

# FORD HALL FOLKS

A MAGAZINE OF NEIGHBORLINESS

EDITED BY THOMAS DREIER

Entered as Second-Class Matter October 18, 1914, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

VOLUME III NUMBER 14

JANUARY 17, 1915

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## THE NEW MORALITY\*

BY RABBI HARRY LEVI



DON'T think I deserve very much credit for what I have had to say in endorsement of Ford Hall. You can't be less than honest and be a man, and you can't be less than appreciative of what Ford Hall is doing and be any sort of man.

They say that Lord Roseberry was going to speak at a banquet once, and toward the end of the dinner the chairman leaned over and whispered to him, "Had we better have your speech now, or let the people go on and have a good time for a little while?" I don't know that you are going to have a very good time—until after the address.

"To be an American," says Helen Keller, "is to be an optimist." And to be an optimist is to believe that this is the best world that in history we have ever known, the war to the contrary notwithstanding. Some one has cynically said that even war is becoming civilized in our day. We are a better people than the world has ever known. If there is a moral purpose that runs through life, it must make for the progress of life. That progress has never been permanently checked. We are not merely the heirs of yesterday, we are its children. God not only spoke to Moses, but has never ceased speaking to men, and is near all who seek him, and that is no reflection on the Bible. We have received all, in order that we may stand upon all and grow and build. As the latest phase in the evolution of life, the new morality which is ours today is the highest level of morality which the world has ever known.

My purpose this evening is simply to call your attention to certain directions in which this new morality is conspicuously making itself manifest. Once children who were deformed or crippled were left to die; children were considered the property of their parents; play was looked upon as a waste of time and education as a superfluity. Something of that old order still persists. These instances are as nothing compared with those that may be summed up under the head of child labor. There are more than a million and a half boys and girls under 16 in this country engaged in wage-earning capacities. In New York, in New England, in the cotton mills of the South, and in the anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania, children are working late at night, 16 and 18 hours a day. Some of these children are as young as three or four.

There are a great many people not concerned with conditions such as these. When legislation against child labor was first proposed in England, the employers said it was good for the child as it developed his physical strength and made him self-dependent. A New York social worker tried to give some instructions to a tenement mother, and was answered by the statement, "You can't tell me how to raise children; I've buried nine!" We have come at last,

thank God, to understand that we are not here to bury children, but to keep them alive. We have come to understand that to make a little boy or girl work is to demoralize the home and industry, and to drag down the child mentally, morally and physically, throwing him into the ranks of the unemployed, the criminal, and the incapacitated, at an age when he ought to be giving society the best that is in him. The vast majority of our paupers and juvenile delinquents knew no real childhood. Child labor is a menace to the State. It is because of these things that we are beginning to assume a totally different attitude toward the children of today. "God puts children into the world, and He will take care of them," says Luther—but not if we neglect them. The child isn't a thing, it is a soul; and we are willing to take off our sandals before it because we know the ground we are on is holy. That is the first expression of the new morality.

And the second is the changed attitude toward the adult. Time was when the individual was nothing, and the State and the monarch were everything. That was the time of the divine right of kings. We are still demanding something of the individual; we are insisting that he show something of civic interest and be willing to lay down his life for his country, but while we are demanding we are recognizing, and while we are taking we are giving in turn. We are beginning to understand that a man is a human being, fashioned in the divine image, and entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. We are beginning to see that war is an economic waste and a demoralization of industry, and a deterioration of the morality of a people. The people

who suffer from a war are the women and children left behind, and we are beginning to see that war is not marching in glittering uniform, but death, desolation and destruction, and that is an unenviable trinity.

Politically, the individual is beginning to step into his own. What are the revolts spreading all over the earth, except a prophecy of that larger democracy that one day will give us individual privileges as well as responsibilities? Educationally the individual is beginning to come into his own. The time is coming when an elementary education will be placed within the reach of every man and woman in the world. In a democracy, unless the people know, the government cannot endure. And industrially the individual is stepping into his own. We are limiting his hours of labor, regulating his wages, and providing for industrial accidents. We are not underestimating the value of capital, but we are beginning to believe that the laborer is worthy of a life commensurate to the power he puts into his labor. He is entitled to a wage that will make a decent living for him and those dependent upon him. Today we look upon the workingman as a co-worker with God in making progress possible and real life worth while.

The new morality is altering our attitude toward women. There were beautiful tributes to women in the olden times, but they were exceptions. And the church was not very far in advance of the laity. Something of that old situation also lingers within our own times. In the Orient woman is almost a prisoner. Here, how long is it since the woman who went out into the world to work was looked upon as unsexed; and how long since women have insisted on giving the world the best that was in them? Yet today we have 6,000,000 women wage-earners, and some of us are beginning to believe that if a woman gives equal work she is entitled to equal wage. Man is by no means always the support of the household. We are beginning to talk of mothers' pensions to keep the mother at home to rear good sons and daughters, and that is no charity.

Most women who work do so because they must; but there are thousands of women working because they want to give something back to society, and are not content to be parasites, consumers instead of producers. Much of the work they are doing is not of a wage-earning nature—it is charitable, civic and political. Today woman is beginning to demand the suffrage, and, better still, she is getting it. Why not? With the exaggerated form of the feminist movement of our own time, and with the militant movement in England, we cannot have the slightest bit of sympathy. When Ellen Key praises a woman who preaches and believes in free love, and when The Free Woman says woman should have her fling and sow her wild oats, and when we see women sharing men's vices, there are some

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### TEACH US NEW DUTIES.

O Thou who seest tomorrow as easily as we see yesterday, make us conscious of the lapse of time. May we ever be ready to let new occasions teach us new duties. Do not let us think that it is no concern of ours when men cannot find work and their families are starving. Make us feel the responsibility for providing playgrounds for the children of the streets. Help us to feel a duty toward the old people who have worked hard and found themselves dependent in their old age. Teach us how to prevent private property from becoming a public menace. Show us where our blessings come to us at the cost of injustice to others, and let it give us no rest or peace. Help us to understand that the increasingly complicated relationships of modern life bring in their train a whole range of new duties toward our fellow men. Amen.

\*Speech and questions and answers reported by Miriam Allen deFord.



THE NEW MORALITY.

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conservative souls who feel rather like cursing the movement than blessing it. But with the legitimate attempt on the part of woman to obtain the rights to which she is entitled, no reasonable person can do anything but approve.

We are changing our attitude toward marriage. We believe in marriage as much as did the ancients, but we are coming to see that loveless marriages are nothing but legalized prostitution, and that it is not a crime for a woman not to marry, and that for her not to give herself to the man she marries until she is mature is to be commended. The marriage relation should be one of equality. In olden times a man bound his wife with a ring of iron; today he puts a ring upon her finger to signify that she is to share equally with him in all his goods. In olden times he bought his wife, or was paid by her parents for taking her; today, he asks the girl before he asks her parents, and in many marriages the man as well as the girl puts on a ring. The marriage must also be one of absolute moral equality. We are sick unto nausea of the double standard of morality. A single man takes it for granted he is his own worst enemy and nobody else will suffer, but for a married man an immoral life is all wrong, because everything he does, his wife and children must share and pay the penalty for. "Damaged Goods" was no exaggeration; fundamentally it told the truth. That is why a wife is justified in demanding that her husband be faithful to her, and a girl in demanding the same standard of the man she marries as he of her. We recoil in horror at human sacrifice to the gods, but what can we say of parents who sell their daughters into marriages that are worse than death? And thoughtlessness or ignorance here is a crime.

The new morality is affecting our whole attitude toward poverty. We used to think poverty was always an expression of laziness. Now we know it may be altogether due to unemployment or sickness or social neglect of duty. We are beginning to understand that if we gave more justice we would not have to practise so much charity; that if we gave every man what he deserves we would keep thousands of men from the verge from which it is so easy for them to fall into pauperism.

We are beginning to change our whole attitude also toward defectives. At the St. Louis Exposition I saw models of an old and new style room in an insane hospital that told the whole story of how an insane man was treated 100 years ago and now. Today we believe that a guard who is cruel toward a feeble-minded patient ought himself to be put behind the bars.

