

Darrow, the Enigma.

Clarence Darrow is a riddle. The American people have not yet worked it out; but there is no disputing the fact that year by year more and more of them grow interested in the Darrow Enigma. A fighting non-resistant; an advocate of the law defending labor leaders accused of terrorist methods; a passionate lover of liberty, brought to the very gates of the penitentiary, Darrow has appealed to the imagination of an ever growing public, until today he challenges national attention.

In a short sketch it would be impossible to do more than suggest this personality. Moreover, it is a personality which seems more elusive the more it is studied. Like life itself such a varied nature baffles analysis. Like life itself it offers tares with wheat, the rainbow of bitter tears with shining joy, the thorns with the flowers. Also like life, in all its inconsistencies this nature is consistent, ever unfolding in a logical development.

To the critic, small and irritable, Darrow's faults blot the entire page of his history. Little men, virtues, faults and all might crawl through the hole-in-the-fence left by one of Darrow's peccadillos. As for his blazing virtues, such little critics creep away blinded by them, to seek the comfortable darkness. Human, all too human, this man has suffered much in his individual life: Depending upon the public for the chance to do his public work, his career, too, has been injured by the carping of venomous critics. Yet here he is at fifty-two still laying about him and attacking with victorious blows the mighty powers which ever threaten Justice, Liberty, Fraternal Love.

Darrow was born in the Western Reserve

of Ohio of a father who gave up the ministry to run a country store that he might "feel surer of what he was doing." At nineteen young Darrow taught school and later had one year at college, which was "all he wanted." Early in the twenties he went to Chicago to study law, and there he has built up a brilliant reputation at the bar, serving at one time as corporation counsel for a great railroad, but later preferring the defense of such men as Debs, Kidd, the anthracite coal miners, and Moyer, Haywood, and the McNamaras. Also the artist and the philosopher were growing apace, through these years, in this many-sided personality. Evenings, Sundays and vacations were spent in delivering lectures, writing essays, stories and novels, and furthering every form of movement tending to ameliorate conditions for the poor and oppressed. No one can begin to understand this man who has not heard him speak in private, intimate conversation and public lectures and orations—who has not read his writings from the earliest to the latest. The ideas he utters today were rooted in his boyhood when his susceptible nature was under the influence of Garrison, Kelley, Foster, Pillsbury and other devoted abolitionists who inspired him with ideals of liberty and fired him with bitter hatred of tyranny.

Fully two-thirds of Darrow's time has been given to preaching or practicing his doctrines of Justice, Democracy, Liberty and Love.

For eighteen years the law firm of Altgeld & Darrow, on Clark and Randolph street was to the poor and outcast of Chicago a lighthouse to wrecked mariners on a turbulent sea. And after Altgeld died Dar-

row shouldered his partner's burdens with his own. His office in the center of six squares of the richest district of the city bounded by the fashionable Michigan boulevard, the famous Auditorium Hotel, by the wealth of Marshall Field & Company, stood out the one protest against the tyranny of the Money Power.

Twelfth floor! The elevator man knows. That was where the flagging is worn by the ceaseless tread of rough-shod feet of the poor and the heavy-laden. They come from every dark corner, seeking in the proud and cruel metropolis the one gleam of beckoning hope. The bench of Darrow's outer office was always crowded by men in overalls, their arms in slings, by women huddled in shawls and threadbare clothes, wan-faced, waiting for Darrow. "He'll fix you up," their friends had promised.

And out he would come to them, one by one, the novelty of helping the weak and unfortunate long since worn off. He was just going on because "someone must help these people." His tired eyes took in the long waiting line; his great chest heaved a sigh; he smiled to them in turn, a pitying smile, and beckoning the nearest, slouched back to the inner room to add new cares to the bent shoulders' burden. One of his younger partners would sometimes protest: "My God, we are overwhelmed with important matters. You can't see Darrow." But the people knew better and waited, and Darrow only whistled a puzzled note or two before deciding that the "important matters" must wait, rather than the poor.

