

FROM MRS. HENRY TO MY WIFE,
Versailles, Ky., Oct. 15th, 1905.

My Dear Mrs. Moore:

We have only just now learned of dear Mr. Moore's illness, and I write at once to send our sympathy to you all. You need not take time to respond to this, as I will keep posted as to his condition over the telephone with Mr. Hughes. My heart is too full for utterance. The grandeur of Mr. Moore's character rises in all its magnificence. He is easily the grandest and most majestic figure in the South, a mental and moral Titan whose name and fame will live when her soldiers, legislators and leading men have been forgotten. A man absolutely without guile, his moral influence on coming generations can no more be retarded than the verdure of spring under the laws of Nature. His loss to you and his children will be great indeed, but to the world it will be irreparable. Dear Mrs. Moore death is a kind and gentle messenger to relieve us of our cares, anxieties and sorrows that burden human life. If Mr. Moore is taken from you do not weep for him, but rather weep for yourself and children, and think of the splendid heritage he will leave you, a name and fame unopposed with mental and moral courage possessed by few human beings. It is 14 years to-day since my dear boy was killed, and the news about Mr. Moore on this sad day overcomes me. Capt. Henry and my mother join me in deep sympathy to you all. You will be constantly in our thoughts. With love for dear Mr. Moore and you all I am in loving sympathy, your loyal friend,
JOSEPHINE K. HENRY.

Under ordinary circumstances it would not be right for me to print a private letter written to my wife that would probably get to her when I was dead or dying, and I have certainly been pretty close to death, and can hardly expect now to do but little more than live, if I can do that.

But I have, already, been abundantly paid for all of my suffering by seeing what kindly feelings people have had for me when they thought I was dead or dying.

Nobody, after this, can say that I am a heartless man for my physician—Dr. Coffman, one of the best of men, even though a Presbyterian—has not only said I have a heart but that it is too big.

If sentiments like the above had only come from dear Mrs. Henry—the greatest woman in the world except my own wife and daughter—a woman who agrees with me in my "peculiar" views, it would not so have astonished me, but among all my neighbors, white and black, rich and poor, old and young, male and female, there has been, from the very beginning of my illness one unbroken expression of sympathy, and fruits and flowers and delicacies have been sent me and many have come to see me, and have said that they and all they had were at my service.

The newspapers have all been so kind to me that I believe there would not be one in Kentucky that would have a word to say against me if I were to die to-day.

The only preacher in my neighborhood, a Mr. Thompson, Presbyterian, has expressed his sympathy and regard for me and I suppose, will come to see me, but of all the preachers and priests in Lexington, not one has expressed, so far as I have heard, a word of sympathy for me or for my family, although, when I was sent to the penitentiary they expressed their gratification in print over their own names.

It is hard for me, under these circumstances, to believe that these Lexington preachers have even the common feelings of humanity that prompt ordinary men to forgive the dead and dying though they may have been enemies in life and health.

It may be, however, that these preachers thought I would not care for their sympathy.

Just think what a change has occurred since I started this paper nearly twenty years ago.

Then, for weeks or months at a time, it seemed that not only was I liable to be killed any time I walked the streets of Lexington, but it looked as if they would come from Lexington to kill me in my own home, in the country by day or night, and now, from the city and from the country expressions of kindness are constantly coming to me, and, if my disease yet proves fatal, I can plainly see that no man in the famous "Blue Grass Region" of Kentucky, has more genuine friends than I have.

Of course there are men who are in a position to reward their friends who have very many more friends than I have, but of pure, disinterested friendship I do not believe any man in Kentucky has more than I have.

If I should die I want Dr. Wilson and Mrs. Henry and Mrs. Closs to continue to edit this paper and I want Mr. Hughes to continue to print it. Mr. Hughes has many friends, and they are increasing all the time and he

deserves them, but he is not as fully appreciated as he should be.

If friends of the Blade would only PAY to it for full value received, at the lowest rates, as they give, straight out, without any consideration, to other infidel publications, I would be satisfied, but the Blade's friends do not even do that.

Among all the expressions of kindness that come to me from Christians and Infidels there are, all the time, some letters that come to me from people who claim to be Infidels but who are carried away by some one or more of the silly fads and isms that are all the time growing up and dying down, and which they are using to destroy the great and fundamental principles of Infidelity.

