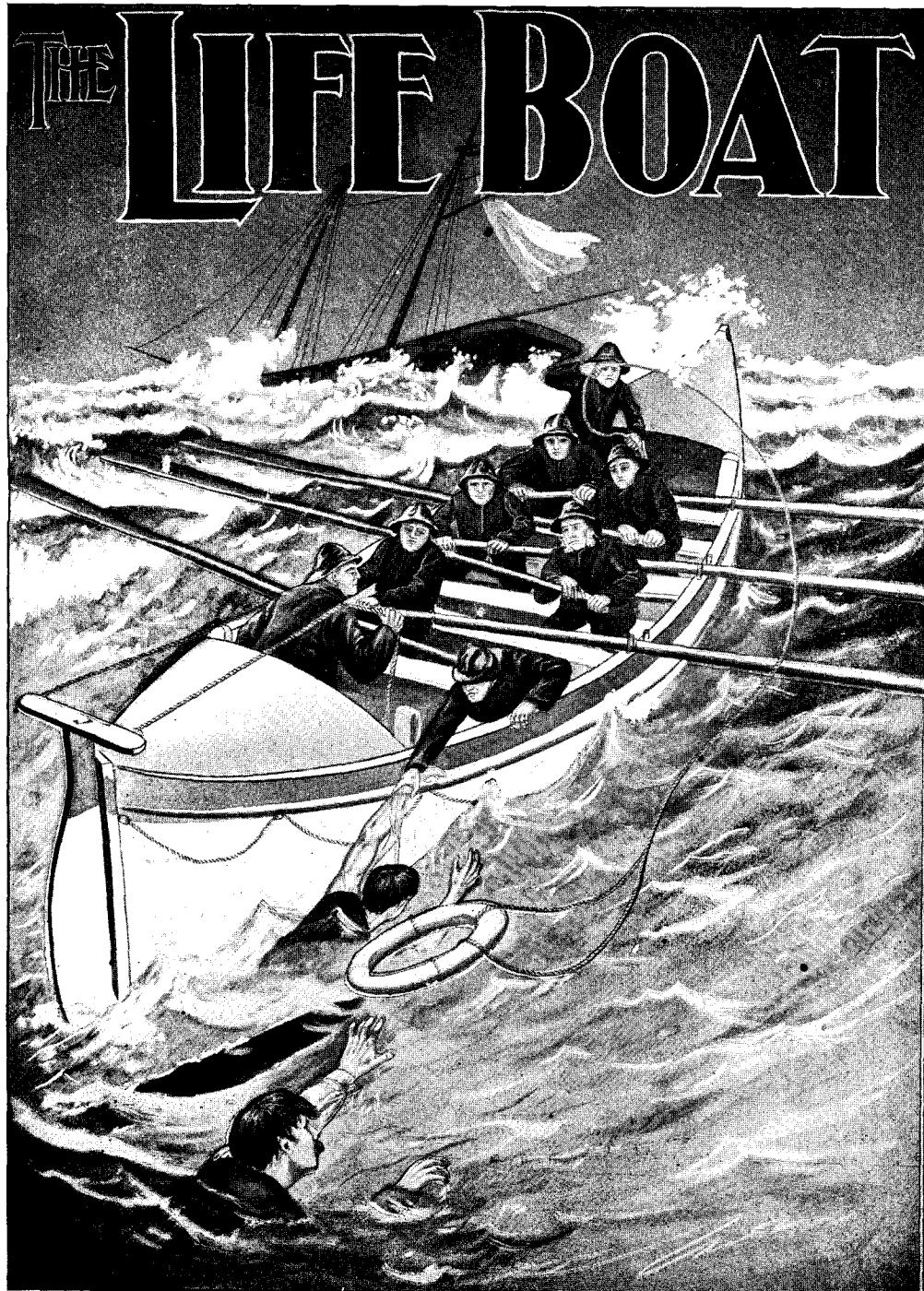


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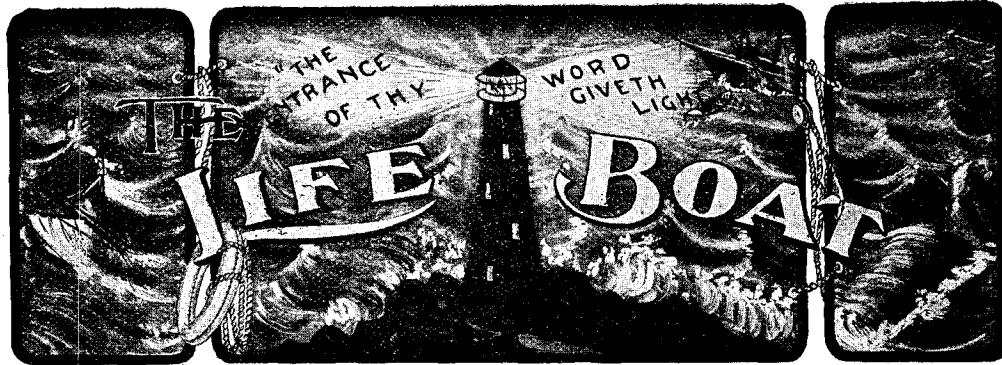
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**Volume V**

**CHICAGO, ILL., AUGUST, 1902**

**Number 8**

**WHERE IS MY BOY TONIGHT?**

Where is my wand'ring boy tonight—  
The boy of my tend'rest care,  
The boy that was once my joy and light,  
The child of my love and prayer?

Once he was pure as morning dew,  
As he knelt, at his mother's knee;  
No face was so bright, no heart more true,  
And none was so sweet as he.

O could I see you now, my boy,  
As fair as in olden time,  
When prattle and smile made home a joy,  
And life was a merry chime!

Go for my wand'ring boy tonight;  
Go, search for him where you will;  
But bring him to me with all his blight,  
And tell him I love him still.

**CAN THE DRUNKARD HAVE HOPE?**

A. T. JONES.

Is there hope for the drunkard? Is there deliverance for him from his bondage, or is he to say that he is too far gone, that his bonds cannot be broken, that he must submit to enslavement forever?

Of course there is hope for the drunkard, as really as for any other sinner. He is not to submit to his enslavement and consent that he is to be a bondman forever; there is freedom for him, yes, even glorious liberty.

The Lord Jesus died for *every* man. He paid the price—the *same price*, the infinite price, for every soul *individually*. Thus every soul individually is redeemed. And to every one of the redeemed, to every soul individually, he has proclaimed, and still proclaims, “liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.”

This freedom from bondage, this glorious liberty from captivity, is not a theory, it is not a conclusion logically derived from formal premises, for a man to argue himself into. It is a *substantial thing*, that has been wrought out in the life, and by the faith of the Lord Jesus in human flesh; and is a *gift* to be *received*. It is a free gift to every soul on earth. And whosoever accepts this gift of freedom from bondage thereby receives the substantial thing of a *new life*, a life of freedom indeed, and stands in the glorious liberty of the children of God.

But the slave of drink may be ready to say, “That is entirely too general to apply to my case. I want something specific.” Well, here it is: “We have not an high priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like we are, yet without sin.” The Lord Jesus was tempted exactly as is the man who is addicted to strong drink. So entirely and so personally was this so, that he knows exactly how the drunkard *feels* in his temptation to drink. For he was “touched with the *feeling* of our *infirmities*.” Have you the infirmity of the habit of strong drink, that bears you

down under the temptation? The Lord Jesus knows just how you feel; for he has felt the same temptation. And when he felt that temptation that you feel, he resisted it, he conquered it, he triumphed over it, and his victory is your victory today. And there is the hope, the deliverance and the triumph of the drunkard today.

Yet still the drunkard may be inclined to say, "But I do not see how that reaches my case; for Jesus never was drunk, he never drank strong drink. How then could he feel my infirmity? How could he know my temptation, who have been drunk—yes, and even my father before me—so that it is really hereditary?" Yes, all that may be true in your case, and yet Jesus meets you even there and was touched with the feeling of your infirmity. Indeed, it would be difficult to find in the present generation of men a single species of sin that has not a cast of heredity. But yet in it all Jesus meets mankind just where they are and knows just how they feel under the infirmity of temptation. Read these words of infinite grace: "Forasmuch then as the children (of man) are partakers of flesh and blood. He also himself likewise took part of the same. Wherefore in all things it behooved Him to be made *like unto His brethren*" (Heb. 2:14, 17). "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us" (John 1:14). "God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, *condemned sin in the flesh*." (Rom. 8:3).

When He came thus in flesh like ours, flesh the same as ours, it was at the end of a line of direct and unbroken descent of four thousand years of men of flesh and blood such as only this sinful world knows. And in that line of descent were men who, whether by accident or appetite, got drunk, as well as committed other sins that are common to fallen man. And when the Lord Jesus took human flesh "the same" as ours, at the end of a line of descent such as that, it was human flesh such as under the law of heredity human flesh would be. And thus He could be "tempted in all points like as we are," because He was "in all things like" us. And this for the very purpose "that He might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people; for in that He himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able

to succor them that are tempted." (Heb. 2:17, 18).

He was tempted on the point of strong drink, as in all other points like as we are. But by trust in God He never yielded. He triumphed over every temptation, and in that triumph He has accomplished assured victory and triumph for every other tempted soul in this world.

And *this* is the hope of the drunkard. And it is a blessed hope, sure and steadfast, an immovable anchor of the storm-tossed soul. Oh that everyone would just *now* flee for refuge and lay hold upon this hope set before them, in the temptation and the triumph of the Lord Jesus in our flesh.

#### THEY WERE MY BRETHREN.

MARGARET WINTRINGER,  
Editor *Young Crusader*.

I have always found the story of Gideon full of points for temperance reformers. Not only may we gain encouragement from the lesson of the futility of numbers and the power of a minority at one with itself and God, but we may learn something of the magnanimity of God, who never yet rebuked a man for cowardice but recognized the weakness inherent in some natures by providing a place for cowards, "Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return." So we should respect the rights of that timid and fearful brother "who believes in temperance but fears prohibition can never be enforced"—he has his place at home! And if in accordance with the divine commission he would only remain at home upon election day instead of going to the polls to recruit the ranks of the enemy, the dawn of the glorious morn of prohibition would be upon us.

When Gideon, not content with a single victory, determined upon the total extermination of the enemy and pursued the two kings of Midian until they were brought face to face, he demanded of them, "What manner of men were they whom ye slew at Tabor?" And they answered, "As thou art, so were they; each one resembled the children of a king."

"And he said they were my brethren—as the Lord liveth, if you had saved them alive, I would not slay you."

"They were *my* brethren." Ah, that was the secret of Gideon's acceptance of the Divine commission against the Midianites, of his determination and onslaught! When we come to a complete realization of the common brotherhood of man, then all Christians will become temperance workers and prohibition

**"IF ANY SAY THAT I HAVE SINNED."**

J. H. KELLOGG, M. D.,  
Supt. Battle Creek Sanitarium.

About twelve years ago the writer began to become, by personal contact with the "slums," so-called, better acquainted than before with the character of the men and women, who, by misfortune, sickness, sin and despair, are driven to the lowest depths of human degradation and wretchedness.

Not a few surprises met me. One of the greatest was the fact that nearly every man and woman in the slums were anxious to get out of them. Not all, truly, were conscious of their misery, for some had never known anything better.

One of the first circumstances that impressed this upon my mind was the meeting one morning at the door of our mission, then located on Custom House place, a long row of men standing in line for tickets, granting permission to wash their shirts. I counted them as they passed in; there were one hundred and eighty-five. The weather was bitterly cold, early in December, but many of those men had been standing in the wintry air, shivering with the cold, without overcoats or mittens, for more than two hours.

The sinner soon finds that the devil is a hard taskmaster. He promises pleasure and pays in pain; he promises comfort, and pays in wretchedness indescribable; he promises joy and pays in sorrow. The sinner soon discovers this fact and he longs to escape from the clutches of a deceitful and tyrannical master, but, alas, he is bound hand and foot. He is wallowing in the mire, he smells the horrible odors and is sickened by them. The slime and ooze and grime of concupiscence smear his garments and defile his body, bear his eyes and mat his hair with filth, clothe his body with rags and vermin, and he struggles to be free, but fetters are upon his feet, manacles bind his hands, and his will is paralyzed, his senses benumbed, his conscience hardened, his whole body a hold of unclean spirits—what could he do? He has no power to escape, his attempts all end in failure, he sees nothing before him but a black abyss of despair. He knows he has sinned, but he knows not how to make things right with God, so that he may hope for mercy and forgiveness and a reinstatement of his manhood. He sees that sin is destroying him, and he hates the sin, but he is powerless to stop sinning. He sees only an angry God waiting to administer the dire penalty of transgression; but God is not angry with the sinner; He is only displeased with his sins. All He asks is, that the sinner shall turn away from his sins, and then He will, Himself, give him the power to shake them off.

The writer very well remembers an incident in his experience which occurred a few years

ago in a large western city, in a little mission, which illustrates this principle. At the close of one of the meetings, a poor, besotted-looking man of about fifty years of age lingered behind as the others passed out. The writer led him aside, and by a moment's conversation, found that he was in a most deplorable condition. He had broken up his family by drink. He had lost his position, although a skilled machinist; he could get no employment because of his irregular habits, and, though not yet reduced to actual beggary, he could plainly see that this was his destiny, and he had become fully awakened to the fact that " whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." He had no faith in his ability to keep any pledge, and he could not believe that God could pardon so great a sinner as he had been, but this passage of scripture which the writer repeated to him deeply touched his heart: "He looketh upon men, and if any say, I have sinned, and perverted that which was right, and it profited me not; He will deliver his soul from going into the pit, and his life shall see the light" (Job 33:27, 28). In a little back room used as a laundry, in the midst of laundry tubs, water pails and various kinds of rubbish, we found room to kneel, and this sad-hearted man turned his back upon his sins, and turned his face toward God, and uttered a most humble and earnest prayer. He then rose from his knees with a gleam of hope in his countenance and courage in his heart. When heard from long afterwards, he was still living a happy and consistent Christian life.

