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On Saturday morning, August 17th, as I stood looking out of the window of my office, I saw Clarence Darrow, the eminent Chicago criminal lawyer, and his wife, come out of the Los Angeles Hall of Records. It was the first time he had passed through that doorway for months without feeling the restraining hand of the law upon his shoulder. For long and weary months he had been under accusation as guilty of a crime which, if proved against him, would have sent him to the penitentiary for a long term of years. I saw the straightening of the shoulders, the bright gleam of the eye, the joy of the face, the springiness of the step, that revealed the sense of relief which he felt. The smile of his wife was reflected on the faces of the score or more people who greeted him almost immediately he stepped out of the doorway, and it was a long procession of congratulations, as he walked down the street, for nine-tenths of those who met him, men and women, stopped to shake hands, give a cheery word and express their satisfaction at his release.

Personally I have never believed that Clarence Darrow is the kind of a man who could be guilty of the crime of bribery. I see a picture before me. It is of a young man of brilliant intellect who has already won a certain degree of fame among his fellow students. He possesses the keenest and brightest mind of them all. His ability in debate is unquestioned. His studiousness and his thoroughness are recognized by all. His honor and integrity are never questioned. He has just been ad-

mitted to the bar. A case is brought to him. It is one in which eminent lawyers are engaged for a large corporation that is well known to "take care of"—in a most satisfactory manner—those who protect its interests. He is asked to associate himself with these distinguished and eminent members of the bar in the protection of the affairs of this corporation. He is anxious to rise in his profession. The love of his heart demands that he give to the maid of his choice as beautiful a home as she can desire. He wants to make money for her sake. He wants to advance in his profession to satisfy his own ambition. But he has a conscience. His conscience demands that he examine into this case of the corporation before he accepts. He asks for both the opportunity and the time. They are accorded to him. He delves into the case. He finds that the power of the corporation and the brilliant array of intellect of its lawyers are to be used against a poor unfortunate who feels that he has a just case. His conscience is aroused. His sympathy as a man is awakened. That night he cannot sleep. He walks the floor. The agony of a soul-decision is upon him. Dare he disobey the voice of his conscience? Is it possible for him to fight against such powers as these that have asked him to align himself with them and really succeed in life as he counts success? How shall he decide it? I do not know and I do not care to know whether he knelt and prayed for divine guidance to help him in his decision. I do know that he received divine guidance. For wherever a man accepts the human, the humane, the just, the truthful, and the brotherly path of life—though he may thereby accept poverty and the thwarting of his personal ambitions at the same time—instead of accepting the selfish, the unbrotherly path though it be combined with wealth and position, he is guided by the Divine.

That was Clarence Darrow's first decision, won in the Court of his own soul.

He has been making decisions like that ever since, and in every case they have been in behalf of his down-trodden fellow-men. There are a hundred brilliant, brainy and competent lawyers willing and anxious to take the cases of the great corporations as against one man of equal intellect, competency and power who will undertake the cases of the poor, the illiterate and the down-trodden.

Men of this latter class are not the bribe-givers. They are men of an entirely different stamp. For when a man's soul has once fought a big fight between the Powers of Darkness and Light, as did Clarence Darrow, and won on the side of Light, as did Clarence Darrow, he is not apt in another fight deliberately to array himself on the side of the Powers of Darkness, no matter what the case may be nor the temptation ambition presents.