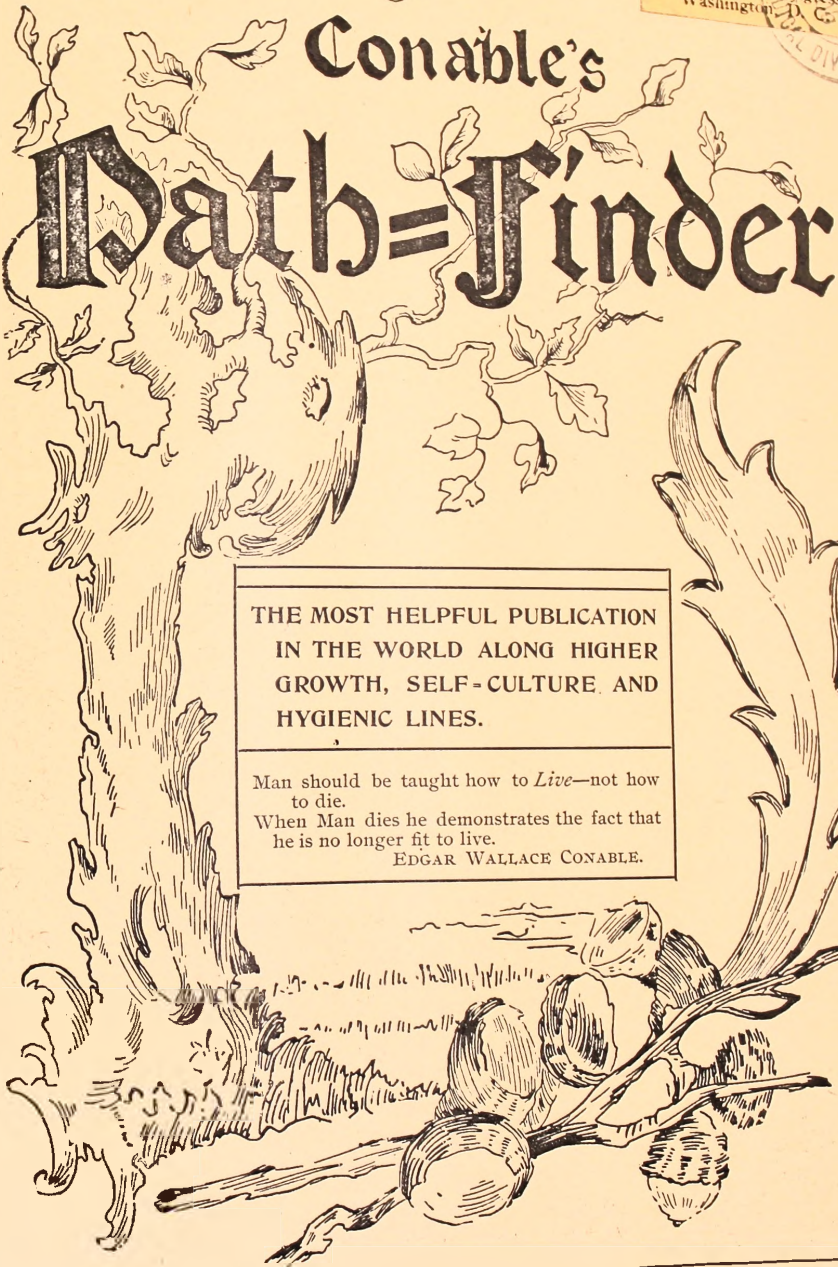


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EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE.

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EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, EDITOR.

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By THE EDITOR

Change of Address.

THE editor is going to summer on a ranch, distant about ten miles from Los Angeles. This necessitates the change of address of both business and personal correspondence. So, friends, including exchange publishers, please address everything in future to Station A, Pasadena, California.

The editor desires a summer's outing, where he can sleep out of doors. He is tired of hearing seventeen electric cars pass just outside his window every minute of the day from 4 o'clock in the morning until 2 o'clock the next morning, saying nothing about a thousand automobiles and motor bicycles, and the street cleaner who stops under your window at 3 a. m. with his odoriferous cargo of the day's accumulations.

Some say coyotes visit this ranch occasionally, but this was during the infancy of the eucalyptus tree—before it commenced to bark. The coyote is afraid of anything that barks.

We are not going into exclusive retirement, but just want to be where we can take Mother Nature in both arms, and sit in her big, broad lap, and listen to her whisperings and wondrous tales of her infinite creative powers.

We want to absorb more of Her wisdom and feel the inflow of the great waves of vital life which she sends out to every living thing.

It is not good for man to sleep indoors where his breath has to be put on ice before it is fit for re-consumption; besides, few houses are constructed with a refrigerator plant.

Nature supplies us with everything direct from the laboratory. The breath she sends out does not need fertilizing. No one else has used it and it is not second-handed. It is *alive* and feeds every atom of the human structure as well as all other animate and inanimate growth.

The transom to our doors will be high heaven, and our windows will be the starry canopy of the great Universe. The moon's silvery shafts will be our night-robe, and the twinkling stars will be our luminous guiding light midst the shadows of rose-scented foliage.

And in the midst of all of this will the summer Path-Finder find birth. The birds and the trees and the flowers will all assist me. These will be my staff contributors.

Remember the address, Station A, Pasadena, California, U. S. A.

Create; Don't Imitate.

EVERY individual possesses the power to create. That's what we were made for—to create. Not to create and perpetuate physical structures of our kind, but to create something worth perpetuating.

Some of us spend half a lifetime in an effort to give expression to the creations of others—often in the sciences and the arts, in literature, in mechanics, etc. Instead of creating for ourselves we pattern and imitate.

We see people spending years in an effort to properly interpret the intent of the author or composer of a Hungarian Rhapsody instead of trying to create a Rhapsody himself or herself—out of the Infinite storehouse of knowledge with which every human being is vested.

If there is such a thing as a Master then we are all Masters. It is the ability to bring the Divine life within us to

the surface that makes the Master. It isn't because one person is vested with greater wisdom than another that we define the line of greater knowledge or intelligence. It is simply the ability of the physical consciousness to come in closer touch with the God-power within us that makes some of the men of the world appear great and wise. It is not because there is, in reality, less of wisdom within one person than another.

Within the folds of each physical structure there lies a latent power, so-called. This latent power is no more nor less than Infinite Creative Consciousness—the life that passes out of the physical body at the period we commonly call death. In other words, it is our other and higher self, which knows no death and is filled with Infinite wisdom. This higher self is ever striving to give expression to its wondrous possessions through our physical structures. The only reason that it is baffled in this effort is because we—the physical self—prevent it by building impassable barriers. We are constantly building our bodies imperfectly—obstructing them with disease and unclean habits and practices. We circumscribe this inner self to limits where, to give anything like full expression is impossible. Impassable barriers of our own construction lie between the physical and the inner self; hence the creative power within us cannot come to the surface, and we appear on the scene of life as crudely developed imitators.

There is no rational reason why every human being should not be a Master. No one but ourselves blocks the pathway leading to the loftiest degree of unfoldment.

But with average man the height of ambition seems to be to reach a point where the picture of the master-artist may be copied with a degree of credit; where a Liszt Hungarian Rhapsody may be reproduced in a manner pleasing to the Master—the creator of the masterpiece; where the voice of a Patti may be imitated so closely that the great songstress herself would be pleased with the caricature—the imitation.

It is pleasing to the artist-world that they become sufficiently conspicuous in public favor that the masses wish to imitate them. This is one of the evidences of success on the part of those trying to entertain the public—when an imitative public begins to imitate.

Is there any reason, friends, why you

and I should not create for ourselves just as other masters, so-called, have created? Isn't it an acknowledgment of our mental incapacity when we begin the process of imitating others? Does it not weaken us and belittle us? Does it not establish a stronger barrier than ever along the avenues leading to our natural creative powers? It certainly does.

The great masses of the world's human product are imitators, and most of them are of the crudest type. To imitate is to acknowledge our weakness—our incapacity to think—our inability to bring the simple wisdom we possess to the surface.

Is it any wonder, then, that we are, as a whole, a race of dependents and serfs?

It is physically easier for us to copy and imitate than it is for us to think, so we become dwarfed in both body and mind. The wisdom stored within us is still housed up, and we gradually make letter-presses of ourselves—mere copying machines.

