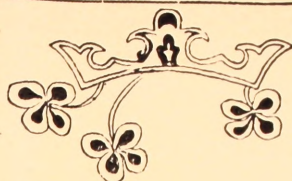


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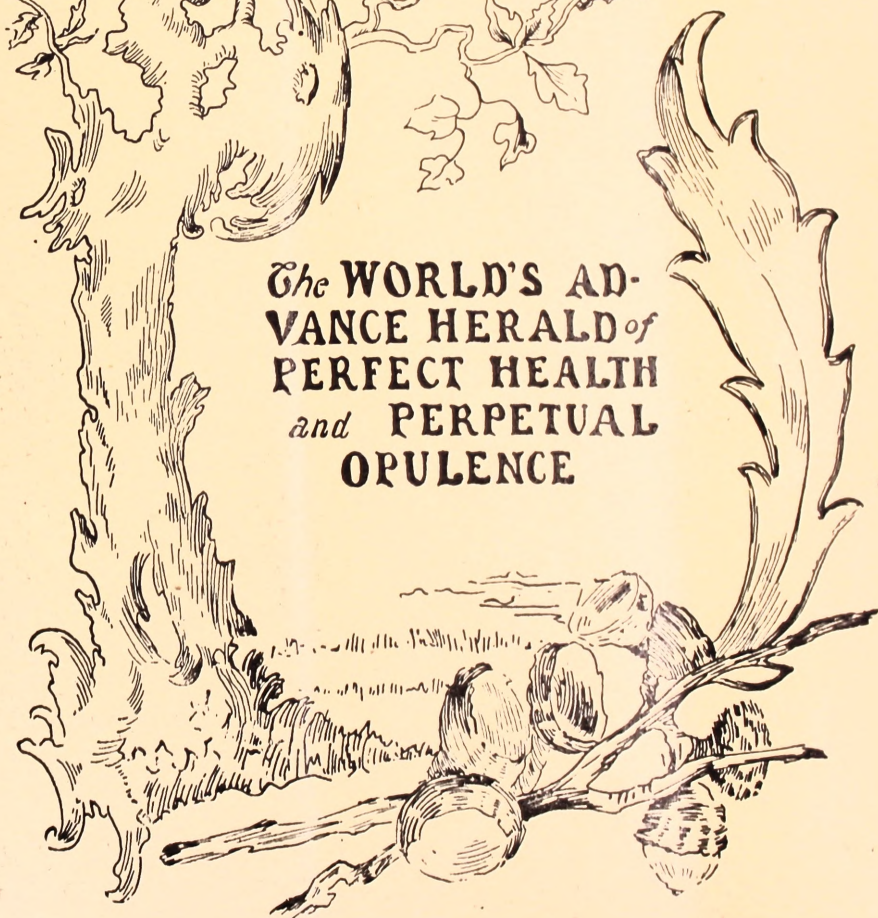
JULY, 1904

One Dollar
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Conable's **Path-Finder**

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



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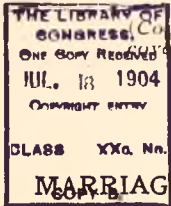
Conable's Path-Finder

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

VOLUME III-

LOS ANGELES, CAL., JULY, 1904

NUMBER 7



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By THE EDITOR

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

A PROPOS of the agitation in California and other sections of the country relative to the passage of more stringent laws affecting the married classes, I am moved to rise to the roof of the tallest sky-scraper and speak without formal introduction.

At the Methodist conference recently held in Los Angeles some good brother advocated the endorsement and adoption, by the Church, of the custom of our Romanist friends, not to marry any of their members who had been divorced except such divorce had been obtained on the ground of adultery, and permitting none of their members to apply for divorces except for the same cause. Our Methodist brother further advocated and insisted that all State legislatures pass such stringest laws on this subject as to make it practically impossible to obtain divorces at all except in the most aggravated cases.

The Rev. Geo. R. Wallace, of Spokane, Wash., is thus quoted by the telegraphic dispatches:

"Marriage in this country is but free love sanctioned by the laws.

"Marriage and divorce has come to be such an easy matter, it is no longer considered to be holy.

"The moral tone of the West is a breeding place for divorce. It is in the very atmosphere, and reaches all classes of people. Most of the city administrations are responsible for the prevailing condition. If the immoral element were shut out, I think such conditions would not exist.

"The present laws of the country are altogether too lax. There is no

trouble whatever in getting a divorce on the smallest pretenses. There should be no marriage until both parties understand each other thoroughly. This proposition of young people getting married when they are not old enough is altogether a mistake. I don't care what learned people, who harp about love, say. It is a mistake, a gross mistake. If they knew there was no possibility of getting a divorce, they would not rush into marriage so hastily and blindly."

Of course, from the standpoint of the Church, this looks all right; but from the standpoint of enlightenment and common sense it is all wrong.

The sin of the present day is the living together of inharmonious and incompatible men and women who bring children into the world; and our friends would perpetuate this great crime and continue to populate the earth with all sorts of physical derelicts.

A great mistake is being made somewhere, that is evident; but it should not be traced to the laxity of statutory enactments. The whole trouble lies in the unfitness, physically, of men and women to perpetuate the race—the absence of a proper comprehension of the necessity of bringing children into the world only under the most harmonious and physically perfect conditions.

How many couples are there who are fit to go into the human breeding business? Show us a single one, and we will show you a million that are unfitted from every standpoint. Still our friends of the Church and others would have such methods adopted and such laws passed as would continue the inharmonious marriage relation and thus indefinitely per-

petuate a dwarfed race. Not only this, but a race of lusters, imbeciles, incompetents and criminals. That is what it means when analyzed—this demand for continued inharmonious cohabitation.

But the question arises, how shall we solve this problem of marriage?—this physical compact between the male and the female? For it is simply physical compact, and nothing else. There is no real love in it—only the sort that the world calls love, which is purely physical admiration, and can never be anything else. Were it anything else than purely a desire to manifest on the physical plane, there would never be any inharmonies; then the divorce court would be an unheard-of thing. But just so long as the present marriage system is in vogue, just so long will the necessities arise for some process by which inharmonious couples may be separated.

Once a system is inaugurated which will prevent the separation of men and women who have foolishly "united their fortunes" by the process of the so-called marriage tie, then indeed will our asylums, penal institutions and homes for the decrepit and weak-minded become as numerous as are the institutions of the day which teach nothing but ignorance and vicious methods of living.

It is not a "tighter" marriage that the world is in need of, but a marriage that, first, brings together opposite forces only which are in perfect harmony with each other; and, second, wherever a mistake has been made that it may be rectified at the earliest possible moment by a complete severance of further relations, to the end that an estoppage may be placed upon further continuance of the sex relation.

No crime or sin is greater than the bringing into the world of a physical body under inharmonious conditions. It is an appalling offense against the new life thus brought forth. A great wrong has been committed—one whose measure of sinfulness has no parallel.

In one day recently there were fifteen suicides in the city of New York alone. Does anyone suppose for a moment that any one of these would have occurred except for the damning sin of the parents in bringing physical bodies into the world incapacitated to cope with such conditions as were likely to surround them?

Occurrences like these ought at least

to set people thinking and cause them to try and solve the problem leading up to such tragedies.

No one is to blame except the parents. No one is to blame for any physical defects in a child except the parents.

Parents wonder why their children are disobedient, are crippled in mind or body, are unhealthy, are unbalanced, are insane, are thieves. All these and more are handed down to the children from the parents. They are all heirlooms from the fountain-head of physical creative energy. The parents may not have been afflicted with the particular defect visited on the offspring, but the inharmony existing between the father and mother has produced the irregularities in the child, and the child is the physical expression of such inharmonies.

These are what we call the physical environments with which children are submerged. The first great crime lies with the parents in bringing these children into the world. They are criminals of the highest order—in many instances of the lowest order.

If this is all true, where and when does the child assume its own responsibility for the commission of offenses, you ask?

