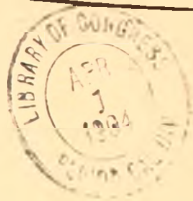


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Conable's Path-Finder

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

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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, APRIL, 1904.

NUMBER 4

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By THE EDITOR.

The Cause of It All.

MR EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE:—I want to know your opinion of two things and therefore write this to find out:

Why was it that the fire in Baltimore could not be extinguished though superhuman efforts were made in that direction; but instead everything went down before it? Was there some unseen force at work that human effort could not control?

Why is it, after so many years of riding on the wave of prosperity, Helen Wilmans Post seems to have lost her grip and for two years has been "hounded" by the laws of the United States of America, and at last has been convicted in the courts at Jacksonville, Fla., of fraud? She says in her "Conquest of Poverty," "should I lose every dollar I know how to make it all again, for I hold the key that opens the storehouse of prosperity."

I am a seeker after knowledge and have for a long time been thinking of asking your opinion of Mrs. Wilmans' case.

When that awful conflagration in the Chicago theatre occurred I wondered if you had any theory to advance except carelessness on the part of the architects or attaches. Then the Baltimore holocaust following close on its heels made me bold enough to seek your opinion.

Very Respectfully,
 (Mrs.) S. K. REISER, Newark, Ohio.

THE editor of this magazine has so often referred in the past to occurrences of the nature recited above, showing that these great disasters and destructive elements are made conspicuously manifest during the closing years of every cycle and extending some years after the close of each cycle of five thousand years, that it would appear as though he had pretty thoroughly covered this ground, but he is here to give enlightenment so far as his own knowledge extends, hence it is with pleasure that the above questions are answered.

The inhabitants of this world are constantly building for themselves what is known as positive and negative Karma. Karma is the condition with which we surround ourselves. It may be of hereditary origin, pre-natal or of the present moment. If we build along higher lines,

the Karma generated is of a positive nature and will carry us safely through life's ordeal and land us among the "chosen few." If the Karma generated be of a negative character—if we have builded for selfish ends, greed and lustful desires—then we may be sure to be visited with negative and disastrous conditions commensurate with the magnitude of the sins committed.

This is the whole thing in a nut-shell. It is the inexorable law of life—and death. There is no escaping the penalty or reward, whichever we merit.

No city in the United States, or in North America, that I know of, has been building, for the past fifty years or more, on so deadening and destructive lines as the city of Baltimore, just consumed in a fiery furnace. This city has been the head-center of the most colossal system of highway scheming against free citizenship, State and Government that our proud (?) country can boast of, and the day of reckoning is at hand. The holocaust which just swept Baltimore is the first hint to the wreckers of normal social conditions that hell is fairly in their midst and that there must be an end to the deadening methods so long put in active practice by the heads of a system whose sole object has ever been to abridge the intellect of its followers that it may dip its Shylock hand deep into the vaults of the public treasury for its own selfish, polluting and damning purposes. This has been the history of the old world; it is being repeated in the new world. The old world, tired of poverty and its enforced burdens, is making a superhuman effort to throw off the yoke. France, at this moment, is a conspicuous example of the introduction of practical methods whereby its nation and people may be res-

cued from the further destructive effects of the priestly guillotine.

No, the flames that swept Baltimore could not have been stayed. There *was* a Higher Hand involved. The black magicians were powerless to stay this Hand, so the city is bathed in ashes. The negative Karma generated had become so damning in its character that the combined fire departments of the world and all the oceans to draw from could not have checked in the slightest degree the onward march of this luminous, blazing purifier.

So with the great Chicago fire of '71 and others. So with the destruction of man and property on every hand. The Universal Purifier is at work. We reap as we sow—tares or golden sheaves, as the case may be.

The Iroquois theatre disaster was a peculiar one in some ways. Its very name would attract death, and the play being put upon its stage at the time of the burning was also in the same line to attract disaster in some form. The whole structure, ever since its completion, has fairly swarmed with the astral bodies of the massacred men, women and children at Fort Dearborn (now Chicago) by the Indian chief, Iroquois, and his band of slayers. Blue-Beard (the play), while a fairy tale, its main feature was the representation of the numerous beheaded wives of this old "Mormon" plurality seeker.

The average "layman" of the land will doubtless smile at the inference which may easily be drawn from this statement, but the psychological student knows how the forces are attracted and how easy it is for them to establish conditions that will build for the better or insure disaster, especially where great numbers of them are attracted to a particular spot or locality.

Destruction of every kind is simply the law governing the building of negative Karma, the same as success, prosperity and general opulence are the result of the establishment, by right living and right doing, of positive Karma. One destroys; the other builds. The negative character will attract negative, weak conditions and surroundings. Sin is negative; good is positive—death; life. Take your choice.

Now we come to the question of attracting and dispelling success and opu-

lence as exemplified by the person referred to in the above inquiry.

Every experience that comes to us is the child of our own creation. I know that when I "fall down" on any proposition undertaken that I am alone responsible for the failure, or rather, for its non-fulfillment, for there is no such thing as failure technically speaking. We, each of us, attract to ourselves, opulence or so-called misfortune, just in proportion as we have builded or destroyed. No person ever reveled in opulence unless he or she attracted such opulence. No person ever went to jail who did not attract to himself or herself a jail. Bear these facts in mind. We, each of us, at times, try to dodge this truth, but if we will, but sit down and analyze the proposition we require no magnifying glass to aid us in stumbling onto the facts.

So many of us are prone to charge up our failures to some one else or to conditions whose presence we are not responsible for, but in doing this we are deceiving ourselves. We alone make all conditions surrounding us; and I am surprised that any intelligent student or scholar, understanding the natural law of cause and effect, should think of attempting to charge up the causes of their misfortunes to conditions other than those of their own making.

I often fail—have all my life—in many ways and undertakings, but in due time I have always blessed the conditions which led up to such failures, for what I at the time considered failure and disaster proved to be but a stepping-stone to something much more desirable.

Some may think it a strange thing to say, but I can now look back and bless the hour that I was prostrated from the effects of a sun-stroke and was made sightless for a long period. This experience was the stepping-stone to the discernment of things of which I had never before dreamed and I was made to *see* as I never knew it possible for mortal eye to behold.

But I did not curse the "Madden" of the Universe and lay awake nights heaping coals of fire on his negative cranium. I knew that I, and I alone, had established the physical and mental conditions which prostrated me and swept me into deepest financial distress. I knew, too,

that no one but myself could extricate me from this deplorable condition.

The people who lose their grip are simply taking on negative conditions, and unless checked, will land where all humanity lands—in a creped casket.

I don't say that I shall not land there myself, but if I do I shall know that I alone builded the bed on which my inanimate form will lay and that no one but myself is responsible for the premature taking away. I will know that I have omitted to do something which I ought have done and hence the experience of another physical death, or the laying away of another physical structure too imperfectly builded to make it habitable for ME—my Ego—the God within.

I am truly more than pained that the brilliant and scholarly editor and author who had attained to such prominence throughout the country as a teacher and exemplifier of higher methods of unfoldment, should have so negatived her own surroundings as to attract to herself such unfortunate adverse conditions. Many people had been looking for great accomplishments in this direction and the disappointment is keenly felt.

But had there not been a needed experience in this case there would have been many more blank pages left in the court records. I sincerely trust that the end of the strife is near at hand and that opulence in every form will soon again be visible in every nook and corner of the Seabreeze habitation.

* * *

Since the above was put in type information has been received that the sitting Judge at the trial of Mrs. Wilmans has sentenced her to imprisonment in the penitentiary for one year and one day and that she has taken an appeal to the higher courts. We are also in receipt of a communication from Charles Wallace Silver, of Urbana, Ill., who was present at this trial, setting forth in more or less detail the unusual, not to say peculiar, methods adopted by the prosecution to insure the conviction of Mrs. Wilmans. In justice to Mrs. Wilmans' case we are pleased to give space to Mr. Silver's statement, knowing that Mr. Silver is a man who is at all times in search of justice no matter how adversely it might affect himself or his friends.

If Mrs. Wilmans has failed to get just-

ice in this case—and it looks at this distance as though she had—there will be a reckoning in her favor in the higher courts that will set her free and establish her innocence. No person can long suffer under any imputation that is not justified. Such a thing was never known. We often hear of cases where people have suffered for years without apparent justifiable reason, but there was an equitable reason somewhere back of it all else the individual would not have been made to suffer. The law of compensation never errs in its application. Individuals may err, courts may err and juries may err, but this Universal Law never makes a mistake.

And so in this case of Mrs. Wilmans, we may assuredly look for ultimate justice. She will attract the positive (right) if she has builded for it just the same as she has been attracting the negative (error) in the recent past; and whatever the ultimate may be, we shall all know that equity prevails.

Mr. Silver's communication is as follows:

THE TRIAL OF HELEN WILMANS POST.

The perfunctory trial of Helen Wilmans Post at Jacksonville, Florida, upon a charge of using the United States mails to defraud under the plea of Absent Treatment, has come and gone, precisely as predicted by those having a knowledge of the matter both from the Florida and Washington ends of the cut-and-dried farce.

Mrs. Post was convicted by four witnesses—one a tramp printer who was discharged for drunkenness, two were former female clerks who quit the service of Mrs. Post after having been severely reprimanded by her for undue familiarity with men and who were afterwards found to have been abstracting moneys; and the last was an imperfectly coached, ignorant old scrub woman. Two and one-half days were devoted to the evidence of these four malcontent witnesses, whereas less than two days were devoted to the hearing of the evidence of over one dozen intelligent and cultured witnesses representing as many States from Massachusetts to California.

