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New Year's Number

Dr. Joseph Collins on
FREUDIANISM

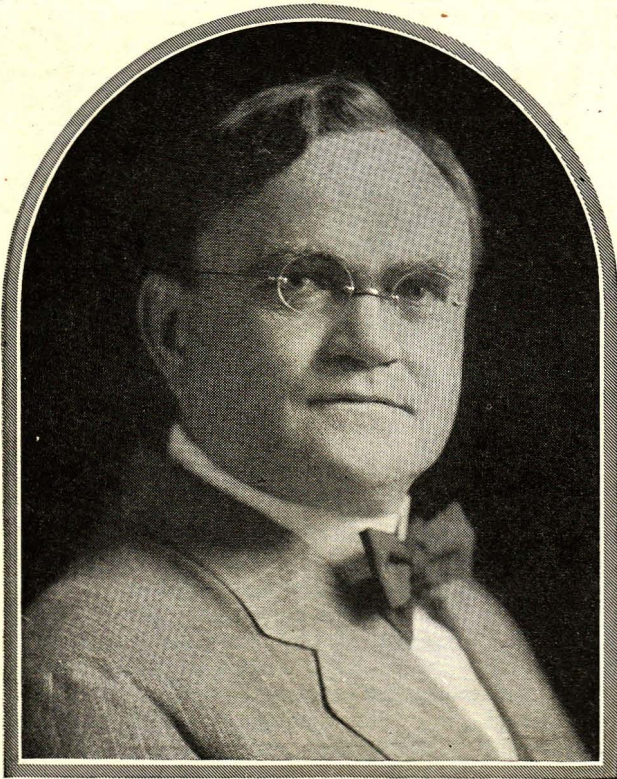
World Tells Its Tale of 1925
BY HARRY PENCE

Opening the Book on 1926
By SAMUEL CROWTHER

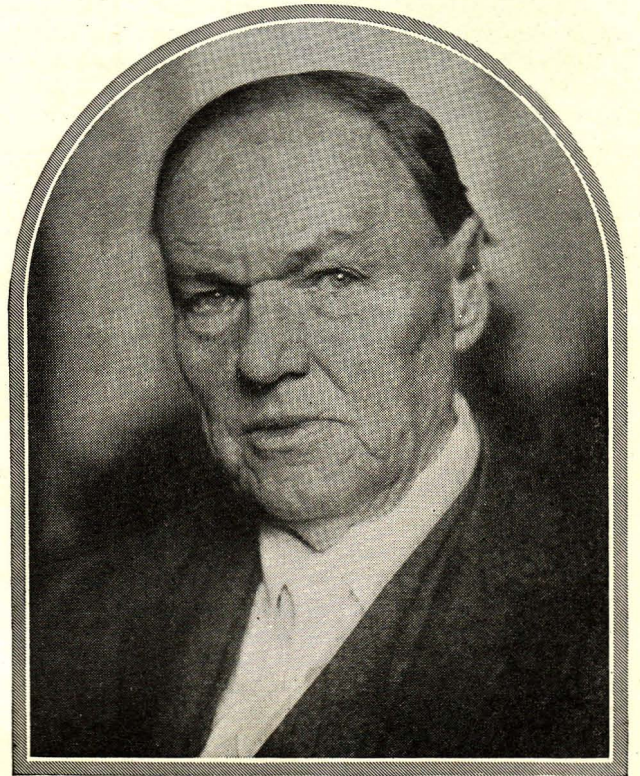
Keeping Tab on Father Time
By EDNA M. COLMAN

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Darrow Debates Like a Wet Lamb



JAMES SCHERMERHORN



CLARENCE DARROW

Story of a Forensic Battle in Detroit told by Schermerhorn, the Dry Defender

ALL about the debate with Darrow!
All about the debate about the debate with Darrow!

For there was a sub-debate preceding and following the forensic two hours at the Detroit Athletic Club of a December afternoon, on the wisdom of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Confronting each other in the minor encounter were Truth and Misreport, and Misreport won.

One Detroit newspaper gave it out that Wayne B. Wheeler, general counsel of the Anti-Saloon League of America, had run away from Darrow. Truth was he was tied up in Washington with forty-one committees at the threshold of the assembling of Congress.

