

F.R.P.

# BLUE GRASS BLADE

Volume XVI. Number 39

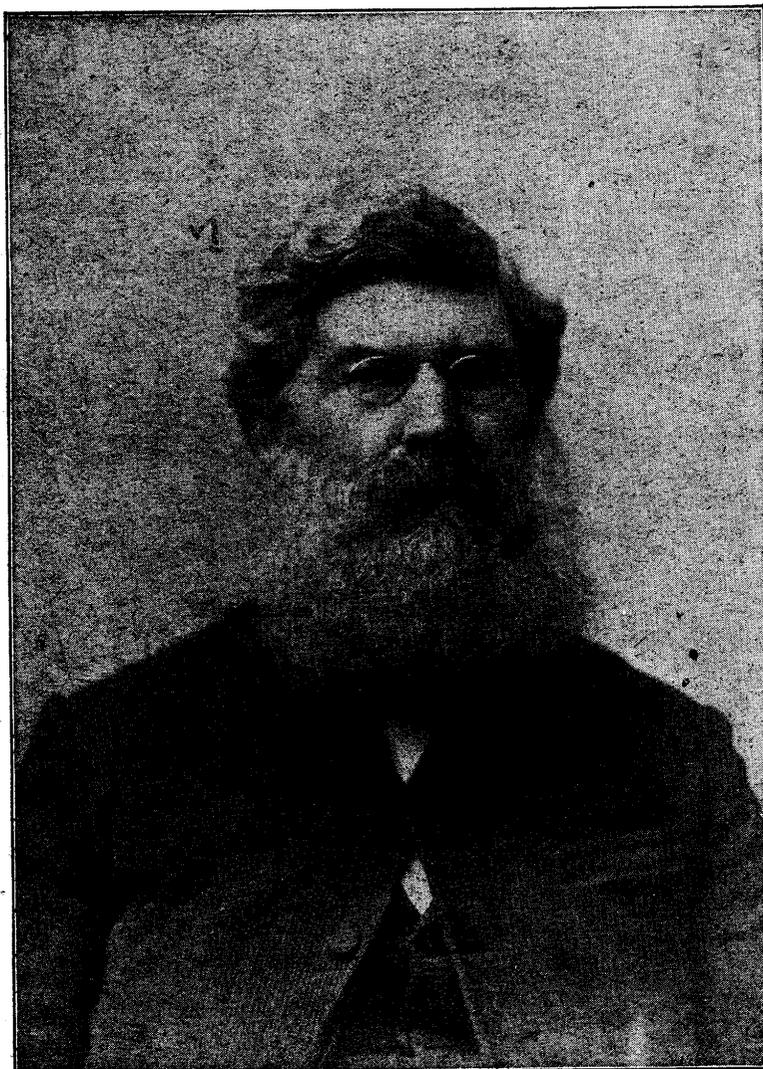
LEXINGTON, KY., JANUARY 19, E. M. 308

Published Weekly

*DEVOTED TO THE PROPAGANDA OF FREEDOM OF THOUGHT*

Wm. Richards April

Founder



CHARLES CHILTON MOORE

Founder of Blue Grass Blade

# CHARLES CHILTON MOORE

Had there been no Charles C. Moore there would have been no Blade.

To him, to his courage, his devotion to principle, his supreme confidence in humanity, his great love for the race, and to these alone, be due the honor, the glory and the credit for the existence of this paper

Would that its present editor were so gifted and talented as he for with such mentality the success of the Blade would be positive. Under such conditions is it not fitting that we accord to him the post of honor in this, the new issue of the Blade, by putting him to the front and invoking, as it were, his blessed memory as an inspiration to those thousands who had learned to love him.

The Blade's present editor knew him as few could have known him outside the circle of his own family. He and I have worked together for many years. We have shared each others sorrows and sufferings. We have been indicted together and tried together, I barely escaping a prison sentence with him. During all these trials I stood by him and the Blade. I lost my home, I gave my all, and the labor of long years of my young manhood to keep it going.

Charles Chilton Moore was born in Fayette county, eight miles from Lexington, on what is known as the Huffman's Mill pike, on the 20th day of December, 1837. Any accurate sketch of his life and career would furnish, in some respects, a romance stranger in detail than much that appears in fiction. Of an intensely enthusiastic and energetic nature, he gave up the strength of his being to any cause which he undertook to champion, and pursued his advocacy with earnestness and sincerity. Every year of his life, from the day he arrived at the age of discretion, forms something of a chapter in a truly remarkable career. He was a descendant of one of the most distinguished and aristocratic families of the early days of Kentucky. The family tree from which he sprang extended back into the old nobility of England and Scotland. On one side was the Duke of Argyle and on the other the Earl of Surrey. His immediate progenitors were even more distinguished than they because of their labors in the fields of religious thought and the outcome of their teachings in America. His ancestors in America were noted figures in the Revolutionary War for American Independence. He was born in the lap of luxury and plenty. His associates were of the best the community afforded.

From affluence to comparative poverty, from a life of ease to one of toil, from religion to infidelity, from a fine old Kentucky home to a prison cell, and back again to peaceful Quakeracre, are among the remarkable experiences of his irregular and interesting career.

He was the only son of Charles Chilton Moore, Sr., of Virginia, and his mother was formerly Miss Maryanne Harrison Stone, a daughter of Barton W. Stone, the founder of the present day Christian church. His father was born in Virginia, but brought to Kentucky by his parents when but a child of six months and located with them on a farm which adjoins the one owned by Mr. Moore. It was upon this farm that Mr. Moore was born, a farm then of 850 acres, afterwards distributed by inheritance, 374 acres falling to the lot of Mr. Moore, in whose possession it continued.

Mr. Moore had three sisters. One married Dr. James D. Grissom, of Georgetown; a second married Judge James Cantrill, now on the bench of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, and the other was the wife of Major Thomas Y. Brent, who was killed in the Confederate service while leading a charge on a federal fort at Green River Bridge, Ky., July 4th, 1863.

Both Mrs. Cantrill and Mrs. Grissom are dead, so that his only living sister is Mrs. Brent, who owns a neighboring farm to that upon which Mr. Moore lived.

Charles C. Moore was married to Miss Lucy G. Peak of Georgetown, on the 14th day of February, 1867. Five children were born of this issue. The eldest, Charles Chilton Moore, named after his father, is now a chemist in the Geological Department of the Federal Government at Washington; Leland Moore, the second son, now a prominent cotton and tobacco buyer, Brent Moore the third son, is just completing his education, and his only daughter, the youngest of the children, Miss Lucille Campbell Moore, is now teaching music in the city of Louisville. One other daughter was born to them, Miss Eliza Campbell Moore, who died at the age of 11 years, and her father said that her death put the first gray hairs into his head.

## Early Education.

The early education of C. C. Moore was obtained under difficult circumstances, for few "schools" were in Kentucky in those days. When eight years of age he was sent to what

was known as the "Valley School House," located about two miles from his home. Later a new school was built in closer proximity to his home, known as the "Fort Hill Academy," and young Moore was transferred to this institution. Attending the same school at the same time, then boys, were Judge Simrall, of Louisville; W. C. P. Breckinridge, Robert J. Breckinridge, Gen. John B. Castleman, Misses Mary and Fannie Castleman, and Joseph B. Simrall, afterwards Mayor of Lexington. His next tuition was derived from tutors. His parents next sent him to the old Transylvania University, where he became an intimate friend of James Lane Allen, J. W. McGarvey and other literary and Biblical lights, but he grew to dislike the school, and in 1856 he matriculated at Bethany College, Va. After two years at this institution he graduated and later was ordained to the Christian ministry. The next few years of his life were spent in much the same manner as youths of his age and means were inclined to spend their days at that period. While not possessed of great wealth, he had sufficient means for all his wants and he entered enthusiastically in society.

## Enters the Ministry.

After studying for the ministry and being ordained by Alexander Campbell himself, Mr. Moore became a mountain itinerant preacher and tramping through Kentucky on foot, he began a campaign of preaching the gospel. In the log schoolhouses, open air, court houses, or private residences, he kept up work carrying "glad tidings" to the people of Kentucky. Strange to say it was while thus engaged that he imbibed the first notion of heresy and it was here that the foundations were laid for that ardent scepticism to which he devoted the later years of his life.

He founded the Blue Grass Blade in 1884 and continued its editor until the day of his death.

Mr. Moore died February 7, 1906. He was buried in the Lexington cemetery. Dr. J. B. Wilson, Mrs. Josephine K. Henry and M. Kaufman delivered addresses at the grave all of which received extensive notices in the daily press. Two years have passed. The Blade has struggled on, sailing around shoals and in shallow water. Now, by a united effort, even as a monument to him who founded and gave it life, let one and all give a long pull and resolve to stand by the old ship.

## "I KNOW YOU NOT!"

### Mandate of Christian Cruelty Issued Against All Who Refuse To Accept Foolish Fable As Fact.

Selfishness is the supreme goal of orthodox Christianity. This fact gains corroboration every day. We meet with it on every hand. It confronts us in public places, in the home, in church and in the pulpit. Love may be the dynamics of human society the great cohesive force, but it is not the impelling power of orthodox Christianity.

A few evenings ago I attended religious services and among the cruel things said by the preacher, I'll give one.—

"When I get to heaven I'll be glad to see those turned away, who rejected God here; I'll be glad to hear Him say Depart from Me I know you not." This may sound harsh to you but I repeat; etc."

The above is but another proof of the contention of Freethinkers that the Christian religion is a narrow creed fit only for zealots and bigots. No broad-minded man can accept it as a comforting or sustaining hope. Its littleness crops out more or less by the "one-hoss" preacher or the bishop. Its selfishness raises the individual above humanity in general. The "I" is above "you." The preacher imagines himself the ideal man, while all others are but fragments of "sinful flesh" curiously compounded.

He believes in freedom but it must conform with his own belief. He strenuously maintains his inalienable right to worship according to the dictates of his own conscience, yet gladly anticipates a seething, sulphuric, satanicdom for him whose conscience is not in accord with his own. He is so void of sense, that he knows nothing of human mentality. We believe to-day as we are forced to believe. We cannot possibly believe otherwise. But by to-morrow we may be changed by environment to believe differently.

The man who can back up his judgments by proven facts is the really "redeemed," but he who follows blind faith, or he who professes to believe what he does not believe, is the criminal. This is the sin unpardonable.

