

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly . . .

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

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Number 7

PLAN FOR JERUSALEM TO BE WORLD CAPITOL, FUTILE



SOME of the elements working through United Nations to so alter the destiny of empires that Jerusalem becomes the Great Capitol of the world, should hire themselves a few capable clairvoyants. Of course, those elements don't believe in clairvoyance, they believe only in the power of the almighty dollar and their own strategy.

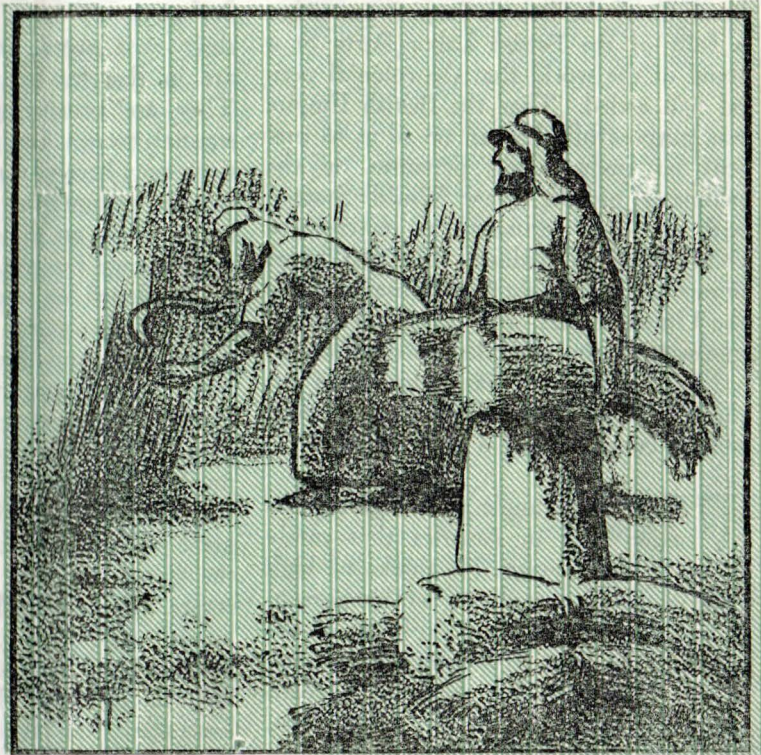
But Jerusalem is apparently due to meet the same fate as Israeli, and be left a wrecked and looted area as the Red Chinese horde rolls over it on its course to the eastern Mediterranean. That is the retribution that clear-eyed psychics see for the Holy City. But you can't convince the new World Planners of that at present.

The World Planners are having their heyday now, drawing colossal blueprints for the national line-up as it should be, when the Red United Nations shall have achieved the ends for which it was set up. But like the schemes of the Anti-Christ all up the run of human history, everything goes whacky at the last moment and those who bethought to rule civilization find themselves pariah among the peoples of the earth—*everything gone bust!*

The capitol of the Great New Earth is to be where the one-time despised and rejected Christ designates it.

It is to be a spiritual kingdom, something the materialistic World Planners don't understand.

THE DRAMA that is unfolding before our eyes is fascinating to watch. But the Mark of the Beast is upon the whole of it. The 18th Chapter of the Book



of Revelations narrates the cataclysmic story. A literal political city, founded upon requisition of wealth of the earth, is assumed to be the forthcoming ruler of all continents. That it should be classed in Christian Holy Writ as the real Babylon, is something to which the eyes of the arch-plotters are blinded. That in seeking to establish it by arousing the millions of Cathay to action, the seeds of its own destruction have been planted, is something to which the Planners prefer to give no credence. But make

no mistake about it, *the Chinese are coming* westward before this mighty embroilment is run, and Israeli and Jerusalem lie directly in their path.

It is to be the might of the United States that halts them at the Adriatic and turns them back upon Russia.

The World Planners could not have chosen a more miserable or fated spot for the setting up of their Invincible Metropolis to rule all nations of the globe. But being impervious to the Eternal Verities, that is the fate which such blindness prescribes for them, reactively.

IF YOU'LL keep an astute eye on the world situation, you'll observe how subtly the affairs of the nations of the earth are being manipulated, to try to bring the Jerusalem Capitol to pass. Russia has been the Big Bad Wolf wrangling for the new line-ups by reaction. Military Germany has been erased from the scene. Millions assume that the break-up of the British Empire was either a folly of the British Labor Party or a trend of the world that the colonial period had ended. That the British Empire was purposefully broken up so as to present no embarrassing pressures on the perimeter of the New World State—with the civic Jerusalem as its core—is child's play to deduce. The last great power to be brought into subservience is the United States, and taxes and maladministration are intended to do that.

Meanwhile the Near East takes on the aspect of Boom Days in a western mining country after a gold strike.

THERE is an angle to a high-tax situation here in America that rarely occurs to the layman. He thinks of high taxes as being a mulcting of his personal revenues, or at least a depletion of the national resources. It would only remotely dawn on him that countries abroad, especially countries in the Near East, might do all they could to promote high American taxes because of the increment accruing to eastern governments—especially those in the Mediterranean countries—who offer American firms tax-free possibilities, to incorporate and do business under their flags.

The Near East right now is becoming a mecca of a newly rich, who form tax-free corporations and keep the profits. Every port in the world sees the flag of Panama flying from the mast heads of

great ships—ships that sailed formerly under the Stars and Stripes. By incorporating under the tax free laws of Panama, more or less of a legal technicality, they can reap a rich harvest for their owners. Sail under the American colors and they're beholden for almost confiscatory Truman taxes. The honest, patriotic citizen who has his boats under the American flag meets his fate when the books are "closed". There are other out-of-the-way places in Africa and eastern Mediterranean, all performing the same function.



ONE BIG economist, writes from Tangiers: "I have never seen so many shifty-eyed people in my life than there are in this tax-free 'international' zone. They are prospering and creating substantial estates for the future. Corporations over here pay no taxes excepting on certain commercial transactions. There are no taxes on dividends, bond coupons, or mortgage interest. No taxes are levied on developed or undeveloped real estate. No transfer taxes are levied on stock transactions and there are no inheritance taxes. In consequence, there are over 500 banks and "money changers" in Tangiers alone. It seems that a very substantial number of the world's citizens have found out that the promises and pledges of great political bureaucracies are not worth the paper they are written on. For instance, the western bureaucracies say the citizen can't own gold. The result is, more private individuals own gold outside the countries thus ridden with bureaucracies than at any previous time in history. The illegitimate operator and the out-of-the-way places prosper. A tax is put on importation of diamonds and watches. Once again the same result, the creation of a major industry of diamond smugglers, of whom less than 1 percent are caught. . . . Some day an honest writer will produce a play showing just what has happened to the individual with character and patriotism in the different western countries." The attractions offered the world citizen in these Near

Eastern countries naturally draw the wealth that legitimately belongs in the countries of their origin. But taking Mediterranean as a whole, all of it amounts to a boom, pulling the wealth in this direction, but incidentally placing it directly in the pathway of the looting and marauding Chinese who won't long overlook the opportunities it offers to enrich them. Could it be that high taxes in the western countries too are part of the strategy to weaken them by strengthening the commercial fecundities of the Near East?

