

SCIENCE PHILOSOPHY RELIGION

# ELTKA

A MAGAZINE

EDITED FOR THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE

Psychology and  
Psychic Phenomena

Physical,  
Mental, and  
Soul  
Culture

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# ELTKA

Devoted to a Realization of the Ideal.

Vol. VI

OCTOBER, 1903

No. 34

## An Invasion of the Land of the Mystics.

Thibet, the land of the Mysterious, the only one in the world which can now be properly called the "Great Closed Land," is being invaded by an English army. Already the columns of the daily press are telling of the expedition into Thibet which is now camping within the frontiers of the Closed Land. Within a few months you may expect to hear that the British columns have stormed the Forbidden City of Lhasa and dragged the Grand Lama from his mystic seclusion.

According to the New York Sunday American and Journal, there is some interesting political history yet unpublished about this expedition, which has been severely criticised in some quarters in England. The expedition is due to the ambition and energy of Lord Curzon, inspired by his American wife, who was Miss Mary Victoria Leiter, of Washington. He is trying to make up the enormous loss in prestige and trade the British Empire has suffered through the Russian advance in China. He happens to have Lord Kitchener, the ablest soldier in the British Empire, at his command, and he proposes to take full advantage of the fact. Thibet commands the heart of China,

and contains the headwaters of its greatest rivers. With Britain in possession of Thibet, she will dominate China and prevent the Russians from the north uniting with the French from Cochin China in the south. It is a magnificent scheme.

The ostensible reason for the expedition is that the Grand Lama has refused to admit Indian traders to Thibet; that he has returned Lord Curzon's letters unopened, and that he has entered into secret negotiations with the Russians.

The British expedition is commanded by Colonels Younghusband and Macdonald, and consists of 4,000 soldiers, with mountain guns and maxims, and thousands of carriers and transport animals. The soldiers are all picked men. The expedition has gone into camp at Khamba-Jong, thirty miles inside of the Thibetan frontier. This place is 11,000 feet above the sea level, or higher than the average of the Rocky Mountains, but it is the lowest spot they could find in this vicinity. The first day the encampment was formed Colonel Younghusband reported that the temperature was thirty-five degrees below zero. This is not unhealthy as long as the men take vigorous exercise and the wind does not blow.

Some surprise is expressed that the British should enter Thibet in winter. The reason is that Sikkim, on the Indian side of the frontier, is even rougher than Thibet, and it has taken the whole Summer to move supplies through it. Now the expedition can wait for warmer weather before fighting.

The Forbidden City of Lhasa lies about 250 miles from the camp. The road is scarcely traceable. Sometimes it is a mountain path and elsewhere serves as an irrigation ditch. It will be necessary to bridge the Bhramaputra River, which is filled with quicksands.

The difficulties of the campaign will be enormous. Thibet is really part of the Himalaya Mountains, and the British soldiers



must pass through terrific ravines and along narrow mountain paths.

The Thibetans are planning to annihilate the British with avalanches of rocks on the mountain paths and at other treacherous spots. The rocks are gathered at the head of the mountain and arranged on a platform that is held up by a beam tied with ropes. When the British are at a spot just under this trap the Thibetans will cut the ropes and let the stones fall down on the party below. The British will have to send scouts ahead to watch constantly for these traps. One of them was discovered in the Chumbi valley just in time to prevent a great disaster.

No white man has been to Lhasa since 1846 but lately several educated English-speaking Asiatics have sneaked in there as Buddhist priests and have brought away much interesting and valuable information, and even some photographs.

The Rev. Kawaguchi Kei-Kai, an enlightened Japanese priest, is the latest and most interesting visitor to penetrate to Lhasa. He went there as a Buddhist priest, and after inspecting Lhasa thoroughly, he entered the University of Sera, a mile and a half from the capital, intending to graduate there. He stayed in the university fifteen months, when his relations with the outside world were discovered. He was then obliged to flee for his life.

The traveller thus describes his first view of the mysterious city:

"Crossing a wide and fertile plain, I passed Dalpung Lama-sary on the left and then the towers and glittering pinnacles of the Sacred City burst upon the view. Here at last was the object of all my dreams. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when I approached the western gate of the city. I carefully arranged my garments, and particularly adjusted my sash as that of an orthodox Thibetan lama should be. My servant going

before me carried a small banner bearing sacred symbols on a pike.

"I entered the city without hindrance and was saluted with a deep reverence by the people as a holy lama. Although the Sacred City is white and brilliant from a distance, it is filthy within—truly a whited sepulchre. I obtained a lodging up a filthy lane. I had to enter into a court and climb to my apartments by a ladder. The houses are built of mud and yak's droppings and then whitewashed without. Bands of yellow and red, the two sacred colors, are painted around the doors and windows. The rooms have an open skylight to carry off the pungent smoke of the fuel, which is also the product of the yak. Some houses are built entirely of the horns of yaks and sheep. The horns of the yak being smooth and white, and those of the sheep rough and black, they make a very curious combination when fantastically arranged. These houses are not whitewashed. At the corners and over the window the horns project, thus providing the most curious architectural ornamentation I have ever seen. The yak is a sort of bull, the national animal of Thibet.

