

Helen Wilmans is now a regular contributor to Conable's Path-Finder
MAN SHOULD BE TAUGHT HOW TO LIVE, NOT HOW TO DIE.

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CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER

DEVOTED TO SELF-CULTURE . LITERATURE ,
SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

November, 1905

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Edited by
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By THE EDITOR

HELEN WILMANS

Is now a regular contributor to Conable's Path-Finder, her first article appearing in the October 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.

—A Southern Californian never lays up anything for a rainy day. He wants to spend his money during the present incarnation.

—How does this 32-page Path-Finder strike you? If all of you are good and continue to keep your subscriptions paid up, you will be served with a similar "Thanksgiving dinner" the year through.

—As if to rebuke us for what we have sometimes intimated, that California is a pretty dry climate, a few nights since a most delightful, gentle rainfall greeted us in our out-of-doors sleeping apartments. May they come oftener and stay longer. We never object to being soaked in a good cause.

—If any of our near-by friends desire any sort of printing, we will state that the editor hereof is personally interested

in the establishment known as the Pacific Printing Co., which turns out high-class book and commercial printing of every description at moderate prices. Address us at 415 South Los Angeles St., Los Angeles, Cal.

—A learned Eastern professor is not in sympathy with our modern women teachers of domestic economy. He says: "So much of the home has been taken into the school that the next thing we know incubators will be placed in them and the club women will have their newborn babies taken there to be reared." Not so, dear professor; the club women will have no babies to rear. They are not Teddyites.

—If there is anything that you want that you do not find in this number of CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER, just ask for it and we will try and meet the demand. But you will notice that we are not giving very much "daylight" on any of the pages where reading matter ought to be. There is one-fourth more reading matter on each page of this publication than any other of its class put out in this country. We hope, before next year closes, to make a magazine that will be indispensable in every household, no matter what political, social or religious convictions may exist therein.

—In a paragraph last month we stated that in a future number of this magazine we would give something from the pen of Maud Johnson concerning Point Loma and the work being done there by Katherine Tingley. At the time we were under the impression that Mrs. Johnson intended making an extended visit at this place, but it seems that she did not—just went out for a day; so what she says concerning Point Loma is from the standpoint of a brief visitor, and not as an investigator, as we had hoped would be the case. But the contribution will be found interesting.

—Some people believe in "fate." Those who do might attribute these incidents, or happenings, to the "irony of fate." Be this as it may, some of us will

be inclined to go in search for the moral side of the proposition. An old lady on the West Side, Los Angeles, has been twice, within the past year, held up and robbed on her way home from prayer meeting. Here is another, both actual occurrences: Another old lady, who has spent her life in aggressive work along temperance lines, was recently run down on the street by a brewery wagon and had to go to the hospital for several weeks. Are these people engaged at the wrong end of these reform movements and attracting their punishment? The Path-Finder would say yes. At least we know that no one gets anything that is not attracted by the individual. These occurrences ought to wake up these people to a realization that there is something radically wrong in either their methods of living or in the manner in which they are conducting their work; perhaps both. There are a lot of us who have to be "held up" or hit by a brewery wagon before we get any sense.

—Well, our friend, William Walker Atkinson and family are back again to California. William Walker was going to be pacified with Chicago, at least for the winter, but he couldn't stand it long—not even for a short two months. About two years ago I dropped into Chicago for a few days, after having exhaled the Rocky Mountain zephyrs for about eight years. I thought I would spend at least two weeks there, but the second day I was ready to go home and had not business detained me I would have taken the next train for the pyramidal State. I find myself wondering sometimes now how Colorado would strike me, were I to go back. I am going to try it some day—just for a brief period. I may come back with a rush, like friend Atkinson. I would not be surprised if I did. The Pacific Coast has a mighty drawing power. Friend Atkinson must have turned his negative pole in this direction sooner than he intended to. At any rate, he is here and we are delighted to again take him by the hand. May he stay permanently and his kind increase indefinitely and without numbers.

—The death of Sir Henry Irving, which occurred on October 13th, removes one of the most noted and conspicuous lights from the dramatic profession. We never regarded Irving as a *great* actor; his stage mannerisms were, at times, almost ludicrous and his

enunciation was so bad that unless one was familiar with the dialogue of the play no idea could be formed as to what the actor was trying to say. But in the light of a manager and a philanthropist, and in his untiring and masterly efforts to elevate the stage, Sir Henry had no equals. The world has been made much better by his having lived in it, and the dramatic art has received such a wholesome impetus as it could scarcely have received in any other way. The whole country is saying kind things concerning Sir Henry and his work. It is all deserved. May his ashes rest in peace.

—About a dozen people have written me that they saw in the newspapers that I was married, but saw no account of it in the PATH-FINDER. Now, I never thought it in good taste to parade family or family affairs in my publication. Readers don't like it, as a rule. It sounds mighty "sissy" to the average reader; besides it bores them and occupies space that should be devoted to other purposes. Yes, I am married. I married my "chief-of-staff," as William Walker Atkinson puts it. This young woman had been my private secretary for over a year and had so deported herself in every way as a womanly woman that I felt the need of her continued services as chief-of-staff. It is not for me to speak here of her qualities or qualifications. Suffice it to say that she proved to be a master artist in my work, who relieved me of much labor that I have never before found any one wholly competent to take care of. I have not in the slightest degree changed my mode of life or beliefs and opinions in regard to marriages. They remain the same and always will. I shall do nothing that conflicts in any way with the past record of this magazine or with any of my other writings. But however little I care personally for the opinions or comment of the world at large, I would not place any woman in a position where critics could ply their vocation, hence I have taken this step. And instead of feeling tied up, I have not felt so free in every way for many a long year. Permit me, therefore, friends, to introduce to you Mrs. Conable, who was formerly Miss Anna Louise Ambrose, resident for many years of Los Angeles. Please pardon this brief innovation along "domestic" lines. It will not happen again.

—Having spent a delightful summer on a suburban Pasadena ranch, drinking

in the glorious sunshine and several different assortments of fruit juices, we are expecting, at this writing, to move back to Los Angeles and put in the busiest winter that we have known for years. Just where we shall make it our home—on the particular street or alley—we can, not now announce, but all correspondence will reach us at our publishing house, No. 415 South Los Angeles street.

Individual Emancipation

WE ARE indeed sorry that many of our doctor friends are not wiser than the course they are pursuing would seem to indicate.

Every time the doctors cause the arrest of some one other than their own number, for practicing magnetic or mental healing, they drive another nail deep in their own coffin lid. I suppose, from this standpoint, we ought all to rejoice and not find fault. The sooner their exclusive franchise for the destruction of the human race is forfeited, the better will it be for all concerned. As the matter now stands, none of us have any right to die anything but a "scientific" death. In other words, we are prohibited by legislation from dying a natural death. We must pass out only with the consent and approval of those who hold certificates from a State Medical Board that they alone are privileged to do the killing. To die under any other circumstances means the prosecution of anyone who is adjudged incapable of doing the job scientifically. To kill people "scientifically" is the prerogative alone of our medical doctor friends.

Another case of persecution and prosecution comes to us from Bozeman, Mont. Our old friend, Alzamon Ira Lucas, spends a portion of each year up at Bozeman, telling and instructing the good (and bad) people there how to get well and how to refrain from the drug and doctor habit. Lucas gives regular Sunday lectures along the lines of hygiene, right thinking and all-round self-development and self-unfoldment. Lucas is away up in his specific work. He knows how people should live and do and act in order to get the very best out of life. Lucas knows also how to make Christians out of people—real Christians of the Christ type. He knows how to bring the love nature of all his disciples to the surface. This is the secret of bettering life conditions in every human being. For

doing these things Lucas was recently arrested and convicted of the "crime" of practicing "medicine and surgery" without having a license from the State Board of Medical Examiners.

Now, isn't this simply dreadful—for a man of the Lucas type to commit a heinous crime like that? To actually make people well and show them how to get well and be happy without first getting permission to give expression to his conviction and knowledge from a State medical board of nonentities?

What are we coming to, anyway?

Lucas was tried before a justice of the peace and by a jury composed of his "peers." Peers—that's a good name for them. There is as much sincerity and integrity in the word peers as there is in that of doctor. Both are synonymous of anything but sincerity and integrity.

Lucas was fined one hundred dollars and costs. He has appealed the case; and he will win—unless the doctors of the State of Montana have the courts also by the neck. It is quite sufficient that they control State legislatures; or get some one of their number elected Governor in order to veto the honest measures passed by legislatures elected in the interest of the people, which sometimes transpires, but not very often.

Now, according to the natural law of attraction, Lucas is getting just what he attracted to himself. Personally, I think he went back to Montana just once too often; but this will undoubtedly be a lesson to him no matter which way the higher courts decide. It will take much of his precious time, even though he wins. On the other hand, his winning may establish a sufficient precedent to other communities so that those who are seeking material and spiritual aid may not be interfered with by the operations of a law that is manifestly unconstitutional.

All laws passed for the benefit and protection of a certain class of people to the exclusion of other classes, are unconstitutional. All class legislation is unconstitutional. No law-making power has the right to say that I or you or anyone shall be restricted to the employment of certain "legalized" healers when life and health are at stake.

It is all right to confine the dispensing of drugs to those who have made a scientific study of the same; but no power on earth has the right to say that we shall take drugs in cases of illness or

that we shall employ a so-called medical doctor to wait upon us. In this respect, as in our religious convictions, neither legislative bodies nor courts have any right to intercede except to see that exact justice is meted out to the individual.

There must be absolute individual emancipation when it comes to health, politics and religion. Anything else is the natural instigator and breeder of anarchy and revolution.

There was a time when to pronounce in opposition to certain forms of religious creeds meant death in some form or other. But this applied only to the "Christian" church. No pagan's hand was ever stained with the blood of his fellow-man. Christianity alone does the crucifying.

Our forefathers came to the new world to get away from dogmatic church domination, and then they set up a standard that was even more cruel and dogmatic than that which they had left. All in the name of the "Christian" religion. The "pagan" was put to death.

Our doctor friends would crucify, if they could, every mother's son who would attempt to restore health in any manner except through the licensed channels. The spirit is there present in all its hideousness. We have only to witness the open and the secret workings of this profession to prove the accuracy of this statement.

But all these efforts to curb individual freedom operate, in the long run, as educators—as emancipators. We all have to be humbugged frequently before we get any sense—before we will take the trouble to rise up in our strength and assert our independence and freedom. So long as we remain passive just so long will we be imposed upon. This is natural; that is, it is natural under existing social and political conditions. The individual lacks development along proper lines. He is schooled in everything except the right thing. He is taught to lean on others, or look to others, for everything except his daily bread, and often he looks to others for this instead of getting a hustle on himself and earning it for himself.

The time has come when the "finish" of the medical doctor is in sight. He has over-reached himself in his strife for supreme dictatorship and guardianship over the lives (and dead bodies) of the decaying world, hence the uprising of intelligent, thinking minds in the direction of self-preservation. The doctors have

been killing too many people. It has been demonstrated that their science is not a science at all, but a mere fakery at scientific methods. Nature is the only scientific doctor we have. When we take drugs we go against Nature's processes and death, sooner or later, is the result.

