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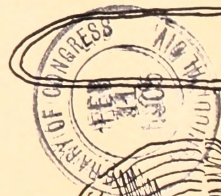
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# CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE  
DEVOTED TO  
SELF-CULTURE,  
LITERATURE AND  
PHILOSOPHY

MAN SHOULD BE TAUGHT  
**HOW TO LIVE**  
NOT  
HOW TO DIE

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EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE

# Conable's Path-Finder

*A Critical Journal, Devoted to Self-Culture, Literature and Philosophy*

VOLUME IV.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., FEBRUARY, 1905

NUMBER 2

## Conable's Path-Finder

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, EDITOR

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BY THE EDITOR

### The Incentive

MR. C. NEWTON ROSS, of Etiwanda, Cal., is a frequent caller at the home of the editor. Mr. Ross has been in this portion of California for about twenty-four years. He owns a forty-acre ranch upon which grow some of the finest oranges and almost all other kinds of fruits to be found in the State; still Mr. Ross has not acquired a bank account of the voluminous proportions that a man should attract to himself during nearly a quarter of a century of hard, intelligent, persevering labor. Mr. Ross is an exceptionally bright and progressive man. At one time he was a well-rounded-up pillar in the Presbyterian church, but somehow, unlike most of

our Presbyterian friends, he got to thinking a few thoughts for himself. This thinking process carried our dear brother, for a time, to the other extreme, so he landed among the Atheists, but still inclined to think. To think constantly is to grow. To grow is to find some of the real truths which build for the betterment of the individual and of the race; so at this writing it is not surprising that brother Ross should feel more or less of a friendly interest in some of the things that appear in the columns of this magazine, and we predict, should Mr. Ross continue to think for himself, that the time is not far distant when he will be a full-fledged Path-Finder.

But all this is purely incidental to what I started out to say. Believing that Mr. Ross was competent to give me some information relative to some of the underlying (if there are any) reasons that would ordinarily induce a person to establish a colony in Southern California, I recently asked him what incentive there was for me or any one else to undertake such a proposition. I had learned that during the past few years, the fruit growers of Southern California had fallen far short of making expenses and that many of them were tearing up their orange groves and starting chicken ranches in order to make both ends meet. Hence the propounding of this query. I had also learned that the amount of water required to operate a ten-acre orchard as given by the average real estate man, would not wet an ordinary tin whistle twice a week, so it is not at all strange if I should grow a little skeptical concerning colony resources in this particular latitude.

Mr. Ross' reply is as follows:

Etiwanda, Cal., Jan. 11, 1905.

DEAR CONABLE:—This in answer to your question, "What incentive, aside from mere climatic conditions,



is there to hold a man in California?"

"Mere climatic conditions!" Lord bless your soul, man! Are you often afflicted with such spells? Or is this a mere lapse of sanity—a result of your indisposition, soon to pass away? Let us hope so.

Think of months of freeze and thaw, of blizzards, snow, hail, slush, mud; of being housed up and breathing foul air—or freeze—followed by months of sunstroke by day and swelter by night; cyclones hurling you into the next county or eternity any moment; thunder and lightning enough to scare you "bug-house;" no rest of body or peace of mind or conscience—"frenzied" climate!

Compare this with California, where the sun always shines, and the birds always sing, and the flowers always bloom; where the starry heavens are the grandest sight mortal eyes ever gazed upon; where the most luscious fruits grow under the sun, or on the face of the earth, are in greatest abundance; with the ocean waves at your door; with mountain scenes beyond compare before your eyes; with vine-clad cottages nestling among beautiful evergreen trees, shrubbery and flowers, and with pure air wafted in from sea by day and mountain by night, that you may breathe and enjoy life in its fulness; with deep thinkers on every ist, ism or ology the earth has ever known; with the handsomest men and the most beautiful women in the world—loving souls around you everywhere.

"What incentive aside from *mere climatic conditions*?" Great God, man, what do you want? Baked apple dumplings and pumpkin pies grown on bushes?

"And there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour."

Very truly yours,

C. NEWTON ROSS.

Now, that is a beautiful picture, isn't it, of Southern California? And it is all true, too.

What more do I want? Not very much.

I might possibly contest Mr. Ross'

claims regarding the beautiful mountain scenery here, for I spent eight years in the shadow of Pike's Peak and came directly here from the Ozarks, and the mountain-scenery of Southern California is no more to be compared with either the Rocky Mountains or the Ozarks than are the prairie dog houses on the plains of Kansas to the Cumberland range. Aside from this slight error I am willing to accept friend Ross' statement as accurate in its entirety, even admitting that there is an occasional handsome man in the state, though imported. Of course the women are all beautiful and loving. They always are—everywhere—bless their hearts.

I am willing to admit that a man in his sane senses should want but little outside our friend's menu for daily consumption; still I feel that I should provide for emergencies in case a family came to my colony that would insist on having a drink of water occasionally. There are the trees, the flowers, the fruit, the vegetables, the ocean, the air, the sun, but what availeth all this if you have to take your crops to a Chinaman to be irrigated as he does his laundry, before you can raise sufficient fruit to keep the railroad companies out of the poor-house, saying nothing about yourself?

The water proposition in Southern California makes any sort of fruit or grain growing prohibitory if a man wants anything more than a bare subsistence. If he is satisfied with air and salt water and flowers and sunshine, then it is all right. All of this suits me personally mighty well, though I must say that I do long for an occasional drink of water that is not heavily alkali'd or all the life elements extracted through the process of distillation.

Right here I am going to say a word about distilled water. I have been doing some investigating and I find that there is not the slightest nutrition in distilled water; and it is merely wet; that it will *kill* all plant life that depends wholly upon it. Any one can prove this. I was a distilled water advocate for some time. I even went so far as to induce a friend to invent a water still for me, but I have changed my mind since I have become familiar with the stuff after being analyzed and know what it will do

to other kinds of life. The inside of my own body feels as though all the vital energy was extracted. I am convinced that it is because of the free and constant use of distilled water during the past six months. Not another drop of distilled water will come into my house. If I can do no better I shall drink orange juice the rest of my days, though too much of this is not altogether desirable. Distilled water will ruin both the stomach and kidneys if you stick to it long enough. I am willing to admit, however, that a little distilled water acts as a kidney purifier, but the line must be drawn very sharply. It is better to do the purifying in some other way.

I am mighty glad the Patent Office officials were of the opinion that some of the improvements on my proposed still might be an infringement on patents already granted.

With the present raid on railroad rates that is being engineered from the White House, it is possible that California fruit growers may yet be able to receive a fair profit on their investments and labor. It is certainly to be hoped that this will be the ultimate. Otherwise there is little prospect for the near future. Some growers have to pay from \$40 to \$75 per acre per year for the use of scarcely enough water to stir up a good mess of hog feed.

Water (or lack of it) and freight rates are doing Southern California to a finish.

Still one has the odor of the orange blossom and seventeen different kinds of lectures and lessons on occult sciences with which to brace one up; a couple of vegetarian cafes and—The Path-Finder. What more can a sane man want or desire?

### Destroyed at the Dawn of Promise

THE above is the heading over an editorial article in a New York paper, a portion of which reads as follows:

"It is estimated that between 400 and 500 children were lost in the Slocum disaster, the equivalent of the total child population of a city of 2,000 or 2,500 inhabitants. While this number is small in comparison with the entire infant mortality for a year of a city like New York, it is great in a broader social sense.

"Children that succumb to diseases represent, in a loose way, the elimination of the physically unfit, or less fit; but the principle of the survival of the fittest does not apply in a case like this. These young lives were not destroyed as a consequence of physical incapacity to survive in the ordinary struggle for existence.

"And who can estimate the potential loss to society of their destruction? Who can know how many embryo leaders of men and of human thought were obliterated in this catastrophe—a poet perhaps, an artist, a captain of industry, a soldier, a financier, a philosopher, a scientist, a statesman, a scholar?"

Now, that all reads very nicely and looks very proper in newspaper type—to the person who never stops to think or analyze a proposition.

