

# FORD HALL FOLKS

A MAGAZINE OF NEIGHBORLINESS

EDITED BY THOMAS DREIER

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## WOMEN AND WAR\*

By FRAU ROSIKA SCHWIMMER



I CANNOT speak English very well. But when on the last of July, 1914, this unspeakable war began, and when the women of sixteen European countries chose me to come over to this country and speak for them, I did not think for one moment whether I knew English or not. I knew I had to come. I have been made to speak English.



I am not sorry that I was made to speak it, for it has made me realize the wonderful spirit of your people. In Europe, we have such strange ideas of America! I have met your society people, your capitalists, your socialists, your teachers, and professors, and doctors, and preachers, some who care for nothing but intellect, some who care for nothing but money, some who care for nothing but serving others. And when in a few days I go back, I can go with the conviction that you have a wonderful nation—that you have civilization in this terrible time when we almost begin to feel that there is no such thing as civilization. In the midst of this desperate feeling among European women I can bring home the consolation of telling them that there is one spot on earth where there is really civilization, and that is your country.

I do not think that we are altogether to blame for being mistaken about you, for I find that you yourselves do not know yourselves. I find people who say, "We are a nation that cares for nothing but dollars." I have met people like that, and I have met people who say, "Don't tell us about the horrors of war. We don't like that. We like only the intellectual appeal."

I have found that the people who say these things are mistaken. They are mistaken in the idea that the intellect is something absolutely theoretical, academical. That is not my conception of the intellect. I have found a wonderful response to my conception of the intellect, and I have found that people understand it as I understand it—that if one brings new facts which cannot be learned from books, or taught in universities, these facts appeal to the intellect. They touch the emotions, too, and I do not feel that you people are so cold, so full of a chilly intellectualism disconnected from life. Life is emotion and

intellect, and I am glad to have had the chance to see for myself that you are human.

These facts which I have to bring to you of the present world tragedy are not facts which can be taught in universities or in books, because the world has never before produced such facts. These facts which I have been called to tell you are facts which show that all our conceptions of nations and honor and justice and patriotism are all based on lies and illusions and suggestions which interested parties have given us to make us think along wrong lines.

One of our illusions was that we had internationalism. In July, 1914, we learned that there was no internationalism—or that the internationalism we thought we knew did not exist. The socialists, the churches, the educated people, the artists, and doctors, and professors used to tell us that there were no national boundaries any more. It was those very people who, when they came to face the supreme test of internationalism, failed. Internationalism! On the 27th of July, all Europe was divided into two camps—our side and the other side. On that day, the men who had talked so loudly of internationalism dropped their ideals, and started to hate each other, and kill each other. And it was a very wonderful thing that we women did not know how strongly we felt about it until this critical hour.

Women rose, and women said, "We do not want this war. We do not want to hate. It is too great a change for us. We who have grown through internationalism do not believe in this war. We declare that we resent the spirit of hatred, and that this war shall not divide us, but shall bring the women of every country closer together than they have ever been before."

We spoke about women being the mothers of the race. So far, it had been theoretical knowledge. When the war broke out, and when twenty-eight millions of able-bodied and able-minded men between eighteen and forty-eight had to drop everything in their own land—had to stop being teachers, and preachers, and business men, and whatever they were and had to be nothing but a gigantic horde of murderers and destroyers—at that time we felt that it was not only theory that we women were the mothers of the race. Each of us, whether physically a mother or not, felt that each of those twenty-eight millions of men was the son of a mother, and the life of each of those sons was asked of each of us. An overwhelming feeling of motherhood swept over us, and this feeling united us and made women of all nations and all faiths cry out, "We have nothing to say in the making of war, but we must and shall have our say in the making of peace."

From the first moment of the war, we tried everything in our power to stop it. Power is a very bad word. We women had no power. We European women are noth-

ing but females, and our wishes do not amount to the snap of my finger.

When the war came, we said, "Let us go to the trenches, and fling ourselves between the armies and say, 'Shoot us, if you must!' and keep them from killing each other."

We found that we could not do it. Modern warfare is an affair of engineers. We found out that war is conducted so that if the conductors do not wish you to go to the armies, and do not provide ways for you to reach the armies, you have no means of getting there, and do not even know where the armies are.

When we found that we could not go anywhere near the armies and cry out and shout that we did not want this war, we said, "Let us go home."

### Peace Projects Censored.

We went home. We found that at home we could not even speak to each other of peace. Three people on the street could not talk to each other. At seven o'clock, we had to be in our houses and doors had to be closed and lights lowered. Letters could not be used to spread our wish that there should be peace. Every letter was read by the military censor. There was no privacy anywhere. The censors would not pass a letter about peace in France, and women were imprisoned for trying to speak about peace.

Then we said, "Let us have meetings." We could not have meetings. The military authorities were present and one could not mention the word peace. We found that we were absolutely helpless, and we felt that there was nothing left for us to do but to come to you who are free and civilized and tell you what is happening in Europe and beg of you to do what we want you to do, and what you can do—to stop this war. And we have come over to tell you why we want you to stop it. We want you to stop it because we know that if it should go as far as those who are in control want it to go, this world catastrophe will mean the beginning of the end of Europe and that the destruction of life and property will then be so immense that the reconstruction of Europe will be impossible.

When these twenty-eight millions of men were called out, the women were told to do the work. These same women who, when they asked for equal rights and mentioned the awful word *suffrage*, were reminded that they were the weaker sex. There are people, you know, who can bear the horrors of war much better than they can bear the word *suffrage*. When we asked for equal rights, our rulers told us to go home and make the home and mind the baby. We women went home and made the home and minded the baby. And we were so stupid as to believe what those men told us. We did not see that our home is the whole world, that it is broader than four walls.

(Continued on Page 2.)

\*Speech and questions and answers reported by Sara H. Birchall.



## WOMEN AND WAR.

(Continued from Page 1.)

We did not see that it was no use to be child bearers and home makers as long as we allowed the men to be child murderers and home destroyers.

Now these same rulers say, "Out of the home! The men are at the front, and you women have to do the work." They call us to do the work that a little while ago they said only men could do. It was usually the better-paid work that only men could do, one noticed. So we were called on to do the work that a little while ago they said was unwomanly. Today we have women doctors and women surgeons in the military hospitals. We have women running the street-cars where a year or two ago one did not dare to employ a woman to run an elevator. It was considered extremely dangerous for a woman to operate an elevator. Somebody might be killed! That is very strange. But on thinking it over, perhaps it is that now all the men are gone to the front to be killed there, and as only the women remain, the danger from the elevators is not of so much importance.

