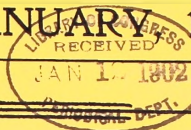


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The

Path-Finder

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

VOLUME II.

NUMBER 4.

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EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE

Editor

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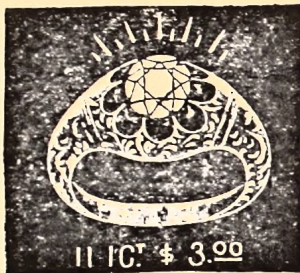
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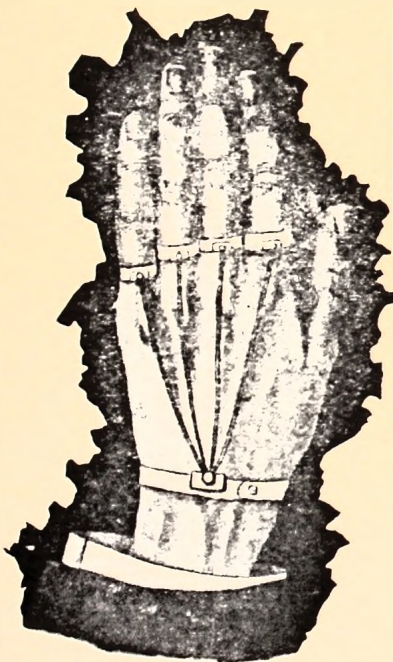
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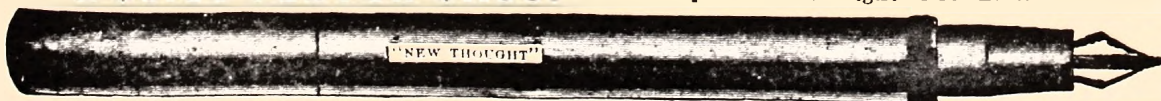
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VOL. II.

ROSWELL, COLORADO, JANUARY, 1903.

No. 4

The Path-Finder

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, EDITOR.

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BY

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BY THE EDITOR.

STOCK COMPANY.

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.

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE "SOCIAL CRUSADER,"

NOTICE is hereby given to all the subscribers to J. Stitt Wilson's *Social Crusader* that THE PATH FINDER will be sent to them FIVE

MONTHS to fill out the unexpired time for which they subscribed for Mr. Wilson's magazine. The number of the issues of THE PATH-FINDER is made ample in order to cover every contingency and perfectly satisfy every subscriber. These subscriptions will expire with the March issue of this magazine. In February subscription blanks for renewal will be sent to each one whose name appears on the list, that there may be no break in the receipt of THE PATH-FINDER, as we do not desire to send this magazine to any one who is not interested in the great work it has in hand.

Mr. Wilson's department will alone be worth hundreds of dollars to every reader who will follow up his writings for a year. No student who has the slightest interest in individual growth and the expansion and unfoldment of his fellow-man can afford to miss a single one of Mr. Wilson's contributions to these columns.

So please bear this in mind, that your subscription will expire with the March number of The Path-Finder and that renewals will be necessary before the April number goes to press. The money is not demanded on the spot—simply your order for renewal as a guarantee of good faith. The money may follow when you can spare it.

THE PATH-FINDER PUBLISHING CO.

NOTICE TO DELINQUENT PATH-FINDER SUBSCRIBERS.

The names of all subscribers to The Path-Finder who are delinquent more than one year will be stricken from the books before the next (February) issue unless heard from in the meantime. We are perfectly willing to credit every one who asks it for a year, but longer than that we must decline as a matter of business protection to ourselves. But we are perfectly willing to do this: We will cancel all past obligations of a year or more standing where the subscription price of this magazine is sent a year in advance. This is fair and more than equitable on our part, is it not?

Each subscriber who is thus in arrears will be

furnished with a blank subscription order which should accompany the cash.

THE PATH-FINDER PUBLISHING CO.

A Twenty-five Days' Fast.

I AM not exactly certain whether I am pleased or disappointed that this day of grace, December 19th, A. D. 1902, has arrived. As a matter of fact I would have been just as well pleased had it been postponed for at least another ten days, for it draws to a close a fast of twenty-five days which I undertook on the 24th day of November, and I really feel that I would like to continue it indefinitely. But my practice is, when I start out on a protracted fast, to set the date for its breaking and pay no further attention to the matter, going about my business the same as though nothing unusual were taking place within the inner sanctuary of my physical structure. But usually on reaching the date set for discontinuing the fast, I am reminded in various ways that this is the day and the hour for the dropping back into the old ways; not that I get hungry in the least and crave food, for I never yet have craved food at the close of any fast that I have undertaken; but the Inner Forces remind me that it is well to again eat, that I may the better prepare myself for another fast of longer duration. However, in the present instance, there has been no admonition of this sort and I am at a standstill as to whether or not it is expedient for me to break away from this fast this time and again take up, to me, the most serious burden of life, the eating habit. For it is only a habit, that may be broken the same as any other disagreeable habit which is keeping the race in the

toils of disease and death. But on mature reflection I have decided to break this fast at four o'clock this afternoon, December 19th, 1902; not for any special reason, but just *because*.

* * *

During the fast just closing I have put in more hours at fatiguing mental labor than during any similar length of time for twenty years. I determined to change the date of the issue of THE PATH-FINDER from the fifteenth of each month to the first, and this has thrown the labor of getting out three editions of my magazine, one right on top of the other—more than doubling the amount of work that I usually do in the same length of time, and I work about all the time there is when I am not asleep. So this has been a most severe test case, and I have arrived at the end in finer physical condition and with greater mental activity than I ever before possessed; and I lost but four pounds. I would not have lost this much had I not been above the normal when this fast was undertaken. So much for this particular fast, though the results are not dissimilar to all the others I have indulged in during the recent past. There has not been a moment during all of these twenty-five days when I felt in the least incapacitated for my usual work or felt the slightest desire to not work, except a couple of hours during the forenoon of the seventeenth day. I had been unusually busy the day before and in the evening I attended an entertainment at the Opera House in the Springs. This kept me up very late and as my *good* sleep is always during the fore part of the night, and

as I always awaken at three or four o'clock every morning, no matter whether I have been up late the night before or not, I felt a little "rusty" on this occasion for a few hours, but I was soon again ready to take up my regular routine work. But what is extremely gratifying to me is the fact that my last fast of fifteen days was concluded only a little over a month previous to the beginning of this one—on the 13th of November. At the conclusion of the fast I gained twelve pounds in six days on two meals, consisting entirely of raw food. Then I dropped back six pounds and remained there up to about the time of beginning the present fast. In the meantime I had made no preparation for this fast. I never prepare myself for a fast. I just start out at any time I feel like it, regardless of the work before me or any other conditions which usually affect people who are living "up to the times." I am gratified to be able to practically demonstrate for myself everything that I claim for fasting as a life renewer and a lifesaver, besides enabling one to come so completely in touch with the Inner Powers which have so long been clouded over and held in latency.

With the conclusion of this present fast, the writer has fasted, during the year 1902, one-third of the entire time. This has no reference to the omission of one and two meals a day during the other portion of the year. It only takes into account fasts of thirty-six hours and up, ranging from this time up to twenty-five days. Many of these fasts were for five, six, seven, eight and ten days, with one of fifteen recently closed. This is a record, I

feel certain, that has never been equaled in this country by any one who was in a perfectly normal state, doing hard physical and mental work during the entire time, except during the present fast I have been so busy with my mental work that I did not find a moment's time to engage in more than very short periods of light physical exercises. Of course I bathed, and above all I *breathed*, which is the secret of all my success in fasting. I know *how* to appropriate the Etheric elements to my uses and extract the nourishment which my bodily structure requires. But this cannot be done until the body is first purified by many seasons of fasting. The Etheric life—Nature's natural food for all that is animate and all that is inanimate as well—cannot be appropriated where there are physical obstructions in the body, such as meat-eating and other vicious habits create. Fasting, as I have personally demonstrated many times, will eliminate every form of disease not in its last stages. This is a fact which no doctor or scientist can successfully combat. Some of the leading physicians of this country and Europe have advised with me concerning my claims for the efficacy of fasting, and in every case they are handling patients and diseases which have always baffled them when applying the old, "legalized" methods. Intelligent and honest doctors everywhere are coming speedily into this line of practice. The average citizen would be surprised were I to reveal the names of the doctors who have written me that they were fully convinced that fasting, right breathing, proper bathing and light physical exercise will

restore health and eliminate disease where nothing else will. But, they say, some times our patients demand medicine and we have to fix them up a little harmless stuff to appease them. But we find that the system you advocate and teach through the columns of your PATH-FINDER, is practically infallible where disease has not brought the patient to the threshold of death.

