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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 8

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 PATHFINDER."
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 COMPANY, Roswell, Colorado.

Entered at the Post Office at Roswell, Colo., as second class mail matter.

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

By Edgar Wallace Conable. Price \$1.00.

SUBJECTS TREATED. PART I.

1. Reminiscent.
2. Some of the Work Being Accomplished.
3. Brain Functions.
4. The Law of Life and Death.
5. Opulence.
6. Truth.
7. Love.
8. The Voice of the Infinite.
9. The Sin of Mediumistic Development.
10. The Duty of Mothers.
11. Fate Is a Fallacy.
12. Monumental Lies and Crematories.
13. Death, Disintegration and Reincarnation.
14. The Alleged Disease Germ.
15. Animal Destruction a Crime.
16. Educate the Criminal Classes.

PART II.

1. Thought Transmission.
2. The Power of Thought Concentration.
3. Scientific Breathing, Light Exercise and Bathing.
4. The Science of Fasting.
5. Sun Baths.
6. Man's Duty to Himself.
7. Make Way for the Soul.
8. The Soul's Necessities.
9. All Souls Are Saved.
10. Attend to Your Own Business.
11. Whence Comes the Power to Heal.
12. Heal Thyself.
13. Prepare for Life.
14. Where the Responsibility Lies.
15. Reincarnation and Its Relation to Life and Death.
16. The Real Elixir of Eternal Life.

Its Reception.

Find enclosed \$1.00 for another copy of your New Book which a friend has instructed me to send for. Here is where I would desire money so I might place one copy of "The Book of the New Century" in the hands of every aspiring soul. I consider it the best work of its kind to aid humanity to become conscious of the Christ-power within. Success will follow its Light.

G. ADAMS,
Denver, Colo.

After sending for six copies of "The Book of the New Century," Mr. W. W. DeLano, of Manitowoc, Wis., writes:

"Mortal man could do his home town no greater kindness than to buy 500 or 1,000 copies and place them with families that would be likely to appreciate them. I hope to soon be in position to do that same thing. May success favor me to that end."

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS

THE PATH-FINDER PUBLISHING COMPANY,
ROSWELL, COLO.

Dead Yesterdays.

(The Autobiography of a Soldier or Fortune.)

BY ERRANTE.

BEGINNING with the July number of THE PATH-FINDER, under the above heading, will be found the opening chapter of the most remarkable story of the personal experiences of the most remarkable character living today, or who has preceded him to the unknown world during the past century or more. An American, but who has resided in the Central American Republics for nearly forty years; who has fought in all the revolutions, on both land and sea, of these Republics up to the present time; who has been held in dungeons repeatedly, awaiting the escort to lead him out to be shot after having been condemned to death; who is familiar with every foot of soil in these marvelous countries of mineral wealth, but which have been little explored because of the uncertainty of human life and the absence of protection by the United States government to her subjects in foreign countries; a man possessing great native genius and a world of general information; a wit and humorist whose reparte is unsurpassed, whose heart is as tender as a child's and whose magnanimous spirit knows no limits in the presence of those struggling for a better life; the man who has been offered a small fortune to give the story of his life to some of the leading magazines of the country as well as to some of the great dailies of the East, but who has steadily declined all offers for such notoriety—this man has finally consented to write the story of his life and experiences for THE PATH-FINDER, where it will appear in full just as it comes from his pen. We will not say when the last chapter will be reached, but can assure our readers that in all probability it will

be during the stay on earth of the present generation. It will be a long story, but it will be the most fascinating of any piece of literature, truth or fiction, that is now in print. The writings of Marie Correlli will pale into insignificance in comparison. The author is also, among his many other accomplishments, a highly developed occult student, and in one chapter he gives the record of his wonderful experiences with Madam Blavatsky at her home, where he visited as a warm personal friend of this noted woman.

But all through this autobiography, historical accuracy of the conditions, customs of the Central American country and its people is rigidly maintained, one object being to make the record authentic in every way as a text book (when published in book form, which will be done) for all Spanish-Americans residing in these countries and for every one who is interested in or contemplates visiting Central America. It will be authority on everything which interests the traveler and the seeker after fortune.

Under recent date the author of "Dead Yesterdays" writes the editor of THE PATH-FINDER, among other things, as follows:

My Dear Mr. Conable: Under separate cover the mail that carries this letter takes the first instalment of "Dead Yesterdays," which, as circumstances permit, will be followed by:

First—The bombardment of Callao by the Spanish fleet in 1866. Kapetzky and "the story of old John North" regarding the treasures of the Incas on the Island of the Sun in Lake Titicaca.

Second—The siege of Querstaro, Mexico, and the execution of the Emperor Maximilian. Parting from Kapetzky.

Third—Over the Pampas from the Atlantic to Bolivia with Mr. Helper, the author of "Helper's Cause," on the staff of the brute President Melquarajo.

Fourth—Back to Peru. Railroading with Meiggo. The Revolution of Gutierrez and Assassination of President Balta. Assassination of the Three Gutierrez Brothers by Mob. Looking for "Old John North's Treasure Trove," etc.

Fifth—The Nash Expedition to Head Waters of Amazon.

Sixth—Naval Fight Between the Stolen Peruvian Battleship "Huascar and the English Men of War "Shah" and "Amethyst." The English Whipped by a Ship's Load of Land Lubbers.

Seventh—"The Talisman Affair" fight at Rinconada and a Train of Two Thousand Miles, by Night, Into Equador, to Learn That My Captured Companions Had Been Treated Like Princes, and Were Rolling in Wealth.

Eighth—Two Years With General Sandoval, the Chief of the "Remicheros" Fighting Against the Government of Barrios of Guatemala.

Ninth—Central America. Find Kopetzky as Chief of Artillery in Guatemala Saw Him Shot from My Prison Window and Was to Have Been Shot With Him and Seventeen Others.

Tenth—With a Ball and Chain. Spanish-American Prison Life. Tortures of Prisoners, etc. Free!

Eleventh—The Battle of Chalchuala and Death of the Brute Barrios, and the Fight. Prison Exile, Etc., Etc., All of Which Well Touches on the Customs, Morals, Religion, Commerce, Modes of Thought, Etc.

With the beginning of the publication of this autobiography, the publishers of THE PATH-FINDER will put out not less than 10,000 extra copies monthly; it is hoped to be able to double this number, as we already have 60,000 names on hand that have not yet been sampled; and we hereby invite all friends to continue to send in all names of those who may be interested in the work being accomplished by this magazine, that every one may have the benefit of coming in touch with a publication whose sole mission is the uplifting of the entire human race.

THE EDITOR.



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VOL. II.

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No. 8

The Path-Finder

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, EDITOR.

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M. E. BENJAMIN, Secretary.

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BY THE EDITOR.

Do Not Procrastinate.

THE articles in THE PATH-FINDER on "Uncongenial Marriages" and "Regenerative Harmony" are being heard from from all quarters; and best of all, they are being most highly commended by men and women alike. True, Truth is not always the most agreeable thing to listen to. It so often comes to one's self so thoroughly uncloaked that it arouses our antagonisms. We don't like always to hear Truths told that fit us personally as closely as does the tem-

pered hoop on the barrel of kraut. This makes us squirm and look daggers at the Truth-purveyor. But I don't wish any one to form the impression that the editor of THE PATH-FINDER thinks that he himself is beyond the pale of the application of many of the Truths he writes about. Did he not speak from personal experience he would not know what to say. The person who attempts to teach along any line of work, the knowledge of which has not come to him through personal experience, is always a failure. The theoretical and book teacher never yet got away from the primary department.

It is the mothers and prospective mothers of the world who are most directly interested in all that leads to the perfection of the mind and physical body. They are the ones who are charged with the greatest responsibility in the propagation of the human race. Upon the mothers of the world do we look for the coming of world-saviours and for the production of physical forms of such perfection that the God-Power investing such forms at birth may not be restricted.

Think of bringing children into the world under the present conditions of physical degeneracy! It is a crime against the creative power entrusted to the race—a power that is fast waning and becoming extinct. When we prostitute any of the great gifts of Nature, we are soon deprived of the blessing. We cannot live a deadening life and wield the chisel of a sculptor at the same time. The hand that is made unsteady and the body that is impure and unwholesome can neither wrought in marble or mould a perfect human structure. If we can-

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not do this and still persist in attempting it, then the distorted forms we create will be the source of our own destruction. Nature is arbitrary in all her demands wherever she invokes the creative power.

If the world demonstrates this. Look the world over, and where will you find a man fitted to sire the encasement for a living soul? Were such an one among us in this present day of deranged intellect, he would be nailed to the Cross.

But I did not intend to go so far as this in pointing out the necessity to would-be mothers and fathers in assuming the responsibility for the advent of other lives. We cannot purify ourselves all in a moment. But we can refrain from bringing other human beasts to the surface, and if we do not refrain, there is a natural law of compensation which will make us do the right things or continue to lead us up to the guillotine block in some form or other.

Is it any wonder that so many of the products of our deformed and corrupt bodies pass on to the "great beyond" before the hour arrives for them to assume personal responsibilities? A Living Life from out the great Eternal Depths has come to these habitations for a home. What does it find? Nothing fit to live in. So it steps out and goes in search of a body that *is habitable*, or one that it feels it possible to make habitable. The body from which this Eternal Life took its flight is laid tenderly away and the authors of it weep over the flowered casket. Their grief is inconsolable. But does this prevent them from straightway bringing another imperfect body into the world? No. The lesson has not been severe enough. There must be other and greater trials before the Law of Life and Death is made plain. We must suffer untold agonies before it dawns upon us that we are engaged in criminal practices, the enormity of which crime Nature will not palliate; so we, too, are shrouded with wreaths and garlands and

a plumed hearse escorts us to the bed of clay prepared for us. This is the way of all life that feeds upon *Death*, and heeds not Nature's simple ways.

Will this mode of living never cease? Yes. It is ceasing. But we must suffer first. We must pay the penalty for our wrong-doing and careless ways of living. Our lessons often seem hard. The dearest and most precious things in life are often shattered at the very threshold of seeming consummation, and still we need not the lesson; but it is there. A deeper sorrow awaits us, and finally physical Death. We have failed to destroy the Last Enemy. We have not even recognized his coming.

If we but understood that *everything* in life has for its object and purpose the ultimate regeneration of the entire human structure, we would not procrastinate. We would build our lives anew as speedily as possible.

Attracted a Fatal Knife to Himself.

ANOTHER slaughter-house mangoner "over the range" to keep company with the millions of victims he had sent before, and by the same route—the deadly knife inserted in his own vital parts, wielded in the hands of another class of butchers, erroneously called surgeons. Under date of March 29th the Associated Press sent out the following from Chicago:

Gustavus Franklin Swift, president of the Swift Packing company, died at his home on Ellis avenue yesterday morning of internal hemorrhages resulting from a surgical operation for an infection of the gall bladder, performed March 22. He was 63 years old. He had given every indication of recovery and all danger had been considered past. The hemorrhage came very suddenly and the doctors could not check it. Mr. Swift began his business career as a butcher at Sandwich, Mass., where he was born in 1839.

So far there have been no announcements made of any arrests for mal-practice, and there will be none, since this class of murderers have induced such legislation as will protect them in their

experimental fakery on the victims that chance to come their way; but when there happens to occur a fatality of some one whom these licensed murderers have failed to relieve, but who happened to be under the care of some one who is not in possession of a license to kill, a great row is made about it and the doors of a jail are opened wide for the reception of all such.