Doctors were never known to cure any one except the treatment was along natural lines; but they have millions upon millions of corpses to their credit. That is where their cash balance comes in—when they make people sick unto death by the dispensation of drugs and the ignorant, careless use of the knife.

But all this is changing and the doctor is not happy. In fact, he is becoming a monomaniac on the subject of "protecting" the health of the people. He is becoming mighty solicitous all of a sudden concerning the welfare of the dear people. He wants to protect them from charlatans and charlatanism, he says. Well, maybe he does, but if he is sincere he will first draw the line on himself and step in and ask the courts to convict him for the next murder he commits.

Human Justice, That's All

I WAS struck by a paragraph sent me recently as a newspaper clipping, touching briefly on the subject of human justice. The words are those of Prof. W. N. Ferris, of Big Rapids, Mich., and are as follows:

"I hate charity. While it is all right in individual cases, it is all wrong as a system. The rich don't want charity; the poor don't want it; paupers alone want charity. All men want *human justice* and the short road to it."

Prof. Ferris is right on one point at least. No one but the pauper clamors for charity. That is, among individuals. The Professor was not speaking of the wealthy church organizations that own billions upon billions of property, all accumulated by playing the role of paupers. No, these remarks apply simply to the individual.

Human justice! That's what the world wants; nothing more. But where is it to come from? That's the question. It is easy enough to say what the race needs, but where will we find this need? Where are we to look for human justice? Whence comes it and how dispensed? Is there a single political or social economist extant who can give this information

to the great struggling masses? If there is, he has not yet come to the surface in sufficient evidence to be recognized.

Now, to start with, it is impossible for human justice to reach any one who is not prepared to attract it; who is not prepared to utilize and assimilate it properly. This is one of the impossibilities in life. In the second place, no one is *entitled* to receive human justice, or any other sort of justice, who cannot properly utilize it.

We may say, as a matter of fact, that human justice is a drug in the market. It is everywhere—as plentiful as the sunshine—and any one who is ready for it can find it. Nay, more, it will come unsolicited and unsought if the way be made clear.

It is astonishing to note the number of people who are out, with their sails hoisted, trying to catch a little human justice, when they are no more fitted to utilize and dispense it to their neighbors than is the red-handed anarchist.

Why, bless you, Professor, human justice is everywhere, in this broad land. Every breath we breathe is permeated with it. The only trouble is, it cannot find any takers. It is trying, every day of our lives, to find takers. It is in constant search, not of those who simply think they are in need of it, but those who know how to use it when it is brought to their very doors.

That's the trouble—none of us know how to use and utilize and dispense the thing when it comes to us; hence it is held just outside our grasp, waiting—waiting anxiously—for us to build ourselves so that we may fill up to the brim with this greatest of all the virtues—human justice.

But first, every individual must so construct his own life that human justice may come to him. We don't have to go in search of it. It comes to us—when we are ready for it—the same as everything else desirable comes to us when we have sufficiently developed our own powers of attraction to receive. There is nothing that we cannot have if we build for it properly—human justice and every other form of justice and equity.

The pauper is a pauper because he wants to be a pauper. He may tell you differently, but if he does he tells that which is not true. If he *wanted* to be anything else he *would* be; he would build a desire sufficiently strong to emerge from his pauperism. But he

doesn't do it; he prefers to be a pauper. He is perfectly willing that some one else should take him by the hand and place him in affluence, and he thinks because this is not done that the opulent in life are robbing him of his birthright. But he will not make the effort himself. Why? Simply because away down deep inside he would rather remain a pauper and subsist on such crumbs as he can beg and steal than make the necessary effort to rise up in his might and be a man. Hence he knows very little about "human justice." It has not yet reached him.

The same with every one else who is in search of human justice and cannot find it. We cannot attract human justice until we ourselves are filled with the spirit of human justice and know how to dispense it to others. That's the whole thing in a nut-shell. We haven't the stuff in us, therefore we can not give it out. We cannot draw it to us because we are not ready to dispense it properly.

We prate about human justice when we haven't the slightest conception of what human justice means. We are looking for it in the other fellow; we have none to give to ourselves.

My, but the modern social "economist" is an engima. He frantically appeals for human justice and says that men are trying to find it by the shortest route. It is the easiest thing in the world to find this article. The woods and the air and the streets are burdened with it, but there are no takers. That's the trouble—there are no takers. Make some takers, Mr. Professor, and you will find more human justice in every walk of life than there are atoms in the vibrant rays of the noon-day sun. Try it; try it; you will be astonished at the results.

There is nothing really bad in this good old world of ours. Some of us just think so, but we are mistaken. Human justice goes begging on every street corner. The Universal supply department is constantly dispensing all we need and more, but we won't take it. We prefer to live in want rather than go to the little trouble to build ourselves on the line of the Golden Rule.

None of us will ever have anything worth keeping until we build in ourselves the true spirit of human justice. When we have done this all that we need for our comfort and happiness will glide, soft-footed, into our storehouse. And what more does any one need than the

comforts of life and the happiness which always attends an abundant supply of everything; not alone of material things, but the blessings of every kind which rain upon us when once we have builded fit to receive.

Minding Our Own Business

IN THE past this magazine has had much to say concerning people minding their own business. That is, to attend strictly to our own affairs, even if the rest of the world and the government are going straight to the devil—in our opinion.

A good friend of the PATH-FINDER in the East has reached the point, according to his own testimony, where he has discovered that it is best to attend strictly to his own business. We would give his name and address, but he says his letter is strictly personal. We give that portion of the letter which may be of interest to many of our readers:

"Edgar W.:—It is so long since I have paid you any money that I do not know how much I owe you. I should like to find out. Don't think for a moment that I am going to pay right up, for I can't. I went broke mostly because I had not learned to mind my own business and got mixed up in other people's. You see my head got swelled and I thought I was several instead of not being even one. Now I know enough to let people take their own medicine. I'm taking mine. I have no kick coming."

"Open confession is good for the soul," or words to that effect. It is also often very good for our neighbor's soul. You see when we try to right the alleged wrongs of others to the extent that we neglect our own duties to ourselves and to those who are more directly dependent upon us, we commit, not only a serious mistake, but a sin that we cannot soon atone for; and when we keep up this sort of thing it lands us in the mire on the plane with the other fellow we have been trying to help.

We may cry out against the wrongs that are heaped upon the so-called down-trodden, but unless we pay some little attention to ourselves all our efforts will be in vain and we will soon be found among those we seek to pull out of the mire.

Now, we are again going to reiterate what we have said a hundred times in these columns, namely: Every individual attracts his own condition in life. No one else attracts it for him and no one can raise him out of the rut unless the time has come for him to attract higher and better conditions to himself.

It is all right to point out the way to the ignorant and the unfortunate, as we are wont to refer to people who are poor in purse and otherwise afflicted, but we must not go to the extreme that we lose sight of the fact that each individual is learning a needed lesson for himself and that when this lesson is completed—when the individual can reach the head of his class and stay there for twenty-four hours—he will come to the fore in good shape.

When we come in contact with a reformer, so-called, we always feel sorry for him, for we know that no one ever engages in the reform business who does not need reforming himself. If he did not, he would not be in the business.

So it is with all our great "reformers"—they need, or have needed, reforming themselves until they become imbued with the idea that all the rest of the world is lost and it is their duty to go into the saving business. Then it is that we become tangled up, many times, with business that does not concern us and we make, as the Englishman would say, "a blooming hass" of ourselves. Lots of people do this; thousands of them. I have done it myself. I may do it again, but every time I do I trust that the mighty power which swats all aggressors in the most effective portion of the anatomy will give me such a knock-out blow that I will be reluctant to repeat the offense.

The individual who attends strictly to his own business each twenty-four hours of each day, is a blessed thing to contemplate and a shining mark to look upon. He is a benefactor whose example the world may follow with enduring profit. He is always in good spirits. He is always helpful; never impertinent. His heart overflows with love. His whole being sends forth a light that helps to lead us forward. He is always opulent, but has never robbed anyone. He is a Christian in every sense of the word. In fact, he is all that the mind pictures as being rich in deeds and noble in character. Why all this? Simply because he attends strictly to his own business.

You never find this sort of man standing on the street corners howling against his government and the manner in which it is being conducted. You never find this man pawing the air with his clenched hands, frothing at the mouth, pacing up and down a platform, trying to incite his fellows to anarchy and bloodshed. No, the man who attends strictly to his own business will never be found here. He will reach the hearts of his countrymen in a vastly different way. His life will be a guiding light to individual unfoldment and his deeds will stand as a giant incentive to every thinking mind, to go and do likewise.

Blessed be the man who attends to his own business. He builds more character for good each day of his life than a thousand "reformers" could accomplish in a dozen incarnations.

From the Pyramidal State

THE editor has a warm and delightful friend at Steamboat Springs, Colo. Colorado is called the "Pyramidal State" because all the rest of this country slants downward from it. The state as a whole is higher than any other state in the Union.

There are a lot of growing people in Colorado, notwithstanding the frequency of political and labor turmoils. The altitude is so elevated that it keeps people strung up to the highest notch constantly. Hence so many "rows" of every description. Politicians, both men and women, indulge in frequent fist fights and hair-pullings in political caucuses and conventions. You know the women vote in Colorado, and they "scrap" in their political gatherings the same as men. Women drive hacks on election day to hustle in the voters; they work at the polls and sit as clerks and judges on election boards. Why not? If they vote, why not help the men do all the dirty work connected with political campaigns?

It was said that if women could vote in Colorado they would make politics clean and wholesome, and the first thing they did was to elect governor of the state, or help to elect him, one of the worst blatherskite politicians in the whole west to that "august" seat on the throne of the Commonwealth—one Waite by name. Waite said in his inaugural address: "God bless the women." Then two years later, when he was again a candidate for the same

office, and the business men of the state took hold and knocked him out because he was a disgrace to the community and was ruining the state commercially, he went back on the female voters, and instead of repeating his former compliment of "God bless the women," he "G— d— the women." Waite was a weight around the neck of the whole state—industrially and commercially. Even the Populists went back on him, all of whom were his original supporters.

But this is all history in Colorado politics—the most picturesquely pyrotechnic storm center for all the extremes in social, business and industrial life of any like territory in the world.

Personally I believe the altitude has something to do with it. It keeps everybody at high tension. Everything gets nervous there. It is hard for cats to live in certain portions of the state, and there are more runaway horses to the square foot in Colorado than in any other spot on the globe. Some one is killed about every day in the year by runaway horses. I have seen as high as ten runaways in one day in Colorado Springs, which is at an altitude of between six and seven thousand feet above sea level; but when the winds sweep down from the Rockies, a few miles distant, and down the great broad side of Pike's Peak, a little over fourteen thousand feet high, you can feel your pulse commence to engage in all sorts of contortions, and pretty soon you get lightheaded and you wonder where all your brains are escaping to—that is, if you have any. Some people in Colorado other than the editors of the Denver newspapers really have brains, though it is never admitted by the editors of these papers. We refer only to the editors of the "big" dailies.

But after all is said, there are a lot of mighty good and progressive people in Colorado. It is simply the gold industries that have attracted the mob rioters and murderers. This vicious, unscrupulous element would paralyze every industry in the state and loot all the mines were it not for the occasional turning out of the state militia.

