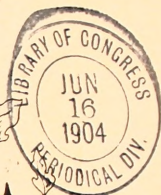
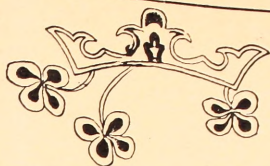


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PERFECT HEALTH
and PERPETUAL
OPULENCE

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By THE EDITOR

An Ideal Spot

IT is not necessary for one to live long in California to discover that it is the ideal spot for the fruitarian, the nutarian, the vegetarian, etc. But for the natural scenery and an abundant supply of delicious water, I have yet to see anything that compared with the Ozarks. The drinking water of California, so far as I have yet tested it, is bad. Most of it is over-stocked with lime or alkali or both, and it is not pleasant to the taste. One can readily understand why the water still should be a household necessity in this country. At the present time I am overcoming the bad water by eating loads of oranges. The orange is both food and drink and it is so delicious in its native lair that I feel I shall never tire of it. I don't know how it is every season, for I have learned that one can accept nothing but the results of personal experience in the matter of soil products in any country, but certainly the orange crop in California this year is ample to supply the world. Hundreds of thousands of bushels are going to waste—rotting on the ground. The freight rates, I am told, make it practically impossible for the grower to ship his product at a profit when the crop is abundant. When the local market is supplied, then the fruit must go to waste. I know of several orange growers near Los Angeles who are cutting down their orange trees in order to utilize the ground for something that may be grown at a profit. This seems terrible to me—wicked, almost, but the grower must live and if the orange crops cannot be handled at a profit, something must take its place that will yield a profit.

The attractions of an orange grove to the Eastern tenderfoot is great, so the real estate man loads him up; and, by the way, the Eastern tenderfoot swarms here like ants in a cactus desert. He invests his money in land and plants his trees. In four or five years they commence to bear. The fruit and the fragrant blossoms on the trees delight both the heart and the palate. In a few years more the trees bear what is termed a profitable crop, a point that the grower has been fondly looking forward to. He has watched the shipping returns of the railroad companies for years and has noted that thousands upon thousands of carloads of oranges have been shipped to the eastern markets annually. There are visions of wealth and a big bank account so that more land may be purchased to grow more oranges, but alas, what is the result when the product is ready for the market? He makes a shipment of a carload or more. When sold in the East he discovers that there is not sufficient money coming to him to pay the freight on the shipment. Then he is told that "this is an unheard of season; that such a thing was never known before," so the grower takes courage and starts in again afresh, expecting profitable results the next season, but the next season of profit never comes and the grower, who has paid a thousand dollars or two an acre for his land—half cash—finds himself penniless, heavily in debt and discouraged.

The above is not an exceptional case, but an every day occurrence. Then why does not every one quit the orange industry, you ask? I will tell you. Southern California swarms with rich invalids—men and women who have all they desire of material things—and

they are here looking for health. They do not care to make a profit out of anything—health is what they are after. An orange grove and a little outside labor and exercise in coming in contact with it, is an attraction. So beautiful homes are built and big tracts of land planted to oranges. A few Chinamen do the drudgery. These people are not looking for profit, still if it comes their way it is a rare thing that it is turned down. The wealthy man has not become opulent by ever turning down a profit. At least I am not familiar with any. But these wealthy health-seekers in California are harder after health than they are after profit just at this time: so when the orange crop is ready to harvest the Chinamen pick the fruit and what is not desired for home consumption is shipped, and the wealthy grower takes what the railroad companies are willing to allow him and says nothing. But he has not made a profit on the cost of production. He is invariably behind, but he has had a lot of amusement and he is spending his declining days in more desirable and attractive surroundings than ever before and he enters no protest.

What is the result? The market is overstocked nearly every year and the man with the orange grove, with a mortgage on it, or the one with no mortgage, but who is dependent on his labors for a livelihood, is left and he is either obliged to sacrifice everything or change the character of his crop which has cost him five or ten years of hard labor to bring to the point where he discovers that he has nothing that will bring him in a profit.

And these are the suckers that are being netted every day—in this Angel City by the sea.

I know one man a few miles from the city who is digging up half his bearing orange orchard and planting the ground to red peppers. He can make a profit out of the latter: the former is a constant losing proposition.

Now, there is a remedy for all this, but the solution of the problem lies with the railroad companies. The East would consume ten times as many oranges as it does could the fruit be laid down there at reasonable prices. The oranges we pay 25 cents a dozen for in the East are 5 cents a dozen here, and they are better. What we pay in the East 40 cents a dozen for are 10

cents here. What we pay 50 and 60 cents a dozen for in the East are 15 and 20 cents here. Now if a first-class orange could be laid down in the East to the consumer for 30 cents a dozen, which can easily be done with a fine profit to the railroad companies, all the California orange growers would make a fair profit on their labor and investment and there would be an equitable distribution all around, and thousands and thousands of acres more of suitable lands for oranges in California would be utilized.

There is comparatively little land in the United States suitable for orange growing and there are millions of people hungering for this most delicious and healthful of all fruits. In the face of this demand, thousands of car-loads of oranges are allowed to rot for the simple reason that the grower can not dispose of them in any profitable way.

I trust that some time the rich fruit growers of California will combine and build a railroad of their own. The best judgment of the most enlightened, disinterested minds is that such a move would be productive of immense profits. The grower would then thrive, the stockholders in the railroad would get rich and the Eastern consumer's palate would be pleased.

But notwithstanding all of this, California is the ideal spot for a colony working along fruitarian lines. There are other crops that will bring in a reasonable profit on the investment and labor output. The soil is wonderfully fertile. On one acre of ground a family of two or three can live superbly. One or several varieties of fruit follow in quick succession nearly the entire year round. Several crops of vegetables are raised: almonds, walnuts, pecans and peanuts are plentiful; olives and olive oil in abundance—everything that a fastidious appetite could wish.

I am fairly flooded with land propositions from all parts of the State—not alone in this State, but in Mexico and clear in the South Sea Islands. But I am not in a hurry. The land will keep. Some of the real estate agents seem to think that it will run away if I do not chain it down at once, but my experience has been that there is no immediate danger on this score. I shall look the State over and when I get good and ready the interested read-

ers of this magazine will know all about it.

Our Methodist Brethren

OUR Methodist brethren, from all quarters of the globe, have been holding their general conference in Los Angeles during the past month. Los Angeles appears to be the head center for conferences, conventions and gatherings of all sorts, representing all phases of religious, political, industrial and social life. It is the head center of man in the highest type of physical, mental and spiritual unfoldment, and it is the head center of the fake and the fakess in all his and her picturesque strife after the almighty dollar and the dollars that are not particularly almighty.

But it is easy to sift the good from the bad; to distinguish between fakery and the reality; between the unholy, conglomerate assemblages that come here to exploit the different phases of religious creeds and at the same time see how fast a heat they can trot when out of sight of the "sanctuary of the Most High," where their particular doctrine is being revised, revamped and expounded for the benefit of the multitudes of "sinners" of the world.

Yes, our brethren of the Methodist persuasion have been the "real thing" of the town during the past few weeks, and the proceedings of this conference have been watched closely by the interested and the disinterested in all portions of the country. And then there have been numerous side shows in the shape of auxiliary outputs from the main body. Particular ones of the clergy—particular beacon lights—have been selected to do missionary work on the side, as it were. Some have been delegated to "roast" the metaphysicians, the Theosophists, the Christian Scientists, the Occultists and other kindred "denominations." This has been a part and parcel of the great "reformatory" work our good Methodist brethren have undertaken here in Los Angeles.

