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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 I.

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Editor

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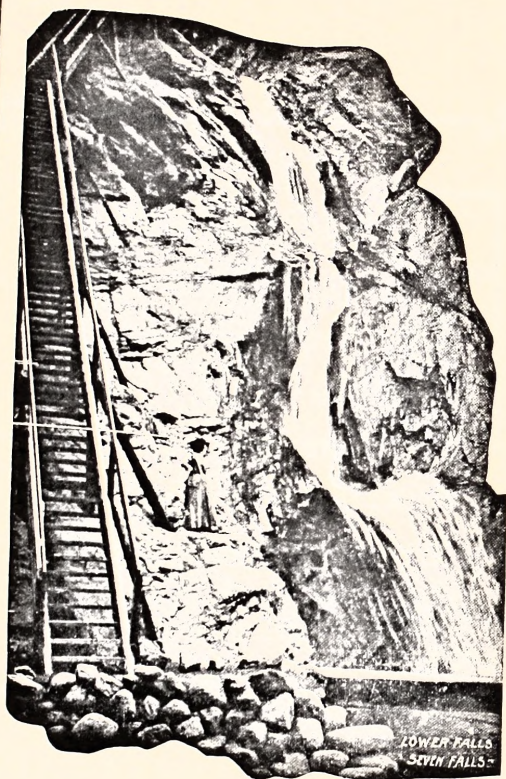
The instructions in "The Secret of Human Unfoldment" are the finest, most concise and to the point of anything of the kind I have ever seen. I revel in them.—*Grace Troy, Raton, New Mexico.*

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—*George Horace Gale, Seattle, Wash.*

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View of the Famous Seven Falls—Near 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, OCTOBER, 1902.

No. 1

The Standard Size.

THE PATH-FINDER has been making some mechanical changes lately, but this is the last one affecting its size and general make-up, except that additional pages may be added as circumstances demand.

Beginning with this, the first number of volume second, the standard size of the prominent magazines of the country, such as Harpers, Scribners, The Century, etc., has been adopted. This change has been made for business reasons and for convenience, but it will be the last affecting the size of the magazine.

In reprinting in book form the leading articles in the first volume of THE PATH-FINDER, this same size and style will be adhered to, thus making it possible to bind a uniform size book out of every volume of this magazine.

In the new, standard size the magazine will be much more easily handled and I feel certain that it will give better satisfaction in every way.

With this slight change, THE PATH-FINDER starts out on its second volume after an unprecedented first year's growth; for which it extends greetings and most cordial thanks to its thousands of friends.

Where to Draw the Line.

MR. J. N. BUNCH, of Los Angeles, Calif., who is both an earnest

and devoted searcher after all that will aid in the elevation of physical and mental man, propounds a scientific question that would easily stagger the "laity." It is a question, however, that interests everyone and one that has been asked many times in the public prints. I have never seen it answered to my own satisfaction, and as I never intentionally follow in the wake of any one, I am pleased to have this question propounded to THE PATH-FINDER:

I would like very much for you to answer the question, where does vegetable life cease and animal life begin? I have quit flesh food as far as I can and still I realize that when I take a drink of water I am swallowing thousands of animals, and, as far as I know, they are intelligent, complete organizations of life. I refer to this matter in order to get information. I am after the right road to perpetual life eternal in the flesh. I believe in it.

As vegetable matter is largely made up of animal and insect life, in certain stages of vibratory action, there is no place to draw the line between the vegetable and the animal. There is no line to be drawn. Nature has never divorced these elements of growth. They are one. So it does not fall to the lot of man to draw a line except an imaginary one.

But there is a vast difference between this infinitesimal life of which the vegetable is composed and the animal life (including fish and fowl) upon which man is wont to lust.

Were it not for the presence of this

minute life in all vegetable matter and in the water we drink, man would never have arisen out of the depths to slay animal life so near his own level. We swallow thousands and hundreds of thousands of animals in the food we eat and in the water we drink and in the air we breathe, but were it not for the presence of these animals neither element would or could find lodging within us. There would be no "us" or any other animate growth. These animals all act in the capacity of scavengers in the great world of sanitation in order to make it habitable, and it is their duty to purify everything with which they come in contact that needs purifying, and there is nothing in the material world that does not need purifying. They do this work in the water you drink and are then conveyed into your own body for the same purpose, where, as man today builds himself, there is an inexhaustible field of labor. They seek and find your interior to continue their work of the expert scavenger. They consume the diseased parts and effete matter and aid you in carrying it out of the body. They act not only as scavengers themselves, but they are the vehicles by which the deadening accumulations are carted away. In taking these little fellows into our bodies we neither destroy nor consume them. They go right on attending to business just the same, and when the proper time comes, they move on upward in the natural processes of evolutionary growth. They not only aspire to live, but they *do* live and make it possible for the rest of us to also live by cleansing our bodies so far as it is possible. But even the strongest must give way under the pressure of excessive burdens. You will never find this minute scaven-

ger where it is not needed. He would never enter your anatomy except in the case of life-preserving and life-saving. This is his specific mission—to perpetuate life. Minute as he is—imperceptible to ordinary vision—he is a teacher of whom we could learn many valuable lessons.

Nature protects these little wandering life-savers. They are constructed on such a minute basis that even the digestive functions of man cannot deprive them of life. They come and go at will and only lay down their labors in this specific field to take up work of greater magnitude, and so on until they come into consciousness in the form of man. This is when we commence to put on frills and question the authorship of our existence.

Man assumes a great responsibility when he kills *anything* and feeds upon the product of his murderous hand. But he cannot kill these little searchers after the vileness of his body. Nature protects them and because of this protection man is saved—to destroy himself by his own hand by methods beyond the reach of these little helpers.

Everything in life is living for a purpose, though man, with all his smartness, cannot always decipher the whys and wherefores. Where he cannot do this he destroys. He would destroy the Almighty if "His Holiness" could be located. Indeed many of them think that they have already succeeded in doing this and have appropriated His "robes" to their own shoulders. But when the undertaker appears on the scene the stolen property is confiscated.

I will give one homely illustration of some of the purposes of life. Take the bed-bug, for instance. He is a

night scavenger. He tackles you under cover of night and in the dead hours of sleep. Why does he do this, you ask? Because at this particular time the filth of your body is pouring out through the pores of the skin in great quantities and this is what the bed-bug is after. He wants to consume it. You blame him for putting up a most startling odor in his travels. But it is not his fault. It is yours. He got it from you, but you object to his carrying it away with him, so you end his career so that he can no longer demonstrate to you just what you are made of. Now this bed-bug would not have hunted you out except you had need of him, and you may always know that whenever you find a bed-bug on your person that you have attracted him there by reason of the putrid condition of your interior. You may think that this is plain language, but I am dealing in facts and the Truths of Life as I find them and as they are exemplified to me, so I give you the *Truth* even though it has personal application to some who may read this article.