"The greatest building in Lhasa is the Cathedral. Before it stands a flagstaff 100 feet high, adorned with yaks' hair and horns. The building is roofed with solid gold. The only light is furnished by a transparent oilcloth in the roof. The cathedral contains fifteen plates of massive silver, adorned with jewels. The Cathedral holds the gigantic image of Buddha, the largest image in the world. It is gilded all over and covered with precious stones. Flowers are daily showered upon it."

The Palace of the Grand Lama is called the Potala, and is situated just outside Lhasa. It is a collection of buildings on a steep rock fifteen hundred feet high. The actual dwelling place of the Grand Lama rises nine stories above that into the sky.

The lower stories are occupied by the Gyalpo and hundreds of lamas, while the Grand Lama is hidden away at the top. The Gyalpo is the real ruler of Lhasa—a true *Maire du Palais*. The Grand Lama, who is regarded as a re-incarnation of the Lord Buddha, is chosen at the age of five or six. Under the influence of the Gyalpo he dies of some mysterious malady at the age of fifteen or sixteen. His spirit then passes into another child.

The Kah-gyur, or Thibetan Bible, consists of 108 volumes of one thousand pages each, containing 1,083 separate books. Each of the volumes weigh ten pounds and forms a package twenty-six inches long, eight inches broad and eight inches deep. This Bible requires a dozen Yaks for its transport, and the carved wooden blocks from which it is printed need rows of houses, like a city, for their storage. A tribe of Monguls paid 7,000 oxen for a copy of this Bible. In addition to the Bible there are 225 volumes of commentaries, which are necessary for its understanding. There is also a large collection of revelations which supplement the Bible. Another religious book contains one hundred thousand songs partly in praise of the gods and partly directions for making magic circles.

The biggest lamasary in Thibet is at Daipung, three miles west of Lhasa. It has a roof of pure gold. Seven thousand monks live there. The next largest is at Sera, one and one half miles north of Lhasa. It contains 5,500 monks. All the walls of its three large temples are overlaid with pure gold. The lamasary at Lhunpo contains 4,000 monks. The Sang-Ding lamasary, on the Scorpion Lake, contains both monks and nuns, and is always presided over by a woman. She was visited by our friend, the Rev. Kawaguchi Kei-Kai, on his recent journey. This lamasary contains a strange chamber, where all the dead bodies of previous Lady Abbesses are laid out. The living abbess must visit this room just once in her lifetime. The abbess



is known in Thibet as the diamond sow. All these lamaserics are filled with idols decorated with gold and precious stones, and the British soldiers will have an uncommonly rich harvest of loot if they are let loose among them.

### BABA PREMANAND BHARATI

Thinks There Would be Serious Consequences Should the English Invade  
The Grand Lama's Domain.

He says:—

“Why disturb this only hermit kingdom now upon the face of the earth? It has nothing that either England or Russia can make use of. But if let alone it will continue to do the world good.”

“In the last century a strain of Bhraminism carried there by the Hindoo ascetics permeated Tibetan Buddhism, and we look upon these yellow men as our nearest brothers without India. They are near to our immortal mountains and shrines and Thibet is the one remaining history in the world closed on account of religion, to the curious, the adventurer, and the explorer. Except in a few caves in the Himalayas there is not a shrine or other holy place in all India that the curious globe-trotters cannot intrude upon, caricature and profane in books.

“The East looks upon Thibet as a spiritual engine room for the whole world. You know how fatal is the touch of an ignorant unsympathetic hand upon material machinery, but vastly more fatal is the presence of a prying curiosity or greed upon the spirit and atmosphere of a holy place.

“But the whole East, the birthplace of all the world's Religions, is impotent to raise a hand for the protection of its last remaining religious shrine. The West will, of course, speak of the opening of Thibet as an act of civilization, while all Oriental



peoples can regard it in no other light than that of spiritual vandalism."

## WHAT CAN INDIA TEACH US?

Whatever else may be the result of the invasion of Thibet, one thing is certain, no matter how many stately edifices are destroyed or golden images and idols stolen, yet their TRUTHS will always remain. Their Temple Fires, of which the blaze at the altar is but a symbol, will never die out.

It is only within the past few years that the western mind has begun to realize and appreciate the stage of development that has been reached by some of those in the Far East. And even now while there is a wave of intelligence rolling round the world, how many are willing to drink deep of its waters!

"A study of Greek literature has its own purpose;" says Max Muller, "but what I feel convinced of, and hope to convince you of, is that Sanscrit literature, if studied only in a right spirit is full of human interests, full of lessons which even Greek could never teach us."