The sight of those wan faces and warped and mangled figures, the tales he heard, the bitter wrongs which were unfolded in that inner office have sunk lines of pain, pathos and revolt in the face of the great lawyer. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my children, ye have done it also unto me." Their experiences became his experiences, plowing up his soul and springing into expression in his writings and speeches.

Darrow's theories and sympathies have been expounded in pamphlets and books, which are unique in the literature of our time. In "A Persian Pearl and Other Essays," he discusses with a poet's insight, "Omar Khayyam," "Walt Whitman," "Robert Burns," "Realism in Literature and Art," and "The Skeleton in the Closet." "The Skeleton in the Closet" is a favorite phrase of Darrow's, symbolizing the secret in almost every life, which enables us to understand the frailty and sufferings of others. Remembrance of our own skeletons will wipe out the spirit of vengeance, of bitter judgment of others, will make us sympathetically understand the McNamaras and even "criminals" of less noble mistakes than theirs. "An Eye for an Eye," another of Darrow's books, communicates the psychology of a murderer and makes one feel the injustice of capital punishment. "Resist Not Evil" advocates Tolstol's doctrine of non-

resistance. In "Farmington" he voices the sense of failure which comes to most men at one time or another. "All my life," it concludes, "I have been planning and hoping, and thinking and dreaming, and loitering and waiting. All my life I have been getting ready to begin to do something worth the while. I have been waiting for the summer and waiting for the fall; I have been waiting for the winter and waiting for the spring, waiting for the night and waiting for the morning, waiting and dawdling and dreaming, till the day is almost spent and the twilight close at hand."

But it is not in his written works, but as an orator that Clarence Darrow finds his best expression. After the office door was closed upon the routine of daily life, in the evenings and Sundays, he would tuck the loose notes of a favorite theme into an overcoat pocket and scurry off, late, to teach Tolstol from the platform of any church or lecture hall to which he was bidden, or to meet some eager group and discuss the deep humanity of Robert Burns, or to agree with Henry George "as far as he went" at a Single Tax gathering, and with Carl Marx, "modified," to an angry audience of orthodox old-school Socialists. He will talk till long past midnight to a handful of Jews in the Chicago Ghetto with the same ardor with which he addresses a theatre full of well-dressed attendants of the Ethical Culture Lectures. He will dwell lovingly on the Bonnie Brier Bush tales with a half dozen friends in the park, or clash swords in quick anger with the host at a fashionable dinner party. He will "line up" with the inmates of the County Jail, where once he delivered his famous lectures on Crimes and Criminals. There is no such thing as a crime, as the word is generally understood. I do not believe there is any sort of distinction between the real moral condition of the people in and out of jail. In one sense we are all equally good and equally bad. We do the best we can under the circumstances. There is only one way to cure so-called crime, and that is to give the people a chance to live. There is no other way." And in "Resist Not Evil" he had written: "We do not blame the dwarf for his stature, the deaf because they cannot hear, the blind because they cannot see. The felon is my brother not alone because he has every element of good that I so well recognize in myself, but because I have every element of evil that I see in him.

"How great a difference is there between making a sharp deal with your neighbor, getting more from him than you give him, and taking outright what is his? Yet one is business and the other is felony. Why should the man who kills another in the heat of passion be dealt capital punishment while owners of factories who kill men and women by unsafe tools, are justified?"

Darrow's fame as an orator is widespread. His name is one to conjure with wherever an audience is wanted. Whether Darrow

was to speak or not, his name was always announced for a program designed to draw a crowd. And especially the poor would flock to hear him. The man's love of the people is the intense passion of his life, and the poor know.

Let us follow the crowd to a great meeting at Cooper Union, New York, where Darrow has been advertised to speak.

