

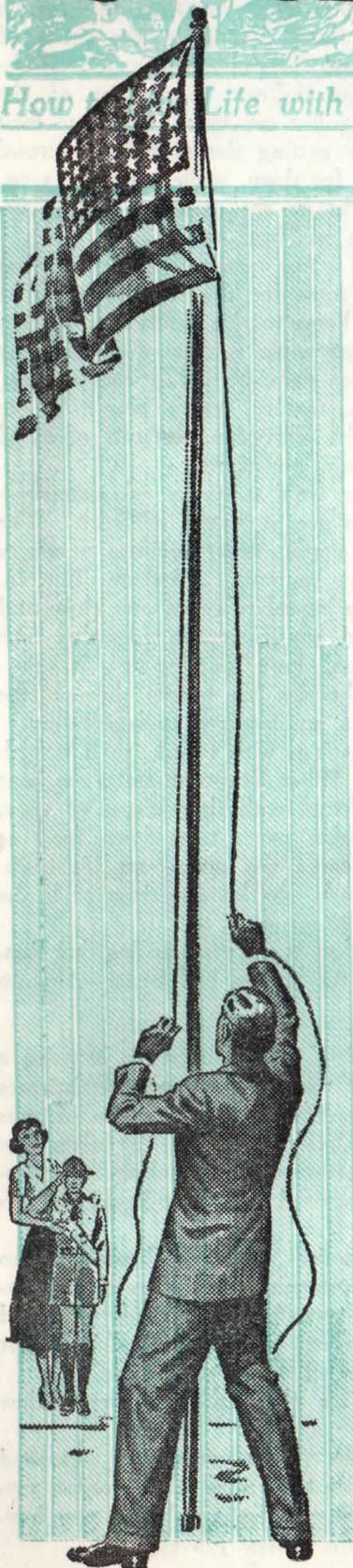
Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . . .

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

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, April 5, 1952

Number 23



LET'S GROW UP IN GLOBAL THINKING ..



THE AMERICAN flag has the brevet to go up anew above America!

There is no law or prohibition that says we cannot run it up. All depends on how "mad" we get, to combat and vanquish these traducers of the Republic, selling the younger generation on the asinine assumption that anything nationalistic is "hick" or old-fashioned.

The younger generation doesn't grasp that America is the only land under the sun where nationalism isn't the first requisite. Britain is utterly nationalistic. France is nationalistic. Germany and Italy are nationalistic. But the international schemesters, wanting to rule America and bring her under a profitable control, sell the bill of goods to American youth that being nationalistic and not internationalistic means being a hundred years behind the times and stigmatizes America with an archaic provincialism.

The second generation is being played for suckers by a smart crowd overseas but is too dumb to grasp it.

INTERNATIONALISM is the ruse of racial minorities, seeking a way to dominate majorities—at least American majorities. It is a synthetic and deliberately manufactured product, aiming to profit from an American inferiority complex. Its artful intent is to impress on Americans how superior the nations of the old world are to any institutions of the West.

Superior in all respects but ye bankroll—mark that!

The overseas wisecracs, taking this puerile Americanism for a beautiful financial ride, have stung this callow second generation to the quick with the insinuation that as air travel now eliminates the geographical obstructions of the oceans, "isolationism" is a thing of the past. "We can now get over the Atlantic in eight to ten hours, therefore we're really a member of a Euro-

pean coalition of States," is the hocus-pocus which these sophomoric gullibles swallow in major doses.

All of which is the supreme exhibit of balderdash!

Isolationism is *not* any matter of geography . . . Isolationism is an intellectual cultural complex—don't forget that.

Isolation is minding our own business on this side of the Atlantic and refusing to put our bankroll behind a mass of bankrupt European States who've made an utter mess of their affairs and need America's wealth to bail them out.

Why should we?

The bogusly sophisticate argument is raised that if we don't, we shall all go to global economic perdition together. But we're headed for global economic perdition anyhow, on the current international set-up.

Let these European States go to economic perdition and learn they can't unleash all sorts of major wars without paying the price for them in cold hard cash. Why should we thrifty and clever Americans foot the bill for the archaic and traditional practices of *passee* European States whose sun has set and who are slated to go down the toboggan of cosmic karma to limbo?

The sooner they land there, and reconstruct themselves, the healthier will be the economic atmosphere all over the planet.

THE INTERNATIONALISTS are playing on the youthful vanity of Americans to convince them that if they don't restore Europe and Europeans to their former affluence, the world will go to hell in a hack. These boys and girls born under the Roosevelt aegis of "tax and tax, spend and spend, elect and elect" don't seem to grasp they've been "sold a bill of goods"—that their own America is the true arbiter of the world situation and that America owes nothing to anyone, on any continent under the daily solar radiance.

INTERNATIONALISM is the most fraudulent bill of goods that's ever been peddled on this side of the Atlantic.

Why not demand that the European States become internationalistic with us—why do we have to be international with *them*?

But no!—they pile the onus of Isolationism on us and these callow sophomores of civic affairs contract the self-imposed heebie-jeebies.

It's time to call the bluff on all of it.



WE AMERICANS have nothing to apologize for, nothing to alibi, nothing to conceal. We've made ourselves the greatest race on the face of the earth by sheer economic and mechanistic accomplishment. If the whole earth were like unto America, it would have fewer troubles. The complication is, that the Britishers want to make the whole earth British, or the French want to make the whole earth Gallic, or the Germans want to make the whole earth Teutonic. As for the Russians—they want to command the world to get down on its knees, ignoring nationalities, and turn its pockets inside out, that the Communists may continue to bambogge on the loot.

America stands for the integrity of the individual. It stands for the sacrosanct nature of property. It stands for individual initiative receiving the rewards of its cleverness and industry. America has made so much money, by respecting these fundamentals, that the nations of the old world consider it a crime. "Arouse America out of its provincialism!" they screech. Which is the same thing as saying, "Divvie, and be quick about it!"

Phooie!

WE'RE approaching a new presidential election. Harry has said that he prefers to "get out from under" and let the onus of the Raw Deal fall on other shoulders. Wise little man, Harry! The Republicans want to put up Ike, the Military Putty Boy, to cop the American national presidency in 1952.

The same adolescent Crowd that gets the heebie-jeebies at being called Isolationist, never stops to ask itself why Ike is pulling down all this pre-convention acclaim—it's that dumb. Meanwhile, the great towering stature of MacArthur—*The Man Who Knows All the Answers*—can't be seen by this high school crowd because it's hunting for the winner with

lanterns around MacArthur's knees.

What's all of it got to do with the American Flag, flying serene and superior above all other flags of the earth and called to make apologies to none?

THE TIME has come for us to identify this Vast Republic of America for the thing that it is—the cache of wealth and ingenuity which all the deflated and defunct monarchies of the earth envy but can only influence to their profit by getting the sophomoric crowd to cheer for them, while turning its puerile backs on the greatness of the nation that has bred them.

All of which means that the time has likewise come for the recognition to be brought home to this dullish crowd that what's happening is this—that it's being played for damp-behind-the-ears suckers.

