

Valor

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

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LET'S CALL IT "VALORISM"

That America Must Represent



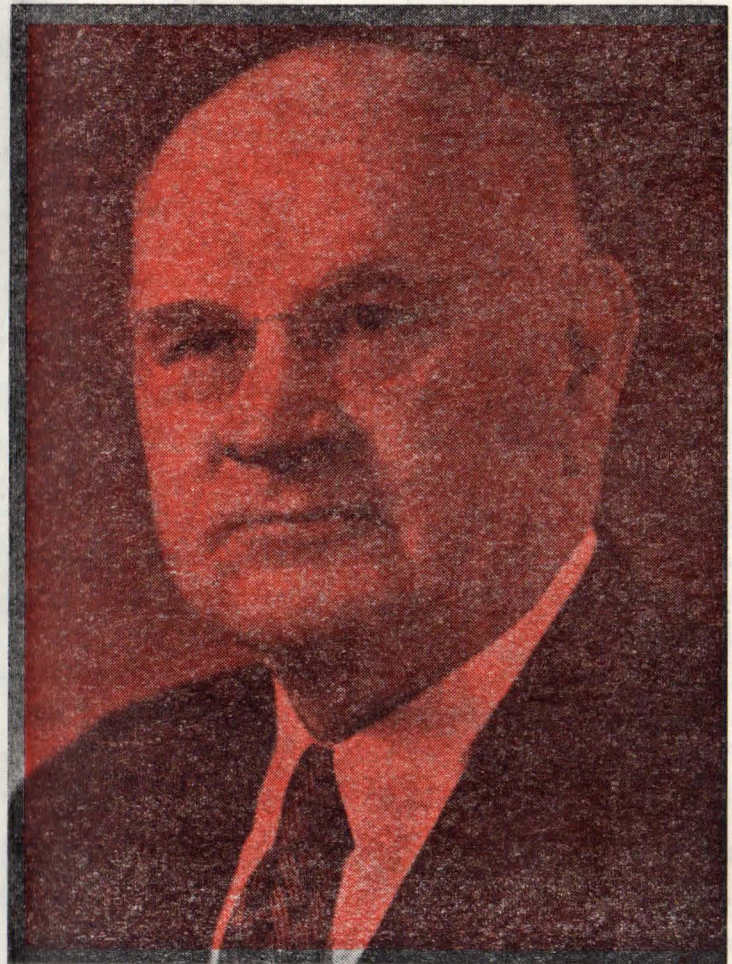
SOULCRAFTERS all over America and in foreign countries where Soulcraft is reaching, are called to make the acquaintance of the Honorable John T. Wood, of Coeur D'Alene, Idaho, Republican Representative for the 1st District of Idaho in the Federal Congress. Calling him the Honorable John T. Wood is no mere courtesy title. He's the type of Representative to whom American honor really means something.

He's author and sponsor of House Resolution 5080, calling on the Congress and people of the United States to withdraw from, and put an everlasting quietus on, the pro-communistic United Nations.

He showed himself as utterly fearless in taking the calculated risk and soliciting the befoulings of the Red smear artists for championing such a step.

He's the late—and sincerely lamented—Jacob Thorkelsen in the House all over again. Strangely enough, too, he's been a physician all his life, so VALOR understands, and likewise was the Honorable and dauntless Jacob.

More physicians of the type of these are called for, to cure the maladies afflicting our 48 States! . . .



Idaho Representative, Dr. John T. Wood

REP. WOOD occasionally gets out a Newsletter, in addition to his congressional duties, which he calls *Washington Impressions*. And in these Newsletters, presumably of significant value to the home-folks, he's not above coming out flatfootedly and fearlessly for Isolationism. "Isolationism," says the Honorable Dr. Wood, "is Patriotism in Action!"

Splendid!

(over)

VALOR gets the Honorable Dr. Wood's meaning perfectly. But the trouble with the words *Isolationism*, *Nationalism*, and the like, they're terms of negative imputations. The Republic wants an aggressive word to express its position and stand to the world—and yet a word that doesn't convey bombast.

VALORISM is the thing for which America should be distinguished!

NO ONE in his senses wants to see the United States "crawl into a hole and pull the hole in after her"—to barricade herself on this continent and suspend further contact with the rest of humankind. But any American with his head screwed on tight is aware that her present policy of extending herself all over the globe is one of squander-bust and enervation. There's such a thing as conveying the idea of a recluse or misanthropic nation—or a provincial or even a hermit nation—and over against it there's the idea of a nation that's proud enough to mind its own business and expect other nationals to mind theirs.

It's dignified and effective *valor* and less global fuss-budgetting of which this Republic stands in need.

Popularize the word VALORISM to take the place of Isolationism, and you make a definite and constructive stride in psychological advancement, starting to turn this country from the pit of disintegration.

However, listen to the the splendid expressions of Dr. Wood on *Isolationism versus Internationalism*. VALOR quotes from his Newsletter of November 26th—

“ONE of the pet 'smear' words used against opponents of our supposed bipartisan foreign policy of internationalism, is to accuse them of being 'isolationists'. The word 'isolationism' occurred five times in six paragraphs in the reply of the State Department to the House Foreign Affairs Committee's request for its recommendation on H. R. 5080, my bill to get out of United Nations. The Department expressed 'the emphatic hope that it (the bill) will receive no favorable consideration by the Congress.'"

"The whole world is divided into two camps—the Nationalist countries, and the Internationalist. We are the *only* nation fitting into the internationalist group; all others are intensely Nationalist—and quite properly so.

They have *never* made any bones about being so. They are all *Have Not* nations; we have been the *Haves*. And, due to the fact that our internationalists are either dumb, deluded, or definitely un-American, they have just about carried us into National bankruptcy through a series of foreign give-away programs to nations who are frequently much better off than we, and who frequently use our gifts in black-market operations—at a high price—to our enemies, and even to us.

"These nationalist countries call their operations 'patriotism' but never 'isolationism'. An uncomfortably large percentage of our people give these foreign patriots everything they ask for—and frequently more—to the great detriment of America, and call it 'internationalism', while they term those who are opposed to such idiocy, 'isolationists'.

