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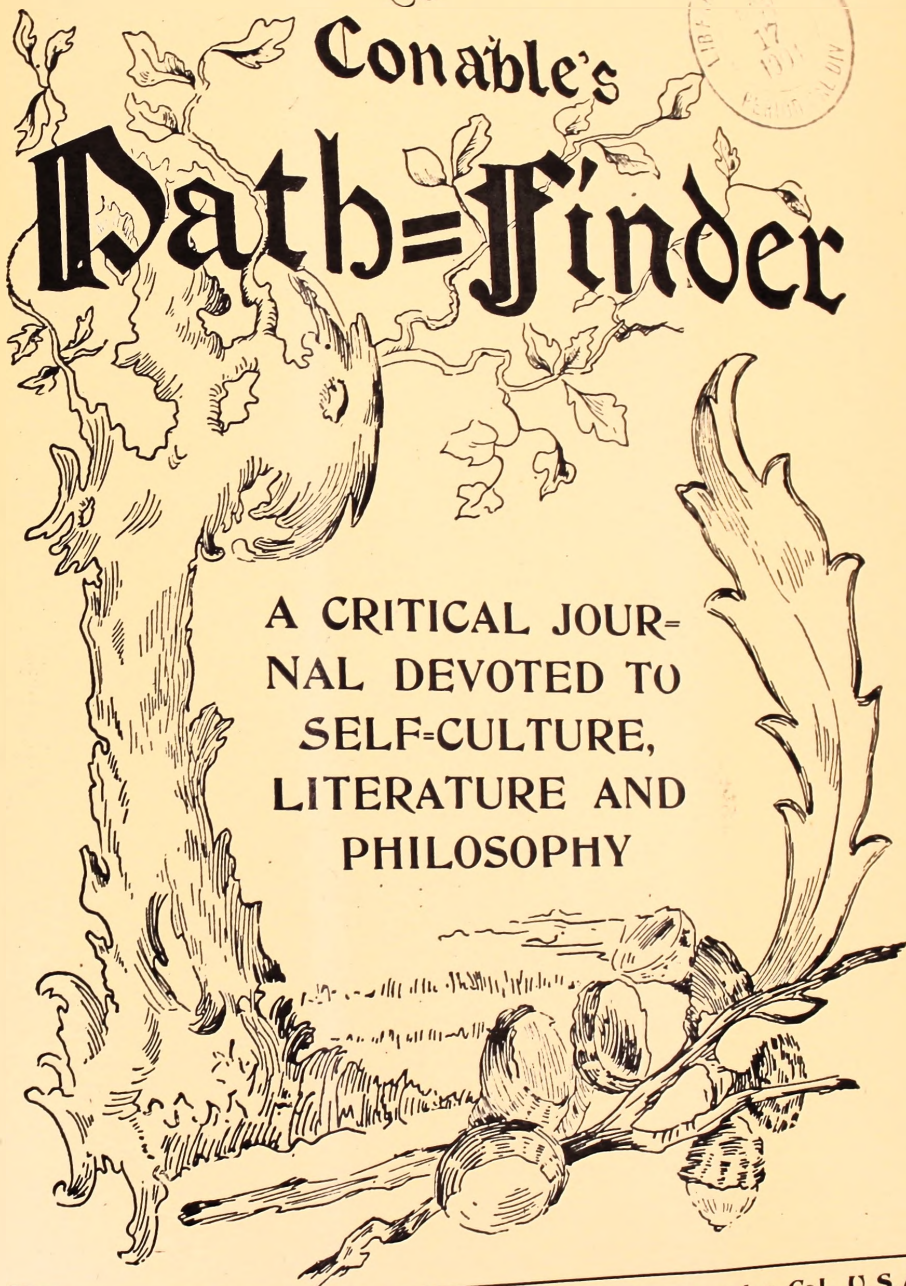


Conable's



# Path-Finder

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



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# Conable's Path-Finder

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## Conable's Path-Finder

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, EDITOR

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BY THE EDITOR

### What Are You Doing Today?

THIS is the all-important question—

What Are You Doing Today?

Not what you did yesterday, or last week, or last year, or twenty years ago, or what you are going to do tomorrow, or next year; but simply, What Are You Doing Today?

The things we do today are of more importance than all else in life. The things we do today affect all our future growth and development. The past is dead. We cannot undo it. The past has simply been one great school of learning—to our ultimate profit always. Of course we are not to forget the lessons of the past. These are all guides to greater possibilities and achievements; but we have directly to do with the

events of today—if we would grow fast and make everything we do count for something in the great aggregate.

When we retire at night and have settled down to quiet repose, we should begin to think and plan for the routine labors that are to be taken up in the morning. Formulate all these plans intelligently and systematically. Know just what work you have before you the coming day, and on arising in the morning take up each part of the work just as you planned it the night before.

Having impressed upon the subconscious mind all the important labors you wish to undertake and consummate the coming day—all the details of the same just previous to physical unconsciousness induced by sleep—the day's labor is made ten fold easier and greater intelligence comes to you in the successful carrying out of each detail. The reason for this is, that you have taken your Inner Self into your confidence and have given it recognition as being the guiding factor in all processes leading up to the consummation of every laudable undertaking.

The Inner Self is really *your own self*. When we fail to recognize the Inner Self—the Divine part of us—we obstruct the avenues through which the Inner Self finds expression. With these avenues closed, the physical mind is then subject to influences and suggestions from outside sources.

Here is something that I wish to impress upon every reader of this magazine—something that I have never called attention to before and something that is little understood—not even by many of the students and teachers of the philosophy of life. It is this: Every clean, pure thought that comes to us and every act of love and kindness that we give expression to, are the result of influence and impression on the physical senses by the Inner Self—that wondrous Divine

entity which invests all conscious life. Every single act of our lives that deals absolutely with love, truth and justice can be traced directly to the influence and manifestation of the Inner Self.

So much for the Inner Self—*Ourselves*—which never makes a mistake or commits a sin, or indulges in error of any kind.

To make myself more clearly understood with reference to the entity I designate as the Inner Self, I will say that this Inner Self is the ever-living Eternal Spirit and not the Soul—the so-called Astral entity—in which the Spirit is encased. It is necessary to keep this fact in mind in order to clearly comprehend what I shall say further along. It is understood that man, as a whole, is a trinity — Spirit, Soul and body — three separate and distinct entities, two of which, Soul and body, being perishable, the Spirit being non-perishable—ever-living—the life that never dies. It is through the influence of the Spirit life within that the physical consciousness takes cognizance of the workings of the natural law governing the evolutionary processes of life. It is also this Spirit life within that is constantly crowding us on to a fuller knowledge and more complete understanding of the necessity of bringing the physical member of this trinity into complete harmony with the Divine Inner Self.

All good emanates from the Spirit within, as I have stated above. Whence comes the evil—negative—thoughts and influences which constantly crowd in their presence and make this physical existence a practical failure? If none of these come from within—from the Spirit entity inhabiting the physical body—whence do they come and how?

There is but one direct source whence evil thoughts and evil influences find lodgment in the physical consciousness, though the transmission of these evil thoughts and influences may come to us indirectly—through various channels.

All evil, so-called, is generated first in the consciousness of Astral entities from which the Spirit has withdrawn. Here is the origin of all so-called evil. The Spirit withdraws from all Astral entities—the Soul—the same as both Soul and Spirit withdraw from the physical body, when we persistently fail to give the Spirit recognition and persistently insist on providing an unclean, diseased and

unwholesome habitation for the Spirit, except that, in the former case, the Astral entity still persists in clinging to the earth and fails to become Spiritualized—then the Spirit withdraws and goes on to a higher plane of growth.

After the Spirit withdraws from the Astral entity the latter is left in a hopeless state. There is nothing for it to look forward to except steady, slow, disintegration. All hope of perpetuating life has fled. When once the Spirit withdraws from the physical body there is immediate unconsciousness. If the Spirit has withdrawn permanently, there is what we call death. Not so with the Astral body. The Astral body may live on for an indefinite period, but there is no growth or development upward. It is all downward—in the direction of ultimate disintegration—death.

The Bible often refers to the "Second Death." This is the second death—when an Astral entity is forsaken by the Spirit, never to return. Death is then a slow process, but inconceivable in the awful tortures of mind it brings with the knowledge that it must come sooner, or later, and that billions of years must elapse before animate life will again be present.

On what does this Astral entity survive during the period of its conscious existence? On the lusts and sins of physical human flesh. Wherever, through its powerful influences on the physical mind of men, it can induce wrong-doing, there does it survive. It works by night and by day—at all times—to influence every negative and impressional individual to do its bidding, and its bidding always tends to lusts of the flesh. Here is where it obtains its vital food—through the abnormal exercise of the passions of the race. Men women and children are induced to commit and indulge in excess that this entity may survive a little longer.

This is the hell we are admonished against seeking its depths in holy writ—the hell of a life that comes to the Astral entity when once the Spirit has withdrawn. This is the sulphurous hell which has no depths and burns on forever—a consuming fire that has never yet been extinguished and never will be so long as it is being fed by Spiritless corpses.

And it is through the thoughts and influences of these Spiritless Astral entities that the sins of the race are bred

and matured—the influence of these entities upon the physical consciousness of man in his ignorant state of growth.

The influence of these Astral entities may not come to all of us directly. They may be sent through other channels. They may be conveyed through the thought avenues of, perhaps, our dearest friends and loved ones, or our so-called enemies. Every injury that is heaped upon us, by word of mouth or otherwise, comes directly or indirectly from this one fountain head—the Astral entities from which the Spirit entity has withdrawn permanently.

Now, what is to be done to prevent this onslaught on our susceptible thought forces?

