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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 3.

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EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE

Editor

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The Path-Finder

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

VOL. II.

ROSWELL, COLORADO, DECEMBER, 1902.

No. 3

The Path-Finder

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, EDITOR.

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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.

Sleep.

DEAR MR. CONABLE:—Some time I wish you would give us an article on sleep. It strikes me that if it is possible for one to go without food

of any kind (with the exception of water), as was recorded in THE PATH-FINDER about a young girl in Brazil, it is also possible to do without sleep. We can rest just the same and hold the mind or thoughts in a restful state, which is many times more refreshing and beneficial to us than is a sleep in which we are tossed about and troubled with all sorts of undesirable occurrences and environments.

SLEEP is Nature's recuperative agency, to be utilized for the restoration of exhausted mental and physical forces, weakened and made negative by improper and irregular methods of living. The greater the tax upon the vital functions of the body, the greater amount of sleep and rest do we require in order to revive these functions and bring them up to a normal state from the standpoint of the modern understanding of the word "normality." During periods of fasting, however, when the vital energies are not seriously taxed, comparatively little sleep is required. Ordinarily, during my past life, I have felt the need of from eight to nine hours' sleep out of each twenty-four, but when I am fasting, from four to six hours are ample, dependent largely on the length of the fast.

It is a mistaken idea that most of us indulge in, that we need sleep and rest because the body demands it. This is true in one sense and it is not true in another sense. This statement may appear paradoxical, but when I have

explained the conditions it will be understood.

Sleep goes with the consumption of food and dissipation. You say that we require food for the maintenance of the physical body. True, we do as we are now living, and therefore we require a certain amount of sleep to meet the demands of each individual. But when we come into complete Mastery of Self the conditions are vastly modified and changed. Then we are not compelled to resort to any recuperative agency to restore our equilibrium. We are then in such complete harmony with the elements which feed and sustain the Inner Self that we practically become One with this Higher Life, which is the only Real, Living Life of which we are now possessed. With the present disparity between the physical body and the Ever-Living Within, it is, of course, necessary that these relations be divorced sooner or later. The Eternal Life cannot be housed permanently in a physically imperfect structure. Hence we come face to face with physical Death. We have literally *eaten* ourselves to death—the majority of us unconsciously. Unconsciously because of our ignorance respecting Nature's processes. If we do not adopt and comply with Nature's methods of sustaining and creating life, we must reap the blighting harvest of physical Death. There is no escaping this.

It is perfectly natural for us to desire sleep after the stomach is filled with food, and the fuller the stomach the sleeper we become. It is just like overloading a steam engine—the motive force slows down with the added labor thrust upon it. If you con-

tinue to overload the engine it stops entirely; so does the physical body. There is no difference between these two forms of mechanism in this respect.

Sleep is also the natural accompaniment of dissipation. Drop both food and dissipation and the body requires neither sleep nor rest. Both the mental and physical powers become inexhaustible soon as the body is reconstructed on the new natural lines. We have then removed every obstructive force. Soon as we do this the physical comes into perfect harmony with the Inner Life and no longer is there any conflict of interests to the detriment and disadvantage of the physical. The natural union of the two forces is established and there is an end to disease and Death.

Food and Sleep and Death and Re-incarnation form a quartette whose voices come forth from a Negative Stage of Uncertain Action, and there are never any encores.

Perfect the physical structure; bring it into harmony with yourself—the life which never perishes—and it becomes impossible that the physical body should require any recuperative energy aside from that furnished by Nature in the Etheric Waves which she sends forth to the entire World of the Living.

Mighty Honors Thurst Upon Us.

IT IS NOT often that a person is elected to office without even knowing that his name appears upon a ticket until the day before election, but this is what happened to the editor of THE PATH-FINDER at the recent election. It happened this way:

Some of the good people of Roswell

took it into their heads a few months ago that this portion of the township, which includes Colorado Springs and several other suburban precincts, ought to have a Justice of the Peace, as we were not very far distant from the coal mines and sometimes there are "warm doings" in and about the coal mines among the Dagos and such. So the County Board of Commissioners were petitioned to appoint another Justice of the Peace on the grounds stated. A committee waited on me and solicited me to allow the Commissioners to appoint me as aforementioned. (I learned this word "aforementioned" after I came into office.) I very reluctantly consented, believing that there would never be anything for me to do in this line. I would hold this office until my successor was elected in November. I said to myself, "I will get rid of this thing then;" but I was not as wise as I thought. I paid no more attention to the matter outside of passing upon a few cases which came up before me from Colorado Springs on a change of venue and certifying to a few legal documents, pension papers, etc. I didn't go near a caucus or convention and I supposed of course that some one had been nominated to take my place. But low and behold such was not the case. The day before election one of the members of the family called my attention to the fact that my name appeared on the Republican ticket in the newspapers as a candidate for Justice of the Peace. I said, "You are mistaken; I am not a candidate. I attended no political gathering of any sort, as every one knows who knows anything about it at all, that I am out of politics for all time—to stay." But the young lady persisted that my name was in the paper and she produced the evidence to bear out her statement. I was amazed. There it was, sure enough, and it was too late for me to decline, so I said nothing and the election went by and I received nearly 3,000 majority over my Democratic opponent who was a resident of Colorado Springs. I sat down and reflected over the matter. Finally it dawned upon me that once upon a time a Justice of the Peace—or a man who had been a Justice of the Peace—was elected to the Presidency of the United States and after he retired from the Presidency he was again chosen Justice of the Peace of his town. This reflection relieved me in great measure, and yet it saddened me, for what would I do if I were to have a similar experience? I would simply call it off, for I would rather be editor of THE PATH-FINDER than to be President of all the Republics in the world. This last statement is no romance. I mean every word of it. Think of me being elected to the Presidency of the United States and being obliged every vacation to take a gun or a fishing-rod and go out and kill something to appease my thirst for blood and demonstrate to the world that I would "make good soldier," as the present incumbent of the Presidential chair maintains that it is necessary for a man to do. You must constantly keep a round of cartridges in your belt and loaded for bear at all times in order to keep the spirit of war constantly alive within you in case of an emergency. This is what the President maintains. Deliver me

from such an unholy, unjust and murderous code of ethics as this!

But I was talking about the Roswell Justice of the Peace. I went down to the Springs a few days after election and I was accosted on every hand—on several hands, at least—with this salutation: "Hello, Judge." Wouldn't that make you weary and foot-sore? It did me. But I suppose I shall have to endure it more or less for the next two years. But how will I sever the appendage after that? If I could do it with a cross-cut saw it would be easy enough. But perhaps by that time I shall drop into some reformatory abyss that will completely obliterate the entanglement and knock off the handle. I shall hope for it.

