



The Ghourki

HOWARD LLEWELLYN SWISHER, Editor

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

Out to the cliffs overhanging the sea,
Away from the city's noise and din,
Every day I go, as for years I've gone,
To see if my ship is coming in.

And of all the sailors I chance to meet
I make inquiry, "Where have you been?
"Have you seen a vessel bound this way,
"And do you know when she's coming in?"

That ship I've seen in vision and dream,
Coming ever this way a port to win,
And I think of the treasures that shall be mine
When my beautiful ship at last comes in.

Fame, riches and honor, position and power,
And gifts to bestow upon friends and kin,
Ease, comfort and joy, and treasures galore
I expect to have—when my ship comes in.

So, every day when my work is done,
And the sun has set on the world of sin
I go to my place on the coast line high,
To see if my ship has yet come in.

J. CAL W.

THE BRAND OF CAIN.

In an instant I was wide awake, and that vague consciousness that I was not alone in the house became a certainty. Hastily snatching my revolver, I jumped out of bed and cautiously crept down stairs.

On the lower landing I met my brother's wife, and with her was her mother and their children, while my brother was busying himself among my favorite plants in the conservatory. "How came you here?" I asked. The wife did not answer, but my brother, raising his head, and with that tantalizing smile on his handsome face, replied: "Why, we came in at the door." "But that was locked!" I shouted. "And I picked the lock," he replied. At this reply such a rush of anger came over me that I nearly lost control of myself. To think that my house was not sacred to me; to think that he could and would penetrate into my most secret life: that he could and would amuse himself among my most cherished plants, and with that air of ownership that was maddening to see—I had just enough of my senses left to cast my revolver away, so as not to shoot, although I was more than tempted to do so, and, speaking in as calm a voice as I could command, I said, "You had no right to break into my house. It would be a crime in any one else, and is no less so in you."

Then he taunted me beyond endurance, so much so that anger overcame me, and I rushed toward him intending to strike him down. But some little control being left, I sank into a chair, and as nature must have some relief,

I sobbed like a child. His wife tried to stop his speech and tried to get him away, but he, mistaking my sobs for weakness, taunted me further, saying that I had poisoned our father's mind against him, that the house was his as much as mine, although father had left it all to me when he died. This I would have let pass, had he not made the vile statement, that I was base-born and nothing but a foundling-child of a streetwalker, whom father for charity's sake had taken in and cared for. As his words died away, such a frenzy seized me that, with a sudden raising of myself, I brained him with the chair. He fell like an ox, and with such a dull, sickening thud! and I knew that I was a murderer. His wife fell across his prostrate body with a heart-rending scream, and with such an appalling, horror-stricken look on her face I shall never forget. And such a reaction in me! Only one hour before I was innocent and happy. In that short time I had become a fratricide! No matter how long I should live, the sight of my brother's bloody, upturned face would haunt me—forever.

I awoke! The church bells were ringing. People were passing on their way to worship, and the calmness of a Sunday summer evening lay over the land; and I thanked God it was only a dream.

G. W. F.

The Ghourki

Send out copies of it
among your friends
who ought to be in
The Tribe but are not.

THE PRETTY GIRL IN CALICO.

A Sentimental Ballad.

A lad came riding down a lane,
Under the apple blossoms, O,
He bounced so high it gave him pain,
But still he roared a chorus, O.

And these are the words, he sang, O,
Riding fast, or riding slow:
"The finest sight in the world, O,
Is a pretty girl in calico!"

The horse was thin and his bony frame
Was sharp and hard as a rail, O;
It made that poor boy very lame,
But still he piped his chorus, O.

And these are the words he sang, O,
Whether it hurt him much or no:
"The finest sight in the world, O,
Is a pretty girl in calico."

The old horse fetched a sudden stop,
The poor boy kept a-going, O,
Till something soft he struck—*ker-flop!*
But still he roared his chorus, O.

"I beg your pardon Miss, O!
I didn't go to do so!
But the finest sight in the world, O,
Is a pretty girl in calico."

The maid was somewhat *taken aback*,
Her mind was mostly gone, O;
But still, as she boxed his ears a smack,
She smiled to hear him sing so.

And these were the words he sang, O,
Tho' his heart and his hide were sore, O:
"The finest sight in the world, O,
Is a pretty girl in calico."

"Sweet Miss, revive, or I shall die!"
She gasped "O Lord don't say so!
For if you did, I'm sure I'd cry,
And get as thin as your horse, O."

Then he sang to her in his arms, O,
And thought no more of his sorrow:
"The sweetest joy in the world, O,
Is to hug a girl in calico."

J. WM. LLOYD.

A Year's Subscription

For yourself or friend if you will
send THE CHIEF a copy of No. 1
of THE GHOURKI.

NEWARK, N. J., July 22, 1902.

BELOVED CHIEF:

The last issue of *The Ghourki* has reached me, and I read it with great interest. I deeply regret that I am forced to take issue with you on the question of heredity. While admitting that the offspring of the physically and morally defect is not likely to turn out as well as the children of sound and virtuous parents, it always seems to me that environment plays an even greater role in such matters. Permit me then to say that, in my opinion, social conditions are responsible for vice and crime to a large extent, and also for the physical imperfections which are the never-failing accompaniments of civilization. How strong, how brave, how moral, were the so-called savages, until the corrupting hand of civilization has touched them! Alas, of all sights on this earth, is not this one of the saddest? Sight fit to draw tears from the eyes of both gods and men? Chief of all the tribes, mark you this: the blood of the body-politic is foul!—foul to the very last corpuscle of it, and no amount of anti-vice crusades, be they as numerous as the sands on the beach, will purify it.

The blood being foul and loathsome, does it not follow that festering sores will appear on the skin? And are not vice and crime the putrid excrescences which make the skin of the body-politic a mournful sight? You cannot cure a small-pox patient by scratching his sores, and neither can you cure vice and crime by anti-vice crusades.

Big chief, let me tell you this: the lives of men and women must be made happier. Here lies the secret. Do that, and the time will soon come when vice and crime will disappear as if by magic, and there will be no such thing as hereditary criminality.

I have spoken many words, O chief, and have employed many unesthetic similes in my earnest endeavor to prove my theories.

But I have spoken from the depths of my heart.

I wish you much health and prosperity, and will say farewell.

BENEDICT PRIETH,

Editor of The Whim.

MY DEAR CHIEF:

Dont mind the heading, but address me as per directions below:

Say, Chief, I dont know a blooming thing about your order, but I assume that it is great. And, being a faker myself, I entertained a great and lasting respect for a real "good thing." See if you can't find herewith U. S engravings of the value of 25c, and, if so, send me a membership—provided it don't bar me from having a wife and family in each port I visit. Fact is, Jim Bludsoe was my uncle, and he and I had a perfect understanding. Now as to the tribe of Ghourki, would say that said tribe is new to me. But I have fought Sioux and Comanches at \$13 per. for the gov't, and I am looking for something not so easy, and also something that is more entertaining.

Complying with your request, I am joining today.

Yours, DR. C. E. GATES,
607 Kirk Building, Syracuse, N. Y.

MUSKOGEE, I. T., July, 10, 1902.
THE CHIEF OF THE GHOURKI,
Morgantown, W. Va.

MY DEAR CHIEF: THE GHOURKI has come to me twice, and it has pleased me to read it. I think the Chief is nothing if not original, and he is to be complimented. I have sent you copies of "Twin Territories," and 'twill delight me to exchange magazines with you; also advertising space. Send copy not later than July 20 for August Twin Territories.

I enclose ad copy herewith. Whatever space you allow, same will be satisfactory.

Are you really of Indian blood? You see, being a girl, I am curious to know. I am Cherokee by birth. Although our magazines are both very much Indian, they are edited along entirely different lines, and I believe the exchange will be interesting. Anyway, I shall like to read THE GHOURKI.

With good wishes and kindly feeling for the Hill Tribes, I am,

Very sincerely yours, "TUCHETA"
(Bright Bird).

EVOLUTION.

When new-born thoughts flit through the brain,
Old impressions made may not remain,
Unless by the discerning mind
On memory's tablets they are enshrined.

But, lest these images so faintly traced
On filmy tissues should be effaced,
Wise Ghourki scribes, with art divine,
On birch-bark scrolls these forms outline.

And thus preserved, each gem of thought
To comlier form is later brought
By Genius and the writer's art,
To charm the mind and cheer the heart.

J. CAL WATKINS.

TO OUR DEAR CHIEF:

I see by the papers that the Chief of our Tribe has been nominated for a high political office. We are made glad when our chief is so highly honored by the people, and are very proud of him. But for all that we feel very, very sad, for we fear that when he is elected to the office that he will neglect his children. It would be sad indeed to be deprived of his pleasant harangues and witty sayings that come to us every moon through our communicating medium "THE GHOURKI."

We want our chief to be elected, however, at all hazards, as indeed we are sure he will be, and any assistance we can be to him let us assure him will be promptly forthcoming.

We must exact a promise from him, however, not to neglect THE GHOURKI, as that is getting to be an indispensable feature of our needs. We had rather do without one corn pone each month than "Our Little Brown Book."

Yours in love,

C. C. SHIELDS.

SERENADE.

My love is a witching brunette,
Her step, like the airy gazelle's,
Bounds over the grasses unwet.

Her eyes are the deepest of jet,
Their glance to my memory tells
A tale I shall never forget.

From out of their windows they let
The jingle and jargon of bells
The Cupids continually fret.

Her eyes shame the raven, and yet—
Her tresses are deeper; their spells
Have bound up my life in a net.

Unstrung is the bow, where has met
Her lips, there the nightingale dwells
And sings to the rose his regret.

Rondeau and the light villanelle's
Gay burden will not pay the debt:
"My love is a witching brunette."

Waldron, Ind.

ALONZO RICE.

TORICK.

Black-eyed Torick, pretty pup,
Blame you! don't you nose that cup!
Let me stroke thy silky ears;
Let me quell thy puppy fears.

Spotted black and snowy white—
No, no!—Torick mustn't bite!—
Why in mischief does a pup
So delight to tear things up?

Torick list: some good advice
From an older pup, and wise (?)—
Folks love pups that do not whine,
Pups that howl not, nor repine.

Tho' the fleas may bite thee sore,
Tho' thy bones might well be more,
Tho' thou sometimes wear'st a clog—
Torick, be a jolly dog!

Now then, Torick, get thee down!
Neither snarl at life, nor frown.
If troubles face thee, never mind!
Wag a joyful tail behind.

J. WM. LLOYD.

HARANGUES TO THE GHOURKI BY THE CHIEF OF THE TRIBE.

The August number that is today this number is peculiarly and particularly late. It might devolve upon the Chief to explain if it was not understood that The Ghourki is only published when the spirit moves—and hot weather tends to make the spirit very tame. Cold weather is now coming, and you may look for the numbers of the little brown book to come thick and fast. Rest assured, O braves and little brown Squaws, that you will get your full number of copies for your two bits, no matter when you subscribed or how long you want to get them.



This chief has great hopes of living to a ripe old age, because his digestion is good and he comes of a line of long-lived ancestors. If you miss a number or two of the Ghourki don't think the chief is dead. Such delays are not always dangerous.



Before the harangues proceed much further let the chief give warning that some there be whose membership in the Tribe expired with the last issue who have not yet sent in the necessary wampum to pay for another year's membership. Forget not that in this wigwam there dwells, besides the chief, a little brown squaw whose needs are great. If you do not send the chief your quarter, he will not get it, the little brown squaw won't get it, and what is worse, you won't get The Ghourki. Send that quarter today; for, behold! the west winds are growing fiercer and the covering of the wigwam is bad.

While you are about it, send a dollar and have The Ghourki sent you and four of your friends for a year. If you send five dollars you will receive the Ghourki as long as you live, and be a member of the Tribe forever.



"Times are not what they used to be." How frequently we hear this remark, and how glad we are that times are not what they used to be. Time was when they imprisoned men for saying that the world was round. Times are not what they used to be. Time was when men were burned at the stake for heresy, or mayhap stretched upon the rack to have their joints dragged apart and tendons ripped to pieces. Times are not what they used to be. Time was when men of God condemned babies to suffer eternally in hell because they had not had a little water sprinkled on them before they died. Times are not what they used to be. No, thank God, they are not.



Many, however, are sincere in their belief that the world is going to the bad. Such ones look upon things narrowly. In the pages of the world's history a great individual is but a comma, a nation but a word. I believe this is the best minute of the best hour of the best day the world has ever seen, and tomorrow will be better.



Look not upon one day for results—look at the ages. Consider not one individual a criterion—look at the world.



With all its brutality, which is much to be deplored, we can not deny that the prize-ring and prize-fighting have been the means of turning the attention of people to the phys-

ical man. We are trying harder now than ever before to have perfect human forms. Think of a man a quarter of a century ago spending good money telling people they ought to pay him money for showing them how to take exercise! He would have been hooted. Now he spends money to tell people about it and people are willing to be separated from their coin to learn how to be physically strong. No doubt many spend their money for little or nothing, but any kind of physical training is better for man and the race than booze.



I have one friend that no matter how things turn out, always sees how it is for the best. If things go squarely against him he at once sets about to make it appear that he has won the victory, and he generally has won. My friend is not a theorist nor a dreamer, but a practical business man. This subtle quality of mind has made him a great business man. It is a quality of mind that it will pay every one to cultivate. It is hope. But it is more than hope: it is poise, balance, judgment, or whatever you may choose to call it, but it is a good thing to have handy when the test comes.



There is plenty of air at large. Take lots of it into your lungs. You need it and it is not yet controlled by a trust.



Trust in the Lord and keep your powder handy.



There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip, but the bottle always seems to hit the mark.



Time and tide wait for no man. The man's a fool who waits for them.

A rolling stone gathers no moss. If you
need moss in your business don't roll.



Now, O braves, and you little brown squaws
this message is from the chief. Let your
hearts dance, for the world is full of joy.
Peace is nowhere if not in your heart. Happi-
ness pursued, fleeth to the mountains but wait-
ed for, after duty is performed, comes and sits
in your lap. Kindness is the milk of life; hope
lifts up the eyes and seeth the sunshine, for
there is sunshine to those who look. Soon my
voice shall be heard around your campfires
again.

CHAT

PATRICK J. SWEENEY, Editor.

Bright, Helpful and Hopeful.

Articles of the right kind and the right length. Lots of "cheer up" in it. Plenty of practical advice and valuable suggestions. Filled with inspiration. It is published in the interest of all who are ambitious, who are anxious to get along and who do a bit of thinking on their own account. *Chat* will enthuse and stimulate you to better efforts. It contains "heart-to-heart" friendly talks and not dry or gruesome articles.

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The Ghourki

HOWARD LLEWELLYN SWISHER, Editor

HARANGUES TO THE GHOURKI BY THE CHIEF OF THE TRIBE.

A friend to be a friend must be faithful. He must believe in you. Whatever you do must be right in his eyes. He must respect and love you and believe in you when others turn away. One of my earthly possessions that I value highly is a small seal brown dog. At my heels he follows faithfully when allowed and if not allowed to follow, takes it in good part, and greets me with much joyous barking when I come home. If I feed him well he is grateful but if I neglect him he is unwavering in his trust of me. I know that if I were hungry and he lacked food he would none the less believe I was doing my best to care for him. Should I return some day to my home penniless his greeting would be none the less cordial. It is me that he wants. A faithful friend should have many of the qualities of this little animal.



Shall we ever come to know that there is joy in work? Shall we cease to dream of fields elysian, of cities paved with gold, where the greatest thing we could do would be to sing all day? Work is not a curse. Theologians

have taught us that it is, they have shown us their faith in their teachings by idling away six days in the week and giving us hell to believe in on Sundays. By work I do not mean unwonted toil that makes the bones ache and the muscles quiver. I mean that every one should have that work which suits his abilities best, whether it be in the field, in the mine, in the office or wherever it may be. Let it be labor that brings a just and ample remuneration and let it be done with a happy heart. Work is not a curse. It is God's greatest blessing. A man reputed for wisdom said "my father worketh hitherto and I work."



Sometimes the chief says things that hundreds believe but have not the courage to say. Then when said chief runs for office behold the gimlet hole politicians. They take expressions of opinion and garble them and make it appear that the chief is a bad man.



I may not be electad to office but I shall have my say.



A friend once asked Colonel Ingersoll what it cost him to publish his book "About the Holy Bible" Mr. Ingersoll replied: "The governor ship of Illinois, sir" It is this in the land of the free and home of the brave. A man must be of some sect or faith to be an office holder. He must not think for himself.



I want you, dear Ghourk, after you have read this number to mail it to some friend with

the request that he become a member of the tribe.



There are many of the faithful who have never seen the Ghoarki. The field is white, O braves; go out and harvest it. If you want your friends to have copies of the Ghourki send their names to me. I'll do the rest.



Now as to the Big Eat. It is being arranged and will take place as soon as the Tribe numbers five thousand.



The chief in connection with publishing the Ghourki runs a book store. While he was a candidate all manner of evil things were said against him. One Jack Madigan of Salvation army fame, and another Will Barbe said that the chief sold bad literature in his store. Now in the main I am innocent but I have sold a few of Mr. Barbe's three books, "Ashes and Incense," "Going to College" and "In the Virginias." So far as I know this is the worst literature I have ever sold.



Who will rise up to picture to us in literature the strength of our early pioneers. Blessed shall be his name. The man best equipped to do this is Hu Maxwell and in his Jonathan Fish recently published he has given us a hint of what he may yet do.



Since the last issue of the Ghourki the Chief has been in the whirl of politics. He was his party's candidate for the State Senate and now the battle is over comes to the front

again to comfort and console the Tribe. Was I defeated, yes a great many good men and wise suffered in the same way and misery makes us much akin.



It is needless to say that I am now much wiser than before. I know many things that in my wildest dreams I had never imagined. I know that my great-great grandmother stood at the foot of her arithmetic class for seven consecutive days and that my paternal ancestors came to this country on a flat boat and that their principal diet en voyage was onions and bacon. The reputation of my nearer progenitors causes me to wonder that they could so long have run at large. Then as to myself, great Chief that I am, I feel sure that I am bound for the gallows according to the statements of good men, men who go to church on Sunday. I am about the worst man beyond the walls of Sing Sing.



Some say a man should never run for office if you would have a peaceful mind. I say to all members of the Tribe, run for office by all means. You will then find out who your friends are. You will find that men you once respected and loved will turn upon you like the dogs of Hell. You will find that men you thought your friends, men whose hand clasp had seemed warm to you will sling mud in your eyes that you may not see whither you are traveling. On the other hand you will see men that you have suspected, perhaps doubted, take off their coats and vests too,

and work for your success as if it were a matter of life and death.

✱

It is to be wondered how men will rally at the mention of party. Party means everything, men and principle nothing. Men vote their party ticket no matter who may be on it. If a denizen of the slums, a patron of bawdy houses, a Judas ready to sell himself for thirty pieces of silver, if he can get no more, gets on the party ticket he soon becomes the Honorable so and so. Men who claim to be respectable church members, professors, ministers, would sometimes vote for the Devil if he were on their party's ticket.

✱

But now let us reason together, O Hill Tribes, let us know that it will not always be thus. The time cometh and is near at hand when to belong to a party will mean no more politically than it now means morally to belong to church. Principle, Character, Love of Humanity, Brotherhood will sometime characterize those who rule over us.

✱

The Chief's weak point in politics seems to be his religion. It may be remembered that last May he had some very sassy things to say about a certain church and went so far as to say that he knew of one minister in that church who was a thief and another who was a liar. Now these statements were true and in the next issue of the Ghourki I shall make a sworn statement that they were true and give the names of the gentlemen. But now this was dug up and published to show that

the Chief was the proverbial bad man and had no religion. I fear, O members of the Tribe, that I am not surcharged with the sort of religion that makes me believe that I shall be saved if I belong to church and that all who don't belong to church will be eternally damned, but I hope I have a reasonable share of that religion that makes me look upon my fellow man as my brother no matter what his position in life may be.



We have much in our thinking today of the dross of the past when church and state were joined. A man can not be elected to office today unless he can show a certificate of membership in the church which happens to be strongest in his district. If he holds such membership he can raise Ned generally and still it will be excused. But woe is him if he holds it not.



If a man is to scorch eternally because he is mistaken in his religious belief that ought to satisfy the orthodox and they ought to pity him rather than try to make this earth a hell for him.



Blessed is the man who does not get red headed.



Although this issue of the Ghourki is dated September it is printed in November. Don't get impatient. Sometimes the Chief has to tread the forest for many days in search of the elusive game before the larder is well enough supplied to allow a day off for thinking.

Once the Chief Mataska had a friend Chonita that he loved well. He sent his messenger each new moon to invite Chonita to his wigwam and Chonita always came. At last he did not send his messenger and Chonita came not. In great haste Mataska went to the wigwam of Chonita. "Why didst thou not come to my lodge this new moon, O Chonita," he asked. "Because thou sendest not for me," replied the friend.

Take warning, O Braves, and send your renewal to the Ghourki or soon you will not have the messages of the Chief to read in the pine cone glow.



A pint of seed from the pine cone or twenty-five cents in cash pays for the Ghourki one year.



Keep your troubles or speak them aloud in the forest where no one can hear. The world has corns on its own toes and cares not to hear of yours.



It is better to be deceived by a friend than to doubt a friend.



Whatever you look for in this world you will find, O Members of the Tribe. If you look for peace and joy and good will you will find it in abundance, but treachery, and hate and misery are likewise to be found. For which are you searching?



Sometimes John Alex Dowie sends me copies of his paper, Leaves of Healing. I don't know so much as I should about this Modern

Zion he has built up and while I have not been seized with any burning desire to join the Community, I think Dowie is a great man. He must be else why is he so much berated.



Great men are good marks for pygmies to shoot at.



The greatest heroes are dead these many years.



Not for some moons has the Chief heard the voice of the brown eyed squaw of the Tribe of Manhattan. Why this long silence? Are there no more scalps to be hung on the totem pole in front of the Chief's wigwam?



Have the critics decided what are to be the popular books for the Christmas Season? If they have will they kindly drop me a postal card? I always like to know so I can avoid reading them.



Have you an hour to read. Tackle Homer, or Virgil or Pepy's Diary. Read the popular novel next year if you happen to think of it.

IN THE PINE CONE GLOW.

[Short mention of books and periodicals that come to the Wigwam]

The Van Guard Press, published at Green Bay, Wisconsin, is the meatiest, socialist periodical I have seen. It would pay any member of *The Tribe* to send the editor fifty cents and get the *Van Guard* a year.



The Purity Journal and Christian Life comes to the wigwam unheralded. It may be better than it looks. I'll read it any way.



The November number of *The Socialist Spirit* has some good things. I can not refrain from quoting the following editorial. It is almost as good as the chief could do."

"There is a certain old fable regarding the Sphinx which men have been interpreting after a different fashion ever since they began to preach and write. The Sphinx was said to sit in the highway and put riddles to all who came.

Whoever could not answer was swallowed alive: whoever solved the riddle slew the Sphinx.

The Sphinx lived a long time. Under many forms it lives yet. It will continue to live until men quit relying upon institutions and begin to rely upon themselves.

We commonly say that men are the product of their environment. This is true of the mass. It is usually so nearly true that the phrase has become conventional.

Yet it is not wholly true. If it were wholly true progress would be impossible; men would forever go on accepting conditions as they

find them, struggling merely for individual supremacy.

* Men are born who are the product of their environment;—*plus*.

What one man has done another may do.

To rise superior to your environment is to slay the Sphinx.

To go on day by day thinking the thoughts that are in the copybooks, following the immorality of conventional morality and believing that men are religious because they profess to be so, is to be swallowed by the Sphinx and to reside in the dark caverns of his body.

Independent intellectual and moral choosing is the only weapon that can slay him. When you have these qualities you have a man.

Every fact, every event of life, puts a question to every man. Every problem must be solved by each person.

You cannot creep into heaven over the back of a crucified carpenter. The kingdom of heaven is within you. It is not a locality. It is a state of mind.

Unless you, by your own individual moral and intellectual striving, lift the cloud of indifferent ignorance that constitutes modern social environment; unless you shock it into sensibility by the mighty blows of understood facts, you are only another carcass for the Sphinx's feasting.

We can slay the Sphinx only by collective action. We must starve him to death by taking his food from him. When there lives not a man who cannot answer his questioning there will be none left to swallow.

When the race marches in solid phalanx toward the Sphinx it will find that the Sphinx is but a shadow—a phantasy.

The name of the Sphinx is ignorance.



All the way from England comes *The Protest* and in it there are many intensely interesting but mild protests. The following concerning church music is perhaps the best. "My protest shall be against that hideous usurper in the domain of Ecclesiology, Music. "Church Music is a term understood of the people, and this is the only reason for its use. There is no such thing as church music any more than there is Early Victorian "sacred music." There is music, and there is Worship Music, and the first is as comprehensive as the second is limited. And yet the word sacred music is not so dead as one would imagine. At an afternoon concert in a church—it is true it was called an afternoon service on the bills—I saw but yesterday that someone would sing the Sacred Song "O, Dry those tears." The music, so called, one hears in nine out of ten Anglican and Roman Churches today is a little short of appalling. I protest more particularly against Spiffkins in B flat and all his trite. At a Church Congress I was once compelled to attend, a parson said that in the matter of music we "were at the mercy of the Organist." One has only to look at the columns in which organists advertise. There you may read that "a vicar desires earnest Churchman to train choir, play the service, attend practices, and possibly teach in the Sunday

School; help in the penny readings and conduct the Choral Society for the sum of £30 per annum." Or that a gentleman of varied and long experience desires a Church where there is a full choral service, a three-manual organ (electric pneumatic and any other "atic" that may be in vogue), and above all things a good field for outside teaching; and adds his complete willingness to accept a nominal stipend. Other aspirants are of the organist-cum-gardening and cow-milking class. or the female variety who adds "mother's helping" to her accomplishments.

