

MAN SHOULD BE TAUGHT HOW TO LIVE, NOT HOW TO DIE.

CONABLE'S MONTHLY PATHFINDER

DEVOTED TO SELF CULTURE, LITERATURE
SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

OCTOBER, 1905.



HELEN WILMANS--See First Page.

10 Cents a Copy. \$1.00 a Year.

Edited by
• EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE •

The Path-Finder Pub. Co., 415 S. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Address all Business and Personal Letters to Station A, Pasadena, Cal.

Factors in the Process of Human Development

The Book of the New Century

**A Text Book for the
Millions who are in
Search of Health
and Opulence. . . .**



BY
Edgar Wallace Conable

Price, \$1.00

SUBJECTS TREATED:

PART I.

1. Reminiscent.
2. Some of the Work Being Accomplished.
3. Brain Functions.
4. The Law of Life and Death.
5. Opulence.
6. Truth.
7. Love.
8. The Voice of the Infinite.
9. The Sin of Mediumistic Development.
10. The Duty of Mothers.
11. Fate Is a Fallacy.
12. Monument-al Lies and Crematories.
13. Death, Disintegration and Reincarnation.
14. The Alleged Disease Germ.
15. Animal Destruction a Crime.
16. Educate the Criminal Classes.

PART II.

1. Thought Transmission.
2. The Power of Thought Concentration.
3. Scientific Breathing, Light Exercises and Bathing.
4. The Science of Fasting.
5. Sun Baths.
6. Man's Duty to Himself.
7. Make Way for the Soul.
8. The Soul's Necessities.
9. All Souls Are Saved.
10. Attend to Your Own Business.
11. Whence Comes the Power to Heal.
12. Heal Thyself.
13. Prepare for Life.
14. Where the Responsibility Lies.
15. Reincarnation and Its Relation to Life and Death.
16. The Real Elixir of Eternal Life.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS:

THE PATH-FINDER PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Station A, Pasadena, Cal.

Conable's Path-Finder

Devoted to Self-Culture, Literature, Science, Philosophy, Music and the Drama.

VOLUME IV.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., OCTOBER, 1905.

NUMBER 10

Conable's Path-Finder.

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, EDITOR.

Published the First of Each Month at
No. 415 S. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles, Cal., U. S. A.
By THE PATH-FINDER PUB. CO.

Subscription, \$1 Yearly. - Foreign, \$1.25.
Send for Advertising Rates.

Send all money by postoffice, express, registered letter
or bank draft. Postage stamps not accepted.
In requesting changes of address, former address must
always be given.

Entered at the Los Angeles, Cal., Postoffice as Second-
class Mail Matter.

By THE EDITOR

ADDRESS

All business and personal communications to
STATION A., PASADENA, CAL.

HELEN WILMANS

Is now a regular contributor to Conable's Path-Finder, her first article appearing in the current number of this magazine. Mrs. Wilmans is the brainiest and most powerful writer of today along the lines of the subjects she will treat upon. Every old subscriber to Freedom will doubtless desire to read these articles. One dollar sent to the publishers will secure the Path-Finder and these articles for a year.

Mrs. Wilmans is now permanently located in this city and anyone who desires to hear from her can do so by addressing her daughter, Mrs. Ada W. Powers, 2750 Kenwood avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

NOTES AND COMMENT.

—John Rockefeller is predicting, so it is reported, panic times along in '07 and '08. He claims that over production in the great manufacturing interests of the country will be the cause. This is not at all improbable. Everything tends that way. Those who are frugal and save for this "rainy day" will do well.

—The big Russian bluffer, Witte, seems to have out-witted the little Jap plenipotentiaries when it came to making peace terms. In the whole history of the war this was the only time when the Japs were known to retreat, and it was the only time when Russia did not make plans for a retreat. Russia won

the one great battle where no lives were lost.

—Something like seven or eight drops of water fell in Los Angeles and vicinity the other day and next morning all the papers were talking about the beautiful fall of rain. The amount of "hot air" that issues forth from the average Pacific Coast newspaper is enough to divert the course of the Los Angeles river at high tide. When the Los Angeles river is at high tide an ordinary quart can will sometimes float for twenty yards without touching bottom.

—Our dear sister, Lucy A. Mallory, the wisdom editor of *The World's Advanced Thought*, Portland, Oregon, is more than kind to us. In a recent issue of her magazine she indicts the following concerning our work:—"Brother Conable's Path-Finder is steadily hewing a bright, clean path through the dense growth and obsolete ideas of the Old Civilization, and showing the aspiring world what a fervent pioneer for the New can do. If you are fond of original ideas and a vigorous and truthful individuality, you don't want to miss reading Conable's Path-Finder. It will open up to you a happier state of consciousness."

—Wanted—A daily newspaper that will eliminate everything of a sensational character and give the public straight facts and unvarnished news, with honest, sincere editorial comment. Intelligent, thinking people are ripe for such a publication. Oh, for the days of Horace Greeley and his *Tribune* of the long ago. I remember when this newspaper had no competitors save the Bible, and often this greatest of all literary and scientific book productions had to take second place whenever the daily or weekly New York *Tribune* came into the home. But the *Tribune* degenerated when the old Quaker hat was laid away forever; still it is not quite so utterly "yellow" as many of the other modern dailies.

—For our September outing we spent a couple of days at the Rosses at

Etiwanda, feeding upon grapes and other delicacies—products of this beautiful ranch. The only thing that alarms us is that we are likely to form a regular habit of visiting this, the most beautiful and delightful and restful home that has attracted us here in Southern California. Mr. Ross thinks Path-Finder home ought to be very close to his place. We are of the opinion that it ought to be right on his place; but in this event what would become of these dear friends—since they form the greatest attraction to us in the Etiwanda district?.

—Mrs. Grace Troy and daughter, Gladys, of Raton, N. M., and sister Mrs. Williams, of Pasadena, Cal., were guests at Path-Finder home one day last week. These are beautiful characters. Mrs. Troy resides on a twelve thousand acre ranch in New Mexico, and is the joint owner with her husband of vast herds of cattle and sheep. These people are non-meat eaters and are soon going to get away from the business of stock growing and come to California and live closer to nature. Mrs. Troy visited my home in Colorado a few years ago and I had never forgotten the gracious courtesy and luminous face with which she then greeted me.

—Mrs. Maud Johnson and son Josef are spending a time down at Point Loma—Katherine Tingley's home. We hope to have her impressions of this institution in the near future. Varied are the pros and cons about Katherine Tingley and her work. We would like to come into possession of some of the real facts relating to this place. If it is a good thing it is proper that its light should shine with greater brilliancy. If it is conducted, as some claim, for the exclusive benefit and aggrandisement of its founder, then there is room for just criticism. But it is not the fundamental principles of Theosophy that we would attack; simply a leadership that perverts these principles, if such is the case at Point Loma.

—Here is an instance of what I call supreme consciousness of the law of opulence—the sort that is so abundantly filled with faith that there is always a complete realization or manifestation of this law. Mrs. Grace Troy, of New Mexico, always teaches that where there is implicit faith, there is never-failing realization, and this principle she incul-

cates in the minds of every one who comes within the radius of her luminous aura. Mrs. Troy has a little daughter about eight years of age, who formed the habit of grunting audibly whenever she was in the act of putting on her shoes. "Don't you know that you exhaust your energies when you grunt like that, Gladys?" the mother ventured to suggest to the little one. "That's all right, ma'ma, any one who knows anything, knows where to get plenty more," was the philosophical reply. And this is true; any one who knows anything—or very much—knows how to replenish exhausted vitality. Little Gladys had learned her lesson well and knew how to make practical application of the mother's teachings.

—My, but these great insurance companies are getting a shaking up. We have long known that the insurance companies of the country were greater robbers of the common people than any other combination or institution in the world. There is no excuse for any one patronizing insurance companies. The moment we take out a life insurance policy, that moment we acknowledge to ourselves our inability to live indefinitely; that we expect to die in the near future, or that we are afraid that we are going to die. This thought instilled in one is oftentimes the basis of the origin of diseased conditions. I was foolish enough once to carry an insurance policy for ten years. Many times I found it a great hardship to raise money enough to pay the premium, and all the time I was wondering how soon I would shuffle off so the beneficiary named in the policy would profit by my death. I have done a great many foolish things in my life, but none so foolish as the taking out of a life insurance policy. Don't do it, friends, and if you already have, drop it as though it were a red hot iron. If you have any superfluous money to spend, put it where it will do either you or some one else some good. The whole thing is a gamble and the fellows who deal the cards get a rake-off that amounts to highway robbery. Don't put a premium on your life or allow any one else to.

Powers of the Astral Body.

WE ARE in receipt of the following letter from one of our best friends and admirers:—

"MY DEAR CONABLE:—I enclose first page of San Francisco Examiner of

August 5th, containing a marked article, which if the veracity of such statements warrant, I should be pleased to see commented upon and explained by you in the Path-Pinder, provided such request be consistent. I like the Path-Finder because it does not stand still. It does not rehash, but takes its readers forward to the higher truths for which it is preparing them.

Yours fraternally,
Art. V. RALEY, Langtry, Texas."

Following is the article referred to, which we give in full, as every word of it will be found profoundly interesting—not to say startling—to the great majority of readers.

Out of Australia has come a wonderful tale beginning with a blacksmith mystic, garnished with the loot of ancient tombs, tangling in its thread two millionaire philanthropists, the leading scientists of three continents and a great university, and leading up to its climax in the bitterly criticised attitude of the great university's president. The blacksmith has left his forge to sit in an aura of mystery while his predatory astral double rifles the bodies of dead and dessicated queens. The philanthropists involved are Thomas Welton Stanford, brother of the late Senator, and Jane Lathrop Stanford, who died so mysteriously in Honolulu a few months ago. The university concerned is the Leland Stanford Jr. University at Palo Alto. And the criticised university president is, therefore, Dr. David Starr Jordan.

In the library of Thomas Welton Stanford's magnificent home in the city of Melbourne there is a collection of priceless antiquities. On the tables, in cabinets, scattered in bewildering profusion are rare coins of the Bactrian dynasty, of the reign of the Ptolemies, of the day of old Rameses; octagonal clay tablets covered with cuneiform inscriptions which were written in the dawn of history; the rings and bracelets, studded with precious stones, which decked the beauties contemporary with Cleopatra and the wife of Potiphar, a throne with a golden peacock on either arm and diamonds encrusting its back, once the seat of Shah Gian of Delhi; money minted at Persepolis of unalloyed silver, inscribed in Greek on one side and Persian on the other.

These treasures and a hundred others not here listed could be had by Stan-

ford University for the asking. But Dr. Jordan says that Stanford University does not want them and will not accept them.

Thomas Welton Stanford, who built the splendid library which was completed several years ago on the campus of the university founded in memory of his nephew, meant that his marvelous collection of antiquities should go to Palo Alto from the time when he began to acquire it. Mrs. Jane Lathrop Stanford was eager that this disposition should be made of the collection too; and during the last few weeks of her life spent many hours in considering the details of shipping and disposal in this connection.

But Dr. Jordan, heedless of the wishes of either living or dead benefactors, has made it clear that this collection is not wanted in his domain, basing his objection on the assertion made by Thomas Welton Stanford that all these marvels were jumped from Egypt to Australia by the astral body of the blacksmith mystic, who took but twenty seconds for the round trip.

Mr. Stanford is a spiritualist. So was his brother, the Senator, and so was the late Mrs. Stanford. But Dr. Jordan is not. Time after time he has entered a vigorous denial of the creditability of psychic phenomena which other educators of the very highest rank have witnessed and believed in. That, say his critics, explains in part his refusal to accept this collection gathered under spiritualistic auspices. But, according to the same critics, there are several other reasons which, if true, put Stanford's president in a position where he must expect much hostile comment. It is said, in short, that Dr. Jordan does not dare to accept these relics because their acceptance would subject him to ridicule from the press, because to admit their authenticity would be to swallow all his previous utterances on the silliness of the spiritualistic theory, and because the students at the university who profess the orthodox religions would desert their classrooms in a body if this heresy were forced upon them.

