

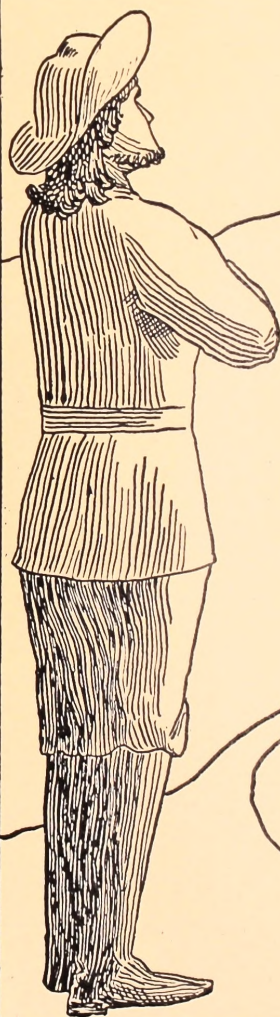
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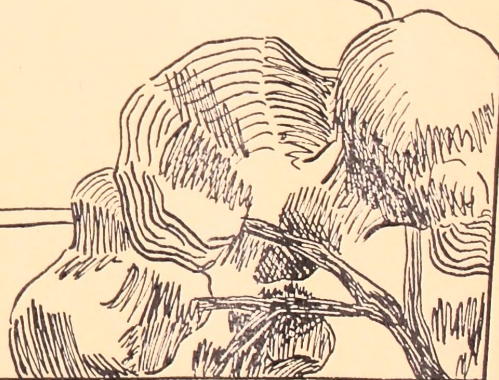
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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO
SELF-CULTURE,
LITERATURE AND
PHILOSOPHY



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HOW TO LIVE
NOT
HOW TO DIE



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VOLUME IV.

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Conable's Path-Finder

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, EDITOR

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BY THE EDITOR

Food from the Universe

ALL constant readers of Conable's Path-Finder are familiar with the editor's convictions respecting the possibility, with proper development, of being able to take all necessary life nourishment direct from the Universe rather than wait for it to be dosed out after having passed through the stomachs of various forms of animate and inanimate life. Inanimate life have stomachs as well as animate life, though they are not technically known by the same name.

We believe that man can so perfect himself, here and now, as to be able to live indefinitely upon the vital energy that is found in the air we breathe and that surrounds us.

If we wish to eat cereals, why take them through the stomach of some animal that has fed upon these cereals,

If we wish to possess ourselves of the vital elements contained in cereals, why not take them first handed, direct from out the etheric waves with which we are constantly submerged?

You will say, why were we given a stomach and digestive apparatus and assimilative powers, were it not intended that we should use them?

Once upon a time we possessed the lower jaw of a hyena and there was fur all along our spinal column, as well as elsewhere. We have grown a few steps since then. We have grown and unfolded considerably since the days when we strode the earth horizontally on four legs. Since then we have come into the conscious realization of our place in the evolutionary growth of all life: at least some of us have. Having reached the stage of *conscious* growth, we have (or the law of growth has) removed every obstacle standing in the way of our attaining to that exalted physical unfolding which brings us into inseparable harmonious relations with the great Universal Creative Energy. When we reach this stage of perfect harmony with the Universal processes, we then divest ourselves of all limitations. We, then, make it possible to build for ourselves just such a physical habitation as our needs and requirements demand.

Recently, English and other European papers, as well as many of the American papers, published the account of a man in London, named Roger Crab, who wagered \$5000 with a friend that he could live a whole year on the sum of 84 cents. He won his bet and at the end of the year had four cents of the amount left. The man's diet consisted of nettle soup, thickened with corn meal, lentils, a pudding made of bran and turnip leaves, and similar things.

At the end of the year he was several pounds heavier than at the outset of this remarkable undertaking, besides being \$5000 ahead in his bank account. The man claims that his physical condition was never better in his life and that his mind was never so clear and active.

All of which is unquestionably true. I have fasted enough to know that there is no possible way by which superb physical and mental manhood can be attained so readily and easily as by eliminating, wholly or in great degree, the food question. Eating, sleep and death all go together. Cut out the former and the question of indefinite longevity is solved. In other words, when we so perfect ourselves as to be able to take our nourishment direct from the Universal supply, we have solved the problem of life and death so far as it relates to this particular planet; and life on this planet is all that interests us at the present time.

Speaking editorially on this matter of limited diet, the Brooklyn Eagle says:

"But we do not agree that it is a duty to live on husks and nettle soup. Food sustains more than the body. Rightly chosen, it sustains morals and lubricates the intellect."

It is but necessary to refer, at this time, to Russia and Japan to prove the inaccuracy of this claim. Search the world over and it will be found that the less food that is consumed and the plainer, the higher the standard of morals and the greater both body and brain capacity. In other words, the closer we come to Nature and take our supplies direct from the fountain head, the higher, loftier, more intellectual and more spiritual do we become. These are facts that any one can prove who cares to.

Here and there we find a brave searcher after the truths of Nature whose footsteps lead him up to the very foot-hills approaching the fountain of Eternal Life. We, whose bodies are gormandized with flesh from the corpses of the once living, scout the idea that anything short of pig's feet and putrid cold liver will bring to the surface the full fruition of the God-power within us.

Don't you believe this, friends.

Search the criminal, the poor-house and the insane asylum records, if you would discover the true status of the gormandized meat-eater. He will be found in these places in abundance. Neither criminals nor fools are ever dieticians. The dietician may be a "crank," but he is the one to whose memory the "smart alecks" erect monuments in the end. This is the history of the world.

But the race is evolving—evolving fact. The world is today full of students of life. They are searching for the fountain-head whence comes the "original package" of life energy, which creates in the likeness and image of the Creator.

The student of life has ceased to read books and listen to sermons and addresses and lectures to find that for which he is in search. True, the sermon and the lecturer are often interesting and entertaining, and instructive, at times, in a way; but when we wish to work out the so-called secret—the *real Truth*—we no longer search for it outside ourselves. When we do, we never find it. The Truth for which we are in search, was never, and never can be, found in others. We—our Within Selves—hold the Key which reveals all that we would know. And as the wondrous knowledge of the workings of the great Creative Hand comes to us, we *know* that life is Eternal. We *know* that we are in possession of the power to demonstrate this Truth. With this Great Light illuminating our pathway, another truth also comes to us: We cannot build for Eternity without first laying a perfect foundation. We cannot lay a perfect foundation out of imperfect material. Perfect material was never created out of decaying, disintegrating substance.

The meat-eater is the lowest type of physical growth of the age. The vegetarian is a step higher. The uncooked food disciple is another step higher. The man who can take the creative energy first-handed—direct from the source of *all* supply, is the one who will be present, clothed in all his physical raiment, on Resurrection morn, and he will demand neither ham and eggs, nor pork sausage for his breakfast.

The early years of this new century will find here and there a "crank" who

will be surviving gloriously upon the vital food supply direct from Mother Nature's prolific breasts.

Pulpit Advertising

THESE is one thing that ministers are good for if for nothing else, namely, they are good advertisers for the other fellow.

A few years ago, out in Colorado, a very popular, but intensely sensational, Presbyterian minister announced to the members of his congregation one evening, that any woman who would read past the 42nd page of the book called, "Trilby," was not a respectable woman. What was the result? Just what any one but a fool would expect. The next morning, bright and early, every bookstore in the town was raided by the minister's congregation to find this book. Hundreds of people had never heard of it before, and this, too, afforded the opportunity to many of the women to find out, perhaps, for the first time, whether or not they were really respectable. They wanted to settle their minds on this vital point, so they rushed out to buy "Trilby." All the booksellers had to send in fresh orders to the publishers to supply the demand. From the minister's point of view there were not a half dozen respectable women in his congregation, for all the book marks passed page 42. These women just wanted to see where the preacher got his information; that was all; and they all decided (after reading the book through) that the minister was correct in his conclusions.

We have often wondered what commission the publishers paid this gospel juggler.

Now, as another illustration that the pulpit is one of the best advertising agencies in the world, we will recite a case here in Los Angeles.

