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BEACON COMPANY,

(Incorporated)

Aberdeen, S. D.

The Ghourki.

Published from time to time in the interest of the readers and 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.

We pay for no contributions and charge nothing for printing those we accept.

You can join the Ghourki Tribe and get this booklet 12 times for 25 cents.

We would send it free if the paper was not so expensive

All that is required for you to be a member of the Tribe is that you have due reverence for the Chief and 25c in change.

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BACK NUMBERS

of the GHOURKI WANTED

The demand for early numbers of the GHOURKI continues and I can't find any about the wigwam. If any of the Braves or Little Brown Squaws can find any of the following numbers I would be glad to pay them ten cents a copy if they will send them to me. These ones I need.

Volume I. Numbers 1, 2, and 3
Volume II. Number 3

Bound Volumes of the Ghourki

There are but a few but while they last, I'll sell them as follows:

Volume I. substantially bound	
.....	2.00
Volume II. bound just as good..	1.50
Volume III. just out.....	1.00

*May Manitou smile
upon the Trib.*

The Chief,

MORGANTOWN : : : W. VA.

HOWARD LLEWELLYN SWISHER

E D I T O R

The Ghourki



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

In many states, perhaps in all of them, are Reform Schools for boys and Industrial Schools for girls. These schools have for their object the correcting of young criminals with a view of making good citizens of them. I doubt not that in many instances these schools are in the hands of persons who, having obtained their positions as political favors, have little conception of the Godlike work they are engaged in, but the results as a whole justify the existence of these schools, and the idea on which they are founded is a correct one. But why does the idea of reforming criminals stop so far short of what may be accomplished? Why should not the underlying principle in all lockups, jails and penitentiaries be the idea of reforming the unfortunates within their walls and instead of turning them out more hardened and bitter, make them better when they come out than when they

6 T h e G h o u r k i

Nine-tenths of the people who belong to the church in the United States do not believe there is any hell, but they are too cowardly to say so. They bend their heads to a confession of beliefs that in their hearts they know is a lie. It is the hypocrisy that does harm. It is hypocrisy that dwarfs and dries up the soul. Let us be honest, fearless, and if necessary godless, but let us not pretend to believe that which we do not believe.

* * *

If God created man and at the same time created a bottomless pit to burn him in and provided a forked tailed devil to jab him in the ribs with a three tined fork to keep him roasting well, then this God is more heartless than the devil he created to do his fiendish work. We are told that God is Love. I think any one with reason can reconcile the idea of a loving God creating hell is more than I can understand. Such a God would be a disgrace to a Fiji Islander. My friends, loyal Tribesmen, I tell you there is no hell except that which we suffer here or create by our own acts or that other of our fellow tribesmen equally fallible like ourselves create for us.

* * *

Let us change the old formula and say Love is God.

* * *

It should be the aim of every creature on this earth to get as much joy out of this life as possible. To hell with those who w

make us wear a long face or do other penance to please or worship some God afar off. Away with long faced piety. A smile is what we need. Amen corners are full of thieves and murders, if not in actual fact in heart at least.

* * *

In seeking happiness for ourselves we find much of it in making others happy. A smile here, a cheerful word there and a helpful hand to all not only give joy to those we associate with, but are returned to us four fold.

* * *

There is a story of Fighting Bob Evans that I have heard but have never seen in print. It seems to me to be worth repeating. Evans one Sunday chanced to stray into one of those whited sepulchres known in everyday life as a Fashionable Church, Seeing a vacant pew he dropped into it, and proceeded to listen to the sermon or to look upon the fair sisters I don't know which. Soon a pompous Son of Adam dressed in the latest cut and carrying a due weight of averdupoise came along the isle, looked at Bob sternly and finally took a seat directly back of him. In a minute or two Fighting Bob found a note thrust into his hand by the said pompous gentleman. Opening it he read:

Dear Sir:—You are occupying my pew. I paid two thousand dollars a year for that pew.

SIR HENRY PORKPACKER.

The fighting captian was startled and aroused. Turning the paper over he wrote

on the back of it: "You paid too dam much for it."

And passed it back.

