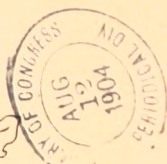


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# Conable's Path-Finder

A CRITICAL JOURNAL  
DEVOTED TO  
SELF-CULTURE,  
LITERATURE AND  
PHILOSOPHY

The Path-Finder Publishing Co., Box 1045, Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.  
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*A Critical Journal, Devoted to Self-Culture, Literature and Philosophy*

VOLUME III.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., AUGUST, 1904

NUMBER 8

## Conable's Path-Finder

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, EDITOR

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BY THE EDITOR

### To Subscribers

MORE than a thousand subscribers to Conable's Pathfinder are behind on their subscriptions from one to two years. The great expense attendant upon our recent removals make it imperative that this notice be given. We trust that all delinquents will improve the earliest opportunity possible to at least catch up on their accounts.

### The City of Angels

SOME of our friends east of the Rocky Mountains desire a little information concerning the place where

Conable's Path-Finder has finally found the center of gravity.

Before going to the Ozark mountains, our thoughts had been, for many years, inclined toward Los Angeles, or some portion of California, as our final stopping place previous to embarking on a journey 'midst the other spheres.

Our friend, J. Stitt Wilson, recently wrote us:

"MY DEAR MR. CONABLE:—Formerly of Roswell, Arkansas, Sacramento, etc., now of Los Angeles—finally to the City of the Angels. The only next place you can get is, of course, Heaven. Los Angeles could not do without you. They have everything there under the sun to teach men the how, the where and the why of existence. Why not your specialty added to the list?"

That is all right. Perhaps Heaven is the next best place to which a resident of Los Angeles should immigrate, but as I do not believe that anyone should ascend the "Golden Stairs" in the absence of justifiable provocation, the chances are that California and Los Angeles will see me for some time to come. Friend Wilson has a host of admirers in the City of the Angels, in whom he has injected a powerful stimulant from his overflowing reservoirs of wisdom, and we hope, in due time, to see him also permanently settled among the sublunary angels of this cosmopolitan city of "angels."

Some day we want to hear the voice of the distinguished Rev. J. Stitt echo through the corridors of our great Temple of Learning, where the Truth is to be taught free to the multitude.

But what of this Pacific Coast metropolis?

Here is a great city—the most pro-

gressive and fastest growing in the world—with a total population of 150,000 people, twenty-five per cent of which are either invalids or semi-invalids, or both—the remaining seventy-five per cent being composed of a conglomerate mass of the world's products in human growth Orientals, Occidentals and—accidentals—of every description—East, West, North and South—all thrown in together in the most picturesque array of vice and virtue, ignorance and intelligence that it has ever been my lot to meet and know. The religionist abounds in all his varied hues; so does the “scoffer” and the “un-Godly.” The saloons and the gambling houses, the houses of prostitution and the churches, all drink the same libation, purchased by the same almighty dollar, and no questions are asked. Surely it is a “happy family.”

Los Angeles is also a city of moral as well as physical decrepitude—conspicuous on every hand. Political corruption abounds, as it does in every large, “progressive” city, and crime stalks nude at midday and at midnight alike, in streets and alleys, and the police department is constantly fagged out trying to keep out of sight of it, and it succeeds admirably.

Still Los Angeles is the most attractive, interesting and beautiful home-made city on the face of the globe, and I love it in all its picturesque naughtiness and goodness. There is more progress here to the square inch than in any other city in sight of either ocean. Business men are wider awake, shrewder and quicker to grasp opportunities and put them into effect than anywhere else I know of. They are as honest as business men ever are and you can get the very best, if you wish it, or the very worst—all on the same street and sometimes under the same roof.

But there are thinkers in this community—lots of them—and more come here and leave tracts at your doorstep than you ever heard of. There is not in all the world a theology, a creed, a denomination, a society or a freckled-faced girl that you cannot embrace here if you want to; at least this is what I am told. I haven't proven them all up yet—the creeds—and I shall not make the attempt until the heated term shall have merged its interests with those of the autumnal wafts from off the salted sea—everything else is fresh.

But, speaking of weather, I have

never in all my life passed such a delightful summer as I have up to this time here in Los Angeles. The days are not half so hot as they are anywhere in the East and Central States—that is, not so depressing and enervating—and it does not get warm at all until about 10 o'clock in the morning, and the nights are simply dreams, without the dreams—so cool and delicious and bracing and adorably calm and peaceful. I am surprised that the sweltering East does not pour into this country in the summer in greater mobs than it does in the winter; there is nothing like it in my experience. Here you are far enough away from the ocean not to be fogged to death, and still in thirty minutes' time you can go and sit down on the rim of the sea and change the brine on your feet just as often as it seems necessary. Easterners should telegraph ahead for reserved seats.

But Los Angeles (and Southern California) is not the place for the poor man. Only those in opulence or with an assured good business should come here. The poor man gets poorer every moment he stays. In a short time he is so poor that he cannot stay here at all and cannot get away; then he buys an ounce of carbolic acid or follows the example of the setting sun which nightly dips itself into the depths of the amethyst sea; but unlike the glorious orb of day, the other son comes up no more forever. He has furnished food, indirectly, for the myriads of our “vegetarian” friends here who eat no meat except a little fish occasionally. I have met a lot of these “vegetarians” here. They don't realize that they smell fishy, but they do.

So, keep away from Los Angeles, you people who are still on the plane of hand-made physical culture. You will starve to death and your soul will shrivel up, and your heart will ache and you will be demoralized generally. You cannot compete with the Chinaman who does all the gardening and fruit growing—either for himself or for the wealthy invalid who owns a fruit ranch as a plaything, and makes no account of either profit or loss.

Lands, city real estate and opportunities in this country are sold on the basis of “climatic” value and never for their intrinsic value, commercially speaking. You buy climate and the land is thrown in, though your deed calls for the latter that the seller may not be arrested for disposing of some-



thing he does not own. True, they do sell "wind" here—the tenderfoot can fill his whiskers any time—but there is no corner as yet on the sunshine, so you must, perforce, accept of a deed, when making a purchase here, calling for something that is still in evidence to the naked eye. The abstract companies would not like it to be otherwise, and yet again, the "solar heater" man is abroad in the land, filled to the neck with sun-shafts for heating and bathing purposes. I tell you, this is a mighty progressive country.

And again, once more, there is the water and the wood question. If you want a drink of water that will not alkali your whole interior desert, you have to buy it—ten cents a gallon or five gallons for forty cents—that is all. And, think of it, you Arkansans, where wood is going to waste by the millions of cords—think of it—you buy wood here in Los Angeles by the *bag* full—twenty cents a bag and up. And such wood! Some of the pieces are a foot long and as big around as your finger, and they call this wood and actually burn it for wood. And they expect a woman to get a meal of victuals three times a day with such fuel as this. Most of this "wood" is the trimmings off the fruit trees. True, one can put in a kitchen gas burner and get along that way, but the fuel gas here is just about as expensive as the gas you get from the real estate men.

But, climate, me boy; climate! That is what makes the mare go and operate two thousand automobiles on the streets of Los Angeles, all running a twenty-mile gait over crossings, pedestrians, dogs and the dago fruit vender. The Chinaman knows better than to stay on the streets with a fruit vehicle. When a Chinaman gives up his life, he wants to do it in his own language. The dago is not particular, the dog doesn't know any better, and the average human being cannot help himself, and his friends have no recourse. Then there is the gasoline-motor bicycle we have to contend with, that will scare seventeen different kinds of fright out of a horse unaccustomed to city life, ten blocks away. And the riders of these infernal machines take especial delight in running down old ladies or anything else that is helpless or slow in getting out of their way. I have seen, with my own eyes, attested to by others standing by, a friend on a bicycle

deliberately try to run into an old gentleman who was standing on the street waiting for a street car. Had the old man not sensed his danger just at the critical moment, he would have been knocked prostrate—perhaps killed.

Such is life on the streets of Los Angeles in her quietest moments—a thing she is not in possession of.

