

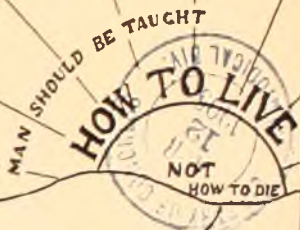
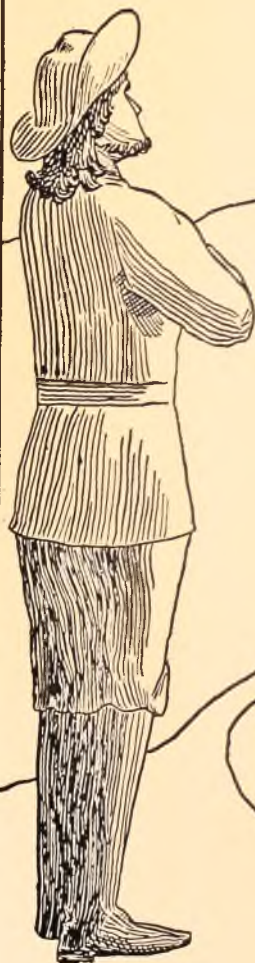
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APRIL, 1905

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a Year

CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER

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



THE MOST HELPFUL PUBLICATION
IN THE WORLD
ALONG HIGHER GROWTH, SELF-CULTURE
AND HYGIENIC LINES

Path-Finder Pub. Co., 118½ East Ninth St., Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.
(Entered in the Los Angeles, Cal., Postoffice as second-class mail matter)

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2033 E. 4th St., Los Angeles

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Patients who require and wish to adopt the "fasting cure" will receive most careful attention by experienced dietician.

Dr. Carrie Shelton

Proprietor and Physician in Charge.

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Note This: The Path-Finder's new business office and editorial rooms are at No. 118½ East Ninth Street. Address all communications to this number.

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

VOLUME IV.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., APRIL, 1905

NUMBER 4

Conable's Path-Finder

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, EDITOR

Published the First of Each Month at

No. 118½ East Ninth Street

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

BY

The Path-Finder Publishing Co.

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In requesting changes of address, the former address must always be given.

BY THE EDITOR

The Infamy of Enforced Vaccination

THERE is but one crime more infamous and damnable than enforced vaccination in all the catalogue of offenses against the human race. This crime is the communication of the disease known as syphilis to an innocent person.

In California there is a law compelling school children to be vaccinated or they cannot attend school. So obnoxious is this law that the people, at the last election, voted in a majority of members of the State legislature who were in favor of the repeal of this law. Recently, by a majority vote in both houses, this vaccination law was repealed. It then went to the Governor and after holding it up for a time he vetoed the measure. You see the Governor of California is a doctor, which accounts for his action. Knowing that this doctor Gover-

nor was likely to consider this measure unfavorably, petitions were fired into him from all parts of the State, requesting him to sign the bill; but no use. A commercial doctor is one of the most dangerous menaces to health and life that inhabits the surface of the earth. His death record is protected by law and he escapes the punishment that any other destroyer of life would be compelled to suffer.

It is useless to go into details as to the infamy of enforcing vaccination upon school children, or any one else for that matter. The deaths from horrible diseases resulting from vaccination are almost innumerable. Any parent who will submit to such an infamy is either ignorant as to the great risk the child runs of being either killed, maimed or filled with poisonous germs that will develop diseased conditions of the blood, or they are criminally accessory to the crime.

Anti-vaccination societies are being organized all over the country as a means of protecting school children from the ravages of professional vaccination doctors.

I knew a city physician in Colorado who declined to accept his own certificates of vaccination a year after they had been given out, so ravenous was he for the dollar fee.

I knew of a school girl who came near being compelled to have her leg amputated after this doctor had vaccinated her the second time, refusing to accept his own certificate that the child had already been vaccinated the year previously.

I have known many horrible deaths from vaccination, and cripples made for life. Still the hellish work goes on.

No one with a clean body will ever

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I have known many horrible deaths from vaccination, and cripples made for life. Still the hellish work goes on.

No one with a clean body will ever

have or take small-pox, or any other disease.

It matters not if the virus used is pure, as they say, if the blood of the child is not in perfect condition, there is great danger of blood-poisoning; and no doctor on the face of the earth can tell whether a child's blood is pure or not except there are abnormal evidences of it on the surface.

Every parent should rise up against this infamous practice and stamp it out of existence.

Take your children out of school, a thousand times, rather than allow them to be vaccinated. That is, if you care anything for your children.

At the next Gubernatorial election let every voter demand that the candidate for this high office shall be a man who will carry out the will of the people, and not elect one who will prostitute his office in the interest of any specific profession.

This done, there will be a general cleaning up all around.

The Outlawed Consumptive

WHAT is to become of the consumptive—the men and women who are afflicted with tuberculosis? Are they to be outlawed? Are they to be ostracised in every community? It would seem so.

When I was living in Colorado a movement was started in the direction of passing a State law forbidding the landing of tuberculosis suspects anywhere within the borders of the State; and it was really surprising to find a great number of people who endorsed this proposition and movement; but the matter never came up in the State legislature. To me there was a humorous side to this proposition. Several of the persons who were at the head of the movement had, years previously, come to Colorado with fully developed cases of tuberculosis; had been given up to die by their physicians at home; had finally come to Colorado and were cured of the "dread" disease. After years in the enjoyment of perfect health themselves these people would deprive their fellow-men of the privilege that had been ac-

corded them. But such is life under the benign influence of "Christian" civilization.

Now we hear that New Mexico and Arizona are going to compel the railroad companies running through their territory, to put on special "consumptive cars or trains" so that this class of invalids, becoming so numerous, will not "disturb" the serenity of the slumbers of the Eastern tenderfoot capitalist as he wends his way into these alkalied territories in search of hidden treasures, Indian blankets, etc. In other words, the consumptive traveler to the West is becoming so numerous that the Eastern meat-eater is becoming alarmed lest he, too, shall fall a victim if compelled to ride in the same car with the consumptive. Hence, the Eastern seeker after pleasure and experience in the West is likely to drop off and turn the tide of immigration Europeward; therefore the renting of a 50-cent room and seven dollars worth of "climate" a day, are likely to become a drug on the market. This we westerners cannot think of for a moment and keep our equilibrium intact.

So here is another move to outlaw the consumptive.

Consumptives will not be taken into the Los Angeles hospitals. They are taken in nowhere except in a small hospital somewhere in the outskirts of the city, and this is inadequate.

I say consumptives are not taken in anywhere. I should correct this. They are taken into the city hospital. In one ward in this hospital there are (or were a few weeks ago) one hundred and eighty-four consumptive patients. Think of it, one hundred and eighty-four in one ward—herded in like cattle! Poor people who are thrown on charity cannot afford to get any other quarters in which to die, for it is a rare thing that they ever get well here. They cannot get well. Conditions will not admit of it. Out of this large number all but four are transients—people who came here from the East to try and regain their health.

One doctor was asked, "What do you do with all the consumptives that come here?" "Nothing," was his reply; "just give them a little something to

keep them quiet until they pass on to the next station," pointing upward.

But what a travesty upon Christian civilization—where every man, woman and child becomes outlawed the moment a so-called contagious disease takes possession of them.

Strange, isn't it, "what fools these mortals be?" I mean the people who are afraid of "contagious" diseases. Don't they all know that there is no such thing as a contagious disease? Don't they all know that consumption, or any other disease, cannot be transmitted except into a body of filth. All of these diseases are simply filth diseases. Fevers, small-pox, cancers, leprosy, the bubonic plague—all epidemics and all diseases are the direct result of a filthy interior.

When we are stricken with disease—even a "mere cold"—we advertise to the world that we either are or have been unclean inside—may-be outside also. We have not lived right. We are filled up with putrid things—with things that have died, and the putrid carcasses are still with us. So we have consumption, scrofula, rheumatism, tumors, fevers, la grippe, kidney and liver troubles, all kinds of stomach troubles, nervous prostration, deafness, blindness, etc., etc., all through the great list of diseases that the doctors have enumerated for us.

Disease is the result of a *filthy body*—let every one bear this in mind—first, last and all the time.

If every one understood this and would apply the simple remedies, there would be very little heard about "my doctor" and "our family physician." They would all know that it would be a disgrace to give evidence of such a filthy state of affairs.

But this does not help the present outlawed consumptive, who is in the deepest distress and has my unqualified sympathy every hour of the day.

Consumption can be cured—in *any climate*—where the disease is not in its last stages. Most all diseases are fatal in their last stages. But consumptives cannot be cured, herded in one great hospital ward; neither can they be cured where they are fed excessively and with deadening foods.

What is needed in all these Western communities, to which the frightened

consumptive is taking refuge, are sanitariums built exclusively for such patients, and conducted upon proper hygienic lines. We know exactly how these institutions should be built and conducted, and we know that fully seventy-five per cent. of all consumptive cases *can be cured*.

There is ample philanthropic money in nearly every community to build and operate consumptive sanitariums, if the attention of these kindly-disposed capitalists were once directed to the matter.

