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G. R. Weston M.D.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
DEVOTED TO THE EVOLUTION OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

No. 1.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, FEBRUARY, 1903.

VOL. 1

Know thou thy BODY, O, my SOUL,
O, BODY, know thy SOUL.
O, BODY, say thou not I'm IT,
Sayest thou SOUL, that *thou art* IT?
Nay, nay; thou twain art ONE.
Now build THEE, LIFE to rest upon.

IT'S?

I AM "IT."

YOU are "IT."

What?

Just what in your heart you "think you are."

What you think you are by a process of intellectual reasoning, matters very little, but what you "think in your heart," in your secret consciousness, is of great importance to you and to all the world, for that is to a "hair's breadth" what you *are*.

The sick are very positive in their mind that they are sick. With them, there is not the slightest doubt about it; the fact is firmly established "in their mind."

That is the seat or cause of their sickness. *Mind* is first *cause* of everything. The world does not believe that, "as a man thinketh in his heart," so is he; although every human being is an object lesson of the fact. Few believe that diseases have

a mental origin, and that *mind* is first *cause* of disease. They prefer to believe the human body *rules* the *mind*, although a human body has never been known to go and do "something bad" in spite of the strenuous protests of the *mind*.

You may be deceiving yourself! Many are. How? By thinking you are rich, or poor.

If you are a *Slave* to anything, to poverty or wealth, you are a *Slave* in very truth.

He commands wealth who "thinks in his heart" that he is opulence, though he possess no visible expression of it.

Whosoever *fears* poverty, though rich, will *attract* the object of his fears.

If you make children happy now, you will make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it.

—Sydney Smith.

ANSWER.

(Allen Parkinson.)

At Heaven's gate I made my prayer,
I prayed that I might enter there:
I purged my life of lust and sin
And plead that I might enter in.
It opened not. I turned and wept.
Methought, perchance, the keeper
slept.

* * *

I walked the earth with empty hand,
No heritage of gold or land.
The fields where I would labor, all
Were girt with title claim and wall.
The gold I sought to labor for
Lay locked behind the vaulted door.
I asked an alms, my hunger told,
Was reckoned but "a beggar bold."
Enough my grief for one brief day!
Again I turned to weep and pray.

* * *

I spoke the Word: not prayer, com-
mand:
The measure of my life's demand,
When lo! the gate to field and grove,
The vaulted door to treasure trove,
Were opened wide. I ceased to plead.
I took the measure of my need.
And greater wonder! Now in view,
The gate of Heav'n stood open, too.
Los Angeles.

From Christian.

REVEALED.

(By G. R. W.)

A mighty power resides in all.
It would stagger the most credulous
believer in the occult, and astonish
those who are the best acquainted
with the wondrous power of mental
and metaphysical potencies, were I
to tell all that this great power is ca-
pable of accomplishing.

To get a faint idea of it, you have
only to recall all that you have
heard from every source, of marvel-
ous instances of healing by men in
all ages. Of cures wrought by wa-
ters, relics and shrines. In fact, all
methods, manners and devices used
for the healing of diseases owe their
efficacy to this *Power*.

It is not limited to diseases in
application. It may be applied to
all human needs and conditions of
life. It is destined to revolutionize
existing conditions, socially, politic-
ally and financially. All distinc-
tions will be leveled, except the dis-
tinction of brain capacity, and cul-
tivation of will power.

Wealth will no longer dominate
men, or fix their social status, but a
knowledge of this Power, and the
ability to use it will; for the reason
that it goes far beyond every pos-
sible human need.

When man's wildest desire has
been gratified, his every hope real-
ized, his most towering ambition sat-
isfied, then he will realize that he
has only lightly tapped this *mighty*
power.

In all ages there have been a few
who have known and used this pow-
er. We have two different methods
of its application presented in the
Hebrew Scriptures. The first is,
the wonders, or miracles wrought by
Moses before Pharaoh, ruler of
Egypt. Moses claimed that God,
or Jehovah, was the source of
his power. It is interesting,

however, to note that the magicians of Egypt performed the same miracles, and took all the credit and glory themselves; thus in the second application of this power Jehovah seems to have been left out.

You can find many instances recorded in the Hebrew Scriptures, of marvels, wonders and miracles done by those who claimed some special gift from God, but as a rule they were of the Priesthood, and therefore, their claim must be taken with a grain (I think a Drahm) of allowance.

Once only is the credit given to the Devil, and that was used to afflict Job. The sea was made to separate, the walls of a city to fall down, the inhabitants of the Promised Land were made afraid and vanquished, by this power.

The lost ax was made to float on the surface of the water, fire was made to kindle and burn not the wood of the Altar only, but to consume the stones and lick up the water which had been poured over it.

The terrible disease, Leprosy, was cured by the patient dipping seven times in the River Jordan. Even the dead were raised. But have you read these accounts? If you have, did you notice the fact that no voice was said to thunder from Heaven? No spectacular display of God Power, but all were accomplished by the spoken word of man.

Coming down the ages, we see him who called himself "The Son of

Man," doing many mighty works, and healing all manner of diseases by this mighty Power.

