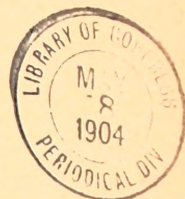


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Conable's

Path-Finder

The WORLD'S AD-
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PERFECT HEALTH
and PERPETUAL
ORPULENCE



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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.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., MAY, 1904

NUMBER 5

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By THE EDITOR

A Few Reasons.

THE EDITOR of this magazine might give a hundred valid reasons why it appeared best for him to remove to California, but a few will suffice at this time.

In the first place—and the principal reason for removal—Benton county, Arkansas, is not the fruit-growing district that we were led to believe it to be. There are some kinds of information that are not obtainable in some sections of the country until after one has spent all the money the inhabitants think he possesses. This was the case with the writer in Arkansas. When the people think your money is all gone then it is easy enough to get on the inside of almost any proposition.

In the matter of fruit-growing in the portion of Arkansas in which I resided, if one secures one good, full crop in three or four years he is doing exceedingly well. This is all that is expected. Many years, as evidenced by last season, the entire crop of everything was an entire failure, and when I came away on the 8th day of April, a blizzard was raging that was likely to repeat the experiences of the previous year. There is so much warm winter weather that the fruit buds are pushed just forward enough to be nipped by the hard frosts which invariably come there during the spring month of April—clear up to the 1st of May. For this reason, and some others, nearly every native farmer there has his property for sale. Hundreds sold out where it was possible and moved to the Territories during the fall and early spring, and they were still going in droves when I came away.

Another thing I discovered which was of considerable importance, hundreds of thousands of acres of both government and private lands, can be purchased all around the section I occupied for one-half the price I contracted to pay.

Another thing, the sudden changes of weather in the fall and winter from very hot to cold, wet conditions, produces more fatal cases of pneumonia than I have ever known before. Every week or so they have what the natives term "pneumonia weather." Many persons died during my stay in Arkansas of this dread affliction. It did not disturb me in the least personally, for I am proof against colds and other bodily afflictions, but many persons who were likely to join my colony had, perhaps, not yet builded themselves quite so strongly. Other diseases, such as typhoid fever, small-pox, etc., are very common in North-west Arkansas.

So I discovered, during my eight-months' residence in Arkansas, that I had made a mistake in going to that section for the purpose of establishing a colony on fruitarian lines. Many things were gloriously beautiful, as I have often stated, and I became wonderfully attached to the woods, the springs, the flowers and the birds, and all these I found impossible to leave behind without experiencing many moments of sorrow and regret. But there were other considerations of deeper moment and they took precedence over everything else.

So, here I am in California, where I expect to tarry the remaining portion of my earthly pilgrimage, and should this section of the great universe prove as profitable and beneficial

along my lines of work as I am expecting. I may start in here again at the beginning of the next reincarnation. I am sure to lie down in a perpetual bed of roses, in the shadows of these glorious wide-sreading palms, with a million sweet-scented odors struggling for precedence and a giant golden navel orange in each hand, is quite sufficient for me to contemplate in one breath, so I will draw the line here for the present.

Soon as I am permanently located in my new home where I can receive friends, I shall so announce, and shall be glad to welcome every Path-Finder reader in California and elsewhere.

Our Gethsemane

A BELOVED FRIEND, well along in the possession of knowledge which makes full-grown men and women of us all, in a personal letter to the editor, touches upon an important phase incident to our higher growth which will doubtless interest many Path-Finder readers:

"Last night in my wakefulness the thought flashed on me, what do I want of a salvation that does not save after all? If it is only a temporary affair and cannot stand the pressure of a great need, what good can it accomplish as a permanency? And then, and then I told myself, I wanted that which could not, would not fail me in moments of peril, although they came like a flaming sword and unexpected.

"Conable, do you understand me?

"It is terrible to think of methods of living that produce a super-sensitive condition where you read as an open page the thoughts and motives all around you; see and feel the stab and sting intended for you, but to which all others are blind and deaf.

"Standing, as it were, on the vortex of hell, while all about you are the victims of race belief clutching to drag you with themselves to a deeper depth, and to which you will surely topple at times unless anchored by a perfect self-poise, is the compensation commensurate with the suffering entailed? And this is the necessary poise: To see and feel

and know these things better by far than the individuals themselves and yet live a glad and joyous life. Can this be done? I aver it can, even in the isolation of aloneness.

"All things are possible with God. With an awakened super-consciousness we see the dividing line. One side is light and Infinite love over-shadows and infills you, while on the other hand are the conditions Wilson and others are holding up to the people. Can they, can you, can any one live on those lines without their Gethsemanies and Calvarys and Crosses? Can I do it? No!

"All are perfect in their generation. Premature births are dangerous. Those who hunger and thirst shall find. Those who have ears to hear will listen.

"The moaning of the oncoming tempest reaches us at the same time the shimmering of a brighter dawn is visible."

There is one point in the solution of the problem of life which some of our friends fail to consider. I refer now more particularly to the super-sensitive condition induced by the mode of life and living which is taught and contended for in the columns of this magazine and my other publications.

This question is often propounded to me: Why is it that those who seem to be living the most perfect and God-like lives are so often the victims of conditions and environments which bring them to the very threshold of a real Gethsemane?

The pure in mind and thought—the true Christian of this earth plane—is building rapidly, though in most cases unconsciously to the physical senses, for that growth which must ultimately bring the Divine life into a perfected encasement, and hence all necessary (necessary to the Ego) material experiences that it is possible to crowd into one physical body are brought to the individual that they be gotten rid of. Am I understood? I wish to make this point plain, for it explains a world of things that are troubling the good people of this earth plane.

A perfected encasement for the Divine life is the ultimate necessity. The sooner this perpetual encasement is found the sooner will the Divine life,

or Ego, be relieved from further material experiences. A physical habitation that is in possession of a physical consciousness that breathes forth thoughts only of purity and love, is available for the concentration of material experiences that would otherwise require hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years to pass through. Now, is this made clear?

Thus are the pure in mind and heart made to bear the greatest physical burdens of sorrow and pain that are inflicted on the race. In the process of concentration and right living which some of us are indulging in, while we are building steadily stronger—vastly stronger—for the future, still we are drawing to us an accumulation of physical griefs and burdens for this one body to dissipate that ordinarily would require centuries to pass through.

You say, is this worth while—is the recompense commensurate with the cost? It is—a thousand fold greater, since what good is an imperfect physical structure to us or any one else? A little suffering or pain brought to this physical consciousness is insignificant when compared with the pain and suffering the Inner Self is forced to endure while housed in an imperfect encasement—and this Inner life is really the one that should be taken into serious consideration, since without it there is no life at all.

A recent case which came under my personal observation leads me to discourse more fully on this subject at this time than I otherwise would.

I have my doubts if there is a person in this country outside the acknowledged Adepts, who is more highly developed along psychic and spiritual lines than the one I am now referring to. Then why did not this person protect herself from the visitation of the terrible experiences which recently befell her?

The experiences which came to this woman would have terminated fatally had she been less highly unfolded Spiritually—had it not been possible for the Inner Self to come to the rescue through her highly perfected physical structure. The Ego will never leave a body that is clean and reasonably strong physically. It cannot be forced out of such a body permanently no matter how desirous the physical con-

sciousness may be for such withdrawal. This woman was saved on two separate distinct occasions within five days of each other after all preparations had been completed. With the second failure the truth flashed on her physical perceptions which had been temporarily clouded over by her great mental anguish, that it was impossible for her to compel the Ego to withdraw; that many more experiences were to be crowded into her physical body before the Divine entity could be induced to depart—a fact which this woman had been cognizant of for several years and one which had often been the subject of discussion with the writer. With any and every attempt to lay aside the physical at this stage of growth the Inner Self would come to the rescue and prevent the actual consummation of the physical plans. The God-power within this physical structure could find outward expression because of the physical purity of the body and the spiritual purity of the mind, hence no physical force or power could intervene to deprive it of its present abiding place.