The name of the blacksmith medium, sensitive or mahatma, as he is variously known, and about whom all this discussion is really centered, is C. Bailey. His work as a communer with the inhabitants of the astral world, his undoubted ability to perform seeming miracles and his record of accomplish-

ed phenomena are common knowledge among scholars of the highest thought everywhere. Lombroso believes in him and the spiritualistic theory that he represents. So does Alfred Russell Wallace, collaborator of Darwin and the foremost living European naturalist. So does Professor William Crookes, inventor of the radiometer and the theoscope, fellow of the Royal Society in England and gold medalist of the French Academy of Sciences. So do Professor James of Harvard, Professor Hyslop of Columbia, Camille Flammarion, first among astronomers; Professor W. F. Barrett, F. R. S. E., professor of experimental physics and dean of the faculty of the Royal College of Sciences in Ireland. So do a hundred others of like eminence.

The question these men are asking is on what grounds Dr. Jordan presumes to contradict the veracity of phenomena which he cannot disprove; why he is unwilling to investigate the manner in which the Thomas Welton Stanford collection was gathered; whether he thinks that one of the chief functions of a great institution of learning is not the study of just such tremendous problems as this one; whether he thinks that a university president does not cut a sorry figure when he stubbornly persists in blocking the path of progress and enlightenment. Just how much these inquiries are justified may be best inferred from the story of just what the blacksmith mystic, Bailey, has done in the case under consideration.

When Thomas Welton Stanford first met Bailey the latter was working at his forge, on the outskirts of Melbourne. The blacksmith had at that time acquired a neighborhood reputation as a medium, or sensitive, who could do wonderful things in spiritualistic manifestations. Stanford determined to investigate the man's ability in this direction, and offered Bailey a salary to forsake the forge and become an inmate of the Stanford house. Bailey consented, and soon began a series of seances that attracted the attention and excited the wonder of psychic students in every country.

The proceedings at these seances took place on the following general plan; Bailey was conducted into a room in the Stanford residence from which all furniture had been removed with the exception of a table and enough chairs to seat those invited to be

present. The medium was placed in a sack, so that he could not walk about, though his hands were left free. The room was then darkened. Almost immediately, on every recorded occasion, voices spoke to the circle, from the ceiling, floors or corners of the room; as soon as the darkness was completed. The voices professed to be those of various disembodied entities, who had, in some previous period of time, walked the earth as men. The questions they asked were intelligent, as were their answers, when they themselves were questioned. And proof that they were not assuming a cloak of mystery to which they were not entitled was always gladly furnished.

For instance, one of the investigators would ask that an astral body, or control of the medium, should fetch into the circle something from a great distance. In less than a minute this was invariably done. Jungle sparrows from India, sitting in their nests and chirruping excitedly, were sometimes plumped down upon the circle. Coins of great antiquity and rarity were instantly produced, when asked for. Burmese rubies, a sacred turtle of Benares, contemporary coin from Cairo, a sea crab—still living—rings covered with verdigris and set with diamonds, sapphires, turquoises, all bearing the unmistakable evidences of having had their origin in past centuries—these offerings were common.

At one sitting, Stanford asked that a live ibis should be brought from Egypt. It was on the table in ten seconds. Some other member of the circle then requested that the astral body controlled by Bailey should bring a fish from the sea. Instantly, or as soon as the lights could be turned on, those present saw on the table a shovel-nosed shark, a foot and a half long and entangled in sea weed from which salt water still dripped. Nothing was too difficult for these forces of the supernatural. A skeptic once requested Bailey to produce a kind of bread called "chaputi," which is made in India and spoils when it has been baked twenty-four hours. The bread came on the heels of the demand for it, still hot from the oven.

To show how prolific was the ability of the ghostly messengers who sped on Bailey's errands, the following list is given of things produced at six successive sittings, a list which is sub-

mitted by those who were present at these sittings as being a true one, under oath:

Eight live birds from various countries.

One bird's egg from Ceylon.

Four nests from Egypt and India.

One Indian cap.

Eighty-seven antique coins, sixteen of which were produced in full daylight.

One newspaper in Arabic.

One Leopard skin.

Four shrubs.

One pair of antique slipper shapes.

One blood garnet.

Two spinifex rubies.

Two green sapphires.

Two chrisobels.

Two cinnamon stones.

Six moon stones.

Three tourquoises in full daylight.

Seven clay tablets, with inscriptions in hieroglyphics which were afterward translated, two of these tablets being produced in full daylight.

One Egyptian scarabeus.

One Bedouin woman's head-dress with sequins.

One witch doctor's belt.

Two live sacred turtles from Benares in full daylight.

Naturally the news of these astonishing performances was received in Europe, where men of the finest type of scholarship are not afraid to proclaim their interest in such matters, with much enthusiasm and curiosity. A movement was soon set on foot, as a result of this feeling, to induce Mr. Stanford to permit Bailey to journey to Italy and repeat his demonstrations before a specially selected circle of investigators. These investigators, headed by Lombroso and Schiapparelli, included such famous names as those of Count Baudi de Vesme, Professor Falcomer, Signora Virginia Paganini, the Florentine philanthropist, Professor Rossi de Giustiniani, and a score of others. Bailey went to Italy, repeated the phenomena of the Melbourne seances and convinced every one of these new witnesses of the genuineness of his psychic power.

A well known business man in this city, whose interest in psychic phenomena has made him a close student of such matters for more than ten years, said when asked yesterday about the probable value of the antiquities which Dr. Jordan is alleged to have refused that he believed Dr. Jordan's attitude would,

if persisted in, bring down upon his head the scorn and derision of men of learning all over the world. "Dr. Jordan," he continued, "has been able to make no better defense of his antagonism to the spiritualistic theory than the almost unintelligible proposition contained in one of his interviews on this subject."

The interview referred to was then shown to a reporter and the passage specifically condemned was pointed out. This is what Dr. Jordan had said:

"In all cases of the alleged spirit manifestations which I have any knowledge of the plain explanation lies in the nature of the nervous condition of the so-called mediums."

"My only regret in this talk with you concerning Dr. Jordan's position in this matter," said the local partisan of the Australian collection, "is that I am compelled to speak anonymously. In an age of boasted tolerance it is regrettable that one's bread and butter should be affected by one's open investigation into that which is the only means of solving here below the greatest problem that can exercise the human mind—the momentous question of individual immortality. While this stupidly antagonistic and uncharitable attitude in regard to spiritualistic evidences and investigators thereof, of which Dr. Jordan is an example, might be intelligible in those whose coarse material instincts even the educative process cannot refine, it is quite beyond my comprehension in the quasi-refined classes, and more especially in churchmen whose Bible proclaims charity and teems with instances of spirit communion."

"Think of the eminent men who are, or were believers in spiritualism. Dr. Adam Clarke, the famous Bible commentator, was one. So was Gladstone, so was Lincoln, so, for that matter, was Harriet Beecher Stowe, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and Lord Tennyson. Sir William Crookes is a spiritualist, as are Professor Oliver Lodge of University College, London; Dr. John Elliotson, president of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London; Dr. Lockhart Robertson, F. R. S., formerly editor of the "British Journal of Mental Science"; Professor Broferio of Milan, Professor Margheri of Naples; Archdeacon Wilberforce of Westminster Abbey. What is the use of naming them all? The list is interminable. And who is Dr. Jordan that he should sneer at

ed phenomena are common knowledge among scholars of the highest thought everywhere. Lombroso believes in him and the spiritualistic theory that he represents. So does Alfred Russell Wallace, collaborator of Darwin and the foremost living European naturalist. So does Professor William Crookes, inventor of the radiometer and the othescope, fellow of the Royal Society in England and gold medalist of the French Academy of Sciences. So do Professor James of Harvard, Professor Hyslop of Columbia, Camille Flammarion, first among astronomers; Professor W. F. Barrett, F. R. S. E., professor of experimental physics and dean of the faculty of the Royal College of Sciences in Ireland. So do a hundred others of like eminence.

The question these men are asking is on what grounds Dr. Jordan presumes to contradict the veracity of phenomena which he cannot disprove; why he is unwilling to investigate the manner in which the Thomas Welton Stanford collection was gathered; whether he thinks that one of the chief functions of a great institution of learning is not the study of just such tremendous problems as this one; whether he thinks that a university president does not cut a sorry figure when he stubbornly persists in blocking the path of progress and enlightenment. Just how much these inquiries are justified may be best inferred from the story of just what the blacksmith mystic, Bailey, has done in the case under consideration.

When Thomas Welton Stanford first met Bailey the latter was working at his forge, on the outskirts of Melbourne. The blacksmith had at that time acquired a neighborhood reputation as a medium, or sensitive, who could do wonderful things in spiritualistic manifestations. Stanford determined to investigate the man's ability in this direction, and offered Bailey a salary to forsake the forge and become an inmate of the Stanford house. Bailey consented, and soon began a series of seances that attracted the attention and excited the wonder of psychic students in every country.

The proceedings at these seances took place on the following general plan; Bailey was conducted into a room in the Stanford residence from which all furniture had been removed with the exception of a table and enough chairs to seat those invited to be

present. The medium was placed in a sack, so that he could not walk about, though his hands were left free. The room was then darkened. Almost immediately, on every recorded occasion, voices spoke to the circle, from the ceiling, floors or corners of the room; as soon as the darkness was completed. The voices professed to be those of various disembodied entities, who had, in some previous period of time, walked the earth as men. The questions they asked were intelligent, as were their answers, when they themselves were questioned. And proof that they were not assuming a cloak of mystery to which they were not entitled was always gladly furnished.

For instance, one of the investigators would ask that an astral body, or control of the medium, should fetch into the circle something from a great distance. In less than a minute this was invariably done. Jungle sparrows from India, sitting in their nests and chirruping excitedly, were sometimes plumped down upon the circle. Coins of great antiquity and rarity were instantly produced, when asked for. Burmese rubies, a sacred turtle of Benares, contemporary coin from Cairo, a sea crab—still living—rings covered with verdigris and set with diamonds, sapphires, turquoises, all bearing the unmistakable evidences of having had their origin in past centuries—these offerings were common.

At one sitting, Stanford asked that a live ibis should be brought from Egypt. It was on the table in ten seconds. Some other member of the circle then requested that the astral body controlled by Bailey should bring a fish from the sea. Instantly, or as soon as the lights could be turned on, those present saw on the table a shovel-nosed shark, a foot and a half long and entangled in sea weed from which salt water still dripped. Nothing was too difficult for these forces of the supernatural. A skeptic once requested Bailey to produce a kind of bread called "chaputi," which is made in India and spoils when it has been baked twenty-four hours. The bread came on the heels of the demand for it, still hot from the oven.

To show how prolific was the ability of the ghostly messengers who sped on Bailey's errands, the following list is given of things produced at six successive sittings, a list which is sub-

mitted by those who were present at these sittings as being a true one, under oath:

Eight live birds from various countries.

One bird's egg from Ceylon.

Four nests from Egypt and India.

One Indian cap.

Eighty-seven antique coins, sixteen of which were produced in full daylight.

One newspaper in Arabic.

One Leopard skin.

Four shrubs.

One pair of antique slipper shapes.

One blood garnet.

Two spinifex rubies.

Two green sapphires.

Two chrisobels.

Two cinnamon stones.

Six moon stones.

Three tourquoises in full daylight.

Seven clay tablets, with inscriptions in hieroglyphics which were afterward translated, two of these tablets being produced in full daylight.

One Egyptian scarabeus.

One Bedouin woman's head-dress with sequins.

One witch doctor's belt.

Two live sacred turtles from Benares in full daylight.

