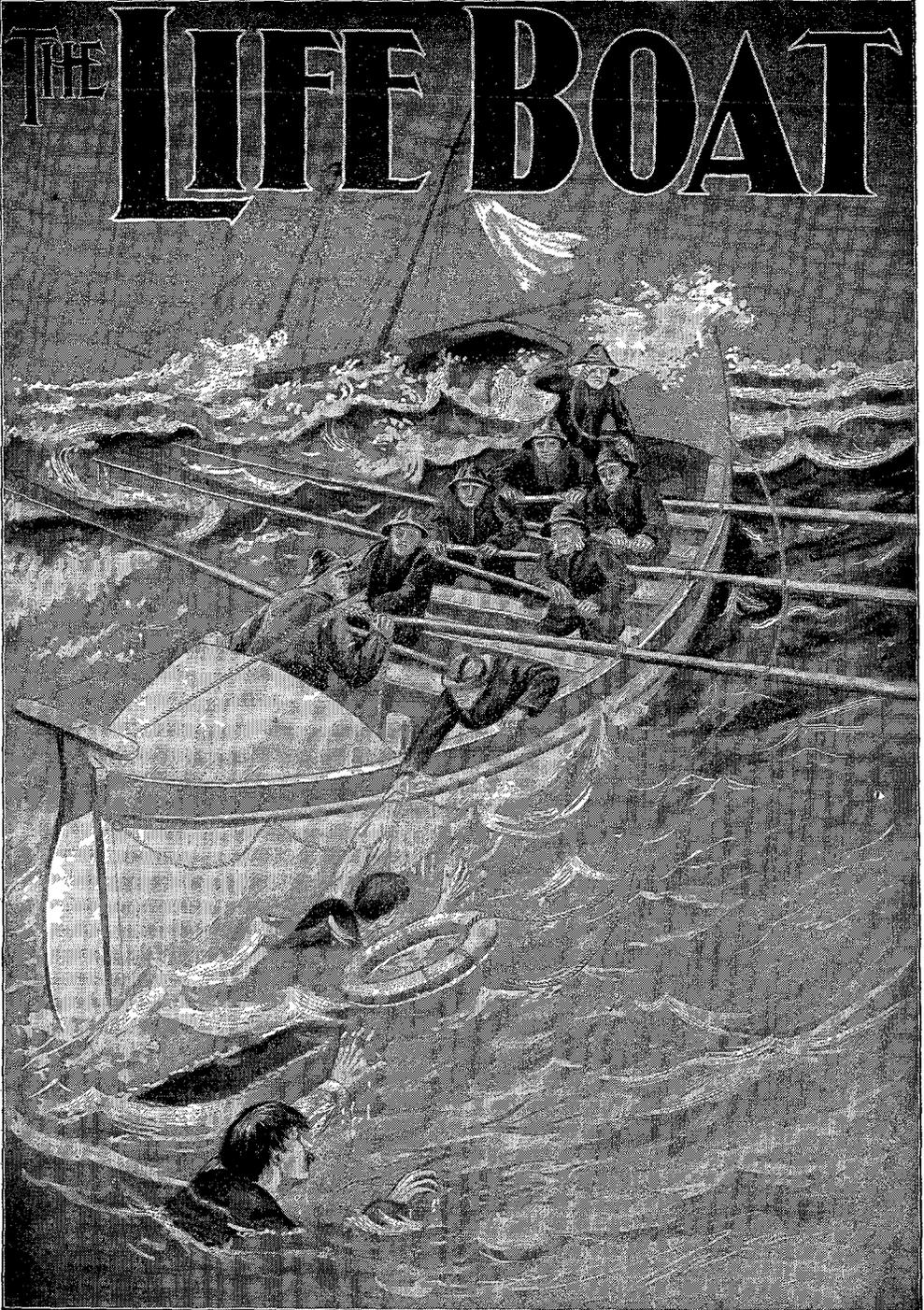


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“Am I My Brother’s Keeper?”



"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters."



**An Illustrated Monthly Journal Devoted to Charitable, Philanthropic,
Health and Soul-Winning Work.**

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Volume IX

HINSDALE, ILL. :: JULY, 1906

Number 7

**HEART TO HEART TALKS WITH
YOUNG CONVERTS ON HEALTH,
HAPPINESS AND SALVATION.**

—No. 2.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Suppose you were compelled to spend the remainder of your days in a cage with a fierce lion whose movements you were required to watch every moment lest you were devoured, how grateful you would be if someone should come with a pair of blacksmith's tongs and volunteer to extract the lion's gruesome teeth. It would still be necessary for you to watch the lion lest he overcome you, but your problem would have been wonderfully simplified.

My friends, when you earnestly accept health principles and conscientiously adopt right habits of living, you are helping yourselves in the battle of overcoming the lusts, passions and cravings of your flesh just as surely as the pulling out of the lion's teeth would help that struggling man in his efforts of taming and subduing the lion. It might not be impossible for him to live with that sharp-toothed lion and keep him at bay and he might even develop strength while doing it, but how much better it would have been to have developed this strength of character in doing useful work for humanity.

So you may, after you are converted, continue to partake of fiery-spiced foods, eat

juicy beefsteaks, drink tea and coffee, use tobacco and do other things to fill the blood with poisons that will irritate your nerve centers and act as flails to your brain cells, and yet, like the man with the lion, you may be successful in this battle of the spirit against the flesh and the struggle may even develop strength of character in you. But how much better it would have been to have laid aside every weight and to have secured soul discipline by combatting the evils that are in the world and helping your fallen brothers to rise, so that instead of being saved as if by fire while your works are burned up (1 Cor. 3: 15), you might instead have had many stars in your crown.

I have talked with some of our best known temperance workers whose eyes have recently become opened to the importance of this question. They have told me of the constant battle they had to fight year after year with their craving for liquor which left them almost the very day that they discarded an unwholesome and irritating dietary.

It might be entirely possible for a person to have his hand on a hot stove and yet have a strength of character to keep a sweet smile on his face and say only kind and wholesome words under any and all circumstances, but are there not enough burdens under which we must groan in this tabernacle? And is it not the height of folly to add to them by

keeping the hand in contact with a hot stove?

How absurd it would be for a young man who was just learning to swim to hang half a dozen bricks about his neck which would be almost certain to pull his head under water every time he attempted to swim! But is it not equally absurd for a young convert to load himself down with physical habits that must serve as physical sinkers to his spiritual progress and make his chances of winning much more uncertain in the struggle to keep under his body and bring it into subjection, lest after he had preached to others he himself should be a castaway? (1 Cor. 9:27.)

God wants Daniels to-day who have the courage to adopt a wholesome dietary even though the princes of earth despise it. He wants John the Baptists who will adopt simple habits of life even though the priests of Jerusalem scoff at them. He wants Josephs, who can meet every similar temptation with a "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" (Gen. 39:9.)

God is no respecter of persons. Those who read these lines He will be pleased to use in this critical hour of the world's history to mold the destiny of men, yea, even the destiny of nations if they will be willing to listen to that voice which points out to them, "This is the way, walk ye in it." My friends, are you responding, "Speak Lord; for Thy servant heareth"?

(Next month we will consider more fully the relation of physical habits to spiritual experience.)

"THAT TESTIMONY."

HORACE E. HOYT.

Those who were fortunate enough to be present at the Sunday night service at the Mission, June 10, 1906, will never forget the testimony given by Everett Richter, a boy of sixteen years of age, who had been released the preceding Friday from the John Worthy School (a house of correction for boys). The readers of this magazine will remember the report of the work done by Miss Fannie Emmel and Mr. Rollo McBride in this school as outlined in the June issue. This sheaf for the heavenly garner is the result of the seed sowing done by our faithful workers.

Here are Brother Richter's own words as nearly as we can quote them:

"Brothers, I have just come from the John Worthy School. Before going there I drank whiskey, chewed tobacco, stole, swore, and did all the other things that go with these. My parents had turned against me: I had no friends in this world.

"While in the John Worthy School Miss Emmel and Mr. McBride came out and had meetings with us boys. One night Mr. McBride talked to us about red rum. I prayed that night that God would save me. I prayed for about thirty-five minutes, and I am here to-night to thank Him that He did save me.

"When I came home the other day my father received me with open arms and encouraged me to live a good life. Since I came out I have not tasted liquor or tobacco and have no desire for them. Now, brothers and sisters, I beg of you to get acquainted with this same Jesus who has power to save."

AN APOSTLE TO THE OUTCASTS.

A couple of months ago occurred the death of S. H. Hadley, the superintendent of Jerry McAuley Mission. Those who bent over him to catch his last words heard him say, "My bums—my poor bums—who will look after them?" showing that the work for the outcasts was the last thought he had on earth.

When a boy his mother would often stop amid her busy cares and hug him to her bosom and say, "My darling boy, you never will drink, will you?" And he would faithfully promise that he never would.

When he was eighteen years old a friend who was a prominent business man asked him to take a drink with him and when he refused this man said, "If you don't drink with me I will think that you feel yourself above me." This remark led him to take his first drink. In his book, "Down in Water Street," he says:

"Dear reader, this was the most critical act of my life up to that time. That first drink changed my whole life. Within ten minutes it seemed to me I was taken possession of by demons. Thoughts came crowding into my mind to which I had been an entire stranger. Oh, the sorrow and shame and crime and suffering that were entailed as direct results of that first drink!

"It isn't the last drink that hurts a man, or the fourth or the fifth, but the first drink—that is what ruins a man. If these pages are read by one who has not taken his first drink, take counsel by one who has suffered so much, and die before you take it. Let the saloon door be the dead-line to you.

"Within a week from that first drink I could drink a half pint of whiskey right down.

THE DRUNKARD'S REAL FEELINGS.

"I wish I could describe the remorse and heartaches of the confirmed drunkard who feels himself, slowly but surely, slipping down to that awful abyss, the drunkard's hell, a foretaste of which he already feels in his soul. I have passed through it all. Through the craving for drink and under the hellish influence of its promptings a man will wreck his home, will lie, too, and deceive his best friends, his wife and everybody who knows or trusts him.

"I had lied, stolen and forged checks. The law, relentless as a bloodhound, urged on by outraged and defrauded creditors, was on my track. Then in the agony of my soul delirium tremens came upon me, as stealthily as a snake from behind my door or through the window, in the room where I vainly hoped I might get a few hours' sleep. Fiends of the most hellish forms gathered around me, holding their mouths so close that I could feel their scorching breath, telling me what to do.

