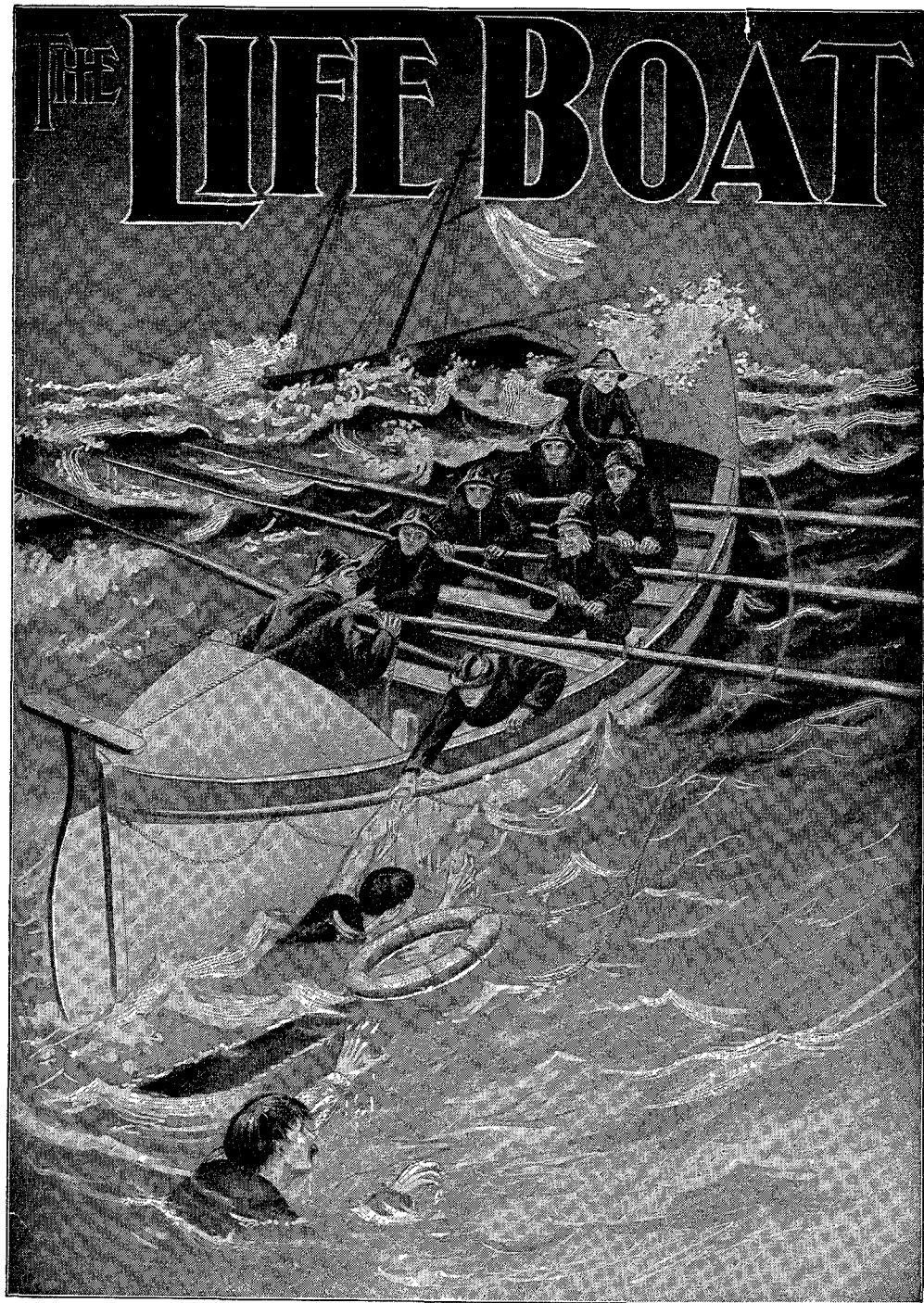


"PLANT MY FEET ON HIGHER GROUND."

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**Volume Ten
Number Seven**

Hinsdale, Ill.

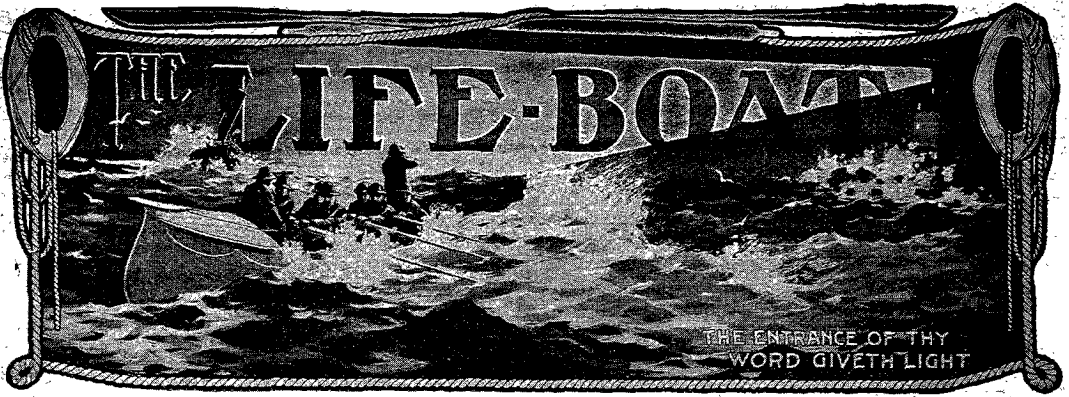
July, 1907

City Headquarters: 471 State Street, Chicago

Chicago's Street Arabs—Atkinson.



THE STREET ARAB NEVER TAKES A COURSE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF NATURE. —Good Health.



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

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Volume X

HINSDALE, ILL. :: JULY, 1907

Number 7

LEARNING LESSONS.

EVE FLETCHER.
San Diego, Cal.

We need Thee, Lord, to help us,
While traveling on the way,
Trying to reach the kingdom
Of everlasting day.

Cleanse all our thoughts and actions,
Though with the chastening rod
That we may grow in likeness
Of Jesus Christ, our Lord.

And show us how to comfort
The sorrow-burdened heart,
To help the poor and needy,
And do the good we ought.

And should we have hard lessons,
Teach us to murmur not,
But always take with patience
Whatever be our lot.

CHICAGO'S STREET ARABS.

J. F. ATKINSON,

Supt. Chicago Boys' Club, 262 State St., Chicago.

[Mr. Atkinson is the man who a few years ago became imbued with the idea that a boys' club would go further to reform a boy than a policeman's club. Recently he gave to the sanitarium family an interesting account of some of his experiences, from which we abstract the following.—Ed.]

Recently on a warm, sultry day I was traveling on the train. The dust was flying in the air and every one was dry, dusty and dirty. A porter came in through the car carrying a tray with a pitched filled with sparkling ice cold lemonade. He said, "This is the *real* thing."

Our boys are the "real thing." They do not belong to the ordinary type of Sunday-school boys.

There are more newsboys in Chicago than in any other city on earth. These little fellows are kicked and cuffed around until their wits are sharpened up until they act like lightning. You cannot hurt them. The kind of injury that would hurt the average boy they hardly seem to notice. Where another boy would go off crying they simply get up and go at it again. These boys feel that the world is "agin them" and consequently they are "agin the world."

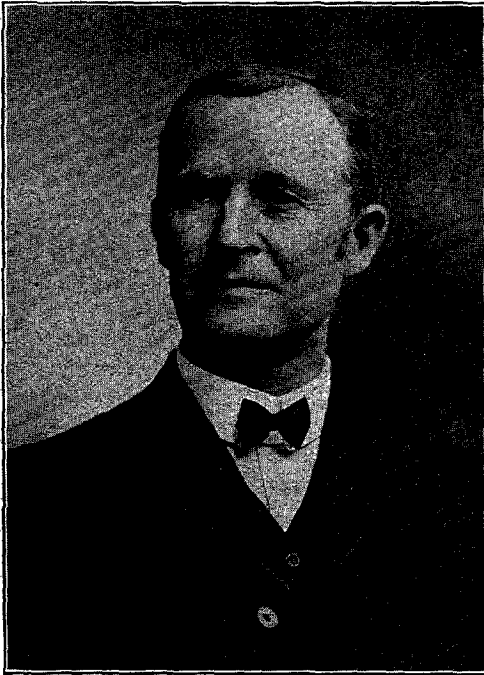
About sixteen years ago I left the business counter to engage in some form of Christian work. For a dozen years I served in various capacities for several different missionary institutions. As I went out to interest the public in the work some of the leaders of those lines of work would say to me: "You must not say too much about religion. Remember, you are dealing with the general public, and if you make too much of religion you will not get financial support." I finally said: "I must do one of two things—either go back again to the counter or else prove the fallacy of that policy."

