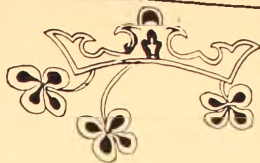


10 Cents
a Copy

OCTOBER, 1904

One Dollar
a Year



Conable's

Path-Finder

A CRITICAL JOURNAL
DEVOTED TO
SELF-CULTURE,
LITERATURE AND
PHILOSOPHY

Path-Finder Pub. Co., 1414 Tennessee, St., Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.
(Entered in the Los Angeles, Cal., Postoffice as second-class mail matter)

A GREAT OFFER

FOR TWO NEW PAID-UP SUBSCRIBERS TO

CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER

The Hindu-Yogi Breathing

Converted into a Regular System of Exercises
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 all Those Who
Desire Perfect Health*

These exercises have never been given out for less than \$15.00 cash, but as The Path-Finder Publishing Company has acquired the ownership of all rights to these lessons, and as we desire that everyone should have the benefit of them at the least possible expense we now offer these lessons complete to any person sending in the names of two new paid up yearly subscribers to this magazine.

This is the opportunity of a life-time to secure the most valuable course of lessons along the higher lines of development that are today before the public.

Two new subscribers and \$2.00 gets them complete.

**Address, The Path-Finder Publishing Company
1414 Tennessee St., LOS ANGELES, CAL.**

Conable's Path-Finder

A Critical Journal, Devoted to Self-Culture, Literature and Philosophy

VOLUME III.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., OCTOBER, 1904

NUMBER 10

Conable's Path-Finder

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, EDITOR

Published the First of Each Month at

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

BY

The Path-Finder Publishing Co.

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.

All monies should be sent by P. O. money order, express money order, registered letter or bank draft. Make all P. O. Money orders payable to The Path-Finder Pub. Co., 1414 Tennessee Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Subscription, \$1 a Year Foreign Countries, \$1.25
Send for Advertising Rate Card

Send NO postage stamps to this office in payment for anything.

The PATH-FINDER has a *bona fide* circulation in every State and Territory in the United States, in all the Provinces of Canada and in every civilized country of the world

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

Editor's Home, No. 1414 Tennessee St.

Friends may call each day from 2 p. m. to 5 p. m., except Saturdays and Sundays.

BY THE EDITOR

Opulence

PLEASE, when convenient, kindly give us a detailed definition of "Opulence," writes a friend residing in England.

Opulence is the ability to attract to one's self all the spiritual, mental and material needs for a prosperous, happy, useful and contented life. I haven't time to see what Webster says about the word. I don't care what his definition is. I only know that if it differs from the above that Webster is a back number and out of date.

To attain Opulence in all its varied forms, wrote the editor some three years ago, is to reach the apex of the summit of every material and spiritual desire.

The almighty dollar is the Sunshine of

God and its golden vibrations penetrate the hidden treasures of the Universe.

These are facts indisputable.

I know that if I am in poverty that I have failed to attract to myself, through my own ignorance or stupidity or carelessness, the things that are mine. The Universe holds for me—and for you—every need of the hour, of the day, of the week. When I fail to take to myself, and for myself, such of the golden fruits the Universe holds in store for me for my needs, for my comforts and for my pleasure, I know that I have mislaid the key to the vault combination. Everyone has a key to this combination and ever has had. If we become careless and lose it temporarily, we must go in poverty until we find it again. And no one can find this key for us and no one but ourselves can unlock this treasure for us.

It is a great mistake that the majority of the world makes in supposing that our failures and disappointments in life are ever attributable to causes other than those resulting from our own negligence and negative methods of living and doing. The mistakes are of our own conception and manifestation. We have not put ourselves in that positive state of intelligent action that always insures success. We often think we have and we often do in a way, but when failure comes to us we may know that we have failed in some important particular to attract the success we are seeking and think we deserve.

No use to charge up our misfortunes and failures in life to other people or conditions that are not of our own making. It is the moral coward who does this; and the moral coward is always a negative entity—never succeeds permanently in anything.

If any one ever gets the idea that I do not always apply this working of the natural law of life and growth to myself, he is much mistaken. I can trace every failure in my own life and every

mistake and every hardship that I have endured—and they are legion—to my own failure to build myself along positive lines of conduct and action; and I know, too, that I alone builded the obstructions over which I stumbled and fell, and that no one else was responsible for my downfall.

In taking up the line of work in which I am now engaged, and which I shall enlarge upon in the near future, I find, and have found, that I needed many experiences and lessons to properly fit me for the undertaking. My trip to Arkansas was one of these needed lessons. I passed through an experience there that has been one of the most valuable lessons of my life. I can see, and saw soon after going to the Ozarks, that this was, and would be, an experience that would fit me for better and more intelligent work than ever—an experience that would guide me through many pit falls in the conduct of my future colony work.

In the Arkansas proposition, and for some time before going to that country, I attracted to myself a following, in the persons of a very few people that would insure the complete failure of any work of the sort I contemplated. I soon saw the necessity of getting rid of these people—of divorcing myself from them entirely—if I would succeed in any degree. In order to do this the throwing up of the whole proposition was involved; so I just stepped out and came to California free handed to start anew.

I know that I needed this additional experience else it would not have come to me, so I hail it as a blessing in disguise—in the form of an uplift, as it were, to a higher plane of growth and development.

The people that were trying to drag me down are all right from their plane of growth; but their conduct had the reverse effect from what was intended. I have grown upward rapidly ever since the unpleasant occurrences; so from this standpoint I am more than pleased that this experience came to me.

Arkansas, even in all its picturesque beauty, was not the place for my work. While there are many highly intelligent and progressive people in that state, still the great majority will never be ready for the work I am doing under a half dozen further incarnations, and I did not feel like waiting all this time for a material expression of the beneficial results of my labors.

True, I was not depending on Arkansas for my success along reformatory lines, but wherever I make my headquarters and battle-ground, there must I also find harmonious allies and co-workers—sufficient in numbers, at least, to give proper encouragement and moral support to the undertaking.

There are a couple of handfuls of noble souls in the state of Arkansas that are living the true life of progress, who are striving with all their strength and intelligence to evolve from out the devious windings of a dense and ignorant past; and they are succeeding nobly, bless their dear hearts. But outside of these few faithful and earnest ones, it were useless to even waste a breath in the presentation of any system of education that conflicts with the customs and practices that have prevailed ever since the hour when the aborigines were driven from their homes. The present generation, and a half dozen succeeding ones must pass on to the unknown before any knowledge will come strong enough to cause them to cast a luminous light in the pathway upward.

But this statement does not alone apply to Arkansas; it applies in great measure to the entire world, though there are particular sections of the country where it is especially applicable at this time.

* * *

Opulence is the beacon-light that leads us to the cross-roads of life. One road leads up-grade to the summit of consummated hopes and ambition. The other road points downward—where every aspiration for growth and a higher life is consumed—and we fall prostrate by the wayside.

This is the heaven and the hell of life, and the only heaven and hell there is.

Who makes the heaven and hell for us? We do—ourselves. No one else even assists us in this labor of descent or joy of uprising. We may somehow get the impression that John Rockefeller and his little tin oil can have had something to do with it, but they haven't. We may feel that our negative growth is attributable to the great copper and gold and silver syndicates, or the railroad syndicates, or political syndicates, or the stock barons, or Wall Street, or Claus Spreckles' coffee trust, or the great packing trusts, or the brewery and distillery trusts, or all of these combined, but it is not so. We might add to these the catarrh remedy trusts and the Syrup of Figs purging trust, not forgetting Lydia

Pinkham and Douglas the shoe man, in the great conglomerate array of "deadening" trusts.

But this is all a fallacy. No trust ever downed any one or ever kept any one down. The man who watches the clock, as Edison put it, is the one who is doing time on a low plane of physical existence, and he is the man who is forcing his family to do the same.

Every human being *can* be opulent. It is simply a question of positive recognition of the fact, accompanied by intelligent action. The people who lean on others are the ones who never rise to the surface. The man who lays aside his uplifted hammer, at the first sound of the whistle, without striking the blow, will never do anything but servial labor. He is incompetent to do anything else. His employers will never trust him in a position above his natural station. He belongs on the menial plane. He has attracted menial work to himself because he is incompetent or undeserving to have anything better. None of us ever occupy a station below ourselves. When we are ripe for the higher place we always find it and not before.

If we go to jail it is because we have attracted a jail to ourselves. If we shovel on the street or railroad it is because a shovel fits our hands better than anything else. If we work fourteen hours in a cotton factory or "sweat shop," it is because we fit these conditions and require the experiences of hard knocks to awaken our senses to that state where we are fitted for better things; where we have established within ourselves such a positive desire to escape our bondage that the opportunities for escape will present themselves.

Man attracts to himself all forms of opportunity. A positive mind attracts golden opportunities. A negative mind attracts the poor house. These are the extremes of course, but just in the degree that we are positive and negative, in such degree do we establish our opportunities and the character of them.

There can be little growth in life in the absence of Opulence, and there will never be permanent Opulence in the absence of the individual's ability to attract it and hold fast to it.

We say the trusts and money kings have exhausted all the opportunities and the poor man is left behind. This is not true. The so-called poor man carries within himself the same powers of attrac-

tion that the trust man possesses, the only difference being that the one has opened the avenues for the manifestation of these powers of attraction while the other has failed to do this. Both stand on an equal footing as to innate ability to attract Opulence. The one has turned the positive end of his magnet outward while the other has turned the negative end outward. This is the secret of the whole question of Opulence.

Let every one turn the positive end of his magnet in the direction of universal supply and see how quickly his cart will be loaded up.

But you must be careful about the character of the cargo you attract. If you are looking for embalmed beef or canned leprous salmon, you must expect infection to follow. If you are looking for golden nuggets and know how to use them when obtained, the flood-gates of Opulence will open at your feet.

Don't let any one think that the man who lubricates his conscience with Standard oil is the whole thing. He is not even a tiny drop in the great Sea of Universal Opulence, whose golden-tinted waves constantly sweep shoreward unspeakable wealth for all mankind.

Something about Consistency and Things

THE *Ladies' Home Journal* is making a great war against patent medicines and the inconsistencies of certain so-called temperance reformers in using freely all forms of patent medicines and at the same time crying out against the saloon and the alcoholic distiller, the point being that the great component percentage in all patent medicines is alcohol in the form of bad whisky, and that many people simply take them in order to get the effects of the alcohol and not for medicinal purposes.