Men have hardly dared to intimate that the things done by him who is called "The Christ," were wrought by any other than God. Notwithstanding the fact, that Jesus of Nazereth proclaimed to all, "the things I do, shall ye do also, and greater things than *these*, shall ye do.

Why do men disclaim all power other than muscular? Why do they persist in attributing to God all power that they can not see or sense by physical contact? Answer:

Because they are jealous of the Divinity they have mentally created. They are afraid the powers they have invested the Deity with may be taken from him, if some human lays claim, or uses them.

If an individual or a nation accomplishes anything considered great, there are those who stand ready with the explanation, God Providence did it.

Success, or failure, health, disease and death, are explained by the wise-aces, with this all inclusive sentence, God did it.

Have you ever thought it a little strange that God keeps himself entirely in the background in these matters? Well, I have, and I have often thought that he must be somewhat indignant at times, that men insist on making him responsible for the things they do. Have you ever

thought of the fact, that all things that have been done on this earth, whether wonders or miracles, whether healing by laying on of hands, by medicine, shrine or mental science, by prayer, hypnotism and osteopathy, by Christian science, magnetism or Divine healing, were all done by man as an active agent? Strange man should claim to be only the agent, or medium of this Power.

Why not give man the glory? Perhaps he is entitled to it. Has his extreme modesty led him to give the glory to the other fellow—i. e., God? I think it high time to give the credit to whom it belongs, and it certainly belongs to man. No "God power" stepped in at the opportune moment, and healed or wrought miracles. No intangible something stood ready for man to take the initiative and then do the work for him.

No spirit, no intelligence with a burning desire to do some good thing for man, stand cooling their heels in the vestibule of the unseen and incomprehensible, waiting for somebody to give them the opportunity to assist in healing disease, or the privilege of entering into some human body, cleansed and clarified by a vegetable diet, a meatless sanctification, and thus made capable of understanding this high and mighty wonder, who depends on his *instrument* to do the preparatory work, get everything ready for him, you know.

(To be continued.)

MIND CONTROLS BODY,

(From Now.)

Herbert Spencer, in his essay on "Personal Beauty," (published in 1845 in 2d Vol. of Essays), lays down all the fundamental principles which underlie the present development of mental science. The difference between then and now, is that these principles are consciously applied by mental scientists, which Spencer intellectually perceived but only instinctively and unconsciously used. I quote a few passages:

"Does not a frown leave, by and by, ineffaceable marks on the brow? Is not chronic scornfulness presently followed by a modified set in the angles of the mouth? Does not that compression of the lips, significant of great determination, often stereotype itself and so give a changed form of the lower part of the face? In brief, may we not say that expression is feature in the making?"

"The framework of the face is modified by the tissues that covers it. It is an established doctrine in physiology that throughout the skeleton the greater or less development of the attached muscles depends on the exercise of them. Hence, permanent changes in the muscular adjustment of the face will be followed by permanent changes in the osseous structure.

"Transitory aspects of the face accompany transitory mental states and we consider these aspects ugly

or beautiful according as we consider the mental states that accompany them ugly or beautiful. Those permanent and most marked aspects of the face, dependant on the bony framework, accompany those permanent and most marked mental states which express themselves in barbarism or civilization; and we consider those beautiful which accompany mental superiority, and those ugly that accompany mental inferiority.

"It becomes an almost irresistible induction that the aspect which pleases us are the outward correlatives of inward perfection, while those that displease us are the outward correlatives of inward imperfections.

YE GODS.

Having the general appearance of men, subject to all the ills and vicissitudes of humanity, believing in, and suffering with disease, making all the mistakes and subject to the limitations of humanity, I have somewhat to demand of you, O, ye Gods.

You claim a dual personality, or more properly, individuality. If this is true, which governs? The things you advocate have confused me somewhat on this point. You advocate certain returns to primitive methods in vogue at a time when according to T. J. Shelton, men swung from the branches of trees by

their tails. I refer to the time when men ate their food raw. Just on what grounds and for what particular reason Mr. Conable in *The Path Finder* advocates a return to the primitive method of eating food uncooked, I have not been able to discover. Can it be that raw food is the "stuff" upon which Gods are supposed to eat? It must be so, else Mr. Conable would not insist upon it. Perhaps Gods get the food they require by some unknown process of sapping vitality from the bodies of the vegetable eaters only, raw vegetables, fruits and nuts preferred. It would be extremely edifying if some God would explain the process specifically by which they assimilate vegetable food, raw food in particular. We hardly think the explanation that fire destroys a certain life principle contained in the vegetable, explains. Fire plays such an important part in the existence and growth of the said vegetable that for the life of us we don't know just where the line could be drawn between heat and cold, heat and cold being only relative terms. Anyhow, we can't see why Gods should care what material substances are passed through the substance of which they have condescended to use for making visibility possible to them. I wonder if the Gods are blind idiots? Why don't they make their visible expression, called bodies, behave better? Or, is it possible, that the Gods have lost their "grip," so to speak, on their bodies? Have their bodies

“cut loose” from these Gods? Are they “going it” alone?