* * *

Most persons who have been converted show they thought more of themselves in the old life than in the new, as they are continually regaling us with stories of how infernally ornery they used to be.

* * *

It is proverbial and I guess it's true that preachers' sons are a little above the average in cussedness and many people wonder why it is that such good men have such worthless children. I'll tell you why preachers' boys are so worthless. They have modeled themselves after their illustrious dads. They have gone to hear their fathers preach and have seen the sham and pretense of it all. They have seen their fathers at home and have found that instead of being the exalted persons that they pretended to be in the pulpit they were indeed very human, sometimes inhuman. Then like a pendulum these same preachers sons swing off to the extreme of lawlessness and recklessness. Thus we see the accumulated cussedness of the father finding an outlet in the son.

* * *

Let me say again to you all my Loyal Braves and Little Brown Squaws, that I want you to help spread the Ghourki Gospel. You know if you send ten names and one dollar I send you Briar Blossoms as a gift and besides

I send the Ghourki to the ten friends (or enemies) whose names you send. I think you will agree with me that I am not trying to get rich from publishing the Ghourki. No my dear, I am not. The world needs the Ghourki Gospel of rightliving, good cheer and independent thinking worse than I need the money.

* * *

Edward Earle Purinton, author of *The Soul in Silhouette*, has been sick in New York for some time. I know the friends of this brilliant young apostle of freedom will be glad to hear that he is better. To every one of the Tribe he sends wireless greetings of love and good cheer.

* * *

The public mind is agitated today with ideas of political and financial reform. The curtain has been drawn slightly aside and all have had a chance to see the big fellows gambling for the possessions of the great bulk of humanty. Frenzied Finance and Equitable Scandals are the order of the day. Never mind, dear, good will come of it all. The game used to be played among kings for the lives of their subjects, but now it is principally for property. This is a peculiar world; we boast of our independence, but the most of us are like sheep, dumb before our shearers. Honor to the men who have put us wise to what is going on. After we have been sheared a little more and squeezed a little more we will some day arouse ourselves and take these Napole-

ons of Finance and Emperors of Politics by the seat of the pants and throw them into the trash pile where they belong. It takes the people a long while to make up their minds to do a thing, but they work fast when they get started. Let us wait, but while we wait let us work for the betterment of the condition of ourselves and our fellow beings. The political conscience is becoming more acute all the time. People are now going about with bullseyes looking for honest men to fill public office and they are finding a few. After awhile it will become fashionable for public officials to be honest. The Tribe prays for the day to hasten.

* * *

My Loyal friends, farewell, till the moon changes. May some new and particular joy come into your lives between this and my Julymessage to you. May Manitou smile on you.



FROM HER.

Tell me, Dear Chief, are the people who by reading it make **The Ghourki** possible, of the sort who call Whitman immoral?

And, anyway, isn't it just a bit out of date for people of any sort to call him immoral, no matter how successful they may be in failing to appreciate his greatness

It strikes me that the existence of a woman, superb or otherwise, who needs as tremendous a force as Whitman to arouse the mother in her, is proof that marriage is not only a success, but is an actual necessity.

In natural little girls the mother buds at the doll stage.

Later, babies being denied many of us give the sentiment to a father, a brother, or possibly a fox-terrier.

Whitman to arouse the **Mother** in a normal woman is a sledge-hammer to kill a butterfly.

Any plain, ordinary every-day man whom we can love, wakes the mother instinct in the coldest of us. It isn't as rare a blossom as Victor Robinsoll seems to think.

And I think Whitman calls us through rational living to spiritual heights so remote that most of us need a powerful telescope even to locate them.

Yet Blessed Tolerance, and persistent following of our individual lights may one day set our feet on the Open Road to the Heights.

So much depends upon the point of view. I say the History of Progress is written in one

word: **Obedience.** No real progress ever did or ever will come in any other way than by obedience to **Law.** Our business is to know the Law and live it, that's all. It sounds simple, but is it?

And a person who can calmly characterize the reaching out of the human soul toward the light, through all the ages, in all religions, as "mythical mush," is too blind even to be an object of pity. The stone blind man does not strenuously urge large appropriations for street lighting.

