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MAN SHOULD BE TAUGHT HOW TO LIVE, NOT HOW TO DIE.

# CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER

(MONTHLY)

DEVOTED TO SELF-CULTURE, LITERATURE,  
SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

January, 1906

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By Helen Wilmans

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Edited by  
· EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE ·

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Helen Wilmans is now a regular contributor to this Magazine

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# Conable's Path-Finder

*Devoted to Self-Culture, Literature, Science and Philosophy*

VOLUME V.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., JANUARY, 1906.

NUMBER 1

## Conable's Path-Finder.

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE, EDITOR.

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By THE EDITOR

### HELEN WILMANS

Is now a regular contributor to Conable's Path-Finder, her first article appearing in the October number of this magazine. Mrs. Wilmans is the brainiest and most powerful writer of today along the lines of the subjects she will treat upon. Every old subscriber to Freedom will doubtless desire to read these articles

Mrs. Wilmans is now permanently located in this city and anyone who desires to hear from her can do so by addressing her daughter, Mrs. Ada W. Powers, 2750 Kenwood avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

### Special

WE ARE making a change in Conable's Path-Finder, beginning with the year 1906, which we trust will not only meet with the full approval of all our old patrons, but one in which they will be sufficiently interested to take a hand in assisting us to carry out our plans.

For four years now we have been devoting the most of our time in the publication of this magazine at too small a profit. We have carried a large percentage of our subscribers without any pay at all.

Now, we believe that four years of this sort of thing is quite sufficient for any one person, so we have decided to make such a radical change in the conduct of this magazine as will insure greater financial success.

Ordinarily, when people are not making sufficient profit on their goods, they raise the price to the consumer, but in this particular case we are going to lower the price of our product to the consumer. We are not going to lower the price merely one-fourth or one-half, but we are going to lower it three-fourths and at the same time give approximately the same amount of reading matter that we have in past years. In other words, we are going to reduce the price of Conable's Path-Finder during the year 1906 to 25 cents for an entire year, to all sub-

scribers, except in the city of Los Angeles and in foreign countries. To these there will be 25 cents extra charge to cover postage. This is for an entire year's subscription paid in advance, and dating from the first issue following receipt of the order. All single copies or back numbers will be 10 cents per copy as usual, and all newsstand sales will be 10 cents per copy as in the past. And, that all our old subscribers may reap the same benefits in the matter of reduction, we shall give them the same privilege of a year's subscription at the same price whenever the time expires for which they have already paid.

The question arises: How are we going to increase our profits by a three-fourths reduction in subscription price? If we have made no money at the present subscription price of this magazine, how will it be possible to make any with the price reduced to three-fourths the sum?

It is a well-known fact to all classes of periodical publishers that no money is ever made out of subscriptions. The money, if any is made, is out of the advertising that may be secured. It is also a well-known fact that without a big circulation it is impossible to secure any considerable amount of advertising. None of these facts are new to the writer, but up to this time we have not seen our way clear to "break loose" and put this publication in line to secure a great circulation. In other words, it takes a lot of money to back up an enterprise on a low subscription basis until such time as a circulation is reached that will attract the attention of advertisers.

A publication with less than 20,000 circulation is of small value to the average advertiser. No publication has a legitimate right to charge in excess of one cent per line for each thousand subscribers. A publication with 20,000 circulation may legitimately charge \$2 per inch each insertion—no more—and then the advertiser is certain to get his money's worth. We refer, of course, to such advertisers as are doing a legitimate business and are not trying to "fake" some one.

In revising our subscription list during the past few months, we felt obliged to cut off hundreds of names, but in doing so we stated that we would continue to carry any person who desired us to and who would so express themselves. Many responded. Now, however, with this three-fourths cut in the subscription price, we feel justified in saying that we

shall carry no one in future beyond their subscription limit, who is allowed the 25 cent rate. The date to which each subscription is paid will be printed on the slip pasted on the wrapper. This will always tell just when the subscription expires and will be the receipt for the money in all cases.

We are changing the form of the magazine that we may the better handle advertising when we feel justified in making an active effort to secure this line of patronage.

We are hoping and expecting that all our old subscribers will now lend us a helping hand in the matter of securing a great circulation for this publication. Stop loaning your copies as you have been in the habit of doing, but just say to your friends that the subscription price to Conable's Path-Finder is now so low that you are ashamed to loan it any longer.

The attention of each reader is especially called to the page announcement in another portion of this magazine. The offers there made are certainly attractive. You don't have to go to the trouble to buy post office or other money orders. Just enclose your quarters in the envelope with your orders and they will reach us safely.

Thanking our readers most cordially for many past favors and wishing each individual the happiest of happy New Years, we beg the privilege of remaining,

Your sincere friend,  
EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE.

### Love and Companionship

MY DEAR MR. CONABLE:—Some time ago you will remember that you published a letter that was written by a correspondent, and you made some editorial comment on it. I have long been a student of the sexual aspect of life, and of course I was interested in your comments. I think that you have now been through experiences that you had not when you wrote those comments. Would you now repeat them as being your convictions? I ask in all sincerity and with no thoughts other than those which urge me to seek enlightenment. I wonder if you were not some like Ingomar when you commented on that letter? Do you remember what Ingomar said when Parthenia first came to his camp? Then do you remember that he afterwards repeated her definition of love and understood it? That definition was: "When two souls have but a single thought and two hearts beat as one." Tell me, brother, do men become so far advanced that such a love is not desirable to them? Tell me, do men and women ever find a more blissful heaven? Tell me, brother, if you might not as well talk of a positive pole without a negative as to talk about men and women being complete without each other?

With congratulations to you and Mrs. Conable, and lots of good wishes, I am,  
Yours truly,

LEROY BERRIER.

It gives me great pleasure to be afforded the opportunity to answer the above questions, and at the same time Mrs. Towne, editor of *The Nautilus*, will be briefly considered respecting her com-

ments on the recent marriage of the editor of this magazine.

First, the editor of Conable's Path-Finder has not changed his views or opinions so frequently expressed on the subjects of love, marriage, divorce and kindred topics, in the slightest degree.

Second, the editor of this magazine has never advised against getting married under certain conditions, and when the editor of this magazine married recently, he in no sense went back on or annulled his advice and teachings along the lines indicated. And we desire to here assure Mrs. Towne that what she quotes as having come from William Walker Atkinson concerning our marriage, namely, that Mr. Atkinson was "simply stunned to think a man could talk so positively one way and act the other," Mr. Atkinson hastens to assure us is incorrect; that he did not regard my marriage in any sense as being contradictory to my teachings; that what *did* stun him was, having been in so close touch with the writer here in California, he should not have been given even a hint as to his intent in this respect, and having sensed nothing of the sort in the air, as most people do when a marital union is likely to take place, the surprise was all the more "stunning." But this is easily explained: The parties to the transaction had no thought of marriage at the time Mr. Atkinson was here with us; hence there was nothing to "snuff in the air"; hence, also, Mr. Atkinson's "stunning surprise."

But we are, indeed, sorry that Mrs. Towne is so persistently allied to physical formulas that she finds it impossible to recognize that other people may, and do live out their ideals even in married life.

Now, to answer our friend Berrier's questions.

The editor of this magazine has repeatedly said in the past that there is not one couple in five hundred thousand who are fit to get married and bring children into the world.

He has also said that *he* is neither fit nor capable of assuming such a responsibility.

He has said that there is no such thing as Soul-mating between men and women on this earth plane.

He has said that there is no such thing as *love* in its true sense, as applied to the opposite sex.

He has said that what is so frequently called love is *not* love at all, but simply an outward manifestation of physical affection, conscious or unconscious.

He has said that the only soul-mating there is, is between the physical self and the Divine self within, and that the only true love in existence is between these same two factors.

He has said that the highest state of spiritual growth cannot be attained in the presence of sex indulgence, and he desires to here reiterate all these statements, with all the renewed emphasis at

his command. The simple fact that the writer recently married neither nullifies the facts in the case nor changes his own personal habits or practices. This may be hard for people like Mrs. Towne, who see nothing but the physical side of life, to believe, but her opinions, nor those of anyone else on this particular subject, carry the slightest weight with the writer. He has studied the subject too many years not to know what he is talking about.

It is good to have a perfectly harmonious companion in life. It is one of the sweetest things with which mortal flesh is blessed, but it does not compare with the indescribable glory which encompasses the whole being when once the individual is soul-mated. I have tried them both, and I cannot be mistaken.

There is a higher, loftier, more spiritualized relation existing between physical man and his Eternal Companion within than it is possible for mortal opposites to reach. But this does not mean that we may not have a gloriously sweet physical companion. It *does mean*, though, that we cannot have both and live in the presence of sex indulgence. One cannot get even the faintest glimpse of the Divine Self when the physical body is being used for purposes not in harmony with higher spiritual growth. Of course if we do not care to live other than purely material lives, then that is another proposition. Spiritual growth and physical dissipation do not go together. Limitations are placed on our unfoldment so long as we persist in living on a purely material plane.

Here and there we find people who are willing to make any sort of physical sacrifice in order to attain to the highest spiritual growth, but these instances are rare. The time is not so very far distant when the exception will be reversed. One needs but a glimpse of the possibilities that stretch out before us to induce us to speedily change all our worldly environments. The compensation to "renounce the world, the flesh and the devil" is so alluring that it cannot be resisted. It is what we must all come to sooner or later, and the sooner the better for us.