But these little unpleasanties are over-balanced and are lost sight of when we enter into an analytical consideration of the city as a whole. The opportunities here to see, to hear and to know are unsurpassed. You feel that you are in closer touch with the Infinite here than anywhere else in the world. The atmosphere is permeated with an unfathomable depth of the best the great Creator is giving out to hungry children. It is easier here to study and think. It is easier to think right thoughts among the flowers and the fruits and the wide-spreading palms. The call lilies and the magnolias and the orange blossoms and the roses and the carnations—all speak to one in the language of the Infinite, with the gentlest of voices, laden with the sweetest of perfumes; and the holy calm of the midnight hours, when the lips of the rose touch those of the forget-me-not and the drooping head of the purple violet cranes aloft to fill its tiny throat with the cinnamon-scented dew on the petals of its love-mate, the carnation; when the palm leaf is stilled because its mission of the heated day is over; when the voice of the golden oriole is momentarily hushed; when all street traffic is at an end and the busy world has taken off its boots and socks for a moment; then it is that I *think*. I have not had much of an opportunity to do this before. I can always think better when the rest of the world is slumbering, provided it does not snore too loudly. There is a peaceful calm at midnight that always lulls the active physical into passive obedience, and then one can think and think and think. Many of the mysteries of life cease to be mysteries. You come in touch with the Infinite Wisdom abiding within yourself, and you listen to the words from within yourself and you are fascinated. You listen and listen; you hope that the companionship just formed will be never ending. You know that this companionship has been ever present with you and you feel ashamed that you have never before recognized it. You

know that you are listening to the voice of a living entity and that that entity is the never-dying part of yourself. It tells you how perfect and beautiful you should make its abiding place that it may dwell with you forever more. It deplores the hour of enforced departure—enforced because there ceases to be companionship and its habitation is made dreary and loveless.

But soon the electric wires are again vultured; the golden oriole has awakened from its slumbers; tired and debauched humanity is rubbing its swollen eyelids; a faint gleam of oncoming Apollo penetrates the night's silence; the milkman's cart, with its infectious beverage, has stolen from your door to leave its poison at your neighbors' threshold; the traffic of the great city is again in motion; the fierce strife for the day's wage is ready to begin, and—day has dawned. With the first hint of the departure of midnight silence, my companion and I say farewell for the moment, and the physical is soon lost in the throes of the sweetest of dreamless slumbers, to be aroused again only when the day's duties stare me in the face.

And this is, in brief, an outline sketch of life in Los Angeles—the "City of the Angels"—where no angel hath yet trod, but where the doctors are making them by the thousands for the next stopping place out in the suburbs.

I like the town; I like the people—some of them; I like the newspapers; I like the ocean—at a distance; I like the sunshine—love and worship all of it; I adore the flowers and the fruits and the nuts and some of the fresh vegetables; I care very little about the cereals. I am getting an aristocratic palate that scorns almost everything but fruits and nuts; and, indeed nuts are taking a decided back seat for fruits. I almost forgot olive oil. I consume a quart of olive oil a week all by my lonesome, when I do not have company, which is most of the time.

And so I am building faster for myself here than ever before, and incidentally faster for the friends of this great cause of right living, for I am fitting myself for better work than ever before. This means a better Path-Finder and more of it in due time.



### Ignorance Our Stumbling Block

THERE is nothing impossible with the man or woman who *wants* to know.

We fail because the desire within us is not sufficiently strong to enable us to consummate the desire. Nothing can stand in the way of a desire that takes possession of our whole being. There is a wide difference between negative desire and positive desire. The desires of those successful in life belong to the positive class. The desires of those unsuccessful in life belong to the negative class.

The great majority of brain workers are positive in character, while the great majority of hand workers are negative. The common laborer is abnormally negative in his make-up—so negative that he usually spends a lifetime in working for others. He is a dependent creature. The positive man or woman never works long for anyone else. This class of people want to see results; they *must* see results or life becomes intolerable. To the extent that we establish positive characteristics within ourselves, just to that extent will we be successful in our undertakings.

Many people are positive in one direction and negative in another. These two characteristics do not always work well together. The thing to do is to make ourselves positive in everything—positive both in our business relations, in our home life and in our contact with the world and people generally.

For one to be positive does not mean the sacrifice of anything. On the contrary it means everything that the desire contemplates that is based upon equity and justice. The positive character is successful in everything! he is strong in everything; his love nature, like his business tact, becomes abnormal and grows stronger as desire is made more positive. The positive man is an all-round successful man in every undertaking.

What is to be said of the negative character? A great deal. All the failures in life may be laid at the door of the negative man or woman. The world of toil, of strife, of struggle, of sorrow, of shame—all are resultant conditions of the negative character.

The negative man or woman is always jealous and envious of the positive man or woman. Why? Because the positive

succeeds while the negative fails. Simple proposition, isn't it?

This simple, undeniable fact explains all that there is in life that needs explaining. The positive man has a beautiful home and a sky-scraper. The negative man has a mortgaged hovel. Can anything be plainer?

Now, who made the successful man positive and who made the unsuccessful man negative?

Did the Almighty do this? Did the government do it? Did the State or municipality do it? Did the positive man make the poor man negative? Did the negative man make the rich man positive?

No. Well, then, who is responsible for this great breadth of difference in the physical and mental make-up of men?

Did you ever walk through a deep cut in a mountainous country and note the different strata of growth and formation of the soil and mineral deposits? Did you ever note the barren spots and the fertile spots, both embraced in the arms of each other—one positive and the other negative? Did you ever note the cancerous growth on a tree in the forest, touching limbs with a great stalwart, magnificently proportioned companion, each feeding on the same food, each born of the same parents, each drinking the same vital life from the same reservoirs of the Universe—one positive and the other negative?

If you never have, then it is time you did, for in all the Universal processes of life this one great law of inequality in growth and development is present—the positive and the negative.

Still the dwarf is just as desirous of living and growing, apparently, as the giant. But this is only seemingly the fact. Here is a positive character and a negative character—side by side—the positive surviving in the face of disintegration on the part of the negative.

Is this condition cruel and unfair in its aspect? If so, where does the fault lie? The giant tree is in no wise responsible for the downfall of its pigmy companion. It is by no means absorbing all the vital energy there is to the detriment of its associate. There is the Universal supply of vital life, feeding all and everything alike in proportion to the ability of each to absorb and nourish itself.

So it is with all forms of growth—we

are fed and nurtured commensurate with our ability to take and feed ourselves. We are robbed of nothing that is ours. The things we do not have either belong to the other fellow legitimately or still remain in the great storehouse of Universal supply, awaiting the time when we shall come and take and fill to our hearts' content. All that we are capable of appropriating to ourselves is there, free to every living creature; the supply is never exhausted.

But let us get at the responsible cause for the existence of the giant and the pigmy—the positive and the negative.

There is the undeveloped strata of unfertile rock kissing the feet of the gold-bearing quartz. Why is it?

There is the cancerous scrub oak sipping the dew drops from off the leaves of its giant companion. Why is it?

There is the man in the hovel begging crumbs from the table of his landlord. Why is it?

Is politics responsible for this sort of inequality in the growth and development of men? Is religion responsible for it? Are governmental conditions responsible for it? Are social conditions responsible for it? Are politics or religion or social conditions responsible for the growth and development of inanimate life? If not, then they are not responsible for conditions surrounding animate growth.

The rock in whose bosom lies the golden treasure *attracted* this treasure to itself because of its *positive desire* to possess something in a state of higher growth and unfoldment. The unbarren soil had not yet reached the point in its growth where it was positive enough in its character to attract conditions not in harmony with its plane of growth. The same with the cancerous tree. The same with "cancerous" (negative) man.

The so-called unfortunate, unsuccessful human being has not yet reached the plane of development where he can attract to himself opulent conditions. He can attract only such conditions as are in harmony with his plane of unfoldment.

There is nothing irregular or inharmonious in Nature's way of doing things. When we are ready for opulence, it will come to us. But we must first open the way for its reception. When we get ready to receive and embrace perfect health conditions and we make way for their coming, no mortal or immortal

power can keep them from us. When we get ready to exchange serfdom for a palatial habitation, and make ready for the change, it will come to us, with no limitations except those of our own making.

The children in the factories, the women in the "sweat-shops," men, women and children a thousand feet below the light of day, wearied with toil, begrimed and half smothered with the deadening fumes of the airless pits—these are *our* conditions most deplorable and unfortunate. Their contemplation sickens the heart and arouses indignation; but, stop a moment. Can you or I put these people on a higher plane than the one on which they are at this moment standing? Only in one way—help to educate the race to a fuller conception and realization of the innate powers vested within each individual.

These people are working and living on precisely the plane which is in harmony with their state of growth and unfoldment. Anything else at this time would be out of all harmony and even more deplorable and undesirable.

We cannot drag people away from the harmony of their sphere until they have made ready themselves for the change, be they men, women or children. No change takes place except the individual is ready and prepared to receive and accept such change.