But in the meantime let none of these New Thought people come to Roswell and put on any extra frills or promenade up and down the highways on a bias. If they do it will cost them thirty days and five years' subscription to THE PATH-FINDER. I may remit the jail sentence if the costs are promptly paid.

A Woman's Democratic Club.

HERE IS, to me, a very funny item which is going the rounds of the press:

The Jane Jefferson (woman's) Democratic club of Denver has taken out a thirty years' charter. It is hoped by the originators that the club, which was named in honor of the mother of Thomas Jefferson, will ultimately become a national organization of Democratic women.

As I served, once upon a time, "nigh unto twenty year" with the Democratic party and am, therefore, perfectly familiar with all its ins and outs—especially its outs—the idea that any considerable number of *women* should

join this party and take an active interest in its workings, strikes me as being excessively ridiculous from every standpoint.

Woman, naturally, can have no interest in the success of a party whose "achievements" and internal workings are responsible for the ruination of more young men than all other social and political factors of which modern society is cursed. Not that the workings of the other successful opposition is free from immorality, corruption and disgraceful conduct generally, for it is not. It needs cleaning up badly, and as it persists in refusing to clean up after itself, some one else is going to do the job. If any one has any doubts as to who this "some one" is, let them take a casual glance over the returns of the late election throughout the several states. A frigid temperature, unparalleled in modern politics, is just now chasing up the spinal column of many a conspicuous politician in both the old parties. But I was going to say something about "Jeffersonian Democratic Women."

Thomas Jefferson was all right; so was his mother Jane; so was my mother, for her name was Jane also. I always take off my hat to every woman whose name is Jane, whether I know her or not, for tender memories always swell up in my heart whenever I meet a woman whose name is the same as that of my revered mother. But there are no Jeffersonian Democrats today and there can be no Jane Jefferson Democrats today or tomorrow. The seed is extinct. Even if it were not, modern Democratic soil is not sufficiently fertile to bring them to the surface. All of the real Jeffersonian

Democrats are voting other tickets. They are compelled to do so or not vote at all; and the decadence has been so rapid and persistent that there can be no resurrection, not even temporarily. Democracy has elected its last President. The Republican party may elect two or three more, but not after that. It wouldn't surprise me if it didn't elect two more. It will have to institute great reforms during the next few sittings of Congress if the party lasts that long.

But think of a "Woman's Democratic Club!" The very idea of it must throw a cold shudder over every mother. No woman who is bringing up a family of children can afford to be a Democrat, unless she wishes her children to be surrounded by every form of vicious influence which is known in the calendar of vice. Few mothers like to assume a responsibility like this; hence I cannot conceive that it would be possible to organize even a "Jeffersonian Democratic Club," as it could only be such in name; not in fact. As I said before, the Jeffersonian seed has become extinct, or has degenerated to the extent that recognition has long since become an impossibility. I staid with this party, as I once stated, because it is natural for me to always be on the side of the under dog. This is the only legitimate excuse I ever had for fighting the battles of this organization so many years as I did through the columns of daily and weekly newspapers. The party once nominated me as a candidate to the Iowa State legislature, but I have always been glad that I was defeated. They wanted me to run again, but I declined. Even during the years that

I was associated with this party, down deep in my heart I always sent forth a thanksgiving prayer that all the women folks closely allied to me were too womanly to want to vote as I was voting; and had there been children in my own family I would have changed my politics, as I was finally obliged to do when the yellow on the canine's back assumed a saffron hue.

The motherhood of the race wields a wonderful influence in the construction of the political and economic fabric of the world. In great degree she makes man what he is, both physically and mentally. You keep woman down morally and intellectually and you soon dwarf the world. Woman is the constructive power behind the throne, and when she is tied up to anything which places limitations on her powers for good, her progeny is necessarily dwarfed, and there is soon a perceptible decadence in every generation which follows. Remove these limitations and the reverse is the case. Woman in politics becomes the dam of a generation of politicians. The sire wields little influence over the offspring as compared with the mother who becomes an active participant in matters outside her own home. If you want to turn the world over to politics or any other profession, just give the women a chance to hold the reins for a few years. The centralizing of the thought forces which women are always capable of at certain periods, will do the work and there is no escaping it. The gradual dwarfing of women under certain religious influences and restrictions, is doing a work along the line of disintegration which nothing else could accomplish.

As stated before, woman is the constructive force in the world of being; she is also the disintegrating force when her intellectual and moral capacity is lessened. No woman can fill the office of complete motherhood and be a politician. They don't go together. The one is as far removed from the other as the Sun-beam and the cyclone.

But this is not a political article in any sense—in favor of any particular party. They all need fumigating and scraping. On the one hand we have a party whose legislation has made it possible for the wealth of the land to pauperize every man, woman and child who has not come into the knowledge of their own self-sustaining and superior powers, and a President whose highest ambition in the line of pleasure and recreation is the murder of our dumb fellow-creatures. On the other hand we have the party of the saloon, the gambling house and all the vices of the age, without a fixed policy on any economic proposition, except the one of office-holding. It is the party of vice, of stagnation and decay—always in opposition to every reform and enterprise which has for its object a higher standard of civilization. Little wonder thinking people are becoming tired and are demanding a change.

The trend in life is upward. Those who make no effort to keep pace with the evolutionary processes are doomed. There are no resurrections. Jeffersonian Democracy must await its time for reincarnating.

Hypnotism.

I AM ASKED to express my opinion on the subject of Hypnotism

as a remedial factor in cases of disease, and—generally.

Hypnotism is the lower form of so-called mental therapeutics, and it is on too material (or coarse) a plane for me to endorse or recommend. There is not enough in it of good to outweigh its many objectionable features. It possesses no permanent benefits as a healing agency. On the contrary, if persisted in it weakens the mental forces of the one operated upon. Hypnotism is now being practiced largely by charlatans for purposes of amusement and commercial gain.

Cases have come to my knowledge where hypnotism proved very beneficial as a temporary relief from suffering, etc.; but it accomplished nothing that could not have been accomplished by less objectionable methods. There is not enough of good in hypnotism, as I before stated, to compensate one for the time it would require to thoroughly develop the power—and not to know hypnotism thoroughly is to play with a very dangerous fire-brand.

During the many years which I have spent along the lines of developing the occult forces, hypnotism has not escaped me. I now have in my possession a "certificate of graduation" from a "duly authorized instructor in hypnotism," who, by the way, was a Baptist minister for forty years, twenty-five of which were spent in Chicago. But when I met him he had reformed in a measure. "Seeing things" and teaching hypnotism were among his first reformatory steps. I hope he has taken several more steps by this time, as to stop any length of time on the hypnotic landing would

be to degenerate materially. I could do all the things my teacher did and many things he could not do. I thoroughly tested the alleged merits of this "school of healing" and I was not well pleased with it. It did not appeal to me at all. Without going into details as to the undesirable features of hypnotism, I will simply say at this time that it is something those are best off who steer clear of. I would allow no one to use it on any one in whom I was interested for any purpose, except it be a reputable graduate on a sick person. Even in such cases there are other means of relief far more potent and preferable.