When the child reaches maturity (puberty) there comes to the surface a conscious consciousness of the personal responsibilities of life. As the child grows older the clearer does this consciousness become, provided ordinary normal conditions prevail, and the environments at birth are not of too negative a character; provided, in other words, that the machinery of the head is not of such character as to be unable to bring physical consciousness into manifestation. When one is insane, as it is called, there is no fault or defect with anything except the physical machinery of the body; that which the father and mother manufactured and gave to the child.

We often hear people say, "Why has God visited me with such a terrible punishment?" God had nothing to do with it. There is simply physical defect somewhere, and the fault lies at the factory. But unless all sense is absent—unless the physical machinery is too imperfect—it devolves upon each individual to personally correct all errors and come in touch as speedily as possible with the natural law governing every phase of growth and development. If we fail to

do this, then there is another repetition of the deadening conditions just passed through—other physical bodies besides our own are made to suffer.

In this way we are made to understand the crime of "giving" and "taking" in marriage in the absence of perfect harmony and perfected physical structures.

Men and women who live together in inharmony and produce children, commit a crime that cannot be palliated.

Men and women who marry and produce children out of imperfect bodies, commit a crime no less outrageous.

The present moral decrepitude of the world is the result of the present system of marital life—the coming together of physical bodies unfit to create anything more than a mere shack for the Divine Life to occupy.

Would I make the laws any more lax than they are now in the matter of securing divorces? I certainly would. The very fact that one or the other of a married couple applies for a divorce is evidence on the face of it that inharmony exists and that a separation should take place. And think of the hundreds of thousands of cases where the divorce courts are not resorted to, where inharmony exists, the parties being deterred because of publicity and other reasons, none of which are valid.

Then what would become of the children born to these people in ignorance? In the absence of the ability to support these children by the parents, the State should take them in charge and school them and give them an opportunity to learn trades or professions or engage in such occupation as the natural taste inclined them. The State should become the legitimate guardian up to the age of eighteen years.

But there should also be laws to prevent marriages in this ignorant stage of the world. A young man and woman come together, and they think they are in love and straightway go and get married. Soon they discover that there was no love in it—simply a manifestation of physical interest in each other. This fact soon becomes manifest, and then constant inharmonies and a family of little ones follow; a life of sorrow; the divorce courts; physical wrecks; death.

These are all needed lessons, of course; but they would not have been necessary had there existed an intelligent

understanding of the psychological laws which bring physical companions together.

But don't let anyone get the idea that this means so-called "free love," for it does not. Under existing conditions I believe implicitly in some specific form of marriage that the laws of the land take cognizance of. But before such a ceremony takes place I insist that men and women should be enlightened in such manner as not to make any mistakes in the selection of life partners; and be so enlightened that there shall be no creations of physical bodies except on lines of highest physical expression and manifestation.

Under such conditions the initiative of a new race is made possible.

In the continued absence of such enlightenment, we must go the way of all past ages that have persistently lusted on the flesh of their fellows.

Today the doors of the divorce courts should be thrown wide open.

Tomorrow, with the Light that illuminates before us, let them be closed forever.

Colored Clothes and Health

THE publication known as Chick contains the following paragraph bearing on the subject of colored clothes and health:

The health value of colored clothes is infinitely superior to that of sable fabrics. You will find more microbes to the square inch on dark than on light garments. Black arrests the health-giving rays of the sun. It is strange that Mme. la Mode should turn out to be only the High Priestess of Health in disguise, and that the microbes of Mayfair and the bacilli of Belgravia should be more afraid of a butterfly of fashion than of a sable-coated doctor of medicine.

Whereas Conable's Path-Finder takes little stock in the alleged microbe and bacilli as disease generators, it is nevertheless a fact that light colored clothing as wearing apparel is much more healthful than dark or black clothing, and for the principal reason that black clothing, as stated in the above, "arrests the health-giving rays of the sun."

Old Sol does the business of health-

giving. Never mind about the microbes—what their specific duties are—though I claim that their office is purely that of internal scavengers, without whose presence there would be millions of deaths where there are now comparatively few; but just let the sun's rays pour through your body on every possible occasion, and the disease germ will soon be out of a job.

In addition to the use of light weight and light colored outer garments, wear underclothing easily penetrated by the sun's rays. Many persons in the tropics and semi-tropics wear no underclothing at all, but to some of us this is an offense against the sense of refinement; besides, with men, cleanliness of outer garments cannot be maintained in the absence of underclothing. Some may disagree with me on the subject of underclothing, but I must say that I prefer to see man occupy a little higher station than the animal. I believe man is working on a higher plane than the animal, though sometimes this may be questioned. I believe that even Eve, had the opportunity been favorable, would have selected a more extensive wardrobe than history accords her. I feel certain that, had this historic foremother of ours lived in California, she would have at least selected the palm leaf in place of the fig leaf as her dress-parade costume. If not, then the innate modesty of our ancient ancestors was below par.

But don't let us go to extremes on this subject of dress, and make ourselves the butt of ridicule by the public at large. When we do this we counteract all the beneficial results the use of scanty clothing has brought to us. When we attract to ourselves negative shafts of criticism from the public generally, it makes the battle of life much harder to fight. It surrounds us with defeat in many of our undertakings. We not only negative all the good that would come to us naturally in our efforts to come in closer touch with Nature, but we negative largely our own forces, and fail, in the end, to accomplish the object sought, to any appreciable extent.

No one can imitate the Christ life by looking and dressing like a tramp, and we are still some distance from the period where we are justified in imitating the Eve raiment of a single fig leaf and a bewitching smile of the long ago.

Darling, the Pacific Coast "Nature

Man," who went to Honolulu, and who had made himself disgustingly common on the public streets, was recently arrested in the tropics on the charge of vagrancy, convicted, but allowed the latitude of a week in which to get out of the country and return to San Francisco. These fool people who insist on living so close to "Nature" should hie themselves to the mountainous chambers where no sense of decency lurks to enter a protest.

Don't let us permit ourselves to grow too fast backwards.

Let us be dignified, clean and wholesome.

Let us do the things which command public respect.

Let us do the things which command our own self-respect.

If we cannot command respect for ourselves, then we must not expect others to respect us.

Not to be able to respect ourselves is to build an impregnable barrier between our Outer selves and our Inner selves.

In other words, don't get the nude jim-jams and lose your head.

Don't be a "clam" and drink your own broth.

Or fall in the wake of the "mock turtle," which rises to the surface of a corroded tank of riotous soup on the sleeve-polished surface of a free-lunch counter, to meet the delirium gaze of the "over-worked" world "reformer."

Don't do it.

Wear some clothing and be decent. We may not all of us be able to imitate the Nazarene and wear silk garments, but we can wear clean clothing and sufficient of it to avoid making a holy show of ourselves.

Don't try quite so hard to be a "Nature Man," and keep out of jail. Let us get a move on ourselves, and do something, so that the vagrancy laws will not catch us napping on the doorsteps of our neighbors.

Let us own a doorstep of our own—maybe two doorsteps. It won't hurt. And, for pity sakes, let us live in decency and order, and cease our efforts to imitate something the Almighty himself would blush to contemplate.

"Fluid Doubles"

A FRENCH scientist has been experimenting with hypnotic sub-

jects, and has discovered that each individual possessed what the hypnotist is pleased to term a "fluid double," which rises from out the physical form of the hypnotized subject, being connected by an "impalatable cord," as the connection is designated.

Science will, in time, come into possession of a few facts concerning the construction of animate life that may help to convince the skeptic as to the duality of man—not alone man, but all the animal kingdom. This same scientist has discovered that a "fluid double" also seeks and finds egress when animals are put in a hypnotic state.

This "fluid double" has been known to exist ever since the "beginning," it has not been necessary to wait for a modern scientist to give the world this information. It has been known for all time by the psychological student.