And these endorsements nearly all come from the so-called "regulars," whose office walls are made picturesque by the numerous college certificates setting forth the fact that the owners of these certificates are perfectly competent to take life in the most approved fashion.

These farcial pieces of meaningless parchment would make me smile if I could not see through and behind them and recognize their real meaning—licenses to experiment on the human organism even unto death and lay all the blame on the Almighty. And the pulpit stands as accessory to the crime, and says: "The Lord gaveth and the Lord taketh away."

And yet there are people who swallow such rot and ask for more of the same kind!

Still there is hope. Not only is there hope, but there is sublime faith, stripped of every vestage of negation which hope stands for. THE PATH-FINDER has a large array of ministers on its list of subscribers and fully five hundred doctors. So that I know there is soon going to be a chance for mortal man to *live* and live as he should, in the fullness of every blessing which Nature vouchsafes to all her children who are cleansed and made clean—literally, not theroretically or bibli-

cally, which is the same thing in disguise when promulgated by the "cloth."

* * *

But I am not trying to see how many days in the year I can fast, nor am I trying to eclipse all other records in this altogether too barren field of fasting. I am after the mightiest Truths which the Universe has in store for every living creature who harken unto its voice. There is not a secret in life or in death in all the Universe that man cannot possess when once he unfolds himself on the loftier plane. In the perfection of the physical structure there comes perfect harmony with the Inner Life of the individual. This Inner Life is in perfect harmony with the Universal Creative Forces. This unlocks the door to the so-called hidden mysteries of life, and as the unfoldment progresses all limitations vanish.

Man does not have to die to reach this elevated plane of growth. Indeed, Death is an unholy and unrighteous obstruction in the pathway leading onward and upward. Death marks the record of an inexcusable failure along the evolutionary highway, which is retrogressive in its effects.

A minister of the gospel—and one who is very active in church work—wrote me some time ago: "I always supposed that my mission in life was to teach people how to die, but THE PATH-FINDER has given me some new ideas. I am anxious to see more of it."

There is no mission in life born of honesty that teaches other than that man should be made ready to *live*, and not be put in preparation and in training to die. Man was born to live and when death comes to him it is because

his life work has been a complete failure. The physical has failed to respond to the demands of the Inner Self—the Divine part of man—and there is an enforced divorce—and a funeral train, with flags at half mast and all manner of foolish procedure over the relic of a stupendous physical downfall. And the animating life that just left the body hovers around, amazed that tribute is being paid to an empty shell, while the Living Life which had just escaped the hell in which it had been encased, is totally ignored.

But what has all this to do with fasting? Everything. The man who fasts and purifies his body is made aware of the existence of the Eternal Living Life within himself, and he is made aware that the higher the perfection and purification of the physical structure, the more habitable he is making it for the only Real Life which inhabits it; hence longevity on the higher plain is inevitable; it is *unavoidable*, and there is peace for the Soul.

These physical negative and positive conditions which figure so conspicuously (unconsciously to most of us) in life's growth and unfoldment, are of the supremest importance. The knowledge that there is a *way* to live is worth a thousand premature deaths. It is worth everything, for man *must live*. The longer he is in finding this out, the more Crosses will there come to him. Every Cross means a Failure, physically, not a Crown or a wreath of Immortells.

* * *

If you wish to live, if you wish to grow, if you wish to expand and widen

out; if you desire perfect health and would eliminate every form of disease and make it impossible for its reappearance; if you would know how your account stands in the Ledger of the Universe; if you possess the slightest ambition to *awaken* and perceive the wonderful faculties and mighty powers Nature has vested in you, stop and prepare yourself. The first step is to cleanse and purify the body. Drugs and narcotics will not do this. Nature provides but one sure remedy. Certain functions of the body will destroy and consume every impurity if but released from other duties. This is Nature's cleansing process. Nature never led any one astray, and she grieves that so many of her children are constantly held in quarantine because of their continued negligences and persistent ignorance.

* * *

In the articles that went the rounds of the press at the time of closing my fifteen days' fast, some errors appeared, notably this statement in connection with my claims as to what persistent deep breathing will accomplish:

To insure good returns from this diaphanous diet, he says the lungs and breathing apparatus have to be especially developed so that the inflation and capacity is almost double the present normal.

I have never made any such statement as this to any one at any time. Right breathing, which is but natural breathing, contemplates nothing abnormal. The secret lies in the ability to appropriate the Etheric elements properly and carry them to the various vital functions of the body, after, of course, the body is put in proper shape for their reception and appropriation. There is no abnormal inflating of the

lungs in order to construct a huge reservoir for the holding of air, to be drawn upon at will or as the supply is needed, the same as a camel carries water across the desert. The in-breathing is perfectly natural and contemplates nothing abnormal. It is the *knowing how* that produces the desired results.

* * *

And so the writer will break his fast of twenty-five days at 4 P. M. today, on a meal consisting entirely of raw food, in which the glorious vibrant rays of the Sun has implanted the germs of life which never Disintegrate—which build only Live, Living Cells in every portion of the human structure.

"Fatal" Fasting.

NEWS comes to me of a death in Minnesota, claimed by the doctors to be the direct result of too long a fast. Another case is reported in California where a man came near dying because he insisted on fasting too long. The man's landlady finally induced him to eat gruel for a while, but as he steadily grew weaker the authorities were notified and he was taken to the hospital. Of course a great fuss is being made about these cases by the doctors.

In the case reported from Minnesota the doctors had a serious grievance which they desired to square up. The man who died was in the hands of a woman who had cured any number of patients given up by the doctors to die. This was the only case she had lost in a great number which she had successfully handled. So the doctors naturally had a grievance, as they always have

when any one outside the "legalized profession" saves their patients. And when this one patient died there was great rejoicing, and when they "discovered" that death was caused because the man was unfed and knowing that the woman's mode of healing was by the system of periods of fasting, the medicos were fairly beside themselves with jubilation. The authorities were notified and a "thorough" investigation is being demanded.

Isn't that celluloid nerve for you? Not one of these physicians but has from ten to a hundred deaths at his door as the result of mal-processes of treatment.

I know nothing concerning the particular status of this individual case; but it is stated authoritatively that this woman practitioner has been remarkably successful in every other case which she has handled. Considering the matter from this standpoint it is reasonable to conclude that she understands her business—understands it so well that the doctors would like to lock her up in a penitentiary where she cannot interfere with the continuation of the practice of a profession which was never known to heal any one. I mean every word of this last statement. The evidence is not only manifestly apparent on every hand, but I have the authority of a hundred of the leading physicians of the world as corroborative evidence of all I say concerning the shams and mal-practices of this bolstered-up "profession."

This brings us up to the California case. This man started in to fast for a certain purpose, evidently; but he was in possession of no intelligent understanding of the proper means by

which this process of Nature should be applied and utilized. Had he been a reader of THE PATH-FINDER he would have known all about it; and if he had applied the knowledge which these columns constantly disclose he would not have been taken to the hospital. Again, when the landlady finally induced him to eat something, if she had given him the right sort of food instead of gruel, he would have commenced to grow strong at once. Even a well man will starve to death on a diet exclusively of gruel. No wonder this man grew weaker from the moment the woman began to feed him gruel. She should have given him something to *eat* instead of truck like this. A person must know *how* to fast in order to reap its beneficial results—that is if a fast of any considerable length of time is undertaken.

But these are merely two isolated cases and can have no bearing on the main proposition of fasting. Two cases in the whole country where hundreds of thousands of people are testing the beneficial merits of periods of fasting as compared with the thousands of deaths daily as the result of the old system, is too insignificant a proposition to attract serious attention from any quarter.

We have often heard of persons undertaking a long fast and refusing to eat anything for weeks, and the doctors were going to have them die at once, but they didn't, much to the disappointment of said doctors. If Dr. Tanner had followed out the instructions of the doctors at the close of his forty days' fast he would have been a dead man. But he persisted in taking a rational and common

sense view of the matter and acted accordingly. He is, therefore, alive today and well. He completely cured a case of doctor's "incurable" rheumatism. Because Tanner didn't die and sustain the claims of the doctors, they have never forgiven him. Poor Tanner!

