

# BLUE GRASS BLADE.

EDITED BY PARKER A. T. IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY; \$1.00 A YEAR

VOL. XII. NO. 14

20 Sep 03

LEXINGTON, KY., SUNDAY, MAY 24, E. M. 303.

\$1.00 A YEAR



W. H. Moore  
Editor



TERMS OF THE BLADE.  
1 issue for one year \$1.00.

Terms.—\$1.00 per year, in advance; foreign subscription, \$1.50.

Make all Money Orders, Drafts and Express Orders payable to the Blue Grass Blade, Lexington, Ky.

When you change your address advise this office giving your old as well as the new address.

When you send your subscription say whether you are a new or old subscriber.

The address slip on the paper will show expiration of subscription, and serve as a receipt as the date changes as soon as the subscriber pays.

Subscriptions to this publication are not discontinued at expiration unless so ordered by the subscriber. The courts invariably hold a subscriber responsible to the publisher for the subscription price of all papers received until the paper is paid for in full up to date and ordered discontinued.

Office of publication: 161 East Third street, near Walnut.

Entered at the Post Office at Lexington, Ky., as Second Class Mail Matter.

Address all communications to BLUE GRASS BLADE, P. O. BOX, 393, Lexington, Kentucky.

Fayette Telephone, 619.  
Cumberland Telephone, 307.

## THE DAMNED STUFF CALLED ALCOHOL.

I believe that alcohol, to a certain degree, demoralizes those who make it, those who sell it, and those who drink it.

I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm of the distillery until it empties into the hell of crime, death and dishonor, it demoralizes everybody that touches it.

I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced against this liquid crime.

All you have to do is to think of the deaths—the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the ignorance, of the distress, of the little children tugging at the faded dresses of weeping and despairing wives, asking for bread; of the men of genius it has wrecked; of the millions who have struggled with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing.

And when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the prisons, and of the scaffolds upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against the damned stuff called alcohol.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

"Keep Church and State forever separate."—G. W. L.

"In no sense whatsoever is this government founded upon the Christian religion."—Washington.

"The divorce between Church and State should be absolute."—Garfield.

## COLLEGE of MEDICINE & SURGERY, Chicago

Four years Graded Course  
Laboratories fully equipped  
Abundance of Clinical Material.  
FEE MODERATE.  
Fall term opens in September.  
Write today for Catalog to

FLORENCE DRESSLER, M. D., Sec'y  
645-247 Ashland Ave., Chicago 11

## READ THIS

AND PASS IT ON—A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

An emaciated man with the seal of death upon his face lay on a cot in a hospital. He had been a drunkard and brought to his family only degradation and misery. When he felt the chill hand of death he asked for his son and this is what he said to him.

"My boy, you know that I am a poor man and have nothing to leave you or your mother, nothing but this bottle." Pretty legacy, isn't it, boys and girls. The difference between myself and the successful men who have passed me is the bottle.

LET THE BOTTLE ALONE.  
You can succeed if you let this bottle alone. I have gone through life with this bottle in my hand. Those who have succeeded have not. A man comes into the world prepared to do his share of the world's work well or ill, as his brain or his physical strength may decide. Of all his qualities the most important practically is balance. The whiskey in that bottle destroys the balance, both mental and physical. It substitutes dreaming and foolish self-confidence for real efforts. It presents all of life's problems and duties in a false light. It makes those things seem unimportant which are most important. It dulls the conscience which alone can make men do their duty in spite of temptation and struggle up to success in spite of exhaustion.

Keep away from this bottle and keep away from those who praise it. He who hands it to his fellow man is a criminal, and he who hands it to a young man is a worse criminal and a villain. Hope was drowned in that bottle. Prospects were wiped out in it. Manhood was left at the bottom of it. It is small but it contains the story of half the world's sorrow and failures.

It is not a well established fact that the usual order of events drunkenness would be handed down from father to son.

"It is not true, fortunately, that the son of a drunkard actually inherits drunkenness, fully developed. But a drunkard gives to his son weakened nerves and a diminished will power which tend to make him a drunkard more easily than his father was a drunkard before him. The great safeguard of a drunkard's children undoubtedly lies in the warning which they see every day in their home and in the earnest advice which the man who drinks will give to all young people, if he have any conscience left."