There is something about hypnotism that few people know—not even the hypnotists themselves. The use of hypnotism opens the way more clearly and speedily for the astral forces to come in and take possession of the body and obsess the victim, than any other half dozen methods combined. I did not intend to state this fact when I began this article, preferring to use it at some future time; but I changed my mind. The knowledge now might save some one who might be swallowed up in this distressing vortex before my intended article on the subject was penned. If so, it is well that the information comes now.

So, my friend, if you desire clear sailing along life's pathway and wish to avoid a snare whose grip is like welded bands of steel, allow no one to test the efficacy of hypnotism on you; and if you are filled with the same compassion for others that you are for yourself, you will refrain from experimenting on any one else.

There Are no Secrets.

DEAR MR. CONABLE:—What does Ella Wheeler Wilcox mean in the following clipping from a symposium in the *New York Journal-American* of last Sunday on different views of the hereafter? Is it true, and if so who are the "chosen ones?"

"There are some secrets which the Creator of this magnificent system of worlds never intends to make universal property. The *secret of sex* is one, the secret of death is another.

"Humanity must reach a far more exalted state before it can be trusted with such knowledge. Were all men and women to know *the former*, the feminine race would gradually become extinct, and were they in possession of the latter, earth life would be depised and neglected in man's eagerness to push on into new worlds.

"But to the *chosen few*—to those who are prepared to receive and wisely use the great and sacred truths of life—this knowledge may be given."

YES, what Ella Wheeler Wilcox says is true—in a sense. The same statements, couched in different language, covering the same ground, may be found in any one of a half dozen different issues of THE PATH-FINDER.

The "secrets" of life are withheld from those only who are not in readiness to receive them—who are not sufficiently unfolded to make intelligent and proper use of them. This is one of the reasons why THE PATH-FINDER is so persistent in its desire for the higher unfoldment of every human being. All of the knowledge referred to as "secrets" is now in possession of the Inner Life of the individual and this knowledge may be brought to the surface by every one who will sufficiently perfect and unfold the physical structure to bring the physical self in touch with the Divine Self.

I have been telling these things to the readers of this magazine ever since its birth, and I shall continue harping on this same string until I can make this correspondent and every other reader thoroughly understand it.

A Merry Christmas to all.

The "chosen few" referred to are those who are in communion with the Soul, to whom the "secrets" of life are made plain. You and all the rest of mankind may be included among these "chosen few" if you *will*. Nothing can prevent it. It is merely a question of unfoldment.

In reality there are no secrets in life or in death—none which we cannot encompass or fathom. The physical side of us is responsible for every obstruction lying in our pathway; but we are capable of removing these obstructions at will. This particular portion of the work is delegated to us alone. We can neither hire it done nor shoulder the responsibility for our failures on others.

No one in the world is in possession of a single secret or any knowledge which you and I cannot also possess. We can open the channels leading to the archives where these secrets are held—held in waiting for us, anixous that we should possess them. With the unfoldment which makes the possession of these secrets possible, there comes a physical awakening which reveals to external man the joy of the Soul that its habitation is being made *perfect*—complete.

But we procrastinate and delay the hour for begining the search. We allow outside influences to slip in and distract our minds from that which we should be centered upon. We stand tied fast—most of us—to the hitching-post of materialism and sordid ambition. We are lacking in moral courage to do the things which we know should be done; and here lies the secret of our failure to be able to walk apace with the "chosen few."

THE PATH-FINDER is telling every one *how* to sever these bonds, but that is as far as it can go. Each individual must do the rest for himself and for herself.

The specific work which this magazine is doing is telling all over the world. I am hearing from it by every mail which ascends the sun-lit slopes of this golden commonwealth. But this does not satisfy me. The good tidings must come by the mail-bag full on every train of every day of the week. Then I shall know that the spreading of this mighty Truth is becoming effective and far-reaching; that a glimpse of the Silver Lining is made possible from every quarter of the globe.

The Golden Age is now full upon us. The dawn has passed. It will be noon-tide before we fairly realize the great change which has come to the race of men. Who can afford to let this Golden Treasure slip by the meridian without having absorbed a single ray of its Precious Light?

There are no secrets or mysteries, my friend, concerning either "sex" or "death," which you and I cannot penetrate and unravel.

The Stuffing Season.

THIS is the season of the year when all, or nearly all, the children of men, and some that are not children, vie with each other in a mad race to determine which shall fill the anatomy the fullest during these "blessed" days of stuffing and "prayer."

Thanksgiving has just fairly turned the corner when Christmas is upon us, soon to be followed by New Year's, when we all repent and turn over a

"new leaf" because of the crimson tint of our noses, the bloated condition of our bodies and a general collapse of the whole nervous system. We are in such a deplorable and nauseating state that there is nothing left for us but to turn over a "new leaf" and get ready for the next break-down, which is certain to come at every Christmas-tide to him who persists in participating in the annual festivities put on the boards by the various Stuffers' Clubs.

Last Christmas I was in the midst of a fast, as I am at this writing on Thanksgiving day. I started in for a long fast—I don't know just how long—two days ago,—eating my last meal the night before my birthday, which comes this year on November 25th. Next year I may not have any birthday. I have about decided to discontinue my birthdays. What's the use? Still there is an incentive at times that induces one to keep these birthday periods. The night before my last one I found two beautiful night-robes, all embroidered up and down the front with pink silk, lying on my bed. So I was glad I had a birthday. I don't know what this benefactor thought I needed of two night robes, for I am only *one* at present; but may be it was supposed that I would want a change sooner or later. But I am wandering away from Christmas-tide and odoriferous hosiery strung on all the bed-posts and backs of chairs; when the turkey-gobbler has strutted his last strut and appears on an elongated platter, with his Santa Claus' whiskers still dangling from his throat. Some people leave these whiskers on to heighten the interest in the decorative capacity of the cook. I suppose

that is what it is for. And then there is the richly-flavored sage-hen dressing that swells out the turkey like a brewer's diaphragm, with a bag full more crowded on the platter in case of an emergency and to keep the skeleton company during another week's serving.

