

THE REAL HENRY FORD Does Not Like Beggars, But He Finds Them Employment

**Detroit Commissioner of Police Declares Plan of Motor
Car King Has Tendency To Reduce Common
Evil—Millionaire May Have His Faults,
But They Are Not Those of Dives.**

Young Meadow Larks Delay Threshing on the Ford Farm

By OLD DETROITER.

Behind the former Ford tractor plant at Dearborn are acres spread with farm equipment, mostly wagons and trailers. Several great sheds are filled, row on row, with farming implements and machinery—mowers, tractors, binders, cultivators, threshers, etc. When, in summer time, this aggregation moves to the fields, it has the appearance of an army in motion.

On a Saturday afternoon last July, Mr. Ford and his farm superintendent made a tour of the Ford lands under cultivation. The wheat appeared ready to cut.

"Better get into those fields next week," said Mr. Ford. "Bright and early Monday morning the agricultural men were ready to move. Out of the sheds came tractors, binders, wagons, two or three threshing engines and threshing machines in seemingly endless procession. But just before the harvest began, the weather turned, and the wire-wheeled Ford coupe which all about Dearborn is known as 'the chief,' stepped out of the clouds, head-on, as usual.

"Better hold up awhile," he said to the farm superintendent. "The crop's just right—the weather may not hold good. We're all ready to shoot," said the superintendent.

"Yes—I know, I know," was the chief's only comment. "But I was over in there for a week. I found a lot of meadow larks over in there. They've got a lot of young ones—they're still in the nests—can't fly yet. Better wait a week—guess the wheat won't spoil—and by that time the young larks will be able to fly away and not get hurt."

So the army of the fields was disbanded to do other work for a week to give Mr. and Mrs. Lark's fledglings time to learn to fly.

BY S. S. MARQUIS, D.D.,
Former Pastor of Henry Ford, and
for five years head of the Ford Wel-
fare Department.

CHAPTER X.

Henry Ford, Dives, Lazarus and
Others.

Henry Ford is a rich man, but he is not a Dives. Dives went to his office every morning, saw Lazarus lying at his gate as he passed on and did nothing about it. He accepted the beggar as a necessary evil, the outgrowth of a disease in the industrial order for which there was no cure.

It will be recalled that the rich man died and that the beggar died also, and then the tables were turned. It seems that in the hereafter we live on the things we have laid up on the inside of us, not on the things we have piled up outside. This being the case, Dives found himself in bad shape. Spiritually he was in destitute circumstances, and the beggar was rich. The tables, as I have said, were turned, and Dives found himself begging favors of a man who himself had been a beggar.

I am not going to preach a sermon. I have called to mind the parable of the rich man and Lazarus because it will help me to illustrate some things I want to say regarding Henry Ford in his handling of the needy and down-trodden in the past he has shown great interest.

Lazarus would not live unnoticed any longer at the gate of Henry Ford. He would not be accepted as a fixed part of the landscape and be permitted to remain there. Something would be done to put him on his feet, something more than giving him a crumb and a coin.

Henry Ford does not believe in beggars; he does not believe in the social and economic order that creates them; does not believe in the sentimental charity that encourages beggars to remain in the business of begging.

Work, Not Charity.

To the beggar at his gate Henry Ford would say, "Millions for work, but not a cent for charity. You go to the employment office, tell them that I sent you there, and that they are to give you a job. Then go to the doctor's office and have him fix you up. If you would prefer work to begging, you are going to have your chance. What follows will be up to you."

And so, unless the beggar was one of the professional sort and belonged to the ancient and dishonorable order of voluntary mendicants, he would be given a job—a light job—till he got on his feet, and then he might be transferred to the foundry just to see if he really meant business, really desiring honest work to begging.

If he should develop a yellow streak, that is, ask for a clerical job in the main office, or for a light sitting-down job in the munitions department, he would be back on the street collecting pennies in a tin cup in no time at all. But if he showed that he had the right kind of stuff in him he would be living in a home of his own in a few years and paying an income tax along with the rest of us. If a man is paid six dollars a day in the Ford factory he is expected to earn it, and conveyors turned up to a six dollar speed leave him to the will of the operator. It's a great system, but needs careful supervision by human beings.

