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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 6

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



EVERY PERSON in the world who is afflicted with ill health, or other adverse conditions in life, should read "THE PATH-FINDER." And equally important is it that the opulent in health and purse should gain the knowledge which will insure the indefinite prolongation of life, and which these columns will disclose.

**EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE**  
*Editor.*

**THE PATH-FINDER PUBLISHING CO., Roswell, Colo.**

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# Factors in the Process of Human Development

## The Book of the New Century

**A Text Book for the  
Millions who are in  
Search of Health  
and Opulence. e e e**



BY  
**Edgar Wallace Conable**

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**THE PATH-FINDER PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
ROSWELL, COLORADO**

# The Path-Finder

*A Monthly Magazine Devoted to Philosophy and the Higher Development  
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VOL. II.

ROSWELL, COLORADO, MARCH, 1903.

NO. 6

## The Path-Finder

BY THE EDITOR.

### Our Health Home.

FOR FEAR some of the readers of THE PATH-FINDER might think that we have forgotten all about the health home and school we once promised, we will state that the chances for the building of this home before the close of the present year is most flattering and encouraging. Indeed, it is a fixed certainty that the home will be established. The only thing about it that is uncertain is its date, and this we can assure our readers, is in the visible future.

There has never been a moment when the abandonment of the plans we have had in mind to erect and equip the most extensive sanatorium and physical culture and metaphysical school in this or any other country has been contemplated. We have just been waiting for developments and the consummation of certain big interests that are the result of THE PATH-FINDER'S drawing powers. That these matters will all shape up properly during this year there seems to be no reasonable doubt.

Some of my interested friends want me to procure a thousand acres of the most beautiful and picturesque grounds to be found on top of God's green earth—where the mountain streams never cease to flow; where the pulsing, heav-

ing breasts of Mother Earth give forth naught but crystal waters; where the centurian forest growths of Nature sigh only in lulla-bys and chant heavenly requiems in perpetual harmonics—here it is they insist that my school shall be, and that no deserving one shall ever be turned away. They look for me to build the greatest and most helpful and successful institution in the world. These friends have tested my ways and methods, so they have implicit confidence that I can do this. Shall I disappoint them? Shall I disappoint myself.

With every mail that comes to my office I am more firmly convinced that such an institution as I have briefly outlined is sorely needed.

The patients of the mental healers all over the world are appealing to me for help. They have failed to get what they were led to believe they would receive. They are disappointed, heart-sick and many of them in poverty, because of the drain of the alleged healers on their purses. So they are asking for the sort of help which appeals to their judgment and common sense as being reasonable and rational and natural. They have been deluded and robbed as long as they care to be.

So, to be able to give all these people that for which they are in search and to enable myself to extend and broaden the great work in which I am engaged, there will be established, in all probability within the limits designated or very soon thereafter, such a school and such

a health home as will both *teach* and *heal*.

This will be an innovation that will not altogether please the alleged mental healers and the doctors, but such will be its mission and such will be its work. No one will be excluded, not even the doctors themselves. I am healing several of them now; I can heal more with the facilities increased.

### The Stuffing Plan.

CLOSE to Roswell there is what is commonly called a tuberculosis ranch. In others words, it is a place where they claim to cure consumptives through the stuffing process. As I understand it, the patients are fed abnormal quantities of certain kinds of foods. The founders of this method of (non) healing claim, I am told, that this over-feeding of the physical body is expected to construct the sort of corpuscles that will destroy the disease germ when the patient will get well. But I have never seen an illustration of this and I have yet to find any one who has.

But there is a point which most all invalids who come to Colorado are ignorant of, but which the astute "doctor" is onto with both feet, namely: The deep breathing which this high altitude enforces is what cures the patient, together with the drinking in of the sun's vibrations in the process of deep breathing. The feeding has nothing to do with it, except to retard the progress of the patient and make him a protracted subject for the doctors to squeeze more and more.

My, but this is a beautiful graft. That is, it will be when this ranch is filled up with duped and doped patients.

But this is a fine field for tuberculosis ranches and sanitoriums for the "regulars" who have come to Colorado to be cured of consumption themselves. Soon the town will be infested as is Hot Springs, Ark., where the doctors

have bunco-steerers on all the trains going to that country. There are three sets of these steerers. The first lot board the trains with you at Chicago. They find out from the conductors who the people are whose destination is Hot Springs. These sharks travel with you to Kansas City and give you a wonderful lot of "information" respecting the methods and ways in Hot Springs. They put you onto all the crooked ways and give you a card and letter of introduction to the doctors who are "all right." At Kansas City you are turned over to another set of these thieves who are "well acquainted" with everybody in Hot Springs and they are going right there themselves. They will be pleased to assist you in any way. You land in Hot Springs and the third invoice of thieves take you in charge. You are never lost sight of until you are landed in the "right" place. All these bunco thieves get a commission. And if you want to go to a store or make a purchase you meet with such "accommodating" people who will show you anywhere just "out of courtesy." But every single one gets a commission of from ten to twenty-five per cent on everything you buy. Every hotel has a capper and the capper gets a regular stipulated rake off.

This is the town—Hot Springs—where William Pinkerton, the famous detective—was steered up against a hat store when he wished to make a purchase of a new hat and the bunco man took down his twenty-five per cent. commission. Pinkerton said, soon as he caught onto the game, which he soon did, "I will take off my hat to the sharks of Hot Springs. Chicago isn't in it."

And this is what Colorado Springs is gradually coming to. Think of there being 162 doctors in Colorado Springs, a city of less than 30,000 inhabitants, nearly all of whom are getting the

sanatorium dodge in their bonnets, and ninety per cent. of whom came to Colorado to get healed themselves. Each institution will have its cappers on all incoming trains to steer the victims up against the various health fakes.

The "merger" is now the only successful commercial graft of the "regulars." They think that they can depend some years yet on the credulity and ignorance of a paying percentage of those who are in search of health. May be they can; but they will have to make hay mighty fast.

One of these fine days the invalid and the seeker after spiritual light will discover that he needs no middle-man between him and Nature's process of healing and unfolding the individual—physically, mentally and spiritually. And then won't there be a lot of foreclosure sales of tabernacles, theological and medical colleges and schools?

Mary Baker Eddy saw this and knew that she could soon step in and buy all the old church warehouses in the country for a mere song, provided one was the least bit musical; but she says that none of these are big enough or good enough for her. And she is right about this. But after Mary Eddy has blackened both the eyes of Catholicism and all its after-births in the contest for religious supremacy, and settled down to a peaceful and quiet reign over her conquests and possessions—just about the time she becomes imbued with the idea that hers is the only four-ring show on earth, along will come a few Real Agents of the Master who will make all her houses of worship look like the proverbial thirty cents.

And thus do we grow and widen out and expand and elongate. It is all upward and onward; never ceasing; always progressing.

Each sect and creed and faith and belief has had its place in history. They have all been builders in some

degree. But each in turn falls to the rear to give place to something on a higher and loftier plane. We all see the necessity of accepting improved methods—some of us sooner than others. The agriculturist of not so very long ago did his plowing with a sharpened stick and used his cow as the motive power. But he soon discovered that there were better and speedier ways. And so it is in every branch of industry and commerce, except religion. (It is perfectly proper to class modern religious methods along with other commercial industries). Religious thinkers have been the slowest to grow and expand. Unlike the farmer of old who saw the word Progress in front of him and discarded his cow as the motive power, the churches still use women as the motive power to raise the financial steam in their gospel furnaces, not being progressive enough to recognize that the date for this sort of thing has long since gone by; that there are speedier and better ways. The disposition to still shoulder the menial drudgery upon the shoulders of women clings to the church as closely as does the porous husk on a hot tamale.

But I am wandering far away from the "stuffing ranch" and the grafting processes of the average sanatorium. Still all grafts look alike to me—whether they are Mary Baker Eddy's, John Rockefeller's or—THE PATH-FINDER'S. What I would caution the public against is the tendency to neglect proper discrimination. The thing to do is to size up all the various grafts dorse the one that is likely to harm intelligently, and then accept or en-the least. If this plan is followed out no one will ever get into serious trouble. It is the lack of forethought and the inability to discriminate that leads us to patronize the man who engineers the "shell game" on the street corners. Though there is one other incentive



back of all this, we are filled with the same desire to get something for nothing that impells the other crook to work his game, and then if we get left we proceed at once to tell our troubles to the police. In cases of this kind, both parties to the transaction should serve time.

