



FAREWELL.

IF the grave ends all, if all that was our friend is dead, the world is better for the life he lived. Beyond the tomb we cannot see. We listen, but from the lips of mystery there comes no word, darkness and silence brooding over all. And yet because we live we hope. Farewell and yet again farewell—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

For the Torch of Reason.

Tribute to Ingersoll.

BY MRS. M. M. TURNER.

WHEN in the fulness of time some advanced soul is borne upon the stream of life to a point of vantage whence a larger grasp of the meaning of things can be had, leading to the overthrow of old theories and the unfolding of new truths, the unenlightened have resisted, accused and tortured. So it was with Galileo, Bruno, Bacon and other noble men. Each victim left a demonstrated truth of nature, which gradually worked its way into the minds of the people, shedding a light which made life easier for the next to whom Nature, in answer to loving inquiry, revealed more of her secrets, so that persecution and the physical torture of advanced thinkers has been done away with. But the position of standing by and proclaiming a new truth is yet beset with thorns, as in the case of R. G. Ingersoll.

Science asserted that the sun is the center of his family of planets, which move around him in rhythmic harmony. Theology said that the glorious orb circled around the earth, for which alone it was created. Theology, strong with a backing of ignorance, persecuted science. Unrepentant, theology now accepts the scientific truth of the sun-centered system.

Science says that the human family has developed by various sublimations from lower organisms. Theology claims that the people of the earth have descended from one man and woman, who by their one act brought all generations for all time under the curse and wrath of God and made them liable to "the pains of hell forever".

Ingersoll accepted the teachings of science on the question and tried to show its beauty to the world, and, of course, brought upon himself the condemnation of theology, to which his honest convictions, the vitality of the truth he loved and proclaimed, and his own happy, honest heart, made him indifferent.

He has laid down his work, but that which he has done will, in never-ending, but ever-widening circles, help mankind and finally theology to accept that truth of the universe, the doctrine of development.

"Truth alone is cosmopolitan, and in science alone does truth reside." All lovers of this cosmopolitan truth, which purifies, organizes and unites, will mourn the death of Robert G. Ingersoll, the brave, the honest-minded, the true, loving and just.

For the Torch of Reason.

Ingersoll in His Home.

BY PEARL W. GEER.

COLONEL ROBERT G. INGERSOLL is dead! We all knew that he would die, but we were not prepared to have him go so soon. Just two weeks ago I spent a day and a night at the Ingersoll home, Dobbs' Ferry-on-Hudson. The Colonel was not in the best of health at that time, but little did I think that in less than two weeks his noble life would come to an abrupt end.

It was 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon when I arrived at the station and was told that I would find the Ingersoll family at the summer home of the son-in-law, Walston H. Brown, whither I was directed by some of the residents of the village. A lovelier home I never visited. The large stone house is situated in the center of a 30-acre park, in the midst of beautiful oak and maple trees, and surrounded by magnificent scenery on every side. When I arrived at the house Colonel Ingersoll was asleep, so I waited and had the pleasure of a nice visit with Mr. Brown and Mr. and Mrs. Farrell. The time passed quickly while we were seated on the veranda, looking out upon the beautiful Hudson and watching the little yachts testing their speed. What a delightful place for a home!

While Mr. Farrell and I were chatting a footstep was heard upon the veranda, and, turning, I saw Colonel Ingersoll approaching with an outstretched hand of welcome, which I quickly arose to grasp for a hearty shake.

"Well," said the Colonel, "I'm glad to see you; and now that you are here, prepare to stay over night."

I had arranged for a bicycle ride next day with the Macdonalds, but a heavy shower of rain and the hospitality of Colonel Ingersoll and

his family caused me to change my mind. I was soon acquainted with Mrs. Ingersoll and her mother and Eva Ingersoll-Brown, whom I had not met before. We were all seated in the large room, visiting, talking and joking. Everything was love and harmony in the Ingersoll home. I never saw so many families living under one roof and the members loving each other so devotedly. I believe there was more unadulterated love in that family than in any other in the world. At the supper table everyone was jolly. Miss Farrell seemed to take the lead in joking, but no one could excel the Colonel in appropriate witty remarks. After the meal we retired to the billiard room, where a delightful two hours were spent before retiring for the night. I was inclined to criticize the Colonel's good playing by calling it luck, whereupon he informed me that I was rather plain spoken and declared that the "higher critics" would pronounce my opinions "un-inspired".

Sunday morning the family appeared at the breakfast table and Colonel Ingersoll seemed livelier than the evening before. During the morning the time was spent reading the papers, discussing current topics and playing billiards. I shall never forget my hour's visit with Colonel and Mrs. Ingersoll alone that Sunday morning, two weeks ago today. Little did I think that it would be the last time I would visit with the great Ingersoll. We discussed the Free-thought cause in general and the Liberal University in particular. Colonel Ingersoll expressed great delight in the progress being made in Oregon, and told me of his intention to help the University in a financial way when the lecture season opens next fall. He talked of visiting Oregon again, and said he would surely come to Silverton and give a lecture for the benefit of the Liberal University.

Thus passed the twenty-four hours in the delightful Ingersoll home. It was nearly 4 o'clock in the afternoon when I climbed into the phaeton and was driven to the station. I bade them all goodbye, and when I grasped the Colonel's hand he gave me a cordial invitation to call again, and suggested that I "stay another day and we will have some fun".

What a hospitable man! And now he is dead. I can hardly realize it. The morning papers reveal the fact, and today the country mourns the loss of one of its great

est men. The papers speak kindly of him in their editorials, and even the preachers seem to have lost their desire to abuse him. They say that "he had a conception of a religion of the past, which is but a travesty on the true religion of the present day, and that is what he taught against". They are mistaken. Ingersoll taught against the old "true religion", and under his influence it has changed so that the religion of the present day is so Ingersollian that there is but slight resemblance to the old. If the religion of today is the true religion, Ingersoll has made it so.

A good and noble life has been lived, and, living it, Colonel Ingersoll has taught many lessons to the world which the world will never forget. His work will last as long as human reason, and the name of Robert G. Ingersoll will echo throughout all the ages to come. We who survive him have lived to see the peaceful ending of a noble life. He has quit an active life for an endless rest, and his immortality consists in the good work he has done. That will never die nor rest.

Cincinnati, O.

Lived at Home the Gospel He Preached Abroad.

J. A. CLEMENSON.

INGERSOLL is dead. Perhaps some will say they are glad he is dead. Perhaps no one in the public will weep over his death, for he asked no one to grieve for him. But his death gives us the right to consider seriously what his life meant, and the question arises in my mind, did the Creator put that man of eloquence and beauty, of sympathy and patriotism, of charity and good will, into this world to destroy his work. The man lived his life believing in the doctrine he preached, and he died still believing. He lived believing in charity, and he died taking no man's goods with him. He died leaving no man's goods willed to anyone else. He lived the gospel at home which he preached abroad. He died leaving his good will to all, his belief in freedom and honest purpose.

He lived and died without hope, other than a belief in everlasting peace and rest; but he passed away leaving a doctrine that forces no one to believe in anything but doing right, and he asked no one to believe in anything until education

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