

Valor

JANUARY, 1961



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Noblesville, Indiana

Out of the Mail

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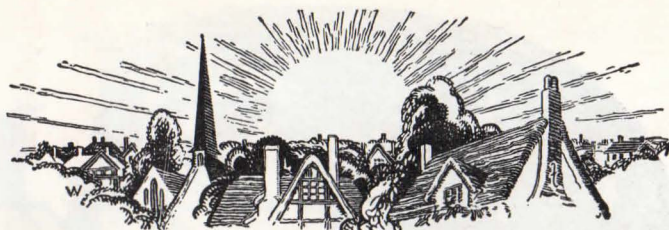
"The tone is true in Soulcraft and the details are there pointing the 'way' in unmistakable terms. It's like getting a positive print after studying a negative for years."—H. L., *California*.

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Valor

The Magazine of Soulcraft

Volume XIII

January, 1961

Number 8

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YE SHALL go onward, always stronger and wiser, for the whole earth
groaneth toward the righteousness coming in. Know that it is Written
in the Books of the Eternal, for those who serve there is no failure.
We who look from the Heights of Love to the Peaks of Attainment see
only success enshrined on those summits. How then can ye fail when that
which is Written in the End is foreknown unto you in the Now?
I say, my foreknowledge is your buckler and My Work shall be done!

—from The Golden Scripts

Valor

The Monthly Voice of the Soulcraft Doctrine

Volume XIII

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DO YOU Have Psychical Capabilities that Puzzle or Upset You as They Manifest?

PSYCHICS are not what people think they are. There is too much disposition today to consider mysticism, psychical research, and occult practices, all in the same category. The truth of the matter is they are three separate and distinct divisions of spiritual phenomena or the Science of Mental Perception. This Science of Mental Perception will some day be recognized for what it is—a colossal skeleton structure on which life's behaviorism is largely built.

The Science of Spiritual Phenomena, or abnormal mental perception, whichever you want to call it, is nothing to wonder at. True, not all people are adepts in its practice, nor are all persons adepts at hearing earthly sounds with the same perception as others. But make no mistake about this: It is a fallacy to think that because some people are finely attuned in their physical and mental compositions, that they are necessarily freaks, whereas those who function more along the common means of mental and physical equipment have something to be thankful for.

Put it this way: *It is all a matter of being able to distinguish what the crowd cannot*, and by the crowd we mean the average person—average in turn because he is not willing to admit that anything exists that he cannot perceive with his clumsy physical senses.

THESE people argue that life holds enough for them. They are not willing to investigate in any but a skeptical mood as to whether or not their five senses are dependable in showing them all that there is to the earthly composition.

We have a class of people in life who take a given delight in fastening on themselves this yoke of mediocrity, which is really a form of stupidity and slough, calling it cleverness. They are clever in that they do not choose to rise above the foundation stones of earthly behavior or view anything above the level of the average intelligence.

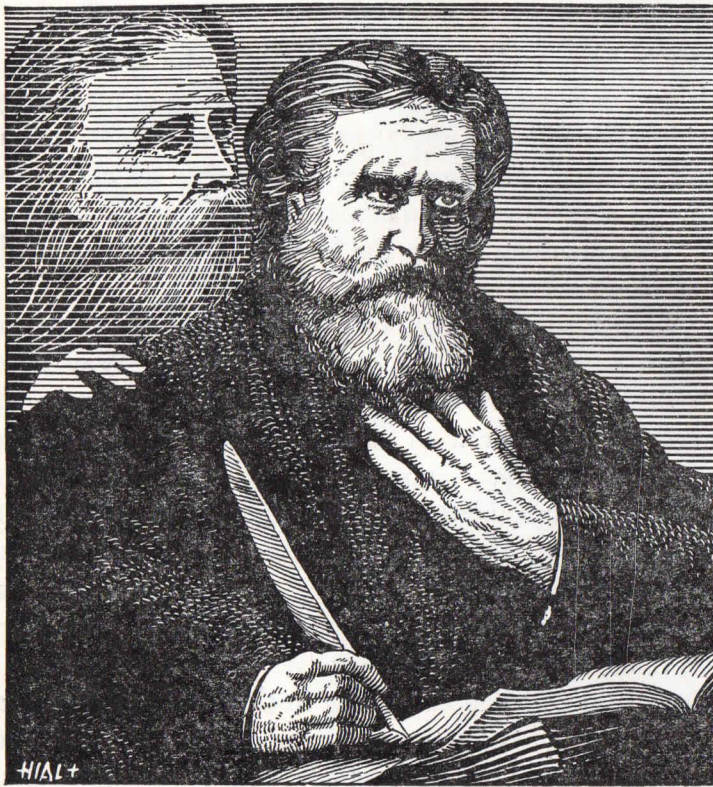
We are speaking now of animosity toward psychic research as a phase of inhibited behaviorism. Way down in their hearts, those people who refuse to listen to the arguments advanced in favor of so-called mental phenomena, are the victims of an insidious fear. They hold that humankind must be judged by its attainments *en masse*, and that things not discovered and enjoyed by humanity *en masse* are not to be employed except at the price of eccentricity or something worse. They want to think that humankind evolves *en masse* because it gives them a feeling of security in their individual person.

Daring souls who are really responsible for social evolution by setting standards in advance of general progress, are never worried whether or not they are conformers to the rest of humankind in any sort of attainments. They plunge ahead in the employment of their faculties and let the rest of humankind follow as it will.

WE ARE not interested in psychic research as such, because in too many instances it postulates skepticism. It is impossible to go far in any sort of research without gradually learning rules and regulations, recipes and formulas. This must be proven by that; we must have evidence here that is irrefutable, and arguments there that cannot be gainsaid. And all to what purpose?

Simply that you can go out and convince someone else who is not worth convincing, because his attainments are so poor that if he were worth it he would have made the effort for himself and arrived at better conclusions.

The things of spirit are something else again! While it is true that supramental perceptions are usually phases of a highly developed spiritual status, it does not necessarily follow that every person with a rare mental equipment is spiritual of character. We have a condition in life where people have been known to express themselves with the most astonishing success on spiritual matters who were not at all psychic. And we have had conditions where others are so psychic that they can make their bread and butter at it, employing it for others without in the least realizing the spiritual consequences.



People who are psychic have gifts, it is true, but not necessarily spiritual gifts. They are gifts of mental concentration and biological organism. Taking them by and large they are persons of extraordinary physical equipment, with certain glands developed within themselves that act much in the manner of radio tubes to receive external impressions. One might as well talk of one's radio being spiritual as to think that all psychics are people of rare character.

So we are not interested in psychics *as* psychics any more than we are interested in the radio as so many dials

and spools of wire attached to a battery. We know our radio WORKS. We accept it as a radio, subject to certain laws and principles of electric projection and reception. *But what comes OVER the radio we are vitally interested in.*

We don't have to prove to anyone that our radio works, or even that we possess one. We walk into the street and tell a friend what the President has just said in a speech in Washington—if we have just heard it over the air—he takes up his newspaper that night and gets it in the public press. We told him what the President said within minutes after he spoke with 600 miles intervening between us, which seems to postulate that our radio worked.

Now, then, if our radio works, by what law are we called to go out to the mass and waste time and energy arguing that there is such a thing as radio, explaining the mechanism of broadcasting and reception, just because our neighbor does not own a radio—before repeating to him what we have heard from the President's lips?

True, there was a time in radio's inception when humankind professed to be awed at the fact that radio was possible. The man in the street looked upon it as a freak toy, as he looked on the telephone, the auto, the first electric light. He refused to believe that it could possibly be practical—it was freakish and bizarre and owned by a person who had time to give to nonsense. In course of the last few years, however, radio became of universal distribution and humankind is now so blasé about it that instead of visiting a neighbor's house to hear a radio, people stay away from neighbors' houses *in order not to hear it*—and we commend their good judgment.

THIS, however, is the point we are trying to make:

As we are not radio engineers we are interested in the radio only because it renders us a service in connecting us with certain sources and origins of sound in the form of music or information making us more efficient persons in our lives and functions.

By the same token we are not psychic engineers, and yet we know we have the extraordinary equipment to tune in on sources and origins of other sounds and bring us beneficial results in our lives and characters.

You ask us how we KNOW we have this equipment. We say to you as we say to our friends about the President's speech: Consider the context of what we receive over our mechanisms and by the same argument that listening to a jazz band would undoubtedly delight first listeners on the radio, we consider we have reached that

point in radio ownership where we want something more profound than musical nonsense. So we turn the dials of our mental radios and tune in to great intelligences speaking in the ether.

Now humanity may scoff at such a statement. It may say, If there are great intelligences broadcasting promiscuously in ether, what do we as representative organisms derive from them also? Why cannot we hear as you hear, with our naked ears? We say to them, Can you hear a symphony orchestra in Chicago being played in your living room this minute? Strains of it are here all about you in profusion. You can wait in your seat while some friend goes after a portable radio set, puts it on your table, works the dial, gets the proper connection, and soon you are aware that an orchestra is playing in Chicago.

Isn't it just as intelligent to accept that if the strains of that music playing within your four walls from the brassy throats of a few horns and clarinets a thousand miles away can be heard through the agency of that portable radio, that the music of the spheres is likewise playing in your room from a million miles distant? You can't admit the one and deny the other. You can't admit that a set of crude coils of wire or discs of zinc, are superior in construction to the human faculties. No machine ever made has yet begun to approximate the capacities of the human organism.

These are things to be not overlooked. We are in an age of radio, but biological science and even psychic researchers have not yet awakened to the fact that every man and woman's head contains two ductless glands which bear a perfect resemblance to the functioning of the tubes in a mechanical radio. But by the same token that you can't get reception from your radio, no matter how many tubes you have, or how perfect in alignment, so you can't expect your mental radio to work without the proper assembly of all physical, mental, and spiritual factors.

You say to those of us who have those senses developed, How do I know your mental radio works? We say, Behold what we receive over it. You say, Yes, but how do I know that it came from the broadcasting station of some supernal broadcasting station outside of yourselves? We say, Consider the nature of the material compared with the erudition of the psychic person through which it came.

THOSE who are familiar with investigation of such matters will never cease to be impressed by this well-nigh conclusive proof that higher mentalities are func-

tioning in some sort of transcendent radio when such episode occurs.

Again and again people of little or no education, certainly not authorities in the subjects treated, will get profound discourses on Cosmic Physics, natural phenomena, delineations of Beauty and Art, theological sources, data about past civilizations that have perished from human record, which they in no wise understand and which have to be interpreted for them.



There are cases on record where foreign languages have been employed, totally unknown to the recipient, and in special instances messages have been produced in forms of Sanskrit and other dead tongues, so remote that translations can only be achieved by the most profound scholars.

We contend that the President's message reported to a friend two minutes after delivery evidenced that mechanical radio was a fact, that we owned a machine capable of so receiving it, that we knew how to adjust it to get such reception.

By the same token we contend that discourses on cosmic physics, natural phenomena, theological origins or historical data, received by unlearned persons, attest to the existence of the psychical radio.

But by no means do we say to you that you cannot go and purchase a radio, hear the President for yourself and tell us about it. And by no manner of means do we deny you the privilege of doing the same thing in forms of psychical broadcasting.

You may not want to take down discourses on cosmic physics. You may be quite content to listen to jazz. Nevertheless, to say that you do not own a radio, and therefore radios do not exist, is not only silly but the negation of the very thing that might become the most impelling factor in your life and fortunes.

You don't need mediums, cabinets, queer lights, and

(Continued on Page 17)



DOES Your Husband Browbeat Your Enthusiasms?

