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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 9

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 the best work of its kind to aid humanity to become conscious of the Christ-power within. Success will follow its Light.

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 Oct. 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 repartee 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 is 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 Melquarejo.

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 Tramp 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 Kopeitzky 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 Chalchuapa 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.



The Path-Finder

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

VOL. II.

ROSWELL, COLORADO, JUNE, 1903.

No. 9

The Path-Finder

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, EDITOR.

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EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, Pres't and Mag'r.
M. E. BENJAMIN, Secretary.

NOTE—All personal communications intended for the Editor should be addressed to Edgar Wallace Conable and marked *Personal*, and all matters pertaining to business should be addressed to The Path-Finder Publishing Co., as all communications not marked *personal* go directly into the hands of the Secretary of the Company or an assistant.

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

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BY THE EDITOR.

Our New Home.

THE EDITOR of THE PATH-FINDER has been traveling since last he met his readers face to face in these columns. He has been away down in Dixie, not so awfully far, but just far enough. He took an eight hundred mile spurt down in northwestern Arkansas and

landed on the summit of the picturesque Ozark range, at and near Rogers, in the county of Benton, which nestles in the square of the right angle where Missouri, the Indian Territory and Arkansas hang over the back fence and gossip with each other about every new "tenderfoot" who chances to cross their domains. It is down here that you see the first signs put up in the depots after crossing the Missouri line, reading, "For Whites;" "For Blacks." But I must confess that I could not understand the necessity for the existence of these conspicuous sign boards in this particular portion of the South, for during my whole week's stay I never set eyes on the face of a colored person who was not employed on the railroad trains. On expressing my surprise I was informed that this particular altitude was "too high" for the colored people to survive in. I was also shown the remnant of a tree (recently broken down of its own weight and decrepitude) whose spinal curvature (as well as some other things) had made it a conspicuous landmark for half a century back. This tree seemed to understand that it had a special mission in life, hence it had builded its physical structure to conform to the (then considered) needs of the hour. This tree, though deformed, had grown to herculean proportions. It started at the roadside, arose in mid-air for eight or ten feet, then it curved gracefully and stretched out clear across the public highway. Its particular mis-



sion was apparent. Whenever the "public spirited" inhabitants of this section of the country felt called upon to "remove" a fellow-citizen, he (the fellow-citizen) was just loaded into a wagon and carted out to this tree. The tree did the rest. It is said that as many as seven human bodies have been seen dangling from this tree at one time. One man told me that he himself had seen three men hanging from it at one time—two colored men and one white man. It is here, also, I was told, that scouts of the opposing armies used to meet at times during the rebellion. Some times the representatives of one side tested the "supporting" qualities of this tree and some times the representatives of the other side, for close to the roots of this famous human supporter emerges from the bowels of the solid rocks one of the most beautiful and life-giving springs of crystal waters of which the Great Master has made this section of the world famous. So, among some other things, the editor of THE PATH FINDER purchased this spring, together with four or five others, all being attached to about thirty-three acres of land lying one mile from the beautiful little village of Rogers. I told the people that I desired to save this famous tree as a relic to place in a museum I would some day build, but it may disappear for fire-wood before my return to this country.

* * * *

Thinking and dreaming over a suitable future home for THE PATH FINDER, as I had decided to make a change in the not very distant future—such a change as would bring me in direct touch with a climate that would be suitable for all my purposes—I was induced to take this trip to northwestern Arkansas by a personal friend whom I had never had the pleasure of meeting; but I knew a

blessed woman who, when in life, was the mother of this person, hence I was filled with confidence that the things about this country related to me through correspondence, were true. Anyway I would go and test the veracity of this daughter of my good friend and determine for myself if it would be wise to favorably consider the apex of the Ozark range as a suitable home for my future labors. Again, I was forwarded data respecting a tract of land of 8,000 acres lying not so very distant from this same village of Rogers. I was informed that here were grown the apples that carried off the first prizes at the World's Fair; that the proof was forthcoming that these same apples would keep two years in cold storage; that any number of growers were receiving from \$50 to \$100 per acre for these apples right on the trees and the purchasers did all the harvesting and packing; that the finest Elberta peaches in the world grew here; that \$100 per acre for a season's strawberries was not an exceptional occurrence; that all kinds of small fruits grew in the same proportion; that one grower was making a vast fortune out of grapes, and that I could prove all these statements myself if I would but come and look and investigate; that this particular tract of land which it was desired I should look at was heavily laden with beautiful pine and about all the hard woods known to the expert "entomologist;" that the whole tract was covered with beautiful ever-flowing springs; that every valley was kept green by the constant output from these beautiful springs; that mysterious caves and caverns abounded everywhere; that a thousand varieties of wild flowers dotted every foot of slope and valley; that everything in the shape of building material was in abundance—not excepting slate and marble; that there was no

dust and mud was an impossibility; that sickness was an impossibility; that the climatic conditions were unsurpassed in any other portion of the United States; that every foot of soil, whether in wood or on plane, was so rich with life-giving energy that any industrious human being, not in the throes of death, could make a fine living on five acres of ground, and get rich off of ten acres.

These are a few of the claims that led me to visit northwestern Arkansas.

Did I verify their accuracy, you ask?

Yes, but it did not put me in possession of one-half of the possibilities I can now see in this great store-house of superlative beauty and wealth. I rode in a buggy for two days over this property, first driving over an extensive section of other portions of the county, that I might fit myself to become a competent judge. I found more of beauty and grandeur, in stored-up wealth and possibilities, waiting to be plucked by human hands, right here in this comparatively short radius of eight thousand acres than it has ever before been my privilege to gaze upon, and I have encompassed every portion of the United States and British Columbia during past years, so that my opportunities for seeing and knowing about my own country have not been either limited or circumscribed.

At the conclusion of the journey I said to the owner (Senator Blackburn): "Your property suits me; your price suits me. It now rests with you to give me such an option as will enable me to turn around and get my people in line."

The deal was closed and THE PATH FINDER Park Company will take formal possession of this magnificent estate on or before the 1st day of August, 1903.

* * * *

Already the editor of THE PATH FINDER has work enough laid out to con-

sume twenty-five years' of time in its consummation. A system of the finest parks in the world will be constructed, bordering on lakes and springs everywhere. A hundred miles of magnificent boulevards, touching the entire park system, will be built. Three to four thousand acres in all kinds of fruits will be planted. Townsites will be laid out for the erection of factories of every description, to put into utility the products of this soil. The wood is here; the water is here; the horse-power is here; the fruit is here; the stone is here; the slate and marble are here—everything is here to establish the most progressive community of non-meat eaters, non-whisky drinkers and non-tobacco users that the world has ever seen. Technical schools in the mechanical and higher arts will be a principal feature. Schools from the primary department up to the classics will be established. An electric road will link the entire property, bringing it and its inhabitants in close touch with the outward world. All this, and more.

But not a living, animate creature will ever be destroyed by the hand of man on these premises. Should such a thing happen the offender will never again set foot on the property; for the by-laws of this corporation will be so strict and stringent in this particular that no class of murderers will be tolerated or excused.

* * * *

The Path-Finder Park Company will be the name of the corporation which is to prosecute and put into practical operation the specific ideas and teachings of the editor of the magazine of this name. So generally and universally are these ideas being accepted throughout the entire world that it has been regarded by the author and promulgator of these teachings as a necessary adjunct to his

The Path-Finder

magazine labors to give people who desire to live on a higher plane of growth and who are not so situated as to make it possible, an opportunity and at the same time enable them to not only become self-supporting, but to become opulent in every department of life.

To this end grounds all the way from one acre up to twenty acres will be leased for terms of twenty years, with the privilege of twenty-year renewals, and so on, to all persons who possess brains and energy and care to work—and who live properly—at a merely nominal rental. They will also be given an opportunity to become stockholders in the company and share with the general prosperity of all. Homes will be built by the company at the smallest possible rate of interest on the original cost. The cost of fuel supply will be merely nominal, as it is there in abundance. Employment will be given to those who do not care to become fruit growers. Stores and all kinds of business houses will become a natural necessity. Schools everywhere; but no churches. There is no place for a church among the educated and thinking classes. It is only the man or woman who is too dense to think who wants a church or hand-me-down religion. The thinking man finds his whole Soul filled with Glory and every day in the week is Sunday to him. The glory of the Creator is everywhere visible to him—in the mighty trees of the forest; in the tiny tip of the shooting star that nods its welcome to the passerby; in the cavernous depths whence the silvery waters first kiss the vibrant shafts of the golden sunbeams as they come to distribute life and light; in the valley and on the slope; in the fruit and in the nuts—all are filled with the Thinking Man's God of Eternal Life, and no one-horse, seven-dollar snuff-dipping apostle of any creed can

make him change his mind.

So the followers of THE PATH FINDER will have an opportunity to come in touch with that Mighty Eternal Force that *builds* and does not *destroy*. This is the difference between the Orthodox God and THE PATH FINDER's God—the one constantly leads a funeral procession while the other never ceases to inspire the vital existant chord of every living thing. The one is a Creator; the other is a Destroyer.

But I was talking about THE PATH-FINDER's new home and I slipped a cog for a single instant as the memory of some of the incidents in the lives of some of the victims of a densely ignorant system flitted through my brain. Whenever I open a valve leading to the thought recesses of the past, I am inclined to retrospection. For me to retrospect is to dip my pen again into the lurid flame that lights up the infamies of a system of charlatantry that is making corpses for the vulture instead of food for the Souls of men, and because of this—and some other things, I suppose—I occasionally drift away from the subject in hand; and then, too, this is the way I make PATH-FINDERS.

* * * *

The Path-Finder Park Company is being organized with a capital of 3,000,000 shares of the par value of \$1.00 per share. It will be incorporated under the laws of Arkansas, which are most liberal in the matter of corporate organizations. Every one who is interested in the object and purposes of this corporation are invited to become stockholders. Of this amount, 1,490,000 shares will be placed in the treasury—490,000 of which will be sold on the basis of 20 cents per share. The remaining 1,000,000 shares will be held at par.

No one person outside the-incorporators will be sold in excess of 25,000 shares of stock; and no one will be sold less than 200 shares; and at no time will the controlling interest of the stock go out of the hands of the projector of this company—the editor of this magazine. So, it will never transpire that any outside influence will be in position to dictate the policy of the company or turn it into a commercial scheme. But let it be understood at the outset that this company is not, in the slightest degree, dependent upon the sale of stock for its inception or perpetuity. Indeed, the editor of THE PATH FINDER and half a dozen of his friends are perfectly competent to handle the whole enterprise—even though it were twice its magnitude. So this is neither a begging nor a charity scheme. The individual who is privileged to buy this stock is the favored one. And no one will get any of this stock who cannot put up a “certificate of character” as to his or her methods of living.

