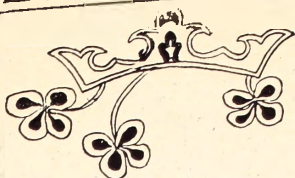


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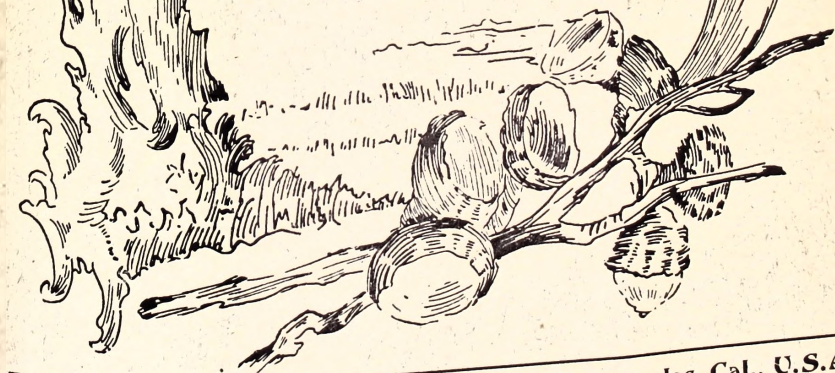
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Conable's

# Path-Finder

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



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EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE

# Conable's Path-Finder

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## Conable's Path-Finder

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, EDITOR

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BY THE EDITOR

### Love and Passion

A DEAR woman residing in the State of Washington writes most interestingly on a subject that is probably of greater importance to the race than any other. She wants to know something. Here is her letter:

MY DEAR MR. CONABLE—I have just finished reading a recent issue of your journal and there is a tantalizing mixture of pleasure and doubt in my mind concerning the difference between the sin of flesh-eating in the latter part of your article, "Buried Alive," and the beautiful expressions of the passion of love near the close of "A Spring-tide Vision," by D. H. Snoke, in the same journal.

"When I read what you said about the sin of flesh lusting I thought, well, I suppose that means to live without the close relationship husband and wife sustain to each other. So I thought I must school myself to be an all-sufficiency within myself, and when I go over a little further and read in Dr. Snoke's article that the passion of love has ever overpowered every other emotion, and filled the whole world with beauty and harmony, my heart beats fast and says, yes, yes, that surely is so, especially if we were only properly mated; and then, instead of thinking that I must teach myself to be an all-sufficiency within myself, I find myself longing to fill my life with that beauty and harmony he speaks of.

"Now I may not understand fully the difference between those two words seemingly so closely allied to each other, passion and lust. To love everything and everybody is a grand feeling. This I have experienced at times and know whereof I speak; but if this is the grandest and purest of all loves, why should the love for the opposite sex seem to be so very essential to our well-being, and so necessary to bring out the highest and best there is in us? for it seems to inspire us more than anything else can.

"Please tell me when you have time, how you define the difference, and is it your opinion that it is better for man and woman to live alone. As I ask this last question there seems to come an answer, so grand and so beautiful, and yet so far out of reach, and that is if only we could be properly mated, to live together would be best.

"But your answer, please. It will help to settle this all-absorbing question that has caused me, and not me



alone, but all others, more suffering than all else besides.

"This is rather a delicate subject, and I hesitated to say what I have, but as I am a woman, not far from fifty summers old by the register, I feel it to be all right, as I am desirous of a little knowledge on the subject."

The sex problem is always a delicate subject to treat. This is because the great bulk of the race has been brought up in ignorance concerning that which they should know more about than anything else. Both mothers and fathers withhold from their children all information on this subject long past the time when the youth should have a perfect knowledge and understanding concerning this most important part of the human anatomy. Still, this is doubtless all right in millions of cases, since very few parents really understand the real object and purposes for which the sex organs are created.

But I do not propose to here discuss any branch of the physical anatomy. I am going to answer the questions propounded in the above communication. In doing so, however, I shall doubtless go over much ground that I have covered in these columns in the past; but this is immaterial, for the subject matter should of necessity be of interest to every reader of this magazine who is striving to find out the truth, and, after finding it, to live it as nearly as surrounding environments will admit.

The world at large has always supposed that all the organs and functions of the body were created for specific purposes and that of necessity these organs and functions must be used and exercised in order to keep them in a normal and healthy state of growth. This is all true from a purely physical point of view, though few there are who have been able to draw the line where a normal state of growth is kept intact. Anything that appears to be a pleasure in life is generally carried to the extreme, and the normal soon gives place to the abnormal—resulting in all sorts of abuses which seriously affect both mind and body. This feature of the proposition is illustrated on every hand, so I will not dwell upon it further than to say that the abuses are the outgrowth largely of ignorance in being unable to define the words passion

and love in their true sense, and not understanding that there is such a thing possible as a more exalted unfoldment of the mind where sex passion for physical contact may be entirely eliminated from the thoughts and desires of the individual; that when this exalted state of consciousness is reached, which must certainly be the ultimate of the race, there is established such a harmonious chord between the physical body and the Inner Self that each individual, both male and female, finds greater joy in his or her own companionship than in any relation which can possibly exist between the sexes. Physical love, which is but a misnomer for passion, is entirely eliminated, and real love—the only love extant—is found in its fullest expression between the Outer and Inner Self—between the body and the Spirit, which then become as One—inseparable companions.

True it is that man in his present state of development craves companionship with the opposite sex, and where the Astral entities (not the spirit) inhabiting each individual are harmoniously allied, there is always great warmth of feeling for one another and inseparable companionship; but this is because the sex functions of the Astral of the one are in harmonious accord with the sex functions of the Astral entity housed in the other physical body. This is called finding one's affinity. In the absence of this affinity—where the Astral entities are not in harmony—there is always trouble among married people. The Astral is sexed the same as the physical, except that the Astral entity in the male is female, and in the female physical the Astral entity is male—making each individual dual.

I do not blame this dear woman who writes this letter of inquiry, or any other woman who has not reached the higher sphere of conscious growth, for desiring to find her affinity. It is perfectly natural that this should be so. It is nature on this particular plane of growth.

But there is a loftier sphere where the Spirit is privileged to assert its presence through the physical body, when there is no craving for an affinity outside one's self. To come in touch with the Spirit within is to overcome the desire to manifest on the physical plane, and in this exalted state there is no long-

ing for a physical sweetheart. We have found a sweetheart within ourselves, in comparison to which in point of satisfying every conceivable desire of both body and Soul, a physical companionship, even though it be an affinity, is as the distillation of the rose in comparison with the least fragrant of plant life.

There are comparatively few who have reached this higher plane of unfoldment, but those who have can vouch for every word here penned.

The Spirit—the Inner Self—is constantly striving to impress these truths upon the physical consciousness, but physical obstructions are so powerfully implanted within these physical bodies that it is very difficult for many of us to recognize that we are anything but material substance, hence we crave the things which are in greatest harmony with our own plane of growth. We seek physical companionship—we demand it. Without it there is an aching void that cannot be filled, and desolation is all around us. This is natural.

But it often transpires that we are made to suffer and are deprived of an affinity in order to push us on to a vision of the higher plane of growth. It is when we suffer most that we come closer to the Spirit Self, which never forsakes us until we forsake *It*.

The greater portion of the race is content to live on a physical plane. The impression is physically inbred that this was what man was created for—to appease his physical appetite, perverted by long lives of improper living, and to bring forth and perpetuate his kind. This is the highest ideal many of us aspire to. But I know that loftier aspirations than these fill the breast of our correspondent. She has reached a higher plane of growth than many of her sisters and brothers, still she has not passed the point where the body is not dominant to some extent. There is a longing for harmonious physical companionship—an affinity—without which much of the beauty in life is overshadowed. Still we must all work out our own destiny, but nevertheless the sooner we are able to throw off and eliminate all physical desires, the sooner shall we find that perpetual peace of mind which comes alone to him who has touched the hand and kissed the lips of that wondrous Inner Godhood which spiritualizes the flesh

and eliminates every desire for "Soul mating" on the physical plane.

When this plane of growth is reached the mind is at rest. The body is at peace with itself. We do not lose interest in our friends and loved ones by any means. They are nearer and dearer to us than ever before, but our thoughts occupy loftier channels. We are at peace with the whole world. The Spirit within us has become the guiding factor, and we no longer crave or desire the close physical relationship which is the dominating factor in married life.

The Path-Finder hopes to see every one reach this plane of growth, though it is aware of the fact that only here and there will one be found at the present time who is willing, or has the inclination, to cast aside all desires for physical pleasures and come into the realm where complete spiritual manifestation is made possible.

Could we all see and understand just what this spiritual glorification means, few would hesitate to at once begin the work of bodily reconstruction which is necessary as the initiatory steps leading up to the plane of exalted unfoldment.

Personally the writer is an uncompromising advocate of a life of "single blessedness" for both man and woman, but he realizes the impracticability of pressing this mode of living upon those who are not yet in readiness to accept it with a full and conscious understanding of all that such a life implies from a spiritual standpoint.

With the desire to *grow* implanted in every fiber of our being, this is what we must all come to, and what we *will* come to, as nothing short of this will satisfy the cravings of the heart yearnings for the highest and loftiest expression of all that is within us.

It is good for both man and woman to live alone, not that we would shut out all companionship from our lives—not at all; but the companionship which we would then desire we would attract, and it would be in perfect harmony with our own lives—a dearer, sweeter, closer companionship than it is possible to experience on the material plane of growth.