There is a brainy man in Los Angeles called the Rev. B. Fay Mills. This Rev. gentleman appears to be greatly beloved by all who know him, and he talks twice every Sunday to all the people who can find room in the spacious hall where he delivers his discourses. But the Rev. Mills is no longer a Rev. from the orthodox point of view. He relapsed some years ago

—withdrew from all connections with the orthodox creeds, and struck out independently for himself. Now, Mr. Mills is preaching the gospel of manhood and brotherly love. In other words, he is teaching along the lines accredited the Christ of twenty centuries anterior. The result is that Mr. Mills is working an upheaval in all the churches in Los Angeles and hereabouts, much to the dismay of their pastors.

A few Sundays since, the Rev. Dr. McIntyre, pastor of the First Methodist Church, of Los Angeles, became alarmed because of the evidences of popularity and the drawing powers of Brother Mills. Brother Mills was too powerful and dangerous a man to be doing missionary work outside an orthodox pulpit, so the good Methodist minister requested that all his congregation and all the other orthodox churches in town, set aside a specific time to offer up prayers for the salvation of Brother Mills' soul. Brother Mills now thought it the proper time for him to give to the public his specific reasons for leaving the orthodox church. To this end he announced that on the following Sunday he would do this in the hall where he was delivering his Sunday addresses—a hall that seats about five hundred people. Well, the people came and the people went—about three thousand went away because the room had been packed before they reached it. So great were the demands to hear Brother Mills expose the skeleton of orthodoxy, that he consented to repeat this discourse in a bigger auditorium, that would take care of about three thousand people. The writer was among the number who thought he would like to hear this discourse, so he went early—about half past seven—thinking all the time that it was doubtful if the doors were open yet. Soon he met crowds coming his way. Where were they coming from? Was his query to a companion. On reaching the big auditorium, it was discovered that it was already filled to overflowing, the doors had been closed and hundreds of people were leaving because of their inability to get on the inside.

At this point the writer recalled the Colorado Springs "Trilby" incident, and said audibly: "What fools these

orthodox ministers are. They have been weaving the hemp that will stretch their own necks." And such is the case. They gave Mr. Mills such an advertisement as he could not have secured by the expenditure of ten thousand dollars.

It is said that when Brother Mills finished his discourse there was not enough left of the whole orthodox system to make a respectable kodak snap shot, and I am told that Brother McIntyre is now going about reciting the story of the parrot that had lost all its tail-feathers after an encounter with a bull-dog, the parrot had been trying to set on a mythical drove of cattle in the corn. Perched on top of the highest window-sill, out of reach of the dog, and surveying its ruffled feathers and general state of dilapidation, the parrot thus soliloquized: "I know what's the matter with me; I talk too damn much." So Brother McIntyre is now roosting on the top window-sill, alongside the parrot.

Now, there are a few thousand more people in Los Angeles who would like to hear Brother Mills tell the story of his reformation. To this end the Path-Finder suggests that he hire Bob Burdette's prize-ring auditorium and again give his experiences while on board the fast-sinking craft of orthodoxy.

Blown Up

A GRAND DUKE has just been blown up—a brother of the Czar of Russia, whom, it is claimed, was responsible for the fiendish murders committed by the Czar's soldiers in the streets of Moscow recently. Innocent men, women and children were shot down the moment they stuck their heads out of their homes, so the dispatches tell us.

Now, no Grand Duke, or any other kind of a duke, was ever blown up who did not attract a blowing up to himself. The Ego investing this particular Grand Duke had got all the earthly experience it could stand, so it just led its encasement into the presence of a big bomb, inflated with dynamite and giant powder, and the Duke's seal brown liver and other apparatus went skyward "quicker than

greased lightning." Enough of him hasn't yet been found to head a funeral cortege.

So much for following the occupation of murder. But who cares? The life of a Grand Duke is no more than the life of any other human being. It matters not how we die especially, only some of us think it is more respectable to die with scrofula than on the gallows, while others differ on this point. We cannot all think alike—at least all *do not* think alike. But I cannot think of any form of death that would be more dishonorable and disgraceful than to die at the hands of avengers whose innocent wives and mothers and children had been deliberately shot down in the public streets.

It is said that the Czar himself and many of his official household have been "marked" for the same fate, and that they are greatly disturbed in consequence.

What is the use of being disturbed over a little thing like this? No one is going to die until he has attracted death to himself, in some form by reason of the violation of some of the laws of life. Of course, the person who commits a crime of any sort is generally filled with fear at some stage lest the law of retribution should reach out for him. This is undoubtedly the case with the Czar and his co-murderers. They know that the hand of justice ought to fall on them if it does not. But it will. It may not come at the hands of an infuriated mob or a bomb-thrower, but it will come in due time. There is an unfailing natural law that reaches out and takes care of all its violators.

But there is one thing certain, unless the Czar's time has come a thousand bombs might be thrown at his feet and he will escape. Unless the Ego inhabiting the physical body of the Czar is ready to withdraw, all the forces on earth cannot destroy him. He cannot be uncerowned in the physical flesh until the Divine life within him is ready to step out.

So it is with all life. Death is simply the withdrawal of the Ego inhabiting the physical structure. So long as we recognize the presence of this Divine force within us and live pure, clean

lives, eliminate disease and appropriate the new life material with which Nature constantly provides us, this Divine life, or Ego, will stay with us and help to bring us into greater perfection—into a clearer understanding of life's purposes.

Divinity creates to live—not to die. When we die we demonstrate the fact that we have violated some innate law of life, hence, must suffer for it. The Ego becomes tired of our negligence and wrong ways of living and doing, hence, it withdraws. That which was mortal flesh, disintegrates, and the Eternal Life which inhabited this mortal flesh, retires—withdraws to a plane beyond our physical discernment.

So it matters little, if we are not going to live the lives that it is possible to perpetuate, in just what manner we shuffle off. It is disgraceful to die, no matter by what cause or by what means. We have committed some crime, somewhere, at some time. There is no palliating the offense simply because man, in his ignorance, fails to recognize the commission of a crime. A great crime against the natural law of life has been committed. He who does not feel disgraced at his inability to properly "landlord" his Divine tenant, is mighty dense in his conception of the realities of life.

Some of us may not fear death, but every mother's son of us should be ashamed to die.

Let no physical hand hoist a monument to the memory of any dead. We leave behind us a disgrace that has no parallel.

And thus will it ever be, so long as the race persists in dying.

Public Baths

IF THERE is one thing more than another that a municipality is under obligations to do it is to properly provide for the healthful and hygienic needs of the people.

The question of providing baths for all those who are not in position to provide them for themselves, should be given such consideration as its importance demands.

The Japanese soldiery take portable baths with them to the field of action.

The Russian soldiery, who never heard a Roman citizen could enjoy its luxuries

of such a thing as a bath, carry a fatality with them quite as destructive as Japanese shot and shell.

We have a good doctor friend in Brooklyn, N. Y., who is the "father" of the Turkish bath in this country. He predicts that the time will come when the State will provide these baths for the so-called common people; that it will be a source of saving to the tax-payer rather than a burden.

We are pleased to give space to the following from the Brooklyn Eagle concerning Dr. Shepard and his work:

"The fortieth anniversary of the establishment of the Turkish bath in America, by Dr. Charles H. Shepard, was pleasantly celebrated at his residence, 81 Columbia Heights, on the evening of the 6th. At an informal gathering of friends a paper was read by the doctor, in which he said, among other things:

"Forty years of my life have been given to the promulgation of the value of the Turkish bath, believing that no greater good can come to the community than by its adoption as a habit of the people. That the world is progressing is freely conceded. The medical profession is constantly bringing out some new idea that it is hoped will be for the salvation of the people. One panacea after another is widely heralded, only to fall into desuetude, when another candidate for popular favor claims attention for a short time. Thus, it has been, and thus, it is likely to be, for some time to come, as the ignis fatuus is ever out of reach. Its only excuse is that in every exhibition of drugs to the system, the native powers of resistance rise up with all their energy to drive out the intruder, and this exhausted energy is mistaken for renewed vigor. As well might the inmates of the army hospital be considered an evidence of the success of the army.