In my fasts I am not fool enough to consult with any doctor or take them or any one else into my confidence. I know what I want and am after, and I know how to get it. I would be a simpleton to put my case in the hands of some one who had never been anything else than a failure. When I solicit help or aid I shall consult with some one who has at least made a partial success in the profession which they represent.

This has no reference to that class of doctors who are recognizing the errors of the past and are building along Nature's scientific lines. Thank the stars and long-tailed comets that the number is fast increasing, the great majority of whom are coming into line through an earnest desire to discover the Right Way.

But there are a goodly number yet who have to "be shown," so the United States Supreme Court has dropped a red-hot iron in their midst in the form of a decision legalizing Thought and so-called Magnetic Healing and placing them in juxtaposition to the "old school" fellows. This decision has stirred up the ribald animals and the lashing of the lion's tail is furious. But its claws have been clipped and its poisonous molers removed, so the roar set up can frighten no one.

Let them go on with their vivisec-

tion, unsexing women and removing the appendix of the frail of intellect. They will know no more at the end of a hundred years than they have known during the past hundred—except what will be taught them by a coroner's jury one of these days when they are made responsible instead of the Almighty for all the maimed and slain at their doors.

New Thought—How to Discover Its Meaning.

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE—*My Dear Sir:*
—You will find my name on your subscription books and I expect to take and pay for The Path-Finder as long as we live. There are many, very many things I do not understand, and as you seem to know everything, I write you for information. I am in earnest, but in my ignorance I cannot understand just how to make the New Thought practical. I suppose I do not know just what is really meant by New Thought. I have read everything from Hudson down; have studied several mail courses; read every journal, paper, etc., on the subject I could find; went to great expense attending a so-called school of Suggestive Therapeutics, Psychology and Mental Science. One thousand dollars would not pay me for the time and money spent in an effort to learn and be able to practice what is called the New Thought. I have tried hard to apply to practical life the teachings of many of the so-called teachers of the New Thought, and have failed in every case. I have paid several fees for absent treatments and have taken personal treatments, but received no benefit from any of them. I am forced to look upon _____, Mrs. _____,

_____, _____, and many others as absolute frauds in advertising what they can do and then never going it.

Now, "frauds" is a hard word to me, and it may be my ignorance that I do not understand. They all talk of "the law" yet none ever explain what the law is. They all have theory, but never state facts. Now what is New Thought anyway? How can it be applied to one's self to heal sickness or break up bad habits? Take my case; I am a user of tobacco. Many time have quit from one to twelve months at a time, and wanted it all the time until I would yield. I have taken all manner of antidotes; paid out all

kinds of money to healers, only to go back to the same old habit. When I try to fast I get so weak, cross and nervous that I feel I will die or go crazy. I know that I am in earnest. Am I different from every one else, or is all this fast business a mere theory? I admit I am a meat-eater and fully agree with all the New Thought people in theory; but when it comes to the fact, after a week or ten days without meat, I get weak, lazy and cross, and go back to the flesh-pot for strength and courage.

THE writer of the above lives in the State of Utah, and since receiving this communication, and very recently, a short letter from the gentleman advises me that he has just lost, by fire, every dollar he possessed in the world. In this distressing misfortune THE PATH-FINDER extends the deepest sympathy. Its editor has encountered many similar set-backs in the past. He may again in the future, but if he does he will now know that he alone is responsible for it. So I would urge that this man who is evidently in search of something which he has so far been unable to attract to himself, should speedily arm himself with such equipment as will make him absolutely fire-proof against, not only the consuming flame of fire, but every other form of disaster and adversity.

* * *

But to consider the communication above: Here is a case where the complainant is sorely lacking in will power. He acknowledges that he is a meat-eater, but claims that he gets so cross and nervous when he goes without eating meat and tries to fast, that he is speedily lead back into the old ways of living. He does not go at these things systematically, deliberately and persistently, and what is more, he never will so long as he cou-

tinues to acknowledge the existence of these weaknesses of body and mind. And the reason he has never had help from any of the "healers" whom he names, is because of this fact and the additional fact that these "healers" themselves possess decaying bodies because of the same bodily excesses. The patient, or student, is not receptive and the "healer," through physical obstructions, cannot give out the element which heals. This is a plain statement of fact which I can demonstrate to any patient or student and can *prove* beyond question to any so-called healer who cares to know just where he or she stands. No person who eats meat and uses tobacco or stimulants of any kind, can be helped appreciably through the mental manipulation of any one, much less can they be reached by the mental healer who stands in the same deadening dug-out. The Divine Essence which heals can find no egress when the individual has failed to level the fortifications builded of tainted meat, stale tobacco and poisonous fermented fluids; and when the anxious would-be recipient of these forces has made himself impenetrable by the same methods of living, there can be no interchange of the currents of vital life. We cannot attract to us the vibrant wires of the Etheric elements unless we are in readiness to send a message. So long as the message is choked up at the fountain-head and the receiving station is blockaded, we are foolish to expect results, much less send forth complaints such as our friend has delivered himself of.

There is no serious difficulty in fasting or purifying the body generally if

undertaken along the lines taught by this magazine. But we cannot jump into it and expect favorable results in a few days or a few weeks.

Here seems to be an opportune place to reprint a paragraph which appeared in these columns a few months ago. Read:

Regarding your monthly in its new dress I simply have no way of expressing myself in English. It's simply immense, and if it is doing for others what it has done and is doing for me, it deserves government support. I began breathing, then I fasted a couple of times and gave up meat, when I found I had lost all desire for whisky, which I had used daily all my life. There was no tapering or swearing off; I just quit because I did not feel like drinking it. Now I couldn't stomach it if I wanted to. Then overboard went tobacco. Do you know what that means to a man who has chewed and smoked for thirty-five years and who has spent \$40 in "No Tobac" trying to cure himself of the habit? Well, it went without an effort or regret; and wine that is never absent from my table went with it. My wife, who always takes wine at her meals, considers the change miraculous, and our Medico expected a complete breakdown of my nervous system, but on the contrary I have gained seventeen pounds in flesh and never felt so young before in forty years. I have absolutely no hankering whatever for coffee, meat, whisky, wine or tobacco. I have just finished my fourth fast of three days and am about ready to do a ten days' stunt, but I think I will stop at six. Once I pass ten days successfully, I am going after you with a hot stick and you will want to get a move on you or join the rear guard.

This is but one of five hundred similar cases where readers of this magazine have demonstrated the truths which I teach, and they are, in most cases, living in the fullness of every form of opulence. But this particular case I call attention to because the man is surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries that money can procure. But he was not satisfied with this. He wanted to be a Full Grown Man in addition, and to be this, and to come

into the knowledge of his own possessions, physically and mentally, his worldly, or material heritage, was as the copper cent to the double-headed golden eagle. So these relinquishments were in no sense enforced because of the absence of a full purse. These are parallel cases in so far as the demands of the body are concerned; but the one brought to his rescue the irresistible desire to test the integrity of THE PATH-FINDER. Had he found my teachings faulty or inaccurate after giving them the thorough test which such claims as I make merit, he would have been vigorous in his declarations of hostility against me and my work wherever it chanced to be called to his attention; but instead the reverse is the case, and this man has assumed the voluntary and unsolicited responsibility of preaching the gospel of THE PATH-FINDER and its editor throughout the entire Central American country, letting not even United States Consuls, ex-Presidents of Republics and all manner and all classes of English-speaking residents of this semi-tropical portion of the globe escape; even going so far as to interpret in Spanish the contents of the magazine and the teachings of THE PATH-FINDER. On the other hand we find a man who claims to want all there is in life and at the same time builds up a barrier of adamant in front of him and says that he cannot remove the work of his own hands; and he spends a thousand dollars among the fakirs in the hope and expectation that they, that *they*, think of it—are going to personally remove the physical obstructions of his body and insert therein the powers of the Master, purely through

mental processes! It was a dear experience, but was it dear enough to bring the victim to his senses? We shall see.

Now in my plain, not to say severe, treatment of this case, my only desire is to bring this correspondent to his senses and make him realize, if possible, that all the possibilities of growth and the accumulation of opulence lie within himself and that he can find them nowhere else should he search until Gabriel ceases to call the tortured from out the depths of the damned.

* * *

Now a word in answer to the question of the meaning of so-called New Thought.

