

# IT PAYS IN BOTH CASH AND REPUTATION TO BE A USER OF LUCAS PAINT

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Chicago

## "WHO IS THIS MAN DARROW?"

Twelve years ago, when Eugene V. Debs was imprisoned as a result of his activities in the great railway strike in Chicago, Clarence Darrow became his legal champion. Three years later, he defended Thomas I. Kidd and two striking woodworkers who were charged with having "conspired," through their union, "to injure the business" of a great lumber company in Oshkosh, Wis. His argument, which has been printed in pamphlet form and is pronounced by no less a critic than William Dean Howells "as interesting as a novel" resulted in the acquittal of his clients.

A more distinctive figure than Darrow's, says Kellogg Durland, in the Boston Transcript, has seldom come out of the West:

"He was born in the Western Reserve of Ohio. His father was an honest man. After qualifying for the church he gave up the cloth for a country store that he might 'feel surer of what he was doing.' At nineteen young Darrow was teaching school. One year of college life satisfied him. Early in his twenties he drifted to Chicago and studied law. All his life he has been a dreamer and happy in his dreams. He has the strength of a man of vision. As a lawyer he has wide reputation, for he has been the corporation counsel for a great railroad and the defender of men like Eugene V. Debs and Kidd in the famous woodworkers' conspiracy case. Public life has always called him, but he has mostly been deaf to the call. 'I want to make my living as a lawyer and devote my leisure to writing stories and essays,' he has pleaded almost peevishly. 'And I want to write a long novel.' His life is best understood in his philosophy. The ideas he gives utterance to today are rooted in the years of his boyhood when his pliant mind was brought in contact with scenes surrounding an underground railroad station. His flesh and blood heroes were Garrison, Kelley, Foster, Pillsbury and other devoted abolitionists who inspired him with ideals of liberty and fired him with bitter hatred toward every form of oppression. The black man's fetters have

been loosed, but he believes there are workmen in this country who are shackled as truly as were ever the negroes. Darrow offers his life to these. If he sometimes speaks like a hater of the rich it is only because of his burning zeal to speak loudly for the poor who cannot speak at all. He calls himself a Tolstoyan. 'Tolstoy', he says, 'is the first author who has put the doctrine of non-resistance on a substantial basis.' Tolstoy is the one man to whom Darrow has ever pledged himself. To be sure, it is Darrowesque Tolstoyanism, but it works out an interesting code and Darrow follows it with amazing consistency. He has ever steadfastly refrained from committing himself to any movement which partook of the nature of an ism."

It was in 1888, that Chicago first began to ask, "Who is this man Darrow?" He had delivered a speech in the Central Music Hall on labor and taxation, and Henry George had spoken on the same occasion from the same platform. Among those who were deeply impressed by this speech was ex-Governor Altgeld, and later he and Darrow went into partnership. "Altgeld was the first man of importance to express any recognition of the fact that there lives a man of the name of Clarence S. Darrow," Darrow once remarked. Altgeld believed that in Clarence Darrow was the making of a man of destiny. Several years after the partnership had been formed, Darrow went into politics for awhile and was elected to the state legislature. Some of his friends wanted to nominate him for mayor of Chicago. But he balked. "The people don't want me in the mayor's chair," he told them. "I am too radical." Mr. Durland proceeds with his narrative:

"Indifferent to personal appearances and the conventional trifles of life, he ponders and emphasizes the larger issues. He is a brilliant speaker, quick at retort, incisive, epigrammatic. Six days in the week he gives over to the routine of business, but on Sundays he tucks the loose pages of a favorite lecture into an outer overcoat

pocket and scurries off to some obscure place to preach Tolstoy from the platform of any church that will open its doors to him, or to tell of the rich and deep humanity of Robert Burns at a single tax gathering or at an ethical league. Wherever men and women will listen to his utterances on the inherent worth of every human soul, there he will go. I have heard him talk until long past midnight to a handful of Jews in an upper room of the Chicago ghetto. I have sat with a hundred radical Socialists, Anarchists and political and social outcasts for two hours and a half when he told the story of Waslova as drawn in 'Resurrection,' but as usual, with as much of Darrow as of Tolstoy. I have sat with half a dozen friends through the evening and the night till four in the morning listening to him reading 'Bonnie Brier Bush' tales which were as real to him and to us as a reading from life."

Darrow's life is an epitome of his theories; and his theories he has expounded in pamphlets and books which are unique in the literature of our time. The best of his books is entitled "A Persian Pearl, and Other Essays," and in it he discusses, with a poet's style and real 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 suffering of others. A second of Darrow's books, "An Eye for an Eye," communicates the psychology of a murderer in such a way as to make one feel, for the time being at least, the injustice of capital punishment, or indeed of any punishment. A third argument, devoted to the advocacy of Tolstoy's doctrine of non-resistance, is entitled "Resist not Evil."

The most startling and revolutionary of Darrow's utterances is embodied in a lecture on "Crime and Criminals," delivered before the prisoners in Chicago County jail and issued as a pamphlet. "There is no such thing," says Darrow in this address, "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." He adds: "In one sense everybody is equally good and equally bad. We all do the best we can under the circumstances." Then follows the argument: "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 there never was any other way since the world began."

There is a touch of pessimism in Darrow's philosophy, and in "Farmington," a story which is practically his autobiography, he voices that sense of failure which comes to most of us at one time or another. "All my life," he 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, until the day is almost spent and the twilight close at hand." In one sense, however, this is only the humility of an idealist. For Darrow has already accomplished a great deal along the lines he has chosen.

#### LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

"They drive home the cows from the pasture  
And up through the long, shady lane,  
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheatfields  
That are yellow with ripening grain.  
They find in the thick, waving grasses  
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows  
They gather the earliest snowdrops  
And the first crimson bud of the rose."

"They toss the new hay in the meadows,  
They gather the elder blooms white,  
They find where the dusky grapes purple  
In the soft tinted October light  
They know where the apples hang ripest  
And sweeter than Italy's wines,  
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest  
On the long, thorny blackberry vines."

"They gather the delicate seaweeds,  
And build tiny castles of sand,  
They pick up the beautiful seashells,  
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.  
They wave from the tall, rocking tree-top,  
Where the Oriole's hammock nest swings.  
And at night time are folded in slumber,  
By the song that a fond mother sings."

"And those who toil bravely are strongest.  
The humble and poor become great  
And from those brown handed children  
Shall grow mighty rulers of state,  
The pen of the author and statesman,  
The noble and wise of the land  
The sword and the chisel and palette  
Shall be held by the little brown hand."

Mr. W. H. Andrews, General Manager, and Mr. F. W. Robinson, General Superintendent of the Pratt & Lambert plants in the United States, sailed on the "Celtic" July 25th for Europe, to visit the London varnish plant of Robert Ingham Clark & Company, Ltd., their associate house.