The ultimate of the race is a perfected physical body that will harmonize with the spiritual side of us. This accomplished the idea of "soul-mating" in the flesh vanishes. The question of sex interchange no longer troubles us. Our love nature grows deeper and stronger, but not in the same direction. We then learn for the first time the real significance of true love. The inner passion predominant with most of us for manifestation on the physical plane takes its flight, and in its place we bring to the surface that subtler element in our lives which breathes forth heart yearnings along entirely different lines. We are then perfectly satisfied for the first time in our lives; that is, satisfied in our own

minds and hearts that we have reached that higher strata in our human existence where we no longer pine for the flesh-pots incident to our present material tastes.

I know of nothing attainable, in the present state of average human growth higher than a sweet, harmonious companionship; but there is something higher, and it is attainable—it is the unfoldment of that wondrous love-power which comes alone when we have divorced ourselves from all environments which crucify the body and come in touch with the exalted Inner Life which we have so long neglected.

Here is the only real "honeymoon," and it never ends. Men and women alike find it. For the first time we have discovered what the word love means. On the purely physical plane there is nothing but physical affection. There is no love about it. But this physical companionship may be made very sweet or it may be made bitterer than gall.

### Don't Be An Actor—Create

THROUGH the courtesy of a friend I recently listened to an address delivered by Richard Mansfield before the Los Angeles Women's Friday Morning Club. The subject was "Actors and the Stage."

Someone has said that "the world is a stage, and the entire race of people are the actors thereon," or words to that effect. This is true, and it is also the position taken by Mansfield in his address.

We are all actors; we are all appearing to be something which we are not; no one acts naturally, and we are all imitators. We see someone who is our ideal in some walk in life, and we at once try to imitate this person. We do not originate. We do not go down deep into the recesses of our own being and bring forth the knowledge and wisdom therein contained. We are too busy copying others to do this.

This is all too true. Mansfield is right when he gives expression to these statements. We are a race of actors and imitators, and being such, Mansfield claims that we should all try our very best to become stars in our own particular firmament.

But THE PATH-FINDER believes that there is sufficient originality in every human being to make it unnecessary to be anything but what the Creator intended us to be—not copyists nor actors, but living exponents of the creative genius which abideth in every human structure.

Mansfield advises that each individual shall make of himself and herself the highest type of actor that it is possible in every walk of life, no matter what our avocation may be.

We are free to admit that this is good advice to follow, provided our desires do not extend beyond the ambition to act a part or pose as mere copyists.



It is by no means an exalted plane to reach to be a great actor—unless we are the originators of the drama we are attempting to portray; unless we have drawn from out the depths of our own creative genius the work we are presenting for the edification of the public.

The playwright, if he is an originator and not a copyist, and has brought forth something which the world recognizes as of high standard of excellence, has done something worth while for both himself and the race; but the mere copyist or the actor who simply tries to present to the public the true conception of the work of the originator, is in no sense great, or a genius, no matter how well he succeeds in portraying the intent of the author.

The man who originates is the only genius. Edison is a genius, and there are others.

We are free to admit that Mansfield is a high-class entertainer, but when this is said the whole ground is covered. His ability to most cleverly play a part is conceded. But Mansfield is a technician, and in no sense a soul-actor, and he can never make of himself a soul-actor. His blood is too far away from the surface, and is not warm enough. Mansfield is coldly technically correct, but he is not a great actor. His temperament forbids this.

Mansfield is wrong in his claim that what the world needs is a higher class of actors in all walks of life. What the world needs most, and what it is going to soon have, is a race of people which is capable of originating, capable of creating, capable of putting the machinery to work and searching out and bringing to the surface the wondrous wisdom which will make the copyist and the mere actor of a part seem very puny and insignificant.

Of course we all like to be entertained. We need entertainment to a certain extent as a recreative pastime. From this standpoint it is good to have Mansfields, Irvings, Booths and other high-class copyists appease our abnormal tastes for the unreal.

So, unlike most of our friends at the Women's Friday Morning Club which entertained Richard Mansfield, the writer sees only a high-class imitator and in no sense a creator. Mansfield is deficient in the one element which is prerequisite in a creator—the spirit of deep human sympathy is conspicuously absent, without which no man can ever become great.

### Dog Consumers

THE arrival in Southern California of a small colony of Igorrotes from the Philippine Islands, is alarming some of our Christian brethren and humane society friends.

The particular cause for alarm is owing to the fact that this tribe of semi-civilized people feed largely upon dog meat.

During the World's Fair at St. Louis the Igorrotes were found to be a great attraction in many ways. They did not waste time in having their dog food converted into sausage, as most of our civilized meat-eaters do, but they just took a raw dog, and either stewed or broiled him tenderly to suit their taste. Which was very proper and all right from the standpoint of the average meat-eater. But many dog owners suddenly became alarmed, lest they lose their favorite purrs, so the attention of the humane society was directed to the "inhuman" practices of the Igorrotes. Some of these people were arrested, charged with cruelty to animals; then the "humane" officers would step around the corner to a beef cafe and order luncheon off the flank end of a mild-eyed cow.

Now, what is the difference whether you eat beef, pork, chicken or dog meat? None at all; it is all a matter of taste and education. The dog may be a more intelligent animal than the average cow or sheep, but he doesn't have much advantage over the horse, which our Latin friends consume almost exclusively. Horse meat is the popular dish in France. Indeed, in the large cities of this country thousands of people are fed on horse meat. The old, broken-down truck horses are served in place of beef in hundreds of restaurants.

Now, our Igorrote friends are no more inhuman than any other meat consumers, and should not be persecuted or interfered with simply because their tastes have not been Christianized to eat porous liver or other filter organs of animal life.

We must not expect too much of the Igorrotes on short notice. They should be given a chance. In time, after proper missionary instruction, they may reform and educate their tastes for leorous fish, chicken-pox poultry, cancerous-jawed bovines, etc., and leave the bow-wow meat exclusively for the use of the Indiana doctor who prescribes dog flesh for consumptives.

### Prophecies

A telegraphic dispatch from New York reads as follows:

Lee Spangler of this city, who gave up a lucrative business to devote himself to evangelistic work and to prophecies, and who has come to be known in Southern Pennsylvania by his self-applied title, "Spangler, the Last of the Prophets," has issued his predictions for 1906. Spangler attracted attention by the accuracy of some of his prophecies, including the death of Queen Victoria, the assassination of President McKinley, the victory of the Japanese over the Russians, the Chicago theater fire, the North River excursion steamer disaster, the election of President Roosevelt, and the uprising in Russia.

These are some of his predictions for 1906: Assassination of the Czar of Russia, violent death of the Sultan of Turkey, bloody race war in the South, averting of three wars by the intervention of President Roosevelt, destructive eruption of Mr. Vesuvius, uprising in Spain, great increase in the death rate from

disease, accident, murder, suicide, disaster and work of the elements, spread of great religious movement throughout England and United States, dissolution of Russia, dissolution of Turkey, terrible visitation of God's vengeance upon the Russians for the massacres of the Jews.

Spangler has fixed the date for the destruction of the world at about 1908 or 1909. He claims that his prophecies are messages to the people which he receives in conversation with the Spirit of God.

Now, there are prophets and prophets. Spangler may "hit many things on the head" all right, but were he a true prophet he would never make the foolish prediction that the world is coming to an end during the present century, or at any other time. This globe of ours will go into a long sleep in due course of time, but it will be millions of years in the inconceivable beyond before this transpires.

What is said concerning Russia and Turkey does not require a prophetic vision to be able to discern. The most ordinary student of political and social economy is in touch with these facts.

But we would not belittle Mr. Spangler's standing as a good medium. Many times mediums are given hints of coming events which prove true; then again they get badly mixed up. Where the medium "falls down" is in not being able to distinguish between the control which really does know some things and the ones he allows to make a fool of him; and then further, in perpetrating these fool things upon a supposedly credulous public.

The successful "prophet" must know a thing or two himself. He must at least know enough to discriminate.

### Baby Flats

—A funny thing happened to me the other day. The food experimental end of this partnership took it into her head that she wanted to get into what they call in Los Angeles a "baby" suite of rooms. She wanted to do a lot of experimenting without the care incident to the usual old-fashioned furnished flats, so I consented, with some misgivings, however. To explain: "Baby" apartments are these new-fangled arrangements where all your furniture climbs up the perpendicular side of the wall when in repose, or out of use. Your gas stove hangs on the kitchen door with its feet in the air; you have a writing desk and bookcase ditto; your bed drops down out of the wall, which it forms a portion of, presenting you with a big plate-glass mirror when in perpendicular position. Your kitchen is as big as a doll's playhouse, but lined up with all the modern "conveniences." In fact, you have a five-room house all centered in two rooms—parlor, sitting room, bedroom, dining room and kitchen. This is all right up to this point, but here the "baby" business draws to a close. The landlady assumes that you are a full-

## NOTES AND COMMENT

—May this New Year be the sunniest and happiest that any of us have ever known.

—Helen Wilmans and daughter, Mrs. Ada Powers, are now in Seabreeze, Fla. Mrs. Wilmans is expecting her case to come up in the Federal Court some time the latter part of this month.

—A young lady married a man whose business was that of an undertaker. She wrote a friend: "I do hope my husband will do a good business." Young brides are excusable for many eccentricities.