"I had pawned everything, or sold everything that would buy a drink. I could not sleep a wink. I had not eaten for days, and for the four nights preceding I had suffered with delirium tremens from midnight until morning."

It was while in this condition and while sitting on a whiskey barrel in a cheap saloon that the presentiment came to him that he was about to die, and he seemed to see his sins creeping along the wall in letters of fire. He says:

"I believe I saw what every poor lost sinner will see when he stands unrepentant and unforgiven at the bar of God. It filled me with an unspeakable horror. I walked up to the bar and pounded it with my fist until I made the glasses rattle. Those near by who were drinking looked on with scornful curios-

ity. I said: 'Boys, listen to me! I am dying, but I will die in the street before I will ever take another drink.'

At his own request he was locked up and when he was able he was taken to his brother's house and cared for until he was in a better condition. He then found his way to the Jerry McAuley Mission and there, in an audience composed of pickpockets, thieves, drunkards, harlots, sporting men and women, he was gloriously converted and from that moment he never wanted a drink of whiskey. He writes:

"I promised God that if He would take me from the bondage of strong drink, I would



work for Him the rest of my life. He has done His part, and I am trying to do mine.

"One other thing has never ceased to be a wonder: I was so addicted to profanity that I would swear in my sleep. I could not speak ten consecutive words without an oath. The form or thought of an oath has never presented itself to me since. Bless His dear name forever!

"A few weeks afterward the dear Lord showed me I was leaning on tobacco, and that

I had better lean entirely on Him. I threw my plug away one night down the aisle of the Mission, and the desire was removed."

McAULEY MISSION METHODS.

He afterward became the superintendent of the Jerry McAuley Mission, and under his ministry its methods were altogether unique. When a convict had served his term in the Sing Sing Prison, if he should drop into the Water Street Mission "he is sheltered, fed and clothed, if need be, and put to work at something. He is asked no questions. No promises are exacted.

"He is left to himself without restraint of any kind. He is neither watched nor suspected. He is usually puzzled to know what the whole thing means. He is treated as a brother, as if he were the best man in the world. He meets with unvarying kindness on every hand. Sometimes he comes to the conclusion that he has a 'snap,' and proceeds to work it for all it is worth. He takes advantage of confidence and steals whatever of value he can lay his hands on, and departs with a chuckle. Sooner or later he is driven back again, by hunger, to the only place where he can get shelter and food. On his return he is met with the same welcome, the same kindness. There is no word of reproof for him, not even a suggestion or hint that he has not acted honorably.

"Again and again he may show the cloven foot, but at last he finds that in the old McAuley Water Street Mission there is a stock of love that can not be exhausted; that here, if nowhere else, the spirit of the Founder of Christianity is in full force. It is no wonder that, as a usual thing, the tough heart of the criminal is finally broken by the glorious principle of love, and he becomes a practical, earnest Christian, working powerfully among his former associates to bring them to the One who has saved him.

"We believe our blessed Redeemer can beat the devil out of sight at his own game and on his own ground; nor do we think He needs any sociability or subterfuge to help him; only the straight, glorious Gospel of love, compassion and pity.

"WORKING THE MISSION."

"A poor, homeless man will be sitting in City Hall Park. He perhaps has come to town to look for work, or he may have been

compelled to leave his home for some crookedness, or he may be a straight tramp; but whatever he is, he is 'down on his luck,' and a drunkard. What little money he had is gone and he has tramped the street for the past two nights, poorly clad, no food, very little whiskey, and 'walking on his uppers.' He doesn't know what to do, and he speaks to a companion beside him and says: 'If I have to carry the banner to-night I'll be a dead man in the morning.'

"'You blankety, blank fool,' says the other, 'why don't you go down to the McAuley Mission on Water Street and go forward for prayers and give a good, stiff testimony, and you can work Hadley all winter.' 'Well,' says the first speaker, 'I guess I'll work that graft for all it is worth.' After getting the necessary instructions he comes down, and when the invitation is given up he comes with fifteen or twenty others, practically of the same stripe.

"Reader, this can never be told as it is. A stranger would see nothing of this, but to us who have been all through this very thing, and have been saved out of it, it is an awful, living reality.

"We take our seats quietly and orderly. I know that all our converts are lifting their hearts in prayer to God for these men. I speak of the promise of Jesus and His tender compassion to sinners. No matter what motive prompted them to come up, here they are at our blood-bought mercy-seat. They are men with a history, every one of them.

"We pity them—yes, we love them. We love them just because they are lost and poor and wretched and deceitful and utterly friendless in this great city. One glance gives us as much knowledge of their character and history as if we had known them for years. We repeat some precious promise of Jesus, and we all get on our knees in prayer. The leader calls on some one to take these cases to Jesus, and all the converts help him in a tender, loving spirit to supplicate the Throne of Grace for these poor, helpless men.

"Then we sing a verse, low and reverently, on our knees. Perhaps it is:

"Tempted and tried, I need a great Saviour,
One who will help my burdens to bear.
I must tell Jesus! I must tell Jesus!
He all my cares and sorrow will share."

"Then the leader goes around while all re-

main on their knees, and asks each one to pray for himself. This is the critical time. These poor men had no idea that they would get into any water as deep as this. They hesitate. We say: 'My brother, pray for yourself. Jesus loves you. Tell Him all about yourself.' The poor fraud trembles. The perspiration breaks out on his face. Thoughts of home, mother and innocent childhood, the Bible and the family altar crowd upon his memory with lightning rapidity—thoughts he had supposed to be dead and buried long ago.

"Dear brother," says the leader, "why do you hesitate? Why do you refuse to call on the best Friend you ever had? Tell Him all about it." Then with a breaking heart he cries, "Oh, God! For Jesus' sake, be merciful to me, a sinner." We never rise until all have prayed.

"After we have taken our seats, the leader calls their attention to some promise for their special case. We lay great stress on the promises of Jesus. 'Now,' the leader says, 'we have knelt and told Jesus all about ourselves. If any one has found a place to stand, or has come to any conclusion as to what he is going to do, he has the privilege of saying so.' One after another rises in his place, and with the kindly, loving eyes of every convert upon him, makes his statement. Our friend from City Hall Park, after much hesitation, stands up, trembling, and says:

"This thing has turned out very different from what I expected. I am a stranger in this city, and have only been here a few days. I am almost naked and barefoot, and have walked the streets all night. In the park a man told me that if I would come down here and go forward for prayers, I could get a place to sleep and something to eat. I must acknowledge I came here for that purpose, but when I got on my knees and was asked to pray I could not be a hypocrite, and I asked God, for Jesus' sake, to save me, and He has done it. I believe I can walk the streets now.' But he does not have to do that. This man has landed on solid ground, and it is our pleasure to help him along to success.

"We have had many, though, who played the game right through. They were the first ones to pray and the first ones to speak. One would say: 'Thank God, I am saved; there's

no doubt about it.' The leader would add: 'Praise the Lord! Indeed, I think that is something to praise God for, that you can say you are saved.' Perhaps the fraud winces, but goes on and speaks every night for a month. All the converts who are testifying with prayerful sincerity know that every word he says is a lie, but it won't do to tell him so, or you will lose your man. We keep praying, keep loving and keep believing. Give the man all the rope he wants, and he will be sure to hang himself. If you were to call him aside and tell him you knew he was lying, it would be a boon to him.

"After a while he halts and doesn't speak. The leader will call out, 'George, what is the matter with you to-night? Haven't you anything to thank God for?' He slowly gets to his feet and says: 'Mr. Hadley, every word I have spoken since I came in this place is a lie. Is there any hope for me?' 'Yes, indeed, my brother, there is hope for you. Come up here, and let us tell Jesus all about it,' and he comes up sobbing and prostrates himself before God. We all gather around him and help pray him through. This time the start is genuine."

A FEAST TO HIS SOUL.

The following letter comes to hand from a prisoner in Allegheny City, Pa.:

"I am a prisoner in the Western Penitentiary of Pennsylvania—have been for more than eight years—and last Sunday morning while passing from my cell to the dining room a fellow prisoner handed me a bundle of old papers and books. I took but little notice of them at the time; but coming back to my cell I pulled the bundle from under my coat to see if I had anything worth reading, and the first thing my eyes fell upon was these words, 'The Life Boat.' 'Here is something good,' I said to myself, and commenced to read; and did I find anything worth reading? Yes, I found a feast to my soul, one that will last many days.

"All of these long years of prison life the Lord has been with me and I have tried to follow Him day by day; but often I have prayed a prayer like this: 'Lord Jesus, I know Thou art my Friend, the One who died to save me from my sins, but no one else cares any-

thing for a poor convict.' Such has been my prayer many a time, and such are the prayers today of thousands more like me. But since reading this magazine the last clause of it shall be my prayer no longer, for I am convinced now that there are some true Christian men and women in the outside world.

"You are a stranger to me and far from me in person, but in spirit you are not. From what I read in a letter addressed by you to the prisoners I can see the workings of Christ through you, which brings you very near. The reason so many people fail in prison work is that they run before they are sent. In order to point out the way to someone else we must *first* know the way ourselves... I am thankful that God is blessing your work, which is proof that you are one of His dear ones; and may His Holy Spirit continue to guide you day by day. Trusting these few remarks will encourage you and your dear husband to continue pressing the battle to the front, knowing that your labor is not in vain in the Lord, I remain yours in Him."

WHAT WE ARE DOING AT THE SUBURBAN HOME.

MAUD GREY.

Now is the busy time of the year at the Suburban Home. There is planting, hoeing, and raising of chickens to be done to help to supply the needs of the coming winter. Our girls each do their part in picking and canning fruit, helping with the garden and other lines of work. By this means we feel that they will become all-round housekeepers, so that they can go out from here and take charge of other homes.