Then I undertook to found, organize and institute this boys' club. It certainly was the toughest question I had ever been up against. You may talk about the traction question, the great problems of finance, but what is that compared to the salvation of ten thousand newsboys?

As I undertook this work some one said in a very friendly way, "Now if you are going

to succeed in Chicago you must train with Mr. So and So and with Mrs. So and So, and you must get close to Mr. So and So; but that was wholly out of the question with me. I had no constituency, no money and no financial backing.

We secured a location on State street right in the section of the city where I believe there is more concentrated wickedness than in any other district in the world. I undertook to build up this work along religious



Mr. Atkinson.

lines. Mrs. Atkinson said she would stand by me in it if it meant bread and water. We finally found two floors for rent, and the first three nights we opened up we had three lads in.

After we got the place cleaned up I went down the street and found two fellows shooting craps. I said, "Would you like to join a boys' club tonight?" I had hardly got the words out of my mouth before they were ready to come up and join the club. They proposed to keep it secret from the other boys; they were to have a boys' club just among themselves; but they could not keep it and so the fourth night others came in.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF A "TERROR."

Shortly after we opened, one fellow came in who was a terror. He was about fourteen years of age, a stocky fellow, a born fighter and a born leader, for the other lads would instinctively follow him. He came in wearing a queer-looking fur cap with the fur all worn off. He had on a pair of trousers that he had found in some alley. They were too long at one end and too big at the other; he kept them on with a cord that he had wound round and round his waist. He had on a big coat that he had fished out of a garbage can.

If you ever see a boy down in that part of the city with his coat collar pinned up around his neck you can just put it down that he has nothing under that. That is the way Jim came to us. The very first night he started to raise a rough house, and if you know what that means you know it is a reign of terror without beginning of days or end of years. He was always doing some unlooked-for thing. Perhaps the lights would be suddenly turned out.

One day I was up on an upper floor distributing prizes. Pretty soon up came the firemen pulling their hose through the building, and everything was in an uproar. I glanced out the window and from three to five thousand people were down the street looking for the fire. I suppose Jim had raised the window and yelled "Fire!" And that sort of thing was happening all the time.

I was just about to give up Jim as a bad job when finally one night there came in to help us a very refined Christian woman. She was gentle and sweet tempered. Jim was at the end of the table. I watched her take a chair and sit down by him. I felt sorry for her, as I was sure she did not know what a tough proposition she had on her hands. She talked to him for a while, then finally I saw her slip her arm around him, dust, dirt and all. Pretty soon I saw that combative nature giving way, and I was deeply interested.

When he left that evening I followed him out in the hall and said to him: "Jim, you have been a terror; you have given me an endless amount of trouble, and I had decided to dismiss you. But tonight I determined to keep you. You have got metal in you for a useful man." From that time on Jim braced

up, cleaned up, brightened up and straightened up, and has now become quite an efficient assistant.

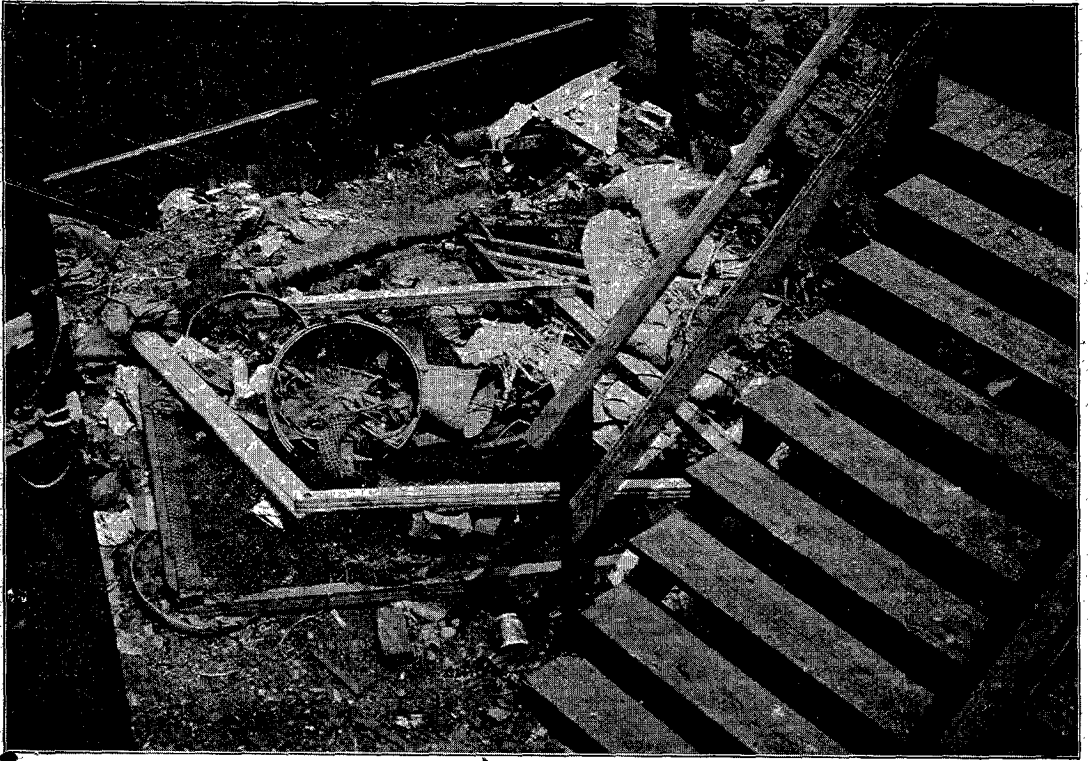
When Jim came to us he was as bad as bad could be. He had more concentrated, boiled-down deviltry in him than any boy I ever knew of. One of the most alarming things to me is that so much wickedness can be concentrated in a bit of a boy no bigger than he was.

STREET ARABS MADE OVER.

I do not know as much about how to carry

the other day said, "How would you carry on your religious services for these boys?" and I said I would not get a long-bearded man with a graveyard-like appearance to talk to the boys in a solemn tone. I would get up stereopticon entertainments, chalk talks and all sorts of entertainment features and *inject* the Gospel right into *all* of them.

One night last week five or six of our little fellows intelligently accepted the terms of the Gospel. This work has now been running six years. We now have three buildings. We



Such Surroundings Do Not Tend to Elevate the Child of the Slums.

on this work as I did before I began. We started in somewhat on the Sunday-school plan. We had mottoes placed on the wall. One of them was, "Grow in grace." Somebody was kind enough to send it to us and we workers certainly needed it. One day one fellow shambled across the room, looked at it a moment and finally made it out this way: "Grow in grass." "Mister, what does that mean?"

A Christian worker who was visiting us

have twenty-five regular workers. We do not owe anybody anything and our rent is paid in advance.

When a boy comes to us we try to learn all we can about his case. He may have artistic instincts; if so, we teach him art. He may be inclined to be a mechanic, and we train him in that way. We soon find out his needs and locate him accordingly. I wish you could all have attended the exhibit of our manual training department the other day. I

met a business man in the street afterward and he said, "You are to be complimented on that exhibit. The idea of your drawing into that boys' club those wild Arabs and then training them to produce such an exhibit as that!"

Last year we secured permanent positions for ninety-seven of our boys, and only one of them failed to make good. We now have a branch institution down in a part of the city known as "Little Hell," a locality where the police say that every boy in that district ought to be in the penitentiary.

I want some men whose heads are square on their shoulders to help me engage in this work. We are demonstrating that such a work can be conducted successfully along Gospel lines. Chicago is the great Mecca of waifdom. The fame of Chicago has gone abroad to the uttermost parts of the world. These boys ride on the rods under the freight car of any other way in order to get into Chicago. Some boys came in three or four days ago from Elgin. They had beat their way on the train. What can such boys do in Chicago? They are "down and out" at once. We take hold of them, put them in good sleeping quarters, and start out to find them a location where they can make an honest dollar.

This morning's papers contained the announcement that one of the churches was endeavoring to start a model dance hall. I want to tell you that it is a shame and a reproach upon Christianity to advocate the establishment of dance halls with the hope of saving boys and girls. A few days ago I received a letter from the matron of the Geneva Reform School for Girls. She wrote that eighty-seven per cent of the girls who came to that institution come by way of the dance hall. We are going the way of the Gospel, and I tell you it is winning out.

PRISON WORK IN KANSAS.

MRS. MARY TUTTLE,
Lawrence, Kas.

I am constantly getting letters from some poor mother's boy asking me for a word of cheer and for some one that would take an interest in their welfare. We have now with us a boy from Lansing, who was saved in our jail meetings that we have every Sunday at

ten o'clock. He kept trusting in God for the help he needed, and he has found that never-failing Friend ever near who has been a constant helper in all his troubles. He is a reader of this magazine and has enjoyed it very much. He now makes his home with us, but is working seven miles out in the country. He comes in Saturday, spends Sunday with us, and we all go to the jail service together. He is a real worker for the Lord now, and delights to help the other boys in trouble.

