

Bright
HORIZONS

for MARCH, 1955

Forest Plants
12



*Nothing
but Soulcraft*

What All Grown-Ups Don't Know:

*People Don't Necessarily Die When
Their Souls Go Out of Their Bodies*



OUT in a quaint little house on a California mountaintop, back in 1929, a man thought he'd died when he went out of his body for about four hours. But he didn't die. He came back into his body remembering what life was like in the condition that people reach when they've left their physical selves in what the world calls Death. He lived to write up the experience for *The American Magazine*—

Seven Minutes in Eternity

Out of that one night's experience the man wrote something like 20 books on what happens to us when we die, that people are now reading all over the world. The contents of those books are now called—

SOULCRAFT

Ask your father or mother to send \$1 to this same man's publishing house and read the book that comes back, telling all about it. You'll never be afraid of getting killed when you know the truth of what happens to you when you die . .

The Story of a Night in a Lonely Bungalow With a Police Dog

It is making religious history throughout the world, that experience. Because it was followed by others. If you wish your whole spiritual philosophy made over, with facts about the After-life that you can sink your teeth in, send \$1 to the address below for a copy of this book of 78 pages, bound in Burgundy leatherette covers—

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS : Noblesville, Indiana

Earthly Immortality Found in Books!

EARTHLY immortality is an elusive thing at best. But one fact is certain. When a man or woman writes and publishes a great book it is bound to survive the mortal personality. He may lose his mortality from accident or illness, or even from martyrdom to his principles. But what he has uttered lives on in his print. It cannot be destroyed though its writer's pen has stopped. When the edition of a great and vital book has been distributed upon a thousand bookshelves, it is there for as long as that civilization endures. The writer's voice speaks through it after fifty or a hundred years as clearly as upon its day of publication.



The Twenty Books of Soulcraft Cannot Help But Influence the Spiritual Thought of the Next Two to Three Generations . .

BOOKS ARE BUT PRESERVATIVES OF GREAT THOUGHTS AND ILLUMINATIONS

THE VARIOUS articles in this monthly magazine give you some indication of the type of information and wisdom of permanent value in the epochal Soulcraft literature. So long as men and women live, love, breathe and die, it can never go out of date but only be treasured fiercer and more fanatically by those who realize the value of its contents. Sooner or later everyone wants light on the conditions to confront them when he has discarded the physical body. Soulcraft is—

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the Ordinary Person Can Understand!***

Why I Believe

The Dead Are Alive!

MAYBE you like ghost stories. Maybe they scare you to death. But true ghost stories are not only interesting, even gripping, but they challenge our entire structure of religious beliefs about what happens to human beings after death.

Twenty-six Years Bygone

the Editor of BRIGHT HORIZONS began making a careful record of all the evidence coming under his observation of activity of conscious beings in the Invisible Areas of Time and Space . .



318 Pages of Evidence that Dead People Do Come Back and Talk to Us!

IN the book *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*, he has published all these extraordinary experiences, and you will want to read all about them. Particularly will you want to read about Harriet, the Editor's daughter, who died when she was two years old but who has now grown to become a lovely woman of forty, who helps her father from the Invisible Conditions of life, prove these matters to people in mortality.

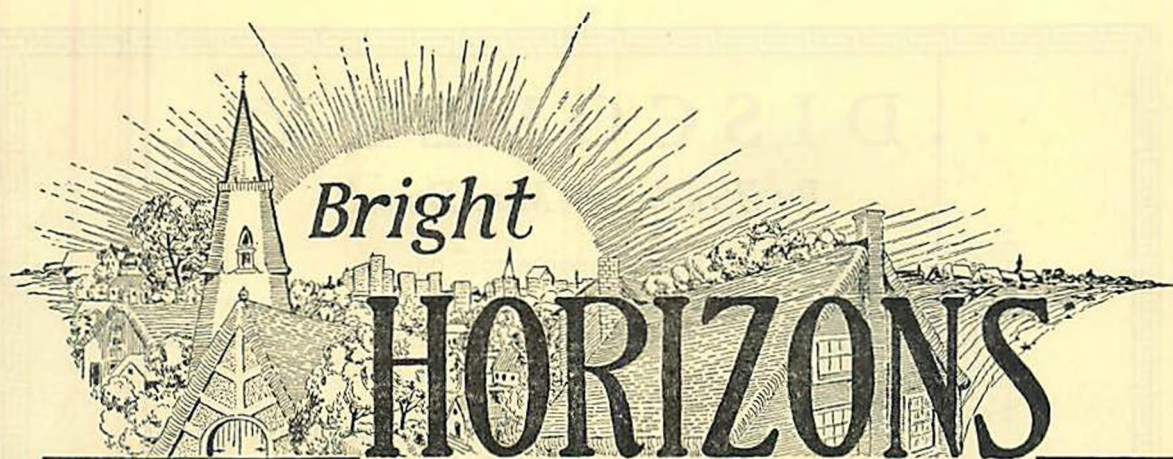
You Will No Longer Be Afraid of Death Coming to You

when you read this massive array of evidence about what has happened to other people who have gone ahead of you through the experience.

A new edition of this book is now ready for immediate delivery:

\$4

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS, Noblesville Ind.



VOLUME FOUR

MARCH, 1955

NUMBER TWO

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.. DISCOVERY ..

By Winchester Mac Dowell



FAIRY paused upon a rose one day
And said to me in quite an anxious way:
"From what you know and now this moment see
Can you declare you don't believe in me?"

"Why yes," I laughed, "it's what I've always thought
That fairies were the folk whom God had wrought
For tinting flowers and such jobs as that,
Or seeing that nice birds escape the cat.

Of course I only glimpse you now and then,
As fondest wishes are fulfilled or when
You laugh so loud I hear with human ears
When folks are saved from hurt or earthly tears.

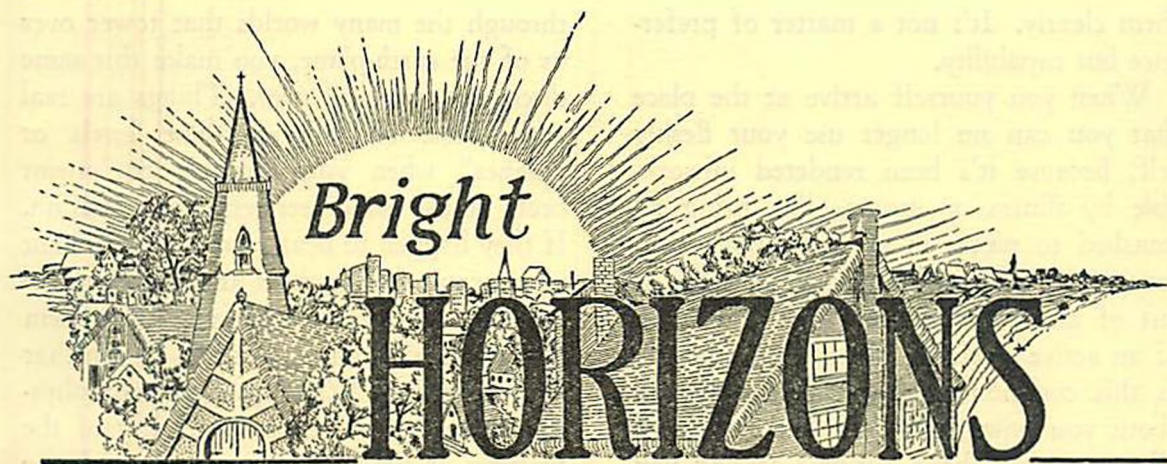
But tell me, Fairy, what makes you so sad
When fairies mostly seen are bright and glad?"
This Fairy pondered it before she said,
"I'm grieving for a little girl who's dead . . ."

"What's this?" I cried. "Don't fairy folk have eyes
To see that nothing mortal truly dies
That once had life upon this worldly plane?
I never dreamed that fairies suffered pain."

"I grieve," this Fairy said, "because my word
That she must do more loving went unheard;
She would have been more lucky Up Above
If she had learned the sweeter ways of Love."

With such explained, this Fairy winged away
To keep appointment on some later day.
I pondered what had caused her saddened face;
Do fairies weep, when we ignore Love's Grace?





VOLUME FOUR

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IF Dead People Are Alive, Why Don't They All Talk to Us?



THOUSANDS of grown-up people are perfectly willing to admit that the souls of people who become sick and die may leave their physical bodies and keep right on being conscious, but if such "dead" people manage to talk to those still in bodies on special occasions, why doesn't it follow that

anybody and everybody can talk with them and know for themselves about the certain survival of the human spirit? Why should not these great facts about Life and Death be available to everybody and end for all time these worries over what becomes of any human spirit when its time has come for it to go?

There are a good many reasons why not, and junior Soulcrafters should understand

them clearly. It's not a matter of preference but capability.

When you yourself arrive at the place that you can no longer use your fleshly self, because it's been rendered unworkable by illness or injury—like being all smashed to pieces in an automobile accident—you will awaken sooner or later as out of an ordinary sleep to a realization of an active world all about you, precisely as this common earth-world is active all about you now. You will find people of all ages going about business around you—that is, people who have been in the so-called Heaven World longer than yourself—and carrying on states of society very similar to those in today's flesh. You will see buildings and trees and landscapes, just as you see them in this world, but they will all be vibrating at a higher rate of atomic "frequency" as we call it than the rate at which this earth-world beats.

¶ *DEFEAT is a school
in which one always
graduates with the hon-
ors of victory . .*

YOU have been told in earlier articles in this magazine that the reason the materials of this world seem so real to us through our bodily senses, is because our material bodies are beating at exactly the same atomic speeds. As you proceed up

through the many worlds that tower over us of the earth-plane, you make this same discovery over and over. Things are real and visible on any of these levels or "planes" when your organic equipment beats at the same frequency of vibration. If they happen to beat faster, your present senses can't follow them and they seem to become invisible, and when you touch them they don't offer any opposition to you that you recognize. When your present physical senses can't see or touch any of the features of the worlds beating at a faster rate, you say of course that they don't exist, they're "unreal", or, "there's nothing there." But the scientist knows there may be a million things there, although it does not seem to make sense to the unscientific mind.

Electricity is a good example of something very real in the higher dimensions, to explain this. You can't see electricity of itself with clumsy physical senses, nor can you handle it as a thing. You can see the bright light it makes when it causes billions of radioactive waves to be thrown off every second from a filament in the ordinary light-bulb, but that's not electricity as a thing, it's an indication of what the thing *does*. By the same token, you pick up a charged electric wire and get shocked. But it's not electricity as an article or object that shocks you. *It's the effect you feel on your low-speed fleshly body, contacting something at a higher rate of atomic vibration.* Almost we might explain it when considering why anybody and everybody doesn't carry on hourly conversations with the "dead" that these so-called dead are pulsating or beating at the

higher rate as electricity, so it would be real to them as a sort of object and not injure them as it injures us on our lower rate.

