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No. 3.



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# IT

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE  
DEVOTED TO THE EVOLUTION OF THE INDIVIDUAL

VOL. 1

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, APRIL, 1903.

No. 3

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 are ONE.  
Now build **THEE LIFE** to rest upon.

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## A Question of the Day.

The world is seeking health happiness and wealth by many different routes and methods.

Health is sought, as a rule, through a change of some kind, climatic, or a change of Doctors and Drugs. Sometimes a change is made to some mechanical method. Almost anything for a change to something that leaves out *personal effort*.

The effort to get wealth, or at least a comfortable home and living, takes many forms, and is made along

many avenues. As a rule each individual makes some excuse for failure. Failures were so common that individuals formed unions for mutual strength and help, but chiefly for resistance, and oppression.

Unions were organized on the false premise, "that man's interests are not identical," but opposed each to the other.

Out of Unionism grew the idea that Legislation could enrich man, by restraining the power of money to multiply itself.

This question of Health and Wealth, leads and takes precedence of all others. But it can not be settled on the Physical Plan of Action, no matter what method is employed. The reason it can not, is, that it is a *mental question*, and can be solved only by *Mental Methods*. *Disease* and *Poverty* are *Mental troubles*.

They are not due to climatic conditions, or Legislation. They are not primarily due to lack of Physical conditions, or exploitation of Labor. They are due wholly to *thought*.



One man has dollars, and another has none, but has muscle, or brains, or skill. The man with money thinks that he can command his brother who has none to go—and do for him certain work for a *part* of what it is *worth*.

Now, this is the chief and principal thought of the man who has Dollars, or their equivalent. The man with no Dollars *thinks* he must *labor* for Dollars, and he is right so far. But he *thinks* he must labor for the *wage*, or *price* the man with Dollars fixes. This is wrong, because the thought is weakening to the man with no Dollars.

This thought of the man with no Dollars constitutes the man with them his *master*.

If the man with no money, *thought* he was *Master*, not of any *Man*, but of *Dollars*, the whole situation would be changed. How long would it be before Dollars would be seeking *Work*? Seeking circulation? Not many days, is certain.

Man, therefore, has the power to "*Think Dollars into his pocket*, by the realization of this Truth. *Man is Master of Dollars—Not the Slave*. It is the *thought* of the poor man, not *legislation*, which is the *cause* of present conditions. Poverty is, therefore, a Mental Disease, and not a result of legislation. Legislation can not adjust, can not compel a distribution of Dollars. "*The right thought can.*" *Disease* is correlated to thought. It keeps pace with

thought. Thought precedes action, and as physical action is the direct result of thought, which is its cause, it follows that a thought produces excitement, contraction, or relaxation of the nervous system, throws it out of balance or equilibrium. *Dis-ease* is not an entity, a substance or intelligence; it is only a lack of balance. The worry, the fear, the angry thought, destroy the perfect balance between the nervous and muscular systems, which produces conditions resulting in what is called *Dis-ease*; literally, lack-of-ease.

The question which agitates and disturbs the world, how shall we get rid of Poverty and our Diseases, can be settled to the satisfaction of all, by methods which would draw into co-operative effort all men and women. Each would be his own *Physician*, and his own *Fortune*.

—————IT—————

**Ye Shall Know the Truth,  
and the Truth Shall  
Make You Free.**

How can we know the *Truth*, when on every hand, and from every side we see and hear what purports to be the TRUTH.

Thos who believe in what has been named "The New Thought," are getting the *Truth Mixed* with a mongrelism that smacks of the dogmatism of the different so-called orthodox churches, with a liberal mixture of Christian Science, Spiritism, and a whole lot of old fogyism.

A favorite belief as to what the



*Truth* is, seems to be that Man, at best, is in a "pretty pickle," and everybody is shouting directions as to his course.

One tells him he is Hypnotized, and don't know what he is about. Another shouts, there is at least *two* of you, and possibly three or four, and you must suggest to the other fellows of you what they ought to do for you. And right here the question is pertinent, which is you? And how can it be known which is you? Your Body, with the Physical Brain acting in such marvelous ways as a transmitter of Thought? Or what is called your spirit, soul or sub-conscious mind? T. D. Shelton calls this Body and Brain Dirteater, or Moonshiner; and says the only real thing is you, when you have developed the *Cosmic-Consciousness*.

When you have done this, *You* are a *Sunshiner*, which is *YOU*.

It's funny to hear some people hurl epithets at the poor body, and learnedly explain how the struggling ego worked its way up from the lowest form of life to man, and how, for untold centuries, it has struggled to gain what is called cosmic-consciousness; and when it is gained, turn on and berate the home it builded with so much labor, while the ages rolled out of the dim vista of the past.

Dirt-eating, Disease cursed, Pain-racked Body, Thou despised, distorted, maligned, misunderstood

Body, from the very depths of my soul, I pity you.

O Body, thou who art decked with the vain imagery of beauty, to cover thy real and wondrous beauty. Thou, who hast marvelous strength, and weakness, I honor thee, I extol, I love thee; and I'll take up a cudgel in thy defence.

I point with *pride* to those who, though they call you *dirteater*, yet cultivate a very close acquaintanceship with you, O Body, and spend much time in grooming you, in feeding you, and even hope to "fix you up" for an everlasting habitation for the *You*, that is not really *You*, O Body.

