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Mr. Ford's Philosophy.

In an interview with Arthur Evans of the Chicago Tribune, Henry Ford holds forth at length on recovery. In a few short sentences in that interview he turns philosopher, which of all things, Mr. Ford ought to avoid.

What he has to say on philosophy wouldn't make the Dearborn local if it were not Mr. Ford who said it.

Great American industrialist, this is his view:

"This question of recovery reminds me of the little boy in our Dearborn school, who took for a topic 'Why Are We Alive.' If he had been able to answer that he would have been answering a problem men have been pondering over since the human brain began to operate reflectively. For one thing we're here to improve things, to get the most of life, and make the world a better and more comfortable place to live in."

Doubt about everything else but this: we're here to improve things, to build better and faster automobiles, higher and stronger skyscrapers, safer airplanes, more commodious homes, quicker safety razors, smoother cough medicine--wotta life!

What an inspiring purpose to be born into the world to fulfill!

And we are to "get the most of life"--naive expression of American industrialists' philosophy. Get what you can out of your fellow man. Pile it up high and sit on it with a gun in your hand as millions of half-starving, unemployed mill past you in the streets.

Many little parochial school boys in Dearborn could let Mr. Ford in on a tremendous secret--if he has been too busy making money to find it out for himself.

The only purpose of life worth talking about, the only purpose that gives life meaning and motive and hope for the masses is "to know God, to love Him, and to serve Him in this life, and to be happy with Him forever in the next."

That purpose of life is not a guess, not a slave-slogan. It is certain as life itself. And it will satisfy, not only Mr. Ford and Edsel, but millions of less-fortunate men.

Mr. Ford should learn about it. It would broaden him, inform his shut-in soul with a new spirit of charity. A page from Bishop Hedley could have been written to Mr. Ford:

"Too many men,..... good men, simple men, sit as in the night, with the windows darkened and no lamps but those which men have lighted.

"No wonder they forget how wide a world is human nature; no wonder they can not read even the brief and scanty records of their own shut-up chamber; no wonder they fell at times as if vital breath itself were difficult to draw.

"If they are wise they will spring up and burst their way out to the full Christian light; if they are wise they will pray even for an earthquake to shatter their narrow walls and crush into dust all the useless ineffectual things they trifle with, and to give them back--homeless, perhaps, for a time and forlorn, but free at least--to the wide daylight of Christ's complete revelation."