

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

CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER

(MONTHLY)

DEVOTED TO SELF-CULTURE, LITERATURE,
SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

MAY, 1906.

Subscription, - 25c per Year.

Los Angeles and Foreign Subscribers, 25c Extra for Postage.

The Library of Congress,
Washington, D. C.



A California Public Driveway.

5c a Copy at News Stands.

Edited by
• EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE •

Address: Conable's Path-Finder, Los Angeles, California.



The Editor's Note Book.

Los Angeles should have waited for the influx of the earthquake refugees before taking her census.

One is obliged to smile when he reads the labored editorials on Gorky found in the dissolute daily press.

It is now Joe Folk's turn to get in his bloody work down in old Misso. The "Big Hand" is surely clutching the throats of all derelicts. Teddy's "big stick" isn't in it.

From this time on we propose to make the fight of our life for the regeneration of the human family. Each person who sends us in a new name is assisting just so much in spreading the gospel of health and happiness.

We are keeping no more subscription credit accounts. We are making the permanent subscription price of this magazine 25 cents so that every sufferer in this broad land may have it and get well. Tell all your neighbors about it that they may also profit thereby.

You kill the criminal and you open the avenue for more and greater crimes. The criminal classes, so-called, must be educated. It is the state's and the nation's duty to establish everywhere educational institutions for the viciously-inclined. This is the only way to lessen crime.

For a time it was which and tother between Vesuvius and Dowie as to which would spit forth the vilest stuff. We believe Dowie carried off the championship and he still has his whiskers to go on. We have often wondered just what would be revealed should Dowie decide to take a shave.

Now just watch us grow from this time forth. Our premium offers were too much. Our Uncle Samuel also thought so. That must have been the reason he suggested we cut them out. It is never well to give people double the value of their money. This is more than even our Socialist friends are looking for.

The public press is trying hard to explain the cause of the widespread restlessness among the great masses of the world's workers. It succeeds in hitting on everything except the truth. When labor is paid an equitable percentage of the amount it produces, then there will be no more labor troubles. We must face the reality, even if it is likely to rev-

olutionize our ideas on the subject of social economy.

James J. Hill is offering some \$8,000 in prizes to the Dakota and Minnesota farmers for the best managed and best

titled farms. James J. is all right. It owns a colossal carry-all that will tote to market all the farmer can grow.

A Chicago minister is establishing

If we pay a little attention to the spelling of names it will be a very easy matter to locate the defenders of the Gorky system.

Continued on page 13.

Pure California Ripe Olives and Olive Oil.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Delivered Prices U. S. and Canada.

PURE OLIVE OIL.

Quantity.	Pints 10 oz.	Quarts 21 oz.	Full Measure 1-2 Gal.	Full Measure Gal. Tins
1 Can, . . .	\$	\$	\$ 2 00	\$ 3 75
2 Cans, . . .	1 25	2 00	3 85	7 25
4 Cans, . . .	2 25	3 75	7 50	14 00
6 Cans, . . .	3 25	5 50	11 00	20 00
1 doz. Cans,	6 00	10 00	20 00	38 00

RIPE OLIVES.

Quantity.	Ex. Large Size quart tins.	Med. Size quart tins.	Med. size pint tins.
2 Cans, . . .	\$	\$ 1 00	\$. 75
4 Cans, . . .		1 75	1 35
1 doz. Cans,		4 50	3 00
2 doz. Cans,		8 50	4 75
3 doz. Cans,		12 00	7 00

Delivered Prices on 3-Case Lots or More--by Freight.

PURE OLIVE OIL.

Olive Oil.	Dozen per Case.	Shipping Weight per Case.	Price per Dozen.
Bulk (5-gal. tins)	2 Cans,	90	\$2.25 gal.
Gallons,	6 Cans,	57	2.40 gal.
Half-Gallons, -	1	59	2.50 gal.
21-oz. Tins, (qts)	2	45	7.00 doz
10-oz. Tins (pts)	2-4	45	3.75 doz

RIPE OLIVES.

Ripe Olives.	Dozen per Case.	Shipping Weight per Case.	Price per Dozen.
Ex. Large (qts.)			\$
Medium, "	2	66	3 10
Medium, (pints)	2	35	2 00
Medium, (1-3pts)	5	28	1 20
Ex. Large, (gals)	1	132	18 30
Large, "	1	132	14 80
Medium, "	1	132	12 45

Our pint and quart tins hold two ounces more than the pint and quart bottles of oil usually sold on the market.

Goods delivered to any address in the United States or Canada, express or freight prepaid. To all points outside of the United States or Canada, transportation charges prepaid to port from which boat sails.

We ship our products all over the world. Accompany your order with draft, money order or registered letter, as it is not safe to send money otherwise.

Address,

CASH must accompany all orders.

Pure Food Supply Co.,

Box 76, Station C,

Los Angeles, Cal.

Conable's Path-Finder

A Monthly Magazine for All the People.

VOLUME V.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., MAY, 1906.

NUMBER 5

Conable's Path-Finder.

Published the First of Each Month at
211 New High St., Los Angeles, Cal.
By THE CONABLE PUB. CO.

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE,
Editor.

LOUISE AMBROSE CONABLE,
Associate Editor.

JOHN K. REYNOLDS,
Staff Writer and Subscription Manager.

CONTRIBUTORS.

Helen Wilmans, Edith Eddy Bradford,
D. H. Snoke, M. D., James Kermode,
Walter Devoe, And Others.

Subscription.....25 cents
Los Angeles and Foreign. 25c extra for postage.
Single Copies.....5 cents
News Dealers, 5 copies one year, \$1.00.
Send for Advertising Rates.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Send all moneys of \$1 or more by postoffice money or express orders. Less than this amount the change may be dropped in the envelope with the order. Postage stamps not received for anything.

Always state if your subscription is a renewal.

We carry no subscribers past the date for which they have paid, and we can supply no back numbers, so be sure to renew promptly if you wish to avoid losing any of the regular numbers.

No matter how often you write us, always give full address each time.

Always enclose two-cent stamp for reply to personal inquiries.

Send no money to Mr. Conable intended for the Pure Food Supply Co., as he has nothing to do with the management of this company.

The receipt of paper and the tag on same will be your notification that your order has been received. If you do not hear from your order in this way inside of ten days, write us promptly that we may trace any delays.

Address all business letters to Conable's Path-Finder. Only personal letters should be addressed to Mr. Conable.

All new subscriptions received after the 15th of the month will be filled with the next succeeding number. All subscriptions received before the 15th will begin with the last number.

Keep track of the printed tag on the wrapper of your magazine that your subscription may not expire without your knowing it. At the present reduced price we must systematize every detail.

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

Sample copies, 5 cents each.

Entered at the Los Angeles, Cal., Postoffice as Second-class Mail Matter.

EDITORIAL.

San Francisco's Disaster.

It would seem that the daily and weekly press has already said about everything that it is possible to say concerning the horrors and ravages incident to the recent earthquake and holocaust which well nigh swept the Queen City of the Pacific Coast off the face of the earth. But inasmuch as THE PATH-FINDER had hundreds of personal friends in the stricken city, the writer desires, independent of an expression of deepest sympathy for every man, woman and child who has

been affected by the horrors of the catastrophe, to give expression to a few words relating to the philosophical side of the problem.

All students of the philosophy of life understand that there is a deep-seated cause for the occurrence of the tragic events which history is fast recording throughout the civilized world.

The beautiful city just laid waste has not alone been singled out to appease the wrath of the gods. This is but one of millions of catastrophes that are to befall the race at this stage of our evolutionary flight.

The story of San Francisco's blight was long since foretold—not by our so-called scientists, but by the world's great seers—by men and women whose schooling in the intricacies of life's mysteries have brought them in close touch with Nature's processes. That is all.

The devastating onflow of the tidal waves which have already swallowed up man and his handiwork everywhere, were forecast long in advance of the hour when new history was made.

The molten demon long smouldering within the hidden confines of towering Vesuvius, strode forth on its mission of death and destruction at the very hour set for the accouchment of this maternal monster.

Nothing ever happens. Nothing ever has happened, and nothing ever will happen.

There is a natural cause for everything. The misfortune of the race is that it is not sufficiently developed to properly comprehend the workings of the natural law; and it is because of our persistent misunderstanding—or lack of understanding—of natural processes that we are punished—or visited with such enforced experiences as may ultimately tend to so distract our minds from purely selfish and material accomplishments that we may halt long enough to at least pay our respects to the Mighty Architect whose handiwork never crumbles into dust nor is swept into the seething sea.

In other words, the race is today living such a life of greed, lust and dissipation that it is constantly attracting its own deserved punishment.

Something must be done to check the mad onflow of the burning sins of a criminal world. Hence we attract the earthquake, the holocaust, the tidal wave and the molten lava. These things don't just happen. They are the Almighty's sin-exterminators, and they swoop down up-

on a sinning world at every given period when the infamy of man's lusts become too intolerable.

History, as far back as we have any knowledge, records the same story. Whole nations are at times dropped into the depths of the sea, never to rise again. Their sins had become intolerable. The vileness and viciousness of their thoughts were being absorbed by the rest of the world, so there was complete extinguishment—annihilation.

Whenever and wherever the Black Flag of Death is unfurled, there and then may we know a sin against the Natural Law has been committed.

Wherever and whenever appalling disaster befalls a nation, a community or an individual, there and then may we understand that our sins of omission or commission have become intolerable and that sufferance will no longer be tolerated.

The question arises at this moment, have our friends who have been spared in the stricken city by the turbulent waves, received a lesson sufficiently appalling to awaken their senses to a full realization that the awful crimes committed and tolerated in their community are responsible for the terrible wreckage wrought on every hand? If so, and an honest and successful effort is made to cleanse and purify social and other conditions, then will there be an end to the tragedies of the past; otherwise, we have seen but the beginning of complete annihilation.

But there is no occasion ever for alarm on the part of any one who is building on a safe foundation. It matters not whether we are in the line of the cyclone, in the center of the holocaust or are carried into mid-ocean on the crest of the receding tidal wave, there will ever be present a Saving Hand to guide us into a peaceful harbor.

Some people tell us this "Saving Hand" is the God Universal, who watches over all His flock by day and by night. This thought is very beautiful, even though it may not be true. It gives solace to millions of aching hearts.

The God which watches over me—and over you—and spares us in the midst of death and devastation, dwells within the encasement of each individual. It is a Divine entity, separate from, but a part of, the great Universal Creative Power. This is the same force which leads us into sorrow and suffering, disease and death—whenever we fail to give it recognition and build for it a habitation fit to perpetuate.

Earthquakes may come and earthquakes may go; holocausts may melt and cyclones destroy, but the man who builds from the God-power within himself will go on forever.