We have simply to make ourselves positive and recognize at all times that *we* alone are masters of our physical bodies, and that nothing but *good* can enter or take possession of our thoughts; that there is an Inner Self—an Eternal Spirit—possessing all the knowledge of the Universe, which neither sins nor lusts, but which is all-powerful and will lead us to the very summit of perfection and exaltation if we will but give it an opportunity; that our physical bodies are the mediums through which nothing but love, truth and justice should ever be expressed, and that nothing else can be expressed through our bodies when once we bar the way to the incoming of outside influences. This is done by putting ourselves on a positively positive plane of growth and eliminating from our thoughts every influence that does not appeal directly to our Inner Consciousness and receive the stamp of approval instantly.

When once we have brought our physical consciousness to a state where it recognizes the existence of the Inner Self and has learned to trust implicitly this Inner Self, no doubts ever arise in the mind as to what is the right thing or the wrong thing to do. With such a positive interchangeable current established no outside force or influence from either heaven or hell can take possession of us. We have barred out everything from without that will not receive the stamp of approval from Within. We are now made One with the great Universal System of Creative Energy. In a word, we ourselves have become Creators. We have opened the one avenue through which the Universal Creative Energy can

give outward expression. By this very fact we have closed every other avenue to negative outside influences.

We are now Men in the likeness and image of the Great Creator.

\* \* \* \* \*

So, friends, What Are You Doing Today? This is a work that you cannot accomplish by taking it up tomorrow. It must be done *today* or not at all, and it must be taken up by yourself alone. No one else can do it for you. It must be done by *you* and *now*. You are dealing with the *now*. The past is dead. The future depends absolutely upon the *now*—*today*.

*What Are You Doing Today?*

### Our Brethren, The Critic.

THE editor is just in receipt of the following from a California friend:

"We did not receive the October number of your magazine, and as it is now November, think it best to notify you. However, privately, we think you may have 'trecked' again—perhaps to the New Jerusalem this time.

"We fear the criticisms upon yourself and philosophy, poured in so thick and fast, may have caused you to succumb at last. They seem to be growing in numbers, and the last we heard you mentioned the Los Angeles Socialists were calling you endearing names.

"We were almost thinking of entering a little protest ourselves, but got sorry and postponed the task.

"Hoping to see your journal soon again, if it and the editor are still on deck, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"....."

Now that is something worth hearing about. One must go away from home to get the news. Outside of a couple of personal letters, the writer has neither heard nor seen a word of the criticisms that have "seemed to be growing in numbers."

I like this; I like it immensely. When a man or woman grows big enough to be talked about, then you may know that there is something doing.

The prospects of Conable's Path-Finder were never so bright, and the editor was never better equipped to be

"talked about." He is now convinced, if he never has been before, that he is saying something. The man who never says anything worth talking about is indeed in a poor state of mental equipment. He is quite as bad off as the people who talk about him. But I always feel sorry for the latter class, for should they expend the energies in their own behalf that they expend on others, they would be so prosperous and joyous within themselves that they would never see anything in any one else to criticise. They would see only sunshine everywhere. But the adverse critic, we suppose, is a necessity. How else would we know that we had ever said or done anything worth paying attention to?

Again, why should I be spared criticism from some of our Socialist friends when the best friend they have between the two great oceans has been made the butt of some of their most critical shafts?

When in Colorado I received a letter from one of the members of the Executive Board of the State Socialist party, warning me against J. Stitt Wilson, whom I had just accorded space in the Path-Finder to exploit, in a conservative way, some of his ideas along Socialist lines. This man wrote that Wilson was a fraud and an imposter, did not even belong to the Socialist party, and had crowded himself into the work for the money there was in it; that Wilson did not represent Socialism in any sense, and that I should discontinue the publication of his articles unless I wished to have it go out to the public that I wanted to encourage frauds and imposters.

Now, how is that for a criticism, right from within the circle of Socialism, on a man who is one of the brainiest, most conscientious, fearless and most successful convert-makers to the principles of Socialism of any man on the public rostrum in this country today?

What did I do in this matter of dropping friend Wilson from the 'rolls of honor' of the Socialistic party of Colorado? I did nothing—not even answering the letter. Why? Because I knew personally that at least a portion of this communication was absolutely false, and if a portion of it was false, might not the rest of it also be false? I knew personally that friend Wilson was not getting, in dollars and cents, enough out of his splendid campaigning

in Colorado to pay for one single meal of cold liver a day. Wilson talked to magnificent (in proportion) audiences at my home in Colorado Springs, and there was not enough collected to pay even the hall rent, and every one recognized that they had listened to a most brilliant and intellectual feast; and this same thing was repeated all over the State with very few exceptions. Private individuals would guarantee the hall rent at times and give poor Wilson the few dollars taken in to send him to the next town. And yet a lot of people kick Wilson because he wants to stop a few minutes and preach a few sermons on the real gospel of truth to make a dollar for himself and family.

Some day friend Wilson will take a short cut cross lots to himself and spend his time teaching some of the *real* things that he *knows* about which have come to him from out the Inner Self. He knows about these things and he knows how to expound them to a multitude that is willing to at least pay hall rent.

Then, why should I expect to escape criticism from a quarter that crucifies its martyrs, when I am but a "layman" in the active field of social revolution? I wait for the echo to send in its returns.

Personally, the editor of this magazine is in sympathy with many of the ideas set forth by the Socialistic movement, but not in sympathy with all of them by any means. Our Socialist friends fall down just where the Women's Christian Temperance Union does—it fails to attack the evils of the day at the root. It starts in half way up the ladder instead of at the bottom where it should. But even in the presence of this error, the party is likely to accomplish much good. It is calling attention to many evils that are impressing themselves upon the individual with such persistency as to arouse him to greater activity in his own efforts to rid himself of the accumulating burdens of life.

Each individual must work to extricate himself from the prison pen in which he finds himself. Still, there are a lot of people who wouldn't know that they were in prison except some one else told them about it. It is this class that the Socialists are awakening. The first gaze upon the prison shackles startles them and they want to jump in at once and turn the world the other side up.

But by-and-by the Inner Reason will supplant the outer desire to unfurl the red flag, and the individual will loose his shackles and be a free man.

All this will come to each one of us if we but start in and make a study of ourselves, and apply personally the knowledge which such study brings to us.

### How Was It Possible?

A FEW days since a woman in New York, after a desperate struggle with her children, to whom she had declared her intention to commit suicide, flung herself out of a sixth story window to the sidewalk below, jumped up, smiled and was unhurt save where the glass had cut her slightly.

Recently a workman on a building in Chicago fell eight stories to the basement, got up uninjured and went back to work.

How are such occurrences as these possible? is the question that naturally arises in the average mind.

Our brethren of the church would tell us that these "miraculous" escapes from instant death are the result of the intervention of God; that all things are possible with God, and that we must accept this statement and explanation without question as to its accuracy.

Well, this is true, in a sense, only the saving God that does this sort of work is not the same God our church friends tell us about.

The God (the power) that saved the life of this woman and that of the workman, is the God-power (saving power) within the individual and comes not from without—not from out the heavens or anywhere else outside the individual.

The time had not arrived for the Ego to vacate these bodies, hence life was kept intact. In the terrible descents to what would ordinarily be certain death, the Ego took complete control of the physical body, which is by no means an unusual thing to do, and the body was made to overcome the law of gravity, in a great degree, so there was little concussion when the bodies struck the earth—not sufficient to even render them unconscious or insensible. It would have been the same had these bodies fallen ten thousand feet.

A person is never killed or dies until the Ego—the Spirit—is ready and anxious to leave its physical habitation. The

Spirit has absolute control of the body in the matter of tenure of life. When the Spirit has passed through certain necessary experiences in an imperfect physical body, it retires. That is what we call death. It is only the Astral body, or Soul, that waits because of the premature taking away or disruption of its home. This entity (the Soul) is so closely allied to the physical body that the divorcing of the two by death of the physical, by so-called unnatural causes, is a source of great disappointment and grief to the Astral entity. Not so with the Spirit. The Spirit has led the physical to its doom. The Spirit is ready to withdraw and steps out, taking the Astral with it. The Spirit is in search of a perfected habitation. It never withdraws so long as we are making our bodies pure and strong and clean, and we recognize its presence as the Divine creative energy within us, without which we are but inanimate clay.

We can prolong the stay of the Spirit indefinitely if we will, but we cannot do this and feed upon the things only which create and strengthen desires to manifest purely on the physical plane. Neither can we do this when we fail to recognize the presence of this mighty God-power within us and take it into all our counsels and confidences.

We are given the fullest opportunity to make everything of ourselves. We are given the intelligence and physical consciousness which enable us to discriminate between the things we should do and the lives we should lead, and the things which cause the eternal living part of us to withdraw and leave this physical body to corrode and decay. In failing to fully exercise this innate knowledge, we invite physical destruction. In other words, we make death compulsory.

What every one should do is to so perfect the physical body as to bring it into such close harmony with the Divine Self at all times that we can perform the feat recorded above at will. This is by no means impossible. It has been done, and what has been accomplished once can be accomplished again. It rests purely with the individual—to bring about an exalted state of physical development.

There is no question that it is possible for every one to overcome the law of gravity. This problem solved, the

problem of eternal life in the flesh resolves itself into a possibility.

But where is the starting point for this high state of development? In the purification of the body, the elimination of dead, diseased and decaying tissues, a knowledge of appropriating, through the respiratory organs, the food properties contained in the ether and the air we breathe—in fact, a complete reconstruction of the body on natural lines of growth.

Mother Nature is constantly providing us with new material with which to build ourselves on live lines. She never furnishes us with patches; all is new. She gives us, by her processes, an entire new body every few years; but we have so persistently been diluting the new with the old that the eternal living principle in the former is annulled or largely destroyed; hence the insignificant period of life which we now enjoy, or rather, tolerate because of our physically weak condition and mental incapacity to recognize the true purposes for which we are created.

As I have often said, eating is but a habit. I have also repeated that eating, sleep and death go together. They are inseparable companions.

Perfected man is not called upon to do either. Perfected man waits neither for elevators nor air ships. He uses neither cuspadors nor scavenger cans. He requires neither cook stoves nor tombstones. He knows how to appropriate life from the fountain head. He needs neither pulpit trust nor stock-yards combine to lead him into the paths of glory. He takes his rations, both spiritual and material, first handed. He is in touch with the "Home Office" and stands on "velvet." He needs no middle-man because the supply station is within himself. He has been late in finding this out, 'tis true, but the light has forced itself upon him in spite of his persistency not to see.

