

FARMINGTON

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Farmington by Clarence Darrow

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THIRD EDITION

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A NOTE

FOR THE
SECOND EDITION OF "FARMINGTON"

SOME few copies of this little book have reached my old-time home and the companions of my early years. Still other volumes have been read by the acquaintances and friends of my later life. From both the old neighbors and the new have come the query as to whether I am not John Smith.

If these companions do not know, how is it possible for me to tell? I am not sure that I really know John Smith any better than the other mortals who have met and passed him here and there in his journey through the world. Certain, indeed, I am that all of these have not seen the same John Smith, and that their conception of the boy and man has come largely from their own characters and experiences in life.

Even had I sought to tell my story as it is, how could I or any of the rest be sure whether I had told the truth or not? With all of us there are at least two John Smiths — the outward man, moved by all sorts of feelings, emotions, and desires, hampered and fettered by conditions that seem impossible to

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overcome, wandering in a zigzag way along the short uncertain path of life, and the other "the inner self," who dreams and hopes and tries and really lives and moves in a land his outer being cannot reach.

No doubt the man who tells his story thinks the real life is the inner self, while his neighbors see only the material one. Perhaps both are right and both are wrong.

Still, whatever the plan or scheme, no one can sincerely write of any but himself, or feel any emotions but his own. And more than this, however diverse the paths of men may seem to be, still the hand of nature and of life is strong upon us all, and our real true selves are wonderfully alike. And so it seems to me that if any part of this book shall appeal to the reader as being true to life,—a portion of himself,—then he may be sure that it is in fact and truth my story too.

I cannot withhold an expression of my satisfaction for the kind reception of this little book, and still now and then critics have found traces of a cynicism and pessimism that I did not know were there. With many people, no doubt, these words are often used to characterize a strain of sadness or a sombre tint. But these are everywhere present in human life, and make up a large part of the experiences of the child and man. Yet I am very sure that with me, as with most others who have lived to middle life, childhood must always seem an enchanted land;

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and the memories of those hallowed years must always make the fabric of the sweetest dreams that fill the maturer mind with pleasures and regrets.

CLARENCE DARROW.

Chicago, December 1, 1904.