"You will find yourselves in India," he continues, "between an immense past and an immense future, with opportunities such as the old world could but seldom, if ever, offer you. Take any of the burning questions of the day—popular education, parliamentary representation, codification of laws, finance, emigration, poor law, and whether you have anything to teach and to try, or anything to observe and to learn, India will supply you with a laboratory such as exists nowhere else. That very Sanscrit, the study of which may at first seem so tedious to you and so useless, will open before you large layers of literature, as yet almost unknown and unexplored, and allow you an insight

into strata of thought deeper than any you have known before, and rich in lessons that appeal to the deepest sympathies of the human heart.

You know how some of the best talent and the noblest genius of our age has been devoted to the study of the development of the outward or material world, the growth of the earth, the first appearance of living cells, their combination and differentiation leading up to the beginning of organic life, and its steady progress from the lowest to the highest stages. Is there not an inward and intellectual world also which has to be studied in its historical development, from the first appearance of predicative and demonstrative roots, their combination and differentiation, leading up to the beginning of rational thoughts in its steady progress from the lowest to the highest stages? And in that study of the history of the human mind, in that study of ourselves, of our true selves, India occupies a place second to no other country. Whatever sphere of the human mind you may select for your special study, whether it be language, or religion, or mythology, or philosophy, whether it be laws or customs, primitive art, or primitive science, everywhere you have to go to India, whether you like it or not, because some of the most valuable and most instructive materials in the history of man are treasured up in India, and India only.

And while thus trying to explain the true position which that wonderful country holds or ought to hold in universal history, I may perhaps be able at the same time to appeal to your sympathies by showing how imperfect our knowledge of universal history, our insight into the development of the human intellect, must always remain, if we narrow our horizon to the history of Greeks and Romans, Saxons and Celts, with a dim background of Palestine, Egypt, and Babylon, and leave out of sight our nearest intellectual relatives, the Aryans of India, the

framers of the most wonderful language, the Sanscrit, the fellow-workers in the construction of our fundamental concepts, the fathers of the most natural of natural religions, the makers of the most transparent of mythologies, the inventors of the most subtle philosophy, and the givers of the most elaborate laws."

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy, we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor.  
—*R. L. Stevenson.*

## Meditation on "Enlightenment."

BY HENRY FRANK.

Fellow of the ILLUMINATI; Author of "The Shrine of Silence,"—a Book of Meditations; "The Doom of Dogma and the Dawn of Truth;" "A Scientific Demonstration of the Soul's Existence and Immortality;" etc.; Leader of the Independent Church, New York City.

Whence comes knowledge? Whence inspiration and attainment? Do we learn only through the physical senses, or are there other and more refined sources of information? He who is rash enough absolutely to deny the senses lives in an abortive world of ignorance, contradiction and confusion. But he who appeals to the physical senses as the supreme and final arbiter in life's conflicting claims, hobbles on a faltering crutch that oftentimes slips from under him. From the world without couriers convey their message through the gateways of the body to the Silent Listener within. But the listener alone interprets what they say; alone discerns and understands. He hears more than



the couriers proclaim; he reads more than their messages convey. He sees with a light that is not on land or sea, and beholds things that the crude material world does not contain. His is a realm of magic. For he abides above the laws of limitation, where coarse, unweildly substance alone prevails, and plays with plastic substance, which he shapes and moulds to his own fancy and conceit. His is the artist's world, for he creates from the gross material the sense provides, such forms of thought and phantasy as he is pleased to conjure. There, within, he reigns supreme. He abrogates the law that holds the flesh in shackles and soars to dreamy realms where gods predominate. He has entered the sphere of Causation, and touched the Key that unlocks the Mystery of Existence. If he be sane, he denies the reality of matter over the supremacy of Mind. He knows that Thought is the Creator, and that by mastering it he can fashion himself, his environment and his character, after such pattern as he may design. He knows that thought is like a palpitating beam of light which shivers the curtain of the night by its swift velocity and radiation. If he but hold it steadily against the night of ignorance and delusion, in time the night will dissolve in the glory of truth and illumination. He knows that the consciousness of the material existence means the consciousness of misery. When chained to the flesh he is bound to the ever revolving wheel of change, vicissitude, disappointment and pain. To mortify the flesh and thus disown it is but to intensify the consciousness of its reality. The burning brand of torture and the ascetic's regimen of starvation, but compel the to flesh emphasize its agonised existence. He who employs the magic of the mind and so orders his thought that he shall behold himself portrayed on the canvas of the soul as released from the bondage of the body,—its pleasure and its gratification—and abides where passion is slain and feeling vanishes from consciousness.

has found the Nirwanna of the Buddhist, the Brahman of the Vedantist, the Kingdom of the Christ, the Ego of the Transcendentalist. Henceforth he knows not hunger or desire, competence or penury, pain or passion, age, ache, disease or death. He has attained enlightenment and entered the Mystic Temple of the Divine. Is this an impossible dream, an insane ambition, a vapid vagary; or is it the Promise of Life and the Way of Salvation? Let him answer who knows; the lips of the ignorant and inexperienced are necessarily sealed. But whether this be delusion or dementia, this much is true: Somewhere there abides a Spiritual Ideal after which we may pattern our lives for goodness, truth, and beauty. He who discerns the Ideal in the invisible and seeks to evolve it in actual experience has entered the way of life that leads to Victory and Peace.