"Thus a foreign isolationist is a patriot, while our own isolationists are traitors, un-American, bad and dangerous people, who are definitely endangering our asinine foreign policy—if you can call it a policy. How many of Stalin's interpretations of words—such as 'democracy', 'democratic nations', 'liberty', 'liberal' etc., we have learned through the channel of these friends of his! Just look up the definitions of these words in Webster's Dictionary, if you are interested in the subject; then compare them with the State Department's usage and definitions. You may learn something of our so-called foreign policy. *They follow a Russian dictionary, not Webster's!*

"Thank God your writer is an 'isolationist'. All the founding fathers were. I would much rather have their company, not only now but through eternity, than the half-men and potential traitors in the State Department, with all the rest of the internationalist breed. I sleep well at night. The spook of Benedict Arnold never troubles my dreams. I am perfectly happy dreaming of the future of America and the kind of country and security I am striving to leave to my grandchildren, in these lonesome attempts in an exceedingly thoughtless generation.

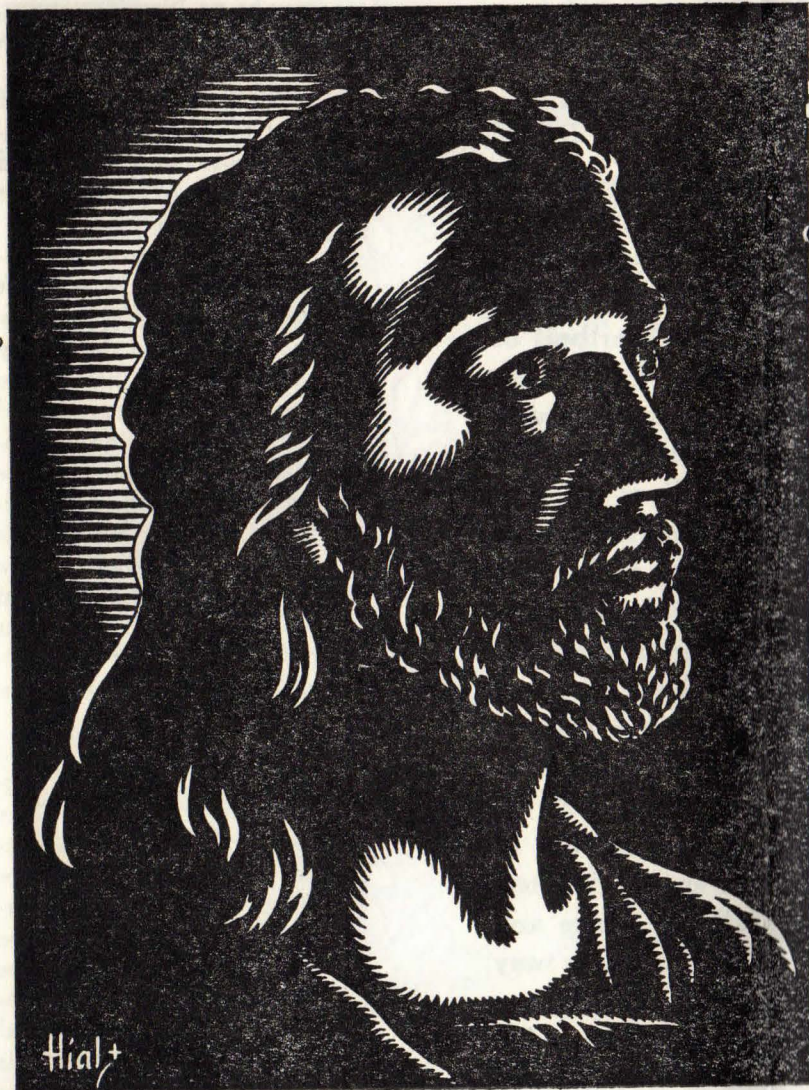
"God help all of us to think, work, strive, and live for the America we have inherited as a most precious legacy. Others may think internationally; I think for America.

"And strange to say, I have an abiding faith that in this way I am a better internationalist than these hybrid mongrels who now so classify themselves. For America can help the world best by just simply being herself!"

—JOHN T. WOOD



What Might Have Happened



Had Christ Not Been Crucified?

ter of individuality, of spiritual age. That legal age among the Semitic peoples of Transjordan was uniformly thirty years, would seem to indicate that males in general did *not* mature early. Today a man is assumed to have matured when twenty-one. That's nine years earlier still.

However, the particular divinity of Jesus—that people of the Soulcraft Wisdom recognize as probably having been due to His great cosmic age—did seem to advance Him mentally to the point that He had achieved more in the item of thirty to thirty-two years than the average human male achieves in five or six decades.

Suppose, all the same, crucifixion had not been fixed beforehand as the terminus of His life, whatever His age, and He could have continued with the ministry He began with the Baptism in Jordan? Would the world ever have heard of the Christian religion? Or rather, *would the Christian religion of today be what the Paulists have made it?*

THE PAULISTS to dispassionate biblical or New Testament scholars are the Fundamentalist or Pentacostal Christians who build their whole concept of Jesus and His destiny in life on the Reconciliation of Man with the Hebraic Jehovah of wrath and jealousy through the so-called Vicarious Atonement, "dying for the sins of the world", as St. Paul set forth in the theology of the Epistles.

Had Pilate stood his ground and refused to convict Jesus, could there have been a St. Paul to propose and promote such a theology?

Logically not.

Paul, more than any other early Christian personage, capitalized on Jesus early,

MOST Biblical scholars estimate that Christ must have been executed at 31 or 32 years of age. Today such an age would be regarded as very young—a man has scarcely begun his career at the opening of his Thirties. The precocity of Christ's having achieved so much, and dying so youthfully, has generally been accepted by the devout as practical evidence of His divinity.

However, suppose in this Lenten season we give more than a passing thought to the conjecture of how His career might have stacked up, *in* and *to* the world of later times, had Pilate refused to toss Him to the fury of that Jerusalem mob for execution.

Suppose Jesus had been allowed to return to His ministry and lived to be

sixty, seventy, eighty or even ninety years of age—as Gautama the Buddha is reported to have done—how differently might the Christian religion have turned out, up the subsequent generations? . . .