I say let people keep what they find useful. When we are lucky enough not to need the ladder any more it isn't necessary to kick it down. Why not leave it standing to serve some aspiring comrade who may tomorrow have the same need of it that we had yesterday.

I doubt if liberality can ever be banged into intelligent heads by the clubs of Intolerance, Incivility and Hard Names. These things only antagonize people who are, possibly, using their reasons (so-called) to quite as good ends as we are ours.

When Theology has lived its life it will die without our help.

Why waste all this energy in fighting untruths. The same force directed toward finding Truth might bring results worth having. Lies are negations, dead before they are born. Truth is vital, positive, eternal.

Eternity is a long while. And since it is rather uncertain where we will be next, isn't

it better to use this life searching for something living, than to spend our days killing something that never was alive

I'm ony asking questions. Of course you understand.

It seemed as natural as life to have the Ghourki walk in two months late. That's your patent, Honey. Don't you stand for any infringements. If no one ever did worse, there would be no earthly need of litanies

And So, Greeting to you Dear Chief, and to the whole Tribe, especially the One from Beckley, W. Va. Sincerely,

ONE FROM SAUGERTIES, N. Y.



IN THE PINE CONE GLOW

(REVIEWS OF BOOKS AND THINGS THAT COME
TO THE WIGWAM.)

Olalla sounds good. It rolls around under your tongue like a mouth full of pebbles. Out there at Olalla is the Soundview shop, where they print the **Soundview** and do lots of other things. I have received from the Boss a copy of "Wildwood," a neatly made little book which reads as smooth as a meadow brooklet. It is a dainty volume as fresh and wholesome as a June garden. The Boss tells me they give a copy of it with every subscription to **Soundview**. Ask the Boss about it. Address Soundview Company, Olalla. Washington.

* * *

Just a tiny booklet called the Perfect Life has strayed into the wigwam. I print herewith a letter I received with the booklet:

119 East 15th St.,
New York, June 30, 1905.
The Chief of the Tribe, "The Ghourki,"
Morgantown, W. Va.

Dear Sir:—Often enough I have seen your Ad. in the papers and have intended to join your tribe, though I do not know what you are doing. I enclose herewith the 25c asked for joining.

At the same time I mail you the enclosure "The Perfect Life," which is going to introduce my book "THE SOLUTION OF LIFE'S

PROBLEMS." Whoever would kindly assist me in selling my pamphlet, would do me a great favor and serve a good cause. I do not imagine to reform humanity, but many drops fill the ocean, and many words have to be sent out into the world before the general truths are made known.

I sell the copy of "THE PERFECT LIFE" for 10 cents; 15 copies for \$1.00; 50 copies for \$3.00; 100 copies for \$5.00, to be delivered C. O. D., expressage paid by myself.

If you can give me the addresses of such persons willing to handle my literature under these conditions, I would be greatly obliged to you.

With my best wishes for your success, I am,

Yours respectfully,

ADOLPHINE CHARLOTTE HINGST.

* * *

If you should be interested in a course of self knowledge for the parent and child there is a book in paper covers called Truth published by the author, Earle Stemlar Cullums of Springfield, Ohio. I think he sells the book at one dollar, but would no doubt send it on suspicion to good and loyal members of The Tribe, who might ask for it. Write to him and encourage him. We are all seeking for truth.

* * *

To Mae Lawson Herself I am indebted for a copy of The Arya published at Madras, India. I have not looked into it much but it seems as full of mysticism as Mae Herself.

I get a lot of pamphlets from the Unitarian Association every once in awhile. The latest is entitled *Why Go to Church?* Will my Loyal Brave Bernie Madera, of Morgantown, please answer?

* * *

The **Ingersoll Beacon** is a new one to me. Here is the inscription from it's title page:

"I beong to the great church that holds the world within its starlit aisles; that claims the great and good of every race and clime; that finds with joy the grain of gold in every creed, and floods with light and love the germs of good in every soul.—Ingersoll.

I wish we had a few more Ingersolls, whose lightning of reason and thunder of oratory might clear up the spiritual atmosphere made foul with the vaporings of gospel hirelings.