Sedate, mature people aren't "taken in" by this European gossamer of racial and cultural superiority.

Culture isn't a matter of manners—culture is ever a matter of Spirit. The spiritual person never requires to worry about his culture. Abraham Lincoln, born in a log-cabin, could give clubs and spades to any European formalist who ever looked down his nose at a lackey—because he saw his species through the eyes of a spiritualized understanding.

And as it is with people, so it is with nations. When European states are bent and bankrupt with the expense of wars, their citizens never turn down food or trade because the giver eats his soup with a fork.—be he American or be he Hottentot.

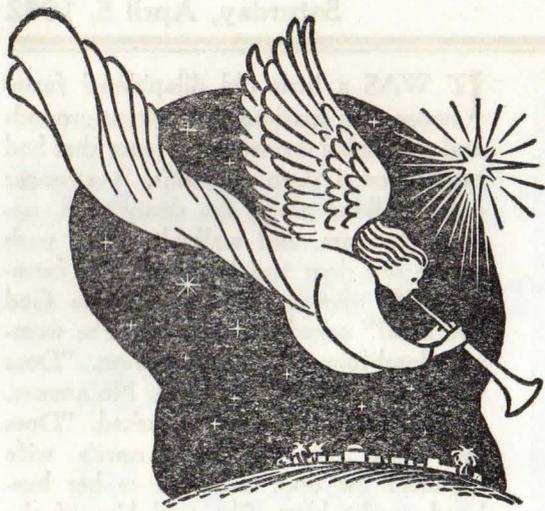
Old Glory is the greatest flag that flies, and the tea hostess had better wake up to it.

AT ANY rate, this nation contains a great contingent of real sophisticates who haven't misplaced its sense of true values. Decidedly it hasn't fallen for this "internationalist" bunkum, that truly is recognized as bait to mulct the immature.

If America were flat broke, of no greater economic consequence than Mexico, does anyone beyond seven years old imagine there would be all this pother about breaking its "isolationism"?

Look for this fish-hook, you callow idealists!

Let's get mature people in command of America again and tell European royalty to go earn three dollars a day honestly in the nearest gravel-pit.



“Behold, a Voice Out of a Cloud”

An Easter Preachment by
a Pennsylvania Pastor . .

REV. A. AUGUSTUS WELSH

Matthew 17:5—And behold a voice out of the cloud which said, ‘This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased.’

LT WAS bitter cold on the summit of Mount Tabor. The jagged rocks that tumbled all about like swollen pebbles frostily reflected the numbing winteriness of the Judean night. No sweet scented flowers jutted from the crevices; no fir feathered trees broke the smacking of the winds; no clear mirrored waters ribboned the monotony of bareness. Just bleakness and frigidness and death. Yet it was there, one early dawn, that heaven blossomed in the trembling souls of three disciples and the glory of the Lord fell upon the earth, and, the earth disappeared.

“Watch,” said Jesus. And the disciples strained to see. Slowly, incredibly there came a change. The white garments of the Saviour grew whiter still. They gleamed; they radiated; they blazed. That face, always lovingly sweet, yet brown with His race, brightened into sunlight. It beamed; it flashed; it dazzled like the fire of the blazing sun. Above Him two spiritual forms emerged from the colorless air, materialized into familiar forms, Moses and Elijah. And a voice deep as thunder and as quiet as the whispering cedars of Lebanon swept into their hearing. Quaking, like buildings shaken by an earthquake, they fell prostrate, mumbling stuttered syllables that strove to match the indescribable glory. How long they remained transfixed, they could never quite reckon, afterward, but when they glanced upwards again, the ethereal had vanished and they saw Jesus only. Alone in His common whiteness of garment; alone in His bronzed human Semetic face.

The stones were again hard, jagged and cold. The summit was barren and desolate. The earth had returned in all its earthiness. “Come,” said Jesus, “tell no man what you saw. We must return to the valley as humans, to work the will of God.” Wondering like little children, who have seen some marvelous thing; they stumbled down the hills. But one thing they knew. Jesus Inside had come Outside. They had looked upon the miracle of the soul of their Saviour dominating the body and covering it, previewing to their minds the probable substance that would clothe the saved in the heavenly kingdom. Inside on earth, Outside in heaven.

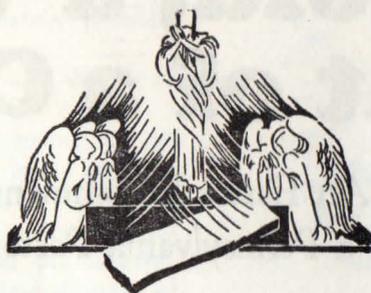
YOU probably won’t believe me when I tell you that there are Christians living today who have this same heavenly body on the Inside. There may be high spiritual occasions when that inside comes outside, but if that does happen, it is unlikely that the rest of us shall notice it. Our minds are not focused to that sort of manifestation. We see only the ordinary. The extraordinary escapes us. To see the unusual requires trained sight. The astronomer sees the irregularity in the heavenly bodies but we do not. The botanist sees the unusual in plant growth but we don’t. The poet sees the emotional beauty in the universe but we do not. And the religious mystic sees divine appearances but not the most of us. Yet these phenomena are present whether we see them or not.

Even St. Paul was blind, spiritually, before Christ invaded him. As a Pharisee, under the name of Saul, he had been, all his life, a devoted Jewish religious moralist. Conventional to the degree, he persecuted Christians day and night, in season and out. When, as a leader of persecutions, St. Paul held the coats of his

underlings who were stoning St. Stephen to death, he saw nothing unusual in Stephen or in the heavens. But the historic account says that Stephen’s face was beautified when he fell and that the heavens opened to reveal the magnificence of God and Jesus and the angelic host.

But this Christ in the disciples as human beings troubled Paul’s soul. He couldn’t sleep. He couldn’t find peace. Though he was unaware of it a change was taking place in his nature. Then one day it happened. On the way to Damascus, Christ appeared to Him in the Divine Body. The bright light flooded the country-side. “Who are thou?” cried Paul. “I am the Christ,” said the vision. “Lord”, mumbled Paul, “what wilt Thou have me do?” Somewhere between St. Stephen and Damascus, Paul had altered his focus. Hereafter he couldn’t see nationalistic Judaism, his original love. He could see only Christ and His gospel. When he wrote to the Corinthians, much later, he told them they couldn’t see heavenly facts and people because the God of this world had blinded them, so steeped them in earthly viewpoints that they couldn’t recognize the Divine when they saw it.