WHAT we're having explained to us is, that we're only sensible on this level of reality of the things, objects and materials, that belong to the speed or frequency of this octave or level. But when your soul-body or spiritual body has left your physical self for good, all its senses and elements "step up" their speeds. So this greater world of celestial reality becomes suddenly very real and actual.

True, *all* of its features and conditions are not exact duplicates of our mortal world but there is enough resemblance to make the ordinary person realize he is going on living in a world of reality, and probably will do so for a good many hundred years to come. He won't see winged angels, and fat or chubby cherubim, and golden streets and jasmine buildings, for a considerable time yet, until he has climbed very high in his spiritual progress to still loftier levels. But he will see men and women whom this world down here supposes to be dead and perished, going about their concerns of the next life and being very, very busy with them indeed. And he will soon make the astonishing discovery that just because millions of them are all operating on the higher frequencies of atomic vibration, they hold to the standpoint that the features of their own higher world are once again the only reality.

This earth-world of ours, as such, can't commonly be seen or touched by them,

any more than their next-higher heaven-world can be commonly seen or touched by us in this slower life. You will actually hear tens of thousands of them declare that because this is so, *this earth-world of ours doesn't exist*, that no such creatures as men and women exist—excepting in phantom spectral form.

In other words, due to this difference in recognizing material reality, ideas will be exactly reversed. Everything we now say about the occupants of the Higher Life being spooks and phantoms, will be said of us. *We* shall be the ghosts to these people of the Summerland closest to earth life. And millions who have thus graduated into them by reason of so stepping up their atomic frequencies in their soul-bodies, will be found equally as cagey about having sessions with the ghost-people of earthlife, as millions of earth people feel toward those whom they refer to as having "gone on" . . .



ALMOST, we might express it, those who do believe in the reality of earth-people and the material features of this earth-world, have to make a deliberate business of communicating with those they have left behind. And vast numbers of them shrink from doing so, believing that it's not "right" for communications to be carried on between sets of people in the different-frequency worlds. Just as you run across great numbers of church people

today who couldn't be paid big money for attending what they regard as an unholy spiritualistic seance, so you confront equally great numbers on the Higher Levels of life, having long-since discarded physical bodies of this plane, who aren't at all eager to go into seance conditions in the loftier worlds and carry on visits with these low-speed, elemental earth creatures, as they regard most of us living today in bodies of flesh.



In other words, the situation is exactly reversed, and we are held by them as belonging in the domain of phantoms and spooks—all because most folks in both worlds don't understand that Reality as we know it is always a matter of confronting and sensing only those features of the world that vibrate at our own octave of atomic speed. To make matters worse, millions of them don't even *want* to know about this difference in atomic frequencies. It might convince them of something against their wills. They say, "Let's live one world at a time and get out of it all there exists to get out of it, and not go trying to understand conditions that exist crazily in some other world."

The practical result is, that when people on earth-rate of vibration ask why everybody down here at the present time doesn't make contact with people in the higher realms, they're taking for granted that everybody in the higher realms might want to make contact with *them*. And that's by no means so . .

WHAT you get in actual practice is a group of temperaments on this earth-side who set about creating conditions where communication can be managed with people in the higher realms who are likewise curious to exchange ideas with us in flesh. This is done through what we call a Medium, usually a woman so developed that her faculties and bodily properties permit of employment between the two planes of life, so that people who want to communicate on both sides can use her to that end.

Thus the reason that the practice isn't universal and "everybody on This Earth Side knows about it" as we express it, is because vast numbers in both worlds aren't particularly interested to get in touch with each other. We describe it that they don't go in for it generally because they don't "believe" in it. They want to believe in the wonders and performances of just the world in which they find themselves operating and none other. Let all other worlds or systems of life take care of themselves.

One of the most terrible blunders that people on this Lower Plane make is in supposing that merely because a given person on This Side dies out of his body, he is all-wise and all-sagacious instantly on

awakening in the swifter frequencies of the next plane. He is nothing of the sort. He's the same person in his temperament about these matters that he's always been. He simply shifts bodily speeds, that's all. Whereas he formerly didn't "believe" while on This Side that the "dead" continued to live onward and at times communicated with living men, so on ascending onto the next planes he equally refuses to "believe" that it's possible to talk with earth-people. And telling himself that he doesn't "believe" in such fantastic hocus-pocus, he does nothing to prove or disprove whether it's true or false. If he did do a little investigating, he'd find out that it's all so real as to be disconcerting. To avoid being disconcerted, we might put it, he denies all probabilities that it's so.

And Religion encourages him in the whole of it.

UP the past nineteen hundred years, people have been calling it Religion and claiming it's a sacred obligation, to follow the teachings of early Church Fathers who knew absolutely nothing about atomic frequencies and relationships between the many worlds, but just wrote with finality as to what was Truth and what was Error out of their own unbelievable ignorance. When they saw manifestations of life between the worlds, they labeled them supernatural, or Miraculous, or "the Devil going to and fro in the earth, seeking to win converts to evil." Because the general run of people weren't educated enough to challenge such statements by depicting the truth, such opinions based on ignorance



became a sort of sacred law. Up across the generations this sacred law was camouflage to make it appear as the Word of God, and whoever doubted these ignorant church fathers in psychical or soul matters, doubted the Word of God itself.

Nineteen centuries—or something like fifty-seven generations of men and women, brought up strictly to believe those early Church Fathers were all-wise when actually we know today they were all-ignorant—having come and gone, the fact that teachings of ignorance and error have persisted so long is oddly accepted as evidence of truth. This is like saying, believe a lie long enough and its age makes it truth. But we who are starting to break away from the acceptance of it all and exploring scientifically for ourselves in this atomic age, know that it is *not* truth. Far from it. We know that these higher facts about

PLUTARCH said a long time ago that though boys throw stones at frogs only in sport, the frogs don't die in sport but in earnest . .

the differences in recognizing reality are true facts, because we can *prove* them in the laboratory or seance-room. The theologians can prove nothing and don't even try. Moreover, to make things worse, they dare to claim that because they can prove nothing, it's evidence that God expects us to take Religion "on faith." That is, believe it anyhow, merely because it's been a long-time preached.

But this happens to be a generation when scientific discoveries in nuclear fission are leading to scientific discoveries about the real nature of Matter, and the faculties of the senses in recognizing Matter. Evidently the time has come in human history when God really wants to put a stop to our taking of things "on faith" and use our intelligence and find out facts for ourselves. At least He made the facts. And nowhere has He ever stated that men

and women shall be forbidden to know facts and believe only fairy tales.

So now you get a slight idea of why it's so difficult to let everybody in on these principles of communication. It's the disagreeable circumstance that there aren't enough Mediums—capable of servicing between the Lower and the Higher Realms of Reality—to go around and serve everybody, even those who truly want to know and do it, that is holding back the truth from millions.

Soulcraft is becoming as popular as it is, all over the earth, because it is trying to make things clear to average human mind.

BRIGHT HORIZONS will give you more and more instruction about these limitations between the different kinds of life and society that exist as we climb from one life to another up the worlds, if you'll watch for the articles and try to understand them and make them part of your thinking as you grow older.

All of it is a part of a great Age of Enlightenment that the earth-world is due to receive, because, having determined the nature of Matter by developing the atom bomb, other mysterious matters start clearing up that men have always considered "supernatural" and shunned.





WE Must Understand There Is More to Life than Our Senses

UNTIL YOU get up into scientific fields, you take for granted that all there is to this earth-planet is a great metallic ball with a crust and top-soil, with hills and valleys and oceans marking it, and clouds encircling it in the upper atmosphere. That it may likewise be the hard-material center for a number of surrounding spheres of worlds that are invisible to mortal eyesight because operating at a different atomic frequency of Matter, is something we have to explore the science known as Ontology to find out. Ontology, in case you don't have a dictionary handy, means the Science of Life itself—as life.

It never pays to appear too wise or too smart, because just the moment you think you've got everything nicely explained and tagged in the natural world, some scientist comes along with new proofs of this or that which blow up the whole nicely accepted system you've always believed in.

For generations the entire earth-popu-

¶ *THE Supernatural,
So-Called, Is Only the
Demonstration of what
the Eye Is too Clumsy
to Detect . .*

lation accepted and believed that the world was flat and that the sun, moon and stars revolved around it. Then came Galileo with his telescope and exploded the whole flat-world system by showing that it was round and moved about the sun instead of the reverse. For a time they burned people at the stake for listening to Galileo and accepting what he was proving. If people were equally as ignorant today, they would be getting burned at the stake for believing in nuclear fission and the fact that the atom could be exploded, causing such damage as happened at Hiroshima in the closing days of World War II.

Human minds seem to work that way. Kill or exterminate the scientist whose discoveries you can't explain by the old understandings. Now the latest scoffings at scientific discoveries in the field of Psychics concern the possibility that there may be layers of Upper Levels to our own earth-planet on which human life is organized and maintains just as it does down here on the planet's surface. Only in such higher atomic frequencies of Matter, materials aren't discernible to senses keyed to the common recognitions of mortality.

The fault here would lie with our senses, of course, not with the fact that anyone has been particularly keeping facts about it from us . .

¶ *STEALING a kiss
may be petty larceny
or grand larceny, that
depends on the woman
it's stolen from . .*

THE ESTIMATE has been made by pioneers in psychical communication that invisibly enwrapped around our hard earth-world are five and perchance six lighter and speedier levels or "octaves" as we call them—seven in all, counting the hard earth-world on which we're living at the moment, as one, or the first.

It is high time too, that ordinary mortal people—meaning people operating in organisms composed of the same atomic frequencies as the earth and its surface features—knew something definite about the nature of these surrounding globes of life. Certainly as each person comes to die out of the fleshly body, he moves higher and higher up through the five or six loftier floors, living on each long enough to absorb all the lessons it holds to give him.

Anyhow, it thus happens that the next main Soulcraft book to be published is going to be all about the various kinds of society and life on each of these octaves, sometimes called Planes.

The name of it will be *Soul Eternal*.