* * *

The **Occasional One** grows steadily in size and I am hopeful that the editors pocketbook grows with it. A Walton Damon is the editor, Dunkirk, New York.

* * *

New Thought Sun says "Success belongs alone to him who claims it." And that's no pipe dream. I'll hold up to scorn some other of my exchanges in the July number.

QUATRAINS

I.—THE PRIEST.

On every corner slinks the priest,
With magistrate in call,
'Tis time his-gospel-gossip ceased
And Science taught to all.

II.—THE SONG.

I heard a maiden hum a tone,
In voice untrained and wrong,
But, ah! her face in glory shone,
And was the sweetest song.

III.—SUPERSTITION.

A superstition overthrown,
May raise again its head,
But Superstition once outgrown,
Remains forever dead.

VICTOR ROBINSOLL.

KANAWHA FALLS, 5-5-'05.

Dear Chief—I rec'd the back numbers of Vol. III all right, yesterday evening, and am much obliged by your kindness in sending them. I have received the first three numbers (Jan., Feb. and Mar.) of Vol. IV. If April and May are out kindly see that they are sent to me soon, as I always like to get the Little Brown Book as soon after it is printed as possible, and to experience the hour of real intellectual pleasure its perusal affords for——

*Its contents are varied as the forms of art.

Made up of sparkling literary gems.

Flowers plucked from the rich garden of the
mind

To make for Genius fitting diadems.

In disseminating our *own* views and trying to convince people that they have the *right* to think for themselves—that it is their *duty* to think for themselves—and what they think is as apt to be the truth as what any one else thinks, we must show that we are actuated by good and true motives. We are not merely Iconoclasts, but we recognize that it is necessary for people to have a religion and a code of ethics, but we think they should have a natural and scientific basis. While superstitious beliefs and absurd doctrines may appeal to and to some extent influence the lives and actions of the ignorant—they are not effective with the enlightened because they cannot believe them. And let us remember also “that actions speak louder than words,” that example is better than precept.”

*The Ideal Magazine, 3 vs. by J. Cal. W.

That by our fruits we shall be judged. Therefore let our righteousness (our general course in life) be at least as good and if possible even better (really and practically) than that of the church people. Thus we shall demonstrate to the world that it is possible to be good without believing error—or being actuated by hope of future reward or the fear of future punishment. When our friends see that we are sincere and honest in our convictions and that our position is supported by reason and truth, they will join with us in our efforts to promote intelligence, right, justice and humanity.

Yours sincerely,

J. CAL. WATKINS.

FLASHES FROM THE FLINT

To preach a New Gospel is no crime.
To persecute a New Gospel is a crime.

* * *

Religion takes away our attention from earth—something which should never be done until every man, woman and child have enuf bread to eat, enuf clothes to wear, a home to lay their heads, and just a little time to love, laugh and loafe.

* * *

One Summer's day I tramped the woods with Elbert Hubbard. We came to a mud-puddle. I saw a tadpole. I tried to get it. It disappeared. "It's a theologian," laughed Hubbard; "it goes down into the mud."

Do you think when I ask you to eliminate one superstition, I will give you another in its place? Do you think I will tell you not to worship three Gods but one? Say, what does the surgeon do when he cuts a cancer from your breast? Does he put another tumor in its place? Know that I am an iconoclast; it is my business to tear the weeds out of your life, so the flowers can grow.

* * *

There is much satisfaction in work well done, praise is sweet, but there can be no happiness equal to the joy of finding a Heart that Understands.

* * *

The Man of Sorrows has caused millions to become Men of Sorrows.

* * *

Medical science and research will continue as long as our planet revolves on its axis, but the day is coming when medicines will decrease, and demand for drugs be slight. That day will be when the average individual knows enuf about his own body, or her own body to properly care for it; that day will be when we get close to Nature, and realize that after all, she is the only great life-giving source. The man who walks in the morn while the dew is yet upon the grass, who pitches the new-mown hay, swings the ax, or makes uses of the steel-toothed saw, who climbs the hills where the flowers toss their heads and the cows moo and lay down, where the rustling leaves mingle their music with

the singing birds, and the deep lull-lull of the murmuring brook from the valley is heard; who is wooed by the winds, who looks straight into the face of the shining sun, who stretches his arms, expands his chest and breathes in life! life! life!—this man has little need of medicine. He absorbs no poisons into his system, and he needs no antidotes. Toxicology is to him a superfluity. Nature never went to college, has no degrees, has earned no diplomas, but is a pretty good doctor, and her fees are always reasonable.