Then, too, the new morality is transforming our attitude toward the delinquent. Time was when we thought every immoral person was depraved by nature. Now we see it may be due to heredity, or a question of fatigue, or a legitimate desire for enjoyment. We are altering our attitude toward prostitution. We see that there may be a social reason for that vice; that if there were not fallen men there would not be fallen women; that there is a demand for the supply; and that if we pilloried the man as well as the woman the institution might go by the board. We are beginning to see that, after all, these creatures are human beings, who, with the same opportunities as our daughters, might be as respectable, and that when they fell the hearts of parents as

good as we are were broken. We are going down into the very depths and taking these poor creatures by the hand, and trying to raise them to the position they should occupy.

"Nobless oblige":—that, my friends, is the new morality that is beginning to pervade all our life, and this is only the beginning. The promise is even better than the achievement. We are on the right track. We are beginning to understand, with Tolstoy, the claim that the submerged tenth has upon us. A beggar asked Tolstoy once for money, and he said, "I am sorry, brother, but I have none." The beggar's eyes shone, as he answered, "Ah, but you called me brother!" We are beginning to understand that society gives us everything we have, and if it were not for society, we would not have or achieve, and that we must give some return for what we receive. We used to go about our own selfish ways, but now we respond generously and promptly to calls for help from everywhere. Thank God, we are beginning to understand at last that whatever we are, or wherever we come from, in the last analysis we are all one, and we shall either rise or fall together. We shall either all be saved, or we shall all go down together.

If only we do not become faint of heart, if we keep up our courage, if we remain hopeful and patient and unselfish, working for the common good in which we shall all share, the day will come when we shall enter the Promised Land.

THE QUESTIONS.

Q: Is it not true that preachers of your calibre do not last long in the pulpit?

A: I don't know; I am still here, after 18 years, to tell the tale.

Q: Isn't it true that most of the evils of the twentieth century have come from money, and what remedy have you?

A: I don't believe most of the evils are due to the desire for money, and I haven't any remedy for all the evils of life. I do believe that if we followed absolute justice probably we would get about as far along the line as through any possible measure.

Q (Mr. Barnard): Would it not be advisable for preachers to pay a little more attention to the necessities of life?

A: I would be sorry for the preacher who didn't, but also for the preacher who lost sight of the necessities of those to whom he preaches.

Q: Isn't it true that the people in the Orient are superior in morality to those in the Occident?

A: As a sum total they are not.

Q: What advice could you give a girl who works in a department store for less than it costs her to live?

A: There is no advice to give her except to tell her to stay straight to the last.

Q (Mr. Sackmary): What is the probability of a loveless marriage ripening into love?

A: Only a man who has had that experience could answer, and I haven't had it.

Q: Is what they call love nowadays a real thing?

A: What we all mean when we say we want love is the real thing.

Q: Isn't it a fact that capitalism is responsible for young men not getting married, and isn't the prostitute a necessary evil?

A: I doubt whether capitalism is responsible, though there may be a relation.

Q: If God is fair and teaches us to love our neighbors, how is it He allows the people in Europe to hate each other?

A: There is a tremendous lot about God

and life I don't know. But how is a nation to develop righteousness unless it has the power of choice?

Q: Isn't morality a fashion?

A: Conventionality may be; but anyhow it is a mighty good thing.

Q (Mr. Cosgrove): You say that the human family is on the right road to the Promised Land: what are the forces that are assisting—intellectual, spiritual, or military?

A: The spiritual and intellectual are assisting, and the military is usually standing in the way.

Q: If Moses were here today would he not be a Socialist?

A: I don't know, but I don't think so.

Q (Mr. Carty): If the demand increases the supply in the social evil, would not the demand be minimized greatly if the industrial situation were such as to make it possible for every man to take a wife?

A: Yes, I think so.

Q: What is your conception of God?

A: As an infinity, whom it is impossible for us wholly to comprehend, an infinite spirit and principle, working through all of life and lifting us constantly to a higher level.

Q: Are not government and capitalism responsible for our evils, and what better system of things would you recommend?

A: I think capitalism is responsible for both evils and blessings, and government for many blessings and a few evils. We are going along the right lines; let us keep at them in an evolutionary manner.

Q (Mr. Meltzer, Sr.): How can one be patient when so many people are out of work and children are starving?

A: By being patient I don't mean being submissive. We must keep on working.

Q (Mr. Meltzer, Jr.): Do you consider it a sign of the new morality when Bouck White puts in his marriage ceremony the words, "While love doth last?"

A: I should say it was a sign of the new immorality.

Q (Miss deFord): Isn't it true that the women you decry, who have defied conventional morals, have been the ones who have blazed the trail for everything women have ever gained?

A: It doesn't seem necessary to me for a woman to be immoral to do something good. You don't have to do wrong in order to do right. The means does not justify the end.

Q (Miss Crawford): What would you say about a woman like George Eliot?

A: She was a remarkable woman, but I wish she had not done what she did in a marital way.

Q (Miss Rogolsky): Isn't it true, for example, that the first suffragists were considered as reprehensible as the women who now break moral laws?

A: It is true that what is considered wrong in one age is considered right in another.

Q (Miss Smith): Will you kindly tell us how to vote to abolish child labor, since it is run for profit?

A: It would depend upon what I was going to vote for or against.

Q: Don't you think women's votes will help in this condition?

A: I believe so.

Q (Mr. Rush): Was it God who hardened Pharaoh's heart against the children of Israel?

A: God is always fair and just, although sometimes we do unjust things and blame God for them.

Q: Of the existing parties, which one would you advise us to vote for?

A: I would not advise you to vote for

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# THE QUESTIONS.

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either, because I don't know what either party would particularly do. All that has been done has been done outside of parties.

Q: If parents are not capable of teaching their children the secrets of life, how would you have them taught?

A: If the parents are not capable they ought to get somebody to do it for them who is capable.

Q (Mr. Fasscia): Won't the continuation of the capitalistic system gradually crush the working class and bring about a revolt on their part, so that they will destroy the capitalistic class?

A: No, I don't think it ever will, because I think democracy will learn the lesson in time. Capital and labor will learn to work together in harmony.

Q: How much chance is there under economic conditions for one to attain the love that is life?

A: Love is only in a measure dependent upon material conditions, and can rise far superior to them. The more love we have the more life we will get.

Q: Isn't prostitution an economic question?

A: No, I don't think so at all. Poverty has mighty little to do with it.

Q: Would you favor divorce in the case of a loveless marriage?

A: If the children would be affected, the divorce should not be permitted.

Q: Is there more child labor in the South or here?

A: Until quite recently Massachusetts was the seventh worst State in the country, and Rhode Island is today one of the worst. But conditions have been greatly improved here.

Q (Mr. Cedar): Is not prostitution necessary in the present state of society, with man's limited economic condition?

A: I should be sorry for the man that believed it.

Q: Do you believe that private ownership of land is wrong?

A: No, I don't; but I am not enough of an authority to discuss the Single Tax.

Q: If the majority of marriages is founded on love, do you not think that with all the burdens of married life and the increased cost of living, the wife ought to be sick of her selection?

A: Not if she has got the right kind of husband. I should be sorry for the wife who got sick of her job because her husband had limited means.

Q: Isn't it an injustice for any man to keep out of use large tracts of land that would give employment to lots of people?

A: Yes, it does seem to me wrong, but I must say again I don't know enough to talk about the Single Tax.

Q: Do you wish to impress young people that the only requisite for a happy marriage is love?

A: Not if you are starving to death. Love is the prime requisite, though.

Q: Who is more to blame for child labor in the South, the foreign or native population?

A: The native population is more responsible.

Q (Mrs. Blanchard): Why isn't more being done to alleviate the condition of the child worker?

A: Largely because we haven't as yet got an enlightened public opinion, and employers of child labor are particularly interested in stopping such legislation.

Q (Miss Goldberg): What is the reason

that so large a number of men in Massachusetts are opposed to woman suffrage?

