

MRS. MARILLA M. RICKER ON YE OLDEN THYME

Mr. Editor:- Now that the peerless Elizabeth has disappeared from your quartet of women writers, you have a trinity left. Josephine, Harriet and Lucy, and they make a trinity hard to be beaten. I doubt if any other paper in this country can show a trinity. I am sure no other paper could show anything approximating to your quartet. But in spite of all your blessings in that direction Josephine seemed to think that the "mite" of the widow Ricker should be added, being a biblical woman, doubtless she thinks Matthew 25, 29 is applicable. So here goes. Last Friday I attended a memorial meeting here—the suffrage "girls," Christian Temperance Women and a few outsiders wanted to honor Mrs. Stanton, so they met and proceeded to give testimony concerning her. I was amazed. You really would have thought that "our Elizabeth" had been a teacher in a Methodist Sabbath School—one thing is certain, the churches still hold their own—and other people's, or at least they try to do so. "Nearer My God to Thee" was sung and it seemed very much like a prayer meeting. I was the last person called upon to speak and I changed the aspect of the meeting somewhat. I read Elizabeth's views on the Bible and something of her work in the Freethought line. I was the only person present who had ever seen her and I spoke "whereof I knew"—one Christian woman said the religion of her mother was good enough for her. I said 140 years had changed everything but religion. At that time there was not a single white man in what is now Kentucky and Ohio and Indiana or Illinois. Then what is now the most flourishing part of the United States was as little known as the country in the heart of Africa itself. It was not till 1776 that Boone left his home in North Carolina to become the first settler in Kentucky, and the pioneer of Ohio did not settle till twenty years later. Canada belonged to France at that time and Washington was a modest Virginia Colonel, and the United States was the most loyal part of the British Empire and scarcely a speck on the political horizon indicated the struggle that in a few years was to lay the foundation of the greatest Republic in the world. An hundred and thirty-five years ago there were but four small newspapers in America. Steam engines had not been imagined, and locomotives and railroads, and telegraphs and postal cards and friction matches and revolvers and percussion caps and breech-loading shot guns and Mauser rifles and stoves and furnaces, and gas and electricity were unknown. Spalding's glue, sewing machines, anthracite coal and kerosene oil, free schools, and spring beds and hair mattresses and lever watches had not been evolved. The spinning wheel was in every family and clothes was spun and woven and made up in the family; and the printing press was a cumbersome machine worked by hand. Down to 1814 every paper in the world was printed one side at a time, on an ordinary hand press, and a nail, or a brick or a knife, or a pair of shears or scissors, or a razor or a woven pair of stockings, or an ax, or a hoe, or a shovel was not made in what is now the United States. In 1790 there were only 75 post offices in the country, and the whole extent of our post routes was less than 1900 miles; cheap postage was unheard of, so were envelopes, and had any one suggested the transmission of messages with lightning speed, he would have been thought insane. Since my remembrance houses were lighted with tallow candles and whale oil, and I have seen a saucer of tallow with a rag immersed doing duty for a light. Now madame when you see how we have improved in all these matters and you still think the old religion good enough. Why shouldn't religion be improved; there is as much difference and as much improvement in the religion of Ingersoll, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and the Freethought people generally as there is between electricity and a saucer of tallow with a rag. Perhaps you haven't thought of it, but if you will stay at home from church next Sunday and think it over you cannot help but see that your creed needs revision. Creeds should not be immovable, they should be elastic and when we think that in 1850 there were but 9,021 miles of railroad in the United States and now there are 199,378 miles. You see to keep up with the procession you must revise your creed, it's old fashioned. I said 50 years ago when I was a child I wore home made clothes, knit stockings and calf skin shoes, pumpkin hoods and cotton sunbonnets, now we dress differently and the creeds of our ancestors need remodeling. She said, "Did you ever have a creed?" I said, no except to pay one hundred cents on a dollar, but know all about creeds. My mother was a devout member of the Free-will Baptist Church. I have heard thousands of times, except a man be born again he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. And man included woman—it always did as far as pains and penalties were concerned. Young people cannot have the faintest idea of the terrific sermons that were preached in those days. My husband was a Congregationalist. Their creed is complex from a mathematical standpoint. They seem to think that three gods are one, and one god is three gods. I having been taught that figures didn't lie, couldn't understand it until I thought of a boy who said to his teacher when she explained to him that figures didn't lie, "You should see my sister's at home and then on the street. You will find that figures do lie." Doubtless by this time Josephine