God's controversy is not with the sinner, but with the sin. He loves the sinner, but hates the sin, and when the sinner himself comes to hate the sin, then God is only too ready to receive him, for He says, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." God dwells in man, and must serve with all his sins and suffer with him all the consequences of sin, as He says in Isa. 43:24, "Thou hast made Me to serve with thy sins, thou hast wearied Me with thine iniquities." God dwells in every human being: "In Hini we live and move, and have our being." God presides at every bodily function—a God to whom we owe every heart beat, every nerve impulse, each and all the vital activities on which our lives depend, a God who is ever present with us—this indwelling Spirit is ever seeking to lead us aright, and if we yield to its sweet influences we may be sure that we will be guided safely in this world and that the future world will likewise be secure to us. Oh, that every despairing and suffering and sinning man might know that his body is the temple of God, and that God does not have to be persuaded to become a ruler in His own temple, but that any man who will submit his will to God and determine to obey

ists, and shall I say it, through the great love for souls that shall come to us, every drunkard will be reclaimed.

I well remember being in a home where there was a cripple, so hideously deformed that I could but wonder why I had been sent where I must view such ugliness, and as we drew around the table, it seemed I could not partake of the dinner with so repulsive a vis-a-vis. But presently the misshapen hand covered the disfigured eyes, the crooked lips moved in prayer, the strange unearthly voice breathed the words: "Our Father." Ah, as I realized the relationship, our common fatherhood, that this poor cripple was, even as I, one of the children of the King, I

by sin, is yet one of the children of the King; when we say of that sad procession of drunkards every year engulfed in a drunkard's grave, "They were my brethren," then all Christians will pursue the Zebahs and Zalmunnas of the saloon to extermination.

Ah, and then alone will we have the power to win and reclaim the drunkard. Years ago Frances E. Willard spoke in a mining city, and after her address, the pledge was offered, that queenly woman going down among the audience herself to get signers. She approached a miner, bearing evidence of intoxication, and begged him to sign the pledge for the sake of mother or wife, but the fellow surlily declared that he had neither. "Then



MARGARET WINTRINGER.

saw with eyes awakened, and the distraught features assumed a wondrous grace, the eyes reflected the sky of "home country," the discordant voice gained strange sweetness, a new beauty rested on the poor face. I had discerned the resemblance of the King!

When the church sees in that suffering woman, sitting in the blackness of that awful despair that comes alone to the drunkard's wife, a sister, in those poor wailing, starving little ones in that drunkard's home, the children of the King, despite their sin-cursed heritage, yes and through the bloated, dissipated, repulsive features of the drunkard in yon gutter, we discern the resemblance and realize that he too, all scarred and crippled

for your own sake," she pleaded, and the man declared that he did not care for the consequences of sin upon himself. "Then," urged Miss Willard, laying a white hand tenderly upon the miner's grimy coat sleeve, "do it for the sake of the Christ in you."

Years later, after a life of active usefulness in Christian service, the man said: "Others had seen the devil in me, had said I was possessed, but no one had ever before seen the Christ in me. She saw Christ in me, I felt that I was an unfit dwelling place for the divine spirit. It made a different man of me."

We must know and see the Christ, we must see Christ in those about us, if we would bring them to Christ.

the voice of conscience, and who is willing to part with his sins, may be delivered from sin, may be cleansed, may be restored to moral sanity, and may have his feet planted upon the Everlasting Rock.

#### MUST THE CHILD OF THE DRUNKARD ACCEPT ITS LEGACY?

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

It is often almost impossible for lawful heirs to receive a clear title and secure possession of the inheritance which was bequeathed to them by their parents, but the drunkard's child does not need to engage brilliant legal talent to assist it in securing a clear title to its inheritance; and, unfortunately, this legacy generally includes something in addition to a deep-seated and inherent necessity for artificial stimulants.

Society owes a duty to these waifs who are wandering upon the streets, who have inherited from their drunken parents destructive criminal instincts. Their unfavorable environments are encouraging the development of the criminal tendencies, and if such children are to be saved from a life-long sinful career, they must be placed under the most favorable surroundings that can be secured. The sweet influence of the gospel must be distilled into their lives. The ideal arrangement is to take such children away from the sin-cursed cities, out into the country, where contact with nature will assist in softening and subduing these inherent characteristics.

The average bill of fare has paved the way to a drunkard's career for thousands who never inherited any special appetite for strong drink, but when a drunkard's child is fed on doughy bread, pasty mush, spices and fiery condiments, second-hand food in the form of flesh, instead of securing it properly prepared first hand from the lap of Nature, then there is but little hope that he will escape from his inheritance. Such children should be encouraged to use an abundance of fruit, even if it does involve extra expense, for it must be remembered that it is also expensive for somebody to maintain a drunkard. All starchy foods, whether in the form of bread or grains, should be thoroughly dextrinized, which means being subjected to sufficient baking heat to brown or toast them. Eating between meals or at irregular times is one of the quickest ways of successfully producing a monumental dyspeptic, and therefore, regularity of meals should be strictly insisted upon. Such children often have such perverted appetites that they are likely to overeat even of wholesome food, and so this matter should be carefully watched.

It takes time for those who have adopted the child of a drunkard to look after all these apparently insignificant things, but it

is well to remember that it also takes time a little later on in life to go over to the jail on Sunday afternoons and hold prayer meetings with the criminal because these very things were overlooked.

Such a child should have a cold sponge bath every morning to be followed immediately by vigorous friction. The reaction which results will arouse a perfect tempest of healthy impulses in all parts of the body, which will assist in subduing many abnormal tendencies which are clamoring for the mastery.

The force of gravitation is constantly drawing earthward every leaf and twig of the tree, but there is another law of growth which enables that tree to constantly lift its head higher and higher in defiance to the law of gravitation. So, while the drunkard's last will and legacy declares that a certain percentage of his children shall be criminals, the law of divine growth, fostered by kind and loving hearts, may enable such a child to rise above his miserable inheritance by the power of that truth, which, when worked out in a practical way, declares that it makes a man "free indeed."

The church is extending its arms, seeking to reclaim the drunkard. But ought not more to be done for the drunkard's child that must, unless some special efforts are put forth to prevent it, inevitably tramp over a still more thorny road than even his parent is walking over? Shall we cease our efforts to rescue the drunkard in order to take up preventive work in behalf of his child? Not by any means. "These ought ye to have done and not to leave the other undone."

The various organizations who are gathering up these waifs in the cities find it extremely difficult to find permanent homes for them that are at all suitable, for the reason that the majority of those who are willing to accept a child into their family are looking for some golden haired boy whose disposition is so angelic that it will serve to inspire the rest of the family to live better lives. They do not seem to realize what a wonderful opportunity it is to take some unpromising boy and then, day by day, perseveringly, lovingly and tenderly train him into such manhood that he will be an ornament to society and strength to the church, and finally a jewel in the kingdom of God.

[Extracts from W. C. T. U. Department Leaflet No. 214. Price per hundred, 25 cents.]

#### WILL YOU MAKE A SIMILAR DECISION?

"I have just finished reading the June LIFE BOAT and have come to this conclusion—to-bacco and I must part. With God's help from now until the end *I will be master* of the situation and not be a slave of tobacco."

TEMPERANCE "FORMING" VERSUS  
TEMPERANCE "REFORMING."

W. S. SADLER.

It is a grand thing to be able to assist in reforming the practices of men and women who have been so unfortunate as to form wrong habits, but it is a greater and grander thing to help the rising generation to *form* right and temperate habits of thinking and living. We owe a duty to the confirmed drunkard; but we are under double obligations to the youth of today, and should we not put forth every effort to inspire them to form such habits as will lead to temperance and away from intemperance? Shall we not instruct the rising generation to "eat for strength, and not for drunkenness"? (Eccl. 10:17.)

The basis of all true work along the lines of forming right habits or reforming wrong habits, is self-reform. Effective self-reformation must precede all successful and permanent efforts to reform others. And this is the very point where it is apparent that all genuine reform work must be truly evangelical. Complete reformation is effected by that mysterious transformation which results in the obliteration of self-life with its intemperate practices, and the formation in its place of the Christ-life, which is the perfect expression of the truest temperance.

Let us answer the bugle-call of temperance today by going forth on a double mission, as it were, with a double message—the gospel of reformation for those who are now in the clutches of vice and intemperance, and the gospel of "formation" for the boys and girls of today who have not yet tainted their breath with whisky, nor sullied their lips with tobacco. Dear reader, is there not at this moment passing before your mind a whole procession of boys and girls, promising candidates on which to begin the work of "forming" temperate, useful men and women, while they are yet young, and thus save yourself and others the unpleasant task of "reforming" them after they have been led astray?

The thoughtful and well-informed temperance worker of today cannot ignore the influence of dietetic habits upon the drink problem. Spices and condiments, and highly seasoned food are surely "kindling-wood" for the whisky appetite. Every effort put forth to educate the boy and girl of today along the lines of plain, wholesome eating, teaching them to avoid burning condiments and other thirst-producing foodstuffs, will prove to be a master stroke for the future cause of temperance, as well as make the struggle for a temperate life far more easy for the individuals thus helped.

True temperance reform must strike at tobacco using, as well as alcohol. Cigarette smoking and all other forms of tobacco us-

ing are nothing more nor less than kindling-wood for intemperance and drug habits. The practical temperance workers of today must put forth every effort to enlighten the habitues of this soul and body-destroying practice, and at the same time disseminate such information as will tend to prevent other young men from beginning this filthy habit. The physical, mental, moral and social influences and environments of tobacco all make for intemperance.

I appeal to the young men and women who will read this article, to give the temperance trumpet a *certain sound*. Do not be satisfied with a weak, milk-and-water stand on this question. Plant your feet firmly on the foundation of true reform, whole reform, Christian reform. Stand immovable in the face of those who would compromise and barter reformatory principles and mince at reformatory work. Make yourself intelligent on these questions. Know where you stand. Be sure you are right. Then march on, confident of your ultimate victory, placing your trust in this world's greatest reformer, Jesus the Master. In your own experience and in the experience of others, watch for the little foxes of dietetic and social transgressions which are always at work to spoil the vine of temperance. Even the soda fountains in the corner drug stores are often utilized by the ingenious promoter of intemperance to secure new recruits for the great army of drunkards that are annually marching down to premature graves.

There are many young people's societies and other organizations of young people that are doing very little real active temperance work. Let our young people's societies take up this work; but in order to do this they must first become true practitioners of the principles of temperance in their own lives, and then become intelligent and enthusiastic advocates of these principles among their associates upon all occasions where opportunity presents itself. I appeal to the young people's societies to rally to this work. When we meet a boy smoking a cigarette, let the very sight of this youth, as he inhales the deadly smoke, breathing out with it his very life, be enough to rouse us to action, as would the discovery of this same youth in a room where illuminating gas had been accidentally turned on and his life was threatened by suffocation. Boys of tender years pass up and down the streets of our large cities smoking cigarettes, and are met by ministers, temperance agitators and members of young people's societies, and few have the courage to raise a warning voice.

Let our young people become intelligent upon these questions. I do not refer merely to the dry statistics as to how many gallons of beer are consumed every year, or how many millions of cigarettes are annually smoked. These are useful, as well as a store of information concerning individual cases of

ship-wreck of mind, soul and body; but let us more carefully inquire into the causes of the drinking habit and the tobacco habit. Let us investigate the stairway that leads down to a drunkard's grave and become intelligent as to the causes that make for drunkenness, that we may know how to do successful reformatory work and engage in the more profitable work of *prevention*, or of forming temperate habits in our young associates.

Begin to do actual temperance work; not merely to meet together in our young people's meetings to sing temperance songs, to talk temperance sentiments and pray temperance prayers. These all have their place and purpose in the great temperance movement. Study the relation of food to temperance; learn what will produce nervous irritability and cause such a longing for something to "brace up" the nerves, or otherwise produce stimulation. Let us make a conscientious study of the things which produce intemperance and of the influences which make for temperance, and then we can become not only enthusiastic and conscientious advocates of temperance reform but also so familiar with these things as to be able to give practical and helpful advice to those seeking deliverance from the thraldom of intemperance and to administer timely warning to those who have not fallen.

No doubt many who read this will ask, "What shall we do? Where shall we begin? How shall we do it?" While these questions might be answered in detail if we knew the individual circumstances of the questioner, here it is only possible to give this general suggestion: Begin. *Begin*. The young man or woman you meet who is indulging in habits and practices which must ultimately lead to intemperance—warn them; point out the dangers of the way they tread. The boy who has just taken to smoking cigarettes—warn him; lay hold upon him; pull him out of the fire, as it were. Look about you among your nearest associates. Begin today. Begin right where you are. Do the first temperance work that comes to your hands. And to those who are faithful, my young friends, to their opportunities today, the God of Heaven will open the door to greater opportunities tomorrow; and who knows but that the little reformatory spark that now burns in your heart, may burn on and on until it is your privilege to become mighty in the work of reform and a power in the cause of temperance.

Do you wish to save your child from becoming a drunkard or a drug fiend when it is grown? Then do not feed it brandy, whisky, or soothing syrup while it is an infant.

#### GOSPEL TEMPERANCE.

JOHN G. WOOLLEY.  
Editor of *The New Voice*.

I am very glad to have a word with the great constituency of THE LIFE BOAT. I have seen nothing in the line of practical daily Christianity more impressive than the Sanitarium at Battle Creek, where the latest science and the oldest revelation join to teach the people that their bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost and therefore to be kept clean and sweet and fit to worship in. The phrase "gospel temperance"—the topic given me by the editor—has come to be understood as relating to alcoholic drink, but whatever the unclean thing may be, the gospel about it is: Don't touch it, don't be in fellowship with it, don't consent to it, don't compromise with it. "The righteous shall hold on his way and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." The voice of science is no less emphatic. There is no place for alcohol among foods or beverages. If it has a place among drugs it is among the poisons, and it is as poisonous in the sacrament as in the saloon.