THEN further along, we find this: "The more I have studied Africa, especially towards Trans-Jordania, the more I am reminded of the forces set loose when Admiral Perry opened up the ports of Japan in the last century. He found an isolated and backward people, who from an economic and military viewpoint had been asleep for centuries. Perry delivered an ultimatum to open up the ports to commerce—or he would fire. History shows what we have paid, and are paying, for that step.

"I have seen places here in the Near East where, like the old Japan, the people and their leaders have been asleep since the 12th century, *until recently*. Take Casablanca as an example. Here is a city that not too many years ago was nothing beyond a camel-stop for the caravans. What do you think the population of Casablanca is today? It is a clean, modern city of 850,000 population, *destined to pass a million in two years*. There have been more hotels built in Casablanca during the past five years than in the cities of New York, Boston and Philadelphia combined. Rabat, an hour and a half away, is just as modern and is growing fast.

"On the east coast of Africa it is the same story. The docks simply cannot handle the ships, so fast has been the growth of commercial activity. These black and brown workers walk fast, with their heads held high. They are making money—money diverted to them by insane tax policies of the West. No longer are they half-dead from bites of mosquitoes and other insects. D.D.T., chlordane, and hexachloride have changed all that. The new modern drugs and modern clinics are conquering Africa and Trans-Jordania are giving these people energy

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"THERE'S SOMETHING BETTER!"

Cooperation Is Due to Change the Whole Economic Picture as Employes Start Buying Bankrupt Firms



NEWS that the great newspaper, the *Cincinnati Inquirer*, has been sold to a corporation made up of its employes, marks a new milestone in the advance of Cooperative Economy which is the very base and heart of the Christian Commonwealth.

In Port Los Angeles, Washington, a great veneer industry that was slowly going bankrupt under private enterprise, was rescued from disaster by a similar turning over to Cooperation and is paying higher wages to its stockholder-workmen than they can draw in private pursuits in any nearby industry. But in Amana, Iowa, what was once an experiment in communal living—which didn't pan out so well—is now a thriving corporation with a net worth of almost four million dollars.

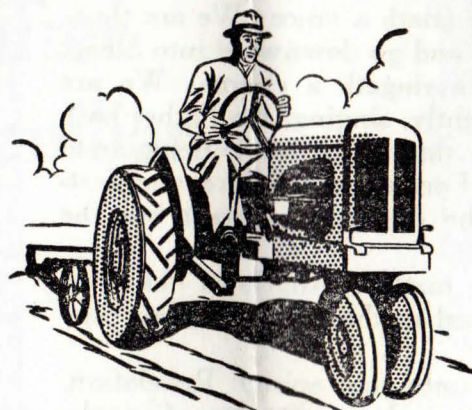
Enterprise after enterprise that embraces the Christian Commonwealth principles of Cooperation is solving finance and labor troubles at a stroke—all of which is being set forth in the new Soulcraft book on the Christian Commonwealth, *There's Something Better*—a complete rewrite and revision of that 1934 best seller, *No More Hunger*.

A deluxe edition of this revision, similar to *Thresholds of Tomorrow* in format and binding, is now on Soulcraft presses, to be finished and ready for delivery for the middle of July. Then will come a reprint edition of 100,000 copies in paper covers to retail for \$1—showing how the principles of America's great Farm Cooperatives are the hardpan and bedrock on which the new structure of the Christian Commonwealth is going to be tacitly realized.

It's going to be the answer to America's current economic bedlam.

But what's happened to the Amana Society is worthy of more than passing notice and every Soulcrafter should be familiar with it, as it is fully vindicating the *No More Hunger* tenets . . .

THE AMANA Society has been a group of seven villages with a com-



bined population of 1,064, located about 20 miles southwest of Cedar Rapids.

The Amanas who changed from a communal system to a pecuniary corporation in 1932, voted last February to renew their corporate charter for another 20 years. The 633 to 0 ballot by the stockholders was an emphatic vote of confidence in the capitalistic system.

Corporation officers, however, are quick to attribute a big share of the success of the society to something the people of the Amanas learned under the old communal system—an esprit de corps and spirit of co-operativeness that carried over from the old to the new way of life.

Under the old system, started in 1859 when the Amanas incorporated under the name "Amana Society" as a religious society, most of the property was held in common.

Families were assigned to permanent living quarters and ate in large community kitchen houses. In the management of its farms, shops and small industries, there was no special concern for making a profit. The main idea was to produce enough to supply the needs of the people.

Under the new corporate system, however, the society has a double incentive to worker productiveness. Members own stock in the corporation and share in its profits, besides being wage earners.

In addition to these incentives there is the added impetus to excel as individual craftsmen. Since 1932 the corporation officers have attempted to capitalize on this by publicizing the name "Amana" on

such merchandise as bakery products and meats.

Members of the society are urged to patronize the corporation's places of business. "The fact that many members are giving all their business to the Amana Society for needed store merchandise, insurance, meats, etc., is most encouraging, and of course, is evidence of excellent spirit," Arthur Barlow, business manager, and Cedar Rapids industrialist, declared in the corporation's 20th annual report.

Another carryover from the old communal way of life is the strong religious bond among the people. The society was started originally with a profound religious and spiritual motive in quest for freedom of belief and worship. The name "Amana" means community of true inspiration.

Another factor important to the success of the society is the diversification of its business and industry, Peter Stuck, Secretary, pointed out. In 1951, the Society had net sales of almost \$5 million and an operating profit of well over \$300,000.

Industrial structure is so organized that slack seasons in one market can be offset by concentration of production in other areas.

BIGGEST of the Amana industries at present is its farm system. Of the 25,000 acres owned by the society, about 19,500 are under cultivation and pasture. The principal crops are corn, oats, wheat and soybeans. More than 5,000 head of cattle and 8,000 hogs are raised, fed and marketed annually.

The Amana Woolen Mills, Inc., a subsidiary corporation wholly owned by the society, markets goods from coast to coast from an office in New York.

The society has such other businesses as a cabinet shop, bakery, building department, pharmacy, meat packing plants, gas stations, sandwich shops, general stores, feed mills and machine shops.

The corporation sold its food-freezer refrigeration plant in 1950 to an outside group of buyers for more than \$1 mil-

"... the Dawn's Light Is Greater"

From the 108th Golden Script



OUT OF the darkness crieth a voice: We are those who chose wrongly and go downward into Sleep. Out of the radiance ringeth a chorus: We are those who chose rightly, singing, the Father hath anointed us to carry that which is His Being amid the host of Living Forms, eternal love manifesting! Hear me and be wise! The darkness is great but the dawn's light is greater!

Perceive ye not the truth of the matter? Angels of old came down into flesh: have they ceased in their beings? Can they not come anew?

Harken unto that which I speak unto your spirits: Revelation, I tell you, hath come as a warning; ye have power as of angels, being children of Light.

Will ye not use it? Is it given you for mockery?

Go ye and manifest. Be as Children of Light among many nations: The times have a ripening for that which is covenant. Make whole the vessels of your spirits to record what is portended; drink deeply of knowledge that your thirst may be quenched.