We have rights now, when we don't want them. We can have rights in times when we cannot use those rights to build up the world as we wanted to build it. What shall we do with those rights? They tell us we are going to have the right of suffrage. In Germany, in England, in all the other countries. And they say, "Now, ladies you have it. What are you going to do with it?" Now—when they have spent money that twelve generations will not be able to pay back. Now—when they have wasted in destruction the material with which we wanted to build up a new world.

## Man-Made World Not Good.

We women know that a merely man-made world cannot be good. We know that a merely woman-made world cannot be good. The human race is not represented by man or woman alone, and if we want a human world, with human institutions, men and women together must build it. And now that they ask us what we are going to do with our equal rights, we ask them, "What human material will there be to build with?" Let's forget the wasted money. Let's forget the destroyed property. What *human* material is there?

There will be those women of Europe who are carrying on the whole burden of economic production, and living under such terrible mental agony as nobody who has not lived through it can imagine. They do not even know where their sons and brothers and husbands may be, or on what frozen battlefield they die. One of the illusions fostered in us is that we are the protected sex. We are not to have equal rights because we have not equal duties. Men have said that we have to pay taxes and obey the laws, and so on, but we mustn't forget that they fight for us and that therefore we cannot have the privilege of deciding questions of life or death or peace or war. Today, we know better. Today we know that we are not the protected sex. Today we know that men do not protect their homes. There are soldiers in every nation for every nation, but they are not protecting their homes. Today we know that war does not mean that they are to protect their homes. War means that they are to destroy other people's homes. And the burdens of economic production and the protection of the homes are left to the women, and they do it, where there are still homes to protect.

And these women who have done the work and protected the home and seen their homes destroyed are searching in an alien world for shelter for their children and safety for their family. Women are being tortured as women have never been tortured before. There are the hosts of refugees in Belgium and in Poland and wherever war has set its foot. Women have dropped down by the roadside and borne children and gathered their babies up in their handkerchiefs and gone on, running away from the advancing armies. Women have lost their entire families in the mad scramble for something resembling safety. Women have gathered the remnants together again and run on.

## War Brides Not the Worst.

Womanhood has been humiliated as it has never been humiliated in the world before,—and we have suffered a great deal already. We hear of the war-brides. That is awful, but it is not the worst. Women like Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and myself have evidence that children of five years and women above eighty are not spared, and evidence that all along the border line of the war violated and tortured women are committing suicide by thousands and going insane by thousands; and that tens of thousands are pregnant by soldiers.

I have seen the letter of an American woman, written to an American friend, in which she says they are caring for eighteen Belgian women pregnant by Germans and Hindus. A letter in which a friend of hers tells that when he was sent home from the fighting line, wounded so badly that he was useless, he found his wife, his daughter of eighteen and his niece of fourteen pregnant by Russians. I have letters from Buda Pesth from friends of my own. Among these I have a letter telling of a successful Russian general. It was a wonderful thing, quite unexpected, that this general kept his soldiers in strict discipline in regard to property. When complaints came to him of stealing, he punished the offenders so severely that the complainants almost wished they had said nothing. To this man who had such a sacred sense of property came a father whose complaint was the first one unheeded. He came to complain that his wife had been violated by fifteen Russian soldiers. The general shouted at him, "Serve you right! Why did all the women of the country flee? Why did you not leave enough for my soldiers?"

If this does not appeal to your intellect, I do not know what intellect is. If you say that this does not appeal to you, then you are not intellectual, and it is a mistake to call you intellectual. If you can bear to let these things go on, and not try to do everything in your power to stop them, you are not to be called civilized, and there is no civilization in the world.

They talk about democratic control of foreign policies. What are you to do? If you wait until the war is over it will be too late. Why wait to begin the democratic control of foreign policies? You cannot wait until they make a diplomatic peace—a peace of graveyards. What we women of Europe beg of you to do is to show that you don't want to wait until the diplomats tell you that they have had enough. They never can have enough. They will not end this war until the last sacrifice is made.

You remember at the beginning of the war, they all said, "The war will go on until our side conquers." You remember the Czar said he must get to Berlin and he didn't mind if it took his last beloved Jew and his last beloved moujik. You remember the Kaiser said he must enter Paris,

and he didn't mind if he lost his last beloved Uhlan. Our own old king offered his last Austrian and Hungarian, and King Peter offered his last Servian, and Kitchener offered his last Englishman. The tragedy of it is that we listened and could not say one word when Kaisers and Czars and Kitcheners and Franz-Josephs made these offers—that we could not say, "They are not your men. They are *our* men!"

And because they are our men, physically, mentally, morally, we want to save those who are not yet killed. We want to save those women who are not yet driven insane. We want to save our babies and our children. We want to save those nations who do not want to fight from being drawn into this war. Because we want to do this, we bid you arise and take your foreign policy out of the hands of diplomats and take it into your own hands. You cannot do it as individuals. It is a question of organization, and I am so happy to know that you have a woman's peace party that is standing for peace. There is a way that you can act. It is through the newly-formed National Federation of Peace, a force which unites capitalists and socialists and all churches alike, and these two organizations propose to express the will and wish of the nation to stop this senseless and endless slaughter. I beg of you to join these forces. I beg of you to do it because I want these peace forces to be big enough to counteract the military forces which are so wonderfully powerful. We must have peace. We cannot do it if we sit at home with our hearts full of sympathy but don't put our forces into action. Because my heart is aching for my brothers and sisters, because my heart is aching lest you, too, be dominated by the military spirit that a few of your people are using upon the nation, because I do not want you to follow the morbid example of Europe, I beg of you to join these new peace forces to help save us and to save yourselves.

We European women feel that we cannot wait much longer. In April we are going to have a meeting at The Hague where women of all lands will meet the women of the neutral countries to consider carefully what we can do to save these men in the trenches, who do not really want to kill one another at all. If you take your part in stopping this fearful war, you can look your children in the face, and say, "We did what we could." But if you sit silent at home, you cannot answer your children when they ask of you, "What did you do to bring peace to the world?"

## MYSTERIES.

In this world we find what we look for. It is good to remember what Webster Ford makes one of his Spoon River characters say:

Ye who are kicking against Fate,  
Tell me how it is that on this hillside,  
Running down to the river,  
Which fronts the sun and the south-wind,  
This plant draws from the air and soil  
Poison and becomes poison ivy?  
And this plant draws from the same air and soil  
Sweet elixirs and colors and becomes arbutus?

And both flourish?  
You may blame Spoon River for what it is,  
But whom do you blame for the will in you  
That feeds itself and makes you dock-weed,  
Jimpson, dandelion or mullen  
And which can never use any soil or air  
So as to make you jessamine or wistaria?