* * *

It is a grand thing to be ahead of your age, to be a beacon light upon the highway of progress, to shatter idols, to battle silly taboos, to crack custom's chains, to reveal new truths, to hold aloft new lights, but you must pay the penalty, the penalty that the infant Truth always pays to the giant Falsehood.

* * *

Crabs walk backwards, and only a man with such proclivities will tell an aspiring youth, "Hold on, you're going too fast."

* * *

He who uses force to propagate his ideas, aims the bullet at himself.

* * *

The Christians destroyed the writings of Sappho. Destroyed them so completely, that at the present day we have only about 400 of her lines, gathered chiefly from the quotations of other authors. With these few fragments before us, we see that Sappho is the supreme

poetess of the world. We can understand why Plato called her "the Tenth Muse." We can understand why Sophocles cried, "O gods, what love, what yearning contributes to this!" Sappho loved her life away. That much we know. 'Tis about all we do know of her. Sappho is a guess—the sweetest guess in the world. She lived 2500 years ago, and the thought of her still perfumes, refreshes, and sweetens the earth. From her rich blooming garden, there is left to us, only a leaf or two. Of her wondrous thrilling songs, we have only here and there a sad and lonely note. The Christians destroyed her writings. An unclean gang of eunuchs destroyed what they can never replace. To offer the New Testament in the stead of the love-songs of the Lesbian Nightingale, is giving a stone to a world which cries for bread!

VICTOR ROBINSOLL.

MORE ABOUT THE GHOURKI

In calling ourselves Ghourki or Gourkites, we who belong to the tribe in this country do not claim that we are lineal descendants of the Gourki people of India whose ancestors we believe were Slavic Aryans, whose place of origin was in the vicinity of the Baltic sea, but who invaded and spread eastward in Asia long before Greece and Rome were ever thought of, and probably before 2300 B. C. We, like them, are of the Aryan race but we feel a sort of spiritual and mental kinship and sympathy with those people because of their courage, innate love of

liberty, sturdy independence, noble qualities and natural elevation of mind. We dwellers of the hills believe in intellectual liberties, in the right to think for ourselves on all questions, and in the right of free expression of our honest convictions. We do not feel bound to believe things because a great many of our fellow beings do. We claim and exercise the right not to accept what is contrary to our ideas of truth, right and justice. We hold that our minds and reasoning faculties were given us to use in looking into and investigating the problem of life. We are not bound to believe that anything is settled either in the realm of science, theology or philosophy. The truth is what we are looking for and not its popular counterfeit. We would sooner be right than to be either plausible or popular. We do not see any virtue in holding to a popular error or any merit in a blind assent to ancient myths. We do not believe that anybody will ever be condemned, except in this world by narrow-minded bigots, for what they honestly believe. They who continue to believe in what they themselves are convinced is error are the real infidels and they whose minds are bound the real slaves. We believe in right, truth, justice, morality and *humanity*. In doing good to our fellowmen, whom we *can* help, rather than to the Creator, whom we can't help and who don't need our help.

J. CAL WATKINS.

Dear Chief of the Gourki:

Sir—I received my first copy of your most valuable paper this morning, and I am pleased

with your ideas of thought force for the correction of evil minds. I think that our greatest enemy to humanity in general is the preaching of the orthodox creed and the awful demoralizing ideas of a future hell.

The unnatural conditions that they place before the youthful mind in regard to the soul after death is the greatest lot of rot ever placed before a suffering public at this enlightened age, and that they still can make it go as a graft is what surprises me.

Their religion is only fit for a lazy and ungodly creature that never knew the vibrations of a soul.

Their belief in hell will surely give us people of the modern Christian life enough employment for the next ten centuries to relieve them from their ingrown ideas of God.