"The crowning glory of the Turkish bath is its power in preventing disease, and the time must come when we shall have public Turkish baths, built by the state, and so conducted that the poorest individual in the community may have the privileges of the bath at a nominal price, as was the case during the Augustan age of the Roman empire, when a Roman citizen could enjoy its luxuries

for the smallest piece of money then extant. This would not only raise the health standard of the community, but be a matter of economy, by making a less tax on the poor fund. No greater blessing can come to us as a people. For this we labor and wait.'"

Distilled Water

A PROPOS of our remarks concerning distilled water in the February Path-Finder, we are just in receipt of a few lines from a Chicago M. D. doctor. You know there are lots of different kinds of doctors. This one is a real M. D. He says:

"DEAR MR. CONABLE:—Distilled water is *dead water*—good, perhaps, to wash corpses (outside), but never good for inside use of the living man (or beast). Even plants will wither sooner than encourage its use. Destroy your still by all means."

Following this comes a communication from Mr. H. B. Congdon, of Tulare, Cal., which reads as follows:

"MR. EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, Los Angeles, Cal.:—I notice in the Path-Finder for the current month that you come down with both feet on the use of distilled water. I have been using distilled water for, lo, these many years—say five or six. I was driven to it by the filthiness of our well water, which is so much impregnated with alkaline salts and general filth (shown in the still retort and in the bottom of the teakettle), that it is utterly unfit for drinking purposes or for cooking. There are many wells in this valley that are of the same character; in fact, a well of good water is a difficult thing to find, and some are so bad that they are declared unfit even for irrigation purposes. The artesian wells are so strongly impregnated with sulphur and other minerals that they are offensive to both taste and smell. I, therefore, hailed the still as a God-send. It has given us plenty of sweet, and apparently wholesome, water for drinking, and considerable for

cooking purposes. In the summer, during the perspiration period, I drink two quarts or more every day. I have never experienced the slightest ill effects from its use, but on the contrary it kept my digestive and eliminative organs at all times in a healthy condition. As I have stated, I began its use some five or six years ago, and I am strongly impressed with the idea that if it were injurious to the health, I have given it ample time to show its bad effects upon the bodily organs.

"You say it will kill all plant life that depends wholly upon it. Let us see about that. About the time I purchased my still I bought from an Eastern greenhouse a tender plant—I believe a native of New Zealand—that we were very anxious to make grow. It has been kept in the house, of course, and received its regular cup of distilled water once or twice a week ever since purchased, and it is now as fine and thrifty a plant as you will find outside the greenhouse.

I am entirely satisfied with distilled water, and until I see some evidence of its general badness, I shall continue its use.

Take a trip through this valley and others and drink of the waters you find, and I think you will gladly get back to your still. It is no use to advise fruit and fruit juices outside the big cities. Not one-tenth of the population can follow that advice. Go through the whole coast country, and you will find that a very large portion of the population cannot get fruit regularly, even in the fruit season."

I can readily understand, with a natural water supply such as this friend describes, how one would easily be driven to a still, or even to a distillery or brewery. I know, too, that distilled water produces eliminating properties. That is the trouble; it is too eliminating. It will, in time, eliminate the very marrow out of the bones of the body. Our friend is fortunate in not experiencing any bad results up to this

time; but let him stay with the distilled water, and some day he will just crumble to pieces. Still, who shall say that this is not as good a way as any to shuffle off this mortal coil?

In the matter of the plant, there were counter-acting elements in the soil which covered the roots. Besides, we know that one-fourth of the life energy which feeds plant life comes from the sun's rays; so it is not at all probable that a cup of distilled water, once or twice a week, would act adversely on the plant.

But we are perfectly willing our friend should keep up the use of distilled water. We are not sure but we would do the same were we forced to live in a portion of the country so undesirable as he describes. We would certainly want to do something that would "eliminate," and do it mightily swiftly.

Physical Culture

ALL readers of Conable's Path-Finder are aware of the editor's pronounced ideas along the lines of perfecting the physical body. The perfection of the physical body is as essential to the growth of the individual as clothing is in the frigid zone to keep the body from freezing. There can be no spiritual growth of importance in the absence of a clean, pure, strong body; and it is impossible to make the body clean, pure and strong in the absence of proper exercises, proper bathing—inside and outside—and proper breathing, or the inhalation of pure, fresh air.

By physical exercises, it is not meant that we should fit ourselves to excess, as does the average athlete, to the detriment of the physical body; but it means to take a certain amount of exercise that will develop all portions of the body to a normal, healthy state; to beautify the body, in other words, that not only the physical eye may be well pleased, but that the Inner Self—the Spirit—may find greater opportunity to give expression to its presence and make of us grander, nobler and purer men and women.

In this connection, it becomes obvious that men and women should both be dressed in a manner that will be of the

least obstacle when taking physical exercises. Especially is the dress of women anything but convenient. It is a bondage that men would not long endure or tolerate. Therefore, if we would possess ourselves of the best results in the matter of physical development, there must be introduced and adopted some sort of dress reforms. Not alone while taking physical exercises, but at all times—more especially when there are duties to perform requiring the use of the lower extremities.

But it is not the purpose of this article to take up the subject of dress reform for women. I am going to leave this proposition to others—those of the gentler sex who have had experience in the bondage of heavy skirts and long petticoats.

The first of a series of articles on dress reform appears in this issue of Conable's Path-Finder. It is from the pen of Mrs. Maud Johnson, a woman of wide experience and intelligence, who is consecrating her life to the work of assisting in bettering the condition of humanity wherever her hand seems to be needed. Everything that appears in these articles will have the unqualified endorsement of the editor. He has given Mrs. Johnson and any helpers that may lend her assistance, *carte blanche* to dress the women in any sort of costume they see fit—even to the wearing of knickerbockers and trousers.

But to return to physical culture for a moment. We are soon going to extend an invitation to local readers of this magazine, to join a physical culture club, to meet not less than two evenings each week. The exercises will be of the most simple character, yet of such a nature as to accomplish the most desirable results; and it will be in no sense for the purpose of making money for any one, as there will be no expense attached to it outside the bare cost of room rent and providing for a very limited amount of paraphernalia.

This little gathering of friends will be known as The Path-Finder Physical and Mental Culture Club, and there will be but one positive requirement in connection with it, and that is that both men and women dress in a manner so as to be able to handle themselves to

the best advantage. In order to do this it has been decided that both sexes shall wear some sort of light shirt waist, a belt and knickerbockers, or knee trousers.

The principal object of this club will be to beautify and perfect the physical form.

We shall be very glad to have a line from any of our local subscribers who would like to join in this movement.

It is not unlikely that an occasional short programme of music and the reading of papers bearing on the subject of higher growth may be included in the programme.

A "Love" Letter

HERE is the sort of a love letter that pleases me all through. It is not an uncommon thing for me to receive love letters from all parts of the world, not the sort, however, that disrupts and shatters and prostrates the physical senses, but just deep-rooted brotherly and sisterly epistles. I receive these love letters from both men and women, and they always express the regard, the esteem and the love wrapped within the folds of the Inner consciousness, and are never the manifestations of the physical personality of the individual. Therefore, in giving space occasionally to some of these love letters I do not feel that I am violating a confidence. But this particular love letter is such a "dandy" from beginning to end that I want all Path-Finder readers to enjoy it with me.