They must be doing so, for the Gods would not allow their bodies to ignorantly and maliciously take unto themselves vile and loathsome disease, of which they suffer and die prematurely, thus compelling the God who owns, or is mysteriously linked to it, to make a new one. How the Gods can allow their bodies to assume control over themselves to their everlasting detriment, and even take upon themselves to dictate what is best for the Gods, is a great mystery.

Perhaps there is no Duality after all but just *One*. Perhaps the *One* has evolved, and is just learning who he is. I wonder if he has just found out that he has been eating the wrong thing? If he has been cognizant of all growth, of all things seen and unseen, if all the past is known to him, how did it happen that he went wrong? Will eating food of any kind help the body to a recognition of its mental or spiritual individuality? Will physical gymnastics? Will fasting? How? What is the specific process? Will some God rise and explain?

G. R. W.

LAUGHTER.

The laughter of life is its sunshine, and this would be a dull old world without some happy natures to lighten the pathway of those that plod away in sorrow.

EDUCATION AS A CURE FOR EVIL.

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

The heart of man is a universe,
With heaven in a blessing and hell
in a curse.

In the thought of a man lies ever his
fate:

There is life in loving and death in
hate.

He will rise or fall, he will soar or
sink

Always and ever as he may think,
And the key to all mysteries here or
above—

Aye! the key to the kingdom of God
is love!

Ignorance is the root of all evil. No man wants to be wicked, selfish, sick or poor, says Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the Journal.

The bad man is always, however, highly educated, ignorant of the changeless laws of the universe, the laws of cause and effect.

After he has experimented with vice and crime for a time he learns the truth, that there is no happiness and no pleasure in breaking moral, physical or social laws.

Even after he finds this truth oft-times he continues in his immoralities because he believes it too late to begin over. Here again he is ignorant—for there is no such thing as time, and it is never too late to change a bad habit for a good one. If we do not obtain the benefit of the change in this sphere or body, we will in another.

Selfishness is another form of ignorance.

Selfish people seek happiness, but I never saw one who had obtained it.

There is forever something else the selfish man wants—something his neighbor has. He is always looking about him—never within himself—for happiness, and he is ignorant of the fact that only within is it to be found. He finds that the things he seeks for and obtains do not satisfy, and he imagines it is because he has not yet acquired enough of the right possessions.

Could knowledge of the real truth once illuminate his mind, how simple would be the solution of the problem how to obtain happiness!

All the diseases of the human race are the result of lack of knowledge.

To know, first of all, how to think, and afterward how to eat, drink breathe, bathe and exercise, are all necessary to good health.

The great majority of people know one or two of these things; few know all, and fewer still practice what they know.

Therefore the world is full of ailing human beings, "enjoying poor health."

Poverty is the child of ignorance. The old argument that "God made some people to be rich, some to be poor, some to be sick, some to be well," has done much harm to the human race.

This ignorance of God, which al-

lows Him to be blasphemed and insulted by those who believe they are His devout followers, is a mountain in the path of progress.

God is wealth and health, and He does not want any of His children to be invalids or paupers. He does not want us to think, talk or act sickness or poverty.

We create conditions by our persistent thought; we create them for ourselves, and for those weaker than ourselves. They are false conditions, but we make them seem real.

Knowledge of God's boundless love, and of our own divine natures, will change poverty into opulence, sickness to health, if we insist upon its application.

Education of the mind is a good thing; but education of the whole being through the spirit is the real knowledge which humanity needs.

—*From Magazine of Mysteries.*

SUCCESS.

How much this word means to all. It means life, it makes, and sometimes mars lives. It builds homes, and sometimes demolishes them. It builds great cities and gigantic enterprises. The world smiles on the one who has made it his own, who is "it." Hitherto the way to it has been a blind alley. Many who have found it, and thereby became "It," have tried to tell how they found it, and have given explicit directions as to the road that leads to it. Those who tried to follow the direction

given, failed to find success, and at last, heartsick and exhausted, gave up in despair.

Others are still struggling on, and will continue to the end of life bouyed up by necessity, and the cry of their loved ones for the things which success alone can give.

Something must be wrong about the way in which men seek success. It is not in the effort, the enterprise, or the one who seeks. What is it then that leads the many to failure and only the apparently favored few to success?

The answer is not hard to find. Success is not the result of effort alone, it is not won by shrewd business ability, it can not be found by persistence, and it can not be bought by money, labor or brains. Success is not found because it is looked for in the distance; it is not there. It is not without at all, but lies snugly hidden within every human mentality. The instant it is recognized your failure disappears as mist before the sun. Success is now yours. It was yours before you discovered it, but you did not know it, and therefore your quest could only lead you to failure.

If you recognize yourself as success, and the only and original article, you will succeed in any undertaking. Your success is assured. *You* are success.

There is no mystery about it, no certain formula to commit to memory, no certain food to eat, no par-

ticular method of breathing, no special brand of metaphysical teaching necessary. And No success circle's power is imperative.

All that is necessary is that you recognize *yourself* as success.

Whatever you do or undertake you are *sure to win*, for you *have* success before you begin, *you are success*.

CAUSATION PRIOR TO MANIFESTATION.