Every matter has two handles, one of which will bear taking hold of, the other not. If thy brother sin against thee, lay not hold of the matter by this, that he sins against thee; for by this handle the matter will not bear taking hold of. But rather lay hold of it by this, that he is thy brother, thy born mate; and thou wilt take hold of it by what will bear handling.—*Epictetus*.

## Are You One?

Some women there are who believe in being happy, and in making others so. To one, who believes in being such, we are indebted for the following clipping.

There are some women who sweeten the lives of many men by their companionship—who are little comrades—little playmates on the road of life—little priestesses of common sense, positive, strong and independent, but very fine and womanly withal. They are so perfectly free that one does not realize their strength.

eyes are so bright and clear and their smile so frank and refreshing that one forgets to grieve about the phantom past or speculate upon the future when they are by, and just enjoys them and feels happily serene.

It isn't because they bring to bear the charms and wiles of womanhood. I don't believe they despise them for it is my theory that they never think of them at all. They are just themselves, and their spirit shines forth undisguised and un hindered, pure and clear.

That is why they are comrades and playmates to those who know them well—the dearest and truest one may hope to find—and that is why they brighten the lives of many men along the way.

Let us cherish these finest of all friends and drink deep of the sweetness of their spirit. Few of us meet more than one of this type in our lives, and the privilege is very great.

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Personal feeling always on guard to repel attack is a very poor warrior in the arena of life. His wounds are so many and frequent they claim the attention that should be given to something of more importance.—*Ursula N. Gestefeld.*

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## Things Worth Remembering.

BY FRANCIS EDGAR MASON.

FELLOW OF THE ILLUMINATI.

Editor of "DOMINION," and Pastor of the "CHURCH OF INDIVIDUAL DOMINION,"

Teaching the Science of Life and the Brotherhood of Man.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

There are things which we hold in thought which are utterly useless to us, and there are things which we fail to cherish which are of the most vital nature. The things we hold in memory in a very large degree fix the destiny of our lives for weal or



woc. They become mentally-initiative in directing our future course. Life is just what you make it, and your environment is ever in accord with the character of your thoughts.

There are those who possess the faculty of eschewing the obnoxious things from memory. To such life is always possessing something new and fresh. Again, there are those who unfortunately retain all the sorrowful things of life. Such as these soon degenerate into fatalists and poison the very atmosphere with their pessimistic views. The former rapidly press forward toward the mark of the high calling, while the latter are virtually worms of the dust, groveling in the discords of ignorance. It is a crime to dwell upon the inharmonies of life. It is a virtue to hold fast that which is good.

To keep fresh in memory the catastrophes, sorrows, woes and failures of life, captivates the mind to this state of existence, and the individual lives in a veritable hell. He is not aware of the fact that he himself creates these objectionable phenomena, hence he will attribute it to "hard luck," "destiny," the "Fates." There are no such things as these. They are but the subterfuge of our ignorance. Dodge it as you may, the individual alone is responsible for the condition in which he is environed.

There are things worth remembering; which add to our health, harmony and happiness; things that presage peace and that prophesy perfection. They make heaven an actual existence instead of a problematical goal in the unknown nowhere. Heaven is simply the expansion of the good and the harmonious while hell is the contraction of evil. We gain heaven by making the mind of a heavenly nature. We precipitate hell upon us by retaining in thought all of the ugly and discordant things of life. If the mind holds into the good and the perfect things of life, heaven will surely be gained. Heaven and hell are both states of the mind of the individual. They are the register of our thoughts;

the sum total of our thoughts in opposite lines of pursuit. Heaven is the sum total of harmonious pursuit and hell is the sum total of discordant lines of thought.

Whatever we retain in thought becomes things in our environment, for the whole visible world is a panorama of thoughts which have crystallized into expression. The more noble the thought, the better the surroundings. The grosser the thought the more discordant the environment. "The visible declares the invisible." It pays to cherish the good, for the good is the foundation of the heavenly. The good works only toward the promotion of the good. It has no other direction, no other end. Then it is profitable to seek the good only and to hold fast to it.

