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### Ford Hall Meetings program, 2/23/1913

Ford Hall Forum

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F4#3

FEBRUARY 23, 1908

FEBRUARY 23, 1913

# FIFTH BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY FORD HALL MEETINGS

## Order of Exercises

### PART I.

Mr. GIOVANNI IMPERATO, *Viola*

Miss HELEN TUFTS, *Violin*

Miss BESSIE TUFTS, *Piano*

Mr. JOHN WILLS, *Flute*

- 1 "Serenade" . . . . . *Beethoven*  
By the TRIO
- 2 AUTHOR'S READING. "The Singing Man" . . . Mrs. JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY MARKS
- 3 DUET FOR VIOLIN AND FLUTE . . . . . *Doppler*  
Miss TUFTS AND Mr. WILLS

Hymn, "America, the Beautiful"

### PART II.

#### BIRTHDAY COMMITTEE

GEORGE BREWSTER GALLUP, *Chairman*

J. T. PENNINGTON, *Secretary*

Miss H. V. HATHAWAY

Miss MINNIE A. NOYES

JOHN J. SULLIVAN

RESOLUTIONS TO { Mr. J. P. ROBERTS, TO THE FORD HALL USHERS }  
AND TO Mr. JOHN H. GUTTERSON

J. T. PENNINGTON

RESOLUTIONS TO Miss MARY CAROLINE CRAWFORD

Miss HATHAWAY

Mr. GIOVANNI IMPERATO, *Viola*

Miss HELEN TUFTS, *Violin*

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Miss HATHAWAY

RESOLUTIONS TO THE BOSTON BAPTIST SOCIAL UNION

JOHN J. SULLIVAN

EXTRACTS FROM BIRTHDAY LETTERS

Miss NOYES

PRESENTATION OF BIRTHDAY BOOK TO Mr. COLEMAN

GEORGE BREWSTER GALLUP

Hymn, "O God of Earth and Altar"

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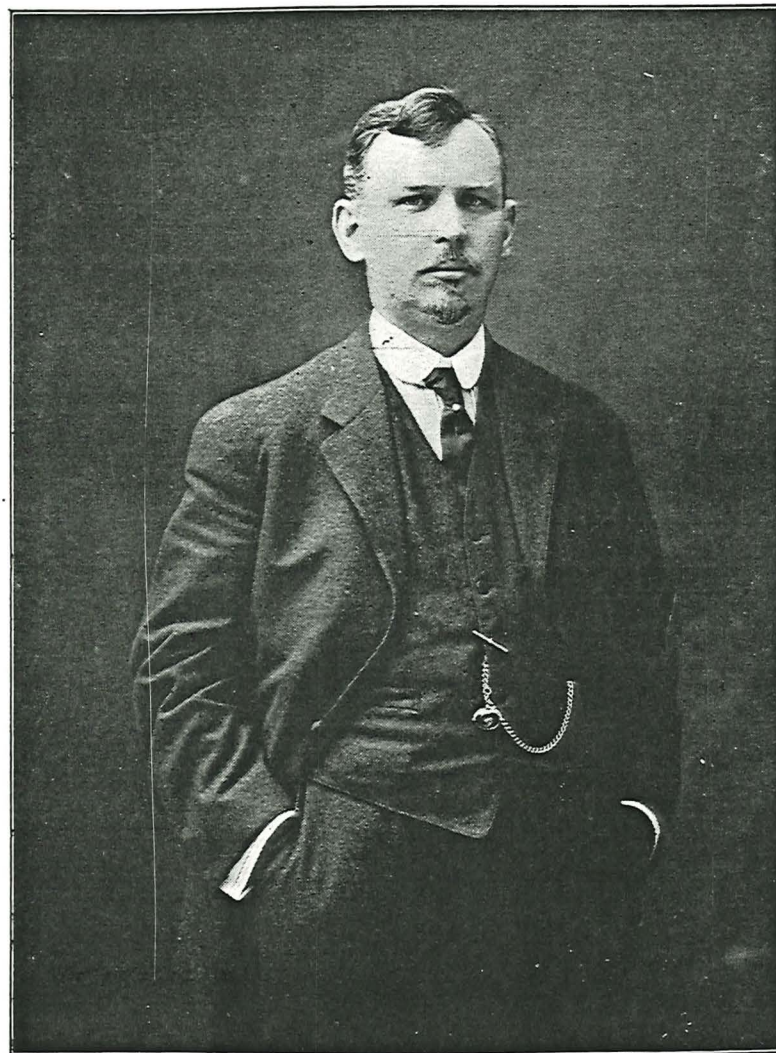
## PART III.