The body of man is constituted of material substance, the same as are all material forms; and this apparently comprises to the senses the fundamental basis of the whole of existence. Were this the case, matter would possess the power to give design, pattern, form, properties and qualities to its own nature throughout the universe. The life and intellect would subsist subordinate as effects of a fundamental cause in matter. But this is not the case, for matter itself is a subordinate effect in manifestation of higher natures which govern and rule and have their being through a primal cause.

—*D. E. Wagenhals.*

FAILURE IN LIFE.

There is only one real failure in life possible, and that is: not to be true to the best one knows.

—*Farrar.*

What do we live for if it is not to make life less difficult to others?

—*George Eliot.*

HEALTH.

Health's too much for mortal quiz,
Puzzles sage and saint;
Any place you'd swar it is,
That's the place it ain't.

Folks in Maine to Texas go
Huntin' it in vain;
Texans seekin' for its glow
Hustle up to Maine.

Ef you've had it anywhar,
An' its loss recarl,
Sartan as you jarney thar,
'Tisn't thar at all.

Not a soul of mortal lot—
Rich or poor or great—
'Preciates it till it's not
His to 'preciate.

Ef you wonder whar it be,
An', to end debates,
Call the doctor in to see,
It absquatulates.

Health's too much for mortal quiz;
Puzzles sage and saint;
Any place you'd swar it is,
That's the place it ain't.
—Wade Whipple, in *Richmond Dispatch*.

Young man, keep your record
clean, were the dying words of John
B. Gough. If the great orator had
spent all his life in fixing on a sent-
ence which would be his message to
the youth of the world he could not
have chosen better. For he knew,
and older men all know—though

few young men learn the truth until
too late—that for the sake of the
peace and power of all of a man's
later life, it is of supreme import-
ance that he keep his youth pure and
untainted.

How do you like the name "It?"
Well, you will say "It" deserves the
name "It," and that we are "It," and
no mistake about "It," and we will
prove to you before the year is *past*
that *you* are "It," and *we* have made
you "It." ..

The man who relies simply upon
his own individual effort, even
though his reward is small at first, is
constantly accumulating strength
that he can never gain in any other
way. The man who is continually
going to someone else for advice
publishes his weakness. The man to
whom a great many people go for ad-
vice is a self-reliant man. Depend-
ence upon a fellow-man is weakness.
Dependence upon God is strength.—
Weltmer.

Once to know a great character is
to know it forever. Time may dull
our memory of the man or woman
who bore it, but the character will
somehow live with us forever. Our
lives, all unconsciously to us, it may
be, will still be under its hallowed in-
fluence. Others may in a measure
take the place which this one once
occupied, but he will still live in our
hearts, and what he was will rest
upon us like a blessed benediction.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE EVOLUTION OF THE
INDIVIDUAL.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 a Year.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, FEBRUARY, 1903

"*It*" is a monthly magazine, whose purpose is to make men and women acquainted with themselves. Teach them how to use the power they already have, and how to get more power, by discovering to them that they have it already.

It will glean from every field, and as *It* has no politics, no religion, and no ax to grind, *It* will tell what it knows about the inherent power of men to heal themselves of disease, old age, poverty and death.

Subscription price \$1.00 per year, six months, 60c, in advance, which will be cheerfully refunded on request, within six months from date of subscription, if *you don't think you are getting your money's worth.*

Published at San Antonio, Texas, by *It* Publishing Co.

G. RALPH WESTON, M. D.
Editor.

"*It*" believes in the individual, and in mind as the Creative force, energy and life. Mind, soul, spirit and ego are *One*, which is the only

substance. Man creates by an effort of mind. His creation may be visible or invisible, according to his will or desire. Conscious or unconscious, according to his knowledge. Voluntary or involuntary, according to his understanding. He may create health, joy, opulence and long life, or disease, poverty, unhappiness, premature old age, and death, according to his teaching and belief.

If he believes in any power outside of, or beyond, or separate and distinct from himself, he can not reap or experience anything but disaster. Disease and poverty, necessity, unrenumerative toil, enemies, ill luck and the things he fears.

He creates what he *desires* in proportion to the extent of his belief in his own power. The length of time it takes him to create what he desires depends on his own estimate of his power.

Power is not *limited* by time, growth or realization. Power is practical and works instantly, unless restrained by *mind*. There is but *one power*, and that is only *mind* in *action*.

The human body is admirably adapted as a sensitive instrument, to the exercise of power. It expresses the every action of mind, whether for its benefit or not, whether quickly or

slowly, depends wholly upon the thought of the individual.

We have looked with wonder and admiration upon the power of the mind over the body when disease baffled the skill of the physician. For many years engaged in general practice of medicine, we have had opportunities of observation and experimentation, which we have improved to the utmost, with the result that we are not only convinced of the inherent power within to heal disease, but have demonstrated it many times.

The power inherent in all is not confined in its work to the healing of diseases, however. But its scope is as broad as human needs.

When men learn to *demand*, nay *command* whatever they desire, not from God, not from nature, but from their *own*, then the race will begin to dimly discern the Power of mind, soul, spirit, ego, call it which you will. They or *It*, are all *One*.

