

Valor

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

Volume I

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Number 21

What Would the Men of '76 Say Today about Britain?

THE KARMIC law in respect to Britain seems to be working overtime. For three hundreds of years she seized and exploited whatever weaker peoples were unable to withstand the disciplinary force of her Navy. In her avarice to tear down and destroy the trade competition of Germany, she found herself precipitating World War I against the Kaiser. That war went into stalemate and her statesmen inveigled the United States to come to her assistance. American help turned the tide of carnage, Kaiserism was destroyed and Britain "saved."

Twenty-one years passed and the drama was repeated. In place of the Kaiser it was Hitler who must be smashed. Actually it was world-wide German trade competing with Britain's that must be smashed. But Britain was taking blows whose significance she didn't realize. She was killing off the flower of her manhood and wearying the spiritual stamina of her commoners. Worse than that, her world trade exploitations were at an end. She was finished with living on her sanctimonious depredations upon weaker peoples.

The payoff came in a devitalized empire with the semi-Marxist Socialists gaining and holding the upper hand. The diplomatic technique of the semi-Marxist Socialists was to play both ends against the middle—the United States being one end, Russia being the other, and Britain herself the middle.

Her arrogant clutch was first loosened on Ireland. India followed. The once haughty Britisher began to displace in the role of the seedy, arrogant, and bad-tempered



old man, not above pocketing such handouts for tobacco and cupper coffees as the younger nations, awed by tradition, could be wheedled into flipping to him.

BRITAIN as Britain, take it as a fact, is finished. With a conscience as bloodless as ice in January the semi-Marxists in control of the empire have two major sources of revenue left: the mulcting of as much "aid" from the younger and more virile United States as they can fa-

naggle, and the exploitation of the oriental military situation, by affecting to be nominal enemies of Russian and Chinese Communism while callously making all the pence possible out of the spreading war engaging United Nations in the Orient.

This week the British government has announced a trade deal with Russia—the progenitors of the Korean-China conflict—for one million tons of grain. Previously came over the cables reports of a twenty million dollar timber deal with the same Soviets.

General MacArthur, in his testimony before the Senate, brought out evidence that the Chinese Communists couldn't keep up the war in Korea with us a week if they didn't have recourse to the new war material being procured from British sources through the port of Hong Kong. In other words, it isn't Russia that's supplying Communist China with the munitions of this insufferable war. It's Britain. Russia, one gathers, is keeping her powder not only dry but conserved.

The British government recognizes Communist China and has been actively promoting its entry into the United Nations. Yet both Britain and United States are at war with Communism—at least in Korea.

HERBERT MORRISON, British Foreign Secretary, in his younger years a soapbox labor agitator on the streets of London, says all this is a "practical matter" for the British. It means, he gives out, that his government recognizes "the fact as a fact."

Translated into moral values, this means, "nations recognize no moral or ethical law in their dealings with one another where the main issue is money."

Nations like Britain, like the corporations of tradition, have neither souls nor consciences. A people, to survive, must treat with "realities", realities in this case being cash in the Treasury.

But there are other realities.

One of them is, that the United States of America has a quarter-million American youths in Korea—against Britain's 13,000—being killed in appalling ratios in result of Britain needing to gather in the trade by supplying Red China with the shells.

While this is going on, the United States is taxing her citizenry—whose sons are being slaughtered in Korea in result

of those shells—to send not only dollar-aid to Britain to help her finance it, but to replace the munitions of which Britain is depleting herself, in order that Britain may be equipped in event of a third world war to stand off Russia.

Does it make sense?

YES, IT makes the profoundest part of sense, although consistency and morals go overboard.

It makes the sense that the British Government—nay, the British Empire,—*is going down!* And in a world coming into a New Day of allegiance to spiritual principles, the sooner it goes completely down, never to rise again, the better will be the example on the moral fibre of individuals.

The world is presently to list nations and statesmen who observe such reprehensible practices, not only as moral lepers, but archaic and belonging to the

ASSURANCE

From the Golden Scripts

HEAR My words and be at peace. Ye do suffer in your intellects in that evil stalketh amongst you; it cometh and goeth hourly. I say it defileth you. It maketh you to give out a calling that such things shouldst cease in that they offend you.

I say, Endure them with a tolerance, in that ye perceive the law which performeth: that the evil person cometh into that which he hath performed, even unto himself, and ye who stand watching do make known his tumult.

I say, let your tolerance be ever of the head, in that ye perceive that which passeth presently, out of which good is born, in that men everywhere do see that evil breedeth evil and foul things do rot upon the heads of those who wrought them as a pestilence.

Dark Ages of Machiavellians confusionism.

This is the sort of "expediency" from which the Christ Statesmen are to react with a Great Reaction.

There is to be no official place in the accession of the Golden Times to "rulers" of the type of Morrison.

The moral law is the *moral* law. And the principles of Christ apply to nations quite as much as they apply to individuals.

But where does it leave our own America in the present execrable picture?

AMERICAN AID to England far exceeds any possible British trade with Russia. Britain has the right to carry on such renegade trade with Russia if she chooses—to live on the blood money of the Oriental war, even as once she waxed wealthy on the blood money from Chinese opium.

But are we not compounding a moral felony when we come constantly to the "aid" of such a disintegrating Machiavellian empire, and how shall we expect to escape its penalty?

What would the Minute Men of Seventy-Six say of a progeny that condoned and even abetted the cynical and godless malpractices of their one-time enemies, to divorce their country from which they sacrificed their lives?

ALL of it constitutes the death convulsions of an order that the Great Hierarchy has decreed shall presently have *finis* written after it.

Individual Englishman may be sincere Christians, just as millions of Americans are sincere Christians, and neither approve of their governments' Luciferianisms. But the handwriting is on the wall for all of it.

The disintegration of the British Empire is obviously karmic retribution for a predatory history. And Americans weakening themselves economically and financially in the psychopathic attempt to bolster up the macawbre cadaver of a semi-Marxist system with its moral blood extracted, are obviously deserving of the losses in store for them.

Britain is *not* coming back as a world power.

The new breed of statesmen coming to the fore in this western world, however, will be disposed to let the dead bury the dead.

If this sort of thing keeps up, the general interment is long overdue.

Do People Want to Understand Morality? . .



FOR a matter of twenty-two years the Recorder of the *Golden and Soulcraft Scripts* has had his concerns about how far it might be expedient to acquaint a public unlettered in higher-dimension ethics, with what seems to be the true attitude of Great Mentor Intellectuals toward earthly Marriage and sex relationships. The chances of misinterpretation and misunderstanding have always remained so great, that unless the student first had a comprehensive tutoring in *all* factors constituting earth-life, he or she was liable to jump to conclusions never intended to be conveyed by the text. So a great *cache* of enlightenment on intimate moral fundamentals has gone uncirculated.