But there is a simple remedy for all of this. *Cleanse yourself.* Do this and you will be free from all the encumbrances of life. Do this and you will attract unto yourself not the infinitesimal, but powerful, scavenger and midnight seeker after the vileness of your body, but all the clean things of both earth and heaven and all the things that are *yours*.

Man is supposed to know all of these things and understand that whenever a precious life is taken consciously, that death will likewise be meted out to him who takes it. If we purify our bodies and minds we will never attract

anything to us that we think should be destroyed. If we understand the science of life and of right living we will know that every living thing is builded for a purpose and that we have no more right to take life of any sort than we have that of our fellowman.

But in the matter of animal life which inhabits the food we eat, the water we drink and the air we breath, it is impossible for man to destroy it by the processes of consumption. Nature provided for it and protects it.

The line is drawn and must be drawn where *life is taken consciously.*

A Dead Multi-Millionaire.

COLORADO SPRINGS has just been deprived of the physical presence of her only multi-millionaire in the death of Winfield Scott Stratton. This is of no special interest or importance to the outside world except as the occurrence furnishes a text for a few remarks by the editor of this magazine. This death, as in the case of the late President McKinley, was induced by the combined efforts of too many stupid doctors.

Up to two years ago Mr. Stratton was the owner of the famous Independence gold mine of Cripple Creek. Ten years previous to this time he was a poor man—a carpenter by trade. He sold the mine to an English syndicate for \$11,000,000 and still retained large mining interests in the camp, so that, with many safe, money-making investments to his credit, Mr. Stratton's estate, at the time of his death, was computed to be worth fully \$15,000,000. Of this amount he gave the measly sum of \$50,000 to his only son. He bequeathed about \$300,000 to other relatives and the remaining portion was

set aside for the building of an extensive home for the worthy poor of Colorado, and especially of El Paso county, where he resided. This was a worthy object, to be sure. But in his unexplained desire to cut off his son with so small an amount out of such an immense estate, Mr. Stratton evidently blocked the carrying out of the great work which was nearest his heart, for the son has already commenced proceedings in the courts for the purpose of breaking the will, and, if precedent has any weight in enabling one to arrive at a conclusion, the son will succeed.

But it was not for the purpose of discussing the Stratton will that I took my typewriter in hand with which to pen these few lines. It was to point out a lesson that is most conspicuous in this case—a lesson for the doctors as well as for the "layman."

Mr. Stratton had attracted death to himself at a time in life when he should have just commenced to live intelligently. But many years of dissipation and consequent neglect of the physical body, brought the end prematurely. In this premature taking away the doctors were called in to hasten the going—and they succeeded admirably, as they generally do in such cases. The fact was most conspicuous in this case that every time the patient grew a little stronger as the result of allowing the vital functions of the body to rest, the doctors would at once feed him and every time they fed him the weaker he grew. When he reached the point where he could take no "nourishment" at all in the natural way, the doctors fired it into him hypodermically through a piston rod, or similar device. And he died. Of

course he died. He couldn't help it. That is what the doctors were called in for—to aid in the processes of dissolution. Perhaps they were not conscious of their exact mission at this bedside; very likely they were not; they very rarely are. But they did the work assigned them just the same, even though unconsciously.

Through years of neglect and the aforementioned dissipation, the Inner Life in this man's body had become weary and heavy laden. It had borne the burden until it could be endured no longer. The experience which the stay in this physical body afforded had been exhausted. There was no further need of enduring the frightful pain and suffering which the conduct of the physical man had enforced upon the Soul life. So the end was hastened, and to hasten the end a score of doctors were attracted to the bedside. That is the specific work of many doctors—to aid the Inner Life in its efforts to rid itself of a corrupted habitation. This furnishes a two-fold lesson to the world, though in our stupid ignorance, we rarely heed them or even recognize that a lesson has been left for our special benefit. The two-fold lesson is this: First, to point out the uncertainty of physical life in the presence of our violations of the laws of Nature. Second, to demonstrate the frailty of man in his attempts to reconstruct or build up the life of another. And from these lessons we are to learn that death is certain to every living thing at a certain time unless there has come to the individual thing the knowledge that life indefinite is made possible only through individual efforts; that the saving and growing power is alone vested within the folds of the individual.

No doctor, minister or any one else ever saved a human life. They have eased and removed physical pain—that is all. It lies not within the power of a human being to save the life of another. Every one dies when the Incarnating Ego has ended the experience assigned it. This Inner Life then leads the physical structure to death, in some form or other—in such form as will furnish a lesson to some one or to the world at large. Death comes at no other time. The method of the death is chosen by the Inner Life. But all through life the individual is given hints and lessons which, if followed out, would make a permanent habitation for this Inner Force. But we pay little or no attention to these hints and let the lessons go by until it is too late. The work of destruction may be assigned to the trolley-car or to a so-called doctor of medicine; the depths of the sea may be employed or the hangman's noose; a leprous body may be the medium or an electric current. But they are all lessons in life that all should heed and profit by. They are all punishments for neglected duties and unfulfilled obligations, the consummation of which would have insured physical life indefinitely.

The bowels of the earth yielded up a great fortune to Mr. Stratton. He attracted this fortune to himself. It was his to control but a day, so to speak. By wrong methods of living he also attracted death to himself. Now the great fortune is attracting a swarm of vultures who will be likewise snuffed out in the twinkling of an eye, and more vultures will succeed them. The J. Wannamakers and the J. Rockefeller will also pass on to the "unknown" and make places for other

swarms and hordes of vultures; and so do we witness the evolutionary processes, and yet we heed not the lessons given to mankind.

The Incarnating Ego tires of these negligences and failures to recognize its all-powerful presence; so we "move on"—in the shrouded hearse—and pass the gaping mobs standing idly by, envious that they are not among the chosen vultures to feast upon the commercial carcas left behind.

To the mortal eye the School of Death seems to be crowded with incompetent teachers; but the Inner Vision knows that the fault lies with each individual physical structure. We are the product of wasted and exhausted seed—all of us. The perpetuating life principle has been dissipated, and this has been going on for centuries upon centuries. Man prefers to revel in lust and he harbors no thought concerning the great responsibilities that rest upon his shoulders. He pays no attention to conditions which will land his posterity in a mad-house or penitentiary, but goes right on lusting and feeding on the things which will cause him to lust.

And so Death comes as his reward of merit. Isn't it a beautiful record to leave behind?

Then the released Soul looks down upon the mess of worldly trash and the swarm of vultures roosting thereon and knows that this is another needed lesson in life's unfoldment.

Anyone Can Do This.

MR. LINO COEIHO, of Santo Paulo, Brazill, sends the following facts concerning the longest and most remarkable fast that the world has any knowledge of. It is the case

of Miss Maria de Conceicao, a young girl of about seventeen years of age, of Mendes, Brazill.

She has been fasting from food absolutely for more than six months, and is robust notwithstanding and the most active of her sisters. The physician who has the care of her is greatly puzzled over the case and deeply interested in it.