What an honor will be yours, O Body, O *Dirteater*; *You*, even *You*, will some day be a "fit habitation for the Cosmic-Conscious Son of God. True, O *Body*, *You* are *now* such habitation, but *You* need some *change*. There are those who would *starve* *You* into this change, and others who would make *You* an *Electrical* Body, and some would even make *You* a *spirit* Body. Anything, O Body, so that *You* are *changed*. *You* know, O Body, that *You* are now a *shadow*, or a *Dream* of a *Dream*, a *distorted* imagination, or at least only a *Vision*.

And some even claim that you are only *Mortal Mind*, and that stands for nothing on *Earth* or in *Heaven*. The real Mind, or Spirit, that is in *You*, or somewhere about *You*, and in some mysterious manner linked to



You, is even now *engaged* in an effort to make You real and lasting.

There seems to be some doubt about it, however, O Body, so don't get gay, and assume that *You* are of much importance.

The fact that some thinkers demonstrate that there is but *One substance*, and therefore, *You* and Spirit, which is intelligence, Good, or God, are ONE, must not unduly exalt you, O Body.

Be of good cheer; we are swinging round and round through creeds and dogmas long since dead, and as we swing around we are coming nearer to the "Truth." There is but ONE in all the *Universe*, and that ONE is GOD. Body, Soul and Spirit are *One* in the ONE and only GOD. "The Truth," that makes us *Free!*

O Glory, Glory, *One Life, One Intelligence, One Substance.* O Body, thou art exalted, thou art *Immortal*, when Thou art recognized as of the same substance as Spirit.

This recognition cleanses thee from all Disease, and sets thee Free among the Gods.

Lest there be some who are offended to see thee exalted thus, let them look at thee, O Body, and see that thou art a *Son of God*, bone of His bone, and flesh of His flesh, and therefore God substance, and worthy to be exalted to Freedom.

—IT—

"It's *It*," to some people, and some acknowledge even now, that "*It*" is already helping them to get "*It*," and be "*It*." That's "*It*."

## BELIEF.

My whole being is up in arms against Disease and Death.

I can see plainly that they are not a necessary sequence of Life, but rather its opposite. Disease, old age and Death are the antitheses of Life. And yet those who believe in Life, believe also that we *must* Die to Live.

They seek Life, through its very opposite, Death, and try to justify their action by the statement, which, to me, seems absurd, that Death is not Death at all, but a Birth.

If their statement is true, then this Death-Birth is to be sought, and Disease, Pain, everything that harasses the Life or soul out of the Body, are only *Labor-pains* preceding the desirable Birth.

Our best and dearest friends, according to this belief, are the very things so much feared and dreaded.

Believers in Death as only a Birth, which ushers in a more desirable Life, should so label it; should turn their efforts toward the hastening, rather than the retarding of Death. They should laugh, not weep, when a Dear one is born out of this into another Life. They should look with envy upon the old, *decrepit infants* so near to being delivered. They should seek sickness, Disease and accidents.

Suicides should be highly honored; or should they be classed as abortionists?

It will not do to say that Life is



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the body is a childhood, a preparatory school for the development of a "Thing," a Personality called, for want of a better name, *Soul*. For the question naturally arises, why should this "thing" Soul, make what is evidently a wide, and senseless detour through a human body, to reach a condition of growth, or evolutionary development in another sphere; or at least not on, or of this Earth.

It will not do to answer, for the purpose of getting an experience. For the purpose of experiencing *Sensation*. What sort of experience, pray? Surely not the experience the *Human Body* experiences; surely not the sensations of the *Body*? What have bodily experiences to do with "Soul," whose destiny is entire separation from the *Human body*, according to the general belief? The thought, that man has a soul which is an entity entirely separate and distinct from the body, and having a destiny distinct from it, is in itself a source of weakness; and weakness is Disease in its incipiency.

Believing that our *beliefs*, are the chief cause of our diseases, I would point out to the Disease-burdened world, the *cause* and *cure*. What a travesty on humanity are its efforts to rid itself of the incubus Disease, by the many methods employed. The efforts of the man to whittle a wooden plug to fit the small vent hole in the molasses barrel, while the molasses pours out at

the bung, fairly illustrates the effort to cure disease by methods which leave out of consideration *belief*, or *mental attitude*.

When the mental attitude of the patient is Diagnosed for the *cause* of the disease from which the patient suffers, it will be found, as a rule, that *Fear* is the principal *cause* of nearly all *Diseases*. Fear of pain, Fear of Death, covers the whole case.

Men fear Death, because they believe in a *separation* of *soul* and *body*; not because they fear punishment for misdeeds. If this is true, then it is the *belief* in the *Duality* of Man that is the *principal cause* of *Diseases*. We have been taught to believe that certain bodily conditions result in Disease. Or that certain climatic changes, drinking water, and a host of other things produce Diseases. The idea that one's *thought* and *beliefs* have anything to do with Diseases, seems silly to those who have not investigated the matter.

And yet it is a fact, that as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he in our bodies; we are *children of Death*. If we believe we are separate and distinct from God (good) and all men, we have separated ourselves from all help, all good, that man might give. If we believe that our spirit or soul is separate and distinct from our body, that our soul is powerless to help our body in time of trouble, or when diseased,



given God. The laws of Nature are the processes by which nature crowned herself in Man, her Lord and Master.