Still, I am mighty fond of Colorado. You see, all the rest of the world looks up to you when you live there, notwithstanding her numerous and colossal sins of commission and omission. You constantly keep full of ozone there without making any effort. In fact, it is forced upon you; you can't help yourself. You

are full to the brim night and day. But it is better to be full of ozone than of whiskey. You can't drink much whiskey in Colorado. If you do you go "up the flume" in no time. When you drink whiskey you partially paralyze the respiratory organs, and when the respiratory organs do not work normally in Colorado you just stop breathing. It is all over. You are not even given a second chance.

In the early days of Cripple Creek and other mining camps they carted dead men out of the saloons every morning by the score. Most people thought it was bad whiskey that did the work. Of course, the whiskey was bad enough. All whiskey is bad, but sometimes some whiskey is worse. It was not the whiskey that did the killing in these mining camps. It was an overdose of ozone when the respiratory organs were partially paralyzed. Of course, whiskey was the starting point, but it was not the principal factor that did the business.

When I wrote the heading at the top of this article I intended simply to publish a little letter from my old Colorado friend, Sam G. Adams, of Steamboat Springs, who subscribes for more Path-Finders and buys more of my books than is expected of the average American citizen; but Sam is a progressive thinker and a growing man, and he knows a good thing when it is set before him, therefore he wants all his friends to participate in the things that are helpful to him.

Freind Adams writes:

MY DEAR CONABLE:—Enclosed find a list of people who I know will be greatly benefited by THE PATH-FINDER. You know, we all want to give out to others when we know the truth. Like you, I know I know. Your growth has been marvelous since your arrival in California, and I drink in every word of your writings. I know the truth will reach each soul in time, but we must always be as a cup of cold water to those who are *thirsting*, then we will ever grow in understanding.

Your new writers are splendid aids to you, as they are earnest in their lines. I give unto you and your able writers my love and peace. Yours for a lasting success,
SAM G. ADAMS.

Prison in Japan

THIS is how a writer in the Pall Mall Gazette describes prison life in Japan:

Imagine a park or garden in the Japanese style, with dwarf trees, surrounded by a hedge instead of a wall, in this park a group of Japanese houses, like those occupied by the peasants. The prisoners are all at work proportioned to their physical ability. Some are threshing and grinding rice; others are weaving coarse cloth of a dark red color, of which the prison uniforms are made; the old and infirm are separating leaves of paper. All of them receive a percentage of their earnings. The younger prisoners are in school. The discipline is military in form, but in its spirit reformatory. There are few evasions, notwithstanding the ease with which they could be effected. One reason for this is the efficiency of the Japanese police, which is said to be the best in the world. The prisoners are divided into three grades, and are differently fed, according as they are idle or refractory, amenable to discipline, or exceptionally well behaved. The only other punishment is solitary confinement in a sort of dungeon, not exceeding five days. No prisoner may be discharged, however short his term of sentence, unless his family or friends assume responsibility for him. The result has been the organization of a large number of prisoners' aid societies.

Contrast the above with the methods prevailing in the prison pens of this and other "Christian" nations.

There is no use of talking, the pagan Jap is head and shoulders above us Christians in everything that stands for good and the well-being of the race. Of course we are speaking of the Japs in Japan, not those who have left their country and come to California to become civilized. The "civilized" Jap—after he becomes Americanized—is on a much lower plane than the Jap in his own country, the reason being that this "Christian" nation sets him an example that is at once lowering and degrading.

It is unfortunate that these things are true—especially unfortunate for the Jap—but we may as well look things squarely in the face and own up to our own sins and wickedness.

The prison pens of this country should be converted into purely restraining educational institutions, and not be conducted, as they now are, on lines that make the criminal a worse criminal when he is discharged from these institutions.

A man once in prison in this country is dogged by the police authorities the

remainder of his days, and can rarely, if ever, get a job when he wants work. When he gets an honest job the police notify his employer that he has "served time" in a penitentiary and to watch him. The result is that some excuse is soon found for discharging the man, and so it goes until the man is obliged to again commit a crime in order to exist.

This is no isolated case; it is of daily occurrence in this country, and it is a damning shame on a rascally system that permits it.

Give a man a chance. Very few men are naturally wicked at heart. Very few men are born criminals. Most of the criminals are criminals because they have been led astray and at the outset had no intention of committing a wrong. But they are never given a chance to reform; to wipe out the past and begin anew in life. The old score is always charged up against them and the uncharitable world will never give them a chance to redeem themselves and become good citizens, as thousands would, had they the chance.

There must be a change in the social conditions of this country before we will be established on an enduring basis. Men and women who have erred in life once or twice must not be treated as dogs and kenneled up without a chance to redeem themselves. Let there be a system adopted in our penal institutions where men and women may be privileged the advantages of a higher education; where men and women may be given employment and paid for this employment for the support and maintenance of dependent ones. If there are no dependent ones let the wages earned be deposited in the custody of the State against the time when the prisoner is released and finds himself without opportunity to find employment.

A man may have served five, ten or twenty years for a single mistake he has made. He is discharged from prison, given a suit of clothing and \$5 in money. The world is notified that this "felon" has just been released from jail. The whole history of his offense is rehashed and embellished by the thrifty newspaper man. A warning goes out to be on the lookout for this man. The police everywhere "spot" him and dog his footsteps. He has no money with which to buy the police off, which he could do easily enough if he had money; so his life and all his future hopes and aspirations are blasted and vanish like a dream. In a

little time we find the man back in the pen again. He wanted to live and the world wouldn't let him. His desire is still stronger to live than to die, so another "crime" is committed; another term in the penitentiary, and continued further association with prison officials (not with his fellow-prisoners) makes a hardened criminal out of him.

The end comes, the curtain drops, but its folds are crimson with blood spilled at the hands of modern social methods.

MENOMINEE, MICHIGAN.

FRIEND CONABLE:—You are all right upon meat question, and upon hundreds of others, but see here, it's a sign of age when we begin to rub the bloom off the peach.

It hurts me to read in your magazine, from which I have always derived such help, those thoughts of yours upon "Marriage and Divorce."

You know that one cannot enter the Silence, and affirm such thoughts without their giving birth to their kind, and that you, with your knowledge, it seems to me, are making a mistake in "suggestion."

Do not say, "that marriage is simply a physical compact and nothing else; do not start those words vibrating! They appeal to a lot of pessimistic young men who mistake license for liberty, and to a class of young women whose mothers must have failed somewhere in their daughters' training.

The more I read your article the more confident I am that you are an old bachelor, for you say:

"The very fact that one or the other of a married couple appeals for divorce, is evidence that little inharmonies exist, and consequently a separation should take place."

Well, my name is Harmon! There have been little Harmons, and little "inharmonies," but there has been no separation! For twenty-five years we have climbed the hill together and, though nearing the top, we are climbing it still. The little Harmons have grown larger, the little "inharmonies" smaller, for we loved each other and used reason and common sense in times of trouble.

It is a self-evident fact that every man and every woman is peculiar, but thee and me, "and thee is a *little* peculiar!"

You may un-marry today and re-marry another tomorrow, and he or she will be a "little peculiar," for "none of

us are so very good."

Granted that the cry of the age is for better men and women physically; granted that married people live too intimately together; granted that it's marvelous when we consider the demands upon love, how it yields, and renews itself, yet I feel confident that ours, as well as the love of others, has been much more "than merely a desire to manifest on the physical plane."

Eternal Progress, in a recent issue, asks: "What is the best that woman can do for the world?" answering, "She can give the world a superior race."

No greater thing in the world can a woman do than this. We are looking to them with their "higher education" and "new thoughts" to give the world a "superior race."

Let every couple, after marriage, believe with their whole heart, that they were made for each other; that together they are working out a great life and their ideals will not only become realized in beautiful, affectionate children, but the thought that to the pure in heart love is holy and God is in everything will permeate the whole universe.

MRS. M. S. HARMON.

You are all right, sister Harmon. Little inharmonies like yours do not count seriously. I speak of the "monkey and parrot" inharmonies that exist, and during their existence, people bring children into the world. This I regard as a crime whose parallel does not exist.

No, I am not a bachelor and never have been. I lived over twenty-five years with one of the best women that the sun ever shone upon, but we had no business to bring children into the world, and didn't. Mrs. Conable passed on to the "great beyond," where I know she found a crown of glory, for her deeds while in the flesh were on the credit side of the page. We were companions and the parting brought great suffering to me. I need a companion in life—not on the physical plane—but one who harmonizes with me spiritually. So, a brief period since, I took unto myself another companion. The law said, "get married," so we conformed to the law's requirements. I may have my own opinions as to the efficacy and necessity for this law, but I am too busy a man just now, dealing with other matter, to "buck" this law off the statute books, and I would not in a thousand years attract the criticisms of the world on the head of any woman whom

I would ask to share my companionship.

A sweet, harmonious companionship beats all your physical love manifestations. I have no thought of reproducing my kind, or any one else's kind. I consider that I am neither fit physically nor mentally for such a responsibility, and I am about the healthiest man that stands on two legs. My mental capacity speaks for itself through the columns of this magazine. I repeat what I have said many times, that there is not a single man or woman in five hundred thousand who is fit, from any standpoint, to bring children into the world, and when this sort of thing is coupled with married life, it is a sin and crime against the offspring. That is my position and I expect to maintain it through the balance of my days of this plane of growth. But I would *make*, through the processes of right living, right thinking and all-round physical, mental and spiritual development, a race of people that *could* come together on reproductive lines and bless the earth and all that therein is.

I am not yet fit to do this; you are not fit to do it, and I don't know of any one who is. Therefore, my good friend and beloved sister, I am against *all* physical marriages, and I am certain that where inharmonies exist in any family to the extent that these inharmonies affect the offspring, as all inharmonies do, there should be separation and divorce—*then and there*.

Unquestionably it is the province of women to make a better, stronger, nobler and purer race, but is she doing this? No doubt, however, the average woman *wants* to do this, but is she permitted to do it at this stage of growth? In other words, *can* she do it? That is the question.

The time is coming, and speedily, when both men and women will build a race of which the whole world will be proud, and the Master will look on approvingly, but it is not yet here.

Women are the sweetest and dearest product of the Master Builder, but man has figured so prominently as a factor in her production that she is crippled in a measure. She will be all right in time—as a mother as well as a companion—but the men who aspire as assistants in race propagation must do a lot of growing before we will have a *real* mother.

That's all. I will be one of the first to recognize the hour that heralds the fact that we have a race of men and women that are fit to reproduce their kind.

Christian Science and New Thought

UNDER this heading I find the following in *Nautilus*, from the pen of William E. Towne:

"I notice that Mr. Conable, editor of the *PATH-FINDER*, makes some rather severe criticisms on the Christian Scientists because their converts are not allowed to read his magazine.

"I presume all New Thought publishers have had experiences similar to Mr. Conable's. One of the first things a convert to Christian Science does is to discontinue all of his New Thought papers and magazines. It does not matter if some of them are paid for a year, two years or three years in advance—they all have to go."

Brother Towne does not quote the editor of the *PATH-FINDER* correctly. We said nothing, either by inference or otherwise, by hint, sign or in any way, directly or indirectly, that referred to Christian Scientists as not being allowed

to read this magazine.

