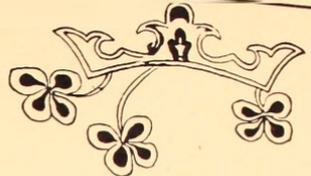


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BY THE EDITOR

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Christian and Mental Science.

SOME of our Christian Science friends are prone to rush into print every time any one couples their pet religion with Mental Science.

Recently a representative of the Los Angeles Examiner interviewed Helen Wilmans who has now become a permanent resident of Los Angeles. In this interview Mrs. Wilmans is quoted as saying:—"Mental Science is an evolution of Christian Science" To this statement a local Christian Scientist takes exception and thus addresses the editor:—

"In your issue of July 30th, in an interview with Mrs. Helen Wilmans-Post, wherein the impression is conveyed that Mental Science is an evolution of Christian Science. As this view is entirely erroneous, I ask the privilege of correcting it.

Christian Science is in no way allied to so-called Mental Science, inasmuch as the former is based upon the operation of divine mind, while the latter is an offspring of the human or carnal mind.

The Encyclopedia Americana gives the following definition of Mental Science:—"It differs materially from Christian Science,

inasmuch as the latter is based on the belief in Christ. A Mental Scientist bases his belief on the physical powers of the mind without reference to anything divine.

The same work defines Christian Science as follows:—

"Christian Science is based on teachings of scripture, which it interprets, giving the Christ principle in divine metaphysics which heals the sick and the sinner."

It will be readily seen that Christian Science differs from Mental Science in principle and operation and consequently they are in no way related.

The definition of both Sciences, as given above, whether it comes from a so-called Christian Scientist or from the author of the Encyclopedia Americana, is incorrect. Not that we set our own knowledge on the subject above that of the editors of the Encyclopedia Americana, for we do not, but these authorities are simply compilers. They get things as nearly correct as they know how, but not having had personal experience in demonstrating for themselves whence comes the real power of healing, they must of necessity accept the statements of others, which may or may not be authoritative, as the case may be.

Mental Science is an evolution of Christian Science, as Mrs. Wilmans states; that is to say, the real Mental Scientist—one who *understands* the science perfectly—knows absolutely from whence the power to heal comes, whereas the Christian Scientist simply guesses at it. The latter talk about "Divine Mind" and all that, which is perfectly proper, but they think this "Divine Mind" as the Christian Scientist simply guesses at it. The latter talk about "Divine Mind" and all that, which is perfectly proper, but they think this "Divine Mind" is injected into them from some mighty outside force, called Christ or God, instead of recognizing the fact that this "Divine Mind" is already in

the individual and ever has been and ever will be. It is simply a matter of being able to express it; being able to bring to the surface for manifestation; being able to utilize it for healing and other legitimate purposes.

The Mental Scientist draws upon the Divine Within for his power to heal. The Christian Scientist does the same thing, but does not know it, or claims not to know it. The power and the only power—lies within the physical confines of the individual and it is nowhere else. That is to say, there is no other power which is available for us to draw upon.

The Christian Scientist claims that the whole matter involves simply a question of Faith, which is true. When we are filled, from the crown of our heads to the soles of our feet with implicit Faith that we can accomplish a certain thing, by this very faith, if we are living clean, pure lives, the Divine part of us—the God within—comes to our rescue—comes at our beckon and call—and performs the work we have in our minds to accomplish. It does not matter where we *think* this mighty power comes from, if we are but possessed with Implicit Faith, that which we desire comes to us on the spot, for it is ever with us, waiting to be recognized and ever anxious to do the Master's work."

Imbued with absolute Faith and possessing a pure mind and a clean body, there is nothing in the line of possibilities that we cannot accomplish.

Jesus went into fasting to purify his body so he could the better accomplish the "Master's work". Jesus told us that any of us could do the things he did and more. He knew whence came the mighty power to do good, and he knew that all of the rest of mankind that were filled with Faith and had opened the way, by cleansing the body, to a full expression of the Divine Inner Self, could accomplish everything that he did, and when they had reached a still greater perfection than he had, that greater accomplishments were possible. The greater the physical perfection the easier it is to bring the Divine part of us into manifestation, coupled of course, with implicit Faith that we (and each of us) are in possession of a Divine Creative Power which is limitless in its scope of operation.

Some of our friends filled with Faith, but who have neglected the physical

structure, are accomplishing a great deal, but they all find, or will find, that limitations are placed upon them; that they can go just so far and no farther.

The Divine part of us, which is the ever Living Spirit—within, not without—cannot fully express itself when we place physical obstructions in its pathway. The physical body is the vehicle through which the Divine finds expression.

A machine that is run rapidly and constantly, requires that it be kept clean and well oiled; otherwise the time comes when it will slow down and finally refuse to work at all. It is impossible for the machine to give full expression to its strength and powers unless it has care and attention. The same with the human body, and all other works of the Creator, they must be made as nearly perfect as possible and kept so if the maximum capacity would be insured.

The human body is the outlet through which Divine expression is made manifest. If we would achieve the greatest things in life, we must keep this body in perfect working order. We must make it clean and wholesome; we must perfect it and make it beautiful; there must be perfect symmetry in both body and mind; there must be such a perfection in all departments of the anatomy that not a single obstruction is placed in the pathway leading to the Divine consciousness. Every separate and distinct cell of the human body contains an individual Divine Life Germ, which can only find full expression when in perfect working order.

There are a million, yes a billion, different avenues in the physical mechanism leading to the Divine or Spirit life within. When a single one of these avenues are closed with dead or effete matter, it is impossible for us to give expression to that portion of the Divine Self which correlates with the obstructed part. In other words, we find a billionaire in modern commercial life. The owner of this billion dollars has closed up nearly every other avenue leading to the Inner Self except the one upon which the physical consciousness is centered—that of making and attracting great wealth. For a time this great desire for wealth dominates every other function of the human structure, but not for long. The Inner Self will not tolerate this domination any great length of time. It will not occupy a

body so imperfect longer than it is necessary to lay down a lesson to the rest of the race.

Every death which takes place is a lesson to the remainder of the living. It points out the sin of imperfect living and the punishment which must follow. But few of us heed these lessons. This is because of the abnormal state of our physical consciousness, superinduced by our persistently careless methods of living.

We go to an entertainment of athletic sports and witness wonderful feats of gymnastics. We are at once filled with a burning desire to be able to compete with those professional athletes. But these people are short lived. They have centered all their vital and mental forces upon the accomplishment of one particular line of work to the exclusion of all others. We should constantly make a supreme effort to develop all our faculties; that is, to open all the avenues of the physical body leading to the Inner Life. By doing this we fit ourselves for the complete mastery of every task set before us.

Christian Science is a step away from old creed orthodoxy, but only a step, since the followers of this new creed are quite as clanish as any of the old dogmatic followers have ever been.

Mental Science is a great stride in advance of Christian Science and every other creed that today kneel at the shrine of a mythical God. Mental Science recognizes Divinity in every created thing. It recognizes that there is but one thing in the whole wide world for man to do and that is to build himself. We alone can build ourselves. This physical body is entrusted to us to make the most of it possible. The physical body is the legitimate home of the Ever Living Spirit, and it is our duty to perfect it and make it habitable for this Divine Life. When we fail to do this death soon overtakes us.