Of course we all deplore the occurrence of such tragedies as befell the excursion party on the steamer Slocum in New York harbor. At first glance the thing seems dreadful and we at once begin to look for the cause of such fatalities, and question whether or not the Almighty has not overstepped His prerogative, and committed a mighty mean act in destroying so many apparently innocent and helpless children in so frightful a manner.

Most people charge up the "crime" to the officers of the Slocum and the government ship inspectors who are alleged to have failed to do their duty in the matter of properly investigating and condemning this particular boat.

Now, is any one foolish enough to suppose for a moment that any person ever lost his life in any way, through the negligence or carelessness of another, or that death ever comes to any one except that the Rgo is ready to leave the body? If so, then there is a vast field of virgin soil that needs cultivating very badly.

Among the dead resulting from the Slocum disaster, taken from the water, was a little babe. No one gave a thought other than that life in this little form was extinct. But soon the little fellow set up a yell and to the amazement of every one here was a very live baby. How, and by what means its life was

aved no mortal could conceive. The simple fact was the Ego in this particular little body was not ready to leave it and therefore life was preserved. And so it is always—death never comes except the time has arrived when the Ego—the Inner and Ever Living Life—is ready to withdraw. No power on earth could have destroyed this little babe, and no power on earth could have saved the lives of those destroyed. There were reasons why the Inner Life should withdraw, so death came to the physical bodies. The same in the case of the Iriquois disaster; the same in all cases of death by so-called accident or otherwise.

Then you are a fatalist, Conable, are you? By no means. We only attract death to us when we fail to give the Inner Life what it demands. In the case of these children that perished, the inhabiting Egos knew that the experiences they demanded could not be had in these bodies, hence these bodies were destroyed. Some other physical form might be led to drop itself in front of a swift-flying locomotive, thus causing death. Another form might be led to do the same thing and be saved in some "miraculous" way. This would be for the purpose of *awakening* the physical body to a realization of its responsibility in life. Should the lesson of these awakenings not be heeded, then death would soon follow. But there is never a withdrawal on the part of the Inner Life from the physical body, when the latter is being made clean and perfect, and the presence of the Inner Life is being fully recognized. Death comes only in the presence of physical failure. When death comes we demonstrate the fact that we are no longer fit to live. We have made the home of the Spirit uninhabitable by the grossness of our methods of living. This grossness may be hereditary or acquired, it matters not; we are made responsible just the same.

"The sins of the parents are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." This is true, but it is possible for us to eliminate all prenatal negative environments and so perfect our bodies that the Spirit will stay with us indefinitely. In other words, the Spirit can never be crowded out of a body against its will or desire, and death never occurs except it is planned

and pre-arranged by the inhabiting Ego, or Spirit.

So, let the Slocums come and the Slocums go; let earth-quakes rend the soil beneath our feet; let there be shipwrecks and tidal waves; let the holocaust leap into our chamber windows; let us drop from the roof of the twenty-story sky scraper—life will still be preserved unless we have ceased to be fit to live.

It is optional with us whether we live or die—that is, we may preserve life just as long as we care to—by perfecting the body and bringing it into harmonious relationship with the Inner Life—the Spirit—the Divine Self.

Man may feel the pressure of the hangman's noose around his neck, and step on the very trap that is to launch him hellward, but unless the Ego is ready to step out and has planned for it, there will be some sort of intervention to stay death. If not, then you may know that the man's hour has arrived and all the powers in both heaven and hell cannot save him. A messenger from the Governor with a reprieve, saddled to the swiftest steed, may be sent flying to the doomed man, but unless the Ego wishes to stay the proceedings, there will be no delay. The messenger will arrive too late. The Ego will already have withdrawn.

We may prate all we have a mind to about "what might have been" had it not been for these "premature" deaths, but there is no such thing as premature death except as we ourselves enforce it. We enforce death because of physical negligence, and in no other way. We attract death because of the imperfection of our physical bodies.

The Slocum was not at fault. It was simply the medium utilized for the release of a lot of weary Souls.

### Dr. Newton Believes in Spirits

DR. HEBER NEWTON, the noted New York Episcopal clergyman, has been saying something "out of meeting," according to New York dispatches. Dr. Newton has long been conspicuous before the public because of his so-called liberal views concerning modern religious dogmas; still he has persistently clung to the church, for what particular reason the good Lord only knows. Dr.



Newton recently attended the New Thought convention held in St. Louis, and was prominently mentioned in connection with the Presidency of this society, but wiser heads prevailed. Dr. Newton is a brainy, thinking man, but he must fully renounce the devil and all his works before he can be taken into full fellowship with a modern New Thought organization. New Thought and an Episcopalian do not hitch up well together. It is too much like putting a thoroughbred Kentucky brood mare alongside a Rocky Mountain burro. I have never been a New Thinker, but I have been an Episcopalian and I know just how little and insignificant I used to feel, and how I longed to be something big and respectable. True, I was editing a newspaper at the time, and that was a step upward—away from the funny Apostles' Creed, intoned through the catarrhal cavities of an 'igh church disciple. I was doing baritone work in front of a big pipe organ and I thought I was a bigger man than the Bishop himself. Years later I looked back and discovered for the first time how insignificantly little both of us were. But I reformed as speedily as possible. The last I heard of the Rector he was still sucking the same old pipe in his study and telling his congregation the same old lot of stale jokes, without any h's, twice on Sunday and once every Wednesday evening, year in and year out.

So, when I hear of an Episcopal clergyman who has really allowed himself the privilege of thinking an original thought, like Heber Newton, I am ready to believe that the millenium is in close proximity.

According to the dispatches, Dr. Newton thus discourses:

"The belief in the existence of unseen spirits and of their power of communication with us in the flesh is one of the oldest, most widespread and most insistent beliefs of man, and it has been revived strangely in our day.

"For the first time in the history of man, these powers have been scientifically investigated in our day. Already the result is that a considerable number of eminent men of science have had the courage to avow that, after allowing for illu-

sion, fraud and every possible hypothesis of interpretation, they have been driven up to the ultimate solution of the problem—belief in actual communication of the spirits of those whom we call 'dead' with the living.

"The possibilities of mental medicines are only being opened. Philosophic idealism is receiving vindication such as it never had before. Religious faith is finding its true foundations in the recognition of man as a spiritual being; as a being who has had dominion over nature given to him; as a child of a vaster Spiritual Being, the Lord of All Life. One belief absolutely essential to ethics—immortality—is coming within the ken of scientific demonstration. This is the potency and promise of psychic research."

Now, this is all right, except that Dr. Newton makes the same mistake that thousands of other "new converts" do who have suddenly awakened to a full realization that the plan of life and growth and unfoldment is based upon the simplest of processes, none of which are the handiwork of physical man, and none of which have ever been delegated to physical man for either their execution or carrying into effect.

Ever since the creation of animate life has the knowledge existed that there is life after death. Ever since man's advent into the evolutionary processes of growth has the knowledge existed that the so-called Spirits of the dead could be brought within the scope of our vision. That is, the Spirits of some of the dead—not all. Why not all? Because the Spirits residing in bodies that have lived in exalted Spiritual consciousness on this earth are raised to such a high plane after the body is surrendered that not even the most acute occult vision can discern them. But any of us can see sufficient to possess ourselves of the knowledge that there is life after death, and it has not taken a modern psychic research society to prove this fact either. As stated before, this knowledge is as old as the race of man itself, though it has been withheld from our slow-poking ministers of the gospel

—a class that should have been in possession of this knowledge among the very first.

But none of the truths of life are withheld from any one who cares to see. The blind can see and the deaf can hear—provided they desire to, but the desire must be strong enough to insure the unfoldment of the sense faculties to the degree that makes seeing and hearing possible. This is neither difficult nor unusual.

It is certainly gratifying to note the progress being made by certain portions of the "religious" faith, but these new recruits to Nature's processes must not get the idea that they are giving anything new to the world, for they are not. Simply because the awakening has just come to them does not signify that all the rest of the world has been living in ignorance and blindness all these years.