I tell you, that which is said unto you compriseth many destinies; I tell you it is essential that ye do know mine instruction. Let us be brethren in knowledge, using it richly for world profit and provision.

Think not that I desert you, though I seem to come not when the world hath given you Care to carry as your cross: there are heights worth the gaining as the weeks grow into months and the years roll apace.

Mount up these heights, even to heavenly instruction, that the gates of your spirits may open unto Truth.

Preach my word! Preach my word! Preach my word!

Selah and hosannah! . . . I say the lost is found.

I come unto you rejoicing, in that ye have found favor with those who sent you earthward ministering.

Behold there cometh one who maketh sweet music, verily on the chords of humanity's spirits.

Better to come with rejoicing than go with regret, better to start with a smile than to leave with a tear, better to go armed than defenseless of weapon, better to know your Father's House than the cot of a neighbor, better to know the Radiant Ones than to follow a star with those who do mischiefs.

Better to have understanding than to glorify ignorance.

These are your portions, these your adjurations: see that ye use them in eternal obligation and great shall be your reward as the evil gale bloweth.

When men shall see those who come unto them singing, they shall rise as a chorus and swell the high concord.

PEACE

lion in order to maintain this diversity of industry. The freezer business was growing so big that it was forcing the corporation to "put all its eggs in one basket," the Board of Directors explained.

Mr. Barlow, in his report to stockholders, outlined several projects now under consideration by the Board of Directors, including better accommodations for visitors.

The society is also making an effort to aid its younger people in buying stock in the corporation. Each child of a member is eligible to buy a share of Class A voting stock upon reaching the age of 21.

Such a share now has a book value of \$3,135.47. These stocks were issued 20 years ago at \$50 a share.

Under the revised articles of incorporation, which went into effect February 1, a prospective member can buy a share of Class A stock on an installment plan basis.

Thus the stockholder workers get all the increments of their industry.

THE NEW summer Soulcraft volume, *There's Something Better*, shows how the Christian Commonwealth can be tacitly realized by an extension of this cooperative taking over of the great corporate industries of the country, till the whole capitalistic system of America is owned by its worker-consumers.

In time, great corporations like United States Steel and General Motors will be entirely owned and managed by capitalistic employes—and that spells the end of the racketeering labor czar. Workmen won't strike against their own pocket-books. Senate testimony in the steel strike brought out the fact that the number of stockholders of United States Steel and the number of steelworkers was practically the same. Trouble was, the stock was held by the wrong people. When the great farm co-op's extend their operations to buying and taking over industries, transportation lines, and even banks, the United States greets a wholly altered economic future.

To the astonishment of the die-hards, when such capitalistic ownership passes into ranks of the men actually employed in an industry, it *works!* It isn't socialism, because nothing is divided or nationalized. But the workman gets one hundred of the productivity of wealth.

It's something new in economics—*every man a capitalist!*

Important Facts about Karma with which Every Soulcrafter Should Be Familiar . .



AFTER a person has had his fill of the bedlams and inconsistencies in orthodox theology, and has turned for relief to the logical tenets of Cosmogony, one of the first terms he confronts that puts a wrinkle in his forehead, is—Karma!

He learns that if he does this or that, he undoubtedly "starts Karma." If he has a particularly hard time with the ups and downs of life, he is probably "paying off" Karma. If he has a floating kidney, a tendency to rickets, a yen for driving motorcars—that are not his own—away from curbs, or a weakness for bashing his spouse in the nose, he will not be lacking for amateur mystics who will alibi the whole of it by declaring that such failings are "undoubtedly karmic."

He consults his dictionary in an attempt to have explained to him what Karma truly means, and he finds it to be a Sanskrit term describing the law of Cause and Effect as it particularly applies to one's future lives—specifically in the matter of inexorable retribution.

Of course that affords him small consolation. Retribution has an ugly and fatalistic sound. It infers that goblins will get him whether he watches out or not. Thereat he worries. Retribution is out to get him.

He goes probing into the meanings of common words and discovers that Retribution implies "tribute paid back." But why should he pay tribute back to anybody? What commences all these work-in's in the first place?

Whereupon he discovers that there is well-nigh as much bedlam in the business of agreeing upon the cause and essence of Karma as there has been upon the cause and essence of Theology.

No two people hold exactly the same ideas as to how Karma starts or to what it applies.

One set will tell him that he commits no act of earth, from slaying his grandmother to eating his peas from the flat of his knife, without such eccentricities deriving from Karma.

Does he marry a red-headed woman and have chairs broken over him for snoring in his sleep? It is Karma.

Does he loot a bank, get elected to the Senate, go on a vacation, and die from poison ivy? It is Karma.

Does he like cerise neckties, black rabbits, pink weeklies in barbershops, and green apples in the springtime that give him the mulligrubs tra-la? All of these are Karma.

Karma, in the estimation of those who know least about it, encompasses the origin for every earthly inconsistency and incompetence from looting the finances of a nation to arriving late at the office as a habit, on every morning but that of payday.

Karma, he finds, holds its unique popularity because it serves as convenient scape-goat for every irregularity in human conduct from starting a war in Asia to putting pepper on ice cream.

It is tragically confusing.

It is, furthermore, squishy!

EXAMINING the matter with the horse-sense it deserves, and seeking out the causes for most human complications, the sane and mature student of Cosmogony comes to this conclusion: Karma is the upset which results—in all the lives implicated—when one person



or set of persons has deliberately, willfully, and selfishly set about doing things that throw the lives and earthly careers of others so far out of balance that they cannot get back. So the necessary adjustments must be left to coming life-spans. By "balance" of course is meant the reasonably well-rounded careers that people have prescribed for themselves before coming into mortality—that they may exit from it with positively-gained enhancements.

People don't just pop in and out of life by whim or caprice, or because they have located a pregnant woman whose unborn infant requires a living spirit. They don't pop into life by whim or caprice any more than they die and give work to the morticians by whim or caprice. Getting born is quite as serious a business as dying. They take time deliberately to think it over, to wait for correct conditions, to go after definite profits, to enter environments that shall supply them positive benefits.

They draw up a set of blueprints, so to speak, specifying the general structures of their careers. They recognize that any given life-span must have its appropriate quotas of lights and shadows, failures and successes, pleasures and distresses. As these ingredients counteract one another from year unto year and decade to decade, the wisdom from such balanced experiencings goes permanently into character.

Now then, with these things nicely planned, and major details arranged for, if someone comes along who selfishly, willfully, and insolently intrudes into such a program, makes hash of these

arrangements, uses some sort of cosmic sledge-hammer on this carefully projected structure—all to the end and aim that their own conceits and bombasts shall be served—gigantic indignations are going to be aroused that by no means can be laid by a cosmic "Excuse me!"

It is as though the Divine Architect of the universe came along and found a pile of debris suddenly cluttering the Highway of Mortality.

"Who's responsible for dumping this trash here?" He exclaims.

Some poor little whimpering mess of a soul replies: "If you please, Sir, that's the wreckage of my career, when Samuel J. Whoozie did a hit-and-run act and reduced me all to ruins."

"Well," snaps the Architect of Cosmos to a group of cosmic policemen, "you go and find Sam Whoozis. Bring him back here, and make him clean this trash away."