It is expected that by the time another PATH FINDER is ready to go to press the company will have been fully organized, directors and officers chosen, and the stock books in readiness to begin business. Until such quarters on the company's property are made ready, the office of this company, as well as that of THE PATH FINDER, will be in Rogers, Ark. The July issue of this magazine will contain all details as to our immediate future movements.

* * *

No man who ever visited northwestern Arkansas has seen all the sights and all the good things until he has met Mr. Carl A. Starck, the now famous proprietor of Vinola Wine Ranch, a beautiful fourteen hundred acre tract of land lying midway between Rogers and the estate just acquired by the Path-Finder Park Company. Mr. Starck with a dear mother and sister, resides on this property, and they have made it in reality the Garden of the Gods; but these good, thrifty, pro-

gressive people at once came to know what Nature's demands were in the way of growth development, and there was perfect harmony established at once. So Carl Starck soon became one of Natur's authorized working agents and should any one be curious to ascertain if he is likely to trip up on a “civil service” examination in the near future, all doubt will vanish as you pull in sight of this beautiful, but dignified, home overlooking the flowered valley where flows the sparkling White River.

I am not going to stop to give any details concerning the Starck holdings and the wonderful accomplishments on every hand visible, for I was sufficiently filled with newspaper nerve to ask Mr. Starck to do this for himself. But I will say that this was hardly fair treatment on my part, for Mr. Starck is not the man to ever parade an accomplishment, and he possesses many, and is entitled to such tribute to his manhood and citizenship—not to say to his genius—as no word in the vocabulary of the writer will fittingly express.

So, as Mr. Starck was kind enough to comply with my rude request to tell me something—for THE PATH FINDER—of the country of which he is so familiar and of which he has now become an inseparable and indispensable part, I am more than pleased to be able to abbreviate this article largely, as the contribution following, from Mr. Starck's pen, covers more ground and more intelligently than it would be possible for me to, even though I were one of the “oldest inhabitants” of Arkansas.

Under date of May 5th Mr. Starck writes:

Mr. E. W. Conable, Editor The Pathfinder.
Roswell, Colo.

Dear Sir:—I readily comply with your request for a few words concerning this section and our venture, and having lived here for fifteen years am presumably, acquainted with the conditions, and can say that for desirability from almost any viewpoint this southern slope of the Ozark

plateau, and more particularly the eastern half of Benton County, Arkansas, offers unusual attractions.

The climate is about all one could wish; winter enough to keep one vigorous, and the summer not oppressive; and in fact there are not a half dozen nights in the summer when one doesn't require a blanket before morning; no mosquitos and practically no malaria. The annual rainfall of about 40 inches is properly distributed throughout the year.

Our mean annual temperature is about 57 or 58 degrees, the mean summer temperature 76 to 77 degrees, and the mean winter temperature is 44 to 45 degrees. The prevailing wind, seldom tempestuous, is the "Gulf Breeze" from the south, and our winter snowfall all added together amounts to 7 or 8 inches and this hardly ever lies on the ground as long as three days.

We have about 225 to 250 clear sunshiny days and 75 to 85 days in the year having a measurable amount of rain or other precipitation.

Our locality, 1,385 feet above the sea, is so healthful that it is practically a sanitarium and is becoming dotted with health resorts, notably Eureka Springs, Monte Ne and Electric Springs, overflowing every summer with guests from the north as well as from the south, for our summers are cooler here than they are 600 miles to the northward, and owing to the absence of humidity, 98 degrees here is not unpleasant, while 88 in Chicago or New York is unbearably suffocating and productive of many cases of heat prostration, while there has never been a case of sunstroke in this region.

This Ozark mountain country was practically unknown until opened up by the Frisco Railway, but it is now fast filling with a very desirable class of people and land is rapidly rising in value. The leading commercial feature of the county is apple-growing and more than 2,000 carloads were shipped out in 1901, and, according to the report of the last federal census there are more apple trees planted in Benton than in any other county in the United States, about one and two-thirds million trees, three years ago. The class of land, however, best adapted to apples, and other fruits as well, is as yet but little planted;

this is the broken chert ridge land constituting perhaps two-fifths of our total area.

Although it is probably a matter of common knowledge, I ought perhaps to call your attention to the fact that Benton county apples were awarded the first prize at the World's Fair in Chicago in '93 and since then at Paris, and in fact wherever and whenever exhibited.

The class of land referred to is covered with timber, much of it valuable white and red oak and pine; it is well watered by clear mountain streams, and a spring of the purest water may be found in almost every hollow. These lands offer the best promise of profitable investment to the speculator, and they are also the most desirable and valuable to the home seeker, whether he comes for health, or is a horticulturist and intends to follow fruit-growing, or is the man upon whom fortune has smiled and is seeking a pleasant place in which to spend at least a part of the year, though even then he can be practicing a practical system of forestry derive a limited but continuous revenue from the timber.

All fruits attain a higher color and finer flavor on this land than elsewhere and buyers uniformly pay 25 cents per barrel more for apples grown upon it. Our ranch consists of 1,300 acres of this kind of land and we selected this soil especially for its admirable adaptation to the growing of medicinal red wines.

The surface is covered with fragments of broken chert, and it is underlaid at a depth of from two to three feet with a crimson red clay that is 30 per cent. iron—a soft, low grade iron ore, in fact. It yields a wine of wonderful "body" and color that possesses the tonic and red-corsuscule-making properties of red wine in the very highest degree. A glass of it looked at by reflected light seems black, it is so dark. We have our market for it with that class of people who are willing to pay a good price for a good article for home or family use.

Our acreage is limited to 7,000 vines, of not heavy yielding varieties, however, though we did once try an acre of Concords (since discarded and the roots grafted to better vines) which in its fifth year

yielded 450 gallons of pure juice—a gallon to the vine—which, at \$1.00 per gallon is a nice revenue from an acre of ground, then not yet deeded, and which six years before was government land covered with timber, the title to which was at the time being

Resources of all kinds are abundant here perfected under the free homestead laws. yet any one can get a start in life and establish a competence with less money than almost anywhere else. As an illustration I will say that the rock (555 wagon loads) composing the stone dwelling house you saw was quarried within 150 yards of the building. The lumber was laid down at from \$10 to \$11 per 1,000 feet. with \$1.50 to \$2.50 per 1,000 feet added for surfacing both sides or making into flooring, etc.; the sand (90 wagon loads) was hauled from the river, two miles; without any other cost. Some of the lime was bought at 25 cents per bushel and some was burned here, getting rid thereby of a lot of limestone spalls and a lot of unsightly timber; so you see it is possible to make substantial improvements here with a little money.

We are in touch with the great outside world and existence here is very endurable, now that the pull is over, with a good library on the place, the daily papers and the best of the current literature.

I had followed a clerical avocation for years previous to coming here and have the right to affix "L.L.B." to my name from one of the best universities in the east, and after having tried both sides I can truthfully say that I infinitely prefer this life to clerical work or the practice of law.

There are innumerable opportunities here for anyone with a little "grit," and anyone else can do as well as the writer has done.

Trusting that some of the above points may be interesting to you,

I am very truly,

CARL A. STARCK.

As one of the many evidences in my possession as to the mighty productive possibilities of this particular section of Arkansas, the following clipping from a local paper is presented. The village referred to is close to Rogers and the holdings of The Pathfinder Park Company, and the case cited is by no means an isolated one, nor is it exceptional. Any of

the lands here will duplicate the same record. Indeed it is regarded by those competent to judge that the lands comprising the estate just purchased will prove to contain 20 per cent. greater producing properties than any of the lands closer in to these towns and villages. This I believe to be true, for reasons explained to me, but which I will not now stop to dwell upon.

Here is the clipping from a local Benton County paper, the name of which I do not recall if I ever heard it:

WHAT TEN ACRES WILL DO.

Major Mayberry, a well-known farmer of this county living 1 1-2 miles southwest of Lowell, produced the following results from 10 acres of land last year set to fruit, viz.

Raspberries.....	\$2000.00
Raspberry tips	375.00
Peaches	400.00
Apples	125.00

Total.....\$2,900.00

The peaches were sold on the trees for the above amount, and the purchaser made \$1,000 out of the deal, which would have gone to Mr. Mayberry had he handled them himself.

We ask: Does fruit culture pay in Benton County, and cite you to the above for answer.

* * * *

As further authoritative evidence of the apple-producing possibilities of this section of Arkansas—Benton County—I am just in receipt of a circular put out by the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad Company, commonly known as the "Frisco System," entitled "Fruit Figures." This circular gives the total output of the states of Kansas, Missouri and Arkansas during the year 1902. Benton county, Arkansas, leads the whole list of counties by more than double. Green county, Missouri, shipped 51,640 barrels during the year 1902, this being the largest number of barrels of any

other county in the three states except Benton County. The output from Benton County, according to the company's statement, and it handled the entire apple product of this section, was 127,500 barrels, and of this amount there were shipped from the station of Rogers alone 48,000 barrels—more barrels from the town of Rogers alone than from any other whole county in the United States barring the one just named in Missouri. And this county of Benton will more than double its apple product during the next five years, for during the years from 1890 to 1900, according to the same authority, there were 5,784,495 young apple trees set out which will begin making a record the coming year; and during the present year, as the great profits from apple growing are being made more apparent, the increase in setting out young trees is doubling. I saw thousands of acres of land being cleared off for this purpose.

The Pathfinder Park Company will set out from three to four thousand acres of apple trees during the next five years. Five years after these trees are set out (using two-year-old trees) the product will average \$100 per acre annually.

It can be easily understood that this is a product that cannot be overdone. Every foot of suitable apple-growing soil in the United States might be turned into raising apples tomorrow, and it would be impossible to begin to supply the demand. Great shiploads are now finding a market in Europe, and during the past season there came demands for these American apples clear from Japan and other portions of the Orient. And the beauty of it all is that the buyers harvest the crop, pack and ship it without trouble to the grower. The grower receives a check for his crop right on the trees, and that is all there is to it.

I would rather get rich growing apples as food for the human race than be King of England or President of the United States.

But this is only one very small object of the real purposes of incorporating The Path-Finder Park Company, of which more anon.

Here are a few facts concerning Benton County, Ark., from the pen of Senator Blackburn. They will be found most interesting:

Here are a few facts concerning Benton County, Arkansas, from the pen of Senator Blackburn. They will be found most interesting:

A FINE CLIMATE.

The climate of northwest Arkansas has been locally celebrated since the first settlement of the county. My father came to what is now Benton County, in 1832, and made this his home till he died at the ripe old age of 81 years. A short sojourn here at any season of the year will convince the visitor of its excellence.

Here you will not be burned by the summer sun, as the temperature rarely runs above 90 degrees, even during the heated term the sun being not nearly so warm as in the northwestern states.

No hot winds will rack your nerves nor ague shake your frame. Nor will you be chilled to the bone by icy blasts of the winter, for the mercury rarely ever gets below zero.

