

January, 1907

Price, 25 Cents

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

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# GROWTH

(Monthly)

An Exponent of the Higher Principles of Physical,  
Mental and Spiritual Unfoldment.

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**Louise Ambrose Conable**  
Editors

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Published by

**The Hundred-Year League**

Box 259, Rural 1

PASADENA, . . CALIFORNIA

## PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT

### GROWTH

Is published the First of each Month, and is the exponent of

## The Hundred-Year League

Price to members of the League, \$1.00 for twelve numbers.

Price to non-members, \$2.00 for twelve numbers.

Single copies, 25 cents each.

Any person, regardless of sex, color or previous condition, may become a permanent member of the Hundred-Year League on the payment of \$1.00.

The significance of the Hundred-Year League is that every person may be taught how to live a hundred years or more and enjoy the fullness of perfect health and a much greater degree of mental and spiritual development.

"Growth" will be the official promulgator of such teachings.

The permanent home of the founders of the Hundred-Year League is situated on the beautiful Linda Vista foothills, about two miles distant from Pasadena and twelve miles from Los Angeles, the metropolis of Southern California.

Friends may reach us by a two-mile walk or carriage drive, though street car connections are looked for in the near future.

The altitude is 1,500 feet above sea level. Invalids and others soon learn that they must get up into the foothills if they would improve health conditions. The lower levels are disease breeders.

Our grounds are ample for the erection of tents and cottages, which will be built as there is a demand for them. Other buildings, such as a Health Institute, etc., will be erected as the growing needs require.

Mr. and Mrs. Conable will be found at home every afternoon of each week, except Saturday and Sunday, and then in case of urgent need special appointments for these days may be made.

Our telephone number is Sunset Main 1465, which may be used for making special engagements.

Members of the League who change their postoffice address will kindly send us both their old and new address.

The mailing department will close its entries on the 15th of each month, so those who miss a number of "Growth" by reason of a later change of address should send a one-cent stamp to the postmaster at the old address and it will be forwarded.

Address all communications,

**THE HUNDRED-YEAR LEAGUE,**  
Box 162, Rural 1, Pasadena, California.

## Tenets of "Growth."

**T**HE founders of the Hundred-Year League do not believe in the existence of a Personal God.

They believe that God, so-called, is the Universal Life Force which permeates every living thing.

They believe that every living thing possesses a Soul (the Universal Life Principle), and that there is no other God.

They believe that man is self-created—the product of his own Desire for a higher and continuous life, extending through all past ages; that this Desire emanates from the Soul, and that man is only able to bring it into externalization through the perfection of his physical body and the conscious recognition of the Soul's presence.

They believe that it is possible for man to so perfect himself physically as to come into absolute harmonious relations with the Soul force, thereby insuring Eternal Life in the Flesh.

They believe that nothing short of bringing the physical body into perfect harmony with the Soul will fulfill the demands and the intent of the Universal Law governing all life.

They believe that the physical body, properly spiritualized, is the legitimate and permanent abiding place of the Soul.

They believe that Death comes only when the Soul is forced to leave the body through ill-treatment and persistent non-recognition of its presence.

They believe that until the physical body is brought en rapport with the Soul, that Death is a necessity and that repeated life experiences must continue until there is perfect harmony between these entities.

They believe that Reincarnation is a fact in

Nature and will continue so to be so long as man persists in Dying.

They believe that Reincarnation will cease to be a factor in life with the overcoming of Death, which is possible.

They believe that through the medium of Right Thinking, Right Breathing and proper Physical Training, that man can, here and now, so perfect himself as to attain to any heights to which his aspirations may incline him; and that he will be able to overcome Sickness, Poverty, Old Age and Death.

They believe that every man is alone responsible for his own conditions in life.

They believe that the Universal supply is more than equal to every possible demand, and that he who is not Opulent has failed, through lack of energy or other self-created cause, to reach out for his own supply.

They believe that every man is created equal—possesses the same Divine elements of Eternal Life. The only discrepancy, where discrepancy exists, lies in the inability of the human body to manifest such equality. Some have unfolded a little faster than others, that is all. But this is no reason why one should feel a superiority over another.

They believe that every man's Soul is saved, ever has been saved and ever will be saved. Were it not, it is not within the province of any human being to save it for him.

They believe that Worlds are built and destroyed through the medium of Thought and Thought alone.

They believe that, through the medium of Intelligent Thought, directed in the right spirit, every living thing can be elevated to its proper sphere, which is on the crest of the topmost wave of the Boundless Ocean of Eternal Life.

# Growth.

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January, 1907.

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## The Hundred-Year League.

(Introduction.)

The tendency of world-thought today is in the direction of a higher state of growth—physically, socially, morally and spiritually. There is a greater demand for the possession of absolute individual freedom than at any time during many past centuries. Mankind's thought forces are more active than at any previous period of recent history. Under the influence of long-existing social, political and religious enslavement, an unrest has arisen among the great masses of humanity everywhere that must continue unchecked until such time as individual growth shall break the bonds of these enslaved conditions.

