

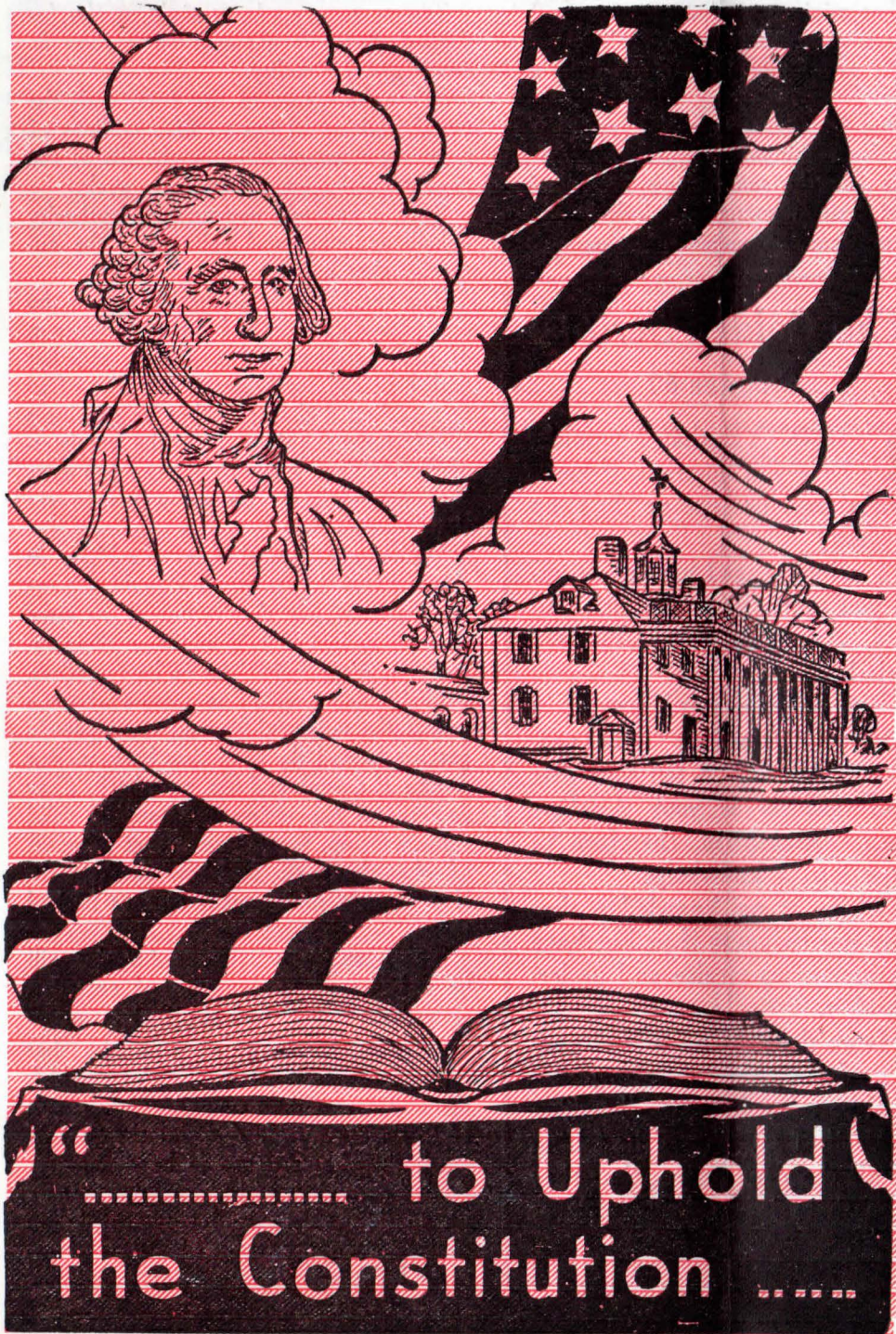


How to Live Life with Courage, Wisdom, and Enduring Peace of Mind through Soulcraft

Volume I

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Number 17



How Abuses Are Cured..

FIFTY million people read their daily newspapers, or listen to their nightly news commentators, and acknowledge that matters never were worse in this Republic. How under heaven is any straightening-out to happen? As individual citizens they'd do anything within reason to aid in America's renovation but don't know what to do specifically. After all, what *can* one lone citizen or even one lone group of citizens, do? The sensation of helplessness on the lone citizen's part is his despair.

There's an answer to it, and it's found in history.

History demonstrates that great alterations for the better in any country, in any age are rarely accomplished by the lone citizen as a rebellious individual. Groups of citizens have been known to band together and take drastic steps to overcome abuses grown intolerable. What they instigated in some isolated section of

the country, spreads. Other groups of citizens repeat on it. Public officials become alarmed and make efforts toward amelioration of the abuses as a matter of saving their official jobs or hides. What the Minute Men did at Lexington and Concord was illustrative of an "isolated group" meeting an issue valiantly, head-on. The shot on Lexington Green fired the tempers of colonists all the way down to Georgia, and out of it came the Revolutionary War, and our Federal Constitution.

On the other hand, the outcome of such "direct action" is more likely to shape up in the pattern of what happened to John Brown at Harper's Ferry. True, the hanging of John Brown fired the North, the Civil War resulted and the slaves were freed. But John Brown checked out. He's still not among us.

NO, HISTORY confirms that the real correction of widespread abuses does not result from Minute Men opening fire on the King's soldiery or raiding the Harper's Ferry arsenals of the world—not with surety. Nine out of ten such attempts aren't only abortive, they encourage the rattleheads to take the law into their own hands, and while John Brown's soul may go marching on, his mortal mechanism weights the end of a rope.

Here's what can—and should—happen:

A given man announces a set of principles. He makes it crystal clear as to just what his recommendations for a resurgence of political morality are. He offers his own record of past performance in advocacy of those principles, which also is his integrity of character under another designation. Such a man says to a nation of neighbors, "You support me, and I'll not only be your spokesman at the Seat of Authority, I'll be your minister and plenipotentiary and get you what you want."

The individual citizen, who's so impotent to get anything done in his own right, backs up this minister. Forty-nine million, nine-hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine other "impotent" citizens do likewise. With such mass moral support, financial backing and voting representation behind him, this minister or plenipotentiary is able to present himself at the Seat of Authority and—as the saying has it—"throw himself 'round." His words command respect because of the million voices that

are uttering through his own.

History shows that no minister-plenipotentiary with millions of voices behind him ever has to wait long in the reception-lounge for audience with political Authority.

NOMINEES of political parties are assumed theoretically to do precisely what has been described. But when the same clique of social strategists have prior claim on the candidates of both tickets the thing is a travesty and comes to naught. Political "parties" mean nothing.

Organized labor has made the discovery that minister-plenipotentiaries needn't necessarily be nominees of political parties to get Labor official attention and service.

What is necessary in the approaching crisis is a minister-plenipotentiary who stands for the same thing for the impotent but constructive-minded citizen

that the labor leader does for Labor or the candidate does for political factionism.

Get a man of ability, who likewise has such integrity that the predatory forces behind a nation can't control him, and you've got a Savior of the Nation..

He doesn't necessarily require to be either politician or an appointee of politicians.

He doesn't require to be a strutting dictator, either—a Cromwell, a Mussolini, a Hitler, or a Stalin. He may be a Garibaldi, a Washington, a William Lloyd Garrison.

The personage who straightens this be-deviled Republic out will be a John L. Lewis of Spirituality.

When he comes to the fore, with the moral backing of five to fifty millions of impotent common citizens, the ills of the country will start curing in a week.

Such a one will overturn no authority—he'll renovate and rejuvenate the authority that exists.

The trouble with the nation now is, no one personage has laid down a program of such excellent statesmanship, together with a record for personal integrity of so outstanding a character that he convinces the impotent citizen he's the minister-plenipotentiary who can get the Job done that the impotent citizen wants to see done.