is sorry she told me to write you, and I can hear her say "who Marilla! But if you want to hear more concerning my knowledge of churches and creeds you can say so on Marilla. MARILLA M. RICKER. San Jose, Cal., Nov. 20, 302.

SOCIALISM

SHALL WE DISCUSS IT AT THE LEXINGTON CONGRESS OF THE N. L. P.?

Of course, at the Lexington Congress of the National Liberal Party, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, January 23, 24, 25, 1903 (303), the main question for the house will be the "Separation of Church and State," but we will naturally discuss various matters germane thereto. I think possibly that there will be considerable effort to introduce Socialism, and I think it would be well to have some understanding of it in advance. My understanding is that we are under no obligation to introduce it or to prevent its introduction, and that it may legitimately come up for our consideration. It seems to be a laudible ambition among us to have it said when our Congress is over, that we had a happy and harmonious meeting, but the very fact that we infidels are fighting Christianity is our own declaration that strife and opposition may be a means of developing truth; and if, after the Congress is over I can realize that we have gained much valuable information out of some bitterness, and acrimony growing out of the discussion of Socialism, I shall be perfectly willing to have it. I have great confidence in President Bowles' ability and disposition, to manage such a debate fairly, and we can do more there in a few hours discussion of Socialism, face to face, where every speaker, male and female will be held rigidly to parliamentary methods, and called down for personality and irrelevance, than we can do in a year's writing, with no impartial chairman to umpire the discussion. I believe that Mrs. Henry and Dr. Wilson are both Socialists, and I am not. Socialism and infidelity are not by any means synonymous, and I do not know of any Socialist paper that is an infidel paper, but there are Socialists who are infidels. But for that matter while the leaders of the National Liberal Party are infidels it is not at all necessary that a man, or woman, in order to belong to the N. L. P. shall be an infidel. While every man and woman is to be his own, or her own, judge as to his or her fitness for membership in this organization, we all recognize that the only article of faith that consistency requires one to endorse, in order to membership in the party, is the one idea that state and church should be absolutely separate, in the management of the affairs of this government, and as there are many Christians who believe that way they are just as eligible to membership in the party as any of the others of the various types of religious heresy. I am quite certain, therefore, that I represent the most competent sentiment of the N. L. P., when I say Christians of any variety, who are in favor of separation of church and state, would be just as cordially welcomed into our organization as any body. In fact nobody in the organization has any right to demand to know what may be the opinion of any one on any subject; the only presumption being that each member is opposed to the alliance of church and state and will express his or her opposition to such alliance in any way that he or she may think best. I think that all Socialists and all Christians who are opposed to the alliance of church and state, would be consulting their own interests to have their views represented at the Lexington Congress. Oscar, I. T.—Put me down for Dog Fennel in the Orient, the Blade Magazine and Wilson's Poems, and don't keep us waiting so long.—N. B. GRAYSON. Little Hickman, Ky.—Hello. Put me down for "Dog Fennel in the Orient." I'll not be fast. Bring me, as a souvenir, a bottle of water from the spring that Jesus secured the water from that was turned into wine. I'll furnish the bottle. Also a piece of the line that Peter caught that fish with that had the money in his mouth, and a she descendant of the cock that crowed when Peter yarned. If living I will be with you at the January Congress in Lexington. Wishing you a pleasant voyage. J. W. OVERSTREET. Smithland, Iowa.—Enclosed \$1.00 for membership fee in National Liberal Party. Put me down for "Dog Fennel in the Orient." The dollar will reach you a short time before you sail for the land of darkness. Keep the good work going.—DR. L. S. STOLL, Ex-Catholic. Cooper's Mills, Maine.—I will send you \$1.00 by the 19th of December for the Blade. I would feel lost without it. It is getting better every week. I would try to get you some subscribers but the people are all hard shell Baptists here and they think I will go to hell for reading such a paper.—E. R. HOWARD. COMING TO SEE ME. Dodge, Ky., Nov. 22, '02. Dear Bro. Moore:- I want to be in Lexington, January 23, 24, 25, and bring my wife and daughter with me. They are very intelligent for church members. Bro. Hughes promised to take me to see you some Sunday, as soon as I can get a new suit of clothes. I want to shake your hand and talk matters over. You and Brother Hughes may think I am not doing much for the cause, but when I come I will make both of you feel a dollar or two better. E. G. NICHOLS.