—A "successful instrumental operation" is the way a newspaper recently referred to a surgical operation performed by a doctor. This is not the first record we have of a doctor "playing" on his patient.

—Poor old priest-ridden Russia. She is finally paying the penalty of the iniquities she has for centuries been heaping upon the enforced ignorant races under the dominion of the worst autocracy the world has ever known.

—Elizabeth Towne's *Nautilus* comes to us with a beautiful new cover and otherwise improved in many substantial ways. We have always been very fond of *The Nautilus* and its editors, and their continued evidences of prosperity instill us with more than a passing pleasure.

—Mr. B. W. Childs and wife, of Brooklyn, N. Y., are spending the holidays in Los Angeles. Mr. Childs is one of the best posted men on all-round progressive lines that we have had the pleasure of meeting in a long time. We like to meet such people. It is always stimulating and helpful.

—The other day an officer of the humane society was nearly kicked to death by a horse. What do you think of that? All of us "reformers" are getting it "in the neck," or thereabouts. That is because we are trying to reform the things that are not ready to be reformed. And because, too, we need reforming ourselves.

—One of the marvels of modern times: A brewer recently committed suicide. But it is evident that he was a fair man—he was willing to give the undertaker's bier a competitive chance to do business. Anyway, the man is entitled to credit for withdrawing from the brewers' trust. Let us hope the good example here set will be speedily followed by others.

—Tales from Russia are becoming appalling. A priest recently incited his fellows to slaughter 500 Jews, and then reveled in the work. My, but it is glorious to be a Christian! See what Japan might have been had it not been for her paganism! The lesson now being taught by Christian Russia cannot fail to have a most salutary effect upon the whole pagan world.

—"Frenzied Finance" Lawson is reported to have "frenzied" his associates out of some four millions in his deals in copper and other stocks. In fact, the "exposer" admits his losses. His friends lose 33 per cent of the principal of their investments placed in the hands of Lawson. It is always a pretty safe proposition to watch the man who sees nothing but fraud in others.

—Another case of the "irony of fate!" Some months since a Los Angeles alderman lost his position by being recalled by the voters of his ward, the charges against him being that he "stood in" with the street railway companies to the detriment of his constituency. A few days since this ex-alderman was killed in a street car collision. Let all politicians who advocate the giving away of city franchises take warning.

—Mabel Burnham Pace, of Helena, Mont., one of the very first contributors to *THE PATH-FINDER* when we established it in Colorado, is spending a few months in Los Angeles. Mrs. Pace is an old newspaper woman, having been connected with the Milwaukee, Wis., daily papers at one time, and also with Russell Harrison's magazine when published on the Pacific Coast. Mrs. Pace is a bright, breezy, versatile writer, capable of the best sort of newspaper or magazine work. *THE PATH-FINDER* acknowledges a very pleasant call.

—And now comes a Chicago doctor who has located in Nevada and claims that fleas are responsible for the prevalence of diphtheria in the Mountain State. The flea, he claims, deposits the disease germ when it bites you. This flea doctor and the mosquito yellow fever doctor should be locked up in the same hospital. Still there is as much truth in this statement as in any of the other speculative theories our doctor friends are constantly foisting on a credulous public. But it is a base libel on the insect just the same, and we are here to enter a solemn protest. The average doctor knows just as much concerning the cause of disease as he does about the cure, no more, which is practically nothing.

—The editor of *Lucifer* keeps on getting into trouble as well as in jail. The postoffice authorities recently confiscated one of his editions because some of Dr. Alice Stockham's writings along sex lines were quoted and commented upon. When a protest was entered by the friends of the imprisoned editor, the authorities explained, in defense of their position, that any publicity that touched upon the sex question was "obscene literature," and therefore unfit to pass through the mails; that sex matters should never be discussed except in the privacy of a doctor's office. Since when did the heads of the postoffice department assume the role of a judicial tribunal and delegate to themselves the

grown man when she comes around with her rent receipt. She wants the price of an eight-room house, and the worst of it is, she manages to get it. But I came near forgetting to tell what I started out to. You see it is expected that even these "baby" apartments shall be fully equipped to make them seem, so far as possible, that you are not being "double crossed" in the transaction. When we engaged these apartments the furnishings were not quite all in. The paraphernalia came in gradually, though the rent went on just the same. That is one thing here in Los Angeles that never stops or rests over night—your rent—it goes on forever, and also up forever. It climbs with an avidity and accuracy and frequency unparalleled in all my experience. I don't know where it is going to end. Perhaps it never will end. I guess it has caught the "live-forever" fever from Helen Wilmans and myself. But never mind; if the rest can stand it, I guess I shall be able to pull through. But to return to the furnishings of the "baby" apartments. After everything was all in, as I had supposed, I went home one evening and found sitting in the center of the floor, staring me in the face, a cuspidor—a regular old-fashioned, bell-muzzled spittoon. It had been so long since I had seen one of those nasty things in my home that at first I was startled. I thought someone had intended it for a practical joke on me, knowing my aversion to the idea of people spitting themselves off this planetary sphere. If people are bound to die, I like to see it done in decency and in order, and not via the spittoon route. Anyway, it was "one on me"—the "irony of fate" coming home to roost—and I could see it smile ironically at me as I took it by one ear with the tongs and hove it into an unseen corner of one of the least exposed "baby" rooms. I closed its yawning mouth with a Path-Finder to get even.

## That Other Path-Finder

There is another "Pathfinder" and another "Pathfinder Publishing Co." in Washington, D. C., which we are running onto very frequently of late and which is getting us and many of our would-be subscribers all mixed up. Because of this we some time since changed the name of this magazine to "Conable's Path-Finder," thinking that this would at least bridge over all difficulties, but still we are having trouble because of the sameness of the name of the two publishing companies. To avoid further trouble in this direction, we have substituted "The Conable Publishing Co." in place of "The Path-Finder Publishing Co." All our friends will please note this change.



right to circumscribe the work of teachers along reform lines? The present degeneracy of the race is the result of ignorance bearing upon this most important subject—the absence of a proper understanding of the sex functions. But the editor of this magazine has no intention of keeping company with the editor of *Lucifer*. He can do better work out of jail than in jail. He is going to wait until a lot of the dampfools are dead, which won't be long, before he cuts loose on the sex question.

—The City Council of Los Angeles should pass an ordinance prohibiting the motor-bicycle fiend from shooting across the public highways faster than twenty-five miles an hour. No doubt it would be a serious hardship on this imp of satan, but pedestrian humanity is entitled to some little consideration. A speed that cuts a Dago's cart plumb in two in the middle without spilling a single peanut, is a little too rapid, in our judgment, for even fast Los Angeles. These motor outrages palsy a man to a standstill in the middle of the street, then he suddenly becomes cross-eyed trying to dodge the accumulated street cars hovering around him. I am afraid we shall have to hie ourselves to another ranch, where nothing swifter than a Chinaman's vegetable cart will have the right-of-way within reach of our vision.

—Little Josef Johnson is a philosopher, as we have had occasion to state in the past. It was about Thanksgiving time, and he wanted to know of his mother what Thanksgiving meant; what people did on Thanksgiving day. Josef's mother told him that it was a day set apart to offer up thanks to God for the pleasures and blessings received during the past year. Some people went to church, others to amusements, others feasted on roast turkey and filled themselves up generally on the sort of things that tasted best to them. Here Josef broke in to inquire: "Do people ever go to church and thank God because they

have turkey to eat?" Sometimes they do," his mother replied. "Well, I guess God don't say your're welcome to them," was Josef's immediate rejoinder. Josef was right. God never says "You're welcome" to any person who thanks Him because they have been privileged to devour a fellow-creature.

—And now Bernarr Macfadden has been arrested, at the instigation of Anthony Comstock, for publishing "obscene literature" in his physical culture magazine. Macfadden has been showing up the shape of some of his physical culture students in a manner that offended Anthony's sense of vision; that is, when Anthony's optics were spectacle-clad. Comstock reminds me of a woman away back in my Eastern home. I was then residing on the shore of the great Mississippi. There were several islands in the river, where small boys used to take their run-away baths. One day a woman rushed up to the police station and informed the police that a lot of boys were in swimming on one of these islands in sight of her home. The chief detailed a man to go down and look the thing up. On reaching the woman's home, the boys in bathing were pointed out to the officer. The officer strained his eyes in the direction the woman pointed, but could see nothing but the dim outlines of a half dozen shadowy figures. "How do you know the boys are nude?" inquired the officer. "You cannot see them with the naked eye." "Oh, no," replied the shocked woman, "I used a spyglass. Here it is, and you can see for yourself." The officer gave the woman one side glance of pity and then proceeded to report to his superior. And oftentimes this is the way Anthony is "offended." But Macfadden does get some of his "patients" very close to nature, and no mistake. We have often wondered what sort of women these were who pose with not even so much on as a bright smile. Maybe it was the absence of the smile that offended Anthony.

the world holds nothing else for us and we must go to another world that possesses greater capacities for enjoyment. And we take it for granted that this other world exists, and we lie down and die.

The truth of the matter is that the resources of our world are not exhausted; neither are we exhausted in reality, but are simply dead in the dead beliefs of an ignorant age.

It is a pitiful thing. I have been looking on now for years and seeing the most beautiful souls on earth turn away like tired children and lie down, never to rise again.