COMPARATIVELY few people today think of Jesus subconsciously as a mere lad who had recently left His twenties when killed. His psychological maturity, as evidenced by His speech and conduct, indicated a man between forty and fifty. Indeed, it's a personage to all facial and mental indications around forty-five at least, who's given to the world by present sacred artists. It's not entirely accurate to rationalize the matter by declaring that "men matured earlier, fifty to seventy generations ago, than they do today." We've no particular proof of it. Maturity is generally a mat-

The New Creed

ERROR moves in cycles; Truth moves in spirals. Ignorance lags in stalemates; Wisdom rolls in billows. Every few hundred years the religions of the world become formalized. When the heartbeat of Spirit is at its lowest rate, then comes Truth anew, flashed unto humankind as a beacon in vast darkness ✠ Always it is the same Doctrine, though it wear a score of guises: Man lives many lives on earth and thereby perfects himself to know the Heavens of Higher Octaves. Spirit is eternal, existing both ways from the present. Consciousness grows to self-knowledge through function. Pain is ennobling; suffering is valorous. High above humanity hover Great Avatars; they shepherd the nations from suicidal excess even as they keep the babe from the cliff-edge ✠ Potentates of Valor arise and combat the allegation that such excellencies are heresies. Humanity slays them, but in slaying them it profits them. Martyrs are troglodytes, learning to be Saviors ✠ Who shall say where and when the Doctrine shall appear afresh? The Voice may speak from a Burning Bush on a Midian hillside or from the mysteries of Clairaudience in the attic of a city ✠ God is not anywhere. God is Everywhere! As for the Kingdom of Heaven, it is not to be found outside your own graciousness ✠ Thus the Liberation Doctrine—scroll unto freedom! Old worlds disintegrate, old fetishes wobble; out of the womb of Time and Change is born the fresh majesty of Wisdom Ennobled ✠ God be merciful unto the least of us, for we are the Bigoted, enraged at proffered splendors ✠

death as St. Paul did expound it, and without Paul's Epistles there would now be no New Testament, affecting to elucidate Christianity at all.

Without the Epistles of Paul to the various churches, would they, or could they, have become what they did become? . . .

In other words, predestined to happen or no, isn't the Christian religion of today premised on the "lucky circumstance" that Jesus was brutally exterminated for the Sanhedrin's gratification at the exact time He was, and that the whole religion springing out of His Galilean activities before the Triumphal Entry would have been of far different character, without the Servant-of-Yahvah ideology underlying it?

IT would seem to be logical that if the Elder Brother had won an acquittal and discharge before Pilate that long-ago Lenten season, He would have returned up to Galilee—or possibly proceeded into other parts of the early social world—and continued His exhortations and greater healings. His world ministry then would have focused society's attention upon His ethical and moral principles, and the series of new ideas and concepts about man's relations to man. Possibly the world might have seen the Sermon on the Mount translated into a system of political living, so to put it, or civics blended practically with morals to create a more kindly state of society.

Mightn't it have been better for the world if this had happened?

We've seen, in the case of The Buddha, how such a spiritual instructor, per-

(Continued on Page 9)

dramatic, and tragic departure from the world to give such departure a significance "out of this world?" in itself. With-

out that early, dramatic, and tragic death, there certainly could have been no Epistles expounding the significance of that

What Was the Real Motive Behind Your Marriage? . .

THE AVERAGE man, who miscalls his Wish-to-Power by the name of Ambition, who has no blueprint for the living of his career, who hunts a job because it means money and is rancorous because his troubles seem continuously financial, is certain to reach the period when he says to himself: "I'm a failure at forty-five because I married too young. If I hadn't loaded myself with expenses of a wife and a family, I'd have gotten ahead at a much faster clip."

Ask such a man why he married at all, and he will probably reply: "I'll be hanged if I know! I recall that I wanted a home—or imagined that I did—and having a wife went along with growing a beard, wearing long pants, and drawing a pay-envelope each Saturday night."

"Didn't you love the girl?"

"Well, I suppose that I did, and provided you'd call it love. About the time that the 'new' wore off, the kids began coming, and continual expenses have been hounding me since. Now if I'd only waited till I got a good stake, things might have been different."

"If you had your life to live over again, would you marry the same girl, provided that you could?"

"No, I don't think I would!"

"Why not?"

"Because twenty-five years of living together have shown me that, aside from the children, we haven't much in common."

"Then you wouldn't call it that your marriage is successful?"

"Well, it hasn't brought me much besides expense!"

"What did you suppose that it would bring you?"

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

And the average American is stumped for reply.

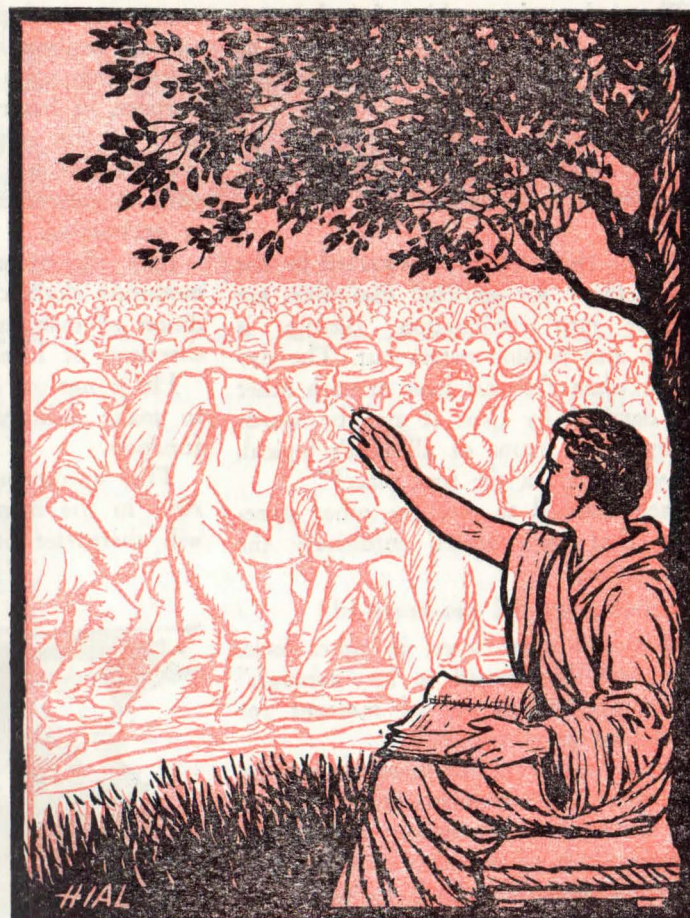
Truth to tell, he hasn't thought much about it. The girl came into his affairs at a time when he was susceptible to marriage because getting married was the natural thing to do. Yet deep in the background of his mind, he vaguely assumed that it was going to bring him something—something in the way of assets that he now cannot describe.

