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NOVEMBER, 1902

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a Year

The
Path-Finder

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

VOLUME II.

NUMBER 2.

The World's Advance Herald
of Perfect Health and Per-
petual Opulence. ❀ ❀ ❀

EVERY PERSON in the world
who is afflicted with ill health,
or other adverse conditions in
life, should read "THE PATH-
FINDER." 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 CO., ROSWELL, COLO.

COOKING DESTROYS THE LIFE PRINCIPLE IN ALL FOODS

Solution of the Kitchen Problem for Woman.

A TREATISE ON UNCOOKED FOOD

By EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE.

PRICE, 50 CENTS.

This Booklet Should be in Every Household.

THE ONLY RIGHT WAY and the only Scientific way of Living, so long as Food of and kind is demanded, is to eat that which Nature has prepared and which is filled with the Sun's vibrations.

There is a growing desire among men and women everywhere to gain such knowledge as will insure absolute physical perfection and at the same time unfold the mental faculties to a degree that will bring the individual into absolute harmony with all the higher forces. This booklet does all of this and more: it unfolds to man THE ONLY RIGHT WAY TO LIVE.

TESTIMONIALS

MR. E. W. CONABLE—My Dear Sir:—The Cook booklet, "The Kitchen Problem Solved," duly received. There isn't a dull word or line in it all; and again let me say, YOU ARE RIGHT. The lesson of eternal peace, not learned upon bloody battle-fields, but upon the planes of normal, healthful functioning, expressed in a rational diet and its results are found between its covers. I tell you it touches a chord in my imagination (and it's hard to keep from giving it rein here and now) that makes me see the race on planes far above its present position. — D. H. Snoke, M. D.

Mrs. John Vance Cheney, the noted Chicago music teacher and immensely successful exponent of the Mind Method as applied to piano teaching and playing,

Address,

is especially competent to formulate a just opinion of the merits of the booklet in question. The following is a portion of the contents of a personal letter to the author:

"I am delighted with the booklet, 'Solution of the Kitchen Problem.' You are certainly doing a great work in bringing the natural, true and clean possibilities of life before the world. I thank you for all your work and deeply appreciate your sincerity in it all."—Abbey Perkins Cheney.

The Principal in one of the public schools of Fulton, Ill., writes:

"Your booklets are expressions of high thought and will be productive of higher ideals and higher living by all who will read them."—J. S. Moyer.

The Path-Finder Pub. Co.,
ROSWELL, COLO.



THE PATH-FINDER is the foremost publication of its kind in the world. It circulates in every country on the Globe and is only limited by the circumference of the Earth's surface.

Having just (October, 1902,) absorbed the big subscription list of J. STITT WILSON'S MAGAZINE, "THE SOCIAL CRUSADER," THE PATH-FINDER now has the largest circulation of any publication of its class in the world.



J. STITT WILSON.

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VOL. II.

ROSWELL, COLORADO, NOVEMBER, 1902.

No. 2

The Path-Finder

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, EDITOR.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT
ROSWELL, COLORADO, U.S.A.

BY

The Path-Finder Publishing Co.

(INCORPORATED.)

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.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1 A YEAR. FOREIGN COUNTRIES, \$1.12
ADVERTISING RATES, \$2 PER INCH IN ADVANCE.

THE PATH-FINDER has a *bona fide* circulation in every State and Territory in the United States, in all the Provinces of Canada and in every civilized country of the world.

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

Entered at Roswell, Colo., Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

BY THE EDITOR.

Treasury Stock.

AS HERETOFORE announced, THE PATH-FINDER Publishing Company has placed 5,000 shares of the capital stock of the company into a reserve fund to sell to its subscribers on the basis of \$1 per share, to be used exclusively for the purpose of further perfecting its printing plant and to push the circulation of the magazine. No certificates will be made out for less than five shares (\$5.00) and from that up. Some very liberal orders have already come in, but we confidently hope that every person who feels at all interested in the prosecution of this great work will become a stockholder of the company. The stock is non-assessable.

Let us hear from you, good friends.

THE PATH-FINDER PUBLISHING CO.,
Roswell, Colorado, U.S.A.

Special Notice.

To former readers of *The Social Crusader*:

The editor of THE PATH-FINDER

has added a department on "Socialism and Life" to his magazine, and has requested me to edit the new department.

This proposition came at an opportune moment, for the increasing labors and travels of a wide propaganda in the socialist movement, besides my other work, was making it very difficult to give due attention to the *Crusader*. Not only so, but the obligation we feel to stimulate to the utmost degree the state and county socialist papers, now springing into existence wherever we go, has led us to discontinue the publication of the *Crusader*.

Our subscribers will receive a sufficient number of issues of THE PATH-FINDER to fill out the obligations of the *Crusader*. I am confident that all of our readers will feel this to be a positive gain for what we are all seeking to accomplish.

You will not only receive my message as usual, but you will also be introduced to the brightest and best of the magazines devoted to individual unfoldment. You will also be glad that I am thus privileged to reach the world-wide circulation of THE PATH-FINDER with my social message.

I bespeak for THE PATH-FINDER that cordial friendship and enthusiastic reception which has been accorded us in the past.

The headquarters of our activities is now at 507 Charles Bldg, Denver, Colorado, where my colleague, Mr. Wm. H. Wise, is in charge. Our propaganda of lecturing and classes for all the brothers will now be carried on more vigorously than ever.

Yours for Human Happiness,

J. STITT WILSON.

J. Stitt Wilson.

THE preceding notice over Mr. Wilson's signature is ample so far as it relates to his future connection with THE PATH-FINDER; but a word from the editor of this magazine concerning Mr. Wilson personally will not be out of place.

J. Stitt Wilson is unquestionably the foremost man of his time in this country in the specific field he is occupying—that of educating and helping to raise out of the depths the great mass of toilers and strugglers who are today reaping the fruits of a long embittered existence, brought about primarily by environment, but emphasized by the present consolidation and centralization of capital in all departments of commerce and trade.

Something like seven years ago Mr. Wilson shook the ministerial robes which cloak the man who stands behind the pulpit, to go forth and study the needs of the class who—not figuratively, but literally—feeds upon the crumbs from the rich man's table. He had seen these unfortunates feed upon the bones thrown from the church kitchen window after a banquet where the priests and prelates had passed resolutions in "aid" of the poor and where missionaries had been appointed to go into the far-off Orient to "convert" the

alleged heathen to "Christianity"—a people who know more in a minute about the Master's work than the New World has dreamed of in the past century. Mr. Wilson stepped forth from his high-salaried pulpit in Chicago, sent in his resignation, went and induced another clergyman who was also drawing a good salary, to join him, and these two philanthropists sailed immediately for England and London. Here they spent several months in the most forlorn and poverty-stricken portion of this great city, coming in personal touch with all phases of depraved and unfortunate existence; the object being to familiarize themselves with the lives of the lowliest of the lowly and try and formulate such remedies as would ultimately lead to a betterment of conditions in both the moral and social lives of these people and all others wherever found.