MRS. DEXHEIMER'S STORY ABOUT ASSASSINATING TEDDY.

From the New York Herald's account of the Dexeimer-Roosevelt matter, I take the following: A woman converted from the Infidelity of Anarchy to Christianity has just disclosed an alleged Anarchist plot by which, she says, President Roosevelt's life was threatened three times. The meeting at which the fatal lot was drawn was held at Paterson, immediately following the assassination of President McKinley. The woman who now tells a startling story of Anarchistic plotting, was a leader of the "Reds" in Eastern New Jersey and attended every important meeting of the organization. She attended meetings after she became converted to Christianity through fear that her defection would become known. She says she feared she would be murdered if her change of faith were known. The woman told her story two years ago to her pastor and to others and her secret has been carefully guarded during all the interim. Last Thursday she told it to the Mother's Club of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Hoboken. It was in the nature of a confession, and was made in a moment of religious fervor. After the confession had been made publicly to the club members, efforts were made to keep the matter a secret, but too many knew of it, and gradually more or less the truth leaked out. The woman was finally located by a reporter for The World. She consented, with the approval of her husband, in re-telling the story for publication. She is Mrs. Lena Dexeimer. She is about forty-five years of age, and for a score of years had been first a Socialist and then an Anarchist and associated with anarchists in this city. For more than a year she has been in constant fear of her life, and several times the family have been forced to move. COMMENT. The words of "Infidelity and Anarchy," show the eagerness of Christians to damage infidelity by lying and imputing immorality to infidelity. I keep a standing challenge to every body to send me any anarchist paper with marked passages in it to show that it is also an infidel paper, and nobody ever sends me such a one. The woman Dexeimer, is entirely unknown to me and to the best of my knowledge and belief, equally unknown to every infidel editor or infidel organization in the world. According to her own account of herself she has been a member of the Methodist church at the same time that she was a member of an Anarchist organization. There is nothing in her own language to indicate that she was ever an infidel. She certainly does not say so. The infidel organization to which I belong has plainly declared against anarchy. I am willing to let any Anarchist be heard in my paper, just as I am willing to grant that privilege to a Christian, but in each case I do it in order to expose the errors of anarchy or of Christianity. Rubbing the Anarchist who lately tried to kill King Leopold, was from Italy, the most Christian country in the world, and where I never heard of an infidel publication or infidel organization. In all the murders of rulers by anarchists nobody ever heard of one of them saying he was an infidel. Of the seven men executed at Chicago for anarchy, one was a preacher and nobody can send me an infidel expression from any one of them—nobody can show that any one of them was a member of any infidel organization in the world, or that he took any infidel publication in the world. I have read their speeches and do not remember ever to have read an infidel sentiment from any of them. Anarchist newspapers annually publish eulogies of their execution, but no infidel paper in the world does, and nobody can send me a line from any infidel paper, honoring the Chicago Anarchists. Still Christians will go on as they always do, lying about being anarchists. A Catholic Christian Anarchist assassinated McKinley. I asked, from the very first, that the villain should be executed and I am glad he was executed. CONSCIENCE MONEY. Winterset, Iowa, Nov. 19, '02. Charles C. Moore:- Dear Brother:—A few days ago I wrote complimenting you and your courage, the fairness shown by you, in discussion in your paper &c. I mentioned the fact that I am a subscriber and not naming the fee paid. I also told you to put my name down for "Dog Fennel in the Orient" and sent one cent to forward a paper to a friend. In your next issue you come out in a long article about shortages in finances. This caused me to think, The Blue Grass Blade, one year 50 cents, "Dog Fennel," \$1.00, one paper forwarded, one cent. Can't see where your profit comes in. Judging by the worth of the paper I believe the book will be worth more than \$1.00. The paper, I am sure, is worth more than \$1.00 a year and I am getting it for 50 cents. I am ashamed to allow it so to continue and, as a sort of conscience money find enclosed 50 cents which I feel that I yet justly owe you on my present subscription without moving it up one day. The club rate was proper for the purpose of getting it into my hands, but, after an acquaintance with the paper I do feel that every true Liberal should be ashamed to accept the paper for 50 cents. While we so much appreciate the good work that you are doing we should not forget that we are crippling you and standing in the way of progress when we accept your paper for the small pittance of 50 cents. As a rule I fear we Freethinkers