Another thing, this woman had been laboring for several years for the establishment of harmonious conditions all around her. This very act, persisted in as it was, forced the culmination, one upon the other in quick succession, of a series of tragic and semi-tragic events which would have crushed many a stouter heart; but the results are now on the surface—not perceptible at this moment to everyone—but there is a discernable beginning to the establishment of such harmonious conditions for all directly concerned as could not have been brought about in any other way.

So, a world of experiences necessary to the Divine entity inhabiting this physical structure, were crowded into a few weeks; and so it is with all those who are trying—and measurably succeeding—to live pure and wholesome lives and bring the physical en rapport with the spiritual—the Gethsemane, the Cross—come thick and fast until the physical burden seems too great to bear.

As indicated in the quotation above, in the process of right living we all develop wonderfully acute sensibilities. We know all that is going on around us—hear, see, feel and smell our friends

and neighbors; know what they are saying and thinking concerning us. At times when listening to unkind remarks and adverse criticisms, we are grieved, but when we reflect that unkind thoughts emanate in the brain only of those who are manifesting purely on a physical plane in harmony with themselves, then comes the moment of self-congratulation that a Brighter Light has already come within the scope of our vision, and all heartaches vanish with the mists.

But, aside from all the griefs and sorrows and heartaches that come to us when in search of the ripened golden fruits of a cleaner, purer and more wholesome life, there are rewards which compensate us in the fullness of all our aspirations. They are not always discernable at the moment to our expectant vision, but they never fail us when the crucial test is made.

The Riddle of the Universe.

A CALIFORNIA FRIEND propounds to me what she is pleased to term "The Riddle of the Universe," and then assumes that I am competent to solve the problem. I am in pretty much of a rush just now getting ready to make California my future home, to wrestle very long with abstruse propositions bearing on the "mysterious" ways of Providence; but I shall answer the question just the same, and without "going into the silence." This is the "riddle:"

"We are One with the Divine life; proceed from and return to Divinity; are the objective manifestations of the subjective spiritual mainstream, as it were. We pass through earthly lives in order to gain experience and learn to live aright, etc. Of what use is experience to Divinity? Why should perfection stoop to mundane experiences and slowly evolve to perfection again? If evolution is inevitable, what is the use of conscious effort toward the highest? I know that virtue is its own reward, but cannot answer the other questions. Can anybody? Go into the silence and give us all the results."

Yes, we are One with the Divine

life, proceeding from and returning to Divinity—from which we were never separated.

Divinity (the Creative Force) is constantly sending out what may be termed infinitesimal Divine Sparks. These Sparks first find lodgment within the smallest and crudest of atomic cells on the earth plane. Every atom of every planetary system not in its "sleeping" stages, is filled with these rays of Divine light which never die, but which grow and expand and enlarge and evolve with experiences whilst meandering through the ages—passing through every phase of material life from the crudest mineral state up to the highest in the animal kingdom, and so on to godhood—perfection in the world of harmony.

This Divine Spark of Eternal Life when first thrown off from the Creative Center, is the Life Germ of Infinite Creative Power. It is the force that fills everything with life. It is the force and power that makes alive all that there is or ever will be. But it is susceptible of growth, of expansion, of enlargement—unconscious in the beginning, but finally becoming conscious through the medium of its natural growth and experiences.

Like all the Universal creative germs of life, there must be some form through which this Divine life may find manifestation—either in the so-called mineral, vegetable or animal stages of material development. There must be a material encasement, as it were, through which this Divine life may find expression—outward expression—along the lines of its growth and unfoldment, and each Spark sent out from the Creative Center finds a cell or atom of some kind in the molecular stage to which it is attracted and through which its living presence is made manifest. Every Divine Spark must have a body of its own that will correspond to its requirements in its line of growth and unfoldment. Such body may be held intact for but a few moments, a few hours, a few months or many years, the withdrawal taking place soon as the material encasement becomes uninhabitable—and so on throughout all time. Soon as a material atom or body is created (or born into the world) that moment does a Divine Spark of life enter it, else there would be no life whatever.

Did not a Divine life—Ego—enter the body of the babe at birth, there would be no further animation of the little physical structure. Life up to this point has been made possible because the child was a part of the mother's physical structure and was fed, so to speak, by the Divine entity within the mother.

So, while all life is a part of the Infinite and of Divine origin, there must be experiences all along the line of growth, for these Divine Sparks sent out from the Creative Center must all find their way through all forms of material growth up to the most Exalted Heights. It is the Divine life that grows and demands constantly a more perfect encasement through which to find expression; and this is the reason we should all strive to perfect our physical bodies—make them more habitable so the highest embodiment of Divine Creative Energy may find expression through them. Not that the Egos now inhabiting our bodies will be displaced and others of a higher order take their place in the presence of greater physical perfection; but physical man is now the highest type of material expression—constructed in response to the ever-present demand on the part of the Divine life for a more perfect avenue through which to find expression. This is all tending toward ultimate perfection and the highest unfoldment of both the physical and spiritual.

The more highly developed structure of animal man—in compliance with the demands of the more completely unfolded Divine life (Ego) is in possession of a conscious consciousness—a knowledge which enables us to understand the demands and requirements of the Divine life within. Being in possession of this knowledge—or being so highly evolved as to comprehend the requirements of the Spirit within—we must obey or suffer the consequences, which means the retarding of our growth.

The whole proposition is a simple one when once the mind grasps it.

There is the evolution of the Divine Spark from the moment that it is cast forth from the Creative Center, which is the center whence springs all vibratory action. It must be understood that all created things are simply expressions in some form of vibratory action

and that the vibrations—or Sparks of Life sent forth from the Universal Creative Center—never die—life is Eternal with them, and they go on evolving unto Godhood.

The mission of these Divine Sparks, sent forth from the Infinite, is to assist in the Universal work of creating perfection everywhere; and no matter what the experiences along this great evolutionary highway, a perfect record of every event and every experience is kept on the tablet of memory, never to be forgotten. In possession of a perfectly constructed physical body all the wisdom in possession of this Divine Inner Self is made available.

We—our highly evolved physical structures—are given an opportunity to understand all these things that we may profit thereby. The also highly evolved Egos inhabiting these bodies are constantly trying to impress us with the importance of making a way for the Divine manifestation—in other words, that this mighty power may tell its story through us and give outward expression to the stored-up wisdom acquired through its hundreds of millions of years of experiences—ever since it was cast forth as a single vibrant ray to do the Creator's work.

Shall we not heed the warning—the passionate appeal that so often comes to our physical senses from within? But few of us are doing this. But few of us are opening the way for the expression of this wonderful knowledge of which the Inner Self is possessed.

Soon the Divine Life will be forced to withdraw again and await the signal that calls it to further experiences on the material plane. Every enforced withdrawal from a physical habitation on the plane of consciousness, brings tears and sorrow to the Spirit. It is here that harmonious physical perfection should meet and clasp hands in unity with its only Soul Mate.

The Strife in the Far East.

IS THIS the beginning of a world war—this present strife between Russia and Japan in the far East? It looks that way.

Is this present war between the great animal Russia and the little occult Japan a war to the death for the ultimate perpetuation of a priest-ridden, meat-

soaked dynasty to rule the world, or for the establishment and growth of a clean, progressive, spiritual-minded race of people throughout the world? We shall see.

Russia's hope has long been to get such a foothold in China as to gradually seize that country—seize it before China can possibly supply herself with munitions of war for self-defense. Russia in possession of China, Japan's little island would become comparatively easy prey. So Japan entered a protest when Russia took possession of Manchuria, a Chinese province, and began fortifying. Russia repeatedly promised Japan to evacuate Manchuria, but instead of keeping her obligation Russia continued to not only maintain her present holdings, but began the extension of her lines farther into Chinese territory.

