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Sept., 1903

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*The*  
**Path-Finder**

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to Philosophy and the Higher Development of the Human Race—  
Physical and Metaphysical.

VOLUME II

NUMBER 12

The World's Advance Herald  
of Perfect Health and Perpet-  
ual Opulence

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ill health, or other adverse conditions in life,  
should read "THE PATHFINDER."  
And equally important is it that the opulent in health and  
purse should gain the knowledge which will insure the  
indefinite prolongation of life, and which these columns  
will disclose.

**EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, Editor.**

THE PATH-FINDER PUBLISHING COMPANY, Roswell, Colorado.

Entered at the Post Office at Roswell, Colo., as second class mail matter.

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ADDRESS ALL ORDERS

THE PATH-FINDER PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
ROSWELL, COLO.

# The Path-Finder

*A Monthly Magazine Devoted to Philosophy and the Higher Development  
of the Human Race—Physical and Metaphysical.*

VOL. II.      ROSWELL, COLORADO, SEPTEMBER, 1903.      No. 12

## The Path-Finder

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, EDITOR.

Published the First of Each Month at  
ROSWELL, COLORADO, U.S.A.

BY

## The Path-Finder Publishing Co.

(INCORPORATED FOR \$1000)

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, Pres't and Mag'r.  
M. E. BENJAMIN, Secretary.

All personal communications intended for the Editor should be addressed to Edgar Wallace Conable and marked *Personal*, and all matters pertaining to business should be addressed to The Path-Finder Publishing Co., as all communications not marked *personal* go directly into the hands of the Secretary of the Company or an assistant.

Roswell is suburban to Colorado Springs but has its own Post-office facilities. It is also a Money Order Office for the United States. Foreign Money Orders must be made payable at Colorado Springs.

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In requesting changes of address, the former address must always be given.

General Eastern Agent, SAMUEL A. BLOCH,  
380 Bashwick Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BY THE EDITOR.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.** BEGINNING with the next issue of THE PATH-FINDER, which will be No. 1 of Vol. 3, all of the available space of this magazine will be taken up with our regular correspondents until the conclusion of the series of autobiographical articles under the heading of "Dead Yesterdays," the first chapter of which will begin with the October issue. Our regular

correspondents are J. Stitt Wilson, Dr. Snoke and Chas. A. Oliva. This announcement is to explain to occasional correspondents the reason for the non-appearance of their manuscript.

UNDER the above heading the New York Sun discusses editorially on a system of dietary that is today the most widely accepted, and is proving the most beneficial, of any system that has been introduced during the past twenty centuries. Thousands of people all over the country are adopting this plan of living and are becoming strong men and women where invalidism had previously held full sway.

But it is most gratifying to the editor of THE PATH-FINDER that such prominent newspapers throughout the country as the New York Sun are bringing to public attention these matters of right living. The whole world is interested in bettering its condition, especially from a health standpoint; and to be in perfect health means permanent opulence. This is what the writer is striving for—opulence in every walk of life. A clean, strong body is the constructive force that establishes a clear, forceful intellect. No one can long remain in the slough of despond whose body and intellect are both in active competition for the better things in life.

"The Conable System," as the Sun is pleased to put it, insures that higher state of physical and mental unfoldment which can easily cope with and defeat every adverse condition that presents itself. It has been tried and has never failed when put into faithful operation.

The Sun's editorial reads as follows:  
"The Hon. Edgar Wallace Conable,

editor of THE PATH-FINDER of Colorado Springs, Colo., has a plan for the increase of health and wealth. As about everybody in these days is either dieting or resolving to diet at a more convenient season, it is a duty to the public to give the particulars of Mr. Conable's system.

"Unlike Dr. Immanuel Pfeiffer of Boston, who eats nothing for thirty days and then returns immediately to such delicacies as beefsteak and fried liver and bacon, the Colorado editor holds that overeating is the main cause of underliving. Breathe right, fast right, eat uncooked food, and your days will be long in the land. That is the pemmican of his teaching. Colorado is unusually well supplied with a superior article of air; air that is almost too good for persons who have been accustomed to insult their lungs with the more common and sophisticated brand. The Colorado atmosphere, if not technically food, is at least drink, a much more important product in the estimation of some folks. Exaltation is the inevitable effect of that ether. It whips and stings the imagination. We have known the compiler of a directory to fling himself into sonnets in Colorado and a professor of political economy to begin an epic. There should be no great difficulty in breathing right in a medium so inspiring.

"But you must eat right as well as breathe right. Now the way to eat right is to eat nothing for fifteen days. Mr. Conable fasted for that time; worked hard from 6 a. m. to 11 p. m., every day; walked twenty miles to get an appetite at the end of the fifteen days, and then made a hearty supper of uncooked food. He had lost only two pounds. A very stout man could afford to fast a year, as he would lose only a little more than forty-eight pounds in that period.

The economic as well as the physical benefits of the Conable system are obvious. For practically half the year you spend nothing on food. The other half you use uncooked food in moderation, need no fuel for culinary purposes, and save the wages of a cook. There are physicians in this town who live by uncooked food alone; bring up their children in health and wealth upon it, and

tinker therewith the constitutions of the overfed or the fed with cooked food. According to these doctors of diet and foes of cooks, to be healthy you must get near to Nature's heart or stomach, renounce the Promethean heat and go back to the bills of fare of the Golden Age. We neither praise nor blame the doctrine any more than we praise or blame the carnivorous or the graminivorous. Every bile knows its own bitterness, and one man's meat is another man's poison. Locusts and wild honey are not for all prophets, nor is it given to all to despise food and acquire wisdom, like Daniel.

"But to those who have the constitution for it, the Conable system offers great inducements. If it should be adopted widely, the deposits in the savings banks would be increased vastly, and the labor of cooks, a forcible folk, would be displaced."

AS THE PATH-FINDER  
*BREAKING* has repeatedly stated,  
*FASTS.* one of the most impor-

tant things in connection with fasting is to break the fast in a proper and common sense way. Unless people have had years of experience like the writer, great care should be taken at this time to eat no solid foods for at least a day or two and then in very scant quantities. Fruit juices and plenty of water should be taken into the stomach for at least two days and nothing else except, perhaps, by those who still eat eggs, then an egg or two beaten up in milk and sweetened to taste may be taken two or three times a day. Celery or tomato soups or bean broth may also be eaten sparingly; but *never* any of the solid foods or raised bread in any form. All kinds of fruits may be eaten. Indeed, fruit is just the thing at such times. After a few days nuts may be added, also vegetables.

In regard to fasting, those in enfeebled condition and all old persons should undergo fasting with great moderation; that is, when undertaking a fast by themselves—in the absence of some one who is experienced in these matters.

When THE PATH-FINDER gets fairly settled in its new home one of the first

things will be to establish a school of instruction along the lines of perfecting the human body. This school will be in the hands of experts who will carry out to the letter the scientific principles of Nature's methods of healing and perfecting the body, and which do not vary a hair from the teachings of the editor of this magazine.

But these matters will all take time—the establishment of the various schools of instruction contemplated. There will be no rush in the matter of providing anything in the way of schools and factories. The first and most important thing will be the preparation of grounds for the setting out of fruit trees and the growing of nuts and all kinds of small fruits. When the trees are once in place they will then be growing while other work is being done. We are going to do this thing moderately, systematically and in order, so that no mistakes will be made or unnecessary work performed.

In the beginning the home of THE PATH-FINDER'S family will be put in order and all the necessary buildings put in proper shape. Then will follow the erection of a printing plant for the publication of this magazine and other work connected therewith. In the meantime, of course, the treasury of the company will be put in shape to clear off grounds for planting and sowing and for building purposes. Then, and not till then, will any grounds be assigned except to those who desire to work some of the land now under cultivation and to those desiring it who are members of the Board of Directors.

But in good time there will be opportunities for all who wish to come, but places must first be made for them. The immensity of the proposition precludes the possibility of making undue haste.

*BANANAS* again brings a new paradox to the front, says the New York *Herald*. It concerns the staple food supply of half

the human race—wheat. Long before the discovery of the Chaldean ovens, ages before Tyre's bread bowls were hewn out of the solid rock, man grew

wheat, ground and baked it for his daily sustenance.

Today science affirms that wheat as a general food product is doomed; that not only is the supply entirely inadequate for the maintenance of the increasing races, but that wheat has by no means the nutritious qualities that it has long been supposed to offer hungry humanity, and that—*mirabile dictu!*—the unprepossessing, yellow-skinned, finger-shaped, despised banana of the tropics promises utterly to supplant it in the estimation of the world.

