

BIG CROWD AT LECTURE

DARROW PROPOUNDS QUESTION AS HE SEES IT.

Devotes Two Hours to Explanation of Liquor Question of Today.

AJ enormous crowd heard Mr. Clarence Darrow last Saturday night discuss the liquor question. Darrow's wit and humor cropped out at frequent intervals. He said in part:

"Does drink cause poverty? Let's see. Why does it cause poverty, and how do these gentlemen prove it? They find a poor man that drinks, and if a man drinks and is poor, then drink makes him poor. If they find a rich man in an automobile that drinks, then the drink ought to make him rich because he drinks and is rich. If you see a man who is poor, and that man's breath smells of whiskey. Oh! Oh! He is poor because he drinks! All he needs to do is to close his ears to the song of the agitator and get in behind the prohibition procession, and he will get rich!

I have known people to be poor because they gave too much to the church. I have known people to be poor because they hired lawyers. You can get poor for any old cause; but let us look at this question—I don't want to omit anything.

A man who talks to the poor man about getting rich by not drinking beer is insulting the poor man's intelligence, and he never read or studied anything himself in his life or he would have seen it. Now the poor people we will say spend money liberally for beer. There are very few of them would spend one-tenth part of their wages for beer, but suppose they spend one-sixth or one-fifth. The food bill is a big bill and I will undertake to say, as poor as the poor man is, there isn't one of them that does not waste three-fourths of the money, he spends for food. According to their theory, the poor man has one business, that is, to keep well and strong so he can work; that is all, that is what he is for. So far as health and strength and ability to work are concerned, you waste three-fourths of the money you spend for food. Why just think of it! Take your stomach and load it up with pie and cake and liver and tea and coffee and what is going to happen to you? You are shortening your life and you only eat because it tastes good going down.

I will tell you something else—more people go to jail in hard times than in good times. The poor man goes out in the spring and when work becomes plentiful, he comes out of jail because he can live outside easier than he can inside. He is governed by natural law, nothing more or less. You man take a hundred cattle and place them in a field and if the feed is good they will stay there, but let the feed get short and they will mighty soon learn to jump the fence if they have any brains at all.

So it is with people.

Then, too, there are people who commit crimes—crimes of feeling and passion, of hatred and revenge and jealousy, which have ever moved the hearts of men.

Let me give you a few illustrations that may appeal to your experience. Tell me that crime is produced by Rum! We have had three presidents of the United States assassinated; not one of the three assassinations had as much relation to liquor as the change of the moon, not one! You have read of the murder cases all over New England, New York and the United States. You can scarcely recall one that had any sort of relation to liquor, no more than to food. They were due to the passions and feelings and hatreds of men and of women; and had no relation whatever to whiskey, and still orators keep repeating over and over again that old story, that whiskey is responsible for the crime of the world.

Now statistics are dangerous. They are still more dangerous when they come out of a jail and doubly dangerous when they come out of the jail through prohibition speakers, and you can't depend upon them at all. How do they get them? A poor man is locked up in jail; nobody comes to see him, he looks over across the court yard and sees a friendly visitor coming towards him and he can tell who he is a block away. He knows he is a prohibitionist because he has a face as long as a telegraph pole. The friendly visitor says to him, "My good man, how did you get in here?" And he says: "Rum." Right off quick, if he could befriend him, the friendly visitor would put it down as "Rum," anyway and told him he was a criminal and a liar too.

Let me give you a few facts that I believe are so plain that even a prohibitionist could see them if he opened his eyes, which he won't. These people don't care anything at all about life. They think they do. They doubtless are honest in it, but they are so carried away with their own eloquence, that they fool themselves. Do they care whether men live to be 25 or 125? Not a cent. I will prove it to you. Do you know that the life of a working man is not more than 60 per cent as long as the life of the rich? Now why? Is it rum or champagne? No, it is work.

When did you ever hear of a prohibition convention raising its voice in protest against killing working men when their lives were only one-half done? They were too busy talking about Rum. Now, let me tell you more. Do you know of all the people who are born into this world, all who come upon the earth, one-fifth or one-sixth of the human race of the whole world go out through one door, and that door isn't Rum—that door is tuberculosis.

Secy. Meyer in Los Angeles.

Los Angeles, Oct. 17.—Secretary of the Navy Meyer arrived from San Francisco today. Meyer reiterated his advocacy of a battleship fleet for the Pacific ocean, upon the completion of the canal. He will inspect the San Diego and San Pedro harbors before leaving for the east.

Money is Turned Down.

Seattle, Oct. 17.—Prosecution of the persons alleged to be implicated in the Alaska coal land frauds is causing a complete deadlock in the matter of adjusting claims and making final proofs on such lands by other interests. This is the claim of C. A. McKensie and Attorney John Roberts who returned from Alaska after a fruitless attempt to pay \$40,000 for proof to patent claims. When they tendered the money the receiver of public money at Jannau refused to take the money although willing to give them a receipt. The receiver said he did not want to bind the government to anything just now.