"Whisky gives a great many things to man—negative gifts, most of them. Of these gifts there are a few: Lack of friends, lack of will, lack of self-respect, lack of nervous force—lack of everything save the hideous craving that can end only with consciousness and that begins again with increased suffering when consciousness is restored.

"Teach your children that drunkenness is a horrible disease, as bad as leprosy. Teach them that it can be avoided, that the disease is contracted in youth through carelessness, and that it is spread by those who encourage drinking in others. Tell them that the avoiding of whisky is not merely a question of morals or obedience to parents, but a question involving mental and physical salvation, success in life, happiness and the respect of others."

Think of the brain and heart agony of a man delivering such a dying message to his son, yet all this contains not a tittle of the regrets and remorse that faced that man's dying hour. Besides his own ruin, and the wrong he had done his son, think of the wrong he had done the helpless wife that bore the son.

He had filled her life with headaches, heart breaks, care, sorrow, humiliation, strife, pain, degradation, anxiety suspense, blighted hopes, poverty, debt, hunger, regret, terror and wrecked her whole life.

This is one case from real life, yet there are millions of just such cases in this Christian country. The crimes that drinking men have committed against women and children are the most numerous and the blackest in the calendar. And if millions of years were given them to atone for them it could not be done. With all our Christianity and education every street and alley in our land has its martyrs to the drinking man, homes that are hells, homes that are prisons filled with terror and the poor women bear the brunt of it all. The drinking man will spend his last penny on a drunken pal, and deal out curses and blows to his wife. The drinking man blames his wife for all the wrongs he has committed and declares her to be the cause of his degraded condition, and though a walking whisky barrel will declare he is not a drunkard.

I have often wondered what would be the condition of affairs if men were as sober as women are today, and women composed the army of drunkards that stagger through life. I can but think that sober masculinity would think drunken women too vile to live, and would exterminate them, because unfit to mother the race, and there would be sound judgment and common sense in this method, and yet a drunken woman is as admirable a character, as useful to society and equally as pretty as a drunken man. I hardly think that sober husbands

would wait in heart agony, for the return of drunken wives and follow them to the lowest depths of poverty and degradation, because the priest said in the marriage ceremony: "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." The sober man who is so unfortunate as to have a drunken wife generally tests God and the priest he will take matters in his own hands, and the divorce court releases him at once just as it should do.

Why should not this method be generally adopted by sober women who have drunken husbands? No woman can be anything but a degraded slave, who lives with a drunken man, and it is a crime to bear children under such circumstances. Indeed no woman should bear more than two children if even the father represents the mental and moral nobility of his sex.

Two children are as many under the best of circumstances, as a mother has physical strength to give birth to or can properly care for, even if President Roosevelt does say: "All American families should be large."

Some people often talk about things they know nothing about and as the man at the White House never gave birth to a large family he is not competent to discuss this vital question.

The clergy are greatly alarmed over the increase in the number of divorces, but the truth is in the present immoral and degraded condition of society the divorce court is one of the most beneficent institutions of our Christian civilization, and every woman who has a drunken husband should, for her own self respect and for the sake of his offspring, secure divorce and thus prevent the overpopulation of our country with the drunkard's progeny. Volumes could be written on this vital subject and there should be a universal demand for the wiping out of the diabolical law that give the children of a marriage to the father and denies the mother and legal claim to the children she bears in anguish. This law would disgrace barbarians, yet the church strikes hands with the State to outrage motherhood, and the priest proclaims that the marriage tie should be in dissolute and that women should bear all the children nature will permit, even though they be fathered by drunkards, who, when death overtakes them, have only such a message as is cited in this article to leave their children.

JOSEPHINE K. HENRY.

Versailles, Ky.