Another Detroit daily took pains to publish twice that I ran toward Darrow. Truth was I was just finishing my Thanksgiving turkey in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia when Charlie Hughes, manager of the Detroit Athletic Club, besought me by wire to stand up against the gladiatorial Darrow, to make a Roman punch holiday. I took it.

"Volunteers to debate with Darrow!" Darrow, who eats 'em alive in the courtroom or on the forum!

As reference to an unlegalistic mortal, without controversial experi-

ence since those dim high school lyceum days when it was "resolved that the printing press had done more for civilization than steam," that Misreport was a choice morsel of merriment.

While I had no kidney for the encounter with the formidable Darrow of the press reports, stout scoffer and defender of the desperate, I permitted the persuasive Hughes to conscript me. If this be volunteering, let Misreport make the best of it! Which it did for its own purposes.

Truth and Misreport went at it again when the thing was over. While there was no vote on the outcome of the presentations, Truth—as expressed by a club membership far from sympathetic with Prohibition—assured me that

I had shot a Darrow into the air;
He fell to earth I know not where.

But Misreport, reduced to the necessity of saying one of three things—that the affirmative won, that the negative won, that it was a draw—let the impression prevail that it was anyone's victory.

No strictures are intended for the bright young men of the press, who stuck bravely to their posts while the verbal artillery volleyed and thundered.

Their function has suffered impairment since merchandising succeeded opinion-molding in metropolitan journalism.

In the light of countingroom necessity of deferring to the wet sentiment in dynamic but far from dealcoholized Detroit, Misreport might have gone further and done worse than developing the Darrow side with fullness, while reflecting imperfectly the Affirmative's three propositions.

No harsh censoriness is intended. It has not been so long since I sat where the reporters did but that I can sense the conditions under which they work, and the changes in journalism that vex the conscientious chronicler's spirit. Under the circumstances they made readable copy of the controversy.

The vanquishment of the wets' most adroit advocate—if I may accept with all due humility the conclusions of judges, lawyers, manufacturers, merchants, advertising experts and others who put aside their personal slant to reach a judicial decision—was more than I looked for in that liberal, if not saturate, presence.

I knew that I had to leave out emotionalism, so powerful a factor in the old red ribbon crusades. Neither was it any place to stress the spiritual aspect of the nation's renunciation. (Continued on page 22)

Darrow Debates Like a Wet Lamb

(Continued from page 7)

What reflection I was able to give the forthcoming set-to between platform engagements on my way North convinced me the only arrows I had in my locutional quiver for the seasoned foe were facts, accomplished facts; perhaps feathered with fables and gentle railery to soothe the adversary's savage breast!

Truth is mighty and must prevail, of course; but I had seen Truth's interference crumble too many times in the path of Mr. Darrow's plausible and powerful attack to be sure that I could stop him. Many times he has proved himself master of artifice and appeal; and alack! they make up a great multitude who fail to differentiate sound from sense, fact from fury.

The expected unfriendliness of the club atmosphere was offset somewhat when I got on the scene in Detroit by cheery rooters who wrote that they expected me to "go straight into him and make a real cleaning with keen, quick convincing utterance"; that my antagonist had "had it far too easy in all his previous battles," and I must cut him down to his real size; that I could "poke holes in many of his conclusions"; that he was no Goliath and that I was like David, et cetera.

Meant to be heartening, these epistolary cheers did not have exactly that effect. Rather, they kept my thoughts reverting to the quaking moments in which "Bob Acres" makes ready to meet his redoubtable rival at the dueling-ground, not a whit emboldened by the hints of the other party's deadly marksmanship.

But it was borne in upon me that it would be well to find what Mr. Darrow had. All that I could find was that with reference to the nation's banishment of booze he had assumed an I-am-above-the-law bravado; that he would not deny himself what the Constitution had denied him; that outlawed liquor still flowed freely; that the enactment had been put over on the people by a handful of intolerants and fanatics while millions of our young men were off fighting for their country; that a horde of spies and snoops were invading American homes; that the accursed law had not changed his appetite; that big business, having deprived labor of the cup that cheers in the interest of quantity production, was getting its own bottled exhilaration right along, et cetera.