Not only that the banana is 25 times as nutritious as the given weight of wheat, but that it is 44 times as prolific. Thus fruit conquers over the cereal, Honduras over South Dakota, and famine promises to be forever banished from the face of the earth.

The average cost of cultivating an acre of wheat in the United States is about \$12. An acre of bananas can be cultivated at the same cost, with a yield 144 times greater than that of wheat.

Bananas have 44 times the nutriment of potatoes, the staple of many northern countries of Europe, and 30 times that of rice, the main item on the daily board of more than a billion people on the globe. With transportation facilities perfected, such heart-rending scenes of famine as have been witnessed in India, Russia and elsewhere would be made impossible.

*A DEAD  
POPE.*

Pope Leo is dead. This fact has been officially announced by the authoritative head of the Roman church. Some of the foolish secular press insist that "the whole world is in mourning." Of course this claim harms no one. The whole world, nor even seventy-five per cent. of it, ever mourns over the death of any one. Not one person in ten millions of the inhabitants of the entire world ever misses a meal because of the death of any one. Comparatively few people mourn when there is a death. A few of this great mass of people know better than to mourn, while the great majority are too selfish to

mourn—that is, to mourn for any one but themselves.

But Pope Leo has been a decided improvement on all his predecessors as far back as history gives us any record—that is, so far as the outside world has any record of the workings of the internal arrangements of this church. We may also add that there has been a decided improvement as well in the external workings of the same caused by the demands of modern civilization. True, the better way and the more civilized methods may have been wholly enforced through outside pressure—a pressure that threatened to disrupt the whole concern—but even though enforced, the tendency has been toward the elevation of the entire Christian world, at least so far as instituting more humane methods in the process of manufacturing converts is concerned. The guillotine and the inquisition are things of the past, but only through the enforced demands of a people that had been enslaved and tortured into active measures of self-protection and self-defense. There has been no change in the spirit of Romish priesthood. The change has come only that they might save their own necks. And there is no danger of a return to the old ways of making converts and holding this particular church intact—not, at least, so long as the enlightened United States stands in the center of this great hemisphere and demands equal justice to the whole human race. The United States has reached the dignity of an umpire, from whose decisions no other nation dare appeal. And then, too, the Law of Retribution is just now getting in its deadly work. "The wages of sin are Death"—with a big D, and the criminal heads of all classes are now being shoved under the same broad-ax that so many centuries severed the jugular veins of the innocents.

So, like all other creeds of intolerance, Romanism is struggling on its last legs. When such nations as France begin to throw off the yoke of religious oppression, then there is something in the air worth snuffing. We can begin to fill our lungs with the real thing in the way of filtered ozone.

Pope Leo, to an outside observer, did the best he could under the circumstances. It was purely physical work in which he was engaged. There was nothing spiritual connected with it. It was simply a battle with the mental forces for continued supremacy over a losing cause. He made a failure, as every one who dies demonstrates a complete physical failure in life. Neither popes, priests nor prelates, any more than the balance of humanity, are given a lease of life beyond the point where the Soul has determined to exist in a vile habitation no longer. When death comes we know that we have made the home of the Soul uninhabitable and that it is forced to take refuge elsewhere.

With an enlightened understanding of the processes of the evolution of every living thing, we no longer feel saddened when the physical form of anything becomes inanimate. That is, we do not feel saddened for the physical part that is laid away. We *do* feel saddened, however, that a Living, Eternal Life has been obliged to endure so long the pangs and sorrows incident to a period of existence in a dwarfed and decaying habitation; and so rejoice over the release, knowing that the next experience will be less distressing.

But a physical pope or a physical president of the United States is nothing more than the physical body of any other of God's creatures. All of us are physical monstrosities until such time as we come into the light that enables us to perfect this physical body to the degree that it is in absolute harmony with the Divine Self. Then and not till then are we fitted to live. Then and not till then *will* we live.

The body of a physical queen was laid away. The physical form of a president is made inanimate. The eyes of a physical pope are closed forever. A physical alleged criminal is suspended by the neck by a crowd of no less murderers; or perhaps burned at the stake by the same mob of no less murderers; but the Living Life inhabiting that physical form, burned to ashes, lives on forever just the same—just the same as though it had been released from a pope's body or that

of a queen. There is no difference in reality. We make a distinction because of our ignorance. And it is because of our ignorance that we die. An hundred years is but as a day. It *should* be but as a day did we know how to live.

We bring out our crepe; we float our flags at half mast; we order the dismal, shrouded hearse with the black plumes, signifying life's ending. We go into mourning and dress ourselves in the same insignia of the Dark Messenger; we weep and mourn and go around with solemn faces and more solemn demeanor—all this, and for what? Simply because something has become too dead to live and must be buried to prevent contagion. The animating life that inhabited this putrid body is not dead and never was dead and never will be dead; neither will it ever spread contagion. This is the only life that should demand our attention and cause tears to flow. And these tears should be tears of rejoicing that this pent-up life encased in a dungeon cell of decomposing filth has finally been released.

This is the only rational way to accept physical death. It is not a time for mourning. It is a time for rejoicing.

And so the physical queens and the physical presidents and the physical popes, and all other disintegrating mortals, pass on, never to return except in different forms of growth.

Let us wave our hats in ecstasy of rejoicing that the pent-up Lives in these crude, imperfect, deformed physical structures have finally found relief and release, and have passed from under the yoke of a galling experience.

AS IS ALREADY KNOWN,  
CONCERN- THE PATH-FINDER ac-  
ING ADVER- cepts no advertise-  
TISING. ments of liquors, drugs,

tobaccos, meats, patent medicines or doctors, and now we propose to add to this list all kinds of healers, psychomitrists, "life readers," palmists, astrologers, hypnotists, etc. Not that there are not some honest, conscientious workers along some of these lines, but there is so much fakery connected with this work that it is very difficult to

discriminate. So we propose to shut out the whole thing; then there will be no danger of any one being imposed upon.

Another thing, THE PATH-FINDER is not a good advertising medium for any of these people, the reason being that all readers of this magazine are taught to heal themselves, and the beauty of it is, most of them are doing it successfully. Besides, they are also taught how to bring to the surface that wonderful Divine Inner Power which makes gods of every mortal who cares to reach this exalted plane in life unfoldment. Therefore, the "healer" and the "life reader" is a superfluous appendage that none of THE PATH-FINDER students are in need of. This being the case, THE PATH-FINDER cannot give value received to this class of advertisers, hence we must decline their business. We desire nothing that we cannot give an equivalent return for.

I AM GOING to tell a real joke  
A on J. Stitt Wilson, the noted  
REAL platform lecturer, writer and  
JOKE. author of the "Socialism and  
Life" articles in THE PATH-  
FINDER. It happened some little time  
ago when Mr. Wilson was conducting  
one of his successful series of lectures in  
Los Angeles. The story comes to me  
from a subscriber to THE PATH-FINDER  
who was an ear witness to the statement  
made by one of the feminine members of  
Mr. Wilson's audience.

Those who know Mr. Wilson personally or who have noticed the lilliputian half-tone of this distinguished personage that adorns the headlines of all of his articles in this magazine, will at once recall the high-up classical manner in which Mr. Wilson arranges the capillary growth lying close to his wealth of gray matter. It was in connection with this particular portion of Mr. Wilson's personal appearance that the aforesaid feminine comment was made.

It was just preceding the beginning of one of Mr. Wilson's lectures on "The Higher Life." The Rev. J. Stitt had just appeared before his expectant audience. All was quiet. The great audience was ready for the feast of rich food

for both body and Soul. Two ladies sat immediately in the rear of THE PATH-FINDER correspondent who reported the occurrence. Brother Wilson had just interlaced his fingers and was surveying his audience with a smile of satisfaction. One of the women turned to the other and said in a half audible tone of voice: "Do you know, I would rather any time see Stitt Wilson's top-knot than the whole body of any other preacher in Los Angeles?" In his supreme efforts to refrain from snorting, our friend lost the remaining portion of the dialogue, and then, too, the meeting began.

I have been trying for four months to keep this joke to myself, but I find it impossible, and I am sure friend Wilson will forgive me for now giving it to the readers of THE PATH-FINDER.