We published an editorial recently under the heading of "Christian and Mental Science," but in no part of this article was a word said concerning the reading of this magazine, or any other publication, by Christian Scientists or any other scientists.

There are a lot of Christian Scientists reading *CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER*. We recall only two who have stopped it, but we have made more than fifty converts from Mary Eddy's religion and they are constant readers of this magazine.

It does not take very much to change the mind of any church follower who is in the mood of thinking for himself, or herself. Once we get a Christian Scientist to read the *PATH-FINDER*, it is all off with Mary. But the people who do not think for themselves, and do not care to take the trouble to think, are easily duped by any religious creed, Christian Science not excepted.

Now, brother Towne, kindly correct your error and set us right. Read the article through that "misled" you and you will wonder whence came your information.

True Healing

By HELEN WILMANS

Tom Shelton, of *Christian*, could not keep a secret if you paid him for it. He beats the whole world of New Thinkers for turning himself inside out and exposing his lining to public observation. But there is nothing the matter with his lining; it is not all the time rose colored, and it is considerably seamed with doubts, but it is better worth examining with a microscope than some bigger things with a telescope. And why?

Because it is such a perfect transcript of human nature; and human nature is the most wonderful of all things, and so interesting, and so full of lessons that are worth learning; and besides that, it is the most lovable thing in existence, and take it all in all, I rather think it is about the only thing in life worth studying.

Tom is as transparent as a baby, and as innocent; yes, and as inconsistent, and needs about as much spanking; and he needs as much loving, too, and he gets it.

I have promised Mr. Conable to write

an article a month for the *PATH-FINDER*. I told several friends about it and there was a universal exclamation from them demanding the old "Waste Paper Basket" that used to run through Freedom, and will do so again, if Freedom is ever resurrected. I was a little humiliated to think my friends preferred such light reading to the solid chunks of mental science wisdom I felt capable of giving them, but concluded that they knew better what they wanted than I did. About the time I made up my mind on the subject I got Mr. Shelton's September *Christian*, and it furnished me with a subject both for the W. P. B. and for the wisdom I am so fond of exploiting. (That is, if it is wisdom.)

This last issue of *Christian* is exceptional in value. Tom has struck an idea that opens right into the very soul of a mighty truth. He says, "There are three periods of unfoldment standing out very clearly. The emotional is the first period; the romantic is the second, and the rational is the third."

"When the I's awakened," says Mr. Shelton, "you become very emotional. Some of you have hysterics. I would like to pass over this period very lightly, for I remember what a fool I was when passing through it. Have I passed through this period? Yes, else I could not intelligently write about it. This emotion is called Love, but it isn't. It is a sign of weakness and love is strong. In this emotional period you want to go right out and save the world; you imagine you are the very one to be called and chosen and ordained to save others. You are full of fears and prayers and sobs. You are so sorry for people who are not in the truth. You think that nearly everybody on earth is in darkness except yourself. You are ready to tell everybody just exactly how it is with their souls. As a dissector of minds and a saviour of souls you are a success. You wonder why the dear people do not come running to you to have their souls adjusted. You are an adjuster of all kinds of relations, family and national. Oh, what a fool you were. There is no use to talk to you when in that mood about common sense."

This condition so well described by Mr. Shelton cannot last. It is a part of the process of growing thought by which the victim to his own delusions grows out of them. He passes into the next stage which Mr. Shelton calls the romantic. This is the stage in which we prospectors for the new begin seriously to do things, and the things we do are all foolish. He illustrates this condition by giving quite a lot of samples of persons who have passed through it.

"When Mary Baker Eddy passed into the romantic phase of her existence she began to devise great things. Instead of looking into herself and conquering disease, old age and death, she quit her teaching and healing, and founded a sect in religion. There are nearly one thousand of these abominable sects cumbering human thought. Mrs. Eddy succeeded in founding another one of these abominations, and so lost her grip on herself. The sect is here and is a 'big thing' in the way big things go in mortal thought. The regeneration and resurrection of Mary Baker Eddy would have been something really new and everlasting. Anybody can form a religious sect if they start in with the emotions and end in romance. There are always men and women full of emotion and ready for the romantic.

"Helen Wilmans, when I met her in Georgia, was in the emotional period of her unfolding. She had a beautiful home and was doing a splendid work in teaching and healing. There was color in her cheek, fire in her eye, and her words were full of healing. The emotions are absolutely essential in healing vibrations. Then she got the fever and began to devise great things. Instead of staying in the kingdom of Helen Wilmans, conquering the enemies in her own mind, she started out to save the world. This would have been all right if she had dreamed dreams. But she ceased dreaming and went right into practical folly. Leaving her beautiful home in Georgia, she went down to Florida and bought a piece of land. She was going to found a City Beautiful. Instead of making that City Beautiful a symbol of mental and physical regeneration, she tried to make it out of matter. She sold town lots and built houses and laid out the streets and boulevards of the City Beautiful. All the mental scientists were to be gathered there around Helen Wilmans. It was very childish and romantic and the result was failure.

"Edgar Wallace Conable was doing a very good work in a little town near Colorado Springs. He started his magazine, the *PATH-FINDER*. Then he took the fever and wanted to do great things. Instead of dreaming about it, he actually went down to Arkansas and entered into negotiations for eight thousand acres of raw land. He was going to found a community where there would be no tobacco, no whisky and no meat. Everybody who wanted to live in peace and plenty would gather around Edgar Wallace Conable. It was very childish and romantic and the result—failure. Helen Wilmans and Conable got out of their romances with enough to settle themselves down comfortably in California."

This article will be too long if I quote more from Mr. Shelton. It is all good, but I must extract its lesson or I shall have gained nothing by quoting so much of it. Mr. Shelton's idea is that the movement having passed through the two stages, the emotional and the romantic, is just now entering the rational. This rational condition he calls the realm of love. I call it the realm of common sense and justice. It is the realm for which our experience in the two previous realms have been preparing us. Mr. Shelton has learned his lesson and has

given the idea in his own way. I shall give it in my way. I have learned that instead of rushing out into the world wasting the most precious vital power the human being is capable of generating trying to pull and drag the people into the net we believe would save them that the proper way is to make ourselves powerful magnets by *concentrating upon a knowledge of the mighty facts of Mental Science*, and thus acquire the power of *attracting* to ourselves those who are ripe to enter into a co-partnership of saving thought with us.

In other words, we don't have to run out into the world to *do things* in order to contribute to the effort to save others. Our work is with ourselves. To gain a knowledge of the power vested in us by Nature, and to develop this power as best we can; to never slacken our efforts in this self-development until we become monuments of light and life that all the world may see and be attracted to; this is the way to make magnets of ourselves; in this way alone can we draw people and things to us. We then become a living lesson to them; as we *are*, so they wish to be. Here our power as teachers stop.

This is individualism, but do not forget that the soul of *true* organization is in it. Heretofore all organization has been mechanical; but true organization is the result of the law of attraction and it is a growth and not a building with hands.

What is more, the true organization never comes until true individualism has become an established condition; and this is not yet. We are only in the beginning of the era of individualism. The whole movement depends upon the law of attraction, and the law of attraction expresses itself in positive and negative. If I am positive to you (this by way of illustration), it is because I have more wisdom than you and you need me. Therefore I shall draw you by the power vested in the law, or rather by my knowledge of the power vested in the law. In this case, why should I run all over the world trying to discover you so that I may stuff my beliefs down your throat when you do not want them? When, in other words, you are not ripe for them, because the law is not operative between us under such circumstances. The law is only operative between those who *wish* to receive and those who are capable of giving. The wish to receive forms the bond between the two over which the

magnetic current travels back and forth.

As Mr. Shelton says, when I started out on this new line of thought I was wild to convert the whole world. There was nothing else in my thought; I wrote about it all the time that I was not talking about it, and I believe now that my urgency made more enemies for my ideas than friends. I think that if I had kept quiet and let the ideas develop in my mind until the time came when they had to unfold externally in my body, just as the spirit of growth unfolds from the heart of the peach until the peach is ripe, that the world would then have seen and known, and would have sought an explanation of me without waiting, in indifference, while I, with my half-fledged ideas ran after it to compel it to hear what I had to say.

In this connection I shall answer a question that hundreds of people have asked me. That question is

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

I do not know what I am going to *do*; but I am going to grow. I am going to continue my search for knowledge, because knowledge is power, and it is the only power there is.

The thing I am most tired of is the condition of negation, in which I see things. I am negative myself, not anywhere near so negative as the majority of people; and, in fact, I think I am less negative than anyone I know; and yet in comparison with the condition of positiveness that can and will save these bodies from old age and death, I often feel very negative indeed. Not that I am ever discouraged; not that I grow weaker as the years pass over my head, for this is not so, but the journey seems so slow, and the necessary effort so exacting, so unrelenting.

But as to what I am going to do.

Since doing is the legitimate result of being, the proper question is what am I going to be? Am I going to teach, or heal, or both?

One thing certain, I am not going to run after students or patients; I have come to the conclusion that there is no greater evidence of unfitness for the work of teacher or healer than in running after custom and pursuing the usual method of advertising. I believe that the law of attraction is operative in such cases. That law is rooted in the mental world, and in effect it is simply this: *If one needs me, if he wants me, he will find me.* The many years de-

voted to running after people in order to educate them in my way of thinking have passed. During those years I have made myself extremely positive, and under the working of the law I ought to be a powerful magnet. If I really am the magnet I consider myself to be, I have the power to attract to me—through mental channels—the persons who need me, either as healer or teacher, and I shall hold myself obedient to such drawing.

I have some views on the subject of healing that have not become popularized yet. They will be so in time. I do not have the same respect for healing that I once did. The whole mass of utter helplessness that I carried for years I never wish to shoulder again. I can teach people to heal themselves by coming into an understanding of the law, and this kind of healing is by far the greatest work any person can do at the present time. But there are only a few who want to assume the responsibility of their own cases; they cry out to be relieved of their pain and trouble, but they do not ask for the knowledge that would make them masters for all time of every kind of undesirable condition, and this alone is true healing.

For my part I have been governed too much by my sympathies; a cry comes over the wires as though the wail from one in distress, and my first thought is of immediate relief. This is well for the moment, and is the proper thing. But immediately after the first temporary relief the healer should insist on teaching the patient how to become positive to his disease. A few simple lessons will start this enough to throw him on his own responsibility, and this will be the initiatory step to his absolute redemption from the control of the world's negative beliefs. This is true healing. It is a step which leads upward, and is the first step in an endless chain of steps leading always higher; always farther from the death and hell of the world's present compulative systems of discord into regions of ever increasing life and light and love.

I am tired of palliative work. I can heal the sick; that is, I can stop their pain; I can take the patient out of bed and put him on his feet again, and he will say he is well.

But he is not well, and there is not a soul in all the world who is well except the few whose ideals point far beyond

that merely average condition of ease the doctors call "normal health." Like the medical doctors we cure our patients, and in a few years they get sick again and die. Even though they should last years and years, they are becoming daily more negative and more under the influence of conditions that lead to the grave. And I say now, and shall always continue to say, that a cure is not a cure unless it raises the patient above all such influences and starts him on a road leading upward, instead of downward. For the time has come when man can successfully rebel against the doom of physical death he has always believed himself to be heir to. Nay, the time has come when he *has* to do it, when Nature herself will be satisfied with nothing less.