The one whose belief is founded upon the results of investigation, the one who is a Christian believer now or the one who has been in the faith, but now is infidel to that belief? Which one has been observing, reading, meditating, and reflecting? Which is the one able to form judgments? Whose opinion is of more weight to a sensible inquirer, that of a slobbering sentimentalist, or that of a

profuse reader and profound thinker? Who is more apt to reach sane conclusions, and happy conditions? Paine says: "It is necessary to the happiness of man that he be mentally faithful to himself, when a man has so far corrupted and prostituted the chastity of his mind, as to subscribe his professional belief to things he does not believe, he has prepared himself for the commission of every other crime." Yet here is a man who says, if you cannot honestly believe what he believes, "I'll be glad to hear God say, depart from me, I know you not."

It is the young men who have made servants of iron, fire, and water. It is they who rush forth at every call, and who stand in the front of every battle. It is they who long to scale the Alps, or dig in the ruins of Pompeii. It is they who yearn for fame and with the mighty millions rush on and on, alike thoughtless of their origin or destiny. Should they be cut down in the midst of their activities; here stands one who "will be glad to see them turned away from their God."

Mothers, where are your hearts? How can you clasp the hands of such a man in Christian fellowship! I would recoil from that extended hand as from a frog, salamander, or a snake! Are your sons doomed to an eternal hell? You shake your head; no! Other mother's sons are as precious as your own. Common sense says, if one is worth saving they will all be saved, if there is a heaven.

Here is a young girl, blossoming into womanhood, the very picture of health, with innocence in her heart, gaiety in her laugh buoyancy in her step, and grace in her form. She passes the age of accountability and goes on and on, yet unites with no church. She reads, observes, and reflects, yet accepts no god. He who can behold her and not feel a benevolent interest in her is an object of pity. If there are angels who can look down upon earth and behold any object with special delight, it must be that young woman. Man pays his respect to her, bows to her, protects her, and if need be gives his life for hers; poets paint her in glowing colors and hold her in sacred remembrance; bards sing of her in the sweetest notes; and in the hereafter if there is anything of harm should threaten her, all would fall prostrate before their god in agonizing tears in her behalf. Yet here is a preacher, because she rejects God here, who will be glad to see her "turned away from heaven."

Fathers, have you lost your manhood? Is it possible that your sensibilities have become so blunted, by such ignorant ranting, that you do not know when you are insulted! Oh, forbid, that you should sit like dumb cattle and fail to resent another such onslaught upon your reason.

Sweethearts think of your lovers, their loving caresses, their tender words, their enrapturing whispers, and their faithful

devotion to you; Wives dwell for a moment upon your adoring husband who chose you as the fairest of ten thousand, who loves you for your own true worth, who meets all obstacles and overcomes them for your sake, who laughs with you, who weeps with you, and then because they do not affiliate themselves with the church here, here is a man who'll "be glad" for them to meet an angry God yonder.

Sweethearts, wives, can you embrace a religion that gives the sweet assurance of attaining a state of mind, where you will be glad when misfortune befalls others here, or hereafter? Shame on you all. "Blest be the tie that binds your hearts in Christian love!"

Lovers die, husbands die, mothers, fathers, children, and all pass away, even our enemies must go, but where is there an Infidel who is so base as to "be glad," if there is a judgment, to see any human being turned upon the road that leads to Gehenna? That alone is reserved for Christian charity. I believe in no God nor future life. I have a boy dead, ten years old. How I loved him. How my heart followed him when borne away by loving and tender hands! If future life were offered me, with all the joys and happiness it would bring to my wounded spirit, to once more behold my son, upon the conditions that there must be a hell, I would forthwith reject it. I would rather entertain no hopes of a future life, than to believe that my worst enemy would be consigned to the unquenchable flames of a hell.

I wonder how much longer the church can flourish in a truly civilized country. When will people learn that priestcraft is a curse, that Christianity is but a gilded fraud, that the church itself is a falsity?

In the language of Remsburg "When I survey the dark, sad centuries of the past, when I dwell upon the bloody deeds and frightful wrongs committed by this cruel church, when I see Liberty in chains, Justice a stranger in every court and science wearing the brand of infamy upon her brow, when I witness the unrequited toils and sufferings of those who have lived and died for right, when I see the beautiful and learned Hypatia dragged naked through the streets of Alexandria and foully murdered by Christian priests, when I review the treatment accorded to Bruno, Galileo, Servetus, Voltaire, and Paine, when I see an indolent and crafty priesthood preying upon human hopes and fears, holding in bondage the brains of my fellowmen and filling the land with superstition, fear, and crime, when all this rises up before the vision of my mind I feel an honest aspiration to contribute something toward hastening the time when freedom, justice, and intelligence shall fill the world and priestcraft with its churches be no more." And when none will become so depraved as to "be glad" to see others thrown into a literal, seething, foaming hell.

## COD AND NATURE

### Third Chapter In The Controversy On Common Names and Proper Nouns.

(By Hermann Wettstein.)

In the Blade of December 22nd appeared the reply of the editor of the Humanitarian Review to my article in the Blade of Oct. 27 charging him with unfairness in the controversy carried on between us relative to the propriety or consistency of Freethinkers capitalizing the common noun "god" and de-capitalizing the proper name "Nature," which unfairness consisted in him leaving out the best and most important parts of a short five page (written) article I had sent him on that subject; resorting to misrepresentation in his reply thereto; substituting an offensive heading for the one I had selected; omit certain words in order to convey false impressions; use opprobrious epithets in insinuating that I, as a jeweler, am an ass in trying to correct him as a printer of many years experience, and generally deporting himself in a manner unbecoming an editor of a Freethought paper, he even going to the extreme during one of his outbursts of temper occasioned by my having dared to disagree with him that he let all of his contributors distinctly understand that "You have neither any legal nor moral right to express your ideas in a journal not your own." According to which, they are all guilty of a misdemeanor and subject to prosecution to the full extent of the law.

He tries to clear himself of the first charge by saying that he cut out a portion of my September article for the "very good reason" that he had printed and commented on it in the August Review and he had no labor and space to waste on repetitions.

This is a deliberate injustice as the following facts will show. The article I alluded to in the Blade saying that he had left out the most salient parts, rendering it to one half (though too short originally to do the subject justice) appeared in the August number of the Review. It opened the controversy between us, so how could he have commented on it in a previous issue? Not one word had been said on that subject prior to his August number, showing that his statement in the Blade that he omitted certain parts of my article because they were repetitions is a fabrication pure and simple. Also his reference to my September article in reply to his comments in the preceding issue had no foundation in fact whatever, for none of those parts which he omitted therefrom had ever appeared in his paper before or since, nor anything of like tenor or import, as I shall presently show.

Yet he has the monumental cheek to claim that he has "worsted me in the argument." He certainly "takes the cake" in playing the

role of "injured innocence" in accusing me of misrepresentations, insinuations and inuendoes," all of which expletives but aroused my risibilities at the consummate skill displayed in firing his "literary blunderbuss" at one who dared "express his views in a journal not his own."

Now when I had noticed that he had shorn my first article of the strongest points in my argument I requested the return of my manuscript to quote therefrom, though this would have made little difference as I make it a rule to keep verbatim copies of all articles I send in for publication. To show who is guilty of misrepresentation I now quote those parts which he deleted on the ground that they were repetitions. I defy him to produce anything now like it in his Journal.

To begin with, he changed my heading "Should Rationalists De-capitalize 'Nature' and Capitalize 'God'?" to "Much Ado About Nothing." Up to that time no "ado" whatever had been made, I presenting my side of the case in this my opening article in a cool, calm and deliberate manner. Yet he "started the racket" by substituting that opprobrious and improper heading for my plain and very appropriate one, he making the change in such a way as to have the reader under the impression that it was the title I had given it, which was the first gross falsification.

Next he left out the following paragraph:

"I remember the time when it was the custom among all classes of writers regardless of their belief to capitalize 'Nature,' and noted also that this custom was suddenly dropped by religious writers. It took no great perspicuity to see the reasons for this change it being done to express their contempt for what the Materialist regards as the source of all being, and at the same time to more forcibly emphasize their reverence for an imaginary god. This matter was, in consequence, brought by me to the attention of Rationalists through various Freethought journals, notably the Boston Investigator (all of whose editors and contributors capitalized the term), The Truthseeker, Freethought Magazine, Religious-Philosophical Journal, and the Ironclad Age, which discussions must be remembered by many of their readers as well as by some of the patrons of the Review. . . . This must create the impression among the latter (who know my views on this subject) that I do not practice what I preach, or have slid back into the ecclesiastical fold"—seeing, as they do that in all my contributions to this periodical the term "Nature" is shorn of its capital N. and god clad in a big G, as though I (or he) had occasion to use these terms in our writings.\* This persistent mutilation of my "copy" finally induced me to send in that explanatory communication which partly appeared in the August Review, and for the unheard of audacity of which I so aroused the irascible editor's ire, that, after fairly jumping on me with both feet, I was "respectfully in-

formed that my articles were no longer available."

Next I find these parts of my manuscript omitted in the printed article:

"Now I, of course, have no objection to the editor of this Magazine writing 'Nature' with a small 'n', and 'god' with a big 'G' as he pleases. . . . But if the Orthodox rule is the proper one, then are our dictionaries at fault, and should be corrected." (I had called his attention to the fact that the term "god" is not found among Scripture Proper Names as in Jehovah, Elohim, Satan etc., but is designated in the main text as a common noun.) "With me it is only a question of consistency whether Freethinkers should de-capitalize the proper name (for cosmic energy) 'Nature', and capitalize the common noun 'god' or not, and I for my part don't propose to truckle to this arbitrary and unwarrantable ruling of the Church."

It will be seen that I was at this time prompted by no other motive in sending in my first article on this subject than to clear myself of the awkward position in which its editor had placed me by changing the initials of the term in question in all my contributions, printing them according to the ecclesiastical rule, and having for thus dared to send in a gentle protest against his meddling with my correct orthography, I was informed that "the editor of the Review edits the Review", and if any of the contributors don't comply with his editorial notions they are "nausea-schmissen", that is, "given the G. B.", for what he doesn't know isn't worth knowing, "and don't you forget it"!

Who, then, had, up to the August number of his monthly, "made much ado about nothing"? Could any case have been presented in a milder and more unimpassioned way than was mine? I simply could not see the sense or justice of being compelled to knuckle to a religious rule in total disregard of correct orthography, just because the editor of the Review sees fit to conform to it!