Technically, the expression is meaningless. There is no such thing as New Thought. All thoughts are as old as time, and Time has roosted on the upper perch for several decades. Besides, New Thought has neither father nor mother with which to surround it with a respectable or legalized birth. It is of fungus origin and wots not upon the fame or chastity of its ancestry. Our friends, Sydney Flower and the other accomplished laborers, editorially and otherwise, on the *New Thought* magazine of Chicago, are offering \$1,000 in prizes for the best definition of the words New Thought, within the compass of ten words. So these definitions must be concise and to the point. Ordinarily, were I to compete for a prize like this my definition of the words New Thought would be, "nit." From the standpoint of fact and brevity this answer ought to win. But I don't want to carry off this prize, so I shall not send in this answer. But to give

a legitimate definition of the words as modernized and as our friends of *New Thought* expect and are entitled to, for they are conducting one of the most scholarly and meritorious journals in this country along their line of work, I would expect to draw at least the \$4 prize if I gave this definition: *New Thought* stands for, The Process of Unfolding Man to the Maximum.

Now, I don't want these *New Thought* friends to send me the grand prize before the rest have had an opportunity to file their answers, for I shall have funds enough on hand to pilot me through the holidays; but that answer covers the ground in its broadest sense, though not dripping with gilded spangles because of its highly decorated oratorical phrasing. I just want people to understand what I am saying, that is all.

* * *

So, my friend, *New Thought* means that you and I shall roll up our sleeves and go forth and fight the battle of life fearlessly, never losing sight of the fact that we are the general, and the only general, at the head of the army, and that there is nothing for us to wear but the Victor's Crown. *New Thought* means that with the winning of this greatest of battles over physical self, the Sun will illuminate every future footstep in the pathway of life and guide us into that perfection of mind and body which alone makes Masters of men.

Search for this meaning, *everybody*; you will find it if you TRY.

New "Cure" for Tobacco Habit.

When John Maggart sat in a dentist's chair a few days ago and fell asleep, through hypnotic influence, several of his teeth were filled without

pain. His gums were in bad condition owing to the use of tobacco.

When Maggart was asleep the dentist told him that he would never chew tobacco again. Maggart does not know now that the dentist made this suggestion, although he does know that he has developed a taste for chewing gum, and that the very thought of tobacco makes him ill. He had chewed tobacco for sixteen years. —*Boston Globe*.

THAT is all very lovely, but the tobacco chewer is a prince alongside the gum chewer, and the habit is not one-tenth so injurious either. The tobacco chewer does not *chew* his tobacco to any appreciable extent; he simply holds it in his mouth where he swashes it around and fills it with moisture. When it is filled like a sponge then he expectorates. A certain amount of the strength of the tobacco is absorbed by the system, which acts as a stimulant. This stimulant, acting similar to alcohol, is what *holds* its victim to the habit.

But chewing gum is a different proposition. The constant working of the jaws releases an excessive amount of saliva and carries it into the stomach, where it proceeds at once to aid in the digesting of everything in sight. Not being carried there in the process of eating food, there is little food substance for it to work upon, therefore it at once proceeds to tackle the lining and membranous tissues of the stomach. The injurious effects of this can scarcely be computed. And what little food there is in the stomach is so speedily put into a state of complete disintegration that the functions of assimilation are left without a job, the substance being carried off before its nutritive properties are extracted. This accounts for the cadaverous appearance and celuloide-parchment skin

of the gum chewer, not to recount the thousand and one other injurious effects upon the system, nervous collapse being among the principal ones.

Nor is this all: The salivary glands of the gum chewer are kept so completely drained that when one *does* eat there is not a sufficient supply of this most necessary fluid carried with it to properly digest it preparatory to turning it over to the assimilating functions; hence more trouble, more pain, more sorrow, more languor and more bile.

* * *

But from the standpoint of filth, of course the relation between the tobacco chewer and the gum chewer is somewhat strained, though the breath of the latter is even more "exalted" than that of the former. Just watch the tobacco chewer. Every time you speak to him he must first drop everything else, no matter how important, and go and empty himself the same as does the scavenger the can of accumulated offal in the back alley. And then, too, the tobacco chewer is never a respecter of persons. He would as leave (and a little leaver) expectorate on the silken train of the Goddess of Liberty as in the cuspador placed at his feet. One of his chief delights is to see how far he can "fire" his mouthful of filth beyond the hotel cuspador and the broader the surface it covers the greater the delight. He leaves his track along the public highways, in the street cars, in the theatre and not even the church floor is exempt. But this is all independent of the final nervous collapse of this species of chewer also. Of this I will not dwell upon. I will simply say in conclusion:

That the tobacco chewer is a most filthy beast;

And the gum chewer is a d—n fool.
Take your choice.

Snow Baths.

THERE are baths and baths. Some people like one kind of bath and some enjoy other kinds. But some of the inhabitants of THE PATH-FINDER home take kindly to any sort of bath that is a novelty and at the same time tests nerve endurance.

A few days ago Nature, in her great generous heartedness—and Nature is always generous—we only think sometimes that she is not—covered the entire surface of Mother Earth with a beautiful six-inch coating of fleecy whiteness—with semi-congealed dew-drops as it were. Now this is not an unusual occurrence at this time of year in these parts, but these coatings only stay on a few days, when the sere and yellow is again in conspicuous evidence.

But just at this particular time the mania for bath experimenting around this household was at its height. So it dawned upon the head of the family—Mrs. Benjamin—that it would be a fine thing for all hands to take a snow bath all wrapped up in nude attire. (Not all at the same time.) Her daughter of sixteen, who is the finest specimen of physical perfection in all these parts, as the direct result of the teachings being promulgated from this altitude, was approached on the subject. At first she was amazed and looked horrified. But when the young lady came to take her cold bath in the evening, she thought it would be great sport to go out and wallow in the

snow. So as soon as the cold bath was over her mother gathered up a blanket and both proceeded out into the snow. The night was cold—much below freezing point, and the wind was blowing a stiff northwest gale. But this did not matter. The girl plunged into the snow minus ever stitch of clothing, and rolled over in it several times. She was then blanketed and came into the house. She had no more than fairly got inside the door than she wanted to go right back and try it over again, which she did, coming in again all ablaze with delight. She thought that it beat all the baths she had ever taken. This young lady now insists on repeating these snow baths as long as there is a speck of snow in sight. Later at night the mother went through the same performance and declared that it was one of the "vibratinist" baths she has ever taken. The writer was content, being on his twentieth days' fast, to go out and wade around in the snow for a time barefooted.

Now these baths were all right for these people; but they are not advised for those who have not come into the ways of right living. As far as the writer is personally concerned, he could lay out of doors all night in the snow in a perfectly nude state and not catch cold. And as far as these particular people are concerned they could do the same thing—because they have steadily and persistently purified and perfected the physical body. Those who have not been attending properly to the physical requirements could not withstand the terrible shock that a snow bath, below freezing point, would be to the nervous system. When these

conditions which permit the nervous system to be shocked are removed, then there comes the glow and warmth of perfect health which nothing of this sort can interfere with.

Hobby-Horses.

HERE is a paragraph which appeared in Thos. J. Shelton's *Christian* some time ago, and which escaped my notice at the time. It is not often that I pass by, unnoticed, a paragraph in *Christian*, for Brother Shelton always has something to say worth reading, even if it does emanate from the "Spirit." Here is the paragraph:

THE PATH-FINDER, edited by Edgar Wallace Conable, Roswell, Colo., blooms out with the May number as a dainty magazine. One dollar a year, ten cents a copy. This is only No. 8 of this new periodical, but eight is the number of regeneration and the new life! Conable is making a first class magazine. He has a criticism of *Christian*, but I haven't time to notice it. He seems to think that because I tell people not to believe everything that I say that they ought not to believe anything. Say, Conable, simply because you are up close to Pike's Peak is no reason you should get on a high horse. Your horse is nothing but a hobby-horse, anyway.

Thank you very much for the compliment.

Yes, I am riding a horse, and very close to the *summit*, too. But it matters little whether the horse is a "hobby" or a wild, untamed bronco, it is carrying me farther up the slope every hour. I shall arrive, without a change, still astride this faithful, untiring steed, at the very creast of the summit, in the full knowledge that there were no cross-roads to encounter on this route; and I can, therefore, advise every one to take up the same trail.