Armies in Old Testament Times.

All through ancient history oriental armies had no sentinels, and thus in the Bible King Saul when he was pursuing David slept without any guard, so that David stole up to where the king lay asleep and took the crown of water at his head with him (I Samuel, xxvi). A striking illustration of this was when Alexander the Great, accompanied by his chief officers, entered the lines of the Persian army the night before the decisive battle of Arbela and found that there was not one of the sleeping host who observed them. We can readily see, therefore, that a panic might occur by a sudden night attack on an army so carelessly guarded and that Abraham's companion might easily have taken advantage of this.—Dr. V. H. H. Thomson in Designer.

DE KAY DELIVERS TWO TALKS

BOTH AUDIENCES GIVE CLOSE ATTENTION TO SPEAKER.

Answers Darrow's Lecture of the Night Before on Several Topics.

Two important meetings were held last evening by Mr. DeKay, a local option adherent who addressed one audience on the street last evening and another at the Christian church. Mr. DeKay said in part: "I am neither a dupe nor a prude; a long haired or a long faced man and if I was 'born good and can't help it' it took me a good many years to find that out.

Replying to Darrow's remarks the night before he said:

"Darrow says no man who has ever studied the question has ever placed liquor high in the cause of crime. But one need only to read the daily papers to disprove that. The Massachusetts bureau of labor say 82 per cent of crime is committed by persons under the influence of liquor. Archbishop Ireland says the great cause of social crime is drink. If Mr. Darrow wants to know where prohibitionists get their statistics, we get them from the press, the police court and published statements of judges.

"Darrow says prohibitionists care nothing for human life and are unknown among those who seek to uplift the poor man but Samuel Gompers, Tom Lewis, John H. Lennon, John Mitchell, Walter McArthur and other noted labor leaders have declared open war against the saloon in public utterances."

In closing De Kay said:

"I am not in this fight as Mr. Darrow says because I love to meddle with other men's rights, but for three reasons of love: Because I love my Lord and dare not be untrue to him; because I love my fellow men and dare to be true to their highest interests and because I love my native land and hold her welfare sacred."

The audience gave Mr. De Kay close attention throughout the speech.

He Didn't Borrow.

A reference book on Russian history being needed right on the spot, the literary hack said he guessed he would go around to Clarke's to borrow his. He went to Clarke's, but he came back without the book.

"Didn't he have it?" the man's wife asked.

"He did, but I hadn't the nerve to ask for it. Clarke's plan of advertising book borrowers scared me off. Before I had a chance to mention Russian history he steered me past shelves where every few inches a dummy stood sandwiched in between real books. The labels on all the books were conspicuous, black lettering on white, and they set forth some mighty interesting statistics.

"Three Musketeers," borrowed March 25 by John Smith. Not returned! After I had read about a dozen of those dummy labels I said it was a fine day, wasn't it. Clarke said yes, it was, and I came away. To advertise to subsequent visitors that I had borrowed one of Clarke's best books was a little too much notoriety for me."—New York Sun.

French Servants' Characters.

It is an unwritten law in France that you must never say anything bad about a servant or employee in his "character"—that is to say, if you cannot say anything good you must content yourself with a noncommittal statement which will not compromise his prospects. For instance, if you have caught your cook robbing you in such a shameful and impudent fashion that you are obliged to dismiss her you may not state on her "certificate" that you have dispensed with her services because you found she was dishonest. That is held, might prevent her obtaining a situation elsewhere, and as every one has to earn his bread the cook must be given the opportunity of recommending her larceny elsewhere. All that you are entitled to say on her "character" if you will not lie and pay her compliments is that she entered and left your service on certain dates.—Paris Letter to London Globe.

More Effective.

Husband—I saw the doctor today. He says I must go away and rest. Wife—Did you show him your tongue? Husband—No, but I told him about yours.

We only see in a lifetime a dozen faces marked with the peace of a contented spirit.—Beecher.

WE LOST THE RACE

Mark Twain's Futile Chase After a Tallyho Coach.

MISSED A BIG CELEBRATION.

The Way the Famous Humorist in Company With W. D. Howells Did Not Attend the Centennial of the Battle of the Minutemen at Concord.

In his reminiscences of Mark Twain in Harper's Magazine W. D. Howells tells amusingly of the time when he and Mr. Clemens missed the anniversary of the battle of Concord:

"Mark Twain came on to Cambridge in April, 1875, to go with me to the centennial ceremonies at Concord in celebration of the battle of the minutemen with the British troops a hundred years before. We both had special invitations, including passage from Boston, but I said why bother to go to Boston when we could just as well take the train for Concord at the Cambridge station. He equally decided that it would be absurd, so we breakfasted deliberately and then walked to the station, reasoning of many things, as usual.