"Shall we mess him up for causing it?" the cosmic policemen might inquire.

"No!" exclaims the A. of C. "For that would make two messes cluttering up this street. What I want is for messes not to happen. You go catch Sam Whoozis and make him pay for his vicious carelessness by putting in his time unmaking this rubbish till it's no longer an obstruction for traveling souls to fall against."

Sam therefore is located and has to come back from following out his arrogant pursuits, roll up his sleeves, sort out the pieces of the life that he's wrecked, and reconstruct them back to a workable whole. Cosmos sees that he does, for the simple reason that if he doesn't, he will find that all doors of Eternity are henceforth closed against him.

In his next life on earth, we find him the laboring serf—speaking metaphorically—of the whimpering Soul who made the explanation to the Great Cosmic Architect.

Until that mess is totally cleaned away, and the structure restored, Samuel J. Whoozis is—to use the colloquialism—in the great celestial dog-house.

Thereat it is rightful and lawful to say of him that he is "working out his Karma" in regard to that person who has been the victim of his willfulness.

All of which is another way of putting this great Truth—

Karma—first, foremost, and all the time—seems to be concerned with those

acts and injuries that have been to some degree premeditated!

It is, so to speak, the denouement of Conscious Will.

The things we do to other people, with a reasonable realization that it may probably damage them—but which we do none the less that our own progress may be served—are the things that entrap us, bring us back to those persons, and make us rectify in kind.

It is not so much that having thrown somebody else's life-structure out of plumb, we shall have our own knocked cockeyed in repayment. If it were that and nothing more, people's life-structures once tampered with, would go on knocking down the life-structures of others to the end of time—like a row of dominoes—and all human life would eventually become debris.



NO! When we injure anyone's artfully-planned and arranged-for life-structure, we have to go back and repair it, making it appear quite as flawless as it was in the first place. There is no escaping this. Thus the "tribute we pay back"—giving us the scary term Retribution—is the value or values that we have collected unethically or illegally as we have smashed our own courses through the traffic of Mortality.

In a manner of speaking, we forthwith have our future Driving Licenses taken away from us until we have made amends.

This item of Karma does not seem commonly to concern one-thirteenth the things that the spiritually indolent would have it comprise. For instance, let's say, if a bee comes zinging through our opened windshield at precisely the moment that our motorcar is approaching a schoolhouse, and it settles suddenly on our neck and pushes, it is not particularly Karma if our bumper flattens out a tot and puts it in the hospital.

OF COURSE, we feel terrible about the mishap, and do all that we can for child and parents until it recovers. In that sense, it can be possible that long ago we have been involved with that child and what has happened in front of the schoolhouse is some remote working-out of Cause and Effect.

But nowhere do we find any confirmation of the claim that we have thereby started up "new" Karma. We don't deliberately or maliciously set out to hit the baby. We were not selfishly or bombastically advancing ourselves with the baby as the sacrifice. The baby had been warned by parents and traffic policemen a thousand times to pay attention to what was coming as it started to cross the street. It had not obeyed such counsel. That it happened to be our motorcar involved in teaching it its badly-needed lesson is a distressing thing—for us, who commonly do not make a practice of hitting and injuring children—but the youngster is simply suffering the results of its own thoughtlessness. It might have tripped across a dog and bashed its nose on asphalt, disfiguring it for life. It might have banged against a parked car, with nobody in it, and staved in three small ribs. That we were in the vehicle and it was moving, is not particularly our personal defection. Certainly we did not arrange for the bee to become a devastating factor in our life. On the other hand, consider a quite different episode—

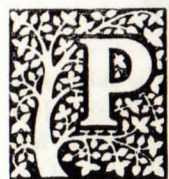
Suppose we say that you are a normal man, starting out at the business of life, impelled by powerful aspirations to carve your name on the hard granites of Achievement. You are reasonably fancy-free. You are only retarded by your own degree of talent. You open an office and hang out your shingle. Or maybe you engage in some productive enterprise that after ups and downs will employ its tens of thousands.

You have just gotten going nicely when it dawns upon you that you need a woman clerk. You put an ad in the papers and applicants result. Some dove-eyed, intense Little Thing seems to evince the capabilities you need, you give her the job, and the work goes merrily forward.

Gradually it develops that the dove-eyed Little Thing is taking more than her share of office responsibility. She stays late to do her work, or the work that needs doing that others neglect. She

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SUPERNATURAL EXPERIENCES . .



PARIS was shaken a century ago by a case known as the House on the Rue des Noyers. It involved law suits that ran for weeks and months. It baffled scientists and medical men. Police officials were unmade, according as they showed themselves ineffective in treating with the phenomenon. All up the intervening century repercussions from it have been of moment in the annals of the continental psychical societies. There was no sense nor reason in what happened, that anyone could make out. And yet that it did happen, without an explanation ever forthcoming, is amply attested historical and journalistic fact . .

The *Gazette des Tribunaux* started the celebrated case off in its issue of February 2, 1860, by printing the following account—

"An extraordinary event, repeated every evening, every night, for the past three weeks without its cause being discovered by the most active search and the closest and most persistent watch, has been exciting the populous quarter of the Montagne Sainte-Genevieve, of the Sorbonne, and the Place Saint-Michael.

"During the work of demolition undertaken to make a new street which is to join the Sorbonne to the Pantheon and the Law School, the workers arrived at a coal and lumber yard where stood an uninhabited house, communicating with the yard and having only one story with an attic. This house, situated at some distance back from the street and separated from several condemned houses by deep excavations has been assailed every evening and through the nights by a bombardment of projectiles. Their volume and violence of projection have caused such damage that the house in question has been pierced and its doors and windows reduced to splinters.

"Whence are coming these projectiles, consisting of paving stones, fragments of walls demolished close by, even whole moldings and cornices which, owing to their weight and the distance from which they come, could not have been thrown by the hands of a human being?"

"It has been impossible to find out. In vain has a night and a day watch been kept under the personal direction of the Inspector of Police and other important persons. In vain has the head of the Secret Service remained on the spot, and in vain have watchdogs been placed every night in the adjoining yards. Nothing has given any clue to the phenomenon, which people in credulity attribute to supernatural causes.

"The missiles which continue to rain noisily and dangerously upon the house, are projected to a great height, over the heads of officials posted on the roofs of neighboring houses. They seem from considerable distance and all hit their marks with mathematical precision, without the slightest deviation from the parabolic line evidently traced for them. Not even a cannon of the military could drop balls with such accuracy."

SUCH was the first announcement of the mystical affair. The owner of the mysteriously battered house, being himself accused of staging the bombardment—although no one could account for his manner of doing it or his reasons for damaging his own property—brought suit against several newspapers, officials, and neighbors, and the sensational testimony excited the courts but succeeded at arriving exactly nowhere.

Legal damages and cancelled leases are things which do not authorize one to laugh childishly about matters one does



not understand, or to deny everything blindly. In 1863, in result of the phenomenon and its outcome, the Marquis de Mirville brought out a five-volume work, *Spirits and Their Manifestations*, which treated with the irreproachable facts about the Rue des Noyers house and similar cases. In interviewing the principals in the Rue des Noyers affair, the Marquis elicited the following curious testimony—

"What about myself?" the landlord-owner of the besieged house demanded. "Should I not first of all have taken shelter? Did not the stones fall as roughly upon me as upon the others? Look at this wound near my temple. It might have killed me."