The huge hall is crowded to the ceilings and hundreds are turned away. The chairman introduces the man who has become beloved as the "Great Defender" of the leaders of the masses, and Darrow rises modestly and simply to all his great height. For fifteen minutes the crowd applauds and waves and cheers and cries out in wild acclaim: Darrow! Darrow! Darrow! three cheers for Clarence Darrow. A ten thousand voiced roar of applause and appreciation of "the only Clarence Darrow." And the man standing there waving them to silence with such modest deprecation is clearly moved by their greeting, to the depths of a sensitive soul. He stands there simple and plainly dressed as any working man, indifferent to personal appearance and the conventional trifles of life, he ponders larger issues. He has been described in the *St. Louis Mirror*:

"A man of more than average height, with well rounded limbs and body, a deep chest which drops into a general bearing of relaxation while the whole frame ambles with toes kicking up in the process of walking. On the broad shoulders a round head, delicate at the back, but marked in front by an oppressively full brow, which overarches the face like a crag. Underneath the brow, eyes of gooseberry size and color, which roam restlessly or else assume a fixed expression as if looking through a stone wall or into the secrets of fate; a sallow, leathern-like complexion with flesh hanging loosely over the cheeks and jaws and shot through with heavy lines, a varying expression, at times lowering into saturnine sorrowfulness, at times melting into smiles and wreathed in good nature and irresistible charm—a rounded boyish face."

His voice is a wonderful instrument, always musical and ranging from the winsome tone of kindly intimacy to a trumpet blast calling to arms for revolution.

He begins with incisive, epigrammatic, moderate sentences always. And the scathing sarcasm, bitter denunciation and rousing appeal toward which he rises, are concerned not with persons, but with principles. He is a lover of all men. He is a fierce hater not of any man, but of inhuman qualities found in men, of any form of hypocrisy, pretense, tyranny or cruelty.

In a typical speech he develops many sides to his nature—in turns something of the unassuming child, the panther, the lynx, the lion, yet always compassionate, hating no one unless while he is an oppressor or conventionally observing the letter of the law while outraging the spirit. Against

tyranny and hypocrisy he ever hurls a great storm of invective. His words rumble and toss, crash and flash and go muttering off, leaving behind an overwhelming sense of awe, a fresh vision through the clouds of some old superstition or dark wrong. And after the storm comes the rainbow—tears and laughter and a calm, philosophic peace. His audience weeps with him, laughs through tears at his irresistible wit and humor, and comes away tied to the man, Darrow, heart and soul, thinking of him ever after as "Clarence," so intimately have they shared his great experiences, so completely has he won their affection.—Exchange.

THE UNIONISM THAT FAILS.

Independent and Weak National Organizations Are Worse Than Useless.

During the past month the Banner received a communication from a well-known member of a railroad brotherhood in which he deplored the fact that in a certain railroad center in the Province the boiler makers had left the International Union and formed an independent organization. The reason given for such action was that owing to the big strikes in the States they had been assessed on an average of a dollar a week in addition to the ordinary dues, and felt unable on the rate of wages they received to maintain such a drain, and had therefore formed an organization of their own, and with lower dues and no assessments found it far easier to induce non-unionists to join.

In answer we would state that there are only two kinds of unions in existence, those who are strong enough numerically and financially to do things and win results, and those who are unions in name only and have neither the ability or the resources to make good, and which from their very nature and composition are doomed to failure.

You can't get something for nothing out of a Labor Union any more than you can out of any other legitimate business proposition. The only unions that have ever won results in America are affiliated with the International movement. Independent organizations have always proved farcical and visionary and have generally been just about as substantial as a shadow on the fence.

With the monster combinations that exist today to crush out the spirit of independence among the workers it is worse than foolish for men to withdraw from strong organizations to form cheap concerns that have no possible chance of making good. If it were not for the powerful international bodies there is not a boiler maker, machinist, or worker of any of the mechanical crafts employed on Canadian railways today who would be earning the rate of wages he does at the present time. If every boiler maker in Canada was organized in low due, national or independent unions, and a big strike was forced on them, they