All that has been said here so far would meet with the general and all but unanimous approval of those who are likely to read these words. It is when the subject crosses the imaginary line into politics that controversy is excited. This defilement, this poison, this fluid blasphemy, is the pet merchandise of Christendom. It beats the missionary into the foreign field and beats him after he arrives there. It beats the doctor to the bedside and beats him when he gets there. It beats the teacher to the children and out-teaches him at his best. It beats the church to the sepulcher of crucified humanity and keeps the stone from being rolled away. It beats the patriot to the polls and beats him there, or in the legislature, or the executive branch of government, or in the court. It defiles and poisons and curses all it touches from the cradle to the grave. But there has never been a president of the United States, brave enough to mention it officially. It is as lawful as a public school.

The *licensed* saloon means the *silenced* church. The letters in the two words are the same. The two old parties stand for one arrangement; the Prohibition party for another. You pay your vows and you take your choice.

## THE LORD IS WILLING TO SAVE YOU.

[We wish that every reader of THE LIFE BOAT, and especially every disheartened man who is suffering under the bondage of enslaving habits, could have attended the services at our Life Boat Mission a few evenings ago, when J. C. Stewart related at some length his unfortunate and sad career, and could have heard the inspiring story of his deliverance in that mission fourteen weeks before. His magnificent physique, clear skin and splendid appearance added an emphasis to his words that it is impossible for us to convey to the reader in the few extracts that we have gleaned from his encouraging testimony given on this occasion.—EDITOR.]

I was drunk on my father's knee at the age of six, and I inherited a drunkard's appetite and for forty-two years I was drunk whenever I could get the liquor, and it was seldom that I was unable to secure it. It was not many years before I had an attack of delirium tremens, and for one week I was in hell. After recovering I drifted out West and began a criminal career, and the path grew broader, for the devil's toboggan-slide is a quick one and leads straight to destruction. In 1893 I had another attack of delirium tremens, in which I almost lost my life, but God saw fit to spare me, and I continued my life of crime. In 1901 I was drinking, tramping, and stealing, until I was seized with congestion of the lungs and the doctor said I would be dead in a few days. But the Lord had some use for me, and I recovered. I went to Pittsburg and wanted to get away from my old life, but I could do nothing. I was soon sent to jail for drunkenness. I was taken sick and was sent to the hospital; there I saw a man die in delirium tremens. I was strongly impressed as I stood at that poor sinner's death-bed and I said, I will try once more, but two hours after I left the hospital I was drunk again. I finally boarded a freight car and started for St. Louis, but I stopped in Chicago, resolved not to drink again, but in vain. I went into the first saloon that I saw. On Saturday night I was staying in a lodging house on State street when one of the Life Boat Mission workers came in and handed me a card, upon which were the words, "This is for you. Come to the Life Boat Mission at 436 State street." I hardly know why I went to the Mission, but it seemed to me that I might get help, and when I heard men get up and give their testi-

monies, I said: "If God can save these men, he can and must do something for me." So I held up my hand for prayer; but it was no use. I went directly from the Mission to the saloon. The next day was Sunday, and I drank all day and in the evening I hardly knew anything, yet I felt impressed to come back to the Mission. I again held up my hand, but received no good, as I did not pray for myself. But the next night I not only held up my hand, but I lifted my voice to Him, who is our Lord and Saviour, and He heard my cry and answered it, and spoke peace to my soul.

After traveling around the world in search of something and serving time behind prison bars, not only in the United States, but in three or four other countries, I found what I wanted in the Life Boat Mission in the heart of the wicked city of Chicago. I have been fourteen weeks serving the Lord, and the way grows brighter and brighter. Shortly after my conversion, as I was going to my work, I filled my pipe, struck a match, and said to myself: "I am going to have a good smoke." That minute something said to me just as plainly as words, "What do you want to do with that?" Quick as a flash I tossed the pipe into the middle of the street-car track and looked at it for a second, then I threw my bag of tobacco after it and said: "You can go, too."

I had smoked ever since I was nine years old, but not since I threw my pipe into the middle of the street.

One day, while passing a saloon, I got a whiff of the accursed stuff, and it revived the old appetite and I knew that I was in danger. I lifted my face to heaven and said: "God help me NOW." If it had been necessary, I would have fallen upon my knees right there on that pavement. The devil was there to say to me: "One drink won't hurt you. You can go to the Mission just the same and give your testimony and they will never know it." But God heard me and helped me and I walked directly to the Life Boat Mission and knew that I had overcome a great temptation. Recently, when I have smelled the stuff, it makes me sick.

Why will poor men help to furnish silks and diamonds for the saloonkeepers' wives? Why not spend their money to clothe their own families? When God took away from

me liquor and tobacco, I was simply an old hulk, battered by sin and the devil. But Jesus took what was left and made a man out of it. You needn't go back 1900 years to see miracles. You can find them tonight in the Life Boat Mission or in any Mission in the United States. Take hold of God in earnest and he will give you the necessary strength.

#### ARE YOU ENLISTED?

EVA MARSHALL SHONTZ,  
President American Young People's Christian Temperance Union.

DEAR LIFE BOAT:—You have asked for an article on "How I Became Interested in the Temperance Reform." Would to God I could write one of such terrific, dynamic, conscience-robbing force as to compel every hitherto indifferent individual who reads these words to cry out with almost desperate earnestness, "Oh, God, show me my duty on the liquor question, and make me do it." The wonder to me is how any person of sane mind could look for twenty-four hours at the world's unutterable wreck and ruin through drink, and not do *everything* in his power to kill the saloon and the entire United States government liquor traffic.

From both my mother and father I inherited a most profound reverence for a total abstinence pledge. My first public appeal on the question was in my graduating oration at college, where some of the most brilliant students were ruining their career through drink. The next year found me teaching in the high school in my native Iowa town. Pupils and teacher being nearly the same age, inspiring indeed were the debates we had on this mighty problem, especially from the political standpoint. The year following, while a student at the National School of Oratory in Philadelphia, Frances Willard, the guiding star of the temperance hosts, and the National W. C. T. U. Convention, visited the beautiful Quaker city, which of course, intensified my already intense attitude on this great evil. The next few years while teaching elocution in colleges and appearing in recitals in many parts of the country, as the bitter wail of the thousands of drink's victims kept ringing in my ears, stronger and stronger grew my determination to help destroy the saloon. In one of the colleges we organized a "Willard Culture Club." Its meetings were grand and uplifting, and many of the leading and most gifted girls became aroused along reform lines. Then five years ago Lucy Page Gaston, Jennie Williamson Rook and myself took the lead in launching a movement which soon

developed into our present Young People's Crusade. Its object is to enlist, as volunteer soldiers for the mightiest moral war of all the ages, the heroic young people of the nation to join forces with the older women and men who have prayed and worked so faithfully and fought so well. The time is surely ripe for a great young people's uprising, where young men and young women with equal privileges, will stand on the firing line with their faces toward the enemy. In every war the soldiers who do the most of the fighting are young. Many older people say: "We never can destroy the saloon. It is a terrible curse, but it is here to stay." But if we can enlist the young people, with their faith, hope, enthusiasm and courage (and we can enlist them, and with God's help we shall enlist them) the battle shall be fought, and victory shall be ours.

Our crusade has had a terrible struggle and passed through many perilous times, but we can truthfully say its outlook today is by far the brightest it ever has been as regards enlisting new recruits and having it established on a solid financial basis. Hundreds and thousands of the grandest young men and women in Chicago and throughout the nation are becoming more and more aroused and ready for the conflict. But *it will be terrific*. Let no cowards enlist. The organized liquor power will die hard. It is most wonderfully organized; it has millions back of it, and every year keeps coining millions more out of the bodies and souls of those it holds in slavery. The American Liquor Dealers' Association has \$50,000,000 at 8 per cent interest. It uses the income to buy up legislative votes and in every way possible defeat any measure for the protection of the home or the Church of Jesus Christ. It has started out to wreck the world, and at present is making magnificent progress. It is the arch enemy of the flag and the cross. It is anarchy in its most diabolical form. With a sort of horrible majesty it moves up and down throughout the length and breadth of our land, crushing and blighting everything it touches. It sinks to their lowest depth ten heathen where the missionary saves one. In the early sixties, when the American Republic was engaged in its life and death struggle, this demon of demons saw its hour of opportunity. For then it persuaded our national government for revenue purposes to make "its second covenant with death and agreement with hell," and go into partnership with the saloon business. Thus through its license system it captured the grandest Republic in the world, so that now with the protecting folds of the Star Spangled Banner wrapped about it, the saloon does its wholesale murdering work. Yes, the liquor traffic, like a monster snake, has coiled itself around the entire Republic until its rattle-snake head, hissing out its death-dealing poison, towers above the very dome of our Na-

tional Capitol, while its boa constrictor-like coils are putting forth satanic effort to crush out the "world's hope" among nations. On an average it slays one in every five families. Over its Niagara nearly 300 plunge every twenty-four hours and a hundred thousand every twelve months.

It eats its victims alive. Every thirty minutes each night witnesses a saloon murder. With the same desperate recklessness it shoots down the worst outcast in a drunken brawl and the President of the United States. Wait and listen before you are shocked at this last sentence. Remember that the wretched, forlorn creature who did that dastardly deed which staggered the nation and made the world weep, but carried out the lessons he had learned in his father's law-

lic. It laughs with fiendish glee at the shriek of the maniac and the groan of the jail and prison convict as they cry out in dumb despair, "Oh! Goddess of Liberty, drape yourself in black and hang your head in shame, for we are not free people! We are in chains and behind prison bars, and the United States has placed us here." It is the laboring man's *worst foe*. From a purely money standpoint it is a villainous failure. For in return for every dollar received through license it robs the people of seven, through the enormous taxes which must be paid to support the penitentiaries, police courts and other institutions it largely creates. But why further try to paint this fearful picture? The proof is beyond the shadow of a doubt that while the liquor traffic is *not* the *only* evil threatening the very existence of our Republic, it is the *greatest* among them all. Do you think my language too strong? Listen! and let the cry of thousands of little children who never have had enough to eat because their father drinks, make answer—little children who this very second are working their finger nails off in the sweat-shops of our great city. Listen! while hundreds of thousands of the women of our land weep out their answer in heart-breaking agony—such agony as no brush could paint and no pen could describe because their loved ones have been caught by this monster, this legalized octopus reaching out its 240,000 arms to crush out life and hope. Listen! as an army of drunkards, which would reach in one unbroken line from Chicago to New York, staggers past you, hopeless, penniless, desperate, one second begging for just one more drink and the next beseeching you for some power to set them free. Do you ask, What can I do? The answer comes clear and strong. Are you already enslaved by this hydra-headed monster? Then, realizing your danger, and for God's sake and your own sake, *decide at once* to sign a strong total abstinence pledge. Sign it, determined to keep it, not in your own strength, but in God's strength, and by His help.

Are you a patriot? Go! Look at your flag all tattered and torn by the worst enemy which ever fired upon it, and enlist as a volunteer soldier to destroy the enemy and take back our flag.

Are you a Christian? *Then be in earnest, as you never have been before to do your duty.* Pray from the very depths of your being for God to speedily arouse every patriotic Christian soul for consecrated warfare against this giant foe, and then help answer your own prayer by *unceasing agitation, by giving freely of your money, and by casting a vote as white as the beautiful snow for "God, and Home, and every Land."* For some time, somehow, we *must win*, since right is right, and God is just, and we are on God's side.



EVA MARSHALL SHONTZ.

breaking saloon, as well as in the anarchists' meeting which he attended, held above that same saloon. Oh! patriot, oh! Christian, look not alone at the blood-stained hand of the murderer, Czolgosz, but *look at your own hands*. If you have been voting license tickets you will see the blood of the martyred President. Look again, and you will see the streets of Chicago and of nearly all the republic paved with the blood you have helped to shed. But we must let the horrible story proceed, for it is mercilessly and pitilessly true. With the utmost defiance Chicago's 6,000 saloons govern her City Hall and violate every law, while the city officials either openly or tacitly endorse such anarchy and rebellion, and its power in Chicago but represents its sway in New York, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco, Louisville, Kansas City and nearly every other city in the Repub-

### A REAL GLIMPSE OF REAL MISSIONARY WORK.

The other evening our telephone rang, and then the question, "Is this 1131 South? Well, please call H— to the phone."

The anxious person at the other end of the line explains that a certain Mrs. Brady is in a very critical condition. She has been in an unconscious state for several hours. She recognizes no one, and unless something is done soon, her children will be left motherless.

"Can you come?"

Without any thought of the impending medical examination, loss of sleep, or anything else except a mother's life to be saved, this young woman, who is not only a medical student, but a missionary as well, replies promptly and cheerfully, "Certainly, look for me at once."

She hastily takes the Halsted street car, for Mrs. Brady is a dispensary patient, who had successfully passed through the crisis of pneumonia, but was now in a critical condition from some complications which have arisen.

Fearing that this patient would die, and armed with the doctor's most careful directions, our student approached the house, where she had already spent one night with this sufferer. The father and husband meets her with tears of gratitude and anxiety. Thank God for the confidence that he gives the afflicted in their missionary nurse.

Our student glances a moment at the patient's condition, and then begins to work unceasingly and unrelentingly. In a few hours she is rewarded by seeing consciousness return, and after three days and two nights of constant attention, the conditions are more favorable and the patient for the first time realizes that God had brought her from the very jaws of death. "Yes, Miss H—. He did it, but you helped Him, bless His name."

What about our missionary student? Not home for a rest. She leaves her patient comfortable, the family happy, and then hurries to meet her girls' club in darkest Chicago, her regular Thursday night's appointment. Her body is weary, her eyes tired, her brain sleepy. A class of girls had gathered from the busy factories and from homes that are not the most inviting. This one evening a week she must brighten their lives and inspire a new hope in them. This particular night was stormy, and so all were not present, but the Great Missionary blessed the physical culture drill, of which this student had charge; and the hearty spirit in which all took part in the simple gospel song that was sung at the conclusion brought restful satisfaction unto her that neither rest nor sleep could have produced.

After the girls' club was dismissed, another visit had to be made to the bedside of Mrs. Brady, to be certain that no relapse had taken place. She was asleep and the

family were all at rest. Then home, rest, and satisfaction.

This brief experience from the life of one of our Medical Missionary students is poorly told, but to that student it is a page in a new chapter of her life, a life that has been consecrated anew to service for His name's sake.

### THE BLOOD CURE.

BY COL. H. H. HADLEY.  
Gen. of Blue Button Army.