Man must either conquer or be conquered. This is the decree he cannot avoid. The world is his workshop, and all of its objects are his tools. And all the power embodied in the world is his. Mighty as are the explosives of gases, he is master of them. It is in him to subdue them all. It is in him to control all the elements of life; and life is the master of death.

To me it seems the height of folly to pursue any other object at this time than the attainment of that knowledge which shall demonstrate our mastery over death. As it is now, life is too short for the accomplishment of anything of importance; our first move is the securing of more time for ourselves; nothing will do this but thought; reason; concentration on an unshaken purpose; determination that cannot be conquered. One of the first things to learn is the mighty fact that there is nobody and no power in the universe to say "No" to a man but himself. He alone can negative his own hopes and aspirations. In learning this most important truth man has secured a foothold from which to operate in the realm of positive thought. It must be remembered that thought is the creative power; thought that is the product of reason. This position alone is all that is needed for a start into realms of power undreamed of at this time.

For myself, I am standing in this position. I am absorbed in the investigation of man's latent possibilities; I am gradually gaining a consciousness of many new budding faculties within his brain that will lift him to a higher plane of being, and elevate society and government from the competitive hell where it

now exists to a heaven of harmonious relations, all based on the action of the law of attraction.

Life is all force made now. Under the rule of force the worst features of man's character are developed, with the result of one eternal clash of separate interests as the condition of our social existence.

But, to return to the subject of healing. True healing is education. Since

all is mind—which is one of the undeniable truths brought to light by Mental Science, it therefore follows that disease is ignorance. It is ignorance of one's own power and latent possibilities. Whoever teaches a student or patient what these possibilities are will cure him—not only of disease, but of every other negative condition that besets his path to prosperity and happiness.

The Evolution of God

NUMBER VII.

It is with regret that unlooked-for circumstances have caused a temporary break in the production of this series of articles; and it is with unfeigned pleasure that we are able to return to the subject, with the hope of so elucidating it that our work will prove of educational value to the intelligent readers of CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER.

The subject is unquestionably one of the highest importance; and, in order to present it properly, it will be necessary for us to utilize many facts of general history, as well as folk-lore, legend and tradition with which, possibly, everyone is not familiar. Our ideas concerning God are in a great measure dependent upon our knowledge. The fanatic is generally an unreasoning and credulous mortal, and the *good* he does is always in inverse proportion to the *noise* he makes. And, unquestionably—as it will be in a measure our task to make plain—orthodoxy, with its mean, narrow and intellect-destroying dogmas, can be regarded merely as the product of ignorance and fanaticism in their darkest and most accented forms, the church for centuries—to use the words of Christ himself—having been “teaching for doctrine (or dogma) the commandments of men.” These commandments, moreover, the church has been forcing by all manner of unjustifiable and brutal methods upon the acceptance of mankind, as the only possible means of securing “salvation” from future conditions and punishments which are purely of the church's own inventing.

Before proceeding further with our task it will be necessary for us to revert once more to the history of Egypt, with respect to which, as already intimated,

so many discoveries have recently been made, as they continue still to be made. Now and then, however, we receive announcements concerning ancient Egypt which are of very doubtful authority, as emanating from pseudo-scientists rather than from scholars, whose word alone can be generally accepted either with credence or respect.

For example: Not long ago certain paragraphs appeared in the press of America respecting Noah and the Flood, making this event take place in connection with the river Nile, and not, as has heretofore been supposed, in the valley of the rivers Tigris and Euphrates, in western Asia. The following is one of the items published some time ago concerning the matter in the public press:

“INDIANAPOLIS (Ind.), Nov.

12.—M. V. Millard, archaeologist and distinguished excavator along the Nile, who is now here, declared to-day that he had discovered the resting place of Noah's ark and that Noah was one of the great Egyptian kings and built the pyramids of Khufu, known as Gizeh. Noah, he declares, built the pyramids during the fourth Egyptian dynasty, twelve hundred years after Adam was expelled from Eden.”

Two illustrated pages were afterwards given to the same subject in a Sunday publication, and from this source we cull the following:

“After some seventeen years of research and exploration I am convinced that I am able to make entirely clear the Bible narrative of Noah and the Deluge. There is, indeed, convincing evidence not only that Noah really lived, but that he did build a gigantic vessel precisely as

the scriptural story relates.

"Noah, the personage referred to in the book of Genesis, chapter six, was an ancient Egyptian king and his name was Noe, the Pharaoh who held the throne during the fourth Egyptian dynasty, and was, without doubt, the wealthiest and most powerful monarch of olden times.

"King Noe's city was called Noe-Amen, the capital of all Egypt. King Noe, or Noah, as the Old Testament spells his name, was a God-fearing man and he sincerely endeavored to induce his subjects to follow his righteous example. While Noah lived many centuries before the coming of Christ, still he and some of his people were undoubtedly as good Christians as any of us who have had the benefit of the life and teachings of Christ.

"In spite of every effort of Noah he was unable to lead his subjects away from their habits of unrighteousness. Then it was that God in His divine wrath decided to wipe out the ungodly and save only Noah and his family and the innocent dumb animals. With this object in view the divine message was sent to Noah to build himself the ark, which, under divine guidance, was patiently constructed to accommodate the motley aggregation of man and beast who had found favor in the eyes of the Almighty and who were to be spared from the impending flood which was to wipe out forever the sinful millions of wicked Egypt.

"Noah was a man of deeply religious character. He preached in Karnak and Thebes. He prayed to his God and with his people. He tried to save them. They reviled him. During the building of the ark there were strikes and mutinies and the rebellious were overcome by force. The people derided and were not in sympathy.

"The flood was caused not by rains of a gentle nature that kept increasing in volume, but by a change in the axis of the earth. This mighty upheaval or cataclysm was the terrible action of nature that caused the deluge. Afloat on the deluge, Noah was 150 days on water, shut from light of day in his mighty structure. Then the waters receded, he sent out the dove, the ark settled on Mount Ararat, in Armenia, 1,000 miles from the shipyard of Karnak, in Egypt, whence it started."

There is a lot more of this kind of "stuff" in this latter publication, over the signature of "Doctor" Kenyon V. Mil-

lard, and it is probable that, especially as to Noah, not one grain of actual *fact* or *truth* is contained in the whole of his article, which is in no respect trustworthy, and is worth reading only as a sample of what blind fanaticism is capable at all times of producing, as well as of the kind of intellectual and spiritual food which higher-class fanatics are in the habit of dealing out to their ignorant adherents.

In these days of knowledge and enlightenment whenever a man starts a historical narrative with the story of "Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden" (regarded as fact) it can easily be imagined what are his claims either to reliable scholarship or to possession of the scientific mind. To begin with, it is now asserted by some of the highest authorities that there is *not one word of authentic history in the whole of the Old Testament*, while the stories in the book of *Genesis* may strictly be classed with the legends and folk-lore of all other races, as, for example, of the Celts. The Irish have the story of Finn McCoul, a monster giant, who is described as having torn up the earth where Lough Neagh now is, immediately flinging the whole vast mass into the Irish Sea, midway between England and Ireland, and thus forming the Isle of Man. Then, having made for himself a kind of stepping-stone, at two bounds he landed among the people of "the sister isle," upon whom he gratified his hereditary hate by slaying them in thousands. In the Isle of Man, also, are still current ancient tales concerning a malicious three-legged giant, who for years devastated the island, devouring or destroying everything that had life thereon, and who was finally got rid of by the curse of St. Patrick, soon after this great apostle had been shipwrecked on his voyage to Ireland, at the little city called Peel. And outside the northern walls of the far-famed ruin called Peel Castle is still shown the grave of the monster, who is declared to have been sixty feet tall, and is said to have been drowned in the Irish Sea, his dead body being afterwards cast ashore on one of the beaches close by. Of such awe-inspiring "yarns" the legends of nearly all the ancient races of the world (including the Hebrews) consisted, as mythology and folk-lore everywhere so abundantly prove.

In the face of such appalling fanaticism, bigotry and intellectual blindness

as are abroad among "the religious" of all churches and sects, it would seem useless to declare that such a personage as Noah never existed, or that such a "Noah's Flood" as the book of *Genesis* describes never took place. Nevertheless such is now known and recognized to be the *undoubted historical fact*, notwithstanding the vivid imaginings of "Doctor" Millard and others of his class. As has been before stated in the columns of this magazine, the Bible is full of myths, i. e., of stories which have a basis or groundwork of fact, but of which the superstructure is the product of the brains of remote ancestors who were gifted with childlike—yet immense—powers of imagination, comparable, let us say, to those of Milton as shown in *Paradise Lost*, or to those of Mary Corelli among contemporary novelists. Indeed, in *Macaulay's Essay on Milton* it is shown very satisfactorily how "the days of men's ignorance" were more favorable to the poetic genius and temperament—and more prolific of great poets—than the materialistic and scientific age in which we now live.

In conclusion, let it be stated that, according to tradition, there *was* once a great Nile flood in Egypt, just as there have been great and devastating floods

in so many places, both in ancient and recent times. But that event had no relation whatever to the Biblical Noah's flood, which is said to have destroyed everything alive on the face of the earth, save only Noah and his family and the creatures with him in the ark. A recognized authority on this subject affirms that "the story of the destructive flood came by tradition to the Hebrews from the Babylonians, in whose mythology Noah bore two names, Pirnaphistim (source of life) and Atra-hasis or Hasis-atra (very clever or very pious), both of which names are purely symbolical. It is not absolutely certain, however, that the name of the hero in the Hebrew story was Noah. Genesis v, 29, suggests that it was Naham or Nahman." Thus we have it that the whole story was a myth.

The great Nile flood did *not* "destroy the earth." On the contrary, the history of Egypt—of its kings, its people, and its civilization—continued unbroken by any disaster. At the time of Noah's flood—according to Hebrew chronology 2,348 years B. C., or in the XIVth or XVth Egyptian dynasty—Egypt had a teeming and highly civilized population, to which no such calamity ever happened as "Doctor" Millard would have us believe. K.

The Art of Simple Living

By JOHN F. MORGAN

The knowledge of grouping natural foods into such a harmonious combination that they will agree when mixed in the stomach, is to health what the knowledge of combining chemicals is to chemistry; and this is the most vital and important science before the world today, because upon it depends the weal or woe of mankind in its potency as a cure for disease.

The errors in diet, the use of food unsuited to the organism and the partaking of foods in quantities greatly in excess of the needs of the system, constitute, at the present day, the incentive to most of the transgressions of the race.

A perfectly balanced diet, the harmonious combination of foods that remove the causes of all stomach and intestinal disorders is the secret of health and strength, because it will furnish the right foods to build a perfect physical body, the foods with which Nature in-

tended that it should be supplied.

Reliable health is the first requisite to any man's successful business life and this he can obtain only by selecting such articles as contain all the chemical elements of the body and combining them in the right proportions so that they will chemically agree. Food that soon ferments or that does not digest cannot make good brain, blood and brawn, and to build active brain cells we require a body constructed of live organic food.

