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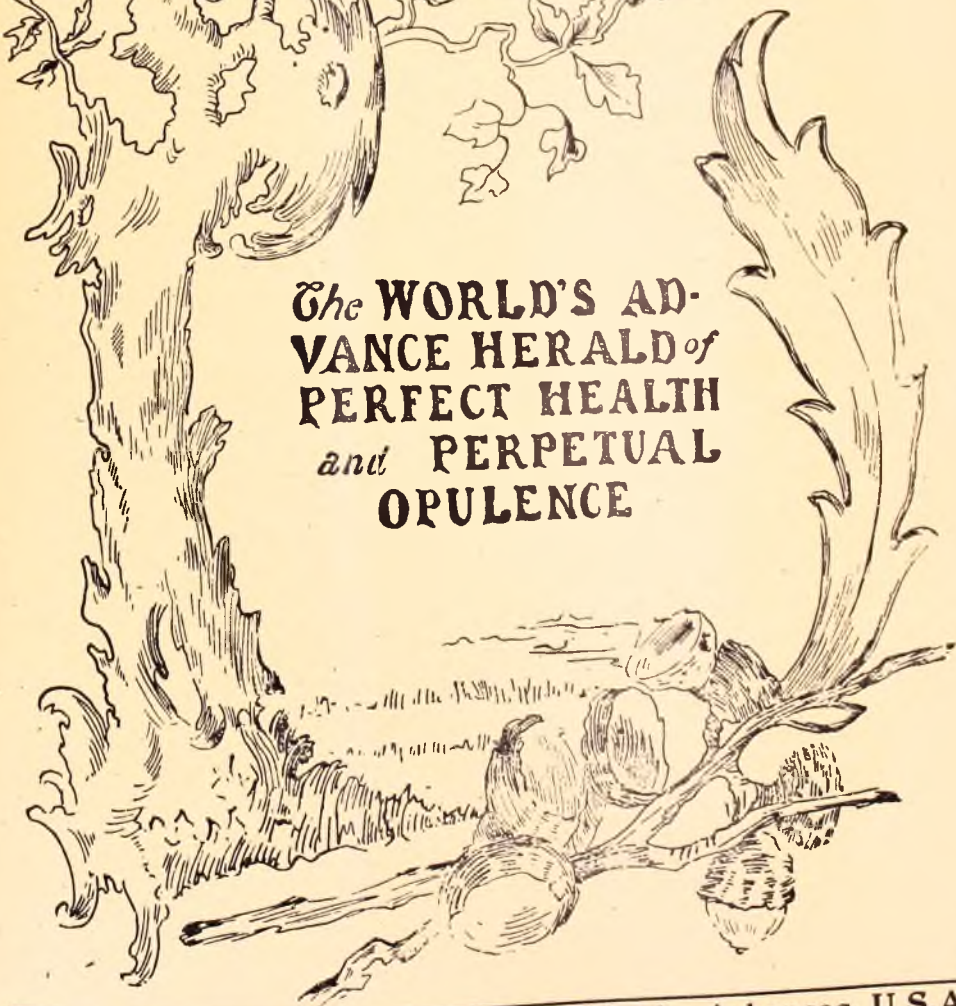
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# Path-Finder

*The* WORLD'S AD-  
VANCE HERALD of  
PERFECT HEALTH  
*and* PERPETUAL  
OPULENCE



The Path-Finder Publishing Co., Conable, Arkansas, U.S.A.

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# Factors in the Process of Human Development

## The Book of the New Century

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



BY  
**Edgar Wallace Conable**

**Price, \$1.00**

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# Conable's Path-Finder

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

VOLUME III.

CONABLE, ARKANSAS, MARCH, 1904.

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## By THE EDITOR.

### What We See In Others.



RARELY does it occur to the average person that the things seen in others are simply the reflections of our own characteristics and personal possessions. For instance, the man who calls another a liar convicts himself of being a liar. He sees the lie in himself and tries to lay it on the other fellow—that is all. We all try to lay our faults on others.

I heard a woman once say to a man: "You have deceived me outrageously." I knew the man was innocent, but the woman's declaration at once revealed the fact to me that she was the one who had the deception within herself and not the man. She accused the man of that which she herself was guilty; and so it is in all walks of life.

Another thing, if you call a man a liar and he immediately blusters up and wants to fight, you may know that he is a liar as well as the man making the declaration. The man who is innocent of a charge and is perfectly free from the desire to lie or deceive, will never get excited and want to fight. He is perfectly self-possessed and knows that the person making the charge is the liar.

Since I have been living in Path-Finder Park no less than six persons have warned me against a certain man living not very distant—telling me that this man would beat me; would lie and steal. What has been my experience up to this time? Simply this, that the man against whom the charges were made has been perfectly fair and honorable with me in every transaction and each one of the

other men, separately and distinctly, has tried to get the best of me in some way, and some of them have temporarily succeeded. Just what the man against whom his neighbors speak so slightly might do under severe press of circumstances, I am not prepared to say, for I do not know personally. I simply know up to this time that he is all right so far as I am concerned and all the other fellows have proven themselves crooked. It is the dishonest, unreliable person who always accuses others.

I have had a world of experience with this sort of people and I have never known the application of this test to vary a hair's breadth. Whenever I am inclined to think evil of a person in the absence of positive proof that my thoughts are well founded, I at once make an analytical examination of myself and invariably discover that I am in possession of the same traits of character I see in the other person.

So, when I received an anonymous line from a Chicago man the other day, saying that I was either insane or the biggest liar in the world, referring to the article in February PATH-FINDER under the heading of "The Mighty Power Within," of course I knew immediately who the liar was and felt sorry that any intelligent man should so readily convict himself of his shortcomings and dishonest characteristics. This anonymous writer (all anonymous writers are self-convicted moral cowards) also stated that I could give Dowie points and pointers in the field of commercial operations.

This last I regard as a high compliment. Whatever Dowie may be deficient in—if anything—in some respects, he has certainly proved himself capable of clean-



ing up a lot of people and making self-respecting men and women of them. Because of this many people have regarded him in the light of a fake and a crank.

But every person in the world who has ever accomplished anything worth mentioning, has been obliged to run the gauntlet of criticism at the hands of the unthinking, dormant classes. If Dowie could have been exterminated by the thoughts of the "Christian" world, he would have been deader than Cæsar's alleged ghost long ago.

Dowie made a mistake in thinking he could clean up the city of New York and induce her to take a few hypodermic injections of saving grace to take the ham sandwiches off her tongue. He didn't know that Tammany, the Church and the slums all become allied factors whenever an outsider steps in and makes an effort to induce this city of decaying rot to change her underclothing. But Dowie found this out at the expence of \$300,000 and he is satisfied,

Dowie's little city of Zion is the cleanest town in the world. No fetid stockyards breath here. No wailings of heart-broken mothers and emaciated children because of the presence of the damning rum-holes on every street corner. No poverty, vice or crime anywhere in Zion, yet the Church tried to get Dowie indicted for something at nearly every term of court—up to the time when a district Judge in Chicago laid aside his ermine long enough to tell Dowie that he was doing more good in the world than any man he knew of and bade him go on with his work of making men and women better and cleaner. The Church was trying to put Dowie in jail because he was teaching people better ways of living. This element knows that when once the coating is removed from the alimentary canal and a clear brain is established, that people cease to be suckers, hence the desire to destroy Dowie and the efforts of his labors.

But I am not trying to bolster up Dowie. He doesn't need bolstering up at my hands or any one's else. I am simply giving a modern illustration of the disposition on the part of some people—those who generally work in the dark and under cover—to down any innovation that is based upon a conscientious desire to lift up the race and show men and women how to become self-reliant and respected citizens.

Dowie may be insane. I may be insane. It is said that every person in the world represents some phase of insanity in some degree. But Dowie is not a fool. I would rather be insane than be a fool. Fools do not possess brains sufficient to become insane.

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### The Hog Is The "Middle Man."

I AM asked to define, technically, the difference between man animal and hog animal as both relate to the duties of professional scavengers.

One man said to me, you ought to keep hogs if for no other reason than to do the scavenger work about the place. On the supposition, presumably, that we are in need of scavengers, many of our neighbors have turned swarms of hogs loose on us all summer, fall and winter and it looks as though spring would be included. All sizes of hogs feed upon us constantly, until they get so fat that they can scarcely see or walk, then the owners gather them in for the market and home consumption. This last word—consumption—has a double meaning in this connection, since several of these neighbors' hogs were sorely afflicted with tuberculosis. Whether these particular swine were consumed at home or fed to the outside public I am not prepared to say, not having been informed on this particular point.

One lot of hogs—a mother and seven little pigs—"came" to us early last fall.

The mother was an emaciated wreck and could not properly feed her progeny. Four of the little ones died, after which the young lady in our home took pity on the remaining starving youngsters. She fixed up a bottle with a rag in it; filled it with warm milk and went after the pigs. In less than a day the pigs would follow her all over the yard, clamoring for a repetition of the life-saving fluid. Finally, when they got on their feet in good shape, the owner came after them to take home and brand or mark in some way so no one would steal them; then, after a couple of months, they were again turned over to us to fatten. Soon as these pigs again arrived in our front yard they immediately recognized their benefactress of two months previous and grunted out their delight at the meeting with all the fervor and thanksgiving that it is possible

for one hog to exhibit toward an—well, a benefactress who will never look on and see anything suffer where it is possible for her to render the slightest aid.

We were deluged with another lot of about twenty (the Lord only knows where they came from, though I suppose we could find out were we to kill one of them). These we fattened up splendidly—until they were just ripe for the slaughtering—when their owner showed up one day and drove them home for the purpose of multiplying his exchequer incidentally and his stomach primarily.

There are no stock laws at present in this portion of Arkansas, so the unthrifty owners of stock turn hogs, cattle, sheep, horses and mules out on their neighbors. But this statement does not apply to every one in this section by any means.

There are a good many conscientious, thrifty, honorable farmers near us who want nothing that is not the product of their own hands.