Helen Wilmans spent much time in the Mary Eddy school of Christian Science. She recognized that it was a good thing so far as it went, but it did not go far enough for a growing and progressive woman like Helen Wilmans. To stop with Christian Science was to Mrs. Wilmans what a prison life would be to most people. She was compelled by her own Ego to break down the bars and take up the work a on higher and more rational plane of growth; the natural plane, which appeals directly

to the common sense and intelligence of every man and woman who will pause by the wayside long enough to think.

The old orthodox followers are not ready yet for the new truths bearing upon the evolution of the race; or, rather, for the old truths revived, for many of the truths that Mental Science gives to the world were taught more than a hundred thousand years ago. The race simply lost the combination in the great shuffle for material advancement; and our Christian Science friends, except here and there one, are not yet ready to take the upward step which will bring them into closer thought with the Divine process. But they will all get there in good time. They *must* get there. The natural law of growth will compel them to advance to the proper stations in due time.

After all, we are all aiming for the same goal. As the Rev. B. Fay Mills said to me at the close of a discourse in the big auditorium at Venice a few Sundays ago:—"Mr. Conable, you are doing a splendid work in the right direction, and I want to say to you, that out of a dozen world-famed speakers who have addressed audiences from this rostrum—men representing as many different phases of religious faith—without a single exception every one has drifted away from the dogmas of the past and taken up the modern and more rational ideas that you and I stand for."

This was good news to me, for I must confess that it had been a long time since I have entered the sanctuary of the "regulars". I knew that thousands of the followers of the old religious school of faith had drifted away from the irrational and mythical teachings of past generations, but I was not expecting to learn of such a complete sloughing off from the hell-fire doctrines preached during the days of my own "devotion" to the church.

What does it all mean? It means that the human family is being born again—made to see with new and clearer vision. It means that the race is on the high road to a clearer conception of the realities of life; that it is earnestly searching for truth; that the pulpit has humbugged it quite as long as it can be tolerated; that the people are waking up and commencing to think for themselves; that they realize that each individual must stand or fall on his own merits; that no one outside ourselves

can save or pave the way for us when the Day of Judgment shall have arrived.

Everything that breathes and has life is individualized and must stand or fall in its own tracks. The pulpit has had its place in the progress of the world, but the people have educated the pulpit, not the pulpit the people. The demand of the people for truth and something comprehensive and rational has compelled the pulpit to don new attire, and—incidentally, to change its credal appendage. Otherwise the doors of one-half of the churches of the country would be closed today.

For all of which let us offer up a prayer of Thanksgiving to the Creator of all things for having strewn a few fundamental truths in our pathway. Having stumbled over them many times finally we stoop down to cast them one side, and behold, we clasp real pearls in our hands. We had been looking skyward so long in hopes of getting even a dim glimpse of the Great White Throne that we had failed to discern the bed of roses planted at our feet.

So often do we look for golden treasures just where they are not and we wonder why ours is so hard.

Treasures and life, joy and sunshine all come to him who builds for himself a perfect foundation upon which to stand.

Neither Christian Science nor Mental Science brings these things to us. They only come as we harmonize ourselves with the natural law of attraction. No church, no creed, no doctrine, no cult availeth in the presence of him who refuses to construct his own edifice.

These little squabbles over the significance of a mere term—the meaning of a few words representing the name of a church amount to nothing. Any set of people that get the impression that they are the alfalfa and the oleomargarine of all that is and is ever likely to be, will drop with a dull, sickening thud some day; then they will awaken to the truth of many things that now appear to them as fiction.

Just As It Is.

THE editor of this magazine has been severely criticised on several occasions for telling the truth about conditions in Southern California. We have advised the coming of no one here except he is in independent circum-

stances or has an assured good job before coming. Thousands of people are out of employment and they cannot get work. But the real estate men and some of the newspapers tell us, or give it out to the world, that any person who wants work here can get it. This statement is absolutely untrue, as any one can ascertain by a visit to the employment agencies and by coming in contact with the people trying to find employment.

We have known of highly educated professional men being forced to drive laundry wagons for a few dollars a week. We have known men who commanded a salary in the East of \$125 per month working out here in leading stores for six and eight dollars a week. We have known many cases where people and children came near starving to death because they could not find work. Further, there are so many people here for every job, that clerks draw but a mere pittance as salary, no matter how competent they are. There are thousands of just such cases here in Los Angeles. Nearly every store is full of them.

Now here is a case which is by no means an isolated one. A young man from the East, a graduate from three colleges and away up in his profession, searches in vain for work. He offers his services for \$10 a month and finally offers them for nothing—just enough to keep from starving. He fails to get work in every instance and finally commits suicide. Here is the report of this case which we clip from a late issue of the *Los Angeles Examiner*, so we will not be accused of exaggerating it.

We make no comments on this case. None is needed. The tragedy tells its own story. Our aim is to let the facts be known to those who are anxious to come to Southern California because of the alluring reports sent out by those who are interested in booming this country and by those who wish to keep constantly on hand an over-supply of help that they may get their work done for a pittance.

Read this pathetic story from the *Examiner*:—

"Despondent because he could not secure employment, Charles F. Hinckle, Jr., a young mechanical engineer, committed suicide shortly after 7 o'clock last evening by swallowing a quantity of cyanide of potassium. The youth took the poison at Second and Spring

streets, falling in agony on the sidewalk in the presence of a crowd of pedestrians. A carriage was pressed into service and Hinckle removed to the Receiving Hospital, where Police Surgeons Freedman and Wilcox made every effort to save the man's life without avail. Half an hour after he entered the hospital he expired without regaining consciousness.

"In his vest pocket was found a sheet of paper which directed that in case of accident or death, William Hinckle, box 652, care of the Orange Growers' Association, Redlands, California, should be notified. The latter is presumed to be the dead youth's brother.

"Hinckle came to Los Angeles from New York about three months ago. He was a graduate of Lehigh, Columbia and Lafayette universities and was considered a brilliant man in his profession. Shortly after his arrival in this city he began to seek employment, visiting civil engineers and architects. In some instances he offered his services gratis, in others he said he would work for \$10 a month as a draughtsman.

"His search proved fruitless. Hinckle met a friend, E. W. Price, Jr., 432 West Second street, several days ago and told him he was tired of life and had purchased ten grains of cyanide of potassium to end his troubles. Price reasoned with the discouraged youth and the latter agreed to make another effort to secure employment.

"But he was still unsuccessful, there being no demand for men of his profession among the many firms he consulted. Utterly dejected, Hinckle met Price last evening in front of the Los Angeles Trust Company building at Second and Spring streets. Price noticed that his companion was very despondent and sought to cheer him up, but the young engineer was deaf to his sympathy.

"Mounting the stairs that led to the offices in the building Hinckle halted when he reached the top, drew a small box from his pocket and an instant later swallowed the poison. Hurrying to the sidewalk, he informed Price what he had done and requested a glass of water. Before Price could respond the poison began its deadly work and Hinckle fell to the pavement. Death ensued an hour later.

The body was taken to Pierce Brothers' morgue, where the coroner will hold an inquest at 11 o'clock this morning.

It is said that Hinckle's brother

killed himself at Redlands some years ago for the same reason."

"Helping" the Cause.

WE ARE in almost weekly receipt of letters telling us how our friends are helping to spread the gospel of the Path-Finder. One lady writes us that she loans each month's Path-Finder to at least ten different families, she is so anxious to have them all benefited by the editor's teachings. Another lady writes that she scarcely has a moment to read the Path-Finder herself; her neighbors flock in and say:—"Please let me have the magazine just a moment. I will return it immediately." And it may be two weeks before she sees it again, it having gone the rounds of the village, and when it does come back it is in shreds and won't I please send her another copy, as she desires to keep every number on file. Hundreds of similar cases are reported.