We've got several fine ex-soldiers in this country, big men, who could salvage the situation. But they're not at the same time crusaders. Their military temperaments won't permit them to be crusaders.

We've got several fine orators who can arouse the rank-and-file and are expert in passing 'round the collection baskets. But arouse the rank-and-file to what? They possess no convincing program of solid statesmanship, proclaim no exact program of what they'd do, and how they'd do it, if a country of impotent citizens backed them.

The Man Who Salvages America will be a balanced combination of crusader, statesman, orator, and spiritual savant.

Anyhow, it's to be through him that the renovation is accomplished for which the impotent citizen now devoutly prays. He'll do the specific thing at the Seat of Authority that requires to be done.

And the politicians will accept him because it's to their personal advantage and longevity to cooperate with him.

And further deponent Sayeth not.

The Golden Scripts:

CHAPTER 60

THINK YE that I wouldst have you ignorant of heavenly things because ye do sleep in flesh?

2 I tell you that I have come unto you many times in spirit and said, Arise! Awaken! Awaken! Arise!

3 But ye have heard me not in that your slumbers were profound. Now I do tell you that profoundness of your slumbers hath been broken, therefore ye issue into a knowledge.

4 There is no knowledge that may not be yours if ye but have equipment to receive and understand it.

6 If ye do have no understanding of divine things, how proceed ye toward the Godhead?

7 Verily I say, this is the failing of all the generations, that they fear there is sin in looking at Light.

Eventually Americans Will Grasp Communism's Root



RESIDENT William Green of the American Federation of Labor is renewing his assailment on Senator Robert A. Taft as co-author of the Taft-Hartley Act. We have this sort of thing repeated every little while. The labor leaders "resent" the slightest curbs on their autocratic powers over "labor". But Green has gone himself one better this time by stigmatizing Taft as "an organizer of Communism in America", claiming that "the law has made workers resentful and they may turn toward Communism" . . .

Calling such talk poppycock gets nowhere. Saying that Green is merely ranting to hear the sound of his own voice, isn't only futile but diverts and bemuses the intellect concerning something greater.

To persons of constructive spiritual penetration and discernment, the true nature of Communism and its purposes in this Armageddonic Scene is obvious.

ORIGINALLY evolved to bring about the liberation of Russian serfs, it has long-since passed that stage and been taken in hand to serve more universal Satanic purposes.

It has become the world-wide hydraulic press of political and economic duress, whose squeeze is to be utilized and applied upon and against all reactionary, constructive, conservative, *Christian* elements throughout the globe to strategize them into subservience to the One-World Power Oligarchy.

It is the black-snake whip, the viper in the box, the devil's brew of retaliation, to be used as necessity dictates for furthering the world schemes of the Power Machiavellians.

Green doesn't belong to the Power Machiavellians. He's too small fry. But his expedient use of the Communist threat demonstrates unerringly why Communism has passed the Russian revolutionary stage and entered the arena of world control . . .

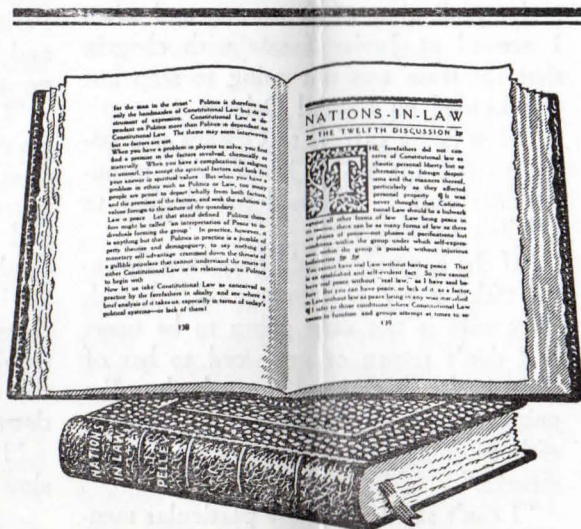
AS *The Indianapolis Star* remarks in commenting on Green's use of the Communist Coercion Formula, "even though the Taft-Hartley Act were the harsh measure some union bosses claim, why should it cause any American workman to turn his face toward Communism? American workers enjoy the highest standard of living in history, a standard undreamed of even in other Western nations. They live in a climate of full individual freedom. Many of them belong to labor organizations which effectively protect their rights, increase their earning power and improve their working conditions. And strong laws protect even the unorganized from ruthless exploitation. Now, Mr. Green, why should such people be tempted by the grinding poverty and repression that are the lot of workers in all Communist-ruled lands? Furthermore, economic inequities do not cause people to embrace Communism. *People must be betrayed into Communism by totalitarian intellectuals and activists.* No nation has ever voted itself into Communism. How does Mr. Green account for the fact that while the Taft-Hartley Act has been on the books since 1947, the strength of the American Communist Party at the polls has steadily declined?"

People must be betrayed into Communism by totalitarian intellectuals and activists! That's talking the profoundest discernment and sense.

The "totalitarian intellectuals and activists" are the international Power Bloc and its agents. And its existence is proven by its works and its fruits.

Communism would long-since have exploded the top off the social boiler in Russia and leveled off the Russian-freedom situation, unless it had shown itself to have more universal and remarkable uses.

THE GERHART Eislars of the world are credited by the ignorant and naive as being merely professional revolutionaries, social fanatics, and proselyters of the soviet system for its own sake. Nothing of the



sort, begging everybody's pardon. They're muscle-men and super-goons for the Power Bloc on a world-wide basis, being paid in notoriety, cash, or promises of higher elevations eventually to come. Of course they'll be among the first to be liquidated when the World Power Bloc finds them an embarrassment.

Right now the American people are in the throes of awakening to the "menace" of Communism, thinking it mere Russian dictatorship that wants to expand to increase its gains and "only possess what borders on mine".

The American people are going to keep right on "awakening" till they likewise grasp what truly makes Communism tick.

MacArthur knows what makes it tick—which is why the Iron Curtain countries and their lieutenant-dictators hate his vitals—but he can't make a business of disclosing it without appearing to crusade, and he isn't in the business of doing

a Jerry Smith at this stage of world events.

However, the office and purpose of Communism is simple.

It's the cat's paw with evil claws in it, capable of inflicting nasty and poisonous scratches, being used conveniently to put the needed pressure here and there on situations throughout the globe that the Power Bloc would dominate.

You can't understand Communism or its eccentricities unless you forever keep this Power Bloc in mind.

It's not Communism that's the menace. It's the group behind it, using it conveniently for attaining strategic objectives.

Wait another eight or ten years and see if this discernment isn't right as rain!—not to mention as right as the *Star's* editorial.

Green . . . Taft . . . Stalin . . . ?
Fiddle-dee-dee!

tal exercise to get a message to the engineer up forward, entreating him to slow his speed so that a leaping off would be possible, but I do recall that I dwelt strongly on the thought, as my mental perturbation was very great.

"Suddenly, to my gratified surprise, I realized the train actually *was* slowing speed.

"OF COURSE, it might be coincidence, and have nothing to do with my desperate mental condition. Some obstruction might have appeared on the tracks ahead. At any rate, the train slowed almost to a crawl, and realizing that here was my chance, I got the compartment door open, grabbed my bag, measured my distance as best I could in the semi-darkness, and leaped.

"I landed without mishap on the ditch side of the tracks, and as though the train had slowed purposely for such disembarkment, it immediately took on speed again and rounded the curve out of sight. But where was I?

"A small light was shining at considerable distance, and I started along the tracks toward it. A guard there told me I'd gone beyond Juvisy and alighted at a small station called Marolles. I still couldn't get back to Juvisy afoot in the time at my disposal, but inquiry developed the fact that a train was about to pass on its way to Paris but it was a fast express and it was a serious matter to flag it down. However, I communicated to the guard who I was, and he undertook to do it.