I am getting tired myself, or would be, if my will would let me; this will which is the result of much thought, and which assures me that I do not have to yield to any negative influence whatever. It is not right to give up to this tired feeling and go the way of the others who have become too tired to remain. There is a spirit in man that must be brought forward to conquest. Moreover the earth—so far from being exhausted—is in its infancy yet, and not one in a thousand of its wonderful forces has been conquered and reduced to our use. And they must be conquered; it remains for man to conquer them; there is no truer thing than that the strength of the conquered passes into the conqueror and adds to his strength; each conquest adds to our vitality and increases our interest in life; thus man conquers lassitude, disease and death.

You all feel that we are only living half lives, but you do not know that we do not have to live them. You do not know that it is possible for us to acquire enough vitality to raise existence from its present low level, where it seems so helpless, to a lofty plane where such a consciousness of power comes to us that will make it a joy and a glory to live.

But it can only come through intellectual growth. The brain is the great laboratory of the vital element. This element is *Thought*. That the race is not thinking to any purpose we have only to look at its deadness and worthlessness to see. The thought generated by it is of so ignorant a quality as to prove itself an injury rather than a benefit. Thought is both negative and positive, and at this time the race is under the dominion of negative thought; thought that believes in man's weakness instead of his strength; in his dependence upon a power outside of himself instead of the power within him; in the mistake that wisdom finds its limit in his father, his preacher, his lawyer and his doctor, and who fears a new idea as if it were a deadly poison. Fed by such thought is it any wonder that the people are tired; that they have nothing to get up to when each fresh morning comes; who drag through a certain routine of duties without the faintest interest in them; who simply do their work in

## Thought, the Renewing Life Fluid

By HELEN WILMANS

NO THINKER will deny that the race needs salvation. The greater part of the race expects salvation outside of itself, and right there is its great mistake. There is no salvation but self-salvation, and Thought is its minister.

Will the reader turn his attention upon the world at large and see how utterly devitalized its condition is? And this devitalized condition is the result of devitalized thought. Each person is dragging out a wretched semblance of existence, which, as soon as it reaches the

highest point of its animalhood, and without achieving the *mental* force that would enable it to conquer the negative conditions of life, begins to go down hill, and keeps on going down hill until death closes it out.

This is the history of the race today. We open our eyes upon the world and feel an interest in it for a few years; and then the interest flags; we think we have exhausted the world; the fact is, we have exhausted our own capacity either to think or feel; we are tired out; we say

order to have it done; people whose each day is a repetition of the previous day and whose entire life is a repetition of the parents who brought them into the world?

A low grade of thought is responsible for the dead condition of things; and yet the greatest crime one can commit is to think a thought beyond the worn-out thought whose deadness is killing the people. It is heresy to think a vital thought because a vital thought reflects discredit upon the old fossilized thought. And yet nothing but new thought can save the race from the condition of living death in which it now finds itself.

I call the world's old thought to judgment this day. I ask it to show something it has produced besides disease, poverty and death. It has nothing else to show; moreover, it has rung down the curtain and turned off the lights upon the further power of the people to show something better. "I am the ultimate of human wisdom," claims this most monstrous deceiver of all the ages. Think of an ultimate to human wisdom that ends in death instead of the conquest of death; an ultimate that lies down in pulseless sleep instead of awakening the vital powers of an unexplored universe and rifling its treasure for the enhancement and perpetuation of its own vitality.

"We are getting old and death is inevitable." This is the language of the day; this is the decision of the world's devitalizing and murderous thought, to which it adds the threat that he who thinks beyond this point is a heretic and must be damned.

The race is damned already in the deadness of the thought that holds it on its present low plane of vitality, and who cares for further damning?

The only farther damning possible will be more damning of the same kind; this will be more deadness, and a complete deadness will be better than the half deadness of our present condition. At present we are dead and *conscious of our deadness*; in deeper death we shall be dead, but unconscious of it, and this will be a gain.

Half way conditions are not palatable. I want to be either dead all over or alive all over, and there is nothing that can revitalize us but the birth of new thought in our organisms. By the birth of new thought I mean the accumulation of new truths. And this accumulation is in our power though all the hells of the world's old thought must be met single-handed and conquered. My salvation and yours depend upon it.

We have got to save ourselves from this creeping deadness which is even now benumbing our faculties into the stillness of death. This condition is a mental negation or denial of life, and is the result of living too long in one set of ideas without prospecting farther for more of truth's living waters: for the waters of

truth that sustain us today will not sustain us tomorrow; we must draw fresh draughts daily from the undying spring of original thought from out of our own brains or we die.

It has been the bane of the race to believe that past draughts from this spring are enough for our perpetual salvation; but no salvation is perpetual, it is a lengthening process and draws forever on the life fountain. The race is dimly aware of this, but makes no application of its knowledge to its present use. It makes the mistake of supposing that the salvation shadowed forth is to be postponed to a life after death. It cannot grasp the idea that life is *being*, and that being is now. To live today we must *be* today. Life is the one fact in which there is no postponement.

We are expressions each instant of an ever-present truth, and by an understanding of this truth we live. But it is each day's fresh understanding of it that enables us to show forth new or fresh life. In other words, we have got to keep learning if we would continue to live; and this is true, no matter which side of the grave we are on.

The wisdom of the past age afforded all the mental sustenance the age demanded; but the new age of today demands more; and because people are tied to the old ideas of salvation and are afraid to let go they are not getting more.

The people are becoming more and more indifferent to the allurements of a heaven of the future. They are demanding heaven right here and right now, and are accepting in lieu of it such apologies for their ideal conceptions of it as the world can offer in the shape of its poor, little, limited range of unsatisfactory and evanescent amusements.

The teachers of the people are giving them nothing that they need; they do not have anything to give. The churches are presenting the same old ideas, but the people are deaf to them. What then? Are the churches searching for new truth on which to fill the mental craving of the race? No; they are not doing this at all; They are merely calling upon that brute force called Established Authority to assist them in cramming their rejected ideas down the public throat in spite of the public's objection. This is the attitude the church occupies today towards the entire body of the thinking people who are really and intensely craving the stimulant of such mental food as will save them in this world and at this time; body and soul together, all of one piece.

Practical salvation is what the people want; salvation that can only come by an ever-increasing knowledge of new truth. Practical salvation so far as the schools, the churches and popular literature go is as dead under this demand of the people as our burnt-out satellite beneath whose borrowed rays no seed germ is ever warmed into existence.

And this is only half. This dead theology and dead educational system that once held their seats of honor by the consent of the people and even by their veneration are now holding these same seats by a force at once pugnacious, defiant and intolerable. They have nothing to give the people any longer. The people are demanding new truth; truth that holds out stronger inducements to all life's present activities and stimulates to the unfoldment of nobler activities right here in the world today.

The thinkers have found out that vital, satisfying life means something besides psalm singing and the wearing of golden crowns; that it means conquest and not idleness, that it means the ever unfolding functions of their own endlessly progressing intelligences in *uses* for the practical benefit of themselves and others for whom it is a delight to work.

Nothing is going to satisfy the thinkers of to-day but the making of men and women of themselves by that constant acquisition of new truth I have been speaking of.

And what can the creeds do to help out? The making of men is not in them. And this is the one thing to be accomplished; this has become the great aspiration of the thinker who has found out that self-salvation is the only salvation, because it is the unfolding out of self the germs of nobility that will build the individual in constantly increasing strength and power.

Men are actually asking for some incentive to live. They are so dead tired of everything within the range of their mental vision that they are begging to be shown something worth living for. They feel their own stagnation; each day is a weariness to them, and will be until they find a natural outlet for their own original thought.

Dammed up within themselves for so many years they hardly know they can think, and have not the slightest idea of their own powers of thought; and still less of how their thought will change the whole current of existence for them when it begins to flow; and of how it will not only make them alive all over but will give life to everything they come in contact with, thus transforming a dead world into a living world of constantly unfolding beauty.

*Self-generated thought* is the vital life fluid itself. It courses through a man's veins and stimulates him to new activities; he needs to draw this thought fresh from the fountain-head of his own brain every day. Therefore he must turn his back on the petrified beliefs of the present age; he must search within himself for the attainment of new truth; for man is a mental being, and truth in a thousand forms is the life principle lying latent within him, and he must bring it forward in expression. This is the true method of growth, both physical and mental.



Walt Whitman was right when he said: "The soul is the body and the body is the soul." Man's physical being and mental being are one.

At present the mental is standing still, chained to the old beliefs; one with the old beliefs and dead with them.

Yes, dead all except that faint consciousness of life that renders death perceptible.

Truth—which is life—is a substantial element springing from the human organism in obedience to the demand for it. Ask yourself a question in relation to your vital unfoldment, and the answer will be revealed to you *out of yourself*, just as the fruit on the tree makes

its demand upon the roots of the tree for more nourishment and gets it.

Individual life is the unfolding out of self.

What you ask for will come to you in the shape of thought; this thought will be pure, vital life essence, and will fill you with fresh power. I know of no happiness to compare with the unfolding in the mind of a new truth; it is an added power which fills the entire man and overflows in some new use.

Man is an unfailing fountain of truth—which is life—the constant outflow of which, if encouraged, will fill existence with new activities, and the world with new and mighty uses.

most of the ancient races of mankind.

The various Egyptian deities were all symbolized in some form or other, chiefly in the guise of living creatures, which were supposed to be animated by the respective divinities of which they were the sacred symbols. Such were the bull, cow, goat, crocodile, ibis, and a multitude of other creatures whose mummies are found in great numbers in the pyramids, in company with those of the dynastic kings and of others of royal rank.