The author of this communication resides in Kansas, that wonderful State whose population is made up of many mighty intellects, and many mighty men and women as well as some of the most consummate disreputables the sun ever shone upon. But I love this State because it is cosmopolitan. Any great community that is not cosmopolitan in its character and population, never becomes very conspicuous as a progressive center. Kansas is getting to the fore with great rapidity. The Path-Finder has an unprecedented circulation within its borders. This is evidence sufficient that many of the people are brainy and progressive, and are of the thinking

class. Wherever this magazine circulates we find types not unlike, in many ways, the dear sister who penned the following:

"FRIEND CONABLE:—Necessity compels me to say, strike my name from your list of subscribers; not that I do not fully appreciate your tip-top Path-Finder, for I do; but the cold, naked truth is, I cannot find the cash to pay for it. Now, isn't that a good reason? I know, dear, I am in arrears, but don't you worry about that, for I shall square up all the indebtedness you find on your books against me. I am honestly ashamed to read your splendid magazine longer and not remit. Thanks are all right so far as they go, but they don't usually go far enough to pay a fellow's board and house rent, etc. Therefore, I say, cut me off until I can pay for all I receive. That is, as far as dollars and cents can pay. I don't think that money always pays every debt, do you?"

"I have always read every copy of the Path-Finder that came to me, through and through, then handed it along on its mission of good cheer. I don't know that I have increased your subscription list. I only know that I have never failed to speak a good word for the *sure* Path-Finder, and never expect to forget to keep on doing so.

"I might say I am one of those cranks who write 'stuff' for papers, books, etc. I write for the same reason that a hen lays eggs—to get relief. I sit on the safety valve just as long as I possibly can; then when I see the "Inspirator" acting up, I hike for my pen.

I have often been sorely tempted to write some stuff for your great Herald of Eternal Truth, but I am a daring cuss ('fi am a woman), and always write as I feel, or rather as the spirit prompts, and the bad things I say are not always very popular; so I suppose you would do as some other editors have—'decline my naughty stuff with thanks.'

"I happen to know an awfully good (and true) meat story, and I am sort of impressed you would like to publish it. Anyway, some day I may copy and send it to you, for your criticism, at least.

"Bless us, I did not mean to write a

visit, but I see I have. Please, dear friend, excuse this long talk, and should you really want to get even, sit down and write me one still longer. That sort of 'suiting' will please me immensely.

"So you like California. That is good. May your 'like' continue forever, and may your blessing come in pairs, is my honest wish; and may the *best* magazine in the United States of America grow *better*, BETTER, BETTER, is what my heart speaks.

"Say, dear brother, of all the radical friends I have, you are the radicalist, and—that's exactly why I love you so. There. I suppose I have shocked you by confessing my love for you; but, gee, you need not be one bit afraid of my love; it will never hurt you. Bless you, no; you shall never have to say I am a worse man for having loved..... herself. It is so natural to love; just as natural as it is to breathe. Who can help it? Who would help it if they could. Not I; not you. I love everything and everybody—almost—even to the meat-eaters. I pity them. God knows the pork eaters need our sympathy if any class in this old murky meridian does, eh?

"Now, I am going to give you cause to pity me. We are in the very throes of a regular old Kansas blizzard, and you—well, of course, you are plucking roses. Wish I too, were at nearer range, so I might gather a bouquet instead of snow-ball. Still, both are necessary, I suppose. Please, dear friend, as you feast your eyes on those beautiful flowers which smile so sweetly at you, and as you scent their subtle living fragrance, waft a thought Kansasward for your forlorn sister in a snowdrift. I shall *know*, and I assure you I shall appreciate your tenderness and human pity.

"There, I said I was going long ago and still I tarry; but it must be your fault. You 'met me half way,' else I never should have stayed so long.

"If you find 'things' in this chat you do not enjoy, please send them back to me.

"So, here is love and blessings to thee, dear friend, from me, thy friend always.

".....Herself."

The Possibilities of Man

OUR old friend (by correspondence), J. Newton Bunch, of San Diego, made us a most welcome call recently. Mr. Bunch came up to meet the Path-Finder face to face, in the flesh, for the first time. We shook hands and were good friends, as I always knew we would be when we met. Mr. Bunch has had a more or less diversified life. He was educated to be an orthodox preacher. He did preach as long as he could stand it. Then he reformed and became a traveling man. Later on he again reformed and became a real estate agent. Here he recognized that there was still room for reformation even for a California dealer in real estate, so he became a merchant, and lastly, but not leastly, he is now a ranch owner, bordering on the city limits of San Diego. But what has made it easy for Mr. Bunch to reform so many times is his innate capacity to think for himself. The natural tendency of the thinking man is to drift up close to where Nature exhales her most vital and fragrant breath. Once impregnated with this breath direct from its source, no human being was ever known to backslide. It is only when we get on the wrong side of the pulpit that we backslide. Brother Bunch is now preaching a gospel that sounds mightily like Path-Finder talk, and he tells us that he is growing younger every day.

Our First Great Sorrow

I AM sore at heart. Any one would be who passed through the experience which recently befel me. During the late rain-fall I caught a boiler of water. This water I was guarding as closely and as carefully as though it had been a bottle of attar-of-roses. But one sad day a woman came in to clean house and brush up the back yard. I had neglected to tell her that all my future hopes in Southern California were submerged in that one boiler of soft water, so she just dumped it all out on the ground, wiped the boiler nice and clean and put it away. On reaching home at night I discovered what had happened. Of course, I was speechless. I searched for my copy of "Dante's Inferno," but this, too was missing. I could not drown myself,

or even drown my thoughts, for there was not enough water left in town with which to accomplish either purpose. This is my first great sorrow since coming to California.

A Church's Great Power of Attraction

It is a rare thing that Southern California indulges in an electric storm; in fact, it takes the "oldest inhabitant" to recall a case where lightning has come sufficiently close to *terra firma* to leave an impression of its presence. But during a recent storm lightning struck, and burned to the ground, a church in Pasadena. Nothing else was destroyed or harmed. Now, there is nothing remarkable about this circumstance. We simply relate it as evidence that the church is still in possession of mighty powers of attraction.

Possibly a New Rain-Maker

We don't know whether the Path-Finder articles on the water supply in Southern California have had the effect to produce the recent copious rain fall or not, but strange as it may seem, after seven years of unprecedented drought, this country has just been having a splendid wetting-down—something like fourteen inches of water having fallen during the past few weeks. Water has really been standing for several days at a time in the Los Angeles "river," and several of the deep-well pumps that have been stationed in the bed of this "river" for the purpose of extracting water from the soil, have been washed away. Truly, Southern California is being blessed, or rather, being washed, an innovation which even the Mexican heralds with delight.

A FEW BOOKS

"Return to Nature," by Adolf Just (published by The Translator, B. Lust, 124 East 59th Street, New York, U. S. A.), is a book on the simple life—what we Americans need so sadly. It is well bound and well printed on heavy linen paper. This book is a good one to have and read when life grows strenuous.

Jno. Nunu, Woodland Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, sends us, "A Peep Into Nature's Secrets," by Dr. John Lupp

(The Grafton Press, New York). A "Peep" is altogether too modest. Those who are interested in the evolution of man and the beginning of life will find this book to possess an intense fascination. It is beautifully bound in red and gold and printed on heavy linen paper. You will find it an ornament to your library.

"The New Philosophy," by Arthur Crane, room 129 Third Street, San Francisco, Cal., comes to us in a beautiful gown of purple and gold and white. The book is not for sale. It may be had "without money and without price," author says, "As long as I can earn enough to do so, I will send a copy of this book to every applicant, gratis, and postage paid. I have a little ahead so that no contributions are needed and probably never will be." There is fine reading matter in the book, and it is beautifully printed. You had better send for a copy.

We have before us for review, "A California Girl," by Edward Eldridge (The Abbey Press, Publishers, 114 Fifth Ave., New York). The title of the book is unfortunate inasmuch as it gives no clue whatever to the character of the book, which is a thoughtful exposition of what spiritual love, unpoluted by sense-pleasure, may do for the uplifting of the race. The principal characters—Penloe and Stella—are carefully and delicately drawn. Penloe, with a loving touch that bespeaks a close acquaintance with the personality from which the character is drawn, while Stella is a strong intelligent mentality, clothed in a beautiful body and great spirituality. The book is a prophecy, if we may use that expression, of what may be accomplished by two people who are working in perfect love and harmony and have the absolute courage of their convictions. The book should be read from one end of the country to the other, and we believe that there are already people who are willing to accept, at least, some of its ideas, which, if Utopian, are at the same time practical. The world is not hopelessly bad; it only needs a strong leader. We earnestly advise every reader of this magazine to peruse this book. It may be just what you have been longing for. Address, Edward Eldridge, Los Angeles, Cal.