## TO THE READERS OF THE BLADE.

I wish to announce that my supply of Paine's "Age of Reason" is exhausted. Letters are coming to me, every mail requesting copies. The Blade is indeed a fine advertising medium. I put one notice of six lines in The Blade saying I had a few copies of the "Age of Reason" for distribution and I have received hundreds of letters in response to this one notice. These letters come from twenty-nine States, including far away Alaska, which shows that the name and fame of Thomas Paine are growing brighter every day, and that the Blue Grass Blade is one of the best mediums for advertising in our country, which it would be wise for the business world to recognize.

JOSEPHINE K. HENRY.

## TO THE BLADE CLUBS.

Now I would like to offer a suggestion to the club. I have thought for a long time with Dr. Wilson that Blade readers must grow tired of only a few writers appearing weekly, so why not have a contribution from these good sisters and brothers who are so enthusiastic as to list themselves as workers. I am sure that such workers must have some account of their labors, some experimental reminiscences, some well defined ideas or methods of procedure or some philosophic exposition of life. Any or all of these would be read with interest by the subscribers.

Now if such request is made general all may speak at once and flood Brother Hughes with manuscript, so let us designate the first four on the list for next week: Lucy Waters Phelps, Esther A. Van Ripper, Mrs. A. M. Thompson and Lula M. Gibson. Then the next four for the week following and so on through the list. Ladies, please govern yourselves accordingly and if you are pressed for time, even a short personal letter will be accepted as an introduction and we shall hope for more extended discussions later. I cheerfully surrender the space I have occupied to the Blade Club, and I anticipate far more pleasure in its perusal than in seeing my own copy in print. Send manuscript a week before it is expected to appear.

\$1.25.

to

CINCINNATI AND RETURN

via

QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE

Sunday, May 24th. Ask Ticket Agents for particulars.

920

IS THE NUMBER OF COPIES OF

"DOG FENNEL IN THE ORIENT"

SUBSCRIBED FOR TO THIS DATE.

## THE VIRGIN MARY'S HOME IS LOCATED.

If the good sisters of The Blade Club would take up some subject and begin to write on it for publication, they would be surprised at the information that would drift their way in regard to it. A couple of weeks ago I discussed the "relics of the true cross," and now I have so much other material on relics that it would be impossible to print it all unless I had a double daily issue at my disposal and no fear impending from arrest by the United States postal officials for circulating obscene literature.

The Chicago Record-Herald devotes more than a column to an account beginning as follows: "The reported discovery of the house where Mary, the Mother of Jesus, is supposed to have died is creating considerable discussion in Rome, where the Holy Father is supposed to be considering the advisability of setting the seal of his acceptance upon the legend." We are told in this account that the place where Mary is supposed to have lived after the crucifixion "has been disputed." No revelation seems to have been given on that point and we are left in doubt. But listen to the tale of how this residence was rediscovered: "In this little Westphalian village lived a remarkable woman named Catharine Emmerich. She was unlettered, but had a wonderful memory and retained stories read to her out of her Bible. She treasured up all that was told her by travelers from the Holy Land. She is credited by her neighbors with being a seer and prophet and her utterances were believed to be inspired by visions. What she told was written down by her confessor who had great faith in her clairvoyant powers. Among other things she described the last home of Mary in Ephesus so accurately and so elaborately depicted its present condition that her words inspired the prior of St. John, who, years after her death, read the woman's works and determined to set out in search of the place. His search was rewarded with success. He found the house and wrote a description of the find, which he dispatched to Rome requesting that the officials of the church might investigate and set the seal of their approval or disapproval upon the matter. This is a sample of the stories that are being printed daily with the expectation that men and women of sense will accept them as true. Christian church officials have prosecuted a thriving work in burning the coers and dreamers of dreams during past centuries, but here we have them springing a clairvoyant vision to establish the authority of a novel 2,000 years old, though such claim is equally authentic with the original one in which Joseph and Mary were troubled with a nightmare, but which was materialized and made to assume the angelic proportions of the savior of the world.