Then there is another class of people down here who will not only turn their stock on you to feed, but will set fire to your woods in the fall and early spring so as to secure a crop of grass on which to feed their cattle. When the leaves and underbrush are burned out, a fine growth of blue grass shoots forth and the stock-raiser—a few particular ones—are perfectly willing to see your timber, fences, houses and everything you own burn up just so their cattle may be fed at your expense. These people are wily and avoid being caught red-handed, as this sort of thing is a penitentiary offence.

In embodying the above statements in cold, unassuming type, it will be noticed that several qualifications have been injected—covering the good citizens hereabouts who want nothing and search after nothing that does not belong to them. Whoever is inclined to the belief, however, that this coat fits them, have our full permission to put it on and wear it continuously up to the point where they are filled with the desire to do unto others as they would be done by.

But I started out to define the mission of the average swine as it relates to its more intelligent brother—man.

You say that the hog is primarily a natural scavenger. I say it is not; that its scavenger habits are acquired and en-

forced. Further, that the hog, technically speaking, is not the real scavenger at all; that its intelligent (?) owner is the real scavenger, and that the hog acts merely in the capacity of the "middle man" between man and the filth it consumes. In other words, that the hog operates solely as a condensing filter for the filth and vermine en route to the stomach of the alleged superior animal—man. You may analyze this proposition to your heart's (or stomach's) content and you cannot get around this statement of fact.

Think of it! Think of it—you pork consumers—and this same statement applies with equal force to poultry, fish and oysters. These all fill the same mission—the medium between the filth of the earth and sea and carnivorous man.

Some of our friends may not relish the idea of having this fact presented to them in just this light; but it is impossible to reach the thinking dome of some people except through the indulgence in homely truths, plainly discoursed upon. I do not relish this task myself. I do not relish treating subjects of this sort in so plain a manner as appears to be necessary in order to impress the thought, with burning fire, on the minds of many people who really desire to live clean and wholesome lives, but who have allowed themselves, almost unconsciously, to drift into conditions that destroy all the finer sensibilities that are man's natural inheritance.

Let us go into the divorce courts in the matter of our carnivorous appetite and purge our bodies of the tempting (?) viands offered us by our friends—the bristled "middle man."

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### Climatic Conditions.

SOME of our friends in the North frigid zone of forty degrees below zero are wondering what the climatic conditions surrounding Path-Finder Park have been during the winter season.

Up to this writing—well on in February—we have experienced a most delightful winter as a whole. We have had a few cold days—one or two that took us down to zero and a few days during which one would feel more comfortable by the side of a good fire than outside the house.

Nearly all the nights are cool or cold, but from about ten o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon—more

than three-fourths of the time—the sun shines bright and warm. I go without coat or hat a great portion of the time and wear the same weight of underclothing as that worn in summer and other seasons of the year. There are no winds to speak of and very little snow. We had one snow storm with about a four-inch fall, but it soon disappeared except on the north slopes where the sun did not reach.

So, to a Northern resident, the winters here are very moderate, the only objection that may be regarded as an objection being in the shell-like construction of the houses. But of course this objection can be removed, for there is nothing to hinder one from building houses perfectly adapted to both the summer and winter climate.

Now, however, spring is fairly upon us Balmy spring, with the bluejays and bobby redbreasts to tell us of its approach. How I do love them—the birds—all of them. Their melodies enchant every fiber of my whole being. They tell us of nothing but joy and sunshine in their exquisite renditions of the symphonies of the Universe. Did I say I loved the birds? Yes, the birds of the forest and of the plain alike—tropical, semi-tropical and temperate—all from the mammoth three-toed ostrich down to the tiny bit of a hummer that is too little to sing, but passes its moments in sipping the dew drops from out the daisies and the honeysuckles that its breath may send forth the daintiest of perfumes. There are thousands of the brilliant-hued feathered warblers putting forth their songs, always in unison—never in discordant strains. I love them because they fill my soul with joy.

These are all what we call day birds; but there are also night birds—the owl and the whip-o-will. I listen to the whip-o-will and a tranquil mood steals over me. Were I inclined to be a conscious dreamer this bird would immediately take me floating through the air; but I am naturally too wide awake, both day and night, to dream my life away. But the whip-o-will assists me to concentrate more forcibly on the things with which my thoughts are enraptured; so I like this bird and I sometimes whistle back in imitation of its song to evidence my good fellowship and kindly feeling.

And there is the owl. My, but I like the dignified, self-respecting, perpendicular

owl, with the combination baritone whistle and song; with its big, round, golden eyes that revolve on pinions which transmit the Divine Light of the Creator during the hours when the rest of animate life is putting forth its most resonant snore. He sits on the horizontal limb of a big tree or the jagged edge of a projecting rock across the brook yonder and shows me how he can sing and whistle all in the same breath. Some times he sits close by the side of his "Soul mate" and "sparks" and sings the whole night through. But he never disturbs me, for I love his song and respect and admire the wisdom evidenced by the breadth of countenance between his upright harkers. Were I to feel the necessity of exchanging my chin whiskers for feathers, I would as leave be an owl as any other sort of a bird; anyway, I would sooner be a feathered owl than a human "night-hawk."

So I love everything that wears unplucked feathers.

Soon will we have other evidences that glad spring time is here. Green tints are already peeping through the fallen leaves in the wooded coves, on the hill-sides and in the valleys. Following close on these will be the blessed blossoms everywhere—come to tell us in their sweetest perfumed language of the silent wooings during the slumbering hours since last they told their tales of love in daintiest colorings.

Did we need more evidence of spring's coming, the music of the busy blacksmith's anvil, thinning out the worn and rusted plowshare, making ready for the summer's harvest, would supply ample corroborative testimony.

I am greatly pleased with the climate of Northwest Arkansas so far as my experience goes up to this time.

What the future harvest shall be, time alone can determine.

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### The Shame of It.

OUR friend, Alex. Ogilvie, of Detroit, Mich., sent a dollar to a noted (?) healer for treatments for catarrh, etc., and incidentally asked the healer a few questions along the lines of dieting and he incloses us the healer's reply.

Mr. Ogilvie's communication is as follows:

"Mr. E. W. Conable—Dear Sir:—I am writing



these lines to you to ascertain what you think of the renowned \_\_\_\_\_, of Denver, regarding his advice and accepting my dollar for treatments for catarrh and other troubles of the body. As I have been greatly benefited by fasting as advocated by your PATH-FINDER, I asked him a few questions and inclose his reply. You can use it and publish names if you wish. You have my permission. I have changed my opinion of this man who claims to be so perfect, as I know that the following out of his advice would keep every one in degradation."

Yes, indeed—not only in degradation, but will insure both physical and moral decrepitude. Any one can prove this. It is being proven in millions of homes every day of the year.

But listen to the answer:

"Dear Alex.: I begin your treatments this day that you may come out of your present condition into the vibrations of health and happiness.

"I don't think your fasting amounts to anything, and tea and coffee are both good beverages. Eating meat is all right, and all this dieting business takes your mind off of your MIND and puts it into your stomach. Keep your brains in your head."

"I AM, \_\_\_\_\_."

Wouldn't that give you a sensation of pork and whisky up your spine and along the ground floor of your internal apparatus?

Here was a man who had already experienced the beneficial effects of periods of fasting, but having faith in the self-exalted "I Am the Real Thing" of the Rockies, consulted him for advice, but having received such an abnormal dose of everything that was bad, it was more than our friend could stand up under. A prescription like that would put a four-ply coating of miasma on the tongue of a Steudebaker wagon and paralyze the whole running gear for all time.

It is astounding, the shameless advice that is being put out by supposedly intelligent men and women, masked behind a "Christian Creed" which receives its inspiration from out the depths of a slop-bucket.

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### A Beautiful Calendar.

ONE of the most beautiful calendars that has ever been accorded a conspicuous place on our table is that recently sent us by the advertising department of the "Frisco System." This calendar relates to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition soon to be opened in St. Louis.

In addition to the calendar proper in old gold and green, are numerous illustrations of historical characters who figured so conspicuously during the early period of the so-called Louisiana purchase

from France an hundred years ago; also maps of the Exposition grounds and the Frisco System, which, together with the consolidated Rock Island, forms the greatest railroad system in the world. Accept our thanks, Mr. "Frisco."

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### To What Are We Doomed?

THE daily press dispatches tell us that some of the Peoria, Ill., distilleries have shut down because of lack of business. What are we coming to, anyway? The country is going to ruin and the stockyards cattle and hogs, fed on sour mash, will wake up in the morning with parched throats and a seal-brown taste in their mouths that nothing will remove except time and a little wholesome food.

By the way, scientific investigation has revealed the fact that the eating of the meat of distillery-fed animals produces an abnormal appetite for intoxicating drinks and has been the means of making many drunkards among both men and women.

And so it is with fever-stricken and lumpy-jawed cattle and swine as well as sheep and other animals. You may cook this meat until the crack of doom stares you in the face and still the diseased conditions will cling to it.

Beef, sheep and pork all produce cancer in the human body as well as a myriad of other diseases.

But don't stop eating it because of this—unless you wish to; unless the spirit for the possession of a clean, diseaseless body takes possession of you. Then it will be proper for you to lay aside your "prejudices" and come forth into the world with a clean, pure, sweet, wholesome breath that will not cast a shadow on the wall every time you open your mouth.

I cannot say I feel especially sorry for the Peoria distillers, but my heart does go out to the poor inebriate animals, the deplorable condition of which is made possible by a government that will license so hellish a business.

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### Discarding The Body.

A GOOD subscriber residing in Louisiana desires to know a few things:

DEAR MR. CONABLE:—I am a reader of your PATH-FINDER and am trying to practice its teachings. Permit me to ask you a few questions. If a

body of flesh is so desirable to the Soul or Ego, why did not Jesus keep his? Also, in your opinion, where is the Ego of Jesus now?

I notice that one of your contributors extols the merits of coffee quite highly. What do you think of its use?

I eat no breakfast, but in the early morning drink one cup of coffee, but no more during the day. Would you advise one of forty-five years of age, who has used it all his life, to discontinue it now?

In the process of development and physical unfoldment it is possible for one to reach a stage of growth where it may be found desirable to discard the physical habitation of the Ego. This often happens. It was found desirable in the case of Jesus, with many of the Adepts and, to come down to modern times, Blavatsky found it desirable to discard the physical body.