Japan's interests are practically identical with those of China and in the interest of protecting her own commerce and governmental stability and integrity, Japan must now fight, and if any one thinks she isn't fighting or doesn't know how to fight, let him tread on her toes.

But Japan is naturally a peaceful nation. Her customs and modes of living all tend to make her people peacefully inclined, at the same time stimulating and building up the higher faculties of resourcefulness in intellect and indomitable courage. So Japan will put up the biggest and most scientific fight of any nation on earth, and if she is left to do the job single-handed with Russia there will not be enough left of the Czar's dominion to lubricate the stub tail of the retreating bear.

But back of all this there is another motive conspicuously hidden behind the veil of religious dogmatic supremacy. The same mind is at work which has stained the world with more blood than has ever been shed in all of the other tragedies in the world's history. It is the same mind, in a little different garb, that conspired to induce the fiendish Turks to massacre the innocent Armenians; but it is useless to enter into specifications; the records of the world drip with innocent human life blood and anyone in possession of even mediocre perceptive faculties knows where the responsibility lies.

This same element referred to thought the proper time had arrived to

take the initiatory steps during the recent trouble with China, not dreaming that the United States possessed sufficient diplomatic boldness to demand that there should be no parceling out of Chinese territory in the indemnity settlement with the powers, and she established a precedent herself by agreeing to accept silver and a promise to pay. Because of this bold stand China's domain was preserved intact, but all the foreign powers with the exception of England and Japan were furious and they have not got over it. You see our little play on the water with Spain put several bees in the bonnets of the Russian bear, the Austrian groundhog, et cetera.

While on the outward face of this proposition the struggle appears to be for the protection and maintenance of military and commercial interests, yet underlying it all there are the secret workings of a mighty religious power to undermine the fabric of free, intelligent and progressive citizenship. So long as the world can be kept in ignorance and serfdom, just so long will the reign of the bandit classes, under the guise of religion, thrive and revel in the fullness of their lecherous modes of living. In the presence of intelligence and enlightenment as vouchsafed by the free school system of this country, there must surely come to the masses a higher order of citizenship, followed by prosperous, contented lives.

* * *

There is going to soon be a world war, the prime object being to subdue the United States before we become too powerful to make the undertaking impossible. The United States is the home of progress and modern enlightenment, hence we are doomed—so 'tis said; but the history of all past ages, in a contest between mind and matter, proves the fallacy of any such conclusion. But the ignorant in all stages of growth have to "be shown."

The instigators of the impending supreme effort to dwarf this country into serfdom, little comprehend the magnitude of the undertaking, still we must give them credit for farsightedness as evidenced in the stupendous magnitude of their preparations and in their ability to induce others not their allies to stand the brunt of the physical effort.

The struggle now on between Russia

and Japan is the beginning of this world war. There may be a few temporary injections of semi-peace conditions, but this is really the inception of the great strife.

But the wreckers have waited too long—have passed the hour when success was made possible. In their zeal to have everything in complete readiness, many things have been overlooked. The Universal law governing cause and effect is still on the Statute Books and others have been putting themselves in readiness for the supreme moment.

The interests of the United States and Japan are identical in many ways. The interests of Japan and China are analogous in many respects. Japan is a warm friend of the United States and vice versa. China is under lasting obligations to the United States for protecting her life in a supreme emergency. The commercial and other interests between the United States and Great Britain are also closely wedded and interwoven.

These are all allied interests and when the supreme moment comes, look out for hospital stewards and nurses for the aggressive foe. We will take care of ourselves.

During the progress of this world strife for supremacy many interests will be involved. All the Latin races will be our enemies, for here it is, among these, that the "inspired" word of destruction and annihilation will find its birth. Indeed, it is already born and the edict is traveling fast.

Our Latin-American friends at the south of us will be inclined to take a hand in this struggle—soon as they think they see an opportunity to loot; but, as a friend recently wrote me he told these people, when Uncle Sam gets heady to take in this territory he will send a small naval detachment down there with guns loaded with epson salts instead of powder and clean the whole thing up. Central and South America are in quite as much need of a General Butler as was New Orleans.

But let them come—everybody from everywhere—we will take care of them. The cyclic period of housecleaning is upon us anyway and if we are delegated to take a hand at the mop we will at least do the job creditably to ourselves.

So let us have this world war—the

sooner the better for civilized mankind.

And God will also be pleased.

"Ante-Mortem" Remarks.

I AM certainly glad I went to Arkansas even if I do find it more advantageous to locate permanently elsewhere. It gave me a personal opportunity to become familiar with climatic and other conditions; with the people, business methods, etc., and I am free to admit that nowhere have I ever come in contact with more hospitable and courteous citizens and business men than I found in all the communities surrounding my home.

In the little city of Rogers especially are all the people and business men courteous and hospitable. Senator Blackburn was most kind and accommodating in many ways. I found him to be a gentleman of high order and most exemplary citizenship, and I desire to here thank him for his many courtesies. So I give the Senator a most cordial parting salute and wish him unbounded success in all his undertakings.

Among other business men in Rogers to whom I am under obligations are the editors of the Journal, the Democrat and the Republican, and in Bentonville to the editors of the Sun and Democrat. These newspaper men have all shown me many favors that are highly appreciated and will always be remembered. Also in Rogers among the business representatives to whom I am under obligations are both the private banking houses, the firms of Walker & Son, grocers: the Rogers Hardware Co.; the Bryant Hardware Co. and others. I want to mention, too, Brother Cady, the postmaster, and his most efficient and accommodating assistants. Bro. Cady is as good as unalloyed gold and as courteous as he is good. May he be postmaster all the days of his life if he wishes to be, and then at the end, when he is summoned across the great "Bridge of Sighs," or Joys—it matters not which—may there be a special delivery service in waiting where missives of love and good fellowship only are interchanged.

Then there are Carl A. Starck and Col. Harvey, of Monte Ne, who are among the most progressive citizens in this section and are doing a great work

both for themselves and the community at large in the direction of building up and beautifying a large area of virgin country.

An evening's outing on the beautiful lagoon in front of Col. Harvey's hotel, seated in a gondola with a real Venetian piloting it gently in angles across the ceaseless flow of the crystal spring waters, with soft, mellow lights clothed in picturesque Japanese attire, ever peeping in and out of the half-hidden crevices and vieing for supremacy with the little animate life whose presence is ever in the shadows save when the tell-tale crimson glow beneath each wing reveals its hiding place; with a vocal colored quartette and instrumental orchestra whose melodies flirted almost boisterously with the moon-lit ripples and silvery-bronzed water-cress clustering in groups beneath the liquid surface—all under the star-bedecked canopy of the great Universe! Was this not a feast for the gods? Well, this was the seductive reception on my first introduction to Col. Harvey and it came near making a dreamer of me; it did for the moment; but with the awakening of the gray dawn: with the flashlights from Apollo vainly struggling to kiss my pillow, I again awoke to the contemplation of things sublunary and the spell was broken. Still I shall ever hold in cherished memory Col. Harvey and his Venetian gondola.

Around the Arkansas home of the writer and contiguous thereto are many splendid, plain, most hospitable people—all ever ready and anxious to do every one a good turn. There is Postmaster Key at Key, who also conducts a nice, clean little grocery store. I found him to be a thorough gentleman and a most excellent neighbor, striving always to do the square thing by everybody.

Coming over to War Eagle, another little village near by, we find Brother Crossman, proprietor of the local flouring mills, whose flour has become famous near and far. Mr. Crossman is an Iowa man. He needs no other recommendation.