Now, Conable's Path-Finder is the sworn enemy of patent medicines as well as of all other forms of drugs. It makes little distinction between either form of maiming people and sending them prematurely off the earth quite as obnoxious in character as by the drug and patent medicine route.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* refuses to carry the advertisements of patent medicine venders. This is proper. So does this magazine; but the *Journal* does not refuse to carry the advertising of the

makers and vendors of the most infamous, death-dealing corset system that the ingenuity of man ever invented. No, it does not decline these advertisesents. And herein is where the *Journal* trips up in its own skirts—tabooing one form of health-destruction while it endorses another form a thousand times more fatal and degenerating in its effects.

This is one of the little inconsistencies that the million subscribers to the *Ladies' Home Journal* are trying to solve.

But to return to patent medicines. I see that the Canadian Medical Association is about to ask some sort of legislation that will knock out the patent medicine business—on the ground that these patent medicines contain so much alcohol that they are dangerously injurious to the victims of these decoctions. Now, wouldn't that give you an abnormal drug appetite? The solicitude for the health of the people that some of our friends, the doctors, evince is something fairly appalling.

As a matter of fact the patent medicine man is putting the average doctor out of business and he (the doctor) wants to get even through legislative enactments. Funny how the doctors require so much special legislation to "protect" the dear, deluded people.

But what of a profession that has to go into every state legislature to protect it and keep it in evidence before a constantly outraged clientage? At best the practice of medicine is but guess work. The doctors say this themselves; and the guesses are more often wrong than right. There is not the slightest science in the practice of medicine, but there is a colossal fake-loving constituency that is never happy except when it is being humbugged.

This being true, why should we be entering a protest? We are not entering a protest. We are simply stating the facts in the case as admitted by all honest physicians, and there are a lot of them.

Not every physician has a medium like Conable's Path-Finder through which to tell the public what he is doing, so we occasionally lend them a column or so for that purpose, free of charge.

For this valuable advertising we are expecting some free medical attendance in the future.

But the people are waking up a little, and it is well—that is, if they have any desire to be well. The *Chicago News* reports one case thus: A doctor, called

in to see a patient, asked the wife why she waited until her husband was unconscious before sending for him. The reply was that her husband would not allow her to send for a doctor as long as he was in his right mind. And there are others, thanks to the great wave of enlightenment that is sweeping over the land. * * * *

But speaking further in relation to the percentage of alcohol in the various patent nostrums that today flood the country, we herewith give the analysis in detail as prepared by the chemistry department of the Massachusetts State University.

Now, when we know that beer contains only two to five per cent alcohol and that the California wines contain only about six to eight per cent, the wonder is that our Christian Temperance Union friends do not take up the cudgel against patent medicines instead of filling up on these alcoholic drugs and making their crusade against less harmful beverages; but the good Lord and all His disciples know that all intoxicants are bad enough; that all should be suppressed in the interest of the common good of all classes of people.

Still we like to see people consistent in their efforts at reform. To really be consistent the fight should be made at the very fountain-head of the causes leading up to dissipation and excesses. There will never be any marked success in this field of reformatory work until the question of meat eating is disposed of. The people who do not eat meat never form an appetite for either alcoholic or tobacco stimulants, or any other sort; not that every meat eater wants to drink whisky, but the meat eating habit—meat being purely a stimulant—creates an appetite for stronger stimulants. Some are able to suppress the appetite for the stronger stimulants while others are not.

No work along the lines of reform ever availed that did not strike at the fountain-head of the iniquity. You can preach temperance and legislate against intemperance—against the saloon and its environs—and they will all go on just the same until the thing that creates the desire and the appetite for the stimulant is disposed of.

More than twelve hundred families have discontinued the use of meat since the first issue of this magazine appeared on the scene of active warfare against the stuff. With the elimination of meat

from the dietary, the desire for other forms of dissipation is removed—not the moment you discontinue meat eating, of course, but soon as the poison is thoroughly freed from the system and the functions of the body are educated away from the deadening effects of the meat habit.

We regard meat eating as the most dangerous and pernicious habit that today afflicts the race, the reason being that when once the system is thoroughly permeated with the meat poisons, the foundation for every form of dissipation, vice and crime is laid.

And this is the reason that this magazine is so persistent in its warfare against meat eating. We know that the moral tone of every individual is elevated fully seventy-five per cent when once meat is entirely eliminated as a food factor.

But here is the analysis of the patent nostrums, the profitable vending of which is made possible by the meat-eating classes:

Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound	20.6
Pain's Celery Compound	20.0
Dr. William's Vegetable Jaundice Bitters	18.5
Whimiskol, "a non-intoxicating stimulant"	28.2
Colden's Liquid Beef Tonic "recommended for treatment of alcoholic habit"	26.5
Ayer's Sarsaparilla	26.2
Thayer's Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla	21.5
Hood's Sarsaparilla	18.8
Allen's Sarsaparilla	13.5
Dana's Sarsaparilla	13.5
Brown's Sarsaparilla	13.5
Peruna	26.5
Vinol, Wine of Cod-Liver Oil	18.8
Dr. Peter's Kuriko	14.0
Carter's Physical Extract	22.0
Hooker's Wigwam Tonic	20.7
Hoodland's German Tonic	29.3
Howe's Arabian Tonic "not a rum drink"	13.2
Jackson's Golden Seal Tonic	10.6
Mensman's Peptonized Beef Tonic	16.5
Parker's Tonic, "purely vegetable"	41.6
Schneck's Seaweed Tonic, "entirely harmless"	10.5
Baxter's Mandrake Bitters	16.5
Boker's Stomach Bitters	42.6
Burdock's Blood Bitters	25.2
Green's Nervura	17.2
Hartshorn's Bitters	22.2
Hop Bitters	12.0
Hoodland's German Bitters, "entirely vegetable"	25.6
Hostetter's Stomach Bitters	44.3
Kaufman's Sulphur Bitters, "contains no alcohol" (s a matter of fact it contains 20.5 per cent. of alcohol, and no sulphur)	20.5
Puritana	22.0
Richardson's Concentrated Sherry Wine Bitters	47.5
Warner's Safe Tonic Bitters	35.7
Warren's Bilious Bitters	21.5
Faith Whitcomb's Nerve Bitters	20.3

It Is Exercise that Counts

IN DISCOURSING upon the question of proper exercise, a friend writes:

"After all, Mr. Conable, it is exercise that counts, isn't it? Of course we know that Life is motion and that every action, every movement of the breathing apparatus, or any part of the body, sends electric currents running through the body.

"The body is like a beautiful veil covering the Soul, and it is the transparency of this veil that delights the eye. But how often this beautiful, transparent, filmy, moving matter is turned into a horrid ugly mask, hard and stiff and old.

"How the right exercise refreshes one, and when the real strength comes, then is the Soul's opportunity for unfoldment, and what is unfoldment but expression or manifestation?

"This firing the body—making it strong, elastic, and beautiful—for the eternal dwelling place of the Soul is the key that unlocks the great door to Soul-Expression or Illumination.

"Art is the knowledge of, and the free direction and control of, this body by which are revealed Soul, Life and Spirit. The Soul revealed, or the expression of the Soul, may be in the form of music, painting, sculpture or literature, or yet in some business; but you will find at last that the real Art lies in the fact of controlling certain parts of the body or brain, whose action will bring out the colors on the camera, music from the keyboard or beautiful words and sentences on the paper, or do the work that brings in countless sums of money.

* * * *

"Drop the past; at best it is only a paradoxical expression and must not be held fast to.

"All past experiences help us on to a brighter future. Hope's star shines all the brighter through the gloom of many sorrows. The heart feels a little more keenly and is the more able to help others in the right way; and some times in the golden silence we hear the rustle of the 'Wings' and see the 'Light' which compensates us for all our woes."

Yes, intelligent exercise is the moving spirit that fits the whole human structure for the ascent to the most exalted plane of growth.

Manifestation is what we are all striving for, should be striving for, and there can be no manifestation of the glories that

abideth within in the absence of intelligent physical training—the bringing into active bodily assistance every muscle and sinew of the body. None must be omitted or left to stagnate or become negative by non-activity. This statement applies with especial force to those of us who have reached so-called middle age or have passed this point in life.

As we grow older in years, having fed the body improperly from infancy, the tendency of all the bodily functions is to grow weaker and less active. The muscles underlying the surface of the skin gradually shrink, as do all the other muscles of the body. Wrinkles appear as the direct result of this relapsing of the muscular functions of the body. We steadily grow weaker and are less capable of performing the simple duties of life, and slowly are we wiped out of existence entirely—the physical part of us.

Nature is constantly providing the body with new material with which to keep us ever "fresh and green." It is only by inactivity—the proper exercise of all the muscles and bodily functions—and our persistent wrong methods of nourishing the body that induces so-called decay and old age. Nature is ever trying her best to keep us youthful in body. That is a part of her great work—to constantly supply new material for the rebuilding of every atom of the human structure.

The time has arrived when it is really becoming disgraceful for people to be sick and ailing. When we get sick it advertises to the world the filthy state that we have allowed our bodies to get into by simply not taking proper care of ourselves—by feeding the body on putrid and decaying animal and vegetable life from which all the elements that go to build *live* tissues and cells have been extracted by cooking or other unnatural processes.

Of course the millions of us who have been brought up by ignorant teachers and have not grown strong enough to attract to ourselves such enlightenment as would bring us into possession of many of the simple truths of life, excuse ourselves, or try to, for the delapidated state of our physical existence; but the youth of today can find no legitimate excuse for not building himself on permanent living lines of growth and development. The knowledge and the opportunity for the younger generations are present. There will no longer be the slightest excuse for diseased conditions. Where they exist,

they will be looked upon by the general public as it now views pest houses.

Proper sanitation of the body is as necessary in the interest of public safety as proper street sanitation. The invalid gives evidence of neglected sanitary measures. The drink habit is a saint in comparison with invalidism and sickness. The one rarely affects any outside the drunkard's own household; the other constantly generates negative vibratory thought currents that affect a whole community—unto death, many times.

So, friends, if you wish to make yourselves strong and healthy, and grow in beauty and grace of mind and body, do the things that will enable you to outwardly manifest all these charms. There are all inherited God-given blessings for you to enjoy. It was never intended that you should give any other form of manifestation of these great gifts.

Make your bodies self-respecting; make them clean; make them beautiful; make them *new*, not old and withered. Manifest the God-power that is ever present within you. Carry the cleansing and *living* processes to every nook and corner of your whole being. Drive out death's creeping shadows that are spreading over your beautiful faces, and—

You will live in the fullness of the most glorious present that the sun ever shone upon.