The next paragraph in my manuscript which he failed to print was written in reply to a personal note from him, and runs as follows: "You say that 'Custom is the source of grammar.' Yes generally speaking but where a rule of grammar, orthography or capitalization is violated by a cult for mercenary purposes, i. e., to create a contempt among the unreflecting masses towards what antagonizes the god-superstition, I do not believe that Rationalists should adopt such a rule or custom."

If conformation to a ruling of the Church is of advantage to it (as it evidently must be, else it would not have been ordained), then must non-conformity to it be of corresponding advantage to Freethought.

In the concluding paragraph of my printed article the following passage was discreetly omitted." Lastly you say (in your note) "God is a personal pronoun, just as Jupiter,

Zeus, Jesus. To this bit of news I am not prepared to reply."

If the term "god" is but a personal pronoun, (which I contest) it furnishes an additional reason for Nationalists not to capitalize it.

Yet, after thus eliminating some of the strongest points I raised in support of my position—points he could neither answer nor confute, the valiant and contumacious editor of the Humanitarian Review vaunts himself of having "worsted me in the argument"! No "monumental sneek" or unparalleled gall there, oh no!

In his comments on the remnants of my August articles, which remnants he could reply to he says: "I always try to correct the spelling, punctuation and orthography of all contributions in the print. I have never meddled with your way of writing them, but refused to print them incorrectly." Why, then, did he in my reply to Mr. T. B. Wakeman in the December issue insert hyphens between "infinitely" and "more", between "marvelously" and "constructed" and between "spontaneously" and "generated"? Did they accidentally drop into those places? He will find no hyphens in my copy between those words. They have no "business" there. Neither will he find, by referring to the original manuscript, that I wrote "their creator" (which implies a god) instead of "their creators" (which refers to their cell-souls or subminds); nor that I omitted the essential quotation and interrogation marks at end of first paragraph on page 464; nor that I did not write perfectly plainly "self-evolved" instead of "self-evoked"; nor will he find any other reasonable excuse for misquoting me and misprinting my copy in several other places, all of which doesn't look as if he never meddled with my way of writing. Errors that do not show that they are misprints, are charged by the reader to the author, and all those that occurred in my articles were of that character. Yet I defy him to produce a more legibly and more correctly written manuscript. What "base insinuation," then, and gross misrepresentation, in saying, in effect, that my "copy" requires correcting or "editing" in its grammar, spelling, punctuation and capitalization. The animus of such a false charge is too transparent to be pointed out, and can but fill the reader with disgust. That my article in the December Review contained over a dozen errors not appearing in my "copy", (I challenge him to find a single one) shows how he edits the Review and "corrects (???) all contributions in the print,"—quoting him verbatim. These are facts he cannot gainsay. They speak for themselves.

To show what justification he had for shooting off his literary blunderbuss at me for capitalizing Nature, let me quote Prof. Henry Dickson in his "School Of Good English And Mental Culture." Under the heading: "When To Use Capitals" he starts out with saying that "Much lati-

tude is allowed in the use of capitals." After quoting fourteen different rules and instances in which their use is proper, he concludes with saying: "In fact any word of importance begins with a capital."

Now this certainly warrants the deist and Christian in capitalizing the term "god." But of what importance is god to the Materialist? Is it of any more weight to him than any other myth or figment of the imagination? Conversely, is the term "Nature" not the most important one in the scientist's and Atheist's vocabulary? Not only this, but even such an eminent literary and scientific writer as H. Drummond (author of The Ascent Of Man) adhered to the orthographic rule of capitalizing Nature even though he accepted the deistical interpretation of cosmic phenomena. His judgment was not warped by a religious custom as is that of the editor of the Materialistic Humanitarian Review.

Ecclesiastics realize the great moral effect this custom has upon the masses. So do I, and that is the reason why I will not submit to it. I will never raise my voice or pen to help perpetuate the god-superstition, or place any obstacles in the way of human progress. If Mr. Davis wants to use his columns for that purpose, he is at a perfect liberty to do so.

\*This is precisely what religious writers are doing in thus violating two distinct orthographical rules.

#### OPEN ON SUNDAYS.

(By D. F. Marrs.)

The priesthood want everything closed on Sundays except their gospel shops and their mouths. They wish to monopolize one-seventh of our time whether we wish it or not. They wish to get, and have partly succeeded in getting, the laws enacted to compel all other trades and occupations to shut up shop on their day, and to prosecute anyone who disturbs them in their business in any way. They seem to know that they can't (even with the help of their God) compete with honest trade, but must be protected in various ways by the strong arm of the law.

#### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

To-Morrow Magazine, Chicago, Ill.  
 Secular Thought, Toronto, Can.  
 Ingersoll Memorial Beacon, Chicago, Ill.  
 Sex-Mating, by Mae Lawson, Ohio.  
 Phrenological Era, New York.  
 The Balance, Denver Colo.  
 Truthseeker, New York.  
 The People's Press, Chicago, Ill.  
 Higher Science, California.  
 Our Dumb Animals, Boston, Mass.  
 Humanitarian Review, Los Angeles, Cal.  
 Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kans.  
 Universalist Herald, Meridan, Miss.

Municipal Ownership of Public Utilities.  
 The Scarlet Shadow, by Walter Hurt.  
 True Word, Bryn Mawr, Wash.  
 Arkansas Traveler, Nashville, Ark.  
 The Wage Slave, Hancock, Mich.

#### THE BRAYING IN THE PULPITS

The donkey in the pulpit stands  
 And brays his foolish fictions,  
 Law helps him with protecting hands  
 To bray without restrictions  
 He may act like a clown in the pulpit  
 And conjure a flaming hot coal pit,  
 A hell full of torture and anguish  
 Where freedom shall evermore languish.

But Sunday gatherings that help  
 To widen mental vision  
 Are chased away by greedy yelp  
 Of clergymen's derision;  
 So the zoo with its natural wonders  
 Is closed while the donkeyman thunders  
 And theater's innocent pleasures  
 Are strangled by church and state measures.

What ails the donkey's audience?  
 Have they no human passion  
 That they resign their common sense  
 And grovel in such fashion?  
 And working men why do they dally?  
 They ought to unite in a rally  
 To honor our wise Constitution  
 And guard it against dissolution.

If ministers can force one law  
 Upon religious actions,  
 Mankind may be as wisps of straw,  
 The play of struggling factions;  
 Our reading may soon be forbidden,  
 Our daughters in convents be hidden,  
 Our sons of a brave disposition  
 Be conquered by fell inquisition.  
 M. C. Coomer.

#### THE BEST BUSINESS.

He that attends to his interior self,  
 That has a heart and keeps it; has a mind  
 That hungers and supplies it; and who seeks  
 A social, not a dissipated life,  
 Has business; feels himself engaged to achieve  
 No unimportant, though a silent task.  
 A life all turbulence and noise may seem,  
 To him that leads it, wise and to be praised;  
 But wisdom is a pearl with most success  
 Sought in still water, and beneath clear skies.  
 —Cooper.

If you wish to unite all Freethinkers as they should be get busy and subscribe for the Blade.

Does the Blade in its new form please you? If it pleases you would it not also please your friends? Why not hand them a copy and get them to subscribe?

## THE DOCTRINE OF NON-RESISTANCE

IF FOLLOWED IN A WORLD RULED BY  
FORCE WOULD LEAD TO SELF  
DESTRUCTION AND MAKE  
SLAVES OF MEN.

(By Channing Severance.)

The doctrine of non-resistance in a world ruled by force, and where only positive and willful characters rise above the nobodies and make their mark in life, is from my point of view one of the many absurdities that find entrance from time to time into the human mind. It has had many advocates who have honestly believed it is the one thing lacking to insure the millenium, but such people are more influenced by their emotions than through the exercise of their reason, which as Voltaire said enables us to see things as they really are.

Any man who has lived in this world long enough to raise whiskers knows that the rule of life is ride or be ridden; fight for your rights or you don't get them, and all this is in accord with the fact that one form of life lives upon another from the lowest to the highest, without a single exception, and the strong in intellect and the physically strong prey upon the weak and always have. Therefore the doctrine of non-resistance rises up as a species of folly that excites contempt and ridicule in the minds of men who deal with facts and not theories; who are aided in reaching conclusions more by stern realities than by pleasing ideals or fancies.

Life is one eternal struggle to exist, provide for your wants and to obtain liberty to think and act. It is a fight to the finish against natural conditions and the encroachments of man upon man. There never was a time when the strong did not tyrannize over the weak, when rascality and cunning were not plotting and working successfully to rob and subdue less gifted members of the human family, and, assuming the role of a prophet I proclaim there never will be. All history is a record of invasion and resistance; of force and fraud trying to rule and dominate, to clutch and control, and the man who permits the idea of non-resistance to enter his noddle for an instant, will do well to reflect on the old Spanish proverb: "he who makes himself a dove will be eaten by the hawk." Fight or perish, resist or be enslaved is the law of life, and no sentimental theory that seeks to demonstrate otherwise is worth the wind required to give it utterance. To be non-resistant is to be passive and negative, and the moment one gets in that condition he is the prey of evil in some form and is subject to the rule of positive minds.

There is nothing in this world that makes a man more contemptible in the eyes of his fellows than a spiritless specimen of humanity who will not fight for and defend his rights at all hazards. The world has no use for the "turn-the-other-cheek-also" doctrine, and until water runs up hill and it is possible to do the impossible, the idealist will look in vain for its acceptance in this practical world. Nothing but force, and power invites respect, and a non-resistant individual must take his place with the mollicoddles, nincompoops and those spineless specimen of our race who are standing apologies for being in the world at all. A non-resistant man will always be the next thing to nothing, and of such will be made the slaves and serfs that positive and aggressive characters will use for their selfish ends and benefit.

Natural laws cannot be suspended, changed or overthrown, and it is foolish to build theories that can never be anything more than pleasant meditations, as we proceed on the journey to the grave. Moral codes too sublime for use and practice have never been lacking because there were no dreamers to beget them, and we will always have such people to paint fancy pictures of what might be if, &c.