Everywhere in this portion of Europe the Rev. Mr. Wilson and the Rev. Mr. Wise, of whom Mr. Wilson speaks in his article on another page, were received most hospitably and they held meetings constantly that attracted great throngs of people, the aristocracy as well as all other classes. Returning to America, these gentlemen induced others to join them in their great undertaking of emancipating all classes who are carrying a burdensome yoke beyond their strength. And especially are they united in an uncompromising war against a system that enslaves little children in the work-houses and sweat-shops of the land in the face of the untold wealth hoarded in the vaults of every money depository throughout the world. At present this little particular band of warriors numbers five

and is known as "The Social Crusade." They are literally flooding the face of the earth with their educational literature. They are addressing splendid and enthusiastic meetings nearly every night of every day in the week and every week in the year, and the beauty of it is, their work is telling—it is arousing all thinking classes far and near, and it will not be five years before there will be the greatest revolution in sentiment along these lines that the world has any record of.

As this particular field of labor in which Mr. Wilson is engaged is closely allied to the specific work of THE PATH-FINDER, and as Mr. Wilson is devoting a portion of his time to teachings similar to those of the editor of this magazine, and as Mr. Wilson desires to spend the greater portion of his time on the public platform, it was a very easy matter to enter into a mutual agreement whereby THE PATH-FINDER management absorbs the subscription list of Mr. Wilson's magazine, *The Social Crusader*, and gives Mr. Wilson a department whereby he can not only reach all of his own big list of subscribers, but the thousands of subscribers of THE PATH-FINDER.

In Mr. Wilson's preliminary article there is much that is intensely personal to the editor of this magazine. Ordinarily I would have cut these personal references bodily; but Mr. Wilson has me at disadvantage. I had already given him *carte blanche* in the conduct of the department assigned him, so he compells me to pocket my blue pencil even though I am filled with dismay. There is such a contrast between being filled with dismay and the Ether that I have been feeding upon of late that

I don't just know at this writing where I am likely to land. However, I cannot but feel more than highly complimented in the presence of such phrasing from the pen of so distinguished a personage. A gifted and powerful speaker, a scholar and master of rhetoric—made famous on two continents by his noble works and deeds—I would indeed be unappreciative and blind did I not recognize in Mr. Wilson's references to myself something more than a passing courteous compliment.

Previous to entering the ministry Mr. Wilson was a graduate of Northwestern University, of Evanston, Ill. He stood at the head of his class. Since then this college has conferred the degree of A. M. upon Mr. Wilson for post-graduate work done in Sociology and Philosophy. I make mention of this fact more especially to indicate the special fitness of Mr. Wilson to carry out the great work which he has undertaken. This man has a labor before him that would easily stagger one who was constructed on different lines. But the moment I put my eyes on Mr. Wilson and noted the "build" of his right thumb, I knew then that here was a man that even the frigid temperature of a Moscow battle-field could not defeat his purpose. And I want to say right here to all the social and political factors that are today standing in the way of human progress and the elevation and uplifting of mankind and womankind and the children of earth generally, that they will hear from this man Wilson during the next five years, and when they do hear from him they will run against one of the most formidable fire-brands of destruction to

the present system of degenerate social conditions that modern so-called civilization has yet struck.

Does any one possess the temerity to say that THE PATH-FINDER will not be read by a half million people before a half score of years shall have passed over its head?

Just watch the monthly assembling of the congregations around THE PATH-FINDER Fireside to be filled with Warmth and Love and Sunshine and Opulence and Eternal Life.

I now have the distinguished pleasure of introducing to you, Friends of Humanity and Seekers after Truth, the foremost representative of his kind, J. Stitt Wilson.

A Fifteen Days' Fast.

JUST as the last pages of the last issue of THE PATH-FINDER were being put to press on the afternoon of October 13th, the editor brought to a close a fifteen days' fast in the presence of a number of newspaper and other friends who had been invited to participate in a raw-food luncheon on this particular occasion.

Those present were: Mr. Herbert George, editor of *George's Weekly*, Denver; Mrs. Wayne, daughter of Judge Belford, Denver; Messrs. S. N. Francis and David B. Elliott, business manager and associate editor respectively of *The Evening Telegraph*, Colorado Springs; Miss Cathlyne Thomas, special contributor and society editor of *The Telegraph*, Dr. Henry B. Hayden, of Colorado Springs, and Mary E. Benjamin, whose hands put the artistic touches on the luncheon.

These guests were invited for two reasons independent of social or

friendly relations. First, to enable them to witness the closing hours of an extended fast like this one and, second, to demonstrate to them how substantially and delightfully one may live on an exclusive raw food diet. If there were any disappointments they were not made apparent.

But the "author" of this fast had an unexpected experience during the closing hours of this last day that was not on the bills. While he had not lost a moment of time from his labors during the whole fast and had never felt better in his life, and had lost but two pounds up to this, the fifteenth day, still he had in no sense prepared himself for the supreme test of his strength and endurance which was to take place between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m. This might properly be termed the crucial test; but I shall leave that part of the story to the pen of Herbert George, who was the only other participant in the feat.

Early in the morning of the day named, Mr. George, the brainy and versatile editor of *George's Weekly*, thorough business man and all-round companionable gentleman, broke into the office of THE PATH-FINDER at Roswell and invited the editor hereof to take a little stroll with him over the foot-hills while he went in search of a lime rock ledge which had attracted his attention from a car window while *en route*. Mr. George deals in lime rock as well as in newspapers. He has lime all over the country. He is furnishing the fluxing material for a half dozen or more of the great smelting plants in Colorado and the Mormon State, and when he came to Roswell he was in search of more (lime) worlds

to conquer. If there is a man in the whole west who is in possession of a highly-developed clairvoyant olfactory nerve that always stands out to windward when there is the slightest odor of alkali in the air, it is Herbert George; hence one can readily understand why Mr. George never falls down or turns back when on the direct line of his scent when he encounters a four-rail barb-wire fence or a twenty-foot wash-out. He may occasionally clothe his remarks in choice bits of French when discussing the merits or demerits of the barb-wire inventor; but just the same he can take down four sections of barb-wire fence and lay it prostrate quicker than most men can crawl under. And it is this spirit of never allowing any obstacle, no matter how herculean it may appear to human vision, to obstruct his goings and comings that has placed Mr. George in a position where it now takes a led pencil sharpened at both ends to figure out his annual income.

Once, some years ago, Mr. George got real fresh and took it into his head that it was his special and particular mission in life to undertake the political salvation of the "dear prople," so he went to work, single-handed, and turned the whole State of Colorado over to the Populists, and you should have seen the funny lot of cadaverous clothes-pins that swiped all the offices. But one morning Mr. George awoke. This was when all the offices were filled with alfalfa sprouts and side-whiskered bunco-steerers. He awoke. A few stray thoughts bordering on the romantic found an opportunity to float through his brain. In attempting to analyze these thoughts Mr. George dis-

covered that his beautiful home, his splendid printing-plant and everything else in the world in his possession except a beloved and devoted helpmeet, was mortgaged for more than it was worth. Then his thoughts turned again to the horde of political swipes that were then in possession of the interests of the "dear people." Could it be that he was dreaming? No. This political revolutionist was then facing the most formidable and realistic reality of his whole life.

