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EDITORIAL

## GOOD FOR THE IRISH!

By DANIEL DE LEON

**T**HE statistical figures on suicide by the insurance statistician, Frederick L. Hoffman, amount to a compliment of high degree to the Irish. The figures show the Irish to be the most American of the foreign elements in this country—the most American on a leading feature of the American, appreciation of life. While with other elements of the population the ratio of suicide is 22 among the French and over 19 among the Germans, the low American ratio of 6.8 is even surpassed by the Irish with a ratio as low as 6.1.

A live dog is infinitely better than a dead lion. What dreams may come when this mortal coil has been shuffled off no one can tell. While there is life, there is a chance for all that is good and desirable. With death the chance is sealed up. The healthy mind in a healthy body enjoys life. Its sorrows are but like spots in a vast area of sun light. However many there may be of the former, the expanse of the latter is vaster. Time enough when accident or exhaustion brings death. Every laughter that can be laughed; every choice morsel that the body's or the intellect's palate can taste; every fruition that any of the senses can convey is a treasure not to be spurned. The treasure is rendered all the more precious for the intermingled sorrows or jars—like fire that flares up in all the more lambent flames for the drops of water dropped upon it. To voluntarily, deliberately quit the ravishing concert of life is like quitting one's box at the opera before the ticket has expired. It bespeaks a lack of musical taste; a lack of fitness.

That suicide is at so low a rate with the American is typical. To the glory of the Irish the ratio is even lower.

Transcribed and edited by Robert Bills for the official Web site of the Socialist Labor Party of America.  
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