The chief inspiration in the preparation of this case seems to have been that of a drunken Postoffice Inspector and the bribery of jurors with the money of bigoted Southern doctors of medicine. All proper evidence of those who had been healed by Mrs. Post was practically rendered valueless by the ruling that this evidence was similar to that of the Salem witches, and their alleged cures were contrary to all natural law. These witnesses were subject to being denominated fools, idiots and dupes and were not accorded the common protection from these attacks by the political attorneys in

the presence of the august court. The attorneys for the defense seemed likewise to stand in awe of the perfunctory machinery of the arbitrary and dominant government officials.

It had been stated in Washington that this case was not a misunderstanding upon the part of those who were prosecuting it, but that it was a proper subject for the decision of the "majority" of the court. It was not stated that the court had located God and established a direct communication and hence was in a position to render an infallible decree of judgement. It is the uninspired opinion of this witness that this conviction was brought about by bribery of political jurors, by the manipulation of intoxicated postoffice Inspectors and by the evidence of degenerates. Certain it is that the testimony of intelligence and respectability was not accorded due consideration.

The two and one-half hours accorded Helen Wilmans Post in which to address the court and jury in her masterly exposition of mental healing philosophy were entirely dissipated by the cunning of hireling political attorneys and by medical bribery money. Yet her cause is triumphant. This very opposition of machine, man-made, vaudeville show of trial by jury and conviction will finally inspire Helen Wilmans to greater and more convincing thought and to more definite explanation and exposition of the same to the final enlightenment of embryonic intelligence and to the final elimination of superannuated bigotry, intolerance and ignorance.

CHARLES WALLACE SILVER.

Cured of Dropsy and Rheumatism.

AS A CURE for illness, Jonathan Byrd of Webb City, a sufferer from dropsy and rheumatism, recently finished a fast of thirty-eight days with remarkable success, says the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. Six weeks ago Byrd's condition became so alarming that the physicians gave up all hopes of his recovery, and as a last resort he decided to fast for an indefinite period, believing that it would eventually cure him. Except for the weakness resulting from lack of nourishment and confinement to his home, he is in better health than for many years. The only nourishment taken during the fast was water. In speaking of the suffering from hunger Mr. Byrd said: "During my suffering from dropsy I was always hungry, and ate a great deal. Besides eating heartily at meal times, I ate between meals, and this did not satisfy my hunger. During the first four or five days after I began to fast the suffering from hunger was something awful, and it took a strong will power to resist, but after this time

hunger ceased to annoy me and a drink of water fully satisfied me."

Byrd further said that during the fasting the accumulated water from dropsy disappeared and that the rheumatism ceased to bother him. Byrd had suffered from rheumatism for several years, until his joints are enlarged and hands and toes drawn crooked. He said: "I am more active now than I have been for years, and feel as well as any man can feel, except I am not strong yet."

This is not the first case that has come to the attention of the writer where rheumatic and dropsical conditions have been eradicated and effectually cured by periods of fasting. But I always advise that these fast periods be conducted on scientific principles. There is more or less danger attached to a long fast where the person has not previously fasted or is not "posted" on proper methods of fasting.

Notwithstanding the fact that this man had passed the point where relief could be had at the hands of physicians, still had he died while fasting it would have gone out to the world that fasting was the cause of his death. The fact that he would have died anyway from dropsy would not have been considered for a moment.

Fasting, intelligently and systematically undertaken and carried out, will surely cure any disease that is not in its last stages, and will often cure diseases that are in their last stages and that have been abandoned by the doctors. This statement is being proven true in hundreds of cases all over the country.

There is an old school doctor in Chicago who is curing more sick people than all the rest of the doctors in Chicago combined by simply making them fast. He has abandoned old methods and makes all his patients fast from three to thirty days and he is not losing a single case.

Fasting, as I have stated a thousand times in these columns, is Nature's sure process of healing and eliminating disease and diseased conditions. It is an infallible remedy and costs nothing to try it. Drug taking is unnatural and destructive in its effects.

Did it ever occur to you my friends, that doctors are the only class of people in the world that are licensed to kill people? Well, they are, and that is about

all they do—either make people sick and miserable for life or kill them outright. Now, then, does not this licensing of doctors to kill people come under the heading of class legislation and is it not, therefore, unconstitutional? It does not require even a bright lawyer to know that any sort of class legislation—allowing one class certain privileges over another class—is a direct nullification of the laws of the country and hence unconstitutional.

Think of it for a moment—living under the protection (?) of a government that specifically says to a certain class of alleged professionals, you have a perfect right to kill that man, that woman or that baby and the laws will protect you in the murder. The whole thing will be charged up to the running account of the Almighty and you can go right on killing some more. That is exactly what the laws of nearly every State in the Union say to this class of mal-practitioners.

Isn't it about time that there was a change? Isn't it about time that there should be a little legislation in the interest of the whole people and do away with this specific classification business?

A doctor kills your wife, your baby, your husband, your father, your mother. Nothing is done about it. Why? Because the laws of the land have delegated this specific work to the doctors and no one else need apply for the job. They have a corner on this killing business. The laws and the Lord protect them and the minister shouts amen! "His Will be Done!" etc.

Isn't this a pretty mess? And the friends of the murdered have no recourse.

These body-destroyers lay the responsibility for their failures to heal on the Lord because they think He cannot talk back and defend Himself. And the ministers, well, the devil only knows what they *do* think about it. They never get beyond guess work, so it is difficult to size up their thinking apparatus with any degree of accuracy.

But gradually Nature and humanity in general are asserting their right to be heard. Nature says in plainest language to humanity in general, "I can heal you myself" and does it on the spot. No trial bottles or come and get your medicine charged if this dose does not help you. None of this nonsense—and you are

healed. What more do you want?

There is but one thing more you *do* want, or *should* desire, viz., the complete purification of your body so that disease is not only impossible for all future time, but that there may be such perfection of both body and mind that the Great God within you may come to the surface and proclaim the victory won over *all* adverse conditions,

Patti's Art.

PATTI, the songstress, has come and gone. She came over to America with two ideas in her head. One was to add a few more hundred thousand dollars to her already over-abundant exchequer, and the other to again experience the thrills incident to the gentle pressure of the lips of the art-loving American public to her dainty pink toes.

Did Patti go home satisfied? Yes; no. With New York drafts for \$200,000, yes. With the expected oscillations of approval, no.

Patti, the beautiful, was just as beautiful as ever; but Patti, the artist, had vanished—was a thing of the past—hence in returning to her home across the sea she took with her, in addition to the bundle of American dollars, an abnormal cargo of ruffled and fluted temper, such only as an aggrieved tropically-focused prima donna is capable of generating. In other words, the erstwhile queen of song was mad, for not a single American lover of art had fondled at her feet; and what made it more burdensome, the American press was practically a unit in roasting her—her voice.

Patti says American tastes have undergone a decided change since last she visited this country. She says the American public has lost its taste for art and has taken to the prize-ring. True enough the great American public is just now in the throes of a longing desire to perfect the physical structure, and while comparatively few are familiar with the science that points the way to the desired goal, still this is a laudable ambition and if a few in the midst of the great mass are induced to buy twenty-dollar boxes to see the most wonderful physical structure of which any age has any record, wrapped up in the skin of Jim Jefferies, Patti must not feel chagrined if some of her boxes

were empty a portion of the time of her stay among us. She must reflect that in the main we are growing—slowly, 'tis true—but we are really growing. It is quite a little step from the bull-ring—close to Patti's native home—to the prize-ring; besides, we will get over it.

Again, Patti must give us credit for the persistency with which we search for art even if we do not find it. Two hundred thousand dollars is quite a bit to invest in the effort to appease the cravings for another taste of the exquisite vocal renditions such as Patti gave us a decade in the past, but which, so far as the great vocalist was capable of demonstrating, had flown on the wings of time, never to return to make joyous the hearts of the music-loving world.

Patti, the artist, was *passé*. Patti, the beautiful, was simply glorious.



A Few Flashes.

—The things we see in others are but the reflection of ourselves. Bear this in mind when you are speaking unkindly of your neighbors.

—Awaken within yourselves, friends, a longing to know what *is* within. A pupil graduating from this school can teach any college professor in the land.

—Sin (error) is born of inherited physical desires, made conspicuous by depraved methods of living. The desire to sin leaves us when once we make up our minds to live right.

—Immortal man is the expression of the Universal creative power. Mortal man, in his perfection, is the medium through which this mighty expression is brought to our physical understanding.

—The influences which lead us to the commission of sins against ourselves and others are in no sense allied to the power within which is ever anxiously striving to dominate the physical body and lead it into paths of rectitude.

—There is a gateway, the wide opening of which, leads on and on unto the possession of the wisdom of the Universe, and which is never closed to mortal man. Center your thoughts on the great "King Brain"—the solar plexus—and wait. In due time you will marvel at the wondrous knowledge being poured out to you.

The "Second Death."

Oh, struggling Soul, be still!
Enshrined in Spiritual garb,
Enter, thou, the Gates of Gold.

A DEAR friend wishes to know something more about the "Second Death." She evidently desires, if possible, to escape the horrors of this second taking away of which St. Paul admonishes all to beware. I will proceed to show this friend how to escape this ordeal—how to span this dreadful abyss where "lost Souls" awaken only in the shadows of the earthly beginning.

But, before proceeding into the depths of this subject, I wish to define, technically, the difference between Soul and Spirit. Ordinarily in the use of these words we confound one with the other. We use the word Soul most frequently when in reality we mean Spirit. Spirit is the Eternal Life found in all growth which has no ending. Soul is the perishable etheric substance in which the Spirit is encased—known as the Astral entity—next akin to physical life.

I shall use these words, in this article, purely in their technical sense, so there may be no confusion in the effort to comprehend my meaning.