A: I don't know. I can't understand how any reasoning being can be opposed.

Q: Isn't the man who gets married and tells the girl he is earning more than he is, worse than a criminal?

A: I consider the man who lies to the girl he marries a criminal—whether he is worse than other criminals depends on what they have done.

Q: Isn't it true that today in the European war there are sovereigns who rule and the masses must obey?

A: If I am not mistaken, this war will mean more democracy in Europe than Europe ever saw.

Q (Mr. Margolis): Does the hope of progress rest in religious democracy or dogmatic theology?

A: In democratic religion, which is the kind I believe in.

Q (Mr. Browne): What percentage of parents depend upon their children for support, and if you stopped their work, how would the parents live?

A: Only 7 per cent. of widowed mothers are dependent on their little children. 80 to 85 per cent. of the parents do not need their children's labor.

Q: Do you approve of sex hygiene being taught in the public schools?

A: That depends on the pupil's age and the teacher.

Q: How do you define morality?

A: Morality is the doing of that which is right.

Q: Are the liberal or orthodox factions of religion more responsive to the new morality?

A: The liberal, because religion is naturally conservative.

Q: What faction of the Jewish race, the orthodox or reformed, more definitely carries out the doctrines of Moses, and which will prevail?

A: Orthodoxy is much more loyal to the details of his teaching. Unquestionably the liberal form will prevail.

Q: If women are becoming more active, are not the English suffragettes merely expressing their new energies?

A: If I advised you to become more actively interested in your fellow man I hope you wouldn't go out in the street and hit him with a brick.

Q: If the right of suffrage were extended to women, would it purify politics?

A: No one reform would do it, but suffrage would help.

Q (Mrs. Hoffman): Isn't it a fact that sooner or later the workingmen will demand the full product of their labor?

A: It is very likely, though, if they had a fairer return they might not be so anxious to do so. But the more we have the more we want.

Q: Isn't race suicide due to economic conditions?

A: Only in a measure; largely it is due to the unwillingness of the woman of today to do her duty by her children.

Q: Do you think that when the employee gets justice he will take advantage of the employer?

A: It may well be, for our characters are not necessarily improved because we get more money.

Q: How can children of three or four years have the strength to open oysters?

A: I really don't know. Mostly they dig them and take them out of the shell after it is opened.

Q: Can you tell us what to do with the unemployed in New York, and isn't it wrong to send money to Belgium instead of to them?

A: If I knew what to do, I would do it for the unemployed in Boston; unfortunately, I do not. It might be possible for the State to create work for them. The most necessary thing is to provide for those both here and in Europe. If we did our duty there would not be so much suffering in either place.

Q: What is your opinion of the relation between love and religion?

A: Religion sanctifies and intensifies love.

Q: How can the parents of a young girl find out the character of a man when his own parents do not know about him?

A: Go somewhere else—to the minister, for instance.

Q (Mr. Fraser): Has the new morality done much to take away prejudice against the Jewish and other races?

A: Yesterday they took a club at the man and now they don't want to associate with him. That is an improvement for which the Jew is grateful.

Q (Mr. Schmidt): Do you believe a better appreciation of the spiritual would help along the new morality?

A: There is no doubt about it. The larger the sway of religion the more moral we will be.

Q (Mr. Gallup): Is there anything financially unsound in the project to spend the State money for forestry, and thus employ men?

A: I should say that if the State can afford it, even if it did not make money, it should do it.

Q (Mr. Swisher): How do you explain the churches' failure to extend more of a helping hand to the ex-convict, or the wayward young man and woman?

A: Though the church ought to do more, it will never be better than the people who belong to it.

Q (Mr. Drake): Is not a system intolerable which compels a man to support his wife and yet does not supply him with work?

A: I had never considered that phase of it. I cannot untangle the difficulty.

## THE MAN WHO THINKS BACKWARDS.

"A modern intellectual comes and sees a poker. He is a positivist; he will not begin with any dogmas about the nature of man, or any day-dreams about the mystery of fire," cheerfully starts out G. K. Chesterton. "He will begin with what he can see, the poker; and the first thing he sees about the poker is that it is crooked. He says: 'Poor poker; it's crooked.' Then he asks how it came to be crooked, and is told that there is a thing in the world (with which his temperament has hitherto left him unacquainted), a thing called fire. He points out, very kindly and clearly, how silly it is of people, if they want a straight poker, to put it into a chemical combustion which will very probably heat and warp it. 'Let us abolish fires,' he says, 'and then we shall have perfectly straight pokers. Why should you want a fire at all?' They explain to him that a creature called Man wants a fire, because he has no fur or feathers. He gazes dreamily at the embers for a few seconds, and then shakes his head. 'I doubt if such an animal is worth preserving,' he says. He must eventually go under in the cosmic struggle when pitted against well-armed and warmly protected species, who have wings and trunks and spires and scales and horns and shaggy hair. If Man cannot live without these luxuries, you had better abolish Man."



# AS IT LOOKS TO ME

By GEORGE W. COLEMAN

Last Sunday night the doors had to be closed before they were open, so to speak, the crowd was so great; in other words, the crowd standing in line was so large that the doors were opened about quarter of seven and the house was filled and the doors shut before seven o'clock, the usual time for opening. The ovation given Rabbi Levi when he arose to speak was another intimation of the special interest of the crowd in the speaker of the evening.

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Both Dr. and Mrs. Francis E. Clark, of Christian Endeavor fame, were on the platform. Mrs. Clark had never before attended a Ford Hall meeting. They were greatly interested in and much pleased with the address, and found the audience equally engaging.

Mrs. Levi, who sat beside her husband, was intensely alert in her responsiveness to the very least detail of the evening's program, and eagerly anticipated the answer to every question.

Mr. Phillips, one of Rabbi Levi's staunch supporters at Temple Israel, together with a number of other Temple Israel members, were also on the platform. Mr. Phillips is a long-time friend of ours.

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We all were glad to hear once more the stentorian tones of our friend, Sam Sackmar, as he asked his usual pungent question. He had been absent all through the earlier part of our season, owing to his absorption in the work of the West End Young Men's Hebrew Association. Ford Hall would not seem quite the same without Sam.

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Our good-natured but assertive Italian friend, Senor Fasscia, exhibits a good deal of courage and determination in trying to make us understand his English, but if he perseveres and embraces all his opportunities in the same enterprising fashion, he will some day be talking English as well as any of us. It is quite natural, of course, for the audience to be amused by his struggle with the difficulties of our language. It is a perfectly good-natured amusement, however, for a large proportion of the members of our audience have passed through, or are passing through, that very same struggle themselves. We can afford to be patient and give "Toney" a little more than the usual amount of time in order to help him, for he is dead in earnest in his effort to speak English, and also in his interest in the great economic struggle of our day.

† † †

The young lad in the gallery at my extreme right last Sunday night was the same youngster who debated so earnestly with me as to his right to a seat in Ford Hall.

† † †

On that last hymn we tried to sing last Sunday the words did not quite fit the music, and it was a good deal like bumping along over a corduroy road. It will seem good to have Mr. Foster back on the job as precentor next Sunday. The sharpness of Mr. Foster's illness is measured by the fact that he lost twenty pounds in ten days. He says he could well spare the twenty pounds, but would prefer not to lose it in that way.

† † †

Our "Jack" London was obliged to leave the hall quite early last Sunday in order to respond to a sudden call to accompany a

young man to the George Junior Republic, at Freeville, N. Y., where young London himself had two years of splendid training. Usher Herbert Greene and Citizen Leo Meltzer, with Jack's regular assistants, took care of the selling of the magazine. We all appreciate very much the kindness of those who freely assist in work of this sort whenever occasion requires.

It is wonderful how smoothly the outside ushers are doing their work this season. The new system continues to work most admirably, and by opening the doors a little ahead of time, when the crowd is excessive, we avoid altogether any confusion and disorder such as was almost inevitable formerly. Last Sunday night, at quarter of seven, the line on Ashburton Place had already turned the corner and was reaching down seventeen or twenty feet on Somerset Street.