On another festive board we find a roasted pig, made to look "allee samee" as though it were alive, with a corn-cob still protruding from its jaws. The decorative genius of the cook is here also displayed to conspicuous advantage. There is a dainty bow of pink baby-ribbon artistically attached to piggy's caudal appendage, which has never been closely shaved. This pig looks you straight in the eye and never winks. Its winking days are over. But there is a swinish grin of mockery on its oval, scraped visage that plainly says to you: "You see I still have the cob with me. You know most folks go "over the range" without even a cob with which to appease their hunger." This is where the pig has the advantage of the "hog."

Everything is now in readiness. The throat-whiskered turkey and the pink-ribbon-decorated-tailed pig are in position. The grindstone has put a keen edge on the dissecting knife to be wielded by the smiling head of the family. The table fairly groans with other "delicacies." Oh, I have been there. I know all about it. I was the respected head of a family once myself. I used to consume my lower companions in life with as much eclat as an Armour or a Swift. I did this until my body became swinish in appearance and my Soul took active steps in the direction of removing to other quarters.

your stock until it is removed by natural processes, then cremate the bodies.

It happens, at times, that an animal becomes injured beyond possible recovery; then it becomes a duty to remove such animals by humane methods. Anything in conflict with this law of Nature will attract its own compensation.

But I am not telling you or any one else what you **SHOULD** do. I am simply answering a question and pointing out to you the consequences resulting from the negligence of a plain and simple duty. My obligation ceases here.

A Health Bureau.

So great is the demand for his services that the editor of **THE PATH-FINDER** has decided to open a health correspondence bureau. The conditions are easily within the reach of every one seeking health and who is desirous of obtaining that for which they are in search. In addition to this, instructions along the lines of higher unfoldment will be given to all those who wish to come in personal touch with the writer. But I can say this, that the columns of **THE PATH-FINDER** will always contain, from time to time, all that I shall ever give out personally; so the readers of this magazine will miss nothing. But there are so many who are in immediate need of such instructions as will put them on their feet physically, that I have deemed the opening of this Health Bureau advisable. It will be known as "The Conable System of Eliminating all Forms of Disease and Perfecting the Physical and Mental Organism." Those who are interested will receive an explanatory circular on application.

The President sets a fine example for the youth of the land when his most desirable and constant companion is a murderous rifle. Cleveland was bad enough with fishing-rod, but Roosevelt is several shades more barbaric. Three generations hence no man possessing such instincts can be elected to a high office.

Food Values.

THE importance of understanding the nutritive values of cereals as compared with flesh foods cannot be overestimated. Our friends, the flesh-eaters, try to defend themselves by slurring those who have eliminated the murderous spirit from their composition; but these by-plays of ignorance do not change the facts in the least. While the flesh-consumer is disintegrating, those who abstain from the flesh-pot and live on right lines as most people do who have renounced this degenerating mode of living, will grow and expand and unfold to the recognition of the loftiest purposes in life.

The nutritive value of the five leading cereals is: Wheat, 86.8 per cent.; oats, 80.1; corn, 84.9; rye, 89.8; rice, 86.9.

The nutritive value of meats is: Beef, 28.0 per cent.; mutton, 28.0; veal, 37; pork, 61; poultry, 26; fish, 22.

Thus it will be seen that there is no comparison between the two systems of diet.

The nutritive value of eggs is—the white, 22 per cent.; the yolk, 48 per cent.

The food values of nuts and fruits, such as we ordinarily eat, are as follows:

Apples, 13.7 per cent; apricots, 13.5; blackberries, 6.6; bananas, 26.7; cherries, 14.8; cranberries, 4.1; currants, 10.7; grapes, 18.2; gooseberries, 10.8; pears, 12.4; prunes, 13.4; plums, 10.8; peaches, 13.9; raspberries, 6.9; strawberries, 10.1.

The food values of nuts are as follows:

Chestnuts, 89.3 per cent; walnuts, 88.2; hazelnuts, 89.17; almonds, 87.3;

peanuts, 79.6; cocoanuts, 50.5.

Honey contains 79.4 per cent nutrition and is recommended (by me) at all times and under all circumstances where sweets are desired.

The food values of vegetables are as follows:

Carrots, 11.7 per cent; cabbage, 18.1; spinach, 10.5; celery, 14.5; lettuce, 4.9; potatoes, 24.4; turnips, 5.4; beets, 11.5; parsnips, 10.0; sweet potatoes, 27.2; cucumbers, 4.0; asparagus, 5.3; cauliflower, 8.2; melons, 8.3; squash, 8.5; onions, 13.3; pumpkins, 8.5; tomatoes, 6.8; peas, 19.7; beans, 83.3; lentils, 83.8.

But it must be borne in mind that these figures are all based on these foods in their raw state and not after they are cooked. Cooking changes the analysis to the extent that a large percentage of the nourishment is eliminated, and what nourishment is left partakes largely of a stimulating element and is not lasting and tissue-building as is the food in its raw state. This, of course, has reference to the cereals, when I speak of cooking, as few people outside the butcher shop, eat meat in its raw state. I have seen butchers drink the warm blood from the animal as it followed up the blade of the knife which had cut the animal's throat. These butchers carry lurid scabs and festers all over their bodies. So, also, do many meat-eaters who are less ravenous than those who do the dissecting.

It is stated by the analytical scientist—and I believe he is correct—that wheat is the only food product which contains all the necessary equal food elements to meet all the requirements of the body of man and beast. Wheat contains 7 parts of carbonaceous ele-

ments to 1 part albuminous. But all the cereals come much nearer forming the proper elements than flesh or any other form of food.

In order to form a little idea of the opinions of the ancients and sages, who were the finest specimens of mental, physical and spiritual development that the world has ever known—respecting flesh-eating and the flesh-eater, I will here make a few quotations. These quotations are taken from some of the sacred books of the Hindoos:

He who consents to the death of an animal, he who kills it, he who dissects it, he who buys it, he who sells it, he who dresses it, he who serves it up and he who eats it, are (eight kinds of) butchers.—*Code of Manu, V, 51.*

Thou shalt not kill the cow; thou shalt not kill the sheep or goat; thou shalt not kill the bipeds (birds and man).—*The Yajur V'eda.*

Unslaughter is the supreme virtue, supreme asceticism, golden truth, from which springs up the germ of religion.—*The Mahabharata Anushasana.*

The prosperity of the human race depends upon the existence and prosperity of the lower animals. Surely hell, fire and repentance are in store for those who, for their pleasure and gratifications, cause the dumb creatures to suffer pain.—*Zend Avesta.*

The meat-eater and the destroyer of life is paying the penalty of his crime. He cannot get away from it. The only thing he can do is to turn over a new leaf at the earliest possible moment and commence active reconstructive processes at once. Why not be a Full Grown Man, which is the grandest thing in life, instead of allowing yourself to drift constantly with the outgoing tide, to be swallowed up in the depths of a fathomless sea in the very glare of the beacon-lights of the life-saving station?