"When the fast train came through, and halted, I climbed aboard the locomotive with the engineer. Telling him my plight, I asked him to get me back to Paris. I might still get my correct train and be taken to Juvisy in time to make my astronomical observation.

"I had, however, by stopping a fast train for personal reasons, laid myself open to serious legal charges. Worse, the guard at Marolles would also be involved and the engineer who had allowed me to climb aboard his cab.

"It was in clearing myself of these charges, and exonerating the railroad employes, that I came into contact with the engineer who had done the slowing down of the first train.

"He told freely that his reason for the slow-down at night near Juvisy had been

(Continued on Page 6)

Popular Psychics

How Telepathy Reached Engineer of Fast Train



THE AFFAIR of the Three Nuns on the Catona Bridge, whose phantom presences on the tracks caused the stoppage of the train described in this journal last week, called forth a recorded item by Flammarion, the great astronomer and psychical researcher, where his excessive worry over a train not halting at a station where he desired to alight, somehow carried to the engineer's mind and got the wanted result. No phantoms were concerned in it, but Flammarion had been persuaded that the Three Nuns had actually been Thought Forms projected by the distraught young priest in one of the compartments of the train who wanted desperately to alight at Catona.

In Flammarion's case, he reported the episode as follows—

"At a time when alterations were being

made at the Austerlitz station in order to extend the tracks to the *quai d'Orsay*, I was returning to my observatory in Juvisy on an evening train, around ten o'clock. I took the wrong train in consequence of a change in time of departure, and when I arrived at Juvisy I saw with chagrin that the train was not going to stop but was headed on toward Orleans.

"Now being carried to Orleans was going to put me to an insufferable inconvenience and I expressed my despair to a fellow passenger.

"If the engineer would only slow down, I'd make a try at jumping off," I said, "My wife is not only going to be upset if I don't return or get word to her of the mistake in trains I've made, but I'm going to miss an observation of Mars in early morning that I can't make again for months."

"I can't say I tried any particular men-

Did Atlantis Ever Exist? . .

The First of a New Series of Articles on the Mystery of the Lost Continent

DID THERE once exist in the Atlantic Ocean, opposite the mouth of the Mediterranean Sea and extending almost across to the West Indies, a great island-continent, known to the ancient world as Atlantis? Was the description of this continent, approximating the size of today's Australia, as given by Plato, a piece of literary fabrication, or was it veritable history? Did it perish—after being the birthplace of what mankind now calls Civilization—in one terrible convulsion of nature, sinking the whole island, along with millions of inhabitants, into the mid-Atlantic in one awful night's cataclysm? *Where did the legend that it existed and met such a fate, come from, if it was wholly fabrication?*

These are some of the fascinating matters we're going to consider in the next half-dozen issues of this journal, since all Soulcrafters are intensely concerned in arriving at the true origins of humankind and its institutions on this planet.

The distinct and novel propositions we are going to consider are—

That such an island continent did exist;

That Plato was too honest and erudite a man to descend to fabrication of any such legend;

That Atlantis was the region where man first arose from barbarism to a state of civilization;

That Atlantis was the true Antediluvian world, the Garden of the Hysperides, the Elysian Fields, the Gardens of Alcinoos, the Mesophalos, the Olympos, the Asgard of the traditions of ancient peoples—all representing universal memory of a great and prosperous country where early mankind dwelt for ages in peace and happiness.

That—as Ignatius Donnelly presents it—Atlantis was originally the alleged home of the gods and goddesses of the Greeks, the Phoenicians, the Hindoos,

and Scandinavians, and that instead of being pantheistic gods they were actual potentates and kings and heroes of that one-time land, and that mythology as we consider it today is truly a confused recollection of real historical events.

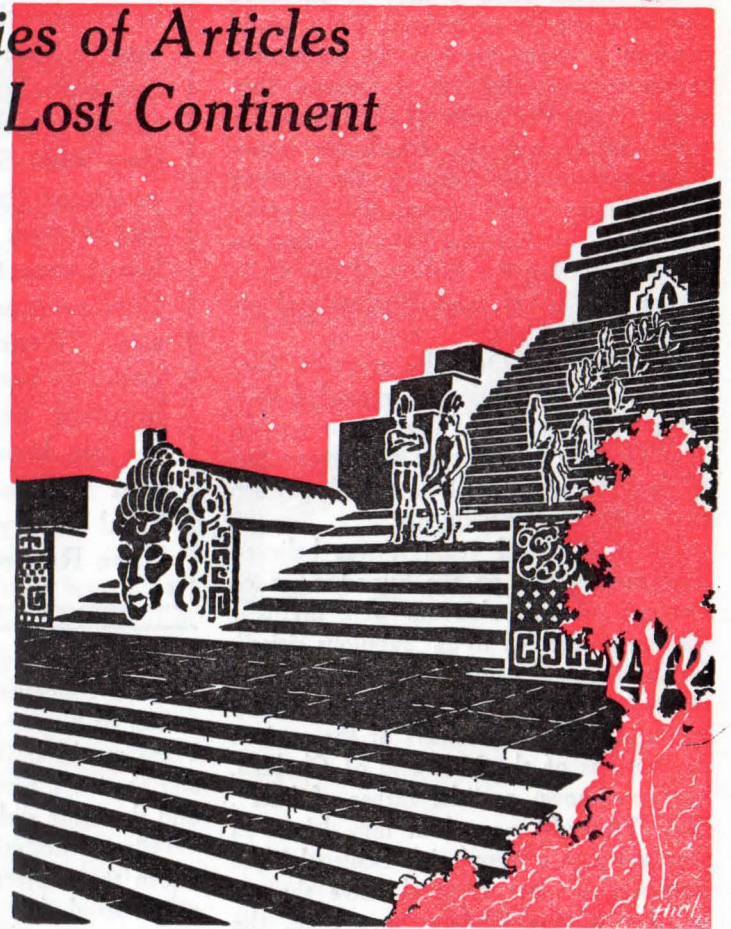
WE WANT to delve to no little extent into the Atlantean Legend as a matter of our general cosmic education. If Atlantis existed, it then would explain scores of geographical and ethnological items that are now enigmas and contradictions—as, for instance why the mythology of Egypt and Peru should have been so identical as to indicate a connection between the two.

Likewise there's the matter of various "colonies" of strange peoples found on opposite sides of the world that could only have had common origin. Egypt

could have been one of those colonies. There's the matter of the Phoenician alphabet, parent of all European alphabets, which somehow got across what is now the Atlantic Ocean to the Mayas of Central America.

There's the matter of language—and how to explain the fact that a Cree Indian in Northwest America and British Columbia can understand a Spanish Basque, and vice versa.

The *Golden Scripts* hint that the present-day civilization of humankind goes back for untold generations, and that cycles of civilizations flourished on this planet of which present mankind has no knowledge. Did a few persons escape from the doomed Atlantis, in ships or on rafts carrying to nations East and West the tidings of the appalling catastrophe, which survived to our own time in the



Flood and Deluge legends of the different nations of the Old and New worlds?

IF THESE propositions could be proven, they would solve a host of problems that now perplex or bedevil. They would confirm in many respects the statements in the opening chapters of Genesis, they would widen the scope of all human history, and explain the remarkable resemblances that exist between the ancient civilizations found upon the opposite shores of the Atlantic Ocean, aiding us in rehabilitating the fathers of our civilization, our blood, and fundamental social and civic ideas.

The fact, as Donnelly remarks, that the story of Atlantis was regarded as a fable for thousands of years, proves nothing. There is an unbelief that grows out of ignorance—as well as the skepticism that is born of intelligence.