But many people are still skirting

the foot-hills in search of this narrow, but straight pathway. Some have crossed it many times because of the dimness of vision; but no one will miss it in the ultimate, no matter how protracted the groping in darkness may be. This summit never changes its location. It is always in the same place, and the road is always direct and unobstructed. I found it while still astride a "hobby-horse." Some people have not yet found it even though searching in a golden chariot. The horse which is carrying me safely up the steeps stops neither for food nor rest, and it has no fears of being dissected and placed on a French market as high-class American beefsteak.

So I shall ride my "hobby-horse," brother, to the end. I only trust that your "Spirit" and my horse will not collide in a narrow part of the road while yours is making the descent.

The Book of the New Century.

"FACTORS in the Process of Human Development," Edgar Wallace Conable's book, and which will go out under the general title of "The Book of the New Century," will be ready for delivery in about ten days. This book will contain upwards of one hundred and fifty pages and will be the most practical and advanced work of its kind ever issued from a publishing house in this country. The book will be so much more extensive than at first contemplated that the price will have to be placed at \$1 instead of fifty cents. Those, however, who have already sent in their orders for the book will be supplied as per previous announcements. No student along the lines of higher

growth and no one suffering from ill health or adverse conditions of any kind, can afford to be without this book. It is a text book in every sense, besides it spreads more general information in its particular field than any work heretofore published or that is likely to be published within the next fifty years. The beauty of this work is, it is filled with facts and the Truths of Life from cover to cover, demonstrated personally by the author.

This book will also contain a half-tone cut of the author made from a photograph taken at the close of his twenty-five days' fast and after he had fasted one-third of the entire year of 1902, in periods of from 36 hours to 25 days, and living the greater portion of this time, when he did eat, on raw food. This fasting has no reference to the two meals a day ommitted. There were over 400.

A PERSONAL letter from J. Stitt Wilson announces the arrival of a little new "Social Crusader" at his home in Berkeley, Cal. This is timely and guarantees an added force to the great work in which Mr. Wilson is engaged. No child could come into the world under the conditions existing in this home and not be fully impregnated with the spirit which dominates the life work of this great leader. THE PATH-FINDER extends its warmest congratulations to Mr. and Mr. Wilson.

THAT was a manly (?) performance on the part of Germany in sinking the handful of helpless old crafts lying in the harbor of Venezuela, wasn't it? When Dewey threw a shot across the bow of the German man-of-war at Manila they never peaped. But they swell up like a bag full of dried apples in soak over this "military maneuver" in the harbor of a little semi-civilized Republic.



Socialism and Life.

BY J. STITT WILSON, A. M.

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

Perpetual Opulence.

"Perpetual Opulence."

That means Opulence for all the people all of the time.

That's our subject for this month.

In the last number our line of thought was as follows:

All history reveals a vast stream of Life-Energy expressing itself in countless forms.

The motive power of these myriad forms of action is the pursuit of Happiness—taking that word in its largest and most comprehensive meaning.

But what of the pain and suffering, the squalor and wretchedness, the misery and poverty in the world?

Our relative and working answer is: Our Ignorance is the cause of our suffering.

If we only knew the good old universe, and knew our own powers, we could abolish poverty and every social hell.

And now let us consider this question a little further. I am one of those who believe that if the fullness, completeness, expansion, expression and unfoldment of an abundant life is our goal here and now on this plane, then the first requisite of such a quality of Life is that degree of material things on which Life itself is dependent.

Of course I am speaking for us ordinary mortals that still eat and wear clothes, and live in houses on this real mud earth. And for us Life cannot continue at all, much less expand and express itself without the guaranteed basis of physical existence.

It is about our matter-of-fact, everyday, work-a-day world that we live in

that I am writing. If we are to consider another world or plane of life, or some lofty state of ecstasy or transcendent experience in this plane, under different conditions, then we may dispense with this first absolutely necessary material basis, but not until. No system of religion, no scheme of philosophy, no code of ethics, that omits this fundamental of Life is rational or capable of making the human family happy.

As the bird needs its feathers, the animal its skin, and the tree its sap, so man needs "things." The bird, the animal, and the tree must have their "properties" in order to have complete life: so the people as a whole and each family and person in particular must have "property" in order to have complete human happiness. In the case of the bird, the animal and the tree we may say that their properties are natural to them. But property, or the necessary requisites for life for us are artificial—the products of labor upon the raw gifts of Nature.

Now if we look out over the suffering of the people we shall find that to the lack of "property" in some vital sense can be traced innumerable ills from which we suffer. Bread, the staff of life, is but the symbol of the many needs of the people. And multitudes scarcely have bread.

Food, clothing, shelter, labor—for the body; necessities, comforts, and at least the luxury of art—for the home; books, education, music, art, recreation, leisure—for the mind; all human interests on this plane depend "on the dollar," as we say. They are impos-

sible to the people without the "cash." The cash is impossible normally without labor. And labor is impossible without access to the real mud planet—the means of life in the storehouse of nature.

My list of things for complete living may seem too long for some people. Centuries of foolish asceticism and ages of a false "otherworldliness," and now abnormal reactions against wealth, exhibit absurd attempts to cure the human family of its "love of things."

The preachers have condemned this acquisitive instinct as covetousness, "which is idolatry." Renunciation of things has been exalted as a great and shining virtue. The Buddhist monks and ancient occultists were poor, begging from door to door for their daily portion. Jesus, the great Exemplar, had no corner lots, no bank account, no stocks and bonds—had not where to lay his head. He taught, "Blessed are the poor, for their's is the Kingdom of Heaven." Saints of the church are said to have "sold all they had and given to the poor." The love of money has been declared to be the root of all evil.

And now comes a secular form of repugnance to things. Andrew Carnegie, philanthropist (?), follows the path of the saints (!). He begins to give away his millions in public philanthropies and private charities. He has turned a little sour, they say, on wealth, and is preaching a gospel of poverty, that is, to the fellows still poor. And there are others whose philosophy has less suggestion of a big joke than Brother Andrew's. These latter, at present wealthy, glorify "a simple life," a "return to nature." They preach a renunciation of our modern rush for things and money, and exhort to search for the simpler life of our fathers. It is said that President Roosevelt has lately recommended a book of that tenor to the

people,—or perhaps only to the Republicans!

But the bad people will not listen. The very rich, the millionaire trust-makers "get there" like unto Cræcus. Even the pious and the good people of the churches have not had the "love of the world" wholly taken out of them—if we are to believe our eyes. The workers keep on striking for more wages—bad fellows. Nobody seems to want to practice for long this preaching about the virtues and glories of poverty and penury.

Now I do not believe that Life consists in the abundance of things which a man possesseth. I do believe that man does not live by bread alone. I believe further that there is a vulgarity and demoralization about some of our modern wealth in its present forms of distribution that is a disgrace to civilization. Nor do I object to individuals here and there passing through a period of reaction against a life consumed entirely in the mere pursuit of wealth. But all these considerations do not alter my first statement that for a complete life we must have free access to the base of supplies, and in our times the list of things adequate for a complete life must be comparatively large. The list I have enumerated is not intended to be exhaustive, but only suggestive.

It is supposed to be a telling criticism to say of children, or adults, or nations, "that the more they get the more they want." This is exactly true and is one of the most striking characteristics of a human being and of human society in contradistinction to the lower animals. We speak of the hog as a greedy animal, and say of it that though greedy "it knows when it has enough," and thus we think to cast aspersions on the avarice of man who "never knows when he has enough." But instead of thus belittling man we have really exalted him. Man is the never satisfied animal. His capacity is infinite. No knowledge, no attain-

ment, no height of power, no gratification of ambition, no expression, no conquest, no complete and heroic devotion satisfies him.

Mere existence can never satisfy. Food and shelter man and beast both seek. But these once attained man leaps to an infinite unfoldment. Blessed are the people who demand things, who ransack creation for its secrets, who with inventive skill seek out new processes and devices for conquering nature and reducing her gifts and forces to their uses and satisfactions.

Blessed be Opulence! Poverty, penury, want, indigence, need—these are limitations to life. They are incipient death in almost any guise.

To be content with poverty or need in the twentieth century, either socially or individually, except in the special cases where some moral or social crisis is involved, would be to invite degeneration. There may be and no doubt is an alarming degeneracy following in the wake of our modern rush for wealth, distributed as it is so unjustly, but no such degeneracy or decadence as would inevitably follow a philosophy really based on poverty or severe simplicity of life. Industry, the arts, world-culture would perish. We would soon retrograde to barbarism. The production and use of wealth, the securing of "things," the conquest of crude nature, and the manufacture of her raw resources into human satisfactions in multitudinous variety is one of the supreme marks of human advancement and unfoldment. Man thus finds lawful expression for his genius and creative powers, and in reward for this conquest and mastery he surrounds himself with the complete physical bases of an Abundant Life.