Here it is in a nutshell. The Vicar who cannot pay a decent wage, and the organist, who wants to achieve distinction as a virtuoso. Few people, except the country cousins at the Crystal Palace who demand something between the vaudeville turns, want to hear organ music. There is little to help the parson in the choice of his Music Director. Harried as he is with the Young Women's Physical Recreation Society, the Men's Club, the Blanket and Coal Distributing Agency; all of which are responsible for the idiotic sermons one hears nowadays, he is forced to rely upon someone who at least can play the hymns decently. He has had to take refuge from the faddist. He knows by experience what your "Church Music" is.

The desire for better things must come from the congregation. A favorite topic at the moment, after the dearth of ordination candidates, is "why men do not come to church." There may be other reasons but one is the music.

The "bright and hearty" service, with Spiffkins for the Canticles, with that abomination of abominations the Anglican chant for the Psalms, with some popular rubbish for the hymns, and all sorts of hideousness for the congregation, including the lady who sings "seconds" and the gentleman who hops about in fifths and calls it bass. This is nothing more than a horrible pow-wow which no true musician should tolerate for a moment.

The music of the ball-room, the music hall and the theatre have no place in worship. For worship music, we must hark back to the Cloister. Here then is a plea for the Ancient Plain Song, that calm, unemotional, unmeasured music that reminds one of nothing in the outside world. It is not a fad of the antiquarian, but may be safely accepted as the proper art-form for the words it has to express, and as such it should be accepted in the most congregational, the most evangelical, nay even, if you will, the most Protestant service that ever bewildered an outsider in this English church of ours."



A new periodical, at least it is new to the Chief, is *Human Faculty* published in Chicago. This periodical is devoted to the geography of the brain, a science sometimes called Phrenology.

The Morning Star is devoted to Metaphysical and Mystical research. Published in Loudsville, Ga.

Its a cold day when the editor of *Chat* can't find something to be thankful for. I am thank-

ful for every issue of *Chat* it is worth more than the fifty cents a year asked for it.

October number of *The Whim* is particularly good I hope many members of the tribe take it.

Twin Territories is growing into a very handsome magazine. It is published by an Indian Girl and devoted to interesting information about the earlier Hill Tribes. I wish the editor, Miss Eddleman much success.



Fred Barry's Journal comes from Toronto Canada to make its bow to the Chief. I shall speak further of it when better acquainted.



The Lucky Dog didn't bark so loud as usual in November but I think he will be heard further.



The last number of the *Occasional one* has an article on improving the breed of people. I would reproduce it but it is about the same line as much that the Chief has already said.



A Stuffed Club I find a handy thing to have in the wigwam. I shall find use for it when I am asked to tie my faith to some new fad.



A Few Things is a dainty little Philistine published at Port Huron Michigan. Its first number pleases me. I wish it success.



The Philosopher of Warsau always pleases me. I don't understand though why it don't put on a more attractive dress like the Ghourki for instance.

The Whim. It will do you good.



The Corperator published at Burley, Washington has this to say about President Roosevelt's famous arbitration committee.

"The event of the month has been the intervention of President Roosevelt between the strikeing coal miners and the coal barons, resulting in the reference of the points in dispute to a board of six arbitrators appointed by the President. Whether this is a shrewd political move to affect the coming elections, as some assert, or was planned because the executive was really interested in the suffering poor, as many believe, it had the effect of compelling the coal barons to recede from their position that there was nothing to arbitrate, and it gave a recognition to the claims of organized labor which will never be forgotten. While it is very doubtful if, on the whole, the miners will receive any permanent benefit, since the operators will find some new way of harassing their slaves, yet the attention of the public has been called to the frauds by "Christian gentlemen," who are intent only on increased dividends, and to the only practical remedy for the evils forced on the miners and on the general public, namely: Government ownership of coal lands. These particular workers may receive only temporary relief but labor has learned the power of organization, the federation of trades has received a great impetus, many plain truths about the monopolists have been spoken and printed, and the seal of approval on this plain speaking has been set by the leading minds of the country

led by the head of the nation. So in the first great battle between organized labor and organized capital the advantage has gained by labor, which does not mean that the battle is ended, but that the host of toilers have good reason to be encouraged with the hope that fresh efforts and persistent determination will at last, and at no very distant date, bring to them a fair share of the wealth which they produce."

ORDER VS. CHAOS.

Whence comes the criminal nature in man, the propensity and disposition to do evil? To injure himself by excesses, to be mean, dishonest, cruel, oppressive and everything that is bad? Is it hereditary or environment, a crooked brain or bad training? It is both and all of these. Some will contend that it is all traceable to the fall—to the sin of our first parents. The evolutionist finds the cause in the remnant of the animal nature not yet eradicated—the savage and barbarous inclination and disposition inherited from our remote ancestors which have not been expunged even after centuries of evolution. The effect of civilization, education and the refining influences of life, of science, art, literature, music and culture is to subdue and repress the passions, evil appetites and baser inclinations of men. The Universe came out of chaos. There is a force ever striving toward order and system and this has formed nebulae, disorganized matter, into worlds and planetary systems. But in this matter is the tendency to revert—to go back to

chaos. It is in men and it is this tendency which makes them even in the midst of civilization and civilizing influences want to go back toward the former state. But the force that draws toward order is the stronger. Were it not so chaos would yet prevail. We know that system and order have made great progress, and that myriads of worlds have been drawn into orderly arrangement and made subject to fixed laws. Shall man be the exception? Will not the same force which has drawn matter into orderly arrangement also bring man into a like condition? The world humanity as a whole is better than it used to be. The great battle between good and evil, between right and wrong, between knowledge and ignorance, between science and superstition is still on—but right and truth are mighty and gaining ground and will eventually prevail.

J. CALL WATKINS.



When I think of the Larger Love I dream of a time when every man will be so helpful and harmless, so strong, generous, sincere and true, so pure and potent that no woman will hesitate for a moment to turn to him for help or sympathy, with the perfect trust of a child to its father, or will imagine it possible he can harm her willingly, no matter what her confidence, or surrender, or need, or expression of desire. Then shall the Manhood of the World be Wedded to its Womanhood and the divided, wounded, bleeding race of man be made One and Whole.—*The Free Comrade.*

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The Ghourki

HOWARD LLEWELLYN SWISHER, Editor

HARANGUES TO THE GHOURKI BY THE CHIEF OF THE TRIBE.

There are many of the Tribe, perhaps most of the Tribe, that labor for a living. It has been the Chief's good fortune to have plenty to do. There's an old saw about the Devil hanging around the neighborhood of idle hands and using the idle brains to devise new deviltry. It is not so much about idleness that I mean to speak just now. It's more about the different classes of workers. To my thinking there are just two great classes of employes. First, those who are afraid they won't get enough for what they do; and second, those who are afraid they won't do enough for what they get. The first you will always find at the bench or furnace; the second, you find after a few years, are in the office, or perhaps own the business.



I regret, however, to say that I fear the first class are rather in the majority. They spend their nights in thinking how they can scheme to get a raise of salary, their days are divided between aimless work and cussing the grasping proprietor of the business. To

a certain extent our system of education is to blame. Parents send their children to school with this feeling sometimes openly expressed. "I intend to give my children an education so they won't have to work as I have done." The feeling and expression should be. "I intend to give my children an education so they can do better work than I have done and more of it." Quite too often the idea of education is to place the child beyond the necessity of manual labor. To get him into a profession, and lo, and behold how many a good farmer, carpenter and brick layer is spoiled to make an inferior compounder of pills or a two-by-four pettifogger.



Let me here say a word in favor of industrial schools. I would like to write a volume on the subject were I able to hire printers and readers, but I am not, so will content myself with these paragraphs. There are in every town certain boys and girls who are but little benefitted by our schools. You could not drive knowledge into their heads with a pile driver or an ax. What is to be done with these. The educational machine says: "Let them go, they won't amount to anything anyway." True, yes, dangerously true. These same boys and girls are to grow up a menace to the state and society, to breed more of their kind, when they might be trained into skilled workers, not only self supporting, but an advantage to others.



But industrial schools cost money. So do criminals. I believe it is better to spend a

thousand dollars to change a hoodlum into a good workman than it is to spend twice that amount later to convict him of burglary and keep him ten years in the penitentiary. A man must have a living; if he can not earn it he will steal it, or commit murder to get it. I do not say that industrial schools would throw all the jail keepers and penitentiary wardens out of a job, but I do believe it would greatly reduce their labors.



I do not mean to say that the professions are not honorable. Far from it, because there are many honorable doctors, some lawyers, and a few preachers. This, I mean to say, all who have a smattering of knowledge can't be lawyers and doctors, or even preachers. If some fond father were to say, "I am sending my boy to school to make a carpenter of him," I doubt not he would get the merry ha! ha! from his neighbors. It has never occurred to us that a man needed any education to be a carpenter, a bricklayer, or a printer. The fact remains, nonetheless, that education is needed by these as well as the banker, or the merchant. When I say education, I do not mean the training of the brain alone. The hand, the eye, the heart, need training just as much.



Behold, O Hill Tribes, the coming of the Day of the Big Eat. When five thousand have entered the wigam then the time is at hand. Won't you help the work by sending the Chief the names of some who might like the little brown book and the honeyed words

of wisdom of the Chief. Better still, send a dollar and get the Ghourki a year for yourself and four of your friends.



Some ten years ago I lived for a couple of years in that city, Fresno, Cal., where the surrounding country flames with the California poppy or blushes with the ripening grape. The town was infested by a criminal gang—the Jones Younger gang. Every theft, horse stealing, robbery or what-not was accredited to them. They no doubt committed most of these crimes against the state, for they were a bad lot. At last they were surrounded by that great personification of the law, the Sheriff; one was shot, another was captured, and one escaped. The dead one was buried and the captured one was sent to San Quentin. Nothing was heard of the one who escaped, and the country was glad of the riddance.



A few days ago I picked up a Fresno paper and saw that Brigadier General, John Younger, of the British army, had lately arrived in the city from South Africa. The name sounded familiar. I read it again. Yes, it was he once of unsavory fame, who had left, a fugitive from law and justice, to return a booted and spurred general, a subject of a foreign power, who must now be greeted with much hurrah and throwing high of sweaty caps. After escaping, this outlaw had gone direct to South Africa, and by his wits and good conduct had won for himself an honored place. He had not forgotten his companion in crime,

but had returned to see if he could not get h out of the penitentiary. I don't know that any of the Hill Tribes will get much help from this recital. I use it to show that a man don't have much chance to prove what he might do when he once gets into the penitentiary. I might further remark that there is not such a vast difference between those of us who are out of the penitentiary and those who are in.



A man who can get up smiling from a fall on a slippery sidewalk need not be worried about the hereafter.



I was in New York a few days ago and noticed this placard in my room at the hotel. "There being so many strangers in the city at this season of the year, the manager of this hotel will not be responsible for jewelry or other valuables unless left in the safe in the office." You don't know how it pleased me to learn that in the great city of New York there was none but strangers who would take anything that did not belong to them. And I was one of those stranger. Surely I was in bad company, so I hastened with all possible speed back to my wigwam. I like the patriotism of that hotel keeper, though.



I have once or twice had a word to say about improving the breed of people by making stringent marriage laws. My views have been attacked by some, by some commended. I am much of the same opinion still, however, that marriage should be regulated to some ex-

tent, on a physical basis. The man reeking with disease should not be allowed to marry and beget children who will likely be a misery to themselves and a menace to the community. A few generations of weeding out and holding in check the aspirants for hymeneal honors would help our social system a whole lot.



Now, O braves, it has been many moons since I have heard from many of you. Have you gone upon the war path or are you lounging before the glow of the Pine Cone too lazy to let the Chief hear from you. Write me a letter today. Let us work together to spread the Ghour'ki gospel. The gospel of independent thought and brotherly action.



The next time you have some orthodox friend try to convince you that Christ was God in deed and in truth, don't argue, don't get mad, just tell him it is easier to prove that he was God than it is to live the life he mapped out.



The Socialist party, casting almost a half million of votes, is coming to be a factor that must be reckoned with in politics. In some states this party already practically holds the balance of power. Socialism is taught in almost all the really great universities, and from the top it gradually percolates to the lower strata of society. This is the history of all great movements; the philosopher in his den formulates the thought, the unthinking classes learn of it, and then some Peter the

Hermit proclaims this truth, while the people listen gladly, then accept, then act.



Less than a quarter of a century will see a great struggle in this country between the Socialists, or the many, and the Plutocrats, or the few. Stand ready, O Hill Tribes, to take the part of those who labor, and those whose labor is too oft unrequited.



Kings and rulers hold their places because their subjects are ignorant and unthinking. They superstitiously believe that to enter the king's apartments is like entering the Holy of Holies of the God of Heaven, when in reality most thrones stand upon a very thin foundation, beneath which rage the fires of hell, and behind the throne are done the deeds that smell to Heaven. O, Hill Tribes, learn this, that a man is not great because of the place he occupies. No man is truly great who is not the servant of his fellow man. "Let him who would be chief among men be the servant of all," said the Carpenter, and close adherence to this maxim raised him from a human being to a worshiped God.



As right-minded mortals we do not want chapels raised to us and bad poetry sung in our worship, but we do want to be remembered kindly by those we leave upon the stage of action.



The time for the last case of capital punishment is near at hand. If it is not right for

the individual to kill the man who murdered his brother in cold blood, neither is it right for the state to do it. What the state must busy itself with more is the preventing of criminals rather than the punishing of criminals.



If we paid a man to use his best efforts to prevent crime, rather than paying a prosecuting attorney a fee to punish it or cover it up; 'twould be a deal more satisfactory and cheaper.



Never look a gift horse in the mouth. It isn't polite, and the horse may object.



A man who knows nothing of mules should spend but little time in getting acquainted, unless he really has to get acquainted. Mule drivers say that to keep from getting kicked you must stay close to the mule's heels, and when you see a knot growing in the mule's spine it is safer to fall against his heels than it is to run. Many of life's troubles are like a mule; if you get up close to them they are more harmless than when you are far away.



O Braves and Little Brown Squaws, the November Ghourki will soon be with you. It is the Chief's desire not to miss any members. You will get your twelve for a quarter all right, even if it takes ten years to get them out. It is not likely that the appearance of the magazine will be so dilatory from this time on. The Tribe is getting large, and the Chief means to give its members more attention. Send in the names of your four friends to whom you want to send the GHOURKI and don't forget to send the dollar.

PLACE OF FALLING WATERS,
NOVEMBER 20, 1902.

GREAT CHIEF: The readers of your bright little magazine are doubtless many in number and are found dwelling among the mountains and along the valleys of this great West Virginia hunting ground. Of course those who contribute the required wampum are enrolled as subscribers and also as members of the Tribe of Ghourki, which is both an honor and a distinction. But many of us would like to know who are our brothers and sisters, and where their wigwams are. Thou, O Chief, art the only one who can furnish this information, but it would be asking too much in time, labor, and expense to ask you to print the names and addresses of all the members in the GHOURKI or in a separate folder and send them out to the Tribe. Still it might be that thou wouldst consent to do this if each of us would send a little more wampum as compensation for this extra labor and expense. The roster should be revised annually and names of new members added. To look over the list of names of braves and squaws would be pleasant, for we would no doubt find there names of some we knew moons ago. What does the Chief think of these words of one of the Tribe, and what do my brothers think of them? Let them say.

MAWAYO.

P. S.—BROTHER: I haven't received those extra copies of *August* number I sent for a week or two ago. Warum Nicht.

W.

THE MILL OF JUSTICE.

Is there anything on earth more forbidding
than a Court House?

Is there a more hopeless sight than a criminal
court in session?

Come up the dirty, clammy steps with me.

Ten thousand sorrows have stained the walls
and floor and the air is heavy with the
sighs of a century—

Why is it that men's laws when they assert
themselves make all things hideous?

We push through the green-baize doors
between the policeman who stand on
guard.

The attendant opens the gate in the railing
and we sit down among the members of
the bar.

The prisoners are huddled together in a pen
in the corner.

We can only see them as they are brought
out handcuffed one by one to plead.

Some—a very few—have ill-shapen heads
from which little good can be expected.

They need the moulding influence of mothers
and sisters and wives, or of guardians
who may tenderly fill their places.

We, in our wisdom, lock them up rather for
years, and then turn them loose again,
far more dangerous and miserable
than before.

The other prisoners are for the most part just
like you and me.

Somehow I like their looks much better than
those of their jailers and prosecutors.

All that our punishing does for them is to degrade them.

It does not, as it should, expiate and annul their crime.

On the contrary, we despise them; not for their faults, but for the penalty we inflict.

We reserve our deepest contempt, not for the thief, but for the jail-bird,—not for the contaminated soul, but for the striped clothes we put on the body.

The court-officers are now hustling the wretched men and women one after another up to the bar as their names are called.

They pass the limp human merchandise along like machines.

The monotonous clerk reads off the indictments like a machine.

The bored, impassive judge presides over it all like a machine.

For none of them are these hunted, frightened creatures real human beings.

There is no more thought of brother-hood in the Court than there is in the wheels and cogs of a factory.

It is a dead relentless mill.

The grindstones are made of human flesh unnaturally petrified, and it is against nature that they are grinding human flesh between them.

The judge and the lawyers and deputies, and policemen are nothing but bolts and rivets and bars,—but iron and flint.

They are no longer men; they have abdicated their humanity and are now merely so much machinery.

How sure His Honor is as he sits there that he will enter into the kingdom of heaven before these vulgar transgressors!

I am not so sure.

The greatest crime a man can commit is to make a machine of himself.

A machine is lower than a brute, and to sink to that level is worse than robbery or murder.

It is worse because it is less human.

I think I comprehend now why I had such an aversion for the hard faces of these legal people.

A trial has begun at last.

They are swearing a detective as witness.

Every one knows that his trade and character are much lower than the prisoner's at the bar, but here he is recognized as a brother-administrator of justice and is esteemed accordingly.

A police-officer follows him and kisses the greasy Bible.

They are all aware that a policeman will swear to anything, though a man hang for it, and yet here his word passes for gospel truth.

It is the business of the mills to grind and the faces of the poor have always been ground; shall we blame the indiscriminating grindstones?

In France they hang up a picture of Christ-on-the-Cross over the bench in every court-room.

That murder was the deed of a court of law,—
of two courts in fact.

What a gallery we could make of the sad work
of similar mills of Justice!

There I seem to see hanging on the dingy
wall the faces of Socrates and Paul, of
Savonorola and More, of Huss and
Galileo, of Barneveldt and Sidney
and John Brown.

If the judge could see and understand them, he
would feel less virtuous and superior.

How many judges are only remembered now
on account of the felons whom they
despised!

Ah, your Honor does not know what dirty
work this is at its best!

You are the partner of the informer and
executioner and not a whit more respect-
able than they are.

Let us leave the fetid, accursed place.

At the door a thin timid young woman, weary
& wan, a black shawl thrown over her
head, is asking a policeman where
she can find her husband.

She speaks English badly and holds up a
soiled piece of crumpled paper which
bears his name.

He has been arrested, she says, and all day
long she has sought him in vain,
wandering from court to court.

The man does not half listen to her.

How should a machine hear?

He brushes her away.

She turns to another and another, but not
one of them will give her his attention.

They are all under the spell of machine-made justice which knows neither mercy nor humanity.

Cry on, poor child, in the foul dark corner of the corridor under the feeble gas jet.

If only you could get at the prisoners in the pen and ask them your question, they might perhaps hear you, and answer you, and take some interest in you, for they are only unhappy human sinners and have not yet been transformed into machines.

But here there is no hope for you. Cry on, poor child!

ERNEST CROSBY, in *December Whisk*.

IN THE PINE CONE GLOW.

(Brief mention of books and periodicals that come to the Wigwag with some extracts from them.)

Reeds Isonomy published at San Antonio, Texas, is a *Brann's Iconoclast* with Brann left out. The editor tries to be real wicked but he only half succeeds. He says some things worth remembering. Here are some of them:

Happiness for the most part is what we think it is.

The joking of many people is their way of being serious.

As a rule, when a man goes into politics he has grown tired of being truly useful.

When a man begins to criticise your grammar, it is pretty good evidence that he cannot touch your logic.

About the only thing that Ross Winn will do with his Fire Brand is to become the incendiary of his own usefulness.

Some people beg money; some steal it and others have it given to them. But there are few who are willing to work for it.

Pulling a short man's leg does not make him any taller. For when you let it go, like rubber, it returns to its original position.

When a man gets drunk, we put him to bed and when he gets prohibition, it would, perhaps, be well to put him in an asylum.

The surest sign of narrow-mindedness is intolerance of the opinions of others. He who has truth on his side can afford to be and he is indulgent to the errors of others.

No man has any business entering the lists of controversy unless he is prepared to defend himself. There is no room in the arena of thought for intellectual cripples.

To be prosecuted by some people is equivalent to a verdict of guilty. And this is as it should be, for when a man so far forgets himself as to kennel with dogs, he ought to get up full of fleas.

Your religion is all right as long as you do not try to favor; it always gives something in return for what it gets, a pestilence which should be resisted at all hazards. There is no room on earth for fanaticism.

Labor unions stand for high wages just like money unions stand for large dividends. But labor has this in its favor: it always gives something in return for what it gets,

while money may or may not; in fact, it generally does not.



The Ruberc published in Chicago is what its subtitle asserts a Magazine de Luxe. The principal contributor, Clarence S. Darrow, is an essayist of no mean ability.



The Naturopath is a New York publication with a healthy look. Its aim seems to be to encourage people to eat less and feel better. I would suggest that any member of the Hill Tribe who feels interested in the study of natural cures of diseases should get at least one copy. Perhaps you will like it well enough to subscribe. Mr. Edward Earle Purinton, one of the staff of *The Naturopath*, is a faithful member of the tribe.



A Few Things is the rather odd title of a little periodical that sneaked into the Wigwam when the Chief wasn't looking. Here are a couple of things taken from its pages:

"Kicking is well nigh a sacred duty sometimes and it certainly is a duty we all owe to society. A man who will not kick on occasion is a man without principle, for it means that he will not protest against an injustice which is not worth while preventing for selfish reasons.

"We don't know what the future has in store for us, but if we were only urged to believe that this life is the only one we will ever have, instead of the opposite, we might take more care to spend it better. If we were not so sure of unlimited bliss in the next life we

might not be so contented with half-measure in this. A great many square people allow themselves to be thrust into the round holes, and live ever-after a misfit life waiting for death to extricate them in time for existence number two."

MAGAR'S DECISION.

Magar was the chief's son and dwelt with his people in the great valley surrounded on all sides by high and rugged mountains. What was beyond the mountains none of the Tribe knew, but the old men and the priests said that on the farther side of the mountains whose tops lost themselves in the clouds, there was nothing but darkness; and that even if one could climb up to the top, that he could not go down on the other side except by falling down their precipitous sides to no one knew where. But Magar doubted, and the desire to go to the top of the mountains took possession of him, for he wanted to see for himself what was beyond them. For days and weeks he thought about it, and often stood for hours looking toward the surrounding mountains and wondering what was beyond them. Finally, this desire to know what hidden mysteries existed beyond these mountains became so strong within him that he determined that whatever might be the outcome of the undertaking, he would make the attempt to scale the mountains and see for himself what was beyond them. He told his father of his determination, but the old

chief shook his head and tried to dissuade him from such a hazzardous and foolish undertaking. The priests and wise men of the Tribe also tried to get him to give up the project, but while he listened to all they had to say with respectful attention, he remained firm in his determination. So he made his preparations, and one fine morning set out alone on his journey toward the mountains. After journeying many days he reached the foot of the great mountain range. He found that the mountains were not so steep as they appeared when viewed from a distance. After resting for a night he rose bright and early and began the ascent. Clouds and mist obscured the top of the mountain, but as he climbed up the mist seemed to disappear before him and he began to see a faint line of light far up through it, which he thought must be where the top of the mountain was. His progress was slow, for in some places the climbing was difficult and dangerous. At last he could see the top of the mountain, still some distance above him, but with a little more effort attainable. Filled with the energy of eagerness and the exhilaration of expectation he fairly ran up the intervening distance and at last stood upon the summit. The sight that met his gaze was grander and more beautiful than he had ever dreamed of or imagined to exist. No sudden breaking away of the mountain into black and fathomless depth; no yawning chasm; no impenetrable darkness shutting out the beyond, but a grand and beautiful landscape, hills, plains, rivers, cultivated fields, inhabited cities, magnificent mansions,

and all the evidences of civilization there before him. His first impulse was to go on into this beautiful land and to spend the rest of his days in beholding its wonders and enjoying its beauties.

But what of his own people dwelling back yonder in the great valley? Did he not owe them a duty? Should they not be made to know of the existence of this beautiful country? Or was it better to leave them in their contented ignorance. They perhaps would not even believe him if he should go back and tell them what he had discovered. He would be regarded as one who sought to make the people discontented. Perhaps he would be put to death as a dangerous iconoclast. For hours he stood upon the mountain, turning all these things over in his mind. He looked longingly toward the beautiful country before him. There was his heart's desire; back yonder lay the path of duty. His whole frame was shaken by the fierceness of the battle of contending forces within him. At last it was over. Magar turned his face to the valley and began to retrace his steps down the mountain. J. CAL WATKINS.

THE GHOURKI

Published from time to time in the interests of the readers and the editor.

The object of this periodical is not yet known, but it is hoped that it may encourage the people among the Hill Tribes who think and write

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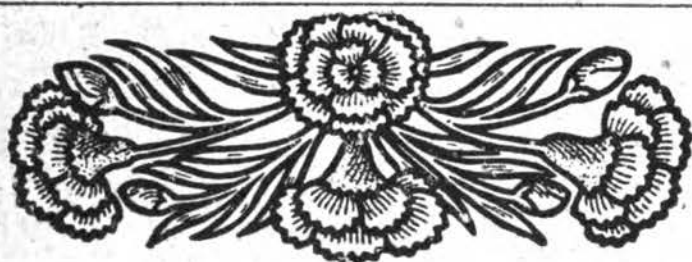
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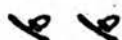
HOWARD LLEWELLYN SWISHER

E D I T O R

The **GHOURLKI**



HARANGUES TO THE GHOURLKI *By the Chief of the Tribe*



When you hear the winds sigh and see the leaves scatter and flutter to the ground it oft fills you with gloomy thoughts. The winter follows fast upon the heels of autumn who in draperies of many hued beauty prepares the chamber of her death. But death is never a welcome thought to any save great sufferers. Life is jubilant and buoyant and blessed, and 'tis every man's duty and particularly yours, oh Warriors Brave, and little brown squaws, who stand as the apostles of health and strength and contentment, to enjoy life.