The writer was endowed in his infancy with more or less of a perceptible streak of curiosity; that is, he always found it more satisfactory to listen and hear for himself rather than accept the impressions on the senses of

others. Still armed with this streak of curiosity, and always in search of a text for Path-Finder sermonettes, the Rev. Editor of the Path-Finder Church of Every-Day Christians, has improved all the opportunities since coming to Los Angeles to come in touch with all the apostles of all the other creeds that came in his way, and it has all been just like attending a four-ring circus twice a day for a week with a few dog shows thrown in by way of matinees. The supreme quietude of our gloriously picturesque home in the Ozarks, just surrendered, had fitted us for a brief period of superlative enjoyment in such a cosmopolitan city as Los Angeles, so we have been "on the go" every moment possible. One can get anything here in Los Angeles from an orthodox conference where they row and wrangle over their "articles of incorporation," to a Sunday cock fight where members of the humane society commit murder in order to school the youth along the lines of humanitarian practices. So, you see, if one is looking for amusement and recreation—the sort that really recreates—there is a steady drought of anything the heart craves in this direction to be found in this City of Angels and things, close by the passive Pacific. But like the passive Pacific, there are occasions when even the surface of this Angel City is ruffled. But, speaking of ruffles, there is one thing that I have discovered in California that never gets ruffled and that is, the real estate agent. He is the serenest, most confident, superbly self-poised bunco steerer that it has ever been my delight to shake hands with. He is double-armored from the water line up and it is doubtful if a submarine torpedo destroyer could phase him. May he live long to reap the full harvest of his magnificent powers of attraction.

But I was talking about our Methodist brethren in conference assembled. This conference promulgated many strange things—some very good and some most ridiculous.

Among the commendable acts of this gathering was the adoption of a resolution, couched in plainest terms, deprecating and denouncing any and all efforts on the part of another religious organization to undermine and destroy the public school system of this country. Any and every step in this direc-

tion should be looked upon as high treason and be dealt with accordingly. It is unnecessary to enter into any argument in defense of our public school system. Its results tell the story of its glorious accomplishments in every walk of life. Let every thing else fall, but never the public school of this American Republic. It is more sacred than all else. Let every creed bite the dust and wallow in its own negative and deadening creations, but hands off our public schools and the treasury that fosters and nurtures them. If any one wants war, it can be instituted in a flash by assailing and assaulting the free school system of this country. Such acts will not be countenanced or tolerated. The time has passed when this race can be again forced into ignorance and made to bend its knee to any except the real God of Eternal Life. This God has no cold-storage warehouses where he keeps middle men on tap to misrepresent Him. But the public school is one of His institutions. Any institution that has for its object the free, untrammelled purpose of building up the race into an intelligent comprehension of the powers vested within the individual, is in touch with the Divine process of growth and unfoldment and must never be abridged or circumscribed. He who attempts it will surely fall.

And so I stand here ready to grasp the hand of the brother who introduced this resolution concerning our public schools and lay a boquet at the feet of every woman delegate who voted for its adoption.

The many inconsistent and humorous feats of this conference I shall not attempt to pass upon at this time. Only one point will I here touch. This is the action of the conference in burying the old wheel-horses that are responsible, in great measure, for what success and standing the M. E. Church enjoys today. This conference, like the railroad companies that wish to infuse new and younger life into their service, voted to retire permanently, on six months' pay, five of the leading bishops of the church. No such drastic measure as this has ever before invaded the sanctuary of a religious denomination. This is the first step ever taken by which the public is favored with an open and high-handed confes-

sion that this church is operated on purely commercial principles. Of course the public at large has always been in possession of this fact, but not until this late hour in this late day has this or any other church been willing to throw off the mask and tell the people in so many words that, whereas our plan of operation differs somewhat from that dominating the bulls and bears on Wall Street, still its object is, nevertheless, the same—to accept small and large sums of money for worthless watered religious stock in a company the certificates of which bear neither the name of the Lord or that of the Nazarene as either President, Secretary or Treasurer. Any such company attempting to do business on these lines is a fraud and a fake on the face of it. Wall Street makes no pretenses to being anything but just what it is—a colossal rat hole for the convenience of the gullable and easily buncoed. So it is not a fake. A fake is something that pretends to be what the facts will not bear out. Our church friends are operating the gigantic fake of the century, still I recognize the fact that the heads of the organization are not entirely to blame. There is a large class of people that demand to be faked and buncoed before they can become possessed of any sense, and in this regard I look upon the church as an educator and an absolute necessity. However, with the injection of proper intelligence and enlightenment, the church will disappear as quickly as the mushroom thrusts its porous head above the surface.

And so I was delighted to clasp the hands of so many of my Methodist brethren here in Los Angeles. I knew they were here for a good purpose and would disseminate much that was valuable to those operating on the same plane of physical unfoldment. Of course the Path-Finder never expects to become an organ of this church, but nevertheless it will, from time to time, keep the world posted as to the growth and progress of these people in their backward movements down the pathway to complete disintegration.

To Destroy the Beef Trust

UNDER the above heading we find the following paragraph addressed to the editor of the "Care of the

Body" department of the Sunday Times Magazine:

"Your suggestion for everyone that wanted to put a nail in the coffin of the beef trust to cut down their meat rations by one-half or one-third was a good one. It would bring them to time quicker than any other method. Besides, it would teach a great many people that they could do with less meat and have something that would be more beneficial. A friend of mine, on a small salary, was complaining that after he paid his bills he had nothing left for the theater and other pleasures. 'How many in your family?' 'Two,' said he. 'What is your meat bill?' 'Between three and five dollars.' 'There are two in my family,' said I, 'and our meat bill is from \$1 to \$1.50. Cut yours down and you can go to the theater occasionally.'"

Now, that is all very nice, but what is the use in stopping half way? Cut the meat out entirely and you can not only go to the theater occasionally yourself, but you can also take your wife. If cutting off meat partially is a good thing, why isn't it still better to leave it out of the dietary entirely?

Since this magazine was established two and a half years ago, close on to twelve hundred families—readers of this magazine—have discontinued entirely the use of meat. Now, when you stop eating meat entirely there is some reasonable hope of breaking the meat trust. It cannot be done in any other way. If you want to close up a saloon bar, stop drinking whiskey. That will do it quicker than by any other method. And if you want to stop drinking whisky just discontinue the meat habit and the appetite for liquor will soon disappear.

Meat consumption is the basis of all forms of disease and dissipation. If you wish to get rid of an evil go to the fountain head.

Our Women's Christian Temperance organizations are spending a world of time and millions of money in an effort to break up the saloon traffic, yet they do the very thing themselves that makes drunkards and saloon patrons. The great majority eat meat. This is where the great crime lies—in filling the body with the food elements which

incite abnormal appetites for stimulants and feed the lustful nature of the individual.

You must be consistent, you temperance workers. There will never be universal sobriety until the thing which causes intemperance is gotten rid of. And the penitentiaries and houses of prostitution will never be emptied until the deadening meat habit is entirely gotten rid of.

And, too, we see alleged ministers of the gospel, filled with meat, trying to teach people how to live. Laying aside entirely the moral side of the proposition, what a travesty on the gospel of the Christ to see a man trying to induce men and women to be temperate and moral when they themselves set the example which has ever led the world into lustful dissipation.

The non-meat consumer never cares for either tobacco or alcohol. The non-meat consumer never makes a saloon-keeper. The non-meat consumer is never found in the penitentiary. The non-meat consumer never clamors for war or the blood of his fellow-men or anything else. The non-meat consumer is always a peaceful, law-abiding citizen, and the only time he "kicks" or enters a protest is when the deadening and disgusting fumes emitted with the respirations of the meat-eater come in contact with his olfactory nerves. Then he enters a protest and begins to look around for a filter.

But I am glad to note that some people are making even a start in the right direction. It demonstrates the fact that they are beginning to think. When a man begins to think there is always hope for him. When a man begins to think it is certain that he will soon unyoke himself and cast off the negative burdens which are holding him down. To think is to be free. To think is to live. To think is to grow. To think is to attain to the highest physical, moral and spiritual eminence. And you can't think if you are filled up on meat—on the disintegrating flesh of a fellow-creature.