But I want to simply say what I started out to say, that no sufferer who comes to Colorado for health obtains it either through physicians or sanatoriums of the sort indicated. All that is needed is constant contact with Nature's forces and if you are bad off, the employment of an intelligent nurse who does not stand in with the doctors and from whom the doctors do not get a rake-off for getting them a job. This is another beautiful system of highway robbery in vogue among most Colorado Springs doctors—the nurses have to give them a commission whenever they get a job through the recommendation of certain physicians. So one gets the "double-cross" on every street corner in Colorado if they give recognition in any way to the profession that has yet to cure its first patient independent of Nature's processes.

And this system of thievery and hold-up extends to not only this profession, but to other "industries." And in the commercial world the "double-cross" is played in every mining exchange in the State. You pay commissions both ways and are relieved of the original investment besides. That is what is meant by the words "double-cross."

But just the same Colorado is a glorious State to immigrate to—only you want to become familiar with her ways. You want to understand that you are in sufficiently close proximity to the Elixir of Life to reach out and help yourself and that Nature herself pays the freight and delivers the goods right at your doors. It is when you fail to recognize this fact and em-

ploy a messenger to go after it for you that the mistake is made.

I once asked a hack-driver what he would charge to take me to a certain business place in New York City. I suppose he saw at a glance that I was a tender-foot, as I was from Chicago. "Two dollars 'seem' that I'm not very busy," he responded. So we started. I was driven around until such time as the driver thought I would be led to believe that he had at least made an attempt to earn his money, and then he landed me within four doors of the starting point. I took in the situation at a glance and remarked to him: "I hope you have had a pleasant outing this morning?" "Very fine, very fine," was his reply and he hustled away with a broad grin on his face. This was my compensation for not knowing that the freight was right at my own door. There was no excuse for my not knowing it. Simply blind stupidity. But I got three-quarters of an hour of intense jolting and cost as the penalty.

And so it is with all of us who make mistakes and fail to recognize our own ability to get what we desire and need for ourselves — there is a penalty attached—great or small, but always a penalty.

It is the Law of Compensation—the Law of Retribution—the Law of Life—getting in either its deadly or living work.

Which do you prefer to attract to yourself, my friends—the sort of prescription that Nature fills out, which means bodily perfection and indefinite life, or the other kind that the "regulars" give you with the "double-cross" attachment, which means the indefinite perpetuation of the undertakers' trust?

### Paralysis Cured by Fasting.

**M**MR. ODELL T. FELLOWS, of Bismarck, N. D., a PATH-FINDER subscriber, has the kindness to

send us the following clipping from the St. Paul Daily News of February 10th:

George F. Davis, a Minneapolis man, who has been employed in this city, is the latest beneficiary of the fasting cure reported from the Mill city.

Davis was stricken with paralysis several months ago. He went forty days without eating and ten days more with only liquid food, and his paralysis is now entirely gone. His weight has been reduced from 228 pounds to 184, and his girth from 48 to 38½ inches.

From all parts of the world comes the multiplying evidences that there is health and strength and prolonged life for every one who will follow out the teachings as set forth by THE PATH-FINDER. It is through the influence of this magazine that so many people have been cured of "incurable" diseases in and about Minneapolis and St. Paul. It has grown into a fad in these cities, among the diseased and semi-invalids to see which ones shall regain health in the speediest time. It were well if this system became a fad the world over. Indeed, it is fast growing in that direction. The persistent invalid is now being looked upon with much less of pity and sympathy than formerly, and soon these will be withdrawn entirely as it becomes more and more apparent that any one can have health who will cleanse and purify the body. When we hear of a fever patient, nothing now but the vision of a mire of internal filth presents itself. If people generally understood this, there would be no more fevers. There can be no contagion of any disease when the body is made clean and pure. Any kind of fever is the result of loathsome internal habits—often aggravated by external practices of the same character.

And so it is with all forms of disease—the interior is a perpetual pest house.

We get aboard the street car to go to the Springs on a bright, sunshiny morning. Before one-half the dis-

tance is covered the car will be filled with invalids and semi-invalids out for a morning's contact with Nature. This part of it is all right—just as it should be. But listen to the conversation. It is all about "my diseases, my pains, what my doctor says and how I passed the night, how much I expectorated, how it looked," etc., etc. And many of these people talk intelligently on most subjects. They use good language and give the impression that they have been well educated. And yet they are as little children respecting the most important thing in life—their own physical status. It were pitiful—this childish ignorance—were it not inexcusable and in many instances disgusting to the observer.

Most of these people have been high livers—"high rollers," as they say in society parlance—and they are reaping the fruits of their indiscretions; and they are trying to get back on their feet again, so that they can "roll" some more. This is made apparent on every countenance. "My doctor said that I shouldn't go to Mrs. ———'s reception last night, but I went. I wouldn't have missed that if I had seen my own coffin staring me in the face." This was one woman's exclamation. She will be led out soon, horizontally, with her feet to the windward, by six stalwart bearers. And this is proper. The Soul must have a chance to change its breath. It has been in quarantine too long already. We cannot pity. We can only rejoice with the liberated Soul that its long-sought withdrawal from this cesspool of filth is finally made possible. Relatives and friends weep and mourn—for what? Few of them know for what. Instead of rejoicing with the Living Life that went out—which never goes out until the body is made uninhabitable by disease and dissipation and failure of recognition—there are tears and groans and agony—for what? Simply because, in our selfish-

ness, we think only of ourselves and not of the anguish of the Soul which suffers, in its enforced habitation of decay, a thousand fold greater pangs of sorrow than it is possible for the physical body to endure. And so, when the end of the physical comes, we should rejoice with this outgoing Life—the only Real Life—that all its hindrances are finally removed.

\* \* \* \* \*

But the dawn of enlightenment is upon us. We are growing wiser with greater rapidity than at any time since the Flood. Thanks to the Flood and all other life-destroying elements that have come to us. Only in this way are we made wise; only through *deadening* experiences are we being made *alive*. The floods and the fires and the cyclones and the earthquakes are all educators. They are instilling wisdom into the brain of man. They are making him *know* that there is a power within himself that is more potent than all these physical life-destroyers combined.

Having had all these lessons of Death, we are now preparing ourselves to fully absorb the Lessons of Life which Death—our teacher—has made available.

### No Hell Too Hot For the Tuberculosis Parent.

**H**ERE in Colorado is where you find the tuberculosis parent. He is here in groupes and swarms.

Do you know what I mean by the tuberculosis parent? I mean the man with consumption who still insists on bringing children into the world. There is no hell too hot for this man. It matters not what his outward life may be—whether he is a missionary behind a pulpit or what not—when he does this sort of thing he descends to the plane of the lowest criminal. Indeed, he has committed a crime against

his race that cannot be expiated in this life.

Recently a Colorado Springs clergyman, who has been the most popular of his kind for the past seven or eight years, received a “higher” call to go to Minneapolis. The higher call was a higher salary. This clergyman came to Colorado Springs suffering with a serious case of consumption, but he went right on propagating children just the same. One boy, a bright little fellow, they wheel around in a little vehicle because he cannot walk. He has tuberculosis in one of his knees. A little new baby came to this same home recently and those who profess to know, state that it is also afflicted with the same dread disease. And yet this minister is paid a high salary to teach people (supposedly) how to live that they may be the better prepared to die. In the midst of this he is allowing his lustful nature to bring invalids and cripples into the world—setting an example of criminal debauchery to the members of his flock that no other crime can parallel in point of wickedness.

THE PATH-FINDER dislikes to record these evidences of the prostrate groveling in the mire of lust of those who ought to set an example for the betterment of the world; but the publicity of such cases resolves itself into a moral responsibility that cannot be avoided by those who are striving honestly to guide people aright. It would seem that nothing short of publicity will bring these lepers to their senses.

I am not calling attention to these unpleasant things because I expect to reform the authors of these crimes, for they have long since forfeited all chances of redeeming themselves in this life, but because my heart goes out to their posterity, and I would prevent, if possible, the production of such physical wrecks for the occupancy of a living Soul. I would shame them



into self-control by publicity, if nothing else will do it.

Surely there is a tropical zone for offenders like these where the devil's assistant stokers never leave the fire.

## "Starves to Death" in Becoming Wise.

THE above is one of the half-dozen startling headlines to be found in the New York *Herald* of February 1st, concerning the death of Joseph William Sheppard of that city. Friends of THE PATH-FINDER have sent me no less than a dozen clippings from Eastern papers covering this particular case. It is inferred, therefore, that I am expected to say something about it, especially as some of Mr. Sheppard's methods of living were on a line with my own teachings.