The average longevity of the race today is only about forty years. Why is this? Simply because of the persistent physical abuses of our ancestors; their gradual drifting away from natural methods of living. Instead of the average allotment of forty years at this stage of our growth, we should find anything less than the centenarian the exception.

Those who have kept pace with the teachings and

writings of the founder of this new Hundred-Year League, can easily understand how it is possible to lengthen man's present longevity even in the face of the ignorant tendencies of the day.

After a short respite from other duties and obligations taking more or less of his time, Mr. Conable has organized what he is pleased to term "The Hundred-Year League," the object of which is to teach the present generation how to live a hundred years, and retain normal physical and mental faculties, to the end that following generations may increase the number of years indefinitely. This can be accomplished without difficulty. The process is simply one of education, coupled with the desire to make our bodies strong and beautiful, our minds clean and wholesome and our hearts filled to abundance with the spirit of the Golden Rule. This done, we have become centenarians without other assistance.

In the light of our experience of more than fifteen years, wherein we have builded many human structures on lines of comparative perfection, we feel the necessity of continuing this work, especially so as the expressed desire comes from many quarters for our help and assistance in the direction of teaching people how to live in the fullness of all their possessions.

So beginning with the first of this bright new year, the editor of the late *Path-Finder* will have organized and placed in successful operation what is to be known as "The Hundred-Year League," the purpose of

which is to teach people how to develop and maintain the highest possible state of physical perfection; to make the sick well through the processes of right living and right thinking; to teach people how to come in touch with the Divine Inner Self, that the fullness of spiritual wisdom may abide to bless each individual life. In addition to these essentials to man's highest unfoldment, some space will be devoted to the discussion of social, industrial and political problems.

To become identified as an active participant in The Hundred-Year League, a one-dollar membership fee will be required at the outset. There will be no further charge in the way of membership fees. In addition to this there will be an annual dues fee of one dollar. To compensate each member for these fees a thirty-two-page booklet, of which this copy is a sample, will be issued each month, conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Conable. Each member will be accorded the privilege of asking any questions pertaining to the lines taught and discussed in the booklet, the name and address of the questioner being withheld from publication and treated as confidential. All questions will be answered as promptly as possible through the columns of the booklet.

The name of the booklet will be "Growth." What is there in life more to be desired than Growth? To grow is to build. To build eliminates every vestige of negation and stagnation. To grow is to fit one's self for the higher spheres of life. To grow is to see

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sickness, suffering, sorrow and decay vanish from out the human mechanism, and joy, sunshine, health and a heart filled with love and gladness permanently installed as a glorious recompense.

So we are going to teach people how to grow through the medium of "Growth." What process could be more effective or appropriate? We are going to teach people how to live in joy and perfection for a hundred years, and then they can live just as much longer as they care to.

Our motto will be the old one, coined by the writer, "Teach people how to live, not how to die." This will be our great mission henceforth. We hope to have all the people who need our help enrolled as members. We know that we can make every foot-step lighter and happier. We know that every number of "Growth" will carry with it such an abundance of life and hope and vital strength as will compensate for a ten-fold greater expenditure.

All old **Path-Finder** subscribers will receive one sample copy of this, the first, number free. And all old **Path-Finder** subscribers who had paid in advance at the time of its merger with "The National Visitor," and who pay in the membership fee of one dollar to The Hundred-Year League, will be given credit for the amount on the annual dues fee of one dollar. For instance, where a **Path-Finder** subscriber was paid up three or six months in advance, he or she will be credited with the amount so paid on the dollar annual dues fee. Those who had paid in advance a longer time will, of course, be treated in the same manner.

But the membership fee of one dollar must in each and every case be paid in full and in advance.

We are now ready to receive membership fees to The Hundred-Year League. We are permanently located on the Linda Vista foot-hills, close to Pasadena, the most beautiful and cleanest little city, morally and otherwise, on the whole Western Slope. Our altitude is 1500 feet above sea level. It is on these foothills that we purpose, in the near future, to establish an extensive Health Home for the handling and treatment of many of the diseases and diseased conditions which the medical world fails to cure and pronounces incurable. But of this more will be said later.

With this brief introduction to our thousands of old friends and, we trust, as many more new ones, we beg to remain,

Ever in the cause of Human Growth,

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE.



## The Hope of The Race.

The predominating hope of the race is for health, strength and happiness to the end of its days. In the absence of health there is comparatively little in life for any one. In the absence of a healthy body and mind, what are we fit for anyway? Nothing. It were far better had we never been born.

Life in the absence of the ability to enjoy it to the

maximum is without adequate compensation, thus it is well that the days for such are numbered.

Those of us who are physically and mentally incapacitated to add at least a few blessings to the great whole, are existing without a purpose. We are a hindrance to the progress of the race and therefore, a menace to society and the public good. There is no other way to look at this proposition.