There is no occasion for us to trouble ourselves concerning posterity. Posterity will take care of itself. There will always be a sufficient number evolving upward in the process of evolutionary growth to attend to this part of the busi-

ness, so those who are possessed of the inclination to make more rapid strides upward than are some of their neighbors, need not hesitate on the ground that the race is going to die out if they cease to create on the physical plane. Some one will always step into the breach and meet the needs of the hour. We may continue to elect Presidents who will superintend the whole matter of keeping the earth replenished with physical bodies, so there is no occasion for serious alarm on this score.

But there is a demand for growth—for higher growth—away from purely physical manifestation. Love, in the ordinary sense, is passion, and passion is a desire to give expression outwardly to the sex senses. Strong is the desire, where the companionship is harmonious. Passionate is the desire, where we find a so-called affinity. But there is another desire which is overpowering in its scope which comes to us as we get a glimpse of the Infinite possibilities within us, and this desire is that we conserve every vital spark within us that we may create, not on a physical plane of growth, but on a Spiritual plane, making Gods and Creators of ourselves, that we may come in touch with that wondrous Wisdom, the pathway leading to whose presence an exercise of the physical passions always bars.

Love and passion and lust are so closely allied that we can classify them only in the degree of intensity of manifestation.

Infinite Tenderness takes the place of these when once we have come out from under physical bondage and have clasped in our arms the *real* Bridegroom, whose lips of flame, but passionless, touch ours in an eternal embrace.

### The Ballot Imprisons the Voter

ACCORDING to newspaper reports there seems to have been a National election throughout the country recently, and the result appears to indicate three things—namely: That the Republican party still has a few votes to spare; that the Democratic party is disintegrating, and that the Socialist party is getting big enough to sit up and take notice. Nebraska Populists seem also to be in fairly good fighting trim. But look out for eight years hence. Unless all signs fail, about everything lying out of doors

will be arrayed against the political party now in power. Its dethronement is simply a question of time.

But no matter; there is no reason for serious alarm anywhere. The alarmist is the man who never gets very far in anything. He is simply a disturbing factor—socially, politically and otherwise.

The individual who is engaged in building for himself—carving his own destiny as it relates to upward growth—will not be unhorsed at any stage of the proceedings.

It is quite a common thing for all of us to assume that we are especially delegated to save the people from a great pending evil that is to engulf them; but back of it all, if we would but institute a searching investigation, we would find that the "pending evil" is more a creature of the imagination than anything else.

The man who first cleans up his own political door-yard, or back-yard, as the case may be, rarely ever finds time to sweep the front porch of his neighbor. Such a man is too busy on his own premises to give much of his time to others.

The political alarmist is a most conspicuous factor these latter days. He abounds in squads and platoons. He thinks he is a reformer, but the trouble with him is he never reforms anything—not even himself, which usually needs reforming worse than anything else.

It is not existing conditions that need reforming half so much as does the individual. With the individual reformed, we have perfect harmony and equalization of purpose everywhere.

The place to begin reforming is at the root of the thing; not half way up the trunk. But when reformation of the individual is suggested as the proper remedy for existing evils, we bring the thing too close home. We have no desire to reform ourselves, but we want the other fellow reformed. All the laws and regulations should be made to govern and control the other fellow. We need none of these for ourselves.

Well, perhaps not, but it wouldn't hurt to give the matter a test here and there—just for experimental purposes.

Let us change things around once and see how they will work. Let us demand a set of laws and rules and regulations that will govern and control ourselves and not especially for others. If you want to work a speedy revolution in social and political economy, try this plan once.



The swiftness with which it will work will be amazing.

Of course this plan of getting at the root of all evils would leave the alarmist and the grafter out of employment. But suppose they were compelled to get a hustle on themselves once in a lifetime and seek honest employment, it would not be a very serious burden upon the rest of the people. I am inclined to think that it would inaugurate the beginning of the only rational process of reform that will ever come anywhere near reforming.

But the election is now over and everybody is again ready to attend to business. A National election, as a business disturber, has no competitor, but when it comes at the same time as does a "World's Fair," the finances of the country become pretty well unsettled.

Some day the people will require so little governing that no President will be needed; no "House of Lords," or other legislative or judicial bodies. There will be neither Republics nor Empires. Each individual will be a Republic and an Empire unto himself. Each individual is an Empire unto himself now—this moment—if he but understood it and knew how to bring his great creative powers into manifestation. Some day soon man will know how to do this. It is but a step a little higher up the ladder. We can all reach it.

Modern politics has done more to destroy the consciencies of men than any other factor with which the people have been concerned. There is no such thing as an honest politician in these latter days. The whole system, as practiced at the present time, is one gigantic piece of jobbery, bargain and sale, theft, treachery and fraud. Money is the controlling factor. The *controlling* element in politics is purchasable. It offers itself for sale over and over again, and even the last purchaser is not always the man who receives the vote.

I remember once when I was a candidate for the State Legislature of Iowa, a man was recommended to me as being all right and a first-class worker at the polls. I gave him \$10 for the day to look out after my interests exclusively. During the day I discovered that this man was handling tickets on the side and secretly, on which my name did not appear. Later on I also discovered that he had taken \$5 and \$10 from three other

persons to work for *them* "exclusively."

But this is politics. The whole system is rotten and corrupt—not necessarily politics itself, but the men who make politics a profession.

So long as this state of affairs exists the problem of existing social evils will never be solved.

The great majority of the very men who are clamoring for social reforms and equality are the very ones to barter and sell their votes on election day—not to the highest bidder, but to every bidder who comes along.

I must again quote from Tom Reed: "The honest voter is the man who sells his vote but once."

The man who sells his vote has no right to find fault with the way his government is being conducted; and he should expect no relief from the burdens which overtake him, for he keeps himself in slavery. He imprisons himself at hard labor.

The only freedom man will ever experience is that which he attracts to himself through his own powers. No human being who really *wants* to rise can be kept down. There is a power within every mother's son of us which can and will force us to the top round of the ladder if we will but let it. This Light of Eternal Life within us will guide our footsteps into paths of plenty all along the great highway of our earthly pilgrimage.

Self-unfoldment is the only sure road that leads men out of bondage. Every time the voter goes into the ballot-booth he is all the more deeply imprisoned. He is constantly helping to establish a master over himself and keep himself in serfdom.

Every man is a King, an Emperor, a President unto himself. He has no right to be anything else. He belittles his own powers and intelligence when he casts a ballot for any sort of a ruler on election day.

Speed the day, oh thou great God within, when all the flesh thou inhabitest shall know the Truths as thou knowest them. May we so perfect thy encasement that the wisdom of the Universe which thou holdest in thy right hand shall find expression in every thought, act and deed of our lives.

This for the sake of the race.

### Birthdays

**A**S A RULE I do not believe in people having or celebrating birthdays; but sometimes our friends arrange for a "surprise" gathering on these occasions and there is no help for it.

This has just been the case with me. I have just been celebrating the anniversary of the day I came forth into visible existence on this plane of joys and sunshine. I used to say woes, but I was mistaken. I have long since discovered that there are no woes save those we manufacture ourselves. We also manufacture all our own joys and sunshine. In other words, each individual makes for himself his own heaven and his own hell.

I was in hell a long time—too long, in fact. It isn't nice to be in hell too long at a time. It isn't quite so bad if one is simply experimenting to see what effect it will have on one's self; but to deliberately join forces with the devil for constant companionship has a tendency to take all the gluten out of one's system and otherwise disarrange the digestive functions of the body. And, too, when one keeps company too long with the devil, he has to devote so much of his time to the doctors that he hasn't time to do much of anything else.

So, quite a while ago I decided to give the doctors (except socially) the go-by, and try and celebrate my birthday in decency and in order, as our Presbyterian friends would say.

In this effort along the lines of reformatory conduct, I had some assistance at my last birthday celebration.

Now, this story is not for the purpose of telling the world at large how old I am, nor how young I am. This point concerns no one in particular, although I am not posing as a sixty-five when I am but thirty or thirty-five; neither am I willing to admit that I am seventy years of age when I am but fifty-three. But little details like these I am leaving for the Mazadaznan and other "philosophers" who have "consented" to step down from the lofty perch of Adeptship and teach the common herd—that is, after the contribution plate has been passed.

But notwithstanding the fact that few of us had anything to do personally in the selection of our birthdays, now that we have one thrust upon us, it is a good thing to remember them in a way. Not

for the purpose of making a record of the passing years on the tablets of memory—or on an insurance calendar—but to know at what period in the year we are filled with the greatest amount of vital energy—from a normal standpoint—that will enable us to cope successfully in all business and other undertakings during the succeeding months.

The birthday, to the individual, is his New Year. This is the time to turn over all "new leaves." This day should be spent in complete rest and recreation. It is the one "Sunday" in the year above all others, that should be observed. It is not necessary to either fast or pray, though a little of the former will hurt no one; but one should rest and think—get ready to put forth the greatest energy to attract success and opulence to one's self. It is much easier, the first few months succeeding one's birthday, to attract success than during any other portion of the year. If one starts in and pushes things during the first half of the year after a birthday, then the whole year will be more or less successful, just in proportion to the energy expended immediately following the birthday.

With each recurring birthday we have made a complete circuit of the sun. The gestation period is but nine months, during the first three of which there is insensibility to planetary or other conditions which contribute later on to the formation of character and pre-natal impressions. Were the gestation period full twelve months, man would be, under normal conditions, born practically in physical perfection.

Hence it is that the planetary influences, which a complete circuit of the sun would bring in the presence of a full twelve month gestation period, are circumscribed—cut short, and we have to make up for all this shortage during the succeeding years of maturing growth.

When we rally all our strength and powers and push all our energies during the first three months immediately following each birthday, we make up largely for the loss sustained by only a three-fourths circuit of the sun during the gestation period. We build, in other words, a firm foundation on which to stand during the remaining nine months of the year.