With each evolution of the Wheel of Life, each individual comes into a fuller realization of life's objects and purposes. In other words, we have become a degree more positive and hence are a degree more receptive—attract to ourselves conditions and environments of a higher order, but always in harmony with our growth.

All life and growth is harmonious. There is nothing inharmonious, technically speaking. There are simply different degrees of unfoldment; but all growth in each degree is harmonious. You cannot force anyone into harmony. That is an impossibility. It is impossible for anyone to occupy a station in life on a different plane than the one on which there is a harmonious attraction.

You have seen the shelves in a dry goods store—one above the other. This illustrates what I wish to say. Each one of these shelves represents a separate and distinct plane in life—from the low-

er to the higher. No one residing on the lower shelf can possibly reach the next step above until favorable conditions are made by the individual whereby this step upward may be taken. No visible or invisible power can force a premature change. All conditions must be right for the change before it can take place. You cannot force the blanched-cheek woman out of the "sweat-shop" until she has herself established favorable conditions for the change; until she has fortified herself with a desire strong enough to work out the change for herself, or has attracted such assistance herself as will aid her in making the change. In either event she is the moving factor and nothing can be accomplished looking to her more favorable surroundings until she herself has paved the way by elevating her own standard of positive attractive power.

The great stumbling-block in our pathway leading to power is ignorance as to our own possessions—as to our own possibilities in the direction of helping ourselves through the innate supreme force with which conscious man is vested.

The most that any of us can do is to occupy the station of teachers of the individual. But think of the millions who are not yet ready to attract to themselves even a teacher. They must go on in the same old rut of sorrow and ignorance. Why? Because *experience demands it*. Negative environments have not yet been cast off; hence improved conditions are out of the question.

Ignorance is negative in its character. Positiveness and intelligence are soul-mated, and when thus mated, can move the world.

Many of the so-called teachers of the day are negative characters and abound in ignorance. Otherwise, they would not be attempting impossibilities. They would not be trying to couple harmony and inharmony together were they clothed in their right senses. They should understand the law of harmony before going out to incite the mobs to riot and bloodshed. If they did understand this law they would go out on an entirely different mission, and the rioter would be submissive even if he did not fully understand.

But this is all a school of experience and we are all gaining knowledge as fast as we are ready to assimilate it.

What this magazine is trying to do is



the meat trust, the whiskey trust and the the intelligence that does come to them so that assimilation may be made possible. But were the evidences not forthcoming that I am succeeding in this effort in some degree at least, I would throw up the job and attend a kindergarten myself.

### A Two-Edged Sword

A PACIFIC COAST FRIEND writes, among other things:

"DEAR. MR. CONABLE: I see many good articles in the July number of your Path-Finder, but some of them cut like a two-edged sword. They hurt so. Be easy. In your personal writings and in personal contact with you, your words are always kind and gentle; but in your Path-Finder, you almost take the hair off of one's head."

That is what this Path-Finder is for—to cut both ways, up and down. If we gave it out always in homoeopathic doses, it would be impossible to reach some people who require the stronger medicine. It is necessary that a train of cars run over some people in order to set them thinking, while with others, the gentlest of caresses will do the work. I want to reach everyone who is at all approachable. The things appearing in these columns which seem to cut deeply are not intended for those who are looking only for love and gentleness. I would it were different. Love—Infinite Love—is the foundation of all growth—of all life that is worth perpetuating. It is not my nature, naturally, to say harsh things. I came from the gentlest mother that ever lived and the strain is deeply rooted in every atom of my body. On the other hand, I was sired by Mayflower forefathers who went out to build a new world of their own and succeeded. Occasionally there is war within me between these two inherited elements. I want to *move* obstacles, clean up the premises, pound the truth into the brains and bodies of men and women everywhere, and when I cannot reach them in one way, I arm myself with a sledgehammer and watch the sparks fly from the anvil with a gleam of most satisfied delight.

In my home life, in the social circle, among those who need the caresses of a gentle hand, my mother's nature comes to the surface and the best that is in me

to induce people to properly masticate predominates. The kindness and tenderness of the mother spirit, which left me in the early springtime of my boyhood days, seems ever to be present within me, and I try, in my crude way, to exemplify the beauty of her pure, gentle life. When I fail in this, which is very often, I am dominated by a stronger power within myself to meet the world at large on its own footing and fight the battle of life for the race with anything I can get my hands on.

So, when this magazine appears to be somewhat aggressive and turbulent, it is not because the writer is constructed, personally, along aggressive lines, but because he is so thoroughly in earnest in his desire to have people understand fully what there really is in life worth striving for, that he reaches out for and administers the sort of saving grace that will most nearly fit each individual case.

Thus it may readily be understood that the man or woman whose cranial contents are too dense to be penetrated by the gentler processes, must not be surprised if an occasional brick is shied at their heads, and that if they are not good at dodging, they will be hit.

But love and gentleness are mighty powerful factors to be employed in all walks of life. They rarely miss their mark. They are always safe appliances both in the home and out of it. Love never made a man's hair turn gray nor sent him to a premature grave. Love never made a woman faithless or drove her from home. Love never made a criminal or a drunkard. Love makes men and women lovable always, and the more we are surrounded by love and tenderness and gentleness and compassion, the brighter and happier are we all made, and we, in turn, radiate and send forth to the seen and into the unseen, the same love and tender consideration with which our own lives are surrounded.

After all, this is the better and surest way to reach men's hearts. I realize this fact more fully every day of my life.

A dear friend often writes me: "The Path-Finder is perfectly glorious, but, oh! please do not be quite so aggressive. Just tell your readers the story of the better way, as you know so well how to, without offending anyone."

Another dear friend writes: "Keep up the war, Conable, until you have blackened every eye of every member of



tobacco trust. Let no trust stand on two legs except your own trust in God, or the great Creative Energy, which is one and the same."

There you have it—"love," "fight." So I indulge in a little of each, that interest in my work may not wane; that both extremes may find a grain of comfort and know that I am on the "war-path" both day and night, with a soul filled with tender emotion, while there are still a few explosives in my cartridge belt.

But the day will dawn when there will be explosives no more forever. Love will float silently, but surely, on the crest of every incoming tidal wave, and the outgoing ones will be heavily laden with the same infinite panacea for all our woes.

And then there will be no woes.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the same letter this friend continues:

"In reading the article on "Fluid Doubles," in July issue, I am reminded that about a month ago I saw your soul in the Astral form so plainly and distinctly, and it was beautiful and strong, and the eyes were like deep wells of wisdom."

This may all be true, at least so far as seeing my soul in the Astral is concerned, for this entity often takes an outing when the body is clothed in slumber. It goes forth and storms and carries the fortresses of the "enemy," in all walks of life and reports to me by "wireless telegraphy."

Will this Astral entity do my bidding, you ask? Yes, if I bid it do the right thing. Were I to bid it do the wrong thing, there would be an immediate revolt and the physical would be the vanquished foe in the end. So I just let it attend to its own business, which is my business, and we live together in perfect harmony and a divorce is never thought of—at least not at present. But I have no doubt that should the physical part of me become obstreperous and fail to do its duty, as landlords often do when they think they have a sure tenant, divorce proceedings might be entered and it is easy to predict which of us would get the worst of it. The tenant would simply withdraw—move out—and the landlord would fail to get another tenant, would go broke, as it were, and the undertaker would do the rest.

It doesn't do to cross swords with your Within Self. You see the Within Self has been fighting the battle of life ever since the moment it was sent forth as a Divine Spark from the Universal Creative Center. This little dummy physical structure of ours, which serves as temporary home for our Within Self, has had but a few days' experience in its struggle for recognition; but in these few days it has somehow gained the erroneous impression that it is bigger and greater than the Almighty himself, and that it is the "real thing" in both Heaven and on earth. This is where we trip up in our skirts, so to speak, before we become accustomed to wearing them properly, and the result is disastrous.

If you wish to keep a paying tenant in your home, you must whitewash the walls occasionally and send the garbage man around to take care of all offensive accumulations that are of your own making. The tenant must have a clean, wholesome, beautiful home in which he is to reside—a home commensurate with the rental paid for the same. When a tenant, in payment for his habitation, makes life itself possible for the landlord and asks only that physical cleanliness be present and enduring, and that proper sanitation measures shall always be observed, it strikes us that the physical end of the contract has got the best of the bargain and that these simple requirements should be complied with without a murmur.

