

THE LIFE OF
Joseph Fels

By MARY FELS

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JOSEPH FELS

Engine and wheel and chain that clank and groan
In ceaseless factory-din thundering apace,
Ear-stunning clamour of the market-place,
And yet, amid it all, he heard the moan,
When Riches made its golden bribe his own,
And Power trumpet-called him from the throng,
And soft, luxurious Ease, with drowsy song,
He was as one not hearing—save the moan.
Half the vast world he traversed in his quests,
As Galahad for the Grail, heedless of self,
Unresting, squandering time and strength and pelf,
Followed and sought and fought—and now he rests.

FRANK STEPHENS.

The significance of this book about Joseph Fels lies in his love for his fellowmen and his endeavors in their behalf. It was his life motive.

There was no time in his life when he was not actuated by it. Success in business meant nothing for himself but everything for others—as was proved when success came. He seized on the socialization of land values as the ground-work for the weal of mankind. On that could be built development.

God gave the natural resources of the earth to sustain all His children. He gave enough and to spare that sustenance would be under their feet while head and heart sought the progress that leads to Him. They were to be free in body and spirit that they might choose this progress. The strenuous efforts of Joseph Fels were to this end.