So, in my case, I am always glad, since coming into possession of this most important fact in our growth and develop-



ment, when my birthday arrives. I then prepare, as best I can, for a season of uninterrupted successes. When I fail it is because I have neglected many important duties at the critical moment.

Each one's birthday therefore, in this sense, is his New Year. Immediately following this day there should be unceasing activity all along the line of such successes as we are striving to reach and hold fast to. The year's opportunities visit us at this period. If we fail to recognize them, then they are lost until another birthday rolls round.

But some of us would not recognize an opportunity no matter how plainly it was forced upon our vision: hence failure is ever ours. Our vision is clouded over, and we make no effort to remove the veil. So life is one continuous failure, and we form the erroneous impression that we are fated to the sorrows of an unsuccessful existence. Fate has nothing to do with it. We have simply builded without rudder or sail, and we drift with the tide—go and come without purpose, never rising above the negative surroundings which we have attracted to ourselves. Opulence never crosses our threshold. We have driven it beyond our reach. Some one else has captured it in its retreat—some one who is ever on the alert to meet an opportunity half way and invite it to dine in his habitation, no matter how humble it may be at the outset.

Standard oil barons are made out of men who cut cross-lots to meet an opportunity lest it escape them.

Not that crude oil, or even oil in its refined state, is a sufficient lubricant to enable the "barons" to slip through the pearly gates without a struggle. Far from it; but this simply illustrates what a man can do who is in possession of the powers to discern opportunities before the other fellow has even a chance to pass them by unseen.

Did the Standard oil baron rob you or me of any opportunity that belonged to us? No. He simply took what he attracted to himself and deprived us of nothing that was ours. Nothing is ours that we do not attract to ourselves. We have the power within us to attract either crude oil or polished diamonds, or both. And we can attract to ourselves a clean, pure, wholesome and perfect physical body, which will bring both polished diamonds and crude oil—or Golden Shafts

from the Infinite, which are better than all earthly possessions combined. For these are laden with Opulence that makes Creators of us and places us beyond the vulgar desire for crude physical adornment and grotesque material trappings.

\* \* \* \* \*

But coming back to birthdays, I had in mind when I started out to say just a few words in regard to my own last birthday, which took place on the 25th of November just past, somewhere between the hours of 1 a. m. and 11 p. m., on that momentous occasion. Thirty-five years later a neighboring lady who put on my first "wraps," was kind enough to tell me about it in a large gathering of mixed company. She thought it was a great joke on me. I thought it was a bigger joke on her. But never mind this part of the story now.

I was to have a surprise reception on the evening of my birthday. The planners gathered secretly at a home where I happened to call on business. I caught them red-handed, as it were, so they confessed in order that I should not lose entire confidence in their pretenses at veracity.

So it transpired that some thirty friends were invited to meet the writer on the evening of his birthday at the home of Mr. F. M. Ambrose, No. 135 So. Griffin Avenue, Los Angeles, presided over by his accomplished daughter, Miss Anna Louise Ambrose, a long-time patron and student of the *Path-Finder*.

As co-worker in this secret enterprise to make the *Path-Finder* apostle under everlasting obligations for one of the most delightful receptions and evening's entertainment that it has been his pleasure to participate in since the event that took place fifty-three years previously, was Mrs. Maud Johnson, also of Los Angeles, whose devotion to the cause of humanity and all that pertains to its growth and unfoldment, is only approached in measure by the innate sympathy and depth of womanly character which no one can fail to recognize, to whom the courtesy of an acquaintance has been extended.

Outside the social intercourse, the charming part of the programme, to me at least, was the music—vocal and instrumental. Chopin's melodies, Gottschalk's Last Hope, Schubert's Serenade, etc. These are the soul-inspiring contributions from the pens of the mas-

ters that awaken in me the unceasing determination to halt not in the application of the processes of unfoldment until the flesh shall have been pressed to the limit of endurance; and as I believe there is no limit that draws a final line anywhere, I shall keep on indefinitely.

A modest, but most wholesome, fruitarian luncheon was served, and my last New Year became a thing of the past, not to be forgotten, but to be laid away in sweet memory's archives, where naught but the imperishable finds lodgment.

### For the Afflicted

CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER is for the masses and the afflicted as well as for all classes of people. It does not stop when people meet with misfortune—that is, unless it is desired, which is rarely the case.

When a man is in the midst of misfortune then it is that he needs this magazine most, and if he will stick to it and live by its teaching, the time will not be far distant when good health and opulence will be his.

A friend writes as follows, from Juliatta, Idaho:

"During the last two years I have lost over \$5,000 worth of property—all I had accumulated in ten years' hard labor. This will explain why I am delinquent on my subscription. When misfortune overtook me I was getting a half dozen different papers and magazines of various kinds, but all but yours stopped soon as I could not renew with the cash. The *Path-Finder* kept coming. It stayed with me and I shall stay with it. Please do not stop it. I read each copy one, two and three times, and then again. Enclosed please find money order for one dollar."

No person shall ever be without Conable's *Path-Finder*, if it is desired, whether there is any money coming or not. The pay will come from some source. If not from one it will come from another, or it will be the editor's contribution to the great cause of uplifting the race.

Whoever needs Conable's *Path-Finder* can have it for the asking. If there is no money with which to pay for it, it will be all the same. All we ask is that those who have it and *can* afford to pay, do so.

### SHORT PATHS

—A friend desires that I give a definition of the word "doctor," as applied to M. D.'s. This is simple. An M. D. is one whose principal business is to sign death certificates.

—We had several invitations to eat turkey on Thanksgiving day. This was exceedingly kind of friends. But I would not impose my presence on any family in a community where turkeys are 40 cents a pound, and this includes the feet and the chin whiskers of all the ancient gobblers.

—Among the callers recently at Path-Finder home was Mrs. John F. Morgan, of Chicago. Mrs. Morgan comes to California to spend the winter, and if she likes the country as well as does the editor of this magazine, she will stay here permanently. Mr. Morgan is expected to follow in the near future. P. S.—John F. is already here.

—I spent Thanksgiving at the charming home of Judge and Mrs. Charles O. Morgan, in 30th Place. A delicious uncooked luncheon of fruits, nuts, etc., in the company of other invited friends, a delightful musical program in the evening, in which several of the guests participated, made the editor's Thanksgiving outing one long to be remembered.

—The next issue of this magazine will begin the fourth volume. We are psychic enough to see that the year 1905 will bring greater advancement along all our lines of work than there has been during the entire three years merged into the past. We are growing constantly stronger, and are better equipped in every way to interest every person who is seeking a higher state of growth.

—One day recently, while I was out for a few hours, some one left a 20-pound box of raisins on my door step. No card was attached, so I have no absolute means of knowing whence the box came. However, I suspect it came from my friend, J. Newton Ross. Anyway, they are most delicious, and I am enjoying them at every luncheon. I am looking for the bill, friend Ross. Don't forget this.

—This is the season of the year when the average publication indulges in a Christmas narrative, but we have neither the space nor the inclination to do this. It is all right that Christian civilization

should set apart a day for recalling to our memory the deeds of great and good men, but not for the purpose of making it a stuffing season for gorging the body with foods, especially with foods which the Christ warned all his disciples against. "Thou shalt not *kill*," said the Nazarene. How any so-called Christian civilization can celebrate the birthday of the Christ on a stomach filled with animal food, passeth all comprehension. Let us all celebrate Christmas-tide, but not with stains of blood upon our hands.

—Our old friend, Alzamon Ira Lucus, of Denver, Colorado, the noted lecturer along higher lines of growth, dropped in to see us recently. Mr. Lucus was born in Santa Barbara and remained there up to sixteen years ago. This is his first visit during that time to his old home, and the local papers of Santa Barbara have been saying all kinds of nice things about him. Mr. Lucas attended the New Thought National Convention at St. Louis. After a couple of months of recreation in Southern California, he will make a two years' lecturing tour of the United States. No one can hear this gifted and earnest speaker without rec-

ognizing the fact that he is just overflowing with truths that must eventually find lodgment in the minds of every thinking man and woman.

—I bought a cord of wood the other day. The sticks are about eight inches long, and some of them a little larger than your forearm. I paid \$10.00 for the cord. I was told that no fires were needed here in California any part of the year, but this is a mistake. One needs a fire here almost every night and morning for fully six months of every year. There is a chilliness in the atmosphere here at times that goes through a person quicker than a Minnesota blizzard. Still, it is an improvement on Arkansas in this respect: I burned thirty-five cords of big cord wood in my home last winter. This would cost me here three hundred and fifty dollars. Down there it cost me a dollar and a half a cord, all ready for the stove. But there is one redeeming feature about this wood. It is spruce direct from the mountain slopes, and when burning sends out a most delicious odor. I suspect it is this odor that they charge for, same as they sell you climate here when you think you are buying land.

## The Turkey's Thanksgiving

BY MAUD JOHNSON.

And now is here the season of the year  
When all the world is praying,  
Returning thanks—most humble thanks—  
And to the Lord is saying:

"We thank Thee, Lord, for our table board,  
For turkey and pie and dressing;  
We thank Thee for this with heartfelt bliss,  
And now do we crave Thy blessing."

My heart would ache, my nerves would quake,  
My whole being be filled with fear;  
But friends I know who'll give us a show,  
For all life to them is dear.

And they know that to eat without using meat  
Will lift their souls on high;  
And so I await with calmness my fate,  
For I see that help draweth nigh.

And now on this day I sincerely pray,  
"Blessed may all Vegetarians be,  
And God bless the man who stands in the van,  
My good friend, E. W. C."



# Dead Yesterdays

(THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE)

BY ERRANTE

## CHAPTER XIII.

"That which ye sow ye reap. See yonder fields!

The sesamum was sesamum; the corn Was corn. The Silence and the Darkness knew!