Here is another incentive not to eat meat, and, perhaps, one of the most important in all the long list of the sins of the race:

The man who does not eat meat will never make a preacher or a priest, for he is a **real** humanitarian and the **real** humanitarian could never successfully

fill a pulpit. All of the great wars of the world have had their inception among the religious creeds. The man who does not feast upon the blood of a murdered fellow-creature of God's creating, will never incite war. He is a peaceful citizen and is willing his neighbor should live and enjoy himself in the fulness of his own possessions. He will neither rob a man of his material possessions nor abridge his mental aspirations.

But I am not fighting the meat trust. I am simply showing the world how it may live aright—in the fulness of its greatest hopes and aspirations. The meat trust, like slavery, will die of its own stench when the decaying underpinning collapses.

Make the crusade against the CAUSE, and the moral, temperate and humanitarian side of the proposition will blossom forth as do the dew-kissed petals of the flowers of the fertile slopes of the Pacific.

Buried Alive

UNDER the above heading I find the following timely remarks on this most important subject of being buried alive, from the pen of the editor of the "Care of the Body" department of the Los Angeles Sunday Times Magazine. By the way, the Sunday Times Magazine is one of the most instructive and interesting publications on the Pacific Coast, and this particular department, edited by Harry Brook, Esq., one of the oldest and most capable editorial writers of the coast, I especially commend to all Path-Finder readers. Much of this department is along the lines of the teachings of the editor of this magazine and of course it has his hearty endorsement. Anything to be found in the secular press that tends to the higher development of the race, physical and mental, evidences the tendency of modern thought in the right direction. I regard Mr. Brook's writings as being among the very best, and being found in a newspaper of wide circulation, largely among a class of people that read little along hygienic and other lines that, if followed out, would bring to the individual much more satisfactory health conditions, the reading constituency of the Times is to be congratulated on the opportunity afford-

ed to "post up" on the better ways of living.

After noting the horrifying circumstance, Mr. Brook's comments follow:

"A NOTHER ghastly story of premature burial comes from Austria. The daughter of a wealthy farmer had been buried with her rings and jewelry. Two men opened the grave, broke open the coffin, and, finding it difficult to remove the rings, chopped off three of her fingers. This revived her, and she came to, knocking at the window of the horrified sexton. Yet some of the doctors assure us that such a thing as this is impossible. Again the editor would ask, how long are we to wait for some simple test that will remove from mankind the fear of this most awful of all deaths that it is possible to conceive—burial alive. Is it not, as the editor has said, a strong reflection on modern science that no such test has apparently yet been discovered, except mortification, and in this country we rush people with such indecent haste into the grave that usually mortification has not time to set in.

"Physicians may talk until they are blue in the face, but such facts as that above quoted, which are all too common, cannot be gainsaid, and must necessarily instill anxiety into the minds of the living. For think of this: How often is there an opportunity to ascertain what has happened to a person, after he has been buried underground? Yet, scarcely a month passes that we do not read of some case of premature burial. Therefore, it would seem as if we must multiply these discovered cases by hundreds, if not by thousands, to arrive at the true number of those who are buried before they are dead. The idea is appalling, and must certainly do much to increase the popularity of cremation.

"We know, as yet, comparatively little about the exit of the soul from the body, or the connection between what we call the soul and the casket in which it is imprisoned. For this reason, special care should be exercised to see that before burying a person it should be

ascertained to a certainty that it is not a temporary trance, but that the spirit has really departed. It is now generally admitted that Bishop, the mind reader, was not dead, but in a trance, when the inquisitive surgeons cut him up, with such indecent haste, and so killed him, sure enough.

"Thoughtful persons will insist, before they die, either that they shall be cremated, their bodies kept until mortification sets in, or that their hearts shall be pierced with a dagger, or some other certain means of insuring certain death be adopted. The editor reiterates that it is a reflection upon the medical profession that this vital, though simple question, should be allowed to rest in an uncertain state."

The writer has often discoursed upon this same subject. No human inanimate body should ever be buried, cremated or disposed of in any manner until there are present evidences of mortification. Otherwise the risk of disposing of the body before the animated life within, called the Soul by many, but which is, technically speaking, the Ego, has left its physical habitation—before the ligaments of life which hold the Ego to the body are severed. Often this attachment remains secure for several days after the doctors pronounce the body "dead." Burial speedily follows, and even though the body should not again become animate, the Ego suffers untold agonies because of the premature disposition of the body; and to cremate a body before this severance takes place is even more dreadful.

The psychic-visioned individual is the only one who can determine when the Ego leaves the body and the life connection is severed. An Ego may leave the body temporarily and often does, without severing the connecting thread of life which animates the physical structure; but none save the so-called psychic can tell when this severance takes place and the Ego has left the body to return no more.

The average doctor knows no more about Egos and psychology than he does about his own medicines, which is nothing, hence he cannot be relied upon in any sense. A patient under a doctor's care is just as likely to be

buried alive as anything else. In the absence of the psychic, the only possible means of determining when life is extinct is to wait until mortification sets in. It is known then positively that the spirit life has severed its connection. Then when this severance takes place the body should always be cremated; not only because of sanitary reasons, but because of reasons involved in the evolutionary processes which are to follow.

Of course the demand forces the supply. Were there no sick people sweltering in ignorance respecting the causes and proper remedies, there would be no doctors. In the absence of doctors there would be no licensed murders and no premature burials.

It is the duty of every individual to enlighten himself respecting his own bodily requirements. So long as we depend on others to help us just so long will we remain physical and mental failures; just so long will we be made the victims of the ignorance of the modern schools of physics and theology. To be dependent on others is to decay and retrograde. In this undeveloped state—where we look up to others to protect and save us and bring us out of our negative environments—we build for ourselves only such a highway as will lead us more deeply into negative and uncertain surroundings. The dependent individual is always the slave—never the master. The self-centered man—the man who has made a study of himself—is never found on the street corners or public rostrums crying out to the multitudes against his own government and the faults and shortcomings of others. The man who understands himself knows well that each individual suffers only in the measure that he has builded for himself and that he alone can change these conditions. The calamity howlers are only wasting their breath and stirring up contentions. They negative all the positive forces that are trying to assert themselves for man's betterment. The man who does not school himself is a fool; and the fool only listens to those who would farther enslave him.

Wake up, men and women of every class; become independent in yourselves. Show the door to the doctor, the creedist, the politician and the revolutionist. Make yourself strong and

independent by studying yourself. Live right and you will think right. When you think right, the narcotic vender, whether he be allied to drugs, the pulpit or to any other professional commercial game, will cease to thrive off your energies and you will become a creative force yourself and dependent no longer on others.

What a grand, ennobling condition in life, to be self-supporting, self-creating—dependent on no one or no force save that which the great Creative Energy vouchsafes to you, and which is your natural source of supply, and which is abundant and inexhaustible.

It is not difficult to become a self-creative power. It does not require exhaustive energy to reach this point in the stage of growth. It is a great deal easier to do this than it is to exhaust your energies finding fault with the governmental and social conditions surrounding us. We make our own conditions and establish our own environments. It is a mistake to think that conditions make and control us.

But we are all looking for excuses. We are too cowardly to place the blame for our misfortunes where it belongs—on ourselves, so we pose as calamity howlers and "walking delegates" and stifle the energy within ourselves by attending to other peoples' business and creating disturbances and dissatisfaction among those more densely ignorant than ourselves.

Here is a paragraph that I wrote a couple of years ago. Some times I think I will have it framed and present a copy of it to every labor organization in the country, where every workingman can read it every time he attempts to solve the social problem by other than natural methods.

The paragraph alluded to appeared under the heading of "Turn-Ups." Here it is:

"While waiting for something to turn up, just turn up something yourself. It will take less time to turn up something yourself than it will to wait for something to turn up. Besides, there are very few things waiting to be turned up for the man who refuses to turn up something for himself. If you don't quite grasp the philosophy of this paragraph at first glance, don't spend any more time trying to cipher it out, just go ahead and

turn up a few things for yourself and you will need no philosophy."