O! dear brother, if you are addicted to drink and realize the power of the dread habit and fear that if you stop it the terrible appetite will still torment and torture you, please let me tell you the Good News, that when you repent of the sin of drink and are converted, the desire for the saloon and drinking and card-playing companions will leave you forever.

We preach no weaker doctrine than this in the Blue Button Army.

It has been tried and proven thousands of times, ever since Jerry McAuley's transformation thirty years ago.

Christ always takes away the thirst and longing for drink when we meet His conditions, and His terms are not hard: "His yoke is easy and His burden is light."

True, there are other sins than drunkenness.

In this land where 100,000 are going down to drunkards' graves yearly, it is a sin for any one to drink. The Bible tells us that no drunkard can inherit the kingdom of God.

But perhaps you "don't want to stop."

Well, if you do not want to stop drinking you never will.

The Blood Cure of Calvary reaches "whoever will."

A man must want religion and want it badly before he gets it.

If you have no desire to turn from sin and drink, you are as much damned as though you were already in hell.

One who does not want to stop is in the most dangerous position of all.

But to those who have the faintest desire to turn, to "face the other way," I want to encourage you to come with us now.

Jesus can take care of the appetite; He did it for me sixteen years ago, and it's "all taken away."

And you, Christians, remember the words of St. Paul: "Take heed lest this liberty of yours be a stumbling block to them that are weak; shall the weak brother perish for whom Christ died?"

And you, dear mothers, do *you* not think it is a sin to feed wrong combinations of food

to your children, thereby causing fermentation and compelling them to complain that there is something the matter with their stomachs?

Of course there is something the matter, for whenever there is fermentation (sour stomach) there is alcohol. You are starting little breweries and incipient distilleries in your precious children. An illicit distillery is bad enough, but an incipient distillery in your boy's stomach is worse, and it will crave added alcohol from the saloon by and by. And then you will say, "I don't know what makes him want to drink. His father and mother never drank, I guess he inherited it." So he did—from mother's table.

Then to make it still worse the children get mustard, pepper, tea, coffee and cheese, pastry, spices, pickles, brandysauce, whisky, mince pies, condiments, and similar things full of sin and danger. All of these are preparing the dear boy for the saloon and building a body, "the Temple of the Holy Spirit," to be fitted for the spirit of drunkenness and "seven other spirits more wicked than himself."

Send for the Blue Badge of Courage and wear it as a testimony of your principles; as an example to others about you, especially your own family; as a cover for those who are weak. Can you do less?

Do something for Jesus today.

O, how happy I am in this work with an average of 3,000 new recruits coming in every week.

May I not enroll your name on the Royal Register of the Blue Button Army?

Will you not adopt our motto: "Total Abstinence for Christ's sake"?

#### LAY THE AX AT THE ROOT.

To a large degree inebriety is a disease just as indigestion is, and neither disorder can be juggled away without the intelligent removal of its cause. High-pressure life, unwholesome cookery, the eating of unsuitable foods, especially those which are highly spiced; the wearing of unnatural clothing, abnormal reading, and unsatisfactory Christian experiences, are sending a host of humanity to premature graves, and a multitude to the insane asylums or hospitals, and another vast army to the saloons. Smashing the saloons, tearing down the hospitals, burning up the insane asylums, or locking the gates to the grave yards, cannot remedy this sad state of things. We must deal with the *causes* of these evils, for "The curse *causeless*, shall not come" (Prov. 26:2).

#### IS THE DRUNKARD SICK AS WELL AS SINFUL?

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

There are many drunkards and victims of drug habits who are determined to use their bodies as a harp of a thousand strings, upon which they feel at liberty to play as long as they can secure any selfish pleasure from so doing. Such individuals are wicked in the same sense as is the thief or the murderer. But there is a much larger class of people whose disordered physical condition, ignorant habits of diet, and other unfavorable circumstances, serve to *create* and to foster an abnormal thirst for liquor, just as verily as similar conditions produce fever in some other persons.

We naturally sympathize with the poor invalid and assist him by proper means in wooing back his lost heritage of health, and then perhaps we turn about and condemn the poor drunkard, whose case, in many instances, requires precisely the same general principles for its successful management.

As a general thing, God does not heal the invalid without his intelligent co-operation. For the same reason there are many drunkards who are not likely to be permanently freed from their trouble until they have been patiently taught how to intelligently co-operate in this deliverance, physically as well as spiritually. If a man neglects to water his lawn, no amount of good intentions will compensate for this oversight. As long as the drunkard is sowing for drunkenness, it is unreasonable to suppose that he should escape the harvest. "How shall we escape if we neglect?"—Heb. 2:3.

The evils accompanying modern civilization have produced an army of nervous wrecks who can never permanently be restored without being converted; yet it is just as true that they require physical help in order that permanency may be given to that spiritual experience; and the same is true of a large number of the victims of the liquor and drug habits.

(Extracts from a talk given at the State Convention of the Illinois Loyal Temperance Legion, July 9, 1902.)

Eat for strength and not for drunkenness.

## BREVITIES.

The good feeling obtained today by the use of liquor is secured at the expense of bad feelings tomorrow.

If the modern dining table could be cleared of a host of things that create an appetite for liquor there would be more vacant places at the bar table.

When the average inebriate feeds upon the right kind of spiritual and physical food, the saloon will have no more fascination for him than has a prison house.

The tobacco and liquor habits are twin evils. It is practically impossible to permanently free these poor victims from either habit while they remain devotees of tobacco.

Fiery spices and condiments create a thirst that the town pump cannot satisfy, and thereby the kitchen becomes a vestibule to the saloon and the cook develops business for the saloonkeeper.

Even in the most destitute and poverty-stricken portions of our great cities the saloon seems to flourish; while frequently the home of the poor laboring man must be sold to pay its taxes.

Thousands of drunkards are staggering about our streets today because years ago their tables were spread with such food that they were compelled to "eat for drunkenness," if they ate at all.

Misdirected efforts will be as unsuccessful in subduing intemperance as would be the efforts of an earnest and energetic farmer who would spend his time in merely trimming off the tops of his troublesome weeds.

The average drunkard possesses an intolerable thirst within him that almost forcibly drags him into a saloon whenever he passes its door. There is a cause for this as much as there is a cause for weariness or sleepiness. "The curse causeless shall not come."

The fact that occasionally one finds some lone remnant of a sturdy stock of humanity who has inherited such a degree of physical resistance that he has been able to withstand the paralyzing influence of the habitual use of alcoholic liquors for three score years, is no proof that alcohol is not responsible for thousands of premature deaths.

No one knows who originated the notion that in some way the digestion can be improved by alcoholic liquors. Nevertheless, this idea has become so deeply fixed in minds of thousands that it has required the united efforts of the best men in the medical profession for years to combat this delusion.

It is a solemn mockery for a mother to implore Providence to deliver her boy from the curse of the cigarette evil and the liquor traffic, especially if he has inherited a craving for both, if she is daily placing before him a dietary that must physiologically create a demand for these things, unless the divinely ordained law that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap" has been repealed.

It is not enough to merely portray to the young the terrible evil of intemperance, or paint in all its frightful truthfulness the picture of a drunkard's fate. They must be taught how to sow for temperance instead of deliberately sowing for intemperance; for the saloon, instead of being the first step in a drunkard's career, is often the devil's hospital where those are sent who have already an abnormal thirst created within them by a fond mother's cooking.

## ALCOHOL AND CONSUMPTIVES.

Dr. D. W. Appel of the United States General Hospital for Consumptive Soldiers at Ft. Bayard, N. Mex., in a paper recently read before the American Medical Association, said, "The excessive use of alcohol is an important factor in producing a susceptibility to the disease (consumption) by lessening tissue resistance, and our therapeutic efforts are directed to the development of this resistance in order to produce a tendency towards fibrosis. My observation has taught me in many instances that its use retards, and even prevents, recovery.

That alcohol and tuberculosis are antagonistic was formerly the general belief and is still the opinion of too many.

A person can neither eat nor drink himself into the Kingdom of Heaven, or even into the Kingdom of Temperance, but he can very readily eat and drink himself out of both.

## HOW TO TREAT THE INTOXICATED.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

The drunken person is in just as sad a condition as he who is overcome with any other poison, such as morphine, chloroform, or from the smoke of a burning building. There is no more powerful stimulus to apply to such persons than short applications of cold water. We instinctively recognize this fact in dashing cold water in the face of one who is fainting. The same holds for the man who has fainted from excessive use of alcohol, only we need not limit it to the square foot of face surface, but can utilize this principle on the entire twenty feet of body surface.

A quaint book written by an English physician nearly two hundred years ago recognizes the value of cold water in such cases in recommending the use of cold water in insanity. The author says, "That which will make a drunken man sober in a minute ought to cure a mad man in a month. If a drunken man is plunged into cold water he will come out perfectly sober, and I have known some that have recovered by simply wetting their heads in cold water."

In our missionary dispensary work here in this city we have had the most wonderful results from the use of the cold spray in such cases. Men who have been so intoxicated that they could not stand upon their feet, by being placed under a cold shower for a few moments have sprung out of it perfectly sober, exclaiming, "You have wrought a miracle." Sometimes such men have gone out and gathered in other poor drunkards that the same might be done for them.

Applications of cold water act as a sort of fire alarm to every part of the system and enable the nerve centers to rise above the depressing influences of the alcohol. Immediately following the application of cold, whether it be a cold sheet pack, a cold full bath, or a cold shower, hot applications should be placed to the spine and the patient should be vigorously rubbed with a dry towel so as to promote vigorous reaction.

Alcohol depresses the heart's action. To offset this effect there is nothing better than a cold compress applied over the left side of the chest. By this simple procedure the heart will, in a few seconds, double the force of its beat.

We recommend these suggestions to the careful consideration of all those whom Providence brings in contact with intoxicated men. We must regard all such cases in the same light as we would genuine illness and treat them vigorously and thoroughly, and by so doing God will give us many opportunities of leading these men to the foot of the cross and seeing them start out on a new experience, free and untrammeled from every enslaving habit.

A PRISONER'S DELIVERANCE FROM  
THE TOBACCO HABIT.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo.

EDITOR OF THE LIFE BOAT,

Dear Sir and Brother:—I have just lately felt the spirit of Christ in my heart and am now trying to live as near a spotless life as I can; while I fully realize that I have put off this important matter longer than I should; but I know that only Christ can blot out my past sins, and I feel tonight that he is strengthening me every day. I am serving five years in the Missouri Penitentiary for my service for Satan. I find that he is sure pay. Whisky has been the main cause of my downfall.

I concluded that tobacco was not what God would have his children use, so I asked God to deliver me from this vice. I did what I could to help him; I threw away all of my old pipes, tobacco and cuspids, and God has done the rest. I found no trouble in quitting and I feel much better without it.

I once had a wife and little boy to brighten my life, but I left them to satisfy my desire for fast company and whisky, and here I am. Twenty months more and I will be a free man, both body and soul, and I am happy as I can be, although surrounded by the grim walls of the state penitentiary. I am thirty-five years old, and I believe I can yet live a useful Christian life, although my relatives and friends have given me up. I have one Friend whom I know, and he will not desert me.

I received one of your little papers some time ago, and it has helped me very much. If you can spare the time I should be very glad to correspond with you, as I have no one to write to and I believe you could help me over some of the rough places. I would subscribe for THE LIFE BOAT but I have no way of getting money in here. If you could send it to me every month I would be very grateful. I am a great reader and enjoy THE LIFE BOAT very much or any kind of reading that will help me to live a better life.

I will close by asking an interest in your prayers and wishing you success in your good work. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am,

Yours truly,

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**Will you organize a Community Soul-Saving and Temperance movement? See page 184.**

### WHAT TO FEED THE GROWING CHILD.

MAMIE WILD PAULSON, M. D.

According to reliable statistics, only three out of every five infants live to reach the age of five years. Half of these premature deaths could certainly be prevented if their parents knew how to properly care for them. Why should the child be fed upon the contents of a drug store, such as patent medicines, and soothing syrups, many of which contain liquors or opium in some form, when a simple dietary of good, wholesome food, together with careful nursing, in most cases, is all that is necessary to restore health?

Because of the pernicious habit of allowing the child to eat anything it wants and at any time during the twenty-four hours, the mother is obliged to give it some kind of soothing syrup or sedative to quiet its irritated nerves. In many cases this simply permits the child to die comfortably.

During the infant's first year the digestive organs are rapidly developing. Not until the cutting of the teeth is the infant able to digest anything but milk or its equivalent. Great care should be used in selecting the foods when the teeth begin to appear. As a general thing solid foods should be avoided until in the second year, when the teeth for mastication appear. Oftentimes the child is allowed to eat solid foods which it is not able to masticate thoroughly, and so large masses remain in the stomach to ferment and decay.

It is not only unnecessary, but very injurious to the child's stomach to allow it to eat such foods as pastries and pickles, confections and fried foods. A simple, nourishing diet should be selected, consisting of such foods as granola and cream, well toasted bread, as zweiback, broken up and served in milk. If gruels are used, they should be made of grains which have been cooked and then strained. Pasty mushes, which have only been cooked for ten minutes or one-half hour, are a poor article of diet for a child. Fresh, ripe fruits may also be used. Malted nuts make a most excellent substitute for milk and even infants can subsist on it alone. A great mistake is made in allowing the child to have a great variety at one meal. Two or three kinds of food are sufficient and all that a normal child cares for, unless it has been otherwise trained.

We will be glad to try to answer any question that may arise in any mother's mind in reference to the proper feeding of her children. Enclose, with such inquiries, several stamps to pay for postage and stationery.

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The average drunkard can no more help having his thirst than the consumptive can prevent having his cough.

### SECOND-HAND FOOD.

We naturally shrink from wearing second-hand clothing, not so much because we consider it beneath our dignity to do so, but because we object to what is likely to accompany such clothing.

It is passing strange that while the best elements of society refuse to patronize the second-hand clothing store, they seem so perfectly willing to patronize the butcher shop, which is nothing less than a second-hand food store. The contamination which accompanies the second-hand clothing would infect only the skin, but that which is obtained from the second-hand food store is taken inside the body itself; and just to the extent that it contains disease and waste products, it will taint and contaminate the entire body.