After Miss Maria had been fasting for more than six months, a medical examination gave the following results: Pulse, temperature and respiration, normal; complete vacuity of the bowels; all organs perfect; repugnance to all kinds of food.

Miss Maria was born in Pirah, State of Rio de Janero, Brazill. At Santa Monica, where she afterward lived for several years, she fasted two months at one time. She was then drugged with sulphate of quinine, iron and gentian. With this medication she took coffee and bread twice a day. The drugging, at this time neutralized the benefit of the two months' fast, so that she gained nothing by it. She commenced her long fast at Mendes, where her home now is.

Three months ago she asked for a mango but after a moment's hesitation, instead of eating it she threw it away. Miss Maria walks gracefully like a queen, with body perfectly erect and gentle movements. Her father is always urging her to take some food. He says that what puzzles him the most is that she has a quiet, normal sleep, and is very active. She is not obliged to work, but says she could not be idle. And so she is always busy at something.

ANGER breeds dyspeptics.

Sudden Death of Mr. Hooper.

MR. WILLIAM HOOPER, mention of whom has been made in these columns several times in connection with his visit to this country from New Zealand in search of health, died suddenly at his home in Roswell at high noon, on September 24th, the circumstances leading up to his death being not dissimilar to those of thousands of other cases. He was destroyed by the so-called regular profession.

Up to a little over two months ago Mr. Hooper was under my direct charge. Under my advice he had recovered strength sufficient to make two quite extensive gardens and conduct them to maturity in the most approved manner. Many things grew most luxuriously under his care. All vegetation seemed to realize that he understood its needs, and everything he planted came up and thrived and responded to the demands made upon it. In fact Mr. Hooper had grown so strong and hopeful that one day he told me he thought that he was strong enough to get along by himself and as I was a very busy man he would take no more of my time unless he found himself going backward again. A little later Mr. Hooper was informed of a "specialist" in a suburban town who was "away up" as it was put to him. This "wonderful specialist" had graduated (?) in all the varied branches of the profession, he was told. Mr. Hooper was also informed that this doctor had become an expert as well in New Thought methods and was meeting with wonderful success. This was all kept quiet from me at the time and I never became possessed of the knowledge until the day Mr. Hooper permanently closed his physical eyes.

During the past month I had noticed that Mr. Hooper was not looking so well. He came into my private office every day to get his mail, but as I was unusually busy installing my new printing plant, I did not give him the attention I usually did. Tuesday evening he came to my office as usual. I passed the time of day with him, but I noticed that he was suffering from a severe trouble in his throat. After he retired I decided that the next day I would ascertain the cause of his apparently weakened condition. Quite early the next morning I was informed that Mr. Hooper was apparently ill and that I had better go and see him. I did so at once and found him not only very ill, but totally unable to speak. His whole body seemed to be in a paralyzed condition from the effects of some sort of drug. I at once called in a physician who pronounced the case a hopeless one, Mr. Hooper's condition being the result, in his opinion, of the administration of some powerful drug. At this point Mrs. Benjamin, who was present lending aid to the sufferer, discovered two small bottles on a table near by, one practically empty and the other partially so. There was nothing on the bottles to indicate where the prescription was filled or that would shed any light on the contents. Mr. Hooper soon died in a totally paralyzed condition. The two bottles were turned over to the Coroner, who, after examining the case, decided that an inquest was unnecessary. In the meantime, from Mr. Hooper's papers in the shape of a receipt and bank check, it was discovered that he had been taking treatments of this doctor for two months; had called on him at least twice and had paid him \$30 each time

in advance for a month's treatments, a total of \$60 for two months. The Coroner saw this doctor and the doctor stated that Mr. Hooper had called on him and that he had diagnosed his (Mr. Hooper's) case as kidney trouble and that he had prepared for him a strong solution of snake-root to act on the kidneys. This doctor also recognized one of the bottles as having been supplied Mr. Hooper by him. At the end of two months this doctor had \$60 of this poor man's money for a few doses of snake-root and Mr. Hooper lay in a coffin. The doctor's receipt and the evidences of his having been given a check for the amount named are in my possession. The doctor's statement to the Coroner that he had diagnosed Mr. Hooper's case as kidney trouble and had given him a strong compound of snake root, is a matter that the Coroner will verify.

But what is to be done in a case of highway malpractice like this? Nothing? Possibly nothing, unless his relatives, who are away off in England and New Zealand, care to take the matter up. But every crime and misdemeanor attracts its own punishment. The man who waylays you at midnight and robs your person of its valuables, meets his just deserts at some stage in life, even though the criminal code invented by man does not search him out. The same with all other classes of thieves and highwaymen and malpractitioners and commercial blood suckers. There is no escape.

But what of the poor victim? you ask. He, too, attracts unto himself the things that are his—even death if the lesson be needed—else it would not come to him. Here again is a two-fold lesson left to all those who are cap-

able of thinking and analyzing.

* * * *

Mr. Hooper was much more than a good man as we consider man from a material standpoint. He was thoroughly just and honest in everything he did. He was punctual to the dot and very critical of any one who was not. In the business affairs of life Mr. Hooper was without fault. I liked him. We were more than good friends. He had come to Roswell to make it his home and he liked it so well here and myself and THE PATH-FINDER that he had taken a working interest in the business of the magazine. Just so soon as he gathered the expected strength he would have taken a responsible position in the office. Until such time he was content to watch the growth of the magazine which, to him, was something most unusual. Besides being a thoroughly good man in every sense, Mr. Hooper was a learned man and a scholar. Nearly all the so-called dead languages were at his tongue's end and he translated as fast as an ordinary person would read a newspaper. He had traveled the old world exhaustively—through India and all the Orient. At last he had come to America and settled down among those whom he felt would add to his comforts and pleasures in life.

We are all greatly grieved over the loss of this good man and when we think of the manner of his going, indignation and sorrow fill our hearts. And yet what availeth this resentment against a despoiler? Against the compounder and vender of vile snake root decoctions and such rot for enfeebled man?

Let us draw the veil of pity over such examples of stupendous ignor-

ance and professional charlatanism.

* * * *

And so in all cases where the enfeebled are groping in darkness and searching in the valley of shadows for the living, vital essence of life, the animate puts on the inanimate. The eyes are closed and the lips speak not. No more do we greet the physical presence of our friend. The stillness of death hovers about his familiar goings and comings, and we see no more the friendly smile of greeting.