So Mr. George took off his coat and rolled up his leeves.

A fortnight ago I spent the night at this home. It is the happiest, most contented and *peacefullest* home that I have stepped my foot into for a quarter of a century. Everything is paid for and it now takes five figures to cover the annual income of this establishment. But instead of the degenerate politician that is reaping the fruits of this man's labor, worthy ones everywhere are feeling the warmth of his kindly hand.

And here was a needed lesson in life. It had to be a severe one, else it would not have been heeded by this strong character.

But if I am not careful I will have passed through another long fast before the one I started out on is concluded. However, there is not a great deal to say, except that I lost but two pounds during the whole of the fifteen days—nothing at all up to the fifth; one pound between the fifth and ninth days and the second pound between the ninth and fifteenth. I felt so well and strong that had I not invited these friends for the occasion I would

have added another ten days. But this can be done at any time.

I did not undertake this fast for the purpose of removing physical disease or ailments or obstructions of any kind, except those that are in slight degree still clouding over the Inner Life. I have long since practically eliminated disease of every form from my body. But I am in search of other things—of that which will verify absolutely certain conditions and propositions which I am solving, not alone for my own individual benefit, but for the benefit of every reader of this magazine who aspires to the possession of a perfected physical body and the elimination of every form of disease. At this time I can only say that I am finding that for which I am in search and that they are not secrets. They will be found scattered throughout the columns of this magazine during the coming year, but will bear no specific ear-marks by which they may be designated from other great Truths discernable in the processes of higher unfoldment.

I shall soon take up a twenty-five days' fast, with the expectation of going through a fifty days' fast before the close of the second volume of THE PATH-FINDER.

There is no occasion to rush these matters. All Eternity is before us. What we do it is necessary to do well so that it will not be necessary to go over the same ground again.

I would like every reader of this magazine to follow close on my heels in this work. I would be more than delighted if you would all pass me by, for then I would know that you would all soon be teachers, and the whole world is in sore need of teachers—

teachers whose very Presence will illuminate every step along the pathway of life.

But we must be patient. Half of the battle of life is won in the presence of persistent patience. But patience and indifference and a negative attitude are by no means synonymous terms. First our aim must be high and lofty, then we must bring to bear to our aid a positive persistency which knows no faltering. Then we must be patient and await the coming of the glorious tidings which will make us free. If we grow anxious and weary of waiting, the hour of the fulfillment of our desires and ambitions will be retarded. We can afford to wait, for no such fruit was ever before gathered by the hand of physical man.

Be patient, friends, but do the things that need to be done.

* * *

Herbert George, editor of *George's Weekly*, of Denver, gives the following account of the "twenty-two mile stroll" which he took with the writer:

Last Sunday we stopped in Colorado Springs to go to church. It was a beautiful day, and we started off on a long tramp in the foothills to commune with our God. On our way out we visited Edgar Wallace Conable at Roswell and invited him to enjoy the sermon with us, which he kindly consented to do. From his place to the point we aimed to reach measured just eleven miles. The night previous a bounteous rain had slacked the thirst of mother earth and the atmosphere was full of odoriferous energy thrown off by her to greet the sun. The autumn tints lit up the foliage of the cottonwoods and all seemed to be a living, moving, integral of the law of evolution. About ten o'clock the sage of Roswell sat down with the philosopher on a rock and indulged in silent communion with Nature, after which the startling secret was revealed that Mr. Conable had on that day just completed a fifteen-days' fast and at four o'clock would break it at his home, and it is unnecessary to say we broke the fast with him

(after a twenty-two mile stroll) in the presence of a choice lot of newspaper spirits from Colorado Springs who had been watching Mr. Conable carefully for two weeks to see that the fast was on the square. We sat down to a dinner of fruit, nuts and uncooked foods of all kinds, which seemed to be enjoyed very keenly by Mr. Conable as a diet, while the novelty of the thing appealed as keenly to the sense of the newspaper people. Mr. Conable is simply experimenting. He believes whatever ills human flesh is heir to, succumb to fasting if scientifically practiced, and he has succeeded in demonstrating, at least so far as he is personally concerned, the efficacy of the treatment. We spent a very pleasant hour at the home of The Path-Finder. His home is situated on a hill that commands a magnificent view of Pike's Peak and the range beyond it. He has purchased nearly a whole block and is engaged in building up a very complete printery for the publication of his monthly magazine, which by the way now reaches a circulation that is not excelled by any new thought publication in the United States. People who are interested in this sort of thing and who desire to come in touch with Mr. Conable are invited to correspond with him. He is a very pleasant gentleman, and takes great delight in sending out printed matter bearing upon the subject of correct living.

Here is a Lesson.

Miss Ida Craddock, an author and enthusiast on educating people concerning their physical nature and reproductive organs, committed suicide on Oct. 17, in New York, by inhaling gas. She had learned that her mother was planning to incarcerate her in an insane asylum, or to have her sent to prison again, and so ended her physical life. She was pastor of the "Church of the Yoga" in Chicago, and a very intelligent and cultured lady. She was the victim of malice, and her mother, to save her reputation and social standing, was willing to sacrifice her daughter, and shut her up in an insane asylum for life.

She published two small pamphlets on her pet theme, and for circulating them through the U. S. mails, she was arrested and sent to jail by the Anthony Comstocks who can find obscenity in a pure presentation of a scientific treatise on the physical body, and persecute its author for its transmission through the U. S. mails, but who can find no word of condemnation for mailing all the soul-destroying and vile trash of the character of the *Police Gazette*, and the thou-

sands of immoral Dick-Turpin stories which corrupt the minds of the rising generation by depicting the adventures of daring highwaymen and murderous outlaws. Out upon such prudence!—*Philosophical Journal, San Francisco.*

I WAS VERY well acquainted with Mrs. Craddock, not Miss Craddock, as she was a widow, her husband having died some years ago. I made her acquaintance while she lived in Denver, for the purpose of ascertaining what she knew, if anything, more than some of the rest of us relative to the particular sort of teachings she was trying to get before the world, bearing on the sex relation.

Mrs. Craddock had published a couple of pamphlets in which she set forth a very startling array of alleged truths. So I made her acquaintance in order to learn what she really *knew*, if anything, back of the statements contained in these pamphlets.

I found a very highly developed spiritual medium, laboring on a very material and wholly physical plane. I found, too, that everything that this woman claimed to know about her subject came direct from an astral force on the "other side" which she believed to be the spirit of her dead husband. Both of the pamphlets she had had published, and which the postal authorities had given her so much trouble concerning, were dictated in whole by this astral force. Mrs. Craddock was merely used as the medium for conveying these messages to the public. She was kept busy at a typewriter the most of the time and did the transmitting automatically. This unfortunate woman never did a single thing in her life that she did not first consult the "spirit" of her dead husband. While I was in her presence Mrs. Craddock re-

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The Path-Finder

ceived the message which directed that she leave Denver and go to Washington and New York.