But don't let it be understood that I am finding any fault about the bloody removal of this particular victim—the venerable sage of so many slaughter-pens—for I am not. He attracted to himself just what he got. He started in his youth with a bloody knife in hand with which to slay his fellow-creatures. The only wonder is that a bloody knife did not enter his own vitals long ago. That it did not was not his fault. The experience was extended to such time as would more forcibly impress the public mind. Here was a man who had spent forty-five years dealing out death to the innocent of God's creatures. His victims were more numerous than those of any other man engaged in the same hellish business, unless it was Phil. Armour, who went "over the road" a couple of years ago. My, but these were a pretty pair! The fumes from the victims of their wholesale carnage almost reaches the summit of Pike's Peak. The millions of putrid carcasses they have sent out have bred more disease, dissipation and moral and physical decrepitude than the world will recover from in a century of uninterrupted fumigating. From the Platt river on the west to Lake Michigan on the east the odor from the putrid carcasses of the decayed victims of these "worthies" of slaughter-house fame permeates every atom of ether that is inbreathed into the bodies of everything that draws the breath of life. Even the sun's rays are, most of the time, partially obscured as the misty filth ascends heavenward, and it would be not at all surprising if the deposits on the

moon's disk seen through the telescope, were the accumulations side-racked from the ascending deadly effluvia because of its too dense composition to reach a higher plane. It is well if this element of destruction is checked while en route, as it is doubtful if the other contiguous planets are in need of a fertilizer. It is said that the moon is barren, therefore she can stand it. Others claim that the moon is merely one of the billions of shadows of the sun, thrown off to take charge and control of the fair sex of earth in her diversified meanderings and specific duties whilst treading the unbroken path of material existence. I am not prepared to dispute either of these claims. I only know that some women need a guardian, as well as some men, and that there are examples among both sex where it takes something more than a mere shadow—even though it be the shadow of the Sun of Eternal Life—to insure such deportment as even the principal character in Faust would approve of.

It does not always happen that a man is removed by the same weapons of destruction he has employed in the taking of other lives—that is, not in the same period of physical existence. It more often comes in the first incarnation following the crime committed. In this particular case, however, the punishment was Swift in more ways than one. A million of prematurely liberated souls cried out for a cessation of these heinous offenses against the natural processes of life growth and life unfoldment. So the body of the millionaire million times murderer was placed on a "surgeon's" chopping block, and with the accuracy of the expert man whose knife had for forty-five years searched out the vital center of the animate animal, the "surgeon" opened a life valve and the blood of the animate human flowed as freely as that of the animate animal. There was no difference. The Soul of the millionaire pig-sticker was released from

the horrors of its stock-yards pen and it was glad. And the Souls that had gone before were equally rejoiced.

But there are still others. Will these not heed the warning before it is too late? Very likely not. But it may be a lesson to their posterity. If not, then there will be many more deaths with crimson carnage thrown in, and there will be only standintg room left in the region of sulphurous odors.

It never dawned upon me until recently the real reason for the use of so much sulphur in and about the orthodox annex—in the tropical zone to which so many of us are assigned by the church. Sulphur is a disinfectant and its free employment materially lightens the burdens of the over-worked clergy. All "hard" cases are assigned to this tropical annex, and the work of "salvation" goes merrily on. Strange I never thought of this before.

And so again are we permitted to rejoice with a liberated Soul whose sufferings were unspeakable. In the midst of this a chiseled Fe is being wrought upon a highly polished marble pillar, that the resting place of the physical remnant of this stupendous physical failure may be known of all men.

Every death furnishes a lesson in life. This one is susceptible of many lessons.

A Comparison.

A GREAT deal is now being said concerning the physical endurance of those living on a so-called vegetable diet and those who eat freely of meat. Tests are being made all over the country along these lines, though it should be noted that the diet of the "vegetarian" is composed mostly of nuts and fruits—that is, by those who are performing the greatest feats of strength and endurance. The vegetable living set forth by the average vegetarian restaurant is anything but desirable. Most of the foods prepared are simply slops, unpalatable

and of little nutrition. I have tried several of these restaurants of late to see what they were made of. It is little wonder that most of them are slimly patronized and lack attractive features, and are given "the laugh" by the public generally. I wanted to know just why this was thus, so I patronized a few of these restaurants. The cooking in all the restaurants I tested—and they were all branches of the Battle Creek system—was simply vile. A housewife, or the average meat restaurant, that would serve cooking such as I encountered, would, in the first instance, find a divorce court staring her in the face, and in the second instance would be found without a patron after the second meal. Before the public generally can be induced to "blacklist" the meat houses there will have to be a decided change in the alleged vegetarian cookeries. No one who has ever sat down to a wholesome, well-cooked meal would enter a vegetarian cafe door the second time if experiences such as I have encountered had fallen to their lot.

But to the tests of strength and endurance. Heretofore I have referred to the party of vegetarians that climbed Pike's Peak last season. They—every one of them—passed all the meat-eaters en route and were not the least fatigued on reaching their destination. A young man named Johnson, twenty-two years of age, who had been a meat-cutter in Chicago from the time he was fifteen years old, but who had changed his business after reading *THE PATH-FINDER*, came west to Denver. He left Denver to climb Pike's Peak. He ate nothing from the time he left Denver until he returned to my office after having climbed to the peak and back, reaching the peak over an hour in advance of any one else who started at the same time, and passing every one else on the road. He then ate a few nuts and some fruit and started out and walked to the Springs, three miles, where he took his train for Denver. He didn't display the

le or fatigue and he was as strong as an ox and overflowing with vital energy.

But I started out to give space to the following which has appeared in nearly all the public prints in the country as well as the papers and magazines devoted more especially to the cause of better living. It demonstrates all that I contend for and it proves just what any skeptic can demonstrate for himself if he cares to:

Karl Mann, the German vegetarian, who won the great German walking match, from Dresden to Berlin (1124½ miles), covered the distance in 26 hours and 52 minutes. Mr. Mann is a clerk in a commercial house, and does not touch animal food of any kind. His diet is fruit, nuts, whole-wheat bread and crackers and salads. This is the second great walking match he has won. Out of thirty-two competitors there were twenty-six athletes who had trained on flesh-foods—the remainder were vegetarians. All the flesh-eaters were outclassed and outwalked and left far in the rear.

The German flesh-eaters now claim that the vegetarians won because they do not drink liquor. But why is it that vegetarians have no desire to drink liquor, and why is it that flesh-eaters do? Is it because the former are free from the poisons inherent from flesh food, which create a craving in the latter for liquor to burn them up.

If abstinence from liquor drinking caused the vegetarians to win, it is one of the strongest arguments in favor of a vegetarian diet.

Where to Find the Answers.

A RESIDENT subscriber of Norwood, Colo., writes as follows:

Mr. Edgar Wallace Conable:

Dear Sir and Brother: You have succeeded in getting me interested in myself, to the extent that I want to learn more about the possibilities that are awaiting development within me. And as I am constrained to believe that the only way to do this is to pursue a rigid course of experimentation, in a sense, upon myself. I would like you to give me a few pointers on:

First—In starting on a series of fasts, how long a fast would you advise at first, and at what rate would you increase the length of the succeeding ones?

Second—Do you practice any particular system of deep breathing during your fasts?

Third—What kind of food do you use in breaking your fasts?

Fourth—Do you believe the regenerate life (total abstinence in the matter of the sex relation) necessary to the highest development of man?

Please answer the foregoing questions either privately or through the columns of *The Path-Finder*, and you will greatly oblige a whole family of us, and maybe some others.

I will answer all of these questions in a group. To the first question: In a long article heretofore published in these columns, under the heading of "The Science of Fasting," complete instructions are given. In the matter of breathing, an extended article on "Scientific Breathing" has also been published. In addition to this I use the instructions published in the booklet, "The Secret of Human Unfoldment," wherein is given technical instructions in the matter of inbreathing to the nine vital centers of the body for physical unfoldment and spiritual exaltation. In the matter of food, the technical article on "The Science of Fasting" covers all the ground. In addition to this, however, the booklet "Solution of the Kitchen Problem for Woman," being an exhaustive treatise on Uncooked Food, is used. In reply to the last question our friend is referred respectively to the article in the last issue of *THE PATH-FINDER* under the heading of "Regenerative Harmony" and to a previous article, "The Real Elixir or Eternal Life."

As there was a demand for the articles referred to in previous issues of this magazine, together with many others, all back numbers were long ago exhausted, so these articles have been revised and published in book and booklet form, announcements concerning which will be found on the second and third pages of the cover of *THE PATH-FINDER* each issue. Were I to go into a detailed answer of the above questions it would take at least two whole numbers of this magazine, which I would proceed to do had I not already covered all this ground most exhaustively. I never decline to answer any questions that are pertinent to the work of *THE PATH-FINDER*. In-

deed I am here to give all the light possible, and I thank this friend and all others for giving me a text along the lines of higher growth.

Another year I shall try and embody all my works into one substantial publication, that it may serve as one exhaustive text book for both the student and the teacher.

As Well as a Youth.

A DEAR OLD (but young) gentleman residing in Edgar, Nebraska, nearly 84 years of age, sends his testimony to the editor of **THE PATH-FINDER**:

Dear Brother Conable:

As a great army of able minds continually pour in their warmest and noblest sympathy and co-operation for the advancement and practical work in which you are engaged for the betterment of humanity, it seems superficial that I, an old back-country farmer—one of the humblest of men—should attempt to add a single grain or sprig to the bright laurels that are coming in bloom along your mortal pathway, knowing that busy folks like yourself must not be detained with long yarns. Yet my overflowing cup of joy, conception and appreciation, of life in its sublime majesty and glory is far beyond mere words, and as I read *The Path-Finder*, cannot but award you the "cake" on the selection, grouping and force of positive expression that sends a vibrant flash of majestic joy dancing through my whole being. May the good work go on in triumph as anticipated, and multitudes will call you blessed. I am almost 84, and as yet as well as a youth.

ANSON W. PRATT.

A "Horoscope."

C HE editor of the New York monthly magazine, *The Naturopath*, in his March issue, indulges in a "flirtation" with one of the half-tone cuts found in one of the booklets put out by the editor of **THE PATH-FINDER**, and evolves the following:

Edgar Wallace Conable is a study. That's why his books are a study. Examine his face—then place him if you can. The chin of a sensualist, mouth of a phil anthropist, eyes of a poet, forehead of a philosopher and head of a man of the world—that's a combination that ought to

evolve something. It has evolved some several things.

One thing recently was a 15-day fast in which Mr. Conable lost but two pounds. I don't see how he did it. I fasted 30 days, but I lost 30 pounds. Yes, I do see—but you wouldn't believe me if I told you.

Two of Mr. Conable's booklets are of special interest to Naturopaths—"The Secret of Human Unfoldment" and "The Ray Food Question—A Solution of the Kitchen Problem for Women."

The former treats on the power of mental breathing, together with auto-suggestion, the latter on a subject of surpassing interest to many readers of this paper.

A notice like that which bears every evidence of sincerity and candor, laying aside its most complimentary features, is certainly entitled to a public thank-you. It is impossible to say more and keep intact the full measure of our native modesty. I only dare add that, since coming into the present line of work, it has been found by no means a difficult task to eliminate every physical inclination that was an obstruction to a higher state of unfoldment. In other words, my chin is being remodeled on new lines. The sculptor has been at work on this particular job for some time and he assures me that he is meeting with all the success I could possibly desire. My only regret is that I did not give this sculptor employment a quarter of a century ago.

One of the Needs of the Hour.

C HE contest now waged so fiercely between capital and labor is the beginning of a long and protracted season of industrial and commercial harmony, such as the world has not known in many centuries. But the maximum of this struggle is not yet in sight. While the cleansing processes are making mighty strides in the direction of purifying social conditions, there is yet to come a more aggressive and destructive strife than the world has yet witnessed so far as we have any record. A world industrial, political and religious struggle is on. It is on to stay until *right* gains the ascendant. The blood that will flow will

make rivers. But it is and will be all in the line of upward growth. It will be such a school of education as we will not soon forget. The dying nations will be buried. The disintegrating creeds will wear a black shroud, and there will be no flags at half mast as a tribute to the dead.