If we can generate one original thought we can generate two. If we can generate two thoughts that are all our own, we can generate a million, and so on. The machinery for original production is always ready to be drawn upon. It is always in place, and it is always in the same place. We never lose it, and it is never absent for a moment. Then why not use it and utilize it instead of repeating or copying or imitating the output of the other fellow's machine?

Now, let us see how many original thoughts we can bring to the surface within the next twenty-four hours. Let us see, if we are artistically inclined, how many original strokes we can make with the brush. Let us see, if we are in the realm of music, if we cannot produce a Liszt Rhapsody of our own that will cause the great composer to rise up in his coffin and give us an encore. In other words, let us make Masters of ourselves in any and in every line of labor we incline to follow. Let us *know* that we—each of us—are in possession of the power which alone *makes* Masters of us.

How foolish and simple the life that lives purely to copy and imitate. How stagnant the brain that generates no thought of which the world cares to take cognizance. How circumscribed the Soul which cannot pour forth its tale of enlightenment and wisdom.

Let us all be real Creators from this day forth. Let us not wait for the mor-

row to begin the task. Tomorrow may never come.

The More Abundant Life.

A DEAR FRIEND of the Path-Finder tells us of an experience she had following close upon a severe accident that befell her. She writes as follows:

"I am not out of heart, but I can almost wish that I had entered into the consciousness of the abundant life last June, to remain there, instead of coming back to earth-life again. It was the fifth day of the fifth week after I was hurt. I had not eaten anything for five days and my condition, physically, was fine for revelations of truth. Too weak to hold my eyes open, I lay with them closed. They had propped me up on pillows as I found on opening my eyes to earth consciousness again.

"I seemed to awaken out of earth-life and consciousness into the *abundant life-consciousness* which pulsed and throbbed in its joyous freedom and fullness, until I saw, and felt even more than I saw, that every vestige of decay and death was eliminated; that death and decay belonged wholly to earth, and that life and harmony now prevailed to the exclusion of every other possible thing. *Living Life*—so full, so free, so joyous, so satisfying! The flowers on every side were resplendent in color and fragrance, and seemed so joyous in perpetual opulence of life; and farther still the celestial choir, clothed in a radiance of gold—a color not of earth—came nearer and nearer me until form was distinguished, but not feature. Then something would seem to draw me away from them and they would recede; then whatever held me would relax, and again they would come nearer.

"This condition continued for hours, and finally I was roused to earth consciousness again and saw my daughter by the bedside weeping, the nurse with finger searching for my pulse and wiping the cold perspiration from my face; and a friend standing at the foot of the bed, distressed and with tears on her cheeks.

"At once it flashed into my intelligence that my soul and my daugh-

ter's were so closely knitted together that, at present, they could not be separated.

"Gradually, as the days went by, my condition changed; a little broth, rice water, pea soup, water off of toast, etc., aided in bringing strength to the weary body; and at the same time this vision of the abundant life remained with me and the conviction in my soul that there is no death, instead there is the awakened consciousness to changed conditions, and that there is nothing to fear or dread, but rather everything to desire and rejoice in.

"Now, Conable, with all your varied personal experience and your contact with the experiences of others, what do you say? Did I not pass the point called death and awaken in reality in the beautiful beyond? A garden of white lilies that I saw was gorgeous in its transparent waxen brilliancy and fragrance, as compared with earth flowers it would be like the coarsest paper flowers; and even then words fail to describe the lusciousness of this sense of the more abundant life."

The experience recited above is not an unusual one. It comes to many when the physical body is in a depleted state—as with a long sickness or severe injury. The Astral, or Ego, steps temporarily out of its encasement and goes on a tour of inspection into the "great unknown." During the period the Ego withdraws the physical body lies in a trance state. Doctors would pronounce life extinct and issue a certificate of death. Experts, schooled in the art, can send the Ego out of the body at will, but it is not a desirable thing to do. And except that the individual has lived a pure and spiritual life, and is seeking the highest attainment, the Ego, in passing temporarily out of the body, does not ascend to the plane where the "more abundant life" is found that our friend speaks of.

Following the so-called death of the physical body, the Inner Life—the Ego—ascends to a plane in harmony with the life led and the desires of the physical body it has escaped from, there to remain until such time as it builds for itself an *unconquerable* desire to ascend higher and reap the fruits of greater spiritual unfoldment.

The Ego passing out of the physical body of a murderer, a drunkard, a flesh luster, or criminals of any class, spends centuries, and some times thousands of years, hovering around this earth plane. These are the "spirits" the clairvoyant is able to see. The Egos passing out of highly spiritualized physical bodies are attracted to a plane beyond the discernment of even the clairvoyant, and they rarely come back to the surface of this planet.

We can see and talk with "spirits," but not with those on an exalted plane of growth. They are beyond our reach and beyond the scope of even our "divine" vision.

The Ego of our friend visited a high plane—where the waxen petals of the Immortelles never fall or fade; where life is abundant in the fullness of the garnered harvest of realized hopes; where infinite peace and eternal love abide forever more.

The weakened physical encasement of our friend was made conscious of what the Ego saw, and she was ready to come into the fullness of this more abundant life; but the Ego still carries a while. It wants the physical life to come into full consciousness that all is well and will be well before its experiences draw to a close here in mortal flesh.

The more abundant life is Over There. It is within the reach of all of us; but not until we have made *this* life more abundant in the fullness of spiritualized consciousness.

The God-Power.

HERE is a letter from a good soul who is evidently seeking light and truth. She says:

"DEAR MR. CONABLE:—For some time I have wanted to write you for something explicit concerning Christian Science healing. These people claim that it is prayer that does the work. Now, why cannot others, not C. S. get well the same way? They state that they are the chosen of God. Why does God give the Christian Scientists such power and withhold it from others?"

"A lady here put a patient into a sound sleep after a treatment of ten minutes, and I heard the healer use slang words—not in treating, however. Wherever my ideals have been on a lofty pedestal, I find them worldly and fond of fine clothes which does not accord with my religious views. Am about tired of incongrui-

ties. Cannot you, please, write something on this theme in the PATH-FINDER?"

"Whatever potency the Christian Scientist has, is it not a form of concentration or of magnetic character?"

"I find these people clanish in lieu of being altruistic.

"When can I find those of my own views?"

"Your friend in captivity, "A. L."

The power vested in the Christian Scientist is the same as that vested in every other human being—in the church or out of the church. God does not make a saint of one person and a sinner of another. He makes us all saintly, only some of us have perverted the physical body.

The Christian Scientist has nothing in the line of powers to heal that you and I do not possess, though many of them are in possession of some things that neither you nor I would care to have, namely, for instance, the clanish business.

You may always know that when any man or woman, or any class or society of people, delegate exclusively to themselves a Divine function, they have not the slightest conception of what *real* spirituality is.

Practically, all the churches are still continuing their work in darkness. The alleged Pagan is the only real Christian of today. The evidence of this is in his deeds; not in his creeds, for he has none. He is a Christian because he is a humanitarian. The alleged Christians are not humanitarians. They destroy life and gloat over the carcasses of the dead. They are Christians only in name, not in deed.

For the God-Spirit of pure love and humanity we must go to the Pagan and not to the Christian.

Anyone can heal—it is simply a matter of giving forth, either through the medium of the hands or the thought forces, the Divine power with which all animate life is vested—and it is proper to extend this recognition to all inanimate life, since we are constantly absorbing the vital energy thrown out by the trees, the flowers, the grass, etc.

But I do not know that I blame the Christian Scientists or any one else for wearing good clothes. Even the Nazarene wore the seamless robe of fine linen.

The God within demands that we build a beautiful physical structure and clothe it in such raiment as will create no in-

harmony. The life within us demands strength, power, beauty. Nature has clothed everything in exquisite beauty and loveliness. It is not for us to burlesque Nature's handiwork.

We can only attain to the highest in the presence of physical perfection. We can only attain to the highest by working out our own salvation. We can only attain to the highest by persistent visitations to the shrine of Deity, whose presence is always with us. We can only attain to the highest by constant recognition of the Divine Power within.

The element that the church attracts, be it Christian Science or whatnot, is the element that requires a crutch to walk with. The pulpit is the crutch. Man must walk alone before he can be anybody.

Now, my friend, you desire to know when you will be able to find those of your own views. Let me tell you in reply to this, that you will find them just as soon as you attract them to you, and not before. We attract nothing worth mentioning when we are living in a negative state. Nothing comes to us that we do not attract. Not a single dollar comes to me that is not my own by virtue of the law of attraction. Not a single shining light illumines my pathway that I do not attract by virtue of this same law. Not a sorrow or a pain comes to me or to you that we do not attract. The whole problem of life hinges upon individual growth and unfoldment, and this growth and unfoldment can come to us only in the presence of the exercise of our individual efforts.