Almost nothing about his life, however, can he accurately describe.

With the single exception!

He can—and does—accurately describe his "failure." . .

He has no goods-power, no social influence, and only a pittance of recognized economic value to society, with fiftieth birthday in prospect!



THOUSANDS of young men are asking an equal number of thousands of young women to marry them, with each year that passes, who twenty-five years hence will be making the same plaint. The real motive behind such unions may be karmic—yes. But it is not the kind of karma that exercises strongest in the cases where the lives have clean design and purpose.

The motive behind these unions is Incidental Karma.

It is the karma of Motivated Fancy, where Woman as Woman is what the man attracts, because he invites the disciplines of circumscription.

All matrimonial karma is not a constant pay-off. Fresh karma starts somewhere. In the person rightfully termed "average," the matrimonial relationship accrues because one or the other of the parties offers, or invites, repercussion from attributes of which the other stands in need.

Any antithetical woman will answer as the partner in such a youthful instance. Any man who indicates he will serve as a foil for the woman's temperamental expressions, will find himself applying for a license from a magistrate. (over)

The real motive making for the marriage is the blind desire for Balance. The attempt is being made at inviting Stability.

The common educating processes of life demand that each shall serve them. The mating is biological.

THUS two strangers, attracted by the necessity for spiritual discipline, are brought into conjunction. Biology is served, and passion peters out. The day arrives when the pair look at each other and demand by deed if not by word: "Why in the name of all that's logical, did we marry in the first place?"

Each married to give the other something that each sensed intuitively the other lacked.

Individuality did not enter it!

That will come later, in other lives, when each has ceased to be "average," and compensations are of moment for obligations great or small.

Three bases exist for marriage, we are told: First, the increments from the married state as a Condition; second, the payment in kind of spiritual debts previously contracted; third, loving ministrations and unbreakable companionship of twin soul for twin soul, both having been hatched from the same cosmic egg.

The first endures till most of the increments from the married state have generally rendered; the second endures till the debts of spirit are paid in full; the third endures so long as earthly contact is humanly possible—and then resumes in the Higher Octaves.

The average man marries the girl who sat across from him in high school and romantically awaited his return from the wars. He may have done it as a moral obligation. He loved the girl physically—in the haphazard way in which his whole life will be conducted because made up mostly of unorganized wishes, envies, repercussions, and sensations. All the same, he was not "in love" with her.

If some other Miss had awaited his return from the wars, he would have wedded her as well.

Holding her responsible for his mediocrity of forty-five, is quite as senseless as bethinking that all his economic troubles would cease if plenty of money dropped into his lap.

The true thing that has made Mr. Average Man average from the beginning, is not Money or lack of it, nor

matrimony and plenty of it, but avoidance of analysis in regard to himself.

Entering upon life without plan or purpose, he has remained as static in regard to the enhancements from matrimony as he has remained static in regard to enhancements from environment or occupation.

Like the peasant who stares at the mounting skylark, he is still in the condition of manifesting amazement at the sheerness of Life Itself.

He is not yet sufficiently sophisticated to make deliberate discernments as to function.

This awakening must come to him. And in the moment that it comes, he will thereafter not be average.



ALL OF which is Job's Comfort to the American of forty-five, who imagines from his unimportance to society and the universe that his life is a wash-out. He is securely wedded to the girl who awaited his return from the one-time war. She has borne him three children. Common decency dictates that he support them if he can...

What he does not grasp is: that one of the main items keeping him average is this self-same tendency to blame this or that—environment, parents, money or lack of it, job, early matrimony, what-not—for this static condition of forty-five which he assumes to be Failure, instead of recognizing that nothing which he has experienced has been without its profit to his spirit, and the instant he turns Wish-to-Power into Will-to-Power, he will start to mount upward.

As many men have wedded mediocre girls at twenty, and made names and fortunes for themselves, spelling Success at forty-five, as those who stayed bachelors.

The woman never lived—unless a helpless cripple from the first—who could hold a man down who truly had it in him to fight to the top.

Wives, even the unfortunate kind, give more to a man in matrimony than they possibly take from him.

It is all in the Point of View.

The average wife is more sinned against than sinning. She marries expecting generally to go through with her bargain. But the man, by his averageness, makes it as difficult as possible for her to give value.

She becomes a hostage to his fortune by the nature of his smallness.

Men with true Will-to-Power, go on upward anyhow—and take their wives with them, good, bad, or indifferent.

After such a one has reached the top, he may look at the woman and decide she is worthless—not deserving of the fortune that his strong will has wrested—and summarily heave her out.

But the man who is average merely muddles in resentment. The thing that was his real motive for entering matrimony to get, he turns and repudiates as forty-five is reached.

SOME sage has said: "A man has three friends: an old dog, an old wife, and money!"

The man who, at forty-five, has decided that the handicap of an old wife is the cause of most of his troubles, again is demonstrating the stupidity that has made his life a bust.

The sudden application of Brains to his predicament, carries him straight to the woman who has suffered him in doldrums and makes him confess: "I've been doing some self-analysis and am going to start afresh. I'm going to set out purposefully and constructively to reach a surer affluence twenty-five years hence, and I'm asking for your help."

Will he get it?

In the cases of ninety-nine wives out of every hundred, he'll see a welling of eager tears behind discouraged eyelids that will cause him consternation.

Will she help him?

Watch her!

He'll discover the greatest truth in all human relationships: That the average woman is precisely what the husband tends to make her!

But the man must start the business—with the assay of HIMSELF!



Strange Experiences . . .

Wall Portrait Displayed Bloody Eye

THE FOLLOWING telepathic projection of the demise of one French Captain, Escourrou, killed at the age of 27 at the the seige of Puebla, Mexico, yet seen by his mother in Sevres, France, would seem to be so remarkable a happening that Flammarion, the great astronomer and psychic scientist, spent his life assembling them. This account was supplied him by a Monsieur Gustave Dubois—

"Ed Escourrou and I had formed, in college, a friendship which only death could sunder. I came, therefore, into close touch with his family, visiting them often. His father, a captain, who had retired from the position of chief recruiting officer of the Seine was, at the time of the war with Mexico, an officer whose duty it was to take charge of visitors to the Senate. He was living with Ed's mother in Sevres. At the time his campaign began, Edouard had rejoined his Second Regiment of Zouaves, in which he was serving as lieutenant.