This will all come in a comparatively short time. The child born today will not have to pass the half-century mark to witness the culmination of this wholesale house-cleaning that Nature now has well under way. Nature always cleans up her own door-yards and outbuildings whenever her tenants become too filthy, and then when they persist in their filth, she just wipes them off the face of the earth.

A crematory trust can do a landoffice business during the next quarter of a century. It will be one of the needs of the hour.

Don't Stop to Split Hairs.

FRIEND CONABLE:—I wrote you last January asking you to explain how man can unfold to the maximum" when, according to your own teachings man is ever growing and unfolding. Your definition of what New Thought means was, "The process of man's unfoldment to the maximum." Again, I asked you if Nature is not doing a whole lot of unnecessary work and wasting her energy in producing the abundant food supply she does, and also furnish man with a stomach and all the other necessary machinery for food consumption, if eating is only a habit, as you say. You took no notice of my communication. Is it that the letter was lost, or were the questions too insignificant to bother with? I am, Yours very truly,

S. BENNETT,
Pasadena, Cal.

NEITHER, friend Bennett; I just hadn't reached you, that's all. I have a desk filled with questions. It would take a hundred-page magazine to keep up with them. At the present rate of incoming it is doubtful if I ever catch up, unless I introduce a column of two-line answers, which would be neither satisfactory to me nor to the questioners.

I have explained before that I often use the word "maximum" in these columns figuratively; that, technically speaking, there is no maximum in man's flight upward except as it relates to physical man; and there being so few who understand that there is anything outside of physical man, the word "maximum" is employed to make myself understood to these people.

There IS a maximum, as it relates to physical man in his stay on this earth, though there should not be. When man lays down and dies—physical man—he has reached the maximum in this life, else he would not have made a corpse of himself. No man ever dies until he has reached the maximum—the maximum for him. But in giving the definition of the words "New Thought," the idea that I wished to convey, though perhaps I did not make it quite clear to all PATH-FINDER readers, was that man should unfold—that is, physical man—to the point where he would see the utter uselessness or necessity for laying aside the present physical habitation. This would be reaching the maximum from a physical standpoint—the point where the great change would take place—where the great Ethereal Waves would sweep through him and instil perpetual life, rather than loaves and fishes and pot-house roasts, fitting the body only for fertilizing purposes. This would be man's physical maximum. I am sure I shall be most delighted when I reach this maximum. Will you not, brother?

But there are so many of us who stand on mere technicalities and spend our time in the hair-splitting business that few of us will reach this maximum.

Again, this friend evidently thinks that because we have been provided with a reservoir midway between our heads and feet that is capable of expansion and contraction in accordance with the whims of an abnormal and capricious physical appetite, that this organ for deposit must lose no time—that it must be kept busy working because it has been given to us for this purpose.

Perhaps our friend is not aware that even crude science has discovered that certain unused functions of the physical body disappear in time as we develop. Perhaps he is not aware that right in his own country the naval orange has demonstrated that in its desire for a higher existence it has ceased to propagate through seed of which it was once possessed. And these are the most delicious oranges in the world. Why don't they now have seeds when Nature originally provided them with seeds? Why has the banana renounced the seed element which was originally given it by Nature? There are still traces of the seed that were once a portion of the composition of the banana. We might illustrate indefinitely along this same line. Again, why is the appendix disappearing from the bodies of some of the race of men? Why are other organs disappearing as we grow and develop and have no further use for them? Our bodies steadily conform to every advancing condition in life, and so will it ever be until we perfect ourselves, and then it will continue on just the same—for all Eternity.

The digestive apparatus was given us but for the moment—a make-shift merely—for an intensely physical and animal structure. We will soon get away from it if we try. We will get away from it in time, any way. There was once a time when we had no digestive apparatus at all. The one we now have is by no means the climax of perfection. Indeed, it is most crude, many of us think, when it rebels against being bloated up

with stale beer and decomposed dead things. By and by the stomach and bowels and other things will become a superfluity, as the seed in the naval orange and banana, and they will disappear. Then will we know more than we now do. When we extract the life-giving forces direct from the Universe and don't have to make a forty-mesh sieve of ourselves in order to find the good, then some one will still want to know of THE PATH-FINDER why it doesn't print its hundred billion edition on a Washington hand-press, instead of transmitting the editor's thoughts direct to each subscriber through the power of the mind. By the same process he will collect his subscriptions and receipt for same.

So, my dear brother, likewise all good sisters who may chance to peruse the columns of this crude PATH-FINDER, I want to say to you that we are all growing, growing, growing. The filthy cess-pool called our stomach will not long have a mission. It is only a dumping-ground for the immediate present—that is all. The digestive apparatus that we swash with nasty tobacco-juice and other hybrid decoctions will take a last bath and give up the ghost. Those of us who still keep company with our friends, the Cannibals (not Conables) and persist in consuming our associates on the lower plant of this sublunary sphere, will still hold on to the cess-pool reservoir system and use our molars to grind the disintegrating flesh of our kind, and constantly grow more and more to resemble the dead upon which we subsist. This is Nature, too; but she never demands that we ride the skeleton of death bareback, even if we have broken ourselves to do it.

Now, I don't wish to hurry any one. I don't wish to arouse any one from their lethargic nap so suddenly that he will lose his front teeth, as the old lady did when her grand-son of three years punched her in the stomach, and her false teeth fell out, for this frightened the youngster so that he did not recover for

a month; but I want to tell you, friends, that you can grow as you never dreamed of if you will but do a few simple right things and possess yourselves of the idea that this great race of people is not standing still; that just because you could once eat a bale of hay at one sitting that it is not necessary to keep it up; that just because you once grew a double set of teeth all around on both upper and lower jaws so as to be able to masticate all flesh, bones, feathers and fur that came your way, is no reason why you should keep on growing such a set of hyena teeth now.

And yet these were provided by Nature, you say.

True, but Nature is limitless in her capacity to evolve, and she has made us all Evolutionists.

My own ambition in this life is to remove the "maximum" and turn over my anatomical cess-pool reservoir to those who are in greater need of it than I am.

Teddy's Plan Not Indorsed.

PRESIDENT TEDDY'S plan, by which the mothers of the country are to become perpetual wet nurses, with no vacation at all, so that the Anglo-Saxon race may not slip entirely out of sight and give place to the prolific foreign breeders of dwarfed intellect and sloppy avordupois, is being turned down all over the country by those who would necessarily become its victims. Ordinarily our President is pretty level-headed, and he evolves many ideas that are full of merit and good horse sense. But he is certainly warped on the killing and baby questions. Of course the man who is full of the desire to slaughter his innocent dumb fellow-creatures and feeds upon their decomposed carcasses, is also endowed with an abnormal desire to lust in all other forms. The two go together. They are inseparable. But the women of the country are entering an emphatic protest against the President's suggestion that ALL women should become

mothers, and that these mothers should ALL become possessed of families ranging all the way from a half dozen up.

Now, had this idea emanated in the brains of the mothers of the country themselves, more consideration might be given it, for they are the ones who suffer and who are most directly responsible for the character of the physical bodies they bring into the world. The man's share in the enterprise is most insignificant in comparison to that of the woman's, and it is a cruel beast of a man who would keep his wife constantly in the condition that would be necessary if the President's ideas were carried into effect.

But there is another side to this question of human wholesale propagation that President Roosevelt gives no consideration, and that is the absolute unfitness of both the men and the women of this day and generation to bring children into the world. Does the President presume for a moment that He is fitted to sire a body for the encasement of a living Soul? And he is a fair sample of most men of his time. If he does, he is certainly strangely and inexcusably ignorant concerning the simplest laws of life and the requirements of Nature in the propagation of the race. No parent who sheds the blood of a fellow-creature and feeds upon its remains is fit to assist in the bringing of a child into the world. And there are other requirements demanded of the parent of far-reaching importance—requirements that THE PATH-FINDER treats upon in nearly every issue that goes before the public, so their repetition at this time is superfluous.

President Roosevelt is guilty of another lapse of discretion when he classes the women of the country who do not marry and bring a large family into the world among the criminal classes. I would not have believed the President could be guilty of such a base and unjust conclusion did I not see the statement reiterated in reputable prints, and its

authority remain unchallenged. The CRIMINAL is the man and the woman who propagate in the knowledge that they themselves are in possession of diseased and imperfect bodies. Not alone this, but are addicted to the brutal and murderous practices of destroying animal life. Such people as these are the ones who constitute criminals and are unfitted to bring children into the world. It is a sin against the offspring whose recompense is Death. It is a sin of commission on the part of the parent, whose recompense is also Death. Nature destroys him who destroys. There is no help for it. It is the inexorable law of life that metes out swift and exact justice to every offender.

At a recent meeting of the Western New York old people's convention, the president of which is a maiden lady who has seen fit to participate in no way in the propagation of dwarfed humanity, thus spoke publicly to the big gathering of mothers who had sacrificed the best years of their lives in assisting in the perpetuation of a race of people that must keep on dying in order to eventually live. Miss Amelia Higginson, the president, said:

"President Roosevelt believes in the rearing of large families. He has a right to his opinion, but when he places childlessness in the same category with criminal acts, he goes too far. The President is the father of what we Americans would call a large family. He is not the mother of a large family. We have heard nothing about race suicide from the mothers of Americans, and we never shall. Let the President grapple with the trusts, the tariff and the coming election. They are more in his line. He can safely leave the question of babies in the hands of the women of this great republic."

Well said, and most pertinent to the subject. Some men, you know, want to run the whole machine. They are not content to simply do the father act, but

they want to take charge of all the rest of the business—except "tending" baby and acting as wet nurse. They WILL permit the woman to look after these little details, but at the same time they want her to get a hustle on herself and make ready for a fresh invoice, scarcely giving her time to catch her breath between parental events.

Miss Higginson has a right to protest against the statement of President Roosevelt. It was a cowardly one—classing childlessness as criminal. There is not one man and woman in five hundred thousand who does not commit a crime when conception takes place. They are unfit from every standpoint to propagate. They are race depleters. They are body despoilers. They are anything and everything but what they should be.

Miss Amelia Higginson has demonstrated that she is fitted to grasp the outstretched hand of THE PATH-FINDER. Shake, dear sister. You voice the sentiments of twenty millions of American mothers and a big invoice of those who possess too much common sense to allow themselves to become mothers under existing imperfect physical conditions.

Medical Bill Killed.

THE editor of THE PATH-FINDER feels like raising up on the tips of his hind toes and patting Governor Peabody of Colorado on the back for vetoing the infamous exclusive doctors' bill passed recently by the state legislature, and known as the "Sanford bill." Sanford and a few other "regular" doctors succeeded in getting themselves elected to the state legislature for the purpose of getting through an exclusive bill, shutting out all classes of alleged healers except themselves. A bitter fight over this proposed legislation was carried on throughout the entire session, but the "regulars" won, not, however, until the bill had been amended several times and many of its most dastardly features cut out.

In passing upon the bill Governor Peabody says:

"A careful consideration of the bill meets with the conclusion that many of its provisions are unjust and oppressive, and that its general effect would be to curtail rather than to expand the means applied to the alleviation of the ills human flesh is heir to. Reliable statistics show that the death rate in Colorado is as low as it has ever been since the enactment of the law twenty-two years ago, which the proposed law is intended to amend, and that in other states having laws similar to the proposed law, no appreciable diminution in the death rate is felt through the enactment of such laws, which leads to the conclusion that such legislation as here proposed does not have any material effect upon the public health.

"Guided by the late experience of similar legislation in other states, the conclusion is irresistible that all such legislation has a tendency to restrict the citizen in the employment of whomsoever he pleases in the treatment of his disease, and it also has a tendency to build up, under the protection of the state, a trust or combination of certain schools or systems of medicine, to the exclusion of all others equally meritorious."