So long as it is possible for us to secure directly from the lap of nature clean grain preparations, luscious fruits, and the nutritious nut products, why should we ever for a moment entertain the idea that they can be improved by first feeding them to an ox to assist in building up the tissues of that animal?

As long as we persist in magnifying the virtues of second-hand food, we ought to be equally willing to laud the peculiar advantages and benefits to be derived from wearing second-hand clothes.

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### IS ALCOHOL A FOOD?

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

There is ample evidence that a certain amount of alcohol can be burned up in the body in a similar manner as fat, starch, or any other food substance. On account of this fact, there are some who have strangely forgotten that at the same time alcohol is many times more active as a poison than it is as a food; that it cripples the digestive powers to such an extent that the body cannot utilize the substances that are foods in a true sense. At the same time it paralyzes the nerve centers, destroying to a large degree the power of thought, and also interferes more or less with every function of the body. Some of the deadliest poisons that are known can be burned in the body as readily as alcohol, yet no one thinks of recognizing them as suitable articles of diet for either the invalid or the day laborer.

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## COMMUNITY SOUL-SAVING WORK.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Every reader of THE LIFE BOAT should be a center for missionary activity in his own community. Don't wait till you are able to do wonderful things; step into the *smallest* opportunities and that will open the way for something greater. If you are unable to get others to work with you, then do it alone. But if there are several who are interested in "Community Soul-Saving Work," gather them into your parlor, organize yourselves into a "Life Boat League," then *pray, plan, and work.*

Order a few extra copies of THE LIFE BOAT and place them where they will do the most good. Pray with those who are discouraged; visit the sick and read to them. Interest yourselves in the children of your neighborhood, win their hearts, and do other things as God may impress you. Do not overlook the city and county jails. You may do much good in them if you work discreetly.

Do not fail to write us a brief account of your successes and failures, discouragements and encouragements, inclosing a few stamps to pay for postage and stationery, and we will send you all the suggestions that we can. The following letter which we have just received is very suggestive:

"Dear Brother:—Many thanks for your encouraging words; they gave us an inspiration to push ahead. I must tell you a few of the things that our little mission band is doing. THE LIFE BOAT which I received, the children sold and they enjoyed the work very much. Some said they could have sold more if they could have had them. We raised one dollar to pay for four LIFE BOATS for one year. We will place them in the postoffice, reading rooms and hotels. We have written to the county jail asking permission to send them our old LIFE BOATS, but have not yet heard from them. We send under separate cover a piece of needle work for the Life Boat Rest."

There are thousands of our readers who could easily accomplish all that this young lady has done. All they need is to be aroused. Do not wait for favorable opportunities. "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap" (Eccl. 11:4).

We shall be glad to send you suggestions for organizing an auxiliary Life Boat League in your community. We have had one organized here for more than a year.

## SELLING LIFE BOATS IN DARKEST CHICAGO.

NINA NEWELL CASE.

There is nothing that will so cheer and comfort your own heart as trying to cheer and comfort another. This I have proved by many interesting experiences in my work with THE LIFE BOAT. As I stand at the door waiting for the answer to my ring, I silently ask God to make me a messenger of peace, a ray of sunshine in that home. The face that appears at the door often tells me of a life of unrest, a life of sadness, pain, and bitterness. Only those who have had a taste of such a life and have then found a life of peace, happiness, hope and rest can fully realize their condition and sympathize with them. Just a loving look, a kind word, or a sweet smile will often break down the coldness and reserve, even many times contempt and harshness, that are shown to me as a stranger and "peddler."

It is a strange, new, yet beautiful thought to many that "the God of the Universe is interested in, and takes note of the most minute details of, their lives; and plans all the trials and events of each one, that they may be best fitted for heaven." Many with tears invite me to come again to read and pray with them.

Do you want a glorious experience? If you have a few hours or minutes to spare, take a few LIFE BOATS and visit your neighbors and the people of your town. If you are in earnest you can sell them. It doesn't take talent, only willingness and prayer. The Holy Spirit will speak for you. Tell the Lord you will work and He will do the rest. Try it, brother; try it, sister.

Of the million and a half persons in this country who are daily so much under the influence of these drugs as to render them incapable of performing useful labor, either mental or physical, not ten could be found who did not commence their career as *moderate drinkers*; and such is the dangerously deceptive influence of the drinks that a large majority of their victims still think they only occasionally "drink a little too much," but are in no danger.

Every intelligent citizen must acknowledge that alcohol is every day creating more poverty, sickness, deaths, homicides, murders and suicides than all the other poisons in use in our country. Then why not place it at the head of the list as the most delusive and destructive of them all?

N. S. DAVIS,  
Pres. Am. Med. Tem. Assn.

THE GREATER TEMPERANCE IN  
RESCUE WORK.

FANNIE EMMEL,  
Matron Life Boat Rest for Girls.

I have in mind one girl who started out well. She voluntarily came to us for help, and cheerfully adopted the principles of healthful living. She dressed healthfully, and for some time adhered faithfully to right principles. She soon had as cozy a little home of her own as one might wish. But, eventually, her appetite became a snare to her, she resumed the use of tea and coffee, because the stimulation gave her an agreeable, unearned feeling of strength. This soon led to the use of stronger stimulants. Then her disposition became almost unbearable and a separation followed. We invariably find when one member of a family repudiates the principles of healthful living, it sooner or later brings serious results.

I recall the case of another young woman, who today holds a position of responsibility and whose character commands the respect of all who know her. She is a stanch advocate of the principles of healthful living. She was possessed of an intense disposition and she would certainly have found it much more difficult to be amiable and sweet tempered if she had not adhered strictly to right principles in eating and dressing.

We wish every mother would only appreciate in the training of their children what we are compelled to see of the disastrous effects of such a wrong diet as pepper, spiced sauces, meats, and especially coffee and tea. If they knew the injury these things are to the health and morals of our youth, they would be very careful not to place upon their tables those things that will tend to arouse the baser passions of their natures. Children should be taught to eat for strength instead of either for drunkenness or immorality. Eccl. 10:17.

Tight corsets and waistbands are almost as detrimental, and in some cases even worse, than unhealthy foods. And we find that it requires fully as much effort to persuade our girls to dress in a healthful manner as it does to educate them to eat healthful, nutritious and non-stimulating food. We endeavor to teach them that their bodies are temples of the divine, (1 Cor. 6:19, 20), that it is an insult to God for them to deform their bodies and to destroy health by dressing in such a way as shall displace vital organs for the purpose of satisfying the god of fashion. If we should deliberately ruin some valuable keepsake intrusted to us by a dear friend, would it not be regarded as a breach of courtesy? But does not the Lord plainly say that we are not our own? that we are bought with a price? What right have we, then, to abuse this body, and thereby destroy the harmonious working of its wonderful mechanism?

The ranks of society are being filled with moral lepers and outcasts because the parents of the day are failing to instill into their children these sacred and life-saving principles.

My sister, if you are rearing your children for God and humanity, you are teaching them not only to pray, but also to conform to the divine standard even in their physical habits.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

The following is a letter which a little girl has written to a prisoner in one of our western states:

"I am a little girl eight years old. I heard Dr. Paulson speak to us about his work for the prisoners and I asked him if I might write you a letter. I am sending you THE LIFE BOAT for a year and hope it will be a help and blessing to you. I love the dear Savior, and I am glad you do too. He does so much for us all, and His love is so great. I have trials and temptations but I know that Jesus helps me bear them every day, for He says so in the Bible (2 Peter 2:9; Ps. 34:17, 19).

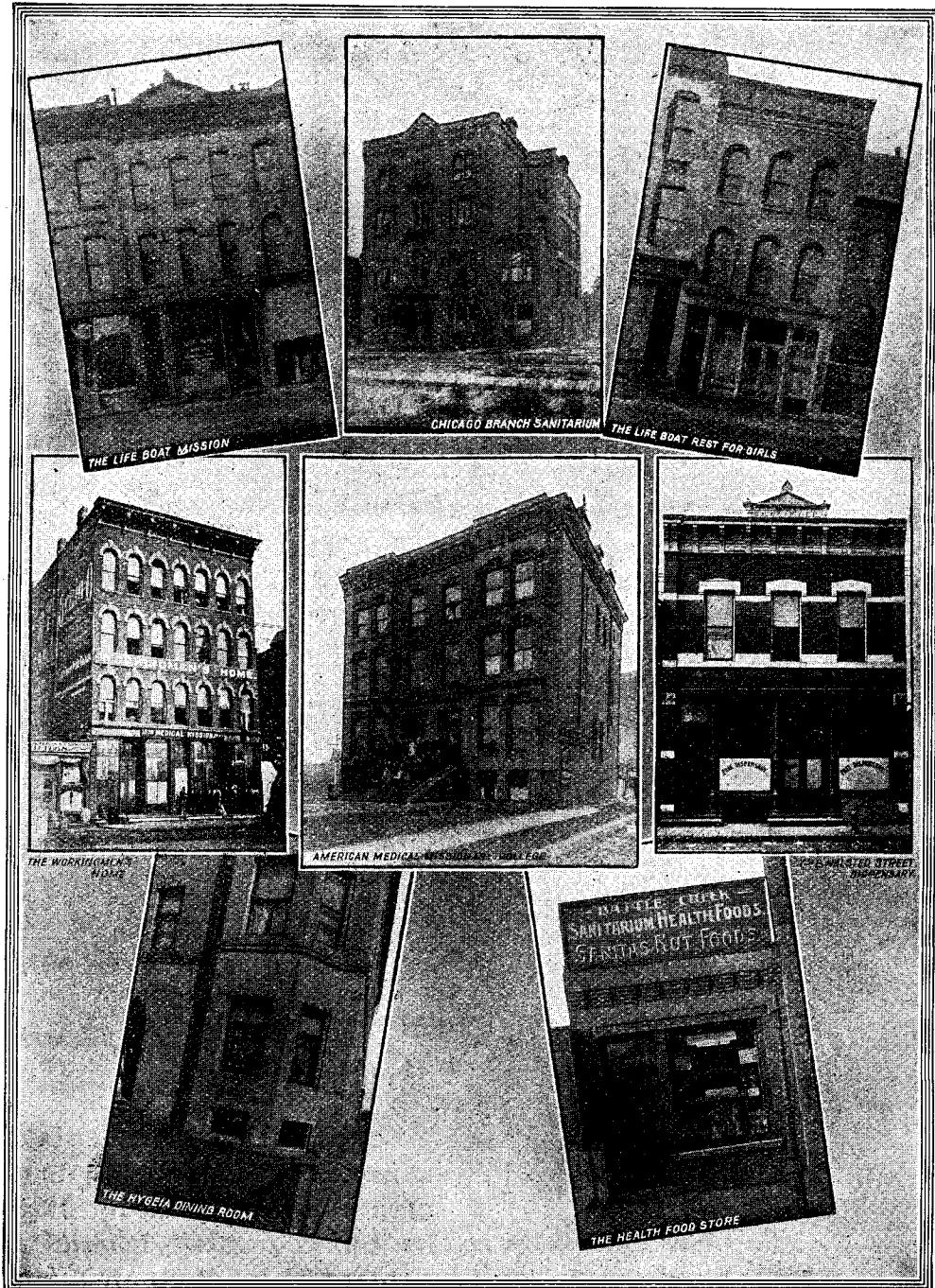
"I love the stories in the Bible for I know they are *true* and they help me be a good girl. I have one sister and one brother. We help mamma do the housework. We each have a memory verse to say every Sabbath evening. Last week, mine was this, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me' (Phil. 4:13). I wish you would have this for your verse, too, next week. Will you?"

"I must now close. Hope I shall hear from you. Your little friend,

"ILONE GALLEMORE BENNETT."

We wish that every child might have instilled into its mind in its tender years a similar spirit of helpfulness, and then what an army of splendid missionaries we soon should have.

**Send twenty-five cents for samples of foods which do not create an appetite for liquor or tobacco; also booklet on "How to Live Well on a Dime a Day."**



GROUP OF OUR CHICAGO MEDICAL MISSIONARY INSTITUTIONS.

**Our Directory.**

American Medical Missionary College, 2 and 4  
33rd Place.  
Chicago Branch Sanitarium, 28 33rd Place.  
Chicago Medical Mission, 2 & 4 33rd Place.  
Workingmen's Home, 1339 State Street.  
Life Boat Mission, 436 State Street.  
Life Boat Rest for girls, 425 S. Clark Street.  
American Medical Missionary Dispensary, 3558  
Halsted Street.  
Hygeia Dining Rooms, 5759 Drexel Ave.  
Chicago Medical Mission Health Food Store,  
3814 Cottage Grove Ave.

**DRIFTWOOD.**

LILLIAN WOOD.

National W. C. T. U. Organizer.

With my purchase completed, I was about to leave the fruit stall, when a man, unshaven, unwashed and with worn garments, stopped and said to the fruit vender: "Please give me an apple?" He was refused, but again begged, "Just one apple. I've had nothing to eat today."

I opened my purse, but it was empty, and before I could speak he had drifted down the street, hungry, hopeless, his very countenance showing that the wages of sin is death.

As I looked after him I remembered that through the debauching, desolating work of the legalized saloon a hundred thousand souls each year drift out into the fog and gloom of a drunkard's despair, and a drunkard's doom, and my heart cried out, "How long, how long?"

Only a few in this great army of drinkers are reclaimed, for the great majority find the craving of appetite, the temptation of the ever-present saloon, and the influence of evil associates a current too strong to be resisted, and they drift like derelict vessels at sea.

All honor to the noble souls, who, through various agencies, are helping to rescue the lost ones, but there is a work each of us can do, and for which God will hold us responsible.

We can, first of all, sign the pledge ourselves, put on the temperance badge, and stand foursquare for our principles everywhere. It is remarkable how many "good temperance people" have not the moral courage to wear a temperance badge.

We can carry pledge cards with us, and get boys and girls, and young men and women to pledge against narcotics and alcoholic stimulants before they drift into bad

habits. While it is grand to throw out the life line to souls already wrecked, it is equally a God-inspired task to save the young people before life's splendid opportunities and possibilities are wasted through ignorance and dissipation.