Perhaps some of us have been a little tardy in recognizing these great truths, but that won't hurt seriously. But what *does* hurt is this—our failure to do the right things when once the knowledge has come to us. The punishment for our failures is then ten fold greater.

There is every incentive in the world for a man to make superhuman efforts to grow in knowledge and wisdom. With knowledge comes the desire for lofty

achievements. With wisdom comes the *knowing how* to achieve.

### "Inspired" Bible Contributors.

PRETTY soon some of our ecclesiastical orthodox brethren will be farther out of sympathy with some of the teachings of the Bible than many of us "heretics."

Now comes the venerable Dean of Westminster, London, and declares to his Sunday School teachers that "Our whole conception of the inspiration of the Bible has been altered." This Dean discredits, among other things, the stories concerning the talking serpent and the talking ass mentioned in the Bible. Hence, he draws the conclusion that we must conclude that no part of the Bible was written under inspiration.

This statement may not necessarily be true. Personally, I do not doubt that some portions of the Bible were written under inspiration, just as some of the writings of today are, and as much music is played and vocalized under inspiration. But all of it is not inspired, by any means, any more than *all* of the Bible was written under inspiration.

All things that come to us under inspiration are discernable to the ear that is inspired or to the eye that sees beyond mere physical manifestation.

But the word "inspiration" to me is a misnomer. What is usually termed inspiration is simply the power to express the Inner Wisdom through the sense channels of the physical body; that's all. The word "inspiration" carries with it the idea that we are giving expression to some great force or power which has seized us from the outside—from the heavens above, or some unseen retreat that deals exclusively in "spell-binding," copyright supplies to be drawn on in proportion to our physical ability to utilize them.

This is a mistake; there is no "inspiration" that comes from without. When we hold and sway a great audience with either tongue or pen, we are simply bringing to the surface that God-power that is vested in each one of us. Some can give manifestation to this power more easily than others, the reason being that in some cases the physical senses are in closer touch with the Divine power within than in other cases, hence the ability to do greater "inspirational" work.

But, to come back to our Westminster Dean and others. Of course, it is pretty hard to believe in the inspiration of the fellow who wrote the "talking snake" story, but not so with the "talking ass" man. All the way down the toboggan slide of descending history, have we had living examples of the "talking ass." In fact, there has never been a moment when his presence has not been most conspicuous. He will be found in nearly every walk of life, but most conspicuous and ever-present is he where religious orthodoxy assembles in greatest numbers.

Now, as to whether the modern "talking ass" is "inspired," is one thing that will not be taken up for discussion here at this time. It is the historical fact that we wish to establish that every age has had its "talking ass," and in abundance; and that this particular species of animate growth has, as a rule, been handed down to us through the channels of an alleged Christian ancestry, whose principal accomplishments in its long list of derelict duties has been to teach a gospel that not only never had any existence, but can be found nowhere in the Bible nor in any other book of authentic origin.

Here and there, these latter days, we are finding an occasional Dean, a prelate or a priest who is beginning to think for himself and study the Bible and history from a common sense and rational point of view. They are leaving the "talking ass" outfit still standing on the street corner waiting for the "talking snake" to put in an appearance, when, arm-in-arm, these two worthies continue to denounce the "sins" of the race while proceeding to gorge their anatomies with decaying flesh, out of whose living cells once radiated the same Divine intelligence which permeates their own.

The signs on all of the pure food cafes are unseen, and the "talking ass" proceeds on to his doom.

On the other hand, the modern thinking student of theology is seeing things in a clearer light, and is refusing to accept everything as of inspired origin that the "talking ass" pours into his ear. The thinking student who himself studies along with other things, is perfectly capable of distinguishing between the inspired and the uninspired, and if he is not in the gospel business purely for commercial reasons, he is not afraid to place himself on record before the world.

The story about Jesus being sired by

the Holy Ghost and born of a virgin, is no longer accepted literally by even orthodoxy. The minister who today proclaims such a thing from his pulpit is looked upon by his congregation as a back number and a fit subject for investigation by a lunacy commission.

But, notwithstanding all of this, the Bible is a wonderful book, and much of it, I believe, was written under so-called inspiration, while a whole lot of it was either grossly garbled by the original translators, or there were a lot of fiction writers in biblical days, whose genius along the line of illucid imagery transcended anything that the modern school of luminous liars could possibly evolve.

Should the Dean of Westminster lose his job, which he surely will if he continues to think and grow, let him come to the sunny slopes of the New World. Possibly he might like to dedicate Conable's great Temple of Learning.

### Women Fighting Race Suicide.

THE above is the heading over a newspaper telegram from Boston which reads as follows:

"In order that ample preparations may be made for the visit of the stock in any household and to make such calls welcome, prominent women have incorporated the American Birth Insurance Company. By taking advantage of this scheme, a mother, after the payment of an initiation fee and certain monthly dues may, at the birth of each child, receive from \$200 to \$500.

"Business will be begun by the company as soon as the names of 500 members are filed with the Commissioner of Insurance, together with dues of \$3 each. It is said that the requisite number of members has been obtained.

"The president is Mrs. Estelle M. H. Merrill of Boston.

"The initiation fee is \$3, the annual dues \$1, and there is a monthly assessment of \$3. After the tenth payment, if a living child is born the mother receives \$200, after the nineteenth \$300, after the twenty-eighth \$400, and after the thirty-seventh \$500.

"It is stipulated, however, that eighteen months must elapse be-

tween the birth of each child in any one family."

Some very strange things have found inception in the cranial cavities of superiorly enlightened Boston, but the above is entitled to a front seat in the dress circle.

Still it is a question in my mind if this little scheme to "fight race suicide" didn't have its origin in the brain of that most prolific of all prolific modern geniuses, the insurance man.

But be this as it may, the scheme is certainly based upon a purely commercial proposition and not from an honest desire to keep the race intact; otherwise a degree of ignorance would be displayed that would reflect discredit on even a less pretentious community than Boston. Yet again, when we recall the fact that such colossal examples of persistent stupidity as a Frederic William George can survive in a Boston community, all things are made possible.

It is well that the \$3 a month assessment fee is introduced in this insurance proposition, otherwise the company would go bankrupt the first nine month, since the real prolific element is among the class of people whose incomes would bar them as active participants in the distribution of the prizes.

But so far as the ultimate extermination of the race is concerned, our friends are needlessly alarmed. No prize offerings are necessary. There will always be sufficient supply to meet every demand. When a race begins to die out it is because the propagators are unfit to sire and dam a race that is worth perpetuating. There is a natural law governing all these things.

In the first place, as we have often stated there is only here and there a man or woman who is in fit physical condition to bring children into the world, and these physically fit ones rarely get together.

Our Boston lady friends have not made a study of the science of life—of evolution. This is perfectly clear, else they would not only not offer premiums for people to go into the propagating business, but they would discourage all efforts in this direction.

The race is being cleaned up and cleaned out by natural processes. The lives we are living make us unfit to assume the responsibilities of parenthood.

We are unfit from every standpoint to take a hand in an attempt to perpetuate the race. We bring children into the world filled with sorrow, pain and suffering because of our own physical imperfections and deformities. We have no right to do this. We have no right to visit our sins upon our children. We are filled with imperfections, both hereditary and acquired, and until we have purified these bodies and made them whole and clean, we commit an outrageous sin in reproducing our kind.

Don't let any one become seriously alarmed because of the present tendency toward so-called race suicide. The great Universal Creative Energy will take care of this proposition. It will provide for all needed demands. The only thing that should occupy our serious attention in the matter of race growth is to try and perfect ourselves that we may create in the likeness and image of the great Creator and not in the likenesses and image of the dwarfed and unclean race as it stands today. A reproduction of ourselves in our present state of growth and understanding is a travesty on the entire natural system of reproduction, and the race is being steadily wiped out because of its persistency in propagating on so low and dwarfed a plane.

Every great effort in life should be in the direction of perfecting ourselves—in an effort to overcome the sins visited upon us by a dwarfed and ignorant ancestry. Greater enlightenment is coming to us steadily. The very atmosphere everywhere is permeated with it. We are constantly inbreathing this spirit which is aiding us in the clearer discernment of what the requirements are which make it possible for us to take an intelligently active hand in the rapid upward growth of mankind.

What we build should be of a permanent and lasting character. When we construct that which is perishable, we, too, must perish. This is demanded and is in fulfillment of the law's natural processes. When we create physical things on a low plane we must expect to be punished commensurate with the sin committed. So long as we keep on violating the laws of life we must suffer and pay the penalty which will surely be demanded sooner or later.

What we are most in need of is not an insurance company to pay a premium for the propagation of our kind, but some

sort of an institution to create a great fund for the broader dissemination of the truths of life, which will bring all of us in closer touch with the Divine purpose in all things. This done, we will be, in due time, the ancestry of a race that will be worth perpetuating, and it will live because it will have acquired the knowledge and wisdom, coupled with the desire, which will enable it to build in harmony with the intent and purpose of the Master Hand which builds only in perfection.

### Another Path-Finder Girl.

HERE IS ANOTHER Path-Finder girl, though born a couple of years in advance of the Path-Finder.

This little girl was born five years ago last St. Patrick's Day, and her name is Helen Wilmans Martin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Martin, of Anoka, Minnesota.

The mother of little Helen was a great admirer of the noted Mental Science

sion, which brought the little one forth safely and without hardship to the mother.

Two years later the Path-Finder was also born and found its way to the home of the parents of this little girl. Immediately, its value along hygienic and other lines of teaching was recognized and the Martin household was made strong and clean and wholesome, and the Path-Finder is still the guiding light of this home.

Little Helen is strong, intelligent and in perfect health. She has never tasted meat, and therefore her little body has never been desecrated by the presence of decaying animal poisons.