Then when I had a moment to spare after driving to the mill, I was always tempted to call on "Uncle Sammy" Burke and his good wife. Mr. and Mrs. Burke are the salt of the earth and as warm-hearted and hospitable as the midday sun which throws its

golden beams through the clusters of trellaced roses about the spacious porch of this typical Southern home. I had expected some day to ask Mr. and Mrs. Burke to let me take a picture of them and their home for my magazine, but this pleasure is now denied me.

There are many other friends near by of whom I would like to make personal mention, but I must hasten on, lingering just long enough to shake hands with my personal friend, John Polk, of Avoca. I knew Mr. Polk through correspondence before coming to Arkansas and the personal acquaintance since my arrival but adds to the high opinion already formed. Mr. Polk is on the right road. He is a growing man. Peace to his Soul.

* * *

And so this day I find more sunshine in my heart than ever before. There is not even a shadow of unkind feeling lingering about me toward a single human being in Arkansas or anywhere else. If any person has indulged in unkind thoughts or critical verbal observations, it is all right. We all grow more rapidly in the presence of adverse criticism. It stimulates us to greater efforts to do our best and shine just as brightly as possible. So I am at peace with all the world and I am reveling in the harmony such a state of mind enforces.

* * *

Many of the business men of Rogers and elsewhere have been free to state repeatedly that the write-ups which I have given this section in the columns of this magazine have been of a thousand times more benefit than all other advertising combined during the past twenty years. If this statement is true, and those who profess to know say that it is, then I have certainly done something for the State—for this section in particular—that will not soon be forgotten, at least by those through whose veins flows the spirit of equity and fairness. I am certainly leaving much more than I am taking away.

* * *

But the Path-Finder home in Arkansas is now a thing of the past. When this issue reaches its destination the writer will in all probability be seated at his desk in the beautiful city of Los Angeles, either planning for the future or making more copy for the Path-finder.

Still, I am more than pleased that I have seen and known this portion of the world. I am now better equipped with valuable information for use in the future.

All the other members of Path-Finder home are also gone.

Chas. A. Oliva and Reba Benjamin were recently married and will make their future home in Kansas.

Mr. Benjamin, who has ever been a faithful helper wherever duty called him, will reside with his married daughter in Topeka, Kas.

Mrs. Benjamin is with friends in Colorado, where she is being restored to health.

And so we, all of us, who recently cast our fortunes among you, dear Arkansas friends, are now separated like the four winds of heaven and stationed on different portions of the globe, each with his duty or her duty to perform—each striving for the attainment of a higher and nobler conception of all of life's obligations.

Shall we meet again? May be. Here in the flesh? Possibly--or at the foot of the Jasmine over yonder, in the silent White City of the inanimate.

Manners Make the Man.

IT IS a very rare thing that we do any "scissor" editorial work in this magazine, but the following article on the subject of proper manners among boys and young men, appearing as an editorial in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, is so good and so pertinent in all walks of life, that we cheerfully give it space. All mothers and fathers may read this article with profit. It is one of the very best along these lines that has come under our observation:

"The world judges a man by his manner and manners. And in the long run the judgment is true, since a man cannot conceal or disguise himself. Sooner or later he will be found out for what he really is and receive the reward which is his due. By their manners, as well as by their fruits, they shall be known.

"Does the young man see the importance of manners? Is he aware that manner is the key whereby the secret of his character is unlocked? If so he will improve his character, that he may be what he wishes to seem, for do what he will his seeming will re-

flect himself with enough accuracy and exactness to enable his fellow men to appraise him at something closely approximating his real value.

"The first thing for the boy to do who wants to cultivate a good manner is to avoid low thought. The higher the level of habitual thought the better his manner and manners will be and the better impression he will make. If a young man harbors petty personal resentment it will make his manner petulant, abrupt, vulgar. If he cultivates good humor, fellowship and kindness his manner insensibly but inevitably becomes conciliatory, considerate and winning. The one means failure, the other success.

"The habitual thought depends—aside from inherited qualities—upon the direction of the young man's interest. If he is intellectually interested in subjects petty, personal, narrow, his character, whatever the inherited quality may have been, will tend to become petty, personal, narrow and his manner will betray him. If he is intellectually occupied with the larger interests of his society or city, if he puts aside the merely personal and absorbs the life which is common to himself and his fellow man, he will become a larger, broader, more high-minded man and his manner will announce him in terms which cannot be misunderstood.

"This cultivation of the inner thought should be accompanied by a diligent study of the best models of manner.

"There are men who attract the favorable attention of everybody because of their ease and poise of manner. Let the boy watch such a man, note his behavior, his speech, the tone of his voice, each and every gesture and genuflection. Such men have a confident manner. They are sure of themselves and impress others with this assurance of self-reliance. Let the boy study this confident manner which is the sign of self-confidence. Why is the man self-confident? That takes you back to his inward thought and you may know that this is strong, because it is true and honest and developed by study and observation of men, things and ideas. Let the boy who wants to have a confident manner take care that his habitual thought is honest and let him observe men, things and ideas.

"An essential of good manner is gentleness. The well-mannered man is never abrupt or impatient in his speech or movements. A gentleman is quiet. (He can do this without losing the least bit of his boyish exuberance.) The man who is quiet is sure of himself. The man whose manner is kindly and gentle advertises himself as a friendly man. Confidence and kindness are mental conditions which appear in manner as habitual courtesy.

"Clothes are an important subsidiary of manners. The boy should wear clothes good as he can afford. But he must be neat, well brushed, clean. Soiled linen and bad manners are apt to be found together. The boy whose clothes are well brushed and shoes polished will meet with better success than will the boy who is careless in these particulars. But such matters are in the jurisdiction of common sense.

"The study of manners is the study of self, the study of self is the study of the world and knowledge of the world is success, because knowledge is power.

"When the boy starts out in life he has nothing but his manner to recommend him. Let him take care that it does not disparage him and depreciate his value. All his capital is invested in manners and he should see to it that they are good dividend-bearing manners.

"The earlier in life one begins this important study the better. But it is never too late to learn.

"In all the transactions of life manner is essential. It is often, perhaps in the vast majority of cases, the determining factor. When the youth enters the business man's office, the first thing the gentleman at the desk will observe will be his manners. If they are good he may be employed. If they are bad he is pretty sure to be told there is no vacancy. In selling and buying, traveling, wooing, in the office, in the theater, at home, abroad—everywhere, and everywhen—good manner is an ever-present help at the critical moment.

"As a man is, so he tends to seem, and as he seems so are his fortunes. Let the youth, therefore, be right and true and let his manners reflect this right and truth. So he will be a man and will receive a man's reward."

Insuring Longevity

THE following most interesting account of two Chicago men who are living along the lines taught by this magazine, is taken from the Record-Herald of that city, under date of March 26:

"Thirty days of fasting—and not even an appetite to show for it—is the experience of A. Louis Kuehmsted, follower of an ancient Persian cult, and who is treasurer of the Gregory Electric Company, 68 South Clinton street, and a resident of North Edgewater. Mr. Kuehmsted began to deny himself food on Feb. 24. Yesterday, therefore, was the thirtieth day of abstinence, but he may add another week or even a month or so for good measure. As Mr. Kuehmsted explained last night, he hasn't determined whether he will resume eating, and until the pangs of hunger begin to annoy him he will not worry over the matter.

"The cult which offers Mr. Kuehmsted spiritual food during his abstinence from the material, is said to be 150,000 years old. It teaches that if a person learns how to breathe properly food is not an absolute essential to existence.

"Another follower of the cult completed a twenty-five days' fast last Sunday, and says he feels better than when he left off eating a month ago. He is J. L. Doornheim, a janitor at 26 Van Buren street. Last fall Mr. Doornheim fasted for thirty days in hope of ridding his body of ills which he says followed forty years of improper living.

"When Mr. Kuehmsted began fasting he weighed 145 pounds. Now he weighs 115, and has somewhat hollow cheeks, although, he says, he hasn't missed even a part of a day from his desk. Formerly he was what might be called a good liver.