One curious detail this landlord pointed out. The room was full of stones and long flat tiles. "Their shape," commented the Marquis, "struck us as most odd. How account for these shapes, we asked Lerible the landlord. 'Oh,' he explained to us, 'that was because I put up heavy shutters to keep the bombardment out if possible. Well, sir, no sooner had I closed these shutters than all the missiles altered their shapes and became long and flat and narrow as you see. All these came readily through the slits in the shutters, which are just about their width.'"

The remarkable incident of projectiles coming from a distance, being so formed as to pass through the slits in heavy shutters—a feat which human skill could not have achieved, though handling the projectiles from a distance of a few feet, is miraculous. Yet it was characteristic of the unexplainable incidents that the Marquis collected in his book of similar manifestations.

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Darkness Before Dawn



FROM every quarter the data piles in, bearing upon the many Presidential candidates, both Republican and Democratic.

Nine-tenths of this material—and VALOR's editorial department is a lodestone for it—is expose matter, documenting or attempting to document the relations past or present of the various aspirants with Marxists, Socialists, Collectivists, international Left-Wingers or progenitors of the Gomberg Map.

There is no man in the field, it seems, who at some time or other has not fraternized with international polecats, wittingly or unwittingly, and borne off a certain odor from such contact on his political garments.

"Even if we want to do the right thing and support the Man on the White Horse," is the anguished burden of certain correspondence, "who does he happen to be, and what assurance have we that the next mail isn't going to bring in a fresh monograph, disclosing how badly his steed needs currying?"

Lamentably this "wanting to do the right thing," however sincerely expressed, is too belated to solve national or world difficulties by merely casting a paper ballot for a name.

TIME was, ten to fifteen years bygone, when conditions could have been forestalled that made for the might of the influences now as arrogant as they're rampant. Individuals cast themselves into the fiery phalanxes of crusaders to expound to the public the nature of the

bonds being fashioned for its enslavement. It wasn't that the public was stupid about grasping the actuality of the menaces being blueprinted for imminent execution. The public was rather incredulous that human beings existed who could be as audacious, not to mention crafty, as to pursue such designs and bethink to triumph in them. It preferred to ignore the warnings, declare "it could not happen here," cash the latest Federal cheque and go to the movies while the crusaders went to the nearest penitentiary. And no tears for the crusaders. After all, they did disturb men's complacency.

There's a difference, however, between being stupid and being incredulous.

Incredulity may occasionally rest upon stupidity but sometimes it rests upon mass decency. Men refuse to credit scoundrelism in other men because their own minds are operating on higher octaves . . .

Should they be penalized for that?

That's the \$64 Question.

THE FACT does remain that there's such a thing as gaining control not of an elective machinery so much as an elective system. Successful elective candidates are made by newspaper and radio support—now opportunities as well to get on television—and if the aspirant be *persona non grata* to the power-blocs that the Book of Revelations designates as The Beast, not only does no one hear of him, he's kept smeared with too much insinuation and innuendo to be thought of as likely candidate material.

Only a naive electorate assumes all the scoundrels to be in the Democratic camps and all the Galahads in the Republican. Would the Beast neglect to put itself in position of supervisor of both?

Does this mean that matters have gone too far ever to be remedied?

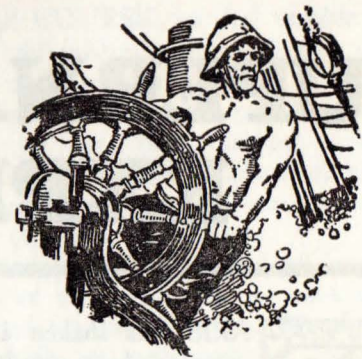
Certainly not.

What it means is, that the remedy is uglier and more sweeping than flying to the handiest polling-place and voting for Jim Whoozis instead of Joe Glutz.

It means it's going to be the complications themselves that bring forth the real man on horseback. As the third verse of the 108th Chapter of the GOLDEN SCRIPTS says prophetically enough—

"The darkness is Great, but the Dawn's light is greater."

The significance of that, as VALOR in-



terprets it, is that the Dawn is inevitable in sheer reaction to the darkness. Just who rides horseback in that Dawn is left to the hour of sunburst itself . . .

The candidates backed by God Almighty, in other words, get no advance ballyhoo because none is necessary. His backing is its own ballyhoo.

IT IS a fearsome thing, sometimes, to know the appalling truth of the Beast's control over men and institutions. The cynic would say that the extent of a man's optimism defines the extent of his ignorance. Thomas Paine wrote in comment upon an earlier crisis: "These are times that try men's souls."

These are the times that try men's souls indeed, but they are also the times when the stamina of men is proved in respect to knowing the details of the cabal to the fullest yet preserving dispassionate decorum while Power collapses of its own might. Or rather, it might be expressed, having the strength of character to discern that there is always a point at which the might of Power does collapse of its own might.

This crisis that mankind is facing has been generations preparing. Out of it is coming a stupendous sequence of mass education for the civic individual.

It is an open secret to the wise that it really makes little difference which candidates get the nomination this year, or for that matter, what aspirant is elected. He will have been maneuvered into the office on the assumption of the Power Bloc—the Beast of Revelations in modern guise—that as the crisis matures which cannot be staved off, he will react and function as its man.

True Soulcrafters stand on an eminence of their GOLDEN SCRIPT enlightenment and wait for the miasma to come to a head. The lechery involved must ultimately become as bald as Soviet lechery has become bald to Americans since the close of World War II.

Whoever ascends into the Chief Executive's position must find himself in the center of the earthquake as it matures—and be about as ridiculous in trying to order it as any earthly man is ridiculous in trying to order a terrain cataclysm.

All in all, the conventional political drama is not far removed in analogy to the bull terrier that every morning ran out and barked ferociously as the Empire State Express roared down the Hudson River. Racing frenziedly beside it, he thought he was chasing it from his master's domains. His mistress was beside herself for a remedy to break the poach of his habit.

Said a wise old Yankee standing near her on one occasion when she voiced this despair—

"There's only one thing'll cure that dog o' yourn, Madam, and get him to stop barking and racing that train."

"Oh, do tell me what it is?" she implored.

"Advised the rustic, *"let him have it!"*

The successful aspirant, this year, is due to be allowed to have the Empire State Express of this whole Armageddon come to climax.

The Man on the White Horse sits motionless in his saddle. His charger too stands motionless—except for an occasional alert pricking of its noble ears.

Russia goes down, Israeli goes down, United Nations folds up, America stands out as a shibboleth among the nations, fulfilling the office and function for which she was originally established.

And the Power Bloc must so identify itself for the pernicious thing it is, "that all men know the Beast and the number of his name."

After that, the Golden Time and thousand-year reign of Peace.

Why be exercised that the Man on the White Horse mayn't be a politician?