Meadow Larks on Toast

I HAVE a friend in Colorado who is as fond of singing birds as I am of *sings*—though she does not eat them—the birds. She just loves to talk to them and hear them sing. She sings like a bird herself. She had a canary bird once that used to sing duets with her all the day long, and this bird would come down off its perch at night to listen to my friend sing. This canary was the most beautiful singer I ever heard. It sang differently than other canaries. It composed its own music as it went along and rendered it in the most exquisite runs and trills, rarely ever repeating the same song. The cage hung close to the piano where its mistress played and sang. Each songster seemed to inspire the other to more exquisite notes of melody. I never knew a human being to become so attached to a bird as this friend of mine was to this little feathered beauty. For hours they would visit and sing together. But one sad day the little warbler died.

There was mourning in the whole household, but the grief that overshadowed the companion in song was inconsolable, and to this day whenever little "Pico" is mentioned—for this was the bird's name—there are tear-stained cheeks and a heavy heart for many hours. The little inanimate body was wrapped in cotton and silk and placed in a beautiful little box and buried beneath the window where the editor of this magazine did his editorial work. We all loved this glorious little songster.

Recently I had a letter from this friend. She is making her home close to the Rocky Mountain range, with friends where many strangers come during the summer months, seeking health and recreation. Among the temporary visitors a few weeks ago at this place was a minister. This minister was taking his vacation and he came to this delightful spot to rest and recreate. For recreation his tastes ran in the direction of shooting singing birds and mourning doves. Of course this made the little "heathen" mistress of "Pico" fairly beside herself with indignation and rage—that any civilized human being, and especially an alleged minister of the gospel—should find sport and recreation in killing birds; this was beyond her comprehension; so whenever she heard the minister's gun go off she knew that unless he was as far from being as good a marksman as he was from being a true exemplifier of the teachings of the Nazarene, that another one of God's beautiful little feathered choir songsters would sing no more forever. This fairly broke her heart, and yet she was not in a position to give the brute the roasting he deserved, so she just comforted herself by remarking in the presence of some of the minister's acquaintances: "I do hope that no more bloody ministers will come here and kill off all our beautiful birds." Of course the people thought that my friend was a strange woman—a little off in the upper story, so to speak. Well, she is a little strange—from the orthodox point of view. She loves everything that is beautiful and holds sacred all of the creations of the great God. Her heart throbs whenever she hears the song of the meadow lark or the wail of the mourning dove over the loss of its companion. She abhors fire-arms whether in the hands of a minister or a midnight burglar. She can see no Christianity in the heart that finds amusement in the taking of life.

But some people are constructed this way—are strangely sensitive where the shedding of blood is concerned—the veiling forever of eyes that have seen and ears that have heard—divine manifestations of the great Eternal Hand that never wrought in vain or created without purpose.

But I am afraid that I am attending to the specific business of *some one else*—a thing I am diametrically opposed to.

So, friends of the church and little children of the Sunday school, see that the contribution box is heavily laden that your chosen apostle of the Christ life may be again able to pass up his plate for a second serving of meadow lark on toast or iced-cased golden oriole.

Beautiful thought! Beautiful creed!
Amen!

Collars and Blacking

I AM ACCUSED of not living up to my teachings because I wear collars and blacken my shoes.

Now, on several occasions, I paid the street car fare of the individual who is responsible for this terrible accusation, because he had seen a "life mission" before him that drove all thoughts of work out of his head and he was going around, looking like a tramp and without a cent in his pocket, living for weeks at a time off his friends.

If to look decent and respectable is one of the evidences that a man is falling short of the requirements of Nature, then I beg of the good Lord, or the good devil, to speedily set me aside for a high-class brail on the gridiron in the region where gridirons are in the ascendant.

It is the duty of every man and woman to be clean and decent and self-supporting. The fact that we take a few baths and then again adorn the body with the same unclean things we have worn for a year or so without having seen the inner sanctuary of even a Chinese laundry, does not count for much when the health officers are nosing around for infectious debris.

I am free to admit that I like to wear a clean collar occasionally and that I like to drop a nickel in the boot black's slot now and then and watch the shiniest of shines come forth for my specific edification. I like to give the appearance of being clean and whole-

My mind must be free from the thought that I am decorating a clean body with dirty raiment. I must be surrounded by harmonious conditions. I don't like to get out of the bath-tub and clothe myself with garments that the health officers would be likely to confiscate. These are little matters that I am somewhat particular about.

So, I trust that the great majority of the readers of the Path-Finder will overlook these little "worldly" characteristics in my make-up and excuse me if I am seen in public occasionally with a collar on and my shoes shined. I shall try not to have it occur too often, and I may in time get away from it altogether and resemble the friendly critic referred to in this article; but if I should, or when I do, I shall leave word to have my body cremated as a sanitary measure.

A Pathfinder Boy

THE accompanying photo is a picture of a little Los Angeles boy. He is at present five years old, the picture having been taken when he was three and one-half. This little fellow has escaped all so-called children's diseases and is a splendid specimen of happy, healthy childhood. For the past two years he has lived on a California ranch, to which fact his bronzed skin testifies. He is a vegetarian, his chief article of diet being fruit.

While on the ranch he wore usually only a pair of overalls; now that he is in the city he wears simply a linen suit and a pair of sandals. Straps over the shoulders hold the pants in place, thus doing away with the need of even an under-waist. The little fellow seriously objects to wearing a hat and never wears one unless compelled by Mother Grundy.

While living in the country this child of Nature would fill an ordinary wash tub with water from the hydrant and then jump in, thus getting his water, air and sun baths all in one. Now he gets a cold bath every morning which he takes gladly.

This boy is not only a splendid specimen physically, but is remarkable for his mental development. He is bright, has a remarkable memory, and learns readily, showing a decided taste for music and art, the result of pre-natal influences, his mother having devoted herself to the study of these subjects during gestation.

His mother has been often complimented on his good behavior. "He is so good," every one says. "Yes," answers the mother, "he is good, because



JOSEPH JEROME JOHNSON

he is well." Crime and wickedness are disease. How many a poor child has been beaten for being cross or disobedient when the parents ought to have been whipped for stuffing the child with rich and unwholesome food. Give your children good health and you will never have to scold. You have perhaps heard the story about the little boy who asked, "Papa, why is it that when mama is cross she is only nervous, but when I am cross I am bad." Answer.

SHORT PATHS

—Our New Thought friends hold their fourth annual convention at St. Louis, beginning on Tuesday afternoon, October 25th, and concluding Friday evening, October 28. The speakers announced to be present number some twenty-five, among them being several of the leading advanced thinkers of the day.

No doubt the session will be of great interest and productive of permanent good.

—What an awful calamity would have befallen us had the threatened strike among the brewery employes materialized. What could be more dreadful to contemplate than a complete shutting off of the beer supply of the country? But it might be possible to endure such a crisis if the distillers do not strike at the same time. The closed saloon door would be a horror that chills one to contemplate.

—There are many people in this blessed old world of ours who try to live without thinking. Thinking develops brain power and all the accompanying faculties. Not to think—and think right thoughts—is to live and die in stagnation. The man who does not think must be "born again." But really it were better had he never been born. Then there is another class—some, both outwardly and inwardly, those who think with their eyes closed. It is the open-eyed thinker who sees his thoughts come into manifestation.

—With this number of Conable's Path-Finder we take on our staff of regular contributors Nannette Magruder Pratt, the noted writer, teacher and lecturer on the lines of "The Body Beautiful." Every reader of this magazine will find something of benefit in Mrs. Pratt's contributions. Women especially will find a great deal that will be of special interest to them. Mrs. Pratt writes for only the best publications of the country. We are certain that she will receive a cordial reception at the hands of all Path-Finder readers. Mrs. Pratt's future address will be Phoenix, Arizona.

—There is a short article in this issue of Conable's Path-Finder from the pen of Mrs. Maud Johnson, on the subject of dress reform, which I wish especially to endorse. It is to the point, every word of it and abounds in common sense. Mrs. Johnson could follow in the wake, or in the lead, of all of fashion's frivolities if she chose so to do, but her heart is in the right place and her brain is located in her head, so she has developed a beautiful character and she wants all her sex to do the simple things that will bring to the surface the very best that wives and mothers should possess.

—But speaking of figs (the fig season is still on, so I may be excused for these

periodical relapses), Dr. and Mrs. Schmitz, residing at Los Angeles, have been delivering at my very door box after box of some of the largest and choicest varieties of figs I have ever seen. These good people saw by the Path-Finder that I liked figs, so nearly every time the doctor goes out on his round of calls, always accompanied by his charming wife, I am treated to a fresh supply of figs, just from the trees. Isn't this delightful? Now if I can only make the orange growers and other fruit producers, and olive raisers understand my needs in the uncooked food line, and find some as big hearts among them as Dr. Schmitz and his wife, how I shall feast, and what a bank account I shall soon accumulate. I can then donate more liberally to the churches than I have been able to in the past. Thank you, good friends, ever so much.

—One of the blooming curiosities in Los Angeles is to see a residence absolutely free from a sign, "Furnished Rooms for Rent." The local papers state that there are twenty-five thousand such rooms in this city. I do not doubt it. Had they said a hundred thousand I would not question the statement; and yet, among all these twenty-five thousand rooms for rent it is the hardest thing in the world to find one that possesses the slightest approach to home comforts, and the landlords want enough for one room for six months to buy the whole property in any other town, where property, and not climate, is really sold. But they tell me all these rooms are rented in the winter season and thousands more are being built for the same purpose. I believe this is the only town in the world that can and does survive magnificently off the tips of a floating population. That's the reason I came here.

—I am having all kinds of luck. When I moved into the little cottage where I am now living, I noticed a little chance tomato vine in the back yard. I paid little attention to it, thinking it amounted to nothing. I did not even water it. I have been buying tomatoes nearly every day so as to have them fresh. Just out of curiosity recently I looked at this vine, which had now grown so that it covered a spot about eight feet square. To my horror and amazement I found it full of green tomatoes and about a peck that had ripened and already rotted on the

vines. They are great luscious ones—those that hadn't rotted. This vine will keep me in tomatoes for a month yet. Among these vines I also found a water melon nearly as big as my head that came from a little dried up chance vine of its kind. Had that watermelon also ripened and rotted without my finding it out until too late, I think I would have gone down to the beach and let the ocean wash me ashore.