† † †

Mr. Rolfe Cobleigh, one of the editors of *The Congregationalist*, has a very appreciative account of Dr. Gordon's night at Ford Hall in his paper this week, January 14. Commenting on Dr. Gordon's address, Mr. Cobleigh says that many a good sermon preached at Ford Hall is heard by a more attentive audience than some church congregations. Mr. Cobleigh has watched our meetings with sympathetic interest from almost the beginning and says that he has seen sure evidence of splendid results in the growth of good will, tolerance, mutual understanding, high ideals of moral, social, economic and political affairs and of democracy.

† † †

In the contribution boxes recently a number of suggestions have been received. John M. Weeks says, "Why would it not be a good idea to close each Ford Hall Meeting by the presiding officer bidding the audience a Good Night and a response by the audience of another Good Night?" That sounds pretty good to me. What do you think of it?

Another brief comment suggests that an annex be built to Ford Hall. I have often thought of that when I have looked at those two dwelling houses in the rear of Ford Hall on Bowdoin Street.

† † †

It is interesting to note what different impressions different people get from the same event. *The Watchman-Examiner*, of New York, and *The Standard*, of Chicago, both Baptist papers, gave our Bouck White meeting very fair and appreciative reports. *Zion's Herald*, of Boston, a Methodist paper, ignored Bouck White's Sunday evening meeting at Ford Hall, and taking up Mayor Curley's criticism of White's utterances at another meeting, holds Ford Hall responsible for the utterances in Boston of this "erratic and dangerous man." The editor goes on to say, "We have yet to see any reputable paper or publication that has not severely criticised him. But the management of Ford Hall deliberately planned to have him speak on that platform, and persisted in it when attention had been called to his dangerous utterances." We would respectfully commend Editor Parkhurst's attention to *The Standard* and *The Watchman-Examiner*, containing exactly truthful reports of Bouck White's evening at Ford Hall.

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Our good friend and one-time speaker at Ford Hall, Rev. L. M. Powers, D.D., of

Gloucester, startled that city and astonished newspaper readers throughout the country at the time of the recent inauguration of the City Government of Gloucester by a prayer that was so simple, direct, sincere and practical that it was regarded everywhere as extraordinary. In case you missed it in the daily papers, let me quote the first paragraph of the prayer to give you an idea of its style and content. "We pray for the retiring mayor. He might have done better, and he knows it, and now we are sending him to the State House, where strength and grace, wisdom and devotion to the public welfare are more needed even than in Gloucester. Help him to be the representative he may be and ought to be." Dr. Powers said he had no idea there could be so much interest in an honest prayer and that it was not made for the papers, but when the reporters said they would have to make one themselves if he didn't give it to them, he recalled it from memory as nearly as he could. It was unconventional, but by no means irreverent. It was its unconventionality that gave it its force.

† † †

Rev. John W. Ross, who is coming to us next Sunday, says the forum in his church is steadily gaining in interest and power with the people. He tells me that meetings on similar lines have been instituted already in two other churches in Buffalo. One is conducted on Sunday evening and confined to distinctively religious topics, and the other is held on a week-day evening with a more general program. In writing of the Calvary Church Open Forum, which you will remember is carried on Sunday nights, by Mr. Ross, in his own church, the managing editor of one of Buffalo's foremost papers said, "It has become a feature of great interest and note in the city and gives a hearing on live questions that is hard to get in any other way." The pastors of the city are visiting Calvary Forum very frequently, and Mr. Ross reports that he has yet to hear from any one of them anything but words of commendation, and some have expressed their feeling in terms of wonderment, never before having seen anything of the kind.

† † †

We are working industriously on our plans for the Italian Forum. It is a hard task not only because of the difficulties in regard to the language, but also because the Italian Colony is made up of so many different groups and cliques. We hardly dare anticipate any such success for this Italian Forum, Sunday afternoons, as we have had with our English-speaking audience, Sunday evenings. If we can eventually gather an audience of 500, it will seem very much worth while, but we may have to start with a very much smaller number. We must not forget that there were only 150 present at the first Ford Hall Meeting, and that it has taken seven years to grow to our present size and strength. The Italian Forum opens in Ford Hall, Sunday afternoon, February 14. Keep the date in mind and tell your Italian friends everywhere about it and extend them a hearty invitation to attend. Details of the program will be announced a little later.

"The man who puts ten thousand dollars additional capital into an established business," said Marshall Field, "is pretty certain of increased returns; and in the same way the man who puts additional capital into his brains—information, well-directed thought and study of possibilities—will as surely—yes, more surely—get increased returns. There is no capital safer and surer than that."



# COMMON SENSE IN THE SCHOOL

AS BROTHER HOOD SEES IT

"I wonder whether Wirt will Garyize the New York schools," said Miss Earnest. "I hope so; they certainly have done great things out in Indiana."

"Tell us about it," said Mrs. Goodheart.

"It's too long a story," said Miss Earnest. "But it is just a case of that 'divine spark of common sense' as someone said in speaking of Superintendent Wirt. He took the simple position that if the schools were to serve the community, they ought to work at it as hard as they could as many hours of the day as possible. So they start in early and work late."

"That's too hard on the children," said Mrs. Goodheart.

"It isn't the same children all the time," replied Miss Earnest. "They come in relays. Then they work double shifts besides—on the rooms, not the children. For instance, when the pupils leave the fourth room where they have been studying arithmetic, we'll say, and go to the gymnasium for physical culture, the fourth room doesn't lie idle waiting for the class to come back. Another class files in and utilizes the space in their absence. See? Just doubles up. When one group is in the swimming pool, another group takes its place in the laboratories."

"Great!" said the Flippant Youth. "and going."

"As I remember it, all that that way from the afternoon, day and Sunday," said Miss Earnest. "The work is the most efficient as"

"Then there is another way the Gary schools are common-sensed," said Brother Hood. "Mr. Wirt believes that as the schools are a civic agency of the first rank, and the greatest democratic agency the community has, they ought to correlate every other civic agency in the community. So the Gary plan says to the factories of Gary, 'Teach our youth your craftsmanship.' It says to the art museums, 'Show them your treasures—show them how to relate the beauty of art to the beauties of life.' It ties to the service of the schools all the recreational advantages of the city. It welds all these forces into one co-ordinated force for betterment."

"It even," continued Brother Hood, "essays to teach religion as part of the school's work, and this is how it does it. It prescribes a certain course in the Bible as a literature and a text book of ethics. This study is not required. Each parent elects, first, whether he wants his child to take the course, and second, under what church he wants the study pursued. If he doesn't want the child to do any of the work, that settles it. If he does, he dictates whether it shall be Methodist, Baptist, Catholic, Jewish or what not. The plan has, in the meantime, asked the ministers of the various churches to organize schools for teaching this course, not on Sunday, no! but on weekdays and as part of the regular school course."

"Do you get the point?" he went on. "The plan is only concerned in a certain aspect of the study. The public school system of Gary is only interested in certain fundamental propositions. Priest, minister or rabbi can give such denominational aspects to these teachings as they choose; with that the plan has nothing to do."

"That man Wirt is a regular Henry Turner Bailey kind of a principal, isn't he?" said the Flippant Youth.

"The socializing processes Bailey told so eloquently about two weeks ago," interrupted Mr. Social Mind, "are educating children away from blind alley jobs. Socializing standards plus an injection of common sense is working wonders."

"I felt sorry for the poor children Bailey talked about—drilled, drilled, drilled—little machines, every one," said Mrs. Goodheart. "Poor babies, taken before their muscles are ripe and chained to desks. We pour doses of perfectly useless information into them and expect them to absorb knowledge by the gallon. Then we are proud of our perfect little intellectual prigs. The youngster who has the sleekest plaster on his hair—mentally speaking—is the greatest prodigy of learning."

"No wonder those doses of learning went wrong sometimes," said the Flippant Youth. "They generally acted like ipecac on me."