"I wanted to demonstrate to my satisfaction,' he explained, 'that there is something in life besides eating and drinking. A little hot water—and a very little—has been my diet for thirty days, and the first eight days of my fast I didn't take even a drop of water. Occasionally I would combine with the water a slight infusion of rose leaves or elderberry leaves. As soon as I begin eating solid food again I expect to regain my normal weight rapidly.'

Conable's Path-Finder

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE Editor

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"Compared to the treasurer of the electric company, the janitor has been a gourmand, having allowed himself such luxuries as sassatras and elderberry tea, varied by potions of parsley and roseleaf tea. When he wanted to give himself a real treat he chewed the sassafra leaves. Since Sunday Mr. Doornheim has been indulging in a little fruit and light vegetable lunches a day or two apart. He says he sees fifty years of life ahead of him, whereas a few years ago he thought he wouldn't live to be forty years old.

"Mr. Kuehmsted, who easily can afford three meals and an after-theater supper as well, says that under normal conditions he eats only one meal a day. It is a part of the philosophy that he and Janitor Doornheim follow that refraining from food allows the body to throw off the waste material it contains."

The Real Jiu-Jitsu.

THE JIU-JITSU is a form of physical and mental development which is generally regarded as the exclusive property of the Japanese, and it is only of late years that the secret methods of acquiring this wonderful physical prowess have been given to the public, and as it is it is understood that there are at least two "degrees" that cannot be had for love or money.

Two Japs are now in this country who are teaching the jiu-jitsu, as it is called, to President Roosevelt and others at the National capital. Concerning it a special correspondent to the New York World writes:

"The President has again taken up jiu-jitsu, and this time it is the real thing. His instructors are two Japanese who are masters in the art of doubling a man up in agony with a gentle punch of the thumb, or breaking an arm with the twist of the wrist.

"They are thin little fellows, with frail looking bodies, but they are bundles of steel. They were brought over from Japan by Samuel Hill, son-in-law of James J. Hill, who introduced them to the President. They had heard that Mr. Roosevelt had taken some lessons in jiu-jitsu from Prof. O'Brien two years ago and they asked him to let them show him what they could do.

"The President told Capt. Loeffler, his doorkeeper, to admit no callers, not even Senators or Cabinet members, and turned his office over to the Japs. Their exhibition caused Mr. Roosevelt to stop winking and gasp. They showed him what jiu-jitsu really is and they were engaged on the spot. The President is now spending an exceedingly strenuous hour with them on two afternoons a week and he always is promptly on hand, no matter what business has to be dropped.

"There are seven degrees in jiu-jitsu. The President's instructors have it up to the fifth degree, and Mr. Roosevelt intends to have all five of them.

"Jiu-jitsu really is the science of anatomy, wonderfully developed. It brings into play unheard of muscles and turns them all into steel, while superfluous flesh melts under the exercise like snow in a blast furnace. That is the feature that especially appeals to the President just now, as he weighs more than two hundred pounds.

"When the two Japs reached San Francisco one of them was matched against the champion heavy weight wrestler of the Pacific Coast, who stirred up the Japs by publicly declaring that jiu-jitsu was a useless fad and that the strength it was supposed to develop was theoretical or imaginary.

"The strangle hold, which is the terror of all wrestlers, was allowed in the contest. The Jap waited for the wrestler to get him into a good strangle hold; then the Jap pressed his chin into the arm that clinched his

neck, grasped his antagonist around the chest, tightened his muscles a bit and in a minute the wrestler rolled over in a faint, with the blood pouring from his nose and mouth.

"Then the Jap took on two big prize-fighters and quickly rendered

both of them helpless with a few lightning twists.

"With the two Japs is a Japanese woman, who is also an expert in the art, and she is teaching jiu-jitsu to a large class of Washington society women."

Dead Yesterdays

(THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE)

BY ERRANTE

CHAPTER VI.

[The first installment of "Dead Yesterdays" appeared in the January, 1904, issue of Conable's Path-Finder. Back numbers may be had on receipt of ten cents in silver per copy, or new subscribers may begin with the January issue if desired.]

Tho' the fields were as green as I ever have
seen,
Yet it was not my own native land.—OLD SONG.

ON OUR arrival at Panama another bare-footed detachment of Sons of Mars were drawn up to receive us and prevent our wandering into the city; a collection of silver water pitchers was taken up by the trainmen for the hotels in Aspinwall; tickets were examined by bustling employees of the Pacific Mail; baggage and south-bound passengers sorted out from the northbound, Castaneda, my guitarist friend, among the former, waiving me adieu from behind the line of soldiers. We were hustled aboard a tug and scows, and were soon on our way island-ward, admiring the receding tropical city, peeping over its crumbling sea wall, the major part of whose citizens in April, 1856,—a year after the conclusion of the Panama railroad that put a stop to their lucrative trade of murder and robbery of passengers in transit between California and the east, via the famous blood-stained "Gorgona" trail from Panama to Puerto Bello, on the Atlantic,—arose, as one man, at the instigation, and with the connivance of the authorities, from the Governor of the State down through all ranks of subalterns, even judges of the courts bearing a hand, and with

national rifles in the hands of uniformed soldiers, reinforced by a machete-brandishing brigade of blood-thirsty descendants of Senegambians, murdered in cold blood, and for plunder, as many as they were able to, of nine hundred and forty defenseless men, women and children, who had arrived in transit a few hours previously, per Pacific Mail steamers Illinois from New York, and Golden Age from San Francisco. Volley after volley was poured into the huddled, defenseless throng, while the silent machete hissed its death sentence in the lightless streets wherever a foreigner was met and could be attacked from behind.

This is ancient history, I am aware, but one who knows the place can not help thinking it a pity that the English flag was not floating over these innocent victims of bull-ring and cockpit lust, for if it had been, the English Government would have so thoroughly sanitized the Isthmus that the Chagres fever, through coming ages, would have sought in vain for anything on two legs to kill.

And the American Government?

It was doing business at the same old stand, in the same old style.

On the Isthmus you will be told that the affair did not amount to anything; that only a few dozen were killed and wounded (no one seems to know exactly how many); that no women were killed by bullets that first passed through the bodies of their innocent babes, and that the Americans were altogether to blame, some of them hav-

ing desecrated a Church in their wanderings about the city; but in after years an old ham-colored buccaneer, whose eyes would light with freebooter enthusiasm when in his cups, became reminiscent; who received a bullet through his jaw from a passenger's pistol that forced him to eat soup with his ear for the balance of his days, and who, I more than suspect from his thorough familiarity with its prevailing conditions, was in the wholesale and retail murder business for his own account on the Gorgona trail before the railroad was finished, told me in confidence, after I had won his esteem, that he had been called from Aspinwall to Panama by the latter city's Chief of Police, and that that worthy had given him rum and expense money for himself and his gang, and detailed instructions how to proceed three weeks in advance of the massacre.

What else could be expected from the blood mixture of the Latin-American race? I speak in general; there are, of course, exceptions in Spanish-America, as there are the world over, to all rules, and in no country on earth, let it be distinctly understood, now and here, are such exceptions more pre-eminently honorable, chivalrous, generous and just than in Spanish-America, outside the official Governmental circles. What more could be expected, I repeat, from the descendants of Spaniard and Moor, with a liberal mixture of negro, cosmopolitan freebooter and Indian blood in their veins; whose forebears have delighted for centuries in the spectacle of men ripped inside out on the sharpened horns of infuriated bulls; descendants of a race that blindly upheld for centuries, and does yet uphold, or tolerate without protest, in many parts of Spanish-America, the infamous torture system of the terrible inquisition; and whose women that are to be the "mothers of men" enjoy and frantically applaud the delectable spectacle of a wounded horse in his death agony, trampling his entrails into the sand of a fashion-crammed bull-ring.