HOW true that description is of us. Heavenly glory whirling all around us and we are blind. People with the eternal pretransfigured body active inside them, passing us every day, and we don’t recognize their divinity. The industrialist looks for the brainy people. Those who want to get married look for money or appearance or form or willingness. The politicians look for the man who can get votes. The churches look for an orator of the pulpit. The gambler looks for a clever operator. Few people look for anyone with a divine body active within them,



Three Days

By Elizabeth Dilling



**SONG of sunshine through the rain,
Of spring across the snow;
A balm to heal the hurts of pain,
A peace surpassing woe.
Lift up your heads ye sorrowing ones
And be ye glad of heart,
For Calvary and Easter Day
Were just three days apart!**

**With shudder of despair and loss
The world's deep heart is wrung,
As, lifted high upon the Cross
The Lord of Calvary hung,
When rocks were rent, and ghostly forms
Stole forth in street and mart.
But Calvary and Easter Day,
Earth's blackest day
And whitest day,
Were just three days apart!**

except when they are in distress. It is because of this blindness that God doesn't get into our social, our economic, our political, our religious and our domestic life. So much trouble in the world and every bit of it with us because "the God of this world hath blinded the minds of those who believed not lest the light of Christ in His disciples might shine unto them."

Are you one of those who look for Christ active in people choosing them for

your companions, counsellors and leaders? Or, what is more important, has the God of this world so blinded you to the possibilities of forming your Divine body Inside so that it might, in God's own time, be transfigured on the Outside? Have you ever heard God's voice drop like rose petals upon you whispering, "Thou are my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." You are transfigur-able!

Or take another episode . . .

IT WAS a little old dilapidated farmhouse with spacious but unkept grounds and a tumbled down picket fence that had never seen a drop of paint. A stranger came walking along the dusty road, opened the gate, and walked up the path to the low door and knocked. The farmer's wife opened the door. "Does God live here?" asked the stranger. The woman, dumbfounded, didn't answer. "Does God live here?" he repeated. No answer. Again, the third time he asked, "Does God live here?" The farmer's wife slammed the door and fled to her husband at the barn. She told him of the strange visitor. He blustered and floundered for words, saying finally, "Didn't you tell him we belonged to the church?" "That isn't what he asked me," she mumbled. "Well, didn't you tell him I'm deacon and you're a member of the Women's Missionary Society?" "That isn't what he asked," she replied. In silence they looked at each other. Then they both knew. For all their pretensions God did not live in their home nor in their bodies. The eternal just wasn't there. An emptiness clawed within them, not a glory bursting to break their skins.

According to a story by the late Dr. Peter Marshall of Washington, Chaplain to the Senate, a rich man in that city picked up his Bible one night and read where Jesus said that those "who have" should invite to dinner those "Who have not". He lay awake all night thinking, worrying, for he was an influential man in the city. The next day he went to the engravers and had them print an expensive invitation card which read in part: "Jesus of Nazareth invites you to dinner" and then wrote the address. He put the cards in his pocket and walked up and down Washington, giving the cards and a big warm smile to the blind men, the cripples, the slum dwellers, some with revolvers in their pockets and to all the outcasts he could find. On the appointed evening the assorted mob assembled at his home. He greeted them like old friends, fed them sumptuously, entertained them royally, overcoming their doubt, their cynicism and distrust. Then, when he dismissed them he gave them each a marked testament saying, "It has made me very happy to have you here in my home. If I have given you one evening of happiness I shall be forever glad to remember it. This is not my party. It is His. I have merely loaned Him this

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Do Invisible Counsellors Run this Nation? . .

EVERY country under the sun is populated by members of a race who assume instinctively that they are God's favored people. The Israelites by no means hold any monopoly on the concept. The native of India, Russia, Germany, France, Great Britain, or most specifically of all, the United States, is in each case fundamentally certain that he has been born into the best land under the sky, that his people are a trifle different and a trifle better than all other peoples, that his government has a special mission to execute among the governments of earth, and that all things considered, any catastrophe which blotted his race from the family of nationals would amount to a loss that could never be named.

It was from this instinctive assumption that the idea of the "sovereignty" of governments was originally derived.

Sovereignty of governments is the admission all around that inasmuch as all the nationals taken together cannot agree on which among them is God's pet people, they consent to recognize the possibility that *all* of them hold claims to the distinction, and until the matter is decided by God Himself, they had all best respect the others' nominations.

Now such a concept as being *the* best-governed and highest-developed people on the Footstool could not be so widespread, or persist over such an interminable length of time, unless it instanced some law of Cosmos, some fundamental of the universe, that supplies each worldly national with profit to his spirit.

Let us probe for some explanation to the mystery—for mystery it is!—in considering the contentions of the Chinaman in particular.



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

MAKE John Chinaman talk about it, and he will reveal not the slightest bashfulness in confiding to you that Chinese nativity, Chinese culture, and Chinese traditions all prove incontestably that the Chinese compose the world's greatest race. Of course, if you talk to an Englishman, a Frenchman, an Italian, or a German, he will make similar revelations—the only difference between any one of these and the Chinaman being, that if you show doubt to the informer, or give him an argument, he may lose his temper and sock you in the eye.

The Chinaman thinks that his culture is quite the best that has ever been devised, he is sure that the Almighty Creator would not have made China and kept it in existence as a country over such a period of time unless the Chinese were especial recipients of His favor, and that anyone from the western nations who presumes to put his own race in a grada-

tion higher than China's must be regarded as a child who merely hates to be bested.

We turn to the Book of Cosmos for our instruction and beg to be informed why a people far over in Asia should hold such grandiose ideas and we behold this great truth—

Nations, or races, are but civil or social "experimentings" as it were, giving its members—by a certain pattern of culture—peculiar spiritual experiences which could not be theirs in any other form.

Some races we know have always been ruled by kings. Dynastic rule gives the people living under it, simple civil protection. Subjects of a king—unless they be subscribing to a constitutional monarchy, which is truly a republic with the king in the role of President—are not called to take much part in governing themselves. In fact, it is not the life lesson to be learned to do much thinking politically.

People under a king are living simple cell existences, learning lessons in domesticity or economic artisanship, and waiting till they are born under other cycles and in other cultures to awaken to the exercise of their political "rights."

SOMETIMES it is to the spiritual enhancement of unfolding souls to be born and reborn, and live mortally for long periods in those states of society that practice human slavery. The slavery may be of the brutal commercial kind, such as was inflicted upon the black man of the United States prior to the Civil War, or it may be the master-serf state of slavery such as was practiced in Russia as between aristocrats and peasants.

Again it may be the rarified and refined condition of slavery such as existed in the days of the Greek democracies or Roman republic—when captives taken in war, by no means human troglodytes, were sold to purchasers among the victors and employed as high-caste servants or tutors for the young.

Frequently it happened in the latter case that the slave would be a brainier man or woman than the owner.

It shocks our sense of decency today to think of one caste of men owning and bartering the bodies of another caste of men. But a period in which this sort of thing has been prevalent always seems to be necessary to evolve certain qualities of consciousness in both master and vassal, to aid them in making spiritual adjustments to each other, and perhaps to balance karmas that mightn't otherwise be compensated.

Even in the business of debating, and later fighting a war over, the social circumstance that slavery might be "wrong", there are spiritual advancements not otherwise obtaining.

If we wish to take the attitude that one mortal span on earth is all that any soul experiences, then slavery would be most immoral indeed. It would be immoral because the master would seem to enjoy the fruits of labor which he by no means deserved, whereas the slave would face misfortune from the cradle to the grave.