To a degree this exclusive material must be drawn upon for the more vital phases of the new discussions on Love, Romance, Affinity, and Marriage grouped under the head of *Domestic Felicity* in the ROADS COURAGEOUS electronic programs. The first of these, *Matrimony*, went forth to chapel leaders for playing to Soulcraft audiences on Sunday, September 23rd.

That the basic tenet by which all morality seems to be judged as one proceeds higher up the various thought-planes—"that which advances and profits Spirit Development is moral, while that which inhibits and retards Spirit Development is immoral"—is due to carry a somewhat startling aspect to general Soulcraft novices.

Yet should adept students in the Higher Wisdom be circumscribed in knowing the truth about these matters merely because certain novices—hearing them for the initial time—are "startled"?

Roads Courageous Discourses Consider Cosmic Bases of Matrimony . .

THE DIFFICULTY in making Higher Life disclosures on matters so vital as Sex, Romance, and Matrimony lies uniformly in the personal interpretations which people with strong prior fixations—acquired up years of conventional theological acceptances—insist on making for themselves.

The mass inclination is to sweep the whole consideration into one assembly of debatable expositions, paste a slap-dash label of *Free Love* upon it, and thereby pass judgment on major disclosures that actually represent judgment passed on their own intellectual or spiritual limitations.

Neither Soulcraft nor any of the transcendent tenets making for Soulcraft give approval to, nor proselyte, so-called *Free Love* in any form, nor countenance any relationship between the sexes based on caprice, expediency, illicities, nor sentimental promiscuities.

What Soulcraft does do, is seek to spread an intelligent understanding of the cardinal principles lying *behind* or *underneath* the general matings of man with woman and woman with man, so that spiritual profit results in broadest aspects.

The ROADS COURAGEOUS programs are shaped to depict what the general social views on Romance and Matrimony are

evidently to be under the aegis of the Christ Times that are imminent.

Soulcraft expounds a strongly integrated, wholesome, stable, and inviolate family life, that the resultant State itself may be strong in consequence. Sentimental promiscuities, capricious unions, and easy divorces are all expedients of the Luciferian opponents to break down the moral discriminations and distinctions of the rank and file of people and render them amenable to easier regimentation.

It's a far cry from sentimental promiscuities, capricious unions, and easy divorces to the correct understanding of why men and women sacredly join their lives together in the first place.

Actually, it's the enforced employment of the term "Affinity" or "Soul-mate" for describing the bisexual division of the soul's masculine and feminine attributes, that detonates the buried bomb of sexual fixations in the minds of the novices—and the mischief begins that circumscribes a great lore of cosmic truths that ought to be regarded wholesomely and constructively.

At any rate, there's bound to be a major repercussion to the ROADS COURAGEOUS broadcasts on *Domestic Felicity*, and as many Soulcrafters should hear them as possible.

Incidentally, there are going to be many.

In the new ROADS COURAGEOUS program, describing the great social rejuvenations that are coming, the interpretative broadcasts will not be limited—as the *Magic Casement* lectures were limited—to one subject per broadcast. Starting with the primal motivations behind all marriage, the discourses are going to continue on each subject until it is expounded. In other words, the ROADS COURAGEOUS discourses are coming out in *series*.

M U S T A R D S E E D S

How can he look so clean and laugh so dirty?

Running is good for the figure. It keeps buckshot out of it.

He had an awful headache last night. We saw him with her.

Every time he looked at you, you thought of a great man. Darwin!

He didn't know whether to feed a cold or starve it. So he flooded it.

He's still a cave man at eighty-nine. Every time she kisses him, he caves in.

Harry was killed by a revolving crane. Fierce birds they have in this country.

Mona Lisa's smile reminded him of his wife's when she thought he was lying.

She remarked that she used to be young once. What a memory! What a memory!

He was warned, "Keep your feet where they belong." And he retorted, "Don't tempt me!"

A bigot is a person who zealously and obstinately clings to an opinion which you hold to be trash.

He was told that wood alcohol would make him blind if he drank it. He said he didn't care, he'd seen everything.

The astronomer told her it took the light from a certain star fourteen hours to reach earth. She said she couldn't wait that long.

She tried standing in the cornfield to impersonate a scarecrow. The crows brought back the corn they'd stolen three days earlier.

He was playing a mouth organ and swallowed it. The doctor told him to keep calm and be thankful he hadn't been playing the piano.

She came in haughtily and said, "I want a little wart removed." And the doctor said, "The divorce lawyer, madam, is in the next office."

She said: "I'm not prejudiced at all. I'm going with a perfectly open and unbiased mind to listen to what I'm convinced is pure rubbish!"

His uncle has had fifteen to twenty children. The stork now flies over the roof and squawks down the chimney, "Come on up and get 'em!"

He was studying astronomy and claimed to know all about Mars. "It's a scratch," he explained, "that you get on the furniture that makes your wife sore."

He didn't believe in haunted houses, so he stayed in one all night. At three in the morning a ghost came through the wall just as if he wall wasn't there. The investigator left the same way.

In our many dealings with Uncle Sam, he has many times required us to prove that we were born by submitting a birth certificate. But when it comes to collecting taxes, the Bureau of Internal Revenue never doubts our existence.

Soulcrafters have a whole winter ahead for examinations of the Twelve Goals Resplendent that constitute in totality the Christ State of the imminent Golden Times. Many of the discourses will even have the fascination of the continued story, point leading to point, and exposition surmounting exposition.

They may continue for a year or more, but one thing is positive, they will be loaded with *information* . . .

DO PEOPLE *want* to understand Morality as the Higher Dimensions of Life regard it in higher cosmic essence? It remains to be determined.

If all sex experiences seem to be "arranged" between the several parties on the Thought Planes before ever coming into mortality, how shall purblind humanity regard the items of licentiousness, romantic escapades, and the committing of hapless indiscretions—particularly on the part of youth—that undoubtedly raise up karmic reactions?

Well, the mass of mentor material does contain alliterations and careful expoundings of practically all of it, and taken in totality it constitutes the profoundest part of sense. But "jumping into the middle of it" and passing judgment from fragmentary understandings of it, is as lamentable as it's hazardous.

What the first discourse in the ROADS COURAGEOUS series has attempted to do is lay a broad social premise for the alteration of the public viewpoint in respect to the cosmic machinery operating *all* intimate unions of men and women, that they may all be reasonably understood.

Incidentally, the course of enlightenment itself is intended chiefly for adults.

THERE is always a class of inhibited and prudish persons who stand instantly ready to "fear there is Sin in looking at Light", but these would seem to be the very people who most pathetically need acquaintance with the Higher Intelligence.

There is coming, apparently, a wholesale "cleaning of the minds" of general humanity upon sex matters, and particularly sex fundamentals, escaping or repudiating the smug and too often sanctimonious inhibitions of the Victorian Era in theologic teaching. What seems to be a disastrous divorce rate and a "mod-

(Continued on Page 10)

Government and Law System of Lost Atlantis ..