But where is the Real, Eternal Entity which inhabited this body just laid to rest? This was the Real Life that shone through the physical eyes now closed in death. Where is this Ego which so recently severed the ligaments of attachment to the physical structure? This was the Life that really attracted us. This was the Life that we loved. We sorrow for the frailty of the physical only and our own selfishness in desiring to continue the physical attachment. The Soul of the man—the only possession which animated the body—is not lingering for our tears. It does not need them. We lower the body into the earthly cavity just prepared and we weep as the clay hides it from physical view. Why these tears? Why the saddened demeanor? The struggle of the Soul in its efforts to make permanent its home is ended. Do we weep because the physical has been a failure? If we wept at all it should be because of this. The only other reason is of purely a selfish nature and unworthy of us. The life that went out comes and says: "All is well." That is enough for me. I knew this, but it is comforting and pleasurable to receive the added testimony. I need no evidence as to the

future state. I am constantly surrounded by all the verifications of my own experiences that I need. I am confronted by the Truths of Life at every turn in the road. So I rejoice in this going out—not for the shattered, silent body, but I rejoice with the liberated Spirit in its release from the long struggle. I grieve only that the body was frail and unequal to the task of grasping the real Truths of life and the demands of the Ever-Living Life Eternal.

I also grieve in the thought that perhaps I might have done more for the afflicted one.

Just Plain Catarrh.

I see by your paper you are constantly giving advice regarding health to various sufferers. Now I am not a sufferer exactly and my general health is very good, but I want to get rid of a discord which has stuck to me for years. Quite twenty years ago I had a short, but severe cold. While it was on me I got rid of a great deal of thick phlegm. Ever since then, in foggy, damp or cold wet weather, I am subject to a running from the roof of the mouth, the back part of nose and extreme top of throat. I have no pain with it, but it is at times most annoying, keeping me constantly going with a short cough. In dry weather, however, it leaves me for months at a time.

OF COURSE, as you doubtless know, you have a bad case of common, every-day catarrh, and the only remedy for this, as in all chronic troubles, is to cleanse the physical body and eliminate all impurities.

Catarrh is the product of a clogged and disordered interior, the outgrowth of improper food diet and wrong methods of living, but it is not incurable, as most doctors claim, except when you depend on drug remedies for relief. But you *can* cure catarrh and every other bodily affliction by the use of Nature's appliances when you are eat-

ing the right sort of food and living the right sort of lives. Otherwise there is no permanent relief.

These so-called hacking coughs with which every one who has catarrh is afflicted, are the result of the dropping into the throat of the mucus accumulations in the posterior of the nasal cavities. Most doctors diagnose such cases as bronchial affections and many of them will tell you that you have consumption or are on the direct road to it. Of course if this poisonous mucus is allowed to constantly come in contact with the throat, there will undoubtedly result, in time, a chronic throat trouble that will prove most difficult to get rid of. But you once stop the flow of this poison and there will be no more hacking cough in your case or in hundreds of thousands of similar cases.

Now for the *sure* remedy. THE PATH FINDER gives it every month of its life. Abstain from all meat-eating, stimulant-drinking (tea and coffee), raised bread (raised bread and beef just doat on producing catarrh and eczema) and *fast*. It is the clogging of the system with impurities that produce so-called colds. A cold is simply the effort of Nature to get rid of this effete matter. Some times it manifests itself in the head, in the throat or in the lungs. Some times it comes to the surface in other ways, in cold sores, fever sores, etc. But by the simplest precautions you will soon find it impossible to catch cold, as the doctors improperly term it.

Fasting, proper bathing and proper food, when you do eat, will do the work. If you had rather have the affliction than do these things, you must stand the consequences. On the con-

trary, if your desire is strong enough to persist in doing the things that will surely bring to you perfect health, happiness and opulence in all its varied forms, just go ahead and build yourself on the right lines. Cleanse yourself and reconstruct the whole physical structure and live as the gods live—in the fullness of sublime perfection.

Persist in doing the other things and there will soon be crape on your door.

The Danger.

A PHYSICIAN in Nebraska writes as follows:

I have been an enthusiastic admirer of THE PATH-FINDER ever since its initial number, and have advised many of my patients to subscribe for it. In your reply in September issue to the gentleman in Alaska, I am not certain whether I fully understand you or not. The idea that I arrived at is, that the person who develops the spiritual at the expense or neglect of the physical, is in danger of all the calamities that you refer to. I have seen a similar caution from several writers and am not sufficiently unfolded to grasp the writers' meaning.

If we are all gods and by concentration come into the power of gods, where can be the danger? Will we not grow stronger all of the time and hence more able to resist the influences of these estranged spirits that are wandering half feeling for some one to devour or occupy?

I ask these questions for information and with all of the earnestness that a sincere searcher after the good can command. Your article would almost cause one to hesitate to practice concentration, "*fearing*" had might come of it. This is an admission of my ignorance, but I am, as it were, thirsting for knowledge on the subject.

The great danger that THE PATH-FINDER points out, and which it admonishes every one to keep clear of, is that of allowing outside forces—the spirits of the departed—to come in and control the mind of the individual to the exclusion of the Divine intelligence within.

In the process of concentrating the faculties one soon reaches the point

where he is both clairvoyant and clairaudient and he can then both see and hear these outside forces which are ever hovering around and which are constantly striving to be recognized and to influence the individual. As I stated formerly in this connection, here lies the great danger—that we will be so controlled and influenced by these forces that we will entirely neglect our own individuality—our own Inner Self. This is what THE PATH-FINDER would caution every one against—the permitting of the spirits of those gone before to deprive us of our individuality and induce us to cease to recognize our own Infinite powers, which will surely result if we are not sufficiently self-poised to protect ourselves. The temptations here are beyond conception to those who have not passed through the experiences. Very few are able to withstand them. But there is a way to go through these experiences and not sacrifice the only saving power which we possess. It is to never lose sight of the fact that we can never grow upward or onward except through the powers of our own Within Workings; that we alone possess the great knowledge which we are seeking and are capable of bringing this knowledge to the surface just as fast as we open the channels through which it may be brought to the surface for our uses; that to allow ourselves to be controlled by other than this Within power means the dwarfing of all our faculties and the steady decay of the physical body. In other words it means premature Death. The moment we lose sight of our own Within that moment does the Soul life long to be extricated. But just so long as we give full recognition to this Soul life

and endeavor to make our bodies habitable for its continued presence, we will be illuminated and we can grow to any extent that we desire.

Not understanding the evolutionary processes of life and not realizing the necessity of perfecting the physical structure while here on this plane of existence, ninety-nine one-hundredths of all those who start out to investigate spirit phenomena are drawn within the closing circles of this seething whirlpool of destruction. The allurements are lurid and the temptations are too enticing to withstand. So the sacrifice is unconsciously made.

But we must all unfold sooner or later. Isn't it better to do it in the absence of these bitter experiences? We are under no obligations to the dead or the spirits of the dead. We are under no obligations to a living thing outside ourselves, only to see that the burdens we have enforced upon our posterity are removed as speedily as possible. Outside of this obligation, we are as free as the air we breathe. There is but one duty and obligation before us and that is to build *ourselves* and pay no heed as to whether our neighbor is growing or not, except to always strew pearls in every one's pathway, that they may be gathered up wherever the desire has come to the individual to seek the real Truths of life.

Understanding these things clearly, my friend, there is not the slightest danger involved in unfolding one's self by concentration processes; unless, of course, one prefers to attract to himself the elements which will insure his downfall. I gather from your letter that you are not one of these. Then go on; unfold and then unfold some

more; keep on unfolding, and soon the Mighty Light of Eternal Truth will illuminate every step you take. You will rejoice at the dawning of this Light, and you will live as becomes the chosen Apostle of the Ever Living.