Naturally the news of these astonishing performances was received in Europe, where men of the finest type of scholarship are not afraid to proclaim their interest in such matters, with much enthusiasm and curiosity. A movement was soon set on foot, as a result of this feeling, to induce Mr. Stanford to permit Bailey to journey to Italy and repeat his demonstrations before a specially selected circle of investigators. These investigators, headed by Lombroso and Schiapparelli, included such famous names as those of Count Baudi de Vesme, Professor Falcomer, Signora Virginia Paganini, the Florentine philanthropist, Professor Rossi de Giustiniani, and a score of others. Bailey went to Italy, repeated the phenomena of the Melbourne seances and convinced every one of these new witnesses of the genuineness of his psychic power.

A well known business man in this city, whose interest in psychic phenomena has made him a close student of such matters for more than ten years, said when asked yesterday about the probable value of the antiquities which Dr. Jordan is alleged to have refused that he believed Dr. Jordan's attitude would,

if persisted in, bring down upon his head the scorn and derision of men of learning all over the world. "Dr. Jordan," he continued, "has been able to make no better defense of his antagonism to the spiritualistic theory than the almost unintelligible proposition contained in one of his interviews on this subject."

The interview referred to was then shown to a reporter and the passage specifically condemned was pointed out. This is what Dr. Jordan had said:

"In all cases of the alleged spirit manifestations which I have any knowledge of the plain explanation lies in the nature of the nervous condition of the so-called mediums."

"My only regret in this talk with you concerning Dr. Jordan's position in this matter," said the local partisan of the Australian collection, "is that I am compelled to speak anonymously. In an age of boasted tolerance it is regrettable that one's bread and butter should be affected by one's open investigation into that which is the only means of solving here below the greatest problem that can exercise the human mind—the momentous question of individual immortality. While this stupidly antagonistic and uncharitable attitude in regard to spiritualistic evidences and investigators thereof, of which Dr. Jordan is an example, might be intelligible in those whose coarse material instincts even the educative process cannot refine, it is quite beyond my comprehension in the quasi-refined classes, and more especially in churchmen whose Bible proclaims charity and teems with instances of spirit communion.

"Think of the eminent men who are, or were believers in spiritualism. Dr. Adam Clarke, the famous Bible commentator, was one. So was Gladstone, so was Lincoln, so, for that matter, was Harriet Beecher Stowe, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and Lord Tennyson. Sir William Crookes is a spiritualist, as are Professor Oliver Lodge of University College, London; Dr. John Elliotson, president of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London; Dr. Lockhart Robertson, F. R. S., formerly editor of the "British Journal of Mental Science"; Professor Broferio of Milan, Professor Margheri of Naples; Archdeacon Willerforce of Westminster Abbey. What is the use of naming them all? The list is interminable. And who is Dr. Jordan that he should sneer at

the views of men and women of this caliber?

"You may rely on my word for it that this refusal of Dr. Jordan's to accept the gift of antiquities gathered through psychic agencies by Thomas Welton Stanford, a gift meant, not, for Dr. Jordan, but for the university of which Mr. Stanford is a patron and of which his brother was part founder, this refusal of Dr. Jordan's is going to focus the attention of broadminded men upon him, more and more, as the circumstances become more widely known. He has already been accused of lacking sufficient courage to establish a chair of psychology at Stanford. What can be the final judgment on a display of narrowness so pitiful as this latest manifestation?"

The statements in the above may be hooted at and ridiculed by the great mass of unthinking, undeveloped humanity, but this will in no wise alter the facts in the case, or the physical manifestation of other forms of psychic phenomena. Of course I am not in possession personally of any knowledge relating to this individual case, but I do know that there is nothing contained in the above relating to this blacksmith's powers that are impossible or that have not been accomplished by others in times past.

The man or woman of today who stands up and says that all these things are untrue and impossibilities simply because they have not been personally demonstrated, displays an inexcusable amount of ignorance. The phenomena of spiritism is a fact and it is demonstrable. Any one can demonstrate it who cares to spend the necessary time but as we have often said, it is a dangerous undertaking to go into an exhaustive investigation of life outside this physical world of ours. There are attractions and allurements connected with it that often unbalance the minds of those who are not what is termed positively centered. The negative is sure to be wrecked. We advise always against so-called mediumistic development.

But this is in a measure inadvertant to the subject in hand.

The question here hinges upon, not what astral bodies outside ourselves are capable of doing or accomplishing, but what our own astral bodies can do when sent out from the physical while the latter is in a comatose state.

It is possible for an individual to so develop as to be able to send forth the astral body to any quarter of the globe, or to other planets conjoined to this planet on any sort of mission that has for its object and purpose the enlightenment and education of the world. We can never develop exaltedly in the presence of selfish motives. The mere presence of selfishness precludes the possibility of lofty unfoldment spiritually; in other words, the impossibility of bringing into manifestation the wonderful God-power with which every human being is endowed.

We learn to send out the astral body through the medium of strong desire to come in closer touch with natural processes and with conditions on the other side of life so-called. When the purpose is centered purely upon the desire to know more of one's self and to bring into physical manifestation, through our own bodies, the great truths which have been entrusted to our inner selves, then nothing is impossible, even to dematerializing the physical body and materializing it again at will. But when we indulge in these things for exhibition purposes, with selfish ends in view, then the avenues leading to the inner consciousness are closed and the power for physical manifestation cannot be brought into requisition.

The blacksmith in question was employed in a great work—a work that had for its object and aim the education and enlightenment of every student of the science of life. This smith was a psychic besides having a powerful physical body. A weak body could not send out its astral repeatedly as did this blacksmith. It is a trying ordeal to send out the astral from the physical body, and the average physical body cannot withstand the strain that is brought to the nerve centers of the body. A weak physical body may send out its astral companion a few times without serious results to its nerve centers, but if persisted in the astral will stay out permanently and then there is physical death. This blacksmith's body was a powerful one and had been selected by the inhabiting ego to perform the specific work here recorded; or rather, to provide such a home as would permit the ego to go and come at will without physical collapse to its habitation.

An astral body can travel to Egypt as easily as it can to the next room. It

simply thinks itself in any particular spot and it is there. Time and space are annihilated in the spirit world, and no wall is so thick or strong that this mighty power cannot enter or pass through as though it were misty vapor before it.

An astral body vested with a specific work from the higher spirit realm, can accomplish whatever lies in the direction of this specific work. If the instructions be to bring diamonds from the depths of South Africa or relics from the tombs of the ancient Egyptians, its mission will be performed while you are thinking about it.

Of course there are many great frauds in connection with the phenomena of spiritism. Every truth has its following of fakes and imitators. The simple fact that the fakir is present is evidence that there is a fundamental truth somewhere back of it and not far distant.

While I regard the performance of this blacksmith's ego as remarkable and wonderful, still I by no means doubt the truth of the statements set forth, since I myself have witnessed just as remarkable feats of physics power many times during the five years I spent in investigating spirit phenomena. I also encountered hundreds of fakes and imitators, but there is a fundamental truth closely related to it all that any persistent investigator can find, and one soon becomes so calloused to the criticisms of the laughing, sneering, ignorant world that pity takes the place of resentment.

The non-thinker and non-investigator is practically on the plane of unfoldment with the donkey, with the odds in favor of the donkey; so when one runs amuck of such specimens of college "professors" as Jordan of the Stanford University, there is at once a great draft on our reservoir of charity, and instinctively our thoughts drift back to Remenyi, the famous Hungarian violin player. Remenyi detested being called Professor, and he always resented having this handle attached to his name. He used to say: "Don't call me Professor; any d—d fool can be a professor," and this is true. There are some mighty small men occupying chairs of instruction in some of our alleged best colleges who should be taking a course in the kindergarten of natural science. The youth of the land are entitled to the very best that exhaustive research affords, and it is a crime to place any-

thing but the highest in charge of our schools and colleges.

Too bad Mrs. Stanford could not have survived a brief time longer and personally superintended the carrying out of the wishes of the founders of the great Stanford University, not made great because of President Jordan, but in spite of him.

Since the above was written it is learned that a committee has been appointed to investigate this donation of relics and that, should it prove to be as represented, the world will have the benefit of it in the Stanford University. The *Examiner's* statement concerning President's Jordan's refusal to receive the gift seems to have been purely the creation of this paper.

The Scientific World.

The Scientific world is doing wonders, according to a recent dispatch from New York. This dispatch says:

The scientific world of England and America is vastly interested in a new exponent of long life—Sir James Crichton-Browne, who declares that the normal life of man is one hundred years. Physicians on both sides of the water have taken the matter up, and the papers are full of suggestions how to prolong life and how to live that any hereditary disease which would tend to shorten a man's years may be overcome.

The great specialist lays down the following rules conducive to long life.

Be moderate.

Take plenty of exercise.

Take plenty of sleep.

Do not worry.

Eat sparingly of fish and meat.

Now, there's information for you. Remarkable, isn't it? Something the world never heard of before, though thousands of people have been teaching the same thing for the past quarter of a century, and many have been teaching and instructing along these lines centuries before the Christ appeared as a teacher. But the scientific world and the doctors have just heard of it; and having just heard of it, it is proposed to give the English "expert" the benefit of having been the inventor of this new process by which greater longevity of the race may be reached.

Well, things is workin'.

But why should we stop at a hundred years and go into decay? Is there any more rational reason for this than that we should stop at sixty or seventy? As a matter of fact, man should be just approaching the prime of life at the century mark. Let the race stop eating meat entirely for fifty years and you will see how easy it is for man to live two hundred years. With the discontinuance of the meat habit, man will drop the one hundred and one other vices that contribute to deplete the nerve system and neutralize the vital energies. Then life here on this planet is made indefinite; that is to say, we may prolong it just as long as we desire to.

"Eat sparingly of fish and meat," says the "great" specialist. Why sparingly? Why not lots of it or none at all? If it is harmful to eat much meat and fish, will not the discontinuance of them altogether be still better? Common sense and reason say yes.

"Be moderate; take plenty of exercise; do not worry; take plenty of sleep," says Sir James. Does not Sir James know that a combination prescription like that, if taken persistently, will ruin the business of all the doctors and the drug stores in the land?

Surely the light is beginning to shine in unexpected quarters. When an English lord goes "agin" meat, even in moderation, we may know that something unusual is transpiring in the kingdom. Of all the meat-soaked specimens of humanity that inhabit the earth the English are the worst, and to find one of them who pronounces against the deadening habit is certainly refreshing to say the least.

You will all note that the meat-soaked nations are always the blood-thirsty ones. In many places a professional butcher is barred as a competent jurymen in murder cases. Why? Simply because the professional butcher becomes hardened. He is so accustomed to the taking of life that he thinks nothing of it. A great percentage of the murders in Chicago are traceable to employees in the big packing houses of that city.

By the way, speaking of packing houses, I am reminded that a big firm of packers have recently pleaded guilty to entering into secret rebates with a dozen or more railroad companies. This confession came about because one of the firm was lying ill with nervous prostration and it was thought that he

could not withstand the shock of a penitentiary sentence, so the plea of guilty was entered and he was simply fined \$10,000, while the other members of the firm were fined lesser amounts. This is one of the times where a case of severe nervous prostration was a mighty good thing to have in the family.

Other great packing law violaters will soon be brought on the grid-iron; also the railroad companies that were participants in the same crime. These people have all attracted just what they are getting. The Law of Compensation does its work well. It does not discriminate between the rich and the poor. Its judges are not purchasable, and its jurors are neither butchers nor meat-consumers.

So we must all take our little dose of medicine just in proportion as we violate the laws of life. If we commit murder, whether it be in the packing house or on the public highway, the same law takes care of us in time. We cannot escape it. The Swifts and the Armours cannot escape; neither can the poor devils whose duty it is to cut the throats of poor dumb beasts from morning till night in these pestilence-breeding, soul-destroying, sickening slaughter pens of the great cities. One who is at all sensitive needs go no further than the Mississippi river to imbibe the sickening fumes of Chicago. It sends forth an infection that encompasses the whole Mississippi Valley and Lake Michigan country for five hundred miles each way. Is it any wonder that Chicago is the wickedest and most lawless city on the American continent? Not at all. The whole atmosphere is laden with crime, borne to every part of the city on the vibrant waves of death and horror sent out from the stock-yards district of the city.