I hope people who are truly friends to me and to the great cause that we profess will let all of those things go into the oblivion of the hundreds of such other things as have preceded them, and that we will all join in a rational effort to make ourselves and the world better.

LET THERE BE LIGHT

BY DR. J. E. ROBERTS.
Let us be just to the past. Human thought is a strange thing. We cannot tell its origin, explain its processes, nor account for its conclusions. Not until the mystery of man is a mystery no longer shall we know how the orthodox dogmas could have originated, much less how they could have been believed.

It passes understanding that men could compile a book—of the earth earthy—equal no more to the genius of the times that produced it; written through and through with the barbarities of the ages from which it came, soiled with their uncleanness, stained with their cruelties, faithfully reflecting their ignorance, their superstitions, and their savagery—their hopes, their ideals, and their dreams; a truly human book, at times as good as the best and often as bad as the worst, and say God wrote it and damned be he who says he did not.

It passes understanding that men could say God had given the keys of the eternal destinies of the races to an agent who resides in Italy and keeps every country on the map under tribute.

It passes all understanding that men could believe God calls preachers, and that their business is more sacred than that of men upon whose industry, like parasites, they fatten and thrive.

It passes all understanding that men could imagine an Infinite Being filling an eternal torture-chamber with human souls, and yet call that being good.

It cannot be explained how the mind of man ever imagined the Infinite swaddled in a babe or hanging dead upon a gibbet.

Reason has no answer, analysis gives no clue, conjecture no guess; imagination is baffled and love despair in the presence of one who can worship such a God or who aspires to take up a homestead in a country where his kingdom is said to have no end.

Yet these things were all believed and believed by multitudes of the noblest and best.

Let us be just to the past. It may be that religion is a disease. We may sometime discover that faith and insanity are alike mental disorders. Prayer may be allied to locomotor ataxia, conversion be a kind of fever, usually intermittent; Presbyterianism may be due to a germ; the Baptist germ, like typhoid may be found in water.

It is certain that in the olden times the saints were sickly, as a rule filthy, and that preachers as a general thing were pale and thin. Health and spirituality were not on speaking terms. Piety and consumption slept in the same bed.

No artist has represented Christ as in any sense strong or robust. The canvass shows him emaciated, wan, and with an air of weariness and exhaustion. He does not look as though he could save anyone.

We know that Jonathan Edwards was of frail, weak body. We know that Pascal was partially paralyzed and at times insane. We know that John Calvin was a life-long sufferer from asthma, dyspepsia, gall-stone, and the gout, and that Saint Paul was squint-eyed, bow-legged, and averse to the society of women.

Let us be just to the past. Religion may be a disease. Creeds and dogmas may be only the poekmarks; or it may be that in evolution it is to be found the explanation of orthodoxy.

We know that the present is the child of all the past, that wings were once fins, feathers were scales. Things that soar and sing once crawled in yeasting bog and fen. Nature strug-

gles to improve. Two forces matched preserve the past and lead forth the future. The old, ever-reluctant, yields to the new, and what has been struggles eternally to re-utter itself in what is becoming and is to be. The human species evolved from the brute.

The physical outstripped the mental growth. When man in body stood erect his mind still went on all-fours. The jungle gloomed around him. The instincts of a distant past were yet strong upon him. Vague recollections, fitful hints, half-remembered things, hovered on the horizon of unconsciousness. Out of the abyss rose muffled memories of the den the lair, the stealthy search for prey. Within the curious "walls and bastions of his brain," faint and dim as echoes' echo, came again the hyena's howl, the fanged serpent's hiss, the fierce joy of the tiger, when the "crooked daggers of his claws" were sheathed in quivering flesh. Once more he prowled in the forest depths, haunting the track of the defenceless or crouching, lay in wait. The past, that which he had seen, was over him, like a spell. The wilderness was arrayed against progress. The beast was grappling with the man, and of that conflict, sinister and terrible, savagery for the time triumphant, orthodoxy was born. Let us be just to the past.