I extract the following from a column account of this death in the *Herald*:

Joseph William Sheppard, an inventor and once the possessor of wealth, starved himself to death in the belief that he would so spiritualize his life that he could exist without eating.

Sheppard declared that his fasting had made him spiritually and mentally superior to all those around him. He partook much of the Hindoo belief and thought he was even nearer the point of superlative wisdom and bliss than the highest priest of the Yogas. He told his friends that by prolonged fasting he could solve all mysteries now beyond human intelligence, and in that state, even if he died as a man his exalted existence would still go on in some other form.

For several years he ate nothing except such fruits and vegetables as grew in the sun. Then he ceased to drink water and drank very sparingly of light wine. Gradually he cut down his supply of vegetables and took only very small quantities of rice. But even upon this meagre diet he seemed not to suffer any physical inconvenience. He lived alone in his apartment, never had meals served to him there and had not eaten a meal anywhere for a year.

Mr. Sheppard was doing the right things to illuminate his mentality, but

he was not doing the proper things to preserve his body. From all accounts I have seen of this death, the man was constantly housed up in the great city of New York where it is impossible to get a breath of fresh air. To illustrate, an artist in New York the other day startled the police and ten thousand people by climbing up the fifteen-inch cable leading to the tower on top of the great Brooklyn bridge, a distance of three hundred feet from the surface of the river and one hundred and sixty feet from the bridge roadway. Every one took it for granted that it was a sensational suicide and that the man would jump from the top of the tower. The police could not bring him back and no one would climb after him. Soon as the tower was reached, the man surveyed the country o'er for a short time and then deliberately descended. On reaching the bridge, which was now thronged with people, this artist said quietly and deliberately, "I just wanted to get a breath of fresh air. I could not get it in the midst of the mobs down here." And the police took him in charge and filed a complaint of "drunk and disorderly." Think of a man walking up a thousand feet of cable to a height of one hundred and sixty feet and coming down again and then being run in as "drunk and disorderly." Wouldn't that amalgamate all the hell in the form of protest there is in the average mortal who possesses the least spark of common sense and a desire to see justice?

This artist was literally dying for the possession of a single breath of God's Living Life. He had been drinking in the deadly poison generated by the filthy mobs just as long as he could stand it. He just wanted to *breathe a living breath*. What the court's assessment was for the possession of such an unheard-of (in New York) desire, I have not seen.

And so with the dead man Sheppard

—he was not repairing and building his physical body with the Vital, Living Life of the Universe. He could not get it even if he wanted it. And I have my doubts if he wanted it after taking such a comprehensive survey of his own physical wreckage as the illuminating processes he had undergone had given him. Mr. Sheppard had so unfolded certain of his faculties as to come into harmonious touch with his Divine Self. He was a very old man and, as stated, a physical wreck. The question arose whether it was worth while to spend years in the perfection of his physical body when he had so developed himself spiritually as to be able to choose for himself his next earthly habitation. This is a proposition, the solution of which has come to many an Adept who was practically physically incapacitated when the Real Light first shone upon them. Sheppard intimates as much when he says that “even if he died as a man, his exalted existence would still go on in some other form.”

Mr. Sheppard knew what he was about. He needed no coroner's inquest to parade the alleged causes of his taking away before the public. He could look on this farce and smile with derision because of the imbecility of the average mortal—especially at the average coroner and his fool jury.

It is no trouble to fast and live—if you desire to—after once having touched the Etheric Button. The trouble lies in being unable to find this Button. Many of us fail to find it because we have no desire to—because we are ignorant as to the contents of the Storehouse of Wisdom at the other end of the line. We are suspicious of ourselves. We lack confidence in our ability to touch this Button and withstand the Voltage with which the wires are supposed to be charged. So the Light never comes to us. So we wander on in darkness and plod the

streets of an unwholesome, discordant, deadening existence—and we are carted away in the presence of a highly polished rose wood (some of us) nickleplate and wreaths of roses and smilax. And we call this paying tribute to the dead! And we preach long-winded sermons to the earthly living, admonishing them to go and do likewise—provided the one who had just passed out was at the head of a trust and had endowed a few institutions of “learning” or “houses of worship.”

But I thank the friends for sending me these articles. In a sense I rather enjoy reading such highly-flavored inventions as are generated in the brain of the average newspaper man. I was once a newspaper man myself, and I am familiar with the frailties of this particular species. It is said that I was once a Baptist minister, but I feel certain that this is a libel on my Ego. I cannot conceive of the necessities that would force my Ego into such an experience. Still I don't contend that I jumped straight from out the skin of the monkey into an editorial chair. While the distance is not necessarily so very great, still I am led to believe that I spanned this gap in such a school of preparation as would ultimately lead me away from the desire for a perpetual life of prevarication. I may be mistaken, but I am none the less hopeful that such was the case.

\* \* \* \* \*

But let no one become alarmed over this Sheppard case. Whether Mr. Sheppard went out of his own volition or because he had failed in an essential particular to perfect the physical part of him does not matter. The fact remains uncontrovertible just the same. That man has perfect control over all his faculties, both physical and mental, if he cares to exercise this power—if he cares to take the trouble to so perfect himself as to be able to fully exercise this power. If he does not, then

the well-trodden road is before him, in plain view.

But THE PATH-FINDER desires that every one of its subscribers shall become perpetual. We dislike terribly to draw the blunt end of a stub pen through any one's name simply because such an one has failed to encompass the powers of his own Infinite possessions, and has decided to "go over the road." The reputation of this magazine is at stake. You will find no PATH-FINDER like this on the "other side," and I do not yet feel called upon to publish a Solar edition.

## Fasts a Month.

Mrs. Clara S. Rhodes, who resides on Lincoln avenue, this city, on February 4, completed a fast of thirty days for the benefit of her health. During that time she ate nothing, but drank copiously of water, followed by deep breathing and walked two miles every morning. At the end of thirty days Mrs. Rhodes had lost but two pounds in weight and was feeling better than she had for twenty years.

Mrs. Rhodes has been a semi-invalid for nearly a quarter of a century. She tried all kinds of drugs and treatments, but derived no lasting benefit. On January 5 she decided to try the fasting cure. Now she is on the road to health.—*Denver Post*.

THE above is a sample of what can be accomplished when the teachings of THE PATH-FINDER are followed out to the letter. It matters not what the ailment, if not so far advanced that death has already practically claimed its victim, it can be eliminated and new vital energy made to take its place. What is the sense of being sick and constantly ailing and despondent and a burden to yourself and all your friends when perfect health is within your reach? If you don't desire health, that is another thing; but if you do desire it and neglect to secure it, or procrastinate in your efforts to get it, then woe be unto you.

\* \* \* \* \*

Very recently a young lady wrote

me that she had made up her mind to follow out my instructions and undergo a period of fasting—such a period as would amount to something. She had already recited to me her troubles—what the doctors had said her troubles were—and she sought my advice to ascertain if I thought that this alleged trouble could be eliminated. I informed her that of course it could be, if she would do the right things. So she informed me that she had made up her mind to fast for a week. A couple of days later I received another letter from her stating that she had succeeded in fasting *one meal*, but as she had to pay for her meals where she boarded whether she ate them or not, she felt obliged to commence eating again; and she added: "Oh, if I were only where it would be possible for me to fast."

Poor thing! The recital of such sad cases as this almost ruptures my gizzard. I wrote her that she was a dandy, and that I supposed she would feel the necessity of eating everything she paid for if it killed her.

And so it is—such people do not want to get well; that is, they prefer ailing and being sick to applying Nature's simple remedies. I cannot help such as these. I will not try. It is time wasted. They have yet to suffer long and severely before they will make up their minds to do the right things and the things that their common sense tells them will afford them relief.

But here is a woman in Denver—and THE PATH-FINDER has hundreds such on its list—who wanted to eliminate all her physical trouble, so straightway she goes at it and reaps the reward.

## A Million Dollars For a Stomach.

A NEW YORK dispatch says that John D. Rockefeller has expressed a willingness to pay a million dollars for a stomach that will enjoy

solid food. He so told Dr. Philip Marvel, an Atlantic City physician, who examined his throat. Rockefeller, the richest man in the world, cannot eat cream, butter, meat, any sort of pastry, fresh bread, wine, fancy foods or fruits, and is limited to skimmed milk, crackers, barley water and stale brown and graham bread.