I was up to the prison in Lansing last week to see some boys who are saved and are living Christian lives, putting their trust in the Lord and are happy in this beautiful life. Their past, no matter how black it has been, is all blotted out and is remembered against them no more. They are starting life over again. Thank God, this can be done, and they can make great men and women for God if they only will, for "whosoever will" may come and be saved.

I delight to send this magazine to the boys where they appreciate it. There are diamonds and jewels hid behind the bars of iron. May the dear Lord send some one to them to lift them up out of the mire and clay and wash them by the precious blood of Jesus. They will then shine for Him. May God help us as Christian people to be filled with that love. If we could only see the real man we would find many more that are worthy of all our labor and love, for I have found it so. I am already repaid if I never see another soul saved as a result of my work. I realize it is one of the greatest works one can do.

One prisoner said in his letter that he wanted to be a star in my crown. It touched my heart, and I said I would rather have my crown filled with stars from behind the bars than anywhere else.

May God help us not to be ashamed to love the vilest sinner and ever hold out a hand of love and pity to those who are deep in sin, for there is no way for them to be reached only by a loving, gentle hand. Oh, for more love, for that is God. He is love.

"The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best."

THE FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

SAMUEL COOMBS.

[It was a rare pleasure for us to be in the Mission a few nights ago to assist in celebrating the fifth anniversary of Samuel Coombs' conversion. As he stood there a manly man, enjoying the fullest confidence of all who know him, we could not help asking ourselves whether we had given God the opportunity to work such a marvelous change for the better in our *own* life the past five years. That may be a profitable question for *you* to ask yourself as you read a portion of this interesting experience.—Ed.]

Five years ago tonight I came out of a saloon on Clark street. I had been hanging around there for sometime. It is sufficient for me to say I was down and out. I had been on a drunken debauch for eight days; I was without money and with no place to lay my head, and I was in such a nervous and wretched condition that I hardly dared to venture out in the daytime. I sat around in the saloon all day, but when it got dusk I would venture out a little. My nerves were in such a condition that if a police officer came near me I thought he was going to stop me, even though I had done nothing.

I came up State street. When I got to the corner of Polk street I heard some singing; and let me say here that some of you probably think that if you can't stand up on a platform and talk you are not doing much missionary work; but if you can sing a song for Christ you do not know what you may accomplish along missionary lines. I was attracted by that singing. I looked up the street a little way and saw some people out in front of 436, so I came up. There were about seven people, some of whom are here tonight. They were standing in front of the Mission singing Gospel songs.

I went up on the curb and looked into their faces, and as they sang it seemed they were talking to me in a way I cannot explain. When they got through singing Brother Van Dorn stepped out in front and invited us in to hear the Gospel, and I decided to go in. A blessed decision it was. But I sat down at the back.

I would not have cared to have any one look at me that night. Coombs would not have been much tonight and probably would not have been here if it were not for the

Lord Jesus Christ. All I say is to glorify Him, not myself.

I was in that peculiar condition that perhaps no one but a doctor could understand. I could sit and doze and yet hear what was going on. Brother Van Dorn began to preach the Gospel. God says His Word is like a two-edged sword. I know that is true, for it just penetrated into my very soul and I started up. The words he spoke I could not repeat now, but they startled me.

After a while the devil got me to doze off again. Near the end of the meeting Brother Van Dorn said, "Men, this may be your *last* opportunity: you may not get a chance after tonight." I said to myself, "That is me." And so I began to yield to the Lord. I said, "Is there any hope for me?" And a voice seemed to say, "Yes, there is."

The only trouble is we keep the door closed. The Lord has been pleased to bring you in here to hear the Gospel, but Satan will keep that door shut if he can. As I began to yield Satan began to play his last card. He said to me, "You can't give up drink, tobacco and those things." Neither could I in my own strength, but from what I heard that night I believed there was another power to be given me that would help me to do it. So as Satan placed mountains around me I just raised my voice to the Lord and said, "Lord, help me." And I believe that very moment I was saved and the temptation left me.

At last the invitation was given and I raised my hand for prayer. The meeting closed and I was going out, when Brother Van Dorn stopped me. He said, "Wait a minute, brother; we want to talk to you," and he called another young man at the door to come and pray with me.

We sat down and the young man asked me something about my condition. I was in a pretty hard fix that night; I did not have a cent of money and no place to lay my head, but I felt I could not tell that young man or any one except Christ my condition.

THREW HIS FORMER FRIEND INTO THE STREET.

All I had in my pocket was some tobacco and an old pipe. I loved tobacco so much I would sit up in my bed at night and smoke. But I went to the curb when I left the Mission and took the tobacco and pipe out of my

pocket and threw it in the gutter, and since that day I have never touched it. My pocket has been free from it.

I am not ashamed tonight to go in any company, because Jesus Christ has made me clean. When the Lord Jesus touches a man he is made whole—completely whole; but if you hold on to any of those things you will go down again and it will be harder to get up the next time.

The Lord saved me that night and I am saved tonight. I said that night, "I have carried the banner for Satan: now, Lord, If you want me to carry it for you I will do it."* Then I went and laid down on a bench in an old beer garden, where I had lain the night before, but somehow I felt different than the night before; I felt I was a prince even there on that old bench in that summer garden. I do not believe I slept any, and in the morning when I got up I asked God to give me strength that day to help me to earn something honestly, so I would not have people looking at me as a tramp.

I started and walked west, but said to myself, "I have got to go away from where these beer signs are looking me in the face." So I went toward the lake and kept walking about and all the time was trusting the Lord.

Nothing particular happened and I began to get very tired. During the eight days I had been drinking I had not sat down to a table nor had I lain in a bed, yet I knew the Lord was going to raise up something for me that day.

About noon I went and sat down in a little park, and just as soon as I had Satan came along again to tempt me. He said, "Now you have a nice God, haven't you? You have a God who permits you to walk around here without anything to eat after giving yourself to Him."

HOW THE TESTAMENT HELPED HIM.

The night before I had been given a little Testament. I opened it up there to Luke 23, and the first verse my eyes were fastened upon were, "Seek and ye *shall* find," etc. And I said to Satan, "I have got a God I can trust in," and I started up again.

It got to be three o'clock. I said, "Lord,

*The man who has no place to sleep and consequently in cold weather has to walk all night in order to keep warm is said, in the language of this class of men, to be "carrying the banner."

I am going to *trust* you till dark, anyway." I came to a coal yard and saw a man, who said, "Are you looking for work?" I said I was. So he invited me to get up with him on his wagon. After riding with him a little way we came to a house, where he was putting in the winter supply of coal. It was a very warm afternoon; I no sooner got into the place than I began to perspire, and could hardly work at all. The Lord could have sent me some easy money if He had wanted to, without my having to work, but I believed the Lord wanted me to do that work, so I tackled it.

I began to perspire so freely that I had to get a large cloth to keep the perspiration out of my eyes, which was nearly blinding me. I had to ask God to give me strength to do that work, but He had a purpose in it all. He was doing for me what I needed. My whole system was saturated with nicotine and poisons, and the Lord took me there and converted that into a Turkish bath for me, to take these poisons out of my system.

When I got through and received my dollar and sixty-five cents I was as happy as any millionaire. I felt I had honest money in my pocket and could praise God. So I came back to the Workingmen's Home, had something to eat, and went to bed. The next day I went out again and found work, and the same thing happened for two weeks. I would take my little Testament and read it. In two weeks I was able to have money in my pocket and be a man among men, because I trusted in the Lord.

After two weeks these picked-up jobs played out, so I went to work in an addressing shop and kept at that for about two months, though sometimes I scarcely made three dollars a week. But I kept my faith in God, and after two months He sent me out to some work in the country.

Everything was looking lovely in the spring of the year. My nervous condition became better and I was able to come back to the city in the fall with quite a little money in my pocket and something before me. The first thing I did was to come to the Mission again. I met Brother Van Dorn and we again planned something for me; but, to make a long story short, I was led to go out to see Dr. Paulson, who is here tonight. He was

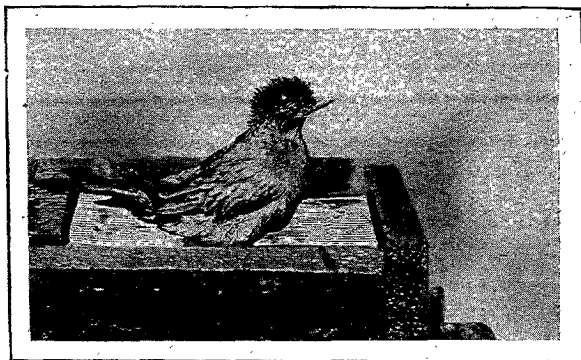
then in charge of the Branch Sanitarium here in Chicago, and, of course, they had a nurses' training school there. I was not a very promising subject to enter that school, but somehow or other the people who had been praying with me felt impressed that was what I ought to do, and I felt it myself, so I went out there.