So is a man's fate born."

—*The Light of Asia.*

"TIC-TAC, tic-tac, tic-tac." It was a clock, I felt certain. I was also positive it was not my mother's great brass-bound hall clock that looked like a wardrobe, for that old time piece had a different voice. It went "cluck-cluck, cluck-cluck" and never hurried.

"Boom, boom, boomety-boom." Confound that fly! If he would only let my nose alone I could sleep. "Boom-boom! r-r-r—crash! bang!" What are they shooting off fireworks for? Curse them! Why don't they quit poking me in the stomach and let me sleep? Oh! how my bones and head ache! Hello, here! What's all this about? What's the matter?

"Not a thing, my boy; not a thing," cheerily answered the young doctor at my bedside with his assistants, and sponge and scissors in hand." Half a dozen stitches and you will be ready for duty. Only loss of blood and a bad fall. No bones broken. You will be sound as a dollar in ten days. Patience now, while I stitch you up," and deftly he cut away the hair from a scalp wound, drew the gap together with a few stitches of wire and court-plaster; a few more stitches on the under wrist three inches above the right hand, a stitch or two on back of same hand, court-plaster on left elbow and bandages, and he washed his hands, exclaiming, "Finished."

"Doctor, I feel sore all over. Are there any bullets concealed about my physical economy?"

"Not a bullet, my boy; only one grazed your left elbow. That and the scalp wound cause the numbness of the left side. No, no! You are all right. You are black and blue all over and your leg is swelling badly, but that's from your horse falling on you. You will be out in a week."

"And my horse?"

"Killed under you at the bridge. Mighty close shave. Don't you remember it?"

"No. And my sword?"

"That will turn up; but you might as well order a new uniform. This is done for," and he held up my blood-soaked war togs for the admiration of the assistants.

The next day, assisted by crutches, my gambler friend and his wife, I changed my quarters to the popular Emporium of Chance, where Kopetzky was already installed, practicing polyglot profanity, with a big navy revolver under his pillow to keep the medicos from chopping off his leg above the knee, and I was soon in my civilian attire and my uniform in the hands of the tailor.

How had the battle gone? It was a complete triumph for the Empire. The enemy was cut to pieces, and had our victory been energetically followed up, as Salm-Salm, Mejia and others advised, the North would have been then and there pacified (until Billy Seward got another move on him), but other opinions prevailed in the councils of the high, and practical results were nil.

At the bridge, after I left with Salm-Salm's message in search of Mejia, the assault continued with ever increasing fierceness, and at mid-day it was evident the enemy had decided to force our lines at that point, at all hazards, for he assembled in force at and about the chapel of the hill, planting a couple of rifled Parrotts to rake the bridge and street, but Salm-Salm, reinforced by a regiment each of cavalry and native infantry, ordered a bayonet charge, leading it in person, and, capturing the guns, turned them on the fleeing foe.

That was our chance to drive them off the earth, but Colonel Lopez, commanding the cavalry, refused to complete the victory with a charge, and should have been shot on the spot, instead of being decorated as he was two days before the surrender.

Wherever the fight was thickest, the name of Maximilian was cheered to the

echo, for it was known along the line that all through the sulphurous day he was under fire at the Plaza of the Cross, or wherever the shells fell thickest, ordering or consoling with the coolness of a veteran, and that the staff had several times seriously contemplated forcing him, bodily, to a place of safety, as many citizens had been killed on the streets, and in the evening when he rode along the lines, surrounded by his staff, his eyes alight with the joys of triumph, the troops went mad with enthusiasm. His timely presence at our center turned the tide of battle in our favor at that point and gave the stroke of grace to the day's successes. Escobeda, pulverized by Mejia's cavalry on the south, and beaten time and again at the fords and bridge by the terrible fire; Salm-Salm concentrated his force in mass at the cemetery and rushed our defenses just as the Emperor appeared upon the scene of action. No order was given either regiment of defenders. Instantly, as if by common accord, the troops fixed bayonets, and, springing out of the trenches, met the stormers with cold steel and drove them like panic-stricken sheep. It was the closing performance, and we had all day long been superlatively triumphant.

For ten days the strengthening of our defenses was continued with feverish anxiety, only occasional bombardments and skirmishes interrupting the steady work; and, although I was anxious and perfectly able to return to duty, the hospital administration kept me in its grip, and I enjoyed myself wandering from position to position, or following the Cazadores, who were always on the jump, reinforcing menaced defenses, and I learned that I had become quite a large hero.

On the second day after the battle a dapper young native aide presented himself at my quarters and, saluting as if in the presence of a field marshal, informed me, with General Mejia's compliments, that my presence at that lively chief's office was desired as soon as I was able to be about, and, curious to learn the cause of so unusual a summons, I accompanied him at once, being introduced into a crowded room where that past master of horsemanship sat at a table busily signing papers as they were presented him.

On seeing me enter with his aide, he hastily arose, pushing aside a pile of doc-

uments, and advanced with outstretched hands, exclaiming, "Ola, Lieutenant! On crutches, eh! I am sorry I disturbed you. I meant you to come at your pleasure. You are very pale. Rough work this, eh, my boy? I saw your brave deportment during the charge and fully informed His Majesty about you. You shall see him. You shall be promoted, never fear. You are a true soldier and only lack instruction to become a great lancer.

"But, General," I hastily interrupted, my ears hot with his effusive praises in the presence of so many curious strangers, "it was not I. It was my horse made the charge. He became ungovernable and carried me with you against my will."

"Ho! ha! That's too good," he answered, pulling himself up and pulling down the under eyelid of his right eye with his index finger. "This eye saw it all. Your horse, eh! Well, I declare! There's an example for you, gentlemen," he continued, turning to the group of young officers about him. "There's the making of a soldier after my own heart. He fights like the devil and is too modest to own to it. He gives his honors to his horse! You expect a promotion on the opposite side of every ditch you jump!" and again addressing me, continued: "Salm-Salm shall give you to me when you are well. I will teach you the lance. I will teach you the sabre. Oh, Tomasito Mejia was once young like yourself, and good looking," he added with a horrible grin, his parchment features working into contortions with the effort, "and he can teach you young bloods a lot of things about war."

"But my horse, General," I interrupted again, now thoroughly ashamed of what I *knew* to be undeserved honor. "My horse—"

"Yes, yes; I know all about it. He was killed at the bridge. Tomasito didn't give you a fair chance at the 'Chinacos,' so you charge again with Salm-Salm and his Cazadores. He told me all about it. You shall have another horse. You shall have the pick of the 'remount.' I will choose one for you. You are a splendid rider, but Tomasito Mejia can teach you a thing or two yet, and will as soon as we have finished Escobeda. Look!" he exclaimed, bringing a big lance from a corner of the room and pointing to a notch on the pole.

"The sabre that did that slashed your head at the same stroke. That stick of 'Maquiliz' saved your life, Lieutenant," and so he went on with increasing enthusiasm until he bowed me out, happy and proud, telling me to call at any time and enjoy myself until fit for duty.

When I told the story to O'Reilly, that worthy philosophically summed up: "It's the way av the worrld, Liftenint. Manny's the middle shining on the brist av the officers at the convint beyant that belongs be right on the brist av some poor divvil that's schlapin under the sod, and as it's only an ould divvil av a Mexican horse, an' him dead—bad luck to him, he narely tore the coat off me back—that ye've chated out av honors, yez may rist aisy in yer mind; for there's wan varchoo in yer sthory, Liftenint—the more ye tell it, the less they will believe yez; so keep at it and it's a jook they'll be afther makin' yez. Shure, didn't I see yez go down mesilf wid me own two eyes, and it's kilt entirely I thot ye wes."

I could see that even he didn't believe me, and when Kopetsky angrily told me I was making an ass of myself by telling such nonsense, I gave it up and took what credit came to me without protest; but inside I felt as if I were robbing someone unable to defend himself, and the ghost of that "old Mexican plug" would loom up every time the subject of my mad charge was broached.

On the 16th the Liberals were reorganized and in line, again opening with their batteries bursting shell all over the city and completely closing business; and as Escobeda was continually receiving reinforcements, our ammunition and food ever growing scarcer (we were then chopping the iron window balconies and park railings into slugs for canister, had nearly finished our lead, and run most of Queretaro's church bells into shot), it was decided to send Marquez to Mexico for reinforcements and supplies, and on the night of the 23rd he got away safely with our two best cavalry regiments, weakening our already weakened garrison to the tune of fifteen hundred men, promising to be back, with or without supplies, by the 10th of May, or sooner, but—ambitious traitor that he was—he never returned, and shortly after his departure it became current that we were less than nine thousand men facing an enemy of fifty thousand and a hundred

pieces of artillery; but even this disproportioned state of affairs failed to disturb the equanimity of the veterans, and they laughed at the idea of our being unable to break through our besiegers wherever and whenever we saw fit.

The morning after the departure of Marquez, our signal corps reported the enemy moving in force on our left flank, shortly reporting the movement general, and the familiar sight of the four-gun battery of the Cazadores dashing through the streets at a gallop toward the south indicated the direction in which the heaviest fighting was expected, for it was Salm-Salm to the rescue, here, there and everywhere. He was Escobado's nightmare and the omnipresent guardian angel of every menaced position of our line. It was reported that the commander of the Liberals had exclaimed in a fit of anger at a repulse: "D—n that General Salm-Salm! How many infernal Cazadores has he in his command? Is there no point of the city we can strike without running into that mutton-headed German and his infernal French murderers?"