"I got several letters from him, I saw his family almost every week, and always, of course, we spoke of the dear absent boy. But one day I discovered his mother in tears.

"'Ah, my dear child,' she told me, 'I have had a cruel presentiment I am about to lose my son, if indeed I have not lost him already!'

"I wanted to know what gave her that idea?

"'This morning,' said she, 'when I went into the room where his painting is hung, painted on his last leave of absence by his comrade Thienot, I saw distinctly that one of his eyes had been put out and blood was running down over his face!'

"I TRIED to console her, to make her understand that what she believed she had seen might have been a trick of

the light. Nothing could shake her conviction that her son was dead, or at least wounded.

"Sometime afterward, nonetheless, we received word of Captain Escourrou's death. The sergeant-major of the dead boy's company brought back the last sad souvenir of a dear son. He wept as he told us of his commander's death.

"The first in the assault on the Puebla Penitentiary, Edouard was leading his men on when a bullet, striking the handle of his sabre, first broke his right wrist. Transferring his weapon to his left hand, he advanced at the head of his men. Then again he was struck by a bullet.

"*It pierced his right eye, killing him before he could utter a cry!*

"THERE, in all simplicity, is the story of the occurrence of which I have proof. If certain contributory circumstances escape me, I can certify that Madam Escourrou, before she had the slightest news of the death of her son, had seen his dear portrait with one eye put out and bleeding."

GUSTAVE DUBOIS

"Madam Escourrou, her remaining son, and various witnesses, were examined by a Dr. Dariex. No doubt remained as to this remarkable instance of death clairvoyance or sight at a distance of a telepathic phenomenon connected with the death of the young officer at the seige of Puebla. It had happened on Palm Sunday, that the seige took place in Mexico, and that Madam Escourrou in Sevres, France, had perception of the death of the lad. But what sort of remarkable thing could have been executed on his portrait, an inanimate object, hanging on the wall of a home three to four thousand miles away?

It is one of those occurrences we can only mark, then wonder about. About all we can say of them is, *they happen.*

There's the strange apparition, now al-

most historical, reported as distinguishing the spirit-passing of the celebrated German poet, Heinrich Heine, as related and sworn to by his close woman-friend, Madam Selden.

Heine died in Paris on February 17, 1856, about eight o'clock in the morning. Here is Madam Selden's account of what occurred, as placed in the annals of the French Society for Psychical Research—

"On that Sunday, February 17, 1856, I had a strange waking. Toward eight o'clock I heard a noise in my room, a sort of fluttering, such as that produced on summer evenings by the wings of nocturnal butterflies or street moths which came in through opened windows and then sought desperately for exit.

"My eyes opened but I closed them at once. In the first glimmerings of day, a black form was writhing, like a gigantic insect, and seeking some way of escape."

Apparently Mrs. Selden beheld an apparition like a gigantic flying man, that was seeking to get out from the closed window of her chamber. Was it the pattern-body of the celebrated poet, who had given up the ghost just a few minutes before in another part of the city? She got a strong impression of Heine before the phantom dissolved before her gaze. The manifestation so startled and impressed Mrs. Selden that she arose, despite the cold of that February morning, dressed, and hastened to Heine's home to see if he were all right. Reaching it, she was greeted with news of his death.

Sight and sound are both involved in the separate passings of two people. From whence do they arise, that they register thus on the senses of others? Most puzzling of all, why do they register on the senses of particular friends, and not on the perceptions of strangers? Is there a type of personal telepathy concerned in it, peculiar to persons in mental affinity?

Someday we shall know.

At least we expect so.

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Futures

WE'RE furnishing millions upon millions of dollars for the construction of airplane fields for the French. They're permanent installations. Whoever controls France is going to have the access to, and use of, those fields. Unless it's our intention to stay in Europe and run its countries—about which the French themselves may have something to say—we're putting up these permanent features as a temporary expedient on our part to contain Russia. Looked at in any light, we're only in France, doing these things, on sufferance.

Suppose, by the turn of an election card, or, in the face of encroaching Chinese hordes, France herself goes Communist? Suppose a government comes into power in that country that abrogates any treaties we have with France, and proceeds to tell us to lump it. Then, and in such event, we see those fields taken over as the basis for bombing operations against our eastern seaboard. Or at least we have to go to war with France to retain them.

What we seem to be doing generally is rehabilitating Europe to fight a fresh war, *eventually against us*, with installations for which we've paid. At least overnight those fields can become as much of a jeopardy and hazard to us as we now fondly assume they're a jeopardy and hazard to Russia.

It's a fine bit of economic, if not moral, karma we're building up for ourselves by throwing America's traditional policy

of non-European entanglements overboard. We're plowing into the international flypaper so hard and fast that little now promises but a Soviet pay-off.

However, don't forget it's only the power bloc behind the U-N Frankenstein that's arranging for all this—getting as much out of America as it can wrangle before Americans sit-down-strike at paying the shot.

What Price Courage?



DON'T forget while we're not forgetting that both Prophecy and Clairvoyance both have it that while America has a fearsome bottleneck to negotiate, the United States is due to thrash both Russia and China, kick United Nations into a cocked hat and end it, and sugar off the last phase of the Armageddon upset in the world by emerging as the dominant nation on this planet, without whose assistance no lesser state can endure.

America can thrash Russia and China right now, unassisted, and without danger of a single atom bomb ever being dropped on American soil, if she were free of alien interference to unwrap and unleash her traditional valor and capability, get to the job and get it over with—and privately the American military knows it.

But as a matter of fact, it isn't necessary.

Clean the Russian henchmen out of the American Government, announce to all nations of the world that we're through giving them another nickel's worth of aid, pass John T. Wood's Resolution putting an end to all further participation in United Nations, throw proper forces into Korea to end the peanut War with smashing victory, then augment our military forces strictly at home to strike like a rattlesnake at any nation that walks too close to us with any chip on its shoulder—that's the only "foreign policy" the United States requires from here on out.

There's nothing wrong with this country but the Russian Crowd that's gotten control of the agencies of propaganda that are building Russia's might on paper in order to bring the nation down to bankruptcy by high military taxes right at home.

What the nation wants is a rebirth of valor! What we've had is an emasculation of our stamina by a weasel crew that has done its best to scare the living daylight out of the average American and give him an apologetic inferiority complex.

There's nothing un-Christian about being proudly independent and capably self-sufficient, and not troubling trouble till trouble troubles us.

But taking our cues from prophecy and clairvoyance, we can give every honorable support to the growing sentiment to ditch United Nations and have an end to its whole expensive and hypocritical fiddle-faddle. We are United Nations at this moment, insofar as money and materiel are concerned, to say nothing of military man-power. Why not honestly face that we *are* United Nations, and act accordingly, instead of letting Red Trygve of Norway run the works in the subtle and clever interests of Stalin?

Fear that we'll get into a world war again without a friend?

Faugh!

The kind of friends one buys for million-dollar blah handouts aren't worth the price of a greeting card at Easter and New Year's. There isn't a nation in the world that would come to our aid voluntarily right at this moment, if we got in a jamb. We haven't a single friend in the universe right at this moment, excepting moochers with itching palms.

Why not be honest with ourselves?

Eventually we're going to face it and like it—this fact that the moment we stop the handouts we're due to be the best-hated nation on the face of the earth.

Fine and dandy. Let 'em hate us. What have we got to worry about, if we've got the resources and the know-how to take care of ourselves?

There's a crude word in the dictionary that we don't ordinarily employ in polite conversation. I've parlorized it by calling it intestinal fortitude.

What we need, and are going to get the hard way, is a rebirth of Yankee spine in this Republic—and the average American is waiting to hear someone say so in something other than patriotic rallies where somebody's a candidate to get on the public payroll.

True Christianity is helping people to help themselves, building character in the

other fellow as well as preserving our own.

Let the whole morally bankrupt world go Communist, if it pleases—so much the worse luck of the world. It'll find out after a little time what it's let itself in for. Why need we worry about the other fellow pulling down the roof on his own head, if he wants to show himself that psychopathic? The ruin is his own. Communism isn't some fine competitive form of energetic government that challenges the merits of our own. Communism is pure economic and political slavery.

Okay, so what? If that's what all the other nations want, let 'em have it—and get out of it. None of it is any reason for us following suit, in fact it's the best insurance for us not following suit. Maybe if we saw the whole world in Communism all about us—meaning in slavery all about us—it would inspire us to acquire a little perversity about remaining free.

We require somebody at the present time to talk tough, in, and from out of our American government—and mean it! Cut our taxes back sixty-five cents on the dollar, stop shipping silver money overseas by the boatload, give as much time and attention to rebuilding our own quakey economy as we give to worrying over whether the African Hottentot is going to get that fantastic quart of milk, and the American Republic will come back, and the world be the better for it.

All right, the first job to hand is getting John Wood's Resolution put over in the Congress. That means that United Nations folds up. That means we save fifty billion dollars this coming year.

And the whole of it means that America starts being America again, and not the Mr. Milquetoast of the whole piebald universe.

Crucifixion

(Continued from Page 4)

mitted to live to a venerable age, gradually came to alter the moral philosophy, first of India, then of all Asia.

But Christ was cut down on the very threshold of such a universal mentorship. Within one week, from being hailed as the Promised Hebrew Messiah before whose humble mount the hurraing populace cast palm branches, He was trans-

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lated by the Sanhedrin's agents into a convicted felon, and swiftly and drastically butchered. Such dramatic reversal, disillusionizing those early converts who had accepted Him to be the legendary Messiah and assumed His worldly kingdom was to begin forthwith, could only result in the understandable rationalizing that after conquering Death, He was due to reappear. He'd made it expressly clear to His intimates that they could expect Him to do this.

But if His words as recorded in the Four Gospels be accepted as accurately recorded, He failed to do this. The first four or five decades after rather inconsequential apparitions on the Road to Emmaus and elsewhere, were years of faithful expectancy and waiting for His alleged promises to receive fulfillment. Millions of Paulist Christians today are wholly unaware that the four gospels themselves—by the very revelations in some of their passages—could not have been compiled until fifty to seventy years had passed, and after despairing Christian converts had sought refuge in allegorical interpretation of His unmaterialized promissings. And by that time, the Vicarious Atonement alibi as furnished by St. Paul, was growing into the full flower of its strength, that was to endure for fifty generations.

Actually, of course, or so we have evidence for holding today, Christ made no such promises in the literal language that has come up to us in the present. No one knows what His literal words were, *from stenographic evidence*. There was no such thing as shorthand in those early biblical times. Statements were hearsay, passed along from mouth to mouth or memory to memory. When sufficiently large numbers of witnesses went on record as remembering He said approximately a given thing, the general phraseology describing it became the official record. But concensus of opinion about given words, after fifty to a hundred years, left them open to wide latitude of meaning. Furthermore, no known manuscripts of the New Testament Books have been in existence since the Second Century, and even the copied and recopied manuscripts of the first New Testaments, studied today, are so different from the later King James Version as to be scarcely recognizable. It's what the clerics of a later day, from 363 years after Christ up to the present, have audaciously "written into"

the text, that constitutes the New Testament drama as we have it at present.

Incidentally, this is what makes the *Golden Scripts* of such tremendous current significance. The phenomena accompanying the transcription of many of the *Golden Script* chapters, leave small doubt but what Extra-Sensory Perception has been responsible for a fairly accurate contact at last, and words that were taken down stenographically.

And what is the gist of such recaptured pronouncements?

Metempsychosis!

IN OTHER words, nowhere of accuracy in either sacred or profane records do we seem to find the Elder Brother Himself accentuating St. Paul's theological eschatology. He says instead in substance, "I came into the world, not to inspire man by any particular philosophy about the cause or manner of My death, but to illuminate and encourage Man in living the more perfect earthly life by following My example." And this is achieved by having one earthly career in a fleshly body after another, until all experience in the earthly scene is encompassed for each soul, and it becomes enlightened and refined in its spiritual distinctions to the ultimate.

Christ Himself, take note, designated Simon Peter as the rock on which His philosophy should become erected in the generations to come. Biblical scholars in this seem to have missed the contradiction of this statement with the immediately-returning Messiah mission. If He were coming back into the earth-scene directly, *could there have been any particular reason for appointing Peter as the "rock on which I will build my Church"?* Christ could have been His own "rock" when such reappearance had been achieved.

But St. Paul injected himself into the post-mortem philosophy of the Lord and wrought the whole business into an ideology of Divine Forgiveness of Sins and the mitigating personality of Christ in the Hebraic Day of Judgment.

Well, to sum it up—destined or no—Pilate's playing of politics and assent to the Crucifixion actually brought about a religion premised on a premature martyrdom—and made the Paulist theology a religion of tragedy instead of constructive inspiration.

A far better world might indeed have resulted from the inspiration.

¶ *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.

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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.

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Soulcraft; Noblesville, Indiana



• • COGITATIONS

their upper beds and carried on conversation with each other, had they known what to talk about. We had driven into an obvious *cul-de-sac*—which is French for trap. If we were ever going to get to the post office, not to mention Seattle, we had to turn somehow, or back out . . .

o—o

DO YOU know anything about trailers?—especially two-wheeled trailers? Have you ever tried backing one in a desired straight-line, say to get yourself out of a *cul-de-sac* of nocturnal bungalows? Nocturnal bungalows, of course, are bungalows wherein the occupants are sleeping with lights out, not discussing politics while lying in bed with front windows open. Turning about was manifestly impossible—there were only two little pocket-handkerchief lawns in front of each bungalow to right and left. But *backing out!* Such a trailer simply will not back in a straight line. Try as hard as you please, it will back where *it* pleases. But we had to get out of that place. We couldn't wait for daylight and have a tow-car come and disjoint us in sections. Moreover, he had to accomplish it somehow without further loss of time, or I'd miss the mail plane east. "You watch out the right-hand window," said Bill, "to see I ain't hittin' nuthin', and I'll watch out this left-hand window. If the trailer goes cockeyed and hits anything, you yell." Here was a pretty prospect. Yelling with all those residents of bungalows peacefully sleeping about us. But supposing I did, what difference would it make to trailer or Ford sedan? Bill reversed his clutch and eased in his power. We started gingerly backing up. But did that trailer go straightly for even six seconds? It did not. It was a very perverse trailer and thoroughly disgusted that it had been called upon to start for post offices and Seattle in the middle of the night. I heard a splitting noise, and I yelled. Item One: We'd begun the night's brilliant business by cracking off a wooden post for a letter-box, at the ground! . . .

o—o

"**L**OOKIT, Bill," said I, the trailer turned at a rakish forty-five degrees in that lightless street, "you've knocked down their letter-box, and how

is this family going to have any more letters delivered unless the postman tucks them under the front door?" Bill cut down on his racing engine. "They should not have planted that letter-box so close to the gravel, anyhow," was his comment. "Uh-huh," said I, "however, you've fixed that for 'em. Try again and be more careful." Bill fought with clutch-levers and tried anew. He pulled the trailer out of its rakish angle, almost pushed a hole through the cut-off fence with his front bumper, and stopped with a jerk. Then came another session of fighting with levers. We started backing again. This time something went wrong the whole length of the trailer and it was turned at an angle of seventy-degrees the opposite way with a still more catastrophic crash, as the front steps of the bungalow on the left collapsed. By now an upper window had gone up, and a male figure in a pajama-jacket had head and shoulders out. "What the 'ell are youse guys trying to do?" he queried us, presumably for information. I said to Bill, "Don't get into any argument with him. We've got an airmail plane to catch. Just pull straight and try a third time." What Bill muttered was unintelligible, because his motor was racing again, but I gathered he was inviting Old Pajama-Jacket to come down and have his face pushed in, which on top of already having his front steps pushed in, was a double order of inward curvature. But Bill started backing a third time. This meant a repetition of mishap number one, however instead of the letter-box post, it was the similar front steps of the bungalow on the right. Mathematically compounded, this was three crashes within half a minute, with almost a block to travel backward, seven bungalows on the right and six on the left. There were going to be a sickening lot of mail-box posts and steps remodeled, so to speak, before we actually got back upon Union Avenue . . .

o—o

BILL messed around with those refractory levers, pounced forward—taking me in one direction, then reversing and taking me in another—then decided to solve it all in a hurry by backing quickly. He backed quickly all right . . .

IDON'T know whether there's any metaphysics in it or not, but one wonders how he gets into messes like the following . . . One Bill Kay and I were in Portland, Oregon, in 1936, stationed in a tourist camp in the north end of the city. We were living in a two-wheeled trailer, hitched to the rear of Bill's Ford sedan. Of a summer night, at one in the morning, it became necessary for us to gather up kit and be in Seattle next day. But before quitting Portland I had an important letter to mail. I suggested we drive into the city and deposit the letter directly in the main post office, then leave for Seattle by an interior route . . . We came in along deserted Union Avenue with the lumberous trailer rocking groggily behind. The trailer couldn't understand, it seemed, why it had to be jerked off a comfortable campground between one and two a. m., to be dragged in and out of a sleeping city merely because two political heretics wanted to go elsewhere than where night had found them. Bill made a right-hand turn where he supposed he should make a turn, still in the residential section. An instant later he cried, "Oh-oh!" because his headlights told him he'd made a nocturnal blunder. He'd turned into a narrow blind street. Ahead was a high board fence. He jammed on his brakes and the trailer behind grunted. But we stopped. The street had narrowed so much that if it hadn't been One-Way, a second car couldn't have passed without our pulling up on the lawn of the right-hand bungalow. Over on the left was a facing bungalow, built also so close to the cinder sidewalk that occupants of these houses might almost have lain in

he backed quickly into the second bungalow back on the right, pushed the trailer clean across its pocket-handkerchief lawn, up its front steps, and onto its veranda. The floor shuddered a minute, then let go with a crash. The whole front of the house came down—or so it seemed. And by this time, figures in pajama-jackets, nightshirts or nighties, were appearing in all second-story windows, frantically leaning out and bellowing expletives. What did we think we were doing with that trailer, that we had to pick out their particular street and wreck everything at the end of it because someone had erected a high board-fence across it. "Cripes, we're in a mess," said Bill—not precisely an original statement. I said, "Well, we certainly can't stop now. You've simply got to keep on trying until you make it." Bill said, "Watch and see if the whole bungalow comes down, if I pull the trailer free of it." I watched, but it wasn't withdrawing the trailer that might bring the house down; it was the way the owner in the upstairs window was shaking the structure, trying to convey to us what he thought of us. It was a wholly disturbing circumstance to be aroused at two in the morning by the rear end of a trailer battering at your portals to demand entrance, and coming in anyway, whether you gave consent or not. We got going forward, reversed again, backed again—and leveled off all the horticultural exhibits on the third lawn on the left as though a bulldozer had scooped 'em. The third set of steps went completely bust and I couldn't tell which was going to shed tears first, Bill or four householders, one of whom looked as though he were carrying a bed-slat, although God only knows where he'd gotten it . . . maybe the trailer had done something to his bed abovestairs without us knowing it. We knew most everything we'd done to premises downstairs, without having fragments waved at us in a disturbingly threatening manner.