Demonstrating



N Oregon mother writes: "We want to move East and engage in Soulcraft, but we need fifty-seven hundred dollars to clear up a mortgage on our place so we can sell it, as well as pay our expenses to a new location we've picked out in southern Illinois. How does one go about 'materializing' a sum of money like that?" The answer is as simple as

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it's definite: First, don't 'ask' for one penny more than is needed—no chiseling;

Second, *think* this exact sum of fifty-seven hundred dollars above all other thoughts, morning, noon, and night;

Third, don't be ashamed to get down on the physical knees and pray for it earnestly at bedtime;

Fourth, have faith to believe it's coming in, and make plans as though the local banker had promised it would be available on a given date . . .

What you'll be doing is sending out one thought-impulse upon another into the Infinite, acting as a magnet or lodestone that draws the required sum into the current of it.

Don't inhibit yourself by specifying how it must come, or from what person or source, because you have no way of knowing whose subconscious mind is due to pick up the vibrations of the need, and respond.

But be honest with yourself and with Kismet. Be absolutely selfless as to motive. And keep a grateful feeling in your heart, as though Divine Providence had already provided it. That's the lubrication for the acceleration of the process.

Then don't be surprised at the manner of instrumentality by which the desired sum matures.

The Soulcraft "turnover" this year, for all purposes, will easily be in excess of \$100,000—counting the GOLDEN SCRIPTS publishing—because The Recorder is demonstrating what is herewith expounded. Soulcraft doesn't look to one kopeck of profit in its operations, because it isn't trying to multiply dollars. It is considering the spiritual enhancement of the greater and greater numbers it's serving . . .

The Recorder figures exactly what he needs and not a penny more.

Then he sends out the necessary "call" for it, along the prescription described above.

It has never failed to mature.

Practically \$50,000 worth of valuable books will have been given away this year by Soulcraft absolutely free. This creates a spiritual vacuum that has to be filled by some sort of return value. People want to help Soulcraft because they concede it "does something" for them. They are filling that vacuum and thereby achieving Balance. But the raising of \$5,700 for lifting the mortgage on an Oregon farm is no different in technique.

Christ described it as "casting one's bread upon the waters" and its coming back a hundred fold.

Before political price-fixing, Soulcraft learned of a northwest storekeeper who did the unprecedented thing of marking all the merchandise in his establishment not with price-tags but with *cost-tags*. "This article cost me \$2.63" he affixed to a given item, "you pay me what it's worth to you."

Incredible to relate, his customers not only saw that he got his cut but the cut was far more than any other merchant in town competing with him.

The volume of his business grew so sizable that he opened other establishments. Whereat the Government stepped in and said he couldn't do it. Price tags had to be fixed so that no profits could be reckoned.

But that merchant had hit on the method of making transactions that complied with the Higher Law.

Funny thing, that Higher Law *works*.

There's nothing miraculous about a demonstration in materializing a needed sum for an entirely bona fide and selfless purpose. One merely gives that Higher Law the chance to operate.

Predatory commercialism obstructs it.

Make a few tries at it and see if VALOR isn't advising you correctly.

Supernatural

(Continued from Page 7)

NO CAUSE for the bombardment was ever determined, and no explanation was ever forthcoming. No discarnate entity was ever identified as being behind the phenomenal projections. The house thus treated to them was not actually in the pathway of the new street itself and could not have been assailed as any obstruction to a decided public improvement. Rather, the bombardment seemed to have arisen from the fact that nearby street excavations supplied material for such hurling about. Lerable, the harassed and terrified landlord, won none of his damage suits because the verdicts of the courts, after months of litigation, uniformly stated that the Devil himself had been behind the matter and one could not collect damages for acts of Old Nick. With the street completed and all debris cleared away, the bombardments ceased and were never repeated.

The episode was forgotten excepting by the serious-minded scientists who preserved the data for further consideration.

The destruction was classified by them ultimately as the work of some *poltergeist*—or mischievous or pranking entity—whose strength was phenomenal in itself to transport such heavy missiles about, sailing them in parabolic accuracy the distance of half a city block or more.

What law is operating here and why isn't more of it evidenced?

The main point interesting the scientific men and police officials in the Rue des Noyers case was the fact that while several observers were struck by the bombardment of debris, even to the point of drawing blood in many instances, no one was really seriously injured—and yet great tiles sailing through the air and smashing up a housefront should readily have killed scores.

The case, at any rate, was completely authenticated and reposes in the archives of the continental psychical societies as a master case to which to compare many similar bombardments, such as Flammarion's apple-shower in Normandy, which will be described on this page next week . . .

What Is Karma?

(Continued from Page 2)

talks turkey to obstreperous collectors when bank accounts are lean—in fact, because she decides you are a rather nice person and admires the initiative and spunk you are showing, she makes your struggles hers and has quietly become your partner without your names on any documents.

You accept such service thoughtlessly—that is to say, you take it for granted. She is drawing her wages, isn't she? Why else should you be paying her?

Of course, now and then you notice as the years mount onward, that considerable silver is glinting in her hair, that her sweet face holds lines, that there is a pathetic little stoop to her once-pretty shoulders.

She is literally "giving her life to you" without restraining it, or doing aught to halt it.

Then let us say that some Depression comes along. You have long-since regarded her as standing head-and-should-

(Continued on Page 15)

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COGITATIONS . .



MY YARN in this column last week on *John Carver's Conversion* recalls another background for a somewhat celebrated magazine story, *Face in the Window* . . . Not a few textbooks on the American short story contain *Face in the Window*, alleged to be an outstanding example of perfect short-story construction. It was another *Red Book* story I wrote for Karl Harriman when he edited that monthly publication. But my manner of coming to write the "masterpiece"—which seemed about as much masterpiece to me at the time as the spare tire on my Hudson Supersix—is a narrative in itself involving Robert H. Davis. If you ever belonged to the New York literati you recall him as "Bob" Davis, the erstwhile columnist ("Bob Davis Remembers—") of the *New York Sun*. But when I knew him he was editor-in-chief of all the Munsey publications . . .

HE WAS an egg-shaped little man, with a jaw like a pile-driver, and the choicest vocabulary of cuss-words I'd ever known a human tongue to manipulate. Funny thing, I don't recall ever having seen him laugh. Even when scouring you with the most atrocious humor, he kept a dead-pan countenance, with a look to his eye that bored like a gimlet. He happened to talk in a certain high-pitched whine, but his heart for fledgling writers was as big as himself. He'd helped me over many a bump and gotten me the coin when he was editorial Top Boss on *Munsey's*, *All-Story*, *Argosy*, and *Railroad Man's Magazine*. However, these publications back in the pre-Twenties were in the lower brackets financially, and when I broke *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's* and *The American*—not to mention *Red Book* and *Pictorial Review*—I only crossed trails with Bob occasionally, maybe at some literary luncheon or Authors' League dinner. One day in 1919, however, he got hold of my telephone number and buzzed me at my hotel. "Come down to 280 Broadway," he whined across the wire. "I got a horse-trade to make with you." . . . I took