They also have a regular time for Bible reading and silent prayer by themselves, then twice a week we have our class where they are taught the truths of the Bible. Every afternoon between four and five finds the family gathered together, one reading aloud while the others sew; at present they are sewing carpet rags for a carpet for the Home, with the exception of one day when they do their private sewing. Each evening for worship we have an outline study of the Bible, having commenced at the beginning. In this way those who have never studied the Bible have a chance to find what is in it, and for morning

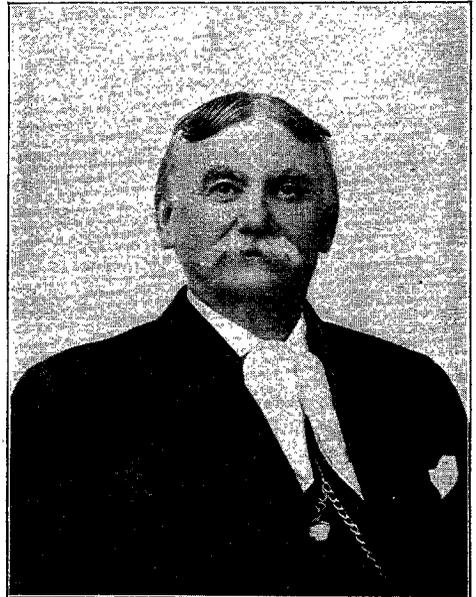
worship we have the Sabbath-school lesson or some special chapter.

Last year many of our friends canned fruit for the Home, which was very much appreciated. We hope they will carry on the good work again this year, as we have only cherries on our place, so can not get all the necessary fruit.

A BEACON LIGHT.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

Charles N. Crittenton came to New York City when twenty years of age with sixty dollars in his pocket, which he invested in druggist sundries, then went from one drug



store to another, took orders, and later delivered the goods. Within five years by sheer industry he had accumulated twenty thousand dollars. Out of this finally grew the great wholesale drug business on Fulton Street bearing his name. But the Lord had a higher work for this clear-headed business man than merely to accumulate wealth and a position of fame in the business world, and in the following manner he was brought to recognize it. May you who read these lines find your larger work in a less painful way.

The darkness of despair settled down over

his Fifth Avenue home. His little Florence, the pride of his heart, was stricken with disease and died. For months the heart-broken father was in rebellion against God for depriving him of his child, but one day while returning from his business a text crowded into his mind which he had learned in his childhood: "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten."

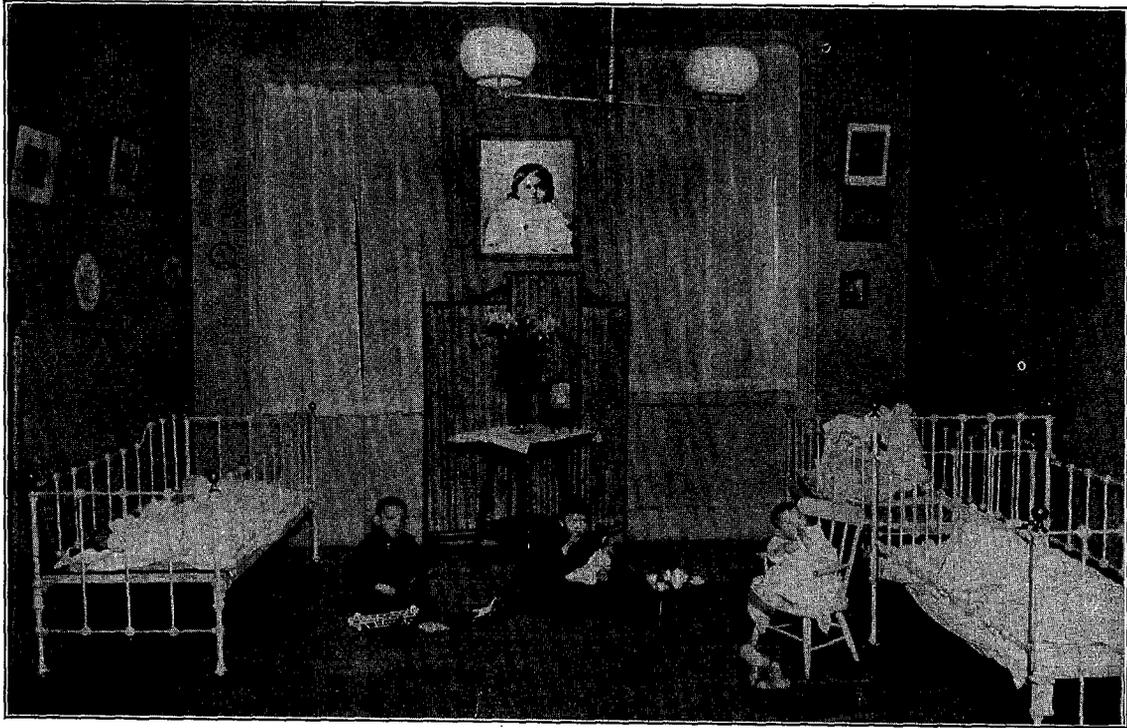
man's brain the sensible question arose, "Where can they go?" He soon decided to open up the Florence Crittenton Mission on Bleecker Street, at present located at 21-23 Bleecker Street, from which branch homes have sprung up in sixty cities of the United States, and also homes in Japan, China, France and Mexico. During these twenty-three years



He went home and struggled over the matter with the Lord until new peace came into his life.

Shortly after this, while on a visit to the slums with a night missionary, they talked and prayed with two girls and exhorted them to "go and sin no more"; but in this business

thousands and thousands of girls have been sheltered within their doors. When it seemed to these girls that every human heart was steeled against them, when every good person seemed too good to help them, and every wicked person ready to pull them down, they here found exhibited in human lives some of



A GLIMPSE OF THE NURSERY.

that charity which covers a multitude of sins and expresses itself in substantial help.

In the Bleecker Street Mission gospel services are held every night of the year, and it is estimated that over thirty thousand persons attended these services last year. One

for them and then afterward keep in touch with them by correspondence. These girls frequently remember the Mission by little donations, more than four hundred dollars being received from this source last year.

We give below a few incidents furnished us



A Group of Babies who have been sheltered in the Florence Crittenton Nursery, with the picture of little Florence in the center.

hundred and ninety-seven girls, representing nineteen different countries, were received into this home and ninety-five babies were cared for. Thirty-seven thousand meals were served in the home. The plan is to keep the girls for six months and secure proper situations

at our recent visit to this mission, which show how the girls are reached, and as you read them one by one, if you are a Christian, ask yourself this question: "Is it not possible for me to do a similar work right at my door?" Why not consecrate your home to

God and as some needy case comes to your attention do what you can for them?

ALL HOPE GONE.

"One day a poor, discouraged, sin-sick woman called at the City Lodging House and asked to be sent to 'The Island.' She was not an habitu  of the city institutions, and instead of sending her to the workhouse they gave her one of the mission cards. She came to us and told her sad story of sin and sorrow. She seemed to think there was no place for her but the police station. We talked with her and induced her to remain. In appearance she was not a hopeful case, deep marks of sin were in her face, and she was so discouraged that she felt there was no use trying. But in a few days a change came. She accepted Christ, and went about her daily duties with the hope and courage which He alone can give. After several months at the Mission, she was sent to a situation in the country, and for the past year has been standing fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free.

KEPT FOR TWENTY YEARS.

"During the testimony meeting one night a woman arose and said: 'Twenty years ago I entered this Mission so intoxicated I did not remember anything except the grasp of the leader's hand as he stood at the door and persuaded me to come in. I went forward for prayer, and they prayed for me and I prayed for myself. Since that night not a drop of liquor has passed my lips. My husband was also a drinking man until five years ago, when he, too, was saved in answer to prayer.'

COULD NOT FACE IT.

"One cold day a man called with a rather strange request. He asked us to help him leave the city, and frankly stated that he was trying to run away from his wife and children. He said that he was to be dispossessed that day and could not see his little ones put out on the street, and said: 'Perhaps if I leave, someone will help the family.' Everything was said to show him it was cowardly and unjust for him to want to leave, and that the trial was no harder for him than for his wife. When asked if he drank, he said, 'Yes, and that is what makes it so hard for me. I feel so keenly that I have been responsible for it. My God! what shall I do if they freeze to death?'

"From God's Word he was shown that there

was a power that could come into his life that would not only save but keep him from sin, and he was told of living examples of men that had been under the same bondage, and found deliverance through Christ. He was given some material help, and went away much encouraged.

"Some weeks afterward he returned to thank us for our kindness and encouragement, and told us that he was working and supporting his family, and, best of all, he had found God's Word true in his life.

A DRUNKEN MOTHER RESTORED.

"One cold night there was among the older dissipated women in the chapel a young girl of fifteen, looking strangely out of place amid such surroundings. When questioned, she pointed to one of the unfortunate ones and said: 'Oh! good lady, this is my mother.' And then we learned that the girl worked in a Christian family uptown and every night came down to the slums to secure a night's shelter for the mother, who was one of the poor unfortunates who were addicted to drink. This night the lodging houses were filled and the daughter begged us to take care of her mother for that night, which we did, and afterward secured work for her, and she left with the determination that with God's help she would give up the drink. She has not been seen since among the old associates of the Bowery."

WHAT ARE YOUR DAUGHTERS DOING?

MRS. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Where do your daughters spend their evenings? What are they doing? Every mother should be able to answer these questions satisfactorily.

Last night in a beautiful prohibition Chicago suburban town some young men and women were seen on the streets intoxicated. Where were the fathers and mothers of these girls and boys? Why was the home not made so attractive that they would not need to go to the streets for pleasure?

The other day a young girl was brought to me who had been rescued in a certain town from the hands of wicked men who were about to lead her astray. This young girl tells me that she was allowed by her mother

to go out evenings and choose her own company. Undoubtedly her mother thought as many mothers think: "My girl can never be led astray." However in this case her company proved to be deceivers and seducers, and so unconsciously and unwittingly she was almost led to life's ruin.

How many other daughters are being led away right before their mothers, and yet they do not seem to know about it? Why should they not know about it? What excuse can a mother have for not knowing what kind of associates her daughter has? What greater business has a mother to do than to know where her daughter is spending her evenings?

These are picnic and party days; what about the crowd your girl goes out with—do you know them? May God help the mothers to realize their sacred duty in teaching their daughters about the snares set for their feet, and also to implant principles of purity and uprightness in their hearts.

**"WHATSOEVER A MAN SOWETH,
THAT SHALL HE ALSO REAP."**

H. H. FRANKLIN,
Twin Falls, Idaho.

Leaving Salt Lake City, I arrived here last August to find employment as a common laborer, in which capacity I have been for some years although educated and fitted out for a better position in life. I am now a man of fifty-eight years. My father was an Episcopalian clergyman. I was born in Ireland.