THE ACCOUNT of the government of ancient Atlantis, as given by Plato in the Socratic conversation, had been obtained from the priests of Sais in Egypt, who were alleged to have had the details of life on the drowned continent preserved in their archives.

Last week we published the geographic description of the great continent that once existed outside the Pillars of Hercules, or Rock of Gibraltar, stretching across the mid-Atlantic toward the West Indies. When she sank in one night of world-shaking cataclysm, she was submerged excepting for the top of her mountains, said to be the Azores of today.

Plato thus describes the government of the country—

"As to offices and honors, the following was the arrangement from the first: Each of the ten kings, in his own division and in his own city, had absolute control of the citizens, and in many cases of the laws, punishing and slaying whomsoever he would.

"Now the relations of their governments to one another were regulated by the injunctions of Poseidon as the law had handed them down. These were inscribed by the first men on a column of orichalcum, which was situated in the middle of the island, at the temple of Poseidon, whither the people were gathered together every fifth and sixth years alternately, thus giving honor to the odd and even number.

"When they were gathered together they consulted about public affairs and inquired if anyone had transgressed in anything and passed judgment on him accordingly—and before they passed judgment they gave their pledges to one another in this wise—

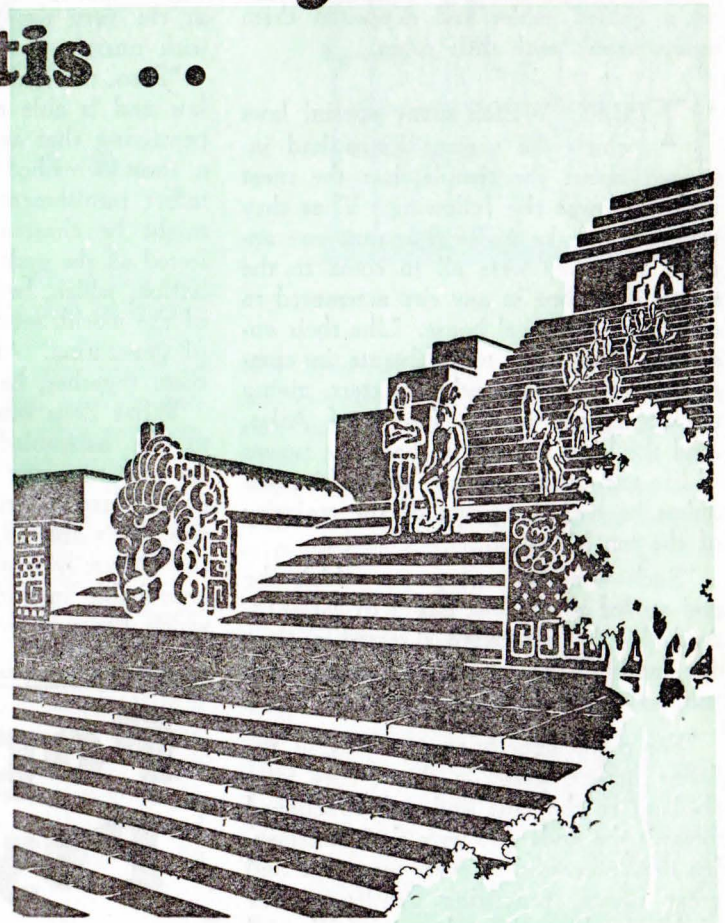
"THERE were bulls who had the range of the temple of Poseidon; and the ten, after they were alone in the temple, after they had offered prayers to

the gods that they might take the sacrifices that were acceptable to them, hunted the bulls without weapons, but with staves and nooses. And the bull which they caught they led up to the column. The victim was then struck on the head by them, and slain over the sacred inscription.

"NOW ON the column, besides the law, there was an oath inscribing mighty curses on the disobedient. When, therefore, after offering sacrifice according to their custom, they had burnt the limbs of the bull, they mingled a cup and cast in a clot of blood for each of them. The rest of the victim they took to the fire, after having made a purification of the column all around. Then they drew from the cup in golden vessels, and, pour-

ing a libation on the fire, they swore that they would judge according to the laws upon the column and would punish anyone who had previously transgressed, and that for the future they would not, if they could help it, obey any ruler who commanded them to act otherwise than according to the laws of their father Poseidon.

"This was the prayer which each of them offered up for himself and for his family, at the same time drinking, and dedicating the vessel in the temple of the god. Then, after spending some necessary time at supper, when darkness came on and the fires about the sacrifice were cool, all of them put on most beautiful azure robes, and, sitting on the ground at night near the embers of the sacrifice on which they had sworn, and extinguish-



ing all the fires about the temple, they received and gave judgment—if any of them had accusation to bring against anyone. When they had given judgment, at daybreak they wrote down their sentences on a golden tablet and deposited them as memorials with their robes.

“THERE WERE many special laws which the various kings had inscribed about the temple, but the most important was the following: That they were not to take up arms against one another and they were all to come to the rescue if anyone in any city attempted to overthrow the royal house. Like their ancestors, they were to deliberate in common about war and other matters, giving the supremacy to the family of Atlas. And the king was not to have the power of life and death over any of his kinsmen unless he had the assent of the majority of the ten kings.

“Such was the vast power which the god settled in the lost island of Atlantis. And this he afterward directed against our land (Sais) on the following pretext, as tradition tells—

“For many generations, as long as the divine nature lasted in them, they were obedient to the laws and well-affectioned towards the gods who were their kinsmen, for they possessed in every way true and great spirits, practicing gentleness and wisdom in the various chances of life and in their intercourse with one another. They despised everything but virtue, not caring for their present state of life and thinking lightly on the possession of gold and other property, which seemed only a burden to them. Neither were they intoxicated by luxury, nor did wealth deprive them of their self-control, but they were sober and saw clearly that all these goods are increased by virtuous friendship with one another, and that by excessive zeal for them and honor of them, the good of them is lost, and friendship perishes with them.

“BY SUCH reflections, and by the continuance in them of a divine nature, all that which we have described waxed and increased in them. But when this divine portion began to fade away in them and become diluted too often and with too much of the mortal admixture, and the human side of them got the upper hand, then they, being unable to bear their fortune, became unseemly and to

him who had an eye to see, they began to appear base and had lost the fairest of their precious gifts. But to those who had no eye to see the true happiness, they still appeared glorious and blessed at the very time when they were filled with unrighteous avarice and power.