But what is enjoyment? Is it reveling in passion or slaving in the harness of habit? Is it bending the knee in fear and trembling to

some imaginary God of man's manufacture? Is it to make a hell of fear in this world to enjoy streets of gold in the next. Oh no, Hill Tribes, enjoyment comes with toil as well as with play, with a knowledge of duty done because we know it is our duty not because we fear a hotbox in the hereafter. Sinful pleasure if such a thing there be is the momentary pleasure of the senses that brings its reward of pain. We are punished by our sins. It is not at some dim indefinite time, but here and now. Breathe the free air, eat right food, think right thoughts and you will thus find the highest joy of life fearing neither god nor devil but loving them both.

v

Some people are proud of their ancestry. All should be. Did you ever stop to think who your ancestors were. Your ancestors were the beginning of life. The blood that flows in your living veins has pulsated since life first burst upon this globe.

You are a descendant of the mollusk, the fish, the reptile, the simian, and the line of life has never been broken in these millions of years. At birth we are wont to think a new life has been created, not so, it is but a fragment of its progenitors. Why should not every living thing be proud of its ancestry? Proud of the life in its veins, that life which has pulsated steadily since the creation of life, that life which has battled the elements, famine, war, disease and death for untold ages. Glory to your ancestors. It is a mighty thing to be alive.

We have come to a time of concentration of energies. The day when a man could have all knowledge and do all things is past. To make even moderate progress one must choose his work and bend his energies to accomplish it. He who falters, flits from one occupation to another, is lost.

A man who now counts his millions started in to make pickles in a cellar. A well meaning friend advised him to make crackers also as they could be sold along with his pickles but the reply was emphatic "I am making pickles" and he continued to make pickles and made millions. Every day we see men at forty and fifty seeking jobs. They have followed all pursuits changing from one to another, never getting a foothold. Young man choose the occupation you are adapted to and then—make pickles.

Almost every day I get letters asking what does the Tribe represent. I have replied always, The Tribe of the Ghourki is an association of folks who think for themselves. Do they all think alike? not by any means but they think for themselves. Some are Orthodox and some are heterodox, but each takes his view of life for himself. The Tribe is made up not wholly of people of one nationality. There are Barbarian, Scythian, Pagan and Christian, Jew and Gentile; but, all stand on one common ground that of doing their own thinking in politics, business and religion. A great many agree with the Chief

and more do not. It is those who do not agree with me that I like to meet. They make life interesting.

The creed of a Ghourki is as broad as the universe and as liberal as sunshine. He makes his own creed and changes it every day if need be as he gets more knowledge and greater light. You ought to be a Ghourki whether you belong to the Tribe or not. Don't let any one else do your thinking.

The Hill Tribes are scattered. It was first my intention to make this magazine the mouthpiece of the literarily inclined of West Virginia. These dwellers in the Hills liked the little book but others from afar came to the Wigwam and now the messages of the Chief travel from ocean to ocean and even across to the enlightened ones in the old country.

Now as to pensions. This is a dangerous subject to discuss lest one bring down upon his head the wrath of the sutlers and camp followers and home guards who draw them. Right now there is no doubt some hungry eyed politician gathering his scissors and clipping this out to use against me when I run for president of the United States. And why should I not be president, pray? Just as good men as I, have held that awful position. Nevertheless I must have my say. Self reliance is the first law of manhood. To be a

pensioner is to destroy one's self reliance. Our pension roll has become the wonder of the world. It costs us more to pay those who fought than it does the other governments of the world to pay those who fight. Some will say, does not them an who risks his life for his country deserve pay? Let us not dispute that to start with. Let us think of those who did not fight that draw pensions. These are the lepers, these are the menace.



I say this again that no respectable, no honest, no patriotic man will accept a pension who is able to make a living for himself. And are there not thousands on the pension rolls of this country who are able bodied. They are bastard patriots. War is hell but pensions are damnation.



Pensions are not nescessary. Think of the maimed and ruined Confederate soldiers, Rebels you say! well they were men, returning to a home in ashes, a farm covered with briars, a factory in rust, a family in despair. Did they ask a pension? No, they fought with the angel of adversity and won. They, more than that, helped to make the money to pay the enemy that had crushed them. All honor to those Anglo Saxons who changed the South from a field of carnage to a garden of god and —without a pension. They were Rebels but they were men.



Some day a man not a coward will be the ruler of this land and he will say to the pen-

sion agent and the pension claimant "Get thee behind me, Satan."

✂

In the last issue of the Philistine the Pastor has quite a good deal to say about the crimes the government commits against those accused of crime and proved not guilty. The Sage of East Aurora will no doubt allow me to say without ill will that he has struck the nail on the head. When a man is accused of a crime jammed into jail and tried by his peers and found not guilty he is turned loose and no reparation made for the disgrace piled upon him or his loss of time and fortune. The feeling seems to be that he ought to consider himself lucky to get away. And so perhaps he is but he has had a crime perpetrated against him and he is without redress.

✂

Is the Government like the King? Incapable of doing wrong? No sum of money could repay a man accused of a crime he did not commit, for the ignominy that has been heaped upon him. The government should at least try to make reparation. Even this is not done. Take this thought unto yourselves, O braves. Among you may be the man who shall change this state of affairs.

✂

When you see some man assailed and villified because his expressions are at variance with accepted standards remember this, the greatest liberators of mankind were heretics in their day and generation.

✂

Those who do not like the Ghourki should hand it to some friend with brains.

F A M E

By J. Cal Watkins



A glorious form in the dim distance seen
Stands, like an statue clad in gems and gold
Which by the dazzling brightness of its sheen
Our eyes it seems to fascinate and hold.

Enraptured with the sight we stand and gaze
Then toward it go with eager out stretched hands
But find, both difficult and hard the ways,
That lead to where that glittering image stands.

Deep gullies, hills, and mountains steep and high,
Dark forests, frowning cliffs the way impedes,
And though it seem almost in vain to try
We struggle on, toward where Ambition leads.

But now the way grows clearer and we see
Not far ahead, the form we long have sought,
Alas how changed the image seems to be!
What disillusion nearer view hath wrought.!

No towering image clad in gems and gold
As it appeared when from the distance viewed,
But a rude figure thus we now behold.
With all around it worthless baubles strewed.

KANAWA FALLS, W. VA.

Theology and Crime.

The ex-chaplain of the Minnesota State prison, W. H. Harrington, recently delivered a lecture in Fraternity Hall, Milwaukee, on the relation between the doctrines of religion and crime, which should furnish food for thought to those who, in the face of science, reason and conscience, still uphold the crude and unmoral theology of the past. After referring to the influence of belief upon conduct, the speaker pointed out the evil effect of the teaching that a person may sin and then, by simply "believing," be freed from punishment. The following paragraphs are from the published report:

"Religious theories, really held and believed, produce character. That character corresponds to the theory. If the theory teaches that 'God is angry,' subject to violent outbursts of temper, capable of vindictive and cruel punishment, the worshipper's character corresponds. When 'Bloody Mary' was beheading Protestants she justified her course by the theory that God would punish these heretics eternally. Why should she not imitate him now? She was consistent.

"Among enlightened nations this doctrine has nearly lost its force as a living influence. But there is a doctrine which still has tremendous sway. I refer to vicarious punishment. In so far as this dogma is a living force it is wholly pernicious, blinding the judgment, confusing the conscience, furnishing a ready excuse to those inclined to self indulgence by

having another person to shoulder the punishment of guilt while they go free on profession of a certain belief. This doctrine makes nonsense of all laws of cause and effect, supplants the scripture statement that 'whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap,' ignores the principle of moral sequence and of every established law of science "

With these statements we find ourselves in full accord and they certainly furnish a strong argument in favor of an ethical and rational interpretation of Christianity. But what is of even greater value in this address is the testimony given to the wholesome moral influence of the new or liberal theology. It has been repeatedly charged by the defenders of mediæval dogmas that modern views tend to loss of the sense of moral obligation and consequent laxity of conduct. We have stoutly maintained the very opposite to be the case and we are not surprised when Mr. Harrington now declares that, while most of the convicts which have come under his care have held some religious belief, among them all he has never found one who had been reared in the liberal faith. And he pointedly adds:

"The reason is not far to seek. These modern movements in religion have no magical cowardly scheme by which men can escape the results of their own responsible conduct. They all teach that we must build character if we would receive the benefits that crown character. This applies with particular force to the young people who cannot be urged too strongly to avoid indulgence and drifting, under the delusion that when stranded some magic or miracle will 'save' them."—*The Vanguard*.

An Old Graveyard.

One yesterday of Summer,—or perhaps a day before; the time is not of moment,—I passed an old-time burial ground, left neglected in the heart of a growing city. All about it, on the busy streets, pulsed the life and progress of the town; but like a reproachful sentinel of the forgotten Past it stood—silent, quite, alone.

Here and there, in this, the half-acre of God, reared the grim old oaks in towering guardianship, and from out among the tangled mat of rank grasses, long overgrown the sacred place, appeared the mossy-crowned headstones, broken and crumbled in Time's relentless grasp. Almost in mockery did they seem to yet mark the desolate mounds where once some loved one came with bowed head to free the torrent of a sorrow suffered silently day unto day.

With reverent steps I made my way among the wasted graves to the darkening shadows of the aged oaks. A little squirrel, bright-eyed and inquisitive, questioned my presence from the safe retreat of a spreading limb, and whisking his bushy tail in open disapproval of the trespass, darted away to his mates. Happy little creature! Death has no meaning for you. Just to be a squirrel of the woods, sport among the greenery in Summer, lay away in some secret spot, known just to your keen little eye, a store of nuts for the coming

Winter, and with your mate to build a cozy nest in yonder tree; these round out the course of your life and your living. Happy little squirrel, one could very nearly envy you.

Here, almost at my feet, lies a tiny mound. No slab of marble marks its presence; perhaps in all the world not one soul cares to remember the place. It must be a baby's grave; so small—the last resting place of a little, pitiful thing. And yet, I suppose, years ago when that was newly made, and the sod above it green, the treasure and the hope of some mother's breaking heart was laid away there in a soft white shroud, and some eyes must have turned away in poor concealment of agony, when the first rattle of dirt clods came on the narrow coffin lid.

Perchance that day, too, there was no comfort in the thought of the pure soul gone back to its Giver, and the peace and trust of the faith that is perfect beyond the horizon of human understanding. I suppose it is that way.

No one cares now; the place is quite forgotten. It may be that others came to soothe all pain, and the years added to ease the memory. But I would not think so. I would like to feel that the first innocent soul intrusted to the mother could never be forgotten. That there would always remain a feeling, a tender love for the babe, holding a precious corner of the heart.

Over yonder on my right a crumbling, blackened spire yet marks some grave—a scarce six feet of low-banked earth. I wonder

if riches did not lay away the body under that monument! In the days when there were some few left who cared, that must have been a pretty, well kept spot. And yet, no better is that soul now than though some potter's field had received its case of clay.

Oh, Death, thou art indeed a leveler of all! Each soul before its God must stand at last—naked, alone. All is equality then. Power, Possession, the grants of Beauty or of Fame, are as naught in the balancing scales of the Great Judge. By the record written on each life's scroll is the sentence passed.

And, after all, you or I, when the soul leaves our worn, useless body, at the close of life here, have left for our estate all that the proudest or the highest can claim—the length, the breadth, and the depth of a grave.

To these mounds around me, I bow my head. Life is mine to know; your day is past, your tasks are done. For you—forgotten, neglected, alone, out of the world—I lay this stray wild flower here, in memory of those who would come to you were the day of their life not closed.

If I shed no tears, you will know it is because from out the course of well nigh one hundred years, peace has come to you, and the quiet of Death upon you. What more would be sought as the end of all earthly things! *Pax vobiscum,*

—*Timothy Burr Thrift In The Lucky Dog.*

Trial by Jury.

The Court was crowded; the jury was impaneled; the prisoner was arraigned.

The question. "Guilty or Not Guilty?" was asked, and the prisoner spoke—

"Your Honor, I may be guilty—I do not know. If I killed the man I do not know it. He was my neighbor. I admit he was my enemy, and many bitter words have passed between us. But, I never had it in my mind to kill him.

"But if that man is dead, he died none too soon.

"The day before this trouble came, I saw him grab his little child and throw her twenty feet.

"I have seen him strike his wife—a sweet and pure and lovely woman—and my blood boiled.

"I saw him kick his youngest child—a wee, toddling babe.

"Since then I know nothing. If I killed the man I know it not; I did not mean to kill him—I had no murder in my heart."

The trial proceeded.

The prisoner was a great, strong man.

The evidence showed he had grabbed his victim, whirled him around his head and dashed him to the earth. When picked up he was a corpse, with his brain oozing from a crack in his skull.

There was no denial. And then the jury!

Behind closed doors the ballot was passed—eleven for conviction, one for acquittal. The ballot passed again showed the same result.

And then the foreman spoke—

"Who is the man can strike his wife?

"Who is the man that can kick his babe?"

Another vote was taken, and the jury returned to the presence of the court.

The verdict—"We, the jury, find the defendant not guilty." CHAS. W. WALKER.

Blood or Gold.

At the beginning of the third year of the Twentieth Century, concerning which so many grand prophecies were made, we find the world confronted with a most important question, one asked many times before and answered by revolution; it is the question—Which is of most value, life or property? Of course there has been in the history of every nation a time when property, or rather individual property, did not exist. Various religions, among others the Christian, declared when the movement was young, that private property was wrong; but as these religions have grown old and the nation wealthy, the early teaching has been forgotten and laws have been enacted in defence of property. Several times in the history of Christian nations, the question—Life or property?—has been the question, and it has always been answered in favor of life. Some can remember when in the sixties the question was asked in the United States, and after the loss of thousands of lives and the destruction of millions of property, it was answered as it always will be, in favor of life.

Slavery has put on one mask after another only finally to part with each. It now masks as wages controlled by the monopolist. The wage slave, unlike the slave of other times, recognizes his misery and in his own behalf agitates and organizes for freedom.

The Christian churches declare in favor of the monopolist, for property as against life,

for slavery as contrasted with freedom. In Outlook,—of which we had expected better things, we find the following: “If organized labor withdraws from the militia because it is summoned to protect person and property in time of a strike, the militia will be recruited from portions of the community which are not in sympathy with organized labor. If it can not be recruited by volunteers, men of property, who value peace and order, will raise the necessary amount of money to secure a paid force for that purpose.”

The word person might have been left out of the quotation, for in a strike persons are not in danger unless they enter the service of property. A Christian paper with a large circulation, boldly places property above life, as before the civil war other Christian papers advocated negro property and urged their readers to resist by force of arms any attack on such property.

Perhaps this will be the last time that a nation or that the world will be called upon to decide between life and property. As we view the colossal forces ranged on either side it may well be concluded that the battle between Gog and Magog has begun, when for all time the question shall be settled. If this is to be the great battle of the ages, the seer who foretold its coming, foretold also the triumph of life over property, and the total annihilation of property worship and destruction of property worshippers. It is important at the earliest possible moment to enlist in the right army, nor is there any doubt which is the right one.

On one side are, from the necessity of their position, arrogant heartless gold worshippers, men killers and women destroyers; on the other, the many, seeking a chance to live, trying to secure a humble home and enough work to make life worth the living. The few are not necessarily bad nor the many good, but the few have fortified themselves against human progress and must be overcome. If all of the many unite, the army may be so strong that the few will yield without a battle, so every one should choose at once, be his choice for blood, for life, for progress, for brotherly-love,—or for dollars, for death, for human enslavement and for hate,—Stand free from church, from party, from family even, and dedicate life and strength and fortune, if you have it, to humanity, to the service of the many, that they may secure freedom.—*The Co-Operator for January.*



*Paul Shivell works for a living,
and writes some verses. Here is a
part of one handed me to "fix up"*

"The better the "master" the better the man,
The better the man the better the work;
The meaner the "master" the meaner the man
The meaner the man the meaner the shirk;

But the better the man, in spite of the master;
The safer the man in the night of disaster;

The better either because of the other,
The better for all, my misguided brother.

For the time is at hand, when in this fair land,
All must be men—and God will command."

Reward of The Toiler.

What I object to is this economic chance-world in which we live and which we men seem to have created. It ought to be law as inflexible in human affairs as the order of day and night in the physical world, that if a man will work he shall both rest and eat, and shall not be harassed by any question of how his repose and his provision shall come. Nothing less ideal than this satisfies the reason. But in our state of things no one is secure of this. No one is sure of finding work: no one is sure of not losing it. I may have my work taken away from me at any moment by the caprice, the mood, the indigestion of a man who has not the qualification for knowing whether I do it well or ill. At any time of life—at every time of life—a man ought to feel that if he will keep on doing his duty he shall not suffer in himself nor in those who are dear to him, except through natural causes. But, as things are now, no man can feel this. And so we go on pushing and pulling, climbing and crawling, thrusting, aside and trampling under foot; lying, cheating, stealing; and when we get to the end, covered with blood and dirt and sin and shame, and look back over the way we've come to a palace of our own, or to the poorhouse (which is about the only place we can claim with our brother men) I don't think the retrospect can be pleasing.—W. D. HOWELLS in *Humanity*.

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E D I T O R

The Ghourki



HARANGUES TO THE GHOURKI, *By* *The Chief of the Tribe*

The Legislature of the State of West Virginia has adjourned and the same sigh of relief goes up from the Hill Tribes of this State as usually ascends when State Legislatures adjourn. To those of us who have to pay a consideration for being governed without being fully convinced that we need governing, State Legislatures seem more of a farce than they do to those who consider government a necessity. A government, either State or National, is but a confession of weakness in those who are ruled by it, an acknowledgment that they need governing. Why pay a man a consideration to govern you when you can govern yourself? If men were men, if the beast did not out-general the better nature, government would not be a necessity. Of what use would lawyers, judges, jails, penitentiaries, warships, armies, congressmen, presidents, kings and potentates be if men knew how to govern themselves?

✓

As to Legislatures in general and the recent West Virginia Legislature in particular, they are but farce comedies poorly acted. Look in upon this august body, you see one learned member laboring to protect skunks by law, and you can't help remembering that

self-preservation is the first law of nature. Another troubles his brain with a bill making chicken scratching punishable by fine and imprisonment, no hen once having committed the offence to be released until she shall lay two eggs in one day. Still, another Solon wants to make the acting of plays depicting the lives of outlaws a crime. Is he not afraid that those witnessing the plays may become too well acquainted with the hold-up methods of State Legislatures? So it goes. These are the harmless pastimes of those entrusted with the weighty matter [of governing]. The remainder of their time is spent chiefly in the national game of graft. Corporations are threatened that they shall have to pay just taxes if they don't put a check under the right man's plate. It is generally cheaper to fix the plate and corporations know it.

At last the people pray, How long, O Lord, how long! and in deference to their prayers the Legislature adjourns without a single law of benefit to the people having been passed.

What is true of the West Virginia legislature is true of most State legislatures and of the national legislature or congress. These aggregations seem to have two objects, how to tax money out of the people and how to spend this money.

Well, who built the Chicago University? I ask this question of the learned Braves of the Tribe, and they hesitate to answer. Had I asked this question of my Sunday school class they would have answered at once John D. Rockefeller. I could not have said so to my Sunday school class, but I would have said to myself, "You have been told so, my children, but it's a dam lie."

I will tell you who built the Chicago University. The mother who at midnight sets by a flickering kerosene lamp and patches her boy's ragged clothes, the miner who with a blackened face handles the pick and shovel beneath the earth, doing his work by the yellow flame of the lamp on his forehead, the country storekeeper who lights his big lamp of an evening to furnish light and joy for the patrons of his humble store. These are they who with thousands of others that consume petroleum and its products, built the Chicago University by paying to John D. Rockefeller more than these products were worth. When he wants to give a million to this tombstone of his, he pushes oil up a few cents and makes this million and has some to spare for himself.



I have no particular love for the Chicago University. I have seen its magnificent buildings, its spacious grounds, its thorough equipment and likewise at our own institutions I have come in contact with some of its intellectual by-product. I don't believe it will ever be a great university. It is founded on tears and built in blood. It is a tombstone.



Were I looking for college training I had rather go where there were fewer free scholarships and bonusus and more honesty and manhood.



I once knew a city that had grown in a few years from a country village to a place of much importance. It was a place well favored and had about as healthy a population as ever came down the tow-path. There were forty doctors in the place and there was nothing doin'. Their business was to the bad and some to carry. A wise one said, "I am the board of health (some of the inhabitants now say board of health as though they were tongue tied) and I will start up business." He therefore decided that the place was full of smallpox and the news purveyors said, "'Tis

indeed so and everybody ought to get vaccinated" This a great many hurried to do and once more did the business of pill peddlers flourish and there was a great rush to exchange the coin of the realm for bovine virus. Now the doctors wear a grin and many folks wear an arm in a sling. All this happened as it is written or about so in Morgantown, West Virginia, in the Twentieth Century of Progress, liberty, education and religion.



I have read with a good deal of pleasure an editorial in the New York Journal by Rev. Thomas B. Gregory, concerning the Bible. In speaking of a commission recently appointed by the Pope to investigate what science had done to disprove the divine origin of the Bible, Mr. Gregory says that the Bible may contain errors, in fact, he thinks it does, but that this does not affect the same as a moral and spiritual guide. This is going a long way for a preacher. Those who think for themselves have never denied that there was great good in this great old book. They have stoutly maintained that it was a valuable addition to literature, but have likewise insisted that it was written by men who made mistakes and not by the Almighty who could make no mistake. I would like to shake hands with Rev. Gregory. I fear, however, he will soon be fired out of his church.



The gulf between the man who sells his labor and the man who buys it does not seem to be growing any narrower or less deep. They are two armies camped one over against the other, each eager for the other's defeat. When it comes to a game of starve-out the employer can always win because his wealth will command the necessities of life so long as he may live while the man who lives on the price of his work must work or starve. When it comes to a question of force the employee will win because of numbers. They can by brute force destroy the small army of

employers. Shall it come to this? There is a cloud not yet larger than a man's hand that may burst upon us in this century in a storm of revolution.



The ideal state would be that in which each man received the entire result of his labors. This would not mean that each would have the same because some would have a greater producing power than others, but each would get what he earned, and if he earned nothing he would starve. The independent man is the man who works for himself on the farm or in the shop. The man who sells his labor is the slave of the man who buys it. The slavery of wages is as great a problem as the slavery of the negro.



Let your light so shine that the world can see you do not carry a burglar's jimmy.



Moocha Saba who sets the totem-poles and lights the pine cone fire, for the Chief says:

All great men don't have their pictures in the Sunday papers.

I would rather go to church than to go to hell, but I don't have to go to either place.

All great men are born in the country, but they have to come to the city to find it out.

A pint at home is better than a quart at Sherry's, when there's four at Sherry's and only one at home.

Wine is a mocker and Whiskey makes rye faces.

Kings are about as bad as other people. Some are worse.

A little learning is a dangerous thing, especially if the other fellow has it and you don't..

And this is only a little of the wisdom of Moocha Saba.

Where there are as much as seven members of the Tribe in any town or city or village, they may meet and elect a local chief and establish a local wigwam. The duties of the local wigwam and its members shall be First, To think for themselves.

Second, To spread the Ghourki Gospel of cheer, kindness, good will and self-reliance.

Third, To have an ideal which shall be yourself and to improve your idealeach day if you can.

Fourth, To attend the Big Eat when it is held if it suits you to come,

There has been a slight change in the paper on which THE GHOURKI is printed. Since the formation of the beef trust butchers have taken to wrapping their steaks, chops and roasts in small pieces of silver foil, in consequence of which the demand for butcher's wrapping paper has fallen off so that the factories have ceased to make it. For this reason and no other THE GHOURKI will hereafter be printed on book paper unless perchance the one-time fashionable tablets of stone come into favor again and the mills cease to make book paper. There are a few sheets of the old stock of GHOURKI paper left, and these will be used for covers as long as they last.

Try to get in good graces of Mother Nature. She is a good physician and a reliable ane.

For the sum of five dollars the Chief will send you THE GHOURKI forever and no longer. A photograph of the Chief just as pretty as a picture will be sent to all such life members.

CENTER POINT, W. Va. February 25th, 1903.

DEAR CHIEF:—Enclosed find the necessary string of Wawpum to enable me to still receive thy little birch scroll, that has dared to rush in "Where Angels dare not tread."

Wonderful, how narrow bound is the world of thought in general. If a great chief like your self, even dares to criticise the almost pagan ways of the old customs of the world, which denies the right of freedom to the original thinker, then he is sent forth by those whose brains are not the equal of the brain of the buzzard, but whose scent is abnormally developed for finding a chance to damn a man because he thinks differently from their narrow walled ways of thinking, which, like the water that has stood so long in the cess pool of a common sewerage, has become so corrupt that the scavenger fly of a Chinese slaughter would change its flight when it perceived the scent thereof. Those poor deluded fellows with the heart of a hyena in a human shaped breast, are to be pitied more than despised, for they owe their bigotry to their forefathers, who ranted for freedom of speech, and then with the grace of the Puritan of old, in the name of Almighty God, burned out the tongues of those who did not see the sunshine of the glory of Nature as they viewed it through their smoked glasses, and diseased brain. Long live the Ghourki, and may it become a power in the world of Thought.

Yours truly,

VIRGIL I. ALLEN.

The Garbage man hadned me the following and said he found it in the waste basket of a jolly good fellow. I print it for all its worthand more too.

