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Current Comment II

Ross Winn

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Retrieved on 9th May 2023 from en.wikisource.org
Originally appeared in *Winn's Firebrand*, Vol. II No. 1, January
1903.

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Charles C. Moore is the publisher of an Infidel paper at Lexington, Ky., called the Blue Grass Blade. Both Charley and his paper are perfectly harmless, however, otherwise we might take their existence as proof positive that the foll-killer was neglecting his job. Moore has a habit, which has become habitual, of saying foolishly funny things about himself and Jehovah and others, but he really doesn't mean anything by it. Moore is never so excruciatingly funny as when he is solemn and serious. It is his attempts at humor that impel one to uncork the tear jugs of grief, and to shed the scalding brine of pathetic sorrow. The mission of the Blade is to demolish the Christian religion, and Moore goes about it conscientiously and with considerable vim. All of which is very commendable, I cheerfully grant. But Editor Moore's journalistic assaults upon the battlements of heaven are often as heroically comical as Don Quixote's tilts with the windmills, and about as barren of practical results. The chief trouble with Moore is that he doesn't know anything, and lacks sufficient astuteness to conceal the fact. Even in his chosen field of Bible criticism he allows himself to be tripped up by Christian critics; and upon all occasions, when he undertakes to discuss serious matters, he flounders

around in illogical circles, like a rudderless ship, or a bashful suitor trying to corral a coy maiden. By which I do not mean that Charleyboy is bashful—oh, lord, no! Bashfulness and modesty are two weaknesses that do not appertain to the character and mental make-up of the Blade's editor.

But however little Moore knows in general, his knowledge of political and economic questions amounts to still less. This is illustrated in his furious and foolish diatribes against Anarchism and Anarchists. His ignorance of well-known historical facts is absolutely appalling. His reference to "seven men executed in Chicago for Anarchy," is on par with his assertion that there are no Infidels in Italy. Possibly he never even heard of Giordano Bruno, who in 1600 was burned in the plaza at Rome, for his Infidel opinions. Yet Moore dates his paper "E. M. 303," which means the Era of Man, dating from the martyrdom of this Italian Freethinker. He further asserts that all Anarchists are orthodox Christians... Moore, however, is a gay old rooster who cares no more for facts than an orthodox divine. And if he knows anything on any subject, he manages to keep it carefully concealed. C. C. Moore is a ripe, rosy peach.

The editor of the International Socialist Review is an optimistic soul. In spite of the poor showing made by the Socialist party in the November elections, we find him singing softly and serenely thus, in the December Review:

"The Socialists are about the only ones who have any particular reason for rejoicing over the results of the recent election."

That the Socialists made gains in the matter of votes is a circumstance that should be satisfactory to all of us, whether we believe with the political Socialists or not. But I fail to see the

"particular reason for rejoicing," of which, according to Brother Simons, the Socialists have a monopoly.

That Socialists have in fact no "particular reason for rejoicing over the results of the recent election," is, I think, pretty well attested by the absence of any specific mention of the aforesaid "reason" in the editorial referred to. Mr. Simons simply assumes that his party will continue to increase its votes until the majority line is crossed. But the Populists made greater gains in shorter time, and where is Populism today? Gone aglimmering in the whenceness of the where, with the remnant of the things that were. And so with all political reformers.