It is certainly most refreshing and gratifying to know that we have an executive here in Colorado who cannot be swayed from a determined purpose to stand by the whole people of the state, rather than allow himself to become the tool of as red-handed a lot of leechers as ever swarmed to a health resort to pillage the public. The character of the legislation asked for was enough to convict this profession of incompetency and self-acknowledged malpractice. A profession that has to be bolstered up by state legislation in order to enable its representatives to thrive off the credulity of its victims, is a menace to public and in-

dividual safety. Think of forcing a person to call in one of these "regular" doctors in an aggravated case when the chances are 99 to 100 that the patient will be killed! And then, to think, too, of the supreme gall of such a profession in asking the state to legislate in its behalf when it has nothing on earth to show as a legitimate reason for its existence and tolerance but the marble shafts in a densely populated cemetery.

Again I am moved to congratulate Governor Peabody. His head is full of gray matter of a high order.

J. STITT WILSON closed a two-month's series of magnificent

Sunday lectures in San Francisco the first of April and is now in Los Angeles, where he is addressing immense audiences. Mr. Wilson expects to close his Los Angeles engagement the last of this month, when he will come to Denver for the months of June and July. There isn't a town or city in the United States that would not be made better, from every standpoint, by listening to J. Stitt Wilson for a week. There are three elements in Denver that are in sore need of Mr. Wilson's presence—the police department, the representatives of the daily press and the church members. It is a question which one of the three branches of social disorder is most in need of his saving words.

IF WE would unfold, we must be free from every entangling alliance—not that we must withdraw our sympathy and affection from those with whom we are associated. We must dispense words and thoughts of tenderest consideration for everything that lives, even unto life inanimate. But we must let nothing interfere with us in the fullest recognition of the Divine Self—the Infinite Power within—which is our Eternal Partner.



Socialism and Life.

BY J. STITT WILSON, A. M.

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

THE LAW OF SUGGESTION AND SOCIALISM.

OUR subject this month is the Law of Suggestion and Socialism. Recent psychological experiment has developed an enormous literature on the subject of suggestion. The phenomena of Hypnotism are seen to be but a limited type of manifestation of the human mind that falls under the more general law, called the Law of Suggestion.

Hypnotism is explained briefly as follows: Man has a phase of mind that relates him to the external world and to the ordinary experiences of life in that world, but he also has a phase of mind which lies, as it were, deeper than the former, which seems to relate him to the universal realm of thought and being of which he is apparently a fragment. The former phase of the mind is called the objective mind, the latter phase is called the subjective mind. It is discovered that the subjective mind under certain conditions will carry out into manifest expression any Suggestion powerfully laid upon it by the objective mind. When the Hypnotist hypnotizes his subject, he quiets the objective mind, and the subject gives his consent to respond to the "suggestion" of the operator. Thus, for example, if a college president should consent to be hypnotized, the operator would put him to sleep—that is, quiet the objective mind, and then the operator might state to the college president that he now is a banana man offering his wares in the street to the crowd, and immediately the college president would begin to call out, "Hey! Nice-y banana! ten cent a dozen!" In a similar manner the banana man might be placed under the Law of Suggestion and made to assume the airs of a preacher or editor.

It is too late in the development of the New Psychology to call the Hypnotist a

charlatan, or his subject a fool. The phenomena of Hypnotism reveal the operation of a great law. That law is called, in the literature on the subject, the Law of Suggestion, and just as the mighty development of steam power dates back to the day when Watts, sitting in a chaimney corner in an idle moment, saw the steam lift the lid of the kettle; and just as the triumph of electricity dates back to Franklin flying his kite, so may feats of genius, marvels of glory resplendent of spiritual culture, the banishment of disease and victory over pain, which are certainly to be realized in our century, be traced back to what seemed the trick of the Hypnotist.

Steam lifting a kettle lid, electric currents playing with a boy's kite, and the little trick of the Hypnotist are alike of no concern to us now. It is only as they reveal vast power and the laws of titanic energies, and the methods of operation of these mighty forces that these seemingly petty things captivate our thoughts.

The Law of Suggestion is one of the mightiest laws on which the human mind seems to act. It is not my purpose to go into the details of explanation of the Law and its possible manifestations. A few general reflections will assist us to perceive the general trend of our argument for the month. It appears that all manifested life is the result of responses to various "suggestions" coming from all kinds of sources. All nature is a powerful "suggestion" calling us to conquer and to possess it. The history of the past becomes a powerful Suggestion, not always to make us free, but often to enslave us to what "has been," as if that was a measure of "what is." The actions of living men, of parents, of companions, of neighbors, become to us children subjects for imitation. We are under the power of their spoken or acted Sugges-

tions. All inventions are the result of following the clue of some "suggestion" that has come to the human mind in its communion with the Universe. Books, art, literature, sculpture, architecture, become powerful and continuous cultural "suggestions" upon us. There is a sense in which we can all say that we are hypnotized by the past progress of the race. As Herbert Spencer says, we live under the "tyranny of the dead." What they accomplished should be a suggestion, a mere hint of the limitless possibilities of human achievement, instead of being a burden upon our freedom and emancipation. We should turn the hearts of the fathers of the past and children of the now, instead of turning the mind of the children to the "suggestion" of the fathers.

Now, one of the remarkable features of the development of this whole thought on the Law of Suggestion is that it generally fails to note the widest extent of the Law as applied to our Social life. It is true that we are told of the vast influence upon society of certain Suggestions, but generally the teachers fail to impress us with the power and need of Social Suggestions for the present. They tell us of the power of Suggestion in the fury of the mob, in the wild ignorance of the followers after political insanities, the unreasoned response to religious fanaticism on the part of multitudes, and the sweep of contagious disease; but what is the use of writing the history of past "social suggestions" and reading therein the power of the Law, unless like a Watts or an Edison we apply the Law to our own Social needs—to our happiness, to the building of new Social conceptions, to the banishment of social errors, and the healing of social diseases.

Just as the religious teachers take the Truth, as they believe, concerning God and His Kingdom, and apply it to the individual soul, but seem to leave the whole of society a prey to all sorts of social and industrial evils, so that we have the picture in our cities of one hundred to five hundred Churches, built for the worship of God in the name of Jesus Christ, nestling into our present competitive, capitalistic, and trust system of industry, without a single protest, seemingly perfectly at home, preaching the gospel of the Prince of Peace in the

midst of the most bitter and relentless competitive strife; and just as our New Thought, Mental Science teachers and prophets apply the gospel of the "I Am" to the individual soul that he may demonstrate individual happiness, individual health, individual prosperity, individual harmony, and as I have proved in previous numbers, seem at least to stand for neglect of social happiness, social health, social harmony; so it would seem that our teaching on the application of the Law of Suggestion seems as yet not to have founded a social gospel with a vast social idea, with the awakening of the social consciousness, and an irresistible wave of social enthusiasm adequate to capture the chaos and night of the present social system and banish it forever from the fair world, and establish in its place a Co-operative Commonwealth of brothers and lovers.

Here again I must declare that I refuse to speak in the language of dogmatism. I am an inquirer with my readers and with the advance movement of our times for a complete philosophy of Life and of methods of presentation that will deliver us from mere doctrinaire notions to an abundant Life, to externalized demonstration of our thoughts. Let me then proceed. Let us consider a few of the Social Suggestions that easily arise, which if heeded may bear us rapidly to the desired social condition.

1. Poverty. Let any one look out upon the conditions in which multitudes of people live and see how hard the people labor, how small the return in actual human satisfactions they get for that labor, how mean and meager the average life is, how worn and tired are millions of men, women and children, how gripped and enslaved they are in the midst of our boasted American civilization, and I ask you is not the sight of this poverty a huge "suggestion" to any mind that can boast of intelligence, that something ought to be done to abolish such conditions utterly and forever. It is unthinkable that the majority of American citizens can long continue to be unmoved in the presence of these things. You will answer me that, instead of this poverty being a suggestion to the people to rise up and deliver themselves, that following my own language it sits upon the people as a base Hypnotism,

centuries old, telling the people that poverty is inevitable, that it is the fate of mankind, that it can never be abolished, and that mankind must grin and bear it. But again I answer you: The hypnotist tells us that if he trespass in his suggestions to the inner portal of the soul of the subject, where conscience reigns, where character seems fortified—where God speaks—that the subject will burst from his sub-conscious state and refuse to follow the suggestion of the operator, and leaping to his senses he asserts his own native intelligence in a perfect deliverance; so this specter of poverty, if we call it an Hypnotism on the mind of the race, will press its claims too far in the mouths of its hireling priestcrafts and prattling partisans and its prostituted savants, and the soul of the race will arise against such false conceptions of nature and of men. They will declare such social conditions to be a fleeting dream, a huge lie on the human race, awaiting their eternal destruction of it.

2. Riches. Look out on the absolutely limitless riches of nature; consider the vast productions of farm and forest and mine; consider the fertility of the soil, the luxurious wealth of that which grows, fed by an infinite supply. Here is a theme for poetry: The richness of God speaks forth from the boundless resources of nature. Is there not bread enough to spare? Are not the fields teeming with products to provide every human being with an abundance of all that constitutes a physical basis of existence? Are not the resources of these states aching, aching, to be called forth by our united effort, and thus destroy forever the night of poverty? There are single states in our great nation capable of feeding our entire population, and yet thousands upon thousands of little children go hungry and cry in the city streets, and look up to the blue sky and wonder!

Yes, the riches of nature are a "suggestion," but who gets it? As yet it has come only to the individual consciousness, the social consciousness has not yet responded to the "suggestion." The individual looks out upon nature and sees there its inexhaustible storehouses of wealth, and to him it becomes an unceasing invitation to enter in upon it and conquer it for his own indi-

vidual wealth. Nature appears as a vast field for individual enrichment, and thus the coal, the oil, the wheat, the beef, the cotton, the copper, and even the subtle powers of nature, steam electricity are become the basis of huge fortunes for individuals. Hence the coal trust, the oil trust, the corner on the wheat market, the beef trust, and so on.

Perhaps the most striking illustration of the accumulation of this individual wealth is the case of the Standard Oil Trust. The wealth of the oil magnate, John D. Rockefeller, is well indicated in the following paragraph, which I take from a letter written by James T. Van Rensselaer to the National Economic League, a league which has been formed by the very wealthy to prevent the spread of Socialism. Mr. Van Rensselaer speaks of the great help that "Comrade" John D. Rockefeller is to the Socialist movement. "The Comrade took two weeks to reach here," writes Mr. Van Rensselaer, "during which valuable time \$2,000,000 were added to his possessions. This refers only to income, and does not refer to any increase in the general value of his numerous investments. In walking from his private car to a room in the Hotel Green, he occupied fifteen minutes. For that short walk he was repaid by an increase in his wealth of \$1,750. The first night of his stay he slept soundly for just eight hours, and awoke \$54,759 richer for his repose. With the aid of his valet it took him exactly half an hour to dress. By the time he was ready for breakfast \$3,500 were given him for his trouble. The journey from his bed-chamber to his chair in the hotel dining-room occupied just five minutes, for which a kind providence paid him \$570. After breakfast three hours were spent on the golf links, for which enjoyment, thanks to the generosity of the American people, he received \$20,534. After luncheon, as he slowly lighted his cigar, \$100 were added to his bank account."

Figures such as these have ceased to startle the American people, as we are thoroughly hypnotized by the possibilities of individual wealth. As the individual who is capable of mastering the situation sees nothing in nature but a vast field for exploitation, and even looks upon human be-

ings as so much grist for the capitalistic mill, so the long procession of those who seem incapable of mastering the situation are hypnotized by the power of the man who has mastered the situation. In the streets of the city of Butte last fall during the state election I saw thousands upon thousands of working men crowd together in a solid mass to take a look at one of the copper kings of the state of Montana, and when he spoke he was cheered to the echo, and on the day of election they voted against their own social interests and cast their ballots for this, their hero.