There was nothing in all this trite material of the Amendment and the Moderation leagues that was not familiar or answerable. If the other side were coming to the fray in his usual form I figured that he must be digging up much new stuff.

I looked for him especially to come fortified with a pamphlet issued in late November by the Moderation League, aiming at "the restoration of temperance," and presenting "A National Survey of Conditions Under Prohibition." By charts and figures the document seeks to establish the fact that drunkenness, drunken driving and intoxicated children have increased under the Eighteenth Amendment.

Although refutable through the bringing out of the fact that the comparison of totals in 1914 and 1925 does not take into account tremendous growth of population

and the other well-known fact that drunks were not apprehended in other years unless they were making themselves obnoxious in public, but are now arrested on sight, the survey was fresher and more significant than the arguments Mr. Darrow had used on former occasions.

But whatever weapons the Negative had in his arsenal, the Affirmative made up his mind that he would furnish as little as possible for him to shoot at with a skill and precision acquired in great criminal cases. This much for discretion.

Accordingly, to establish the wisdom of the Eighteenth Amendment as a public

whether it be hurtful or not, will have power to develop the ability to endure hardness; so that, instead of a race growing soft through parental laxity, multiplied pleasures and indulgences, America will stay under training and be ready to show the superiority of a nation sober against other nations sodden.

The D. A. C. auditorium was packed to the doors; 2,000 were turned away. As Mr. Darrow and myself stepped out of the ante-room upon the stage, he rattled a blank sheet of white paper in his hand and drawled in his soft tone: "There's my speech."

I had two thoughts. One was that the great defender was taking the occasion too lightly. The other was that the structure of my remarks and corroborative data, in my side-pocket, savored of taking it too seriously. Impassioned advocacy of the moralities of our side beat it right then.

If it were a foil that the arch-denouncer wanted, he would be fooled. I was willing to personify the whisky plague in John Barleycorn, but I sensed the fact that it would be fatal for me to personify the shriveled, sour and salaried holier-than-thou uplifter the unconventional declaimer for personal liberty would have liked to have before him.

In disposing of John Barleycorn early in the proceedings I tried to keep in mind the proverb that "There's many a truth told in jest." Being officially and satisfactorily entombed, it devolved upon Darrow to subscribe to the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead to bring him back.

If he had got that far in the Apostle's Creed, it would be something for the faith-keeping Bryan to look down upon from the battlements of Heaven. There was some more badinage and a deal of railery, that Darrow did not resent.

Quip and wheeze left his inscrutable countenance unclouded. He never looked the Ogre he had been painted. There was no suggestion of the carnivorous, flesh-tearing antagonist. Either he was mollified by good nature or had made up his mind to go on a diet in December.

He spent five minutes of his first period of 40 minutes in relating his astonishment at finding that teetotalism and a sense of humor could dwell together.

He could not conceive how anyone could extract any joy of living or wax eloquent or poetic from the Constitutional fluid that filled the silver pitcher on the table. He declared the Affirmative was getting too much fun out of life to belong on that side.

It was clear sailing for the Affirmative after that. The evident sincerity of Darrow's revelation of his astonishment made this five minutes the most meaningful of the afternoon to me. I thought of the familiar fable of the meeting of the two strangers:

"Didn't I meet you in Cuba five years ago?"

"Nix—I never was in Cuba."

"Neither was I—must have been two different people."

Darrow, in his mildness and in his willingness to come more than halfway to make our conflict of opinion amicable, was not the Darrow of the advance warnings to

What They Said After the Debate

"Darrow wasn't so mighty, was he?—if he couldn't even get his own crowd to acclaim him after the debate."

* * * *

"If that is the best the wets can muster, the jig's up."

policy (the phrasing of the Resolution was fortunate for the affirmative, upholding as it was the collective will of the people) I decided to devote the first 20 minutes at my disposal to an historically accurate recital of John Barleycorn's progressive depravity, rejection and execution—pointing out that his doom was not revolutionary, but evolutionary; not so much innovation, but continuation.

And furthermore, being six years dead, it behooved all good citizens, bowing to the expressed will of 98 per cent of the sovereign states, to let him lie where the cumulative condemnation of the people had buried him.

This fate of the liquor traffic, personified in John Barleycorn, foreshadowed for 70 years, I termed an event politically imperative, inevitable, permanent.