Let Man recognize himself as Nature's Lord. Let him see himself and God as *One*. Let him realize that God, Nature, which is intelligence, finds the highest, mightiest, grandest expression of intelligence and *Power* in Man. He will then be able to face this fact, to which all Nature's laws point, and which all her processes reveal, that man, her highest ideal, shall go on toward perfection, *Glory*, and *Power*.

Man does not, and can not advance, as long as he is a subject of *Death*. He can not advance as long as he considers himself a vassal, a slave. Man does acknowledge himself such, by attributing a *Power* that rules, or oppresses him to any Being, Law, or Intelligence.

But when he claims his heritage, and asserts his right to rule as a Master over his environment, his Body and his destiny, then he stands in his rightful place, the place of *Power*.

But he must lay claim to his heritage, *Power*. He can not claim power from another. No one can invest another with real *Power*; it is inherent and non-transferrable. I, or you, can not confer a power upon Drugs to heal the sick. No one can say to another, "I invest you with *Power*."

We may, and do *awake* *Power* in

others, but we can not *give* them *Power*. Why? Because they each have it already.

Can a surgeon do more than "set" a broken bone? Can he do more than "dress" the wound? Can he make the bone "knit" or the wound heal? No; "Nature" does the work.

Who is "Nature?" In this instance is it not *You*? Certainly it is.

In every instance of healing, and in every instance of an exhibition of *Power*, "Nature," (say God if you will) is *You*. *You* must face the *fact*; that *You*, Nature, God, all there is, are ONE.

But do not "spirits" heal? No, not any more than God does.

Are not the Spirits messengers invested with superhuman *Power* by God? No. Not any more than *You*, for *You* are as much *Spirit* now as you ever will be. As much as those who have had the *misfortune* to leave the Body.

*Spirit* and *Body* Joined, as in *Man*, constitutes the most potent, the most perfect, the highest possible aggregation of "Godstuff" that Intelligent Mind has as yet evolved.

Man is "loaded down" with *Power*. He is the *Embodiment* of *Power*.

This great fact is dimly perceived by him, as seen in his aspirations; He desires to know the *source* of *Power*. His love of *Power*, his ef-



then we have declared war between body and soul, and made our body a battle ground.

A battle ground wherein the body must be ravaged by the destroyer and defeated. Peace can not exist where there is war.

Thus our *beliefs* have to do with health and Disease. A belief that believes in the God-hood of Man, and the Man-hood of God; a belief that we are all brethren, and of the same blood and mind, brings *Peace*. Peace is harmony and love, and these create Health.

Believe that *all* is *One*, and *One* is *All*, and *Disease* will *Die*, and Man will *Live*.

————IT————

### Know Thyself.

Search deep down into your soul  
And see what dwelleth there.  
If there are thoughts that are impure,  
Cast them out; no time to spare.

Hasten quickly to implant  
Thoughts that are good and true:  
That will land you in perfect bliss  
And lift your brother, too.

'Tis your thoughts that make your life  
Whatever it may be—  
One of Love, and Truth, and Light,  
Or one of bitter destiny.

For, as you think, you surely are!  
The power within you lies  
To be a king or beggar,  
You will note this, if you're wise.

You must tune yourself to be  
In love and harmony,  
With all perfection that surrounds  
Your life and all you see.

You must wake in yourself  
Knowledge of the higher law—  
The Oneness with the Great Divine,  
The "Breath" from whom you draw.  
—By Maggie Olive Jordan.  
San Antonio, Texas.

## REVEALED.

(Continued from No. 2.)

As knowledge is gained, power increases. As fast as Man recognizes that within his mentality reside the possibility of *all* knowledge, which is Omniscience, he becomes powerful. His past weaknesses have been due to his ignorance and superstition. With the Light he now has, there is no excuse for ignorance. Now, only *Prejudice* holds him from taking his proper place in the Universe.

*Prejudice* holds him in its soul-crushing embrace. *Prejudice* blinds his eyes to the truth. He can see, but will not. *Prejudice* makes him a bound and groveling slave when he should be crowned a victor.

Man is weak, because he believes he is weak. He is Diseased, because he believes that Disease is a real entity. He is starved, frozen and burned. He is swept by the cyclonic powers of Nature, because he opposes, and misunderstands, and fears nature. Nature seems bent on his destruction, withholds her store of food and wealth, and sends her freezing, scorching, miasmatic breath of Death, because man stands foolishly in the pathway, over which Nature is hurling these elements to her cleansing.

Man and Nature are One in essence. Nature is a name Man has



given God. The laws of Nature are the processes by which nature crowned herself in Man, her Lord and Master.

Let Man recognize himself as Nature's Lord. Let him see himself and God as *One*. Let him realize that God, Nature, which is intelligence, finds the highest, mightiest, grandest expression of intelligence and *Power* in Man. He will then be able to face this fact, to which all Nature's laws point, and which all her processes reveal, that man, her highest ideal, shall go on toward perfection, *Glory*, and *Power*.

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fort to manifest it, to develop it and to see exhibitions of it.

Man *worships Power*, and calls it *God*. He creates and uses it, and calls it *God*. Why? Because he can not know *anything* outside of, or apart from himself. Man alone knows himself; only partially, 'tis true, but the sum of all he knows is confined to a knowledge of himself.