Every individual attracts to himself or herself the things that are in harmony with the plane of growth upon which they stand; hence the Christian Scientist and the Romanist and the Methodist and the Meta-physician are growing apace with the demands of their powers of attraction, and they all have their place in life and their specific work to do.

Let us not find fault with our surroundings. They are simply conditions of our own building. If we would build a structure palatial and of marble, we must construct ourselves so that we will harmonize with the edifice, otherwise we will continue to reside in an uncompleted cabin.

Mediumistic Development.

A BRIGHT legal light of Los Angeles has just been sent to the mad-house to

die, the doctors holding out no hope for his recovery. The local newspapers declare that this man's insanity is the result of persistent study along the lines of occult science. But the facts of the case do not warrant any such conclusion. The man had simply been associating for several years with a scheming, unprincipled trance medium who had hypnotized this lawyer through the medium of her controls, until he finally lost his balance, and a board of insane commissioners has done the rest. In connection with the columns devoted to this case, the "intelligent" newspaper writer stops a few moments by the roadside to warn all persons against the study of the so-called occult. The funny stuff these newspapers have been publishing concerning this case is sufficient to warrant the conclusion that none of them have the slightest conception as to what they are talking about. But it is the province of the modern newspaper to discuss every question that comes up, even in the face of the fact that the writer hasn't the slightest conception of what he is talking about.

Some of the statements made in these papers are just as untrue as are the statements of the doctors that this man cannot be cured. Of course he cannot be cured if he is not given a chance. That goes without saying. This man can be cured and should be, and if his friends do not take proper steps in that direction it will be because they are not sufficiently interested in the case to make an attempt to save the man's life.

When a doctor says that a case is incurable, it means simply that it is incurable so far as the doctor is concerned. Beyond that he cannot speak intelligently or with any degree of authority. And I affirm here that it is possible to cure seventy-five per cent. of all the cases that go to insane asylums, but they cannot be cured by either drugs or any ordinary methods applied in the sick chamber. The "physician" in such cases must be one who understands the workings of the combined physical and spiritual entities that dominate the human intelligence. He must understand the existent relation between the physical self and the Divine self. He must possess a wide range of knowledge as to how it is possible for the astral forces, or the spirits of the departed, to take possession of and control the physical mechanism of man. He must know all these things and more. He

must know how to protect the physical body against the influences and assaults of the astral entities. He must know how to influence and induce these astral entities to attend to their own business and withdraw from the persecution of their victims.

The case of the Los Angeles lawyer is not dissimilar to hundreds of thousands of such cases along the same line. This man is simply obsessed by, or is under the influence of, one or more earth-bound astral entities who have him under their control. By inducing these astral entities to withdraw from this man's presence the case is cured, and it can be done in no other way. There are people sufficiently versed in this science who could have put this man on his feet; but when one becomes conscious of having been sent to a mad-house to die, all hope is soon lost and the end comes.

Heretofore I have said some things in regard to the sin of mediumistic development. I desire to here repeat these remarks with the emphasis of all the strength of my pen. I speak not as the novice or the mere preliminary pupil. I have given this subject more study—more years of patient time—than it would take to acquire a half dozen professions, and what I here say is the result of not only personal experience and long investigation, but it is the experience of hundreds of others with whom I have come in contact.

These remarks were drawn out by a letter of inquiry as to ways and means for the development of various phases of occult power. Here follows the answer:

"Neither psychometry, clairvoyance, clairaudience nor any of the kindred phases of the occult science, so-called, can be learned from books; but the possession of one or all of these powers is not only possible, but is of very common occurrence. They are all phases of individual development. They may have been possessed from childhood or they may be acquired during mature age. Where these powers are acquired in later life, they come as the result of persistent sittings for the development of the faculty of concentration. One may study all the books and publications extant on these subjects and it will be impossible to open these avenues of expression except by one's own patient, persistent effort. One can, of course, get some ideas from some of the publications that will enable

him to start out right on the road to the development of these faculties, but that is all. All of the work must be done by the individual. The process of development along these lines, as in all cases, is by developing and unfolding the powers of concentration.

"But I want to say, and that, too, most emphatically, to every reader, that there is great danger involved in sitting for concentration along this particular line—danger of ruining one's self and prospects for life; danger of becoming so fascinated with the allurements that come to the surface from time to time that one is apt to surrender entirely his own personality to outside forces that are ever present to lead him astray. The danger lies in the probability of one's becoming the tool (medium) of innumerable forces known as or so-called, departed spirits of the dead, which are still hovering close to material things. Once engulfed in this downward (for it is downward) stream of debris, there is no longer hope or help for the individual who allows himself to become enamored.

"My advice is—and it is based on a long and varied experience—for *no one* who is not in full possession of an immense will power, to undertake to develop along mediumistic lines—and then my advice would be not to under any circumstances. The chances of a complete breakdown in time are as a thousand to one.

"There is but one right way—and the only one unaccompanied by danger—in the process of unfolding the individual and that is to never lose sight of the fact that all legitimate, available power comes from a development of the physical senses to such an extent as to allow of a full and complete expression of the Inner Self—the Divine Power within the individual. Any other attempted line of development will invariably be found to be a menace to even the semblance of loftier aspirations.

"There is a vast difference between the two phases of development—between unfolding *Self* and unfolding the faculties for the admission of others—of outside forces. One develops the sublime, God-given powers within the individual, while the other dwarfs them and gives place to an irresponsible force that at best can in no possible way aid the individual. He is simply kept on the ragged edge of hope and expectancy until he gradually drifts into physical decay and,

in hundreds of thousands of cases, into mental aberration. He is then found in an insane asylum.

"Many children are easily entranced and made the mediums through which all sorts and kinds of conditions of spirits of the dead can commune with earthly inhabitants. In many instances this 'wonderful gift' is applauded and encouraged by parents and others. But in my judgment this action on the part of parents is one of the colossal crimes of the age, the only excuse being that this encouragement is born of ignorance. It means the ultimate complete collapse and ruin of the child. It is simply a matter of time, and there is nothing to be gained except to further arouse unsatisfied curiosity. This is paying a mighty cheap price for the wrecking of a living life. And how many fall by the wayside because of the ignorance of the race! It is appalling.

"There is only one right means by which the Inner faculties of physical man can be brought to the surface and that is by first developing the physical functions that control the living cells of the body. This opens all the avenues of expression leading direct to the Soul—the Divine Power within. With the physical perfected, the inbreathing of the vital essence of life to these centers will accomplish everything. It will build the whole human structure on the broadest and highest possible plane. There are no limits to its achievements. But if you pervert this inbreathing and divert it into unholy channels for the purpose of communing simply with outside forces, the whole pathway will be strewn with wreckage and there will be no escape for such an unfortunate.

"Let every individual engage in the work of persistently unfolding himself and there will be Golden Sheaves fast ripening for the future harvest, the garnering of which will add an hundred fold greater power and strength, joy and happiness wherever the harvest be."

Lightning Transit.

It is more than probable that most of the so-called rapid transit modes of travel of today will be relegated to the rear in the not very distant future, and we will all look back and see what "slow fogies" we were even in the beginning of the twentieth century.

We now have the "electric flyer" which takes us at the rate of a mile a minute;

the automobile which is a very close second, and soon the airship will be doing a regular passenger business above cyclones and storm clouds.

I was on an electric car recently that was running parallel with one of our "fast" overland limited trains. I never realized before how slow these "fast" trains run. We passed the train as easily as the old-fashioned car would pass a a yoke of cattle. There was about the same comparison. And still these electric cars do not run so very fast after all. It is because all other modes of conveyance run so slowly that we think we are riding very fast on the electric train.

And this comparison reminds me of what a bright woman said to me recently. She brought up the subject of my writings and said: "Mr. Conable, do you know that you stand head and shoulders above all the other writers in this country in the treatment of the subjects you discuss?" I replied that I certainly did not know anything of the kind. "Well, you do," continued the woman, "but it is not because you know so very much, but because all the others know so little."

So we often think that we are riding quite fast when in reality we are moving very slowly—slowly in comparison to what we might be doing in the presence of the full unfoldment of our natural equipment.

But I started out to tell about a ride I took one night recently, and I have been thinking about the thing ever since. It is what I termed at the time "lightning transit." That is, the speed was so rapid that it would have put to the test the ability of a heavenly electric battery to have even kept in sight.