the subway downtown, to the north side of City Hall Park . . . "Bill," he whined going about adjusting the window curtains as he talked, "I did you a lot o' favors when you were wild, and woolly, and full o' fleas. Now I want you to turn 'round and do something for me. I got to boost the circulation of *Munsey's* and I want Big Names. *Munsey's* can't pay over \$500 for any opus, not even if signed by O. Henry himself, but I'm rounding up all the Big Names I helped to make so, and askin' 'em will they be kind enough to do me a yarn for \$500 apiece. No matter what fancy sums they're makin' now, this is karmic pay-off to me personally. Irv Cobb's gettin' two grand a story for his bilge right now, yet he's goin' to dig into his barrel and see what *he's* got that he can lemme have for half a grand. You go home and write me sumpin' and there's the same sum waitin' with the cashier for you." . . . I told Mr. Davis I'd be very pleased thus to discharge any obligations I might have incurred toward him when I was an amateur just down from Vermont. Only my manner of phrasing it was, "Sure, you Old Pie-Faced Louse. You've got the nerve of a brass monkey in steel corsets but if you didn't have it, I wouldn't love you. I happen to be behind two stories with Karl Harriman just now, but if there's one thing I wouldn't want to face, it's unpaid karma with the Head Mug of a so-called magazine like *Munsey's*." Until you can talk to a Real Editor in those endearing terms, you haven't arrived. I went back to my hotel room, put paper in my typewriter, stared at the wall for twelve to fifteen minutes, and began a yarn about a porcupine I'd once seen on the outer window-sill of a mountain cabin against a full moon, scaring the living daylight out of me because of its uncanny resemblance to the silhouette of a human head. I had it done—\$500 worth—by four p. m. and caught the 4:30 subway back downtown. Bob happened to have gone for the day, so I turned it in to Miss Temple, his private sec. She said she'd put it on his desk for the morning. I told her where to mail the check. We parted the best of friends.

I WAITED two weeks by the clock to hear from Bob or to get that order for small-change on a Munsey bit of bank-paper. All remained quiet on the City Hall Park front. Therefore at the end of the fortnight I blew a whole nickel for a repeat call to Robert. "You double-barreled Old Skinflint and Cripple-Kicker," I addressed him, "has your so-called publication folded or has your boss, Frank A., got writer's cramp along with other diseases, including senility?" I inquired in my politest manner. Thereat I learned that Robert had set eyesight on no masterpiece of mine, living or dead, since Hector had been a pup and Thomas Lawson quit writing *Frenzied Finance*. "Why, you old Thus-and-So," I reviled him and his, "I turned in a perfectly good \$500 story the same afternoon, giving it to the Nifty Thing you dictate your less lurid correspondence to," says I. And he says back, says he, "You better come down here and prove it." . . . Well, I lost twelve perfectly good minutes and another nickel getting down to 280 Broadway and found Miss Temple indignant. "I certainly did get a manuscript that afternoon from Mr. P.," she testified, "and I laid it on the mass of manuscripts that cover your desk-top. If a poltergeist walked off with it, I wouldn't be surprised, this office being haunted by everything but Law and Order." So we turned in and did an un-American Activities Committee act on Bob's quarters. It was the 5:30 scrub lady who limped in ultimately and said as how she'd opened the middle drawer of Mr. Davis's desk on the night in question and stuffed in a lotta stuff lying exposed to dust and other maladies of an editorial nature. So we went to work on that middle drawer. Do you know where we found the original version of *Face in the Window*? We found it hanging by one corner of the manuscript cover at the back of the desk,

inside, caught in a squeeze of said drawer and permitting Mr. Davis to wipe the soles of his pedal extremities on it for the past thirteen days—and undoubtedly nights. It looked like a cross between a broken accordion and the wrapper around an Italian section-hand's lunch on an August day and no rain for a month. Bob surveyed it and clucked. "Sorry, Bill," he whined, "I'll read it tonight—what I can make out that's legible—and if I can't use it I'll have a clean copy retyped for you." Which of course jerked me upright. "If you can't use it!" I cackled. "Listen, you Old Contents of a Busted Vacuum-Cleaner, if you think I went to work for three hours on that story while Karl Harriman's waiting for two that were promised him nine weeks ago, you're bughouse in your brains and you can take *Munsey's Magazine* and use it for paper towels and other tissue products in your bathroom. The sum is \$500 smackers and I don't want to get it twice, once from you and once from the bank." . . . Bob said, "okay, okay, calm down and don't get excited and all that sort of thing and I'll read it tonight, honest to God and other deities." I spent another nickel and rode home on the subway . . .

NEXT MORNING came his phone-call. And he was talking in his best East-Side goon-stuff. What sort of a dimwit and Slipper-Upper did I think he was, that I should compose such a maudlin piece of tripe and expect him to spend \$500 of Mr. Munsey's hard-earned coin for it, merely because my magic name was top of it? It was probably the lousiest and sloppiest piece of writing that had come into his joint since he'd been an editor and he wouldn't swap half-a-waffle for it, no matter if the waffle had dropped at the feet, maple-syrup down. He would have a fresh copy made of it and I could pick it up at my leisure. "Listen, Mindless," I remarked, "I'm out twenty cents for two subway trips made down to your joint, not forgetting the five cents the phone-call cost to Temple." "Spend another nickel coming after this junk," he suggested, "and I'll pay the whole thirty cents to remove it from my premises before the Bellevue Lunacy Squad discovers I'm harboring it." . . . I went down and got my manuscript. I took it away from Temple where she was recovering the bottom part of Page Five. And I only saw Old Bob just once after

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

that—when I had luncheon with him one noon at the Hardware Club. What I said to him at that luncheon was plenty—because believe it or not, you people who enjoy romance with your literary meals, this is what had happened—

I'D TAKEN the opus back to my hotel and made my own clean copy. I give you my word I changed scarcely a line. Finishing it, I stapled it and toted it a-

cross Bryant Park to Karl Harriman. "Well, here I am again," I said to Karl brightly—like the pants-presser who'd learned that a certain doctor charged subsequent patients one-half the price of their original calls on him. Karl was a bespectacled little wart who also enjoyed engaging in frank conversation with his writers. He wore three-hundred-dollar tailored suits with a silk handkerchief thrusting out of the left-hand breast poc-



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Noblesville, Indiana

ket like a white flag out a Lower Broadway window when some celebrity Came Home. His regular habitat was Chicago but he Talked Frankly in both Cities. “I was about ready to send flowers and inquire how your survivors were bearing up,” he informed me, “where’s the story you agreed to deliver some ten to twelve years ago?” . . . I fooled him then. I had it with me. I shoved *Face in the Window* upon his blotter. He picked it up tenderly, arose and kissed me, and told me to get a \$1,000 cheque from the cashier on my way out. Whereupon followed one of those odd and unaccountable miracles that can only happen to editors, writers and policemen with a yen to write for *True Detective* . . . *Face in the Window* was published in one of issues of *Red Book* for 1920. Immediately it was out, it grabbed the bit in its teeth and started going places. First off, it won one of the prizes of the O. Henry Memorial Award for 1921. Then it was republished in *Current Opinion* as the outstanding piece of short fiction for the year. European publications copied it. From there it began going into text books on the American short story. John Galsworthy used it for dissection in his work on the short story long since voted a classic. John pointed out examples of workmanship so perfect in it, I didn’t know the story contained them myself. And, still, believe it or not, in my Soulcraft Studio up here in middle Indiana, *thirty years later by the clock*, a young college student hearing my account of the tale the other evening cocked a fishy eye at me and cried, “Good Lord!—are you the meistro responsible for a yarn that caused me more heartburn in college than anything put in type since Rudyard Kipling wrote *Thanatopsis*? . . . My journalism teacher rubbed my nose in that yarn for nigh on two years, till I learned how to do a similar masterpiece by the same higher calculus!” . . . And Bob Davis had had that identical classic hanging down inside his desk for two weeks, wiping his feet on it. Well, better men than Bob of beloved memory have wiped their feet on my stuff without dangling five hundred smackers in front of me first, or giving me thirty cents for car-fare second.