When the beggar at the gate of Henry Ford is picked up and given a job, his past history is carefully looked into—or there would have been when it would have been. It might be so now. I can not say as to that. There was a time, however, when the beggar hired into the Ford Motor Company, if he had a wife and six children in Chicago whom he had deserted long ago, and toward whose support he had contributed little or nothing in recent years, would have been told to bring his family to Detroit on the next train, or lose his job. Mr. Ford believes the reconstruction of a man is not complete so long as he neglects his home. Money would have been advanced to defray the expense of bringing the family to Detroit and later taken in easy payments from the man's wages. He would have been given assistance in finding a house in which to make a home for his wife and children. He would have been encouraged to start a bank account. In case he proved a little careless in the handling of his money, his pay would have been turned over to his wife. If the two had showed a tendency toward extravagance, the profits of him who had been a beggar would have been withheld until the lesson of thrift had been learned. If he were taken ill, a job would have been given his wife, or a son or daughter, at six dollars a day until such time as he was able to return to work.

Care for His Welfare.

If it were found necessary to send him to a hospital the cost of his care there would have been guaranteed by the company.

If by chance he received an injury while at work he would have received compensation as required by law, in addition to that a weekly allowance equal at least to half of his wages.

If at any time he showed signs of slipping back into former ways and habits, if he were found to be living in an undesirable neighborhood, he would have been helped to find a house in a better quarter.

If he filled up his house with room-ers or boarders, he would have been warned to get rid of them forthwith. His home must be a home. His wife and children must be given a fair chance.

So Henry Ford would have treated Lazarus.

Henry Ford has his faults, but they are not those of Dives. And I cannot think of him as going finally where Dives is. Neither can I quite picture him with Lazarus on the bosom of Abraham in view of what he has recently been saying about Abraham's descendants. It seems to me the situation would be mutually embarrassing. I think St. Peter will pass Mr. Ford at the gate, but following that I fear that he and Abraham will have to iron out some personal misunderstandings.

The principles underlying the Ford way of dealing with his employees following the establishment of the profit-sharing plan were as sound economically as they were humane. Mr. John R. Lee, through the sociological department, worked out a plan whereby a close, friendly, man-to-man contact was made between the company and its employees. But the advisory system, as he established it, no longer exists. It was criticized as paternalistic. It was not that. It was friendly, fraternal, but not paternal.

There were employees who objected to it as subjecting them to humiliating experiences. They said that it interfered with their personal liberty and independence. So far as my experience went, I found such complaints came from men whose individual liberties had been interfered with, but they were such liberties as getting drunk and beating up one's family, and wasting one's money.

Community a Gainer.

There were certain men in the city

of Detroit, not connected with the Ford Motor Company, who were in a position to judge of the value of this work to Ford employees and to the community as a whole. A judge of the recorder's court wrote in regard to the work done by the company for its men:

"In my opinion the community has been a considerable gainer, in that a large number of its citizens have been benefited financially; their standards of living have been raised, and the physical condition of the workers and their families has been improved thereby. I believe their moral condition has also been elevated as a result of the above and also from the necessity for the employees to conduct themselves in a proper manner in order to retain their much prized situations."

"Formerly it was no uncommon occurrence to hear participants in brawls and other offenses testify that they were employees of the Ford Motor Company. Of late it is my impression that I have heard this much less frequently."

From another judge came this:

"I have noticed with sincere pleasure the progress and success of your co-operative plan. Particularly have I been impressed with the system of supervision and investigation which you have established for the purpose of making certain that only the worthy shall participate in the Ford Motor Company. The quality of this service, due in large measure to the painstaking and efficient corps of investigators that you have gathered together, is an object lesson in rational industrial development."

"There would be little social unrest, little industrial discontent, if every employer approached the problem of his relation to his employees, not only with your spirit of fairness and consideration, but also with your system of rational supervision and direction."

The commissioner of police declared that the work done by the company had "decreased in number the cases against your employees," and that the work done by the company had "improved the housing conditions in this community, resulting in many thousands of men becoming better and more dependable citizens."



Henry Ford, Detroit's famous billionaire, in his hothouse.

The spirit of co-operation and service was contagious. The doors of executives were open in those days to the humblest of employees who chanced to be in trouble. The desire to help the other fellow spread through the whole organization.