We have frequently been asked how it could be that in the south the summers are cool and the winters mild, to which I can only answer that it is probably because of the high altitude and on account of our closeness to the Boston mountains.

It is a fact well known that the climate of northwest Arkansas is in many respects practically a northern climate under a southern sky, with as little difference between the summer and winter temperatures as in any part of the United States, except possibly the Southern Pacific coast.

The annual rainfall will average over forty inches, divided evenly throughout the year, thus making crop failures a practical impossibility.

This evenness of temperature and regularity of rainfall, together with our high, dry altitude, tend to make it a remarkably healthy climate.

WATER.

Owing to the mountain spure running cold water everywhere. There is scarcely

cold water everywhere. There is scarcely a farm that does not have a spring of its own or border on some stream of pure mountain water, and this is especially so in the eastern part of Benton county, where many of the springs are pure soft water and are noted far and wide for their cures of kidney troubles.

There are no negroes in the east half of Benton County. Many old soldiers who wore the Blue during the rebellion are locating here on account of the pure water and mild climate and her hospitable people.

In conclusion, I will say to all those who are looking for a medium climate and pure water and a good fruit and stock country, come to Benton County.

BENTON COUNTY FRUIT.

Benton County, Arkansas, has more apple trees than any other county in the United States. In 1901 Rogers shipped 359 cars apples, 46 cars Elberta peaches, 38 cars strawberries, and fruit tree planting is on the increase more than ever before.

Benton County leads all counties by shipping over 2,000 carloads of apples in 1901, and put 227 cars of apples in cold storage.

Benton county is a good all-purpose farming and grain growing country, aside from being the best fruit-producing country in the world. It is also very healthy, has an elevation of 1,500 feet for the table lands which are nearly level. The valleys are rich grain growing lands and is a good stock raising country, abounding in many good springs.

R. H. Patterson of Pea Ridge, Benton County, sold the apples in his orchard of 30 acres of Ben Davis trees to a commission house for \$3,000—\$100 per acre. The firm secured 2,000 barrels of No. 1 apples from the orchard besides the culls. Paterson also sold \$400 worth of peaches that season. That was \$3,400 off less than 40 acres.

Dr. J. W. Webster, a leading physician of Siloam Springs, Benton County, owns two large farms near that place—one a stock farm of 200 acres and one a fruit farm of 240 acres. On his fruit farm Dr. Webster has an apple orchard of 65 acres. From his 65-acre orchard he sold over \$5,000 worth of apples last season.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

I felt for Kansas on my way home

from the Sunny South. Along about Hutchinson and this side nearly to the Colorado line, a severe blizzard struck us. When daylight dawned there were drifts of snow two feet deep all along the track. The great fields as far as the eye could reach, where a few days before all was green with the coming harvest, were enveloped in the white shroud of death, and the bleating lamb's tiny ma-ah-ah-ah was hushed forever.

A man who said that he was from Tennessee boarded the train at Monett, Mo. By this time the "offenders" had taken their seats. "And they are going to sit down, too," he exclaimed, excitedly. "Well, well, I am not accustomed to this." Then he opened his mouth and a spider-full of accumulated tobacco juice flew all over the floor. I suggested gently: "I am not used to *this*," pointing to the pool of mire, "but I understand that further down the line all the railway companies supply each seat with a tub, so that the passengers can safely walk up and down the aisle without fear of drowning." He gazed on me with amazement and then let'er fly again. He was not accustomed to my ways either.

* * * *

I overheard a man say, while en route to Arkansas, that he used to live in Colorado and that it was a fact that all the preachers in Colorado were starving to death. He said they could not open their churches on Sundays because all the members 'cept a few women went fishing on Sunday. He did not locate the particular portion of Colorado where the fish were so plentiful. Of course I knew it could not be Colorado Springs, for here they catch only suckers, and it is not necessary to close the churches to do this, either.

* * * *

I saw some genuine razor-back hogs when down in Arkansas. A friend who was driving me through the country called my attention to them. One of them was leaning up against a tree, hoisting

The Path-finder

and lowering his spinal column in great shape. "Do you know what that hog is doing?" I was asked. I thought I knew, but I didn't wish to appear too smart on short acquaintance, so I said, "No." "Well, he is sharpening his razor," was the reply. I thought the hog was shaving the bark off the tree for his next meal; but I despise controversies.

* * * *

The moment I struck the spring district in Arkansas I grasped a tin cup and I don't think I let go of it more than ten minutes at a time during the entire week. I have heard tell of water-logging a section of country by persistent irrigation, but I have personally never witnessed any such record as I made during this short period.

* * * *

But if you are in search of hospitality and a full meal, just drop in on some of the Southern homes and every care in life will vanish—for the time being—until the food end of the hospitality begins its deadly work. One sitting of this sort did me for a week; in fact I may say that I am still closely allied to some portions of it.

* * * *

About a mile northeast of Rogers lies a beautiful little valley filled with delicious mineral springs, though these springs are by no means all confined to the valley. Here and there on the mountain slopes the subterranean reservoirs find their exit and flow down the mountain in gentle ripples and sparkling foam. It is said that no one who ever drinks freely from these mineral springs ever complains of kidney, stomach or bladder troubles, and that rheumatism disappears in a comparatively short time. I am not prepared to speak authoritatively respecting this claim, but I do know that these springs possess great medicinal properties. Five or more of these springs are located on the small tract of land purchased by the writer—two of which are unmistakably pregnated with iron. A

gentleman told me that he had a brother who was troubled with an apparently incurable case of constipation, and that he had been unfitted all last summer for any sort of work. He came out to one of these springs and staid a week, drinking freely of this spring water. He was completely cured. I am not prepared to verify or dispute this claim, but I do know that Nature's pharmacies are everywhere within man's reach, and that he who is not physically strong in these parts is the exception.

* * * *

At one time some of the residents of Rogers, together with some of the Frisco railroad officials, thought to make a resort in this valley for the benefit, especially, of the parched sombreroed Texan who is compelled to seek a fresh breath of air during mid-summer and dog days. A small hotel was constructed and some of the springs put in order, but as some of the property was then in litigation, no extensive improvements were made. Thousands of Texans would flock here every summer could they find accommodations. One or two private individuals have prepared limited accommodations for visitors, but there is nothing that will begin to meet the demand. Mrs. Evans, an energetic and progressive woman from the North, has built what she calls the Cottage Hotel, a good-sized frame structure with spring water piped into it for both drinking and bathing purposes. The demands on her rooms have been so great that she is, at this writing, completing another quite large addition to her hotel which will partially supply the demands. Mrs. Evans is a born hostess, and no one can ever leave her home without feeling that they have received every attention they could possibly desire. With a little capital, this portion of Arkansas can be converted into the most beautiful and popular health and summer resort to be found in the United States. My only surprise is that capital has not before invested here.

But it is going that way now. A half dozen people were right on my heels to secure the magnificent tract of land which will now be converted into Path-Finder Park.

* * * *

On reaching Rogers I was immediately notified that I was to take an over-land ride of thirty-five miles to a thriving spring town called Shiloh Springs. This was, in part, to give me an extensive view of the magnificent apple and peach orchards abounding everywhere. I at once fell into the idea, especially when I was informed that the correspondent who had been instrumental in inducing me to visit Arkansas, and whom I knew to have been an elocutionist of exceptional gifts in New York City, was to give a recital that night at this point. I had left home unexpectedly, but had wired my coming, so it was impossible to cancel any dates. Indeed, it was unnecessary to change any plans on my account, and I was delighted that everything "happened" just as it did. Miss May Gleason, whose mother I had known in Colorado Springs during the past few months before she was called to the "other side," was the lady elocutionist. She presented an exquisite programme, necessitating the highest order of art to do it complete justice. I was entertained. When I say that I was *entertained* by an elocutionist, I tell the whole story. I encompass more in that one word than most people could in a half column article, for it takes an *artist* to entertain me in this branch of professional stage equipment.

The return trip was made by rail, so the opportunities to see a wide scope of country before visiting the property I had come to see, was ample. I needed no further proof as to the possibilities of fruit raising in this particular section of God's kingdom. I was equipped to take up the two days' trip over the Blackburn estate which was to begin bright and

early the following morning after arriving in Rogers.

A word about the village of Rogers itself. Rogers is situated in Benton County, Arkansas—the extreme northwest county of the state—on the main line of what is known as the Frisco* System of railroad running from both Kansas City and St. Louis. Within the past few days this system has been merged with that of the Rock Island, which now forms one of the greatest of American railroads. Rogers is situated practically on top of the Ozark range, about 1,500 feet above sea level; contains 3,000 inhabitants; is 200 miles from Kansas City and about 300 miles from St. Louis. Many Union veteran soldiers live down here and there is not a colored man in all the community or in this portion of the county for that matter. There are good schools, an academy, water works, and an electric lighting plant. The town is being modernized every day. The people are law abiding and there is a general air of prosperity everywhere. There are two banks and the commercial interests of the village are steadily growing. The trains were crowded with people flocking this way. THE PATH FINDER expects to bring 10,000 people to this section during the next five years. It is a veritable gold mine for the man who is really ambitious to become opulent.

* * * *

While the editor of THE PATH-FINDER has long been engaged to the beautiful state of Colorado, still there has never been any marriage ceremony performed: hence there will be no divorce proceedings when this severance takes place. In many ways Colorado has no superior among the galaxy that forms this great Republic. Indeed, I would not think of swapping Colorado as a whole for Arkansas as a whole, but this tiny little corner away up in the northwest portion possesses an all-round charm that I could not withstand. It surely must have been here that the "Arkansas Traveler's" thoughts turned to the poetic side of life.

No one could tarry here long and not muse with the gods that paint the faces on the violets and pulsate with vital life in every fiber of the mighty oak that speaks the language of the Infinite.

* * * *

Hon. J. A. C. Blackburn, from whom the purchase of this magnificent tract of land was made, was born close to this property and lived upon it for many years. His father and mother passed away here at what is regarded as the ripe old age of eighty-one. Mr. Blackburn has long lived in Rogers and is one of its most esteemed and respected citizens. Twice in his life has he represented his home people in the State Senate. He is a cousin of the famous senator, Joe Blackburn, of Kentucky. His marked characteristics are strict integrity, honesty of purpose, sociability and a love for exact justice. His religion is a s broad as the canopy of heaven and he does not chew tobacco. So it did not take Senator Blackburn and myself long to become good friends. He soon understood what I wanted and he knew that he had just what I wanted, so he kept quiet, for he knew that in a ride of fifty miles that I would find out for myself that he had just what I wanted. He didn't need to talk. The trees, the brooks, the springs, the flowers, the birds, the caves, the caverns, the rocks, the vines—all told the story for themselves—and it was framed in poetry and songs of gladness that I had come on the scene before the day of commercial slaughter had arrived when the woodman would fell those great giants of the forest—that wondrous medium that attracts the vital essence of living life from out the Universe. They knew that by my coming they would be saved and that I would only remove the cripples and deformed, that those that were physically perfect might live the more perfect lives.