For hundreds of centuries past, man's physical estate has been declining, and in proportion to physical decay, there has been a lapse of mental and moral strength. This has become so apparent to the more enlightened students of evolution that great efforts are being made throughout all civilised portions of the world to change the trend of thought forces to a higher plane, to the end that the race may again stand where it once did—fully equipped physically, mentally and spiritually to consummate the highest in everything pertaining to its development.

Think of a people, once numbering its longevity by thousands of years, so dwarfing itself through self-acquired ignorance and dissipation that its average lease of life is today scarcely forty years! Isn't that a monstrous state of affairs to drift into?

Think of a people, once absolutely free from disease and diseased conditions, now unable to place in evidence a single perfect physical structure! Is it not about time that some of us took steps to remedy this deplorable state of affairs? That we raise our voices and pens high aloft in a superhuman

effort to check the further downward tendency of the growth of the race?

The first step in the direction of the uplifting of physical man to a healthy and consequently normal state of growth is to change the trend of the thought forces. The race has constantly been taught how to die instead of how to live. We all think that we are going to die—some time before we reach the century mark, and we all prefer to die before we reach the helpless, dependent state incident to the great majority of cases we term old age. Being taught from birth that we must prepare to die, and constantly witnessing on every hand the effects of this teaching, it would be strange indeed to see many of us pass the hundred-year mark and still retain a physical and mental rectitude that would make the continuation of life a pleasure and delight; and yet nothing but ignorance and the ignorant teachings and examples of a self-depleted and debauched ancestry is responsible for man's present dwarfed and undeveloped thought powers. With a depleted body comes a dwarfed intellect. There is no help for it.

The race, as it stands today, is unfit to propagate and perpetuate its kind. It is the burning sin of all sins to breed children in our present low state of physical and mental development. What is there in us worth perpetuating? What can we give the offspring that will guarantee to it the fullness of the universal blessings which ever await the claiming by those who have fought the battle well and won?

I believe that we have had evidence sufficient in recent years to convince us that, in the absence of a strong, healthy body, the mind cannot perform normal functions. In other words, I believe that the claims long set forth through the publications and teachings of the writer, namely, that the mind is incapable of its best work in the presence of an imperfect and unhealthy body, and that the mind alone, in the absence of any sort of physical demonstration tending to the strengthening and perfecting of the same, cannot fulfill its legitimate mission or come anywhere near it. These claims, as I have stated, have been amply verified and there can be no further contention on this score. You may think that you are healthy for a thousand years, but unless you make some sort of physical demonstration in that direction you will prematurely pass out of this life. You know that death never comes in the presence of physical and mental perfection, don't you? If you do not, then you have something to learn.

One of the purposes of the Hundred-Year League will be to try and induce every married couple to refrain from bringing children into the world until such time as they know absolutely that they can do so and not commit a sin against the offspring, which will also mean a sin against themselves. It will also be the purpose of this League to teach married people how to so perfect themselves that they will be a combined blessing to themselves, to the child and to the race.

An aspiration which has for its guiding star the propagation of a race born in physical and mental perfection, is not one to be frowned upon, is it? I feel certain that no sane reader of these lines will think so. We all want to see less crime, less misery and less suffering and sorrow, do we not? If this is true, then we must certainly build for the higher type of manhood, must we not? Is there any other means by which this result can be consummated? I think not. Admitting this to be true, then I feel certain that much of my future work along the lines of human growth and unfoldment will be sustained and aided by thinking people everywhere.

I am well aware that my ideas on the joint subjects of marriages and births are decidedly antagonistic to those of the President of the United States, but I shall not try to defeat him for re-election on this score. There are enough other things of derelict tendencies to accomplish the downfall of every man who believes in the propagation of a race that his country may be kept on equal war footing with the rest of the bloodthirsty crowned heads of the world; so I shall spend very little time in an effort to neutralize the pronouncements of Theodore on the subject of race suicide. I am free to acknowledge that there are plenty of suicides, but not enough of the sort Teddy is fearful of. There are suicides and tragedies everywhere as the direct result of present social, political and industrial conditions, made possible and fostered by the system which has prevailed so long under the

reign of old party governmental control and management. The difference between the President and myself on this score is, the President wants larger families of the sort we already have, while I would place a bar on anything but physically and mentally perfect children, to the end that there would prevail intelligence and manhood and strength sufficient in good time to overthrow every vestige of the system which is today wrecking the race morally, socially and spiritually. My plan will put a stop to suicides of every character. Roosevelt's plan will multiply them by the hundreds of thousands.

So, the hope of the race is certainly not found in the perpetuation of present conditions. There must be a change. We must establish, here and now, the nucleus of a new and greatly improved race. We must educate the mothers and fathers of today in the direction of a healthier, stronger and more fully equipped ancestry. Otherwise we shall reap the fate of the Atlantians. We shall be sunk in the bottom of the deep sea because of our enormous sins of omission and commission.