The following story told by a man, who was not in the employ of the company, will serve to illustrate what I know was the effect of the spirit of the company upon its employees in hundreds of instances:

"Beside me in a street car," so the story runs, "there sat a man past 50 years of age. He was a foreman, and by the badge he wore I knew he was a Ford employee. A woman entered the car with two small children. Both children were poorly clad. Their stockings were full of holes, their shoes worn. The mother took the smallest of the children on her lap and by so doing exposed two large holes in the knees of the child's stockings. She made attempts to cover these holes, but the little dress was too short to con-

ceal them. Each time the mother tried to hide the holes the other man next to me shifted restlessly in his seat. Presently the woman got off the car and the old man followed her. My curiosity was aroused and I also followed. At the curb he spoke to her. I could not hear what he said, but from gesture made toward the little ones I gathered that he was interested in them. After talking with the woman for a few minutes he accompanied her to a nearby store. I followed and stood at a distance so that they would not know they were being observed. Stockings, shoes and rubbers were purchased. Also some underwear and a coat for the smaller child. He left the store with the woman, doffed his cap to her at the door and said 'Good-bye.' The woman stood dazed, apparently unable to express her gratitude she felt. I followed the man and spoke to him.

"That your daughter?" I asked.

"Who?" he said.

"The woman with the babies."

"No, I don't know her. But did you see dem poor kids? I got myself four children, and was poor like that. Now I work at Ford's and make good living. When I see dem poor kids it make me think of mine, and I help 'em a little bit."

"What was the woman's name?"

"I don't know."

"Where does she live?"

"I no ask her."

"What is your name?"

"He looked at me sharply and said: 'You one of dem newspapermen. You write it in de paper. My wife find out, and I catch hell. She no believe me and get jealous. I no give my name.'

"I endeavored to convince him that he was mistaken. He was no use. He hurried away, looking back occasionally to see if I were following him."

There was something in the spirit of those days that called out of men the finest and best in them. One caught a glimpse of a new era in industry. And perhaps the dawn is there—behind the clouds.

Tomorrow's chapter: "The Ford Charities."

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MEREDITH WINS COMPETITION.

Ottawa, Dec. 1.—Lt.-Col. C. P. Meredith, architect of this city, has been adjudged the winner of the first prize in the competition arranged by the historical monuments branch of the interior department for Saskatchewan for a suitable design to mark the historical sites in Canada. W. L. Somerville, architect, Toronto, was second and an architect from Winnipeg third.

4 DIE IN OREGON FIRE.

Portland, Ore., Dec. 1.—Four men lost their lives in a fire early today in the Ben Hur Hotel in the business district here. None of the dead had been identified several hours after the fire. All the other guests were reported to have escaped, most of them in their night clothing. The building was destroyed.

Defeat of Andy Gump Causes Slump in Pocketbooks of City Enthusiasts

"The greatest men of yesteryears. The ones beloved and trusted. Were those who covered up their fears, and smiled when all was busted."

Andy Gump has been gyped out of his chance to show the people of this and all other worlds how a real congressman should perform for the benefit of mankind; however, he is not discouraged but rather determined to come back strong in the next election and rout the capricious cohorts of Sylvester Skink by throwing the w. k. monkey-wrench into their political machinery. Andy says he may be down and out now, but when his shoes wear through he will be on his feet again.

Of course Min and Chester are down-hearted to a certain degree, but their faith in Andy remains unshaken and they still continue to consider him the greatest man that ever trod the boards of this life's stage—a man in comparison with whom Napoleon, Charlemagne and all the rest of the oldtime butlers were only preliminary kids.

Andy is a fatalist and he says that "if he does not go to congress now that he will reach that goal eventually." This is one of the most "floury" phrases he has uttered in some time, and a favorable indication of his self-confidence and high hopes for the future.

It is rumored that the defeat of Gump may cause a financial depression in Wall Street, but it certainly has caused a depression in the hearts and pocketbooks of local youths who have been putting up money on the success of Andy Gump.

ANNOUNCE WANAMAKER'S CONDITION AS GRAVE

Special to The Advertiser.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 1.—The condition of John Wanamaker, 84 years old, merchant who has been confined to his home with a cold, was reported as grave today.

"Although he suffered a continuous loss of strength and vitality, Mr. Wanamaker passed a good night," his physician announced this morning. "A man of his age, however, through an exhausting series of attacks of coughing yesterday and as a result his condition took a turn of a serious nature."