This find was made on the 27th of June, 1891, and the report says: "The prior of St. John found nothing but the altar stone, remnants of the cup-board and the fireplace." This sounds a little like the story of the empty hole in the rock which is claimed as the sepulchre of Jesus. We are further informed that this place is as yet "unaffected by pious vandals." The last is a good expression. Pious vandals is an exceedingly apt and appropriate term, for no one but a pious vandal would deface and pilfer from such places. The next report we may expect to hear will be that pious women who make a pilgrimage to the former home of the Blessed Virgin may escape the curse of God and President Roosevelt and be in no danger of causing race suicide.

We are constantly being informed of the finds that are perpetrated upon persons who seek antique furniture, souvenirs and works of art by the old masters. A notable instance being the case of Pierpont Morgan's recent purchases, but who ever heard of these sacred relics of the church being declared fraudulent? M. Seligman, of the Place Vendome, Paris, says: "If you take away the pictures and a few pieces of tapestry the whole collection of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art might be destroyed without loss." Sig. Ventury says: "Most of the specimens of the Dutillet collection of Paris are clumsy imitations," but when the vicegerents of God place their seal upon a relic it is there to stay, for "God is the same yesterday, today and forever." Science, archeology, history may displace profane relics, but revelations from God or old wives clairvoyants legends are declared to be as stable as the everlasting hills.

One famous artist confesses himself a liar in referring to palming off old drawings as genuine, and we read that in order to obtain a decent price for his work Michael Angelo buried his "Cupid Asleep," then had it dug up and it sold for an enormous sum as a restored work of art, but frauds of this kind are never brought to light from the shadows of the church

## BUSINESS

### How to Place the Blade on a Financial Footing

You might say that everybody has his hobby. Well, I have mine. Early in February I mapped out a plan to increase the circulation of The Blue Grass Blade and, of course, to place it at the same time on a sound financial basis.

I do not believe in "begging," nor does Mr. Moore, Mr. Hughes nor anybody else for that matter. I want to adopt business methods in making a "financial" success of The Blade.

It is already a success from a publication standpoint. It is the best and cheapest paper in the world for the money. It is a compendium of poetry, prose, philosophy, science, literature and slang.

To revert, early in February I sent Mr. Hughes five dollars for ten subscribers. I PAID the publisher his price, and we all agree that he appreciated that arrangement more than a donation of five dollars.

At the same time I sent a list of ten names to whom The Blade was sent for two months, and at the expiration or rather before the expiration of that period I sent ten new names, to whom also The Blade was to be sent for two months.

In this way I introduced the paper to twenty families and I have already obtained subscription from several. I have started them on the fifty cents plan and remitted the amount to the publisher. Thus with an outlay of five dollars I expect to at least get ten new subscribers at fifty cents a piece. In this way Mr. Hughes will receive one dollar for each subscriber; the five I sent originally and the fifty cents for each subscriber. I believe this is the very best method of "spreading our gospel." Don't send any money for "donations." Reform your good deeds on a business basis. It is by far more acceptable and more practicable.

If you can not send five dollars send less; but send it for "papers" to be mailed to your friends for a limited period. Let them get interested in The Blade and let them know it is sent to them for a limited time only and begin "insinuating" that for fifty cents more they can have it sent for a year.

Next to the plan outlined above Mr. Moore's suggestion to send \$2.50 for five postals (receipts for five annual subscriptions) meets with my hearty approval.

### ONE THING SURE.

Don't hesitate to send your \$2.50, for these postals or better still \$5.00 on "my plan" for fear that The Blade will "suspend." It will not. We will not let it. It will be published for many, many years. It is TOO GOOD to die. Send in your orders for extra subscriptions NOW. You will get your money's worth.

Wm. Sacks

## Blade's Club

Mrs. Josephine K. Henry, Versailles, Ky.

Lucy Waters Phelps, West Sutton, Mass.

Dr. Esther A. Van Ripper, Circleville, Ohio.

Mrs. A. M. Thompson, 436 Oak St., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mrs. M. E. Davis, Rockdale, Texas.

Mrs. Vina Hodges, Salado, Oregon.

Mrs. Ella Wood, Fondulac, Wisconsin.

Mrs. Jean B. Harmon, Paris, Ky.

Ada L. Smith, Harrison, Okla.

Mary E. Crigger, Bartow, Fla.