The Religion of Love.

A BELOVED MINISTER of the orthodox gospel, living in Illinois, and a subscriber to THE PATH-FINDER, pens these lines to the editor under date of September 20th:

DEAR BROTHER:—September PATH-FINDER at hand and better than ever. The light is getting stronger; but what am I to do? I have been a preacher for twenty-five years and am now preaching for a church that pays me \$800 a year. I advance New Thought doctrines relative to healing and am strenuously opposed. I am a healthy man with but one thorn in the flesh. I inherited, and have cultivated to some extent, a lust for the flesh, which I am trying to overcome.

I must quit the New Thought study or quit preaching. I have nothing to do to support my family of wife and one daughter of sixteen years. The churches will not see the light. I must continue my studies and accept the truth if I lose my pulpit. But what then?

I note with great pleasure the evidence in the above of the outcoming from the tiresome bondage which is circumscribing the labors of many another good, conscientious man. But, my friend, it is not yet time for you to discard the means of livelihood which are now at your command; neither are you called upon, or is it wise, to unfold the secrets uppermost in your heart to the swine still persistently lingering in the sty. You must *grow* more before you do this, and this you can do without compromising your self-respect either. As you grow and unfold from within, nothing but love will flow forth from your heart. Make no at-

tempt to induce any of your congregation to accept of your ideas. Mention these things to no one outside your own family and caution them in the same direction. We but hinder ourselves when we attempt to give out these precious truths to ears that are not ready to receive them. Preach alone the Shining Light of Eternal Love from your pulpit and let the dogmas of the creeds alone. Let the devil go off on a vacation and tell your people how the humble Nazarene taught only Love to the race of men. Tell them to look within their own hearts and find the Light that will lead them to the Eternal City. Tell them to search for the ever-living Truth that is the guiding Star to every human aspiration. With the steady growth and unfoldment of your own being, the radiance of the Soul will come to the surface and sink deep into the hearts of every hearer. You will then know that the seed sown was fertile and that its fruits may be garnered in good time.

But you cannot teach people to Love and to harken unto the Truth and feed upon the flesh of other precious lives. It is only a flickering light at best that shines forth from such as these. Soon as you are ready, my brother, to step out into the broader field of labor the way will be made clear to you. Stay where you are until that time, and lose not a moment in searching out the Truths of life and in unfolding yourself.

An Adept.

A N INTERESTED SUBSCRIBER writes requesting me to give my definition of the word Adept, presumably as I use it in connection with some of my writings.

An Adept is one who has attained to great physical and mental growth and unfoldment—who has so perfected the entire organism as to be able to bring it *en rapport* with the Soul force within; one who is capable of temporarily divorcing the Soul from the body and going anywhere desired on this earth or to other planets and reinstating itself in the body again at will. During this flight, however, the physical is possessed of no consciousness. It is apparently dead. Some persons, not Adepts, who have been able to sever the body from the Soul connection, have been indiscreet enough to leave the body where the doctors and undertakers have found them and put them in the ground. The Soul has come back to find that it had no habitation. Again, in severe cases of sickness—especially when a person has been stricken with fever—the Soul often leaves the body for a time to get away from the horrors of the physical tenement. Many bodies have been buried under these conditions and the Soul has come back and taken possession of them while in the coffin or when in the grave. As soon as the Soul again takes possession of the body it (the body) becomes animate. Some times a body is disinterred and it is found to have changed its position and all the horrors of having been “buried alive,” as it is called, are depicted on the features. The modern methods of embalming remains deprive the Soul of again taking up this tenement. In some instances this might properly be classed as murder. No body should ever be buried until there are manifest evidences of decomposition. The Soul often remains in the body several days after the body is apparently dead.

If a burial takes place under these circumstances there is great suffering on the part of the Soul—far greater than any that could possibly come to the physical body while animate.

But I was giving my definition of an Adept.

An Adept is one who has so unfolded all his powers as to be able to dematerialize the physical body and materialize it again at pleasure. An Adept is one who has lived such an absolutely pure life as to be able to do all the things that the Christ is reported to have done, and more. An Adept is one who has divorced himself absolutely from every sort and condition of physical temptation. An Adept is one who never eats a particle of meat and who lives on vegetable life in its aboriginal state—in uncooked form—and milk. An Adept is one who has so purified the physical structure by long periods of fasting, as did the Christ, that all things are made possible. An Adept is one who has long ceased to lust after the flesh in any form; who can withstand every temptation and who never, no *never*, prostitutes his body. If he did he would not be an Adept—he *could not be*. An Adept is one who never leaves the physical body permanently except he so desires, and he can then reincarnate in another body at will. The ancient Adepts of the long ago are now reincarnating in many of the modern physical structures in order to teach the world the great Truths of life that are now becoming so manifest. This accounts for the great revolution now taking place in the thoughts of man. This is the fulfillment of many predictions of the Bible as well as of man an hundred years ago. The time has now come

for the fulfillment of these prophecies and it behooves all of us to get aboard the Chariot as it passes by. It will not stop. It will not wait for you or for me. It glides swiftly on, but the way is pointed out before the coming, so that all may climb up on the front seat along with the Driver.

If you live the life of an Adept in all its wholesomeness and purity; if you are perfecting yourself on the lines of the Adept, you will live long and prosper. If you are earnest and sincere in your efforts to live this sort of life, there is a great and glorious future before you. If you remain passive and indifferent and refuse to build yourself, decay and premature physical death will fall to your lot. There is surely evidence on every hand as to this statement of fact.

The early part of this new century brings to the surface many thousands of teachers. The physical structures of these teachers are made alive with the Incarnating Egos that went out of the bodies of the ancient Adepts and Seers, as stated, in the long ago. Their time for reincarnating has come; it came with the closing years of the century just made a part of history. These Egos are being heard from in every quarter of the globe, but more especially in North America where there is a higher state of physical development. Wherever a high state of physical development is found and mental recognition freely given this all-powerful Inner Self, there will the most marvelous work be achieved—there will the anxious student flock for light and comfort.

The most sensational revolution that history records has just begun; but it is not a revolution involving bloodshed, organized and instituted by re-

ligious sects. It is a revolution in the minds of men that will lead them on to the consummation of their loftiest aspirations. It is a revolution of Love armed with Truth, against Blood and Falsehood.

I trust that my definition of an Adept is made clear.

The Vegetarian.