It was a hard proposition for Dr. Paulson to include me among a lot of young men and women who had come from the farms, whom their mothers had intrusted to his care. It was hard, knowing my life, to accept me in there. But the Lord worked on his heart to accept me, although he knew at the time he was taking a risk. For his sake, the Lord's sake and my own sake, I am glad I have been kept faithful until tonight.

HOW TO BANISH HOT WEATHER FATIGUE.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

The wise man admonished the sluggard to go to the ant and learn her ways and be wise. The active, hustling, rapid-eating business man, with equal propriety might go to the squirrel and learn her ways of chewing and become healthy. The languid, half woebe-gone, semi-invalid who dreads summer's heat might to great advantage go to the birds and learn their ways of bathing and become more comfortable. Priessnitz, who might be called



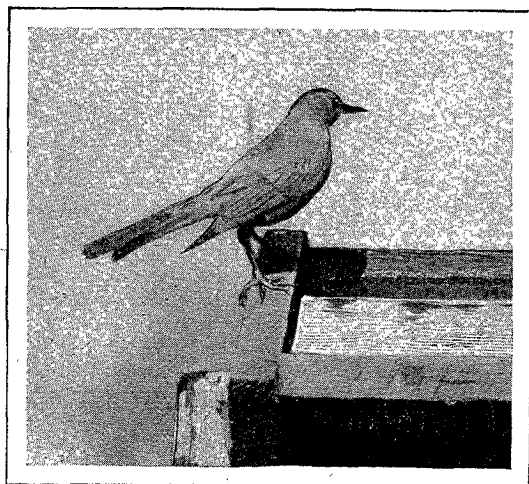
the father of modern hydrotherapy, observed a deer with a broken leg limp down to the spring each day and bathe its injured limb. That incident planted in his receptive mind the idea to similarly bathe sick humanity.

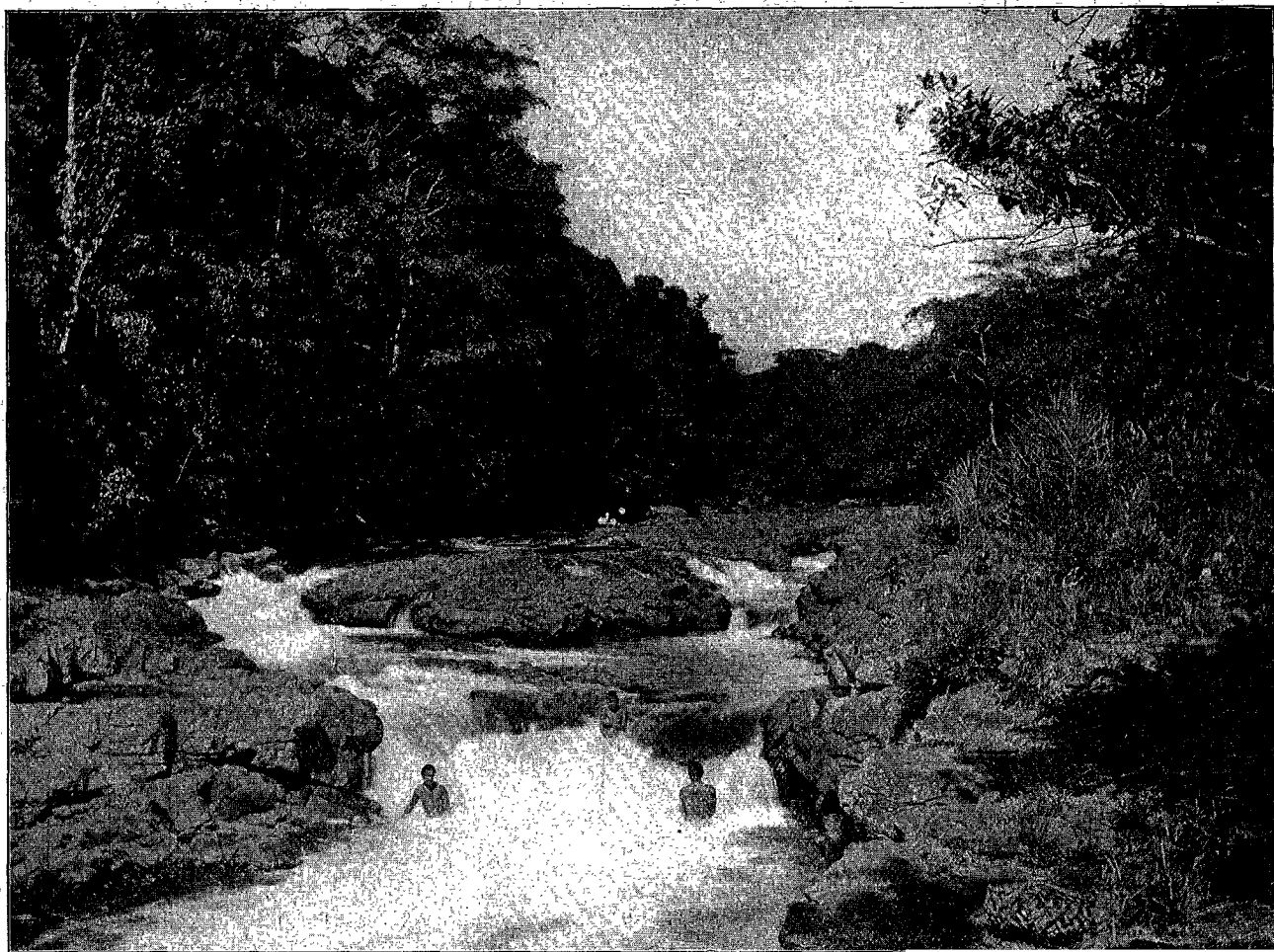
In a few years he had built up a great institution to which even the royalty of Europe thronged to avail themselves of the almost miraculous work that this man accomplished by the use of simple applications of water in various ways.

Have you been catching colds each winter as long as you can comfortably recollect? Do you want to avoid these next winter? If so,, get busy at once and begin to take small daily editions of winter on the instalment plan in the way of cool sponge baths or cold mitten frictions or even a brief cold plunge bath, then rubbing yourself immediately afterward as vigorously as if you were paid for it; in fact, you will soon find you are in reality being liberally repaid.

The healthy glow that will come to the surface everywhere on your body is healing and health-restoring. It is just what needs to occur in your skin next winter when you are exposed to cold drafts.

Wet your face and neck before you take the cold treatments. Take it very briefly at first. Begin with water fairly comfortable and make it a little colder as you get used to it. If, after you are thoroughly dried off, you have a full feeling in your head, a chilly feeling up and down your spine and your finger nails are blue, that signifies that you did not react properly and it did you more harm than good. Try again and be more careful.





In Touch With Nature: —Good Health.

A convenient way to give your skin a happy surprise party or rather a surprise meeting is to step into a tub on rising in the morning; wring a sheet out of a bucket of cold water and wrap it around yourself until you resemble an Egyptian mummy. About as soon as you have completed that task it will be time to take it off and rub yourself vigorously. This is a more stimulating treatment than either a cold mitten friction or a cold hand rub and it is hardly advisable to use it at the beginning.

All cold treatments should be taken in a warm room so as to insure good reaction. That is why it is especially suitable for summer time, when we are blessed with warm rooms without expending any money for fuel.

Thousands of poor deluded mortals take alcoholic drinks each morning with the supposition that it is stimulating them, when as a matter of fact it cripples the activity of the white blood cells, that standing army of the interior which fights our battles for us against germs. Recent researches have shown that short cold applications which are followed by vigorous reaction increase the number and activity of these white blood cells. That is why baths have proven such life-savers in typhoid fever and pneumonia. It is just as valuable in the prevention of these diseases as in their cure. We invite questions in reference to any ideas advanced in this article that are not perfectly plain to the reader.

WARM DAYS.

PAULINE HANSON.

With the coming of the warm days let us curb our impatience and bear the discomfort with sweeter endurance. Let us remember the tropical heat of the land where our Lord dwelt. We read of where "He went up into a mountain." Perhaps it was at the close of a hot day, and He went there to rest from the heat and toil; He "who suffered like as other men" may have suffered greatly with heat, but did He murmur?

Let us *welcome* the cooling breezes, but not exaggerate the hot waves.

As the heat tends to ripen the fruit and grain, let it develop our patience and make it the sweeter fruit.

GET ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

ADA MELVILLE SHAW,
Editor Crusader Monthly.