are too much inclined to pat some one on the back and urge him on, for the support of the cause. This is only natural. Should our failure to support the enterprise cause the Blue Grass Blade to suspend we are not told that any would go to hell for such failure to do our part. We are not threatened with any such things as are the non-paying orthodox. We are simply left to do or not to do. To do means to help in the removal of the great cloud of superstition yet hanging over us. No to do means to lie under the cloud. Had our ancestors, the liberal minded only, done their duty the work would have been much further along than it was. I believe the liberal minded of this generation can do nothing more worthy or commendable than to earnestly engage in the struggle to hand down the posterity a religion free from tradition and superstition. I use the word religion, you may call it religion, morals, or what you please just so it untrammels the intellectual faculties and teaches men to do right for the sake of doing right. How much more one could appreciate a reward won in this way than if we should do the right thing because we are scared into it. Find my 50 cents conscience money. I am a Unitarian but would like to be a Unitarian but would like to attend the N. L. P. Congress at Lexington. Yours truly, T. P. WEIR. EX-CATHOLIC AGAINST CATHOLIC ISONOMY. Armstrong, of Isonomy, who was for 5 years at a Catholic school, reproaches me because I print from other newspapers the villainies of the clergy, those with women preda... Dr. L. S. Stoll, an Ex-Catholic, of Smithtown, Iowa, sends me a copy of the Sioux City (Iowa) Journal, of November 7, in which he has marked the following items: Rev. C. B. McKay, Methodist, indicted for rape upon Ida Kraft, a girl under 15 years old, and the seduction of her sister, Clara Kraft, aged 16 years. Bond \$1,000 in each case, in default of which he was put in jail. Rev. William Rabe, Baptist, found with Miss Busch, a female preacher, dead in each other's embrace, in the church of which he had charge. A part of the report says: "The sensational feature in the developments of the case was the discovery of letters in the preacher's trunk from some dozen women prominent in church work in different cities. Each of these writers expresses an illicit love for the minister. They make strong evidence that the minister had been leading a double life for years." Rev. P. M. Smock, Baptist, County Superintendent of Schools, charged with "too great familiarity with some of the lady teachers under him. Then there is an account of such a disturbance at a Catholic church in Manila that the police had to be called in to quell it. Seems to me that a great church organ, like Isonomy, ought to address its rebukes for exposure of the clergy to a great ten-page daily, like the Sioux City Journal, instead of to a little 4-page affair like the B. G. B. A RHYME AND RYTHM PICTURE. The press and the stage are the true reflections of the condition of society. With the reports from our criminal and divorce courts, the inuendoes, cheap wit, and relation, in almost every column of our papers, the subrosa rumors in social circles of matrimonial infidelity, and the dramas and burlesques on the stage depicting domestic, discussions, surely our domestic system must be in an alarming condition. All these things create a degraded public sentiment regarding the marriage relation. Out of the miseries of mismatched couples, and the wide discussion of the whole question there may be evolved, a better system that will bring greater happiness to both women and men. Certain it is, the lover of today is a very different type of man from the husband, and the wife loses her identity and is not recognizable as the bright eyed sweetheart of other days. A typical song now being sung on the American Stage photographs in rhyme and rhyme the real conditions in matters matrimonial. Its words are as follows: When two little hearts are two, Life is a season of mirth, It's not till they're one, that you Discover just what you're worth. If we were courting, the Universe Would center in you I admit, If we were married, 'T would be the reverse, You'd be it, And I'd be nit. When two little hearts are two, Every thing's right you do, You're up in the air, And sorrow and care, Can never catch up with you, Hearts of gold are spun, Faces beam like the sun, But, Oh what a case, Of icicle face, When two little hearts are One, When two fond little hearts are two, Love's tender language they speak, When united they seldom write, And speak about once a week, "Dovey," soon thinks to bill and coo, The chiefest earthly ills, "Lovely," 'd prefer it, if there were a few More coos, and fewer bills. When two little hearts are two, Expenses are all too few, You want to buy rings, And diamonds and things, And nothing that's cheap will do, Wine you never shun, Blowing yourself is fun, But, Oh, you get chills, At grocery bills, When two little hearts are One, JOSEPHINE K. HENRY, Versailles, Ky.