John Rockefeller, or any other Rockefeller with a disordered stomach, can have just as good a digestive apparatus as the best, and better than the great majority, in less than a year's time for one-half the amount he offers. If not, it will not cost him a cent. And at the end of the year the only regret that will come to him will be that he cannot spend his entire fortune and be set back twenty-five years in his life, so much new pleasure will he experience.

If John Rockefeller, or any one else, wants to be a well, strong, robust and healthy man, with every faculty quickened to the maximum, it is all within their reach. If they do not get that for which they are in search, it is because the desire is not sufficiently strong.

The reconstruction of the digestive and assimilating functions of the body is not only not impossible, but it is a comparatively easy task. If men and women are not well, it is their own fault in not seeking and applying the right methods.

### Making Great Progress.

**I**T NOW looks as though about every one was either in the midst of a fast, had just concluded one or was about to begin one—that is, about all THE PATH-FINDER readers, which includes most people who have ever seen this magazine.

A friend from Ash Fork, Arizona, just writes:

DEAR MR. CONABLE:—I came out of my ten

days' fast all right. Fasted from January 3rd to noon of the 14th. Am feeling *fine*. I could have gone ten days longer. Lost but five pounds in the ten days.

And see what this good woman living in Spokane, Wash., has to say:

MR. CONABLE—*Dear Sir:*—I would have written you before, but I was taking a ten days' fast. I lost only 5½ lbs., and finished looking and feeling fine. I finished November 4th, my forty-fourth birthday. The first thing I did on the morning of my birthday was to cut a slice off my wrist with a sharp knife. I was surprised to do such a thing, but began at once to find the lesson it had for me. That is the way I now do when anything happens that I used to call my bad luck. I now try to find the lesson there is in it for me and I always succeed. The wound healed without one speck of a scab. My blood was so pure there was not enough corruption in it to form the least bit of a scab, and there was no pain and no scar left. I have been quite proud to exhibit it to my friends and scoffers at my fasting. I never had a pin scratch before that did not fester and give me pain. It was an eye-opener to myself as well as to others. Oh, the wonderful lessons in the little things!

I think I have interested as many as twenty people in fasting and the meatless system of living. Every one who knows me wonders how I changed myself so completely.

I will tell you about my boy. He is thirteen years old and very small of his age. He studied too hard at school last spring and it left him weak and listless—just wants to lay around and sleep. I had always treated him magnetically for all his ailments, but now thought that he was old enough to learn to depend on his own powers. I had before taken up Mental Science and thought that to compel children to do as I wanted them to was the right way. Now I use co-operation, so I said, "Byron, if you will fast three whole days, I will also, and I will not ask you to do one thing. You can play and sleep all you wish." He followed my advice. The first morning he slept until nine o'clock; the next morning he arose at seven, and the last morning he was up before six. I said: "Why, I thought you wanted to sleep." He replied: "Mamma, I feel so wide awake that I do not want to sleep any more." Such a change had come over him. The color had come back to his cheeks; his eyes, so dull before, were as bright as new dollars. His lips,



so blue, were now red. Now I told him if he would skip one meal a day that I would; so he did for about three weeks. Then he said to me: "Mamma, I will go you for another fast—I will go seven days if you will! We started in. We went four whole days. Then he secured a job of work, and as the work was quite hard he felt that he ought to eat; but I finished the seven days. He told me confidentially that he would not take a thousand dollars and not have me a Mental Scientist, his idea being that all Mental Scientists were in the habit of purifying their bodies.

A later letter from this woman states that she just finished another seven days' fast and gained a pound and a half. As she was very "skinny"—being much below the normal—she is delighted with the result. As I have before stated in these columns, fasting will always bring one to the normal eventually, no matter if they are below or above when they start in.

## SHORT PATHS.

THE editor desires to thank Mr. Casper H. Tarpinian, of Minneapolis, Minn., for a beautiful little song in verse entitled, "Maiden of the East." There are a dozen as dainty couplets as it has been our pleasure to read in a long time. Price, 15 cents.

SOME day, soon as we can find the time and have the space, we shall notice all the books—and there are a lot of them—that have been sent us for our pleasure and profit. But THE PATH-FINDER cannot run a regular review department. Its space will not admit of it, even if we had the inclination.

THE editor of THE PATH-FINDER is in receipt of a most interesting account of a visit by Col. P. P. Brannon, of Armenia, Salvador, and U. S. Consul General John Jenkins, of San Salvador, to the active volcano near

Armenia, with photographs of the eruptions in different stages, taken by General Jenkins especially for THE PATH-FINDER. The article and illustrations will appear in these columns in the near future. I can assure the readers of this magazine in advance that they will be most highly entertained.

UNDER the heading of "The Folly of the Food Habit," Edward Earl Purington, editor of *Naturopath*, published at 111 East 59th St., New York City, is giving us his experiences of a thirty-days' fast, in a series, I believe, of four articles. The first one began in the December issue. So far as we have read these articles, we have found them to be of a high order and well worth the reading by every one who is at all interested in the subject of physical and mental unfoldment. The *Naturopath* is one of the magazines THE PATH-FINDER can always recommend.

A WORD to some of the editor's personal correspondents—to the fair sex: He desires to say to these, that he is exceedingly fond of women—of all good women—and all women are good; he is fond of them in groupes, in pairs and sometimes singly, but the purpose of this paragraph is to give notice right here that if he receives any more letters written on tissue paper with a needle-pointed hard lead pencil or in pale purple ink, that he will at once apply to the divorce courts for relief. I am a tolerant, long-enduring commodity, but there is a limit to even the passivity of my temperament.

PROF. WILLIAM PARKER (formerly "Kid" Parker, the professional boxer and all-round athlete) has opened a correspondence school of instruction for men and women at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco. Mr. Parker has been studying along the

lines of higher development for some time and is embodying the teachings of the editor of THE PATH-FINDER with those of his own long experience, and it comes to us that he is making a fine success of his work. THE PATH-FINDER is pleased to congratulate Mr. Parker in the new and advanced line of work he has undertaken.



TWO new magazines have come to our table during the past month—*Psychic World*, edited by Dr. Geo. W. Payne, at 1104 Market St., San Francisco, and *It*, edited by Dr. G. R. Weston, San Antonio, Texas. THE PATH-FINDER is glad to welcome such ably conducted publications along the lines of the New Thought. Everything that is good helps—and many of us contend that *all* is good, though there is a shade of difference in the quality of good sometimes. But we can speak in the highest commendation of the publications named. They will be sent to any address for the subscription price—\$1 per year.



THERE was rather a peculiar make-up of some of the last pages of the February issue of THE PATH-FINDER. This was the how: The half-tone cut of some of our friends in nude raiment sitting on a snow bank had been ordered a certain size and the forms were all made up and some of the pages printed. When this cut came it was a third larger than the space allotted it, so the make-up on both the twentieth and twenty-first pages had to be changed and as the twenty-second and twenty-third pages were already printed, the beginning of the article on the twenty-second page had to be thrown over to the twenty-fourth page. This is the explanation, but we shall not raise the subscription price on account of the extra trouble and annoyance this involved.

WHILE Mahomedan Turkey is a high-strutting gobbler of intensely low degree, yet one cannot but smile when he reads that such nations as Russia have entered into a compact to enforce Reforms on the Turks—to make them swallow so-called Christianity whether they want it or not. And should Turkey decline to take all the doses of "Christianity" offered her, then these "Christian" nations will at once proceed to hypodermically inject her full of it from out the muzzle end of the yawning artillery, etc. This is well. "Christianity" already has more than fifty millions of dead at her feet as the result of trying to enforce her fool creeds down the throats of those who could not withstand emetics of this sort. There is no doubt that Turkey needs reforming; but there are others.



THE President of Venezuela knows a thing or two. The foreign powers that resolved themselves into collection agencies and thought to swipe all his possessions, ran up against something besides the Monroe Doctrine. In the process of settlement, President Castro agrees that thirty per cent of the revenues of foreign importations at certain ports shall be divided among Venezuela's alleged creditors. Now what does this astute ruler do but raise the revenue on foreign importations—and they are all handled by foreign residents of Venezuela—thirty per cent as a "war measure." So the foreigners are compelled to pay, not only all their own claims themselves, but enough to pay all of Castro's war obligations incident to the naval parade of foreign men-of-war in his harbors. This is astuteness and genius combined. It will be a long time before the foreigners again run up against Venezuela. Indeed, they would be mighty glad now if they could recall the whole

infamous plot to filch an American Republic. Hands off the Americas, you tattooed politicians across the briny deep. Your brain has been too long muddled by inter-marriages and stale beer.