WRITES a wife from Oregon: "I wish you would tell me what sort of a karmic situation is working out between my husband John and myself. We were schoolmate sweethearts and married somewhat young. For the first five years and while our first three children were coming, John—or Jack as I call him—was as agreeable a man to live with, as a woman could desire. But farm-life—or ranch-life as we call it out here in the West—began to pall on me as we moved toward the full decade of our marriage and to get relief from the monotony of a rural program, I began to buy books and read them to keep myself mentally alert. Almost at once a queer reaction began to show in Jack, and he growled and got abusive whenever a new book came into the house. He claimed I was wasting our hard-earned money on 'highfalutin

ideas'. I demanded to know if he expected me to think the same thoughts at forty that I'd thought at twenty, and he retorted that I had no need to think thoughts at all, just live life and forget about any intellect. Then when I finally began taking up a line of esoteric study, he turned almost savage, saying that he wasn't going to have a wife who poisoned the wells of Youth with Free Thinking. I had to hide from him the books and tracts I was studying, which certainly did not seem right, but what was I to do? What does a wife do when her husband resents her improving herself intellectually or spiritually? What on earth ails a man that he's afraid his wife will learn facts about religion and philosophy that surpasses his own? And what should I do? Should I dismiss any further ideas of improving myself, or come to an open break with my husband? Tell me what you see as the true basic trouble in such a situation that confronts me."

HERE is a circumstance as old as the Sibyls of ancient Rome, although it may not follow necessarily that it is the husband who browbeats or suppresses the wife in her grasping for something higher than the humdrum chores of day-to-day existence—and the thinking that accompanies them. Many times it is the wife who rises up in feminine wrath and 'reads the law' to her partner for exploring in religious or mystical matters—although wives who do the latter usually hinge it upon the remonstrance that any departure from staid religious ideas of their forebears is liable to open doors that permit their offspring to explore unhallowed paths. Is it plain, old fashioned jealousy on the part of either partner, that one may "come to know more than the other and show up the less aggressive as an ignoramus, to the latter's social embarrassment generally?" Or is some deeper cosmic urge at the bottom of their intellectual rivalry?

Truth to tell, the resentment on the part of most husbands or wives who disapprove of the other's intellectual advancement generally rests on Vanity. Generally. Not always.

The critical one is indulging himself or herself in a lapse of apprehension that he or she will be shown up to connubial disadvantage. The husband Jack, complained about by the Oregon wife, may merely be dreading the day that he overhears some acquaintance remark, "Funny thing that a woman with Mrs. Jack's brains ever tied herself up with such a numbskull as her husband." Or the caustic wife discovers such a thing as a Soulscript in a private corner where her husband keeps his reading matter, and says in her ignorance, "So I've secretly married an atheist! The father of my children is truly a scoffer at the Doctrine in which we both were brought up. If I really love him, it devolves on me to save his soul from Eternal Fire by stopping this exploring into unhallowed regions." But this again is a form of vanity—that she is able to accomplish it.

What both husband of one woman, and wife of another man, are truly doing is affecting to set themselves up as censors over the other's moral and intellectual lives. They are saying in effect, "Mary—or Jack—knows that I don't go in for this type of investigation, so by going into it himself he is indicating he no longer has much use for me as mental companion."

What actually is perturbing them is a great doubt that they possess the capacity to love the other strongly enough to hold him or her. They themselves must be the dominating factor in the other's thinking or their matrimony, they conclude, has gone on the rocks.

IT IS an easy explanation for the Oregon woman's plight that her husband resents her intellectual curiosity because he is fearful he will not show up to advantage beside his wife in contrast. But there may be graver factors to be taken into account.



There is the type of man who refuses to do any esoteric or intellectual exploring on his own hook because in his subconscious he is carrying memories of earlier life-experiences when intellectual curiosity worked him tragic damage. We are accustomed to accepting that many of the early religious martyrs, for instance, remained true to their faiths through the very gates of Death, and the Christians of a later day sing hymns to their staminas. Maybe in the individual instance no such effect worked out in a given martyr's personal consciousness at all. Actually visited by death, say at the claws of a raging lion in a Roman arena, the professing soul may have decided that no ideological belief in *any* religious theory had been properly worth the distress or agony he discovered it cost. True, it may have been too late to recant, or no opportunity might have come at the last moment to recant, but none of it assures us that the selfsame soul hasn't taken the private reactions from such sacrifice into later lives up the cosmic trail and into the present.

We may be confronting an instance, in the case of the Oregon husband, where he subconsciously resents his wife delving in anything outside of orthodox religious tenets because he recalls the inhuman price he was called upon to pay for being a Dissenter from some earlier faith—though all that remains from the experience is a blanket residue of distress.

Or the complex in the husband might not have an

origin so religiously dramatic. The woman who is his *true* soul-mate may be sitting out a life-sequence on Octaves of Thought because she has already made faster progress up the lives they have lived together. The chagrin of it—that he has been bested by his woman-partner in intellectual progressions to the moment—may cause him to recall the exact nature of his current matrimony with a substitute mate.

People are more sensitive about their own failures in spiritual progressions, it seems, than upon almost any other item in worldly affairs. Excoriating himself for his intellectual indolence, or fumbling of opportunities that would have enabled him to keep even stride with his proper mate—Oregon Jack may be saying to himself in his subconscious, "Now here's another woman who's going to expose my shortcomings all over again, and I'm danged if I'm going to let her!" It is a childish expostulation, perhaps, but the Subconsciousness deals in basic causations.



The wife who won't "permit" her man to explore in any other field but that of traditional orthodoxy, and who burns every scrap of literature she finds treating with religious tenets outside her accredited denomination, is either exercising her own lugubrious memories from a previous life when she may have suffered grievously—perchance by having her family broken up by arrest and persecution—or by some other form of domestic or romantic loss whose basis was a difference in man-woman intellect.

To say that any husband—or wife—resents the other climbing above him or her mentally, is not enough, since nothing prevents either one from exploring the same tenets and profiting in tandem. This thing is done in a million instances in the average husband-wife association. "Listen, Mary, I got hold of the darndest lot of knowledge today . . . listen while I tell you about it!" And the wife listens and is interested as her husband is interested, as a matter of mutual concern. The average woman is only too eager to have her husband bring home his mental interests so she can share them.

The more accurate explanation lies in Karma.

Prior-life memories are bestirring in the Subconscious, when the loss of the other was direct and tragic because of his or her departure from orthodox religious or cultural standards. What to do about it?

Different women find different solutions.

ONE BRAINY Massachusetts woman solved such a situation by a clever bit of social strategy. She wrote that her husband had developed an unreasoning animosity toward Soulcraft, "ordering" her not to have another piece of Soulcraft mail delivered at their home under threat of its breaking up their marriage. She got two men friends, likewise interested in Soulcraft, to argue its doctrinal points in her recalcitrant husband's hearing, purposely to arouse and incite him. When he attempted to intrude with his opinions, one of them made a point of acquainting him with the fact that nobody so dumb as he should attempt to investigate what was beyond him intellectually. Such course of treatment had the effect of stinging the husband into investigating Soulcraft, in order to be able to show his shop critic how wrongly he had been estimated. Instead of prohibiting his wife from receiving Soulcraft literature, the husband was caught secretly stealing it from the mailbox before his wife received it . . . not to hold his own with his wife but to hold his own with male associates. When, by prearrangement, his wife took his part in one of the discussions brought about by strategy, the husband was so grateful for her assistance that animosity about her further study of the Scriptures vanished utterly. Forthwith they began their studying in concert.

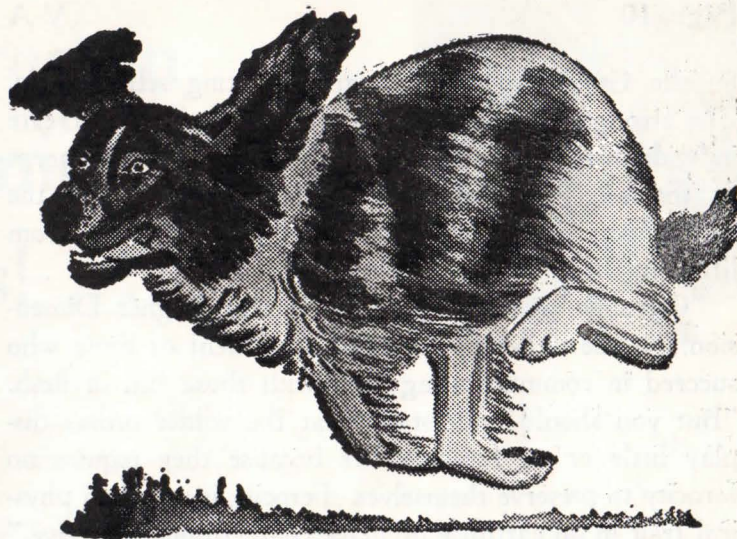
It was, and is, one way to make converts. But the rancorous student is usually in a state of rage at his own implied inability to understand it, so he crams to save face and prove his critic wrong.

On the other hand, if the husband has neither pride nor intellect of his own—resenting his wife's because she is naturally a smarter person than himself—her problem is the age-old quandary of what the gentlewoman does when wedded to the boor. The self-respect of most women kills whatever sense of constancy they would otherwise feel toward their mates as a matter of social decency.

However, the average wife or husband, confronting animosity toward intellectualism generally in a partner, is playing against little more than vanity—or karmic memories.

It is emotion, not principle, that one is called to battle. How does one overcome the effects of prenatal emotion?

IF Animals Have No Souls, Why Do They Show Up in Seances? . .



STRANGE it is, when we stop to give it thought, that when the earliest ecclesiastics were formulating their ideologies about Heaven or Paradise, they overlooked well-nigh completely any notation of the existence of animals. This strange exclusion of any forms of life lower than Man would seem to attest the man-made and strictly man-arrived-at notions serving us traditionally as authority for details of life in areas above the mortal. Patently the early Hebrews were not animal lovers. They kept no pets. Scarcely do we have one instance mentioned of any patriarch being followed into the desert by a faithful dog, or served throughout his life by a characterful horse. Being nomads, their ideas of animal wealth were expressed in terms of sheepflocks, and yet little attention is called to shepherd dogs as being trained to help them handle or protect those flocks. Most of the times that dogs attain mention in Holy Writ is in connection with beggars; dogs lapping their sores. Incidentally, have you ever known any breed of canine in modern life given to lapping a sore on any type of body but its own?

It may be argued that the seriousness of life as they beheld it, gave the old patriarchs no time for pets—although the *Golden Scripts* tell us that Christ Himself had time to cultivate the affections of the wild dove that followed Him down to the bank of the Jordan from the desert and lighted on His head at His baptism. All the people marveled that a bird would do such a thing and translated it into a descent of the Holy Ghost. It was a pretty sentiment and the dogmaticians made the most of it. But apparently we have the Master's word for it that it was merely "a bird to which I had been kind" . . .

No, in visualizing an afterlife locality in ideality, the

patriarchs didn't bethink to admit animals in any form, not even birds. No sweet songsters were supposed to compete with wave on wave of assiduous harp-players in the allegorical orchestras; no dog met the Returned Soul at the door of a heavenly mansion and wagged his tail, or leaped and barked joyously.

Streets of gold and jasmine, yes—through the center of which ran a river of pure water, known as the Water of Life—whatever that was. No ecclesiastic can rationally expound it, he can only parrot what some earlier imaginist has recorded. And for actual measurement, the place—north, south, east and west—was no bigger than the territory of the United States from the Canada line to Texas, and the Atlantic seaboard to the Mississippi.

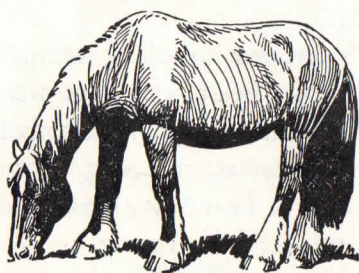
Not an animal in the whole of it.

PEOPLE who actually get into the Afterlife as it is, however, report facts quite the contrary. Everything having life-animation has a soul, in fact life-animation has a soul, in fact life-animation is the evidence that a soul exists. *In* its animation it expresses Spirit. Spirit is only Soul in some type of expression indicating its existence.

True, the souls of the lower animals are not free and independent units like the souls of those attained to the human or superhuman, and uniformly seem to be under supervision of the Group Spirit—or Spirit of the Group. It is this Group Spirit that supplies the lower orders with instincts, such as the migrations of the birds or the dictates as to habitat and diet distinguishing different species. As individual animals evolve higher and higher in intelligence, however, and particularly come to feel the educating and ennobling influence of affection—as exists between a man and his capable horse or exceptionally trustworthy dog—they become less and less dependent

on the Group Spirit and start operating self-reliantly. The stronger their developing wits or intelligence create individualistic self-awareness, the stronger is their concept of themselves as distinctive units in Cosmos, and the animal personalities as personalities carry through from life unto life.