Poverty in things is the negation of life. The desire for things is legitimate, normal, and necessary. It is one form of man's hunger or love corresponding to the infinite fullness of the universe. And as we approach the goal of Truth in our social and economic relations poverty will be no more;

the last penury-cursed home, and the last dismal slum will be abolished from the face of the beautiful Eden of Earth.

I believe that the creed of the every-day, work-a-day world of the twentieth century will contain this line if it contains nothing else:

"I BELIEVE IN PERFECT HEALTH AND PERPETUAL OPULENCE."

The word and idea of Opulence is particularly charming and expressive of exactly the thing we want for ourselves and for all the people. Its synonyms do not express our wants. We do not crave riches, or wealth, or mere things as such. But we do need and demand and legitimately seek an opulent supply of all that constitutes the basis of a full and expressive existence.

For me, therefore, I shall preach the Gospel of Discontent to the poor. Once permit any large proportion of the people to consent to lives of comparative want, to the mere existence which modern capitalism affords, to be resigned to that station to "which God (I mean President Baer's God) hath assigned them," and we have invited social and economic and moral disaster. My experience would lead me to think that there are too many people in that state of mind already. It is the slave consciousness. It is not the spirit of freemen.

Blessed is that nation in which every last man who toils is seeking higher wages, preparing himself to a greater earning capacity, demanding shorter hours, and clamoring for the full product of his toil, and agitating for larger freedom for the unfoldment of his life, and using all the freedom and power at his disposal to accomplish those things.

I would inspire every man with the Gospel of Opulence. I would expel from every mind any false idea of the virtues of poverty. I would preach the gospel of the divine discontent that never rests in rags, or slums, or slavery while freedom and a happy home and a complete life is attainable—and all for the right kind of asking and demanding and going after.

I would point to the forces and gifts of nature, to the almost omnipotent might of machinery, to the marvelous powers of human labor, to the magnetic quality of the opulent mind and character.

I would seek out with my comrades the "loose screws," and the "huge lies" and the "false economies" of our present social

system until poverty would be driven from the earth.

I would rouse the last toiler of America to get up on his feet, and hearken to the demand and cry of his own children, and then with the tremendous might of the giant that Labor really is, push this whole trust "robbery" clear off the planet.

I would tell them that the clock of the centuries has struck, and it is time to take the earth in the name of Humanity as Columbus took America in the name of the King of Spain.

* * *

All right, then. Whatever Socialism is or is not as a plan or a program for society it is the Gospel of SOCIAL OPULENCE. It is a program with a purpose to abolish the involuntary poverty of our time and to make men free in this our age to produce things for human consumption, and to enjoy the fruit of their labor without enslaving or being enslaved.

This idea is the counterpart and complement of that of Individual opulence. The logical outcome of the idea of opulence for one is opulence for all. And it shall be realized.

This idea is growing with great rapidity. Some years ago when I was in college my classmates, knowing that I was a Socialist, frequently enjoyed a laugh at my expense—as they thought. On one occasion I remember they got a "grind" off on me. In the class roll of celebrities (!) supposed to be found a thousand years hence there was enrolled among other names that of one "Wilson—first name obliterated—a man

who believed that he had discovered a sacred Sanskrit word, which, if uttered over the slums of the great cities, would abolish poverty." To this a note was added that at the time of the discovery of the roll 3000 A. D., the "trusts" were doing business at the same old stand—improved, of course; the slums were full—the poor they still had with them; and the reformers were there hunting for sacred words. Well, even to get off such a grind now would be meaningless. That happened only five years ago. The thinking men and women of the world are actually coming to the conclusion that the terrible poverty of modern times, and the comparative slavery of great masses of the people, in the midst of such marvellous equipment for producing wealth is preposterous, and that these conditions can be almost entirely remedied.

Cheap-jack, ostentatious charity will be out of a job when the folks once get hold of the Thought of Social Opulence; when they get up on their feet to hunt for Social Justice as the President hunts for bear these days.

She's coming, Brothers. Better get into line. Here is a thought worth thinking. Think it hard. Concentrate at this point. Of course it concerns more than is beneath your hat—its scope is wider and more universal.

Enough for this time. Socialism is the Gospel of a wholesome Discontent with poverty and wage-slavery and beaten human lives. It is the Gospel of Social Opulence. "The Earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." And we the people are IT.

A New Jag Cure.

GEORGE'S WEEKLY.

WE won't have time to indulge in a regular Christmas story this year, but we are going to tell a story that is true, about something that came under our own observation during the past week. We are not going to mention the party's name, but he is a well known individual about Denver, and like men who drink to excess, is a genial, good natured sort of a fellow and pretty generally liked when sober. For twenty years he has born the reputation of being a chronic drunkard and in twenty

years he has gone through a fortune. This would not be worth mentioning, if it were not for the fact that a patient wife and two lovely daughters have suffered with him. We met him the other day so changed that we hardly knew him, and our evident surprise caused him good naturedly to remark:

"No sir, I have not gone against the jag cure. I have taken that so many times that it seems like a farce; but I read an article in your paper some time ago concerning Edgar Wallace Conable at Roswell,

Colorado, who claimed drunkenness to be nothing more or less than an obsession. It struck me as very funny, but I concluded I would go against his game. I have tried every scheme on earth to keep sober and I never have overlooked anything calculated to make a man of me. With many misgivings and a sort of contempt for myself I finally took the train and decided to visit the party, and here I am with no more appetite for liquor than I have for melted lead."

The statement of the gentleman set us to thinking. For twenty years he has struggled against the habit. Our curiosity led us to question him farther:

"What do you mean by obsession?"

"Well," he replied laughingly, "that is a long story; suffice it to say that a man who drinks is a negative proposition and in this vast ocean of thought that surrounds us are innumerable departed intelligences who have not had enough liquor here on earth. We come in harmony with these intelligences by reason of the law of vibration, and the intelligence borrows our person to satisfy its appetite. See?"

"Do you believe it?" we asked.

"Believe it—you bet your sweet life I do; and I have had a practical demonstration of the fact. Mamma and the girls are going to get a Christmas this year that will make them the happiest they have been in many years."

Then he turned away to hide the moisture that bedimmed his eyes: "Do not think for a moment, Mr. George," he added, "that I am crazy. I am so overcome with happiness and gladness that I cannot think of myself and my new conditions without this expression of weakness."

Well, whatever it is, he is a new man and God bless him. It fills us with joy to think there are better things ahead for him and his family. Surely it will be a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year for them all; and, we only hope and pray that our friend really means what he tells us and that what he tells us is so, for if it is, there is a big field for men like Mr. Conable to work in.

GRADUATING EXERCISES.

The graduation exercises of the 3rd annual term of the Seattle, Wash., Mental Science college took place in the Balmoral Hotel, Victoria, B. C., November, 1902.

The exercises were a complete success, and the essays of the students were bright and pithy, showing the remarkable progress made by them under the careful tuition of Professor Knox.

The exercises of the evening were opened with a violin solo by little Miss Bosina Dohie, aged eight; with piano accompaniment by Mrs. Minnie Dohie.

The following were the essays read by the students:

G. W. Arton—Biology, or the study of life.

Mrs. Anna Stadthagen—Positiveness as a means to success.

Tho. LeMessurier—Wealth; that intelligence and health were wealth as well as finances.

Mrs. G. L. Davie—Falling Leaves, concluding with an original poem on the same line.

G. W. Skinner—All is health, showing a person may become healthy by getting into the law.

Miss Minnie Dohie—Music, a subject which she is well adapted to write on.

D. W. Snow—Good will to all, with some good points, which if followed out would make the world brighter.

Mrs. L. C. Noble—Individuality, showing that each should stand for themselves, and on their own ground.

A. E. Barker—"Mind"—One of the cardinal points of Mental Science.

Mrs. M. E. McCracken—Success, to be obtained by minding one's own business.

Mr. Rennock—The reasoning faculties. This was an interesting essay, and handled in good form.

Mrs. LeMessurier—How to teach the child how to know itself. A very important part of the work, and the subject was ably dealt with.

The Professor then addressed the students on the advisability of keeping up the studies. He then presented the Diplomas.

The class decided to meet weekly, and continue the studies of the New Thought.