Were I a packing house owner or a simple butcher on the street corner, I would expect to spend ten thousand years in the deepest depths of the farthest corner of hell, and there roast until the world ceased to send out its abnormal clamorings for refrigerated, decomposed, embalmed, blood-soaked, tenderloins or disease-infected, pothouse stews. I would know that I would receive only in proportion as I had attracted my deserts.

But we are willing to give credit where credit is due, and if our English friend's proclamation reaches a few ears which the Path-Finder has not yet

found, we hasten to take his eminency by the right hand and say, may all the good that is in you find voice in the ears of the world before death's stillness shall have closed your eyes forever.

A truth swung into line by even a belated carrier is some times echoed where no other voice is heard. May a hundred million ears hear and a hundred million hearts be touched by the words of Sir James. May these words sink so deep that generation after generation shall profit gloriously by the output.

Yes, He Got There.

OCCASIONALLY we run onto a subscriber who is "sufficient unto himself", or rather, does not care to grow when he has a chance. To all of such the Path-Finder can be of no earthly use and the sooner it is discontinued the better.

W. G. Thompson, of Mabel, Minn., writes:

"I take no stock in the evolution theory, health exercises or the food question. What did Jesus say? Take no thought for what ye shall eat, etc. Seems to me Jesus got there, Eli, without all these questions on hygiene, evolution, etc."

Yes, Jesus "got there Eli" all right—that is, he got up against a *cross* in superb fashion, not entirely unlike some of the rest of the human race who have paid no attention to what they ate. But Jesus was an evolutionist, of the pronounced type, and he cleared up both his stomach and faculties by going out into the woods and fasting for forty days. This fasting fitted him for seeing the Master within himself, which enabled him to come in closer touch with the aspirations and lives of men of his time than any other man of record before or since.

Now, we are perfectly willing that friend Mabel, of Thompson, or friend Thompson, of Mabel, as the case may be, should choose his own method of "getting there Eli." It does not concern us in the least, except on the broad ground that we are always looking for the best to come to the surface with every one. We dislike to see anyone move slowly when we know how easy it is to quicken the pace. Besides, we do not believe in crosses. We want to see every one miss this crucifixion experience. Crosses are unnecessary hindrances, hence they are not recommended

by this magazine. It is the cross that we wish to avoid ourselves and want every one else to avoid it; hence we teach how to live clean, pure, wholesome lives that no crosses may come to us.

Our friend doesn't want any evolution either, but this is something he cannot avoid. It will be forced upon him and he cannot help himself. He may revel in the presence of a putrid stomach all he pleases, at his own pleasure and sweet will, but the common law which governs all life will evolve him in spite of his protests and innuendoes. When we run up against nature's process, unarmored below the water line, we are sure to get punctured full of holes, and I take it that friend Thompson is still unarmored.

Conable's Path-Finder would evolve every human being up to a plane where the innate God-gifts within us may find expression every moment of our lives, that these lives may so shine forth that the Creator will recognize His own handiwork.

Where Were the Men?

THE police authorities of Los Angeles recently raided a lot of cheap boarding houses and hotels and captured some eighty girls and women who were engaged in the business of prostitution, so it was alleged, and I guess the allegation was correct, though it would appear from the records that these women were not doing a very thrifty business, since not a single man was taken into custody with these women.

It does not often occur that women engage in a lewd business unless there is a man in the transaction. It may be different here in Los Angeles. They sometimes do things differently here in this "Angel" city than any other town I have ever been familiar with; so, inasmuch as no men were found in any of these houses of alleged prostitution, one wonders what the prostitution was all about and how it was done.

Some say that the sweller private houses of the town made a kick because their business was being cut in upon by these "less respectable" assignation houses and the authorities, in order to stand in more closely with the "upper ten," instituted the raid. However this may be, the whole thing was a farce and a disgrace to the city and to the Mayor who would permit such a thing to take place.

No woman ever fell unless there was

a man in it. No woman ever became a professional prostitute without the assistance of a man. In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, the man is the aggressor. Man is responsible for ninety-nine one-hundredths of the sins of women along sex lines, and along almost every other line, for that matter.

There would be no houses of prostitution were it not for the patronage of men. There would be no prostitutes except for the ruination of young girls by men. Man is the guilty wretch, in most instances, and every man knows this.

I remember in a city in Iowa where I was publishing a daily paper, one night the Chief of Police ordered his men to raid a certain "private inn" that was interfering with the bigger places that contributed on the quiet to the police authorities and to the Mayor. Some half dozen young girls were taken out of the house and locked up over night. In the morning they were hauled before the Police Judge and fined \$10 and costs each. They had no money, or very little, so they laid in jail, in dirty, unwholesome cells. I compelled the authorities, through my newspaper assaults, to discharge them—either this or apprehend the men who were with these girls and treat them in the same manner. All the male patrons of these girls were allowed to go free. I asked the Chief of Police why he did not arrest the men? He said that they were all traveling men and that it would interfere with their business; besides, he said, we are tired of letting these places run where traveling men were being enticed. I said, "Did you or any other human being ever hear of a travelling man being enticed? If you have, then Barnum's museum will pay such an one an enormous weekly salary for exhibition purposes. I have heard of women being enticed by traveling men, but never the reverse."

It too often happens that women are given the worst of it. I think just as much and as kindly, and perhaps more kindly, of a woman prostitute than I do of a man prostitute. I know that the chances are two to one that man was responsible for the woman's downfall, if such it may be termed. Man drinks the dregs of the deepest infamy; he may debauch the bodies of a thousand innocent girls, and if he has a little money or is engaged in a prosperous business, society will take him by the

hand. It will say, perhaps, that such an one is a little wild, but that doesn't matter; he's a good fellow. The woman goes to the devil. In other words, her own sex downs her and ostracises her. What for? Why, for being caught.

There are two classes of prostitutes. One class conducts her business on the sly—perhaps in her home. She is a society woman, or craves to be. Her husband is not sufficiently affluent so that she can move in the "best" society, so she becomes the mistress of another man—perhaps a half dozen men. Then there is the professional prostitute—made professional in most instances by the former class, who try to cover up their own tracks by assaulting the character and reputation of their sisters.

It would be an easy matter to lift women up from the dregs were it not for women themselves. Men know why women fall, so they are more charitable. Very few women will take a fallen sister by the hand, but they will embrace the man who was responsible for the fall of the poor unfortunate.

Woman is an enigma—at times. She is the sweetest, dearest thing on earth, and then again she is—not. But for one, I must say I like her, even in the presence of her changing moods. If I were ever to marry again I feel certain that I should marry a woman just the same as I have in the past.

But all this does not prevent us from being ashamed of any municipality that will discriminate against the woman, whether it be in a public house of prostitution or in a church choir. If arrests are to be made, let the male companions of the women be treated on the same footing. A discriminating municipality needs revising, and that, too, very badly.

Race Suicide.

This magazine has had considerable to say upon different occasions concerning President Roosevelt's public remarks on the subject which he is pleased to term "race suicide."

The President seems to be alarmed lest the Anglo-Saxon race shall prematurely die out because of the steadily increasing small families that are coming into the homes of the American people. On numerous occasions the President has given voice to an earnest entreaty to the American fathers and mothers to see to it that larger families are brought into the world. It would seem that the words of the President are having the

desired effect—in some instances—among the class of people who can scarcely provide for themselves let alone trying to take care of a family.

The attitude of this magazine on the subject of marriage and bringing children into the world is well known. As we have repeatedly affirmed, we believe it a crime for ninety-nine hundred out of every one thousand families to bring children into the world. The reason is obvious: It is practically impossible to find two perfectly healthy persons, physically and mentally united in marriage, and unless the parents are in perfect health, and in perfect harmony, and have been brought into the world themselves under harmonious conditions, it is a crime for them to produce their kind.

It is only the alarmist who gives utterance to such sentiments as the press credit President Roosevelt with. There will be no race suicide except men, and women have reached the point where they are unfit to propagate. The universal creative forces thoroughly understand their business. A violation of Nature's laws means death—extermination. Far better that we have no children at all than that these children be forced into the world unfitted to meet the obligations and responsibilities which are bound to come to every man and woman.

The present race has been taught to breed without consideration as to the product. The lowest animal has more consideration for its prospective offspring than have the men and women of the present age. In this regard the dumb beast is far in advance of its "higher" brother and sister, the brute beast.

But we are mighty glad to see some of the brainy women of the country entering a protest against the foolish remarks of our other-wise level-headed President. We find the following in a recent telegraphic dispatch from Pittsburgh, Pa.:

Mrs. E. S. Lippincott, secretary of the Society for the Improvement of the Poor, in this city, has decided to write letters of protest, not only to President Theodore Roosevelt, but to Mrs. Roosevelt as well, against the president's policy on race suicide. Mrs. Lippincott claims that the "joke" if it was originally intended as such, is being carried too far, and will result most seriously if some means are not taken to stop the bad results.

"My mind has been fully made up for several days past on this matter," said

Mrs. Lippincott, "and the letters which I shall write to the president and his wife will urge them both to put a stop to the words and acts of encouragement for the rearing of large families.

"I had a case called to my attention only this afternoon. A poor woman came to my office and asked to see me. She was dressed in the most shabby garments and looked as though she had not had a meal for a week. Clinging to her tattered skirts were four children while in her arms were two others. She told me that she was the mother of seventeen children. Most of them are still too young to be of any assistance to her in earning a livelihood. A short time ago her husband died and left her with all the children on her hands. Yet she seemed to be proud of them and thought that she was deserving of a medal or some other token of appreciation from the president.

"I have not the least doubt that the race suicide talk has resulted in the bringing into the world of thousands of children, many of whom will be a drag upon their parents and upon themselves all through life."

Some of the Effects.

Following is a letter that should interest every father and mother in the land. We endorse every word of it. The infamous crime of compulsory vaccination cannot long stand up against the demands of the people. If parents cannot send their children to the public schools which are made possible by the tax-paying people without having their children inoculated with vile virus, then it is time parents take the matter in their own hands and do exactly what our friends in Berkeley are doing—establish private schools.

This infamous compulsory vaccination law was repealed by the last California State legislature. Many members were elected purely on this issue. The law was so offensive and obnoxious to the people that it was made an issue in politics and enough anti-vaccination members of the legislature were elected to repeal the law, which was promptly done, but unfortunately the State had elected a doctor for its Governor, and in the face of the action of both bodies of the legislature and in the face of thousands of petitions from school patrons of the State, requesting the Governor to sign the bill, he vetoed it. So this damnable law is still in force and effect.

A profession that depends for its life and existence on such measures as this compulsory vaccination law, must be in the throes of disintegration, or mightily close to it.

The people know what they want. You can always trust the great majority of the people to do the right thing in an emergency. They did it in this case, to their everlasting credit.

The following letter indicates what is likely to happen in many another city and town of the State where the authorities insist upon the carrying out of the letter of this vaccination law. The Path-Finder says, God speed to those Berkeley friends.

Berkeley, Calif., Sept. 19th, 1905.

Dear Editor Path-Finder:—Knowing in the time past the interest you have taken in the vaccination question and presuming that any news on the subject would be of interest to you and PATH-FINDER readers, we will tell you of the "Free School" we have instituted in the City of Berkeley, Calif., where children not vaccinated may attend. We were compelled to make this move because Dr. Reinhardt (health officer), would allow no child not vaccinated to attend the public schools unless he himself passed judgement as to their ability to stand being vaccinated.

It is not because our pretty little city is infected with smallpox or any other contagious disease, or that it is in an unsanitary condition; quite the reverse, as we have one of the healthiest cities in the United States, rivaling Rome in hills, and have a natural drainage of over three hundred feet.