LISTEN to the trouble that MORE Elizabeth Towne recently TROUBLE ly made for me: During THAN the month of June Mrs. ANY ONE. Towne crossed the continent on her way home to Holyoke, Mass., from Portland, Ore. When approaching Colorado Springs she sent a very seductive telegram to the editor hereof to meet her in her richly tapestried apartments in an overland Pullman. This we did. Now comes the trouble. On reaching home Mrs. Towne inserted the following notice in the columns of *The Nautilus*:

"At Colorado Springs things looked a little greener and cleaner. But I saw very little of Colorado Springs for time was short and Edgar Wallace Conable was there. Girls, he's great!—the most positively healthy man I saw in all my travels. And he's good looking, too, and so clean, well dressed and wholesome looking. He certainly is a splendid advertisement of the health methods he advocates. "Why, you look as if you *couldn't* be sick if you tried!" I exclaimed. "I *couldn't*!"—he replied, promptly.

In spite of all his fasting he is not thin at all, and his skin is as close and firm as a boy's. He looks as if there is not a lazy, fat, half-alive cell in his whole body. There surely isn't—his life cells must have to hustle so for a living that they either grow strong and lively or else curl up and get hustled off the scene. It is only fat and lazy people or cells, who are hopelessly decrepit. He has fasted about one-third of the entire time for the last year, has recently finished a 25-day fast and is soon to fast fifty days. He has bought a whole mountain down in Arkansas where he is to establish a great settlement where we can all go and learn to live on air. Write him at Roswell, Colo., a suburb of Colorado Springs, and find out all about it. Ask him for a *Path-i-Finder*, too."

Now, had the matter rested here there would have been no grievance; but, think of it—the entire subscription patronage of *The Nautilus* at once sent for sample copies of THE PATH-FINDER. But of this I am making no complaint. Following right on top of this came requests from ninety-nine per cent of all of Mrs. Towne's feminine subscribers for photographs of the writer. As a hint as to the immense circulation of *The Nautilus*, I will here state that a mathematical computation of the number of photographs sent for would have cost me, had I complied with the requests, just \$476. If that isn't getting a man into trouble, then I am unable to conceive what might. After lying awake for several nights and fasting a week, I finally solved the problem—that is, I evolved a scheme by which I might save myself from bankruptcy. I just ordered a big extra edition of PATH-FINDERS printed and inserted a half-tone (by request) of the editor.

If any one thinks that the drawing powers of Elizabeth Towne's *Nautilus* are not immense, just try it once with a high-class advertisement. I was simply swamped for two weeks, and still the requests keep coming.

FATE OF  
THE  
SLAUGHTER  
PENS.

FOLLOWING close upon the heels of the destruction of one of the great slaughter pens of the syndicate, comes the burning of another—the Hammond packing house at St. Joseph, Mo., with a reported loss to property of \$1,500,000.

The consuming of these hells of destruction of animal life are not, as is generally supposed, accidental happenings. Far from it. It is the premeditated work of the natural law that brings destruction, sooner or later, to every man, company, corporation or trust that operates or conducts any business or enterprise in conflict with the operations of this natural law.

The infamy of the packing-house business has developed and expanded into such fiendish proportions that this natural law of equity and justice is being put into speedy operation. Flames are consuming the property; the race is being taught that to eat meat and take life is one of the unpardonable sins of the century, the persistent commission of which brings disease and physical death.

The memory of man, or modern history, runneth not back to the time when the human race was being so persistently forced to pay the penalty for its misdeeds as at the present time. The shipwrecks, the tidal waves, the fires, the floods, the volcanoes, the cyclones, are all playing their part in the great work of weeding out the offenders against Nature's processes and Nature's laws. And this thing will be kept up until every back yard is fumigated and every man and woman cleanses and makes clean the physical body. A clean body makes a clean, pure mind. A clean, wholesome mind can grasp the problems that make clear Nature's intent and purposes.

The meat-eater is becoming educated. To become educated is to become enlightened. To become enlightened is to take the first great step which brings us all in closer touch and relationship with the Mighty Truths which lead no man astray.

The disappearance of the meat-market follows close on the heels of enlightenment. Then comes the fall of that monstrous den of all iniquities—the slaughter pens. The wail of prematurely released Souls penetrate not the hardened and calloused brain-receptacles leading to the inner consciousness; but when the day comes for the final passing out of these calloused physical structures, the wails and the cries of torture will be transferred to the astral bodies of those responsible for these inhumanities, and then will be found the hell our orthodox friends talk so much about and concerning which they will have an opportunity to familiarize themselves in good time.

But this is a phase of life and death I did not intend to here discuss. I will merely add that there is a hell, and that every human being who takes the blood of any of God's creatures will find it.

And the human vultures who veil the stars of heaven with the putrid mists of the decomposed dead, will also find it, and—they will stay there.

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ABOUT once in two ANONYMOUS WRITERS. years, during his experience of thirty years in newspaper and magazine work, the writer finds occasion to speak of the anonymous newspaper writer, who is, and ever has been, a periodical fester or fungus growth on either the social, political or religious system of the day—or all of these combined.

Now, so far as the writer is personally concerned, as has often been stated, these professional jaw-smiths who are always too cowardly to be seen and heard in their own light, carry no weight whatever with him. Indeed, he never even reads an article, whether it concerns himself or others, that is of bastard origin.

The anonymous writer, as just stated, is always a coward; not necessarily a physical coward, but always a moral coward, which is the worst kind of cowardice. He is a breeder of leprosy in its worst form—a kind of leprosy that is far more dangerous than that which has fastened itself upon the Romish priestcraft in the Orient, for the former is

contagious, while the latter is not. Still the former is contagious only among the ignorant and vicious elements who are too indolent to think for themselves, and are ever ready to accept the vaporings of the fanatic as gospel from an infallible hierarchy. It is among this class that the anonymous critic gets in his work and creates social disorder—provided he is strong enough with his pen to attract any attention whatever; which, fortunately, is very rarely the case.

A prominent citizen of Benton county recently wrote the editor of THE PATH-FINDER, among other things, as follows:

"Dear Mr. Conable:—With this mail I send you a copy of a Bentonville paper containing a communication from some good church brother—evidently ashamed to write over his own signature—criticising your attitude toward these black-coated brethren. You have probably seen this before—and it seems to be a continuation—but for fear you haven't, I send the copy that chanced to come into my hands.

"It is well enough that these parties show their hand so early in the game, for it gives you ample notice of where you 'are at' so far as that town is concerned. Rogers is nearly as badly priest-ridden. This narrow religious sway that exists out here is all one can say against the country; everything else is good, and all that is wanting is the influx of broader-gauge people to cure *that* defect."

While creedism has kept civilization stagnant and stranded for centuries, on an almost shoreless sea of ignorance and hypocrisy, the dawn of a brighter day is certainly now upon us. We are just emerging—or rather have just emerged—from a cycle of five thousand years of densest ignorance and superstition—a cycle of blood-shed, anarchy and inquisitions—whose infamies, licentious practices, murders and fiendish rapine—all in the name of some form or phase of religious worship—have never been paralleled in any previous cycle since the fall of the Atlantians.

Here and there we still find an outcropping of some of these past infamies,

but they are growing beautifully less. The race is becoming enlightened. People are beginning to think—think for themselves on all problems affecting life—present and future. The time is fast slipping into the past when any man can be made to believe that he is not a part and parcel of the whole great system involved in the Creative Power of the Universe.

Occasionally an ignoramus says to me: "Why, you do not believe in a God, do you?"

To all such I reply: "No, not in the little shriveled-up God you people prate about. Far from it. My God is the Mighty Power of which Divine conception has but the remotest dream. My God is the life, the light, the hope, the aspiration, the touch, the thought—all that permeates every atom, animate and inanimate, of which the Universe is composed. My God is the Omnipotent power vested in every thing that is, ever has been and ever will be. He is ALL of me and I am an indispensable part of Him—the same as every other created force or body.

My God keeps entirely aloof from politics, has no sectarian schools and is minus a creed. My God has no advance agents and delegates none of His offices to mortal flesh. My God instills Divine, eternal life in every atom He creates and consults with no preacher, priest, bishop or pope relative to the distribution of political or other material obligations. My God has no middle-man who consumes all the profits while arrayed in purple robes, or any other kind of robes. My God has no red-faced, blear-eyed, long-frooked sub-agents, with bull-necks set deep down into a lecherous body, with one hand grasping a contribution box for the widow's mite while the other clutches the throat of feminine chastity.

No, I have no such God as this; hence I am pointed out as a mocker and a blasphemer. But what of that?

The God I adore is the Loving, Living Light of Eternal Life and Perpetual Peace.

I need no other God. There is no other God for me. This is the God I worship by day and by night—during

every moment of my waking and sleeping hours—for when the exhausted physical is in repose, the God I love whispers from out the depths of my ever conscious Soul and tells me He is here.