In all our travels and experience we have never before seen such a demand for some sort of a suitable place for consumptives as we find here in Southern California and particularly in Los Angeles. Here the consumptive is homeless, a wanderer and an outcast, snubbed and despised and hated by every landlord and boarding house-keeper. He is often turned out of places into the street and more often abruptly ejected if he chances to have gained an entrance to some house without his trouble having been discovered.

The first question asked of all invalids is, when presenting themselves for room or board accommodations, "Have you consumption?" If you answer in the affirmative, you may walk the streets for days and nights and you will meet with the same cold reception.

Los Angeles is a town of boarding and rooming houses principally. About everything else is secondary to the signs, "Furnished rooms for rent." There are about 30,000 in this city; but none of them will take in consumptives. If they did the rooming houses would be empty of every other class of boarders.

Los Angeles is a commercial proposition, pure and simple, from stem to stern. It is one great eating and boarding house from one end of the city to the other; but one must have a good bank account if he stays more than one night in any of these lying-in places; and you are all right if you don't cough and spit, or give other outward evidence that you are carrying around with you a jag of consumptive germs. You can have anything else in the world, from syphilis up, or down, so long as you have the price, your presence is desired and acceptable. But the consumptive is damned, cursed,

outlawed. He is not even allowed to expectorate in the Los Angeles river except during the rainy season.

Now, what is to be done in behalf of this most unfortunate of all the unfortunate class of invalids? The people here say, let the East take care of its own sick. The Eastern doctor sends the consumptive to the West. What are you going to do about it? What are *we* going to do about it?

The consumptive has the same right to live and be cared for properly and humanely as has any other class of people who are unfortunate in being handed down by a filth-preserved ancestry, and they must be taken care of.

If no one else does it, sooner or later the editor of this magazine is going to build a sanitarium exclusively for consumptives, where they can be taken care of and cured. Consumption is not half so dreadful as most people think it is. It is easily cured if the patient will do a little something toward helping himself.

Here is a sample case, for instance. The young man wrote the editor for advice something over a year ago. His report of recent date will interest every one who is similarly afflicted. He writes from Fertile, Minn.:

MY DEAR MR. CONABLE:

I enclose a letter you wrote me last April 6th, which will possibly recall to your mind the condition I was in at that time. My weight dropped to 106 pounds from the severe hemorrhages and weakened condition of the lungs, and a Minneapolis M.D., pronounced me a consumptive.

"When my friends bemoaned the fact that I would not see the light of this world much longer. I felt perfectly confident that I would stay about as long as I desired, if I could carry out my own ideas, gleaned the last three years in my study of the best twentieth century methods of living.

"April 6th I went to Leech Lake, Minn., and pitched my tent among the pines on the shore of the lake, with an abundance of clear spring water at hand and near the little town of Walker. I cared for myself entirely, feeding myself on the uncooked foods, taking frequent, but short fasts, and using other natural means of perfecting the body,

as sun baths, air-baths, olive oil baths, etc., and abundant light exercise and sleep, and a free use of spring water. During my five months' stay at Walker I "ate more air" than many people do in an entire life-time. At the same time I indulged in the best kind of reading, your book and Path Finder being a stronger inspiration than you can believe to a correct and happy condition of mind.

"The results: Have cured both lungs, enlarged my chest four inches, developed a clear bass voice, far better than I ever had before, and regained normal weight, nearly 160 pounds; besides a perfect symmetry of body, with an immense fund of natural heat and continual feeling of great power to accomplish.

"Even in our frigid winter atmosphere, with the thermometer down to 20 and 30 degrees below zero, I sleep with both windows open at night and parade the streets and country without overcoat and very little more clothing than I wore during the summer, yet people say you cannot maintain bodily heat without meat. I am convinced that natural heat cannot be developed to any great degree on the ordinary foods used by humanity.

"I also have wonderful endurance, being able to walk miles at a time at a rapid pace without any fatigue. Now I have a perfectly clean body, a fit Temple for the God within, and one that it rejoices in expressing through. Many of my old friends fail to recognize me on first meeting. I feel that I have undergone complete regeneration.

"Olive oil, milk from a fresh healthy cow, nuts, fruits, fresh vegetables, cereals and some eggs have been my mainstays in building up. I note, however, that I do not care for eggs or cereals as formerly, but like best the fresh vegetables, fruits (dried or fresh) and nuts of all kinds, but especially pecans, walnuts and almonds. I abhor meats.

"I was just 21 years last June 10th and just on the threshold of a useful earthly life. I have more to live for now than ever, in this beautiful universe. My work is Specialty Salesmanship, teaching school, etc., and I would be pleased to hear from you as to the

chances for work in Southern or Central California; useful work. May I not hear from you in regard to this matter?

"I enclose \$1.00 for a year's subscription to your Path Finder for a friend of mine of fifty years, who is a great faster, student, and "liver" of the most advanced type.

"With best wishes for your continued progress, I remain,

"Your friend,

"STANLEY LA DUE."

Here is a young man who wanted to live. First, he found out *how* to live and then proceeded to put his knowledge into physical manifestation. Any one can do this, but not all have so favorable an opportunity. Not all are placed in a position where they come into possession of the proper ways and means, so they need the helping and directing hand of those who are skilled in the work.

Should this article chance to meet the eye of any one who would like to take a hand in solving this problem of building a sanitarium for consumptives close to the "Angel" city, the writer would be glad to hear from him, or her, or both. We know of a superb location for such an institution, and we know of competent people who would run it successfully.

More About Distilled Water

THIS subject of water stills is growing interesting. Some of the still manufacturers have commenced to pour in their literature on the editor. Funny they never regarded the Path-Finder as a valuable advertising medium before.

The water still is either a good thing or it is not. There is no half way about it. From the standpoint of eliminating all impurities that may be in water, the still is unquestionably all right and a success; but from the standpoint that it also eliminates the living life principle put in water by Nature, it is anything but desirable. Distilled water becomes *dead* water, the same as water that is boiled becomes dead water. The natural life energy is extracted, or rather, cooked out of it, though not so absolutely in the boiling process as in the pro-

cess of distillation, unless the water is boiled for a great length of time.

Judson Cunningham, a druggist of Richmond, Va., writes us a few lines on the water still question as follows:

"DEAR MR. CONABLE: The Path-Finder for February is a gem, and I wish to intrude on your time long enough to congratulate you on your abandonment of distilled water.

"Nature provides water with life-giving properties just as much as it does fruits. The life of all fruit is in the juices. The pulp will fill the stomach, but not nourish the body; so water, deprived by distillation, of all life-giving properties, will fill the stomach, but will not assist in sustaining life."

All readers of this magazine know what we claim for fruits and nuts and cereals, and vegetables in their natural, uncooked state, especially all such as come into maturity above ground—in direct contact with the sun's rays, or in the shade where the atmosphere, permeated with the life-giving properties of the sun, reaches them. The vital, *living* energy contained in such foods, in their natural, uncooked state, is fifty per cent. greater; that is, greater in their power to construct and create new living tissues and cells—tissues and cells that will resist and throw off disease and diseased conditions; tissues and cells that are manufactured out of the raw material provided by Nature for insuring the longevity of the race.

Cooked food—cooked ever so little—is in a state of disintegration and decay. That is, the element which we know to be the vital, life principle is in great measure destroyed. Food cooked for a long time becomes practically what is known as *dead* food—the life elements put into it by Nature are destroyed either wholly or in part, according to the length of time the food is cooked.

We do not wish it understood that our claim is that cooked food will not *sustain* life, or make life possible, more properly speaking. We make no such claim. But what we do claim and know to be a fact is, that the race is dying a hundred years before its time simply because it is

taking its food second-handed. In other words, the hand of man disorganizes the chemical properties, and destroys many of them, put in the natural food for man, by cooking it until it acts merely as a stimulant and not as a life-giver.

The same fact applies to water. Naturally, water is a life-giver. It possesses living properties. It feeds the body in great degree—when it is pure and has not been tampered with.

You say that distillation destroys all the infinitesimal animate life that inhabits water, hence is a good thing. I say it is *not* a good thing to destroy this life. It is this invisible animate life in water that assists in preventing diseased conditions of the body. This so-called disease germ is nothing more nor less than a scavenger, which feeds upon the effete matter and diseased parts of the body. Helps to clean up and cleanse the body, as it were, without which, as the writer has before stated, there would be a million deaths where there is now one.

This infinitesimal animate life in the water is the disease scavenger. Don't forget that. And when you destroy this life, as well as the vital energy placed in the water, also by Nature, you are assisting in nailing down your own coffin lid.

It is not the intention of the editor of this magazine to enter into any controversies over this question of distilled water. We shall simply state facts as we glean them and give our readers the benefit of them.

The water still is becoming a fad. The manufacturers put their literature in such attractive style that those who have not thought on the subject or investigated the question, have been led into the belief that all their future hopes depend upon having a water still in their homes, and they wonder how it transpires that they have lived so long without one.

Nature's reservoirs are full of life-giving energy, and she can be trusted. Let not the thrifty commercialist despoil her products and feed you upon deadening decoctions.