One of the first things to establish in mind is the fact of man's divine nature. He is the manifested God, fully equipped with all the divine elements and attributes. There is not an infinitesimal fraction of a second when this is not true. It makes no difference under what circumstances you find yourself, this is the *fact* of your being; it is the only fact of it. All else is mere belief, and you are the believer of it. Irrespective of the burdens under which you bend, the frailties which assert the mastery over you, you are still a spiritually perfect being. The eternal fact of man's ego is that it is divine. You see at once that under the realization of this fact no discord could possibly enter the consciousness. Then all discord is due to the lack of comprehension of this fact. Discord is the result of disavowal of this premise.

Because you do not recognize at this moment the fact of your divinity in no sense impeaches our assumption that you are divine. You simply do not see it, that is all. If you can rise into the recognition of this fact of being, you would dispel every discord that assails you, and in proportion as you discern it will you succeed in dissipating the illusions of evil.

There must of necessity be a stable fact of being, and this is the fact: Man is perfect when he concedes to his perfection. Until then, of a necessity, an opposite state of consciousness must possess him.

Again, the human or mortal sense of life is not legitimate. It is an opposite state of consciousness to the spiritual, hence discord, disease and death enter into such a state of mind. This is the carnal mind, which is enmity against God, because it is an opposite premise from the divine. It is not real only as we give reality to it, by concession to it. It is seemingly real so long as we are under its regime. It can be terminated but through intelligence only, not by death, for death is one of its own phases, and we learn nothing by yielding to its demands, but by overcoming them.

The secret of a heavenly or harmonious mind is a question of the renewing of the mind with heavenly or harmonious things. It is not the body of man, nor the so-called materialistic things that must be destroyed, but the carnal conception of things. The divine realization must obtain. We must see things from a spiritual rather than from an opposite standpoint. We need take no thought for the body, but just get the mind right; then the body will take care of itself. It will conform to the renewed mentality. You can never change outward conditions by dealing with outward things. We must deal wholly with the mind. "Within are the issues of life." Also, "The kingdom of Heaven is within." The outward comes as the result of the inward change, for "As is the inward, so is the outward." So long as the carnal or the negative mind governs our members, we shall impose discord upon ourselves. When the spiritual mind is in control, all things will be made new, former things will pass away.



Our minds are spiritually adjusted to the divine standard. They are out of gear when fixed upon anything of a lower order, hence discord becomes the law of the lower thought. It is imperative that we set our minds right—that is, upon the spiritual fact of our being. The body will take care of itself. It is the dual nature of our present thought that inflicts us with present discord: "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." The mind must conform to Spirit if we would escape the lash of pain, poverty and persecution. The eye must be single to truth, then the body will be full of light. There are but two things to do, to prove that which is good, perfect and acceptable: First, establish the mind where it belongs in the spiritual sense of itself, by knowing that at all times and under all circumstances, you are spiritual and divine, a perfect being. Second, eliminate every thought that conspires against this standard of your being. Cast out the evil thoughts. Eliminate the negative notions. Eschew the perverted ideas. Then the body, and the whole of creation will respond to the renewed mental standard, and will present itself before God a living sacrifice. The body will glorify its creator in his own image and likeness, and you will have passed from death unto life, the reclaimed heir of the heavenly inheritance and the one altogether lovely.

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### The Body is Not the Life.

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When John Quincy Adams was eighty years old he met in the streets of Boston an old friend, who took his trembling hand and said: "Good morning; and how is John Quincy Adams to-day?" "Thank you," was the ex-president's answer. "John Quincy Adams, himself, is well, sir; quite well, I thank you,—but the house in which he lives at present is becoming dilapida-

ted. It is tottering upon its foundation. Time and the seasons have nearly destroyed it. Its roof is pretty well worn out. Its walls are much shattered and it trembles with every wind. The old tenement is becoming almost uninhabitable, and I think John Quincy Adams will have to move out of it soon; but he himself is quite well, sir—quite well!—*Ex.*

## Rays of Light

From the ILLUMINATI.

Progress is eternal. Environment is changing forever, and conditions of existence are dependent upon adjustment to its demands. Harmony with environment is possible only as one keeps pace with its changes.—*Eugene Del Mar.*

To have yourself in such training that you can make the mind and body do the very best; this is success.—*Edward Everett Hale.*

Deep in the heart of fine ideal,  
Lingers and hides the cruder real;  
They grow twin born, like Siam's twins  
Inseparable. When ideal wins,  
The real unfolds in clearer light;  
And two are wed in open sight.

—*Antoinette Broten Blackwell.*

To be wise, people should endeavor to apply principle—Abstract Truth—to common, every-day affairs. If it will solve one problem it will solve them all. The true metaphysician

knows that there is nothing supremely great in existence and nothing really little. All is one grand miracle and principle.—*Oliver C. Sabin.*

Concentration is absolutely necessary for the best work at anything we undertake. "Where your treasure is there will your heart be also." From this we learn that in order to fix our thoughts upon any one thing, and keep them there for a prolonged period, we must have a special interest in that one thing; we must have a love for it. When single efforts do not give us what we want, we repeat them with renewed energies and zeal. When we know we are right we permit nothing to daunt us or make us afraid. We never judge the future by failures that are passed. We are living in the eternal now.—*Geo. C. Pitzer.*

Would you know one of the SECRETS OF HAPPINESS?