These words may not penetrate the dense mask of materialism and sordid

desire hovering about so many of the worldlings of today, but there are some from whom I am receiving blessed tidings which stimulate me to harder work and greater effort to make these Truths so plain that every wayfaring man may stop to listen and become interested. I know that when once I penetrate that consciousness which a life of deadening dissipation has not entirely overshadowed, that I can implant such seed as will ripen into a golden harvest of perfected manhood.

Mental Healing Legalized.

THE SUPREME COURT of the United States has just passed upon the question of the legality of mental and magnetic healing. The case was taken to the Supreme Court by the Weltmer School of Magnetic Healing located at Nevada, Mo., which had been enjoined by the Post-office department from using the United States mails to carry on the purposes and objects of this school. The case was taken to the United States Circuit Court of Missouri and the ruling of the Postmaster General was sustained. The United States Supreme Court was then appealed to and the lower court's decision reversed, and the case remanded for a hearing on its merits as to whether Weltmer was conducting a fraudulent business. A temporary injunction was granted Weltmer prohibiting the postmaster at Nevada from longer withholding the mail of the school.

Justice Peckham, who rendered the decision, which was concurred in by a majority of the Supreme bench, says among other things:

As to the effectiveness of almost any particu-

lar method of treatment of disease is, to a more or less extent, a fruitful source of difference of opinion, and though the great majority may be of one way of thinking, the efficacy of any special method is certainly not a matter for the decision of the postmaster general within these statutes relative to fraud. Unless the question may be reduced to one of fact, as distinguished from mere opinion, we think these statutes cannot be invoked for the purpose of stopping the delivery of mail matter.

Judge Peckham also says that under the ruling of the Post-office department it would be just as proper to withhold the mail of a homeopathic physician or any of the other so-called old school doctors, as there is a vast difference of opinion existing among people as to the efficacy of all of these methods of healing or treating.

Judge Peckham's head is level. The time has come when the world will demand the recognition of the methods which heal as well as those which do not heal. The old school, which never does heal, has had a monopoly of the business quite long enough. The time is coming when these alleged professional doctors will have to make an accounting of the deaths which take place under their mal-methods of treating. This decision is a long step in that direction.

Let us offer up a Thanksgiving prayer to the wisdom and common sense of the United States Supreme Court.

\$1,000 CASH PRIZE CONTEST.

The publishers of the New Thought Magazine are offering a most novel and interesting inducement to outsiders to come into an understanding of the New Thought by means of a big cash prize competition, which closes on the day last of January.

The first prize is \$500.00 cash, and this sum is paid to whoever can say best in TEN WORDS just what New Thought means.

I advise you all to enter this competition. It will do you good to try, and it costs you nothing to make your trial. The competition is open to all 1903 subscribers to the New Thought. Full particulars of this competition and handsome portraits of Mrs. Wilcox and William Walker Atkinson will be mailed you free by addressing New Thought 53 The Colonnades, Vincennes Ave., Chicago.

Let's see if some reader of THE PATH-FINDER cannot win one of those big prizes.



Socialism and Life.

BY J. STITT WILSON, A. M.

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

THIS department is on "Socialism and Life." The supreme word is Life; the subordinate word is Socialism. I am a Life-ist first — then a Socialist. As a rule "isms" are nauseating, repulsive, disgusting things; or at best, tame, insipid, impotent, emasculated. The reason of this is that by the time a great idea becomes an "ism," it has lost some of its pristine virility, or has been hawked about by the insincere until it is buried beneath heaps of cant and intellectual debris.

The readers of *THE PATH-FINDER* are Life-ists also. You will not hearken unto my message in this department unless it is a living message on a vital theme. The awakening life and energy of this new era wearies of mere doctrines, or opinions, or theories. What do I care for mental science, vegetarianism, or fasting, or the new thought, or anything else, unless they have immediate bearing on the most real problems of my life and the life of others. So with Socialism. We will have no ism, even discussed, if it is not vibrant with life, flowing as a mountain stream with energy. Of dead things we have had quite enough. Hereafter we shall let the dead bury their dead. It is not that we are like the ancient Athenians, hankering after some new thing; but it is that we are learning that if we harbor dead thoughts we shall commit slow suicide. Our being craves fresh food, not last year's withered grass. Nature never uses the same garment twice. She never irradiates the morn, or adorns the de-

parting day with the same gorgeous coloring. So the evolving man and the evolving race must find new garments of thought, new food for life, or perish.

I speak from considerable experience when I say that I know of no idea in the world-life of today which is so mightily inspiring and enthusing so many people as this new idea of Socialism. I venture the assertion that it will be altogether the greatest idea of this century in the realm of industry and economics, and that it shall rank among the greatest and grandest in all the thought of man.

But I do not intend to precipitate you this month into the philosophy of Socialism. We have time and space ahead of us for months in which to consider our theme. I wish to proceed from the known to the unknown. That is the true pedagogical method. Let us lay a solid foundation for the superstructure.

This month we shall consider the word Life. We have used this word deliberately in the heading of this department. For in the chaos of the thought of our times, in the break-up of theological opinions and social ideas, in the drifting and wandering of the people to find new anchorage or new bases for action, this word Life is to be the new centre of departure and return. We shall not ask what the traditions or authorities or creeds of any kind say. Our question henceforth shall be: "Does this or that contribute to the fullness, completeness, expression, unfoldment, and in-

dividuality of each and every human life at this stage of race development?" Whatever does this—no matter how unauthorized or heterodox or new—is sacred. Whatever does not—no matter how bulwarked by priests and traditions and dead authorities—is our common enemy.

"Not in the lore of the ancients,
Not in the yesterday:
On the lips of the living moments,
The gods their message lay."
* * *

Let us now elaborate this Life Idea as a basis for future thought. If we look out upon the activities of men, we see one grand movement of life, manifesting itself in almost infinite variety. From the earliest ages of human society down the long, intricate, and unmapped paths of history we review in imagination the tumultuous life-movement. From cradle to tomb in the career of the individual we witness an unceasing stream of life-force seeking to express itself in countless wonderful forms.

Life! Life! Life! is the one reverberating word that reaches the ear as we listen to the mighty voice that speaks in every act of the vast drama of humanity.

If now we ask what is the grand passion within the tumultuous activity there is but one answer: That master passion is the pursuit of happiness. Happiness is not the correct word, but it suggests the other words that reveal the thought. We need not confine ourselves to the use of one word. Man pursues comfort, pleasure, blessedness, joy, bliss. Life once incarnate knows no end except its own abundance and perfect delight.