Here is the great privilege of every teacher and of every adult Christian as well; let our motto be, "Not willing that any should perish."

We can fight the iniquitous liquor traffic by vote, by prayer, by testimony, by unremitting effort to destroy the work of the devil—in all ways seeking to bring in the kingdom for which we pray.

**SMALL TIPPLING.**

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

There are thousands of women who are as abject slaves to tea and coffee as their husbands are to beer, whisky or tobacco, and yet they imagine that it does not injure them in the least. It may be stated as a general principle that anything which enslaves us precisely to the same extent injures us. The Day of God will reveal the thousands of premature deaths which have resulted from the active poisons contained in the supposedly harmless tea and coffee; and the far greater multitude of irritable, wretched, invalid mothers who are unsuccessfully trying to preside over Christian homes because they are allowing tea and coffee to steal away their nerve energy. Caffeine is an active drug. Every strong cup of tea or coffee contains the average medicinal dose of this substance.

Dr. Leszynsky, the eminent professor of nervous diseases in the New York Post Graduate Medical School, has shown conclusively that coffee is undermining the constitutions just the same as liquor and tobacco, only to a less degree. Dr. Dana, another eminent nerve specialist, has satisfied himself that tea-drinking is an active agent in paving the way for various nervous disturbances that are now so common among women.

It is a pathetic sight to see a woman who is an abject slave to the tea and coffee habit, imploring a tobacco or liquor slave to seek God for strength to give up his pernicious habits, when more than likely her frail nervous system is being ruined as rapidly by her tea and coffee drinking as his stronger constitution is being undermined by liquor and tobacco. Most people will find that Caramel Cereal coffee is as pleasant and satisfactory as the drug coffee, without producing any of its pernicious effects. Most people, however, will find it beneficial to avoid drinking at meals.

We shall be glad to hear from those who are determined to be temperance reformers, not in part but in whole, and therefore have banished tea and coffee from their tables.

TO MY DISCOURAGED AND DIS-  
HEARTENED SISTERS.

MAMIE WILD PAULSON, M. D.

Are you almost disheartened and discouraged? Do you sometimes feel that your life has been a failure? Do you feel that your friends have all gone back on you or that you have committed the unpardonable sin? If so we want to correspond with you. We want to tell you of some of the wonderful experiences that we have had in dealing with some of our sisters whose cases were probably far more desperate than yours. Such letters will be regarded as being just as confidential as a personal talk with the writer in our office.

As I am young myself, I am especially desirous of corresponding with my young sisters. Although our hands are filled with other duties, yet we desire to give some time and attention to those who feel that they have no human hand held out to them.

We have often been made to feel very sad as we have met girls who, because of some blunder or mistake that they had made, had become totally disheartened and had lost all hope and courage; but it has given us great pleasure to be used by God to put a new inspiration into their hearts which has started them to live good Christian lives and be useful members of society.

Can we be of any help to *you*, my sister? If so, write addressing us, 28 Thirty-third place, Chicago.

THE NEEDS OF THE VISITING  
NURSES.

SARAH E. BOLTE AND CAROL ENGER,  
Visiting Nurses.

In some of the homes that we visit there is much sorrow and suffering. Families of six and seven live in two or three small, dark and poorly ventilated rooms. A short time ago one of us called at the home of a very sick woman, who feared she was dying. A fire was hastily kindled to heat some water; meanwhile, she, gasping for breath, said: "Nurse, is there any hope for me? Can I live? O, I fear to die." Two little children, who were washing dishes, were crying for fear mamma would not get well. Some treatment that we gave her relieved her of her intense suffering. She then opened up her heart to us, telling us how she once had a nice, comfortable home; that then she trusted in her Saviour; and now her husband was a drunkard, and, in consequence, had

lost his good position. They then lost their home and were now living in a dark, rear basement, where the air was so vile that it was difficult to understand how any one could endure it continually. Several months ago her "darling boy," as she called him, who was only two years of age, died from sheer neglect while she was out washing, trying to earn some money to buy bread for her children.

This opened the way for us to quote to her some of the precious promises of the Bible, that met her case. Then we bowed in prayer at her bedside and asked the Lord to accept her return to Him and to bless the treatments which we had given her; we asked her to pray, which she did, imploring God to speak peace to her soul, that she might be a real help to her husband and children.

Such a penitent prayer had probably never been heard before in that old tenement house. With a bright countenance she looked up and said: "O, I am so glad that a little talk with Jesus makes it all right. I thank God for sending you here to me. Will you come often and pray with me? I have no money, but God will surely reward you."

A few days later, while visiting this same home, we discovered that the children had nothing to eat. We gave them twenty-five cents, which was all the money we had with us. But that made it necessary for us to walk three miles to the next patient's home. This mother is now recovering and her husband is doing better and has secured employment.

This incident is only one of the many that we are continually meeting as we are answering calls, day and night, in various parts of the city. This work cannot be made self-supporting. It is exceedingly hard work and the field is large. There are many precious souls that can be saved to the Master's kingdom, if we do not have to abandon our work because of lack of support. We are willing to sacrifice and live among these people so as to help them, and we believe some of the readers of THE LIFE BOAT have sufficient faith in this kind of missionary work to help support us. Donations should be sent to the Treasurer of the Chicago Medical Mission, 28 Thirty-third place, with instruction to apply to the visiting nurses' department.

## FROM THE OLD LIFE TO THE NEW.

UNCLE JOE.

[For ten years Uncle Joe has been an almost constant attendant at our Mission meetings and is always ready to speak an encouraging word, although it was at the dear old Pacific Garden Mission that he received his first inspiration to renounce the old life. If you have become almost disheartened about your spiritual condition, think of this man, who, when a mere infant on his mother's knee, was fed sugar that was saturated with whisky and then used liquor and tobacco constantly for fifty years; yet the appetite for both was taken away in one evening. Perhaps, in your case, God knows that it is better for you to struggle for some time with this appetite, but remember that he is just as willing to save you. We wish every one who chances to read these words from Uncle Joe could have the opportunity of seeing this living miracle of transforming grace, with his clear eye, pleasant features, and manly and erect form, instead of the shattered wreck that he was ten years ago.—EDITOR.]

My parents were wealthy. In my youth I enjoyed all the luxuries of life, as my father and mother supplied their children's wants most plenteously. It was the belief of my father that drink would not hurt us; and so we were introduced to our morning toddy while yet in our mother's arms, and the result was that at the wedding of one of my sisters, when I was ten years old I was found drunk under the table.

After I grew up I became the proprietor of a saloon and was prosperous in the town in which I resided. I soon became a confirmed drunkard and left home and friends and joined the army in 1855, serving through eleven engagements with the Comanche and Apache Indians. I went through four years' service in the Civil War and was wounded at Shiloh. After that I drifted on until ten years ago, when I landed in Chicago, a total wreck. But one evening I was attracted by the beautiful singing in a mission at 100 Van Buren street, and there I found a friend in Jesus, who saved me. His sweet spirit transformed me so that the things I once loved I now hate.

I am happy to say that I have been made a new man in Christ Jesus and my prayer is that those who are going over a similar road may be able to believe that Jesus is as willing to help them. The same Christ who could take me and change my sinful career can certainly do so for you. My advice to

all is: Be willing to give up your bad ways, cease to do evil; learn to do well, so that you may enjoy life here, and finally enjoy eternal life hereafter.

## DO YOU WANT SPIRITUAL GROWTH?

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Are you as anxious for salvation as a farmer is for a crop? The average farmer diligently cultivates his corn whether he feels like it or not, but the average backslider will generally admit that he ceased to read his Bible, and to pray, and to help others because he did not *feel* like doing so any longer.

Suppose the farmer should do the same, the only harvest that he would get would be a crop of weeds, and that is just what the Christian reaps when he neglects the cultivation of character.

It is the same God that performs the miracle of growth for the farmer that works the miracle of grace in the Christian's life; and what Nature is saying to the farmer in everyday experiences, God is saying to the Christian in his word. "How shall we escape if we neglect." (Heb. 2:3.) It is God who heals all our diseases (Ps. 103:3). Nevertheless it is necessary for the invalid to earnestly co-operate and to often do the things from which he naturally shrinks. We are all spiritual invalids (Isa. 1:5-6) and we must do our part whether we feel like it or not, and then we may be sure that God will do His part whether we appreciate it or not.

The real difficulty is that the majority of backsliders are not half as enthusiastic about securing a good character and eternal salvation as is the average farmer to secure a good crop, and herein is the real reason that they are so listless and indifferent about it.

When I assure a young man that he has consumption, he rests neither night nor day until he gets to a better climate; but when I tell another young man that he is spiritually dying, he more than likely is inclined to treat it indifferently, or he may say that he will consider it next year or at some future time.

As Christian workers, we have regarded physical things in a sensible light, while spiritual things we have been inclined to clothe in mystery and have treated them in a dreamy manner. Consequently, the young people of today are not so much to blame for the view they take in reference to spiritual things.

Have you received a single ray of light on the subject of Christian growth? Then reflect it on the pathway of some discouraged wanderer.

## THE WORLD'S GREAT CURSE.

R. EASON.

We are living in the blazing light of the Twentieth Century, amid an educated, enlightened and Christianized civilization; yet, according to the last United States census, there are in the United States 140,000 saloons, and only 128,000 schools and 54,000 churches. There are more than twelve times as many men engaged in this traffic as there are ministers of the gospel. It converts millions of bushels of grain, which were created to preserve life, into that which destroys life. It is officially stated that intemperance is the cause, either directly or indirectly, for more than three-fourths of the crime and disaster on both land and sea.

It annually reduces more than 200,000 children to a condition of beggary and want. It makes 150,000 drunkards annually. It is responsible for more than three-fourths of all the cases tried in our courts, as well as an equal per cent of the costs of maintaining the courts, prisons, and police forces in our cities. It furnishes at least two-thirds of the unfortunates for our insane asylums. It annually sends 150,000 persons to a drunkard's grave.

It costs our nation \$1,500,000,000 each year—enough to furnish four barrels of flour to each individual of the United States, or a \$30.00 suit of clothes to every citizen; enough to give 1,000,000 young men a five years' college course; enough to build 1,500,000 houses at \$1,000 each; enough to give a forty-acre farm at \$40.00 per acre to each of 1,000,000 persons (approximately); enough to build 300,000 school houses, or an equal number of churches at \$5,000 each; enough to construct 75,000 miles of railroad at \$20,000 per mile; enough to send a Bible to every person on the earth.

May God help Christian people to awake from the sleep of death, and rouse themselves to a sense of their duty, is my earnest prayer.

## MAKING AND UNMAKING A DRUNKARD.

A drunkard is no more an accidental circumstance than is a college professor. It takes time and effort to produce either a physical wreck or a mental giant. On the other hand, if a drunkard or a drug fiend is willing to

co-operate, the Lord will work miracles of transformation upon his mind and body so that he may become a fit subject not only for a useful career, but also finally to enjoy a place in the realms of bliss.

## DO YOU DESIRE PERFECT PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT?

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Are your muscles soft and flabby? Have you but little strength and vitality? You do not have to remain so if you are willing to work out your physical salvation with fear and trembling. Less than two years ago Harry Bennett Weinburgh was a poor rheumatic, crippled boy in an eastern city. The publishers of a New York daily offered a liberal prize to the boy that should make the greatest physical development in a given length of time. There were over five thousand who competed for this prize and Mr. Weinburgh outstripped them all. He faithfully and systematically carried out a series of simple exercises. He dispensed with various harmful drugs and stimulants. He bathed himself daily in cold water, rubbing himself vigorously afterwards so as to produce a good reaction. He avoided drinking at his meals, insuring a more thorough mastication of his food, instead of washing it down as so many do. He was not so foolish as to imagine that meat was conducive to either strength or healthy development, and consequently he dispensed with it entirely, and lived instead on the natural products of the earth. He also abstained entirely from the use of tea and coffee.

Are you satisfied to cripple along, merely eking out a wretched existence, camping most of the time on the very border line of disease; or are you determined that at any cost you will get up into the glorious enjoyment of physical and spiritual health? Be assured that this matter rests entirely with yourself. If you are willing to cultivate health *vigorously* enough there is nothing that can prevent you from having it. If you do not know how to begin and are really in earnest about it, if you will correspond with us, we will be glad to assist in starting you on the right road. Do not forget to inclose postage stamps to pay for mailing and stationery.

## THE LIFE BOAT

DAVID PAULSON, M. D. } EDITORS  
W. S. SADLER }

### ARE YOU A LIFE BOAT SUBSCRIBER?

This issue of THE LIFE BOAT will be brought to the attention of tens of thousands who are not regular subscribers. Can you not afford to pay twenty-five cents and so secure the regular visits of this life-saving sheet for an entire year? If you are already a subscriber do not let your subscription expire. We do not want to part with any of our old friends.

### EXTRA COPIES OF THIS NUMBER.

This issue cannot be exhausted, as plates have been made. Do not lay aside this paper till you have ordered a copy sent to each of your friends and neighbors. Send us their names and addresses and a two cent stamp for *each* and we will mail THE LIFE BOAT to them. The investment of a stamp may mean the eternal salvation of a human soul. Are you willing to make the investment?

### ORGANIZE A LIFE BOAT LEAGUE.

If your soul is aroused to the necessity of helping humanity begin *at once* in earnest. If there are several who are interested in this then you can organize an auxiliary Life Boat League. Read carefully the article "Community Soul Saving Work," page 184, and then make a beginning. Write us a brief account of your experiences and we will send you all the suggestions that we can. Do not wait until you are certain that you will make no mistakes.

### TWENTY-FOUR LIFE BOAT SUBSCRIBERS IN CHINA.

A recent mail brought us twenty-four new subscriptions from China. If the people in that far-away land want THE LIFE BOAT, is it not possible that some of your neighbors would appreciate it if you would only call their attention to it?

### LET US HEAR FROM THE MAN WHO IS STRUGGLING TO BE FREED FROM THE LIQUOR AND DRUG HABIT.

The unhappiest mortal on earth is the man who is being crushed by the tyranny of some destructive habit. We know from personal experience and observation, in dealing with a large number of extremely difficult cases of this character, that we are warranted in holding out positive encouragement to all those who are really sick and tired of their present bondage.