Jesus was talking non-resistance 1900 years ago, according to the record, and if his ideas were practical the millions of Christians, that have professed to believe in him, should have revealed their faith in that doctrine by living it, but they have not done so; and when we consider the wars, conquests and tyrannies that must forever stand to the credit of Christian nations, what can we think of non-resistant ideas except that they are worthless! Tolstoi, that solemn and serious brooder over the wrongs and evils of society and governments, is a notable representative of such ideas now, but his prolific pen has done nothing in getting action started along those lines of thought, and when he has been dead as long as Jesus the Jew, the world will still be running under the immutable laws that shape and control men's deeds regardless of theories.

There is a love of power in the make up of man and it cannot be eliminated. It has always cropped out in an effort to rule and control others, and whether a man be czar, king, emperor, mikado or plain Mr. President of a republic, there is always an abuse of power and a tendency to encroach on the rights of the people. There is no form of government on the face of the earth that will not in time become despotic if unrestrained and centralization is right now the dream of the man with the big stick. Any

man who fights or resists the tyranny of capital is an undesirable citizen and nothing would please the powers that be so much as non-resistance on the part of the people, whom they assume were born to be ruled by them. The idea of submission is taught and promulgated from pulpit and press and stale conservatism is put forward as a desirability but those who possess power and use it compel those who feel its effects to resist and demand changes. The liberties of which we boast and which are not as numerous as we sometimes think, were not obtained by non-resistance, but by conflict and contention. Everything in this world has to be fought for that is desirable or worth having, and it requires resistance to retain what you do get.

Under the beautiful dream of non-resistance any nation would soon return to conditions that prevailed in Egypt when the pyramids were built, when the masses were multitudes of slaves, and priests, kings and a wealthy aristocracy ruled, with rigid laws, the swarming hordes. Millions then bowed to authority with no idea of resistance and that infernal spirit of tyranny which Nature has implanted in the biped made in the image of God, ruled and ruined the lives of countless numbers from the standpoint of liberty and happiness. Exist as slaves or fight forever to escape slavery in some form, is the way fate, or destiny, has fixed things, and the non-resistant man or masses are doomed when fighting is suspended. How sweetly that word non-resistance falls upon the ear of every tyrant, and how persistently priest and king have worked together in all ages to impress the idea of obedience to authority upon the minds of the masses.

"Resist not evil" is an old gag to be found in the scriptures, and as no limitation goes with it, it must include the evils of government, religion and everything else. What a doctrine to put forth, and what shorter route could be found for complete slavery of mind and body! A more pernicious teaching was never put into words, and yet, some very good people have regarded it as divinely inspired wisdom.

Verily, verily I say unto you and the author of those words, that the man who resists not evil will be injured by it every day in the week. Some bad laws have been kept off the statute books because the evils they embodied were seen by the people and prevented by public protests and demonstrations, but had the words quoted been followed a lot of non-resistant numb skulls would have invited and received much trouble and injustice. It would be just as sensible to invite sickness by non-resistance when positive effort could prevent, as to stand inactive and passive in the presence of any approaching evil, and for illustration let us turn for a moment to Idaho and apply the theory to those three labor leaders who have recently got out of the clutches of capitalistic plotters and the grip

of the law in which they caused them to be put. Without resistance who can doubt the fate that the tyranny of millionaire mine owners would have inflicted upon them! Non-resistance would have brought to them broken necks on the end of a rope; and when we consider the heartless determination with which the ruling class, the capitalistic element, proposes to subjugate labor, not stopping at judicial murder to accomplish their purpose, what sensible or practical man can say: "I am a non-resistant."

While the world is full of evil and existence itself depends on fighting from start to finish, in life, I can view the non-resistant doctrine only as an indirect method of self destruction hence, absurd, idiotic and indefensible, for as the proverb asserts I repeat again, "he who makes himself a dove will be eaten by the hawk."

## ONE WHO FEARED GOD

Orthodox Christians Dissected and Classified  
By Division.

(By John F. Clarke.)

The genus, Christian, is male and female. It is divided into God fearing and God loving clans. It is also bisected into straight goods and hypocrites. The gang that loves God, does so from a reciprocating impulse. A favor advanced with a hope of a return favor. This class is composed of a mild-mannered gang, and apart from being intensely selfish, are fair citizens. It is the God fearers that one has to look out for. This is the brimstone element. The plan of damnation and salvation is not of their fixing, but being fixed, they have not the courage to oppose it, because of the penalty. It is too hot for them to handle. They solemnly assure us that it is God's way. If they are told that God abjures the theatre, they are self-sacrificing enough to sheer off from the play-house. If the devil is in the cards, he can have the whole pack with the joker thrown in. This element does not love God. In its secret heart it hates Him. It ignores the love business and contents itself with keeping the commandments. It wonders why God does not do things to His and their enemies.

Sometimes they think that God works through their instrumentality, and they persecute for Christ's Sake. They feel a sort of delight in this kind of cruelty and fancy that it is God's favor shed abroad in their hearts. One of these God fearers, a Virginian, of Scotch descent, lived near me some time ago. He had all kinds of trouble, a daughter afflicted with tuberculosis and a half-worthless son, besides financial troubles to burn. He feared God, all right. One day he made some pious remarks to me about faith in God, and I said: "Ingersoll says: 'An honest God is the noblest work of man'". Gee

Whiz!!! Well, I thought that a volcano had been let loose within his anatomy. The scintillations from his eye would have passed for sparks. He assumed the most furious attitude that I ever saw a man pose in. And he cut loose with his tongue and shredded the air with his Scotch pent-up eloquence.

"I want you to understand that I believe in Almighty God, sir!" thundered he.

I answered that it was immaterial to me, what he believed, as he could cut his believing cloth to suit himself, and as for me, I had a pattern from home-spun unbelief.

Did you ever see a wolf in a pen, Jim? You know how restless he is, and how he passes up and down in a sniffing and fussy way. Well, he swung his head this way and that and I thought that he would disrupt a blood vessel, but he did not. I told him that I was a free born American and that I exercised my right to disbelieve in God, under my constitutional right and personal privilege. If looks could have killed, I would not be alive to tell this tale. He said that he would not listen to me, and that he considered it blasphemy to mention Ingersoll's name. I asked him where was the calendared saint, that could approach him in moral ethics and conduct? This was a stumper for the old fellow, and he cooled down. He said that he knew nothing of Ingersoll, except that he was reputed to be an infidel, and that God had stamped His condemnation upon infidels through His Holy Writ. I said:—

"Do you think that I show any the worse for that stamp?"

He said that it was impossible for a man to live right and prosper if God was not with him.

I asked him how it was that so many believers had troubles while many irreligious persons were apparently free from them.

He said that was God's business and he had faith and that his troubles could bankrupt him and make his heart bleed, but he had his faith left. This was more precious than all, he said. His oldest daughter married a minister and they had all kinds of trouble. Lost one child and the mother became an invalid for life. They finally lost their home and moved to North Carolina. I pitied the old man. He was proud, penniless. His faith deserves a better reward than it has received. He is a partizan of God. The God-fearing idea has been inculcated into his being. He will never believe aught else but that it is an excellent thing to fear God. He is afraid to doubt or argue upon the point. He fears God to the limit. If there is any truth in his belief, God has certainly laid His hand heavily upon that man. He is a second Job. Is he any better off for that fear?

Minnie's Husband: I don't know what to do to please my wife?

Thompson: Tried suicide?



## WORKED THE WRONG WAY.

The story is told of a boy of sixteen who wished to see the world and ran away from home. He had been gone for more than a year. The preacher of the church which he and his parents had attended happened to meet him in a large city and, anxious to be of service, the preacher sought to persuade the lad to return home. The lad successfully parried every argument and remained obstinate. At least the preacher told the parable of the prodigal son's return home and how the fatted calf had been killed to welcome him. Suggesting that similar good fortune would befall him the preacher had the satisfaction of wresting a promise from the lad that he would return to his anxious parents. He did. A few days afterwards the preacher met him:—

"Well, I see you are home again and that you have kept your word."

"Yep, but I was a durned fool for taking your advice."

"Were not your parents glad to see you?"

"Only moderate."

"Did your father not kill the fatted calf?"

"No, but he durned nigh killed the prodigal son."

## Proved Too Much.

The shade of John Smith stood in place in a long line leading up to the wicket where at St. Peter stood. Getting nearer he observed that admission into the heavenly kingdom depended upon how certain questions were answered. Smith made up his mind to listen what the one in front of him had to say and if he got in on his answers he would try the same racket.

St. Peter asked the applicant in front if he had ever been married and receiving an affirmative answer the doors were immediately thrown open with the remark that he had been, punished enough already for any sins he might have committed. Smith was at the door.

"What is your name?"

"John Smith."

"Where are you from?"

"The earth."

"Were you ever married?"

"Yes, married twice."

"You can go to hell for being a fool."

Lady: I want a piece of meat without fat, bone or gristle.

Butcher (after examining his stock): You'd better have an egg.—Philadelphia Press.

**BLUE GRASS BLADE**

Published weekly, at Lexington, Ky.

Founded by Charles Chilton Moore in 1884 and edited by him until his death, February 7, 1906.

**JAMES E. HUGHES**.....Editor and Publisher  
126-8 N. Limestone St., Lexington, Ky.  
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Five new yearly subscribers at one remittance, 1.00 each.  
Five trial subscriptions sent in with one remittance, for six months, 50 cents each.  
Trial subscriptions 15 cents per month.  
Foreign subscriptions, postpaid, \$2.00 per year.**ADVERTISING RATES.**One inch, single column, 1 insertion, 50 cents; one month, or four insertions, \$1.00; six months \$5.00; one year \$8.00.  
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THE OFFICE of publication of the Blade is at 126-128 North Limestone Street, Lexington, Kentucky, to which all Freethinkers will be given a hearty welcome.  
THE BLADE is entered at the Postoffice at Lexington, Kentucky, as second-class mailing matter.  
ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO THE BLUE GRASS BLADE, P. O. Box 393, Lexington, Ky.**Editorial****SALUTATION**

The Blade appears in a new garb for the first time since its institution twenty-four years ago. To its readers it extends greetings and hopes for not only a continuation of their generous patronage but for an increasing patronage that shall place the Blade on a high pinnacle of journalistic success.

Improvement is the order of the day. Many friends had written to us since we assumed charge of its mission and destiny, suggesting that we change the style of the paper, but poverty is always and invariably a great drawback to many things we would wish to do and this cause has held us back in the past. Let us hope that with this improvement there will come an all round, a general improvement, one that will in time become permanent and mutually profitable to the entire Blade family. The Blade realizes that it must struggle to keep abreast

of the times. There is always a unique combination of forces constantly driving the present into the future and we must avoid being Pecterists with faces turned towards the past. Today will certainly become yesterday and tomorrow will become today. In this sense a live journal is better than a dead classic.