Mrs. Craddock was an obsessed woman and she knew it; but so completely was she under control of the astral forces that it was impossible for her to extricate herself. She was being used constantly to "demonstrate" the teachings contained in the pamphlets she had put out over her signature, but which in reality, were not hers at all. This poor woman was a physical wreck when I knew her, and no wonder. She lived in almost squalid quarters and was kept a great portion of the time at her typewriter recording the fool things being dictated to her. It was with the greatest difficulty that she made both ends meet—some times she didn't, poor soul. She was constantly kept on the ragged edge by the forces which controlled her, but was always led to believe that affluence and happiness were just beyond. They were just beyond—just beyond her reach. She was a dear little woman in many ways, with glorious, sorrowful eyes that ever pleaded for relief. My heart was saddened. Once I suggested that I might rescue her and lift her out from under the accursed burden. Her eyes shone like diamonds and she exclaimed almost breathlessly, "O, if you only would." Then she relapsed and with saddened voice said softly, "but I must wait until my work is done." I never saw her again.

Mrs. Craddock finally took her own life. She was sorely persecuted and she could not shake off the vile demon which was lusting upon her body. The Spirit went out. It was the only

thing it could do. That is what the Spirit always does when the body is persistently given over to outside forces. This was the only way to rid the body of the lecherous leach which had fastened its fiendish fangs upon this animate form. And the world is full of similar examples.

Still there are those who are constantly writing me, requesting that I teach them how to become mediums.

Not on your life.

A Word of Explanation.

UNTIL SUCH TIME as the business management of THE PATH-FINDER sees its way clear to add a considerable number of pages to the present size of the magazine, it will be necessary to decline all correspondence outside that specifically arranged for.

With the department assigned the splendid articles of Dr. Snoke under the heading of "Hoosier Paths," and having just established a department for the noted social reformer, J. Stitt Wilson, and as nothing short of sixteen to twenty pages will satisfy the ravenous appetite of the editor of this magazine himself, we must ask our occasional correspondents to hold their good things in abeyance, at least for a time.

It is expected, before the close of the present volume, to make THE PATH-FINDER a fifty-page magazine, gradually increasing it until it reaches one hundred pages. It is also expected to make THE PATH-FINDER the most formidable foe to every form of disease, poverty, wrong methods of living and the heinous crimes now being perpetrated by consolidated wealth against society and mankind in general,

that the world has ever seen. This is the living, uncompromising purpose of this magazine.

During the magazine year just closed, nearly eleven hundred families, scattered all over the world, have renounced the meat-eating habit as the direct result of the labors of the editor of THE PATH-FINDER. And this means a moral, physical and spiritual reformation in every one of these homes. It means the ultimate displacement of every adverse condition in life, to be superceded by health, happiness and opulence on every hand. It means man's Mastery over himself, which in turn means the bringing to the surface of the wonderful powers man has so long held in latency.

With this magazine as it now stands, finding a welcome reception in every country and port of entry in the world where the English language is spoken, with the unparalleled increase in circulation, having just absorbed the splendid list of subscribers which J. Stitt Wilson had for his magazine, *The Social Crusader*, published on the Pacific coast, and being in the fullest sympathy with every movement that has for its ultimate the growth and development of every man, woman and child on the face of the earth, and being aggressively on the side of the unfortunate, the maimed and the downtrodden, no matter from what cause, it would be a very strange thing indeed if some of the hybrid evils of the hour were not placed in quarantine as the result of the combined efforts of the writers on this magazine.

One communication which was already in type last month, appears in this issue, but in the future, until fur-

ther notice, as stated, we shall have to request our literary friends to hold the thoughts which they would have come to public view through the columns of THE PATH-FINDER, in abeyance.

To "Elevate" the Stage.

THE AVERAGE clergyman is a peculiarly constituted entity. The clergy, it is officially stated, are going to make an organized effort to "elevate the stage," as they are pleased to phrase it. It will now be in order for the dramatic profession to organize for the purpose of elevating the pulpit. It is a question in the minds of most men which is in greatest need of elevating. From a purely artistic standpoint, the stage is far in advance of the pulpit. In the matter of disseminating fiction, the pulpit is a conspicuous leader. In the matter of morals it is, well, which and t'other. I was, for a considerable season, once upon a time, closely allied to both the stage and the pulpit. I did not a little work on both the dramatic and concert stage. I thought once that I would make one or the other my profession. I also amused church congregations for upwards of ten years—not in the pulpit, bless your heart, *no*; but in church choirs. I was chief soloist to all manner of funny little clergymen and some that were not so funny and some that were not so little. I used to wine and smoke with them in their private dens where the Sunday sermons were prepared. We discussed all phases of life. I found them no different in point of morals than other men—no different than the actor, except that the former was more particular to cover up his tracks. I did a good deal of dramatic

work and took leading roles in operas, oratorios, etc., for a number of years. I have found here many of the grandest characters that I ever met in my life; great, noble-hearted people who would undergo any sacrifice to help a fellow-creature. In this respect the average actor is not to be compared with the average clergyman in the same breath; and here is where the *real* work of the Master is made manifest.

No doubt, in many instances, the stage needs to be sprinkled with sawdust and swept off, but there is no occasion for the clergy to delegate this specific work to themselves when there are cobwebs in every crevice of their own pulpits and domiciles.

Let every individual and combination of professions do their own furnishing. There are none of them but should hoist a quarantine flag at times. The actor and the opera singer may carry no specific code of morals on their coat sleeves, but the great majority of them who are artists are freer from the average vices than any other profession. They *have* to be or they could not be artists.

So, I say, it is properly in order for the stage to return the compliment and organize for the purification of the pulpit. There is a world of fertile soil here that is only visible to those who have been permitted to look behind the scenes.

The tales that I could narrate are unparalleled in moral deformity to anything that it would be possible for the stage to record.

We are all prone to fling huge boulders at the alleged pest-houses across the street when a yellow flag should be hoisted at every corner of our own habitations.

The October Path-Finder.

JOHN F. MORGAN, of Chicago, who has spent more than half of an ordinary lifetime in the study of the occult sciences and in individual development, writes as follows regarding the contents of the October number of The Path-Finder—the first number of volume two:

DEAR BROTHER CONABLE:—I have just opened your October issue and write to say that your article, "Where to Draw the Line," contains more facts than a medical library. "A Dead Multi-Millionaire" contains the cream of successful embodiments or Reincarnation and is much richer and more palatable for the mental digestion than "The Secret Doctrine" or any other of a dozen books which I could mention. It also contains the pith of the Mazdaznan philosophy, which is the *individual breath* and building a new physical body of your own construction, which your Inner Self can inhabit for an indefinite period of time. "The Sudden Death of Mr. Hooper" is a good treatise on spiritualism aside from the *privileged murderers* that are licensed by the States to co-operate with the undertakers' trust. In fact they are the bunco-steerers to the brace-game of Death, while the druggists are the case-keepers.

"Just Plain Catarrh." I cured myself of throat, nasal and stomach catarrh by following your directions and eating only *Raw Food, Right Breathing and Olive Oil*. The last was the best for the stomach.

"The Danger" is a volume on *True Occultism*.