"Certainly there are animals in this Higher Dimension!" is the well-nigh universal attestation of those who succeed in communicating back with those still in flesh. "But you should understand that the wilder orders display little or no ferocity here because they require no ferocity to preserve themselves. Ferocity is strictly a physical trait in an earthlife of fierce competition to survive."



Legion are the instances reported in spiritist communication where a beloved horse, dog, or even canary bird, suddenly puts in appearance to greet the mortal soul who has graduated from its flesh.

Read back over the Soulcraft periodicals and books covering decades and you come upon instance after instance where physically deceased people have been agreeably shocked to confront beloved pets whose individualistic spirits have survived earlier decease. Emma Jamison's lengthy letters from her departed sister Roberta, published in the very earliest numbers of *The New Liberator*, began the roster of these.

ONE OUTSTANDING episode of this order will bear repeating for the enlightenment of new readers. In the summer of 1941, a plant linotype operator made the gift to Adelaide Pelley Pearson of a Manchester terrier that she subsequently gave the capricious name of Peanut.

Peanut was a dog that by no stretch of imagination could ever be confused with any other dog. Possessed of lithe brindle body, it likewise displayed the longest legs imaginable on a canine short of greyhound. It lived and romped with the ubiquitous Buzzie, a cocker spaniel, making the trip between plant and Indianapolis in the editor's car morning and night. One late evening in the autumn of 1941, Peanut ran out before a speeding motorcar in Indianapolis and was piteously knocked into Eter-

nity. Next day he was tenderly interred beneath the big white elm that shades the patio, in Noblesville.

Tempus fugit through the winter, and in May of that memorable 1942, the office group at Soulcraft paid a visit to Mary Beattie, the celebrated medium then at Chesterfield, Ind., since deceased to get advice and counsel in complications that seemed to be developing. The Editor's eldest daughter Harriet materialized, conversed with him for a matter of twenty minutes, advising him from the Higher Life on the various political trials that were imminent for him in mortality, as well as apprising him in advance of their several outcomes. Whereupon Harriet retreated up closer to Mrs. Beattie and commenced disintegration within plain sight of all.

The ectoplasm from the medium she had been using to make her Light-Body tangible was quivering in a restless mass at the medium's feet when the wife of the Soulcraft shipping clerk, seated on the Editor's right, emitted a sharp and involuntary screech. "Look! . . . Peanut!"

There in the center of the floor, between medium and spectators, was the inimitable Manchester terrier of the abnormally long legs. Peanut had obviously dashed through the unemployed ectoplasm of the moment, and as he did so, every feature of his canine appearance was recognizable, tangible and substantial. He seemed to be prancing about in canine joy over the fact of being present with former human associates. But in demonstration of the fact that he could definitely hear earthly sounds and voices, the instant that Altha cried, "Look! . . . Peanut!" . . . we had an instant's flash of his cocking ears and making directly for her across the twelve to fifteen feet intervening. As he ran, *the ectoplasm seemed to fall away from him in segments*. And by the time he had reached Altha's feet he was invisible again to the six to eight persons watching.

Apparently he was following in spirit those whom he had loved in life and who had formerly bestowed affection on him in turn.

The episode bespoke volumes.

Peanut was apparently still *alive!*

THERE is a temperament that feels an undercurrent of exasperation and indignity that "common animals" should thus survive with them. But the Editor's prize-winning magazine story, *Sunset Derby*, made into a film in 1928 featuring Mary Astor, offered the other side of the picture.

(Continued on Page 17)

A WOMAN Murdered in California Communicated within Four Hours! . .



A STRIKING instance of a person graduating onto the higher levels of life by being murdered and yet disclosing evidences of her survival together with a report of her experiences, comes from reputable sources in San Francisco.

It was connected with a tragedy that occurred in that California city in broad daylight. From *The San Francisco Chronicle* of August 20, 1929, we excerpt the following:

An insane war veteran, brooding over imaginary wrongs, slashed to death Miss Egie M. Ashmun, age 35, executive secretary of the San Francisco Chapter of the American Red Cross. The murder was committed just outside of the Civic Auditorium and was witnessed by scores of persons who were unable to avert the tragedy.

To avoid unwelcome publicity, a lady to whom we must refer hereinafter as Mrs. A. N., immediately underwent a strange experience in connection with Miss Ashmun, the victim.

MRS. A. N. does not live in San Francisco and at the time this happened, knew nothing of the occurrence. She is a refined and intellectual personality with a well developed psychic trend.

Her first intimation of the case came to her so she avers, through a direct contact with Miss Ashmun within less than four hours after the event.

Miss Ashmun, from what was stated of her, was a wide-awake, active, energetic personality and well disposed toward everyone. An active soul like hers is one that is also highly conscious immediately on the higher and finer planes of consciousness, as seems to be proved from the intelligence that she passed on to Mrs. A. N.

IN HER first contact with Mrs. A. N., Miss Ashmun appeared as a strange, unknown person in a curious Light Body, but fully discernible and recognizable to

the eye. Mrs. A. N. cites her part of the experience as follows:

"I was fully conscious of the presence of a woman who was a stranger to me. She was able to impress me clearly enough so that I was able to recognize her from her picture, which I saw subsequently, and catch her general personality. I suppose the "inner voice" is the nearest explanation of the manner of speaking which she employed, as the impressions did not come as sound but rather as impressions of outlines, ideas and thoughts. One impression regarding an Information Bureau came most distinctly.

"I doubted the validity of it at first as I did not think it possible for anyone to communicate thus clearly so soon after one's transition. When I mentioned this to her she explained that she had not made a *transition*. She was remaining in the same consciousness as she had been in for some time, that she had much to do, and much to see, and found herself much freer to do all that she longed to do."

"**W**HEN I found her picture, in a newspaper and an account of the affair, I shrank from it, fearing to distress her, but she insisted that I read every word of it, that there was nothing horrible there. When I was finally persuaded to read it, I was greatly surprised to find what she said was all there and all true. After I had read it she remarked, '*And above all, don't torture the poor creature for what he did to me; only gain has come to me.*'"

She did not want this half-crazy person hanged on her account, and was quite anxious to get this request to someone. The murderer had been put in confinement, but apparently was not hanged on account of his dementia.

Regarding the Information Bureau, Miss Ashmun explained that it was the means of bringing occasional souls in contact with those in earth life. There is order and intelligence always, on any of the numerous levels of the higher, finer worlds. Each person while living gives out, in addition to his aura, a luminous emanation;

this the discerning *psyche* knows how to interpret. The emanation from Mrs. A. N.'s soul showed probably the psychic faculty well developed, so that the "departed" soul could readily communicate with her.

THE SEVERAL striking things about this released soul as mentioned, were, the unbroken continuity of her consciousness between the previous earth-plane and her present level of existence. Usually the soul is so perturbed when it suddenly loses its physical vehicle, that it remains in an unconscious or suspended consciousness for some time.

Her pronounced desire to remain in an earthly condition and not rise higher for the moment, is unusual. As a commendable social worker she would naturally possess an advanced spirit capable of functioning on some higher level.

Another striking fact is here given in her tragic and apparently painful death: that suffering is only momentary. For the moment that unconsciousness occurs, either naturally, or even artificially, as under anesthetics, all feeling and suffering cease for the personality, even if there are any muscular contractions, or any other reflections and movements to be seen. Miss Ashmun claimed her suffering was very brief, terrible as it might appear.

Miss Ashmun, as described, was clearly a free spirit, happy and interested in all her new experiences. She, however, was not earthbound in any sense, but simply intensely interested and absorbed in the affairs of this life, which were not to be obliterated in a day, even though her *psyche* was detached from its world body and lost its external contact with mortality. Gradually, however, even though she told Mrs. A. N. that she was not ready for the higher levels, she would lose her earth contacts and her subtler spirit would take her Ego into higher dimensions.

After several communications with Mrs. A. N. she communicated back again. This, if anything, proves the gradual recession of her spirit from the earth and its mortal conditions of conscious living.

THE proximity of the different levels of existence is again demonstrated by such indubitable contacts as these. Another testimony is thus given of a soul one day active in the mortal body, the next day seemingly "dead" as we call it, but actually fully alive on some plane that is merely invisible to our clumsy physical senses.

That soul tells us of another world that even before being able to fathom it, is realistic and moves harmoni-

ously in comparison to the one from which she has just stepped out. Mrs. A. N. asserts that she was wide-awake, as it was altogether in her waking state that this meeting came to her; there was no illusion about it, nor was she at any time in state of trance.

Mrs. A. N. is not a Spiritist medium. She is a simple but active soul, sensitive to occasional vibrations or impressions from life's invisible dimensions.

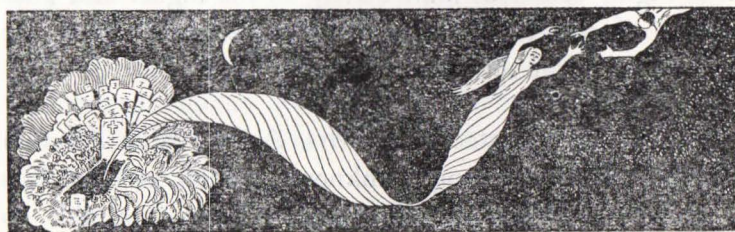
Mrs. A. N. observes that sudden death requires active attention by guardian people. Psychic writers have told us this was particularly the case during the two world wars, as so many died who were not ready temperamentally for the transition.

Mrs. A. N. compares these guardian helpers to obstetricians caring for the rebirth of each individual soul into the next world. For odd as it might seem to us, Mrs. A. N. is told that these Guardian Invisibles, as she calls them, must act quickly to insulate the psychic or Light Body when it becomes separated from its physical body.

There is one fact with which the present world is in alignment. That is the care of the body. There are many idealists and religionists who do not properly evaluate it. The body is not to be pampered or coddled. On the other hand, it ought to be kept in the best of health condition, which, needless to say, is not only invaluable in mortal life but also at the transition known as "death." The physical body is a necessary protection to the soul, as it insulates it from any exposure to the thought-atmosphere that surrounds it. The healthier it is, the better this insulation.

THAT beneficent persons on this plane of existence sooner or later join the group of invisible helpers on the next plane, is the current theory of occultists and mystics.

And yet scientific researchers into the great field of physical activity uniformly encounter these intelligences or traces of their offices. Usually it seems to be a process that "graduating" souls are met and nursed by the relatives and loved ones to whom they "belong"—who have gone "on" before them and are patiently awaiting their arrival, thus to be of service.





WHY Do You Have Instincts and What Are Their Origin?

CLEARER and stronger it is coming to sages and savants in Psychology and Psychiatry that there has been altogether too much deification of Instinct and "Inherited Traits" treating with Obsession and Paranoia. That a definite character-attribute making for delusions either of persecution or grandeur can be transmitted from parent to child via the route of spermatozoa, is asking cells of flesh and blood to relay moral traits—which approaches the absurd. Cells like any other material in a mundane world, can be broken down into atoms with protons and electrons—with interplanetary distances between. Like Consciousness, we may ask in what particular proton or electron a given urge to do this or that resides? Or does it reside in the immense spaces between? If it resides in immense spaces between, have we not license to imply that it exists in the discarnate?

How much easier it is, logically, to say that Obsession and Paranoia are manifestation of Conscious Spirit pertaining to the individual memory involved, and stop for all time blaming myriads of witless ancestors for something with which they had no more to do than the Man in the Moon?

The psychologists, psychiatrists, and even in a meas-

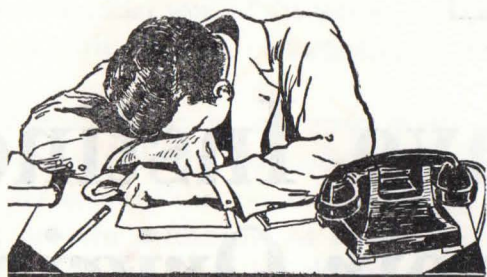
ure the physiologists, have been handicapped in arriving at such distinction in the past because they have been unwilling to concede that Life is otherwise than animation of organism. When Organism ceases to show itself animate, they have said, Life ceases existing.