All diseases can be cured by one who knows *how*, and has the *power*.

That's the "rub"—*How* and *power*.

"IT" is going to tell *How*, and believes everybody has the *Power* already, and when the *How* is pointed out, you will wonder why you had not recognized it yourself.

Editors and Publishers of New Thought Literature:

GREETING — We greet you in hearty fellowship. We hold forth our hand to you; will you take it, and welcome us to the field on which you have won so many splendid victories? We feel almost sure of a welcome, notwithstanding our inexperience, the newness of our banner, and the untried mettle of our arms.

In truth, we seek not glory, honor or spoil, nor yet the general good. We seek the revelation of the *Individual*.

G. RALPH WESTON, M. D.

Men at some times are masters of their fates.

In view of the *fair* and *square* offer we make, to-wit: To give you back your money at any time within six months from the date of your subscription, if you say you are not getting your "money's worth," will you tell your friends about '*It*,' and ask them to subscribe. *Remember*, '*It*' is \$1.00 a year, in advance.

No ordeal is hazardous which one has the courage to face.

The function of education is to prepare us for complete living.

—Herbert Spencer.

EDITORIALS IN FREEDOM,

(By Helen Wilmans.)

What revelations there are in the newly awakening thought! I have been gaining some tremendous truths lately. They are so great that they banish every particle of anxiety from my mind. I feel like one to whom success in every undertaking is guaranteed.

* * *

My resolution is uncompromising. It has been steadily increasing for a year and more; it now means nothing short of absolute conquest of every impediment. At one time I feared poverty, but that is gone. I lost the fear of disease long ago; and now what was once an ever present anxiety about the ways and means of living has faded from my sight; it has disappeared in the courage of an ever increasing self-dependence.

* * *

I am on the up-grade from death to life. The obstacles that have strewn the road leading to perpetual youth are melting away. They can not stand in the light that my reasoning powers are pouring upon them. I have an abiding consciousness that the pathway is clear and that there remains nothing but to go ahead. But how are we to go ahead? The answer is plain enough. Man, being purely a mental creature, advances by the acquisition of more knowledge; and this he can gain by searching for it. To stand still in the old

beliefs and refuse to think is stagnation ending in death. There is only one way to live and advance; this is by an increase in our *understanding* of truth, which is life, and the proper understanding does not come without effort. A person must delve within himself and search for his own latent intellectual power, and then find out the relation of this power to the law of attraction, which is the life principle.

* * *

And this thing is not difficult, though it may seem so at first. Indeed one's first efforts are usually weak, and sometimes discouraging; but the longer they are continued, the more satisfactory they become, until at last the road of progress lies as plain before any traveler as it does before me now. Effort, constant, unflagging effort in thinking; absolute faith in one's ideal (even though that ideal may seem low and unworthy to those who are more advanced), is a necessity. True firmness to a purpose, even if that purpose is not the highest, strengthens one all over and renders him capable of any attainment. All this is in the line of self culture; if carried far enough, is self salvation. The noblest pursuit in life, the pursuit that leads to the most superb results, is the development of the self. If necessary, I would abandon everything else for it; but it is not necessary to do this, as it fosters every noble enterprise that the brain can engender.

SOUL, SPIRIT AND BODY.

The general belief in the *Trinity*, and *duality* of man, has led him away from his heritage of power, opulence and health. This belief, together with the belief in a Deity who is pure spirit, and watches over the spirits of men, keeping a record of the acts of the particular body to which each spirit is in some mysterious manner bound, during the life time of the body, and judging the spirit by the deeds of the body, is not only a very foolish belief, but a very demoralizing one. Its estimate of the wisdom, justice and equity of the Deity is one that human beings would not care to have applied to them. Then it puts the soul or spirit of man in the awkward position of "scape goat" for the body's sins. Or, in the no less awkward position of being rewarded for the good deeds another had done; with the knowledge that the one who deserved the reward, suffered the extreme penalty of death. This belief makes the spirit and body *one* in a lop-sided way.

The poor body does all the work, and endures all the suffering with no hope of reward. No possible incentive to do anything good or bad, and labors under the awful depressing knowledge that it is under the sentence of Death, which may come to it at any moment. It is a wonder the body could live at all under such circumstances. What marvelous forti-

tude, what heroism it displays. With Death dogging its footsteps continually.

With the future so black, and knowing that there is no escape, no pitying eye, looking upon its dreadful doom, except its friend and companions under the same inexorable, implacable sentence. Why should it not lay down the burden of life midway the journey? Why should it not present a weak defense to its enemies, disease, illusions and false ideas? Such a belief robs not only the body of *incentive* and *health*, but it doubly robs the soul, or spirit. What can the spirit do, except to sit down and watch a fight in which it can take no part? But whose outcome means to it, existence in a never ending Hell of torment, or at least existence under such circumstances that annihilation would be preferable. Or, if its body "put up" a good fight until the moment it is laid low in death, this "do nothing spirit" has the great satisfaction of hearing this Almighty Deity say to it: "Come, thou blessed, weak-kneed spirit, thou hast watched the grand fight of thy body for your future happiness, inherit the blessedness that has been won for you.