The Astral entity is, in great measure, a counterpart of the physical body, and takes on, as it were, for a time, the conditions and characteristics characterizing the physical entity—the body in which it resides or has resided. For example, the Astral entity which has been housed up in a drunken physical body, will resemble the drunken physical and will be possessed of the tastes and desires of this drunken physical structure—for a time—owing to the ability of the Spirit within the Astral to assert its presence. Again, the Astral entity which inhabits a healthy, clean, pure, physically perfect body, appears as an exact counterpart of the physical in which it has found its home. The Spirit rejoices within such an Astral entity and shines forth through both the Astral and the physical.

Were it not well, then, that we let the Spirit shine forth every day of our lives?

### Quadrennial Politics

THIS is the quadrennial season in the growth of our great Republic, when the political evangelist stalks the earth with his frame abnormally pregnant with "patriotism," mess pork and stale beer. The latter, with its compatriot, red-eyed rye, provides the necessary lubricant which enables the effervescent professional "spell-binder" to arouse his countrymen to a full and fuller realization of the exigencies of the hour—the hour when the country must be "saved"—between drinks.

What with the flags of the various political parties thrown to windward a month antecedent to dog-days, and the riotous rivalry rampant among the various contesting clans for predominance on Uncle Sam's pay-roll, it may be said that the heated term is fairly upon us and that the voting constituency may properly begin negotiations for the sale of its elective franchise. It is to be hoped however, that the "honest" voter will insist on predominating when the Ides of November shall have fairly set in.

The lamented Tom Read, one of the brainiest and most astute statesmen of his time, defined the honest voter as "the man who sells his vote but once." But a new system of handling the "honest" voting populace seems to have appeared on the scene with the advent of Hearst in public politics. Hearst thinks it a crime for a man to sell his vote either in convention or at the polls, so, in his race for delegates to insure his nomination at the Democratic National convention, Hearst simply paid his enemies who were active against him, \$20 apiece to stay at home and let his managers run the machinery of the conventions. This succeeded in some instances, but not to his entire liking, for even with a three million dollar barrell distributed broadcast over the country, there were still sufficient self-respecting voters left in the Democratic party to bury him at St. Louis.

But what a jolly time our Democratic friends had out of the Hearst barrel. It was just like getting an unexpected draft from home. By the way, what has become of Hearst, anyway? It is easy enough for a man to buy a seat in congress as Hearst did in the city of New York, where congressional nominations are always on tap to the highest bidder, but when it comes to a Presidential nomi-

nation it is a different thing. Still, the Hearst millions were distributed among a large class of people sorely in need of cash; so we are led to welcome the conditions which induced this ambitious editor of the half dozen of the yellowest of yellow journals to disgorge in the laps of his paid boomers.

Now, please tell us, also, just what has become of William Jennings Bryan, the erstwhile Demo-Pop little tin god? True, he dictated a portion of the Democratic platform that comes before us for the campaign of 1904, but this was not because Bryan had any standing in this particular convention, for he was at the head of a most measly minority; but because he and Hearst had threatened to form a new party and something in the line of specific measures to prevent this seemed advisable.

In reality, David B. Hill, of New York, had the whole St. Louis convention in his vest pocket before a single delegate appeared on the scene, and he represented the gold end of the party, while Bryan still clung to the sixteen-to one silver farce. David submerged the gold-bug in a two-story "schooner," while Bryan doffed the silver trimmings on his trousers and the two "great" statesmen embraced and kissed, we are told. But except for the tooting of Bryan's own horn by himself, nothing more will ever be heard concerning this, the most persistent of all jaw-smiths that has ever tortured a suffering public.

But what of this convention, after all? The candidates do not stand the ghost of a show of winning. Not that there ought not to be a radical change in many of the measures and conditions that form a part of our present social and political economy. Grave conditions are now confronting this Republic, but it will take wiser heads than are found in the Democratic party to be able to cope successfully with them. And the party now in power is falling far short of meeting the emergency.

Then where must we look for salvation and a proper remedy to meet existing evils? Some of the old party leaders are talking of forming a new party with which to meet the emergency, but these old fossilized remnants of political antiquity are out of the question. Then our Socialist friends appear on the scene. Some of their ideas are fine and the time will come when this government will

see the necessity of adopting many of them; but our young friends must not try to precipitate matters too rapidly. The Debs idea of confiscation will never work in this country. This doctrine is incendiary in its character and effect. Another plan seems to be to unite the Socialists and the laboring interests. This will be well enough if no classifications are made. There must be no labels attached to anyone—accepting one class and rejecting another class. The Socialist party can never succeed under the label of “union” or “non-union.” This time has passed. Every competent, industrious laboring man must stand on an equal footing in this great strife for equal rights and exact justice. No one by the name of either Debs or Gompers can lead such a party to victory. The masses will demand wiser and more conservative leadership.

I have long thought that, under certain conditions, the tolling of the bells around the obsequies of both the old parties, might be heard in the not distant future. I have long thought that never again will this country witness the inauguration of a Democratic President. I have long thought that our Republican brethren would “keep off the grass” in the vicinity of the White House before many more inaugurations take place. They will be relieved long enough to note what the people expect of a great, progressive party and govern themselves accordingly. Wiser heads will appear in the foreground and a Nation, tottering on the brink of a great social revolution, will be rescued and saved.

These things will all come to pass, and the middle-aged man of today will witness the partial dissolution and the final triumph.

The government must own the railroads of the country—all shipping interests, both by land and sea. It must own everything wherein the general public is concerned, and States and municipalities must likewise take care of the interests of the people. Thus far can we go in perfect safety in the near future. Time will demonstrate the wisdom of making other radical changes in our social and political systems.

But let none of us get excited and demand things that are unreasonable at the outset. No doubt exists that a general overhauling and cleaning up is needed. There is no chance for argument on this score; but we must be mighty

careful in whose hands we put the broom and the mop. No one has as yet appeared on the scene competent to do the work successfully. Still we know that the emergency man always comes up from the crowd. When the time is ripe for his advent, the way will be made clear.

In the meantime let us all think a few thoughts bearing on our own personal responsibility for the origin of the conditions which have led us into the ranks of the chain-gang.

### Outings and Picnics

AFTER each month's Path-Finder is mailed, I give one day to an outing of some kind, just to give my brain a chance to expand, if possible, and change my thought diet. One day I went on a picnic in a canon, or canyon, whichever you wish to call it. Lunch baskets were loaded to the brim with fruits of all kinds and we camped close to the only stream of living water I have seen since coming to California. I at once thought of the Ozarks and the beautiful spring-streams that furrow through nearly every valley; but this was not the Ozarks. I was out for a picnic and a jolly time generally and this was no time for reminiscencing. The Ozarks are my dead beloved. They will never be anything else. They can never be anything else. I may sigh for them, but I do not pine for them. The grave in the Ozarks in which my beloved sleeps will ever be kept fresh and green in my memory. No tombstone will mark the spot where the bodies lie, for there are no bodies. They were all cremated, but the ashes still lie there, and if I moisten them with an occasional tear that the myrtle leaves covering the spot may not wither and fade and grow weary of their lonely task, I am but paying just tribute to an ideal that clung closer to my heart than anything has ever before up to this time. I have buried many beloved in the past, conceived both of the flesh and of the mind, but none of these, I may say truthfully, will survive in my heart of hearts beyond the limits of this dear one whose ashes are sweeter to me than the fragrance of the attar of roses. When all records on the tablets of physical memory shall have been effaced forever, this one ideal conception will stand forth as strong and as beautiful and as imposing and as grand as the day of its birth, when it drank to its fill from the crystal



waters flowing at the feet of the Ozark range.

But, I was talking about outings and picnics. I don't often uncover my dead; still it will be very strange if I never again look upon the ashes of this corpse.

Our picnic was most enjoyable, lasting nearly all day. The freighted lunch-baskets held out for the evening meal. There were two couples and a half of us. I composed the half couple. I told these friends at the outset that they had better not take me along without a chaperon, or something of that sort, but they would make no provision. I guess next time they will be glad to comply with my suggestion in this regard. Anyway, I shall doubtless be well enough acquainted in Los Angeles by that time to hunt up a chaperon for myself. When I go off on a picnic with those who know me best, they never fail to put a chaperon in the lunch basket. But these Los Angeles friends will know better next time.

Then again, for a day's outing. I take the 8 a. m. train and go over to Pomona and visit Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, returning at 10 in the evening. This makes a good long day, quite as long as these people can stand who are not used to me. The people who are used to me can stand me—less time than those who are not.