Psychical Research, at least in the human instance, is standing all such "reasoning" on its head.

Life may not do much manifesting apart from Organism—at least on this earth plane—but that is not saying that all Organism is confined to the exhibits of flesh we commonly touch with our fingerprints or catch on a photo film. Organism may still be organism and yet be integrated and manifest on octaves of perception that ordinary senses cannot reach. The eye, for example, cannot see the ultra-violet, but that is no sign that ultra-violet light does not exist. Furthermore, we are beginning to get all sorts of evidence that behind Brain is Mind—that the two are separate entities. Brain is the neurotic clearing house of organism, and by the same token Mind is the mental clearing house of spirit. Brain perishes with organism, but Mind continues existence because spirit is deathless. In treating with Mind and Spirit, therefore, we are treating with the real substance of Memory.

True Memory is pertinent to Mind and Spirit, not

to Brain and Organism, although cranial operations may handicap Brain from functioning and thus affect Mind when it operates in and through Organism. Because true memory is an attribute of Mind and Spirit, people "remember" their earth-lives after they have graduated onto loftier octaves. Unless we admit this, the whole hypothesis even of traditional religion falls down, for if there be no "remembering" of earth-lives in the heavenly state, there can be no such thing as identity of the soul-personality in the heavenly state. You can't damn a soul to hell, or purgatory, or reward it with Heaven, if it has no way of knowing who or what it has been formerly on earth. But to get back to Instinct. . . .



CONCEDE, for the sake of argument, that Instincts a fused form of memories of all the lives one may have lived to date—profitable, nonprofitable, or inappetent—and the enigma of Instinctive Behavior begins to clarify.

We don't run from a tooth-gnashing foe in the forest because our Nordic grandsires did the same in the fens of prehistoric Europe—and passed their primordial terrors on to us via spermatozoa. We run from ominous noises in the brush because we have our own private and personal memories of times when threatening sounds from the undergrowth betokened no good to our own longevities. We don't recall it in the specific instance of being attacked and disemboweled—we have fused all such memories long-since into the attribute within ourselves called the Emotion of Fright.

Emotion is Memory of Effects considered abstractly!

Strange indeed it is, that men will resolutely deny Repeat Birth when all the quandaries of Mind and Biology resolve to explanations as it is admitted, but acceptance of it confronts them with possibility of repeating on distressful earthly experience, and so they elect to sustain the quandaries.

Adept mystics are long since aware that the man, woman or child doesn't live who cannot, under exceptional conditions, have the "memory veil" swept aside from the

eternal recollection and the whole long roster of past lives come back into consciousness. The reason people fight such possibility is the realization that they have deeds in such memories that they choose not to remember, but prefer to take out their rancors at it on the reincarnational process instead of upon themselves.

Proceed upon the assumption—again for the sake of argument—that Emotion is Fused Memory, and the nature of the thing or things that the Soul-Spirit is seeking either to perpetrate or forget. Incidentally, there is a two-edged sword in such memories. If one deny organic rebirth because of the things one elects to forget, one is likewise denying himself all the antipodal things that one might choose to recall . . . forever and a day. But that is beside the point. . . .

CONSIDERING certain Emotions as being Fused Memories, then the nature of the Emotions should serve to indicate the Memories from which they sprang. Webster defines emotion as being a departure from the normal calm state of an organism of such a nature as to include strong feeling, an impulse toward open action, and certain internal physical reactions, or any one of the states designated as Fear, Anger, Disgust, Grief, Joy, Surprise or Yearning. Very Good. Look to Fear, Anger, Distrust, Grief, Joy, Surprise or Yearnings for the situations in life that breed them reactively, and one can be practically certain that earlier experiences of being involved in precisely such situations are responsible for the phenomena that we now would term Instinct.

Man, in the higher branches of spiritual academics, is constantly admonished to "conquer his baser instincts." What Man is really being admonished is to recognize the causes making for memories and rise superior to collateral emergencies of the passing moment. We say he is valorous if he does this. What he truly is, is Practical.

To be "practical," one treats with a situation in terms of expediencies of the instant in application to factors.

The proposition originally engaging us was, what does one do to overcome the effects of a prenatal emotion?

We look at all current factors duplicating the emotion, and we become practical. "Fear" is our anticipation of harm to accrue to us in event that we are unable to inflict on an adversary the damage he would inflict on us. Fear, in other words, is an admission of possible weakness of deficiency of strength in a perspective emergency. We learn to overcome it by Audacity or Courage, calling up reserves from within ourselves that we were scarcely aware we possessed. By willfully overcoming

Fear, therefore, we learn what extraordinary reserves we do possess. This is Nature's way of causing us to discover them.

Anger, Distrust, Grief, Joy, can as well be attributed to fused memories of our feelings in former circumstances creating them. When we "control" these within ourselves, what we truly would seem to be doing is putting memories out of function. If we don't care to accept such hypothesis, then how explain the phenomenon of Personality itself? Like individual identity in Heaven, Personality must be made up of all reactions to all experiences. But of what use is a reaction, indeed how can it dictate conduct to itself, without memories of situations and their effects to supply discrimination?

Over and above all of these, is the greater therapy of acknowledging first of all the Rebirth Hypothesis, because from such acknowledgment spring all phases and aspects of being willing to entertain antidotes.

WE SAY that we are "overcome by a strong emotion." We might more accurately declare that "we are overtaken by recollection of similar feelings experienced under similar or allied circumstances." And if, as, and when we condition ourselves to credit such happenings, true wisdom commences to unfold in a largess.

First, whole segments of our lives and fortunes begin to sort themselves out;

Second, we begin to see logical reasons for things that have always been enigmas to us otherwise;

Third, we anticipate what the effects of a given situation may be by striving to recall consciously your reactions gone before, and we discover odd stamina coming to our aid because we likewise have the tendency to remember that the anticipated penalties did not accrue in the stringent fashion or nature that we previously had assumed.

All of which is a backhanded way of saying that any recollections, no matter how vital, no matter how graphic, cannot all be negative or distressful. Joy, Anticipation, Expectancy, Hope . . . what are these also but fused memories of well-nigh ecstatic realizations that happened over and over, long ever ago? We "know what it feels like" to be accommodated in all our anticipations because we have known gratification of them, thereby proving to ourselves that gratification is quite as possible as disappointment or discomfiture.

When we once stop to give a little thought to the recollections of this present life, we can understand how much

more influential the recollections of previous lives may be when considered in the accumulate.

So it is always a safe wager to assume that Personality is the sum-total of the recollections of all the lives we have ever lived. This for the reason that we could not have acquired enough experiences in the brief span of our present days to produce the multiform personality that now distinguishes the least of us. We admit this at present, no matter what our reincarnational views, when we attribute certain tendencies in our natures to hereditary instincts. This is acknowledging the process without taking personal blame for the facts of it.



And that, of itself, is an embarrassing give away that we do admit in our subconscious minds that no vogue and indefinite forebears were truly responsible for what we have become. We are admitting it by confessing that the process is reasonable if we can only be absolved from individual involvement in it. So the true issue is not the logic of the process but the fact of personal involvement.

Our discomfiture over it indicates we know we have been involved, else we would contain ourselves with absolute dispassion.

Why do vast segments of intelligent mortals, cheerfully and without contest, admit to Reincarnation? . . . because they are not at all fearful of facing their own memories of involvement in earlier concerns. They know that the betterments in living exceed the distresses. Furthermore, concession means utter rationalizing of all mundane enigmas.

And that, in the last analysis, means utter tranquillity to the Deathless Soul. . . .

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Life's Dreary Path

Souls are not born; they are evolved by action, by running the gauntlet of experience. Every man or woman decrees his or her own immortality in that he decrees by his reaction to this travail how long they are worth survival.

Earthly life is not unlike a great sieve by which people are graded by the meshes of trouble. Little people fall through the big holes at once. Big people remain for some higher and more exacting shake up.

The nature and soul of things takes on itself the guarantees of the fulfillment of every contract, so that honest service cannot come to lose.

On this tiny sun-splash of a planet, ask yourself honestly, What were you created to do?

Men are born with two eyes and one tongue in order that they may see twice as much as they say.

Every man must have a working theory of life. Most men name it Faith.

Can You Take Disillusion?



HERE are people who do wonder about the nature of any national Movement like Soulcraft the moment its pathway becomes rocky. "If it were what it claims to be," they demand, "why is its history written in terms of dis-

tresses? Why doesn't it get under way with a flourish and ride straight to its goal unbeset of assailments?" They are the same people who cannot understand why the religious world doesn't take zealously to the *Golden Scripts* if they actually were authored as the text implies.

What are these people purblindly assuming?

Are they not proceeding upon the premise that only evil encounters evil, while that which is pure and perfect achieves its goals by the nature of its rectitude?

Whenever in the history of the earth have righteous innovations had clear sailings? Is not precisely the opposite the demonstrated fact? What about the ordeals connected with the earliest experiences of the new Christians themselves?

Righteousness has been shown to be anything but its own weapon and its own armor when it appears among men. *Eventually*, yes. But not in its opening phases.



Those wise in the construction of the worlds know that they contain entities who, for the most insane of reasons, would halt and destroy goodness and enlightenment at any cost. Let a new interpretation of Truth come to mankind and their fury becomes well-nigh homicidal.

They are against The Christ and all His works simply because He is the Christ. Whatever makes for a clearer and more graphic presentation of His character, must be halted, or disrupted and smashed. Thus turmoil, confusion and obliquity distinguishes whatever would make Him more graphic to the masses of laymen to be benefited.

Almost it becomes a means of identity as to who and what may be behind some new departure in human thought, that it has bitter assailers or does not have them. If it does not have them, rest assured the cause lies in one of two things:

It is the nature of this earth-world that such utilities can be effected, that Truth ultimately may be distinguished by triumph over it. The latter, however, may consume generations. . . .

Today, the wise ones immediately ask of any new doctrine or movement, "Who assails it? What are its fortunes as it bids for popular appeal?" If known workers of iniquity favor it, then somehow subtly it must lead to iniquities. If known workers of confusions stay silent about it, it is open admission that it offers no opposition to their connivings.

All of which is calling attention to the fact that in a world constituted as today's world is constituted, it is the doctrine or the organization called to suffer most turmoil and persecution—to say nothing of misunderstanding or misinterpretation—that in all probability is "all wool and a yard wide." Still, there is more to be considered.

All such assailments do not involve brickbats.

Malevolent wits from the sub-planes of life, can perfect obstructions in the minds of the best intentioned. Or they may cause what seem to be disillusionings by association in the minds of the unwary. At once, when the effects of such are felt, the cry is raised, "You see, . . . if the project were truly holy this sort of thing would positively not happen." All the time the holiness of the project actually is the reason why such things *do* happen. Especially in a world where nothing stands a chance of succeeding that is not first well financed, the dearth of resource is one of the most effective ways of undermining a truly goodly work. One bequest denied is worth a hundred persecutions. The Movement flounders. Actually what has been brought about is the placing of the value of dollars above the value of cosmic truths.

So the way to be truly wary is to favor the program or gesture that seems to be encountering maximum worldly difficulty. Because, forever remember, there must be a reason of merit why the difficulty arises.

It is stepping on the toes of malcontents whose earthly brevet is the destruction of righteousness in all its forms.

Otherwise opposition to it wouldn't be worth its cost.

Psychical Capabilities

(Continued from Page 4)

levitating trumpets to prove that your friends and loved ones still live.

Tune in with your properly developed mental radio and listen to their voices!

You don't need experts to expound to you the fundamentals of electrodynamics in order to turn the dials of your mechanical radio and get the speeches of an Eisenhower, or, alas and alack! a Lowell Thomas. Neither do you need to spend time in seance rooms arguing whether this or that is possible.

Throw your skepticism out of the window, admit the imponderable to arrive at the ponderable, admit that psychical dynamics exist and can function and spend your real time learning the dials of your own receiving set.