If the social agitator would paste this paragraph in his hat and draw it on himself every time he felt inclined to attend to anyone's business except his own, and then go ahead and develop his own faculties as it is possible, the problem of life would be solved and the whole world would be at peace.

It is possible for every man and woman in the world to be opulent and self-sustaining. Those of us who are not simply have ourselves to blame. The power that shows us the way to opulence lurks within the individual. It is never found without ourselves. We exhaust our energies trying to solve the problem of life in the wrong way. We think others are to blame for our misfortunes and conditions of poverty. This is not true and never has been true. We attract or repel. We are either negative or positive. There is no dividing line between the two forces. But are we at fault for being negative—repellant—you ask? We certainly are. We are surrounded by only such conditions and circumstances as we have forced upon ourselves through the medium of the repellant, negative lives we have lived and are living.

"The sins of the parents are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." The sins of lustful flesh must be dissipated some way. You cannot show me a single man or woman in all the world of human breeding who is fit to bring a physical body into the world. They are all decrepit in either body or mind, hence the imperfectly constructed offspring—a living exemplification of the visitation of the sins of the parents.

My heart swells up with grief whenever I see a little new babe in a mother's arms. I know what is before the little one unless good fortune removes the physical body before babyhood is passed. It were well, in this day and generation, if every babe came into the world "still born." The one "unpardonable sin" is the flesh-lusting of this age. We must get away from it or perish.

But I have switched away from my subject of "burials alive." There will be no diminution of such occurrences so long as we put our faith in doctors.

It is simply appalling to note the number of doctor graft shops in Los Angeles; still if they were not in demand they would not exist any more than would the saloons and the churches. It is the public patronage that keeps them all going—that lubricates the machinery that continues to veil over man's reasoning faculties and conscience.

Man may trace the origin of his downfall to the meat habit. The babe is first taught to eat meat. All the other lusts of life follow easy enough. Saloon keepers, doctors and ministers are all made out of meat eaters. A genuine frutarian was never known to disgrace himself by asking for a diploma as a graduate of either of these "professions." This being a fact, there is no danger that a frutarian will ever be buried alive, for he will not attract to him the density of ignorance that makes such horrors possible.

"Humane" Murder

THE operations of some of the Humane Societies of the Pacific Coast differ somewhat from those I have been accustomed to farther East. Here is an example, the incident taking place the first Sunday after my arrival in Los Angeles:

A number of the sporting fraternity were in the habit of holding cocking mains on Sundays just outside the city limits. The local Humane Society became cognizant of this fact and decided to put a stop to such inhuman practices and punish the perpetrators.

On this particular occasion the Humane officers descended on the crowd witnessing the main. Pickets had been posted to give the alarm by shooting off revolvers on the appearance of anything resembling a peace officer. The head officer was recognized and the pickets fired their guns. There was a general break and the officers grabbed as many of the participants as possible. One man broke away from the officer who had arrested him, jumped into his buggy and started to drive away, whereupon the officer fired after him, shooting the man through the back and through the heart, from the effects of which the victim died in twenty minutes.

And thus was this cocking main business brought to a sudden stop—by murdering one of the on-lookers—

a business man of the city, whose tastes ran in this direction.

No one in the world deplores a state of moral decrepitude which makes it possible for alleged human beings to find sport in such brutal practices more than the writer, and every reader of this magazine knows that I would never countenance for a moment any sort of brutality practiced on the dumb and helpless; but think of a society, under the guise of a humanitarian organization, taking active steps to defend and justify one of its officers, as this Los Angeles Society is doing, a man who deliberately murdered another fellow human being by shooting him in the back simply because an attempt was being made to escape the notoriety of an arrest for being present to witness the proceedings of a cocking main. Just think of it!

The tastes and desires of the one arc, of course, of a low, brutal nature and should be checked and restrained in the interest of public morals and as a protection to the innocent, the dumb and the helpless. But must the blood-stained hand of the murderer be employed to assist in such reformatory work? If so, then it were well that we open the doors of the penitentiaries to find our teachers along humanitarian lines.

Instead of defending the murderer, if the Los Angeles so-called Humane Society had at once tendered its services to the State to assist in the prosecution, its integrity would have been preserved. As it is this Society becomes *particeps criminis* and should be made co-defendant in an indictment alleging the commission of the crime of murder in the first degree.

The Pseuditis Craze

WHEN our doctor friends reach the point where they destroy one another by the use of the surgeon's knife, the rest of the race has occasion to rejoice in the knowledge that justice is on the high road to the consummation of its highest purposes.

Recently several doctors have been killed by submitting to operations for alleged pseuditis. These same doctors—the ones experimented on—had many similar deaths to their own credit, so they were also compelled to expiate their crimes on a horizontal slab. This is well. This is where the law of retri-

bution gets in its deadly work. The man who kills is forced to pay the penalty of his crime. Nature issues no licenses to any of her children to take life, and she does not recognize the parchment fakes issued by either medical colleges or State legislatures. A doctor may go a long time before being compelled to expiate his crimes, but the time will come and never fails, when justice will take care of its own.

The tendency among doctors to slash into the body of every patient that complains of a severe pain in the stomach is growing rapidly. Hundreds of victims of alleged pendicitis are recorded every day of the year. This is most unfortunate. Few understand that the appendix is a spiritual function and with its removal it is impossible to attain to the heights of spiritual unfoldment which would be possible were this function left intact.

The removal of the appendix and the unsexing of women are the two blighting crimes of the century that the medical profession in its inexcusable stupidity, must answer for.

So, when we hear of a doctor "going over the road" by the same process he has employed to destroy others, we know that the natural law governing all life is still intact on the statute books of the Universe and we uncover our head in the presence of the Judge pronouncing the sentence.

Of course the thousands of doctors throughout the country who have discovered that there are perfectly natural processes by which all the afflicted may be made whole, are well aware that the above strictures do not apply to them; and it is certainly most encouraging to note the steady growth among intelligent physicians and surgeons in the direction of natural ways and means.

But what is most hopeful in this present day is the discernment of the great wave of enlightenment which is sweeping the world. A new race will soon be born to take the place of the old. We will neither carve or be carved. Each individual will be his own doctor, his own preacher and his own physical and spiritual saviour.

We are certainly sorry to read the record of the premature evacuation of an Ego, but if such things must be in this present state of sublime ignorance,

let the escapes be among the inner lives which inhabit the most corrupting physical structures.

Physic and Psychic.

TO THE casual observer and to the uninitiate, the two principal words composing the above heading may look very similar, but I can assure all those who are likely to make this error that there is a wide difference in their significance, as I shall proceed to show.

This particular dissertation on the words *physic* and *psychic* in this number of *Conable's Path-Finder* is intended solely for the benefit of some of the Los Angeles printers and proof-readers and no one else is expected to read it.

In coming to illuminous California, and especially to Los Angeles, where the *psychic* is quite as much in evidence in public life as *physic* is on the drug store shelves, we had looked for the local printers and proof-readers to be "up" on all the occult phraseology of the day and be able to recognize a real *psychic* at sight as readily as they would a box of Sidletz powders, or a bottle of Syrup of Figs. Having been a printer myself for twenty years, of course I know that the average member of the craft lives the sort of life which brings him in closer touch with cathartics and other drugs than with things of a *psychic* order, hence, he should be excused for confounding the two; but, as I say, here in Los Angeles, where one is as common as the other, I can find no excuse for either the printer who "linotyped" the word *physic* for *psychic* in the May number of this magazine any more than I can the proof-reader who allowed the error to escape his notice.

There is a vast difference between the individual who is forced to go through life with his body constantly filled with such deadening foods as require *physics* to assist in the dissipation of the disintegrating effects of such foods and the individual who has so cleansed his body as to be able to discern, through the medium of psychological vision, the purposes for which Nature has wrought the great physical structure of man. The one furnishes an example of the deadening effects of wrong methods of living, while the other furnishes an example of the liv-

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ing effects of right methods. In other words, our friend, the cathartic consumer, never gets away from the plane of purely physical and material disorders; while the psychic lives in an entirely different world—in close touch with all Nature and the handiwork of the great Creative Energy. The latter would not exchange places with the former for all the material things of earth. Not that they are entirely away from material requirements. They are simply away from such of the physical indulgences as destroy the body, warp the mentality and bring untold grief to the Soul.