"To this day," he continued, "I feel cheated when I think of my school work. I was robbed. I had perfectly good wholesome hours stolen from me, hours when I might have been doing something useful like fish-bone, or finding out why the wild geese fly north or what the speaking size of the night were trying to say to me. It wasn't fair to waste those hours in me with a lot of sawdust which the wildest stretch of the imagination could be of use."

The Flippant Youth says sudden things," said Deacon Smugman, "but they won't stand analysis. The night hours he talks about he wouldn't be in school anyway."

"No, Deacon," replied the Flippant Youth. "But I was in my 'little attic chamber' with my tallow dip working like a Trojan to get next day's lesson. Guess again!"

"They are not doing that sort of thing any more," said Brother Hood. "Educators are different somehow. They are real men and women now who realize that their job has to do with life not with an academic code of theories."

"But don't you forget the cultural value of these abstract studies?" said Miss Prim. "Think of the mental discipline!"

"Oh that mental discipline!" said the Flippant Youth. "I can remember the way my mind quickened and my brain throbbed when I realized that it was indeed true that The-Cat-Can-Catch-the-Rat. Then that epic which began Maine—Augusta-on-the-Kennebec; New Hampshire—Concord-on-the-Merrimack."

"Educators see now there is as much cultural value in an onion root as in a Greek root," said Brother Hood. "It is as much a mental drill for the boy in school to prepare plans for a hencoop on the farm or in the backyard as to safely, neatly and sanctoriously diagram 'Of man's first disobedience and the fruits, etc.'"

"It all comes back to the original proposition," he went on. "Common sense in the schools—cutting out the useless, educating for making a living and making a life too, preparing for service, realizing that it's a real man-sized job to train citizenship when it is in the sapling period. It is a hell broth of a theory or lack of theory which will allow or rather help the young growths to take on twisted, stunted, distorted shapes and expect them all at once by some miracle

of rebirth at adolescence to become strong, erect, sturdy trees."

"What was it Bailey said?" he continued. "The schools today are guiding children in doing just those things the schools of yesterday punished them for doing. That's just this same proposition—using plain common sense. It takes the natural impulses of the normal boy or girl and utilizes them instead of seeking to crush them."

"To treat them as little men and women!" said Miss Earnest.

"I keep thinking about stealing from these children," said Mrs. Goodheart. "To rob them of the golden hours that never will return!"

## TOWN MEETING DEC. 14.

The Town Meeting was again a very earnest and sane body of citizens, discussing from many angles the question of Unemployment Insurance.

The discussion was opened by the guest of the evening, Mr. Ordway Tead, Secretary of the State Committee on Unemployment. It was pleasing to the citizens to learn that their resolution had all of the essentials of the bill now ready to be presented to the Legislature by one division of the State Committee.

The citizens were all interested in the bill. The general trend of the arguments was: It may not be perfect, but it certainly is a start in the right direction. Admonitions were: Don't quibble over details, look to the fundamentals. Look at the forest and forget the underbrush;—and the citizens did. The bill was passed with a more nearly unanimous vote than the most sanguine would expect at Ford Hall Town Meeting. Mr. Meltzer, the proponent, closed the debate.

## TOWN NOTES.

Next week look for a composite program. You can take your choice. Have a watch—not on the Rhine, but on the Government; or an automobile, not speeding around the corner but resting at every white collared trolley post; or keep the women still,—voting only for school committee!

Mr. Foster well named Mr. Levenberg the Roaring Lion and didn't he roar well! He roared all around and through the question and then when the Capitalist looked into his den he came out and roared yet again and missed not a morsel of fallacy, but tore all into shreds. It was great!

And the Capitalist—he made a mighty strong defence of his kind, and as brave as the lion, but he couldn't smooth us all—perhaps after fifteen years it will go better; he said fifteen years had changed him. Anyway, everyone enjoyed every word he said and hope he will come every night. Our citizens do not have to agree with one to like him, thanks be!

And can't Miss Crawford ask questions? She goes straight to the point with fewer steps and less waste than any citizen, and everyone knows she has hit the point when she arrives.

Everyone seemed intensely interested in the Compensation Act. Why not ask the Selectmen to amend the present Massachusetts bill?

Our Moderator reminds us of the witness who would not answer yes or no, and when the judge at last said: "Can you answer yes or no?" replied: "That depends." But "that depends"—upon whether he is answering Miss Crawford from the floor or presiding in the chair. He is certainly handling us unruly citizens well.

(Continued on page 8.)



Well, it was a good meeting last week but the

## Town Meeting

this coming Tuesday will prove even more interesting to you. Come

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In 1861, when the estate of James Burroughs of Hales Ford, Virginia, was appraised, one slave, Booker T. Washington by name, was valued at exactly \$400. Someone who is now working for you at \$10 a week may have in him the possibilities like these hidden in that little black boy who later became the leader of his race.

## FORD HALL FOLKS

Published Weekly

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University Press, Cambridge  
Telephone, Cambridge 1330

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Published weekly by the Ford Hall Associates, whose work is to create, assemble, and distribute ideas that will help men and institutions grow more helpful in serving society, and which will promote "peace on earth, good will toward men." It is the official publication of the Ford Hall Meetings, held under the auspices of the Boston Baptist Social Union and directed by George A. Coleman. These meetings are held every Sunday evening during the months of October to May, in Ford Hall, Asaburton Place, Boston, Massachusetts. The subscription price of the magazine is \$1.50 a year.

All business communications should be sent to William H. Foster, Huntington Ave., Boston, and all communications intended for the editor to The Thomas Dreier Service, University Press, Cambridge.

### TOWN NOTES.

(Continued from page 1.)

A number of new faces and a large proportion of men present this week.

Jack began to travel around that circle again but was called to the chair where he traveled straight away. He filled two offices as well as he usually does but one.

We all acknowledge Mr. Bottom is an ornament, but we do wish he would talk; we know he can!

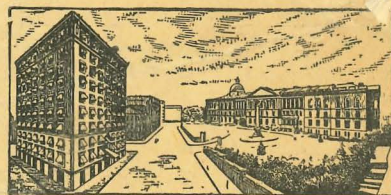
And Freda never said a word!

### THAT NEW YEAR'S PARTY.

The New Year's Party of the Ford Hall Folks, to be held in Kingsley Hall of the Ford Building, Saturday evening, January first, at a quarter to eight, promises to be as enjoyable a frolic as any of our picnics have been. Which is to say much. Freda Rogolsky, Ida Goldberg, Mr. Ladd, "Jack" London, Mr. Niles and Mrs. Mosher constitute the committee of young people in charge of the games. And Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. Atwood, Mrs. Parnell and Mrs. Blanchard are to preside over the cake, coffee and ice cream. Ford Hall Folks,—believing in the pay-as-you-go policy,—will each dig out twenty cents for these refreshments, the ladies having it cannily in mind to make a minute profit towards the expense of those grand dishes in which the Folks invested a month or so ago. Every member of the Ford Hall audience is welcome to the party, but it would be nice to know whether we need to provide for one hundred people or one thousand. Can't you drop a line to Miss Crawford, Ford Building, to say if you'll be there?

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### A PLEASING LETTER.

Mr. Foster has just received from Miss E. May Caldwell this very pleasing letter:

"This year I am spending in California, and have found it so inconvenient having my second-class mail matter forwarded to different places that I discontinued all publications. It is a real trial to give up Ford Hall Folks, and I feel as if I wanted to send my subscription even if I cannot take it myself, so I am going to ask you to please send it to Mr. George E. Caldwell, 2423 Romeo Street, Los Angeles, California, and I may be able to see it occasionally. Enclosed please find my check for \$1.50 to pay for it.

"I expect to be in San Diego soon, and am delighted to learn that they are to have a Forum there."



# PERSPECTIVE, POISE, POWER

## AS BROTHER HOOD SEES IT

"No, my dear," said Mrs. Goodheart, "there is a lot of good in the world. There is a lot of happiness in the world."

"We mustn't get a crooked point of view," said Brother Hood. "We see so much distress we are likely to believe that life holds nothing but suffering. We see men and women out of work and forget the thousands who have jobs. We see men and women unhappy and forget the millions who are happy. There is more sunshine in the world than gloom."