## THE QUESTIONS

Q: Why do you give us the credit of being civilized when we send arms and ammunition to the belligerent countries?

A: Because I know your people are against it.

Q (Mr. Bernard): Inasmuch as the capitalists are the only ones to profit by this war, why not send them to the front and let them do the fighting?

A: If we had any power to select whom we wanted to send to the front, we would not send anybody.

Q (Mrs. Sonnemann): How can we ever get rid of war while we have a society based on the idea that we must obey the king and the king obeys God?

A: You have a hymn, "The Day of the People Is Dawning." When it dawns, you will have a day free of war.

Q (Mr. Meltzer, Jr.): Won't co-operative control and democratic ownership of industries make warfare impossible?

A: That is not enough. As long as you have the institution of militarism, you will have war.

Q (Mr. Meltzer, Sr.): What are we to do to stop war besides talking peace?

A: Unite with the neutral countries of Europe to demand that the belligerent countries all stop the war. Representatives of all the belligerent countries have stated that each country was fighting for its life. If they will all stop fighting, no one of them will have to fight to defend itself against anybody.

Q: If the men who are in the trenches were good fathers and husbands and sons, why did they not refuse to go and fight?

A: Because they were all too weak to do away with compulsory military service. They did not stop militarism in time, and when the war came it was too late.

Q: If Germany had not had such a tremendous army as she has today, could we not have avoided this war?

A: It's not the question of how great the army is. It's the question of having any army at all. The only way to avoid war is to do away with armaments.

Q (Mr. Margolis): If you are concerned with this phase of the question, do you share the belief of others that the outcome of the war will be a United States of Europe?

A: If the war is not stopped unofficially, we will have the United Graveyards of Europe.

Q: Was not the fact that the armies and navies of all the countries were so great and the taxation of the people was so heavy that the only outcome of the muddle was to have a war?

A: That is one of the reasons, but not all of them.

Q (Mr. Brown): Is it true that of the six demands which Austria sent to Serbia, she complied with five, and was willing to arbitrate the sixth at The Hague, and nevertheless the Austrian government gave the Serbian minister his passports?

A: I am here on a neutral mission, and cannot touch political questions. I shall be glad to answer that question privately.

Q: Do you mean to say that the Socialists are responsible for this war, and is that quite fair in view of the fact that they were in so large a minority as compared to the official church of Europe, which made even less effort than the Socialists at the beginning of the war?

A: I did not mean to say that the Socialists were responsible. Everybody is re-

sponsible. The Socialists' part of the responsibility lies in the fact that at the international convention at Stuttgart in 1907 the committee who discussed the resolution that the socialists should refuse to take part in any fighting did not let it come before the convention for discussion because they feared it would damage the movement. It might have damaged the movement; but it would have helped humanity.

Q: If the woman suffragists are against war, why do they teach their children patriotism?

A: Our patriotism is different from the official sort of patriotism, but our teachings are nullified by the fact that our schools are managed by politics and politicians who teach the other kind.

Q: What response did the authorities in Washington make to your mission?

A: The answer I received made me think that some action was going to be taken shortly. None followed. Then I learned that a group of idealistic people had made representations to President Wilson urging that no action be taken until the Germans were driven out of Belgium. The pressure was not commercial, as many people have supposed.

Q: Isn't the only real way to stop war by stopping the production of arms and ammunition?

A: You are unable to stop their manufacture in Europe.

Q: Isn't the real cause of the war the philosophy that Treitschke preaches?

A: I don't know anyone in Germany or Austria-Hungary who takes Treitschke's philosophy as his own. We did not know that he was so great a man. No, it was not the philosophy of any one man. It was the idea that might makes right. If the gentleman thinks that to fight for democracy and liberty is to kill men, then I do not understand democracy.

Q: When the authority is in the hands of a few war lords, how can we hope for peace as long as we continue to obey them?

A: If you want to check the authority of the war lords, you must stop the war now. If you kill off all the young men, then you will only leave the weak men who are unable to defy the war lords.

Q (Mr. Hogan): If you urge disarmament, and yet are willing to let private property exist, are you not giving the same futile advice that the Pope gave in his encyclical?

A: I do not think that follows. I will remind you that the system of private property still remains in Chili and Argentine, but they have melted down their guns and bullet-metal to make a statue of the Prince of Peace, and they fight no more.

Q: By what method can this country use its influence to pacify Mexico?

A: I know nothing of the Mexican situation.

Q (Mr. Cosgrove): How do you account for so many foreign residents of the United States returning across the water to fight for their respective countries?

A: They had to do it, if they had not resigned their citizenship. Otherwise they could never return to their country, or own property there.

Q: How long do you think the war will last, if the United States does not interfere?

A: It is impossible to estimate it in time. Until one side or the other is absolutely exhausted.

Q (Mr. Fraser): Do you think that if Russia wins and secures a commercial outlet it will make Russia a liberal country?

A: I will answer that question privately.

Q: If the socialist party could carry its programme into effect, would it not prevent war sooner than suffrage could do it?

A: The socialists had their chance and didn't take it.

Q: Would not the socialists have had a better opportunity to bring their influence to bear if the convention called in Vienna had been called before the war broke out?

A: Yes.

Q: How can a neutral country go to the warring countries and demand peace? Would not the warring nations regard it as an intrusion and drag the United States into the fight?

A: Who will drag you into it? Both sides?

Q: Would not we be just as effective in preventing war if we did away with capital as if we destroyed guns and armaments?

A: You can shoot and kill with a gun, and a rifle, and a shell, and a bomb, but you can't kill anybody with a hundred-dollar note.

Q: Is the Christian religion helping to prevent war?

A: It can help to prevent it if it does not compromise.

Q: Would it be possible for us to enforce our neutrality if we did not have a large navy?

A: I do not think that is necessary. You have not a large army. Just because you dare to have a small army, the European nations are afraid of your moral superiority.

Q: What do you think of Mr. Hearst's policies in the war?

A: I do not know Mr. Hearst.

Q (Mrs. Hopkins): Are there any efforts on foot to prevent the meeting of the women at The Hague?

A: Nothing can be done to prevent it. I do not know what will happen after the women go home.

Q: How can one get in touch with the peace organization you mentioned?

A: The organization is the National Peace Federation. The secretary is Mr. Louis Lochmer, 116 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Q: Why is the suffrage plank in the Woman's Peace Party platform?

A: Because the peace people realize that the idea of right instead of might is just as true between men and women as it is between the strong and the weak. And because they know women are powerful peace forces.