❖ ❖

TEN degrees below zero was the official register the morning of February 4th here in Roswell and Colorado Springs, but the fellows from the East thought that it was still summer. No one was bundled up. The dryness of the Ether at this altitude rarely ever interferes with the pursuit of labor, health or happiness, no matter to what depth the spirit bulb in the thermometer descends. But occasionally we are struck without previous warning, with an atmospheric zephyr whose velocity will give one a clean shave in three seconds. Then it is that we pine for a climate whose temperament is more docile and evenly balanced; but these are only brief spasms, to admonish us, I suppose, that the brokers in the mining exchange are not in possession of all the wind there is afloat even if they have given out that impression.

❖ ❖

IF YOU wish to read something that will perpetually remove everything in the shape of the blues, don't miss the short story begun in this number of THE PATH-FINDER, written especially for this magazine by THE PATH-FINDER's now regular Central American contributor, Col. P. P. Brannon, under the caption of "Story of a Mine." This story will run through two or three issues, and it will speak in hilar-

ious terms for itself. It might appear to some to be fiction, but it is not. It is the way the story is told that would appear to give some portions of it a distorted appearance in facial expression. Without infringing upon the legitimate space of the editor of THE PATH-FINDER and other regular contributors, it is intended to give our readers from time to time, a little variation—enough so that every sense of the human organism may find recreation as well as stimulus.

❖ ❖

MR. HERBERT GEORGE, editor of *George's Weekly*, Denver, and his good wife, are taking a month's delightful outing down at Sea Breeze, Fla., among the oranges, palms, salt sea baths and the editorial staff of *Freedom*. Just which they are enjoying the most is a question, though I suspect that each one in its turn will be the favored one. I know that Herbert George dotes on sea baths, and I know, too, that he loves Helen Wilmans, for he is so broad in his nature that he loves most everything and everybody—except Populists. I draw the line here myself. And then again he tells me that Helen Wilmans is a most loveable woman and that I couldn't help falling in love with her myself should I ever meet her in her home life. And I also suspect that this is true, for I am mighty fond of every woman whose Soul is discernable from the outside. Some time I may take a notion myself to go down to Sea Breeze and take a salt sea bath along with *Freedom's* editorial staff—provided I am invited.



## The Path-Finder

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE - - - EDITOR

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### A 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 pushing 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.

No one is invited to take stock in this company on the basis that it is a paying investment at the present time, and no one is invited who is not amply able financially to spare the money. It is only the opulent who feel a personal desire to aid the cause that we in-

vite or expect to purchase any of this stock. But that in time this stock will become very valuable to the holder there isn't the slightest question. However, this is not held out as an inducement to anyone to invest. It must be on the basis of a free-will offering for the cause or not at all.

Address all orders to

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### 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 instruction 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 BOOK OF THE NEW CENTURY.

"Factors in the Process of Human Development," Edgar Wallace Conable's new book, and which goes out under the general title of "The Book of the New Century," is now ready for delivery. This book contains upwards of two hundred pages and is the most practical and advanced work of its kind ever issued from a publishing house in this country.

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 contains a half-tone cut of the author made from a photograph taken at the close of his last twenty-five days' fast and after he had fasted one-third of the entire year of 1902.

Price, \$1.00.





# Socialism and Life.

By J. STITT WILSON, A.M.

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

## NEW THOUGHT AND POVERTY AGAIN.

THE equilibrium has been disturbed by my last article. The letters come and the comments are being made on all sides of the question. Not one single letter yet stating that I am wrong. "That's right," they say. "You strike the key-note of the new advance of the whole New Thought movement when you insist that it must present a gospel of Social Opulence, or acknowledge its failure as a philosophy of life adequate to the demands of our new century.

Some of the letters and comments reveal and confess difficulty in adjusting the two conceptions—social and individual. I acknowledged that difficulty. But to push to either extreme without at least seeking the synthesis is no solution of either problem. Perhaps a little more effort on both sides will reveal more than much philosophy. We learn by doing. An extreme socialist or social reformer of any school will find more in the message to the individual than he dreams of by taking the philosophy of the "I am" and applying it to any of his personal problems—toothache, bad habits, failures, depression, negative or personal poverty. An extreme disciple of any of the New Thought schools, characterized mainly by their emphasis on the powers and possibilities of the individual, will find a new world in which to "demonstrate," a vast new field for the "Law of Suggestion," a new program for redemption of the world, by seriously investigating social conditions at his own door, or in his own city, or in asking himself what *social* and *economic* facts and forces beat on his own life and that of his children. I have received many an oral and written confession from the most ardent New Thought people as to the new world that was opened up to them by the study of the Social Problem, from the standpoint of Scientific Socialism.

The analysis of the relation of the individual to society, and of the power or contribution of society to the individual is certainly one of the

deepest of problems. It has never come up concretely before in human history. In the past the individual, if he were strong, simply looked out for himself, irrespective of any ties or bounds or duties to society. The modern money-maker and trust-owner, President Baer, for instance, who looks upon the whole earth as a sphere of economic pillage, and its inhabitants as mere trash to help him like slaves to carry out his plans of conquest, is a type of the "individualism" of a dying age. We want no more of that kind "demonstrated." Be an "individual," but take your feet off humanity. Understand that. Take notice, quick. When this "individualism" took a religious turn in its extreme form, it is typified in the pilgrim of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." The pilgrim "leaves the city of destruction," think of that! and starts out for the "celestial city" alone! to save "his own soul!" This type of religious or metaphysical individualism is a back number. On the other hand for centuries the great masses have been slaves, or cringing serfs, or "food for cannon," or later "grist for the capitalist mill." But this must change now. And hard a problem as it may seem to be, we men and women of the twentieth century must find our individuality in some form of free social and economic relations. Our social program must make the individual free. Our individual life and philosophy and freedom must be no mere isolation, separation, or negation of social bonds, responsibilities, joys and privileges.

The very difficulty of the problem of emitting in one our efforts for *social* and *individual* emancipation is the demand upon us to face it and solve it in terms of our present need. There is no final solution of it. Life has no final solution, either for the individual or for society, but it has *next* applications, *next* unfoldments, *next* expressions. The brain and the heart of the world is now summoned as never before to free the last little child of the factory and the slum; to free that child's father and mother from economic servitude;

and to free the inner life of an economically free humanity from the narrow limits and hypnotisms of a merely sensuous existence. Forward, ye Children of Light!

\* \* \* \* \*

Let us now proceed to consider further the question raised in the last issue. I want again to assure my readers that I have no wish to discuss this matter dogmatically or even controversially. I would rather suggest the larger outlook. Perhaps the best thing any of us does for another is to extend the vision, leaving the detail and the synthesis to one another to be filled up by experience or reflection.

The subject under discussion was the inadequacy of much of the New Thought teaching to the present pressing needs of civilization; that it failed to meet the problem of poverty, though preaching a gospel of opulence; and hence we must either pass it, or extend it and develop it if we are to have a philosophy of life for society as well as for the individual.

Since writing for the last number, I have read a pamphlet on the gospel of opulence by Mr. Close, one of the New Thought teachers of the Eastern States. I wish to quote a few characteristic paragraphs from his pamphlet as a text for some further remarks on the message of Social Opulence.

After criticizing various political and social policies, the author declares that "they are all seeking to heal the financial sore from the outside while all the time the remedy lies *within the individual*, and until we recognize the true source of wealth we may go on tinkering the tariff, the currency, and our money laws, while we apply the socialistic and communistic plasters in spots without bettering matters much if any."

Proceeding he says: "It is right here that the New Thought philosophy steps in and *solves* the financial as well as all other problems, by insisting upon the recognition of all power as resident in the spirit of man, and inasmuch as we develop these powers do we free ourselves from the evils (mistakes), attendant upon human growth."

And again: "Until you develop financial independence for yourself it is rather a waste of time for you to try to establish universal prosperity. . . . An ideal state of society such as is pictured in Bellamy's "Looking Backward" is much to be desired; but as it could only be carried out in a highly individualized community, where each individual recognized the right of freedom for all in his demand for

his own individual rights. And as the masses are not now developed to that standard but prefer to continue the game of "dog eat dog," the wise man, instead of seeking a political panacea by outward compulsion, will develop his own powers and use them as his own spirit dictates, till the world grows to the standard of free manhood. This appears to me the *only practical solution* of the financial (poverty) problem at present."

"Courage and self-reliance," he adds, "are all you need in the battle of life; with these the whole world is yours to pick and choose from.