THIS business of being fearful of these higher powers merely because they are not common to the masses, or provoke thought and exploration in fields above the mortal, is about as archaic and childish as being fearful of the higher aspects of electrodynamics that make your radio transfer a literal voice to you.

People uniformly attribute to the evil one that which they do not at once understand. Even great prevailing theological systems can be indicted for such superstitious nonsense.

To advance fearlessly and rationally into such fields of science, always maintaining the proper spiritual balance, checking all things by open-minded logic, not acting on advice merely because it reaches us by the psychical wave length, but holding ourselves open to receive such advice if it seems to be profitable—this is the watchword of the current era that promises such progress in hyperdimensional activity.

Animals Have Souls?

(Continued from Page 10)

Think of all the famous horses of history, well-nigh as celebrated as their riders, and consider how inequitable it would be to deny them repeat existence merely because they had been nonhuman. What of the soul of the horse owned by John Larkin that thundered through the Middlesex County night, carrying Paul Revere on his ineffable ride of warning to the Lexington farmers of 1775 to be

up and to arms—should we be heartless enough to contend its stout spirit perished utterly when its organism became lifeless? How about the soul of that matchless steed that bore little Phil Sheridan down into Winchester that memorable morning, with the battle started and the commander twenty miles distant? What of the soul of Traveler, the memorable mount of General Robert E. Lee, that carried him unscathed through many engagements in the War between the States? Would Robert E. Lee actually enjoy eternity without having Traveler as continuing companion?

It is something to think about.

Take attestments from other countries—

MRS. V. CARLTON JONES of Johannesburg, South Africa, gives lengthy account in her matchless little book on *Communicating with the Dead*, of her beloved husband's attestment that her deceased mother's favorite collie was the mother's constant and devoted companion on the Higher Level of Consciousness to which all three had attained.

What more overwhelming greeting could the soul aspire to know, as it climbs the last few staggering steps up toward heaven's gate, than the little forest of joyously lashing tails of all the pooches one had ever loved, still alive and gathered to greet the One who was finally Coming Home?

Dogs around heaven's gate? There should be *millions* of dogs around heaven's gate, waiting with the patience of eternity for the familiar figure and scent of one whom they adored.

For weeks running into months, the burly sheep-dog that had been the incessant life-companion of Wallie Reid, the one-time silent-film actor, could be seen out upon the top steps of the Reid residence in Beverly Hills, watching for the homecoming of the master who had long since been interred to an admiring nation's sorrow. Finally, at the end of months of such faithful vigilance—when Wallie came not—it died quietly of grief.

Does love and fidelity of such nature expire with body whether human or brute?

What a travesty on Spirit if it does!

So don't worry that you've seen the last of some particularly beloved horse or dog merely because it has shuffled off its physicality. The Bible? Merely chalk up another error to orthodox delineation.

The dog will be there, though the patriarch disdains it. . . .

The Lost Chord

By the Author of *Case at Law*, *An Angel's Books*, *Beating Back*,
No Laughing Matter, etc.

REMEMBER vividly the afternoon of Mary Bowen's first appearance in the office of our Vermont daily newspaper. A cold, raw February day, it was, back in 1921. Melancholy twilight had smothered down outside. The press was still, and the carrier boys had gone with their papers. As the day's labors drew to a close, we heard the street door open and shut, and a woman's voice ask for Sam Hod. An instant later she stood, shy and distressed, on the threshold of the inner room which my partner and I reserve for ourselves.

From the moment of her inquiry I had paused in my work. It was her voice. Never till then had I heard one like it—and I have heard few voices like it since. It held a smoothness, a depth, a quality that even in the most prosaic conversation made people listen. Glancing up as her figure showed in the doorway, I sensed a "story."

A girl in her middle twenties, I took her to be, with nothing especially remarkable about her unless it was the unusual droop to her posture, as though her limbs and feet burned painfully and supported her with difficulty. Her face was plain, and there was the look of a hunted deer in the eyes. But her small round hat crowned her becomingly, and her dark, chinchilla-cloth coat fitted her, though its cheap fur collar looked moth-eaten, and its seams were white and threadbare. Just an ordinary Vermont country-town young woman she appeared to be, with hands that showed harsh manual labor—hands now unglved and red with cold.

"Lawyer Brickhart told me to come

*The Voice of the
woman he had
loved . . . raised
above the
wrath of a
storm-tossed sea*

and see you," she explained to Sam. "I've just got to find work!" And from her manner of accepting a chair and biting down on her colorless lower lip, both Sam and I knew her situation was desperate. She came from North Foxboro, it developed, where she had been graduated from a one-horse business college, and now she'd come down to Paris, Vermont, to get a job as stenographer. But there was no job.

I felt a little heart-pinch of compassion as I continued my labors and yet watched her from the corner of my eye. Small wonder she had not impressed any masculine employer sufficiently to secure a position. She was one of those women whom men take for granted—one of those patient, wistful-faced girls whom life has battered needlessly hard. "Just one of earth's females," as Uncle Joe Fodder had once designated a similar woman—the type of plodding, self-effacing, willing-hearted person who gets the short end in most everything, and who is always left to do the unpleasant chores of society—the sort of people who know little love because it doesn't occur to

others they may be hungry for it, who mind babies, sit up with the sick—all without recompense—and after church suppers may always be found out in the kitchen washing the dishes.

"Why don't you set up a little place of your own?" my grizzled partner suggested. "Why not cater to lawyers and firms who want typewritin' done but can't afford to pay weekly wages for a regular stenographer all the time?"

"But I haven't the money to pay any rent. And furniture and a machine—"

"If you really mean business, I'd just as soon help you out," Sam told her, touched by the elusive pathos about her. "And we have quite a lot of work here on the *Telegraph* we gave to Sophie Sparrow before she closed her office to get married. We'd be glad to contribute that."

I thought the girl was going to break down and cry at Sam's kindness. The tears did well up in her big dumb eyes, and once they brimmed over. Yet she kept her sweet smile.

"You see, I borrowed the money to go through business school after the influ-



enza took both Father and Mother. I still owe it and must pay it back. I didn't really want to be a stenographer, and I'm afraid I'm not a terribly good one, even now. I wanted to be—"

She halted as though about to confess a weakness. Her bare, reddened hands toyed with the frayed bag she had dropped in her lap, and her color was not altogether caused by winter cold.

"Yes, what was it you wanted to be?" asked Sam paternally.

"I wanted to be a singer. You know—cultivate my voice, make a name for myself. Mr. Abbott, the cello teacher, always said I had a voice worth cultivating. But to do it costs money."

"Well, pshaw, now don't let yourself get sidetracked," Sam said. "Go right ahead and do it. Only instead o' workin' for somebody else and runnin' the risk o' bein' fired every slack season, strike out on your own. I'll speak to some of my friends about you. Trouble with most girls is, they don't give a hoot what they do, so long's they bag a man in the end. I like to see girls get ahead on their own. Good business women always make good wives."

She colored deeper at that, and made some reply about it being a mighty long time before any man would want her. And the poignant part of it was, both Sam and I knew how truthfully she spoke—that is, unless she threw herself away on some big-wristed, thick-ankled, thicker-headed young clodhopper who might consider her as just so much desirable stock for his farm.

"POOR girl!" mused Sam when Mary Bowen had departed at last—tearful in earnest to have found such a friend. "She's the salt of the earth, her kind, but the man who might marry her and find blessed happiness in her faithfulness and affection won't recognize it till he's old as me. Then it'll be too late."

"Well, she's certainly got a voice she ought to train for music. I noticed it the moment she spoke," I put in.

"Only she lacks the personality to put herself across. That kind always does. Ambition enough, but the pep to hoist herself into recognition is quite another matter. Hope the young folks here will be kind to her, but you know how young

folks are. They take each other at their estimate of themselves. And this Bowen girl wasn't exactly born a self-booster."

"All the same, Sam, it's the unexpected always happens. She may make a match that'll surprise all of us."

"Possible but not likely," Sam said. "Go over and see Jim Hawkes in the mornin', Bill. Tell him we'll stand good for a couple o' months on her rent, to see how she prospers."

So Mary Bowen became a sort of outside protegee of the *Telegraph*. She opened a bare little room over the five-and-ten cent store, rented a desk, a chair and a secondhand typewriter, paid two of her last ten dollars for a sign and two more for some cards, found a boarding place with the Widow Mathers in School Street—then sat down and waited for business.



It was a precarious way to earn a livelihood at best. She barely met her board the first month, and the second fell behind on her rent. She was so anxious to please, so fearful of not giving satisfaction that her pothooks suffered grievously. After a time local business men quit giving her dictation, and her work was confined mostly to copying transcripts or addressing envelopes. Meanwhile she was trying wistfully to get into the social life of the town. And making no better showing at that.

The young bucks of Paris confessed there was little "kick" in taking her around; and the girls decided that she was "slow" or "a poor stick," and either made open sport of her—which was Chinese cruelty to a girl of her sensitive spirit—or permitted social activities and doing the heavy work. Somehow she just didn't fit in. The poor soul didn't pos-

sess the wherewithal for clothes like those provided by indulgent parents for her contemporaries, and she spoiled the picture at any social galaxy in consequence. Eventually they began ignoring her altogether.

No one knew of the long afternoons that she spent in her bare little office when there was no work to do and she lacked the courage to go out and solicit it. No one knew of the nights at the boarding house when she climbed to her room, locked the door, threw herself face downward on her bed and wept bitterly. A score of times in the following spring I met her walking by herself on unfrequented streets or along the roads under the stars. Several times I had her up to my house; on such occasions she sat herself at the piano and sang tender, beautiful, old-fashioned songs that left a sort of mellowness in the hearts of those who heard her.

What the girl really wanted was some one of her own age to chum with her and understand her—or better still, some fellow to love her, help her to grow and flower out into the woman and wife that God had meant her to become. But there was no one—at least, not then.

"Hang it all!" stormed Sam Hod. "Why don't some male goop in this town get wise to himself and marry that girl? Talented voice or not, she's domestic—not commercial. She's the marryin' kind, that ought to have a home and a man to love, and a couple of babies to coo over. Instead of which, they run wild over flappers like that shallow Williams girl—or that snippy Grace Rawlins. I wish I could write an editorial about her. Mebbe I will!"

But of course he didn't. We had to sit on the sidelines and watch life maltreat the girl and knock her from pillar to post. And the look of the hunted deer increased to the point of terror in her eyes, and one night when Will Seaver asked her to come to his store and take dictation, she turned and fled down the street. That sort of thing couldn't go on, of course; and it didn't.

OLD MICAH Preston was stricken with his first apoplectic stroke that October, and Fate took kindly note of

lonely Mary Bowen and altered the course of her days. . . .

About eleven o'clock at night it was, that the phone bell rang in the Mathers boarding house. All the lodgers, including Mary, had gone to bed. The Widow responded sleepily, only to come to the foot of the stairs a minute later and call excitedly: "It's Lawyer Brickhart, Mary. He's gotta talk with you right off—on somethin' important."

The girl wrapped a blanket over her nightdress and padded down the front stairs. It was a wild, windy night. The town and boarding house shivered and creaked in the grip of rainless gale, colloquially known as a "Shirkshire." She had difficulty hearing the lawyer's voice.

"I'm sorry to disturb you this time of night, Miss Bowen," said he, "—but it's emergency. Do you think you could manage to take a job of dictation from me between now and midnight? No other girl will venture out on account of the storm."

"What's the trouble?" asked Mary weakly.

"Old Mr. Preston has had a stroke.

I'm talking now from his house on the hill. He may die between now and morning, and wants to alter his will. The change is so drastic, I've advised him to draw a new one. Will you come up here and help me out?"

"Of course I will, Mr. Brickhart. Just as soon as I dress."

"I'm sending the Preston car down after you. Call at your office and bring your typewriter, as you'll have to do the work up here. I'll pay you anything."

But as Mary rang off, she wasn't thinking of the pay. Somebody needed her; that was sufficient. So she twisted up her hair, dressed so quickly she fumbled everything, but was ready when the Preston chauffeur sounded his horn at the gate above the whine of the storm.