So I look within and harken unto His voice, and my way, sometimes strewn with thorns and made weary, is made plain, and there are no more tares mingling with the richer fruitage, and I go on about my business, which is His business as well, and He and I, which are One, the same as all life, are both pleased.

THE newspapers state *SLEEPING OUTDOOR* Toledo has taken to sleeping that Mayor Sam Jones of ing on the roof, and declares that he has been immensely benefitted by doing so. He has had a cage made of mosquito netting and inside this his cot is placed, and, secure from mosquitoes, the mayor's sleep, according to his own statement, is "deep and free." Mayor Jones says: "Why, do you know, before I began sleeping beyond the confines of a close room, I was troubled with asthma and bronchitis, but this pure air treatment has completely cured me. I feel better today than I did twenty years ago. Of course I sleep out of doors only in summer months, but in the winter, unless it rains or snows, I have every window in the house open."

Mayor Jones' head is level in many ways. The editor of *THE PATH-FINDER* and other members of his family sleep practically out of doors the greater portion of the year. Places are constructed on the roof and over the front porch, arranged for slipping in canvas screens during inclement weather. At other times there are simply wire nettings to keep the flies out. Here we come in direct contact with outdoor Nature while sleeping, and are enabled to take sun baths whenever desired. I sleep with no garment on and very little clothing, thus absorbing direct—without being strained—the vital forces—that build and create. During the greater portion of the night my nude person is exposed to the outer elements. Of course when it rains or snows or blows fiercely as it often does

in Colorado, I protect myself by putting in the screens and covering up if too frigid.

After sleeping in a place like this for a time, under the conditions named, to sleep in the house is most oppressive in comparison.

I know where there is a big wide porch in the Ozarks that will hold me during the hours of Morpheus' reception—where the last notes of the whip-poor-will will lull me to sleep, and the first notes of the red bird will signal the hour of approaching day. Then I will lie me, in scant attire, to the spring bath, and filled to the full of such inspiring contact with Nature, I will make *PATH-FINDERS* as the golden beams peep over the top of the pine-crested mountain whose foot rests within a few feet of our back door, from under whose foot the purest of waters constantly flow.

It is not an uncommon thing here in the Ozarks for the mountains to take a foot-bath the live long day and thereafter throughout all time. Here is a lesson in Nature for some of our friends whose names I would not dare mention. Not only do these mountains take foot-baths, but also internal baths, which is another example of cleanliness that brings one in close proximity to godliness.

But I started out to sleep and wound up with a cold bath, which is proper on all occasions. Here in the Ozarks both are made easy—songs to soothe and quiet the active atoms of the brain while the body sleeps and the liquid Elixir with which to recharge every atom of the body to its utmost capacity with life and activity.

I have often romanced amidst these luxuriant growths of Nature, and have witnessed, with the inner vision, all that is here on the Ozarks long before I saw them. I have experienced all the Soul-inspiring influences that personal contact instills into one who is in search of closer relationship to the Creative Force. The scenes I saw on my first trip were not new to me. They had been photographed on my vision before; but I was supremely content in the knowledge that I was to realize all my hopes and aspirations and

come into possession of the things that were mine—the things my Inner Self had led me to believe I would soon possess.

While this article is being written in my office in Roswell, Colorado, the chances are that when it reaches the eyes of PATH-FINDER readers I shall be personally demonstrating all that is suggested herein. I shall pattern after the mountains that are so prolific in life growth (not *a la our* President), and so thoroughly cleanse internal and external man with the liquid elements from out the cavareuous depths of the cemetrical pyramids rising in every direction, that there will be such purification of the physical structure as to no longer bring to the surface aught but the God-given powers within.

In this way alone do I care to be prolific. The man or woman who would continue to bring dwarfed and deformed children into the world is in sore need of education.

ELIZABETH TOWNE is out with another little booklet telling all of us "How to Train Children," and incidentally telling "us" parents how to train ourselves; though in a private letter Mrs. Towne intimates that I am not competent to speak intelligently as to the value of her little work—that is, so far as it relates to the training of children, the inference being that one should have more or less personal experience along any line of work in order to speak or advise intelligently. This is all true; so I am not going to say a word about the book itself further than to ask every mother in the land to buy a copy of it and demonstrate

personally its practical suggestions. Were I a parent I would send 25 cents by the next mail for a copy of this book, for I would know, on general principles, that I would receive ten fold my money's worth in purchasing anything that came from the point of Elizabeth Towne's pen. This advanced thinker and writer lives at Holyoke, Mass., and publishes that progressive monthly gem, *The Nautilus*.

OUR friends must not get in a hurry about coming to the Ozarks. Apparently fully five hundred persons have commenced to pack their trunks, making ready for the trip. There is a lot of work to do first before any assignments of land can be made. It will be the first of the year at least before we can think of letting any one come. This is a matter that cannot and will not be hurried. We propose to launch this colony at the outset on a successful basis, and this cannot be done should we allow people to come here before we are ready. But there will be room for all in good time. Just be patient.

THE first number of Volume three of THE PATH-FINDER will be printed at its new home. Arrangements are now in progress for this purpose. The first issue may not be just what we would like to have it in all respects, but with the installing of our big printing plant in the new town of Conable to be, there will follow improvements commensurate with the phenomenal growth of this magazine. All things come to him who waits, providing "him" does a little waiting on himself.





# Socialism and Life.

BY J. STITT WILSON, A. M.

Mail all questions or criticisms directly to Mr. Wilson, at  
Highland Home, Berkeley, California.

## A STUDY OF LIBERTY.

At the bottom of all revolutions in human life an in history is the passion for liberty. The goal of freedom to which the individual and the race moves may be obscured at times, but not for long. Great liberties may be achieved, and the rejoicings may seemingly soon be hushed by the clanking of new chains. But again man rises to claim his kingdom of freedom.

This passion for liberty that has led individual heroes to death over and over again in the progress of the world, and which has sustained vast multitudes in their struggles against the various forms of tyranny and oppression, is the fundamental fact and force of the human soul.

It is the "struggle for life" interpreted in terms of a rational being.

Liberty is the condition by which one may live his own life in his own way, fulfilling his nature, expressing his being, unfolding his powers and exercising his faculties, triumphing over all difficulties and standing as master over all things except his fellowmen.

The present movement for Socialism is a movement for liberty. All Socialists are impassioned lovers of liberty. It is not Socialism we seek. It is liberty. The Co-operative Commonwealth is to us the way to liberty. Thus at the bottom of the Social Revolution is the psychological dynamite that has blown to nothingness the tyrannies and despotisms of all the past, and this passion for liberty comes again now in the new century to overthrow economic oppression and inaugurate the Co-Operative Commonwealth.

### WHENCE COMES LIBERTY?

But whence comes liberty? Can man achieve liberty by each standing up alone

and ruthlessly bursting through all barriers, and recklessly standing a self-crowned monarch, indifferent to his relations with his fellows and heedless of their chains? Does the individual gain freedom by repeated acts of self-assertion against all forms of bondage? Or does he gain his freedom by vast social changes involving huge populations, of which he is but one unit?

The very fact that men have already attained such a degree of individuality, and that, too, of a very self-assertive quality, showing great signs of individual mastery and power, might lead us to suppose that the path to liberty was through individual self-assertion. But we shall find on closer study that all liberty is fundamentally social, and that the liberty, and mastery, and individuality that comes through the highest forms of true individual action is that which is attainable on the basis of some great social liberty already achieved by some large social class or population. A study of the psychology of man and of human history will make this clear.

### HUNGER AND INDIVIDUALISM.

We have said that the passion for liberty is the "struggle to live" expressed in terms of human need and desire. If we ask for the ultimate word on which to base our study of liberty—there is but one—it is Life.

The desire to live—to exist as a thinking, feeling, acting entity—as a unit—is the first basic motive of all human beings. It is true that men sacrifice their lives individually and in groups or classes, not counting their lives dear, but offering them up on some sacred cause. But no philosophy of society or study of liberty can be made in terms of death. And even should we study these excep-

tions, and follow out the purpose of the death of heroes and martyrs, we should find that their lives were freely offered that others coming after them might live freely, amply and joyously. We see that even their death was for Life's sake. So we conclude that the desire to live—as a person—to think, to feel, to act—is the basic motive of all humanity, and the root of all else that fruits so abundantly in the race.

Now out of this consciousness of life, and the desire to continue it, increase it, and the knowledge of its sacredness, there arises the principle of self-preservation. And the primary form of action which this principle takes is in the provision of food to satisfy hunger. Hunger is the physical desire correspondent to the psychic desire to live, and self-preservation is the principle that seeks the food from the storehouse of nature.