It is high time that science began to deal in something besides fiction. It has too long been delving for information where information was not obtainable. Science has exploited so much fiction and so little fact in the past that the average human being will long be skeptical as to its ability to give to the world much of anything that is based upon Nature's real processes. But there is some hope so long as science injects a truth here and there, even though such truth has been the common property of psychological investigators for the past four hundred thousand years and longer.

This "fluid double" that our French scientific friend assures us exists, is the astral or Soul entity that is found in all created things. It is the "force" that leaves the body at death and *can* leave the body during life. It is a "force" composed of an etheric substance that is capable of entering another body than its own and there manifest its presence in a physical way. It is an etheric substance, filled with life, within whose folds or form the Eternal Spirit finds its habitation during the life period of the physical body and for a time after the astral body withdraws. The Eternal Spirit, or the ever-living Life referred to, is composed of a still finer etheric substance, and is known as the Life that never dies. In other words, it is known as the Ego, which, at certain periods, re-enters a physical body for the purpose of gaining and passing through further experiences, preparatory to en-

tering a perfected structure to be occupied throughout all eternity. This is after the physical body has become so perfected as to establish complete harmonious relations with the Spirit. Then further experiences in a physical encasement are at an end. There is Life Eternal for body, Soul and Spirit—the completed Trinity—Three in One, and, finally, One with the great Creative Center.

This fluid or etheric entity is, during animate life, held to the body by what is known as a "ligament of life"; a white thread, as it were, imperceptible, of course, to the "naked" eye, but perceptible to the psychic or inner vision.

This psychic or inner vision is in possession of everyone. No one comes into visible life without it. We have simply clouded over the windows through which this inner vision focuses the object.

You have heard, no doubt, of the miser who, when his wife told him that it was nearing their little son Johnny's birthday, and suggested that the boy should have a present of some sort, replied, "Yes, Shonny should half a brescent on his birt'day: s'pose you vipe off a bane of glass und let him see de hoss cars go py."

And so it is with the most of us—the inner vision cannot even "see the hoss cars go py." let alone being able to discern the higher workings of the great creative forces.

It is to the speediest possible uniting of Triune Man—the three naturally allied forces—that this magazine is directing its unceasing efforts.

A Path-Finder Little One

THE PATH-FINDER has lots of little ones scattered over the country; that is to say, many parents are bringing up their children in strict conformity with the teachings of this magazine—in the matter of diet, exercise, bathing, breathing, etc.

The little girl whose picture is here given is a conspicuous example of the health-producing methods her parents have instilled into her until now she is so thoroughly enraptured with them that she has assumed the role of teacher of her parents instead of being taught by them.

Little Lelah B. Tyler, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Tyler, of Colorado

Springs, Colo., was five years old when this picture was taken, a few months ago. She is a strict vegetarian, living on fruits, nuts and vegetables, and seldom eats more than two meals a day. She is a lover of cold water, taking a cold bath every morning, and can rarely be induced to get into warm water. Last winter Lelah went out on the front porch after a heavy snowstorm, perfectly nude, and rolled over and over the whole length of the porch (20 feet) in the snow. Her mother had read to her that some members of the Path-Finder home had gone out in the snow and taken a bath, and Lelah decided that she could do the same thing, and she did it. She did not even chill, and her flesh was ruddy and as pink as a rose.

Lelah does not know what it is to be



LELAH B. TYLER

sick, has never been vaccinated, and never will be unless her parents lose their minds.

Mr. Tyler writes: "When the Path-Finder stopped coming for a short time, Lelah was greatly exercised, and often wondered why it did not come. We all felt as if an old friend had returned when the magazine began coming again."

The above is but one example of thousands of children that are being brought up the same way. Perfect health is the result, and sickness is unknown.

It is so easy to bring children into the right way of living. It is only necessary for the parents to set the example. The little ones just naturally drop into the

better ways, and the parents are relieved of all care and anxiety concerning health conditions.

This is the beginning of a life of health, strength, intelligence and usefulness; and love, sunshine and happiness are ever-present factors, assuring the fullest and highest measure of growth and unfoldment.

A Doctor Will Fast

OUR good friend, Dr. Snoke, one of the leading physicians and surgeons of Indianapolis, Ind., and a well known contributor to this magazine, writes the editor an occasional few lines on the side.

It is easy to discern that Dr. Snoke does not belong to the "orthodox church" in his profession. He is one who has grown apace with the enlightenment of the age. Like Dr. Rullison, of Toledo, Ohio, who killed the city ordinance which required enforced vaccination, Dr. Snoke is erecting his own monument—not for the purpose of designating the spot where the decaying flesh shall lie; but as a guiding light to the spot where he is now living.

Monuments to the dead are the creations of a distorted physical brain, born of ignorance as to the real forces which inspire the individual to deeds of valor and of general commendation. The living only are entitled to monuments, and these should be erected by each individual worker—memorializing the achievements of the living. And these should not be of marble or granite, but should herald to public view the accomplishments of our every-day efforts.

Dr. Snoke believes in fasting and in all natural things that cleanse and purify both the mind and body. He writes beautifully and comprehensively, and always says something worth repeating, so we are led to give our readers the following extract from a personal letter:

"DEAR FRIEND CONABLE:—The Path-Finder for May has been duly received, and certainly is a most interesting number. The questions in the article, 'Our Gethsemane,' are such as appeal to every soul bordering upon the realm of the infinite consciousness. Nothing ever 'just happens,' and we only need to watch any unfoldment with open eyes and guileless hearts to see that the divine purpose is everywhere, and in all things, *the completion of the individual*. We need to

tend to physical perfection, and I hold that if all physical *incubi* be removed by fasting or other legitimate process, so that the circulation may be wholly unimpeded, and that the nerve fluids be likewise free, then will man be in that state, the manifestations of which have characterized the lives of the adepts of all the ages. I *know* I am *right* in my assertion, for I am looking into the depths of a sane consciousness as I indite the words.

"The emoluments growing out of the competitive systems of current materialism are pitiful, indeed, in contrast with the opulent joy of the *knowing* that brings desirable conditions, even of wealth and power.

"I am nearing another birthday (June 12), and I am going to signalize the event by having it the center line of a series of fasts. It has somehow happened that so far I have never fasted above two days, although I have eaten only fruits for two weeks at a time, several times. After all, eating is a habit. That old adept, Paracelsus, says that men have been known to live for years by having their feet buried in the earth and a clod of earth bound upon the stomach. When the clod dried it was cast away, and a fresh moist one put in its place, this being, outside of the air breathed, the sole nourishment."

Space Writers

WE FIND this paragraph in the daily press: "Ella Wheeler Wilcox has written a poem, the very cream of which is the closing injunction, 'Whatever you do, keep sweet.'"

Had we not seen this same expression a hundred times in Elizabeth Towne's *Nautilus* previous to the appearance of this poem, we might think the Badger poetess had said something original. I recently glanced through Ella Wheeler Wilcox's latest book written for the Sidney Flower fake outfit. Some special paragraphs sounded mighty familiar to me; then I turned to some back files of *The Path-Finder* and the mystery was solved. Ella is not a success in revamping the work and thoughts of others; she sticks too closely to the original. But this is the great fault with nearly all space writers—they garble the thoughts of others instead of thinking for themselves;

not that this woman has not written some very beautiful things from her own brain, but, as I say, the hired syndicate space writer sometimes gets mighty careless and "job-lots" the work of others. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has become a conspicuous example of this sort of literary producer; and I am sorry for it. It is nothing to pick up some of the Hearst sheets and find articles over this woman's signature, the central thoughts contained in which having long since appeared in some of the advanced publications, and Ella springs them on the public as a fresh birth from her own brain. This is a sort of literary juggling with other people's ideas that is neither fair nor creditable.

Then Hearst goes to work and copyrights this stuff and the reading public prates upon the "beautiful ideas" of the "poet songstress."

The "poet songstress" is all right in her native lair, but when she deliberately and premeditatedly destroys the vibrant current of sincerity with which most original writers clothe their productions, and works the original over and puts it out as her own brain product and for commercial ends, then it is fair that the originator enter a protest.