The editor of this magazine finds more genuine pleasure and satisfaction in the work he is accomplishing in starting little children on the right way of living than in any other branch of his labors.

It will be but a few years when the children of today will be the active workers in every branch of industry that goes to make up the world's needs. Hence, the proper education of the child is all-important. The sort of training that teaches the youth how to bring forth into manifestation and utility all the wondrous gifts which nature has bestowed upon all her children, must be recognized at once as the real principle upon which all education should be based.

The several children whose pictures have appeared in these columns are examples of the spiritual, moral and physical effects, right training and right living have had upon them. These are the happiest, cleanest, strongest and sunniest children in the world. They are no care to their parents. They entertain themselves, and are self-educators, both in mind and body. You never find any sickly, nervous, whiny children that are being educated and nurtured along Path-Finder lines. They are all manly and womanly children, with brains as clear as crystal waters and bodies and mentalities perfected far in advance of the average youth of the day.

Children of this type are full of love and tenderness, of great will power, courage and ambition. This is because they are clean both inside and outside, and their little bodies and brains have not been stunted and clouded over by the uses and abuses of deadening foods and equally deadening home teachings and influences.



HELEN WILMANS MARTIN.

teacher, Helen Wilmans Post, of Seabreeze, Fla. The child was named Helen Wilmans before it saw the light of day. The mother had no physician or nurse in attendance at the child's birth, receiving only assistance through Helen Wilmans' wonderful powers of thought transmis-

So long as children are brought into the world, a great moral obligation rests upon parents to make all conditions and surroundings for the advent and education just as favorable as possible. Parents have no right to propagate the race unless there are ways and means at hand for proper education up to the point of the ability of the child to become self-supporting. Anything short of this is criminal. Indeed, the writer believes it to be criminal for ninety-nine and two-thirds per cent of the married people of the present day to bring children into the world at all; the reason being that this percentage of the race is so physically degenerate as to be unable to propagate a species capable of assuming and carrying out the responsibilities that even the simplest laws of life require and demand.

Children have a right to the possession of a hereditary perfect physical body. From out the Great Unseen comes the factor that does the rest of the work. A perfect physical structure attracts to it a Divine entity whose experiences have vouchsafed a medium through which it can express the limitless wisdom housed in the great storehouse of universal knowledge.

Anything short of a body that can fill such an office is a criminal product and of criminal origin, and the punishment is *death*.

### What The "Christian" Nations Are Learning.

JAPAN soldiery is teaching some valuable lessons to the "Christian" world, the principal one at this time being that correct living habits prevent all forms of disease.

The great Japanese army engaging the serious attention of Russia in Manchuria is probably the most perfect from a health standpoint of any army that has ever battled in the history of the world. Scarcely a single soldier has yet died from any form of disease. On the other hand a large percentage of the Russian soldiers are either sick or have already died from the effects of diseases contracted in camp and campaign life.

Again, all the Japanese soldiers not mortally wounded on the battlefield, recover speedily. No fevers, blood poisoning or other diseases set in as has always been the case in army life in this and other countries.

During the Spanish-American war seventy per cent of the soldiers who lost their lives died from the effects of disease. Two hundred and sixty men were killed and 3,862 died in camp.

Isn't this a beautiful showing for a "civilized" country?

All foods eaten and water drunk by the Japanese soldiers is tested. No decaying meats or embalmed beef ever find their way into the Japanese camp.

Our President, Roosevelt, claimed, some time since, that men who did not eat meat would not make good soldiers. What does he think now?

The greatest, the most intelligent and the most scientific war of the world is being waged by the Japanese army; and incidentally, the most humane. They take the best of care of the enemy's wounded and bury the dead with uncovered heads wherever found. They salute the field cemeteries where the dead of their opponents lie.

Who ever heard of a "civilized," "Christian" nation doing these things?

On the other hand the meat-eating, blood-thirsty Russians committed all sorts of fiendish atrocities on the Japanese dead and wounded up to the time the heads of the army became ashamed of themselves when the Japs did not retaliate in kind.

Japan is all right. She is setting an example for all nations of the world to follow that means, in good time, the higher mental and physical development of the race—the elimination of practices and habits of living that have so long kept the world dwarfed. More than this, it means that greater intelligence and enlightenment are to supercede the superstitious ignorance both church and state have so long indulged in and foisted upon the dependent masses.

The world was in sore need of just such a lesson. Those who heed it will survive: those who discard it will perish.

### Figs as a Food

THERE is no question that figs, as a food, are unsurpassed in many ways. Unlike most foods, the fig, in process of digestion and assimilation and in taking care of the waste matter, requires little assistance. Besides being a food of great nutritive value, the fig stands almost alone in its ability to cleanse the whole system because of its laxative properties.

The writer has become a great admirer of the fig as a food product—both in its dried and freshly ripened state. True, the fig is a little expensive just now, but the time is coming when it will resign its office as a mere luxury and assume the greater field as one of the important food elements in the dietary of every household.

The Smyrna fig is perhaps the most delicious of all the varieties grown in California. It was originally imported from Smyrna, the particulars of which furnish most interesting reading. We quote from *The World's Work*:

"In 1880 a San Francisco newspaper imported and distributed to its subscribers a large consignment of Smyrna fig-tree cuttings. Many of these cuttings were planted and became fruit-bearing. But here a puzzling setback discouraged the growers. While the tree bore fruit of some promise, not one fig on one tree grew to full size or ripened. Instead, they shriveled up and dropped from the trees at about half their growth.

"Government fruit experts were appealed to, and this curious fact was found: The Smyrna fig is really only half a fig. That is, it is the female of a complete fig, for the development of which it is necessary that it be fertilized with pollen of the male, or Capri fig. This process of fertilization requires a third and most interesting element—a little bug, known to science as the *blastophaga grossorum*, and to the lay world as the fig wasp. This microscopic insect is born in the Capri fig, and at the proper stage of its development issues from its home through the little hole in the bottom of the fig, passing, in its exit, through the blossom, where its body is covered with pollen. Led by instinct, the *blastophaga* flies to the Smyrna fig and enters through a similar hole, where the Smyrna blossom catches the pollen from its body and is fertilized. From this stage, the growth of the Smyrna fig to ripe maturity is only a matter of sun and days.

"Mr. Roeding had grown Capri and Smyrna trees, but had no fig wasps. Learning of the need of fertilization to produce the Smyrna fig, he made some experiments in artificial fertilization, using a wooden toothpick to introduce the Capri pollen into the Smyrna fruit. This experiment was so successful that he was convinced that if he could use

the means provided by nature for this purpose, he could make his orchard a commercial success. For several years from this time he annually received, through agents in Asia Minor, consignments of Capri figs containing the fig wasps; but, in every case, the insect had died in transit.

"At last, however, in 1899, after eleven years of work, it was discovered that *blastophaga* in some of Mr. Roeding's figs were alive and were rapidly propagating their species. The following year, satisfied that he was near success, Mr. Roeding made a journey of eight thousand miles to Asia Minor, and in the orchards of Smyrna spent several months studying the methods employed by the original producers of the fruit.

"He returned to California, where his crop was in fine condition. Since 1901, the Smyrna figs have been successfully grown in central California, and the industry is growing as fast as the trees can be planted. By the work of a patient man and a patient bug a new and profitable industry has been created in this country."

### SHORT PATHS.

—Elizabeth Towne has changed the form of her *Nautilus* from a paper to a magazine of thirty-two pages. *Nautilus* has grown very rapidly in every way. It has always been one of our most valued exchanges. Now we like it still better.

—The heavenly soft water dispenser has finally consented to visit Los Angeles. We have had some beautiful showers recently and are promised more. I can now forgive the man who stole my twenty-five feet of lawn hose—I mean the man who borrowed it and has not yet thought to return it. Just so I get it before the dry season it will be all right.

—The number of people who are trying to find the "Golden Gate" is rapidly increasing. This accounts for the great influx to California of residents along the Atlantic Coast. The attractions of "Hell Gate" have worn out, as it were. From "Hell Gate" to "Golden Gate" is a mighty step for some people, but all can take it provided the passport agent "reads your title clear."

—Again, for the second time, the government postoffice authorities have held

up Sydney Flower's mail. A lot of people have long been wondering when this colossal fake of all fakes would be looked after by the government. Flower has been doing business on the same lines as the "shell man" on the street. He knows that only one victim in every twenty will make a kick, and he can afford to pay the twentieth victim back his money in order to shut his mouth. He is then thousands ahead on the game.

—France is certainly making persistent efforts to show the world that she is progressing. The process has been a slow and tedious one, but at last she has got out from under the deadening influences of a church hierarchy that has sapped the very life blood out of her. Church and State are now divorced, and the divorce was not on the grounds of bigamy either, though it might have been. The government will no longer contribute to the support of the church, and the dominating influence of the church in French politics is practically at an end. True, it will take a little time to clean up the odds and ends, but this will come in regular order. When the world gets out from under religious domination and a general cleaning up all along the line is had, there will be no more wars or rumors of wars. But Americans must keep their eyes peeled. There is a great move on foot in certain religious quarters to assault our public school system, or divert some of its revenues for the maintenance of parochial education. This must never be; it never will be; but we must keep on guard.

—The editor is indebted to Mr. J. Newton Ross, of Etiwanda, Cal., for a half dozen pounds of the most delicious raisins that he has ever tasted. Mr. Ross has a beautiful ranch of some forty acres and raises every sort of fruit that this productive climate affords. The muscat raisin grape is grown in great quantities by Mr. Ross and this was the variety brought to us. This grape ripens and is picked and placed on drying trays out in the sun. That is all there is to it. The sun does the whole job. But I am told that some of the growers dip their raisins in lye in order to keep them in a softer condition. Mr. Ross does not do this, for which we are thankful. Later on Mr. Ross will bring us a twenty-pound box of these raisins. It is too bad, but it is a fact nevertheless, that most of the California fruit growers, in drying their fruits for market, put them through unnatural processes in order to make them appear a little more attractive in the Eastern markets, and for the further advantage of hastening the drying process. Many of the dried fruits that I used to consume with avidity in the East before I knew how they were prepared, have lost their interest since I understand how they are doctored. Some day I hope to put pure, natural and unadulterated fruits upon the markets of the world. I may have to fight a great trust in order to do it, but the time is coming when the intelligent consumer will be entitled to some consideration and will successfully assert his right to be heard.