“Zeus, the god of gods, who rules with law and is able to see into such things, perceiving that an honorable race was in a most wretched state and wanting to inflict punishment upon them that they might be chastened and improved, collected all the gods into his most holy habitation, which, being placed in the center of the world, sees all things that partake of generation. And when he had called them together, he spake as follows—”

What Zeus was supposed to have said to the assembled gods about Atlantis no one can ever know, because at this point Plato's story abruptly ends and he was never able to finish it. But as Ignatius Donnelly remarks, there was nothing improbable in the foregoing narrative—which has now run through four issues

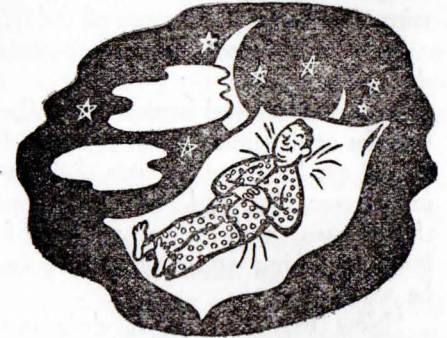
of this journal—so far as it has described a rich, cultured, and educated people. Almost every part of Plato's story can be paralleled by descriptions of the people and sovereigns of both Egypt and Peru. In fact, in some respects Plato's account of Atlantis falls short of Herodotus' description of the grandeur he beheld on his visit to Egypt, or Prescott's picture of the civilization and wealth of Peru.

But it seems preposterous to assume that two civilizations on opposite sides of the globe, such as Egypt and Peru, could have been established and evolved so similar to each other, following intellectual growth of man from time immemorial, without there having been some continental land-bridge to connect them—or at least permit them access to one another by means of travel.

In our article next week we shall take up the probability of the whole Atlantean legend and begin to inspect our evidence, geographical and ethnical, for deciding the Lost Continent must have had some basis in fact . . .

Popular Psychics

The Phantom that Entered a Carriage



AMONG examples of apparitions before death, here is a particularly remarkable one, in that it preceded death by two days and that it followed upon a definite promise made, of which no one had given thought. Again the details come from persons of title abroad, giving the evidence the background of reliability.

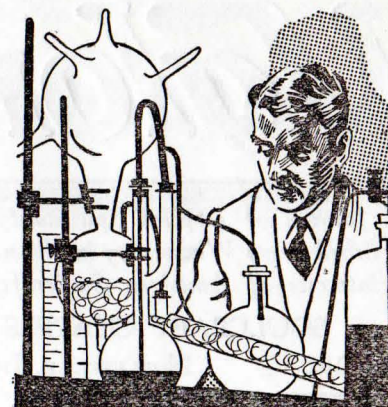
One Countess Eugenie Kapnist, back at the turn of the century, painstakingly gave the details to officials of the London Psychical Society of a phantasm that appeared within the hood of a carriage which she was entering to return home from seeing a friend depart from a Petrograd railroad station. The Countess attested to the following experience—

“In Talta, in February of 1889, we made the acquaintance of Monsieur Penalt and his wife, when we were spending the evening at the home of friends we had in common. At that time, Monsieur was already in an advanced stage of tuberculosis. He had just lost a brother in Petrograd through the same malady.

“In the course of the evening, my sister was asked to play a little music and at random she selected Mendelssohn's *Prelude*. To my astonishment, I beheld Monsieur—whom we had only met that night—go and sit down near the piano, very much affected, and he followed my sister's playing with a sort of anxiety.

“WHEN she had finished, Monsieur told her that she had awakened
(Continued on Page 13)

Where Science Is Going with Human Life . .



WHEN the current day's scientists begin making predictions about imminent achievements that confirm many of the prophecies of Soulcraft, perhaps many of the sacred forecastings may be credited as well. The American Chemical Society's diamond jubilee that has recently closed, brought out many attestments from great scientific brains that humanity stands on the brink of unbelievable accomplishments—in the event that an all-out atomic war can be averted.

The pictures the scientists painted of the remaining half of the century were little short of necromantic. They included industry as a whole drawing most of its energy from solar radiation rather than atomic power or so-called nuclear energy, of a vastly expanded but greatly simplified chemicals industry producing its synthetics by direct processes akin to those used by animals and plants, of plentiful supplies of fresh water distilled directly from the oceans, of tremendous increases in population, in food production and naturally in food consumption—the world over.

Some of this lies in the far distant future, some close at hand, much closer than many think . .

THE CHEMICAL industry within the next 50 to 100 years will create economic and social changes on a scale so vast as to dwarf anything achieved to the present. Dr. James P. Conant, President of Harvard University, and Dr. K. E. Kenneth Mees, vice-president in charge of research for Eastman Kodak Corporation, were two of the outstanding speakers before the Chemical Society who gave voice to the following—

Incredible as it seems now, the era of fossil fuels such as coal and oil will be

running out toward the end of this century and taking its place will be energy captured directly from the sun. Solar energy will turn most of the wheels of industry, heat homes, and provide motive-power for general transportation. This will be an exhaustless supply, naturally, as the sun has energy that will keep radiating yet for millions of years. Solar energy harnessed may even surpass the energy in nuclear fission.

In the item of plenty of pure water for earth's increasing population, by 1985 the production of power from solar energy will make it cheap enough that it can be applied to the filtering of salt and other impurities out of sea water. Fresh water for millions, derived from the oceans, can be manufactured hourly—and it would take humanity centuries to "drink up the oceans" . .

CLOTHING for the multitudes that are coming into life in future will be entirely synthetic, in all probability, as the supply of fibres must run out. Clothing made from the various plastics, similar to the rayon and nylons of the present, will be made from non-fibrous materials.

Liquid fuels, such as may be demanded for forms of engines like automobiles, that cannot use solar energy direct, will be distilled or converted, not out of archaic resources in the ground but directly from the carbon monoxide and hydrogen in the atmosphere.

When it comes to the alcoholic content of spiritous beverages, synthetic ethyl alcohol will take the place of the present fermentations by micro-organisms, while on the other hand, insect-borne diseases also coming from micro-organisms will have disappeared entirely.

This last envisions a life for earth's mortal inhabitants that is absolutely without disease. *All physical disease will*

have been conquered, even the causes of tuberculosis and cancer, and these malignant maladies will belong to the ancient history of the race. This means that any death from disease will become as rare as death from such affliction as leprosy at present in a country like the United States . .

OVERPOPULATION of the planet is a constant bugbear to many scientists and statesman of today, but the chemists apparently are not overly alarmed. The problem will probably never be entirely whipped, but it promises to be well in hand by 2050 A. D. This will be realized in result of vast increases in food production. Likewise, as Dr. Conant pointed out, it will come from the development at about 1961 of biochemistry that will make cheap and harmless anti-fertility components available. In other words, plant and vegetable life will also have its antitoxins against disease developed, the same as the human organism.

No matter what the population of the planet, the volume of life won't depend as it has in the past on the land fertility of various areas. With disease and the food problems conquered, the multiplication of human life may reach incredible proportions.