I took a classical course at the Royal School of Dungannon, county of Tyrone, North of Ireland, was then transferred to the city of Kilkenny, and entered a college there for three years, after which I went to Dublin City and entered for the examination in Arts of the Apothecary's Hall of All Ireland, which I successfully passed in the year 1869. I then was apprenticed to the apothecary profession and after three years went as a compounder of medicine according to the art of an apothecary.

At twenty years of age I was taking out lectures on surgery and physics, intending to become a doctor, but in an evil hour I fell a victim to dissipation, going from bad to worse and grieving my gray-haired mother's and father's hearts. Then I left for the United States. I had very fine clothes and was

dressed like a gentleman, but my sin brought me down to this. I am reaping what I sowed, and although all my sins have now been washed away in the precious crimson stream, still the punishment for sin remains. God's Word is unchangeable: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Now it is so different. I wish, oh, how much I wish I had obeyed my parents and given my heart to the Saviour. My dear, precious mother used to say to me sometimes, "Henry, take Jesus for your friend." I remember mother taking a walk with me out on the lawn near our house one day when I had just returned on a vacation from Dublin City, and putting her arm round my waist she said solemnly and sweetly, "Henry, dear son, I wish you would give your heart to Jesus." But my heart was like stone. I would laugh it off as it were. But it still left an impression, and glory be to God, that impress of mother's words remained till in God's mercy and love to me I finally, after years of sin, after wasting the best part of my life, after throwing away opportunity after opportunity, came to Jesus.

He told me He would not cast me out. He said, "Come unto Me," "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." John 11:25, 26.

HEALTH, A FREE GIFT.

LILLIAN E. MAGAN, M. D.

All heaven is health. It is not God's plan or purpose that there should be sickness, suffering, misery, disease and death. It was and is still His purpose that men should be sound in body and always full of happiness and good cheer. Sickness and suffering come as result of sin. God gave instructions in regard to how to live to preserve the health. He sent His Son that we might not only have life, but that we might have it more abundantly. (John 10:10.) Through Paul He importunes us that we preserve our whole spirit and soul and body blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

He has surrounded us with such splendid conditions for the maintenance of health that it is only by continued neglect and disobedience to the laws of life that we fasten dis-

ease upon ourselves. The most essential life-giving element, pure air, is without money and without price; it is free to all and will come to all if there is even the smallest window open for its entrance. There is nothing that is so essential for the preservation of health as plenty of pure, fresh air. If a person were deprived of air for five minutes he would die. *Impure* air destroys a body gradually and brings sickness instead of immediate death.

The strong rays of the sun are one of the most efficient germ killers known to man. Have you ever noticed the depressing effect of several successive cloudy days? The body needs sunshine; our houses need sunshine; plants make a very sickly growth without sunshine, and many little children grow sickly and peevish and die for the lack of it.

Pure water is another free blessing of heaven. Three-quarters of the body is composed of water; every cell and tissue of the body is bathed in it. Water is free to all, and may be used to preserve health as well as to relieve suffering. During the hot summer months the little children would be greatly benefited by an immersion in a cool bath or by a cool sponge to the body, and the energies of the men and women who work in the dusty, smoky, dark places of the city would be revived, increased and sustained by the simple use of a short, cold morning bath. Those who are weak should take a cold sponge bath; stronger ones could take a spray, a dash from a pail of water or even a plunge in the bath tub with brisk rubbing after it.

The body should not be hampered by clothing which restricts the organs, as tight waist bands and heavy skirts. The necessary burdens of life are sufficient without voluntarily assuming an unnecessary weight. We would think a man very foolish to wear shackles about his work because he considered them becoming; but the clothing is frequently made a constant discomfort.

It is said that "as a man eateth, so is he." We can not expect to build up strong, beautiful, healthy bodies out of material which either does not contain the proper food elements to sustain life or which are so mixed with ingredients that are harmful or indigestible that their food value is greatly decreased. The most simply prepared foods are the best. The body can not assimilate any food until it is rendered perfectly solu-

ble. Perfect mastication is the first step in this. We get as much nourishment from three-quarters the amount of food well chewed as from four parts swallowed in chunks. A small amount of good food eaten in repose is worth double the amount of food eaten in a hurry when tired.

A man who is careful to preserve his health can do better work, can think clearer, and will have higher ambitions and less temptation to use stimulants. God has spread out before us the laws of life in all nature. "Speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee." When God created man He put him in the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it and to make it his home. It is still much easier for a man to do right and to keep in health when he is surrounded by the lessons of nature. Man needs the same conditions of life to preserve health as do the plants, the trees, the birds and beasts of the field. Plenty of sunshine and fresh air, good food and water to drink, freedom to exercise in the sunshine,—these are the conditions that promote health.

In the crowded districts of our large cities it is hard for even a blade of grass to grow. If it were not that God had made it easier to live than to die, the unnatural conditions of life which are forced upon many would have blotted out their existence before this. But God is very merciful: He has made His blessings so free that they come even uninvited into the poorest and most crowded of homes, and this is His way of continually calling unto men to know that He is God and that He will never leave them nor forsake them. He invites you to accept and to appropriate these free blessings that you may have health.

"Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things [the stars and planets], that bringeth out their host by number: He calleth them all by names by the greatness of His might, for that He is strong in power; not one faileth." Isa: 40:26. There is not one of His children on the face of the earth, whether he be in a dark and lonely place or in a happy home, but that the Lord watches over and cares for him and knows him by name and tries to draw him to Himself by the many blessings with which He surrounds him. Not a sparrow falls to ground but that He knows. "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." (Matt. 10:31.)



CAMPING OUT ON THE SANITARIUM GROUNDS.

The rejection or perversion of these simple and abundant blessings which are the conditions of life, brings upon man sickness and suffering and death. We may rest assured that the commandments and statutes which God has given us are "for our good always, that He might preserve us alive." (Deut. 6:24.) "Ye shall walk in all the ways which the Lord your God hath commanded you, that ye may live, and that it may be well with you, and that ye may prolong your days in the land which ye shall possess." Deut. 5:33.

It is the plan and purpose of God that we should so enjoy the blessings of His love here that we may desire to dwell with Him eternally and continue to enjoy His blessings. He looks upon man in sorrow for the affliction he has brought upon himself, and says, "If any say, I have sinned, and perverted that which was right, and it profited me not," I "will deliver his soul from going into the pit, and his life shall see the light." Job 33: 27, 28. "Cast away from you all your transgressions, whereby ye have transgressed; and make you a new heart and a new spirit: for why will ye die?.....I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God: Wherefore turn yourselves, and live ye." Eze. 18:31, 32.

"SOW BESIDE ALL WATERS."

PEARL WAGGONER.

On the barren, stony soil,
Sow the Gospel seed;
Sow with unremitting toil,
Sow 'mid thorn and weed.
Sow in hearts where't seems in vain,
Deeply dyed with sin's dark stain;
Sow in hearts laid low by pain,
Sow in hearts that bleed.

In the sunshine or in storm,
Sow, yes, sow it still;
In the evening as at morn,
Every moment fill.
Sow, for harvest time is near
When the Reaper shall appear;
Sow though skies be dark or clear,
Sow when winds are chill.

Sow beside the water's edge,
All along the way,—
In the highway, by the hedge,
Sowing day by day.

Sow though weary be your feet,
Sow, for swift the moments fleet;
Sow in field, in lane, in street,

Sow, yet ever pray.
Where a human soul doth live,
There with patience sow,
Trusting God the rain will give
Causing it to grow.
Sow where seed was sown of yore,
Though no sign of fruit it bore;
Sow where none have sown before,—
Sow where'er you go.

Sow wherever hearts are sore,
Where in gloom they weep;

Sow the seed yet still the more,
Should other sowers sleep.
Onward let your watchword be,
Sowing for eternity;
Golden grain you soon will see,
And with gladness reap.

GLIMPSES OF A MEDICAL MISSIONARY CLINIC.

LENA LEOTA HOLLAND, M. D.

The word clinic conveys to most minds an unpleasant picture—a poor, sick man or woman before a class of students to be looked upon merely as a case out of which they are to obtain all the knowledge and experience possible without thought of the feelings or comfort of the patient, who often receives harsh wounds and unkind treatment.

Many a poor man and woman thank the Lord to-day for the American Medical Missionary College Dispensary at 3558 Halsted street. They have found it a place where they may come and feel that every student has their best interests at heart, where they receive kindness and sympathy, where they are treated the same as though they were paying the best prices for services rendered. None are regarded as mere cases, but as human souls, sent there by God for help.

Here comes a man with a shattered nervous system. He is but a wreck of his former self. He finds himself unable to do business, his hand is unsteady, he can not concentrate his mind, his best plans seem to be at fault, he is on the verge of dementia. After a careful examination the physician tells him he must give up his tobacco if he would ever build up this broken-down nervous system; he can never hope to be any better if he does not do it. With almost a look of despair the man says he knows it, he has tried again and again but failed. The physician asks him if he believes that God hears prayer. He says "Yes," and all bow their heads and ask God to help this poor man break the chains, which bind him to sickness and disease, and to do those things which sow for health. He follows with an earnest prayer to the great Healer, and all feel that He who has said to cast all your care upon Him, and, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden," will certainly hear this sick man's cry.

The hardened sinner who has been brought to his miserable condition by disobedience to

Nature's law is here pointed to the One who can make the bitter waters sweet. Often you see new hope spring into his life and he leaves with something beside a box of pills or a bottle of medicine—something which is more powerful to regenerate new blood, new tissue, new nerves and energy, than any drug known.

From early morning till late evening the sick discouraged ones are passing in and out of this Mecca of healing. Their present troubles are relieved and they are taught how to care for themselves in their homes. The sunshine and fresh air which have been shut out are allowed to flood in with their life-giving properties, and the home which was formerly dark with distress and sorrow is now lighted up with joy and happiness.

EATING SECOND-HAND FOODS.