Mrs. Pratt (Nannette Magruder Pratt), cabled me by wireless telephone that they were expecting their figs, of which they had an abundance, to ripen some time in the future. I had never tasted ripe figs just from the trees and, of course I was anxious to know if they were as delicious as some of the dried ones; but somehow I missed connections and when I arrived on the ground the birds—Mrs. Pratt said it was the birds, and I am too much of a gentleman to dispute the statement of any lady—the birds had eaten up all the figs and no more would be ripe for several weeks to come. So I suppose I shall have to go again sometime—just to please—myself—for there is not a thing in or about the Pratt inn at Pomona that does not fascinate me, even to Mrs. Pratt's Irish setter—Arizona Toodles Pratt. Arizona Toodles saw at a glance that I was a stranger, and sullenly resented the familiarity with which I strode through the culinary department and kindred allied portions of the house. In a word, Arizona-Toodles was jealous of me, notwithstanding the fact that I came armed to the teeth with two big loaves of aerated

bread. Mrs. Pratt had been writing books and lecturing all her life, so I took the bread for fear. But I was needlessly alarmed. I was only alarmed when I tried to move away from the table. I cannot mention here the uncooked things Mrs. Pratt didn't have; it would take too long, but I can vouch for the fact that she is the same accomplished artist in the kitchen that she is with the pen, and her heart is bigger than her great physical culture muscles, which easily induced me to don a long apron and help "do" dishes after Arizona-Toodles and the rest of us had finished the delicious dinner served especially for company. A sweet-voiced neighbor lady was the company. I was a mere guest—just dropped in to help eat up what there was in the house. But I am going again sometime—when the next crop of figs matures. Mr. Pratt picked fresh apricots, oranges and lemons for us. He is a born grower of things and is as genial, big-hearted and companionable as he is entertaining. He offered me a job of drowning some little kittens next door. He was too tender-hearted to do it himself. Of course I did it, no.

These are the sort of outings and picnics that appeal to me and that I enjoy. I don't like crowds. Even the crowds of the streets are a menace to my serenity of mind. They do not disturb me seriously, still I do not like them. They emit too many different kinds of odors from the same breath, and they breathe their negative and unclean thoughts out through every pore of their bodies. This is not pleasant as a daily diet, so I avoid the crowds and crowded places as much as possible; not that I hold myself aloof from anyone or any class of people. I am here to extend a helping hand to all who need it, regardless of the shade of the skin or the conditions in life, the opulent or those in the commonplace walks of life. It is all the same to me. It is the Inner Self that commands my respect—not the outer physical structure.

I shall soon commence giving private instructions in physical and mental growth—in the science of right living and right doing. The call for this here in Los Angeles has been so great that I have consented to do this.

This does not mean that any person without means will be bared. No, never! My work is for all alike. Those who are able to pay will pay for my time.

# Dead Yesterdays

(THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE)

BY ERRANTE

## CHAPTER IX.

[The first installment of "Dead Yesterdays" appeared in the January, 1904, issue of CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER. Back numbers of this great life story will be sent to all new subscribers without charge, until the editions are exhausted.]

"And ships strode out of the blue horizon,  
Flaunting the banners of red-fanged war."  
—ERRANTE.

COLONEL WILSON ordered me to report for duty at the Battery of Santa Catarina, and I was sadly disappointed when I learned that I was to wear blue overalls instead of a brass-buttoned uniform and a sword. He told me that as Third Lieutenant—the highest rank that he could give me in time of peace—my salary would be so small that I would have difficulty in paying my keep; whereas, as an assistant in the mechanical department, I would be able to earn five dollars per day and have very little to do, as he proposed to keep me about his office; while later, should the Spaniards decide on visiting us, I would be given a chance to show my martial proclivities to my full bent. It was a choice between grub and glory, and grub won.

Two of the guns were mounted, the mount of another nearly ready for the gun, and the masonry of a fourth mount going in as rapidly as possible. I had had considerable experience with artillery, but the size of those big Blakleys nearly paralyzed me. Standing beside one of the unmounted monsters that was lying on the ground, I had to stand on tiptoe as high as possible to reach the vent with my fingers. If my memory is not playing me false, they were of 22-inch bore, but in this I may be mistaken. What I do remember distinctly is, that a man could crawl into the muzzle with ease. I have handled many guns since and have seen many big modern rifles aboard men-of-war of many nations, but as to bore and breech—corporosity—they were toys compared with those big muzzle-loading smooth-bores that fired a round shot the size of a school globe.

My experience with artillery was such as I had gathered as second in command of the half-section battery belonging to my native village, General Mike Moran, the village blacksmith, being commander-in-chief. Neither history nor tradition accounted for the presence of this rusty old Howitzer with which the patriotism

of the hemlocks was wont to manifest on public occasions. Who dragged the old relic into the Keystone hills nobody seemed to know. When it arrived or who owned it the oldest inhabitant could not guess. It was there like a stray dog; was supposed to be a bit of the flotsam and jetsam of the revolutionary period of war of 1812, and many a time, with my ear at its silent muzzle, I have asked, did you know Washington? Has mad Anthony Wayne ever fed or fired you? But, Sphinx-like, the rusty old cast-iron orator would fail to answer.

Artillery headquarters were at Moran's blacksmith shop, and around that important industrial center excitement generally ran high for several days before the birthday of the country's father, the Fourth of July, St. Patrick's Day, or occasionally when what had once been a complete man returned from the Virginia swamps, where the philanthropic Northerners were fighting to free the negroes they are today lynching with such notorious regularity, and on all such occasions the rusty old chunk of ordnance was very much in evidence, with "those boys" as the gun crew, Gen. Moran needing reliable subalterns for the sake of public safety, for, as a rule, he was paid for his military services in advance with a quart bottle of whiskey, and was generally, as my townsmen occasionally expressed it, "fuller'n a goat" before a half dozen rounds were fired.

The gun-carriage had probably been constructed under the supervision of the "minute men," for we used to dig grubs out of the trail to go fishing with, and the fellows had to be tied to the tires with twine to get her to the common where we usually propped her up and repaired her after each discharge. For years the town council—Dutchy called them "dose down scoundrel"—had been debating the expense of a new carriage for the faithful old celebrator, but a short hay crop, an epidemic of hog cholera, or a quarter-cent rise in the price of calico, would generally interfere with so serious a disbursement of public funds, and the old veteran kept getting feebler and feebler year by year, until one bright Fourth of July morning the old gun made one last effort in the cause of rural patriotism, and, like the "one-hoss shay" of Holmes'

deacon, its carriage went to pieces in a heap, when Gen. Moran, with tears in his eyes, pocketing what was left of his good salary, started for the "tavern" after ordering us to gather up the sacks of powder and carry them to headquarters. That was the beginning of serious subsequent trouble.

That day was to have been doubly celebrated, for the village was to be lighted with gas for the first time, and my father, much against his better judgment, had been induced by Dr. Jim Reed to invest various crops of hay—all his savings—in stock of the new-fangled light company. "Tink" allowed that to return all that powder to the committee would be like flying in the face of Providence, who had evidently placed it within our reach as a sort of special dispensation; and "Banty," who considered so much powder—twenty charges at hand—with our commander-in-chief loaded for a week, a streak of luck we might never again run into, wanted to "crib" it all and fill the bags with sand, but it was finally resolved that we would run less risk of detection if we put a little powder on top of the sand in each bag, so "Dutchy," our executive officer, proceeded to put our resolution on a business basis at once, and we soon found ourselves the possessors of a larger supply of powder than we had ever imagined in even our wildest dreams; but what should we do with it? As the result of nearly an all day's conference on the matter, it was decided to fire off the old gun just once more Martin Beers' stone quarry, and at 9 o'clock that evening we had it standing ing fuse, that "Dutchy" "borrowed" from on end in a hole we had dug to receive the breech, loaded to the muzzle with powder and tamped and covered with brush. "Dutchy," whose home was architecturally adorned with a kitchen lean-to that facilitated the entrance to his bedroom in the second story, being detailed to see that our arrangements kept the appointment. Hurrying home so as to be able to prove an alibi, I found my father giving my mother his opinion of himself for having allowed Doc Reed to inveigle him into the gas business, for the expected inauguration of the light, owing to some mechanical defect, had failed to connect, and he was in such a stew about the matter that he ordered me to bed, forgetting the usual knee-rack-ing litanies and rosaries.