In one of the pleasant parks that border Lake Michigan, there was planted a circular bed of gay (or to-be-gay) tulips. In my walks I visited the bed regularly. At first it seemed that for some reason only half of the bulbs were alive, for only half of them sent little hands of green stretching up to the sun. In time, though, all were up, and then came the pleasure of watching for the first bud. So I discovered a thing. I said the bed was circular—a wide circle, that its westmost circumference was a goodly number of feet further from the lake than the point opposite. The first buds appeared at the point *furthest* from the chilly lake, and this plan was uniform for the hundreds of plants in that bed. On the side next Lake Michigan the blossoms were tardy and small. It was surprising that less than twelve feet of space could make such a difference.

Yes, there's a "moral." Have you caught it? I have been pondering it much and I have been trying since to *keep my spirit-garden near Christ*. That great lake, treacherous, deep, rough, smooth, gray, blue, clear, muddy, may well represent the world that knows not Christ. How worldliness chills the soul! The text that came to me again and again as I watched the wise tulips was this: "But now, after that ye have known God, or rather are known of God, how turn ye again to the weak and beggarly elements . . . ?" The breath of the world beggars the soul of its loveliest growth. There may be life but not the splendid "life more abundantly" with rich fruitage, possible only in the clear sunshine of God's chosen way for us.

Not by hate of the sin, but by love of the sinner is a soul saved.

* * *

It is a heart full of love for God that puts a summer climate in our lives.

* * *

God's directions are to "resist the devil, and he will flee from you." Many invite him into the parlor, urge him to stay and sit down, and entertain him, and then wonder why they have so much trouble with him.

REAPING AFTER LONG SOWING.

E. B. VAN DORN.

We have a man with us now seventy-three years of age, sixty-three years of which were spent in sin. He had never settled down in life, but traveled all over the world; was a fireman and able to get employment on ships, but when he got his wages would go off in dissipation and riotous living. But at sixty-three years of age he came into our Mission and God pardoned him and kept him straight from that time to this.

Now you will find him standing outside the Mission each night inviting passersby to come in.

There was a man who had been attending our services for some time who has great ability and has had splendid opportunities and once was a minister of the Gospel; he has traveled a great deal. But he gave up and went into sin, and would say, "It's no use; no one cares for me, and it is impossible for me to get into the straight and narrow way again." He has been attending our Mission for some time, and would say, "I can't stay away, for you are always good to me and give me a hearty handshake and it helps me."

One night last week I took him by the hand and recognized that the opportune time had come, and said, "I have been looking for this time a long time; I have prayed for you and have asked others to pray for you." He threw his hat down on a chair and said, "When I begin I will be true." Then he fell on his knees and said in tears, "God, be merciful to me." Then Brother Snow prayed, and I prayed. As we rose from our knees I asked him if he believed God had done what we had asked Him to do, and he grasped my hand and said, "I know He has done it." Then as I thought over that entire year that he had been coming to the Mission I appreciated that we had been only sowing a little seed by the way, which by and by resulted in that man's conversion. We may not see the results of what we are doing, but God will not let it be in vain.

A week ago I called on a lady in the city who now has a nice little home. Three years ago when we came out here with Dr. Paulson and others to establish this country headquarters we brought a girl out from the city who had been ruined, wrecked, lost to her

parents, and did not know where they were. Her father had disowned her and did not want to see her again. We kept this girl and she got on nicely for a while, but one night she ran away. Nearly a year passed by and then who should come into the Mission but this woman. With her was a young man, and after the service was over she introduced him to us as her husband. We found she was truly married, and last Sabbath we took dinner with her in their home. I could not help but think of the words, "A restorer of paths to dwell in." (Isa. 58:12.) She has a happy home, and the outlook is that she and her parents will be reconciled. The seed sown during that long year had begun to bear fruit.

NEW QUARTERS.

C. L. C.

The interest has been on the gain at the LIFE BOAT Mission since its removal to 471 State street. It is now located right in the midst of a series of cheap lodging houses and saloons and is reaching the men who frequent those places.

A liberal supply of fresh paint and wall paper has done much to make the hall bright and cheery. Scripture texts and suggestive mottoes decorate the walls. Over the entrance in large letters are the words, "Jesus Saves," while in the window is the statement, "There is Hope for All Who Enter Here."

The rent for this hall is fifty-five dollars a month—twenty dollars less than was paid for the former location. More men can be reached here and we trust a larger work done.

Nearly all the workers at the Hinsdale Sanitarium have recently promised to give the entire proceeds of one day's earnings each month to the support of the Mission. If any reader of these lines feels impressed to assist in this noble effort, such donation will be gratefully received.

E. B. Van Dorn, the superintendent, is present at the evening service almost every night in the year. He also conducts a Bible study for young converts each evening preceding the regular service.

Be not simply good; be good for something.

HELPING MY NEEDY BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS.

3529 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

For over seven years the Lord has given me the privilege of working with Him for the prisoners in the Harrison Street Police Station and I thank Him for it. This is the best missionary field one could have. I love this work.

God has blessed this effort. Souls have been converted and brought to a saving knowledge of the truth. I have seen many a poor soul kneel and heard their voices lifted to God



Mrs. Abrams.

in prayer from behind prison bars. I knew they were sincere and honest and wanted to do right. After their release I have kept in touch with them and helped them to find work and have heard them say they thanked God they were in the police station that morning and heard the Gospel and met us workers, for, they said, they did not know what would have become of them if they had not.

I am glad that I know from a personal experience that if some one had come when I

was behind prison bars and told me about Jesus and His love and power how much good it would have done my soul. I was longing for something I did not have—longing to know a way out of the life of sin that had brought so much trouble and sorrow upon me and others. No one came and pointed me to the Saviour of the world, but rather condemned me.

I call to mind the case of a man with a wife and three children. He is now serving a short sentence. The Lord has given me the privilege of helping both spiritually and financially the family of this man and now his wife has been converted and the children are being taught to pray.

Some years ago I met a young girl in the police station annex. She gave her heart to the Lord, and has since married, has a good home and she comes to see me often and we have a word of prayer together. We have had other prisoners come to our home after being released and have prayed with them and heard them pray and have seen them go away rejoicing. There are two men whom the Lord sent to us from the Joliet prison. We prayed with them, helped them financially and sent them to a friend who was able to get them good positions. They are grateful and want to do something for us.

One young man came to us about three years ago after he was released from Joliet. We had a season of prayer together. I never heard such a prayer in my life. He said, "If there is anything in the Gospel I want it." He now has a good position and is doing finely.

One Sunday morning not long ago I felt I must go to the jail service, that there was some poor soul there whom the Lord could use me to help. I was ill and did not feel well enough to go, but felt I must. I prayed the Lord to give me strength and I went. There I found a poor soul behind the bars. I began talking to her about her soul's salvation and I prayed with her and she prayed. The next day the trial came up and she was found unable to pay her fine and so was sent to the Bridewell.

A friend of hers came and paid her fine and she came out to our Home for Girls. She said she wanted to get strong in the Lord. She has once worked for the Lord and been

a Christian, but for five years she has led a life of sin and was as unhappy as she could be. She wants to see souls saved. We have had some precious little seasons together. I believe she is sincere and honest and wants to do just the right thing.

I had given this girl a copy of *THE LIFE BOAT* and some tracts and a Mission card when I met her in jail. She made a wonderful prayer while in jail. She told the Lord she had wandered away from Him and done wrong. I had to weep with her that morning; I could not help it. I do not know when I have met with anything so touching. She seemed so honest and sincere.

She said she promised the Lord before she ever left the Harrison Street Police Station that she would go to work for Him. This poor child was married when only eleven years of age, had had four children, finally became separated from her husband and went down in sin and she was living a wretched life when brought to the police station.

The Lord is good to give us all a part in His work. Jesus came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. These men and women must be made to realize that the religion of Jesus Christ is a *real* thing and that the blood of Jesus can cleanse from all sin. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." If we have not God in our hearts we cannot give Him to others. Without God we are without hope in this world of sin and sorrow.

"Who will be a helper in this world of sin?
Who will let the sunshine of the Gospel in?
Who will good seed scatter all along the way,
Turning dark December to the bloom of May,
Telling out the story of the Saviour's love,
Pointing out the pathway to our home above?"

THE SUBURBAN HOME FOR GIRLS.

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON,
Matron.

We have been reading in our morning worship the book of John. That has led me to think a great deal about faith. The Lord has manifested Himself to me in studying the story of the healing of the nobleman's son which is recorded in the fourth chapter. What faith that nobleman had! He did not question the word of Jesus but believed his son was healed.

Sometimes perplexing things come up in the Home and I begin to worry a little bit and

wonder how they are going to come out. Yet I would not be in any other place on earth than right here just now. I am so glad for what the Lord does for us.