But our heart goes out in pity and deepest sympathy to all alike whose footsteps were overtaken in the appalling visitation upon our stricken sister city.

QUAKE AFTERMATH.

The heart of a nation was touched—and softened. This was one of the great lessons we needed.

This San Francisco affair has been the means of locating a lot of good money. This is a pointer for our Socialist friends.

It is the ability of the American people to follow up their tears with smiles that makes them the most sanguine and hopeful nation on earth.

It is the wickedness of the world that is attracting the hand of extermination. Don't let any one misunderstand the source whence comes the chastisement.

We trust that none of our Vesuvius sufferers are still waiting for the "golden calf" that never came. You see, we are having troubles of our own—and ours are deep-seated.

Close your infamous grill rooms and cafe assignation houses, and prize ring bunco resorts, Madam Los Angeles, before another earthquake's tail swats the liver out of you!

It is just possible that the squabbles in the Stanford University also attracted the smiting hand which leveled its walls. We have long looked for some sort of an eruption up that way.

The homes and purses of all Los Angeles were thrown wide open to the afflicted brothers and sisters of the north. All shades of differences are dispelled in the presence of bleeding hearts.

Among all the Los Angeles papers the little *Evening News* seemed to deport itself with most becoming modesty. All evidences of boisterous sensationalism were absent. These are qualities which appeal to sober-minded, intelligent readers.

When we note the effort on the part of certain influences to prevent the shipment from Minneapolis of many carloads of "unfair" flour to the San Francisco sufferers, we pause to inquire what is being done about the Otis \$10,000 contribution?

Both Dowie and Gorky were lost in the shuffle in the midst of our own troubles. It is not quite out of the range of possibilities, however, that both Alexander and Maxim would have been better pleased had they, too, been swallowed up by an earthquake.

It remained alone for a portion of the local daily press to brag about how much it was doing for the sufferers. The philanthropist who hasn't an organ at his back to herald widespread his personal deeds of charity, doesn't stand much of a show in the scramble for "fame."

Los Angeles also experienced a few quakes, but in no wise serious. It is said by the scientists that we of Southern California are outside the quake belt. Be this

as it may, it is best not to permit too much wickedness to stalk cloven-footed in our midst else the same God which razed 'Frisco to a dead level may smite us, even unto complete annihilation.

Our friends, the *Examiner*, gave us a detailed list of all its contributions to the sufferers. Besides, it told us under whose management the thing was being done, adding, "being the direct representative of William Randolph Hearst." An already palsied public was further paralyzed by this phenomenal and unprecedented outburst of unparalleled innate modesty. I came near shedding tears myself.

When the reports first came that the commercial pirates in San Francisco were selling bread at a dollar a loaf and still remained unhung, the sympathetic and philanthropic world stood aghast with amazement; but soon as Brother Funston commenced his work of confiscation, men, women and children everywhere swooped deep down into their treasure pockets and brought forth millions for their suffering brothers and sisters. The genuine American despises the Shylock.

Among the great institutions of national fame and public concern which succumbed to the forked tongue of the holocaust in our fair sister metropolis, was the California Syrup of Figs factory. We had hoped to be spared this bitter cup, but alas, cruel fate heeds not the tears of the afflicted. But it is said that this institution will rise again from its ashes, more active and powerful than ever. Let us hope that, with the re-birth, the management may be induced to use at least a few figs in the preparation of the decoction.

After all, the notorious Cliff House of San Francisco rests placidly just where it stood before the quake. Our first impression was that the quake was for the express purpose of wiping out the iniquities of this resort. The sensational newspaper accounts of the dumping of this thing into the deep sea, leaving not the slightest trace of its blight on the surface where it once stood, were certainly manifestations of marvelously elastic modern-day newspaper temperaments. But come to think of it, it is a question as to which is the greatest fester on the social body—the Cliff House or the average newspaper liar.

We suppose it is simply the wagging of the earthquake's tail that occasionally stirs us up in these parts, since our scientific friends and the newspapers assure us that we are outside the quake belt. A subterranean tail wag that sends a fellow sprawling over the cook stove and cracks all kinds of walls and creates a panic in some of the big office and hotel buildings, may reasonably be regarded as more or less hilariously entertaining, if not entirely circumspect in some of its details.

But who cares? We are just pining and wasting away for lack of recreative amusement, and the fellow who cannot shake an earthquake by the tail and be glad, had best swap off his sphere of usefulness on this plane of uncertainties for a seat on the cabin deck of the next airship en route to the New Jerusalem, or—go to New Jersey. Anyway, we are satisfied to remain right here in Southern California, earthquake or no earthquake.

The "Extra" enterprise of the city press was something remarkable. I have never before witnessed anything like it. Morning and evening papers vied with each other in giving the quickest returns from the doomed city. One evening paper put out a four o'clock extra at half past one in the afternoon. A morning paper advertised for "eye witnesses" of the scenes and every time one showed up an extra was sent forth with two-inch wood-type scare lines. The morning *Times* maintained its equilibrium as long as possible, but finally wound up by publishing the picture of a staff reporter it had sent up to 'Frisco to get "inside facts," the presumption being that any man who would dare brave the perils of riding to 'Frisco and back over the Southern Pacific line of road was certainly entitled to the erection of a monument to his memory. Hence the picture, but had the reporter refrained from shoving his hands deep into his trousers pockets, put his hat on his head like a gentleman and drawn in his abdomen six inches or more, to bring it on a line with his chin as he stood for the sacrifice, it would have been much easier to have convinced the public that he was a real hero. Still, in strenuous times like these, one must not be too critical.

Death Comes Only When We Attract It.

THERE is a natural law which operates in every department of life—from the molecule up to civilized man. This law makes it impossible for any living thing to change conditions except as the change is attracted by the individual or the thing itself.

With this brief preamble we drop into a short discussion of the Haywood-Moyer incident in Idaho.

There is no occasion for frenzied alarm on the part of any one, in this or in any other case.

No man was ever hung; no man was ever killed; no man was ever injured; no man ever died; no man ever met with misfortune, or great good fortune—that the hanging, or the death, or the misfortune, or the good fortune, were not attracted and deserved by the individual. This is a natural law, the complete operation of which, no man ever escaped or ever can escape.

If Haywood and Moyer die in Idaho it will be because they have, individually

attracted death to themselves. If they are set free it will be because of the operation of this same natural law and not because any one else has saved them.

And this is the reason why we dislike so much to see so many of our good friends working up such a perspiration over this affair and exhausting their full supply of invective adjectives and high-grade print paper—all for nothing. About the only thing that is gained is to stir up bad feeling and play into the hands of the paper trust.

What the world needs and demands is a higher standard of individual education—the kind that knows the right from the wrong—and knowing it, does the right thing at the right time.

It is a very common thing to suppose that at times innocent people are made to suffer, but nothing could be farther from the truth. We get nothing that we do not merit and do not attract to ourselves. But, I hear some one say, it has transpired on many occasions that persons have been imprisoned, and even hung, who have been proven innocent of the crime charged against them. How about such cases?

The simple fact that a person is put to death on the gallows, or goes to prison, is absolute evidence that some law has been violated which demands the punishment meted out; otherwise there would have been no punishment. It is only when we violate some law that we are punished, and if we have sinned to the extent that death overtakes us, we know that the punishment is merited and is not too severe; and we know, too, that all the combined efforts of all human forces—even unto the newspapers—cannot save us. Neither an *Appeal to Reason*, a Hearst syndicate of papers, nor even a *Los Angeles Times* can save us. The Almighty factor within each individual is stronger and more powerful than any or all of these, and when this factor leads us into the shadow of the gallows or behind prison bars, we must understand that it is for some purpose in the great evolutionary process of growth and unfoldment, and no earth-power can or will save us. If we are saved as the halter is being slipped about our necks, it is the work of the Divine entity within us which attracts the powers which release us. We have been led to the very brink of death that some great lesson may be learned—a lesson which at the time, the physical consciousness may be unable to grasp, but which will be made clear to us as we continue along the highway of progressive unfoldment.

Some people have to be led into the shadow of the cross more than once before the physical self fully understands its duty, but never is the punishment undeserved, whatever it may be.

So, as intimated above, whenever we witness the outbreaks of an "incensed" public sentiment in any cause or in behalf

of any one, we know that, no matter what takes place, whoever is hurt or injured, or killed, or trodden under foot, the penalty of offenses committed against the operation of the natural law governing all life, is being expiated; that is all; nothing more. Hence, personally, I lose no sleep at this time. I sweat no blood and there is no crimson tint in the fluid which contributes to the evolving of PATH-FINDER editorials.

I know, too, that even should the Colorado heads of the Miners' Federation be hung that Eugene Debs will not be hung, as he assures us, unless his Ego is ready to step out from its physical encasement. To the student of the laws of life such talk carries no weight with it whatever. Should Debs be hung it will be because he personally has attracted death to himself; and Debs can do no more towards saving the lives of these men than can the writer of these lines. These men will die at this time should necessary experiences demand it. Otherwise they will not, even though all the courts in the land pronounce sentence upon them.

I have a friend who has been sentenced a half dozen or more times to be shot. He has stood in line and saw the man next to him taken out and shot dead, and the men shot who were to follow him, but he escaped each time. How did he escape and through what influence? Through the intervention of that Mighty Divine Power with which every human being is vested. This man had not yet passed through necessary experiences and his Ego—this Mighty Inner Force—came to his rescue at the very moment when death seemed inevitable.

So it is with all of us—we never die until we have so persistently violated the laws of life that the Ego can tolerate it no longer. Then we are led to death—in some form or other—by way of the gallows, through sickness, "accident," or otherwise.

But none of us are *compelled* to die. We can so build ourselves that the Ego will desire to cling to us indefinitely. It is only when we abuse the body that we get into trouble. It is only when we violate the laws which are laid down for our guidance that the "grim messenger" hovers about our physical habitation. Death is never forced upon us. We always invite it. Death comes only as a messenger of rescue—when we refuse to make the home of the Ever-living Entity what it should be—clean, pure, wholesome, strong and beautiful. In the absence of the complete fulfillment of these demands, the Ego steps out and takes its place on the plane which is in harmony with its evolutionary unfoldment.

The trend of all life is upward—never downward or at a standstill. Every experience is an important and necessary instructor in our every-day growth and development. If the noose of the hangman encompasses our neck it is because

we were in need of this necessary experience. We pass through no experiences that are not demanded for our own uplifting.

So, let none of us get excited and jump the track before the train is in sight. And above all, let us not make ourselves believe that we are endowed with the Divine prerogative which enables us to save the physical body of any living thing other than our own. Our *own* bodies we can save. This is as far as we can go except as we act in the capacity of instructors—teach our brothers and sisters *how* to do for themselves, to the end that all the race may become sufficiently educated that none of us will attract such experiences as the burning stake and the hangman's noose enforce.