The "Second Death" referred to in the Bible is by no means a necessity any more than it is necessary for *all* physical bodies in this life to be hung up to a tree in order to expiate the commission of a crime. But *some* bodies are hung up and *some* Souls are "hung up"—that is, forced to expiate, through the medium of a "Second Death," the crime of keeping the Spirit housed unduly in a habitation filled with thoughts of lust and dissipation; wherein dwelleth no thoughts of the loftier processes of life. In due time there comes to all such Souls—Astral bodies—a "Second Death"—complete disintegration. A Spirit forced to abide in such a habitation suffers, for a time, the tortures of the damned, likened unto which physical death cannot be compared. Clothed in such material habitation—material in thoughts of living—the Spirit is retarded in its process of upward flight to the glories of "nearness to the Father" for centuries. But most to be dreaded of all is the enforced ultimate return of the Spirit to again take up the work where it was left off—to be again housed in a physical structure needing

and requiring further earth experiences of a low order.

This is the "Second Death"—the enforced forsaking of the Soul by the Spirit after both have passed out of the physical body—the death St. Paul admonishes us to avoid.

Now, how can we escape this "Second Death," and what becomes of the Soul when a "Second Death" is not demanded? These are the burning questions of the moment.

To avoid the necessity of passing through the horrors of a "Second Death" one must have lived a clean, pure physical life. That is all. Since all thoughts, acts and deeds of the physical are indelibly stamped on the Soul consciousness, this conclusion becomes obvious. Isn't that easy? The Creator makes all His laws wonderfully easy to live up to. No effort at all is required on our part to do His bidding. Just be clean; be wholesome; be loving; be charitable; don't lust; don't dissipate; don't kill; don't destroy; know that within you is an Eternal Life struggling for purity and recognition. That is all. Is that hard? Is that a wearysome task for you—for me?

If such a task is so burdensome that you feel you must shrink from its ponderous weight, then the avenue of "escape" is through the portals of a "Second Death;" but the journey is a long one, requiring hundreds of millions of years in the evolutionary transit.

Is it worth while, friends?

Now, what becomes of the Spirit when the separation between Soul and Spirit takes place?

The Spirit—Immortal Man—proceeds on its journey to the sphere, or plane, where all Spirits, not having passed through all required experiences, await the "bugle call" which summonses them again to a re-entry into the ranks of mortal flesh, this to be repeated until a physical structure is finally found whose perfection is so exalted that it may breathe forth Spiritual wisdom unto all the children of earth. Nothing short of this will satisfy the Divine Life. Nothing short of this will be accepted. Nothing short of this will relieve the Spirit from further experiences in an imperfect physical habitation. Nothing short of this will insure the limits of exalted per-

lection which harmonize with the Divine Plan.

Thus may we understand the necessity for perfecting this physical body of ours. We cannot live persistent unclean lives and escape the "Second Death." We cannot murder our fellow-creatures on the animate plane and escape the "Second Death." We cannot traffic in the Souls of others and escape this "Second Death." At best this road, just pictured, is a weary, dreary, comfortless highway. There is no real enjoyment in it—even though the vehicle escorting us hellward may be bicycle-tired.

* *

In perfecting the human structure on an exalted plane, we likewise perfect and exalt the Astral entity—the Soul. Spirit, Soul and Body form a triune whose separation, in the ultimate, is an impossibility. This unity of the three forms a part of the Great Plan of the Infinite process of Universal construction. We cannot get away from this if we would. Perfection has got to come sooner or later. The question arises, are we ready to begin the initiatory steps in that direction? Or will we linger just over the edge of the precipice and be hurled into the "endless" below—to come up again through the long processes of evolution just in time to witness the ascent of the Spirits of Exalted Men into that glorious Nervana which endureth forever?

* *

Growth, ordinarily, is slow enough. Surely none of us care to experience the horrors that come to the Soul when the Spirit has taken its flight. Then it is that the last hope vanishes. Then it is that the vampire is created which feeds upon the bodies and lusts of the physical world. Then are the fiendish forces which surround and inhabit slaughter houses, saloons and houses of prostitution made manifest. These are the fiends which make fiends of humans the world over and lead men, women and children into all the iniquities and vices of which the world is cursed. These are the fiends that feed upon the diseases of the human race made so plentiful by meat-eating and dissipation, causing weakness and death thereby.

But who can blame them? This is the only means by which the Soul may be kept alive at all after the Spirit has as-

cended on high. It is constantly disintegrating and the awful fact, with not a single ray of hope to quench the burning desire for a future existence, ever present, the desperation of the fiend incarnate takes full possession, and their world, which is our world, is a howling riot of hellish dissipation and licentiousness, though not susceptible of cognizance by the purely physical senses.

And we, the lusters and flesh-consumers, furnish the food upon which these vampires sustain life.

How do you like it, friends—some of you who have sacrificed a sweet babe at birth to feed the forces you attracted to you because of your habits of living and doing?

The clean, pure body and mind never attract the vampire. The vampire feeds only upon diseased flesh-eaters and lusters, and flesh-eaters are always lusters—in thought if not in practice.

So, friends, my advice would be to all to harken unto the words of St. Paul and beware of the "Second Death." The Black Sign of a Lost Soul will be set at the head of your grave should you fail to listen to these words.

■ ■ ■

Animate and Inanimate Life.

COMPARATIVELY few people understand—or do not wish to understand—the difference between the destruction of flowers, plants, trees, etc.,—the things living on the plane of inanimate growth—and the destruction of animals, fowl and fish for food, etc.,—the things living on the plane of animate growth. This has no reference to insect life, in which the conscious entity is not yet made manifest.

But it may be stated with a degree of almost absolute certainty that the people who persistently fail to recognize the force of the moral law involved in this proposition are invariably those who eat meat and don't wish to stop eating it, but who try to excuse themselves for the crimes committed by claiming that the killing of animals is no less a crime than the destruction of flowers and plants.

This magazine has heretofore treated this subject at considerable length and finds that all those who *wish* to see *can* see without the slightest difficulty; but those who do not *care* to see are apparently as blind as a bat at mid-day.

Now, the question arises with me, is it

worth while to spend so much time trying to convince those who will not and do not care to see, of the errors of their ways; or is it best to let them slide along and drop under the lid that eventually covers up to the world all physical sins and defects?

Is it doing one's duty to step in and try to show people the right way to live when they do not care to be shown? Is it not best to let them go on and have the experience which will eventually work towards a better understanding and a loftier conception of life's purposes?

But of course I have not been expecting every one who reads this magazine to see things just as I see them. I have not been looking for results by the wholesale. I know that the environments surrounding many are of such a character as to preclude the possibility of grasping these great truths in their fullness all in one breath. I know, too, that many are surrounded by conditions and influences which keep them tied down when they would gladly live different lives and come out from under the weight of the terrible burdens that are prostrating them. Almost daily I receive letters from both men and women appealing for the strength to permit them to get away from the deadening conditions with which they are surrounded.

Forced to come in contact with the taking of life and the cooking of flesh day in and out, and often being compelled to cook the flesh themselves, many there are who feel the weight of this awful burden and write to know how it may be possible to extricate themselves and escape the tortures of such a life.

There is but one way to do this and that is, to build within one's self such an overpowering and irresistible desire to get away from such conditions that a way will be shown. Build up this desire by night and by day; never go to sleep without leaving this thought on the sub-conscious mind—I *must* find relief and that speedily; and then go to work and *think*—think *how* to find relief. In due time it will come. It will come just as certain as you live. Never admit for a moment but you possess the power to find a harmonious environment and that quickly. It will come. You will not have to wait long—not if you are *set* on the change for the better way.

There is a vast difference between shedding the blood of the animate and that of the inanimate. In the one there is a conscious Ego whose experiences no mortal has a right to circumscribe or cut short. This Ego is having its first experiences as a conscious entity and can *feel* and *knows* the same as the Ego occupying the human structure. In fact it is now getting ready to enter the human structure; but if its experiences are retarded by other than natural means, there is great distress and great suffering. The Ego knows when it is time to retire and leave a physical body. When man steps in with his murderous weapon and forces the Ego's premature retirement, horrible scenes take place; scenes are enacted within the body that no pen can portray or mind unschooled conceive. In addition to the unspeakable suffering on the part of the Ego, poisons are here generated that ultimately crop out in the bodies of those who eat the flesh in all forms of diseased conditions.

There is no conscious Ego housed within the encasement of inanimate growth. There is a Life Germ there from the Infinite, but it is not a conscious entity and there is no suffering resulting from the destructing of plant or flower. There is often a dwarfing of these precious growths and I have long since passed the point where I have any desire to pluck the beautiful flowers or disturb the majesty of any plant life. I often wear violets, carnations or roses on the lapel of my coat that have been plucked by others, for they always talk to me and tell me of their beautiful, sweet, pure lives, and the contact is an inspiration to strive all the harder to imitate them in their examples of purity of character. I am saddened, too, that this beautiful life has been taken before the Divine Spark was ready to withdraw naturally; so I nurse them tenderly and prolong the hour of withering and decay. I touch them with moistened lips and the delicate tints deepen and become more beautiful.

But the spasms of writhing pain, agony and hopeless despair that is visited on the conscious Ego when prematurely forced out of its habitation, is something awful. Could the meat consumer witness just one of these scenes he would damn himself for all time to come, and would pray constantly to the Great Jeho-

vah to strike forever from the record pages of his memory and blot from the retina the horrors which had fastened themselves upon him.

Still, notwithstanding all these realities in life and death, our friends will keep right on violating the laws of Nature and throw themselves before the confessional altar expecting to find a place, when death removes the frail carcass, at the right hand of the Great Creator of all things.

Some think that hell will be to pay only when they eat meat on Friday, but the Mighty Force that is keeping strict watch over the records, doesn't know anything about Friday or any other day that will palliate the sin of interfering with the workings of the Universal Law. Even Lincoln's birthday is not taken into account by this Mighty Power any more than is St. Patrick's Day.