Much of the religious cant of the present day exists in a blind worship of a dead past while theology is ever decrying what it pleases to term the worthlessness of the present. Today is more glorious than yesterday and tomorrow will be more glorious still. Compare the greatness of today with the so-called greatness of the past. Is not today better than a day that is gone? Thus, in the mighty clash of opposing forces, in the struggle for existence, the ephemeral must drop away, pass out of sight and hearing, for it is only the permanent and valuable that can remain. Man pleads for intellectual bread. Theology offers him a fossil. Freethought must produce substantial results, or, it too, will perish, and the Blade fully realizing the importance of the issue, has striven to make itself a deep necessity, a valuable addition to the literature of the day.

From time to time we all experience changing moods and conditions. Sometimes we may all believe we have nearly solved secrets which will give us a place among the fabled immortals, and again we may be saddened by the knowledge that 'ere long, all this vast kingdom must be exchanged for a little grave in some cemetery. While every age must learn to face its own problems the Blade believes in building for the future, utilizing the past, and follow on whither the path of progress shall lead us.

In making this change we have been compelled to incur additional obligations. All the greater necessity now for the continued help and perseverance on the part of our friends. If you cannot find a sure enough subscriber, send in the name of some Freethinker who does not subscribe now and we will communicate with him.

Blade readers, generally, will be gratified to know that we have secured the permanent, entire services of John R. Charlesworth, former lecturer and debator, the only man on the Freethought platform who put Clark Braden to rout in a debate at Seattle, Washington, in January, 1892. Mr. Charlesworth has been an impor-

tant factor in Kentucky journalism for the past eight years, and is recognized as one of the best political writers in the state, connected with the daily newspapers. His admitted ability as a Freethought writer is without question and from this date he will take active charge of the Blade, under the management of Mr. James E. Hughes, a step which our friends must realize will necessarily incur an additional expense to the Blade. The Blade considers itself fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Charlesworth, inducing him to resign a lucrative and responsible position on a daily paper to associate himself with us. He is well and favorably known all over the country among Freethinkers and his association with the Blade should be a sufficient guarantee of its further progress.

**SCIENCE AND RELIGION.**

With a divided ministry, that is, a ministry divided in opinion concerning the relative merits of science and religion, as being mutual aids to progress, to each other and the cause of mankind generally, the Christian church is stranded upon a rock of hesitancy and doubt that can only result in irretrievable ruin.

Some of the clergy still pretend that science is the "handmaid of religion," but the more orthodox of the profession, with a keen insight upon the tendencies of the age, pronounce it as of the devil and refuse it recognition as a factor in the development of the race. The latter still declaim against it and hold that it is a drawback and antagonistic to religion and religious work.

The latter is the correct view and for once the Blade can heartily agree with the opinions thus expressed by a preacher. The particular preacher we have in view is a Dr. Broughton, pastor of some church in Georgia, who, for the purpose of gaining some sensational notoriety in his community, and probable attention, has embarked upon a series of discourses under the title of "The Bible and Science" which he feeds to his congregation each Sunday. Whether the course has reached its termination or not, the Blade does not know. We have but a newspaper report of one of them before us, sent by a friend, and from a perusal of what he has to say as quoted, we are convinced that he is right in his principle contention, which is to the effect that no true Christian should strive to reconcile the Bible and its teachings with the dem-

onstrated facts of modern science.

We urge that this preacher is right. And why? Simply because he has suggested an unalterable truth. The Bible and Science are as incompatible as night and day, black and white, or icebergs in the tropic seas. The Bible is said to be a divinely inspired book. Those believing so must decline to accept aught that is contrary to what the Bible teaches. If the Bible should assert that two added to two would make six, the believer must reject mathematics and declare the multiplication table a lie. If the Bible maintains that the earth is flat and four-cornered, with the heavens spread out above as unto a canopy of blue, the believer must denounce every attempt to discover the north pole and deny the virtue of the mariners compass. If the Bible declares that a child could be co-eval in existence with its parent, the believer must question the parentage of every child born of a woman. If the Bible holds that Christ rose bodily in the air and vanished in the ethereal blue from the sight and gaze of men, the believer must deny the law of gravitation. If the Bible insists that the polygamy of the patriarchs was a divinely ordained institution, the believer must denounce monogamy as being foreign to the divine plan.

The argument might be continued ad libitum, ad infinitum, but we would be forced to the same conclusion. If science is right the Bible is all wrong. If the Bible is right science is a gigantic mistake. The believer must accept the Bible, hence a rejection of science must follow. Any attempt to harmonize the Bible with science is but a compromise and there can be no compromise between sin and deity. For this reason we assert that Dr. Broughton is correct in his contention that science and the Bible cannot be harmonized and there can be no affinity between them. With the light thus afforded us we can understand what he means, when speaking of a supposed Christian minister who sought to harmonize them, and the influence he had exercised upon a young lady member of his congregation he said:

"I know a woman who was once regarded as the most active Christian worker in her community. She was connected with every good enterprise of the church. She was especially conspicuous as a soul-winner. Her useful life was the topic of conversation in her circle. She fell into

the hands of a pastor whose highest ambition seemed to be that of impressing the community with his learning, which, according to those who were really able to judge, he never had. His great theme was the inaccuracy of the Bible, as proven by scientific research. During his ministry it was said by those who watched him closely that he talked far more about science than anything else.

"This beautiful young Christian worker knew practically nothing about science, and being a loyal member of her pastor's flock, she soon found herself weakening in her faith in the Bible, and, with this weakening of her faith, she began to let up in her christian work.

"The result has been a complete change in her whole religious life. Her usefulness to the church and the cause of humanity is almost a thing of the past. It is indeed a sad picture. I never see her without feeling a great pity for her in my heart. I pity her, but I censure him."

Of course no names are mentioned. The name of the preacher and the name of the young lady are withheld. The story may be true and it may be a mere fable, invented for the purpose of illustration. It is the illustration, however, that forms the meat of the argument and it furnishes its own answer. Upon this nothing further need be said.

The balance of the discourse, while couched in elegant language, as far as we have been able to read it, is devoted to alleged "explosions" of scientific fallacies, according to Dr. Broughton's notion, but they fail to explode. Science has firmly established itself upon the rock of fact. Christianity is but a childish fable borrowed from the mythology of pagan nations, put into stolen stolen clothes and offered as something entirely new and original. It is the work of science that has revealed the shallowness and hypocrisy in Christian theology and by its aid the entire structure will ultimately be destroyed.

Folded in this issue of the Blade is a blank for five subscriptions. Fill in the blank with five names and five addresses of those whom you have reason to believe would like the Blade, send \$2.50 enclosed, or 50 cents each, and we will send the Blade to the names given for six months. This will be one good plan to get the Blade into more hands.

## THE YELLOW PERIL AND GOD.

"Beware of the yellow peril."

The cry of despair comes from the whipped and wailing Russia, whipped by a pagan people.

Unable to cower the march of orientalism by physical force and dreading the future, the church leaders in Russia are resorting to claptrap argument in order to create a Christian prejudice against the people of Japan because of the materialism contained in their religious teachings and the entire Christian world is asked to look with alarm and disdain upon the "yellow peril" which now threatens to work even greater disaster upon the church than Japanese bayonets did upon the Czar's soldiery.

One of these Russians, accredited with being a writer of ability, looking at European life, and from that to American life, through his native spectacles, pretends to see a growing danger in the materialism of the bourgeoisie, which, he declares, has "destroyed a belief in god and substituting an unspiritual positivism."

Thinking people must admit that the concord of the middle ages, a concord which united nations under one single idea, cannot exist today. Diversity of opinion, enhanced by freedom of expression, the genuine nursery of human culture, has shattered the ethnic cults and belief in deity is no more able to control nations than mediaeval medicine would meet the demands of the present day. In this great diversity the nation finds its strength, its power to move forward, to grow and develop. Did men resemble immaculate bricks all made from the same mold the race would be better dead. In the great struggle of life brains are trumps and trumps must be played at every lead in the game if we expect to win. Too much religiosity, too much god, kills all the good there is in life and only from a diversity of opinion wrought by Freethought in all matters pertaining to the religious idea, has progress been possible.

When Russian Christians urge Christendom to "beware of the yellow peril" it is but a means employed to get even. Russia ought to know what that peril means because she has been up against it. A far greater strength of character is found in materialism than in spiritual pretensions and in this may the activity of the yellow race be found. There is a deep and tragic realization in all this. Its ultimate cause is too much god and too little

humanity. If, as the same writer insists, the "light of regeneration" can only be found in rechristianizing the people, then indeed is his mission a failure for whatever the people may do in the future they will not return to the childish fables they have left behind them.

### IS IT THE CLOVEN FOOT?

According to present claims, made by churchmen, the French church has profited by the separation act, and this being accepted as true by its followers in this country, should be an incentive to them to give their support to similar measures at home.

No greater injustice has ever been enacted upon a brave and fearless people than the exemption of church property from taxation. The cottage of labor is taxed to its utmost. The business properties in the country must pay their share of the burdens of government, but the church, always begging, always a pauper, always soliciting alms, and richer by far than the reputed kings of Ancient India, pays never a copper cent upon its vast property holdings and thus, indirectly compels every Jew and Gentile, every Atheist or Agnostic, every person, believer and unbeliever alike, to contribute towards its support.

If there is the slightest modicum of truth in the claims made by church advocates that in France the church has won the battle of separation, that it is stronger today by reason of the operation of the law, than it could previously boast, then there are good and valid arguments for compelling the church to pay its share of the taxes in America and the whole country will profit thereby.

The Blade perceives a trend of arrogant hypocrisy in the claims thus made. It is not true that the church can claim a victory where it has been deprived of political power and authority. The church will never rise again in France to the privilege and emoluments of state it once enjoyed. But if the church is satisfied the state ought to be and taking the claims for what they are worth church and anti-church ought now to be able to exist side by side in peace. It may be possible, however, that the assumed peace and prosperity is but the calm that precedes the storm. Rome is not calculated to remain idle while its very existence is menaced by edict or civil governments. Pretending to accept the ultimatum from which there lies

no human appeal, its history suggests that an era of plot and intrigue may set in from which the French government may expect a storm to break. In this lies the only danger to France. Specious claims of success are only intended to deceive. Deception has invariably been a fine art with the Romish church, and its offspring, the Protestant church, has been an apt scholar at its parent's knee. The church authorities have never been on the square in their dealings with mankind. History furnishes abundant examples. The advice of Paul to be all things unto all men, intended to be used for purposes of deception, has been a favorite text and no church claiming the name of Christian, has ever neglected the opportunity.