Three years ago we had three cases of small-pox, carried by a young fellow employed on a Transport, where all are supposed to be successfully vaccinated. A little over a year ago we formed a society, called The Anti-Compulsory Vaccination League, Berkeley Division, and at the last meeting of the Legislature in Sacramento, we presented a petition asking that the Compulsory Vaccination law be repealed. It passed both houses, but was vetoed by Dr. Pardee, Governor. A peculiar feature of our vaccination law is that only the children attending the public schools and pupils of universities are compelled to be vaccinated, while those of all private schools are exempt.

We would not submit to this obnoxious law, claiming it to be un-American, so we opened this school with an enrollment of eighty pupils. Mr. J. G. Wright, who

has been untiring in his efforts to repeal this law, has given the use of Golden Sheaf Hall free, to be used for school rooms.

The school is maintained by subscriptions. Dr. S. H. Frazier was elected president of the league and Mrs. Alice Vail Hollaway, secretary. Mrs. Mary T. Wilson, principal, who has had eleven years' experience in all grades in the public schools of San Francisco and Berkeley. We have three teachers and work is progressing nicely. The teachers and children are striving to keep up to the standard of the public schools. In closing I will just add that we also have a State league, Dr. W. Allen, President, and W. T. Basley, secretary.

We want the name and address of every person who is opposed to compulsory vaccination in California. Address all communications to

SAMUEL TAYLOR,
2109 Allston Way, Berkeley Cal.

Theosophy.

WE DESIRE to beg pardon of the writer of the following for not answering his questions before. His letter was simply mislaid, is the reason;

"*Dear Mr. Conable:*—Would you answer, through the medium of your magazine, the following questions:

1st.—Have you ever studied Theosophy?
2nd.—If you have not studied Theosophy, why are your theories and those of Theosophists similar?
3rd.—Now, own up, are not all your theories an Americanized version of Theosophical teachings?

"Yours Faithfully,
"THOMAS JOHNSON."

I have never made a scientific study of Theosophy, but I *have* of the way-back, ancient philosophy which is the foundation of Theosophy. The so-called Theosophists are by no means the originators of the philosophy they are presenting to the world. This philosophy is a hundred thousand years antecedent to the presentation of it by our Theosophical friends. But I teach nothing along these lines that I have not personally demonstrated to be true through long years of development of the psychic powers.

Theosophy has a strong foundation upon which to rest many of its teachings. It is about the only modern "religion" of today in the New World that is worthy the name. The great majority of its

teachings may be found in the Bible. The Bible is simply a "hand-me-down" from the teachings of the ancients dating back farther than any physical record shows. The compilers of the Bible were plagiarists. We are all plagiarists—the

Theosophists, the Conables and all the rest.

There is but one true religion and that is the religion of Nature. The best that any of us can do is to go to the book of Nature, or to the book of Life, for our information and guidance.

Our Own Comes to Us.

BY HELEN WILMANS.

WE GET what we *need* in this world, therefore I am not afraid of anything that may happen.

That we do not get what we want is because we do not know what we want. We think we want certain indulgences, when in point of fact indulgences are not necessary for us; hardships would suit us better.

They would suit us better because they are educational; they open the eyes of the mental being, when the indulgences would put his mentality to sleep.

To wake a man up is the unfailling effort of Nature; to arouse more vitality in him. It is the vitality that conquers all things; that projects the new ideas that overcome obstacles; that builds this old world anew. Anything that arouses more vitality in a man is the thing he needs, no matter how disagreeable it may be to him. He is like a child who despises the multiplication table, but the teacher knows it is necessary to his life work for him to learn it, and he compels him to do it even by corporal punishment; for which the child thanks him afterward.

All of Nature's methods are educational. There is a law of attraction which is obedient to Nature, in fact it is Nature; Nature operates by and through the law of attraction. Nature is the externalization of the law; it is the law in manifestation; the result of the working of the law. Perhaps I had better have said at once that Nature and the law are one.

It is said that there is an eternal push behind us, and that this push is the vast reservoir of intelligence men call God; it is said that this intelligence is constantly knocking at the door of man's mentality in the effort to make him open himself to its reception. All of this is a mistake; there is no intelligence except

as creatures, with man at their head, creates it.

There is an infinity of undiscovered forces existing in this endless field of resources lying without us, and outside of our present powers to perceive, but they are meaningless and useless until man with his constantly enlarging capacity learns how to organize them into uses for his own service.

Man is the master and owner of all things; the discoverer and organizer of all things; but he does not know it, and he is idiotic enough to make a merit of not knowing it. He says "O I could not think of claiming so much; why I should be usurping the prerogative of God."

I wonder what he thinks that prerogative is? "God is a limitless being," he says. If the "a" had been left out I could have understood the answer better: God is limitless Being. This would have answered very well if the religions of the day had not attached this idea of personality to it; but this being the case, God is dwarfed to the stature of man, for *man is limitless also*. That is, he is limitless in his power to develop; he is only the seed germ now to what he will become, but there is no bar to his becoming what he pleases, while God is perfect now.

Has anyone considered what being perfect means? It means being powerless to advance farther. The moment a soul touches perfection he touches the end of things, which must be death. But there is no end of things, and there is no perfection, and consequently no death.

It is incredible the way thought generates more thought continually; it is the most productive thing the human mind can get any conception of. And thought is substance. Oh the wonder of it. As long as there is a brain to conceive another thought life goes on. Life is therefore always creating more life; and more

elaborate life; talk of the simple life, why life is becoming more complex with every breath we draw; and more varied, and beautiful and glorious and mighty. If it was not for this fact we would get tired of it.

It is *we* who invent life's constant increase. Our thoughts do it by their increasing creativeness. *For thoughts are things.* Let no one forget this. A man actually creates his own surroundings by his thoughts. The weak man who does not believe in himself creates weak, negative, undesirable surroundings, the man who believes in himself creates in accordance with his own estimate of the power vested in him.

Suppose a person whose brain is fertile and who has been extremely powerful in creating thought, which is life, becomes slack and tired and declines into that rut the world calls old age. Then what happens? That person loses his hold on the law of attraction; the law that does not *push* from behind, but that *attracts* in advance, and lifts upward from the earth; he begins to subside towards the earth, his hold on the law that uplifts becomes weaker and weaker until it is broken and the earth claims him; it claims his body at least; and his body is an indescribably useful piece of mechanism for the expression of his ideas and desires, and as a connecting link between him and the external world and he has no business to lose it, he needs it; he does not need the weaknesses his ignorance has planted in it, but he needs *it*, and he needs the knowledge that enables him to strengthen it and to unite it more closely to the great eternal procession of things which are being led outward and onward by the law of attraction.

How is he to gain this knowledge?

This is the most important question the human mind ever formulated.

Imagine yourself in this position; becoming weaker daily; your hold on your surroundings loosening daily; you want to be let alone. You have fortified yourself against poverty; you do not need the world very badly, and you care very little whether the world needs you or not. But the world does need you; life needs you because *you have the faculty to create more life.* Now, plenty of people are dead; they were born dead, they have manifested this fact by their irresponsiveness to the upward coaxing influence of the law of attraction; they have simply existed as the "step-and-fetch-it's" of those who were living, and who

proved their right to live by their creative power.

And you possessed this power; and you are dropping it, and it is the greatest power on earth; it is a power that a man should willingly be pulled through Hell for the privilege of using. And yet you are dropping it; you are letting go your hold on the law of attraction; you are ceasing to advance; you are subsiding earthward, and the grave is going to claim you.

But you are worth saving. There is a demand on you that does not exist for every one simply because—at this stage of evolution—it is not every one who is able to respond understandingly to the attracting power of the law. But you have responded in the past, and you are capable of responding again, only you are sleepy and tired and want to be let alone. But right here, because you have given the world your measure, and have established a recognition of your capacity and worth, you begin to run into all sorts of impediments in slipping down hill towards the grave. It seems that fate, whatever fate may be, begins to throw chunks at you to wake you up. And you have to wake up; you have to go to thinking; and thought, being the liveliest thing in all the universe, snatches you out of the hole you were drifting into and sets you on your mental feet again.

And here the truth you needed dawns on you. The truth that is able to save your life indefinitely and the only thing in the world that can do it.

This truth is that you have got to use your brain. You may *think* your body is tired and old, but the very moment you begin to use your brain in the right way your body will become rested and strengthened and anxious for new fields of endeavor to satisfy the brain's awakening aspirations.

What must you think about?

All the mixed up mess of new thought coming into the world has but one meaning; it points to but one object. That is *the conquest of death.* The writers of the most of this mixed up mess do not know the meaning of their own efforts; that is, the majority of them do not. More of them know it than will acknowledge it, because they are afraid this half baked race of present world citizens may laugh. But there are deep thinkers among these writers, and the thinkers are becoming alert; they are listening.

Now the thing to think about is just

the thing that is passing before your mental eyes. Read, and see what you can make of the ideas you get. If a thought or word is inconsistent with the idea of man's unlimited power, *reject it*. Keep the idea of his unlimited power in your mind as the basic truth of what you are to build on. Think of it often, get the habit of thinking of it continually. Yes *continually*, because the more you hold this idea in your mind the more your mind opens to an understanding of it; and not only your mind but your body.

Just simply to hold this one thought and to follow it in all its leadings is to get out of the narrow confines of earth beliefs that lead you downwards. No man can think upon this tremendous subject and remain in his old tracks; neither can he go backwards; he must positively advance; and to keep on advancing means to get beyond the clutches of death. Yes, ordinary death, death of the body.

The longer I live the more I see that there is only one thing worth working for, worth giving any thought to. It is the overcoming of death. Life is really too short to accomplish anything. In the present condition of things when we are still under the hindering belief in our own weakness, before we have—as a whole—got even the faintest conviction of the power vested in us, in consequence of which we spend nearly all our waking hours in an effort to supply our physical bodies with bread, it seems almost hopeless to work out the grand truth I am striving to accomplish. But its immensity and the drawbacks with which it is hampered do not retard my belief in the possibility of accomplishing it.

And why?

Because the habit of living in a stratum of thought above the ordinary plane has shown me how wonderfully thought can create. High thought I mean; thought lifted above the bread and butter problem. Why, this character of thought actually solves the bread and butter problem.

Oh, here is a wonderful thing. *The nourishing of the higher thought lifts one out of the region of fear and fills him with a consciousness of power, so that the bread and butter problem solves itself*. Everything drifts to him who lives and breathes in the realm where the belief in man's unlimited power has ripened into a steady state of consciousness.

This is conquest.

It is not only a conquest over the lower conditions that hold us as the octopus—

that monster of the deep, whose many arms enfold one and whose many mouths absorb the life from one—but it feeds and clothes us, and stands to us as a full supply for every intelligent desire of our far-reaching and unconquerable souls.

This is wonderful—almost beyond human conception; and yet it is simple and can easily be explained on strictly scientific principles.

Man is a magnet. All things are magnets from the atom up; and every magnet is a seed germ constantly unfolding upward and away from the earth. Man is the greatest of all magnets.

In man that which fosters his magnetism and adds to its power is his knowledge of the fact that *he is a magnet and that there is no limit to the development of his drawing power*.

Being as man is a mental creature, pure and simple, the fact of his understanding the truth concerning himself puts him in the position of *being* that which he understands. To understand a thing is to be conscious of the thing; *consciousness is being*. Man is what he knows.

He is not a creature separate and apart from his knowing; he is one with it. In the past the man's knowing—his understanding of life has been almost altogether on the lower or negative plane. He has believed himself to be a weak, helpless creature and he has manifested little besides weakness and helplessness. But when he learns the truth concerning himself by being true to his great life statement—the fact that he is a creature of unlimited power, he has joined the out-going procession of deathless creatures who have pledged themselves to an unbroken journey through the vast universe of undiscovered realities.

When you have got here you are beginning to live. You are pretty well out of reach of the germ-terror; and better still you are out of reach of the thousand small worries concerning the bread and butter question that made your life too great a pandemonium to give you time to think, when to think was the only thing that could possibly save you.