It is a comparatively slow process after one has reached the physical meridian in life to bring the body into absolute perfection—to the point where there is perfect harmony between the physical and the spiritual. In the presence of hereditary and acquired physical defects, unchecked or unchanged up to the point where the physical creative power has become available, it requires a much longer time to establish a harmonious relation between body and Soul than it does previous to this time, or in early youth. It is quite easy for physical youth to become highly spiritualized, and this high state of physical unfoldment can be maintained permanently, provided there is no perversion of the physical creative energy. With mature man, however, not having come into possession of this knowledge until too late—there has been such an expenditure of this vital energy that it is with great difficulty the body can be brought back to its original receptive state—where the physical and spiritual may commune in unison.

So it often transpires that those who have acquired a high degree of spiritual knowledge may also possess a physical body that is an obstruction to rapid growth spiritually. The Adept reaches a point where he can lay aside the physical body at will and reincarnate in another body of his own choice—one in which there is a much greater degree of physical perfection than the one discarded. Jesus, the Adept, was far enough advanced to understand this thoroughly. He also knew that this was the shortest route to the acquirement of a perfected

physical habitation for the incarnating Ego, hence he was led to the Cross. An imperfect physical body always attracts a Cross sooner or later. The Ego leads it to the Cross that it may free itself to make ready for a more perfect habitation or home. Jesus might have perfected the old body had it been his choice to do so, for Jesus of Nazareth was in possession of marvelous powers, but no greater than many another in past ages and will prove to be during the early portion of this new century. The populace may not go so wild over the achievements of the more modern Adepts and fall to and kiss the hems of their garments, for there will be great enlightenment everywhere and the things which appeared to be miraculous in the past will soon be the rule rather than the exception.

It is only during a prolonged season of ignorance that the people are impelled to kiss the garments or the feet of another. It is only when the God within themselves has long been hidden and covered up by ignorance and lustful methods of living. The Divine power which Jesus was enabled to bring to the surface is found within every human physical structure, and when we fail to recognize this fact we simply hasten the day of our own physical taking away. When we look without ourselves for assistance and guidance, we then commence to crucify our own physical bodies, and there is trouble forever after. He who looks to another for spiritual nutrition will part company with himself before he is very far distant from the mother's lulla-bys.

Whenever my mind and thoughts are directed into this channel—when I think of the obstructive influences that are constantly being placed in man's pathway to lead him astray and away from *himself*, my heart goes out to the whole race. I want to tell the whole world that there is an Arc Light within every individual that will lead man to the very Summit of his lingering hopes and burning aspirations if he will but hold it aloft.

We look to others for help; we pray to an imaginary God *outside* ourselves; we look to the bible and to the Nazarene for comfort and consolation, when if we would but accept the plain words of each as given to the world for its understanding, we would be flooded with the opulence of the Universe.



The only God there is existent nestles within the folds of every created thing. He is within you—within me; within the scraggly bark of the mighty oak of the forest and within the crimson leaf of the potted foliage.

The oak and the foliage know enough to look for God where He is. Man, with superior (?) intelligence, clocks everywhere but where He is. Average man is too busy to look for God for himself. His time is too valuable, so he pays a black-frocked nonentity to look up God for him and square up his ledger account. This goes on until the black-frocked man himself goes into bankruptcy—is ushered through a horizontal plate-glass front door with silver handles and trimmings—then our friend begins to wonder where he “is at”—where his money has gone and what has become of the God he contracted for. So he, too, goes “over the range” where he can indulge in a season of thinking and, perhaps, get a few pointers from the Ego which recently passed a few sleepless decades within the physical sanctuary of “Pope Bob” or Pope Leo.

This is the way of all flesh which fails to do its own praying within the limitations of its own meeting-house.

Where, in my opinion, is the Ego which once inhabited the physical Jesus? I am asked.

Now, this question comes a little outside of my jurisdiction. Whereas it would not surprise me in the least to encounter this Ego at any time within the borders of North America, joyously proclaiming its presence through the medium of a gloriously perfected human structure, yet I am not prepared to say that this is an established certainty. For all I know this Ego may be on an inter-stellar voyage of the Universe, doing superb missionary work. This some times happens. Again, it may still be in Neryana enjoying the sweets that come to a long season of faithful service in the Master's Vineyard. However this may be, of one thing I am satisfied in my own mind, that this beautiful, reclaimed world of ours is just now being filled to the brim with enlightened teachers on the order of the Nazarene—Egos in search of physical structures which once made Greece famous. These physical structures are being found in

North America and—we expect to create a few more in Path-Finder Park.

Now, a word about coffee: The man or woman who persists in drinking coffee will be sorry for it sooner or later—no matter how moderately the drug is partaken of.

Coffee is a drug stimulant which incites the appetite to excesses of an abnormal nature. It is, in addition, a nerve destroyer and is neither good for man, beast nor fowl. Were I to offer any advice I would say, drop coffee as you would any other body-destroying drug.

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### What Is It That Sleeps?

IF I have been somewhat tardy in answering some of the questions propounded to me it is because of a great multiplicity of other duties consequent upon the change of location, etc. But some of the students of this magazine are becoming powerful inquisitive, and I am glad of it. If no one ever asked questions I am afraid many of the teachers would, in due time, become very rusty in the upper story. In fact many of us would soon cease to be competent to teach.

An Eastern subscriber writes:

“In reading your reply to a correspondent on Sleep the query arose in my mind as to what it is that sleeps. It is not the blood nor yet the heart nor lungs; neither is it the brain, for I have read that the brain has been noticed to work (in cases of accident to the skull) in dreams, also in sleep-walking—somnambulism. What is it that sleeps? Answer and oblige.”

That which sleeps is what is commonly known as the physical consciousness. In one sense man is triplicate. There is what is called the spiritual consciousness (always active and omnipotent) which never sleeps; the soul consciousness which is always active during the life of the physical body and which never sleeps until the hour of the “second death,” and the physical consciousness, which rests (sleeps) in order that the exhausted physical senses may recuperate. It is the physical consciousness that sleeps and nothing else in the physical organism. During this time the soul consciousness, or the conscious entity of the astral body, can and often does assert its presence in various ways as we often see illustrated—in directing the physical structure to perform, to us, many strange things, like sleep-walking, talking in one's sleep, dreaming, etc.

But these three separate and distinct entities are not in accordance with the natural law of life and growth. The intent is that there shall be such a harmonious whole (spirit, soul and body) that there is no domination of one entity over another. In other words, that the physical body shall be so perfected by right living that it is enabled to perform its natural function, that of the vehicle through which the Divine forces within are made manifest or externalized. This done, triune man is reduced to duality and there is perfect harmony between the physical and spiritual.

To define the meaning of "physical consciousness" more clearly—it is that portion of the mind—the thought force—that directs all our physical acts in life; that which we recognize as the directing power on the material plane of growth. This force slumbers when the physical body becomes tired or exhausted and the conscious mind of the astral body can then work at will. This is some times denominated the sub-conscious mind or the subjective mind, but technically, it is the thought expression of the astral body—paralleling in a measure, but of finer substance than the physical consciousness. The spiritual consciousness is composed of a still finer substance—spiritual ether, so-called. This never sleeps—is omnipresent, omnipotent and omniscient—eternal—God in man—a part of the Universe—indispensable—one of the Eternal Props of Infinity.

Sleep is a delightful pastime for physical man. Spiritual man needs little, if any sleep. He likes to commune with the mighty Creative Power within. This mighty power knows no husband, wife, mother or child. It knows that every living thing is God—Immortal—Eternal.

Sleep—balmy sleep—"tired nature's sweet restorer"—the poet has said, but unfortunately the average poet plays with words rather than facts. Nature—normal Nature—and Nature is always normal—needs no restorer or restorative in the form of sleep or anything else. It is disintegrating physical man who needs and requires restoratives.

There are several Path-Finders who are sleeping very little these days—or nights. They like to think and grow and grow and think, and then think some

more so they can grow still more and expand. The man who goes to bed with a bloody porter-house on his stomach always sleeps. Yes, he sleeps, and that is all he does do, except to think where the next corpse is coming from on which to feast his gout-making appetite.

This is the poet's "balmy" sleep—the "balm" raising to heaven with a powerful odoriferous accent on the balm.



### He Meant Just What He Said.

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Some one asked this authorized exponent of biblical lore where he was born. He said in Southern Pennsylvania; that he and three grown up brothers were on-lookers of that portion of the civil war that invaded his native State. "You were not in the war, then?" was asked. "No, sir! Do you suppose that any of the members of the Brotherhood of Dunkards would go out on the battle-field and shoot down his fellow-men and brothers? for that was what it amounted to. Christ said, thou shalt not kill, and he meant just what he said."

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Under later date the same authority writes as follows:



But these three separate and distinct entities are not in accordance with the natural law of life and growth. The intent is that there shall be such a harmonious whole (spirit, soul and body) that there is no domination of one entity over another. In other words, that the physical body shall be so perfected by right living that it is enabled to perform its natural function, that of the vehicle through which the Divine forces within are made manifest or externalized. This done, triune man is reduced to duality and there is perfect harmony between the physical and spiritual.

To define the meaning of "physical consciousness" more clearly—it is that portion of the mind—the thought force—that directs all our physical acts in life; that which we recognize as the directing power on the material plane of growth. This force slumbers when the physical body becomes tired or exhausted and the conscious mind of the astral body can then work at will. This is some times denominated the sub-conscious mind or the subjective mind, but technically, it is the thought expression of the astral body—paralleling in a measure, but of finer substance than the physical consciousness. The spiritual consciousness is composed of a still finer substance—spiritual ether, so-called. This never sleeps—is omnipresent, omnipotent and omniscient—eternal—God in man—a part of the Universe—indispensable—one of the Eternal Props of Infinity.

Sleep is a delightful pastime for physical man. Spiritual man needs little, if any sleep. He likes to commune with the mighty Creative Power within. This mighty power knows no husband, wife, mother or child. It knows that every living thing is God—Immortal—Eternal.