Who shall blame the unwelcome offspring, with the diseased mind and body, for despising the source of his parentage? These are they who make criminals, paupers and fill the insane asylums.

These are conditions which the Hundred-Year League would modify and change so far as is possible. To this end we invite the hearty co-operation of every friend of the cause of race advancement.



## Blesses The Hour.

The writer has a dear friend back in Illinois who blesses the hour of his emancipation from the thralldom of religious fanaticism. And worst of all, this friend charges up his emancipation to the writings and teachings of the editor of the late *Path-Finder*.

When we look back on our past record, small as it is, in the direction of teaching people how to live more wholesome, practical, Christian lives, we feel compensated an hundred fold.

The friend we refer to is Dr. James W. Cormany, of Mt. Carroll, Ill. We should, however, include the Doctor's beloved wife, who, too, participated in the glorious results incident to the change which came into their lives.

During the past summer months Dr. and Mrs. Cormany made an extended tour of the Pacific Coast and stopped some time in and about Los Angeles. I had never personally met the doctor before, though we had been in correspondence for some years. I knew something of the change which had come into the lives of this family, but was not cognizant as to the details until the doctor's visit to the Coast.

The story is an interesting one, at least to me, and I give it at this time as an illustration as to how it is possible for every one to grow and unfold even under the influence of most adverse conditions.

For many years prior to the time I first began my present line of work, Dr. and Mrs. Cormany were pillars in the Baptist church of their little home city in Illinois, the doctor being not only at the head of the church management, but was also Superintendent of the Sunday School. In some mysterious manner a copy of some of my first writings fell into Dr. Cormany's hands. He read the booklet through and was so impressed with its contents that he sat down and wrote me a very flattering endorsement,

A little later I published this endorsement, together with many others which had come to me in the meantime. Shortly following this the whole batch of complimentary notices fell into the hands of the pastor of Dr. Cormany's church. Immediately following this a secret meeting of the church officials was called, care being taken not to let our "wayward" doctor friend know anything about it. Of course, all these "good" Christian brethren were shocked. All church people who do not believe what they preach are always shocked when they get hold of my writings. One of the things which conspired to induce me to take up my pen was that I might shock all hypocrites wherever found into a realization of the enormity of their offenses against true Christianity. So it is not surprising that the Mt. Carroll Baptist church dignitaries proceeded forthwith to "fire" Dr. Cormany out of the church without even giving him a hearing. This sort of proceeding is a part of the Church's system of promulgating the Christian religion. This is one of the reasons why the Church is growing so fast—backward. Bless the Lord for it. He has been maligned and misrepresented quite enough. It is time the real gospel of the Nazarene be known to all men. When it is, there will be no more contention and warring and bloodshed among the "Christian" nations of the earth.

Shortly Dr. Cormany was notified of his dismissal with great show of trumpets. Instead of being humbled and assuming a penitent air as had been expected, the waiting committee received the information from the doctor that the move on the part of the church officials was the most fortunate thing that could have come into his life. He now felt a freedom of mind and soul that had never before been his to enjoy. So joyous was this news to him that he then and there demanded that his wife be treated in the same manner. Later the good wife withdrew

from the church. All the church clans predicted that this would be the breaking up of the doctor's business. But it was not—it was the making of it. They dropped the meat habit along with other modern-day church indiscretions and practices. They are living clean, wholesome, true Christian lives; they are converting many others among the town's people to the better way of spreading the gospel of the Golden Rule, and all is peace and contentment and sunshine with them. Many times have these same Baptist church people come to them and begged them to return to the fold of the church, but no; it would be impossible to promulgate within the walls of any creedal institution the broad-gauge, philanthropic, true Christian spirit which these people have attracted to themselves since the very hour the Mount Carroll Baptist church declared them "heretics."

For every "heretic" the Church makes, one more disciple of true Christianity is thrust upon the world's plane of action. In this regard we feel moved to compliment the work of the modern-day Church.

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In reading the above I trust that no one will get the impression that I am against or opposed to religious teachings. If so, I am entirely misunderstood. I welcome and support and applaud true Christianity wherever found. I have read aloud, in my home, at frequent intervals, "Christ's Sermon on the Mount." I regard this sermon as containing the greatest and most helpful teachings which have ever emanated from the pen or brain of either inspired or uninspired mortal man. No one can read this wonderful production of literary and inspired genius and not profit by it. Every line and every sentence is an inspiration in itself. It fills the soul and the heart and every atom of one's whole being with life and light

and endless hope. It is limitless in its powers of conviction. It tells us in simplest, plainest, but marvelously beautiful rhetoric, just what to look for, just what to hope for, just what will come to us when once we have found and clasped to our embrace the Spirit Infinite which abides within every created atom of this wonderful Universe. But the Christ's example and teachings are not found in the so-called religious pulpits of today. The very atmosphere in all these institutions is pregnant with everything **except** the true Christian spirit as exemplified by the humble Nazarene.