Sorrow, suffering, poverty and death come only as we attract them to ourselves.

Joy, sunshine, health, gladness, strength and a bountiful, glorious life are all ours by virtue of the same unchanging law.

Let us build for the better allotment.

"Men and Gods."

THE above is the name of the new 48-page monthly magazine just mailed from Sea Breeze, Fla., and edited by Helen Wilmans. The name of this publication is a big one. It is so big that I know of no writer in America whom it would fit except Helen Wilmans. I know of no other writer in America who would dare tackle so big a proposition and at the same time, be able to prove to the public that the job was not too big an undertaking.

Helen Wilmans is the brainiest woman in this country. She has no equal in the realm of masterful comprehension of the philosophical side of life; and no person in this country is so well equipped to tell the story of the possibilities of the race as she is.

What I here say I do not get entirely from the writings of this gifted woman, but rather from individual contact with her personality. I was privileged, during Mrs. Wilmans' short stay in Los Angeles, to visit her home frequently and to discuss with her many phases of subjects that are nearest the hearts of both of us. I could look into the smoldering depths of her great reservoir of wisdom and discern the luminous light there shining—struggling to come forth that the world might profit thereby.

"Men and Gods" will be found worth ten dollars a number, but the subscription price is only \$1.00. It is the only purely Mental Science publication in this country, therefore it fills a specific field of its own. We look for it to have an unprecedented circulation.

Address all communications to the Wilmans Publishing House—private and otherwise.

Send 25 cents today (in silver) and get CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER for a whole year.

Dr. Rullison Defines Garbage.

OUR old friend, Dr. J. E. Rullison, of Toledo, Ohio, was recently approached by a representative of the Toledo Press and asked to define the meaning of the word "garbage." In all the State of Ohio it is doubtful if a person could be found more competent to give a proper definition of this word than Dr. Rullison.

You see, there are many different kinds of garbage, in Ohio as well as in California. There is political garbage (perhaps the worst brand), religious garbage, saloon garbage, boarding house garbage, and a thousand other varieties whose infectious compounds menace the physical growth and moral senses in all departments of life. But Dr. Rullison, being a genuine M. D., is unquestionably more competent to accurately define this word "garbage" than is the writer. The doctor is original and versatile, and always interesting. He thus addresses the newspaper man:

"Well, my boy, as you are a smoker of cigars, you should be a good authority on garbage yourself.

"Garbage, sir, is natural food products spoiled. It is produced in factories, commonly called restaurants, hotels and residences, where people are making a trial to live. It consists of any form of natural food product supplied by nature as a sustenance of life for the human body, that has been converted into a poisoned, devitalized, deadened and fermentive state by the application of heat from fire through the cooking process.

"The product is made from grains and cereals, fruits, nuts and vegetables, as well as from bodies of the lower animals, fish and fowl.

"Garbage is a most popular element with the housewife of the present day, as she spends much useful time in its preparation.

"Through it is formed the mammoth conspiracy against the human race. Converted into an almost unrecognizable mass, it is used for the 'filling up' of the parents and the progeny, the result of which is disease, disaster, misunderstanding, which converts the nations into 'fatalists,' dividing them up into little pusillanimous flocks, factions and swarms, secret and non secret, warring, fighting, competing against each other, and what for?

"The present food products in their artificial preparation have caused man to lose all natural taste, from the fact that the life essence in the food had been interfered with and partially removed. So in order to give him taste, he peppers and salts and spices and plasters and sweetens, in order that he may satisfy taste in some way.

"Thus perverted, abnormal and artificial process limits life in years, and is the cause of a half deadened existence."

"It is the cause of over-eating, which is the real cause of beer and whisky drinking and the using of tobacco. As I have proven, no man can use these things unless overfed.

"I have seen twangy-voiced preachers railing about the temperance question and the saloon, when they themselves were so food-drunk that they made an apology for their sickened condition.

"Bad feeding and over-eating is the cause of over-vitalization (getting fat) in the vital temperaments, and is the cause of under-vitalization (getting thin) in the mental and sanguine temperaments. The former slowly dye from too much food, while the latter slowly die from lack of nourishment, or too little absorption of food.

"Here we find two extremes, in which lies the cause—for all disease (dis-ease), waste matter, filth material, that should never have entered the body at all, failing to be thrown off from the continuous stuffing and the multiplication of meals not needed, and then some, makes the human being a physical, mental and moral incompetent, lacking judgment in the most common matters, and lacking knowledge in all matters pertaining to real life.

"Since fire was invented, and in its application to food, the cook has nearly destroyed the human race. They have lost all natural hunger, and now revel in appetite which is never satisfied. They fail to remember or to understand that all pigs are in preparation for the slaughter, whether it be man or swine.

"Appetite is the parent of selfishness, whose grandson is sin, which continually leadeth man into temptation.

"The fire burneth all who handle thereof. This giveth man experience. Appetite, the result of the fire application to foods, has converted the nations into one 'grand slum.'

"The fate of fact carries the whole nations together, there being no divisions except in form.

"Thus we have civilized man, the improvement on nature, who in his present state is a curio."

"Do you think this will pass as a popular definition of garbage?"

"I am not popular. I have no desire to be. I often go out to study the human form divine (and from my study I have several photographs in my possession of forms), but as I move about, I run into an ambulance, and the age of crutches, and salves, and lotions, which are all demonstrative, and drive me back home to think.

"These facts, Mr. Reporter, I think, should give us a most thorough definition of the 'garbage question.'"

Editorial Comment.

In London there are 1,000,000 laborers out of employment, so the statistician re-

ports. And England is one of the greatest spendthrift nations in the world. Some day, the man with the gaunt eye and famished face will rise up and help himself to the things that will appease his hunger and that of his famishing family. The English government tried to minimize its pauper population by sending it to the Boer war. It succeeded in a measure, but not entirely. The kingdom of England, like the Empires of Germany, Russia and Austria, is tottering on the verge. If they do not all sink, it will not be their fault.



We may expect very little along reformatory lines from people who need reforming themselves. Men and women must be clean in their private lives if they expect to enlist the assistance and sympathy of respectable people. We have taken a decided step in advance of both Russian and French methods, though it may not always appear so. Anyway, it is being caught red-handed in the act that arouses society and the public press in this country ferociously. The friends of Maxim Gorky should have explained this point to him before he sailed for this country. Even Mark Twain is beginning to discover a bad taste in his mouth. Our Mark, whom we had always been led to believe was fire-proof on all matters affecting domestic and social economy. But what makes us smile most, is the attitude of some of the New York hotels in "firing" Gorky when they so often entertain the notorious "Four Hundred." But, as we have so often said, it is the finding out that gives the man or the woman a "black eye."



McCurdy, late president of the New York Life Insurance Company, and associates, are being sued for upwards of half a million dollars of alleged stealings from the company directly and from the people indirectly. It is always the people who make colossal thievery possible. The fool and his money soon part, especially in the presence of life insurance agents. The producer is the man who makes the millionaire; so if the millionaire is an objectionable factor in the social economy, let the producer jam his head up against a stone wall a few times and see if his brain capacity will not be sufficiently jarred to generate a few original thoughts. The producer who is incapable of thinking must not find fault with the insurance and other trust thieves. We must get at the root of the thing. The forty per cent of the producing population who sell their votes on election day are not only responsible for their own enslaved condition, but they enslave every one else who is a wage worker.

Seventy-five per cent of the people who cry out against the "sweat-shops" are patrons of the dealers who sell "sweat-shop" goods. O, thou consistent "reformer."

Some Recent Experiences.

UNDER this heading we are making some extracts from Helen Wilmans' new magazine, "Men and Gods," relating to her trip to California. They will be found most interesting reading:

"We started to Los Angeles on the 20th of last May, and were there six months. I doubt whether we should have returned but for the trial I have just undergone. However, I am glad to be back again. I hardly believe there is any climate in the world to equal this. The California climate does not do it. The evenings and mornings are too sharp, and the sudden change to a kind of dry, burning heat in the middle of the day is not pleasant; and then there is too much fog. There is a vast difference between that and the soft touch of the velvet breeze of this place; a breeze that is indescribable in its sweet, soothing power. After being touched by this breeze, and fondled by it, and babied and petted by it until you begin to think yourself in heaven, any kind of a change is disappointing. Summer and winter—but especially summer—this climate suits me.

"I am not saying a word against Los Angeles. It is a most surprising place. The people there are its greatest attraction. Such vital, wide-awake, frank, earnest people I never met before. And they gave me the kindest reception possible. Everybody was good to me. The newspapers were generous in the space they devoted to me.

"I made the acquaintance of all the new-thought leaders on the Pacific Coast. There was Edgar Wallace Conable, the editor of THE PATH-FINDER, who writes articles that make you think him a roaring lion; and he is the gentlest, most justice-loving man I know of. He is married to a talented, practical young girl; and though he is nearly twice her age, he does not show it in the least. He seems to be making a success of his magazine and to be doing well generally.

"I met William Walker Atkinson of Chicago, who confessed himself desperately in love with Los Angeles, and who has since moved his family there. And Henry Frank of New York, whose intention, I have heard, is to build an enormous mental science college in California. He will have all the financial assistance he needs, one of his backers being the wealthy Mrs. Joy, the wife of ex-Congressman Joy of St. Louis. I met all of these friends, and had a lovely time with them.

"George Burnell and his talented wife are teachers and leaders there.

"Dr. Alexander Melvor-Tyndall and his wife are among the best known scientists in California. They are delightful people.

"Los Angeles is full of mental scientists, most of whom do their own private thinking. They are individuals of mark-

ed character, and I doubt whether it would be possible to organize them. But they are liberal to an extreme, and mingle together in charming friendliness. It takes a big people to do this; and these people are big.

"A reception was tendered me, in the Home of Truth, by Dr. and Mrs. Melvor-Tyndall and Mr. and Mrs. Burnell. Friends came and went until midnight. I shook hands with hundreds of them. Nearly all of them said they had read my works and been benefited by them; and better still, there was a large number who told me that I had saved their lives by absent treatment—the very thing I am being tried for in the Federal Court. Think of it, will you!

"We had a lovely time in Los Angeles, and I did not want to come back here. I had become accustomed to that harsher climate, and I felt that the kindness of the people there would compensate for all I had left in Florida. I expected Mr. Post and the Burgmans would come eventually; but it was not to be. I came back to my trial, and everything is so beautiful I have no desire to return. We have hundreds of friends here, too. The best and largest part of this entire community stand by us unwaveringly. Every effort was made to prejudice the public against us. The string most pulled on was that we were heretics; that we did not believe in the Bible, and did not go to church. We denied none of these charges. We stood perfectly still where our writings had placed us. There was nothing that we could say; and the strange thing was that these accusations seemed to wear themselves out. They lost their effect on the people. The people accepted us, whether they accepted our ideas or not. So much for personality!