### A PICTURE OF WAR.

Rain through the roof of the cottage,  
Fields that are barren with blight,  
Waiting and fearing till daytime,  
Fearing and waiting till night;

Slaughter and ruin for labor,  
Hunger and thirst for a wage,  
Death for the promise of youth-time,  
Death for the comfort of age;

Calvary's sacrifice wasted,  
Flames burning future and past,  
Life that is pallid and pulseless,  
Famine that's striding the blast;

Cruelty fierce and insatiate,  
Hope that sees never a star,  
Night on the world and the future  
Filled with the Terror—is War!



## AS IT LOOKS TO ME

By GEORGE W. COLEMAN

\* There were many who felt that Frau Schwimmer capped the climax of Ford Hall lectures. She certainly made a tremendous impression on her audience. Professor Zueblin's testimony as to the power of her message was abundantly justified. Her mental and physical vigor is extraordinary. She had spoken the previous evening at Brookline and again, that very afternoon, at the Brockton Forum, but gave no evidence whatever, Sunday evening, of the slightest weariness. She held her audience spellbound for an hour and fifty-five minutes, including the time spent in answering questions, and when we finished at ten o'clock there were many still eager to put further questions to her.

Although Mme. Schwimmer told us faithfully some of the most terrible facts that are doubtless of daily occurrence all along the fighting lines, she did not stress them at all. They gave the deepest insight into the utter horrors of war and added tremendous force to all her conclusions.

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\* It is a significant fact in itself that millions of European women send a woman to urge the women of the United States to organize a demand for peace. It is a prophecy, I believe, of great changes in the status of women in civilized countries throughout the world that are bound to come as the result of this war. The time is very near ripe for women to enter into a broader life. The door is open. Women are beginning to find themselves. Enormous consequences will follow. Even the most conservative cannot cry out against these impending changes in view of the catastrophe which has come upon humanity through the exclusive guidance and control of the masculine mind. Women could hardly do worse than the men have done in Europe!

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\* And are we in this democratic country so very different from the peoples of Europe in our attitude toward the great questions of militarism, navalism, war and peace? Very probably it is the mind and character of one man, the President of the United States, that has kept us from being at war with our southern neighbor right now, and we may yet be drawn into the terrible maelstrom of the European war. We have for so long been taught that it is necessary to fight to avoid destruction that we have had no chance to learn the equally obvious fact that all civilization can be destroyed by fighting, and that we are right now approaching perilously near to such a possibility.

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\* Many of our most faithful friends and supporters were disappointed last Sunday evening that the chairman could not give them the opportunity they sought to ask a question. But it is absolutely necessary for us to close the meeting at ten o'clock, and if there is not time for every one who wishes to present his question, the chairman, when he can, gives the preference to those who have not recently participated in the question period. Our object is to hear from as many different people as possible and as near as may be to give every one a chance, even though the new questioner may not be able to bring out as clever a point as one who has had more experience in framing an interrogation.

\* Mr. Franklin P. Daly, one of the Overseers of the Poor, who has been in direct charge of the municipal lodging facilities of the city of Boston this winter, was on the platform last Sunday evening. He is a member of the Boston Baptist Social Union and a warm friend of our Ford Hall meetings. After the meeting he took me on a tour of inspection of the city's lodging houses on Hawkins street, Blossom street, Commonwealth Dock, Way street and Tyler street. In these various places I found over a thousand men taking advantage of the city's hospitality. It was a terrible sight as illustrating the desperate need and utter destitution of so many men, most of whom looked as though they deserved a better fortune. And it was, on the other hand, an immensely comforting thought that, terribly insufficient and unsatisfactory as the conditions were in some of the places, these men were able at least to lie down in a warm, dry place. If you were to apply at the Wayfarers' Lodge on Hawkins street for a night's lodging at half-past ten at night, after a day of discouragement and fatigue, you would think it pretty hard to have to tramp a mile and three-quarters across the city to the Commonwealth Dock and then find only a hard floor on which to rest your weary bones. But I did not hear a complaint from one of the more than three hundred men who underwent that experience last Sunday night.

Mr. Daly deserves a great deal of credit for what he has been able to accomplish in a trying and difficult situation. He has devoted night after night to this work for weeks at a time, and with no compensation other than the satisfaction of relieving the distress of his fellow men.

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\* The Folks decided to join heartily with the Open Forum Council in the program for Monday, April 12, and especially at the banquet in the evening, which will partake a good deal of the nature of the Ford Hall Folks' annual dinner. This element combined with the inspiration and fellowship which will be brought to us from other forums outside of Boston will make a wonderfully interesting evening. The meetings throughout the day are to be held in the building of The Twentieth Century Club, 3 Joy street.

### OPEN FORUM COUNCIL.

Plans for the Open Forum Council on April 12 are rapidly taking shape. Already enough responses have been received to insure a meeting which will be well worth while.

The morning will be devoted to reports from fifteen or more Forums which have some features distinguishing them from other types. These reports will be followed by cross-examination on the points brought out.

The afternoon discussions will be grouped under four heads. The subjects and the leaders of the discussion are as follows:

*The Open Forum and the Church:* Rev. Percy S. Grant, Church of the Ascension, New York City; Rev. John W. Ross, Calvary Presbyterian Church, Buffalo; Rev. C. R. Skinner, Lowell, Massachusetts; Mr. Adolph Giesberg, Boston; Mr. Edwin W. Peirce, Boston.

*The Open Forum and the Community:* Rev. Harold Marshall, Melrose, Massachusetts; Mr. W. S. Dillon, Manchester, New Hampshire; Mr. Leonard E. Bennink, Lawrence, Massachusetts; Rev. Charles H. Temple, Lewiston, Maine; Rev. Chester J. Underhill, Weymouth, Massachusetts.

*The Open Forum and School Centers:* Mrs. Eva W. White, Boston; Mr. James T. Mulroy, Boston; Mr. Carl Beck, New York City; Mr. Lee Hamner, New York City.

*The Open Forum and the New American:* Mr. Guy Gold, Brockton, Massachusetts; Rev. Julius F. Hecker, New York City.

In the evening the Ford Hall Folks will join with the guests of the Council in a banquet. All the sessions will be held at the rooms of the Twentieth Century Club, 3 Joy Street, as Ford Hall had been engaged for the twelfth before the date of our Council had been decided upon.

Can't you arrange to be present? Write William Horton Foster, Secretary of the Foundation (41 Huntington Avenue), and he will reserve rooms for you.