Bold thinkers are not yet bold enough to declare to the world what even an approximate *knowledge* of Man, as he really is, would mean to the world. It may be best to swing round and round the revelation of man as he is, but some "*Berserkers*" think it time now to let the *Truth* be *Revealed*.

(To Be Continued.)

—IT—

Mr. L. W. Tubb, formerly of the Texas Printing Co., and Willcox Printing Co., who for the past five months has been with the Rein Litho. Co. one of the largest printing companies in the State, has returned to San Antonio and purchased a half interest in the Buckeye Printing Co., the printers of this journal.

—IT—

If you want to be "*It*;" whatever the *It* is, or means to you, subscribe for "*It*," and we agree to make you "*It*" to your heart's desire; or bring you to "*It*" or "*It*" to you.

## Not Vibration, But Revolution.

(Continued from No. II.)

Man's whole nature is destined to evolve a being who is conscious Master, and "Lord of All."

He shall shine forth as a center radiant in the Glory, Majesty and Power of the evolving Son of Wisdom.

This is the final consummation of the *Law of Revolution*; it is the ultimate of the *Evolution* of the Individual.

Man is the *center* round which every atom, every sphere, and every gigantic whirl of the mighty systems of creative *Energy* revolve.

From the heart of the Universe is born its Lord, Conscious Mind.

Round and round the mighty creative energy flows all pervading MIND, shaping, directing and hastening to rapid, and still more rapid *revolution*, the *Mind Substance* thus creating *forms* of finer, and still more fine creations, until at last standing up in God-like majesty, the *Form of Man* is seen.

Within this Form are the potentials of all past and future. Within this Form is the *cause* that comprehends all Law and its creation; from within this Form begins the spring of revolving thought that rolls outward in ever widening circles, encompassing



passing the universe with intelligent understanding.

The motion of Revolution is a forward movement, and its watch-word is, *on and on*.

On to What? Development, expression, self-consciousness, VICTORY.

Victory over what? *Vibration*, Death, Hell, old age, the Grave, and Disintegration. Moving on to the Development of *Power* over all things, and Self-Expression of the God-hood and Man-hood of "THE MAN." Masterfully conscious of self, with all its wants and *desires*, its weakness and *strength*.

The Law of *Revolution* develops two forces, or *Minor Laws* (supposedly) which has been named *Attraction* and *Repulsion*. *Attraction* is *Centripetal force*, or the power that *draws* everything toward the center. *Repulsion* is the force that repels, or drives everything away from the center.

It is probable that there is no such force as *Repulsion* or *Centrifugal force*. The cause of repulsion is probably only the lack of *Affinity*, and the object or person is not attracted, because he, she or it is being attracted by some other *Center*, which has a stronger *Affinity* for them. And thus *Revolution* creates but the *one Law, Attraction*.

When we create, by our thought, an *Affinity* for anything, we attract it, whether it be disease or health, whether it be Poverty or opulence.

Man being the great center of Mind-substance in organized objective and subjection form, he has, in consequence, strong *Attractive power*, and as the center round which Mind-Substance *Revolves*, he has that tremendous power that constitutes him a *Creator*.

Man, therefore, creates, not alone his bodily condition, but influences the bodily conditions of his fellows; and also *creates* his own, and, in a measure, his Brother's, environment.

Thus the *Law of Revolution* is a creative force. And *Attraction* is the child of the *Law of Revolution*.

*Attraction* is Love. Love is a *Magnet* created by *Revolution*. Man is a *Love-Magnet*, which attracts the Love force of the creative energy of the Universe.

Man stands for the heart of the Universe, the great mind center, which is the embodiment of *Love*. Man's true and only real expression, therefore, is *Love*.

*Love* is, therefore, not only the strongest, but the only *Magnet*. Men and Mind are *One* in the heart of the Universe, the *Love-Magnet*.

Love is Evolutionary and Revolutionary in its expression of *Power*. When the *Love-Magnet* expresses *Love*, it expresses its true essence, and attracts only that which is its *own*. Thus when man expresses his real self, he attracts that only which is good for his development on a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.



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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO THE EVOLUTION OF THE  
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SUBSCRIPTION, - - - \$1.00 PER YEAR

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SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, APRIL, 1903.

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The "New Thought" contains much of the "Old Thought," heard, and read, in song and story.

The Book of Books, called by mother "The Blessed Bible," is full of New Thought Truths.

It is not necessary, however, that we should separate the New from the Old.

But we should be able to discern the "Truth." It is the *Truth* that makes free. It does not matter from whom or from whence it comes, the *Truth* is ever the same.

\* \* \*

There are writers who lament the fact that other writers explain the way to regain health, or to heal the sick, telling how to be opulent, these writers being themselves very poor, and possibly in very bad health.

Yes, it is a pity that some of the writers of the "New Thought" are distressed by poverty and disease. But is it not possible that they do *know* the way out of it all?

May they not be able to point the way to health and opulency as well *now*, while they themselves are jour-

neying toward that goal, as they can after they have entered the blessed haven?

Mayhap they would not care much for the toiling, struggling, suffering, poverty-cursed Brothers after they have won, have realized and are enjoying release from poverty and disease.

Who cares whether we tell the whole Truth? Who cares whether we all point to the same path?

Who cares whether we have arrived or not?

May there not be many roads all leading to the Truth? Is it not possible that the Truth is made up of many parts, each part fitted to an individual?