We have no "cure" to promulgate, for the same sanctified sense is required in dealing with the drunkard and drug fiend as in dealing with the average invalid.

If the victims of the liquor or drug habits are willing to intelligently co-operate, they may just as *certainly* be freed from their bondage as the ordinary invalid can be restored to health.

The average drunkard or drug fiend is no more desirous of being such than is the ordinary patient content to remain upon his sick bed; and God is just as ready to bless the drunkard's efforts for freedom as he is to bless the invalid's efforts for health.

We will be glad to hear from all such immediately, and we will cheerfully give them all the helpful suggestions that we can. Do not forget to inclose a stamp.

### WILL YOU HELP SUPPORT OUR FREE VISITING NURSES?

The nurses and employes of the Battle Creek Sanitarium were supporting four visiting nurses in the Stock Yards district in this city at the time of the disastrous fire that destroyed that institution. When this assistance was withdrawn, we found it necessary to dispense with the service of two of these nurses, and we are at present unable to support the other two. We ask all our friends to read Sister Bolte's and Sister Enger's report of their work in this issue of THE LIFE BOAT and then ask themselves the question if they want this work discontinued or not. Send us a good donation to maintain these missionary workers and they will send you, from time to time, personal accounts of their most interesting experiences, which you can read in your families and in your church, and they will be an inspiration to yourself.

## THIS LIFE BOAT.

On account of the wealth of splendid material that the Lord provided for this number, we felt it our duty to add eight extra pages. We believe that you will find something helpful and inspiring on every page. And we believe that God will put it into your hearts to send us a generous donation, not only to meet this additional expense, but also to enable us to place thousands of copies in the hands of prisoners all over the land. To all those who will respond to this call, we will write personal letters, containing accounts of some of the interesting and encouraging experiences that the Lord is continually giving us in the various branches of the Chicago Medical missionary work.

## "MODERN MIRACLES."

We are happy to announce that the long-looked-for book, "Modern Miracles Wrought in City Mission Work," is rapidly nearing completion.

This will be one of the most interesting, inspiring, and helpful books of our time. No one who will read this book can ever truthfully say that God is not as willing to bless His children today as they endeavor to work for humanity, as He did long ages ago.

The book will contain nearly four hundred pages, and will be profusely illustrated. Price 50c. Order at once, and we will mail you a copy as soon as it is off the press.

## GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE.

Wherever S. H. Lane goes he secures a goodly number of subscribers for THE LIFE BOAT. He not only calls attention to it in his meetings but encourages some of the young people to take subscriptions for it and *helps do it personally*. In a recent letter he says: "I am trying to get all the subscriptions I can. I go into it personally and find, after talking up the journal and displaying it to the congregation, that if I take right hold of the matter myself almost every individual says, 'Go ahead and put my name down.'"

Are there not scores of ministers of the gospel who could do the same? And instead of its interfering with their regular work it would really add to their usefulness. One minister in an adjoining state has sent us seventy-five new subscriptions the last few months and reports that his soul has been blessed while so doing. Fellow-worker in the gospel, will you not try this?

## FOR ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER.

For one new subscriber to THE LIFE BOAT we will send the miniature booklet, "My First and Last Drink," by Samuel H. Hadley, the well known Jerry McAuley Mission evangelist of New York City. It is one of the most interesting experiences ever written. It has been translated into several different languages.

Also for one new subscriber we will send the companion booklet, "The Miracle of My Conversion," by Col. H. H. Hadley, general of the Blue Button Army. This contains an account of Col. Hadley's miraculous conversion in the Water Street Mission sixteen years ago. No one can read it without feeling a new inspiration has come into his life. We will send both booklets for two new subscriptions.

## A LIFE-SAVING STATION.

For the purpose of rescuing those who are wrecked, properly equipped life-saving stations are maintained at great expense at dangerous places on our seacoast. These stations are under the supervision of carefully trained men and are the means of annually rescuing hundreds of persons from watery graves.

A well equipped and properly conducted sanitarium maintains a somewhat similar position, as it seeks to rescue those who have ventured too far out on the rocks and shoals such as are always encountered by those who persist in violating the laws of nature.

On the calm seas, almost anyone can row out and rescue one who may be struggling in the water; but when the waters roll high it requires such experience as the life-saving crew possesses in order to reach the vessel wrecked and stranded on the rocks.

Many have wandered so far into forbidden paths that they are evidently sealed for the tomb, but often the case that is hopeless from a physical standpoint becomes a hopeful one from a spiritual standpoint. Such an one may be converted and die inspired by the same sweet trust in God that imbued the nurse who tenderly cared for him.

There are thousands of chronic invalids who never will get well at home, for their surroundings are not such as to facilitate their recovery. Perhaps some indulgent wife, or possibly some well meaning grandmother is determined to gratify every whim and notion and perverted taste of the patient, and by so doing he is sunk a little deeper and more hopelessly into the depths of physical despair. Those who belong to this class should begin at once to lay definite plans how to place themselves under the most favorable conditions for securing the blessing of sound health.

## DOWN IN THE LICENSED SALOON.

Where is my wandering boy tonight?

    Down in the licensed saloon.

Down in the room all cozy and bright,  
Filled with the glare of many a light,  
Beautiful music the ear to delight,

    Down in the licensed saloon.

Where is my wandering boy tonight?

    Down in the licensed saloon.

Learning new vices all the night long,  
Tempted to all that is sinful and wrong,  
Listening to the harlot's foul song,

    Down in the licensed saloon.

Where is my wandering boy tonight?

    Down in the licensed saloon.

Little arms once were thrown round my neck.  
Look at him now, my poor heart will break!  
Think of that boy tonight, a sad wreck,

    Down in the licensed saloon.

Where is my wandering boy tonight?

    Down in the licensed saloon.

Brother, I guess you'd enter this fight,  
If it were your boy down there tonight,  
Ruined and wrecked by the drink appetite,

    Down in the licensed saloon.

## "THE DEVIL'S JOKE."

The following extracts are from an editorial in a recent Chicago daily:

"John J. O'Brien, a policeman, who lived at 1059 Thirty-fourth street in Brooklyn, N.Y., was a good, honest man when sober.

"He lived at the address mentioned a few days ago with his wife and young children, to whom he was devoted—when sober.

"At present he lives in a cell, charged with murder. His wife is buried, killed by him, and his children are bereft.

"The story of the change in Policeman O'Brien's life is very short, and he, himself, described it better than anybody else could possibly describe it.

"He came home drunk. His wife told him he ought to be ashamed to appear drunk before his children. He arose unsteadily, took his revolver from the mantelpiece, and shot his wife dead. Then he went out and gave himself up to another policeman. His explanation of his crime was as follows:

"'It's the devil's joke. No better woman than my wife ever lived.'

"It was, indeed, the devil's joke that put an unfortunate wife in her grave, that will inevitably send O'Brien to the electric chair or to imprisonment for life, that makes his three children fatherless.

"The devil plays these jokes on humanity. It is the devil of whisky, and he plays his jokes every day in every big city and in every little village in the world.

"Sometimes his jokes lead to murder, sometimes to theft and other crimes. They always lead to disgrace of some kind.

"Once upon a time Policeman John J. O'Brien, believed that a little whisky did no harm.

"A great many thousand men today believe, as O'Brien did before he became a murderer, that a little whisky does no harm.

"The young man and the old man who think that a little whisky does no harm ought to have witnessed the last meeting on earth of O'Brien and his wife and their three children.

"O'Brien, sobered up, the whisky out of his head, was filled with remorse and wept constantly. His grief was so great that it was thought he would become insane, and the District Attorney in charge of his prosecution consented to his attending his wife's funeral.

"He was taken, handcuffed, to the house in which he lived with his family before the 'devil's joke' took place.

"The murdered wife lay in a coffin, and her mother sobbed at the head of the coffin. The three young children, all under seven years of age, stood at the foot of the coffin as the father and murderer, handcuffed to a detective, leaned over the coffin, his tears falling on his wife's face.

"At the edge of the grave, later on, O'Brien knelt down, and the detective, handcuffed to him, knelt also.

"The dirt was thrown in, O'Brien was taken to the prison and the children went away in another direction.

"The 'devil's joke' had been played out to an unusually successful end."

Would you like to read the most sensible, wide awake and practical health journal that is published? If so, send one dollar to *Good Health*, Battle Creek, Mich. You will never regret the investment.

## OUR JAIL AND RESCUE WORK.

FANNIE EMMEL.  
Matron Life Boat Rest for Girls.

Although it is years since we began our gospel work in the Harrison Street Police Station, yet it is growing more valuable and we see more practical results from this work. In our last Sunday's service a well-dressed young man whose bright face gave evidence that he had received a good home training, burst into tears and wept bitterly. After having a season of prayer, he publicly professed from his cell his determination to live a Christian life. We had the pleasure of seeing him granted his liberty, when we took him to the Life Boat Mission where he could receive further spiritual help.

A few weeks ago a poor girl came to our Life Boat Rest. But not having fully determined to give up her wrong life, she left us and drifted from bad to worse. A few days ago she returned and said, "I want you folks to help me. I am sorry I did not stay when I was here before. I have made up my mind that I shall do what is right." She was in a wretched physical condition. Her head was so full of sores that it was impossible to comb her hair, and we found it necessary to trim it off and then burn up her clothing. After we had dressed her head, cleansed her body and fitted her up with some clothing that had been sent us by our friends, we gave her an opportunity to secure a good rest. As we had no place in which we could keep her, we finally succeeded in finding an open door and loving hearts for her at Beulah Home. This case will show the readers of THE LIFE BOAT our need of having a home outside the city where such poor wanderers can be taken in and patiently reclaimed. It is a difficult task to bring these girls in. But every mother must know that it is a *far more* difficult task to stand by them day by day as their ruined characters are being rebuilt.

WILL YOU ASSIST SUCH MEN TO GET  
THE LIFE BOAT?

Dear Brother:—I write to you to tell you where I am. I am in prison, I have been here about nine months. As I came from the shop to my cell I found a copy of THE LIFE BOAT. I read it through. I did not tear it up for I am a Christian man. I would love

for you to send me THE LIFE BOAT paper. I have no money in here and cannot get any. If I live to get out I will pay it all back. My mother is dead but I have two sisters and one brother, it seems since I have got into trouble they have passed me by. But I have one Friend who will help me if I put my trust in him. He is your friend, he is mine. This is the first time in forty-five years and it will be the last time if you will give me a helping hand, when my time comes. Trusting the blessing of God may rest on all the LIFE BOAT people and that they will remember me in their prayers, I will close hoping to hear from you soon. God be with you is my prayer.

## THE GREATER INTEMPERANCE.

CHARLES H. SHEPARD, M. D.

We talk about temperance as though abstinence from alcohol were the fulfillment of the law, but there is a greater temperance yet to come, more in accordance with the dictates of an enlightened reason. There is more than one kind of intemperance. The sin of overeating produces as much trouble to the community as that which comes from the use of alcoholic drinks, and perhaps more. The use of tobacco is the occasion of harm second only to that of alcohol. The evil wrought by the excessive use of coffee is by no means one of the minor ones. It has been stated that the baneful effects of the coffee habit in Brazil are equal to those of the beer habit among the Germans. The use of opium and other narcotics is another fruitful source of injury to the community. The evils of overwork and worry do not fall far behind. In fact, we exhaust ourselves every way; in our work and in our play; in eating and drinking; and even in those athletic efforts that are supposed to be hygienic and recuperative. They are all made too intense, and therefore we do not live out more than half our days and that half we do not live either comfortably or with that fulness and richness of life which we might. Furthermore, these very excesses are the occasion of much of the demand for alcohol, to drown the nervous rebellion that would otherwise shield us from the result of our own foolishness. In confirmation of this, look at the immense amount of disease that runs riot through our land.

## THE NEEDS OF THE LIFE BOAT REST.

FANNIE EMMEL,  
Matron of the Life Boat Rest.

We have never made an appeal in THE LIFE BOAT for the work of the Life Boat Rest but that it has been beautifully responded to. There is no regular provision made to meet the general expenses of this work. We have no way of meeting the cost of lighting our rooms, and the street car fare of our workers, except by donations from our friends. We solicit food from the merchants here in the city, but it is not sufficient to meet all our needs. We can always use women's, children's and infants' clothing to good advantage.

We also ask kind hearts and loving hands to prepare and send to us dried corn, fruits, beans and other substantial articles of food. Send them freight prepaid. Donations can be sent to Life Boat Rest, 425 South Clark street, or to Chicago Medical Mission, 28 Thirty-third place, Chicago, Ill.

## OUR MEDICAL MISSIONARY TRAINING SCHOOL.

MAMIE WILD PAULSON, M. D.

We have in our school about twenty-four earnest young people who have devoted their lives to the service of humanity. Although the weather is warm and unfavorable for study, the enthusiasm of the class does not seem to wane and we are conducting full class work during these summer months.

Three evenings each week Miss Howe takes the class out on the lawn and gives them valuable lessons in physical culture.

The work in physiology is made as practical as possible. An effort is made to give the student as thorough a knowledge of the human body as can be done in the time allotted. Instruction is also given in massage, hydrotherapy and practical nursing.

N. W. Kumble and Dr. Paulson conduct the Bible and Missionary classes, special prominence being given to practical soul-saving methods.

Each student is encouraged to enter upon some line of missionary work while here in the city at the very beginning of his or her class work, for we believe that if one is not

doing missionary work while in training he will, in the majority of cases, fail to do it when he has finished his course. The various branches of our Chicago Medical Mission work furnish splendid missionary opportunities. Other students can yet be admitted into this class. Send for further information and for application blanks.

## SINCE LAST MONTH.

Dr. Geisel and Lucy Winegar are engaged in Chautauqua health educational work.

Warren J. Smith has been appointed office clerk at the Sanitarium.

Dr. Hetherington has charge of the Halsted street medical missionary dispensary in the absence of Dr. Vernier.

Dr. Harry Miller and his wife, formerly Maude Thompson, have been added to the medical staff of the sanitarium and hospital.

The Hygeia Dining Rooms near the university now serves five hundred meals a day to a very appreciative class of patrons.