It was twenty-five minutes to midnight when the car drew under the *porte cochere* of the upper Vermont Avenue mansion. Mary was admitted. Old Micah wasn't dead. As a matter of record, he lingered on for several weeks. But that eventful night marked the commencement of the one big romance in Mary Bowen's life.

She met Forrest Preston for the first time on the stairs as she was climbing them in the wake of a maid.

Forrest told me afterward the girl made little or no impression on him when he first saw her. He had heard the arrival of the car and gone down as far as the landing. He saw Mary before Mary saw him. She was a bit tousled, perhaps—nervously excited too, and not a little bit frightened over the prospect of the death-bed scene she assumed she must witness. Mary's idea of Forrest, however, was quite another matter.

She lifted startled eyes to confront a tall, slender, comely fellow in his early thirties. With one hand on the banister and his right foot still lingering on the last stair, he was as handsome a fellow as had ever stepped into Mary Bowen's experience.

"This is very good of you," he said to her, and reached forth his hand as she stumbled on the unaccustomed turn in the stairs.

"I was glad to be able to accommodate Mr. Brickhart," Mary said.

"Let me take you to him at once."

"I'm not too late, am I? Mr. Preston isn't dead?"

"No," he told her. "For the past half-hour his mind has cleared perceptibly."

They gained the top of the stairs with his hand beneath her elbow and her little world whirling pleasantly. "Put the typewriter in the library," he instructed the chauffeur who had followed them. "You have brought your notebook, Miss Bowen? Leave your hat and coat here. I'll see if Mr. Brickhart is ready."

Mary looked about her when he disappeared into the sickroom. Never had she believed such elegance. It overwhelmed her. The propinquity of Forrest Preston, too, may have had its effect. The library, where the servants were arranging her temporary work-table, was lighted by shaded amber lamps and an open fire. Across from the library was a music-room; dimly Mary could discern the gilded pipes of a high wall-organ. But Preston the younger was the *piece de resistance* of that whole experience.

She had read his name often in the *Teleraph*, when he came from New York to visit his uncle. He had likewise been mentioned by local girls in Mary's hearing—by his first name intimately, as though they knew him. Which they didn't. Hardly a girl in Paris knew him. He had been born on Preston Hill, but educated abroad. Rumor had it that a brilliant career in international law and diplomacy opened before him, yet it was whispered that the relations between uncle and nephew were not as cordial as they might have been. Even as Mary waited, agreeably dizzy, she wondered if the forthcoming change in Micah's will in any way concerned his nephew.

"All ready," came the latter's voice a moment later, however. And she arose and passed into the sick-room.

AT ONCE, electrically, she forgot her self-consciousness at sight of that wasted figure among the pillows. Every maternal, ministering instinct was aroused in the ensuing hour. And because she did not think of her work,—only of the service,—she took down Len's dictation without flaw or falter. And yet with dismay she did not miss the significance of the lawyer's gesture when, arising to depart, he caught her elbow. They stood alone in the chamber—the doors had been care-

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fully locked. Forrest had been excused at the time of her entrance.

"Miss Bowen, it is Mr. Preston's emphatic wish—in fact, it is his specific order—that not a person be informed of the altered terms of this will until he is dead and it comes up for probate. Is that quite clear, Miss Bowen?"

"You mean—not even Mr. Forrest?"

"Mr. Forrest most of all. *No one*, understand?"

"Yes, Mr. Brickhart."

"You must give me *your word of honor* you'll keep it secret."

"You've got it, Mr. Brickhart."

"Then go into the library and transcribe those notes. I'll see that Forrest doesn't intrude."

She did hurry. She clicked off the will, and along toward morning, she was one of its witnesses. She was fifty dollars richer when she finally left for the boarding house and breakfast. But by noon of the second day thereafter, a wild rumor started through a town that till then had always looked upon Mary with indifference. I was told of it by my partner. Into the office he came after lunch, chuckling delightedly to himself. "Maybe you win, Bill," said he. "I think you said something once about Mary Bowen making a match that'd dumfound all of us."

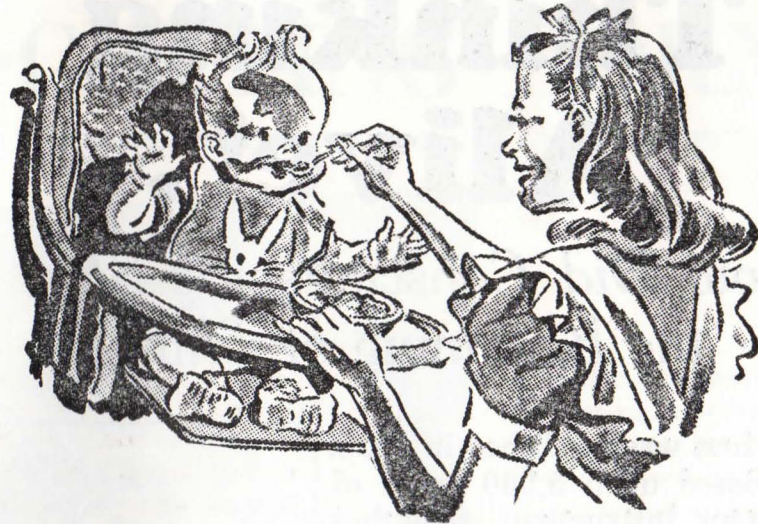
"Has she?" I asked in amazement.

"She hasn't yet; but it looks like she stands a show. You've heard how she responded to Brickhart's summons in the Preston will business, haven't you? Well, Uncle Joe Fodder just told me he met Forrest Preston over on the East Road an hour ago—with Mary beside him in that big green roadster. What's more, he wasn't actin' as though he exactly hated her."

"But Lord! That chap could have his pick of the best in New York, Newport or Paris—Paris, *France!*"

"What if he could? Nothin' the matter with Mary, is there? And stranger things have happened. I'm not yet ready to admit the Age of Miracles ended in A. D. 33. I've been a country newspaper man too long."

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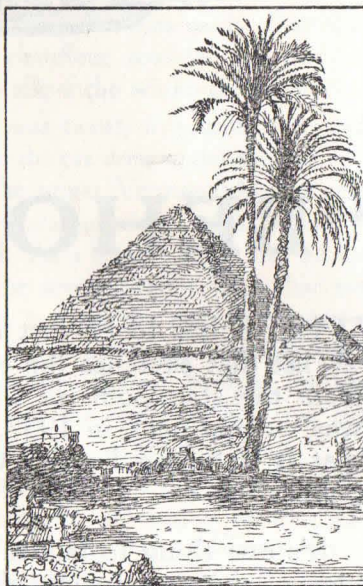
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"To think," snapped Grace Rawlins, hands upside down on her hips, and elbows out combatively, as she met three girls in my hearing in front of the post office, "that so swell a chap as that rich guy, Europe-raised and everything, should mix it with such a blaa-eyed dumb-bell as Mary Bowen! What's happening to the world these days when such as her can walk off with a catch like that? It must be the war!"

Apparently, as the days went by, the rest of them didn't come in anywhere. The motor rides continued, and all the valley witnessed. When old Micah Preston appeared to improve for a time, and Mrs. John Stevens gave a dinner for her niece from Boston, our local princesses gnashed their teeth to read the name of Mary Bowen among the old social Gorgon's guests. "Miss Mary Bowen pleased with several vocal selections," was the way our paper reported the stenographer's participation in the affair.

"The gall of her!" sputtered Julia Thompson, almost inarticulate for a time in her rage. "To flaunt her machinations right here before our eyes, where she's always been a nobody. You'd think she'd show better taste. Yes, it must be the war!"

And yet, while there were "machinations," for a time at least, they were not of Mary's making. Instead of Aladdin's Lamp, she had rubbed her typewriter and it had produced a genie who had reached down, caught her up, lifted her into Seventh Heaven.

I met her on West Main Street one sunset with Forrest walking beside her—and if ever a girl's Prince Charming looked the role, Forrest measured up. Mary's color was high and her eyes were starry. With hair blown prettily about her plain face, she was looking far away toward the distant haze over autumn mountains where the foliage was splashed with vermilion and gold. She did not recognize me, but I forgave her. The girl in her delirium of having such a fellow take her up, favor her with his attentions, tell her of his love for her—as we knew afterward he did—was beyond recognizing anyone or anything earthly.

What did the prince see in the little goose-girl? Against hope Sam and I

prayed that he had sense enough to see what we had believed we beheld from the first. We were right. And we were wrong!

Though deliberately, even maliciously, he had concentrated his attentions upon her, it had not been until the aftermath of Mrs. Stevens' dinner that he had awakened to the real Mary Bowen behind the facial plainness. Our paper had reported that she had "pleased with vocal selections." But Mary had done more. She had disclosed to the Preston prince her lonely soul and her hungry heart. And he had looked into it and seen. Mrs. Stevens told me about it afterward.

"Her frock of simple white muslin was the most charming costume in the room and made the rest look vulgar," she declared. "She had her dark hair done prettily about her pale forehead, and her self-consciousness only made her more winsome. I remembered her voice in Calvary choir, which was why I asked her to oblige us. I think she did it for the sake of Forrest. Anyhow, she sang *Annie Laurie*, and *In the Gloaming*. Finally when we'd encored her again and again, she sang *Then You'll Remember Me*. I give you my word, William, I turned and looked at my husband, and tears the size of marbles were rolling down his cheeks. But it wasn't until she sang *The Lost Chord* that I caught the look on Forrest Preston's face. He was staring transfixed—as though the girl were a visiting angel. If he's really in love with her, as all the town is gossiping, it started from that night and that song."

About seven weeks this sort of thing continued; and then, just when the stupendous thing seemed about to flower into the sweetest romance that has ever occurred in our Green Mountain community—two awful events broke.

Micah Preston died, and Grace Rawlins discovered why Forrest Preston had "lowered himself to take up with the Bowen baggage"—at first.

MICAH was hardly under the sod before Grace burst into our office and confronted June Farley, the proof-reader.

"I'm wise now!" she shrieked. "I know why Forry Preston got all het up over Mary Bowen. Oh, she's got a fine jolt

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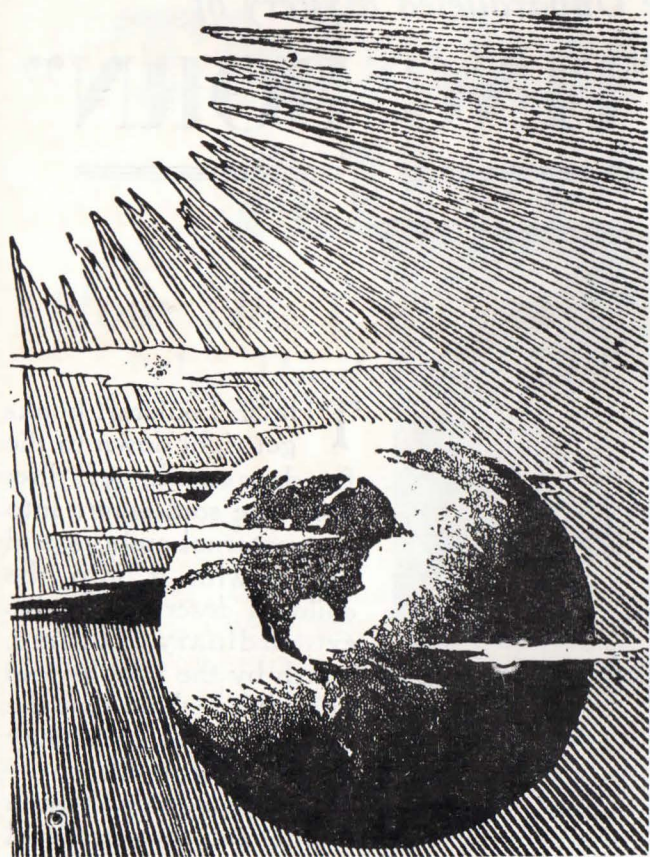
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coming! Wait till I tell her. And I'm going to tell her, you bet your life!”

“What do you know?” June asked.

“He ain't in love with her in the slightest. He's been kidding her along just to get something out of her—*information!* She was the only one besides the lawyer who knew the terms of his uncle's will. Forry was going to need money to go into some big deal this winter and wanted to know where he stood. And he sparked that little Bowen, thinking that if she fell for him hard enough, she'd blab.”