Do you know I often doubt if some of them possess a soul at all.

For as a man soweth so shall he reap, and what are they to reap?

I think the traditional mustard seed would have room to spare.

For some of them, yes they will find their hell, but I only hope they will find it on earth so they may be free from such demoralizing ideas in spirit. But I fear their minds are contaminated with an error that they will pass many moons in finding the home of the true soul.

So you look for evidence of the future life among the faking craft of magicians.

My dear sir, you are on the wrong trail. I, as a clairvoyant, can assure you will never be able

to locate the small still voice among conceit and deception, for such was not the birth of the good things of life.

Rather search diligently among the evergreen trees along the banks of the tranquil river of the true and higher life. Seek and ye shall find.

But court not deception, for such is not the kingdom of heaven, and the tree of life flourishes not in an evil mind.

Now don't think me a religious crank. But really the truth of seeing comes very near producing the true effects of belief.

If these things do not come to grief in the waste basket I will some time in the future try to give you some of my productions from spirit life.

I. PHILLIP MONDEL.

Oklahoma City, Okla.



HEMET, Calif., May 13, 1905.

MR. H. L. SWISHER,
Editor "Ghourki,"

Morgantown, W. Va.:

Dear Chief—In the April number a complainant says, among other things, "——but did you take only one hour to considereing God's *intention in permitting* such disasters!"

As this remark represents the thought of many at the present time, we will consider it collectively and not personally. But I must say, *en passant*, that our Brother would do well to study his own Bible, particularly Gen. I and II, before he enters the Ecclesiastical Arena. If he objects to man

being made in God's image, I protest against a return of the compliment.

But our especial quarrel is with this conception of an extra-cosmic Deity who "permits" such disasters. Let me quote a bit from my "Rubaiyat."

O God, Thou hast the aspects in this Day,
Of all the Orthodox who praise and pray;
Thou hast a finger in each Human Pie
And givest here a Plum—there tak'st away!

Shall heaven's Archangels keep much longer
mute

And not this awful blasphemy refute?

Or do they smile to hear "enlightened man"
Give attributes unto the Absolute!

"The Lord gives and the Lord takes away" they piously say at birth and death; and only recently I heard a Preacher remark something about "the beautiful children God *has given me.*" I was too full for sound or foam! It may be comforting to lay it all to the Lord, but who will deny that in such instances man gives Him a pretty strong *hint*? And under present conditions there is often little regret when the Giver turns Indian-Given.

And with characteristic consistency these same people will brand as "illegitimate" a Gift which happens to be accepted without the consent of the Authorities, tho It comes from their Heavenly Father and must perforce be their brother.

How can they worship such an anthropomorphic Deity, made in man's own image, with scourges His children like an insatiable Moloch!

Can they not discern an Eternal, Immutable LAW with which man need only co-operate to have Heaven here and against which he need only pit himself to be broken into bits? Why will they continue to confuse the finite and the Infinite, the personal and the Impersonal? The finite acts and the Infinite is *action*, hence cannot be said to *act*. Who would accuse the Wave of deliberate conscious action in drowning some fool who pits his frail self against it! Per se, it can not drown nor save!

I look upon all man's "troubles" as Karmic—individually and collectively. Then why blaspheme against the Most High? The conditions are His; the will is man's. And I do not here refer to Jehovah, the tribal God of the Jews, whom the early Church Fathers with their characteristic genius of appropriation, took from the Jews along with their Scriptures. It is not surprising that the people still worship this Jehovah (one of the Elohim) expect all sorts of blessings and curses from Him. He might well stand as the patron of war and pillage and other atrocities if what he told Moses is true. Jesus repudiated this Jehovah, speaking of "the Father" tho Christians still confuse the two. Well have the Jews been revenged for the purloining of their God! "The Father" refers esoterically to the Atman (the highest Principle in man) in one sense and to the Immortal Ego which informs a Personality during each incarnation in another, which Personality may well be called "the Son" and yet it is one with the "Father."