We publish herewith a picture of seven babies in the Home. Since the photograph was taken we have found homes for three of these babies, also homes for three girls. One of the babies had no mother, and while he was in the Home one of the girls took the entire charge of him. The Lord has used this baby to bring a girl to Him.

I have asked our girls to write something about how they came to the Home and some of their experiences while here. The following are some of their letters:

ONLY SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD.

"One evening my father and mother were walking along State street when they noticed the Life Boat Mission sign. They walked into the mission and while there learned of the Suburban Home for Girls. They came home, told me all about it and said that was the place for me, but I did not want to go. The next morning something seemed to tell me to go, and now I believe it was the Lord. I have been here a week and I think it is the nicest place I have seen for a long time. The girls are so pleasant to one another, and the matron has so much patience with all the babies and us girls. I hope the dear Lord will save us all. I want to do better while I am in this Home."

WAS ABOUT TO END IT ALL.

"I had fallen in sin and had no one to love me but the Lord Jesus Christ who died for me. I was so discouraged and tired of living that I thought I would die if someone did not come to me in my trouble. Many a night I cried myself to sleep thinking no one loved me, but there was One who loved me and I knew it not. Since coming here I have found a Friend who is true, and will be true if I put my trust in Him. It is my desire to stand steadfast in Him amidst all my trials and troubles. I came to Jesus as I was, poor, weak and sinful, and gave my heart to Him to wash and to make white as snow.

"It is in my heart to thank Dr. Mary Paulson for her kindness to me. I had no way to come out here from my home, but the Lord opened a way. The Lord is with us in this



Seven of the Suburban Home Family. —Photograph taken in front of the building.

Home. Mrs. Swanson is our mother and she is a good, true mother to us girls."

A MISSTEP SOMEWHERE.

"It was through this little paper that I came here to the Suburban Home three months ago. I was in deep trouble and it was with a sad and heavy heart that I wrote to Mrs. Dr. Paulson telling her of my trouble and asking her if I might come here. I got a letter back by return mail telling me to come. I felt convinced that the Lord would open up a way for me to come if I only put my trust in Him, which I did, and I know my prayers were answered.

"In looking backward over these past few months which have been full of trials for me I can but remember the blessed promise, 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' This one thing I know, that there has been a misstep somewhere and the dear Lord has brought this upon me as a means of drawing me closer to Him, for I had not realized I had drifted away from Him so far. Now I know I am nearer than ever before and am so thankful for what He has done for me, also the dear sisters here. I feel I can never repay them for what has been done for me.

"The future looks somewhat dark before me even now, yet I am not going to worry, for I know the Lord will open a way for me and His way is always best. Dear girls, do not wait until you are in trouble before accepting Christ. Just leave everything and consecrate yourselves to Him and He will keep you from sin. 'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.'"

FROM THE DEPTHS OF SIN INTO LIGHT.

"I was once a Christian but became discouraged, sought bad company, lived in sin, and finally became so burdened and heavy laden that I thought God had forsaken me. I was so headstrong and disobedient that I began to drink to drown my troubles, but it seemed to do my troubles no good. The Spirit of God was striving with me but I did not heed it. I kept on until I became a nuisance and the officers arrested me. While behind the bars I had time to stop and think and pray, as I

was all alone. I found that Jesus was not as far away as I thought He was, for when I got earnest I could feel His power, and I thank Him.

"While in prison I had the privilege of hearing some good people preaching the Word of the Lord, which, I am ashamed to say, I had not heard for years unless at the funeral of some friend. Mrs. Abrams and Mrs. Van Dorn and others with the truth and love of God in their hearts, talked to me. May God bless them in their prison work. I told Sister Abrams of my life of shame and how my supposed friends had treated me. My face and body were black and blue from the beating that I had received. I thought I would have to go back to the old life when I got free again, as I had no other place to go, but I was glad that I had been put in prison when I heard the Word of God preached and sung; that was the happiest day I had seen for many a day.

"Sister Abrams told me that I did not have to go back to that place, that if I wanted to be good they would send me to the Suburban Home in Hinsdale. I said I would be glad to go any place where I could work and serve the Lord. Through Sister Van Dorn's help I found this place when I was released. I was sore from the beating I had received and from sleeping on those hard boards in the station, but when I got to the Mission and heard the testimonies I felt as if I must speak a word for Jesus too. The Lord has done so much for me.

"I have found a good Home here with a Christian matron whose whole life is given up for the welfare of humanity. I am happy in Christ and am treated lovely by all the inmates here. I want to take up this work so that others may receive a blessing through it as I have."

TO MY SISTERS IN TROUBLE.

We have been able, through this magazine, to help many a discouraged and disheartened girl or woman.

If you are passing through a time of trial and have no one with whom you can confide, if you are in need of human assistance and Christian advice, write the undersigned. Your letter will be held confidential. Address Mrs. David Paulson, Hinsdale, Ill.

ARE YOUR EYES OPEN?

MRS. N. H. RICHMOND,
Hinsdale, Ill.

In this day and age of sin and wickedness when we see someone's girls and boys going down to the very depths of sin on every side, what are we as Christians to do? That the evil cannot be stopped is very evident, for evil men and seducers are to wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived (2 Tim. 3:13) till the end comes.

We see on every hand girls, somebody's splendid girls, entering the whirlpool of sin and being dragged to the very bottom of the pit, then in their despair crying out, "Too late, too late!" All too often some mother comes to me, her heart filled with sorrow and despair, saying, "What can I do for my girl? She is a good girl, but she has got into trouble, and where can I take her so that when she gets over this she will not go over the same ground again?"

Oh, the bitter tears that are shed and the aching hearts there are all around us! Jesus said he came to bind up the broken-hearted and break the bands of wickedness and let the oppressed go free. Isaiah 58 has a message in it for this time which has never yet been given in its fulness, also Luke 14:21-23, and it is to be done quickly.

I often wonder as I listen to the tales of woe and see the bitter tears flow, how Jesus must feel when He sees so few that are willing to engage in a work for girls. There should be homes for girls everywhere all over the world, where they can go when they have taken the first step downward, where they can receive a training and be taught the fundamental principles of right doing and how to work.

It is surprising how few girls who have good mothers are taught by those mothers how to work. Work was given as a blessing to man, and if girls were taught how to do housework of all kinds instead of sitting around doing nothing what a blessing it would be to both mother and daughter! And many times it would keep them from going wrong.

Homes of this kind everywhere on a small scale are needed, with a school, where those who have charge of the homes and the girls are one family, with a real home life, where the family altar is erected and all take a part

in singing praises to God—where love for souls rules the home.

A farm of a few acres is needed with some kinds of industries so in a short time they will be self-supporting and the girls be taught how to do many things. Such homes, not institutions, would be the means of saving many, yes, hundreds of girls from going to the very depths of sin. The family plan is God's plan, and coming in close touch with people is the best way to reach the heart. "Give me thine heart," says the Lord.

There is a great work to be done. Who will take part in it and help with both heart and means to establish such places, not only for girls, but boys also? As I see the scores and hundreds of boys going down, how my heart cries out, and I long to see God's people aroused to this work. It is part of this last message and must be done. May God impress it on the hearts of the Christian people everywhere.

Christ's words were, "The publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you." Matt. 21:31. Take heed to thyself lest at any time thine own heart is not right. May those who read this realize that your girl, your boy, is no more safe than someone else's boy and girl; for Satan has come down with great wrath, knowing his time is short (Rom. 12:12).

THREE MONTHS TO LEARN THE LORD'S PRAYER.

The following is culled from a letter written by a prisoner in the Michigan State Reformatory to Julia Hoenes:

"I was in darkness when the light struck my heart. I knew nothing of the Bible. I could not repeat even one verse. My senses were dulled. I could remember only the things which are soul-destroying and depraved. My memory was never trained for anything good.

"I began on the Lord's prayer and it took me three months to memorize it. Then I started to learn a small verse, and one Sunday in our Endeavor Society I tried to speak it from memory but failed. I took all my troubles to the Lord in prayer. I wanted to tell of Jesus in public but the words were missing. Something seemed to say, 'Take

your time but keep at it; you will succeed.' I did so and before long I began to learn very fast. God blessed every effort. I have now talked three times in public, occupying twenty-five minutes each time.

"Through Christ all things are possible. I have Him for my leader and teacher. I can do nothing without Him. He has done and is doing wonderful things for me, a sinner. My time in prison is not wasted; I never was so busy in all my life. I have a Sunday School class; also the Endeavor Society unanimously chose me as their president. I expect to consecrate my whole life to Christ."

BEEN GOING DOWN HILL.