DR. CONANT, who in the course of his one address did more downright predicting than all the other speakers combined, approached the subject of atomic energy with the remark that one gallon of motorcar gasoline provides on combustion somewhat more energy than the power from nuclear fission wherefrom a few grams of uranium 235 are
(Continued on Page 12)

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Controversy



NO MORTAL instructor or enlightener has ever expounded a new message or moral interpretation to the world, that the very fact of the difference in doctrine so brought hasn't nominated him to become a stormy petrel of controversy. Is he a true instructor or enlightener or is he a leader up byways of error? The world of smug intellectualists, unwilling to expend much mental effort to examine anything strange, is only too ready to pronounce him a leader up byways of error and thus hope to dispose of him. Only the instructor or enlightener who really has something of value for society isn't disposed of so simply or readily.

Soulcraft has opened this week a great program of ethical and spiritual interpretations that are bound to jolt the smug and conventional. The first ROADS COURAGEOUS broadcast has begun the treatment of the vital and dynamic matter of Sex Happiness and Domestic Felicity. Particularly it has opened the subject of what true Morality is, as seems to be regarded on higher planes of spiritual consciousness. The material, as the Recorder goes deeper and deeper into allegedly cosmic facts, is taken from a redundant cache of unpublished text, originally intended for his enlightenment alone but now belonging in the whole expanding exposition of Soulcraft.

As these higher angles are expressed and developed there are bound to be those who lift their eyebrows and utter a "tck!-

tck!-tck!" at some of the fundamentals transmitted—showing the tendency to hold the Recorder of them personally responsible for their substance. Somehow the fixation will not dismiss that anyone who takes psychical interpretation of the facts of life must, after all, be actually procuring it from the depths of his subconscious. This means he must be the subconscious author and progenitor of it. At least he is held personally responsible for anything of a nature with which the observer or student may violently disagree. If he isn't the subconscious author of it, at least he did exercise censorship prerogatives on it. Why give out any disclosure that may too annoyingly disturb the preconceived notions of mass society? And if the annoyance be too pronounced, sooner or later this disturbance of preconceived notions is bound to raise the accusation, "Joseph's son hath a devil!" or, "He casteth out devils through power from Belzeebub, prince of the devils."

People seeking sanctuary in such accusations are thereby demonstrating their complacencies have been jolted and they are resenting it.

The real teacher has to disregard it.

After all, it's the delineation for its own sake that he's making.

THE WORLD is surfeited with so-called teachers who are teaching the accepted and the obvious.

This is particularly true in theology.

Theology is humanity's present concept of spiritual influence on mortality.

Given a new pastor considered for the possible occupancy of a vacant pulpit. What kind of man does a majority of the congregation instinctively prefer? Is it a man who'll bestir their mental molecules and supply new calories for their spiritual diet? By no means. Always a "good, comfortable, safe man" is preferred.

And why?

Because the average mortal resents any influence coming into his life compelling him to bestir himself and think.

Yet all life is supposed to compel him to do just that, in reaction to rigorous experiencing if not to volatile doctrine delivered from a pulpit. With flourishes.

Christ as the Divine Progenitor of Christianity wasn't crucified one-half so much for being a threat to existing institutions as being a disturbing element to men's mental complacencies.

He gave a New Interpretation to the

application of moral tenets, and men did not want a new interpretation of moral tenets. They wanted to be let alone, accepting and believing that doctrinal law covered everything that called for exercise of intellect, and if from that point on they desired to ossify and stagnate it was nobody's business but their own.

It so happens, however, it wasn't nobody's business but their own. They had overlooked posterity.

Posterity had the right to demand that new concepts of Divine Truth be propounded for its consideration, that it might build upon them and enrich itself morally.

THERE is bound to be Big Controversy when the 12,000 copies of the new *Golden Scripts* go out to the country's clergymen the last of this current year, to say nothing of what develops as the ROADS COURAGEOUS broadcasts essay higher and more startling revelations of truth in respect to the homely institutions of life and what alterations may be due in them to truly correlate with the incoming Christian standard.

Very good, so what?

People are bound to read into such tenets or enlightenments their own contrasting fixations, without once stopping to ask themselves how they came by such fixations, indeed whether they're judging by such fixations at all.

The person who truly progresses spiritually is the one who isn't afraid he's committing sin by looking at Light. If, after giving Light due consideration and weighing it in the balances of analytical logic, he rejects what he discerns, well and good. Such is his privilege.

But plunging one's head in holy horror under the spiritual bed-clothes for fear the intruder in the room may be a marauder—even accepting in advance that he is a marauder—and hoping to get rid of him by ignoring his presence, always leaves the possibility that he's denying himself to one who mayn't be a marauder at all, but a nocturnal angelic visitor of a sort, bringing good tidings of great joy which shall be to all men.

After all, how do you *know* a given subject is "right" or "wrong" until you have examined it exhaustively?

Even so, by what standards do you judge it to be right or wrong?

It's a time for self-examination in such controversial matters, as well as wary

suspicion of Greeks coming bearing any sort of new spiritual gifts.

But controversy itself—it's got to be expected.

Responsibility



LET'S look at the facts cold.

If, in Soulcraft, we have an exhibition in this modern century of the Original Progenitor of Christianity electing to communicate a whole great book of supernal Speakings down into current society from higher dimensions of Time and Space, and they're bona fide words, *this is the greatest and most dramatic happening in human affairs since the Crucifixion and Resurrection!*

As the greatest and most dramatic happening since the Crucifixion and Resurrection, it merits the most stupendous all-out support to get such supernal Speakings to the nation that any "movement" has encountered in the past 1,900 years.

Nothing can stack up of comparative import.

The question resolves itself into these two contentions: *Are* the Speakings bona fide utterances of that epochal Personality; and, if so, *why* were they transmitted to the particular person to whom they were transmitted? . . . why to a literary layman instead of some great dignitary of established Church or State? . . . why to a relatively obscure and inconsequential individual with no background beyond his literary talents, to prepare and circulate them?

The answer to the first is required to lie absolutely in the contents and nature of the Speakings themselves;

The answer to the second may conceivably and logically lie in the demonstrated fact of reincarnation, that someone was chosen for the particular task not alone for his literary talent or journalistic potentials but from the circumstance that he existed back in Galilee at the opening of the Christian era and had personal acquaintance with the Great Personage, resulting in his commission to do this particular job at this close of the Piscean Dispensation. After all, who has proof that this last is not fact?

Such commissions aren't handed out indiscriminately in the Upstairs Dimensions. They result from given characters

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

having proven similar capabilities in earlier historical sequences. That they may get reborn into life as "unknowns" and filling no great offices in Church or State, is illustrated by no less a personage than the Great Teacher Himself.

The same type of minds that demand today, why should not such a transmission of divine information have come through a Pope or a Winston Churchill, demanded to be told nineteen centuries ago, if this wasn't Joseph the Carpenter's son? Where did He get the immodest notion that He was "chosen" to be Redeemer of a Species?

THESE THINGS happen.

We do have the sublime text of the *Golden Scripts*—844 pages of the most superlative adjurations existing in literature outside of the New Testament. We do have the fact of Soulcraft tenets being recorded as well, and a nation-wide organization growing into respectable proportions embracing and promoting them.