The first lesson in the study of selection from the great laboratory of Nature is that of the foods which are the source of *energy* for the human body. Wheat, being the standard of life building tissues in man, a meal with the food value of the cereal, but composed of nuts, fruits and vegetables—ripened and vitalized by the sun's rays—must, necessarily, be of the same proportions as wheat. Because man's system is highest of all animal or-

ganisms, it is necessary that we select the foods most highly vitalized by the concentrated force and essence of the sun's direct rays, and best adapted to supplying heat and energy to our bodies. The perfect diet is the one which contains the maximum of nutriment to be obtained by the minimum expenditure of energy in digestion.

A meal of even poor food, eaten leisurely and followed by an interval of rest, will afford more nourishment than the most healthful meal, eaten hurriedly and immediately followed by work which engages the entire mental and physical force.

As to the kinds and amount of food to consume, much depends upon the age, sex, employment, climate, occupation, mode of life and environment. Every being is individual and must be fed individually, according to energy needed.

One cannot be expected to return at once to a purely natural diet, therefore we are obliged to make the transition with such food as will gradually lead the pampered stomach to resume its natural functions. I advise no one to make a radical and sudden change in diet, it is better to "make haste slowly." Educate yourself to eat such food as Nature intended you to eat. She knows best and you will soon like it. Then when you are safe to be guided by the Voice of Nature, eat what taste directs. This will rebuild and vitalize the whole system and fit it for the requirements of daily work. The highest type of men, physically as well as mentally, are produced by a natural diet which gives an elastic step, steady nerves, firm muscles, clean skin, bright eyes and active brains.

Let each person prove for himself or herself what method of diet and life suits him best, but do not jump at conclusions. Do not discard or discredit a system of living before you have given it a fair trial. Under proper conditions "Be sure that you are right and then go ahead."

Many valuable scientific works have explained the needs of the system for certain classes of foods; indeed, all physiologists and works on dietetics furnish, more or less, these items of information. We know that certain elements of food are required for creating muscle and flesh, certain others to generate heat and certain minerals are essential for other purposes; albumens, albumenoids, protein, proteids, carbohydrates, and other terms that require a special study for

comprehension and which confuse most of us in a jumble of words. What we need is a simple solution of a complex problem.

To the beginners in vegetarian diet I would suggest that they eat such foods as nourish the nervous system and make a study of the effect that the different, easily digested nitrogenous foods, properly combined with other nutriments, have upon the liver and nervous system. Natural hunger is Nature's way of letting us know of the wants of the physical body and if we trust to this guide, the sense of taste will then point out the right path.

The selection of food is not the only important subject. The proper cooking of foods, after they are selected and the combination determined, is the next essential, and a system of cooking that will bring out the natural flavor of the different articles of food by steaming very gently or baking slowly that the least possible loss in uavor and odor may result.

The Art of Cooking is to avoid rich complicated mixtures on the one hand and tastelessness and unvarying sameness on the other. The benefit of cooking food is that it generally makes the food more easily masticated and therefore more easily mixed with the digestive fluids. Cooking will also kill any parasites that may have found lodgment in the food, and it generally develops and improves the flavor.

Different ways of cooking and different degrees of heat have different chemical effects upon food. A little natural aptitude as a base and considerable attention to detail will produce faultless cooking. To be able to cook is not so much an education as a natural gift. A good cook is *born*, seldom made, because no work requires more ability and genius than cooking. (See September P. F., 15th page, 2d column.)

My diet for the last sixty days has been mostly watermelon, peaches, grapes, tomatoes and figs picked fresh from the tree, with unfermented whole-wheat bread dipped in pure California olive oil. During the daytime went barefoot and at night "slept out" in the eucalyptus grove. This regime has cured me of blood poison of twenty years' standing.

If people would devote more time and energy in learning the value which is found in the plain food and living the

simple life as such profound philosophers as Plato, Plutarch and Socrates advocated they would have more time to enjoy life, be at peace with themselves, find their own divinity reflected in every living thing, incidentally halve the cost of living, lift house-wifery from the routine drudgery of three big meals a day to two simple ones, one cooked and one uncooked, and be able to appreciate the simplicity of Socrates, who said, "The less you have the nearer shall you approach the gods, who have nothing." A life of noble simplicity is one that is

worth striving for and to which all who will may attain, for in simplicity lies true beauty. Simply living right is all that is necessary to get the greatest amount of health out of life. Simplicity of ideal, simplicity of dress, simplicity of work, simplicity of heart that is full of unshakable childlike trust, joy and beauty. As we grow spiritually our lives and our needs simplify wonderfully and our life becomes divine. Formulate your ideal of a clean, simple life and then choose those habits which foster its maintenance.

Impressions of Point Loma

By Maud Johnson

DEAR MR. CONABLES—You asked me for my impressions of Point Loma. I am glad you said *impression*, for that is all I can give. I have not seen enough of the work or come close enough to it to have any *real knowledge* of it, but my *impressions*, I think you will agree, usually come pretty close to the mark. However, this little explanation will suffice, in case this should fall into the hands of any who really *know*, so that they will excuse any little blunders I may have made.

Point Loma, the Beautiful! Josef and I boarded a car for the ferry and in about ten minutes reached the water's edge. Here we embarked on the little Point Loma launch. We had chosen a rather windy day and the bay was pretty rough. The little boat danced merrily and once just before landing a wave came overboard and in through the windows which the pilot had just opened, giving Josef and myself a very thorough shower bath. We had not had the delightful convenience of a shower bath since leaving our comfortable little home in Pasadena, so this one was quite welcome. It took about twenty-five minutes to cross the bay, the distance being about four miles, I believe.

On landing on the opposite shore we were met by the 'bus and, after a short ride up the hills, landed at the office or lobby of the Point Loma Hotel. This lobby is a sunshiny circular building with windows on all sides and a sun parlor on top. The rooms of this hotel are tents, while at the farther end of the grounds is the dining room. Here one

can get accommodations for \$2.00 per day. After spending a little time here we were taken a few blocks farther to the gates of the Point Loma Homestead. I had previously bought tickets, ten cents each, which would admit us into this Holy of Holies. Oh, no, I made a mistake—these tickets admit one only into the Outer Court; it takes a greater charm to open the inner gates. Surely, it was Adonis himself that opened the gates. If life at Point Loma can evolve such physical bodies, then all hail to the work that is carried on there. Adonis, however, had not forgotten the needs of the soul, for as I walked along the beautiful drive that leads to the Homestead, I heard the clear, silvery tones of his cornet, and as I passed through the gates later, on my way down, the sweet strains of a violin issued from his little sentry box.

As I neared the Homestead I was met by a guide, pleasant and agreeable, as guides should be. I was shown through the grounds, and told something of the work and methods used. "We take children of all ages," said the guide. "The youngest student we have ever had was three days old," and he pointed to a pretty little glass cottage, where competent nurses are in charge of the small children. "From that on we have students of all ages; we can keep you here till you have completed your education." Then he showed me the school for the larger children, all glass; then the Home itself, with its immense glass dome, where instructors and children spend their home life; the temple of music, sep-

arate cottages where whole families live while the children are being educated; the dining rooms, and last, but not least in importance, the playgrounds that lie along the slope and on the beach on the Pacific side of the Point. Understand, Point Loma is a large elevated point of land projecting into the ocean and separates the bay of San Diego from the ocean proper. Standing near the Home one gets a magnificent view. To the north and east San Diego and vicinity, valleys, bays, hills, mountains; the pretty bay lying between the Point and the city, and then as you turn southward, more water, with here and there a mountain peak sending its greeting from Old Mexico; then, as you turn westward, *more* water; and you can gaze far into the distance and dream of far-away Japan. As I stood dreamily thinking of kimonoas and chrysanthemums, the guide called me back to the Western Hemisphere by pointing to the northwest as he said: "Off there on a clear day you can see Catalina, and yonder to the north is Old Baldy." Catalina and Old Baldy! Surely I am back in Los Angeles. My soul is doing some quick traveling. Japan, Los Angeles, Point Loma! Yes, now we are back at Point Loma.

"Yonder, on a little rise of ground, is a cluster of tents, where those who prefer the out-door life can live, and here in the opposite direction are a few isolated tents where those of artistic and literary tastes may find solitude." As the guide showed me all these beauties and advantages, I could not help giving vent to the enthusiasm of my soul. "It seems to me," I said, "if I should live here in this delightful place long enough to get an education I should dread to leave it and go out into the cold, dreary world." He laughed and replied, "But we are here to learn the life of service. We are getting our educations that we may go into the world and uplift humanity. We are not only to learn a trade, a profession; not only to get the education afforded by most colleges and universities, but to build character as well. We do not approve, as some theosophists do, of developing the psychic, producing phenomena, and going out of the body, but we like to keep our feet on the earth; we want to make our ideals practical." A beautiful purpose, surely, and one worthy of all commendation, but somehow I feel that there is something back of all this. I feel an impression and it comes to me

very strangely, an impression of exclusiveness. As I close my eyes and meditate I see a huge pyramid. Around the base and a small distance up the side I see little children, dear, beautiful little children they are, too; a little higher up I see young men and women, noble souls amongst them; but way up on top, on the very apex of the pyramid stands Mrs. Tingley, and she is so very high on that block of stone and granite that I can't come anywhere near her, though I try ever so hard. Now, when I say I in this connection I do not mean my own little personal self, but the great general public, the world—that is, everyone except Mrs. Tingley and her immediate followers. Do you see? There seems to be such a great high wall between you and me. They say they must exclude visitors because a constant going and coming would disturb the children. Undoubtedly that is true, but I feel that there is a desire for mystery and exclusiveness besides, which I do not like. Mrs. Tingley is undoubtedly doing a great work, but it seems to me that true brotherhood, or the true Christ Spirit does not hold itself so aloof from the world.

What gave me perhaps the most unpleasant impression is the fact that the only room to which you are admitted, even after paying your ten cents, is the hotel lobby, which is well supplied with cases, in which are articles for sale. On entering this I was told that I would have to wait a little for the guide and that I might be interested in looking around. At this suggestion there fell on me a great heavy stone on which was written the word Commercialism; and the stone hung so heavy as I ascended the path to the Homestead that somehow it took some of the joy out of the day. I must say that the glass cases aforementioned contained specimens of beautiful work which would be a credit to any institution and I would have appreciated it all very much if only it had not been that everywhere I looked, I could see, mentally, of course, the placard, "For Sale," "For Sale." Possibly I am a little harsh, others may not so see this, but I went over there with an ideal—an ideal of poetry, music, art; and when I ran up against the hard, cold dollar, well, it hurt just a little. But I must not criticise. We see in others only the faults we have ourselves, so the best I can do is to eliminate the dollar from my own life, and this I intend to do.

So much for that. Now I must tell you how that big stone, "Commercialism," was hit and how I was given the wings of inspiration wherewith to soar even to heaven itself. The guide, I would rather call him an angel now, stood beside me before the beautiful temple of music. I had just been drinking in the beauties of the landscape I described awhile ago. I had just been looking out upon the great, majestic, glorious Pacific and now I stood looking upon this beautiful work of human hands. A white circular building, impressive because of its simplicity, surmounted by an immense glass dome. At the entrance are two massive oak doors, beautifully, artistically carved, the work of Point Loma students. As I stood here gazing, rapt in wonder at the beauty and the majesty of it all, there rose from within such angelic sounds. I never heard music sound quite like that. The shape of the building and the great dome give depth and soul to the vibrations. I am not sure what instruments were playing—I think I remember a cornet and violin—but no matter, it was music—music divine. I am not quite sure that I did not hear sounds from the other world; at any rate I have to thank Mrs. Tingley for one of the most beautiful experiences I ever had. How I wished for a moment there was no guide, no Josef, so I might have stood there and enjoyed it all in peace and quiet. I am sure could I have closed my eyes in a moment's reverie I should have seen the heavens open and the angels ascending and descending. I will simply say that heaven and earth come very close together at Point Loma.

