

hatch a local designation for it. Even in those days when men heroically killed themselves saying, "Let us make death proud to take us," there was no local name for it. Perhaps this silence of language is the most cogent argument against the impiety and unnaturalness of the act.

In law suicide is denominated *felo de se*, a low Latin phrase for "a felon by himself." Blackstone defines it as one "that deliberately puts an end to his own existence, or commits an unlawful, malleious act, the consequence is his own death; as if attempting to kill another, he runs upon his antagonist's sword, or, shooting at another the gun bursts and kills himself. The party must be of years of discretion, and in his senses, else it is no crime."

The law of England treats suicide as a felony. The punishment formerly inflicted consisted of ignominious burial by the highway, with a stake driven through the body, and without Christian rights; the legal consequence was forfeiture of the goods and chattels to the crown. The punishment in our day is comparatively nothing, owing perhaps to the charitable belief that the self-murderer is insane, otherwise the *felo de se* is still subject to forfeiture of goods and chattels and to the deprivation of Christian rites, and to midnight burial.

Buckle says that "suicide is merely a product of the general condition of society," that "in a given state of society a certain number of persons must put an end to their own life." Quetelet says that "it is society which prepares the crime; the guilty man is only an instrument of execution." Pascal says: "Happiness is the object of all the actions of all men—even of those who kill themselves." Cicero says that "the Deity which exercises a sovereign power over us does not allow us to quit life without His permission; but when He awakens in us a just desire for death, then the truly wise man ought to pass with pleasure from these shades to celestial brightness." Seneca says: "If I suffer from disease, I should not kill myself to escape from pain, for that would be an act of cowardice; but if I perceive that my disease is incurable, I should end my life, because the disease would deprive me of all which can render life worth having. It is cowardly to die to escape suffering; it is stupid to live in order to suffer." Even Plato and Socrates regarded suicide as a question of opportunism. In the Roman Empire "*mori licet cui vivere non placet*" was the fashionable maxim—"for wherever life has not charms for him it is lawful to die." China still respects and practices suicide. Japan has abandoned it as an officially organized institution within the last few years only. The old Germanic and Celtic races were all full of it. But the Celts were impelled by religious motives. They burned themselves in an osier idol. The Hindoos cast themselves under the car of Jugger-naut. The Romans when tired of life threw themselves on their swords. The Greek Islanders as soon as sixty were willing took

poison together so as to leave sufficient food for the younger ones.

Revelation says "Thou shalt not kill." There are many who hold that this command does not comprehend suicide. If this is not a command of nature and of God, then why have we not in some language a local term for suicide; why has every tongue and every race placed this stigma of non-nomenclature upon it? Why is it self-murder or self-homicide or self-slaughter? Simply because the command includes murder of self as well as of fellow-man. Josephus distinctly states that it was contrary to law. We need only read the Book of Job to find out what the old Hebrew could suffer before seeking self-slaughter. Critics of the secular kind maintain that there is no special punishment mentioned in the Bible for self-murder, and that consequently it was not criminal among the ancient Jews. Then why does Job call on God to end his pains by natural death, when he himself (Job) had the means within his reach to end life with a "bare bodkin."

Perhaps Goldsmith has given the most powerful justification for suicide of any writer, ancient or modern. He says:

"When lovely woman stoops to folly
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die.

Whole libraries of books have been written on suicide, its causes, its prevalence, its various phases. The Frenchman says John Bull kills himself because of the melancholy fogs of London, but statistics tell us that the French are ahead in self-murder. The Falkland Islander and the Esquimaux don't suicide, though they live in perpetual fog. Some say education produces the suicidal mania, and certainly we find in what are called the most civilized nations the most alarming figures in self-murder. Then the Hindoos and Celts and Brahmins of 3,000 years ago were civilized.

Where infidelity, irreligion and selfishness prevail in society there suicide abounds. To a certain extent Buckle is right. All the moral virtues—charity, justice, truth, and, above all, unselfishness, are absent where there is no Christianity of the revealed type. The suicidist is selfishness incarnated with hog instincts. Perhaps that is why Phillips suggests *us* a sow for suicide. The self-murderer only thinks, as Pascal says, of relieving himself. He never cares what pain or humiliation his cowardly act brings to his children, his friends and his relatives. To the man or woman without hope or belief in a future what inducement is there to live, when animal wants cannot be easily supplied. It is a waste of time to argue that self murder does not come under the commandment "Thou shalt not kill." It is still greater waste to hold that nature does not condemn the suicidist.

Man alone of all the animals in existence kills himself. Why? Because he disregards revelation, tramples on his God-given reason, turns his back to religious truths, and gives himself up to greed, avarice, selfishness, despair, insanity and all the train of ills which Judaism, Christianity, and Mormonism alike repudiate and condemn.

Yes, suicide prevails in the United States because Christianity is dead and Judaism obsolete, and Mormonism has not penetrated the spiritual existence of the masses.

JUNIOR.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Brewers' Business.

While learning this I learned some interesting facts about the manufacture and sale of beer in Chicago. There are eighteen breweries in the city, which make on an average 1,500,000 barrels of beer annually. About 300,000 barrels come here from Milwaukee and other cities. Nearly all the beer made here is consumed here, so that we drink 1,800,000 barrels each year. As each pint bottle makes two glasses, if I remember correctly, there would be sixteen glasses in a gallon, or 496 glasses in a barrel of thirty-one gallons—a grand total of 892,000,000 glasses. This seems to be a wonderful lot of beer. Suppose there are 1,500,000 people in Chicago and its suburbs—and that is where all these 1,800,000 barrels are consumed annually—each man, woman and child would get, on a fair apportionment, a little more than 595 glasses, or nearly two a day. I know lots of people who don't drink that much beer in all their lives, so there must be some who drink pretty industriously. I am told that good fat beer drinkers of industry and skill in the business habitually get away with fifty and sixty glasses a day. A few hundred people of this kind would, of course, do a great deal to lower the general average.

A banker who has a brewer or two among his customers—most bankers have them, so I violate no confidence—tells me that the brewers' profits are very handsome—\$2 to \$2.50 a barrel, possibly. Anyway, most brewers get rich rapidly. He knew one who less than ten years ago was a borrower to the extent of \$20,000 to \$40,000 to carry on his business. Now he makes from 75,000 to 100,000 barrels of beer in a year and has money to loan. Possibly it is figures of this kind that tempt the English investor to put his money into American breweries in spite of high license laws and prohibition agitation.—*Chicago News.*

Mrs. Robinson was entertaining some ladies at a select little 5 o'clock tea, and Bobby, who had been exceptionally well behaved, was in high feather. "Ma," he said, as cake was being handed round. "may I have some tongue, please?" "There isn't any tongue, Bobby." "That's funny," commented Bobby. "I heard pa say there would be lots of it."—*London Tid-Bits.*