Tacit happenings are evidence in themselves of the character and probable

source of their causations.

Revelations and celestial admonitions such as those, could not have become of moment "till the end of the age", as He expressed it by implication many times during His physical ministry. Men of His day, however, didn't grasp the meaning of "end of the age." They thought He meant the end of their generation or their century. Obviously He meant, the end of the Piscean zodiacal age.

That end is almost upon us. It started around 1844 and comes to final conclusion in 2030 A. D. Afterward, humanity lives under the Air Sign of Aquarius. When He said, along with the prophets and psalmists, that "all things shall pass away" and He would "make all things new", He was obviously talking about Piscean circumscriptions and the complete regeneration of society and theology that always accompanies the quitting of one "age" and the opening of another.

The simple, unassailable fact is, Soulcraft is growing, spreading, expanding, and what's to halt it? Even the physical removal of the "one-time Galilean ac-



You Should Hear Pelley's LIFE OF THE CHRIST

A Series of Electronic Broadcasts

STARTING Sunday night, April 21st, the Recorder of the *Soulcraft Scripts* began a series of Electronic Broadcasts on *the Life of the Christ*. The first one was a general eulogy of the Man, sitting on a hilltop across from Jerusalem and crying, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how oft would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her chicks beneath her wings, but ye would not!" It was an introductory discourse on the Christ as Soulcrafters have come to conceive of Him . . . These broadcasts will continue into the autumn. They portray a Christ that the world knows not at present, *the Christ of the Golden Scripts!*

GET AN ELECTRONIC RECORDER

and hear these matchless expositions of the Great Lawgiver, that are running for fifteen recordings. They are extraneous to the regular *Soulcraft Scripts*. No other character in history is having so many lectures delivered about Him, so many treatises of His life and doctrine offered the world in its present hectic turmoil. Nineteen centuries after His death, He stands forth as the most resplendent character in either ancient or modern history. There must be a reason for this! And yet, can it be possible that all is not known that exists to be known about the true speakings of Jesus?

Write Soulcraft Headquarters for Particulars

Soulcraft Chapels : Noblesville, Indiana

quaintance" wouldn't accomplish it, for the doctrine and its disclosures is recorded and in the hands of too many persons to be suppressed.

It's wholly a matter from this time onward of mass society grasping and crediting what actually has happened.

And that starts to score on a wholesale and irrevocable basis the instant the requisite wealth is available to underwrite all modern means for acquainting a great nation with such an Epochal Event, down to the provincialities of its smallest and most inaccessible hamlet.

Who's going to be the individual who becomes known to history as the one who "broke" Soulcraft to the nation?

Morality

(Continued from Page 4)

ern" frankness in treating with Sex, is but evidence in the main, and in its wholesome aspects, of humanity's being led up out of a slough of repressed concupiscence by a mass social trend—this too being motivated, to all appearances—by Great Counsellors behind the mortal scenes. How far it is going, and what standards of revised aspect are being aimed at, is something the truly intelligent person wants to know.

At any rate, Soulcrafters, adept or novice, should suspend judgment on the essence of the ROADS COURAGEOUS discourses until the evidence on each Goal Resplendent is in.

The tenets of the ultimate doctrine constitute the highest presentation of true and logical morality that mortal intellect can receive up across two decades. This statement can be made without reservation.

If a hornet's nest of controversy is bestirred upon this *Domestic Felicity Road* and Goal, it would indicate how avidly men and women seek light upon its details.

At any rate, the ROADS COURAGEOUS discourses have started. Don't be overly alarmed on hearing them, if new presentations have the effect of jolting you.

New presentations always jolt, by the fact of their newness.

Anyway, who wants to waste time and energy hearing or learning what he knows already? . . .

The question resolves to—

Do you fear there is Sin in looking at light?



.. COGITATIONS

SOMETIMES I find myself wool-gathering, thinking back on the celebrated people I have either known or met. Queer thing, they weren't any different as mortals than the truckman who delivered the floor lumber this afternoon for the new broadcasting addition, or the lady who wafted in recently and indulged in some crisp remarks because at 10 p. m. I was too mentally weary to discuss vast plans with her for saving the nation. If I were truly doing the Christ work, says she, I wouldn't be depleted. I didn't want to make an argument at 10 p. m. why Christ Himself ever took hours out to sleep, particularly in a boat on a rolling sea. But speaking of celebrities . . . The man who stands out strongest and clearest in my mind was Teddy Roosevelt. Among public men, I mean. And of course as a practicing newsman I met a lot . . . I met T. R. first, when he came up into New England to campaign for the Bull Moose Party and I was western Massachusetts man for the *Boston Globe*. He waved his undersized arms all over the place, snapped his teeth, and bristled at all the appropriate places, and I was impressed. Time rocked along and the day came in the summer of 1917, just before I departed for Japan and Russia, when I underwent a queer experience with him . . .

I TRAVELED from Massachusetts down to Sheepshead Bay, with a wild-west outfit to get the literary material for nearly a dozen stories for the *Saturday Evening Post*. There the show went bust—with a dozen honest-to-God redskins who'd been with the outfit, turned loose on the mercies of a cruel world with heap no wampum, in result of which all

the good burghers in the vicinity of the Sheepshead Bay race-track suddenly began to miss their dogs. The odor of dog mulligan was heavy on the air when I inadvertently connected with a rodeo outfit being conducted by the famous Irwin Boys, who put on their broncho busting, bull-dogging of steers, and wild horse racing of three or four afternoons for the benefit of the Brooklyn commuter element. By the way, there are no esoterics to this yarn, so don't be prepared for any . . . My job was Publicity Man, which consisted in writing snappy pieces about the long horns and shot hombres who infested the place trying for the prize moneys, and sneak them into the Manhattan papers. Then the last day of the rodeo, some big shot in the outfit decided it would be a swell publicity stunt to hold Roosevelt Day and get Teddy over from Oyster Bay to witness the doin's and wave and click and bristle at 'em . . .