I am sure the Goddess of Liberty would protest should a committee of "reform" dress women attempt to clothe her in overall trousers.

Ella, the space writer, is a colossal fake. When the commercial bee swarms in our bonnet, the Light of the Inner Self is dimmed.

The "Fall" of Paris

A PARISIAN "SEER" recently had a vision in which he saw the great, wicked city of Paris completely consumed by a torrent of fire, and in his anxiety for the safety of his fellow-men, this "seer" begs that immediate steps be taken to bring the people to repentance and adopt less sinful ways.

Whether this "seer" saw or didn't see is a matter of little concern, but the fact remains, just the same, that sufficient destructive forces are generated at the close of each Karmic cycle to clean up the whole world of ignorance and sin and have some left over in case of an emergency.

If this "seer" saw, he simply saw in

visible manifestation that which the scientific world knows will take place in the not distant future.

There is no question that the "finger of death" is pointed in the direction of Paris, and other portions of France will not escape. Already crepe is hanging on the doors of the Czar's palace, and corpses are being prepared by the thousands. This is but a foretaste of what will follow. And there are other portions of this wicked world that will fall in the wake of the midnight street-sweeper.

Paris' American sister, San Francisco, will drink deep from the cup of liquid brine lying close at her feet. She will be baptized unto death, and all hell cannot save her. And New York and other coast cities will float away on a tidal wave whose monster white crest will resemble the snow-capped peaks of the great Rockies. The tragedy just enacted in Hell Gate marks the beginning of the consuming end.

Witness all the appalling disasters of the past two years. Does anyone suppose for a moment that these tragedies have been the result of mere happenings? No; a "Master Hand" guides and controls the destinies of all life, of all growth. This Hand is the great Creative Energy of which each individual forms a part. There is a Natural Law which governs and controls the entire evolutionary process of life. We are a part of this Law. Nothing occurs by mere accident. The mere worm in the dust and the Egyptian Pyramids are both expressions of this Law. No lives are ever "sacrificed" except through the workings of this Law. No tidal wave ever sweeps the shores of the great waterways except in conformity with this Law. No fiery flame ever touches its livid lips to the humble home or the slaughter slums of the pig-sty magnates except through the workings of this great Universal Law.

Death, life, all—all come within the scope of the workings of this Law, and when a world's wickedness persistently runs riot from hell to New Jersey and back again, irrespective of time limits, there is bound to be trouble all along the line.

The "fall" of Paris is assured, likewise many another sinkhole. The "seers" of the time are not confined to any particular cult. They are the product of

psychological conditions which bring enlightenment wherever enlightenment is earnestly sought.

"Go West"—Everybody

I HAVE the warmest kind of a doctor friend in Toledo, Ohio. He writes me a personal letter every now and then—never for publication—still they are always so good that I often give them place in these columns without permission.

This good doctor speaks of one thing—"the physical graveyard of the East"—which should be taken into consideration by those who are in search of the higher truths of life. The East is physically dead. A live man can find no harmony there. The great West is big enough to supply a home for all Truth seekers. I hope to see them flock here near the peaceful Pacific. I shall make this possible for many thousands in due time. There should be 50,000 Path-Finder followers participating in the various industrial and educational institutions which we propose to establish during the next ten years.

Dr. Rullison writes concerning our removal from the Ozarks to our new home:

"Dear Brother:—That's right. When things are not right move out. Move every day if necessary. Proper conditions must be reached.

"Cast off the OLD. Take on the NEW. Give no attention to what the multitude think. They have nothing upon which to base LIFE.

Man, who is to have dominion over all the animals of earth, shall first seek dominion over himself.

"To accomplish this he should select quarters on the earth where he will be free from mere physical surroundings.

"As we prepare ourselves for the better day, our thought gleams westward. The physical graveyard of the East anywhere short of the Coast should not be considered. The question is, the location for the massing of the forces.

"All gradations in Nature have their natural affiliation, therefore, proper man and proper location must come together.

"Go on and on and on, until this condition is reached.

"Good-will for attainment."

A Remarkable Feat

UNDER the above heading the following clipping from a local paper is sent me. As the name of the paper is not given, proper credit is necessarily omitted:

C. S. Boggs, a "young man" of Long Beach, who is only 80 years of age, rode over from Long Beach on his wheel yesterday to visit D. Edson Smith for the day. The feat is one that every young man does not care to perform, and the fact that Mr. Boggs made the trip with ease is considered remarkable, and he did this on an "empty stomach," for he had not eaten anything since the day before. He never eats breakfast, and when he does eat, fruit and nuts form his meal. Mr. Boggs is an enthusiastic believer in the efficacy of fruit and nuts as a regular diet.

There are hosts of both "young" men and "young" women in California, from seventy years up, who are living in harmony with Path-Finder teachings and who are marvels of strength and activity. Let the younger generations follow in the footsteps of these great-grandfather gladiators, and the health problem will be solved.

SHORT PATHS

If you would come in touch with the creative power of the Universe, know yourself, and to know yourself makes you also master of every condition in life.

First, remove the yoke from your own neck, and then it will be time enough to assume the burdens of others. It is impossible for us to assist our fellow-men, so long as we ourselves are groping in darkness. The Light must first come to ourselves before we can illuminate the pathway of others.

Some time ago, when the public press was saying that the Japanese were a chicken-hearted race and would not stand up before the Russians long, this magazine stated that Japan would put up the biggest and most scientific fight of the world. If Japan's equal has even been encountered in all history, there is no record of it. This is a nation whose head has never been muddled by the excesses of life.

Since our last issue another \$300,000 pig distillery has been consumed by fire. This time one of Armour's, in Los Angeles. Let the good work go on. True, others more "magnificent" will rise to take the place of those destroyed, but that puts just so much more money into general circulation. From this standpoint, the masses have gained a little. But fear not; the hand and the brain that directs the course of the unsheathed instrument of murder will be palsied in due time.

Brother Hanish, in his *Mazdaznan* magazine, editorially tells his readers, in the June issue, that he is "the most humble, noblest, purest man in our history." This must be so, for Hanish admits it himself; but what of a "philosophy" that puts a swelling like that in a man's cranial storehouse? Think of the physical proportions of the posterity resulting from a "philosophy" that will deliberately put such a head on the "humble" shoulders of the "purest man in our history." Christ must have lost his standing in the windy city by the lake.

Now some of our scientific friends have just discovered a prehistoric egg that they are quarreling over as to whether it is 1,000,000 years old or 2,000,000 years. A little matter of a million years, after once an egg has passed the "mature" stage, should not be held as a disqualifying factor in the general market of prehistoric relics. Anyway, I would sooner have a million-year-old egg on my desk as a paper weight than one just in its teens. An egg in its teens, unlike a young lady, is not a compatible companion. I am told. Give me the million-year-old egg for general indoor purposes.

I wish to send my thanks to Mrs. William E. Towne (Elizabeth) for an invitation to attend the wedding nuptials of her daughter, Catherine Elizabeth Struble, to Mr. Edward Lincoln Ewing, both of Holyoke, Mass., on the evening of June 8th, 1904. It is a long distance between coasts, so I could not be present at this wedding, though I wished to very much. I congratulate the young couple from the very depths of the Path-Finder, and I wish them the fullest possible measure of joy and sunshine throughout all their days. I shall watch with great interest the results growing out of these New Thought unions.

I have just been reading Otto Carque's new book, "The Foundation of All Health—A Guide to Health, Wealth and Freedom." It is a treatise on the diet question, published by Cosmos Publishing Co., 765 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill. This is a book that is right along the lines of the Path-Finder dietetic teachings, and contains much in substance that is found in our own booklet, "A Treatise on Uncooked Food." Hence we can readily recommend this book to everyone who is in search of better ways of living and of an ideal dietary. There is a great amount of information in this little book that we have seen nowhere else, and it is well worth ten times the price charged for it. I like to take every scholar along this line of work by the hand. The world is in great need of help in the direction of establishing proper health conditions. This new book by Mr. Carque should find a warm welcome in every home.