Since writing the above we are in receipt of the following communication from Elmer Ellsworth Carey, business

manager of the publication known as "Suggestion." Previously Mr. Carey had written to the manufacturers of a certain water still, calling their attention to the Path-Finder editorials in regard to distilled water. Outside of one person, everything received on this subject favoring distilled water has come either from the manufacturers of water stills or those who are interested in advertising stills.

Mr. Carey's letter is here given in full:

Chicago, Ill., March 10, 1905.
Edgar Wallace Conable, Editor
Path-Finder, Los Angeles, Cal.—

DEAR MR. CONABLE: I am very sorry to notice that you have jumped the track on the question of distilled water. I have letters from the chief surgeons of both army and navy stating that the use of distilled water is the greatest aid to health.

In the navy distilled water has been used for twenty-two years and our jack tars are the finest sailors in the world. There is not a particle of evidence to uphold your contention that pure water is harmful.

I have used it for seven years, two to three quarts daily—and the more I drink the better my health becomes. I trust you will reconsider this question and go over the ground again and you will come to a different conclusion. There is nothing in the idea that distilled water is "lifeless." Rain water has just as much "life" as hard water. Our life does not come from food or water; one simply supplies bricks and mortar for the body and the other, water, is simply a carrier; it is the great transportation agent and has no other function. And as its transportation powers depend upon its power to hold matter in suspension, it is very clear that water already fully charged with dirt, lime, etc., is not a very efficient carrier. Hence in such cases, the debris remains in the body; result: stiffness, rheumatism, sluggishness, debility, old age—death.

With kind regards, Cordially,

ELMER ELLSWORTH CAREY.

There are a few errors in the foregoing that we desire to correct. In the first place the editor of this magazine has not "jumped the track on the question of distilled water." We were never *on* the track, so therefore could not have jumped it. From hearsay we were led to believe that distilled water might be a good thing under certain conditions, but we knew nothing about it from personal experience until we started on a still-hunt investigation and examination. The result is, from these investigations, that we shall never be able to accept distilled water as a desirable fluid for quenching the thirst of either man or beast.

Again, Mr. Carey says, "There is not a particle of evidence to uphold your contention that pure water is harmful."

Now, one would suppose from the above that we have made use of such language; that we had stated that *pure water* was harmful. This is not true, nor does it approach the semblance of truth. We do not say that Mr. Carey is telling an untruth, but he has either not read carefully what we have said regarding distilled water or he is accepting the statements of some one else concerning the same.

As previously stated, we have no intention of entering into any controversy over distilled water or any other question, and we shall devote no more space to the matter after the publication of this article, except, perhaps, it be to give the results of chemical analysis which we shall have made in due time.

It is not true that there is no pure water except that which has had the vital element of life cooked out of it. Our friends refer to rain water as being distilled. True, but it contains a vital life-giving energy which is placed in it by coming in contact with the vibratory action of the sun's rays, which can be obtained in no other way. Spring water also contains this same element of vital energy. So, also, does river water and that pumped into reservoirs. It is easy enough to use filters for the purpose of extracting dirt.

There is one thing that our "distillery" friends do not seem to understand and that is, that the infinitesimal animate life found in all water not distilled

or boiled, is a necessity to healthful conditions. This imperceptible life that is discernable only by the use of the microscope, is placed in the water for a purpose. In the first place they make the water pure. In the second place they assist in the purification of the human body. They are merely scavengers. They feed upon diseased tissues and effete matter and purify the body. Without these little disease scavengers, as the human race now feeds itself, there would be millions of deaths where there is one now. We could not exist we would be so filthy. Some of us die as it is because we are so filthy that even these billions of little scavengers that find their way into our system cannot take care of and cart away the effete matter resulting from our wrong methods of living.

On the other hand, were we living clean, pure lives, there would be no necessity for either the presence of these scavengers or of water as we generally consume it. When living upon uncooked foods, such as fruits, nuts, etc., it is unnecessary to take water in the usual form into our stomachs. We do not get thirsty, as it is called. We do not need it. We do not desire it. It is the seasoned, cooked foods that make us want to drink water; that make drinking water a necessity. But once you deprive the water of the element which acts as a purifier and cleanser and a life-giver, we take into our stomachs a liquid which has no purpose in life. Being dead in itself, it can neither nourish nor cleanse.

The best way is to live on natural foods which do not require the drowning process before they can be assimilated. I go for days without drinking a drop of water, and it is only when I eat something that has been cooked that I feel the need of drinking water.

One needs no scavenger when only uncooked foods are put into the stomach. Nature provides all that is required, in a natural state, to act as both stimulant and eliminator.

When we put our cans of decaying debris on the sidewalk close to the street a scavenger drives up and carts it away. When we fill ourselves up with effete and decaying matter, the presence of a scavenger is required. Nature is very kind.

Even in the face of all our unclean and unwholesome habits, she tries her very best to keep us cleansed and purified.

One more word in regard to friend Carey's criticism. He speaks of the healthfulness of our "jack tars" who drink distilled water. Of course this makes a very nice ad. for the still manufacturers, but everyone knows that it is practically impossible to kill a "jackie" with "forty-rod" whisky, filled to the skin every time he enters port. The out of doors life he leads, coming in contact with the vital food elements of sun, wind and wave, make him the healthiest being on earth. He couldn't be anything else if he tried. Distilled water has no more to do with it than has the breath of the inanimate Sphynx; but professional advertising men know to what extent a credulous public can be worked, and printer's ink is spared not in either tints or colors.

There is just one way that distilled water can be made palatable and beneficial to the system and only in one way. It must be re-oxygenized by being brought in contact with air and sun for several days, and then it is not as beneficial as either rain, river or reservoir water that has been properly filtered. Filtering does not destroy the vital life element in water. It simply eliminates any foreign substance that may have found its way into the water.

But we have given more space to this subject than we ever shall again. We have covered all the ground that we started out to and that is sufficient. We have given both the still and the anti-still people a hearing, though the former do not touch upon the vital question at issue, namely: the destruction of the vital, life-giving element contained in water in its natural or uncooked state. They apparently know nothing about this, or do not mention it if they do.

I was just about closing this article when my attention was called to something that will especially interest our advocates of the "jack tar" water works plan. Soon, not even these "jack tars" will be drinking distilled water, for the chief chemist of the United States Department of Agriculture, after exhaustive experiments on foods and water, now says emphatically,

"Don't drink distilled water. Drink water as it comes out of the earth, with all its mineral foods, magnesia, etc."

Dr. H. W. Wiley, chief chemist of the United States Department of Agriculture, who has been waging a crusade against adulterated foods, liquors, etc., urges the American people to reform their diet and go back to the simple custom of their forefathers. In a recent lecture on "Foods—their composition and function," the Doctor said:

"Americans eat too much."

"Americans eat too fast and too much."

"Spring fever comes from over-eating."

"Don't drink distilled water."

"Don't eat a great deal while you are working."

"Woman's diet should be the same as man's."

"Old-fashioned mush is better than patent breakfast foods."

"A simple diet means good health and longevity."

We are sorry that any of our friends have taken up the cudgel to defend distilled water, since they will have to lay it down so quickly, vanquished. Of course we do not expect those interested directly or indirectly in the manufacture and sale of water stills to lie down without a struggle,

One person writes us that she has been benefited by the use of distilled water. but that the Ralston still is no good; that another make is all right; that she tried hard to get rid of her Ralston still and finally worked it off on some one else for about half price. Because it was no good, as she alleges, she wanted some one else to get "soaked" the same as she had been.

Now, there is no difference in all so-called good stills. They are like good pianos and sewing machines—they do all the work required of them, and all the "good" stills do the same. But of course each different manufacturer has the "best" still, piano, sewing machine, etc. This is proper in the great strife for commercial supremacy.

The days of the water still are numbered. The days of the distilled water drinker are also numbered, though plenty of fresh air, out-of-door exercise, bathing, proper food, etc.,

will go a long distance toward neutralizing the injurious effects of distilled water.

But some of us have to be shown, you know. I had to be. These articles are simply intended to set people thinking. When we begin to think, no power on earth can prevent us from eventually drifting into the right road.

Mightily Rattled

SOME of our dear local brethren are getting mightily rattled. They put in every Sunday, and a good part of the week, going to hear Stitt Wilson, Dr. Carey, Burnell, the phosphorescent Tindall, the Rev. Fay Mills and a dozen or more other luminous lights who are holding down the boards at diverse and sundry halls all over the city; and then there are a hundred or so churches, besides the Spiritualists, palmists, fortune-tellers, etc. What with all these, the searcher after light seems to be getting little more than a tallow dip, so mixed up is he becoming.

Each speaker, you know, has the "real thing," so when a fellow gets crammed full of a dozen or more different kinds of the "real thing," he begins to wonder if an insane asylum is far distant. Then in addition to all of this, there is the Path-Finder and brother Kellogg's vegetarian cafe, where you fast from Friday night to Saturday night, or rather, which is closed during this time. This is another sort of church which has its Sunday on Saturday same as our Hebrew friends, only the latter, if they are in the clothing business, don't have any Sunday at all. The Path-Finder's Sunday is every day in the week. They are all blessed days for communing with the Inner Self, which is God. When God sent this little piece of inanimate clay—this earth—out to do missionary work, it was a hundred million years before a single blade of grass sprouted on its bald pate. It was three hundred million years more before a four-legged animal appeared in the line of evolution. The time occupied in bringing man to his present estate has been approximately four hundred million years. God's six working days approximated three hundred million years. When we say God,

we mean the great Universal Creative Energy that evolves all life—all that is. So, all this quibbling about an Israelite Sunday, about a Latter-Day-Saint Sunday, about an Adventist Sunday, or a "Christian" Sunday, is the merest bosh and nonsense. Meat-besotted man gets tired easily and has to have time to work off the accumulated bile, hence he must "rest" every few minutes.