It is this:—

To love,—to love every one and always.

—*By One of the Greater Temple.*

As of old, men ask for a sign, and, as of old, they are blind to the signs all about them.—*Paul Tynor.*

It is true that a fortune may be accumulated by rushing and grabbing, and with-holding from labor its due; but such a fortune brings no real pleasure. All true and permanent success must rest on moral foundations, and he who builds otherwise is building on the sand.—*N. M. Zimmerman.*

Do you, my reader, my friend, Realize that Life is just what you make it? Do you begin to realize your own responsibility in shaping, not alone your own life, but that of others as well? Do you realize the wonderful power—the wonderful resources which are at your command if you will but reach out



and take them? Do you realize that you can be what you will to be?—that you can determine what shall come to you? \* \* \* \*  
Think not that these things are mere fancies. Open yourself to the light of Truth. Live them and you will soon realize their potency and power.—*Edward H. Cowles, D. P.*

I claim no privilege for myself or my children that I am not doing my utmost to secure for all others on equal terms.

—*Samuel M. Jones.*

### "Many Happy Returns." By ELEANOR KIRK, in "Eleanor Kirk's Idea."

"She knew nothing of their tenets and had probably never heard the word metaphysics, *but she recognized God in her own soul and went her way rejoicing and gladdening the lives of others*. Here was a true member of the Illuminati."

"Many happy returns!" That is the conventional form of wishing people continued happiness, and in many respects it is a good one. It is more uplifting and hopeful than "Happy New Year," because the thought is not so limited. Many is preferable to one, though even that word does not begin to express the infinite wish which we would fain send out. How glorious it would be if everybody was happy and could live in happiness just exactly where they pleased forever and ever, amen.

"Could live where they pleased"?

What a pessimistic remark!

Who or what is to hinder man from consulting his own desires in all respects?

Surely, no one but man. Man is his only stumbling-block, his only disappointment. Man begins to plan as soon as he can think, and puts his mortal will and his personal self into all that he does. He has not been taught the way of the spirit, conse-

quently his schemes fail to materialize and his finest projects go astray.

The planet is mostly occupied by such people. It does seem pitiful, when it is such a beautiful planet and when there is really no sort of need of such failure and disaster.

This may appear the grossest exaggeration even to some of our advanced readers, but the statement does not really present a tithe of the truth.

The most that can be said is that man elects to experience a greater or a lesser degree of misery. Compared with the greater the lesser seems almost like happiness, and there are a few persons to be found whose happy days outnumber the unhappy ones. They have learned in some degree not to meddle with the machinery of the universe. They decline to handle other people's tools or to instruct them how to build their houses. By obedience to the spirit they sanctify and make beautiful all the external and material things of life. They know that they are separate sons and sons, and must do their own thinking and shining. They are striving to realize the truth of individualism, and so every day get a better understanding of their own power to build their lives by the divine pattern.

"May their tribe increase."

To wish these friends many happy returns produces a delightful vibration in both sender and receiver. The thought strikes home and helps. It goes pulsating forth to others, who, noting the health and success of the few, are almost persuaded to see what they can do in this work of breaking the shackles that they have forged about themselves.

"Do not go through the farce of wishing me a happy new year," a rich man remarked to his laundress who was on the smiling point of making a mistake. "Here is a dollar," he continued, "and I hope you will make good use of it. I suppose

you think that because I have a little money I am happy, but I am no happier this minute than you are, and you are a washer-woman."

"The Lord bless and save you," was the quick and heartfelt response. "No queen on a throne was ever more contented than I am. I wash and iron your linen, it is true, but all the time I am thanking God for the good job and the strength there is in me to do it."

"That's because you don't know any better," the man retorted with a sneer.

"Bless his holy name for the ignorance that makes me happy," was the astonishing response. She might have said the ignorance that keeps me wise.

Here was a true member of the "the Illuminati." She knew nothing of their tenets and had probably never heard the word metaphysics, but she recognized God in her own soul and went her way rejoicing and consequently gladdening the lives of others.

Now let me tell you something. The year 1904 should be the blesseddest of all the years that have preceded it. Never before have such strides been made in physical science as have been made recently, and all because of the mental concentration rendered possible by the power of the new thought of man's ability to govern, to govern and create. There is certainly reason for general rejoicing in the knowledge of the larger liberty that has come to the race. We must not be disturbed by the criticism and contradiction of all royal statements by the pessimists whom we have always with us.

In this connection let me tell you something else. The enthusiastic person is the only one who really knows much about the kingdom of heaven. The world is prone to underrate this spiritual faculty. In so doing it makes the greatest possible



mistake. Parents endeavor to train it out of their children. Society apologizes for it in one of their members. Think of apologizing for God! Think of making excuses for the substance that produces the cream of the universe!