The man who is able to make millions out of the surplus products of the masses is the hero of these masses, and unless they are de-hypnotized they must remain slaves. Huge fortune for the few and empty dinner pails of the many are the two poles of our social conditions which inevitably result from the "suggestion" of the power of the wealth of nature coming to us as a "suggestion" to the individual, instead of as a "suggestion" to society.

3. Machinery. In the olden times before the introduction of the modern methods of transportation, if a man were trudging along the road with a heavy burden, and another man drove up behind him with an empty seat in his wagon, it was a "suggestion" to the man on foot to ask the man in the wagon for a ride and thus to shorten his journey and lighten his toil.

The wagon was actually a case of labor-saving machinery. We might compare the sixty millions of working people in this country to the man trudging along the road with the burden on his back, and we might further compare the wagon to the enormous development of modern machinery, railroad, steamships, telegraph, telephone, steam power, reduction plants, and all the stupendous mechanical equipment of our times. In the case of our illustration, the man is relieved from his trudging and his burden is carried, but when the one man becomes sixty millions and the wagon is the vast machinery of civilization, if we are to believe our eyes and the report of such an economist as John Stuart Mill, it is doubtful whether all this machinery has lightened the burden of a single human being.

Why is this so? The answer is perfectly plain. In the case of our peasant walking along the highway, he had to receive and act upon the "suggestion" that came from the sight of the machine called a wagon, and he said to himself, "Here's a chance for a ride," and up he got, put his burden in the box and wiped the sweat from his brow. But in the case of our sixty millions in the presence of the wonder-working marvels of modern machinery, they are hypnotized, they are paralyzed. The capitalist on the box driving, seeing these sixty millions trudging along, shouts to them, "Come, I'll give you work," and he unhitched his horses, as it were, and hitches the people to pull the load, for which they receive a full dinner pail, and are very grateful! In other words, the capitalist class see how they can profit to the extent of untold wealth by using the power of machinery. The working classes have not yet received the suggestion.

Emerson said, "Things are in the saddle and ride mankind." The working classes of America need to be de-hypnotized from their fright and paralysis in the presence of modern machinery, and they need to be given the "suggestion" that the time has come in the history of civilization for the people to own their own wagon, their own equipment for producing things, and to use this machinery for the satisfaction of human wants, instead of permitting it to become monopolized by individuals for private profit. One thing is absolutely sure, if you do not get up on the box, you will have to get into the traces. Take your choice.

4. The Trusts. The competitive system easily reveals its own insanity. One would suppose that those who suffer most would be the first to receive the "suggestion," that such a system ought to be abolished; but not so. The first to perceive the folly of competition are the men who are profiting out of the labor of the people. Thus the great capitalists that have any wit have long since seen that the principle of co-operation far transcends the principle of competition, as an economic principle. It eliminates waste of money, of machinery, of pay-rolls, and brings order out of chaos, and yields immense returns.

The trust, having now been formed and walking along in full-grown strength—in fact, walking all over us—ought now to be a “suggestion” to the masses that co-operation and combination are the secrets of power; but no, they will not receive the “suggestion”—they are hypnotized.

In my morning paper I read the report of the Manufacturers' Association, which lately met at New Orleans. The report of that body is covered with tears of that animal of tropical waters. I refer to the crocodile. The Manufacturers' Association is a combination of combinations, and one of its purposes is to bind together the wealthy and capitalist classes of the country. And yet let me quote the pathos with which they plead the cause of the poor. I give the exact words: “I am here to plead the cause of the white slave of today. There may have been some brutal and tyrannous slave owners in the South, but I ask you if ever in the history of negro slavery did there exist such a condition of oppression, of cruelty to the men, women and children,

terror, anarchistic beating and murder, as now exists under the acts of desperate members of labor unions.” Then follows a plea for the destruction of combinations of working people, and a plea for the right of the individual working man to sell his labor, that is, to hire to get into the traces at a competitive figure, in the huge scramble with his fellow-workmen.

But my whole treatment of this subject is simply a “suggestion.” It is not exhaustive by any means. It would appear to me that the trust as it now exists is a “suggestion” as big as the rising sun to a man that is not thoroughly blind, that it is time for the people to own the trusts, or else the trusts will own the people.

In the next few years in American thought I have no doubt but that the questions involved in this discussion will be the great subject for discussion, until “suggestions” of vast social import will be acted upon, and the people will become de-hypnotized and free.



Hoosier Paths.

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

THE MOIST FACTOR.

There appears to be one substantial anterior to all others, and that is water. In the beginning the spirit moved upon the waters and light was the sequential phenomenon.”

ADIRAMLED.

Truth ever appeals to us from the works of Nature, and from no source can we glean fairer facts than those we read from the elements about us.

By a law which remains unchanged from far beginnings, “the spirit” still moves upon the face of the waters, and from this matrix, in endless procession, there forever marches in stately reality the mani-

festest life in the world and in the universe.

The mighty ocean whose waves now lash the shore in thunderous effort to make men hear the voice of the Infinite, and again subside to siren singing of the anthem of creation; the limpid, babbling brook in its chattering sharps and trebles; the placid lake mirroring in its shadowy depths the sunshine and the starlight, or the tiny drop of dew clinging tremulously to leaf and flower, all manifest the movement of the spirit in their various ways and degrees.

But it is to water in its relation to man that we indite this path, and it is done in the hope of arousing an interest in its

far-reaching power and utility as a factor in daily life and happiness.

Water is the requisite element for the exhibition of physiological phenomena. One eminent author remarks that all organisms are surrounded by running water.

It may be safely assumed that at least twenty-five per cent of the cases of impaired digestion, particularly among the well-to-do, and those in fashionable society, is due to an insufficient use of water as a beverage. So many persons use wines or other liquors, or else indulge in tea and coffee, under the false impression that the aqueous dilution of the digestive fluids will induce dyspepsia, or cause a too great volume in flesh in the way of fat.

Of course these ideas have been advanced by some writers, but a due observation of the facts in the case will upset these theories and duly establish the fact that water taken systematically as a beverage will prove itself a most universal panacea for a large share of the ills of mankind. Water has a distinct dietary value, indeed as a food it holds first rank, since men and animals can subsist upon it longer than upon any other alimentary principle.

The importance of a normal supply of this fluid element is readily understood when we note the part that water plays in the physical economy. In the first place 70 per cent of the bodily weight is water, divided as follows:

Percentage of water in

Teeth	10	Bile	88
Bones	13	Chyle	89
Cartilage	55	Pancreatic juice..	90
Muscles	75	Urine	94
Ligaments	76	Lymph	96
Brain	79	Gastric juice	97
Blood	80	Perspiration	98
Synovial fluid....	81	Saliva	99

Water imparts mobility to the bodily fluids, and holds in solution those elements taken from the various articles of food which are intended for nutrition, and also acts as a solvent upon matters designed for excretion. It supplies elasticity to muscles, bones and cartilages, and through its instrumentality are effected those tissue changes so essential to perfect health.

A healthy adult excretes about ninety ounces of water per day as follows:

Lungs	14 ounces
Skin	20 ounces
Urine	50 ounces

This implies that water must be supplied to the body in quantity sufficient that the vital processes may act efficiently and normally.

How is this accomplished? Fifteen to twenty ounces are supplied by the solid foods, so that one must take as a beverage each day seventy to seventy-five ounces of water, or about four and one-half pints.

Do we observe a regimen consistent with the above? Or do we cheat ourselves of real health and happiness by inhibiting a half or fourth of the amount demanded by Nature?

The majority of folks drink but little over half the amount that normal functioning requires, and hence arises constipation, muddy and coarse grained skins, nervous ailments and defeat in the battle of life.

The reason is plain; there is too little water in the organism for the spirit to move upon effectively. The remedy is likewise plainly indicated; do not mistake it, but drink copiously of water every day, and presently there will come to you the peace and well-being which are the basic factors of health and long life, from the enjoyment of which arises true happiness.

But while quantity is a potent factor, we must not overlook the matter of quality. Water as it drops from the clouds represents the most perfect of fluids, but as in collecting it by ordinary methods it is almost impossible to obtain it in a pure state, we must have recourse to artificial processes, the best of which is distillation. He who will therefore drink distilled water in the quantity above indicated will have little need for the services of the doctor, and at the same time will promote his chances for success in life an hundred fold.

The use of this distilled water in cooking food is also most desirable. Vegetables thus cooked retain their natural color and flavor to a much greater degree than when undistilled water is used.

Another use of this exquisite fluid is found in the daily cold bath which is not only a tonic to the entire system, but is decidedly reconstructive as well. We do not mean a plunge bath, but a bathing of

the body with the hands as follows:

Pour two quarts of cold water into a wash bowl and have at hand a good bath towel or two. Remove all clothing and begin by bathing face and neck, drying thoroughly by rubbing with bath towel until skin glows. Then bathe left arm and dry as before; then right arm, and after it the chest and abdomen, (in all cases applying the water to the skin with the palms of the hands), and next bathe the back, if this part cannot be reached with the hands, apply the water with a brush, and "saw" the part dry with towel. Then the lower limbs one at a time, and lastly the feet. He or she who will pursue the above plan of bathing will never take cold, and will always will be bright and cheery. Women should omit the bath at menstrual period).

A brisk walk, barefoot, upon dew wet grass, is a good practice for spring and summer mornings, but it can in no way take the place of the cold bath above described. The close contact to the dew wet grass and earth supplies a positive magnetic quality obtainable from no other source. The stockings and shoes should be put on immediately after the feet are dried and the walking continued until the feet are warm.

Yet another use of our moist factor is the injection of moderately warm distilled water into the bowels at intervals, and under certain conditions. For this purpose a three or four-quart fountain syringe is best. In cases of habitual constipation, if the lower bowel be flushed out with distilled water at the **same time** every day for ten days, the probabilities are that if attention is paid to the matter at the **same time** afterwards there will be a movement of the bowels without the syringe.

In most cases of diarrhoea, whether of children or adults, a thorough flushing of the bowel with warm distilled water, and rest in a reclining position will entirely relieve the condition. This is far better than to take medicines containing opiates, and if the patient will **fast** and drink distilled water the **very worst** cases can be cured within a very short space.

The condition known as typhoid fever, which is often so fatal in its results, is generally conceded to arise from impuri-

ties in the drinking water, may be entirely avoided by the use of distilled water.

The stiffness of joints so common among old persons, may be wholly overcome by the use of distilled water for drinking purposes and the proper application of the same agent to the parts afflicted will hasten the cure.

Wrinkles, which are the **bete noir** of so many people, particularly ladies, may be readily removed by cutting a mask from absorbed cotton, wetting it with cool distilled water and applying to the face during the hours of sleep.

This is not only harmless, but it will tone up and improve the surface, rendering it fine and soft, removing pimples or other eruptions, and will also add to the brightness of the eyes.

What do my readers think of the "moist factor" by this time? What we have said is all true and has been verified under our own observation.

The large abdomen, which is so distressing to many people, can be entirely cured by the use of distilled water in connection with proper physical exercise. The fact that persons having this condition are not so well, or so long-lived as those without it, should set the afflicted ones to thinking.

Every family can have pure, distilled water at a trifling outlay of expense. Family stills, which may be easily operated upon the cooking stove, range, gasoline or gas stoves, may be had in every home, and the blessing of health be maintained in a way not to be mistaken, or laid aside once its benefits are known.

The mere boiling of water, practiced by many people, kills the spirit of the fluid and does not remove the impurities, but retains them in an exaggerated form. Distillation on the contrary has for its product the **condensed spirit of the water** from which every trace of impurity has been removed.