### A THOMAS DREIER GEM.

Yesterday afternoon, when I was returning home from the day in the office, I had an adventure. It was a simple sort of a thing. You may say that it was not an adventure at all. A little boy stood in the doorway of one of the houses. "Hello," he suddenly called to a man across the street. "Hello, yourself," answered the man, waving his hand. And then, after taking a second look at the boy, he asked, "What have you been doing to yourself?" "Oh, I broke my leg!" answered the boy, working his way on crutches closer to the door. "What do you mean by doing such a fool thing as that?" asked the man. The boy answered by waving one crutch and grinning a real boy grin. I walked on with a warm feeling inside. The boy's "Oh, I broke my leg" had such a hearty note in it. Breaking his leg was to him a great adventure. Of course it hurt. But was he not the only boy in the neighborhood who could boast of such an accident? Of course he was. He had no regrets. He was capitalizing his experience by chanting instead of crying. I walked along with greater courage, and in my heart was a new warmth. Bless the boy!

### FORD HALL CALENDAR FOR THE REST OF THE YEAR.

Thursday evening, April 1. Town Meeting, Kingsley Hall, Ford Building.

Sunday evening, April 4, Prof. Charles Prospero Fagnani of New York, "The War, the World and the Kingdom of God."

Tuesday evening, April 6. Town Meeting, Kingsley Hall, Ford Building.

Sunday afternoon, April 11. Kingsley Hall, 3.30, meeting of the Ford Hall Folks. C. M. Cady, formerly of Japan, "Is There a Yellow Peril?"

Sunday evening, April 11, Open Forum Council. Prof. Harry F. Ward, "What Constitutes a Loyal American?"

Monday evening, April 12, Ford Hall Folks' annual dinner, in conjunction with closing session of the Open Forum Council at the rooms of the Twentieth Century Club, 3 Joy street.

"You can never have a greater or a less dominion than that over yourself," says Leonardo da Vinci, the man who had mastery over more forms of human endeavor than any other man recorded in history.



TWO INCHES: A LITTLE TRAGEDY\*

By LOUIS H. LEVIN

The time came when Fivel Margolis had to go to America. His father was a poor pack-carrier, who could do very little because he could not buy a surgical strap, and the family was on the verge of starvation. During his seventeen years Fivel did not remember eating a full meal, and one could look at his brothers and sisters and read the struggle of the family for bread.

His father was growing in years, and his earnings were getting less. There was little employment; what was offered he often found himself unable to do. So the eyes of all turned to the Golden West, the land of work and food. Fivel was the oldest child. He would go and prepare the way for the others.

But how was he to pay his passage? They had no kinsmen in America; no friends there to whom they could appeal; and the relatives in Russia were unable to help. They came from a very poor family. Necessity will find a way. They sold some of their household goods; they ate less; they borrowed a few dollars; they wrote letters to people of means. Well—the ticket was bought.

The parting meant much to all of them. It was the one venture in their lives. Years of suffering had endeared them to each other, and when Fivel left, it was a crisis. "Remember us," said his father.

"Do not work too hard," whispered his mother.

Fivel treasured the words of his parents, and resolved to bring them forth out of Egypt to the Promised Land. He knew that he was tall and thin, and not used to work; but that did not matter. A few months of food, and he would be as big and strong as others. He lacked nothing but bread.

On his way to Bremen he met other travellers, and heard that some were not allowed to land in America. There were men who did not know whether they would be able to get in, and he saw the fear in their faces. He heard much about heads and eyes, which Americans examine very carefully, and he thanked God that his eyes were clear and his head without blemish. He had nothing to fear on that score.

The voyage was a rough one, and the passengers were many. He was sick nearly all the way over, unable to eat and at times scarcely able to breathe. During the short trip he must have lost weight, for his clothes were loose upon him; but he knew that a few days on land with air and food and he would be stronger than ever. He was all the more thankful that his head and eyes were not troubled with disease.

Fivel was impatient to land, and thought it was long before the doctor came to see whether America would take him. He proudly put out his head to be examined, and held it aloft when his eyelids were turned.

Now . . . Now . . .

The doctor put a mark upon his coat, and he was taken out of line. He found himself in a place where there were many others who had been marked, and he saw bad eyes and heads among them. Fivel was quite overcome. What was the matter?

It seemed years before he saw anyone of whom he could ask an explanation. A man came to him, spoke his language, asked him

whence he came, where his family was, and many other questions. He spoke in a friendly manner, and Fivel felt that he was not abandoned.

"Why am I here? Why do they not allow me to go to the city? My people are poor and I must work," he said.

"The doctor will examine you again," said his friend.

The doctor came, weighed him, measured his height, his breast, put down notes on a piece of paper, and then went away. Fivel asked the other travellers what it all meant; but they did not know.

"Perhaps there is a new law," someone said.

Fivel recalled the parting with his father and mother. "Remember us!" There had not been a moment when they were out of his mind, and he saw them before him now, —their tatters, their moist, pleading eyes.

"Do not work too hard!" If they would but let him work at all!

His friend came to see him and Fivel was eager to learn why he was a prisoner.

"Am I to go?" he asked eagerly.

"There are difficulties in the way. The doctor will not pass you."

Fivel heard the words; but they conveyed no meaning.

"My head is clean," he cried.

"That is not the matter."

"My eyes have never been sick."

"There is no trouble with them."

"Why, then, do they keep me?"

"Your breast—"

"I am well. There is nothing the matter with it."

"It measures less than it should."

"Less!"

"Two inches."

WOOL BLANKETS AND DRINK.

"O yes!" says Harry H. Blunt, "I've done welfare work. We were working overtime in the old mill. When they came in the morning the men brought their lunch and supper. Cold food all day long is poor fuel for a workman's stomach. Arrangements were made with a nearby hotel to furnish a thick, rich, meat soup for supper. Time was given to eat it properly. For four days there was no complaint and no thanks. On the fifth day a Polish spokesman said to the superintendent, 'Tell the boss to cut out the soup and give us the value in wages.'"

Mr. Blunt is treasurer and general manager of the Wonalancet Company, carders of cotton, Nashua, N. H. There isn't a finer, cleaner, more lovable, squarer man in the world of business. He is kindness personified. Time after time he has tried to treat workmen with the same consideration with which he treats his own family. His efforts so often meet with the reception given by the Polish spokesman that he wonders oftentimes just what is the right thing to do.

His mill is a model for cleanliness. Machinery does most of the work. He employs no children nor women. No employer pays better wages. Not satisfied with doing all that may be legitimately expected of him, he goes farther to show his personal interest in the welfare of his workers. Although his gifts have not been accepted in the spirit with which they

were given, he is not embittered. We'll let him tell in his own kindly, human way of some of his adventures in neighborliness.