When Elizabeth Towne is not writing a book she is getting out her Nautilus, and when she is not getting out her Nautilus she is writing a book. From all this it is fair to presume that Mrs. Towne's writings are in general demand, hence she is kept busy trying to supply this demand. It is not for us to say what her success is from a financial point of view. Her ever-increasing bank account tells this part of the story. We only know that Mrs. Towne's writings constantly grow more and more in popular favor. Her style is always original and attractive, her subjects are always well chosen, and she treats them with fullness and marked intelligence. Mrs. Towne's last book, now lying before me, is "Happiness and Marriage." It is needless to say that this is a subject that has puzzled the greatest minds of all ages—how to couple happiness with marriage. Were I thinking of getting married, I would sit up nights and study this book, and try to make a personal application of all the common-sense suggestions with which it is brim full. Perhaps some of my readers are thinking of entering the matrimonial field, and perhaps there are some already in this uncertain field who need a helping hand to assist them in smoothing up the rough places; if so, send for "Happiness and Marriage," by our esteemed contemporary, and enclose 50 cents. Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass.

The illustrated book, "The Body Beautiful," of upwards of two hundred pages, by Nannette Magruder Pratt (press of the Baker & Taylor Co., New York), is one of the very best along physical culture lines that has ever been brought to my attention. Mrs. Pratt is a brainy, intelligent, progressive woman, and she exemplifies in her own form the symmetry and grace of figure which the mind pictures when drawing the outlines of a body beautiful as applied to the gentler sex. The illustrations in "The Body Beautiful" are taken from life—are, in fact, made from photographs of Mrs. Pratt herself, and as the writer has had the esteemed pleasure of meeting the author, he can vouch, in a measure at least, as to the accuracy of the artist in presenting the illustrations for public view and consideration. Mrs. Pratt spent many years in getting the best from all the acknowledged competent physical culture teachers throughout the country, and has again sifted all this and added much from the fertility of her own brain, until she now unquestionably has a text book unsurpassed in its specific field. There are a few things in the food dietary of Mrs. Pratt's book that do not accord with Path-Finder teachings; but we are assured by Mrs. Pratt herself that, were she to rewrite this book, many things in relation to the meat dietary would either be greatly modified or eliminated entirely. Aside from this feature, which does not detract in the least from the physical exercises mapped out and many of the valuable hints and suggestions as to healthful ways of living, the writer unhesitatingly recommends this book to every woman in the land, with the full assurance that its presence in the home will be fruitful of most beneficial results. Mrs. Pratt's present address is Pomona, Cal.

Opinions on Dreams

New York Sun:—Results of years of scientific investigation of dreams were given before a large audience in Genealogical Hall in West Fifty-eighth street last night by Charles W. Leadbeater, of London, who, under the auspices of the Theosophical Society, is visiting this country. His conclusions, he says, come from many experiments made with the assistance of a number of theosophical welcome those throes of the spirit which

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students. These are some of his deductions:

That the soul, the true man, leaves the body during sleep, and may then be more or less fully conscious, according to the degree of its development, and be capable of receiving impressions, of moving freely, visiting a place at a distance, and conversing with other souls whose bodies are also asleep.

Though the soul is thus away from

the physical body, the latter nevertheless possesses a kind of half-consciousness of its own, and the physical brain is occupied with a mechanical review of past events, either of the day before or a longer antecedent period.

From these conditions there result two classes of dreams. One includes what may be called true dreams or visions, a knowledge of something happening at a distance at that time or a prevision of something which afterwards comes to pass. These are recollections of what the soul during its travels has really seen or done. The other and commoner class is the vague recollection of the half-conscious vagaries of the physical brain. The ordinary confused dream, with its incongruities and impossible positions, is a mingling of the two.

The speaker advised the audience to avoid the two extremes of opinion on the subject; neither to accept dreams with the implicit faith which brings worry or trouble, nor to commit the equally foolish mistake of condemning their teaching as nonsense, but rather to observe carefully and to note with precision the vivid and important dreams, and let time decide their worth and truth. In that way, he said, it will be possible to build up a science of dreams.

Dead Yesterdays

(THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE)

BY ERRANTE

CHAPTER VIII.

[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.]

Where blear-eyed Revel holds high his maudlin sway,
From night's young hours 'till blushing new-born day

Paints in the East;

Where wanton women—cross bedecked, yet gay—

From sacred portals went their stealthy way;
Where noisy youth affrights the passing hour,
And love—licentious—reigns in all his power—
You'll find the Priest."

—ERRANTE.

THE baggage of Castaneda and myself consisted of a co-operative imitation leather grip, purchased at

Panama from a lineal descendant of the impenitent thief, who hypnotized us into the idea that the grip and a couple of pairs of pasteboard-soled shoes he foisted on us were bargains that were driving him to bankruptcy, and it took us but a few moments to gather our limited and soiled belongings, preparatory to disembarking.

On going on deck to tell our fellow-passengers adieu, I was dumbfounded at discovering that the jolly, well-dressed crowd we had known and learned to appreciate en route had disappeared as if by magic; and to find, in their stead, a dozen or more mournful-looking, dawdesque figures, seemingly of another world, all dressed exactly alike in sombre dead black, their heads

and faces, with the sole exception of one eye, tightly wrapped in shawls of the same soul-smothering hue. After considerable uncertainty as to who was which, and on discovering that sedate Mrs. Alguera and my pretty Julia were a part and parcel of the nightmareish masquerade, I was at a loss whether to laugh outright or take the astonishing change seriously.

Every scrap of color, every feather, ribbon, flower or bit of dainty lace that adds so much to the power of tyrannical femininity, had disappeared, with the broad-spreading crinolines and "Grecian bends," and instead of the former Parisian butterflies of fashion who had enlivened the tedium of our long sea-journey south, thin, stalking, black nuns, chalk-like, cuffless black hands from out the folds of habilaments of woe to grasp my own, and that companionless, unrecognizable eye staring at me through the small triangular opening, deftly arranged in the folds of the "mantas, (1) conjuring up the creepy feeling that is said to prevail 'mid tombstones when graveyards yawn.

Castaneda explained that this outlandish drapery was the national costume of the ladies of the upper classes of his country, and that our friends, through fear of ridicule, would never dream of going ashore in their apparel of civilization.

The conviction this information forced upon my mind, that I had been inveigled into a colossal nunnery, only added to my pregnant disappointment on being presented by Miss Julia to the well-groomed dude who was to be her future lord. But when life is just waking, its dawn is far too witchingly tinted with the crepuscular hues of youth to waste time or borrow trouble over shattered idols of roscate dreams, and to all intents and purposes I was as happy and effervescent a Peruvian as any of them before reaching the landing.

Today at Callao (2), the port of entry for Lima (3), the Peruvian capital

(1) A shawl of different textures, but always black, for tightly wrapping the hands and arms.

(2) Pronounced Kalyow, a vulgarization of the Spanish word *Callado*—noiseless, quiet, silent.

(3) Pronounced Lee Mah—a vulgarization of the Indian word *Rimac*, the name of the river that passes through the city on its way from the Andean range to the Pacific.

seven miles inland, ships and steamers tie up at the great stone docks called El Muella Darsena, as perfectly protected as the shipping at Liverpool, and their passengers are delivered to waiting railway trains that carry them to the capital in short order; but it was not so in the days of which I write. The freight landing was then an old, tumble-down bulkhead at the foot of the narrow street leading to "Casa Mata," or the Custom House, where lighters unloaded and passengers were landed from row-boats at a slippery stairway of some ten or a dozen steps that led, did they (the passengers) seek a short cut, through any of a dozen cocktail laboratories to the Calle Constitucion, or main business street of the city, running more or less parallel with the beach and a square distant from it.