### Prayer and Thanksgiving

ADDRESS. "The Social Value of Free Speech"

Dr. O. P. GIFFORD, of Brookline





GEORGE W. COLEMAN, Chairman and Director of Meetings

Miss MARY C. CRAWFORD, Secretary for the Meetings

Office Hours at Room 707, Ford Building, State House Hill, 3.30 to 4.30 daily, except Saturdays. Telephone, Haymarket 2247

### COMMITTEE IN CHARGE

James P. Roberts

John Moseley  
Jefferson L. Harbour

Jesse E. Perry

Harry P. Bosson  
William E. Macurda

Benjamin N. Upham

### COMMITTEE OF CITIZENS

Rev. Dillon Bronson



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Rev. Edward Cummings	Rev. Edward H. Chandler	Rev. Dillon Bronson
Mrs. Glendower Evans	Mrs. Richard Y. Fitzgerald	Miss Ellen Paine Huling
Meyer Bloomfield	Franklin H. Wentworth	Russell B. Kingman
Edwin D. Mead	John T. Prince	James P. Munroe
		Robert A. Woods
		Henry Abrahams
		George B. Gallup

### FORD HALL USHERS

INSIDE			OUTSIDE		
J. P. ROBERTS, Chief			J. S. BALLOU, Chief		
Arthur H. Axberg	William Clark	Nathan I. Goodman	H. McCulloch	Samuel Hurvitz	
Morris Vutense	Louis J. Dodsworth	Jack Kaufman	Samuel Sackmary	William White	
Harry E. Burrough	Herbert L. Greene	Maurice A. Margolis	F. O. Mitchell	Samuel Richmond, Jr.	
Arthur F. Thomson	Herbert P. Ware		Jacob Levy	Miss Bessie Ogilvie	

**HOW SUPPORTED:** These Meetings are made possible through the funds left to the Boston Baptist Social Union (in whose Hall we meet) by the late DANIEL SHARP FORD, who owned *The Youth's Companion*. The management is in the hands of a Committee from the Social Union.



[ *This poem was selected by the Committee from among the collection of Birthday Letters.* ]

### THE "FORD HALL FOLKS."

Why stream the "Folks" at even tide,  
With earnest look and rapid stride,  
To Beacon Hill?

Why crowd the street from end to end,  
Until the throng the corners bend,  
And doorways fill?

Not one has face with gloom o'ercast,  
Not one is priest of "worn out" past,  
In that great line.

They've found an altar, just and strong,  
By kindness built, to banish wrong,  
And good incline.

Each takes his place and waits his turn,  
To file within, where fires burn,  
And hopes entwine.

Here frailest maid, and humblest man,  
And merest child, of mill-worn clan,  
May life refine.

This brightly lit, and spacious Hall,  
Besieged by throngs of great and small,  
Seems all divine.

No empty temple, lone, and bare,  
Where few are found to offer pray'r,  
Is this great shrine.

With songs, and pray'r and sentiment,  
They raise their hearts in love's great vent,  
And none decline.

The Master of the feast is there,  
To guide the host, the way prepare,  
And wisdom twine.

With utmost freedom of the mind,  
Though varied much in force and kind,  
Each speaks his word.

No clash of age, or sex, or clan,  
So common to the common man,  
Is herein heard.

This is the Forum of *the free*,  
Discussing things *that are to be*,  
Without a fear.

Here each one dreams of golden days,  
When love's pure thoughts, and love's sweet ways,  
Shall bring men near.

No Jew or Gentile, bond or free,  
In those great days, on earth shall be,  
But *only men*.

No color then, no social need,  
No heart without its fullest meed,  
When *all are men*.

*With my love and admiration,*

FREDERICK B. GREUL.

### AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,  
For amber waves of grain,  
For purple mountain majesties  
Above the fruited plain!  
America! America!  
God shed His grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,  
Whose stern, impassioned stress,  
A thoroughfare for freedom beat  
Across the wilderness!

O beautiful for glorious tale  
Of liberating strife,  
When valiantly, for man's avail,  
Men lavished precious life!  
America! America!  
May God thy gold refine,  
Till all success be nobleness,  
And ev'ry gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream  
That sees beyond the years  
Thine alabaster cities gleam  
Undimmed by human tears!

And good men.  
Each takes his place and waits his turn,  
To file within, where fires burn,  
And hopes entwine.

Here frailest maid, and humblest man,  
And merest child, of mill-worn clan,  
May life refine.