I WISH to say a word to the friends who are sending me clipped articles on the subject of vegetable diet—that is, articles setting forth the reasons of the meat eaters why one should continue to eat meat in preference to living on vegetables alone. To these kind people I desire to state that the editor of THE PATH-FINDER is not a vegetarian. This may be news to some of you, but it is a fact nevertheless. I will say, however, that I regard the vegetarian as being far in advance of the meat-eater from every point of view and especially from a moral standpoint. But for me to live exclusively on cooked vegetables—why, it would be like drinking so much slush. Many kinds of vegetables are all right in the raw state, but when you come to cook them, they are like putting so much trash into the stomach. You have got to eat something besides cooked vegetables in order to grow and unfold—that is, so long as you feel obliged to eat at all. But, as I say, and have often said, a vegetarian has taken the first long stride in the direction of doing the right thing, but he must not stop there; he must go on. The next step upward, and it is a tremendous stretch—is the raw food diet. You come in close touch with Nature when you reach this point. You are feeding

upon the breath of Eternal Life, blown into all Nature from the realm of the Infinite. But to cook this vital Food of Life and then eat it, is to destroy life itself. You then put into your carcas only the slush that fattens hogs. If you desire to be fat and dense and gross, and build only such tissues as will take on disease, keep on eating cooked food. If you wish to put yourself in a position where you can give to your physical self and to the world at large the Shining Wisdom your interior contains, then go to work and clean out all this truck and slush and filth and eat the things which Nature prepared for you to feast upon.

But I say *grow*, no matter where you stand. If you are living on the blood of another fellow-creature, you can take a step upward by voluntarily abstaining from this monstrous practice. Anything is preferable to meat-eating. A vegetable diet appears to be the next thing in line for most people. It was not for me. I wanted something better and I found it. But we are not all constituted alike. I love uncooked food. You may not. It may take time for you to rid yourself of the old hankering after the flesh.

We see women and men go out preaching against intemperance and alcoholism, and they themselves feed upon the things that make drunkards and stimulate licentiousness.

We see ministers in the pulpit preaching against moral decrepitude and at the same time bringing children into the world filled to absolute fullness with the lusts which they have inherited. These things cannot be covered up.

And these are some of the reasons why we lose faith in some men. The

unclean and unwholesome inner life—that life kept in the background away from public view—is made manifest in their posterity. These things cannot be hidden, so we lose faith and go to work to think for ourselves, with the result, in most cases, that we are greatly benefited. We become *thinkers* and thinkers are always growers. We cannot think and stand still. We cannot think and retrograde. We cannot even grow slow when we begin to think. We have to move rapidly to keep pace with thought.

When we begin to think for ourselves we soon open up the avenues which will lead us into the right paths. So long as we depend upon the thoughts of others to guide us aright, there will be trouble.

The man who preaches morality and the man who preaches temperance—if they be meat-eaters—are incapable of setting an example worthy any one's emulation. There is no such thing as a "beautiful character," as so many put it, enveloped in the form of the flesh-consumer. That is one of the things that cannot be.

I like the vegetarian because I know that he has made a good deal of headway and is likely to make more. I know that he is headed aright. I know that he is getting into a position where he can grow and expand and widen out. Outside of this I am not interested in the vegetarian. I want to live on *living* things. I want to live on the things which mean something to me far above the creations of Death.

I cannot find them in the things that come in contact with the life-destroying.

That is why I am not especially interested in the vegetarian. If you are

a vegetarian, I glory in you and say amen. But if you will take a step farther, I will exclaim, Hallelulah! in a voice that will penetrate the silence of the Sphynx.

No, I Am No Saint.

A PROMINENT METAPHYSICAL teacher residing in one of the principal cities of the East, takes the trouble to pen the following:

DEAR EDITOR:—You are doing a great work for the world and *no mistake about it*. That last article on "The Elixir of Eternal Life" is very powerful and very advanced. You are evidently being used by the World Spirit to teach the people everywhere new and mighty truths. It is true you are a rough and tumble sort of a fellow and there is a good deal of the Old Adam (Satan) in you yet; but if you were too saintly you *would n't do* as a reformer for this age of material cussedness. You would have to take a back seat. I give you my right paw. Conable.

I cordially thank you, my dear sir, and grasp the "paw" you so generously extend with pleasure. You are well up in your ideas of the needs of mankind in general.

No, I am no "saint." If I were I would be occupying a pulpit instead of teaching people how to live. Humanity needs no special or specific instructions relative to the particular cut of its shroud, so I find a vast, practically unoccupied field in which to prosecute my labors.

This is a labor nearest my heart. I would rather teach people how to live than to have the most populous cemetery in the world to my credit.

WHY should we look to others to aid us in our physical weaknesses when we alone possess the power to make ourselves whole. No person living can help you except yourself. Others can only point out the way.

Short Paths.

A GOOD FRIEND of THE PATH-FINDER down in Pennsylvania says that the editor of this magazine looks like "Bob" Ingersoll; that she knew him well and that he did much during life on earth to lighten the burdens of the race. True—this last part—nothing could be truer. Ingersoll was neither an agnostic nor an infidel. He was a christian man in all the essentials that go to make up a true christian spirit. The fact that he gave no recognition to an orthodox God did not make him an infidel. He recognized a Supreme Power in the growth and development of all life. This Power was his God—and it is all the God that any man needs or can utilize to his own personal betterment. But Ingersoll died, you say. Yes, the physical Ingersoll was imperfect, so it was laid away. But the Ego that went out and on high will come again, invested in a richer garb, and the world will again hear the great "agnostic," changed only in name. In the next coming even orthodoxy, should it survive that long, which is doubtful, will worship at his shrine. The Egos which have inhabited the physical structure of an Ingersoll will be vested with great opportunities in the next coming.



The Sheltons—Tommy and Blanch—are, at this writing, taking a western outing to the Pacific coast. But it matters not where this delightful couple hold forth, whether on "the upper floor," in the Mormon tabernacle at Salt Lake or among the sea lions at San Francisco, or even in the opium slums of Chinatown, they send out the "word" just the same, not even neg-

lecting Madden, the Third Assistant Post-master General. Seems as though Madden ought to have taken on some of these vibrations by this time. Still it is reported that there is no entrance-way to the Soul of a Michigan politician. I have even heard it said that politicians possess no Souls at all. I know that I would lose mine if I staid in politics very long. It would leave me and enter the body of a policeman in preference.



Ione (Grace M. Brown), one of the editors of the lovely little magazine, *The Essene*, of Denver, in discoursing briefly on the subject of fasting, takes occasion to thus speak of THE PATH-FINDER. Coming from one who *does* know the editor of this magazine it is all the more highly appreciated. It is surely a gracious compliment: "Mr. Conable knows how to live on a cracker a week with a ten-mile sprint, I was going to say, before breakfast—but I mean early in the morning—because I believe the cracker is not eaten before noon, so you could not call it breakfast—and he is one of the most beautiful souls I know, and full of deep spiritual strength as you know by his teachings; but as you realize still more when you come in personal touch with him."