If we take the likelier attitude that all human beings are but souls living in earthly bodies again and again till all life's profitable experiencings have been enjoyed, then we can see that there would be periods in which the individual slave would alternate and be the master, and the individual master would alternate and be the slave.

If any given master had been cruel or unjust to a given slave in one life, then the slave would be the master in the next life and have full chance to repay his tormentor in kind.

When we climb higher and consider states of society in higher spiritual unfoldments, we begin to discern man giving thought to the thing called the State, the Nation, the political unit which he takes part in governing. After hundreds of experiences in and out of flesh, in which the individual soul has suffered encroachments on—and struggles for—his liberty, we begin to meet people who are keen for their "rights."

These evolved souls lean to republics and democracies—or constitutional monarchies where the kings are but figure-heads.



Men born under such political jurisdictions are taking the first primary lessons in being future race mentors in themselves. They are observing Cause and Effect in various State procedures. They are inviting and executing civil responsibilities—and noting the results that grow from well-considered effort.

It is for these reasons that we behold the seeming hodge-podge of kingdoms, constitutional monarchies, republics, and democracies, all existing at the same time on the one planet and within one world.

It is for such reasons that we behold republics supplanting kingdoms, monarchies being overthrown in favor of democracies, democracies becoming lecherous and ending in dictatorships.

Developing and unfolding souls are coming along towards greater growth all the time, generation after generation, age upon age. These "new people" have to know and profit from all the social and civil experiencings that have been the heritage of their forebears of the past. So exactly similar political situations are

provided for them to meet. The question now arises—

Who provides them?

Who does such "experimentings" in the fall or rise of peoples?

THE NOTION is an old one that somewhere in Cosmos there must of necessity be a caste of seemingly discarnate mentors, who oversee the destinies of races and nationals. Depicted in one culture, they are called gods and goddesses. Depicted in another, they are patron saints and genii. Depicted in another, they are called the White Lodge members—the assemblage of valiant spirits who in their various earth-lives have perfected themselves in political jurisprudence.

This instinctive acceptance—that each and every people have special wardens looking after them—is probably a memory of recognition made in the periods between the lives, when the personages composing those Higher Councils or Committees were both commonly seen and known.

Because each council or committee would logically be drawn from members of the race over which it presides—that it might continue sympathetic as well as expert in the aims and ambitions of that particular segment of the species—given races or nationals assume, from such "memories" or "revelations," that the heavenly hierarchy is made up of their "own folks."

If such spiritual committees, presiding over the fortunes of some particular people, are composed of celebrities from the particular race so mentored, then the Rulers of the Universe must all be of that breed. Thus is human reasoning.

It never occurs to these souls while incarnated in earthly races, that there might be scores, hundreds, thousands, of such heavenly hierarchies—and not one transcendent over the other in authority.

It becomes instinctive in carnate man to think of the celestial realms as being but a glorification of the moral realms, something "bigger and beter."

So, if his racial council or celestial committee is made up of personages seeming in appearance or habits of thought to be Chinamen—or Englishmen, or Italians, or Frenchmen, or Germans—then the equation works out that God, the Angels, the Heavenly Host, down to the most humble seraph or spir-

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Strange Experiences . .

People Do Exhibit after Death

THE FILES of the international psychical research societies have long since bulged to overflowing with narratives and affidavits about persons seen at a distance in the instants of their physical deaths. So great is the number that society can no longer close its eyes and its minds to them. Here is an anecdote of a young woman who confirmed years later, from "Beyond", the view of her which a sister has experienced at the moment of her Passing.

"We had been brought up in the Dominican Convent of Chalon-sur-Saone," a Madam Marguerite Perret wrote the psychical scientist Flammarion in August of 1920, "when an epidemic of typhoid fever broke out in the school and the terrible malady attacked my sister. All pupils were immediately sent home and my father took me to Beaune, to the home of close friends, Monsieur and Madam Bourgeois. Later Monsieur became mayor of Beaune.

"Leaving me, my father returned to my sister. The nuns gave him permission to remain by her bedside. Since I had been brought up to embrace very religious ideas, I had begun to offer prayers to the Blessed Virgin for nine successive days—prayers for my sister's recovery. I was absolutely convinced that on the ninth day my sister would be well. I was sleeping alone in a room that gave on the drawingroom, with Monsieur's and Madam's room just across the hall.

"Suddenly toward the end of the night on the fifth day of my prayers, I was awakened by a strange noise in the drawing room. One would have said that some nocturnal prowler was in there, dragging a chain. I was then, and still am, an extremely light sleeper and sat up in bed at once, listening.

"What was my astonishment and growing uneasiness when the noise of the chains turned to light footsteps on the

hard polished floor. And they were approaching my bed! I remember how my heart beat violently. Terrified, I was ready to scream, when suddenly in the dark I felt a human hand being brushed across my sheets. An unearthly radiance seemed to flash in the room, not unlike the flashlights used with cameras.

"In the instant of the radiance, I beheld my sick sister!

"**I**T WAS too much. In the utmost terror, seeing my sister standing there illumined so, I uttered piercing screams. It brought Monsieur and Madam rushing into my room.

"They wished to know, of course, why I screamed. I recounted my experience. They tried to convince me I had only dreamed a dream.

"No, no, it wasn't a dream,' I insisted. 'I heard my sister's footsteps. Her body must have been here because the weight of something made the boards creak. She came. *I saw her!*'

"They calmed me, giving me orange water, and told me to try to go back to sleep. Monsieur happened to look at his watch. It was a moment only before five in the morning.

"At noon we were at table when the doorbell rang. The maid went to answer the door and brought in my father. He was holding a handkerchief to his face. Sobbing, he told us that my sister had died that morning, just before daylight. The exact time? About one minute to five o'clock!

"My father was told then, what had happened in my room. 'What a strange coincidence,' he said over and over.

"A mere coincidence? No, a thousand times, no! Those dear to us can give us unexceptionable proof *that they survive what we call death.*

"But there is more to the story . .

"**T**HE YEARS passed and I grew to womanhood. One day a medium

who was clairaudient, was in my room, holding a pencil in her hand. She knew absolutely nothing of my life, particularly that in my middle girlhood I had lost my dearest sister. She began writing on the pad with the pencil. *But she was writing in my long-lost sister's inimitable handwriting!* Moreover, when the writing was finished, the name signed was Marie! That had been my sister's given name.

"Oh, my dear little sister!" I exclaimed. 'If it is really you who are come to me so, and are here in this room this minute, write what happened in my room on the morning of your death.'

"Yes,' the Pencil wrote, 'it was really I whom you saw. You weren't wrong in thinking that. You heard the floor boards creak beneath my steps.'

"I said, 'I can't understand how the boards could possibly do that?'"

"I did it to warn you,' replied Marie's handwriting, 'to attract your attention. I made a noise *like* floor boards creaking. I was going to speak to you but you screamed so! In any case,' she added, 'I accomplished what I wished to, for you remember it, you see.'

"Remember it? It seems as though it had happened but yesterday!"