For a thousand years it was believed that the legends of the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were myths—they were referred to as "fabulous cities". For a thousand years the educated world refused to credit the accounts given by Herodotus of the wonders of the ancient civilizations of the Nile and of Chaldea. He was known as "the father of liars". Even Plutarch sneered at him. Now, in the language of Frederick Schlegel, "the deeper and more comprehensive the researches of the modern have been, the more their regard and esteem for Herodotus has increased."

There was a time when the expedition sent out by Pharaoh Necho to circumvent Africa was doubted, because the explorers stated that after they had progressed a certain distance the sun was north of them. This circumstance which aroused so much facetious skepticism, now proves to us that the Egyptian navigators had really passed the equator, anticipating by 2100 years Vasquez de Gama in his discovery of the Cape of Good Hope.

PLATO, it was who preserved for us as moderns the history of Atlantis. Plato lived four hundred years before Christ. His ancestors, Solon, was the great law-giver of Athens, some six hundred years before the Christian era. Solon visited Egypt.

Plutarch's account of this visit says—
"Solon attempted, in verse of large description, a rather fabulous account of the Atlantic Island, which he had learned

ON THE ALERT!

AT LEAST 200 Electronic Recorder audiences are in preparation across the nation to hear the series of Sunday night broadcasts to be entitled "Roads Courageous" . . . they start September 9th and continue throughout the fall and winter. You thought you heard something in the Magic Casement series this past season. "Roads Courageous" is going to surpass them by one-hundred percent. Watch for the big broadside about them that will come presently to hand supplying details. Get a Tape Recorder and stand by!

from the wise men of Sais and which particularly concerned the Athenians; but by reason of his age, not want of leisure (as Plato would have it), he was apprehensive the work would be too much for him and therefore did not go through with it.

"Plato, ambitious to cultivate and adorn the subject of the Atlantic Island as a delightful spot in some fair field unoccupied, to which he had some claim by reason of his being related to Solon, laid out magnificent courts and inclosures, and erected a grand entrance to it, such as no other story, fable or poem ever had. But, as he began it late he ended his life before his work, so that the more the reader is delighted with the part that is written, the more regret he has to find it unfinished."

There can be no question but that Solon visited Egypt. That he conversed with the learned priests of Sais upon points of philosophy and history, that he was a man of extraordinary force and penetration of mind—as his laws and his sayings testify—and that his integrity was such as to make him disdain to project a literary or historic hoax, we can also rest convinced of. There is no improbability in the statement that he commenced in verse a history and description of Atlantis, which he left unfinished upon his death, and it requires no stretch of the imagination to believe that his manuscript

reached the hands of his descendent and successor Plato, a scholar, thinker, and historian like himself.

An Egyptian priest had said to Solon, "You have no antiquity of history and no history of antiquity," and Solon doubtless recognized the need of a record that carried human history back to its rational and probable origins.

Next week, in these pages we shall give the full record of Solon's report on Atlantis, as required from the priests of Sais, and preserved for us by Plato in his Socratic dialogues. But there are a score of geographical, marine and anthropological reasons for crediting that Atlantis did exist, and we shall examine them in the light of our Twentieth Century geological knowledge. Mayhap, in it, we shall find a solid background for presenting the growth of civilization behind Egypt and Sumaria in a way more satisfying than modern erudition offers . . .

Popular Psychics

(Continued from Page 4)

a sense of impending danger—or what he translated as such. A sensation had struck him suddenly that something was terribly wrong somewhere and that he had better proceed with caution. He had many times averted serious accident by obeying such intuitive feelings. If a bad rail lay ahead, it would be best to proceed very slowly. Hence his speed till the sensation passed.

"Was it a vibration of my own troubled state that had been mysteriously conveyed to him? What else could I think?"

"How many times are such intuitions of impending danger thus transferred to us, really the mental distresses of persons perhaps unknown to us?"

"I'm happy to report, however, that the railroad company at Orleans showed the greatest kindness in clearing me of the legal complications involved, excusing me in the name of a friend of France. Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, who had been a recent visitor at my Observatory.

"The incident as a whole, however, convinces me that there must be some sort of intelligent force that can travel from brain to brain through free space.

"It is not enough to term it telepathy and dismiss it. 'What is telepathy?'"

What You Should Know about Theosophy

.. and HELENA BLAVATSKY



THE TERM Theosophy comes from the Greek word *Theo*, meaning God, and *Sophis*, meaning Wisdom. The combination therefore conveys the idea of God-wisdom. Actually it is a term used to denote those forms of philosophic and religious thought which claim a special insight into the Divine nature and its constitutive processess. Sometimes this insight is claimed as the result of the operation of some higher faculty or some super-natural revelation to the individual. In other instances, the theosophical theory is not based on any special illumination but it is simply put forward as the deepest speculative wisdom of its author.

However, in any case, it is characteristic of theosophy that it starts with an explication of the Divine essence and endeavors to deduce the phenomenal universe from the play of forces within the Divine nature itself.

This, in a manner of speaking, is theosophy not spelled with the capital letter T. Spelling it without the T, simply as theosophy, classifies it in the same category with *philosophy*, which is "wisdom of Truth," or "Love of Truth." Spelling it with the capital letter T, gives it the connotation of the various mystical cults that have come to public attention since the world-wide activities of Madam Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, the founder throughout many countries of the organization known as the Theosophic Society.

Madam Blavatsky, it might be said, formalized theosophy and made it Theosophy—although since her death there has been more than one organization comprising a membership of so-called Theosophists.

Theosophy, however, is Blavatsky.

HELENA Petrovna Blavatsky, Russian theosophist, was born at Ekaterinoslav, July 31st 1831, the daughter of a Colonel Peter Hahn, member of a Mecklenburg family settled in Russia. She was therefore half German.

In Helena's seventeenth year she married a man much older than herself, one Nicephore Blavatsky, a Russian official in Caucasia, but with whom, however, she lived but a few months. In the later years of her life, seeking to invest herself with a halo of virginity, she described her marriage as purely nominal. After all, it was her private business.

During the next twenty years, after separating from Blavatsky, Helena appears to have traveled widely in Canada, Texas, Mexico, and India—with two alleged excursions into the higher fastnesses of Tibet.

In one of these Tibetan excursions she seems to have crossed the frontier alone and in disguise, been lost on a desert, and after many melodramatic adventures found and rescued by a party of horsemen.

The years from 1848 to 1858 were subsequently alluded to as "the veiled period" of her life, and she often spoke vaguely of "a seven-year sojourn in Little and Great Tibet," or preferably in a Himalayan Retreat."

THE SECRET of her mystical abilities seems to have been in her mediumistic attributes. Coming back from the Orient in 1858, she revisited Russia and created somewhat of a sensation as a spiritualistic medium. She was a large and dynamic woman physically, possessing unbounded energy, and great mental acumen.



THE TENTH in a series of articles on the World's religious faiths and sectarian denominations . . .

After 1870 for a time she acquired considerable prominence among the Spiritualists of the United States. She became a naturalized American citizen and lived in New York State for six years. Here she began to assemble the "wisdom" that afterward went into the text of her various books that became the literature of the later Theosophic Society. She made a deep study of occult and kabbalistic lore, to which she soon added many of the sacred writings of India.

About 1875 she conceived the plan of combining her spiritualistic "control" with Buddhist legends about Tibetan sages. She practiced the exclusion of all controls over her but those of two Tibetan adepts or "mahatmas".

These Mahatmas exhibited their astral bodies to her, and precipitated messages and communications allegedly from their confines in the Himalayas. Consequently in New York, on November 17, 1875, with the aid of a Colonel Henry S. Olcott, she founded the celebrated Theosophist Society with the following announced objectives—

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Valor

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What's Wrong With It?