It is useless for any human being to try to excuse himself for sinning against the Almighty Law from whose visitation there is no appeal.

But it is not my business to dictate to any one how they shall live or what they shall do. All obligations cease after having pointed out the way.

The True Way to a Better Life.

HERE is such a strong, beautiful, helpful personal letter that I wish every reader of this magazine to have the benefit of it:

GARDINER, Me., March 3, 1904.

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE—DEAR BROTHER:—Your March number received and I enjoy reading your writings; also those of the other contributors to its pages.

Why is it that people cannot see the Truth without calling it New Thought? A title for Truth makes me think of the thousands of religious sects, all trying to find the Truth some other way than in themselves. Jesus said, "my teachings are so simple you will not follow them," and it is just so now—people will not let the Spirit of Truth shine within themselves, but think they must learn from some one else. Only the natural man is perfect. Then why go chasing after those that are not perfect when the perfect man—the Christ Spirit—is within each one (the honest man), waiting to be used by its owner? As Jesus said, "the Kingdom of Heaven is within you," each one. If any person will be honest with himself and follow the Spirit of Truth, he will in time come into the perfect light, which will bring perfect health and happiness (Heaven) while we remain on this earth in our physical bodies.

I am rebuilding myself all over. In 1895 I went all to pieces and after staying with the doctors long enough to find I would soon be under the sod, commenced to look around and see if I could not get out of my deplorable condition. Well, I went to Mrs. Eddy (Christian Science); then left and went with O. B. Sabin, of Washington, D. C., and then commenced to take up New Thought papers and received some good lessons from each; but one day it came to me, why, if wrong living makes me sick, will not right living make me well? So I commenced to think what right living meant, and the Spirit said, live the pure life and you will see good. So in December, 1901; I said I would eat no meat during 1902 and I didn't. In December, 1902, I said, no fish, flesh or fowl in 1903 and I kept my word and have found pleasure in more ways than one. I feel when I sit down to eat that I have caused no one to suffer or asked my brother to do something I would not do myself—kill—which means to take life. But the good minister tells me Jesus only meant man when he said, "thou shalt not kill." I do not believe a person can be a true Christian and eat meat; nor be a pure man, for if he eats meat he will have animal desires and he cannot help it. If we can only live the pure and simple life it will do more to bring the teachings of Jesus into the lives of men than all the writings of those people who write, but do not live as they preach.

I laughed when I read your article, "He Meant Just What He Said." What a lot of people there are just like the one mentioned.

I eat no breakfast, but I also believe that one can eat three or four meals per day if he can bring himself down to eating just so much and no more than is called for by the waste of labor.

I hope some day to call and see you. Go on in the good way and you will have the pleasure of knowing within yourself what a pure life will bring.

Yours Very Truly,

W. E. MAXCY.



Infant Damnation.

THE following paragraph is floating around the country:

"Rev. William Ashmore, a Baptist preacher, has aroused new discussion of the "infant damnation" doctrine by declaring that babies, no matter how innocent, are spiritually dead and cannot be saved until they earn salvation in the regular way. Being born of parents themselves sinful, they are born with a stigma of original sin."

Infant damnation be—no; the Rev. William Ashmore be damned. A minister of the gospel of this modern day and

generation who would deliver himself of such rot as that will surely, as he ought to be, be damned. He might soak his head, and his whole body, in virginity water until icicles form on the disk of the sun and he would not then come within a hundred billion leagues of approaching the chosen spot where the Master smiles benignly on the upturned faces of baby angels.

Oh, these blatherskite hypocrites make me weary with their promulgations of saving grease.

Don't this idiotic specimen of latter day ignorance know that the Divine Life within every living thing is Eternal and that it is never lost? and that all the whitewashing with all the stale baptismal suds in the world will *not* change or blot out the Maker's Sign of Eternal Salvation?

It seems that he does not; but what a pity it is that such freaks as these are allowed to run at large when the country is so full of educational institutions of restraint for the weak-minded.



Has Been Found.

TO THE many inquiring friends of Mary Elizabeth Benjamin the writer begs to state that Mrs. Benjamin was located about a week after her disappearance in a most critical condition—hovering close to the line between life and death.

The horse Mrs. Benjamin rode away threw her violently to the ground and stepped on the lower portion of her lungs, resulting in frightful hemorrhages of the lungs for nearly a week. Her left foot was also caught in the stirrup and seriously injured, making walking almost impossible and dreadfully painful. No food or drink had been taken into the stomach for four days, but this was not a serious matter, as Mrs. Benjamin often took fasts of this duration and longer, but not without drink.

Mrs. Benjamin will recover, in all probability, in good time.

To those who have been having Mrs. Benjamin's famous Yogi lessons and who have not received the entire twelve, they are informed that these lessons were printed in full just before Mrs. Benjamin's leaving and that all the missing ones will be forwarded on receipt of information sent to the editor of this magazine.

Conable's Path-Finder.

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, - EDITOR.

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Special Notice.

ALL communications pertaining to business matters should be addressed to The Path-Finder Publishing Co. to insure prompt attention, as the editor is not always at home. All personal letters, marked Personal, will reach him, however. Don't EVER send personal and business letters together. The company has a Secretary who will promptly attend to all business correspondence.

SHORT PATHS.

—Communications not signed with the full name of the writer cannot be considered by the editor. Some of our friends will please bear this in mind.

—The editor is going to spend a couple or three weeks in flowering California the last of April or first of May, but not for "exhibition" purposes—just to hear, feel, taste and smell the climate and its products.

—"Why, Oh, Why?" is the title of a new song just received from the author, Mrs. Mary A. Smith, of Green Forest, Ark., price 50 cents. All those wishing to know "Why" from the standpoint of Mrs. Smith will be repaid by sending for her song.

—A mountain of soap has been discovered in Utah. A timely and most important discovery for this section of the Universe. Still there are other sections of the country that could stand two or three mountains and several valleys of this congealed physical purifier and not be overtaxed in the least either.

—We would now like all subscribers to send in the names of any friends whom they think would be interested in this magazine. Send those only whom you are convinced would be interested and benefited by coming in contact with the truths of life as promulgated by CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER. We desire to send out a good many sample copies during the next few months, but we wish to place them where they will be heard from.

—The astrologer (?) who, a few weeks ago, announced publicly that Mark Hanna would be the

next President of the United States, must have been born on one of the twelve "cusps," or on a cuspidor. Some of these people who make "monkey-shines" of an exact science are in sore need of a new invoice of gray matter in the upper story. Senator Hanna is now "doing time" over the range and President Roosevelt is not worried.

—We note with no little degree of amusement that some of our homeopathic friends are chiding up the deaths of Garfield, McKinley and Hanna to the stupidity of the allopaths. This charge is all true enough, but what would the homeopaths have done in these cases? We are free to admit that the homeopaths are a trifle less destructive in their methods of healing the sick, but they are far from being infallible. Any system that employs drugs in the sick room is a fake and should be austroised by both public sentiment and the laws of the land.

—Strange things occasionally "happen" in this strange world of ours, but I think a little the strangest happenstance would be to see a man sitting in the Presidential chair of this glorious Republic who parts his hair in the middle. "Willie" Hearst may put up four million dollar barrels, or a dozen for that matter, and they would not phase the average American voter so long as he persists in the "Miss Nancy" cranial capillary partition now indulged in. And to think, too, of this man being a candidate for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket! A real Jacksonian Democrat would fall dead at the mere intimation of such a thing.

—J. Stitt Wilson writes us that he is so awfully busy this month that we will have to excuse his contribution, but will not let it happen again—unless necessary. Brother Wilson has got mixed up in a debate with some of the San Francisco ministers and is working unusually hard to make a few converts among these people principally and at the same time lead them into reformatory ways incidentally. I don't envy my friend this task, for the Frisco clergy—well, they are Frisco clergy and that means that they are—Frisco clergy. If you don't know what I mean it doesn't matter. Should any of you ever go to Frisco you will understand.

—I would have liked greatly to have seen all the friends of CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER when in Chicago the first of this month, but as I had less than seven minutes that I could really call my own, I "forewent" the pleasure, knowing that some time in the near future I shall visit this great town by the lake when I shall make it a point to meet every one. Then I shall take my dove-tailed coat and neapolitan trousers with me, rent a platform somewhere, as is customary with all "celebrated" "New Thoughters" I am told, and hold a seance that will astonish the natives—as well as the police department. Just wait my next coming, friends; you will see a faster as is a faster. This trip I got out of Chicago even swifter than my Chicago friend got out of Path-Finder Park a few month ago. Every fellow to his own taste.

Dead Yesterdays.

(THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.)

BY ERRANTE.

CHAPTER V.

THE SEA VOYAGE.

"Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin,
Reset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with predestin'd evil round
Enmesh and then impute my Fall to sin."

—RUBAYAT OF OMAR.

OUR impromptu entertainment continued long into the night, the listeners swelling choruses and applauding. I sang them "Coming Thro' the Rye;" "Home, Sweet Home;" "Come Back to Erin;" "Auld Lang Syne;" "The Old Folks at Home," and others, from the tear-moistened strings of broken lyres—ever freshly decked with "the people's" forget-me-nots—that lean against the hallowed graves of men and women who sang from the heart to the hearts of their kind; and, probably, I would have exhausted my repertoire to a dawn-tinted audience were it not for a German song I sang at the request of a beautiful girl who spoke next to no English.

"Sing me a song of the Fatherland, little lover mine," she said to me in German, as she caressingly stroked my hair. "Sing me just one," and I sang, "Dreaming Where the Willows Tremble."