I HAD LUNCH with Old Bob in the Hardware Club later, I say. I taunted him expertly about the classic he’d muffed. Then of a sudden I clipped off

my chatter. I was talking to an empty, life-tired old man with his exploits behind him. You turn compassionate in such circumstances. “It just goes to prove, Bill,” he whined in a whisper, a voice that had a catch in it, “editors are ornery, two-legged bohunks who only think they’re bright. I been editing magazines for thirty years, but it just goes to prove I never should have started. In fact it’s taken me three times ten years to prove I don’t know my stuff.” He reached for a hors-d’oeuvre, fumbled it, and it rolled under the adjacent table. Couple of years later Bob was to follow the hors-d’oeuvre . . . as I suppose I shall myself one of these days when I’m advising some fledgling that his masterpiece holds odor . . . ah me, . . . memories! . . .

—THE RECORDER

Jerusalem

(Continued from Page 2)

they have lacked for centuries.

“Are they loaded down with debts, like the so-called smart white man? Do they have to support large armies and navies and veterans’ hospitals? Hardly! And no buying of expensive winter clothing for them, nor do they need coal to heat their homes with John L. Lewis dictating what prices they shall pay for it.

“One of the greatest factors that kept them down in the past was periodic visitations of locusts. Now that day is over as the white man’s airplanes and insecticides have written *Finis* to that scourge. Do you know that in one port of Africa where cocoa is the major crop, some of the women have new dresses with one-pound sterling notes pinned with safety-pins all over their fronts?” Just like the American women along Fifth Avenue—what?

PROHIBITORY taxes in the western countries work such miracles for the eastern countries—and perchance it hasn’t been accident that such things are the state of affairs with us.

No one in Europe fears war from Russia. Why assail and overrun Europe when all this new cache of wealth is available in northern Africa or at the eastern end of the Mediterranean? So Russia, if she does ever move, must have the tendency to move South, not West. She must

move to be in on the loot when the Chinese decide they have only United Nations to deal with in another Ghengis Khan surge toward the soft under-belly of Europe.

As the Levant wakes up, so jeopardies to her safety and security mount. Follow tax-free wealth and you follow the fester-spots here the military crises appear.

All of which makes no mention whatever of the mass hostility of 400 million Arab Moslems who intend to see no Jerusalem become a world capitol at the crossroads of East and West, if they can help it, unless it's a capitol under *their* jurisdiction.

Wouldn't it be strange, strange, if the great cache of tax-free wealth being attracted to the Levant was precisely the rich prize that precipitated the imminent Armageddon of Scripture?

Stranger things in karma may happen!

What Is Karma?

(Continued from Page 11)

ers above all the other confidential employees. The two of you battle royally to preserve your past gains.

She helps you make the payroll when payrolls are a nightmare. Day after day, and week after week, you are wilfully piling up obligations toward that woman which must ultimately be compensated. Of course, too, being very much a woman, the only compensation that her heart really wants, is your loyal appreciation and loving regard.

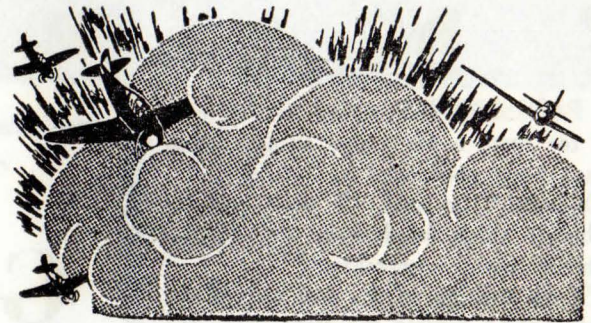
NOW let us say that a crisis approaches. You realize in panic that unless you get a big sum of money quickly, all your past winnings threaten to slide to limbo. The situation is desperate. How can you solve it?

There is, however, in your social set the daughter of Old Man Mazuma.

Old Man Mazuma is president of the First National Bank and has most of his fortune in non-taxable securities. You have done considerable financial business with Old Man Mazuma.

This is the First Half of an article on Karma; the remainder appears June 21

*After
they've
terrified
you with
Atom
Bombs . .*



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T h e P A Y O F F

A PARISHONER called up his pastor from a place that should legally have been padlocked at 2 a. m.

"Dominie," he said, "I want you to 'looshidate thish Modernism an' Fundamentalish issue, unnershtan'?"

"I'll do nothing of the sort at this un-earthly hour," replied the clergyman. It's outrageous to get me out of bed at this hour of morning. See me in my study at the church at ten."

"Won't do 'tall," explained the other. "Gotta know 'bout this Modernism-Fundermentalism thing right away."

"Aha! I thought so! You're intoxicated. Wait till you sober up."

"Thash jush it, parson. When I'm sober I won't give a hang!"

PAT ASKED the priest if everybody would be present on the Day of Judgment, and was assured that such would be the case.

"Will the Knights of Columbus and the Kukluxers be there, your Rivirence?"

"Yes, Patrick."

"And the Jews and the Nazis?"

"Yes, Patrick."

"And the Drys and the Wets?"

"Even so, Patrick."

"Thin all Oi can say is, father, on the fust day there'll be mighty little judg-in' done."

A FLEDGLING made his appearance before the august Supreme Court at Washington. He gave so much time to a recital of elementary points of law that the Chief Justice interrupted him.

"Counsel will, I trust, give the Court credit for knowing the fundamentals of common law."

"Oh, no, Your Honor. I made that mistake in the lower courts."

A MEMBER of the Ku Klux Klan displayed on his storefront the legend: 100 PERCENT AMERICAN!

Across the street his competitor blazoned forth: 200 PERCENT AMERICAN!

"That's an insult!" the Klansman declared.

"No, it ain't," retorted the 200-percenter. "You hate Catholics, Jews and colored. I hate everybody!"

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS



THE FAMOUS after-dinner speaker had missed his train and it was necessary to conscript two local orators to take his place. The chairman sought to smooth over the situation with this announcement—

"Ladies and gentlemen! . . . We expected to have a great national wit with us this evening. But he has disappointed us. So, at the last minute, we secured two half-wits to take his place,"

THERE had been a burglarly in the church the Saturday preceding communion service and the best the deacons could do was requisition some of Brother Simpkins' gooseberry wine as a substitute.

The stuff was potent.

All went well—so the account runs—till the close of the service when the minister led singing the Doxology.

Most of his communicants whistled it.