"An Adept" contains more truth on mysticism than what I have paid \$120 to obtain from Inner Temple teachings of the cult. (But all dead bodies should be cremated. I have had some wonderful experiences of the demonstrated principles of the benefits of cremation.)

Speaking of astral flights, I used to practice it a great deal, but now I have learned how to *look out into the astral and not go out*.

I once met a Master here in Chicago in his Manodentur body. You yourself are an Adept, and as I write these lines I catch your past vibrations when you and I were at Heliopolis 5,000 B. C. But enough of this. I must proceed to read your magazine. The next sixteen years of the next sixty will harvest a bountiful crop. Look out for 1909 when certain planets occupy certain positions.

You are sound on "The Vegetarian." I eat whole wheat meal (just ground) and California olive oil and ripe sweet fruits and California mountain sage honey. I get my wheat also from California, also almonds and walnuts.

"Flashes from the Summit" is a shower and flood of sunlight. How could it be otherwise, coming as it does from such a high mental altitude of thought?

But I will not take up any more of your valuable time in reading a long letter. In fact I do not need to write to you at all. I am often in telepathic communication with you—as I walk the streets of Chicago. But writing you occasionally forms a magnetic chain.

With best wishes for your continued success,

JOHN F. MORGAN.

The Remedy.

A NEWARK, N. J., subscriber wrote some time ago as follows. Perhaps he thinks that I am never going to reach him or that I did not care to. His letter was mislaid and just came to my attention as this issue of THE PATH-FINDER goes to press:

Why is it that I have a rash or eczema, or something of that sort, seeing that I eat nothing but raw food; and as far as I know, I obey the laws of life as to breathing, bathing and physical exercise, etc.

The reason is simple. Your blood and whole system are still in an impure state. Were they not there would be no evidences of disease made manifest either internally or externally. You may always know that the body is diseased in some form or other when the evidence of disease comes to the surface, as in your case.

To overcome your trouble, you must first cleanse the system by periods of short fasts, extending them should the evidence appear that the disease is still present. You may get rid of the disease in a few months, or it may take several years; it is all owing to how serious a hold it has upon you and how persistent you are in the matter of trying to purify the body and keep it purified.

Fasting WILL do all that is claimed for it. You simply have to be patient. Nature will not be hurried. Her methods are infallible, but when we have spent half a lifetime or

more in corrupting our bodies by either dissipation or wrong methods of living, we must not be disappointed if we are not made entirely new again in a few weeks or a few months.

But we CAN be whole if the desire is strong enough.

SHORT PATHS.

The many friends of J. Stitt Wilson on the Pacific coast—and they are legion—will be pleased to learn that he is back home again, where, after a short vacation with his family, he will be again heard in the great work in which he is so successfully engaged.

■ ■ ■

Freedom, edited by Helen Wilmans Post, at Seabreeze, Fla., came out, November 5th, in a special edition of thirty-two pages, beautifully illustrated. The paper is very artistic from every standpoint. The illustrations consist principally of scenes and scenic effects in and about Seabreeze. Every one is invited to send for a sample copy of this issue.

■ ■ ■

The book, "Factors in the Process of Human Development," will be ready for delivery in thirty days. There has been a little delay occasioned by the installing of our big fast press and other machinery. This issue of THE PATH-FINDER is also delayed a few days for the same reason. In a month or two more THE PATH-FINDER will be issued on the first of each month instead of the 15th, as at present.

■ ■ ■

Elizabeth Towne's "Experience in Self Healing," written by herself, is an elaborate treatise on the science of keeping oneself in perfect health—mentally and physically. Mrs. Towne gives her experiences in her usual clear and vigorous style. To the delver in the realms of the metaphysical, the reading of this book is a rare treat and its power for

good to the human race is absolutely limitless. Send 50c., the price of this splendid book to Elizabeth Towne, Dept. J, Holyoke, Mass.

Eugene Del Mar has established a New Thought paper in Denver, called *Common Sense*. Subscription price, \$1 per year. Mr. Del Mar had considerable experience as associate editor of Helen Wilmans' *Freedom* some time ago. He has also been quite conspicuous in the lecture field. The paper is very neat typographically and will undoubtedly find many friends who will extend to it liberal support. Mr. Del Mar drifts away in a measure from the teachings of his god-mother. He is not a clean-cut Mental Scientist; but this will not hurt either him or his publication. May he live long and prosper.

Since the last issue of THE PATH-FINDER a high-speed Campbell press, sufficiently large to print eight pages of this magazine at a time, has been installed; also a fine engine of sufficient capacity to do all the work of the establishment for many years to come. The capacity of the office is now practically limitless so far as printing is concerned. Beginning with next month we desire to put out 10,000 extra copies of THE PATH-FINDER every month for at least a year. In order to do this we must sell a large block of the treasury stock of the company. This stock is going to be a paying investment in the near future. Just keep your eye on the growth of this establishment.

The work of the editor of THE PATH-FINDER has received great impetus during the past thirty days. The Associated Press sent the record of his recent fifteen days' fast and other details of his teachings along the lines of bringing man into conscious recognition of his own powers, to all parts of the world, and such leading journals

as the New York *Sun* devoted extended editorial space in favorable discussion of the labors of THE PATH-FINDER. A half million dollars would not have paid for this complimentary and gratuitous advertising had it been charged up at regular advertising rates. But the editor of this magazine is doing the sort of work that is attracting public attention everywhere and the great newspapers of the country recognize it. It makes a vast difference whether the public press is trying to drive one to the wall or aids in the presentation of such great Truths as THE PATH-FINDER is promulgating.

THE SECRET OF HUMAN UNFOLDMENT.

THE subject matter of this truly remarkable book is, "How to Inbreathe to the Vital Centers of the Body for Physical and Spiritual Exaltation."

Brother Conable gives us 9 centers, and tells us succinctly how we shall direct the Divine Energy or Spirit to these Specific Centers in such a way as to produce all round development and harmonization of "Spirit, and soul, and body."

All I will now say myself concerning this booklet is that it is one of the most concise, practical, and thoroughly scientific presentations of the subject that has been given. It is seldom that so large an amount of really useful wisdom is found in so few words.

Some allow the applicability of such a system of development to the physical system, but more or less deny its adaptation to spiritual unfoldment.

This is a serious mistake, for I have found from personal experience, and the experience of others that that which will develop the one will develop the other. Experience weighs much heavier than theory, especially when experience is Scriptural and Scientific. The order of the New Testament is Spirit, soul, and body; and the order of present day Science is the same, more or less, for these three are one; and when you affect one you affect the other.

Directly I began to practice Deep Breathing from the Divine standpoint I began to grow spiritually, and the more I practice it, the more I grow.

I use friend Conable's centers and formulas myself personally, and constantly introduce them to individuals, and classes, with marked success and appreciation.—*Samuel C. Greathead in The Breath of Life.*



Socialism and Life.

BY J. STITT WILSON, A. M.

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

IN THE LATTER PART of October my secretary, Mr. W. H. Wise, of Denver, Colo., had billed me for three lectures on Socialism in the charming city of Colorado Springs.