"Los Angeles has many attractions. Every week, if not every day of the year, you can go to some new place for a ride or a picnic. It seems as if the whole country there was made especially for excursions. And there are many theaters and a great variety of entertainments; good lectures; classes taught in almost everything; a live city and a live people.

"In the matter of fruit and flowers, they are far ahead of us. They have splendid soil, and their facilities for irrigating are a good deal more trustworthy than our dependence on Providence. If it was not heretical, I would like to say, 'If you want a thing well done, you had better do it yourself.' Anyhow, when the city dads of Los Angeles were praying for rain, they took a breathing spell and went off into the mountains, where they discovered water in abundance, which they brought down and appropriated to the use of the city; so now, when a flower or a blade of grass feels an impulse of movement in its little soul, it does not hold back in the fear of starvation. On the contrary, it claps on its hat and starts out jubilantly. Every growing thing in Los

Angeles show the result of its dependence upon the superb water system that prevails there."

"Chain" Prayers.

CONSIDERABLE has been said of late on the subject of a series of "chain prayers" which are being sent out all over the country.

There seems to be little doubt that any sort of prayers delivered in the right spirit, are greatly needed at this stage of our growth, so when we have the "chain" system thrust upon us we are doubly impressed with the fact that the church system of delivering prayers is not entirely a success. But be this as it may, we are all more or less in need of some sort of saving grace. Those of the race who are not yet schooled in the system which extracts the divine affluence from out the individual, may possibly find inspiration in this new "chain system," but any system or method which looks for help and divine consolation outside the individual will continue, as ever in the past, to prove in darkness.

These few remarks are preliminary to the introduction of the following communication recently received from an Ohio PATH-FINDER reader.

We are not averse to forming one of the links in any chain that has for its object the betterment and elevation of the race. Some few may extract comfort from this letter, so we give it place:

"DEAR FRIENDS:—This rather singular request and prayer was sent to me by some one I do not know, unsigned, unexplained, with the wish that it might bring good to me. As it came to me I pass it on, praying that you be wisely led by the spirit of truth in deciding what you will do with it.

THE DOCUMENT.

"This prayer has been sent by the Bishop of Illinois recommending it to be sent to nine persons. He who will not say this prayer will be afflicted with great misfortunes. One person who paid no attention to it met a bad accident. He who recites this prayer for nine days and will distribute it to nine persons beginning with the day received, and sending only one a day, will have a great joy after nine days. At Jerusalem a voice was heard, saying, 'He who will say this prayer will be delivered from all calamities.'"

PRAYER.

"Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, we implore Thee, Oh Eternal God, have mercy on us, and on all mankind. Purify us from all sins by Thy precious blood, and take us to be with Thee eternally in eternal holiness. Amen.

"Have mercy on all mankind, pardon our offenses and deliver us from all trials by Thy precious blood. Amen."

Don't stop to buy a money order. Just drop your quarter in the envelope along with your request for a year's subscription to this magazine. It will reach us safely.

More Tom Reeds Needed.

DEAR FRIEND CONABLE:—Am inclosing you a clipping that may be of interest. Politically, I had no use for Tom Reed, but have quite a different idea of him since reading this little incident. As Helen Wilmans was the one who first put me "right," I was much rejoiced to find she had again taken up that ready pen and that the PATH-FINDER was fortunate enough to secure her contributions. The PATH-FINDER has every appearance of prosperity, and, as I have had every issue, must congratulate you on its continued improvement. The writer frequently takes a short fast and am much interested in the subject. You are not telling much about it of late. Hoping everything is well with you, I am,

Very truly yours,

M. S. MATHEWS.

Here is the clipping:

When a few Congressmen tried to get Tom Reed to go on a shooting expedition down the Potomac after curlew, he said:

"I never shot but one bird in my whole life. I spent a whole day doing that. It was a little peep, or sandpiper. I chased him for hours up and down a mill stream. When at last I potted him and held him up by one of his poor little legs, I never felt more ashamed of myself in all my life. I hid him in my coat-tail pocket for fear somebody would see how big I was and how small the victim, and I never will be guilty again of the cowardice of such an unequal battle."

The Power of the Gods is in the Knowing.

By HELEN WILMANS.

THERE are at this time a good many writers whose ideas point at the conquest of death. They do it indirectly and hesitatingly, as if they are afraid of public opinion; and, worse still, there is not one of them that I have read who has the slightest understanding of the subject. Some of them say, "There is no death; death is but a dream of mortal mind." If this is so, then why make an effort to overcome it? There is nothing to overcome.

But death is death in spite of Christian Science fiction. Our friends die; they cease to be here on earth with us. We ourselves will quit the world in the same way if we do not find out how to prevent it. This thing that the race has always called death is death; it is the death of the body, and, although my body does not satisfy me, I propose to keep it until I have absolute assurance of something better. I am not going to let it go with the mere hope of something better; "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." And men would believe this if they valued life at its true worth.

Speaking for myself, but voicing a universal sentiment, I do not want to die. I want to stay here in this world and do things. I want to do things that need doing; that the world needs to have done. I am already tired of playing on the golden harp; the mere thought of it quite satisfies my musical aspirations. I want to work; I want to take a hand in developing the latent resources of the earth and air, and my own latent resources as well. I would rather take a hoe and make a better condition for a bed of roses than listen to a sermon about the far-away glories of the heavenly land.

Nearly all the writers on the subject of overcoming death have got their ideas so mixed up with theology that what they write is nothing but a confused mess of scraps and leavings that remind one of boarding-house hash.

If a man's soul is of more importance than his body, and if it can be saved apart from his body without any cost but with every prospect of gain, then the death of the body is a good thing and all effort to save life is idiotic. Let us all die and give our souls an unfettered chance for improvement. It seems to be an accepted belief among these writers that the soul is a perfect thing of which the body is a very imperfect reflection; but I hold it as true that soul and body are one and that it is the *knowledge* of this fact that is going to banish death from the world. That which is believed to be the soul is nothing but the *thought* which the body has generated. It is a finer and more volatile form of life than the body, but it is the same substance. It differs from the body only as water differs from ice, or as steam differs from water. That it may survive the death of the body I do not deny, though I have no positive evidence for believing it. This is a matter that has never been proved or disproved. The larger part of the race believes it, but the belief is based on love and sympathy rather than reason; and yet—from my point of view it is not unreasonable.

I have found that a frank expression of my convictions on this subject frequently hurts some of my readers. They have friends who have died and whom they hope to meet again in the form. Being sympathetic, and also having friends

of my own who are dead and whom I want to see again, I cannot help but enter into the feeling that prompts them to remonstrate.

But I call on them to remember that we are searching for truth; because every interest of our lives depends upon knowing the truth; no matter how it hurts us, we have simply got to know it or our mission will not be fulfilled.

But one thing certain—our not knowing anything positively about our condition after death is an advantage to us in our effort to conquer death in this world. It is because we do not know that it seems more sensible and safer to hang on to the present chance right here on this earth. I have seen remarkable proofs of man's power to do things that were formerly considered impossible, and I am not now going to limit my belief in the prospective enlargement of that power. I find it true that since I called off the doubting spirit from my prolific imagination, the imaginings once regarded as foolish or hopeless—mere figments of an idle brain—are beginning to shape themselves into veritable realities, thus proving that even the wildest and most vague of our waking dreams possess seed germs indicating their power of unfoldment into tangible entities.

Man is really so much greater in possibility than he has any idea of, it is a waste of time to try to measure it at the present stage of his development. It has been his mistake to suppose that he was a creature manufactured by some power outside of himself, and of course this had a tendency to render him irresponsible and to protract the growth of thought in his brain. According to the old idea, man is nothing but a puppet, comparatively helpless and moved by a superior power. He must depend upon "God" blindly and ask no questions. It was because of the questioning spirit that Adam was cursed and the earth with him. If the account of this matter is to be believed, let it redound forever to the credit of woman that she took the lead in it. She wanted to know. Now that a few of us have learned that a man is all mind and that *knowing is being*, it becomes evident that the inquiring person is the advance agent of civilization, and that if the spirit of inquiry is pushed forward with sufficient vigor, endless progression will be the result. To stifle inquiry would lead to the mental deadness that would eventually annihilate the race. It has been the long protracted effort of Theology to do this. It has been done ignorantly, but still it has been done, and with a most stultifying effect.

"Believe and you shall be saved." Believe what? Why, believe the creeds formulated for our action thousands of years ago when the world was ten times as ignorant as now. Ask no questions, but believe. Here is deadness for the mind whose mission is endless progress,

and whose only progress is by the path filled with interrogation points.

The deadead man in the world is the one who asks the fewest questions. You will always find him in the lowest ranks of labor, doing beast work; and his escape from his position will not be attained by the throwing of bombs, but by some volcanic upheaval of his own thought that will fill him with questions to be answered by his individual mentality.

I have no doubt that the lines I am now writing will be read by persons who will be horrified by them simply because they differ from the ideas and beliefs in which they have been educated. These persons will not stop to reason upon the ideas herein stated; they will not see the deep humanitarianism that prompts them; they will see nothing except that they are contrary to the uninvestigated and unreasonable beliefs of an ignorant past. I am going to just mention one item that should convince every thinking person of the absurdity of the theological plan of salvation. From a thousand pulpits we have our attention called to the present standing and character of our civilization which is said to be the direct result of our religion. I am willing to accept this as a fact. Our civilization is the result of our religion; but what a result! Look abroad and see what our boasted civilization is! A condition so full of vice that there is scarcely room for a virtue! It is nothing, *nothing* but a world-wide dog fight.

If Theology can show us nothing better than our present state of affairs, it had better abdicate its rulership.

It is in the very essence of theology to ruin everything it touches, from the simple fact that it lifts *man*, the natural builder, from off his own feet to make him a weak dependent upon an imaginary power outside of himself.

Take the backbone out of man by destroying his self-trust and a blow has been struck at civilization from which there will be no recovery until the hurt is mended.

And how is this world-wide hurt to be mended?

By restoring his self-trust; or rather, by creating a self-trust which he has never had a chance to possess—being born of a thousand centuries of the "worm of the dust" idea.

Place man on his own feet; take away his crutches; tell him to stand or fall, to starve or create, and he will soon find his natural capacity and perceive its splendid character from the results of its use.