We have endeavored to point out the path of health to our readers, and trust that the perusal of this article will aid those who are trying to maintain or to regain health. We reassert that the right use of distilled water will do all we have

claimed for it, and more than we have stated.

Get enough water into your anatomy, therefore, that the "spirit" may have sufficient to move upon, and from the clari-

fied depths of your being will arise the elements of health, of joy and peace, and long lives of usefulness in the land of your dwelling.



Thoughts and Epistles Of a "Hayseed."

BY CHAS. A. OLIVA.

TO ALL the readers of The Path-Finder, both in the Path and out of the Path, in the aggregate and singly, collectively and individually, to each ONE and ALL, I extend by this means my most hearty greeting and well wishing.

Perhaps some of the dear readers of this will think or say: That's another corner heard from. True. Kansas has lots of wind—please bear in mind.

But the philosophy of the "how" and "why" of this writer's coming to the columns of The Path-Finder, riding a pen, will not be disclosed at present; though ample reasons will be made manifest, by what follows—the real phenomena will be reserved for some future theme to spread ink upon.

It will probably not be out of the way if it is stated, that this particular writer did not join the ranks of The Path-Finder, seeking for a fortune, writing for pleasure, or trying to make a name. Particularly the last; as it is of too common an occurrence in this age of enlightenment. The old adage, that "The pen is mightier than the sword," has worn a long time, because it is made up of Truth—and Truth never wears out. — course! Anyone can make a name with a pen! But the very idea of seeing some one try it with a sword seems ridiculous, to say the least, almost impossible.

It is a burning shame that after some one, like the editor of The Path-Finder, who has so completely routed the public enemy, "ill health," with all its long and

attendant train of evil, adverse and negative conditions, that then, AND NOT TILL THEN, some one should offer up his assistance. The only logical reason that can be given for this condition of affairs is: That the writer was in need of just such a touching up, as the editor of The Path-Finder teaches through its columns; to make him anything like qualified; to say nothing of the fact, that it was not known, that such a giant as Edgar Wallace Conable really existed, until the coming of his first Messenger of Truth.

Some time ago I promised the editor of The Path-Finder that I would help him in the line of his great and good work—even though it were necessary to use dynamite to gain entrance to that part of some of our good friend's anatomies, where the thinking is supposed to take place. So my good friends—should you hear an explosion or feel a jar, radiating from the "New Shrine" (the home of The Path-Finder), don't fly off the handle or go into hysterics over it, as no harm or offense will ever be intended you. Far from it. But just take it for a hint that you ought to wear your thinking cap and do your own thinking.

The Path-Finder, nor anyone else, will not do it for you. That is not its or anyone's business. But The Path-Finder points out the way—which is the limit of what anyone else could do for you. Farther than that its responsibility ceases.

Having been a close reader of The Path-Finder, since its birth to the present time, the writer wishes to make a few more statements in regard to what it stands for, and its work proper.

First and foremost—The Path-Finder stands for Life and Health—ABUNDANCE OF LIFE AND HEALTH—and the perpetuation of both together. It stands for the principles of rendering everybody his just dues, at all times, under all conditions and in all the walks of life. It Points out and Lights the Way, just how anyone and all together can come into possession of THEIR OWN. To which each one and all have an INDESTRUCTIBLE, IMPERISHABLE, UNINFRINGIBLE, INVULNERABLE and INALIENABLE RIGHT. It stands for peace, purity and harmony, in the home, society, states and nations. It stands for purity in the physical, mental and moral properties—in every RIGHT. It stands for peace, purity and harmony, in the home, society, states and nations. It stands for purity in the physical, mental and moral properties—in every human being—to bring all EN RAPPORT with the Infinite, which is ALWAYS PURE. Its teachings will give everyone an actual introduction to that HONORABLE PERSONAGE—the INFINITE WITHIN. It stands for the helping and uplifting of the poor, sick, misused and down-trodden. It stands for the elimination of the power that wealth has—making and misusing the poverty-stricken—so that the under dog will have a chance. It teaches such "Common Sense" principles, as alone are worthy of the long perverted use (by the orthodoxy) of the name Religion. It stands for a higher and more perfect development of the entire human race. It stands for Love, Truth, Joy, Happiness, Freedom, Opulence and the enjoyment of Life to its fullest extent. It makes—and ever shall make—war against vice and crime in all forms.

It is the means of furnishing food to the mind and driving away the "blues." Yes, it makes thinkers; and also makes anything like a hypochondriac an impossibility,—either in the acute or chronic form. Ditto its nearest kin the pessimist, saying nothing about its eliminating "all evil."

Therefore, every man, woman and child

in the whole world ought to read The Path-Finder, and undoubtedly would—did they know the good it would bring them. It is hoped they will. Anyone who has his own interests at heart or that of others that are dear to him—should not miss the opportunity of reading The Path-Finder. The moral of it is, then: Take The Path-Finder for a general all-round purifier, cleanser and tonic.

All of the foregoing and much more is true of this magazine. But being limited in space—all rights are reserved to say anything more at any time I may have an inclination for same; and now close the series for the present, by adding: NO LANGUAGE IS POTENT ENOUGH, NO ART OF TONGUE OR PEN ARTISTIC ENOUGH, TO DO IT ADEQUATE HOMAGE.

Knowing then, POSITIVELY, that all the foregoing statements are the Truth, the IMPERISHABLE TRUTH—could anyone in all this mundane sphere, wish anything more? Could anyone ask anything more? Could any one be censured for joining The Path-Finder's ranks to help further the good work? May it be conceded that under ALL circumstances and ALL conditions, the only answer—that would echo and re-echo around the entire circumference of the earth and be limited—only—by space itself—is—NO.

Under the editor's most gracious grant of so capacious a head as the above—the writer expects each month to contribute some article, that would be deemed most appropriate, instructive as well as interesting, along the line of The Path-Finder's work.

It is also thought most fitting to add in connection with this: That the editor of The Path-Finder will have to get a patent on his laurels; or else some one will infringe. But that is not all. The writer has had his eyes turned toward this "New Temple of Perfection," for some time; and some fine day when the wind blows most favorably, may fly up there in the twinkling of an eye—and then what!? Well! The band-will-have-to-grind-out—Edgar Wallace Conable's—funeral dirge. That's all.

* * * *

In conclusion of these varied statements—every reader of this magazine is assured that if the writer of these lines can thus be the means of bringing cheer, hope, health and gladness to the homes of any or all, if he can do his little mite toward helping to lift them up, to help them to a higher perfection in body and mind, to help point out and light the pathway to all that exalts, embellishes and ennobles life—he will feel amply rewarded for his little efforts thus rendered.

So hoping to have the pleasure of calling at the myriads of homes, to which The Path-Finder finds its way—and that the favor will be extended indefinitely—I close this, my first call, by bidding all, Adieu.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THOSE who have never known sorrows are incapable of appreciating the real joys and blessings of life.

SO LONG as we depend on others to make us happy, even in the matter of so-called love, we are slaves; we are in bondage and cannot grow.

THE woman who is the mother of daughters should keep both eyes on the young man—or the old man, for that matter—who wears his hat on one side of his head and smokes cigarettes. Not that *all* other men may be trusted, but it is impossible to make a mistake respecting the one described.

OUR good friend, Dr. Geo. W. Carey, who has been wandering all over the face of the United States and portions of Indiana, in order to find a suitable place to publish his Bio-chemical journal and do business generally, writes us that he has finally located in West Somerville, Mass., 14 Dresden Circle. May the good Doctor flourish everywhere is the very worst we

could wish him. But were he not an old soldier he could not withstand all these long marches. There are times when nearly every one becomes foot-sore and weary, but Dr. Carey never lets on that there is a single ruffle in his make-up. With an optimistic temperament like this, there ought to be calla lilies growing all over his back yard.

I SEEK that the Missouri courts are rendering decisions against the hog trusts—or, more properly speaking, the meat packers' combines—for all trusts are "hog" trusts—except our own. With the landing in the penitentiary of the municipal thieves in St. Louis and the "turf" swindling outfits that have so long been robbing the people and—United States senators and officials of the Postoffice Department at Washington, and the court decisions against the rest of the "hog" trusts of the state, it is now possible for one to ride through the State of Missouri without being compelled to hold his nose or close the car windows between Kansas City and the big bridge across the Mississippi, as has been necessary in the past. In comparison with the deadening fumes arising from the municipal political festers in St. Louis, the 175 barrels of "bacteria" dumped into the Chicago drainage canal by the Chicago doctor, was as the condensed essence of the lily of the valley. There is but one other city in the world that is so rotten politically as St. Louis and that is Denver, Colorado. In Denver, when even the police officials want to catch a thief or a murderer, they have to arrest themselves.

A GOOD HOME.

A few Path-Finder people desiring board in a sunny, airy, clean home, in which the diet consists largely of fresh vegetables, fruits, nuts, butter, milk and honey, will do well to address MRS. JULIA D. COFFIN, Longmont, Colo. Terms reasonable.



The Story of a Mine



A TRUE NARRATIVE.

Concluded from April Number

Joe was in a fix. He was a born dancer, a crank on the subject, and had carefully forgotten his carefully packed grip in the port, and his only available wardrobe was what he had on—a woolen shirt, brown overalls, hob-nailed shoes, and a cow-boy hat. He stood six feet in his stockings and there was but one man in that section of the country—Captain Frank—an American, the owner of a cheese foundry on the outskirts of the town—who was anywhere near as tall, but as that gentleman had his clothes on, was going to the dance himself, and refused to stay at home and go to bed, as Joe requested, there was nothing for him but go as he was. He said it was the first d—d “swaray” he had ever attended in dungarees, but there was no help for it.

The ball was given at the town hall, under the management of the municipal authorities, the local comandante, the port comandante, and the priests of both towns. Refreshments, hard and soft, with fruit, cakes, etc., were constantly passed around by nimble waiters; the ladies, most of them bare-footed, smoking large, strong native cigars, were out in all their gaudiest finery, and everybody seemed bent on enjoyment. Joe called it a “bare-heeled swaray,” but they were all good dancers, and I doubt that as much genuine, care-free fun is ever dug up at a Fifth avenue blow-out.

Milner, by nature, was as cosmopolitan as an hotel hair brush, and always seemed to me to be able to get as much enjoyment out of kissing nigger babies, as out of waltzing with Castilian belles; a trait that made him solid with the masses, while his splendid gigantic figure, quizzical merry eyes, jolly, but gentlemanly address, and rippling, hearty, honest laugh, made him a general favorite with the ladies of all social classes and colors. After the first waltz—he was a floater—he was a prime favorite, at twenty to one, with few takers, and when during one of the intervals of

dancing he grabbed up a guitar, with which he was an expert, and made it weep an accompaniment to

“Ti ame porque creia,
Que a mi me amabas tu;
Dulce encanta de mi vida!
Mi esperanza y quietud—”

Sung by himself in a rich baritone, why the rest of us—gilded warriors of high rank included—were simply not in it. Not content with his triumph, in the “we sma’ hours,” he added insult to injury by leading out the daughter of a wealthy cattleman, the belle of the ball, with whom he had danced so often that I was ashamed of myself, and dancing with her, amidst the frantic plaudits of the mob, and in the most artistic manner, the intricate and expressive “Danza Sevillana,” with all the grace and abandon of effervescent Andalucia.

For the rest of us of the male persuasion at that stage, the ball became a matter of ancient history, for it seemed that the enthusiastic desire of every young lady present, and of the majority of the old dames, also, was to dance “La Zamaccuca,” “El Zapateado” or “La Sevillana,” with “Don Jose,” and he was the only man in the congregation that understood the sinuous pantomimic beauty of the motions, and could dance them. He claimed that the “Spanish Danzer” was the science of whispering sweet nothings with the light fantastic; the rest of us were relegated to the wall, and sullen discontent.

