was, the story goes, met on his return from Europe by an earnest and pious but socially unimportant female communicant. She grasped him by the hand.

“My dear Bishop Smith, I’m so delighted you are back with us again,” she exclaimed.

The bishop drew himself up to his full height. He withdrew his hand.

“Madam,” he proclaimed with dignity, “I am Bishop Mackay-Smith, *not* Bishop Smith.”

Perhaps this almost superhuman dignity of bishops is a reason why many laymen want for their diocesan “a real he-man, a fellow you can know from hell to break-fast and back,” as one of them elegantly put it to me. A psychoanalyst would doubt-

less refer it to a desire to pat God—or their fathers—on the back. At any rate, the number of backslapping bishops is steadily growing. In the diocese of Milwaukee, where the bishop ordinarily confines himself to such societies as the Clerical Union for the Maintenance and Defense of Catholic Principles and the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, it was a comfort to the laity to obtain as a coadjutor the Right Rev. Benjamin Franklin Price Ivins, D.D., who in the late holy war was enough of a go-getter to be charged with the organization of civilian labor for the Spruce Division of the United States Army. Likewise, the Right Rev. John Chamberlain Ward, D.D., ordinary of Erie, served in the war, was wounded, and devotes more than a third of his space in "Who's Who in America" to recording his military services, including membership in the American Legion, an honor which none of the other bishops can boast. Again, the Right Rev. M. Edward Fawcett, Ph.D., S.T.D., formerly a Methodist, but today the staunchest of Anglo-Catholics, found time from his episcopal duties to serve as president of the Quincy (Ill.) Chamber of Commerce and vice-president of the Illinois State Chamber of Commerce.

Most of the right rev. fathers, before they ever got to be bishops, made sufficient concession to the lay point of view to become Masons, and some even Shriners, though only the Right Rev. William Blair Roberts, D.D., Suffragan of South Dakota, and the Right Rev. Eugene C. Seaman, D.D., Bishop of North Texas, publicly admit the latter fact. Most of them, of course, joined high-toned fraternities in college, and thus gained a reputation as good fellows. One of them, the Right Rev. Gouverneur Frank Mosher, D.D., Bishop of the Philippines, even boasts of his membership in Theta Nu Epsilon. That he has not been translated to some wealthy diocese in the States must be due only to lack of appreciation on the part of the ignorant laity of the qualifications which membership in T. N. E. represents.

In the South, Knights of Pythias often become bishops, as witness the Right Rev. Thomas Campbell Darst, D.D. (also Mason and Pi Kappa Alpha), Bishop of East Carolina, and the Right Rev. William Mercer Green, D.D., of Mississippi. In the staid old diocese of Maine the famous incumbent of the bishop's throne, the Right Rev. Benjamin Brewster, S.T.D., is a life member of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, and proud of it.

Rotarians are as thick in the House of Bishops as bootleggers in Hoboken. In some of the 100% American States membership in this order of red-blooded men is almost a prerequisite to election to the episcopate. Not a few of the right rev. clergy boast of membership in their autobiographical sketches in "Who's Who in America." Others keep secret the fact that Thursday noons they are slapped on the back and called Charley or Jim or Francis by he-men, instead of having their episcopal rings kissed by beautiful women. Some of the less high-toned societies of the red-blooded also have bishops in their membership. For instance, the Right Rev. Frank W. Sterrett, D.D., Bishop of Bethlehem, and the Right Rev. Middleton Stuart Barnwell, D.D., of Idaho, are Kiwanians. Despite his membership in the ascetic Order of the Holy Cross and his presumable contempt for the joys of this world, the Right Rev. Robert Erskine Campbell, D.D., missionary Bishop of Liberia, is a Civitan.

Negro bishops have long been a problem. The Episcopal Church has some thousands of colored communicants, and they are among the proudest and richest members of their race. Naturally, they want to have bishops, and, as naturally, their clergy want to be bishops. Nobody enjoys being a bishop more than does a Negro, and after seeing one of them celebrate Pontifical High Mass in the midst of an array of black acolytes, glittering candles, and clouds of incense, I am inclined to think nobody is better qualified.