Man, living the real life, has no business to ever get tired or become exhausted. With all the recuperative energies intact, as they should be, man needs no physical rest. His work is rest, or should be. We eat wrongly and live wrongly, hence the vital energy which we should be able to absorb from out the Universe, cannot reach us only spasmodically and in insufficient quantities to keep the physical body in a normal state of growth and unfoldment.

We started out to say something about the mix-ups that are the result of chasing all over town, to every hall and every meeting house, to find something that can only be found within one's self. If we would but sit down and tell our Inner Self that we desire to be entertained for a half hour with a recital of its past experiences, and put ourselves in a receptive mood for the reception of the knowledge desired, we would get more light in one of these sittings than all the Wilsons, the Burnells, the Mills or the Conables could give us in a lifetime; that is, provided we are in search of the Light that will lead our individual selves into the Path of Truth.

We can all of us, perhaps, give out some hints as to the *modus operandi* of obtaining the truths of life, but none of us can *show you the Path*. You must find this for yourself. It leads upward and onward; we all know that; but each Path for each individual is differently constructed and we can only follow its meanderings when we locate the compass guide within ourselves.

In chasing around after something that no one else can give us, we are losing precious time.

I am here reminded of a remark made by Joaquin Miller when asked by a visitor to see his library. Miller pointed to his head, then said: "No one but a damn fool needs a library."

This is true. We spend hours and days and weeks and years reading and searching for information: going to lectures and meeting houses, and what do we find? Nothing. We may have had a socially pleasant time and been entertained by the personality of the speaker, but we have got no information that we could not have found within ourselves; and the chances are that we found nothing that is really true, for the average speaker rarely gives out anything that he himself has not found in books or absorbed from others. He has not gotten it from out himself where all Truth and Knowledge has its abiding place.

Were this physical structure of ours once placed in absolutely harmonious relations with the Inner Self there would be no necessity for ever going to school for an hour or taking lessons in the arts, sciences, or anything else, for we have it all within us, and it is only because we have lived the lives of obstructionists that we cannot bring this Divine Wisdom into manifestation through our bodies and brain.

We should be able to do this. This is what man is made for—to give expression to all Universal Wisdom. When we fail to do this it is because we have violated some law of life and obstructed the avenues leading to the wondrous knowledge within ourselves.

Still, we are willing to acknowledge that there are many people who are living on the Sunday school and drug plane, who must be "shown" before they will amount to very much. If you tell them that there is something inside themselves that is a healer for both physical and mental woes, they just laugh at you and wonder when you escaped. Such persons must pass through many trying experiences before they will be able to come in touch with Infinite Wisdom—the Inner Self. For such the pulpit and rostrum and publication offices must do the thinking for them.

I go out some myself, but it is generally either to come in closer touch with Nature or to attend the theatre or opera. Here I imbibe a sort of Divine inspiration that appeals to the cravings of my Inner Self and is very satisfying to the physical part of me. I also enjoy listen-

ing to the high class humorist. I loved Bill Nye. I liked Bob Burdette after he reformed from pulpit work and before he again clouded over his intellect by entering again into the ministry. Burdette behind a pulpit forms about the most incongruous combination of which the imagination can conceive. He is out of place. He don't belong there, and he ought to know it. One born humorist can put more life and good cheer into the hearts of men than a thousand pulpit orators, and it is the sunshine entering our Souls that makes men and women of us, and enables us to radiate in turn the sweetest perfumes with which all our lives are blessed.

Self-study is the only direct road to the higher unfoldment of the individual. We will never be able to come in touch with the Inner Life except through the persistent study of ourselves. All that others can do for us—those who assume the role of teachers—is to give us the results of their own experiences, that we may the sooner come into the consciousness of our own strength and powers, and proceed to awaken the latent faculties we have so long held in imprisonment.

Remember, friends, that "no one but a damn fool needs a library." This remark applies with equal force to all those who go chasing after lightning-bug illumination outside themselves.

Apply one-fourth of this wasted energy to self-investigation and the reward will be great.

Helen Wilmans' Case

THE expected has transpired. The U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals, sitting at New Orleans, has just reversed the decision of the U. S. Court for the Southern District of Florida in the case of Helen Wilmans, of Seabreeze, Fla., who was charged with fraudulent use of the mails.

The Path-Finder has looked for this result at the hands of any unprejudiced court outside the State of Florida, and we hasten to congratulate Mrs. Wilmans over her victory in a contest that was waged for the sole purpose of extermination.

The inception of this attack upon Mrs.

Wilmans was of local origin. The assaulting prosecution did not possess the manliness to stand up and make the fight on their own account, but drew the Government into it by perjured testimony. Mrs. Wilmans has finally licked the whole outfit and she stands vindicated before the public.

This decision of the court at New Orleans gives Mrs. Wilmans a new trial, but there is no chance of her ever being again convicted, since the U. S. Supreme Court has decided that Mental Healing is as legal and legitimate as any other form of healing. But the fraud order issued against Mrs. Wilmans' name is still in force and will remain so until the case is finally disposed of.

While we are speaking of Mrs. Wilmans we will answer a question that has been propounded to us innumerable times, the question being in regard to Mrs. Wilmans' address. Many friends desire to write to her, but do not know how to address her. Address all personal communications as follows: The Wilmans Publishing House, Seabreeze, Fla. All communications intended for Mrs. Wilmans will reach her if thus addressed. Until the Government fraud order is removed, which we believe will be soon, this is the only way of communicating with Mrs. Wilmans.

Short Paths

—One day recently I received a box of oranges from our friend Ross, of Etowanda, which was made up of fifty oranges of the most delicious variety that I have ever found either here in California or in Florida. They were monsters, as you can imagine, when it took but fifty to fill a box. Mr. Ross has been making some shipments of oranges to the East. Sometimes he gets enough to pay for picking them and then again the shipments do not cover the freight. But, no matter about this, just so Brother Ross can sleep out of doors the year round and study the lurid firmament between periodical snores.

—Prof. F. M. Knox, of Seattle, dropped in on us one day last week. Prof. Knox is the noted mental science teacher who is preparing to build an ex-

tensive college in Seattle. He is doing a splendid work in his specific field and his future looks mighty bright. From a brief, but close study of the Professor, we were impressed that he possesses ample ability to carry out his plans to a successful completion. He has the hearty endorsement of this magazine.

—We are going to keep quiet about water in California for a time. Our boiler is again full and our lawn will survive for a week longer without irrigating.

—It now transpires that a "rain-maker" named Hatfield is responsible for all the heavenly floods that have recently visited Southern California. Mr. Hatfield goes up on top of the high mountains and fires off some sort of chemical at clouds supposed to contain large quantities of irrigating fluid. When he succeeds in puncturing one of these rain bags, then the waters begin to flow. It was said that the business men of Los Angeles had agreed to give Hatfield one thousand dollars on condition that eighteen inches of rain fell in this vicinity by June 1st. As more than this amount has already fallen and as the agricultural and fruit interests seem to be amply supplied for this year, no one can be found from whom Hatfield can collect his money. The erstwhile dried up and withered syndicate of wind-permeated real estate agents refuse to father the responsibility; the merchants take the matter as a huge joke; the ranchmen who can raise more than they can sell even during the greatest drouth, decline to pay the bill, and Hatfield can't get his water back, so here's a nice mess of animated limberger. But some people take no stock in Hatfield. They are averse to operating in watered stock. Hatfield should go to Wall Street; not Wall street, Los Angeles, but Wall street, New York. He is needed there by both the watered stock operators and the milk men. But never mind, Brother Hatfield, your day of reckoning will come. In thirty days the Los Angeles river will be again pumped dry, ranch and plane will again take on the sere and yellow, the watermelon season is necessarily limited, so your day will again dawn. Don't despair.

The Evolution of God

Number 2

[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."]

THE landmarks of History are usually indicated in startling fashion, and they always record the trend of civilization towards a higher and more intellectual development. Magna Charta, The Bill of Rights, the execution of Charles I, the expulsion of James II from the throne, etc., are epochal in the history of England; as are the French Revolution, the War of the Rebellion, and the awful Civil War, in the respective histories of France and America.

The landmarks of Thought are frequently laid down in history in an equally distinct—although, perhaps, not in so violent and revolutionary—a fashion. The great Wesley was the originator of a world-movement in Religious Thought, the end of which is not yet, although there is a difference between the Methodism of the Wesleys (John and Charles) and Whitfield, and the Methodism of today. For example: the erratic and eloquent Whitfield on one occasion ran through the streets of London, yelling "Fire, fire, fire." The cry created such alarm that crowds hurried after him shouting, "Where, where, where?" Reaching a certain vacant space where there was a large stone, Whitfield leaped upon it, and then turned and faced the throng that had followed him, saying, "Fire in Hell; fire in hell for the everlasting torture of sinners who refuse to believe in the atoning blood of the Lamb of God." And then he delivered one of those discourses which always mightily moved the multitudes who heard them, but which, unfortunately, have not come down to us in any printed authentic form.