Perhaps, further along, all parts merge into one, and all are bound on the right road after all.

\* \* \*

God is Good, Love, and All. Man is One with God, and, therefore, Man is only God in action. Can Man go far wrong, therefore?

Evidently he can not, except he separate himself from God. If we recognize ourselves as indivisible parts of God, who is Love, who shall say, Brother, that we are not in the way to *Truth*? Who art *thou* that judgest? Who has revealed to you the heart and work of thy Brother?

\* \* \*

We should have the broadest charity, the most perfect Love, for each other. "We be Brethren." We should help, counsel, and assist our



Brothers, taking heed else we ourselves become cast-away upon some "ad," or "taken in" by our stomachs; or become engrossed in the fascinating effort to develop knowledge by bodily "exercises."

\* \* \*

A knowledge of God is a knowledge of self, and that is *all* the "Truth" there is. *Self* is not confined to the narrow limits of brain, nerve and muscle. *Self* is an epitome of the universe, God, Love; in the sense that *self* contains the *substance* of "all there is." Let us illuminate this *Truth*. We can not do it by gymnastics of any kind; nor by fastings, prayers or appeals to spirits, or any other creature.

But we can by thought.

Thought illuminates and develops the body and brain; *Thought reveals knowledge, which is Power.*

————IT————

### A Warning to M. D.'s

I think M. D.'s as a rule are pretty sensible, fair minded gentlemen. They should not allow the profession to be besmirched by a few tricksters, who *play Doctor*, but who are in reality political clowns trying to have laws enacted by State Legislatures (as is now being attempted by the Texas Legislature) that will enable them to *play Doctor* by levying a tax on the *real* Doctors who know how to "*Practice Medicine*," excluding Healers and drugless Doctors, that the Political Clown Doctor may

get more revenue from the increased number of *Actual Practitioners*, who would come to fill the demand thus made by squelching the Drugless Doctors.

The political and irresponsible M. D.'s should see that there is a storm coming; for it looms up black and threatening.

A fund of *mighty* proportions is being gathered by the Drugless Doctors, Mental Scientists, and the people who reserve the right to use their own pleasure, and exercise their own judgment as to *who* shall be their physicians.

The purpose for which this fund is being raised will "*jar*" you, gentlemen of the Medical profession! These large sums of money are being accumulated, not for the purpose of *defense*. Oh, no; they are for *offense*. They are to be used to *prosecute* these political M. D.'s for *mal-practice*.

They are to be used to investigate the cause of Death in certain cases.

————IT————

It is ludicrous to see the people who "*enjoy poor health*" condoling with each other. The "*Lungers*" would not forego the *pleasure* of telling each other about it, though the prize of Health were offered them. And the chronic Disease "*enjoyers*," women—Now, y-o-u s-t-o-p!

————IT————

For good job printing, neatly and quickly done, the Buckeye Printing Company is "*It*."





MISS GRACE ADELIADÉ KIERSTED.

Miss Kiersted is secretary to Dr. Paul Edwards, editor of *The Mental Advocate*. Miss Grace, as she is called by the readers of the "*Advocate*," and by Dr. Edwards' patients, writes for the *Advocate*, and there is such a charm to her words they win your love and esteem at once. We predict that Dr. Paul Edwards will have to look to his laurels as a writer who wins the hearts of his readers, lest Miss Grace crown herself with them. Read the article by Miss Grace, "*Count Your Blessings*" and see how warm and tender it will make your heart feel.

#### BLESSINGS.

(By Grace Adelaide Kiersted.)

"Count your many blessings,  
Count them one by one."

This refrain has been with me ever since I heard the hymn sung in Lansing, Mich., a few Sundays ago. It was sung by young boys at the Industrial School, and the immense force and apparent enthusiasm with which those boys threw it out from their strong young lungs was invigorating to the listener.

Since then I have looked at each passer by, each person with whom I



have come in contact, each warm friend, with a new interest—a new comprehension—and the thought has come to me, not that each one has his secret sadness, as was my old thought, but that each one has his secret gladness—his secret blessing. Some little blessing of which, perchance he, himself, is not aware, and of which he would not become cognizant did not wise Deity think fit to take it away. How quickly, then, he wants it, and comes to a full realization of the want.

Gradually it has been dawning upon my consciousness, slowly, of course, because we do love to dwell upon the dismal that life is made up of blessings, not sadnesses—that down deep in the heart of each lies that which makes life livable to the possessor. There is the sweetness of the thought cherished after many years, of a kindness shown. No room for the bitterness, only the strong, sweet thought of a tender grasp. A blessing come to comfort in lonely hours, not a sadness to make dim the eye.

A favorite line with me before I began to count my many blessings was "Sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things." And how I used to give it utterance in melancholy, subdued tone, richly enjoying the intensity of my "sorrow." "Crown of sorrows!" Crown of blessings! The less we read and think of grief, sorrow and sadness,

the brighter, happier and cheerier we will be.

Anyway, what we have called sadness is only sunshine darkened by shadow, and, indeed, were it not for the shadow we would never appreciate sunshine. To me, with all the full, sweet consciousness of what this glorious New Thought means, there is no room for anything but blessings.

"Count them one by one."

You who think you are weary and heavy laden, lay down your burden and *think*. Only a moment will it take. Then will you look up and out with a bright, grateful glance, and say, "Ah! It is so. Great are my blessings, and I had thought I had not one."