We say that "nothing happens," that there is a Mighty force that shapes the destiny of every living thing. This is true; but not everyone understands that

this Mighty Force lives and has its being within the cells of all that grows and that this is the power that shapes our destiny. This Force is not without; it is within—within the animate and the inanimate alike. What led me to this Garden of the Gods? What force induced Senator Blackburn to save this forest for me and for my work? It was the Mighty Power vested within each individual which worked in perfect harmony. Senator Blackburn is in full sympathy with my work. His mind has long been turned in many of the channels THE PATH-FINDER is evolving. So there was a harmonious interchange of thoughts that reached out until they met. That is all there was to this transaction. The rest was purely superficial.

The writer must ask to be excused for devoting the principal portion of the editorial department of this issue to THE PATH-FINDER'S new home; but we believe that most of our readers will be pleased with the innovation. However this may be, such a thing is not likely to occur again in the near future.

A Judge's Opinion.

OUR good friend, Judge Larrabee, of Gardiner, Maine, often sends us a complimentary word along with his subscription renewals and at other times. This is one of the other times when the bridge is moved to echo the vibrant sounds of THE PATH-FINDER in language unmistakable.

Edgar Wallace Conable.

Dear Sir and Friend: I send hearty greetings for your April number of The Path Finder, which I have read with unabating interest from beginning to ending. So far as your articles are concerned, the first subject, "Your Days Are Numbered," hits straight from the shoulder. It is full of saving truth, more abundant life and advancing knowledge that will cleanse and purify the bodies, minds and souls of the entire human family when it is fully understood and accepted. I might add strong commendation for your treatment of each topic in detail, but suffice it to say, the whole paper, or magazine, is full of strong, healthful, mental and spiritual food. Sincerely your friend,

JAMES MORRELL LARRABEE.

The same as Baby Flesh.

A MENOMINEE, MICH., lady subscriber who is getting away from the meat habit, writes:

"Do you know I felt a few little pangs of regret the other day when our butcher brought us a calf's liver that I could not eat it. I took hold of it, but I simply COULD NOT eat or handle it. Some one had deliberately killed a little live thing and hauled out its liver, and a (supposedly) superior being was about to eat it. It would not be much worse to eat some one's baby. We, as a family, do not eat meat, and I am struggling along the lines of right living."

As I have before stated in these columns, the difference in calves' flesh and that of a baby's is so slight that it is almost impossible for even the expert to distinguish one from the other. It is a fearful thing to contemplate—if you were in a French restaurant, for instance (and some of the restaurants in the large cities of this country are just as bad), where you would just as likely be served with the flesh of an illegitimate baby offspring for veal as anything else. Think of it, you people who eat veal! Isn't the idea fascinating? And don't you feel proud of the perverted taste and beastly habit you have acquired?

And to consume any other kind of flesh is just as bad. It is all deadening and body-destroying in its effects.

But you don't like to hear about it, do you? Of course you do not. No one ever enjoys being told the truth, when such truth interferes with the complete satisfaction of a perverted appetite. Millions of people would stop eating meat this very moment did they understand that 99 per cent of all the afflictions from which they suffer are directly traceable to the meat habit. But being conceived, born and bred in the midst

of the fumes of a flesh-pot, the physical body is not wholly to blame, in the absence of any enlightenment that would lead one into the right ways. It is here again that we find that "the sins of the parents are visited upon their children unto the third and fourth generation," and many times long thereafter.

The person who can eat the flesh of a dear little calf after having once looked into its great, round, pleading eyes, which never fail to tell of the existence of a living Soul within, is building for himself or for herself a pitfall whose proportions are made to conform to the measurements of the physical structure that is to occupy it.

And this statement applies with equal force to the feeder upon all animate life.

It Fits Every One.

THE little booklet, "The Secret of Human Unfoldment," is having a wonderful sale; no greater, however, than the other publications put out by the editor of THE PATH-FINDER. But with reference, at this time especially, to this little book, to illustrate that it is calculated to fit, and does fit, every person in the world who is anxious to grow both physically and mentally, I will just call attention to one case besides the ones here quoted.

In one portion of the American continent two ministers of the gospel (orthodox) are using "The Secret of Human Unfoldment" not only for themselves, but they are using it in connection with class instructions, having asked my permission to do so. On the other hand, a man residing at the other side of the continent and who has been a professional prize fighter, but who has now established a school for physical training, telegraphed me to know if I would allow him to embody the contents of this booklet in one that he was writing along the lines of physical development. In all

three cases I sent back word, "Yes, of course."

Olive C. Hawley, of Springport, Mich., writes:

"I want to tell you that your little book, "The Secret of Human Unfoldment," is to me of more value than any money price that can be

placed upon it. I would that it were in the hands of every one who wishes to develop a well-rounded life. I am following the instructions as given therein and find myself gaining at every point—intuition and power of expression especially noticeable. You are giving to the world pearls of great price."

The Birth of the Rose.

Among the shining stars of Heaven
An Earth-Spirit once did find its way—
Floating through the Heavenly Ether,
Glad in the glorious light of day.
On through the vastness and the glory—
Straight through the "Milky Way" she
came;
Spirits she met in shining garments,
But none were there who spake her name.

Awed by the splendor and the glory,
Wistful she looked on every side—
A sweet-faced maid then smiled upon her
And in gentle voice whispered, "Here
abide."

Now appeared a garden of Roses,
Whose fragrant message gladdened the
air;

"This is the birth-place of the Roses,"
Quoth the voice of the maiden fair.

"Take thou this Rose from earth to
Heaven—

Take it—transplant with tenderest care;"
A Red Rose it was of wondrous beauty,
The Earth-Spirit so joyfully planted
there—

Knowing that its name, "The Queen of
Flowers,"

Was the name the Rose would ever bear.
MAY GLEASON.

The Thing I Am.

"The thing I am, and not the thing man is,
Fills my deep dreaming. Let him moan
and die;

I know my own creation was divine.
I brood on all the shapes I must attain
Before I reach the perfect, which is God,
And dream my dream, and let the rabble
go;

For I am of the mountains and the sea,
The deserts, and the caverns in the
earth,
The catacombs and fragments of old
worlds.

We weep when we are born, not when we
die!

So was it destined; and thus came I here,
To walk the earth and wear the form of
man,

To suffer bravely as becomes my state,

One step, one grade, one cycle nearer God.
And, knowing these things, can I stoop
to fret,

And lie and haggle in the market place,
Give dross for dross, or everything for
naught?

No, let me sit above the crowd and sing;
Waiting with hope for that miraculous
change

Which seems like sleep; and though I
waiting starve,

I cannot kiss the idols that are set
By every gate, in every street and park;
I cannot fawn, I cannot soil my soul;
For I am of the mountains and the sea,
The deserts and the caverns of the earth,
The catacombs and fragments of old
worlds."

—ALDRICH.



Socialism and Life.

BY J. STITT WILSON, A. M.

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

SOCIALISM IS A REMEDY.

Readers of this department are well aware what we stand for.

Socialism is a remedy for the present Social Injustice.

It is a gospel of Social Opulence. It is the only program of Industrial Freedom.

A good doctor always diagnoses his case carefully to find out the real difficulty, and unless we can find out the basic wrong at the bottom of our whole present economic system he cannot prescribe the adequate remedy. Quack doctoring will not do here. Of that we have had quite sufficient. Over and over again the people have gone to the polls with some program of relief, but as we have seen, the conditions are rapidly growing worse and worse.

To the statement, therefore, of the fundamental injustice we call your most thoughtful attention. A simple illustration may help us.

1. The great change that is impending will be one in which the present method of "producing the material goods of life" is to be radically changed and another method put in its place. It is an ECONOMIC REVOLUTION.

The word "economic" is from the language of the Greeks and means "house-keeping." Economics is the science of national housekeeping. An economic revolution is a revolution in our methods of keeping house as a nation.

Our House is our great country stretching from ocean to ocean and covering half a continent. Our land is most fertile and productive, capable of supplying us with grains and vegetables and fruits in abundance. In the cellar of our house, in the untold riches of the mines there is stored gold and silver, coal and iron, lead and tin, and other minerals in almost limitless quantities. This house or home, which na-

ture has provided for us is so rich in her gifts that a volume might easily be written on this subject alone. It is truly a land flowing with milk and honey, full of good things for human welfare.

The Family that lives in this great House is called the American family. We are a mixed family, consisting of people from all nations of the Old World. We are not aliens here, however. We are citizens here, whose country we have taken. We have come here from these countries and our children and children's children have been born in the Great House until now a Family we number over eighty millions.

Now this great family in this great home has to be fed and clothed and sheltered. We must get the necessities and comforts of life. We must each and all make a living and the way we set about it is like this:

There are four things that a man must get in order to live. These are: (1) The land from which everything comes; (2) The machinery to make the things we need; (3) The products after they are made, and (4) The Money, the little handy thing by which we can carry any of the other three in our pocket. Only by access to land and machinery can a man secure products and make a living.

And it seemed as though there was abundance for all that were willing to Labor for it. But wait.

2. The whole struggle of this big family for things, for wealth, for a living, now took on the nature of a huge but tragic game.

All the men, 4,000,000 woman and tens of thousands of children are engaged in the active struggle of the game.

The first accepted rule of the game is that every man shall play for himself, following the old adage, "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." But

in active practice the players form such groups, combines or pools, as they deem mutually advantageous to each particular set of players.

The second rule of the game is that any and all of the four sources of livelihood mentioned above—Land, Machinery, Products and Money—are the prizes of the game for the best players.

Everything is open for PRIVATE POSSESSION to the winners.

THERE IS NO LIMIT TO THE AMOUNT OF PRIVATE PROPERTY WHICH ANY MAN OR ANY "TRUST" OR GROUP OF MEN MAY GET AND HOLD AND CONTROL AS THEIR OWN.

Note this specially for here we come upon the key to the whole situation, as we shall see as we proceed.

All the members of the family must play or starve. So all proceed to play to the best of their ability and to "get" all that they can.

The strife for gain, and business, and markets, and money is called competition, or the competitive system. And it did make things lively for a time. The competitive game was highly lauded as a good method of National Housekeeping for our American Family.

But mark. Along with these two rules of the game there was always present another fact, namely, that while every man in the family was quite well able to make a good living by his honest labor, only a very small percentage of the family were expert players at this competitive game.

Expert or not, the game went on. The strife for possession grew bitter. The boys played hard—played until they were utterly defeated.

The good players gathered at one end of the table (near New York City). They began to show one another their cards as it were. They formed combines and pooled their interests. They ceased to play against one another. It was much easier to play against the "simple" players—the people.