In closing, I must not forget to mention that there is also a day school in San Diego, a branch of the Point Loma institution. They claim to develop indi-

viduality in the children and no doubt attempt to do so, but one teacher with a room full of little children cannot accomplish much in that line. Undoubtedly it is their aim to develop individuality and character, repose and self-mastery, and in this respect Mrs. Tingley and her co-workers are surely doing a noble work. It is well that someone is demonstrating to the world that true education means more than book learning; that it means the making of true, noble characters, real men and real women. When asked as to whether the theosophical teachings were forced upon anyone, the guide replied that only such things were taught as were universal in nature, brotherhood, self-mastery, service.

I was much pleased recently to discover that vaccination is not enforced in the public schools here. I understand that Mrs. Tingley first started her day school here that children might be able to get their education without having to be poisoned first, and I suppose this set the parents to thinking. At any rate I was told that the board of education had so much trouble trying to enforce the vaccination law that they finally gave it up. May San Diego be a good example to other cities.

So, aside from the fact that Mrs. Tingley is doing a splendid work in the rearing and educating of children, and though in some respects her attitude and that of her followers may not be just what we would like, still we owe her thanks for bringing this vaccination subject home to the hearts and consciences of the parents and making it possible for parents and child to exercise their own individual rights in saying whether a certain child shall be vaccinated or no. Would that every city had a Mrs. Tingley and a Raja Yoga school.

From Washington

O'BRIEN, WASHINGTON.

DEAR FRIEND CONABLE:—I have had an experience during the past year that makes me an unswerving believer in your theory and belief that the Ego will *not* leave the physical body when it is properly loved and well taken care of. I love my body, wash it, exercise it, do not stuff it with carrion and give it a rest (a fast) on needed occasions, and look upon it as the Temple of my Spirit. Result: I

have just received compensation for an accident that I met with about one year ago, that the doctors say would have left ninety-nine men out a hundred cold, stiff and dead. I laid on the cold, wet ground for hours, alone and unconscious and finally got home. My Ego *would not* leave its Temple.

Fraternally yours,

A. B. LOWE.

Why William Walker Came Back

(Personal Letter to the Editor)

PASADENA, Calif., Oct. 24, 1905.

FRIEND CONABLE:—As I promised you last Friday to write a few lines to add to your symposium of experiences, ideas and opinions regarding the merits and demerits of Southern California, and in view of the fact that you are going to press this week, I think it about time to get to work on the aforesaid "few lines," although, to tell the truth, I would much prefer to sit in the sun and gaze at my beloved Sierra Madre mountains and listen to the California wild mocking bird that is singing on the roof.

Most of your articles and letters on Southern California have embodied the experiences of yourself and others in this land of sunshine and flowers, but my contribution will deal with the experiences of a man who didn't know when he had a good thing, and who paid the price for his said ignorance and the acquirement of the lacking knowledge.

As you know, I came to Pasadena last March, and spent the summer here. I enjoyed myself very much and found the Southern California summer most pleasant and agreeable, and when I returned to Chicago in August I felt that the memory of my sojourn here would always be grateful and refreshing. But I anticipated no trouble about my dropping back into the old rut in Chicago, or of any difficulty in exchanging the five-months-old Pasadena feeling for the old and tried Chicago sensations. But, alas, right here is where I "fell down."

It appears that the mental microbes of that insidious complaint called "the California fever" had crept into my system and had marked me for their prey. I had heard about this thing, but I had dismissed it lightly. I had heard it said that nobody ever half appreciated Southern California until he had made that "trip back East"—I had listened to the tales of homesick Eastern people who had packed up and gone back home, only to find that the old home was home no longer and that California's cry of "come back, honey," was irresistible—oh, yes, I had heard all these things, but in my folly I had laughed them aside. How bitterly I had to pay for my unbelief you will see if you read on.

My first trouble began in travelling through Kansas. It was a warm day,

but no warmer than we had been having in Pasadena—but how different. Instead of the steady, dry heat, it was a boiling, steaming sort of condition. The perspiration poured off of me, and I could hardly breathe. I consoled myself by the thought that we had run into a spell of exceptional weather. I now smile at my innocence.

When we reached Chicago I found it the same—only more so. I can stand being "roasted," but the Lord deliver me from such a boiling and steaming as I got the first two weeks after I returned to the Windy City. My hat band was saturated and I spoiled a new Stetson hat that I had worn home. Collar after collar—shirt after shirt—went laundryward. I couldn't breathe right—and the nights were like unto the day. If I forgot myself and followed the California habit of walking in the sun I was forced to beat a retreat, and if I got into a bit of shade there was no resulting coolness and breeze such as I had learned to expect in the Golden State. And at night there was no refreshing sleep-inviting breeze such as the Californian knows and enjoys—not a bit of it. It was simply another form of boil and steam. I will draw the curtain over the scene, but just imagine the self-restraint necessary when my Chicago friends would ask: "Well, old man, mighty glad to get back, aren't you? Pasadena must be a regular furnace in summer—should think you'd be glad to get back and enjoy the lake breeze." You should have seen the sickly smile I forced.

Well, after a while we had little bits of fairly decent weather to give us strength to bear the next boiling time. I got a little used to it, but I didn't dare to think of how it might be in California.

About the last of September and the first of October we had a few very fine days—almost as good as California weather—but that only made me homesick for Pasadena, for I knew that in the latter place that kind of weather was the regulation thing, while in Chicago it was so exceptional that the papers had editorial comments on it.

Oh, yes, another thing—I missed the sun. Of course they had sunshine in Chicago, but it was of a pale lemon color, far from the rich orange hue that we

have in Pasadena. I used to look up to see whether the sky was not cloudy—this on the brightest days, remember. And the moon also seemed sort of "bleached out like"—sickly and faint, instead of mellow and rich such as I had learned to enjoy.

Well, I felt the "California fever" getting in its fine work on me, but I struggled and tried to fight it off. It reached its height one day when I went with a friend to visit his suburban home. He thought that what I needed was suburban life—"get back to nature," you know—and I thought so, too, for the moment. He showed me through his beautiful cottage, and I was almost persuaded to take another try at Chicago suburban life. But he carried the thing too far. Not satisfied with showing me the rooms, he must exhibit the "dandy cellar." So down the cellar steps we marched. Yes, the cellar was all right—lofty and nicely cemented—but right in the centre of it stood a great furnace, its door swung wide open, displaying a gaping, capacious cavern awaiting its winter feeding of coal. And to the left was to be seen a mighty coal bin containing some ten tons of coal that my provident friend already had "put in" for the winter. And protruding from that coal bin was a coal shovel, with its handle pointing right in my direction—sort of inviting like—kind of saying: "Here, old boy, take hold of me." Memories of previous cold winters—sleets, snowstorms, blizzards, shoveling snow, shoveling coal, feeding hungry furnaces, etc., etc., etc.—flashed before me. I lost interest. I

groaned inwardly and muttered: "Not on yer life, my boy." I sorrowfully took the train back to town, and tried to console myself with thoughts of a steam-heated flat.

And so it went on—a constant fight with the "California fever"—new fuel being added to the fire each day.

The leaves began to fall from the trees, the wind began to sigh through the bare boughs, the dreary days were almost on us—and, well, I bought tickets for Pasadena.

Here it is beautiful. Here is the sun—the blue sky—the flowers—the mountains—the birds. The figs are ripe—the oranges are beginning to show their golden tints among the green—strawberries are cheap—great Muscat grapes are selling at five cents a pound—watermelons are on tap. Go to, Brother Conable, go to! Don't waste your good time weighing the advantages and disadvantages of Southern California. Just go back East—east of the Rockies, for six months, and when you get back the oiled streets will have a fragrant smell to you, and the very dust will cause your nostrils to tingle pleasantly, and you won't have time to worry about the fact that the Los Angeles River runs dry in summer—there's plenty of good, pure water coming down from the mountains. But, a parting word of advice to my California friends who have that "back East" feeling. Here it is: Store your furniture and buy a round-trip ticket. Yours fraternally,

WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

Domestic Economy

By Louise Ambrose Conable

[NOTE.—Some little time ago the editor of CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER announced that Mr. and Mrs. John F. Morgan would contribute monthly articles along the line of simple living, giving menus, recipes, etc. Following this announcement Mrs. Morgan made other arrangements, so the experiments and results in the matter of food preparations have not been given; but we have had no idea of abandoning the matter. Hence we are introducing to our readers an entirely new department in these col-

umns, which not only contemplates giving the things we promised, but much more along domestic economic lines relating to the home. This department of "Domestic Economy" will be conducted by Mrs. Conable, who has had something like twelve years of practical experience at the head of a home. Being left motherless at an early age, she assumed the duties of mother and practical manager in the home of her father and two young brothers. Becoming interested in the PATH-FINDER at its birth,

the question of progressive cookery and food reforms took a firm hold on her, the result being that extensive experiments were made with most satisfying results. And now, having had, as stated, twelve years of all-round domestic training, at times most exacting, we feel confident that all readers of this department will find much of more than ordinary interest and benefit to compensate them for carefully considering this department. I feel that none of our interested readers will have to "chew the string" in order to be convinced of the palatable quality of the "pudding."—Ed.]

In vegetarian cooking there is a certain basis that applies to almost all dishes of a specified class, and this month we will give an outline applicable to certain dishes—the foundation, so to speak.

The basis of all our soups is, primarily, olive oil. This should be put into the pot in which the soup is to be made and heated to the smoking point. The next step in the soup making is to fry to a very delicate brown the vegetables to compose the soup; then add water, and cook just *below* a boil until thoroughly done. This does not apply to *every* soup on our menu card, but *will* apply unless otherwise stated. The proportions are as follows: Allow one tablespoonful of olive oil, one vegetable of each kind, two tomatoes and one pint of cold water to each person. In making cream soups heat the oil as above directed, but do not fry the vegetables with the exception of potato soup. In this fry potatoes and onions, using the above proportions, and one-half as much water. When soup is thoroughly cooked, mash vegetables with potato masher and thin with rich milk. Do not permit the milk to come to a boil. Season to taste with salt and one whole clove to each two people.

In the use of flavoring herbs one must be guided by the sense of taste. In soups containing either carrots or tomatoes the marjoram is usually the preferred flavor. In cream soups a pinch of curry adds somewhat.

Under the head of salads, come all of the green vegetables and many of the fruits as well. Probably the best dressing for a vegetable salad, and certainly the most simple, is as follows: Two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, a dash of red pepper, one-half teaspoonful of celery salt and four tablespoonfuls of olive oil. If one

is used to high seasoning and his system is still requiring it, one-half teaspoonful each of French mustard and Worcestershire sauce may be added. Mix all ingredients, adding the olive oil last and stirring until all emulsify.