Dr. Newton is a valuable accession to the cause of truth, but he is in possession of nothing new, and nothing that any individual cannot ascertain for himself and prove beyond all question. But what Dr. Newton has ascertained is but the merest shadow of the great truths that await all those who will delve in the deeper channels of the so-called mysteries of life. Let him go into the silence of his own chamber and there seek the wisdom in the possession of the Inner Self and he will discover something worth finding out.

### The Beef Trust

THE Los Angeles Examiner thus discourses editorially concerning the Beef Trust:

There was a great strike against the Beef Trust this summer. The men wanted higher wages. They said it was costing them more than ever to live. The Beef Trust won the fight. But it lost a lot of money in the struggle. Twice, since the strike has been lost, the price of beef has been raised. And the butcher must buy his beef from the Trust for the man who eats it. And the man who eats it must pay the advanced price, when the supply is no less than a year ago. The Trust is making the consumer pay for its negro strike breakers, its guards'

and lawyers' fees in getting out injunctions.

That is what the Trust is doing to the man who eats. The man that starves does not enter into the Trust's economic scheme.

That the Beef Trust has dealt unfairly and unjustly with its employes no one questions, but to make such a great fuss over the fact that the price of meat has been put up, and its use is being made prohibitory in the families of the poor man, is practically on a par with the claim that might be made that the whisky trust treats its employes unfairly because the price of whisky is put to a prohibitory point—beyond the reach of the laboring man.

The constant use of meat is quite as harmful to the consumer as is the constant use of alcoholic beverages. Meat-eating is the basis of nearly every form of disease. The poison generated in the body of an animal by fright when the slaughtering takes place is more deadly in its effects than alcohol can possibly be. In addition to this, meat-eating creates a desire for stronger stimulants—for the indulgence of excesses of every kind of an abnormal character.

It were well if the Beef Trust continued to put up the price of its products; make it so high that only the "aristocracy" can indulge in the "luxury." Workingmen would be a thousand times better off if they never ate a single pound of meat. There would be happier homes, more prosperity, and the problems of life affecting each individual would be more easily solved. The brain is made clearer, the mind becomes more active and it is much easier for the individual to raise himself out of the bondage of oppression.

Inasmuch as the individual must find his own outlet to a higher state of growth and development, it were well that he let escape no resources that will aid him in the consummation of the work in hand.

There is nothing in the world that will keep a man and his family so persistently down in the dregs of ill health and poverty as the constant use of meat. Meat-eating is directly or indirectly the cause of ninety per cent. of the ills of life. If the race never saw another pound of meat, the second and third



generations would display marvelous physical and intellectual development, and a degree of spiritual attainment such as the world has never known.

We must all start in at the root of the evil. The race cannot be emancipated through the medium of either the sword or the ballot. It is purely a matter of individual growth—helping one's self. How can we do this? Simply by changing our mode of living. By living clean, pure, wholesome lives; eating nothing that has died and smells badly; purifying the body, thus purifying and strengthening the mind; recognizing always that we are a part of the great Universal Creative Energy, and that the Universe holds in its hand all that we need for our comforts and pleasures in life, and that it is ours to take and keep so long as we are capable of utilizing it properly.

It is a pitiable sight to see a man struggling to induce other people to assist him to stand upright on his feet. It is a pitiable sight to see a man stand on the street corners, haranguing a crowd of listeners and trying to make them believe that there are other causes except those vested in the individual that are responsible for their idleness and enslaved conditions of life.

The meat-eating individual can be neither a man nor a christian. This seems a hard thing to say, but it is true. Not that all non-meat-eaters are *men* and *christians*—far from it; but the one method of living precludes every possibility of reaching the exalted stage of perfected manhood, while the other method of living makes the ascent comparatively easy.

The Path Finder has made, up to date, in round numbers, two thousand non-meat-eaters. All these converts report themselves as being better men and women in every way; better physically, mentally and morally; capable of generating a higher class of thoughts; capable of performing every duty in life with greater ease, with greater pleasure and with greater intelligence.

People who do not eat meat live in an entirely different world than do those who eat meat; same as the artist in music or painting lives in a higher, grander and more ennobling atmosphere than do those who have neither hereditary nor acquired tastes for the artistic. The

same God dwelleth within each physical encasement, but the one has removed some of the obstructions between the physical and Divine self, while the other has not. This is the only difference there is between the two, but it is vast enough to cover centuries of time in the process of unfoldment.

Thus it transpires that the Meat Trust magnate is dwelling on a mighty low plane of physical existence. He may endow a few churches or schools, but this will not balance his account on the record books kept by St. Peter, or St. Patrick, or even Mary Baker Eddy.

The hands that cut off coupons are no less crimson than the ones that rend the jugular vein of a poor helpless animal, and it is a notable fact that all the old slaughter morgue "magnates" are fast passing in their checks. This is in conformity with the natural law of compensation, which metes out exact justice to every human being who traffics in the blood of a fellow-creature.

### A "Beautiful" Science

WE used to think that Christian Science was a step upward, leading away from the fakery of religious orthodoxy, but recently, in the face of some of the evidences of inordinate clanishness that have been brought to our notice, we begin to doubt the correctness of our former estimate of this body of mythical followers—or the followers of a mythical system of religious faith—as intangible and curious to the average religious disciple as is the mysterious appendix of an Alpine billy-goat to the sophomore student in a medical college.

The average Christian Scientist doesn't expect any one else to live; in fact, does not see why the good Lord permits any one else to live. They have developed a degree of clanishness that makes the average orthodox dogmatist turn green with envy. To the thinking mind, however, the picturesque self-complacency of these people is so bald-headedly amusing as to fairly throw one into hysterics.

Here is a picture of a new Christian Science recruit, from the pen of the "dearly-beloved's" wife:

"Dear Mr. Conable:—I am forced to stop the Path Finder because my husband has joined the

Christian Scientists and therefore does not believe in your ideas of right living and proper diet. He craves meat and all such deadening things; does not even eat vegetables while I crave fruits, nuts and vegetables, but must forego the indulgence in all these things in order to keep peace in the family.

"Oh, how I long for the day to come when there is complete emancipation for every individual, and when no one will be forced to bow down and worship at the shrine of such hypocrisy.

"What a beautiful home I could make for my family were I permitted to do for them the things I know so well how to do.

"Am I to keep on suffering for the sins of a long-decayed ancestry, or will the day come when I can live?"

Bless your dear, heart, yes,—soon as you kick your beloved flesh-pot out of bed and shake up the pillows. There must be a *desire to live*. When the desire is made strong enough then will the emancipation come, and not before.

I sympathize deeply with every one who is situated as this dear woman is, but there is a remedy for all such cases. It lies in making the spine so perpendicular that the opposing side of the house will think he has struck a Kansas cyclone.

Try it, dear sister. It's lots more refreshing and effective than a noon-day prayer meeting.

### Bald Heads

A BALD-HEADED man of Chicago writes the Path Finder as follows:

"Friend Conable:—While looking at your picture in one of your books we could not help wondering why, living the life you do, that you do not have a more abundant head of hair? Wish you would tell us some time in your Path Finder if proper living will not give one a good head of hair. Think nothing so fine or more desirable than a luxuriant head of hair. You know we always admire *most* what we have *not*."

I am delighted to have the privilege

of answering this question. Right living will in due time, restore the normal growth of one's hair. My hair was very light at the time the picture referred to was taken, but five years previous to the taking of that picture my head was absolutely bald all over the top, clear down a full inch below my hat at the back, and I had very little hair on any portion of my head. Now, however, I have much more hair than when the picture was taken and it is steadily growing thicker all over my head. I have never used any so-called hair restoratives or anything else to make my hair grow. Have simply rubbed the scalp vigorously occasionally with the ends of my fingers. I feel certain that had I given even three minutes each day to this rubbing I would now have a comparatively heavy head of hair, or about the normal growth. It was never very heavy, being too fine to show up as conspicuously as coarser heads of hair naturally would. Some times I have let weeks pass by without paying the slightest attention to my hair, but now that this subject has come up for publication, I am going to show the "natives" what can be done in the line of hair growing by right living and a little finger manipulation to assist in restoring activity to the functions of the scalp.