To the hundreds of friends who have been sending in congratulations on the September number of THE PATH-FINDER, I desire that every one should know that I fully appreciate every word and thank each and every one from the bottom of my heart. I desire to also thank these same friends and

many others for the evidences of approval of the editor's course on the subject of Organization and especially for their compliments respecting the article in the September issue. I will add, however, that so far as this magazine is concerned, in the language of the alleged diplomat, that the incident is closed. The people who started the uncalled-for attack on the editor of THE PATH-FINDER will in good time see the error of their ways and reform. I surely wish them the clearness of vision which will bring to them the fullest possible measure of growth and enlightenment. I envy none of them and would not change places with any living mortal on earth.

I know a minister of the orthodox gospel, who has had consumption and whose wife has had consumption and who are still in the "toils," who bring children into the world. One sad, bright little fellow is a cripple because of it and is wheeled around in a little vehicle made for the purpose. What do you think of that for an unpardonable sin against posterity? Isn't it enough to clot the blood in your veins? And he now holds down a \$5,000 job and is supplied with an assistant. Blessed be the Lord's "chosen ministers."

One day during the past week THE

PATH-FINDER received six yearly subscriptions clear from India and orders for five of the booklets "The Secret of Human Unfoldment." All these orders were for all the back numbers of the paper from the very beginning and three of them came from medical men, the balance from merchants and officers. And thus is the Light of Eternal Truth invading the far East.

The booklets, "The Secret of Human Unfoldment" and "Solution of the Kitchen Problem for Woman," are finding their way to the remotest corners of the world. These booklets go together. "Solution of the Kitchen Problem" prepares one for the loftier unfoldment.

The September No. of THE PATH-FINDER seems to have possessed the greatest powers of attraction of any single issue of the year. Orders are coming in from all parts of the world for copies of this issue. Subscriptions are just rolling in.

Miss Irene Amet and mother, of Los Angeles, Cal., recently closed a week's stay at the home of THE PATH-FINDER. We hope to see these good people again in the near future.

This Path just fills this column.

Flashes from the Summit.

A disease that you cannot cure yourself is incurable.

Every bodily ailment is the result of wrong methods of living—by some one at some time. The sin of it lies in our persistency in not correcting the evil.

All the social problems of life will be solved just so soon as we build ourselves on a sufficiently intelligent plane to understand that we alone possess the power to change and better our own conditions. Until that time arrives,

the trust and the striker will continue to be most plentiful.

The Soul is the beacon-light that illuminates the physical body. But when we so becloud this light that the pathway is made dark and dreary, we can grow neither mentally nor physically.

Throw your windows and doors open when you sleep and fill yourself with the only food which replaces the wasting tissues with vital, indestructable life.

No one should hope or expect to ascend the ladder of fame unless he has constructed this ladder himself, and he must not build it of imperishable material either.

Why ring the midnight alarm for help from without, when the only enduring assistance comes from within? This is a mysterious problem that few of us can solve.

Wake up, my friend. You cannot sleep and grow at the same time. Build your body anew with *live* tissues and come into possession of the joys and blessings that are awaiting you.

It is absolutely impossible for any one who eats right, who breathes right and who bathes right, to catch cold. This fact is so easy of demonstration that it is hardly worth while to mention it.

Every act in life, be it for good or for evil, will bear such fruit as you must

gather in after years—perhaps now. If the act be good, you will rejoice in the gathering. If it be evil, the gathering will be in tears.

The electric car that ran down the President in his carriage was on the same plane of development as the man who, with his gun or fishing-rod, destroys life. He who takes life attracts death to himself. Will the President need another hint?

There are those now living whose lives are so pure in thought and deed that they are in perfect touch with all the creative forces of Nature. But they never reached this degree of perfection surrounded by a decaying body. This is one of the impossibilities that ever confronts man.

The world is just now ready to receive the great truths concerning the evolutionary processes of life. It has been an hundred thousand years since these Truths could be entrusted to the masses. Let no one convert this knowledge into base uses. He who does this will perish by his own hand.

THE PATH-FINDER never states a proposition that is not demonstratable by every human being. If you are interested you can prove to your own satisfaction every word that appears in these columns, written by the editor, bearing on questions of health and the unfoldment of physical and mental man.



Hoosier Paths.

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

He is not the slave whose body is in bondage, but he who is in bondage to his body. Many a life sentence is served out under the blue sky; many a galley slave walks the streets. Health is essential to freedom, but a free mind is first necessary to health. A sound body implies a mind free from fear and anger, from all negation and weakness.

STANTON KIRKHAM DAVIS.

WHO THAT THINKS has not stood baffled and mute in the endeavor to give expression to the thought which has moved his soul, and which he would bring as his offering to the shrine of the universal good?

The significance of thought, owing to the perfunctoriness and conventionalism of the times, passes us unchallenged, and in to the camp of our lives steals the covert enemy—the instrument of our undoing.

We marvel at the power exhibited by the ponderous steam engines, and at the far reaching utility and efficiency of the varied electrical appliances of the times, yet these are but drift-wood floating upon the surface of the stream of thought and express mere units of the mighty millions of its power.

Habit, entailed by heredity, and the seeming exigencies of merely material existence, has held the thinking faculties of the race in thrall, and men have gone on in the trail of ancestral formation, and have tumbled out of sight at the point of the traditional three score and ten without so much as a protest or the demanding of a reason for an existence of so little seeming value, or progress upon lines of rational longevity, affording opportunity to manifest a result comparable with their ideals.

And this has been because of overlooking the power of thought as a factor upon every plane of action and

being, and because man has inadvertently relegated his thought prerogative to clerical, or other not more desirable proxies. This applies to the great majority whose careers have amounted to little more than a mere plodding through life's negations.

We in no sense refer to the nobly aggressive minority, who, all unaided, have proved the way to such progress as the race can boast, and who, star-like, have led the dawn of better days; who have coined the ideal into the real and passed it current in the fore line of the world's progress; who have made stepping stones of their errors, and upon them risen to that best of all wisdom, a knowledge of themselves.

These creative souls need neither comment nor eulogy; their sublime mastery of so-called fate through all their purposeful lives stands out in a splendor of brightness which speaks for itself. To them, all hail!

But let us turn to the consideration of the power of thought, which we must regard as a living, active force, before which all limitation fades as mist before the summer sun.

"All that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts; it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought pain follows him as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the carriage. If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him like a shadow that never leaves him."

In the principle based upon this truth we have the secret of happiness, health and success, for "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he," and it is in the matter of the control and guidance of thought that men are well or ill, succeed or fail.

Man's mastery is assured if he will dominate the character of his thought. It is a prerogative which few have recognized that man can select his mental companions, that he need harbor only such thought-guests as he really desires to invite. The thought of health persistently held is outpictured upon the physical organism in lines of unmistakable well-being, while the fear-thought terrorizes him into a shrinking, cowering subject of adverse ideas which culminate in disease, ill-timed senility and failure. We incline to pity the savage who entertains superstitions of various kinds but who, nothing doubting, presents us the spectacle of fine physical health. Rather we should pity ourselves that we look with fear upon the air we breathe, the water we drink, the food we eat lest it contain the inimical microbe for our undoing. Doubt damns and the leaven of an *if* mostly results in a ferment of disease or defeat.