“Who told you?”

“Natalie Stevens told me. She claims she made Forry Preston confess. Oh, wait till I find Mary Bowen. *Wait till I do!*”

Sam and I overheard. It made us slightly bilious. To try to silence Grace Rawlins was useless. We could only pray it was spiteful feminine spleen behind the indictment. The girl had departed the place, anyhow, before we could remonstrate.

Straight to the stenographer's office in the Hawkes Block she smoked—two equally vengeful companions with her. An important telephone-call delayed me getting there to help if I might. I only arrived in time to hear the last of the disclosure. The door was open as I came up the stairs. I saw the tableau they all made.

Mary had arisen, though she was clutching the desk-edge tightly for support. Face and hands had gone white.

“You lie!” I heard her say.

“Lie, do I? I see you've had a telephone put in. Call him up and find out.”

“I can't! He's gone on a business trip, back to New York.”

“His uncle's dead, ain't he? He'll know the will quick enough now, without bothering longer with you. He's skipped; that's what he's done. And it serves you right.”

“He hasn't skipped!” defended Mary blindly. “He's coming back on the eight o'clock train tonight.”

“I'll buy you a new hat if he does. You wait and see.”

“You made it all up—he never confessed such a thing, to Natalie Stevens or anyone else!”

“All right—call up Natalie and ask her.”

The stricken girl tried to do this. After a fashion she succeeded. And when she finally got the receiver back onto the hook, I thought she was going to collapse. From deathly-white, her complexion had turned a queer, drowned green. "Get out!" she wailed. And at sight of the wreckage they had caused, the three girls "got." "You can be at the depot at eight o'clock tonight and see how contemptible you are," she called after them.

Then she closed her door.

She must have suffered the torments of the damned that afternoon. Nevertheless, around eight o'clock, she appeared at the station. All over town the girls had been advised and were hovering about in the vicinity. Mary saw them and was piteously defiant.

But the train pulled in and its passengers descended. Not until a fortnight later did the repentant Grace confess she had sent him—Forrest Preston—a wire that noontime which had purposely kept him in New York. So no Forrest alighted on the Paris platform.

The train pulled out and to the northward. The platform was empty—empty except for one swaying, droopy figure in a shoulder cape, who tried to start away, uttered a little cry and bent over suddenly as though a dagger had pierced her to its hilt. Then off into the late autumn night she stumbled blindly, face ashen, both hands pressed against her side. She turned the corner by the billboards and was lost to view. And she did not come back.

AT four o'clock the next afternoon Mrs. Mathers called up the *Telegraph* office.

"Have you seen anything of Mary Bowen?" she demanded. "She hasn't been to her meals today—and her bed warn't slept in last night."

We had seen nothing of Mary. Neither had anyone else in the town. Another night went by. Again Mary's bed was unrumpled. Mrs. Mathers came over around nine o'clock and made us go up to her office and break in. "Maybe she's up there and done somethin' rash," was her suggestion.

But Mary was not in her office. Everything was exactly as it had been when Grace Rawlins entered—even to the half-



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finished sentence on the machine. Yet we found other things that wrung our hearts: a pad of paper where she had practiced writing "Mrs. Forrest Preston" all over the top sheet, a list of household furnishings, some letters, inconsequential things that Forrest had sent her. I think the most heart-rending was a little scrapbook where the girl had pasted in and saved every picture of a baby which had come to her hand. Seventy-five to a hundred infants, there must have been in the limp

little book—babies smiling, babies crying, babies awake and asleep, dressed and *au naturel*.

The boys beat the woods around about Paris—and another group rowed far down the river searching, but Mary never was found by those people in Vermont.

And the next day Forrest came back to Paris.

The minute he entered our office, I knew he had been informed of events; furthermore, I knew his passion for Mary



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Bowen had ended up genuine, regardless of the motives behind it in the beginning. He showed me the telegram—tears running down his face.

"My God! They've murdered her!" he choked. "Murdered the dearest woman that ever lived!"

"Did you, Forrest?" we asked. "Did you get interested in her at first because you wanted to know?" I asked him point blank.

"May my Maker forgive me for it—yes. At first—until that night at Stevens' when she sang *The Lost Chord*."

"I know. Mrs. Stevens told me."

"It was like an angel singing. And—she loved me. She'd have lain down and let me walk on her naked heart!"

"*The Lost Chord*," mused Sam. "Don't it say somethin' in that piece about hearin' that note again—findin' it again?"

"In heaven! Yes! But I don't want to find Mary in heaven. I want to find her on earth! I'm all broken down inside, somehow." And dropping into a chair, he buried his face in his hands and sobbed like a boy.

We tried to console him, of course. But it was a sorry business. We told him she'd turn up somewhere sooner or later, when deep in our hearts we scarcely believed it ourselves. For even if she hadn't destroyed herself, we felt that the shock she had sustained might have unhinged Mary's reason.

FORREST left finally, and for the ensuing month the town gave him its sympathy freely. A town's mind is a child's mind. And it took the affair with the compassion of a child. In that month no signs of Mary came to hand, and all of us believed the worst. And in proof of how greatly the rich fellow had come to love the little plebeian, we know now that life for him went suddenly to ashes.

What mattered his law-practice, his uncle's wealth (for he had not been appreciably cut from the will), society, other women? He aged five years that winter, and then in April came the announcement that he was going abroad.

He did go abroad. We had other things to engage our attention, and only thought of the affair when we had stenographer's work with no one to do it,

or when we strolled past the Preston mansion on Sunday afternoons and remarked on its closed blinds and general atmosphere of tragedy. But occasionally word reached us through people who had seen Forrest—abroad, in New York, Newport, Hot Springs, Palm Beach—that his blasted love-affair in Vermont had taken hold of him deeper than one might suppose for the length of time its course had run. . . .

For three years I had no direct word from him and did not see him. He was no special confidant of mine; there was no reason why I should. Sam and I lost sight of the poignant little romance in the avalanche of newer experiences, other people's cardiac complexes, all the vicissitudes that come as grist into the mill of a country newspaper.

And yet I have had a reason for recording this story. I have set myself to that record because now—three years later—there have been developments in the half-forgotten Bowen-Preston romance that supply belatedly the aspect of a climax. This past year I spent in California, making the homeward trip by way of the Panama Canal. And when our boat was held over for twenty-four hours in Jacksonville, Florida, I went ashore. Thus on an early evening in this past September, dining in a Jacksonville hotel, I looked across the room.

And there sat Forrest Preston.

It was a moment before I placed him. His changed appearance was responsible. There was much gray at his temples, and lines on his face and around his eyes which no fellow of thirty-five should reveal. Not lines of dissipation, so much as hopelessness. I arose and went over to him.

"Will wonders never cease!" he cried thickly, grasping me and almost hugging me. And he made me sit down at his table by the window, for he was alone—as terribly alone, somehow, as the girl whom he had loved had been alone back in those spring months in Vermont.

"Where am I going?" he repeated a little time later. "I wish to God I knew. Somehow I'm—drifting around. Lost interest in things somehow."

Well, we visited until late. He drank quite a lot from a hip flask and seemed sort of careless of his speech and deport-



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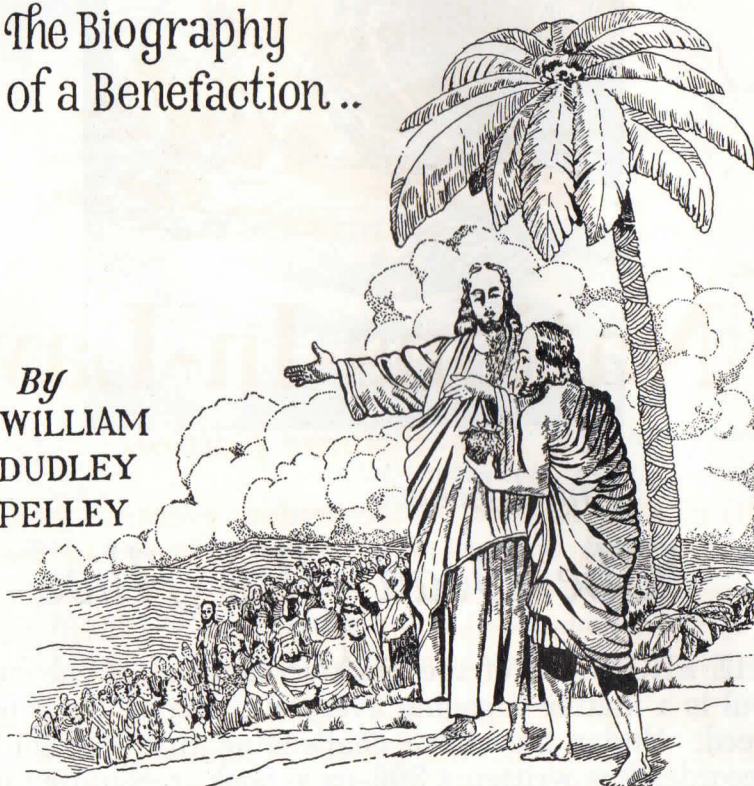
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ment. He was slipping badly—which was criminal, for he really had been a man worth while. If he had deceived Mary at the start of their acquaintance, he had suffered his penance and was now clean of that stain. By midnight, when it was time for me to return to the ship, he was sobbing openly.

"She played—*The Lost Chord*," he reminded me. "I wonder—if I'll ever hear her voice again. Your partner said something about heaven. But I've lost Mary completely—for I don't believe in heaven. I don't believe in *anything*. I'm hard inside!"

"See here," said I, "—come on back with me to New York. I'm in a cabin by myself and you can share it. I'll talk to you on the way up. And if you want to go back to Paris, perhaps the change—"

"I'll go with you to New York—I don't mind where I go—but not Vermont! I buried a part of myself in Vermont."

In the end, he went back north with me. Never was truer word spoken than Shakespeare's old saw: "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." We left Jacksonville behind us, and by two o'clock were beyond sight of land. I set myself to soften the poor fellow's cynicism, but it was a thankless task. The man was "cooked hard." Anyhow, a greater Power had our affairs in charge, for—we got into the storm off Cape Hatteras, North Carolina.

And Preston was really softened by a sign from God.

IT was the second day out, along around three in the afternoon, that we entered the area of blow. The sun had disappeared in a haze of lemon; a peculiar greenish tinge hung over the ocean. By four o'clock high seas were running and the barometer was falling swiftly.

I had known many storms at sea during spasmodic trips about old Mother Earth to vary the routine of country publishing, but always without untoward incident my ships had come safely through. A bit of seasickness, perhaps—things rolling about—the vessel plunging and ducking like a gigantic porpoise. Yet never had I seen such a bilious aspect over the face of all things, a presentiment of electrical ferocity, as curdled my marrow in

the next few hours before the daylight died altogether. It is a fearful thing—a storm off Hatteras. Worse than a typhoon down the New Hebrides. I have been through both and know.

By five o'clock the wind was yowling a gale; the seas were running hill high. When I went below for dinner, the ocean showed mountainous whitecaps piling and tumbling—my last view of them reminding me of a line of washed clothes blowing in a winter twilight up home. Then came the dim illumination of the clammy, half-empty dining room, pale faces as the oncoming gale shrieked wilder, hardened travelers feeling the qualms of oncoming sickness, officers moving about hurriedly, looking worried. And the barometer going down, down, down.

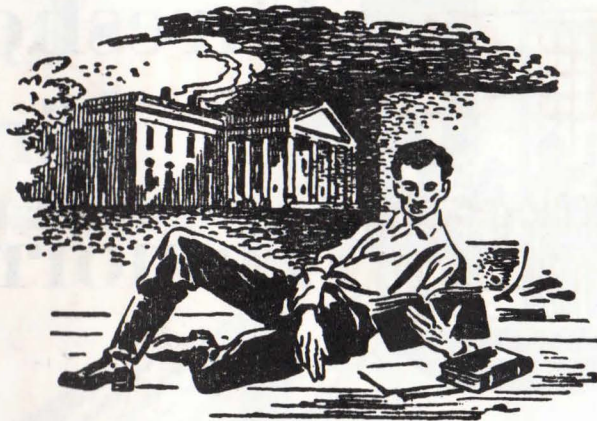
NINE o'clock came, and Preston got up from his berth, where he had lain down. "I can't stand this!" he said. And I realized he was bellowing the words to make himself heard above the outer tumult. Waves like mauls were hammering at our port. The ship was pitching up and down forward and aft, as well as rolling from side to side. It came to me that this was to be no ordinary storm. I wondered if the eight hundred passengers elsewhere were as nervous as ourselves. "I'm going up into the saloon and find out," Preston said, and he laced on his shoes.