Shortly after 10 o'clock the batteries on the southern hills opened fiercely, and under a protecting storm of shell the enemy's columns, that had been moving from the road to the capital toward our left center, about faced and started on the run for us, evidently intending to strike us between the Alameda and the cemetery, but Salm-Salm was on hand as usual and swung his infantry into the open to meet their charge; and as the artillery, with canister at close range, cut swaths through their mass, flung a deadly sheet of musketry flame in their faces that sent them reeling back on top of each other—a disorganized mob that was instantly struck by a thundering charge of our terrible Mexican horse under Colonel Gonzalez, sweeping the field like a blizzard and driving everything before them to the hills.

Desultory charges of little importance continued spasmodically until 2 p. m., when again the enemy's columns began descending toward our trenches, with the evident intention of carrying them by storm at or about the stone house, but the omnipresent Salm-Salm was again on hand to give them the bayonet and sabre, when they were staggering under a withering artillery cross-



fire from three different positions. This, though not the heaviest as regards numbers, was probably the fiercest of the enemy's many assaults during the siege, fifteen of his officers, among them a Colonel, being found dead within ten paces of our breastworks. Two thousand were killed during the day, fifteen hundred of which fell fighting for a Republic.

The Emperor, after this battle, while the opposing artillery was still thundering, rode along the line complimenting officers and men for their gallantry, and among those most highly complimented on that occasion by His Majesty, in the presence of the troops and general staff, was his confidential favorite, the infamous Colonel Lopez (who, if there has been no serious disarrangement of the itinerary, must long since have become a denizen of the bottomless pit), that two days after His Majesty had pinned a cross of honor on his breast for bravery, sold the cause and its defenders to Escobeda for a hat-full of adobe dollars.

Sometimes I think that *if there is no hell*, somebody ought to rig up one, with all modern improvements, for such scoundrels as Lopez.

On the 1st of April, before dawn, Salm-Salm, with the Cazadores supported by two native regiments, carried the little chapel of San Pablo, capturing the enemy's batteries, but, as usual, the high and mighty failed to reinforce him, and overwhelmed by masses of the enemy hurled against him, he was forced to cut his way through San Luis to the bridge, abandoning all but two of the captured guns, and the tedious siege went on with mutual exchange of shells and occasional sallies lead by Salm-Salm and his Cazadores, who, on the night of the 18th, after an unsuccessful attempt to cut his way out in search of the traitor Marquez, was hurled back into the city cut to pieces.

On the 27th we had another pitched battle in the open, the Imperialists being the aggressors, that continued from daylight, with victory perching on our banners from start to finish at sunset, capturing twenty guns, six stands of colors, arms and ammunition galore, and a thousand prisoners, many of the panic-stricken enemy fleeing to re-form four leagues away; but instead of their going out, as we could and should have done, leaving starving Quertaro to its fate, we returned to our positions, and the badly rattled

and scattered republicans gradually returned to theirs.

Only once during the day did we suffer a reverse. Late in the afternoon we attempted to carry the range of hills to the south, supposing them weakly defended, but we were met by overwhelming numbers of fresh troops, and after a crushing defeat were driven to our trenches, where we sank back into our dogged defense after a series of triumphs that, had they been properly pushed, would have given us complete liberty of action.

No sign of Marquez on the 10th, and it became generally noised about that the decision to abandon the defense had finally been taken, and that we would make the attempt at the moment least expected, nobody seeming to know in what direction, nor caring, for that matter, for any move was better than being cooped up and was hailed with delight.

On the night of the 14th everything and everybody was ready for the road, fully supplied with ammunition, horses saddled and foddered as well as possible in a city where the inhabitants were starving, and where a month previous troops and animals had been put on half rations or less; but Mejia, who had kept his promise and furnished me a splendid mount, demanded forty-eight hours' grace to get the artillery in readiness for the road, and at midnight we were ordered to unsaddle and turn in.

At the Emporium of Chance, Kopetzky, now out of danger, but unable to move, had become reconciled to the inevitable of being left behind, charged me with letters to his friends, and as I left him to go to my room, told me good-bye, as he believed we might be ordered to march at any moment, and my gambler friend reassuring me that he had sufficient important friends in the liberal camp to assure my friend's safety, I threw myself fully dressed on my cot and was soon in the land of dreams.

How long I had been asleep I do not know, when I was roughly shaken by the proprietor of the establishment, who in an excited voice said, "Up, O'Neill! The enemy have broken through the lines and are swarming into the city. Go to your duty like a soldier! Quick, boy; allow no man to doubt your valor," and he shoved me, dazed, into the street and into the arms of Corporal O'Reilly.

"Howly mother av Moses, Liftinint,

it's jist in time yez are. It's to wake ye I've kim. Run fer yer life, bye; it's sould out intirely we are, be the powers! Run, lad; run fer yer life! To the Campana! To the Campana."

Myriads of stars swung glistening in a cloudless sky above. Dispersed shots rang out behind us and down the streets to our left and right. Mounted officers, unrecognizable in the darkness, galloped hither and thither shouting, "Soldiers of the Empire to the Campana!" and "Long live the Emperor!" to be answered by distant shouts of "Down with Maximilian!" "Death to the foreigners!" and with trailing arms white lines of loping republicans crossed our line of march, once firing on our party, that had grown to a dozen.

At the "Cerro de las Campanas" we found His Majesty, Salm-Salm, Mejia, a dozen other corps commanders, the staff and the majority of the Cazadores. O'Reilly had left them to awaken me, and a few detachments of Mexican troops that remained faithful to the last. Miramon, the indefatigable hero who never flinched in his faith in our ultimate triumph, was still in the city, trying to organize his rattled forces into a fighting unit, and it was rumored that he had been killed.

As pink day, beautiful and bright, peeped over the hills at our forlorn hope, the batteries opened on us with infernal fury, and the combat became general at once, small groups of stragglers coming to our aid at every opportunity; but suddenly the bells of the Convent of the Cross rang out merrily, answered by the triumphant "dianas" of the hundreds of bugles about us, and we knew that position had fallen.

Immediately great masses of cavalry deployed on the plain to the west; endless rivers of mud-colored humanity started down the hills, and from out between them, toward us, and we knew the assault was at hand, and at this moment Maximilian on the crest of the hill above us, seeing his troops deserting to the enemy in squads, turned to those surrounding him and said: "Fellow soldiers, all is lost. I thank you all. Raise the white flag."

The surrender was received by Colonel Echegaray, hat in hand, who took him to Escobeda, to whom he delivered his sword, and by whom he was made a

prisoner of war with Miramon, Mejia, Salm-Salm and others in the Convent of the Cross, where twenty-four hours previously he had commanded as Emperor.

Myself and about fifty brother officers who had been culled from the rank and file by the liberals, had stood for nearly two hours between two lines of dirty, fierce-looking cavalymen who seemed impatient at the delay, and had just started for the plain to the west when my gambler friend, forcing his way between the horses, shouted to the officer in command, who answered, "All right," and dragged me out of the bunch that was never again heard from.

As we started toward the city he shoved an official document into my hand, saying, "Guard that as you would your life." It read: "Headquarters, Northern Division of Liberating Army, Celaya, May 1st, 1867.—To the civil and military authorities of Queretaro: The bearer, Lieutenant O'Neill, of the Imperial forces, is at liberty to come and go at will, and you are charged not to molest him in any manner whatsoever. Escobedo." At our quarters Kopetzky, grinding Hungarian oaths through his clenched teeth in impotent rage, showed me a similar document of equal date that had been issued in his favor.

Little remains to be told. The farce of a trial was gone through with at the Iturbide Theater, the accused being defended by four of Mexico's most prominent lawyers, who made superhuman efforts in their behalf. Queen Victoria, the government of the United States (with the exception of Seward, who could have saved the Emperor by a single word to Juarez), the diplomatic corps, and last, but by no means least, beautiful Princess Salm-Salm, interceded in their behalf, but Maximilian, Miramon and Mejia were condemned to be shot on the 16th, a reprieve of three days being granted at the last moment.

On the morning of the 19th three carriages, guarded right and left by files of soldiers, slowly forced their way through the throng gathered between the city and the "Cerro de las Campanas," the first bearing the Emperor and a priest, the others with Miramon and Mejia as passengers.

Maximilian sprang lightly from his carriage, followed by the priest, and shook hands with his Hungarian body

servant, Tudos, the only person he seemed to recognize in the throng, and walked rapidly, followed by Miramon and Mejia toward an adobe wall that had been erected to stop the flight of the firing squad's bullets, where he unsuccessfully tried to force the faithful Miramon into the central position of honor. A squad of seven soldiers swung into line, facing them, lines of soldiers forming an open square facing the hill.

Maximilian stepped toward the firing party, handed each soldier a coin as he shook his hand, requesting him to aim at his heart, and then returning to his position between Miramon and Mejia, in a clear, steady voice vindicated his presence in Mexico as Emperor, and with the best wishes for the peace and prosperity of his adopted country, ended saying: "And if in the future it becomes necessary that Mexican blood must be shed for the welfare of Mexico, may it never again be shed through treason."

The soldiers raised their rifles to aim;

the officer's sword flashed in the sunlight; there was a crash, and through it rang loudly from the throats of Mejia and Miramon a defiant "Viva el Emperador!"

The shadowy hosts of heroes gone before them could not have done less than "present arms," as these three great and brave men strode by them to report at the diaphanous headquarters of the Beyond.

Far away at Washington a great "war secretary" was grinding out "It's necessary, it's necessary," between his clenched teeth, while waiting with pallid features for the click of the instrument that was to carry him the echo of that volley, and through the latticed windows of the Castle of Miramar a heart-broken, mad, young Empress, surrounded by her weeping attendants, watched the golden sunlight dance from wave to wave on the beautiful blue Mediterranean, mechanically repeating, "*Non possumus; non possumus! non possumus!*" The Emperor was dead.

## To Cure Disease by Suggestion

(By D. H. SNOKE, M. D.)