Firmly resolved that Mr. Milner should never again accompany me to a “swaray,” if the court was in possession of his faculties, I strolled out under the building’s arcades to cool off and console myself by gazing at the stars in the east. While standing silently in the shadows the two comandantes strolled, arm in arm, out on the plaza in front of me, talking excitedly, the one in a dissuading voice and the other angrily emphatic and gesticulating.

"I don't care a d——n what happens or what you may say, colonel," came the voice of the comandante of San Pedro; "I have ordered his arrest, and to jail he goes—the American interloper. Chabela is my promised bride, and since her first dance with that conceited Grings, she will hardly look at me. I will teach these interloping, upstart adventurers that they can't make tools of the sons of the country with impunity. If our fool countrymen had common sense they would assassinate foreigners as fast as they land on our shores."

"But think, Miguel, his government will make all kinds of trouble for us. The Gringo is popular and has done nothing against the law to go to jail for."

"D——n the law Do you care a fig for the laws in your government of the port? The law! It's ridiculous for a man holding your position to prate of laws that only exist on paper. Don't you be alarmed about the trouble. He is only a d——d American, anyhow, and the American government is the easiest on earth to humbug. Moreover, his consul is nothing but a well-paid servant of our president, and he is not fool enough to lose the fat perquisites of his dignified position for the sake of protecting his troublesome countrymen. No, sir, to jail he goes, and tomorrow he will be accused of mixing himself in our politics, of seditious expressions, or anything in that line, and I will have him expelled from the country under the Pernicious Foreign Law."

"But, Miguel, the man has done nothing out of the way. He didn't know of your engagement to Cabela. You are jealous, nothing else; and suppose he refuses to leave the country without a trial. Then what?"

"Ha! ha! That's rich, colonel! Why, I will prove anything I want to against him. Do you imagine that there is a man in my jurisdiction that dare refuse to swear to anything I want him to swear to? Don't be alarmed. Our president will simply order the American consul to inform the state department that the man's record is bad, and that ends it. Besides, he has lived long enough in these countries to learn that kicking at Washington is useless. It's worse—it's throwing good money after

bad. And Chabela, d——n her! I will make her wish she had been born dead as soon as the priest gives us his blessing. I hate her. She will pay for this night's pleasure with her Greigs by being the mother of my bastard brats, and living under the same roof with my mistresses. D——n her; a thousand times, d——n her!"

A thirty years' residence in Spanish America had given me a perfect knowledge of the beast, but I turned in disgust to the ball room, bent on warning Milner of what was coming, to find a dapper young lieutenant with a squad of soldiers blocking my way, and Milner emerging in answer to the summons, "Surrender yourself a prisoner in the name of the republic!"

He caught my eye, and laughingly shaking his fist at me, said: "You just wait, you crazy flannel mouth; I'm something of a practical joker myself."

No joke this time, Joe," I answered in English. "If they ask you your nationality, say you are a British subject, and stick to it."

I then ran to where the comandantes were still arguing, and spluttered out:

"Gentlemen, an officer has arrested Mr. Milner and is taking him to the barracks. You don't want to make a mistake with Mr. Milner, for he is a subject of her British majesty, and——"

They gave me no chance for further explanation, but dashed off after the guard that was waltzing Joe across the plaza, and when I overtook them the comandante of San Pedro, who had ordered the arrest, and who, owing to a cataract, had an eye like a fried egg, was dancing around in the moonlight like a demon, and abusing the officer of the squad like a pirate.

"How dare you arrest a guest of the nation? What do you mean by such an outrage? Free him at once and wire the president that I have countermanded his orders. Tell him I will personally respond for Mr. Milner's conduct, and be very careful never to take such a step again without direct orders from me. The idea of treating one of Her Majesty's subjects in this outrageous fashion! Consider yourself under arrest, and count yourself lucky if you are not reduced in the ranks. A nice way to treat foreigners in a country as

badly in need of immigration as ours. Go!"

If the cynicism of this rapidly degenerating race was not so laughable, it would be pitiable; but born and bred for centuries, as they have been, in the atmosphere of hypocrisy, chicanery and fraud, strangers to straightforwardness and common decency in a land where 68 per cent of the children born are illegitimate; under the savage rule of absolutely autocratic operabougovernment; totally ignorant of the

t principles of governmental science; with a religious system degenerated into a roaring farce; a social system recognizing triumphant scoundrelism as genius, and petty thievery as talent, and so moraliy rotten that the public mistresses of bishops, priests and presidents are envied and received with open arms by the majority of the so-called better classes, one has to judge not too harshly the scum of the gutters that forms the rank and file of the military hierarchy throughout Spanish America. And our comandante, in arresting Milner for revenge, was attempting no outrage that had not been effected scores of times with impunity by his colleagues against innocent Americans, but never successfully against Europeans.

His profane, sycophantic apologies to Milner were simply sickening, but the incident broke up the "swaray," and as the morning star burnt a hole in the night over the mountains to the east, we started for the station to prepare Brian for the return trip.

* * *

"Say, Irish, I guess I'd better go back and go to jail."

"What's up now, Joe?"

"Oh, nothin', only I'd rather be in jail than be an Englishman."

"Oh, give me a rest. We have no government to defend us. It's too busy keeping the party in power at home to attend to the rights of American citizenship of tramps, like ourselves, who come to these countries and blaze the trail for American commerce. So we must defend ourselves the best we can. For my part, I have no conscientious scruples about the matter, expect no protection, and when I need none, will be an American first, last and all the time. When I need protection and can't

run the British subject bluff, why I will just take the label off a pack of firecrackers and flash it on our friends, thee nenny, as my certificate of Chinese citizenship. That will bring me through with colors flying when my American passport, nine times out of ten, would only d—n me. Look at our consul in Nicaragua and hold up your head as an American citizen, if you can. He is no worse than the majority of those we have met in our wanderings, and you know as well as I do that 90 per cent of them would sell Old Glory for a mule blanket, if they could find a purchaser."

"You are sure enough right, Irish, but it's d—n tough, and in my opinion when it comes to our having to fall back on the prestige of Johnny Bull for our protection in these countries, the best thing we can do is to send a few of our cruisers across the pond, tow England over to Hoboken, make a beer-garden of her, and proclaim 'The United States of the English Language.' That would make the Monroe doctrine look like thirty cents, and England would make a bully summer resort."

"That's right, old man—it's tough. You and I have driven European machinery out of the markets in half a dozen of these alleged republics, and have been swindled out of at least half our honest earnings by this slippery native tribunals. Did we fail to lay the facts before our country's representatives? Did we ever get redress? Not much! You see, our near-sighted state department has not had time as yet to adopt a policy of protection for American citizens in Spanish America, as England has for her subjects, and only protects such as have 'a pull' at Washington. Knights of the cold chisel and chipping hammer like ourselves, as a rule have no such pull, and consequently have to protect themselves as best they can. So you freeze to your British citizenship, and I will always try to have the label off a pack of firecrackers about me."

The consular service of the United States in Spanish America has improved greatly since the Spanish-American war, and is still improving slowly; but I can name an American consul who, it is said by native government officials, receives the same salary from the government to which he is

accredited that he does from the government he represents, and his official actions indicate that the accusation is correct. If Uncle Sam wishes to get at the rottenness of his consular service in these countries, let him send special detectives, and he will be astonished.

The next day the road was formally opened for regular traffic, the train making the trip up one day, and down the next. Our departures were generally on time and our arrivals most any old time, according to the greenness of the wood. Although Joe always claimed that only dirty people bathe, we stopped anywhere from twenty minutes to an hour and a half, as passengers desired, at the river for a plunge, and both ways at the commandant's ranch to give tourists a chance to invest in bananas. Sometimes, generally after a church feast, we found the bucket brigade loaded with corn juice, or on a strike, and then the passengers would have to turn to and help load Brian with wood and water, to avoid camping out a day or two in the swamps.

Joe protested against covering the automatically adjustable slats of the car seats with raw hide, and we had quite a wrangle over the matter, he claiming that the fun they produced, as they were at the expense of the tenderfeet, was one of the road's greatest attractions, and that the fire was altogether too short to waste any of its salt. That, to really make it livable, under our environment we should double the number of curves on the line, but we finally compromised the matter with the following, printed with small, rubber type, and posted in the darkest corner of the car:

"To avoid inconvenience to their feelings, passengers will please stand when train is rounding curves."

Those who had once experienced the peculiarities of the seats—Joe called them "the initiated"—generally brought gunny sacks with them, and contentedly enjoyed the discomfiture of the "tenderfeet" as much as Joe and myself did, and everybody, the victims excepted, was joyously happy.

We charged fifty cents a mile, first class, and twenty-five cents a mile, second class; and for lack of rolling stock, often had passengers booked a week in advance. Peo-

ple were riding up and down the road for the fun of the thing, and we were packing away legal tender in candle cases.

But all medals have a reverse. The rainy season came on, and as it rained harder inside the "Minnie" than it did outside, only owners of umbrellas and gum coats traveled with us. People who didn't own either of those useful commodities—and they were the majority—claimed that they didn't get quite as wet going to the port on a mule as they did in the train, and they got there in much less time, so traffic began to fall off. However, there were many knowing ones who owned neither umbrellas, mules or gum coats, that stood by us, bringing soap boxes for seats, and riding on top of the car to keep dry, and we were wallowing in wealth well on toward the middle of the season, when tropical vegetation seems bent on climbing heavenward by the shortest possible route, but as receipts were not plethoric enough to hold up section gangs, we had to break into the reserve saved from summer traffic, and in view of the rapidly approaching disaster, it was decided that I should go to the capital and wheedle the government out of subsidy to keep the grass down on the right of way during the rainy season; and I rode through a fifteen days' shower bath to lay our difficulties before His Excellency the President, but it was no go. The old gentleman was very nice about the matter, but it was a case of non possumus. The American paper trust, he claimed, at the instigation of the enemies of his government, had put up the price of printing paper in New York, thereby precipitating a monetary crisis in the country and blocking the wheels of progress. The pay of the troops was seven months in arrears and he had at that moment nine different revolts on his hands, with outlying districts to be heard from. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

I insinuated that if he would order the printing done at the national printing office I would look up the paper, and the proposition brightened the old gentleman up so much that I thought I had won the game. He said the plates were old, had been working overtime, while the government's stock of paper lasted, and didn't give a very good impression, but that if I

would find the paper and divide the proceeds with the government, it was a go. So I went on the market with a house-to-house canvass for paper, but there was none to be had, excepting writing paper, and that, being worth so much more as writing paper than it would be as money, that I would have been in debt after the printing was finished. I gave it up for a bad job.

The result broke the old president all to pieces. He had counted on getting a few dollars for himself, and felt awful bad about my failure to find the raw material at reasonable rates. We had a long and interesting talk on financial affairs, during which I formulated a scheme to boom things and put the national treasury on the apex of prosperity.

I told him that, owing to the high price and scarcity of paper, I thought the shortest cut to national opulence would be to run the currency through the printing press again as fast as it came in through the customs and internal revenue departments, and, with red ink, make ten, twenty and fifty dollar bills out of the ten, twenty and fifty-cent scrip, and hundred thousand dollar bills out of the one dollar bills.

I explained to him that that would start exchange jumping up and down in great shape, and that I was well enough acquainted with operations on Wall street to know that as long as our great financiers could keep things climbing and tumbling, somebody was carting government bonds home on drays and piling them in the woodshed, even if the other fellow was getting it in the neck.