And as proving how to "get there," he says: "Did you never notice how often the egotistic man wins though his intellectual capacity is inferior to many around him who fail, and becoming his servants, he uses their brain and muscles for his benefit. Even his *intellectual superiors are his slaves.*"

Now I do not wish to reply to these words of Mr. Close as a person. I quote his words as voicing the opinion of thousands of the New Thought folk. Let us see what we can get out of them. Just as they read.

1. The financial problem is recognized as existing. There is a problem of poverty in the midst of a possible abundance.

2. The present method of our industrial life in securing the necessities and comforts of life is acknowledged to be a game of "dog eat dog."

3. In this "dog eat dog" game the egotistic, self-assertive individual comes out on top, making his intellectual and moral superiors his slaves.

4. According to the writer quoted, the "New Thought" philosophy "steps in and solves" this condition. To his mind the only "practical solution" is thus found.

5. He therefore advises his readers to put on "courage and self-reliance," dig in, face the battle of life, and pick and choose your own out of the whole world. You are sure to win. Don't waste your time in seeking any political panacea for social sore, or bothering about universal prosperity. Such is the part of the wise.

Now from one standpoint it may be truly and seriously said that this plan,—instead of *solving* the social problem of poverty, simply evades it; instead of being a "practical solution" of the condition now menacing our western civilization, it is no "solution" at all. It

escapes from it. Like Bunyan's pilgrim, this solution "leaves the city (the social condition) of destruction," and makes off with all haste to the delectable mountains of individual satisfaction. The "practical solution" does not save the city. It does not propose to. The city suffers on. The "dog eat dog" game goes on bitterly there. And even the New Thought disciple is not out of it—except in his mind! He may put up a better fight, but he is still in the ring!

Let us look at it again. A desperate struggle for a living—the game of "dog eat dog" in the battle for bread is on. And the masses so ignorant that they prefer that game—bitter the thought. Then the few only escape. Which few? Not those intellectually or morally superior. For according to our writer, even they are made the slaves of the egotistic and the shrewd. So the ignorant masses who prefer that the game be kept up are beaten; and the intellectually and morally superior are enslaved—and who are "saved"? Anybody that can "get there," who does not waste time trying to find some social hope for the masses, and who is not worried by a moral development that infringes on his egoism, or an intellectual development that enthrones his art above its mere commercial value. It is possible that this is a "practical solution" of our problem? With great gentleness I would say, I think not. In short, is not that *exactly* what we have now on our hands. Our social problem is how to stop the game of "dog eat dog"; how to save the masses, "to set at liberty them that are bruised;" how to prevent the men who are simply egotistic, shrewd and clever, from owning and ruling the earth, and reducing not only the poor and the ignorant, but their intellectual and moral superiors to a condition of servitude.

To equip another set of men to out-Morgan Morgan, and out-Rockefeller Rockefeller, by the development of their occult powers is simply to intensify our problem, not solve it. Even the fellow who got there could only remain temporarily on the top. He would sooner or later meet his Waterloo.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, perhaps I have stated this criticism a little too strongly, but this is certainly the logic of a great deal of New Thought teaching concerning Poverty and Opulence. It does not touch the social phase of the problem. My criticism is worthy of your consideration, because it is not the view of an extremist or an

opponent: it is the view of one who is teaching the law of Opulence in its application to the individual as well as the larger social application. I am indeed jealous that this shall have its mighty meaning to multitudes of individuals. To lie prone in the presence of circumstances, and everlastingly "kick" everything except yourself and complain eternally about your helplessness under your "environment" is the other pole of nonsense from which the New Thought message must deliver you.

Now, as a preparation for our further consideration of this subject, would it not be wise for every one of our readers to put on their observing cap. Watch the facts and forces of our social and economic life. As you read the daily papers, with their accounts of trusts, strikes, poverty, excessive riches, overwork, unemployment, child-labor,—just ask yourself two questions:

1. How far can the individual stem the tide and transcend or direct the movement of these social forces and conditions?

2. To what extent is the life of the individual necessarily involved in the social and economic relation, out of which there cannot be and ought not be any mere individual extrication?

Reflection upon these questions will prepare you for our future discussion. In the meantime, "paddle your own canoe" until it bumps up against an ocean liner!

## WOULD FLY MIGHTY HIGH.

(Dedicated to THE PATH-FINDER).

I love the world in which I dwell,  
My body, too, I love full well;  
I love the friends with whom I meet,  
Their presence still I love to greet.

Who'd not like to live on air?  
No more big dinners to prepare;  
No more the flesh of others cook—  
A constant change in each "cook" book.

How much more leisure would we have  
To recreate and be glad—  
And what achievements might be made  
If in a grave no form were laid.

Can any one enumerate  
The glory of our future state,  
If all the time our food requires  
Were spent upon our best desires?

—Mrs. C. K. Smith.

San Diego, Cal.





# HOOSIER PATHS.

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



## ATTITUDES.

**O**UR HABITS and customs have a way of writing their signatures upon us which is unmistakable to the close observer. If you have never thought of this, begin by contrasting the physical attitudes of two men or women who pursue different vocations, and you will find many points of difference in physical outlines, and especially in the positions assumed by their bodies whether at rest or in action.

The man, for instance, who is engaged in shoveling all the while, grows unconsciously into the physical attitude required by his occupation even when standing at rest and far from the scene of his business.

The bookkeeper, the seamstress and shoemaker, the blacksmith and the school teacher, the preacher, lawyer and physician, as well as the man of wealth, and the ubiquitous tramp, carry with them their trademarks, duly registered with unerring precision by daily habit.

And not only is this written upon bodily attitudes, but we find occupation mirroring itself in facial expression as well, because the *thought* indulged by the individual while engaged in his work becomes limned about eyes and mouth and nose to an extent sufficient to characterize the occupation in the person.

We have no difficulty in tracing the resemblances through a given calling from the lowest to the highest. The superintendent of a business, who is a practical workman in the line of those under him, will portray in his attitudes, facial expressions and bodily motions the characteristics of the craft.

The bishop and the lay brother who occasionally preaches have their points of resemblance which, to the duly observing, are unmistakable. The same condition runs through the craft from a pettifogger to the judge.

This marked peculiarity, while it undoubtedly serves a purpose among classes, is yet to be deplored in that it is indicative of working in a rut, and of a condition of perfunctoriness which is an unmistakable evidence of retrogression.

There is a way out of the conditions indicated, if people will avail themselves of it—

and while at times it might seem to savor of social anarchy, it is none the less the path to freedom—and that is the eschewing of conventionalism.

Originality of thought and action will, by degrees, remove the trademarks, the saddle impressions imposed by ordinary custom, and enable the individual to stand forth unencumbered with age and disease-making practices.

For this running in a continuous groove does affect the even balance and regular rhythm which constitutes health in the individual; the one part becomes strained from continuous use and inharmony obtains which is of right termed dis-ease.

Conventionality begins even in childhood to lay its stiffening, deadening finger upon the individual. It says to the child: you must cease your merry rollicking games because you are "growing up." If a boy, it says to him, "it is rude to engage in childish sports"; if a girl, it says to her, "it is hoydenish to climb fences and trees or to play at ball," and propriety (?) thus early begins to assist conventionality to add to the ranks of a growing contingency of awkwardness and perfunctoriness which ends in a death-in-life condition whose wails and sighs are ever upon the air.

No one can safely and sanely maintain a set attitude, be it physical, mental or emotional, as it can only end in unbalancing the individual. Let us therefore cast aside those customs which fetter freedom of healthful thought and action, and engage in a code of life which will insure to all the freedom essential to health and happiness.

\* \* \* \* \*

This brings us to a consideration of physical and mental exercise, which should be of interest to all. And this field is so large that our path would be too long if we wrote exhaustively on either topic; so we shall content ourselves at this juncture with a brief view of both.

It will no doubt be argued that the shoveler, shoemaker, blacksmith and others who pursue laborious occupations, get enough exercise out of their daily work. No doubt they do, and



more than enough for the muscles and tendons constantly in use. But there are those other muscles, nerves and tendons, which, the peculiar attitude required by the special kind of labor renders inert and for the time of employment almost wholly expressionless. Is it to be wondered at if these individuals become one-sided, and semi-active only, and that in-harmony and disease follow upon the continuance of such processes?

It goes without saying that active exercise of the parts held in abeyance, up to a point of balance with those used in labor, would be a rational method of sustaining a due physical equilibrium and of warding off the stiffness and inaptitude which follow upon the exercise of labor only.