(The following paper was read by Dr. D. H. Snoke, of Indianapolis, Ind., at the recent annual meeting of the State Medical Society. It is so full of splendid things that the editor requested the author to send it to him as copy for one of his regular contributions to these columns. We would that a copy of this magazine could find its way into the offices of 10,000 doctors, to be read and re-read again and again.—Ed.)

TO HIM who is in the habit of observing phenomena, there is ever something beyond or behind the manifestation which appeals to him to investigate, and, if possible, ascertain its cause. The seeming intangibility of mental processes, the apparent impalpability of psychic manifestations have been a bar to investigation by practitioners in general of the causes operative in healing through the agency of subjective forces.

As a profession physicians, ever since the practice began, have confined themselves mainly to objective means in their

endeavors to heal the sick, and that they have believed in it the multiplied products of the chemical and pharmacal laboratories of the world will bear witness.

The long line of agents in the materia medica of the various schools of practice is ample evidence that doctors have not been an idle set in the pursuit of their profession, but rather that they have laboriously sought and assiduously classified these evidences of effort at the amelioration of the ills of the race.

Nor have their labors in the objective realm ended here. They have, with unremitting care, dissected the physical structure of man, and with equal precision, named and classified its material parts. They have given objective analyses of physiological processes, and the lay world stands aghast at the wonders of digestion, circulation, elimination and assimilation which these researches reveal.

They have formulated codes of practice in the use of foods, in the exercise of the



muscles, in the breathing of the air and the use of water and earth, for the safe sustenance of health and the prevention of disease.

They have invented devices for the relief of malformations and structural lesions, and have harnessed electrical forces to mechanical apparatus in their efforts at minimizing the physical woes of their fellow men.

What they have not done in a material way to advance the cause of health would be difficult to enumerate. What they have done thus merits the approbation, the respect and love of all mankind because it was done in a spirit of altruism which symbolizes the love which stands for the universal brotherhood of the race.

But there is another side to consider in the practice of the healing art, both as to the cause and manifestation of effect in disease, and of other than material methods for healing or curing the same.

I wish to premise here that as a causative factor in producing conditions, whether of physiological normal functioning, or of pathological states adverse to this, the mind exerts more power than does any other element within man or in his environment.

Facts, statistics and data are not wholly wanting in these particulars, and while our brethren of material methods have been busy turning their microscopes upon microbes and bacilli essential to a state of health, with intent to fasten upon them the causes of physical disaster, our mental scientists have been proving the power of mind to mar and mend the corporeal structure.

There has always been a continuous effort upon the part of physiologists to surprise Nature in her work of transmutation within the human laboratory.

They have lifted veil after veil, they have pierced their way to secret recesses where seemingly the finger of an infinite power traced its designs upon trestle boards of human souls; but in the last analysis Nature jealously covered her constructive process within the infinitesimal yet sacred precincts of the cell, leaving man to sigh without, until such time as he shall recognize the value and power of thought, the radiant and most puissant messenger of the soul.

This line of demarcation between the visible and invisible, between the object-

ive and subjective in man, is clearly defined, yet not always susceptible of being crossed; but even this is attainable to an extent by those who care to proceed upon methods conducive to right conditions therein.

There are certain phenomena attendant upon these processes which appeal to the earnest investigator, and which are significant of that side of being so pregnant with power in the manifestation and perpetuation of vital operations.

We need to study the stupendous lesson of self, and, by observation of the workings of mind in our own individual cases, approximate conditions in those with whom we have to do in a professional sense.

It is true that this study is still in its infancy, but it is a healthy child and the possibilities attendant upon its right cultivation border upon the marvelous and the miraculous.

But let us take a brief survey of subjective processes within ourselves and make this an incipient step in the direction of further acquaintance with so vital a matter.

Our food is digested, our blood circulates, our respirations continue, our pores excrete, and our capillaries, those mystic gateways between the light and shadow of us, contract and relax, and sensation and motion all proceed without aid from our objective consciousness, and yet these functions are intelligently supervised every minute of every hour and day.

Seated upon the throne of the solar (why not soular?) plexis is that invisible yet potent factor, at whose beck and call respond the forces which are forever building, destroying and rebuilding the temples wherein we dwell; and he who forms the acquaintance of this mighty potentate grasps the lever of a force whose capacity for execution, whose power for healing, is as great as it is unguessed.

This it is which in the capacity of recording angel inscribes all over our bodies the moods which have obtained in our hearts all the days of our lives, and according to the inspired pen of a professional friend in the sunny South I inscribe here one of the most telling paragraphs which ever flowed from mortal pen.

It is as follows:

"When the central power is at par the invasion is powerless. How long will it

be ere we realize that the central power, whose organ is the solar plexus, is the beginning of life, the architect and builder of every tissue, line and feature; that the heart and brain and vital organs are its work, as well as every cell in the body? That it is in fact the dwelling place of the soul? That it bears the same relation to the community of cells that the king bears to his nation? No one will dispute its importance, neither will any deny the heathen abuse it has received from its prime minister, the brain, and its treasurer, the stomach, and its devil, the spermatic plexus. Clad in the fashion without regard to comfort, crushed by corsets, poisoned and intoxicated by narcotics, driven like a jaded horse by stimulants and lust, what is par? Wake up to see that the measure of life and stability enjoyed by the sympathetic center is the measure of strength and personality and power of the man."

In that man is thus a mentally constructed being, it necessarily follows that he is a being of intelligence, and even materialistic research has proved that this intelligence is manifested by so small a portion of the corporal structure as is expressed by the individual cell. It is well known that the cell accepts or rejects pabulum in so far as it harmonizes with, or is inimical to, vital processes.

And why, indeed, should this not be so, when every atom of food we eat, every molecule of air we inhale, every drop of water we drink, bears upon each of them the scrutiny of that eye within which never sleeps, and go to their places in the physical structure, stamped with an inerrant precision by an intelligence second only to that which fashioned the greater universe.

A little thought upon this point will enable us to see why the several parts of the body which are subject to our volition respond to the demands made upon them by our wills, and why they do not answer to such call when in the condition of pseudo death caused by paralysis.

While there is undeniably a great value attached to suggestion—a power never to be overlooked by the physician, there is as certainly a difference between the intelligent application of the principle and its unstudied use as there is between the automatic operator of an electric engine and the practical engineer who invented and intelligently supervised its construction.

There are facts and principles embodied in the science of suggestion which impinge closely upon the very essence of being and which are well calculated to arouse interest in metaphysical study and investigation.

The idea of duality which obtains from a materialistic conception of the vital forces, under the light of metaphysical inspection, loses this aspect of separateness, and we have instead a bi-unity out of which arises a thought of power impossible to the former.

It is the union of the objective and subjective faculties which renders mental processes effective in any operation, be it the pursuit of business in a commercial sense, the exercise of the inventive powers, or the arrangement of a musical composition.

It is harmony between the objective and subjective functioning of the individual which constitutes a truly normal condition of health, and the utter futility of producing such a condition by means of medicines and mechanical appliances alone is at once apparent to the intelligent observer.

As it is somewhat apropos, I cannot forbear remarking in passing that the surgical interference with, or the removal of essential parts of the organism, is a violation of this law of harmony, a disturbance of the rhythm that forever flows from the heart of being.

Man is operative from two sides of his being, and it is by virtue of this condition that he stands at the head of creation, a bi-une concept and product of that infinite principle which men call God, and which must, to be consistent, be also bi-une—the true bi-sexual head of creation, the Father-Mother God of the universe.

We have the five senses—sight, hearing, touch, taste and smell—which relate to our objective environment. And the functioning of these as to preception in number, form, color, odor, sapidity, harmony, discord, roughness, smoothness, weight, etc., constitute the operations of the objective mind and culminate in what we term reason, and are, in the main, purely voluntary upon the part of the individual, or may be rendered so by cultivation.

He who lives exclusively upon this plane is materialistic in the extreme, gross and sensual in his nature, and cruel and vindictive when aroused or disturbed, and quite unbalanced thereby.

Corresponding to the objective senses which may be termed active or positive, we have those which may be termed passive, subjective or receptive, the latter term being perhaps most expressive, and in these lie the emotions—those psychic manifestations which render the human unique as the highest manifest order of creation.

It is this apparently passive side of being, that results seem to obtain from suggestion, and it is also, perhaps, the reason that so little is generally known concerning its therapeutic value. Suffice it to say here that it is effective in a large percentage of cases where it is intelligently used.

How does suggestion act? In what way is it effective in producing curative results? And a hundred more whys and wherefores spring up as one contemplates its benefits.

I give one phase of its operation only at this juncture.

You wish to rise at 3 o'clock in the morning instead of at 6, your accustomed hour of rising. You suggest to your SELF (note the emphasis on self) that the earlier hour is essential, and promptly at the time you open your eyes—are wide awake, roused by the faithful subjective monitor which, duly charged therewith, never forgets and always performs its duty.

Now, herein is a point worthy of a due consideration. A good time to practice suggestion is just before your patient goes to sleep, so that he shall carry with him into the realms of somnolence that which will work to curative ends while he sleeps.

While we have excellent agents to act upon the various parts of the organism, their efficacy is often greatly enhanced by suggesting to the patient receiving them the modus of their action, and this is particularly true of those who are not readily susceptible to the action of medicine.

Sometimes it is judicious to have the nurse make suggestions to the patient when the latter is sleeping. I had a case of typhoid, in which the patient refused all medicines except such as were surreptitiously administered in drinking water. I told the nurse to say to the patient after she slept, "You will take your medicine when you awake," and to keep on repeating it for a time after each nap, with the

result that the patient took her medicine without any trouble.