By eliminating diseased conditions, purifying the body and then living properly, one may reconstruct the entire physical anatomy. Since Nature is constantly providing new material for this purpose, the task is by no means a difficult one; but when the nutritive properties of this new material are constantly being neutralized by wrong methods of living, it is impossible that there should be any permanent upward growth.

We can all grow a *new* body if we care to. Make the desire strong enough and Nature herself will pay all the freight on the new supply.

### SHORT PATHS

Many new Path-Finder readers are pleased to hear a word from Helen Wilmans. Mrs. D. G. Kidder, of Coulterville, Cal., writes: "The honored name of Helen Wilmans in your paper should be sufficient to raise it to the top step of

the Ladder of Leaders. In stating my desire that she may air some of her live thoughts in your unfolding paper, is, I am sure, but echoing the thoughts of many thousands of former readers of 'Freedom' and her earnest friends." And the editor of the Path-Finder says amen, and tenders unrestricted space to the pen of this gifted writer and progressive woman.

For a short period we must forego the pleasure of reading the incomparable and highly entertaining auto-biographical sketches by "Errante." The author of "Dead Yesterdays" will be too busy for a short time with other duties to proceed with his life story. It will come in good time, however, and there will be no omissions.

One of the most beautiful poems we have ever read appears in this issue of Conable's Path-Finder. We are indebted to Dr. Bracelin, of Toledo, Ohio, for it. The poem was found among the effects of the author after his death and now appears in print for the first time. Dr. Tympany was evidently a scholar and an advanced thinker along most progressive lines. As a rule we are not inclined to give space in this magazine to poetry, but the lines referred to are so exquisitely beautiful and the metre so enchantingly graceful that it affords us the greatest pleasure to give them publicity. If we ever made a practice of committing anything to memory, this poem would be found recorded on the imperishable tablets of our eternal consciousness.

Our esteemed friend, J. Wesley Brooks, of Chicago, has come to Los Angeles, in all probability to reside permanently. He likes it here immensely. At the present rate of influx into the Golden State from the blizzard-swept plains of Fort Dearborn, in a brief period there will be little left of Chicago except City Aldermen and superintendents of street man-holes. It is said that they have on an average of four superintendents of every man-hole in that city, whose duty it is to look after the

three foremen, whose duty it is to see that the one laborer who makes a monthly descent into each manhole is not left in the hole too long after becoming asphyxiated. The special office of a Chicago Alderman is to see that his particular ward has a fair and impartial representation among the man-hole superintendents. But this isn't the reason Brother Brooks left Chicago. He has long inclined toward the positive pole that is attracting a greater measure of the vital energy which admits of a man's loftier unfoldment here on earth, so he came West, feeling assured that he could live and thrive in any locality that would keep John F. Morgan over night. The Path-Finder extends its hand to J. Wesley and his beloved helpmeet, who is soon to follow.

The editor was almost tempted, this month, in the face of many other pressing duties and with such an array of splendid contributions at hand, to give his readers an editorial rest. In other words, not to write a line of editorial. Wouldn't that have been fine—for the editor—and perhaps a great relief to many of his readers. Then the question of "earning our salary" arose, so we started in again, writing editorials just as we could get a few moments' respite from taking care of the sick. Pretty nearly all of Los Angeles is in the throes of the grip at this writing, some of the victims being dear friends, so we pulled off our coat and have been both doctor and nurse a goodly portion of the entire month of January. We never apologize for anything that appears or does not appear in the columns of this magazine, but if we were to do such a thing, our apology would be that this month's number of Conable's Path-Finder is a whole lot better than it has any business to be under the circumstances. The dense fogs of a sea-coast climate, where the altitude is but seven inches above tide water, appears to be somewhat trying on the voice-box of a whole lot of people, hence the unusual demand for the editor's time in the capacity of nurse.





# When You Were a Tadpole and I Was a Fish

BY DR. TIMPANY

When you were a Tadpole and I was a Fish  
In the Paleozoic time,  
And side by side on the ebbing tide  
We sprawled through the ooze and slime,  
Or skittered with many a caudal flip,  
Through the depths of the Cambrian fen,  
My heart was rife with the joy of life,  
For I loved you even then.

Mindless we lived and mindless we loved,  
And mindless at last we died;  
And deep in a rift of the Caradoc drift  
We slumbered side by side.  
The world turned on in the lathe of time,  
The hot lands heaved amain,  
Till we caught our breath from the womb of death,  
And crept into light again.

We were Amphibians, scaled and tailed,  
And drab as a dead man's hand;  
We coiled at ease 'neath the dripping trees,  
Or trailed through the mud and sand,  
Croaking and blind, with our three-clawed feet  
Writing a language dumb,  
With never a spark in the empty dark  
To hint at a life to come.

Yet happy we lived and happy we loved,  
And happy we died once more;  
Our forms were rolled in the clinging mold  
Of a Nocomian shore.  
The Eons came and the Eons fled,  
And the sleep that wrapt us fast  
Was riven away in a newer day,  
And the night of death was past.

Then, light and swift, thru the jungle trees  
We swung in our airy flights,  
Or breathed in the balm of the fronded palm,  
In the hush of the moonless nights;  
And oh, what beautiful years were these  
When our hearts clung each to each:  
When life was filled and our senses thrilled  
In the first dawn of speech.

Thus Life by Life, and Love by Love,  
We passed thru the circle strange,  
And Breath by Breath, and Death by Death  
We followed the chain of Change.  
Till there came a time in the law of Life  
When over the nursing sod  
The shadows broke and the soul awoke  
In a strange, dim dream of God.

I was thewed like an Auroch bull  
 And tusked like the great Cave Bear:  
 And you, my sweet, from head to feet  
 Were gowned in your glorious hair.  
 Deep in the gloom of a fireless cave,  
 When the night fell o'er the plain,  
 And the moon hung red o'er the river bed,  
 We mumbled the bones of the slain.

I flaked a flint to a cutting edge,  
 And shaped it with a brutish craft;  
 I broke a shank from a woodland dank,  
 And fitted it, head and haft.  
 Then I hid me close by the reedy Tarn,  
 Where the Mammoth came to drink—  
 Thru brawn and bone I drove the stone,  
 And slew him upon the brink.

Loud I howled thru the moonlight wastes,  
 Loud answered our kith and kin;  
 From West and East, to the crimson feast,  
 The clan came trooping in,  
 O'er joint and gristle, and padded hoof,  
 We fought and clawed and tore,  
 And cheek by jowl, with many a growl,  
 We talked the marvel o'er.

I carved that fight on a reindeer bone  
 With rude and hairy hand,  
 I pictured his fall on the cavern wall,  
 That men might understand.  
 For we lived by Blood and the Right of Might  
 Ere human laws were drawn,  
 And the Age of Sin did not begin  
 Till our brutal tusks were gone.

And that was a million years ago,  
 In a time that no man knows;  
 Yet here tonight, in the mellow light,  
 We sit at Delmonico's.  
 Your eyes are deep as the Devon springs,  
 Your hair is dark as jet;  
 Your years are few—your life is new—  
 Your soul untried—and yet,

Our trail is on the Kimmeridge clay,  
 And the scarp of the Purbeck flags,  
 We have left our bones in the Bagshot stones,  
 And deep in the Coraline crags;  
 Our love is old, our life is old,  
 And death shall come amain:  
 Should it come today, what man may say  
 We shall not meet again.

God wrought our souls from the Tremadoc beds,  
 And furnished them wings to fly;  
 He sowed our spawn, in the world's dim dawn,  
 And I know that it shall not die.

Tho' cities have sprung above the graves  
 Where the crook-boned men made war:  
 And the ox-wain creaks o'er the buried caves  
 Where the mummied mammoths are.

Then as we linger at luncheon here,  
 O'er many a dainty dish,  
 Let us drink anew to the time when you  
 Were a Tadpole and I was a Fish.

## Hoosier Paths

Blazed by D. H. SNORE, M. D.