But you have *thought* and kept thinking in spite of its seeming impossibility, and your reward has come in your increased magnetism that has brought you into such relations with life's essentials that you sit in a kind of majestic mastery while they climb over one another in an effort to serve you.

Do you remember that bright piece of

doggerel that stood at the head of *Freedom* for sixteen years—

He who dares assert the I
May calmly wait
While hurrying fate
Meets his demand with sure supply.

It was a dream when I wrote it. It was far in advance of my then develop-

ment, but I have caught up with it sufficiently to understand the why and wherefore of it, and to know that as a scientific statement of truth that it is practical. It will work without a hitch as perfectly as the most splendidly adjusted machine.

Hoosier Paths.

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

TO DRIVE a thought home often involves a long excursion. Up hill and down dale, across heaving, billowy oceans, where tides ebb and flow at mystic beck and call of Lunar queen, or afar in heart of desert wastes we chase the mystic child of cerebration, sired by the one chief racial impulse, the desire to know.

Upon such an excursion we are not long in discovering that Nature has no short cuts in her processes, but completes her work step by step and with eternal patience. We need but to observe this fact to arrive at right conclusions as to our own course in life.

We desire health, happiness, wisdom and power, and they may all be ours if we are willing to pay the price by imitating the plans of Nature in our efforts at acquirement, that is by completing each step as we proceed.

Physical nutrition, as expressed in the processes of feeding, digestion and assimilation, together with exercise, is the central thought in our theme this time, a proposition at once interesting and far-reaching.

The tissue cell is a remarkable object containing, as it does, the primary elements of the entire anatomical structure, and its *right* construction should be the aim of all. Quantity and quality are chief considerations in the matter of food and for the average of mankind the former of these is too great, and the latter much below a standard we should designate as normal.

Ninety-nine in one hundred persons eat too much, and the ills of these ninety and nine are in the above ratio due—not to extraneous or environmental conditions, but to the efforts of the system to rid itself of the overplus of food which each has taken in the erroneous idea that

large quantity is essential to health

If each person would carefully study the problem of food as related to his individual needs, and would consume no more than is requisite to sustain life and furnish the physical force and mental power necessary for his daily career, the average physician would either go out of business or establish himself in some side line to make pecuniary ends meet.

Being ourself a physician and having continual experience with hundreds of ailing people—half invalids, who, while not bedfast, are forever complaining of being ill and unable to do their work, physical or mental, in a satisfactory manner; who, having made their contribution to the patent medicine grafters without getting the hoped-for relief or cure—these we have cured by prescribing a rational way in diet and exercise, and almost invariably we subtracted largely from the bill of fare to accomplish these results—often, indeed, prescribing a complete rest from all food for varying intervals.

This, so often verified, we consider ample proof of our statement.

There is, *always*, an inhering physical integrity, a certain amount of vital force in every individual, which, if given a chance, will heal all these average ills. Just learn how to conduct your life for a time—study into the matter instead of complaining of aches, pains, and weariness, and you will function back to the normal path whose joyous way you have forsaken.

But let us recur here to the subject of digestion, that grievously perverted function to which are chargeable so large a sum of the physical woes of the race, ay and mental ills as well; for many an inmate of the average insane hospital finds his way thither because of over-feeding

and under-study in this vital process.

What is digestion? Digestion is a molecular separation of food substances with a view to the re-assembling of the same as tissue elements. In this process, when it is normal, there are no toxins (poisons) formed. The waste matter is not toxic, and all substances that tend in the direction of poisons are rapidly and completely oxidized, and therefore rendered non-poisonous. Now just one further step. All food, before it is re-assembled as tissue substance, is reduced to the gas or atomic state.

Read and study the above paragraph many, many times, as it contains the fact in chief that you need to know and understand. And when you add to this the other pertinent fact that it is possible to ascertain the exact amount and kind of food essential to health, you have the golden key to the situation, and barring hurtful physical accident, you can easily be well all the days of your life. The happiness arising out of such a condition, the power for usefulness accruing from such a state, and the genuine pleasure of all-round physical and mental normality should be an immediate incentive to all to enter upon the plain path of physiological truth.

If this were not true, if the conventional habits of the race as manifested in its civilized domain were productive of a high state of physical health, then these thoughts were superfluous and therefore valueless. But the existing conditions say most eloquently that ill health abounds everywhere, and that it has, in

chief, the one common cause to which we have specifically alluded, and that this, like some fatal miasm, smothers the genius and prowess of thousands who might otherwise achieve both fame and fortune and attain to nobility of character and heights of worthy renown. If life meant less in its broad, ethical sense, and if this earthly stage of existence were all that concerns us as individuals, then the suicidal practices (they are no less) of the average man and woman might find rational excuse in existing conditions.

It will not strain the boundaries of these lines and this theme to affirm that this physical earth-life is not all of existence. That this life is but a preparatory stage for the life that is to follow, and that the sphere we shall occupy in the beyond is determined by our career here. That physical practices which are closely correlated to mental and spiritual processes must needs be pure and high in character to give immunity from the troubles of the earth-bound in spiritual realms. We offer no apology for naming this consideration which we deem closely related to our theme, and we would from our present plane of observation emphasize the close connection of the ethical with the physical, feeling sure that the high type of readers will appreciate the same.

We have run to our limit of time and not yet reached the consideration of exercise. Indeed we may continue the food theme into the next chapter if the need of the article seems to so require.

The Art of Simple Living.

BY JOHN F. MORGAN.

"TELL me what you eat and I will tell you what you are."

The art of eating consists in converting the ordinary business of eating into an artistic delight. Good but simple living consists in being well-fed at a minimum expenditure of time and money. This is a progressive age when all theories must be set aside in the presence of scientific demonstration.

Regularity in eating is of vital importance. There should be a specified time for each meal. It would be far wiser, more strictly physiological, and

least harmful to eat nothing in the morning until eleven o'clock, unless natural hunger makes the demand. The stomach may be said to be asleep when the breakfast hour arrives, being in a state of contraction. Take breakfast at noon when the digestive system is invigorated by the proper rest. It is then ready to take up its work normally, particularly if a full dinner was taken the previous evening which should always be avoided if possible, compelling the stomach to continue the work until nearly noon. Two meals a day are

better than three. Eight out of ten people eat more than they need to supply the bodily wants. A test of the two meal plan can be made for a month by anyone without harm to the system.

Natural hunger is the body's natural demand for food and is confined to the area of the mouth and throat. It should be our infallible guide in eating such natural things as nourish the body, building brain and brawn. Hunger is indicated by a desire for some particular simple food, accompanied by a watering of the mouth, and coming when the body requires more building material. *Eat only when hungry.* Almost every human ailment can be traced to a foolish diet and overeating, and of equal, if not greater importance, eating too fast—insufficient mastication. Natural hunger requires no stimulant. It is the "best sauce" for any meal. People who from infancy have never known normal hunger because of the constant use of unsuitable foods and bad eating habits cannot appreciate the pleasure that natural hunger imparts to the palate.

Appetite is in the stomach, an artificial demand made by perverted hunger. The first process of changing natural into perverted hunger or appetite is irritation of the mucous membrane of the digestive organs, which causes a diseased condition of the system. Appetite results from highly seasoned and unnatural food, insufficient mastication, irregularity in eating, and over eating.

When preparing or serving food, never do so in a hurry or excited mental state, because you impart your impatience or anxiety to the food. Endeavor to keep the mind calm and think only of things pleasant, strengthening and healthful.

A pleasant dining room, clean table linen, and good service, as well as agreeable table companions, enhance the enjoyment of eating; because while eating you incorporate the thought uppermost in your own mind and also the strongest thought element sent out by others with whom you are dining, being in a more receptive mood at this time. Hence the table of all places should be most free from discordant elements, resulting from association with people full of ill-nature, grumbling, backbiting, gossiping and nervousness. Never correct your children at meal time. Always save all your stories and best jokes for the meal time. Make it a time for recreation, forget your trials, cultivate the habit of being happy and enjoying

every minute of your meal hour, use this time to remember and count your blessings, forgetting all trials and disappointments. See that the mouth and teeth are in a sanitary condition, the teeth should be thoroughly cleansed morning and night and after each meal. Consult a good dentist as to the condition of your teeth frequently to insure good working in this part of your eating apparatus.

If all the food intended for a meal is placed upon the table at once, one has a better opportunity to make the best choice. Take only two or three kinds of simple food and eat no more than is required to satisfy hunger. Strong men who are engaged in heavy physical labor are not compelled to be as careful as are those who lead sedentary lives. It is impossible to lay down a law that can apply to every person. The best that can be done is to give an outline and let each person work it out for himself or herself. But all should exercise self control and eat to live. The food should neither be too hot nor too cold.

Now as to the eating of a meal: Eat slowly, chew every morsel with relish until tasteless, thus fully satisfying the sense of taste, pleasing the palate and deriving full benefit from your meal. Time spent in chewing the food is well spent, assuring the most perfect assimilation of all that is eaten (in moderate quantities) and consequent gain in muscular and nerve energy. Take as little liquid as possible with each meal the more taken the more difficult it will be for the food to digest, because the excess of liquid dilutes the gastric juice and must be absorbed before digestion can begin.

Do not before or after meals worry as to whether certain foods are going to agree with you. Feel confident, realize that your food will agree with you, that it will strengthen and nourish you; then forget that you have a stomach. Endeavor to take a few minutes of quiet rest after each meal.

Every one has a hobby. You may call it by some other name but the hobby is still there. My hobby is that of a simple diet—the direct road to a life of health, joy, peace and happiness. Simplicity and aspiration will ultimately free the body of all excessive, gross appetites. As our bodies become more refined, our minds will naturally follow suit, and we will be more particular in the selection of our food, especially as

regards quality and quantity, and the leisurely method of partaking of it.

NOTE—Attention is called to the error found on page 15 of September Pathfinder, first column, second para-

graph, first sentence: "until it is covered with dextrine," should read "until it is converted into dextrine." This error was an inadvertant one.

Home Again.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON IN "*New Thought*."

Thought.

WELL, here I am back in Chicago again after nearly six months in the far West. At one time it looked as if I would take up my permanent residence in Southern California, but business duties called me back to Chicago, and here I am likely to remain. I enjoyed my stay in Los Angeles and Pasadena very much, and wish to thank my friends in those places for their many kindnesses shown me while among them. I did not do anything in the way of teaching or public work (with the exception of a couple of informal talks in Los Angeles, which did not amount to anything so far as merit was concerned, although the audiences were kind enough to act as if I was saying something worth while.) I tried to "lie low" and keep quiet, as I was enjoying a rest, and doing some studying and writing. But I found *New Thought* people everywhere, and it was hard to keep from talking shop. I met a number of people who did not know that I was a *New Thought* writer, and who advised me to read some *New Thought* literature as they thought that I was "ready for it." Some even suggested that I read "*Thought Force*," which I faithfully promised to do. I could tell several funny tales of this sort had I the time. The people of Southern California are about the kindest, sunniest, most loving and tolerant that I have had the good fortune to meet. Their sunshine seems to have been absorbed from the golden rays of the sun that are given them so freely, and the clear blue skies above them seem to have an effect upon their characters. This is not a conventional "jolly," but is merely a faint echo of what I am saying here in Chicago about them. Southern California is "all right," both in people and in climate. It is sort of annoying, now that I have returned, to have some of my Chicago friends ask me whether I am not glad to

get back from that "furnace" which they imagine Southern California must be in summer. This in spite of the fact that the temperature today in Chicago is 91 in the shade, and the humidity is something frightful. I have perspired more this last half hour than I did the whole summer in California. In fact, one does not need to get "moist" in the latter place, for the air is so dry that the evaporation is instantaneous and the perspiration is not noticed. There are no melted collars or wilted shirt bosoms in Southern California, just as there are no sun-strokes, nor mad dogs there. The hottest day is merely "hot" and not "muggy," and all that it is necessary to do in order to get relief is to stand in the shade of a telegraph pole, or a small tree, and all is lovely, for there is always a breeze. About four in the afternoon the ocean breezes are felt, and the temperature changes. The nights are rather too cool for one to sit out of doors very late, and one feels the necessity of warm covering on the bed, even after the hottest day. Then there are the glorious open air privileges, one learns to value the air and sunshine out there. People are not afraid of air and sunshine, and they use both to the utmost. Everything is open to the air and sun. Southern California is all right as a summer resort, and as a winter resort, it must be heaven. Nothing but duty and business could keep me away from it, I think. I had a touch of Colorado coming back, and I like it about as well; in fact, if I were going back I might get side-tracked in Colorado, instead of going on to the coast. I cannot begin to tell you about the experiences I had out here, nor of my trip—I will work some of them in my articles from time to time. Los Angeles seems to be getting to be the headquarters of *New Thought* people. They are flocking there in great numbers. Just before I left, Helen Wilman arrived in Los Angeles, and I had

the pleasure of meeting her on two occasions. Those people who have been thinking of Helen as a "has been" or "back number" will have to revise their estimates, for she is as full of life and energy as an egg is full of meat. She is seventy odd years young, and as spry as a sixteen-year-old. We are going to hear some strong talk from Helen some of these days. She is still full of fire, and when she breaks loose again something is going to happen. She is in no way cast down by her unpleasant experiences but seems to have accepted them as her philosophy would indicate, and is transmuting them into benefits. Just keep your eye on Helen, so that you won't miss something that will happen some of these days. She is very much alive.