Enthusiasm has been the pivot upon which everything has turned in the progress of the world, and the reason that folks grow old and haggard and ugly is because they are too conventional, too "well-bred", too lazy—or, to sum it all up, too ignorant—to allow God's voice the freedom of expression which it imperatively demands.

So, dear fellow-travellers, if you want a happy new year, see to it that you cultivate this inner grace. See if you cannot learn to laugh at and make light of some of the "awfulness" that you have been nursing and cherishing for years. Forsake your foolish course and turn back toward youth and sanity and enthusiasm. "Delight yourselves in the Lord"—that is, in everything true and pure and of good report, "and he will give you the desires of your heart."

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### Books and Periodicals.

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If books on philosophy do not sell into the hundred thousands, as books of fiction do, they certainly travel more quickly into foreign lands and foreign languages. This is so mainly for the reason that he who has real Wisdom gives of it freely to *all*, and by all there is an effort made to receive. To the true Illuminati divisions of country are mere chalk marks, and a difference of color, race, or creed makes man no less a brother. It will be some comfort to the serious minded ones who are taking an active interest in our work to know that

Alfred Russel Wallace's book on "Man's Place in the Universe" will soon be within reach of readers in nearly all tongues. Though the American edition (McClure, Phillips & Co.) is not yet out, an edition in German is now on the press and the edition in French is nearly ready. A translation into Russian has been arranged for and there will probably also be a translation into Italian.

SUGGESTION, a Magazine of the New Psychology for health, happiness and success, 4020 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago, contains for January :—Psychical Progress; Physical Ideal; The Great Psychological Crime (review); The Tissue Salts; Philistine Philosophy; Distilled Water; Osteopathic Legislation; Facsimile of Ingall's Famous Poem, "Opportunity"; Germs Not the Primary Cause of Disease; The Riddle of the Universe; The New Captain of the Men of Death; Editorials; Departments; Etc. The magazine will appeal to those interested in psychic research, suggestive therapeutics, the developing of will power by auto-suggestion, and kindred topics.

The Three most Popular Books in the Illuminati Home Study for the past month were:—

FROM POVERTY TO POWER, by James Allen, author of numerous works on the Laws of Being and the Higher Life, and editor of *The Light of Reason*, Ilfracombe, England.

PSYCHICAL DEVELOPMENT and the PHILOSOPHY of the NEW THOUGHT, by E. H. Anderson. A work treating in a clear and thorough manner the various phases of the New Thought.

MIND AND BODY, by A. C. Halphide, M. D. A book on Suggestion and hypnotism applied in medicine and education. A concise treatise on the theory and practice of suggestion.

The two Most Popular Brochures were:—

PSYCHIC CULTURE OF PHYSICAL CHARACTER by Frank C. Hadlock, and THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SENSATION, by Geo. W. Wright.

Another edition of TELEPATHY is now ready for delivery. The orders for same which have been received are now being filled as rapidly as possible. This treatise on thought transference is plain and concise, and will be found by those who carefully follow its instructions to be of much practical value. It also contains an experience by William T. Stead in thought transference by automatic writing.

A Book review is, as a general thing, a very dry affair to most readers. However, thinking that all would like to know which are the best among the new books, and believing that the review itself may be made interesting and useful by adopting a little different plan of description than is commonly followed, we will, beginning next month, give a more comprehensive reading of the books which come to our table than has hitherto been possible. Among the books which have been presented by their authors to the Home Study Library during the past month, and all of which will be given full mention as early as possible, are:—

THE SHRINE OF SILENCE; A Book of Meditations, by Henry Frank. Published by The Abbey Press. Nearly 300 pages, beautifully bound, printed on soft tinted paper, initial letters brilliantly illuminated in two colors. Price \$ 1.50. Independent Literature Association, 32 West 27th St., New York City.

THE DOOM OF DOGMA AND THE DAWN OF TRUTH. By Henry Frank. All the Doctrines of Christian Theology are traced in this work to their natural and mythological sources,



and clothed with a new interpretation in the light of Modern Thought. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. 400 pages, 8vo., gilt top. Price, post-paid, \$ 1.90.

THE SCIENTIFIC DEMONSTRATION OF THE SOUL'S EXISTENCE, AND IMMORTALITY. By Henry Frank. Is strictly scientific in so far as it avoids, on the one hand, the dogmatism of theology, and, on the other, the negativism or agnosticism of the physicists. Cloth; 100 pages. price, post-paid, 60 cents. The Independent Literature Association, 32A West 27th St., New York City.

POWER OF WILL; a practical companion-book for culture of mind and development of will, by Frank C. Haddock. Cloth and gilt, 431 pages; price, post-paid, \$ 2.00 Address the author at 304 Central St. Auburndale, Mass.