It may be that man's ancestry in the lairs of wild beasts presupposed the Five Points of Calvinism; that the iron boot was a lineal descendant of the boa-constrictor; that the sword in the hands of the church was the reversion to the teeth in the tiger's jaw; that many of the ceremonies supposed to be solemn and essential were in reality reminiscences of the monkey's artless pranks; and that all the savagery of beasts that thirst for blood; all the fierceness and ferocity of claw and venomous fang; all that was cruel, heartless, reptilian, from the first throb of life upon the globe until the dawn of reason's day, found complete and perfect expression in the dogma of endless hell. Let us be just to the past.

Nothing seemed equal to the task of illuminating that darkness. Against those ramparts, legioning that darkness. Against those ramparts, legion guarded, every attack was futile.

The people were infatuated with their slavery. They thought their chains sacred. They fought to defend those who put fetters on their brains. They called him an enemy who sought to shatter superstitions. They turned upon those who would make them free with the old cry, "Crucify him!"

They gathered in mobs around every man found facing toward the dawn.

It was said that the gates of hell should not prevail against the church. It was true; they did not. The gates of hell were inside the church. The church was the guardian of the gates of hell.

There had been great men—men with reason that revolted and consciences that abhorred the mental bondage of their fellow-men. Some seeing the hopeless odds, remained silent. Such were Jefferson and Franklin. Others, like Thomas Paine, went up alone to do battle for humanity, and fell pierced by a thousand shafts of slander, malice, and Christian hatred.

Upon the altar of the church were forged and fashioned falsehoods and to lie about the dead became one of the regular functions of the men of God.

A new sect arose, senseless enough to remain substantially orthodox, but good enough to deny the doctrine of an endless hell. All other sects were against them. They were denounced. They made no headway, thus proving that as the ancient Jew preferred Jerusalem so the modern Christian preferred hell above his chief joy. He was wedded to the worm. Later came the gentle Channing, the amiable Freeman Clark; and the mild-mannered Unitarians. Orthodoxy had put on evening dress, but the devils had not been cast out. The Unitarians made no impression. While they read essays and indited poetry, the devils laughed and applauded.

Theodore Parker went out from the ice palace of the Unitarians, and, clothed as with garments of fire, went up against the citadel of superstition. But the time was not yet. Then he went abroad for his health. The Young Men's Christian Association thanked God that he had heard and answered their prayer.

The situation could not have been more hopeless. Arrogant with death, proud with respectability, defended by authority, pandered to by the press, advocated by the intelligent, declaimed for by the ignorant, and feared by all, the church seemed passing to universal dominion, and humanity to universal night. Reason was in eclipse. The shadows of midnight filled the sky. But the unslumbering forces were hidden in that shadow.

The time was hastening. On the dial of the ages the index was ap-

proaching the fateful hour. The darkness was a womb from which a genius was to be born. Destiny had not forgotten the world. The ear in her orbit was swinging toward the morning.

Above that chaos and from out that night came the primal ancient mandate, "Let there be light," and there was—Ingersoll.

INGERSOLL'S DEAD LIPS THAT STILL SPEAK.

"I would rather have forty acres of land, with a log cabin on it, and the woman I love in the cabin—with a little grassy, winding path leading down to the spring where the water gurgles from the lips of the earth whispering day and night to the white pebbles a perpetual poem—with hollyhocks growing at the corner of the house, with their bannered bosoms open to the sun, and with a thrush in the air, like a song of joy in the morning, and morning glories blooming over the low, latched door—with lattice work over the window so that the sunlight would fall checkered on the dimpled babe in the cradle and birds—like songs with wings hovering in the summer air—than to be the clerk of any government on earth. I would rather live there and have my soul erect and free than to live in a palace of gold and wear the crown of imperial power and know that my soul was slimy with hypocrisy."

The Chicago American in a recent editorial:

Every year in this country and throughout the world women progress toward the full possession of the ballot and toward equality with men in educational facilities.

In one state after another women are beginning to practice law, they are obtaining new suffrage rights, they are flocking to newly opened schools and colleges.

The woman who votes becomes an important factor in life, for double reasons. In the first place, when a woman votes, the candidate must take care that his conduct and record meet with a good woman's approval, and this makes better men of the candidates.

In the second place, and far more important, is this reason:

When women shall vote, the political influence of the good men in the community will be greatly increased. There is no doubt whatever that women, in their voting, will be influenced by the men whom they know. But there is also no doubt that they will be influenced by the good men.

Men will deceive each other much more easily than they can deceive women—the latter being providentially provided with the X-ray of intuitional perception.