On the left, looking seaward, a low, stony peninsula, designated as "Mar Brava," that with the landing beach and the beach stretching away to the right, to the mouth of the Rimac, and beyond, in a broadening semi-circle, formed the bay in conjunction with the beautiful, mountainous island of San Lorenzo, where potatoes were first discovered and eaten by Europeans. And, speaking of potatoes, I have often wondered what our agriculturalists—and cooks—would think of tubers said to withstand rot a hundred years or more.

In the interior of Peru, about the water-shed of Lake "Titicaca," the Quichua and Aymera Indians today treat and prepare their potatoes as the socialistic and paternal government of the Incas treated and prepared them for preservation when that government received all crops from the producers and stored them for impartial distribution among its constituents three years after garnering; always thus holding in its cyclopean granaries a two years' supply of the products of the soil, with which to meet either famine or war. At present the potatoes are dug by the Indians mentioned, at a certain age of the tuber and of the moon, first being planted during a certain phase of the moon taken to the snow line, thoroughly frozen, returned to the valley and sundried until completely free from moisture, when they are ready for use or indefinite storage, being black all the way through, about the size of a walnut, not at all disagreeable

food once you are accustomed to them, but tasting like anything in the vegetable line excepting a potato. For- eigners, as a rule, will not eat them unless driven to do so by hunger, but I have often eaten them thus treated, finding them nourishing and very strengthening. Potatoes thus treated are called "Chuna," pronounced "Chuneyo."

Peru, under the Incarial (if I may coin a word) system of government, was not an over-inviting field for the genius of the Morgans and Rockefellers of those primitive times, notwithstanding the fact that it was the most radically monopolistic country mentioned by either history or tradition. The common-sense Peruvian considered that anything worth monopolizing for private gain was certainly worth securing for public weal, and proceeded to cinch it at once. The Morgans of those days, in that opulent empire, were compelled to yearly bring a certain amount of unarable land to a state of cultivation, and to personally plant and cultivate a certain quantity of potatoes or run an enlarged risk of being "short" on the toothsome tuber at meal-time. Poverty was prohibited by the Incas and the most advanced ideas of modern Socialism were in practical operation, and successfully, under their splendid system of government so long ago that tradition mingles them with the mythology of the Nation's genesis. The stupendous remnants of public works their system has left us as object lessons, are simply staggering to modern ideas of enterprise and engineering; but of this later.

Callao, at the time, was a city of probably 30,000 inhabitants, dependent principally on the shipping business of vessels that came around the Horn to load guano (pronounced wano) at the Chincha Islands, re-outfitting after their long trip at Callao for the return voyage. A lucrative branch of its trade was in the hands of unprincipled keepers of sailors' boarding-houses, who, in connivance with the American Consul and the captains of incoming and outgoing ships, played poor "Jack" for all he was worth.

If a ship from some far-away port arrived largely in arrears of wages to its crew, the captain would pay a fairly good sum per capita to the boarding-housekeeper to steal them off his ves-

sel (which was not difficult as "Jack" will desert his ship, losing his back pay, every time he gets a chance), to facilitate his pocketing his men's wages; and "Jack" would find himself having a good time on five-cent red whisky, at a quarter a drink, for a few days before being reshipped, leaving his "three months in advance" in payment of his good time to the boarding-house master and the "gang."

Occasionally "Jack" would desert, not only his ship, but also the boarding-house keeper and run away to the interior, producing a scarcity of raw material for these land-sharks to work with to advantage. On such occasions these thugs, by the use of "knock-out drops" or a club, administered to any one they could induce to drink with them or meet alone in a dark side-street, would ship a crew in a state of insensibility, the Consul furnishing the legal papers; and it was a common occurrence for a shoemaker, school-master or blacksmith to wake up a hundred miles at sea and learn that his name was Kelly or Fitzgerald and that he was an able-bodied seaman before the mast. The Mate did the rest—with a belaying pin—and the unfortunate got back to his home and business as best he could after seeing strange lands and curious faces he had probably never heard about, even from books. At least that's what happened to me years afterwards when the famous thug, Jack Britt, the man who "shanghaied" a Priest and also his own father-in-law, was in the boarding-house business, associated with the American Consul in that interesting city. The Consulate at that time was said to be worth \$25,000 a year to the incumbent, but like all abuses that are carried to an extreme, "shanghaighing" as it was called, was, partly owing to my own case, suppressed.

On shore we found the war excitement at white heat regarding the expected hostile fleet, that rumor estimated to consist of anywhere from a dozen to a gross of first-class battle-ships, and located anywhere between Cape Verde and Chile.

One day the unreliable "old dame" would have them bombarding Valparaiso and the next arriving at Havana, the Straits, Hongkong or Manila. Families were fleeing to the interior and the

outlying estates or towns with their household goods. Work on the defenses was being pushed night and day. Troops were marching and counter-marching with braying bands and flying colors. Patriotism was boiling over, anxiety on every face and bustle everywhere; but nowhere was the excitement more in evidence than in the saloons and bar-rooms.

In these resorts of the disoccupied, the unappreciated military talent of nearly every country on earth had one or more thoughtful, dignified representatives, who could be found from early morning until midnight, drawing war maps with their canes on the sanded floors; and, between drinks, in profuse dissertation, pointing out exactly how the government should tackle the proposition to make the haughty Don wish that he had been born dead. Everybody seemed to know all about the recognized rules of the game of war, and all about its successful management to a triumphant termination; but I found no one who could give me any definite information of a reliable character regarding the cause of the coming scrap. However, I cared never a rap about the cause. I wanted to be a soldier and wear shoulder-straps. I wanted to strut about the streets with a sword as behooved the descendent of a race of soldiers, on whom the war microbe had gotten its grip at the landing.

I was proud of my record and determined on brightening it at the earliest opportunity. Record? why, of course I had a record. Hadn't I furnished Uncle Sam enough brothers and cousins with which to start his first graveyards in good shape when the little misunderstanding on the color question occurred between Northern philanthropy and Southern grit? Hadn't twenty or more of my kith and kin, during five long, gloomy, nerve-racking years, drowned the squirming denizens of the National hard-tack in coffee made from the burned beans of the resourceful army contractor, while packing a Springfield rifle and the oleaginous red clay of Virginia on their split-leather army shoes over every State and county between Gettysburg and the Gulf, for fourteen dollars a month in greenbacks and an occasional shoddy blanket? Record—well I should

rather say I had a record; but I was wholly aware that it was a record of very little material value to me and I was anxious to do something. I was very anxious to go home some day with a jewel-hilted sword (and a wooden leg) and laying it before Ella Wheeler, the bright little country girl who always helped me out of my difficulties at the blackboard, saying: "There, you dear little wingless angel, I bring you the blade that has been denied the nightmare of the enemy in various climes. Battalions have swayed before it as the young corn sways before the mountain gale, and it is unstained excepting with the gore of liberty's enemies. Keep it in remembrance of the numberless deserved thrashings you have saved me from and of the infernal problems in fractions you so often solved for me at class in whispers." Whoop, la! Gimme a recruiting officer.

Recruiting officers were then non-existent in Peru and I imagine they are so still throughout the majority of the Spanish-American states. When the War Department found itself in need of soldiers it was customary to send out press gangs and gather in everything in sight that were trousers, and consequently the gentle shepherd who was watching his father's flocks on the Grampian hills of South America at sunset was liable to be nursing a rusty flint-lock at midnight and shouting: "Halt! Who goes there?" But being a fresh arrival from the States, with a head full of news, I was not long in making the acquaintance of the genial ex-Confederate, Col. Wilson of Beauregard's staff, who turned out to be directing engineer of the defenses and who, after an hour's conversation, learning that I was badly afflicted with the war fever, invited me to dine with him, promising to see what he could do with Gen. Galvez, the commandant, toward having me mustered into the service in his command that consisted of many foreigners of all nationalities, principally mechanics, at the time mounting the recently arrived big Blakelys at the battery of Santa Catarina, and putting the finishing touches on the iron land turret between the city and the mouth of the Rimac.