THERE it is. The same thing, over and over. People can go consciously, it seems, to those they love, or who love them, and can even simulate noises which are heard as audible sounds. How can this increasing volume of testimony be ignored? It surpasses and outweighs all theological argument about the fate of the soul. Sometimes years pass, between such phenomena, thus demonstrating as well that the excarnate soul evidently does not heigh itself off to some elevated location.

Today's Mysticism is Tomorrow's Science. What will life be like to us when Survival right here on this earth is established?

Our whole culture may be changed.

Valor

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Vulnerable



STUDENTS of constitutional government have long since arrived at an utterly rational observation in respect to the structure of administration in a free Republic. No effective and permanent standards exist by which the system can be screened of subversives. The free representative form of government, in other words, is wide open to the foreign agents who would undermine it in the interests of some predatory alien State. And who's to keep them out?

The rulers of a free republic are chosen from among ten thousand candidates—usually self-nominated—in a given field. Every candidate stands on a par with every other candidate. Usually the individual who has the best press is elected—in other words, the man with whom the reading public has the best newspaper acquaintance. This candidate succeeds in getting into office. It isn't permanent as to tenure. In two to four years he may be back in the ranks of the nobodies—that is, the unpublicized or the poorly publicized. It isn't up to him to question the character or motives of his fellow candidates. So all that the alien State has to do is qualify any agent it may have available to hold such office and in he goes.

Over a period of time the whole constitutional structure may be riddled with such agents—and the government bends according to the efficacy of their influence. People wonder what's gone wrong. By the time they arrive at such wonder, however, the mischief may have gone too



far to be undone. Practices have been introduced demanding the perpetuation of the miscreants in their positions. Incidentally, of course, they've left few stones unturned to make their offices seemingly indispensable.

Presently 'free' government exists in name only.

People say they've got a representative government merely because it's called that.

Nobody has authority or incentive to keep a censorship on subversives.

If any great group of sophisticate citizens band together to attempt to clean such Aegean Stables, the cry goes up that such group is organized to "overthrow" government, assumedly by force and violence. It may be declared subversive by the very bloc that's subversive itself—because the bloc that's subversive itself is pronouncing such anathema from inside some bona fide executive department, giving it every semblance of integrity and authority. The outside populace accepts such pronouncement at its face value because of the bona fide department out of which it was issued. No one knowingly cares to belong to an organization that has been pronounced "subversive", so the attempt to screen out the undesirables and foreign agents, folds up.

The seizure of constitutional government to nefarious end is thereby made complete.

The State goes from bad to worse. Agreements and treaties of a ruinous nature are entered into with foreign powers. Graft and corruption prosper brazenly. The tax rate climbs to incredible figures. Business suffers. Panics are generated that happen closer and closer. Then do hysterical legislative committees gather and seek to "investigate" this federal department and that. Here and there some particularly lambent personality is made the culprit for too brazen lechery, or an Alger Hiss is jailed for perjury. Thereafter matters level off and the electorate,

a la the congressional committee, goes back to sleep.

The true vulnerability of the Republic remains unremedied.

Where to get unimpeachable men for public office? No, that's not the answer. The answer is facing the fact of free government's vulnerability in the item of basic qualifications for office. And the same maintains for all government employes.

No one demurs at the stipulation that the President of the United States must be at least 35 years of age and a native of the United States. The principle embodied in this, must eventually extend to all other executives and electees to office.

When executives under a republic are chosen from a free field of candidates where one has as much right to his civic beliefs as another, then constitutional requirements must be the police function doing the screening impersonally.

This Republic will have to consider it eventually.

Otherwise it may not last beyond the current generation.

Contest



MR. TRUMAN is out of the presidential running this coming November. Stevenson, Kerr, Kefauver and Russell are proposed as Democratic alternatives.

Kefauver, basing his candidacy on his crime busting record, is alleged to have the support of the labor racketeers. Also he stands admittedly for the One-World Super-state of United States, that flies Dear Old Spider-Web above Old Glory. He gets the big publicity hand from the anti-isolationist elements in consequence, the same as Dwight Eisenhower gets it in the Republican camp. These men would seem from their records to acknowledge the overlordship of the international power bloc. Whichever wins would seem to make small difference to the power bloc itself. Meantime, Douglas MacArthur or Robert Taft are quietly damned in both camps with silence. All this hysteria for Eisenhower is of course a manufactured hysteria, and a manufactured hysteria always has a private purpose behind it.

What are the rank and file of the Christ People supposed to do in the coming political turmoil?

VALOR declares they are supposed to

stand staunchly by their principles, and do the righteous thing in their own private instance, no matter what's happening throughout the great body politic. Douglas MacArthur remains unblemished as embodying the principles which the Christ People advocate. A write-in ballot for Douglas MacArthur may not win the election, but it will preserve the self-respect of the individual voter.

No Christ Person has any moral right to say, the man for whom I vote may not receive enough support to elect him, therefore I'll vote for somebody more likely to win and thus "save" my vote.

No vote is "saved" when it goes to a candidate who fails to qualify on spiritual or ethical grounds. The voter will have discarded his principles at a stroke. He himself is lost with his ballot.

Vote for the man who qualifies according to the estimate of one's highest conscience. Then if the election is won by a scoundrel, a subversive, or an alien agent, on the heads of those who wanted a scoundrel, a subversive, or an alien agent in office, be the karma of the disaster that is later precipitated.

Voting for the wrong man as a compromise with victory may appear to be expedient, but by no means does it save the individual from unerring penalties of maladministration.

If one does have to suffer, why not suffer with the conscience clean and the spiritual standards unimpaired?

Besides, if everyone in America who believes in MacArthur *voted* for him this political miasma would be solved at a stroke.

None of this is partisanship.

It is judging the contest by uncompromising spiritual standards.

Anonymity

THERE are several persons about America who seem to take a morbid and inhibited delight in sending the Recorder of the Soulcraft Doctrine anonymous communications, terming him a shyster, a religious racketeer, a demagogue, a wife snatcher, a child-beater and car-thief. If there are one or two other defamations they've overlooked, it doesn't matter. As a psychological display, the performance of these persons is both curious and intriguing.

Few people go to the trouble and effort

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of composing and mailing a letter unless some purpose is being served that compensates them. Undoubtedly anonymous deprecators are mostly relieving safety valves within their own temperaments. But the Recorder does wish they would be sporting enough to give him some indication of who they are, and where responses can reach them, for some of these letters he would greatly enjoy answering. Of course, charging a man with all the sins in the catalog and then not permitting him the means of defending himself may appear victory of a sort to a certain class of deprecator; it’s a vicarious way of feeling the deprecator has silenced him because no rebuttal is forthcoming. Actually, of course, it discloses a childish petulance and admitted weakness of position.

The Recorder gives his word that he has no intent of running to any postal authorities because some correspondence has called him a dirty word in communications. That too, would be poor sportsmanship and admitted weakness on his part. The Recorder feels he can hold his own if he knows whom to hold his own against.