Now this is a very beautiful spirit and displays the interest our friends are taking in our work in behalf of the cause; but where does the cause come in? that is, whence comes the wherewithal to support the cause?

You know that there is an old saying that the things we get for nothing, be they ever so valuable, are rarely appreciated. No doubt there are many exceptions to this rule, as there are to every general rule.

It is all right for our friends to wish to interest their friends in every good work, but after having introduced the magazine a few times, if the suggest on were thrown out by our regular subscribers that they would forward a dollar to Mr. Conable for his magazine if they wished, if they did not have the time to purchase a money order themselves.

This is not a begging communication by any means; but this magazine is either worth a dollar a year to every reader or it is worth nothing. When we take something for nothing we are not building success for ourselves. In fact we are staving off success; we are letting it pass by on the other side of the road and it takes a long time for us to gain that central poise of mind and body which attracts to us the things that naturally belong to us.

We have a friend residing down in the tropics. Some time ago he wrote me that a noted doctor down there

dropped in and requested the loan of his Path-Finder. Here is his characteristic reply. Turning on the doctor abruptly he said: "Go to h——; send Conable a dollar and get the Path-Finder for yourself." The next mail brought a dollar for the Path-Finder, and 'tis said the doctor has been happy ever since and has saved many a life down there by adopting some of the teachings of this magazine along health lines.

We would that every person in the world who has the slightest desire to grow could see and read this magazine, and it is beautiful that our friends are trying to make this possible; but the man who rides a free horse to death is apt to attract conditions to himself that are anything but helpful in the end.

A man said to me recently, "I got a hundred dollars' worth of information out of your last Path-Finder." Naming a certain editorial article, he continued: "That one article explained more clearly to me a subject that I have been greatly interested in for the past ten years than anything I have ever found before." I incidentally remarked to him, "How long have you been a subscriber to the Path-Finder?" "Oh," he replied, "I have never been a subscriber; a friend is kind enough to loan me her's each month."

The man received according to his own statement, a hundred dollars worth of information from one article in the Path-Finder and yet he was—we will say, too careless to send the editor one dollar for furnishing the information of which he had been in search for ten years and which he prized so highly.

Now, friends—good subscribers to this magazine—if you are desirous that your friends should benefit by the contents of this publication, please do a little missionary work in a direction that will also assist the editor, in a financial way, to make his work still more effective than it ever has been.

For which please accept our thanks in advance.

Mosquitos and Yellow Fever.

MOSQUITOS can no longer ride in the same car with bananas. At least the Mayor of an Illinois town ordered a car load of bananas destroyed because mosquitos were found in a car which was shipped from New Orleans.

This is all because a doctor named Quitman Kohnke has decided that the mosquito spreads yellow fever germs. According to this "wise" doctor the mosquito starts its pumping plant in a fever victim, fills himself (the mosquito) full of fever germs, which cause sores to form in the stomach of the mosquito. Here the germs breed until the sores finally burst and the germs are expelled through the same pumping plant into an innocent third party on whom the said mosquito alights for his midnight luncheon. Now wouldn't that "rattle your slats," as they say in vaudeville. So the Illinois Mayor destroyed the car of bananas in which a few mosquitos were stealing a ride to Chicago in order to get away from the fever themselves. Now, if the mosquito is responsible for yellow fever in New Orleans, who the —— first gave the fever to the mosquito.

Again the Mayor of New Orleans issued an order that a certain day be set apart for the cleaning up of the city. Every able-bodied man, woman and child was made to take a hoe, a shovel or a pick and clean up their premises and adjoining streets. You know in New Orleans they have to start the cleaning up process with a pick, same as you quarry rock.

But what is the sense of doing all this cleaning up if the mosquito is responsible for the whole thing? But maybe the mosquito got his first contagion out of the filth. I hadn't thought of that. Then he goes to work and breeds a lot more of the same kind of germs, hence the dread yellow fever plague.

What's the matter with compelling the mosquito to reverse his pumping plant and irrigate himself for a time? This would seem to be the shortest route to the driving out of the disease.

But I am not a doctor, so must not be expected to know too much.

Helen Wilmans-Post.

A SPECIAL representative of the Los Angeles *Examiner* was recently delegated to call upon Helen Wilmans-Post, now of the "Angel" city. The following most interesting and very readable article is the result of this interview. We feel certain that many Path-Finder patrons will enjoy listening to the words of this distinguished woman:—

"Perhaps I was not more curious than

many another to behold in the flesh this woman, Mrs. Helen Wilmans-Post, 'mother of mental science,' whose personality is paralleled only by that of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy.

"Since Mrs. Post, or Mrs. Wilmans-Post, I believe she prefers to be called, became really public property, at the time of the sweeping Government order to put everything and every one connected with her under a postal fraud order, I have felt a keen interest in her.

"Here is a woman 77 years old, or thereabouts, who for a quarter century has held the lives and hopes of thousands of intelligent men and women in the hollow of her hand; who has battled fiercely against contending odds, and that record alone is monumental.

"Mrs. Post was not at home when I called, but I had an appointment with her and I waited. Meanwhile, I looked about the room she occupied. On the shelves in one end I found something of the spirit of the woman I was seeking, for the first thing that caught my eye, was 'Science and Health, With a Key, to the Scriptures'—for reference of course, for as Mrs. Post puts it, 'Mental Science' is an evolution of its sister 'science.'

"Then came Mrs. Post herself. Somehow, the "human interest" side of me, the pity for this poor old lady, who had been subjected to a prison existence as she was rounding out an existence of nearly eighty years—this pity which I had fostered—received a singular shock. There in front of me was a woman possessed of active physical and mental energy.

"The small, bent, wrinkled form for which I was prepared went back to the corner of my brain from which it had emanated. In the first place, there was the healthy, vigorous physique—that told of the years to come—many of them, making me almost agree with her when she said she "had bought a house here, with the intention of camping down in it a couple of hundred years, and then if we liked the climate and the people liked us, we would begin to get ready to live here." Which shows that Mrs. Post has a philosophic way of laughing at herself. Then, where I had expected white hair and an immaculate white cap, there was only a suggestion of white, in blonde hair, wound tightly above a high, square forehead.

She gathered her skirts and sat down in a big arm chair—it takes a big chair

to hold Mrs. Post. There was firmness in her chin—in the round face; alertness in the small blue eyes, and self-reliance in every fold of her gown. Mrs. Post apologized; told me that punctuality was a watchword with her. I believed her.

"It takes absolute self-faith (it takes personality, in other words) to be a born leader, and Mrs. Post possesses that personality. You would not doubt it, if you saw her sweep into a room. Granting that physical culture is a strenuous diet for those no longer young, even though they be mental scientists, I would say that Mrs. Post carries her extra weight with dignity, with becoming grace.

"She is a woman of phenomenal ability. Her high executive forehead and strong, almost masculine, features, supply a key to the forceful individuality—the individuality that always leads.

There is quiet humor about her eye—an advantage that has stood her in good stead as a philosophic leveler—I fancy.

"Mrs. Post says long claims to domesticity—but one is prone to believe that hers is something of the man's conception of it, "four walls." A personality which has chosen to take sides in the great world conflict, that has stood its ground unflinchingly, as has hers, is hardly one to appreciate fully the significance of domestic life.

"An interview? Well, I don't know what to tell you, I'm sure. I'm not accustomed to interviews." She considered a moment.

"I was born and I was married—and I am not dead yet. It seems to me that this is about all." There is a delightful abruptness about Mrs. Wilmans-Post.