Out of this aspect (for it is but one aspect) of human desire and human consciousness, there grows the Principle of Individualism. Life—desire to Live—Hunger—Self-Preservation—Individualism. This is the order of growth of one aspect of liberty-loving man in his unfolding evolution. He will fight for Life, for Bread, for Liberty, and these for himself as one.

#### LIBERTY AND SOCIAL RELATIONS.

But again. There is no such thing as an individual man apart from social relations with other men—creatures of his own kind. A man's struggle in the sea against drowning, or in the desert with starvation, or among beasts for his life, may be called a struggle for liberty only by a figure of speech.

Liberty is a condition of free human life in natural, social and economic relations with others of our own kind.

If now we inquire what is the basis of this social relation, we shall find that it is grounded in the second master motive or desire of the human being, viz., the sex-passion—the desire to reproduce his own kind. Out of this natural and over-mastering passion, a habit and condition of association is formed. The tender life of the human infant, and its comparative helplessness for years prolongs the relation of mother to child, and

GAL SEVEN—Pathfinder July 22 later of father to both mother and child, and finally of the whole family to one another. The story of our social life, the history of society, is easily read in the evolution from the simple family group, up to the clan, tribe and nation.

One has only to consider that such a universal and marvelous human attribute as language is entirely a "social" fact, though finding expression through the individual, to see how tremendous is the social bond and how inextricably we are involved in the race life. Some philosophers have declared that even the mystery of self-consciousness is dependent in its origin and unfoldment on the social relation.

So intricate, complex and multifarious are the bonds that bind us to one another that men reflecting upon our unity have gone to the extreme in social and moral philosophy, and have practically denied the principle of individualism. It must be apparent upon the least reflection that all our loves, affections, friendships, fellowships and sentiments that so hallow and enrich human life are non-existent apart from the social bond. No man liveth unto himself.

#### ETHICS, ECONOMICS, POLITICS.

Out of this social fact in human life—a fact that cannot be avoided, which is inevitable, and without which man is not man—there arises the absolute necessity of determining the relation which one shall sustain to the other, first, in the exercise of his powers, and secondly, in the use of the earth and the gifts of nature. The first is the domain of the science of ethics, the second is the domain of the science of economics. One has only to remember that the exercise of faculty is impossible without using the earth and the gifts of nature to see how absolutely these two sciences are related. The social institution through which society expresses its determination in these two kindred fields is government—so interdependent are the three sciences of morals, economics and politics.

#### THE PRINCIPLE OF SOCIALISM.

We have seen that the principle rooted in hunger and self preservation is Individualism, and just as this principle is

rooted in the first master passion—hunger, so the principle of Socialism arises from the second master passion, viz., the propagative function, and finding its first expression in the family, finally manifests itself in the loftiest social relationship and in the highest and most complex social forms. (I do not use the word Socialism in the sense of the Socialist movement.) But let it be remembered that this is again but an aspect of human life. To consider it alone is to think of an abstraction, not a reality.

Thus we trace the facts and forces of human society to these two primary forces of nutrition and propagation. This is why it has been said that Hunger and Love rule the world. For out of these two master passions arise the two kindred (not contrary) principles—Individualism and Socialism, and the united and concurrent demands of these two in their almost infinite unfoldment constitute the Psychological Basis of Liberty. The untrammelled operation of both constitutes realized Liberty.

For as truly as man is a center of these two passions of Hunger and Love in inseparable activity, not antagonistic or mutually destructive, but complementary and mutually interdependent, so a true individuality is impossible except on a social basis, and individual liberty can be guaranteed only through social liberties; and these social liberties can be achieved only by application of the principles of Socialism, reinforced by the demands of Individualism. And these two are one. They are the two-fold phases of one reality—Human Life.

And whenever a social form binds the true freedom of the individual, that social form should be abolished, and whenever the ruthlessness of individuals denies the free social basis for all individuals, their power must be overthrown. Herein is Liberty.

#### RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

Thus far we have studied Liberty from the standpoint of science. Let us see if the history of society bears us out in our reflections.

Consider two of the great liberties of our Western civilization—religious lib-

erty and political liberty.

Religious tyranny arose from the principle of individualism in ruthless action, no respect being given to the rights and liberties of others, until the few maintained a "monopoly on God." Of course we know that this could never be anything but a fiction, but such an assumption, maintained by all the terrors of superstition and the horrors of inquisition, established a despotism over the human mind that choked the very fountain springs of liberty in the human soul.

In my pamphlet on "The Impending Social Revolution," I define religious liberty as "the guarantee to every man at all times equal opportunity with every other man to approach the problems of his own soul (or being) in his own way; and to interpret his own relations to the absolute fact of the universe in which he has his being, according to the dictates of his own conscience." It must be manifest that this is the basic liberty. Without this no other liberty is possible. With this all others are inevitable.

Now this liberty was gained by "socializing" access to the source of power over which monopoly had been assumed by private individuals. God had been monopolized, so to speak, by the few. He was now made "common property." And by thus making God "common" property, private access to God was guaranteed, and a true individuality in the interpretation of life, and of nature, and of God is alone possible.

And not only is it thus made possible, but the human race has made and is making great progress in freedom of thought and originality of interpretation, and we are not leaving our subject when we venture the prophecy that the twentieth century will reap fruit of this great liberty in a manner hitherto undreamed of in the history of mankind. The multiplication of sects, creeds, cults and schools of thought must continue until each man is indeed his own center on all the deep problems of the soul—until every man is his own pope, priest, prophet, savior—until every man knows himself as the Son of God—a master, king, monarch, over all but his own kind—brother, lover,

man. The kingdom of man is thus at hand.

Forget not then that this liberty was a vast SOCIAL achievement for huge populations, into which unborn multitudes may immediately enter at birth, and on the basis of this social liberty the individual may work out unknown depths of freedom and fullness of life and joy of being. Social liberty is extensive, individual freedom is intensive, and the latter is based on the former and dependent on it.

#### POLITICAL LIBERTY.

And the history of political liberty may be treated in identical manner with similar results. Political despotism arose through the ruthless play of the principle of Individualism, respecting not the rights of others, until the few maintained a "monopoly of government." And political liberty was achieved by "socializing" this second source of power over which monopoly had been attained private individuals. Government was made "common property." The "my" government of the king and his nobles became the "our" government of the people. Democracy dethroned monarchy, and by thus making government "common property," private interest in government is guaranteed and a true individuality—the right of the ballot—and a voice in affairs to the humblest citizen, is made secure. And this process of "Socialization" of government must proceed until the last accursed remnant of arbitrary power is rendered impossible, and until the ballot is indeed the badge of perfect political and social enfranchisement.

Three millions of people in America established this basis of social freedom, and in a single century nearly one hundred millions have entered without struggle or pain into that birthright as their natural inheritance, and on the basis of this freedom the individual may work out in his own life untold realizations of life, and expansion of his being. This social liberty comes through the demand of the individual; but once achieved, that liberty becomes the basis of immediate

enlargement and amplitude for multitudes of mankind.

#### PROGRAM OF LIBERTY.

From this scientific and historical study of liberty do we not find an absolutely conclusive program for the achievement of economic liberty? Here the people of all the western world stand menaced by a new form of tyranny and oppression which is extending its empire over the whole earth. The bottom fact of this tyranny is that through the operation of natural social forces, on an unjust basis, the entire material resources by which all the people live are being owned and operated for private gain by a very small proportion of the people.

We are in the grip of a commercial and economic oligarchy. Our happiness is menaced. Life is endangered. Liberty is not possible under such conditions.

Now again, therefore, there arises the great world-movement for liberty. Here is a form of bondage which the individual cannot escape. No matter how bold and daring his dash for freedom, he is still caught in the toils, or is bound to the condition of those he has ensnared. He cannot live on the earth, work with a machine, eat bread, wear clothing, buy or sell in the market, worship or pray in the sanctuary, without feeling the bonds of his slavery, or hearing the clanking of the chains of his fellowmen.

Whence this slavery? It is the inevitable outcome of an abnormal expression of the Hunger force, the self-preservation principle, the ruthless Individualism of men in the use of the materials of the earth by which we all must live. Trusts, monopolies, enormous fortunes in the midst of starving, struggling multitudes—this is Individualism gone mad in the field of economics.

No justice or balance of human interests can ever be realized by the unrestrained operation of but one aspect of human desire and faculty. Just as well expect the earth to rotate in harmony in the heavens by the action of the one centripetal force and the cessation of the centrifugal. It is impossible. Liberty is impossible under the present conditions, and the peoples struggle in vain against

effects until they seek and find and apply the only possible remedy.