This ride was not taken by my physical body, though the physical senses were perfectly conscious of what was going on at the time. My Ego was simply demonstrating to my physical self the possibilities of the near future in the way of real swift travel, and who shall say at this time that the experience I passed through in my semi-conscious state will not be put into practical, every-day demonstration within the next quarter of a century? I say it is both possible and probable.

On the occasion referred to I took a trip to Long Beach, a sea-side resort, distant about twenty miles from Los Angeles. I was placed in a good-sized rubber sack. This sack was closed tightly and pumped full of oxygen. Then it was

placed in a pneumatic tube and shot into Long Beach in just three minutes. The sensation was most agreeable. In fact there was nothing connected with the whole transaction that was in the least unpleasant or disturbing. Being in an encasement filled with oxygen, there was no sensation of losing one's breath as would be the case under other circumstances. In fact, to make the trip at that rate of speed in any other mode of transit, would put one in an unconscious state in ten seconds, and death would soon follow.

Now, this is a hint to the progressive man of inventive genius. I predict that inside of the next twenty-five years something of this sort will be in practical operation.

Keeping Beautiful.

LILLIAN RUSSELL, in a recent interview, says the way she keeps beautiful is by taking plenty of exercise, living a hygienic life and bathing frequently. She says she bathes four or five times a day—every time she perspires. She takes tepid baths mostly, allowing cold water to flow into the tub before leaving it.

Lillian Russell is the most beautiful of all the beautiful American women, and she looks fifteen years younger than she really is.

There is a prevailing opinion, among many that Lillian Russell lives a dissipated, fast life. Nothing could be farther from the truth. No woman or man in this country takes better care of himself or herself than does Lillian Russell. True, she has had several husbands, but that's nothing. Lillian cannot do her work when there are any strings on her. She must be perfectly free to work and play in such a way as will insure her ability to earn the great salary she draws. When a husband puts in his oar and becomes obstreperous and creates inharmony, Lillian simply discharges him; which is the proper thing to do. Lillian is perfectly willing to support them all and make gentlemen of them, but she must not be dictated to.

Lillian Russell is a great artist in her line of work, else she would not draw a salary of \$60,000 each year for nine months' work.

Does the average person understand what this means—the payment of a salary of \$60,000 per year to an artist? Well, I will tell you if you do not. It means that this artist must make for her employer

during this period the sum of \$180,000. In other words, Lillian Russell must be able to attract business for her employer, not only in amount equal to the salary she draws, but just as much again more; or, for every dollar she is paid she must not only make this dollar, but two more dollars for her employer, otherwise her services would not be worth the amount she is paid.

The man who draws a thousand dollars a year salary must be able to make three thousand for the firm. One thousand is paid the employe, another thousand is for expense account and the third thousand is the reserve fund which ultimately figures in the profit account. So you see what it means—the payment of a salary of \$60,000 a year to an employe. Could Lillian Russell dissipate, even for a day, and hold her job? No, indeed. Every moment she is not on the stage and in bed, is devoted to the making of herself look more beautiful and attractive. This woman uses no sham methods. She does more hard, physical work each day than any twenty ordinary women in society circles. She performs athletic feats every day of her life that would palsy the average woman. She works at physical stunts that leave her dripping with perspiration; not only once a day, but half a dozen times a day. Then she plunges into the bath and is rubbed down by attendants same as a horse is rubbed down after a race.

This is the way Lillian Russell earns her salary and has made herself easily the queen of American beauty; and American beauty, you know, is the pattern for all the world.

We desire that every reader of this magazine should turn over a new leaf and do likewise. To become strong and beautiful is to be able to attract every need of the hour, both for comfort and for pleasure. To be beautiful and strong means our ability to not only draw a great salary for our physical needs, but it opens the way to the treasure-house of Universal supply, where no saleslady abideth, but where you help yourself to the exhaustless stores of life and light and wisdom, and no book accounts are kept.

Symmetry and beauty of the physical body must be present if there would be symmetry and beauty of intellect.

The hope of the race lies in its ability to perfect and beautify the human structure.

When a woman who has had six husbands to support (not all at one time) can accomplish what Lillian Russell has, then the average mortal should feel encouraged, to say the least.

The Glass-House Tenant.

A WINNIPEG minister has just created a storm in his city by a vicious assault, in a public sermon, upon the society married women of that place. It seems that there have been several frisky occurrences in Winnipeg society circles in which married women and some young men of the town figured conspicuously. So the preacher lays the whole blame upon the women; but the chances are ten to one that the husbands of these women are directly responsible for the alleged immortality. The husbands gamble and drink and leave their wives to take care of and entertain themselves. Man has no prerogative that should not be accorded to woman.

It has been the custom, I know, to charge up everything to the woman. I knew of a case in an Iowa city, where a Methodist minister induced, through the medium of protracted meetings, a woman of the town to join his church. From that moment the woman began to lead a pure, clean life; but she had not been in the church thirty days when this same minister approached her and tried to induce her to submit to his embraces. She at once left the church and went back to her old ways, and fell deeper in the dregs than ever before. She was a beautiful and accomplished woman and would have been an ornament to society and a credit to her sex in any walk of life. It was given out by the minister's friends that the woman tried to seduce him, but those who were on the inside were familiar with the facts. The deep grief that came to the woman when her spiritual ideal was reduced to the level of former associates, was something pitiable. No other evidence was needed to prove the sincerity of her conversion.

I despise men who assault the reputation of women. They are the meanest of the mean, despicable and cowardly. The lowest woman in the street is a queen in comparison.

The Winnipeg man will reap as he has sown.

There are a lot of mighty cheap "glass house" tenants, and no mistake.

"Race Suicide."

HERE is something that ought to please our Teddy most to death. He should drop his bear-hunt long enough to at least wire this prolific mother his congratulations:

"LAUREL, Del., April 19.—Mrs. Uriah Bailey, the 17-year-old wife of a mechanic residing here, presented her husband eight months ago with twins. Dr. Andrew Fleetwood was called in today and soon after startled the husband by saying: 'Here are three more young Baileys.' The youngsters were a little premature, and though well formed and seemingly perfect, soon after died.

"Specialists assert that Mrs. Bailey has broken the world's record and is entitled to the Carnegie medal. A year previous to the twins she gave birth to two others, making seven within three years."

But what shall we say of a father who does not give a woman a chance to breathe between births? Teddy might utilize him as an assistant private secretary.

National Pure Food Law.

APROPOS of the discussion concerning the passage of a measure by Congress to be known as a "National Pure Food Law," our friend, Dr. Rullison, of Toledo, Ohio, writes characteristically as well as most interestingly. His comments are to the point:

"A National Pure Food Law would compare very favorably with our national law for the punishment of criminals.

"For law does not and never will stop practice.

"Think a minute. How can an evil and perverted society convict itself and be consistent? And think of a criminal making a law for his own punishment.

"As long as the 'profit system' holds, and under it all men are in the game (and obliged to be), their efforts only differing in 'form,' they will of necessity compete with one another for position and will always apply such tactics as will bring them gain.

"Law may change form temporarily, but it never abates evil.

"That 'law' is even suggested, shows and proves that the 'Head of the House' is wrong, and that 'the plan' upon which it works is too impractical and un-Christ-

tian to even be considered for a moment.

"Under the present plan, the most of man's effort is energy wasted. It's like digging a hole in the ground and filling it up again. One fellow gets you in, and another fellow gets you out. You are caught both coming and going.

"Law changes the tune only, or erstwhile, pretends to make a new tune; but when it is ready it is played upon the same old organ.

"The game is kept up, for it supports well the makers of the law. That is all there is in it.

"Think of a game being so damn bad that it has to make a law to stop itself. A snake swallowing its own tail.

"My brother, it is a 'National Intelligence' that we want, and not a 'National Food Law.' This we will not obtain so long as we are a surfeiting, selfish, gambling nation, thinking about food all the time, and with our bellies full of it.

"The less we think about food, and the less we prepare what we do use, the better we are off.

"Hunger, natural, will pick up any natural thing in the food line and convert it to its use. But the carnal carcass which has been on a continuous food drunk ever since the mother severed the chord, will be looking for a certain 'fixed food' or so-called pure food, to satisfy its abnormal cravings, which are not hunger.

"Any form of food is a poison and is not pure to the body that does not need it. So think of a poisoned, encumbered, diseased, unnatural and filthy body, babbling about adulterated food."