WELL, Teddy came. He came in a long shiny limousine and a plug hat and Prince Albert coat, myopic spectacles, moustache et al. The gun-totin' boys from the Wide Open Spaces didn't know whether or not to enthuse about the limousine but they were polite in their hurrahs, and Will Rogers came over from his cheese-cake gal show and did some stunts for free, and there were a cupple thousand gawkers in the grandstand at one dollar per gawk and a reasonably good time was being had by all, when blew it up a thunderstorm. With lightning, water, and groans of dismay from the feminine element when the rain swept in under the grandstand roof and frizzled their millinery. The rodeo was being held in the center arena framed by the race track . . . Well, I had my original Ford jallop over behind said grandstand, and as first drops began to patter I bethought of the poor old crate—which I used to make the daily afternoon trip to Manhattan with the write-ups—and as how the top wasn't raised. It'd mean my leather cushions would offer a perma-

nent seat for a Kellerman unless I got it up. So I crawled under the benches, got over to the flivver, patted it just so's not to frighten it, and got the top up as thunder boomed and lightning zitted. What I didn't know was, Roosevelt had gone over to his limousine from the judges' stand also when the rain started and the elements had been no respecter of persons. Regardless of a Roosevelt, the water came down in sheets. Also quilts and coverlets. For once a Roosevelt was all wet and admitted it. He fretted inside the lim as he could through the worst of it. Then as suddenly as it had appeared, the storm subsided. Clouds parted. The sinking western sun came out and the world was all moist and refreshed and everything slippery and sjudgy and dripping. And this was the state of nature and the New York Bay country generally, to say nothing of my destiny, when I started back for the grandstand and resumption of the afternoon's show at the same time that Teddy did ditto. We met at the eastern gate to the race track . . .

THE RACE-TRACK, I noticed subconsciously, was like a kitchen floor when someone had upset the washtub. But I couldn't understand why cupple thousand Brooklyn commuters seemed to rise as one person and utter a roar of something or other as Teddy and I started across the broad track together to make the inner gate and the arena for the resumed show . . . Then, about the time I was fumbling with refractory hasp on said gate to admit His Royal Niblets, and self, I got the reason in one thunderous get. And nothing to do with the erstwhile storm, either. They'd thoughtlessly started the last attraction of the afternoon, a wild hoss race. The boys were supposed to pick up their saddles from a line, run to their mounts, saddle, cinch up, spring abroad and get going. First man back was prize winner. That was all right and on the program, but Teddy Roosevelt and a 27-year-old literary something in a ten gallon hat, right in the middle of that gooey track, with

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the “wild” hosses coming around the bend and a hasp on the inner gate that wouldn't give, promised attractions on said program with which the Irwin Brothers had had nothing to do. Water splashed up in sheets in advance of the wild hosses as the whole cavalcade made the turn—and I still couldn't open the gate. I wanted to explain to Teddy that I couldn't open the gate but the words wouldn't come. However, wild hosses did. On! It was, as one might say, a jam . . .

IT WAS more than a jam. It was a nightmare. I affirm this thing happened. As the pounding mass of hoss-flesh came 'round that southeastern turn

of the track, cupple hundred feet away, *the lead hoss slipped and went down!* It went down but kept on coming. A slide. For Teddy and Yours Truly. With its rider sticking to his saddle . . . Teddy grabbed me . . . He threw both arms 'round me from slightly behind, pushed me to the fence with himself on the outside, protecting me from the onslaught of skidding sliding hoss. Mud flew sky-high. It plastered both of us. But the fallen horse, maddened, managed to get upon his feet, head diagonally across the track to the outer side where an eight-foot fence of heavy sheeps-wire enclosed the race-course, and in one gigantic and spectacular heave, left terra firma. Out of the corner of our eyes we saw

Pegasus. He went over that eight-foot fence without clicking a hoof. Only an animal gone loco could have done it. Off over the parking lot the winged beast bounded, *rider still sticking!* Got half a mile away and dropped stone dead. Teddy, spattered with more mud than his nephew of a latter day in the midst of a New Deal fight, was dancing about with his plug hat over an eye, his glasses crooked, exclaiming over and over, “Great Godfrey! Great Godfrey! I've seen horses jump out west, young man, but I've never seen a leap like that!” . . . Then he suddenly forgot the hoss. His famous teeth clicked twice with a nervous affliction he had. “Wait a minute! I know you,” he declared. “You were with me in Massachusetts in 1912 . . .” and to my stupefaction—two stupefactions counting the hoss jump—he called me by my name. He was like that. Freak attribute of his.

YEAH, Roosevelt. Teddy. I remember him all right. Once he was in a tough spot with a lad young enough to be his son who was in danger. He grabbed the lad and interposed his body to save the youngster from harm. Would his celebrated nephew have done it? Not to me, anyhow. I'll warrant that. And so to bed. I said there was no esoterics to this reminiscence.

—THE RECORDER

Science

(Continued from Page 7)

said to contain enough atomic power to drive the Queen Elizabeth around the world.

“The one figure,” he said, “has perhaps as much relevance to future power as the other.”

Again and again it was stressed by the scientists at the jubilee that these revolutionary developments in human life can only be achieved in the event that the release of energy and malignant radiation from general use of atomic bombs in warfare, doesn't so change the atmosphere and organism that all life extinguishes as a general world program.

Scientists in other fields, however, are optimistic that such is not going to happen.

Great alterations in the chemical elements of nature have been shown in his-

tory to have been followed by uncanny adaptability of almost all species to orient themselves to new terrain conditions. The disappearance of antediluvian monsters, instead of being proof that species can't survive, shows that life itself goes forward in other forms that can survive. But life as life does go on.

That humanity has to go through the experience of witnessing the effects and reactions from an atomic war seems to be logical, but the very experimentings that caused it may halt it. Neither Russia nor any other country is going to persist for long in an atomic warfare that reacts on Soviet troops and Soviet populations with equal deadliness that it acts on enemies of the Communist system.

As for the total conquering of disease and the prolonging of individual life, when earthly existence approximates life on higher planes of spirit, there may easily happen a blending in some aspect of the two.

As Haldane, the one-time notable scientist put it, "In the very improbable event of man's taking his own evolution in hand—in other words, of improving human nature as opposed to environment—I can see no bounds at all to his progress. Less than a million years hence the average man or woman will realize all the possibilities that human life has thus far shown. He or she will never know a moment's illness. He will be able to think like Newton, to write like Racine, to paint like Fra Angelica, to compose like Bach. He will be as incapable of hatred as St. Francis. And when death comes at the end of a life *probably measured in thousands of years*, he will meet it with as little fear as Captain Oates or Arnold von Winkelreid. And every minute of his life will be lived with all the passion of the lover or discover. We can form no idea whatsoever of the exceptional men of such a future."

The golden times? *Verily!*

Popular Psychics

(Continued from Page 6)

profound thoughts in him of a brother who had died in Petrograd, who had likewise been something of a pianist and often played that same selection.

"After that evening, whenever he saw my sister he made it a point to talk to her. They spoke particularly of the mys-

tery of death, a frequent happening at Talta, which was largely peopled by invalids.

"'Do you know,' he said to my sister, 'it always seems to me that my spirit is very near to yours. I'm certain that I've already known you. We realize it's never been in this world, so it must have been in a previous existence.'

"'One March evening he said to her, 'If I die before you—a most probable

occurrence—I shall make the attempt to come back to you, but I shall do it as I can in a way not to frighten you.'

"My sister, taking the thing very seriously, promised to do the same thing in respect to him, in the event she passed onward first.

"I was witness to this mutual promise.