A little woman wrote a letter the other day, and in it said: "O, if you only *knew* what I have to put up with—all alone and unappreciated." Her long letter was filled in this same, sad fashion. In a postscript, almost out of sight, wrote she: "I have two dear little girls, who love me." Blessings two, and attendant upon them, blessings innumerable, stretching far out into the future. "Two dear little girls"—and yet, they were mentioned in a postscript, while the seeming troubles and worries held the dominant sway. Now, can't you see why the little woman could not count her blessings? They were almost smothered—not entirely, because they peeped out from under the cover of a postscript, but if



she had not added that postscript they might not otherwise have gotten the air.

Please, before you read further, just stop a moment—just *be still*, and think. Just listen to the comforter within. Don't smother the blessings, don't do it!

"Count them one by one."

Begin with only one, and that one will soon be two, the two four, and then they will double so surely and swiftly you will need to use more than your ten fingers to count them—they will be numberless as the sands.

"Count your many blessings,  
Count them one by one."

I am writing this with a heart full of joy, peace and love. Love, not for any individual, but radiating, spreading, universal! Love, which fills and expands, and bursts into thousands of sunny beams, which shower forth to brighten and gladden. Or, I am happy, joyous and free, and I tell you I am, because I want you to be. Begin to count your blessings, count them one by one, and soon you will feel as one with the Universe—one with joy, peace and love—one with God!

Sit quietly, thinkingly, dear friend, and count your many blessings,

"Count them one by one."

— In Mental Advocate.

————IT————

"IT," ONE YEAR, \$1.00.

## Not Vibration But Revolution.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

higher plane. His *own* comes to him.

When Man begins to vibrate he is vacillating and uncertain. He opposes every rhythmic motion of the universe; he is not in harmony with the Love-Magnet, for he is swinging first to one extreme, and then to the other, and has not a true, but a lost motion, in which there is, at each extreme a complete stop. He collides with others often, because he has no progressive motion, and his ideas are like his motion, non-progressive—the same old swinging back and forth, back and forth;—being hit and jostled and hurt by those whose evolution constantly proceeds by reason of their ever widening ascending circle of conscious growth.

The man who revolves in a self-centered *Centre*;—a *Centre* that attracts with ever increasing power.

A man that vibrates is a pendant to a center; and a pendant to a *centre* bumps and bangs against things, attracting nothing; or, if he does, he has to let the object go, for it retards his *swinging*. He must *let go* or stop, which is, to him, *no-motion*,—Death!

(To be Continued.)

————IT————

No one can live a gormandizing, sordid, licentious life and wear a halo of peace and joy—the *whole face puts on mourning for the death of self respect*.—*Mental Advocate*.



## Review of Magazines.

"The Path-Finder" came to our desk a little late, possibly because the March number is "loaded" so heavily. Edgar Wallace Conable, its editor, knows how to "load" his Magazine with good things, however, and the March number is exceptionally fine. The Path-Finder is a monthly, \$1.00 a year. Address Roswell, Col.

\* \* \*

"Christian." Oh, I see, dressed in red. T. J. Shelton, its Editor, comes near being "It," or would "Berserker" express him better?? Say, if you really want to be a "Berserker" for freedom, read "Christian," its "way up." A monthly, \$1.00 a year. Address 1651 Clarkson St., Denver Col.

\* \* \*

Here it is, "Now." The very thing I and You were looking for. Yes, this is "*The latest Evolution.*" "*Now,*" a *Journal of Affirmation.* Henry Harrison Brown, Editor. I tell you *now* is the time we want things! "Now" tells you now, that *now* only is yours. You ought now to subscribe for "Now." .. Only \$1.00 a year. Address 1437 Market St. San Francisco, Cal.

"Now" is a splendid Magazine.

\* \* \*

"*Life Culture,*" edited by Harry and Dorothy Gaze, is a magazine I have long wanted to see, and here it is. If you want everlasting Life in

the Physical Body, there is the Magazine you want. Harry and Dorothy prove it possible from a common sense and scientific view. "*Life Culture*" breathes into your being *Life*. Is that what you want? \$1.00 a year. Los Angeles, Cal.

\* \* \*

Here is a "STAR." It is called "THE STAR OF THE MAGI." And is "*An Exponent of Occult Science, Art and Philosophy.*"

Those who are interested in the *Occult* should have this "*Star,*" which lights the way to hidden mysteries. News E. Wood, A. M., M. D., Editor. Monthly, \$1.00 a year. 617 LaSalle Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

\* \* \*

"The Occult Truth Seeker" is what its name implies, and is "a monthly, devoted to *Occult Phenomena* and *Spiritual Philosophy.*" I don't know where you could invest \$1.00, the price of this magazine for one year, that would yield richer returns. See ad. on another page, of Edw. E. Gore, Editor. The ad. bespeaks the generous soul. Address Lawrence, Kansas.

(See our clubbing offer for "*The Occult Truth Seeker*" and "IT.")

"*The Life,*" a *Monthly Magazine of Christian Metaphysics,* A. P. and C. J. Barton, Editors. "The Bartons" are making this magazine a power that is being felt round the world. No praise we could give it would add anything to its lustre. It is fine, grand, elevating, inspiring



Price, \$1.00 a year. Kansas City, Mo.