## Dead Yesterdays

(THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE)

BY ERRANTE

### CHAPTER XII.

*"Ah, well! The world must turn upon its axis  
And all mankind turn with it, heads and tails,  
Must live and die, make love, and pay our taxes  
And, as the verrine wind shifts shift our sails!"*

—Byron.

FROM under the slowly rising and falling stern of our fast moving vessel a long serpentine plume of hissing

foam stretches back toward Larry, who, standing in his rocking skiff, frantically waves us adieu with his battered hat, the rays of the declining sun bronzing his rugged features to the color of burnished copper, and back of him the toy-like edifices of receding Callao slowly sinking into the waters of the bay.

Gradually the cordage and spars of the anchored shipping takes on the appear-

ance of spiders' web-work; beautiful San Lorenzo, golden and green, floats silently aft on our left, leisurely wrapping herself in a gauze of deepening blue; and the shore line blurs to a misty haze on the edge of the sea, to the right a pedestal for the distant Andean crags inquisitively peering at us with light-flushed faces from over, and through tissuey screens of pearly grey.

From a twisting mass of colors chasing colors athwart the translucant bend of the evening's firmament the blood-red sun slips into the ocean's glistening oval, seaward, flinging lurid rafters of purple and gold, up under the flaming sea-shell pink of the roof of the sky, and the new moon, like the curved stroke of a giant pen inked with quicksilver, peeps through the mingling hues of the spectrum's magic tracery in the wake of the silvery star of the evening, that, like a pale pearl in an opal setting, sweeps westward ahead of advancing night on the track of departing day. \* \* \* We are homeward bound!

At Aspinwall we found the Henry Chauncy tied up at the ram-shackle wharf, and as I would have preferred nothing in that tropical incubator of yellow, alias "chagres fever," to returning to New York on the same boat with Captain ——— I decided to await the arrival of a sister ship, in the meantime seeing Kopetzky off to Havana where he was bound in search of transportation to Vera Cruz, but a few days of the damp-green climate of the Isthmus, and nights of mosquitos and bed-bugs energetic enough to pump an unoiled handcar up a five-per cent grade and consider it fun, made me so tired of life in my environment that a sudden impulse took me to follow the fortunes of my friend, at least as far as Havana, where we arrived in due time, and when on landing I saw Kopetzky, with a yell, tumble himself into the arms of a natty naval officer, addressing him with exclamatory trimmings, in a cross between low dutch and school boy hog latin, I realized they had met somewhere before, and when they repeatedly held themselves apart at arms' length, gazing at each other fondly and clattering away like a couple of sewing machines in a sweat shop, only to again fall together in the form of the letter A, I made up what was left of my astonished mind that they must have met at various somewheres on several consecutive occa-

sions, but their lingo was Greek to me.

While the performance, which promised to be continuous, was going on, we were joined by half a dozen ship mates of Kopetzky's friend and there were introductions and hand-shakings all round that finally reached me—I having been overlooked in the excitement—and I learned they were all officers of the Austrian warship "Elizabeth," at anchor in the bay, bound for Vera Cruz, and that the officer we met on landing was Kopetzky's cousin.

Wine was in order as a matter of course, and after a few glasses with our new-found friends, all of whom spoke fair English, it was decided we visit them aboard ship as they were expected to sail at any moment, and without taking our luggage from the customs house, we accompanied them in the ship's boat.

On board Kopetzky found that the captain was an old friend of his father, and he, as well as myself, was offered a mess-room passage to Vera Cruz, which, after considerable enthusiastic wine dampened argument in the mess-room we accepted, had our baggage bought on board, and after an all too short passage with as gentlemanly a party of lively young naval officers as it has ever been my good fortune to meet—many of them were titled noblemen—we found our good ship tied up to the frowning walls of the old Spanish castle of San Juan de Ulloa in the bay of Mexico's principal port of entry, and a mile from us we could see the semi-circular shore and city of white-washed buildings.

We were taken ashore in the ship's boat, in the evening had a swell dinner with a party of our mess mates we had invited with that object in view, and at 3 o'clock the next morning joined a detachment of French cavalry that was leaving for the capital as guard of a mule train of money. Our march was arranged in haste by Kopetzky, as such opportunities for protection on the guerilla-infested route were not over frequent, and we got through to Mexico without mishap, or meeting any force of "Liberals," as the opponents of the Imperialists were called, and were immediately quartered with a schoolmate of my chum half a square from the old Cathedral and the Plaza Mayor.

The morning after our arrival Kopetzky went to Chapultepec in search of Prince Salm-Salm, staying away all day,

which gave me an opportunity to look about the queer old city and get "the lay of the land."

At the time I found it a very different city from what I found it twenty-eight years afterwards, though the same bone-racking climate was still on deck, and the water for washing purposes was still being dipped from wells two feet deep in the patios of the residences and hotels, but at that time little had been done to change its general appearance from what the Spaniards had left it, and that little, in my opinion, had only partly robbed it of the charm peculiar to Spanish-Moorish cities the world over.

I paid my quarter for the privilege of going to the top of the Cathedral and there spent hours drinking in the beautiful scenery that spread before me like a panorama.

The valley of Mexico possesses what the occultist would term "a wonderful aura," and the "dreamer" as he swings over the divide down the old Vera Cruz trail into the valley of "Tenochtitlan," as the Indians call it, with the miniature white city in the blue distance resembling eggs in a nest of clover, and the placid surface of lake "Texcoco" reflecting the rays of the declining sun like a great diamond in emerald setting, cradled by cyclopean walls of granite crags and these in turn watched over, farther back, by sky-piercing rock sentinels of the ages, finds its difficult to stem in his imagination the on-rushing troops of its primitive denizens who amidst the barbaric splendors of its past, laughed, loved and sang as a less splendid but more practical civilization laughs, loves and sings today.

From the belfry bridge of the Cathedral's roof away over the city, across a tree-dotted plain, peeping here and there through the dense foliage of its elevated position, the Palace of Chapultepec, the country residence of Ferdinand Maximilian Joseph, Archduke of Austria, Prince of Hungary and Bohemia, Count of Hapsburg and Lorraine, and Emperor of Mexico, was dimly discernable; and below me on the great square in kaleidoscopic confusion, mounted and afoot, the brilliant uniforms of the Imperial guard, the battalion of the Empress, the Cazadores, the Zouaves, the Khevenhiiller Hussars, and of the general staff mingled with well-dressed civilians, flat-hatted priests, and barefooted

blanketed Indians whose brothers, sons or fathers, rifle in hand, were probably facing, in the name of liberty, European ambition, and power, among the distant hills under the banners of Benito Juarez, and it struck me, as I thought of Valley Forge and Yorktown, that as a born Republican and the descendant of a race whose chief amusement for some ten centuries had been the prodding of the British Lion, that my place, seeing that I was spoiling for a fight, was with the struggling patriots, as my friend North had called the Mexicans, and not among the upholders of Monarchical institutions.

I was too young, however, to know or care much about the principles involved, and too ignorant regarding the topography of the country to ever reach the Republican lines in safety, and I contentedly seated myself on the apex of the bridge and watched the mountain peaks change colors in the shifting lights while resolving to not fret about the gyrations of this old world of ours as long as she didn't spill the water out of the wells, or toss me off into space through increased centrifugal force.

After a few weeks of mysterious running about and scheming, solely on the part of Kopetzky, who was very anxious I should keep in the background on account of my youthful appearance, he brought me my commission as second lieutenant from the war office, and my assignment, with himself, to duty under the orders of Prince Salm-Salm.

I energetically called his attention to the side-step style of his vaunted imperial promotion that made a sawed-off second lieutenant of a full-fledged Peruvian captain, but his enthusiastic counter arguments of his own first lieutenancy after being a colonel in Peru, the evident honor of serving under a great Marshall of France with a genuine Prince as our immediate superior convinced me that it would be base ingratitude and the mistake of my life to refuse, so we bought our uniforms and again took on the military swagger.

Our duties, for months afterwards, were absolutely nil outside reporting occasionally and drawing our salaries, and we spent the time visiting our brother officers quartered about the city, and in exhibiting our elegant new uniforms on the Plaza Mayor on music nights. In a word, endeavoring to make sweet

"mashes" when we were not drinking "sour" ones.

On being presented to Prince Salm-Salm, after being mustered into service, that brave soldier, and polished gentleman, nearly fell over himself with surprise. His influence had secured us our commissions, mine, solely on Kopetzky's recommendation, without his having seen me and his first exclamation was: "Did General Marquez (the minister of war) see Lieutenant O'Niell before issuing him his commission?" and on being answered that I had been conveniently sick at the supreme moment, and that he, Kopetzky, had done me the favor to receive my papers from the minister of war, he replied, looking me over good humoredly, that it was lucky, for I was only an over-grown child and could never have expected a commission, or even service under the Imperial Banners outside the drum or bugle corps.

Kopetzky told him that with all my youthful appearance, I was a seasoned veteran; had behaved like one of "the old guard" at Callao, and that I would certainly distinguish myself should opportunity offer; and the Prince, hitting me a friendly slap on the back, said, "I hope so. He certainly begins his military career young enough to make his mark. We will see."

During the latter part of January it was rumored with bated breath that Field Marshall Bazaine and the French troops were to be withdrawn, and that Maximilian and those faithful to him were to be left to the tender mercies of the Mexicans, on whom, it was claimed by the church party, he could depend, as well as upon the church's strong box, with unlimited confidence.