The Episcopal Church, however, clings closely to the theory of exclusive episcopal



jurisdiction; it maintains that a bishop has jurisdiction over the entire territory of his diocese—holding, for instance, that the Roman Catholic bishop is the local missionary of a foreign church, and, of course, that the Methodists, Baptists, and such folk have nothing that can be called a church at all. Consequently, a Negro diocese could not be created,—and the white communicants would never stand for a Negro diocesan over even the smallest number of white folk. After much argument, a plan was devised whereby Afro-American convocations should be organized in the South and suffragan bishops attached to dioceses should be put over them. The plan was put into effect only in the Carolinas and in Arkansas. Such states as Alabama and Mississippi were too much afraid of the evil eye and other voodoo influences attributed to colored folk to add the apostolic succession to the Negro's powers.

A native white of that benighted region once told me of the goings-on in a colored Episcopal church in his neighborhood.

"Yes, suh! Yes, suh!" he protested in response to my polite, though not wholly sincere expressions of doubt. "They burn candles up in front and they bow down and they make funny signs on themselves. They're worshiping anti-Christ, the old Devil himself!"

The perspiration stood out on his brow as he told his story.

In point of fact, the average colored communicant in the South knows much more theology and liturgics than his white brother. Entertaining, but not altogether palatable to Southern tastes, is the fact that the Right Rev. Edward Thomas Demby, the colored suffragan of Arkansas, holds more academic degrees than any Southern white bishop, and more than most Northern ones. Bishop Demby holds a B.D. from Wilberforce University, an S.T.D. from the University of Chicago, a D.D. from Paul Quinn College, a Litt.D. from Selma University, and a Mus.B. and LL.D. from Oskaloosa College.

The Jews afford another problem. Many of them, as they have grown rich and American, have been confirmed in the Episcopal Church and contribute great sums to its support. They do not, like the Negroes, demand bishops of their race—they know that Jews get what they want without formal demands. So far they have been blessed by the elevation to the episcopate of two holy men with Jewish-sounding names.

## V

Certain young men, it appears, are destined of God to sit on the episcopal throne. So unerringly does the Holy Ghost operate in such instances that one may classify these young men with assurance:

1. Young priests who play pinochle and cribbage with the higher clergy, smooth out rows between the bishops and influential laymen, write publicity stories on the sermons of the ordinary and the unprecedented prosperity of the diocese, and act generally as yes-men. Not infrequently such young men rejoice in the resounding title of Chaplain to the Right Rev. the Bishop, though their chaplaincy may involve nothing more than saying grace at the bishop's table, where they customarily eat and thus save expenses. One such chaplain, however, overplayed his hand. He became involved with a young woman relative of his lordship and was unceremoniously unfrocked. The bishop was too far removed from his college athletic days to administer a salutary kick to the seat of the young man's trousers, but he was seen to throw the youth's bag down the steps of the episcopal palace as the erstwhile chaplain darted toward a taxicab. Another young man of my acquaintance is now spending all his spare time—which means about seven hours a day—instructing the bishop's family in the intricacies of contract bridge. As he has the record of a club championship in the game and is apparently as good a teacher as player, I have no doubt that the minute he becomes

thirty years old—the minimum age for bishops—he will be nominated for some vacant see.

2. Young clergy dedicated to Constructive Service. There is always a number of church folk, especially among the laity, who would like to see the church become a hybrid of Y. M. C. A. and B. P. O. E., and to these a bishop of similar views is a godsend. They will vote for him early and late, eventually, as a rule, drawing enough votes from the not too extreme High and Low groups to put him over, for he is almost always so willing to genuflect every other second in a ritualistic parish or lean familiarly on the communion table in a Protestant center as to be unobjectionable to either side. If in addition to following St. Paul's advice to be all things to all men, he has a loud voice and a dramatic manner, his future is assured.

3. Young men with a distinct affinity for the rich, especially rich women. Such men usually marry wealthy wives, and that is an advantage, especially in poor dioceses. Although the ecclesiastical papers flatly denounce as simony the consideration of a prospective bishop's financial resources, there can be no doubt that in numerous cases it counts. And not infrequently these husbands of the rich are very worthy men—and, contrary to popular belief, often much more interested in the welfare of the poor and much more inclined to advanced economic and social views than their less wealthy brethren.

4. To a slighter extent, earnest, able young men full of good works. Naturally, these have a harder time of it in the episcopal elections, but they do sometimes get by, chiefly through the influence of godly women. In most dioceses women cannot vote in the council, but their husbands can. And no rich layman, after losing a hundred thousand dollars in the market through his absence at the diocesan council, wants the additional discomfort of a scene with his pious wife at the dinner table when she

learns he failed to vote as she told him to.