The Evolution of God

Number 1

[Introductory Note.—The purpose of the writer in taking up the subject of "The Evolution of God" is to show from history how men have arrived at their ideas or conceptions of God, and how the Christian Church has for ages been teaching paganism and pagan ideals in lieu of the Christianity of the Divine Man, Christ Jesus. In his endeavor to adequately elucidate this grave and important subject the writer intends to sketch briefly the history of the Christian Church down to date, and to explain the origin of the creeds and dogmas of the church, the most of which were formulated in the days of ignorance known now as "The Dark Ages."]

BEFORE proceeding to a consideration of the interesting and momentous subject suggested by the few words at the head of this article, it might be desirable to glance briefly at certain matters, which seem to be occupying the attention of the Universal Church in America. Everywhere throughout "The Church" there is at present great searching of heart because of Truth: the Truth, not as it exists in the minds of ignorant and fallible men, but as it is before the Eternal, the Author of all Truth. The great Lord Bacon commences his sublime Essay on Truth with these significant sentences, "What is Truth, said jesting Pilate, and did not wait for an answer." But in these days of anxious seeking for the Truth on the part of clerics and laymen alike, the answer is imperatively demanded, and will some day be received and universally accepted by the human race.

Quite a furore has recently been called forth in the press of America by the utterances of Lyman Abbott, concerning God; but to "the initiated" such fuss and sensation have been somewhat amusing, notwithstanding the gravity and solemnity of the subject, which gave them birth. In a sermon preached before the students of the Howard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts, the reverend gentleman used the words of Herbert Spencer to define God as "an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed." Then he added, in his own language, that "The notion of a humanized God,

sitting in the center of the Universe ruling things is gone;" further stating that "The coming of Christ to the Church was in order that we might know who God is. It (the coming of Christ) is the Revelation of a Perpetual Incarnation, the revelation of an unseen but Eternal Presence."

But for the fact that such utterances with regard to God and Christ were given forth at a great Seat of Learning, where, among other things, young men are educated for "The Profession" called "The Ministry," it is probable that no notice whatever would have been taken of them, for the reason that the doctrine then enunciated by the Editor of "Outlook" has long been familiar to multitudes, both within and without the Church.

Among the contemporary "great preachers" of the Church, two, at least, may be mentioned as forerunners or harbingers of this more modern idea concerning the Deity. These are the Rev. Heber Newton, recently preacher to the Stanford University of California, but now back again with his beloved congregation in New York City; and the Rev. Minot Savage, of "The Church of the Messiah," in the same city. It is seldom that even a great metropolis is granted such a benediction as the presence of these two divines unquestionably signifies. Herbert Newton is spoken of by those who know him as "the one Divine Soul in the Church of America today;" and so truly Catholic and broad—and loving—has his teaching been for a generation that the propounders of what is—perhaps, foolishly and arrogantly, because without reason—called "The New Thought," claim him for their own.

By many of his fellow-Churchmen the Doctor has been shunned as unorthodox—and, therefore, "dangerous;" and it is commonly asserted that long ago he would have been expelled from the Episcopal Church but for the knowledge that his expulsion would have meant a convulsion that, like an earthquake, would have shaken the ancient fabric to its foundations, if, indeed, it

would not have disrupted it forever. For this reason he has been left alone to pursue his own course "without let or hindrance," and to enrich the world by his message of true Catholicity,—by such a perpetual exposition of the Law of Love as Christ Himself has set forth in the Gospels.

The Reverend Minot Savage is a man in another School of thought, being the ablest living exponent of the doctrine of the Unitarians, and, perhaps, the most original in thought as well as the boldest speculator in the Church of this country. Two decades ago or more he startled Boston with a series of discourses on the very subject with which Doctor Abbott recently occupied the attention of the nearby University, and which still exist in printed form in a volume entitled, "God." Thus once more the proverb that "there is nothing new under the sun" has been verified. Thus, also, Lyman Abbott's message to the University may have seemed "stale"—though not "unprofitable"—to those who have kept uniformly in touch with the progress of thought in the modern Churches.

Very many good Christian people have been in the habit of sneering at Doctor Savage on account of his avowed belief in Spiritualism, ghosts, etc. But such persons forget their own belief in the story of the Witch of Endor and the ghost of Samuel; nor are they aware that the mysterious phenomena in relation to "Spirits" and "Spiritism" have long occupied the serious attention of the most eminent scientists of the world who have devoted themselves to the study of "The Psychic." The late Professor Gibier, of New York, the representative of the great Pasteur in America and himself a savant, was a firm believer in the possibility of our direct communication with the Spirits of the departed, to which belief, as he was wont to declare, the greatest intellects of France had given their assent. The Professor was also in the habit of citing to his intimates the recognized facts in relation to Spiritualism as proof of the Immortality of the Soul, and of the Unity of all Life, Past as well as Present. "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living, for all live (i. e., are now alive) unto Him," said Christ

Himself. There is no such thing as men—in their fear and ignorance—have understood by DEATH, a word which expresses merely a CHANGE OF CONDITION, not annihilation of what had before existed. Nothing is lost before God—or in Nature, which is the embodiment of God, and through which He expresses Himself to us, just as He does through the Spirit within us, which in its essence is a part of Himself. If it be true—as so many excellent people believe, in consonance with the poetical Myth to be found in the Book of Genesis—that man has fallen from his first estate, yet is there so much that is divine left to him that he is still Godlike in his Ruin. Shakespeare, who saw everything as with the eyes of a Seer—for he, also, is one of "The Greater Prophets," speaks of man in his abject, material condition as being "but a poor, forked radish." But when he beholds man in his Spiritual aspect he exclaims, "How like a god, the glory of the world, the paragon of animals!"

But, to revert to our immediate subject, the Church. There are other "ministers of the Gospel" with great reputations in America against whom has been charged Unorthodoxy, or Radicalism, or some other offense against what is regular and conventional in their respective Churches. Doctor Charles H. Parkhurst, the well-known New York Reformer, is one of these. The Doctor is a man of delicate frame and somewhat uncertain health. This, however, is the only uncertain thing about him, for he possesses tremendous mental and moral force, while intellectually there is not a greater man in the Church at this hour. His sermons are remarkable for their cogent reasoning and lucidity of style, rather than for eloquence. But in one respect they are like no others,—they are individually a series of Epigrams which might be compared for brilliancy to necklaces and strings of rare and beautiful diamonds. If, following the example of Emerson, he had forsaken the pulpit for Literature, the Doctor would possibly have become the true successor of that greatest of America's prose writers, although he is moulded intellectually on the pattern of the Scotsman, Carlyle, rather

than of the philosopher of New England.

About three years ago Doctor Parkhurst announced from his pulpit in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York, that he no longer accepted "The Westminster Confession of Faith" in its entirety, and that he believed the time had come to so amend this Standard of the Presbyterian Faith as to bring it more in accord with the Christian Ideals of the age. Since then the Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of America has materially modified the damatory and other clauses of the Confession, thus making it more harmonious with the Liberalism which is silently leavening the whole of Christendom, for the advantage of true Religion and for the betterment of mankind.

Another of the imposing figures of the American Church is Doctor Rainsford, of St. George's Episcopal Church, East 16th St., New York City. In every respect he is a stalwart; a kind of clerical "Greatheart," who knows no fear, hates a lie, and preaches the Truth as he himself understands it. What he believes he unhesitatingly declares; and for this reason he also has been set down by "good churchmen" as radical and dangerous. But he is doing a great work, both religiously and socially, in the Eastern Metropolis, the purses of whose wealthy citizens are always open to him for any amount. As might be expected from his personality, young men are drawn to him in multitudes, and he exercises over them an influence amounting to fascination.