VERY little while a certain kind of challenge turns up in the Recorder's correspondence. It usually has to do with the "power" of God or Christ to fix things. Aren't God and Christ possessed of adequate Divine capabilities to alter the worldly circumstance, so that further evil and mischief don't run riot in the earth? If there really are a God and Christ, they must either condone evil and mischief—to let so much of it exist—or there really aren't any such entities and perpetually saying so, compounds a hoax.

Such challenge, on its face, would seem to be reasonable. Either God and Christ are capable of curbing evil or they are not. If they're not capable of curbing evil, then they're not supernal and omnipotent. If they're not supernal and omnipotent, why are they candidates for our sacred worship?

All right, let's look at it for a moment.

Evil and mischief, in the first place, aren't structures like a faulty or disreputable building that can be demolished. Evil and mischief are actually aspects of ignorance. Wise and sagacious people are not evil and mischievous because they recognize the introvert folly of the things they might do, classed under such headings. Evil and mischief are forms of destruction and confusion and neither serves any lasting purpose, because when everything has been destroyed or plunged into bedlam, no more activity is possible; the doer has arrived at the end of his pro-

gram and blocked and stopped himself in expression. So much for that.

THE CHALLENGE in the Recorder's correspondence therefore, translates to this: Aren't God and Christ possessed of sufficient Divine capabilities to alter the worldly circumstance so that ignorance and stupidity don't run riot in the earth?

Viewing *that* question dispassionately, one might come back at the challengers with a challenge of his own—

Can God and Christ, omnipotent or otherwise, make everybody in the world wise and sagacious by Divine fiat? . . . and if so, just how?

Aren't wisdom and sagacity derived from educating experience, whereunder the one being made wise and sagacious gradually acquires the discrimination to recognize what are the right and true courses of conduct and what not?

And isn't that precisely what is taking place throughout the nations of the earth? Therefore aren't God and Christ *doing* the very things the skeptics and challengers criticize them for not doing?

THE FACT that making everybody wise and sagacious, and capable of discriminating between the true and the false in human conduct requires a bit of time, is beside the point.

Time is no item with God Almighty.

To alter worldly circumstances so that evil and mischief don't run riot in the earth, would actually be nothing but making everybody wise and discriminating in a twinkling.

Can God or Christ make mankind universally wise and discriminating by Divine fiat overnight? Haven't both supplied Man with the celestial law of correct living and exemplary behavior? Has not Man the privilege of election to subscribe to it or not? If God or Christ made Man wise and discriminating by Divine fiat overnight, what background of personal experience would Man possess to identify his own wisdom and rightness, and know them for what they are?

It's something to think about, and view for what's contained in it.

THE CHILDISH or primitive thing that the Recorder's correspondents would like to see done, of course—viewing analytically all the factors involved—would be a mass extermination of all the

unlearned and stupid people on this Footstool. And where would God and Christ start in with that? Which among us would be considered wise and discriminating enough to merit continued existence? If God or Christ started in to estimate persons who merited further life for their wisdom or discrimination, mightn't the very people challenging their omnipotence, be the first to find themselves eliminated?

No, we can't criticize God and Christ for doing the very things They *are* doing, confusing the program with the time required to finish it.

God and Christ aren't in the occupation of executing genocide because certain segments of the race are dumber than others.

And omnipotence doesn't enter into it, so long as Man has been given free will. Omnipotence has supplied Man with an earthly arena where he can acquire wisdom and discrimination merely by *living*.

From there on out, what happens is strictly Man's problem.

That's precisely what we're engaged in solving.

Anonymous



SPeAKING of correspondents. Is there any more annoying and unfair practice than reading something in the Soulcraft literature with which one doesn't agree, sitting down and typing three or four pages of argumentative answer—which the Recorder or editor might answer most profitably—and then failing to sign any name or address? That happens constantly. Almost, it appears, the authors of such argumentative effusions are fearful they might receive something in return that altered their viewpoints. Rather than have it happen, they hide behind anonymity.

A purposely anonymous communication is usually an admission of cowardice.

The Soulcraft Recorder in addition is the steady recipient of a series of scurrilous, defamatory and abusive postcards, all written from one western city and in one hand-writing—taking him to task for being "the Devil in disguise," "anti-Christ", "the Great Whore of Babylon", and a lot more vapid nonsense, none of them ever signed as to authorship.

What do such correspondents imagine

they're accomplishing by such antics? Do they assume they're going to persuade the Recorder to ignore and negate all the supernal wisdom taught in the *Golden Scripts*, and turn to cobbling or brick-laying in effect of receiving a defamatory postcard?

Of course there's a somewhat ugly Federal statute against sending scurrilous or defamatory postcards openly through the United States mail, but why try to invoke it? Why prosecute mental minors?

All these anonymous correspondents proclaim their abysmal ignorance of the majestic alliterations in the *Golden Scripts*. More's the pity.

However, this is a serious request to the 67-year-old man who sent the monograph on the *Episcopalian Creed*—a truly noteworthy piece of work—to supply his name and address. Calling VALOR's series of articles on the world's religions and sectarian faiths "bosh and drivel" gets nowhere. The Recorder-Editor would like to supply the *Episcopalian* with his authorities for what he wrote.

Or doesn't his correspondent want to hear about authorities?

Golden Scripts

QUARTER of the donors necessary to put across the big *Golden Scripts* publishing project have forwarded their quotas. Curiously enough, upon what has been contributed, the new books—12,000 of them—are one-quarter completed. Both facts are announced thus officially to correct assumptions that the required financing has been successfully completed and nothing now remains but to do the requisite presswork.

In Indianapolis of a recent night, donations were called for to construct a new church edifice. Fifty thousand dollars were asked for—to build a structure in a city that already has one hundred churches, most of them half-filled of a Sunday morning or evening.

It was publicly proclaimed next day that \$72,000 was subscribed for the project in less than an hour.

That's wonderful for religion. Only Soulcraft isn't a religion, it's sacred ethics. It wants an even financial break with religion, to see what happens when the merits of both are stacked side by side.

Scripts in Bindings

DID YOU KNOW YOU CAN OBTAIN . . .

the SOULCRAFT SCRIPTS in bound volumes, No's 1 to 39, for \$5 per volume? They are done in deluxe leatherette, Burgundy in color, as each 13 weekly issues are completed. You can obtain all back numbers in this beautiful and enduring form. Remember, \$5 per volume, each volume containing 13 numbers. Address—



SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

Civilization has been defined as that system of social procedure where the first step in effecting any project, is to get it financed.

The day that Soulcraft is adequately financed in this nation, something's due to happen.

The paper-stock, figured in tons, is made, delivered, and stacked higher than the visitors' heads—for the Clergymen's *Gratis Edition*—in the Noblesville stock-rooms. Now must be added the labor and binding costs.

Thirty thousand dollars balance is needed to make this project a startling success.

This, merely for Soulcrafters' information . . .

A VISITOR from London was startled in dead of night by a most terrifying hoot.

"My word!" he exclaimed. "What can that terrifying sound mean?"

"It's an owl," replied his host.

"I know, my good man. But who's 'owling?"

Very Busy, Thank You

THE RECORDER'S average day starts at 6 a. m. Makes his own morning coffee while the rest of the household slumbers. Carrying it to the studio, still in dressing-gown and slippers, sips coffee as he starts his writing for the day. VALOR articles, clairaudient material, text for weekly *Scripts*, these must be kept coming or the printing machinery—particularly the typesetting machinery—does not turn.

At eight o'clock the employes of the printing-house arrive and switches are thrown on. The automatic presses must have four-page *Golden Script* forms for the 20,000 to 30,000 additional impressions that will be manufactured before nightfall. That's a "must" . . .

Getting the day's work launched in the printing-rooms permits the Recorder's breakfasting between nine and ten o'clock.

At 10:30 opens and reads mail.