—I wonder who has been personating the editor of this magazine? I am informed that a lady stated that she saw me recently at one of the vegetarian picnics which have been held in the vicinity of Los Angeles during the summer months. She did not think that I was a good exemplification of my teachings in regard to eating, fasting, etc., because I was too thin and did not look robust and healthy. Now as I am ten pounds above my normal weight and am thinking of taking a fast to bring me back to where I should be, and as I have never attended any of these picnics, the lady critic must be mistaken about having seen me. I am perfectly willing that all those who know me and have seen me since coming to Los Angeles should pass judgment upon my general outward appearance, but I do object to those who have never seen me commenting on something they know nothing about. I am simply getting fat and disgracefully healthy on the natural food products of California. Any one who cannot do this is certainly closely allied to the medicine man.

—I spent an afternoon and night recently at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, of Pasadena. Mrs. Harrison wrote me that their fig trees were hanging full of delicious ripe fruit and that they had three varieties of grapes just waiting to be picked, and that they were shooing away the birds against the time when I would come and partake to my heart's content. As I never turn down a fig invitation, of course the first opportunity that presented itself found me at the top of a ladder up a fig tree, just stuffing myself. They say that the fig season lasts only about four months, so I am laying up (or laying in) a store for the other eight months. It is said that if you eat sufficient of any one thing at a time that you can taste the same thing at intervals for several months to follow. This is what I am doing with figs—I want to taste their deliciousness the whole year round. So I spent a goodly

portion of the afternoon between the fig trees and the grape vines. The north porch was covered with grape vines and the great luscious bunches hung down so they nearly touched your head in passing along the porch. It is easy to imagine the feast I reveled in. Both Mr. and Mrs. Harrison are highly advanced along the higher plane of growth, so there was a feast of other things besides figs and grapes. Mr. Harrison is at the head of the Phospho-Health Food Co., of Los Angeles. These are most healthful preparations that fill the gap between meat-eating and uncooked food. I have tested most of Mr. Harrison's preparations and can give them my unqualified endorsement from a hygienic standpoint. My stay at the Harrison home was most delightful and highly profitable. It is always a great treat to me to find intellectual strength and progressiveness combined. I found them here in abundance. I shall go again some time.

—I met an old Iowa friend on the street the other day—one who knew me during many years of my daily newspaper work in the Hawkeye State. He was in the book and stationery business then. The last time I saw him was in Fresno, Cal., some twelve years ago, when I was touring the country with the Remenyi Grand Concert Company. This friend is some ten years my junior. "How do you do it, Conable?" was the first question after the hand-shake. "Do what?" I asked. "Turn the tide of years so completely backward," was his answer. "Twelve years ago you looked to be ten years older than I am and now you certainly look ten years younger than I feel. How do you explain it?" "Easily enough. I neither drink, smoke, chew, eat meat, stay up nights, nor go to church. You do all of these. Some of these habits, in moderation, like, for instance, going to church, will only cripple a man's intellect, while all the rest will knock him out physically. I am a better man now in every conceivable way than I have been at any time since I was launched on this sea of strife and tears, and I lay it all at the door of abstinence from all excesses." In reply he said, "Well, you see I am selling goods all over the country and I could not do business with many of my customers if I failed to give evidences of being a

good fellow." And that is the way many people look at these things. When touring the continent with Bill Nye and Remenyi for four years I had the reputation of being the only man in the show business who indulged in none of the social evils, and the business I did was phenomenal, and every man and woman I met, whether in the theater, hotels, saloons or parlors, liked me, and never asked me the second time to take a drink or smoke a cigar. It is a wrong conclusion to think for a moment that any man is thought more

of or can do more business with his skin puffed out with wine or with a breath laden with even the "fragrance" of a Havana. I always liked this young man and it grieved me to note the steady onslaught of the "sere and yellow" in every line of his features. His weight, when I last saw him, was a hundred and fifty pounds—all he should weigh. Now he tips the scales at two hundred. I wanted to turn him over to the packing house, but concluded to let him go on destroying himself a little longer.

Dead Yesterdays

(THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE)

BY ERRANTE

CHAPTER X.

[The first installment of "Dead Yesterdays" appeared in the January, 1904, issue of CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER. Back numbers of this great life story will be sent to all new subscribers without charge, until the editions are exhausted.]

"Who dares to say the dead men were not glad,
When all the banners flaunted triumph there
And soldiers tossed their caps into the air,
And cheered, and cheered as they with joy were mad?"

—LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

THE numerous knowing ones, always in evidence on such occasions, felt certain the Spaniards would return the following day to continue the combat, but the following day put in its appearance without a renewal of hostilities, and we became triumphantly elated.

The younger of us bold warriors, as a matter of course, could not resist the temptation to strut about the streets with clanking sabres, and the swaggering airs of swash-bucklers, telling each other, loudly enough to attract the attention of admiring listeners, how anxious we were, collectively and individually, that the foe should return—and have it out with us; but I more than imagine our anxiety was of the brand of that of the fellow who was looking for a job and praying the Lord he wouldn't find it. Personally I am of the opinion that at least one of our party would have had important business in the interior of the Republic if the enemy had returned with his reckless method of tossing about shot and shell—I doubt that my digestive mechanism

would have stood another day of those maddening throbs.

A few days later, when entire confidence in the non-return of the fleet was fully established, the wild enthusiasm of both natives and foreigners beggared description. Little Peru had soundly thrashed a great European Power; and naturally, was on the outlook for some one to tread on the tail of her coat. It seemed as if the effervescent inhabitants of the country had organized themselves into a mutual admiration society and were holding a continuous open air congratulatory convention. Everybody was giving enthusiastic Spanish-American hugs to everybody he met; unloading batches of incidents of the fight, and explaining, as a side issue, the importance of the part he took in it at the imminent peril of his life. The circumambient was an emulsion of hair-breadth escapes and thrilling acts of personal heroism on the part of civilians who were in the thick of the fray by the aid of long range field glasses and hearsay. Extract of corn was free as water at the beverage bazaars for several days, with resultant wild schemes for capturing, under cover of darkness, the still nearby fleet; or sinking it with impossible torpedo mechanisms born in the lurid imaginations of tangled brains, and "Viva el Peru, y Mueren los Españoles!*" was the wild war whoop that day and night punctuated by the asthmatic energy of brass bands, suddenly materialized in every nook and corner

*Long live Peru, and death to the Spaniards.

of the city, whose units seemed to require neither food, rest, nor sleep.

At the "Commandancy" the civil and military authorities amused themselves opening boxes of two thousand silver dollars each and tossing them into the street, at regular intervals, to be scrambled for by the mob. The frightened refugees began returning in droves, twenty-four hours after the last gun was fired, and Callao became a "wide open town" long before the last of its absent shipping had returned to anchorage.

Light from the open windows and doors of ball-rooms turned night into day, and enthusiasm was rampant everywhere outside the hospitals and sorrowing homes of the many gallant Peruvians who had left their mothers' apron strings to face a comparatively expert and well-trained foe, in defense of their native land, never to return, or again feel a mother's kiss or sister's caress. Gone blithely at patriotism's behest to explore the realm invisible, their requiem triumphant the whispering of the southern breeze among the needles of the cypress wreaths at the bivouac of the city's "Panteon;" but, as the gleam of lip-peeled teeth, the glassy stare of dead men's eyes, the blood-stained baskets of amputated limbs, and glisten of mourners' tears never enter into the calculations of war budgets. On with the dance! "To hades with the last man dead and hurrah for the next that dies!"

In Lima the odor of incense—and of the perspiring multitude—borne on the wings of solemn "*Te Deums*," across the stench of open sewers to mingle with the atmospheric vibrations generated by hundreds of church bells working overtime made one's temples throb, and the gilded gorgeousness of the constantly recurring religious processions, met at every turn, made one imagine himself the victim of an Oriental nightmare, or of the fancies of hasheash.

Every life-size wooden saint in the city, with Santa Rosa, pious Lima's celestial patroness as chief directress of ceremonies, seemed to have escaped from the gloom of sacred arches, and was out in jeweled gala attire under gold embroidered canopies of yellow, purple, blue or green silk, held aloft on polished silver rods in the hands of exhausted fanatics, followed by scores of chanting Priests in the vestments of the altar, surpliced red-cassocked Acolytes innumerable swinging smoking censers of gold, con-

vent "Legitos" by the dozen poking contribution boxes under everybody's nose; musicians, string and wind; and by the faithful, bare-headed in the broiling sun, lighted tapers in hand chanting responses; and with the armed power of the nation guarding either flank of the procession, and brutally forcing the spectators—regardless of sex—to their knees at the point of the bayonet.

At this time in Peru, as throughout all Spanish-America, the arrogant disciples of the humble carpenter of Bethlehem still snapped the ecclesiastical "cat-o-nine tails" with sanctified fury over the heads of the timid and superstitious civil authorities, and it was "Down on your faces, spawn of Purgatory, or we will grind you into the mud in this world, and send your soul to hades in the next," but their limitless insolence, mounted on their time-honored war-horse, *immunity*, finally carried them over the boundaries of further tolerance, and their day of autocracy has passed forever, *thank the Lord*, for, although the passing of the Monk left Spanish-America without a Deity or Religion of any description whatever among the male portion of its inhabitants—unless looting the national treasures can be considered a cult—and although the long gathering tidal wave of public indignation, under the title of liberalism, that manifested simultaneously in every one of the so-called Republics existing between the frontier of the United States and the Straits of Magellan swept into civil power, unfortunately, a set of most unscrupulous scoundrels ever dignified by the title of statesmen, or left unhung. Spanish America has gained by the change for it is undeniable that these political bandits, who stop at no crime no matter how damnable to attain their personal ends, had done a thousand times more for public education during the first decade of their blood-stained reign than the church party had done during its previous four hundred years of absolute temporal and spiritual power; and this is the sole, and only excuse for the existence of the organized systems of anarchy, called governments, in Spanish-America at this writing.

However, I suppose there are the conditions that obtain in all countries where any particular brand of gospel graft establishes undisputed sway over the bodies and souls of their inhabitants. Macaulay, in his "History of England,

says: "*When the Church of England was in the zenith of her power, then was the moral status of the nation at its lowest ebb,*" and I am afraid that future historians will be able to say the same of the moral status of the American people if the ceaseless and untiring efforts of the sky pilots ever give them their longed-for grip on our public school funds.