"The first Christmas in the old mill saw a substantial present given to every man, whether he had worked a month or a year. There was a Christmas dinner for the married men, and a money present for the unmarried. The next Christmas there was a pair of thick wool blankets for every man there. I made a speech to them, and felt like a prig when I had finished. It was just a little speech, thanking them for their work and hoping that Christmas would be an enjoyable day for them. What did I know of their view of things? What did I know of their problems? Precious little, although I thought I did.

"The next Christmas was approaching. 'What's the boss going to give us this year?' asked the Polish spokesman of the superintendent. 'Nothing,' said the man. 'He found out that you pawned the blankets you got last year and got drunk on the proceeds.' Yes, I have done welfare work.

"He who takes this morbid view of things continuously, however, is wrong. Here's a better way of looking at it. My first drive in a motor car was in the spring of the year. Turning out for a car on a wooded road, my right wheels sank in quicksand. It was a fairly heavy car, which a little Stanley steamer, coming up behind, pulled out easily. 'Thank you much,' I said. 'Can't I repay you? I want to. It's not nice to feel that I am in debt.' 'Not much,' said the courteous Lowell man who owned the steamer, 'but when you find another man in trouble, help him out; pass it along.'

"There is a sequel. George waterman, good friend that he is, took me way down into Rhode Island one day. You know how those roads run, turns made at right angles, narrow roads, but where they are newly laid they are good. We turned a sharp corner, in the way George used to have of doing, on two wheels, and ran bump into four cars, two on each side of this new road, mired. Hurriedly I told George of my first experience and asked if he would help to pay my debt. Good naturedly agreeing, we commandeered a tow rope and pulled out two of the cars, the other two being able to pull out with their own power.

"'Thank you very much, indeed,' said the owner of one of the cars, a new one, numbered 1309, as I remember. 'Can't we repay you in some way? We wish to, because we had an engagement to keep that was important, and couldn't have done so but for you. It's worth money to us.' He was profuse in his thanks.

"'No,' said George, 'but when you find someone else in trouble, help him out. Pass it along.'

"'You bet we will,' said the debtor, and said 'Good-by.'

"It was a most pleasant call that we had. We stayed longer than we should have done. To meet an engagement at Providence that night, we had to make up time. George ran the car. I kept my foot on the muffler cut-out and tried to look ahead. A back tire gave out just when we cahooted over a railroad bridge. The old thing had been worn down to the quick trying to get footing when we pulled out the mired car. The clincher brute was rusted. In the middle of it 1309 came up, the people smiling. 'In trouble?' the thankful driver asked. 'Little bothered,' we replied. 'Sorry,' said the bounteous one, and passed on. 'It's hard at times to get the other fellow's point of view.'

\*Reprinted from "The Forum" by special permission of the publisher, Mitchell Kennerley.



## Introducing Some Ford Hall Folks

By MARY C. CRAWFORD

### SAMUEL MEYER SCHMIDT.

If all health inspectors had sacrificed an arm to the Moloch of unprotected machinery—as did Samuel M. Schmidt, B.S., now Massachusetts health inspector for the factories, workshops and mercantile establishments in Lynn, Salem and Peabody—we should soon cease to have any unprotected machinery. For one of the finest things about human nature is the passion almost always to be found in a man or woman who has suffered deeply in youth to prevent other young people from suffering in the same way.

Mr. Schmidt, however, is not bitter about his accident. He says that, in his case, his handicap served as a spur. "If I had not lost my arm at the age of fifteen in the Plymouth Rubber Factory at Stoughton I should probably be in that factory still," he argues. "And I very much prefer my present occupation." But Mr. Schmidt is an unusual person, as his story will show. Moreover, he was exceptionally fortunate in recovering \$5000 for the loss of his good right arm.



MR. SCHMIDT.

Like so many of the more significant Ford Hall Folks, the subject of this sketch came from Russia; and as a mere child of thirteen he went to work in a factory. The loss of his arm was not an uncommon sequence. But what was uncommon was that he not only recovered \$5000 from his employers for his accident but had the good fortune and good sense to use this money giving himself a professional education. To be sure, he tried business first and nearly lost his little all. But he discovered in time that he was not a business man and so managed the almost superhuman task of getting into the Massachusetts Institute of Technology without ever having attended any proper fitting school! Not only that, but he won three scholarships—and gave lessons besides.

Such a man might have taken any one of several courses that would have fitted him for remunerative posts at the end of his term, but the course that he did take was definitely chosen with social service as its aim. For he had come under the influence of the Civic Service House and had there met the charming woman who is now Mrs. Schmidt, herself a social worker. So the Technology course which he elected was that in biology and public health given by Prof. Sedgwick. Upon receiving his degree he passed the civil service examinations and was promptly appointed to his present position. His interest in social work was

about this time transferred to the Elizabeth Peabody Settlement House. Thus it happened that when Mrs. Eva W. White was recently confronted with the task of organizing her school centres she naturally fixed on Mr. Schmidt to manage the West End Centre.

Right here was where Ford Hall came in. Mr. Schmidt has been a regular attendant at our meetings for several years now and has a very high opinion of the Forum method of developing intelligent listeners. Because the fathers and mothers of many of our young people could not follow our meetings in English seemed to him no reason why they should be denied opportunities similar to those at Ford Hall. Accordingly he started out to organize a Yiddish Forum with the result that in the Wells School of the West End, on two Friday evenings a month, 600 men and women are now listening to talks on the benefits of citizenship to the foreigner, the idea of a school centre and similarly practical topics, talks quite of the Ford Hall type.

As a result of this Forum classes have been started at this centre to teach citizenship to men and women of forty or thereabouts. And a conversational English class for Yiddish mothers has also been inaugurated.

But perhaps the most distinctive thing about Mr. Schmidt's forum has been the practice of singing Yiddish folk songs after the lecture is over. Because the meetings are on Friday no piano-playing accompanies the songs. But the audience joins in with so strong a will that no instrumental support is needed. And in this way Yiddish folk music is having a notable revival in Boston.

### THE FOLKS MEETING.

About one hundred people were present at the meeting of the Ford Hall Folks last Sunday afternoon, and both from the point of view of business and of entertainment, all found the occasion a very interesting one. Mr. Coleman gave some account of the Yiddish Forum in the West End, which he had recently visited, and of the new Jewish Forum, which is being carried on with so much success in the Union Park Synagogue. This prompted one member of the Folks company to say that, in his opinion, specialized Forums and Forums conducted in churches both lack many of the advantages which Ford Hall possesses. Whereupon we heard from our chairman a little resumé of the various types of successful Forums hereabouts. That many of the most successful Forums have a church background was immediately apparent. Braintree holds its meetings in the Congregational Church; the Melrose Community meetings sprang from a church and are managed by a minister; the Weymouth Forum, from which has sprung a community playground and a high-class moving picture show, was fathered and fostered by a Baptist minister, who had formerly been a shoe salesman. And so it goes. That the Forum idea is, however, applicable to many forms of organization and is being used in a great variety of ways will doubtless be brought out at the Open Forum Council to be held in Boston under Ford Hall auspices on April 11 and 12.