I also met J. Stitt Wilson—a mighty good fellow. Stitt is well known on the Coast and in the middle West as a powerful speaker upon Socialism. He has been drinking at the metaphysical stream until he has become "woozy" about the "nothingness of things," and as a consequence his recent talks have become saturated with this subject and all the rest of the metaphysical word-painting. He has become so filled with the "I am God" idea that he talks quite earnestly of his creations, the Rocky Mountains and other big things. But underneath all of this there still remains much of the old Stitt Wilson, bright, witty, resourceful, and quick of reason. The leaven is working in Stitt, and bye-and-bye he will throw off this mass of metaphysical wordy, "nothingness" which afflicts all of us who have tried to solve the Riddle of the Universe with our finite minds, and he will emerge a still stronger, brighter, more powerful individual who will laugh at his present attempts to express the unexpressible—and the folly of attempting to speak from the Absolute (for to speak from the Absolute is to remain mute.) And it will be his sense of humor that will save Stitt Wilson from his metaphysical fogger— that sense of humor that has saved so many of us. God bless that saving sense of humor. There's no philosophy so good as the "Laughing Philosophy."

Then I met Edgar Wallace Conable—he of the "*Pathfinder*," and Uncooked Food fame. Conable "makes good." He lives strictly upon what he preaches to be the only proper food for man, and I have eaten unroasted peanuts with him and have picked delicious ripe apricots from his trees. He is a plain, unassum-

ing, good hearted, earnest man, who has much of the milk of human kindness in his bosom—and not curdled either. To read his articles, you would think that he was a born fighter, going around with a chip on his shoulder, and looking for a chance for a shindy. But when you meet him face to face, you find out that his fight is all on paper, for he wouldn't hurt a fly. In fact, he refuses to kill rattle-snakes, on principle, holding that they are his fellow creatures, and have as much right to live as has he, and that they won't hurt him, anyway, if they are not disturbed. That is about as marked an exhibition of kindness toward animals as I ever have witnessed. And Conable means it, too! I think that he used to be quite a "scrapper" before he got a change of heart, and that his fighting editorials are a kind of working off the old steam in him, which has ceased to manifest in action in everyday life. Mr. Conable has a small ranch in Pasadena, in a quiet little nook away from the noise of the town. Here he lives out his life according to his inspiration and ideals. He publishes his "*Pathfinder*" and his books, which, by the way, are quite good and he is able to pick his food from the trees and from the bushes, as the Lord intended man to do. He has about fifty or more fig trees, and a large apricot and peach orchard, and raises most of the food he eats, which food he does not spoil by cooking. He has a number of friends living on the ground, principally in tents and tent-houses, and they seem to be enjoying it—I am sure that I should, if I were there. If you are interested in this out-of-door "uncooked-food" close-to-nature way of living, just write to Conable about it, and say that I told you to. His address is Station A, Pasadena, California. And I must not forget to mention Miss Anna Louise Ambrose, who is Mr. Conable's chief of staff in his publishing business. She is one of the sweetest, most lovable little women that I ever have met. The man who wins her will gain a good, true, loving wife—and that is saying a good deal, and means a good deal more. (I'm sure that there will be an exodus of "*New Thought*" young men to Pasadena now).

I cannot begin to mention the names of the many people who showed me kindness on my trip, and during my visit. I wish, however, to thank them all, and to assure them that I have not forgotten them. I am hard at work here in Chicago, which is a mighty good town in spite

of its noise and dirt. The blue skies and bright sun of Southern California now seem like a dream to me—a most pleasant dream, and yet I feel that I am better for the experience, and that some of the sunshine has stolen its way to my heart, and will never leave me, and that

the sight of the clear skies has given me increased powers of vision which will stay with me. And the memory of the kindness of the people, and the freedom and brightness of the life out there, remain with me as a blessing. Well, here's love all 'round—and now to work.

Seeing God.

BY J. NEWTON BUNCH.

“BLESSED are the pure in heart; for they shall *See God*”. Math. 5:8.

In the selection of this beautiful beatitude for the basis of my remarks, let it be understood, that I do not quote from the Bible, as a standard of authority, for *truth* needs no authority. *Truth* is absolute and cannot be proved. The individual that has to substantiate that which he advocates as “*Truth*” by some code of authority, is standing upon a broken reed that can bring nothing but disappointment and regret. But we want and must have *Truth* for authority, and then our house is founded on that everlasting principle that will lead unto eternal bliss. I have two reasons for quoting from the Bible; first—I find in this book many wise sayings, to which every thinking man must bow his head and respect the thoughts of the writers. But my second—and principal reason for quoting from the Bible is, because thousands of the best people of our day are willing to accept anything that seems to be substantiated by the Bible, and will not listen to any thought that may be presented without such authority. Hence the above quotation.

The word “Blessed” means *happy*, and is so translated in the revised version of the New Testament. I prefer the word “happy” because it is better understood, and represents the *only* object in life. We are all seeking happiness. Absolutely *nothing* else. We may talk about “unselfishness” from now until doom’s day, but in the true sense of the word our every act is a selfish act. We do that which we think will bring us the greatest degree of happiness, either here or hereafter. Even our text shows that “reward” is the result of having a “pure heart.” Read over this wonderful “Sermon on the Mount” and you will see that great blessings are offered to the “meek”

the “pure in heart,” the “poor in spirit,” “those who hunger and thirst for righteousness sake,” etc. The result is some prospective reward. The mother wears out her body in the service of the sick child, because it brings her a greater degree of peace than she can obtain in any other way. The missionary leaves his home and goes to the jungles of Africa, because he anticipates a “great reward in heaven.” Be honest with yourself and you will see that your every act is a “selfish” act and the individual that makes any other kind of a profession is either self deceived or ignorant of the true cause of his every action.

One other point before we enter into the main features of our thought, and that is the *time* that this blessing is promised. It is true that grammatically speaking we would be compelled to apply this blessing sometime in the future, but I wish to disabuse your minds in relation to grammar being applied to the reading of the Bible, for the writers of this book were not grammarians, and I have only to call your attention to a few passages to convince you that the writers absolutely knew nothing about grammar in those days. Turn with me to 2 Kings 19:35, “And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred four score and five thousand; and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they *were all dead corpses*.” When this great multitude that was slain arose in the morning “behold” they found themselves “all dead corpses.” Let the scholar of today apply his grammar.

While I can refer to hundreds of such texts, I will only quote one other and that will suffice. In Acts 7:59, we find this language: “And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying,

Lord Jesus receive my spirit." According to the rules of grammar, those murderers that stoned Stephen, held a prayer meeting and asked the Lord to receive his spirit. So I will not be doing injustice to the beatitude if I say that according to the best authority that I can gather the text should read, "Blessed or Happy are the pure in heart, for they *see God*. But if the reader is critical, and is determined to make this blessing a future event, then I will take the stand that he was speaking prophetically and saw that the time would come in the dawn of the 20th century when the pure in heart would realize this great blessing, for you will note that the "blessing" is in the *present* tense, for it says "Blessed *are*" not "Blessed *will be*". Now I want you to understand and *comprehend*, that those to whom this blessing is promised (the *pure in heart*) not only are *happy*, but that they "*see God*" and that those who "*see God*" are *happy*.

Now it is an utter impossibility for any one to *see* anything and understand *what* he sees, without first having a soul consciousness of what he seeks. Therefore it is highly important that we first understand *who* and what God is.

In the old Saxon language God was spelled with two oo's or "*Good*" instead of "God" and I like the old way of spelling the word much better than the latter. The word "God" implies a personality, and places a limitation on *Deity*, while the word *Good*" shows a *condition* that is elevating, and is much more easily understood. There are many gods, every nation has its god, which is nothing but its *idea* of the "unknown." But there is only *One* "*Good*."

"God (*Good*) is Spirit" John 4:24. The primary meaning of "Spirit" is *life*, therefore God is Life, and Life is God. Science has discovered that there is nothing in all the Universe but *Life*, that in the absolute there is no dead matter. From the subtle fluid called ether, to the most solid granite, we find nothing but the manifestation of Life, constantly changing, constantly evolving from a lower to a higher manifestation. There being no unoccupied space—not a single cubic inch—it appeals to the *thinker* at once, that this boundless, shoreless Universe is *one* great manifestation of *Life* or *Spirit* and this *One*, this great *Whole*, is God (*Good*). This idea fully accords with the universally admitted attributes of God. All religious creeds as far as I know claim that God has three attributes;

vis., Omnipotence, Omniscience and Omnipresence, and we will briefly examine these attributes and see if we can come to any conclusion in relation to what "God" is.

First, God, is *Omnipotence* (*All Power*); if God is All Power, there is absolutely no power manifested or unmanifested that is not of God. The power that holds our planet in its proper place is God. The power that is transmitted through the wire that propels our electric cars and makes them "run like lightning" is God. The power that moves the thundering train from ocean to ocean is God. The power that propels the great war-ship across the mighty deep is God. The power that hurled the destructive projectiles from the mammoth guns that sent the Russian fleet to the bottom of the Japanese sea was God.

The power that belched forth the very bowels of the earth in the form of lava through the crater of the volcano Mt. Pelée and utterly devastated a beautiful city, sending over forty thousand human beings to untimely graves, was God. The power that disturbed the mighty deep causing her mammoth waves to sweep over the quiet city of Galveston, laying her beautiful mansions low in the ruins of its track, sparing neither man, woman nor child, was God. The power that disturbs the elements, causing the cyclone to sweep through our beautiful land utterly destroying everything in its wake, having no respect for person or property, is God. The power that causes the lowest manifestation of life to move is God, for God is *Omnipotence* or *All Power*.

Second, God is *Omniscience*, (*All Wisdom or all Knowledge*.) If God is *Omniscience*, then there is absolutely no knowledge manifested or unmanifested that is not of God or rather that is not God.

The Wisdom that causes every orb in the constellations of the heavens to move in its proper place and with perfect accuracy so that their movements can be foretold thousands of years in advance is God, and the Wisdom manifested in the very lowest insect or reptile is God, for God is *Omniscience* or *All Knowledge*.