POWER FOR SUCCESS. By Frank C. Haddock. Is scientific in theory, based in demonstrated experience and common-sense, and pre-eminently practical in the goal indicated, and all exercises and regimes set forth. Handsomely bound in royal purple rib-silk cloth, with titles in gold and a specially designed four-leaf-clover illumination in gold and green. Heavy antique laid book paper, with gilt top and uncut edges. 446 pages. Price, post-paid, \$ 10.00. Purchasers are offered several special considerations which will be made known by addressing the author at 304 Central St. Auburndale, Mass.

PLANETS AND PEOPLE. Ormsby's Annual Prognostication and Year Book of the Heavens. A forecast of the future relating to the business world in all its varied aspects for 1904. Paper; 96 pages; price, \$ 1.00 Published by the Ormsby Company, 52 Auditorium Building, Chicago, Ill.

"THAT WHICH WE ALL LONG FOR, By Herbert J. Pigott,

Is a book for health. It treats among other topics upon "What shall we eat;" "Constipation, and How to cure it;" "Influence of temperaments;" "Fasting;" "Sun and air baths;" "Our thoughts" and "Exercising." Paper; 76 pages; price, 25 cents. Address the author 225 Carondelet St., New Orleans, La.

All books mentioned in ELTKA may be purchased from this office, or may be had from the *Home Study Library* of the ILLUMINATI.

Those who are receiving the magazine for the first time should not infer from the *date* that it is a back number. We trust that before long the date and time of issue shall agree.

CORRECTION:—On page 230 of the last number of ELTKA the Bible quotation should read,—“Lo the people shall dwell alone and not be reckoned among the nations.”

## Personality.

(Editorial, and Otherwise.)

“One word more, and that is a criticism and a suggestion,” says an old friend of ELTKA’s, as he nears the end of his letter. A “*criticism*,” thinks I—I wonder if he really means what he says, or is he, after all, about to descend into the depths of fault-finding! But, knowing that *he* has gone beyond *that* stage, I continue to read. He says: “I think you owe it to yourself and to ELTKA readers, as well as to ELTKA itself, to give out more of your own personality.” “Write more editorials—your readers want to know what *you* think.”

Now I believe our friend is very near right. Not because

readers care so much about what I, or anyone else, may *think* but they *are* very anxious to learn what someone *knows*. That is, all are trying to get at the reality. And we find, after all, that it is not so much what one says or does as it is their personality back of this expression which enables us to see the real a little more clearly. If we go a step further we find that even this personality is but the expression of something still beyond.

To better understand the effects of different personalities upon myself, I try the following experiment. I select at random three persons known to me. The first, I have met but twice. I recollect distinctly the selfish, sensual sneer around his mouth and nose, and sidewise look of his eyes; his complexion, build, laugh and joke all at once come clear before me. His entire personality is revealed. It is easily recollected and—fortunately—as easily dispelled. Number Two, I have always known, and I can make a pretty fair mental image of his good-humored chubby face. However, when I come to fill in the details there seems to be more of them than there were in number one, and somehow the most interesting details are the ones most difficult to bring into view. Now for Number Three—and the first thought is that their personality has an incomparably greater influence over me than the other two. I try to recollect the features and find that—after a life long acquaintance—it is impossible to do so. The forehead, eyes, nose, mouth, and chin—of not one could I give a correct description. Of what they have said I cannot, at the moment, a single sentence remember. Now why is all this seeming remembrance of the disagreeable, and seeming forgetfulness of the truly beautiful? Is it because we look upon “number one” as we would look upon a rock or a piece of plank and see only the materialistic formation; and is it because in number three there is a soul so strong that it can come out, and beyond, and almost hide from view its human



form—of such strength that it can compel us to see *It*, instead of its human habitation?

Try this experiment yourself upon those who affect you most and least and you will gradually come to know what I mean. We will then perhaps understand something of why it was that the great painters of olden time painted their greater characters surrounded by a halo. It was not because he would allow himself to introduce a useless ornament into his work. It was because he saw there something greater than the human form which gave it expression—a reality which, even to himself, he could represent only by a flood of light.

This "something" is our personality.

To you who are living in warmer climates than ours it may be interesting to know that while I am writing this item the snow line on the other side of the wall before me is nearly two feet higher than the surface of my desk. Add to this the fact that the thermometer has registered as much as 42 degrees below zero, and you will have some idea of our surrounding conditions. Inside, there is warmth and good cheer in abundance, and during the holidays, thanks to a good friend in far away Arizona, our office was further beautified and enlivened by the flowers and fruits of that comparatively tropical climate.

- The line of thought represented in ELTKA is in accordance with my own, and although brought to my notice at forty-one years of age I consider it has been a wonderful help to me. My only regret is that I had not picked up such thoughts years ago, as I am satisfied it not only helps the person in question but all others coming in contact with them."

A. J. Morden.