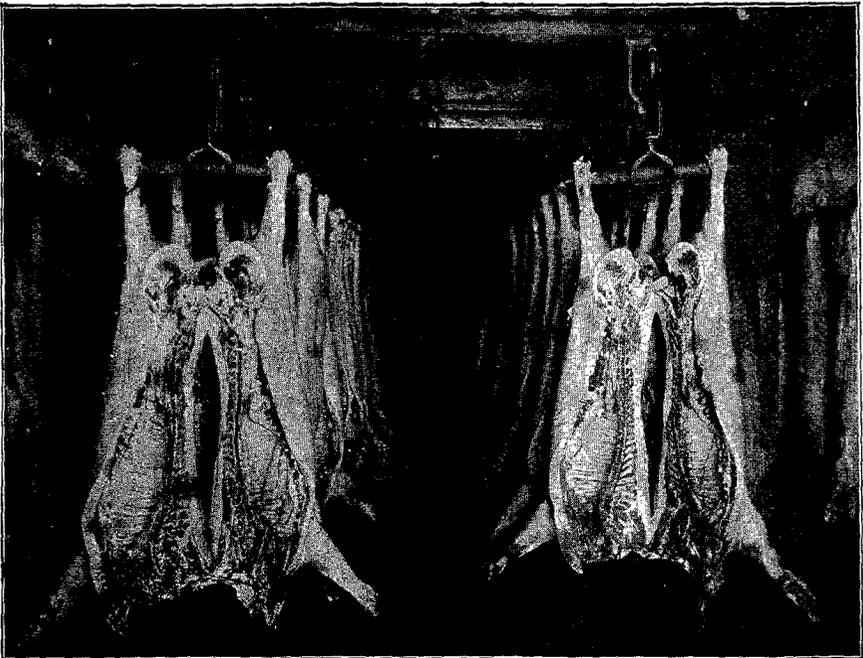
DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

One naturally shrinks from wearing second-hand clothing because he never can know what disease the former owner of the clothing may have been afflicted with. In view of the alarming prevalence of cholera and trichinosis among swine, tuberculosis and lumpy jaw among cattle, it is becoming a live question

as to whether it is not better to eat wholesome grains, nutritious nuts, luscious fruits and substantial vegetables clean and wholesome from the lap of nature than after they have been built up in some animal who was perhaps so diseased that the butcher's knife only got the advantage of nature by a few weeks or months at best.

Many eat the flesh of animals to get strength, forgetting that the ox does not get his strength by eating other oxen, and perhaps also ignorant of the fact that some of the noted long-distance walkers, bicycle riders and others exhibiting unusual endurance, do not use animal flesh. The Japanese nation, which has opened the eyes of the entire civilized world to their physical endurance and clearheadedness in grappling with the Russians; were practically a non-flesh-eating people.

Modern conditions of society have so changed the old order of things that now the majority of the meat which is eaten in this country is prepared in great packing houses. Conditions under which this is carried on are such that President Roosevelt, in recent messages to Congress, has described it as "revolting," and a special commission was appointed by the Government to investigate conditions in Chicago packing houses.



Those who have read the report will, we are sure, agree with the editor of one of our daily papers who said it was so repulsive that it should be marked "for private reading only."

The recent extensive experiments of Professor Chittenden, of Yale, who is known as the "watch dog of American sciences," amply sustain the supposition that many thinking men have entertained for years that the American people are eating an excessive quantity of proteids, or the beefsteak line of foods. This accounts largely for the alarming increase of rheumatism, Bright's disease and other disturbances which can be easily traced to the overwhelming of the system with clinkers or the proteid waste products. It is a significant fact that the first suggestion which the intelligent doctors make when called upon to treat such a case is to forbid the use of flesh foods. Would it not have been equally wise to discontinue their use a few months or even a few years *before* they had produced all this? In other words, to have "locked the barn before the horse was stolen?"

Professor Chittenden's experiments, which extended over a period of nine months, were made upon a corps of United States soldiers detailed by the Government for this purpose, and a company of Yale athletes and a number of the college professors. Every particle of food eaten was carefully measured as well as the body wastes, and it was found that these men lived more comfortably, had better physical strength, clearer heads, with a dietary composed of from one-third to one-half the amount of proteid which they had formerly consumed; and this without increasing the amount of sugar, starch and fats that they were previously consuming. The proportion of proteid that these men consumed was one-tenth of the entire meal, or very nearly the proportion in which gluten, which is proteid, is found in grains. With the addition of a small amount of nuts and the use of a moderate quantity of dairy products there is certainly no reason from a scientific standpoint why the human system should not be sufficiently nourished without partaking of the least quantity of animal flesh.

SEEMS DARK AND DREARY.

From the State prison at Michigan City, Ind., we receive the following lines:

"I take the opportunity to drop you a few

lines. I have been reading your magazine and find it to be one of the best Christian papers published. After reading it many a new thought has come to me: faith in God's over-ruling providence and in the reality of His interposition in answer to prayers for deliverance and help of His people under any and all circumstances. Things seem dark and dreary in a place of this kind; it means more than one can express in words to be deprived of freedom.

"It pays to be on the Lord's side. The promises of God are conditioned on our being in this state of heart toward God: 'If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.' John 15:7. There is help for all who want to be good, and I shall go out of here transformed. If I can I will send and take your magazine for a while; I like it the best of all, and would like to receive a letter from you; it would cheer me."

HIS FATAL MISTAKE.

The following are extracts from a letter written by a prisoner at Joliet, Ill.:

"For some time I have been thinking of writing to you. I remember your kind, cheering letters I used to receive when I was at the Reformatory at Pontiac, and I thought you would help me again. I made lots of friends after I got out, but I made a misstep and landed behind the bars again. All my friends went back on me except One, and this is Christ Jesus. He is my Friend and my future is in His hands.

"I was doing finely after my release, but all of a sudden I made one fatal mistake. I thought of coming to you the day I got out, but I stopped and considered the matter this way: 'Am I not big enough, etc., to look out for myself, without having someone help me?' There is where I was wrong. I started out for myself and as a result gave way to temptation and fell into sin.

"On my arrival at the prison I started a new life, gave my heart to God, and took to reading my Bible. I think it was the mercy of God that put me here. I do hope and pray He will let me live to get free once more; I'll then prove I am for God. If you can find time to write to a repentant sinner, I assure you your letters will be welcome. I get no letters and feel lonely at times. Pray for me."

CARE OF CHILDREN DURING THE
HOT SEASON.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

During the summer months there is a much greater death rate among small children than in the winter time. Particularly is this true in our large cities. Science has clearly shown that the feeding bottle, the half decomposed milk, the unripe or decayed fruit, vegetables or meat, living in crowded districts without proper ventilation, sunshine or proper hygiene, are largely responsible for this. If a few small precautions are taken there is no doubt but thousands of young lives could be saved. If this can be done, why should it not be done?

The child's clothing should be simple, light weight and non-irritating to the skin. Put some soft material next to the baby's skin. Many wonder why the baby "breaks out so" when a heavy, coarse flannel shirt is next to its skin. Take this off and put soft silk or outing flannel in its place.

Normally the infant's alimentary canal is not infected with dangerous germs, but infection quickly occurs when it feeds from an unclean nipple or tries to eat a piece of greasy meat, etc., and when the other food that it takes is not sterilized or boiled.

In order for the child to have a healthy skin, the importance of which is often overlooked, it should have a warm cleansing bath daily, followed by a cold sponge at a temperature of about eighty degrees. Rub the skin briskly and then dry it thoroughly. This will greatly encourage the activity of the skin and will be an important factor in maintaining it in good health.

Let the child have fresh air twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four. Keep it outdoors in the daytime and have the bedroom window wide open at night. Don't be afraid of air and sunshine; they are God's great gifts to us and are necessary for our health.

Too often serious stomach or bowel troubles have their origin in a picnic or excursion dinner where pickles, half decayed cheese or canned meat are freely eaten by old and young. If a diet of perfectly fresh fruits, well-cooked grains, thoroughly baked bread, fresh vegetables, simple desserts and other wholesome foods were eaten we would get through the

hot season with a much smaller number of ordinary summer complaints.

Those who will cut out of their summer dietary all fried foods, rich pastries, highly spiced foods and meats, will be gratified to find that their customary troubles and their usual doctors' bills have practically disappeared.

AN INCIDENT IN SALOON WORK.

J. H.

A man standing at the bar was asked to purchase a LIFE BOAT. He said he was "broke." As we told him of the contents of the little paper we were offering him, how it was the testimony of men and women redeemed through the power of Jesus' blood, he said to the man behind the bar: "Let me take a dollar." Then when I handed him the change he said: "Keep it." Oh, how my soul praised the Lord that one dollar had been taken out of the barkeeper's pocket and given to His precious soul-saving work!

You do not know what joy these experiences give us until you try it for yourselves.

SEEKING FOR SOMETHING.

From Jefferson City, Mo., a prisoner writes: "I now take the opportunity of answering your very kind and welcome letter which I received some time ago. I must say I am very glad I have received this paper; it has helped me a great deal. But I am not satisfied yet; probably I am seeking for something greater than I can find, but I will keep on at any rate and I hope I will be rewarded soon. I have read this paper and re-read it and think it the best little paper that I ever read. I give my copies of it to the other boys and they read them, and in that way they keep going. I hope they will do someone else good."

WAYSIDE SOWING.

MRS. A. E. LOUNSBURY.

Sioux City, Iowa.

I find that this magazine sells as well in Sioux City as other towns where I have disposed of it, and as a result it moves upon the hearts of the people for good continually. I will endeavor to briefly relate a few of the many experiences that I have met with in the work.

I offered to sell a paper to a young man who was engaged in preparing a cigarette. He only made slight or insulting remarks in return for my throwing out the life-line to rescue his soul and said he had not time for such things. I tried to explain the evil of smoking and the need of that which endureth into everlasting life, but he refused to listen.

It brought to my memory the rich young ruler who once kneeled before our Master inquiring the way of life. The answer was to keep the commandments and to dispose of his earthly possessions, which were great, but alas, they were coveted more than treasures in heaven and he went away sorrowful, rejecting Christ. How sad that anyone should care more for worldly possessions than for life eternal! It means something to be a Christian soldier; there should be a sacrifice before we can enter into life to fight for God.

I sold one paper to a newsboy who was a slave to cigarette-smoking, giving him at the same time a lesson on the subject, to which he paid but little attention. Later, however, I met him and he said that he was going to quit cigarettes and had smoked but two that week. One week from that time he called and said that he had quit entirely. He is a promising youth: may he never again yield to this craze!

One lady whom I found was so hungry for a salvation sermon that she listened very eagerly to my words and said she was so glad to meet me and would call often and get more spiritual food. She finally confessed that her husband was an infidel who often prevented her from attending divine worship, and with tears running down her cheeks implored me to tell her if she would be held responsible to God for her absence. I comforted her by saying that God knew all and that He was just, and if she remained true to Him and would give Him her best He would never forsake or leave her alone. This gave her new courage and she began to weep tears of joy.