"There, now!" thought I to myself, "This is my chance to see Edgar Wallace Conable, the man who fasts, the man who has taught the cooks to cart the stove out of the kitchen, the famous editor of *THE PATH-FINDER*, brightest and best of the magazines devoted to the Health and Opulence of the race."

And so it came to pass. The first morning of my stay in Colorado Springs, accompanied by my heart companion Wise, I started for Roswell, a sweet little suburb of the city. The day was intoxicatingly glorious. The sun outshone itself. Pike's Peak seemed exalted off there to royalty among the noble hills. The air was fraught with health and joy. The walk to Roswell was a perfect exhilaration.

Wise declared that we could find the home of *THE PATH-FINDER* by the law of attraction. I looked for a house with a sleeping tent built like an alcove on the roof, in which the editor breathed fresh air from the Rockies while he slept, after the duties of the day. At any rate we found Mr. Conable in his den, mail matter piled up about him, subscriptions to his magazine and questions from seekers for

Truth from all parts of the country. Our knock at the door interrupted the quietness of the sanctum. The editor was just writing a long syndicate letter, which a New York firm had requested on "How to Live Without Drugs."

Wise introduced me and I introduced Wise. Unlike many busy men the editor gave us no indication of being interrupted. There was no sign—"This is my busy day"—hanging before us inviting us to state our business quietly and move on. Once seated conversation flowed without restraint. Kinship of spirit and purpose was soon discovered. We socialists were "Path-Finders" also, seeking paths for the free feet of men.

Editor Conable impressed us more favorably even than either his photos or his writings. Such an experience is always gratifying. His countenance has more of earnestness and of the human sympathies than his photos express. His conversation flows with a liquid fluency. His voice is rich and expressive. As this may be the first introduction of many readers to the personality behind *THE PATH-FINDER* I cannot do better than to take advantage of my department and let our readers see the editor through the eyes of a Colorado Springs *Telegraph* interviewer: "His face, although not exactly what might be called a sensitive one, as compared with the artistic and emo-

tional temperament, is mobile, with a mobility that emanates from the soul rather than the emotions. His head is set well down on a good firm neck, as are the heads of the men of all ages who have accomplished things. The eyes are contemplative, searching, deep and above the brows is the fullness that means good perception. The face is refined, yet strong, and betrays a mind more prone to analyze than to feel. So much for the man who has chosen for his life work the perpetuating of physical man, to him the proper and logical tenement for the soul; who believes in the limitless power of the mind over material conditions, but who says to free the mind it is necessary first that the physical be perfected."

The hour passed happily. We talked of food and fasting; of death as a mark of life failure, of reincarnation as a chance at it again; of the intellectual, moral and social revolution on which the world has now entered.

We talked of Life! the unfoldment and happiness, the perfection and beauty of human Life!

"No man can save another. Every man must save himself. He must seek out Life's secrets and apply them to the problems of his own experience. 'Every tub must stand on its own bottom,' says the old adage." Thus quoth Editor Conable.

"The individual must be emancipated from ignorance and folly and superstition. There is no other final help for the world. Teachers, philosophers, philanthropists and sages may direct and inspire, but in the last analysis the individual man must stand on his own feet, face his own difficulties and adverse conditions, and solve his own problems. Perfect Health and Perpetual Opulence are for him who lives for them and for him alone."

Thus spake the apostle of Individual Emancipation to the apostles of Social Emancipation.

"To no man would I yield second place in standing for the absolute

necessity of individual emancipation," said Wilson to Conable.

"But," said I, "Life is very complex, and the solution of Life's problems, though no doubt simple, must comprehend the complex relations and aspects of human experience. Life is as truly social as it is individual. Any philosophy of human happiness and unfoldment to be adequate, therefore, must deal with social facts and forces as well as with the inherent powers and possibilities of the individual."

"To illustrate:" I continued.

"I suppose that any man who knew his forces and how to use them could sit in a room over a sewer system emitting its foul and poisonous gases, and could drink water from a water system impure from decaying vegetable and animal matter up the mountain gulches — I suppose the man who knew might thus inhale and drink poison and yet demonstrate over both. But a really wise man would use his powers for something less acrobatic in mental gymnastics, and for something infinitely more servicable to himself and his neighbors.

"An unfolded and benevolent man would certainly seek, through all possible means, to instruct his neighbors by word and pen how to demonstrate over the sewer gas and impure water of the city. He might tell them how to affirm the Good and quote the scriptures to them that 'if the wise ones drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them.' He could prove his counsels by his own success and point out that in his dwelling the case was extreme—the gases being almost thick and the water almost a syrup—and yet 'I am master,' he might say."

"Of course if the neighbors did not obey the instructions, they and their children must perish. For sewer gas and poisoned water are not 'good' to take—for breathing and drinking at least.

"But, here is my point. There is

Sanitary Science as well as Mental Science. Sanitary Science might be designated as one "Great Thought" of Mind, and I am sure that an unfolded and benevolent man, under the circumstances cited, would go out among the citizens of his community for a wiser purpose than the one just stated. He would arouse them to heed the "Great Idea" of Sanitary Science. He would call upon them to take out the old sewage system at once and replace it with the most perfect system known to modern science. He would call for the appointment of a committee to take a body of citizens up the mountain gulches and remove the decaying animal and vegetable matter from the mountain streams or else to turn the course of the streams to avoid the impurities, so that the sweet and limpid crystal waters might flow into each and every home.

"Thus would the hand of death be stayed. Thus would Life and Life Abundant be given to all the people even to the simple, the ignorant and the innocent. Those who knew nothing whatsoever of Sanitary Science as well as the 'wise' ones would enjoy the benefits of the 'Great Idea' thus materialized. This would be a vast 'demonstration' over disease and death, and social ignorance through 'thought'—but 'thought' on a large scale, for large, comprehensive and social ends.

"The sewage system once purified and the fountains of the water system once cleansed, the incalculable amount of human energy needed to demonstrate over poisonous gases and impure water by each and every citizen, could now be turned to infinitely higher and diviner ends.

"Is it not the part of wisdom," I concluded, "to seek and apply Truth concerning the social facts and forces as well as to the inherent powers and possibilities of the individual?

"As an individualist, I yield to no one, as I said before, in insisting upon

the individual facing his own problems and realising the greatness and glory and power of his own being, and demonstrating for himself Health, Harmony, Opulence and Life abundant. But as a socialist, I am just as determined that the wisdom of science and the interest of mankind must combine to reconstruct our present social and industrial system, in order that each and every individual may be guaranteed the most just and humane condition in which to live out a complete and happy human life.

"Our social system is poisonous and impure, to follow out the illustration, and needs a tremendous overhauling. Our industrial and economic system is a manifestation of ignorance and the brute struggle for existence. It must be revolutionized. The average man is no more a manifestation of ignorance of the true science of living than the present system is a manifestation of ignorance of true social science."

At this point I begged pardon for monopolizing the conversation. "I thoroughly agree with all that you say," said the editor. "There is a great need for thought and action in our social and industrial life. Nothing having for its object the emancipation of mankind, is alien to my purposes and to the message of THE PATH-FINDER. I am fully aware that we are living in times of revolution and change in all that concerns human thought and activity, and no doubt industry and commerce, and our social system generally, will come in for its share of the general overhauling. What you say interests me deeply indeed."