The following evening, the class with a few friends, went in the parlor of the Balmoral Hotel to spend the evening with Prof. Knox before his departure for Vancouver to teach his next class.

A very pleasant time was spent. Recitations, solos, duets, etc., were greatly enjoyed by those present.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to Prof. Knox, thanking him for the energetic and painstaking manner with which he had conducted his class through the lessons.

THO. DEMESSURIER,
Class Secretary and Reporter.

91 Henry St., Victoria, B. C.

Department of All Sorts.

Andrew Carnegie.

MY DEAR MR. CONABLE:—Being something of a philanthropist, and as "a fellow feeling makes one wondrously kind," I desire you to send for my account, THE PATH-FINDER to Andrew Carnegie, Esq., Skibs Castle, Scotland, for two years, beginning with your first issue.

Mr. Carnegie, if the veracity of Bradstreets and Dun is to be relied on, ought to be able to go down in his jeans and dig up enough legal tender to pay for a couple of years' subscription to THE PATH-FINDER himself; but I suppose he is kept so busy sweeping the coin of the realm out at the port-cullis of Skibs that he has overlooked the matter; and I am anxious, as soon as possible, to place in the hands of this great man a cheap, effective tool that will cut a desirable swath among a class of unfortunates not, as a rule, reached by his princely offerings on the altar of popular education.

I mean by unfortunates, men who are victims of the liquor and tobacco habits. Your journal will show the way out to those who honestly wish to leave "the slough of despond." There are many such and I am confident, religious views aside, Mr. Carnegie, once convinced of the great work you are doing, will remember many brilliant, but fallen men, who only need a helping hand to become ornaments to society, and that THE PATH-FINDER will receive many subscriptions from his kingly generosity.

Andrew and myself do not move in the same social circle, and consequently he has never had the honor of an introduction to me; but I have read his "Triumphant Democracy." (I haven't read his other works owing to a financial crisis, periodically precipitated, by the energetic importunities of the lady who does up my linen) and when we meet I shall not turn him down. The least us literary folks can do for each other is to dispense mutual approval.

I once met a man in Pennsylvania. He was general traffic manager on a wheelbarrow, who seemed to think that Andy had n't treated him exactly square, although

they had never met each other, and he recounted to me many of Andy's shortcomings.

I didn't inquire at Bradstreets regarding the standing of my informant; I simply "took the will for the deed;" but what of it? All really great men have their failings.

Take me for example—my failing was, until THE PATH-FINDER untwisted the kinks in me, a penchant for cold bottles, hot birds and tobacco. Andy's great weakness is the money habit, but the way he juggles with million-dollar libraries indicates that he knows how to swear off occasionally. He would have made Rome howl with his pen if he had let money alone in his youth.

Mr. Carnegie is what the vulgar call "a brick;" but with a big B. If there were more like him on this chunk of Cosmos I would hate to leave it.

I once stopped at the "Metropole," in London with the King of the Belgians. He was "incog," and so was I. We did n't even lift our hats to each other when we met. The then Prince of Wales, now Edward VII, called at the 'Ostelry to see his nibs of Belgium, and as he was leaving the 'ouse I was standing where I was sure he would see me. I thought he winked at me, but I may have been mistaken. I suppose Leopold told him we were trying to avoid public recognition. Leopold was registered as Baron VonGluekenheimer, and I as the Duke of Honduras. I, as you see, outranked him, "Burke" to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Lord Mayor also called on us, and beat the Prince all out of shape with the flamboyancy of equipage.

It was all white and gold and feathers. I have forgotten the number and color of plumed steeds that champed their diamond studded bits, and pawed the asphalt with silver-shod hoofs in front of the turnout; think there were only four, but I never will forget the gold dog-collar His Lordship wore, or the two well-fed Field Marshalls in plug hats, knee-breeches and white silk hose that sat stiffly, with folded arms, on the back balcony of His Lordship's

hearse. They were sure dandys. What a funny world this is!

I asked them in the American language what they would charge to give me a spin around town in the band-wagon while His Lordship and the King were up stairs lying to each other; but they didn't seem to understand American. Then I tackled them in three or four different languages with the same result. They only spoke hinglish.

For some time I had been studying hinglish under the tuition of the bus-drivers, and I made up my mind these notabilities should not go away under the impression that all Americans were ignorant of their island tongue; so, holding up a 'af crown I said: "'Oborn, 'Igh 'Oborn, Hoxford street hand Marble Harch."

That melted them at once, for getting at the heart of the average native there is nothing like a little of his own lingo on the tongue of a foreigner, especially if there is a coin in sight; but just about the time we began to understand each other nicely, a big

overgrown Irish policeman, with a leather coal scuttle on his head (Irish policemen have been the bane of my life), strolled along our way and broke up a conversation that was becoming interesting.

Now, Mr. Conable, I tell you all this to show that, socially, I am away up in G; and I want to state, right here, that I never doffed my hat to anything wearing trousers, whether it was a man or an organ-grinder's cash boy; and that tomorrow, should I meet the effervescent William of Germany on the street, I would treat him with the same dignified American politeness I dispensed to Albert Edward, and to His Majesty of Belgium; but if I should ever, by chance, run up against the real thing in the shape of Andrew Carnegie, the "sombrero" of yours truly will touch the knee.

Send Andy a receipt for two years' subscription to THE PATH-FINDER, full paid and non-assessable, and chalk it down on the slate against yours sincerely.

ARMENIA, Nov. 10.

* * *

They Lie.

BY COL. P. P. BRANNON.

I'M on the sea; around me billows roar,
Above, the pompous sails tug at the mast;
Behind are memories and a fading shore;
Before? . . . The God who knows my weary
past

Will lead me where He wills—Thy will be done!
I touch Thy glory when I sense Thy might,—
And believe Thou pittiest an erring one
Who gropes through darkness for a ray of
light

To guide his battered barque across life's sea,
And anchor, in the end, with Thine and Thee.

They tell me Thou art good; forgiving; grand!—
Although the devil is not yet forgiven
For his sedition, and like grains of sand

You fling him victims from the gates of heav-
en;

That Thy unbiased love is for the few

Of this or that creed, sect, or guild, or
church;

(Each claims its ritual direct from You,)

While devils, like myself, left in the lurch,
Think,—as we gaze upon the throbbing sea,—
God of uncircled space, they've standered
Thee!

They've slandered Thee! and Thou hast writ,
"Ye lie!"

With grim Ysalcro's * torch at midnight dark,
In flaming letters 'gainst the sombre sky
That conjures phantoms 'round our stagger-
ing barque—

They've slandered Thee! The phosphorent
waters grin

At the thought of a God like Thou!
Author of all that's bad, yet damning sin?

"They lie!" Comes growling from our plung-
ing bow,

And down from the star-strewn arch that
swings on high,

Millions of worlds are whispering—"They
lie!"

* An active Central American volcano.

Hoosier Paths.

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

Intuition.

IF one had a net in which to catch his fleeting inspirations, he might soon have a reserve upon which to draw for an expression of opinion upon any subject.

First thoughts, those which are wafted upwards from the realms of intuition, are ever fraught with a worth which is denied to those mental creations arising from continued thought speculation.

If you will observe it carefully, you will find that the man who misses his train is the individual who stops short upon an original intention to give place to some secondary consideration of lesser import.

While this is true as to the man catching a train, it is equally veritable in other particulars. Emerson realized this and said, "Trust the instinct to the end though you can render no reason."

We would say trust your first impulses in all things, and though the reason may not at once be apparent, you will find that observation will render you ample reason for so doing.

Within reach and always ready to respond is the faculty out of which this attribute springs. Like all faculties, use sharpens and renders its action certain. Its home is in the soul and it is that which connects us with the Infinite Source of our being.

The conditions insuring its best action are silence and unstrained concentration. Deep, rhythmic breathing facilitates the wafting aside of the veil of objective sense, and such breathing exercises as will require regularity, while leading to use of the maximum breathing capacity, will put one in touch with this much-to-be-desired faculty.

Intuition bridges every chasm too wide to be crossed by objective sense functioning, and, if duly accredited, has won for us every victory worthy the name in our careers to date.

"A pretty broad assertion," you will no doubt exclaim, but just note the facts in your career henceforth, and you will find the statement entirely true.

Mankind, as a race, is accredited with being the highest manifestation of the Great

Unmanifest, which is true. But our connection with the Infinite Source of being, while real, is upon the subjective side, whence arises our intuitional powers, and hence we can truly say that the prompting of intuition is, in us, the voice of God.