I say that every hour in which a man feels himself able to stand alone increases his manliness and his sense of power; and I say that every hour spent in leaning on something outside of the self lessens a man's manliness and decreases his power. And I say further that this leaning business, even though it is

leaning on God, is ruinous to the building of character. And I ask if it stands to reason that an infallible God wanted to make a race of helpless dependents? I would like to know why He should prefer *things* to men?

Do not imagine that I ask these questions in a spirit of querulousness or disrespect. I am only striving to awake the thinking power in my readers and so give them the first hint of mental science.

Mental science is the gospel of standing on your own feet. Self-dependence is the cornerstone of this philosophy. Individuality is its crowning point. The making of men is its complete meaning.

Men are made through the increase of their intelligence. But how are men to grow in intelligence who have hitched their brains to a set of long-established ideas and dare not investigate a new idea for fear of believing it; for fear of breaking the bond that chains them to the old ones?

I am not trying to make converts to mental science. All I am trying to do is to get the people to do their own thinking, so they may stand on their own mental feet; a position that is guaranteed to bring them all the strength they need; a position which puts it in their own power to master environment even to the conquest of the last enemy. This is something to be learned, and will be learned as soon as we break away from the old soul-weakening, body-weakening beliefs of a dead past and come into a position of self trust that is the result of self-thought.

Investigation leads to knowledge, and the power of the gods is in the knowing.

The New Hecla Theatre.

We wish to call the attention of our local readers to the opening of Los Angeles' new amusement house, the Hecla Theater, located at 323 South Main street, which opened with a matinee on Saturday, the 21st of April. The performances of this house will consist of comedy, musical burlesque and vaudeville, all of a high order, and the purest and most chaste in character. In connection with the theater there is provided for ladies a beautiful waiting and rest room, something new in this city, but something that will be appreciated and patronized extensively by ladies, especially by those out of town, who want a meeting place between friends, and for leaving packages, etc., while shopping. The room is furnished with easy chairs, lounging sofas, both phones, and writing desks with paper and envelopes, all free to the use of ladies. This theater offers the public a full evening of exquisite enjoyment for a single price of admission, and that a low price.

We are giving out no more premiums, but instead have decided to make the permanent subscription price of this magazine only 25 cents per year.

Where the Frost Doesn't Kill.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., Mar. 17, 1906.

MR. EDGAR W. CONABLE.

Dear Sir:—THE PATH-FINDER came to hand this day, a welcome guest, and in it these words: "The oranges in this locality do not get fit to eat until the first of March." I suppose you, like all eastern people, think that the southern part of this state is all there is in the state worth thinking about. So thought I would tell you what we have in our yard right here in town. Three Navel orange trees, the fruit of which is in its prime the first of February. There are a few on the trees now, for I like them better than to have them lay after they are picked. There have never been any frozen ones, although I have wondered how they could stand the frosts we have had the past season. The lemon tree is loaded with fruit of all ages, from blossom to full ripened. We have green lawns the year round and some kinds of flowers in bloom. Nine months in the year our city is a garden of flowers; and we never have such extremes in temperature in the twenty-four hours as you have. Through the heated part of the season we have lovely evenings. There may be five or six warm evenings during the season, not more than that. Los Angeles people would not believe this, even if they were here. They are so absorbed in their own affairs that they seem blind to reason. But it's all right. "We must reap what we sow."

I glory in your straightforwardness and fearlessness; it does one good to know of such, and to read their words. If there was not a few such minds, humanity would rush itself into the sea, as the herd of swine did that we read about.

With kind regards, I am,

ELVIRA H. PARSONS.

May Lectures Before Los Angeles Liberal Club.

Sunday, May 6th, "Whence and Whither," or "Can a Man, by Searching, Find Out God?" by Mr. B. R. Baumgardt.

Sunday, May 13th, "What Is It All For?" by Mrs. B. Fay Mills.

Sunday, May 20th, "Another Evening With the Apostles of Health," by Prof. E. B. Warman, A. M.

Sunday, May 27th, "Aerial Navigation," by Alva A. Reynolds.

Geo. D. CARPENTER, President.
420 W. 3rd street.

The working man will continue to be a nonentity so long as he trades his franchise for two dollars and a half or a few rounds of stale beer at the corner saloon. But then, the saloon man must be given an opportunity to pay his license.

What a drawing card for a vaudeville performance—Gorky and "My dear old Nookdoodles!"

Fundamental Principles of Socialism

AS APPLIED TO SOCIETY AND THE HOME.

By EDITH EDDY BRADFORD.

[NOTE.—As we grow and expand we must broaden the scope of this journal. We cannot stand still in the same old tracks. If we do, many of our friends will pass us by. In compliance with what we regard as an obligation on our part to keep abreast of events which are day by day forming dominant factors in our upward trend, we have invited one of the brightest and ablest writers along Socialistic lines to furnish us with a series of true-to-life articles under the above heading. Mrs. Bradford is associate editor of *Common Sense*, the Pacific Coast exponent of the Western Branch of the Socialist party, and she is most competently equipped to perform the service we are asking of her. The theft crimes and political and social delinquency in high places everywhere are conditions which must not prevail too long. Just who is delegated to make the change it is not for us to say at this time. Our purpose is to give the readers of CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER the best possible facilities for arriving at a proper and equitable solution of this grave problem. We can assure all our friends in advance that the author of these articles will present her side of the story in most entertaining form.—Ed.]

Cause and Cure of Food Adulteration

THOSE who are vitally interested in improving the health of the body should be quick to see the need for a healthy social system. A little reflection will lead us to agree that the same laws which govern the human body also obtain in the social organism.

The scientist says: "Perfect circulation is perfect life." This statement has never been disproved. Let there be one little cell through which the blood vital with oxygen does not flow freely, and in that cell you find an open doorway for disease.

So it is in the body social; in our surfeited few and our starving millions we have the most imperfect circulation. There are cells which are wasting away from always giving out more than they receive, and there are the congested cells which constantly receive much more than they give out. Furthermore, in the frequently recurring periods of "overproduction" when the pay of the workers has been insufficient to enable them to buy back the things which they themselves have produced, we have stagnation instead of perfect circulation, and the boils of non employment, panics and failures result. These are conditions of disease and their symptoms are both revolting and menacing.

Let us look at one of these symptoms, that of the wholesale adulteration of products, especially food-stuffs. I quote from Prof. Wiley, chief of the chemistry bureau of the Department of Agriculture of the United States, who says:

"I have found that the food we daily consume is so fraught with germ life of a harmful nature that I am almost afraid to go to the table. The butter is painted; there is little other to be found anywhere. Canned goods are kept years and sold for the genuine article.

"I speak particularly of condensed milk. If we know nothing of the fresh milk we get, surely our knowledge is more limited as to the product that is put in cans."

This is doubtless rather under than over-stated. If the people of this country could see before them statistics giving the number of people whose deaths, during a single year, were due, directly or indirectly, to the consumption of tainted, or adulterated, or "doped" foods and liquors, they would be appalled, and such a loud and insistent roar would go up that the members of the United States Senate would no longer dare to refuse the long-time demand of the people for pure food legislation, a demand that has hitherto been denied owing to the selfish greed of manufacturers of adulterated food products, represented by their pliant tools in the Senate.

Meantime, the only thing that the public and the press can do in this connection is to keep harping away on a subject that is of such vital importance. While we are doing that, however, thousands upon thousands of loved ones are being taken away before their time, in order that the coffers of some corporations may be swelled by a few thousands, or millions, of dirty and dishonest dollars.

The report of the pure food commission stated that over a million babies die annually from the effects of impure milk.

There is a constantly increasing class in the world who are giving their attention to the improvement of the race by the food question. The most intelligent people today are insisting that upon the quality and quantity of food consumed depends not only the physical health of the body but the mental and moral health as well. Let me ask this class, *how are we going to get pure food?* From the manufacturer or the grower down to your retail dealer your food product passes through many hands. The chances are that every one who handles it takes from its value as a life-sustainer, by adulteration or coloring, or adding a "preservative" poison. Aside from this is the likelihood of much time elapsing between its production and its consumption. Why is this? Because every handler of the product has to make a *profit* out of it.

Our economic system is usually designated as the profits system. Goods are produced for the primary object of making profits for the producer and the handler. And it all has to come out of the consumer. There is not left an avenue of production—no, not even the artistic—which is not cursed and warped and beslimed by this system of profits. Under Socialism we will produce for use. A profit will be impossible. We will produce just the quantity and quality which we want for our own consumption. If you have berries on your own bushes, raised in sweet soil, sweetened with golden sunshine and moistened with rain and dew, you are not likely to eat old stale dried-up or mildewed berries. When you prepare a meal for your own eating, you put into it the best at your command. So under Socialism *we* will produce for our own use, and sweet and wholesome will be the product.

In the old days of individual production, purity in the articles produced was an easy thing to obtain, but under social production it is absolutely impossible until the fountain head of the system is cleansed of the poison of profit.

So far I have spoken of those who can afford to be particular in regard to what they buy. But how about those who must of necessity buy the cheapest grade obtainable? How about the "submerged tenth?" How about the inmates of institutions—penal, reformatory, medical or educational—in which the victims must eat what some company can buy cheapest by contract? How about our soldiers and sailors at the mercy of the profit-seeking speculators who have less regard for the lives of the protectors of the nation than for the cursed blood-bought gold in their fat purses?

(We are called unpatriotic if we oppose the grab-gold policy of "expansion" or if we glory in the refusal of the French workingman to kill his German brother at the behest of glory-seeking officials; then what shall we say of those who, for profit, would sell poisoned food to these defenders of their own country?)

If the food consumed decides the character of the individual, the outlook for civilization is gloomy indeed, unless Socialism interferes pretty soon.

The only remedy is for the whole people to own and operate all the means of production and distribution.

To be in fashion, we must not neglect to score the railroads—and the beef trust, which controls the railroads and says when and how they shall carry food-stuffs—and, indeed, a discussion on foods could scarcely leave these trusts out of consideration. The avowed motto of the railroads is to charge all the traffic will bear. As a result of this, we have the spectacle of lemons rotting on the ground in California when they are forty cents per dozen in the East. The traffic tax

is so exorbitant and the parasites who live off the fruit grower and consumer are so greedy in their pilferings, that it often does not pay the grower to harvest his crop—and the would-be consumer goes hungry.

Now if we owned the fruit ranch and the railroads and the grocery stores, we should have all the lemons we wanted to use—there would be "perfect circulation" of lemons instead of this wasted supply and unfulfilled demand. We are all consumers, and we are all producers.

unless we are mere social parasites. If there were any rational system of the "circulation" of products, supply would be regulated by natural demand, each person would produce enough of his own product to exchange for the things which he desired to use but which some one else (in accordance with his natural bent or adaptability) produced.