**I**N LIEU of a set article, which we have been too busy to undertake for this month, we present herewith a copy of a letter we wrote some years since to a friend who wrote to us asking for something to allay an aching heart. As this dear old lady herself has since then passed over the "great divide," we violate no confidence in giving to Path Finder readers the sentiments which the circumstance impelled us to indite.

We offer it without apology and suggest to each and all a careful perusal, as there twines between the lines a lesson beyond that which will appeal to the merely casual reader.

Dec. 11, 1899.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Yours' of the 7th is duly to hand, and as you ask for an early reply, I shall attempt it today. I shall not write you in a conventional way upon the subject of your little grandson's death, and fill my letter with pious platitudes grown threadbare through long years of orthodox service, and which must prove in any sane sense to be valueless to you.

After considerable thought, ranging through several years, I have personally come to the conclusion that people die only as they give their own consent to the change, and that their entrance thus into the ranks of the unborn comes either from the thought that life's trials are too arduous, or the desire to be born again into life under different conditions and environment.

Of one thing you may safely rest assured, and that is, that individual being, whether in the flesh upon this planet, or

out of the flesh, is forever mounting the causeway of knowledge—eternally soaring upon glorious pinions of aspiration, to newer, clearer heights of life; there is, there can be no pause.

We are brought into the world hampered by race thought and the beliefs of heredity. It may be that the conditions we have chosen (for I think the spirit, in a degree, does choose its habitation) prove undesirable, and then, even as infants, we seek to return to the bourn whence we came.

I glory in the thought that life is thus a prerogative rather than a chance circumstance; and that we have the word within our possession that can determine our existence either upon the objective or subjective side of life.

Your grandson has given up his existence here (voluntarily from the spiritual side of himself) and somewhere, someday, will be incarnate again. Whose father, whose son he hitherto was, we cannot tell; whose child he may be, coming years will reveal.

Like you,—like me, he is a spark from the Sun of Infinite Life, and is pursuing his destiny in consonance with immutable law, that evolutionary rule which couples us to the van of eternal progress.

We gather the flower of physical love and it ripens into fruitage for us in those we call our sons and daughters. Love here assumes a new phase, and we twine our heart-strings about them and call them ours, but they are not ours. *They are their own*, even as we are our own.

We miss them because of the pains we have taken to make them ours, and be-



cause of the love they have shown for the love we have given them, but in the light of individuality we have no title inhering in them, no more than they have in us.

One of the great lessons we have to learn is this one of individuality, and in which lies the strength it is ours to acquire.

Some of the steps in this process are exemplified at intervals in our lives. We are born into a family, and in due time the members of the family scatter here and there, each with interests of his own. These become the heads of other families, which go through the same process of disintegration and each step in the plan more and more isolates the individual that he may learn to stand alone and exemplify the power of Infinite Life which is within him.

The Mormons say, "As man is now so God was once; as God is now so man will be." The evolutionary process eliminates from us the things unessential to our individualization and rounds up our lives to a state of conscious god-hood.

A boy thoughtlessly picks up an acorn as he passes through the forest, and drops it far out upon the plain. Long years thereafter when his head is white, a magnificent tree towers all alone upon the plain, sublime in its strength and individuality but far severed from its kindred. The same law has obtained, and viewed aright, it is, after all, a law of love.

This upon purely physical planes of thought may savor of cruelty and carelessness, but it is not so. The universe is ONE, and everything in it—even the minutest expression of life, is essential to it in its character as a universe; if the loss of an atom were possible then chaos must result. But the Infinite Intelligence pervading the whole makes it function harmoniously and to divinest

ends,—the fittest surviving, thought rising through grades of incessant change.

You have passed through many steps of the individualizing process, and have taken one more in the past few weeks. Your highest duty, pointing to your higher destiny, lies in learning the lesson of yourself. Herein you will find compensation for every seeming woe and balm for every pain.

The little life that has passed beyond your present ken is not lost. When far in the future we have learned to string aright the pearls of heredity, and have solved the problem of being far enough to understand the lesson of a love based upon Infinite Intelligence, we shall find that those seemingly lost to us have but taken a different direction from us in their upward climb.

The knowledge of all this is latent in you and awaits but the touch of conscious intelligence on your part to become manifest and plain. Sadness avails us nothing, it but hampers our flight when we would rise, and in no case could it benefit, but rather impede the little life upon its upward trend. True sorrow need not necessarily be our undoing, but it dims the light of life for us, and renders us unfit to be of real use to the lives still pulsing about us.

I have not tried to sadden you more by indulging in commonplaces.—you will hear enough of these from the unthinking crowd about you. I have simply tried to inspire you to study *you*, believing—yes, *knowing* that you will find in this pursuit a healing of the wound that even now throbs with less of pain than when you wrote.

All is Good, and can be nothing else. The night of pain must dawn upon a morrow of healing, the dawn must bloom into a sunrise of joy.

Sincerely your friend,

D. H. SNOKE.



# The Body Beautiful

BY NANNETTE MAGRUDER PRATT

## A Little of Everything

**I**F YOU are in pretty good condition, and feel that you do not need a strict diet list to go by put yourself in better condition by eating only fruit one day out of each week. Friday is a pretty good day to select. Breakfast, oranges (do not eat the pulp) and apples. Luncheon, an orange, two apples and two pears. Supper two apples, peaches and grapes. When berries are in season eat those, but on the fruit-fast day, do not put sugar and cream with them.

If you feel a bit faint at bed-time you can eat another apple or two.

On the morning of the fruit fast, put two quarts of water in a pitcher and add the juice of three lemons or three oranges or a cup of grape juice, and drink that between the fruit meals. Drink the two quarts between the hours of arising and retiring. Take a fine warm bath scrubbing the body vigorously—end the bath with a tepid, or cold, rub and then use a coarse towel briskly.

Several times during the day, if it is not possible for you to be out of doors all day, go to an open window and take twenty deep breaths through the nose.

If you can be out of doors all day, spend most of the time in deep breathing.

I think after this health day, you will wish that every day may be Friday; you will feel so jolly when you retire and sleep so soundly. (Of course you will have your room splendidly ventilated.)

\* \* \*

If you are ailing, go on a fruit fast for one, two or three weeks, drinking plenty of water and fruit juice. In that way you will rid your body of all impurities and pave the way to health, if, after the fruit fast you will live rationally.

Even fruit must be well masticated.

Exclude bananas, figs and dates while on a fruit fast for health. These fruits are highly nutritious, but a little too hearty when the body is having a house-cleaning.

It is said that men are more apt to be gourmands than women (it is true there are exceptions), and bright indeed is the wife who can get a man into an invisible harness and drive him in the straight hygienic path for his health's sake. I have always maintained that the wife has the power to control the health of the family. It is not hard to manage the children, but how about the master of the house? He won't be driven into any fads, you know, so great tact will have to be used by "My Lady" if she counts on success.

Most men balk at the word hygiene, or rational living, or diet, or food reforms, but a woman with any sense at all can bring about a change in the household without saying a word about it.

Many a grumpy man could be made into something quite decent if his liver and stomach were made over. But if a wife tells him she is going to look after his health he will probably say his health is all right, and to please let him alone.

The stomach is the mainspring, and when it breaks the rest of a person isn't of much account and it costs more than a dollar and a half to have it fixed.

Mary has found out that a hearty breakfast is a menace to health in most cases and for her part she is going to cut her's down. "But John won't be willing to do without his fruit, cereal and chops, with a bit of bacon on the side, griddle cakes, maple syrup and coffee. Poor John—he isn't well, but says it is because he has to work so hard. Do I dare cut down his supply? If I say anything, the game is up."

Of course John may be a dear, reasonable fellow, and may surprise Mary sometime by broaching the subject himself and if he does, it is all so easy, but if he doesn't, he must be dealt with cautiously.

"I won't have any chops broiled this morning. I will get around it somehow if he asks any questions. Fruit and a cereal and a soft boiled or poached egg will be set before him and little by little I will get him to eat a simple, hygienic breakfast.

If he says he feels better, I will omit the egg and give him nuts instead. I'll fix him!"