Occasionally we find it convenient to refer to the Bible for parallels of illustration. Elijah standing in the door of his cave finds God—not in the mighty wind nor in the earth-quake, but in the "still, small voice;" and he who will place the ear of his consciousness close to his own heart will hear this "still, small voice," which, if duly followed, will find fruition of his desires.

The inventor and the poet follow the promptings of this voice, and their respective successes arise from them heeding its calls; and the orator, whose eloquence thrills his audience, is simply reciting what he has taught the ear of his soul to hear.

This it was which bade Joan of Arc don the sword, and to its promptings we may attribute every deed which has led to the disenchantment of the race.

Let us learn to listen to its voice, and into our lives will flow the streams which will enrich us in wisdom and enable us to rank with those who have become pillars in the progress of the race.

The supply here is unlimited and ever responds to the demand made upon it. More infinite than the white sands along the shore, or the shining flakes of spray that greet and part; unnumbered as the grass blades which render verdant a thousand summer hills and plains, or the stars that deck a nightly winter sky. It cannot be exhausted and invites your seeking evermore.

A sweet whisper is breathing across the sea of thought; it is fragrant with the perfume of Eternal Truth; bend softly your ear to catch its winsome beauty of sound, and store away in your memory the treasure of wisdom it imparts. So shall you advance, step by step, upon the highway of intuition until every event of your life will bear upon it the stamp of the unerring divination which leads to best results.

One characteristic of the race which ex-

hibits its negative side more than anything else is its proneness to run in ruts or groves. This it is which so often bars the way to advancement, and fetters the spirit of progress, binding upon the souls of men monotony which engenders supineness and inanity.

Not only is the spirit of progress fettered by this negative condition, but the individual manifesting it, looks with suspicion upon every effort at elevation and advancement, and regards as innovation any attempt to change the direction of his views.

So much does this obtain—so general is the working of the imposed rule, that it has become second nature to the great majority. The spirit of it is fostered in the family, in the church, in civic orders and in legislative halls. Family customs are handed down through long genealogical lines, churches and civic orders cling to rituals grown hoary with age and stiff with habit, each savoring of perfunctoriness to the exclusion of spiritual growth, and the contagion of its hide-boundness extends to where, machine-like, laws are ground out upon precedents and hypotheses germane to eras submerged in the waves of long past civilizations.

What is thus true of the multitude is, with few exceptions, also true of the individual; and ruts wear deep,—so deep indeed, that, to get out upon a level where advancement might be made, would mean revolution, disorganization and entire reconstruction.

If anything leads to degeneration in types, it is this conventional clinging to past-date ideas, customs and beliefs. A man owes it to himself and the world to advance in some point beyond the boundaries reached by his progenitors.

The Decalogue says well when it commands, "Honor thy father and thy mother," but a servile adherence to dwarfing superstitions which obtained several generations ago should not be allowed to stand in the way of one's advancement. A true honoring of one's immediate progenitors would consist in discarding those things unessential to progress.

We are not in love with the institution, particularly where its tenets are so inflexible as to exclude liberality, and thus dwarf the expansive nature of the individual.

Some one, writing along the New Thought lines has said "We need to learn the art of letting go," and this sentiment is quite

apropos in the present consideration. Let us cast aside every weight, let us leap every barrier which may interpose between us and our active contact with Truth, and upon our path will spring the flowers of harmony, strength and beauty.

The tendency to follow precedent is indicative of a propensity for fossilization. Let us therefore be free.

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.

A SPLENDID CHANCE.

There is a splendid opportunity for some woman, without children, and who is in full sympathy with the methods of living as taught by THE PATH-FINDER, to secure a good situation as housekeeper for Mrs. Etta D. Kelso, Longmont, Colo. Mrs. Kelso lives on a farm six miles from town, but it is one of the most beautiful country homes in all Colorado, and anything that any normal appetite should crave is raised in abundance. Address Mrs. Kelso as above at once.

NO STAMPS, PLEASE.

It again becomes necessary to request subscribers and purchasers of books to refrain from sending stamps to this office in payment therefor.

We must also request our Canadian friends to send us no more Canadian money, as we can only pass it on the blind, and this we do not like to do—unless compelled to.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

Dear Reader—If you need the help of a very successful Mental or Divine Healer and Teacher, write to E. P. C. Webster, Los Angeles, Cal., enclosing stamp for return. When writing please mention THE PATH-FINDER.

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Date, 1903.

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The above sketch of Frances Partlow was made from life by Dorothy D. Deane, special artist for the New Thought.

As she is, like all true psychics, most sensitive to personal cross-influences, it is preferable that her work be conducted entirely by letter.

Knowing the anxiety of the public to come in touch with a genuine clairvoyant, one who is incapable of deceit or trickery, our chief fear is that Frances Partlow's correspondence may assume such proportions that it may press too heavily on her time and health, and thus endanger the success of our experiments. For this reason we reserve the right in the future, should it be deemed advisable, to discontinue her correspondence work entirely, or at least limit it to a comparatively small circle. Although the psychic gives freely of her power and energy in these readings by mail, yet she may not always give complete satisfaction. In these cases The Psychic Research Company will follow its invariable rule of refunding the fee to dissatisfied persons if they request it, and will personally make good the money loss entailed. All letters addressed to Frances Partlow are sacredly private, and are read and answered by her alone. Address Frances Partlow, care of The Psychic Research Company, 3835 Vincennes Ave., Chicago.



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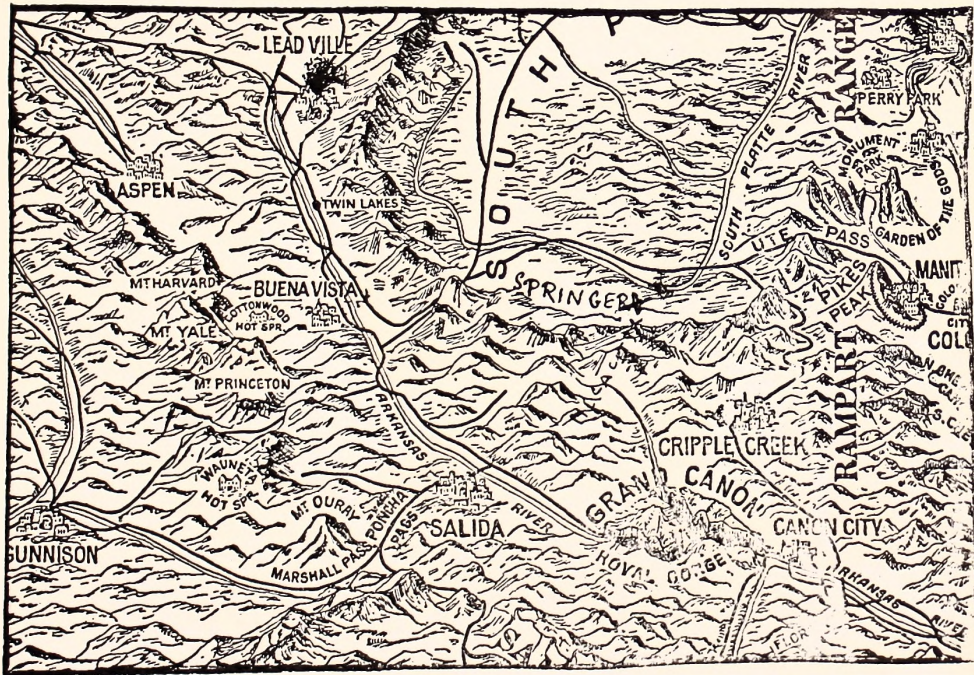
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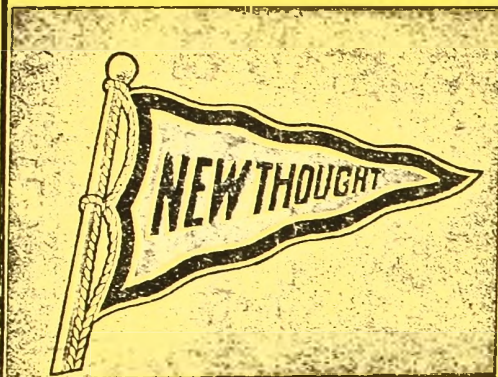
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NOTE: The "I Am" essay is included in my last book, "Nuggets of The New Thought," and is, therefore, withdrawn from separate publication.



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