Come out from behind the gooseberry bush, you assailants and smear-throwers. What are you afraid of? The Recorder wants to answer many of you in quiet, gentlemanly rebuttal.

Invisible Counsellors

(Continued from Page 6)

it, must also be Chinese, English, Italian, French, or German, as the mortal’s nationality may dictate.

Because this mistaken notion prevails concerning the jurisdiction of the Higher Realms, and the assumption is definite to Chinese, English, Italians, French and Germans that the supervising hierarchy is composed of persons or spirits of their own extraction, we probably get the notion on the part of each people that they are superior to all others. If they were not superior, why should the Heavenly Mentors take their own racial shapes?

THEN there is another reason for each national’s accepting that his own race is the “best.”

He has to alibi somehow his presence in it as a spirit. Of course he has been made prenatally aware that the particular race in which incarnation awaits him

contains definite lessons which his spirit needs to learn. Each race, with a culture distinctive to itself, with a domesticity and a political life that distinguishes it from all others, typifies the deficiencies of such spirit at the moment.

Entering life in it, its general cultural level proclaims the ethical status which the soul has reached to date.

It wants to appear to advantage, to proclaim its advancements with the universe as a witness, and so it brags within itself that its own attainments and its morally oriented attainments must be considered one and the same.

“My race is the best race under the sun because I consider myself to be the best person in existence under the sun,” is its spiritually-subconscious line of argument. “I would scarcely incarnate in a race that was of any less worth than I consider myself to be when I evaluate myself at all. Really, it is because I feel a pride in having come thus far in cosmic unfoldment and attained to this particular race as witness of such progress, that I get out my tooter and acclaim it as superior. Having contributed my spirit to this race, I therefore boast of its superiority, and pat myself indirectly on my own back!”

THAT “Invisible Counsellors” do run this nation—in fact every nation as its interests may appear or Cosmos may require of it for the unfoldments of human spirits—is indicated by three outstanding bits of evidence:

First, the supply of conscientious and efficient leaders, which taken in itself is no small phenomenon.

Second, the mystical guides or Unseen Mentors of those leaders, who have spoken to them with literal voices all the way from Joan of Arc to Adolf Hitler.

Third, the fact that every leader who really proves himself to be such, and achieves, gains from somewhere outside himself a positive and specific wisdom aiding him to hold a place that is unique and peculiar to that race which he thus mentors!

The superficial person, or the plain ignoramus who doesn’t think at all, accepts the fact blindly that leaders come by chance.

But if all persons lived but one life in mortality, and each had approximately the same span to run, and pursued the same culture, why should leaders appear at all? Why should not one citizen of a

given race be just as wise or equally as dumb as every other citizen of that race?

It cannot be argued that castes within the race are responsible for leadership, for again and again it has been demonstrated that the cleverest and most capable leaders come from the castes considered "lowest."

Abraham Lincoln in the American scene is the likeliest case in point.

No, through some great mystery that the one-life-and-no-more theorists cannot prove even by the much touted laws of Heredity, outstanding and upstanding spirits arise spontaneously in every race and take charge of their fellows as though born to such, always.

They could not have "just happened." . . . They had to be provided. Furthermore, being experts—as proven by becoming subsequent arbiters of happenings—they had to be provided at the strategic and vital moment.

In order to arrive at maturity and function efficiently in a given circumstance or epoch—in the lives of either races or nations—someone somewhere had to know that such circumstance was sure to happen.

The only person or persons, incarnate or discarnate, who could possibly know that a given circumstance in the life of either a race or a nation was sure to happen, would be the one, or those, directly to become responsible for causing it to happen!

Thus, by logic, if the circumstance *does* happen, the existence of someone causing it is proven!

AS TO mystical guides, or Unseen Mentors, who "speak" clairaudiently to incarnate mortals, destined for, or exercising, leadership—their validity can be discussed only with those who have actually heard them. To try to describe the literality of clairaudient voicings to a person who has never experienced them knowingly, is like trying to describe a dream to a person whose slumbers have ever been dreamless.

How describe a dream, or the experience of dreaming, so that the validity of dreaming is proven?

It cannot be done.

Only the fact that mankind everywhere dreams, night upon night—that is, that all society goes through the Dream Experience as a feature of common sleep—makes dreaming creditable.

(Continued on Page 15)

¶ 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



.. COGITATIONS

SPEAKING of hosses in last week's COGITATIONS recalls to mind the halcyon days when all fire-fighting equipment was pulled by magnificent Percherons. Firehouses were uniformly deluxe stables. Back in Massachusetts at the turn of the century, the assaults of the Demon Fire were neither frequent enough nor savage enough to warrant the township maintaining such stables as a year-around project. So the town fathers had a contract with Glasheen Brothers, proprietors of our snazziest livery, to always have a pair of magnificent dapple-greys available, though not kept specifically for fire purposes and none other. Among my earliest recollections were the hooting of the siren on the chair-factory—informing the populace that igneous catastrophe threatened—and one of the Glasheen brothers unhitching the Percherons from whatever dumpcarts they might be pulling at the moment, and starting them chop-chop for the town fire-station where the fire-engine and hook-and-ladder were kept. Usually he did this afoot. The horses became reincarnated in a twinkling when the siren began blasting. From plain dump-cart plugs they became fiery Pegasuses, chomping at their bits, rearing and plunging, and dragging old man Glasheen toward the fire-station in great hops. Did those horses love to pull that fire-engine at a gallop?—you should have been a small lad back in the days of the Spanish War and watched . . . And, by the way, no matter what your age or your sex, the sight of those animals coming at mad gallop with that smoke-furling contraption rolling behind was a spectacle to thrill human blood. The greatest exhibition of horsemanship I think I ever saw, came

of a sultry afternoon when a three-alarm fire had broken out in the lower part of town and the fire-equipment had to come from the station at the top of a grade. But midway of the grade, the street was bisected by a branch of the local railroad, and the three o'clock Fitchburg passenger train had just pulled in and was spanned across this thoroughfare—the locomotive, baggage-car, and two coaches. The train had come in, I say, halted, and the train crew was busy emptying its load when the sirens begun blaring. Presently at the top of the grade could be sighted the down-coming fire-engine from the Center, drawn by as magnificent a pair of greys in full gallop as ever made drama for a spellbound small boy. The fire-engine had, of course, the down-hill momentum and the horses practically were galloping their hardest to keep out of its way and not have it climb their anatomies from behind. And here was this stalled train blocking their courses down into the business section. Talk about a nightmare! I can still see that frantic driver sawing at his reins to pull them to a halt, the while he applied his footbrakes with all the strength in his masculine body, because if he didn't bring horses and engine to a halt, the works were destined to strike those coaches amidships and fold up like an accordion after which they certainly would be useless as firefighting equipment and the driver could be interred in a casket made of two ironing-boards nailed flatly together and with no depth whatever. There being no thoroughfare to divert that rolling, plunging engine either to right or left, the man had to stop the hurtling unit *and did so!* However, they do say the passengers in the particular coach spanning that street did clear out electrically when they looked up the grade and saw what was coming. And it wasn't of record that anyone of them said "Excuse me!" if he trod on the necks of the passengers in front of him . . .