"When the train stopped we found it packed inside and out. People stood dense on the platforms of the cars. To our startled eyes they seemed to project from the windows, and unless memory betrays me they say screws upon the roofs like brakemen slain at the post of duty. We remounted the same worn steps of Porter's station and began exploring North Cambridge for some means of transportation overland to Concord, for we were that far on the road by which the British went and came on the day of the battle. The livermen whom we appealed to received us, some with compassion, some with derision, but in either mood convinced us that we could not have hired a cat to attempt our conveyance, much less a horse or vehicle of any description.

"It was a raw, windy day, very unlike the exceptionally hot April day when the routed redcoats, pursued by the Colonials, fled panting back to Boston, with their tongues hanging out like dogs, but we could not take due comfort in the vision of their discomfiture. We could almost envy them for they had at least got to Concord. A swift procession of coaches, carriages and buggies, all going to Concord, passed us, inert and helpless, on the sidewalk in the peculiarly cold mud of North Cambridge. We began to wonder if we might not stop one of them and bribe it to take us.

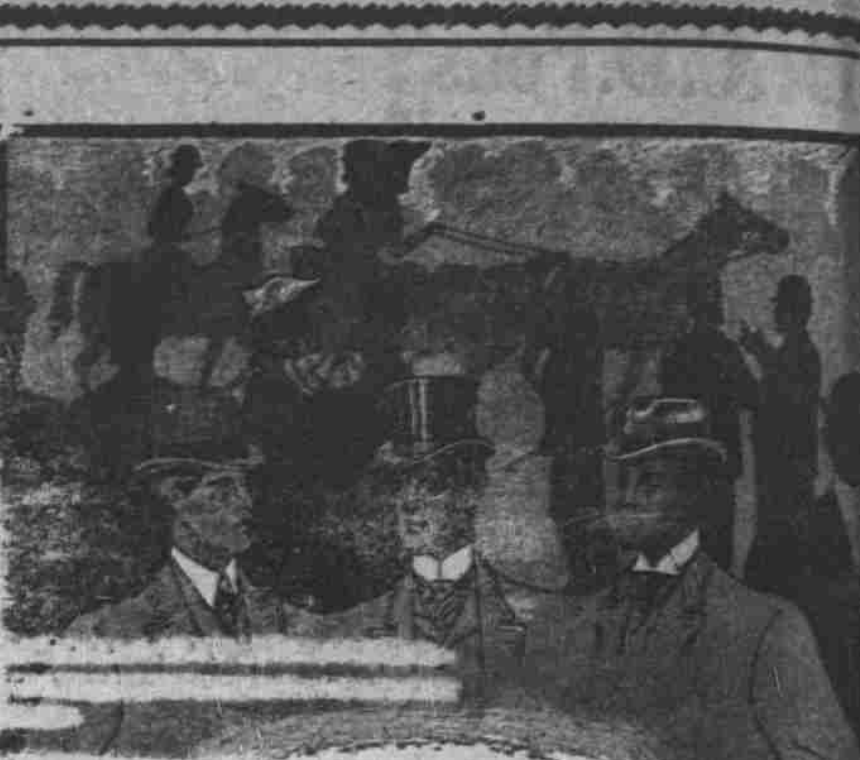
"I felt keenly the shame of defeat and the guilt of responsibility for our failure, and when a gay party of students came toward us on the top of a tallyho, luxuriantly empty inside, we felt that our chance had come and our last chance. He said that if I would stop them and tell them who I was they would gladly, perhaps proudly, give us passage. I contended that if with his far vaster renown he would approach them our success would be assured.

"While we stood, lost in this 'contest of civilities,' the coach passed us, with gay notes blown from the horns of the students, and then Clemens started in pursuit, encouraged with shouts from the merry party, who could not imagine who was trying to run them down, to a rivalry of speed. The unequal match could end only in one way, and I am glad I cannot recall what he said when he came back to me. Since then I have often wondered at the grief which would have wrung those blithe young hearts if they could have known that they might have had the company of Mark Twain to Concord that day and did not.

"We hung about unavailingly in the bitter wind awhile longer and then slowly, very slowly, made our way home. We wished to pass as much time as possible in order to give probability to the deceit we intended to practice, for we could not bear to own ourselves baffled in our boasted wisdom of taking the train at Porter's station and had agreed to say that we had been to Concord and got back. Even after coming home to my house we felt that our statement would be wanting in verisimilitude without further delay, and we crept quietly into my library and made up a roaring fire on the hearth and thawed ourselves out in the heat of it before we regained our courage for the undertaking. With all these precautions we failed, for when our statement was imparted to the proposed victim she instantly pronounced it unreliable, and we were left with it on our hands intact. I think the humor of this situation was finally a greater pleasure to Clemens than an actual visit to Concord would have been. Only a few weeks before his death he laughed our defeat over with one of my family in Bermuda and exulted in our prompt detection."

On the Move.

Ascum—Do you think it's true that Skinner has bought a place for himself in society? Wise—Oh, no! I'll bet he's only leased it, for he's liable to have to skip out at a moment's notice.—Catholic Standard and Times.



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