I found a man who had been blind for years and was living a very lonely life, being alone the greater portion of his time. His house was clean, tidy and quite respectable. He had spent a good many years in serving the enemy of his soul, but when I began reading a copy of this magazine to him he at once became interested and demanded to know the destiny of the wicked. I explained that the wages of

sin is death, then read the Scripture to him on these points, bringing it very forcibly to bear upon his mind. He became quite serious, also requested to know in what manner the Saviour would appear. As I continued to explain these things he realized that he was unprepared to meet such a judge, but he had a desire to be better.

Now I ask you all to pray for this man's salvation. Though sightless and deprived of many of the comforts of life, may the dear Lord transform him into a new creature, that at His appearing he may behold Him with a spiritual eye. All over we find sheep who are hungry, weak and lean for the need of a true pastor to lead them into green pastures and to refresh them with the living water.

"I AM A CHANGED MAN."

E. B. VAN DORN.

The accompanying picture is that of a young man who came to the Mission about two years ago. He seemed to be in great trouble, and wanted us to help him, not in a



financial way, but in the way of encouragement. He was willing that we should pray for him, yet he did not seem to get hold of the fact that he could pray and have the assurance that the Lord would hear him. After a short time he disappeared, and I lost sight of him for some time.

Last fall, near Thanksgiving, he came to

the Mission again, and after several interviews, one evening he surrendered and gave his heart to the Lord. He told me that he would go home to his mother. His aunt met him at the door and he put his arm around her neck and kissed her, saying, "I am a converted boy, I am done with the old life." She expressed her joy and he went in, and as his mother entered he said to her, "I am a changed man." The mother's heart was filled with joy to overflowing.

His father was sick, and he did all he could to gladden the last hours of him who had done his best for him. A few days after his conversion his father was laid away to rest; to await the call of the trumpet. There was another in the home who had been sick for a number of months, an uncle of his, and he did all he could for him; but finally he himself began to complain of a pain in the chest; on the first of February the doctor was called and by the 14th he died.

His mother came to see me on Decoration Day and told me much of his early life, how at the age of nineteen he went on the railroad and then began to drink, thinking he could take a drink or let it alone, and how her prayers and entreaties all these years seemed of no avail till he came to the Mission. From that time he was a different man and the neighbors had noticed it and come in to see what was the matter with Fred. Then she would tell them that he had been converted.

There were two songs that he was constantly singing for about a month before he died; the first was one that his grandmother used to sing to him at evening time when he was about twelve years old. Here is the quotation as given me by his mother:

"The day is past and gone, the evening shades
appear,
O, may we all remember well, the shades of
night draw near.

"We lay our garments by, upon our beds to
rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all, of what we
here possess.

"And when we early rise, and view the un-
wearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize, and after
glory run."

The other song was, "There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus." The father died December 5, 1905. This young man died February 14, 1906, and his uncle died April 28, 1906. But the grief for the death in that home was turned to joy of the resurrection power, for the power of the loving Christ that raised the young man out of the depths of sin and established his feet in the way of righteousness, is able to bring the brother, husband, and son from the grave, triumphant over death, clothed with the garments of light.

HOW I WAS LED TO BEGIN PRISON WORK.

MRS. ELLEN ALBERT,
San Luis Obispo, Cal.

[The Lord has given to every man his work. Have you found what He has given you to do? If not, ask Him to help you to find it, for you will not be truly happy until you do.

Perhaps the poet has pictured your case in the words:

"It may not be on the mountain's height,
Nor over the stormy sea;
It may not be at the battle's front
My Lord will have need of me;
But if by a still, small voice He calls
To paths that I do not know,
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine,
I'll go where You want me to go."

Be the service God expects of you ever so slight or insignificant, do not fail to find it.—
Ed.]

My interest in prisoners was awakened through reading Matt. 25:43, which says, "I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not; sick and in prison, and ye visited me not." The rebuke seemed to be alive as though God Himself was speaking to me. At this time no work of a religious character was done in the jail. Formerly when I had read this passage of scripture and had felt it a duty to comply with its teaching I had always succeeded in shaking it off; but at this time which I speak of, one year ago last February, the conviction was so strong in regard to my duty in this matter that I went to the president of the W. C. T. U., of which I have long been a member, and asked her why no more meetings were held in the county jail.

I had not dreamed that she would ask me to take up this work, but that is just what she did do. I did not feel competent to carry it

on and hardly knew how to begin, so I began by asking someone to lead the meetings each time until I became so much interested in the work that I could not keep silent any longer, and so have been leading the meetings for some time. This is how I became interested in prisoners.

When I first went to the jail there were about twenty-five inmates. The majority would go in to the services, and the thing which surprised me was that they listened so attentively to the lesson and everything which was said. At first one of the young men—an educated Englishman—would not go in to the services, but would sit in the corridor and listen. The first time I caught sight of him he was pacing up and down the corridor which runs just back of the room in which we hold our meetings, but I could not get an opportunity to speak to him. After one of our services, however, he came to the door as I passed out, and this gave me an opportunity of speaking to him. Soon afterward we had the pleasure of having him come in to the meetings, and after he was released he came out to my home to thank me for the interest that I took in him, but told me how when we first came out to the jail he would curse us and wish that we would stay at home. He said that at one time he was a church-going man, but had wandered away down the path which leads to ruin. His mother was a Christian, but had died while he was confined in jail. He wept as he told me of it.

One of the men who was sent to our State prison says he was converted through our teaching while in jail here. God has wonderfully blessed my own soul since taking up this work.

BIBLE STUDENTS IN PRISON.

As we read of men behind prison bars committing extensive portions of the scriptures to memory ought there not to be born in our hearts a determination to become more thorough-going Bible students instead of waiting to be driven there in the hour of adversity?

The following are abstracts of a recent letter received from an inmate of the Indiana State Prison:

"I have been a prisoner a little over three years. When I look back and see my evil

ways it seems to me I have been the chief of sinners. I followed race horses for over thirty-two years. Three months ago I cried and groaned in my soul; I never felt so bad all the days of my life. I fell on my knees and prayed with all my heart and soul. All at once the voice of Jesus came to my heart saying, 'I will help you,' and from that time until this my life has been changed. I have had a transformation that I never had before.

"There is no day goes over my head that I do not read the Bible. I know nearly twenty-six chapters by heart, nearly seven hundred and fifty verses; I learned them all but one chapter in prison. I pray oftentimes a day; I have to do it to keep from sin."

SCIENTIFIC DIETETICS IN THE TREATMENT OF INEBRIATES.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

History informs us that the Babylonians were compelled by law to take their invalids out into the public streets and to inquire of all the passersby whether they had ever seen any other person similarly afflicted and what remedial measures were successful in their restoration. And the great physician, Hippocrates, who lived 450 B. C., says, "I am persuaded that the whole art of medicine was first acquired in this manner."

In this scientific age such primitive means of obtaining the requisite knowledge to care for the afflicted seems very crude, but until very recently the management of the inebriate was if anything even less scientific than the methods that were in vogue in the treatment of the sick thirty centuries ago, but it is very encouraging to note that the mist is being dissipated and that scientific methods are now beginning to be employed in the cure of the victim of the liquor habit.

In this paper it is my purpose to call attention only to the importance of scientific dietetics in the prevention and cure of inebriety. There is evidently a physiological reason for the drunkard's thirst just as surely as there are definite causes for the fever patient's elevation of temperature or for his weariness and fatigue.

The researches of the great French investigators, Bouchard, Boix, Roger and others have shown clearly that the poisons produced in the

gastro-intestinal canal by an unsuitable and unhygienic dietary, when they are absorbed into the blood not only lay the foundation for many of the most chronic disorders, but also produce, especially in neurotic individuals, a depression which seems well-nigh unendurable and which so frequently leads the poor sufferer to indulge in some form of alcoholic drinks in order to drive away, even if it be but temporarily, this almost *unbearable* despondency.

The eminent British physician, Lauder Brunton, has well said that the frying pan drums up trade for the man who sells bad whiskey; while if the food had been selected with reference to the proper proportions of food elements, sufficiently cooked and daintily prepared, the necessity of which Pawlow, the noted Russian scientist, has taught us by his epoch-making experiments, then each digestive organ would have contributed its requisite quantity of digestive juice. But as it is, many large portions of the food are digested by microbes with the production of corresponding toxins instead of undergoing normal digestion thus nourishing the individual instead of poisoning him, and thereby removing the temptation, as Dr. Brunton expresses it, "of trying to lessen the effect of the worry by a glass of spirits at the nearest tap."

The result of prescribing an exclusively fruit dietary four times a day for this class of inebriates for a day or two, or even longer, has an effect which is almost magical. The real secret is that the germs which are flourishing in the alimentary canal and which have been preying particularly upon the proteid portions of the food, producing most virulent toxic products, are thus not only deprived of their necessary pabulum, but, as has been shown by actual experiments, their activity is to a large degree inhibited in the presence of the fruit acids. This serves to remove much of the *source* of the poisoning, thereby lessening the general toxemia which is shown by a decreased amount of toxins in the secretion of the kidneys. It is very gratifying to note how the craving for liquor often disappears in proportion as the general toxemia is lessened.

Those who have given the most thought to this question are beginning to realize that the nation's eating has much to do with the nation's drinking. It is becoming more and more

evident that if the dinner 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 a neurotic individual who has inherited a weakened, hypersensitive, nervous system partakes freely of highly spiced, fiery foods, which taste hot even when they are *cold*, they create in him a thirst which water does not satisfy, and it is not surprising if he should ultimately discover that the saloon-keeper and the patent medicine vender dispense the stuff that satisfies his abnormal craving.

Practical experience has shown that an excessively high proportion of the proteid food element is not only unnecessary, but is positively detrimental to the organism; but the recent exhaustive experiments on this subject by Professor Chittenden, of Yale University, have now placed this subject upon an unquestionable scientific basis. His experiments are convincing evidence of the fact that when only ten per cent of the necessary total food units are derived from proteids, this proportion comes much nearer meeting the real physiological needs of the body than when the much larger proportion required by the long accepted Voit standard is used.