In Lima my continual thought was of the sad and disagreeable duty of delivering my dead friend's last message, and his beloved guitar to his mourning mother; and for days I racked my brain unsuccessfully to discover a means of shirking it. I had repeatedly thought of feigning sickness and sending the instrument, with a note, or by some fellow soldier less intimate than myself with the dead boy and his mother, but every time such a scheme found lodgment in my brain the reproachful features of my chum would arise before me and put me to shame. Twice after nightfall I went to Mrs. Castaneda's house with the instrument only to turn back and redeposit it at my hotel. I knew there would be a scene with my friend's gentle mother, and I dreaded it more than I had dreaded the shells of the Spnaiards; but I saw no escape, finally mustered up courage and rapped for entrance.

I found the house draped in deep mourning. Long, black curtains hanging between the pillars of the "patios" corridors reaching almost to the ground; the pictures, mirrors and furniture swathed in crepe; and the servants passing back and forth dressed in rigid mourning. Mrs. Castaneda on recognizing me promptly "threw a fit" and Castaneda's eldest half-sister, who, with her sister, was present, as promptly followed suit; and when, with aid of the servants, and the younger sister, who arose to the occasion like a spartan mother, we succeeded in bringing them around so they could scream intelligibly, the youngest sister "threw a fit," and to prevent following suit I grabbed my hat and rushed from the house without telling them good-bye. I returned later, when they were calmer and after a two hours' tear-moistened conversation regarding the explosion of the Turret and the incidents of Castaneda's death found myself in the street enjoying the sensation the mule must feel on having the pack-saddle lifted from his back at the end of a hot day's journey.

At the hotel the proprietor not being thoroughly well versed in my style of Spanish called a tall, serious looking old gentleman who was sipping a glass of grog at one of the tables, to help us out of a conversational difficulty, presenting him to me as Senor John North, a com-patriot of mine.

I found Mr. North a pleasant, intelligent, well-informed American who spoke the landlord's style of Spanish to perfection, and knew all about the country; and we became mutual admirers and fast friends at once, notwithstanding the discrepancy in our ages—he was sixty-five—he manifesting surprise at finding so young an American in a Peruvian uniform.

He had left New Bedford a young man on a whaler bound for the North Pacific, that, owing to stress of weather at the cape had put into Iquique, on the coast of Peru, giving him an opportunity to desert. From that port he had fled over the Andes to Bolivia, where, working at his trade of carpenter from place to place, he had explored pretty nearly all the territory embraced by the watershed of "Lake Titicaca, many of the tributaries of the Amazon, and had discovered and prospected the *then unknown* gold region of "Carabaya," at present being developed by foreign capital.

His descriptions of the mysterious interior of the wonderful country were fascinating, and day after day I listened to him by the hour with pictures of cloudless skies, snow-capped hills, mist-filled chasms and endless miraged pampas floating through my brain in endless panorama.

He had married a Quichua Indian girl, a lineal descendant of the Incas, he claimed, and was the father of four grown children. After years of residence among them he had won the confidence of his wife's race, and had been initiated in the first degree of the Esoteric mysteries of Sun Worshipers, and in explaining the cult, he horrified me by his brutal denial of the divinity of Christ and the personality of God. He tried to explain to me the divisions of primordial vibratory energy into color, touch, taste, sound and so forth, asserting that they were the blind servants of the human will; the mysteries of thought transference; prophesied the telephone—which I saw in operation with terrestrial electricity and a woolen rope for a line, among the Indians in 1869—told me of

what I now recognize as the XRay and of the marvelous lamps of the Incas, that in the underground caves of the Andes had unremittingly given out light through the ages without replenishing or attention, explaining that the basis of their refulgence was an indestructible metal and not oil. He told me of mysterious *Americans* in the craters of extinct volcanos who counted their ages by the centuries, not years, and tried to explain to me the law of cause and effect, and the consequent reincarnation of the human soul.

It was all Greek to me. Of course I knew the man was mad—everybody called him "Old North, the lunatic," and "everybody" knows *all* about matters of mystery; but he could spellbind me by the hour with his wonderful descriptions and logical deductions; and every off-duty hour I could spare found me with him at his quarters in Lima or him with me at mine in Callao. Possibly when the *right sort* of a mountain-climber ascends "Sorato," or "Chimborazo," and Yucatan and Ireland were joined by dry land, the verdict of the contemporaneous irrepressible "everybodies" will be that Old John North was not mad, and when material science *blindly stumbles* onto a few more "Uraniums," our know-it-alls may not be so prone to cry "Mad dog" at people who laugh at its crucibles and acids. Recently a famous doctor, a highly esteemed friend of the writer, has sailed for India to unravel the mystery of the Oriental Adepts. Had he consulted me on the matter I would have told him that the Masters of the Adepts of his quest can be found, on the southern half of the American continent by anyone having the make-up and NERVE to meet such beings, and that neither in India or America will he find them unless he carries in his breast the courage of the lion and the heart of a child.

Among many seeming fairy tales he told me during our three months' intimacy the one that most interested me was regarding the enormous treasures that had been concealed by the Incarial Government of the country in the underground caverns of the "Island of the Sun" in Lake Titicaca on the appearance of the Spaniards in Peru in quest of gold, and glory for their God.

He had attempted the second invitation, he told me, and failed ignominiously. After weeks of fasting he was taken by "the great man" to the island mentioned,

with another aspirant to metaphysical knowledge, each being furnished a boat of rushes (balsa) and a supply of barley, shown the entrance to the underground treasure caves and left to their own resources.

Exploring the caves, the opening of which was covered by a large flag-stone in the great "Patio" of the ruined Palace, he had found them to contain untold treasures in gold and silver ornaments, statues and utensils, not by the pound, but by the ton; by the carload; jewels by the bushel; cups and goblets cut from solid emerald and opal; religious paraphernalia of all descriptions in silver and gold; and the great gold and silver disks, weighing tons, that before Pizzaros' advent covered the two oval rocks near the Palace dedicated to the sun and moon as visible representatives of the male and female, or positive and negative principles of premordial force; and also had seen, and touched, the great gold chain that surrounded the Plaza of the Ancient Capital of Cuzco, each link weighing a hundred pounds, that was carried by an Indian on a line of rush boats (balsas), when the Spaniards marched on Cajamarca and Cuzco from the coast.

After weeks of solitude, he told me, with no food but barley soaked in water and cooked in the sun's rays, he had, for the first time in years, visions of his native land, and the enjoyment a mere trifle of the treasures about him would obtain, and that finding his companion's views agreed with his own, together they loaded their boats with as much of the plunder as they would safely carry, and returned to the Peruvian shore where on their arrival they were captured by the indignant Quicheas, their treasure taken from them, nearly flogged to death, and forced barefooted over the untravelled ice-bound passes of the Andes to be freed on the Pacific coast with a warning that death awaited them should they return.

Since then, he said, he had been vain by endeavoring to form a stock company for the purpose of taking forceable possession of the enormous treasure, only to be met on every hand by the incredulous guffaw.

He seemed very bitter against foreigners, probably for their continual jolly-ing, and especially friendly, and confidential with me for the intense interest I honestly manifested in his strange career, back of which I recognized madness but

felt that deliberate falsehood did not exist. Years afterwards when making a study of the religious system of the Ancient Peruvians for my own gratification, I realized that this "mad man" had ungrudgingly offered me the opportunity of my life, and, much to my surprise, that maligned Sun Worship was diametrically the opposite of idolatry.

Three months after the battle of Callao Kopetzky and myself, with many others, were mustered out of service, the government rewarding us with an extra two thousand dollars for our services, and we began studying what it was best to do with ourselves and our money. I proposed that the whole "brigade" should pool its capital, and under the leadership of North, explore the watershed of Titicaca, and, incidentally, the Island of the Sun, but my proposition was met with such a round of hooting jeers that shamefully I tried to pass the matter off as a joke.

Kopetzky, who had been bred a soldier and considered life in plain clothes the acme of infelicity had a friend, Prince Salm-Salm, very close to the Emperor Maximilian, and was very anxious I should accompany him to Mexico, where Marshal's batons, titles, and medals were begging for such frames as ours to hang themselves onto.

He was very much disappointed at the generous extra reward given us by the government, and would lay in bed nights cursing the ingratitude of Republics, and inflaming my imagination with his descriptions of the generosity, splendor, pomp, and opportunities under Monarchies.

I did not like the Monarchy idea—and made a counter proposition of going to Mexico, and in the name of Republicanism, and in behalf of a people struggling for freedom annihilating a few brigades

of Frenchmen, and Poles; but "Rot!" he would yell, and continue: The Mexicans don't stand the ghost of a chance of winning the fight, and soldiers of fortune must never be caught in the ranks of the losers. Back of Maximilian are the Dynasties of all Europe, and if it becomes necessary to sacrifice a dozen armies to subdue Mexico, a dozen armies will be sacrificed. Come, boy, don't be a fool, Salm-Salm will take care of us. I know the Hapsburgs. Maximilian will never repay important services with a measly two thousand dollars: come along with me, and you will be a Duke at forty.

I consulted the matter with North, offering to put my money in the treasure enterprise, and go with him alone to Lake Titicaca; but he said it would be the height of folly to attempt it with less than fifty well armed men; and after telling me that fighting against the Mexicans would be as criminal as fighting against my own country, he advised me to go home and stay there, and considering the advice good I agreed to accompany Kopetzky as far as Aspinwall, fully intending to go on alone from there to New York. But, "man proposes," and then the old Nick takes a hand in his affairs.

Larry Mulligan, who gradually seemed to have burdened himself with the responsibility of my welfare, was very anxious to accompany us, but his financial affairs were in a snarl, and the best he could do was to accompany us aboard the steamer to "see us off," yelling at us as the steamer's screw began to churn the waters of the bay, "God speed till yez, me hearties. It's meself that'll be following av yez be the next boat if I can get me money out av that murderin scoundrel Jack Britt. may the devil take him, glory be to God!"

Socialism and Life

By J. STITT WILSON, A.M.

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

Socialism and Disease

MY ATTENTION has been directed lately to relation of Socialism to disease. The general topic of these articles is "Socialism and Life." That is

what relation the Socialist movement has to the more abundant life of mankind in all planes. One of the most desirable things in the world is good health. Health is the great riches. In ancient days

there was a school of philosophers who taught that a perfectly healthy person could not but be constantly inspired, and live a joyous life, constantly exhibiting intellectual and moral perfections. Just as spontaneously as a sound and healthy tree bears its blossoms and fruit. There is something in this old philosophy. I am inclined to go a long way with it. What a bondage is disease! What a freedom is good health! To the eye of health there appears ever a rich, new world and, indeed, the true ecstasy of the soul is scarce possible without this greatest gift of the Gods.