In the ancient Egyptian religion the supreme importance attached to *the preparation for a future life*; and it has been from this fact alone that Egyptian antiquity has been brought within our reach, through its dealing mainly with the dead. "We have the names of many deities, and can enumerate their functions, attributes, and temples; but we are quite ignorant as to the way they were worshipped. \* \* \* No religious document of the earlier ages compares with the great body of texts—some 4,000 lines—collected and copied on the interiors of the Vth and VIth Dynasty pyramids, but in partial use, too, in all succeeding ages. \* \* \* The local divinities, as such, play a remarkable part in these texts"; and they "reveal themselves to their worshippers in an animal, tree, or other material object—perhaps once the tribal *totem*." From this primitive stage of *fetish worship*, as already mentioned, were evolved the higher forms of religion which followed.

Abydos became very early "the home of the Osirian legend and of all the important views of future life and retribution attached to it." In the same manner "Heliopolis became the centre of the solar theology represented by the myth of Ra, the sun-god, and his daily contest with the dragon of darkness." Then "a number of the gods—many of them once merely local deities—had been gradually drawn within the cycles of Osiris and Ra. The chief actors in this story, besides Osiris himself, are his brother Sêtyphon, regarded now as the impersonation of darkness (when Osiris is a solar god), now as the god of the barren desert (when Osiris is the fruitful river-valley); Isis, wife of Osiris, a goddess (from the Nile Delta or from Philæ) of merely mythological importance until the base epochs; Horus, his son and avenger, a puzzling figure owing to the variety of his local forms; and Thouth, the god of Hermopolis, the ally of Horus."

We would ask our readers to note particularly this Trinity of gods, viz., Osiris; Isis, his wife; and Horus, his son. In several of the ancient religions this same conception of a trinity has been embodied, as, for example, in the religion of the ancient Druids, which prevailed in Gaul and Britain long anterior to the birth of Christ. And there can be no

## The Evolution of God

### Number 8

THE civilization of Egypt is the oldest in the world, except it be that of Mesopotamia; and the religious beliefs of the ancient Egyptians are recognized as the very first of which we have any authentic account. For this reason we shall now briefly outline the more important facts of Egyptian history in relation to the subject before us.

The very earliest forms of religion prevalent among the Egyptians belonged to what are now known as *fetichism* and *totemism*; and human sacrifice and cannibalism were unquestionably practiced by them, as we learn from references thereto in their later history. In prehistoric times every locality appears to have had its own particular deities, which were looked to for protection from all manner of evil. To these local gods were given the attributes of the supreme deity (the sun-god), and they were propitiated in the usual pagan way by offerings and sacrifices.

From this worship of fetiches the ancient Egyptians advanced to that of semi-human, and finally wholly human impersonations of their deities, as we find in their representations of certain of the gods and demi-gods in art, as shown on their monuments, etc. Thus their earlier kings became deified during their lifetime as well as after death. In substantiation of this fact a stone at Saggara shows the adoration of Zeser-nub (dyn. III, 3), Teta (III, 6), and Userkaf (V, 1), proving that the kings of the VIth dynasty were still worshiped in the Vth.

From the time of Senferu (8th King of IIIrd Dynasty) the King's eldest son was high priest of Heliopolis; and at the close of the IVth Dynasty the Kings took this priesthood themselves. Shepseskaf and the Vth Dynasty Kings built immense temples, with obelisks dedicated to the sun-god Ra (especially worshiped at Heliopolis), one of these temples hav-

ing recently been fully explored at Abusir through German agency. This priesthood is echoed in later tales by Vth Dynasty Kings being said to be born of a priestess of Ra; and the title "Son of Ra" begins at this date. At the close of the Vth Dynasty commences the series of the *inscribed pyramids*, with long copies of the early form of *The Book of the Dead*, and texts of a ritual nature intended to direct and preserve the soul. These pyramids of Unas, Teta, Pepy I, Merenra and Pepy II were all opened in 1881. The texts are published in *Recueil*, vols. III, XVI (in the French language). Of the copper statues found in those pyramids the most important now remaining are the figures of Pepy I and his son. The most astonishing discovery, however, of the 19th century was that of the actual mummies of many of the Kings of the XVIIIth-XXIst Dynasties at Thebes. They had been collected into two hiding-places for safety, namely, the tomb of Amenhotep II, and the tomb of the priest-kings of the XXIst Dynasty, near Deir-el-Bahri. The bodies thus found numbered nearly thirty. Belonging to the XXVth Dynasty are the supremely important inscriptions of Karnak concerning the royal estates, the female priesthood of Amen, etc. (See Enc. Brit., 10th Edition, which gives a special account of the most recent discoveries as to ancient Egypt.)

Among the ancient Egyptians two systems of gods and goddesses had been adopted, the individual deities bearing different names in each system. (See Enc. Brit., Edition 9, Article on Egypt.) Those systems had probably their origin in the great number of local deities at first worshiped throughout the country. Ra, the sun, was regarded as the Supreme Being; and Osiris was also identified with the sun, sun-worship (as mentioned in an earlier article) having been the primitive form of religion among

question whatever as to the *pagan origin of the Christian idea of the Trinity* (the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost), which was in very fact an invention of "the church" in "the dark ages," and intended to reconcile the minds of "converts to the new faith" by the retention, as far as possible, of the old dogmas and ideals with which they had so long been familiar.

As our readers are aware, the hardest thing of all for mankind to give up is the Faith or Religion which they have imbibed during childhood and youth. Knowing this fact, a Roman Catholic priest in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Park Lane, Liverpool, England, remarked some years ago, "Give us the children and you can take the old people." Knowing priest!

Another of the Egyptian deities was Amon, the local god of Thebes, who became of importance only after his city had risen to political importance.

The doctrines and practices of the Osirian religion are to be found in "The Book of the Dead," as well as in the very numerous pyramidal texts, already referred to. This book is composed of texts (chapters), some as ancient as those of the pyramids, others being much later; and "it was intended as a guide through the various difficulties of—and a magical protection against the enemies to be encountered by—the dead, with each of whom a copy was buried. Some of the texts seem to be remnants of primitive rituals, but all had been by the time of their definite collection (the beginning of the 'New Kingdom'—the Hyskos princes of the XVIIth Dynasty, near the time of Moses) edited for the use of the dead himself." In the work "the soul is, according to some chapters, to take the form of a bird and quit the tomb, and may accompany the sun-bark on its heavenly journey. Elsewhere it is regarded as appearing before Osiris, and after the famous 'Negative Confession,' receiving merited justice. If judged 'of true voice,' i. e., correctly pronouncing the potent magic formulae, the deceased proceeds to the 'Fields of I'rw,' and spends Eternity in a very materialistic Paradise, conceived upon the model of rural life in Egypt."

The Osirian religion taught that "the elements in man that survived death were four:—soul, spirit, shadow, and double. What were intended by the first three of these it is difficult to say; the fourth is that of which we hear most, for its maintenance was the object of all the funerary rites which from the earliest times occupied so much attention among all classes. The double, in appearance the exact counterpart of the man, after accompanying him through life, lived on in the tomb so long as the corpse remained intact, and the piety of the survivors provided sufficient nourishment. Hence the process of mummification, the inscrip-

tions whose magic could, if supplies failed, call up food, and the portrait statues (in gold, copper, etc.) into which the double could enter."

Confusion of doctrine is common to all aspects of the Egyptian religion; and though it cannot be denied that the Egyptians had a distinct idea of monotheism—of belief in *One* Supreme Being, yet the idea was mixed up, as we have seen, with the basest polytheism (belief in *many* gods). "The priestly tendency was to assimilate all secondary deities to those at the head of the Pantheon, and finally to teach that all were but manifestations of the supreme deity (i. e., the sun-god)." The services in the temples and tombs were conducted by the priests, and on occasion by the King, and by scribes, who sometimes formed a college, and lived at the temples, the various duties of which required the services of learned men. It is probable that the common people had very small share in the religious services, the most important of which took place in the small inner chambers. There were no other public buildings of any kind; and, like the modern Mosque in Mohammedan countries, the temple must have been the chief resort of the population. (The word "Pantheon" here signifies "the whole body of divinities or gods worshipped by a people." See any good dictionary.)

The worship in the tombs was conducted in the chapel of each, and the sacrifices were of animals and vegetables, with libations of wine and burning of incense. It is sufficiently clear that the Egyptians attributed to the human soul a divine origin, that they held it to be throughout life engaged in a warfare of good and evil, and that after death its final state was determined by judgment according to its doing on earth. Those who were justified before Osiris passed into perpetual happiness, while those who were condemned went into eternal misery.

Again we would ask our readers' special attention to the foregoing "doctrine" of the Egyptians as to "future rewards and punishments." The discoveries with respect to the "Faith" or "Belief" of

those ancient people are of comparatively recent date, and have caused wonder and "searching of heart" to people who dare to think for themselves. It is recognized by such that our so-called "Christian belief" in Heaven and Hell is fully as old as the oldest religion known upon earth, and that there is really nothing "Christian" about it. On the contrary, such "belief" or "dogma" is, as can easily be seen, wholly pagan—and wholly false to the "Christ Ideals" of a "Father God," as taught us in "The Lord's Prayer" by Christ Himself. There is actually no word corresponding to "hell," as we now understand it, in the original language of the New Testament, nor any "texts" that can truthfully be made to convey the idea of "eternal damnation." Here, especially, "the church" has been "teaching for doctrine the commandments of men":—of ignorant "pagans" at that, such doctrine of "eternal damnation" being one of the teachings of the "lying prophets" who for ages have filled the world with the most horrible brutalities in word and deed, in the name of "the Father-God," whose message through Christ was wholly one of Love and Brotherhood. But there are yet more startling lessons for "believing Christians" to learn from the history of Egypt.