"WELL, we met now and again at the homes of friends and often



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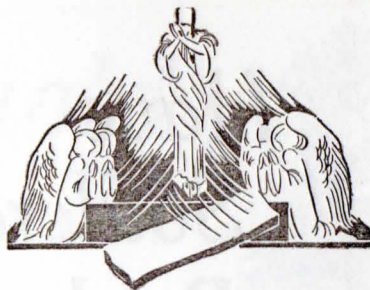
SOULCRAFT is adopting a new policy on its books and seeks the cooperation of all students eager to help get this intelligence out to the public. Books will be sent on consignment to responsible chaplains for display at chapel meetings and stocks will be kept up as fast as sales deplete such consignments. Some chapels are paying all reel expenses by sales of such literature after after discourses are heard . .

An attractive display rack presenting all books with titles clearly visible will be furnished, on the top of which is a smaller display compartment holding ten copies of VALOR—which ought to be readily procurable at all Soulcraft Chapel meetings week by week. Special prices and discounts will be made Chaplains thus keeping an available stock of Soulcraft Books on hand for new students or visitors.

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“Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive!”

DO YOU believe in survival after death? Have you ever had experience with evidences of exanimate 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?

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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

saw Monsieur walking on the quay in a nut-brown overcoat which he affected, which had a particular distinction. Although it caused us some amusement, it nevertheless excited us strangely, though I couldn't then explain why.

“In the month of May we left Talta.

“The following year, at Petrograd, on March 11, 1890, we went to the theatre. The *Merchant of Venice* was being given. We had a friend with us who had come from Tsarskoe for the occasion. When the play ended we had just time to drive back home and change from our theatre finery into clothes suitable for driving to the station where she was leaving on the one o'clock train. We put her in her train compartment and did not leave until after the signal-bell had rung for departure the second time.

“Our servant had gone ahead to find our carriage. It was a large opera carriage, with a deep hood. My sister took her seat in it first, and sat waiting for me, who had come along from the train more slowly. The servant held the door of the landau open.

“I was mounting into it, one foot on the step, when suddenly I froze. It was dark under the hood of the landau, and yet sitting opposite my sister, looking intently at her, *was the startling silhouette of a translucent male face!* There was a man in our carriage and I could distinctly see his countenance. Moreover, it was vaguely familiar—rather sharp features, hair parted a little to one side, a large nose, a very thin chin with a sparse beard of a chestnut yellow.

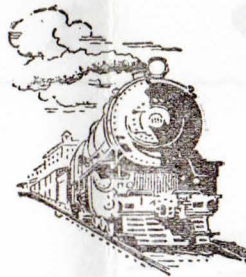
“He was looking intently at my sister.

“**WHAT STRIKES** me, when I think of it now, is that I could distinguish the different colors, although the greyish glimmer which lighted up the unknown man but dimly, should not have sufficed normally to make them discernible. He was hatless, and his figure seemed to be enveloped in an overcoat of rather light nut-brown. His whole person bore the stamp of great exhaustion and emaciation.

“The servant, puzzled to see me thus behaving, thought I must have stepped on my skirt and hastened to aid me as he could. I got into the seat beside my sister, still aware of that mystical countenance before us, and asked if we hadn't possibly entered the wrong landau? But almost at once I commenced to feel a strange mental stupor. What could be happening to

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A Digest of . . .

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me? I was aware that if my sister or the servant had been able to see the emaciated stranger in the brown overcoat before us, they would have remarked upon him. However, the servant had gone around and gotten upon the box and we were starting to move away from the platform.

“Almost at once the apparition—if it were that—started dissolving. My sister beside me was inquiring curiously, ‘What made you ask if this carriage were really ours?’

“I told her then, what had been visible to me. It sobered her at once, when I had described it.

“‘It seems to me that we know such a face,’ she responded, ‘that hair-part on one side, that nut-brown overcoat.’

“Was it, could it have been, Monsieur Pennalt?”

“SOME DAYS later, while paying a social call, we were informed by our hostess that word had just come in of the death of Monsieur at Talta. At mention of his name, the sharp face and the nut-brown overcoat found their possessor. My sister recognized it at the same instant I did, thanks to my precise description.

“We looked immediately in the newspapers for the exact date of his death. The demise was given as having taken place on March 14th, *two days after the apparition I had seen!* I wrote to Talta for information.

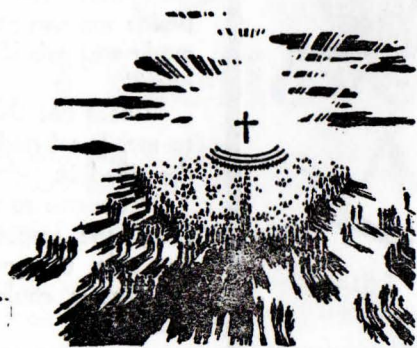
“The reply that came back informed us that Monsieur had been confined to his bed since the previous November 24th, that he had since been in a state of extreme weakness, but that sleep had not deserted him. He had often slept so long and so deeply, even during the last nights of his life, that this had raised hopes of his recovery.

“Obviously it had been during one of those deep slumbers that he had somehow projected the psychical apparition of his personality into the Petrograd landau. And it had been myself and not my sister, to whom he had made himself discernible. Yet he had promised my sister to come to her *after* death, if he could.

“This particular vision is the one which struck me most, with its minute details, and carrying the various colors of his face and even of his peculiar overcoat. Explain it we cannot. It merely happened.

COUNTESS INA KAPNIST
COUNTESS EUGENIE KAPNIST

T h e P A Y O F F



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The contents of this great Soulcraft novel should be known to all America!

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THE POLICEMAN appeared in court in a western town to testify against a prisoner.

“What’s this fellar charged with?” demanded the magistrate.

“Bigotry, Judge. We found he’s got three wives.”

“Three!” cried the magistrate. “That ain’t bigotry, you dumb goat. That’s trigonometry.”

THE SHOCKED mother demanded, “Who taught you that naughty word?”

“Santa Claus,” the small son declared.

“When did you hear Santa Claus use such a word as that?”

“Christmas morning, when he hit his kneecap on my bed.”

IRMA was apologizing.

“I didn’t mean to start that fight last night, Jane.”

“Well, you ought to be more careful about insulting people. When Richard remarked that his folks came over on the *Mayflower*, it was hardly nice for you to turn to his mother and ask her how she enjoyed the trip.”

SIGN in the window of a beauty parlor—

“Do not whistle at pretty girls leaving our shop. One of them may be your grandmother.”

THE OLD lady seemed incensed as she approached the clerk in the pet shop.

“That parrot I bought from you yesterday,” she complained, “uses violent language.”

The clerk said, “That’s right, lady. I recall he did swear a bit. But you ought to be thankful he doesn’t drink or gamble.”

SAID the nosy neighbor, “Mrs. Smith, I certainly saw a strange man trying to kiss your daughter!”

“Was she objecting?”

“Of course!”

“It wasn’t my daughter.”