People who have betaken their inner Etheric bodies out of their clumsy and slow-motion physical bodies, over and over again have found ways and means for communicating information back down here as to what life in these loftier strata is like. This has now grown to a fairly great literature. *Soul Eternal* will present more or less of a digest of it, so that the features outstanding on each plane are reasonably understood by earth people just starting upward through them . .

IMMEDIATELY next above the land surface of our planet there's what we might call a great floor or level that holds all the ignorant, brutal, stupid souls who get out of physical bodies in Etheric Doubles and don't know where they are, nor what to do, because they've never opened either their ears or their minds to such higher instruction while in earth-life. It's known as the Purgatorial Plane but really

1st
Level

it's a place where the downright wicked and thoughtless are made to take stock of themselves, after grasping the fact that conscious life is continuous whether inside a body of flesh or a body of ether.

When they've gotten the idea firmly fixed in their minds that the earth-world is the bottom world from which their great spiritual ascension begins but that there are five great levels still higher up through which they must work their ways, they proceed into The World of Thought Creation—a level which is just the opposite of material conditions in fleshly life. Instead of consciousness enshrouded in the physical body being pushed around by the limitations of materials in this life, and everybody having to work as hard as they know, just to get the means to exist, everything in the world next above Purgatory is supplied by materializing it by Thought.

If you want a suit of clothes, or a house or even a book on this Third Plane, you get it by imagining the picture of it strongly enough so that it actually comes true in reality and you can reach for it and handle it and use it. Naturally money isn't of the slightest use on such a plane because when everybody can have what they want merely by Thought creation of it, no one has any need for selling or buying. What's more, the Etheric Bodies in which conscious souls live and operate don't require food and drink as they do down here close to the earth's surface. They extract their nourishment out of the atmosphere, chemically, precisely as plant life does on this earth-plane. So there are neither farms nor markets nor stores in this higher society. As if this wasn't

enough, it is found that the Etheric Bodies are more or less weightless and can be projected here and there also by powers of Thought. You want to go to a distant place but you don't need automobiles, trains, or airplanes to carry a heavy fleshly body hither. You *think* of that place and, presto, you find yourself actually in it. So this higher plane has no features that we describe as transportation.



The Spiritualists give the name of "The Summerland" to this great Third Area where the lesson to be learned is one of knowing how to behave when one has plenty of everything, instead of a dearth of it as here on this Earth Plane. Millions tarry on this plane a long, long time, because it's so pleasant to provide anything you fancy just by depicting it sharply enough first in your thought. But when they weary of that sort of effortless existence, they move still higher onto the Fourth Level—what is called the Plane of Color.

INTELLIGENCE and even learning itself takes a different form on this Fourth Plane. Instead of facts being put

4th
Plane

down by print in books, or sent through the air by spoken radio worlds, by a queer, queer system they've preserved and transferred by different aspects of color. In other words, each color means something. You translate or interpret meanings by different shades and hues, learning the great lesson of independence from the limitations on your personal senses.



5th Plane

The Fifth Plane or level is closely allied with the Plane of Color Meanings too, in that as souls win up upon it they are gradually being weaned from the notion that to express your personality you've got to have a body of some sort. The great lesson of this Fifth Plane is the demonstration that conscious individuality can express itself independent of any enwrapping vehicle. The mystic describes it as the Plane of the Commencement of Cosmic Personality. You learn to accept yourself and live your life purely from your mental activities or intellectual attainments. You begin to abandon the notion of the necessity for having a body in order to be recognizable or make impression on your fellows or they on you.

Really, you start losing all touch with the Lower body-planes by the time you reach the Sixth Level and you're ready to

6th

go any where in Space you wish to go purely by Thought, observing what's on other planets or life on surrounding worlds and in other galactic systems. Some higher students name it the Plane of Solar Flame.

All the while your consciousness is expanding and increasing so that instead of thinking of just one thing at once, as you are forced to do on this earth-plane, you can think of ten, twenty, fifty things at once—and give them all equal attention. Of course you've lost all semblance of your fleshly earth form, or any bodily form, up on the Sixth Plane. You're now almost ready to graduate onto the Seventh Plane—which is the level where you make true contact with the intelligence of Holy Spirit and come to partake of an intellect very much like God's . .

7th

True Heaven

ON THIS Seventh Plane you pass permanently into a state known as Timelessness. The divinity of your intelligence—which has required perhaps a million years to arrive at—now is aware of everything or anything going on anywhere in the universe. You can now exist and recognize your individuality without a bodily vehicle of any pattern at all. Neither Time nor Space exist for you, because your consciousness encompasses these in all the aspects the worlds have contained for you. You know the whole history of what's due to happen in the future just as capably as you know the history of everything that's happened in the past. Having learned from the Third Level onward how to manufacture and create by Thought, your consciousness has now reached a de-

velopment where you could even manufacture and create a whole planetary system of your own and people it, if you so chose. This would practically make you a God in your own right—at least to the elemental creatures you had brought thus into being on them. And yet you would long since have discovered that Holy Spirit Itself is even greater and grander and more wonderful than merely being able to project new planets or planetary systems. Passing finally into the complete understanding of how truly great Holy Spirit was, or is, you would definitely have reached the true apex of Heaven—as the Bible has tried feebly to convey description of it to you . .

THESE are stupendous ideas, and offered you now merely to give you some faint notion of how you happen to be here on the earth-level for a few years of life to start you off on the whole of it.

The ancients took an easy way of depicting heaven—saying that if you died guilty of as few sins as possible, you popped at once into this highest Seventh Plane and became all-wise and all-powerful in a twinkling. But you do nothing of the sort. You have to gain to it gradually by earning to each one of these levels and absorbing through understanding and partaking of each of the spiritual gains peculiar to it.

All the same, it's well to have a working knowledge of what's ahead by impressing on your thinking the foregoing sketch. You gain to a grasp of all the worlds as they relate to each other, and by each is a preparation of a sort for those still high-

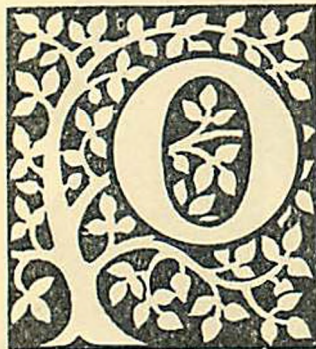


er. The little petty cares and distractions of this lowest mortal life appear of small consequence in their effects on you when you grasp the majesty and magnitude of all in assembly or correlation.

Be sure you read this last great Soulcraft book, *Soul Eternal*, or have it read and explained to you by some grown-up. No matter what your age, you'll actually know more about the causes behind mortality and the mysteries life presents, than the wisest old sage in your earth-world today. Just remember the Seven Levels . .

You're slated to have a working knowledge of all of them, though it takes you a million years to acquire it!

When Your Dog Is Killed by a Motorcar



ONE OF the greatest reasons why the world about us appears as it does, is due to the construction of our eyes in admitting light. Our eyes can only "handle" light up to a certain wave-length. Light waves of greater length are the causes for things appearing invisible to us, or to put it in another way, causes for things we now see suddenly going invisible. One noted scientist made the statement not long ago, that if our optical equipment could handle light-rays one ten-thousandth of an inch longer than those now reaching us, we should be able to see easily "through" many substances that now are as visible as brick walls. Anything made of hard rubber is one of such substances that would go transparent. This would mean that if our eyes could handle light-rays one ten-thousandth of an inch longer, automobile tires would suddenly appear glass-like to us, in other words transparent. This would mean that we should see automobiles speeding down any street pavement apparently six to eight inches off the ground, because being unable to see the hard-rubber tires we would conclude nothing was supporting them. But by the same token, many things might come into existence—that is, appear as opaque which is the opposite of transparent—that we have never suspected to exist in any given space. Your dog, for instance, might dart out from the walk and be struck by a passing motorcar. You would see his beloved body crushed and feel terrible. But you mightn't feel so terrible as you do now, because you would also behold his Etheric Double, containing his imperishable spirit, get up from the pavement, shake himself instinctively, and come prancing back to you. He does exactly such thing at present only the light-rays striking your eyeballs don't register him in his etheric form and you have no way of knowing that really he has survived and is right there in front of you. All highly loved pet animals have souls to such degree that their personalities survive the destruction of their bodily selves, precisely like human beings. True, they aren't souls with such intelligence as can distinguish the soul of a human being, but anything endowed with bodily life on this plane has a "spirit" inside it that took possession of such body when it was young and tiny. The editor of BRIGHT HORIZONS saw a strip of motion-picture film once which had been treated to make it extra sensitive and photograph light-rays beyond the range of the human eye. When it was developed and run through a projector the aura or radiance about all the living figures was clearly apparent. And the body of the pet dog in the scene showed just as brightly as that of any human actor. Otherwise your pet dog could never meet you in "heaven" . . .

Why We Don't Recall Previous Earthly Lives



TELL the average person that he has lived on earth as some bygone person before his present life, and he will challenge you, "If you're telling me the truth, why don't I remember such former life or lives?" His demand on you for explanation is a fair one. But if you are well read in Soulcraft, you have the answer for him. The chief explanation is, that while he had the same mind and intellect in those previous lives, he didn't have the same physical body and therefore the same brain. You see, both of you are required to understand what goes on as between Mind and Brain. The psychologist teacher, who as a general thing is absolutely ignorant of what the soul itself is called upon to experience, carries the notion around that they are one and the same. But they are far from being one and the same, and the next two or three pages will tell you why they're not.

Brain is a purely physical thing, located in the head, that dies when the body dies. But even the Bible admits that there is something that continues consciously along, else how could your *soul* ever undergo spir-

¶ *An Answer to the Inquiry: "If I Have Been in Earth Life Before, Why Don't I Remember My Experiences?"*

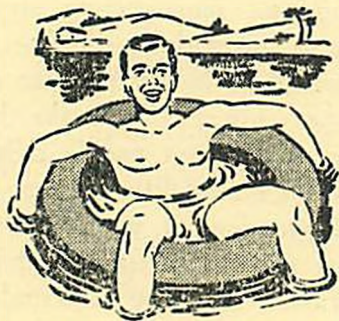
itual adventures in heaven? Everyone admits that the physical brain doesn't go to heaven. It goes into the grave with the rest of the lifeless body and after a few months "disintegrates" or falls to pieces—returns to "dust" is the way the Bible expresses it.

Now if it were true that we did our thinking and remembering strictly with our brains and nothing else, how could we know whom we had been, when we got into the heavenly state? Or take the case of so-called clairvoyant people right here in the present mortal life. As you get older and inquire about it, you find the number of them runs to thousands who will tell you seriously that they have undergone an

experience like getting out of their physical bodies and visiting and seeing people and things happen at a distance. These folk are by no means telling fairy stories. Check on the details and you find that what they said was happening at a distance, actually *was* happening, indicating they must have been present there in some form to observe it.