SHORT PATHS.

—Dog days come early in Los Angeles. The Southwestern Kennel Club is responsible for the innovation.

—The War Department of the United States Government has just purchased 3,000,000 pounds of alcohol to be used in the manufacture of smokeless powder, and is in the market for 2,000,000 pounds more. Obviously it is the intention of Uncle Sam to make the alcohol route as smokeless as it is hopeless.

—In an editorial paragraph the Los Angeles *Times* says: "We regret to note that Los Angeles building contractors still work their men on Sunday. It ought to be stopped. Surely we have outgrown that sort of thing." Then comes the building contractor with this

reply: "We regret to note that the Los Angeles *Times* is still working its men on Sunday. This ought to be stopped. Surely we have outgrown that sort of thing." And the philosopher thus soliloquizes: The evil we see in others is but the reflection of our own sins.

—In the publishers' announcement at the head of the editorial columns, we request that no postage stamps be sent to this office in payment for anything. Notwithstanding this, we are deluged with postage stamps, and we cannot begin to use them all. The street car conductors decline to accept them for fare and our laundryman says postage stamps won't wash his business. Vegetarian cafes will not accept them even for protose; so here we are, with stamps to burn, but nothing with which to pay rent. Please bear this in mind, friends, when remitting in future.

—Here is something that struck me as genuine humor. I saw it in the window of an art store on Broadway. There was a picture of a sitting hen standing erect. Some sitting hens stand up, you know, when they get tired of sitting. Around the old hen were a few chickens that had just stepped outside the egg shell. Some more were just poking their heads from the shell; but in every case there was a deformity. One chick supported the head of a giraffe, another the head of an elephant, another the head of a snake, and so on. Underneath the picture the old hen remarks: "I knew at the time I had no business to watch that circus parade." Well, I smiled all day, and I haven't quite recovered yet. But all hens are not so wise. This particular hen was evidently a New-Thoughter.

—Some time ago our Presbyterian friends decided to cut out the "infant damnation" business from their creed. In fact, my recollection is that they resolved, in convention, that "infant damnation" never *was* a part of their creed. Of course, this was a little tough on the billions of babes that had been waiting in hell so many years for the passage of this resolution, but large bodies move slowly, you know. Now comes our Baptist brethren, with one of their leading Bishops, who declares that "infant baptism" is no longer essential to the salvation of any little toothless, bald-headed new-comer. This is another onslaught on the devil's domain. Pretty soon Bob Ingersoll will experience the distinguish-

ed pleasure of being found alone in his own company. But Bob won't get lonesome. He can still hello at Talmage down in the stoker's room. You see, Bob is on the second floor now, on good-behavior credits. Talmage is looking for a raise at the beginning of the next century.

—There are more saloon newspapers in Los Angeles than I ever saw before. No respectable or self-respecting newspaper ever prints rum advertising.

—One of the most delightful innovations of Los Angeles is to be run over by an ordinary, every-day bicycle. When one goes a whole week without being run down, or killed or maimed for life by an automobile, he raises his hands to high heaven with thanksgiving. To be struck by an ordinary bicycle is, in comparison, simply delightful recreation.

—An Englishman criticises the grammar of some of our American "scholars." The Englishman notes that the Americans say, "Where am I at?" when to speak properly, we should say, "Where is my 'at'?" This is what we get for sending inebriates to Congress and not passing an exclusion act this side the British channel. Mortifying, isn't it?

—The Baptist Church South has recently been in convention in St. Louis. Among the other problems of moment that confronted these good people was the colored question. After much discussion it was practically decided to turn the whole matter over to the Lord as being the proper one to solve the problem. It is most agreeable to note that the Church South has finally decided to place a little confidence in the Lord. For many years the Lord and Abraham Lincoln have been stumbling blocks over which these sublimely beautiful Christians have been falling headlong. The event just recited is the first evidence we have that the Lord has ever been taken into serious consideration on any proposition. In the face of such an advanced step, the rest of the world should feel encouraged, and the Lord should take off His hat.

—There is a great fight on now in Los Angeles for the passage of a city ordinance closing all the saloons. The proposition is going to be submitted to the people to vote upon. If you want to kill the saloon just let every employer of labor or help of any kind refuse to give em-

ployment to the man or woman who either drinks or visits saloons; and then to help this along, have all screens and painted and decorated windows removed. Let the bar stand in open view of the front door. If the saloon is a good thing, let everyone enjoy it from without as well as from within. Let the business man see his trusted employe guzzle his beer over the counter, and let the parent see his daughter and other members of the household sitting with their feet cocked up on a beer and limberger laden table, discussing "politics" in the "family" end of the saloon. This would all be picturesque and attractive from a sidewalk view. But please don't deprive us of our "personal liberty." Don't do that, good Mr. Voter.

—If the editor's presence is missed from the diverse and sundry meanderings of Los Angeles streets during the summer months, it will be because he is spending a whole long summer vacation on a ranch. He is going to sleep out of doors all summer, 'midst ripening fruit, La France roses and mocking-birds; where distilled ozone, laden with the perfume of a million blossoms, meets the solar plexus at mid-riff station, and is there converted into the essential elements that perpetuate all life. The particular spot that we expect to compliment with the outlines of our prostrate remains, is situated about one thousand and two hundred feet above the miasmatic quarters of lower Los Angeles—the catarrh district, in other words. Ninety per cent. of the inhabitants of Los Angeles talk through their noses. You see so large a population as this cannot all talk through the same nose. The other ten per cent. live on the hills. I am going higher up. If I like it, I shall stay there. Path-Finder inspiration and catarrh don't amalgamate. The climate on the hills of Southern California is simply superb, but when you get down to the level where the average Los Angeles "angel" dwells, you will find more catarrh to the square inch than in any other spot on earth. I cite any doubter for proof to every native citizen he meets either on the streets, in the stores, in the clubs, saloons, churches, doctors' offices, hotels, restaurants, or parks. So, as I said before, I am going up a peg—just past the miasmatic line, and where the mighty on-rush of the Los Angeles river will not disturb my dreams.

DRESS REFORM FOR WOMEN.

BY MAUD JOHNSON.

I HAVE a letter from a friend writing me on dress reform, in which she says that had I worn Knickerbockers for six months I would realize that they were more comfortable for evening wear and lounging than is the Empire gown. I already know it, friend, and I can go still farther, it is more comfortable, especially in hot weather, to lounge without any clothing whatever, but we must try to reach all classes. If I could get all the women of this land to lay aside corsets, I would feel that I had done a great work; others may be ready for a greater step, but each must do the particular work for which she is fitted in her own particular place and in her own particular way. If you can lay aside your corset and wear a gown supported from the shoulders, do so; if you can don Knickerbockers so much the better. I fear we would find some difficulty in persuading the average society woman to adopt radical reform, but we might be able to induce her to stop lacing.

There is one serious objection to Knickerbockers which has been impressed on my mind since wearing them and that is that because of their fitting so closely about the knees they shut off all access to air and if there is anything I am cranky about it is fresh air—fresh air for the pores as well as the lungs. A divided skirt does away with this objection, but the moment you adopt a skirt the necessity of support presents itself. I don't know but that the long trousers would be a happy medium. They require little or no support and their width allows free access of air. Of course, the only costume that affords absolute freedom and full exposure to light and air is the costume that Nature gave us, but unfortunately society says we must wear clothes. However, it is for the women of this country to evolve a costume that will allow of the greatest possible freedom, one that will enable the wearer to build a strong, vigorous body.

I am strongly in favor of a costume that displays the form, for two reasons. In the first place I am artist enough to love the "human form divine." In the second place, I know that if men and women were compelled by law to wear a costume that exposed the form, our gymnasiums and physical culture institutes would be overcrowded. We would have no more need of doctors, drugstores and asylums. Men and women would be

trying to outshine one another in physical development. Just think what that would mean to future generations. What fathers and mothers we would have! And what children! Suppose the time that men and women now spend in trying to keep up with the fashions were devoted to physical development. Can you imagine what a race of gods would inhabit this earth a few generations hence?