To see how elemental this fact is, one has only to reflect that all pain and suffering is incipient death. Continued long enough, a sore, a pang, an agony, a distress, physical or mental, will ultimate in death. Suffering and pain are the red lights along the track of this life-movement. They are the watchmen, crying out, "Adjust or

perish!" This search for happiness is the "struggle for existence" expressed in terms of the thought and feeling of an intelligent and sentient being.

Life, then, is our basis. Life is the process. Abundant Life is our ultimate. There is nothing greater for us than life. But mere existence will never satisfy. Life seeks to expand, to develop, to be enriched. It revels in expression and unfoldment. Its genius is to multiply forms of opulent manifestation, and to be enriched by the contemplation of its works or creations. As the Infinite and Absolute, the macrocosm, seeks to manifest in the myriads and myriads of forms of star and rock, of vegetable and animal, of man and mind; so man, the microcosm, seeks to utter his being in the multitudinous creations of thought and feeling and labor. Indeed, if it were not that the idea of pain and suffering and evil are so closely associated in the average mind with human life, it would be sufficient to say that "to live" is the end and object and goal of our being. "To Live" is to enjoy; to feel the laugh of the universe. The time will come when anything and everything opposite to this will be given its true name—death—the negation of life. All tears will be wiped away. It is truth, not poetry, that the last enemy that shall succumb to our conquest is death.

Modern physical science tells us that "the ethical end of being is to secure the maximum absolute enjoyment." Dr. Asa Gray, the distinguished naturalist, says that "to accumulate the greatest amount of being upon a given space, and to provide as much enjoyment of life as can be under the conditions is what nature seems to aim at." These Niagara-like torrents of energy of the human race are put forth to feel, know, and understand the largest possible realization of being. And this goal is not a chosen object of search out of many possible objects. It is no fancy, or sin, or

ignorance. It is inherent, natural, normal, inevitable. It is God manifest in the flesh. For the world of Being is one of perfect happiness and perfect bliss; its realization and expression is our supreme business; and that business is not an importation unto us, but is that for which we are created. Missing this, we miss all.

Consider every activity and pursuit of all mankind in all ages under all conditions. They will be found to be the infinitely varied manifestations of this one grand passion. Consider the manifold efforts of the individual in living and toiling; in getting and gaining; in thinking and loving; in labor and leisure; in comedy and tragedy; in peace and in war; in worship of gods; in self-enthronement;—all are forms of the one great passion for happiness. Men will seek a heaven of some kind somewhere. Hence the power of the appeals concerning all the happy hunting-grounds, valhallas, and heavens of the mythologies and theologies. Herein also read the significance of all social utopias.

All the struggles and failures and triumphs of tribes, races, and nations have been for greater and more abundant life, expressed in terms of victory, conquest, progress, and liberty.

All the vast social product of mankind in science and philosophy, in literature and art, in invention and discovery, are the "words," as it were, in which we have struggled to speak our life—to give vent to human faculty, to exercise the infinite power which flows through us, in the domain of thought and action.

All the institutions of government, religion, and education, all social systems, from the days of the patriarchs to the modern "trust" system, have been and are crystallized forms in which the race has sought to conserve human happiness.

Thus considered, in the light of this Life-Energy, seeking its realization, expression, and expansion, all human

history, and the life of the individual, become at least more intelligent in purpose and satisfying in significance.

Life more abundant and without measure is the meaning of all our physical, mental, and spiritual hunger and struggle.

* * *

But, Alas! Following up and down the long path on which the race has trodden we see the blood-marks of pain, suffering, and sorrow. We hear the groans of piteously beaten races; cries of submerged and oppressed multitudes; agonies of countless millions who sought but never realized—enslaved bodies, minds stunted and starved, spirits that never took wing. Is it not all as the unwritten tale of the jungle, "red in tooth and claw?" From the night-side of human life it seems all sickness, error, suffering, poverty, denial, death—a long unending tragedy.

What is true of the race life seems also true of the individual life in its bitterness and failure. Sometimes we see not the pain of common life until we pass through some bitter personal experience. "Robert, I cannot put it out of my head," cries Catherine, the noble woman in Mrs. Humphrey Ward's great novel, "Robert Elsmere." "I cannot forget it, the pain of the world." "It seems to take the joy even out of our love—and the child," she went on with that difficulty which a strong nature always feels in self-revelation. "I feel ashamed almost that mere physical pain should have laid such hold on me—and yet I can't get away from it. It's not for myself. Comparatively I had so little to bear! But I know now for the first time what physical pain may mean—and I never knew before. I lie thinking, Robert, about all creatures in pain—workmen crushed by machinery, or soldiers,—or poor things in hospitals—above all of women! Oh, when I get well, how I will take care of the women here! . . . Oh, to give all one is, or ever can

be, to comforting! And yet the great sea of it one can never touch! It is a nightmare—I am weak still, I suppose; I don't know myself; but I can see nothing but jarred, tortured creatures everywhere. All my own joys and comforts seem to lift me selfishly above the common lot."

Elsmere attributes her vision of human suffering to her physical weakness; so may we. But discount this revelation of the broken lives of the people as we may, think what remains! The man who can witness even our boasted modern civilization and "think" not of the evil under the sun, must be either blind and ignorant, or else have a perception of ultimates that transcends the average. No wonder the pessimistic question arises, "Is life worth living?" If the natural scientist is right; if, as he says, the aim of nature is to "accumulate the greatest amount of being upon a given space, and to provide as much enjoyment of life as can be under the conditions—then has not nature failed when she struck the human plane? If God sees through our eyes at all, must He not feel like a failure and need "treatments for success?" So the grim question faces us: How can a man be an optimist in such a world?

The whole "New Thought" movement has been unsparingly attacked in the most trenchant style in a recent volume entitled, "The Crime of Credulity," written by Herbert N. Casson. The author has one chapter on "The Rational Basis of Optimism." It is well worth your reading. "When we hear preachers or New Thought prophets babbling of 'God's lovely universe,'" writes Casson, "it is enough to drive a sensible person to drink, or to Schopenhauer." The general reiteration, "All is Good," if words are to have any fixed value, is preposterous and untrue. This earth is not beautiful or good." Then he proceeds to tell us that the "ocean is an insatiable and remorseless monster." "Fire"

serves man only under compulsion, and cannot be trusted for a moment unchained;" and it "avails itself of every opportunity to drive both him and his works from the face of the earth." The "razor-edged cyclone" is met (!) by Mr. Casson. "The wind blows the robbin's eggs out of the nest, wrecks St. Louis, and covers the Sphinx with sand, equally indifferent to results." In the most vivid language he points to the misery, squalor, and illiteracy of the great masses of the people. He puts into the lips of Nature a terrific warning: "I teach by killing! Let others learn!" His definition of Life is worth marking. "Life," says Casson, "is but the strenuous postponement of Death!"