People's consciousness *can* get out of their bodies, therefore, without their bodies dying and make trips and see and hear things without taking their physical heads and brains along with them. A boy in Pennsylvania several years ago, fell out of a canoe and everybody thought him drowned. At least he was pulled ashore and his heart gave no indication of beating. Likewise he was unconscious. But a scoutmaster worked over him, and police officers with a pulmotor, and his heart began throbbing again, and he stirred and recovered. But here is the important thing—

He told, after his recovery, that he had regained consciousness of himself before the police arrived with the pulmotor, and watched everything that was being done to his practically-dead body from a little distance in the air—or so it seemed to him—apart from the scout group.



If thinking and remembering is done only with the brain, how could that boy have remembered and seen and told into a newsreel camera, all the things that went on while he was supposed to be unconscious and almost dead?

YOU are bound to run across scores of such cases, if you can only get others to talk about them. The main trouble is that they are hesitant to talk about them, believing that they will be called balmy or accused of imagining what they have to report. Nevertheless, those incidents do happen. And they prove again and again and again that people can think and sense and remember without their brains as organs being employed in any of it.

Something leaves the body at death and goes into faster forms of physical matter, call those faster forms a variety of heaven or call them what you will. So it's only logical to reason that if something carrying the consciousness *leaves* our mortal bodies when we die, there's the equal chance that the same something might have entered our infant bodies when we were born. Yet we confront the difference between them, that we expect what leaves the body at death to carry all our earthly memories of ourselves and lives into heaven, whereas we find from actual experience that it's a rare person who brings what he was before this life into the baby body with which he starts his new career. In all this going out or coming in, why doesn't identification and memory work the same?

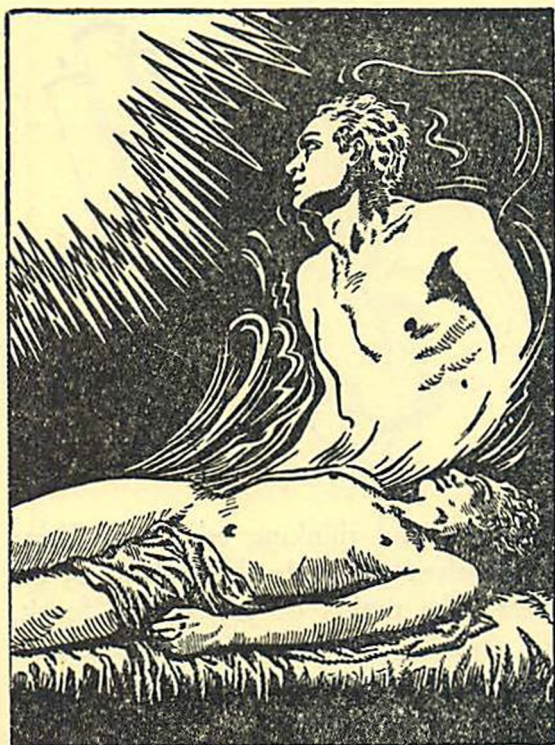
Well, the reason why such mentality doesn't work the same in both cases isn't so hard to discover as we might suppose.

We make communication with the people the world thinks "dead" because they have left their physical bodies for good, and ask them the reasons for it, and this is the startling answer we get—

IT'S a very small and frail Light-Pattern of the person we're going to be when we've grown a bit, that comes into our new baby bodies and takes possession of them. In other words, it's the beginnings of what we call the Etheric Double, or the exact twin of ourselves that gets its name from being made of ether. That Etheric Double is going to grow and increase in size and substance and toughness as we mature toward high school and college age, and come to marry and have families of our own. When we become very old people, the Double or etheric twin of ourselves has grown so very tough and thick that it can be photographed with a camera, provided the camera has a quartz lens that photographs the ultra-violet rays in light.

This Etheric Double is imperishable and by no means dies when the physical self dies. It never goes along into the grave with the dead body of ourselves. It detaches completely and goes along about its afterlife business.

This is the body that people use half unknowingly when they travel to a distance while they're still alive, and observe what's happening that later is checked on and found to be accurate. More important still, it's the body people are living in and using when they pass through the seeming experiences of dreams—because it *does* get out of the mortal body night upon night during sleep. As a matter of fact,



people who have gone beyond this world, taking these etheric bodies along with them to use, sometimes declare that falling asleep itself is little more than the etheric body easing gently out of the physical self. This etheric self has a duplicate brain of a sort in which both intellect and memory reside—not in the physical brain in the fleshly skull. When you draw the etheric body out of the physical self, then the physical brain gives no more indication of thinking or realizing. And the physical self absolutely devoid of such thinking and realizing is truly unconscious in every regard.

This itself is the condition known as sleep.

We remark that we "fall" asleep. But the description isn't wholly accurate. We don't fall anywhere. We rise. We lift the



conscious and thinking etheric duplicate of ourselves out of the fleshly body by degrees. The period of preparation for it, or when it's not yet completely accomplished, we call Drowsiness. When the gesture is complete, and we appear to be *sound* asleep, the etheric duplicate is completely out, and floating gently just a few inches above the prostrate physical self. But the reason people don't die every time they repeat this operation and fall asleep, is because the two bodies—one visible and the other invisible, at least to ordinary eyesight—are connected by a mystical tube or cable known as the Silver Cord, or sometimes described as just the Life Cord or cords. So long as these don't get broken, the person asleep always awakens and feels beautifully refreshed. This awakening is merely a repeating of the past evening's process, and the etheric duplicate with thinking intellect in it "going back into" the physical self—which it exactly and precisely fits.

Now to the point of not recalling earlier lives . .

BRAIN is strictly the organ of sensation in the body, that gathers all the physical reactions from body's contact with Matter in any form, and passes it along in "reflexes" to Intellect, or the Thinking and Remembering Self in the ether double. Actually it originates almost nothing, beyond an occasional headache. But there's one thing that physical brain can and does do, confusing no end of people about this earlier-life business.

It gets in the way of the etheric Intellect, containing all the memories of who and what the soul has been before the present life, and prevents the ether-intellect from working. Up through the years of babyhood and young childhood, everything is coming into Brain and nothing going out. We say the baby as a new living creature is just a bundle of physical sensations, receiving every sort of new earthly experience having to do with body and surroundings but giving forth nothing. Such giving-forth would have to come from ether-intellect or the spirit mind, and the inrush of physical sensation from the new mortal situation in which it finds itself is the stronger and mightier course of business commanding attention. Food every two hours, dry pants every four hours, maybe a safety-pin or two sticking into a place where a safety-pin has no business to stick . . all these physical sensations of the new environment assume major importance over any past and bygone memories when the ether duplicate lived in an earlier body and was known by a different worldly name.

But just let all this inrush of new physical experiences get over, or die down, and

the soul get quiet enough to give subconscious thought to having gone through the same sort of thing on some previous occasion, and you might be surprised how many people *do* remember parts of their previous careers but don't know what to do about the memories. The things they do recall, of course strictly in their ether-selves, don't jibe with the tiny new physical bodies—always with the pants moist—in which they now “come to themselves” again. They have to go through a sequence of learning consciously to respond to the new name they're now being called. If they occasionally remember their former possessions, when they were full-grown in the previous life, they see no evidences of them about and just dismiss them as something more or less imaginary.

Meantime the new physical sensations are being collected twenty a minute, and passed along to ether-intellect by physical brain. Finally the newly incarnated soul more or less gives up, resigning itself to this wholly new personality and seeing what happens to it. The spirit “orients” itself to its newly acquired infant self, is the proper word to describe it. And as it proceeds up the years, resigning itself more and more to its new career, the point is reached where only on rare occasions does etheric memory function. Mainly the soul declares, “I simply don't remember,” when expected to describe who or what its personality might have been, out of which its ether-body “died” in some past year. If it seems incredible that one could forget all the incidents and episodes of a whole career as another person, stop and ask yourself how much of the experiences of your-



self as a child forty years ago, you minutely recall today. You group the memories of forty years ago all together in your mind and handle them as *sequences*—as we call such periods of memory. “At the age of seven we moved to such and such a town and I went to school there until I was eleven. Then grandpa died, and father and mother inherited his property and moved to the city of so-and-so to live in it . . .” So on, sequence by sequence, not as a person recalling what he did every moment of the time in the years but chiefly by knowing where the years were spent and just the main activity that distinguished each.

You don't remember any previous career in entirety because physical brain in the new body has gotten in the way of etheric-body intellect and memory, and not allowed etheric-body memory to work clearly and efficiently. That's the answer.

It's really very simple.



WHAT You S Distances bet

¶ *OUR Month's Lesson in Astronomy Shows the Reasons Why there Is So Little Chance of Collision between the Heavenly Bodies . .*

THIS MONTH, in our reading on Astronomy, we want to gain some idea, if we can, about the *big-ness* of the solar system.

Always remember, when we make reference to the solar system, we're making reference to our Sun System and its eight or nine planets only. We're not making reference to any one of the more than 2,000 such systems that were discovered, mapped, and ob-

served as early as 1841 by the younger Herschel.

Mercury, the planet nearest the sun, completes its annual revolution around Old Sol in 88 days—about three months of earth-time. Venus, the planet that comes between Mercury and Earth, does the same in 225 days, or seven months. All of us know that the Earth-planet takes 365 days.

When we go outside the Earth, however, instead of regarding the planets in-

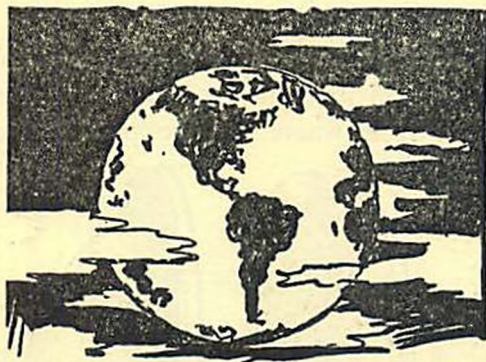
Should Know about the Tremendous between the Many Stars and Planets . .

side the Earth's orbit, we run into some real distances. Mars, the next body further out has a year that consumes 687 days—almost twice as long as our regular year. Passing up the planetoids for the time-being, which you were told in a recent article were probably the remnants of twin worlds that crashed into each other at some remote time between Mars and Jupiter, we come to the orbit of Jupiter itself.