"You are aware, of course, Mr. Conable," interrupted Mr. Wise, "that Mr. Wilson devotes weeks at a time to the instruction of classes in what he calls 'The Inspired Life.' The supreme word of all that he teaches is 'Life.' His message is a unity, but with a twofold application—individual and social. I say this in order that you may know that

not only do we see the need of freeing the individual and bid God-speed to those working with that end in view, but that we are also engaged in rendering our specific contribution to that end."

"Yes," I added. "To some minds these two phases of thought are mutually exclusive and even antagonistic. Some think that if they hold the philosophy of the "I am," that efforts to adjust the world of social and industrial life are inconsistent. While others, declaring that all life and unfoldment is determined by economic and social environment, look askance at the doctrine of individual adjustment as the Secret of Health, Harmony and Opulence. And we are told that in these two philosophies we have the age-long conflict between idealism and realism or spiritualism and materialism".

"I am confident, however, that this is not the case. Either one pushed to an extreme is false. In fact any philosophy of the individual that fails to consider his social relations and the social source of his highest good, is an abstraction. So, likewise, any philosophy, which emphasizes the social nature of man and his dependence on his environment, so as to reduce him to a mere creature and thus deny his original, creative and God-like powers, is likewise an abstraction. To my mind these two phases of thought are cognate and complementary, mutually inclusive rather than exclusive. I can feel intellectually at peace only when placing due emphasis upon each. The bane of philosophy is abstraction. Its safety lies in seeking the actual facts in human experience and keeping close to common sense."

"The new social philosophy and the new philosophy of the soul are but the interpretation of a vast revolution into which we have entered in human life and human society. The world of

thought, the world of life, and the world of industry will not know themselves when the revolution is accomplished. An emancipated world is at hand—emancipated minds, emancipated hands and free physical resources for all."

The conversation closed. Mr. Conable took us out to see his plant where THE PATH-FINDER is printed, and told us of some of his plans for gardens and lawns about the home of THE PATH-FINDER. We had spent a pleasant and profitable hour together. Having invited Mr. Conable to the lectures we returned to the city where our socialist meetings demanded us.

* * * * *

Two days later the bell-boy at the Alta Vista presented Mr. Conable's card. He was a welcome caller, I assure you. Before he left my room the department, "Socialism and Life," was added to the columns of THE PATH-FINDER. I was installed as editor of the new department. Hereafter the subscribers of my former paper, *The Social Crusader*, will read my message in this department. I shall have the privilege of speaking my social message to the thousands of thoughtful readers of THE PATH-FINDER all over the world.

THE PATH-FINDER itself thus becomes the only magazine of its kind in the world, which as its title page indicates, is devoted to Philosophy and the Higher Development of the Human Race, which includes in its Advance Heralding of Perfect Health and Perpetual Opulence, a message of social reconstruction as well as of individual emancipation.

The editor gives me *carte blanche*. He refuses to accept any blame for my vagaries and I shall jealously watch that he takes no credit for my wisdom!

I conclude with a word of greeting to all.

Hoosier Paths.

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

"There is no excellence without labor; it is the fiat of fate from which no power of genius can absolve you."

THOSE CONDITIONS in life to which we have attained and which bear upon them the stamp of worth, are the result of effort upon our part, and hence are reckoned of value by us.

Out of inertia, physical and mental, spring the demons which despoil human lives, and which by obsessing the various faculties of the individual, keep him close to a plane upon which endeavor falls short of fruition.

The expert mechanic, whose skill makes his simplest movement seem fraught with a magic power of transformation, has won his adeptness by laborious practice, and the value of it is expressed in the high price he can command for his service; and not only this, but he readily passes into the realm of mechanical invention where the emoluments dower him with wealth, and leisure to pursue methods of culture on the ethical side of life, of which, as a rule, he is not slow to avail himself.

Such a life becomes a land mark in the history of the world, and the race unites in according to its possessor the gift of genius, that subtle something which transforms even adverse conditions into successful ultimates and happy terminations.

But this genius is not a skill that is born full-grown into the life of its possessor; rather it is the will to labor for achievement, the desire to perfect things which gives the motive power to accomplish the seeming miracles which render the operator famous: a courage, physical and mental, which enables him to repeat his efforts often enough to endow him with the skill that wins him renown.

Action! this is the key which opens the door to fruition, this is the secret of attainment, and from its impulses spring the blessings which enhance the conditions of life and being. A talent for work, a gift of continuous application, an aptitude for exertion, a faculty of industry which renders even drudgery a pleasure since out of repetition springs the flower and fruit of success. We do not deny that continuous application to ONE thing is provocative of abnormality, and degeneration will follow upon such a pro-

cess; but we wish to emphasize the value of occupation, of LABOR in the scheme of life, and to express in no uncertain manner our disapproval of those ideas which lead their possessors to imagine that the good things of life will fall ready-made into their laps without so much as a putting forth of the hand to receive them.

It is just here that so many of the adherents to the New Thought go wrong in their estimates, and from a general condition of supineness reap only negations.

Perhaps they are not wholly to blame for this condition of affairs, and yet a careful consideration of the new hypotheses, a WORKING to understand the full import of the newer tenets, would make clear all doubtful premises.

For example let us take the asseveration concerning desire. We are told that really EXPECTANT desire ends in fruition, and it does when accompanied by RIGHT ACTION upon the part of the desirer. Let us say we desire money, or friends. Neither of these will come to us if we make no effort to gain them, and we must WORK if we would possess.

It has been shown in all instances worthy of note that faith in one's own judgment to conceive or plan, and ability to execute, is essential to success in any undertaking, and this very condition of faith implies a combined mental and physical activity which is bound to obtain in every case.

We receive many letters regarding progress, or rather lack of progress in New Thought lines, and we do not hesitate to charge this stasis to mental inertia—a sort of graciously taking for granted certain things which require at least sufficient mental labor to verify them. Here is one who says he wishes to rise to a plane where optimism will be the rule instead of the exception, and here is another who desires to demonstrate over a vicious temper, and yet another who has failed to eliminate a chronic condition of blues, and the only apparent cause, after due investigation seems to be that these good souls have been inactive where they should have been hard at work ridding themselves of the result of past negations. Indeed from a number of these come greatly gratifying reports of the changes arising from a heigh-

tened activity both mental and physical.

There is a vast difference between THINKING a thing, and thinking ABOUT a thing; and as well a difference between DESIRING, EXPECTANTLY, a thing, and desiring ABOUT a thing. If my readers have never given this matter any consideration, let them now learn that there is a distinction, and A VERY DECIDED DIFFERENCE between the two states implied in the propositions; the former is positive and the latter is negative; the first implies action which succeeds, and the last, inaction which fails.

Again there is a class who erroneously imagine that physical activity is not essential to well being, if one is only mentally active and takes care to affirm auto-suggestively that "All is Good" and "I am well" and that "My own will come to me," etc. These asseverations are right and good, but unless backed by physical self-assertion they are only negatively good and in the end will produce only negative results.