After all the arguments offered are worthy of consideration at the hands of Americans. Appeals were sought to be made to this country to give aid to the church in France because of the separation and the state refusing legal recognition of the church or its organization. It is a safe presumption that these appeals will now be withheld and Rome has been taught one practical lesson which she will never forget.

Even at home the same experiences are being met with for despite the bitter opposition of the papacy an anti-vatican Mayor has been elected to preside over the municipal government of that city against which a hue and cry is being raised by the supporters of the pope. As the issues were drawn and the election fought along the lines laid down the papacy is told even in its own domicile that it will never be permitted to readjust the hands of Freedom's clock and set them back to the time of the middle ages.

In this latest assumption, however, the church is displaying the cloven foot which even the cassock is unable to hide.

Under the new arrangement the Blade will publish, as a frontispiece each week, a pictorial representation of some Freethought worker, some Freethought advocate, or Freethought friend. Very frequently we feel a desire to know just what some of our friends look like and this will offer an opportunity in that direction. The post of honor is accorded to our late editor, Charles C. Moore, he being entitled thereto as the founder of the Blade.

God notes the fall of a sparrow but does nothing to promote or prevent.

### GOVERNMENTAL PROSCRIPTION.

Government has again resorted to legal proscription against the press and the Red Flag, the latest and youngest of the socialist advocates has been held up, denied the use of the mails, pending further judicial enquiry. The offending article appears to have been a bit of fiction which the Post Office Department holds to be obscene, within the meaning of the law, and May Beals, the editor, has been notified that before the privilege of the mails is again restored to her copies of the magazine must be submitted for inspection.

Whether the government is acting wisely, or not, is an open question. If the desire to suppress a political or economic doctrine exists beneath the ruling made, the wrong course has been adopted for when the fact becomes known to the reading public a demand for the magazine will be created and the teachings objected to gain wider notoriety. The editor of the Blade read the offending article, which appeared in the issue of November last, but failed to discover anything approaching "obscenity" in it, nor half as much as one may find in most of our average daily newspapers.

The editor of the Red Flag is going through an experience similar to that which anti-orthodox periodicals once experienced, and the lesson taught will prove valuable in future efforts.

### OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN

The fearful calamity that recently afflicted the quiet and peaceful hamlet of Boyertown, Pa., would suggest that if the opening sentence of what is known as the Lord's prayer contained one iota of truth, then the deity is a cruel, inhuman and monstrous parent, destroying both saint and sinner by an avalanche of fire, crushing out the life of nursing babes and destroying children on a wholesale plan.

One can scarce read the published accounts without experiencing a thrill of horror. That the victims should have been members of a Sunday school and had attended the theatre for a benefit performance, makes the tragedy infinitely worse, upon the hypothesis that a loving and beneficent deity presides over the affairs of man. It gives additional evidence that while the deity, in times gone past, parted the waters of a big river to enable a horde of semi-savages to escape from a condition of slavery, he permitted

that multitude of infants, bathed in innocence and purity, to be deliberately led into a death trap from which they found escape impossible and refused to extend a helping hand in such a tumult of distress. Orthodoxy may insist that god is no respecter of persons. It may argue that theatres are sinful and that the divine will had been violated by the parents for permitting their offsprings to attend the performance, but it is a sword that will cut two ways and Christianity is bound to get the worst of the bargain.

The Blade readily admits that because fearful catastrophes occur the existence of deity is neither proven or disproven, but it does furnish us with an insight into his character. They brand him as a demon, assuming that he had the power to prevent it, and did not. Suppose a man, pursuing a journey, whose object is the founding of an empire, the establishment of a religion, the extinction of a plague, or the dethronement of a tyrant, should step upon a populous and prosperous ant hill, what then? Would not the survivors as they gather their dead and survey the havoc wrought, denounce the author as destitute of mercy, a monster wanting wisdom and judgment? Why then should even a god be permitted to play fast and loose with the lives of men, women and children, even to death in a frightful form, without the sufferers hurling reproaches upon him and denouncing him for his lack of human feeling, human love and sympathy? If the parent had excited wrath because of allowing tots to attend an opera house, the children were certainly innocent of wrong. Besides was not the performance for the benefit of a church? In support of one of the deity's temples?

"Our father who art in heaven."

Blind leaders of the blind! Foolish fatalists! Intellectual enigmas! Know ye not that the laws of nature are immutable, inexorable? That the levin brand knows no distinction? That neither fire or earthquake turns aside from the crowded city to spend its destructive force upon the unpopulated plain?

"Our father who art in heaven."

It is time that men rid the skies of such a monster. As a deity usually resembles his worshipers, both in physical appearance and mental and moral attributes, and is, in fact, but an idealization of themselves, it may be that the Christian fanatic will yet be able to learn that man's only dependency is

man, and that in the hour of suffering, torture and death, if man be not there to help no help cometh. Born in the brain of stupidity it is only by stupidity that the god idea has been perpetuated.

We are told that god keeps a daily account of our every action in a divine record to which reference will be made when we apply for admission at the golden gate of the New Jerusalem, but would it not be well for Man to turn the tables and keep an account of the acts of god in order to determine whether he be deserving of our worship and our praise?

Try it!

### BLASPHEMY PROSECUTION

The National Secular Society, of London, England, has another blasphemy prosecution on its hands and the Blade is anxiously awaiting news concerning the outcome. None of the Freethought leaders are involved save in a general way, for the general welfare of all, but the prosecution is being carried against a Harry Boulter, a Freethinker, against whom an information had been laid in the Bow Street Court. From the meager information at hand it appears that Mr. Boulter had made use, in some way, of what Mr. Foote regards as "inelegant and indiscreet language" but in no way to be held as even "obscene" much less "blasphemy." The policeman's club is the last resort of orthodoxy when argument fails. The Blade has felt the tyranny of Christian law and Mr. Foote, who is now occupied in seeing full justice done, has been imprisoned for opinion's sake. The essence of the situation is summed in Mr. Foote's declaration, saying, "We must resist the imprisonment of any Freethinker in the name of religion." True, indeed, and fight the good fight until the end

The Blade is in receipt of the initial issue of a new socialistic paper entitled The Wage Slave, published at Hancock, Michigan, edited by A. M. Stirton. The paper is a vigorous champion of the cause it represents and if we could only obtain one half the enthusiasm of Freethinkers for their cause as socialists display, intellectual freedom would be at the very pinnacle of success. The Wage Slave is admirably handled and its articles show unusual energy and vim.

Too many mistake ambition for ability.

### HEYWOOD, PETTIBONE AND MOYER.

The Blade congratulates the victims of the capitalistic conspiracy in their successful escape at the hands of Idaho juries, and while rejoicing at the verdicts given in the Heywood and Pettibone cases, followed by the liberation of Moyer, it is to be observed that the actual murderer of Governor Steunenberg is, as yet, unpunished. Each of the men who have been thus far tried and acquitted by "twelve men good and true" had entered a plea of not guilty and had vigorously denied any possible connection with that crime. Harry Orchard, however, stands self-confessed, self-convicted of the commission of the crime, and it is now for the legal authorities of the Commonwealth to put his "conversion" to the test and see how he will stand up before a court, bolstered by fear of god and the expectation of a reward in the world to come because of his "repentance" after committing all the devilment he could. The trial of Harry Orchard should now be proceeded with and let justice take its course.

What barbaric customs these that man expends so much energy upon a supposed mansion in the skies and neglects that which he might make both profitable and enjoyable! Turn thy thoughts earthward and here you will find a priceless part to play. Here are fragrant flowers in beauty's charm, lawns and meadows green, forest and field, with gracious gifts, all expressions of the joy man might experience did he only pursue the right course. The lofty mountains and rock-ribbed hills proclaim a strength man might utilize did he seek the truth. While mighty oceans moan and wail in woe and angry storms may rave, there is behind it all a radiant sunshine speaking life and joy to all.

The true test of success lies in the fulfillment of duty. No man or woman can afford to be a drone in the social hive. None should be indifferent spectators of the social, economic and political problems that are being presented for consideration. Don't lay all the blame upon the politicians, however selfseeking they may be, for politics is, after all, but a reflex of domestic life. No stream can rise higher than its source. Be alert, active and aggressive in every good cause.

What think ye of the Blade?

**BUY A HOG FOR CHRIST.**

Indiana has invented innumerable queer notions, produced some queer men and queer women. From within her borders have come utilitarian and utopian ideas. It was also the home of James and it still enjoys the unique distinction of a Dudley and his "blocks of five." It was also the home of James Whitcomb Riley, and we are not forgetful of the fact that it is also the refuge of a former governor of this state. Now Indiana looms in a refulgent notoriety for having concocted a scheme of selling hogs in the name of Christ and by offering gift porkers for sale at public auction. It is expected that numerous aspiring politicians will take the train instanter for Columbus, a burg in the Hoosier state whereat the Baptist Church of Hope anticipates a flood of greenbacks as a result of the enterprise and the politicians make their peace with god and the people of that community.

Published accounts state that appeals have been made to men all over the country, farmers especially, to donate a hog for the auction pools. Many have contributed and it is recorded that upwards of thirty of these Jewish funerals are already on the ground, with a prospect of more coming. The church, being in debt, is anxious to liquidate, and not having the grit to work out their own salvation, and finding responses to appeals for cash so few, the plan of getting in the hogs as a means of raising the long green was decided upon. January 31 is the day fixed for the auction to take place. Past enterprises have recorded kissing bees, leg shows, old maid's auctions and even bachelor's put up for sale in the name of a loving Christ, but here is a "squaling" party with a vengeance and the faithful is supposed to be in high jinks. In the course of time the "pig" may get "stuck" but it is an evident fact that the Baptist church does not expect to be.

For utility this scheme takes the doughnut and while on this subject it might be suggested that after all the hogs to be sold knows as much about god and the New Jerusalem as the people who are to sell them, and those who may be able to buy. The idea of "ringing" in "candidates for political honors" is a clear case of "hold-up" for they are expected to bid more for the hogs than they would be actually worth, market price, and thus

contribute to the glory of god and the preacher's pocket book.