We have seen from science and from history the nature of the corresponding force which has made for liberty. Whenever in human society men have suffered from the tyrannous operation of the principle of Individualism, there has been but one way to liberty, viz., to "socialize" or to make "common property" the source of power thus assumed or controlled by the individuals who for the time incarnated the principle of Individualism in its extreme concrete manifestation.

And so it is today. Not God, or Government, but Land and Machinery, are the objects of monopoly by individuals who incarnate the mad Individualism of our time. Not priests or kings, but coal barons and steel magnates and money lords control us. And the only possible path to freedom is to "socialize," or to "make common property" or "public property" those original resources of Land and Machinery, by which alone the people can live. Access to the sources of production must be guaranteed to all on equal terms. Herein is Liberty. Nothing else is in our day. There can be no compromise, no half-way measures. And this is Socialism.

#### PRIVATE PROPERTY.

As in other days a true Individualism was only made possible by the overthrow of the ruthless Individualism of the few, so in our time, private property in abundance to every family of huge populations, and a comparative abundance of wealth for use and enjoyment in every household can only be secured by making

the *productive* resources and equipment *collective* property. This is the conclusion of the whole matter. This is the open door to Liberty. There is no other, so far as our problems are concerned.

#### THE FUTURE.

And is this the final liberty? Nay. Onward, upward, is the clarion call of human freedom. But this is great and marvelous, and the results will distance the most sanguine prophecies of its most ardent advocates. When involuntary poverty shall cease, when crimes against property and against persons for property's sake are practically abolished, when the black night of the slum and the blacker night of the boulevard are no more, when morals shall cease to be a juggling with conscience, and a parleying with God one day in seven, and when every man and woman and child may stand supreme in their own person, because the physical basis of life is secured—then Liberty, Real Liberty, the kingship and Godhood and true manhood of men, will appear. And no tongue or pen can now speak forth that glory.

Then awake, men. Put on the whole armor of men in the struggle for freedom. Let not the Goddess of Liberty spy thee skulking away in the darkness, compromising with thy soul, and bartering away the liberty of unborn multitudes for some trifling and base consideration which the Huge Lies of modern civilization can offer. Our cause is already won. Liberty is as certain as gravitation. The very universe moves at its bidding, and it shall be made manifest.





# Hoosier Paths.

BLAZED BY D. H. SNOKE, M. D.

## MEANDERINGS.

Here and there, up and down, now advancing and again retreating, the mind of man is forever journeying toward its goal—the sum of its acquirements.

With unwearied wing, imagination sails on and on, now in shadow, then in shine, and inerrantly inscribing her moods upon the faces of men, thereby limning in composite mass that which is beyond the scope of the material analyst, and that which excites the fever in the artist, but which all the same eludes his most cunning brush and pencil.

Oh! these faces of ours, whereon are writ the history of loves and hates, of ambitions and despairings, of hopes and fears, of truth and error, all blent—the trust of childish innocence and the disbelief of adolescence—into a medley, which, viewed piece by piece, must awaken every emotion the soul can know.

Yes, it is true; thought writes itself upon our faces, and by the lights and shadows of our eyes the world reads thereon that which attracts or repels it, and to this, in large measure, may we ascribe our failures and successes.

Which way runs your thought, dear reader? Do you ever pause to think of it? Have you ever tried to acquire the art of controlling thought?

You may be master of your thinking if you will set deliberately about it, and thus intelligently stamp your countenance with those traits which will win for you the confidence and admiration essential to advancement in life.

Indeed, it is well to critically observe one's facial expression, and this in turn will serve to aid in the concentration of thought. Observe carefully the expres-

sion as you think of love, or fidelity, or health, or social or financial success, and then contrast the difference of expression as you briefly allow the opposites of these to sway your mind. You will gain points here that will be of incalculable service to you in your business or social career. Study well your own visage.

Do not forget that a continuous train of thought upon one subject writes itself ineffaceably upon the countenance. The worryer, poor devil, shows his wretchedness to even the untrained and casual observer. Selfishness cannot be hidden, even from a child, while hate, envy and jealousy, are quite as plain to be seen.

The suggestion, "keep the corners of your mouth turned upward," will be an aid to thought concentration upon pleasing themes, and, it is said, this elevating of the mouth corners is a sure cure for the blues, which renders it doubly valuable as an exercise. Avoid the thought which depresses the corners of the mouth.

Do not say you cannot control your thought for you *can* do if you *will* it. The thoughts which are in your mind are there because you invited their presence. You select your mental companions just as you do your social friends. He is indeed weak who says his thoughts overpower him.

The majesty of a conquering manhood wears thought control as its shining crown, and the path to victory is lit by its rare effulgence.

Start forth in the morning of some long, bright day to read the faces of your fellows, and though you had the insight of a thousand men, the keen scrutiny of a thousand more, the face of only one would hold your eyes in thrall if you

but read aright what thought out pictured there.

\* \* \* \*

There is a richness and strength about the action of Nature at this time that seems to reach the heart of everything. The ripened wheat, harvested about two weeks since, was a culmination of the force with which Nature graces her final work, and slumbering within each golden grain there lies waiting that spirit of life which some day will manifest in the reproduction of its kind, or, diverted from this path of its progress, it will fulfill its destiny by being transmuted into blood of man and thence into brain and brawn whence comes the progress of the race.

Who shall say the grain of wheat has not had *its* dream of destiny as in its tiny husk it rocked in the morning breeze, and drank of pearly dews, receiving meanwhile the rays of golden sunfire to warm its heart with the courage which, in Nature, never fails?

May we not herein find something of the melody and color which tinge the dreams of poet and artist, which find such rich expression in verse and upon the canvas?

Was not the tiny seedling thrilled by carol of birds? Did not the sun rays bring it the hues of glory from morning and evening skies, and did not the night wind sing to it of things sublime when it brought the message of the stars?

Is it not actuated by the one Life, which, since It brought order out of primeval chaos, has not ceased to play upon the heart-strings of every created thing the music which inspires it upon its evolutionary march?

Yea, herein is heard the voice, is seen the hand of that omniscience, omnipotence and omnipresence that in macrocosm and microcosm forever and ever is.

\* \* \* \*

The capacity for thought and feeling must exist in all things animate, to a degree commensurate with their existence as entities, and, may we not say that the degree of life manifested by each is the

result of the arrangement of atomic bases?

The atoms composing the geometrically formed but ephemeral snowflake, and those entering into the composition of the tree, horse and man, may be the same, since one Life seems to actuate all things; but the arrangement or grouping of these is on a varying scale, from which would arise the differences in material manifestation. By and through this one Life, each thing in the world and in the universe, is related to every other thing; and it is in lines of study such as this that man gradually but surely begins to learn the lesson of himself.

He dreams of perpetual youth and immortal life, but so far it has, in the main, simply ended in dreaming. But the time is coming when, like the grain of wheat and the caterpillar, he will find *within himself* the means of self-perpetuation.

The portals of time are unclosing upon that era, and taking up the thread of Ariadne, which is even now fluttering in the breeze of his consciousness, man will pursue its leadings through the labyrinths of sense until he finds within, at the center the unknown God to which in all the ages past he has erected temples and shrines for worship and praise.

It is only within a few years that man has dared to leap the circumscribed bounds set by an inadequate and soul-hampering theology. As yet he has done little but marvel and exult in his new-found freedom. But the spirit of a true evolution is urging him onward, and from the fields thus opened within he will bring to light and life the trophies of his fairest dreams.

If we stand for anything it is for the invincible progress of the race, individually and collectively; and neither height nor depth, nor flood nor earthquake shall awe us away from our belief in the ultimate triumph of love in the world, and in the universe, with man as its chief exponent.

With every passing hour there arises new proofs and new manifestations of the one Life that permeates the universal fabric. It manifests in increasing beauty and harmony as one meditates upon it,

and as thought circles closer and closer home, there breaks the light within "that never shone on land or sea."

"The rounded world is fair to see  
 Nine times folded in mystery;  
 Though baffled seers cannot impart  
 The secret of its laboring heart,

Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast

And all is clear from east to west.  
 Spirit that lurks each form within  
 Beckons to spirit of its kin;  
 Selk-kindled every atom glows,  
 And hints the future which it owes."

## EXPERTING A VOLCANO.

BY COL. P. P. BRANNON.

(Photographs By Hon. John Jenkins.)

Wilhelm der Grosste von Deutschland, as a rule, allows his side-partner, the Almighty, to run the Universe as he sees fit; providing the results of such condescension on his part does not interfere



COL. P. P. BRANNON.