Nothing, not even Infinite Wisdom can or will absolve you from the condition of effort, of labor if you please, in your own behalf, because work is an evolutionary necessity and he who fails to perform his share is broken upon the wheel of progress which demonstrates unswervingly the survival of the intelligently and physically fittest.

There is a due cor-relation between mental and physical activity which should claim the earnest and intelligent consideration of every one. For best results these are and must be inter-dependent, and each is handicapped without the other. A sound mind in a healthy body is a consummation to be ardently desired. The right kind of mental activity will give rise to such physical exercises as will conduce to this happy combination, and youth and health will be extended far down the years, and disease shall be no more.

The REASONS for physical activity would fill a large sized volume, but we shall give only a few of the more potent ones. Physical movements circulate blood, and this circulation act not only helps to keep the stream pure, but it carries the life fluid to those remoter parts where decay and disintegration are liable to begin if a due activity is not maintained. The sewage of the body so essential to physical and mental purity, the volatile excretions through the skin which are equally necessary to the same ends are promoted and enhanced to an inexpressible

degree by physical exercise. Add to this the smoothness and freshness of skin, the sturdiness of muscle, the purity of breath and brightness of eyes consequent upon such practice, and it amounts to an invincible argument in favor of physical activity.

We do not favor the use of dumb-bells, indian clubs and other apparatus, in that the motions become set and perfunctory, but rather the motions of walking, running, swimming and rowing, or games which involve the first two. Dancing to good music in well ventilated halls or rooms is exercise of the best sort when the participants stop at a point short of fatigue. Exercise of this kind adds grace to strength and refines the emotions in those of pure mental conceptions.

"That tired feeling" often induced by over-indulgence in nitrogenous foods, as meats, cheese, and the avoidance of physical exertion, is easily overcome by eating only fruits for a few days and indulging in active exercises including deep breathing.

Health of mind and body, which is the basic factor of happiness and usefulness, as well as of progress, cannot be bought, it must be earned. Every one is under an inviolable obligation to himself to earn this condition for there is no other way to get it. Either he must do this or make ready for his departure "to that bourne whence no traveler returns."

We have endeavored to make this a plain case and have nowhere indulged in rhetorical flourish or figurative departure from a plain straight line. We started out to emphasize the necessity of physical exercise for all and sundry, since no individual may or can be excused from its requirements if he desires health.

If the meaning herein is not clear read it a second or third time and then begin to "get a move on you." DO something, if no more than a two to five mile walk a day, and then your mind, freed from the cobwebs induced by inaction, will have a working capacity commensurate with your needs.

AN ARTICLE in a recent number of the *Mining News*, entitled "Philosophic Poverty," has attracted my attention. In it the writer several times strikes the key-note of Scientific Opulence rather than Philosophic Poverty, notably where he says with

Ruskin, "A time will come—I do not think it is far from us—when this golden net of the world's wealth will be spread abroad as the flaming meshes of the morning cloud over the sky; bearing with them the joy of light and the dew of morning, as well as the summons to honorable and peaceful toil." By recognition of the truth contained, or expressed in any arrangement of words, we make that truth our own, so there is no plagiarism in the mental realm. Thus the sublime truth contained in the above quotation becomes yours and mine as well as Ruskin's, and possibly we may be able to make even a better application of it. In the Infinite Energy, the Universal mind is all things, and to know ourselves as one with that Universal mind, is the secret of opulence. "I am one with the Infinite," is a momentous statement, a thorough recognition and appropriation of the truth of which will change the polarity of every atom of the body from negative to positive. This is the keystone of the arch of Mental Science and brings man to the head, instead of leaving him at the foot, and gives to him all power to express all of the attributes contained in Infinity, wisdom, beauty, knowledge, happiness, wealth and length of days. Seek ye first the kingdom which is found within, and all these things, external things, shall be added unto you. A mental palace, beautiful, luxurious, will relate you to everything that goes toward the refinement of your surroundings. Hold this mental palace in your mind no matter how adverse your present circumstances and conditions may seem to be; furnish your palace with every luxury, beautify it with every work of art, that the resources of the Occident and the Orient may command, while along with your will what your hands find to do, right where you are, and some day, not far distant, you will realize your dear desire. The question of poverty has been an abiding one with

me until I have been forced by the inward stress, to think myself out of it. Now that sounds as though I had already come into possession of material wealth. I have not. But I *have* reached a point in consciousness where I *know* that external wealth is *my* divine inheritance, and it is coming to me just as fast and as much of it as the remnant of my doubts and fears will allow, and I have lately had a part of the valuation of my property, real-estate taken from me by a quibble in the legal statutes, and given to another party, with no equivalent to me, but I have reasoned like this: The statute law is encompassed by the Universal Law, the Law of Compensation, and if the Infinite Wisdom wants to borrow a few hundreds of my money for any purpose whatever, then I am just at present in the money loaning business and I ask no security only that Law which no Word hath shaken and which hath the future pledge supplied. This money will all come back to me and it may be ten times doubled for all I now know. But what of the other party who has invoked the aid of the statutes to wrest from me what was not his? Well, I can only leave him to himself to work out his own salvation by his own experience. For, "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." My friend, Kate Boehme, says, "There is a divine recklessness which is the first swing toward success, a sweep of the mind out into the open of the heavenly opulence," where it learns to fear nothing, not even poverty with its gaunt skeleton. It hopes and trusts where others quail before circumstances and reaps the blessedness of all good things for its reward. But the pursuit of wealth, is like the pursuit of happiness. It comes, as a rule, when you are seeking something else. "Not by appointment do we meet Delight and Joy. They heed not our expectancy. But, round some corner in the streets of life, they, on a sudden, clasp us with a smile," and so it is with wealth.

The Universal Mind is open on all sides ready and waiting to pour out its rich treasures to all who seek, and the supply is always equal to the demand." Deeply planted in the human heart is a desire for happiness which includes freedom from the cares and anxieties of daily life, a freedom which seems to be, and is to a certain extent dependent upon the source of external supply, hence the universal desire for money getting, which is good in itself, and I will say nothing now of right or wrong methods of obtaining money. There may not be any wrong ways, though it sometimes looks as if there were. Self-knowledge is the true knowledge. Self-salvation the only salvation and only when this knowledge and this salvation shall have been evolved by the individual will the universal Opulence referred to at the beginning of this article be made possible and be made manifest by the race, and this knowledge, this salvation, this Truth of Being will give itself only to the earnest seeker. This is a phase of the Law, the dear Law, that all we of the New Thought, have learned to love with all the heart, soul mind, will and strength, that in us are, even in the times of its reaction that will come, for awhile yet, to each of us, we still love it because we know it to be the embodiment of Justice.

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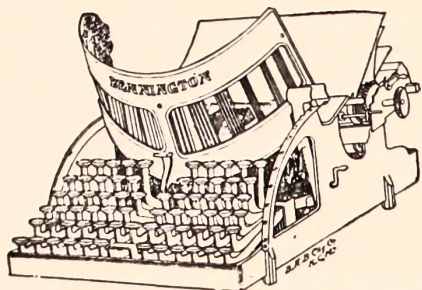
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