I seemed to please this polished gentleman greatly in everything except

age, and after a long and interesting after-dinner chat, during which we were joined by several interested listeners, friends of the Colonel, he left the table and, turning to a group of young aides who had been hanging about the cafe, said: "Kopetzky, take this young man in charge and see that he is provided with quarters with the rest of you," and then bidding us all good evening, he left the place with his laughing group of friends and a gang of aides tagging at his heels. I liked the Colonel, for he hadn't treated me as though I were a baby.

Kopetzky, I found, was a pollyglot Pole, speaking a half dozen different languages, all apparently equally well—a cashiered subaltern of the Austrian army. Why he was cashiered I never learned nor did I care. He was a whole-souled, generous, devil-may-care companionable chap, ten years my senior, who seemed to be as familiar with Paris, Berlin, Vienna and the other European capitals as I was with the streets of my native village, and possessed a fund of anecdotes and repartee that seemed simply inexhaustible. Fastidiously neat in his person, indolent, cynical and original, with a mysterious attraction about his personality that drew men about him, were qualities that had made his lodgings the center of Wilson's brigade of rivet batters, as we called ourselves, I being especially honored by my occupancy of one of his well-furnished rooms. We were friends from start to finish and enjoyed each other's society immensely.

Two days after my installation with my new found friend, Gastanedo came for me from Lima, and after asking permission from Col. Wilson, although I was as yet not in the service, I went with him to make the acquaintance of his mother and sisters.

It was evident at a glance that modern progress could have done but little toward changing "The City of the Kings" from what the old buccaneer, Pizarro, had left it in the fifteenth century when he fell, fighting for his life, under a dozen blades of his co-assassins in the old palace fronting the cathedral square, or "Plaza de Armas," as the great public square is called. It was a walled city originally, much of the wall in a fair condition of defense still standing, but cut by streets that had

been opened for the purpose of reaching parks or wards that had grown up on the outside. The streets were very narrow and badly paved with cobblestones on either side of deep, open sewers containing thick, swift-running, foul-smelling water, carrying death and disease to all quarters of the community. At street crossings these foul sewers were bridged for foot passengers, these same viaducts serving the purpose for mules and occasional droves of Llamas (pronounced Yamas) that arrived with their burdens from the hills, or for the purpose of packing merchandise from the city to the interior. The crowded shops were small, stuffy ill-arranged affairs, with only an occasional attractive show-window here and there—generally diamond dealers—displaying wares. Eighty per cent or more of the buildings were one-story edifices, with flat roofs, painted in all the colors of the rainbow, and beautiful gardens and fountains, statuary and mosaic pavements in the interior open courts or patios. Churches by the dozen, open day and night for continuous "performance," and monasteries and nunneries by the score.

One could hardly walk a block without meeting a band of monks or priests, often staggering under a load of rum, and the infernal continuous pealing of a thousand church bells made life not worth living for any one who had come into the world with their clanging in his ears. Religion—God bless the mark—seemed to be the sole and only aim in life of this seething mass of moral corruption, the frail sisterhood, noted for its religious devotion and liberality to the church, ever taking a leading part in all public ceremonial display besides, and mingling with their more virtuous sisters. Cowled beggars by the score, dodging in and out of doors, from morning until night, and stopping pedestrians in the streets with charity boxes, in the name of every Saint, and the haughty, insolent stare of innate hatred for every foreigner greeted the stranger on every hand.

No consideration of the proprieties, or pretense of making, or hiding their infamous mode of life was indulged in by these "high-rollers" of the Temple, and in the back rooms of the drinking brothels of the slums it was a common occurrence to meet parties of half-dressed priests dancing the "Zamac-

ueca" with less dressed females, with an abandon and in a manner that would put to shame the world-famous "dance an ventre" of the unspeakable Turk, while the publicly recognized mistresses of the general clergy adorned nearly all ranks of society.

First impressions plow deepest, is a Spanish proverb that is doubtless true, for Lima was at the time and is yet, far, very far from being the most immoral city, religiously, that exists in Spanish-America. We will visit her later, when progress has touched her with his magic wand, and when the sensibilities of tender years regarding religious morality have been blunted by experience in worse localities.

Castaneda's mother was fourteen years older than her son, and bore marks of rare former beauty, and of refinement. They lived near the Plaza of the Inquisition and seemed to belong to the fairly wealthy class. I was received with open arms by the delightful little lady and at once made to feel that my welcome was sincere.

For two or three days we wandered about the city, my friend taking me to the cathedral to see the silver altarcolumns that had once been solid, but were bored hollow by a former government in need of the sinews of war, and the remains of Pizarro that were on exhibition, for a consideration, in a glass case in the catacombs beneath the enormous edifice. We also examined many other churches and the old Spanish bridge over the Rimac, the mortar of which was said to have been mixed with the eggs of birds from the Guano islands, instead of water; the great bronze fountain in the Plaza de Armas, said to contain more gold than bronze—gold that was thrown into the molten metal in the shape of jewelry by the ladies of Lima—where it was cast. We went to the Malambo—the "five points" of Lima—where the bull ring is situated and where, I was told by Castaneda, it would be as much as my life was worth to visit after dark—information that decided me to visit it at midnight on the first favorable opportunity; and on the last day of my visit, before returning to the house, he took me to Mouserrate, a ward of the city, and presented me to his half-sisters—the Misses Martinez—two very pretty and very nice young ladies. In the evening we wandered about the

plaza and hotels, listening to the band until bedtime.

While we lay awake talking about our strange meeting and fellowship, it occurred to me to ask how it was his half-sisters did not reside with his mother, and why they were called Martinez instead of Castaneda? for I had supposed his father was dead, and he answered me with the most ingenuous frankness and sublime innocence of anything unusual in the situation: "Oh, you see my sisters are the daughters of the old lady you met at their house this afternoon. Our father is a Priest with a parish at Cuzeo, where my other sister, with her mother, resides with him."

Was I dreaming? I fell back upon my pillow speechless. Should I question still farther? No, the innocent and, to me, brutal frankness of the answer, the tinge even of pride with which it was given, convinced me that I had heard the truth. There was no sleep for me that night, and long after the lights were out, and when the voices of the shadows were only occasionally interrupted by the chant of the night-watch in a near-by street, or the distant crowing of a cock, I lay with tired, strained eyes, peering into the darkness and thinking of my religion, of my home and of my gentle, pious mother.

Castaneda a bastard and his father an anointed Priest of the altars of my father's God! It was a terrible blow. Was it possible the taunts against my church by my Protestant schoolmates, so often flung in my face, had a foundation in fact? Was it possible that my father and my mother were aware such things could happen in the very bosom of our Holy Temple? No, that was impossible. What would they say to such a state of affairs?

Was it in defense of a religion that produced such ministers of the Most High that my unfortunate race had suffered ten centuries of martyrdom at the hands of the most brutal government in existence? Was it in defense of such a religion that the red-handed knights under banners of O'Neill, had flung themselves, time and again, against the outnumbering invader, to be swept into eternity like chaff before the wind? Was it for such a religion the blue-eyed Irish lasses fell fighting beside their fathers, brothers and sweet-hearts in the blood-soaked trenches of

Limerick? No! A thousand times no! It cannot be! Castaneda is mistaken! And so on, through the long watches of the saddest night I can recall from memory, my questions and answers played shuttle-cock with sleep, and morning found me crushed and dizzy.

I did not blame Castaneda, poor fellow! And in after years, when I heard the story from the lips of his gentle, long-suffering mother, I did not blame her, but all my reverence for the "cloth"

was swept away at one fell swoop, and I was only anxious to get away from an atmosphere that was choking me; so I returned at once to Callao, to learn from Kopetzky and the other foreigners of longer residence, that, being born "without any man for his father," as a Priest's child was described, was as common throughout Spanish-America as it was in Greece when the Vestals of the pagan altars filled the streets of Athens with "children of the gods." (To be continued.)