Jupiter is so far out from the sun that it takes 12 years of earth time to run its cycle of spring, summer, autumn and winter. Each of these seasons runs three of our years long. Then next comes Saturn.

Saturn requires exactly 30 of our years to make a complete swing around the sun. But you haven't heard anything yet. Uranus, next in the assembly, requires 84 years. Then we come to Neptune, where spring, summer, autumn and winter are 41 of our earth-years long—or 164 years to complete the circuit. Think of a summer 41 years long. But then again, think of a winter of similar length of time. It would be like living in the tropics for 41 years, then 492 "months" later moving to the Arctic Circle for 41 years.

The last, or ninth, planet that we suspect as belonging to the sun's farflung



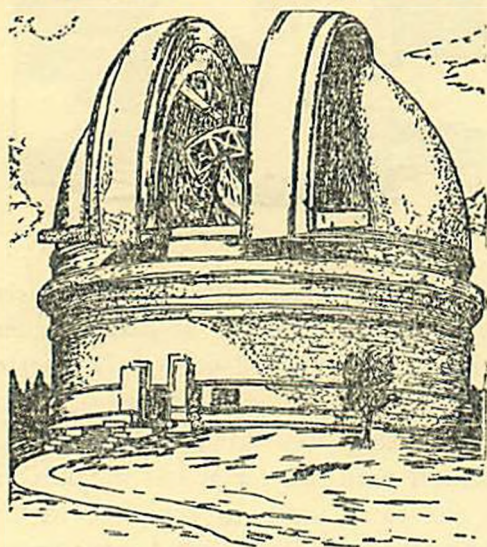
family lies beyond Neptune was discovered from Lowell University at Flagstaff, Arizona, as late as 1930—exactly a quarter-century ago. It is a comparatively small planet, being only 2,000 miles bigger in diameter than our earth, but it takes 250 of our earth years to complete its trip about our great common lodestone parent.

Considering our sun system as known in the 19th Century, however, you might be interested in an illustration that brings home the distances apart these planets are set in the heavens as given by the figures of Sir John Herschel himself—

“CHOOSE any level field,” he indicated. “In the exact center of it place a globe about the size of the ordinary bushel basket. Let this global basket, not larger than two feet in diameter, represent

the mass of the sun. Very good. Then provide yourself with a grain of mustard seed, the smallest seed known to horticultural science. Walk 82 feet away from the globe and deposit this mustard seed down in the grass. This will represent the first planet, Mercury—a mustard seed against a 2-foot globe with a total diameter of orbit of 164 feet.

"Next carry a pea, which is less than a quarter-inch in diameter. Walk 110 feet further from where you dropped the mus-



tard seed—or 172 feet in all—and drop the pea. That pea will represent Venus, on a circle 284 feet in diameter.

"You will need a second pea to drop still further out from the global basket, to represent our Earth, which seems so huge and mighty to us. Walk 105 feet distant from where you left your Venus pea, and put down your Earth pea, 215 feet from where you left the first. But you will only have started walking away from the basket in field . .

"Something like 112 feet from where you put down the second pea indicating Earth, drop one solitary buckshot, about half the size of each pea. A distance of 327 feet from the basket it will represent Mars.

"The asteroids, or planetoids, as you prefer, between Mars—Jupiter, you can indicate by a handful of sand, which you toss in the air about a quarter of a mile from the basket. Then start walking.

"In a circle nearly half a mile across but with that basket globe in its center, take an orange from your pocket and put it down. That will represent Jupiter, mass and distance as compared to that planet and the Sun. Then go another quarter-mile and lay down an ordinary-sized apple, slightly smaller than the orange that stood for Jupiter. That will represent Saturn.

"But you will not yet be finished with dropping down fruit. Walk as far again as you covered ground to get to the orbit of Saturn and drop a red cherry. That will indicate Uranus. Then on a two and one-half mile orbit from the basket, put down a plum. This plum will be Neptune.

"But you have one more object in your pocket. Another cherry. Double your walk again to where you put down the plum for Neptune, and have done with your allocation of solar-system planets. This last cherry will be Pluto.

"There would be your solar system. To which Professor Young has added—

"You think this assembly on such a scale takes up an incredible space in the heavens? How close do you imagine the *next* solar system to yours would be, with its star-sun and its worlds? Still bearing

your level field or meadow in mind for size, you might provide a second global basket and pocket of fruit on a similar level field in Bangkok or outside Sidney, Australia—8,000 miles away. Absolutely nothing in between but meteorites or an occasional comet. Thus you see how remote is any possibility of the members of one sun-colony crashing into any member of another sun-colony.”

This distance between the various solar systems has been illustrated in another way—

LET’S say a sailor in a rowboat started to scull his craft out through the Golden Gate at San Francisco, driven by the crazy notion that he could row it across the Pacific to Japan. At the same moment, a similar drunken sailor started out of Singapore, intent on rowing *his* boat to Nome, Alaska.

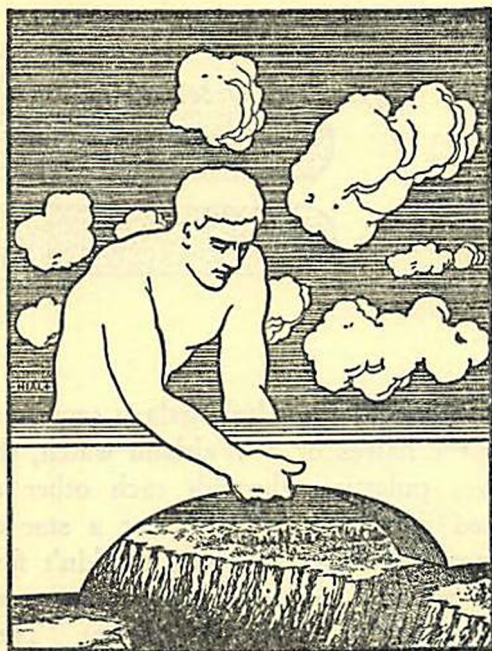
Considering the size of the universe that is our own particular section of the Milky Way, there is about as much chance of one solar system and its *satellites* colliding with the satellites of any other solar system, *as there would be those two rowboats meeting and colliding in the tremendous wastes of the far-flung Pacific Ocean.* One man rowing from San Francisco to Tokyo, the second man rowing from Singapore to Alaska, let alone the items of food and weather permitting them to finish the trip.

The nearest star-sun to Old Sol in the heavens is Alpha Centauri—which happens to appear the brightest star in the constellation of the Centaur—roughly stated as minding its own family business

something like 26 trillion miles from us—26,000,000,000,000.

The new 200-inch reflecting telescope recently started into operation at Palomar, California, *is said to have disclosed something like 400 million such universes*—and the work is not finished yet. It is, in fact, but begun.

Do you wonder that astronomers don’t put much stock in the Biblical tale, written 4,000 years before even telescopes themselves were invented, of a God who could create so gigantic an omniverse and keep it in order, coming down into a little patch of jungle garden in Mesopotamia



on this planet “in the cool of the day” and scolding the first man and first woman for eating an apple which He’d warned them not to touch?

Religious writers of that day, or even of

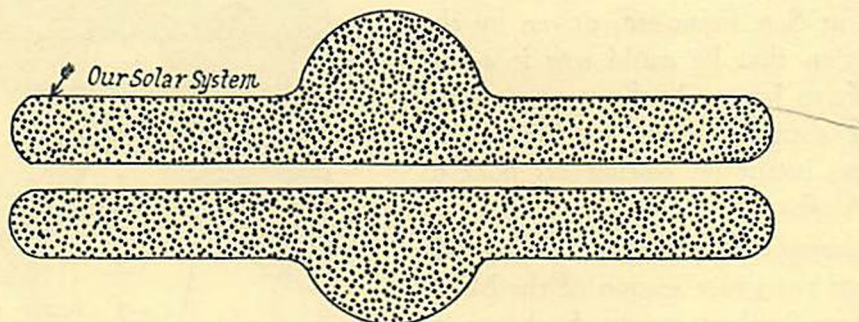
the present day, have no more idea of the size of the universe they're writing about than a gnat winging in evening sunset over Dallas has any idea of the amount of real estate in the State of Texas . .

AND YET ours is only a third-rate solar system in the spiral nebula of the Milky Way. The distances between the member-bodies of that galaxy are so great that taken all together they resemble a sort of lighted fog to us when we go out and look at the overhead sky of a moonless night. However, if we could view them from a stellar body say in Andromeda, we

for respect and admiration of the Almighty, being capable of conceiving and creating an omniverse of any such size as bigger and bigger telescopes are disclosing to physical man, down here on a third-rate earth.

But when we go outside our own nebula of the Milky Way, then do we really commence to run into size and distance.

About 500 other Milky Ways of the spiral class have been critically observed, ranging in scope from the mighty Andromeda nebula to objects so small as to show a definite spiral structure only upon the most careful examination. But Professor



would behold the whole galaxy somewhat like the halves of a Waltham watch, the halves pulsating through each other at stated intervals—and still not a star or planet colliding. But you wouldn't find Old Sol and her nine pea-planets at all prominent in such sky-display. They wouldn't, in fact, even be anywhere near the center of it. You would find them far, far off at the left, where you would need almost a microscope to locate them. Not one planet. *The whole system.*

One thing is certain. Astronomy makes

Fath, among others, has made careful estimates of the total number of nebulae observable in the entire sky. He states that no attempt has been made by anyone to establish a truly accurate count, but cites the estimates of several astronomers in which the census varies from 120,000 to more than 1,000,000. Think of anything like a million Milky Ways, each star in it being a body greater in size than our sun and each sun probably attended by its own family of planets.

The great nebula in Andromeda is the

mightiest aggregation of bodies in the heavens, suns and planets both. Dr. Hubble, from study of certain outstanding suns in that titanic collection, estimates the distance of Andromeda at 700,000 light years—or the distance light can travel in a year's time at a speed of 186,000 miles *per second*.

Dr. Hubble estimates the distance of some of the smaller galactic stars at 80,000,000 light-years. He estimates also that with long exposure of photographic plates on even the 100-inch reflector at Mount Wilson Observatory, objects might be recorded at a distance of 145,000,000 light-years.

Try to think what Divine Consciousness can be, to project and sustain any such magnitude of assembled worlds . .

THE SUN is big and hot and dazzling to us of a summer noontime, merely because we upon earth are living so close to it. But were we living on Mars or Jupiter it would should as no bigger than our moon to us, whereas if we were residents of Neptune, Old Sol would have about the same aspect as Venus does to us at present when we view her in summer sunset. The question arises to challenge us—does Neptune have the same light radiance as Earth for inhabitants of that distant planet to see their ways about as we do? Remember, there's no other body of equal size anywhere in our solar system.