The first session of this Council will be the regular Ford Hall meeting of April 11, the last meeting of our season. Governor Hunt having sent word that he will be prevented by an extra session of his Legislature from coming to Ford Hall on this occasion, as had been planned, Prof. Harry Ward is to be the speaker that night. And for his topic he will take a title suggested by one of our Ford Hall friends as peculiarly interesting in these terrible days when the dissensions caused by war are encountered on every side. This topic is "What Constitutes a Loyal American?"

The Council program for April 12 (these meetings are to be held at the rooms of the Twentieth Century Club) will include a paper by Rev. Harold Marshall of Melrose on "The Open Forum and the Community," another by Mrs. Eva Whiting White of Boston on "The Open Forum and the School Centre," and still another on "The Open Forum and the New American." In the evening, at seven o'clock, there will be a banquet in which the Ford Hall Folks and the delegates to the council will unite. Mr. Clarence Marple, Mrs. Nellie McLean Atwood and Mr. Leo Meltzer were appointed by Mr. Coleman a committee of the Ford Hall Folks to co-operate with the Council committee in carrying forward the arrangements for this banquet.

One other interesting and important piece of business last Sunday was the decision to take advantage of the kind offer of Rev. Gabriel Maguire, pastor of the Ruggles Street Church, to donate his very amusing lecture, "An Irishman in Africa," to the Ford Hall Folks for any purpose they might designate. Mrs. Eva Hoffman, Mr. John Sullivan and Miss Crawford were appointed by Mr. Coleman a committee to arrange this matter. The proceeds of the lecture will benefit the Ford Hall Folks' Magazine, which has suffered a good deal in its weekly sales this winter from the prevailing hard times.

Mr. J. L. Harbour, one of our own Folks, gave the little address at the close of last Sunday's meeting, having for his subject, "My Experiences in Sing Sing." Mr. Harbour recently journeyed to the New York prison, on the invitation of its new warden, Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne, to give his well-known lecture, "Blessed Be Humor." He expressed himself as greatly impressed with the improvements which Mr. Osborne has introduced into the prison, but he feels that, at best, Sing Sing is a noisome and unhealthy old building which New York ought at once to abandon if it has any proper regard for the well-being of its prisoners. Moreover, twelve cents a day (which is all that the State allows Mr. Osborne for each prisoner) is obviously too small a sum on which to feed a grown man.

The next meeting of the Folks will be held at Kingsley Hall, Sunday, April 11, at 3.30. C. M. Cady, formerly of Japan, will then give a brief address on the topic, "Is There a Yellow Peril?"

### PROF. FAGNANI NEXT.

"The War, the World and the Kingdom of God" is the arresting topic on which Prof. Charles Prospero Fagnani of Union Theological Seminary, New York, will talk to us next Sunday night. Prof. Fagnani is one of the most inspiring speakers who come to our platform. It was after hearing him at Cooper Union, nine years ago, that Mr. Coleman was impelled to come back and start the Ford Hall Meetings. His talk here on Easter Sunday may be counted on to interpret the war to us. And that, certainly is a thing we sorely need.



HOTEL DE JOBLESS  
As BROTHER HOOD SEES IT

"I notice the business interests have protested against bunching anarchists down on Essex Street," said Millman. "I was wondering how long people would stand for it."

"Yes," said Cautious Citizen, "it is extremely unwise to allow such men to get together. There is no telling what might happen. Such gatherings should be suppressed."

"You are right," said Miss Earnest. "They might get to comparing notes and wondering why they are hungry and some pet dogs out in Brookline die from overeating. They might wonder why they can't get a chance to work when factories are lying idle and people are suffering for the things the factories make. They might ask a good many questions which you and I are trying to answer, and which must be answered soon and rightly, too."

"Well, I don't believe in the segregation of the out-of-works," said Millman.

"I don't either," interrupted the Flippant Youth. "I move we shut up the Iroquois Club and the Winterset Club. It's dangerous to let them get together."

"I notice four saloon men signed the protest sent to Mayor Curley," said Brother Hood. "What about the segregation you see there? I haven't noticed any protest from Charles Wirth and Company about the vicious elements who gather nightly at Maxims'. Maxims' is nearer Wirth's than Hotel de Jobless. Some of the signers of that letter rather lacked in a sense of humor it seems to me."

"But Mr. Briggs says the men are vicious," said Cautious Citizen. "Of course, I haven't been down myself—"

"Of course not," interrupted the Flippant Youth.

"But," resumed Cautious Citizen, "Mr. Briggs ought to know. He is right near them."

"And if he don't watch out, the guests at the Hotel are likely to come in some day and carry off a billiard table in their pockets," said the Flippant Youth.

"Go down and see the men and see if they are vicious," said Brother Hood. "I've met them several times. Don't just look at them as a crowd. Meet them man to man. You'll find them to be just men, that's all. You'll find good, bad and indifferent. I've met, this winter among men out of work and right in the Hotel de Jobless groups, all kinds and conditions. Let me tell you about some of them."

"There is one man who speaks seven languages, a trained telephone expert, with foreign testimonials written in languages I can't read. Vicious?"

"There is an ex-editor, eager and anxious to work, mentally and morally clean. Vicious?"

"There is an ex-industrial commissioner of the Chamber of Commerce of an important city. Vicious?"

"There is a sub-contractor who used every cent of his funds in paying his men when the contract he was interested in went under. He saved his men, himself he could not save. Vicious?"

"Those four men with many others are working today on jobs far below their capacities, holding their heads above water until the floods subside and they land again. Vicious?"

"What makes Mr. Briggs say they are being 'coddled' down there?" asked Mrs. Goodheart. "I certainly wish a few of the

poor boys could be mothered, but I hardly think they get much of the softer things of life."

"Of all the dreary places I ever saw," replied Brother Hood, "the Hotel—well, they are doing the best they can down there. They have hardly got started yet. But it certainly doesn't coddle men to allow them to sit on the floor while they are waiting for work, no, or get a cup of coffee or a sandwich either. Of course it's unscientific to do anything like that, very. It's all wrong and beside that, it coddles the men. I have never heard saloons complained of as coddling the poor bums because they were allowed to clean spittoons for a whiskey. On the other hand, I have heard academicians defend the saloon as the poor man's club because it did coddle him. Queer, this thing of logic, isn't it?"