o—o

HOWEVER, I had something quite in another quarter to make of record in this particular *Cogitations*. That was the time, in a pocket-handkerchief city just north of Springfield where I owned

the newspaper—whose name I withhold because there still may be participants in the episode alive and I wouldn't want to cause them embarrassment—when horses were attached to quite a different piece of equipment, a hook-and-ladder, and matters got very complicated for an hour or so in the lives of sundry male individuals who saw life as through a glass darkly and little fire was involved excepting in their temperaments . . . There was, in that small metropolis a certain fire-station supervised by a dignitary named MacDermott, who resided when at home in an outlying section of the city. And when thus at home in the outlying section of the city, he abode with a spouse who gave him cause for no small concern because of her proclivities for carrying on monkey-business with sundry other males, many of whom were not firemen, but followed the vocations of peddling ice, vegetables strawberries and whatever portable merchandise could be disposed of, for cash, to housewives in mood to purchase. Mac's wife was, in short, a philanderess and Mac was aware of it. He brooded darkly over this circumstance during interminable hours of sitting around the station waiting for the Demon Fire to rampage. He brooded over it so darkly and so much, in fact, that he was acquiring a bad asperity of temperament. Therefore one sultry afternoon, when he was in a particularly savage mood in result of rumors reaching him that a former flame of his wife's had been heard giving wolf-calls from his domestic shrubbery, word came that the earlier suitor had driven up to his domicile in a snappy horse-and-buggy and was soliciting Mrs. MacDermott to pack her suitcases and begone with him. That tore it. Mac had no idea of dawdling around a silent station-house while his wife ran off with the younger and handsomer man. He had to get out to his home and get out there quick. No such things as taxicabs existed in those primitive days. Mac had no one to call on for aid in transportation but his helper, one "Mosquito" McGee. McGee was a diminutive person, as might be suspected from his moniker, who looked upon the wine when it was red and allowed it to bite him like a serpent and

sting him like an adder. In fact, he was plastered about four-fifths of the time around that Station-house. His duties, by the way, when the Demon Fire instead of the Demon Rum held forth in the community, were to mount to the swivel-seat of the hook-and-ladder and do the steering of the back truck as it negotiated corners. When word came in definitely that Mrs. MacDermott was be-taking herself out of her husband's life forever, MacDermott went loco and McGee went nuts. The fire engine was too lumberous a vehicle to promise speed and couldn't be employed to give chase to the erring Madam and her city slicker. Besides, McGee wanted to be along to see MacDermott catch up with said city slicker and separate him into parts. The result was, "Mosquito" pushed the button releasing the doors to the horse-stalls behind the hook-and-ladder, snapped the collars and tugs on the Percherons and screeched for MacDermott to mount to the seat. And he mounted his own. If MacDermott had his honor to avenge, it was nothing short of emergency that warranted them "borrowing" the least-heavy vehicle in that station-house to get out to MacDermott's place in an unhallowed Big Hurry . . . So without any siren screeching anywhere, a pair of dapplegrays reared and plunged out of that fire-house, pulling in their wake the community's only hook-and-ladder on which two lunatics were intent on negotiating the mile to the MacDermott domicile and messing this elopement before it got started.

o—o

YOU may conjecture what happened. Staid citizens enjoying the balmy zephyrs of summer afternoon in "piano-box" buggies heard a mighty tumult sounding ahead and when a wild hook-and-ladder appeared around the bend, steered through the leafy dells by a badly befuddled and excited MacDermott and a McGee who had trouble holding the rear truck to the road, their horses got action even if drivers didn't. They got out of the way to let it pass. Some of their horses climbed pasture bars, some preferred bramble patches to staying in the highway and finding themselves parts of the MacDermott elopement, some even started up handy hayricks, spilling their passengers in all directions. But MacDermott and McGee halted not, neither did they tarry. Rigs headed in the same direction followed behind, with dozens of youths on bicycles and whole segments of

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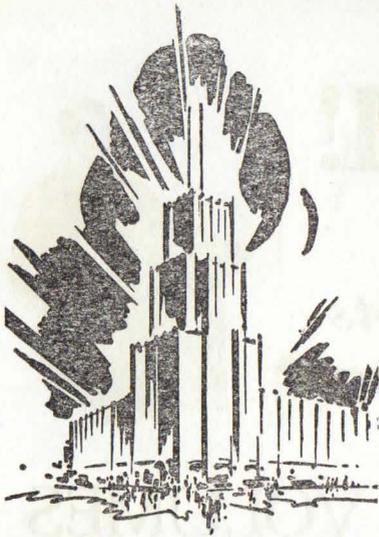
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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
Noblesville, Indiana

humanity afoot. One old farmer who didn't know what a hook-and-ladder was, gave birth to the original pleasantry, "Now whar in tarnation be them drunken painters goin'?" The drunken "painters" were going to the MacDermott premises as fast as the greys could take them, to restrain Madam MacDermott from committing sin. They got to MacDermott's place and veered into its yard, carrying away a large section of fence.

Chickens zoomed into sundry stratospheres. A cat was struck and a dog was flattened. The firemen skidded up to a door where a goggle-eyed neighbor wondered if the domicile had somehow caught fire without her knowing it. Where was Mrs. MacDermott? Mrs. MacDermott and her City Slicker had been gone about four minutes, up the east road toward Foxboro. After 'em, gazooks! The panting, plunging horses



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Soulcraft Press, Inc., Noblesville, Ind.

didn't know what it was all about, and it was first fire they'd ever pulled apparatus to quench that went hedge-hopping around the country and having to be chased . . .

ANYHOW, MacDermott and McGee knew there was no time to be lost and went out the east side of the yard, carrying away more fence. They distributed fence remnants half-way to Foxboro. When a hayrack obstructed the narrowing highway, they swung to the right—at least Mosquito swung his back-half of the hook-and-ladder to the right—and it knocked down a couple of shade trees, then he swung it to the left to even matters up, and annexed what was left of rural delivery mail-box. They told my reporter later that among other queer antics cut by the runaway hook-and-ladder that afternoon, was distributing Sear-Roebuck catalogs and letters along two miles of road without furnishing the service of putting it into mail-boxes—it would have been incorrectly addressed anyhow. I can go back to the files of my paper for 1913 and find the description of what happened when MacDermott and McGee caught up with the runaways six miles down the Foxboro road by reason of a funeral cortege coming in the opposite direction. My reporter, who happened to be out that way visiting his aunt, tried to convince me that even the corpse aroused and stuck his head out to look, when MacDermott pulled Adonis out of a hired livery buggy and mopped up the county with him. McGee could do nothing but dance up and down on his assortment of fire-fighting ladders and encourage the punishment, although I believe he put his foot down wrongly in one of these gyrations and broke his leg. Anyhow, MacDermott got his wife back—God knows why he wanted such a woman—spanked her up onto the seat of the hook-and-ladder, turned the whole contraption 'round in a six-acre hayfield and bore her home in advance of the funeral. Then he wrote his resignation and had a neighbor return the hook-and-ladder and McGee at a walk. Of course the town fathers had fired him anyhow, and he got thirty days in jail for assault. He declared, when interviewed, it was worth it. Only while he was in jail, Mrs. MacDermott ran off with the carpenter who'd come to mend two apertures in fence. Moral of the tale is, you can't win. Always let a lady have her way . . .