There is every reason for cleanliness and the observance of a rational hygiene, but in the end these are auxiliary and supplementary only; the reality of things exist for us just as we view them mentally. We either dominate our thoughts or are dominated by them, and, whichever way the force obtains, determines for us, health and victory or illness and defeat. The diseases not directly traceable to traumatism (bodily injured) have their origin in wrong mental conditions, so that a good nine-tenths of physical inharmonies are the progeny of mal-thinking.

The business defeats, which strew the tide of commerce with the wreckage of many ill-timed efforts, were caused by thoughts of fear, and were blighted even in the moment of their conception. We charge our share in these to circumstances, to accident, to every cause but the true one, our real mental concept of the outcome.

We have found the cause of ill-health and defeat, and now let us take into consideration the remedy. The veriest wreck of humanity, physical,

mental, moral, or financial may hope for retrieval and a way out of his dilemma. The leopard being void of intellect cannot change his spots, but man, whatever his condition, can avail himself of the injunction of Paul and be transformed by the renewing of his mind.

Herein lies the hope of the individual and of the race. Out of the chaos of ill-health, of poverty and defeat, shall arise the orderly condition of health, of opulence and victory, and the transmuting factor shall be thought guided intelligently to right functioning and right ends.

It does not mean a sudden transition, this transformation by mental processes, but a growth as a child or a tree grows. And as he ceases to cherish his thoughts of error and begins to substitute therefor the thought of truth, he will find his horizon clearing and his limitations falling away never to obstruct his pathway again. He shall know the truth and the truth will make him free.

So potent is the action of thought upon the vital fluids that the microscope reveals quite readily the changes it undergoes thereby. It is quite commonly known that if a nursing mother indulges a fit of anger or fretful worry, that she poisons her circulation and therefrom her milk, which makes her child sick, ill-tempered and fretful.

It has been frequently demonstrated that persons in ill-health have wholly recovered therefrom by persistently working to change the character of their accustomed methods of thought. Physicians often recommend "change of air" for patients whom their drugs do not cure, and many of these invalids get well not so much from the salubrity of the changed atmosphere, as from the change in their thoughts induced by different environment.

We all of us have experienced the great relief incident upon complete freedom from cause for worry which has held us long in its thrall, and from such incidents should be able to take

our cue for the government of our thought methods. We can thus live in mind far above our present conditions if we but will so to do.

The last sentence contains the key to the situation; will you not use it? It all lies within the scope of the right use of the intelligent will. Really and truly we are, in the last analysis, what we *will* to be. Are you eager to win in the battle of life? then let me counsel you to arm yourself with a thought for each engagement. Let it not be the thought of weakness, of worry, of failure, but the mighty thought of strength, of calmness, of success, and victory will perch upon your banner. Will to live above the fear of disease and ever affirm your mastery in your own kingdom. Stand sentry at the door of your mind, and challenge every thought not clad in the white robe of truth, and daily and hourly marshal in solid phalanx the best of your mental creations to guard the treasure of health and happiness which is yours for the willing.

Be mentally true to yourself and every incident of your whole life will conspire to aid you in your conquest of existence and render your efforts effective and fruitful of good.

I cannot better close this chapter than by quoting a little fragment which came under my notice a few years since:

"As I walked with myself
I talked with myself,
Myself said this unto me,
'Make friends with thyself,
Be true to thyself,
Thyself thy good angel shall be.'"

The Path-Finder Mine.

(Semi-occasional Report by the President.)

MY DEAR MR. CONABLE:—I herewith enclose a letter from the Pennsylvania State College that informs me that our Path-Finder mine runs very rich in azurite, malachite, chrysocolla, chalcopyrite, bornite, tetrahedrite, hisingerite, hydrous carbomates, silicates,

sulph-antimonates, etc., with several counties to hear from, and a prospect of a miscellaneous assortment farther down on the vein. They don't seem to have found the limberger cheese or little-neck clams. I also note that the writer of said letter spells silicate with two ells and scratches one of them out on considering the matter over. He has my sincerest sympathy, even if he is a college professor, who has to wrestle with the English language for a living. There is such a delightful element of uncertainty about its orthography that I envy the feelings of a rope-walker every time I try to write a letter in the language.

My cousin, the Hon. _____, of Harrisburg, Pa., sends me this letter, and in his letter says, as stated in my last, if the sample sent me is, from the surface and not from a considerable depth, then there is a bonanza in store for you. I have written my friend, Dr. Atherton, president of the College, asking him to have Prof. Wadsworth give me his opinion of a property showing such a rich (!!!) result. Now, my dear boy, it looks as if you had struck it rich (??!) and, by hokey, you should make big money.

Now, my dear Mr. Conable, what do you make out of this? Is _____guying me, or has he been concealing too much good whisky about his person?

What does Prof. Wadsworth mean when he says an ore of this richness could be smelted, etc. We have neither coal nor coke here, but charcoal can be made very cheaply, as wages are only about 10 cents per day American money.

I forgot to say that _____

is a long-range miner, with interests in Honduras and elsewhere, and has had considerable mining experience—"on change."

The elections are coming on in this country, and the President, to prevent my interfering in politics, has,—I am told—decided to send me South in charge of "La Union Central R. R." I can't refuse to go without running the risk of attracting a jail to myself, and as the salary is \$1,000 per month and I need the money to dig a hole in The Path-Finder mine, you may get my next letter from there.

Here it is still earth-quaking, but mildly.

Thanks for the raw grub cook book.
Sincerely Yours,

Armenia, Salvador. C. A.

ARE YOU REALLY LIVING?

A NEW book by Leslie Boucicault is an exponent of all-round physical and mental development, in a good practical, common-sense way. We like it; even a child can understand it. It deals with facts—not theories, and carries one into the realm of "I can and I do." The chapters, "Activity is Life" and "The Way, the Truth, the Life," contain a great many truths which, if taken in and digested by the reader, will save him many mistakes. We quote the following: "You are the Outward Expression of Spiritual Life Principle, which contains within itself everything in the Universe. The Spiritual Life Principle is God; therefore you are an expression of God."

* * * "That from which life has departed cannot give life or sustain it for any length of time. Is there any wonder that the average longevity of the race is much below fifty?" * *

* "Neither is a cooked vegetarian diet altogether the proper thing. Live food builds live cells, and this is what you must have if you would really live." Send \$1 to Leslie Boucicault, 1839, N. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Send 50 cents (no stamps) for book on Diet, How to Fast and other Literature to

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In addition to the 40 per cent, a years subscription to **THE PATH-FINDER** will be given to everyone securing the five subscribers within the period named—three months.

Kindly fill out the following blank and send to this office at once.

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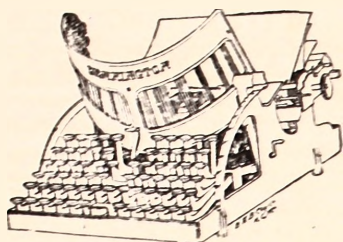
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