"You must have had struggles," I said, "to have come to the position you occupy—as the 'mother of mental science'?"

"I suppose it was rough sailing," she said, drawing in a memory-laden breath, "but where native force or will power is commensurated with the roughness, it becomes smooth enough. The fact is that I can't imagine how anyone can sail in smooth water. Unless one has something to climb over he is liable to go to sleep instead of going forward." All of which has a pithy, epigrammatic flavor, as has everything Mrs. Post says.

"How about the 'mental scientists' ability to eliminate old age and death?" I asked this "mother of mental science," and this woman who has thought and

read widely surprised me by her disposition of "cause and effect." She has sifted things finely, and she uses simple, understandable phrases, which cannot be said of all "leaders." You are sure that she wastes no time on flummeries. There is nothing vague about her. She is practical to a fault. You begin to wonder if there isn't a time when emotions dominate her, and you think not. However, there is a certain gentleness in the lines of her face which shows that sentiment, even of a man's sort, is not altogether wanting.

"Mrs. Post was at one time editor of a suffrage paper called the "Woman's World," and although she retired from active work on those lines to enter into, as she says, "the greater subject, that includes and circumferences all others," she is strongly in favor of the modern woman enjoying the privilege which she herself has made much of, the possibility of the pursuit of her own inclinations.

"To what," I asked her, "do you attribute your greatest successes?" Her answer was characteristic.

"To my failures. There is no such stimulant as a failure. It thrills me just to think how a failure can call out one's latent possibilities. Next to a failure, resulting from my own ignorance give me plenty of opposition. I do not know what I will do when my enemies quit building barricades across my path, and there was indeed the longing for battle in the firm set chin and thin line of lips.

"To quote another admirable epigram "The world, wrong as it is, is all right." Again, "It is good, that is, it is good to get away from. It is a good condition from which to ascend to a higher plane of thought and action;" and, still again, "The race and the world—which is the race's co-equal—has not ripened yet. It is an unripe race and an unripe world, but it is all right as far as it has got." Everything with Mrs. Post is terse and to the point. She seems a very fount of aphorisms.

What she said relative to "desire" is good. I will quote it as nearly as possible.

"Desire, aspiration, is the fundamental principle of growth. Desire exists in the atom; it is the unseen principle of attraction inherent in all substance, and is responsible for every form of organization, from the blade of grass—and lower still, up to man." Mrs. Post is of course, an evolutionist.

"She does not expect to live always, as does Mrs. Eddy. Why, I do not know, for, according to her belief, disease can be cured; old age, which is but an aggregation of diseases and its resultant death, will eventually disappear from this "sorry scheme of things."

"Fifty years ago, when California was a howling wilderness, Mrs. Post came to San Francisco and the northern part of the state and managed to live there twenty-five years. Then, as many of the women who have since attained prominence did, she returned to Chicago and went to work on a newspaper.

"About that time," she said, I was sent to Los Angeles to write up the city. Possibly I contributed my share to the boom, then brewing. At all events, I stretched the blanket about this place and the surrounding country in a way that seemed quite unjustifiable, until I came back two months ago and found I had not done the subject justice. I used to think"—she half apologized—"that Los Angeles was out on the circumference of things, but it begins to be the center. I think it is the coming city of destiny."

"Mrs. Post was prosecuted for the illegal use of the mails in healing absent patients. The decision in the lower court went against her and she took it to the upper court, where the decision was reversed. The trial comes up in December. Mental scientists the country over are of one opinion, that their "leader" will never be subjected to imprisonment. That is as may be.

Mrs. Post owned and established a beautiful little town in Florida, dedicated to her work, and upon which she expended thousands of dollars. "Seabreez," however, as it is known, will no longer be the home of the "mother of mental science." If the "fraud order" is raised from her name, her husband's and the family's, she will resume her work in Los Angeles.

"If not, and there is a strange thread of pathos through it—well, she has not decided what will happen. Old as she is, her mentality and energy are unimpaired, and although I embrace nothing of the cult, except a fundamental, innate fancy, that belief is one's next meal will generally bring it, the meal, I mean, I can say generously that one may learn many things from this "mother of mental science."

SHORT PATHS.

—We cordially invite all our friends to call and see us in our little ranch home here in Pasadena—any day in the week except Saturday and Sunday. These days we reserve for our own personal recreation and it is rarely that we will be found at home on either of these days.

—We are very sorry that our friend, William Walter Atkinson, felt obliged to return to Chicago to look after important business matters. We had grown to like Mr. Atkinson and his family very much. California is in need of the influx of a lot of good people to neutralize some of her negative hereditary environments. The likes of Mr. Atkinson is a stimulus to any community. May he be brought back even more speedily than he deserted us. Path-Finder home misses his genial presence.

—The Path-Finder Publishing Co., has arranged with Helen Wilmans for a large number of her book, "The Conquest of Poverty." This book stands head and shoulders above every other publication along the lines upon which it treats. It should be in the home of not only every person who is in need of assistance while in search of opulence, but the opulent as well. Every young man and woman should have this book. Every family bringing up children should be constantly in possession of a copy of this book. Here is the way to get a copy for nothing: Send one dollar for one year's subscription to Conable's Path-Finder and a copy of "The Conquest of Poverty" will be sent you post paid and without charge. Every paid-up subscriber to this magazine can get a copy by sending a dollar in advance on subscription. Or any one sending in four paid dollar subscribers will receive a year's subscription to the Path-Finder as commission and also a copy of this book, and a copy of the book will be sent to each new subscriber so sent in.

—A closing paragraph in a recent letter from Helen Wilmans to the writer reads:—"Say Honey, I have found out your age. It has been forty years since the war, and you were in the army. You must have been twenty. *Can it be?* You look like a kid." We must deduct nine years from the twenty to speak accurately. But one thing is certain, we were in reality a "kid" when we enlisted. If there are still

some remaining evidences of our earlier years, they must be charged up on the credit side of the profit. But there is a quarter of a century in our present physical manifestation on this earth's plane which it were well to skip over. We "skipped the rope" at a high rate of speed during this period and the tendency was not manifestly upward, though personally we can see where we were building very rapidly even then; that is, we were recording experiences which has given us a broad platform upon which to stand in later life. And if I do not look ten years younger than at present at the end of a decade from this writing, I shall know that I have slipped a cog in the wrong direction. I shall know that I have not lived as I know how to live.

A local friend of the writer, who recently came to Los Angeles, had a little experience with our California brand of milk. She found a neighbor who kept a nice Jersey cow and furnished a limited amount of milk only. Our friend explained that she did not care to take milk from the dairyman, there was so much said about impure milk. Every assurance was given that the milk was all right. Our friend left a spoon in the milk and the milk turned the spoon black. She tried it again with the same result. Our friend thought perhaps it might be the "cl'mate" getting in its work on the spoon. Another quart was purchased with the same result. She noticed also that the milk did not sour as most milk does; that it kept its "complexion" for several days and then when it did sour it sort of gathered itself in small green globules. Then some of the milk was taken to a druggist. The druggist assured our friend that there was nothing unusual about the milk; it had simply been embalmed, same as all California milk. A dairy that is in possession of an embalming plant now-a-days is not up to date. This embalmed food proposition is soon going to draw out a general protest from undertakers. The undertaker is going to make a kick against the introduction of pre-digested embalming fluid. He feels that the milkman should rest content with giving his "patients" a hundred and ten per cent of water as he has in the past, and not attempt to both kill and embalm his patrons with the same dose. The undertaker must be preserved, or protected, more properly speaking.