There are other articles of clothing that need reforming as much as the dress does. Hats and shoes as they exist today certainly do not answer the purpose for which they were originally intended. They were no doubt invented for protection, but shoes today are instruments of torture and hats—well, I suppose they are worn for ornaments, much as the Indian wears feathers in his hair or the Japanese wear pins and fans. Did you ever have a hat that protected you from the sun or cold? If you did I'll venture to guess that it was not in style. In summer Dame Fashion gives you a hat that flares straight up in front giving the sun a good chance at your eyes—which is all right if your eyes are strong and you do not mind the sun, but what is the use of wearing a hat if you don't need it? In the winter you will probably be given a pyramid of wire and lace that covers a space on the top of your head about two inches square. I have faith enough in Nature to believe that I need no protection from the heat or cold and I think, dear women, we can find something better to do than to go through life as hatracks. There are hats now that have what I believe are called inverted crowns. That is undoubtedly the proper name, for if you wore your hat upside down no one would ever know the difference.

But we must not forget about the shoes. Stilts would be a better name for some of them. Did you ever walk behind a woman who had on high heeled shoes and a tight corset? Up goes one hip, then up goes the other. She seems to be disjointed—looks as if she would come to pieces at the waist. A woman with high-heeled shoes can't walk. She can hobble perhaps, but she can't walk—she can't glide like her brown skinned sister in the moccasins, or the professional dancer who always wears heelless shoes; or even her athletic sister in tennis shoes. Some critic may call you a flat-footed Dutchman if you cut the heels off your shoes, but never mind that, just

tell him that the woman who stands flat on the ground is most apt to have a level head. One more word of encouragement. Walking in heelless shoes will develop the calves and this is very important, especially if you want to wear Knickerbockers.

I have before me a number of newspaper clippings handed me by a friend. These clippings give accounts of earnest women who have had the courage of their convictions. One tells of a prominent society woman of the West who spent some weeks in a mining camp where she wore

the typical miner's costume while tramping across the country and inspecting the mines in company with her husband. Another clipping tells of the costume worn by a girl who spent her summer in the mountains; still another tells of seven sisters who donned overalls to work their father's farm.

When we go to the beach we put on bathing suits. And does anyone ever say it is immodest? No, it is right, because it is customary. Let us strive to make a sane costume customary for every day wear, because it is right.

HOOSIER PATHS.

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

THERE are so many little points to observe in regard to physical requirements—actual necessities to real life—which one needs to acquire, and which through carelessness are overlooked, that it would seem as if one was being educated over again to attempt them.

Yet it is readily done, and only needs a rational use of the will on the part of anyone to make each and all effective in the matter of personal schooling so essential to self culture, and the poise resultant therefrom.

The physical attitude, for instance, which characterizes nine out of every ten individuals, is not only improper as regards real comfort, but is actually detrimental to health and a bar to progress upon mental, physical and spiritual lines.

The average man and woman on seating themselves lop down by allowing a bend in the spinal column, usually just under the shoulder blades, and this one attitude is more destructive to health and physical enjoyment than any single physical factor we know of.

The educated will has full control of the physical structure, and this finds expression in the more or less graceful, and always reposeful attitude, and purposeful motions. Here are some steps toward right attitudes to which we invite your attention. First, sit down on an ordinary straight-backed chair, having both feet resting lightly on the floor. If the legs are too short to reach the floor, place a book or other flat object of sufficient thickness so that the feet will rest comfortably thereon. Now sit perfectly and easily erect, noting the physical sensation accompanying the act. If you are properly erect you will note that the chest is raised in front somewhat above the habitual poise. A RAISED CHEST IS CORRECT. Second, take careful note of your

breathing while in this erect attitude and observe that the trunk WIDENS at the region of the short or floating ribs, and that the diaphragm, or muscular partition between the lungs and intestines expands laterally, while the intercostal muscles (or muscles between the ribs) relax and contract in an easy, natural manner; this also is correct.

The above described position, if maintained, will contribute more to physical comfort and the maintenance of health than any amount of club swinging or dumb-bell hoisting done in wrong attitudes.

But let us look at the incorrect attitude for a moment and note its effect. If there is a bending in the spinal column anywhere along its length there results a lowering of the vital organs, heart, lungs, stomach and liver, whence results a physical degeneracy which absolutely and certainly impedes and restrains vital functioning, and which accounts for more of ill health and for more defeats in life than any other single item in the whole category of causes to which disease and failure are ascribed.

A stomach even half an inch below the normal line will fail to perform the digestive function correctly. A heart below the normal line is upon an unnatural strain both in its valves and wall structure and its work is imperfectly performed. In like manner when lungs and liver depend too low their functioning is short in results, and we have an individual upon whom constant and unnatural strain writes in unmistakable characters a record of physical and mental action below normal status which at best represents the merest mediocrity as the result of even the most strenuous effort.

Herein is the beginning of that great and almost universal scourge, constipa-

tion. Here by a single physical wrong are implanted the seeds of disease, old age and death. Here is the key to the cause of woes beyond expression, only a little bend in the spinal column, only a little lowering of the stomach, heart and lungs, only disease, distress and defeat.

On the other hand, a *raising* of the vital organs, resulting in a free flow of the vital fluids, a true functioning of the entire organism and finding expression in health, long life and effective service to the race. The processes of life are *upward* in tendency, the elements of death move downward in degenerative effect.

Here is a problem worth the study of every man, woman and child. Study to learn the truth of your own organism and the truth will make you free from the evils wrought in ignorance and habitual carelessness.

The voluntary enslavement of the vital organs (for such it really is) will require a voluntary emancipation proclamation to be followed by a voluntary constitutional amendment in the way of correct physical practice, i. e., raising the vital organs.

The heart, stomach, lungs and liver,

each, is moored to its place by muscles and tendons and these are strengthened by exercise and weakened by the pendulous strain of hanging below their normal position. The raising of the vital organs constitutes an exercise which strengthens the muscles in question.

Therefore raise your vital organs, keep the spinal column erect and your chest high if you would be well and live long in the land of your birth.

Don not pass this by, saying "it is no doubt a good thing," but for once in your life give it the attention it merits as an aid to bettering your physical condition and you will be convinced of its entire utility and benefit.

Make this the basis of a regular line of sensible physical culture exercises such as have been running through the recent issues of the Path-Finder, and you will bless the day you began its steady practice.

Remember, it is essential to closely study the attitude and to note the physical sensation resulting therefrom to become fully acquainted with the requisites in the case.

RAISE THE VITAL ORGANS!

THE EVOLUTION OF GOD.

Number 4.

THE question is often asked the writer, "Do you believe the Bible?" This means, of course, "Do you believe that the Bible is the very 'Word of God,' that it was wholly and directly *inspired* by Him, and came to us through the Hebrew prophets and teachers as the only *revelation* of Him which men possess?" It is always difficult or impossible to answer this question to the satisfaction of the questioner; for, like a lawyer cross-examining a witness, such an one will rarely or never accept any other reply than an unqualified *Yes* or *No*.

A few days ago, from this cause, the writer was pilloried by two women, who called themselves "Christians," and whose husbands they also described as "Christian Men." Because he could *not* conscientiously say "Yes," he was angrily denounced as an "Infidel." It did not matter that he declared his belief in the *Ideals of Christ* (including that expressed in 1 Cor. xiii.), and had endeavored to *live them*, in the spirit of St. James, who declares (Chap. I, v. 27) that "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the

fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Such people demand of you entire belief both in the *plenary* and *verbal* inspiration of the Bible; and if you refuse to conform to *their* standards of the Faith, because you honestly *can not*, then to them you are "anathema"—*accursed*. (See I Cor., xvi. 22.)

The fact is that everyone who advocates the Truth—and *lives* it—is *inspired*. Who that has heard Gladstone, for example, could ever question *his* inspiration, or fail to recognize that he also was a "prophet"—"a teacher come from God?" And can there be any doubt concerning the inspiration of Emerson, or of Tennyson? Newton, also, Hugh Miller, and John Dalton; Handel, Mozart, as well as other men of genius, were in the strictest sense of the word, *inspired*.

Then, what shall be said of Mohammedans regarding all Christians as "Infidel dogs," on the authority of the Koran? In respect of their religion Mohammedans are fully as sincere as Christians, are equally assured of the truth of their belief, and are infinitely more consistent.

To them Mahomet was a Christ; and all the writings of the great Arabian are to them inspired by God, and directly a revelation from Him. Is there any reason, therefore, for supposing that the claim of inspiration and revelation is just and right in the one case, while in the other it is not? Yet, generally speaking, so-called Christians would be horrified and scandalized if any such question as this were seriously propounded to them.