Go to Madrid; to Lima, or to the City of Mexico, and watch the enthusiastic features of the beautiful, diamond-decked descendants of the chivalrous soldiers, who stood a wall of flesh and blood and honor, between the

Moors and Europe for nine hundred years, and while you will wonder at the evident degeneracy of the rank and file, you will not wonder at such happenings as that of Panama in 1856, or of the Texan Alamo in the forties.

Our prize ring, I admit, is a blot on our civilization; but its gladiators are on equal footing, sentient possessors of free will and human intelligence, and the mothers of our men are not enthusiastic witnesses of its always sickening spectacles; nor is it a national sport of more importance than either Church or State; both of which, in many parts of Spanish-America, batten on the spoils of the bullring, cock-pit, kenotable and every other known form of moral depravity.

On board the steamer, the name of which I cannot recall to mind—for Memory, the tantalizing jade, is always playing her sorry tricks on me by furnishing names and dates and incidents when the necessity of them no longer exists—I was called to the Captain's room where I met the American Consul, and cross-questioned owing to a letter the latter had received from Captain———of the Chauncy.

I found them both good-natured, kindly gentlemen, and after an hour's pleasant argument with them, and with my fellow passengers of the Henry Chauncy, who had completely turned against the idea of my continuing on to 'Frisco, I told them that California was losing the opportunity of its life for obtaining a live Governor, and with a heavy heart, and a heavy gold-filled belt about my waist, I told all hands adieu, and started shoreward with the Consul as the steamer stole silently away into the night; its rising and falling rows of lights mingling with the stars glimmering on the distant horizon, carrying from me—until "the Man at the wheel of destiny" gives it another twirl—friends of a passing hour; but friends whose faces will forever smile on me from the walls of memory's picture-gallery, though they did me the irreparable injury, through their open-handed generosity, of destroying forever in my young mind what little idea I ever had of the value of money.

The Consul kindly made arrangements for me at a hotel near the railroad station, telling me to make my-

self comfortable until the arrival at Aspinwall of the next boat from New York, and next morning when I went down to the breakfast room I found, to my delight, Castaneda at coffee. We had become great friends on the Chauncy, I having been able, through bribery and cajoling, to have him well served in the engineer's mess room, and permission for him to sleep on deck with me, where I had been driven by the intolerable heat of the state-room, and his gratitude was boundless. As near as I could make out at the time he was also a runaway that brought up in New York on a sailing ship via the Horn, and was being sent home, steerage, to Lima by the Peruvian Consul.

In the few days we had been together a warm friendship had sprung up between us, and we had begun to understand each other fairly well through the use of English, Spanish (which I was picking up rapidly) and the universal language of signs, and his enthusiastic descriptions of his beloved Lima were so fascinating that I began to think it would be shameful, having the money to do so, not to go on with him and see the place before returning home. The Consul had to be taken into account, as a matter of course, but I saw no great difficulty in leaving him in the lurch, and as Castaneda was continually pleading with me to accompany him, I finally decided on slipping off with him when the time came to do so.

As my ship-made clothing was attracting an uncomfortable amount of boisterous public attention, we went to a native tailor shop and ordered two duck suits each, I paying for them, as Castaneda had barely sufficient money to pay his absolutely necessary incidental expenses, and we supplied ourselves with straw hats, under-clothing, shirts and so forth, and I gave my new-found chum a twenty dollar gold piece to make him quit looking so down-hearted. Then we wandered about Panama for a week before the southbound steamer was ready to leave, visiting the foliage-wrapped ruins of "old Panama," destroyed and sacked by the pirate Morgan, at the head of a band of two thousand remorseless cut-throats as ever scuttled a ship in the good old days when piracy was illegal (before the State of

New Jersey began selling letters of marque as at present).

In the cool of the evenings we would stroll on the seal wall, or battery as some called it, and on disreputable little ponies we went to the hills of Ancon, and of "Los Filibusteros," where Morgan encamped for a few days before falling on the doomed city with fire and sword. Day by day our friendship grew closer and closer, and it lasted, ever on the increase, until Sastaneda, poor devil, started heavenward on the sulphurous breath of the exploded powder magazine of the iron-clad land turret at the battle of Callao. Ours was but an all too short intimacy; but among many pleasant memories of the past it shines among the brightest.

Poor, gentle, brave Castaneda. He could play the guitar while asleep, and would sing with enthusiasm in the moonlight by the week, before a white-washed, blank adobe wall that he thought might possibly conceal from his ardent gaze the witching features of some imaginary daughter of proud Castile. He seemed entirely out of place in this matter-of-fact world of ours, and reminded one of a dreamy minstrel of the middle ages, stepped down from some grimy old painting to masquerade in modern dress.

Always ready for a lark or a serenade, it made no difference to Castaneda how far away the object of such devotion resided, and once began, he would continue it until driven indoors by the rising sun.

Oh, but what glorious days were those of the Spanish-American Troubadour, when with enthusiastic boon companions, we wandered, in parties of ten or a dozen, with guitars, violins and flutes, through the moonlit silent streets from house to house, with vocal and string serenades for sleeping beauties within, or supposed to be within, often receiving for our earnest endeavors to please, a bucket of slops from some unsuspected second story window, where sour old dames kept vigilant guard over hot-headed daughters; or pre-emptory orders to scatter from the bell-muzzle of some rusty old flint-lock blunderbuss loaded with a blank charge, in the hands of irate fathers; or again, the rattling races with the sleepy policemen who, on awakening to hourly chant:

"Serenè is the star-lit sky;
It has just struck three.—
Glory to God on high!
Peace with the sleepers be.
Mother of angels pray for us—
Watch o'er us, Star of the Sea."

Would discover us and often abandon their comfortable folding chairs to chase us through shadowy alleys or across moon-lit plazas, in hopes of rounding us up for the fines; but such little contretemps would fail to dampen our ardor, for we were—young.

Nor was it always thus. Sometimes we would congregate under a vine-entwined balcony and sing:

"Come with the lute, come with the lay;
Come where my love lies sweetly dreaming.
Come where my love lies sweetly dreaming
The happy hours away."

Or words to that effect, in millifluous Spanish; to be repaid by a rose, a cape jasmine or a bunch of violets, dropped silently through the overhead lattice into the street, to be claimed by each of us as his particular personal property, and in the general scramble our merry frolic would, as a rule, end in a row with its resultant smashed guitars, fiddles, noses and police station, where we would leave our watches as a guarantee to return in the morning and face the less sentimental music of the judge, and then we would go singing, laughing and joking homeward as good friends as ever, and as ready as ever for the next night's lark.

Yes, those were merry days—days that I look back upon as the tired desert traveler toward the setting sun, turns for a last look at the cool oasis he has forever left behind. Nowhere

on earth does music sound so witchingly sweet as at midnight in the deathlike silence of the deserted streets of a tropical city; but in these progressive times they rarely echo to its strains. The day of the Troubadour has passed for keeps and the inevitable law of compensation will, sooner or later, call the "Wizard of Menlo Park" to strict account for the destruction of this remnant of medieval sentimentalism.

Formerly amateur musicians or singers were in demand for social functions and reunions of every description; were always honored guests, petted and toadied to, with a never-ending round of pleasure before them and the good things of life ever within easy reach, but today, throughout Spanish-America, the thrifty housewife, "expecting company," totally ignores the legendary claim of the romantic Troubadours, sends out to the corner grocery for a codfish, a can of "Rag-time," or a pound and a half of sheet-iron opera, as the case may be, and while codfish is stewing, she slips a cylinder, or a disc, into a candle-box full of clock mechanism, touches a button and you hear a carpenter filing a buck-saw; a mule kicking a barn-door off its hinges, and an inebriated policeman frantically yelling "Stop, thief!" and "Fire!" through a tin fish-horn, and she serves this ear-splitting combination of sounds up to her guests as music!