I've read the sad story of Mary McLane
And (if slang is permitted) it gives me a pain
Sweet Mary, dear Mary, go back to the woods
I don't like to say it but you dont have the
goods
You're waiting the coming of the devil you say
I hope he will get you and fly far away.

R E M O N S T R A N C E

Opinion, let me alone: I am not thine,
Prim Creed, with categoric point, forbear
To feature me, my Lord, by rule and line,
Thou canst not measure Mistress Nature's hair,
Not one sweet inch: nay, if thy sight is sharp,
Would'st count the strings upon an angel's harp?
Forbear, forbear.

Oh let me love my Lord more fathom deep
Than there is line to sound with: let me love
My fellow not as man that mandates keep;
Yes, all that's lovable, below, above,
That let me love by heart, by heart, because
[Free from the penal pressure of the laws]
I find it fair.

The tears I weep by day and bitter night,
Opinion! for thy sole salt vintage fall,
—As morn by morn I rise with fresh delight,
Time through my casement cheerily doth call,
“Nature is new, 'tis birthday every day,
• Come feast with me, let no man say me nay,
Whate'er befall.”

So fare I forth to feast: I sit beside
Some brother bright: but, ere good-morrow passed,
Burly Opinion wedging in hath cried,
“Thou shalt not sit by us, to break thy fast,
Save to our Rubric thou subscribe and swear—
Religion hath blue eyes and yellow hair;
She's Saxon all.”

Then, hard a hungered for my brother's grace
Till well-nigh fain to swear his folly's true,
In sad dissent I turn my longing face
To him that sits on the left: “Brother,—with you?”

—“Nay, not with me, save thou subscribe and swear
Religion hath black eyes and raven hair:
Nought else is true.”

Debarred of banquets that my heart could make
With every man on every day of life,
I homeward turn, my fires of pain to slake
In deep endearments of a worshiped wife.

“I love thee well, dear Love,” quoth she, “and yet
Would that thy creed with mine completely met,
As one, not two.”

Assassin! Thief! Opinion, 'tis thy work,
By Church, by throne, by hearth, by every good
That's in the Town of Time, I see thee lurk,
And o'er some shadow stays where thou hast stood.
Thou hand'st sweet Socrates his hemlock sour;
Thou sav'st Barabbas in that hideous hour,
And stabb'st the good.

Deliverer Christ: thou rack'st the souls of men:
Thou tосsest girls to lions and boys to flames;
Thou hew'st Crusader down by Saracen;
Thou buildest closets full of secret shames;
Indifferent cruel, thou dost blow the blaze
Round Ridley or Servetus; all thy days
Smell scorched; I would

—Thou base-born Accident of time and place—
Bigot Pretender unto Judgment's throne—
Bastard, that claimest with a cunning face
Those rights the true, true Son of Man doth own
By Love's authority—thou Rebel cold
At head of civil wars and quarrels old—
Thou Knife upon a throne—

I would thou left'st me free, to live with love,
And faith, that through the love of love doth find
My Lord's dear presence in the stars above,
The clods below, the flesh without, the mind
Within, the bread, the tears, the smile.
“Opinions, damned Intriguer, gray with guile;
Let me alone.”

Written by Sidney Lanier.

that we should not be selfish, that we should not take advantage, that we should not resist evil with evil, that doing good to others was better than loud profession or ceremonial observances. He found more real goodness among the lower classes, the publicans and so called sinners with whom he mingled, than he did among the scribes and pharisees. He saw and denounced the corruption, hypocrisy and oppression of the church of his time, and his honesty, sincerety and zeal, cost him his life. He was a reformer and a martyr in the cause of truth and humanity.



Women's Clubs.

As Ala Doma sayes, "To 'ell with the female clubs!" and I am of a mind with him in some instances. For suggestive example, take the Womans' Club of the town of Ball-yacer, and let us line it up for several comparisons.

The haughty Matrons of the Old Line constituting the active membership had banded together—according to the gilt-edged preamble—for dissimulation of choice knowledge and some matters appertaining to the revised text of small gossip. Such important and leading subjects as "A Psychological Treatise on the Under World Humans" and "The Modern Poster in Relation to the Art of Artists," were the genesis of many long and intensely vital discussions.

Indeed, so heated and exhaustive were the arguments presented at times, that it was found necessary and eminently fitting to follow out the helpful laws of hygiene and resuscitate the members with a real china cup full of pure Japan tea and several slightly crumbed Uneeda biscuit at the conclusion of each meeting.

(It might be mentioned, merely as a side light, that before the introduction of the famous brand of flour and water concoction from Battle Creek, a plain and very common make of the Star cracker was in vogue; but the club, keeping abreast with the times in the little nicetys of eating as well as mental gymnastics, were quick to adopt the new bis-

cuit, finding the name adequately appropriate.)

For their own benefit, and to off-set any accusation in regard to my shortsightedness, I will mention that besides the active intellectual lights there were several of the Chosen Ones who were a trifle off-color and rather low geared in the wheel portion; these went in the club's Year Book in a green ink entry under the caption of "Honorary Members."

They were allowed to listen to the effervescent wisdom of their sisters and gossip with their nearest neighbors; but the precious light of criticism was refused them at all times, and, according to the 2nd section of the 33rd by-laws, they were not allowed to cast a vote for my office. Thus was the first right of American free citizenship denied them and they were, in reality, far from the zone of highest thought.

As most of the club was composed of matrons who had not come unto their own, considerable time was devoted to the "Ethics of Higher Culture." Aside from several who too homely and natural to take a pronounced polish or be effected by soaring ideals—being only fitted to make a home-like—the M's of the O. L. were soon thoroughly conversant with the approval and correct mode a la prudes, and how to smile artificially with out seeming to purse up the lids. They also grew proficient, after a diligent research among the works of Famous Females, in the attitude required to be taken in order to cool a house and

husband in Summer, and, to an inch, the scientifically proper distance a he-man should be held from his given place. Both of these with the purpose of impressing his inferiority upon him, and killing the childish, altogether foolish and silly root of love and affection, frequently found implanted in the heart.

Some of the more loyal and enthusiastic of the members went even further and were successful in producing on their children the impression of conflicting interests; and, in the course of time, were able to leave them when they attended to the higher calls of the club, with out any emotion or love being needlessly shown.

The ones whose off-spring were educated to this perfect modern state enjoyed the silent envy of those unfortunates among their sisters who were unable to kill the petty spark of child love by mother-neglect, even though entirely successful with that of the husband and father.

The harmony and good will of the club was undisturbed, save in one instance when a high-strung discussion on the heathenish condition of the woman who creates home a place for her husband and children, living unselfishly to make each day a little brighter, brought on, by one word and another, along channels of conversation entirely foreign to the subject, the high tariff of the club's yearly dues. The ball of discord once started a-rolling, a number of the members strenuously kicked on the whole business, and

stamped their dainty patent kid boots with great vehemence and in accordance with the most approved method as outlined in the "Book of Special Occasion Culture for Women," chapter on "How to Show Extreme Anger Politely."

Some of the "both ends meet members," were much in favor of allowing the old dues of twenty-five cents per year per member to stand, but those that had less than a dollar a day pinmoney ruled the club vote. Therefore, to save the honor and the funds of the club, the price was reduced to the round sum of ten cents and three mills per capita.

I have nothing more to state. I was never, to my immediate knowledge, a member of any female club, and perhaps what I have here discussed I know nothing about whatever; but you may have this assurance, if it will give any consolation, that the facts here presented have been gathered after an exhaustive review of the club's work and results.

Now and then it crosses my mind that Aladoma once had a consort who was an M. O. L. and I would not hesitate to say, if such were the case, that at that time was his vehement mode of speaking acquired, or, at the least, aroused from the embryo to a full, healthy growth. Thus he says at times the things others would like to say, but lack the characteristic language giving them life, color, and savor.

The Lucky Dog.

The Situation in Coal

There is no question before the people of this country today, which is of more importance to more of us than the coal question. It will throw more light on the darkened passageways of our new industrial development, than anything else can do. We have been assured upon all hands that the "trusts" as we call the gigantic corporations for which we have no better name, were only the natural growth of modern commercial machines, demanded by the peculiar conditions incident to our tremendous development. In the hands of the wise, honest and conservative men this is probably so. But now the anthracite coal supply of the country has been finally massed in one ownership, the independent operators having unloaded to the trust. The testimony being given day by day before the Federal Commission at Scranton, gives us an opportunity to see the manner of men these are, who have become the absolute masters of one of the Nation's necessities of life. The stories of inhuman brutality which are being daily set forth before that august commission, are enough to raise in the people of this nation a storm of indignation that should sweep such heathen wretches as the coal barons are shown to be, from the power they hold on the industries and homes of the country, before they put upon us the screws with which they have been torturing their helpless laborers. Such men as the unspeakable Baer and his compatriots in the abuse and misuse of his fellowmen, are the real anarchists of such a nation as this. If the populace shall some day rise in its might, and smite Society with the fatal blow, it is such men as the coal barons of Pennsylvania that we will have to thank for it. While the awful stories of their atrocities to their men, and to women and children, old men and babes, are being laid bare in official investigations, they are showing their contempt for the public's rights and its opinion, by shamelessly juggling the market for gain, and all through the land there is widespread misery for the lack of the coal they will not put on the market, lest

the price should fall off in the presence of supply.

The time has come to remove from such men the power they have. It is not a question of socialism or not, it is a question of self-protection. Nor is it a question of the rights of property. No man has a right to own the control of any vital necessities of life—and if he buys it he should understand that he can only hold it subject to a wise, fair and honest administration of its interests as a public trust. When he ceases to do this, it becomes the duty of the people to do it. It is better that the people should rob the coal trust than that the coal trust should rob the people. The coal barons may find something out some day.—*The Philosopher.*

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THE NATURAL LIFE

8 OLIVER ST. ROOM 253 - - - - BOSTON MASS.

HOWARD LLEWELLYN SWISHER

E D I T O R

The Ghourki



HARANGUES TO THE GHOURKI, *By* The Chief of the Tribe & a

Several hundred subscriptions to THE GHOURKI have been received during March and April. All these subscriptions began with the December number, which was the last one issued when the subscription was received. You will all get your twelve numbers of the little brown book, even if it takes several seasons to get them out.

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, a man credited with considerable sense, prayed recently in Brooklyn that "we might be saved from this new and damnable heresy that holds that this is a white man's country." Well, if this isn't a white man's country, it surely belongs to the early Indians. There are still a good many people in the north who are as ignorant of the real status of the Negro as they were at the time of the civil war. All the presidents and all the laws this country can produce can not place the two races on an equality. The lines of master and man are as irrevocably drawn as the laws of the Universe. I have no excuse or solution to offer. I merely state the facts, God made the negro. I did not. If I were responsible for his creation, I would have made him a white man.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,
April 23rd, 1903.

DEAR CHIEF:—Please renew my subscription to THE GHOURKI for another year. I have read with interest the December, '02 issue, which you sent me a day or so ago.

I am sending you a clipping from this morning's TRIBUNE. I don't know what *you* will think of it, but I found it quite nauseous. Commercialism seems to have a pretty good hold on our religion, along with all the rest. In our present society, people "succeed" through the failure of others—any Socialist can tell you that. In the minds of some, the words "pray" and "prey" appear to have gotten confused.

Wishing you every "success" with the biggest little magazine that I have ever seen, I am

Sincerely Yours,

E. J. BOYER,

Englewood Station, Chicago, Ills.

I am both sorry and glad that I can not represent the article Mr. Boyer enclosed. It was bad enough.

THE CHIEF.



A Dutchman living in Preston county sent word to his minister to come to his house and baptize his children. The preacher came, but not seeing any children about the house, asked where they were.

"You shust git your dope ready, and I the children will git dam quick," replied the father.

The preacher made ready, and the Dutchman reached under the bed and pulled a squalling urchin out by the foot, exclaiming:

"Come out of here, you little devil, dodgast you."

The boy kicked and bit, but the father held him while the minister did his duty. Then, one after another, the Dutchman pulled three others from under the bed, and the fight went on until the last one was put through the ceremony.

"Now, dodgast you leetle dyvils," exclaimed the Dutchman, "you will not the smallpox git, I don't guest."

Like the works of all great authors the earlier writings of the Chief are now out of print. Number 1 Volume 1 is worth five dollars, if you can find anybody that will pay the price.

"One woe doth tread another's heels so fast they follow." That is the way the Ghourkis are coming now.

"My boy," said the minister to a gammin of six, "you are too young to swear so."

"No, I'm not, for I heard my Sunday school teacher say that Job cursed the day he was born. I don't intend to be outdone by a baby."

The Chief got this letter the other day. He prints it to show that at least one man reads the GHOURKI.

PITTSBURG, PA., Mar. 27, '03.

MR. HOWARD L. SWISHER,
Morgantown, W. Va.

DEAR CHIEF:— I enclose you herewith an article, which I wrote several moons ago to send to you, but did not think it worth while as I did not think any one would care to waste time reading the stuff much less for you to print it.

I have carried it in my pocket until nearly worn out and decided when I came across it to-night to fire it at you, and you can fire it into the waste paper basket if you choose, and no one will feel bad. Do what you please with it, and I will be satisfied either way.

I specially enjoyed the November number of the GHOURKI. I am in full accord with the article, "Theology and Crime." You seem a trifle harsh on the pensioner, but there are no doubt abuses that should be checked. I have two pensioners in my family—Mother, a widow, and her brother, a soldier, who lost his arm at the shoulder from the effect of a bullet wound.

I can agree with you that no able-bodied person can with self-respect accept a pension. While my relatives were all with the Union army, I honor the Confederate soldier who returned to a home in ashes and a land that was destitute and proceeded to rebuild his fortune and his citizenship. I have made many firm friends among these heroes who have

fought unaided against adversity and man, and I claim them all as my brothers.

Very truly,

WILLIAM WALLACE.

Stand up, O ye braves. Stretch your gaunt figures to their greatest height. The day is coming fast when men will be needed, men of the forest, whose muscles are strong and whose hearts are pure, The strength of our social fabric is failing. Unearned millions in the hands of incapable and unjust men are rotting out the foundations of this government by the people.

And what say do people have in government through representatives? Not much to be sure. Senators, by their present method of election are practically in no way responsible to the people. Do you suppose there is one Senator in that august chamber who has not bought the seat he occupies? The Senate has become the roosting place of rotten millionaires. Oh that the red men of the forest who once fished in the Potomac where the National Capitol now stands, would return with tomahawks and scalping knife and by free use of these make the people glad.

The aristocracy of wealth is just as dangerous as the aristocracy of birth.

Our Congressmen, too, are only indirectly responsible to the people. They vote yea or nay on bills that mean life or death to their constituents and not one in a thousand knows of it. People are disgusted with politics but they are soon going to take a hand in government.

I cannot see why I should pay any man to govern me when I can just as well govern myself.

If you should fail to get this number of the GHOURKI, better write to me and I will see what the trouble is.



Here is more of the wisdom of Moocha Saba:

Insurance agents would have you die to make money, preachers want you to die to be happy. I prefer to live poor and miserable.

An honest man is the noblest work of God' but the Lord is too busy to make many of them.

When you start to Monte Carlo, leave your money at home with your wife.

When you kick an animal you become lower than the animal you kick.

There are some people who say that money is the root of all evil. Usually their fortune has not sprouted yet.

Whatever you hear that ought not to be true, give it no ear.



The great and over-powering idea of this American age is to make money. Speculation is rife, fortunes are made in an hour and lost in thirty minutes. To have money is perhaps a worthy ambition, for it is a handy thing to have about the house, especially if you want a scuttle full of coal, but there are some things that money can't buy and of these happiness is one. When to get money every noble and unselfish instinct is blunted, the price paid is too great. Money may be swept away by calamity and misfortune, but a great heart and a clear conscience bring joy when fortune frowns. Let us store up money if we can, but let us at the same time build up that sort of mental strength that will serve us well in all vicissitudes.



Socialism at its best means that every man shall receive the result of his labors and no more. It is strongly contrasted with labor organizations that

say each man shall receive the same regardless of his ability or capacity.

In this issue will be found some verse and prose by that loyal Brave John Wallace, of Wheeling, West Virginia. John has always been a good Indian, though not a dead Indian by a whole lot.

Mrs. Florence Maybrick has been promised that she will be released from the London prison home in July, 1904. If the woman is innocent, her incarceration is another heinous crime added to the English Calendar of Crimes, which now takes each day of the year to record. If guilty she has no doubt suffered quite enough. She has lands enough in West Virginia and Kentucky to make her quite rich, and it will probably be but a few years till she will be London's society leader. Her case points a moral to all wives, to-wit: If your husband insists on having his food flavored with arsenic, let him hire another cook.

The thought of motherhood ought to be a sacred thought. The bringing of a new life into the world is a thing of such grave responsibility as to make a thinking person quake. What shall be the end of the life thus started? Shall it be the honored man or the desperate criminal, the dutiful wife or the bawd? To many, however, the approach of motherhood is a subject of idle gossip. Should such a sacred thought be coupled with vulgar passion? In the name of Manitou let the conversation of women be of other things.

Love your neighbor as yourself, but don't get stuck on yourself.

If our good friends who die really go to a Heaven of untold bliss, let us not take on so about their death. Let a band lead the funeral train, the procession shout hip! hip and hooray!

The thing we hope is true we try to believe is true.

• • • ABOUT ANARCHY • • •

Congress has done well in framing a measure to deal with the problem of anarchy as it presents itself in the form of armed resistance to law and assassination of rulers. All anarchy must be put down, wisely but firmly and effectually. We have no place in this country for violence and bomb throwing, whether by the followers of Emma Goldmann or a mob expressing sympathy with striking workmen. Such procedure is both foolish and criminal. It must ever react to the injury of those who adopt it and the cause it hopes to advance. It will ever receive severe condemnation from the community as a whole. And from no section of the community will the censure be more sincere than from members of labor unions and the adherents of the Socialist movement. The truth is we have little to fear from the advocacy of this form of anarchy. We are well able to protect ourselves from all such enemies of our national peace and safety. But "there are others."

Anarchy does not lose its identity be it ever so "high" in society or state. And it is the spirit and method of anarchy—of lawlessness—in high places that is most threatening at the present time. Mrs. Browning once said: "the devil is most devilish when respectable." So we might say that it is "respectable" anarchy that is most devilish and dangerous in the United States today.

"Talk about anarchy!" exclaimed ex-Mayor Swift in an address before the Commercial Club of Chicago, "talk about breeding the spirit of lawlessness! Who does it more than your representative men? Your high-toned business men, your prominent citizens? Who bribes the Common Council? It is not the men in the common walks of life. It is the men in your own walks of life, sitting by your firesides at your clubs."

Talk about anarchy! Where, we ask, in this broad earth does it flaunt itself so brazenly as in the lobbies

and halls of our legislatures and Congress? Where are there laid plots so deep and diabolical, to subvert justice, to assault the very citadel of government, to strike at the fundamentals of law and order, and to trample the rights and liberties of the people under foot? "I cannot shut my eyes," says Father O'Brien, of Toledo, "to the dangers that threaten our republic. The greatest danger that I see now is the anarchy of wealth." Verily, there is no need of an understanding as to who are the real anarchists in this country today. In the light of recent revelations the great corporations and their representatives come nearest to filling the bill. In view of which the action of Congress in framing a stringent law against a little group of avowed and for the most part comparatively harmless anarchists, while overlooking the weightier, craftier, more dangerous anarchists of capitalism, hanging about its own doors, is puerile in the extreme.—*The Vangunrd.*



Sometimes flowers bloom in deserts bare,
But only for brief time endure
And many a thought gem bright and rare
Is born and blooms in minds obscure.

J. CAL W.



SIGHING FOR THE HILL LIFE

I'm sick of the city's strain, the stare of the stranger
crowds,
And I want again the life where only the skies have
clouds—
Back in the West Virginia hills, to sit in the village
store,
That edges road and river, runnin' neighbors by the
door
And down through the valley, where the folks say,
"howdy do!"
And the heart is back o' the welcome and the notes
ring true.

I want to see by the hitchin' post, when the chores
are done,
And the furdest, highest knob's tipped by the fadin'
sun—
I want to see, as I said afore, the hosses and boys
come in,
And arter their axin' for mail, the general talk
begin;
Tellin' who's sold his coal lands and who's been
leased fur ile,
Then all turn in and cuss the county court for awhile.

I want to be there Sunday, in the schoolhouse by the
bend,
Where the hills lean lovin' over and woods and water
blend,
To hear the circuit preacher, in his simple, earnest
way,
Humble us as the children with his "Brethren, let
us pray!"
While the singin' that I pine fur, of the good, old
fashioned turn,
Inform the sinner of his chances while the lamp
holds out to burn.

There's somethin' 'bout it all-even dream-drifts from
those hills,
That satisfies what's in you and scatters cares and
ills,
Mebbe, it's the people's ways, for there can't be sham
ur show,
When the landscape's color-glories are runnin'
over so;
No matter what's the spell ur charm, no place else
has more
Downright happiness on this side o' the Golden
Shore!

—J. W.



3 *Rights of Labor* 3

The labor of one man will yield
Enough to feed a score;
But all he gets is what he eats,
And he continues poor.

'Twould seem that those whose labor brings
Most of the things we need;
Might justly claim the larger share,
As their rightful meed.

But all they get is scanty wages,
A living poor and bare;
While others who don't work at all,
Come in for the lion's share.

"FRA CALVINUS."

From the State of Flowers and Gold ३ ३ ३ ३ ३

NORTH FORK, Madera County, Cal., April 7, 1903.

SACHEM SWISHER:—I find it in my snake-skin to squeeze out 25c for Ghourki, or whatever you call it. I like the way the tribe thinks.

O great chief! I am glad some people think they can think. But sorry that most think not, or at least let out their thinking to great corporations and the attorneys of such.

I used to believe it, because every one I heard talk about it, said the competitive system was a field of sunflowers all turning their faces toward the God of our industrial day. But alas for the trusts! They have taught me that the game of competition can be played to a finish; that in the grab-what-you-can rivalry of our industrial arena a few get all and most get nothing. It seems to a man knocked out of the ring that competition has come to its conclusion. Great things were to be had, a few captured them through cunning and unjust laws, and hold them as vested rights to be held sacred and guarded by bayonets. To tell now of equal opportunities to the poor devil of a working man, is to tell of paradise lost and the flaming sword in the hands of the angels of property in paradise driving out those who have just discovered they are naked.

Those who put the dollar above the man, those who value property as the greatest thing under the stars, and human beings as useless except as means to the end of making more money—those brilliant vikings of the so-called competitive system long ago organized and conspired and stole through their lobbied laws of special privilege. Oh! oh! now they are so innocent! They are so awfully shocked at the thought of the class consciousness of poor working men who dare to think of organizing labor unions! Somewhere I read that the miners of West Virginia stood aloof from the labor unions. So do the horses and the cattle upon the hills of West Virginia! and these

latter never strike. If a man is going to be a dumb brute, depend for his daily bread upon some superior creature, let him change the Lord's prayer a little and instead of praying God the Father for daily bread, pray to his employer for just enough crumbs to keep him alive to make more money for his masterful employer, so he can make him earn more money on fewer crumbs. "All men free and equal!" O shades of Tom Jefferson! Your theories mock the prosperity, the boasted prosperity, the pampered prosperity that depends upon capitalists. The capitalistic conspiracy is the trust of whatever stripe it may be. If it be the money trust it can fly to the aid of a president to make him the author of good times; or it can unload a panic upon another president, no matter who goes hungry.

The trust is ending the competitive system. Those who make wealth ought to share in mastering it. We have the competition between classes, and the co-operation within each class. It is idle to dream of a lonesome individual equality. The individual's influence, his power, his rights, must be known through his class. Unless the working classes co-operate within each class, and form bulwarks of federation against the trusts, the trust question can never be solved in line with our ideals of human rights and the common equality of all men. United labor alone can withstand the captains of industrial despotism. The coming slavery is near at hand, unless manhood stands shoulder to shoulder and asserts its claim to greater worth than money.

I have never wanted to be a socialist; but the tyranny of the trusts and the system they have made win, must not be allowed to pamper a few and degrade the the mass of humanity. Co-operation must not undo our civilization. It must be the co-operation in which all have an equal interest. It must be the co-operation that commends itself to the teachings of Christianity and common justice. As between the exploiters of the race, fortified behind some old party name, and those who stand against

them in the battle for the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," I shall join the Socialists. I can repeat the creed, I can say the Lord's prayer, I can read the Sermon on the Mount, and be a Socialist. But if I stay with the shadow of a fading party escutcheon that daily robs my fellow-men, that reaps where it has not sown, and makes men more miserable than slavery ever did, then I can never be a Christian; I must throw away the Bible and say the Declaration of Independence is a delusion and a snare. No sham trust legislation satisfies me. The men who brought the trusts into being are not the ones to destroy them. Great Chief, "I go now."

CHEPA.



HOPE.

The sun by day, the stars by night;
The gentle breeze that brings the dream;
The wand that makes the burden light;
Always the song sung by the stream.

The beacon for life's care-tossed ships—
The rainbow bursting through the tears;
The lingering smile on pallid lips;
The greeting of the dawning years.

—J. W.



**MIDNIGHT or PEOPLE WHO STAND IN
THEIR OWN SHADOW**

There is no darkness. What we call darkness is only shadows which bodies make for themselves by turning from the light. There is no darkness on the earth only as it turns away from the sun. The sun is always shining. The sun is always giving out light. When the earth rotates into its own shadow, then darkness comes upon it. This same law as far as we can discover, holds true with all heavenly bodies.

Another fact which one who studies the stars learns is that they often eclipse or cast their shadows over each other—at least planets do.

When I sit by my camp fire musing over the day's chase or recount the deeds of the braves in battle, the flame of reason begins to warm my brain, and I wonder about the earth, the sun, the moon and the stars. Then I wonder about the daylight. Then I wonder about the darkness. Then I wonder about the people. Then they all get mixed up in my mind, earth and people, moon and stars, light and darkness. But then I wonder why shouldn't they be all mixed up in my mind. The Great Spirit mixed them all up together and why shouldn't I?