Tired out, as all boys are after the Fourth, or as all boys should be, I was asleep in a moment, but something awoke me as the clock struck twelve, and I sat up in bed to listen. I knew I would not have long to wait if "Dutchy" was in the land of the living, nor had I. I was still rubbing my eyes when the house rocked as if hit by a cyclone, and a noise as if the surrounding cliffs had fallen into each other's arms, ripped open the silence. Down stairs mother was screaming murder and father was yelling fire with all the force of his lungs, while outside the bells on the synagogues were making the welkin ring with the alarm in less time than it takes to tell it.

My father under ordinary circumstances was not a profane man, but when I reached the ground floor that night he was working overtime at his style of profanity, and one would have needed a swearing dictionary to find out what he was driving at. "Don't swear, John, dearie; don't swear so," pleaded my astonished little mother. "What can it be, anyhow?" "What can it be?" he yelled in answer. "Hails fire! We are in the poorhouse! It's that damned gas house that has blown up, as I knew it would. All our savings gone higher than Gilde-roy's kite. Damn Jim Reed and his new-fangled light," and we rushed out to the street just in time to get onto the dray rope of the fire engine, Lafayette, and help pull her to the new gas house, where a crowd of a hundred had preceded us and were yelling at each other, "Fire, fire, who's got the fire?"

As luck would have it, the engineer of the gas works, by working until that hour, had succeeded in straightening out his pipes and retorts, had the gas meter half full and was ready to deliver the goods, so the town was lighted up and everybody was happy; and as it was customary for our volunteer fire-fighters to load up with whiskey, fire or no fire, every time they donned their gaudy red shirts and sole-leather helmets, that Fourth of July lasted a week, but the cause of the explosion was not discovered until late next day.

The evidence brought against "those boys" regarding the episode would not have stood a moment in a court of law, but we got our thrashings just the same, as my father remarked, after telling me I had given him the scare of his life, on "general principles."



The old Spanish saying, "If you make a reputation, even though you go to sleep, everything will come your way," was fittingly applicable to the case of "those boys" in that community.

Colonel Wilson's artillery was of a different type and calibre, but I doubt if it made more noise than did that old Revolutionary relic in its last effort at celebrating "the Glorious Fourth."

The Blakelys were mounted on great cumbersome boiler-plate incline recoil carriages, swinging latterly from a central pivot around a half circle of rails by means of a circular rack and gearing that handled the monsters rapidly and smoothly; each having near the muzzle an iron crane for lifting the ammunition. The rampart was forty feet broad at the top, of sand and pebbles, with a natural slope to the lapping waters of the bay on the outside, and a solid vertical wall of masonry ten feet high on the inside. Bomb-proofs were on the plans, but were abandoned for lack of time, and the rear was covered by a ten-foot wall and strong gate, forming a Patio or Plaza that would accommodate 250 men. Six guns were to have been mounted, but only three were in place on time. Wilson had very little faith in these monster smooth-bores, however, and was very anxious that his "brigade" should fight the iron turret that mounted two 300-pounder Armstrong rifles—primarily for the good work he felt sure his men could do with such guns, and secondarily for fear the amateur native artillerymen would make a mess of the only really up-to-date battery opposed to the Spaniards—as happened—for owing to remarks regarding the Americans wishing to fight behind an invulnerable defense through fear instead of in the open, that came to the Colonel's ears from Peruvian sources, when Gen. Galvez offered him command of the turret he refused and chose the battery of Blakelys, luckily for the foreign contingent.

Rumors from the South as our work on the gun mounts went forward, kept coming with ever-increasing wildness and rapidity until we became possessed with the idea that no Spanish fleet existed, or if it did exist, had resolved to ignore us; but one afternoon Colonel Wilson, came in hand, suddenly materialized among us and after examining the work done, as was his custom, turned

to our immaculate chief, and said, "Mr. Brown, take down the derricks, clear the place for action and discharge all hands. You may tell the boys that I have offered my services to the government to fight with whatever battery they may see fit to assign me and any of them who feel like accompanying me can be mustered into service, with rank, in tomorrow's order of the day."

He had hardly left us when a mounted officer, in the uniform of a captain, dashed into the enclosure and threw himself into my arms. It was Castaneda, aide on the staff of General Galvez, who came to show me how martial he looked in his new uniform, bringing me messages from his sisters and mother and boiling over with the spirit of war. He told us that Valparaiso had been bombarded; that the Chilians had captured the Spanish man-of-war "Covadonga," the disgrace of the incident causing the Spanish admiral, Pareja, to blow his brains out on the deck of his flag-ship in the presence of its crew, leaving a written request that his body should not be buried in Chilian waters; that the command of the Spanish fleet had devolved on Brigadier Casto Mendez-Nunez, a fire-eater, then at the Chincha Islands, or doubtless on his way North to interview us, and that we might expect to sight him at any minute.

Hurrah! Hats were flung into the air, the men sprang to their work with a will and the way timberings and derricks were swept out of the way was animating. That night we called in a body on Colonel Wilson at his hotel and handed in our names as volunteers, and the next day he told me to go to his tailor and order a Captain's uniform. That made two captains in our family, but the other, a favorite brother, couldn't possibly amount to much as a soldier, for it took him five years to win his shoulder straps. He had enlisted at first for three months' service; then for three years; afterwards for the war, coming out of it full of plugged-up holes as First Lieutenant; had re-enlisted in the Philadelphia Lancers for seven years, being given a Captaincy for patriotism, and was, at that very moment somewhere on the Rio Grande awaiting orders and the settlement of a little argument between Napoleon III and Billy Seward regarding Maximilian and so many irresponsible Frenchmen being al-

lowed to run around loose in Mexico with dangerous firearms in their hands.

I wondered what he would think of his little brother when some day should I walk into his presence, as I fully expected to sooner or later, with the rank of Major General, and call upon him to salute a superior officer. Of course, he being my pet brother, I would humiliate him only for a day or two, for I felt sure he would be as proud of my rapid advance as I was of him when I learned he was a guest of the Confederate government at the Hotel de Libby in Richmond.

Castaneda, myself and a dozen other kindred spirits, had been having great times nightly serenading the plucky *Senoritas* who had not fled from the city before the rumors of war, but I now sent him word to headquarters that further serenading would be suspended until I had received my new uniform, and the next mail North carried tintypes of Captain O'Neill, in full war togs, to my mother, "those boys," and to Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft. I imagine all soldiers act that way during the calf period.

Days that seemed centuries, came and went with their customary twenty-four-hour regularity and still no belligerent Don. Castaneda and myself passed the time by day strutting about the cafes or looking up sentries to enjoy the importance of being saluted, and at night, with Koupstzky—who during the day, from sun up to sun set, was drilling the gun crews in his varied assortment of languages—serenading; but at last there was news. "Fleet bearing north sighted off Iquique;" "Fleet off Pisco." (Shipping scurrying out of the bay.) "Fleet sighted from Chorillos," and then brass bell clappers sang, "They come! They come! They come!" And away across the bay, on the beautiful sun-lit Pacific, steering for the mottled green island of San Lorenzo, steadily bearing north, they steered. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven ships of war—one after the other like a school of porpoises, with topmasts struck and colors flying from spars and halvards, followed by a scattered covey of consorts.

It was a blood-thrilling sight for men tired out with waiting. On shore a dead silence of many minutes followed the fleet's appearance on the rim of the sea, and then, like the roar of a gale, cheer after cheer rang from thousands of

throats, and floated out over the waters to be echoed and re-echoed by the answering cheers of the different detachments between Marbrava and the mouth of the Rimac.

On the north, momentarily hidden by the island, steadily, slowly steaming, on they went, the setting sun's aurora borealis and a cloudless sky for a background, and a glistening blue breeze-lapped sea for a pedestal, and then they swung circling to port and closer inshore, sailed away to the south to hide in the star-lighted shadows of tropical night.

There was no sleep in Callao that night. Troops were being hurried to positions, field artillery rumbled back and forth over the vile pavements, mounted aides galloped hither and thither at breakneck speed, bugle calls rang from all points of the compass, floating sweetly over the silent waters, and a sharp, unexpected challenge of the sentry startled one on every hand.

As day looked down from the mighty Andean pinnacles behind us, flinging her powdered, sunlight athwart opaline lowland and speckled sea, she found us peering oceanward with aching eyes, from watchtower, parapet and trench, through thinning tropical azure to where in the offing, three ships of war steamed lazily back and forth as if peace was their mission, and we knew that we were blockaded.