The blustering politician, preaching what he does not practice, may hold forth on the street corner or in a saloon, and influence the votes of others as worthless as himself. But his home life will more than offset his political influence among women.

The bad husband may occasionally get the vote of a deluded or frightened wife. But he will surely lose the votes of the wives and daughters next door.

Voting by women will improve humanity because it will compel men to seek and earn the approval of women.

Our social system improves in proportion as the men in it are influenced by its good women.

The incalculable injury which irrational superstition has done to credulous humanity is conspicuously revealed in the ceaseless conflict of confessions of faith. Of all the wars which nations have waged against each other, with fire and sword the religious wars have been the bloodiest; of all the forms of discord that have shattered the happiness of families and of individuals those that arise from religious differences are still the most painful. Think of the millions who have lost their lives in Christian persecutions, in the religious conflicts of Islam and the Reformation, by the Inquisition, and under the charge of witchcraft. Or think of the still greater number of luckless men who, through religious differences, have been plunged into family troubles, have lost the esteem of their fellow citizens and their position in the community, or have even been compelled to fly from their country. The official confession of faith becomes most pernicious of all when it is associated with the political aims of a modern state, and is enforced as religious instruction in our schools. The child's mind is thus easily diverted from the pursuit of the truth and impregnated with superstition. Every friend of humanity should do all in his power to promote unsectarian schools as one of the most valuable institutions of the modern state.—Haeckel's Riddle of the Universe.



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SOME NAUGHTY PARSONS.

The Courier-Journal of October 15, reports the arrest of Priest Jose Accen, a teacher at Gethsemane, Ky., charged with stealing \$100. Some of the money was found in his shoes, some in his socks and some in his hat.

At Los Angeles, California, Oct. 7, Rev. William J. Dinwoodie, Methodist, was arrested for concealing himself in a room and making indecent proposals to school girls that passed by. Presiding Elder Adkinson says Dinwoodie was of good standing.

CHRISTIAN BANK THIEF.

The papers report another instance of a bank clerk thief. He was a model Christian young man and stole \$300,000. He used the Young Men's Christian Association as a means by which to accomplish his purpose, and he was on his road to church when he was arrested.

This is the case almost all the time. In my long experience as a newspaper man, infidel propagandist and penitentiary convict I have never known but one infidel who was a criminal. He lived in St. Louis, and was a patron of the Blue Grass Blade. He was a burglar and was killed by officers, but he was a man of no prominence among Infidels, and did not even make himself known to me when he knew that I was at an Infidel Congress in St. Louis only a short time before he was killed.

A. Christians are not criminals but, in round numbers, all criminals are Christians, and whenever you see any man prominent in religion you may watch that man because the chances are that he is a rascal.

BAD CAMPBELLITE PREACHER

The Rev. Dr. Benjamin Q. Denham will preach no more for the first church of the Disciples of Christ in West Fifty-sixth street, this city. He is out of the pulpit and out of the ministry. The trouble began when the Rev. Mr. Denham's lady neighbors had him arrested for an immodest exhibition of himself at his windows, and it was helped along by Mrs. Grannis, President of National Purity, who told things about him to the newspaper men and then repudiated the interview because it was not authorized. The Rev. Denham and the church officers requested Mrs. Grannis to withdraw from the church, but she declined. Instead, the pastor went, the congregation overlooking his indiscretions and giving him a farewell reception, which the president of National Purity did not attend. He will go into the orange raising business, perhaps in some tropical climate where clothes

are negligible, and where he can practice posing at his window in the nude without exciting comment.—Truth Seeker.

Josephine K. Henry is writing pamphlet on "Marriage and Divorce" and it will soon be ready for press. It will be an up-to-date treatise of this vital question that is claiming so much attention from Church, State, and the press. The size of the edition will depend on the demand for this pamphlet, persons wishing one or more copies will please drop a postal to Josephine K. Henry, Versailles, Kentucky.

Josephine K. Henry's pamphlet, "Woman and the Bible" is meeting with warm commendation. It is now circulating in all sections of the United States, and orders for it have been received from England, Scotland, Germany and Sweden. As the edition is being rapidly exhausted persons desiring copies of this pamphlet should apply to Josephine K. Henry, Versailles, Ky and they will be sent as long as the edition lasts.

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