Sleep—balmy sleep—"tired nature's sweet restorer"—the poet has said, but unfortunately the average poet plays with words rather than facts. Nature—normal Nature—and Nature is always normal—needs no restorer or restorative in the form of sleep or anything else. It is disintegrating physical man who needs and requires restoratives.

There are several Path-Finders who are sleeping very little these days—or nights. They like to think and grow and grow and think, and then think some

more so they can grow still more and expand. The man who goes to bed with a bloody porter-house on his stomach always sleeps. Yes, he sleeps, and that is all he does do, except to think where the next corpse is coming from on which to feast his gout-making appetite.

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"I see by your papers that my prophesy regarding Uncle Sam getting stuck in the Chagres mud of the Panama canal in chapter III of "Dead Yesterdays" is coming out all right. We are going to have a pile of nasty trouble with that matter before the first shovel of dirt is turned if our strenuous President don't put on the brakes a bit.

"Yesterday some sixty Columbians left this country for their native land, breathing blood and murder against Uncle Sam and everything American. They are all poverty-stricken exiles, but they took with them two chests of money that it took four baggage smashers each to lift. This money was doubtless furnished by Uncle Sam's "great and good friend," the government of Salvador.

"It looks as if the Columbians meant fight and as if they had the secret aid of all Spanish-American governments; but even without such aid they can put up a scrap that will make the politicians at Washington wish they had stopped a moment to think. Are our statesmen going mad, or has American statesmanship ceased to exist?

"We would have been received with open arms in Nicaragua, the only place on the American continent where a canal can be built and be a commercial proposition; but that does not suit Hanna and the other railroad highbinders, so we must throw our money away and fertilize the Columbian banana patch with American blood."

A few—a very few—of the people's servants at Washington are trying to bring about an equitable solution of this canal question, but they seem to be so hopelessly in the minority that little, if anything of a satisfactory nature, is expected to result.

The envious eye of all the world outside the United States is fastened on this country. The outside world is praying that Uncle Sam will cut his own throat by the overthrow of the Monroe Doctrine. Then—then will there be war as is war—long and terrible—in which every Nation of importance on the globe will be involved, and we will wade in the gore of human slaughter up to our arm-pits, and a certain religious creed will jump in and try to profit by the slaughter the same as the ghouls rob the bodies of the dead.

Will they succeed?

Will the American Republic succumb to the great strain—from the assaults on land and sea from the combined enemies of the world?

The ghouls alluded to will arouse the patriotism of every English speaking human being and—this will be the perpetuated language of the world for an hundred centuries.

How do I know this?

It is in the air. I smell it. I hear it. I see it. I feel it. It is here now—just smouldering under a wet blanket.

If you and I live—and I expect to—

the verification of this prophesy will be made manifest to the physical senses within a quarter of a century.

Paste this in the crown of your 'at.



## Becoming a Necessity.

THE book publications of the editor of THE PATH-FINDER are becoming immensely popular. A number of persons write in the same strain stating that "Factors in the Process of Human Development" is the only bible used in their families. A 40-year orthodox church member writes: "For forty years I have been looking for this book. Within its blessed covers lurks such truths as will redeem the race."

The venerable John S. Harris of Butte, Mont., writes: "Enclosed please find P. O. order for \$1 for another copy of the New Century. It is worth more than its weight in gold. In fact gold is of no value whatever when compared with the treasures in this book."

Frances M. Davidson (Stella Stewart) the noted writer, drops her literary pen long enough to say: "Brother—I have just finished your book, Factors in the Process of Human Development. It has shaken me from center to circumference. I, who have traveled only a bit of the Shining Way, cannot refrain from this tribute to you. I mean to live this book and attain to something like the marvelous development which is yours."

"The Book of the New Century"—"Factors in the Process of Human Development"—is truly a text book for every student who is seeking the best that is within himself. It is necessary as an aid to correct and speedy development clear up to the point of Adeptship. It is more practical and further advanced than any work of its kind published during the past century or during the present century up to this time.

The first edition of this book is fast disappearing. A large order from England came for it during the past week. The next edition will be 10,000 copies. If every one who needs it knew about it, it would be a million copies instead of 10,000.

While the forms are on the press it would be an easy matter to print the larger edition.



Conable's Path-Finder.

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, - EDITOR.

Published the First of Each Month at

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MAIL SERVICE.

There is a daily mail service between Rogers and Conable, mail leaving Conable at 8:30 A. M., arriving at Rogers at 11 A. M., returning to Conable at 3:30 P. M.

Persons desiring to come to Conable (Path-Finder Park) will be accommodated by the mail carrier.

SHORT PATHS.

—The new Path-Finder Water Still is now in the hands of the patent officials at Washington. It will be THE still among all the stills.

—Word is received that our friend, J. Stitt Wilson, is again doing splendid lecture work in Los Angeles. He couldn't do anything else if he tried. Mr. Wilson's "Inspired Life" messages to the people are filled with soul-inspiring touches that make him greatly beloved by all who hear him.

—Rogers Journal: The rainfall and melted snow for the month of January, 1904, was 4.45 in., being 2.74 in. greater than the same month last year. There were five days on which measurable quantities of rain fell; eleven clear, thirteen partly cloudy and seven cloudy days; prevailing direction of wind southwest; average temperature 35 degrees. The coldest day was the twenty-sixth, the thermometer registering 4 deg. below zero on that morning.

—The editor of CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER has had a new experience since coming to Arkansas—one that inclines him to the opinion that he will have to embody a new article in the by-laws of the company governing the admission, temporarily and otherwise, of a certain phase of human nature, viz., people whose tongues, in the output of gossip and scandal in general, extend to no greater limits than our colony holdings. This may prove a hardship to some people, but it appears to be a burning necessity. If ever a family came near becoming permanent paralytics by the rapid transit revolutions and evolutions of a woman's tongue, then it has been the household in which the writer abides. Another week of the same sort of thing would have turned the hair on the back of our pet dog whiter than snow. May He who creates all things never make another duplicate of this physical contribution to the curio department of the Almighty. It would drive us mad.

—A new steel bridge across White River has been ordered by the County Commissioners—to cover the most feasible route between the east portion

of Benton county and Rogers and Bentonville, the County Seat. However this may be as to the proper location, I am unprepared personally to state at this time; but there seems to be a disposition on the part of some of the more interested ones to throw this whole bridge question into the hands of the courts and thus tie the matter up for a term of years, leaving us all without a bridge of any sort. If this thing is consummated, or this bridge is headed off, I shall speedily withdraw all contemplated active operations to some point where local bridge squabbles are an unknown quantity. This may make no difference to the persons most active in the bridge disturbance, but it will make a lot of difference with me. What my interests demand is a bridge without regard to its particular location. Benton county is rich enough to build as many as two bridges if she gets a real hard hustle on her.

—Elizabeth Towne's Nautilus is saying some very nice things about me of late, not that the editor of this brightest of all the bright papers in advanced thought has not always been a powerful strong ally, but of late she seems to shine brighter for every one. Her heart is fuller of love for the whole race and the love is deeper set, so when I encountered this paragraph in February number I was, of course, greatly pleased, but not unduly surprised:

"We began to fear CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER had got itself lost in the wilds of the Ozarks, but here it is again, large as life and twice as natural, in a brand new pine-cone-trimmed suit, and bubbling over with enthusiasm. And what do you think!—not content with buying 8,000 acres of the Ozarks and starting Path-Finder Park and a non-meat eating, non-breakfasting colony, the irrepressable Edgar Wallace has installed a new printing plant, laid him out a town and got it named Conable, and has had himself appointed postmaster. He is the whole show down there, and his anxious friends can find him by addressing "Conable, Ark." Nothing else needed! Good name, too. May the Conable, Ark., find tip top sailing,"

My mind drifts back to the platform of an overland Pullman, momentarily stopping at the station of a Colorado city where annually an hundred thousand strangers alight to do homage to the grandest towering mountain range the world boasts of, and incidentally to climb up the back stairs and flirt with the hoary locks of that wonderful discovery made by Zebulon Pike, now familiarly known as Pike's Peak. I met and—clasped the hand of Elizabeth Towne for a moment. It is well the train did not stop longer. No telling what might have happened—to me. I walked away from this magnificent representative of perfect poise and wholesomeness and murmured almost audibly to myself, were I of marriageable age and were Elizabeth Towne not already "took," there would be either a world of trouble in the New Thought realm or a consolidation. But time heals many wounds, or scars them over, and "Richard is himself again." But not-without-standing all of this, the latch string is always pendant in easy reach of Elizabeth Towne at every gateway of Path-Finder Park.

# Dead Yesterdays.

(THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.)

BY ERRANTE.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE PANAMA CANAL.

What fools these mortals be.—SHAKESPEARE.

**T**HE long-haired editor friend of "those boys," who, until he clomb the golden stairs and began writing his editorials with quills plucked from the angel harpists (I understand that in the pearly-paved capital of the "sweet bye-and-bye" they have neither steel pens nor Steel Trusts), and who had always kept in touch with me spasmodically, requested me in the early eighties, if chance took me near the scene of operations, to furnish *The Weekly Clarion* with such information regarding inter-oceanic canal matters as I thought might interest its large and intellectual circle of readers, and I spent six weeks on the Panama and another six on the Nicaragua route, trying to repay, in part, the disinterested friendship of a sixty-year-old child who never had failed me in my boyish troubles and who, without the slightest particle of doubt, should be dwelling with the angels, if such ethereal beings have any use in their business for really manly men.

I sent home various ponderous lucubrations on the subject that were read with interest and avidity, and, doubtless, technically commented upon by the three hundred and eighty-seven regular subscribers (and exchanges) of *The Clarion*, by country-sides, fire-sides and possibly barn-sides of that portion of the Keystone State that produces the bluest huckleberries, the biggest rattle-snakes and the meanest Christians on earth.

I was informed that considerable canal excitement was created by my series of articles on the subject and that many denizens of the region were *thinking* of trying their fortunes on the Isthmus or in Nicaragua, but my fellow-townsmen were always remarkably slow thinkers and I have yet to hear of the first of them bearding the fierce banana in its native lair. It's a mighty serious business, this getting so far away from home that you run

the risk of night overtaking you before you can get back.