From 11 to 3 there's usually out-of-

"ROAD INTO SUNRISE"

*A Big
Two
Volume
Novel . .*

*The biggest job of writing the
author of the Soulcraft Scripts
has ever done . . .*



CONGRATULATIONS are pouring in from all parts of the nation! *Road into Sunrise* is a literary and esoteric hit! Readers who weren't certain about the first volume—wondering if the author had been unnecessarily erotic in some phases of his romancing—have gone all out for the second volume, which has now reached all mail purchasers. The book, taken collectively, is a masterpiece of delineation of Reincarnation and Mysticism, not to mention being a tale of smart, modern people entrancingly told.

If you want your metaphysical instruction in story book form, here it is! The character of the girl whose memory was lifted to reveal she had once been the famous Egyptian queen, Nefertiti, is only surpassed by the real heroine of the narrative, Melissa, who could paint, fly a combat plane, or be wife and mother with equal facility and courage. You will read a well-written book in *The Road*. Its people are real persons, doing heroic things. Many a reader has written that he read the final chapter with blurred vision. Letters of commendation—and repeat orders—are arriving by every every mail. It's a Big Book—658 pages—written around a Big Theme. It may yet prove a season's best-seller on private publishing lists.

You can buy the story in one thick volume, on white paper, bound in attractive blue cloth, for \$6—or in two deluxe volumes, on ivory paper, bound in Burgundy red leatherette, for \$4 the volume or \$8 for the complete story. You will be doing yourself a disservice by not reading this tremendous narrative. *Remember—*

Cloth, \$6.00 Deluxe, \$8.00

SOULCRAFT, Noblesville, Indiana

town visitors arriving. Traveling 300 to 3,000 miles to "visit Headquarters" naturally commands the attention of the Boss Man upon arrival. Not being able to see him is unthinkable. Besides, in nine out ten instances, Boss Man wants to see *them*.

Conferences till five or six, VALOR to be "made up", proofs to check, okays to be applied to this or that, long-distance phone-calls to be answered, mayhap a trip into Indianapolis to see attorneys, then dinner at seven. From seven to 10:30, correspondence or needful copy for next day's typesetting.

Bed at midnight.

No let-up, the week, the month, or the year around.

A 16-page journal to fill and supervise, a *Weekly Soulcraft Script* to compose or prepare, a master-address to be made on the electronic recorder and 60 to 80 wire reprints of it to be manufactured and dispatched to field chaplains . . . and there's nothing to do 'til tomorrow.

Draws in actual cash money from the exchequer somewhere between \$30 and \$60 a month for it.

For what?

For the privilege of helping bewildered people with their spiritual quandaries. For this he gave up the leisurely life of fictional authorship with an attested revenue above \$30,000 a year.

Doesn't anything get in his hair?

Decidedly.

Having some surreptitious Red, or hoinking fellow-traveler, stigmatize him to the Public as "working a fine racket."

Racket! Oh, Lord! . . .

Full Up

THE THING that's militating against the quick and ready establishment of the proposed coast-to-coast Soulcraft bookshops, is absence of available space. In city after city where efforts have been made to open the proposed reading-rooms, there's scarcely a single empty building, store or stand to be had. So tremendous is the current prosperity of this nation—from Boston to San Francisco—and so backward and circumscribed by Federal building regulations on business frontage available, that little or nothing worth acquiring and stocking can be procured. Even long-term leases on

business property constitute no inducements.

With no stores empty and procurable for the reading-room purpose—a fact not suspected until actual promotion of the shops was attempted by the Soulcraft Sales Director—some other method must be found for making the literature available to the public.

It's just a commercial situation created by war prosperity.

Between 1929 and 1937, empty store frontage went abegging in every metropolis in America.

Today everything's "full up" . . .

The alternative resorted to has been arranging for reading rooms and sales shelves in residences to which the public can be invited. That's not a set-up particularly desirable.

The Soulcraft staff will keep at it, however, trying to solve it.

It's a queer way for the nation to travel to the economic bow-wows, to be so prosperous that scarcely an empty business stand on sidewalk level can be obtained in any business section in America.

However, there it is.

Perhaps it's better than war veterans making their own frontage for apple-vending by using fruit-crates and camp-stools. Verily, much!

Old Friends



PEAKING of mail again.

Legion are the letters arriving at Headquarters that start off: "It was only recently that I discovered you to be back in the publishing business in Indiana . . . Please send me samples of everything you're now writing, as I was a constant reader of yours up to 1942 . . ."

It's well-nigh unbelievable, how the status of a live mailing-list can alter in nine years.

Over 60 percent of the *Roll-Call* or *Galilean* reader-list represented names of persons who either died or changed addresses without leaving forwarding specifications during such period.

It's practically a new enterprise that the Recorder of the *Soulcraft Scripts* has built, or is building since February of 1950.

How many persons do you know, constant readers of these publications up to 1942, who haven't been apprised of the

"Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive!"



DO YOU believe in survival after death? Have you ever had experience with evidences of incarnate intelligence? If you are skeptical about survival, what evidence would you require to convince you that human people do continue to live consciously after vacating their bodies? Are you open to conviction that personal survival is a provable fact?

Supernatural Evidence that Astounds

Ever since boyhood, the man who was to project and found the great doctrine of Soulcraft had encountered supernatural experiences in his affairs. With maturity these increased. He got his first direct evidence of survival in his epochal "Seven Minutes in Eternity" adventure, published in the *American Magazine*, when he met face to face, and talked with, people whom he had seen buried in caskets. Since that episode, evidence of survival piled up in his affairs, terminating with the full materialization of his daughter Harriet, a woman of thirty-seven, who had died physically at the age of two.

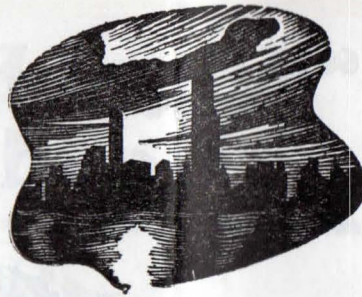
You Should Read this Volume First as Prelude to Understanding Soulcraft

Finally, in 1942, the author put the whole uncanny history of his explorations into phenomena, between one pair of covers. He called this startling and entrancing volume, "Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive." It is a book that belongs in the hands of every student of Soulcraft, that he may find his own peace of mind at preserving his personality after death as well as become conversant with the whole agenda of mystical happenings that have put Soulcraft in the forefront of current thought.

¶ You can buy this book in the cloth edition, printed on white paper, at \$3 the copy, or in the India paper, deluxe edition, in Burgundy Leatherette covers, for \$4—each postage prepaid.

Soulcraft; Noblesville, Indiana

"Detailed Discussions
of the World
that Is Coming . . ."



"Thresholds of Tomorrow"

WE HAVE reprinted in a condensation most of the futuristic material that has been presented throughout the past winter on the electronic broadcasts . . .

MAGIC CASEMENTS

Opening on Vistas of
Tomorrow's Achievements

WE HAVE ready for shipment same day ordered, one thousand new volumes containing most of the prophetic material that Soulcrafters have been hearing this past winter and spring in the electronic discourses. The printed discourses are not complete as Soulcrafters heard them on the broadcasts, but the America we are going to have tomorrow after this Communist headache is laid, is described.

THIS MOST recent printing from Soulcraft Press runs to 385 pages, done on India-tinted paper in the usual burgundy covers distinguishing all deluxe volumes in the Soulcraft library. If you didn't hear the MAGIC CASEMENT series of broadcasts, here is your opportunity to get the meat of them. This thousand copies won't last long, so get your order on record at once.

A Beautiful Volume: \$5

Soulcraft Press, Inc., Noblesville, Ind.

resurgence of activities at Noblesville?

Do the three of us the favor of calling it to their attention. Why not?

Blavatsky

(Continued from Page 7)

Forming a universal brotherhood of man;

Studying and making known the ancient religions, philosophies and sciences;

Investigating the laws of nature and developing the divine powers latent in man.