Of course, various other types are honored from time to time in the episcopal elections. For example, the Right Rev. Charles Minnigerode Beckwith, D.D., late Bishop of Alabama, had been a professor of mathematics, but he soon found that mathematical principles were of no avail in governing the Church of God. Attempting to discipline a High Churchman who overrode his authority, he through some ineptitude lost the support of leading Low Churchmen and eventually turned the administration of the diocese completely over to his coadjutor. Another professor—this time of dogmatic theology—the Right Rev. Frederic J. Kinsman, D.D., LL.D., got so much disturbed by the bickerings of the clergy and laity in the diocese of Delaware that after ten years he resigned his bishopric and entered the Roman Church, where he has received various honors but is not even a priest.

Nor does an out-and-out Socialist have a happy time of it on the rare occasions when he is chosen to the bishopric. The Right Rev. Paul Jones got along fairly well as ordinary of Utah until the United States entered the war. Then, insisting on preaching the religion of Jesus instead of that of the Archangel Woodrow from the cathedral pulpit, he soon roused the wrath of the mighty men of the congregation, who appealed to the House of Bishops. That body selected a committee, which pointed out somewhat timorously that Bishop Jones had a right to preach the Gospel of Jesus if he felt he had to, but that "in deference to an excited state of public opinion" it would be wise for him to resign. The House of Bishops, developing—for it—somewhat notable courage, declared it would ask for no bishop's resignation in deference to public opinion. Bishop Jones, being a gentleman, however, realized that he was not wanted and resigned anyway. No Socialist has been elected bishop since.

# DUKE

BY BEN DIXON MacNEILL

**S**URGEONS summoned periodically into not too profitable attendance upon the feet of the late James Buchanan Duke observed wonderingly that the great tobacco magnate's extremities conformed but loosely to the anatomical norm. They were, in fact, shaped like a kite. Narrow at the heel, and flat and spreading outward colossally to the line where the toes began, they converged sharply into another point at the ends of the toes. Great bunions projected from them like promontories.

Obviously they were not feet to be employed in unessential pedestrianism, especially when it is remembered that some 250 pounds of bone and flesh had to be moved whenever they were moved. Nor was James Buchanan Duke, sensitive as he was to physical inconvenience or even the suggestion of it, inconsiderate of them. Usually he was able to command vehicular conveyance to places where it was necessary for him to go. Otherwise he had the place brought to him.

But even magnates with incredible resources and unserviceable feet encounter, now and then, unpredictable situations in which it becomes necessary for them, as a matter of pride or necessity, to walk or to do other unaccustomed things. James Buchanan Duke might have had all the rhododendron in the British Isles brought to New Jersey for the decoration of a bare mountain which he had caused to be brought to his estate at Summerville. Instead, a sometimes not humorless but practical destiny seeded his mind with the notion that it would be more proper for him to go in person to England, and there observe the rhododendron, and make se-

lections for the decoration of his mountain. So James Buchanan Duke went to England, and on the estates of an ancient and impoverished earl, who was related to numerous dukes, observed the rhododendron. He observed acres of them as he tramped about, attended by the titled proprietor, who had very serviceable feet. And he bought them by the ton.

Meanwhile, an uncomfortable something happened to the promontory that projected from the great toe of his right foot. Returned to London, he summoned a surgeon to attend upon the raging bunion. Probably disconcerted by the monstrous contours of the foot, the surgeon was by no means as efficient as surgeons employed to ease the feet of the mighty should be. But temporary relief was achieved for the groaning millionaire, and in due time he embarked upon a ship for America, directing that the rhododendron should follow him on other ships. In America, unfortunately, the afflicted foot again became troublesome. There were throbbings and aching in the promontory. The mainland of the foot grew fevered and restless. So James Buchanan Duke was unhappy when he repaired to New Jersey to devote himself to the embellishment of his princely estate.

There the bunion became yet more disturbing, and exasperated by the ineffectiveness of the neighboring practitioners, James Buchanan Duke summoned the eminent Dr. Gil Wylie from New York to see what could be done about it. Dr. Wylie found his patient looking gloomily upon the foot propped up before him. It practically eclipsed his view of the new moun-