The Best Advertising School There is a school teaching advertising by mail, with offices at 10 Spruce Street, New York. It is not called an advertising school; but it is without a doubt the best advertising school in existence. This school is nothing more nor less than Printer's Ink, a weekly Journal for advertisers. It deserves the well-earned title: The Little Schoolmaster. For twelve or fifteen years Printer's Ink has been the recognized authority on good advertising throughout the civilized world. Printers' Ink is so valuable to the business man, because: It teaches the underlying principles of advertising. It distinguishes between good and bad advertising. It teaches good display. It teaches retail, wholesale, department store, mail order and every other kind of advertising. It tells why some advertising has been successful and why some has failed. It teaches sound business principles. It describes the world's best window displays. If you are engaged in business of any kind you can't invest \$5 more profitably than by subscribing for Printer's Ink. Many a single idea will be worth more than the subscription price. Printer's Ink easily slips in your coat pocket—the busy man can read it at odd moments as when waiting for a car, a shave, etc. 10 c. brings a sample copy—\$5 pays for 52 weeks. Write for SPECIAL CLUB OFFER, which expires December 31.

Printers' Ink 10 Spruce Street New York City

POPE LEO Jocularly Refers to Rumors of His Illness. Rome, Nov. 21.—At a reception of 500 Piedmontese pilgrims today the Pope jocularly referred to unfounded rumors yesterday of his indisposition, adding, "My time has yet to come. We have many things to accomplish before death." Comment.—If the Pope really believes that he is going to a heaven of eternal and ineffable happiness when he dies, and he must certainly die before long, how can he speak jokingly about his death, and show life as much disposition to hold onto it? If I thought going to Europe would relieve me of all trouble, I should want to get there as soon as possible. And the same way about going to heaven. If the Christians believe in eternal and absolute happiness in heaven, I do not see why they are not continually longing to die. GOOD JOKE ON THE BIBLE. A newspaper clipping has been sent me from which I take the following: That the present generation is far less familiar with the Bible than its predecessors hardly needs demonstration. If there is any doubt, President Thwing of the Western Reserve University at Cleveland, removed it recently when he tested the Biblical familiarity of his freshman class, numbering 34. The results of President Thwing's investigations have been published in a magazine and have caused wide comment. The article was read in many a household with superior smiles, only to be changed to confusion when it was found that not many could answer all the questions with any degree of definiteness or exactness. President Thwing for his test, it will be recalled, selected extracts Tennyson containing supposedly well-understood Biblical references. The results were enough to have made our Bible reading forefathers turn in their graves. Nine out of the 34 in the class failed to understand the reference: My sin was a thorn Among the thorns that girt thy brow, Twenty-four knew not of the vow of Jephtha, referred to in the lines: The godless Jephtha vows his child To one cast of the dice. Nineteen had never heard of Ruth and Boaz. Twenty-eight knew nothing of the gourd of Jonah. Only nine understood a reference to Lot's wife. Twenty-eight were ignorant of the meaning of "Joshua's moon in Ajalon." All allusions to Christ's miracle at Cana were lost upon 24. And most surprising of them all, only 12 could clearly explain the deeply significant words: "Let her eat it like the serpent, and be driven out of her paradise." R. V. DR. SAYS WE MIGHT NOT SWEAT. Presiding Elder C. E. Mandville said: "President Elliot views things through his Unitarian spectacles. The churches that have denied the divinity and the atonement of Jesus Christ have gone to smash and President Elliot thinks the orthodox churches are ruined, too, but he is mistaken. There were never before such vitality in Christianity, such activity and enterprise in Christian work and such glorious results from the preaching of the gospel. "What a quibble that is about the Bible pronouncing a curse on labor that he made it disreputable until 100 years ago. Dr. Elliot ought to have more sense than to confound work with toil. Work is enjoyable and ennobling, but toil is painful and degrading. The curse pronounced on Adam fallen was that in the sweat of his brow he should eat bread, and that refers to excessive toil." Comment.—The work above shows