"Sit down at my right hand and observe the tortures of those spirits whose bodies lost the fight for the righteousness of their damned spirits. Wave your palms and sing Hosannahs to my just decision."

What a farce such a belief makes

of life. But, object some, we do not believe in Hell at all. We believe all are saved. While many of us believe in redemption through reincarnation. Yes, that is the other horn of the dilemma on which all are suspended who believe in *separateness* of soul and body, spirit and mind, God and man.

The belief in the unity of all things excludes the possibility of man having a spirit or soul separate and distinct from his body. It excludes the belief of a *Deity* who is a separate being from all others.

Man is all there is, or he is nothing. Soul, spirit, are meaningless terms if man is. Man must include these in his thought of himself if he would claim his birthright, power to do and be. Man's body is the mode of expression of himself; and therefore is as much a part of himself as any other part.

Man's body is to him what his hand is to his body. Man's spirit is to man what his will is to his mind. His *mind* is *himself*. It requires a comprehension of *all* that *Deity*, mind, spirit, soul and body are to comprehend what man is.

For *all* of these, and more, are contained in man. More, because man is *all* he *thinks* he is, and he is beginning to think he is all he *desires* to be.

This thought opens to him conquest of all mythical enemies. Mythical, because there are no real ene-

mies. Life, eternal, immortal, because there is no death. Life in the flesh, because there is no other *complete life*. *Life* in the flesh or body, because the body is the highest attainment of *life*, yet reached by *intelligent Omniscient, Omnipotent Life*.

Invisible, intangible expression of life, as manifested in what is called spirit, soul, ego, are not the highest expressions of *life*. If it were, evolution would be toward the ego; that it is not, is proof that in *man*, *life* has reached its utmost limit thus far attained.

In proportion as man recognizes that he is spirit, soul, mind and body, in *one*, and that he holds within his mental grasp the potentials of them *all*, does he claim his heritage, *Power*. Knowledge of who, and what he is, is *Power*; *Power* to live in the body as long as he desires, *create* what he desires, and do what he desires.

G. R. W.

FEAR NOT,

(By Hugh O. Pentecost, in Freedom.)

Fear is a false prophet, a liar; but when yielded to, it has this power. It can help to bring to pass what it prophesies. "The thing which I greatly feared is come upon me," said Job. When Peter, walking on the water, began to be afraid, he began to sink. The woman who looked

under the bed each night for twenty-five years, expecting to find a burglar, at last found him. Her fear invited him. The power of good is so strong that if you have faith in it nothing can prevail against it. Mountains can easily be moved by it. It is so strong that even your fears can not bring misfortune upon you once in a hundred times trying, but, if you continue to entertain fear as a welcome and honored guest, by and by the thing you fear will come upon you because you fear it. Why be dominated by this tyrant? Cast him out. Front him and he will flee from you. When Grant, at the head of his first regiment, went to meet a southern colonel at the head of his regiment he was afraid; but when he found the southern camp deserted he realized that the other man was more afraid of him, and he never knew fear again. When Christian faced the lions in his path he found them chained. Do the thing you fear to do. Think the thought you fear to think. Be what you fear to be. All the lions you will ever meet will be chained. There is no devil, no hell, no evil, except as you create them by your fears. There is but one power, and it is on your side—for you, near you, about you, within you. Trust it. Trust yourself. Trust the universe. Trust the law. All is good, everywhere, all the time. Have faith. And again I say unto you, have faith! And after that, have faith.

FORGIVENESS.

When Love forgives she buries injury
 In some far grave—pledge of her secrecy.
 No scar reveals, no friend nor foe may trace
 By her least sign the sacred resting place.
 Her pardon hath a balm for hate's defeat!
 A kind and full remission, and complete.
 For trust beams in her faithful, tender eyes;
 In silence, more than words, forgiveness lies.

EXPERIMENT ON MY PATIENTS?

YES.

And I will give you the benefit of my experimentation.

Are you sick?

Is your purse empty?

Is life a burden?

Then you need my services. The price will be \$2.00 a month in advance.

I will return your money if you get no benefit.

I will undertake your case, whatever it is.

Is the time for miracles past?

Try me and find out for yourself. State your case briefly.

All correspondence confidential.

Address,

G. RALPH WESTON, M. D.,
 Alamo Ins. Bldg., San Antonio, Tex.

LINES ON A SKULL.

Behold this ruin; 'Twas a skull
 Once of ethereal spirit full!
 This narrow cell was life's retreat!
 This place was thought's mysterious
 seat;
 What beauteous pictures filled this
 spot,
 What dreams of pleasure long for-
 got!
 Nor love, nor joy nor hope, nor
 fear,
 Has left one trace of record here.

Beneath this moldering canopy,
 Once shone the bright and busy
 eye;
 But start not at the dismal void;
 If social love that eye employed,
 If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
 But through the dew of kindness
 beamed,
 That eye shall be forever bright
 When stars and sun have lost their
 light.