O, tempora! O, Mores! Edison has much to answer for.

(To be continued.)

Socialism and Life

BY J. STITT WILSON, A. M.

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

A SOCIAL REVOLUTION is inevitable throughout the Western Civilization, the influence of which will extend to every part of the globe.

It is already at our doors. Its triumph will mark the dawn of a new era in human progress and achievement

unparalleled in the history of mankind.

This Revolution will find its first expression and most complete embodiment in the United States of America.

And since we are a nation of kings—since all power arises out of the thought and desire, the purpose and

*One of the seven or eight verses usually sung hourly by the policemen between 10 p. m. and 4 a. m. The police in those days and localities were armed with a lantern, a blanket, a chair, a whistle, a broadsword and a rusty old blunderbuss; and a good voice for chanting the

hours was considered, by the authorities and public, a policeman's absolute necessary accomplishment. They were sure enough dandies, and when they started out to capture a delinquent it looked as though some one were house-moving.

progress of the people, it is of the utmost importance that every citizen, freeing himself from bigotry and party prejudice, should interest himself deeply in this—the Supreme and Only Vital Issue of Our Times.

The causes of the Revolution are planted in every door-yard and sit down with us at every meal. They face us in every bargain and mock us in every prayer. Once our eyes are opened, this impending Revolution greets us in every important fact and force of modern civilization.

It is not by any means the purpose of this brief article to give an exhaustive analysis of the whole nature and outlook of the Revolution. It is my purpose to give simply a clear and definite outline of the impending struggle.

First. The unjust conditions of the wrongs from which the people suffer will be stated. These evils are more or less familiar to all of us.

Second. The **One** fundamental cause of these wrongs and injustices will be clearly defined, so that the mind of the reader will see the Supreme Issue as a clue to the whole social problem.

Third. The **One** fundamental Principle of Social Liberty which alone can solve this problem will then be stated. The remedy will be pointed out. Round this principle, as a key to the whole situation, thousands and tens of thousands of the voters of America are already rallying.

Fourth. The Programme of Action will follow, so that each reader may see the work to be done and how to go about it.

The impending Revolution will be a Titanic struggle of Ideas and Principles, culminating in a battle-royal at the shrine of American liberty—the ballot box. The victory is already assured, only men with the slave-spirit or the spirit of the despot can hinder it. American freemen by millions now grapple with injustice and a triumphant outcome is inevitable.

No better text can be taken with which to open this outline of the nature and outlook of the Impending Social Revolution than the somewhat startling statement made by President Roosevelt to Congress in that part of his utterance where he refers to the prosperity of the people. He said:

"The tremendous and highly com-

plex industrial development which went on with ever accelerated rapidity during the latter half of the nineteenth century, brings us face to face with very serious social problems.

"The old laws and the old customs which had almost the binding force of law, were once quite sufficient to regulate the accumulation and distribution of wealth.

"Since the industrial changes which have so enormously increased the productive power of mankind, they (the old laws and old customs) are no longer sufficient."

In these three sentences President Roosevelt points out:

1. That we are face to face with very serious social problems.

2. That these problems arise out of tremendous and highly complex industrial development.

3. That this tremendous development of industrial power, consequent on the introduction of machinery and the organization of industry has enormously increased the productive power of mankind.

That is to say, that with modern machinery and organized industry we are producing five dollars, ten dollars, fifteen dollars, or even twenty dollars of wealth where our fathers created one dollar.

4. That previous to this great revolution in methods of producing wealth, the old laws and old customs of our fathers regulated with some degree of justice the accumulation and distribution of wealth.

5. But now, when, with the vast plant of civilization, we are creating ten to twenty times the wealth our fathers created, these old laws and old customs are no longer adequate.

That is to say: Wealth is being created by the labor of these people in enormous quantities, but it is being distributed unjustly, and it is being accumulated by hands that have never earned it. The laborer is being deprived of the just product of his toil.

Hence arises the labor problem, the trust problem, the strike problem, the problem of festering poverty and congested wealth. The whole great struggle between the classes and the masses, between Capital and Labor, between the trusts and the people, is involved in the condition which President Roosevelt has hinted at.

Now, irrespective of what is the cause or the remedy of this state of affairs, let us glance at some of the facts of the situation and then we shall be better prepared to seek the fundamental cause of these relative wrongs, injustices, sufferings and oppressions.

(a) The most apparent and appalling fact of American life today is the congestion of the wealth of the country in the hands of the few. The rich are getting richer with unbelievable strides. Never in all the history of mankind was wealth poured in such streams into the laps of the already rich as during the last ten years. Millionaires, multi-millionaires and billionaires are the order of the day.

There is no way of estimating with accuracy the extent of this concentration of wealth in the hands of bankers, railroad men, merchant princes, coal barons and trust makers.

The Rothchilds, Rockefellers and Morgans alone, whose combined interests are now in a partial "community of interests," represent over 3,000 millions of capital.

It is estimated by Spahr in his recent work, that 4,047 millionaires control 10 billions of the invested capital of America.

A prominent New York financier states that 6 interests in that city control \$1,105,000,000 bank deposits, or 85 per cent of the total.

Carroll D. Wright, of the United States Census Bureau, says: "It is perfectly safe to say that 10 men in the United States whose names are familiar, control the 2,050 railroads either directly or indirectly, and nearly all these 10 live in the city of New York."

So great is this tendency to congestion of wealth and its concentration in the hands of the few that even the conservative Attorney-General of the United States expresses his alarm. In his complaint filed against the Northern Securities Company he points out that if this new trust is legally constructed, "then the entire systems of the country may be absorbed, merged, consolidated, placing the public at the absolute mercy of the holding corporation."

Martin A. Knapp, chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, declared from his extensive observation that the railroad corporations con-

trolled production, fixed wages, raised prices to the desired profit and instituted the ruthless reign of monopoly.

In all other lines of industry similar consolidation proceeds. There are great beer and whisky trusts, with enormous capital. The snuff and tobacco trade is controlled by trusts. There are candy trusts and biscuit trusts and ice cream trusts. Twenty-eight companies of Chicago form the ice trust. There are sugar trusts, the fruit trust, the starch trust and trusts in canned goods and knit goods. Such commodities as paper, writing-paper, needles, lamp-chimneys, brooms, thread, oysters, kodaks, scissors, mirrors, envelopes and the common necessities of life are being more than controlled by trusts with millions of capital behind them.

It is significant that those holding large investments in one trust are likewise large holders in others. So that these gigantic trusts and combines which we see and read about are but the feelers, the tentacles of a huge monster whose size and structure is not yet fully discerned.

Statistics gathered from reliable sources give us the following data concerning the present oligarchy of wealth:

One-half of all the wealth of the country is in the hands of 150,000 families.

Of the total wealth of the country 99 per cent is in the hands of 8 per cent of the people; that is, 92 per cent of the people have but 1 per cent of the wealth.

Or, again: One-tenth of the families of America hold 3 times as much property as the other nine-tenths.

This concentration is not only in possessions, but also in incomes.

The 1 per cent of the people who own almost as much as the remaining 99 per cent, receive annually one-fourth of the national income. This 1 per cent, the millionaire class, receives annually more than the total income of the poorest 50 per cent of the whole people. "In fact," writes Spahr, the authority quoted, "this small class of wealthy property owners receives from property alone as large an income as half of our people receive from property and labor."

Consider, for instance, the lately declared dividends of the Steel Trust—

\$110,000,000—or \$1.25 from every man, woman and child in the United States, while at the same time in some of the trust mills wages were cut to 10 to 20 per cent. Is it any surprise that the income of the rich 1 per cent is greater than the total income of the poorest 50 per cent of the working people?