\* \* \*

A woman cannot help what a man eats downtown for his luncheon but she can wheedle him a little and ask him not to take coffee and pie—or doughnuts—and tell him that whole wheat bread is a heap better for him than white bread. She can tell him what a nice dish can be made with shredded wheat biscuits and berries—or stewed fruit—and if he loves Mary he will think about those things when he goes to the restaurant at noon, and while he probably won't take a vegetable salad and some fruit, or a dish of berries, with whole wheat bread, he probably will pass the tabooed things.

Mary has it in her power to have a very charming hygienic dinner, and the table will be so sweetly set and the food so deliciously prepared that John will eat what is set before him and not look around for anything else.

Such delicious whole wheat bread can be made or bought and a home-made vegetable salad is food for the gods. Fruit and nuts can always be had and delicious soups can be made without meat.

Many men know how to live rationally, and a few do it, but the wife has it in her power to do much in the health reforming business.

The children are like wax in the hands of a loving, sensible, tactful mother, and she can see to it that their food is simple and nutritious, their lungs developed, and the bedrooms where they sleep well aired.

She can teach them the importance of mastication (she may have to wheedle John into not "bolting" his food), have them have an early supper, and go to bed with the birds and get them out of the habit of eating between meals, except sometimes, perhaps, a bit of fruit.

Mary can do so much, bless her heart, in the way of establishing a hygienic household if she only will.

\* \* \*

Of all material blessings in this world health comes first. Everything we can do to attain health should be done, for the sake of those about us, as well as our own. Sacrifice anything to be well. I say with Burns: "Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content."

\* \* \*

Let us all try and look on the bright side. Let us cultivate optimism. Let us hope that everything will turn out right, and then go to work to make it turn out right. Let us hustle while we wait. The Pessimist leads a sad, dreary life. He is to be pitied not condemned. He can make his life a harp of all discordant sounds and wear himself and everyone about him out, glorying perhaps, in his pessimism. If he will listen to reason let us show him that life isn't tragic, unless we make it so; that daily cares can be overcome; that patience can be cultivated and things viewed in a different light; if friends are taken from us, we can love their memory and live for the living. It is true that some shoulders are struggling under burdens almost too heavy to bear, but I can all be remedied some way. Some people won't be helped; they insist upon living in the dark, excluding God's beautiful sunshine.

As Longfellow says: "This life of ours is a wild Aeolian harp of many a joyous strain." Oh let it be so; cultivate optimism; let all the sunshine you can in your heart; revel in it; get so full of it that you have to keep giving it away. Be happy and gentle and true and loving and helpful every day of your life. Above all things, look on the bright side, "wear your lining inside out, so it's always shining."





# Home Course in Physical Culture

CONDUCTED BY U. G. FLETCHER.

*To the Path-Finder Family, Health and Happiness—*

Presuming that you have been practicing the exercises given in the foregoing issues of this magazine, we will now add others. It will be well to continue those previously given, at least another month. You can go through the first set of movements and immediately follow with the second, or if you prefer practice one set in the morning and the other at night.

Do your best to follow directions for each exercise, if you wish to derive the greatest benefit from it.

*Exercise 4.* Stand erect with hips well back, chest high and arms at sides. Raise the arms very slowly and smoothly and bring the ends of the fingers together above the head, as in Illustration No. 5, while taking a deep full breath.

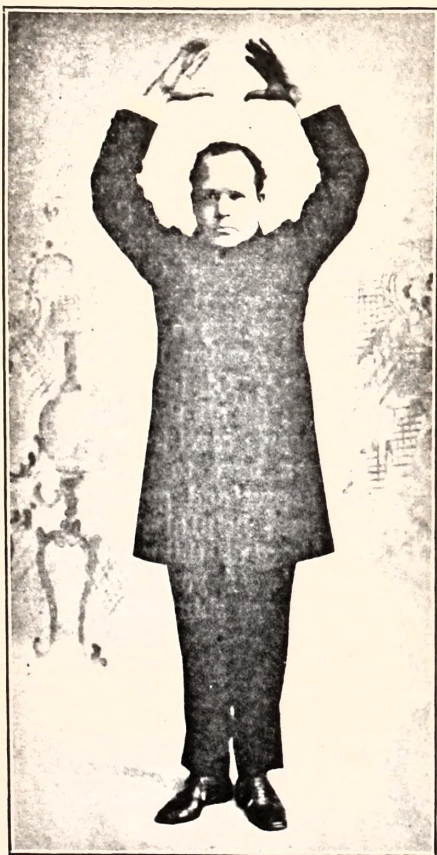


ILLUSTRATION No. 5

Hold the breath a few seconds, turn the palms of the hands out and stretch the arms to their full length while bringing them down to the sides and at the same time exhaling as smoothly as possible, through the slightly parted lips. All exhalations may be made thus in these exercises, but always take the breath through the nostrils and do this very gently. This is an excellent exercise for weak, nervous people or those whose breathing is irregular or shallow. Do the exercise from 5 to 10 times at each trial.



ILLUSTRATION No. 6

*Exercise 5.* Stand with the feet some distance apart as in Illustration No. 6. Balance the weight on the right foot while swinging the hands up to the right, then on the left as the hands are swung up to the left. The arms are kept as

lifeless as possible in this exercise. Inhale on four counts and exhale on four. The movements are made about as rapid as you would step in ordinary walking. You will likely have some trouble in keeping your breathing smooth and regular while making these jerky movements, but persistent practice will bring you out victor. This exercise if done with vigor, will bring the blood to the hands, make the joints in the arms and shoulders flexible, and strengthen the various muscles involved. Swing arms as far as possible 20 to 40 times.

holding the breath and then exhale while bending to the right again. Repeat 5 to 10 times. This is not a very pleasant exercise for a beginner, but when taken with exercise No. 2, it will be of great benefit in developing strength in the muscles of the sides and waist. Practice it carefully.

### A 'Real Philosopher

HANFORD, Cal., January 17, '05.

MR. EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE—*Dear Brother*: I want to thank you for the much-needed things I have read in your books. Allow me to express myself in saying that the "Book of the New Century" is the finest thing I ever read, not excepting even the Bible. Also "The Kitchen Problem Solved," received yesterday. I read it through before I slept. Also "The Secret of Human Unfoldment" is a charm. I am studying it.

I have been breaking off from the meat habit gradually for a long time, but now do not eat it in any form whatever, and I find that I am so much better and stronger, less nervous and feel so much better every way.

Your religion is my religion. I have all your books loaned out to read. Every man and woman should read the Path-Finder, no matter where they live.

I take my cold bath in the morning and find I am better for it. I have fasted for six days and improved by so doing. Soon I expect to take a longer fast. I did not feel hungry after the first two meal hours passed. I never stopped work. I performed the same amount of labor as before my fast and I was then doing very hard work.

Some people are beginning to call me a crank. I tell them I like that. I never fail to say a good word for Conable. I am a Conable man first, last and all the time. I hope to see you before the close of the year.

I am the man who wrote you some time ago that I had just lost a little fortune in cattle. How many times since have I said to myself that I was glad of this loss; otherwise I would never have found the true life. Had I but saved enough to pay my debts I would have felt better, but that will come later.

Yours sincerely,

J. F. WARREN.



ILLUSTRATION No. 7

**Exercise 6.** Stand erect, hands on hips, feet some distance apart. Bend slowly to the right, as in Illustration No. 7, as far as possible, while exhaling. Hold this position a few seconds with the lungs as nearly empty as you can make them and then reverse the movement and take a full, deep breath while bending to the left as far as you can go. Hold this position several seconds while

# E a s t e r

BY MAUD JOHNSON

LUELLA WEAVER walked slowly along the crowded street. It was Easter morning and all New York was out in its best. Many who had not been to church since last Easter, were again hurrying to the place where they hoped to hear the best music, or the most eloquent sermon or to see the gayest bonnets. Luella was not of this class, however. She was sincere in her worship at least though perhaps misguided.

She had gone only a few blocks when she was overtaken by a strong, athletic, joyous looking young man, who's very step betokened superb health. "To church again?" he asked, as he stepped to her side.

"Yes," replied Luella, "and I do wish you cared enough to go too."

"Care? What do you mean?"