It was a song Father Hayden had taught me, as especially suitable to my voice, and one that always won me applause when I sang it; but the last lines:

"Bleib bei mir, und geh nicht fort;
In meinen Herzen ist der schönste Ort,"

were still in the air when my blue-eyed Saxon Hebe threw up her hands, and screaming, "Carl, Carl, Oh God, my Carl!" fell kicking into the arms of a companion and was carried away, leaving in the consequent excitement the musicians alone on deck, staring at each other in open-mouthed wonder.

"How he was?" asked my guitarist inquiringly, with a Spanish shoulder shrug. "How he is?" "Fits, my friend," I answered authoritatively. "All city ladies have fits. We have fits in our family. Mrs. Bancroft has fits. A little water in her face, that's all. Fits don't amount to anything unless you get 'em from the school-master or your father. Then they

hurt." "Feets?" he questioned, in answer, pointing to his shoes. "Feets?"

Yes, "feets, you coffee-colored galoot, you," I answered in disgust at so much technical knowledge being wasted on such barren soil, "feets; army shoes; cow-hide boots; moccasins. What kind of a benighted pagan are you anyhow?" But all I could get out of him was the inquiring answer, "feets," and I was still trying to explain to him the difference between cavalry boots and catalepsy, when the male portion of the absent deck party returned, and I was taken in charge by a brawny, good-natured Californian—"half seas over"—who seemed a general favorite, or leader; and informed that: "the gang and the gals" had adopted me; that I was now a first class passenger, and shouldn't peel another d—d spud on the boat if all hands starved to death; that I must quit singing in "lingo" or I would break up the camp-meeting; that he was going to make me Governor of California, and roll me in wealth, and that I should sleep in his state-room, as he was going to try to get some of his money back from the boys; but he changed his plans, however, for just about the time I was ready to "turn in" he insisted on my becoming his "Mascot" (the first time I had ever heard the word) at the gaming tables in the saloon, for there were no "lights out" on that trip of the "Henry Chauncy," either in smoking room or saloon, until after we reached Aspinwall, although Captain—did all in his power to comply with the Company's regulations in that respect, and I was soon seated beside him at a table where gold and notes were flying about as if they were valueless.

As semi-tropical dawn reached her witchingly shaded roseate fan above the distant gray rim of the shadowy sea, eastward, tipped by Lucifer, the twinkling harbinger of day, whose wand, a shimmering shaft of trembling light, lay on the flattened deep before our cut-water, a guiding line of burnished silver for the silent man at the wheel—with my pock-

ets stuffed with notes and coin—I was assisted by my California friends to my state-room, drunk as a British nobleman.

I had drunk my first cock-tails, and found them good, as many a poor devil has found them before me.

It was late in the afternoon when I awoke, with a racking headache, and a Scotch plaid taste in my mouth that made me wonder how animals with a semblance of manhood could enthusiastically indulge in a beverage capable of producing such brutalizing effects, and today, after drinking enough of the vile stuff to float the North-Atlantic squadron, I am as far as ever from a solution of the mysterious riddle, tho' from my experience with my own body, I am inclined to the conclusion that the passion for alcohol is simply, and solely, the heritage of the meat-eater.

Tumbling out of bed, I poured what water I could find in the miserable little steamer jars over my feverish head, and began looking about for my clothing, but it was gone. My ever ready California chum, however, brought it to me in a few moments, with a cock-tail, and the information that "the gals" had borrowed it as patterns to make clothing for me, suitable for "a Latin climate," and that I would soon be rigged out "in great shape," which eventually turned out to be reliable information, for when I struck the streets of Panama, the shape of my clothes was so unusually "great" that it came near blocking the wheels of traffic.

The ladies—"God bless 'em"—had intended to make a sailor lad of me, but owing to divergence of ideas among them regarding the exact architecture of sailor clothing, they only succeeded in making a circus of me, and in spoiling a number of still serviceable white duck suits and blue flannel shirts for various officers of the ship, and the result of their efforts only made the real sailors on board cover their bearded chins with their knotty hands and stare seaward, as if striving to suppress the expression of interior pain; but the clothes—altho' they made me look like a sawed-off caricature of Uncle Sam—were clean and cool, and I don't know what I should have done without them in the tropics.

Gambling was in full blast in the smoking room and saloon, and on deck the ladies were sewing away for dear life on my

wardrobe. My money, nearly five hundred dollars, I was told, was in the Purser's safe, and Ed, my California chum, who held the receipt, made out in my name, told me that if I would stick to him as a mascot we would own the ship before we reached Aspinwall, as he had the whole "shooting-match" down close to bed rock, and didn't intend to let up on 'em till they had pawned their watches.

One of the officers of the ship came to where I was chatting with the ladies and told me, politely, that the Captain wished a word with me, and, followed through curiosity by some of the ladies and half a dozen of my California friends, I went to his cabin, where he met me in the door with, "Young man, how many children has Mr. Bancroft?"

"One, sir," I answered promptly, too much taken by surprise at the suddenness of the unexpected question to formulate an evasive answer, and badly rattled over what might follow.

"Well, my son," he continued, kindly, "you are that one, and you are going back to New York with me if I have to take you back in irons."

"Captain ——" I answered, "if you refer to Mr. John Bancroft of ——, I assure you that he is not even a relative of mine. He is a very good friend and nothing more."

"I refer to him, exactly to him, and to no one else. He is one of our Directors. I know him personally and this is his picture. It was taken from your pockets this morning by the steward, by my orders, and on the back of it he calls you his son; as the lady, Mary Bancroft, his wife, I suppose, calls you her dear little boy. Now if you are not Bancroft's son, who are you? How did you come by these pictures?"

"I suppose your steward, knowing I was stupidly drunk and had money on me, was looking for anything but photographs when he rifled my pockets," I answered hotly, all the devil in me thoroughly aroused at the idea of my having put myself in a condition to make me a fit subject for such manipulation, "and I am not over-surprised at such an outrage being perpetrated at *your* instigation. Luckily for me, I imagine, the friend who gave me the money, took care of it for me in time. The pictures," I con-

tinned, "are mine, and honestly mine. I am no relative of the Bancrofts, and I wouldn't go back home with you if I never went home."

"Come, come now, young man; no insolence," he answered hotly. "If you are not Bancroft's son, who are you? I am certain your name is not George Brown, as the Purser has it on the passenger lists."

"No, sir," I answered, "my name is not George Brown, but what of it? Yesterday morning when the quartermaster dragged me out of the hold, you seemed to know all about who and what my mother and myself were, and to-day I will not tell you who I am; but I promise you that if I live until I am twenty years of age, I will show and tell you who I am in my mother's name, if I have to circle the globe to find you."

"Here, here, my young fighting cock; you had better keep a civil tongue in your head. I am Captain of this ship, and your father is a friend of mine, and I don't care whether it suits you or not. You can just make up your mind that you are going back to New York with me. Gentlemen," he continued, in answer to the angry protests of the interested group of listeners, "his fare being paid makes no difference whatever. The boy came on board illegally, as a stow-away, and I have a perfect right to take him back to New York, in irons, if necessary, and turn him over to the authorities of the port, if I see fit to do so."

"See here! you pot-bellied son of a sea-cook," broke in my gambling partner, Ed; still half-seas over, "I've a mining claim in Nevada, and a ranch in Mendocino, and I'll bet 'em both agin a second hand chaw of terbacker that he don't go back with you unless he wants to. Do you hear my yawp?"

There was no farther argument. The Captain noticing the ugly look in Ed's bleary eyes, and hearing uncomplimentary remarks regarding his personality on all sides, particularly from the ladies, shut himself in his cabin and we returned to our several former occupations, all hands assuring me they would see me through in spite of all the cops and Con-suls on the Isthmus; but from that day on we were subjected to a series of petty, but exasperating inconveniences, entirely uncalled for, that kept tongues wagging

in wrath long after we left the ship.

I found the ladies—a party of school-maids, I was told, with sundry mysterious winks, nudges and smiles—delightful company, and they did their best to keep me away from the cock-tails, of which I was rapidly becoming fond by reading the riot act to the male passengers who were continually inviting me to join them, and as Ed's poker opponents had protested against my farther "mascot business," they had no trouble in keeping me near them pretty much all the time.

I was surprised at their unusual names, for they were Blanche; Bell; Margot; Daisy; Gertrude; Josaphine, and others of like tone; but what surprised me most, regarding the lot of them, was the terrible brogue of Miss Maud Livingston—a big, strapping, red-haired damsel, whose ready wit and jolly features did not belie her brogue in the least.

I was acquainted with a New York family of Livingstons, who came up into the Pennsylvania hills every summer to drink malaria and eat fresh country vegetables, butter and eggs brought from the city a hundred and fifty miles by rail and forty by Concord stage; in fact, so intimately acquainted with them that I had, for three seasons, been engaged to marry their eldest daughter—a Miss of eleven—an engagement I reluctantly broke off, only on learning that "Dutchy" was the only one of "those boys" that Miss Livingston had not been engaged to during all that time; and I was perfectly aware that my former fiance's family did not use a brogue, or look like Belfast Germans; but as I was sailing under false colors myself, I was careful not to inquire regarding Miss Maud's antecedents.

One young lady on the boat was an enigma to me. My curiosity was aroused by her excessive reserve. She held strictly aloof from the balance of the lady passengers and was coldly polite to the men, who seemed disinclined to cultivate her society, tho' their great respect for her was self-evident. She failed to become very enthusiastic over my repeated efforts at sociability, although she treated me with considerable more condescension than she did any of the others, excepting, perhaps the officers of the ship, with whom she occasionally took a turn

about the deck of an evening; but we eventually became pretty good friends, and I, thinking that probably bashfulness was the cause of her aloofness, offered to introduce her to the other lady passengers, who were my particular friends, but she only blushed hotly, and answered, "Oh dear, no, thank you ever so much" and shut herself up in her state-room.