"Turning finally to the field of taxation, the public is taking as large a percentage from the incomes insufficient for health and decent living as from the incomes morally perilous to their possessors, and is placing upon the property of those struggling for an independence, burdens four-fold heavier than upon the property of those already rich."—Spahr.

There is concentration by profit and possession; added concentration through annual incomes, and more gallingly unjust still, concentration by making the poor pay the taxes of the rich.

The relation of this congestion of wealth to city and country is thus stated by Spahr: "The dominant forces today are all working toward the concentration of wealth in the cities and the impoverishment of the country districts. In the cities these forces are working toward a yet narrower concentration. The wealth of the cities is as much concentrated as it is greater than the wealth of the rural districts."

(b) Naturally enough the second appalling fact of the social situation is the vast amount of poverty in the midst of this abundance of wealth. Poverty follows this oligarchy of wealth as its shadow. Prof. Le Rossignol, of Denver University, compares these extremes of wealth and poverty to the conditions in France before the Revolution. Are they not worse when we consider the wonderful equipment of our times—to provide all with the necessities of life?

Taking the whole population we find that almost a half are propertyless. In the large cities, in which the congestion of wealth is most appalling, the amount of poverty of course corresponds. Two-third of the population of New York are "in the strictest sense of the word propertyless," says Spahr.

In these great industrial centers the people have a desperate struggle constantly to live. Many religious and philanthropic organizations boast of the thousands and tens of thousands

of people they are feeding and clothing and sheltering. On special occasions, such as Thanksgiving Day and Christmas, these armies of hungry men, women and children are lined up to receive the drippings of "charity." And there are other thousands whose spirit is not wholly crushed and who, though hungry and needy and naked, seek to maintain their self-respect and refuse to accept these doles from the tables of plutocracy.

The writer of this article knows whereof he speaks. By the closest acquaintance with the people in great industrial centers and familiarity with their constant struggle he knows that it is impossible to portray in too great exaggeration the unceasing fight which the masses of the people have for a decent existence. Multitudes of people who would not be listed as poor, live daily in a hand-to-hand battle for bread. Not only in the great cities, but also in the rural communities many of the farmers and villagers keep up a steady fight against the enemy, notwithstanding the almost unceasing labor of every member of the family.

Whatever the cause and whatever the cure, the fact stares us in the face, that considering the unlimited resources and equipment for producing wealth, there never was so much real blighting, stunting, damning poverty.

Congestion of wealth and extension of comparative poverty are the two most striking features of the situation. But along with these there are ever present other symptoms of social disease which cannot be considered without alarm. A few of these conditions may be briefly stated:

(c) From time to time throughout the introduction of machinery, or by reason of industrial crises, multitudes of men are thrown out of employment. Thus the most sacred form of property—the power in a man's right arm to create wealth—lies useless and is daily destroyed. In such periods the trust can hold its own, but to the toiler it means the loss of bread and blood.

(d) With the throwing of men out of employment follows the extension of the employment of women and children, often doing the same work as the man, but with wages reduced one-half to two-thirds.

In an article in the *Chicago Tribune* on child labor in that city we read:

"The recent trade troubles have been responsible for the working of a large number of children during the last two or three years, who would not otherwise have been allowed to do so. The father is unemployed, temporarily, or for a longer period; the need of financial assistance is great; consequently the boy or girl of the family goes to work."

The employment of little children in bottling, bakeries, laundries, metal industries, box factories, garment trades, department stores and even mines, is a fact of our social system which alone is sufficient to condemn the whole prosperity thus built on the lives of little boys and girls.

In the city of Chicago alone there are over 15,000 children under 14 years of age in shops, stores and factories, and another army a little more than that age—about half of them little girls. They are helping to make the living of the families pressed in the cruel struggle for existence underneath the Juggernaut car of our prosperous plutocracy. And Chicago is but one center of this commercial barbarity.

(e) Statistics show that there are nearly 5,000,000 women now employed in the factories, shops and stores of America. The average wage of women is about \$5 per week, and many receive but \$1 to \$1.50 per week. Commenting on this point, Mrs. Mary Wood Simons, in her pamphlet on "Woman and the Social Problem," says, "This is not a living wage and many women are forced to choose between existence and a life of prostitution."

Out of every 100 women employed in the various industries 13 are women with families. Mrs. Simons says that "of the vast number of working women in the United States it is found, according to the reports of the Commissioner of Labor, that one out of every three are living in houses that are classed as 'very poor,' while one out of every ten is working in shops designated as 'neglected and unhealthful.'" After such facts are presented concerning the armies of women and little children engaged in the toil of producing the wealth now congested in the hands of the trust-makers, is there not something ghastly about our boasted prosperity?

(f) Another fact: No matter now who is to blame, look at the almost unbroken chain of strikes, lockouts

and labor troubles that fill the daily history of our industrial life. Consider the cost of flesh and money and men of this unceasing warfare between the working classes and the capitalists.

Consider the struggle of the producing classes—the farmers, miners, ranchers, herdsmen, against the ruthless encroachments and extension of the trust and the pitiless fleeing they receive at the hands of the railroads.

The general situation is vividly suggested by Charles Russell Burke, the son of a millionaire, in his book called the "Thistle Sifters." He writes to the working classes: "You are being oppressed to the verge of slavery by your masters, the controllers of the great monopolistic corporations." He speaks of "the vast accumulations of capital which now threatens to enslave mankind." He exhorts the wage-working classes to unite "to save the republic from ruin." He says of the monopolists: "Why, we will have not the oil alone, but the iron, the gold, the silver—every product of the world;" and he calls upon the working people "to save their children from a slavery more abject than their own."

Without further comment the actual conditions with which we are now face to face may be thus summarized:

Congested wealth.

Seas of poverty.

Armies of unemployed from time to time.

Enforced employment of women and children.

Constant wars of labor and capital.

Thousands of the dispossessed driven into tramp life.

The destruction of the small producer.

Arbitrary decrease of wages, increase of prices, discharge of workers.

Ruthless waste of competition where it is not throttled.

Ruthless robbery of the people where monopolies and trusts have superseded competition.

Political control of cities, States and the Nation by plutocracy, with the accompanying treason against the liberties and rights of the people.

The whole seething struggle of competition, with its untold story of misery and oppression, defeat, despair and death.

Such conditions portend a Social Revolution.

In a Japanese School

Our desire to know something more of the training of Japanese children has brought to us a translation of a set of rules furnished to the schools of Japan by the Japanese Education Department. These rules are as follows:

"Never call after foreigners passing along the streets or roads.

"When foreigners make inquiries, answer them politely. If unable to understand them, go with them to an official who can.

"Never accept a present from a foreigner when there is no reason for his giving it, and never charge him anything above what is proper.

"Do not crowd around a shop when a foreigner is making purchases, causing him annoyance. The continuance of this practice disgraces us as a nation.

"Since all human beings are brothers and sisters, there is no reason for fearing foreigners. Treat them as equals, and act uprightly in all your dealings with them. Be neither servile nor arrogant.

"Beware of combining against the foreigner and disliking him because he is a foreigner; men are to be judged by their conduct, and not by their nationality.

"Taking off your hat is the proper way to salute a foreigner; the low bow is unnecessary.

"Reverence your ancestors, and treat your living relations with warm cordiality, but do not regard a person as your enemy because he or she is a Christian.

"Learn some foreign tongues. In going through the world you will often find such a knowledge of the greatest value."

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Just keep cool!

When the breeze has ceased to blow,

And the sun melts all below,

Stop and watch the melons grow—

Just keep cool!

Never mind if money's tight—

Just keep cool!

When you're toiling day and night,

And there's not a dime in sight,

Hear the birds-sing left and right—

Just keep cool!

Never mind a single thing—

Just keep cool!

If you sigh you cannot sing—

Cannot hear the bells that ring;

Maybe 'twont be hot next Spring—

Just keep cool!

—Atlanta Constitution.

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