—THE RECORDER

Behold, a Voice

(Continued from Page 4)

house. He was your host. He is your friend, And, He has given me the honor of speaking for Him. I shall see you all again." They shuffled off into the night but none was the same. Jesus of Nazareth had come to them and they were beginning to heal. The glory of the Lord had shown round about them and they took hold. That night, on Massachusetts Avenue a very rich man smiled in his sleep. His inner Divinity was growing! Perhaps, even, in his dreams God was saying, "Thou art my beloved son . . ."

It is a long way from the Valley of Men to the Mount of Transfiguration. And it is a great difference that separated the "good" person from the "Christ" person. But the differences can be spanned! And, oh what a transfigurative change within one's soul!

A. Augustus Welsh, Minister,
Christ Evangelical and Reformed
Church, Bethlehem, Penn.

Invisible Counsellors

(Continued from Page 11)

In the case of the directing Clairaudient Voice, however, it is by no means a feature of every person's sensings.

Nevertheless, in every generation for thousands of years have appeared outstanding personages whose records for integrity in other matters are unquestioned, who have affirmed their clairaudience.

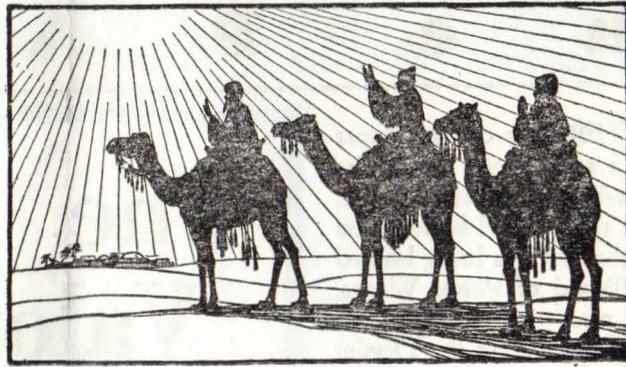
If such persons, reliable in every other aspect, affirm that clairaudient voices address them—and we care to accept that they are speaking the truth—then we must agree that someone, somewhere, is responsible in each instance for the voices so speaking.

And as such voices utter directings of the profoundest wisdoms, making for the epochal accomplishment of those so addressed, then it must be said that such counsellorship is actual.

Furthermore, when men far apart, generally unknown to each other, get the same intelligence, tending toward the same accomplishment, then more than one mentor must be at the work.

It is doubtful for acceptances if we could envision merely one discernate spirit, hastening to and fro, and doing *all* of the mentoring for *all* of the leaders.

The existence of more than one, at-



"STAR GUESTS"

PEOPLE who want to get the entire Soulcraft Doctrine should read the books in the following order: *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive*, *Behold Life*, and *Star Guests*.

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Anyone reading and absorbing these books possesses a unique education. Particularly does he understand the spiritual history of the human race. Out-of-print copies of the Soulcraft books have sold for as high as \$40 the volume. And their printing has always been commensurate with their contents.

The Deluxe Edition is now exhausted on this fundamental Soulcraft work, but 200 copies are still available in Cloth for \$3 each, prepaid. The whole Soulcraft background is contained in this esoteric treatment of human origins . . .

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tested by more than one performance, likewise attests to the existence of a group.

If there is a Master Pattern, however, and hosts of race or national mentors are counselling in adherence to it, then at least there is comfort in the thought that the events of mad earth may not be what they seem.

There are vast cosmic processes working out for the unfoldment of human spirit. Some may seem cruel, some may seem unjustified. But more and more as we consider denouement, we are forced to recognize that too often they seem cruel or unjustified because we *will* insist on measuring them with the archaic yardstick of the one-life-and-no-more belief,

T h e P A Y O F F

THE REPORTER on a country paper was writing a story about the demise of the veteran editor of a rival paper, when word came that an old building on the outskirts of the city was being burned by order of the Board of Public Works.

The make-up man on the sheet was befuddled that afternoon by the Demon Rum. He got the linotype slugs on the rival's obituary mixed up with the slugs on the enforced conflagration. That night the subscribers read the following startling statement—

"As the remains of the old Editor were being lowered into the grave . . . suddenly the flames shot up. But onlookers said it was no great loss, as it was an old wreck and had disgraced the community long enough."

AN AMERICAN attended a rowing regatta on the Thames, honored by the presence of the royal family. Between events, small boys entertained the crowd by diving for tuppences tossed into the water. An American magnate started to toss silver dollars into the stream to see if the boys would go after them. A Londoner laid an appealing hand upon his arm.

"I say, my dear fellow," he confided, "would you please be a little careful. You'll have the bloomin' King diving in a minute."

THE TINY girl inquired, "Papa, what are those bands around the trunks of trees for?"

"To keep the insects from getting up into leaves, Mary," the father explained.

Half an hour later the pair passed an actor who was wearing a mourning band on his arm for an uncle.

"Lookit, papa, he's keeping off bugs too, isn't he? But where's his leaves?"

A FRIEND was consoling with a Frenchman over the loss of his wife. "I could see you were all broken up at the funeral," he said.

"Ah, you zee me at ze house," the bereaved one responded. "But you should zee me at ze grave. I raise 'ell at ze grave!"

The Valor Lectures

are going over with sudden acclaim. Newcomers are returning to hear the next one. *Are you hearing them?* The current one is

"EASTER"



Get information about a wire or tape Recorder, from Soulcraft Headquarters. The reels are sent you on a basis of your donating to the work what you consider them to be worth, for the spiritual good they have done you.

THEY were talking about the departed White-Wing.

"Bill was a good street-cleaner, don't you think?" asked one of his mates.

The other looked dubious "But don't you agree with me," he suggested, "he was a little weak about the lamp-posts?"

THE PERPLEXED wife wrote to the Domestic Science Editor, "Please tell me how I can keep my husband home nights?"

The Editor wrote back, "Prepare a sumptuous lunch, invite in a large group of beautiful girls, then go away yourself."

THE WIDE-open mouth of a snoring colored parson was too much temptation for the trainman. He dropped a 30-grain tablet of quinine into the gen-

erous aperture. A fit of coughing followed that brought the conductor.

"What's the matter, Reverend?"

"In mah sleep, sah," the parson reported, "ah think mah gall-bladder done busted!"

THE YOUNG collegian demanded of his older room-mate, "what do you do with your old safety-razor blades?"

Without glancing up from his book the room-mate replied, "Shave with them, mostly."

A CORPULENT traveler made a mad rush through the closing train-gate for the outgoing limited. As he came back panting, the gateman commented: "Missed her, eh?"

"No, no. Just took it in my head to chase her out of the station."