Whoever has good health—I say unto you keep it. Lay hold on that treasure, prize it, love it, fortify it.

What a huge body of people would be out of a job if a baptism of health and the love of it came upon the people. Think of the teachers, and healers, and writers, and doctors; think of the pathies and issues, and venders of drugs and ideas, that exist in this world as the result of the search for health. What would we not offer to him who will heal us or our loved ones. The cost of the people for drugs, medicines, doctors, and healers is something tremendous.

The vision of health never leaves the mind of the race. When one pathy proves futile, another is developed. Allopathy, homeopathy, osteopathy, phrenopathy—all show the virility of the belief that health is attainable if we can only strike the right method or find the true laws of health, and walk in the new wisdom's ways.

But in the study of health and disease the race has paid altogether too much attention to the affliction of mankind from the individual standpoint, and altogether too little attention to the healing of our physical pains, aches, and diseases, from the social standpoint.

Here, then, is where the relation is manifest between Socialism and Health. I proclaim to all who read or listen that the Socialist movement and the inauguration of the co-operative commonwealth will do more for the healing of disease, and the perpetual health of the people than all the pathies yet discovered by medical research and pathological science. Do you want healing for the people? Join the Socialist movement. Do you want robust health and glad some hearts for your little children? Then join work for the Socialist cause. Do you want motherhood redeemed from exces-

sive toil, and blessed with leisure for culture for all women instead of leisure for social riot for the few, and degrading servitude for the many? Then live and labor for Socialism.

It could be easily pointed out by elaborate statistics that the average length of life of the artisan and laborer is scarcely half that of the leisure classes. Not only does disease seize upon the laborer more readily; but he resists it less easily, and multitude in these days cannot find the money to meet doctors bills in the periodic condition of sickness that falls upon the average family. The call for help is put off as long as possible. Then when too late the medical assistance is secured, but the man, his wife, or his child is beyond help. Death reaps its harvest. I have seen this happen scores and scores of times in my own experience.

The excessive toil of the working class under all sorts of conditions and in all sorts of weather runs up the death rate. They freeze in winter, they are killed by sunstroke in the heat of summer. Their long hours of labor, the danger of losing positions in case they drop off a day, the difficulty of "laying off" even if they might, for the day off is the dollar less, the "speeding" up process in factory work, where capitalism keeps well paid a healthy group, ever replaced, to set the pace, as seen recently in the condition of the stockyard employes in Chicago, the anxiety of unemployment, the struggle with debt, the cheerlessness of life's dull monotony, sapping the courage, the hope, and the joys of life—all these conditions that fill the lives of fully one-half or more of our population, and to grind out life, feed disease, destroy health and lead the working class early to their graves.

But this is only introductory to the special phase of disease which Socialism would utterly abolish. I refer to that class of diseases known as zymotic or "filth-diseases." The human family have been for centuries the victims of fearful scourges that have swept them off the face of the earth like flies. Black deaths, plagues, epidemics, in various forms and with varying severity, have settled down upon the population, and untold multitudes, especially in great cities, have been offered to appease the wrath of the disease devil.

It is only in modern times that any attempt has been made to deal scientifically with these diseases. They were supposed to be visitations of the wrath

of God. But little by little it began to dawn upon the minds of men that these fearful plagues arose out of the dreadful unsanitary conditions of life in great cities, and were then carried by contagion to the most isolated regions. But their origin was traced to the city. With the increasing intelligence of modern times men have sought to remove causes, and not to spend so much time and effort on results. And this is indeed the true path of progress. Its widest form consists in changing the social conditions in which the masses of the people live and thus actually abolishing the disease that would otherwise have to be treated in individual cases.

The special matter that has concretely presented the matter of the relation of Socialism to the health of the people, is the effort on the part of the Board of Health of the State of California to enforce the compulsory vaccination law, on the statute books, but unenforced for over ten years.

Small-pox, which the vaccine virus is supposed to prevent, by the rite of vaccination, is nothing more nor less than a "filth-disease." There is a group of these diseases including plague, small-pox, measles, whooping-cough, yellow fever, typhus and enteric fevers, scarlet fever and diphtheria. I have not the available statistics at hand to indicate the awful harvest these zymotic diseases reap annually and constantly, to say nothing of the enormous death-rate, when they break out as scourges. Now all these diseases are "filth-diseases." And the filth referred to is not the filth of barnyards, which is often healthful instead of injurious; nor merely the filth that might be found in single isolated homes of uncleanly people, who are probably as numerous in the country as in the city. But they are "filth-diseases" arising from the presence of dense masses of people crowded into close quarters and under unsanitary conditions in great industrial centers.

These zymotics have their origin, and rapid development, and reap their awful harvest of death where the air is foul from being breathed and rebreathed with out ventilation, where the water is impure, where decaying organic matter lies about in uncleared garbage boxes, and where in the midst of it all the people by thousands, men, women and children, live, packed in small tenements, with no baths, unsufficient water closets, and all

other local conditions favorable to plague.

The Royal Commission of England on the Housing of the Working Classes, has this to say which affirms the point made above: "The evils of overcrowding, especially in London, are still a public scandal, and are becoming in certain locations a worse scandal than they ever were. Among adults, overcrowding causes a vast amount of suffering which could be calculated by no bills of mortality, however accurate. The general deterioration in the health of the people is a worse feature of overcrowding, even than the encouragement by it of infectious diseases. It has the effect of reducing their stamina, and thus producing consumption and diseases arising from general debility of the system whereby life is shortened. * * * In Liverpool, nearly one-fifth of the squalid houses where the poor live in the closest quarters, are reported to be always infected, that is to say, the seat of infectious diseases." Hobson in his "Problems of Poverty," declares that careful statistics justify the conclusion that the death rate of an average poor district in London, Liverpool, or Glasgow, is quite double that of the average country district. What is true of London and Liverpool is also true of New York and Chicago. Some years ago I lived in a ward in Chicago when the death rate was treble the death rate in the suburban districts. Such fearful social and economic conditions of life for the working class, constitute the birth-place of zymotic diseases, as I have already indicated.

Now, during the past century the medical fraternity have sought to fight small-pox, the most dire disease of this group, with vaccination. And there is a law on our statute books compelling all school children to be vaccinated on pain of expulsion from the privileges of the public school. The attempt is being made to enforce the law especially in the larger cities, where overcrowding is sure to exist.

And now the point of this article is that the attempt to save our bodies from smallpox, or other plague of similar sort, by vaccination, while the awful social and economic conditions continue which pack people in great cities is a vain and useless attempt. And if we succeed in holding back smallpox (which I deny) by vaccination, we shall reap in some other form of plague the fruits of our unwisdom. Vaccination is an attempt to

treat outraged nature with a sop. But she will mete out to us our due finally.

It is commonly supposed that the comparative decrease of smallpox is due to the almost universal vaccination of the people. But this is a huge delusion. The fact is that the decrease of smallpox is proportionate to the increase in sanitary regulations, and the abolition of filthy, overcrowded tenements in our large cities.

To prove the point would require statistics much beyond our space, but one or two proofs may be offered. In the smallpox epidemic of 1871-73 the death rate in Ireland was 800 per million; Scotland, 1450 per million; England, 2000 per million. England well vaccinated, Scotland, fairly well vaccinated, Ireland badly vaccinated. The more vaccination the greater the mortality. If you look at the matter just from the standpoint of mortality and vaccination, you must conclude that vaccination tends to intensify the disease. But note. Only 11 per cent of the population of Ireland live in towns of 100,000 inhabitants and

upwards; in Scotland 30 per cent., and in England 54 per cent.; and we find the mortality from zymotic diseases to be roughly proportional to these figures. Alfred Russell Wallace, commenting on these statistics, says: "We see here unmistakable cause and effect. Impure air, with all else that overcrowding implies, on the one hand; higher death-rate on the other."

Vaccination, therefore, is typical of that vain and useless effort of mankind to limit its self-caused sufferings by dealing with effects instead of with causes. These dread diseases that repeatedly burst forth like demons in the human family cannot be mitigated much less abolished by such methods.

Nothing but the inauguration of the Justice of the Co-operative Commonwealth will abolish the terrible conditions which breed these and other diseases that devour the life of the people. Socialism will drain the social swamps, by the principles of Justice and set the people free from poverty, and hence from disease.

Hoosier Paths

Blazed by D. H. SNOKE, M. D.

THESE is a fitful fever raging among the race which has in it neither surcease nor assuagement. Forever and ever it blazes, and surges, and withers, and its fires are fed day and night by fuel of longing and fanned by winds of ambition and greed. It has its source in the mad desire to extract from his environment that which will render man content and happy and healthful.

The inheritor of wealth bids his shining shekels in the mad world's auction for pampering foibles, which, no sooner than they touch his eager, reaching hands, they pall upon his sated sensibilities, and he turns to another point of the veering compass in the endeavor to wrest from its shifting indices something to satisfy the importuning of his desires.

Does he find it? Is there aught in the east or west, in the north or south which will arrest the corroding fire that he feels is sapping the fountain of his life, with no jot or tittle of compensation for

his strenuous seeking? Will the semi-cardinal points of his environment yield to his entreaty and fill the measure of his life with the good he has failed to find in those previously sought? Alas! and alas! no.

His training and culture have not taught him that *he*, HIMSELF contains the very thing he has been seeking, and his bootless search in the wilds of his environment has only served to confuse his judgment and warp his vision.

He does not know that he possesses another instrument besides his five-jaded senses and his thinking brain. It does not occur to him that he has a faculty which transcends reason in its operations, and which, if trusted, would solve the problem that has so greatly perplexed his mind.

He has been honest, he feels, in his endeavors to solve the problem of happiness; he has not neglected "means of grace," as portrayed by his orthodox "sky-pilot," he has fed and clothed the

orphan, and contributed toward the education of his less fortunate brother, but these things gave only a short-lived satisfaction, and left him pining for the reality, which, because of false conceptions, eluded his most ardent search.

And what of his counter-type, the swart, horny-handed son of toil upon whose neck the yoke of long generations of toilers has left its heavy impress, and whose sturdy brawn, or tottering age have likewise felt the lack of the something which no one has been able to give unto him?

In his veins, too, have poured the torrent of fevered unrest, and his narrowly circumscribed environment has been but the iron bars of a cage against which he has bruised his sensibilities and aroused his passions. To him, as to his more affluent brother, the ghostly consolation of a rest from toil beyond the stygian tide, has been alike meaningless and void of comfort.