The experts, therefore, cease competition. They adopted a more rational principle—co-operation. They made "trusts" and a "community of interests." The experts are on the inside; the people, the producing classes, the working people, are

all on the outside. They are playing against one another still. They are the pawns of the experts.

The game is nearly at its end. It has come to pass that a few of the members of the family have possession of nearly everything in the house, and on the whole plantation. What could be more natural? They are the winners.

They have possession of the Land and make enormous profits from the labor of the landless.

They have private possession of the shops, machinery, railroads—the whole equipment of civilization. The people (the poor players) can work if the experts choose to run the equipment.

The winners gamble with the Products of Labor, and charge those who have no products what they please.

The great players are known as Capitalists and Captains of Industry. If there is any particular difference between a Captain of Industry and a military captain it is that the latter fights with his men and dies with them, and the former fights the men until they die.

The captains are not to blame, however. They are simply the best players. They are the winners in the present kind of National House-keeping.

One of the very greatest of these winners is J. Pierpont Morgan, the steel magnate. Accused lately by a reporter of being a lover of money he replied, "No! No! I do not love money for its sake, I assure you; but, candidly. I do enjoy the excitement, the fun, and the battle in making it. It is only the excitement of the game that keeps me up." Of course, this is "dear fun" for the working classes, huddled at the other end of the game. But what's a man to do? Until we have a Social Revolution the game must go to the strong, no matter about the blood or pain or penury of the weak. On! On with the game.

3. Now if we will follow this competitive game up closely you will observe that there has been first a period of chaotic playing—the wild, vigorous, wasteful, ignorant, unorganized anarchy of competition.

Now at last the great winners pool their interests, and the competitive principle is left to the laborers. The great players establish the "trust" on the co-operative

principle. for those who are "inside."

And this ends as we have seen in congested wealth and the reign of monopoly. seas of poverty, the unceasing clash of Laborers and Capitalists, and the whole train of evil conditions which we have described.

There can be no other climax to this competitive game. The old laws and old customs," say President Roosevelt, "are no longer adequate to regulate the distribution and accumulation of wealth."

Wealth now goes to the winner of the game, not to the man that earns it by honest labor.

It is not earning ability at all but ability to play this game that decides.

And there is now no law nor custom to regulate the relations of those who have ability to earn and those who have ability to play. It is lawless until the earners think and act.

It is evident that the old competitive system has received its death blow. The "trust" system has taken its place and will supplant it, until the people in turn abolish the trust system.

The passing of the competitive system is well stated by John Brisben Walker in a late number of the "Cosmopolitan."

Commenting on the formation of the billion dollar steel trust he writes:

"Between the lines of this advertisement headed,

"Office of J. P. Morgan & Co," was to be read in proclamation, thus:

"Commercial metropolis of the world. Notice to the people of all lands and nationalities: The old competitive system, with its ruinous methods, its countless duplications, its wastefulness of human effort and its relentless business warfare, is hereby abolished, the change to take effect in part immediately, and in whole as rapidly as the details can hereafter be worked out."

Of the astounding power of these monarchs of the market, Mr. Walker writes: "Even the Czar of Russia seems a feeble make-believe in the presence of men who control three thousand millions of dollars, and can push the endless buttons which carry their signals into every sort of mercantile house, into every military camp, which cause every court official to stand

alert, and can even produce the profoundest movements in the church itself."

4. There are two factors in this alarming concentration of money, the personal factor and the industrial factor.

Men love power. The secret of power today is not the sword, nor the crown, nor the altar. It is the dollar. Princes are mere puppets, and statesmen mere pawns in the presence of the real rulers of the world. Their ambitions are insatiable; their opponents limited only by the natural resources of the planet.

Mr. Havemeyer of sugar trust fame confessed that it is his ambition to refine the sugar for the American people.

Mr. Gates made the statement that it was the ambition of the Steel and Wire company to control the wire output of the world.

Prof. Jenks makes the following striking comment on the ambition of the plutocracy:

"This pride cannot be gratified short of the belief on the part of these men that they can secure a practical monopoly. This ambition will not be gratified by the control of merely a very large business. Napoleon was not content to be the head of a great state. His ambition would brook no rival. May not the ambition of a sugar king or a petroleum magnate well be of like imperial nature, though in a more restricted field?"

"Possibly," adds Prof. Jenks, "the chief influence in the long run in promoting combinations of capital, as well as the most far-reaching in effect, is the element of personal ambition which is fostered by monopoly."

The second factor is the industrial and commercial or economic factor. Though stated second this is really the great factor in the congestion of wealth.

If we go back a little over a century we find the industrial world jogging along about as it had done for hundreds and thousands of years. There had been revolutions religious, political and social, but industry and the method of production of things had remained practically the same for centuries, when, most suddenly, the age of steam and machinery burst upon the world of industry and revolutionized it entirely. The huge machines in the great factory displaced the individual producer and reduced him to a "hand."

The workers were crowded into the great industrial centers, and packed to live in tenement rows. Women were driven from the home, the children from the fire-side and the school, and harnessed as cogs in the huge mechanism of production. The development of machinery produced the greatest material revolution that has ever occurred in human history. Looking at it from the purely mechanical standpoint, it is grandly sublime. And we have only the preface of its significance yet.

But the introduction of machinery separated the worker from his tools. The machine made the hand tool useless, and competed the small producer out of existence. The worker could not own the huge machine, and men, women and children, driven from their simple modes of production, their hand tools no longer of any value, stood in hosts in the market place, penniless and propertyless, clamoring for work in the struggle for existence.

The captain of industry appeared. The age of the capitalist was ushered in. His object is profit. His method is to own the means of production and employ whom he chooses from this hungry host at what wages he chooses, and to sell the product of their labor to the world-market. Formerly the capitalist organized the workers in the industrial activities, but later he became simply an investor and a receiver of dividends—a coupon clipper. Even the labor of organizing the laborers in factory and mine is delegated to hired superintendents and managers.

Machinery, the greatest fact, sets in operation, concentration, the greatest force. Instead of individual production we have social production of goods on a large scale. This in turn demanded the most perfect consolidation of immense sums of capital, and the most systematic organization of industry.

Some one had to own this vast equipment for producing goods. The worker could not. The state would not. The new-born capitalist leaped to the great prize of a new age, and today the capitalist clans are the private owners of the means of production by which the working classes live. Thus Capitalism is only possible where the capitalist class has at its command masses of propertyless workers dependent on it for

access to the means of production.

Thus we see that the economic and industrial necessities of an age of machinery demand that production shall be on a grand scale. We also see that the factor of personal ambition is equal to such a consolidation of wealth. This is the reason—the co-operation of these two powerful factors—that no law of mere reform can stop this consolidation. The uselessness of mere reform measures to cope with this state of affairs is thus stated by Prof. Ely: "If there is any serious student of economic life who believes that anything substantial has been gained by all the laws passed against the trusts, by all the newspaper editorials which have thus far been penned, by all the sermons which have been preached against them, by all the speeches of politicians denouncing them, this authority has yet to be heard from.

"Forms and names have been changed in some instances, but the dreaded work of vast aggregations of capital has gone on practically as before. The effect of constitutional provisions and legislative enactments against trusts thus far have been to increase centralization and to strengthen monopoly rather than otherwise."

Reform cannot reach such a condition of affairs, nothing but a radical revolution is equal to such a situation.

What is the tap-root of this whole difficulty? Where is the seat of the social disease? Where is the citadel in which plutocracy is entrenched?

What is the One Fundamental Wrong at the basis of this Social Injustice?

It is not in the fact that people must struggle to live. That is inevitable.

It is not in the fact that the few are expert players, and the many are simply honest workers. That cannot be remedied.

It is not that the capitalists are cruel, are not. They are only men—in the saddle avaricious and ambitious. Some are. Many to be sure—but men nevertheless. Such evil traits of human nature do not cause our trouble.

It is not in the power of machinery. Machinery is in itself one of the greatest blessings that has ever come to the race. And the age of the machine has just begun.

It is not that machinery made absolutely necessary the consolidation of capital. Pro-

duction on a large scale is a labor-saving, life-saving, economic method. We shall yet produce goods on a larger scale than ever. Production on a small scale anywhere now is a waste of time and human effort. Financial genius knows that small-scale-production is folly.

It is not that we elect bad men to office, or that when elected they enact bad laws.

WHAT, THEN, IS THE SUPREME WRONG? It is this:

That these vast means of production and distribution—the railroads, shops, factories, mines, etc.—the only sources by which all the people live, are **OWNED AND OPERATED BY PRIVATE INDIVIDUALS FOR PERSONAL GAIN.**

PRIVATE OWNERSHIP OF THAT WHICH IS SOCIALLY OPERATED—

Here is the basic wrong.

The Supreme Issue in the present social movement concerns the ownership and administration of the instruments and equipment if production.

The "struggle for existence," as manifested in the animal world becomes the "struggle for control" of the basis and means of life, in the human world; and in this age of steam, it culminates in the political and social struggle for **OWNERSHIP OF THE PLANT OF CIVILIZATION.**

The capitalist class, as we have seen, are now in possession. Are they to continue so?

This is the **ONLY VITAL QUESTION** before the people of America.

They will answer it with a vigorous **NO!**



Thoughts and Epistles Of a "Hayseed."

BY CHAS. A. OLIVA.

SLAVES—OR BEING IN BONDAGE.

O what joy! to know that we are free,
Free as the winds that blow o'er land and sea;

Oh, what joy! 'tis to grow and unfold
In tune with nature, and never grow old.

And yet, sad is the fact, how many, many
a weary soul is robbed of this pleasure—because it is held in bondage. Here in this great and glorious country of ours, known as the land and home of the free. Yes, and this is true of other countries; for most of them are in a still sadder plight.

And why are there slaves in this country, or elsewhere? Why should anyone of us be a slave? And to whom, or what, should we be in bondage?

I will tell you. We are not slaves or in bondage to anyone, outside of ourselves—not many of us. It is each individual to himself, that in truth is a slave, to a degree, be it great or small; and there probably are

a great many of us in that state, which is far worse than being in bondage to someone else.

The reasons for this condition are many; and I do not expect to give only a few of those that have a more direct bearing upon the subject.

In the first place we do not think enough or are afraid to, because we might get a new idea which might cause us to change; then we would not be conventional—and what would the other people say. Conventionality, or the power of custom, with its present relation to the more natural ways, should carry off much of the blame for this state of affairs.

Because someone has certain bad habits, has to drink stimulants, each meat, use tobacco, etc., we think we should do likewise and have the habits too. Not so. Unless we are afraid to search out and adopt something more sensible and in accordance

with nature's laws. Perhaps we are afraid to do this, just because someone, who thinks he knows it all, might laugh at us. Just as well tell an inventor, who is devising and making new appliances for the saving of labor, time and value—that it is no use, as the old appliances and methods are good enough.

Were this true, we might still be using the reap-hook for harvesting our grain, instead of the modern harvester. And so with thousands of different things that have added so much to our welfare and economy.