Since then the progress of the church and of the world has made such conduct on the part of preachers and ministers of any standing altogether impossible, although, by their own confession, there still exist Evangelistic fanatics and hirelings who would add to the Creeds the horrible anachronism, "I believe in Hell." Such feeble and ignorant creatures are to be pitied, and their friends should take care of them. Christian men who believe in "Our Father who art in Heaven," and have the assurance that "God is Love"—and nothing else, should see to it that all extreme and unbalanced exponents of the Christian Faith of that class be retired to the obscurity of private life, to which they rightly belong, no matter what their apparent "gifts" may be.

In charity to themselves persons like these should be placed where it would be impossible for them to outrage our sense of decency, or to belie those Exalted Ideals which Christ Himself, in the Gospels, has so divinely expressed for the guidance of men. All of these, of all nations and languages, are already—and always have been—"the sons of God" *without* "adoption," for the simple reason that they are all His offspring, and, therefore, rightly belong to Him under all conditions and for ever. Imagine a loving earthly father, for any cause, sending his own children to everlasting torture! And is the great Soul of the Universe less loving, less just, and less pitiful than any earthly father could be? When will men cast away from them such horrible and brutalizing conceptions of the Deity, and learn that He does *not* delight in bloody offerings or sacrifices? All our ideas with regard to sacrifices and blood-atonement have come to us from Fetishism and Devil-Worship, which, at one stage in the evolution of Thought and Belief, kept the whole human family in spiritual darkness and fear. Is it not time, now that the Light of Heaven has come to us, to substitute a Religion of Love, and Joy, and Hope, for that of fear, and sorrow, and depression, which has already too long kept the souls of men in bond-

age and torture? "Perfect Love casteth out Fear."

A so-called "Great Revival of Religion" has just been brought to an end in Los Angeles, with results such as usually follow religious excitement and extraordinary emotion. But what the permanent good to the churches taking part in that "Revival" will be shown a few weeks or days from now, by which time, if actual precedents be followed, at least two-thirds of the "Converts" will have backslidden, and, in the graphic language of the Revivalists, will have "gone back to the beggarly elements of the world," some "like a dog to his vomit," and others "like a pig to her wallowing in the mire." Revivals for the moment catch hordes of ignorant, weak, emotional people; but the keeping of them in the church—! This is altogether another matter. "Old-time Revivals" were strictly in harmony with old-time Ignorance, old-time Superstition, old-time Priestly Lying and Domination, and all that. But in the present age of illumination there is no longer any place for such obstreperous, extravagant, and unnatural phenomena. "Go into your chamber and be still," said Christ, when you wish to hold "commune with your own heart," and with the Eternal Father. "When I was a child, I thought as a child, I understood as a child; but now that I am become a man I have put away childish things." So wrote the great St. Paul. The Christian world no longer needs swaddling clothes, which, indeed, it has outgrown; but the weak-brained "Revivalists" are unable to perceive this fact. They still go on crying "Only believe, only believe, and you will be saved." So the fanatical Mohammedan declares to those who are called "The Faithful:" So the Catholic priest affirms to his idolatrous congregation; and so the propounders of all Faiths and all Creeds have asserted ever since such crudities and falsehoods were formulated. "Faith without Works is dead," again declares the great 'Apostle of the Gentiles,' in consonance with the words of the Master Himself that "A tree is known by its fruit." Not *belief* that is demanded of us, but deeds, acts, *living*. The reverent and clear-eyed Scotsman, Thomas Carlyle, perceived and under-

stood all this when he gave expression to the beautiful thought, "*Pray By Working.*"

From the age of John Wesley to now is a considerable leap as to time—in *man's* calculation. But to Him, in whose sight "a thousand years are but as yesterday, seeing that it is past as a watch in the night," and to Whom there is neither Present, Past, nor Future: what is it?—At the present moment, however, we find in Los Angeles one Robert McIntyre, styled "Reverend," and frequently called "Doctor," although we do not recognize "D.D." after his name on the leaflets distributed in his own church. But this fact does not militate the least against the character and reputation of this "Pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, opposite Central Park," in "the city of the Angels."

By the way, it may be stated that this city of Los Angeles is very far from being *angelic*, as one hundred and eleven days of licensed—horse racing, gambling, and other crimes against morals and public order are now so abundantly showing. Two or three weeks of "Revivalism," with the hope of doing the work of God, as an offset to the works of the Devil practised during nearly four calendar months on the Ascot Race course! Think of it—"Ye Gods"! Neither the Rev. Robert McIntyre, however, nor "his ilk," is responsible for this scandalous condition of things, which is a splendid advertisement *against* Los Angeles as a *wholesome* or *healthy* city, and which, if continued, will ultimately neutralize and undo all the efforts of "The California Promotion Committee," the Real Estate Agencies and Companies, and all the local newspapers combined, to bring visitors to Southern California—or purchasers for the vast properties which are all the time being advertised for sale. Lincoln's motto concerning *not* being able to fool the people *all* the time is very applicable just here. And, to the honor of the church be it said, that all the ministers of the various denominations have lifted up their voices in no uncertain tones in condemnation of this scandalous Race-course enormity against decency and good morals.

Doctor McIntyre is a Scotsman. He

was born in Glasgow, the magnificent city on the banks of the Clyde, and the "second city in the British Empire," although second to none in the world for the industry, enterprise, energy, liberalism, and brains of its inhabitants. Thus, in one respect at least, the good doctor is like the Apostle Paul, in that by birth he is "a citizen of no mean city." At the same time he belongs to the one unconquered and unconquerable Race of all time; a Race that, more than any other, is making its mark on these United States of ours at this very moment. Great—! Yes; the Scot, wherever he is, is always great; and the omens are that he will so remain—both at home and abroad.

Now, the Rev. Doctor McIntyre has quite recently—and, perhaps, quite unconsciously—furnished the Methodist Church with a new and modern Religious Landmark,—one that goes to show the marvelous change of thought which, in recent years, has been going on in the church throughout the world, and which is still progressing. Sunday evening, October 9, 1904, the Revend gentleman delivered a remarkable lecture in his own church, to his own congregation, which filled every nook and corner of the capacious and conveniently constructed building. Without question Doctor McIntyre is that kind of personage known as "a Canny Scot;" he has *brains*, and he *knows*. Then, like all his countrymen, he finds attraction in Metaphysics and the hidden Mysteries of Religion, it being a matter of history that the greatest Metaphysicians of the world have been Scotsmen, whose learned tomes we still possess as proofs of this fact.

On the evening in question the doctor discoursed on the subject of "Conscience, and the Evolution of man's spiritual nature after the Fall." And he never for a moment left his hearers in doubt as to the position in which he stood in respect of this modern doctrine of Evolution, which is gently and surely leading men towards more rational conclusions and nobler Ideals in everything pertaining to Life and Human Destiny. The doctrine of Evolution is the only "Catholic dogma" that can ultimately survive the test of Reason and of Time. In fact, all other forms of "Catholicism" (using the word in its

generic sense) must surely fade away before it, and cease to trouble the souls of *His* children whom the Eternal has placed on the earth only as their brief and temporary abode, but of whom none can ever be "lost." Orthodox though Doctor McIntyre claims to be, he must have had some inkling or glimmering of the full Truth, when he repeatedly—and enthusiastically—exclaimed in the course of his lecture, "Oh, the glorious doctrine of Evolution!"

Orthodoxy can be robbed of much of its stupidity when it is well-handled, and in this respect the doctor was eminently successful on the occasion mentioned. He satisfactorily explained the relations between the Reason, the Conscience, and the Will, showing how these are the faculties that distinguish men from "the beasts that perish," and by means of which God is evolving man—leading him onward to a higher life. He asserted that before Adam and Eve fell their Conscience was perfect, and that "Evolution teaches the Fall more than the Bible does." He compared the drunkard, the dog, and the tree in blossom, much to the disadvantage of the drunkard—as was right. "Each of these," he said, "is an expression of organic life, but there is a difference between them. The drunkard, by dethroning the Will, has abolished Reason and Conscience, so that he becomes lower than the beast. The dog obeyed his natural instincts, and lived as it was intended he should live; while the tree put forth its glorious blossoms, flowers, or fruit for the adornment of the earth and the use of God's Creatures. The drunkard represented the Fall of man. Conscience had ceased to direct and govern him, his Will had become annihilated, and his Reason had become darkened and dethroned." So he ran on. Apropos of his subject, he admirably told some stories which not only interested his audience, but frequently moved them to laughter. He graphically pictured an intelligent Collie dog, in the Highlands of Scotland, rounding up and gathering in a flock of three hundred sheep during an awful snowstorm, so that not one was missing. Man's help on the occasion was in vain; he was powerless against the storm and could do nothing. From such incidents be argued that

"dogs have souls"; and who that knows would question the fact? He explained—by a funny story about himself and an old woman at a railway station who smoked—the nature of "an ignorant conscience," producing thereby much laughter at his own expense. He told of the murder of Cronin in Chicago some years ago, and how those who had beaten him to death had left undisturbed the "Agnus dei"—the scapula— which their victim had been wearing around his neck, after the fashion of Roman Catholics. "They could beat him to death; but they were *afraid* to take from his person a little trinket which the priest of their church—for they were all Roman Catholics—had blessed. Such was the measure of *their* Conscience." Good for you, doctor; at least you are not afraid to speak the Truth, even when it *hurts*! In conclusion he used these significant words, which are more Scientific than orthodox:—"God intended man to be partly spirit and partly beast. God is a Spirit. Will not the JUDGE of all the earth do right"?