Third: God is *Omnipresence*, or everywhere present at the same time. Now, I desire very much that you comprehend this stupendous *truth*, and when your mind grasps it, you will be in a "New

Heaven and New Earth," and "old things" will have passed away, and "*all things will have become new.*" Now if in this boundless, shoreless *Universe*, there can be found one single cubic inch where God is *not*, then God is *not* omnipresence. I want you to understand this *great truth*, I want you not only to theoretically understand it but I very much desire that you *realize its wholeness*, for its realization is the foundation of all and perfect *freedom*. It is absolute death to all *devils*, all sin, all hells, all sorrow, all disease, all death and everything else but God Himself or *Itself*. If God is *Omnipresence*, there is absolutely no room for anything aside from God, for *all* is God, and God is *All*.

David had a glimpse of the magnitude of God, when he said: "Whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend into heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold Thou art there." Psalms 139:7,8. Paul also taught this same omnipresence of God, when he said "*In Him we live and move and have our being.*" Acts 17:28. Can you not see that if we "*live in God,*" that God is, as another Bible writer says: is "*All and in All.*" The fish "live and move and have their being" in the sea, and man "*lives and moves and has his being*" in God, and thereforeas God is *Omnipresent* and is *All* and *In All*, this great *Omnipresence* includes man. God is *Omnipresence*, and absolutely fills all *space* and includes every manifestation and being. This being true you can see at a glance that "*All is Good, or All is God,*" and you can not behold the crudest manifestation that is not God. You cannot behold or even think of anything that is not God, for God is "*All and In All.*" Open your eyes and behold God, you can see nothing else, for there is nothing else to see. These great *Truths* are not discerned by the "carnal minded" (those in a state of ignorance or premature growth) for the "carnal mind" sees evil, sin, sickness and death, while the Spiritual mind sees *health, happiness, joy, freedom, life, purity*, and recognises that "*All is God,*" and they claim this beautiful beatitude as their own, for they "*see God*" in *everything*, and the poet was surely right when he penned these stupendous words "Thou great eternal *infinite*, the great un-

bounded *whole*,

Thy body is the *universe*, Thy Spirit is the *Soul*.

If Thou dost fill immensity, if Thou art '*all in all*,'

If Thou wast here before I was, I am not here at all.

How could I live outside of Thee? Dost Thou fill earth and air?

There surely is no place for me outside of everywhere.

If Thou art God, and Thou dost fill immensity of space,

Then I am God, think as you will, or else I have no place.

And if I have no place at all, or if I am not here,

'Banished' I surely cannot be, for then I'd be somewhere.

Then I must be a part of God, no matter if I'm small,

And if I'm not a part of Him, there's no such God at all."

And now my dear friend, I most earnestly desire that *you recognize* this great *Truth*, and then you can sublimely fold your hands and say "I and my Father are *One*," for you will realize that you are the very center of the *Universe*, and that you and everything else, visible and invisible are manifestations of God, yea, thou art God Himself, for *All is God*.

Then you will see that we are all members of *one* body, and that "*All is Good.*" We now behold manifestations that are crude, but they are Good, for they are God. I like the illustration given by Elizabeth Towne, where she likens us unto peaches, green peaches if you please they are not comely to look upon, they are not palatable, they are not fit to eat, but can you say the green fruit is "evil or "not good?" No, it is good. Just so with the human race, we are ignorant as to what we are, we have been taught that we "are poor miserable worms of the dust" and that we are "great sinners" and are "lost" etc. While the *Truth* has always been and always will be, that we are *manifestations* of God, or Good. We have now evolved until the *light of intelligence* has dawned upon us, so that we now begin to behold "what manner of persons we are," and we realize and claim that the blessing that Christ pronounced upon the "*Pure in heart*" belongs to us, for we "*see God,*" yea, we see nothing but God. We are "pure in heart if we walk in this great light, for we see that we cannot commit a depredation or injure another manifestation of this same God without injuring ourselves, for we are "*All One.*" Then our every thought is *pure* and we "*think no evil.*" See Math. 5:28 and 1 Cor. 13:5.

Blessed are the *pure in heart*, for they shall see God."

Back numbers of Conable's Path-Finder, Vol. 1, No. 1 to Vol. 4, No. 3, can be had by addressing Noah Cornu, Perkins, Quebec, Canada.

CHALDEAN ASTROLOGER AND PALMIST.

Learn the true key of your life, how to live up to your possibilities, business, honors, marriage, sickness, etc. Special attention to "Ares of Direction," i. e., the events, time to push or guard against loss and sickness. Send hour, month, day of month, year, and place of birth. If hour is not known give personal description and print of the hand. Readings, \$1 to \$3. P. O. Box 406, JAMES D. KEMPER, Los Angeles, Cal.

LIFE'S TWO IMPORTANT NEEDS

Are good health and a chance to make money. Many years of research and experience enable us to offer anybody both these blessings. Two red stamps for postage and good faith, will bring full details and some fine California Views. No postals. Our name is favorably known in nearly half the cities of the world. Introduced mainly by our announcements in this magazine.

C. S. Club, Box 743 F, San Diego, Cal., U. S. A.




AN IDEAL KITCHEN GRINDER

Specialized designed for nuts, raisins and all sticky and buttery substances. Write for

Nut Cookery Recipe Book

200 recipes on health foods and nut cookery endorsed by highest authorities. A valuable aid to the culinary art. Free. Ask for it.

Straub & Co., Dept. D.
3737 Filbert Street, Philadelphia.
47 & 49 So. Canal Street, Chicago.



MASCRATED WHEAT G. I. B. S.

BYRON TYLER
KANSAS CITY, MO.

BYRON TYLER Mascerated Wheat will cure Indigestion and Constipation at once, if it does not, return the empty bag and your money will be refunded without quibbling. MASCRATED WHEAT is a low food, ready to eat, made from Whole Wheat blended with Fruit and Nuts. Nature's Ideal Food. Corrects malassimilation, restores normal weight and color. **WRITE FOR CONVINCING PROOFS.** To coincide with the number. Price of the sack, express prepaid, \$1.00. Rocky Mountain, \$1.50 west. Directions for new method of living with each sack. **BYRON TYLER, Mfr., Kansas City, Mo.**

Pacific Printing Company

Printers of this Magazine

Equipped for the Finest Class of Work

HCME PHONE 3471

415 S LOS ANGELES ST. LOS ANGELES

BE WELL

Advice given by mail upon matters relating to the preservation of health and the cure of disease without the use of drugs. Full instructions in pen-written letters directly from my own hand. Success assured. Terms, \$1.00 per letter. Address

D. H. SNOKE, M. D.,

921 Indiana Ave. - - - Indianapolis, Ind.

HEALTH FOR YOU!

Boundless, Buoyant Health.

Without Drugs, Costly Apparatus or Tedious, Nerve-Wearing Exercise.

Get into harmony with Nature and you will understand.

Read the remarkable book by Harry Gaze.

HOW TO LIVE FOREVER.

It touches wholeness of body continued renewal of all forms, so that death becomes impossible. Chapters on sexual law, breathing, concentration, bathing, sunshine, nutrition, relaxation.

The principles of the new Hygiene are carefully explained. Laws of "suggestion" and "right thinking" fully and practically set forth. 205 pages, cloth, \$1.25 prepaid. Money back at once if not satisfactory.

FREE A full descriptive catalogue of books on sex science and the new hygiene free on request.

STOCKHAM PUBLISHING CO.,

Suite 522, 70 Dearborn St. CHICAGO.

We are thoroughly acquainted with these publishers, their books being of special interest to Path-Finder readers.—Ed. Conable's Path-Finder.

"BEST OF THEM ALL"

THE

VANGUARD

A High-Class Monthly. A leading exponent of Constructive Socialism and Rational Religion.

No matter what other periodicals you take you still need "THE VANGUARD."

It is vigorous, fearless, interesting, unique and is doing splendid service in the cause of humanity.

"Every article in it is a gem," says the Toledo Independent.

"The warmest magazine that comes our way," says the Socialist Voice.

50 CENTS A YEAR. TRY IT.

SPECIAL OFFER: To readers of this advertisement we will send "THE VANGUARD" one year for only 25 cents. Order at once.

Address:

THE VANGUARD

344 Sixth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

BANANA FOODS

The Foods that Nourish

The banana contains more nutriment than any other fruit. By our processes of manufacture more than seventy-five per cent of the water in the banana is eliminated, thereby reducing the bulk and rendering the product proportionately richer in life-giving properties.

Their delicious natural flavors make them the most appetizing of foods. By nourishing the overwrought nerves, Banana Foods allay the irritation of those delicate cells and induce a harmony throughout the system which can come only from the assimilation of the health-giving properties of wholesome natural foods.

Liberal samples of Banana Figs, Banana Coffee, Banana Flour and Ban-Nut Butter will be mailed for 35 cents and addresses of three persons interested in foods that bring health.

We have a special offer to those who have a few dollars to invest. Write for particulars. This proposition will interest you.

Tropical Food Company

Key West, Fla.

"The Conquest of Poverty."

By HELEN WILMANS

IS the most helpful and practical book along the lines of how to succeed in life, of any publication that has come before the people in the past quarter of a century.

Helen Wilmans, the author, wrote us very recently: "The book ought to be valuable; it contains the policy I pursued for years, and I got rich at it."

The Path-Finder Publishing Co., has arranged with Mrs. Wilmans for a thousand copies of this book, to be distributed FREE to every subscriber to Conable's Path-Finder.

This is the way you get the book: All delinquent subscribers to this magazine will be sent a copy of "The Conquest of Poverty" by paying up all arrearages and paying one dollar in advance. All paid-up subscribers will be mailed a copy of the book by sending in one dollar to apply on another year's subscription. All new subscribers will be entitled to a copy of this book. The book will in all cases be mailed postpaid.

"The Conquest of Poverty" should be in every home in the land. It is an educator in every sense of the word. It should be made the text book of all young men and women who are dependent upon their own resources. It will be found to be of powerful assistance when it comes to bridging over the difficult places along life's pathway.

This book is written as only Helen Wilmans can write— terse, condensed, charming and instructive to the last degree.

THE PATH-FINDER PUBLISHING CO., Station A., Pasadena, Cal.

Pure California Olive Oil!

THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

Owing to the inability to secure reasonable express charges on small shipments of olives and olive oil, we can no longer send out shipments of less than two quarts at a time. In many cases the express charges and first cost of oil have been in excess of our quoted prices delivered to our patrons. We are sending out these goods at the lowest possible margin so that our patrons may have an opportunity of procuring the highest grade of olive oil made in this country at the lowest possible price.

The best way, however, is for each person or family to order their oil and olive supplies in sufficient quantities that they may be shipped by freight, in which event we can make a discount of 10 per cent on all our quoted prices. Let some one person take a number of orders from their neighbors and thus get the benefit of this discount.

THERE is pure Olive Oil and there is pure Olive Oil. Every reputable manufacturer of California Olive Oil puts out an absolutely pure brand; but while this is true it is also a fact that very few manufacturers use the higher grades of Olives in the Olive Oil product; hence the country is flooded with inferior brands, and the would-be liberal consumer is at sea. He is at a loss to know where to find a palatable brand of Olive Oil manufactured in this country. All imported Olive Oil is doctored and adulterated.

Constant are the inquiries coming to CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER in regard to California Olive Oil. For over a year the editor has been investigating the Olive Oil question—sampling and testing every brand that has been called to his attention. We have now found a high-grade product that meets every essential and we desire that every person interested in the subject of Olive Oil shall have an opportunity of purchasing this Oil at the home retail price.

California, and the whole country in fact, is flooded with low grade oils—some of them retail as low as \$2 per gallon. High grade oils cannot be sold at a less price than is here quoted, and this oil is made especially for family use.

2	qts.	\$ 2.00	1-2	gal.	\$ 2.00	1	gal.	\$ 3.75
6	"	5.50	6	"	11.00	6	"	20.00
12	"	10.00	12	"	20.00	12	"	38.00

These are the retail prices here at the home market, but the goods will be laid down at any point in the United States or Canada at the same price, charges prepaid.

Send for circular and price list, which also includes price list of high grade Ripe Olives.

Address all orders,

The Path-Finder Olive Co.

Station A, PASADENA, CAL.