In truth, this applies most potently to man's (mankind's) physical and mental conditions, there being ample room for improvement. For, though man has made many strides in science and invention outside of himself, he has been retrograding, with respect to his own physical and mental conditions, almost up to the present time. He has neglected to search out nature's laws and truths, in relation to himself.

Happy and inspiring indeed is the thought that man has now turned to himself and there is now finding all that his highest ambitions and desires craved, viz:—harmonizing with nature's laws, so that he may become more perfect in every respect and be his own master.

Yes, we are all discarding the bad, brought out by unnatural custom and supplanting the good. We know that there is no need of using strong stimulants, as whisky, tobacco, medicine, etc. We know that these are only unnecessary and excessive habits, hindering the perfection of our bodies. Eating, also, is more of a habit than a necessity and will be eliminated entirely, by the process of our evolution.

We don't have to look up to the doctors and preachers for our health and welfare. For we know that each one of us, alone, have the power to master our conditions, to reach the highest state of physical, mental and spiritual development.

Sickness, poor health and uncleanness are caused by improper habits, (violation of nature's laws, either through ignorance, carelessness or the influence of wrong environments), which hold many in the most shameful and rigid bondage. No hell is

comparable to the miseries and sufferings of such, for they are continually besieged on every hand, and life is made a burden under such conditions.

Greediness for the possession of earthly effects, and worry, which has no place whatever on the calendar of right living and happiness, are only additional causes, to which might be added many more of lesser stress; all of which play their parts in keeping us obsessed.

Yet, it is not necessary for anyone to be in this state, when the proper ways and means are sought and, when found, adopted.

Now then: The means, or the cure, for these conditions. That is very simple. Take one dose of the infinitely concentrated principle of "KNOW THYSELF," the old standard, tried and true remedy, which has stood the test for ages. (Be sure, however, that you get the right thing; no imitation will answer or do the work). This will always accomplish the desired end. Were there any doubts about it, I would say—If that does not cure you, you had just as well send an order to the undertaker and commence to write your will and obituary. For then, nature would not have any use for you and would remove you to more appropriate physical surroundings, as soon as possible.

The above may seem a little rigid to my dear readers; but nevertheless it encloses the entire process, all in a nutshell. I would not try to make converts of anyone, to some faith, or have others do as I would do, further than having them recognize nature's laws and truths; and I don't care whether any do that. I know that progress in these lines must invariably be through individual desire, in order to be at all effective. So, if any want to be indifferent to their own welfare, that is their business.

I come with a presentation of the simple truth of nature and also explain some of the conditions under which many of us may be found with respect to its unrepeatable laws. My readers, I do not wish to lead you around by the nose, or have you chase a phantom, like some honorable (?) agent of the orthodoxy would do, or have you do. Each one is to be the sole fudge of his or her own destiny and welfare.

Therefore, I beseech you, my friends, to

be your own masters. It will not cost you any more and the reward it will bring you is simply too great for estimation. That is the way nature intended we all should be. But it seems that some of our predecessors saw fit to improve upon her laws and processes, so that we find our surroundings somewhat distorted, at the time we take our first inventory of the goods that she vouchsafed to us for our own use.

Viewing it from nature's standpoint—our conditions were and are such that we could not and cannot get a glimpse of the real thing. We must come into better understanding of ourselves and nature, which is the same thing. For each one of us is a microcosmic unit, or epitome, of the great world or universe. To do this we must first knock out the cause. This unnatural state that is holding us in bondage, before we can be free to appropriate and use that which is right—fully our own.

So, my friends—to be brief—do you not think it would be worth while to make a little change, to see whether you would like it or not? Do you not wish better health? Health is the key to the highest perfection. Do you not wish harmony in body and mind and a higher state of development in both? Do you not wish for more and higher possibilities in life, instead of being obsessed on every hand by some of the innumerable adverse conditions?

Surely. There is not a single physical

case in all this wide world that is still made animate by the Eternal Essence of Life, but what would be willing to do something for bettering his or her own condition; especially when the truths and ways and means were pointed out. In fact, that is what we all strive for. Many doubtless would pay a high price for it; but the joyous fact is that this is not necessary. Nature stands, and ever did stand, ready to bestow upon anyone, all that might be asked of her, by simply giving her due recognition.

I know that all my friends in search of better conditions, will put on a coat of armor made up of cheerfulness, courage and firm determination—then take the lines in their own hands and do their own driving—taking the shortest route out of the mire of ill health and adversities, and before old Father Time has an opportunity to grow another gray hair on his head, will be able to snap their fingers at sickness, or any of the conditions that obsess them.

So now, my friends, the last battle is before you. It is the battle for your own freedom. You are going to destroy the shackles that hold you in bondage. Keep a firm upper lip and buckle on your swords—then onward and upward take up the march, never pausing, never wavering, never faltering, until the highest pinnacle is captured, for, remember, you must win.

The Light That Never Shone on Land or Sea.

(Copyrighted.)

BY LIZABETH.

Part I.

HE compassionate heart aches unceasingly in sympathy with the world's unending miseries, the brain wearies under the strain of endeavor to find not only some infallible panacea, but to reach the cause of it all.

The key to the solution of this seemingly great problem lies in men's own hands. The root of all the trouble is in his own THINKING POWERS. He carries the thought that God sends it all, and that he

is helping to cope with this God of his own creating. This thought of itself is so weakening and debilitating that man becomes utterly helpless, and the most wretched object in creation. One sees that in no age has the world wanted for ministers of the soul or physicians of the body. They have all sought for ways and means to lift the suffering, struggling mass of humanity above their miseries. But today men are no happier or freer from sin and sickness than they were centuries ago. They are

just as blind and diseased, physically and mentally. Why is it?

Because the underlying cause, which is man's own thought, has not been touched. The world has dealt with visible effects, leaving unrecognized the essentials which are the inward currents of man's thinking powers. His one great need is now and has been through the ages, that his tremendous power of thought be directed in the one perfect channel of God's eternal THOUGHTS—which are harmonious. Every man down in his heart of hearts believes in some kind of a God. He acknowledges this great truth every time he plants a seed and looks for its growth.

Man's power of thinking is the proof of his unity with the Infinite life. The God thought is a creative energy, and is always forming something in its own image and likeness, and corresponding to itself. Man, the reflection of the God Thought, also reflects creative power, and by his thoughts can shape his whole world into beauty, use and harmony. That each THOUGHT of man should produce characteristic effects, is according to the eternal fitness of things. It is the changeless purpose of the Infinite, that these laws of THOUGHT should be benign and orderly, not capricious and chaotic. Man is responsible for his own THOUGHTS and their results. He has but to conform to God's way of perfect THOUGHT and he will find the key to the infinite treasures of the Father's Wisdom and Justice.

The one trust reposed in man from the beginning is to manifest the goodness of his Maker. He is to do this by the harmony and utility of his THOUGHT force. Let man hold uplifted THOUGHTS (that is, higher thoughts of God and of himself), then shall he know what it is to live and bring forth corresponding conditions of harmony; and it shall not be through struggles and trials. "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree; it shall be for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off." To hold the THOUGHT with reverent constancy that "in God we live, move, and have our being," is to become godlike. Then

"God's spirit falls on me as dewdrops on the rose,

If I but like the rose my heart to him uncloze."

In proportion as man's thought is governed and controlled by the right understanding of God's eternal and unchanging love, all his ills and all his discords will vanish. Nothing in heaven or on earth can prevent a man from thinking, hence untold possibilities lie within himself in the depths of his own life and consciousness. These words of wisdom from King Solomon of old have come echoing down the ages: "As a man THINKETH in his heart so is he," but the full meaning has been lost to the world in general. Always there have been a few contemplative souls, who have warned man that his THOUGHTS were the power back of all, but man has gone on unheeding.

These words of supreme wisdom, as a man thinketh so is he, are based on an immutable principle and law of human nature, in all ages and in all worlds, and will bear the test of experiment. They contain the principle that a man is what his thoughts make him.

If man's thinking is charged with goodness and love, he is like a battery. The effect of his harmonious THOUGHT is forever seen and felt, but whence it comes you cannot tell. It brings man into calm and cheerful accord with the will of the ever Good. He who has the right THOUGHT of God has the Life in him, possesses the cure of all ills and has the answer to all possible prayer. THOUGHT so acts upon the body that man's whole physical condition can be entirely changed. Change the current of thought, and all things will fall into line with the THOUGHT force. There is no ill save to him who lives it in his THOUGHT. It is both builder and destroyer. Man's THOUGHTS and habits write their lines in his face. It is a book that "he who runs may read." Man always is, and always will be, what his THOUGHTS make him.

The power of concentrated thought is but little comprehended. It is the only substance, causation; it is the primal cause of everything. It needs no wires to convey its messages. It is whispered now, even

exemplified, that telegraphy needs no wires or chains of matter to carry the THOUGHTS of men. What is this but THOUGHT force? Man's God-given, powerful heritage? His uplifted THOUGHT can reach the highest heavens. But he has passed by this fine, subtle essence, this WONDER OF WONDERS WITHIN HIMSELF, and buried all his hope of achievement in gross matter, that material part of him that is forever eluding and vanishing from him.

How sorely some comforting doctrine or belief is needed in this distressed world of toil and misery! We see on every side the hunger for an enlightenment that will bring some measure of peace to earth's unhappy children. There has been no lack of teachers and doctrines, but the main thing each individual's responsibility in regard to his own thinking has generally been left out of the teachings. Man does not look to "the fleshpots of Egypt" when his THOUGHTS are turned from the corporeal senses to the spiritual. No man who has thought much on the goodness and omnipotence of God but has wondered within himself why sin and woe should exist under His government. Let man banish from the realm of his thinking apparatus all belief in the necessity of sin and woe, and all power in supposed material law, replace sick thoughts with healing thoughts, selfish thoughts by loving thoughts, and there will be no visible signs of woe and sin, and its train of evils. As we demonstrate mathematics and music by our understanding of their principles, so can we demonstrate harmony in our lives as we understand the correct principle of THOUGHT. Where errors occur in our mathematical problem, we know it is not the principle that is wrong; it is our way of doing that which is wrong. If there are discords in our music, we know that it is not in the principle, but in our wrong way of doing the work. So thought is the working principle in man's mechanism that gives him power. The principle is always right, always good; it all depends on the way man uses it, and the direction he gives it.