The inebriate's long continued use of alcohol has especially crippled his system from utilizing an excessive amount of proteids, and from eliminating the correspondingly large amount of nitrogenous waste. For this reason, any considerable proportion of this food element beyond the physiological requirements of the body, becomes particularly a menace to his physical well being, and sets up the very physical disturbances, as vascular hypertension, which will demand more liquor to dilate the peripheral vessels in order to lower the blood pressure and to smother other distressing symptoms. This is unquestionably one reason why a non-flesh dietary has proved such a valuable adjunct in the management of inebriates.

Dr. Brunton said years ago that an unnecessary excess of animal food not only led to physical disorder, but to an irritable and irascible frame of mind, which led to the taking of wine or spirits.

The personal experience of Eustace H. Miles, the world's champion amateur tennis player

and well-known author, illustrates this point. He says:

"I began to suffer from depression, headaches, increasing tiredness after hard exercise, constipation and albuminuria; the latter made it necessary for me to give up alcohol, but I felt a strong liking for it and the struggle was hard. Then I tried the simpler, or fleshless foods. Before long, away went my depression, my headaches, my tiredness after hard exercise, my constipation, and the symptoms of albuminuria. Away went my desire for alcohol too. . . . Physically, intellectually, morally and economically, my condition has improved." He then goes on to relate that whenever he has gone back to a flesh diet the liking for alcohol has always returned.

The Salvation Army Headquarters in England are carrying out an extensive experiment in this respect in their inebriates' home which is of interest. The matron reports the following concerning their results:

"About three years ago I was induced by Mrs. Booth to try the vegetarian cure for drunkenness. I had been working in the Home for four years previous to this, with the usual mixed diet—joints, bacon, salt fish, pickles, pepper, mustard, oysters, vinegar, etc.; and I was very skeptical about this new idea.

"Since that time one hundred and ten women of all shades of society have passed through the Home. Two-thirds of these have been (so far as the drink and drug habit are concerned) the worst possible cases; the majority of ages being from forty to sixty, most of them habitual drunkards of ten, fifteen, and even twenty-five years' standing; some so bad that other Homes would not receive them!

"There were those suffering from delirium tremens, there were morphia maniacs, having periods of fierce craving for the drug, at times amounting to madness. Others were so unnerved and such physical wrecks (not having eaten food of any description for weeks and even months), that I felt doubtful as to what would happen as a consequence of giving them this diet. You will agree with me that I had a variety of material to work upon. Now for results:

"Both myself and workers were quickly convinced that we had taken a right step. We found that the strain and anxiety about our work (inmates) gave place to a much more

restful and peaceful state of mind; also that we could think and sleep better. Some of us had suffered from severe headaches for years, which gradually disappeared. This was splendid! We also found less need for medicine.

"But what was taking place with us was rapidly developing in the inmates, only their sad condition made the change much more marked. Lazy, vicious, bloated, gluttonous, bad-tempered women, heavy with years of soaking, whose bodies exhaled impurities of every description, who had hitherto needed weeks, and even months of nursing and watching, to my astonishment and delight under this new treatment made rapid recovery, assuming a fairly normal condition in about ten days or a fortnight. Mrs. W., who had been drinking hard for sixteen weeks—twenty-five years a drunkard—came to us on a Thursday, and was up and about on the following Monday!

"Within four months we had practically abolished the meat diet. The people, as a whole, are much happier. We do not have violent outbreaks of temper as we used to; they are more contented, more easily pleased, more amenable to discipline."

Paper read June 7, 1906, at the thirty-sixth annual meeting of the American Society for the Study of Alcoholic Inebriety and other Narcotics, held at Boston.

(Concluded next month.)

Write us an account of some of your encouraging experiences in personal work.

A MISSION SCHOOL IN CUBA.

JOSEPH CLARK,
Ceballes, Cuba.

There are nearly two million people in Cuba. Many really want a good education. Their schools are very poor; teachers have no training or normal school. Pupils study out loud and some schools are little better than play houses. After three years' residence here with my family, doing what we could for these people, I am sure that a school will help to train workers to carry the gospel to others.

One brother wrote that the earthquake destroyed all their keepsakes, and said, "Perhaps we thought too much of them." Do you? Have you any jewelry or keepsakes, or surplus property of any kind that you can get along without, that you will sell and give to help start a Surplus Property Industrial Mission School

for Cuba? Only a little needed to help start a self-supporting work. Postage to Cuba, two cents. Dimes and American stamps will help.

AN INTERESTING CHINESE SCHOOL.

About four years ago a band of six consecrated missionaries laid down their burdens in Chicago where they were working in connection with our medical mission to take up greater burdens in a more needy field. For three years they toiled in the heart of China, when one of their number, Dr. Maud Miller, was taken sick and died. To-day in the province of Honan are three medical missions which have been established by these missionaries.

We give below extracts from a letter received from Miss Simpson in reply to a donation which had previously been sent by the Battle Creek Sanitarium Sabbath School for the Chinese children's New Years. Miss Simpson and Miss Erickson are conducting a school for girls in connection with their mission home.

I can not tell you how it cheered our hearts to know you people were so interested and willing to help us over here, and both Miss Erickson and myself wish to thank you for your generosity and love toward these poor Chinese children. If you could only have seen their happy faces the day when we had our little New Year's party I am sure you would have been repaid for your kindness toward them.

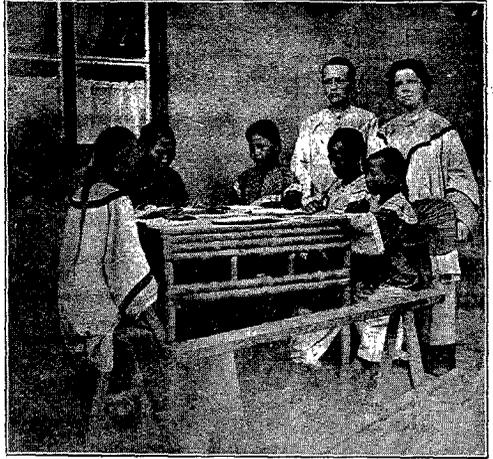
We decorated the schoolroom with paper flowers, and pictures and other things which we had, and it looked very pretty indeed. At noonday we gave them a good dinner and afterwards removed the tables and played games, and, oh, what fun they did have! At five o'clock we sent them home, first however giving them each a present.

I wish some of the children who sent money to give them this enjoyment could have been present. It was their first party, and how they did admire the decorations! One little girl looked first one side and then the other, and then cried out, "Flowers, flowers;" she seemed unable to say more for delight, but clapped her little hands and just beamed with joy.

And then at dinner, how they did eat! I am sure you can imagine how thankful the little ones were to those in America who so kindly remembered them. I must not forget to tell you the nature of the presents. All were pretty as well as useful, and all were articles to wear. Chinese children, especially girls,

seldom get presents or in fact anything pretty; all are supposed to get new garments at Chinese New Year's, but even if they do they are of the coarsest material possible.

I think you will be interested in hearing a little about our girls' school. At first their mothers did not think the girls could be spared: they were needed to help at home or



Miss Erickson and Miss Simpson in Chinese Costumes conducting their School.

else to care for the babies. Well, we said they could bring their babies along. This they did and we had a great time. Miss Erickson taught the girls and I found tin cans and put stones inside so the babies could amuse themselves by rattling them. You know Chinese children when they study have to shout at the top of their voices. Anyone hearing the noise might think there were one hundred children when perhaps there are only fourteen or fifteen.

Well, the girls studied and the babies rattled and neither disturbed the other, so all went well for several days, and after that the mothers began to see the importance of their little girls coming to school and decided to care for the babies themselves and give their daughters a good chance to study. They read quite nicely. Bible is their principal study, of course, and they also have writing, arithmetic, geography and Friday afternoons they spend some time on the Commandments. We also have Sabbath school, where we have just finished the life of Joseph. They seem to enjoy Bible stories very much.

We have a playground and encourage them to play games after school is dismissed. They enjoy best of all to jump the rope; it is wonderful how they can do it on their little crippled feet.



Editorial Department

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ASSOCIATE EDITOR



THE DEVIL TAKES NO SUMMER VACATION.

This is the time of the year when many of the leading churches in Chicago put up the sign on their doors, "Closed for the summer vacation." But we have yet to see a saloon, brothel, dance hall, or any of the devil's institutions closed up for the summer season, for this is the time of the year when the devil gets in his most effective work. Undoubtedly there are more souls lost in the summer than at any other time of the year. The picnics, the summer outings, the special excursions and other forms of recreation which should be the means of physical uplifting and spiritual refreshing, become too often the devil's opportunity to wreck some human souls.

Instead of the Christian worker laying down his armor during the summer time he should get such a glimpse of the inviting fields over on the heavenly shore that nothing here on this earth, no matter how attractive, could possibly tempt him to forsake God-given principles. It may at times require stern effort to steer straight for the right, but never forget that the kingdom of heaven is taken by violence "and the violent take it by force." (Matt. 11:12.) That is not a picture of passive folding of the arms, but, rather, aggressive, determined warfare.

THE WORST CASE ON RECORD.

Are you completely discouraged and feel that God has utterly forsaken you and that you are beyond all redemption and hope? If so, turn to 1 Kings 21:25 and read these words: "There was none like unto Ahab, which did sell himself to work wickedness in the sight of the Lord, whom Jezebel his wife stirred up." There is scarcely an evil in the dark catalogue of sins of which Ahab had not been guilty; and he had *deliberately* and *knowingly* sold himself to do it; yet when he showed signs of repentance and "went softly," then the Lord called the attention

of the prophet to it and promised that the curse which He had pronounced upon Ahab should not come upon him in his days.

The Lord is no respecter of persons (Acts 10:34); He is willing to treat you as well as He did Ahab, and you certainly could not have treated *Him* any worse.

A HOLD-UP ROBBERY AND ITS LESSON.

It was a very rocky and dangerous road, infested by bandits and robbers, leading down from Jericho to Jerusalem. One day a man carelessly ventured down that way alone; he was waylaid, robbed of his clothing and valuables, and almost lost his life. A priest came along that way, but his mind was so filled with the importance of his temple service and its forms and ceremonies that he never thought of doing anything for this poor, unfortunate man.

Later a Levite came along and gave the sufferer a look of curiosity, which is something that the poor outcast frequently gets even from professing Christians.

After these there came that way a man who was not a spiritual leader; he was not even considered an orthodox child of the kingdom. He was merely a poor, despised Samaritan, but he had what the others were entire strangers to, namely, compassion in his heart for human suffering.