—We are going to do some cutting and washing pretty soon. All subscribers who are eighteen months in arrears to Conable's Path-Finder are going to be cut off our books unless we are personally notified that they are too poor to pay, in which event we will carry them another six months. The post office department requires that we show up a *bona fide* subscription list of subscribers that are not over two years in arrears. We have to pay the printers monthly for their work of printing our magazine. They will not wait two years for their pay, or even one year, or six months, or three months, and we cannot ask them to. We must collect sufficient to pay for the raw material, which includes the editor's time. If we cannot do this then it is evident that the Path-Finder is *not* "filling a long-felt want," and its publication should be discontinued, and we will go to raising water-melons to assist in breaking the drought in Southern California. Or, perhaps, we will be found in the same boat with the editor of a North Dakota paper who thus sends out this plaintive wail: "It is reported that one of Harvey's North Dakota fastidious newly married ladies kneads bread with her gloves on. The editor of this paper needs bread with his shoes on. He needs bread with his pants on, and unless some of the delinquent subscribers of this old Rag of Freedom pay up before long he will need bread without a damn thing on, and North Dakota is no Garden of Eden in the winter time."

Yellow fever visited the sanctuary of an Arch Bishop in New Orleans, and the Arch Bishop is no more. The Bishop hastily wrote Cardinal Jimmie Gibbons, of Baltimore, to pray for him, but this did no good it seems. The Lord does not answer a Cardinal's prayer any quicker than He does the prayer of any other sinner. We must pray for ourselves, since we alone can save ourselves. When the world learns that the church in any form is a mere mockery and does not possess even the shadow of saving power so far as it relates to any human being, then will the millions of poor devils who worship at its shrine turn Socialists and demand a division of the spoils. The churches of this country are rich enough to serve one square meal each day for five hundred years to every mother's son who has

an empty stomach. Think of the billions of dollars the churches are hoarding up when every street is filled with gaunt eyes and hungering mouths. I trust that I have already served my time in past incarnations as a false teacher of the people, in the event that it is necessary for every Ego to pass through such an experience. I was once told by a so-called Seer that in my last incarnation I had spent most of my days in the capacity of what would in these times be known as the Baptist ministry. I thank everything that is worthy of thanks if this statement is true. I feel mighty sorry for the Ego that is obliged to pay any such penalty for the mistakes of the flesh. I would sooner be a "cow boy" or ride a perpendicular bronco to Hades and back were the choice given me.

We are now up to our ears in ripe figs, having passed through the apricot and peach season unscathed. As we will have three crops of figs, one following close upon the other, or two following close upon the one, we shall not attempt to guarantee the regular appearance of the Path-Finder before winter sets in.

Under the heading of "The Art of Simple Living," we begin this month a series of articles that will be found invaluable to every housewife who desires to prepare simple meals cheaply and at the same time most wholesome and satisfying, besides being based upon purely hygienic properties. The first article is merely introductory to what is to follow. Complete menus will be given for every day in the month and the details just how to prepare each dish will also be given. So many readers of this magazine have found it difficult to prepare suitable substitutes for meat that we feel it incumbent on us to render them a little assistance. Besides, very few understand the science of combining various food properties to obtain the best results. Whatever is printed on this subject will be the result of practical demonstrations, made by those who have spent years in the study of food and food combinations. Nothing in the way of purely experiments will be offered; only such recipes as have been actually demonstrated to be all right. What we wish to reach is, the simplest and best way to prepare foods, from both a cheap and health point of view. But we can assure every family that is surrounded by the great-

est opulence, that if they would adopt the menus that will appear in these columns, they will live healthier and happier lives than they ever have before. It is the simple life that breeds health and happiness, and makes us feel that life is worth the living. In introducing this department in the Path-Finder it is designed to bring every one gradually away from the meat habit—so gradually and in such a way that they will not notice it; with the ultimate in view of bringing them into the natural dietary of man—uncooked foods—fruits, nuts and such

vegetables as are palatable without destroying the vital food element by artificial heat. Mr. and Mrs. John F. Morgan will have charge of the "Art of Simple Living" department. These people have had a wide experience along food lines and will speak with absolute authority. Any questions that our friends desire answered in connection with this department will be cheerfully answered, provided such questioner is a paid-up subscriber to the Path-Finder, otherwise the questions must be accompanied with a dollar.

There Is No Death

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forever more.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer
showers
To golden grain or mellowed fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers

The granite rocks disorganize,
And feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life,
From out the viewless air

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth in silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away;
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice whose joyous tones,
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song,
Around the tree of life.

Wher'er he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same—
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The near immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

—Bulwer Lytton

A Path To Paradise

By MAUD JOHNSON

WHOSOEVER forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." Luke 14:33.

"He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." Mat. 10:39.

A little child stood by the bedside of her dying mother. She looked upon the dear face so expressive of sorrow and suffering. She thought of the years of patient toil, of the years of pain and trouble that the mother had endured for her children. Now she lay there broken in health, weary of soul. The child saw and understood. A voice from heaven whispered in her ear, "Canst thou let thy mother go?" A momentary heart-ache, a smothered sob, then the answer came soft and low, "If it is best so, I can," and the little head bowed in humble submission.

Many years later upon a broad expansive prairie there walked a woman. With bowed head and clasped hands she wandered through the fields of waving grain. She saw not, she heard not. She was conscious only of the struggle within. Beside her walked a being of angelic form. Suddenly he halted. "Look" he said, as he pointed westward, "look once more upon thy native city wherein lie all thy past sorrows, thy past joys. There dwell thy friends, thy kinsfolk, all the memories of the past. Canst thou leave these? The life to which thou art called demands this sacrifice." The young girl stretched forth her hands, the eyes filled with tears, heart broken, in despair she fell on her knees and sobbed aloud. Long she remained thus. Gradually the sobs ceased, a sweet peace came over her soul. Gently, calmly she rose and turning eastward she said firmly, "Lead on, I follow."

A few years more we see her in a strange country, a southern clime. Neath the shade of a wide spreading tree she rests. At her feet reclines a man, a man to whom she had given her life, her very soul. For him she dared to live, for him she could dare to die. Earnestly, lovingly she gazed into his eyes, her very attitude bespoke utter devotion.

Suddenly she sprang to her feet with a cry. It was as if a knife had pierced her heart. "Oh God, it cannot be,"

she moaned, "that is too much, I cannot bear it." and before the man could come to her aid she fell at his feet. Many weeks she lingered between life and death. Ever and again there came from her lips the cry, "Oh God, I cannot bear it." At last a change came. Rest and peace were hers once more. The terrible words, "Thou must forget" that had caused her so much sorrow and had come so near robbing her of life itself, now troubled her no more, for she had learned to say, "Lord, I forget."

Again a year has passed. We see her standing now beside a sleeping child. A pure and holy love illuminates her face. Separated from home, far from friends, the one whom she loved so dearly lost to her forever, she had given her life, her whole self to the care of this little child. As she gazed at him now a vague fear passed over her. She fell on her knees by the bedside. "Has the time come, oh God? I have long felt it coming, is this the appointed time? Is it now I must give him up?" And in clear ringing tones came the answer, "This is the time."

Another year has passed. On the mountain's summit there stands a woman. At her side is an angel. "See," he says, as he points to the valley, "thou dost possess lands and riches and jewels. If thou wouldst be made perfect, sell and give to the poor, to the afflicted, the fatherless and the widow. Keep only that which thou dost need, the rest give to thy brethren." The woman's soul gave a bound of joy and turning to the angel she said, "I give and I give with joy," and the angel said, "It is well."