Here in this silent cavern hung
 The ready, swift and tuneful
 tongue;
 If it from lying words refrained,
 And, where it could not praise was
 chained,
 If bold, in virtue's cause it spoke,
 Yet gentle concord never broke
 That tuneful tongue shall plead for
 thee
 When death unveils eternity.
 Say, did these fingers delve the
 mine,

Or with its envied rubies shine?
 To hew the rock or wear the gem
 Con nothing now avail to them.
 But if the page of truth they
 sought,
 Or comfort to the mourner brought,
 These hands a richer need may
 claim
 Than all that waits on wealth or
 fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
 These feet the path of duty trod?
 If from the bowers of joy they fled
 To sooth affliction's humble bed,
 If grandeur's guilty bribe they
 spurned,
 And home to virtue's lap returned,
 Those feet with angel's wings shall
 vie,
 And tread the palace of the sky.
 —William Darling.

“IT” believes that the effort to im-
 part a knowledge of *how* to apply a
Power that heals all ills, is a worthy
 one.

Medical “cures” are all right, and
 there are many methods known to the
 Profesh that are said to cure. Which
 do you like best? Take your choice—
 then choose again—keep on choos-
 ing.

The Profesh will “fix” you in time
 —so will the undertaker.

Perhaps you prefer the *Osteopath-
 ic Cure? Faith Cure? Hypnotic
 Cure? Magnetic Cure? Water Cure?*

All right, take your choice; you're
 a goner anyway, unless you take your
 case in hand yourself.

LIFE.

—

—Life.

—Come to Life.

—Drop your swaddling and come.

—The fountain of life is within you. To cease looking to the without for guidance and opportunity is to take the first step toward life. To turn to *yourself* for guidance and ideas and opportunities is to *come to life*.

—When you come to life, life fills you and thrills you and joys in you. Life talks to you and guides you to opportunities. Life wells in you to use and *enlarge* opportunities. Life manifests through you according to your desire—if only you will come to life in yourself.

—When you first begin to come to life in yourself you find very little but death. This is because you have so long turned your back upon life and gazed upon death. Death, you know, is stagnation, inactivity, *fear*. Life is its opposite—activity, movement, *faith*. When life impels you to do something, your eyes behold death, which says: "Don't—you will fail." Because your back is turned toward life you see and listen to death and—do nothing. Instead of coming to life in yourself you come to death—and die an inch more.

—Come to life in yourself. Come to your own ideas, and follow your *faiths*, not your fears. When you be-

gin to follow your faiths, behold fear is present with you. But never mind, *never mind*. Snap your fingers, *literally*, at fear, and follow your *faith*—even if your knees knock together and your teeth chatter as you do it.

—*Nautilus*.

IN THE PALACE OF CZAR.

—

The Czar was lounging on the throne,

The doctor paced the hallski,
When through the palace came a faint

And feeble sort of squallski.
The doctor hurried to the Czar
And cried: "I wish you joyski;
You are once more a papavitch,
But—it is not a boyski.

The Czar laid down his sceptervich,
And said: "It makes me sickski
To think that it is not for me
To play with little Nickski.
'Tis bad enough to walk the floor
When teethovitch annoyski,
But it would not affect me so
If it had been a boyski"

The Czar walked to the palace gate,
Unheeding bomb or mineski,
And nailed thereon a very big
And boldly lettered signski.
The subjects cried the Russian for
The French "Vive le Rosiski!"
Then read the signski, which announced This:

WANTED HERE--ONE BOYSKI.

—Baltimore American.

THE MISSION OF THE POSITIVE MAN.

(Mrs. B. Johnson, in Magazine of Mysteries.)

No man achieves anything worthy until he learns the power of conviction.

The world stands aside for the man who has a program, a mission, a calling to do that which he feels a throbbing compulsion within him to do.

Stoutly affirm your ability to do what you undertake. One of the best strengtheners of character and developers of stamina, generally, is to assume the part you wish to play. If you are deficient in courage, staying power, pluck or determination, learn to assert vigorously these qualities as your own by divine right. Be thoroughly convinced that they belong to you. Then you will strengthen your success—position wonderfully.

Grant had this positive quality—a firm conviction that he could accomplish whatever he undertook. It is the positive Lincolns, Washingtons and Grants who achieve results. The positive man is wanted everywhere—the man with the plus qualities of leadership. He is fearless—courageous, his conviction is born of the consciousness of strength.

Never allow yourself to admit that you are inferior to the emergency confronting you, for this is

to invite defeat. Every time you acknowledge weakness, deficiency or lack of ability, or harbor a doubt, you weaken the very foundation, the very possibility of your success.

A young man might as well expect to get over the Alps by sitting down, declaring that the undertaking is too great for him, that he can never accomplish it, that he is afraid of the avalanches and of getting lost, as to hope to attain greatness in life while he is expressing doubts and fears of his ability to do what he undertakes. The achievements of such a man will never reach higher than his confidence.—Copied from Freedom.

“THE WHOLE OF LIFE.”

(Suggested by Du Maurer.)

A little gall and a little gas,
And then you sleep beneath the
grass—

That's all!

A hand and a bluff in a game of
chance,
And all of a sudden you tear your
“pants”—

That's It!

Sometimes the fake, sometimes the
dupe,
And in the end both in the soup—
That's so!