I do not quote Mr. Casson to reply to him, but to give an example of a look at the night side of Nature and Man which seems to confound us after having stated that the grand passion of the human family is the pursuit of happiness.

This look at the night side of human Life is not ground for pessimism, however. It simply forces upon us the one supreme question: If the pursuit of happiness is the master passion of life, whence this untold misery?

We will not attempt to state an absolute answer to this age-long question, but there is a relative answer which provides a working basis, at least, for common mortals: Our Ignorance is the cause of all our suffering.

Once we have entered into life, we must go on wisely or unwisely.

Our capital of knowledge is exceedingly limited. We make the start ignorant of nature and her laws; ignorant of our bodies and health; of our intellect and its use; of our feelings and their significance; ignorant of the powers and possibilities of our being.

In the beginning of human history every step was like that of children in the midst of edge tools, or surrounded by loaded fire-arms. The experience of the race and the reflection of ages

has taught us much, but even yet each enters the school of life almost in total ignorance.

The suffering consequent is Nature's stern command to her children, "Learn or perish!" Complete, harmonious, and creative life is therefore possible to us only as the Truth on all planes of life in general, and about our own life in particular, is sought and found and applied.

We have learned and applied some Truth, and to that extent have entered into more abundant life. We do know that fire is death to us under some circumstances. These we seek to avoid. But as a servant what a boon! consider ourselves bereft of it. We do know that electricity will electrocute us if we fool with it, but harnessed and directed by still further knowledge, what a contribution to our happiness! The ocean may be an insatiable monster, as Mr. Casson says, but is its appetite not sated almost entirely by the wastes and sewage of the whole world! We know that mushrooms are better than toadstools for luncheon: that health transcends disease for toil; that love is sweeter than hate for the fire-side. Knowledge makes for happiness. Truth does make us free on some planes. "And ye shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free."

Despite the seeming grounds for pessimism, therefore, we proceed upon the proposition that the world is essentially "Good," and that varied unfolding of life, with rich expression, and abundant joy is for each and every one of us.

We affirm that the world of human society is not the cruelest of tragedies, viz., a race mastered by an all-consuming passion for the unattainable. On the contrary we maintain that the whole universe—if we knew it—is an infinite dynamo for providing means for perfecting, enriching, unfolding human life and that to the highest degrees of happiness. Even the very wastes and pollution, and sins of life

may be used as fertilizer for richer and diviner growths, just as the manure heap from the stable is worked into the soil from which later we pluck the roses and lilies.

This master passion for happiness is the sentient and intelligent counterpart of this essentially "good" world. It is fitted to it. It is the hunger of which the world is the bread. But that bread must be prepared with intelligence, worked up into usable forms. We must seek it and prepare it or starve.

There is no "peace and plenty," no "Perfect Health and Perpetual Opulence," to use the phrase of THE PATH-FINDER, either for the individual in his silent struggles for bread or for love, or for society in its turbulent social revolutions, or in its sad uninterpreted pains and poverties, except up the steep of knowledge. Ignorance never has been, never will be bliss.

* * *

And now, my readers, I say unto you, that on no subject so vital to the common life is there such ignorance as on Social and Economic Truth. From this ignorance grows the bitter fruit of social poverty and misery. Ignorance is not bliss here, I tell you! We look out upon the social and industrial world and see the awful struggle for bread, the squalor and suffering, the incessant and unrequited toil, while wealth sits "a monster gorged 'midst starving populations." This is death—not life! We would triumph over it, and abolish it. It is unnecessary, unnatural, and irrational. It is in the constitution of our deepest desires for ourselves and our tenderest sympathies for others that these black things be abolished. Nature is so constituted that she is ready to respond to our desire and sympathies. She gives us the promise of omnipotence, "Ask what ye will, and I shall give it unto you!"

This social hell can be abolished by Truth and Action on the social and economic plane. With this sentence we

enter the domain of Social Science, of practical Socialism. For the purpose of Socialism is to apply Truth to the social and economic life, in order to guarantee the physical basis of abundant and complete living for all of the peo-

ple all of the time. We Socialists are Life-ists consumed by a rational optimism, and standing for a rational social program. In later issues we shall continue the fruitful theme.

Hoosier Paths.

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

"MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO," is the Latin of it, and the way they said it centuries ago when Latin was the vernacular of the best civilization the world knew. Being interpreted into good American-English it read, A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY, which should be the condition of all.

After all, really perfect physical health is the chiefest aim and desire of the race. It is true that men forget it a little here and there, and get wholly absorbed in the competitions out of which grow the fames and fortunes which dazzle the eyes of the multitude, but if you lay fame and fortune and invalidism in one heap, and good health in another, you will find all taking the latter to the exclusion of the former.

Good—absolutely GOOD physical health is readily attainable by every person, male and female, old and young, if ordinary care is expended each day in right modes of living, while the sound mind in a sound body is wholly impossible to those who are indifferent to these things.

Men dig their graves with their teeth and use as their chief auxiliaries in this edifying pastime, knives, forks and spoons. To make sure of a smooth (?) exit, they employ all fluids, water and spirits, and both are almost equally chargeable with their taking off, albeit our prohibition friends may hold up their hands in holy horror at the parallel.

We propose showing in a concise way a few of the causes of the ill health which obtains among the great majority of mankind, and to emphasize those most to blame for this condition.

We wish to assert most forcibly that happiness is a scientific possibility and within the reach of all; but at the same time we assert with equal energy, that happiness without physical health is an utter impossibility.

The natural means of preserving or maintaining health are ample, and readily within the reach of all. It is simply a question of availing one's self of these funds of right living. A little forethought, a little cultivation of right habits is the path which leads to a beginning, and then, if one will "Keep on a-keepin' on," the desired results will come.

One of the great causes of human physical ills is—STARCH. Fact! Now starch is a good thing when rightly used, said right use being its incorporation into the body of shirt-bosoms, collars, cuffs, and into the white skirts which so much add to the daintiness of our wives, mothers and sisters; nor is it less efficacious when posing as a cement to hold the paper to the wall and the festive poster to the bill-board.

But starch is out of its proper sphere when it is used to stiffen the joints and muscles of men and women, or to add turbidity to the circulation, to produce catarrhs and pneumonia in adults, and croups and diphtheria in children.

Where does this starch come from? From white bread which is mistakenly called the staff of life; from Irish potatoes whose chief constituent is starch; from tapioca, from cornstarch so much used as an auxiliary in cooking.

We are well aware that many will protest at this onslaught upon these popular articles of food, but we have raised our voice in behalf of the health and happiness of our fellow men, and we repeat emphatically that starch, which is the chief element in the foods named, is responsible for the diseases we mentioned and for many more.