But while turning the coals this night, my thoughts are about light and darkness and the Great Spirit. My thoughts become confused and I want you to help me think, and I want the braves too; Yes, I want the squaws while roasting the venison over the coals to help me think. Squaw thinks great thoughts sometime.

Now, what runs in my thought is, Why not all sunshine? You like sunshine, I like sunshine. All like sunshine. Earth, moon and stars all sunshine except when they turn their back on sunshine and stand in their own light. All people the same. People live on earth. People see by light of sun. People live on corn grown in sun. Earth turn away from sun—darkness. People turn away from light—darkness. Light always there. Earth turn away from light. People turn away from light.

Let's think hard right here. Earth stores up sunbeam while in the light. Catches him and puts him away in tree and coal and oil and gas and electricity.

Great Spirit knows earth needs all these to light up the night, and guide through darkness and puts them where they can be found. Does not man turn his face from the light? Does he not get into darkness? Does not Great Spirit know that man needs light when passing through darkness? Does not Great Spirit know man like earth will not always keep his face towards light? Does not Great Spirit put away in man heat, light, electricity to illuminate him and guide him through darkness. Could we not always be in the sunshine? But if we will turn away from sunshine, have we not sunbeams stored away to light us, and will not electric sparks flash across our pathway to direct us through the darkness?

Much sorrow then that we do not know that the Sun is always shining, and that we can always have light if we do not turn away from it.

If we must pass through darkness we can overcome it by making it light.

We all have illuminating qualities, but seem to make bad work in using them. Could we not always have sunshine, or at least, could we not always light up the dark places if we would only use what the Great Spirit has stored away in us?

We have overcome the darkness which the earth's shadows casts upon itself, and many a City shines at midnight as the splendor of noon. This reached a climax recently in the Great Pan-American show. Who that was so favored as to stand on the bridge after night had settled down over that beautiful scene at the Pan and witnessed the thrill of joy that passed over all when, as my magic, it was made luminous as day.

Can we not also develop the illuminating qualities of our own selves and dispel the darkness of fear, bigotry, superstition, selfishness and greed?

When, O Great Spirit, will we begin to realize our illuminating powers and use them? Will all the

members of the Hill tribe and the Great Chief himself, help me to think it out?

WILLIAM WALLACE.

Banks of Venango River, Pa.,
December, 1902.



A Plea for a Song of the State



Just a word with you, brothers, a heart-to-heart talk, a you-and-I affair, on a close-reaching topic. Namely, the sad need of a song responsive to state pride.

You, of the teachers' institute, I hear remark—"The West Virginia Hills." Speak it low—the remark. Sing the only sheet in the folio with vim worthy of a better and in the absence of a better. It needs the benefit of the doubt, poor, lonely, difficult thing of the uphill meter.

"My Old Kentucky Home," sweetly and tenderly suggestive to the faraway boy of his country where the meadow grass grows blue. Likewise springs the founts of sentiment as the running strains recall the skies of sunny Tennessee, the Indiana cornfields and the green fields of Virginia. Melodies as honey to the heart-classics in the schools of the masses if not to coldly critical ears.

Surely you've felt the sharp longing, son of the hills, whether in the pup tents of the Phillippines or around the Cuban camp circle, or perchance, when one of a tourist group assembled under a foreign roof to drink and sing of homes beyond the sea you had to sit in silent regret when the roll of the states was called.

War and love make songs, they say. The dying piper of Glencoe could thrill a sorely pressed army with the courage of victory and Annie Laurie brings dreams of sweethearts left behind. There's no war these days, brother, but peace, you know, hath no less her victories, and there be no lack of maidens fair in this paradise of ours. Yea, verily, they dwell down in the pleasant valleys and up on the glorious slopes. Is not West Virginia richly inspirational? Yes, indeed. So, brother, tune thy harp and write a ballad that is meet.

—J. W.

HOWARD LLEWELLYN SWISHER

E D I T O R

The Ghourki



**HARANGUES TO THE GHOURKI, *By*
The Chief of the Tribe**

Everybody has a right to be born right. A good physical body and an unimpaired brain are birth rights of every child. Alas, under our present laws the only requirement that a man take unto himself a wife is that the couple be of legal age and that the man have two to ten dollars to pay the preacher to join them together.



There is no physical or mental requirement. At the altar may stand a couple of mumbling idiots, a couple of physical wrecks, or perhaps two criminals, while a third criminal, oftentimes called a man of God, proceeds in a hollow tone to say, "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Then these couples go forth into the world to produce more of their kind to afflict, harrass and endanger mankind.



First of all, the basis of marriage is physical and moral. It is a means of propagating the race. Improvements in the race must be slow, so long as marriage is looked upon in its present light. It is not a religious institution. It is not a matter to be decided by some temporary emotion, called love, but sifted, usually means passion. Marriage is a matter for the state to look after, for the offspring of each couple becomes an intgeal part of the state.

A minister has no more right to perform a marriage ceremony than he has to perform a surgical operation. I have said before and I say again and I shall continue to say and believe that applicants for marriage licenses should be compelled to show a certificate of physical, mental and moral soundness.

□ True, marriages might be fewer. But if we want criminals and imbeciles, let us import them from the purlieus of Europe and not raise them on good American soil.

I saw a boy of six on the streets a day or two ago whose body was a mass of syphilitic sores. Whose fault was this heritage of pain and misery? Directly, his parents, indirectly, the State which allowed such a union to be consummated. Nature is a jealous god, visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation.

Everybody has a right to be born right. To be brought into the world with rotten bones, contaminated blood or a muddled brain is a crime against the person born, so heinous that murder is no comparison to it.

Let there be a commission of intelligent men in every county before whom all aspirants for hymenal honors must appear to show that they are fit to propagate the race. The question for the commission always to decide would be, "Would more of this kind be a benefit or a burden to society." I would like you, O Braves, to have your say upon this subject which concerns the future generations as much as do the trusts.

A great many Philistines have joined the Tribe of THE GHOURKI in the last few months. I bid you welcome and hope that it shall be pleasant to sit with the Chief in the Wigwam, and meditate in the Pine Cone Glow.

If any Brave or Little Brown Squaw wants back numbers of THE GHOURKI, all back numbers from Vol. I, No. 1 to date will be sent for one dollar. That is, provided I can find them, for many of the earlier numbers are scarce.

I know that many of the Tribe wonder why THE GHOURKI does not come out on time. I will tell you in some future number.

King Edward went to Paris a few days ago and while there went with the President and wife to the theatre. It was a swell affair and the King was feeling like all the money, until he chanced to cast his eye over the parquet and there saw the famous Spanish dancer, Otero, bedecked in a million dollars worth of jewels, some of which his Highness had seen before. Otero met his eye and winked, as much as to say, "Hello, Prince, old boy, glad to see you." This made the King feel like thirty cents, Mexican money, particularly, as the enameled Alexandria was by his side. Well, the conclusion of the whole matter was, that a soldier went to the dancer and escorted her from the theatre. It beats all how sensitive some kings are when the queen is looking.

A poor German was recently sent to jail for killing a couple of deer on the private grounds of the Kasier. The Kaiser was in Rome at the time and was anticipating the pleasure he would have on his return by shooting the harmless animals himself. The pheasant got ahead of him and the Kaiser got mad and had him jailed. What a glorious thing it is to be a Kasier.

The Chief is feeling liberal just now and makes this offer which holds good until the next issue comes out, which by the way, won't be many days. I will send THE GHOURKI to ten of your friends for a full year for one dollar, and to you I will send a copy

of Briar Blossoms, a book the Chief wrote one day when he was feeling good. Elbert Hubbard and several others think the book is all right. I don't know what you would think of it, but if you send the dollar you can find out besides spreading the Ghourki Gospel of good cheer and independent thinking among ten of your friends. Send the dollar in today, you may not have it tomorrow.

✎

Rulers are created by men who are not capable of governing themselves.

✎

It is a trouble and distress that brings out the great souls but shrivels and mars the little ones.

✎

Art is a picture of things as they are, a poster is a picture of things as they could not possibly exist.

✎

The men who think for themselves do not belong to the age in which they live. They belong to the future. Christ thought for himself and was crucified. Galileo thought for himself and a yellow shriveled Pope forced him into a dungeon. Tom Paine thought for himself and the country for which he gave his best thought, his money and his life denied him a decent burial or a slab to mark his resting place. It is a dangerous thing, O Braves, to think for yourself if you want to retain the esteem of the multitude who think not.

✎

Speaking of Thomas Paine brings to mind the school history I read when a boy. This history gave an account of how the great Free Thinker died in torment because of his expressed opinions on religion. Thousands of youths in this great country have been taught to despise the name of Tom Paine because he was an infidel. Lies have been preached, printed, sung and chanted to damn him eternally. In truth he died much as others have and will, whether Christians, Mohammedans, Buddhists or Infidels but there

is not one iota of proof that he ever recanted. It is a great honor to be great enough to be damned by the Religionist.



If it is a question of belief that saves or damns a man the devils themselves will all be saved for the Book of Books says that they believe and tremble. It is not a belief that makes a man. It is his acts, his life, his character if you please.



The physical world furnishes absolutely no proof that man has a soul. Physicists and chemists have searched for it all to no purpose. However, to my mind this does not prove that man is not immortal. The scalpel and the retort could never discover love or hate, cowardice or bravery and yet they exist. I believe that the life principle is immortal, eternal and indestructible but I do not know; it is only a belief. To my mind the blade of grass has a soul as much as Gladstone or Christ or any other man. Animals whether dog, horse or ape, are as immortal as myself. It therefore behooves me to be kind to all lest in the after life I be shunned and avoided by all and be left with nothing to love me which would be as terrible as the fire and brimstone we are told of so frequently.



Crime is never cured by cruelty. How easy would it be to abolish crime if we could make men out of criminals by torture, but it can not be done. The criminal can be changed into a man only by showing him how to be a man instead of a criminal. Those successful in reforming criminals are not themselves cruel.



I say, O Braves, that the State can not take a life without setting an example as a murderer.



Now, O Braves and squaws, the time of the Big Eat approacheth. When the tribe numbers five thousand then it will beheld. Before volvme III

begins I hope to announce it. Send to the Chief the names of those that might want to join the tribe if they knew of it.

This is to all members of the tribe an invitation to visit the Chief in his wigwam whenever with moccasined feet they journey to the Banks of the Monongahela where is situated the town of Morgantown. Advise me of your coming and I will have on my war paint and feathers.

Moocha Saba says:

The idea of eternal punishment. It's a hell of an idea.

If you can't be a man maybe you can be a policeman.

If you get any comfort out of believing in hell you are welcome to it.

Some men get a reputation for wisdom by keeping their mouths shut.

Tell you business affairs to a woman. It will save newspaper advertising.

If you had rather be right than to be president you will never be president.

Go to college six years, then go out into the world ten years to forget it and you will have begun your education.



OBJECTIONS TO SOCIALISM~~~~~

3. Socialism is Materialistic

Often, when I avow myself a Marxian Socialist, I am rebuked on account of my "barren materialism." "You cannot afford to ignore the moral aspects of this problem," said a man who is a church deacon to me.

"I agree," I answered.

"If you Marxian Socialists should ever succeed," said a doctor of divinity to me the other day, "the young would receive no moral instruction. And what would a world without morals be like?"

"Hell; as at present," I answered.

"You must have the love of Christ in your heart; that is the only way to solve the social problem," said a stout pot-bellied Assemblyman where I spoke.

"That ye love one another is the love of Christ," I answered.

* * *

I saw little children of ten years of age drag themselves, O! so wearily, from the factory owned by the man who is a church deacon: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these you have done it unto me," I said.

The doctor of divinity spoke next day to a company of youths and urged them to become soldiers. He bade them go forward in the name of Christ to do their fellows unto death: "I am come that ye might have life," I murmured; and before me was the vision of a cross.

In the State Assembly, the stout, pot-bellied Assemblyman voted *Nay* upon a measure demanding the abolition of child labor, and then voted *Yea* upon the granting of a million-dollar franchise to a corporation. I turned away with loathing: "Love worketh no ill'," I cried.

* * *

In the Italian city of Reggie Emilia the Socialists were victorious; I thought of the children and of the words of the doctor of divinity.

"What will they do for the children?" I asked.

And the answer soon came. "They have given care to the physical needs of the children, to their minds, and to their moral well-being. They have given them these commandments to guide them aright.

"Love thy schoolmates, for they will be your co-workers through life."

"Love knowledge, the bread of intellect; cherish the same gratitude toward the teachers as toward thy father and mother.

Make every day thou livest the occasion for some good and beneficial deed; always sow the seeds of kindness.

"Honor good men and true women, esteem all men as equals, bend thy knees to no one.

"Do not bear hatred to anybody, don't insult people. The word revenge shall not be in thy vocabulary—but stand up for thy rights and resist oppression.

"Do not be a coward. Stand by the weak, and respect and love justice.

"Remember that all goods of this world are the product of labor. Whoever takes the good things of this world without giving their equivalent in labor robs the diligent of their just dues."

My heart was glad as I read these commandments. "Reason and Righteousness are one," I said.

JOHN SPARGO, in *The Vanguard*.
NEW YORK CITY.



PROMETHEUS REBOUND



By EDMUND VANCE COOK, in N. Y. Herald.

Prometheus, the friend of man; the Titan
Who was first to pity and to lighten
The beasthood of us with his gift of fire—
Fire which was filched from Heaven, rousing the ire
Of Jove who bound him to a peak,
Whereto a vulture nightly came and fleshed its beak
Upon the heart of him who dared the odds
Of fate, and gave his hand to man against the gods!

Yet was Prometheus from his tortured hight
Not wholly comfortless. He saw the light
Which he had kindled on the savage earth
Bring forth the home, which grew about the hearth.
Home wed to home and formed the tribal state,
Whence sprung each nation, howsoever great.

When, too, Prometheus came to die, he laid
His Titan form beneath the mountain shade,
Pulled down the hills upon his grave, and by
Some subtle alchemy contrived his form should lie
An aeon's length till blood and bone should turn
Into strange, black stone, which yet should burn,
Thus to achieve his constant chief desire
And still to bless his favorite, man, with fire.
Ah, giant-hearted Titan! well for thee
The sequel of thy generous plan thou couldst not see.
For through the centuries wherein thy will
Labored to its fulfillment, hovered still
The Vulture, naked necked and hideous, above,
Vengefully waiting to undo thy love.

Again the talons clutch thee, as of old,
Again, O Titan! must we mourn for thee,
Again the carrion tainted wings enfold;
Torn by the vulture of monopoly,
Which shrieks its fetid insolence to Heaven
And filches back from man the fire which thou hast given

A GENTLE KNOCK--A *Word of Protest Against Protestors*

Isn't it about time that somebody knocked on knockers? Of course things never would get any better unless we find out how bad they are, and where they are bad. But no man has a right to merely find the bad spots. When you find a defect in society, it is your business to find a remedy - and if you can't offer something better—then you are not the one to do the knocking.

Anybody can run amuck. A man with a big enough hammer can tear down more than a thousand men can build. Doubt is the resource of a four-flush mind—and thirty-six point interrogation marks come in all six-point fonts, in the type foundry of life. Anybody can knock. It's the cheapest bundle on the bargain counter. And a knocker is always sure to get a hearing—people can't help themselves.

Prejudices do many people very well for opinions—it's the nearest they can come to it. But they are not good food for a steady intellectual diet. A man should have always the courage of his convictions—but not till he has the convictions.

Life is a temple that needs repairs and alterations to meet new conditions and changed requirements—but the man who was born only a few days before yesterday that thinks he has a contract to tear the whole thing down and build a new one, should be taken gently by the hand and led out into the back yard behind the woodpile, and be courteously but firmly introduced to a few Fundamental Facts. Between Dynamite and Chloroform only a few of us get a chance to Live Right.

The knocker is all right in theory—and if he would take the trouble to live up to his theory he would be a constant source of joy. He may show all the error of our ways that he can discover, but he must remember that he can't prove anything wrong till he can show what is right—that is the proof we demand. Let him seek the better—not the worse—and we will

respond cheerfully to his leadings. But he must not expect us to drop our ham sandwich till he shows us just how we are going to get our hands on the pie. Theoretically we are familiar with the difference, but practically the sandwich may be our limit.

The knocker that has nothing better to knock on than the few sanctities we have left, would do much better to take his little hammer and go out somewhere where nobody could by any possibility interfere with him, and give himself the one good hard knock that is coming to him.

What the world needs is boosters. It's just as easy to say something pleasant or keep still. The old world has wagged on in its same old ways for many years, and knockers of ancient days are all lost in unidentified dust. They have left no memory behind them, and no impress on their posterity. In order to last, a man must do something—not do somebody. The knocker is the highwayman of ethics. He stands by with a club and takes away what a man has, and justifies himself by explaining that it really wasn't what the man wanted anyway. But he is destructive and not creative—and as such he is a hopeless leech—to be respected accordingly.

Let's all have one knock—and have it with us all the time. Let's knock on knockers, and knock hard. On everything else let's boost. It's a good world. It's the best one we've ever had. Maybe it's the best one we ever will have. And just because it can be made better in spots, don't let people sit down on the codfish box out in front of the grocery, and try to tell you that everything is going to perdition cross-lots. It isn't. Even the knocker isn't as bad as he seems. He is doing his best. Only it's such a bad best.

As a booster it's your duty to labor with him. Show him the pictures in the family album, or do something to get his mind off of himself. Buy him a small but effective bottle of Carter's. Show him that there is a silver lining if he only gets up high enough to see it. If you find that everything else fails, knock. A knocked knocker is the only good knocker.

But if you have to knock, knock hard, and knock all together.

We need optimism—sane, intelligent optimism. Not the insane and senseless sort, that blindly and parrotly says to itself and everybody that everything is all right. But the kind that resolutely and cheerfully makes everything all right. The trees and the flowers need the shadows and the rains, but it is the sunshine that makes them grow. The man who sees in circumstances nothing but opportunity, and in effort the only chance for joy, is the man who will make the world better every day—in spite of the knocks of the knockers.—*The Philosopher.*



Our Editorial Platform.

We will speak out. We will be heard,
Though all earth's systems crack,
We will not bate a single word,
Nor take a single letter back.

Let liars fear, let cowards shrink,
Let traitors turn away,
Whatever we have dared to think,
That dare we also say.

—Lowell.

He Will Finally Get Them.

**THE CHIEF OF THE GHOURKI,
Morgantown, W. Va.:**

DEAR CHIEF:—Several months ago, I don't remember just how long it has been, (I know it has been a miserable long time) I added my name to your list of subscribers to become a member of your tribe and it seems that you either think I am "small potatoes and very few in a hill" or else you think these "Arkansas moss backs," are about a year behind the times..

Well, after having to write you once or twice to get my initial copy of the GHOURKI, here it comes after a long time and bears date of May, 1902. Now I thought you were "Indian" when I first read a copy of your magazine, and now I know it for this is just about what one would expect from any of your Tribe.

I want the GHOURKI as you are printing it now, not as you printed them last year, and I wish you would see if you haven't some of your March, 1903, copies left, and if you have let my subscription start from them.

I am glad I am not up there anywhere close to you, or you might take the trouble to "scalp" me, but as I am such a long way off I suppose I can feel safe.

Wishing you success with the GHOURKI, (which I think is a very good magazine considering the fact that an Indian Chief is its editor) and hoping that you will let me have a late copy, I am,

Yours sincerely,

E. R. PICKARD.

Warren, Arkansas.

Mental Wanderings.

Minds universal omniscient and great
Invisible forces working in mysterious ways,
Potent unerring which are working out the unknown
destiny of the Universe.
These men personify and call them God,
For 'tis beyond our ken to understand
How mind and force can be and act
Unless in localized distinctive form.
Perhaps what we call God are but intelligence and
force
Diffused throughout the universal vast extent.
In earth, air, space in us and every thing
Vitatising matter directing nature's course
By noble life by strong sincere desire
By careful heeding of the inner voice
Of reason, conscience and our better self
We may become what we desire to be
From the great reservoir of mind and power
Limitless as space and irresistible
May we not draw by strong desire and will
And purity of life superior wisdom.
So Budha did and so likewise did Christ
And so Confucius centuries ago
And so may all draw from this source
Truth, wisdom, power and every good.

J. CAL WATKINS.

A Just Judge and Upright.

Down at Janesville they have a new city hall, and an ingenious municipal judge, who is just as up-to-date as the building. Any man can administer the law. It takes a wise one to administer what isn't. Solomon did no better in the famous case of disputed maternity, than Judge Fifield did the other day in a plain case of disorderly conduct.

In Janesville boys are not materially different from boys anywhere else, although there seems to be a difference in judges. What Mulvaney inaptly mis-called an unwashed limb of Satan, conceived the rather brilliant exploit of setting fire to some boxes in the sleigh of an inoffensive old man then in town, and proceeded to put his plan into execution. The police in Janesville are not possessed of that broad sense of humor which takes in such uproarious fun as this, and so they inconsiderately gathered the young lad into the bosom of his constitutional fathers, and presented him the next morning at the highly polished and elaborately ornate red oak bar, where his honor, Judge Fifield makes his diurnal assessments upon the excess of the previous day's joys.

But Judge Fifield is also a man and was once a boy. It takes that combination to handle the juvenile problems that get into police court. Anybody can say "ten dollars and costs." I could do that myself. But it takes a judge who can remember that he was a boy and realize that he is a man, to touch the juvenile offender at the right spot. Judge Fifield saw that if he fined the boy the punishment would fall on his father—who was not within the jurisdiction of the judicial wrath. He also saw that to send the boy to jail would be bad for the boy and therefore bad for society. As he pondered over the case the grim bars of the steel-locked jail, and the clogged cobwebs of judicial precedent faded away, and out of the dim vista of the past there rose an ancestral woodshed, and the gentle swish of a paternal razor strap, and from a voice long stilled there came the firm but loving assurance, "my boy, I am doing this for your

good." Who of us has not heard that voice—and decided—at the time. But, the judge remembered the woodshed, and looking from that to the large gold seal on the official confirmation of his well earned honors, he could not but feel that the domestic razor strop as a factor in social development had fallen into undeserved disuse.

He fined the boy ten dollars and costs, which was ten dollars more, Then he sent for the boy's father, and suggested that in his judgment what the boy needed was a good, sound, old-fashioned thrashing; a real session in the woodshed or behind the barn, with none present to molest or make afraid. He intimated that the court being opposed to excessive punishment, if it was brought to the judicial notice in a perfectly satisfactory manner that this paternal duty had been generously fulfilled, the twenty dollar score then on the books would be marked off, and the slate would be clear. The grateful parent saw no easier way to earn twenty dollars, the boy arose from his tribulations with a wholesome respect for Janesville justice, and the judge went home feeling that a time honored institution had been restored to its lost place—and everybody was happy forever after.—*The Philosopher.*



HOWARD LLEWELLYN SWISHER

E D I T O R

The Ghourki



**HARANGUES TO THE GHOURKI, *By*
*The Chief of the Tribe***

To-day we are appalled and horrified at the recent massacre of Jews in an inland province in Russia. That such a massacre could take place, that a province in a civilized province should allow it is evidence that we are but little removed from the dark ages.



It is history that the bloody wars and most horrible cruelties have always been carried on in the name of religion. There is no one so dangerous as the religious enthusiast. Next to the anarchist he is the greatest menace to society. The spirit which leads men to despise one another because they belong to different churches or sects is the spirit that stained with blood the assassins knife in the Kirschnef massacre.



Some day the inquiry will be what is your life instead of what is your creed.



I want to say to you, O Braves, that basis of government in this nation has been changed. We are no longer on a self government basis. We are on a military basis. There has recently been a law passed

that carried to its logical conclusion means the end of the nation.

To make my comments intelligible I give the text of the law.

An act to promote the efficiency of the militia, and for other purposes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled, That the new militia shall consist of every able-bodied male citizen of the respective States, Territories and the District of Columbia, and every able bodied male of foreign birth who has declared his intention to become a citizen, who is more than eighteen and less than forty-five years of age, and shall be divided into two classes—the organized militia, to be known as the National Guard of the State, Territory or District of Columbia, or by such other designations as may be given them by the laws of the respective States or Territories, and the remainder to be known as the Reserve Militia.

Sec. 3. The organization, armament and discipline of the organized militia in the several States and Territories and in the District of Columbia shall be the same as that which is now or may be hereafter prescribed for the Regular and Volunteer Armies of the United States, within five years from the date of approval of this Act.

Sec. 4. That whenever the United States is invaded, or in danger of invasion from any foreign nation, or of rebellion against the authority of the Government of the United States, or if the President is unable, with the force at his command, to execute the laws of the Union in any part thereof, it shall be lawful for the President to call forth, for a period not exceeding nine months, such number of the militia of the State or States or Territories, or of the district of Columbia as he may deem necessary to repel such invasion, suppress such rebellion, or to enable him to execute such laws, and to issue his orders for the purpose to such officers of the militia as he may think proper.

Sec. 5. That whenever the President calls forth the militia of any State or Territory or of the District of Columbia to be employed in the service of the United States, he may specify in his call the period for which such service is required, not exceeding nine months, and the militia so-called shall continue to serve during the term so specified, unless sooner discharged by order of the President.

Sec. 7. That every officer and enlisted man of the militia who shall be called forth in the manner hereinbefore prescribed, and shall be found fit for military service shall be mustered or accepted into the United States service by a duly authorized mustering officer of the United States: *Provided, however,* that any officer or enlisted man of the militia who shall refuse or neglect to present himself to such mustering officer upon being called forth as herein prescribed shall be subject to trial by court-martial, and shall be punished as said court martial shall direct.

Sec. 8. That court martial for the trial of officers or men of the militia when in the service of the United States, shall be composed of military officers only.

Sec. 9. That the militia, when called into actual service of the United States, shall be subject to the same Rules and Articles of War as the regular troops of the United States.

Sec. 13. That the Secretary of War is hereby authorized to issue, on the requisitions of the governors of the several States and Territories, or of the commanding general of the militia of the District of Columbia, such number of the gun slings, belts, and such other necessary accouterments and equipment as are required for the army of the United States, for arming all of the organized militia in said States and Territories and the District of Columbia.

To provide means to carry into effect the provisions of this section, the necessary money to cover the cost of exchanging or issuing the new arms, accouterments, and ammunition to be exchanged or issued

hereunder is hereby appropriated out of any moneys in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.



And what does this mean, O Braves? Just this, if there is located in your State or county or town a mill or a mine the property of any of the trusts that now own the government body and soul, and the owners of this mine or mill have a grievance against their employees, or what is the same imagine they have, you may be called upon by the government to shoot down these employes to preserve the trust's property. You can not refuse even if your brother has to be shot for if you do you are a traitor subject to military law and likely to be killed yourself.



Dwellers in the Hills, we have been taught to worship the flag and revere the Constitution of these United States. Some day you may come to hate them unless by your thought and effort they shall come to mean justice and humanity and not favoritism and oppression. The flag is but a worthless rag if it does not stand for a worthy idea. The worst individual is of more importance than the constitution.



A man can not be in politics and be honest. A man can not be a politician and maintain his self-respect. I know it because I have tried it. A politician must act the whore giving favors for favors in return. He can not be honest in his religious convictions or the members of the churches will hound him to the earth. He can not be honest toward his fellowmen else the hyenas that follow close to his heels expecting to be fed will devour him.



Though not of legal age to be president of the United States I have been in politics and been defeated for which, as a man that has seen a foul and bottomless pit into which he is about to be cast, I thank God. I am done with politics as a politician

and though my voice shall still cry for justice I shall never again enter the lists for office unless it is at the representative of a party whose followers think for themselves.



Oh my braves and little brown squaws, live the life that is in you. Do not continually trim and round yourselves to fit into the grooves of established custom. The individual is more than laws for individuals made laws. Ask what is this thing you call laws. Most laws are but customs. The only laws worth a tinker's darn are nature's laws. Learn them and live them.



There come to the wigwam many periodicals that call themselves new thought publications. Some of them are filled with wheat but many are but chaff. Many of these lead me to believe that the new thought in the think tanks of their editors must be in a very chaotic condition. But I welcome them all. They are striving for the light. What the new thought needs is some one who knows the truth and can shout it in stentorian tones.



The new thought and all thought should be: every man is my brother. I should help to make him better and happier,



This March number reaching many in July will cause some comment perhaps and many will think the Chief has been on a long hilarious journey with fire water, but others who have known the Chief longer well know that he means well even if THE GHOURKI don't always come out on time. Two or three copies a month will be the rule until the date corresponds with the time you get your magazine. Patience is an excellent virtue and if you are a member of the Tribe you will be expected to exercise it freely.

Your name will be burned on the Birch Bark Scroll with a red hot brand and you will be made a Ghourki eternally if you send the Chief Five Dollars.

The Chief acknowledges an invitation to the Hubbard Camp Meeting to be held at East Aurora. While I can't go this time the Philistines there assembling are asked to pray for me. If I don't get to meet them in this world, I hope to see them in Philadelphia.

Moocha Saba says:

The best man don't always have the biggest bank account.

It takes a mighty good friend who is willing to pay your debts.

It takes more than one package of Gold Dust to make a Klondike.

If people got all they prayed for they would be wonderfully disappointed.

If all the hypocrites were dead you could have twice as much room if you were living.

Some men are guilty of every thing they accuse themselves of in their public prayers, and some are guilty of lots more.

I hope to have a reserved seat in heaven when the angel band marches by playing, "There'll be a hot time in the Old Town," for the benefit of the inhabitants of Hades.

The best lawyers are those who won't let you go to law, and the best preachers are those who don't know what the inside of a church looks like; and here endeth the wisdom of Moocha Saba until April issue of THE GHOURKI.



The Brave "Boys" in Blue.

Those patriotic and wordy defenders of law and order who condemn workingmen for refusing to join any organization of military character should have been huddled into the New York trolley car en route for Mount Vernon last Sunday morning in order that their guardian angels might have been studied at short range.

A party of soldiers from Fort Slocum created a panic and nearly murdered the conductor, Louis Ettinger. These interesting hired assassins who are members of the "fighting" 16th United States infantry, just back from Luzon, were drinking from flasks and having a glorious time. One of them made an insulting remark, which a Mr. Mitchell, a passenger, and Daniel Long, a former motorman, resented. Then a half dozen soldiers sprang on Long and Mitchell and kicked and punched them in the face. In the excitement several of the soldiers drew revolvers and began firing through the windows. Women screamed and fainted, while men ran to the platforms and jumped from the car. The conductor, who was trying to collect fares, received a knife thrust in the back and fell to the floor, and Mitchell was thrown bodily through a car window. Four policemen boarded the car at Sixth street.

When the soldiers saw the policemen, they leaped off and scattered in all directions, but three of them were captured. The prisoners denied they did the stabbing, but after they had been searched and nothing found on them, the police picked up a blood-covered knife from the floor, where one of them had dropped it. It is believed that Conductor Ettinger is fatally wounded. This incident goes far to prove that the Filipinos are well and humanely treated by "our" soldiers and have every reason to love them. Army training is wonderful in its elevating effect upon character.—*The Socialist Spirit.*

Why Does the Church Oppose Socialism and Spiritualism?

Of the opposition to Socialism and to Spiritualism, that of Christian people is the most inconsistent. Christ himself taught socialistic doctrine, and his immediate followers, as we learn from the New Testament Scriptures, practiced it.

Spiritualists believe and claim to be able to prove, exactly what Christians believe and teach in reference to future existence. Why, then, is the Church and the majority of professing Christians the most bitter opponents to these doctrines, when advocated by the Socialists or Spiritualists today? Even if these doctrines are not true, and are not dictated and supported by the highest and most enlightened reason (which is not here either affirmed or denied), opposition to them from those who call themselves Christians, is certainly very inconsistent and not easy to explain.

J. CAL WATKINS.

A Memory

A picture on the wall.

As I stand and look upon it in this silent hour of the night,
It brings to me the memory of a noble life.

She was a woman rarely begift by heaven;

Her mind was large, expansive,

Seeming at times to almost grasp the infinite,

And her great heart o'erflowed with Christ's human charity

Yes, a noble woman, with a well spent life.

And now she's dead and gone;

Passed for aye to that shadowy land;

I who knew and loved her

Long will sing—low in my inner heart—

Her requiem brief: Rest, rest, thy life was full with good
intent.

For this woman was my mother.

—J. S.W.

Visions of a Quarter of Century.

Robin-redbreast on the ground,
Huntin' cut worms, busy:
Crows a-flyin' over head
So swift it makes you dizzy.

Turkey hen a straying off,
Little girl a follerin';
Partridge hen, on her nest,
"Bob White" close, a hollerin'.

A man down in the corn field,
Plowin' slow and steady;
Boy a follerin' with a hoe
That's gettin' monstrous heavy.

Listenin' for the horn to blow
That tells the tale of dinner;
And wishin' that the corn would grow
A whole lot thinner.

Watchin' of the flyin' clouds,
For it's very plain,
That he'd be most awful proud,
If they'd bring a rain.

Rain comes a little late,
But better late than never;
Now he's busy—diggin' bait—
Or scurryin' to the River.

Hark, you who were once boys. Some men were not, they were "little men," as their parents or Sunday School teachers affectionately or proudly called them, but they need not listen; they don't cut much wheat in the harvest field of life. It is the genuine rollicking, romping, tree climbing, green-apple chewing, obstreperous boy, with nails in his pocket, briar scratches on his legs, patches on his pants, and stone bruises on his chocolate-covered feet that reaps the golden harvests in after life, whether he remains on the old farm or goes out into the great wide world and engages in some more profitable but not more honorable pursuit. But wherever you are, if you are now grown up or grown gray or grown sedate and grave, turn back twenty-five, or perhaps better still, fifty years, and recall the June days you have spent

in a corn field, following the plow, carrying a hoe; yes, carrying it, doing little more. You have carried heavy burdens in your maturer years, but did you ever carry anything quite so heavy as that hoe was about the time your shadow got around to the point that indicated "unhitching time?" Then the days! They were so much longer then. You have seen long hours since, waiting behind a railroad wreck with an important engagement due miles away; awaiting perhaps the development of a disease that had laid its cruel hand upon some one near and dear; but those June afternoons between two corn rows were the longest of all. How often you marked the shadow of the old hickory tree and how slowly it lengthened, while the crimson June sun, when it reached the top of the trees that skirted the western edge of the field, seemed to get tangled in a grapevine and just hung there, seemingly by the hour.

* * *

But are they not pleasant memories? The perfect rest and peace of mind and contentment that came at the end of the day. The implicit faith and simple love of home and friends were a sufficient recompense for all, with the pleasure of the anticipation of a fishing excursion when the ground got "too wet to plow," as well as the usual Sunday rambles. Nothing realized or experienced in after years can equal it. If the evening of one's life, the end of our weary day, could be as calm and peaceful as were those twilights of long ago, all would be well.

J. J. C.



The Case of Col. Lynch.

The fact that a man can actually be found guilty of "treason" and sentenced to death, in this age of capitalist overthrow of sentiment, makes one pause as before a medieval manifestation. It is like meeting a man in chain armor in the crowd on 23d street.

Col. Arthur Lynch, member of Parliament for Galway, was found guilty at London on the charge of high treason, in having supported the cause of the enemies of England in the Boer war, and was sentenced to death. When the case was resumed Friday morning counsel for defense began summing up. There was no attempt to deny that Col. Lynch supported the Boers, but counsel contended that his naturalization was in no way prompted by treasonable intent, and was solely for the advantage he would thus secure for journalistic purposes. Subsequently, the defendant actively supported the Boer cause in the belief that he was a legally naturalized burgher. Replying for the prosecution, the solicitor-general, Sir Edward Carson, maintained that Col. Lynch joined the Boer army as a discontented Irishman, "thereby committing a cowardly and most serious act of treason." His naturalization, continued the solicitor-general, was only a flimsy pretext. Counsel then proceeded to narrate in detail the prisoner's alleged act of adherence to his country's enemies.

The lord chief justice summed up very briefly. He said that if, in war time, a British subject joined the king's enemies, whatever his purpose, he was guilty of an unlawful act. Naturalization during war time afforded no excuse whatever for subsequent acts. There was abundant evidence, he said, of overt acts in aiding the king's enemies. The jury, after having been out half an hour, returned a verdict of guilty. When asked if he had anything to say as to why he should not be sentenced to death, Col. Lynch replied: "Thank you, I will say nothing."

The following week, as if conscious of the absur-

dity of the sentence, the king decided to send him to prison for life.

Wendell Philips declared that when he died he desired two words to constitute his epitaph: Infidel and Traitor, and surely such "treason" as that of Col. Lynch would have appealed strongly to him.

A son of prostrate Ireland, crushed by English Landlordism and Capitalism, goes to fight with pen and sword in the Boer cause; which at the last is Ireland's cause as well. In approbation of his conduct his Galway neighbors elect him to Parliament. He goes to take his seat to serve his constituents. He is arrested, tried, sentenced to death for "treason."

When Capitalism dies the word "traitor" will die with it, and man can then be true to his own soul instead of an arbitrary geographical division maintained for purposes of exploitation.—*The Socialist Spirit*.

FAIRBURY, NEBRASKA, June 8, 1903.

CHIEF OF THE TRIBE OF GHOURKI,

Morgantown, West Virginia.

DEAR SIR: Enclosed find one lead quarter. Send along the Hot Stuff for a while and we'll see how it digests.

Say, Bill; honestly, do you mean what you say about thinking for yourself? Are you sure your daddy or somebody else's daddy don't do it for you? I have been trying to do that for some time, only to find, when I had yanked a hot gem of thought out of the oven, that some one else had beaten me to it. It's no go, Bill; you can't think for yourself any more than you can live for yourself. Your thoughts and personality are a composite product in which everyone takes a hand, according to his inclination and ability.

Send along the GHOURKI (whatever that may mean—it reminds me of Kipling's Indian tales), and I'll let you know how it suits my perverted intellect. I don't suppose you will care to know, but that's no matter. Send it along.

Here's to you, Bill,

H. R. HINSHAW.

P. S.—Forgot to mention that I saw your ad and picture in the East Aurora Breakfast Food Bulletin.

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said to be the most sensible health magazine in the world; however, you can never tell anything about gossip; there may be something in the report and there may not. I suppose it depends much on how a reader is built. There are heads and heads, and some are susceptible and some are not. Do you want to risk having yours tested? Send for sample to

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HOWARD LLEWELLYN SWISHER

E D I T O R

The Ghourki



**HARANGUES TO THE GHOURKI, *By*
The Chief of the Tribe &**

When an assembly of gentlemen got together and revised the New Testament they knocked hell out of it. Yes and substituted hades instead. It seems to me that if the New Testament in its revised edition is used that we need expect but little more in the way of revivals. You can't scare people with Hades. It sounds too cool and shady like. Let your exhorter thunder out, "If you don't reform you will all go to Hades" and the chances are that nine out of ten will imagine that Hades is some pleasure resort like Atlantic City or Coney Island. I tell you, O Braves, intelligence won a great victory over superstition when Hades was substituted for hell.



We have been so carefully instructed in the terrors of hell that even those who have long passed the intellectual milepost which says that this imaginary place of torment is some thousands of years behind the times, see a momentary vision of snakes and slime and smoke and fire when the word is hurled at us unexpectedly. But Hades, that's delightful. I think I shall go there to spend my summer vacation.

But my religious friends tell me you must have hell to frighten people into doing right. That it is absolutely necessary to have a picture of eternal torment to place before their eyes to inspire them to observe the golden rule. I say it is a lie. An infamous, ugly lie. A man who does right only because he is afraid of being sent to hell is just the same sort of a man as the one who wants to plunge a knife into his neighbor's heart but is afraid of the hemp.



I know that many of the Tribe will wonder why the chief devotes so much of his time to religious discussions, to threshing straw, as it were. I'll tell you why, my comrades, you who dwell in the hills, you who think for yourselves, because this thing is in my heart.



I know what it means to pass through the stages of thought concerning religious questions. I have passed through the fire of doubt and through the slough of despond that lies between orthodoxy and intellectual freedom.



We are cowards most of us. We belong to church because our parents do. We pray because our brothers and sisters do, we hate to wound their feelings. We bow to custom. Our clothes, our hats, our hair cuts must be like those set down by custom. God help us to be great enough to be our selves.



When people learn to do right because it is right and not because they expect reward or fear punishment the millennium will have dawned, perhaps broke to perfect day.



I see you members of the Tribe scattered over the earth and I come to you that I may bring joy and help and truth. It is the greatest of wealth I bring.

The joy of freedom, the happiness of intellectual light that may be yours if you will but follow the creed of the Ghourki. Think for yourself. A power will come to you that you had never dreamed of before, a poise, a greatness, and a contentment.



Ask the why of things. Ask the use of customs, the justice of laws and fear neither God nor Devi but love them both.



No doubt many who read the Ghourki are those who till the soil and I think sometimes that of all modest people, of people who make but little noise and do a great work, the farmers are the greatest. The farmer makes the earth produce, the lumberman and the miner destroy what the earth has already produced. The farmer is a creator of wealth, the miner and lumberman do not create, they change. Farmers ought to be the richest class of dwellers on the globe. That they are not is evidence that they do not protect themselves. If the farmers of the United States could organize on a close basis the combination would surpass in power a thousand steel trusts. The miners are organized and when they think they are not getting their just dues they lay down their shovels and picks and say "we mine no more coal until our grievances are adjusted."



Suppose the farmers of this country should say, and did you ever think of the awful part of it they could say it: "We will raise no wheat this year or next, we will keep our last year's crop for ourselves and then we will get what price we ask for wheat in the future", don't you think it would cause more consternation if they would say it and do it than if the United States Steel company was to raze every one of its plants to the ground?

The trouble is there has been too much muscle and not enough brains brought to bear on farming. The farmer feels isolated and powerless and thinks that he is governed and controlled by the gamblers in the wheat pit and on the stock exchange and it may be that they are reaping rewards that should be his, but he has it in his hands to crush and control them all.

With the coming of the telephone and rural mail delivery the farmer is likely to be a much greater and more intelligent power in the future than in the past and the chief wishes them God speed.

The Ghourki is not an agricultural paper, neither is the Chief after the farmer vote, for politics and I are no longer bedfellows but two of the noblest and best people I ever knew lived on a farm. These were my parents and there they raised me.

Moocha Saba says:

The great object of life is to be happy and make others happy.

When you're dead people don't care much where you've gone to.

Lots of people raise children who don't even know how to raise bull pups.

The army and navy won't be needed after murder ceases to be fashionable.

If you can't get what you want in this world take what you can get. It will suit you better.

Tell your wife you love her. She may not know it and it won't hurt you much to lie just once.

When preachers' salaries decline another fifty per cent. they will no doubt take up some useful work.

Two roses while your friend is alive will do him more good than a hundred elaborate wreaths when he is dead.

If some people are no more agreeable when they get to heaven than they are here, I hope they won't build their mansions next to mine.

In The Pine Cone Glow

Under this head mention is made from time to time of such books and periodicals as come to the Wigwam.)

::

For the first time I have seen a copy of *Higher Science*. The editor has solved the riddle of the universe by a new theory of motion and matter. I have not read the theory and if I had perhaps would not understand it. I am more concerned with what to do with this life now that I have it than I am with how I came by it, or what is to become of it.

Mr. Franklin H. Herald the editor of *Higher Science* seems to hate dogs. On this point he and the Chief are not likely to ever agree. I do not think it pays to hate at all. Hate is the forerunner of cruelty and cruelty dwarfs and starves the soul besides spreads pain and misery.



Soundview published at Olalla, Washington, has many interesting things in it:

"The Catholic press is becoming alarmed at the rapid spread of the New Thought. In a lengthy editorial, in which the absence of man in the literary work of the Catholic journals is deplored, the Chicago "New World" quizzes the male-factors thusly: 'Why are they silent with regard to so many questions that are vital? Have they not ability to think?' Why, bless you, perhaps it is because of their ability to think that they fail to do literary work in the Catholic periodicals. This is not only true of the Catholic church but it is true of the Protestant faiths as well—the women are the ministry of all religious denominations. And many of the women are breaking away from the old spiritual shells and are becoming the strongest workers in New Thought. This strong, virile, vital, progressive movement is rapidly claiming all who have "ability to think," hence the need of such editorials as the one from which I am quoting.

They are men-not-afraid-of-an-idea, hence they can no longer be held in bondage to tradition. Hear the final fulmination of our fearful friend. After calling Theosophy blasphemous and speaking of the evil tendency of Christian Science and the sowing broadcast of Socialism, this writer hurls the following at the derelict thinkers in the Catholic fold. 'The New Thought movement is a fad? Yes; but it is seductive, dangerous, deathly, and hundreds of thousands of souls that ought to be Christian—many of them Catholic—are being led into it, and no one is saying a word. A pretentious New Thought magazine is published in Chicago, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, associate editor, and it is being read by Catholics (many of us have a habit of reading every thing that comes along) and no one, apparently, thinks it necessary to show that the New Thought is a jumble of practically all the heresies condemned by the church, and something peculiarly dangerous. Sunday after Sunday the Record-Herald of this city, in a department entitled 'The Battle-Ground of Modern Thought,' presents articles by atheists, spiritualists, infidels, 'higher' critics and a rout of other frowsies; yet no one sees in that department a devil's brew and a peril. Why? We do not know. We do not know that many Catholics read the Record-Herald. Now, here is work for our Catholic Thinkers if they will do it. It is necessary those deathly influences should be counteracted. As we see it, the battle is over between Protestantism and the Church. Protestantism as a force is all but spent. We are face to face with paganism, revived, with pantheism, atheism, socialism and black naturalism." Oh, dear, oh, dear! Will you be good? It is truly awful to think! The source of all this moaning and wailing is the depleted exchequer. It is not so much on account of the possible loss of the dollar paid to the priesthood for doing their thinking in the past, this tirade against the New Thought. The editorial in question calls upon men to think and then abuses them because they do not think as he would have them think. Think you, thinking men and women will listen to such prattle?

Such expressions as are here indulged in belong to the Dark Ages. A "devil's brew," indeed! There is no such thing possible except to him who possesses a devil spirit. Our own will come to us. "There is no devil but fear, and no hell but our own making." The New Thought is "something peculiarly dangerous." 'Dangerous to what? to whom? Dangerous to the stability of the church? Poor church, indeed, if its members must rise in revolt against thought, new or old. A decrepit institution, truly, that can't stand against such "deathly influences" and such a "jumble of heresies." Well, well, well! I wouldn't have said anything about this if the fellow hadn't planted his calks into New Thought linoleum. I don't want his Catholic brethren unless they do think, and if they do think they are sure to come our way. Oh, how good it feels to be free, to be unhampered by creed, ism or ology, to just BE without any thought of being like anybody else, to fear nothing but your own conscience, to love all creation so well that you'd be ashamed to think an All-powerful, All-wise, All-good being would permit a place of torture for such as CAN NOT believe as the church would have them, to know positively that all is well with the world despite the croaks of saints and the sighs of the long-faced. Hallelujah, I am saved because I believe and I believe because I think and I think because I want to and like to.

There isn't much of *The Union Herald* only four pages published at Ridgefield N. J. but there's entirely too much of it for me. I was interested in this news item however, "The church has been thoroughly cleaned. The Ladies Society did it, while Mrs Cyrus Loyier played the piano as an inspiration." If this is really true congratulate Ridgefield. I wish all the churches in the world were thoroughly cleaned. If they were the world would be cleaner.

Human Culture, 130 Dearborn Street, Chicago, tells me how I can become rich and powerful by studying

the shape of my own head and the heads of others. I have the matter under advisement.



Because I am interested in socialism and co-operation I like to read *The Co-operator* published at Burley, Washington. It usually has many good things and as I have frequently quoted from it in the past I will not do so now.



The Ariel comes from Westwood, Mass. It is socialistic in tendency.



The Life, a monthly magazine of christian metaphysics, is published at Kansas City. Worse things than this are done in Kansas City. *The Life* quotes freely from *The Ghourki* and gives credit. I am glad for others to circulate the *Ghourki Gospel* but of course appreciate credit for my wise sayings.



Twin Territories comes once a month to tell me that the far western tribes are prosperous and that the little brown squaw who edits it is well. Long live *Twin Territories* and Miss Eddleman its editor.



The Naturopath, the exponent of the Kneipp water cure, reaches the Wigwam regularly. The Chief always did believe water would cure many of our ills and if adhered to strictly as a beverage it will likewise prevent many.



The Ophthalmologist is really not as terrible as its name would lead you to suppose. It is a journal devoted to the eye but contains many other thoughts of which this is one. "When one cannot trust his friends in business transactions but must make an iron clad contract for every little thing, it begins to appear that the golden rule is a back number."



The Occasional One sometimes leaves off predicting the weather, earthquakes and the like and says some

real good things on the side. The chief likes this all right:

* *
*

It is all wrong to boycott a thinker because he cannot agree with popular beliefs.

In the past, when the mechanical contrivances of great inventors were first made public they were ridiculed by the popular minds, but successful demonstrations proved what was considered impossible possible.

The popular minds have laid down the rules for Salvation of Souls, and any one who dares to think for himself is boycotted

If you are a politician it is necessary for you to let some one else do the thinking on the religion question for you.

Christianity has fought its way, and in fact has been a stumbling-block in the road of progression.



If the editor of *Chat* is as enthusiastic and refreshing as his magazine I should like to meet him.



Now is a good journal to read when you are down on your luck. It will make you feel like you are IT.



The Stuffed Club continues to be filled with sensible talk about getting well and keeping well.

After all what is better than health and who is to be more honored than the man who tells us how to get it and how to keep it?

Me namee's Urk Lee, me no workee,
 Me likee read Swishee Gerkee,
 Who's this manee, Gee Kice, allus blokee,
 Me likee opee stokee smokee makee,
 Me readee moree Swishee Gerkee.
 This man Gee Kice, him no workee.

An Appreciation of the Late Mr. Whistler.

For many years the prints of London Town,
Have treated "Jimmie" Whistler as a clown,
While Yankee journals tailed the Cockney van
And showed him as a snobbish, vain old man.
He's all of that; but he is something more,
And years to be his prestige shall restore.
When "Jimmie" sleeps beneath the daisied sod—
In peace, at last, with man if not with God—
Then we'll forget the "Jimmie" whom we know.
The vulgar "Jimmie" posed for public show,
Who proves in ways at war with wit and art
That workers and their work are things apart.
And we'll remember Whistler, that clear type
Of clean achievement, serious and ripe;
Of art successes so sustained and true
They tend to boggle Ruskin and his crew,
Who yet maintain as Turner lovers can—
A painter is perforce a gentleman.

'Twas Whistler who, with vision that transcends,
Pressed on serenely where Velasquez ends,
And took the method of the Japanese—
Their shy suggestion and seductive ease—
And shaped for curious nineteenth-century needs
The color schemes that only genius breeds.
Their lyricism, perfect yet restrained,
Reveals what goals by reticence are gained.
His etchings and his lithographs beguile
With strange mysterious subtleness of style;
They take you to high places where below,
The wavering lights and shadows come and go.
His portraits have a dignity and grace
Such as the Madrid master loved to trace.
His nocturnes and his symphonies invite
With haunting melodies of liquid light
That will transmit their charms to other days
For other Ruskins to refuse them praise.
—Sheridan Ford, in the "Art of Folly."

Remarques by a Ghourkite.

It's freshing this hot weather to get the just out Ghourki with the imprint of a late winter or early spring month on the Cover. But whether it comes out in winter or summer it's always a warm number.

Some iconoclastic kickers, wonder why there's plenty of ice and cold in winter when we don't need it and not in summer when we do.

It's always the person with least capacity for managing who always has most confidence in his ability to lead.

It's easy enough to laugh and be gay
When every thing goes right
But when they go wrong we change our song
And are almost ready to fight.

Society is the set to which we belong.

How strange that some persons have the mind and taste to appreciate the things that money will buy, but haven't the money with which to buy them. While others who haven't the appreciation have the money.

Many persons who are indifferent observers of the ten commandments, try to keep the eleventh. "Thou shalt not get found out."

It may be that on the whole earthly existence to many is no pleasure; still it is probable that few would prefer not to be.

Not all, but much of the unhappiness in individual life is of the individual's own making. They take the wrong view, wreck their own lives and then wonder at the results.

Most people will like you better if you are under obligations to them than if they are under obligations to you.

Honesty and promptness in paying one's debts that can't be collected by law covers a multitude of short comings.

We are entitled to credit for what we make ourselves, not for what we are by accident, or good luck.

The hardest masters are those who have been slaves.

We never know how good any one is till after they are dead, nor how bad they are until they run for office.

Noblesse Oblige.—Nobility obliges—So does wealth, position and education, but often the obligation is ignored. Indeed the idea now is that the possession of wealth gives immunity from obligation and closes the mouths of gain sayers and those who contend for old fashioned morality decency and sense in conduct and life.

J. C. W.

Be Yourself.

Insist on yourself, never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adoptive talent of another, you have but an extemporaneous half-possession. That which each man can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. * * * Do that which is assigned you, and you cannot hope too much or dare too much. There is for you at this moment an utterance brave and grand as that of the classic chisel of Phidias, or trowel of the Egyptians, or pen of Moses or Dante, but different from all these. Not possibly will the Soul all rich, all eloquent with thousand cloven tongue, deign to repeat itself; but if you can hear what these patriachs say; surely you can reply to them in the same pitch of voice; for the ear and the tongue are the two organs of one nature. Abide in the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart, and thou shalt reproduce the Foreworld again.—*Emerson, in Self-Reliance.*

Fra Elbertus on the Elks.

I am not a jiner, but if I ever jine the jiners I will begin with the Elks—and probably end there. Without any special written code or creed the Elks stand for a certain standard of intellect and ethics.

The man with an elk's tooth on his watch-chain, or the antlers in his buttonhole, has no quarrel with God. He accepts life, and finds it good. He may not be so very wise, or so very good, but since he knows he is not wise, and is ready to admit he is not so very good, he is wiser than he knows and better than he will acknowledge. The true Elk does not condemn, disparage nor rip reputations up the back. Realizing his own limitations, he is lenient in his judgments toward those who have been tempted by fate beyond their power to resist. This quality of mercy, I have noticed, is strongly implanted in the Elk nature. Your Elk never weeps over his own troubles, but for the stricken souls of earth his tears of pity are near the surface.

The Elk loves children, respects old age, and so far as I have seen does n't incline especially toward indifference to feminine charms. In many instances I have imagined the Elk revealed a just appreciation of the elevated spheroid. Yet in all your life you never saw one of these horny sons of Elkdom going off alone and cutting into the grape—his irrigation is all in the line of good fellowship. And his worst fault lies right here—in this matter of conviviality: he sometimes slightly overdoes it.

But I believe this will hold: no little pismire apology for a man ever joined the Elks—he would not feel at home among them. To be an Elk you must have faith in other men, faith in yourself, and faith in the Universe.

The Elks all look alike, and are all of one age. Just what that age is, I have not yet made out, but it lies somewhere between thirty and fifty. No Elk ever is over fifty, no matter how long he has lived, and none weigh over two hundred pounds. They all have the joyous, boyish, bubbling heart of youth, and

no whiskers. Lilacs are out of their line, and Galways are tabooed.

I never saw an Elk who was very rich, excepting in kindness and good cheer, nor did I ever see one circumnavigating on his uppers. They all have all the money they need, even if not all they want. They make money, and they spend it, and the more they spend the more they seem to make. "Keep the change," is a remark the Elk always has in electrotype.

I have been occasionally pained by hearing Elks relate stories that were slightly gamboge—tinted on the edges—but although these tales of persiflage had a Neufchatel flavor, yet there was always enough Attic salt supplied to redeem the mass from mortifying microbes.

The Elk is not troubled about saving his soul—in fact, he is not troubled about anything. Perhaps that is his one distinguishing feature—he does not worry, nor shake the red rag of wordy theological warfare. He believes that everything is all right—or nearly so—and that his task is to do his work, and not bother other folks any more than he has to. When Ali Baba said, "Blessed is that man who does not bellyake," he had a sixteen-pronged antlered Elk in mind. An Elk takes his medicine—sometimes with a rye face—but he always takes his medicine. Often he overcomes temptation by succumbing to it; and if he trips and falls he is up and joins in the laugh of the bystanders.

You cannot down a man who can laugh at himself. The Elk stays right in the game: I never heard of one retiring from business; when Death calls for an Elk, the Elk is apt first to sell him a bill of goods and then they shake the dice to see who shall pay Charon's toll. The Elk does not seek to pry into the future, for he realizes perfectly well that if he waits, he'll know all about it. And for a similar reason he does not chase after women, for he knows that if he doesn't, women will chase after him. And they do.

There seems to be a little danger that this Fraternity will evolve into a religion. Most religious peo-

ple take their religion seriously, but the Elk takes his with seltzer. He knows that truth is a point of view, that all is relative, that nothing is final nor absolute, nor can it be in a world where nothing is permanent but change. So the Elk's religion is Now and Here; to partake of all good things in moderation; to give out love and kindness because these things come back; and to supply a scrap only to the man who repeatedly asks for it, and will accept nothing else—this is a matter of accommodation.

To do good is the first prong in an Elk's creed. And he realizes, being wise, that the best way to benefit yourself is to benefit others.

As for myself, I am strictly on the hose-cart, so I do not affiliate very closely with the boys, but if I were flying light and wanted to borrow ten or twenty mebbe, I'd tackle the first Elk I met, without apology or explanation. And my needs would be to him a command, for he is not clannish and he knows no higher joy than to give the other fellow a lift.

And all these things I have here recorded are set down as a matter of truth, forgetting the fact that once at Flint, Michigan, I suffered the deep humiliation of being arrested by the Elks, and fined two seventy-five for advertising Quaker Oats without a license.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

O, Braves ! Look carefully within the folds of the wampum belt; perchance, hidden securely from the eye of the pale face, there may be a quarter of the honest coin of the realm. The Great Chief on the banks of the Monongahela will send you twelve numbers of this little brown book for that quarter. Try it once.

Dollars Want Me.

The New Road to Opulence.

A Soul Culture Lesson

By HENRY HARRISON BROWN, "NEW" FOLK,
Publishers, 1437 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.
24pp., nicely printed on good paper and daintily
bound in dark paper cover.

PRICE 10 CENTS

This little booklet is full of original power. The dollar is seen in a different light, old theories in regard to the dollar are turned topsy-turvy, and money is found to be the willing slave of the man who thinks rightly. Dollars come to be used. Viril, powerful, and helpful; these adjectives best describe the thought while the style is trenchant,—the right word seems to have been used to convey the desired meaning.

During Mr. Brown's long experience as adviser and teacher, he has become familiar with the many troubles of humanity. He has found that the *thought* of poverty and the *worship* of gold is the worst of fetters. Emerson well says: "The man is poor who *thinks* himself poor."

Let us realize that civilization is the result of right thinking; you will then see that the great Dollar slavery is due to ignorance. As civilized man conquered wind and wave, steam and electricity, making them his servants, so must he now conquer the Dollar. This new booklet evolves an entirely new Law of Opulence, and will stimulate the reader to new thought and will change his attitude not only toward the dollar but also the whole external universe.

Following is from the author's introduction:—"It is believed that this little monograph is the first utterance of the thought that each individual has the ability to so radiate his mental forces that he can cause the Dollar to *feel* him, *love* him, *seek* him and thus draw, at will, all things needed for his unfoldment from the Universal Supply.

"It will help you to rise above the drudgery of enforced labor and enable you to enter upon the manifold expressions of life with the joy and spontaneity of childhood. This is the thought which comes to you with this, my Lesson of Success."

HOWARD LLEWELLYN SWISHER

E D I T O R

The Ghourki



**HARANGUES TO THE GHOURKI, *By*
The Chief of the Tribe & A**

Not long since the Chief made a journey among those Tribes who live on the Island of Manhattan. His presence in the city did not seem to make any perceptible flurry either up town or in Wall Street but he was there just the same. To me the rush and roar of New York seems like some vast machinery that a boy has set in motion and has no power to stop. It is a battle between force and mind, and mind shall conquer there as it has in the past. Here the individual is lost sight of and is no more of consequence than the individual out in the colony. And yet from time to time some gaint mind conquers this climbing, creeping, rushing, crowd of humanity and holds it trembling in its grasp. That one man is able in finance or politics to make an impression on such a surging sea of humanity only tends to show that the material is ever conquered by the immaterial. All these vast buildings that tower to the heavens, these immense bridges spun of steel as a spider spins its web, these ocean monsters lying in harbor, these locomotives that thunder along with their loads of

human freight, all these once existed only as ideas, they are all nothing more than the materialization of ideas.



Among the dwellers in this great city are many who receive and I believe read the Ghourki. It comes to them as a message from the world where there is less of rush and roar and more time to think. I come to you O Tribes of Manhattan, with a message, not of the war but of peace and good will, of rest and quietude. I come with a message from the Hills, from the hills where grass is green, where the flowers bloom, where the birds sing, where the individual is all and nature nurses him in her lap.



Why do men and women thus herd together? why do they swelter in narrow streets and stifle in close rooms when the great fields invite them to come and till their soil, the woods invite them to their shade and the hills to their pleasant grass covered sides?



The last twenty-five years has witnessed a mad rush to cities. Farms are deserted and plows stand in the furrows while their once happy owners pace the hot pavements of some city in quest of a job that will enable them to earn the bread they once produced on their own peaceful fields. There must be a reaction, people must move again from the cities to the fields. Mother earth is generous when properly treated but only in rare instances will she produce food without attention.



Even those who have stayed on their farms can scarcely get help to stow away the generous yield, while in the cities children's faces are pinched for the food that rots on the plain.

The great reason that people herd together in the cities is man's desire for companionship. This is an inherent element and not easily overcome. Farming in the future however will not be done on the plan of the past. Instead of a farm being three or four hundreds of acres it will be ten or twenty acres like the raisin colonies in California. There one often sees almost a village with the owner of each home a tiller of the soil. By building their homes on adjacent corners of their plats of land they are brought close enough together to have the benefits of companionships and till the soil at the same time. As I have said (and what the Chief says must be true) the farmer ought to be the richest of all men. He should have every comfort because he produces all the actual raw material for all actual wealth.



When the country is traversed by good highways and covered with a net of telephone and telegraph wires, with rural mail delivery the farming population will soon become the most intelligent, the most trustworthy and the most prosperous part of the population.



Coney Island, yes I was there. I have often visited New York but on this trip I first saw Coney Island. By good fortune I chanced to make up with one of those dignified men in blue generally known as "coppers" and while I waited at the elevated station for the Coney Island train, he took the trouble to tell me all about Coney Island and I listened with opened mouth wonder while he described the dangers and pitfalls of the place. He said the dangers that there beset the path of a young man (and the Chief is a young man) were appalling. I told him I was from the country and was determined to fathom the villiany of the place. He advised me to go slow or I would be the victim of unscrupulous sharks that would relieve me of my last cent. This did not scare me much for when I get down to my last cent I don't care much who gets it. This obliging minion went

with me on my ride to the Island and left me at the gate with a cordial handshake and said he hoped I'd get through all right. I told him I thought I would.



As I said before I had never been to Coney Island but I had had various descriptions of the place that seemed to point it out as about two doors removed from the infernal regions. Tightly grasping my buckskin wallet that contained four silver quarters received for subscriptions before I started on my journey I sailed into the midst.



After an hour or two looking around Coney I concluded it was a great big joke. It struck me as a sort of a grownup kindergarten where each was vieing with the other to see who could have the best time. There were the hobby horses, Bostocks animals, the Steeple Chase and Luna Park with its hundreds of harmless and amusing diversions. Fakirs, barkers and fortune tellers were there of course but none of them laid hands on me. There is no doubt much goes on around Coney Island that would not be sanctioned by the W. C. T. U. but such things happen everywhere.



It seems to me if I had to swelter all day in some sweat shop, or toil in some office, or rack my mind in Wall Street in the great city of New York I would often wind up my prayers with "Dear Lord I thank thee for Coney Island."



And so to you, O Tribes of Manhattan, when my moccassioned feet again tread your shores if you want to entertain the Chief take him over to Coney.



President Roosevelt owes his position to accident. He is not president of these United States because his party, that is to say the people who elected McKinley, wanted him to be. In fact they did not

want him to be. They thought to prevent such a thing ever coming to pass by making him Vice-President. Vice Presidents never get to be President unless the President gets killed which is not so very often. But Teddy is President and the people of his party, that is the rank and file, cow punchers and others want him to have the place again. Wall Street folks don't want him to have it. Here rather a strange condition in party politics arises. Heretofore Wall Street and the Trusts have been supposed to belong to the Republican party. This year it looks like the Democrats would have to take them in if they get any shelter. Teddy stole the Democratic party's thunder at least a good deal of it. Worse men than Roosevelt might be president, Moocha Saba for instance.



When a man is great enough to take his party and completely change its basis; when a man rises so far above his party that we don't think of party at all, he is a pretty fair seized man. He may be spectacular but we all love fireworks.



The Spiriualists may all be fakes; in fact some of them are known to be; but if any of them are really honest let them alone; they might find out something that would interest you and me.



In this issue is a reprint of Pakogins address as printed for distribution at the World's fair. This booklet printed on real birch bark was sent me by a faithful member of the Hill tribes.

The Red Man's Greeting.BY SIMON POKAGON

Pottawattamie Chief.

" Shall not one line lament our forest race,
For you struck out from wild creation's face?
Freedom—the selfsame freedom you adore,
Bade us defend our violated shore."

In behalf of my people, the American Indians, I hereby declare to you, the pale-faced race that has usurped our lands and homes, that we have no spirit to celebrate with you the great Columbian Fair now being held in this Chicago city, the wonder of the world.

No; sooner would we hold high joy-day over the graves of our departed fathers, than to celebrate our own funeral, the discovery of America. And while you who are strangers, and you who live here, bring the offerings of the handiwork of your own lands, and your hearts in admiration rejoice over the beauty and grandeur of this young republic, and you say, "Behold the wonders wrought by our children in this foreign land," do not forget that this success has been at the sacrifice of *our* homes and a once happy race.

Where these great Columbian show-buildings stretch skyward, and where stands this "Queen City of the West," *once* stood the red man's wigwam; here met their old men, young men, and maidens; here blazed their councilfires. But now the eagle's eye can find no trace of them. Here was the center of their wide-spread hunting-grounds; stretching far eastward, and to the great salt Gulf southward, and to the lofty Rocky Mountain chain westward; and all about and beyond the Great Lakes northward roamed vast herds of buffalo that no man could number, while moose, deer, and elk were found from ocean to ocean; pigeons, ducks, and geese in near bow-shot moved in great clouds through the air, while fish swarmed our streams, lakes, and seas close to shore. All were provided by the Great Spirit for

our use; we destroyed none except for food and dress; had plenty and were contented and happy.

But alas! the pale-faces came by chance to our shores, many times very needy and hungry. We nursed and fed them,—fed the ravens that were soon to pluck out our eyes, and the eyes of our children; for no sooner had the news reached the Old World that a new continent had been found, peopled with another race of men, than, locust-like, they swarmed on all our coasts; and, like the carrion crows in spring, that in circles wheel and clamor long and loud, and will not cease until they find and feast upon the dead, so these strangers from the East long circuits made, and turkey-like they gobbled in our ears, "Give us gold, give us gold;" "Where find you gold? Where find you gold?"

We gave for promises and "gewgaws" all the gold we had, and showed them where to dig for more; to repay us, they robbed our homes of fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters; some were forced across the sea for slaves in Spain, while multitudes were dragged into the mines to dig for gold, and held in slavery there until all who escaped not, died under the lash of the cruel task-master. It finally passed into their history, that "the red man of the West, unlike the black man of the East, will die before he'll be a slave." Our hearts were crushed by such base ingratitude; and, as the United States has now decreed, "No Chinaman shall land upon our shores," so we then felt that no such barbarians as they, should land on *ours*.

In those days that tried our father's souls, tradition says: "A crippled, gray-haired sire told his tribe that in the visions of the night he was lifted high above the earth, and in great wonder beheld a vast spider-web spread out over the land from the Atlantic Ocean toward the setting sun. Its net-work was made of rods of iron; along in all directions rushed monstrous spiders, greater in strength, and larger far than any beast of earth, clad in brass and iron, dragging after them long rows of wigwams with families therein, out-stripping in their course the

flight of birds that fled before them. Hissing from their nostrils came forth fire and smoke, striking terror to both fowl and beast. The red men hid themselves in fear, or fled away, while the white men trained these monsters for the war path, as warriors for battle."

The old man who saw the vision claimed it meant that the Indian race would surely pass away before the pale-faced strangers. He died a martyr to his belief. Centuries have passed since that time, and we now behold in the vision as in a mirror, the present net-work of railroads, and the monstrous engines with their fire, smoke, and hissing steam, with cars attached, as they go sweeping through the land.

The cyclone of civilization rolled westward; the forests of the untold centuries were swept away; streams dried up; lakes fell back from their ancient bounds; and all our fathers once loved to gaze upon was destroyed, defaced, or marred, except the sun, moon, and starry skies above, which the Great Spirit in wisdom hung beyond their reach.

Still on the storm-cloud rolled, while before its lightning and thunder the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air withered like grass before the flame—were shot for love of power to kill alone, and left to spoil upon the plains. Their bleaching bones now scattered far and near, in shame declare the wanton cruelty of pale-faced men. The storm unsatisfied on land swept our lakes and streams, while before its clouds of hooks, nets, and glistening spears the fish vanished from our waters like the morning dew before the rising sun. Thus our inheritance was cut off, and we were driven and scattered as sheep before the wolves.

Nor was this all. They brought among us fatal diseases our fathers knew not of; our medicine-men tried in vain to check the deadly plague; but they themselves died, and our people fell as fall the leaves before the autumn's blast. To be just, we must acknowledge there were some good men with these strangers, who gave their lives for ours, and in great kindness taught us the revealed will of the Great

Spirit through his Son Jesus, the mediator between God and man. But while we were being taught to love the Lord our God with all our heart, mind, and strength, and our neighbors as ourselves, and our children were taught to lisp, "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name," bad men of the same race, whom we thought of the same belief, shocked our faith in the revealed will of the Father, as they came among us with bitter oaths upon their lips, something we had never heard before, and cups of "fire-water" in their hands, something we had never seen before. They pressed the sparkling glasses to our lips and said, "Drink, and you will be happy." We drank thereof, we and our children, but alas! like the serpent that charms to kill, the drink-habit coiled about the heart-strings of its victims, shocking unto death, friendship, love, honor, manhood—all that makes men good and noble, crushing out all ambition, and leaving naught but a culprit vagabond in the place of a man.

Now as we have been taught to believe that our first parents ate of the forbidden fruit and fell, so we as fully believe that this fire-water is the hard-cider of the white man's devil, made from the fruit of that tree that brought death into the world, and all our woes. The arrow, the scalping-knife, and the tomahawk used on the war-path were *merciful* compared with it; *they* were used in our defense, but the accursed drink came like a serpent in the form of a dove. Many of our people partook of it without mistrust, as children pluck the flowers and clutch a scorpion in their grasp; only when they feel the sting, they let the flowers fall. But Nature's children had no such power; for when the viper's fangs they felt, they only hugged the reptile the more closely to their breasts, while friends before them stood pleading with prayers and tears that they would let the deadly serpent drop. But all in vain. Although they promised so to do, yet with laughing grin and steps uncertain like the fool, they still more frequently guzzled down this hellish drug. Finally, conscience ceased to give alarm, and, led by deep despair

to life's last brink, and goaded by demons on every side, they cursed themselves, they cursed their friends, they cursed their beggar babes and wives, they cursed their God, and died.

You say of us that we are treacherous, vindictive, and cruel; in answer to the charge, we declare to all the world with our hands uplifted before high Heaven, that before the white man came among us, we were kind, outspoken, and forgiving. Our real character has been misunderstood because we have resented the breaking of treaties made with the United States, as we honestly understood them. The few of our children who are permitted to attend your schools in great pride tell us that they read in your own historians, how William Penn, a Quaker, and a good man, made treaties with nineteen tribes of Indians, and that neither he nor they ever broke them; and further, that during seventy years, while Pennsylvania was controlled by the Quakers, not a drop of blood was shed nor a war-whoop sounded by our people. Your own historians, and our traditions, show that for nearly two hundred years, different Eastern powers were striving for the mastery in the new world, and that our people were persuaded by the different factions to take the war-path, being generally led by white men who had been discharged from prisons for crimes committed in the Old World.

Read the following, left on record by Peter Martyr, who visited our forefathers in the day of Columbus.

"It is certain that the land among these people is as common as the sun and water, and that 'mine and thine', the seed of all misery, have no place with them. They are contented with so little, that in so large a country they have rather a superfluity than a scarceness: so that they seem to live in the golden world without toil, living in open gardens not intrenched with dykes, divided with hedges, or defended with walls. They deal truly one with another, without laws, without books, without judges. They take him for an evil and mischievous man, who taketh pleasure in doing hurt to another, and albeit they delight not in superfluities, yet they make pro-

vision for the increase of such root whereof they make bread, content with such simple diet whereof health is preserved, and disease avoided."

Your own histories show that Columbus on his first visit to our shores, in a message to the king and queen of Spain, paid our forefathers this beautiful tribute:—

"They are loving, uncovetous people: so docile in all things that I swear to your majesties there is not in the world a better race or a more delightful country. They love their neighbors as themselves, and their talk is ever sweet and gentle, accompanied with smiles: and though they be naked, yet their manners are decorous and praiseworthy.

But a few years passed away, and your historians left to be perused with shame, the following facts:—

"On the islands of the Atlantic coast and in the populous empires of Mexico and Peru, the Spainards, through pretense of friendship and religion, gained audience with chiefs and kings, their families and attendants. They were received with great kindness and courtesy but in return they most treacherously seized and bound in chains the unsuspecting natives; and as a ransom for their release, demanded large sums of gold which were soon given by their subjects. But instead of granting them freedom as promised, they were put to death in a most shocking manner. Their subjects were then hunted down like wild beasts, with bloodhounds, robbed and enslaved; while under pretext to convert them to Christianity, the rack, the scourge, and the fagot were used. Some were burned alive in their thickets and fastness for refusing to work the mines as slaves."

Tradition says these acts of base ingratitude were communicated from tribe to tribe throughout the continent, and that a universal wail as one voice went up from all the tribes of the unbroken wilderness: "We must beat back these strangers from our shores before they seize our lands and homes, or slavery and death are ours."

Reader, pause here, close your eyes, shut out from your heart all prejudice against our race, and hon-

estly consider the above records penned by the pale-faced historians centuries ago; and tell us in the name of eternal truth, and by all that is sacred and dear to mankind, was there ever a people without the slightest reason of offense, more treacherously imprisoned and scourged than we have been? And tell us, have crime, despotism, violence, and slavery ever been dealt out in a more wicked manner to crush out life and liberty; or was ever a people more mortally offended than our forefathers were?

Almighty Spirit of humanity, let thy arms of compassion embrace and shield us from the charge of treachery, vindictiveness, and cruelty, and save us further oppression! And may the great chief of the United States appoint no more broken-down or disappointed politicians as agents to deal with us, but may he select good men that are tried and true, men who fear not to do the right. This is our prayer. What would remain for us if we were not allowed to pray? All else we acknowledge to be in the hands of this great republic.

It is clear that for years after the discovery of this country, we stood before the coming strangers, as a block of marble before the sculptor, ready to be shaped into a statue of grace and beauty; but in their greed for gold, the block was hacked to pieces and destroyed. Child-like we trusted in them with all our hearts; and as the young nestling while yet blind, swallows each morsel given by the parent bird, so we drank in all they said. They showed us the compass that guided them across the trackless deep, and as its needle swung to and fro only resting to the north, we looked upon it as a thing of life from the eternal world. We could not understand the lightning and thunder of their guns, believing they were weapons of the gods; nor could we fathom their wisdom in knowing and telling us the exact time in which the sun or moon should be darkened; hence we looked upon them as divine; we revered them—yes, we trusted in them, as infants trust in the arms of their mothers.

But again and again was our confidence betrayed, until we were compelled to know that greed for gold was all the balance-wheel they had. The remnant of the beasts are now wild and keep beyond the arrow's reach, the fowls fly high in air, the fish hide themselves in deep waters. We have been driven from the homes of our childhood and from the burial places of our kindred and friends, and scattered far westward into desert places, where multitudes have died from homesickness, cold, and hunger, and are suffering and dying still for want of food and blankets.

As the hunted deer close chased all day long, when night comes on, weary and tired, lies down to rest, mourning for companions of the morning herd, all scattered, dead and gone, so we through weary years have tried to find some place to safely rest. But all in vain! Our throbbing hearts unceasing say, "The hounds are howling on our tracks." Our sad history has been told by weeping parents to their children from generation to generation; and as the fear of the fox in the duckling is hatched, so the wrongs we have suffered are transmitted to our children, and they look upon the white man with distrust as soon as they are born. Hence our worst act of cruelty should be viewed by all the world with Christian charity, as being but the echo of bad treatment dealt out to us.

Therefore we pray our critics everywhere to be not like the thoughtless boy who condemns the toiling bees wherever found, as vindictive and cruel, because in robbing their homes he once received the poisoned darts that nature gave for their defense. Our strongest defense against the onward marching hordes, we fully realize is as useless as the struggles of a lamb borne high in air, pierced to its heart, in the talons of an eagle.

We never shall be happy here any more; we gaze into the faces of our little ones, for smiles of infancy to please, and into the faces of our young men and maidens, for joys of youth to cheer advancing age, but alas! instead of smiles of joy we find but looks of sadness there. Then we fully realize in the anguish of our souls that their young and tender hearts, in

keenest sympathy with ours, have drank in the sorrows we have felt, and their sad faces reflect it back to us again. No rainbow of promise spans the dark cloud of our afflictions; no cheering hopes are painted on our midnight sky. We only stand with folded arms and watch and wait to see the future deal with us no better than the past. No cheer of sympathy is given us; but in answer to our complaints we are told the triumphal march of the Eastern race westward is by the unalterable decree of nature, termed by them "the survival of the fittest." And so we stand as upon the seashore, chained hand and foot, while the incoming tide of the great ocean of civilization rises slowly but surely to overwhelm us.

But a few more generations and the last child of the forest will have passed into the world beyond—into that kingdom where Tche-ban-you-booz, the Great Spirit, dwelleth, who loveth justice and mercy, and hateth evil; who has declared the "fittest" in his kingdom shall be those alone that hear and aid his children when they cry, and that love him and keep his commandments. In that kingdom many of our people in faith believe he will summon the pale-faced spirits to take position on his left, and the red spirits upon his right, and that he will say, "Sons and daughters of the forest, your prayers for deliverance from the iron heel of oppression through centuries past are recorded in this book now open before me, made from the bark of the white birch, a tree under which for generations past you have mourned and wept. On its pages silently has been recorded your sad history. It has touched my heart with pity and I will have compassion."

Then turning to his left he will say, "Sons and daughters of the East, all hear and give heed unto my words. While on earth I did great and marvelous things for you—I gave my only Son, who declared unto you my will, and as you had freely received, to so freely give and declare the gospel unto all people. A few of you have kept the faith; and through opposition and great tribulation have labored hard and honestly for the redemption of mankind regardless

of race or color. To all such I now give divine power to fly on lightning wings throughout my universe. Now, therefore, listen; and when the great drum beats, let all try their powers to fly. Only those can rise who acted well their part on earth to redeem and save the fallen."

The drum will be sounded, and that innumerable multitude will appear like some vast sea of wounded birds struggling to rise. We shall behold it, and shall hear their fluttering as the rumbling of an earthquake, and to our surprise shall see but a scattering few in triumph rise, and hear their songs re-echo through the vault of heaven as they sing, "Glory to the highest who hath redeemed and saved us."

Then the Great Spirit will speak with a voice of thunder to the remaining shame-faced multitude: "Hear ye: it is through a great mercy that you have been permitted to enter these happy hunting-grounds. Therefore I charge you in presence of these red men that you are guilty of having tyrannized over them in many and strange ways. I find you guilty of having made wanton wholesale butchery of their game and fish, I find you guilty of using tobacco, a poisonous weed made only to kill parasites on plants and lice on man and beast. You find it with the red men, who use it only in smoking the pipe of peace, to confirm their contracts, in place of a seal. But you multiplied its use, not only in smoking, but in chewing, snuffing, thus forming unhealthy, filthy habits, and by cigarettes, the Almighty of abominations, learned little children to hunger and thirst after the father and mother had died of palsy and cancers.

"I find you guilty of tagging after the pay agents sent out by the great chief of the United States, among the Indians, to pay off their birth-right claims to home, and liberty, and native lands, and then sneaking about their agencies by deceit and trickery, cheating and robbing them of their money and goods, thus leaving them poor and naked. I also find you guilty of following the trail of Christian missionaries

into the wilderness among the natives, and when they had set up my altars, and the great work of redemption had just begun, and some in faith believed, you then and there most wickedly set up the idol of man-tchi-man-in-to (the devil), and there stuck out your sign, SAMPLE ROOMS. You then dealt out to the sons of the forest a most damnable drug, fitly termed on earth by Christian women, 'a beverage of hell,' which destroyed both body and soul, taking therefor, all their money and blankets, and scrupling not to take in pawn the Bibles given them by my servants.

"Therefore know ye, this much-abused race shall enjoy the liberties of these happy hunting-grounds, while I teach them my will, which you were in duty bound to do while on earth. But instead, you blocked up the highway that led to heaven, that the car of salvation might not pass over. Had you done your duty, they as well as you would now be rejoicing in glory with my saints with whom you, fluttering, tried this day in vain to rise. But now I say unto you, Stand back! you shall not tread upon the heels of my people, nor tyrannize over them any more. Neither shall you with gatling-gun or otherwise disturb or break up their prayer-meetings in camp any more. Neither shall you practice with weapons of lightning and thunder any more. Neither shall you use tobacco in any shape, way, or manner. Neither shall you touch, taste, handle, make, buy, or sell anything that can intoxicate any more. And know ye, ye cannot buy out the law or skulk by justice here; and if any attempt is made on your part to break these commandments, I shall forthwith grant these red men of America great power, and delegate them to cast you out of paradise, and hurl you headlong through its outer gates into the endless abyss beneath—far beyond, where darkness meets with light, there to dwell, and thus shut you out from my presence and the presence of angels and the light of heaven forever and ever."

HOWARD LLEWELLYN SWISHER

E D I T O R

The Ghourki



HARANGUES TO THE GHOURKI, *By* *The Chief of the Tribe* & A

A good many of the Tribe have trouble to understand why the Ghourki is dated back so far as for instance this number coming to you in October bears the legend June and to some this seems not exactly correct right, and proper. Let me explain. For one reason or another the Ghourki has not been able to keep up with the months some slipped by without any paper appearing. I have hesitated however to skip any months on the covers of the magazine knowing that there are some who preserve the wisdom of the Chief in the ark and these might think there was a gap when really none existed. You will get the twelve brown books for your quarter and if you get the June number in December it will warm you up and if you get the December number in June it will cool you off. The only ones who may not get the full twelve numbers will be those who will die before I can write that many numbers. I can't guarantee to reach you in the next world unless you agree to pay foreign postage and from some I fear I shall have to ask sufficient coin to purchase a fire insurance policy for every copy mailed.

It is the intention however if I can find the time to get out two or more copies of the Ghourki each month until the month on the cover corresponds to the month on the calendar. I do not promise this but will do the best I can.

.

I know that a great many have a fear of what they call freak magazines and claim they are short-lived and are afraid to invest in them for fear they won't get more than a copy or two. Such is not the case with the Ghourki. Long before this freak was started the chief had started a big printing plant costing a half a hundred thousand and all the machinery in this big plant will have to wear out before the Ghourki stops publication unless I wanted to stop and the way I feel now I mean to run it until hell freezes over as the boys in my Sunday school class always say. However, the little brown book is now self supporting and from many of the Tribe I have assurances that they would rather pay for the printing of it for a year themselves than see it perish.

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Widely the tribe is scattered. Just the other day five scalps from London came in one mail. There are members of the tribe in Australia, Cuba, New Zealand, China, Holland, Paris and many other countries including Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

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You may have forgotten that for five dollars you will be made a member of the Tribe forever, and will be entitled to receive all copies of the Ghourki published from now on together with a great big picture of the Chief and a copy of his book known as Briar Blossoms. Get down to business now and send the five.

.

Here I want to say a few words about cranks. Cranks (I mean the real article) are men who refuse to live in the age in which they are born. They don't

agree with the established customs and usages of the age in which they live. They are in advance of the times and for their trouble they are entitled to receive the prison cell, the rope, or the guillotine. That at least used to be the fate of cranks, but the world is more liberal now and they are consigned to punishment in the next world instead of this which is, to say the least, more comfortable. It is to cranks that we owe most of the liberty we enjoy, and much of the knowledge we possess. Christ was a crank at least the people of his day said so and he was crucified for his crankiness. Socrates was a crank and nothing but death could satisfy the human hyenas that were his neighbors. Columbus was a crank and chains galled his flesh to make him aware of the fact. Washington was a crank and not only England but many of his countrymen heaved heavy curses at him. True, cranks always have bronze and marble statues erected to their memory after a few hundred years, but I doubt if this in any way helps the physical and mental hurts they received while on earth. Let us be patient with the cranks.

.

One of the big cranks of the present day is John Alex Dowle of Zion City fame. Here is a man that by some subtle quality has obtained power and wealth, most of us believe by appealing to the ignorance and superstition of his followers. Are the people who are following him happier than they were before? To me an outsider it looks like they were. They have more of the comforts of life too I believe and that is another good feature.

.

John Alex has been arrested over one hundred times. If he had lived a couple centuries ago he would have been doing duty as a specimen in some medical college's carving shop. Yes Dowle must be a crank. Dowle's next move is to go to New York City and attempt to regenerate it. Nobody but a

crank would undertake that. He has rented Madison square garden at a thousand dollars a day for two weeks and here he will hold his meetings. I look forward with interest to what this host of seventeen hundred white robed cranks headed by the only Elijah will accomplish in New York. Will they rescue any of the miserable from the beehive tenements, will they make any impression on the great crime and poverty stricken centers of this most miserable of cities? If the hosts rescue one from poverty and pain and show that one how to get more joy and comfort out of life the invasion will have not been in vain even if it is not a complete success.

* * *

The Turk is doomed. The world has progressed and left him sitting helpless on a heap of skulls, infirm and filled with hatred. The Turk is a religious fanatic and there is no longer any place in this world for religious fanatics who would make converts with the sword and cure heresy with the torch. Surrounding this Asiatic interloper are a number of small European states that have suffered for years the oppression of this worse than savage stranger. The powers will not help these small states but they will help themselves and at one mighty blow drive back to his native plain this cruel cormorant, this Mohometan fanatic, this lover of blood. Haste the day!



My Dear Chief of the Tribe:—

Thank you for the little notice of the Union Herald in April Ghourki. We know there isn't much of it, but there are a few people among the hidebound orthodox sectarian saints and sinners, as well as revenue publicans who think there is a good deal of it—entirely too much for some of them anyway—the Herald may grow. You don't love some things any more than I do, but all the dirt is not in the churches. There is a little left in other organizations.

Cordially Allan MacNeill.

PHILOSOPHICAL OBSERVATIONS.

BY A GHOURKITE.

Men's ideals are usually themselves. They think they fill the bill of what the ideal man ought to be.

.

"No man is a hero to his valet;" but most men think that their valets regard them as heroes.

.

Many person would rather be looked up to by fools than themselves to look up to the wise.

.

The unfortunate thing about being rich or great is that one never knows whether his professed friends are sincere or not. Most of us however needn't worry on that score.

.

It takes people who don't know that they don't know a long time to find out.

.

Cheek and a good suit of clothes will often get a man credit, when homely honesty is turned down.

.

They say the poor don't appreciate what you do for them. Well if that's what you are doing it for perhaps you don't deserve appreciation.

.

There is a place in business for the golden rule but generally it is an unfilled want.

.

Many persons think that assent to religious creeds is more important than good conduct, anyway it's easier.

.

Some folks think the Kingdom of Heaven is an aristocracy, based on the accident of belief rather than personal merit and good works.

.

It is much easier to assent to certain articles of be-

lief, to observe certain rights and ceremonies and to be pious occasionally than it is to do right seven days in the week.

* * *

Our motives and incentives are very often not what we think they are. Generally we will feel better if we don't analyze and scrutinize them too closely.

* * *

It is better to be honest from policy than not to be honest at all. Possibly the practice of this virtue, whatever the motive, may become a habit.

* * *

Those who claim to love liberty should not seek to bind others.



INSPIRATION INK.

I'll dip my pen in the rich, brown earth,
Then write a book importing worth
To men, the sturdy worth that lives,
As mother earth to oak tree gives.

I'll dip my pen in the shifting sand,
Then write in story truth that's grand,
Of ceaseless change that ever rolls,
Transforming minds and moulding souls.

I'll dip my pen in the yellow clay,
Then write in rhyme that plan, not play,
Directs the Hand that, day by day,
Moulds creature-clay Creator's way.

I'll dip my pen in the swamp's black muck,
Then write,—for those who wait for luck,
Their minds unwarmed by burning themes,—
A song of ease, and sleep, and dreams.

I'll dip my pen in the loose, white dust,
Then write a verse; the verse I'll trust
On sweeping waves of thought to soar,
As dust when charmed by wild wind's roar.

—ONE OF THE TRIBE.

JUST TO KEEP UP THE PROCESSION.

DEAR MR. SWISHER :

I received the April number to-day—a little late in the season for a current number, though it is quite as warm as its predecessors. I note that you acknowledge the receipt of some of Bro. Heald's literature. I feel sure that you will be interested in and enjoy reading his Procession of the Planets. It controverts some of the generally and long-time received scientific theories, but is none the worse for that. Science always courts investigation, but some scientists are like Orthodox church people; they accept, or are prone to accept, some theories before they are well proven. The Newtownian theory of course in the main is all right, but there are some little points in it, not easily reconcilable with known facts. Why don't comets fall into the sun when they get so very close to it. Why do their tails bend from it (the sun) when they are going around it. The powerful force of attraction (gravity) that draws these bodies billions of miles almost in a straight line toward the sun, naturally would draw them right into its body, instead of allowing them to skim around close to its body and go off again billions of miles in a nearly straight course, away from the centre of attraction, if there were not some other cause or force other than momentum or centrifugal force, to keep them away. If comets were solid bodies, like planets or meteors, they would certainly drop into the sun just as a stone will drop to the earth while steam, smoke, gas, etc., will not. Of course our most important interests and subjects of concern are this earth, this life, but the better we understand the planetary system and the causes of things, the more likely we will be to arrive at accurate knowledge concerning life here. If the sun threw off all matter in a highly expanded form, there must have been in that matter

the elements of life such as exists in that earth to-day. I think Mr. Heald's general theory is at least more reasonable and better supported by facts than most of the theories held and set forth by many leading scientists of the day. I think he makes it pretty evident that none of the planets except earth, and possibly Mars and Venus, are habitable. Those canals on Mars are not of human construction, but are no doubt, as he claims, made by the streams of water from the Polar regions flowing toward the planet's equator. His is the only reasonable and satisfactory explanation I have seen in reference to the glacial period and its canal on our earth. Don't fail to read the procession.

Yours sincerely,
J. CAL. WATKINS.



SHE DON'T CARE.

Dear Chief:—Kindly send "The Ghourki" (for which I do not care a rap) for one year, as advertised in August "Philistine" (for which I do not care a straw), also certificate of membership in your tribe, (the more disreputable the better) and please hurry. I am going away for two months and my mail may not be forwarded.

Why do you bother to think for yourselves? So many good (*blamed* good) people have done all the thinking up from you—don't you see what a waste of vital force for any thinking person to think?

Probably you are honest enough, even after this impertinence, to send me your magazine, and possibly it may interest me, if it is'nt too decent (I am horridly decent myself, that's why.)

That is my only motive for writing, (innocent enough, surely.) If you do not think me worthy, kindly send my subscription to a better.

P. S. I owe apologies, have been weeping so all day (owing to dentist's fourth ineffectual attempt to kill the nerve in a tooth) that I cannot keep my glasses on, hence my astigmatic chirography. M. H. F.

REMARKS BY A QUIET OBSERVER. .



Someone has said that the most trouble we have had never happened.

.

We all think it will be easier to reform tomorrow than it is just now. Like the Mexicans we say, "ma-nana"—tomorrow.

.

We all see ourselves and the other fellow from our standpoint. The view would be different from his.

.

Concentrate effort, you can't drive nails with a cat-o-nine-tails.

.

Men credit their success to their superior abilities—their failures to bad luck.

.

Under competition as it is, the man who competes fairly and honestly in business is likely to get left, but honest failure is better than success by questionable means.

.

There is enough of everything to go around, at least among the deserving, but the trouble is many get more than their share and others get nothing.

.

If it were only the lazy, idle, shiftless people that don't get along, it would not be so bad, but often the industrious deserving class are not able to more than make a bare living.

.

Not is it good, useful, sensible or right, but is it popular, fashionable, and sanctioned by the upper ten is what people ask about actions and things.

.

"What fools these mortals be"—they will pay twice the worth of a thing that is talked about a

good deal, rather than half as much for a better article that is'nt.

.

Even superior brains, education, and brilliancy won't make up for the lack of good principles and right conduct.

.

We always think a boil would not hurt us quite so much somewhere else, especially if it was on the other fellow.

.

We don't think it will hurt the other fellow to have his tooth pulled, but ours, well, that's quite a different matter, you know.

.

Make, work pleasant; find pleasure in your work; put yourself into your work. It all sounds nice from the platform or in print. But there's some kind of work that it's not easy to get much edification out of. Mauling rails and digging and shoveling, for instance. Still, if a person has the ability to do something more intellectual than common labor, he will not have to dig and shovel always. But don't be mad because you have to work. Don't go around looking as if you are a very much injured person, ready to snap and snarl at everybody you meet. Be cheerful, jolly, keep in good humor, and you will be the better for it. Your work won't go so hard with you.



The only reason any man has for thinking he is right, is the knowledge of the fact that other men's thoughts run diametrically opposite his—and these of course, are wrong.

Nothing will kill the manhood in a fellow quicker or more surely than the knowledge that those whom he loves most do not place confidence in him—Few men are strong to live it down—It kills the many.

E. A. K.

A member of the GHOURKI TRIBE.

THE EXILE'S LAMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE GHOURKI.

New York is big enough for me.
 In fact, it's just about my size.
 Its hustling ways and mine agree;
 I like its hump and enterprise.
 But sometimes recollection glides
 Across the years of long ago
 To stony scarps and mountain sides,
 Back where the huckleberries grow.

The scrawny oaks and blasted pines,
 The stunted bushes, briers and brakes,
 The gravelly ant-hills, twisted vines,
 The copperheads and rattlesnakes,
 The hoary hornets, fierce and hot,
 The creeping things I used to know—
 Not one of them has been forget,
 Back where the huckleberries grow.

Existence was all cut and dried
 Among those hills, without a change.
 I wondered what the world outside
 Was like. I wanted something strange.
 And thus it was I turned my back
 On ways and people, droll and slow,
 And left the old familiar track,
 Back where the huckleberries grow.

The city caught me. I plunged in
 With brawn and brain, with spunk and
 grit,
 Amid the rush and whirl, the din
 And dash and tumult. There I hit
 My hardest licks with left and right,
 With might and main, with thump and
 blow.

That was the way I learned to fight
 Back where the huckleberries grow.

Here, grinding in the mills of men,
 We give and take, forget to feel;

No day or hour comes back again;
 Flint fractures flint, and steel cuts steel.
 In this fierce battle quarters none
 Are given him who falls and yields;
 No evening sees the conflict done
 On this, the hardest fought of fields.

But what of that! In lighter vein
 I'd sing a song of bygone days
 Which came and went with sun and rain,
 With sheen and shadow, gleam and haze,
 O'er field and woodland where my feet
 Knew many a pathway long ago.
 And sky and mountain seemed to meet
 Up where the huckleberries grow.

STANFIELD HAMILTON.



KNOCK-ABOUT NOTES

Ideas Gleaned from Here and There.

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
 Weep and you weep alone,
 This sad old world must borrow its mirth
 But has troubles enough of its own.

*

* *

Down in Georgia, one fine day last week, fell asleep a tired old man who has done more to cheer the people of the South and who started more smiles rippling over their faces than any other ten men south of Mason and Dixon line in forty years. That man was Major Smith, familiarly known to newspaper readers as "Bill Arp." He was Bill Arp before the war and he was Bill Arp at the close of the war, when in speaking of the Yankees and the surrender declared "I have killed more of them than they have of me, so I am going home, kiss my wife and babies and go to work and if they fool with me I'll lick e'm again." Week after week his letters to southern agricultural journals and newspapers went out over the South, filled with wit and humor, mingled with

a sort of home-made philosophy and preachment of content and who read it that was not made better thereby? Poor old man! He was continually having trouble with the negro chicken thieves who got his choice pullets or else the cook was on a strike or a vacation, but he had his fun out of it all the while and used it as a text, from which he preached a wholesome sermon. He not only preached well, but those who knew him say he lived up to his own standard of good humor and light-heartedness. I saw a Georgia lady, who had been a near neighbor of the good old man until she married and moved to Washington, read the news of her old friend's death in a newspaper. She carried the paper to her husband and with tears in her eyes recounted how she had sat on his lap for hours at a time, with a dozen other children around and listen to his charming childhood stories. The children followed him and sassed him just to hear him talk back, they knew the good that was in him, From long before the time when the Savior of men gathered the little ones around him, children have been the best judges of human nature. They evidently knew Elijah, of old, was a savage, when they denominated him "Old Baldhead," but did not know of the alleged herd of hungry bear he had in the wood close at hand that were hankering for a meal on precocious youngsters.

* *
*

But Bill Arp is gone. There is none to fill his place. He did more good, with his quaint humor and homely philosophy than half the preachers, teachers and newspaper writers of the South, all put together. He scattered the seeds of kindness, love and contentment and provoked a smile on cheeks that were furrowed with care and stained with tears. A man that can do that lives only once-in-awhile and is a benefactor to the human race. J. J. C.



DONE BROWN.

"Howard Llewellyn Swisher is a big Injun; Chief of the Ghourki, whatever that may be, and has been so badly affected by the writings, so called, of Elbert Hubbard, that he has donned his war paint and let himself loose with the English language in a thing that is sent through the mails monthly, also called the Ghourki, which probably was the worst name to be thought of, and the contents is in perfect harmony thus blending perfectly with the title. Of all the many Hubbard imitators Swisher is the worst shyster of the bunch. He says his writings "make people think," but if the Third Assistant Postmaster General only knew what they made people think the monthly spasm would be barred from your Uncle Samuel's mails. Some advertisements in this sheet are The Lucky Dog, a magazine of heart appeal; Unique Senecan (magazine); Eat Some Sand; A Stuffed Club, said to be the most sensible health magazine in the world; Your Fortune told for 10; Occultism."—From the American Advertiser, Delhi, N. Y. September, 1903—Price 10 cents.

A true copy, misspelling, bad grammar, punctuation etc.

Attest: CHARLES F. BUSHNELL,
Notary Public.

Commission expires Jan. 21, 1907.

Sept. 16, 1903.

Bath, Pa.,



CHIEF OF THE GHOURKI, Morgantown, W. Va.

My Dear Sir:—After waiting some moons I rec'd a copy of "The Ghourki."

I had supposed it was a monthly but as I rec'd the April number and a slip saying that this is the latest number, I don't know what it is.

Possibly the kids did the mailing and got the numbers mixed. You say for 25 cents you give 12 numbers. If they do not come faster, I have my subscription paid in advance for from 4 to 6 years according to how soon the next number appears.

It cost very little and I did not expect much.

"Blessed is the man who expects nothing, for he shall get what he expects." Send on the next.

Bremen, Ind.

Yours, DR. SMITH.

SHAM.

One of the tendencies of the time is the effort to substitute something other than real merit for the thing itself. It is so in politics, religion, business and in nearly everything. To be plausible and popular is more depended upon than to be right. Piety, conformity to ritualistic and ceremonial observances is more regarded than real goodness and practical morality. To get a passable article talked about a good deal is regarded as more essential to its distribution and sale than to produce superior goods. Pretense and display, putting on style, raises one faster socially than do brains, culture, and refinement. And so it goes, people with a little money of their own or somebody else's that they have a cinch on and which enables them to live in a big house, wear fine clothes and have servants to wait on them, are run after, toadied to and fawned upon by their less fortunate neighbors, while persons of first class morals, brains and culture remain comparatively unnoticed. Good character, sterling honesty, real merit are recognized only in spots. They are not in it with show, fine clothes and the assumption of a superior and aristocratic air. Get in society, stand in with the silly set, and you are all right no matter much what you do. Character—well what is society for if it is'n't to enable one the better to keep the eleventh commandment, "Thou shalt not get found out."

A PHILISTINE.



COME AGAIN.

Chief of the Tribe:—

The name you have invested your clan with is enough to give little girls shivers down their backbones, it sounds so wicked, so diabolical. Why do gentle natures always hide their real selves behind such bogie barriers? Please, and your Majesty, I wish to buy ten cents worth of your best Virginia flavored philosophy. I opine it's put up in cinnamon

bark and flavored with nutmeg, and cloves?—If the samples I've read are bona fide.

Can you be a native born Virginian and not fond of horses? If you are I make a paper that might interest you. Send me the Ghourki, s'il vous plait. I hope you're making philosophy pay? Does it ever?

Very Sincerely, M M.



AUBURNDALE, MASS., Oct. 3, 1903.

The Ghourki,

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.,

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Please send me statement of advertising rates. And here is a quarter for the little magazine.

Now permit me. I am an "insider"—a churchman, and none too good. Therefore, for both reasons, when writers pitch into a lot of bad thought supposing it to be "creed," or "theology," or what not, it gives one a chance to smile—or wonder why they don't post up. For many of the writers are banging away at dead issues, in which nobody, practically speaking, believes. Freedom is the opportunity of all, in church or out—at least, in mine. Freedom is a slow growth, oftentimes, and people are mighty busy with other matters. So teaches my experience. As I look back, I see that I have always been free in the field of belief, but the eye to see has opened, adjusted, slowly. Thus all around. The church has made beastly mistakes, but it has the best working hypothesis on earth. The universe is kindly disposed by and large to each human. Salvation is the struggle to find truth and to adjust thereto. The secret is harmony with truth sought and found. The end is—the rose of dawn; harmony of each with himself and all creatures. The Christian Christ seeks just that; nothing other. Please forgive this "preach." You say good things—only, sometimes, it looks as though you had a "punch-bag" in your room, and were *exercising*. Now wait a minute, please.

I *know* I have *punched*. We all like to hit something. (I am shaking hands with you.) If we can say the same things in just a slightly different attitude, the punch-bag will disappear. People will say: "I'll hanged if he isn't right." It cost me ten interesting years to get rid of the punch-bag.

But, let me know, please, the rates.

Sincerely yours,
FRANK C. HADDOCK.

(Have I transgressed?)

VOL. II.

NO. I.

The Ghourki.



A gentle voice is more to be desired
than great riches.

August, 1902.

FIVE CENTS THE COPY.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS THE YEAR.

*1002

THE GHOURKI

Published from time to time in the interests of the readers and the editor.

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VOLUME II

NUMBER

The Ghourki



If all the good people I knew go to heaven, I-
to be exsured. MOCCHA SABA.

JUNE

190

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