And as the set use of the inactive muscles would entail a laborious process, then the nearest approach to a judicious exercise of these quiet members would lie in a series of games involving their use, and out of which would arise a physical pleasure commensurate with the weariness entailed by labor.

This can be accomplished by those interested in an even balancing of physical functions, and the mental effort required for the invention of suitable games and exercises will prove a vital strengthener to the one so engaged.

Exercises of the kind indicated will always prove restful and will finally be exhilarating. Labor thus balanced ceases to be drudgery, and the life of the worker becomes extended to greater longevity and more varied usefulness.

We hold it true that the solution of the problem of many ills lies within the compass of the thought here presented, and that each individual can best solve it for himself, if he will give it the consideration it merits.

\* \* \* \* \*

The average brain-worker gets into ruts much the same as his brother does who follows physical labor. The bookkeeper gets into the groove of accounts, the lawyer into the channel of briefs, and the doctor into the most interesting phase of his work, and each becomes exclusive in his particular line.

Disease makes inroads upon these the same as upon those engaged in physical labor, and for the same reason, viz: the straining of one part of the organism at the expense of another part.

The method of relief would also be similar to that indicated for the physical labor; i. e., to rest the part of the brain used by bringing into action some portion of the brain not used

in the regular routine of business, until an equilibrium is attained.

The reading of history, fiction, or professional topics outside his general calling would be of most benefit to the professional man, not forgetting meanwhile to engage in such physical exercises as would best conduce—without violence—to a lively circulation of the fluids of the body.

We knew a man some years ago, remarkable for his mental attainments, and who won distinction in theological and literary circles, who took delight in reading stories for little children as part of his recreation, and the study of the French language without a teacher as a further relaxation from his general work. The restful effects of this recreation were apparent in the perfect health of the man, who said he had no difficulty in discerning the very moment the true equilibrium was attained.

\* \* \* \* \*

In regard to bodily attitudes, we wish to say that most persons assume such physical positions as cause the vital organs—heart, lungs and liver—to depend too low for proper vital functioning, and that a study of how to *raise* these vital organs will contribute in no small degree to the useful knowledge of the individual, while the *act* of raising them will add greatly to his condition of health.

The protruding "hay window," as the enlarged abdomen of the obese individual is called, is largely due to the attitude of the person, said attitude invariably being accompanied by a sagging of the vital organs, which places the whole system below par.

That "stoop" in the shoulders which, through careless, laziness, or both, you allow to take hold upon you, also has the effect of lowering the vital tripod. The preference which many exhibit for rocking chairs is conducive to the same result, with the added disadvantage of creating an unnatural bow in the lower part of the spinal column.

The crossing of the legs is another villainous physical attitude whose indulgence strains and degenerates one of the vital regions of the anatomy in both men and women; the position of the crossed limbs interferes with the circulation and contributes to the serious conditions known as piles, prostatic enlargement in some, and atrophy in others, indeed laying the foundation for much that is hurtful, and which might as well be omitted.

\* \* \* \* \*

We are tempted to add a paragraph or two on the subject of physical exercises that we

have found to be of value. Apropos of this topic, we wish to say that the average mechanical device is mostly a delusion. So many who purchase mechanical contrivances to aid them in physical culture, end by ignoring the machines entirely.

There is a perfunctory element attending their use which grows in time to the extent of their abandonment. We have been there and we know.

A sufficient gymnasium consists of enough space in which to stand, or to lie, kneel and sit. The best apparatus is the body itself, when there is a *will* on the part of the person to *move* it, and this last faithfully done will discount all the apparatus ever invented.

One exercise which is good for all to practice is to stand erect, with weight of body mainly upon balls of the feet. Now with palms of the hands resting upon an imaginary table in front press downward, and at the same time press upward with the crown of the head. The effect of this is to increase the circulation and to suggest to the one practicing it a means of raising the vital organs.

Another is to assume the same position and bend the knees and elbows slightly. Now with the body in this position force a yawn, gradually stretching all the muscles in the trunk and limbs. This is a great cell arouser and will commend itself to all, and particularly to the sedentary.

We could multiply examples of machineless exercises, but have not the time. We have exercises for reducing large abdomens and removing the stoop from shoulders; also, some for rendering the liver active and for the cure of constipation. These we deem practical and useful, having many proofs of their efficacy.

We hope our chapter on attitudes will induce a consideration of this subject by every reader, and that each and all will study how to maintain that physical and mental equilibrium so essential to health and happiness.

## EVERYBODY IS GROWING.

ALTON, Kans., Jan. 5, 1903.

*Mr. Edgar Wallace Conable, Roswell, Colo.:*

DEAR BROTHER—Thinking that it is about time I would send you one of my periodic epistles, I take my pen in hand and thus let it slip.

I have just now terminated a very successful fast of seven days, and feel exultant over the results; as each time I fast I surprise myself. I think I am getting along fine in the "house cleaning process." I have by this time so perfected the "physical" that the soul within is content and seems to be willing to leave its present abode for a thousand years, providing the good work is kept up.

During the fast I felt very good, and especially the last three days; and if it was not for having all eternity before me I would have extended it to ten days or two weeks, as I was not the least bit hungry; my stomach being absolutely peaceful and content; but I can do this next time; my progress now is entirely satisfactory.

I now live absolutely on raw grub, and here confirm what others have told you. "You are RIGHT," in regard to the philosophy of uncooked food.

Your booklets are gems. You have saved me from groping in the dark, by lighting the path of Truth, which I easily followed and now I am Free. Please accept my sincerest thanks for the help thus rendered.

This matter of right living is improving me in every respect; even my upper story has been reached; and I hope that sometimes in the not far-off future I may be qualified to "load up with dynamite"—if necessary—and help you jar some of our good sleeping friends to a waking state.

Wishing you eternal life and success, I remain,

Your brother,

CHAS. A. OLIVA.



# THE STORY OF A MINE.

A True Narrative.

WRITTEN FOR THE PATH-FINDER BY COLONEL P. P. BRANNON.

CRAWFORD was anchored in the bone-yard and Joe, returned from planting a Cape Jasmine at his feet, stood in a brown study leaning against a corner of the shack where "the government geologist" had slipped his cables for the world without windows we are all trying to get a long-distance peep into, and stay out of as long as possible.

Joe was gazing intently at three dirty-looking, translucent pebbles in the palm of his capacious paw, and I was sitting on an empty kerosene case eating an orange, and watching the shifting shadows of blue and gold flung by the Lord of Light, fan-shaped, up from behind the silvery cloud billows against the opaline arch of a tropical sun-set.

Fifteen miles away to the northeast, over the sparkling waters of the lazy gulf, the low, uninviting mainland stretched like a heavy pencil stroke at the feet of the bare brown hills, that, tier upon tier, arose above the low land mists, to stare with their yet sun-lit, rugged faces, at departing day; forming in their assembly a base for the mighty Andean range, that, beginning in Alaska, or farther north, ends at the diving off place in "Tierra del Fuego."

"Say, Irish, do you think the old man was off his base on diamonds, or do you imagine these bits of rock are sure enough diamonds?"

"They may or may no be diamonds, Joe," I answered. "I am no judge of either the raw material or finished product. To me they look like bits of triturated quartz crystals, but that the old man honestly believed them to be diamonds there is not the slightest particle of doubt in my mind, and that he was an A-1 geologist his papers from the State Department prove conclusively."

"He was off his base, as we all are when the jungle fever gets its grip on us, but he talked diamonds as eagerly when in his senses as when his senses were doing a stunt elsewhere.

For my part, I am inclined to the belief that we will find the pebbles are the real thing."

"He didn't seem to me to be a man who would talk to hear himself, or lie when the truth would answer a better purpose. I took him for a gentle, scholarly old chap playing in hard luck, that's all. There was a dearth of fun in his make-up, and when a man of that class gets to wandering along the ragged edge of the beyond, like a circus lady on a tight rope, with one foot continually floating overboard on one side or the other, and can't dig a hearty laugh or two out of his situation, he is mighty apt to slip over the rim on the wrong side, and join the diaphonous campers on the transparent pic-nic grounds of interstellar space. He lacked sand."

"Correct! The bone-yards are bulging with blokes that lacked sand. Back in the seventies, when the jallip jugglers of Callao appointed sunset as the hour of departure for "Bill-the-horse," that worthy jumped out of bed, broke for the "Dos de Mayo" saloon, filled up on corn juice, brought up in the lock-up, and failed to keep the appointment. He said "he'd be d—d if he'd die," and he didn't; and it was sand that saved him, not whisky, for later he skipped out for the other shore as general manager of a combination snake and zoological exhibition that he had organized in his boots on the basis of that liquid as a steady beverage. We would have had wings ourselves long ago if we had had less cussedness in our economics.