Whenever I enter the doors of any one of the great modern church edifices—these palatial, pictorial palaces of hypocrisy—my thoughts inadvertently turn to some of the Master's words in His incomparable address to His disciples:

"And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are; for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets that they may be seen of men.

"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to the Father which is in **secret**; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."

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Within every human structure there exists a "Father which is in **secret**." Were it not so there would be no such thing as animate life. This "Father" is the God-power within us—the eternal, living, life entity, which is the "secret" motive power within us, and which, when recognized, or **prayed** to in the silence of our own closet, will "reward us openly."

Is this anything like the farcical, irreligious, pyrotechnic demonstrations which we are forced to witness and tolerate in the modern-day methods of en-

tertaining the society crowds which throng the "holy temples" of today?

Whence come these false teachers of a religious school which never enjoyed even the suspicion of having possessed a legitimate sire? Whence come they, and whither are they drifting?

I leave these questions for the solution of a more enlightened posterity—to one that will be present at the finale—when the hour for dissolution and disintegration of a false and deadening theology shall have been fixed by the unchanging and unchangeable law from whose jurisdiction there is no appeal.



## She Is All Right.

Helen Wilmans writes:

"How is that girl—that small boss of a big job? She reminds me of Uncle Johnny Brooks' last baby. It was a girl. There had been nine before her—all girls. Uncle Johnny was sure he was going to have a boy. I saw him soon after the event. He was dumb. I could hardly get him to talk. He tried hard to think of something good to say. He felt that there must be something good to say of her if he could only think of it.

"Sure she is a girl?" I asked.

"Sure pop," he said.

"Is she pretty?"

"Yes, sir; looks just like me." He got on his horse and rode nearly a mile down the lane, and then came back.

"I done forgot to tell you how she kin holler. She has got the sand, too, you bet."

"Well, she did have it. She became boss of the ranch, and made one of the most superb women. She was the joy of her family.

"You can apply this to Mrs. Louise, bless her little big heart."

Thank you most cordially, dear friend. I know you are an expert judge of girls "who have the sand and kin holler." You see I found that a city lot 60x150 was not large enough for Louise, so I have "set her out" on a small country tract, where irrigation is unnecessary. It would never do to irrigate the "Little Boss." She grows too swift for me as it is, besides she would outstrip all the rest of the vegetation and make her "dad" look like one potato in a hill. I don't know what any one would do with a family of nine like her. I feel certain that I shall never try the experiment.



## The Price We Pay.

By Louise Ambrose Conable.

"Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;

At the Devil's booth are all things sold,  
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,  
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:

'Tis heaven alone that is given away,  
'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

—The Vision of Sir Launfal.

Have you ever counted the cost of your possessions in the only assets that you brought into the world with you—life and time and your body with its accompaniment of more or less health?

The other evening I was reading a legal document which ended "Time is the essence of this contract." The words started a train of thought in my mind upon which I have been meditating in my leisure moments ever since.

Time! that wonderful, all powerful, all pervading,

all comprehending word. What contract did two mortals ever enter into of which time was not the essence?

The whole world, certainly the entire Western world, is fairly saturated with the phrase "If I have time!" If! Have we not all the time there is? Just stop and think for one moment.

What have we done with the last twenty-four hours, and hours, and hours and hours that lie back of them? Making a living, we say. Doing a hard duty; attending to social obligations; performing the thousand and one occupations which we have said were the necessities of life.

But right here the question arises—the eternal "why" that has echoed down the ages past and will echo through the ages to come—what is life, what are its necessities?

In that wonderful Sermon on the Mount, the Master says:

"No man can serve two masters, for either he will hate the one and love the other, or he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.

"Therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink. Nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not life more than meat and the body more than raiment?

"Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

"And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies how they grow. They

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toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

"Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you? O, ye of little faith!

"Therefore, take no thought saying 'what shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed?' (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek) for your heavenly Father knoweth you have need of these things.

"But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things will be added unto you."

Now, let us consider these verses for a few moments to see if we cannot get something practical from them, even from the Twentieth Century point of view. The verses begin:

"No man can serve two masters";

so the first question for us to settle is: what two masters have we as a race and as individuals the power of serving? and a little further along we find the answer:

"Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

Mammon! a most powerful force if it can be in opposition to the mighty Creator of the Universe. In order to understand the nature of Mammon we must first understand the nature of its opposite, God.

God is Absolute Love, Infinite, Eternal, Unchangeable, in Being, Wisdom, Power, Holiness, Justice, Goodness and Truth; and Mammon is that which man in his ignorance, has set up in opposition to the perfect manifestation of that Love, both individually and as a race.



Then the verses go on:

“Therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on; is not life more than meat and the body more than raiment?”

Here we have the separation made. Life and the body are of God; meat and raiment are of Mammon. So the expression of Life and the cultivation of the body are the essentials and all the other things are secondary.

Then once more he takes up the thread of his argument:

“Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?”