Another illustration:—Is not the Caliph, the Sultan of Turkey, who, as the descendant of Mahomet, is the acknowledged head of the Mohammedan world, quite as *good* and *correct* a personage as Edward VII, King of England, who, in the well-known Preface to the English Bible, is *ex-officio* declared to be, "By the grace of God, Defender of the Faith" in the realm of England? The King of England is the official head of the "English Church," that is, the Episcopalian; and he alone has the power to appoint the Archbishops and Bishops. Is the claim for the sanctity of the former ruler a whit less just, *on personal grounds*, than for that of the latter?

It is authoritatively stated that, in Los Angeles, there are exactly one hundred and nineteen "Christian Sects," nearly all of which are at variance with one another concerning some *important* or *vital* point of doctrine, each asserting that it *alone* is in the *right*, while all the others are wrong and going headlong on the road to "the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." Every sect *to itself* "Christian," but all the others, in the actual meaning of the word, "Infidels"—reprobates, whose fate is to be eternally damned! Truly, a remarkable and amazing spectacle for gods and men! One that would be amusing, were it not so appallingly solemn and portentous. And those sects are *all* able to prove themselves—individually and to their own satisfaction—*saved*, by reference to certain passages in Holy Scripture!

But you can prove anything from the Bible by the method of interpreting it universally adopted, both by the churches and by fanatics of every brand. As the writer's College Principal—a scholarly and gifted Episcopalian clergyman—once said, during a lecture, in respect of this matter: "Multitudes of people treat the Bible as a *Riddle Book*, or as a kind of *Napoleon's Book of Fate*. They take a verse here and a verse there, and string them together in this fashion, 'Judas Is-

cariot went and hanged himself,'—'go and do thou likewise.'" In very deed, it is by such reasoning, and by such juggling with *Inspiration* and *Revelation* that the anomalous and absurd—and suicidal—condition of the Christian Church of today has been arrived at: a condition which is fast breeding contempt for *all* the churches among all classes of educated men and women, and is gradually emptying the places of worship of all except the aged, the feeble-minded, the ignorant, and the fanatical.

Now, briefly, let us see what the Bible actually is *in itself*; apart, that is, from all fallacy, nonsense, and fanatical interpretation. The Bible is the greatest compendium of Literature in the world, the most valuable treasure of its kind now existing in any language. Its contents are so varied that literature of almost every class can be found within its covers. Thus, it contains History, Myth, Folk-lore, Tradition, Oratory (by the so-called *prophets*), Poetry, Prose, Parable, Fable, Allegory, Romance, Fiction, and at least *one* tale of lover's wooing enshrined in the "Song of Solomon." Where else, in any language, could be found so varied and interesting a conglomeration?

The chapters of *Genesis* giving the account of the Creation are wholly Myth or Allegory, without one single item or scintillation of Scientific Fact, or Truth. To begin with, there never was any such series of events as we call "The Creation," which means the bringing into existence of the Universe, as we now know it, *out of nothing*. According to God's recognized methods of accomplishment, such stupendous phenomena were altogether *impossible*. For the Eternal One *cannot lie* (see Hebrews, vi. 18), nor could He, for even a moment, set aside the Laws of Nature which He Himself has established. It is on record that Christ refused to break those same Laws, when he ignored the suggestion of the Devil to leap down from the pinnacle of the Temple, into the valley four hundred feet below. And the words of his refusal are full of significance: "It is written again, Thou shalt not *tempt* the Lord thy God" (St. Matt. iv. 5-7). *The Laws of Nature are the only Laws of God of which we know anything.*

Matter is now known to be eternal, as God Himself is Eternal: *It had no beginning, and it will have no end.* It has changed in form and character through-

out the ages, is still changing, and will forever change, in accordance with the Law of Evolution which prevails throughout the Universe. Matter—Nature—is *co-eternal* with God. There never was a period when it *was not*; and there never will come a time when it will *cease to be*. In this respect the beautiful lines of Shakespeare in the *Tempest* are a poet's fantasy, a figment of the brain:

"Like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous
palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inhabit shall dissolve;

And, like this unsubstantial pageant
faded,
Leave not a rack behind."

The word *rack* means a thin cloud or vapor floating in the sky. Thus, the whole passage here reproduced signifies the dissolution of all things; that everything shall pass away, as in a moment, and leave *nothing* behind. But *there is no place for Nothing in the Universe of God*. And, Eternity, without beginning, and without end: God, Nature, Matter, all *co-eternal*! With our finite knowledge, and with our little span of life that is less than the millionth part of a second in relation to the Ages gone and yet to come, how *can* we realize or understand so tremendous a fact?

In some form or other Man has been on this Earth millions of ages. Of this fact we have in our hands at least the most indisputable *circumstantial evidence*, if not the actual direct proof. How awful, therefore, the ignorance and audacity of Archbishop Usher, who determined the Creation as having taken place 4004 years before the birth of Christ, calculating the time from the mere *genealogies* of the Bible! Yet, until Hugh Miller and other truly "inspired men" exposed the fallacy and nonsense of such interpretation of "The Book," even the *scholars* of the Christian World;—all the D. D.'s, M. A.'s, B. A.'s, and other *dunces* and *asinine* creatures of like character and quality, accepted the Usher Theory of the Creation as strictly the truth. The world *made out of nothing in six literal days*, and God, like a tired man, *resting on the seventh*, which one, in remembrance of His rest from His onerous and fatiguing task. He ordered to be kept everlastingly *holy*! Readers of *Conable's Path-finder*, and

all sane men and lovers of the Truth of God as we know it from Nature, hold up your hands whoever among you now believe such arrant nonsense and infantile babbling! But for the most part, even Churchmen themselves have finally given up the absurd, puerile and ridiculous "Usher's Chronology:"—all, except a few of the more antiquated D. D.'s, M. A.'s and B. A.'s before mentioned, and those who have the misfortune to believe their stale and musty preaching. Yet, until very recently, the Church considered—and taught—that belief in Usher's Chronology was somehow or other, *necessity to salvation*!

Man, as *man*, has been on the earth untold ages. "Partly spirit and partly beast," he unquestionably *was* and *is*, to repeat the words of Doctor McIntyre, however much he may evolve hereafter towards perfect godhood. In the history, also, of the human family, there was a moment when *Consciousness* first dawned upon some individual, and the *power to know* then had its birth. The first *conscious* or *knowing* man, at the instant of consciousness, looked around him as one awaking from a dream; and, simultaneously, he began to *think* and to *reason*. By and by he acquired the divine gift of language; and then, as we may imagine, like myriads of his descendants, he began to ask himself such questions as "What am I?" "Whence have I come?" "Whither am I going?" The *idea* or the *thought* first came as the precursor of the language, which man invented as necessity presented itself for words.

It may have been untold ages before Man could adequately express his mere *Wants*, and countless ages more before *Ideas* came to him, or any knowledge of the *Facts of Nature* from which he ultimately learned to reason up to "Nature's God," the Divine Mind, or Soul, or Energy which is in everything. It is possible that the development of the power to *think*, and to *use words* as instruments of thought expression, took more time to mature than the physical evolution of the first perfect man from a germ of life, or *protoplasm*. How painful and laborious, therefore, and made with great strivings of the dawning mind, was the progress first effected by the primitive authors of the Human Race towards the knowledge and enlightenment—as well as the marvels—with which we are now familiar!

K.

Helen Wilmans in the "Angel" City.

JUST as the forms for the June Path-Finder were being closed, the editor received a note from Helen Wilmans stating that she and her daughter, Mrs. Ada Powers, had arrived in Los Angeles, and that they would be pleased to have him call at their hotel. We were out of the city when the note reached our office, but called immediately on these friends upon returning. Mrs. Wilmans and her daughter are now most pleasantly located at 1040 West Thirty-sixth street, where they will be pleased to receive calls from their many friends in Los Angeles and vicinity.

It had been announced that a reception would be tendered Mrs. Wilmans upon her arrival in Los Angeles, but while Mrs. Wilmans most heartily appreciates the courtesy, the writer is authorized to state that she would much prefer to meet friends in the privacy of her home, and requests that no steps be taken in the direction of a public reception.

The Path-Finder extends both hands to Mrs. Wilmans and Mrs. Powers, and

trusts that they will find in Southern California, in climatic conditions all that their beautiful Florida home gave them, and so much more of harmony, that they will wish never to return.

Thinking, growing people everywhere are flocking to the shores of the Western Sea. There seems to be something in the air that attracts them here; or possibly it is the creedal narrowness and bigotry of the East that drives them out to the land where one's ideals seem to hover closer around us.

Mrs. Wilmans has no particular plans for the immediate future.