The Brahmanic and Buddhist literature supplied the society with its terminology, and its doctrines were an interesting amalgam of Egyptian, kabbalistic, occultist, Indian, and modern Spiritualism ideas and formulas. She wrote *Isis Unveiled* and the *Secret Doctrine*. Both have long since become classics of Theosophist and mystical literature.

THE THEOSOPHIST Society grew slowly.

However, when Home published his *Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism*, many of the principles behind Theosophy suffered badly because of the disclosures in that book, and Helena—changing the spelling of her name for some unknown reason to Heliona—decided to go abroad. She sought employment in the Russian secret service without much success, then departed again to India, where she brought out her book *From the Caves and Jungles of Hindoostan*.

Olcott carried on the formal organizational work of the Theosophist Society's English headquarters on Avenue Road, London where the Madam died on the 8th of May, just before she reached sixty years of age, in 1891.

Soon after her death a split in the society was brought about by one William Q. Judge of New York—who died five years later—claiming the leadership. Two if not three, separate theosophical societies came into existence, one led by Mrs. Katherine Tingley, and others by Colonel Olcott and Mrs. Annie Besant, who in India was associated with a Colonel Leadbetter, each contending that the original afflatus of the founder had descended upon it exclusively.

It has been dispassionately estimated that about 100,000 persons, in the United

States, England, and various other countries, are legitimately known Theosophists in that they subscribe to the tenets laid down by Helena.

THESE tenets comprised generally—
The constitution and development of the personality or ego;
The doctrine of Karma;
The way or Path towards cosmic enlightenment and emancipation.

Human personality, the Madam taught, is the temporary manifestation of a complex organization consisting of Seven Principles . . . which are united and interdependent, yet divided into groups, each capable of maintaining temporarily a spurious kind of personality of its own and sometimes capable of acting as a distinct vehicle of conscious individual life. Each Principle is composed of its own form of matter, determined and conditioned by its own laws of time, space, and motion, and is, as it were, the repository of man's various memories and volitions.

These Seven Principles, starting from the physical body or *Rupa*—the most gross—become more and more subtle and attenuated until *Atma* or the Universal Self has been reached, the center and also the matrix of the whole, both individual and universal. That which binds together these elements in man's nature and maintains their interrelation, that which determines an individual's powers, his tastes, his opportunities, advantages and drawbacks—in a word his character—is his Karma. Broadly speaking, as likewise delineated in Soulcraft, it is the sum of an individual's bodily, mental, and spiritual growth, having its roots spread over many lives, past and future. The two sentences, "as a man soweth, so must he reap," and "as he reaps, so also must he have sown" give comprehensive expression to the idea of Karmic activity.

God, Christ, and Divinity, as such, play no particular nor outstanding part in the Theosophist doctrine, yet philosophically it is built on certain substantial facts and truths Behind Life. It seeks to explain mortal existence more or less from a complicated system of interwoven bodies and spatial relationships which it is sometimes incomprehensible for western minds to follow.

Actually Theosophy flourished best when and while it had Madam Blavatsky's dynamic and colorful personality behind it. Many of her detractors accused her of spiritualistic and materializ-

ing fraud to propagate the growth of her numbers of adherents, but that sort of thing is customary when all other means fail for stopping the tenets of any new and novel doctrine.

Since the recent death of Mrs. Besant, the Theosophists have had no outstanding personalities to demark the cult, but hundreds of adept Soulcrafters over the past twenty years, acquired their basic knowledge of life's karmic fundamentals by first having studied *The Secret Doctrine*.

NEXT WEEK: *What you should know about the origin and establishment of the Rosicrucians and the Occult Orders of the Middle Ages.*

"Behold Life!"



A BOOK OF 384 PAGES EXPOUNDING THE PLAN OF LIFE FROM AMEBA TO ANGEL ACCORDING TO INTERPETATIONS GIVEN IN SOULCRAFT

YOU MAY have wondered if one book could be acquired that gave you the whole Plan of Life as propounded by the complete agenda of the Soulcraft Scripts. The volume you're looking for is the 384-page BEHOLD LIFE—written by the Recorder of the Soulcraft Psychical Scripts back in 1937 and now reprinted in a deluxe edition. This book tells you in popular, understandable terms all the spiritual-biological processes, making existence and human society in Cosmos what it is. No other interpretation so simple of narration and yet disclosing so much. If you want proven to you that the Soulcraft Plan of Life is sound and worth studying, add BEHOLD LIFE to your reading-shelf and raise your spiritual sights!

Price, Leatherette, \$4 Copy

The Western Angle

A YALE player was teaching some western cowboys how to play football. After explaining the rules, he ended as follows—

"Remember, if you can't kick the ball, try to kick one of the men on the opposite side. Now let's get going. Where's the ball?"

One of the cowboys shouted, "The hell with the ball. Let's start the game!"

WELL, Sam, I see you're back for fighting with your wife. Liquor again?"

"Nozzar, Judge. She lick me this time."



Vermont Miracle

Experiences We Can't Explain



SEVERAL years ago there was alive here in north-eastern Vermont community a local character by the name of Edward Litter. He was a respectable and industrious member of society, but an outstanding individualist like many native Vermonters. For years Edward was local station agent, leaving railroad work to become superintendent of our local electric-light plant.

The reason for Edward—or "Ed" as we know him—quitting his railroad job became well-known, for he often related the story and I know it to be true because of the corroboration given it by local people. It concerned the saving of his beloved wife, Molly from sudden and tragic death. We talk too glibly about "the hand of God" being in this or that, but nevertheless the thing that happened to the Littles certainly does fall in the category of the previous power of prayer.

The odd thing about the happening was, Ed wasn't particularly a religious man, but in a great crisis of life he became one . . .

ONE WEEK, just before the outbreak of World War I, Molly Little had occasion to go "down valley" as we say up here in New England, to visit some relatives at Woodsville, thirty miles south. She took the morning train down, promising her station-agent husband to return on the 11:30 night train. The railroad from the community down to Woodsville was then a single-track system, running along the east bank of the river—water on one side and high wall of rock or gravel "cuts" on the other. Trains going up or down are controlled by a block system of signals, either at Woodsville or up north in Lyndonville. If a train had passed the Woodsville signal block and was on the up-route, all down-trains

were held at Lyndonville until the up-train cleared. And vice versa. The train dispatcher, operating this block system, worked at Lyndonville and his wire "key" when he "talked" with Woodsville, traveled through Edward's station-office at St. Jay.

Edward, in other words, could hear at all hours of the day and night, everything that the Lyndonville dispatcher was doing or saying over the railroad wires.

Well, this is the story of what happened, as Edward told it to me personally—

"I WORKED the night-shift that night, which called for me to be on duty till the midnight train came up, carrying passengers from Boston to Montreal. Usually it got into St. Jay around 11:45 to 12 midnight—depending on whether it was on time. Usually it wasn't. My idea was, to work till Molly got in, then drive her home in the old buggy that stood outside the station with the horse till I was ready to quit.

"At about 11:30 I 'talked' with Woodsville. The agent said the Boston up-train had cleared, and the man—a friend of mine—made the telegraphed remark that he'd spoken to Molly a few moments before as she boarded it to come up home. There was no doubt Molly was on that train. I went about my closing work of the night.

"Suddenly I froze cold all over to hear Lyndonville dispatcher ticking out a garbled message about all trains below being held at Woodsville because he'd just let through a fast down-freight.



When I recovered my senses I dashed for a lantern to get out and flag that freight when it pounded through my station. I got a lantern from a nest of

lighted lanterns and jumped out on the platform as the headlight of the freight's locomotive came rolling around the curve to the north, and down through our Yards. I waved that lantern as wildly as I could but the engineer didn't slacken.

"Stunned at my inability to make him understand, I stood helplessly by the side of that hurtling freight as it banged past me downgrade. Then I happened to glance down at the lantern I'd picked up.