To return to the matter of value in suggestion, I wish to repeat that its therapeutic worth is beyond computation, since it enlists what may be termed the whole man as a factor in his cure when he is ill, and renders operative functions and powers not to be reached by either drugs or mechanical appliances alone. As to what this power is, is a subject for further investigation and scientific research.

The needs of expression will, in time, find a nomenclature which will approximate its meanings and enable all to arrive at more or less accurate understanding of its scope, uses and effects.

It would seem that the investigation of psychic faculties and forces in man is productive of new aspirations in those indulging this most fascinating pursuit, since it reveals possibilities in the individual which border upon the marvelous and render his hitherto highest ideals the actualities of existence.

It furthermore shows that there may be much less of discrepancy between anticipation and realization once man fully realizes what the effect of suggestion is upon his faculties, capacities and powers.

Not only is suggestion curative, but it may be made available in warding off diseased conditions, and, used in the form of auto-suggestion, the individual may accomplish his own immunity from many maladies and effect the healing of other ailments already in evidence.

Objective aids are of value in enforcing the operation of auto-suggestion. Particularly is this true of printed texts which revert to a change to better conditions, if hung where the eyes may continuously encounter them.

While suggestion is curative, it is also destructive if adverse conditions are reverted to by the suggestor, and no one is perhaps better aware of this than the unscrupulous doctor who secures fees by trading upon the fears of his patients. But the physician who takes advantage of the confidence of his client by making his case appear graver than it actually is, whether by look, word or action, is unworthy of the vocation he pursues and merits the contempt of the honorable practitioner and layman as well.

This power so potent in action, so marked in its results, challenges the close attention of every thinker; and to him



who gives it honest scrutiny there can be but one result, and that is the awakening to the fact that there are resident in man powers which, though unseen to material sight and impalpable to objective touch, do yet transcend these in their power for good to the race and to the individual.

Those who, by patient study and painstaking research have become even in a small degree acquainted with the energies or potencies which exist, though latent, in our interior being, have also become aware that our ordinary consciousness does not embrace the entire man, but only a small portion thereof; and that,

hidden beneath the rough exterior of all, there lies the gem of a transcendent power, which, duly sought and polished, will place man where evolution, omnisciently directed, shall crown him with the glory of a due self-completion.

This vivid picture of the force set in operation by suggestion will appeal to all, and I close this with the suggestion to each that you begin to study yourselves; that in the silence of otherwise unoccupied moments you delve deep into the mines of your own being, and find there treasures beside which the constantly used and jaded senses of the objective, are as night compared to day.

## The Body Beautiful

BY NANNETTE MAGRUDER PRATT

### RATIONAL HYGIENE

**H**ORSEBACK riding is one of the most invigorating things in the world—consequently, a splendid exercise. I cannot think of any muscle that is not brought into play, and especially if one rides a spirited horse. Every child should be taught to ride a horse—especially little girls. Boys and men get more exercise than girls and women, so the latter must be forced into all kinds of out-door sports, until they begin to take to it naturally, and, in time, learn to love every kind of exercise that is going to keep the muscles in fine condition—keep them *alive*, so to speak.

Every girl or woman who rides horseback should ride astride. That is *right*, from a hygienic standpoint, and, from a humane standpoint, it is better for the horse.

There are still many people who object to seeing a woman ride horseback astride. They think it detracts from her womanliness. I cannot agree with them. A real woman will keep her womanliness in a divided skirt, bathing costume, gymnasium suit, short walking skirt or ball gown. It depends upon the *woman*.

Riding astride is the best way to ride, for it gives the rider a better purchase on a horse. If the animal shies or starts off at a bound, bucks or stumbles, the woman astride can keep a firm seat, and she can sit so much straighter, and more gracefully, too.

I am sure that side-saddle riding is not good for a woman, from an anatomical standpoint. For a short ride, perhaps, no ill effects would follow, but it is trying if one goes any distance at a rapid pace. And, if the horse is a bit skittish, it is hard to keep one's seat in the awkward side position.

The divided skirt is not in itself ungraceful, but it should be made by a tailor, or someone who thoroughly understands the art. I have seen home-made divided skirts which would try the soul of a woman accustomed to having things made right.

Time and custom will change the prudish ideas now held by many. The athletic woman will be looked up to as a specimen of true womanhood, and what she wears to facilitate her out-door exercising will be considered quite the right thing.

The cross-saddle mount makes a woman independent—she can mount and dismount without assistance, and she is absolutely independent on mountain trails, where a speedy dismount may be necessary to save her life.

In selecting a saddle-horse, a woman will try to get an animal rather suited to her figure. A small woman, or one of moderate dimensions, should select a medium-sized horse—a large woman should ride a large horse.

Many women spend more on clothes and foolish things in a month than would

cover the cost of a horse and the keeping of it for a year.

Walking is a splendid exercise, but it is hard to get a good many women to do it, and horseback is more attractive in many ways. An early morning ride is more of a complexion beautifier than all the cosmetics in the world.

If you cannot buy a horse, or have no place to keep one, rent one for two or three hours several times a week. The cost will be small compared to what you spend for gowns, hats, matinee tickets, etc., and one day of perfect health is worth more than all the gowns in the world. I believe in looking well, but I think it is a heap better to wear plain clothes and put the rest of the money in taking beautiful care of the body. Think of the fearful caricatures of the human body hidden under expensive finery—undeveloped chests, protruding abdomens, prominent hip bones, great layers of diseased tissue, scrawny necks and other unsightly bumps and hollows.

It is never too late to make a great improvement in one's body. I had a pupil who developed wonderful muscles, a splendid chest and obtained perfect health at sixty-five years of age. Chests can be developed easily; hips can be taken off, or put on; prominent abdomens can be whisked off in a few weeks—a month's time—limbs can be made muscular; necks can be plumped out, or double chins removed, but it takes hard work, determination, strong will-power, small sacrifices, etc. There are gymnasiums, natatoriums, physical culture teachers, books and magazines galore, who can change a sickly, ill-formed person into a strong, splendidly developed specimen of humanity in a few months' time, and it is a person's duty *today* to begin to develop a beautiful temple for the God-given soul to abide in.

Would you put a beautiful jewel in an old battered cigar box? No, you would want a fitting casket for it—nothing could be too beautiful to hold it.

Many women expect results in a few days, or at most a few weeks. They have been getting out of order for 5, 10, 20, 30 or 40 years, and then expect a physical culture teacher to put them on a beauty platform in a few weeks. That is not fair. If you haven't sense enough to go ahead and do a lot of things for yourself, have some one instruct you,

but give them time—a year if necessary, to get you into shape.

Your whole system must be changed. You are full of impurities. You do not eat clean food, and your lungs are not developed sufficiently to inhale enough oxygen to purify the blood which goes to them for that purpose. The pores of your skin and your bowels do not do their work of elimination properly, and you stand a good target for disease.

Disease does not attack people with a clean, healthy body.

Begin today to exercise. If you cannot afford to ride horseback, *walk*. Learn to breathe deeply, and take up some exercises that will develop your chest. If you are so situated that your time is not your own, eat a light breakfast, light, nourishing luncheon, and one hearty meal during the twenty-four hours. I used to think that noon was the best time for the heaviest meal, but I have changed my mind, and my heaviest meal is in the early evening. I am so situated that I can have two meals a day—breakfast at 9:30 and dinner at 5:30—and that just suits me, but I know that that is almost impossible in the average household. But, anyway, eat clean food, and not too much of it—and exercise and bathe and get plenty of sleep in a well ventilated room; and, women look after your complexions and just see how attractive you can make yourselves. Keep young! Keep well so as to be a good companion for your husband, and a good mother to your children. Don't let yourself go; don't get sloppy at the waist line; don't neglect your hands and feet; don't neglect your hair. Brace up! Take all the out-door exercise you can get; spend as much money as you can on your body. Take massage treatments if you can, and a cabinet bath occasionally; have your nails manicured and your feet pedicured; your hair taken care of, and take exercises that will make your body conform to Nature's lines as much as possible—and if you do this you will be a greater power than you know—at home, among your friends, in your religious life—anywhere where health and good spirits are needed—and we all know that *health* is needed everywhere. On the principle that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure, start in today to build up your health, and don't wait until the machinery breaks down. Oil it up and clean it today, and repair it, and do not

leave it until you are satisfied with your work.

Hold sweet, helpful thoughts; stay out in the sunshine until you are so full of it that you have a lot on hand to give away. Don't let any one discourage you. Form an ideal and work up to it.

And there she stood,  
A woman nobly built.  
God drew the plan,  
And she, by careful living,

Filled in the lines.  
'Tis beauty made of health and strength;  
Clean food; clean thoughts;  
Much rest—and power  
To shed health thoughts abroad.  
The love of self—  
The constant striving to improve—  
Lofty ideals of perfect womanhood.  
It would be strange indeed  
With all her care,  
To see the lines less perfect,  
The face less calm—  
For health and peace are hers.

## Amanda's Cold Water Cure

(BY MAUD JOHNSON.)

AMANDA was a Physical Culture crank. This accounts for the style of house she lived in. To live in a conventional house, where every effort is made to exclude light and air; where one is surrounded by a maze of knick-knacks and tidies, gave her a feeling of suffocation and a longing to be out in the free moving air. Fortunately for Amanda, her family had a country home, and, though they lived in the conventional air-tight house, she found a twenty-acre ranch quite agreeable to her gypsy nature. However, it soon became unbearable to even sleep in the house, for the room which she occupied had windows only to the south, which made it impossible for her to get any kind of a draught.