I couldn't understand her, and the others wouldn't discuss her with me, but I liked her very much for she was more like our ladies in the Pennsylvania hills than were the others.

Cuba behind us, she beckoned me to her one morning, and after considerable preliminary conversation, said: "Will you do me the great favor to quietly tell the tall stout girl with the brown hair, that I would like to speak with her alone for a few moments?"

"Certainly," I answered, glad of an opportunity to serve her; "you mean Miss Livingston, the red-headed girl with the brogue?"

"Yes," she answered, "I believe her name is Miss Livingston. Please tell her to say nothing to the other ladies."

I complied with her request and paid no further attention to the matter, although I knew there was a mystery up somebody's sleeve; but a few hours later, Maud broke excitedly into our deck circle with eyes ablaze and hands clenched and began a whispered conversation with the hard-featured, jewel-bedecked old dame that seemed to have the party in charge.

Mysterious whisperings followed with the men, in groups of threes and fours, who invariably changed the topic, I noted, when I approached them; and when I asked for an explanation, invariably answered me that "little boys should not ask questions," which caused me to remark mentally, "Darn a little boy anyhow. Why wasn't I born a man?"

Hour by hour things became more and more mysterious to me, and instinctively I began to smell trouble in the air that all hands seemed bent on hiding from me as effectively as possible; but in the early evening I knew the ball had opened, when, hearing high words near the port wheel house, I turned just in time to see my friend Ed knock the first officer of the ship head over heels down the companion-

way to the saloon deck, where he jumped on top of him, and would probably have crippled him for life had it not been for the interference of the officers and crew.

Things were pretty badly mixed in the narrow gang-way of the lower deck for a few moments, and I became the happy (?) possessor of a handsome black eye that I received accidentally from a back stroke of the butcher's elbow before the fracas was finished; after bathing which I went on deck to find Miss Livingston with her back hair hanging on her left ear, and shouting, "To hell with yer Mauds and yer Daisies! Me name is Kate Cavanah and I can lick any man on the ship!"

To say that I was astonished at Miss Livingston's condition would be putting it mildly. She was—as the ladies who were forcing her to her room, expressed it—"fuller'n a goat," and I noticed most of them had flushed faces, and some of them were becoming noisy. Gambling had ceased and a compact crowd of angry Pioneers were gathered about the Captain's cabin, threatening to shoot it "fuller of holes than a cane-bottomed chair" if he didn't open up and liberate Ed, who had been put in irons while I was bathing my damaged optic. It is needless to say that he was liberated and soon on deck with us, as jolly as if nothing had happened.

What was it all about?

I never got at the bottom of the affair, but I gathered enough to realize that a detail from the ranks of the frail sisterhood had formed in solid phalanx between the honor of the only innocent girl on the ship and the distardly designs of—Jackals of the sea. From that time on, as far as the passengers were concerned, the Henry Chauncy was a floating riot. The ladies threw off all restraint and presented themselves in their true colors as—fallen women.

Yes, they were fallen women. White slaves of man's lust. Butterflies of ostracism, following in the wake of the free-handed Californians, as the hungry gulls followed in the wake of our plunging ship. Fallen women; innocent victims, probably, of credulity, or school-girl faith in fiendishness masquerading in the garb of manhood. Shall we stone them?

I now began to understand the hopeless wail and agonized stare of my blue-eyed German girl on hearing the song of the

Fatherland I sang for her, and often, in after years, with my foot on the edge of the pitfall, and about to take the plunge, her despairing cry has rang in my ears, as her tear-stained face has flashed before me, and drawn me back. Mid the flotsam and jetsam of a checkered past, the finger of remorse points me to much, oh, so much, that is regrettable; and from over the frontiers of the Beyond, shadowy faces bid me to the inevitable reckoning under the law of compensation, while I signal them "wait" with a hand that's stained with human blood (shed on the so-called "Field of Honor"), but, thank God, through all the lights and shadows of a sadly dissipated career; through all the ups and downs of a life that had no guide but the memories of childish prayers poured out at the knee of a loving mother, no curse of a fallen woman beckons me hellward.

The bar had been closed by the Captain's orders, but bottles, and even demijohns were produced as fast as emptied. Gambling, singing, dancing and drinking went on at full blast, but intercourse between the passengers and the officers ceased, and under a blazing sky, on a flattened sea, the good vessel glided, plunging along, toward her destination, guided by the hands of sober men, who knew their duty and complied with it.

Semi-occasionally, Miss Livingston would break out of her state-room, where her companions were trying to keep her a prisoner, with a song on her lips and her eyes ablaze with good-nature, and waltz about the deck until she encountered Ed, who was ever trying to evade her, and end her terpsichorean performance with: "The mate can ate no mate, bad luck to the blaggard. Yez bruk his jaw, me bye. More power to yez."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The cause of the trouble kept closely to her state-room, and I saw no more of her until I saw her, heavily veiled, after we landed. Neither did I again see Captain ——— or the Mate during the remainder of the voyage, and years afterwards when I sought the Captain, he had been called before the Bar of Him who said; "Vengeance is Mine."

Backed by low rolling hills, banks of sunlit fogs resting on a dead calm water surface; rows of white and brown toy houses set in emerald green; a ramshackle wharf; a howling mob of negroes; lagoons of green slime-covered water, where the tenacious mosquito sings contralto to the bull frogs' basso profundo; Aspinwall in the sixties.

No effort was made to detain me, so putting my baggage in my coat pocket, I marched with the crowd, clinging to Ed's sleeve, between two lines of half naked, barefooted, alleged soldiers, to the train that awaited us in the main street near the wharf, and taking my seat, paid, after considerable wrangling, half fare (\$12.50) to Panama, forty-seven miles distant.

The orders were strict that no passengers should be allowed outside the lines of soldiers, but some of them managed to get through to the hotels, and returned at the last moment with several great silver water pitchers, filled with ice, and more bottles of whiskey than they could possibly drink on so short a trip, and then we were off through tangled jungles, by plantain and cocoa nut groves, in sweltering camp heat, through thatched, open-work villages, at one of which the passengers stole a negro baby from its frantic mother, returning it from the succeeding station with enough American gold to support the family for life, and then—Panama, the blest.

Hoosier Paths.

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

LIVE NOW.

Do as the Heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

—SHAKSPEARE.

YOUTH, untaught as to present importance, looks into the future with rosy anticipation of fame and fortune, of

love's fair fruition and the certain realization of an unsullied happiness. Nothing can daunt the bright hued visions which Hope limns upon the scroll of the young heart, and with eye fixed afar the momentous now drifts unused into the boundless sea of things past.

Age, on the other hand, grows a habit of retrospection, and through dim eyes it gazes backward to scenes and incidents long since transpired and dead to all but memory. It, too, neglects the pulsing events of the present, and opportunities born of current necessities, wither for want of espousal and fall to the share of him who courts the favor of the now.

This pair of dreamers, with visions so diverse, represent the vast majority of the race of men and women who inhabit the planet to-day. They are responsible for the great store of mediocrity set up to the credit of the age, and which serves as a foil to more clearly display the results of the genius which has the discretion to win from the present the distinction so greatly overlooked by the dreamers named.

The past is dead. It neither thrills nor moves to the strongest appeal. It is beyond recall, even to the trump of Heaven's mightiest arch-angel, and from it there comes nothing but emptiness and the cold characteristic of things dead.

The future is unborn and therefore of no avail. Deep within the womb of Time it lies beyond the sullying touch of the dreamer, and only as it emerges into the now, moment by moment, is it ready for the use of the world and the race.

To him who daily locks the door upon yesterday, and resolutely refuses to be beguiled by the mirage of the future, there is the golden mean of to-day, evermore alive, and warm with the impulses of possibilities which only await his present touch to make them realities.

We owe it to churchly heredity, instilled into our ancestry generations ago and emphasized to us by our early teachers, that we have a habit of self-condemnation, which now and then pulls at the strings of conscience and renders us negative and a bit blue as we retrospect upon things we *might* have done, and of other things we might have left undone.

But where's the use of such sadness since a man only grows lank upon its indulgence? Why allow the ghosts of past unborn actions to haunt our imaginations to the detriment of our present well-being? Why not shrive ourselves as we seek our nightly couch, and awake with bright new purposes upon each succeeding dawn, to dare and do those things which are called for by the exigencies of the hour, acting in love, good-will and faith?

Nothing, *nobody* can forgive us but ourselves, and until the race wakes up to this fact it will go on sighing and shedding tears to its everlasting impediment. So-called age is no barrier to the thought which will make a desert human heart to blossom as the rose. No more is age a damper to the fires of the imagination, or to the spirit of love which makes all men akin. Particularly must this be so, if the individual will rise above the attacks of superstitions relating to various atonement for deeds that later light and broader view would teach us to shun.

• Learn to forget as the Heavens have done, and forgive yourself, when, Banquo-like, there rises the ghost of an accusing memory. Or if, as suggested above, you perform this act of forgiveness as you seek the rest intervening between this and the now of the new day, you will enter fair and fresh upon your self-enhanced mission of good to all men yourself included.

We have purposely held up the two extremes, youth and age, to give an emphasis to the thought for those between these two periods, since among these are many who need to awaken to the fact that life is more than mere existence, more than mere getting of wealth or social distinction.

Where shall this self-shriving begin? Just look into your heart and see, and be assured the longer you look the more you will find to observe. Ah, it is a vast domain this heart of man. Large enough for love, for good-will, for aspiration—aye, large enough for God whom we are told is everywhere.

Forgive and forget. Forgive yourself the act, forget the impulse which gave it birth, and so it will pass from you, its anger, hate or greed wrested from it by the love inspiring your present action. There is no period in life where its best impulses need be suppressed or its usefulness retarded. Too often men and women say, "I am too old to learn anything new," but this is a sin against themselves which they need to forgive. The desiring mind can always learn, and the heart, however old, if still, can hear the voice of the God enthroned within.