"But why have we waited for the Jobless to establish a day shelter?" asked Mrs. Goodheart. "Why hasn't a comfortable place,—yes, really comfortable,—been provided for them before?"

"They wouldn't stay there," said Millman. "They would prefer the saloons. That's where they belong."

"There is nothing to prevent them going to the saloons now, is there?" asked Brother Hood. "You are a little mixed in your logic. You agree with Pool Table Briggs in saying they are vicious and all that. If they are, why do they spend their time in the Hotel? The saloons are surely as comfortable as the Hotel, and if you are to be believed, possess some attractions which the Hotel does not have."

"Last Monday 1712 men and boys applied for work at the State Free Employment Agency on Kneeland Street," went on Brother Hood. "There were about 69 jobs found. Where did the other 1643 go? Let us hope some of them still had their homes—their cell rooms in a rooming house anyway. But for the great majority of them there was no place. No place to go. Think of it!"

"Were you ever so fixed that there was no place where you had a right to be?" he continued, "no place where you belonged? You stood around in the lobby of the hotel until some one left his chair and paper and you slipped into his place and tried to look like a guest. When the porter looked rather hard at you, you wandered into the billiard room and tried to look like Willie Hoppe while you sat in chairs marked, 'these chairs for players only.' Oh, it's great to be an Ishmael. It's exhilarating to the soul of a man."

"But there's always one place you can go," went on Brother Hood, "and that is the saloon. The hotel clerk might raise his eyebrows at your clothes, even the library attendant might question your zeal for knowledge when he looked at your shoes, but in the saloon no questions are asked. It may be perfectly evident you can't buy any drinks yourself, but you are always a possible guest when some maudlin customer desires to treat the house. The saloon asks no questions. Your jobless man is welcome there."

"Can't they wait in the Kneeland Street Office until they get their jobs?" asked Mrs. Goodheart. "I don't see why not."

"Many are asking why not," replied Brother Hood.

"If they did," said the Flippant Youth, "a protest would at once go up from the

business interests again. There would be the same dangerous segregation of vicious elements."

"No, there is no place in Boston for them to go," said Miss Earnest. "Keep on moving! In warm weather the docks or the Common, although I have known them to be moved along from the benches there. The saloons were the only places to go until the Hotel de Jobless was established. Here's my hand to Caleb Howard and Leo Lipka."

"No place where you have a right to be," said Mrs. Goodheart, "O—"

THE CITY AND THE WORKLESS

Every once in awhile, somebody rises up in Ford Hall and demands of the speaker how a man can seek higher things when he has no food in his stomach? That argument is irrefutable. But some thinking folk are casting about to answer it. The New York Evening Post had a singularly fair editorial on the subject recently, from which we quote:

"To get a correct view of the duty of the city government towards the problem of unemployment with which we have to deal this winter, it is necessary to keep steadily in view two facts. The first is that we are face to face with a situation of exceptional character and of great gravity. The second is that the kind of thing that the city is asked to do is the kind of thing which it ought to be doing in greater or less measure every year, whether the situation be specially unfavorable or not."

"In our own country, the idea of systematically adjusting the scale upon which public works are prosecuted so as to compensate in some degree for the fluctuations of the competitive labor market is still in its infancy; but in Switzerland, Germany and other European countries, this policy has been in operation upon a considerable scale for years, with desirable results. To some extent, it has obtained a foothold among us; for example, in Duluth's well-thought-out and highly successful plan."

"In such systematic endeavor to mitigate some of the consequences of irregularity of private employment, there is no violation of any principle of sound economic policy. To the fluctuations of demand in good and bad times, the private employer is compelled to adjust his business. It is the public employer, and no other, that is in a position to be independent of these fluctuations altogether, in the determination of the times and seasons at which he will push his work or slacken it. By putting as much as possible into the winter season when unemployment is greatest, and by pushing long-time public undertakings with special vigor at periods of business depression, national, state and city governments can obviously contribute very substantially to the diminution of the unemployment evil, without any waste of public money, and without any trace of pauperization."

"This, of course is only one of many means. Labor exchanges, city, state and national, will undoubtedly be organized before very long upon a large scale."

Labor colonies, such as play a great and useful part in European countries, will find their place with us also. The most difficult question of insurance against unemployment is receiving earnest attention."

"The pushing of public works in times of business depression is the one thing that stands alone as a step which can be taken immediately and that can effect large results without loss of time."

Talk up that very entertaining lecture, "An Irishman In Africa," which the Folks are to have in April!



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**THE NEXT****TOWN MEETING**

Will be Held

**Thursday Evening, April 1,**

Instead of Tuesday, March 30

**DON'T FAIL TO COME****THE STRANGE STORY OF THE DING-MAUL.**

We don't know enough about animals to be able to say that this was written by a natural history professor, and we don't intend to spend any time in investigation. The story is good enough to be true and is one that serves the purpose of giving us another opportunity for pointing out to Ford Hall Folks the value of association with others. Some clever writer of "The Northwest Farm & Orchard" deserves credit for this strange story of the Ding-Maul and the Sliver-Cat:

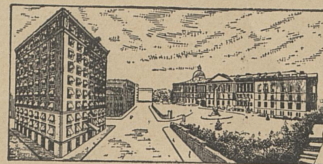
"Far to the north, in the region of eternal snows, dwell two very strange animals of entirely different species, yet compelled by grim necessity forever to travel in company or perish miserably.

"The Ding-Maul is about the same general appearance as the mountain lion, except its tail, which is large and muscular, and like a beaver's, with a bony end on it about the size of a person's head.

"The Sliver-Cat is larger than the Ding-Maul, has much shorter legs, and looks

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like a nightmare effect of a dachshund. Its nose is about three feet long, bony, and sharp on the edges.

"The strange animals travel over the frozen lakes and rivers looking for 'fish.' When a 'school' is located, the Ding-Maul strikes the ice a few heavy blows with his tail, stunning the fish. The Sliver-Cat then rips up the ice, throws out the fish, and they eat them up in company.

"If they should get separated, or either attempt to hunt alone, both would perish miserably from hunger."

Let the Ding-Maul represent Capital and the Sliver-Cat Labor—and there you have the whole story.

**THE MOSHERS AS HOSTS.**

Mr. and Mrs. Mosher and Miss Mosher proved themselves delightful hosts last Saturday night. They entertained the Ford Hall Folks and the citizens of the Town Meeting at their home in Roxbury, and you may be sure their invitation was taken advantage of. We had a good time and that tells the whole story. It was a most delightful introduction to the social gatherings which we hope will occur during the approaching summer.

**NO TIME.**

Judge: Why don't you look for work?

Casey: Oi haven't the time to waste in such unprofitable employment.