Paul says, "Bring every thought into captivity, into subjection to the spiritual." Man HAS BEEN LIMITED, BURDENED and

DEFEATED BY DIVIDING HIS THOUGHT FORCES. He has BELIEVED THERE WERE TWO EQUAL POWERS WITHIN HIM ALWAYS AT WAR WITH EACH OTHER, THE SPIRITUAL AND THE MATERIAL, WHILE THE TRUTH IS, THERE IS BUT ONE REAL POWER, AND THAT IS THE SPIRITUAL. MAN HAS MADE THE EVIL BY THINKING EVIL. THE ONLY EVIL TO A THING IS A MAN'S OWN THOUGHT OF IT. This blinds him to his God-given power of dominion, not only over his own body, but over all his surroundings. He must shut out from him the thoughts of evil which are running to and fro on the face of the earth—turn thoughts heavenward, and there will be no hell on earth, or woe, or sin. "Lift up your thoughts to the everlasting hills from whence is your help."

All things take place in the thought world before they show forth on the material plane. All BEAUTY, all GRANDEUR, all that is GREAT and good in the world of men, have been the determined thoughts of men. He can do all things in the world by managing his own thoughts. In every place and in everything we hear this same voice repeating itself. Misery is a state of THOUGHT. Happiness is a state of THOUGHT. Even Emerson says: "Evil is the miscreation of our own THOUGHT."

This wonderful power of thinking comes from the inner man. It is a knowledge without books, and it is greater than all the teachings of the philosophers. To have determined THOUGHTS after attainment is attainment itself. Man chooses his thoughts and must abide by the result.

The world of men have held the thought for centuries of a revengeful God—a God of wrath watching for his hapless children to do an evil deed. In fact, entrapping them into it and then consigning them to perpetual torment. What kind of a God is this that we have made for ourselves? This belief is all man's own creative thought. He has made this kind of a ruling power in his own thoughts and has suffered the consequences. Let the thought of an all-powerful, loving Father take the place of this old theological God. Let the all-embracing thought of a wise and just Father "who doeth all things well," be ever in man's

thought, then his ways will be ways of peace, and justice and mercy will be his hand maidens. Man makes and mars his own life by his wrong thoughts of God. Every man radiates the quality of his thoughts, and the degree of his spiritual understanding, all of which determines his plane of being. He is constantly making and un-making his own environment.

THE COMING AGE.

Even the editors of some of the political papers see something extraordinary coming onto the earth. They do not see what it is nor why it should come now, but they see something of more than ordinary interest. They see political parties disrupted and dividing into factions, with no solid principles under any of the factions. They see nations becoming entangled and weakening as though palsy had stricken them. They see the whole church system going to pieces and falling into disfavor. They see the present marriage system becoming a failure and fast falling into disrepute. They see the whole commercial system combining and gathering into one great octopus, like a cancer, to eat the vitals out of every body and every thing, and, finally, it will turn on itself and consume itself by bringing on conditions that will set up and establish a new thing, entirely, that will take full sway and put everything under the new dispensation of God that is soon to come. They see earthquakes and violent disturbances in the atmosphere, and it is all charged up to some "if" or "and" figured out from what they term scientific facts. They never see those words of God, set in the Bible, about all this to come. Here are only a few of the predicted things set against this world:

"They shall go into the holes of the rocks and into the caves of the earth for fear of the Lord when he ariseth to shake, terribly, the earth, for the day of the Lord shall be upon everyone that is proud, and he shall be brought low. In that day a man shall cast his silver and his gold to the bats and the moles and go into the clefts of the rocks for fear of the Lord."—Isaiah 2.

Well, the earth is beginning to shake and tremble and men are piling up their silver and their gold, never dreaming that they will be only too glad to throw it all away to get rid of it, as it will attract the anarchy

mob towards everyone who has the gold. The gold will literally burn the owner of it by attracting the mob to him to butcher him as a "rich man." Then is the time he will wish he had not riches. He will throw his silver and his gold into the streets and run for his life.

"They shall cast their silver and gold into the streets. It will not be able to deliver them in the day of the wrath of the Lord. It is the stumbling block of their iniquity. I will give it into the hands of strangers for a prey and to the wicked for a spoil."—Ezek. 7:19 to 21.

"Go now, ye rich men, and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your gold and silver is cankered. The rust of them shall be a witness against you, shall eat your flesh as though it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days. The hire of the laborer ye have kept back by fraud. The cries of the laborer who has reaped your crops have entered into the ears of the Lord. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth and ye have been wanton. Ye have condemned and killed the just."—James 5.

Here we see the fate of the rich. Their piles of gold and silver will be a witness against them, and the anarchy mob will make a stampede for it, and God says, here, that He will turn it over to the "wicked" mob as a spoil and let the mob destroy the owner of the gold. This is why the rich shall "howl," for their miseries shall come upon them. Their punishment is not to come in the spirit world, after death, but right here on earth. The anarchy mob will be the instrument to do the murdering. What! Do I say that anarchy will break out soon? Yes. Desperate and terrible anarchy—the worst the world has ever seen or ever will see again. The plan is so laid down by the Bible.

"In those days there shall be no hire for man nor for beast, for I will set all men every one against his neighbor."—Zech. 8:10.

"By fire and sword will the Lord plead with all flesh; and the slain of the Lord shall be many."—Isaiah 66:16.

"It shall come to pass in that day that a great tumult from the Lord shall be among the people; and they shall lay hold every one on the hand of his neighbor, and

his hand shall rise up against his neighbor."
—Zech 14:13.

This is anarchy, desperate and terrible. It will level down all things. The legislatures and the congresses are making laws to prohibit and punish anarchy. What will they do with God and His prophets who have laid it down this way? God says, "Behold, I set every man against his neighbor." I do it. What kind of a law will congress pass to catch God for uttering such words of anarchy? Poor, deluded people! They are simply little children, riding stick horses, playing store—selling sand as sugar and toying with broken dishes in their play-houses. Deluded, dumb, ignorant people!

W. A. REDDING.

A WORD FROM FRIEND LUCAS.

Bozeman, Mont., April 28, 1903.

Edgar Wallace Conable,
Editor The Path-Finder,
Roswell, Colo.

Dear Fellow Worker and Friend:

Back among my old friends and received a hearty welcome. Delivered my opening address at the Opera House last Wednesday evening and will commence my series of talks on the 30th inst., twice a week.

No word of praise can I offer you for the grand treatise on "Factors in the Process of Human Development," but just plain truth. "It cuts to the marrow and lays bare the many has-beens" on life, its mysteries, etc. Oh, that man could understand how simple—not mysterious—is life! Any of my acquaintances can inform you that my instructions on healing bring the patient to the knowledge that within themselves lies the power. So many claim mysterious power and hold patients for money.

I read every word of the book and value it a necessity in every household. Just take account of the orders that come from my friends who note indorsement by me.

You will have every success and will be one of many who will help people to help themselves.

I am, ever in love, truth and wisdom,

For Humanity,
ALZAMON IRA LUCAS.

FASTED SEVEN DAYS.

Danville, Illinois, April 29, 1903.

Dear Friend Conable:—

Yours at hand. You have my permission to use my letter of a few days ago if you can do so to any advantage. Enclosed you will find a clipping from one of our papers that gives more fully the details of my little fast. I, like you, "have been nosing around in the corners of the universe" for about 20 years and during that time I have got hold of some of nature's saving knowledge. At 17 years of age, from over study and wrong habits in general, my health gave way and for two years I suffered all the horrors and mental anguish that could come to one who had lost his health but had not lost his ambition to succeed in life. During 18 months of this time I was under the care of five different physicians whose nostrums I took as religiously, and much more regularly than I said my prayers. I had my rounds with patent medicines, too. Finally, when I saw that I had been humbugged and "doctored" almost to death, I REBELLED. I determined to get well on Nature's Plan. The result was that in a few months I was able to do the hardest kind of mental and physical work, and have been at it ever since.

During the fall I was 21 years of age; I was teaching school in Kentucky when I had the misfortune or rather good fortune of contracting a severe form of typhoid fever. My folks insisted on calling a physician, but I said no. I am my own man now and will take the responsibility of treating myself. I was dreadfully sick, but in three weeks I, or nature rather, had broken the fever and I was back in my schoolroom at work, although very weak. I had lost 30 pounds in weight, and the children looked frightened when I returned to school, but all went well and in six weeks I was as fat as a bear. From that day to this, about 18 years, I have been "cussin" the fool doctors (and that includes about all that I ever met), and their nonsensical methods of treating disease.

So, friend Conable, I am with you in this battle against ignorance, superstition and crime.

Yours for Truth, Health, Happiness.

U. G. FLETCHER.

Prof. U. G. Fletcher, the physical culture instructor, completed his seven days' fasting experiment last night. When seen by a representative of The Democrat he related the following story that describes his experience during the past week:

"At 6 o'clock p. m. today I ate the first that I have eaten for seven days, consisting of milk, eggs, whole wheat bread, potatoes and fruit.

"To prepare my stomach for the reception of a hearty, substantial meal, I ate three oranges at noon and some apples and raisins at 3 o'clock p. m. With these exceptions not a morsel of food of any kind has passed my lips for seven days, and my drink has been nothing but cold water. During this fast I have taught from two to four classes in physical culture on four of the seven days and have walked 60 miles. On the third day I walked 28 miles and on the fifth 17. There was no loss of physical strength or endurance until the fifth day and then only a very little, while my mental powers increased every day. My weight at the beginning was 148 pounds, and at the close 139½. I expect to regain what I have lost in one week, and this will be so much brand new flesh. I did so.

"Not a single unfavorable symptom has arisen during the time and after this good rest I expect my digestive organs to perform their functions with renewed energy and power. I am more than pleased with my experience and would not take \$100 for what I have learned.

"Fasting is no new thing. It has been practiced in oriental countries from time immemorial. Within the last few years it has become very popular in many countries this and other civilized countries and people are curing themselves of all kinds of diseases by this and other simple and natural means. The person who has never fasted has missed one of the luxuries of life. It is perfectly safe for sick or well and nothing known to man today will renew one's health and strength so surely and so quickly. There are hundreds of people in this city who would be benefited beyond measure by giving their digestive organs a good vacation. It will pay you to try it."

"UNCONGENIAL MARRIAGES."

In the February number of the Path Finder the editor says many good things on that subject.

He says, "The woman invariably blames herself for the existing inharmonies, hence, her persistent effort, in and out of season, to please the man, and shield from public view all his shortcomings. Ah, yes, shield from public view, and especially from the wife's own relatives. She wants them to regard him as the worthy man she thought him to be when she married him, and continues in her efforts and solicitude to cater to his wants. But to her surprise, her most unselfish endeavors have a contrary effect. His innate selfishness is thereby encouraged. The more the loving wife does the more the husband demands, and considers his due. Here is where the woman is herself to blame, but she cannot see it, and redoubles her efforts, in and out of season, until completely broken down, and she feels that her life has been a failure."

Again the Editor says, "Woman can do anything she desires with man through the application of the intellectual and thought forces." This is also to a great extent true. A case in point. A very intelligent, lady-like woman confided to me in her distress and almost despair, her domestic troubles. Her husband, she said, had been hypnotized by a bad woman, and spent much of his time and money with her. And, she added most pathetically, "I do everything I can to make home pleasant for him." Said she pleaded with him, put her arms lovingly around his neck and cried over him, all to no avail. He repulsed her, slept on the floor, and in many ways manifested more than indifference.

