

from that contained in his first article; only a few more instances, a few more illustrations of the fecundity of thought and the eloquence of expression which are the gifts of the great infidel.

If suicide were confined to the cases cited by Col. Ingersoll there would be no legislation against it, no penalties to encumber the statute books. There would be no protest against self destruction. Col. Ingersoll would not find it necessary to write articles in defense of it. People would say suicide under these circumstances does not call for condemnation. A man who is being devoured by a cancer, from whom all hope of relief is taken, and whose life cannot benefit anyone has a coward's excuse for taking his own life and ending his misery. Another case: "A man is on a burning ship, the crew and the rest of the passengers have escaped—gone to the life boats—and he is left alone. In the wide horizon there is no sail, no sign of hope. He cannot swim. If he leaps into the sea he drowns; if he remains on deck he burns. In any event he can live but a few moments." It is preposterous to contend that the man in this case has not a perfect right to jump into the sea and battle with the waves instead of remaining on shipboard to be devoured by the flames. This is not suicide as it is ordinarily understood. We usually understand that the suicide is one who voluntarily takes his own life, who elects of his own free will to forestall fate and seek death. The man in Col. Ingersoll's illustration can hardly be said to come within this meaning. He had to die anyway, it would seem, and in jumping into the sea he selects the less awful of two modes of death—albeit it cannot be denied that there is an element of hope in jumping into the sea, whereas there is absolutely none in remaining on the burning ship. There may be a floating spar to which life may cling. There may be a passing boat. But Ingersoll says that his critics would say to this man: "Remain where you are. It is the desire of your loving, heavenly father that you be clothed in flames—that you slowly roast—that your eyes be scorched to blindness and that you die insane with pain. Your life is not yours now, only the agony is yours." No right minded person could entertain such a view. There is nothing in scripture or in the precepts of Christianity that says a man must submit to every danger that impends, that he must not move to the right or to the left to avoid a death dealing missile. This illustration serves to emphasize the absurdity of Ingersoll's contention.

The other cases are on a par with this: The man who has been captured by savages and who, when about to be burned to death, resorts to a vial of poison, does not commit suicide in the ordinary sense of the word. A particularly ridiculous illustration is the following: "The Inquisitors of old would take a man who had been convicted of heresy, lay him upon the floor of a dungeon, secure his arms and legs with chains, fasten him to the earth so that he could not move, put an iron vessel, the opening downward, on his stomach; place in the vessel several rats, then tie it securely to his body. Then these worshipers of God would wait until the rats, seeking food and liberty, would gnaw through the body of the victim. Now if a man about to be subjected to this torture had within his hand a dagger, would it excite the wrath of the good God if with one stroke he found the protection of death?"

Suicide isn't a pleasant subject to contemplate under any circumstances. The average person in the enjoyment of good health and a sound mind hasn't any inclination to part with this life until he has to, and hasn't much use for the kind of manhood that confesses its cowardice in an act of suicide. The whole matter of suicide would be of no importance whatever if confined to the cases made use of by Col. Ingersoll. But this is not the kind of suicide that the world, law, morality, discountenances. It is no particular concern of anybody whether the man on shipboard dies by drowning or by fire, whether the captive takes poison or is consumed at the stake;

whether the victim of the inquisition lets the rats gnaw him to pieces or takes his own life with a dagger. It is simply a matter of individual choice, and posterity is not affected by the selection.

The suicide that is condemned by the world is of an entirely different sort. Most persons who commit suicide do so through cowardice, and no condemnation is too severe for an act so foul in the sight of God and man. Not all the eloquence of Ingersoll, not all the specious argument, not all the flowing sentences and polished and poetic phrases of the gifted infidel can palliate, in the minutest degree the sinfulness, the cowardice, the depravity of the common form of self murder. It is contrary to every principle of honor and conscience and humanity, and a violation of sacred law.

Search out the suicide and in nine cases out of ten you will find a man who had lost heart in the battle of life, who, probably through his own fault, had fallen by the wayside, who was discouraged, without hope; and who, regardless of the claims of wife and children, deliberately murdered himself and robbed his family by an act of supreme cowardice. The pistol shot that ends a suicide's life often sounds the knell of a dependent family's hope. The husband and father, lacking the courage to keep fighting for success or for subsistence, seeks Col. Ingersoll's cool damp earth and leaves the wife and children to continue the battle he himself gave up. These are the suicides the world considers. It is cowardice alone that prompts the act, and it is impossible to find any heroism in it. The suicide is afraid to live. He lacks the courage to face conditions that other and braver men have contended with successfully. He shifts the responsibility to other and weaker shoulders, and Col. Ingersoll would excuse, glorify, this coward of cowards.

Col. Ingersoll argues on the presumption that this life is a wretched existence and he would find an excuse for bringing it to an end. To some perhaps who receive more than their share of affliction, the thought of death is welcome; but to most people it is repugnant. Even suicide, fitted out with all the garlands of Ingersollian eloquence, is not attractive. They prefer to live and think of life rather than turn their attention to the grave where Col. Ingersoll finds so much pleasure. Ingersoll's view of life is that of the dreary pessimist, who dwells on the dark things and regards not the bright side. He finds death a much more grateful subject for contemplation. All of Ingersoll's eloquence has been poured out over the gravestone. He has sung time and again of the beauty and joy of the unknown existence beyond the grave, an existence that he believes will be inert, and he likes to think and dwell on death because death means an end of sorrow and trouble. The trend of his ideas is indicative of a cowardly view of life, and his argument in favor of suicide is an excuse for cowardice. Brave and manly men are willing to take life as they find it and make the best of it, and they put off death as long as they can.

We have had with much poetic coloring a picture of the goodness of death, *under certain circumstances*. Why not let us have a dissertation on life, and the joy there is in it under nearly all circumstances? Instead of finding an excuse for self-murder, for death; why not give us the reasons why life is worth living? Col. Ingersoll sings as the lute, and would he but become attuned to the great and up-swelling strains of nature's gladness, his song would uplift men and point to the bright and glittering stars of hope, instead of casting them down into the depths of despair. It is better to lead men back to the bright fields of life than send them to a suicide's grave, as Col. Ingersoll's recent utterances have done. It is better to tell of the birds singing and the sun shining and men and women laughing, better to tell of human charity and loving-kindness than to tell doleful tales of the sepulchre. Ingersoll can find a much better business than that which is at present occupying his attention.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE