

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . .

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

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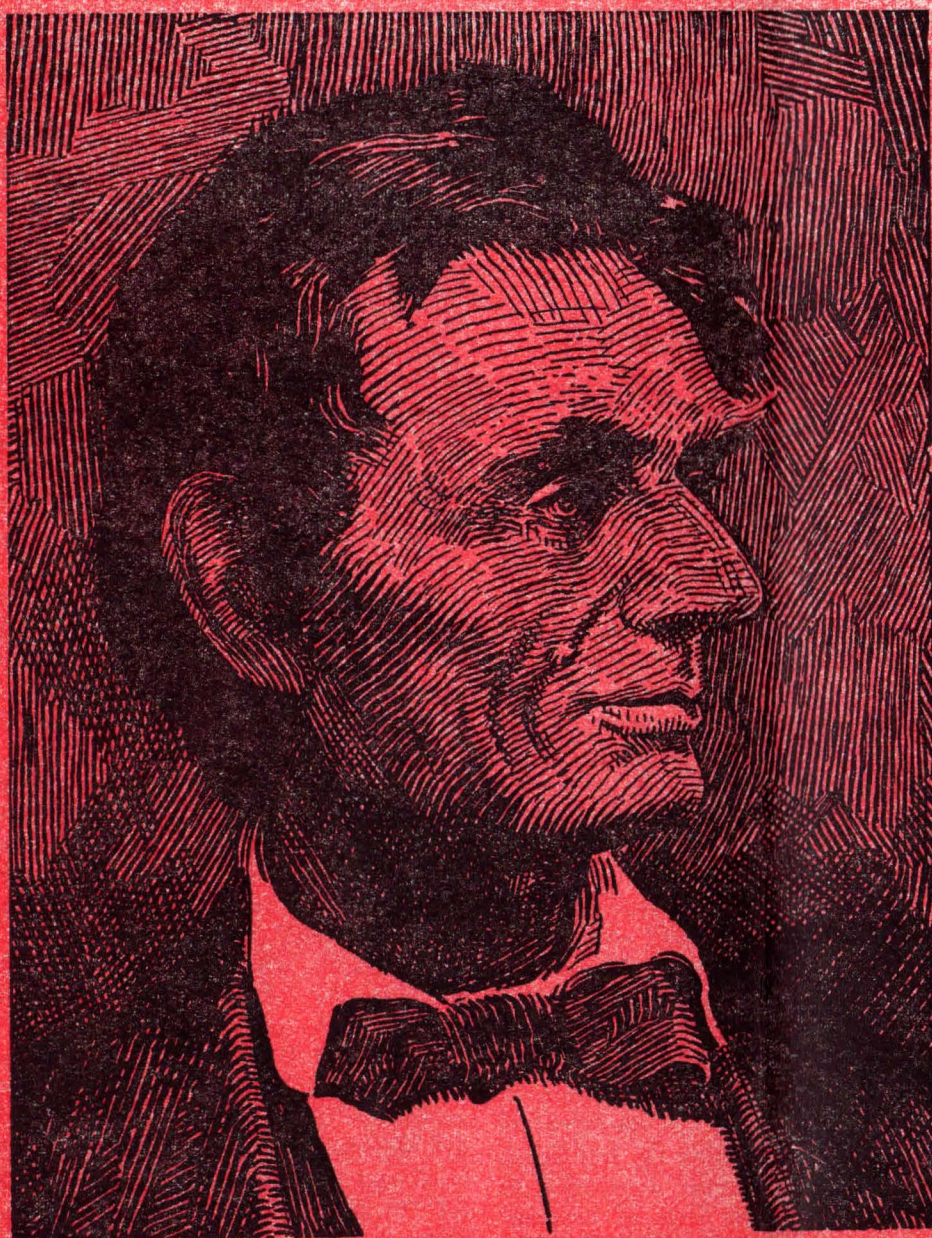
LINCOLN STILL ACTIVE

THIS IS the fortnight when Americans generally throughout the Republic pay extravagant tribute to Abraham Lincoln's memory.

The publishers of VALOR, adeptly versed in all phases of the most recent psychical findings, have reason for conviction that the personality of Lincoln has not yet departed the aura of the planet Earth. The spirit of Lincoln, in other words, *is still with us*, although invisible to common humanity's gaze in that exposition of time and space that mathematicians label the Fourth Dimension.

None the less, he is conversant with all national happenings.

LINCOLN, in his lifetime, and particularly during his White House years, was known to be a highly interested Spiritist. Verbatim accounts have come down to us of continuous psychi-



Abraham Lincoln - 1850

cal clinics held at the White House while he was President.

One of his earliest communications, apparently, relayed back into three-dimensions, was transmitted to a Mrs. S. G. Horn, sometime between 1865 and 1896, when she made her transcripts public. Here, verbatim, is what he is alleged to have conveyed on such occasions—

"It is scarcely necessary to allude to the manner of my death, as it is well enough known to the public. The feelings that attended my 'taking off' affect me even now. There is something, to the spirit, truly awful in being called from the scenes of active mortal life without a moment's warning, without opportunity to bid adieu to friends, to embrace long-trying companions—with not one brief moment afforded for settling affairs of life and transacting necessary business before the final departure from the Shores of Time.

"Mine was truly a sublime and awful exit.

"Not that I was totally unprepared! I had long felt that a dark cloud overhung my sky and had forebodings of strange, undefined calamity awaiting me. I felt it when I entered Ford's Theatre at Washington that night more than I had ever felt it in my life.

"Some morbidly pious individuals—who undertake to think for the good Lord at times—have considered my assassination as a judgment upon me for having visited a playhouse. But they will discover when they reach *this Port*, as a good clergyman remarked concerning the great disaster at the Brooklyn Theatre, that it matters not if a man leave for his Eternal Home from a theatre or from a church, providing he be prepared for the journey. I was prepared, inasmuch as I believed that every public officer should carry his life in his hands, so to speak, ready to lay it down in the nation's service. From the moment that it was revealed to me that I was chosen to loose the slave from bondage, from that moment I felt that I was foredoomed. But I was willing that my life should be sacrificed for that necessary accomplishment! . . .

"ON THAT fatal night which ended with my life's tragedy, when I slumped mortally wounded in the theatre and after a few moments of internal anguish—a brief instant of mental despair followed by merciful unconscious-

ness—I aroused to discover myself in a far more agreeable mode of existence, where I could observe the happenings of earth from the reflective status. You may credit it or not as you prefer, but almost the first great personage who seemed on hand to bid me welcome to that higher state was none other than our beloved Washington, who forthwith informed me that I was surrounded by an innumerable company of Great Souls, "which no man could number"—and when I heard the grand vibrations of celestial music surging through the air, filling my torn and anxious spirit with ecstatic bliss beyond mortal comprehension—then was a weight indeed lifted from my heart. I tell you I experienced a happiness such I had not known for ten long years!



"SOULS in the Higher Dimensional Worlds are intimately connected with those in flesh—how intimately I realized as I became oriented to my new condition. Then I found the inhabitants of that shadowy realm—which is anything but shadowy—were perfectly familiar with my life and what I had so unwittingly accomplished. Under the direction of a Wise Power they had raised me from worldly obscurity and elected me to be Liberator of the southern slaves. They had foreseen the dangers that encompassed me and had used every effort to notify me of the plot to take my life. But there is ever a destiny in such matters. They knew the danger but had failed to avert it.

"They foresaw also the long train of evils that would follow the emancipation of the Negroes—blighting the fair South and producing temporary destruction to bring about a future state of progress. But such is the order of life! The field must be moved down before it can grow another and better kind of grain. So I believe it will be with the South. She is

like the stripped plantation now but she will receive benefits untold, in the form of renewed energy and freedom from debasing tyranny."

From this point onward the converse went into a discussion of the mental condition of Mrs. Lincoln and the then current administration of General Grant as the Great Emancipator saw it.

But in 1928-'29 the publisher of VALOR "picked up" the intellect and personality of the Great Lincoln anew, and remained in contact for the better part of a year and nine months . . .

WE COME to adulation of the man by observance of his natal day this month, but there is a softer, sweeter side to the Lincoln character and temperament that we might the better adulate in contrast to adulating his political acumen—bad as we stand in need of that practical political acumen in the present pass in our national affairs.

In these days when prayer is a response to the world crisis, many people like to remember that Abraham Lincoln met the crisis of his day with prayer.

In emergency—the siege of Vicksburg or the Battle of Gettysburg—he prayed about these and said so. One of his bodyguards, Col. W. H. Cook, reported that every morning at 8, Lincoln would go into his study by himself and read a chapter or two of the *Bible*. He also often read the *Bible* to his family.

When Fremont was boomed as a Lincoln opponent, it was reported that only about 400 people attended a Fremont meeting. The President opened the *Bible* to a little known passage (I Samuel 22: 2) and read:

"And every one that was in distress and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them; and there were with him about 400 men."

But Lincoln, who often went to church, was a member of no church. Once when asked why, he said:

"Because I have found it difficult to give assent to their long and complicated confessions of faith. When any church will inscribe over its altar the Saviour's condensed statement of law and the Gospel 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind, and love thy neighbor as thyself,' that church will I join with all my heart."

The World Situation As It Is . .

WHAT'S the *real* condition of the nations throughout the earth, as regards international peace or war in 1952? Is the rearming of foreign nations against the Russian Bear necessary? What can earnest Christian people, students of the Higher Wisdom, rely upon in the way of reliable information about the foreign set-up?

First let's take RUSSIA—

Russia is a brigands' nest of atheistic strategists, ruled by a tight inner group of semi-orientals that has lived and maintained since 1917 on loot seized from former rulers of Russia, the propertied upper classes, or perimeter captive nations—not to mention 11 billions of American goods and money supplied by the Rooseveltians;

This loot is finally running out;

She has perfected no adequate industrial potential, capable of sustaining her in a major world war, at this time;

Her captive States are in smothered revolt;

She can't afford to take the chance of marching her armies beyond the Iron Curtain because they might desert wholesale to the Free Nations to get from under the Kremlin rulers;

No scientific proofs have ever been forthcoming that she possesses the atom bomb—and she lacks the hydro-electric power to manufacture the atom bomb for herself;

Stalin is reliably reported at death's door and who or what his successor might be is problematical;

Because of the way she has behaved in international circles, and her backing of the Chinese Communists, she has had

*What You
Should Keep
in Mind
about
Russia, China,
and Britain*

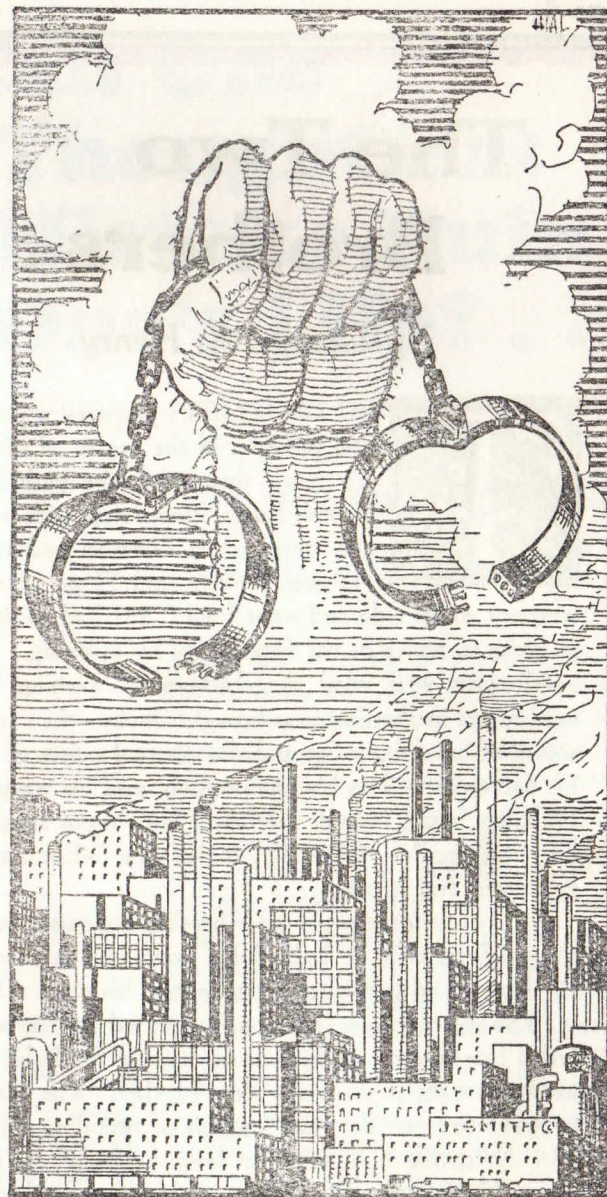
an economic blockade laid against her that is slowly strangling her;

There is no reliable military authentication for the vast numbers of army divisions she boasts of possessing, ready to overrun Europe;

Russia hasn't been able to supply Maio Sei-Tung with military stores even to drive the UN forces out of little Korea;

She is "saving face" in the current international situation only by being able to have pro-Soviet representatives in foreign countries who keep those countries scared into fits by threats of her military "might" that is humbug and bluff;

She is frightened to death of China and the possibility that the Chinese Reds may decide to bumble over into Siberia and make eastern Russia an adjunct of China;



The "superior" aircraft she would seem to be demonstrating over Korea is apparently powered with English-made engines (MIGS) that were being slipped to the Soviets before the blockade via the port of Hong Kong;

She is, as a whole, about as formidable to the peace and prosperity of the United States as current Yugo-Slavia under Tito, and won't make any major move until the Chinese take the initiative in the direction of India and Iran . .

SO MUCH for Russia, the convenient whipping-boy and bugaboo being used by the international power bloc to maintain a false economic prosperity in the United States by reason of the necessity for a vast rearmament program that makes billions of American dollars avail-

The Two Brothers . .

By George A. Henry



TWO BROTHERS prepared a journey to a land of green and promise, in the center of which was a beautiful city. To reach their goal, the path led through a dark and dismal forest, populated with wild beasts and bandits, and over an ever uneven and treacherous terrain. The younger brother said "I go ahead" and he strapped his weapons to his side and went forth. He had to proceed through the night in order to arrive at the forest edge by morning.

All went well until the shadows of evening fell. The weird cries of wild beasts in the darkness brought doubt—then fear—then confusion. The sound of breaking twigs and the unusual noises of the night soon exhausted his nerves as well as his ammunition, and his weapons soon became useless. He soon found himself confused, and began stumbling and straying from his chosen path. As he left his path, he fell into a mire and began sinking, exhausted and helpless.

In the meantime, his older brother followed, carrying only a lamp. As the shadows fell, he lighted his lamp and it shone brilliantly throughout the forest, and furnished light beyond his need. The forest noises quieted.

The world beasts, previously aroused by his younger brother who preceded him, stayed their distance, fearing the light, and dared not approach or obstruct the path of the older brother. The bandits who did their deeds in darkness came not near for fear of revealing themselves and being found out. With the light from his lamp he found his path well laid out before him. He saw the foot prints of his younger brother who preceded him. Suddenly he noticed those foot prints stray from their path, and a short distance away he saw his brother calling for help gradually sinking down into the mire.

The older brother, holding his lamp high, planted his feet firmly upon a large and secure rock and extended his hand to his stricken brother, and with powerful strength drew him from the mire.

The stricken brother, freed from the mire, lightened his load by casting his weapons into the swamp. He stepped onto the rock and then onto firmer ground.

With one arm holding the brilliant light aloft and the other around his exhausted brother, they traveled together throughout the rest of the night along the narrow path towards their goal.

With the first faint gleams of the dawn, they found themselves approaching the forest edge. They soon arrived and before them was a beautiful sight—Green pastures—Still waters—Brilliant sunshine of a glorious day—Peace—Contentment. The birds were singing and beyond was a beautiful city in white, foursquare. The inhabitants, who had made the same journey before, were smiling and helpful, and greeted the brothers with praise and welcomed them to a life eternal among perpetual and harmonious surroundings.

able throughout the world for its international machinations. Now how about CHINA? . .

All of the combined assets of Stalin und Maio-Sei-Tung put together can't drive the American forces off the tip of Korea;

Maio Sei-Tung has little beyond manpower;

Neither Russia nor China has any navy to transport troops in quantities off the Asiatic mainland, nor air-power to do any transporting beyond local maneuvers;

With the embargo shutting off inflow of supplies from the bootlegging nations, Maio Sei-Tung faces the disintegration of his armies by spring;

He must create more successful carnage in another quarter in order to give his troops employment;

Needing loot, on which to subsist and carry on operations, he must turn toward India, Tibet, Afghanistan and Iran;

India lies helpless before him, containing the fantastic wealth of the Indian princes and maharajahs:

With the coming of milder weather for land transport of foot troops, he can assault Indo-China and be in Burma at his convenience—and the United States will receive orders to embattle herself to stop him, being the arsenal of the UN power bloc that is thus playing both ends against the middle for its own influence and longevity;

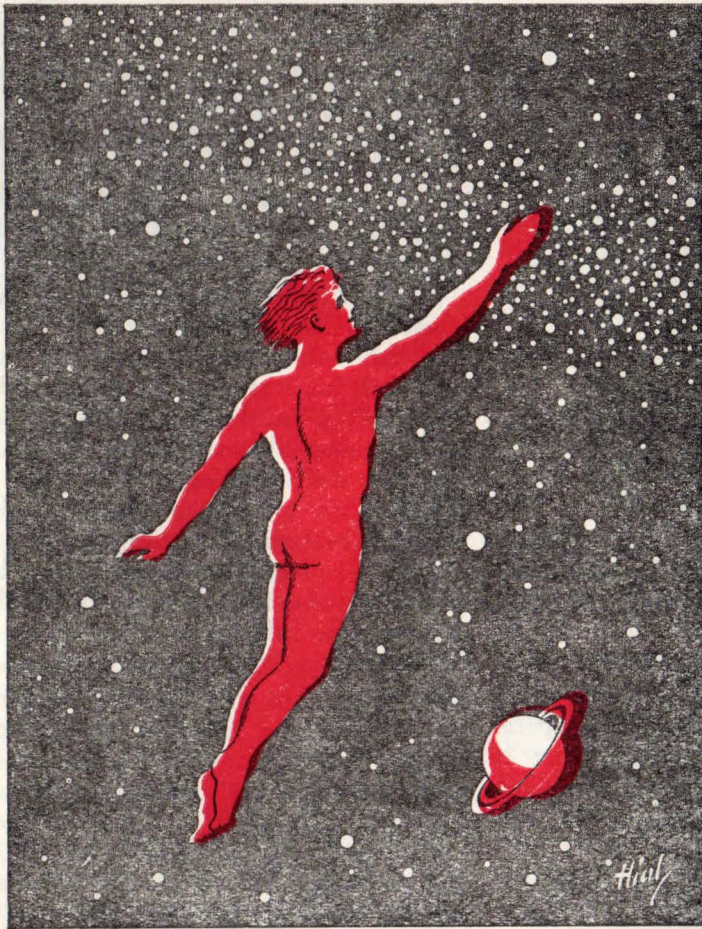
China must spill westward, causing Stalin or his successor to move down into Iran to "protect" its own southern flank, thereby precipitating wholesale military activity in the Near East;

Having no industrial potential itself in any respect, the day the Chinese Reds run out of loot on which to operate, they must fold up;

China will move in any direction that promises her materiel assistance but will encounter her Waterloo in and around Anatolia and Israeli, thus fulfilling divine Scripture prophecy that the Climactic war between the nations, begun in 1914, has as its geographical core the Plains of Megiddo in northern Trans-Jordania, from which we derive the term Armageddon.

IN THE FACE of the major program thus blueprinted, what of Britain and the United States? . .

(Continued on Page 9)



Can One Thoughtless Mistake Ruin One's Life? . .

*A New Series
on the Soul's Progress
Up through Cosmos*

might talk correctly of taking a window for a door, and walking into space in such a way that nothing prevents us from descending at once to the surface of the planet from whatever the height at which the window is located. It is conceivable that contact with the said planet's surface might be forceful enough to alter the functioning of our natural anatomies.

In fact, we might spatter up a considerable area of landscape—the human body being 86 percent water according to all the leading scientists—and in such sense our ruin be complete.

Contrary to the newspaper funnies, the human body dropped from a height decidedly does not bounce. It spatters, yes. But it does not bounce.

We are wiped from existence by such an error, and O Lord what a mess for someone to wipe up!

However, in this present octave it is rare that the main actor in such an error has the opportunity to deplore his ruin. He just makes the error and goes down. He does not bounce, but as aforesaid, he spatters! After which spattering, we need not consider him further as a subject for philosophical discussion. He is out of our calculations and the headlines can have him.

Ruin in its more correct sense means a state of personal affairs arrived at where the personal fortunes today are not so favorable to a happy existence as they were yesterday, the day before, or maybe last month, last year, or last Administration. And the dictionary—if not sound metaphysics—declares that what has been up and come down, can by due application of the requisite energy, go up again.

FEW things in life cause such mischiefs, throwing switches that send us off upon strange rails, as wrongful interpretations of the meaning of words.

For instance, consider the term Mistake. "I made a horrible mistake," we report. "It well-nigh ruined my life!" But when we run down the meaning of the word Mistake, we see how incorrectly we have considered the episode.

The word Mistake means: "To take a thing to be other than it is, to understand wrongly."

In another sense, we "miss the take," if we should care to look at the meaning literally.

So a moment's consideration should show us that a Mistake of itself can never do harm, one way or the other. We understand a motive or a situation wrongly, and it is our subsequent conduct in the reaction from faulty understanding that does the mischief which we so foolishly deplore.

Now for a moment let's consider Ruin.

Ruin means "to overthrow or impoverish."

But take note of the fact that both of these terms are relative. There is little of finality about them. If a man be overthrown from a place of power, it means that somehow or other he has first attained unto the height from which his tumble is something to gape at. If he attained to such a height once, and is suddenly cast down, he can attain to another height, albeit in time he is cast from that also.

If a man be impoverished, it means that he formerly had affluence in the shape of possession of properties or moneys. They are taken away. But there is nothing about such taking away that says he shall not acquire other properties or other sums of money. Everything depends upon whether he goes at it.

WHEN we face the query: "Is it possible for one mistake to ruin a person's life?" We are truly setting forth an equation in paradoxes. We are asking if it be possible for a moment's non-understanding of a motive or a situation to precipitate a condition from which no recovery is possible.

Of course, in the physical sense we

CERTAINLY even in a fall from a five-story building, the victim may conceivably light upon a load of hay, lose his hat, his glasses, and his dignity, and make fourteen old ladies faint in a row. But he may thereupon slide off the load of hay, beg the driver's pardon for knocking it lopsided, and climb back up to the fifth story of the building—if the elevator be not working. The principle holds in life's common situations.

There seems to be one big discovery that Cosmos insists that all individuals of every stamp shall make and remember, before they can call themselves fit to depart this mortal octave permanently. That is, that blunder and less exist only according as the individual views them.

No blunder under heaven exists that somehow, somewhere, sometime, cannot be rectified and the correct line of action thereafter be embarked upon.

No ruin—overthrowing, impoverishment, anything short of physical demolition—exists anywhere in Cosmos that cannot be recovered from, surmounted, or turned into a profit two to ten times as sizable as the original condition from which such "loss" was reckoned.

Everything in life is relative!

One man has the habit of thrift and saves pennies for a home. Another man has the acquisitive faculty and saves dollars till they buy him a city block, a railroad, a seat in the Senate. A war comes along, an enemy air-fleet zooms overhead and presently drops bombs on thrifty man's cottage and rich man's railroad alike. After the raid is over, the first man sits down disconsolately on the edge of a hole that is thirty feet across, and the second man sits down on the edge of a hole that is thirty miles across. Both men, however, are merely sitting on the edge of a hole, and insofar as brick-and-mortar structures are concerned, neither at the moment is possessed of enough assets to buy himself a tent. Well, and what about it? Are they going to spend the remainder of seventy-year life spans dangling their totality of four legs over two holes' ragged edges? The war ends, the peace treaty is signed, everybody is gypped but the diplomats, and the populace goes to work. In another ten years it is the man who lost the cottage who has come into ownership of a railroad, while the man who formerly owned the railroad lost everything save honor—and his seat in the Senate. He lets his honor



go whang, keeps his seat in the Senate, and dictates to the cottager how much he shall charge patrons upon his transportation system.

The only permanency there is about any given situation in life is the durability of a concerned person's temperament to ride the roller-coaster that is Mortal Experience—but view it as a ride!

All of which has nothing to do with Pollyanna optimism.

The man who finally gets it through his pate that just as there is no such thing as Failure, so there is no such thing as Success, has gone beyond the point where anyone can call him average.

Again, all things are relative!

The old adage: "Up today and down tomorrow," should have gone one thought further and added: "—and up again four days from yesterday. But what of all of it?"

Being "up" of itself means nothing, aside from an item in location. Any flag-pole sitter can qualify. But being "up" by virtue of the ability in the character to make altitude as a matter of intelligent energy-expenditure, means everything. For one thing, it means a prime life-lesson which we come into mortality to learn. Being "up," we subsequently go "down." But unless we went down at times, or the other fellow went down at the same time that others considered themselves as up—"up" as a location would be unidentifiable and being anywhere wouldn't mean a thing.

THE MAN who is average, the mediocrity and the nondescript, thinks of "up" and "down" as finalities or permanencies. Much of such psychology can be traced to the nonsensical materialism

that each mortal has but one life to live, following which he will be a long time underground—and nowhere else that anyone can check on.

But the person who breaks away from being Average, considers the ebb and flow of fortune as merely a method perfected by Nature and Nature's God to qualify the attainments of the character.

Using another metaphor, life in this regard is like learning to ride a horse. Any fool can climb upon a horse's back and fork his legs over the saddle. The horse moves, and he flatters himself that he is "riding" because he doesn't pitch off. But truly learning how to ride, is learning how to "take a tumble" if the horse misbehaves. The man who learns to ride, learns how to fall off so that he breaks no bones in the process, He should learn to ride Life the same!

When being "up" means little to a man beyond the opportunity to employ his faculties and talents to the fullest, being "down" means only a temporary embarrassment that comes through an enforced curtailment of those faculties and talents. After all, neither principalities nor powers, nor all the king's horses and all the king's men, can take from a given individual the ability to rise up again after being overthrown or impoverished, if the business of rising up is a fundamental of his character. So to talk of "a moment's mistake ruining the life" is to treat with absurdities.

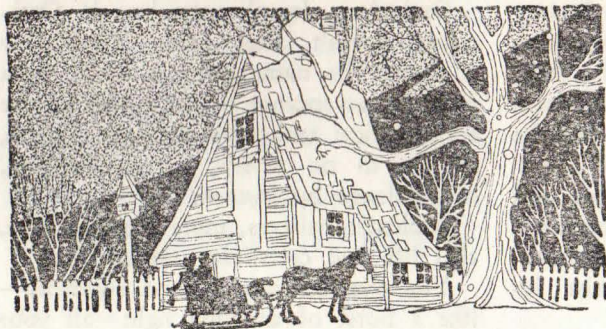
The life doesn't manifest that can be "ruined" if the word be considered in its root significance. There never was such a thing as a "thoughtless mistake" that could not be rectified, the moment that understanding succeeded ignorance. The only real loss or ruin that can come to the individual is spiritual—closing the mind or the heart to the increments of Experience and refusing to learn with malice aforethought. That is more than loss or ruin. That truly is Retrogression, Degeneration!

And the penalty of Retrogression and Degeneration is gradual loss of identity—a slipping back into a fog or coma of erased Self-Awareness.

That is Death, indeed, and if the truth be known, the Only Death There Is!

But mistakes? Losses?

They are nothing but cosmic examinations to ascertain whether God has overlooked pupils who merit divine promotions!



Strange Experiences . .

The Baby that Found Its Father at Sea



FATHER, on shipboard, at sea, kissed by his child who was dying in France—such is this poignant episode reported by one Monsieur Moureau, commanding officer of a French war vessel, to the *Annals of the Psychic Sciences* and incorporated in the works of the great psychist, Flammarion, adding to the wealth of authenticated information on phenomena concerned with the dying. Moureau narrated the experience in this manner—

"On January 23, 1893, the training ship *Iphigenie*, then on a cruise of instruction, was off the Antilles, making its way toward France.

"Since I had taken the watch from four o'clock till eight in the morning, I went to my cabin about eleven o'clock at night and closed my door. Scarcely had I blown out the candle and fallen into that state of semi-consciousness which precedes sleep, than I felt on my chest the sensation of weight and the tactile impression of a small human body. It was as if it had come to rest there suddenly, without any previous effort—at least apparent to me—of slipping into my bunk, which was raised above the floor too high for any child to reach by climbing. Space is very much economized in a war ship's cabin, and my little bed was installed on a chest, or linen cupboard, of considerable height. Together with the sense of contact and oppression of the lungs, I had a very distinct impression that two little arms were about my neck and that a small mouth was desperately kissing mine.

"Amazed, I affirm that I seemed to seize the small body and thrust it away abruptly. I felt the distinct reaction of weight again as I did this . .

"IN SPITE of the many years which have elapsed since then, there re-

mains with me the distinct impression of my lifting a small physical weight off myself. I struck a match quickly and held it to the extinguished candle, placed before retiring within my immediate reach. The flame flared out at once and I discovered that the wax not yet congealed. I got down from my bunk and hastily explored my tiny compartment . .

"I was the only living person in that cabin—of that there was no doubt. It then occurred to me that I had heard no sound of anything physical falling to the floor. What had become of that weight that I had physically or materially seized and pushed away from my chest and face?

"Next morning, at mess, I confided to a comrade the adventure I had undergone upon retiring. Although he was, in general, inclined to be skeptical, this fellow officer admitted later that he had been impressed by the precision with which I recounted my experience.

"When we got into the port of Gibraltar, letters from home informed me that my little boy, barely two years old, had suffered an attack of croup and died in Paris on the very day and hour that I had been given the kiss in my solitary cabin!

"AFTER having made a careful reckoning of the time, taking into account the longitude in which I had been sailing at the moment, I ascertained that the hour of death corresponded exactly with that of the tactile hallucination.

"On my arrival at Toulon I found my family in deep mourning.

"If anything," they said to me, "can lessen our cruel sorrow, it is the knowledge that our child, attacked by diphtheria, died from embolia at the very moment when he was kissing your photograph here in Toulon. He stammered, 'Papa . . boat . . on the water!' . .

"The boy, apparently, when kissing my photograph at the instant of death in Toulon, had contrived to find me on the expanse of the Mid-Atlantic, enter my small cabin, and contact literal lips with mine. We can understand adult persons making such intelligent levitation perhaps, but a two-year-old baby opens many conjectures for our thinking."

F. M. MOUREAU, Commanding Officer, Rouen, November 1, 1916.

Banker's Phantom



THE NEWSPAPERS of San Francisco of a recent date carried account of the following strange experience occurring in the Bank of Italy offices in Montgomery Street of that city—

"Couple of days ago, on a chilly, foggy morning, Angelo Biondini went to work at the Bank of America headquarters on Montgomery Street and carried an armload of kindling into the private office once occupied by the late A. P. Giannini, founder of the great Bank of Italy system on the West Coast.

"Biondini stacked the wood in the ornate fireplace so it could be lighted later by Mario Giannini, smoothed any dust off the desks in the room and went along with his work in the adjoining offices. Passing the A. P. Giannini office almost an hour later, Angelo was dumbfounded to see the fire blazing merrily, although he had not previously lighted it.

"Looking inside, his heart went cold. There, standing beside his old desk, was none other than the original Giannini. He gazed at Angelo with a sad wistful expression. There was no mistaking him.

"Angelo dashed from the room and his shouts brought his friend Ed Thompson. Together they went back. *But now the fire was out and A. P. Giannini had van-*

(Continued on Page 10)

Valor

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Wisdom Only



WHAT is it we're striving for, in this whole Soulcraft gesture? We are striving for the correction of intentional error in the inspiring panorama of Christianity. We might say, wisdom only.

By "intentional" error, we mean that certain ideas were instilled with malice aforethought into the doctrine of pristine Christianity to placate Hebrewism and subvert the militantly successful Christ Philosophy with the inhibitions of theological Judaism—that one could not become the one-hundred percent Christian without first subscribing to the fundamental tenets of Mosaic religion.

It was merely Hebrewism in a new guise that St. Paul represented to the early Christian churches—little of it had basis in the teachings of Christ Himself.

The whole doctrine of the Vicarious Atonement was Egyptian-Hebraic from start to finish. Christ Himself—insofar as we have His words reliably recorded for us—placed little or no emphasis upon it.

Christ's whole religious philosophy, reiterated again and again was, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you."

For the first 363 years after the Crucifixion, no authentic Bible was in existence. It was the early bishops and theologians in the Council of Carthage, who prescribed our current Scripture as being the infallible Word of God, and pronounced what Christ did say authentic and what He didn't.

THE SCIENTIFIC as well as literary evidence turning up now, convinces the most erudite scholars that Christ taught a modified and conditional form of Reincarnation. He told the disciples coming down from the Mount of Transfiguration that the souls of Elias and John the Baptist were one and the same. That meant authentication of Reincarnation in the Elias-John-the-Baptist instance.

He discussed reincarnation with the "rich young man" Nicodemus, "who came unto Him by night," but the Carthage theologian turned the trick neatly into a symbology of His expoundings upon baptism. Christ said, "I say ye must be born again 'of water and the spirit.'" Being born "of water" meant being born of physical body—which is 86 percent water-composed.

If we don't concede this reincarnational basis for the teachings of Christ, we must repudiate His whole doctrine, for the exploration of the modern mind of every living person discloses that *each remembers previous lives in flesh*. If each lived a previous life in flesh, then the doctrine of eternal judgment and heaven-and-hell has to be pronounced a fallacy.

If we don't concede the reincarnational basis for human life, how do we account for the fact that there have been 302,231,454,903,657,293,676,543 persons living on earth since the Resurrection, not to mention the billions since the days of earliest Egypt. Giving them 30 minutes apiece for divine "judgment" in the event of the biblical judgment day, would require 17,298,618,069,119,579,537 years to judge them all—a monstrous assumption that any such period of time would or could ever be given to that celestial jurisprudence.

It has been because humanity has followed blindly such erroneous spiritual concepts that it has been persuaded into acceptances making for the present times of carnage and corruption in the earth scene, as they concern worldly governments. Humanity has missed the essence of the whole divine picture—and is suffering its current woes in consequence.

All of these matters need sincere and pungent correction!

Soulcraft explores Mind from its present attainments and developments, to arrive at truth. It employs the latest discoveries in Extra-Sensory Perception to separate religious propaganda from spiritual actualities.

Orthodoxy doesn't enter into it. Orthodoxy doesn't alter facts. Orthodoxy is merely the name given to blind, even indolent, acceptance of the words of the ecclesiastical authorities on such matters, subject to no review, or examination, or challenge by laymen.

Soulcraft believes, more than all else, that life and celestiality are *rational*.

You examine into it, and suddenly—like a burst of dazzling light—all your religious and theological quandaries become solved for you—you see the answers to a million enigmas.

Greatest of all you learn that Higher Personages can talk to man today as clearly and unmistakably as man was ever addressed in the days of the prophets.

This is the rational movement that is gaining headway at this particular time across the entire United States.

Actually, it marks a New Era in spiritual and intellectual reasoning.

It is Wisdom Only that we are after!

Strange Experiences

(Continued from Page 7)

ished. They looked at each other quizzically and turned toward the door. But at exactly that instant, the piled up kindling in the fireplace, as Angelo had originally laid it, burst into spontaneous flame. They watched it crackle up, stupefied, but though they waited, no second appearance of A. P. occurred.

"The office force of course ribbed them when they tried to relate their story as to what they had experienced.

"The Light-Body of the founder of the great Bank of Italy system had evidently discovered a way to make his presence in the banking rooms known to his physical survivors. This is a happening right down here in today, and has occurred since the first of the current year" . . .

BABIES on warships in the North Atlantic in 1893, bank presidents in San Francisco in 1952—a thousand ad interim episodes all displaying the same technique of materialization—when will the average human being awaken to the realization that the biblical exposition of the Afterlife may not be at all correct?

More and more these incidents attest that *the dead are right here with us and around us in invisible light-bodies that oc-*

casionally perfect ways to coat them with atomic substance and become visible to us.

How long before we shall accept the obvious—not to mention the continuously demonstrated?

World Situation

(Continued from Page 4)

Britain, in the Day of Armageddon, will cynically ignore all we have sought to do for her financially and militarily, and cast in her lot with atheistic Russia—to halt the possibility of spasmodic air raids over the British Isles anew;

She will disappear as a foreign power, so to speak, with the great crucial battle between Turkey and the Adriatic, in which the Russians and Chinese are thrashed and cut to ribbons, the Chinese driven back with their Tartar allies into the plains of European Russia and western Siberia;

But the Chinese will stay in European Russia, and the Chinese empire extend from Indo-China practically to the boundaries of Poland in Europe . . .

Everything we have sacrificed or given to England will be a total loss to the American exchequer, and have to be written off as uncollectable—and unappreciated—debt;

Englishmen will suffer down to the dregs for their 300 years of living off the loot and pillage of inferior colonials . . . a plain case of karma.

AND AMERICA? . . . What happens to the United States as the enslaved *deus ex machina* of all this international maneuvering?

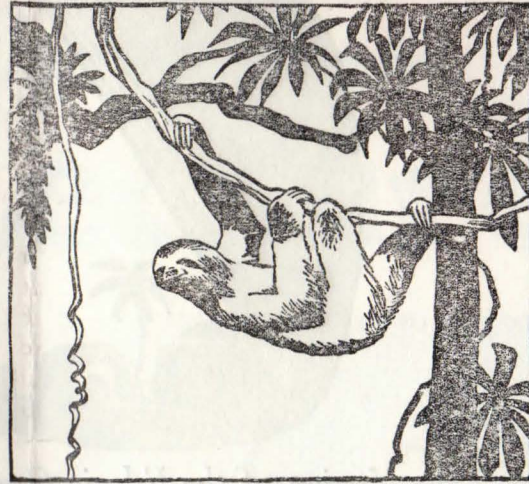
An entirely new breed of Christian statesmen will come into domination of the American scene:

They will repudiate United Nations and fully expose everything in the way of international skulduggery for what has been transacted under its aegis;

After a second prolonged financial crash, they will reorganize American economics and industry upon a principle of Christian cooperativism, with a stringent return to the constitutional Bill of Rights and complete exoneration of all victims of former alien plotting and persecution;

The United States will maintain its supernal influence over the bankrupt and

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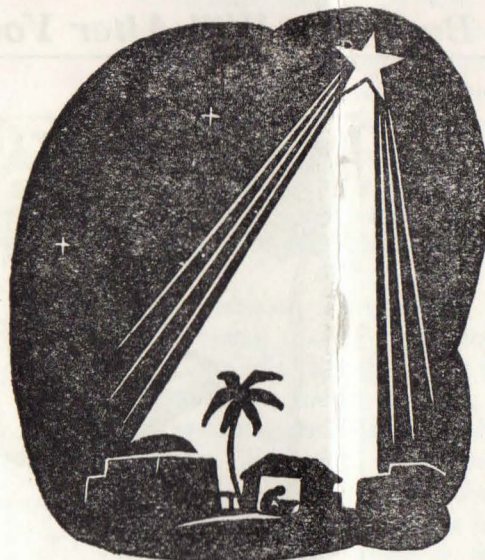
BEHOLD LIFE—the entire digest of the Soulcraft philosophy—is such a book. It took two years to write and is now in its second large printing. There are 331 pages of fact and mysticism so irrefutable that you’ll understand why **EVERYONE** who goes in for Soulcraft is automatically helped spiritually.

NOT A BOOK ON BIOLOGY

BEHOLD LIFE gives you the whole working pattern of life—from the lowest brute forms, up past man, into orders and octaves of what man will one day become. *You can call yourself an educated person after reading and absorbing this startling work!* You will find the exposition of the entire SOULCRAFT doctrine—told in language that a grammar-school pupil can understand—reconciling Theology and Evolution, and explaining a hundred enigmas in Holy Writ and Science, that have hitherto been annoying headaches to you. The world, with all its mystifying and freakish animal orders suddenly makes sense to you. *A book for children as well as adults!*

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prostrate nations of the world, hold a Nuremburg Trial for all workers of international iniquities, clean the national household, and bring order and prosperity back upon a basis that is economically sound and endures—with a tax rate established of not more than 5 percent for any and all civic purposes, both State and Federal;

As the shouting and the tumult of Armageddon dies away, the nation goes into a 1,000-year lassitude of constructive peace—with the principles of Christ predominating in international affairs.

THERE may be sidestepping and temporary diversions from the above blueprint but watch and see if, in the main, it isn't the over-all order of affairs.

A United States of Europe will come after the show-down in the eastern Mediterranean between the forces of East and West.

What happens within the United States itself, in the next dozen years, before it emerges as the dominant republic over Christendom, is relatively immaterial. The Machiavellians may try to "take" America and use it as their tool on the Soviet basis. But the attempt to do exactly that, will weld Americans together in the colossus-move utterly to reject it.

All of which boils down at the current moment into the general adjuration for the Soulcraft contingent in the American Scene to spurn all further terror at the enactments of Russia. Russia is broke, a sham, a nest of bandits that can only exist so long as the loot from neighboring countries holds out.

The true American enemy is ensconced within America's own heart, walking its streets at this moment with no little trepidation in its heart.

It has plenty of cause for feeling such trepidation.

Paste this program on the wall, and see how closely events align with it!

A SCOTSMAN and an Irishman were arguing the merits of their respective families. The Scotsman said, "I tell ye, laddie, I'm sprung from the best stock in the world—the kings of Scotland. I got royal blood in ma veins. What stock are you sprung from?"

"Oi come from Casey's," said the Irishman tartly. "They niver sprung from nobody. They sprung at 'em."

ANNOUNCING

The

Valor Lectures

DURING the remainder of the winter of 1952
The Recorder will deliver 15 new lectures on

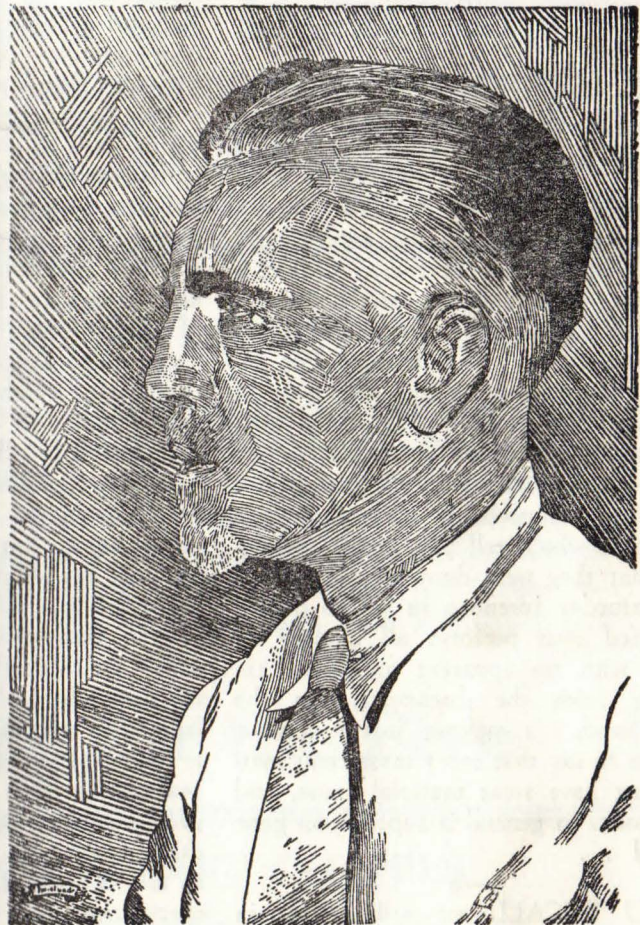
SOULCRAFT

¶ The idea is to present a series of Sunday night talks on subjects of the broadest popular interest, where the Soulcraft tenets and principles are applied to the problems and confusions of the present hour. Here are some of the titles of the subject-matter to be treated—

- “SOULCRAFT AND ASTRONOMY”
- “SOULCRAFT AND SOUL SURVIVAL”
- “SOULCRAFT AND NUCLEAR ENERGY”
- “SOULCRAFT AND CLAIRVOYANCE”
- “SOULCRAFT AND MIRACLES”
- “SOULCRAFT AND CHILDREN”
- “SOULCRAFT AND DIET”

¶ You will hear matters taken up in these Discourses that have never before been mentioned in Soulcraft. You will discover that the talks have each been divided into two parts: A half-hour of material addressed to strangers and novices, and the last half-hour—after a twenty minute discussion—meant for senior students or persons familiar with what has gone before in lectures and Scripts.

¶ The Recorder is now preparing these lectures in advance, so that delivery to a deadline will not be necessary. Rud Ellingsen, former Seattle chaplain will have charge of reel production at Headquarters, joining the staff Feb. 1st.



Loan of the reels will be on donation basis, and electronic equipment at Headquarters has been expanded to include the making of large seven-inches-per-second tape reels as well as the former smaller size and wires. Rent or buy an electronic recorder and hear the Soulcraft Chief expound these master topics once every week from now till May 1st. If you don't know about the recorder service, drop a card to Noblesville!

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS



.. COGITATIONS

ONE OF the outstanding things the psychical investigator must learn is to judge supernatural happenings by the known laws of the supernatural—and that requires experience. Calling a happening supernatural merely because we mayn't know its cause is sometimes as ludicrous as it's fallacious. For instance you go back to the little town in Massachusetts where I passed my boyhood after father left the ministry "for trade"—as the sanctimonious termed it—and there are probably old people here and there who'll tell you in all earnestness that they were down in the Square one Saturday forenoon in '98 to behold a stuffed goat perform all manner of antics with no apparent animation excepting from the discarnate. On the other hand, it's making just as bad a mistake to say that every mysterious matter must have some material cause, and phenomena in general is superstition gone to seed . . .

o—o
YOU RECALL me telling you in earlier COGITATIONS how for three years or thereabout dad ran a sort of Old Curiosity Shoppe on the main stem of our town, specializing in household furnishings. Did a married man run off with a blonde, or a worthy citizen awaken some fraught morning and discover himself a widower, the domestic survivor went to see father and got a blanket payment for everything on the premises. Father sorted the stuff out at his emporium, repainted or otherwise conditioned the salable merchandise, and did a land office business. But he did manage to bring back some weird items from

pulling the handles on these domestic jackpots. Already I've narrated the consequences of acquiring a chainless bicycle and a bass drum. A third case of waking up the town by reason of dad's possessing all the accoutrements of some "busted up" household—plus an eight-year-old son—arose from the circumstance that one such household's effects included a stuffed goat . . . Yes, I said *goat—caprine hircus*—a hollow-horned ruminant that is neither ibex nor gnu but a four-footed creature in its own right with a scent so distinctive in certain barnyards that slaying and stuffing it is a capital way to terminate both. Some householder up in northern Massachusetts couldn't maintain his domicile, however, and enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of other people's happiness without owning a huge Angora goat, with magnificent horns, which he'd had a taxidermist pound full of sawdust for him and mount on a broad flat-board carriage with caster-wheels. Whether he'd had it as an ornament in the parlor or elsewhere, we never knew. But father gave a couple hundred for all the rooms of furnishings and there in a side room was this goat—yellow glass eyes, and hoofs planted firmly on a broad platform carriage with the little wheels. Maybe his offspring had learned to walk by clutching and pushing it—some people do pursue the quaintest practices in their privacies. But dad's express wagon backed up to the store and down came this goat. It seemed almost as tall as I was. Father obviously saw the speculative look in my eye and sought to forestall complications from the start. "You are not to touch so much as a finger on this goat," he ordered me sternly, "not a finger, . . . do you understand me clearly?" . . . That was that. I was not to touch a finger to the goat. It was an order to be obeyed to the letter. But I flew to my chum, the Sargent boy. "Lookit," I panted, "pop's just brought in a *goat*. What could we do with it?" . . . To "do something with it" meant employing it in juvenile pursuits such as giving a show or otherwise edifying the community, youthful and adult. "Why couldn't we *ride* it?" Alan wanted to

know. And he went along to explain to me that with such a property as a stuffed goat, we could set up a juvenile lodge of our own and use the effigy in the rites of such third degree as we might originate. "The only trouble is," I reported, considering Alan's suggestions largely, "I can't put my *hands* on it." And I explained the extremely technical nature of the parental admonition. "He didn't say you couldn't hook it with a rake, did he?" Alan wanted to know anent my parent. "Or better still, if I was to sneak up on the household goods while they were piled on the sidewalk, and tie a string to the front of this goat and then get away a distance and pull it, *you* wouldn't be disobeying, would you?" . . . I had to concede that technically this would not be disobeying . . . Anyhow, we agreed right there to go in for lodge work on a juvenile scale, only Alan did not have a string of tensile strength sufficient to pull the goat from the melee without breaking. But he did have a fine strong fishline. Therein lay all the "supernaturalness" that followed. A length of heavy white cord might have been recognized for what it was, but a black fishline fastened to the forefront of the carriage on which the goat stood so belligerently, defied even the best of male eyesight to detect, especially when it lay reeled out along dark grey macadam. Alan undertook to weasel up among the newly acquired goods about eleven o'clock of a Saturday morning, hitch the fishline to the effigy, and join me around the corner of the nearby bandstand. If the goat started leaving the *melange* of household goods and taking to the main street of its own accord, how could my parent charge it up against *me*? . . . Alan got the fishline and while dad was gone inside with a chair upside down on top his head, Alan tied the knot. He even found a strong staple already affixed in the front edge of the wheeled board to facilitate this knot . . . Now to understand what followed, West Gardner Square needs a bit of describing . . .

o—o

IT WAS a great plaza of a place, macadam paved, into which led six main

streets. Central Street came down a slight grade from the north, joined in a north-west angle by Vernon Street. Parker Street came in from the west, and Lynde Street went out by the east. Southward ran Pleasant and North Main Streets. In the center of this junction of thoroughfares was a sizable circular watering trough. Dad's store stood on the west side of Central Street, half a block from the fork of Vernon Street, which came down a very steep grade to join into Central. On this fork stood the bandstand. Behind this bandstand I had unreeled Alan's line while he tied the knot. Then he rejoined me. There was no obstruction along the sidewalk from dad's store to the bandstand. People passing up and down Central Street couldn't see us on the Vernon Street side of the bandstand, pulling on the line to test out its strength. The line didn't break. Old Man Priest came out of Dora Brother's newsroom, looked across Central Street, and saw a shaggy stuffed animal among the goods on Pelley's sidewalk suddenly take it into its stuffed mind to move toward the bandstand, *all by itself*. Old Man Priest's eyes started out of their sockets, and he watched while the beast continued a somewhat jerky way toward the street junction south. What on earth was moving the critter? It certainly was traveling of its own accord . . . If this wasn't the supernatural, then what on earth was? . . .

o—o

DOC BARTLETT came along, beheld what Old Man Priest was staring at, grabbed for a hitching-post himself, and watched the stuffed goat arrive at the corner. What did the goat do then? It turned northwestward at an angle of 75 degrees and started up the Vernon Street grade. Alan and I were pulling by this time from the top of the elevation. Nobody down in the business section was minding what two small boys were doing far up by the Johnson house and nobody could see the connecting fish-line. That goat was starting up Vernon Street hill trundling merrily on its casters and undoubtedly propelled by invisible forces. Priest and Bartlett got across the street with about 45 citizens who were also convinced they were witnessing the supernatural, all peering with long necks from around the bandstand. Someone dashed into father's store and bawled, "Pelley, your stuffed goat's going up Vernon Street hill!" One glance about the



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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

premises told father I was missing, and if the goat was going up Vernon Street hill the power must somehow be mine and not the goat's. He got to the corner but didn't see me. The hilltop hid me. So the goat *was* escaping up Vernon Street sidewalk indeed. But just as we were getting our lodge accoutrement to the top, something was happening up in our vicinity. Policeman Abernathy chanced

to turn into Vernon Street from Osgood. "Well, *well*," he greeted us with interest, "what are *you* boys doing?"

o—o

THAT WAS enough. Our consciences told us we were purloining a stuffed goat we'd been forbidden to purloin. Alan dropped the fishline and took through Johnson's orchard. I jumped the high bank of the Davis' lawn and vanished

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ROAD INTO SUNRISE is laid in New York of the present, among interesting people, against the background of its literary and publishing life. Its hero is an Indiana-born American who has made several expeditions to the Near East as an archaeologist. Its heroine is the young widow of a famous flyer in World War II. But the book's outstanding character is the modern incarnation of ancient Queen Nefetiti, wife of Ikhnaton, first monarch of the past to conceive of the universe as ruled by the One God. Here, between these, grows a drama breath-taking in its spiritual disclosures. This is conceded to be one of the truly great novels of the past year—658 pages that you'll find difficulty in putting aside, once you get into the mammoth swing of its plot. And its final chapter will overwhelm you—pay for a truly big book, and read it this winter if you read nothing else . . .

In One Volume, Cloth—\$6

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through sundry rosebushes. The stuffed goat? Freed from two boys, it started in reverse. For some unaccountable reason, that miraculous goat was coming back down Vernon Street, gathering speed as it came. Faster and faster it aimed for the pop-eyed group at the bottom, that parted like the waters of the Red Sea to let it through. Thence it took off the curbing, rocking dangerously, and headed for the horse-trough backward. A farmer by the name of Gleason was watering his nag at this horse-trough, sitting couched in his seat as though he had stomach-ache. But he sat up very straight when he saw a wheeled goat bearing down on him backward. There was nothing, of course, he could do to avoid it. He had either to shut his eyes for the impact—or jump. Gleason shut his eyes, but it was his horse that jumped. The goat, in reverse, had gone through the space between the trough and the horse's neck as though it had been aimed. It cleared Gleason's horse thus, struck a meat-cart *and stopped!* Gleason's horse turned, looked at what had cleared his gullet, saw those baleful glass eyes and the pugnacious stance, and decided to get the heck out of there whether Gleason went along or not. He headed across the plaza into Parker Street, west. Again the Pelley young one was messing up West Gardner Square of a Saturday morning, because by some unbelievable coincidence, that hundred feet of staunch fishline which had come down the hill attached to the goat—had gotten tangled in the hoofs of Gleason's horse, and when it decided to go into Parker Street it gave the goat a jerk and the effigy started along in fits and jerks in the wake of the Gleason outfit. The horse didn't like this, and Gleason didn't like it, either. He could see the goat was stuffed, but what was the power from heaven or hell that was making it follow his gravel-wagon in spasmodic jumps? Of course half of West Gardner Square had turned out by this time to view the supernatural goat, the fishline still invisible. Gleason made a couple of whacks with his whip at the goat and the horse heard the whooshes and went faster. The faster the horse went, the faster the goat went. Soon we had a first-class runaway going westward down Parker Street, the goat keeping pace no matter how fast the horse went. Finally when the combination struck a hill westward down Parker Street, the goat seemed to gain. That was about the

time that the fishline broke and the stuffed goat was traveling strictly on its own. It passed Gleason's horse—that had turned into a lunchroom. But the goat kept going till it reached the bridge at the bottom of the grade, hit the culvert, did a double somersault and went over into the water out of sight . . . Father never learned what in Sam-Scratch ever happened to his stuffed goat, for when he went seeking me, he found me far northward affecting to throw stones into Crystal Lake. How could he accuse me of having purloined his goat, which had come to grief a mile southwest? To the day he died, I doubt if he ever figured out what supernatural power moved his purchase out from amid the goods on his sidewalk. But not even a poltergeist would roll a stuffed goat to the top of Vernon Street hill, then scoot it down backwards, then have it follow a runaway horse out of town and go wildly down Parker Street to do a somersault in the Creek. It all goes to prove you have to know psychical research to distinguish the true from the spurious in the field of phenomena . . . Alan and I never did convene our lodge and ride anybody atop the animal in our third degree . . . The man who got the third degree was old Hiram Gleason. The lunchroom proprietor saw that he got that, for trying to drive his horse into the ice box . . . The things I think of, when I start reminiscing . . .

—THE RECORDER

MAIL

"I wish to thank you very much for the *Golden Scripts* I received and the only thing I can say is this, after praying for understanding for the past 25 years I have found it. I studied all kinds of religions for the past 25 years but through it all I never had any idea it would be like this, but at last I am satisfied for the first time in my life."

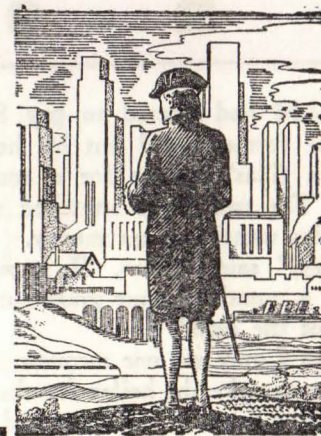
J. C.—Oregon.

SAMBO wanted the evening off to go to lodge. "Boss, it's important," said he. "'cos Ah's de Sublime King."

"What! You only joined the lodge two weeks ago and you're the Sublime King already?"

"Yazzah. Yo' sees, Boss, in our lodge de Sublime King am de lowest office dat is."

¶ DO YOU believe in survival after death? Have you ever had experience with Discarnate Intelligence? If you are skeptical about survival, what evidence must you have to convince you that people do live consciously after vacating their bodies? Are you open to conviction that personal survival is a provable fact?



"Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SOULCRAFT SCRIPTS

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.

Supernatural Evidence that Astounds

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

T H E P A Y O F F

HIRAM had offered to pay Silas if the former could put his heifer to grass in Silas' pasture for a couple of weeks. The two weeks stretched to four and Silas wanted to see money.

"Sorry," said Hiram, "I know she's full of a month of your grass but I just ain't got the cash."

"Then I only got one recourse, Hiram. I'll have to take the heifer for the feed."

"Wait a minute!" Hiram cried. "You think my heifer's worth no more'n that? But I'll tell you what I will do. You let her eat two weeks longer, then you can have her."

TWO brothers, Ikey and Sam, were in business together. While Sam was on the road for the firm through the West, he became ill and died. The undertaker who assumed charge of the body wired the brother in the East—

"Can fully embalm your brother for fifty dollars or freeze him for transportation purposes for twenty-five. Please advise."

Ikey wired back, "Freeze him from the knees up and I pay you fifteen dollars. He got his feet frozen in that cold snap last winter."

THE NIGGARDLY farmer was riding his hired man for carrying a lantern to court his best girl.

"Such a waste uv oil!" he exclaimed. "When I wuz young and went courtin' I never lugged no lantern. I did it in the dark."

"Sure! And we can see what you got."

THE SNAZZY English matron said haughtily to the flower woman, "I shall want a large quantity of flowers from you next week for my oldest daughter's Coming Out."

"Ye shall have the best," the flower woman promised. "Poor dear, wot was she in for?"

A CLERGYMAN was spending the afternoon at a stylish house in the English village where he preached. Sitting in the pleasant garden with his hostess, the latter's little boy came running

GOLDEN SCRIPTS



THERE are 448 pages of them—in the so-called *Cleric Edition*—done on Bible paper and bound in limp round-cornered covers. To those who have "discovered" them they amount to new Sermons on the Mount, coming apparently from our Elder Brother's matchless intellect for His disciples in this modern generation. They cover every personal and ethical subject troubling spiritually hungry people of today.

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Donations from over 300 ardent Soulcrafter have made over \$50,000 worth of these volumes available for gratis distribution. If you wish a \$5 copy sent you, merely make the request in a letter to Noblesville, Indiana, Headquarters. Address—

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

out with a dead rat held high above his head.

"Archibald," cried the woman, "what is that thing, and how did you get it?"

"We caught it," said Archie.

"Dead?"

"No, ma'am. It was alive when we caught it. But we whacked it and thumped it, and jumped on it, till—" the boy suddenly realized the minister's identity,—"till God called him home," he added sanctimoniously.

AN IRISH grocer confronted his former clerk.

"You a policeman, Casey! How did that happen?"

"Faith to tell you, sorr, at last Oi found meself a job where 'tis the customer is always wrong, sorr."

THE COLORED skeptic remarked to his pastor, "Yo' see how 'tis, Elder, Ah's got a problem. Ah doan see how Ah's gwan git mah shirt on over mah wings when Ah gits to Glory."

"Brudder," returned the parson, "yo's all wrong on dat problem. What yo's got to worry 'bout is, how's yo' gwan git yo' hat on over yo' horns."

THE COLORED elder was making a speech at the departure of the pastor to new fields afar—

"Breddren, we-all is gathered heah to say good-bye to Brudder Johnson, who is been our pastor fo' fifteen yeahs. He am leabin' on de nex' train fo' Shelbyville an' Ah has been 'ppointed by you-all to present to him a little momentum ob our regards . . ."