"Don't you sympathize with the sorrowing?" asked Miss Prim.

"You know I do," said Brother Hood. "I am only urging you also to rejoice with the happy, to see both sides of the picture. If we get a distorted view of things we don't see straight. To change the figure a little, we must be sure the lenses of our spectacles are correctly ground and of untinted crystal. Sad colored glasses make everything look sad."

"The world is a good place to live in," said Mrs. Goodheart. "There are lots of good people in the world. They are living happy, contented lives and helping others to live the same way."

"How can any one be happy when there is so much misery everywhere?" asked Miss Earnest.

"Life would be unbearable if we could not, in a certain sense, once in a while forget the sorrow and revel in the joy about us. Mother Nature is kind and gives our spirits time to rest from the strain of the distress which bears so hard upon us."

"Distress and joy are very close together, anyway," said Mr. Social Mind. "I have seen little tots gathering wood in the streets when my heart bled for them, and for the hard necessity which forced them to such work. At the same time these very youngsters would make a game out of it. The wonderful magic of childhood would transform the pitiful load of sticks into a chariot and four, or a cavalcade from the wars."

"The best-loved dolls are always the bits of wood, handkerchiefs tied with a string, or the like, which the loving imagination of the child has clothed with all the charm of the most expensive productions of the toy-makers," said Mrs. Goodheart.

"This is the proposition which concerns us," said Brother Hood. "We mustn't lose sight of the fact that there is more joy than sorrow in the world. More people have a good time than have a hard time, and few people have nothing but grief in their lives."

"Joy and sorrow, ease and dis-ease, are relative terms, anyway," continued Brother Hood. "What affords me the keenest distress may be to my friend on the other street a matter of utter indifference. Hunger kills the spirit in one man, while his partner at Hawkins Street crumples up under the cold. Then there is the other class who can endure physical hardships with patience, but who chafe under ills of the spirit almost to the breaking point, and most of us know nothing of it."

"I have always said I would organize a society for the giving of the glad hand to the man who keeps his troubles to himself until he drops, if I ever went into philanthropy as a business," said the Flippant Youth.

"Mr. Johnson or Mr. Fowler, or even Mr. Elliott or Mr. Helms, never know the ones who need help the most," said Miss Earnest.

"They just die and no one knows their needs until the doctor's certificate tells the story."

"But there are lots of people whose needs are discovered before it is too late," said Brother Hood. "That's what I mean by watching our perspective. We must keep our grip on ourselves by seeing to it that we don't get out of focus."

"That sort of doctrine puts a premium on the stand-patism which is so satisfied with conditions as they are that it won't help to change them, doesn't it?" asked the Enthusiast.

"She is a God saker," said the Flippant Youth. "You know the type, 'For God's sake, let's do something'."

"No, I don't believe it works out as the Enthusiast fears," replied Brother Hood. "It helps us hold our minds in solution on the questions involved. We are not so likely to throw off ill-considered precipitates. It helps our spiritual poise and that's the greatest asset—mental or moral—any worker for righteousness can have."

"We don't accomplish anything by getting excited," he went on. "People who run around in a circle rarely get anywhere. Of course we can excite ourselves into a fever but that kind of combustion is more likely to consume our own vitality than the evils we are fighting."

"We've all seen the people who froth about and then have seen the sane folks who quietly get a grip on things and straighten them out with only a fraction of the effort the fussy ones have used," said Mrs. Goodheart.

"It's a naval maxim," said Miss Prim, "When in doubt, steer straight ahead. That's poise."

"Yes, said the Flippant Youth. "'When in doubt, lead trumps'—same poise!"

"In other words," said Brother Hood, "don't wander around in an endless maze of mental questions or indulge in a frenzy of effort. Keep cool and think a thing clear through. Look all around it, not on only one side of it. Put it into its proper relation to other subjects. Don't distort it out of its proper focus. When you can do that you will have perspective and poise, as well as power."

"Power," he went on, "is great. To be a man of power in the world, to be forceful because of your mental attributes and training, that's worth while, if it is the power of right thinking, not the power begotten of force or position. There are lots of clever men; there are men of talent. There are lots of men delightful to talk to and pleasant to play golf or pinochle with. But men of power are scarce. The world needs them. Suffering mankind needs them."

"When hard-thinking men organize their powers to serve humanity as they have been serving business or statecraft, or possibly graft or greed," he continued, "then power will find a new channel for its activities which will make a new heaven on earth. Men are doing it every day. There is no more hopeful sign of the times than the way men are finding keen delight in socializing their standards. Captains of Industry are rechristening themselves Captains of Humanity. They are finding themselves anew."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Goodheart. "Because they have found their dynamic. They are connecting their motors with the generators run by the everlasting power."

## FORD HALL CALENDAR.

Tuesday evening, Jan. 19, Town Meeting, Kingsley Hall, Ford Building.

Sunday evening, Jan. 24, Rev. John Ross of Buffalo, "Modern Shifts in Emphasis."

Tuesday evening, Jan. 26, Town Meeting, Kingsley Hall, Ford Building.

Sunday evening, Jan. 31, Prof. Walter Rauschenbusch of Rochester, N. Y., "The Economic Basis of Democracy."

Tuesday evening, Feb. 2, Town Meeting, Kingsley Hall, Ford Building.

Sunday evening, Feb. 7, Father Ryan of St. Paul, Minn., "Minimum Wage Laws in Operation in America."

## THE PRAYER OF THE TOILERS.

Rose Mills Powers.

Lord of the peaceful Toilers, hark to the toilers' plea:

The kings of the earth assemble, pawns in their hands are we,

Now as the battle thickens, out of the blood and flame,

Lord of the Toilers, hear us: forgive us who play the game!

Lord of the cheerful reapers, the harvest was fair and good,

Hard by our quiet hearth-stones, the yellowing wheat fields stood,

But the scythe has become a sabre in meadow and glebe and glen.

Lord of the Toilers, hear us: forgive us we cut down men!

Lord of the cunning craftsmen: the vision of Thee, a lad,

Working with plane and measure, kept us content and glad,

Now, as we charge, red-handed, wielding the tools that kill,

Lord of the Toilers, hear us: forgive us the blood we spill!

Lord of the visioning learners: out of our cloistered halls,

Parchment and tome abandoned, we march where the bugle calls,

Death and destruction hurling, havoc to babes and wives,

Lord of the Toilers, hear us; forgive us these broken lives!

Lord of the keen-eyed traders: our vessels went up and down,

Our shops were alive with traffic in village and mart and town,

But the harbors are red with slaughter, the markets in ruins lie,

Lord of the Toilers, hear us; forgive as we strike and die!

Lord of the peaceful Toilers, husbandman, craftsman, clerk,

Student and sage and trader, torn from the world's good work,

Dead in the king's arena, pawns who were not to blame,

Lord of the Toilers, hear us; end now the awful game!

—The Survey.

"The men whom I have seen succeed in life," remarks Charles Kingsley, "have always been cheerful and hopeful men who went about their business with a smile on their faces and took the changes and chances of this mortal life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came."



## Introducing Some Ford Hall Folks

By MARY C. CRAWFORD

### GEORGE COLEMAN.

It is not only to young men that Ford Hall and its message appeals. On the platform, every Sunday night, may be seen George Coleman, the father of our Director; and, as he explains with a gleam of the eye which shows clearly that our George Coleman comes honestly by his keen sense of humor, "I don't have to come, you know." Earlier in the season our Director referred, in the course of some introductory remarks, to certain strenuous and not altogether happy days which he as a lad passed in his father's bookbinding establishment. A temperamental difference between father and son is established by the fact that the elder Mr. Coleman is neither regretful nor bitter as he tells of his apprenticeship of *six years* to the trade of a bookbinder, years during which



GEORGE COLEMAN.

his wages for the most part remained at the modest level of \$1.50 a week.

The shop which served as the background for all this labor was down at the end of State street, opposite Broad street, within easy walking distance of the Coleman home on Prince street in the North End. (One of the distinctions which the elder Mr. Coleman enjoys is that of having been christened at the Old North Church.)