While I was on the Isthmus in the interest of my old friend, I had the good fortune of being the guest of my former chief and intimate friend, "Nate" Crowell, ex-Master Mechanic of the N. Y. C. R. R., ex-Master Mechanic of the Lima and Oroyo R. R. and at the time Master Mechanic of Slaven's American Dredging Company, who presented me to Captain Eads, of Mississippi, and of Tehuantepec fame, on whom I flashed my card from *The Clarion*, calling on him to stand and deliver. Immediately recognizing my power as a representative of "a moulder of public opinion" the Captain, tremblingly, threw up his hands.

I succeeded in getting the legs of these gentlemen, with my own, under the mahogany (not the thinly-veneered pine board mahogany of civilization, but the real, genuine, simon-pure solid mahogany, such as they build cowsheds out of in Spanish-America), and remembering the Machiavelian precept of "Divide to rule," I got them quarreling about canal matters, Crowell defending his bread and butter and the Captain talking science and sense; and the following is what I deduced from their animated controversy:

Count d'Lesseps never dreamed of the necessity of locks on the canal at Panama and he so told Captain Eads and many others when the rascally scheming promoters of Paris steered him up against "the real thing" in the shape of the backbone of the American Continent.

He always claimed that Panama was the only route for a *tide water* inter-oceanic canal and Nicaragua the *only* passable route for a canal if it were necessary to employ locks on the Panama route; but when the bunco-steerers got him into the filthy scheme up to his ears; when the great Culebra rock cut and the Chagres river whispered to him that he was not digging sand at Suez and that he had bitten off more than he could chew; when hundreds of millions of francs from

the savings banks of Parisian shop-girls, bus-drivers and mechanics had been squandered, it was too late for him to recede and he acquiesced to the indefinite—at the time—proposition of locks and the construction of a big dam somewhere to govern the river. In a word, he bowed to the inevitable and got in his winter supply of insomnia cure.

During the conversation that ever-memorable evening, I took occasion to tell Captain Eads that as a railroad man, familiar with the business from the shovel up, I could see no particularly insurmountable difficulty in ripping a thoroughfare for ships through the Culebra hill, as there was but seventeen miles of it and that I would be glad to tackle the proposition at a fair price.

"What would you consider a fair price?" he asked.

"Well," I answered, "with proper tools and appliances, dynamite galore and men accustomed to getting fat on yellow fever, I think I might be able to make some money on the job at about ten of the babbitt-metal dollars of the country per cubic yard."

He gave me the grand guffaw and, after telling me that I would lose money on it at ten times that price, started in to prove his assertion and *did* prove it with facts and figures that rolled out so fast that they bewildered me. The Captain was something of an engineer himself.

I learned that it was possible enough to rip out the rock at the price named; that every million yards ripped out would make two million for the dump; that the nearest dumping ground on the Atlantic side would be a hundred miles at sea and on the Pacific side twice that distance; that I would require a line of steamers and scows on each ocean and a double-track railroad to pack the rock to that from the cut, and—well, as I didn't have the change about me to purchase even gang planks for the scows I told him I would withdraw my proposal.

He then turned his batteries on the Chagres river and great "Bohio Dam." The river, he said, was known to have risen thirty-nine feet in thirty-nine hours and to govern this ungovernable flood of bean-soup consistency, the great dam, to contain between seven and eight million cubic yards of masonry, was to be built

at Bohio, and if built, had to be built in one dry season of about six months duration, for if a winter rise of the Chagres caught it in an unfinished condition, they would have to send out exploring expeditions with the X-ray to hunt up its original location, which would not be engineering by a Dam Site.

He advanced many arguments of similar weight and tenor against the undertaking, and later, when I began snapping the bi- and tri-daily trains of dead going to the trenches at Monkey Hill, the crammed hospitals and saffron faces of the so-called active force employed on the enterprise, and when I remembered the time-honored Ishmian affirmation that the building of the Panama road cost a human life for every tie laid, I made up my mind that Crowell's confidential tip about the devil being in the ice business before the job was finished, would be pretty near rock-bottom fact.

I might go on talking about the mortiferous climate from now until Christmas and lack time to tell half that could be told. I might explain in detail the fate of one bunch of 500 American negroes from Florida by a couple of American contractors, all of whom with the exception of nine, were under the sod—or mud—inside of two months. I might tell of eighteen fresh, healthy, young American mechanics, contracted in the States for the shops of the Panama R. R. Co. at Aspinwall when I was employed in those shops, long before ground was broken for the canal; and of the only one of them above ground at the end of fourteen days, jumping his contract and stealing a passage to New York to carry the tale of their ending to the mourning relatives of his dead companions; but what's the use?

What's the use of bucking against our Mark Hannas and genial Chauncies of the Senate, the only object of whose intrigues at Washington is to prevent the construction of *any canal* by getting Uncle Sam stuck in Chagres mud up to his armpits, cursing the day he quarreled with George the Third.

The railroads and their friends in Congress are making a fair-to-middling living as it is, and do not need any inter-oceanic canal in their business. If they did, or had wanted such a colleague in the carrying trade, years since our beautiful white



war gulls would have been riding safely at anchor on the sparkling surface of witching lake Nicaragua, ready, at the flash of a cablegram, to drop down into either ocean for a few rounds with any of the boys desirous of investigating Uncle Sam's system of scrapping.

"The mills of the gods grind slow, but grind exceeding fine," and the history that to-day holds up to the execration of our school-children the infamous name of Benedict Arnold is the same history that to-morrow will point the finger of scorn or shy bricks at the names of the bunco-steerers who are now dragging our country into this vile mess of jobbery. Have these public holders of public trust enough disinterested patriotism to care a continental about history or its fiat? Not much; they are not built that way.

And we; we, the plain people, with warts on our necks and hay in our whiskers; we, the tax-payers of this great American Monarchy of Money, where do we come in?

Oh, we come in all right! The hat will be passed around while our Conscript Fathers are singing the Doxology, and we will chip in *to start with*, fifty millions of hard-earned dollars—forty to the Frenchman for the rotting remnants of his colossal folly and ten to Columbia, the land of perennial riot, cock-fighting priests and beatific strumpets, for what? For thirty miles of blazed trail, fifteen miles of narrow ditch filled with green water and the breath of limberger cheese strong enough to travel on if you can stand the stench; a job-lot of out-of-date machinery that never was in date; the Frenchman's surveys and plans—God bless the mark!—and the privilege of establishing a colonial graveyard for the youth of our land, where the philosophical alligator—knowing that all things come to him who waits—sets his automatic trap for the subsequent nigger baby.

"Oh, but we will sanitize the Isthmus as we did Havanna," exclaims our indefatigable and infallible pursuers of the nimble microbe.

Yes you will—when you lasso the circumambient atmosphere, wash its brains out with a club, cook it in hydrofluoric acid and seal it up in non-corrosive tin cans. But when you have done all this nothing will be left of a billion dollars to

build the canal with; but you can always pass around the hat; the man with the wart on his neck will always be with you, but some day—it may be in the dim distant future when the hair on his legs quits growing up instead of down—the man with the wart on his neck will rise up in his wrath and say: "I'm d—d if this racket isn't *aus ger spiel*," and he will grab the man without any wart on his neck by the back hair and the slack of his trousers and rub his nose in the sand, and then there will be wailings in the tents of the lawgivers and in the high places of the patrician dealers in Dukes, weepings and wringing of hands.

Nations are somnolent lions. Woe unto ye who arouse them to anger.

Regarding the Nicaragua route, as we will return to that beautiful country to visit the battlefields of the greatest genius of his day—General William Walker—I will be as brief as possible, for I am fully aware that all this is not autobiography, and my only excuse for so long a digression is that it is the disinterested protest of honest patriotism against this contemplated *crime of the country*.

Nicaragua would be a land of milk and honey and health; a perfect paradise on earth, were it not handicapped by the Nicaraguans. A land where the horny-handed husbandman tickles the soil with a wooden plow, invented by the great, great-grandfather of the original Pharaoh's mother-in-law, and is repaid by so many shekles that he has to stack them in the out-houses, on edge, until the authorized agent of the government comes along, takes them away from him and staves in his ribs with the butt end of a Remington rifle.

This discourages him. He also has a wart on his neck and he starts to thinking; and he thinks and thinks and thinks until he is tired of thinking; and then he buys a package of cigarettes, a pair of spurs, a flintlock horse-pistol, a bottle of rum, mounts his faithful mule and starts a revolution.

Chapter II.—Six blood-stained months have cavorted down the grade behind him, leaving him a General of Division. He has been Minister of War, revolted and been sentenced to be shot. He has been pardoned by the government and for the first time in his life has worn shoes

and a plug hat. He is now a professional liberator of his country. Never again will he follow the artistic heirloom of the Pharaohs behind his festive bull team, for his patient helpmeet, during his absence, has split it up to cook beans with. Never again will the government rob him of his hard-earned sheekles, for never again will he earn any or have any unless he robs them from the government. Cigarettes and a hammock in the shade of a broad spreading Mango where he can listen to the opera of the birds and watch his better-half feed the chickens and lambaste his naked progeny; a cow, a pig or two that board with the neighbors, the abundance of the tropical forest at his command as long as his wife is able and willing to pack it in for him; an occasional chat with a passing fellow-professional liberator, and—time to think.

What more could man desire? Nothing. The die is cast. He will think when he is not revolutionizing, and revolutionize when he is not thinking. *Kismet.*

Almost any desirable climate can be found in this picturesque country and soil that will produce coffee, tea, apples, grapes, peaches, potatoes, wheat, rubber, balsam, mahogany, cedar, oak, pine, or almost any other imaginable product of any soil or climate can be found in the department of Matagalpa, where a flourishing American colony has its base of operations. The lowlands about the lakes that stretch away from the center of the Republic to the Pacific and are the connecting link between Honduras and Costa Rica, will produce sugar, tobacco, sea island cotton, hemp, sisal, two crops of corn and rice per year and all tropical fruits. The Chontales region furnishes gold, silver and copper, leads to choose from, while the Prinza-polka district, on the Atlantic coast, offers paying placers, one man, it is said, a German, having taken out a million, and this region I would class as unexplored, with one serious drawback—it rains eleven months and thirty-one days in the calendar year.