Why didn't they come in and have it out with us? They were brave enough at defenseless Valparaiso. Why not come in and measure their strength at once with an armed foe? "Cowards!" was the general verdict, but a greater mistake was never made. The Spaniard is no coward, whatever else he may be.

The eternal victim of beaurocracy and its consequent unpreparedness, the Spanish soldier, on land and sea, has ever proven himself a brave man, and the suicide of Admiral Pareja in the presence of his fleet, when tangled to impotence, with lack of resources and red tape and driven to desperation by the loss of the Covadonga at Valparaiso, was an example of that bravery. Poor devil! With ammunition scrimped, to furnish Oriental pomp for the libidinous clergy of a prostituted court, with raw men behind the guns from the olive groves and vineyards of Jerez de la Frontera or Andalusia, who couldn't hit a barn if they

were firing at it from the inside, he was sent over thousands of miles of sea to a hostile coast, with no base of operations nearer than Cuba or Manila, to uphold the honor of a flag that flaunted the shadows of its glorious tradition over a degenerate, dying dynasty; and he did the best he could under the circumstances. For such a flag and cause he blew out his brains.

Industrious, hardworking, frugal Spain can nearly divide one hundred millions of "pesetas"—four times her yearly expenditure for public instruction—in salaries among her *paid clergy*; but she cannot furnish her Parejas, Cerveras and Montejos with the sinews of war with which to uphold the Nation's honor. Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow of it all! I often wonder if any particular brand of the American sky-pilotism will ever succeed in getting our gallant "jackies" into such a scrape, and a conviction grows on me that some one of them will *some day*, unless the man with the wart on his neck keeps his eye on our public school system.

During the night, and a dozen patience-annihilating nights that followed on the heels of tedious days, everybody was seeing lights and ships, and probably many were seeing snakes, for exhilarating bottled patriotism was flowing like water; and as the hours went by without the thunder of guns, the timid who had fled to the hills before the rumors of slaughter, began returning to take part in the arguments pro and con, regarding the ultimate probabilities of an attack by the enemy. Twenty times a day some excited wrestler of five-cent red whisky would get a streak on him and yell, "Here they come!" Probably referring to his liquor-created zo-ological specimens, and the suave manipulators of the cocktail shakers would grab their hats and loose change and visit a mile or two of the interior, to return later laughing and talking of their sprinting powers, while they furnished "another dash of bitters."

May—the month of Mary—was upon us and in the dim twilight of its second morning, Castaneda, like an uneasy spirit of the night, wandered into our bivouac with his guitar and began singing songs of hearth and country, all of us gathering about him listening until, as the first gray shafts of sunlight crept across the bay toward the island, he arose, saying

dogmatically, "Companions, the Spaniard will surely attack us today, and I feel that this is my last day on earth. Let us have one more song, but all together with a will," and he broke forth with the soul-stirring Peruvian National anthem, the Peruvian officers joining in the refrain, his splendid voice ringing through the strains like the notes of the dying swan, and finishing, he sighed as he handed me his guitar, telling me to give it to his mother. He wrapped his cloak around him nervously, and, in spite of our protests and chaffing regarding his presentiment, strode from the fort with lowered head and broken bearing at the moment when the battleship Numancia, at full speed, plowing the water into foam before her bow, decked from stem to stern with flashing bunting, rolling great smoke-clouds from her black funnels, shot out from the shadows of San Lorenzo, steering shoreward, followed by the "Villa de Madrid," the "Almansa," "Resolucion," "Berenguela," "Blanca," and "Vencedora," in line of battle circling to port.

As if dropped from the clouds Colonel Wilson was instantly in our midst, ordering the gun crews to their posts and, beckoning me to follow him to the top of the parapet, telling me to keep by him during the day.

On, now steadily swinging in toward us, decorated with every color of the rainbow, came bravely dashing the beautiful ships, equi-distant one from the other, as if held in their positions in line by some unseen subaqueous mechanical device, and as if impelled by a single engine.

Back and to the right and left of us, drums beating the long roll and bugles from the different positions singing to each other the songs of battle, mingled with the strains of distant bands, the noises of the frightened city and the enthusiastic cheering of excited detachments, and then suddenly at the sides of the oncoming ships, as if tossed overboard, great bursting bales of silvery white cotton explode to view in the sunlight, followed overhead in the air by awe-inspiring, wailing, despairing shrieks, like the voices of unseen lost souls seeking rest, and then the shaking, thundering boom, boom, boom, floating landward, power-asserting, vibrating, terrible, to be answered by the mocking echoes of the plain. The angry, tearing



crash of rifles in the frowning turrets; the snappy tonguing of the nondescript Kennels of Mar Brava, and lastly the ponderous elephantine Blakelys, cough-

ing their hoarse asthmatic defiance to the foe; and the battle was on.

(*To be continued.*)

## Socialism and Life

BY J. STITT WILSON, A. M.

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### The Morals of the Competitive System

OF COURSE, that is an illogical phrase. We cannot properly speak about the morals of anything except men. Yet, by a figure of speech, we transfer the term morals to the thing done—to laws, institutions and social systems—so I am going to write a page or two on the morals—or lack of morals—of the dear old competitive system.

In the very first place I am well aware that the present system is so corrupt and corrupting; that it is so demoralizing and has already so blunted the consciousness of the people that they are now incapable of responding to the moral appeal; that they are no longer able to rise up in moral majesty and put an end to this immoral vampire that is sucking away their life's blood—physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual.

Plainly, I mean to say that nobody cares whether this system is right or wrong, good or bad, a saint or a criminal. Our moral sense is so stunned or deadened by our daily practices and the unceasing bitterness, strife and devilry of the competitive struggle that when the wrongs of the system to ourselves and others are pointed out, we have not moral spunk enough to react against the wrong-doer.

This is the worst thing that can be said about the system from the standpoint of ethics, but it is somewhat abstract and needs to be put concretely. The system is lie, a criminal who enters your house, but before proceeding to business administers to you and your watch-dog a little chloroform, just to keep you sleeping while he proceeds to plunder.

There is not a crime in the catalogue that this sinner is not guilty of. It excelleth so in each that to point out its criminality in one respect seems to be a neglect of its efficiency in diabolism in another respect. And so in this brief outline of this unjailed character, I shall give but the merest silhouette of him.

The competitive system is a murderer.

It takes human life sometimes suddenly, sometimes by slow torture. In the midst of resources, capable of providing for double and treble our present population, thousands upon thousands are in constant want for the simple necessities of a decent humane existence. Our boasted prosperity cannot feed, house or bury decently its victims. It works men to death long before their time, fills up its factories with little children in the milk of life, distorting their bodies and blighting the buds of intellect and culture, and turns old age out of doors to die after having drunk the best of the man's blood as its daily wine. It sells adulterated food and poisons the people for profit. It keeps in existence, for high rents, acres and square miles of tenements as homes (?) for its toiling masses, where disease and death stalk at midday. It is estimated that five thousand mothers are needlessly robbed annually of their babies in the city of New York alone because of adulterated foods and disease-infected tenements.

The only thing dear to the heart of this criminal competitive system is "profit." Human life is cheap—dirt cheap. This system builds theaters, for example, for "profit." In the Iroquois theater seven hundred lives were taken by this system—no other reason. And then it got a New York preacher of national fame to say that the holocaust was a visitation from the hand of God—a sort of ante-room to hell—for their sins against the conventional code. Messrs. "Profit" and "Graft," head agents for the system, left the Slocumb in New York without adequate fire protection, and another seven hundred lives were laid on the altar of the modern Moloch. And then the committees began to investigate. "To investigate" the wrongs and crimes of a coal trust, or a beef trust, or a steamboat corporation, means to so utterly cover up the crime of the system by fuss and fume and pretense of doing something that the real criminal escapes. The

government becomes the "pal" of the criminal and a government investigation is a method of setting the people off on another scent.

I would not take space to say that this system is a thief and a robber. That would be like saying a horse is a horse. It would be a needless tautology. Plunder is its chief trade. It is a murderer, for example, that it seeks to burn people up in a steamboat, or to starve them in city slums, or poison them in reeking tenements; no, all that is incidental to its great business of plundering the people, that it may heap up its unearned millions out of the sweat and suffering of the people.