Finally, driven to despair, Amanda had determined to take matters in her own hands, and had used her little income to build a house for herself. This house consisted of one large room, about eighteen feet square, with windows on three sides and a door on the fourth. It was neither weather-boarded nor plastered, hence the cracks in the walls afforded considerable ventilation of themselves. From the center of the ceiling hung a pair of rings. At one side stood a reclining table. On the other, parallel bars, while, in the huge closet at the south end of the room, were dumb-bells, foils, clubs, wands, tennis rackets, quoits, balls, and many other implements which indicated Amanda's particular brand of insanity.

The best part of Amanda's den, however, I have not yet described. The window shades, instead of being fastened at the top of the windows, were placed at

the lower edge, so that Amanda could shade the lower part of the window while leaving the upper half open to admit light and air. In this way she was enabled to take light and air baths while enjoying her exercise. At one end of the room a rustic stairway was constructed, which led to the roof, where she had fitted up a sun bath enclosure. The walls of the house had been extended to the height of five feet, while posts rose from the four corners to support a framework over which an awning could be drawn at will. Amanda, however, loved the sunshine too much to make frequent use of the awning, so it usually lay rolled up at one end.

After having slept in this house a week or two, Amanda found that even this did not satisfy her wild nature, so, upon the particular night with which our story is concerned, she rolled herself in a huge blanket—Indian-fashion—and slept on the roof.

Amanda always "went to bed with the chickens," consequently, when she was awakened about two in the morning, by an unusual noise, she was immediately wide awake, with all senses alert. Listening intently, she distinctly heard two voices holding a whispered conversation just outside her door. Fortunately, because of her intention to sleep on the roof, she had closed and locked all the windows which, on other nights, were allowed to remain wide open. Snail-like she crawled out of her big blanket and moved slowly and carefully toward that end of the roof beneath which the men were standing. Raising herself cautiously to a standing position, she could not only hear every whispered word, but,



by standing on a little box which chanced to be conveniently near, she could see the two men as well, without any danger of being detected herself.

"I wonder if we have made a mistake," said a voice.

"No, I am pretty sure this is the place," answered the other. "I know there is a pigeon ranch out this way somewhere, and this must be the place. What else would a fellow build such a house for, anyway?"

"Well, some people build such roofs to dry clothes on," replied number 1.

"You blockhead," retorted number 2, "we're not in New York. Do you suppose people with fifty acres to put clothes lines up on would hang 'em on a roof?"

Amanda noticed that one of the men was trying to pick the lock.

"I would be more apt to believe that this was a fruit-drying house," continued number 2.

Amanda chuckled. "Their benighted minds never could think of the word solarium," she soliloquized.

"Well, anyway, now that we're here, we might as well find out what it is," continued the voice. "The main house is so far away that we're safe enough, and I'm not sure yet but that there are

some pigeons up there. We'll have a good haul. Haven't you got that door open yet, you idiot?"

Amanda turned and softly glided to the other side of the roof, where stood a large pail of water, which she had brought up the previous evening in anticipation of a morning bath in the open air. It was a larger pail than most women would care to handle, but she lifted it easily and carried it back to where she had been standing.

"You will hear from your pigeon in a minute," Amanda thought, and, lifting the pail, she set it on the edge of the wall; then, quick as a flash, she turned it over, emptying the contents full on the heads of the men below. Quickly stepping back out of sight, she awaited results. There was a momentary spluttering and gasping, a few muttered oaths, and then two pairs of legs did their best to cover ground. Amanda listened till she no longer heard the sound of flying feet; then, returning to her blanket in glee, she congratulated herself that she had introduced two erring men to the reformatory power of cold water.

The two scamps have organized a debating society. Object—to decide what kind of a house that was.

## Horse Talk

(By MAUD JOHNSON.)

THE horse stood in his narrow stall, looking longingly out over the green fields and over to the mountains beyond. "Wish I could go over there," he thought. "Those green fields do look so good, and I believe a tramp up those mountains would do me a heap of good. Oh, for a chance to kick up my heels and have a good romp. I have heard my master say that if he has to stay home all day he gets dreadfully nervous. He says, if he can't work or go down to the city, he just doesn't know what to do with himself. If he has to stay indoors on account of the rain, he tries to read, but he gets fidgety and begins to walk up and down the room and sometimes he gets real cross. But, I have to stand here day after day, and when I'm nervous I get scared easily, and then when I get scared, my master whips me. It doesn't seem quite fair. I heard my

master say that he believed he was part gypsy because he loved the hills so and liked to take long tramps and pick flowers and be out doors all day. Guess I must be gypsy, too. I would love to get out there and roll in the sand and take a long walk through the woods—maybe find something good to eat and have a jolly good time. I believe a day like that would make me feel better and maybe I wouldn't be so skittish, as my master calls it. I want to behave better, but it's awful to have such high strung nerves.

"The other day I broke loose from my stall and got into that sack of wheat sitting over there. I didn't know that was wrong; anyway I don't think my master ought to put it right where I can see it all the time. Once, when we were coming home from meeting, he was talking about the sermon. The preacher had

said, "You mustn't put the cup to your neighbor's lips," and it seems to me he oughtn't put that grain right there if he doesn't want me to eat it. I suppose it isn't good for me, but it tastes awfully good.

"The other day he scolded me because I whinnied on the street. He told the mistress that there must be something wrong, because I never did that before, but he scolded me just the same and even slapped me on the back with the reins. If he had only stopped to look, he could have found out what was the matter. My little master had thrown sand in the hubs of the wagon and the wheels would hardly go 'round. It made me so tired, and I could hardly breathe. Master knew I was complaining about something and I think he might have looked.

"Well, I am only a horse, and maybe if I find fault, master will sell me to somebody that is real mean to his horses. Anyway, I wish people would all hurry and get automobiles; what a jolly good time we would have!"

#### INFLUENCE OF THE MIND

Prof. Elmer Gates, a psychologist of wide repute, claims to have recently made the discovery that unpleasant emotions create harmful chemical products in the body which are physically injurious. Good, benevolent, cheerful feelings are said to create beneficial chemical products which are physically healthful. These products, it is declared, may be detected by chemical analysis in the perspiration of the individual. Professor Gates says he found more than forty of the bad products and as many of the good. Everyone knows that grief will poison a mother's milk; in fact, it generates an injurious quality so intense in character as to sicken an infant.

Of all the chemical products of emotion that of guilt is said to be the worst. If a small quantity of the perspiration of a person suffering from an emotion of this kind be placed in a glass tube and exposed to contact with scientific acid it will turn pink. None of the other poisons similarly generated exhibit the same phenomenon.

Pink would appear to be the peculiar color of wrongdoing. It is found that for each bad emotion there is a corresponding chemical change in the tissue of the body which is life-pressing, exhausting and poisonous. On the other hand,

every good emotion makes a life-promoting change.—Chicago Chronicle.

#### RESOURCES OF THE PAPACY

Prior to the loss of the temporal powers of the popedom, the papal states had an independent budget. The pope, besides other revenues, enjoyed a civil list of \$800,000. When Victor Emmanuel, however, took possession of Rome in 1870, and the states of the church were abolished, a perpetual allowance—represented by the interest on a capital amounting to \$16,000,000—was appropriated for the papacy and was added to Italy's national debt.

The vatican, as it is known, has never recognized the abolition of the pope's temporal power, and therefore has never accepted the allowance. Its annual expenditure of about \$1,750,000 has to be defrayed from other sources. It is interesting to note the various items of the expenditure. About \$125,000 is required for the cardinals and the diplomatic agencies abroad; \$625,000 for the up-keep of the vatican and its annex, libraries and museums; \$375,000 for charitable purposes and subsidies to Catholic schools in Rome; \$375,000 for bounties and presents, and \$250,000 for sundry objects. To these expenses must be added the maintenance of the small papal army, which is 600 men strong.

As to the revenues of the vatican, they are mainly derived from the "Patrimonium Petri" and the "Peter's Pence"—two sources different from one another. The former is constituted by the yields of gilt-edged investments and properties belonging to the Vatican, besides the dues for dispensations, notably in connection with marriages. "Peter's Pence" is a voluntary tribute to Catholic Christendom. In the '70s and '80s the "Peter's Pence" enriched the papal treasury every year by \$2,500,000, two-third of which came from France. Since then, however, the tribute has considerably decreased. Nevertheless, under the reign of Leo XIII, the coffers were fully replenished on the occasion of his numerous jubilees in 1888, 1893, 1900 and finally in 1903. The presents given to Leo XIII at each of these jubilees amounted to from \$5,000,000 to \$15,000,000. While these presents are looked upon as the pope's personal property, they are used to maintain the papacy. The "Peter's Pence" is at the entire disposal of the pope.

## FROM NEW ZEALAND

DEAR FELLOW SINNER:—I see by a late Path-Finder that you have gravitated down to the city of the "Angels." Well, I am living in a cottage dubbed "Angel's Rest," so there must be a sort of fellow-feeling between us. But I am surprised to read words of this import on the first page of Conable's magazine—"more than a thousand subscribers are behind on their subscriptions from one to two years. How is this? Where are your powers of concentration and persuasion gone, Brother Conable? Are not all things possible to those who believe, now as heretofore?"

I thought at first I would discontinue my subscription to the Path-Finder, but you are such a cheerful sinner that somehow it is quite refreshing to read your optimism, and after all what is a dollar a year, so here goes another twelve months, as I know I am only paid up to the end of 1904; besides, I want to see how "Dead Yesterdays" will pan out. I like "Errante's" style fine; (but really, Brother Conable, it was great fun to read Sydney Flower's "New Thought" and your magazine at the same time, for some enemy sent me a copy of Sydney's eulogy on milk and "marfa" in the same mail as your criticisms on Flower's "panaceas." Here's a go, says I—two people falling out over their pet theories. There's some hope for humanity after all. I'll risk another dollar and see Conable through, and that's how I am sending you another subscription.

Continuously Yours,

J. A. ROBERTS.

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