Just a few words more as to Doctor McIntyre's utterances on the occasion mentioned. He referred at some length to the first chapter of Genesis, and good-naturedly *made fun of it*, while the greater part of his congregation laughed. The world was *not* created in six days, the story enshrined in Genesis I being an Allegory or Myth. The Creation had taken infinite Ages of Evolution for its accomplishment; and, "Oh, the glorious doctrine of Evolution"! But, "The Rib Story":—the Doctor clung to that at all hazards. That was *true*, only "it had a spiritual meaning." Adam attained his godlike spirituality *first*, and then Eve acquired her spirituality *from him*, the rib being the symbol of the transference or acquisition of the same.

While Doctor McIntyre was thus holding forth, the writer could not help recalling a conversation which he heard (when he was a child nearly fifty years ago) between his Methodist father and several Methodist friends, concerning Hugh Miller, his theories of Geology, and the Bible. This was in 1856, at the time that this unfortunate genius—one of the world's greatest men—had committed suicide, during temporary insan-

ity brought on by mental suffering, and years of application to excessive study and literary work. The dear, old-fashioned Methodists insisted that Genesis I must be maintained at all costs. Some of them said—railing at the great Scotsman, who can, possibly, be classed with the immortal Newton—"who was Hugh Miller, anyway, that *he* should dare to go against Inspiration and the Word of God? He was only a day laborer, a common stonemason; and what could *he* know more than anyone else about such sacred matters? Didn't Moses and the Prophets know what they were writing about"? Poor, dear, old-fashioned Methodists! It was just like you to say such things! It was such folks as you who had the "old-fashioned revivals," of which we have lately heard—and seen—too much.

Now, another incident to show how "the glorious doctrine of Evolution" has since then been accepted by the Methodist Church, which, fifty years ago, would have *expelled* Doctor McIntyre for what he so interestingly said Oct. 9, '04. Ten years ago, in the writer's hearing, an old-fashioned, ranting Methodist preacher at Baltimore confessed from the pulpit that he believed Man to have been on the earth at least 60,000 years. "The Glacial Period," he said, "was fully 60,000 years ago, if not more; and man was on the earth long before that period, as we now know by fossil remains." Thus "the glorious doctrine of Evolution" wins *its* converts, even among the most besottedly orthodox.

The fact is that the modern Science of Geology, of which Hugh Miller, the Scottish stonemason, might be considered the actual father and *inspired author*, is now universally recognized as the Truth. The Truth as it is in Nature, which is the only Book—or Bible—upon whose magnificent pages the Eternal God has recorded any of the truths concerning Himself which have become known unto men. "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." "He rideth upon the wings of the wind; He measures the heavens with a span, and holdeth the sea in the hollow of His hand." "His voice (in the thunder) shaketh the wilderness; it shaketh the wilderness of Cades." Oh, the glory and the beauty of the old

Hebrew literature, which we "Westerners" (the White Race), with our lack of knowledge and of imagination, have never been able to comprehend or explain. Oh, the stupidity, and folly, and ignorance of Ecclesiastics, who resolutely shut their eyes to the facts of Science, and refuse to learn anything

therefrom! And, in the language of Doctor McIntyre, "Oh, the glorious doctrine of Evolution," which is safely leading men to the Truth of God Himself, and will some time or other guide all the children of the earth into the Holy of Holies, into the very presence of the Eternal All-Father.

The Body Beautiful

By NANNETTE MAGRUDER PRATT

IT IS so natural to say of a child who, perhaps, is born of a consumptive father or mother: "Poor little thing, it's doomed." Even those first mental suggestions are wrong. How often the child is humored by its mother. "Don't play too hard, dear, you know your lungs are weak!" "I cannot have my bedroom windows open at night—my little boy's lungs are affected." "I am afraid to bathe baby much, for she isn't strong—you know her father died of consumption."

All those remarks I have heard, and more too, and sensible people will agree with me that it is a great mistake to harbor such thoughts.

If you believe that disease is hereditary, and if your child is born, boy or girl, with a weak body, it is your duty to cultivate health thoughts from the beginning. Say to yourself: "I am going to make my child a fine physical specimen. Everything I can think of which will develop his lungs and abdominal muscles, strengthen his shoulders, stomach and back, shall be done. I will leave no stone unturned. I will keep him out doors as much as possible. He shall be brought up to like all outdoor sports. I will feed him wholesome, nourishing food, and teach him the great benefits derived from God's wonderful air and sunshine."

If every mother would say that and carry it out, would we not have a splendid race of men and women?

I am very sure that consumption can be lessened by developing children's lungs. How many parents ever think of their children's chest development? Visit kindergartens and school rooms and see the poor, little, narrow chested, stoop-shouldered bits of humanity.

It is true they run and jump and play, and the parents think they get enough exercise, but they are never taught to breathe correctly. Everything is developed except the chest; that is supposed to take care of itself; and that is the most important part of a child's body.

A mother can begin when the child is quite young to teach it to take deep breaths. She can teach it abdominal breathing, so that the abdominal muscles, as well as the chest, can be developed. It surely lies within her power to develop strong lungs in her children.

The first important step is to keep the child out doors as much as possible during the day, and have the bed-room where he sleeps well ventilated at night. During the Spring, Summer and Fall, if it can possibly be arranged, have the child sleep out doors. And if you live in California, Arizona, Texas, or any of the Southern States, it is quite possible for him to sleep out all the year 'round. See that there are plenty of bed clothes, (in cool or cold weather) and have him wear what we used to call "polar bears"—the white flannel nighties in one piece, feet and all. If the weather is quite cold, have the child wear a little close-fitting hood of some kind. Thus equipped, there is no danger in sleeping out of doors. (Grown-ups had better sleep out of doors too, but this article is mostly about children so I must stick to my text.)

An acquaintance of mine here in Phoenix has two little boys who have never slept in the house since they were born, and they are the sturdiest little fellows imaginable. One is three, the other five. In the East they sleep on a back porch, which has been screened in,

and no matter what the weather is, out they go. They look like little Esquimaux in their bed regimentals—white angora “polar bears” with pointed hoods of the same material. Of course they are dressed and undressed in a warm room and then waddle out to bed wrapped in a blanket. Their father and mother sleep out there too.

Here in Phoenix they sleep on a screened-in porch also. They divide their time between here and New York State. Of course here in winter they can play out doors all day in the sunshine, and that is so good for them—but as for the *nights*, they do not care whether they be spent in Alaska or the Sandwich Islands—they do not know what it is to sleep in-doors.

What a race of children we would have if all could be brought up that way. Many people who read this article may think I am too radical, but I feel quite safe in saying that if children or grown-ups are properly clothed and there is plenty of bedding, the sleeping out of doors is perfectly safe.

Poor ventilation in bed-rooms is responsible for many diseases and it can be easily remedied! I have visited many bed-rooms in the early morning where not a window was open and the air was foul indeed. We cannot have pure air always through the day, for often we are confined in offices, school-rooms, and various places where many object to having windows open, but at night we can have our say—we can be warmly clad and warmly covered and the lungs can have an air bath for 7, 8, 9, or 10 hours straight, and heigho for the clean lungs in the morning.

If any one reads this article and decides to adopt my ideas, I would advise them to do it gradually. Don't all move out doors the first night after reading this. Get more air in your bedrooms first. Get acquainted with the air for a few days and then move out. So many times in a bed-room the windows and doors are so arranged that there is a draught, and in no way can the bed be placed where the occupant can be quite safe—for, notwithstanding what some of our more radical hygienists say, I believe draughts are dangerous. But if one sleeps out doors, there is no draught.

Many people are sleeping in single

beds these days, and I think it is better. I think it is wiser for every one to sleep alone—grown-ups and children. Cots are made now-a-days which are very comfortable, and if there is any available place, move the cots out doors. Of course people who live in apartments in the big cities cannot do that, and I am sorry for them—but if you have a home of your own, or even if you live in a rented house, some way can be arranged to fix the back porch—or front porch—or roof—where you can sleep out—anyway have the children sleep out.

There is a pretty summer house made of wire screen doors fastened together, the top of canvas. That, standing on a lawn right next to the house makes a fine sleeping-room—some kind of wash material curtains fixed to let down at night.

Anyway, where there's a will there is always a way, and if you are not cooped up in an apartment building, you can adopt the out-door sleeping plan and be greatly benefited thereby.