the ignorance of preachers. Work and labor are synonyms in every dictionary of the language. An ordinary laborer who did not sweat, in hot weather, would die from heat. LIBERAL LECTURES. Liberal and humanitarian lectures by Prof. W. F. Jamieson at Lytle Hall, Race Street, opposite Washington Park, every Sunday night, at Cincinnati, O. Brunswick, Maine.—Put me down for "Dog Fennel in the Orient," Dr. Wilson's Poems and the Blade Magazine. I will send the money in advance if you want it. I am going to send you a Christmas present of a dollar or two.—I. S. CURTIS. Carthage, Mo.—For enclosed \$1.00 send me "Behind the Bars," and put me down for two (2) copies of "Dog Fennel in the Orient."—FREEMAN REES. BROTHER LIBERALS:—I make a specialty in the treatment of Hemorrhoids. When a patient comes to my office for treatment, I do not take any pay until cured. Owing to the fact that a large number suffering from piles are not able to come here to be treated, I have formulated a home treatment that costs but five dollars per month, including the necessary correspondence between patient and physician. A number have been thoroughly cured with one month's treatment, others by the use of two, while others have required four and five. My home cure can be sent through the mails to any point in the United States. This treatment gives immediate relief, and is a perfect cure. I guarantee perfect satisfaction in every case entrusted to my care or refund the money. Write for the "Little Red Booklet," and learn for yourself. It is free for the asking. Address: DR. STOWIE'S CHEMICAL CO., 119 North Santa Fe Ave., Salina, Kansas. "BEHIND THE BARS: 31498." My Book That I Wrote in the Penitentiary. "Behind the Bars; 31498," is the title of an autobiographical book I wrote while I was a government prisoner in the immense penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio; the figures "31-498" being my prison number. Nothing else can so give one an idea of my eventful life as does this book. It is neatly bound and seems to be regarded as quite readable. For sale at this office—Price \$1.00, or given as a premium for every 5 on club at the 50-cent rate. CHARLES C. MOORE. LEXINGTON & EASTERN RAILWAY COMPANY. Time Table. No. 2, Daily No. 4, Daily. Ex. Sunday Daily. p. m. a. m. Lv. Lexington 2:25 7:45 Lv. Winchester 3:10 8:25 Lv. B'tville Junction 5:11 10:29 Ar. Jackson 6:15 11:40 Ar. Cannel City 12:45 Westbound. No. 1, Daily No. 3, Daily. Ex. Sunday Daily. a. m. p. m. Lv. Cannel City 1:05 Lv. Jackson 6:25 2:25 Lv. B'tville Junction 7:26 3:26 Lv. Winchester 9:23 5: Lv. Lexington 10:20 6:05 Nos. 3 and 4 make close connection at O. & K. Junction for Cannel City and points on Ohio & Kentucky Railway. Nos. 1 and 2 connect at L. & E. Junction with Chesapeake & Ohio for Mt. Sterling and local points. Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 connect daily except Sunday at Beattyville Junction with I. & A. Railway for Beattyville. J. R. BARR, Gen. Mgr. CHAS. SCOTT, G. P. A. T. R. MORGAN, S. P. A.