Hints on Rational Hygiene

Written for Conable's Path-Finder by NANNETTE MAGRUDER PRATT

MELANCHOLIA

A lady came to me one time to see if I could suggest anything to cure melancholia.

I had a *true* prescription, gave it, and the lady "lived in peace ever after," as they say in the fairy tales. This is the prescription:

Go to a little country place. Cultivate health, chickens and vegetables.

This lady I speak of lived in an apartment in New York. While it was in a fashionable part of the city, yet it was like all other apartments; dark rooms and light rooms; steam heat; electric lights; open plumbing, etc.; one or two rooms large, the others small; poor ventilation in most of them. In Mrs. L.'s bedroom there was a stationary washbowl. I think those stationary washbowls are an abomination; more or less sewer gas escaping day and night. Whenever I have been unfortunate enough to have one in my room, at hotels or while visiting at private homes, I have always folded a towel and have laid it across the bowl. That helps, but does not do away with the evil entirely.

I found Mrs. L. suffering with apartment-ism. She had no children; kept a maid, and did no housework; had nothing to occupy her mind; sat around the house, brooded, was no comfort to herself or her husband, shed tears the greater part of the day, and made herself and everyone about her miserable.

She said she was not brooding over anything special; her husband was one of the kindest of men; she had everything she wanted, but she just felt *unhappy*; she wished she could die.

After visiting her home, and seeing the empty life she led, I was not surprised at her condition.

In the first place, she was physically all out of gear. That was the prime cause of her trouble. She was breathing wrong; her apartment was hot and stuffy; she was eating three indigestible meals a day; she had nothing to think of except her imaginary troubles.

Hers was an easy case. I knew I could help her. When I met her it was January—cold and bleak outside; summery in her apartment. She kept the temperature about 85°. She seldom went out. When she did, she was bundled to the eyes in furs.

She had read my book, and some way conceived the idea that I could help her.

Well, she started in to take lessons. She became interested at once; showed more pluck than I thought her capable of; did not mind getting lame; worked right along steadily, and showed improvement every day.

She was willing to do anything I said, and I soon got her to eating simple food, and she became interested in breathing. I told her I could not accomplish all I wanted to while she lived in that stuffy apartment, and I talked her into taking a little country place, just out of New York. She did so, May first, and I helped her in selecting a real *country* place. Her husband was much pleased to see the interest she was taking, and fell in with all her plans. I did not see her during May, but about June 10th I went out to spend the day with her. Such a transformation! The teary anaemic woman had blossomed into a

happy, healthy girl—she actually looked ten years younger. She took me out immediately to see her vegetable garden; her chickens; her flowers. She had a man to help her, but she had done a lot herself. She said she hardly ever stayed in the house.

Her husband was delighted with their

She has a saddle horse, and rides a great deal of the time, and is so well and happy. She wonders how she ever lived through those morbid days. She has done a great deal of missionary work in the health line.

Now, I know that every woman—or man—who is troubled with melancholia



NANNETTE MAGRUDER PRATT.

little country home, and did not mind his ride to and from the city. Her table was exquisite; such dainty health foods!

She said she would never again live in an apartment; in fact, she lived three years in that cottage, winter and summer. Her melancholia vanished, never to return. Her husband's business took him to the State of Washington, and there they have a large, sunny home.

cannot always do just as they would wish; or what might be recommended; but if they will take to rational, hygienic living, they can surely be benefited; and if they can go into "farming for health," they will see fine results. It is so healthful to be out of doors; so healthful to have one's feet on the GROUND; to stoop and plant and weed and feel the sunshine.

And then, in connection with that, if a person will eat simply, learn to breathe correctly, sleep plenty and bathe enough, he can gain health in every sense of the word. A diet of fruit, nuts, vegetables, olive oil, whole wheat bread and shredded wheat biscuits will keep a person in good condition.

There is a way of making bread sticks with whole wheat flour, water, or milk, and salt, and I am going to get the recipe. I am not in favor of yeast, but whole wheat bread is better than *white* bread any time.

* * *

Milk does not agree with everyone, but you can come nearer not making a mistake in drinking it, if you have your own cow, and know just how she is fed and taken care of.

It hurts my feelings to see people drinking milk in large cities.

* * *

Ten or twelve hundred dollars will buy a little ranch in California, or you can rent a little place very cheaply, a little distance from the large cities.

One can make his own living and gain health in the bargain. He can work out doors 365 days in the year in California. In the East a farmer is snowed in for several months, and stays in a badly ventilated house, undoing all the good he acquired during the summer months.

Most of the vegetables in California are raised by Chinamen, so that a person from the East could not, probably, make a success of raising vegetables for the market, but the ground is good, and one can raise plenty of vegetables for his own use.

There is a good market for chickens and eggs.

* * *

So much is being said these days against the eating of meat. Personally, I do not believe in meat, and I am positive that, in case of disease, it is necessary to stop eating it at once. There are many fine articles written these days by good authorities, throwing much light on the meat question, but I will only quote one from the pen of Dr. Josiah Oldfield, the author of the article on vegetarianism in the New Encyclopedia Britannica:

"Flesh is an unnatural food, and, therefore, tends to create functional disturbance. As it is taken in modern civilization, it is affect-

ed with such terrible diseases (readily communicable to man) as cancer, consumption, fever, intestinal worms, etc., to an enormous extent. There is little need for wonder that flesh-eating is one of the most serious causes of the diseases that carry off ninety-nine out of every hundred people that are born."

* * *

The following interesting article was in March "Medical Talk":

"The Department of Agriculture has for several years been conducting a series of experiments to determine whether fruit can be substituted for meat without harm to working people.

"Professor Jaffa, of the University of California, had charge of the experiments, which covered a space of two years. He had as his subjects two women, three children, two elderly men, and two university students. The men were working men, doing hard manual labor part of the time, the students working to support themselves while pursuing their studies.

"The fare allowed these people was very liberal, and one that would appeal to any normal appetite. It consisted of honey, tomatoes, apples, bananas, canteloupes, grapes, scarlet hawes, pears, pomegranates, persimmons, oranges, strawberries, watermelons, figs, almonds, and peanut butter. There were no animal foods allowed except cottage cheese and eggs, and these in limited quantities.

"It was found that under this regimen the health and strength of the subjects remained about the same, if not improved, and in two or three cases there was a slight gain in weight and flesh. The result of these experiments would seem to emphasize the fact that nuts and fruit are really foods, and should not be considered as mere accessories to the usual bill of fare.

"The cost of this fruit and nut diet varied from fifteen to eighteen cents a day. Comparative experiments were carried along at the same time, in which animal foods

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"The cost of this fruit and nut diet varied from fifteen to eighteen cents a day. Comparative experiments were carried along at the same time, in which animal foods

were employed under the usual conditions of living, and the daily cost ran from twenty-six to thirty cents."

* * *

A fruit-fast of a week is quite beneficial sometimes. So many systems are crowded to the very doors with impurities. Not only are the intestines crowded; the whole system is packed, and a fruit-fast is one of the best things I can think of. It consists of living on fruit only for seven days. One must drink a large quantity of water between the "fruit-meals." The best fruits are apples, grapes (extract seeds), oranges, pears, cherries, apricots and plums.

The result of such a diet is very beneficial. The system is given a thorough rest, and at the same time derives the benefit of the healing and purifying effects of the fruit juices.

There is no doubt but that many serious cases of kidney trouble might be cured by a fruit-fast, alternately with a light diet.

* * *

I heartily recommend distilled water. It is pure and soft, and acts as a fine cleanser and lubricator.

Many people who have suffered with stiff joints have become nicely limbered

up by drinking distilled water. It has been the means of restoring to health many people who have been afflicted with what the doctors called rheumatism, but which was really stiffness and pain caused by drinking water containing an over-abundance of minerals.

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