He has had his dreams of something fair and sweet, which have come to him in short periods of rest, when for a brief moment the winds of fate wafted aside the veil of sense, and a flash as of a star-gleam shot athwart his vision, and a whispered song of exquisite harmony vibrated upon his ear; but he knew not whence they came, and there was none of his peers able to explain, or guide him to where he might experience more.

The conditions of his daily life, the weariness of labor, the problem of food, clothing and shelter for loved ones, the apathy—half defiance and half resignation with which he conventionally strives against circumstance, all serve to close his eyes to the enlightenment which alone can better his condition.

Then the class between the extremes we have thus briefly portrayed, who operate the activities of the commercial and professional realms, who give impulse to manufactures and stimulation to agriculture, but who in common with their fellows first delineated find the same fever of unrest, and with troubles akin to the others, because, like them, they seek to extract from their environment the happiness *they* feel to be their due, but who, along with the rest, find that their surroundings are lacking in the real essentials of joy.

They enter the lists of competitive action, the scholar seeking to outvie his fellow in the acquisition of dead languages, extinct traditions, and defunct

conceptions of his predecessors; the merchant and manufacturer, and the dealer in shadowy futures of the stock market, are alike emulous each of the other in the acquisition of pelf whose burden crushes the soul and dampens the ardor of the aspirations of love. The various priestly representatives of the multitudinous sects extant, vie with each other in the enlistment of souls under the legionary banners of their clashing creeds, and all agree in but one thing, the infinite distance away of the Creator from his creatures, and the bridging of the gulf by a vicarious plank of varying dogmatic lengths and widths; the multiplying political factions which oppose each other in the various arenas of precinct, ward, city, county, state and nation, each cock-sure that they have the key to national prosperity and power, and individual freedom and happiness, who manage to exalt the grinning skeleton of Politics while they strangle the personality of true Statesmanship, engage with their neighbors of other cults in forever reaching *out* after happiness.

Who will go abroad among these striving, warring factions and proclaim the eternal truth, and power, and peace, and health, and happiness, and long life, and glorifying capacity of unfoldment which lies *WITHIN* every human soul, be it that of saint or sinner, virtuous or fornicator, chaste or harlot; a light which will reveal the oneness of the greater universe in its design of love and unity, and the actual omnipresence of the Infinite Good which abides not in the limitations of a personality, but in the boundlessness of Principle?

Who will imbue the spirit of the press with the fire of a love which will reveal to all the fact of universal-brotherhood, and the heirship of the race to unstinted measure of wisdom and knowledge from the inexhaustible treasures of Omniscience, and that the path to these ineffable riches is reached through the gateway of the human soul?

Who will reveal to the fearing soul of man that death is not annihilation but a change of perception, and hence of manifestation, and that the primary capacity of consciousness with which Nature endowed him in the beginning of his manifestation as an entity is his inalienable right and heritage?

For these are truths, first steps, upon which the desiring soul may plant its hesitating feet, and as it rises upon these

to its own, within itself, it will recognize the pathway ascending still within, past veils that thinner and thinner grow, until at last is reached the gates of Infinity, over which appears the legend, "The Father's House of Many Mansions," and it is still within.

Oh boundless, shoreless sea whose wavelets glinting in sunrise beauty of immortal Love and Life, whose roseate tides bear on them evermore fair argosies of truth, and joy, and peace, thy caves and islands blest all lie within the soul of man—of thee, and me.

The Body Beautiful

BY NANNETTE MAGRUDER PRATT

A HEALTH TALK

SOME one has said: "For life is not to live, but to be *well*." Isn't it discouraging to be an invalid? I have an acquaintance who says his wife has been ill fifteen years. Just think of it! And yet, I believe that woman could be made *well* in six months' time anyway (possibly less) if she just stopped doctoring, and commenced to live rationally. But her husband says they don't believe in diet, and, in all probability, "that's the rub!"

I am most liberal in my ideas, and I believe in well people or *moderately* well people, eating nourishing, palatable food, but *sick* people should follow certain rules about food—to the letter—until they are *well*. When they get well they will probably go back to the flesh pots, but, in case of illness, again, they will know just what to do.

A few days' fasting, drinking freely of distilled water, or pure water, if it can be obtained, a daily enema of slightly warmed water and olive oil (one quart of water and one tablespoonful of olive oil) then a day or two of water and fruit juices, then a delicate fruit and raw vegetable diet, with whole wheat bread or shredded wheat biscuits, a daily hot bath for a week with gentle scrubbing, a well-ventilated bed-room, *deep* breaths in the open air and sweet sleep—all that will *surely* bring relief to the invalid or to those who complain of "feeling mean" though not ill in bed.

Illness comes from wrong living—from ignorance—but the day is coming when hygiene will have its say and there will be many converts.

Many, many doctors of the old school are practicing to-day along rational lines; and if there was a convention held it would be surprising to see the number of doctors of the *new school*. It is true

they have to graduate from a medical college to get their diploma, but they can forget the drug part as soon as they like, and begin to instruct their patients how to breathe, rest, relax, eat, drink, bathe and get the very best out of life.

Great will be the doctor's reward who practices along Nature's lines. Strong, poisonous drugs were *never* meant for the human stomach. Druggists have much to answer for.

* * * *

Very few people know how to breathe; women particularly breathe from the vicinity of the collar bone. They have not the remotest idea of what abdominal breathing means. They do not know where the abdominal muscles are; they have worn corsets so many years all the muscles round and about the waist line are practically useless. They have relied altogether on the corset. Fortunately, the stiff stays are gradually going out of style, and now a woman has a chance to learn deep breathing. And if she will get one of the new breathing corsets, just being put on the market, she will not only have a trim figure, but she will not be afraid to shake hands with Father Hygiene the first time she meets him on the street.

So many reformers are crying "off with the corset"—but women hesitate. They want to be well. They hear such blood-curdling stories of what the corset is responsible for, and they begin to think, but they do not know how to carry themselves, and they do not look well uncorseted—so they drop the matter. Who can blame a woman for wanting to look well? It is her duty—but *first* it is her duty to be well, and we must not sacrifice health for looks: It is *important* that a woman should become strong in the abdominal muscles—then, *after that*, she

can wear a soft girdle, or one of the breathing corsets and not only be pleased with her figure, but have health in the bargain. No woman can be well who laces tightly, and to my mind, a tiny waist is a deformity. It is surprising how many singers and actresses on the stage to-day go without corsets. Their figures are beautiful; soft, lithe, graceful. But, before they can leave them off they have to go into training for awhile—that is, they have to learn to breathe deeply; hold the chest up and the abdomen in. They have to overcome all untidiness at the waist line; sometimes the gowns are boned a bit—any way the figure is graceful, and the dancing, walking, singing, fencing, etc., is all done so easily.

Anyway, women, whatever you do, be fair to yourselves and every one around you. Don't be sickly and selfish. Make up your minds to be well and strong, so as to be a good comrade. A delicate woman has no business to become a wife or mother. To-day the cry of humanity is for stronger and more perfect mothers. Every child has a right to be born well. The hope of coming ages is in the mothers of today, and physical perfection in women is far more important than physical perfection in men.

Start today to get well. Cut out the things in your diet that you know are unwholesome, and above all, learn to *breathe*.

Here is an exercise which I wish every person who reads this article would learn. It is deep, abdominal breathing, and men should take it up as well as women. Of course, men breathe more deeply than women, for their waists have never been restricted, but their abdominal muscles are not always as fully developed as they should be.

Lie down on the floor or on a very hard couch. There must be no yielding under the body. Take a deep breath through the nose, raising the abdomen as you do so. Then still holding the breath, force the chest up, letting the abdomen down, up with the abdomen again; up with the chest. Let the breath out through your nose while chest is raised. Practice that until you can do it five times without letting out your breath; abdomen and chest up alternately. Can you not see how that exercise will be very beneficial? It may be hard at first, but you can do it.

Practice this breathing faithfully.

* * * *

Take fine care of your teeth. What is more unpleasant than a mouth full of teeth that are neglected? So many people say they cannot afford to have their teeth fixed, and yet they spend money on an hundred and one things that are less important. Wonderful things are being done in dentistry today, and there is no excuse for missing teeth, snags and diseased gums. People who do not brush their teeth should be deported. A bad breath so often comes from neglected teeth. Every one cannot have perfect teeth, but he can have *clean* teeth.

In the first place, go to a good dentist and have him put your mouth in order, and then have him clean and examine your teeth every three months. A little tartar accumulates, notwithstanding every care. If anything happens during the three months, it is easily remedied.

The writer loves her teeth, and takes care of them the very best way she knows how, and she thinks she has found the best way.

Teeth should be brushed after each meal. Before brushing, use a fine quill tooth-pick. Once or twice a day, once *any* way, use dental floss, removing every bit of food from between the teeth. Use a Prophylactic tooth brush and for the mouth wash, diluted Listerine. I use three tablespoonfuls of Listerine in a four-ounce bottle of water. Some people pour a few drops in half a glass of water, but I find it more convenient to fix up a bottle full. It makes a very pleasant mouth wash to use the very first thing in the morning—and, if the throat is a bit sore, it is a fine gargle.

Once a day I think it is well to use precipitated chalk. That cleanses the teeth and seems to keep the gums from receding. About once a week clean the teeth thoroughly with salt and about every two weeks put a teaspoonful of Hyargone in a glass of tepid water, and wash the mouth out with that.

It may bore some people to hear about all this fussing with the teeth, but it's an important subject, and most people are interested. The better care we take of our teeth the longer we can keep them and the contour of our face. False teeth are discouraging, but they are a thousand times better than yellow, neglected teeth. If a tooth is missing in front, or on the side where the vacant place is easily seen, have a false tooth put in and add about one hundred per cent to your appearance. Have a sweet, clean, attractive

mouth, even if you have to sacrifice time and money to keep it so.

If teeth are quite pointed, a dentist can file them off a bit and add greatly to the appearance of the mouth.

If one wants to be well, he must pay great attention to mastication, and it surely pays to have a mouthful of good teeth.

The Reincarnation of Kleo

Written for the PATHFINDER by GRACE M. BROWN

OH, THE WONDER, the mystery, yea the glory of these commonplace lives. If one could see beneath and beyond some of these heavy-lidded, sorrow-laden eyes, what soul revelations, what heart marvels would be revealed.

Rachel Cornell was certainly a most commonplace little mortal. Motherless, neglected as a child, she expected little and in consequence received little as a woman. But in spite of her commonplace environment, her very respectable husband and decidedly spoiled children, who dominated her into martyrdom, she managed to find pleasure in the simplest things of life, and her cheerful temperament brought her joy from the very fact of living.