To Sleep to-night Use Raz-Mah to-day for Asthma

THOUSANDS of Canadians are now free from the agony caused by asthma. Life is once more a pleasure to themselves, to their company a joy to their friends. They've used Raz-Mah.

RAZ-MAH, guaranteed relief, or your druggist gives your money back. Contains no habit-forming drugs.

For free trial write J.B. TEMPLETON & CO. Toronto. "Just Swallow 2 Capsules."

Help Burned Ontario Over the Winter

MEN and women of Ontario—it is time that we should all realize the terrible completeness of the fire calamity that devastated Northern Ontario in the early days of October. Fires and calamities we have had before, but never such complete destruction as this.

Over 1,200 square miles laid desolate, town after town nothing but a bleak expanse of ruins, hundreds of farms swept bare, thousands of your fellow citizens "cleaned out" and thrown abruptly back into man's primeval struggle against nature and her grim forces: fire, hunger, ice and the stark northern cold.

Give 1,800 families a fighting chance to get on their feet. Temporary relief must go on. We must not fail the North.

Winter—the relentless foe

Coming as this terrible fire did, in the autumn, with the harvests in, with the townspeople already preparing for the rigors of winter—the complete destruction wrought is the harder to overcome.

Thousands of people at first had literally no place to lay their head, little to wear and nothing to eat. They had to be taken care of at first, somehow, and then, desperately as the days went by, and the cold grew more intense, rough but serviceable standard shacks, 16' x 20', have been replacing tents, old street cars, packing boxes and sheet iron—a regular food supply has been established, and rough clothing is being distributed.

What can a man do with his house a blackened hole in the ground, his barn a charred heap, his work shop a twisted pile of rubbish—and a northern blizzard raging over all?

To give immediate relief the Committee must secure actual cash without delay. If each municipality or county would devise some means of raising an amount equal to one half mill on the total assessment the relief can be continued. The raising of relief funds could be undertaken by public spirited citizens, clubs, churches or councils and provides a most deserving cause for Christmas giving. Now it is up to every community in Ontario to help a neighbouring district in its hour of trial. Make cheques payable to—

The Northern Ontario Fire Relief Committee, Royal Bank Building, Toronto

W. H. ALDERSON (Chairman)
Toronto Board of Trade.
A. J. YOUNG, North Bay,
Ontario Government.
GEO. C. COPPLEY, Hamilton,
Ontario Associated Boards of Trade.
JOHN ELLIOTT, Belleville,
Ontario Associated Boards of Trade
and Chambers of Commerce.
GEO. BRIDGEN, Toronto,
Canadian Manufacturers' Assoc.

COMMITTEE
GEO. S. MATTHEWS, Brantford,
Western Ontario Associated
Boards of Trade.
MRS. M. SOUTER, Trout Mills and
R. A. McINNIS, Iroquois Falls,
T. & N. O. Associated Boards of
Trade, and Farm Organizations in
Northern Ontario.

K. W. McKAY, St. Thomas
Ontario Municipal Association.
J. J. MORRISON, Toronto,
United Farmers of Ontario.
MRS. H. P. PLUMPTRE, Toronto,
Ontario Division of
Canadian Red Cross Society.
MRS. A. H. WILLET, Cochrane,
Women's Institute.

NEW SYSTEM OF FAT REDUCTION

Here's a new way for all fat people to laugh together at that old bugaboo—Obesity. The saying that "there is nothing new under the sun" does not now apply to fat people any more. Here is something new for them—a new sensation, a new pleasure, a new graceful figure, easily found by anyone who is passing beyond the limits of slimness. Everyone has heard of the Marmola Prescription; that harmless combination of fat-defying elements perfected by one of the greatest physicians. Now, from the same high authority, there comes another idea—the idea of condensing these same pure, harmless ingredients into a pleasant little tablet. Taken after eating and at bedtime, they help the stomach to dispose of all the fatty foods, convert them into compact, solid flesh, muscle and energy, without dieting or exercise. Marmola Prescription Tablets regulate the entire system—do for you what bodily exertion and self-denial can not do, and the fat, once reduced, is gone for good. You can prove all this at a trifling cost. Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all druggists or sent postpaid by the Marmola Company, 412 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich. A case—sufficient to bring results—is but one dollar—Advt.

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