"By mistake I'd grabbed up a lantern with a green-glass chimney instead of a red-glass chimney!"

"THE ENGINEER had supposed I was giving him a clear signal and he'd 'let her roll' down through my station and off down the river on that single-track stretch, with the cliffs on one side and the water on the other. As the lights of the caboose disappeared around the southern curve, I got to the telephone. I cranked frantically for Lyndonville and got it.

"Do you know what you've done, you blankity-blank idiot?" I screeched at the dispatcher. "You've let that freight through while Number Ten is on the single-track between here and Woodsville."

"Whash it to you?" came back his drunken voice.

"The man, long since discharged and in his grave, was befuddled with whiskey.

"What's it to me?" I cried hysterically. "You've murdered my Molly, that's what's it to me!" . . . And I promised him before God that if Molly was hurt or lost in the crash that was certainly due in a matter of minutes, I was coming up to Lyndonville and kill him before sun-up. I meant it, too!

"Well, it wasn't any good standing there and threatening a drunken fool. I had to do what I could. Stop that freight I couldn't, by any power under heaven. But I could alert hospitals, get doctors

and nurses out of their beds, and have the local crew prepare the wrecker. I knew just about where those two trains were going to crash head-on—a particularly bad curve about twelve miles below town.

"I got the district superintendent out of bed, and all the railroad men I could muster. There weren't any houses with telephones down-river, close enough to the tracks to try to intercept that freight. I had to sit down in my chair, finally, while the wrecker was being prepared, and think of my Molly riding up the river closer and closer to certain doom.

"I tell you I aged twenty years in those minutes. Finally—I'm not ashamed to say it—I slipped down in the front of my chair *and I talked with God about it!*

"I prayed as I'd never prayed in my life.

"Please, God, do something about this situation," I begged Him. "Save Molly somehow! Save everybody on those two trains, rushing at each other around dangerous curves at fifty miles an hour!"

"THE DISTRICT superintendent stopped my prayer, banging on the door to get in where I'd crazily locked it to be alone with my tragedy. The wrecker was ready. Did I care to go along?

"Well, nothing could hold me, anyhow. I swung aboard a flat-car with the local doctors and nurses. We went after the freight.

"We found it.

"It was stopped three miles below East Barnet. Also the Boston up-train was stopped—the pilots of the two locomotives within fifty feet of each other, and their headlights glaring at each other as though in anger to find the other on the track where the first should have right of way. Red flares were burning all around the trackage. Nothing was wrecked.

"Believe it or not, that down-freight had cast a driver-shoe about seven miles below Passumpsic and the engineer had managed to bring it to a halt without its going off the track. He'd sent his fireman forward with flares, which the engineer of the up-train had seen in time.

"You can't tell me God doesn't answer prayer.

"Molly thought I'd gone psycho, the way I crushed her, when I finally found her.

"A locomotive casting a steel shoe, or wheel-rim of one of its drivers, was some-

The "Roads Courageous" Broadcasts



Start Sunday, September 9th

THE WAY OUT

Soulcraft audiences all over America can look forward to something special and vital in the way of electronic programs commencing September 9th. Preliminaries are being worked out for a super-Magic Casement series of broadcasts that herald the Way Out for the United States, from its present international complications. If you want to be in advance of your fellow citizens in knowledge of solutions to our dilemmas, get a recorder and stand by for Something Big!

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

thing that didn't happen once in a dozen years. But it had happened that night. I tell you, God Almighty pried off the shoe on that freight-locomotive because I talked with Him and asked Him to save Molly.

"Anyhow, that's what happened.

"And I felt so grateful, I didn't go up to Lyndonville and kill that lousey dispatcher.

"God had done me too much of a favor."
P., Vermont.

IN A HONG-KONG shop window two American tourists noticed some Chinese housecoats and entered to buy one.

"Wantum coatee," one American said.

Several housecoats were placed before them by the Oriental who ran the place.

"How muchee cost, 'Melican money?"

The Chinaman said, "It would greatly facilitate this transaction if you contrived to address me in correct English. The coats are seven dollars each."

The American bought six.

T h e P a y o f f

A NORTHERNER asked a Tennessee resident of color, "Doesn't that mule ever kick you, boy?"

"No, sah," was the answer. "He ain't yet. But he frequently kicks the place Ah most recently was."

AN OLD Negro woman in Kentucky was heard to exclaim, "Thomas Jefferson, you an' James Madison come into this house and fetch Abraham Lincoln 'long with you this air minute or Ah'll reach fo' yo' plentitudinous."

A TOURIST, traveling through the Texas Panhandle, got into conversation with an old settler and his son at a filling station.

"Looks as though we might have rain," said the tourist.

"Hope so," replied the native. "Not so much for myself as for my boy here. I have seen it rain."

MARK TWAIN once said, "When I was a boy of fourteen, my father was so ignorant that I could scarcely stand to have him about. But when I got to be twenty-one, I was thunderstruck to realize how much the old man had learned in seven years."

THE MODEL husband arrived home late one evening and found his three-year-old son in disgrace.

"What do you think our darling boy was doing today?" his wife demanded. "I caught him trying to light up a cigar. It's up to you to punish him."

"You bet I'll punish him! That kid is altogether too young to be playing with matches."

A BRITISH tar was asked by a French sailor why the British Navy always seemed to be victorious.

"That's easy," replied the Britisher. "Before we start fighting we always pray."

"Believe it or not," returned the Frenchman, "so do we."

"I know, my good fellow," came the rejoinder, "but remember, we pray in English."



"From a New England farm to Broadway, with all of his country bride's relatives"

"DRAG"

ONE of the most amusing novels ever penned. Mr. Pelley condensed in a 359-page story all the humorous experiences he had seen happen over two decades in the country newspaper business. A bestseller in 1924, later made into Warner Brothers' first all-talkie movie starring Richard Barthlemess. Soulcraft Press has reprinted the story at \$3.

AN ARMY private had reported sick. "What's the matter with you?" demanded the major.

The private returned, "I got a pain in my abdomen, sir."

"You got a pain in your *what*?"

"My abdomen, sir."

"You mean your stomach. Don't you know that only second lieutenants have abdomens?"

THE COLORED swain was interviewing the old man about marrying the daughter. The father demanded, "Yo' thinks yo' could support mah girl, does yo' marry her?"

"Suttinly," replied the suitor.

"Has yo' ever seen her eat?"

"Yazzar."

"Has yo' ever seen her eat when no was watchin' her?"

THE LAWYER put the question to the rattled witness: "Did you or did you not, on the aforesaid day, Tuesday, January nineteenth, feloniously and with malice aforethought, listen at the keyhole of the third floor rear apartment then occupied as a residence by the defendant in this action, on Sixty-first Street near Park Avenue, and did you not on the Friday following the second Tuesday in January before referred to, communicate to your wife the information thus sur-

reptitiously acquired and repeat the conversation heard through the door on that occasion with the result that the resultant gossip of your wife gave widespread circulation to the conversation aforementioned? Did you, or did you not? Answer Yes or No."

"Huh?"

THE ANGRY proctor demanded of the sophomore, "So you confess, do you, that this unfortunate Freshman was taken to the frog-pond by force and violence and thrown in the pond and drenched? What part did you take in this disgraceful episode?"

Answered the sophomore meekly, "The right leg, sir."

LITTLE BESSIE was sitting on her grandfather's knee. After looking at him intently for a time she demanded, "Grandpa, were you in the Ark?"

"Certainly not, my dear," the astonished old man responded.

"Then why weren't you drowned?"

THE HUSBAND remarked, "It says here in the paper that in many out-of-the-way places in the world still use fish for money."

His wife looked puzzled. "What a sloppy job they must have, trying to get chewing-gum out of a slot-machine!"