Be wise, therefore, and weight not your life with regrets, which, in the last analysis are meaningless and futile, and which can only serve to defeat your plans of life. Use the power which is yours to

absolve you from the sin which, through custom, so easily besets, and rise to each new occasion with the majesty that is becoming to you as the arbiter of a destiny and that destiny your own.

And, finally, do not for a single moment lose sight of the fact that only the

present is potent to yield results for you. In it alone is that charmed essence which will enable you to transmute each incident in your life into a fruition of *good* that will proclaim you wise in your generation.

LIVE NOW!

Pertinent Thoughts.

CHARLES WALLACE SILVER.

SOME reverend gentleman has stated in print that woman is guilty of the three greatest heresies of modern times, namely, the Fox sisters because they evolved so-called Spiritism, Mary B. G. Eddy, because she evolved so-called Christian Science, and Helen Wilmans, because she evolved so-called Mental Science. What we want to inquire is why he did not add, for ancient times, Eve because she is said to have tempted Adam, and Mary, the mother of Jesus, because she became the subject of the immaculate conception idea?

Why did not this reverend gentleman state that those religions, which are evolved from that of Buddha and Mohammed, are heresies because they conceived the idea that God is Life; that man is a conscious animal; that disease is the conscious product of man-made sensuality; that Eve tempted Adam, in allegory, because she was becoming an embryonic modern society woman?

Why does this reverend gentleman denominate the intuitive, sub-conscious life thought of woman a heresy in modern women and pin his faith to the immaculate conception in ancient women? Why does he worship Mary, the mother of Jesus, and firebrand Mary Eddy and Helen Wilmans?

Why did Hawthorne write "The Scarlet Letter," Milton "Paradise Lost" and Dante "The Inferno?" What are the essential inspirations in all poetry religions, art, science and civilization, if they are not the divine idea as expressed in motherhood, in womanhood, in immaculate conceptions, in goddesses to whom gods are slaves? Does the reverend gentleman understand that the first breath of life is that of heaven; that to breathe the breath of life we invoke the divinity of

woman and thus come into an at-onement with the one life that is, always has been and always will be this universal life, mind, soul, God?

The birth of Raphael's "Sistine Madonna Cherubs" is the crowning glory of art because it pictures to the physical eye the divinity of woman.

Woman is divine, intuitive, altruistic because she is good of God. She is the helpmeet because she is not avaricious, brutal and essentially sensuous until she has been made so by the sexual brutality of man. Jesus became the greatest of men because he inherited the essentials of the greatest philosophy that had been evolved up to the time of his birth and later, because his mother had the essentials of divine conception and because he afterwards went into the mountains and fasted and purified his body and mind from the last vestage of the licentious thought product of a sensuous Hebrew age of greed and lust—an age that had become spiritualized, to some extent, by subtle philosophy. Mary Eddy and Helen Wilmans are the same character of heretics as was Mary, the mother of Jesus, the Christ, the difference being that one was the product of a Hebrew philosophy-religion and primitive civilization and the others are the product of modern schools, colleges, churches religions, marriages, and a civilization of dollars and dress.

What we worship in Correggio's "La Notte" is the Adoration of the Shepherds in the manifestation of God-Life on the objective plane—the birthing of cherubs in purity. Sir Edwin Arnold in his "Light of Asia" and in his "Light of the World" has attempted what the author of the "Sistine Madonna" did when he painted that picture. All poetry, art,

science and civilization that is worth having, have attempted to say the same thing, have attempted to paint the same thing and have attempted to live the same ideas—namely, the divinity of Life. Hence woman is divine. Men are the fakirs in competitive existence. Men became pirates, feudal lords and bald headed Croesuses to attract the vanity of so-called civilized woman; that is, that woman that is the product, not of divine thought, but of the malformed man-made thought or perverted thought of modern civilization. Men became Penns, Miltons, Luthers, Lincolns because they were conceived in a life that protested against the crimes of modern and ancient civilization.

So soon, now, as all admit that God is Life, that all disease, so-called sin, laws, etc., are man-made thought conditions; that man is self-created, then we may learn to recognize the fakirs in every avenue of life. Most fakirs are such because of bigoted ignorance. Many of them are honest. It is when they become dishonest fakirs that we call them criminals, such as we put behind the bars. So long as they have the semblance of honesty we call them preachers, lawyers, doctors, financiers and politicians.

NATURALNESS.

MANY EXPONENTS of the "New Thought" are pleading for mankind to lead a "natural life," failing at the same time to specify just what they mean by that term.

If we turn back to the earliest records of man, we find him little more than animal, who gradually, through long cycles of evolution—or in other words, experiences—became what he is to-day—a "god" amongst the creatures on this earth; yet, a very imperfect god, who is ever reaching out for more experiences through which to gain more knowledge of the God Within, the *I am*.

Every experience of man is taken within the veil, where, through some occult chemistry, the inner man digests, absorbs and converts the fruit of that experience into knowledge and wisdom.

The individual's perceptions and conceptions are in exact ratio to the amount of knowledge which he has gained through evolution.

An individual with strong spiritual, institutional and mental powers may conceive that "leading a natural life" embraces all the beauty and truth of the world's ethics; another individual who stands lower on the ladder of evolution may conceive that leading a "natural life" means breaking away from the restraints, conventions and distractions of society, or the business world; and still another may think that his instincts, or the impulses, desires and passions of his animal nature mean "leading a natural life."

Each is right from his point of view, for each conscious unit has its individual characteristics, and man is not unnatural in *any thing*, for everything in existence to-day, stands as the *natural* outcome of the projections, or causes, of the past.

The conventions and distortions of society and the business world are not useless, nor do they tend to do away with the naturalness in life. There are many usages in society, which, on the surface may appear useless, yet, when we look beneath the surface we find that the mere fact of conforming to their apparently useless forms, tends towards the strengthening of the individual's character by teaching him the necessity of self control.

The expression of the outer manifestations of the impulses of man's animal nature which society demands, is precisely the experience which man requires at a certain point in his evolution—other rare souls have passed beyond that point.

In themselves, the distractions of society and the business world cannot be regarded as evil when considered in the light of evolution.

The various distractions into which man plunges are an indication of his progress, and are necessary experiences, which he hands on to the inner man to convert into knowledge and character.

Every field of society, each experience, has its own special lesson to convey to man's consciousness, and the experience keeps repeating itself until man has learned his lesson—has made that lesson a part of himself; then, that particular kind of experience drops away from him and he reaches out for, or rather attracts, other experiences.

Each and every experience is therefore a *natural* thing for the individual at that particular point of his evolution, and his way of receiving the lesson of it—his ac-

Take Notice.

FOR many reasons, which will be explained later, the editor of this magazine has decided to establish his colony in California; that is, should the tour of investigation soon to be undertaken prove to be as satisfactory as expected.

The writer is perfectly satisfied, after nearly eight months' residence in Arkansas that California is a more desirable locality for his specific purposes, namely, the growing of semi-tropical fruits and nuts.

Arkansas is perfectly glorious in many ways and we greatly regret that a change seems advisable, for we came here with the full determination of establishing and building up a great industry.

So the little hitches in the organization of the new Path-Finder company have come in the light of a blessing in disguise, since the coming to this decision has made all ways clear for future action. Recent developments have made this doubly certain.

So, friends, we shall soon surrender our offices here and establish them in Sacramento, the beautiful Capital of California, until everything is in complete readiness for colony applicants.

In conformity with these plans no mail of any kind should be addressed to the Arkansas office later than April 10th—this month. After that address everything—personal letters to the undersigned and others to The Path-Finder Pub. Co., Sacramento, Cal.

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE.

tion in connection with it—is not to be decried as *unnatural*, for that also depends upon the progress he has made—upon the ability to put his knowledge into practical every day use.

Many individuals have gained theoretical knowledge, yet are unable to put it into practice; this is a very common error on the part of humanity, and by the unthink-

ing ones this is often stigmatized as “unnaturalness,” “deceitfulness,” and so forth; in reality this inability to apply our knowledge in our daily life, arises from a fault in judgement and will power; the development of these have not kept pace with the other faculties.

It requires rare discrimination to pass correct judgements upon man's conduct—it takes a Master's hand to unravel the tangled web of our lives and find the original cause of the present action; therefore it is always wise to remember that each individual has his own characteristics, and whatever the action be upon which we are passing judgement, that action is a perfectly *natural* one under that *particular* condition, and is neither to be unduly lauded nor decried.

Every activity, each thought of man is *natural*; for that activity, or thought, is the *natural* expression of that plane of his “Being” to which it belongs.

Whenever anything seems *unnatural* to us, it is because we have either passed beyond the state where that thing is natural, or have not yet reached it.

Every one leads a “natural life”—*natural* either to his higher or lower nature, and the real point at issue is, which God is finding his natural expression in our lives?

When man lives solely to gratify his desires and passions, he is making a “god” of his lower nature, and is thus leading an unnatural life—unnatural to the highest and best in him.

Selfishness, jealousy, hatred, uncharitableness, are all attributes of man's lower nature, and until man learns to exercise the attributes of his Higher Self—such as love, faith, hope, charity, etc.—he cannot attain to the higher levels, or gain the consciousness of the “God Within”—the *I am*.

L. DUNNING JOHNSTONE.

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Thoughts and Epistles of a "Hayseed."

BY CHAS. A. OLIVA.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

The higher organization and more perfected physical structures of the human family, has created its metaphysical existence, and is the gateway to the yet unfathomed depths of the infinite workings of the Universe.

The higher development of man's material existence above that of all the other animate beings, is then the cause of that subtle attribute which enables him to harmonize and deal with the mysterious and wonderful forces of the unseen.