"I mean I wish you loved God more and were more religious."

"Perhaps I am more religious than you think; as for loving God, I can prove to you that I love Him."

"How?" asked Luella.

"Because I love His works," replied the young man.

"But I think you ought to worship God too."

"I do worship Him in my own way. I think that I worship Him in loving His creation."

"Yes, perhaps, but you are wrong in not going to church."

"Do you think so? That might be a matter of opinion. Perhaps I think you wrong in some things too."

Luella looked at the young man questioningly. "Will you tell me what you mean?" she said slowly.

"Do you really want to know?"

"Yes," she answered, still wondering.

"Well," he said, "have I not seen you driving a bob-tailed horse?"

"Yes," she replied, wondering what that could have to do with it.

"Haven't I seen a little bird hanging in your parlor in a little cage scarcely large enough for him to turn round in?" continued the young man.

"Yes, I guess you have," she admitted reluctantly, "but I never thought about his not being happy there. Why do you speak of him?"

"Well, it rather makes my heart ache to see him penned up there. It must be hard on him and then he must be lonely too. And while we are talking of birds, do I not see a couple of birds on that Easter bonnet of yours?"

Luella colored.

"Beg pardon," he said, "but you wanted to know."

"Go on," she urged, "I want to hear the rest, now that you have begun."

"Very well," he continued. "I have also seen you wear furs, I think, and at present you wear gloves and shoes."

She looked up at him puzzled. She had heard people object to wearing furs and feathers, but gloves and shoes, that was different.

Seeing her perplexity he laughed. "Would you like to have me explain?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"All right, I shall begin at the beginning. God made horses with long tails. Do you consider yourself a better judge of beauty than He? He gave the birds wings, you have made him a captive. On your hat—"

"Never mind," she interrupted, "I know what you would say about that; I have often heard the wearing of birds condemned, as well as the wearing of furs, though all the talks I have ever heard never impressed me much."

"Perhaps you have never realized that in order to ornament your person, some happy, fearless creature has lost its life. Do you not think that the animals too love life?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Luella slowly.

"You are a good Bible student, Luella, do you not remember that passage in Isaiah which says, 'They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain'?"

"I must confess I do not know that



passage and I never knew before that you could quote scripture."

"I study the Bible more than than you think and govern my life accordingly."

"Well," continued Luella apologetically, "that is from the Old Testament. I do not read that a great deal."

"Well, then we will take the New Testament as our guide," interrupted the young man. "Christ always talked of love and after all isn't that passage in Isaiah a prophecy of the reign of love? It is in this passage that he speaks of the wolf and the lamb dwelling together and says, 'the lion shall eat straw like the ox,' now how is this reign of love to be established unless man makes the start? Ought we to let the animals get ahead of us in this? What are our churches trying to do? Are they not trying to fill the earth with a knowledge of God? And what does Isaiah say? 'They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.' You see when the earth is full of the knowledge of the Lord we shall no longer destroy or kill."

Luella did not answer. She was thinking earnestly. Presently she looked up. "Well," she said, "you have still to tell me about the gloves and the shoes, I would like to hear about them."

"It is simply the same idea. The taking of life. Moreover, you possibly do not know that some gloves are made solely from the skin of the unborn animal."

"Is it possible," cried Luella horrified.

"I believe so," replied the young man, "but after all, is that much worse than taking the life after birth? Of course it is worse, but the other is bad enough."

Luella again became thoughtful.

"But," she exclaimed suddenly, "how about shoes? You wear shoes."

"Yes," he replied. "I do so for custom's sake, but you perhaps are not aware of the fact that I am at present interested in an organization which is considering the manufacture of a shoe made entirely of vegetable products."

"Bravo," cried the girl, "I like to see a man who lives up to his ideals. I acknowledge you have given me a new view of religion. I do not say that I am convinced, but what you have said is certainly worth thinking about."

They had reached the church steps. She extended her hand smiling, bade him good morning, and then entered the church to hear the preacher tell how the Lamb was slain to appease an angry God; and the young man walked briskly down the street, whistling as he went and worshipping God from the depths of his great, joyous soul.

## A Soul's Awakening

BY OLIVE WINTERS COLEBROOK

**D** ATIENTLY and full of faith, the Woman awaited the Pentecostal fire. With an unspeakable longing, increasing in intensity year by year, she had desired that the fiery cloven tongue might descend upon her, as upon the Apostles of old, and that she, too, might receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

From early childhood the old story had possessed a fascination for her, and as increasing years brought the knowledge that her body was the Temple of the Holy Ghost, and that the conscious knowledge of Its Presence was as

much a possibility to her as to the Disciples of Jesus, provided she would cleanse the Temple, and open the avenues of expression, she had, with unfaltering determination, purified and perfected the body which was hers.

So now, strong in the knowledge that she had at last performed her part, in the stillness of the night watches, she awaited the Sign.

Slowly, deeper and deeper She sank into the stillness of the silent hour; knowing, knowing with all the knowledge of the Universe, that it was for her.

Then there came the sound of a mighty rushing wind in her ears; the cloven flame rested upon her and a great light unwrapped her.

Gently, she was lifted up, as upon a pillar of flame, and borne to an exceeding high mountain. With a great tenderness, her feet were placed upon the ground and the sense of the beauty of the surroundings stole into her consciousness, as a balm of utter rest after the upheaval of a furious storm.

Above and around her, casting its glow over all nature, tinging trees, and flowers, and rocks, and the tiny rivulets that wound in and out among the hills and vales, was the rosy "Light of Infinite Love;" and beneath her, stretching far away toward the horizon and making a path that her weary feet might tread, was the "Infinite Peace That Passeth All Understanding;" while in and through it all, like a mighty benediction, rested a great brooding Silence.

Long she stood drinking in the Light and the Peace and the Silence, until all the burden of years of sorrow, and pain, and endurance, dropped from her shoulders and she was once again strong and free as in the years before Life claimed her for its lessons.

Then, so strange is the substance of which dreams are made, instantly the Silence vanished, and the world seemed teeming with myriad voices. Some she knew, some no mortal ear had heard before: for the Pentecostal Fire had riven the veil between the material body and the spiritual one, and she knew and spoke the tongues of all peoples and the Universal Language of all Life.

She heard the voices of the minerals and understood their whisperings: the gold and the silver and strange substances within the earth; the inhabitants of the briny deep: the fruits, and the flowers, the vegetables and trees; the wind as it went sighing through the pines; the birds and the animals all spoke the same language, the language of Infinite, Eternal, Unchangeable Creative Intelligence and Boundless Love. Then, as she stood awed and reverent, once again the Silence settled over all Nature, and from out the East began a light, growing brighter and brighter until the whole Universe was flooded with

the glory of it; and from its depths came a Being of wondrous beauty; and in the Silence, all nature did homage to Its Lord.

Silently He stood before the wondering woman, looking at her with eyes alight with Divine tenderness and said in a voice throbbing with the mighty vibration of all Harmony. "Thou wert slow in coming. My Own, and I have wearied oft in he waiting, but at last, we are One. Look behind you and see the stony hill you have climbed.

Unquestioningly the Woman turned, and beheld spread before her the long road of evolution she had passed with weary plodding feet.

Once again the Voice took up the tale. "Many billions of years it is, My Love, since Thou and I started together to grow; Thou wert but an atom, and I its Life; but Thou didst not know me then, so we parted to meet again. Ere I left Thee I had implanted within Thee a desire for Life so strong, that out of that longing Thou didst fashion a body and once again we lived. Thou wert the Body and I was its Life.

Cycles came and cycles waned, and Thou and I together climbed the steep path of Love and Growth and Knowledge and Infinite Wisdom.

Sometimes Thou wert a precious stone, and I, its glowing heart; sometimes Thou wert a pansy shy, or perchance a rose, and I, its vibrant Life. Once Thou wert a stately pine, with healing in Thy breath; Then Thou called from out the Deep, e'en there, I heard Thy cry.