The fowls of the air are fed by the Father and they in return follow their instincts and express Life in its fullness. What is more inspiring to the soul that is open to it than the joyous, uplifted, throat-splitting song of a bird in its perfect freedom from care? And yet the verse says:

“Are ye not much better than they?”

“And why take ye thought for raiment?  
Consider the lilies how they grow.”

**Growth!** that is it! The return of gratitude to the Father for his care. The only return that it is possible for his children to give whether they be of sentient life or not. The lily bulb follows the path laid out for it, sends forth its tiny shoot of life into the air in perfect faith and love and is provided its raiment without effort. It fulfills its part of the law

of growth, knowing full well that it will be cared for.

Now comes the first driving home of the great truth:

“Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you? O, ye of little faith!

We have no need to take any thought concerning what we shall eat nor what we shall drink, nor wherewithal we shall be clothed. The heavenly Father knoweth what we have need of and will tell us what to eat, and what to drink and what to wear if we will but pay the price of the knowledge. The Master, through years of endeavor had come into such absolute Oneness, such complete absorption into the Father that he could say “The Father and I am One.” Always he said:

“Not I, but the Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the work.”

It was for Him to keep the passage way of expression absolutely open, the Father’s to do the work.

Then He ends His sermon with that authoritative statement of complete knowledge:

“But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you.

What things? What to eat and what to drink and what to wear? Yes, just the things that you need for your spiritual unfoldment. Not for your social or financial advancement (that is of Mammon and is after the manner of the Gentiles—they who seek not the abiding-place in perfect Love; who say “Let

us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die,) but the things that are for the perfecting and spiritualizing of the body that the Father may take complete possession of and express himself through it. When you reach the kingdom of God and His righteousness, which is different from man's righteousness, the things that you need will have so changed that you will never recognize them.

If these are the things that you desire—the possessions of the kingdom of God; the possession and expression of the very attributes of the Father himself—then you must pay the price and that price is one of your assets—time.

And how shall we get this time? Go through your possessions. Take them one by one. Say to yourself "Is this worth the time and health of which I must deprive the Father in order to possess it? Is this one of the needs that the Father has promised me? If it is worth it, put it back in its old place. It is yours. If it is not worth it, lay it aside. No matter how tender are its associations, how sacred a gift; if it does not help in your growth then you serve Mammon when you keep it. It does not matter what you do with your things. Sell them, give them away; burn them if need be—but be free!

And will not this attitude make us selfish, prone to disregard our duty and the rights and liberties of others? Nay! **Love** is unselfish. If there creeps within your consciousness so much as the shadow of a desire to have for yourself more liberty than you are anxious and willing to accord your brother, it is not Love, and is not of the Father, for he is Love. But it will cut out non-essentials and the doing for others that which their own growth demands that they either do for themselves or leave it undone. Love refuses no loving service; refuses no helping hand to a needy soul; refuses no food to

one of the Father's children who through ignorance or otherwise has none of his own.

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Now let us take up the second and more definitely practical part of the subject.

"Take no thought what ye shall eat  
or what ye shall drink."

What a chorus of protest I hear going up. "Why we have to eat! Do you? Have you ever tried any other way since you came to years of understanding? If you have, did you go into it with fear and trembling of what it would do to you, or did you say to yourself firmly:

"Man shall not live by bread alone, but  
by every word that proceedeth out of the  
mouth of God."?

and with that mighty statement have you ascended into the realms of spiritual exultation to listen to the words of God that you may know the real needs that are to express the will of the Father? If you have not experienced this, you are not ready to say my needs are this or my needs are that.

Man eats so much more than he needs for the actual generation of strength, mental and physical, that his mind is completely clogged against the Divine manifestation. All his energy goes to ridding his body of the surplus food.

When an article of food is presented to our consideration how many of us say, "Does my body need this food and is it the best possible material for building perfect health and strength?" I think not. We say "Does it taste good"? Yet taste is not to be depended upon. We are all builded of exactly the same elements, with identical organs of digestion and assimilation and we must live, either by food, which is of the earth, or by the Breath of Life, which is of God. Yet how tastes differ. Our tastes are

formed by heredity and environment, but at the same time it can be cultivated to like or dislike anything; and the more diseased and clogged the body the more unnatural the taste.

A new-born babe has a natural hunger and an unperverted taste. It eats one thing and stops when it has enough. How many of us do the same? Our taste soon becomes satiated with one article of food, so we try something new. That tastes delicious, so we keep on and constantly overeat. If the desire to eat from any cause should fail us altogether we prepare new dishes to "tempt" the appetite, while the fact of the matter is that we do not need anything unless we feel a strong desire for it.

When your appetite fails you or your body gets out of order, ascend to the heavenly places with the Father and there abide until all is well with you again. The oftener you go and the longer you abide the nearer you will come to a perpetual abode in the kingdom of Heaven.