You may not be able to bring to those who need your help genius or skill or wealth; but if the Lord has touched your heart you can bring what is far better,—compassion.

This Samaritan had never taken a special course in bandaging, but he bound up this poor sufferer's wounds to the best of his ability. He then took the oil and wine, which was probably a part of his lunch, and poured them into the man's wounds; the oil would soothe and the wine would serve as a disinfectant.

He could summon no ambulance, but he put the man onto his own beast. There was no hospital or sanitarium to which he could

bring this man, but he took him to the nearest inn and gave him his personal attention during the night. In the morning, instead of feeling that he had done his share and loading the rest of the responsibility upon the innkeeper, he instead left the equivalent of two days' salary in money to meet his expenses and left word that if it amounted to more he would settle it when he came again.

He ran the risk that each one of us have to run as we try to help others. This stranger might have been a grafter and remained there to run up a large bill on him, but if he thought of that at all it did not prevent him from doing his duty.

The priest and Levite were undoubtedly splendid men, and perhaps outwardly they fulfilled strictly the requirements of the law, but Christ says to us concerning the Samaritan's work, "Go, and do thou likewise." Luke 10:37.

DESTROYED FOR LACK OF KNOWLEDGE.

To us one of the most encouraging features of the American Medical Association meeting recently held in Boston was the advanced position taken regarding the social evil. One entire day was devoted to its consideration by some of the most eminent medical men of this country. They recognized the fact that the victims of diseases which are due to immorality are numbered not by thousands, but by millions, many of whom are innocently suffering because of the deliberate sins of others.

Dr. Burr, of Chicago, urged the necessity of greater and wider knowledge of the danger of diseased persons entering the marriage relation, summing up his belief with this dictum, "No health certificate, no marriage license."

Dr. Henry O. Marcy, formerly Surgeon General of the United States Navy, read a paper of which he said that although he was nearly seventy years of age he had never felt free to read before, and added that perhaps he was still ten years too young to read it. He took the ground that young people should be taught more about themselves and the terrible consequences resulting from ignorance concerning diseases which are to-day of far more serious consequences than tuberculosis, and that upon no subject was it so important as in reference

to the social purity question to "train up a child in the way he should go."

Dr. Pomeroy, of Boston, said that vaccination had removed the terror from smallpox, the wide-spread temperance agitation was mitigating the curse of alcoholism, the modern outdoor treatment was removing the sting from tuberculosis, and he added that education must now shed light on the frightful consequences of the social evil.

Dr. Herdman, professor of nervous diseases at Ann Arbor, Mich., suggested a standing committee for each State medical association to collect statistics regarding diseases produced by the social evil, and issue bulletins of instruction to the people. He stated that the State of Michigan had taken the lead in this matter and already was inaugurating a strong campaign in this direction.

New Orleans and Cuba have become awakened to the importance of destroying the mosquito that produces yellow fever, but the red-light districts of our large cities are more serious breeding places of disease than any mosquito breeding places are of yellow fever.

"BE YE CLEAN."

In view of the frightful havoc that is being wrought by the cigarette curse upon the young men and boys of this generation, it becomes a vital question how any Christian can afford to encourage this terrible evil by using tobacco in any form. The cigarette has such a destructive influence upon the mind and morals of our youth that the whole nation is becoming aroused, but can a habit that is so frightfully destructive to the youth be a *blessing* to the adult?

The smoking of a single cigar raises the blood pressure markedly for more than an hour, as can be demonstrated by instruments of precision. The effect of the first smoke is the *real* effect, to which the system gradually becomes accustomed.

The following extracts are from an editorial in a recent *Sunday School Times* written from the standpoint of the Christian worker:

Is the use of tobacco one of the things that helps the cause of Christ? Tobacco is used, and used freely and by great numbers, because it is a deadener of sensibilities. It helps to take the raw edge off life and feelings. It reduces brutal facts to pleasant seemings. The

cold, hard world is not half so cold and hard when seen through a blue haze of tobacco smoke. Tobacco is comforting and soothing, not by bringing fresh strength to the physical system, but by numbing nerve and brain activity and rendering nerves and brain somewhat less conscious. At its worst, it produces nervous depression and prostration. At its best, in ordinary "moderate" use, it acts as a narcotic, and a narcotic is that which "allays morbid susceptibility, relieving pain and producing sleep. In poisonous doses it (a narcotic) produces stupor, coma, and convulsions, and in still larger doses death."

Is it well to bring one's system, deliberately and voluntarily into the condition when once or several times in every twenty-four hours the system cries out for deadening, so that the regular use of a narcotic is necessary for peace of body and mind? Is it well that the facts and difficulties of everyday life should seldom be seen in their reality, but mostly through the softening unreality of pleasant seeming? Is it well to be normal only when we are abnormal? Is any creature on earth more miserable than the habitual tobacco user who can not get at his tobacco? The missing of an ordinary meal is not to be compared in resulting discomfort with the nervous strain of the omitted smoke. Yet food strengthens the body; and no tobacco user will claim that his body is built up by his habit.

Has any follower of Christ the right to deaden, by an abnormal habit from which nature at first revolts, the keenness of any of his God-given faculties and powers of sensitiveness? Can one think of Jesus the man and the minister, whose bodily needs were identical with ours, finding relief after an exhausting Sabbath at Capernaum in the soothing effects of tobacco? Is that suggestion irreverent and unthinkable? Why? Why more so than for one who is striving to make of his body a living sacrifice for that same Christ? What of Paul? Would it be possible to conceive of his parchments as being saturated with tobacco smoke, while on them were written the words: "I buffet my body, and bring it into bondage;" "Be ye imitators of me, even as I also am of Christ?"

IS THIS YOUR EXPERIENCE?

"I did not intend to let my subscription lapse, which it did last October. I feel as if something vital were missing, so helpful has been THE LIFE BOAT to me, who until recently have not felt the real need of Christianity in my heart. The testimony of those who have been saved by Christ's teachings through the efforts of your little publication is a touch that awakens one to a realization of the need of a true religion and has brought me face to

face with the necessity of accepting Christianity if I would have happiness here and hereafter."

THE NEEDS OF THE SUBURBAN HOME.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

We need larger quarters. We can only accommodate nine girls at one time. We have no room for the babies—they have to be cared for in the only sitting room in the house; we have no place to have classes with the girls, the matron has no private room—she has to sleep in the sitting room most of the time. We haven't even a bath room where the girls can be given treatment when they need it.

What we want to do is this: Build on a small addition which will cost about one thousand dollars. This will furnish us about six extra sleeping rooms, a bathroom, a room for the sick, a nursery, a class room, and matron's room. We have the plans all drawn for this; we are ready to go to work at once, but we have no money. We believe the Lord will send us this money. Every cent of money sent us will be put in these improvements. No one connected with the Home is receiving any salary; the workers there are giving themselves unselfishly to this work, which is *all they* can do.

Are there not some whom the Lord has blessed with means who can help us in carrying on this work by sending us means? Possibly there are some who could not send us money right away but could send pledges. We know that God wants this work to go on. The Home has been a place of refuge, a lighthouse to many poor girls; we want it to be to *many* more. The work is one of prayer and faith continually. We shall pray earnestly that God will impress several hearts to send us help *now*. Send the money to the writer, Hinsdale, Ill.

The Pacific Press Publishing Company has recently issued an "Earthquake Special" of the *Signs of the Times*, containing nearly a score of stirring articles relating to the recent earthquake and twenty-nine excellent cuts illustrating different phases of this great disaster. Price 2½ cents per copy. Address Pacific Press Publishing Company, Mountain View, Cal.

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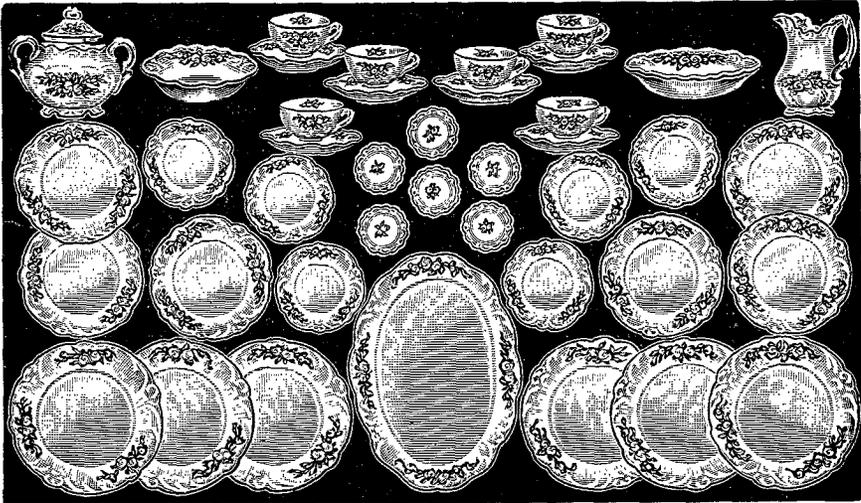
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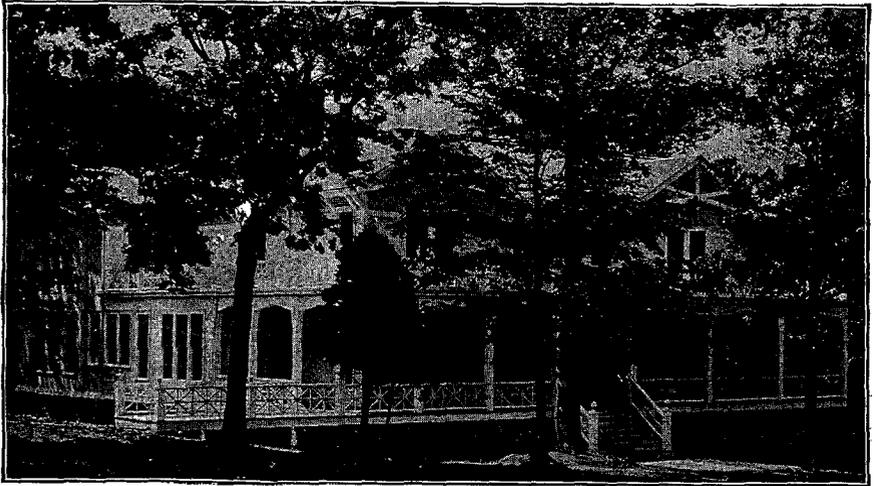
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