He was highly elated at the simplicity of the proposition, and said he would call a cabinet meeting at once. That if at the beginning of his administration he could have found a man of my financial caliber for the portfolio of finance, the country would have long since rushed to the forefront of commercial prosperity. I didn't dispute him; and we parted the best of friends, he assuring me, as we shook hands, of his sorrow for the fruitlessness of my long journey and the government's inability to show me a little more social attention. He said the band had struck for arrears of salary, but he thought that if I would set up the drinks for its members

he might be able to induce it to go to my hotel in the evening and give me a nice serenade, which was the best and all he could do for me. The band came, a good one, and the way it yanked Mozart, Beethoven and Strauss out of its battered instruments was astonishing, considering the financial situation of its members, and as

"The Blue Danube" began climbing the surrounding hills I tilted my chair back in the moonlight and listened, grinning at Joe across intervening space.

At 4 o'clock the next morning I started for San Pedro a sadder, wiser and poorer railroad king.

This old world of ours, as a rule, runs a general average of 90 per cent trouble, but when men bite off more than they can chew, or get into harness with a white elephant, as Joe and I did when we tackled a busted railroad without anything but jaw as a basis, that average will run a full hundred per cent and lap over.

On my arrival at the Waldorf-Astoria in San Pedro, where we had lodgings, I found Joe washing up after his trip from the port, and we reported to each other.

Standing in one corner of the room I notice a six-foot, five by eighteen inch "quebracha" plank, with rounded top and a piano polish that aroused my curiosity, and I inquired of Joe where he had found such a beautiful sample of that indestruceible wood, and its object.

"That, Irish," he answered, "is Crawford's tombstone. Ain't she a dandy?"

"It's a pretty plank, Joe; is it dry?"

"Dry as a bone."

"What are you going to put on it in the shape of an epitaph?"

"Nuthin'."

"How nothing?"

"It's all on Irish. Turn her over. It's all on 'tother side."

I did so, and found the following in countersunk letters:

"Sacred to the memory of John Crawford, geologist; died September 22, 1894."

And beneath this inscription, on a white card, beautifully lettered and embossed, under a twelve by eighteen inch window pane sunk an inch in the wood, and puttied, the following:

"From some bright spot of ruin girdled
Rhine,

At sunset, when the daily tasks are by;
When twilight borrows, from the blushing
wine,

The tinted shadows for the evening sky;
A mother's thoughts will fondly picture
Another's thoughts will fondly picture
thee.

"And Gretchen now may hurry to the tryst,
And speak thy name, as she has promised
you,

While silver mingles with the golden mist,
Long weeping steals from eyes of sunny
blue,

While time shall beat his march on muf-
fled drum,
May watch, through tears, for him who'll
never come."

And beneath again:
"Requiescat in pace."

"What in blazes are you driving at, Joe?
You don't mean to say that you are going
to put that rot over the old man's grave,
do you? Why, man, if you put that over
him he will climb out and go after you
with a club."

"Look here, Irish, I'm doing this thing
myself, and you will oblige me by keeping
your ladle out of the soup. If it suits me
and old man Crawford, you have no kick
coming that I'm aware of."

"That's it, exactly. It doesn't suit old
man Crawford. It doesn't come within
forty miles of suiting him. Who in thun-
der is Gretchen. If you want to make an
ass of yourself by putting verses on the old
man's tombstone, as you call it, look up
something appropriate."

"Now, look here, Flannagin. I've worked
overtime on them verses, and if they don't
fit the old man, why he will have to make
some kind of a shift to fit the verses, that's
all, for I have done my level best, and I'm
going to plant 'em right at the head of his
grave, whether you're agreeable or not."

"Do you mean to say that you composed
those verses—that they are original?"

"Bet your socks they are. Captain Frank
fixed up the spelling and dots, but nothing
else. Did you suppose I would put im-
ported verses over a dead friend of ours?
Not much, sonny; particularly when I'm

bilin' over with poetry myself. You didn't
know we had a poet in the family did
you?"

"What do you mean by 'While silver min-
gles with the golden mist.?"

"Great Scott! You don't mean to say
you don't understand that? Why, any fool
would know at once that it refers to Gretch-
en's hair. Gretchen is a blonde, of course,
being a German girl, and she's getting gray
waiting for old man Crawford, who is'n't
going to keep the appointment, being as
he has skipped out for the sweet bye-and-
bye. See?"

"Oh, yes, I see. But what do you mean
by 'Requiescat in pace?'"

"Now, you're talking. I don't know what
that means. It's something about a pacing
cat that you can see on every tombstone in
the bone-yard above there, and I just put
her on so the old man could be a Roman
in Rome. It's Latin, all right, and Craw-
ford understands that lingo."

"The whole thing is ridiculous, Joe, and
I think you might do much better, and
come nearer the truth with very little
trouble."

"Truth? Who in h— ever saw any
truth on a tombstone outside the names
and dates. Now, look-a-here; I tried till
my ears ached to think up something ap-
propriate for the old man's grave, but that
cussed tow-headed Dutch girl and the old
frau would bob serenely up and rattle me
every time I tackled the job. I laid awake
nights trying to shake 'em, but they stuck
like the fever and ague to a Mississippi
nigger, till I finally threw up the sponge,
and Crawford will have to accustom him-
self to the changes in his family surround-
ings. It's the best I can do. He will know
I mean well, and that's all I care for. Say,
mebbe the old dame was his mother and
Gretchen his sweetheart, in one of those
past reincarnations you are always chün-
ning about. Who knows? They were most
certainly bent on getting onto that tomb-
stone."

"Shake, Joe, and let her go at that. It's
the heart, after all, behind the intentions
that counts in this world, and

"Never was poem yet writ
But the meaning outmastered the master."

* * *

Things hadn't changed much for better or for worse during my absence at the capital; but a flat car under repair when I left was now in service, and after dining we strolled down to the station to have a look at it. She was built of unseasoned native wood, but otherwise as a pretty good imitation of American workmanship, and Joe had painted her blue, and lettered her, in yellow, "Baggage and Swearing Car No. 1001." In the Minnie the only notable change was a card that read:

"Notice—Passengers desiring to indulge in profanity will please step out on the swearing car. By order of the general manager. J. R. MILNER, Act. Supt."

The flat car, Joe said, was helping out considerable, owing to a load of bananas each way from the comandante's ranch, and it struck me that a threat to close down tram might induce that pecuniarily interested official to keep the right of way clear for us with soldiers, at government expense, and it did, but even with this very material assistance we were running behind, and our summer savings had, as Joe put it, all gone to grass, so it was decided at a general meeting of the board of directors to dispense with the services of the general manager, superintendent, conductor, brakeman and auditor, take in the fireman, a coal-black Jamaican, named White on profits as industrial partner, Milner answering the several positions vacated until he heard from me, and after circulating the report that I was off for London to arrange the road's foreign debt before making improvements, I lit out for home.

I had been at home and work about six weeks when I was surprised with the following wire: "Road turned over to American fruit sharps. Money in my jeans. Everything lovely. Hit the trail tomorrow. Be with you in twenty days.—Milner."

He arrived in due time, with a sight draft on New York for \$4,000, pulled off his coat, and started at his usual job of helper. At dinner some three days later I had noticed, by his far-away looks and forced manner of whistling, that he had something uncomfortable on his alleged mind. He remarked with strained carelessness:

"I say, Irish, you remember that busted revolutionist, Ortiz, you were chinning in

Tegucygalpa about the blow-up on the gulf?"

"Yes, what of him?"

"Well, the d——d fool went down there, got a concession for the whole shooting match, put on engineers and chartered it, and now claims he's a miner. He's running around with his pockets full of rocks, and more legal documents than a Philadelphia lawyer. It just shows 'what fools us mortals be,' as Puck says. He thinks it will run more than \$2 to the ton."

I saw at once there was an African in the fence somewhere, and, with the object of drawing him out, remarked: "How do you know it won't go two dollars? You never made an assay. You claimed it was barren. That ought to have been our property, but you wouldn't listen to me. If it runs one dollar it ought to pay, with millions of tons of rock loose on the surface, waiting for the breaker."

"Oh, give us a rest. Now, just for argument, suppose it does run two dollars, or even six, what are you going to do with it? There isn't a water-power that would run a sewing machine within a hundred miles, and the little wood on the beach wouldn't last a week for steam. Coal, as you say, can be brought; but are you going to make steam out of salt water? Ortiz has been digging the whole territory full of holes, and that's the only kind of water he has found as yet. No, sir; I tell you, Irish, it's an impossible proposition."

"I'd bet dollars to doughnuts, Joe, that it's all right, or Ortiz wouldn't have gone into it. I feel it in my bones, and I hope it is all right, for I want to see what the smart Alecks have to say for themselves when Ortiz is wearing diamonds."

That night, after the lights were out, when I had rolled over to think myself to sleep, Joe broke out with:

"I say, Mulligan, that fool crowd of Dutchmen, the Rossners, put in the money for Ortiz to put a five-stamp mill on that blow-up, and they are prospecting it in partnership. Those mutton-headed Prussians think it will run over ten dollars, but I can tell you right now that if they get even nine dollars out of such stuff, they will be doing mighty well."

"What!" I yelled, "nine dollars? Confound your gall! Didn't you just say it

wouldn't go over two?"

"Hold on there, now, Irish; I didn't say anything of the kind. I said Ortiz thought the stuff would run over two dollars. That's what I said, and, to tell the truth, I think it will; but I didn't want to get you hot around the collar by telling it."

"Now, Joe, you are trying to keep from lying. Out with it. How much does it go to the ton? You can't humbug me, for I know Rosner & Co. are not the men to put up a five-stamp outfit without knowing what they are going to crush. So, out with it. How much does she go?"

"Well, Irish. I'll tell you the honest truth, even if it does make me feel like kicking myself. They are getting about nine dollars out of it, but there isn't a man in the outfit who knows anything about milling. So they are losing the Lord knows how much more. What they get is costing forty dollars an ounce, and they will continue to lose money, hand over fist, unless they get the water on the property from Nacaome, which, the engineers estimate, will cost \$280,000. So you see they haven't any very great soft snap to speak of."

We couldn't quarrel comfortably in the dark, so we lighted up and had it out in great shape, Joe defending his pig-headedness as best he could, and I reading him the riot act in various languages.

In the morning I was awakened by his yelling at me, through the open window from the street, to get out, quick, as he had something very important to tell me. And when I obeyed the summons, wrapped in a sheet, I found him with all my dearest apparel, and gun, grinning like a blithering idiot, and looking like a hall thief.

"What in blazes are you doing out there with my clothes, Joe Milner? Are you daft, or what's the matter with you?"

"Hold on, Irish, I want to explain matters. There's a cop down on the corner, and if you come out here and chase me around in your night shirt you will get pulled sure, so you might as well keep quiet and listen to me."

"Give me my clothes, you maudling jackass. What's gotten into you, anyhow?"

"Not if the court knows herself, you don't get any clothes until I'm satisfied you

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can behave yourself. Now, don't get excited and go off the hooks. I have been wanting to explain matters ever since my arrival, but I was afraid you'd commit manslaughter."

"Explain, then, confound you! What is it?"

"Well, sonny, the amount of the matter is just this: That Santa Lucia gang of pudding-headed Englishmen have bought half of the Ortiz concession for two hundred thousand pounds sterling. There, now, that's off my mind, but I'll keep your clothes till you cool off."

* * *

The rest I will leave to the reader's imagination.

Joe said he was very sorry he hadn't brought the swearing car with him.

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"Those? Why those were the wholesalers."

"Well, who were those fellows in carriages?"

"Those fellows in plug hats, smoking the big, black cigars?"

"Yes."

"They were the distillers and brewers."

"Who were those fellows walking there with the white plug hats, white coats and gold-headed canes?"

"They were the retailers."

"Who were those fellows that brought up the rear?"

"Fellows with cauliflower noses and fringe on their pants—the crowd I was with?"

"Yes."

"Oh, they were the consumers."—The Delawarean.

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