The Master also said:

"Is not the body more than raiment?" and again I hear that chorus, "But we have to wear clothes and have 'things!'" How many clothes do you need to protect your body; how many "things" to sustain life in perfect health? By what do you judge your needs? By your desires? By your neighbors possessions?

Raiment is used in the sense of bodily belongings in this case, and includes not only clothes, but all the things that pertain to the real or imaginary comfort and adornment of the body.

"I will have nothing that I do not know to be useful and believe to be beautiful," wrote the man who was learning the beauty of the simple life.

Let us see how well that will fit our belongings. First let us take up the matter of bodily coverings. You are wearing clothes. Are they made to express

your idea of what is beautiful; purchased with the view of wearing well, and that through them you may express your own individuality? or are they made to follow the fashion, changing with every varying mood of that fluttering butterfly and expressing an idea utterly antagonistic to your body? Have you just the number that you need, or do you have a "change" for the edification of the public?

Every article of clothing, every article of household possession, every financial resource that man has outside of his actual needs is evidence that he is serving the god of Mammon and is so much farther from the kingdom of Righteousness—not because material possessions are, in themselves, wrong, but because the care of them depletes mankind's precious asset of time and what is even worse—health.

What is it that is absorbing the health, vitality and life of the women of our nation? Things! Hot stoves for cooking things to eat that had far better be left in a state of Nature where they would afford real nourishment, with less energy to digest them; things to wear far in excess of our actual needs and constructed upon lines that are a daily defilement of the Temple of the Living God; things to make us "comfortable" when we wear ourselves out and break down trying to care for them; and last and most deadly and degenerating of all, because it falls upon men, women and children alike with its deadening and defiling contamination is the wild scramble after money that we and ours may "have as good as anybody." Ah! that is it! Now we are getting down to first principles.

Fear! Fear that our neighbors will not think us opulent! Fear that we will lose our social position! Fear that we will be ridiculed if we dare to think for ourselves! Fears! the fears are endless! O, ye of little faith!

"Will He not the more clothe you?"

In our Father's house are many mansions; clothing of radiant Love; food—the Bread of Life—awaiting us now if we are but willing to pay the price.

The price that with his mansions and clothing and food he presents to every living soul.

Will you not tread this path with us?



## JUST PARAGRAPHS.

By the Senior.

If every man could affix the kindly expression in his eye that we see in the wag of the average dog's tail, what a world of sympathy, love and compassion would radiate from the human heart.



"You cannot separate politics from corruption by separating yourself from politics," says a political organ. No, they go together, so it is no use trying to separate one from the other.



A newspaper paragrapher predicts that "Rockefeller, Rogers and the other Standard Oil buccaneers may yet have an opportunity to sneer at Theodore Roosevelt through prison bars." What has Teddy done that is likely to place him behind the bars?



There is certainly one place in the world where the "anarchist" is doing his Father's work—it is in Russia. The bomb is doing for Russia what Sinclair's "Jungle" has done for Packingtown, and some other portions of this country. There should be no stay of similar proceedings.



The Hundred-Year League will teach you how to live a hundred years and more. This is one of the

blessings that we are going to hand down to posterity. Every child has a right to be the product of strong, healthy parents. The weak, sickly parent who insists on bringing children into the world, should be restrained by process of law. There is no greater crime.



There is a crying demand for a more highly developed race, physically, morally and spiritually. Whenever I see a child on the street I wonder what its parents look like. Whenever I hear of a boy or girl being sent to a house of correction or reform school, I know that the parents should have been locked up first before the child was born. Prenatal thought has wrecked a hundred million lives. Parental physical and mental decrepitude has wrecked as many more.



The President worked in his little spelling fad in his message to Congress, but no one takes the matter seriously. But if the President would take it upon himself to recommend a few reforms in the direction of murdering wild birds and animals for sport, then he will have done something worth while. The country is ripe for real reforms, but fads will not be accepted as reforms from even the President of the United States. The race suicide fad and the spelling fad will not long survive the "Rozvlt" administration.



Seventy-four deaths and seventy serious injuries is the record so far among the deer hunters in Wisconsin during the "open season." It is said that Michigan outstrips this number. This is very fair, but there should have been more deaths. The man who can look into the innocent, pleading, semi-human eyes of a deer and then deliberately take its life, has not yet reached the stage of growth where he is of



any benefit to the race, so the sooner he steps out by the same route as his victim, the sooner will he evolve to the plane where the brutal murderous instinct has ceased to be a conspicuous factor in his evolution.



We are hearing considerable concerning Maxim Gorky and his "second wife." We are not blaming Gorky or his "second wife." Gorky's American friends are the ones who should be criticized. They should have informed him as to the difference between the American and the Russian plan of indulging in a plurality of wives. In America the practice is conducted secretly, while in Russia it is conducted openly. When in Turkey you must do as the turkeys do, Mr. Gorky. Conduct your harem in secrecy and then when you are found out, emulate the example of King Edward—"commit perjury like a gentleman." But all these foreigners of "lax morals" will soon familiarize themselves with both English and American customs.