Note, further, the "libations of wine" and the "burning of incense," practices which have been common to all sacrificial systems of religion in all ages, and which, while of purely pagan origin, have held for centuries so prominent a place in "the Christian church." The simple memorial "Last Supper" of Christ with His disciples become "the sacrifice of the Mass" in the Romish ritual, with *Christ in the flesh* (as embodied in the "wafer" of bread upon "the altar") supposed to be offered again upon said "altar," as "a perpetual sacrifice for the sins of the world"! All elaborated paganism, without a jot or tittle of what is truly Christian, accompanied by "the offering of incense," in gorgeous pagan fashion, to the "very God" ("God the Son") said to be also present in person in that same "consecrated wafer"!—Could superstition, sophistry, and shameless falsehood further go? K.

## Hoosier Paths

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

WE ARE constantly being told of the physical man and the spiritual man, the man wise and the man foolish, but it is our purpose to speak of the Audible man (woman, too) that part of himself which he is constantly giving to the world by means of his vocal organs.

The voice is as distinctly individual as are the facial lineaments, as much a factor in the personal make-up as any

other characteristics he may possess, and fully as potent in determining his condition, physical or mental.

The voice is the representative of character in the great social tribunal of the world. Full, deep and ringing, it commands, assures, convinces or persuades; blatant and noisy it indicates coarseness; smooth and even it betokens culture.

We hear it every waking moment, the



vehicle of every emotion of which mankind is susceptible; the plaint of weariness, the quaver of sadness, the thrill of love, the sibilance of hate, the harmonies rising upon concordant rhythm, the discords falling flat, harsh and tuneless.

Unceasingly it runs the gamut of the years, from childhood's artless prattle to the solemn prophecy of age; from the lazy schoolboy's nasal drone, to the impassioned eloquence which thrills the air in senatorial halls.

These vocal expressions vary as the leaves in the forest, the sands upon the shore, the stars in the sky. Their similitude is everywhere. It does not take a trained ear to note the bellowing bovine, the purring feline, the snarling canine, the cackling hen, the hissing serpent, in the voices everywhere about us.

But it is not in speech alone that man is vocally audible, for he also laughs, weeps and sings.

Some few there are who laugh inaudibly, as if afraid of overtaxing the resources of the realm of mirth, and some laugh mirthlessly, a cachinatory habit worn threadbare in the service of hypocrisy. But the hearty, jovial laugh, the overflow of the measure of mirth, sends its rippling cadences afloat upon the air, and unconsciously we join our voices to the gleeful sound.

The voice of song, not less than the voice of speech, is peculiarly a human attribute. Who that has listened to the truly cultured singing voice has not felt his being swayed, as the winds sway the forest, and under its magic spell felt the gates of the unknown swing wide to his harmony-exalted soul?

It is the voice of song which alone can interpret those emotions which silence the voice of speech, however eloquent or impassioned it may be; as if the singing voice winged its way aloft to the bosom of the Infinite consciousness and there learned the secret of expression whose magical notes stir the fountains of being.

Vocalization of any sort, whether of speech or of song, is the flower of which the breath of life is the seed.

Someone has said, "Vocalizing is simply using the outgoing breath for making sound," which is quite true, and this brings us to consider the mechanical part of the voice. Two membranous cords of varying lengths, whose tension receives its animus from the will, stretched across the airway of the trachea in the sound box of the larynx, and that is all that is visible. Surging against these, the invisible breath, hurled by the diaphragm, floats out in sound. Above is the master artificer, the tongue, who shapes this sound into words in the great oral factory whence they issue to bless or mar, to thrill with love's exquisite pleadings, or to scathe with anger's fiery denunciation—all words, but wrought into structural expression according as King Will directs.

It is in this matter of making words—indeed with most of us it is *marring* words—that we need to learn true art. The first step in this art is *right breathing*. Breathing is action, motion, *Exercise* if you please, and in line with our theme as indicated in our previous articles.

When we are working with breath we are upon the borderline of two worlds, the visible and the invisible. The great aisles of respiration, up whose charmed precincts there march those hosts of words which constitute our speech, which, uttered, register themselves upon the cosmic consciousness forever, stamped with the seal of our own individuality, are the thoroughfares upon which we need to direct our intelligent efforts, that we may regain the high estate from which many of us have fallen, "The Lord God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." The primitive act of respiration is still correct. The babe has it, and maintains it until conventionality places its blighting finger upon him. The infant, I repeat, is a truly living soul, and it manifests the fact in its breathing. It also indicates its title to this term in its very evident life upon two planes as manifested by its actions and conversation up to the time when a vicious custom intervenes with its surplus of physical material and thus over-engages its attention materially under which condition the spiritual functions atrophy from non-use.

But it is in the matter of breathing that we know the child to be correct, and it is just here that we who "have strayed like lost sheep" may make our first and intelligent step in the path upon which we may retrace our wanderings.

"Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter the kingdom of God," said the Nazarene, and *he knew*. With equal propriety he might have said, unless you breathe like babes you cannot attain to the higher life, which is likewise true.

We base our statement as to correct speaking upon the hypothesis of correct breathing, and in the latter the babe shall be our model.

Take a child which is old enough to sit alone and note its attitude and breathing. You will readily see that the former is *erect*, with the chest well raised, and that the movements in the latter are almost wholly in the region of the floating ribs.

This indicates a contraction and relaxation of the diaphragm—*diaphragmatic breathing*, the genuine breath of life in action, *at the center*, and rhythmic in its motion, as are all natural things.

It is the unconscious perversion of this act of breathing which is responsible for very many of the ills of the physical body. The perverted breath is an elongation of the lungs and a pressure therefrom upon the diaphragm, and upon the organs below it. It also causes a pro-

trusion of the abdomen; indeed, this is its chief sign.

The correct breath comes by a widening of the intercostal muscles, thus enlarging the space for the lungs so that the cells may be readily filled. This widening of the intercostals creates a vacuum which Nature at once hastens to fill by rushing in the air.

Breathing thus becomes involuntary, which is *natural*, harmonizing with and aiding all other functions in a way best adapted to healthful results. The diaphragm is widened laterally in the correct respiratory act, and becomes a floor to support the lungs in inspiration, following which the pelvic muscles take up the work of expiration, each contributing its quota of expulsive force in due order until the act is completed.

In true vocalization, whether for speaking, shouting or singing, the diaphragm becomes the support of the voice as well as of the lungs, and the voice so based is both flexible and resonant.

But this is often perverted, and we force the chest and throat muscles to do the work of the diaphragm, thereby straining and distorting the vocal apparatus, with cracked and discordant sounds as results.

The first movement in vocalization should be a widening of the ribs, beginning with the floating ribs, to make room for the diaphragm to widen and lift at the sides so as to support the lungs sufficiently to fully control the volume of air in the lungs, so that when it is necessary to prolong a sound, the flexing begun by the pelvic muscles is assisted by all the muscles below the lungs, and the diaphragm rises still more as the lungs empty.

There is one attitude connected with the foregoing to which we have alluded in previous papers, and its importance is so vital that we recur to it again in this. It is the *raising of the chest*.

Since true vocalization is the use of the outgoing breath, with the *upward* action of all the abdominal organs, the utility of the chest raising becomes at once apparent.

You have all seen the barn-storming preacher, and pettifogger, who, by a reversion of the action above indicated, succeed in reddening their faces by the unnatural strain put upon the circulatory organs, and who howl and shriek and gasp as they attempt to emphasize their ideas, which is simply vocalization gone daft in a way to disgust the refined and the thoughtful.

It is a duty that we render ourselves audible in the cause of truth and right, and it is our bounden duty to so cultivate the mode of expression that it shall not only be void of offense, but that it shall be attractive withal. And while we thus serve the ends of rational use, we are lending ourselves to a culture at once

healthful, refined and elevating in its effects.

There is nothing in all the realm of physical and ethical culture more worthy our undivided attention than the subject we have herein briefly presented, and when we shall each learn to use our vocal and respiratory organs in a natural manner, we shall have found a realm of

power of which we now only dream.

Why not begin the New Year with a working resolve to make the most of these two faculties, or powers, so closely related as to be inseparable, and then whether we speak, laugh or sing we shall be in line with true progress, and contribute to the happiness and well-being of our fellow men.

## The Art of Simple Living

By JOHN F. MORGAN

In my article this month I desire to take up the subject of the building of the human body in relation to the cereals—wheat, corn, rice, barley, oats and unpolished rice.

It is at this season of the year that the impoverished human body needs to be "fertilized" in order that it may produce the cellular life tissues, and be enriched and built up, that it may withstand the rigor of the cold weather into which it is to be plunged.

The cereals are composed of four different substances identical in composition and food values with those found in the animal kingdom. They are the fuel of the body. They supply heat, energy and power.

The cereals are cheap, simple and nutritious.