*The Psychic Era*, "The Leading exponent" of Psychology, Philosophy, Exoteric and Esoteric Astrology. Edited by Robert W. Simpson. This is very welcome on our exchange list, for it covers the whole field of human need and culture. You must see and read *The Psychic Era* to appreciate it at its true worth. A short review can not give an idea of its value. Only \$1.00 a year. Address, 148 Pine St., Detroit, Mich. (now in type.)

\* \* \*

There comes to day to our desk "The Radiant Center," edited by the well known writer and author, Kate Atkinson Boehme and associate editor Adelaide A. Cheney. The Radiant Center is exactly what its name implies, a Radiant Center from which radiates Philosophy, Science and Religion, and much more also, as thousands can testify. For royal "good will to men" is radiated, health and blessings, and such strong encouragement for those in need, that "The Radiant Center" has become almost a place of refuge for the mentally oppressed and helpless.

"The Radiant Center" is very welcome indeed on our exchange table. It is a monthly Magazine. Subscription price, \$1.00 a year, single copies 10c. Address Niagara-on-the-Lake Canada.

## Good Words for It.

Helen Wilmans, in her great journal, *Freedom*, sizes up "It" and its editor; which covers us with smiles and confusion. But as we catch our breath we register a solemn vow to endeavor to merit all she says of us. This, from such a noble woman as Helen Wilmans, is esteemed by the editor of "It" more than words of commendation could be from any other source.

### "IT."

"It" is a new magazine. "Oh," you say, "there are lots of new magazines." I do not think so. There are lots of magazines, but not *New* ones. "It" has something to say, which, in these days, is unusual.

"It" does not believe that the word "vibration" is going to save the race; on the other hand, it condemns the word and the idea represented by it as indicating decomposition and death.

I doubt very much whether "It" considers that mental culture—mental strength—and the attainment of new ideas depends on vegetarian diet, or a diet of uncooked food, or anything else except knowledge.

So far as I am able to judge of this one issue "It" seems to be extremely sensible. I cannot tell from reading a single issue just what it is; but it is original, and that means much; it means nearly everything. Nevertheless reading it has put me in the position of the



California stage driver, who, when rushing four horses full tilt around a precipice, with the dust rising in blinding clouds, was brought to time by a frightened passenger. "Oh, she's all right, I reckon," said he; "whenever she c'reens over too far I kinder look down the side to see whar she's gwine."

The editor of "*It*" is G. R. Weston, M. D. His picture adorns the front page. It is the face of an original thinker of immense vitality. I think it might be both pleasant and helpful to meet him personally. I hope he is not going to make the mistake of bringing in any external prop on which to lean as he goes ahead to develop himself and to point the way of *self-development* to others. If I mistake not he is the kind of man to stand alone, and to show weaklings how it is done. The headlines contain the following verse:

Know thou thy Body, Oh my Soul;  
 Oh, *Body*, know thy Soul;  
 Oh, *Body*, say thou not I'm It.  
 Sayst thou not, *Soul*, that *thou art It*?  
 Nay, nay, thou twain are *One*.  
 Now build thee Life to rest upon.

"*It*" is published by G. R. Weston, M. D., in San Antonio, Texas, at one dollar a year.

\* \* \*

Fred Burry, editor of one of the best magazines on earth, writes: "Thanks for your most kind notice of my work in your excellent *It*."

*It* is, as you say, *It*, all right, and this certainly means a great deal \* \* \* An offer to make a clubbing rate is extended, which we gladly accept. See notice of clubbing rate for Fred Burry's *Journal and It*.

\* \* \*

The Purdy Publishing Co., McVicker's Theater Bldg., 78-84 Madison St., Chicago, order ten copies of *It* monthly, and offer to take subscriptions. Of course, we accepted. *It* will get hundreds of subscribers in Chicago, Ill., through this Publishing House.

\* \* \*

B. W. Child, Hotel St George, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends us eight names, among them four doctors, who want *It*. Many thanks to this unknown freind. *It's* being "taken in" by the Yanks. They know a good thing when they see *It*.

\* \* \*

The San Antonio Daily Express again notices *It* as follows:

"The March issue of *It* has made its appearance, and continues to emphasize the power of mind over matter. The first issue of *It* has attracted many favorable notices. G. Ralph Weston, M. D., editor, San Antonio.

We appreciate the Express' mention of *It* very highly.

\* \* \*

A. P. and C. J. Barton, editors of *The Life*, sends us a marked copy, from which we clip the following:

"*It* is certainly the shortest title for a magazine we have seen. But



## Help for Freedom.

### AN APPEAL TO THE PRESS AND TO ALL LOVERS OF FREEDOM.

The persecution of Helen Wilmans Past, the great author and thinker, the mother of Mental Science, and the woman who so ably edits "Freedom," a weekly journal of Realistic Idealism, by Third Assistant Postmaster General, Mr. Madden, is a disgrace to the administration, and to the chivalry of the press. How can the press stand by and see a noble woman, the fit representative of all that men admire and love in woman, stand alone in a fight for free speech and a free press? For that is what this fight between the post office department and Helen Wilmans means.

Helen Wilmans stands for the New Thought and ideal individualism, if anybody on earth does.

How is it, then that New Thought publications stand back and look on with apparent indifference, or give this woman a blow, loaded with the taunt, you attracted millions of dollars, and now you are attracting persecutions?