On the first of February, Kopetzky was astounded by a social call at our humble quarters of his friend Prince Salm-Salm, who, after half an hour of embarrassed conversation on our part—we had as furniture but one bull skin chair—on leaving, turned to me pleasantly and said: "Well, my youthful warrior, you will soon have on opportunity to distinguish yourself. My wife's countrymen and yours—the Princess was an American—are supplying Juarez not alone with the sinews of war, but have also demanded the retirement of the French army from Mexico, and their demand is to be complied with. Bazaine leaves on the fifth for Vera Cruz, and then, I imagine,

the enemy will become exceedingly active. We will all have a chance to show what stuff we are made of very soon."

The street rumors were true. That greatest of statesmen, William H. Seward, had flung Uncle Sam's fiat in the teeth of Europe. Engand, the peerless vulture, ever found circling over the battle-fields of the world, watching for opportunities to snatch costless morsels of value from exhausted combatants, at the first signs of danger was retiring her army from Canada, (with the Alabama question and Uncle Sam's doubled fist making a hideous night of John Bull's dreams), abandoning her secret ally, Napoleon the third, who, like a whipped cur with his tail between his legs, was cynically leaving his and Rome's victim to the fate the latter's ambition for political power in North America had woven around its royal puppet.

When the American people were up to their ears in fraternal gore, and the thunders of the Wilderness, Gettysburg and Antietam were still echoing around the earth, the wily general of the Jesuits at Paris thought he saw his opportunity for rigging a monarchical purchase on American institutions with impunity and advantage, and calling the attention of his no less wily subaltern, Pio IX, to the possible dismemberment of the American union, the machinery of the Heirarchy was put in motion under the super-vigilance of the Archbishop of Mexico—Maximilian induced to accept the Imperial crown; Napoleon *ordered* to back him with the French army and French diplomacy, and as we were entering Queretaro on February the nineteenth, 1867, at Rome, the Vicar of Christ was answering the heart-rending appeals of the Empress Charlotte (who, face down on the mosaic floor of the Vatican, was embracing his withering legs, kissing his more than royal robes, and screaming to him to save her husband and throne), with a laconic jesuitical *non possumus*.

This may be sledge-hammer literature, but it's truth all the same, and when the inside history of this theological assault on the liberties of a free people is written in English, backed by official documents that exist outside the secret archives of the church, as some day it will be written, the native born Catholic priests of the United States will arise in their dignity and wrath and say to the imported scholasticism and monasticism,

that is overrunning our fair land. "Thus far and no farther," and they will be upheld by every honest Catholic who has had the advantage of a public school education.

However weak and vacillating Maximilian may have been under the wings of Bazaine's eagles—and it was said he was both,—when he found himself abandoned by those who had enmeshed him in this scheme of conquest, he arose to the occasion a true hero; but his heroism overstepped the boundaries of sanity when he trusted his life and crown to the good faith of a Latin-American following. The great Seward had, in unmistakable tones, called "checkmate" in one move, and Maximilian, the solitary figure on the international chess-board, was about to make that move. He was alone politically, but no longer the vacillating, pampered scion of divine right. He was a soldier among soldiers, facing the thorny path of honor, pointed him by the shadows of his long line of illustrious forebears. He was the brave, noble gentleman, smiling pleasantly at the bitter decrees of fate, and animating his disheartened comrades by his lordly example. Simply his presence thrilled men. For the first time in his life he was the true prince—the king in a position befitting a legendary king—and he fitted the position to the letter, surrounded as he was by a faithful few of as daredevil, reckless free-lances as the bravest of the roistering swashbucklers that, during the middle ages, ever followed the fortunes of his mailed ancestors on their wild forays over the plains and steppes of his native land. He was a man! I know no greater title to concede him.

The departure of the French contingent caused those who remained to wear exceedingly long faces for a few days, but prospects began to brighten when deserters by the score began returning from Bazaine's army on its way to the coast; and when Minister Marquez, assisted by Salm-Salm, began organizing this scattering material into an effective military unit under the title of "Los Cazadores de Mexico."

On February the 13th, with an army of between two and three thousand foot and horse, and four batteries of field-guns, under command of the Emperor in person, generals Marquez and Vidawne, Prince Salm-Salm commanding the "Khevenhulhes" and "Cazadores," we

marched to the north to reinforce Miramon and Megia, who were watching the movements of the liberal army under General Escobedo.

I had been furnished a charger such as are known in frontier parlance as "a Mexican plug," that possessed all the evil traits of the race and none of its virtues. He would kick, balk and buck until the circumambient became a lurid exhibition of stellar curiosities, and help himself to a mouthful of flesh or clothing whenever either came within reach of his savage teeth. But his worst feature was balking and running away with the bit between his teeth. He would stand firm as a rock by the hour with me driving the spurs into his sides until the rear guard and stragglers would disappear in the distance and roving bands of the enemy's chinaco guerrillas would loom up in imagination behind me, and then, when I least expected it, he would clinch the bit and dash away like a whirlwind until the advance guard of the marching column was out of sight behind. At the end of the first twenty-four hours I was, with the exception of the Emperor and his brilliant staff, the most familiar figure on the line of march. Baggage train, artillery, cavalry, every branch of the service, had made way for my several wild dashes, and had repeatedly jeered me as they marched by when my noble steed had made up his mind to go no farther.

Once when the infernal brute had made up his mind to go to Mexico backwards, and I was trying to invent some new brand of profanity to try on him, the Emperor, followed by the staff, rode up laughing and said: "Lieutenant, that horse seems to keep you busy. Do you think you will be able to make him carry you to Queretaro?"

"Yes, your Majesty," I answered unabashed, "I will make him carry me there, or I will carry him there.

"I like the boy's grit," he said to Salm-Salm, laughing as they turned and rode on ahead, and a few minutes later I was going by them like a hurricane.

No bit would hold the brute, or spur budge him, once he had decided on any particular line of action, but before we reached our destination, by petting him and feeding him dainties—he would eat anything from hard-boiled eggs to lucifer matches—we became quite chummy, and I had the satisfaction of knowing I

had a mount that understood the bugle calls better than I did, and could go like an express train when he took the notion, and I was sincerely sorry when he was shot under me at the siege.

At mid-day on February 19th, our tired troops passed over the hill of "La

China," and our destination was revealed to us on the plain beneath—a red-tiled Spanish-Moorish city of possibly forty thousand inhabitants, connected with the neighboring town of San Luis by a bridge over "El Rio Blanco."

(To be continued.)

## Is it a Fortunate Thing to be a Woman?

BY MAUD JOHNSON.

**P**ROBABLY no one would assert that the woman who is a slave to her husband, a slave to her children, a slave to her home, is a fortunate being. But there is no need of her being any of these things.

If she be a slave to her home, afraid to raise her curtains for fear the sun will fade the carpet, if she be afraid to let the children go into the best room for fear they will knock down that ten-dollar vase, if she be afraid to let her caller sit in her new easy chair for fear the buttons on his coat may mar the polish, if she be constantly afraid, then let her remember that a house is made to use, not to worry about. If you can't afford to have the sun fade your carpet, better not have a carpet. If your "easy" chair is going to make you uncomfortable, better throw it out. If you can't afford to have fine things and have them used, by all means have common ones. Have only what you can enjoy.

Do not be a slave to your children. Learn to control them kindly, but firmly. As to your husband, do not run him: let him alone. Do not be his slave and do not ask him to be yours. Let there be equality, freedom. Let him work out his own salvation. Demand the privilege to work out yours. Be something. Do something. Don't be content with being somebody's better half. The better half is not necessarily very good. Develop

individuality. Call forth the Inner Self. Do this and you will find your field of influence unlimited.

I recall a story which first taught me to be glad that I was born a girl. The story was of a little girl, who, like all her sisters, wished she had been born a boy. In a dream she met a great general who took her to see his beautiful palace. This was the dining room, this the parlor, this the library, but each room was furnished or arranged to please his mother. Finally the little girl remarked, "General, I thought this was your house, but everything seems to be for your mother." "Yes," said the general, as he led her to meet this much beloved mother. "I did build it for my mother, because it was she who made me a great general." The little girl awoke from her dream glad she was a girl. And I finished that story realizing for the first time the great possibilities of womanhood.

Is it good to be a woman? Does the rose ask, "Is it good to be a rose?" It gives of its beauty and fragrance. It fulfills its destiny. What matters sex? Man or woman, remember only that you are made in the image of the Creator, and remembering, strive upward and onward. Strive for health and happiness. These are your birth-rights. Make them yours and you will realize that it is indeed a fortunate thing to be a woman.

# Hoosier Paths

Blazed by D. H. SNOKER, M. D.

*The Truth in Life.*

*Put God in your debt.—Emerson.*

HE wisdom upon which is predicated the omniscience out of which arose the manifestation termed man, permitted no lack in the possibilities of its highest expression. Now will you take this initial sentence and fully digest its purport? For it is pregnant with inspiration born of observation and intensified by thought.

It carries with it the writer's unwavering faith in the humanity set adrift upon the tide of a purposeful evolution which neither pauses nor falters in its onward flow to the sublime end of completion for the individual.

It is not with the thought that the truth needs championing that this is indited for the reader's consideration, but rather to cause him to become aware of the potentialities at his command and from this knowledge to enlarge his capacity for action.

This message is not alone for the last man in the rear guard of the procession, but also for him and for her who are moving in the foremost van of all. Your present, farthest and highest step is simply the precursor of your capacity for greater things.

How grandly Emerson conceived this truth, and how sublimely simple his enunciation, "Put God in your debt." How achieve this balance in your favor? By putting faith in your power to consciously rise in the scale of being—faith in your capacity to achieve the items of the Infinite account without being forced thereby to the inerrant law which fails in no jot or tittle though aeons of time mark the course of its action.

The truth in life always manifests in harmony. When we are adjusted so that it can function in us, our lives express this harmony.

An old violin becomes valuable because the various woods composing it, through long juxtaposition, eventually come into the same rate of vibration and this harmony causes the richness of tone so unmistakable when the instrument is made to sound in the hands of a master or skilled performer.