Those were stirring times in Boston, however, even for a prentice lad. The subject of our sketch witnessed with his own eyes the rendition of the slave, Anthony Burns, for whose rescue a band of Abolitionists, led by Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Lewis Hayden, organized a plucky but unsuccessful raid upon that old Court House which stood, until lately, within a stone's throw of Scollay Square, next to Young's Hotel. When Burns emerged from the Court House he was escorted to the wharf (whence he was to be shipped back South) in the centre of a hollow square composed by a vast number of police and militia.

A lad who had witnessed this sight and glowed for the personal freedom thus violated, would, of course, wish to fight for the cause of the slave when Abraham Lincoln sent out his call for troops. But, though he drilled every night, George Coleman did not go to the war. He had recently taken upon himself the duties of a husband and little children were beginning to come to the newly-established household. "Our George" was the third of these children; the war had been over two years

when he first opened his eyes upon the world. But the very important period of reconstruction was at hand and it is not too much to suppose that some of that passion for organization, that burning zeal for human rights which has found its expression in the Ford Hall Meetings was drunk in by the younger George Coleman with the very air that he breathed in that Boston of the last century, which had poured out its best blood for the cause of the slave and was now giving its best brains to the task of human betterment.

### JOHN J. FRASER.

Another white-haired man who is always on our platform on Sunday nights is John J. Fraser. He, too, knew hardships as a boy,—but seems not to have been hurt by them. Son of a Nova Scotia farmer he often rose at three in the morning "to play chambermaid to a cow," to use the phrase Hawthorne employed in speaking of similar bucolic experiences at Brook Farm. Not caring to pass his life as a farmer young Fraser learned the trade of iron building, and as this called for travelling about,—erecting bridges in various big cities,—he saw a great deal of America as the years went by. Later, when he had established a connection with the Swift Refrigerating business, he saw a good deal of England also, visiting London several times in the course of his work.

Good radical talk, whether of pulpit or platform, always appealed to this man. His early training was that of a Presbyterian and he says that he suffered a good deal by reason of this fact. For he heard a great deal about the devil; and he liked the Prince of Evil as little then as he does now. So when he had the chance to hear Spurgeon and Parker of the City Temple, London,—that big church whose present pas-



JOHN J. FRASER.

tor, Reginald Campbell, we heard with such joy on our platform a few years ago,—he made the most of his good fortune. Over here he has followed all the forum movements of his day. He was a devoted attendant at the early labor forums, in which debate took the place we at Ford Hall assign to questions, and more recently the Morgan Memorial and the Christian Union have claimed his interest. But he has been a loyal follower of Ford Hall ever since the days of our first series seven years ago.

In all this time he has missed only one or two nights! His tributes to Ford Hall and its workers would occupy all the rest of this page if I set out to print them. Let this bit then, which chances to be impersonal, suffice: "In no place that I go, or ever went, does there seem to me to be so much that is refreshing and inspiring as here."

### TOWN MEETING, JANUARY 12.

Mr. Marple showed extraordinary ability as a presiding officer. Firmly, yet with even-handed justice, he steered the Town Meeting through one of the most turbulent discussions it has ever had. When the session was over he thanked the body for their patience with him, though adding that, for the first time ever, he had failed to feel at home in Ford Hall.

The cause of the excitement was Miss de Ford's bill penalizing policemen for arresting people while indulging in their God-given right of "free speech." Mr. Victorson had thrown a bomb into the camp by moving that the bill be rejected; and this, from *him*, disconcerted some of the citizens, offended others, and moved Miss deFord to a really magnificent burst of eloquence in behalf of down-trodden agitators everywhere. Say, but that girl can *talk*! One of these days we shall be listening to her from the platform upstairs if she continues to grow in power and in eloquence as she has during the past two years.

What if her bill is too drastic? It was eminently worth writing in that it called forth remarkable discussion from a number of different sources. Her statement that the "free" press is owned by the business men and the advertisers is incontrovertible and her plea for an America that shall be "one big Ford Hall" showed us a gleaming, if a remote, ideal. Miss Crawford brought out the fact that Socialism may not now be discussed in the lecture hall of Boston's Public Library, Mrs. Hoffman that the evils of unemployment and the troubles of heckled West End peddlers may not be discussed on Boston's street corners, while Mr. Carty, our white-bearded "Tipperary boy," testified that soap-box oratory is far more restricted in this land of the free (?) than in Hyde Park, London.

Moreover, it would have been a great pity to have missed Mr. Ewing's clarifying discussion of the bill with his admission of human nature's proneness to error and his plea that policemen are *very* human in this and other matters. Mr. Rush, while declaring himself "all mixed up," likewise put in a good word for policemen, whom he seems to think are pretty good fellows on the whole. And then Miss deFord made another defence of her measure—and saved it for a third reading.

Mr. Gallup, who arrived a little late, deprecated the omission from the order of the day of constructive measures. But what could be more constructive than Mr. Williams' bill on cobbling in the public schools? To be sure, Mr. Brodhead, director of manual training in Boston, was able to assure us in a splendid speech that this very thing is now being done. But a lot of us did not know it and were glad to be informed of the fact. Glad also that an increased respect for manual labor is growing out of the public schools' work in this and allied directions.

Altogether it was a good, an extremely good Town Meeting. Though, of course, we missed Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Moderator very much!



THE CRADLE OF FRATERNITY.

Of all the people who are helping to raise the standards of living, one of the most safe-and-sane is William Hard. He has the faculty of cutting straight through to the heart of a subject and laying his findings before you with all the sure, unhurried swiftness of the skilled surgeon performing a difficult operation. His article in the January *Everybody's*, "What You and I Owe to England, Germany, Russia and France," is



WILLIAM HARD.

a striking piece of literature. From it the following is quoted:

French Reason gave the world, through the French Revolution, the idea of "Fraternity." It was not, and still isn't, a practicable idea. But it is one that can be reached only through Religion or else, as in France, through Reason. It is not a natural idea, an instinctive idea. Human beings, unless artificially instructed, do not regard themselves as brothers. It was the French who, first among nations, and last among nations, in a whole movement of thought, developed the conception of universal brotherhood.

Do we owe them nothing for that? Let us grant that reason let loose is more extreme than instinct and more unreliable. Let us grant that the farthest flings of reason cannot always be followed up in practice. Yet in the midst of constitutional democracy and of opportunistic socialism, in the midst of minimum wages and municipal lodging-houses and the seven-and-three-quarters-hour work-day and special-low-railway - rates -for-working-men-on-their-way-to-try-to-find-work and food-for-their-wives-and-children—in the midst of all this detail, and in the presence of a Socialist party which brings its immediate little reforms farther and farther toward the front and puts its *revolution* farther and farther toward the back in its public pronouncements—in such an age, and for several ages to come, shall we not look back, with a painful sense of how far we have dropped from even an *interest* in human brotherhood, to the outright boldness of Robespierre:

"It is only the *superfluity* of foodstuffs that should become articles of commerce. What is *necessary* belongs to all."

I don't care whether it can be *done* tomorrow morning or not, any more than I care whether "blessed are the meek" can be *done* tomorrow morning or not. I know it can't. But, except in the fifth chapter of St. Matthew's gospel, there cannot be found a set of sayings that will so stretch the heart of the world on the rack of self-questioning, now and henceforth, as the essays and speeches of the relentlessly reasoning men of the French Revolution.

A LONG HUNT FOR A JOB.

By Joseph A. Ivy.

A feeling that the enlistment of 2,000,000 men in England had probably made the demand for labor greater than the supply led me to take a Leyland Line steamship for Liverpool in November. I must have been a courageous voyager, for I believe my sole capital on leaving East Boston consisted of three pennies, a postage stamp, unlimited stationery and a pleasant smile.

"Now," I said, "if I don't succeed in finding work in Liverpool, I'll enlist for service in the British Red Cross. Failing there, I'll go to France and try to get into the American Red Cross." I did not admit of any such thing as failure.