We're told that after we reach the Sixth Plane of Consciousness Development, we

can settle such mysteries for ourselves, for we shall be able to betake ourselves about the heavens by Thought and look in upon any star, sun, or satellite that we choose. Such traveling for experience and knowl-

¶ MODERN fiction
*runs too much to love,
and modern love runs
too much to fiction . .*

edge seems to be one of the features of attainment in the higher heavens. But a word about the Light-Year and such travel . .

The distance traveled by Light in one year amounts to approximately 6 trillion miles—6,000,000,000,000. Give it thought a moment and you'll grasp that the light-year is thus more of a distance than a period of time, yet it's equally apparent that time and distance are here inter-dependent.

If we were stationed just one light-year from the earth, *we should witness events one year after the time of their actual happening*, and so for any number of years. Since light radiates in all directions, we may think of Space as being filled with successive spheres, each of which is the position of the waves of light representing a

moment more or less remote according to the distance.

A curious feature of this imagining is that, if we stop to reflect, we shall see that the earth no longer remains in the spot where it was when the event occurred. Yet since light travels in straight lines, we should seem to see the planet in its old location. If we were even a single light-year away, we should be looking at an earth and locating it in a position from which it would have departed by about 327,000,000 miles.

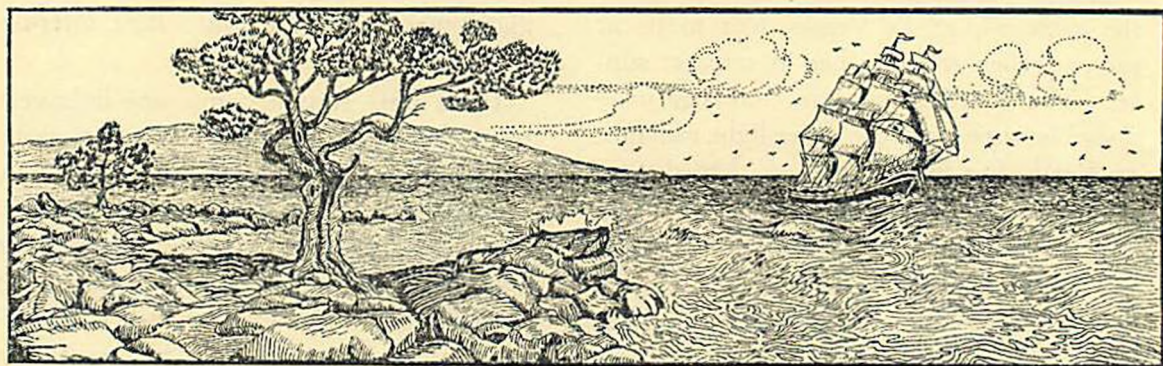
Of course the same thing holds under the actual condition of our earthly observation of the various stars. These bodies are in motion, and no one of them therefore really exists where we seem to see it. Even stars at a moderate distance are billions of miles removed from the point where we now see their images. The modern astronomer is likely to speak of star distances in terms of *parsec*. A parsec is 3.26 light-years.

The gain to us out of the whole of it is the realization of the immensity of the time-space frame in which our own planetary world exists and operates. This im-

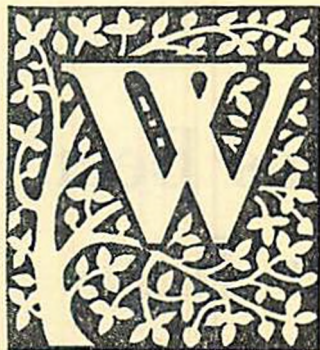
mensity would seem to permit of the additional etheric globes or levels for life in extended form after the transition called Death. How far out from the surface of our planetary globe these etheric globes or strata extend, permitting landscapes and forms of organized social life, we have no means of estimating. However, it would seem, from the sheer fact of these interplanetary distances, that "room" is not lacking before the outer etheric rim or globe of Venus or Mars is contacted.

As you can find expounded in the forthcoming Soulcraft book *Soul Eternal*, there seems to be a point reached, called by the denizens of the higher worlds "Out There" where sheer Cosmic Consciousness, or knowledge of all that IS, operates, makes contact ON and THROUGH all the many systems of globes.

All that is needful for us to remember at this point is, that our particular earth-planet seems to be a very small and third-rate "core" in the heart of our special system of etheric worlds, and as we proceed to understand the assembly of each, and get its system in perspective, we discern the causes why it exists.

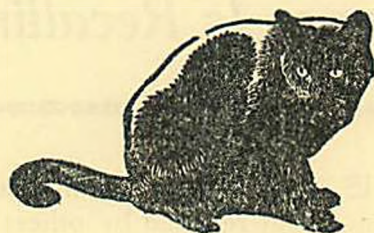


Deepest Romance Is Recalling Older Love



HY IS it that you feel instinctively drawn toward some persons and repelled by others? Particularly such question arises as between boys and girls, or even grown men and women. If the real truth could be known, it's probably because you recognize having known the person you particularly like, before, whereas in some former life on earth the person you don't like has either done you an injury or closely resembles somebody who has. You are recalling subconsciously this early acquaintance and it registers on you, or with you, because of the "feeling" you receive from the personal vibrations of these people. Subconscious Mind,

so-called, is too often the name given to memories of life in some other organic body. Such memories, agreeable or disagreeable, are specially strong when the question of Romance is involved. Something like six out of ten girls fall in deep love with certain boys, while "having no use" for other boys, because if the subconscious mind could be probed it might be discovered that they had married those boys back over earlier lives and the love instinct for them simply renews itself. Where too many girls and boys make mistakes in choosing such companions for a period of romance is in cases where the new acquaintances merely resemble someone else they may have loved very deeply and they confuse the resemblance for the real thing. Unfortunately there is no method by which one can be SURE. Boys and girls, men and women, who have gone a long way in each other's company, or had earlier families of children together in former earth-lives, will be mysteriously drawn into one another's company anew though they come from the ends of the earth to keep the meeting. A sort of cosmic magnetism is forever pulling gently at both of them to find each other, and when they do, a feeling of delirious happiness results. The higher spiritual facts are, that given boys and girls or men and women, mate up with each other time and time again, life after life, because they have either found one another so satisfactory as life companions or developed such bonds of unbreakable attachment between each other. The process by which this operates is fully described in the Soulcraft book, "ADAM AWAKES," accounting for "affinities" or "twin souls." It is almost literally true that such couples "belong to each other" and once met and loved and wedded anew, almost nothing in life can ever separate them.



WHY the Black Cat Has Been Linked with Witches or Imps

EVER SINCE you've been alive, the cat has been one of the commonest of living animals. And yet, strangely enough, scarcely anything is generally known about its history or background. Comes Halloween Night, in October, and the black cat is everywhere pictured in company with witches and spooks. From time immemorial the black cat has been connected with wandering or evil spirits, but again the average person not knowing anything reliable about the reasons why.

You hear people exclaim, "I just love dogs, but somehow or other I can't go for cats. There's just something about them that I don't like."

What these people are trying to say, probably, is that they sense something *occult* about the cat. Occult means "that which is hidden from sight; obscure, or concerned with, or designating alchemy,

¶ *FACTS about Cats that Clear Up Many Mysteries and Ancient . . Superstitions*

magic, astrology and other arts and practices involving use of divination, incantation, or the mysterious."

Suppose we learn something about the common cat and why it has been connected with the notion of witches and imps since the memory of man ran not to the contrary . .

IT HAS been determined by naturalists and zoologists—experts who delve into the origins and evolutions of animal species—that what we call domestic cats, to distinguish them from the wild species that lives in the woods and forests, came more

or less originally from two places in the ancient world: Egypt and northeast China. Almost we can call them "natives" of those two countries. It was from Egypt and China that they spread all over the world, even to South America.

Almost everybody knows that in the animal world, different species will not cross in mating and still breed. This means that if one species of animal manages to mate with another wholly different species, and young result, such young will not be able to mate in their own turn and reproduce. The word we use for it is "sterile". So in the cat family, we find its characteristics changing in different countries, and the cat displaying different colors of coat, and kind of fur and length of tail—or no tail at all—but all of it has been in result of cross-breeding not with other animals but the wild stock of its own species.

Generally speaking, the long, sleek, agile black cat—that so many foolishly superstitious people declare is bad luck to have run across one's path—is a direct descendant of the original Egyptian cat. The grey mottled tabby cat, perhaps with stripes down his coat, is a descendant of the Chinese variety. In between these is the Siamese cat, which may be either black or pure white, and the Pallas yellow cat—a sort of a buff or tawny color—that seems to be the descendant of a line bred in early Greece and Rome. Another distinctive line is the Manx cat, which has no tail—only an odd tuft of hair where otherwise its tail should start, at the end of its spine. Why the Manx cat should have lost its tail, so that no Manx kitten is ever born with one up a hundred years, is a mystery of Na-

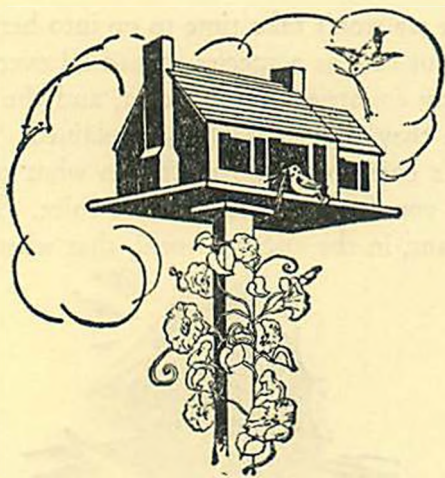
ture we won't take time to go into here.

But cats as a species spread all over the many countries of the world, and the reason they did so is easily explained. The cat's chief food, no matter in what country you find him, is rats and mice. That meant, in the ancient world, that wherever



you found grain left in storage you found cats aplenty. They were attracted to the grain-bins where rats and mice came to find their own food. And they spread all over the world because sailors carried a few on their ships to keep down the rats and mice that went to sea with them and lived off the ships' stores or cargoes—particularly if grain. When such ships docked and unloaded, the mice escaped ashore to hunt food, and the cats went after them to hunt the mice. And such ships then sailed away without them, and they mated and bred throughout the seaports and countries where such ships had visited.

By far the most remarkable of all the Old World domesticated cat-breeds, however, is the royal Siamese, rendered different from cats of other countries not only from the purity of their coloring—black or white—but by their very odd and distinctive cry. The Siamese cat doesn't *meow* like most cats in other countries. It utters a sound that is Siamese and nothing else and is rarely mistaken for what it is.