When the woman had given away all her possessions and there was nothing left, she went into a deep wilderness and talked with God. "Now I have given Thee all," she said, "I have nothing left, save my talent; that I can still use to thy glory. I will go home, I will strive exceeding hard, I will yet be great amongst men." So the woman toiled and her name became famous throughout the world, but one day there came to her a great bitterness of soul and there stood before her an angel and she spoke to him saying, "Tell me, oh tell

me, wherein I have sinned," and the angel answered, "Thou must yet learn humility. Thou hast become great, thou must become humble if thou wouldst have peace of soul."

Another year gone by. Down by the sea she stands, listening to the roar and rumble of the eternal waves, seeking there a message of eternal truth. "Oh God," she cries, as she clasps her

hands in earnest desire, "what shall I do now? Friends and home have I given Thee, houses, lands, loved ones, all that life holds dear have I forsaken for Thee, humility hast thou taught me; all is gone; there is nothing left. Penniless and forsaken, what can I give Thee now?" And the still small voice that speaks in the silence answers, "Thyself."

Hoosier Paths

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

THE actual facts of life, those out and out propositions which have been wholly removed from the realm of mere conjecture, are the foundation stones, so to speak, upon which may be built the superstructure of character.

Inseparably interwoven with the ethies of a true culture, in a spiritual sense, are the lines of physical fact which duly contribute to harmony between spiritual and material manifestation and experience.

The individual, who, moved by a desire to express a perfect physical form, devotes his entire time and talent to that end, rears a statue at once passive and inert upon the higher and finer planes of manifestation from whose pure, deep fountains flow those high inspirations which mark the deeds of the true philanthropist and promoter of all that is best.

On the other hand, the delver into metaphysical abstractions, the constant devotee at the shrine of the spiritual rears a structure of character out of proportion, and out of tune with the material side of life, devoid of those physical essentials which render the spiritual force of true value in the administration of mundane affairs.

This comparison between the two modes of expression gives us the opportunity to view both sides of the problem of life, and a faithful contemplation can only result in the just conclusion that they are mutually dependent upon each other for the best expression of both, which constitutes the highest duty of the individual.

It would be a pleasing task to set forth the principles involved in both planes of action, to contrast them, and

to express their due relationship, but to do so would involve a departure from the conventional lines of literary practice, and a revolution in the methods pursued by those representing both sides of the equation.

It has been the practice of the specialists, in metaphysical lines for example, to pursue a one-sided plan of action and investigation. The same is true of the physical culturist, the hygienist and the moralist, and the one-sided development resulting from this method of procedure is fatal to the rhythm essential to that due condition of polarity from which alone arises the harmony whence comes true power in the affairs of life.

The physical culturist rears a physical structure conventionally faultless in outline, weight and proportion, and in these essentials fit for the indwelling of the god whose attributes it is his right and duty to manifest. But the history of these individuals reveals the fact that they have not been careful to cultivate those spiritual faculties which represent the truly god-like character, and which are essential to the all-round manifestation of the god-like being.

It is from the union of these factors in a due proportion of each that we may expect the issuance of a complete individual who will measurably represent a realization of ideal culture.

Upon the one hand we have the matter of food, air, physical exercise, and a congenial and sanitary environment, and upon the other a due exercise of the will, the imagination, the intellect and other attributes arising in the polar opposite of those first named.

The true and wholesome sanity aris-

ing from the right union of the foregoing should be incentive enough to guide our feet into the path of the dual attainment which is not alone possible but absolutely essential to the best results.

We hold that everything in that vast and infinitely varied expression of God which we term Nature has its design of intended manifestation upon both planes of being, and that the highest exemplification of these uses culminates in man.

It is in his multiform and highly complex organism that the varied orders below him eventually find transmutation into that which enables him to express, at its best, the design of the Great Architect.

It is only when we can associate this idea of a material entity with an equal spiritual counterpart that we are enabled to arrive at a conception of what constitutes the truly balanced and therefore normally functioning individual.

We do not wish our term "normally functioning individual" to be construed as relating solely to the mere matter of physical expression, which is the ordinary conception of the phrase, but we insist that it be given the wider construction which comprehends action upon both planes of life.

If we adhere to our idea that man is thus at once a material and spiritual entity, as a whole, our hypothesis is safe if we assert that he is equally so in the part, and it is to the part that we wish now to direct your attention.

One of the triumphs of physical science was the discovery that "A human life begins with a single cell, that, by virtue of its self-generative, self-sustaining, living force, increases by the multiplication of division until a human 'form divine' is reached."

If this primary cell contained the potentialities and possibilities of the individual, then, by the inerrant law of conformity to type, every other cell arising therefrom is endowed in like manner and the aggregation of them in the man is his manifestation of the "image and likeness of his Creator."

We retrace our steps from the semi-digression of the last paragraph to the further consideration of the individual cell.

Science affirms and proves the molecular construction of the cell, and hypothesizes its (the cell's) atomic components, which, not without reason, it hopes to demonstrate at some future time.

Now, since we have the cell and its aggregation in man, and since the cell finds its material (and according to our primary postulate) its spiritual manifestation in that out of which it is produced, we arrive at a point where we may begin to consider the mode of life in its dual aspects.

The physical cell is constructed from physical material, and this physical material is food and drink which is wrought into essential form in the laboratory of the human organism. It is only when we take into consideration the mission of the cell that we can at all conceive the importance of right procedure upon the lines of diet and exercise, these being primarily the two items upon which we can exercise our reason and volition, the other steps in the process being in a large degree subjective and therefore out of line with objective capacities to which for the present we will confine our consideration.

(To be continued.)

The Art of Simple Living

By MR. and MRS. JOHN F. MORGAN

TO KEEP the digestive organs in perfect condition natural food must be taken in natural proportions. The appetite must be satisfied without any waste of material. A variety of food is necessary but not at one meal. It is necessary that the foods should be so combined that they shall not cause fermentation,

and so cause indigestion. Foods that are good in themselves are often ruined so far as nutrition is concerned by wrong combinations that make them totally unfit for food.

The use of food is to furnish force or fuel to be used in our work both physically and mentally. In the classification

of foods the protieids are one of the most valuable and are obtained from the gluten of wheat, the casein of milk, peas, beans and other cereals. The fats are obtained from the oils of nuts, cocoanuts, olives and olive oil. The starches from all grains and the sugar from the ripe fruits.

Starch Food abounds in all grains, which food should be well masticated and allowed to remain in the mouth until it is covered with dextrine. The carbonhydrates are contained in nearly everything that we eat. They supply animal heat and give strength to the body.

Pure water is a liquid food and a good eliminator and is the natural food of man. Used as lemonade it will cleanse the blood and dissolve the broken down debris in the tissues.

Grains are only builders of cellular tissue. Cracked wheat and steel cut oats are both good. Evaporated corn, scraped corn, hominy, and white corn grits are rich in oil and starch but less rich in nitrogenous matter than wheat or oats.

The legumes, beans, peas, and lentils, compared with wheat have less starch and more nitrogenous matter (they are both poor man's meat).

Most vegetables contain from 90 to 95 per cent of water and are good eliminators, particularly those sun-cooked by kind Mother Nature. They are principally valuable on account of the mineral salts contained in them. Asparagus is a diuric; spinach contains a great deal of iron and is good for constipation; celery contains valuable mineral salts and vegetable acids and is very useful in rheumatic affections.