A bird wert Thou, and free and light as air, e'en there I helped Thee for I was Thy happy voice. Once as a savage beast we prowled the forest's gloom, and sought and slayed our victims, e'en there, I loved Thee, too. And then Thou developed arms and hands, and we swung from tree to tree, happy and full of glee, growing always and always free. So on and on Dear Heart, we climbed the trail together, every life and every lesson, sharing with each other; until now you stand a mighty Temple, clothed in your radiant beauty. Strong and true and wise and sweet, Thou art great through hardly learned lessons.

Great is Thy Love and Compassion for those yet treading the Pathway;

great is Thy knowledge and tender the hand that reaches to those who are stumbling.

The road is flowery and wide and smooth through the Peace which leads

to Forever, and Thou and I to that Peaceful Land shall tread hand in hand together, for

I Am the Life,

And Thou Its Perfected Expression."

## Chicago Coming to Los Angeles

LOS ANGELES, California, Jan. 15, 1905.

MY DEAR FRIEND EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE:—Some time in November I wrote you that I was coming to California—Los Angeles. I am now here and have been about four weeks, busy looking around this beautiful country and city, getting acquainted with the good people thus far as found. If there are any bad people here I have failed to find them, and I do not believe that I ever will, for I am not looking for any one to criticise or correct. I believe that every person has his own life to live, and no one can live a life for another. If we live our own lives as near the highest ideals attainable to us, with a desire for a higher good, then we only draw to ourselves that which is above us, which will constantly lead us toward the all, everlasting, expansive, unexhaustible fountain of Good which will in time draw our minds from all that may be so called below us, and they will also be drawn to us only by the law of an upward attraction of the All Good. But, Brother Conable, I will not worry the readers of your most valuable journal by informing them of my arrival and admiration of this city and surrounding country. You are well aware that I have been a willing advocate of the Path-Finder even long before the issue of No. I, Volume I, in which I expressed my most sanguine confidence, even in its darkest hour of Ozark disappointments. I have read your January, 1905, number with the usual interest which sharpens the appetite for more. But upon finishing reading the grand good things under the heading of SHORT PATHS, I read, "We do not want any Path-Finder friend to come to California, who has limited means. I thought that that sounded exactly like what my good wife had told me, and I wondered if it could really be so, and I commenced to won-

der if I should return and face the cold wintry blasts of beautiful Chicago, and weather the nine months of wearing an overcoat, leaving this lovely climate which is furnished free for the taking or not. I have decided that the editor could not have meant me or else I had not quite finished the sentence, or else he did not mean ready cash but he must have meant sand. So I have concluded that I would collect the sand and stay here, and claim my part of this beautiful land with the climate thrown in, and be happy, and if I am happy, I am rich.

As ever yours for glory,

J WESLEY BROOKS.

### More Converts

Cheney, Kansas, Jan. 14, 1905.

MR. EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, Los Angeles, Calif.--

MR. CONABLE: Enclosed please find \$1.00 bill, the price of your book, Factors in Process of Human Development, which please send to my address. We have read the PATHFINDER for some time with pleasure and profit, and are to an extent acquainted with the editor, and feel we would like to read your book.

We feel we are indebted to you for the light which has enabled us to break some of the shackles which have hindered our progress "toward those heights where lies repose." One of the benefits of reading your magazine is that my husband has been willing to banish from our table meat in every form. He says it is due to your radical presentation of the subject. We are very grateful that we ever happened to see a copy of your magazine, which a friend kindly loaned us.

We have persons in whom we are interested, to whom we would be pleased if you would send sample copies, preferably the January issue, as I believe

there are presentations of truth which would appeal individually to them and might result in their becoming subscribers.

The PATHFINDER is becoming more interesting to us with each issue. I hope the promised new department treating of uncooked foods, etc., will soon appear.

Wishing you a successful year, I am,  
Respectfully,  
(Mrs.) L. V. CRUM.

### Woman Roasts Roosevelt

New York, Dec. 10.—“President Roosevelt likes to order the people about, and particularly to tell women what they ought to do. He's like Emperor William, wanting to run everything.”

This was the comment to the Equal Suffrage league at the Hotel Astor today of Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, who was particularly disturbed by the president's suggestion in his message that married women should not work outside their homes.

“What are married women to do?” she asked. “Women with little children to support, women who have worthless, shiftless husbands, or drunken, beastly ones? The whole business world is run just to suit men now, but the time is coming when things will be different.”

“Every hour seven children are born, 50,000 a year, and of these 20,000 women are without medical attendance or care. Has President Roosevelt no sense of honor that, in view of this fact, he suggests that the women should bring more children into the world?”

### My Symphony

TO LIVE content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never; in a word to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common—this is to be my symphony.

WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING.

### Oysters Carry Typhoid

By a series of experiments at the Aquarium in Battery Park, the New York Department of Health has demonstrated, beyond any doubt, that oysters carry typhoid infection. It has also been found out under what conditions and for how long a time the bivalves carry the infection.

The experiments have been carried on by Cyrus W. Field, assistant bacteriologist of the Health Department. The oysters were first immersed in large tanks

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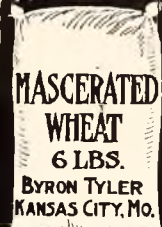
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containing brackish water which was infected with typhoid bacilli. At the end of twenty-four hours the oysters were removed, and it was found that the typhoid bacilli could be isolated from the oyster as late as the ninth day.

This experiment proved that the oyster could carry the typhoid bacilli alive for nine days. On this state of facts, according to the Health Department experts, it is not theoretically safe to eat infected oysters within ten days of the date of infection. In other words oysters should be preserved alive nine days before being served as food.

In a second experiment the typhoid-infected oyster was replaced in salt water, and it was found that the bacilli could be isolated up to the eighth day, but beyond that time no live organism could be obtained from the oyster.

From the moment the salt water in the tank was first infected with typhoid germs they began to decrease rapidly day by day. There were only half as many live bacilli in the tank on the second day as on the first, and on the ninth day none was found, showing that the salt water was fatal to the typhoid bacilli.

A curious fact has come to light during investigations with typhoid-infected oysters, namely, that the typhoid bacilli is fond of cold. If infested oysters are cooled the bacilli can be isolated on them at the end of from four to six weeks.

Further experiments have shown that many oysters die in transit to market, and in that condition the typhoid bacilli multiply on them amazingly. It is not easy to distinguish a dead oyster when frozen, so they are unsuspectingly used as food.

### Japanese Retort Courteous.

Nagahaki, the celebrated Japanese juggler, was a great favorite wherever he went, and just before the present war broke out he was performing in St. Petersburg.

When hostilities commenced he had to clear out, and his admirers, among whom were many officers of the garrison, gave him a farewell supper.

At the close of the banquet they were wishing him "Goodby" when some of them exclaimed, "Not goodbye, but only au revoir, for we shall be drinking your health in champagne in Tokio before the year is out."

"I am afraid not," replied Nagahaki, gravely. "Japan is a poor country, remember, and I fear we shall not be able to give our prisoners champagne."

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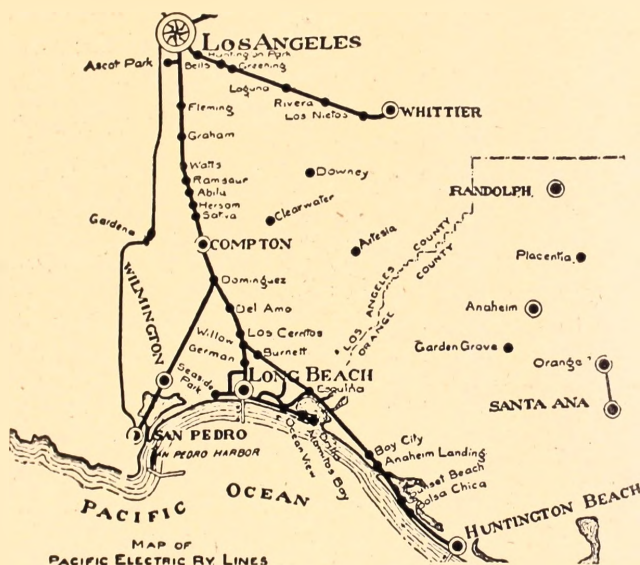


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