Then comes the foundation of the nut loaves. One may use whole wheat crumbs dried in the oven until all moisture has disappeared, or any of the ready-to-eat breakfast foods on the market. To one cup of unground nuts, use two cups of crumbs or breakfast food, two eggs, two onions, two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, salt to taste. Grease can with olive oil and bake in slow oven one hour. Seasonings of sage, marjoram, thyme or mint, salt and a dash of red pepper. The nuts used of whatever kind, should be ground to the stage of butter, and this requires the kind of mill known as a "Nut-butter" mill. The possession of one of these mills will be an unalloyed blessing to any household having one and will cause the house-mother to rise up and call "blessed" both the man who invented the article and the man who sees that she has one. The hours of chopping, in the old chopping knife and wooden bowl way, that it will save her can be devoted to breathing some fresh air so that when the other members of the home arrive in the evening, they may be greeted with a smiling face. Besides, the possession of one of these grinders makes possible many a toothsome dish, obtainable in no other way. These loaves should be baked sixty minutes and served with dressing the same as meat. This is simply the foundation for a great variety of such dishes of which more will be given later.

There are certain of our measurements which we wish to give as we always use them unless otherwise specified.

All measurements are level, both by the spoonful and by the cup.

We use whole wheat bread. If any other is used it will be so stated.

We use salt, cayenne pepper, marjoram, sage, thyme, curry, celery salt, cloves and bay leaves as seasonings.

One cupful means exactly one-half pint. There are measuring cups on the market that are divided into fourths and thirds. We use one of those.

If tomatoes for soup are put through a rice strainer before being put into soup they not only have both skins and seeds removed, but blend much better and so

greatly improve the flavor of the soup.

Save all tomato skins, boil about thirty minutes, put through sieve and you have tomato flavoring for next day's soup.

The tin part of a milk-shake glass is very good for putting vegetables through a rice strainer, as both have a flat surface.

Public Turkish Baths

By Dr. Chas. H. Shepard

The establishment of several beautiful public baths in Brooklyn marks a new era in the history of our municipality. Those who have promoted that work have builded better than they knew, and accomplished more than we can at present realize toward improved health and sanitation in our community.

It is all very well and highly desirable to provide sanitary surroundings in our streets and houses, but that is as nothing compared with the necessity of personal sanitation. True, this calls for careful attention to the daily habits in eating, drinking and sleeping, but the right manner of bathing is as important as any of the others.

During the past forty years and more I have frequently taken occasion, and would now again call attention to the great value of public Turkish baths, and of their desirability, which is unquestionable. Their adoption as a habit once a week by our people would place the community on a higher plane of health, and banish from our midst a large list of what may be called filth diseases. From an economical point of view it would be a paying investment for the city to provide a sufficient number of these baths so that every individual could enjoy the privilege once a week or oftener as the case may need, and thus prevent a large amount of expense to the city or their friends. It is always more desirable to prevent disease than to wait for its arrival and then attempt to cure it. Again, it would render life more enjoyable, every one would be more agreeable to his neighbor, life would be prolonged, and the latter years the happier years of life, as all would be able to care for themselves, instead of burdening others. This, combined with the library facilities now being provided, will ultimately render our city one of the foremost, while the increase of population going on as of late, will place New York

among the most attractive cities of the world. Let us not therefore relax any effort to realize a magnificent ideal.

The Turkish bath has been established in the community long enough to convince the most skeptical who will examine its working and study its philosophy. It comes as a blessing to every man, woman and child, for it addresses itself to the personal condition of every individual. The Turkish bath is pre-eminently the people's bath. As soon as its merits are known its success is assured. During the Augustan period of the Roman Empire the Romans developed the bath to a condition of magnificence and great popularity, never equaled before or since. At one time there were over 900 baths in the City of Rome alone. But the success of their armies was the cause of the Roman demoralization and downfall, for they lived too much on the material plane of life, adopted the vices of the conquered countries, and then resorted to hiring soldiers. They finally sank so low as to feast and then relieve their stomachs of the food, in order that they might feast again. And the bath was treated much in the same way. Instead of using it to promote their valor, it was used for the enjoyment to be derived therefrom, occasionally several times a day. With the advance of our civilization this bath will become an element of refinement, as well as a preventive and cure of disease, and by thus promoting the health and longevity of the community it will conduce to render the body fit for the indwelling of a nobler spirit, thus helping to a happier life on a higher plane.

The Japanese are one of the cleanest people in the world, and they have lately given us a remarkable example of their sanitary work, with their armies. One of their prominent physicians, Surgeon-General Suzuki, of the Japanese Navy, stated that before every engagement the

men were ordered to bathe and put on clean underclothing, as a preventive of blood poisoning in case of wounds.

When the Turks conquered the Greeks, about five centuries ago, they adopted this bath in their daily life and have preserved it in the original purity to this day; hence comes the name Turkish bath. To promote the efficiency of their armies, even while in a hostile country, they provided baths sufficient for every soldier to bathe daily, and it is a historical fact that the Turks have been able to go through a campaign with less loss from sickness than any civilized nation.

This bath would lessen the danger from epidemics, and decrease the demand of the dependents upon the public. It would obviate the danger from blood

poison and render extinct many classes of disease, beside many other advantages which we have scarce time to enumerate, and we would eventually have a superior race of mankind.

Of course this bath has encountered opposition and discouragement, but that only comes from those not knowing or realizing its many merits and advantages, yet it has rapidly grown in spite of all opposition, and now scarcely a city of any consequence but has one or more baths of this kind, some of them being very elaborate. This growth has been gained through the practical demonstration of its efficiency. Most certainly the time will come when our country will be blessed with public Turkish baths.

New Thought Federation

By Ernest Weltmar

The convention of the New Thought Federation recently held in Nevada, Mo., was in many respects the most successful of any meeting ever held by the advocates of this faith.

The Nevada meeting was one of vital importance, for at this meeting were inaugurated new lines of effort, and radical changes were made in the constitution and by-laws for the more expeditious transaction of business.

Perhaps the most important and far-reaching of the acts of the Federation was changing the name from the New Thought Federation to the World New Thought Federation, thus broadening the scope and extending the influence of its thought and work.

Another radical change was the abolishment of fees and dues, substituting therefor free-will offerings. With the increase in membership and the impetus given the work by the large attendance and the practical, helpful and inspiring addresses, it is believed this change in financial management will be most beneficial. The method of election was also changed by the adoption of the referendum system, and the election of officers under the workings of this system at the Nevada meeting proved the wisdom of this change. The following are the officers chosen: President, T. G. Northup, Chicago; Vice-Presidents, Judge

H. H. Benson, Kansas City, and Mrs. Grace Brown, Denver; Secretary, Ernest Weltmar, Nevada; Assistant Secretary, A. R. Heath, Chicago; Treasurer, Mrs. Charles H. Besly, Chicago; Auditor, Charles Edgar Prather, Kansas City; Board of Directors, Henry Harrison Brown, San Francisco; A. P. Barton, Kansas City; C. O. Boring, Chicago; Mrs. Jennie H. Croft, Kansas City; Mrs. Elsie Danly Davis, Durango, Colo.; Rev. Paul Tyner, Atlanta, Ga., and Prof. S. A. Weltmar, Nevada, Mo.

Hereafter under the provisions of the revised constitution, the place of holding the annual convention will be decided in open session, instead of being left to the decision of a board of directors. Chicago was decided upon as the place for holding the convention of 1906, and the date fixed for Oct. 23-26, both inclusive. The Federation officers residing in Chicago were empowered to make all arrangements for this meeting.

Here it may be stated so great was the interest manifested in the Federation and its work by the citizens of Nevada that Col. H. C. Moore, representing the Nevada Commercial Club, and Prof. S. A. Weltmar, proffered the Weltmar Institute as permanent meeting place of the Federation. This plan was discussed freely, but the consensus of opinion was opposed to holding the annual meeting

in any one place consecutively. Prof. Weltmar thereupon withdrew his offer and Chicago was unanimously chosen for the meeting of 1906.

Secretary Ernest Weltmar is busily engaged in the work of preparing the proceedings of the convention for publication, and it is hoped to have these ready for distribution in the near future. Mr. Weltmar is also preparing a little brochure of information for New Thought people, which will be furnished all the members of the Federation.

This new year in the life of the Federation begins under most favorable and favoring auspices. The infusion of new life into the membership body has given an impetus to more aggressively active work on the part of each. The officers chosen are broad-minded men and women, keenly conscious of the far-reaching importance of the work in which they are engaged, and, what is of equal is not greater import, officers and members work together harmoniously.

Ancient Wisdom Explained

IN ANNULAR evolution Estella Bachman finds the key to all ancient records, whether in the earth's crust or in scriptures or traditions. In a correspondence course of twelve lessons, entitled "Ancient Wisdom Explained," she follows world making from a molten mass to the perfect freedom of individuals on a completed world; brings out clearly and forcibly how the mistranslation and misinterpretation of the records, due to ignorance of the lost environment, is responsible for the crime, misery, war, corruption and injustice of the past and present, and how all these can be wiped out and universal peace and friendship substituted. Race differentiation is explained; the origin and development of language, art, government, etc., pointed out; the source of all religions is shown; paradise and hades located; the evolution of the idea of one supreme God followed out; and the similarity of the religious and traditional tales of all lands accounted for.

Students of New Thought, and advanced thinkers on all lines, will enjoy reading these essays. Issued the first and fifteenth of each month from September 15, 1905, to March 1, 1906, by the Bachman-Brokaw Publishing House, Station A, Pasadena, Cal., at 25 cents each, or \$2 for the twelve.

A Vision

By Edward Hurlbut

THIS morning I awakened from a dream and stood upon the brow of a beautiful mountain, and a splendid valley, wide as the world, lay spread before my view. The name of the valley was Time. Within the valley I saw a billion sowers going forth to sow; and they wore peculiar helmets upon their shoulders, from which they extracted the seeds they were sowing; and upon the front-piece of each helmet appeared a word, and in each instance it was the same—the one word: *Imagination*. And my vision became so extended that I could see plainly into the hand of each sower, and my mind was filled with astonishment, for I perceived that no two seeds were alike, in all that vast multitude, as they left the hands of the sowers. But the sowers seemed not to know, but thought themselves to be sowing like seed. And time as it was to them was not the same to me, and I saw the young plants springing from the ground, and as each sower came to tend his own he carried an implement of toil, and upon the handle of each the same word written, the one word: *Desire*. And as with the seeds so with the tools—*no two were alike*, but the toilers seemed not to know. And again, as they came with sprinkling pots to water the young plants, the one word: *Wishes*, was upon each pot, and I could see clearly that all the water was from the same well, and that it was the same water unto each sower, both in fact and in fancy. And the Lord of the Harvest appeared and said unto me: "What think ye will the harvest be?" And I said: "Surely, in the reaping of this harvest there will be bitter disappointment among the sowers; is this just?" And the Lord said: "It is just, in that no power could make it otherwise. The sowers are *free* to select seed, each according to his discernment. I am only the dispenser of the seed. At the next sowing some of the sowers will have a new word written on their helmets, and that word will be: *Knowledge*."

EDWIN HURLBUT.

Satisfied

The veriest straggler, limping on his rounds,
The sun and air his sole inheritance,
Laughed at poverty that paid its taxes,
And hugged his rags in self-complacency.
—Whittier.

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