A cause sets man to thinking, which creates effects that become new causes and so on indefinitely. So that the little beginning grows and expands in all directions, and man has entered upon the endless path that leads him through all the intricate works of the Universe and is made acquainted with all its phases and laws as he moves onward.

Applying the phrases, "Cause" and "Effect," to nature's law of transformation, it becomes obvious that the meaning thus caused to be conferred upon them, makes them the greatest factors of the Universe. They are inter-related and form the double endless chain encompassing all the phenomena of the entire Universe. For there is no cause without an effect and no effect without a cause; and as every cause has an effect, each effect again becomes a new cause of a subsequent new effect, and so on through all the steps of metamorphosis, till the complete circuit is made, be it little or great, to again and again be retraced, indefinitely, along its endless form.

The entire Universe, in its natural performance of its work, may be attributed to cause and effect.

The sun, with its system of major and minor celestial bodies with their satellites, and the comets, all of which are under its care and guidance, by virtue of its attraction and dissemination of light and heat, exemplify this truth in making up this great domain, known as the solar system. The other planetary systems of the boundless space, and last, the space itself with its laws, all are held in association as a single unit by the harmonious powers and laws of the Universe.

The same truths are manifest in the

lesser causes and effects confined to the more local material and immaterial phenomena of our own sphere and our own creation. The geological changes wrought by cause and effect—the rotundity of the earth; its law of motion and attraction; its primary land and water bodies; the mountains, valleys, plains, rivers, lakes and islands; the gaseous ocean enveloping all; manifesting itself in the winds, tornadoes and cyclones; carrying and distributing the water element to all quarters, to make possible and help sustain all the physiological manifestations; the strata of various earthly formations; the ores from which the numerous metals are derived, which, through man's created cause and effect, are useful and valuable; the mineral acids, oils and gases; the physiographical changes of the earth by the water, wind, heat and magnetism; the volcanoes, earthquakes, geysers and springs. Then we may note the physiological existence of plant and animal life, as we follow along the wide range of cause and effect. The many kinds and forms of both plants and animals; the mutual relation of the vegetable and animal kingdoms; their dependence upon each other and of both upon the mineral kingdom; their laws of perpetuation and evolution; their changes from their origin through life, death and reincarnation; their uses and values to man, the highest exponent of the Universal creative life force. Then we may trace the law of sustenance and growth of all of these. The climatic and soil conditions favorable to the various kinds of plants and animals; the habits of the different species of animals living on land and in the water; their classification and sub-classification; etc., etc. The study of the origin and advancement of man; his innumerable and still growing and multiplying attributes—as thought and language and their effects—as skill, invention, science and art and their effects; and so on almost indefinitely. The physiological functions of man—the mind and senses; digestion and assimilation of food; circulation and respiration; the classification of the different parts and organs with their offices; etc. Every cause and effect from the whole body down to the cell and *vice versa*.

So nothing exists, moves or changes, without cause and effect. From the universe down to the atom; from the whole physiological body down to the cell; from the material to the immaterial. The lightening's flash, the thunder's clash, the barking of a dog, the mosquito's hum or the beating of a drum; the mountain peak, the canon below, the soaring bird, the river's flow, the burning fire, the freezing water, the fragrant flower, the stately oak, the sailing vessel, the puffing locomotive, the subtle thought or the forming of a new idea; the endless time, the boundless space, the falling apple, the rising smoke, the sweetness of sugar, the beautiful rainbow and man's wonderful powers. These all, as well as everything else that man can conceive or be conscious of, together with the things he has not yet reached, have their causes and effects someway or somewhere.

But I do not wish to tell all about cause and effect—to exhaust a subject as broad as the Universe—for two plain and simple causes. First: I can't. Second: It would take volumes upon volumes to enter into details in discussing the innumerable phases that make up the complete functions of the laws of the Universe, concerning their origin and results and including, as it does, all that is known and also yet unknown to man.

I shall be content if I can originate a little cause, whose exponent, whatever it may be, will be an effect for the better.

Man needs not to worry about the causes and effects of the functions of the Universe. To have to oil the axis of the earth or remove any obstructions along its highway encircling the sun; to watch that the moon does not slip too many cogs in making its changes; to note that each star is hung upon the proper peg and is supplied with enough lighting material to keep up its little twinkle; to see that the water does not run up hill; the volcanoes do not become extinct; the force of gravity does not become overtaxed; etc.

Though man is a part of the Universe—the same force that rules it, animating his physical body—and has great powers that he does not always recognize, he needs not to bother much about many things outside of himself, only to note that they are manifestations of nature and her laws.

But as regards all causes and effects

concerning man's physical and metaphysical functions, he has them at his absolute disposal. To create any kind at his will. For his advancement or retrogression; growth or disintegration; goodness or wickedness; happiness or unhappiness; health or sickness; joy or sorrow; peace or war; contentment or discontentment; perfection or imperfection; etc. For man is a rational and creative being and accomplishes and *can* accomplish anything by his thoughts, providing they are brought into manifestation.

There is a general cause for every thought and a special cause for every kind of thought; and the effects produced by each, may likewise be classified. Then they become causes of the next step in the natural law of evolution. From the little, the great may be attained; from the low plane a higher one can be reached. In fact all the evil and unpleasant conditions may be overcome by simply following the expansive teaching of cause and effect.

While it may sometimes seem that man recedes, it is only when he loses sight of the truths that are ever laid before him, or is not satisfied to go on and stops to get some experience.

But to advance, is to heed and follow the path of cause and effect, which is the natural process of all higher growth.

The first and last possession, and at all times, of every person, should be a sound body in order to grow a sound mind—to be in health or normal. That is the possession that makes all else possible. But man is prone to let outside elements allure him from his own. He becomes a slave to the physical appetites and instead of marking his achievements with a temple of perfection, he marks it with ruins.

All the mechanical and mental wonders that man has performed, were probably intended for his betterment, comfort, pleasure and profit; yet they caused him to forget his own. So man chases after some outside material gain and fails to note the causes and effects of his violation of nature's laws by ignoring them.

And so, when man thinks that he possesses everything and can enjoy life, he finds that he is a bankrupt physically and mentally and has made a dismal failure as the effect. It has almost ever been thus and is about time to adjust. Study Cause and Effect.

Personified Ignorance.

BY J. E. RULLISON, M. D.

VARIOUS FORMS OF DEATH.

DEATH by Mental Delusion and Medical Science. Contract a disease that some regular medical faker says is caused by microbes. Go hughouse. Then take plenty of drugs and poison; such as opium, morphine, chloral hydrate, calomel, quinine coal-tar products and antitoxine.

Death by Surgical Operation. This form is quite easy under chloroform. Is very "popular" and gives to the operator a fat fee. Therefore, it is very necessary to be done under almost any and all circumstances and conditions.

Death by Fear of what is not a Fact. Get a health (death) board scare, which will put all the gossips to wagging their tongues about the terrible calamity that is in the neighborhood, or is liable to come there; and all the mee-to's in the locality will "catch on" and be ready for a bleeding of purse, and to shuffle off through mere fear of what is not existing only in the mind, or is brought about by the "misdirection" of the mind.

Death from Consumption. Feeding the body beyond its power to use food. To be consumed and have your life crushed out by the filth you have collected within your body. Eat more (in order to hurry the death along), even when you cannot really digest anything. Call in a doctor, who will tell you to eat more to keep up your strength (when eating has really taken it away), and have him give you some creosote (which will eat away what live tissue you have left) and some cod liver oil, just for a cod, which had better be used for the greasing of wagons; then die, and drop easily into a pine box, after you have avoided fresh air at home, and have been to Colorado, and have worn much clothing. After this, your friends and the preacher can say that a kind Providence has been all-wise in removing you from these material realms; when, in fact, your own habits and advisors are the cause of your passing away.

Death by Industrial and Economic disease. Such as degenerate Politicians give you. Vote the Republican or Dem-

ocratic ticket (both same thing), which will give you a condition of slavery that can be depended upon, and which will be a little better or a little worse all the time—mostly worse. Then worry and toil and struggle and kick, never charging up your condition to the real cause—Government by capitalists. Slow death. But a sure one.

Death from Lack of Understanding. Eat, drink and be merry in your drunkenness, both from foods and liquids. Fill up chuck full—of any old thing that you can get. Gorge until you fall over with paralysis or apoplexy while on a visit or attending a governmental inaugural. Just eat, eat, eat and drink, drink, drink, and smoke, chew, smoke. Fill up and keep full. Read the calamities in the newspapers. Listen to the wail of the preacher who upholds the profit system. Vote a party ticket. Go to church. Skin your neighbor for gain. Pray with him on Sunday, and rob him in a deal on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday. Be an idol worshipper. Look up to some imp of the devil (selfishness) for the salvation of your soul, for you expect "good things" to come from without yourself instead of from within yourself. Live artificially. Borough up in a city, and "mix continually" in mind and action, with those who are on a physical mental and moral level with yourself. Cater to the mob (for policy sake), take a bath once a year and look out for drafts of air.

Disease. It's a fright. Caused by bad habits and misdirection of the mind. Don't monkey with it. Drive it away. Think nine times before you call a doctor once. Be natural. Get next to nature. Kill off conventionality. Chase out mortal thought. Chaff with yourself as to what you ought to do. Live in your head and by your head and not by somebody else's head.

MORAL—Dare to die even by a method that is not popular. Even by a natural death from old age and worn out powers. Renounce the trappings of a rotten, perverted, abnormal and artificial social society, and you may stand a chance of having life yet in this material kingdom.

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I can hardly find words to express to you my appreciation of "The Secret of Human Unfoldment." It is a Giant in Brains, if not in size, and when I look into your face it brings such a feeling of inspiration, and I *know* now, that you are a man after my own heart, "The most glorious thing in Life."—*George Horace Gale, Seattle, Wash.*

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