The fruit juices are distilled in Nature's laboratory and need neither boiling nor filtering, and are most valuable when fresh, as their refreshing acids, stimulating salts, and delicious flavors act upon the nervous system.

Nuts are rich in oil and are excellent substitutes for meat and butter, and can be ground and used in soups.

The flavoring foods, herbs, curry powders (in very small quantities) onion juice, garlic, cayenne pepper, etc., have a certain food value, but are most important in providing a stimulant that is harmless and at the same time makes it possible to drop meat-eating without suffering any unpleasant results, as is apt to be the case with anyone who has been a heavy meat-eater, and who has

depended on the stimulant of that article for strength.

The most nourishing, wholesome and suitable foods are the cheapest. The most economical foods are in the vegetable kingdoms.

That food which promotes the greatest amount of health and strength is the most economical. The great trouble with most people is that they ruin good foods by poor cooking. Either they cook an article until the life is entirely cooked out of it, or they cook it is that it has no flavor left. The "art" of cooking consists of cooking food just enough to soften without losing any of the flavor or odor. Cooking is not only an art but it is also a science, and the cook should be educated; should know the value of foods; should know how to combine them in order to procure a suitable proportion of all their ingredients for the daily needs of the body, and how to preserve and bring out their best qualities and properties. Men as well as women should learn the art and science of preparing food properly.

The medical students will no longer learn to write prescriptions, but will be in the kitchen superintending the cooking and preparing of foods.

Nature has provided in the fruit, vegetable, herb and root kingdom a recipe for the cure of every ache and pain to which the flesh is heir. Under the category of laxatives are found oranges, figs, prunes, dates, mulberries, and plums, while cranberries, blackberries, raspberries, quinces and wild cherries are astringent. Grapes, peaches, strawberries, whortleberries, prickley pears, black currants, and melon seeds are diurics; gooseberries, red and white currants, pumpkins and melons are refrigerants; lemons, limes are stomach sedatives. The color of the fruit also has great weight in deciding the alchemic properties of the same as iron, salt, mercury and sulphur.

The patience of the pharmacist will no longer be tried by the compounding of drugs, but he will derive his principal revenue from the sale of cosmetics, lotions, perfumes, etc. Medical schools will turn into cooking schools, where formulas will be studied for the preparation of various foods.

Mal-nutrition is caused by our not chewing our foods enough and a lack of knowledge of the food elements, not only those which build up tissue, but of those which add energy to the body.

We must know how to combine our foods in the right proportions so as to be most easily used by the vital force in building up tissue, as the availability of the elements for food depends altogether upon the manner in which they are combined. Every one of the fourteen elementary substances in the human body must enter into the system.

The ideal dinner consists of just three dishes, namely: soup, as the appetizer; a main dish to furnish fuel and energy; and a salad to act as an eliminator and to furnish the necessary salts. Plenty of fruit and green salads in season, leaving the heavy foods for the cold weather when the system is calling for heat and fuel.

Aids to Right Living

By H. AYLMER HARDING

ONE of the cheapest things in the world is fresh air, and as a result people close their windows and doors, and only about 7 per cent. of them know how to breathe.

Watch a big dog. He breathes abdominally. And it is a significant fact that those who wish to use their voice in pulpit oratory (I do not say sermonizing), platformwork, elocution, acting and vocal exercise, spend money and time in learning how to use their lungs instead of misusing them.

Most of us have lungs which we do not use to their highest ends. Wrong use of any organ results in disease; right use results in added power, health and vigor. These platform people copy the dog, and think nothing of spending a hundred pounds in learning that which the dog does without teaching.

Let us learn how to breathe, and then let us incidentally teach all the people who will listen to us.

God is omnipresent and air is all around us, and therefore All Power *does* dwell in our midst if we would but realize it. Let us inspire the Holy Spirit as we inhale deep draughts of His pure life-giving element, for the air we breathe with our lungs is but the invisible symbol of the sunshine of God's smile and the calm of His Holy Spirit and inner Presence. Let us learn to breathe and waken up our solar plexus, increasing our nerve force, vitalizing our whole system.

Many of us drink too much beer and not enough water. Let those who are constipated and have almost given up hope try this simple recipe.

Drink a couple of glasses of water, hot or cold, on rising in the morning at least

thirty minutes before breakfast, sipping slowly. Immediately afterwards lie full length and breathe deeply, letting the abdomen rise and fall. Keep this exercise up for ten minutes. Cut out tea and coffee and have a very light breakfast of apples, prunes, plums, a slice of whole wheat or brown bread (never use white bread) or a dish of cereals and cream.

Drink freely of water between meals and breathe, breathe deeply always, and again at night.

Keep regular stools thirty minutes after breakfast, whether able to evacuate or not; the desire and ability will soon come. Try it, I have cured hundreds of people after years of drugging. While breathing deeply, with hands on hips, held this thought: "God is omnipresent; all Power is with me to sustain me"; then exhale.

Fresh air vitalizes.

Fresh water purifies.

Right exercise shakes up the molecules and makes it possible for the vibrating life element to more readily enter and abide and manifest, as we wish and prayerfully hope. Then comes the matter of food. Much so-called food does not come under the head of nutrition.

What is nutrition? The act of affording nourishment by which food swallowed, digests and becomes one with the physical organism, contributing to its life and health. But much present day food does not fulfil this definition.

Nine-tenths of present day diseases are due to over-loaded stomachs, already weakened by other perverted habits.

Let us spend a little time on this food question.

The great wheat granary of the world is Manitoba in Canada, only a small

portion of which is under cultivation, and which none the less yields some 55,000,000 bushels of wheat annually.

Every autumn all the churches celebrate Thanksgiving Day, a day set apart in Canada to thank God for the bountiful harvest and blessing of the year.

They thank God quite freely for the wheat thrown to the pigs.

The best part of the wheat kernel is always thrown away or wasted so far as human consumption is concerned, and the "superfine white flour" advertized by all the millers, is largely composed of albumen and starch, the food properties contained in the outer five sheaths and life germ, being devoted to the pigs or the very occasional output and manufacture of brown bread for a select few consumers.

The white bread as at present manufactured is not "the staff of life" and freely used is the sure forerunner of chronic constipation.

Whole wheat bread on the other hand is the ideal food, containing all the essentials necessary to pure blood, brain structure with its 6 per cent. of potash and other constituents.

There is a wide need for a thorough study on the part of experts, in connection with food reform, in order that the producers at least may be fed instead of half fed or wholly famished. Putting the claims of vegetarianism on one side for the time being, let us look at the actual chemical constituents of many foods in daily use and compare their nutritive value. Towards this end the following table has been prepared.

It would seem that nuts, fruit and cereals form the basis of the most nutritious diet. The matter of easy digestion or wear and tear should now be considered.

Here is an engine which runs thirty miles on a given tonnage of coal and steam. So long as we stick to the right conditions our engine will last twenty years.

But for the sake of variety we will subject it to a little irregularity and stoke it up with extra fuel and generate excess of heat and 150 per cent. extra steam for only a fifteen-mile journey. Well, she may bust her boiler or blow her tender off. All kinds of delightful surprises may be in store.

COMPOSITION OF FOOD PRODUCTS.