Mrs. A. M. Krone, Cincinnati, O.

Helen Collins, 639 E. 21st St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Emily L. Jones, East Lynne, Mo.

L. Everett Phelps, Epperson, Ky.

Mrs. M. M. Lyndall, 196 S. Grant Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

Mrs. M. A. Lee, Blue Earth, Minn.

Elizabeth Henry Sparks, Carlisle, Ky.

Miss Ora L. Baughman, 540 W. Haller St., Lima, Ohio.

Mrs. Nellie Evans, 540 W. Haller St., Lima, Ohio.

Mrs. W. B. Royster, 426 W. Durall St., Jacksonville, Fla.

Alice Roby, Caplinger Mills, Mo.

Laura Roby, Caplinger Mills, Mo.

Lucinda Roby, Caplinger Mills, Mo.

Ella Roby Caplinger Mills, Mo.

John F. Clark, Arlington, Md.

Mrs. E. H. Markell, Belleville, Kan.

Mary A. Emerson, Oak Center, Wis.

Mrs. C. Kelsey, Bellevue, Fla.

W. D. Hargraves, Kathleen, Fla.

Andrew Cook, Manatee, Fla.

F. L. Church, Essex, Mich.

Mrs. R. Page, 12 Vine St., Lexington, Ky.

Miss Elizabeth Wiley, 4069 Page Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Marilla M. Ricker, Dover, N. H.

J. W. Riggins, Diamond, Ala.

Mrs. Aline Wright, Denton, Texas.

Robt. G. Wright, Denton, Texas.

Mrs. Eliza N. Martin, Mableton, Ga.

J. W. Byler, Comins, Mich.

Minnie Lowry, Woolsey, Ind. Ter.

Mrs. Jessie Hazelrigg, Ryan, Iowa.

Jas. Davis, 526 Prospect St., Lima, Ohio.

S. C. Musgrove, Arnettsville, W. Va.

Mary E. Collins, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Capt. Geo. W. Loyd, New Rochelle, New York.

Mrs. M. E. Oades, Olympia, Wash., 420 Third St.

Thomas F. Flood, Barr's Mills, O.

R. H. Clark, Corrigan, Texas.

Wm. Emmitt Johnson, McLeanboro, Ills.

Hans F. Hanson, Eslef, Minn.

Mrs. Isadora C. Davis, 528 Prospect Ave., Lima, Ohio.

Alberto C. Fisher, New Haven, Conn.

George M. Gibson, 112 Post Ave., St. Elmo, Tenn.

Miss Lula M. Gibson, 112 Post Ave., St. Elmo, Tenn.

Mrs. M. C. Gibson, 112 Post Ave., St. Elmo, Tenn.

R. L. Hassler, 1849 Mullianphy St., St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Rachel Grober, 105 W. Fourth St., Covington, Ky.

Mrs. M. Pefferle, Ontario, Ore.

Mrs. Sarah E. Richards, Ashland, Ore.

Wm. M. Richards, Ashland, Ore.

John Wolf, 61 Exchange St., Milford, Mass.

William Jones, Mary and Patton St., Covington, Ky.

Harriet M. Closs, 537 Bank Street, Webster City, Iowa.

Hortense Malcolm Phelps, Otterville, Ont.

R. W. Simpson, Ft. Wrangle, Alaska.

Mrs. Jean I. Pohl and Dr. Gustav A. Pohl, 96 Lemon St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Caroline Rowell, 30 Locust St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Carrie Becker, 27 Harlow St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. John Lawrence, 113 Spaulding Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. R. Austin, 410, E. Fayette St., Connelville, Penn.

Frances Praetz, Rochelle, Ills.

Mrs. Mary Preatz, Rochelle, Ills.

Margaret Coppock, Indianapolis, Ind.

C. W. Hachbart, St. Angra, Iowa.

Anthony O. Nelson, Box 879, Shelton, Wash.

Wm. M. Martin, Mableton, Ga.

L. B. Shoenfield, 118 1/2 N. 19th Ave., Birmingham, Ala.

J. D. Todd, 1831 Avenue B., Birmingham, Ala.