"Female weakness," the stock-in-trade argument of the nostrum vendors of the Lydia Pinkham type; pimples, blotches, eruptive disease as eczema; chorea, epilepsv

and other nervous types of disorders are caused and aggravated by starch.

Let us now show you why and how this occurs. In the normally constituted body of one hundred and fifty pounds weight, are twenty-five billions of red blood corpuscles, which, directed by the vital force perform the various functions of building tissues, eliminating waste, lubricating parts,—indeed, doing all the work of the body.

But when there is a superfluity of starch these corpuscles are over-worked in their efforts at elimination, and unless they are in some way relieved from this over-plus of labor they grow weak and inefficient, and disease is the result.

When the blood stream is made thick and turbid by this starchy material and the corpuscles cannot cast it out, it is deposited here and there and this deposit becomes an obstruction, and the disturbance arising therefrom we call disease. If, it is in a poor man's joints it is called rheumatism. If it settles in the feet of the rich man it is called gout. If it manifests under the skin it makes what are called boils, pimples, eczema, cancer, etc., or if it causes an exudation on the inner mucous surfaces it is termed catarrh, leucorrhoea, bronchitis, etc., the name arising from the point of manifestation.

Herein is where fasting proves curative. When the individual fasts he ceases to take in impurities, and this gives the red corpuscles a chance to cleanse themselves, and to finish up as far as may be their scavenger work of carrying off effete and worn out material, and the person feels that life has been renewed in him, to an extent.

But if there is MUCH to do, the faster will need aid, and this is best furnished by distilled water, and the use of fruit juices when the fast is broken.

The red corpuscles are intelligent in their work, and always do the best with the kind of material that is furnished them, but it must be apparent, even to the casual reader, that we should offer them the purest and best articles for their use. It will be apparent, too, that ill health is thus always the FAULT, rather than the MISFORTUNE of the individual.

But starch is not the only offender. Lime, from hard water, and from the flesh of animals has much to do with the stiffening of muscles and joints, and the dulling of the special senses. The sight, hearing and touch

grow less and less acute under the dietary and drink indicated, and we are of the opinion that the temperance cause will continue to fail in the future as it has failed in the past until its adherents recognize the fact that the use of animal flesh is in chief responsible for the depraved taste of the inebriate.

We have aided some of the very worst cases to reform by advising their adherence to a fruit and vegetable diet, and the use of distilled water. By this course the appetite which had been unnatural became normal and the persons soon had a sound mind in a sound body.

But there is a feature of flesh-eating, and which is much aggravated by eating starchy substances, that neither fasting nor distilled water will remove, and that is the intestinal parasite,—worms, grubs, etc., which are found in the intestinal tracts of those who have for a part of their lives been flesh-eaters.

In a former contribution we made a brief allusion to this, and we call attention to it again, as it is the source of those peculiarly distressing ailments which are rather subjective in character and which defeat the best endeavors for both health and success.

The close relation of the intestinal tract to the great sympathetic nervous system will clearly show why these larvae of misguided appetites have such profound effects upon the one who harbors them,—as a rule unknowingly, but who suffers untold misery from their presence.

Let us indicate some causes. If a worm, grub or other parasite is in the intestine he must eat, and if he eats he must excrete from his bowel just as other animals do. This excreta is ABSORBED, and is poisonous to the faithful corpuscles alluded to above. The parasite or worm in common with its kind lays eggs to reproduce others. To hatch these eggs it must have a nest which it makes by burrowing into the mucosa of the intestine, and here is where the wretched symptoms are most severe, as this burrowing process, particularly by pinworm (which usually hatches or deposits eggs at the junction of the large and small intestine) is so burrowing to the sympathetic nerves.

From this arises a variety of symptoms, as faintness of the stomach, headache through the temples, palpitation of the heart, dizziness, dyspepsia, weakness of the knees, numbness of the extremities, melancholia and morbid imaginings.

These pests destroy the juices of the foods, and even if one eats heartily, there is yet a condition of malnourishment which undermines and saps the physical strength. We have been through this experience ourselves and know whereof we speak.

The gratitude and kindness of the many we have relieved of these distressing conditions, compensates in large measure for those phases of professional work which have been performed conscientiously also, but have failed to elicit either gratitude or appreciation.

There are no stronger arguments against the vile habit of flesh-eating than these which we have endeavored to enumerate. There are no stronger causes which militate against the condition of a sound mind in a sound body.

Many varieties of fish abound in these parasitic abominations, and should therefore be eschewed also. Indeed, the safest, surest plan is to induct the rising generation into habits of eating and drinking which will insure them immunity from the ills of gross feeding.

There is no surer evidence of racial progress than that presented by the growing number of those who oppose the use of flesh as food. We are standing just within the portals of a new era, and we cannot advance with the leaders, if we continue to regale ourselves from the old time flesh-pots.

Duty, human kindness, refinement, all point toward the use of foods which will preclude the slaughter of innocent animals whose lives have an evolutionary value too little regarded by all.

These foods, the crowning jewels of our agriculturist's labors, exist in profusion upon every hand, and invite the peaceful and hearty participation of all. Let us eat and be glad, let us drink and be merry, let us use the strength so acquired in the evolution of new and expanded ideas for the good of the race.

Distilled water, to which we have alluded, is readily obtainable, as there are several good apparatuses on the market which can be operated upon the ordinary cooking stove or range, and which will furnish a sufficient quantity for cooking, bathing and drinking, which is the ideal method of its employment.

Fruits and vegetables cooked in distilled water retain the natural flavor and color, thus adding materially to their palatableness

and efficiency. Water which contains lime and organic substances, discolors the foods cooked in it, and imparts an undesirable flavor.

Distilled water used in bathing imparts a softness and pliability to the skin, as well as removing oily and scaly conditions, and its use in this regard will render the use of cosmetics a thing of the past for all time to come.

Its use as a beverage sweeps from the circulation those precipitates that get into the lower strata of all turbid streams, and the old man and woman who will use it faithfully in conjunction with plenty of fruits and nuts, will find their joints grow supple as in their youth, and movements, as walking, running, or the exercise of joints and muscles required by labor, become a pleasure instead of an aversion.

Wrinkles, grey hair, and the failure of the senses of sight and hearing, and many other evidences of age which now obtain from the indiscriminate use of impure water, would be much less in evidence, and in very many instances be wholly averted by the use of distilled water.

An ideal drink is a glass of distilled water in which has been expressed the juice of an orange, or a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and its use morning and evening will brighten the eyes, clear the cobwebs from the brain and render life a charming experience.

With the addition of pure air and healthful exercise to the regime already indicated, disease and decay must be the exception, and long life, success and happiness be the birthright of all.

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