Rachel had a comfortable home; she was shielded from the grind of the financial struggle, and after years of longing for human love and protection, the devotion of her big, clumsy, hard-working husband was a rest most fully appreciated by her weary heart.

And so the life, with its contentment, its peace and its pure domestic serenity, went smoothly on until one day, one sweet summer day when Rachel Cornell was speeding down the avenue on her wheel, an ungoverned team came just a trifle too close. The wheel showed its perversity, as those inanimate, freaky things will sometimes; there was a whirl and a crash, and the little lady lay a pitiful wreck in a vortex of hoofs, wheels and telegraph pole in the dust of the avenue.

Very tenderly she was carried into the great, hospitable doors of the hospital, only a few blocks distant. It seemed such a frail little figure, with the uncanny gash in the broad, low forehead, and as the surgeon completed his work and took up the fluttering hand, he glanced with unutterable pity at the strong man standing with bowed head near the white

couch, waiting for the sweet gray eyes to open.

But, alas, the innocent soul could not endure the shock, and had left its temple forever.

There on the cot lay the graceful, delicate body. Close by were the black robed sisters, who, although accustomed to such sights, found the tears very close to the surface as their eyes rested on the man so crushed and broken, trying to realize that the wife of his soul, his gentle, happy friend, could not respond to his heart-broken call.

* * * * *

And then I came, dominant in spirit, strong in mentality, irrepressible in desire, I stood watching the scene.

So long I had desired just a few years on this planet, and this seemed my opportunity. There was so much to be done NOW on earth, and who so well fitted as I? Those with whom I had walked for ages were working in the Master's vineyard; only I stood outside, only I must wait for another century before coming again to serve the Master Truth.

And here lay this body. Frail, to be sure, but a strong soul could attune it with a supreme vital chord. Its owner had forsaken it, unnecessarily of course, but she was too weak to understand. Why could not I use it for just a little while? I could continue her work as well as my own. Surely it was all according to law, and did not I, high priestess of the temple of Isis, understand the law relating to this planet, as well as of all the universe?

My desire strengthened. I saw my companions of the past; I must speak to them. I saw the friend of my soul—He would so rejoice—Heart of my heart. With this body I could reveal myself to him, and with my entire desire I called

to the Father of all—Oh, Father, give me Thy strength and let me go.

And even as I prayed a great darkness came over me, and with the glorious out on the vortexian currents of a new experience.

But he, beloved of my soul. He is here. I shall meet him in his work, for that I would pass through the valley of the shadow, yea, through the shadow itself again.

* * * * *

Ah, what is this limitation? I held the delicate hand up to my eyes, I looked into the face of the man who a few moments before was bowed and broken with a terrible grief. I saw the light of love and possession in his eyes, and I wondered if the thing I had assumed was worth while. Then I wearily closed my eyes, that I might shut out all thought but the one that I must respond to the care given this body which I had taken possession of, that it might become an instrument worthy of the work which I intended it to do.

What days and days of pain; what weeks of adjustment. And again and again the thought intruded itself: What had I done by placing myself in such physical limitations, such crude environment, if only I had waited.

And then, and then, I took up my yoke. How I tried to take the place of the sweet young soul who had not the strength to make the struggle for her physical life.

And did I succeed?

She knew, yes, she knows and understands even now, and loves me that I have done her work so well

I—strong, dominant, with the wisdom of infinite things in my consciousness.

I—who have played a prominent part in all the world's great events.

I—who have lived out and beyond all human loves, must pay the price of my desire, and must live here and now in the humble path which I have chosen.

But no, it is not humble in the world's meaning of the word. It is very sweet, only I have lived out the sweetness of domesticity so long ago, that is all, and it is not easy to do my soul work from the standpoint and the position in the universe of this body

But I know the law. Even though the brain I am using has not yet come into its full power of externalizing, I know the law, and I know there is no limit to the possibilities of the soul.

Sometimes, with my growing strength, I forgot my outside part, and I would say things, do things so startling that my dear friends and neighbors felt called upon to condemn me most bitterly. I cannot yet understand why these children of earth today will do that which not only disintegrates the mental forces, but makes the body shriveled and hideous.

But when I tried to say the word of faith, of love, of even the most ordinary conception of truth, they shunned me as though I was unbalanced in mind. And because of my love I learned the lesson one must learn who works in this world today—the lesson of man's inhumanity to man.

But I have lived with infant humanity all along the line. In spite of the whirlwind of fury which was directed my way, I held on to my strengthening body. I magnetized it with my own life currents, and surely and steadily I adjusted its delicate fibers to suit my strong positive needs.

And one day—oh, day of days, with my mind in externals—with my heart repressed in its longing—with my hope of soul companionship numb—I met the friend of my soul. He could not see. He did not know, how could he understand, that I, Kleo, high priestess of the temple of Isis, who had left him strong in faith of such different reunion, could have come to him in this conventional guise?

Steadily I looked into his eyes. They were guarded. Only I could have pierced their depths and entered into the consciousness of that great heart.

Oh, life, oh, love, what is anything besides?

But he looked with unseeing eyes. His work, his work, to save all men, that was all.

But again, the law of all being; the law of all action and reaction; the law of holiness and peace which can as surely crush the heart if it is necessary to so purify that heart, as it can strengthen it in response to pure sweet love; that beautiful law again brought him to me, my own love, my other self, and the scales were dropped from those heavenly eyes, and he saw, saw with me the vast expanse, the infinite variety of the universal work as it can only be seen and comprehended by two souls that work in love as one.

And I, Kleo, high priestess of the tem-

ple of Isis, knowing the law of all action and reaction, rejoice in the privilege of serving, rejoice in the glimpse of that heart of my heart, rejoice that, even though his dear body is here on this planet, that the law, not cruel, dear father of all, just loving—beautiful law has separated us in the flesh that we may more completely and unitedly work in the service of all men.

Oh, the goodness of Infinite Love.

A Society to Prevent the Wearing of Harmful Clothes

I WOULD suggest the organization of a society for the prevention of the wearing of harmful clothing. Our missionaries in the Orient endeavor to stop the binding of feet as practiced by people whom we call heathen. Is it not high time we were giving some thought to the crimes of our so-called civilized nations? For is it not a crime for woman to so bind the vital organs as to make her unfit for the sacred duties of life?

Then there is the hat, so overlooked with finery as to give the wearer headache, and is seldom designed to shelter from the sun in summer or cold in winter. Then we have the abominable long skirt, to sweep up and gather disease germs and restrict the freedom of motion and make the healthful exercise of walking unpleasant and laborious.

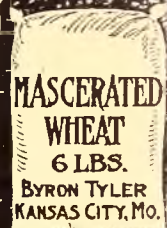
There are many women who would hail with delight the opportunity to wear clothing that would insure comfort, freedom of motion and health, but who are too timid and afraid of public opinion to make the start. This society could send out preachers to show that health can be impaired, happiness marred and duty interfered with by wrong dressing as well as by intemperance and the tobacco habit, and to so infuse the public mind with common sense that it will indorse rather than ridicule dress reform.

Would not happiness be increased and burdens lightened if woman would turn her back on Dame Fashion and would realize that the care of her body is a sacred duty?

THE OLIVE

Exchange:—The olive has been applied for various medicinal purposes since old Rameses I. held sway over his dark-skinned subjects in northern Africa. In the days of ancient Rome the leaves and bark of the tree were used

by the remarkable medical experts of that time to allay and cure violent attacks of intermittent fever, while the resinous gum which exudes from the tree in the hot season was used for many of the ills to which flesh is heir. The oil of the olive itself later was used by the Roman athletes to soothe their heated bodies after indulging in heroic attempts to break the early records for 100 yard dashes and putting the discus or shot. Then the oil of the wild olive was employed as an extraordinary panacea, guaranteed to stop the ravages of all ailments. Last of all, in more modern times, the women of our own day use the olive oil in the form of soap to beautify the complexion by softening the pores and nourishing the skin itself.



MASCERATED WHEAT
6 LBS.
BYRON TYLER
KANSAS CITY, MO.

BYRON TYLER Found-Father of this
Mascerrated Wheat will cure Indigestion and Constipation at once; if it does not, return the empty bag and your money will be refunded without quibbling. MASCERATED WHEAT is a raw food, ready to eat, made from Whole Wheat blended with Fruit and Nuts—Nature's Ideal Food. Corrects mal-assimilation, restoring normal diet and color.

WRITE FOR CONVINCING PROOFS.
Testimonials without number. Price 6 lb sack, express prepaid, \$1 each Rocky Mountains, \$1.50 west. Directions for new method of living with each sack.

BYRON TYLER, Mfr., Kansas City, Mo.

How to Live Forever

JUST FROM THE PRESS

A remarkable book by the noted author and lecturer, Harry Gaze. This work shows how man's body, like his soul, can be made immortal.

Startling? Yes. But not half as startling as the EVIDENCE of actual cases cited by the author.

"Mr. Gaze's work contains much that is thoughtful, practical and reasonable."—*The Arena*.

"Its premises are incontrovertible facts, and the deductions cannot be disproved."—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

"At once sane, intelligent and worthy of serious attention."—*Health Culture, N. Y.*

"Mr. Gaze's book will be read."—*Chicago Tribune*.

The work gives practical instructions for retaining the beauty and buoyancy of the body.

At all book stores. Over two hundred pages. 8 vo. Cloth \$1.25.

STOCKHAM PUBLISHING CO.

Suite 522

70 Dearborn St., Chicago

HYGIENE

Advice given by mail upon matters relating to the preservation of health and the cure of disease without the use of drugs. Full instructions in pen-written letters directly from my own hand. Success assured. Terms \$1.00 per letter. Address

D. H. Snoke, M.D., 921 Indiana Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

THE MAN WHO DIES HAS DEMONSTRATED THE
FACT THAT HE IS NO LONGER FIT TO LIVE.

The Secret of Human Unfoldment

Or, How to Inbreathe to the Vital Centers of the Body
for Physical and Spiritual Exaltation.

BY

Edgar Wallace Conable.

PRICE, 50 CENTS.

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 values 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 Raton, 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 Problem 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 Women 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 battle-fields, but upon the planes of normal, healthful functioning expressed in a rational diet and its results are found between its covers.—*D. H. Snoke, M D., Indianapolis, Ind.*

Factors in the Process of Human Development

The Book of the New Century

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



BY
Edgar Wallace Conable

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 Exercises 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.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS:

THE PATH-FINDER PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Box 1045, Los Angeles, Cal.