She had consulted a lawyer in reference to a divorce. He told her there was no law to prevent her husband from boarding in that family when visiting his ranch a few miles from the city, and the positive evidence requisite she might not be able to get.

My first question was: What do you want, a divorce or your husband to come back? "O, for the sake of the children, I want him to come back!" I had never seen the husband, but said to her. "A man that can be hypnotized by a bad woman may be influenced by others. I will say to him earn-

estly with my thoughts. You do not love the woman you are with, but you do love your wife and children and will come home to them. In the meantime, think of him yourself as he was when he was devoted to you. As nearly as you can, believe he is what you desire him to be. When he comes home, be calm and quietly cheerful. Never let him see you cry. If he wants to sleep on the floor, be apparently satisfied, and make no illusion to his conduct."

The method worked like a charm. The woman told me that there was a difference in her husband's manner the first time he came home. Subsequently, surprised at the apparent satisfaction of his wife, he began to fear that she had met a man who was more worthy of her than himself.

He soon left the woman who was leading him astray, and removed with his family to another city.

MRS. C. K. SMITH.

San Diego, Calif.

HE TELLS THE STORY.

Denver, March 21, '03.

Dear Brother Conable:

If you object to this addressing you as "brother" kick! That's how I feel and it goes. January 23 you answered my letter. I received it toward the end of the month, and lost no time in following its advice. Result, no more tobacco; refused whisky and other drinks offered by some of my Socialist comrades. I asked them not to think ill of me for doing so, and told them that no man nor no God could ever persuade me by peaceable means to do that which your method had proven, or I had proven for myself, is not good. There is also a falling out between me and the beach-log corn-cob flour trust. Your way does paste quite a number of the trusts in the eye. I found a few stanzas in an old gospel hymnal which almost expresses the

truth so far as I am concerned. I give it herewith: Light after darkness. Gain after loss. Strength after weakness. Crown after cross. Sweet after bitter. Hope after fears. Home after wandering. Praise after Tears. Sheaves after sowing. Sun after rain. Sight after mystery. Peace after pain. Joy after sorrows. Calm after blast. Rest after weariness. Sweet rest at last.

Now you may say, "Tut, tut, he's got religion and mistakes it for Path-Finder doctrine." To this I say, that the Fear trust is one whose last support was pulled down by the Greatest Thing in the world—The Path-Finder. About fasts? Well, I have taken a few—started with a fifty-four one and one meal a day for seven days. Uncooked food, no meat. Cannot yet see my way to get a vegetable chopper or grinder. so use nature's own. I have lost only four teeth, and have determined to lose no more. O, yes, I am 32, and used tobacco 12 years almost continuously. Next fast a week later—48 hours. Next one, 92 hours. In this fast I discovered I could chop up more oak ties at the end of third day, hit harder. swing axe swifter, and with less (in fact. none) fatigue than ever before. It was new to me and it surprised me indeed. A week after I determined on another, so this time I made it 7 days, 18 hours. This was the happiest time of my life. I broke it on Sunday at 4 p. m., and went to a C. E. meeting in evening, and from there to a Socialist meeting. I never before in my life felt so much alive, so clear mentally and so thoroughly clean—I bathed every day but at the end of this fast I felt as if every fiber of my body had been scourged and put back in place. I owe thanks to Comrade Mrs. Southworth, wife of the Alliance editor, for the loan of your two books, "Kitchen Problems," and "Art of Inbreathing." The trust and the blacklist still make it disagreeable to some of us. That's why I could not at present do better than borrow your books. However, I am going to

win this summer—in the country—and I mean to have a copy of all your books. By and by we will determine to make the necessary trusts, one great trust for the good of all—The tobacco trust, meat, whisky, dopers (M. D.), Fear trusts, etc., etc., will die a natural death. Thank you, Brother Conable, with every atom of my being. Had I the gold of the world in a ball to toss to you, I would consider it inadequate pay. There is no just equivalent for your kindness in pointing out the way.

Yours for the better day,
G. H. REINHARDT.

REINCARNATION.

A boy went to school. He was very little. All that he knew he had drawn in with his mother's milk. His teacher (who was God) placed him in the lowest class, and gave him these lessons to learn: Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt do no hurt to any living thing. Thou shalt not steal. So the man did not kill; but he was cruel, and he stole. At the end of the day, (when his beard was gray, when the night was come), his teacher (who was God) said: Thou hast learned not to kill. But the other lessons thou hast not learned. Come back tomorrow.

On the morrow he came back, a little boy. And his teacher (who was God) put him in a class a little higher, and gave him these lessons to learn: Thou shalt do no hurt to any living thing. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not cheat. So the man did no hurt to any living thing; but he stole, and he cheated. And at the end of the day, (when his beard was gray—when the night was come), his teacher (who was God) said: Thou hast learned to be merciful. But the other lessons thou hast not learned. Come back tomorrow.

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If your dealer does not handle Sylmar Olive Oil, send three dollars for three quart bottles (Special trial order) which will be delivered by express prepaid. Excellent food as substitute for Animal fats, Vegetable and Nut Oils. Those who use it once, use it always.

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ONE WHO HAS IT

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Give stones for bread, give soul for gain?
Crush out each vestige of God's image,
man,

It's glory stain.

Think stocks and bonds and lauded power,

Will bring to you the much sought goal,
And name emblazoned on Fame's shield

Bring rest of soul?

Go try the task, and bring your gain,

And let Truth look the harvest o'er,
Naught shall she save of all thy work,
Naught shall endure.

Unswerving as the golden sun

And true as polar star,

When life's swift course is bravely run

With naught to mar.

If man to justice and to brotherhood

Lead in the van,

And loyal duties understood

With power to plan;

Then shall he stand a crowned king

With riches rare;

Then shall his praises ever sing

In earth and air,

And all he sought, where it was not,

Through dim dark ways,

Shall crown his path unwished, unsought,

And bless his days.

—ABBIE WALKER GOULD.

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HAS PURCHASED 8,000 ACRES AND WILL FOUND A COLONY

(Colorado Springs Telegraph. May 24.)

Edgar Wallace Conable, of Colorado Springs, the noted faster and editor of the famous monthly magazine, The Path-Finder, has just taken up a 30-day option he has held on 8,000 acres of the most beautiful timber and fruit-growing land to be found in the United States. This tract of land is situated on top of the Ozark range of mountains in Benton County, in north-Arkansas. This is one of the most famous western Arkansas.

This is one of the most famous apple and peach-growing districts in the world, Benton County apples having taken the first premium at both the World's Fair and the Paris Exposition, and this same county, last year, put out more than double the number of barrels of apples of any other county in the United States.

There are a hundred beautiful springs on this property, all kinds of soft and hard wood, and all kinds of building material, including slate and marble. Three to four thousand acres will be devoted to fruit-growing, and the remaining portion will be converted into the finest systems of parks and lakes to be found anywhere.

Mr. Conable proposes to establish an immense colony, composed of people who desire to live along the lines of his teachings. He is now organizing a company capitalized at \$3,000,000, and it is his intention to construct all kinds of technical schools in the mechanical and higher arts, factories, mills, farms, etc. Schools in physical culture and metaphysics will be established.

Among the requirements and restrictions that will be foremost in this colony will be the entire non-use of meats in any form, alcoholic stimulants and tobacco. No living thing will be permitted to be killed. Mr. Conable will take formal possession of this property not later than August 1 next.

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.

FASTED FORTY DAYS.

Salt Lake, Utah, April 22.—Arthur Van Meter, a prominent merchant of this city, Monday broke a self-imposed fast, begun over forty days ago for the cure of dropsy. During this time he has lived entirely on water. He suffered no distress after the first three days and appeared to grow strong and healthy. The dropsical conditions have entirely disappeared. When he began the remarkable fast he weighed 250 pounds; when the fast was completed he weighed 125.

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An Epoch-Making Book:
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demonstrated the
fact that he is no
longer fit to live.

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*Or How to Inbreathe to the Vital Centers
of the Body for Physical and Spir-
itual Exaltation, by*

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE.

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THIS BOOKLET gives full and complete Technical Instructions in the science of carrying the Breath of Life to all the Vital Centers of the body; also the effect of scientific thought concentration upon these Centers. It gives instructions of inconceivable value to every searcher after Health, and Knowledge that will unfold to the vision the wondrous workings of the Inner Self.

The instructions in "The Secret of Human Unfoldment" are the finest, most concise and to the point of anything of the kind I have ever seen. I revel in them.—*Grace Troy, Katon, New Mexico.* I can hardly find words to express to you my appreciation of "The Secret of Human Unfoldment." It is a Giant in Brains, if not in size, and when I look into your face it brings such a feeling of inspiration, and I *know* now, that you are a man after my own heart, "The most Glorious thing in Life."
—*George Horace Gale, Seattle, Wash.*

*Cooking
Destroys
The Life
Principle in
All Foods.*

Solution of the Kitchen Prob- lem for Woman

A remarkable Treatise on Uncooked

Food, by

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE.

PRICE, 50 CENTS.

This Booklet Should be in Every Household.

THE ONLY RIGHT WAY and the only Scientific way of Living is to eat that which Nature has prepared and which is filled with the Sun's vibrations.

There is a growing desire among men and women everywhere to gain such knowledge as will insure absolute physical perfection and at the same time unfold the mental faculties to a degree that will bring the individual into absolute harmony with the higher forces. The Solution of the Kitchen Problem for Woman does all of this and more.

MR. E. W. CONABLE—*My Dear Sir:*—The cook booklet, "The Kitchen Problem Solved," duly received. There isn't a dull word or line in it all; and again let me say, *you are right.* The lesson of eternal peace, not learned upon bloody battlefields, but upon the planes of normal, healthful functioning, expressed in a rational diet and its results are found between its covers.—*D. H. Smoke, M. D., Indianapolis, Ind.*

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and Taught by

MARY ELIZABETH BENJAMIN.

For the earnest student, these exercises are invaluable, as they strengthen the mind, making it more brilliant and perceptive, and open up the channels of expression from the Soul into the physical world. These exercises are

**Also Invaluable to Those Who
Desire Perfect Health.**

A portion of these Hindu-Yogi Breathing Exercises were taught by the great Italian master of singing, Lamperti, who was the teacher and friend of Campanini. They make the voice soft, beautiful and flexible, and give it that peculiar floating quality and also immense power which all desire and so few possess. It also gives the voice a wonderful carrying power, which all singers and public speakers should have.

These lessons will be given by correspondence in a course of twelve—one each week, or as often as the student is prepared to receive them.

Price, \$15.00 for the entire course, payable in advance. No fractional part of these lessons will be given under any circumstances.

Address **MARY ELIZABETH BENJAMIN,**
Roswell, Colorado.