Such words merit what the law of compensation will certainly give, the exclusion from the mails as second-class matter of the publication which flings this taunt.

Can not the press see that they are interested in this fight. The New Thought press does see it, and ought

to raise a fund to help Freedom fight our battle!

"IT" will do all in its power along this line.

Now, what do you say, friends, will each New Thought paper do its part, and ask their friends and subscribers to contribute? "IT" will.

Can we not present to the daily and weekly press this matter in such a way that they can see that this is as much their fight as ours and Freedom's.

If the post office department wins, it means a muzzle that will curb the press in general, and will choke to death the small fry.

Mr. Madden has informed the editor of "IT," through the postmaster here, that "IT" will not be admitted to the second-class mailing privileges. O-o-u-w! W-o-u-w! All right. "IT's" a goer, anyway.

Contributions will be received by the editor of "IT," receipted for, and published, and forwarded to Freedom.

—————IT—————

### To Advertisers.

IT offers a medium that will bring results. Because IT is young, vigorous and strong.

IT is growing like the green bay tree. IT is going to the front. IT has a phenomenal demand.

IT is a seller, and a puller for advertisers.

(Agents wanted to solicit advertising and subscriptions.)



## His New Brother.

Say, I've got a little brother,  
 Never teased to have him, nuther,  
     But he's here;  
 They just went ahead and bought  
     him,  
 And last week the doctor brought  
     him.  
     Wasn't that queer?

When I heard the news from Molly,  
 Why, I thought at first 'twas jolly,  
     Cause, you see,  
 I s'posed I could go and get him,  
 And then mamma, course, would let  
     him  
     Play with me.

But when I had once looked at him,  
 "Why," I says, "my sakes, is that  
     him?  
     Just that mite!"  
 They said "Yes," and "Ain't he  
     sunnin'?"  
 And I thought they must be fun-  
     nin'—  
     He's a sight!

He's so small, it's just amazin'  
 And you'd think that he was blazin',  
     He's so red;  
 And his nose is like a berry,  
 And he's bald as Uncle Jerry  
     On the head.

Why, he isn't worth a dollar!  
 All he does is cry and holler  
     More and more.  
 Won't sit up; you can't arrange  
     him—  
 I don't see why pa don't change  
     him  
     At the store.

Now we've got to dress and feed him,

And we really didn't need him  
     More'n a frog;  
 Why they'd buy a baby brother  
 When they know I'd good deal ruth-  
     er  
     Have a dog!

—J. Waterloo Dinsdale.

————IT————

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\* \* \*

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 however, let you have it and "IT"  
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\* \* \*

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 ry and Dorothy Gaze. \$1.00 a year  
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 Body forever. And "IT" one year  
 for \$1.25.

(If you want to live, subscribe.)

\* \* \*

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 Now.

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 Address G. Ralph Weston, M. D.,  
 San Antonio, Texas.



## ITS.

It's strange how blind some are when they close their eyes.

\* \* \*

It's strange how people move Heaven and Earth, and toil, and spend large sums of money to regain health, but will not accept it, if it is offered through a channel, or by a method they know nothing about.

\* \* \*

It is due to peculiar psychological conditions, evidently, that causes people to refuse to "breathe deep" (in a horn) when they are told that "deep breathing" will vitalize their blood.

\* \* \*

Whiners are "It." A nuisance. Growlers rank next.

\* \* \*

It makes one "tired" to hear people tell how God afflicts them. How God is love, and does what would be called "cruel" if a human being did it, but the fact that it is God, makes it just, or the "Mysterious Ways of Providence."

God is Love, and Love thinketh no evil; doth not behave itself unseemly; is not easily provoked.

Beareth all things; believeth all things. Love never faileth. Yes; God is Love, and deals with all men and creatures in Love.

Love is the magic power that unfolds the mysteries of the universe, and a woman's heart, intellect and soul.

## Who Knows?

Anything about anything.

That birth precedes death.

That astronomy is a reality.

That causes precede effects.

That one and one make two.

That digestion is indispensable.

That one and one does *not* make *none*.

That conceptions are the results of physical contact.

That we think rightly about anything.

That eating is necessary to digestion.

That our organs do not hear all we speak.

That animals do not cherish a future state.

That either birth or death is a fact.

That progression is not retrogression.

That soul, spirit and intelligence are invisible.

That parents are older than their children.

That human, animal and vegetable life are not one.

That we are the children of our parents.

Who knows?

—Mental Advocate.

————IT————

If you want "It," subscribe *now* for "It."

————IT————

Now that's "It."





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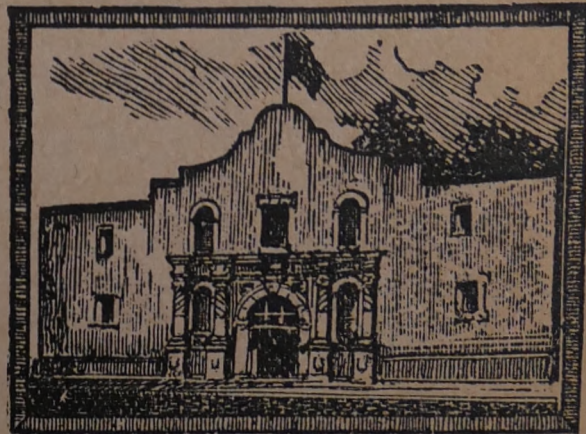
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