o—o

WELL, we got out of it. I dimly recall that we got out of it by luckily backing the trailer on the seventh or eighth try, between two of the nocturnal bungalows, which gave Bill room to swing a complete arc forward and get turned about and headed for Union Avenue under our own power, pulling the obstreperous trailer after us, with fragments of bungalows falling off as they would. I leave you to guess what settle-



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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

ments I had to make with the thoroughly aroused citizens of that thoroughfare. Bill did his share of the bargaining, the argument that if people *would* build their houses so close together on a blind street, they ought to be prepared for jolts like they'd gotten, middle of the day or night. Actually, I felt that our trailer was awake at last and laughing at us all the remainder of the way into the city. Funny thing was, the end of our trailer scarcely showed a scratch. Our

rear license plate was bent a bit and we needed a new lens in our tail-light. But we certainly did wake up one end of a street in Portland one night back in 1936 . . . I guess the moral esoterically to it is, if you get into such a scrape, just keep jiggling back and forward until you find two houses wide enough to let you flatten whatever posy-beds, ashcans, vine trellises, and children's tricycles may be between 'em, because you're sure to discover 'em sooner or later. Somehow it's like the

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situation of the frog dropped in the milk-can who kept swimming till he'd created a pat of butter large enough to hold him—although ever since I first heard about that episode I've wondered why the fool frog didn't simply float, after the nature of frogs, till the family opened the can and discovered what was in their milk. They'd have rescued him for free . . . Which Bill and I were not, on that Portland blind street . . . Oh well! . . .

—THE RECORDER

P. S.—I forgot to mention we not only missed the mail plane but didn't get to Seattle until the second day following—those lousy verandas, or the lumber in 'em, had actually been hitched together with very sharp nails that had done all sorts of things to our tires . . . the meanies!

What Soulcrafters Say:

Dear Mr. Pelley:

"I'm sending you four dollars, for which please send me a copy of *Behold Life*. I wish I had words to tell you how much the *Soulcraft Scripts* mean to me and what they have done for me, but I guess perhaps you know. I've had a number of people push their favorite books at me and insist that I read them. In a sense they all boil down to the same thing. But it's very peculiar, their books usually leave me with a very depressed feeling although they may be somewhat along the same line. The minute I pick up a *Soulcraft Script* or one of your books, my whole attitude changes. I can't quite understand it but I do know if I want peace of mind I have to stick pretty close to your teachings. I only know that if you were given half a chance you'd be the greatest spiritual leader this country has had. I've never read anything of yours I didn't agree wholeheartedly with, political or otherwise, and I'm afraid before the country is out of the "mess" it's in, everybody else will have to agree with you, too. My very best of luck to you always."

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and myself—which necessitates having to order them for ourselves, directly from you. Personally we have always looked forward to receiving our Scripts every week, as we are intensely interested and fascinated by the knowledge we are acquiring. They have contributed much to our peace of mind in this chaotic world. We have been students of Spiritism for some time now and we feel and know that we have found something that infinitely transcends all the more or less hazy doctrines of the orthodox (so-called) Christian Church. R. H. S., California

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Dear Mr. Pelley:

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"I am sending nine names and addresses for the *Golden Scripts*. These names are not copies—they are people I correspond with. The ones I checked I am sure will be interested and I have been asked by them to send in their names. Please mention my name to them. The others I am not sure of—yet maybe it is worth a try. I am doing what I can to pass this wonderful work along. And may God be with us into the light. My prayers are they will see the LIGHT before it is too late." M. R., Ohio

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T H E P A Y O F F

AN EMINENT physician had successfully attended a sick child. A few days later the grateful mother called at his office. After expressing her realization that his services had been of a sort that could not be fully paid for, she continued—

"But I hope you will accept from me the token of this purse which I have embroidered with my own hands."

The doctor replied coolly that the fees of a physician must be paid in money, not merely in gratitude, and he added, "Presents maintain a friendship, they do not maintain a family."

The rebuffed woman asked with equal coolness, "What is your fee?"

"Two hundred dollars," was the reply.

The woman opened the poignantly embroidered purse and took from it five \$100 bills. She put back three, handed two to the jolted physician, and walked out with the gift purse under her arm.

A YOUNG doctor who had set up a practice in a rural district and whose business was anything but flourishing, was reading in his office one afternoon when his nurse appeared in the doorway.

"Those boys are swiping the green apples off the tree in your backyard, Doctor," she reported. "Should I drive them away?"

The young doctor walked to the window, took a look at the trespassers, narrowed his eyes and said emphatically to the nurse—

"By no means, Miss Jones."

A PICKPOCKET visited a friend in jail. "I hired a lawyer for you this morning, Slim," he confided. "But I had to hand him my watch as retainer."

"Did he keep it?" the jailed one inquired.

"He thinks he did," was the other's response.

THE TRAMP at the back door said raggedly, "Lady, have pity on me. I'm dying from exposure."

"What are you," the woman of the house demanded, "hobo, financier, or politician?"

GOLDEN SCRIPTS



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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

JACOB was making a loan at 9 percent from his brother David.

Jacob said, "Vell, I ain't kickin', you understand, but vat doss our poor dead father think ven he looks down from where he is, and sees his own son gougin' 9 percent out of his own flesh and blood?"

"Don't let it worry you," replied David. "From vere fadder is, it looks only like 6 percent."

SEGAL got a job as train announcer in a large terminal. One day an excited man rushed up to him and panted, "When does the last train leave for Buffalo?"

Segal looked at him pityingly.

"You should live so long!" was his comment.

A SWEDE came down from the woods and entered a saloon. He asked for a drink of strong squirrel whiskey. The barkeeper said:

"Sorry, fellar, ain't got no squirrel whiskey but I could let you have some mighty smooth Old Crow."

"Yudas Priest!" exclaimed the Swede. "I don't bane want to fly. I yust bane want hop around a liddle bit."

MACTAVISH cried, "But he called me a liar!"

A mutual friend sought to console him. The friend explained that many a man had been called a liar and been none the worse for it. But MacTavish would not be comforted.

"Dammut, mon," he roared, "he pruvud it!"