We trust that never again, by any possible mishap, will the word physic be made to take the place of psychic in these columns.

Dead Yesterdays

(THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE)

BY ERRANTE

CHAPTER VII.

[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.]

Love! What is love? Go ask the murmuring rill

As it meanders to the verdant plain;
The feathered warblers of the leaf-mailed hill;

The sobbing sea-shore or the hurricane.

Go ask the grey-robed night, as o'er the lake

She stalks in silence, in her mist canoe;

The south wind whispering in the tangled brake;

The violets bathing in the morning's dew.

If these don't answer you, then how may I?

Perhaps by analyzing your next sigh!

—ERRANTE.

Suddenly, gasping, sweltering Panama takes on an air of unusual animation. Duck-apparelled merchants, money changers, gin-slingers and clerks muster sufficient energy to stroll into the blazing streets from their shady lairs, and yawn while tensing and relaxing their clenched hands above their hammock-touselled heads. A detail of shoeless warriors swing smartly into the plaza from a side street, and face station-ward in "go-as-you-please" order, followed by a mob of negroes,

longshoremen, laborers, fruit, lemonade, curio and cigar vendors; while sloven femininity slowly appears on balconies, to languidly chat across the conglomerate stream of moving humanity beneath.

At the railroad station a sea of white cotton umbrellas; on the wharf the usual contingent of dapper dudes fleck cigarette ashes from their spotless linen, retouch their cravats and mustaches, and comb their greasy locks with mourning fingernails, preparatory to making a solid impression on the expected tenderfeet from abroad.

The Royal Mail is in, and the steamer's European passengers already on their way to the Pacific.

Out from the matted foliage landward comes a long, lingering, echoing wail. The voice of civilization in the jungle, followed by the sharp "toot-toot," and over the divide, flaunting its trailing banner of smoke in the sunlight, swings, staggering, the "Iron-Monster" on to the down grade, bearing some to the peace and quiet and rest of home, sweet home, and others from it, to wherever destiny may point.

Slowly the thundering train pulls up with a tired sigh from the semi-sentient engine, and vomits its excited cargo of Parisian-apparelled wanderers, who mix, lose, and refind hand baggage, boxes, bundles and bird cages; and in their anxiety fill the air with French, English, German, Spanish and Italian nervousness. Castaneda disappears in the hubbub to excitedly return in a few moments to drag me on to the wharf and present me to a corpulent old dowager, Madam Alguera, his mother's intimate friend, and to her daughter, Miss Julia, returning to Lima from the schools of England and France.

Mrs. Alguera, with her flaring crinoline, was a delightfully pleasant, motherly old lady, who, viewed isometrically at long range, reminded one of a farm-house dinner bell, with the handle sawed off half way down to the metal; but her daughter, who was suffering from a severe attack of "Grecian bend," at the time of that epidemic in the world of fashion, was not only delightfully pleasant, good-natured, unassuming and jolly, but a beauty in every sense of the word, and whatever mental vacillations affected me regarding my trip southward, were swept away in an instant by her smile. I would have followed her to the end of the earth, or hades; or would have gone to either destination, merrily, had she so commanded.

I took her to be anywhere from five to ten years older than myself, but that discrepancy made no particular difference to me; nor would it have made any, had she been as old as Rider Haggard's "She." I was simply head over heels in love with her at sight, and, as she spoke excellent English, I told her so before we were fairly aboard the ship, a declaration that seemed to please her immensely.

She was a wonder-eyed, petite brunette, dressed to beat the band in dove drab, with a sash of five-inch ribbon about her waist, knotted in a great bow behind, the loose ends of which trailed almost to her high-heeled French shoes; and her hat! Well, there is no use trying to describe it, for I don't even know the technical names of the different girders, string-pieces, cross-beams and braces of the artistic combination of store truck the ladies usually designate as "a perfect

dream;" but it created the impression that the owner might have crossed through the isthmus jungle on foot, arriving with all the wild flowers of the route entangled in her pretty hair.

I began the foregoing paragraph with the idea that I would have no difficulty in describing Miss Alguera; but I give it up. There is no use in a man's trying to describe a woman he thinks is beautiful. It cannot be done, for feminine beauty consists of neither face, nor figure. Back of these there must be that indescribable something that words fail to express. The most beautiful woman I ever had the pleasure of meeting was, from an artistic point of view, uglier than a barbed wire fence; but she used to round us up, all the same, with automatic regularity, and keep us tagging after her like a lot of school boys after a farm wagon loaded with peaches. Miss Alguera's style of beauty possessed that intangible charm, and every man on the ship, from captain to lamp-trimmer, was madly in love with her before we reached Callao; but I was happy in the conviction that I was the favorite by odds of a hundred to one, for, to the chagrin of her bearded pretenders, she seemed never happy unless I was by her side, so on our arrival at Callao, when she gave me a pressing invitation to her approaching wedding with a lank dude who came off to the ship to meet her, I, parodizing Byron:

"Cursed the sea, the land, mankind,
the skies—
And then I thought of Donna Julia's
eyes."

But I took it out of that lantern-jawed dude of hers in great shape; mentally I inveigled him down into the ship's engine-room, hit him over the head with a twenty-four inch monkey-wrench, threw him in among the connecting rods and shaft cranks and started the engine "full speed ahead," reversing them occasionally to grind him up good and fine; but I was at their wedding, had a grand time, and left it, engaged to half a dozen young ladies. I was getting corns on my heart very early in life, and from then on rarely kept track of them.

Again pandemonium on the wharf and in the lighters, with the ill-natured perspiring passengers and their mis-

cellaneous baggage, and away over the placid waters of the bay to where great columns of smoke were rolling skyward from the funnels of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's steamer, "Valdivia", and aboard.

I am not a regular first-class passenger this trip, but am to all intents and purposes to be treated as such, for I have paid quarter fare, not to the "P. S. N. C." by any means, for I am learning how to travel; but to Billy Wilson, the ship's chief steward, adding in the same direction another ten dollar gold piece to Castaneda's through steerage ticket; all of which his majesty, the pursuer, over a round of soft drinks on shore, assured us would be good for first-class fare to our destination, with a state-room at least to Guayaquil, and all the way to Callao, providing an extraordinary number of passengers did not join the ship at the first mentioned port.

What would the Consul think of my stealthy departure? Well, it was none of his business anyhow. I left a note for him with the hotel-keeper, to be delivered after the ship sailed; but I felt mean for not having frankly told the kindly gentleman good-bye, fearing that he would try to stop me, which would not have been the case, as he afterwards assured me.

With scarcely a ripple on the glistening surface of the bay, we glided away with the Island on our larboard, to my surprise. Why, I know not, but I have never left the bay of Panama for either north or south without feeling like telling the skipper that the land was on the wrong side of us, and that we were off the track. Panama is the only port I ever visited that has made this kind of a mess of my geography, and I have often wondered if others have suffered from the same delusion at that place.

Soon we have passed the three miles limit. Down from the foretop lazily floats the red, blue and yellow of Columbia; the cross of Saint George flutters to the deck at the stern, and we are off for the land where scientific common sense sun worship, with all its stored garnerings of the ages, and a civilization outclassing in glory and splendor the vaunted civilization of its conquerors, fell, crushed and bleeding under the blows of the cross—that terrible hammer of Thor—torn from the

hill of sorrows to serve as an emblem of rapine, treachery, murder and lust in the hands of the bloody Pizarro, and his pious steel-clad followers, who killed for the welfare of their victims' souls.