Thomas W. Lawson, in his story of "Frenzied Finance," tells how four men of national fame, financial and social, cleaned up forty-six million dollars in one single deal. Every dollar taken from the savings of the people, where dollar by dollar, it was accumulated by the sweat of their brows and the labor of their bodies. "Money enough to buy the thirteen original United States of America. Money enough to relieve the sufferings of a million people, made by four men in a few days."

I said this system is a thief and a robber. But Webster is short on words to name it. We have no word in our tongue to describe this wholesale commercial thuggery. I was also about to add that any man who will defend such a system is probably an accomplice. But I shall leave that for another time.

To carry on its real trade, commercial brigandage, industrial buccaneering, land piracy, plunder, in short, of every kind and degree, with some specialties, of course, as in oil and steel and coal and transportation—to carry on its real trade of plunder, I say, resorts to anything—dying, boasting, deception, hypocrisy, murder or treason.

Treason, did I say? Yes, treason. In a republic such as ours, the people with their rights and privileges are supreme; and against the people of these States, and against the sacredness of our form of government; against our dearly bought liberties, this criminal has committed treason. Our elected representatives in city halls and State legislatures, and in congress, are the trustees of our liberties and freedom while elected. They are there as the servants of the people, to guard our common interests and pre-

serve the rights of the people. But what do we see? There is scarcely a legislative body in America that has not been debauched beyond words by corporate wealth. The criminal competitive system, as I said, has its "pals" now at the seat of power everywhere. Read Lincoln Steffen's book, "The Shame of the Cities," and see that the black devil behind the scenes is the "prosperous," "snug" "respectable" of our high-toned world of wealth and culture. The competitive system has committed treason so often that it supposes now that even a suggestion that it should stop is cause sufficient for arrest and imprisonment. With the flag wrapped about him and with loud boasts of patriotism in his mouth, this villain has succeeded in so utterly debauching our political life in America as to put it beyond all redemption as long as this system lasts.

But is there no God? Is there no appeal to a higher power? Is there no voice to speak and arouse the people from their sins? Is there no elect of God who protest in the name of the good and the true against these things? In short, is there no church to speak for God and the people against these wrongs? Yes, there is a church. There are one hundred thousand preachers to speak for God, with twenty million professed lovers of God and disciples of Christ. Bibles and Sunday School lessons pour from the presses by tons. But herein lies the supremest conquest of this villainous system. It has so related itself to the organized religious and moral instruction of the people that the whole machinery of the church is in league with the system. I said a moment ago that the villain had "pals" in the seats of government. I now say he has "pals" ministering at the altar, which I take to be, by all odds, the shrewdest piece of hypnotism of the power spiritual that the devil has yet accomplished. This villain of the competitive system, with all his long list of crimes close to his heels, his hands red with blood, his pockets filled with plunder, his treason committed under the guise of patriotism—this uncaught felon shelters himself when pursued in the temples of God, takes a front seat, partakes of the sacrament, contributes generously and the preacher defends him! Ye Gods!

And the felon is at large yet.

But, as I said before, who cares?

# Hoosier Paths

Blazed by D. H. SNOKF, M. D.

## Length of Days

"Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand, riches and honor.

"For wisdom is a defense, and money is a defense; but the excellency of knowledge is, that wisdom giveth life to them that have it."

All down the ages the race has sought diligently for a remedy against age, and the dream of perpetual youth has never lost its hold upon the imagination.

That perpetual youth is no chimera, but a possibility, is beginning to force itself upon the consciousness of those who are intrepid enough to give it credence.

Yes, it requires a degree of bravery to maintain such an assumption, particularly when our daily papers, in their "vital statistics," show a long mortality record from most of the walks of life.

It is evident from past results that the remedy has not been sought in the right quarter, or if it has, it is of such an elusive character as to totally foil those in the quest.

Saint and sinner, sage and clown, have spared neither time, expense nor effort, with a uniformity of failure that has, in a large degree, deadened interest and purpose in this truly laudable pursuit.

It has been the custom of those who thus sought a panacea against age and death to seek for it in some realm foreign to themselves, and, while they have at times doubtless hit upon expedients in some degree conducive to length of days, they have miscarried in their ultimates.

Now we hold that the possibility of long life, with every characteristic of youth accompanying it to its utmost limit, is possible to all who really desire it, if the power essential thereto be sought in the right place.

It has been so easy for man to overlook himself as a factor in this problem of perpetual youth. Because of false training and erroneous beliefs accruing therefrom, he has continually relegated himself to the rear while reposing his trust in some far-off unproven heaven, or in a vicarious atonement which never proves effective, while he maintains his consciousness.

These assertions may seem incongruous in connection with the biblical quotations at the head of this article, par-

ticularly to those who have been prone to accept the dictum of theologians, creedists and dogmatists, and, though the whole world may rise to accuse us of heresy or other forms of irreverence, we shall maintain that we are right, and that a true conception of facts will lead to perpetual youth and immortality here and now.

We hold, too, that the quotations alluded to contain the key to the major points in the situation—not because they chance to be found in Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, but because they are facts and in nowise allude to the beliefs and practices of current orthodox institutions.

If the said institutions had hit upon the exact truth, then the matter of continuous life and good health would have found solution and the race would be enjoying that condition. But we have no quarrel with anyone, we simply wish to state what we have conceived to be truth, and which we believe the facts will warrant. "Knowledge" and "wisdom" seem to be the essentials to the condition of health, long life, fame and opulence, and we deem this utterly true. But, what is knowledge, and how shall wisdom be defined? Does the training given in our schools and colleges constitute either or both? Let the results of the past answer.

It has been the misfortune of most of the race to acquire a one-sided development. The so-called greatest minds have drifted into law, medicine, pedagogics, theology, etc., or in the realm of other activities have espoused art, music, finance, mechanics or agriculture; but just the same, exercising a given predilection or bias, at the expense of other faculties which thus are compelled to lie fallow.

And it is this one-sidedness which does not constitute the wisdom, the knowledge, the exercise of which 'giveth life,' and "length of days." A continued playing upon one string eventually weakens it, and causes it to break. A steady pursuit of one object, with impulse from one brain area, depletes the latter and throws the entire organism out of balance.

It has been said, and truthfully, too, that men are mono-maniacal to the extent that they exercise one faculty at the expense of others, and most men do this.

The perfect sanity which obtains from



a free use of all faculties is very much the exception and very rarely the rule. The lawyer, the merchant, the teacher and the doctor break down in health, not because *all* their faculties are worn out, but because they have over exercised those faculties essential to their one pursuit.

The same rule obtains in mechanical pursuits, indeed in all walks of life, and the seamstress, saleswomen and domestic servant are in no wise exempt from the inerrant law.

We find proof of this in the fact that if the salesman, attorney, or teacher become ill from over-work (as many do), if they rest from their labors, amid new scenes, where other faculties are used while the tired ones rest, they rapidly recuperate and soon are well again.

The remedy, therefore, is not in sedation or stimulation with drugs, but in an all-round culture, which from its very name implies a rational use of *all* one's powers. There are many simple devices to this end, which may be successfully employed by every one, for every brain has in it the capacity, latent or active, to do that which is done by every other brain.

Let the invalid attorney, for example, cast out of his mind the thought of briefs and in lieu thereof, cultivate some other portion of his brain. Let him take up drawing, or music, or carpentry—anything, just so he does not relapse into an inane supineness, and, if he has a *desire* for health, it will follow upon this procedure.

This arousing of a latent capacity is curative because it vivifies a new brain area in the man. This creates fresh, new blood corpuscles to meet the new demand, and new tissue units spring up to replace those old and worn out, and a new lease of life is obtained.

If begun in time, this procedure, backed by a *genuine desire* for health, will prove curative in every instance; it cannot be otherwise. We have seen death baffled, and life smilingly resume her functions under this regime, and we shall live long by like processes to see it often repeated.

Looked at fairly, this can only be viewed as the wisdom and knowledge out of which arise length of days and happiness, and the riches of soul which render existence a boon and a blessing.

He who learns well the lesson of his

own being acquires thereby the secret of the ages, and can survive in his physical habitation so long as he truly desires to do so. When once he truly learns that his bane and his health, his weal and his woe, his death and his life, are contained within his own body, and that these are subject to his own choice, he will have attained to that degree of wisdom which multiplies his years and place him in a direct line for the achievement of that true evolutionary climax—self-completion.

We have sounded the call to health and long life, and have shown the path to power far in excess of what the great mass of mankind has ever dreamed. May its echoes reverberate in every walk of life and reach the hearts of those who aspire to wisdom and knowledge and length of days.



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