NOW there has always been a very good reason why the cat—especially the sleek, coal-black species—has always been associated with witches and demons. Egypt, of course, has always been associated with magic, in fact is almost known as the home of magic. But in so far as cats were concerned, it wasn't that. It was the cat's eyes.

The cat, you'll notice, has the largest eyeball in proportion to the size of it, of almost any other animal. And the pupil in that eyeball, admitting light, doesn't "dilate" as we term it . . . that is, open gradually from what appears to be a little black hole of a pupil to a great big black hole. The pupil of the cat's eye is vertical and it *separates*—like parting two curtains that are tied together at bottom and top.

This peculiar cat's eye pupil admits an extraordinary amount of light to hit the retina at the back of the eyeball, thus permitting the cat to see its way about in darkness that would stop other animals. But from the cat's behavior even in pitch-

dark, we have plenty of reason for believing that it admits light-rays above the ultra-violet. This means that it "picks up" objects by ultra-violet light rays that the normal human eye can't see, and only dogs of certain breeds are able to discern. The soul-bodies, for instance, of people who have dropped off their physical bodies and are living in their Etheric or Pattern bodies. Commonly described, it means that when the eyes of black cats are opened wide, with that peculiar vertical or up-and-down pupil, they can see people who to human-kind generally are invisible.

Because we have small round pupils to our own human eyes, and can't admit ultra-violet light, we generally think of those invisible people as *dead*. They aren't dead, of course, only invisible because ultra-violet light rays are needed to discern them. A long, long time ahead, after we've grown old and given up our heavy physical bodies to live in light etheric bodies, human people will look toward us and not see us, and declare we aren't real because ultra-violet light-rays are required to discern us. But we shall find our own etheric eyesight in that day, vibrating at the ultra-violet rate itself and so we shall be able to see others in the same vibration just as we do physical folk today. But to get back to cats . .

SO-CALLED witches and sorcerers, who wanted to hoodwink other people with their knowledge of the occult, seem to have realized this capability of the black cat's eye to see beyond the ultra-violet, and kept plenty of black cats about so to tell from their movements or reactions when invisible folk were present in etheric dou-

bles. That, beyond much question, was the origin and beginning of associating black cats with magicians, necromancers and sorcerers who capitalized on their psychical gifts for money from the terrified or incredulous.

This peculiar shaping of the pupils of the eyeballs makes a lot of difference in what the animal sees or doesn't see. It might interest you to know that many experts say the oval pupil of the horse's eye doesn't permit him to see colors with the distinctness of a round pupil, although at the same time it magnifies his master's size to bigger than he may be. Which is the reason a horse, large as he is, submits to control by a much smaller man.

Uniformly all over the world, however, cats are bred not to detect invisible people who may not have ascended to higher planes of consciousness as yet, but to keep down the rat and mouse population. Rats and mice multiply so rapidly that they would overrun a country quickly unless such animals as the cat were provided to keep them on the run. Next to a rat or mouse, a cat loves raw fish most, but for some reason connected with the pores of its skin, it doesn't go in for fishing, fearing to fall in the water. A cat can *swim* if it has to, but not from choice. As the smallest child knows, a cat can keep himself immaculate merely by applications of its own saliva, placed first on a paw and then passed over the coat of neck and face. Birds, too, are considered rare delicacies to the cat palate, and as the cat's claws readily enable it to climb trees where birds light, the bird mortality from cat attacks is heavy every summer. But primarily the

cat's claws were provided to enable it to hold its rat or mouse prey despite the smoothness of the rat or mouse fur. That opens up another interesting point, what we commonly call a cat's "cruelty" . .



EVERYONE has seen a cat catch or capture a live mouse, rat, or bird, bite or claw it to partially paralyze it, and then "play" with the poor wounded thing instead of mercifully killing it and having done with it. It doesn't occur to the cat there is anything cruel about what it's doing. And it isn't playing with the handicapped or helpless creature to satisfy any urge or sport.

It is practicing in agility to capture such prey and counteract any moves on its part to escape. No animal has any moral sense—which is the spiritual attribute within us that tells us what cruelty is or is not. This lack of moral attribute requires a certain amount of imagination, putting oneself in the role of the victimized one and feeling how such behavior would be relished by itself.

The dog is different from the cat in one respect, that he loves to play for play's sake . . which perchance a kitten does in chasing a ball of yarn along the rug. But the difference between dog and kitten is, that the kitten isn't giving vent to exuber-

ant spirits so much as eternally practicing at capturing more and more prey, with the ball of yarn serving as dummy for its later victims when it gets older and more expert.

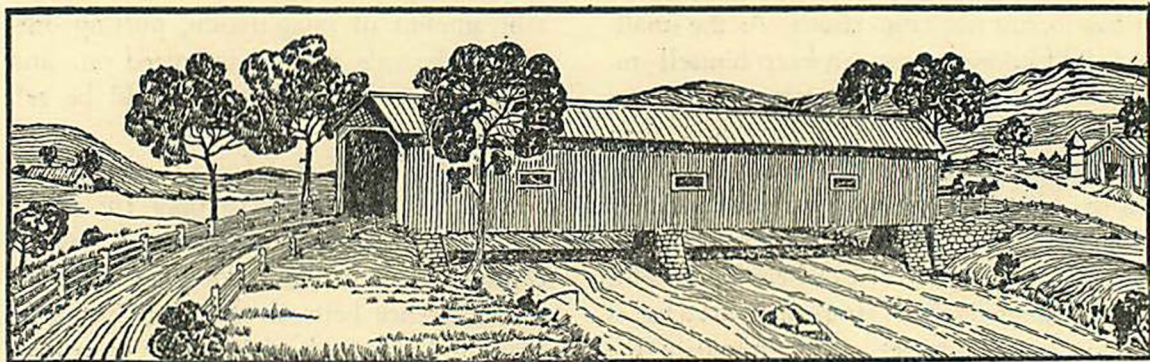
The cat, of course, belongs to the feline family, which in its larger bodied and more ferocious wild members takes in the lion, tiger, and leopard. In fact, the black cat of ancient Egypt was really a tiny-sized and tamed leopard. It can show itself quite affectionate—as any animal will do—if it is amply loved and cared for. But the cat lives almost exclusively on milk and raw meat—or fish—and thousands of generations of felines have given it a second nature to capture its edible prey where and when it can.

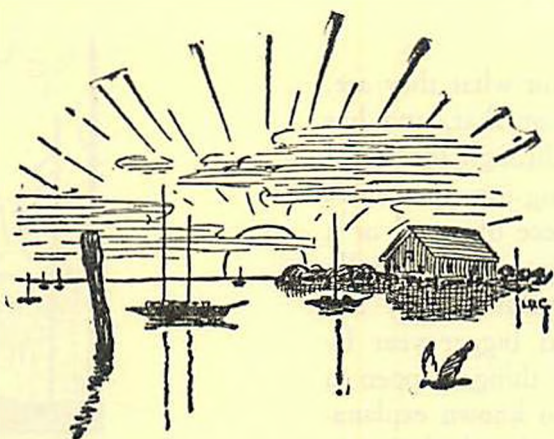
If they would be more honest, the person who cries that he dearly loves dogs but there's something about the cat that he can't endure, really means that he resents the average cat's supreme independence of the human species. If you don't properly feed your tabby, he'll be off on his own, hustling a juicy mouse or jumping a bird. He finds ways to get along which poor Fido does not. The dog can't stalk forth and kill something living in order to fill his hungry stomach. Sheep dogs do it

sometimes but get quickly shot for it. We should remember that the dog, no matter what breed, has more or less descended from the wolf. Only he's descended—at least in his habits and reflexes—further than his wolf ancestor. It's a queer twirk in human nature that most human folk like those animals best that they feel to be most dependent upon them. Some call it a form of vanity but that's not altogether so. Man himself was preyed upon so long and so savagely by wild animals before he invented firearms, that it gives him an odd gratification to find the tables turned and himself the boss of the relationship. The dog on the other hand, is mainly kept and sustained by the average man as a companion, or aid in hunting, quite as much as for his guardianship of property. No one, excepting perchance sentimental elderly ladies, keeps a cat for sheer companionship and little else.

Cats are kept and cared for, in the expectation that they'll keep down the rat and mouse population. And that suits Mr. Tabby just fine. What difference does it matter to him whether he can seek spooks or not? . .

That is humanity's hard luck, not his.





SOULCRAFT Tries to Explain Why Things Aren't What They Seem . . . *ATOMIC Vibration of Materials Has Effect on Our Senses of Causing Invisibility*

THE AVERAGE boy or girl discovers himself or herself born into earthly life. Earthly life displays landscapes and cities and buildings and stores and motor vehicles and school-houses—all made out of different materials. The very body that's around him or her is made out of more material, with its arteries and veins containing rich red blood that's still another material, a liquid. He or she just accepts these materials for what they are, or seem to be. There's no questioning of why a plank of wood is what it is, or why a brick or stone is what it is,

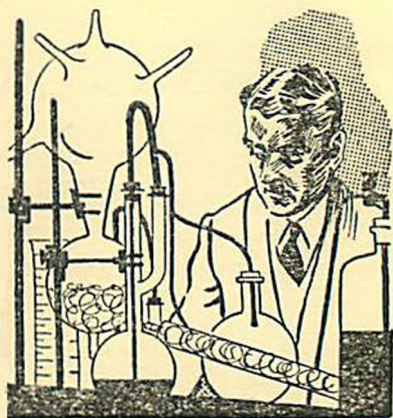
or why the cloth in a suit of clothes or the leather in a pair of shoes has different "properties"—as we call them—from the "red water" that courses through the body's arteries and spills out and runs away when some sort of hole is made in the skin by being jabbed with something sharp.

The average boy or girl—or for that matter man or woman—just accepts these

differences in materials for what they are, and uses them for this or that, and has trouble enough getting through the world without poking and prying into the causes that make a plank a piece of wood or a brick a piece of building material totally unlike cement or steel. But as they live along, getting older and bigger year by year, they take note that things happen in life that seem to have no known explanations. One of their schoolyard playmates dashes carelessly across the street and is struck by a speeding auto. The auto "knocks the life" out of that playmate's body. He or she is all too plainly "dead" and can play or breathe or live no longer. The body is sent to the mortician's and embalmed and a funeral held, and after services over it have been held, it is lowered into a grave in the cemetery. The grave is filled up, and flowers strewn atop of it, and a headstone marker erected sacred to the memory of so-and-so. Life runs along as before, excepting that the playmate is missing out of it as though he or she had never been born.