The three staffs of life are wheat, corn and rice. Wheat grown upon "virgin soil" in the Northwest is hard, and furnishes the elements to develop the larger percentage of gluten. The gluten of wheat can be obtained from macaroni, vermicelli, spaghetti paste, alphabet noodles, etc.

Gluten is rich in nitrates and phosphates, the essentials in upbuilding and strengthening the tissue, muscles, nerves and bones. It contains none of the heating material found in the cereals, and less quantity is required because there is not so much waste.

With the addition of pure California olive oil, tomato paste, mushrooms, celery, etc. it makes a well-balanced food.

Pure gluten flour is entirely free from starch, and is the ideal flour for diabetes, dyspepsia, obesity and Bright's disease.

There is on the market a gluten meal, potato gluten biscuit, and pure gluten self-raising pancake flour. This latter is the ideal preparation for making self-raising pancakes, muffins and gems, because being free from starch it has none of the heating qualities of the other pancake flours and therefore does not disturb digestion.

Wheat was the first cereal known to history. The germ of the kernel of the wheat contains the vital principle and mineral matter, the soluble phosphates that supply vitality and nourish the

brain and nerves.

The principal elements of the whole wheat kernel are the nitrates and phosphates in the proportion found in the human body and at the same time those elements which supply heat and power.

To cure constipation pour one tablespoonful of olive oil over a bowl of whole wheat kernels boiled until they are soft, or the raw kernels soaked in water twenty-four hours. It will taste somewhat like nuts. To be eaten with fresh, ripe fruit.

Graham grits is an excellent food because it is of the most nutritious part of the wheat.

To make malt food take equal parts malt extract and water, mix well, let boil and stir in a little gluten flour to thicken.

As a substitute for tea and coffee use the cereal coffee made from unground, parched wheat, rye or barley. Use honey for sweetening with pure cream.

If you want fresh grape nuts or any other of the hundred and one manufactured breakfast foods, save your bread crumbs, toast in a slow oven, flavor with olive oil and cut with lemon juice. It is a good food for a weak stomach.

Unpolished rice is very rich in gluten and organic salts. It is easily digested. It is claimed that rice digests in a healthy stomach in an hour, beefsteak in three and one-half hours.

In the American method of milling rice, in order to give it a high polish a large percentage of the nitrogenous matter is removed.

Rice being rich in starch, should be eaten with nuts, beans, bananas—raw or baked—or other nitrogenous foods. Rice flour and bean meal make a good combination. The unpolished variety should be used in the place of potatoes. The body will soon show increase of health and vigor.

If you wish home-made cracker-jack or rice-brittle candy, take puffed rice and pour pure honey made from mountain herbs and flowers over it.

The corn products contain more fat than other grains, but they are lacking in nitrogenous matter and should be mixed with nut meal, as the weather gets colder, in order to make it a suitable diet.

For some stomachs it must be cooked a long time, steamed several hours, as it is not so easily digested as wheat. Meal fresh ground upon the old-fashioned stones, and made with olive oil makes bread as sweet and light as sponge-cake.

Corn and sweet potato pone, made in "Southern style," makes a nourishing dish for cold weather. Equal quantities of hominy and peanuts soaked together and steamed are excellent. Most delicious popcorn can be made by heating olive oil and pouring over corn.

Steel cut oats contain bone and muscle building, furnish material to tone up the nervous system and are rich in fats. They contain a well-balanced ratio of nitrogen and carbon.

I eat mine with olive oil and lemon juice, stoned chopped dates, figs, seeded raisins, ripe bananas, or fresh tomatoes; and the rolled oats, raw, with a tomato sauce made from lemon juice and olive oil.

The gladiators of ancient Rome, noted for their strength, lived principally upon barley bread, rich in phosphorus, for the renewal of brain-cells and the creation of new tissue.

Barley is rich in phosphorus, and the more phosphorus there is in the food the better the thought, the keener the perception, the clearer the mind and the more active the brain cells. Barley also contains a large proportion of salts of iron.

Barley is used principally in soup, and must be cooked a long time. It may be used as a breakfast food with the addition of seeded raisins to make it palatable.

Fresh grown or rolled rye meal is a nutritive food if it is steamed and eaten correctly with fresh country milk, from cows that are pasture fed.

To make rye palatable, have two dishes, one with the rye in it and the other for the milk. First dip your spoon in the dish of rye and then into the dish of milk and mix them in your mouth by thorough mastication before swallowing.

The different kinds of cereals vary in the time required to cook them. All cereals should be well-steamed until the grains burst and then liberally garnished with seasoning. I use olive oil in the place of cream, honey in the place of sugar and to increase the palatability of raw cereals, a little lemon juice.

All foods, whether solid or liquid, that contain starch or sugar, as wheat, oats, corn, rice, sweet potatoes, etc., may be eaten safely at the same meal with olive oil.

All foods that contain both proteins and carbohydrates (cereals, peas, beans, lentils and peanuts) are a healthful combination. Sugar or syrup should not be eaten on cereals because the starch in them is converted by the action of digestion into sugar and any added sugar would be in excess of the amount needed.



Under our present system of unscientific combining of foods, the same process that is carried on in the still with grains and fruits is carried on in our stomachs.

Some of our most intelligent temperance people eat such foods at each meal as produce in the system the same results as wine and whisky.

## Some Needed Advice to Mr. Barton

By HELEN WILMANS

MR. BARTON, of *The Life*, evidently lives in the emotional part of his nature; he has not arisen to the high reasoning plane where justice reigns, and envy, jealousy, and malice have ceased to exist.

In a recent number of his magazine he says some of the most uncharitable and unkind things about me that were ever put in print. From the first of my affair with the government there were many expressions in the various new thought publications about it. Some of the publishers were kind and sympathetic; others were non-committal. Several evinced a good deal of joy under a hypocritical disguise of fair words. Mr. Barton was one of this kind. I read his motive; he thought I had received my death blow so far as my public work was concerned, and he rejoiced, for he is one of those who—lacking the ability to rise on his own literary merits—considers himself benefited when a rival has had a knock-down blow. I had *not* received such a blow, but he did not know this.

From the first there were those who believed that I was receiving a merited punishment for some wrong I had committed; they had not sufficiently developed in the new thought to know that, *as there is no sin, there cannot possibly be any punishment.* The fact is, I was led into the condition I have passed through in the last four years because I was faithful to the ruling hope of my life, that of complete mastery over every impediment that stands in the way of the conquest of old age and death. This idea has formed the basis of my most resolute determination from the first of my public work; nothing has swerved me from it, not even the width of a hair. I have never for a moment compromised on a narrower purpose. Being unshaken in my resolution, I invited every lesson in life that could possibly further me along the road I was traveling. There was one great impediment in my way, which, if removed, I would be free to carry out the greatest work ever attempted by a human being. It was *fear*. I was afraid of the bitterness I would arouse in standing out before the world boldly declaring my new thought. I dreaded the opposition of the ignorant and unthinking multitude; I knew that my name would be dragged through the mire of a thousand sensational papers.

To prevent any fermentation or acidity from eating foods composed largely of starch, eat with them any leaf vegetable grown, if possible, among the foothills, not that by artificial cultivation. Vegetables so grown are lacking in nutrition and salts and are practically waste matter in the system.

I had always shrunk from publicity; I had never wished for the position of leader; I thought I could nourish and cherish in comparative seclusion the greatest idea, the mightiest hope that had ever emanated from the brain of man. I trembled in the face of adverse criticism, and would be made sick all day by an unkind notice. In this way I had my farther advancement completely blocked; and darkness surrounded me. I was in the situation of Jonah when he went to Nineveh to deliver the message of the Lord. He trembled in view of the thing; he dreaded meeting the men of that awful city. Nothing shuts the soul up in such dense darkness, and confines it in such narrow bounds as fear. And so he was in the whale's belly for three days. He made a quick trip as compared with mine; I was in the whale's belly for years, and was only forced out by the constantly growing bigness of my belief in the possibility of overcoming old age and death. The belief finally became so large and strong that nothing could hold it back any longer, and it is ready now to burst upon the world's ignorance in a way to convince and save it. I needed the compulsion of persecution in order that my fear should be conquered. It is conquered, and I am free.

The last four years of my life have been by far the most fruitful of any I have spent. Their experiences have lifted me out of the emotional plane of life where fear has unlimited sway, up into a region where the reasoning powers have full control, and where I can say truthfully that I am master of myself, and that I have put such characteristics as jealousy, envy and malice far beneath my feet.

The reasoning plane is that plane on which all ideas are balanced by the strictest rule of justice. None of the seething, irrational, animalized feelings of hate, despondency, self-distrust—that awful feeling that begets malice toward others—ever arise high enough to disturb its noble serenity.

Now, to make application of the foregoing in order to show Mr. Barton where he stands, I will print his words:

A correspondent asks, What has become of Mrs. Wilmans?

She has bought property in Los Angeles, Calif., and she and her daughter, Mrs. Powers, live there. Col. Post is trying to realize something out of his North Carolina mines. They

have abandoned the Seabreeze enterprise, the "University," the two-dollar trees and all, and are selling out as fast as they can.

The cases, the numerous indictments in the U. S. Courts, against them, have not yet been settled. The sentence of one year in the pen, given Mrs. Post over two years ago, was reversed in the Supreme Court, on technical errors, and sent back for retrial. Not yet disposed of, and several other indictments pending.