This should be the condition of human bodies. We should so live that ad-

vancing years would but increase the harmony of the several parts, and then the vibrations which constitute our actions would culminate in that ever to be desired condition—perfect health and happiness.

This is among the possibilities of the race, and when the discordant vibrations arising from the pursuit of wealth and mercenary power have been overcome, the pursuit of this sublime harmony will end in attainment, for nothing is impossible to a universal love such as would obtain from the combined endeavors of the entire race.

As it is, individual effort can be made to approximate such results and the united harmonies of two, as of husband and wife, may eventuate in "the peace which passeth understanding."

Remember we are stating what we conceive to be facts and not the idle fancies which play about the minds of mere dreamers and visionaries. And we shall hold these thoughts as true so long as they continue to stand for the harmony, which obtains in our own lives.

While material comforts are somewhat enhanced by the things money will buy, it is painfully apparent that the harmony of physical and mental life which constitute true happiness will not respond to the purchasing power of all the gold in the universe.

Why not stop then to consider, and search for the truth in life which alone stands for happiness? Why persistently ignore the results of the past which is marked everywhere along the shores of time by the wreckage resulting from in-harmony alone. The artificial appetites which obtain in foods, drinks, personal habits, and the indiscriminate abuse (I will not say use) of the sex function, the manifestation of anger and the indulgence of the emotions of fear, worry and covetousness, all serve to destroy the harmony of which we speak and so render the working of truth in the life of the individual impossible.

One of the hardest tasks of the race has been the taking of stock in the matter of capabilities in the individual. All know that man has been endowed with practically unlimited capacities and powers, but the tendency toward specialism

has been a bar to that uniform, all-round development which would naturally produce a balanced man.

There is no doubt that we lose the sense of the completeness of our possessions in the degree that we enlarge one capacity at the expense of another, and that we also fail in our conditions of harmony for the same reason.

The man or woman who reaches the apparent age limit, with all faculties operative, either consciously or unconsciously, has arrived at a solution of this matter, and has not developed one power by the repression of another, and this is the line of a true culture, the functioning of the truth in life.

Who has the courage to rise above conventionalism? Living by conventional rule is responsible for more than half the failures men have made and for almost all the unhappiness they have experienced.

Observe your happy, successful people and you will find that they have followed original ideas born to them from the labor of thought—their own conceptions, and not the cut and dried theories of others, which, however plausible, always fail to fit somewhere and thus defeat their users.

What we need is the courage to detach ourselves from the multitude and blaze a trail all our own, for in this way alone can we achieve the full measure of an individual success.

The knowledge of the truth which frees is not obtained from any text-book, school, college or university. Your

freedom and mine will come from truth which we mine from the depths of our own hearts and bring to bear upon the affairs of life.

It is in this that a man "hates" his father and his mother, his brother, and even his own (conventional) life, as the Nazarene expressed it, but out of this hate springs the love of Truth which makes for success and happiness in all walks of life. This is the truth in life which enables man to be his own arbiter, and gives him the capacity to achieve the fruition of his desires.

Real living is a science, the principles of which transcend anything that could be written into a book. These principles constitute an unwritten law which is operative in a sphere beyond the letter of the moral code—the realm of spirit.

After all, reality exists only in the immutable. That which changes is unreal—unabiding shifting, kaleidoscopic. Such are human bodies, mortal beliefs and material likenesses. The knowledge of true relationships arises on the transcendental shores of the spiritual which lie beyond the mutable and which constitute the only real.

The truth in life, then, lies in its source and not in its manifestation. The latter has its sand-bar of belief, while the former reposes evermore upon the rock of faith. Belief has its God in a skyey city, limited by jasper walls and shut in by pearly gates. Faith cognizes its identity with the Infinite and puts man in touch with God.

## The Body Beautiful

BY NANNETTE MAGRUDER PRATT

I AM becoming more and more interested in olive oil. I am using it daily with raw vegetable salad, and recommend it to every one I know. It surely is good for people getting along in years; is nourishing, and a good lubricant for the bowels. A great many people cannot take it plain. I prefer mine in mayonnaise dressing. But if a person can take a dessert spoonful just before or after a meal, so much the better. Taken in orange juice, just before retiring, it acts as a laxative.

Olive trees were imported from Spain by monks. The climate and soil of California are particularly adapted for olive culture, and it is now one of the leading industries of the state. It is said that the finest oil is made here; recommended by connoisseurs as a superior article—sometimes called "bottled sunshine."

As an article of diet, fresh ripe olives are unsurpassed from a hygienic standpoint and olive oil is recommended by all authorities for young and old.

It is specially useful for elderly people. It's daily use assists in preserving elasticity of the muscles and arteries. Capt. Diamond, of San Francisco, who claims to be one hundred and seven years old, and who is in fine physical condition, attributes his youthful state to free use of olive oil and distilled water. He uses the oil externally and internally.

I cannot think that the bottled olives used in the East are as healthful as the fresh ones which are so abundant in California.

I strongly recommend the daily use of olive oil, even for those who have health. The amount usually recommended is from one to four dessert spoonfuls a day.

It is commonly reported and believed that even the best so-called imported olive oil is grossly adulterated.

Every one knows the benefits of massage where olive oil is used for the emollient, and I have found a new use for it.

The night before I have my hair washed, I rub my scalp thoroughly with it, leaving a lot of it in the scalp. Wash the hair in very warm water to get the oil out, and use three or four eggs, well beaten up, instead of soap. Rub the scalp briskly, rinse in several waters, and I think you will agree with me that you never had so fine a shampoo before. Leaving the oil on over night softens the scalp and does a lot towards the cleansing process. Of course you will have to put a towel over your pillow while your head is having its oil soak.

\* \* \* \*

When people go out camping, they may as well eat healthful foods rather than carry along a lot of trash. The foods eaten at most picnics are an abomination. Whenever I think of the Sunday school picnics I used to attend when a child, I see visions of ham sandwiches, made with white bread, cold pork and beans, pickles, cheese, sardines, canned salmon, layer cakes, sponge cake, tarts, doughnuts, cookies, coffee and pie. I wish I could bathe in the waters of Lethe and forget it!

Just because people are out doors is no reason for insulting their stomachs.

Every intelligent teacher of hygiene today is advocating the use of whole wheat bread. If you take bread with you when you go camping, take the

whole wheat bread, and if you take flour, take whole wheat flour. Splendid gems can be made from the following recipe:

"Two cupfuls of the best whole wheat flour, two of cold fresh water or milk and water, half teaspoonful salt. Beat briskly three minutes, pour in hot greased gem pans and bake in very hot oven forty minutes. These are delicious, sweet and light."

The white flour baking powder biscuits usually used in camp life are trying to the soul—not mentioning the stomach; and flour gravies should be prohibited by the health authorities. What a mixture! White flour and grease and water!

\* \* \* \*

Eat rationally while camping out, and the outing will do you twice the good. If you make the whole wheat gems, do not eat them while hot. Make up a big batch and let them get a bit stale.

Beans are good food for campers. Cook four quarts before you leave—(I mean four quarts after they are boiled). Boil them slowly nearly all day. Put a generous supply of butter with them, and if you like anything hot, add a red pepper or two. After they have cooked several hours, add a little baking soda to them—just a bit on the end of a knife. I think the pink beans are the best. This quantity of beans will last two or three days, and you will enjoy every mouthful. Take more beans with you to cook during the trip. Soak them over night before boiling.

Then take canned peaches, pears, dried fruits that can be easily stewed, all kinds of nuts, figs, dates, cheese, potatoes (bake them if possible) and fresh fruit if you can get it.

Take a can of peanut butter; that is delicious on the whole wheat bread, gems or shredded wheat biscuits. Tuck in a bottle of olive oil and on the way, if you are lucky enough to get some ripe tomatoes, have a feast of tomatoes and olive oil. Oil is good with fresh cucumbers, too.

What I have mentioned is food for the gods. Cut out flour gravies, white flour baking powder biscuits, dried beef, canned meats, strong coffee and tea.

If you have to have a liquid with your meals, try the cereal coffee, which isn't bad if you make it right.

\* \* \* \*

In dry, warm sections there are ideal conditions existing for those suffering

from diseases of the respiratory tract. The mildness of the climate keeps people out of doors. Much is being said these days about consumptives living out of doors day and night. The patient must have an unlimited quantity of absolutely fresh air. To carry out this idea houses are tabooed. The patient sleeps beneath the pines or under a rude shelter of bark or canvas so that every moment of the day his lungs are filled with the purest oxygen.

One must learn deep breathing (this applies to every one, whether he is troubled with lung diseases or not) and "get his money's worth" while he is out in the fresh air. It is well to go through certain exercises daily.

Exercise produces appetite and appetite produces good digestion and proper food should be eaten. I cannot agree with doctors about stuffing consumptives with meat, eggs, malt tonics, whiskey, etc. Good blood should be made, and good blood can only be made from clean, nourishing food. If a person has a weak stomach he should leave meat, eggs and milk alone.

Nuts when chewed to a creamy pulp are digestible, and take the place of meat.

Vegetables, particularly those which grow above ground, are good for nearly every one, and *all* vegetables are wholesome.

Olive oil is particularly recommended to those who are fighting tuberculosis.

The mind has much to do with building up a perfect body. One must decide just what he wants to do, and then *do it!* If you want strong lungs, live in the open air as much as possible, knowing that that in itself is going to do wonderful things for you; and when you exercise, put your mind on the parts you are going to strengthen. Do not do it mechanically. Look on the bright side of everything. Say "I am going to get well; I am doing just the right thing for my body now." I do not sympathize with mental scientists and people who believe in Divine Healing who neglect the laws of rational hygiene. To eat everything that comes along; to neglect the body in every way, and then say: "All is good. All is love," is very trying to my nerves. One *must* conform to Nature's laws or pay the penalty. Sick or well, we must pay attention to rational hygiene. We cannot "trust to luck" to keep our health.