Any man who will leave the steamer at Nicaragua Pacific port of Corinto, go by rail to the great lakes, over these by steamer and down the river San Juan to Greytown on the Atlantic, and not wonder why the Creator failed to start our first parents in business in Nicaragua in-

stead of Eden, is totally devoid of Divine afflatus and should purchase a tannery.

I was at all of Mr. Menocal's camps on the line of the canal between Greytown and the great lake in eighty-seven, or thereabout, when it was raining night and day and there was not what could be called a really sick man at any of them. The foreigners were all in the best of health and only a few of the native laborers who absolutely would not use quinine were complaining of chills and fever.

Is the American Government cognizant of these facts?

Perfectly.

Why, then, does it seek a route via. mortiferous Panama?

Because, as hereinbefore explained, there is a large American Mercury concealed in the shrubbery, and he has *car-wheels* on his feet instead of wings.

## CHAPTER IV.

### EN ROUTE TO THE TROPICS.

(1) "El que conta, su mal espanta."—Spanish Proverb.

The Captain stood in the door of his cabin when I was hauled before him by the quartermaster, looking as if he had breakfasted on inflated toy balloons without paying attention to the laws of mastication, and the polished knob, situated on the site of his facial landscape, usually occupied on the human countenance by the olfactory organ, was of a shaded pink hue, surrounded by variegated purple trimmings where bacchanalian art seemed to have blended its colors before spattering them over the outlying districts of his florid, pimply complexion.

His flopping corpulency threatened the necessity of remodelling the ship's passageways, and his whiskey-perfumed breath rattled and rasped in the depths of his spongy chest, like a pump sucking air with its water supply. The abnormality of his abdomen was only equalled by the super-abundance of his self-importance, and one wondered, at first glance, how so small and insignificant a soul was capable of packing about such an enormous cargo of useless raw material.

The passengers, as I afterwards learned, hated him with profound cordiality, and as they were a happy-go-lucky gang of

(1) He who sings to care gives wings.

"California Pioneers" returning to the land of gold and pretty girls from a visit East, accustomed to size up mankind by his intrinsic value and not by brass buttons and gold lace, he was careful to give them as wide a berth as possible. Had he acted otherwise he would probably have had to swim ashore, which he came very near doing as it was, notwithstanding his circumspection, before we reached Aspinwall.

After exhausting his vile vocabulary of vituperation on me, not even my gentle, God-fearing mother escaping his filthy tongue, he said: "Turn him over to the steward, quartermaster; they are short-handed in the gally; and when we get off Cuba, pitch him overboard to the sharks."

"Aye, aye, sir!" enthusiastically answered that worthy, and in a few moments I was sitting on an upturned bucket, facing a tub full of raw potatoes in the starboard gangway of the saloon deck, peeling away for dear life under the supervision of a greasy, big, fat individual, whose only business seemed to be that of impressing poor little me with his importance.

I had assorted potatoes; I had cut them for planting; planted, weeded, hoed and harvested them; I had eaten them boiled, baked, fried, mashed, in potato bread and in soup, and thought I knew all there was to know about the tuber; but I was never intimately acquainted with the myriad-eyed Murphy family until that day on the "Henry Channey."

My tub was made of half a wine cask, and just as soon as its welcome bottom would begin showing through its decreasing contents, my greasy friend would come staggering along, loaded with importance and a fresh bag, and refill it with potatoes and profanity; and I would keep on peeling and wondering if spuds were the only food furnished first class passengers at sea.

Every time I stood up to rest my back, to look over the rail at the beautiful, fascinating sea, and wonder how long it would be before we reached the rim glistening in the distance so that I might look over into the beyond and catch a glimpse of the world I was in search of, some white-aproned flunkey would order me, in unselected English, to attend to my endless task; and by sun-down I felt as if I were the owner of a misfit spial

column and the hands of a hippopotamus.

I was assigned a not over clean canvas bunk in the dark, foul-smelling steerage, where a conglomerate mass of groaning, un-washed humanity was tumbling over itself, and a majority of its units vomiting for the championship; given a tin plate and iron spoon and served on a table swinging from above, from a filthy bucket, a mess of stuff, dignified by the title of food, that a hungry dog would have turned from in disgust. I tried to eat some of the sour bread, but my stomach took umbrage at the proposition, and for the first and last time in my life I was, for a few moments, seasick.

One of the saloon flunkies, by order of the kindhearted second steward, brought me a few dainties that I ate with relish on the not extra clean table of the engineer's mess room.

Once I had decided on stealing a night's rest in one of the boats that were swinging in the davits. I considered my immediate future definitely settled, and started out to unravel the mysteries of the great semi-sentient monster that was carrying me, I knew not where, to be met at every turn with, "here now, get back where you belong!" "No steerage passengers allowed about the wheel!" "Get out of this!" "What in h— are you doing up here!" "Get down quick!" and similar classical orders, always in strong, idiomatic English, and occasionally rankly sulphurous; but with all these drawbacks I soon learned the ropes and was not long in finding a coign of vantage from which to watch the ponderous walking-beans in their monotonous sweep, occasionally getting a glimpse of the tireless engines, in which, as a born mechanic, I was deeply interested.

Peals of merry laughter from the upper deck proclaimed the presence of ladies on board, and through the lighted saloon windows I saw groups of men in their shirt sleeves, with stacks of money before them on the tables, playing cards. We had a full passenger list, nearly all miners I was told, and from the popping of champagne corks and the wads of bank notes continually changing hands, judged them a bunch of bankers gone mad.

Repeatedly driven from the saloon windows by the flunkies who, doubtless, poor devils, saw in my hungry curiosity a menace to their harvest of continually falling



tips, I eventually found my way to the uncovered bow, where the great anchors were lashed, and setting myself on one of them, with other fellow-passengers of the steerage, began listening to a dozen languages and the whisperings of the sea.

It was a glorious night and we would soon, I was told, be nearing Cuban waters. The great full moon, twice the size of the Pennsylvania variety, had stolen up unnoticed from behind the rim of the concave saucer that surrounded us, dusting with a veil of pulverized light, everything within the scope of vision, and the stars sparkled under a cloudless arch of blue.

From the ship's cut-water, riotous phosphorescent colors of gold and green, like the souls of opals, sprang madly aft in kaleidoscopic disorder, in answer to the churning thrust of the mighty walking-beams, and the glistening combs of the rippling waves seemed the flashes of silvery signals of unseen hosts. It was a night for waking dreams, but my companions were not dreamers, and in a short time a guitar in the hands of one of our comrades, a Spanish-American boy small as myself and not much older, who spoke no English, but was an expert with his instrument, was tinkling accompaniments to songs of both land and sea.

I had been a chorister in both the Irish and German Catholic churches in my native village, and dear old Father Heyden—may God keep him whether in the flesh or in the spirit—who tried to teach me vocal music, and taught me many songs of his Fatherland, repeatedly told my mother that I had "von schplendid voices." My mother had taught me many beautiful religious songs and I had taught myself, with the aid of "those boys," everything in the popular line, from "Captain Jenks of the Horse Marines" to the "Girl I Left Behind Me," and I made up my mind in short order that I could put the musical efforts of my companions in the shade without half trying; so, when opportunity offered, I broke forth with,—

"Bring the good old bugle, boys,  
We'll have another song;  
We will sing it as we used to sing  
To move the world along;  
We will sing it as we used to sing it,  
Fifty thousand strong,  
While we were marching through Georgia."

I was thrilled by my strange surround-

ings, and the spirit of the song was upon me. I heard through its strains the snapping of banners in the wind; the tramp of invisible columns; the champing of bits; the clank of scabbards; the snuffare of bugles; the drum's long roll; the jangle of spurs and the breath of snorting horses on my cheeks. I was no longer on the ship; I was no longer a boy, as I swung, filled with the rapture of the fight, through its soul-stirring strains; I was a soldier in blue, with knapsack and rifle, marching to the fray in the shadow of Old Glory, with the flashing blade of the immortal Sherman pointing the way.

The hirsute musical critics of the Pennsylvania hemlocks, one and all, were unanimous on the question of my being a musical prodigy, and in conceding me a "strong, flexible, far-reaching voice," but all I knew regarding its qualities was, that when I felt like so doing, I could breathe the beautiful Latin responses of the Mass out through the tones of the great organ, and fill the ram-shackle village church with their solemn melody, as I felt I was now filling the ship with the thunder of tramping columns and belching batteries, for the deck was becoming crowded with interested listeners.

I sang at the psychological moment; every foot beat time, every English voice helped to swell the chorus, and as the last strains floated away into the moonlight, I was showered with congratulations and applause from all sides, and turning, in answer to cheering and hand clapping behind me, I saw the Pilot house rail crowded with ladies and gentlemen, who, unknown to me, had been listening, and I was greeted with, "Chuck him up here, fellers; we need him in camp." "Toss him up." "Bring him up," and so forth, and a moment later a white-aproned flunk-y was leading me to the upper deck where I was made much of by the ladies and flattered until I was ashamed of myself, which is saying a great deal, for I was accustomed to clubbing and flattery and constitutionally constructed to stand a great deal of either.

Would I sing for them?

Yes, certainly, if my chum of the guitar were allowed on deck with me; and in a few minutes, the fawn-eyed Spaniard was by my side, and we were tuning up—he, his instrument, and I, my mouth.

The songs of "the people" are epoch-

al and fade, as a rule, as the roses fade, while fresh buds on fellow-stems are struggling into bloom. The dirty, but happy, street gamin whistles a strain that has caught his ear while he gives you a shine; it's "catchy," and you hum it automatically next morning to keep from swearing while you are rooting around under the bed for your missing collar-button; Mrs. You is clawing it out of the ivories of the Steinway before sundown; the cook has taught it to the cop before midnight, and thus it surges through the psychological atmosphere like a tidal wave, with ever increasing force and volume until the proof-reader spells "cat" with a "k;" the pressman runs in the locals upside down; "the old man" begins his editorials with paste instead of ink; the nimble speculator on 'change, endeavoring to corner his neighbor's government securities, corners a block of poverty, and is peddling shoe strings; and, until lynching parties are talked of as a measure of public safety.