Among clerics of the "old school" it is softly whispered that "Dr. Rainsford is not altogether a safe man." In a great measure the Episcopal Church is still governed by "old fogies," not by men who are alive to the conditions of the age or to the rapid progress among us of modern thought, which is only another name for scientific knowledge. From this cause, as is currently believed, Dr. Rainsford has been—once, at least—kept out of a Bishopric, for the duties of which no man could have been more admirably fitted by nature. Generally speaking, Bishops are not chosen in any Church either for their pre-eminent piety or ability—or for their great learning, although they must

be men of blameless life. In the Roman Catholic and Episcopal Churches, if not in others, Bishoprics are awarded to "safe men:" that is to say, men of the strictest Orthodoxy, who are possessed of tact, of the *suaviter in modo* which enables them at times to throw oil on the troubled waters of clerical strife, as well as of other qualities which make for peace,—perhaps, sometimes, also for stagnation.

A Bishop is at once an Ecclesiastical Statesman, a Captain, and a General, all of which *roles* he frequently fills. He holds the balance between parties, and sometimes plays them one against another, like a skilful politician. He steers the great ship, "The Church," in the course which has been mapped out for him—perhaps for ages, giving a wide berth to rocks and shoals—and a lee shore, all of which are laid down on his Ancient Charts. Or, he has to guard from assault the battlements of the Church, which have taken centuries to erect, or to keep heretical enemies and traitors in his own camp from making breaches in its walls. Reform, Change, Progress: these are words that Rulers of the Church—like Rulers of the Nations—hate and dread. Hence, as much as possible, they keep out of high places in the Church all those who would make a clean sweep of whatever is outworn, musty, decaying, and ill-smelling in dogma, creed and Catechism, as well as everything that is stupid and out-of-date in respect of clerical ideal, and privileges.

In these days of Historical Knowledge and Scientific thought, it is recognized that Kingcraft and Priestcraft have many characteristics in common—as is witnessed in Russia at this very hour: and the time is, perhaps, not far distant when they must expect to be told by an enlightened people.. "Depart ye, NOT BLESSED!"

There is another matter which might suitably be introduced here. It is this: if the majority of all the EDUCATED YOUNGER MEN of all Church denominations were asked this question,—“Do you in reality believe what you are preaching—all of it?” they would, if truthful, answer, “No—I do not.”. Apropos of this assertion, the following

conversation, which took place not very long ago between the writer and a well-known clergyman, may be of interest:

Q. "Is it not a fact that the greater number of the clergy no longer believe what the Church compels them to teach?"

A. "It is quite true."

Q. "What are you (the clergy) going to do about it? Would you burn the creeds, dogmas, Articles of Religion, and Catechisms which you believe to be falsehoods?"

A. "No; I would reformulate them so as to meet the necessities of the times."

Q. "Would you kindly mention more particularly the changes you would make?"

A. "That is not so very easy to do off-hand: but a large part of the creeds would have to go, while other parts of them would have to be re-written. That is all I care to say about the matter at present."

Q. "Why do preachers of the Gospel of Christ thus teach what they themselves no longer believe?"

A. "For the reason that they are OBLIGED to do so in order to please their congregations, which hire them to preach doctrines acceptable to themselves. That is all."

Q. "Then a large percentage of the clergy of the Church could not be included in any category of men who are called HONEST?"

A. "Strictly—they could not."

Quite recently churchmen have plaintively made known the fact through the newspapers that young men no longer seek "The Ministry," as a calling or profession in the numbers they formerly did. The reason for this change of spirit on the part of the young is not far to seek, and is wholly creditable to themselves. They refuse any longer to enter the "Sacred Calling" with a lie in their mouths, by solemnly swearing that the Holy Spirit has summoned them to the ministry, when in their hearts they know that they have had no such election.

The writer, who was for more than twenty years officially connected with the Church, remembers an incident which happened one evening in a hotel in Edinburgh, Scotland, while he was on a visit to this beautiful city, so appropriately called "The Athens of the North." A party of University students, all young men, were drinking recklessly at the hotel bar, so that by eleven o'clock they were uproarously and hilariously intoxicated. The fun continued "fast and furious" for some time longer, and then they made for their own quarters. Just as they were leaving the hostelry one of the "merry youngsters" was asked the question, "What are you up to tonight anyway?" "Oh!" he replied; "it's just this. One of our friends is leaving us tomorrow—to go to Durham to take a Divinity Course at the Theological College there, preparatory to Orders (i. e., to entering the Church as a clergyman). As this is the last night he will be with us, or be free to have a lark, we are enjoying ourselves together in token of *his farewell to the world*"—the last words being uttered Satirically.

Thus, was the pathway of consecration to "Orders" entered upon by one who purposed to learn the trade of a "minister of God," just as he would have set about learning to make shoes—merely for "a living," a phrase, by the way, of peculiar import to a clergyman. Myriads had done the same before him, some having, perhaps, risen to be bishops and archbishops; and myriads more will continue to imitate him so long as the conditions of entrance into the ministry remain as they are. But what can such men understand of God or the mysteries of life? Or how can they lead their fellowmen in any way other than as the blind lead the blind? "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God"—they alone, and no others. Not after death, in an indefinable place called Heaven, but here and now, with the eyes of the Spirit shall they see Him, just as "the pure in heart" have always seen Him and known Him in this sublimary sphere throughout all ages.

K.

The Body Beautiful

By NANNETTE MACRUDER PRATT

WHEN a woman is in business she has many advantages, from a physical standpoint, over the woman who stays at home. She must arise early, and the fresh air of the morning is a great beautifier. The woman who lies in bed in the morning until eight, nine, ten and eleven o'clock loses a whole lot from a hygienic standpoint. She is losing the best part of the day. Surely, "Early to bed and early to rise" is a fine old saying with a whole lot of truth in it.

So, I say again, the early morning walk is a great beautifier. Many a millionaire's daughter may well envy the rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed shop-girl.

An artist once said to me: "If I were to look for wholesome beauty, it would be among the working classes."

These women, as a rule, eat simple food, retire early, and have enough diversion in their days' experiences to keep the blood cells in the brain active, and circulation is what we need.

Any activity improves the circulation. One cannot dissipate and keep well.

A woman working in a store or office should not aspire to social heights. She must have eight or nine hours' sleep. Theatre-going, with supper afterward, if indulged in regularly, will soon manifest itself in muddy complexions, dull, dark-circled eyes, headaches, lassitude and a lack of interest in one's work.

It is only fair to yourself and your employer, to take as perfect care of your health as possible.

All over the world the day after Sunday is called "blue Monday." Clerks return to their work tired out from Saturday and Sunday indiscretions. Yawns, headaches, ill-temper and laziness are noticed everywhere.

After working all the week, Sunday should be made as restful and as healthful as possible.

In spring and summer especially, people who are employed in-doors during the week, should plan to spend Sunday in the country somewhere, drinking in great draughts of fresh air, and walking on the ground. What a rest to get away from city pavements! You can

get electricity from the ground, life-giving oxygen from the air, and sunshine in your soul by those outings.

Eat a simple breakfast of fruit, nuts and whole wheat bread. If you take a luncheon with you, make sandwiches of whole wheat bread and crisp lettuce, or bread with dates and nuts, take a can of peaches or pears, and a bag of fruit. That luncheon, well masticated will be all sufficient. You won't need any meat or hard boiled eggs.

When you get home (try to get home early) eat a simple supper and plan to retire early—as early as nine o'clock, so as to be fresh and wide-awake on Monday. The simpler you eat on Sunday, the better you will feel on Monday.

Before you retire, go through two or three simple breathing exercises, have a fine scrub bath, using slightly warmed water (a hot bath once a week), massage your face carefully after a thorough cleansing. Brush your hair a few minutes, clean your teeth beautifully, take a drink of hot water and grape juice, or a glass of lemonade or orangeade (without sugar if you can), open your bed-room windows, and lie down to pleasant dreams.

If you are not accustomed to having your windows open at night, go at it gradually, an inch or two at a time, until you can have them up at least two feet. As you get used to the air you will want more and more, until you can stand the windows wide open—winter and summer. It is well to have one, at least, down from the top.