In the social body as truly as in the physical, "perfect circulation is perfect life"—and Socialism is both.

YOU.

By LOUISE AMBROSE CONABLE.

SOFTLY the light begins to break in the East; the wondrous tints of pink and amber and mauve and blue herald the approach of the Lord of Day. The music of Creation, now faint and uncertain, begins to swell into a mighty peon of praise, and with a final burst of splendor the golden chariot sweeps into view and the luminous rider looks down upon another day of strife between the Laborer and the Capitalist. And who is to blame for all of this? You!—the man who has and the man who has not.

The government of the United States is a government "of the people, for the people, and by the people," yet the "people" do not rule; cannot pass laws that will govern them as they desire to be governed; cannot pass upon an appropriation; cannot even compel their representatives to keep a pre-election promise.

Who is responsible for all of this? You! What do you know of government? Have you ever given a careful study to *all* sides of the question, carefully weighing argument against argument, statistics against statistics, finding the flaw and the good in each theory? Have you ever given the time for and the thought to an analysis of government and the needs of your country—which are at once your personal and private needs—that you have given to your work, or even to your play? Have you ever gone down into your soul and asked yourself the question, "Can I vote against the good of my neighbor for my private gain, and not vote against my own ultimate good?" No! You have gone to hear the speaker of your own political party, in a burst of magnificent oratory that would sweep you to the very heights of emotional patriotism, deliver himself of the mighty and brotherly and eminently logical and convincing argument that he would "rather be a dead Republican than a live Democrat," or vice versa, and you would cheer to the echo, go home anathematizing your opponents, vote like a good fellow for the "party" on election day,

and between elections think of the glory of your precious franchise.

Franchise! What do you realize of the sacred duty, the holy obligation, that rests within this word. If only there could be born within your soul the knowledge that the old question between Cain and Abel, "Am I my brother's keeper?" is just as much in force now as in the day when it was penned as the expression of a mighty race need; then there would awaken within your brain a craving for that knowledge, that Infinite Wisdom, which is the birth-right of every child of God, and you would never rest until there was built within you so strong a desire for that possession that the way could not but open to you and you would *know* with the knowledge beyond "thinking" or "believing" what was the wise and the just and the equitable thing to do. You would not need "spell-binders" to cement your fealty to the old parties.

The political parties are not to blame for the condition of the country, for the mad struggle for existence, for the murder and starvation and agony and crime and unspeakable immorality and degeneracy running rampant in our beloved country.

YOU ARE the old party, and if you step out the old party can but die of lack of that upon which to exist. Do not try to cast the blame of your sins of omission upon the old party. The earth is groaning under the burden of your iniquities—not those of your neighbors, but *yours*. The Creator gave the dominion of the earth to *man* and he has delegated it to a political party. Shame upon the manhood of him who so shirks his sacred duty!

I call upon you, the man, that you arise to the call of your manhood, that you refuse to be any longer the dupe, not of a political party—you are the political party—but of prejudice, of old, worn-out beliefs, of degrading habits and vices that tear down your manhood, wear out your bodies, make you unfit to be fath-

ers, and deprive you of the expression of the god-hood which is yours.

Individuality knows no sex. Sex is but a method of expression, and the responsibility rests as strongly upon the feminine as upon the masculine in the unit of life, and to the women of this country to whom is vouchsafed the glorious privilege of motherhood. I say that you have no need of the ballot, if you have done your full duty as a mother. Have you gathered the little sons and daughters around your knee and taught them the rule the great teacher laid down for us all—that you shall love your neighbor even as you love yourself? That the good of one is the good of all, and that the burden of one is the burden of all? That the earth is the people's, given them upon which to dwell in love and unity? That they have no right to the *private* ownership of so much as one foot of the earth that was given for the sustenance and pleasure of all its inhabitants from generation to generation, and that one generation has no right to mortgage the earth and deprive of their rights the generation that is to follow? Above and beyond all else, have you taught them that within them dwells the mighty Lord of the Universe, and if they will but open the way, the wisdom of the Universe is theirs? Do you know these things yourself? Then if you do not know them, have not taught them, *you* are responsible for this sin of omission, and I charge you that you read and think, and think and read, but above all, *think*, until your soul is permeated with the knowledge of these things that make for righteousness and that when you know them that you teach them. Then, and only then, will you cease to be responsible.

The strife between unionism and the open shop is now culminating, and when all shops are union, when all employers pay the same wages, then will the mistake that is being made be brought to light, and the panacea that was promised will be found to be a delusion, and the world will again take up its weary round and go a-seeking a solution, which is to be found only in equal rights and equal justice.

Unionism is just as unfair as capitalism. When all men pay the same price for labor and the same price for material, the delivered price must, of necessity, be the same; then the man who has the capital to put in the finest mechanism will get the work; the employers who have small capital will be down and out, prostrate, indeed, beneath the combined heels of laborer and capitalist, and who will pay the price of all this? *You; only you.*

So long as there is a salary to be paid, there must be an employer; so long as there is a competitive system, there must be a private employer; so long as there is a private employer, there will be the strife of the strong against the weak,

and inevitably the weak must fall. To the cost of wages for men and of material will be added the employer's profit, as large as can be borne, and who pays it? *You*, just you. Will you never learn that not the capitalist but *you* pay all bills, all cost of the difference in production?

When *you* rise up in your might and declare that the man who pays the bills shall run affairs, then will there be equal rights among all men, and all nations will be at peace.

But before that time can come, man must become a "thinking" creature, not a "following" creature. In the meantime, never for one moment forget that you are the epitome of all that is, and upon you personally and individually rests the responsibility of the whole state of affairs.

Capitalists are accused of using wholesale bribery in the accomplishment of their ends; of prostituting the political parties to their own purposes. *Whom* do they bribe? *What* do they prostitute? *You*. Whom else can they buy? And

if they could, what would they do with the goods after delivery?

It is *you* that the Capitalist desires—the animate, ignorant, *voting* man. The Capitalist knows that he has no power save that which ignorance confers upon him through your fears of want and poverty. Think! Think! There is nothing that can bind you save ignorance. Think and then vote! Not for the "old" party, not for your fears or your prejudices, but for the good of your brother and yourself.

Labor and capital are indissolubly bound together. Laborer and Capitalist are irredeemably and irrevocably separated, and not until that golden day shall come when there shall be neither laborer nor capitalist but we shall all labor as one unit and capital shall be amassed for the benefit of every man according to his degree of unfoldment, shall labor and capital cease to writhe in the bonds of the chain, every link of which was forged before the dawn of creation and will never break so long as man must live by the sweat of his brow.

partment. Any student desiring to follow any of these lines will not only have his regular course in the college, but will have practical work to prove to himself the teachings of the college, so that when he goes to work after leaving he will know what he can do, instead of following a theory, as taught by the race.

The instructions given to all students will be individual work specially fitting the student for his vocation in life. This will be scientifically determined by his or her brain development on entering the college, so that their time is not wasted in useless studies in which they have no desire to follow. First, last and all the time, a practical education is the whole object of the college.

Chairs will be established in Literary, Scientific, Art, Music, Sculpture, Journalism, Law, Elocution, Engineering, Electricity, Mechanics in all its various branches, and a special chair will be instituted under the head of Inventions.

Every student is taught all the time the great importance of the care of his body, which is his only means of his unfolding to a higher development of himself—for man's desire is for continuous life in body. To attain this he must know how to feed and grow a physical structure that will always be young, healthy and beautiful, for beauty is where happiness begins—the chief desire of all.

This work so far has been the result of more than a quarter of a century of the study and investigation of the founder of this college, Professor M. F. Knox, who is now assisted by competent business men and women for teachers and heads in these departments.

Race failures and the experience in all ages which has prohibited success and has invited disease and death, has been eliminated from the curriculum in this course of study. This individual co-operative school is the only one in the world that ever established and carried out the true principles of success.

This college has been established seven years, holding its annual sessions in the city of Seattle, Wash., and is incorporated under the educational laws of that state. The Educational Association secured its grounds last year on Lake Washington and will hold its coming session on those grounds in the temporary buildings which will be ready for occupancy on the opening of the term, July 1, 1906.

The world is just now facing a problem along the lines of political and social reform of greater and graver moment than modern history gives us any record of. Thievery and debauchery are everywhere holding high carnival in municipal, state and governmental places of trust; and all this has been made possible under existing political and social conditions. There is going to be a change. There *must* be a change.

Individual Educational Co-operative Industries.

By PROF. M. F. KNOX.

COMMUNITY co-operation has not given satisfactory results in all places. Communism has been experimental and unsatisfactory. Individual development has grown beyond despotism.

A democratic form of government opens the way for individual co-operation.

It has been reserved for the unfolding students in Mental Science to make practical and operative Individual Co-operation. It is upon this line of thought that the Mental Science Industrial Company of Seattle, the outgrowth of the teachings of the Mental Science College, has opened business under a stock company which has issued a million shares to provide employment for students who are desirous of obtaining an education along any lines of professional or mechanical occupations in conjunction with the college. The businesses that are under advisement at the present moment are:

First, a general merchandise store, which is now open and doing business every day in the year—and making a success.

Second, the next to be placed in operation will be a saw mill, with capacity sufficient to produce all the lumber with which to build the new town of Bryn Mawr, as well as the college buildings.

Third, the collapsible box factory.

Fourth, a furniture factory to supply

the demands of the people living on the grounds, and for the general market.

Fifth, the installing of a publishing plant for the printing of "True Word" and a full set of text books for the college and the numerous branch schools that will be established throughout the country.

Sixth, the steam laundry, to take care of the cleanliness of the homes, college and bathing apparel.

Seventh, the instituting of green-houses and seed farms to propagate seeds for the trade, and experiments in the instruction of all students.

Eighth, a machine shop, fully equipped with the latest machinery for the student who has the constructive faculties developed, or wishes to build them.

Ninth, a bank with \$200,000 capital will be started, to do a general banking business and take care of the funds of the company as well as the college, while at the same time all students in the business department of the college can have practical instruction in the handling of finance and exchange in the commercial world.

Competent business men and women who are a success will be placed at the head of each of these departments. Only those departments will be instituted and continued that can demonstrate success, and each one must finance its own de-

BOOK AND REVIEW DEPARTMENT.

By JOHN K. REYNOLDS.

"IS MENTAL SCIENCE ANY GOOD?"—This compact little book of 128 pages, published in England, and copyrighted in America, is evidently the work of a practical and earnest thinker. He says he has tried the subject on all points for more than ten years, and found it to express good for himself and those faithful to its principles. Within the book are some rather startling statements, which he assures his readers could be extended greatly and still be within the realm of Truth. The history of his investigations, struggles, and successes is aptly told and should be interesting to any who have been attracted to the subject of what is known as Divine or Mental Science. Price 1s 6d, at the Power Book Co., London, S. W.