In the second interval I considered it absolutely tenable ground to develop the proposition that the banning of a commodity that had never been given inherent rights by the Constitution, always adjudged noxious and destructive, was not only an economic advantage, but economic destiny.

I felt reasonably sure I could count on acceptance of this contention, backed by the clear-cut declarations of Hoover, Babson, Forbes, Gary and others, by an audience present day by day with the outworkings of a marvelous mechanical age unburdened by widespread Sunday and holiday intoxication. A few comparisons from dependable sources were sufficient to show the gains in health, thrift, comforts, investments, home-owning for the workers. Wise, therefore, because economically advantageous; economic destiny.

In closing I conceived the idea of acclaiming as a wise national policy a Constitutional enactment that offers a moral equivalent for war. The denial of a thing many citizens think they ought to have,



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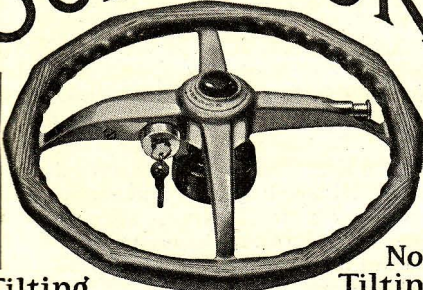
“American Pulpit Captured by Radicals”

What is the preferred reading of a certain class of ministers? Have Churches been made links in a chain of alien propaganda?

“Cleansing the Screen in New York State”

Surprising facts about movie censorship. Will it be taken out of politics?

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me. We were “two different people” from the unthinkable controversialists we had envisaged before meeting.

There may be food for reflection here for both sides of a bitter issue. The French have a fine proverb: “The absent are always wrong.” Another rendering of it is: “I don’t want to know that man, because I want to hate him. If I know him I can’t hate him.”

Darrow got into his individualistic philosophy quickly. He denied John Barleycorn’s demise; said he was seeing him and hitting it up with him regularly.

He found more pleasure in his society than he did before his reported execution. No home he visited was without his presence.

Big business, selfish and dishonest, was fellowshiping with him while the laborer was stripped of his legal right to refresh himself with his beer.

To this the natural retort was that the over-stimulated are not dependable witnesses of what they think they see. It was John Barleycorn’s ghost, not “spirit of health, but goblin damned,” that Darrow had seen.

Or, mayhap, some body-snatching wets, to give Prohibition a bad odor, were going about with the dreary corse fastened to their bodies as in ancient times, crying: “Who shall deliver us from the body of this death?”

They might better leave him decently inurned. No amendment to the Constitution has ever been annulled or amended. One-third of either house of Congress can forestall such action. A dry majority of one in either house of 14 states can keep the Eighteenth Amendment in the Constitution.

Either through indifference or mental indolence, Mr. Darrow met none of the three contentions of the Affirmative in support of the wisdom of the amendment as a national policy.

To be a bibulous ibex leaping from jag to jag, or to know many others who are, was not conclusive with reference to the resolution.

It rather was self-denunciatory, carrying its own revelation of contempt for constituted authority and one’s obligation to the whole social structure; without extenuation certainly on the part of an expounder of the law.

Business, automobiles, Congress, parties, conventions, churches, reform groups, all should go rather than curtail a man’s right to drink what he pleases!

A gospel of perfection surely; but presupposing a race of perfect men.

Mr. Darrow rose to his greatest height forensically when he developed his plea for personal liberty; but ignored completely the vital difference in indulgence in food, clothes, theaters, and the like, and the gratification of an appetite that puts the lives and property and happiness of others in jeopardy.

Cavalierly he set at naught that sacred principle of democracy that empowers the people to decide what they shall order to promote the general welfare.

If Clarence S. Darrow did his best on this occasion, and if Darrow’s best is the die-hards’ best, believers in a boozeless America may be of good cheer. Even those who came to believe in the Negative—and they made up the larger part of the audience—remained to acknowledge a lost cause.



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FORD (Truck)	- - - - -	Flivolene	
Lincoln	- - - - -	H	H
Mack (Truck)	- - - - -	H	H
Nash	- - - - -	H	H
Overland	- - - - -	H	H
Star	- - - - -	H	M

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