The Path-finder's Central American Side Partner, with trade in American specialties, manufactured in Germany; but when the recent cosmic disturbances in Central America began loading pummitte stone

and ashes aboard steamers flying the German flag, belonging to the "Hamburg-Ameriganische Paketfahrt Aktiengesellschaft; (1. The life insurance companies in these countries refuse risks on parties using the name of this G. S. Company as a regular diet, owing to the liability of its getting crosswise in the throat and strangling their clients); plying along the coast outside the marine league limit; and began to wipe Prussian coffee properties off the face of geography; he made up quite a considerable portion of his mind that the matter was of sufficient importance to merit his personal attention; and, although engaged at the moment, with 'Is Majesey Hedward, calling down *cheir mutually bankrupted victim*,—revolution-racked Venezuela,—with "an ace full, on... clubs," he found time to send out a delegation of spectacled professors, from the University of Bonn, to look over our assortment of volcanoes, and regulate their performances.

This action on the part of Wilhelm, produced an irritation in the region of a celluloid collar worn by the Hon. John Jenkins, United Consul General at Salvador; who insists that all Spanish American volcanoes come strictly within the sphere of influence of the Monroe Doctrine, and he made up his *alleged* mind that he would be on the hurricane deck of any volcanoes, in his jurisdiction, visited by said commission, at the time of such visit. He would allow no watery-eyed, tow-headed, pretzel-eating turnverein of that caliber, to surreptitiously

sneak off with important volcanic data that U. Sam, Esquire, has had a first mortgage on ever since the failure of "The Holy Alliance" to organize a King Syndicate, owing to arguments advanced by the aforesaid Mr. Monroe; and this resolution, on his part, was the beginning of the troubles of yours truly.

It may be well, here, to describe the kind of a delegation our Consul General is.

He is an amateur photographer by profession; owns about a gross of cameras of different makes, and if not called to his fathers during the current century may possibly make—by accident—an occasional photo that may look dissimilar to a slice of fried liver.

His language—which runs to French, English and Spanish—is painful, in the extreme, when he takes a hurried snap-



#### GETTING READY FOR BUSINESS.

shot at an interesting moving object after carefully forgetting to put a plate in the box; but he sticks to the business with a tenacity worthy of a better cause, while his salary lasts, and then retires to private official life and recuperates financially. It's his only dissipation, however, and like any other mild form of insanity, would be tolerable if it didn't drag his friends into so many infernal scrapes.

Another peculiarity of our Consul, one rarely met with in the consular service of the United States in Central America, and one that might cover a multitude of sins, were a cover needed, is that he is an American, first, last, and all the time;

recognizes the fact that his business here is to look out for American interests, and *looks out for them.*

He cures his bilious attacks by occasional trips to the port to swear at the bales of European merchandise as they are dumped on the wharf from the German steamers; and, on such occasions, hearing him elucidate on the superiority of "Merrimac D's," "Atlantic A's," "Wamsutta G's," etc., whatever they may be, a stranger would be apt to imagine that he had not always dealt solely in gall.

A week since I received the following in my mail:

"On Thursday the German Commission of Volcano Experts leave for the volcano of Goalco vice Sonsonati, and as the representative of this republic of the American government I desire to bid them welcome on their arrival at the crater.

"I don't know what this gang of German officials are nosing about Central America for, and it's my official duty to find out if possible.

"Have animals and servants ready on that date, for I shall go as far as your place on the train with the Germans, and you and I will cut cross lots, through the hills, to be on the summit when they arrive.

"John Jenkins."

"P. D.—I have just received a new rectilinear, chronometer balance, double compound, binocular, self-cocking, astigmatic lense for my camera, with which I can make just as good pictures in the dark as I can in the daylight.

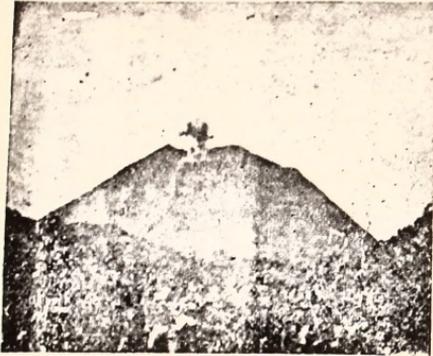
"J. J."

Convinced of the last mentioned fact, and that the Post Data, considering its source, indicated serious trouble in the near future, I said a week's prayers in advance, and calmly awaited the inevitable.

He kept the appointment, and after breakfast we mounted and swung away at an easy canter under the shadowy arches of "Paraisos," and orchid-laden "Ceibas," through cool coffee fields, fiery red with ripening fruit; by golden seas of waving sugar cane, and whispering banana orchards, to reach the barren lava-

beds a thousand feet above our starting point.

Barren? No, not barren. Great leafless, yet living, skeleton trees, with coal-red flowers the size and shape of dinner bells, dangling from the stubby end of each and every limb, and twig-trailing, blossom laden vines, ropes of flowers, swinging across yawning chasms; six-inch morning glories huddling in the scanty shade of brilliant "fire trees," that bloom year in and year out; with never-



SECOND STAGE.

fading refulgence; thousands of modest little flowers in all the colors of the spectrum, peeping from every nook and crevice of the "nigger head" rock that had caught enough flying dust to furnish them a foothold; fluted Cathedral Cactus, flower and fruit crowned, lifting their thorny heads from out tangled masses of vines and underbrush; bees, butterflies and humming birds, darting hither and thither; and the sultry, simmering heat, bearing on scorching wings the clanging notes of the distant bell-bird, the prolonged chir-reer of the hidden cricket, the screams of gaudy Macaws, or garrulous parrots; and, at intervals; the thundering reverberations of the volcano, that, on the opposite flanks of the mountain we were ascending, was doggedly digging holes in the face of nature; and above, below, and about us, stupendous edifices of lava; silent; grand; and angrily gloomy; frowning at the emerald valley behind, and beneath us in the distance—Barren?

—Nothing that has fallen from the hand of God is barren.

Out of the crevices and ravines, over the brow of "Las Lomas," and we are at the village of "Las Lajas;" where we expect to find guides, failing to do so; and where we leave water behind.

We were now entering the wind zone and it was getting well along toward sun-down. The chilly shadows of the extinct volcanos of "Cerro Quemado," and "Santa Ana," were darkening the village; and I proposed camping for the night, to continue at daybreak with guides; but the Hon. John wouldn't have it that way, and, as he is built on the lines of the basalt Idols, the dig-out of the ruins of prehistoric civilizations in Yucatan—the feet one third the length of the body—when he puts his foot down on a matter, he will have it his way, or something has got to flatten out; so there was no remedy, but turn our animals sky-ward again.

The natives tapped their foreheads pityingly as they saw us preparing to continue the journey, and I was so ashamed of the consul's pig-headedness that I lagged behind to explain to them that he was only a harmless lunatic, on leave of absence from the asylum; and that I, his keeper, had instructions to humor him.

According to directions given us at the village; on arriving at a gate in a barbed wire fence, where there was a parting of the ways, we were to keep to the right; but as the road to the right swung back, and sharply downward, toward the lake of Coatequepec, a summer resort in sight, two leagues away, and five hundred feet below us; Jenkins had no great trouble convincing me that I had misunderstood the instructions, particularly as our mutton-headed servants sided with his arguments; and away we went, merrily, to the left.

Our ascent had been very rapid after leaving the village, and night, thick enough to write with, had enveloped us before we had gone a mile into the forest, on the other side of which, we had been informed, our destination was located;

and the bitter cold wind seemed to have taken lessons in blowing from the Consul at some time, or another, when it had caught him at his usual romancing about the importance of Nebraska, as a political factor in the destinies of the United States.

Up, and still up, clinging to the chignons of the horses, and at an angle so near the vertical that their ears, most of the time, covered the ears of their riders—excepting those of the Consul—with the vines yanking us out of the saddles every other minute, and no light, but that of the fire-fly dark lanterns of the wood-elves, who seemed to be anxiously, and aimlessly, searching for lost, strayed or stolen kitchen utensils in the cavities of the undergrowth, and then, suddenly, a halt; the animals, luckily for us, refusing to go another step.