She is just going to stay around and see how she likes things. She is a growing woman in every sense, and has more brains close to the roots of her auburn tresses than any American woman we know of.

I always knew that whenever Helen Wilmans and the editor of The Path-Finder met personally, that we would be good friends.

Again The Path-Finder extends its right hand of welcome to both the mother and daughter of Mental Science.

The Body Beautiful.

BY NANNETTE MAGRUDER PRATT.

EVERY mother should see to it that her daughter is perfectly developed physically. There is no excuse for narrow chests, round shoulders, weak backs and undeveloped limbs.

I do not think it too early to begin to plan a child's physique while it is in the cradle, but many people will not agree with me there.

I have seen little girls of three years old go through certain exercises before going to bed which were bound to expand the chest, straighten the shoulders and strengthen the back.

Exercising can be made interesting to almost any child if the mother does her part, and a few minutes' work each night before retiring will show wonderful results in a year's time.

No wonder young girls are so flat-chested—as a rule. They have never been taught deep breathing, very few of them know how to stand correctly, and plain, nourishing food, to help in the development, is rarely considered.

It is so necessary to develop the lungs,

and it is strange how very few parents ever think of it. Nearly every child we meet has a narrow, contracted chest: many walk stoop-shouldered, and the average child breathes through its mouth.

The abdominal muscles are rarely used, and back muscles only get a little training. Then comes the time when corsets are put on, and the chance for developing the muscles necessary for a full chest and strong back is gone forever. The corset acts as a brace and the muscles go to sleep, as it were, and the body gets weak where it should be the strongest.

I want to impress upon mothers the necessity of developing their daughters' bodies before the corset age. Many girls who have learned to stand correctly, chest well up, shoulders back and abdomen in, will never need a corset to add to their appearance.

But, if the abdominal and back muscles are fully developed, a corset waist, soft girdle, or one of the new, soft,

breathing corsets, could not possibly be injurious.

The breathing corset I speak of has strips of elastic every few inches, which admits of deep inhalations, and is certainly a new departure in the corset world, along hygienic lines.

The average woman of today looks slovenly without a corset, and it is because her figure is undeveloped. The time has not arrived when reformers can cry, "Off with the corset!" It must all come about gradually. Children must be developed; correct proportions must be attained, and then women who are educated along health lines will see the advisability of an unconfined waist and they and their children will reap great benefits.

I will describe two exercises which are very important in the development of chest, shoulders, back and abdominal muscles, and every mother who reads this article who has a daughter between three and fifteen years of age should teach these exercises and get faithful response. All exercises done to music are so much more interesting, and instead of work, it can be turned into play, with the same results.

I have probably described these exercises before in this magazine, but no harm can come from another reference to them.

ABDOMINAL BREATHING.—Lie down on the floor, or on a very hard couch. There must be no yielding under the body. Take a deep breath through the nose, raising the abdomen as you do so. Then, still holding the breath, force the chest up, letting the abdomen down. Up with the abdomen again; up with the chest. Let the breath out through your nose while chest is raised. Practice that until you can do it five times without letting out your breath; abdomen and chest up alternately.

I have never failed to teach a child to do that exercise. They take to it very naturally, and it seems fun to them. It is astonishing how the chest develops, even in a month's time, just doing that five or ten minutes a day.

Not only does that exercise develop the abdominal muscles, expand the chest and strengthen the back; it strengthens the muscles of the stomach; it is a fine help in curing indigestion. It puts life into muscles that are seldom, if ever, used.

Here is another fine exercise, which, if

done faithfully daily, will develop a remarkable chest, round out and harden the bust, straighten shoulders and give a fine carriage. So many women and children are apt to "settle" at the waist-line. This stretching exercise will do away with that. Play a fine stirring march, if possible, while the pupil is doing it.

STRETCHING EXERCISE.—Put both hands high over the head, locking the thumbs together. Take a deep breath, raise your chest high, and walk about on tip-toe. Hold breath for a few seconds; expel; take another, hold, expel. Breathe always through the nose. Walk about until you feel quite tired. While your hands are over your head, stretch upward as high as possible. Keep arms close to the sides of the head. Shoulders back.

That will give a child a fine figure if persisted in, but it must be done in connection with the abdominal breathing.

Plenty of out-door exercise is necessary for the growing child. Teach her to take deep breaths while in the open air. Have her bedroom well ventilated at night and do not let her be weighed down with heavy underclothing.

Give her plenty of nourishing food, whole wheat bread, fruit, nuts, cereals and vegetables predominating.

Plenty of sleep and a daily sponge bath is also necessary.

I think a light supper is best for children.

We cannot perhaps, follow all of nature's laws all of the time, but if we really want to be well we can do a great deal toward it. Instead of looking ahead and saying: "O dear, *must* I deny myself so many things I like for the rest of my life?" just set aside ONE day toward improving yourself. Deny yourself one day—exercise one day—and then if you feel better and want to try it another day, well and good and so on! Everything becomes easy with practice, and you will find, as you get into Health Culture, that, after all, clean living is the only way and the **EASIEST** way.

If you keep in a good condition, that is, keep your blood clean and your circulation good, bathe daily in tepid water, and pay particular attention to your breathing, you will probably never take cold. A cold comes from a person being run down and out of order generally. The pores of the body become congested, and the impurities of the blood find it hard work to get out. The thing to do

is to take a hot bath—Turkish, cabinet, or an ordinary tub bath, and perspire freely for about twenty minutes. Then a fine scrubbing with a stiff brush, and a rub-down!

Take an enema of warm (not hot) water—one quart of water with a table-spoonful of olive oil. Follow that with another one in four hours. Force the impurities of the blood out as quickly as possible by elimination, that is, keeping the bowels loose, the kidneys free and the pores well open. If you can take a table-spoonful of castor oil, do that by all means. If you think you cannot take that, then take a glass or two of some kind of mineral water that has a laxative effect. But the castor oil is better, I think.

Castor oil is very cleansing and effective, and better than pills and powders.

I think it is better to take the enema and the castor oil before you take the hot bath. You must use great care not to get chilled after you get out of the water. Get into bed as quickly as possible, and it is a good plan to wrap a blanket around you before getting into bed. After you are settled, drink about a pint of something hot—lemonade, orangeade, or hot water with a bit of Jamaica ginger in it. Hot water and unfermented grape juice is good, too. After the hot drink, keep well covered up, and go to sleep if possible. Keep your arms under cover.

Do not eat anything for at least 24 hours, but drink the warm liquids I have described as much as you like. Your body will soon be rid of its impurities.

Be careful about going out in the cold air after this treatment. Stay indoors for a day or two if you can, and be sure and keep well ventilated. The lungs must have fresh air always.

Learn the abdominal breathing exercise described in the first part of this article, and do that faithfully while you are getting rid of your cold. It will help a great deal. Of course it is better to lie on a hard couch or on the floor while you are doing it, but if you are in bed you can do it there. The lungs will be greatly benefited.

After the fast of twenty-four hours, eat only fruit for one day, and then eat simply the next day—fruit, whole wheat bread toasted, and raw vegetable salad.

Eat simply for a week or so, and you will find that not only has your cold disappeared, but your whole general health is better.

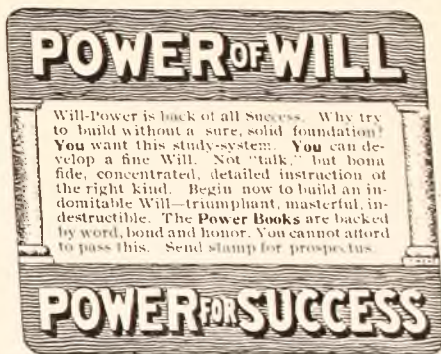
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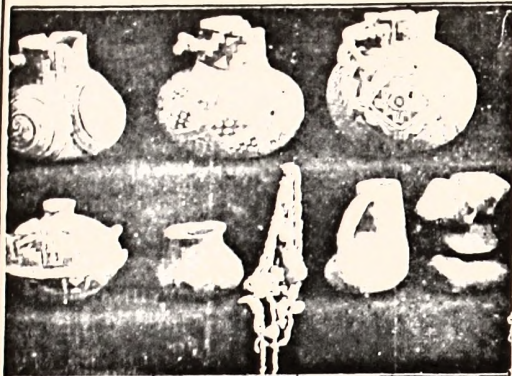
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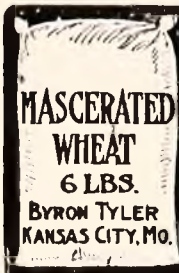
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