Steadily the stately vessel sweeps ahead over the mercury-like surface of the gulf, gently rising and falling on the long, scarcely perceptible swell coming in from the breathless ocean, her passengers massed at the rail, admiring an occasional island, flung, probably, from the hand of some angry, prehistoric earthquake, into the seething sea; or here and there a palm-crowned, rugged bluff held oceanward on the extended paw of a mighty continent, only the discontented grumbings of the tireless iron giants, frantically twisting the polished propeller shaft in the greasy depths of the hold, breaking the solemn, wondrous stillness, and away in the west, on our starboard bow, an angry blood-red sun sliding down the roof of the sky in a riot of blinding colors and tangled clouds—undreamable out of the tropics—pallid lights materializing in unexpected corners about the ship: the star of the evening flashing her first silvery signal through the upfloating hair of departing day, and a bell (on an American ship, it's an infernal Chinese gong), calls us to stewed prunes. That's to say—to—well, I mean dinner.

At the time the Americans had much to learn from their English cousins regarding urbanity at sea and marine engineering; but, to their credit be it said, I have never traveled on an American boat that served stewed prunes five times a day, year in and year out, nor bread baked on a cake of ice in a thunder storm. Some twenty years later I went from New York to Liverpool on a famous Cunarder, and the humble plate dealers were enthusiastically juggling with the same old brand of stewed prunes I first met, in force, on the "Valdivia," and expecting "af crowns" at every shuffle.

Singing and dancing on deck evenings, under a cloudless sky, the genial skipper, and natty ship's "hofficers, haiding hand habetting hall" kinds of fun and entertainment: quoit pitching, reading, reciting, lounging, promenading and an occasional musical entertainment with piano and guitar, during the day, breaking the monotony of

eating stewed prunes, went into the makeup of our ship routine under the southern cross. At times only low white fog banks, resembling a boarding house wash hung out to dry, indicating the land line on our port bow, and at other times showing protruding capes so near by that the fierce white fangs of the sea, gnawing at the skirts of foliage-capped cliffs, were plainly discernable; while higher back an almost imperceptible blue mountain line, washed on the lighter azure of the cloudless sky, in ever increasing height, until suddenly, away off beyond the reaches of lowlands and foothills, in mighty graceful curves, piercing layer after layer of fleecy clouds, one after another appear in the dim distance the volcanoes of Pichincha, Atisana and Cotopaxi, and higher still, but seemingly near enough to reach out and touch with one's hand crowned with the winters of a billion years, King of the empyrean, silent sentinel of the ages, majestic Chimbrazo looks patronizingly down from his cloud-fanned throne, twenty-two thousand feet above the ship's deck, and smiles at our microbial insignificance.

Nightly, Castaneda and myself, with a pillow each from our state-room, slept on deck near the wheel house, to catch the benefit of the soft breeze created by the ship's speed, and be handy for a glorious salt-water bath at the nozzle of the deck-washers' hose, in the "wee sma' hours", I generally dropping off into forgetfulness, wondering what "those boys" were doing at home, or why God had paid so little attention to the symmetrical arrangement of the varied assortment of brass tacks that decorated the cloudless overhead arch; and at midnight of the fourth day from Panama, as if in a cloudless dream, I heard above me from the bridge, and from the wheel house:

"Hard a port!"

"Hard a port, sir."

"Steady!"

"Steady, sir."

"Starboard!"

"Starboard, sir."

"Steady!"

"Steady, sir."

and then I sprang to my feet, yelling for Castaneda, and rubbing my eyes to assure myself I was not dreaming, for the ship was rushing like a race-horse through a night-shadowed wil-

derness; great, dim, vine-laden arms of trees reaching toward us, as if bent on snatching us from the deck as we glided by them. Port, starboard; starboard and port, all through the long morning watches, startled flocks of wild birds flying screaming landward in the dank, clammy darkness, and the shadow of Chimbrazo, limned through the mists, seemingly perpendicular above, and watching for an opportunity to fall on us; and at dawn, shaving a fog-wrapped hill on our right, where the sweet tones of a bugle sounds the reveille, as we drop anchor in the stream, off narrow, level streets stretching back from the water between rows of one and two-story ramshackle houses, painted in all the colors of the spectrum; and, I have missed, as I have always missed, a daylight view of the gulf and beautiful river of Guayaquil.

Another steamer at anchor materializes on our port, a cable's length up stream, and from our bridge our Captain yells:

"Hello, Bloomfield! That you?"

"Hello, Jones! Gimme some ice and I'll let you have a case of the best old Scotch you ever sampled."

"It's a go! What's the news South?"

"Hell to pay, and no pitch hot; Pareja and Mendez-Nunnez on the way out with the Spanish fleet, bent on blowing the whole coast into the middle of Kingdom come. All hands in Valparaiso digging trenches and sharpening axes; a gang of confederate Yanks in Callao mounting the big Blakely's, and everything else in the shape of water, or steam pipe that will stand a charge of powder. Send me a ton of ice, and come to breakfast with me."

"Be over in half an hour. Do you think they will fight for sure?"

"Sure pop, if the Spaniard keeps the appointment. Everybody, from Payta to Punta Arenas, women included, is on the war-path. The Castilian means business, as near as I can gather. The 'Numancia' is floating Pareja's flag. Yanks may do something with the big, smooth bores, but I doubt it. The 'Numancia' carries eight two-hundred pounder rifles. Come over! It makes a fellow hoarse yelling through this fog."

The blazing equatorial sun climbing a copper sky gradually drives the drifting mists sea and landward; great scat-

tered banks of them slowly retreating to make a last stand, like desperate, defeated details in the shaded hill-side ravines; and across the broad, sluggish stream, a low, green, swamp-like shore appears, backed by tier after tier of verdant hills, that rise one over the other, footstools of mottled green for the stupendous volcano.

Alligators resembling drifting logs, float by almost within rifle shot from the ship, and on the opposite shore sun themselves in groups of twos and threes, as far above and below as the glasses reach. Townward the omnipresent white cotton umbrellas, bobbing about in the hands of "Gringos"* over a sweltering sea of ham-colored humanity, and about the ship, bumboats loaded with a howling mob of female parrot, fruit, curio and cigar vendors; shouting their wares; frantically gesticulating with fingers and expressive smiles and shoulder shrugs, to the passengers who spoke no Spanish; boatmen fighting like cab-drivers for fares between ship and shore; and the ceaseless clatter of the brain-racking hoisting winches, punctuated by the monotonous "Hoist!" and "Lower away!" of the "Bo'sens" at the hatches in care of the incoming and outgoing cargo, make up a general ceaseless pandemonium.

Here we load up to the smokestacks with coast traders and cattle; the former principally women of the lower classes, each the owner of cartloads of fruit, chickens, eggs, green vegetables and so-forth, for the Peruvian markets, being allotted space on deck for themselves and wares in every conceivable corner, until it was almost impossible to get about the ship it was so crowded, and the latter, the cattle, being brought alongside in lighters, a sling looped about their horns, and then by this lifted to the gangways of the lower decks that were fitted with knock-down stalls for the trade.

The barbaric splendor of the jewelry worn by these market women was astonishing; and more so when one

was assured that the handful of flashing stones dangling about them were all genuine and of the first water. I learned it was customary with these traders to put all their spare cash into diamonds instead of in the savings banks (of which there were none at the time), and that all a merchant had to do was to take a good look at possible customers to size them up financially. Dun and Bradstreets were not in it. Eight Point insert.

This trade seemed to be the principal business of the steamship company and by the time Old Sol had reached the zenith, the stench of the crowds became almost unbearable; but all shillings smell alike to stockholders, and soon the little space supposed to be sacred to first-class passengers was invaded by bird cages, monkeys and itinerant merchants; but myself and Castaneda had no kick coming, for we felt certain—if our estimate of Billy Wilson and the purser was correct—the P. S. S. Co. would divide very little of our coin.