Look upon the world through glad eyes and it will return to you the same feeling of cheerfulness. No one cares to come in contact with a man upon whose countenance there appears always a storm. Cheerfulness pays. Then be cheerful.

It is broadly hinted, by a correspondent, that the preacher who would refuse to accept a contribution of the alleged "godless coin" on the ground that it is "tainted money" does not exist anywhere outside of Hades and those there residing would accept any thing they could get their hands on.

An Alabama preacher, of the "Holy Roller" variety got into a fuss and a scrap and called upon the Lord to help him. The Lord either did not hear, or, hearing gave no heed to the cry. The preacher next called on the cops and the next moment the bluecoats were at his side to protect him from further injury. There is a moral in this which the brethren of the cloth might take into serious consideration. The preacher in question had made some scathing and virulent remarks anent a member of the congregation, James Powers, and the latter walked up in meeting and swatted the preacher on his nasal organ. Then came the calls for help. The result should indicate as to whom these calls should be addressed in all future emergencies.

With great pleasure we announce having associated with the Blade, as one of its editors, under the new arrangement, Mr. John R. Charlesworth, who for many years traveled the United States as a lecturer and debater and one of the organizers of the Free-thought Federation of America, in Chicago, 1892. The Blade has long needed such permanent assistance and Mr. Charlesworth has resigned a lucrative position as political writer on a daily newspaper to come with the Blade. This is an added expense to our daily list and we hope for an increased support of the Blade by reason of the obligations we have assumed.

Don't forget to write us about it.

To some the god idea is a necessity absolute, but some people always did need a crutch.

How do you like our new style?

It must not be taken for granted that whatever pleases the people originated in perdition.

As the whole is greater than a part so is it wiser, and the cumulative wisdom of all the centuries sets its disapprobation upon Christian theology.

The seven cials of the seven angels of the Apocalypse were as benedictions by comparison with the plagues soon to be let loose in the land by aspiring politicians.

It is a violation of the principle of American liberty to circumscribe the rights of another because of his religious opinions and orthodoxy must learn that while defending its own prerogatives it must sacredly respect the rights of others.

Preachers preach that god is love and yet thousands abstain from attending church because they cannot witness, without compassion and pity, the chronic gloom that appears on the sanctified physiognomy of those who are claiming to have made their peace with the deity. Tender hearted people dodge an orthodox Christian church like they would dodge a case of virulent measles. Fancy the unhappiness awaiting those who are doomed to an orthodox heaven. From such a fate may the angels and ministers of grace forever defend us.

**MY POLITICAL CREED.**

(By Hermann Wettstein.)

May be presented in the form of this "Eleventh Commandment":

Thou shalt not covet more of this world's goods than thou needest for thy personal comforts and necessities. Any surplus thou mayest accumulate through thy superior mental endowments or physical attainments thou shalt yield without hesitation to thy less favored and needy neighbor.

The universal adoption of this "golden rule" would be a positive panacea for all the social and political evils with which mankind is and has been afflicted, but I will, of course, be opposed by the grafters of all secret, and political, and religious organizations who care only for their own aggrandizement and "wear the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in," their sole aim and purpose being to make fools of people so they may rob them to their heart's content.

## The Blade's Correspondence

This column is devoted to the weekly cor-  
bodied were detected by the people and prevent-  
personal views anent religion, politics or eco-  
nomics may be expressed. The Blade does not  
assume any personal responsibility for any  
view upon any ism.

Communications intended for this column  
should be made as brief as possible on account  
of limited space.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. JOHNSON—Thanks for your "extract"  
but we opine that when "Kansas" gets to be  
for "Christ" the number of blind tigers and  
liquor selling drug-stores will be multiplied.

JOHN F. CLARKE—Your interest in our wel-  
fare is highly appreciated and the suggested  
literary contributions will prove a valuable  
acquisition to our columns. Let them come.

S. TOOMEY—Appreciative of your extreme  
generosity we could say no more than to ex-  
press a hope there were but one thousand  
others like you upon our mailing list.

AARON DAVIS—We have reserved your  
letter for the coming Paine issue which will  
be next week. Thanks.

J. J. SWABE—None of us can control the  
conditions under which we have to live. True,  
yours is not enviable, under the circumstances  
you relate. Looks like a case of hell here  
and more of it hereafter.

ARTHUR CRENSHAW—Thanks for clip-  
pings. Some of them are useful and we can  
utilize them for our columns.

DAVID MAHERRY—Through the kind  
ministrations of a friend your subscription  
will be continued in any event until you are  
able to catch up.

KING ESTERWELT—The Blade is devoted  
purely to Freethought but it opens its columns  
to a free discussion upon kindred subjects so  
long as the articles submitted conform to  
legal requirements.

MRS. MARGARET WELSH—So far as we  
know the Blade opposes no other Freethought  
publication and is not opposed by them.  
There is room for all and more. Our policy  
is work together for the common good of our  
cause.

MRS. JOSEPHINE K. HENRY—Our

readers will appreciate your contemplated re-  
turn to our columns as a frequent contributor.  
Many have written us concerning you; not  
knowing the afflictions through which you  
have had to pass.

HARRY OSWALD—The frontispiece we  
suggest will be made a permanent feature of  
the Blade as far as we are able to do so.

R. L. BAKER—We have nobody on our list  
in the place you mention. Clipping suggested  
was not enclosed hence, fail to grasp what is  
desired.

W. H. COX—Your poem will appear in the  
Paine issue being appropriate thereunto.  
Thanks.

R. H. WHITE—We thank you for your  
manifested appreciation of the Blade and  
pleased that you like it so well.

MRS. HELEN M. LUCAS—Your letter and  
folder have been reserved for the Paine issue  
You are engaging in a splendid work and as  
we have already expressed it, we wish there  
were a thousand women like you at work in  
Ohio.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### This Makes Us Feel Good.

Lockport, N. Y.

Editor Blade:

I want to congratulate you upon the great  
success you have made of the Blade since  
you became its editor and publisher. I read  
it from week to week, over and over again  
and again. I am sorry to have to admit that  
I live in such an ignorant bigoted town as  
Lockport, where I cannot add more to your  
subscription list. Not because of so much  
Christianity, but because of the narrow-mind-  
edness of the people. We have the nastiest  
church row going on here now you could pos-  
sibly imagine. I went so far several years  
ago as to pay for five subscriptions to the  
Blade, and sent them to the most liberal  
minded men I knew and their narrow, bigoted,  
little minded wives destroyed the Blades and  
those men dared not object to such proceed-  
ings, but they said for the sake of peace  
sat down and hung their heads like whipped  
curs. I have to laugh at times at letters  
which you print in the Blade of men wanting  
to dictate to you what you shall or shall not  
print. They do not want to read only what  
agrees with their ideas of Liberalism. Big-

oted Liberalists are worse than christian revo-  
lutionists. They can tolerate no other  
thought but that which agrees with their  
thought. The thinking, investigating man or  
woman hesitates to tell what they believe,  
for fear they have not found all there is to  
the subject. I often have to laugh when I  
read different articles of those writing on  
Socialism, Christianity, Mormonism and  
Spiritualism, to see how limited the investi-  
gation of the writer has been. So James use  
your good judgment in the future as you  
have in the past. Fear not, and I guarantee  
you the great majority will be satisfied.

A Scotchman had an ugly wife. His neigh-  
bor men each told him what they would do  
with her, if they had her. The Scotchman  
said: God la mighty, nerry man can rule the  
bad wife, but him's thots got her." So with  
your advisors they all think they can run  
your paper better than you. But they can  
not James. You are the dandy. Keep a going  
and knock the Christian serpent every time  
you get a chance and never strike but to kill.  
It has dragged its ditry, slimy body over the  
face of this fair earth too long.

Enclosed you will find my over due sub-  
scription for which give me credit and wish-  
ing you a Happy New Year with the goddess  
of prosperity walking arm in arm with you, I  
will close saying I admire your style backed  
with your kind of grit.

J. J. SWABE.

#### Good Things Promised.

Arlington, Md.

Editor Blade:—Yours received and I  
am pleased at the contents. I wonder if it  
would hurt my orthodoxy if I were to shout:  
"Hallelujah!" a few times?

Your plans, as outlined, will, I hope, result  
in increased subscriptions as well as improve-  
ment in the "Blade." The magazine form will  
enable one to keep the paper for reference  
much better than now, besides it is putting  
its best foot foremost. Beauty is a great  
allurement. I trust that the fine feathers will  
cover fine brain work. I am going to write  
a series of articles for the Blade, upon the  
poets. I want to commence with Alexander  
Pope, and I will quote so as to show rati-  
onalistic views. I will strive to have them run  
concurrently. I know that my articles have  
been superficial, but I am going to go a little  
deeper into subjects and read up on each one,  
and then dress up the result.

JOHN F. CLARKE.

#### "Kansas for Christ."

San Francisco

Editor Blade:—

The world do move but I am informed by  
a lady friend, of Wichita, that Kansas is  
going hell bent for Christ. Is that moving  
forward or backward? From what I know of  
Kansas Christ has had it too long. Have

## BLUE GRASS BLADE.

not time to write much but I send you the following which explains itself. It is from a lady correspondent of mine:

Extracts from yesterday's Eagle:—"Kansas for Christ" is to be the slogan in a state-wide evangelistic campaign that is to be pushed in every county of the Sunflower state next year. An entire year will be spent in the movement \* \* \* carried forward on strictly business lines \* \* \* subject to the supervision of an advisory board composed of two ministers and two laymen from each denomination in the state. This board has already been organized with fifteen denominations represented. Edward E. Taylor of Philadelphia to act as secretary.

I shall have to get converted now. I do not for a moment suppose that there will be any less disreputable women or any less demand for them; any less gamblers or thieves; any less robbers or drunkards or grafters or liars—especially religious liars. That sort of fakers is bound to continue in business.

A. JOHNSON.

### Another Encouraging Letter.

Canal, Dover, Ohio.

Editor Blade:—

I see my Blade is past due, my health has been poor this last year and being nearly 78 years old, I am getting short in memory, you will kindly date my Blade forward one year also that of R. T. Hickon (Canal Dover O.) Mr. Hickon is a good honest Freethinker, a poor man with very poor health. I furnished him the Blade since he is on your list.