Then a strange thing happens—

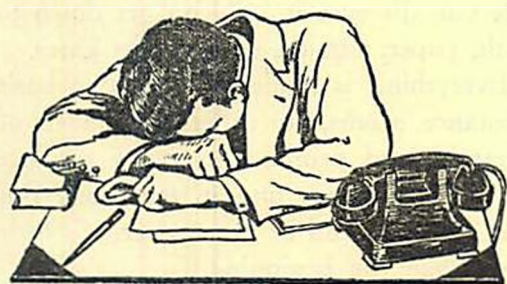
SIX to eight months after the accident a younger brother happens to be in a room at home in twilight, employed at some task or other, when he chances to glance up and what does he behold to his stupefaction but the figure of the "dead" playmate right there in the doorway, perfectly visible, clothed just as it was in life before it made that fatal dash across the highway.



That younger brother is first surprised. Then as the figure of the "dead" boy or girl seems to fade away and become invisible, a terror seizes him and if he can summon the strength he flees bellowing down the stairs. He tells his mother what he saw abovestairs for one brief moment. It upsets mother badly for a moment, because once or twice since the funeral services she too has caught sight of the same thing. However, due to the universal ignorance as to how such things can happen that aren't supposed to happen, mother advises the younger brother not to put too much importance to it and to go on behaving as if no such incident had happened. Outside people won't believe it anyway and if the younger brother runs about describing what he saw, the neighbors will simply call him "queer" and wonder if insanity doesn't run in the family. So the younger brother hushes up about it.

But continually his mind goes back to it and time and time again when he's alone in upstairs rooms he acts jittery and nervous, continually asking himself whether

such a thing mightn't be repeated. The general acceptance in the family is that the younger brother simply saw a "ghost" and as the public has been taught to believe there really aren't any such things as ghosts, it's better to put the whole thing out of mind and keep it out of mind. And yet something *did* happen. What was it? And why?



Tell the everyday person—who knows well enough he's had pretty much the same sort of thing happen in his own family affairs—that the reason for the apparition, as it's called, of the dead child showing up so in the upper room at twilight rests upon the fact that the materials making up the features of this earth-world aren't at all what they seem to be, and again he'll stare at you as "queer" and wonder if insanity doesn't run in *your* family.

So we have all society equally ignorant of true facts behind life and everybody wondering if insanity doesn't run in everybody else's family, and the whole human race all crossed up as to why such things occur at all in an otherwise orderly and sensible world. And the preacher mounts his pulpit on Sunday morning and in his *own* ignorance of such matters, takes the position that seeing the apparitions of dead children in upper rooms in twilight

is directly the work of the Devil, because when children die they go to heaven and stay there, and heaven is too far off for them to come back and upset their relatives. But the younger brother isn't ready to accept any such explanation, which really doesn't explain the slightest thing.

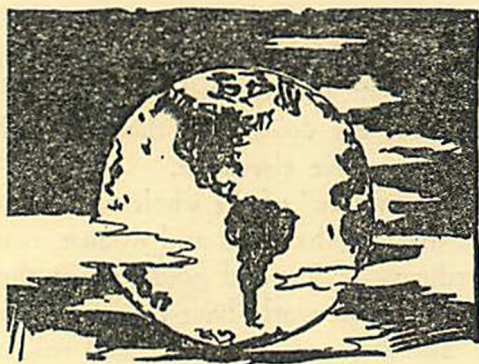
Is everybody in the whole world ignorant, and if so, why?

NOW it wasn't any apparition—or ghost—of the dead boy or girl that the younger brother saw in the upstairs room at twilight. For some reason or other, it was no less than the boy or girl himself or herself, come back into the earthly home for a moment, perhaps just to see what the folks there are doing now that he or she has gone to live elsewhere.

The "mystery" of the whole of it comes from the fact that men and women living in ordinary bodies and going about their business in this world have never had anyone take them seriously aside and enlighten them in the fact that from the start of their being small children themselves they made a big mistake in not learning the causes for different materials being different.

Things are *not* what they seem to the senses to be, in the earth-world, no matter how great the numbers of ordinary folk that accept them and agree on them. What these ordinary folk are doing is agreeing together on the effects of wood, brick, cloth, liquids on their senses and letting it go at that. If people generally knew the deeper scientific secrets behind the differences in materials, and why wood happens to be wood and brick happens to be brick,

and so on down the line, nobody would ever be surprised or terrified to glance up and apparently see the outlines of some long-buried relative in a doorway at twilight. The key to the whole riddle would be understanding the nature of what we call "atomic composition." Atomic refers, of course, to atoms—the same things that are causing such excitement at present when confined in the atom bomb and exploded as a war weapon with great loss of life. Try to grasp the principles of it in this way—



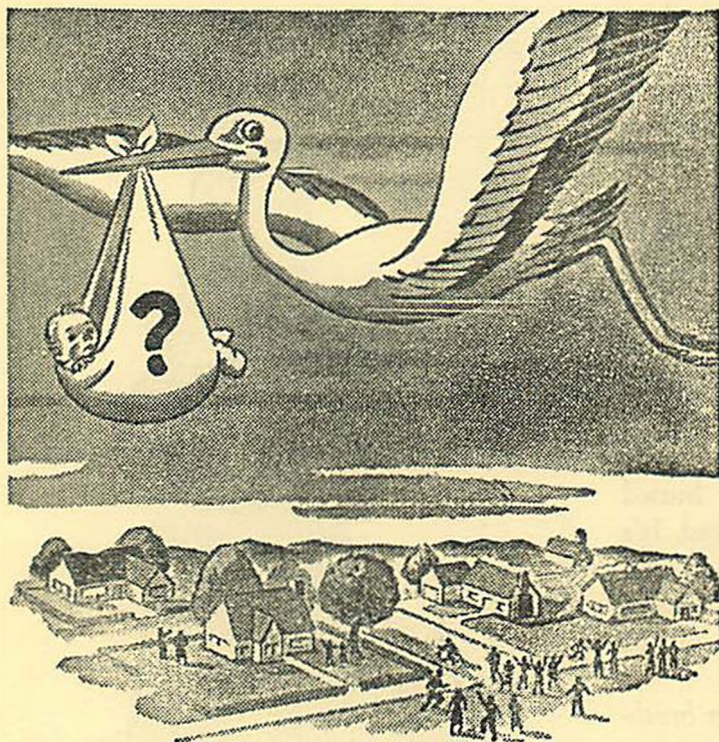
Everything of solid substance making up the features and furnishings of this earth-world is truly composed of atoms, and pretty much the same kind of atoms. That is, atoms are the *basic* material behind and in everything. But atoms themselves differ in their own small composition. Give each atom more and more electrons and it will result in materials that look and feel different. Of course each one also has to have corresponding number of protons with such electrons. As an illustration of what is being talked about, take steel. It's got twenty-six electrons and twenty-six protons. But subtract one elec-

tron and one proton—let them fly off into free space and be lost—and you haven't got true steel any longer, you've got nickel. Let nickel lose another electron and proton and the nickel no longer exists; you've got borium. The more electrons and protons a given substance has, the harder and tougher it becomes. The less electrons and protons, the softer, thinner, or more pliable you discover it, till you get down to cloth, paper, liquids, or even the gases.

Everything is made of the same basic substance, atoms, but different numbers of electrons and protons in atoms produce the differences we find in materials. But that's not the end of the matter, it's little more than the beginning.

There is a point reached where atoms of a given material lose so many electrons and protons that ordinary eyesight can't pick up the material as a "solid" any more. The moment the electrons in atoms become so simplified that the material appears to turn from liquid to gas, the material goes invisible. We mean by invisible, unable to register on the eyesight although the material in extremely thin form may still be there in existence.

TO GET the explanation across as simply and readily as we may, we can say that every human being has two bodies really: one the heavy outer physical body made up of atoms with a heavy number of electrons and protons—the body that can be struck by the speeding automobile and "killed"—and the much thinner and well-nigh invisible "pattern body" made up of a thinner number of atoms, that during



softer living body, whereas if it had no more electrons and protons than water it would do no more than splash over the earthly body and give it a good wetting, or no more electrons and protons than gas, when the heavy fleshly body could walk straight through it and only be conscious of its existence because of the extremely unpleasant odor hitting the nostrils?

Always bear in mind, however, that souls exist in the fleshly body by reason of this "inside spiritual body" fitting perfectly within the physical atoms and pulling out of it entirely and living elsewhere at fleshly death.

Teach people intelligently the atomic differences in materials, making them what they are, and there's no more "supernatural" . . . what's called so at present is mere-

ly the performings of these thinner inside bodies holding the soul as they operate invisible to clumsy physical senses.

This is the Great Instruction—or at least the main part of it—that Soulcraft seeks to get across to the public. Nuclear fission, of course, is due to help as mankind probes deeper and deeper into it.

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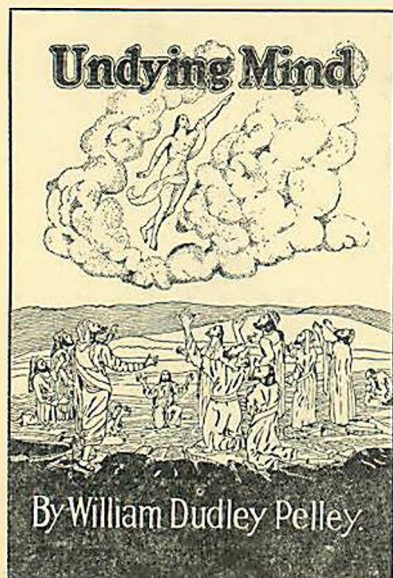
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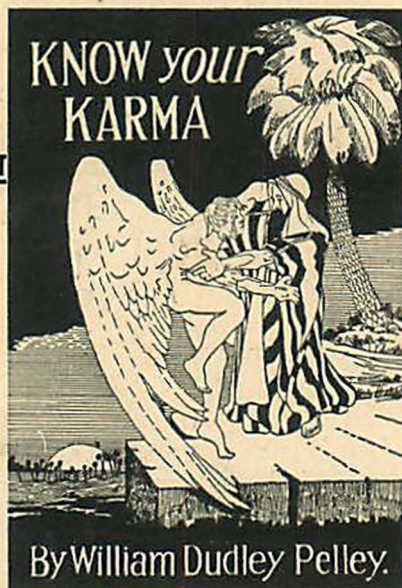
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