This brightly lit, and spacious Hall,  
Besieged by throngs of great and small,  
Seems all divine.

No empty temple, lone, and bare,  
Where few are found to offer pray'r,  
Is this great shrine.

Is here men.  
This is the Forum of the free,  
Discussing things *that are to be*,  
Without a fear.

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From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,  
Whose stern, impassioned stress,  
A thoroughfare for freedom beat  
Across the wilderness!  
America! America!  
God mend thine ev'ry flaw,  
Confirm thy soul in self-control,  
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for glorious tale  
Of liberating strife,  
When valiantly, for man's avail,  
Men lavished precious life!  
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—Katherine Lee Bates.

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#### O GOD OF EARTH AND ALTAR

(To the music of "Webb")

O God of earth and altar  
Bow down and hear our cry,  
Our earthly rulers falter,  
Our people drift and die;  
The walls of gold entomb us,  
The swords of scorn divide,  
Take not Thy thunder from us,  
But take away our pride.

From all that terror teaches,  
From lies of tongue and pen,  
From all the easy speeches  
That comfort cruel men,  
From sale and profanation  
Of honor and the sword,  
From sleep and from damnation,  
Deliver us, good Lord.

Tie in a living tether  
The priest and prince and thrall,  
Bind all our lives together,  
Smite us and save us all;  
In ire and exultation  
Aflame with faith, and free,  
Lift up a living nation,  
A single sword to Thee.

—G. K. Chesterton.



[This letter was selected by the Committee from the scores of letters sent in as typical of the Ford Hall sentiment.]

DECEMBER 24, 1912.

FORD HALL,  
CRADLE OF FRATERNITY,

### Greetings:



MRS. MARKS



DR. GIFFORD

Ford Hall: what magic in its name; what a charmed atmosphere surrounds it! 'Tis Christmas Eve; I am penning these lines while the Christmas carols are being chanted in the adjoining streets: "Peace on earth, good will to men." Ah, the dream of the millennium. I arise sore at heart; open the window of my rear room; there stands Ford Hall: how silent, how mute, but hold,—how eloquent and majestic it is, even in its muteness, for it seems to cry out in the night,—"Why can Jew and Gentile, rich or poor, meet here on common ground as brothers all, and not everywhere!" "'Tis Sunday, come Stranger, from whatever clime, professing whatever faith, and enter with me, within its portals, dedicated to the brotherhood of man." Note how joyous everyone appears to be! There is the Jew, the negro, the Irish, the Italian, the Yankee, aye, even the Turk; never a



MR. ROBERTS



MR. GALLUP

disturbance, never even an ill-spoken word, my honor for it, though they have been standing in the cold without for two hours full. And this, for five seasons past! Ah, the Sunday nights, how I long for them! Kind and genial Coleman in the chair; sweet and sisterly Miss Crawford at her faithful post; while there is Brother Gutterson at the piano. Observe his contented smile, for his soul is in the song. A song of dogmatic creed? Happily, no; for you are in Ford Hall now and 'tis the brotherhood song. The fatherhood of God is in the very air. And to think that Sunday evening theatre concerts once held charms for me; oh, the horror of it. The speaker has rendered his discourse; many have disagreed with him, but mark you, not one discourteous act has been noted. I am a Jew, you know, and some of the dearest friends I possess were formerly rabid Jew-haters. But such animosity cannot exist in Ford Hall atmosphere; it melts. And you may rest assured that I in return have learned to love my Christian neighbors, God bless them. Such is Christianity, Stranger, as Ford Hall expounds it.

### *Members of the Baptist Social Union:*

A parting word as regards your Chairman at Ford Hall. Speaking as a Jew on behalf of the Jews, I can





MRS. MARKS

chanted in the adjoining streets: "Peace on earth, good will to men." Ah, the dream of the millennium. I arise sore at heart; open the window of my rear room; there stands Ford Hall: how silent, how mute, but hold,—how eloquent and majestic it is, even in its muteness, for it



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#### *Members of the Baptist Social Union:*

A parting word as regards your Chairman at Ford Hall. Speaking as a Jew on behalf of the Jews, I can truthfully state with all sincerity, that the name of George W. Coleman is held with the tenderest affection; while his loftiness of purpose, combined with such genial personality, has attained for him a popularity among them that cannot be likened unto another in our midst.

#### **In Memoriam.**

DANIEL SHARP FORD: May his name forever be linked with posterity, and his life's work an inspiration for others to go and do likewise. Peace to his memory!

SAMUEL SACKMARY,  
45 Joy Street, Boston.



MR. GUTTERSON



MISS CRAWFORD