Vera Sanders, Mattie Hughs, Loretta Templeton, Effie and Elsa Northrup, Anna Gudme, Mr. and Mrs. Amann, and Mr. and Mrs. Cushman have connected with various departments of the Chicago medical missionary work.

Frank Babcock, Clara Camp, Louise Paulson, Lizzie Brady, Della Hinshaw, Mae Howard, Fannie Emmel, Myrtle Lipsey are out of the city enjoying well earned vacations.

The Life Boat Mission Sunday School is prospering. A Sabbath school has recently been organized for the children in the immediate vicinity of the sanitarium and hospital.

The sanitarium recently served a pure food banquet to the delegates in attendance at the state convention of the Loyal Temperance Legion.

Dr. Jean Vernier is taking a course of lectures and clinical post-graduate work at the Rush Medical College.

Well equipped Nose, Throat, Eye and Ear departments have been opened in the Branch Sanitarium.

Alcohol makes no one stronger; it only deadens the feeling of fatigue.

## SAN FRANCISCO MEDICAL MISSIONARY AND BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

Under supervision of the California Medical Missionary and Benevolent Association.  
Headquarters, 895 McAllister Street.  
Phone Page 3012.

W. S. SADLER, President.....995 McAllister Street  
B. F. RICHARDS, Vice-Pres't.....1123 Ellis Street  
E. E. PARLIN, Sec. and Treas., Room 203 Parrott Bldg.

### Branches:

HYDROPATHIC DISPENSARY....916 Laguna Street  
VISITING NURSES, Headquarters: 895 McAllister St.  
CHRISTIAN HELP BAND .....916 Laguna Street

### Associate Institutions:

THE SANITARIUM.....1436 Market Street  
VEGETARIAN CAFE.....755 Market Street  
HELPING HAND MISSION....641 Commercial Street

### THE HYDRIATIC DISPENSARY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

W. S. SADLER.

While the Helping Hand Mission has for some time done a good work for the poor and friendless men who have sought help at its doors, the need has been realized of some place where the hard-working people who perhaps have sickness at home and find it difficult to pay the doctor's bills, could be attended to. So plans have recently been on foot whereby a free dispensary and treatment rooms shall be erected and established in this city. A part of the basement of the Laguna Street Church is being converted into a place where baths and other treatments can be given, and the gospel put into practice. Later, when the proposition was laid before the congregation of the church, the plan met with favor and steps have been taken to prepare the northern half of the basement for dispensary work. A large number of persons volunteered material, labor and time, to help forward the good work; interested people in different parts of California have entered with enthusiasm into the project, and the work is well under way. The fixtures will be substantial but plain, and everything that can reasonably be arranged with a view to making the institution a credit to the cause of truth will be done. The management of the dispensary and free treatment rooms will be under the supervision of the San Francisco Medical Missionary and Benevolent Society, which has been formed as a branch of the California Medical Missionary and Benevolent Association. It is desired and designed to give aid to those only who are unable to pay the ordinary charges for medical assistance; and it is hoped that by this means a large amount of real missionary work will be done. Under God, it will seek to lead men and women to a knowledge of the glorious gospel and to induce them to become followers of the lowly Nazarene who spent His earthly life in doing good and ministering to the sick souls and bodies of men.

In the bathrooms of the dispensary will be facilities for giving electric light baths, sprays,

sitz bath, and various other kinds of treatment in the line of hydrotherapy. A great many persons have donated of their means to this cause already, and several hundred dollars have been given towards the project. Much more is still needed, and if the hearts of those who read these lines are touched to the extent that they feel they would like to have a share in this good Samaritan work, let them send their contribution to the treasurer, E. E. Parlin, 203 Parrott Building, Market street, San Francisco, Cal. All such donations will be gratefully received and duly acknowledged.

### SELLING LIFE BOATS IN CHICAGO.

MRS. RACHEL SHANE.

I introduce myself by saying that I am selling a little paper that is an exponent of missionary work. The profits are used to help the work of the Life Boat Mission. Usually people are glad to help the Mission, even if they do not understand what is printed in the paper. After they read THE LIFE BOAT they are always glad to get another, because it contains things that they wish to know and which they cannot learn from any other source.

I was afraid that I would not be able to sell the Anti-Cigarette number very readily, because I did not think the people would take kindly to it. But it was surprising how even the tobacco dealers put their hands into their pockets for the money to buy a copy. "I will take one and let my boy read it, for I don't want him to smoke," is a remark which I heard many times.

This number disappeared so quickly I was sorry that I could not get more, for I could have continued selling this number the entire year. I am glad that plates will be made of the Temperance Number, so we shall not run short of the supply, because I know I shall be able to sell a great many of them.

One of the most vital needs of our young people is that of clean, uplifting and instructive literature. Read they will—but what? Supply them with that bright and time-tried journal, "The Youths' Instructor," and it will prove of inestimable value in moulding their ideals.

The "Instructor" rounds up its fiftieth year this month, which fact alone is proof of its excellence. Its up-to-date, live and illustrated matter is highly appreciated by many thousands of readers.

Price 75 cents per year. Address "The Youths' Instructor," Battle Creek, Mich.

MONTHLY SUMMARY OF THE WORK  
OF THE VARIOUS INSTITUTIONS  
AND DEPARTMENTS OF THE  
CHICAGO MEDICAL MIS-  
SION.

Treatments given.....	873
Office treatments .....	252
Surgical operations .....	8
Admitted to wards .....	38
Outside calls .....	150
In Children's Christian Home.....	15
Gospel services held.....	40

WORKINGMEN'S HOME REPORT.

Penny lunches served.....	15,024
Lodgings given .....	6,160
Used free laundry .....	3,598

VISITING NURSES' REPORT.

Families visited .....	50
Individual prayers .....	9
Gospel and health talks.....	145
Garments given.....	30
Treatments given .....	260

LIFE BOAT MISSION.

Attendance at meetings.....	3,250
Meetings held .....	70
Testimonies given .....	300
Hands raised for prayer.....	160
Missionary visits .....	27
Testaments given away.....	100
Tracts given away.....	250
LIFE BOATS sold and given away.....	600
Pages of literature distributed.....	786
Lodgings given at 10c each.....	100
Penny meals .....	200
Garments given away.....	10

FOR FIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

A complete stamping outfit, including two alphabets and numerals, of rubber type. Useful for marking linen, calling and business cards, etc. Something all boys and housewives will appreciate.

For twenty-five new subscribers, a splendid Bible.

SUBSCRIPTION PREMIUMS.

For fifty yearly subscriptions, we give as a premium, a splendid, ladies' or gentlemen's, silver case, good jeweled-movement watch.

For twenty-five subscriptions we offer a set of sterling silver-plated knives and forks.

For fifteen subscriptions we offer a first-class gold-pointed fountain pen.

For ten subscriptions we offer a handsome set of nut picks and nut cracker.

For five subscriptions we offer a very pretty child's set, consisting of knife, fork and spoon; also, a pair of small scissors.

SAVE THE BOYS.

This is the title of one of the best leaflets on the tobacco and cigarette questions that we have seen. It is filled from cover to cover with extracts from authoritative sources with reference to the evils of tobacco using. It deserves a wide circulation. Address the author, H. F. Phelps, 118 West Minnehaha boulevard, Minneapolis, Minn. Price, 60 cents per hundred.

"The Signs of the Times" is an earnest and able exponent of Bible truths. It is filled from cover to cover with the meat and marrow of the gospel. Every missionary worker will find in its pages many helpful hints and suggestions. Send for sample copy. Address Pacific Press Publishing Co., Oakland, Cal.

SOUVENIR BADGE FREE.

The National Christian Abstainers' Union decorates total abstainers with its beautiful badge.

Send names of yourself, your pastor and Sabbath School superintendent as evidence of sincerity and two stamps as postage on the badge and our eight-page illustrated paper, "The New Campaign."

Address Col. H. H. Hadley, General of Blue Button Army, No. 1118 Woman's Temple, Chicago, Ill.

"I eat Sanitas Food Candy."  
"Mamma says it's good for me."

"It's good for you too."

Most people take to candy as naturally as a duck takes to water, but few like the after effects, indigestion, headache, and poor teeth. Follow the example of our little girl and eat Sanitas Food Candy, which, being largely predigested, doesn't bother the stomach as does cane sugar and ordinary candy, but goes at once into good brain, bone and muscle.

Made on honor by the Sanitas Nut Food Co., of Battle Creek, Mich. Write them, giving them the name of your grocer, and they will send you a free sample.



# The Life Boat Supply Department

28 Thirty-third Place  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

## WE SELL EVERYTHING MANUFACTURED

Our arrangements with some of the leading wholesale houses and manufacturers in the West enables us to furnish the newest and best goods at prices that will be a considerable saving to our patrons. It is not our desire to realize large profits; in fact, we only wish to make this department a financial aid to The Life Boat and its work. We feel assured that our friends will give us their hearty support and co-operate with us in making this department a success.

Do you want a bicycle, organ, piano, sewing machine, watch, suit of clothes, furniture, carpet, buggy, wagon, music, musical instruments, or any book published? We can quote the lowest prices on wheel chairs or any other article in the line of invalids' supplies.

A GOOD BICYCLE FOR \$14.00

A MOST EXCELLENT BICYCLE FOR \$18.00

These wheels are fully guaranteed by the manufacturers.

Always give a full description of article desired. Add one cent per ounce for postage when goods are to be sent by mail.

Send cash with order. No goods sent C. O. D. as we act simply as your purchasing agent. We save you money by paying cash and getting the best discounts possible.

A high arm, light running, ball bearing, four drawer, drop head, sewing machine for \$19.50. Manufacturers guarantee for ten years.

## DONATIONS.

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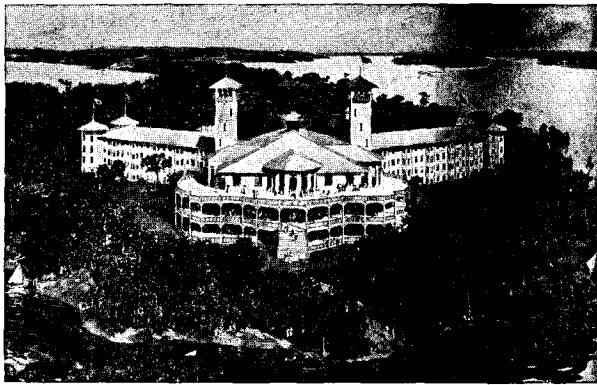
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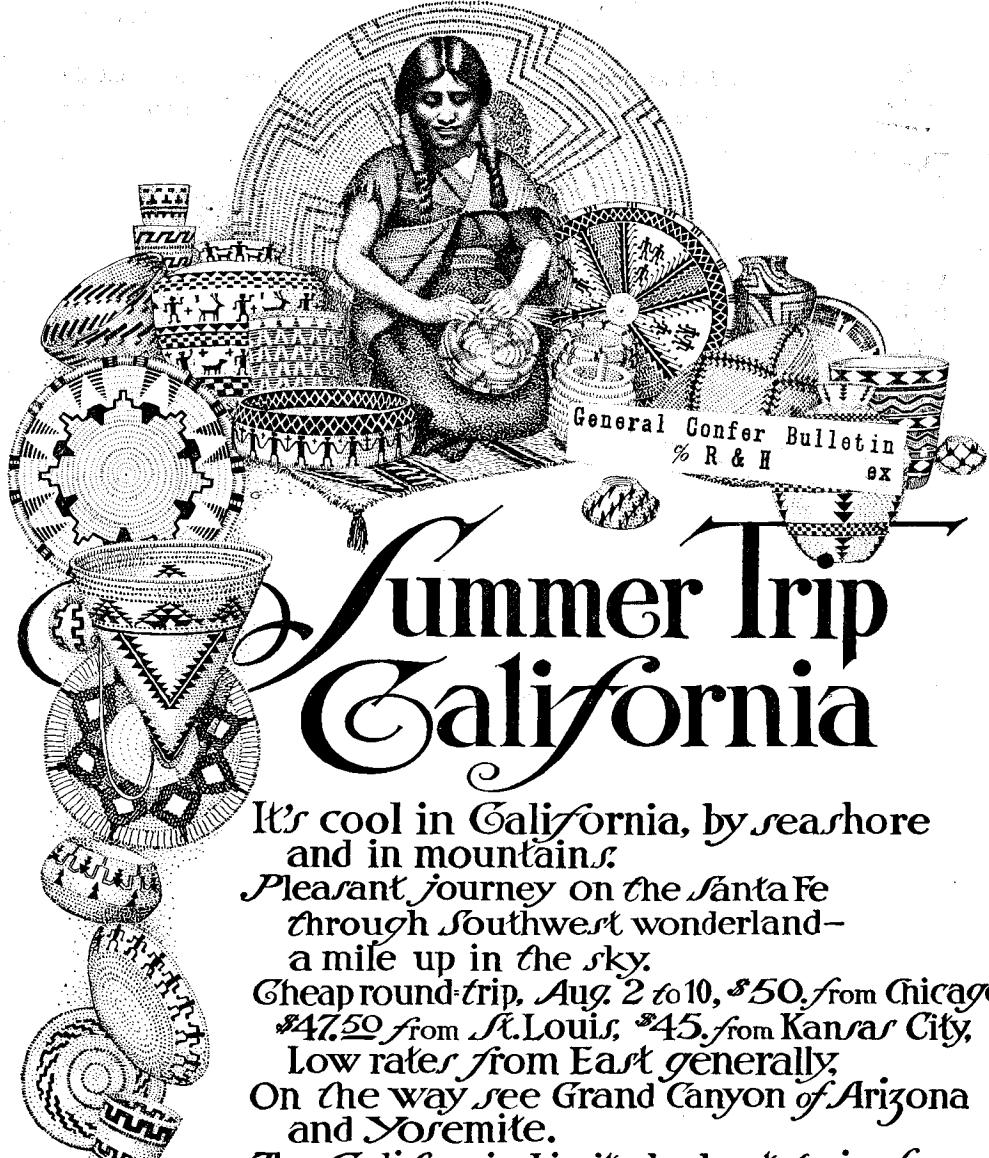
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