The mountains are delightful places to

live in, and in Southern California, particularly, they offer perfect homes for people suffering from lung trouble, or catarrh and throat diseases; delightful dry air, pure spring water, with balmy nights to sleep in. One can live an ideal life in the mountains.

\* \* \* \*

When a person is troubled with insomnia, let him try the following rules:

Stay out all the afternoon, taking deep breaths. Breathe through the nose *always*. Inhale and *exhale* that way.

Do not walk much.

If you are in a city, a street car will be the thing. Sit outside and breathe as if your life depended on it.

Take a deep breath; hold it a few seconds; expel; take another; hold; expel, for several blocks. Rest a bit, and start in again.

Have your supper about 5:30. Lettuce and tomato salad, or lettuce and asparagus, with olive oil and lemon juice or mayonnaise dressing; two slices of toasted whole wheat bread, a few nuts, and half a handful of raisins.

Chew very deliberately, masticating everything to a creamy pulp. Do not take a mouthful of liquid with the meal.

After supper go out doors and do some more breathing. Stay out until nearly time to go to bed.

Before retiring, go through this exercise:

Put both hands high over your head, locking the thumbs together. Take a deep breath, raise your chest high, and walk about your room on tip-toe; hold breath for a few seconds; expel; take another; hold; expel; walk about until you feel quite tired. While your hands are over your head, stretch upward as high as possible.

After you have marched around for about ten minutes (having rested a bit meanwhile) take a gentle warm bath. Have the water just comfortably warm. Do not scrub with a brush. Just go over the body gently with a soft cloth. When you are using the towel do not rub vigorously. This is all done with a view of quieting the body.

While you are taking the bath (taking it for granted that you are in a bath room) have all of the windows in your bedroom open, so that everything will be well aired.

Just before getting into bed sip slowly a glass of warm grape juice. Then, leaving one window open, at least, get

into bed, relax and make up your mind that you are going to sleep soundly, and away you will go.

I have given these rules to many people troubled with insomnia, and it has nearly always worked. It is worth trying.

While doing the stretching exercise, if you can do it out doors, so much the better. You must be loosely clad, so as to give every muscle full play. No woman must try it with a corset on. That is a splendid exercise for all; men, women and children. It pulls on a set of muscles seldom used.

### A Word from an Appreciative Friend.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER CONABLE:

Yesterday on the next delivery after I had mailed a communication, with a remittance of \$3 and one new subscriber for Finder of Celestial Paths, I received one of the, if not the, most welcome letters of my life.

The overflow of my soul language tails to express. You know whence this letter came. But to business I'll haste to go, before the joy of my soul will cause an overflow—of words, but will say that when I returned yesterday from getting a postal order and mailing to you, I found a lady friend whom we had not seen for some time, but one whom I knew to be a fit subject for Path-Finder Food, so I told her that she should have a year's supply, which she could secure and have delivered in monthly rations, that amount being all-sufficient for her digestive powers. She said, "All right; if you say so here's the dollar," and she is so hungry she wants the back numbers so she can also have all of "Dead Yesterdays." If they are not all gone, please send back numbers at once and commence her subscription with the October number.

There is not in me one particle of desire to rob any living being of one cent of value or of precious time, but a word from you now and then has a cheering effect and so far has always proven good for my mental digestive capacity, and always tastes "morcish," so please send me a prescription as often as you have time to mix it; at least for a little while longer, as it will be but a short time before I shall be near you, where you can

deliver them on the end of a stick; for if the world does not commence to rotate the other way very soon, I shall be with you and within reach of a short-distance phone, and I believe it will be to stay, although my dearly beloved does not consent to go with me, but desires that I should go and get my fill. She imagines that it will take but a few weeks before I return contented to remain in this grand Chicago, and I am willing to admit that there is much grandeur here, with many grand and good people whom I will leave behind. But if I should use a fine-tooth comb, as many do, to find some objections to glorious California, I think I could display to the imaginative vision a few objectionable places and conditions even here in this beautiful city of lake breezes.

It is said that California is a bad place for poor people. The alkali water, the hot sun at noonday, the cold at midnight (this we can frequently find in Chicago) and the people who will be cold to us poor folks; oh, yes, and the flees—the flees—and the etc., etc., etc., and the "I don't want to go so far away from." Well, I ask from what? Heaven? Why, my dear, I think California is right on the road to that much-talked-of place, and as He (God) made this spot for his own use, I believe it is the place for us to make into a heaven; and as I think that I have that little job to do for my individual self, I have a desire to go where it can be done the best and most easily. I believe the people of any country take on, in a measure, the conditions of the country in which they live, and in a country where the glorious sun is not excluded from our sight four-fifths of the time, and the moon's rays come in periodical installments of two or three times a month on an average as is the case here in Chicago, are conditions not to be compared with a country where the glorious Orb of Celestial Beauty sends its life-giving rays which bring health and happiness to mind and body; and still more, the fruits and nuts, that the body may be fed while the Soul and Spirit are drawing from an inexhaustible fountain of plenty the year round—this is a country good enough for me and God.

But I shall not worry about the fears of other people, as I know that if I get there and love the country in or about Los Angeles, My Own will come to me,

and she is so good that I know the good people will be attracted to us, and we will have true and loyal friends just as fast as we earn them; and friends we can have anywhere.

Yours for Eternity,  
J. WESLEY BROOKS.

### Mental Therapeutics and Absent Treatment

BY CHARLES WALLACE SILVER.

**I**N A PERSONAL letter a noted author recently stated that telepathy is as well established in fact as is wireless telegraphy, and since telepathy is the foundation of mental therapeutics, the latter is as well established as is wireless telegraphy. All of which is granted, yet to our thinking under the present primitive conditions there may be even as much error in the practice and attempted use of mental therapeutics as in the practice of allopathy.

In wireless telegraphy the success is largely attained by the delicacy of the receiving instrument; so also with mental healing the results are largely obtained by the mental attitude and intense desire of the receiver of the suggestion. Indeed, results seem to be almost wholly dependent upon the person healed—upon his recipient condition and his self-vitalized condition. It is quite probable that the sole power of the healer lies in his ability to command the attention of the patient. The healer may possess some psychic or occult power not ordinarily possessed by individuals, and yet these powers have been possessed in all times by genius, by religionists, by Orientalists, by clairvoyants and by voodooists.

One does not resort to mental therapeutics in ordinary life until all commonly accepted remedies are proven unavailing. The remedies of the mind do not appeal to a puerile understanding, nor to objectively educated persons such as our present system of education of schools, colleges and the public press produces. Our judicial and professional education, as well as our competitive commercial life, develops the objective senses alone, and the subjective conditions are largely unknown to the masses, except as exhibited by some charlatan in hypnotic effort, or some fakir in mind reading, or in spiritualistic phenomena.

Mental healing is the result of pre-

cisely the same phenomena that are manifested in prayer and other kindred subjective conditions. The pagan prays to a wooden God set upon a pedestal and gets results. The Christian prays to a personal God in undefined space and gets results. The mental healing philosopher concentrates "in the silence" upon the unity and grandeur of life and makes his affirmations of the ubiquity and certainty of omnipresent life, and secures even better results than does the Pagan or the Christian, because attended with the highest possible degree of intelligence and understanding, and because of being freed from fear, superstition and bigotry. All and each of these three cults of thought secure their results, not from the wooden god, the personal God, nor from the great unknown, but actually from the subjective state of the person, attained by the effort at prayer or concentration. It is the psychic condition acquired by the intense desire of the praying or concentrating individual upon his inner self that produces the results. In other words, *we heal ourselves*—we work out our own salvation—we are the architects of our own fortunes.

There is nothing miraculous in these mental healings today, nor was there in the time of the Nazarene. The miracle consists in the superstitious awe of the mind of the individual who witnesses or listens to the tales of the supposed miracle. The lower the degree of positive, assertive intelligence and the greater the superstitious awe and fondness for the uncanny, the greater the capacity of charlatans to psychologize such abortive intelligence, and the less beneficial are the results.

Those who honestly advocate mental therapeutics are never of the criminal classes. They are not criminals in social life, nor yet Shylocks or brutes in competitive commercial life. Neither are they bigots in so-called church existence. The leaders of the New Thought Movement are conspicuous for their liberality and their charity for persons who have not evolved to such a degree that they may stand alone and without the prop of an established religion, or of a man-evolved scheme to force spiritualistic conditions by the confessional, by extravagant exhortations, or by hypocritical displays of finery and robes of sanctity (?). Notwithstanding the superior

mental attitude of the leaders of the New Thought Movement, there is a large class of tentative fakirs who greedily grab for cash from invalids under any pretext whatever that may come to their avaricious brains as an advertisement. Those who advertise to heal in a sensational manner instead of writing to teach the patient that it is a matter of his own highest development in understanding, are in precisely the same class of fakirs as are those who propose to absolve from sin by the confessional—are in precisely the same class as those who propose to go to heaven by the "blood of the lamb"—are in precisely the same class as those who propose to heal by drugs, opiates and the surgeon's knife—are precisely in the same class as those who propose to evolve governments by force and control ignorance by political jobbery—are in precisely the same class as those who assert that they are Emperors or coal barons by divine right.

In a recent trial of a mental scientist for use of the mails in a supposed fraudulent manner, the presiding judge ruled that the alleged cures were contrary to all natural law, and the attorneys for the prosecution were facetious in their repeated allusions to Salem witchcraft. The source which evolved this case of persecution boldly stated that it was a most proper case for the decision of the majesty of the court, and the court says mental healing is contrary to all natural law. He would probably aver that the healings of Christ were due to the personal intervention of a personal God, or to an extreme sanctification produced by self-condemnation or by puerile faith.

Where there is one fakir in mental therapeutics there are ten thousand in every-day, commercial, political, religious, medical and judicial life. The reason being obvious—mental scientists as a class have evolved sufficient intelligence to grasp the grand (?) and highly complex scheme of government by force, law by precedent, medicine by dope, and education by precept.

[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.]

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Search of Health  
and Opulence. . . .**



BY  
**Edgar Wallace Conable**

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