Find enclosed draft for \$5.00, add the \$2.00 to the Poor Fund. Don't forget the poor. I would be glad to write you a long letter, but my hand is badly crippled by blood poison several years ago, that I can hardly hold a pen. Let me thank you for the very kind mention you gave me the last remittance, you never can say any more in so many words, it was worth a column.

I wish you and the Blade all the good luck in Lexington. Remember me to your wife and babies and Mrs. C. Moore.

S. TOOMEY.

### Sunday in Maine.

Fort Fairfield, Me.

Editor Blade:—

You will see by enclosed clipping that the city of Ellsworth is somewhat stirred up over the Sunday question and it looks to me that this would be a good time to put the Blade in the hands of the people of that city. One purpose I have in view is to get the address of a few liberals who live in Ellsworth and if I can get them to help me I will send enough Blades among them to wake up the monks. Give me all the help you can. Advise me on the subject.

R. L. BAKER

### You Will Get It.

Prairie Grove, Ark.

Editor Blade:—

I am a broken down reader of the Blade who appreciates its visit every week. I have read the Blade for many years. I thought when C. C. Moore died the Blade would fail, but to my surprise it rose higher and higher and is still rising higher. I will be 77 years old the 12th of next month and I am broke down in health and cannot work and, therefore, my money is gone. I am unable to earn any more. Do you see the point? I want to be honest with you and I am determined to die before I should say "stop my paper." I cannot say those words in the face of such a paper as the Blue Grass Blade. I can't say them, but be honest with yourselves about the matter.

DAVID MAHONEY.

### Loves The Old Blade.

Livingston, Ohio.

Editor Blade:—

Enclosed find \$3 which will pay for one year back and one year forward to the Blue Grass Blade. It has been such a long time since I wrote you that I hardly know how to write, but here goes. I received the Blade yesterday. You have made some improvements in it. I love the old paper. I am the same old atheist as ever. The more I read the stronger I get in the faith. Those articles on materialism and about John are splendid. Believe me ever your friend.

R. H. WHITE.

### From A Well Wisher.

Ypsilanti, Mich.

Editor Blade:—

I send you a few clippings along with a renewal of my subscription. The clippings I got from the Sunday papers and you might find some good use for them in the Blade. I am well pleased with the Blade and like its independent tone. I wish the Blade long life and great success.

ARTHUR CRENSHAW.

### Hard to Please.

### Try The Other Place.

A shade bustled up to St. Peter.

"My good man," he said, "will you tell me where I must go to procure souvenir post cards?"

And St. Peter, eyeing him sourly, told him where he could go to.

### The Safe Side Argument.

An old woman was severely reprov'd by her minister for bowing whenever the name of Satan was mentioned.

"Well, civility costs nothing, and you never know what'll happen!"

### After the Banquet.

Hewitt: I hear that they made a lion of you at the banquet the other night.

Jowett: Yes; and when I got home I found the lion-tamer all right.

### Same to You.

Conan Doyle told the Author's Club that a poor nigger who had no stockings, having been told to hang them up for Christmas, hung up his pants instead. In the morning he was asked what Santa Claus had brought him, and he replied, "I guess I got a nigger, for my pants are gone."

### The Boston Way.

Ascum—Did you actually have the nerve to propose to that Boston girl?

Yerner—Yes, I told her my heart beat wildly for her alone and—

Ascum—She didn't believe you?

Yerner—No; she reached over and felt my pulse.

### Insomnia Creed.

O'Brien—The doctor sez what I hev is "insommy."

O'Toole—Oh, shure. Oi've had thot throuble meself, and there's only wan cure fur it.

O'Brien—What's thot? What d'ye do?

O'Toole—Jusht go to sleep an' furgit all about it.

### RAILWAY MEN, ATTENTION!

If you need a Watch to meet the new requirements of the Railway Service, study well and compare prices of these (18 size) lever-set Watches: HAMPDEN, "Special Railway" 23 jewels, \$26; "NEW RAILWAY," 23 jewels, \$20; WALTHAM "Vanguard," 23 jewels, \$29; "CRESCENT STR." 21 jewels, \$22.50; same, 19 jewels, \$20; "845," new model, 21 jewels, \$18.50; "Appleton, Tracy & Co." 17 jewels, \$16; ELGIN: "Veritas," 23 jewels, \$29; "Father Time," 21 jewels, \$22.50; "B. W. Raymond," 19 jewels, \$20; same, 17 jewels, \$18.50 All the above in 3 or 4 ounce Silverine Screw Case, prepaid, with guarantee that each watch is latest improved of grade specified, new and perfect, and will pass rigid railway inspection. Have advertised in this paper since first issue.

### DIAMONDS, PEARLS, OPALS, ETC.

I am an expert in this line and will save you 20 per cent if you will order of me. Engagement and wedding rings a specialty.

Send for price list of watches not listed above, Jewelry, Freethought Badges, Ingersoll Spoons, Rings, Silver and Plated Ware, Optical Goods, and my Tract, "Theism In The Crucible" free.

OTTO WETTSTEIN,  
LaGrange, Cook County,  
Illinois.

**THE ATHEIST'S GRAVE.**

I wandered among the churchyard dead,  
 On a sunny, Sabbath day,  
 And I marked a grave where the Sexton said,  
 An Atheist's ashes lay.

A headstone pointed the lowly spot,  
 Inscribed with his age and his name,  
 But other memorial there was not,  
 To draw either praise or blame.

And I noticed the daisy as fresh in its hue,  
 That the elms did as lightly wave,  
 And the springtide grasses as greenly grew  
 As o'er a Christian's grave.

And I marked that the sunbeams thro' the  
 trees,  
 Fell as lightly upon the sod,  
 As if its inmate had been of these,  
 Who had died in the faith of a god.

So over my mind reflection came,  
 Of a new and a startling kind,  
 'Twas whispered within me that man may  
 blame,  
 Where Nature no fault can find.

The bigot's curse from the Gothic pile,  
 On the sceptical foe may fall,  
 But Nature extends with a mother's smile,  
 Her love and pity for all.

**OLD SHOES.**

How much a man is like old shoes!  
 For instance, each a soul may lose.  
 Both have been tanned—both are made tight  
 By cobblers—both get left and right,  
 Both need a mate to be complete,  
 And both are made to go on feet,  
 They both need healing; oft are sold,  
 And both, in time, turn all to mould.  
 With shoes the last is first; with men  
 The first shall be last, and when  
 The shoes wear out they're mended new;  
 When men wear out, they're men dead, too!  
 They both are trod upon, and both  
 Will tread on others—nothing loath;  
 Both have their ties and both incline,  
 When polished, in the world to shme,  
 And both peg out. And would you choose  
 To be a man or be his shoes?

One good turn deserves another and as  
 we have made the promised improvements in  
 the Blade get us all the subscribers you can.

After all it is the subscription list that  
 keeps the paper going and we want you to  
 help to boost it.

Just a little word dropped here and there  
 does good so just think what the Blade could  
 do if it had a chance.

**THE TELEO-MECHANICS OF NATURE**

The above entitled work in 8 parts and 115 chapters treats of the source, nature and functions of the sub-conscious minds or "cell-souls" (as Prof. Haeckel terms them) which are beginning to be recognized by Biologists, Psychologists and Physiologists as the consciously and intelligently operating factors in the evolution of plant and animal life and to the study of which I have devoted a life-time, condensing my views and observations in the above volume. It is devoid of all metaphysical speculation, and from the mass of scientifically demonstrated facts the reader will draw his own conclusions regarding the tenability of the God and Immortality doctrines.

Mrs. Josephine K. Henry, of Versailles, Ky., President of The Free-thought Federation Of America, writes as follows:

"Received the Synopsis of your book, 'The Teleo-Mechanics of Nature,' and read it with great profit and pleasure. It has opened up great fields of thought to me. I will keep your pamphlet near me; perhaps it will bring more light as I read and ponder. A world groping in darkness needs you. You are certainly a student, scientist and philosopher, and have scored several points against Haeckel that it seems to me cannot be controverted. I truly hope that your book will have a wide circulation in all lands and will be translated into many languages."

Prof. Ernest Haeckel writes:

"My dear Mr. Wettstein. Your treatise in the form of a Synopsis of your book 'The Teleo-Mechanics Of Nature, being a commendable critique of my World-Riddles, has been received and read with great interest. While we differ on a few questions, notably the one relating to the consciousness or unconsciousness of the mind in Nature, I sincerely hope that your masterly efforts will contribute much towards dispelling the obscurity and confusion prevailing in these momentous problems of Science and Philosophy.

With highest esteem, Yours," etc.

**Great Combination Offer.** A copy of the Synopsis (a large 16 page pamphlet in handsome cover), price 10c; a copy of "Facts Worth Knowing," (containing addresses of Ingersoll, Pentecost and Mrs. Henry), price 15c; and Paine's "Age of Reason," price 25c, (50c value) all sent prepaid on receipt of 25c in stamps or silver. First two books alone for 10c to all mentioning the Blade.

HERMANN WETTSTEIN,

Fitzgerald, Georgia.

412-414 Main Street.

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## DOG FENNEL

In

## THE ORIENT

THE ORIENT.

by

Charles Chilton Moore.

When a young man the author had started out to walk through the Holy Lands on foot. Reaching Paris he gave up the journey and returned home. He made the trip by rail and boat about three years before his death. This book gives an account of what he saw and explodes numerous Christian myths. It is especially suitable for a present.

Cloth Bound, 350 Pages. Postpaid \$1.25.

No Freethinker should be without it.

Address orders to

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## A TRIP TO ROME

by

DR. J. B. WILSON.

The International Congress of Freethinkers was held in the City of Rome, Italy, September 21, 1904. The author attended that Congress as the American delegate. It is an account of travel and personal experiences that has received a universal encomium from press and people. In it religious dogmas and tales of priestly fiction are ruthlessly exposed while the general style is without comparison in American literature of travel.

Cloth bound, 360 pages, illustrated.

Postpaid \$1.25.

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## The Virgin Mary

By M. Grier Kidder

Paper 10 Cents.

This article first appeared in the columns of the Blade and Editor Moore and James E. Hughes were indicted by the federal Grand jury at Louisville for sending obscene matter through the mails. The prosecution was dismissed. The article was then republished in the Blade and later put into pamphlet form. Thousands of copies have been sold. It is a useful missionary document. Full of humor and argument.

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