"Joe, I wonder what kind of a show you would put up, dressed in wings and a Winchester, with a golden halo around your noble brow?"

"Quit your blithering levity, Irish. I feel sore for the little woman back there in Minnesota, and sorry for ourselves, for if the old man had pulled through finding the creek would not be a game of blind man's buff, as it's sure to be now; but it can't be helped. The



## The Path-finder

old man seemed dead tired when he kicked the bucket, and I guess, from the contented smile on his face when we sewed him up in his blankets that he felt satisfied he was leaving hell behind."

"Poverty—and I gathered from his ravings that a superabundance of scarcity was at the bottom of his troubles at home—for men like ourselves, Irish, is a sort of normal condition, and I don't know how we would get along without it, for we have never tried the experiment; but it must be tough lines for a man bred and brought up as Crawford must have been, for he was a sure enough scholar. Every time he slipped a cog in his think-box, particularly at night, he spouted Latin, and a lot of other stuff, like a Bishop."

"What gets me is that nobody has ever suspected this god-forsaken country of diamonds before, but the creek, I take it from the description, is somewhere in the region we were, more or less, bound for from the start, and we'll find it if the bacon and beans hold out. First of all, however, we must ship his dunnage to Mrs. Crawford by the next boat, but these diamonds, if they are diamonds, will go to the agent in 'Frisco to be experted before forwarding to her; and if they pan out sure enough diamonds, why, you and I will buy a triple screw yacht apiece, and race each other around the earth for the rest of our lives."

In seventy-four Joe Milner and myself were thrown together through the "Nash Expedition" to the headwaters of the Amazon, from which only seven of us, out of sixty-three, returned to tell unbelieving tales of untold wealth at the grass roots,—*waiting to be gathered when the proper outfit goes after it in a proper manner*,—and later, together, we had prospected the sources of the Rimac, Guayaquil, and dozens of other streams, finding "color" and mines everywhere, but not "a poor man's mine," like those to be turned up *anywhere* throughout the great unexplored territory cut by the Marinon, Napo, Cucuray and Putumayo, before they empty their floods into the Yucayali, en route to join their volume to that of the mighty king of rivers to the East; and where fifty-six scattered bleaching skulls, mourned by mothers, sisters, and possibly sweethearts, grin in the silvery moonlight sifted through the whispering foliage of the vine-laden rubber forest; nests for creeping things; their requiem, the scream of the hungry jaguar;

the snort of the fierce peccare, or the chattering of startled monkies.

Joe, like myself, had a vague, indistinct recollection—a sort of faded dream—that away back in the past, when there were no scythes to grind or new-mown hay to wrestle with, that he had attended school two or three months in the year at a white-washed, one-story, back-woods, slab school house, where the principal occupation of all hands, the master included, was to maintain the blushes on the cheeks of an old-fashioned box stove to keep the congregation from freezing to death; and consequently his every-day English was badly afflicted with locomotor ataxia; but for good, strong, idiomatic, picturesque profanity, it was classically artistic. He claimed that any d—d stuttering language that would use e-n-o-u-g-h to spell the word enuf ought to do its spelling with a dice box, arranging the letters as they happened to roll out, razzle-dazzle, hap-hazard; first come, first served; and couldn't understand why R-o-c-h-e-s-t-e-r shouldn't spell Washington, if the rules governing such spelling were fought to a finish. Punctuation he had no use for; considered it a fad of the college cranks: didn't understand it, and didn't believe they did: and thought the only sensible way of tackling such a proposition would be with a load of bird-shot at sixty yards; but the heart that beat under his rough exterior was that of a hero, yet as tender as a child's—and we were chums.

We were chums. What a world of disinterested friendship—love, let me say, tested in the crucible of adversity and found not wanting—is conjured up by the word "chum" in the breast of the man who appreciates its true meaning. I, Irish descent, and Joe from Yankeeeland; always claiming the Irish made d—d good strangers, but always my chum; for, shoulder to shoulder, we had fought our way through the tangled jungle of the Amazon to civilization, sleeping under the same blanket when the savages gave us a chance to sleep; drinking from the same frying-pan, and dividing our luck, impartially, as it came to us. Later in Callao we had shipped together before the mast on a "Lime-juice Wind-jammer\*" bound for Central America for a load of mahogany and dye-wood, and here we were at our old trade—working for grub-stakes to sink in prospect holes.

\*English sailing ship, in marine lingo.



Finally we made a general clean-up that had panned out enough coin of the realm to carry Joe to South Africa in good shape, whence he wrote me, ten months later: "Send me enough money to go into partnership with Cecil Rhodes, or to get me out of this blasted country;" and I had sent what I had, some months, and was expecting him to stroll in most any time, walking on his uppers, when he turned up one fine morning in a silk hat, single-barrelled eye-glass, gloves and a cane, diamonds flashing on his shirt front, and strutting like a Milwaukee alderman.

"For the Lord's sake!" I stuttered, getting up from where I was anchoring an engine bed, "Are you Joe Milner?"

"Sincerely your, Irish. How do you like the duds?"

"Well, I'll be——"

"Don't, Irish!"

"Placer, Joe?"

"Nope."

"What?"

"Poker."

"Get out. You can't play poker."

"Can't, eh! Git onto my shirt studs."

"Chumps?"

"Nope."

"What?"

"Overgrown bull luck."

"Where?"

"Johannesburg."

"How much?"

"Seven thousand American."

"Got 'em?"

"Six in my jeans."

"Where have you been since you left Africa?"

"Doing the bully wars of Parce."

"Whew!"

"You don't drop on the monocle, Irish?"

"But I will, with my gun, if you don't throw it away."

"Thought a kick would be coming, if you didn't forget yourself. Come, now; wash up and let's get out of this. I've brought a man to replace you, and you and I are going prospecting." That's how we happened to meet Crawford.

The old man was brought ashore in a dug-out, from the mainland, delirious with the fever, two hours after the steamer that had landed us on the island had sailed away to the north, and we had resolved to stand by him until he was out of danger, or, as Joe put it, had "kicked the bucket."

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With the hall mark of a gentleman on his every action and expression, even in his delirium; when in his senses his patient, grateful smile, and refined, kindly voice would win the heart of a savage.

"Yes, Mary, love," he would murmur when his senses wandered, "our little home will be paid for now, thank God; for we are rich, little woman, rich beyond our wildest dreams!" . . . "The diamonds are just above there on the creek, Mary mine, and, oh, how they flash and sparkle, little sweetheart! Come, quick, Mary, love! Let's go gather them! I want to deck you in flowers and ropes of diamonds; come little sweetheart, come quick!" And then Milner, with tears in his eyes, would leave the shack, swearing like an artilleryman on a retreat, and accusing me of buncoing him into the d—dest layout he had ever been steered up against.

A few hours before he passed away, the fever left him, and he told us his story connectedly. By the request of the government of N——, he had been sent out as geologist, under a three years' contract by the State Department, a contract he had complied with to the satisfaction of all concerned, and he had remained one year more prospecting on his own account.

During these four years he had been all over the unexplored territory of the Republic, on both coasts; and had found float diamonds, he claimed, on a small creek in the mahogany forests of the northwest. He gave us his home address, requesting us to send his papers, and the few dollars he had to his wife in Minnesota, "for," he said, "I feel my end is near." . . . "Take the locket with my wife's picture off my watch chain, boys, and bury it with me in the grave, for I cannot bear the idea of being parted from the gentle eyes that have smiled so sweetly into mine during my lonely wanderings in the gloomy jungles, as they smiled at me, in the long ago, when life was green from under the orange blossoms. . . . Poor Mary! . . . I feel so weary of it all that death is not unwelcome, but I frankly admit that for the sake of the sweet little woman who so bravely faced the battle of life by my side through long years of grinding poverty, I would like to live just a little longer now—that I have a fortune in my grasp to lay at her feet; but God's will, not mine, be done.

"Find the creek I have described, boys; and prospect it to its source. Its water has a milky tinge, and probably you will find the pebbles

in a matrix of blue clay; but however that may be, and in no matter what material you find them, remember they are diamonds, and if it's your luck to find what I was on my way home to reoutfit and search for, remember the little woman up in Minnesota as generously as your kindly hearts may dictate; and now, boys, success to you and may God bless you both."

"Pretty tough, Irish."

"Tough, Joe."

*To Be Continued.*

"He Who Reads, Rules."

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