In the meantime your little boot-black, castle-building in Spain with his fresh nickel in sight—starts another eddy of song that swells through the land a resistless wave of harmony—or inharmony—until dashed, like its predecessor, to oblivion on the rocks of public execration; but there are songs of "the people" that live; heart sighs of sweet wailing singers that slumber under the thistles of Scotland; the shamrocks of Ireland; the daisies of Columbia; the evergreens of the castellated Rhine; or wherever a loving mother has crooned over the cradle of a dimpled babe; wherever lovers have whispered in the moon-spattered shadows

of a silent lane; or wherever a soldier has bit the dust in defense of his native land, "Tam O'Shanter" makes his wild, spook-ridden dash over the bridge to the strains of "Annie Laurie," while the rollicking plowman poet—half God, half man—holds his sides with hysterical laughter in the imagination of the listener. The blazing eyes and pallid features of the immortal Key flash from behind prison bars with the throb and swell of "The Star Spangled Banner." The heavy-jawed, helmeted, Iron Chancellor stalks, proudly, at the head of serried columns beside Von Moltke, to the measure of "*Die Wacht am Rhein*," and the "grey dawn" of "Kathleen Mavourneen" will always break over the loved hills of Connaught, or Killarney, for the wandering Irishman who has, forever, turned his back on the land of his fathers.

'Twill be ever thus. While the human heart is human the invisible fingers of dead minstrels shall yield the power to sweep its chords, and conjure from the store-rooms of memory sun-flung lights and shadows of bare-footed boyhood; sweet nothings whispered in the long ago, under the falling cherry blossoms; odors of crushed daisies and faded violets; stolen glances and—stolen kisses; songs of water-falls; voices of woodland lakes; laughter of babbling brooks; fairy murmurings of gold-shot grain; fluttering ribbons and wind-kissed hair; sighs and sorrows and smiles; silent echos from the crumbling corridors of time; noiseless reproaches from the "might have been;" dust of dead yesterdays, often dampened with our tears.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Socialism and Life.

BY J. STITT WILSON, A. M.

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### SOCIALISM AND GOVERNMENT.

**F**OLLOWING up the subject and trend of my last two articles, this month I purpose editing for our readers the chapter on the functions of government, by Lester F. Ward, in his "Outlines of Sociology." This is the last and most important chapter in the book. My

purpose in giving the readers of the PATH-FINDER the gist of Ward's teaching is two-fold: I desire in the first place to call your attention to his works that you may read them for yourselves; and in the second place, since it will not be convenient for many to do this, I wish to present you with a synopsis of his thought. I know there is a demand for originality,

but after all there is but little originality, and I often think that careful editing and promulgation of the masterly conclusions of modern scientific thought would be infinitely more stimulating and emancipating to the race than tons of the stuff that is poured out upon us as "original."

Ward opens the chapter with a brief consideration of the relations of pure and applied science. Pure science asks the question, How? Applied science asks the question, What for? The first inquires after the laws of things, the second inquires after their uses. The true test of a science is the application of its principles to some useful purpose.

Sociology as an applied science deals with social forces, and our question is how to control these social forces for the highest human welfare. It is evident that government is the agency by which we seek to direct, restrain, control, and utilize in any manner the natural forces of society. Government is the organ of social science, as, for instance, a dynamo or motor is an organ for the direction, control or utility of electrical science; or as a ditch and its necessary dams and equipment is a natural and methodical control and direction of a water supply, otherwise entirely useless to man if not for the system of irrigation.

Ward's contention is that just as a mottoman controls and directs for human uses the electric forces, and just as the irrigation commissioners control and direct for human uses the water supply and force, so we, the people, through the agencies of government should control and direct the social forces for the good of all and to the hurt of none.

It will be conceded that owing to the great differences that exist among human races, due to differences of language and the vicissitudes of human history, collective social action for such a heterogeneous mass is practically out of the question, although elements of international or world agreement have already appeared, as for instance, in World's Fairs, and World's Congresses. But it is not necessary to wait until all the world is ready for intelligent social action. National action is certainly possible, and collective action through state, municipalities, towns, etc.

Whenever two or more people meet and agree upon a concerted action, we

have collective will and collective action, as distinguished from individual will and action. Such action is for some *purpose*. Purpose is a meaningless word except on the belief that we can accomplish things. And the way to accomplish things is to know "forces," and direct them to our desired "ends." This latter is art.

Now if a small group may think and discuss and decide and act for a common purpose, a larger number may. And so far as our present argument is concerned the whole people of these United States can do so. Their expressed will must be decided through government. Spencer, the severest critic of the acts of government, concedes, that "the chief prompter (to government) is experience of the advantages derived from co-operation." Whatever difficulties and dangers arise from the fact of government we must meet with that "eternal vigilance," but live together we are compelled to, and hence some kind of government with some functions is inevitable. It is therefore with us to determine what kind of government we shall have and what we shall do through the government so established.

Ward declares that the strongest reason for the existence of government at all is that the whole people must in some way defend themselves from the menace of ruthless individuals who would exploit the people in every conceivable manner for their personal or private ends. So also, a government once established, the question arises, shall it become the organ of the few for their private ends, or shall it be the organ of the whole people for social and collective ends? Our author contends that with the development of civilization the necessity of "eternal vigilance" of governmental functions is greater than ever, "for with the increase of intelligence the inequality in the degree to which the power to foresee and control forces is possessed by the individual members of society has greatly increased, and this has correspondingly augmented the ability of some to exploit others. "Moreover," he continues, "with this same advance in intellectual acumen the methods have changed, and open warfare, even mental, has given way to the most subtle arts of deceiving the unwary and 'making the worse appear the better reason,' until the less favored members of



society require to be not merely 'wide awake' to their interests and perpetually on their guard, but they must be keen analyzers of human motives and philosophic students of 'human nature' if they would avoid being ensnared in the sophistries of the cunning leaders and makers of public opinion. The self-seeking class, which formerly feared government which they knew existed to foil their plans, is to-day striving with Machiavelian diplomacy, and, it must be admitted, with considerable success, to enlist government itself in its service and thus to multiply its powers."

This is exactly what we have in America to-day. We have the best system of government on earth. No doubt there is room for improvement in the form and methods of governmental institutions. The initiative and referendum and direct legislation, election of senators by popular vote, and abolition of government by injunction, might be specified as needed reforms in the institutions of government. But what has happened in America is that this almost omnipotent force of government is in control of the capitalist class as such. It is true we have the ballot and representative government, and we talk a great deal about "government of the people, by the people, for the people," but in reality, the government of this country is administered by the corporations, and plutocrats and capitalist combinations. From the president down to city marshal in country towns the influence of these giant corporations is dominant. In the last fifty years, nearly all important legislation has been in the interest of the privileged classes, to still further secure them in power and extend that power.

This is inevitable under the present competitive and capitalistic system. Government, once existing, becomes a mighty organ for the furtherance of any private interest that may control it. Politics ought to be the science of social control, but it becomes the art of self-seekers to control government for private ends. Alfred Henry Lewis in a recent article on Hanna and Roosevelt, in the Saturday Evening Post, says: "Politics consists of the man with the money versus the man with the hands. And politics has never seen a change. The issues to-day are as they were when Moses led the Is-

raelites out of Egypt, or when Wat Tyler put himself at the head of the men of Kent and marched to London town." So it is. To-day in America the capitalist class control government and order the social forces for private profit. And there will never be any real solution of the social and labor problem until the producing classes rise in their might at the ballot box, and capturing the powers of government, utilize them for the social good.

Now by virtue of this control of government by the capitalist class, we see the awful inequalities and poverty in the midst of such possibilities of freedom and abundance. As Ward says, "the so-called over-production takes place while men are starving, and while thousands desire, want, and even need the very products whose production must be abandoned." This, Ward declares, to result directly from individuals or classes of individuals controlling where society should control. "It checks production by checking circulation. It makes no provision for equitable, not to speak of equal, distribution."

The problem of the age, says Ward, "is to put what is produced into the hands of those who desire to consume it, and to do this in harmony with economic laws, and not as a gift or charity, which violates economic laws."

Though Ward does not declare himself a socialist, for he is not writing from the political but from the sociological standpoint, nevertheless, his conclusions are exactly the demands of Socialism. Ward invents a new word to define that stage of society which will be when the people in their collective capacity use the social forces through the agencies of government for the good and freedom of all instead of permitting these agencies to be used by the capitalist class for private ends. Ward calls the new era "Sociocracy." We have had autocracy, or government by autocrats; monarchy, or government by kings and princes; democracy, or the beginnings of government by the people, where private property in productive enterprise was the base; plutocracy, or government by the plutocrats, as the outgrowth of our present form of democracy. What Ward sees ahead is Sociocracy, or government by society owning and operating its products, resources and equipment, and guaranteeing all equal

opportunity to use these resources under conditions of freedom. This is Socialism.

The liberties of the people of America are slipping away from them. There is a spinelessness on the part of the people that lies down and lets the automobile of the capitalist class run right over them. The American people are to-day in the grip of the money-powers; and now they are offering their wives and little children

to Mammon. The spunk of a little finger of a Patrick Henry, or a Jefferson, or an Adams, would give the average American citizen a paroxysm. It would be too much for him. It is time to awake and to act. It is time to capture the government in the interest of the producing classes, and transfer the huge combines into social property to be administered for the public good.

## Hoosier Paths.

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

### EPISTOLARY EXCERPTS.

I

FROM A LETTER TO A BROTHER.

**I**T DOES me good to preach a sermon now and then, if I can find a text, and as you incidentally furnish me with one in your letter of the 13th, I will proceed. You say "I have been rather blank along New Thought lines, having a new business to learn and plenty of it too." Now my idea would be *not* to be "blank" in this manner on any account. If the New Thought has any value—and we all concede it has—then it would enhance your force as a factor in any situation or environment, if applied.