People all over the world are beginning to think more and more about sleeping out of doors. Really it is most healthful. Of course, in cold weather there must be plenty of bed-clothing, and flannel night-gowns must be worn. In extremely cold weather a cap covering the head and ears is advisable.

In that way the lungs have a fine air bath all night, and can better stand the confinement of the day (when people are employed in-doors).

If you have a porch, try sleeping out. In summer have the porch screened in so as to be protected from insects.

With a Sunday out of doors, clean, simple eating, the breathing in of God's wonderful sunshine, the early to bed, etc., and the air bath for the lungs, will make a person feel like a "two-year-old" Monday morning, and you will be a one about you.

It is not pleasant to go to places of amusement Saturday night, but if one must have that kind of recreation, it is better to go on that night, and go to bed early Sunday night. Don't stay up late both nights. It don't pay.

Suppose you try going all the week on the food I described for the Sunday breakfast and luncheon, and have one hearty meal—the evening meal. Leave off meat for a week and see if you feel better. Eat rice and a baked potato, and spinach, asparagus, peas, beans, etc. And as many raw vegetables as possible—lettuce, celery, onions, finely chopped cabbage, tomatoes, radishes and cucumbers, if you can get them fresh.

When you have the raw vegetable salad, put olive oil, lemon juice, pepper and salt on it, or mayonnaise dressing when you can. Olive oil is so healthful. Eat whole wheat bread with your vegetables, and eat raw fruit or stewed fruit for dessert. If you feel you want something a little more filling, eat a handful of nuts, masticating them to a liquid. Nuts take the place of meat.

No water with meals, remember, but a pint or a quart between breakfast and luncheon, and the same quantity between luncheon and dinner. Some people say they cannot drink two quarts of water a day. Well, drink one quart then, but take it between meals.

There are very few places where one

could not have a pitcher filled with water to be taken during the morning hours. Fill the pitcher again after luncheon and dispose of the water during the afternoon. Distilled water is preferable, but is not within the reach of all. Water is only needed by the body as a cleanser, and the softer it is the better.

Perfect mastication is one of the most essential things if you would have health. Chew everything to a liquid. Eat slowly—enjoy each mouthful to the uttermost. If you don't have enough time to eat a meal properly, don't eat it. It is a heap better to miss a meal than to "bolt" a large quantity of food into the stomach only to overtax that much abused little organ.

Make up your mind to do everything you can to make yourself a splendid physical specimen.

If you get plenty of sleep, eat clean, wholesome food, and breathe in all the fresh air you can, you can keep in good condition, whether you are doing housework, or working in a store or office. If you are interested you can attend to ventilating the room, or rooms, and several times a day you can pop your head out of the door or window and take twenty deep breaths of air. "Where there's a will there is always a way."

I must say a word for ripe olives. If you are living in Arizona, California, or anywhere where ripe pickled olives are obtainable, eat just as many as you can afford. When properly pickled they are perfectly delicious and so wholesome.

A meal composed of whole wheat bread, ripe olives, dates and nuts is most delicious and satisfying.

Home Course in Physical Culture

Conducted by U. G. FLETCHER

DEAR PATHFINDER FRIENDS: I sincerely hope that you are devoting a few minutes daily to the careful practice of the exercises which I have been giving you, unless you have some other system of training that you prefer to this. If you have time and inclination to do all the exercises once or twice daily that

we have had so far, you will not be overdoing the work, but if you prefer to practice those only that are given for each month, you will gradually grow in health, strength and development of the body. Don't forget that the main point aimed at is deep, full, natural breathing. When we all learn to breathe

as we should, then we will hear no more of physical weakness.

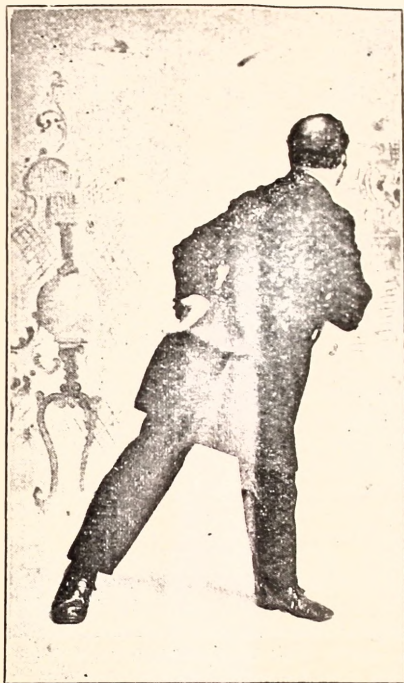


ILLUSTRATION No. 8

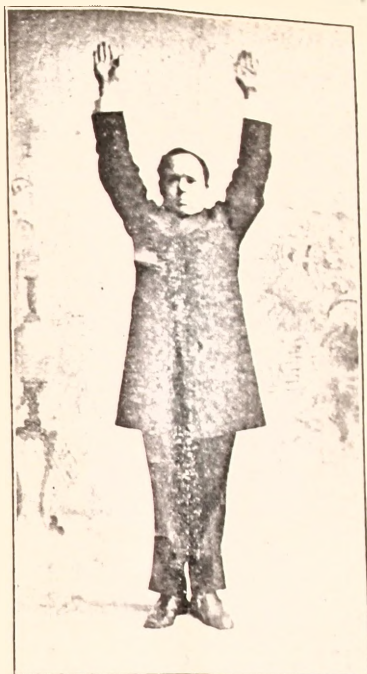


ILLUSTRATION No. 9

EXERCISE 7. Stand with feet well apart. Turn head and shoulders far to right or left and let arms swing lifeless around the body as in illustration No. 8. Reverse the movement and turn as far as possible in the opposite direction, giving the body a good twist from head to foot. Exhale while swinging or turning in each direction or on counts, one, two, and inhale on counts, one, two. After a week or so, you can make an exhalation last these four counts or movements and an inhalation as long. Practice the exercise until you have turned in each direction from 20 to 40 times. An excellent exercise for weak people, and to make the body flexible.

EXERCISE 8. Stand erect with heels together. Raise hands above head as in illustration No. 9. Bend forward slowly while exhaling smoothly through the slightly parted lips and touch the toes

without bending the knees as in illustration No. 10. Reverse the movement while taking a deep, full breath through the nostrils and bring the hands back to the starting point. Hold the hand above the head a few seconds while retaining the breath and then repeat the exercise again. Continue until you have performed the exercise from 5 to 10 times. Unless your body is quite flexible you will hardly be able to touch the toes without bending the knees at first. This is an excellent exercise to give one strength in the various muscles involved in the movements. *Don't forget to breathe.*

EXERCISE 9. Raise arms from sides laterally to position shown in illustration No. 11, while taking a deep, full breath. Hold breath and clench fists with great firmness and bring them down very slowly just in front of shoulders and then relax fists and exhale while hands slowly descend to starting point. Take another good breath while raising hand and repeat exercise from

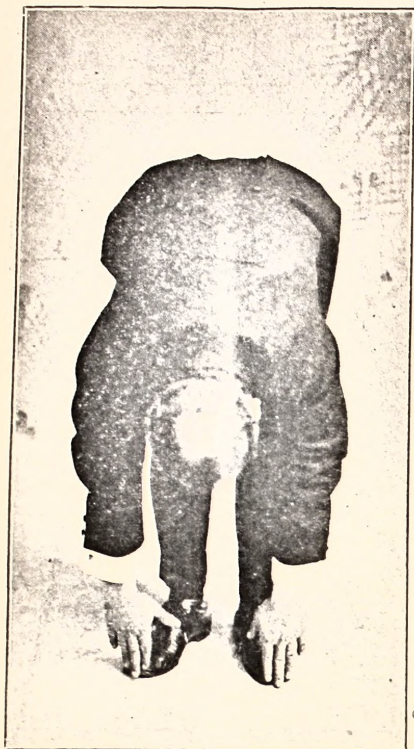


ILLUSTRATION No. 10

5 to 10 times. The arms as well as fists should be tensed very firmly.