Food Material (Average)	Water per cent.	Protein per cent.	Fat per cent.	Carbo. hydrates per cent.	Mineral Matter per cent.	Fuel Value per pound-calories
Bananas.....	77.1	1.6	0.3	20.2	0.8	380
Grapes.....	79.4	0.6	0.5	19.0	0.5	360
Oranges.....	86.2	1.5	0.2	11.4	0.7	225
Olives.....	67.0	2.5	22.7	3.4	4.4	310
Apples.....	84.5	0.5	0.5	14.0	0.5	230
Pears.....	81.0	1.0	0.5	17.0	0.5	225
Peaches.....	86.4	0.6	0.2	12.0	0.5	215
Strawberries.....	90.4	1.0	0.6	7.4	0.6	180
Dried Prunes.....	24.2	2.5	0.6	65.0	2.2	1170
" Raisins.....	28.5	4.5	0.6	63.2	3.2	1200
" Figs.....	27.7	4.3	0.7	71.0	1.3	1395
" Dates.....	35.2	3.0	0.4	57.0	1.4	1140
Sugar.....	100.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	1750
Almonds.....	4.8	21.0	54.9	17.3	2.0	8630
Brazil Nuts.....	5.3	17.0	66.8	7.0	3.9	3320
Hickory.....	3.7	15.4	67.4	11.4	2.1	3495
Walnuts.....	2.5	27.6	56.3	11.7	1.9	3105
Peanuts (Raw).....	4.9	32.6	47.3	12.6	2.2	2325
Beef Steak.....	54.	16.5	16.1	17.0	0.9	975
Halibut Steak.....	61.9	15.3	4.4	17.0	0.9	475
Eggs.....	65.5	13.1	9.3	11.0	0.9	635
Milk.....	87.0	3.3	4.0	5.0	0.7	310
Cheese.....	34.2	25.9	33.7	2.4	3.8	1855
Butter.....	11.0	1.0	85.0	0.0	3.0	3410
Whole Wheat Flour.....	10.5	14.0	2.2	71.9	1.8	1670
White Flour.....	14.2	9.2	1.0	75.1	0.5	1635
Potatoes.....	75.1	2.4	0.3	17.8	1.5	350

This table is taken from U. S. Reports in the Department of Agriculture. One calory represents the amount of heat required to raise one pound weight of water 4° Fahrenheit. Calories are the units commonly used in measurement of the fuel value and heat forming qualities of food.

Our bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost; let us use them as such; let us consider this matter of highest use even in discussion of the food question, so shall the spirit of purity and truth dominate our life, for what is true for our own individual growth and health is also true for the race.

Those foods contributing the greatest possible nutritive value, pleasant to the taste, and requiring the least expenditure of energy in digestion, form the best fuel, and the kind and quantity should be governed by the kind and quantity of our work and aims.

In the selection of our food, however, let us be open to the truth as much upon this physical plane as we are desirous of obtaining the truth through intellectual channels. Let Truth and not custom guide us.

Have you ever met big, strong, stern featured men with great, grey eyes, which sparkle, revealing a sense of scarcely hidden humor; men of great physique with warm, firm handshake and deep, strong voice? If you have, you have met men who are magnetic, men who LOVE; men who feel; men who are well sexed, passionate yet controlled; men whose thoughts are positive,

strong factors in the making of history.

Positive thought is polarized to Godliness, to Righteousness, to Good. Negative thought is simply not polarized, lacking that quality of attractive power which renders it a living force. Negative people are vapid, superficial, devitalized, inconstant, incapable of sustained concentration. You will easily recognize yourself. There is certainly a condition of positive wickedness—relatively so, as there is a condition of positive inharmony, disease, but the word positive is here used rather in its general than its technical sense. Thought which is harmonious, pure, consecrated, holy, is the only true positive force which shapes one's ends and which dimly reflects that Divine Thought potency which brought the universe out of chaos.

How few people know how to rest! Did it ever strike you that all the most powerful agencies are silent forces? The thunder bellows and roars, but does little damage. The lightning silently kills, and when chained and harnessed, as silently drives our motor cars and massive machinery. The white crested billows tumble over each other and flash their foam in the smile of the sunlight, or thunder at midnight against the rocks, shaking near-by cottages; it is all noise and tumult, but power resides in the deep, not on the surface. How few business men rest! How many pass on to the Great Beyond before their life has reached two score years—worn out, emaciated wrecks!

Try this, you who use up the vital energy in mental activity. Force yourself to take a half hour at noon preferably just at 12 o'clock, and assume an attitude of relaxation. Shake out the mental kinks and knots, and let the limbs hang loose. Then with eyes closed, rest tired brain and aching back. Rest, relax, lie silent; breathe deeply for two or three minutes and let in the Omnipresent Life: drink in deep draughts of fresh air and keep this thought while relaxing, "Thou very God art with me here and now." Or this, "I rest in the knowledge of Thy Presence; in Thee is the Power that comes from rest."

You whose province it is to preach, try it; try it only for one short week faithfully, regularly. It will do wonders. Even as repeated evil thought es-

tablishes evil habit, so repeated good thought establishes quiet calm and confidence that God is with us and evermore reigns within us. Let this six-fingered hand be the instrument to grasp and hold on to life and let the inflowing Power permeate you and illuminate you and bring peace.

LIFE AFTER DEATH.

The New York *Tribune's* Paris correspondent says great interest is aroused, especially among opponents of capital punishment by experiments made Wednesday at Orleans by Dr. Beaurieu upon Henry Languille, guillotined for murder. A few moments after the head had fallen into the box of sawdust, Dr. Beaurieu bent forward seized the head, held it in both hands and shouted in a loud voice: "Languille! Languille!" The group of scientists watching the gruesome experiment trembled with emotion, as suddenly, in response to the call, Languille's mouth opened and his eyes beamed with life and intelligence at his interlocutor.

The second time, after seventy seconds interval, Dr. Beaurieu called "Languille! Languille!" The second time the head responded in the same manner. At the third call, however, no sign of life was evoked.

The World's Berlin correspondent says the German medical world is excitedly talking of some experiments just made by Drs. Dencke and Adam of Hamburg. A murderess was guillotined at 8:02 o'clock a. m. Her blood, to the extent of two quarts was collected and at once defibrinated. At 8:15 o'clock the heart was removed from the body and passed through a weak solution of muriatic acid, to clear it of all fluids and render the organ absolutely dead and nerveless. It was then treated with what is known to physicians as the Lockesche solution, and immediately well-regulated movements began to be perceptible.

At 8:32 o'clock the heart was supplied with defibrinated blood, mixed with another solution and slightly heated: immediately it began quite extraordinarily powerful beats, and two hours after the woman was beheaded the heart was vibrating in lively, if weak fashion. For three hours the action kept up.

REAL VICTORY.

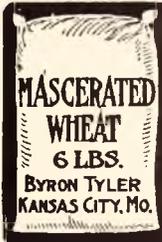
To forgive wrongs darker than death and night;
 To suffer woes that hope thinks infinite;
 To love and bear; to hope till hope creates
 From her own wrecks the thing she contem-
 plates;
 Never to change, nor falter, nor repent,
 This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
 Good, brave and joyous, beautiful and free;
 This is above life, love, empire and victory.

—Shelley.

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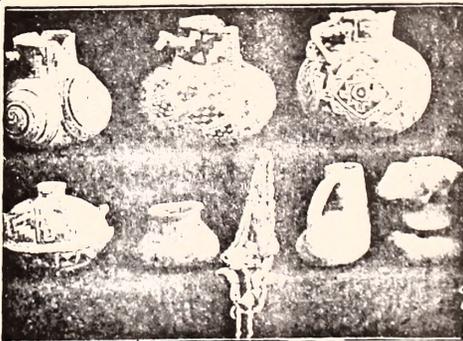
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