Exercise can be made very attractive. Every night before the children are put to bed, or in the morning before they are dressed, they can be put through a few simple exercises, and if the exercises can be done to music, so much the better. Even the breathing is done to music.

The little tots will soon begin to look forward to the morning or evening fun, and it is all doing them so much good.

When we were children we were put through military tactics at night, and I am sure it had much to do toward giving us good chests and straight shoulders.

Marching, bending, turning, kneeling, all that is good, but deep breathing is more important. And, after the exercising, if you can give the little ones a bath in slightly warmed water, and teach them to splash real cold water on their throats and chests, they will harden themselves wonderfully, and seldom, if ever, have a cold.

Don't send the children to school too young—especially if there is any danger of their lungs not being sound. Give them a good physical foundation. There are charming baby books from which they can learn enough for the first few years. Later they can study better if they are well. Let them play out of doors from morning to night. Put a

sand-pile in the back yard and a little horizontal bar so that the children can learn to "chin." Have everything you can think of out doors to entertain them. Truly your reward will be great.

In Denver one spring and summer I met a young lady who had a children's school, and it was out doors. That is, it was in a tent, and the sides were up all the time unless it rained. She put the children through calisthenics twice a day and altogether it was an ideal way to teach children—*the being out doors!*

But above *all*, have the children have good fresh air *at night* and if you cannot arrange to have them out doors,

see to it that the bed-rooms are as perfectly ventilated as possible. Fresh air doesn't kill. It is foul air that kills.

There is no excuse for neglecting the physical training of children.

I am sure that if lungs are developed in the young, shoulders kept back into place, bed-rooms well aired and the child allowed to be in the open air as much as possible, he will turn out a sturdy specimen, and never even get near the border line of consumption.

He should be regularly fed with the best nourishing food possible, and encouraged to sleep a lot, and he will turn out all right.

Home Course in Physical Culture

Conducted by U. G. FLETCHER

DEAR PATH FINDERS:—The exercises given in this issue will conclude our department for the present.

I sincerely hope that this brief course



Illustration No. 12

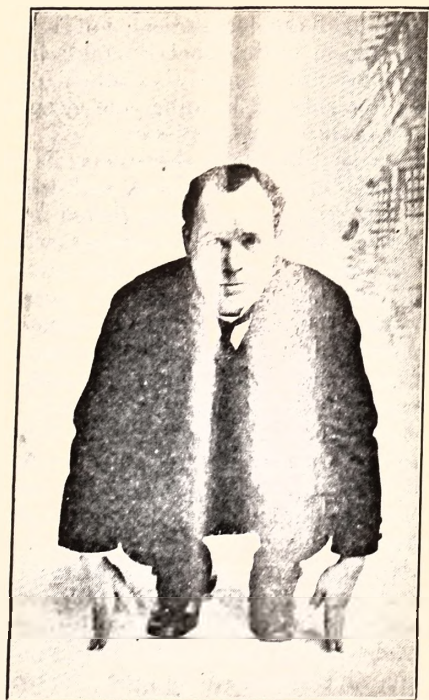


Illustration No. 13

of training has done you good. The exercises are worth keeping up and if you continue them for three months yet, they will be of much greater benefit than you have received from them up to the present. During the spring and summer I am here and there teaching classes in Physical Culture and lecturing on

Right Methods of Living. If you think a sufficient number of pupils might be enrolled for a good class in your city or town I should be pleased to hear from you. I will go anywhere in America that my services are desired. For terms etc, address me at Danville, Ills.



Illustration No. 14

EXERCISE 10.—Stand erect with heels slightly separated. Make the arms as lifeless as possible while raising the hands very slowly high above the head and at the same time take a deep full breath. Hold this position a few seconds while retaining the breath and keeping the body dead still. Let the arms drop as lifeless as it is possible to make them and at same time relax the muscles of the neck and back and let the head descend near the knees as shown in illustration No. 12. While dropping forward the breath is exhaled suddenly through the mouth. Let the body remain as relaxed as possible for a few seconds and then raise hands above head again while taking another full breath and repeat. Do the exercise 5 to 10 times.

EXERCISE 11.—Stand erect with arms at sides. Take a full breath very smoothly while raising hands laterally until ends of fingers meet above head.

Hold breath a few seconds, turn palms of hands outward, stretch arms to greatest length, and exhale completely while bending knees and bringing hands to floor as shown in illustration No. 13. Stretch arms to full length while rising, taking breath and bring fingers together above head again. Make inhalations and exhalations as complete as possible and do the exercise carefully from 5 to 10 times at each trial. If you practice this exercise carefully for one month I think you will agree with me that it is one of the best we have had.



Illustration No. 15

EXERCISE 12.—Stand with feet some distance apart. Take a deep, full, breath while raising hands as in illustration No. 14. Relax muscles of arms, neck and back and drop to the right as lifelessly as you possibly can while exhaling suddenly through the mouth. Hold this relaxed, lifeless attitude for a few seconds and then slowly rise to starting position while taking breath. Turn head and shoulders to left and drop in that direction while again exhaling suddenly. This exercise is the same as No. 10 only the body falls in a different direction. Practice both faithfully and you will soon have such self-mastery that you can easily let go, relax and rest whenever you need to do so.

Dress Reform for Women

By MAUD JOHNSON

IT WAS with joy that I read in the March issue of "Physical Culture" that Mr. Bernarr Macfadden will eliminate from his Physical Culture City both corsets and long skirts. He says "The wearing of a corset will be considered as much a violation of the laws of the community as the drinking of liquor." I wish the "Path Finder" women would go him one better and wear no skirts at all.

I have recently come in possession of an article along dress reform, lines written by Estella Bachman Brokaw of Pasadena, Cal. As Mrs. Brokaw has given much thought to the question of dress reform and has spent six years in practical experiment on herself I feel that her words may be of interest to the readers of this magazine. Mrs. Brokaw is fortunate in having the hearty support of her husband which fact has enabled her to accomplish things which other women would hardly dare dream of. She wears knickerbockers about her home and when on her wheel or climbing the mountains. Mr. Brokaw does some thinking along these lines on his own account and says he feels convinced from actual experience that knickerbockers are much more to be desired than long trousers as the extra yards of cloth from the knees down is only an encumbrance and altogether useless. There is after all no reason why men and women should dress so very much unlike. There is not such a great difference in the structure of man and woman as our dress would indicate. I often think that if men and women dressed more nearly alike we would be more moral. The idea of sex would not then be so strongly forced upon us. Perhaps then it would be easier for us to realize that in the new Nation there shall be neither male nor female, but all shall be one in the spirit of love and true fellowship.

But we will leave moralizing for the present and come down to physical facts. Mrs. Brokaw says: "I take the ground, as a result of six year's actual experiment on myself, that absolute freedom

of movement is a physical impossibility in any one wearing a skirt that is worthy of the name of skirt. All assertions to the contrary are simply misstatements of facts. It is no more a misuse of words to speak of 'health corsets' than of 'healthful skirts.' The difference in injury is one of degree merely, much like the difference in the use of whisky as compared with the use of tea and coffee. Many persons acknowledge the evils of corsets and whisky but will not believe there is any harm in skirts or tea and coffee—but in both cases the injury, physical and moral, goes steadily on, regardless of our belief.

"A woman who has been trained all her life in the control and management of skirts, as all women must be who wear them, is not a competent judge of her own freedom of movement in those skirts; they have become second nature to her. Her statement that skirts do not hurt her, or retard her freedom of movement, is worth as much as the statement of the corset wearing woman that, 'I have worn corsets for years and I am perfectly healthy'; or that of the old reprobate who drank whisky 'since I was a boy,' and is still 'hale and hearty.'

"It is only life long training that makes it possible for women to work or play in skirts, or even to get about at all in them with a semblance of freedom. Skirts would be positively dangerous put upon an untrained adult who was compelled to go through the same work while wearing them, and are actually dangerous in ordinary housework unless the wearer exercise both mind and hand constantly in keeping the skirts out of her way. Only their long training in the management of skirts enables women to go through it at all without noticing it, but the strain on body and nerves is just as constant, and the utterly unnecessary waste of vital force is just as great as if they recognized what hurt them.

"The only fair test of the 'perfect freedom of movement' allowed by skirts is to put them upon a man brought up

in the greater freedom of even the ordinary pants. If you wish to make a serious experiment and are honestly anxious to find out how 'healthful' skirts are, then put one of your gowns on some one of the male members of your family and compel him to wear that costume a month while going about his usual avocation. I venture to predict that such an experiment would be convincing to the man. A man's sex is no reason whatever for not putting him into skirts if skirts are healthful."

Mrs. Brokaw takes the animals as her example. She says the female amongst animals seems no more ashamed of the four legs Nature has given her than does the male. "The fact of the matter is," she continues, "that nowhere in Nature, either in the shape of the human body or in the clothing of any animal endowed with the power of locomotion, is there any authority or shadow of authority for the belief that skirts should be worn by the human female. The whole weight of Nature's authority is against skirts."