Along with this clever book from across the big pond, we find a larger one of 175 pages in somewhat the same line, by one of the most popular of our American writers on New Thought subjects. It is by Elizabeth Towne, and is entitled,

"THE LIFE POWER, AND HOW TO USE IT."

The first chapter begins with an interesting and apparently plausible theory to account for the extraordinary ages of Adam and Methuselah; and ends with this rather reasonable suggestion: "Work with things, not against them."

The chapters go on, treating of "Three-fold Being;" "Soul, Mind and Body;" "How to Aim;" "The Substance of Things;" "The Spirit and the Individual;" "Duty and Love;" "Will and Wills;" "Your Forces and How to Manage Them;" and so on, every topic being presented in the positive and practical manner for which this writer is noted. The chapters are interspersed with appropriate quotations of verse from Walt Whitman, Ernest Crosby, John Boyle O'Reilly, Whittier, Kipling and others, which help add to the effectiveness of the general argument.

The last chapter, entitled "The Nobility," is exceedingly clever and characteristic of the author's views, and should be pasted or otherwise affixed to the memory of every so-called society woman.

The book is published at Holyoke, Mass., is well bound in red cloth and is undoubtedly worth the price asked for it, \$1.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FASTING.

Is another book of 130 pages, neatly bound, which seems to belong in this class, and is written by Edward Earle Purinton, one of the younger of the delvers in the New Thought field. He calls it "a message for sufferers and sinners," and affirms that the book is the record of a soul's emancipation. After a short personal prologue, which is in itself rather inviting, come chapters on fasting for health, for enjoyment, for freedom, for power, for beauty, for faith, for courage, for poise, for inspiration, and for a few other interesting things, and giving twenty rules for sane fasting. It has many clever and convincing sentences, which might be termed epigrams, and the book as a whole is very readable. The price is not given. It is published by Benedict Lust, 124 East 50th street, New York City.

Two other books which seem to be of present interest are attractively bound small volumes of 109 and 111 pages, respectively, issued by the Stockham Publishing Co., Chicago. The titles are "Pre-Natal Culture," by A. E. Newton, and "Marriage in Free Society," by Edward Carpenter. Both authors are quite well known, for their previous works, and these are undoubtedly equal or superior to any of theirs that have preceded them.

FOODS THAT ARE DRUGGED.

This very instructive little book has just ap-

peared, written by Dr. L. E. Landone, of Chicago. It is written in simple language, perfectly understandable by the great mass of people, and without technical terms. It gives the economic phase of Pure Food View Points, showing that 45 cents out of every dollar is paid on the average for adulterants that are poisonous and harmful.

We pay for almost twice as much real food as we really get.

The book refers to the thousands and thousands of deaths constantly occurring in this country by the use of adulterated and impure food, which is forced upon us by the mercenary food trusts in lack of or in spite of any legal protection. It gives literal description of the methods of adulterating bread, butter, canned goods, cheese, chocolate, coffee and practically all other foods used by the unprotected people.

This book is worthy of careful study by every citizen of the United States who values his health or welfare, and thinks he is living in a free country. The price is 50 cents.

LADDER LESSONS.

This clever and attractive looking booklet of 38 pages comes from Seattle, Wash., and from the pen and experience of Olive Verne Rich.

It contains a gratifying amount of spiritual wisdom, intelligently expressed, for those who feel that something is wrong with their present mode of life, either spiritually or physically. These lessons are sent by the author as a ladder on which such unsatisfied souls may climb. It is suited to the beginners in New Thought.

A BOOK FOR PROMPT READING.

At the time of the American Revolution of 1776, no literary effort was as influential or as far reaching as Thomas Paine's pamphlet, "Common Sense." It spoke a language which the colonists, who were already disturbed and discontented, had felt, but not thought, and its popularity aroused them as a mass to make their strike for independence, with the stupendous result which history has recorded.

No publisher had courage enough, at first, to print it, because its language was so blunt and uncompromising. But once off the press, 120,000 copies at 25 cents each, were sold in ninety days, and in a very short time a million. It has been called the Bible of the Revolution. It was studied by the Continental Congress, soldiers, citizens and everybody. It influenced a wavering and undecided people in that important historic crisis, and helped wonderfully to win the great American cause.

The book has been out of sight of the public, in fact out of print, for many years, but a modern version of this famous pamphlet has just been compiled by W. A. Corey, the noted writer and lecturer, which takes us back to the events and reasons of those tempestuous times. It is very interesting to present day readers, and will undoubtedly awaken important thoughts in the minds of all who peruse it. This fascinating book can be obtained at the office of the PATH-FINDER, for 10 cents.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

(Continued from page 2.)

We want to thank all our good friends for the interest they are taking in increasing our subscription list. Some have sent in as many as a dozen new names.

A Chicago minister is establishing a marriage bureau annex to his church. This should be a drawing-card—unless

the Gorky system takes precedence in the Lake city. Chicago is mighty quick to adopt new fads from the East. It remains to be seen how she will accept the Gorky innovation.

An anti-cigarette league has been organized in Los Angeles. Every town and city in the country should have a similar organization. The cigarette habit is one of the most harmful and demoralizing in the whole list of shameless and body-destroying practices.

Nearly 18,000 emigrants landed at Ellis Island one day last week, nearly all of whom were of the undesirable class. This immigration business is getting to be a very serious problem for the American people to handle. It is going to be much more serious than the Chinese question.

Gorky is his own assassin. It is the penalty men and women pay for flaunting their immoralities in the faces of those who hold the virtue of mothers more sacred than life itself. Gorky is dead. It is not the first time that a great cause has suffered at the hands of its alleged friends.

We have a very few copies of the several books written by the editor left: "The Book of the New Century," price \$1.00; "The Secret of Human Unfoldment," price 50 cents; "Solution of the Kitchen Problem for Women," price 50 cents. We will send the combination to any one address for \$1.50.

Between Mt. Vesuvius and the "First Apostle" there has been a mighty heating up during the very recent past. Even the Gorky-Haywood-Moyer incidents have been obliged to take a back seat. At this writing it is feared that Dowie will outlast Vesuvius, in which event America's affliction will be far greater than that of Italy's.

We are withdrawing all premium offers. The postoffice department demands this. So we are going to send out THE PATH-FINDER permanently at 25 cents per year. Helen Wilmans just writes us that this magazine ought to be in a million homes at any price. This gifted woman generally knows what she is talking about. If every person who claims to have been benefited by CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER will just send in a list of ten new subscribers at 25 cents each, we will forgive them forever more.

This is to notify C. Newton Ross that the two boxes of oranges he sent us recently have disappeared—we know not whither. I guess the "Little Boss" consumed the most of them. Anyway she had them in charge and they are all gone. This is what Helen Wilmans christened the feminine head of my household—"Little Boss," "not that she wants to boss any one," the great Mental Scientist explained, but she is "just a boss girl." But I am slumping away from my sub-

ject. I was talking about oranges, so please do not forget this, Brother Newton.

Neither Moyer nor Haywood will be hung unless they attract the hangman's noose. He who thinks differently does not understand the workings of the law governing life and death. It grieves us woefully to see so many of our dear friends sweating great drops of red gore through their winter flannels. Our friend, the editor of *The Appeal to Reason*, appears to be just fairly oozing in all parts of his anatomy. We like brother Wayland because he is a *live* writer and a *live*, vital man, but he should momentarily halt at intervals and study a little more closely the philosophy of life. In other words, he should study himself and see wherein he attracted the restricting influences of the Postoffice Department. This ascertained, he will then know that none of us get anything that we do not personally attract to ourselves. This is the natural, inexorable law, brother, that none of us can escape. If we would not come to grief we must not disobey this law or ignore its workings.

CARD RECORDS.

Those who are using card records, or filing cases of the old-fashioned kind, should send 25c for samples and my new, copyrighted Record System. It lasts a life time, and does not cost another cent. Keeps every deal and the correspondence under your eye compactly and constantly. J. K. REYNOLDS, Box 76, Station C, Los Angeles, Cal.

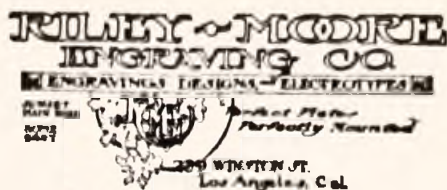
One Dime Brings Fine Pacific Coast Views; a Lovely 50 cent Song; Queer Curios and welcome news for all, concerning health and income.

ADDRESS

THE COMMON SENSE CLUB,
Box 78, Station C, Los Angeles, Cal.

YOU CAN BE FREE

From all diseases; appendicitis, fevers, smallpox, and all others, by our guaranteed common sense methods and absolute cures. No drugs. No cost. Perfect health, good looks and long life for only 50 cents. Money back if asked. Address CALIFORNIA CURE CO., Box 76, Station C, Los Angeles, Cal.



THE WILMANS School of Mental Healing

SOUND, vital health is the bed-rock upon which all effort must rest if it would be successful. Absent treatment is a powerful agent for the establishment of this condition; but all treatment, whether absent or present, is rendered more effective and lasting, more powerful and satisfactory in every way if accompanied by the books and correspondence that trains the mind in a consciousness of its own power, and thus enables the patient or student to stand upon his own individual resources while the SELF-STRENGTH comes to him which lifts him out of every negative condition into a sense of mastery, without which—in these stirring times—he might about as well be dead.

The world is waking up to the need of greater strength, both bodily and mentally. All strength, even that of the body, begins in the mind.

Write to us. Address us in our Company name,

The Wilmans Pub. House,
Box 89, Seabreeze, Florida.

Health and Strength.

Are two words of striking significance to the human race. They denote two very important conditions in the economy of our physical, mental and moral welfare. Considerable discussion has been raised and many theories have been advanced on how to attain this condition of physical, mental and moral equilibrium:—exercise bathing, fasting, Fletcherizing, New Thought and many other theories too numerous to mention; but one fact that must be looked into is, all the theories advanced show that health and strength

Can be Achieved by

a strict adherence to the theory given in conjunction with a proper diet. This is very important, and we must see that we should buy

Pure and Unadulterated Foods.

They are for sale at our Supply Store and Institute, and we will be pleased to send you our literature. If you will enclose 20 cents we will send you our complete catalogue, and place your name for a three months' subscription to our magazine, "THE NATUROPATH AND HERALD OF HEALTH." If at the expiration of the three months, you find the magazine interesting, send us an additional 80 cents for the balance of the year.

B. LUST, N. D.,
124 E. 59th St., New York City.

Healing Currents from the Battery of Life

and Mystic Words of Mighty Power.
By WALTER DEVOE.