This young man who writes us from a Western prison represents the condition of many young people who are priding themselves in a general way that they are Christians, but who have never really anchored themselves to God and His Word, and when the enemy comes in like a flood they are swept off their feet:

"I am one of the many unfortunates who have unconsciously landed in the county jail and now that I realize it all it is almost unbearable, but here I must stay for three months.

"I have always had a life free from hardships, in fact always luxuries, but adversity came and I could not stand it, since which time I have been going down hill, but with God's help this will be the turning point, as I am very young yet and if I can only get started right will yet be a success in the right way. I am well educated and have good business ability, have always been a Christian in one sense, but somehow have never felt the controlling power of God, much as I have prayed. Just when I would feel strongest I have fallen.

"Reading your book, *THE LIFE BOAT*, for the first time, prompted me to write you for aid. I want advice and need it sorely. I am not kept busy here and have much spare time, and the thought struck me you might be able to suggest or furnish some employment for me during my incarceration. I will do anything possible for me to do in order that I may not be forced to leave here penniless.

"I hope you will send me a copy of *THE*

LIFE BOAT and that I may hear from you soon regarding my proposal, and am trusting God in the meantime to help me bear this disgrace."

"IF I HAD ONLY COME HERE BEFORE."

EDITH G. CRAIG.

Lyons, Mich.

Soon after leaving the work at Chicago I learned of how the enemy had surrounded a young girl, whose mother died when she was very young, and how he seemed determined to destroy her. She had become acquainted with the bitter cup of sin. From personal knowledge of the circumstances I know she was sinned against. To see how the enemy of man does wind his chains about the helpless is enough to cause the angels to weep as they look down and see these little ones of whom Christ said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

I made Mrs. W. H. McKee, matron of the Michigan Home for Girls, acquainted with her case, and the result was this young girl soon afterward came to me and said she was sure the Lord was directing her, and she was going to the Home. I knew the Lord was with her that day as she entered my room. We prayed for strength that she might go and gain the victory. She remained a year or more in the Home, never giving the least trouble while there, but won the respect of all.

I had the privilege of visiting this Home last winter. No one could doubt for a moment that God's hand is in this noble work. The atmosphere of the Home and the spirit manifest by the entire family savors only of love, which is the strongest support that can come to mortal's aid.

I herewith quote a letter from this girl that I received while she was in the Home. I believe she will make a noble woman. With the Lord's help she is doing the best she can, and I feel sure God will not leave her to the enemy.

"I cannot thank you enough for what you have done for me. Coming here to the Home will be the making of me. I am so happy I cannot express my feelings. I want papa to come here and work this winter. I just know he will be saved if I do my duty. I feel a great responsibility resting on my

shoulders. When I think of the way I have done I can hardly stand it. If I had only come here before! But I will try and do my best from now on."

PRACTICAL QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

1. *Does climate have much to do with health?*

Not as much as climate on the inside. Invalids traveling from land to sea, far and near, to take advantage of supposedly healthy climates, continue the same habit of eating, drinking and perhaps tobacco using which produced their ill health at home.

Such people will receive at best only a temporary benefit from their climate hunting. If they had remained at their home and intelligently set to work to improve their internal climate, more than likely they would have made much more improvement and could have donated their traveling expenses to missionary work.

2. *Why is it that the more some people eat they more they lose in weight?*

It is because the body can utilize only a certain amount of food. A portion of the excess will be digested by germs, thus producing toxins which will poison the system. A part of the excess will be digested normally and absorbed and serves as waste products to hinder the healthy activities of the body. This is especially true of the proteids or the so-called beefsteak line of foods. They readily produce "clinkers" in the system.

3. *Do you believe in a fast, say of a week's length, as recommended by some health enthusiasts?*

When a person has persistently overeaten and constantly underworked the body for a considerable period of time, the system becomes more and more loaded with waste products and rubbish. When such a person ceases to eat for a number of days the body will begin to consume itself and will ordinarily burn up some of these substances first. Unquestionably such persons are frequently benefited by a somewhat prolonged fast while another class of persons who are naturally underfed, either from indigestion or from eating food not nourishing, would receive only harm from enforced fasting.

The ideal fast is to eat liberally of fruit and only fruit three or four times a day; thereby one can secure practically all the benefits of fasting with scarcely any of its inconveniences. Fruit acids tend to destroy the germs in the alimentary canal and the little nourishment that fruit contains is practically ready for absorption without any effort of the digestive organs, and furthermore fruit contains little or none of the proteids.

A few days of this kind of fasting will ordinarily clear up the worst coated tongue, and will cause the cobwebs to disappear from the brain without markedly weakening the patient or causing him to lose materially in weight. Either raw or cooked fruit may be eaten as desired, although the raw fruit when well masticated is to be preferred for this purpose.

4. *How long can a person get along without table salt?*

Just as long as he goes without eating it. The excessive amount of table salt that is eaten by the average person is unquestionably harmful to the human body. Recent observations have shown that in dropsy when salt is withdrawn from the food in the majority of instances the dropsy tends to disappear. That is rather a convincing suggestion that an excess of salt should be avoided by even persons in health.

A small amount of salt may probably be used without any injury and possibly even to some benefit, but the average person eats from one-half to an ounce of table salt every twenty-four hours. Five-sixths of this amount is certainly detrimental, in view of recent investigations made upon this subject.

5. *Is it possible to eat too slowly?*

There may be some who become "righteous overmuch" with reference to mastication of their food, but for each one of this class there are certainly a hundred at least who bolt their food, thereby failing to secure its proper digestion. It is only the food that we *taste* that we properly digest, consequently every mouthful of food should be so thoroughly masticated as to taste *every* particle of it. This is almost certain to insure the digestion of every particle of the food. Those who have seen a squirrel chew a nut have certainly had a wholesome dietetic lesson impressed upon them.

HOW TO BELIEVE.

PEARL WAGGONER.

Hinsdale, Ill.

"Please write me soon and tell me, if you can, how to believe"—'twas so the missive ran.
 "What must I do, and how am I to feel?
 How can I know if this my faith is real?
 What is real faith? And what am I to do
 In order to believe the word is true
 That God loves me, that He forgives my sin?
 I'm filled with doubts and griefs and fears within,
 And though I pray, and oft before Him bow,
 Yet can I not believe; please tell me how."

How to believe?—Just stop and think, poor heart,
 Not of thyself, thy sin, nor what thou art,
 But of God's love: His only Son He gave,
 Who simply sinners came to seek and save.
 Art thou a sinner?—Then He came for thee;
 Art thou a captive?—He has made thee free.
 Arise, shake off the shackles of thy sin
 (For they are loosed), and let heaven's sunshine in.
 Why in the prison darkness shouldst thou stay
 When doors are open to the light of day?

Yet canst thou not believe? Suppose that here
 An earthly father, or a friend held dear,
 Should in their love to you some gift bestow,
 Wouldst thou not take it? Wouldst thou say, "Ah
 no—

They say they love me, but it can not be,
 And such a gift they do not mean for me?"
 Nay, wouldst thou thus their loving spirit grieve,
 Because their word thou couldst not believe?—
 Thou canst believe: thou trustest earthly friends;
 Then so trust God, and take the gift He sends.

And if, perchance, this gift of theirs to thee
 Should very rare, or great, or costly be,
 So that thou scarce couldst feel it was thine own,
 Wouldst thou by feelings go and still make moan
 Because 'twas not for thee? Nay, such is love—
 It gives, and loves to give all else above
 And not because of worth. And thou wouldst take
 The gift with thanks and prize it for their sake.
 Wilt thou do less with God? Arise, be glad—
 Salvation's gift is thine—no more be sad;
 Though why He loves thou canst not understand,
 Yet know He does, and take it at His hand.

And what art thou to do? It all was done
 When God, thy Father, sent His only Son
 For thee to die. The awful price He paid,
 And all thy sins and griefs on Him were laid;
 No need is there that thou shouldst bear them, too,
 And one thing only rests for thee to do:
 To let them go, to all thy doubtings cease,
 And let Him fill thee with His blood-bought peace.
 Just like a child believe and be at rest,
 Confiding in His Word, and fully blest.

A MESSAGE TO BOYS.*

MR. WALTER M. WOOD,

Manager Institutional Work of Y. M. C. A., Chicago.

Every boy should either be a lamp or a motor. That is, every boy ought to shed some light in the world or make some power. Every boy ought to be able to pull down the things that are bad and to build up and strengthen the things that are good.

For an illustration, let some electric batteries represent the power that makes the

boy succeed in life. That power is from God. Near the batteries place an electric lamp. We see no light from it. We must have something beside the batteries, or power-house, before we can have a light. The lamps represent boys, but they must be connected with the power-house, which represents God, in order to amount to anything.

What is it that connects boys with God, or how has God connected himself with people on this earth? By means of Jesus Christ. God sent His Son that people might know Him and through Him get in touch with God. So that is what Jesus Christ is for, to make connection with God. Through the wire which represents Jesus we connect the lamp with the battery, but there is no light. The trouble is we have got to have another connection.