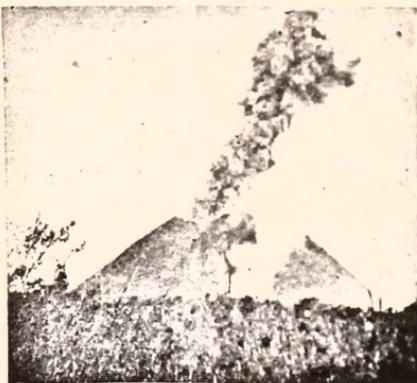
We dismounted—and when I reached the bottom, or a kindly hammock of tangled vines that suspended me, somewhere between the star-spangled heavens and the port of Hong-Kong; the dulcet strains of the Hon. John's voice was informing me from the stygian darkness overhead; that, "gentlemen" should never indulge in profanity"—He is a sympathetic cuss, is the Hon. John.

After the horses had tired of kicking rocks down on top of me, rocks that would hit me three or four plexus punches, and then go echoing joyously down, after each other, into the profundities of the crevice; the Hon. John, and the other idiots, succeeded in getting ropes to me, and fished me out of my perilous position, as if they didn't care whether they broke me in two, or not; and then we began the return descent to the village; not mounted, or afoot either; as the seats of our trousers testified on our arrival.

Luckily we were able to secure a guide, by paying six prices, and the moon having come out we made another start, taking the road to the right, and arrived without further mishap at our destination, "El plan de los Calderones," at midnight, to find the only habitable habitation in the district a herder's hut—occupied by our colleagues from Bonn.

The guide, however, informed us that

there would be no trouble about sleeping accommodations, as the "Mesa" we were on contained forty acres; and that if that wasn't big enough for the purpose, he would lead us to one of a hundred and fifty acres, of perfectly level ground, two hundred feet higher up on the "Cerro Quemado;" but he didn't seem to be very well posted; for, unexpectedly, we run up against the "Hotel Majestic," of which I enclose photo., among others, advertising that the "Bi-nocular Astigma-



PUFF.

gatic," was unable to catch an *explosion* of the volcano.

We left our animals at the hotel, and went a half a mile farther, to the edge of a thousand-foot crevice, to get a short-range view of the cone, which was painting things red in great shape; and, sore, and frozen, as I was, I felt fully repaid for the uncomfortable trip.

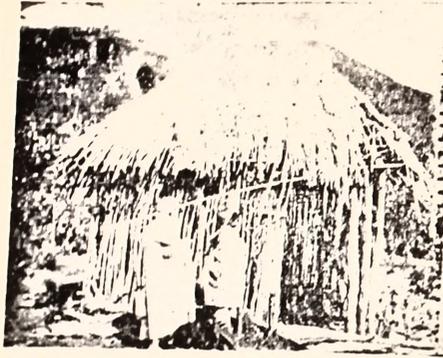
No language, that I am acquainted with, is capable of describing the frightful magnificence of this stupendous pyrotechnic display of Nature's forces—all the Fourths of July, been, or to be, rolled into one, would be as a parlor match to a search light, in comparison; and my first impressions were similar to what must have been those of the agnostic on board the foundering ship, who, when urged by the pious passengers to help them save the vessel through prayer, devoutly exclaimed, "Oh, my God! if there is a God, save my soul! if I've got a soul!"

For twenty years I had, almost nightly, watched from my door this ever-chang-

ing, coquettish mountain, trimming her trailing skirts, at quarter hour intervals, with incandescent ribbons of dazzling fire; as the storms of sparks flung up from the cone settled in the seams of her graceful contour; and now—at what looked in the dark to be a distance of a thousand feet, but was really two and a half miles—to my astonishment I discovered that the glimmering sparks, seen from my distant home, were molten masses, the size of locomotives; hurled in the air with the force of a thousand

we could hear them; and, at the rate they were driving things, I expected the whole shebang to come bobbing up through the earth under us most any time.

Now and then the surrounding atmosphere would shake itself like a dog after a swim, and then the united brotherhood of plutonic boiler makers and sheet metal workers, assisted by all the tin and coppersmiths that ever went to the lower world, would get a move on them and whoop it up, until it seemed that all the corrugated iron in the world was coming up through the volcano's throat, with seventeen demons on each sheet pounding a tat-too with chipping hammers, and then old Ysalco would turn loose a few preparatory coughs; spit on her hands, and with a general roaring crash, rip open the night with a column of flame; and Jenikns would dance around like a schoolboy, yelling, "Gee whillikens! Look at her! Look at her! Great Scott! Look at her!"



HOTEL MAJESTIC.

guns, decreasing in size as they flew skyward! and increasing, as they returned, thundering into the chasm at our feet; to hiss, and burn, and gradually blacken.

The hurricane was attending strictly to business, and it was impossible to set up the camera; so we stood, braced against the tree trunks, shivering with the cold, and gaping in awestruck wonder. Consul said it was a d— lie, but I knew he was scared because—I was scared myself. Jack, my Newfoundland chum, would stick his tail between his legs and light out for home at every discharge from the crater, to come back whining and questioning with his great phosphorescent eyes when the racket ceased.

Somewhere, in the bowels of the earth, a first class blacksmith shop seemed to be working overtime with a sixteen thousand-ton steam hammer upside down; for we could feel its boom, boom, boom—ty booms, in the soles of the feet before

The explosions occurred at fifteen or twenty minute intervals, and we watched them until two o'clock, when we returned to the Majestic to catch a little sleep before daybreak; but owing to the underground rumblings, and piercing cold, I found it impossible to sleep until after I drew Jenkins out on what he knew about photography, when I dropped off, like a child, with the word, "Developer," ringing in my ears, and dreamed that I was in an immense steel mill, where I saw row after row of huge, slowly-moving converters, flinging their fiery blasts skyward, into the night, before vomiting their molten contents into the ready molds, whence gigantic, semi-sentient cranes, yanked enormous incandescent blooms to pitch under the thundering rolls that shot them forth; squirming, fiery rails to the saws, and trimmers; midst an arc-lighted, tangled pandemonium of cars and ladles; of roar; and splutter; and hiss; with half-naked human beings darting in, and out, of the lights, and shadows; soot-grimed, and sweating; like denizens of some under world; and then I got into a row on the tariff question, with a part of the crowd, that ended by their pitching me into a

vat of ice-water. When I awoke to find, that owing to the Hon. John having changed the position of his feet, the wind was having a fair sweep at us, and I was chilled. Ysalco was still on deck attending to the booming end of the business, and Uncle Sam's hired man was talking of films, and focusses, in his sleep.

A hundred miles to the east, from behind an assembly of volcanic cones, a rose and purple glow crept slowly upward under the firmament's arch, paling the morning star to shimmering silver; and then the blood-red, tropical sun, sprang over the horizon's rim, proclaiming day. To the west, thirty miles in the distance, striped with glistening shafts of morning's light, the Pacific spread, a sparkling mirror, under a cloudless sky; and in the valleys, and on the lowlands; twisting and turning among palm, and coca groves; the fleecy mist drifts indicated the courses of the streams, and rivers. Here, "only man is vile."

Neither of us being meat-eaters, we made a hasty breakfast on dry bread, washed down with hard-boiled eggs, before calling on our colleagues from Bonn; and then we started merrily for the battlefield, where we took snapshots until the servants went to sleep in the sun.

Consul was not satisfied with our proximity to the crater, but I was, and refused to accompany him on a suicidal expedition into the barranco where it was raining rocks; so he started off alone to seek a better coign of vantage, leaving me in charge of the loaded camera; and he had hardly disappeared in the bush on the opposite side of the clearing, when a series of agonized war-whoops indicated that there was fresh trouble ontap in the region he was exploring.

In a few seconds he broke into the clear, going so fast that he was barely hitting the high places on the trail; and fanning the surrounding atmosphere so energetically, that he made me think of the myriad-handed god Vishnu sprinting for international honors—but he had only "touched the button" on the automatic end of a healthy hornets' nest, and



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Chicago III.

the proprietors were "doing the rest."

When he had called in enough stray breath to talk coherently with, he told me he was ready for the return trip; and when I remarked that gentlemen should never indulge in profanity, he told me to go to h—. It's dead queer how ungrateful the man in the soup can be, when the fellow on Easy street generously offers disinterested advice; and the disrespect he is apt to show the gray hairs of the average monarch of precepts when his attention is called to them by sympathizing friends.

We arrived home at eleven o'clock at night, and my wife, after peeping through the blinds, informed us that she made it a rule to never dispense hospitalities to hobos during her husband's absence; but, considering our pitiable condition, if we would go around the block, and rap up the stable boy, he would give us a bed of clean hay in one of the stalls; and she would see that we were given some cold victuals.

The Hon. John proposes making another trip to the volcano during the hot, or rainy season, and I have promised to accompany him providing that in the interval he diligently practices standing on his head so that, in case of sudden showers, I can get under his feet for shelter.

P. P. BRANNON.

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N. D.

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