These two books are vitalized with healing power. Several hundred students focus their healing thoughts upon the readers of these books daily and all are realizing the mighty currents of healing energy. They are present and absent treatments combined. Price, \$2.00 each, postpaid. Address WALTER DEVOE, R. 15, 819 E. 46th Street, Chicago, Ill.

BE WELL!

Advice given by mail upon matters relating to the preservation of health and the cure of disease without the use of drugs. Full instructions in pen-written letters directly from my own hand. Success assured. Terms, \$1.00 per letter. Address

D. H. SNOKE, M. D.,
921 Indiana Ave. - Indianapolis, Ind.

Mental Science College.

The 7th annual term of this College opens July 1, 1906, at Bryn Mawr on its own ground, 8 miles out from Seattle, Wash., teaching each student how to heal, how to be healed, without the use of drugs, how to teach and lecture. The demand now for teachers, lecturers and healers is greater than the supply. Positions guaranteed to all who can demonstrate Mental Science. Diploma will be issued to all completing the two months course. Take this College course and have a profession or business of your own and make a success in life. For further information, address Prof. M. F. Knox, 775 Harrison Street, Seattle, Wash., Founder of this College.

BRAINS and MONEY!

We cannot sell, but we can increase your supply of both. Every business man and thoughtful woman needs perfect health in order to attain and retain absolute mental and physical perfection. We want your co-operation, and you need our help.

We do not have a money making scheme, excepting as we place you in condition to enjoy "perfect health." We ask you if the following is not worth 75c?

Membership one year in the International Health League, 50c.

One year's subscription to The Good Health Clinic, 50c.

Benefit of a personal letter regarding any subject relating to your own health, worth at least \$1.00.

UNDERSTAND

A money order for 75c pays for all the above. If you want to know more about our work write for "League Letter No. 3," which is sent free. Those who are ill and those who do not want to be ill are alike interested.

This is a SPECIAL OFFER made to the readers of *The Path-Finder* only.

Yours for health and success,

INTERNATIONAL HEALTH LEAGUE
472 So. Salina St., Syracuse, N. Y.

"BEST OF THEM ALL."

THE VANGUARD

A High-Class Monthly. A leading exponent of Constructive Socialism and Rational Religion.

No matter what other periodicals you take you still need "THE VANGUARD."

It is vigorous, fearless, interesting, unique and is doing splendid service in the cause of humanity.

"Every article in it is a gem," says the Toledo Independent.

"The warmest magazine that comes our way," says the Socialist Voice.

50 CENTS A YEAR. TRY IT.

SPECIAL OFFER: To readers of this advertisement we will send "THE VANGUARD" one year for only 25 cents. Order at once.

Address: THE VANGUARD
344 Sixth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

America's most famous woman writer and poet, contributes a beautiful new poem to each number of

THE NAUTILUS

a bright, monthly magazine of Self Help and Good Cheer.

FLORENCE NORSE KINGSLEY, author of "Titus," "Transfiguration of Miss Phillura," etc., is also a regular writer for Nautilus.

A notable series of articles by Ella Adelia Fletcher, author of "Woman Beautiful," is now being published in the magazine. These articles are entitled:

THE LAW OF THE RHYTHMIC BREATH,

and present in a scientific way many deep occult truths which have heretofore been regarded as "secret" and "hidden."

These teachings involve a knowledge of the Law of Vibrations or the basic law of the universe.

DO NOT FAIL TO READ THESE ARTICLES.

The Nautilus is edited and published by ELIZABETH TOWNE. Every number gives some practical help for the common problems of life. It has a Department of Success, a "Family Counsel" department, "New Thought in the Kitchen," etc., etc. Elbert Hubbard and over 20,000 other discerning ones seem to think it well worth 50 cents a year, the present subscription price.

SPECIAL—Send 10 cents NOW and get The Nautilus four months on trial, beginning with the beautiful April number which contains a picture of "The Nautilus Madonna." Send 10 cents quick to ELIZABETH TOWNE, Department P, HOLYOKE, MASS.

BOOKS that are BOOKS

WE HAVE in stock the following books, which no one can read and adopt the teaching therein set forth without soon being able to do away for all time with both drugs and doctors, and reach a state of the higher conception of life that they have never before known.

By Helen Wilmans:

"The Conquest of Poverty," price...\$0.25

By Otto Carque:

"The Foundation of All Reform," price 25

"The Folly of Meat-Eating," price... 10

By Dr. Alice Stockham:

"Karesa" (sent by express prepaid), price 1.00

By Edgar Wallace Conable:

"The Book of the New Century," price. 1.00

"The Secret of Human Unfoldment," price 50

"Solution of the Kitchen Problem for Woman," price 50

By W. A. Corey:

"Common Sense," being a reading of Thomas Paine's famous pamphlet, price 10

Total\$3.70

Any one of these books may be had for the price here quoted, or we will mail, postpaid, to any one address, the entire set for \$2.50.

Some of the above we have but a limited number in stock, so send in your orders at once.

Address,

Conable's Path-Finder,
Los Angeles, Cal.



4 MONTHS FOR 10c

THE BALANCE is a standard size monthly magazine, edited and published by J. Howard Cashmere, containing 40 pp. and cover; 50c a year. This publication is an exponent of Psychology, Monistic Philosophy and Advanced Thought. It will bring you knowledge—knowledge that is power. Any thinker will find it interesting and valuable. In his efforts to correlate the tenets of Monistic Philosophy with the known facts and laws of psychic phenomena, the editor has come to the most startling conclusions, which, when accepted as a working hypothesis, will enable the student of Advanced Thought and psychic phenomena to solve those problems of life and mind which science has hitherto declared to be beyond the ken of man. Send 10c for **THE BALANCE** 4 months on trial. Do it NOW! Address **THE BALANCE**, Dept. 30, Denver, Colo.

The

Book of the New Century

By EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE.

A Text Book for all those in Search of Health and Opulence.

PRICE, \$1.00.

SUBJECTS TREATED:

PART I.

1. Reminiscence.
2. Some of the Work Being Accomplished.
3. Brain Functions.
4. The Law of Life and Death.
5. Opulence.
6. Truth.
7. Love.
8. The Voice of the Infinite.
9. The Sin of Mediumistic Development.
10. The Duty of Mothers.
11. Fate Is a Fallacy.
12. Monumental Lies and Crematories.
13. Death, Disintegration and Reincarnation.
14. The Alleged Disease Germ.
15. Animal Destruction a Crime.
16. Educate the Criminal Classes.

PART II.

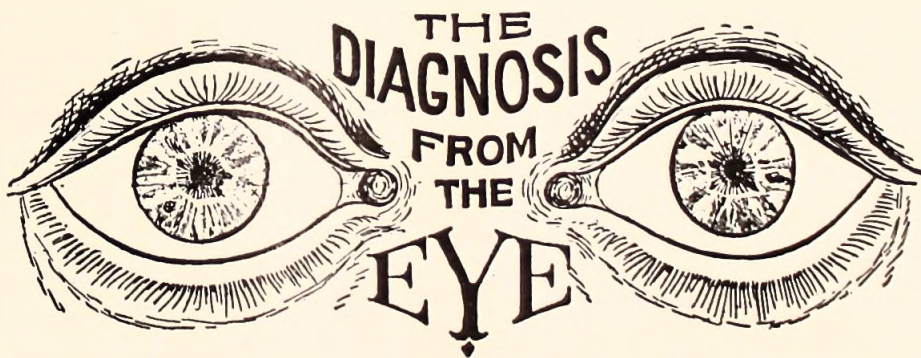
1. Thought Transmission.
2. The Power of Thought Concentration.
3. Scientific Breathing, Light Exercises and Bathing.
4. The Science of Fasting.
5. Sun Baths.
6. Man's Duty to Himself.
7. Make Way for the Soul.
8. The Soul's Necessities.
9. All Souls Are Saved.
10. Attend to Your Own Business.
11. Whence Comes the Power to Heal.
12. Heal Thyself.
13. Prepare for Life.
14. Where the Responsibility Lies.
15. Reincarnation and Its Relation to Life and Death.
16. The Real Elixir of Eternal Life.

Send us **6 New** Subscribers at 25c each and this Book will be sent, post paid, as commission to the agent.

Address, **Conable's Path-Finder,**
Los Angeles, Cal.

See Our 1906 Offer for 25c.

Let us send YOU 5 Path-Finders one year for \$1.00 to distribute among your friends.



The Diagnosis from the Eye

By H. E. Lane, M. D., is one of the few remarkable books of our time. It represents years of careful observation and research. It gives absolute proof that the condition of every part and organ of the body is reflected in corresponding parts of the iris of the eye by deviations from the normal color. This important and far-reaching discovery which enables every one to make a reliable diagnosis of his own case, is appreciated more and more by all progressive minds throughout the world. Besides the book contains valuable instructions in all the natural healing factors, as *sun and air baths, water cure, diet magnetism*, etc.

Mrs. Lora Little, editor of The Liberator, writes: "The book is worth its weight in gold to all who have to do with healing disease."

We have just finished the second edition of this wonderful work, containing 156 pages, 70 original illustrations, and we are now able to offer the book at the remarkably low price of \$1.00, cloth, postpaid.

KOSMOS PUBLISHING CO.,

765 North Clark St., CHICAGO, ILL.

OPPOSITE LINCOLN PARK.

Connected with the **KOSMOS HYGIENIC INSTITUTE**, and **KNEIPP WATER-CURE SANITARIUM**. An institution for the permanent cure of all acute and chronic diseases without drugs and operations by the most advanced natural healing methods, under the guidance of an experienced physician. Write for prospectus and descriptive circulars. Mention **CONABLE'S PATH-FINDER**.

BANANAS FED TO THE OXEN!

MILLIONS OF BUNCHES annually are fed to cattle in Central America, and millions more go to waste. It is a long distance to market, and only the green fruit can stand the trip to the States.

This Waste Need Continue No Longer

THE TROPICAL FOOD COMPANY has stepped in and begun to manufacture **BANANA FOODS**

Other delicious fruits and nutritious food products of the Tropics will also be utilized.

We have tested the market fully, and find an overwhelming demand for our Fruit Foods. The Company is now being incorporated, with a capital stock of \$100,000, and we are getting down to business in earnest.

Investors and individuals desiring to place some of their money in a profitable enterprise are invited to investigate **THE TROPICAL FOOD COMPANY**. Stock Ten Dollars a Share.

Write for "Information for Prospective Stockholders" and enclose 35 cents for samples of Banana Foods.

ADDRESS :

The Tropical Food Company

KEY WEST, FLORIDA

The Editor of the **PATH-FINDER** personally endorses the Tropical Food Company

Conable's Path-Finder

Only 25c a Year.