We reached the saloon, the big main room off the promenade deck, and went up onto its mezzanine balcony. Ten o'clock came, and the ship was commencing to strain. Each time its prow cleft the onward seas, the water-mountains met it squarely, sending shivers through the boat's whole fiber. Outside was a blackness like pitch. Blackness and tumult and a wet hell.

Every deck was awash with water. Passengers in outside staterooms had been ordered inside. I began to grow frightened as I had never been frightened in my life. Suppose, in that epidemic of chaos, we rammed some rum-running vessel of which that section of the seas was full? Preston, near me, was ashen.

A few minutes past midnight our aftermast came down, wrecking our wireless. It shook the ship and made it falter for a moment like a dull, disastrous detona-

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tion of dynamite in our hold. Women began to sob openly. And between twelve and one o'clock, before we actually did side-swipe that other steamer, the pitching and plunging of that boat grew hor-

rible. With every drunken roll it snapped and creaked. Tons upon tons of water pounded at our hatches. Lifeboats were ripped loose and smashed into kindling. Once when the main cabin door blew



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open, deluging those in the vicinity, a ten-minute battle ensued to get it closed. A ship's officer paused near us around the corner, his clothes drenched with water, a gash across his forehead bleeding down into his eyes.

"We may not make it, Charley," I heard him cry unevenly to some one I could not discern. "The pumps are going in the 'C' hold, but they can't get action!"

I felt a wild clutch on my arm, where I strove to hold myself from being hurled around. It was Preston.

"I don't want to die!" he cried. "Not like this! I haven't got the faith to die!"

"Shut up!" I cried. "Do you want to start a panic here? Instead of talking about dying, get one of those life-preservers—"

I never finished. On the opposite side of the ship, out of a badly battered port-hole, I saw a string of lights, horrifyingly close. *Another vessel!* Almost at once the shock came.

It felt like an earthquake and sounded like a gigantic pin being drawn over an equally mammoth washboard. The whole ship bucked. A woman screamed. A moment of gruesome silence—a silence like that between the planets. . . . Then a voice behind me:

"Damn that woman! Choke her, somebody! We may be hit. But a panic right now will be worse." And then the ship veered to starboard and we tilted.

DON'T ask me to set down the sickening horror of that next few minutes. I believed we were sinking, tossed like a rudderless chip on the chaos, soon to be drowned like rats in a trap. Every sane man and woman aboard thought likewise. Death was reaching for us. Preston was clutching me so I could scarcely keep my hold.

Dimly in that sequence of confusion I realized a movement of people down over the drop of the balcony and saw the gleam of scarlet on cap and bonnet as a group drew together below us. There were Salvation Army people aboard!

Then amid the shock and the tempest, high above the tumult and the pounding destruction of the storm, I heard a woman's marvelous voice uplifted in song.

From the dining-saloon below us, halt-

ing that panic, defying the night and the elements, over-riding Death with the faith born of martyrs, came the bars of that grand old hymn that has in so many tragic hours brought resignation to storm-tossed humanity, sung by a little band of bonneted women who were not afraid to die.

*Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high—*

It seemed in that moment as though every person aboard that foundering vessel, even the ship itself, even the demon-lashed universe, paused to catch the sweet, clear, fearless, high-flung resonance of that old hymn, as the face upraised, eyes closed, hands outspread in benediction over the little group around her, the woman called to Jehovah Lord God of Hosts. . . .

Never did a woman sing as that woman sang. That spirituality in mundane humanity that separate us from the brutes, that lifts us into communion with the Hosts of Heaven, shone from her face like a lambent light. And as she quickly passed on to the lines of the second verse, I knew in that minute the overwhelming meaning of Faith—Faith triumphant!

And I became aware as well that Forrest Preston had relaxed his grip upon me. Somehow, ludicrously, he was climbing the balcony rail as though to drop into that scene beneath. I clutched for him and he turned.

"It's—it's—"

"I know, I know! But don't stop her now!" For Mary Bowen, in that great moment of all our lives, was "putting herself across" at last—as Sam, my partner, had never dared to dream she would.

The hymn ended. A great quiet seemed to envelop us. A man broke in from the battered chart-house.

"*We're coming out of it!*" he cried. "*We've found the edge of it! We're slipping through!*"

I don't know just when it was that I let Preston go. But when I released him, he started down. Neither did I remark on the manner of his going.

I only recall that once again he had heard the Lost Chord of that voice—the voice of the woman he had loved—raised above the wrath of a storm-tossed sea.

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The Golden Speakings



MY DEARLY Beloved: And now, I bid you to an excellence.

2 I give you my wisdom: I come and make speech unto you that ye may have treasure, yea even that treasure that the world supplieth not: I fill up your coffers with a sweet understanding, I open my radiance and flood it upon you.

3 Canst ye not wait a little time until the seasons have sojournd, till the dawning hath moment, till that which is great and wise shall make you a patrimony and say, Come and take it?

4 Ever and anon the sons of men show beasthood: they arise in their combats, they pluck the eagle's feathers and bemoan that he is earthbound, they say unto man's soul, Ye do have no inheritance, behold ye are of bastardy.

5 I say unto you, The torn soul seeketh that heart which is noble, it aspireth unto excellence as love doth enfold it.

6 Love giveth an increase, it softeneth the iron, it reacheth out and lifteth up, it standeth an excellence as an idol in the household, it worshippeth that idol; there are none to rue it.

7 Ye have heard it said unto you that Love suffereth long, that verily is it kind: I say love is translucent, it bespeaketh the countenance that its brow hath sought a wisdom.

8 Love hath a radiance, love hath a softness, love hath a witchery, it hath a magic happening;

9 Love hath a thousand forms of ennoblement but only one of conduct, it ceaseth not to cajole, it maketh no tumults that order may enter.

10 Behold ye have heard it said that Love is a passion, that it giveth unto romance the budding of its ecstasy, that it riseth up and casteth out that which hath a madness, that it treadeth softly, that its pathways are desirable;

11 Verily, my beloved, it is all of these and more; Love hath a small aspect but a mighty vigor; it hath a small broom yet it cleaneth mighty households; it giveth a small pence, lo it receiveth a mighty increase.

12 Anger hath her purposes; she giveth the stroke and the soul hath its lesion; the temper disdaineth that which is noble; it smiteth and felleth; its phrases have sharpness;

13 Behold the soiled spirit hath loosened its bondage, it hath leaped in a darkness, it hath known a black freedom.

14 Is it meet that birds who give song shouldst do soaring at midnight?

15 Consider my words: be wise in your eschewments.

16 Anger leapeth, spirit breatheth, the

muscles have an augury, there is littleness in concept, the ways of the spirit are made a malfesance.

17 Love uttereth, Love proclaimeth, Love chideth not, Love hath a benediction, it saith to the loved one, Thou art of mine essence, thy forehead hath fairness, thou art burdened with a tumult, behold I wouldst share it with thee. Behold the loved one feeleth it and in the feeling is ennobled; thus hath spirit its culture.

18 Love fetcheth out the tear, it giveth not the sobbing; Love lifteth the spirit, it ennobleth the visioning, it giveth a fair recompense when the torn heart hath its weighting, it enfoldeth in a luxury, it bestoweth not a torment.

19 Have I not told you to love one another? what thoughtest ye I meant? shouldst ye say, These are our increments, that we join in brandishing of the tools whereof we work ennoblements? shouldst ye ask yourselves, Is it not meet that we speak softly lest those in the household take note of our desirings? is it Love alone to say, We do give a surfeit of our amours that mawkishness may clot us, that we open our hearts to the doves of sweet wishings? . . .

20 Beloved, be circumspect.

21 The ways of Love are proud, they have a strong armor, they have a noble purpose, they give not a lechery to childish traffickings of spirit, they employ circumstance, they level a barrier.

22 Love hath a soundness that exalteth the reasonings, it be-tokeneth an enterprise, it calleth to a principedom.

23 Love stalketh not amid the ungodly that its excellence be sounded: behold it stalketh amid the circumspect, that they shouldst see its alchemies. When have I ever told you otherwise?

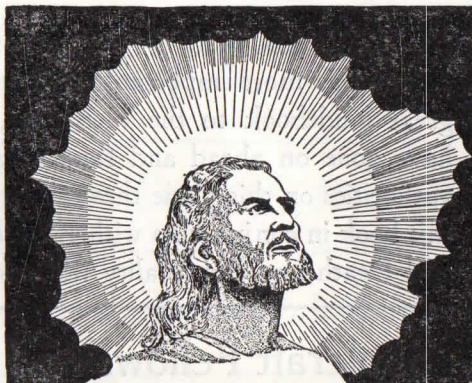
24 The fawning spirit crieth, Love is an enticement, it summoneth to pleasurings, it giveth the pulse the vigor that embraceth, it stouteneth the heart that modesties be vanquished.

25 I tell you, Love is none of these, and all; Love is the enticement that openeth the valley where romance lurketh subtly,

yet Love hath a venom for that which is folly; it giveth a strong countenance, I say it pursueth with a leisure yet ever it pursueth;

26 It seeketh no trespass on the privileges of honor: it withholdeth the epithet: it hurleth roses that their fragrances burst from them.

27 Thus have I taught you. The still heart listeneth. The quiet woodland uttereth her resonance. The sweet brook sparkleth. The beatitudes of splendor pause not in their utterings. PEACE



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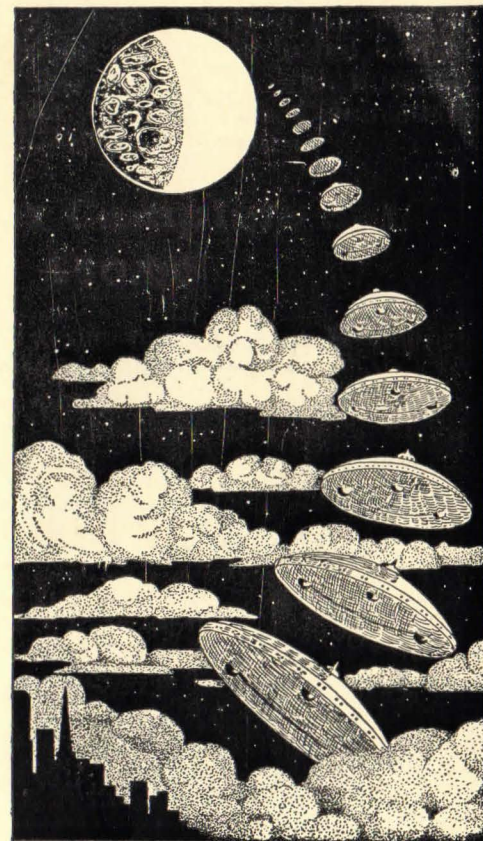
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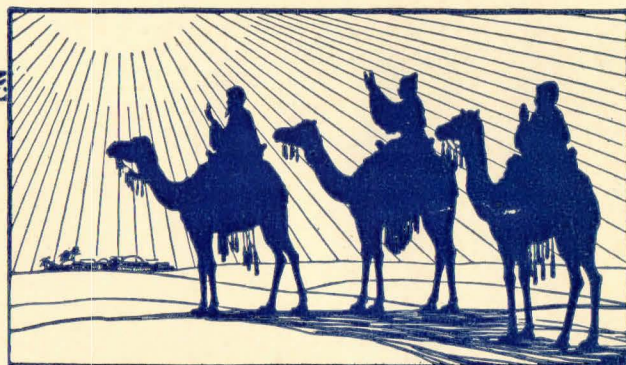
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