The man who gets into a quandary should, in the first instance, sit down quietly and breathe—do it purposefully and apply the inspiration proceeding therefrom to the situation. He can get into no situation or circumstance that has not for its purpose his individual benefit. The whole of creation conspires that fittest ends may be reached in *everything*. The longer I face the problem of life the more I am impressed with the thought that *nothing* ever "just happens." Design, purpose, bearing upon them the stamp of Infinite concept and execution may be read in the lines of every circumstance however seemingly trivial it may be, if one will only observe its workings.

The New Thought, with free and sanguine interpretation of business, social and moral ethics, has put more of genuine

uplift into your life and mine than anything else that could have entered into our careers as individuals. It has paved the way in a timely fashion to planes where philosophy has got the better of fate, enables us to view with a rational calmness the situation as we find it related to us in the matter of life and death.

It has sanely supplanted the element of religious superstition, and furnished us with a clue, which, if persistently followed, will prove a progressive existence for us evermore,—further conditions involving the joy of work and research—and ever culminating in that chiefest of pleasures, the happiness of *knowing*.

It is not, nor has it been, mere phantom chasing. We have tangible results, although they cannot be estimated by the measuring tape of material science, nor by the water-gauge of orthodox conceptions.

We *know* that we have grown—evolved, whichever you like, and the knowledge has in it the heartsome courage which feels equal to every situation. Therefore, carry it with you into your work, and twine it about your heart in your hours of leisure, and it will pave the way to new achievement and wider fields.

When I began upon these lines it seemed as if I was pursuing a fair spirit which held in its hand reward and compensation for effort—for independent thought and action in keeping therewith. The flight of the years since has only served to enhance the beauty and attract-

iveness of this spirit, and to-day finds me just as eager in my pursuits, just as sanguine in my beliefs as in those early days of my first acquaintance with it, and so it will be for you if you stop for a moment to think. Therefore do not get away from these glorious things, but clothe yourself in them, and their bright links will form a coat of mail to shield you from "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" forevermore.

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## II

### TO A FRIEND—A DEVOTED MOTHER.

If aught on earth should win fruition of desire, it should be love—mother-love that never fails.

We laud the heroism of men who in patriotic devotion place their lives at the command of their country, and to their honor erect shafts of stone, and embalm their memory upon history's deathless page; but sweeter, fairer than this, because it expects no recompense, more potent since it reflects the depth of the love of God, is mother-love that forever clings to its child.

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## III

### TO A PATIENT.

Before the sapling becomes the giant oak it must undergo the vicissitudes of the forest—the cold of the winters, the heat of the summers. It must survive the fierce gale and the stony calm. It may joy in the soft breathing zephyr and nod its green foliage in happy enjoyment of its quiet environment; it may glory in the shooting sap under the magic kiss of springtide sun, or thrill in ecstasy as some departing summer songster pauses amid its gaily tinted autumn leaves to carol a fond good-bye, but these are not sufficient; it must needs have contact with the sterner aspect of nature that the element of strength may be developed.

## IV.

### FROM A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

Undoubtedly *there is* both a *significance* and power in the various odors emanating from flowers, but just what it is in either I am at this juncture unable to say.

In my idea, odor, hue and sound are intimately related; they must form consonant, sentient chords, but so far up the scale that their true blending is lost except to him who sees, feels and hears spiritually.

Our best music is from the shadowy realm, the twilight of the gods; our fairest hues are star-beams across the same far, dusky clime, and feeling (touch) by which we cognize the enchanting floral perfumes, is an etheric impulse too highly vibrant to be called a breeze or zephyr, but which commands the recognition of our psychic sense.

But words are tame and lame to express even a shade of the meaning these things inspire.

I have a creed upon a sliding scale and it reads thus to-day: I believe that all melodies or harmonies of sound are multiform vibrations of one basic tone. I believe that all colors are vibrant reflections of one basic hue, and I believe that all perfumes are vibrant expressions of one primary odor. In short, that all things resolve themselves into one Infinite Unit, whose manifold functioning gives expression to the endless diversity in unity which constitutes the universe as we conceive it. This creed is short as compared to those more churchly in expression, but it brings me nigher to the great Center whence emanates all.

I do not know that this will in any sense answer your query, since it is but the expression of a single individual, but your question touched the strings and this is the response.





# Shrouded in Deepest Mystery.

## POSSIBLY A TRAGEDY.

**S**INCE the closing of the editorial pages of the present number of this magazine, a tragic event, surrounded in deepest mystery, has come to our fireside which has well nigh unnerved us all.

It is the mysterious disappearance, as though gathered up by the clouds, of Mary Elizabeth Benjamin, wife of Mr. Henry L. Benjamin, who has had charge of the home of the Path-Finder family.

Early on the morning of February 16th, Mrs. Benjamin left her home, ostensibly to take a short horseback ride through the wooded highways. She rode a short distance, dismounted, tied her horse near the roadway and walked on to White river, a distance of four miles. On the bank of this river she removed a portion of her clothing and disappeared. A boy saw her here at the river and asked her if she wished to cross, as one of his father's teams would soon be along and she could then ride across, as there is no bridge or ferry at this point. The boy disappeared up the road to see if the team was coming. In the meantime Mrs. Benjamin had removed, or was in the act of removing, some of her clothing when the boy reappeared on the scene. The evident unexpected arrival again of the boy must have frustrated her, for she acted strangely after this. She rode across the river with the man, leaving some of her outer wraps on the bank of the river. A letter left by Mrs. Benjamin addressed to her daughter told of her intention to commit suicide by drowning in the White river. Some things which dropped from the lips of the distressed woman a few nights previous when she was in an unconscious state, told of her intention to go away—forever, never to return again. The things she had encountered of late had completely unnerved her and well nigh broken her heart.

That Mrs. Benjamin did not take her life at White river is unquestionably a fact. That she proceeded on to Rogers with the man with whom she crossed the river is unquestionably equally true, and that she left Rogers for some point south, but did not stop at the point to which her ticket would carry her, is also true, as these facts were all speedily ascertain-

ed by those who followed in search of the missing woman. But that Mrs. Benjamin fully intended to commit suicide in the waters of White river when she left her home, is, it is believed, a certainty, but for some unexplained reason her plans miscarried on reaching the river and she proceeded on, in search of some other place to commit the deed, or is now wandering among strangers, perhaps sick unto death in some home of mercy. Up to this writing the grief-stricken friends and relatives of Mrs. Benjamin have been unable to trace her or hear a word concerning her whereabouts, dead or alive.

The direct and indirect causes leading up to the hour of Mrs. Benjamin's disappearance are of a purely personal nature and cannot concern the public. Still, I am some times impelled to give the true, inside story of the life of this noblest of all the women I have ever known. But were I to do this, and do it faithfully, I would necessarily be compelled to wrest from the hands of the Almighty His recognized prerogative to deal individually with all His erring children. And, too, were I to attempt to relate the salient events in this life, the great, forgiving heart would come to the rescue and beg that I temper my pen and speak only of love and charity for all mankind, for no purer life, no nobler character, no loftier ambition for the betterment of the whole race ever pulsed from a human breast than has been displayed in the living life and example of Mary Elizabeth Benjamin. I know whereof I speak, for, from the very hour some seven years ago, when I rescued this woman, then in enfeebled health and sore at heart, from a suicide's grave, she has been the most valued counselor of my life, exemplifying in every act and thought as noble and pure a personal character as the Sun of God ever shone upon.

Wherever may rest the weary head of this wearied woman, whether it be beneath the cold waters of some quiet pool or treacherous stream, or whether pillow-ed in the etheric arms of the Great Creator of all things, there will ever come to all those who knew her best a hallowed memory, never to be dissipated even amidst the busiest scenes of life's cares and obligations.

## FORTITUDE.

BY CHAS. A. OLIVA.

**F**ROM varied experiences and observations that have been strewn in my path in the past, I have been at different times strongly moved to say or write something in the line of my present subject.

And as it is my earnest desire to always try to help my fellow-beings to better planes, to make every one stronger and arm them against so-called adversities, that may be the lot of all some time or other, I make my way to my readers this month with the above excuse.

We all desire to live in happiness and peace, and to never have anything come in our pathway that would in any way make us feel sad or unpleasant. Yet at the same time, we, through probably a lack of knowledge along certain lines, bring on the most of these unpleasant conditions upon ourselves, while the small balance may be unavoidable.

Now I am not decrying anything that adds to a person's happiness and welfare. That is why I am writing these lines, as I am not living in the dark pessimistic side of life and do not wish any one else to so exist. Yet, it may sometimes transpire that our dearest ones are snatched away from us, our most valued possessions may be lost, our most happy moments may be broken by some so-called sad catastrophe. It is the way of nature, or what we make it. But should we not be equal to the ordeal, if such it may be termed? By all means we should. And we *will* be, after we have enough experience or are trained right, or better still, if we train *ourselves* for all emergencies.

It is a self-evident fact that the person who enjoys life to its fullest extent is the one that can overcome all adversities in the shortest time. And as all our conditions are what we make them—a happy life is what we make it—so also is it equally true in regard to the adverse conditions—they are what we permit or make them.

From the above we can easily make our choice, which we do. But will we live it? Will we bring it into manifestation? Yes, by all means we will; *we must!* But in order to do so and be ready for the adverse conditions we must have fortitude. This is the missing link in more characters than any other one qual-

ity that enters or should be entered to make it complete and be ready for life's battle; or to use a better phrase, to be ready to reap the bountiful harvest of earthly existence.

No one ever became a great general or reached the apex in statesmanship or attained any distinction in science, art or any profession, without having to put into manifestation a great amount of fortitude in times when, seemingly, all the adversities of the whole universe were harshly grating against him. It is such only as recognize the necessity and have the ability, or rather, use the same to overcome these things that make life what may be termed a success. Not necessarily in the amassing of worldly fortune, but the attainment of such mental and physical poise as would be equal to all emergencies without being disturbed. It is that inward development, which, by the way, is the only real education there is, that makes it possible for any one to reach this point of perfection.

The person who always lets little trifles that are not just satisfactory, upset him, is soon lost. It is the patient, persevering character that is never daunted by *anything*, that wins in the face of all hardships and adversities.

So it is in the overcoming of pains, sorrows, disasters, etc. Of course these are all very unpleasant, but if we must bear them, why not do it right without flinching? It is the shortest and best way out.

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