Mrs. Brokaw comments on a picture given in a certain health journal showing a woman going up stairs in a "correct attitude." She says: "She (the woman), is clutching her 'healthful skirt' with both hands, with the muscles of one hand tense in the added effort to carry two books up with her. Imagine men clutching their pants with both hands every time they go up a few

steps. Yet there is nothing whatever in the natural shape of the human body to make that clutch the 'correct attitude' for a woman and not for a man. A man's clothes are not models, either for health or grace, but they, the clothes of civilized men, are more nearly adapted than those of women to the needs of a human being as a human being. They can be improved into healthful and graceful garments entirely suitable for an upright biped. No amount of improvement can make skirts suitable for a creature so shaped. The only way to reform skirts is to abolish them.

"The only possible way to secure a truly healthful costume for the human being, man or woman, is to lay aside all prejudice and study the needs of the human body with an eye single to evolving a costume which will allow of perfect physical development, in no wise hampering or restricting either the movements of inside organs and muscles or outside limbs. Studying in this way we cannot but find that a very slight, and scarcely noticeable, difference would be needed in the dress of men and women. If we search whole heartedly for the true way we cannot fail to find also the beautiful at the same time. For a costume designed to fit a naturally and perfectly developed human body, and made of materials and colors suited to the occasion and the wearer, cannot fail to be both graceful and pleasing, and instinctively recognized as such."

Hoosier Paths

Blazed by D. H. SNOKE, M. D.

Dream on, fair one, God calleth thee,
Only keep listening, and loving and seek;
One day the silence shall break forth and speak,
And thou shalt hear and know and see.

Adiramlad.

GRADUALLY the race awakens from its dream of materialism, attracted by the wisdom, strength and beauty of the spiritual in whose measureless expanse the sense-bound vision of all materialia floats as a bit of driftwood might float in mid-ocean.

As if a star swung and so rang the great bell of the sky in a paean of universal melody, the hearts of men are turning to participate at last in the one

reality of all the ages, the drama of a pure and true love.

For ages and ages we have been recasting the score whose basic notes were written in our atomic hearts far back in creation's misty dawn, and each generation along the line has contributed its major and minor chords, its harmonies and discords, its rhythm of hope and its quaver of despair, its forte of passionate longing, its piano of inspiring realization, until now in this glad new time there appears a vision of universal melody to which we may set the poems of our purest imaginings, and in which the universal voice may join and sing.

Love, aflame with the roseate fire of rational longing, fragrant with the breath of ardent telling, adorned with the imagery of elysian inspirations and true with the stamp of Infinite Verity smiles on in perpetual youth, beckoning with insistent hand the surging tide of humanity to drink in unstinted measure from its unfailing chalice of joy.

No matter how we may attempt to pervert her high, inspiring meanings by labeling low passion with her name, or distorting with base jealousies the beauty she would fain write upon the faces of all, the fair goddess woos evermore the hearts of all the world and seeks to place the soul that is to some other fit.

The mystery of sleeping Nature lowly resting under its far reaching coverlet of snow, and prisoned with a lock of frost and bar of ice; the dreamland of winter where shaggy, hybernating brains harbor shadowy imaginings of love far down the scale; the stasis of halting sap which far beneath the soil fosters its dream of verdant foliage, fragrant blossoms and blushing, juicy fruit; the twin spirits of odor and color which clasped in mutual arms slumber at roots of rose, lilac, daisy, nasturtium, lily and bee-loving clover, revel in phantom visions all of which await but the golden key of the sunbeams to free them into the realities of love which await the appropriation of our hearts to adorn and complete the sum of joy.

How sweet to feel this thread of gold, warm with love that changes not, running through the fabric of life, and making all things kin, and unifying the loves of all created things into one grand tide of feeling whose surge beats in harmony with the heart of God!

* * * *

Absolute absence of motion is inconceivable. Like the vacuum which nature abhors, *it is not*. Action, evermore action, is the watchword that passes along the line of things create, and whether we term it vibration or by some other nomenclature christen it with a name more or less expressive, its meaning changes not, and its effect is as surely manifest.

The tiny grass blade gently forcing its verdant sword through the soil, the earth worm dragging its length along the ground, the insect humming forth

upon its droning flight; the silvery sided fish parting the ripples of the stream, the bird winging its way through leafy forest aisles, the babe chasing its sunny ideals through hours of play, the man and woman in active pursuit of life's avocations, the old man stretching perforce his rest-wearied body and limbs, each and all obey a law sublime as eternity, as far-reaching as the infinite love and wisdom of God—the law of purification by action, the immutable rule of progress past things that were to things which be, a climbing of the spiral causeway of Evolution's rising scale to where ideals take shape in the actualities of life and become history, bright records of that Infinite Potentiality, which, in far beginnings lent its impulse to circling atoms which today roam infinite space as worlds and systems, and in lesser form, but endless variety upon these planets enact the drama of what we call life.

There is no pause nor can there be. Be the movement forward or backward, the end to be attained, the purpose and power giving it expression, all are part of the grand ultimate, completion, which is forever in a state of becoming.

This action obtains no less in the human physical body than elsewhere. It microcosmically corresponds to the greater world and universe of which we have just been speaking.

So long as harmony obtains, its motion eventuates in beauty of structure and correct function of its organism. But inharmony fosters destruction with its accompaniment of disease and pain.

Each drop of blood contains all the parts, in solution, of which the body is constructed. In each drop is the motion, molecular and atomic, whose aggregate with all the other drops constitutes the circulation of the tide of individual life. If the stream be fed from pure sources, *if* it be not overladen with material from said sources, then it can respond to the motive power which gives it action, and harmony of function and structure result.

How shall we emphasize this FACT so that all will understand and heed, and so order the motion, so supervise the action of individual existence that harmony and consequent health and long life shall result?

All along the trend of these Hoosier Paths we have endeavored to cast the beam of truth, and erect the guidepost of verity. We have sought to extol the merit of purity in life, both of thought and action, and we raise our voice from the height of this day's vantage to once again affirm that action of vital forces, to be effective, must be unimpeded, and that this condition lies wholly within the discretion of the individual.

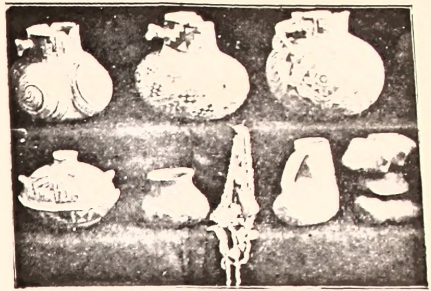
If our reading audience were less intelligent, and less capable thereby of assimilating truth, we might feel that the effort at representing facts was of little or no avail; but we are somehow conscious that somewhere in some minds and hearts the seeds of truth are taking root and growing, even as we see them grow along the lines of our daily practice.

The love, the good-will which prompts us, we find is growing in our life and is a magnet of attraction to desired ends and conditions of good which more and more shows forth in health, prosperity, and the ability to serve truly our fellow man.

We rejoice in this increasing capacity for service, in this expanding consciousness, in the desire for greater achievements in the field of actual need, and the growing opportunities to test the virtue of methods we know to be true.

We assert again that only those lives can round out to a desired symmetry whose paths to normal functioning are unimpeded, and that this condition is attainable by all. Good health, executive capacity and successful ability are not mere accidents of birth or subsequent circumstances, but are the rightful dower of each and all, and those who will, may have.

—Our friend, Alzamon Ira Lucas, the noted lecturer along higher life lines, is in the city filling an engagement of a couple of months, preparatory to making a continental tour of the United States. There is a great field in Los Angeles for the sort of labor Brother Lucas is promulgating. Lucas is one of the very few whom we call legitimates. The Path-Finder wishes him every success.



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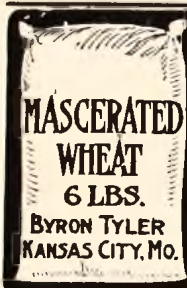
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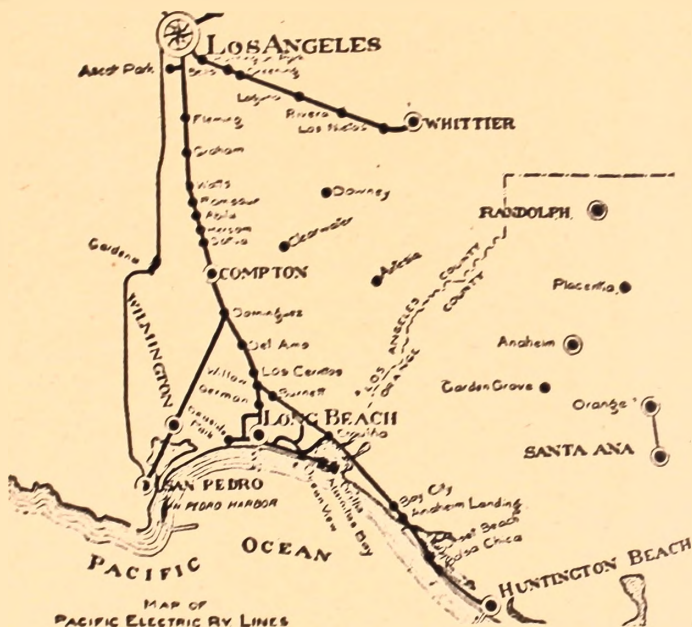
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