Why an American line of steamers never made a bid for the enormous trade of this coast is beyond my comprehension. An American sea captain—if I am not mistaken it was Captain Bloomfield himself—sometime previously, bought out an old tub of a side-wheeler and started in opposition to the great P. S. N. Co., so successfully that they bought him off at his own price, making him an admiral of their fleet for life. I was told that his ship became so popular along the coast that he would stop in at more than half the ports, just to inform travelers that they would have to wait until trip after next if they wanted to go with him, and that, as a rule, they waited to avoid the treatment dispensed to deck passengers on the English boats. To-day there are four lines, one English, one Chileno and two German on the coast, and an opposition would be apt to be uphill work; but I believe an American line could win out.

Again on the open sea and southward bound, the coast ever increasing in barren and fearful ruggedness, with the great, bleak, bald Andean range looking down at the sea through a haze of azure. Hour after hour and day after day a bare, brown, verdureless line of beetling shore cliffs, with the ceaseless swell of the ocean batter-

*A nickname applied to foreigners in general throughout Spanish America by the natives, much as we apply "Greaser" to the Spanish Americans. It is not Spanish, and was derived from the singing of "Green grows the rushes O!" by drunken American man-o-wars men on "shore leave" at Valparaiso at the beginning of the last century, the natives changing "Green grows" to "Gringos."

ing and thundering at their grizzled walls; cut at intervals by emerald valleys hiding from the glisten of the sands in the great friendly seams, reaching back into the fortress-like mountains; and occasionally white villages or isolated houses stuck like toys among the palms, or on sun-burnt, wind-swept bluffs.

The farther south we go the more plentiful become the diminutive "mutton leg" sails, dodging in and out of coves, or from behind bald islands between us and the shore, and seaward an occasional "full rigger" with belly-lying sails appears motionless on the

horizon like a pensive white vested senator pondering on the future possibilities of humbugging his fellow citizens.

Morning, morning, morning, and again morning, with the green island of San Lorenzo on our starboard, and ahead, in the fog on both bows, a forest of ghost-like masts and spars, rapidly materializing, and then ker-chug goes the great anchor dragging its angry, protesting chain after it into the boiling water. The reversed propeller churns the foam about us; ladders are let down and we are at Callao.

(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

THEY say that the first man who walked down street on a rainy day with an umbrella was arrested for blasphemy. The idea of sticking up such an obstruction in the face of God! If God wanted to rain, let Him rain! Take a good wetting and be thankful! Don't have the arrogance to "interrupt Nature's divine laws!"

But after a while people took the hint from the blasphemer. They saw he had struck a good thing. To be able to go out in the wet and yet know enough to get in out of the wet under an artificial, portable canopy or roof—why, that was immense, to be sure.

Perhaps the saint who prosecuted the umbrella blasphemer was the first to take the other fellow's umbrella—thus establishing a precedent for a petty crime that remains unpunished to this day. At any rate if the "goody-goodie" did not take the blasphemer's umbrella they stole his patent and improved on it until now you may see any day and Sunday, too, the saints all equipped with this blasphemous improvement in interruption or obstruction on God's ways of just pouring water right down on top of you.

We are a funny old race anyway. We are in some respects a mob of fools. And that is not the worst of it. We pride ourselves on our folly and boast of it as wisdom. Every advance of science, every penetration of spir-

itual vision, every insight into a better social order that would add to a world's freedom and happiness, has had to run the gauntlet of the wise and good, who formerly arrested the man with the first umbrella.

One does not know whether to get mad, or to split the sides with laughter, or to sit down and weep at these recurring exhibitions of man's pure idiocy, strutting about as if it were wisdom. Bruno, Galileo, Copernicus must suffer the scorn of these contemptible wizards of folly. Darwin must be sneered at, and wait a half century before his genius is recognized. Edison is "looney" to the shopmates of his earlier days. Inventions, reformers, the advance guard of the race, must go alone and then return to a hooting, ignorant mob of respectable, religious, conservative wiseacres. Lord Brougham said he would eat the first steamship that would cross the Atlantic. Had he had a stomach to correspond with his ignorance and stupid conservatism, he could certainly have accommodated one. Stephenson's engine was sport for the members of Lords and Commons.

Who has not heard of Darius Green's flying machine, a standing joke already prepared for the man who even dared to suggest that aerial navigation might be possible. And now comes Brisben Walker in the March "Cosmopolitan," talking boldly about

"The Conquest of the Air," and daring two prophecies (1) that within twelve months (of this World's Fair year) there will be a practicable flying machine; and (2) that within twenty-five years the aeroplane will be the safest means of transportation.

The blasphemy! Did not God make the air for breathing and cyclones? An aeroplane can only be the work of the devil! Wisdom walks—and grovels—it would not dare the air. Leave that to fools and fanatics!

But we shall yet fly. The writer of this article, having a little of this fool type of mind that believes in progress, advancement, and triumph of mind over mud, expects one fine day to have a "fly," say, for instance, from the Berkeley Hills to the Conable retreat. And there are others. And later the good and the "wise" will come and steal—not our umbrella—but the patent on our aeroplane. They will get on to the "principle" of the thing—and away they'll go.

All of which is a long preamble, which I hope is not bad reading, to a further suggestion.

To walk about in the wet without an umbrella—! You have heard of the man who "didn't know enough to come in out of the wet." Well, they are not all dead yet. The phrase put into more classic English means that said man did not know enough to take advantages that were perfectly apparent in order to improve his condition and circumstance and the satisfactions of his Life.

Now, like John Brisben Walker, I take to prophecy.

First: Before this presidential campaign year is over thousands upon thousands of men in this country will question whether this old competitive, capitalistic, trust-cursed, strike-ridden social order is not a fool thing that ought to be thrown to the rubbish heap of history.

Second: Within twenty-five years the Co-operative Commonwealth will be established in America, and in the whole of a sane Western civilization.

Two weeks ago in the City of San Francisco, a distinguished preacher, pastor of one of the largest Presbyterian Churches on the coast, attacked this proposition of the Co-operative Commonwealth in the name of God, and Jesus, the Holy Bible, and the

Church—and the clergy—especially. He laughed at, tee-hee'd, threatened it, belittled it; declared its advocates to be "incompetents," who had not pluck enough to face the present struggle for bread, or who having faced it, were beaten, and now wanted the game stopped. He is out in the name of Jesus to capture the man who dares to suggest an umbrella, an aeroplane, or a co-operative commonwealth. He is typical of thousands and tens of thousands.

Readers of the Path-Finder, let me tell you to "come in out of the wet." The present competitive capitalistic trust system under which you must make your living is a relic of barbarism. It is asininity. It is economic folly. It is commercial pendemonium. It is industrial hell. It is disorder and chaos. It is the only considerable anarchy that we have left in the universe so far as we know it. Order—system, arrangement, organization—is heaven's first law. The seasons do not come and go in riotous disorder. What we call "law" in the study of science is simply our discovery that the universe is to be trusted, that it will not fail us, that it is not Wall Street, or the modern chance to get a living.

The present competitive system is waste incarnate. It is in some cases tom-foolery and imbecility not yet captured or else escaped from some insane asylum. Here comes the laundry wagon, ten others have passed this forenoon. Five have stopped at the same flats for five bundles not as big as one good bundle all together. And since three o'clock this morning seventeen different milk men to be tired out, and seventeen different wagons to rumble on the pavement, and seventeen faithful animals to be overworked have been trying to deliver seventeen quarts of milk to seventeen families in one-half block. If this is not idiocy, I don't know it. Butchers, bakers, grocers, fruiterers—there they come, five of one, eight of another and so on, up that little street, delivery wagons almost colliding, and delivery men meeting in every back yard, in laughable disorder. At the other end of the line a score of grocers, bakers, butchers, competing, so nobly, cutting prices so religiously, boasting of their goods and prices so humbly and modestly, animated by such a brotherly, Christlike

spirit in diverting trade each from his competitor.