A little dirt and a little soap;
Beyond the grave a flickering
hope—

That's life!

BE HAPPY.

NOW READY.

(Dr. S. F. Meacham, in Suggestion.)

Be happy today. No matter about yesterday nor tomorrow; be happy today.

Are you poor? Unhappiness will not make you rich.

Are you ignorant? Unhappiness will not make you wise.

Are you sick? Repining will not give you health.

Did you do wrong yesterday? Regretting will not correct the act nor atone for it.

Yesterday's errors can not be undone.

Do today the very best you can.

Neither crying over yesterday or making faces at tomorrow will enable us to do better than our best.

We can do better only by knowing better.

We can not learn to know better simply by repining or anticipating.

We learn to know better by thinking.

Be happy today, this is heaven.

Be miserable today, this is hell.

I can possess today only what I have brought into it, or what I dig out of it.

Yesterday's misfortunes are but debris in the lap of today.

Tomorrow's tasks can be but burdens on the back of today.

Extract the lesson out of yesterday, borrow sunshine from tomorrow, but do today's work today.

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By G. Ralph Weston, M. D.

This book is superior to many Five Dollar correspondence courses, and probably is the clearest, shortest and best explanation of Hypnotism extant. Anybody who can read can understand it, and become a *practical Hypnotist*. It is written for *practice*, not for theorizing. It is exactly what it claims to be, *A Key to Hypnotism*.

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TEAR OFF AND MAIL.

MY KIDNEY. THE NEPHROP-
TOPIC'S LAMENT.

(By A. Ernest Gallant, M. D.,
New York.)

With apologies to the author
of "The Bowery."

Oh! the day that I struck New
York,

I went out for a quiet walk;
Folks who are "on to" the doctors
say,

"Better by far that I'd run away;"
While I was out, M. D.'s to bone,
There on Fifth Avenue all alone,
I had one of Dietel's own—
I'll never go there any more.

I had walked but a block or two,
When up came a fellow, and me he
knew;

Waltzed me to street number sixty-
three,

I asked "what the devil to do to
me?"

"Put a light in your stomach, and
drain it dry,"

"You're pulling my leg for a fool,"
said I—

"Not on your life," was Max's re-
ply—

I'll never go there any more.

I went into St. George's door;
I had never been fleeced before;
First he told me 'twould cost me
"ten."

"How much for fixing it up again?"
Said he "Five thousand," I said
"Three

Would empty my bank to pay it to
thee;"

"I'll sew up your 'kid' for no less,"
said he—

I'll never go there any more.

I went into "Great Caesar's" hall,
I didn't have a good time at all;
Just the minute that I sat down,
He said "Stand up, or your 'kid'
won't come down;"

I got up mad and spoke up free,
"You can't put your sutures into
me;"

"But I can give you the bounce,"
said he—

I'll never go there any more.

I went into Bab T. M——'s shop;
He talked till I thought he would
never stop;

Said I "Cut it short!" He misunder-
stood,

"It must hang by a flap, or 'twill
do no good."

"He'd cut an inch hole, hrs finger
put in,

Pull out the 'kid," drop it back
ag'in,

Close up the gap with catgut so
thin,'—

I'll never go there any more.

Next door there's a place where
they don't use a knife;
And by good luck you come out
alive.

When the old surgeon heard my
woes,

Saw my shape and loose hanging
clothes,

"You must be 'held up' by a corset
or die;"

"No, Sir; but they've made me
'come down," said I;

Then he laughed, though I couldn't
see why—

I'll never go there any more.

Refrain.—

The kidney, my kidney,

They say such things and they do
such things

To the kidney, the kidney,

I'll never go there any more.

ILLUSION.

God and I in space alone,

And nobody else in view.

And "Where are the people, O
Lord," I said,

"The earth below and the sky o'er-
head,

And the dead whom I once
knew?"

"That was a dream," God smiled
and said;

"A dream that seemed to be
true;

There were no people living or
dead,

There was no earth and no sky o'er-
head—

There was only Myself and you."

"Why do I feel no fear," I asked,

"Meeting YOU here this way?

For I have sinned, I know full well;
And is there heaven, and is there

hell,

And is this the Judgment Day?

"Nay! those were but dreams," the
great God said,

"Dreams that have ceased to be;
There is no such thing as fear, or
sin;

There is no you—you never have
been—

There is nothing at all but me!"

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

—Peace is heaven. *Piece* is hell.

—Hell is a *piece* of heaven.

—Blessed is the peacemaker, for
he agreeth like an old shoe. The
piece-maker isn't a patchin' to him.

—The peacemaker fitteth any-
where; the *piece*-maker goeth about
like a raging lioness after her lost
cub. She seeketh and neverfindeth.

—The *piece*-maker's life is a patch
that fits nowhere. The peacemaker
is the whole thing.

—Heaven is the state of a mind
which sees and agrees with the Whole
Thing.

—Hell is the state of a mind
which worries one corner of the
Whole Thing.

—"How far from here to heaven?
Not very far my friend.

A single hearty step will all thy
journey end."

—"Immeasurable is the highest;
who but knows it?

And yet a human heart can per-
fectly enclose it."

—*Nautilus*.

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