This exercise is excellent to give one great strength and vigor in hands, arms

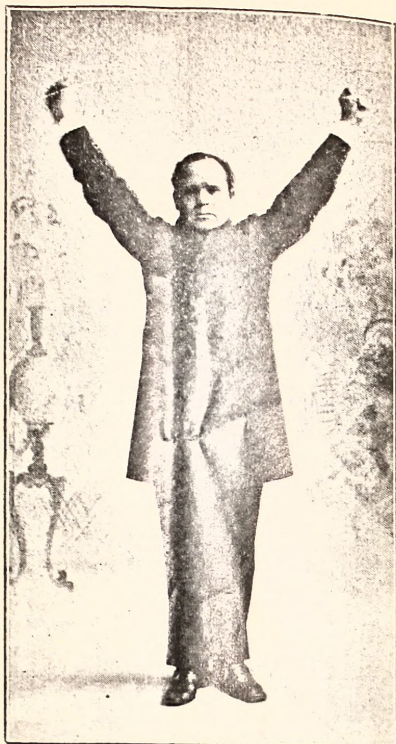


ILLUSTRATION No. 11

and chest, but if lungs are weak one should not fill them to their full capacity while doing it nor tense arms and hands to greatest extent.

Dress Reform for Women

By MAUD JOHNSON

Some ten years ago when bloomers and bicycles were "the thing" for women, there appeared in an eastern paper an article on "Dress for the Wheel," which seemed so pointed and full of common sense that I clipped it, and now that I have been given an opportunity to "let loose" I want to give extracts from this article to the readers of *Conable's Path-Finder*."

The writer of the article had evidently been reading a criticism by Mrs. Ballington Booth on the bloomer costume,

for she starts out by saying: "In condemning trousers for wheel-women, Mrs. Booth has made the common mistake of considering that either modesty or immodesty can reside in clothes. It can not. The modesty is in the woman, not in her garments. Womanliness is a quality inherent in woman, not in her dress. That point all will concede who have a grain of sense. A modest woman is always modest no matter what clothes she may have on."

Further on she says: "Mrs. Maude

Booth has undoubtedly never attempted to ride a bicycle in skirts. Neither have the men who criticise the wearing of bloomers by wheel-women. If I had my way. I would sentence Mrs. Booth and every man who in the slightest way condemns or jeers at woman's bloomers, to ride fifty miles on a wheel in skirts and to ride as fast as they can, with a wind blowing square in their faces. It would be in the nature of a very large revelation, both to Mrs. Booth and the men. They would suddenly see a great light."

Then the writer gives some of her personal experience which most any woman who has ridden a wheel in skirts could verify. She tells of good skirts ruined, of hard falls and narrow escapes from danger. I had a similar experience myself while riding in a skirt. It was not a very long skirt either, but it succeeded in getting wrapped around the pedal and my foot and it was only the kindness of Providence that saved me from a fall and possible injury. As it was I tore the skirt off the band and was in a rather deplorable condition, but fate again was kind. The young man who was riding with me had his pocket full of "baby-pins."

To come back to the aforesaid article, the writer continues: "The truth is this: Woman is now engaged in a warfare to gain the use of her lower limbs. She has never had the use of them, never since the dawn of modern history. It was not of her own seeking that she left the ancient domestic seclusion and entered the lists of active, hustling life. She was forced into it by the conditions of modern society. She had to earn her own living, had to provide for others than herself. Seeing this, her brothers have kindly removed one by one most of the disabilities that shackled her, at least legally. Woman in the most enlightened and advanced of the United States, has now nearly as many legal and property rights as she enjoyed in pagan Rome. But her dress has remained the same, almost the identical pattern the five hundred and odd inmates of King Solomon's harem wore in their oriental retirement. Man long ago emancipated himself from oriental petticoats. He found they were not at all the thing for western hustling. Women merely lagged behind, that was all.

There is no costume that belongs by divine right or by legislative enactment either to men or women, another fact that Mrs. Booth seems to have forgotten. The dress that is best suited to the purpose for which it is wanted is the only appropriate one."

I agree with the writer that for indoor wear, for leisure hours, there is nothing so beautiful as the bright, soft, flowing robes. Is there anything more graceful or dainty than a soft, clinging silk kimono? But how many of us have time to fold our hands and look pretty? Most of us have to work, and it is right that we should. A certain amount of work is necessary to one's health. Then if we must work let us have a costume that is suited to our particular needs. The woman who must wash dishes can not have deep lace flounces at her elbows. Neither can the woman who is engaged in active work be hampered by a long dragging skirt. I would like to say, as the writer of the article from which I have been quoting, says in regard to the wheel,—that the active woman cannot afford to be hampered by any skirt at all, "for if a skirt is short enough to be out of the way, it is so short as no longer to be anything of a skirt to speak of."

The writer continues: "As to the character of the brave women who dared and mounted their wheels in the only dress appropriate for wheel-riding, I have found this so far as my own observation goes: The bloomer ladies are one and all of the refined, intelligent class: women with a purpose, and they wear bloomers as a matter of principle as well as convenience, hoping thereby to do their share in the emancipating of the feet of their sex. They do not ask other women to adopt their costume. They simply ask to be allowed to wear their own dress without let or hindrance, permitting others to do as they blessed please. As to the looks of the bloomer costume on the wheel, it is well to remember the dictum of Ruskin, that dress is most beautiful which is best fitted to its use. So far as modesty on a wheel is concerned, moreover, the fact is, that the full gymnasium trousers worn by most women, reveal the outline of the figure much less than a plain, scant skirt does."

What this woman has said in regard to dress for the wheel would apply to dress for any active engagement, be it work or play. I realize that many women are not yet ready for so radical a reform as the wearing of bloomers, or knickerbockers, or long trousers, as worn by men. It would be a task for some to even lay aside the corset and adopt the empire gown, the princess dress, or wear a short skirt; but women all over the country are longing for greater freedom, freedom in dress as well as in other things, and if each would only do her share, the time would come when something could be accomplished.

We have talked and written and dreamt about dress reform long enough; it is time we were doing something. Then, perhaps, the day will come when "the United States will be as civilized as Japan." Then, so long as an individual is decently covered, he or she will be permitted to dress as he or she pleases, without interference either from hoodlums or bigots."

From Chicago to Los Angeles

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Feb. 20, 1905.

MY DEAR FRIEND CONABLE:—I see in the Path-Finder of February 1st that you note my coming to Los Angeles, and that I like it here immensely, and also that the Path-Finder extends a welcome to me and my helpmeet, who is soon to follow. Brother Conable, my helpmeet is here, and we are domiciled for the present in a cosy cottage at No. 2117 Ellendale avenue, this city. We will be "at home" and will be pleased to welcome friends already made, and you can change the word "like" to love, for we love it here immensely.

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Brother Conable, please excuse me for using space in your most valuable journal for this seemingly centralizing effusion of personalities, but knowing you as I do, and knowing, as I believe I do, that there is no one within or without the order above alluded to, or any other order on the face of this broad earth, that has a greater amount of pure, doubly-distilled unburnished good in its component parts than you possess, I believe you are willing to accept good wherever found. The foundation of all good being love, so in love and in good, if properly understood and lived, there can be no pain, sickness, misery or distress.

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Sentiment Growing

Canon Hone Lyttleton, head master of Haileybury, one of the great British public schools, brother of the Colonial Secretary, and nephew of the late Mrs. Gladstone, says a London dispatch, announces his agreement with Tolstoi that it is well-nigh impossible for even the best intentioned man to live physically pure if he eats meat to excess.

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prehend, is the origin of life itself.

"The revelation," he says, "should be made to youth of all its potentialities and purposes, made so simply and so fully that there should be no cranny left wherein curiosity may pry. Girls and boys must also be taught the wisdom of bridling their appetites for eating and drinking. In the matter of intoxicants, the world is agreed, but the present danger lies in the continuance of the dense, dark abyss of ignorance of food."

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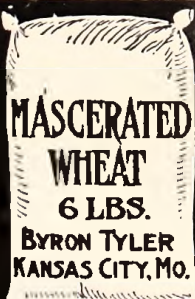
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