The world dropped a tear of deepest sympathy over the tragedy enacted within the inner circles of the Golden Gate, when a great city perished by one stroke of an avenger's hand. Then the cry echoed and re-echoed throughout the length and breadth of this broad land—why this punishment? Why has this Christian people, by the side of the placid waters of the sun-kissed Pacific, been scourged to the very verge of complete extinction? The answer has not been long in coming. A community that will put in public places of trust and keep them there, a set of human vultures that openly and publicly traffics in the infamies of fallen women, as is the case in San Francisco, should not have long to await the coming of the hand of the exterminator. And it didn't. Will this first lesson be sufficient?

Dr. Lapponi, the private doctor to two Popes, is dead. His malady was cancer. In speaking of this doctor, an editorial paragrapher of one of the patent medicine dailies, says: "He was a master of his craft." No doubt of it. If, by the willingness of a doctor to test his own methods and remedies on himself, he meets with the same fate as his average patient, there can be no possible objection to the erection of a monument to his memory. We have by far too few doctors who are willing to take chances in proving the efficacy of their own system. I trust the time will soon come when there will be a law on every statute book compelling every experimentally-inclined M. D. to first do his experimenting on himself. This would be in the interest of true science and give other people an opportunity to survive their allotted three score and ten.



The "Christian spirit" is so rampant in Russia that the poor Jew has no spot whereon to lay his head, so he, too, conceals a bomb in his whiskers and goes forth in the hope of perpetuating his own religious system—while his wife runs the pawn shop. What crimes will we not commit that we may "enjoy" the freedom of our religious convictions. And yet it is said that the race is progressing in the direction of a more exalted spiritual unfoldment. Is it not barely possible that some of us have been temporarily sidetracked and lost our bearings? There is no question that the present religious war spirit which is prevailing, even in our own "free" America, is an important factor in the direction of the permanent establishment of a higher civilization to come, but it is a most deplorable process. Yet it appears to be the only means by which the war element may be effectually exterminated.

The tragedy which marks the mental break-down of Alexander Dowie is something pitiable. His was a powerful mind, but the strain was too great. But this is the inevitable result. Every life tragedy comes as the recompense, or punishment, some call it, for deeds of corruption committed in the flesh. None of us are exempt. The greater the offense the greater the punishment. While our hearts go out in pity as the Great Executioner's ax makes inanimate that which was once animate, still we know that exact justice prevails. We mourn because the flesh has been weak and failed, not because of the punishment meted out. Zion City is to be deserted. It is well—else it would not be. The lesson is obvious—he who worships at the shrine of a false prophet must pay a severe penalty. And the false prophet—Dowie's tragic finale points the moral. The world is full of false prophets. They stand behind church altars by the thousands. Each in turn will meet with a tragic ending—some less conspicuous than others, according to the enormity of the offense. Death is always a tragedy. When death comes it is the final signal that life has been a failure. Physical ills are warnings that point to the ultimate failure. Few of us heed these warnings. Those who do not invite the tragedies which must soon follow.



Speaking of blessings in Southern California, I know of no other spot on the face of the earth where one is privileged to purchase hard wood fuel in bag lots at the rate of forty cents per bag. Some times there are as many as twenty or thirty sticks in these bags, some of them as much as eight or ten inches long. And then, too, you can purchase a sack full of coal, as much as you can conveniently carry under your arm, all for eighty cents. Think of it! And in the face of all this, the startling spectacle

is presented to us of hundreds of tourists turning back to their Eastern homes in order to get warm. Again, numerous unappreciative invalids living in the hotels and flats have died from the effects of the cold here in Los Angeles. Not that they have frozen to death. No; they have merely chilled to death, which is worse, as the long-drawn-out suffering has been intolerable. Others have been made sick unto death. And all this in a community of "perpetual sunshine and summer," as the newspapers and Chamber of Commerce put it to the verdant Easterner. The poor devil who chills to death when wood is only fifteen dollars a cord (short cord), or forty cents for a sack full that will last through the night if he is real careful, ought to be ashamed of himself. Doesn't he know that by dying he gives this glorious tropical climate a black eye, provided the death certificate escapes the vigilance of the local medical trust? Every home in and about the Los Angeles region needs fires both evenings and mornings, and most of the day, fully six months of each year, and many seasons for a longer period. Don't think for a moment that it is impossible to perish of cold in Southern California. There is abundant evidence to the contrary. At the present time the writer's family is running two stoves most of the time, using peach pits as fuel, at seven dollars a ton. Would'nt that wreck your confidence in the two-colored periodical hallucinations sent out by the frantic real estate fakers? If not, please inform us what would. If I fail to appreciate all the blessings which this semi-frigid zone passes out to its victims, I feel certain that I shall be pardoned by at least all my Eastern allies—that is, all those who reached their homes in safety. Please excuse me for a moment while I put another handfull of peach pits in the base burner. I am not joking. This is a cold-blooded statement of fact.

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