Let us now learn and know, especially five things:

1. Inordinate greed for money leads to wrong conduct, sorrow and unrelenting desolation.
2. Free-lovism and disregard for all sexual continence and decency will always be followed by the harvest which belongs to them.
3. Deception and misleading claims of personal attention to the sick, while the one who makes such claims never hears of them, but turns the correspondence over to coarse clerks, who know nothing of the science, is a fraud that cannot subsist long.
4. Vituperation, bullyism and abuse never win.
5. Love, Principle, Honesty, Toleration, Purity, Gentleness, Desire to do good, will always win, while their opposites never do. Also, remember that *we reap what we sow*. There is no escape. I am in possession of the facts and know what I am talking about.

There is a semblance of truth in the first few sentences, though the statement of it is very unkind! Where he says, "Let us now learn and know especially five things," he has so worded his charge of inordinate greed, free-lovism, deception, vituperation, bullyism, etc., as to be susceptible to the claim of universal application, instead of relating to me personally. These charges, the notorious "Five," have not a word of truth in them as relates to me. Nothing could register Mr. Barton's position in the realm of thought any plainer than this fling at me has done. As evolution is an undeniable truth, it is absolutely necessary that each growing soul should pass through the animal or emotional plane of existence before he reaches the reasoning plane. The emotional plane is the culmination of the animal nature, where it pauses before taking flight upward into the plane of the intellect—where justice reigns—and from whence the next upward step will be to the realm of pure love.

I have passed through the emotional plane and have left it forever. I naturally supposed that a man who sets himself up for a teacher, as Mr. Barton does, would have left it far behind him in his upward growth. But he is still in the realm of its violent paroxysms and cataclysms, and I wish to say to him in the simple spirit of kindly interest, that it behooves him to go up higher in the mental realm as rapidly as he can do so. Nothing will make for his own happiness so rapidly as to leave the plane of the emotions and commit his destiny unswervingly to the master faculty of the human mind—the latest development of the creature man—the high and mighty intellect, with its capacity of infinite measurement of all things—and its natural resultant, the peacefulness and harmony of exact justice.

## Domestic Economy

By LOUISE AMBROSE CONABLE

Recognizing the fact that many a mother, who would like to reform the diet of the household, runs against a "Rock of Gibraltar" in the shape of family opposition, I am going to endeavor in this month's article to tell these mothers how to cook some things that the average household demands, in the least harmful way.

There are two articles of diet to which the average American family is firmly addicted. One is pie, the other is hot baking powder biscuits.

In making pie-crust try the following recipe and see if it is not just as good as the old-fashioned "lard pie" that your mother used to make. Sift 3 cupfuls of the best white flour with 1 level teaspoonful of salt and the same of baking powder.

Use  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of olive oil that has been brought to the smoking point and set away until cold. Put flour into mixing bowl, make hole in the middle, pour in oil and cut with a knife until the flour looks as if the oil had touched each particle. It is not desirable to pulverize it in the old-fashioned way. Then add water enough to make it soft. Pie-crust made this way can be handled with considerably impunity without growing tough. Turn the pie-pan upside down and bake crust on the bottom side of the pan before putting in the filling. This, to a great extent, prevents "sogginess."

Make your own baking-powder and you will be sure at least that you are not feeding your family on ammonia or powdered shells.

Sift together 1 pound soda, 2 pounds cream of tartar and 1 pound of best white flour. Sift not less than six times. Seal in air tight jars and keep in cool, dark place.

To make hot biscuits, measure 2 cups white flour, put into sifter with 2 level teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of salt. Sift into mixing bowl. Next, measure  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of stiff sour milk, keep in cup, add 2 tablespoonfuls olive oil prepared as for pie,  $\frac{1}{4}$  level teaspoonful of soda. Beat with Dover egg-beater until oil is thorough incorporated with milk, and all is light and "fluffy" looking. Add to flour, stir with spoon until all the flour is taken up. Put out on board and knead very lightly until all the stickiness disappears. Roll, cut and bake in hot oven. Should be a beautiful golden brown in from ten to fifteen minutes.

To make a short-cake: Use 1 cup of flour, same amount of milk, soda, 1 tablespoonful more shortening, 1 teaspoonful less baking-powder, and only  $\frac{1}{2}$  as much salt as for biscuit. Flour two cake pans well, divide dough between

the two, spread over bottom of pan with spoon and bake in a hot oven. For strawberry shortcake, wash, pick and cut berries crossways in thin slices; put honey on them and a little butter. Put fruit where it will get barely warm enough to melt butter. Spread fruit between layers of cake and upon top. Like all short-cakes, this will get "soggy" after a few hours, but it will never get heavy or "doughy" tasting.

If your family demand gravy, put 4 tablespoonfuls of olive oil into a skillet, let come to smoking point, drop in a slice of onion, stir around a few seconds and remove before it has time to brown. Add 2 heaping tablespoonfuls of gluten flour if you can get it, otherwise use whole-wheat or white flour; let brown delicately, add level teaspoonful of salt or more, then gradually stir in 2 cups of cold water. When this has boiled thoroughly, add gradually 1 cup of milk. The less chance that the milk has to boil, the more delicate the flavor will be. This sounds very fussy, but after you do it carefully once, it will be found to be very simple.

In regard to the nut-loaf recipe given last month, a friend writes in to ask if the loaf is made from whole-wheat flour or whole-wheat kernels. Use the wheat as it comes from the farmer, except to wash it thoroughly.

Apropos of the enormous growth of the use of pure olive oil, we have the following inquiry from Dr. Chas. Shephard of Brooklyn, N. Y.:

"DEAR PATH-FINDERS: There is a subject which I hope you will discourse upon, and that is olive oil. Now we teach that the proper food for mankind is that which contains the elements of nutrition in their natural combination. Certainly oil is only one element, and therefore ranks with white flour as containing mainly one element—starch. Olive oil is highly recommended by many authorities, but I would like to see a good reason for this exception to a general rule."

The comparison of olive oil with white flour is fair in one way, because it is but one element, and unfair in another, because while white flour is obliged to go through a complicated course of digestion in order to be appropriated as nourishment by the system, you may take olive oil in the palm of your hand, rub it on the skin, keep up the friction and lo! in a short time the skin has absorbed the oil and appropriated it to use as fuel without any digestion at all. In a bad case of emaciation, the skin drinks it in greedily and soon the thin body begins to take the rounded curves of health. When a person is in perfect health the ripe olives will furnish, in the natural

combination, one-third pint of oil to one quart of olives, but in cases of emaciation where the body is entirely lacking in its natural quota of fat, then it must take it in unusual quantities. Also in cases of constipation, the extra amount of oil assists the digestion materially.

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THE "Return to Nature" cry, which struggles to get on, when surfeited with these days of physical degeneracy is, according to Richard A. Haste, an effort of nature to preserve the race. "We are," he says, "becoming over-civilized. The red blood is thinning in our veins, and the marrow of our bones is drying up. We are wasting our powers and losing sight of our origin.

"But there are times when we are reminded of our inheritance—the freedom of unlimited space, and our kinship with the life of the wild. In the midst of our

struggles to get on, when surfeited with books or brain-fagged with too much thinking, when the fingers have grown numb with the handling of ledgers, and the eyes dim with gazing at the ever-present dollar sign; in the agony of over-repression that attends this eternal strife of getting and spending, there comes to every one, like the echo of a memory, the distant call of the wilderness. The call is insistent—the impulse to heed instinctive. It is at once a promulgation and a recognition of the great law of race preservation.

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The best way, however, is for each person or family to order their oil and olive supplies in sufficient quantities that they may be shipped by freight, in which event we can make a discount of 10 per cent on all our quoted prices. Let some one person take a number of orders from their neighbors and thus get the benefit of this discount.

THERE is pure Olive Oil and there is pure Olive Oil. Every reputable manufacturer of California Olive Oil puts out an absolutely pure brand; but while this is true it is also a fact that very few manufacturers use the higher grades of Olives in the Olive Oil product; hence the country is flooded with inferior brands, and the would-be liberal consumer is at sea. He is at a loss to know where to find a palatable brand of Olive Oil manufactured in this country. All imported Olive Oil is doctored and adulterated.

Constant are the inquiries coming to CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER in regard to California Olive Oil. For over a year the editor has been investigating the Olive Oil question—sampling and testing every brand that has been called to his attention. We have now found a high-grade product that meets every essential and we desire that every person interested in the subject of Olive Oil shall have an opportunity of purchasing this Oil at the home retail price.

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## A Magazine of Joy

### WHAT ONE WOMAN THINKS ABOUT THE NAUTILUS

Mary Herring Hudson says, "The Nautilus is such a joy to me! Unless I give it away I read every number until it is worn out!" And she is only one of thousands of women, and men, too, who enjoy The Nautilus's bright helpfulness.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Eleanor Kirk, Floyd B. Wilson, William E. Towne and Elizabeth Towne, are the regular writers for The Nautilus.

Then there are other contributors who are greatly enjoyed. In November and December numbers will appear two timely papers by Charlotte Martindell, on "Child Development." And with the December number begins a series of articles of vital importance to every student of life; by Ella Adella Fletcher, author of "The Woman Beautiful." Miss Fletcher's articles deal with the subject of "The Rhythmic Law of Breath," which she has investigated for years, both in study and in personal experiment, and there is a "New Thought in the Kitchen" department, edited by Riley M. Fletcher Berry, the famous authority on food combinations.

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