And then comes the strike of the workers. They want some larger share in the profits of this show, if they must work under the big tent. And then there is the lock-out, and Citizens' Alliances and Employers' Associations, mostly made up of very religious and philanthropic people; people who pray to God, and want to be like Jesus (on Sundays)—like Rockefeller and Morgan otherwise. These collide with the organized workingmen in deadly conflict. I am not now taking sides. I am simply pointing out the folly, the social nonsense, and pain of the whole situation. Labor and capital must clash; there is no alternative. They are competitors. They are the climax of competition. They constitute the last term of a struggle everywhere present. Their deadly clash all over the country is the ultimate of a century of free competition. And nothing in the present social system can solve or dissolve this inevitable conflict.

If we now look over the whole field of our competitive nonsense and tragic collision of social forces we shall find one great "principle" at work, one saving aspect. It is the principle of co-operation expressed in organized form. Capital cannot exist as a power except through co-operation of capitalists. Labor would be a helpless creature, a mass of weak and impotent victims, if it were not for Union Labor. Blatant tyranny of the power of wealth over the helpless people would be rampant. Co-operation among the laborers in an organic form is the mighty weapon in their hands to date.

And so it shall be to end this brute and idiotic struggle of man against man, capitalists and laborers. The mightiest discovery of the centuries is the power and significance of association. The discovery of this principle needs to be pushed out to the whole industrial field, and when this is done the world will be launched on a new era. The time has come to run our great bread-getting, living-getting equipment on a CO-OPERATIVE basis instead of the present COMPETITIVE and monopolistic basis. Let us put up our umbrella. It will not hurt God. It will help men as nothing has done in human history.

It is a singular thing that in the number of the Cosmopolitan to which I have referred, in which the editor prophesies so enthusiastically concerning the airship, that the very next article should be a critic's article on Socialism. The writer, Max Nordan, seeks to make what seems to him a case against the Socialists as dreamers and theorists. But at the opening he makes the confession that "this indefinable theory has had practical effects which cannot be denied by even the bitterest enemies of Socialism, effects which amount to a revolution in the economic conditions, in the political and social life and in the views of mankind, and all within a comparatively short time." Further on he declares with us Socialists that "an improvement of the economic condition of the poor is only possible by a COLLECTIVE effort." And his last sentence he consents to our hope and boasts as we seldom would attempt to do. He writes: "Socialism will act as an impulse and force, and bring about better conditions of life among mankind. This, we can safely prophesy, for in spite of its theoretical absurdity it has already in thirty years wrought greater ameliorations than all the wisdom of statesmen and philosophers of thousands of years." That makes me think of that umbrella again. The umbrella man is a blasphemer, and a theorist but his invention keeps off the rain! If any one has any theory which in thirty years can work greater amelioration than the work of the wisest men for 1000 years, I move that they be fully adopted.

But Socialism is not a fact anywhere today. And if the advocacy of its principles, its presence as a proposition among its opponents, its inspiring and hope-giving result among the people has such an effect, who can imagine what the social and economic results would be to all the people if this tremendous power of the principle of Co-operation found expression in the organization of the whole people.

Co-operation and organization are the mightiest of social forces. They can do little but hurt us, and enslave us if used by the few for the few. We cannot permit such untold power to be used by private individuals for their own private ends. We, the people,

must take the reins and drive such powers ourselves.

Don't laugh at Socialism. Socialism is the hope of the world. Socialism is the principle of Co-operation organized by the whole people, and finding its expression through the regularly organized forms of government. Government is our committee to conduct our

social affairs. At present a few commercial filibusters, and industrial buccaneers are controlling our government for their own private ends. Let the people control instead and establish the Co-operative Commonwealth.

Come in out of the wet!—if you know enough. Some people don't. Socialism is the social umbrella.

Hoosier Paths

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

A SPRINGTIDE VISION.

IT IS, then, full of suggestion, this beloved Nature; thoughts stream from a leaf and memories from a violet, and sudden aspirations come with the flight of a bird."—Stanton Kirkham Davis.

The magic of eternal renewal is again tugging at the strings of human hearts and roseate pictures are limned upon the scrolls of souls attuned to the awakening beauty that sweeps in irresistible waves around our zone.

It is as if the spirit of Frostland and the angel of the tropics had joined hands to enact a drama of beauty, the sunshine of the latter melting the frost of the former, and out of the fairy matrix of this elfin stream there troops the endless procession of a growing loveliness that thrills in exquisite measure through the universal heart of the race.

Countless millions of sunbeams—golden light-shafts let loose from the quiver of Infinite Love, awaken life in every nook and cranny, and equip the armies of the Spring for their wonted campaign of beauty in the world.

At the wizard touch of these weapons of Love there springs the tender blade of grass and leaf-buds swell with promise of verdant, shadowy foliage; fruit-buds enlarge with growing promise of color and perfume, and floral seeds and rootlets stir deep within their centers as the warmth of the season's fire touches the heart of their being.

The brown acorn nestling down into earth's friendly bosom dreams of looming high toward the clouds, his wide-spreading branches sheltering many a feathered warbler, while on the grass beneath their shade there rests the weary traveler; or, carrying her dream further she feels her timbers sail

the briny deep while singing waves lap in rhythmic music against this dream-ship's fairy hull, and all because a golden shaft of light gave her a parting shot as she sunk beneath the soil on her tree-ward journey.

The cheery robin, with breast aflame with ruddy, sun-fire hues, pipes early and late of the joy the season brings. The blue-bird, like a tiny bit of winged sky, twitters a kindred note to red-breast's song, completing a duet in color and in melody that has never grown old in a thousand centuries of springs.

This is resurrection time; the trump of whistling winds has blown the call, and hybernation's realm is all agog from gnat to bat, from bat to bear the endless retinue joins the advancing armies of the year to make an annual march up the spiral of evolution.

Under the withered leaves of last year's low-lying crop the passing arbutus beckons with fragrant signal the oncoming violet, and everywhere with tint of sky the shy flowerets answer the season's roll call.

The days lengthen one by one that more and more of this loveliness may be crowded into the shifting calendar. Widen, widen out, oh! fragrant, shining hours, that all may catch the inspiration of beauty's call to sons of men.

An apple bough in bloom, a breath of lilac on the air, and the mind's eye runs riot as imagination pictures the loves of mating birds amid the leaves of these twin nesting places. Listen as they sing, their very souls afire with the ecstasy of the thought that haunts the hearts of even human lovers, and finds best expression in that best of lover's words—together.

The soft clouds troop in fleecy flocks, while everywhere about there hangs a

curtain of dreamy haze, behind which the gods work out the miracles of the passing time. Here are forged the deep, rumbling thunder-bolt and the flashing scimitar of the lightning. Here, too, are wrought upon magic trestle-board designs for work of beauty and of use, as one may easily see who feasts his eye upon the landscape around.

Here are planned the economics of Nature's kingdom in this quarter of her domain, even down to smallest things. The dandelion shall pay his annual tribute of gold, and the dew its daily tax of diamonds. The river and lake shall pay tithing of moisture to the goddess of showers' and the tiny brooklet furnish transportation to flower seeds destined to travel afar.

Where shall our fancy halt in its journey? Where shall it rest? A thousand themes present their glowing inspirations. Rocks, mutely eloquent, appeal for notice, the multi-varied insect world hums an invitation to my pen, but a larger theme, echoing from human hearts, says, "write of me," and so my vision moves on to the world of men.

"In spring the young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love,"

Sang the poet, who, out of sweet experience, knew. Since ever the race began—since ever its capacity to give and receive have manifested, the passion of love has overpowered every other emotion and filled the world with beauty and harmony.

To the man and woman, to the boy and girl, in love there comes that nameless something which confers grace and beauty upon everything in nature including the race itself. The skies grow bluer, the stars brighter, the sunshine more effulgent, the songs of the birds more melodious, the motives of men higher and purer, and every where this enlarged vision of the good, until the world fairly teems with it.

Thus is the common transmuted into the sublime and the beautiful, and the race climbs to new victories, and new hopes arise as the magic finger of the spring-time touches the hearts of men and things. Thus shall the world move up the scale of eternal progress inspired forever by the siren music of the harp of love, strung to harmony and beauty in human hearts.

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