Begging pardon for this lengthy infliction, I am,

Very fraternally,

J. HENRY ORME.

OPEN LETTER

NELLIE CAROLYN NICHOLS, the little Sunshine, "Shut-in" of Solon Springs, Wis., has just gotten out a neat little booklet, composed of her own Original Verses and Poems.

They are considered excellent by her many friends.

She is selling them at 25c each, to help get her Cottage completed, which she is building from the sale of her book "Shadows and Sunshine."

Help give her Sunshine by purchasing one or more.

An enthusiastic Scotchman has written to the Power-Book Library these words concerning "Power for Success," which *The Ghourki* has already mentioned. You may as well know that we like that book.

"I am now working your book seventeen months. The solitary man will find in this book a splendid and inspiring companion which will enable him to lead the ideal life. The man of affairs will find it a key to the mastery of self and the winning of others. All the work of my life has led up to this book. It solves all my problems." The books sells at \$10.00—some have declared it worth a \$100.00. Handled by The Power-Book Library, Auburndale, Mass.

LUCIFER--Son of the Morning

*Brightest and best of the Sons of the Morning,
Dawn on our Darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star in the East the Horizon Adorning,
Guide us to TRUTH as in Nature Arrayed.*

LUCIFER stands for Truth Without Fig
Leaves.

LUCIFER stands for **COURAGE**—the
courage of Conviction, and for Manly, yet
Courteous Expression of Opinion.

LUCIFER STANDS FOR LIGHT—For
Light against Darkness, especially the Darkness
of Ignorance.

Lucifer Stands for Reason

Reason against Superstition, and especially
against the superstitions that cluster round
SEX, the Source of all Creative Life.

LUCIFER STANDS FOR FREEDOM—
freedom as against ALL Slaveries, and espec-
ially against the Enslavement of Womanhood
and Motherhood, the oldest and worst of all
forms of slavery and hardest to kill.

LUCIFER stands for the right to be Born
Well—Incomparably the most Important of all
Human Rights.

*"Lucifer is no profane or Satanic title. It is the
Latin Luciferus, the Light Bringer, the Morning
Star."—Webster's Dictionary (1886) page 1621.*

"The application of this passage [Reference to
Lucifer in Isaiah] to Satan and the fall of the Apostate
Angels, is one of those gross perversions of sacred writ
which so extensively obtain and which can be traced to
a proneness to seek for more in a given passage than it
really contains—a disposition to be influenced by sound
rather than sense, and an implicit faith in received in-
terpretations."—Same, page 792.

Lucifer is an eight-page, double-column
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of the GHOURKI WANTED

The demand for early numbers of the GHOURKI continues and I can't find any about the wigwam. If any of the Braves or Little Brown Squaws can find any of the following numbers I would be glad to pay them ten cents a copy if they will send them to me. These ones I need.

Volume I. Numbers 1, 2, and 3
Volume II. Number 3

Bound Volumes of the Ghourki

There are but a few but while they last, I'll sell them as follows:

Volume I. All sold.

Volume II. All sold.

Volume III. just out..... 1.00

*May Manitou smile
upon the Tribe.*

The Chief,

MORGANTOWN : : : W. VA.

HOWARD LLEWELLYN SWISHER

E D I T O R

The Ghourki



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

Speaking of revivals and renewals of faith and determination to do the square thing I wish we could bring the righteous and not sinners to repentance. I would like to see the members of the three learned professions at the mourners bench for a while and have them converted so that they might shout not "I have found the Lord" but "I have found my work." If we could convert this great mass of ecclesiastical legal and medical fungi into a healthy working growth we would benefit society much. These non-productive types are like the soldiery, burdens on the backs of the toilers and the sooner they gotten rid of the better.

* * *

Rather a hopeful sign is that we see many lawyers now engaged in the real estate business

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"Strong and content I travel the Open Road."

—WHITMAN.

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Vol. IV.

No. 1

The Ghourki

When I'm dead don't say I was the best fellow that ever
lived—tell me now.

MOOCHA SABA.



JANUARY

1905

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*J.D.B.

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Vol. IV.

No. 12

The Ghourki

The history of Progress is written in one word:
obedience.—Robinsoll.



DECEMBER

1905

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