When the steamer docked at Halifax and I had assisted in loading 876 horses for the British Army I added another castle to my collection. I'd go to Aldershot and get a job as a trainer of horses. The Bohemian, the ship on which I sailed for England, carried more optimists on her November trip than I have ever seen before at one time. In all there were ninety of us; every man of us an expert builder of air-castles.

The day we steamed up the Mersey River was a red-letter day for the Americans aboard the ship. A typical English mist lay over the river, and our introduction to England's great port certainly was according to custom.

The smell of land acted like wine upon the horses. A number of soldiers had been sent to take off the horses, but the sight of the horses wild to place their feet upon land again was too much for the soldiers—they simply disappeared; whereupon the steamship officials hired our band of optimists and paid us two shillings a man for unloading them.

The horses disposed of, we were free to go our several ways. I inquired my way to the City Hall. Along the way and past the immense docks I had ample proof that Liverpool is the world's wheat and wool market, for the warehouses were everywhere.

After leaving the City Hall I turned into Old Haymarket, where Liverpool's main recruiting office is located. Curiosity made me enter its precincts. I inquired of an affable lieutenant if I could enlist for service in the British Red Cross. He told me that the Red Cross ranks were full, but that I could enter any branch of military service I cared to.

I purposely let the officer proceed with my enlistment into the army. When I reached the name and address stage I informed him that I was a native of M—, Mass.

"I am very sorry, young man," he said; "under the English law we cannot enlist aliens. Are you sure you are an American citizen? Were either of your parents born in the British Empire?"

My answer did not help out the situation, and a very reluctant officer was forced to give me up. If I could have passed into a state of coma long enough to have forgotten my nationality I could have left that office a dashing fusilier.

None of my air-castles becoming tangible structures and France being no nearer, I strolled into the American consulate and had a heart-to-heart talk with the consul. After telling him of my ambitions and hopes, he asked me if my agreement with the Leyland Company included free return passage to Boston. I told him that it did.

"Well, young man," he said, "do not miss that steamer. England is no place for Americans just now."

When I walked aboard the Bohemian just before she sailed those optimists who hadn't been cajoled into enlisting were just as anxious as I was to get back to the States. I suspect that quite a few other air-castles beside mine must have toppled down.

THE SCREEN DOOR.

By Bessie L. Russell.

The Society Woman slipped into her pretty pink kimona to answer the bell, for the maid was out.

Blase to her finger tips, she was, nevertheless, an attractive woman, save that her hair and the way she wore it, gave her a rakish look.

At the door, she saw, by peering through the screen, that her caller was a girl plainly down and out.

"What do you want?" queried the Society Woman indolently, but yet not without some show of interest. "I suppose you are in want—that you are—"

"An outcast," came the quick retort.

"I'm sorry," said the Society Woman. "Won't you come in?" This very tenderheartedly, for society women can be tender hearted; they are not always hard.

"No, no," said The Other One. "You see I cannot. Once I was like you are; then I began being the other way. I fell you see, and what's more, I kept on falling, till now I am not only poor and disreputable; I am hungry."

"You poor creature," returned The Society Woman again tenderly. "But I cannot see such a brink as you see. There is, after all, between us, just this Screen Door. Society has fashioned this door. I am inside, you are out. But there is no startling difference between us. No, no," she went on, as The Other One was beginning to protest. "I am a Society Woman and I know what I am saying. Do we not dance immoral dances, think immoral thoughts and dress to defy all decency? Do we not, I say, and if we do not take the last step as you have done, do we not go so far that it amounts to the very same thing? . . ."

"Now then, you will come in, won't you?"

"Thank you for your goodness," said The Other One, much moved, "but I—I cannot come. There is always The Screen Door and it cannot be treated lightly."

"Well, well, perhaps you are right about it," said The Society Woman, as she tossed The Other One a coin. . . .

Then she did a very strange thing, did The Society Woman. She sat bolt upright on her daintily tufted couch and rubbed her eyes.

"How stupid of me," she exclaimed.

And to think it's long past time now—for the Merriweather Hesitation Tea!

NEXT SUNDAY'S SPEAKER.

Another preacher from New York State, Rev. John Ross, of the Presbyterian Church in Buffalo, comes to us next Sunday night, taking for his topic "Modern Shifts in Emphasis." Mr. Ross is a hard-working minister of the up-to-date type, a man who has an office and a secretary, conducts a Forum in connection with his church and makes his ministerial function and his church plant a distinctly felt force for the social uplift of his city. He will bring us a message worth hearing.

Better see Mr. Foster about that offer of the Jewett Players on the next page.



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## FORD HALL FOLKS

Published Weekly

THOMAS DREIER, *Editor-in-Chief*  
University Press, Cambridge  
Telephone, Cambridge 1330

MARY C. CRAWFORD, *Managing Editor*  
MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD, *Reporter*  
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JOHN P. WHITMAN, *Adv. Manager*  
JACOB LONDON, *Sales Manager*

Published weekly by the Ford Hall Associates, whose work is to create, assemble, and distribute ideas that will help men and institutions grow more helpful in serving society, and which will promote "peace on earth, good will toward men." It is the official publication of the Ford Hall Meetings, held under the auspices of the Boston Baptist Social Union and directed by George W. Coleman. These meetings are held every Sunday evening during the months of October to May, in Ford Hall, Ashburton Place, Boston, Massachusetts. The subscription price of the magazine is \$1.50 a year.

All business communications should be sent to William H. Foster, 41 Huntington Ave., Boston, and all communications intended for the editor to The Thomas Dreier Service, University Press, Cambridge.

## FIGHTING POVERTY.

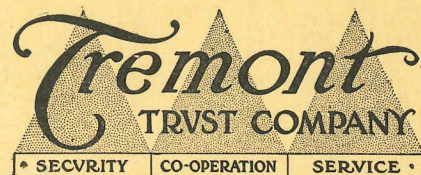
What could be more wasteful than to support in idleness, by charity, people who are willing and able to work—except, finally, not to support them at all, editorializes the Saturday Evening Post. To any one who looks about him, the statement that there is less demand for labor this year than last sounds absurd. Everywhere, from the biggest city to the smallest hamlet, there are a thousand and one needful things to be done, which yet go undone year after year.

For example, just to put the streets of American cities in as good condition as the streets of Berlin would give employment to an army. To say that we have no use for our labor is nonsense; but every urban charity organization is straining its resources to meet calls for relief arising from unemployment. That the great, ever-recurring problem of unemployment can be much reduced by intelligent forethought and organized action seems clear.

Who knows how much might be accomplished by sound thought and better organization, to reduce poverty that arises from other causes? We said, in view of the monstrous crime in Europe, that poverty could not be abolished. A correspondent replies that that appalling spectacle may be an augury to the contrary.

If a fifth of the scientific thought, money, enthusiasm and social organization Europe has directed this autumn to the making of misery were directed to its relief there might be a new world.

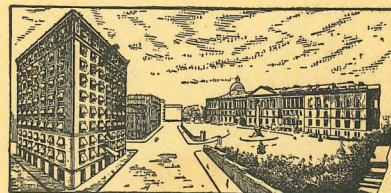
Concentration is certainly a wonderful thing. The natives of the Island of Shikoku, Japan, have produced, after a hundred years of patient efforts, tail feathers on roosters that measure eighteen feet in length. Those tails probably add quite as much to the efficiency of the roosters as do the fortunes of some of our millionaires to the essential worth of their owners.



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John Hays Hammond, Jr., has invented a radio-controlled torpedo boat, and United States Navy investigators will soon report on the advisability of the purchase of the invention for the exclusive use of America. The craft is directed from a wireless station by Hertzian waves. In tests it has been completely controlled from a distance of twenty-eight miles. Inventions like this strengthen the belief that every man and woman is controlled by invisible waves emanating from the mind of the Great Executive. These inventions are the attempts made by men to exercise power in the manner of the Great Executive. This boat, so far as anyone can see, is free to do what it wills. But from a distant tower come the waves that command its mechanism. So are men controlled by the invisible commands of a power whom men so often call God.

"The secret of success in life," remarks Disraeli, "is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes."