

Vol. III.

No. 12.

The Ghourki

If I have to believe the Jonah story or be damned, I'll
be damned if I'll believe it.

MOOCHA SABA.



JULY

1904

FIVE CENTS THE COPY
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS THE YEAR

HOWARD LLEWELLYN SWISHER

E D I T O R

The Ghourki



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

It has been thought best by the Chief to combine two issues of the Ghourki into one for some two or three issues so that in a short time the date on the cover will correspond to the date on the calendar. For this reason this issue bears the legend July and August and is a double number. I do this in justice to many new members of the tribe who seems to think that it sounds better, looks better and is better to have dates correspond more closely.

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It is just a little remarkable how different people look at the same thing. In the same mail the other day I got two letters one evidently from a Christian of the most orthodox type and another from a rampant atheist both complimenting the Ghourki on its excellent work. I don't write the Ghourki harangues to please anybody in particular but I am like

a great many people, susceptible to flattery, and to know that I have pleased both God and mammon ought to satisfy almost anybody.

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Once in the while a curious seeker after curious things sends a quarter for a year's subscription to the Ghourki and if he does not get a copy of the paper by return mail writes the Morgantown postmaster to know if the Chief is a fake. I start all subscriptions to the Ghourki just as soon as I can after I get the quarter but sometimes it happens that a few days elapse before a number comes out and as each issue is exhausted in a very few days after publication, I cannot always start a paper by return mail. So now O! Braves and Little Brown Squaws, fear not you will get twelve numbers for your quarter and maybe more.

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The other day there came galloping into the wigwam a lone copy of the Ghourki which had been on its journey of enlightenment and across its face it bore the scar "Please send no more copies." I won't tell where this poor copy had been but evidently hit some poor sinner pretty hard.

* * *

Every few days I see some example of child suffering that makes me sick at heart. To behold a poor weasened consumptive tot or another with a face blotched with syphilitic sores is a sight to make angels weep and devils swear. I have said; I say again that for men

and women who are full of disease to wed and foist upon the world more of their kind is a crime and should be prevented. Let the law see to it that physical and mental imbeciles shall not marry. There is enough suffering in the world. Let it not be multiplied.

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Children owe no duties to their parents. They are not responsible for their existence. Every child has a right to be born with a good body and a good mind and the parents are to blame if the child has not this heritage. To take out life insurance a person has to pass a rigid physical examination but to get married it is only necessary to pay the preacher.

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What right has a preacher to perform a marriage ceremony any way? To think that a few numbled words by a hired parasite should render marriage sacred. O tempores! O mores! O hell!

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Most marriages are the result of animal desire and with passion satisfied unless there are higher qualities come to the rescue and a companionship springs up between the couple united, their association is the veriest slavery. A marriage ceremony is an announcement to the world that this couple proposes to enjoy the pleasure of such an association and that such a thing as an alliance of this kind being unchaste or immoral is out of the question. I believe in monogamy yet I assert that there is more immorality in the lives of the

married couples of this country than in all its bawdy houses. It is immoral for a man to live with a woman he does not love. The marriage ceremony should be performed by an officer of the State quietly and unobtrusively for a man's duty is to the state and his fellow beings who are the State.

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Moses was not a fool altho Bob did say he made mistakes. I suppose he did, most men do but he knew how to handle men. He was a pretty good physical specimen at least he was more than a match for his Egyptian adversary for in the conflict he left his lifeless body baking on the sands. He knew however that by physical force he could not subjugate his fellow savages. He must appeal to their superstition. He went up into the mountain so that the Lord could have a chance to give him a few pointers and the Lord did. Moses made the ten commandments and blamed them on the Lord. The savage members of his clan believed in Moses and therefore made themselves obedient to the Lord. It was not a bad idea, this idea of Moses, for it worked. To keep a people in subjugation through their superstition is often necessary where nothing else will do it. The Ku Klux was another example of it. However as people rise in the intellectual scale they can no longer be held in subjugation through fear. Higher motives must be appealed to. Hell with its sulphurous smoke and forked tongued devils was a good thing in its day. It kept many a savage

murderer in subjection. But the day is past. People don't scare worth a cent now. You have to give them some other reason for being good besides fear of future punishment. No body believes in Hell now except the ignorant and negroes and preachers who believe in it for a consideration.

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There are many millions however and each day adds to their number who believe in doing right because it is best for them and the easiest way to live. You have all heard the orthodox hammer away about the difficulty of leading an upright life. They pictured the way strewn with stones and thickly set with thorns. No wonder so few wanted to try it. The truth is, it is the easiest way and the most satisfactory. If you do right because it is right and not because you hope to go to heaven or fear to go to hell, you will sleep better and feel better.

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The Ghourki is not a temperance publication neither is it published by the saloon-keepers' association.

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The Chief rises to remark however that the temperance sentiment is growing in this country, not on account of hysterical W. C. T. U. propagandists or fools with hatchets, but for purely business reasons. The man who drinks to excess (and only excess is intemperance) is an unreliable man. In this day of fierce busi-

ness competition there is no position for the boozier. Heads of great concerns who employ subordinates want to know that their assistants are at their posts. Many railroads will not employ engineers, brakemen or conductors who drink. Not because the owners of these roads are fanatics but because they are business men and know that wrecks are expensive. If the saloons of the country are ever closed it will be because business demands it and not because fanatics say it ought to be done.

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And what is succes? To most of us he who has made money has made a success. If money is the measure of everything then to be rich is to be successful. I think there are none of the Tribe but who would like to own a brown stone front and have a few thousand to the good in the biggest bank. I will not deny that I have a leaning that way myself. Not one of us thinks that wealth would bring anything disagreeable with it but it does seem to. In fact it seems to make misery. I'll bet fifty cents, the entire amount in the Ghourki treasury, that John D. is not any happier than my friend Ace Hawkins who don't own the second shirt to his back. Ace is a sort of a philosopher. He has often wanted to join the Tribe but never has the two bits. I don't know why either because he has borrowed that amount from me several times.

.

Ace never was queered but once and that was when he came to me with tears in his eyes

and begged for a quarter to get his breakfast. I thought he was more thirsty than hungry but I took him to a nearby restaurant and had a good breakfast set before him. The more the waiter brought in the less hungry did Ace seem. Finally he gave it up and said he would have to go to see the doctor he felt sick at his stomach and would I lend him a quarter to get some medicine, but I did not. Ace has never been hungry since or at least he never mentioned it to me.

* * *

I don't believe that wealth brings happiness. Happiness is from within and if you are as poor as the proverbial church mouse you can be happy if you wish too.

* * *

The tendency now a days among the laboring classes is to rob capital of its power. Union labor or organized labor is attempting to shorten the hours and raise wages that no increment shall remain for capital employed. When this is achieved what will be the result? Simply this; people who have capital will refuse to erect factories and put men to work for mere philanthropy. They will take their ease and live off the capital already in their hands. Then the working classes will have to do one of two things organize their own factories and furnish employment for themselves on a co-operative basis or starve. It is easy to be seen that the capitalist can stand the lock out longer than the man who lives from hand to month on what he earns. It remains to be

seen whether or not among the laboring classess there are men of enough business sagacity to build and operate factories, shops and mills without capital.



MOOCHA SABA SAYS:

If you must steal, steal judiciously.

* * *

Think twice and then shut up.

* * *

The Lord loveth a cheerful giver. So the preacher says.

* * *

It is sometimes better to have loved and lost than to have won.

* * *

One bird and a bottle cost more than two birds in the bush.

* * *

Time is money. If some people could cash theirs at fifty per cent discount they would be rich.

* * *

Charity begins at home and if you are charitable at home you won't have time for much more.

* * *

If all the pulpits were filled with women preachers, would the attendance increase or diminish? "Ask the man."

THE DOLLAR OWES ITS VALUE TO SUFFERING

We have many finance doctors. There are inflators and contractors; advocates of white, yellow, green, hard and soft moneys. There are those who spend their time relieving the distress caused by forcing up the value of the dollar.

Charity, in whatever form it is practiced, is harmful, clumsy and quackish. It advertises poverty in a wrong light; making it appear as a necessity because of the incapacity of the individual—because of a natural weakness of the human race—because it is God's will. There is but one form of Charity deserving the name—that which helps man to help himself. The way it is usually worked is a disgrace to intelligence.

The Board of Charity is a sort of a patent medicine the people use for God's sake or for the sake of somebody fully as far fetched. Its method of operation is soliciting money from rich men and slobbering over them for their great liberality.

One of these fellows, we will say he is a rocky sort of a fellow, is called upon and gives a check for \$1,000; with this he buys the ears of the chairman of the charity society long enough to spin a homily on industry, Sunday

schools, Baptist churches or any other church allee samee, or on donations to libraries, colleges etc. He will remark: how many thousands more of these beautiful churches and colleges we could have if the poor were only trained into industry and frugality and neither last nor least into a love and fear of God. By the way, before I forget it, what have the poor to fear or love about such a God, a God of the jobber, the man who jobs the financial world until he can corner all the souls he wants for lust and turn as many as will go into misery and penury? Wouldn't it be lovely if 20.000,000 men in these United States were worth \$20,000,000 each? Every mother's son-of-a-gun of them could build himself a church and a college. One for his head and one for his feet and between them a library, to mark his resting place. Of course colleges and churches and libraries would get to be dead common monuments to mark the resting places of great men. But really would men be great then? To be rich would be a disgrace. Some fellow, to immortalize himself, would offer a potters' field as a reward to the man who was most successful in unloading capital. A god who would come down and go fishing with the poor, spit on clay and make salve for the eyes and not be too dignified to eat, sleep and associate generally with the poor, and when the assessor came around put in nit as his stock in store and even aver to the officer that he had no place except the wide world, (which the millionaires were desirous of giving up) on which to lay his head, would be strictly in

it. There would be a rush to unload and the water would spill out of the stock; we'd have another flood. Food would get so cheap it would stink, like manna of old, because it had been so long refused a belly. Europe against the balance of the world would contend for the lion's share of the 400,000,000,000,000 that had become useless to rich Americans. After the war was over and Tommy Atkins went marching home with a Chines pigtail in one hand and a Jap's bald spot in the other he would set up an aristocracy and soon there would be a division of labor and spoils until some would have none when it came to eating, and others would have none at tax time.

Let us return to the homily maker. He gives a thousand dollars to charity and the same morning rakes off a million, in other words he sends 1,000 souls to destruction and restores the price of one to charity. You say this is not true? I say poverty is just as necessary to the rich man as his gold, for poverty gives gold its value. The greater the concentration of wealth the more blowzy and lousy its complement. Every time the man of \$10,000,000 wealth looks in a glass he should turn it and there he ought to see 10,000 wry faces, dirty, ragged, hungry, sick, criminal and insane. It does not alter the fact that he is a man of refinement, gentle, loving, beautiful. He should be. The quintessence of 10,000 lives boiled down into one man ought to make an angel of him. It does not alter the law of compensation for the man of wealth to say: "If I don't do it some one else will."

Mr. Rockefeller is said to have an income of \$25,000 per day. When he is enjoying his breakfast and looking over the stock quotations he can flatter himself that he has sent just 25 human souls to hell in the past twenty-four hours; not his Baptist hell, but a real hell that no God has condescended to sacrifice his life for, at least no god of fortune that I know of—a real hell built by crowned King Dollar, so little understood, yet so greatly loved by mankind. Twenty-five ruined souls a day or 9,125 to the bad every year. How many colleges and churches will it take to compensate for this great waste of energy?

- Every time a jobber can go to bed \$1,000 ahead of what healthful compensation would assign him, he can credit himself with creating one povertyaire. He can flatter himself that he has shackled mentally, morally, physically and financially one human being. Don't kick me and declare me a calamity howler. I haven't anything to do with the natural laws that govern these matters. The law works whether it is understood or not, or whether or not I exist. We continue to grow and have life even if we don't know why. The gun goes off and kills us even if we don't know that it is loaded. The debauchee can squander his thousands on wine and women every night, and at the doling of the last dollar of each thousand a human soul is consigned to hell. I'm not saying what man's duty is. I'm simply saying what the laws of compensation

are forcing out of our sociological scheme we call Christian civilization.

Wealth is all right if understood and used right. Electricity is all right when used right. Wealth is a form of power. A wealthy man is a power for good if his power is utilized in the proper direction. The wrong that is committed in building a fortune renders its possessor incapable of distributing his power in the right direction. It is impossible for a man to think wrong to a certain period in life then all at once change to right thinking. Wrong thinking must be cultivated for years to make it successful, and the right requires years of practice to arrive at a time when the best is evolved. There is a sort of unctuous flattery used by the public toward rich men and riches generally. We talk of the good done by wealth, etc. There is about as much sense in such talk, as in giving out the idea that when gravity reaches about such a degree of power it will reverse its action. Wealth is a force generated in one way and travels in that specific direction; it is as fixed as the magnet; there is but one way to utilize it and that is for us to adjust ourselves to it. When we undertake to use Niagara's power we do not reverse its order do we? When we undertake to protect ourselves against lightning or any of nature's elements we don't do it by changing nature's plan? The forces that direct and control any given phenomenon are specific, and a like action can and must be expected from them. If we would utilize the power of a given phe-

nomenon we must call upon forces not native to it. Wealth requires a specific type of energy to create it. If it is to be utilized for good it must be taken hold of, controlled and directed by powers acting diametrically opposite to those that create it. It is against all logic of creation to have a self-destroying creator. We need wealth creators. They should be taken hold of and their power utilized for good. Fire, water and electricity are harnessed for man's good; why shall not wealth and its producers be? One rich man doesn't amount to much unless he possesses sufficient wealth to tamper with the organization of the government. Suppose 10,000,000 men hold the balance of power over 90,000,000, is it reasonable that there will be anything in common between them? No! Their wants must be opposite to make what they each want valuable.

What makes riches valuable? Their opposite, of course. The more suffering, the more loss of blood, the more of life sacrificed, the more millions that can be made to cry out with hunger, the more death-like the human face can be drawn, the more like a demon the human voice can be made to shriek, the more the welkin can be made to resound by the cries of the widow, the orphan, the criminal, the insane, the more valuable is the almighty dollar; then it is that the hoarded lucre of the rich man swells with value. Quack financial doctors declare that all we need is more dollars. More dollars!! Great Orthodox God!!! Have you no conscience? Are you ignorant? Can't

you see that the dollar can't be made valuable without human sacrifice? And would you have more made? Cemeteries have served their purpose in increasing the value of gold.

The National cemeteries with their millions of dead are worth nothing now, they have served their purpose in raising the values, but with death ends the purchasing power of human sacrifice. It takes live men and women, and babes. They must be alive; it matters not if they are skin and bones; they must be suffering to be of value. Like the negro in slavery, a dead negro was worthless, but so long as he had breath in him and could suffer he was of money value. The moment breath leaves the human body the dollar suffers. The life of man is just as necessary to the purchasing power of the dollar as the dollar is necessary to the comfort of man. Every pulse beat of man is registered on his dollar. It is a fact however that just in the proportion that human suffering is ameliorated the value of the dollar decreases. Is the rich man to blame? He is not to blame for the law of compensation any more than he is for the laws of gravity, the sun's rays or anything else belonging to nature, but he is to blame for being such an ignoramus as not to try to understand the laws that are necessary to his existence; and for standing like the child of a heathen with closed eyes and folded hands, supplicating the orb of mental night for relief instead of studying the law of cause and effect. The heathen was compelled to shut his

eyes because of the brightness of his god, but the modern worshipper is compelled to shut his eyes to keep from seeing his duty; and his petition is to the god of darkness. Give us back the sun worshipper; he is the more excusable.

The value of money depends upon want. If no one wants anything then the dollar is useless. If man won't see this he must go on, like the vampire that he is, sucking the blood of his brother, and then wonder, like the idiot that he is, why his brother complains. No men are useful to us who have wants similar to our own and whose modes of seeking relief are the same as ours. The money lender must have borrowers; he must have people hard up. The undertaker has no use for live men, his money is in dead ones. The doctor may speak to a well man whom he meets on the street, but a sick man is his delight. The preacher is delighted to meet the man who is going to heaven over his route provided he has something more than just enough to purchase the ticket. He likes to find people who are concerned about the here after; as a rule he doesn't care for persons of my style, because my thoughts are too worldly. Yes, my thoughts are worldly and I intend to keep them working worldly-wise until I get to heaven or hell, and then I hope I shall not lose my disposition of busying myself about things that concern which ever place I am consigned to. One world at a time is a large job for most minds, in my opinion. It would be well for people to

better understand the laws governing this world; then everything being equal they should know more of the other world for it is by analogy that we must figure on the unseen, at least that is the way reason directs. Unfortunately everything works just the other way. People who have childish perceptions and conceptions—who know the least of this world, its laws of cause and effect can tell us all about the other world. When they see poverty of mind and body they don't recognize a human being who has been forced from the only channel in which he was able to exist into unfamiliar environments and left to die, but they see in him a man who has turned his back upon his God and is suffering. As well may we say of the cattle left on the grassless hills shut out from the fertile valley by barbed wire: they deserve to starve; they had no business going up into those sand hills. As well find fault with the domesticated bird for not being able to fly. As well punish the raving maniac, which we once did. Should the man without legs be damned for not dancing in a world where dancing is legal tender? Should the man without arms be damned where hugging is the sine qua non? If a man has none of the instincts of the money changer is he to suffer in every way because he lives in a world of mammon? Because the average intelligence is represented by such a vast army of people, all with mediocre and varying talents, shall they be forced into a mold and made to look, act and think alike?

And all be forced to work at something at which they are perhaps least qualified to become expert?

In our schools we begin this molding of human life to one pattern. Even if a boy is gifted in originality—and all children have their little specialties if they could be known and respected—he is forced to be an ape. Individual inclination is ignored. Our training is directed to meet a specific requirement, namely, money getting. The education is with the view of, what is the money value? If the attainments prove of no money value, that individual is lost. If the boy is mediocre in his profession, it means he has no faculty for winning money. The need of money and the money earning power have stimulated such rivalry that merit, modesty and skill are crowded out and their places filled oftener than humanity is willing to admit, by chicanery, trickery and absolute lack of skill. This condition will exist so long as money reigns King. When all men have equal skill as painters, paintings will be valueless. When all men have equal power and equal opportunity to make money it will have no value. It is inequality that makes values, hence the remedy for social ills must come from a study of social compensation, and then to derive any benefit man must turn his back upon petty selfishness and accord equal value to equal effort in a free-for-all field with all handicaps removed. Immense wealth means immense sufferings. Is it worth what it costs?—*The Stuffed Club*.

PHILOSOPHICAL MUSINGS

BY "KRUNISS"

It is now generally conceded by all scholars, that the human race has been evolved from a lower order of beings, and that the story of a special creation of a pair of human beings from whom the people who now inhabit the earth originally sprang is a myth. Time was no doubt when the highest and most intelligent being on the earth was inferior to the higher order of apes and gorillas now extant. The reason why many are so averse to accepting this fact, is, because they think it humiliating to have to admit having decended from such plebeian stock. It is a blow at the whole idea of aristocracy, blue blood and good family. But let us remember that it was a long time ago that our ancestors were tree dwellers with hair clad bodies, arms much longer than their legs and with comparatively little brains in their heads. In process of time, how long we cannot say, some specimen of the animal from which primitive man came—were a little in advance intellectually of their immediate progenitors. The law of evolution operating then as it does now and by natural selection and the survival of the fittest kept raising the race higher and higher with each succeeding generation. Man began to think—to have ideas,—to have forethought, to wonder

why and wherefore and to reason. The moral sense was gradually developed. He saw that some things were good and that others were evil. There seemed to be two great and powerful forces in nature. These became his Gods, and naturally to be supplicated and appeased in ways of his own invention. He was for ages the victim of superstitions and illusions born of his ignorance, and fear. He placated his imaginary Gods by sacrificing his children, his wife, his kindred, members of his tribe, his prisoners of war. Later he concluded the sacrifice of animals would do—then the products of his labor of his fields, vineyards and gardens. It took centuries and centuries to disburse his mind of the idea that God must be appeased, bribed, cajoled, flattered into being good to him. Even in this enlightened age and in countries where civilization and enlightenment have reached the highest point we observe remnants of this ancient superstitions. But the greatest minds, the most advanced thinkers, those for whom evolution has done most, know that if there is a God he does not need nor want any of these things. That a good honorable upright humane life is more pleasing to him than sacrifices. If there is any hereafter that those who have been true to their reason and to their own honest convictions and have tried to do their duty to the best of their ability will be taken care of. That their future state will not depend so much upon what they have believed as it will upon how they have lived.

DEAR CHIEF.

Replying to yours of 21st., the names are in a book that I could not conveniently send away, but can have them copied here, or could leave the matter until you come down here, or I visit Morgantown.

I am, indeed, glad to know that your beneficial influence, through your fine little magazine, is getting such a world-wide field, and that the New Thought has another powerful propagator.

I am interested in the New Thought in a general way, but my special hobby is Sexology, and I would like very much to establish a magazine devoted exclusively to that vital subject, but entirely different from anything of the kind that has ever been published. I would like to make a Review of Reviews of it—a kind of reservoir for everything published on every phase of the subject. I have written what I call “A Sexual Creed” that I would like to have you read. It is still in manuscript.

I would like very much to get the names and addresses of all persons interested in the Sex question, from a New Thought standpoint, especially in this vicinity, and would be very much obliged to you for any aid that you could give me in the matter.

Fraternally Yours,

LOUIS J. LIVINGSTON,



A THOUGHT.

A man never becomes a father through a sense of patriotism or duty. He makes no sacrifices to become a father. The fact that he is a father is merely the natural result of satisfied pleasures—consequently the father owes to the son a duty—that of care, protection and education—of putting the son in a position in the world where he will be able to hold his own, be a burden to no one—and do as his father did before him.

The son is indebted to the father for nothing. It is not even his duty to say “thanks” for the care his father bestows on him (though it is a beautiful sentiment to show a feeling of gratitude).

It is not the son’s fault he is here. It was not his wish. His “being” is altogether the result of the father’s physical desires,

In normal cases, the care and attention given the son is more than repaid by the joy of possession—even if ’twere not so, it would be but a case of paying for past pleasures, (or indiscretions).

No man has the right to feel proud of his fatherhood—for, it is nothing but a “condition” the cause of which he has had little or no control over.

The law compelling a child to care for a parent contains a beautiful sentiment but very little good sense.

. K.

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THE COMRADE FOR MARCH.

The March issue of the Comrade is from every point of view, typographical, artistic and literary, the most magnificent number of that magazine, which ever appeared. The leading feature is a fine antique of Wagner's much talked of music-drama, "Parsifal," by Professor George A. Herron. This is the first time that "Parsifal" has been dealt with from a socialist point of view, and is sure to be widely noted. The article which is especially copyrighted, is profusely illustrated with a number of beautiful engravings. Bertha Howell Mailly contributes a paper upon the coal miners' strike in Colorado, illustrated with photographs and Editor Spargo has a trenchant paper on the Class War, in Colorado, giving the fullest and most detailed account of the metaliferous miners strike which has yet appeared. Other articles are a criticism of Ernest Crosby's recent utterance on socialism, by Alexander E. Wright, an article occasioned by the anniversary of the death of John P. Altgeld, by Frank Stuhlman and a somewhat startling article by John Murray, entitled "John Chinaman—socialist?" in which he discusses the possibility of a rapid socialist advance in China. In addition to the article on Colorado mentioned, Editor Spargo has an illuminating and helpful editorial on the futility of expecting social progress by appealing to the individual to "be good," a fine sheaf of book reviews and a poem. The frontispiece is a fine reproduction of Walter Crane's famous painting "Freedom"—ten cents. The Comrade Co-operative Co., 11 Cooper Square, New York. Also for sale at this office.



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THE CHIEFS Print Shop

In the town of Morgantown, State of West Virginia to-wit: The Chief has a print shop where there are from twenty-five to fifty braves and Little Brown Squaws busy printing and binding books and such like, and thus it is that many a pappoose is saved from hunger. If any of the Tribe have books they want printed or bound; let them write to the Chief. We do our work pretty well for everybody we will do it particularly well for members of the Tribe. Address,

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