If a boy is going to light up and amount to something it is necessary that he through faith reaches out for God. As a further illustration let us connect up with a wire which we call FAITH and then the lamp is a success. It is possible for any boy to be a success who gets in touch with God, and he can get in touch with God by following the example of Jesus Christ.

Sometimes we may have faith in the right thing but perhaps we have a grudge against the other boys, or possibly there is some wrong thing we are doing. Do you know, it is harder to pray when we have a grudge against other people? Those things keep us away from close touch with God.

It is hard for electricity to go through German silver wire, so by connecting in a piece of that wire it makes the light burn dimmer. There are many things that can come between boys and God. Each time I attach a piece of German silver wire to the electric wire the light burns more dimly; so if a boy sins a great deal his light goes out. The battery is not to blame if the light shines dimly or goes out—the trouble is there is too much resistance in the way.

When a boy gets rid of sin and overcomes his bad habits, then there comes into his life power and success. He is worth more, his light burns brighter. So the boy who gets in direct connection with God is a power; he can do something worth while. But if he allows sins to come into his life they take away his power, just as the light burns dim-

* (Abstract of talk given at the Second Annual Closing Exercises of the Life Boat Mission at the John Worthy School.)

mer when the resistance is present. If you find you have no power, ask God to help you to cut out the bad habits and sins, then with faith in Jesus your life will be filled with power and you can put down the bad things. Your life will then be a grand success.

THE WORLD CRUMBLING.

MRS. N. H. RICHMOND,
Hinsdale, Ill.

["What do these things mean?" is the question that sensible people are asking each other as they see the troubles that are settling down upon this world on every hand. Our large cities are becoming veritable hotbeds of vice and iniquity. How much longer they can be saved from Sodom's fate God only knows. It behooves us to work while it is yet day.



Mrs. Richmond, who has now been absent from the city for several years assisting in establishing the rescue work near Grand Rapids, Mich., has now returned and taken up her work again. Her observations on the increase of wickedness in this city are worthy of note.—Ed.]

I was out selling copies of this magazine in a saloon the other evening, and I found the men remembered seeing me before. I told one man about our work and he said, "I have a farm outside of the city and would be glad if you people would come out and hold some meetings there." He said he would do all he could to assist us.

At another place a man spoke about the wickedness that abounds and how troubled the people are. I said, "Yes, this city since I

was here is almost ten times more wicked than it was before. All the people think about is drinking and carousing around. The very atmosphere is worse." He then told me about some of the wicked things that are going on. I asked him what he thought it all meant. He said, "I tell you, lady, I think it means that the *end of this world is not far off*. It is not a matter of centuries. It may not be in your day or mine, but it is a matter of only a few years. The conditions of things are such that the world cannot go on in this way very much longer." I said, "I believe as you, that the Lord's coming is not far away, and we all have to give an account of ourselves to Him."

This was said by a saloonkeeper. Now if such men as that will say those things and see the signs of the Lord's soon coming, what ought we to see? I had a real good talk with him about his own salvation and he talked sensibly. He said, "Come in often and talk to me about these things." We do not know anything about how many of these souls will be saved. The Lord says, "The publicans and the harlots go into the Kingdom of God before you."—Matt. 21:31.

FIELD MISSIONARIES.

Miss Sweet and Mrs. Kedler have had glorious experiences, as they have circulated many thousand copies of this magazine. There are so many fake charity workers abroad that it has been difficult for some to believe that these two workers were out for no other purpose than to sell this magazine so as to give humanity an opportunity to read the gospel contained in its pages. They have earned their expenses from their regular agent's commission from sales of this magazine.

Miss Sweet writes the following from Toledo, Ohio:

"Since I wrote you last we have visited almost all of the important cities of Ohio lying in our way. We have had many pleasant experiences and some peculiar ones. One mayor told us we were at liberty to work, and when the police prohibited us from selling he gave us a written permit and inquired who had assumed that authority.

"We found the chief of police of another city very nice. He is deeply interested in prison work, not in the usual way, however. He said: 'I am not very popular because I

believe in reforming men instead of punishing them.' He told us of some very interesting cases. When I offered to show him our references he declined to look at them, saying that he could read more in our faces than he could from the paper. He wished us success as we left.

"I rejoiced at the consciousness in my heart that I had been honest even in the smallest things with my fellow men and I recalled the text which says that we are living epistles, 'known and read of all men.'

"It is a great comfort to me to be able in the face of any accusation to hold up my head and assert my honesty. If every penny I could have secured for myself since I started on this trip would bring back a dollar I would not wish it back, for I believe it is this that has borne us through these last months' work. People have been ready to accuse us at every hand, but I am glad that I have never had to leave anyone who had intelligence and the time to listen to us without winning their confidence.

"One man who would not even listen to us at first, saying, 'I do not believe in doing charity that way and if I did I would not give you anything, for I don't know whether you are a fraud or not,' finally became deeply interested in this magazine.

"While in Cleveland Mrs. Wilson-Morgan entertained us very kindly at her home and we had the pleasure of knowing of some of the early experiences of herself and Miss Emmel in the Chicago work. It makes me feel more the value of rescue work.

"Yesterday morning while standing near the wharf deciding which way to go, a young man dressed in uniform approached and asked us our mission. He was very pleasant and bought a paper, giving me fifteen cents for it. He told me what a lonely time the sailor boys sometimes had while on duty on board and how glad they always were for reading, so we gave him one of our new numbers also and another paper. He seemed pleased. Next Monday we are to take them what reading we can get from our church people here."

The following is from Mrs. Kedler, written from Cleveland, Ohio:

"We sold twenty-six hundred copies of the May number in this city the last three weeks in spite of the rainy weather. I canvassed

the capitol at Columbus and sold about twenty-five LIFE BOATS there in about twenty minutes.

"While walking along the streets of Akron I entered a tiny watch-repairing store. An old man about seventy sat near a shelf working on a watch. I asked him if he would not buy a paper. He said 'No,' he had scarcely enough to eat himself. I believed him; it certainly did not look as though his small business was affording him a living. I went back to the little grocery store and purchased some groceries with some extra money that had been given me at the Goodrich Rubber plant. These I gave him. At first he could hardly comprehend it all, then he broke down and cried and said, 'It is in answer to my prayer; it is of the Lord.' He took the groceries to a back room and thanked me for them.

Only a few doors from him lives a family who belongs to a helping band which assists the poor and needy. I told this sister about the old man and she promised to look after him in regard to food. Another sister who befriended us and who recently lost her husband, promised to give him some clothes.

"A druggist wanted to know if we could help a poor boy who was crippled with rheumatism, so Miss Sweet and I called to see him yesterday. Such a pitiful sight as he was! His hands, his back and his neck were all deformed, and although he is about eighteen and has a bright, clear mind, his face and body look more like that of a ten-year-old child. He cannot move of his own accord. He has been sick about six years. His mother said he loved to read. He was reading when we saw him, his head propped against a brace. He cannot lay on his back at all. The little cottage was neat and clean and so were he and his mother, although she took in washing for a living. I left her some change to buy some milk and fruit for Willie. She said she used to keep those things on hand for him when she had money, but when she had none she could not, as was the case now."

No man ever gets into heaven until heaven has first gotten into him.

THE SPECIAL PRISONERS' LIFE BOAT.

We give in this connection abstracts of a few of the many encouraging letters received from prison officials after they had distributed to the inmates of their respective prisons the May Special Prisoners' Number of THE LIFE BOAT. Interesting letters are beginning to come in from the prisoners themselves, which will be published in future issues.

SOUTH DAKOTA PENITENTIARY.

"I am sure the inmates received much good from your publication and we shall be pleased to receive them any time you care to send them."

I. J. EDWARDS, Clerk.

PENNSYLVANIA INDUSTRIAL REFORMATORY.

"THE LIFE BOATS have been distributed among our inmates, and they are not only duly appreciated by them, but I know they will be the means of doing much good."

J. B. PATTON, Supt.

MICHIGAN REFORMATORY.

"THE LIFE BOATS reached us all right and have been delivered. It is a good number and is read with interest. Thank you for your kindly and generous interest."

CYRUS MENDENHALL, Chaplain.

NORTH CAROLINA STATE PRISON.

"THE LIFE BOATS were received a day or two since. I am sure they were very much enjoyed. The prisoners were anxious for them. There were not enough to go around, but I asked those that received them to 'read and pass around.'"

JOHN M. FLEMING, Warden.

IDAHO STATE PENITENTIARY.

"Your consignment of the special number of the Prisoner's LIFE BOAT received and we wish to thank you for the supply. From various expressions received it would seem that quite a little interest is being taken in it."

E. L. WHITNEY, Warden.

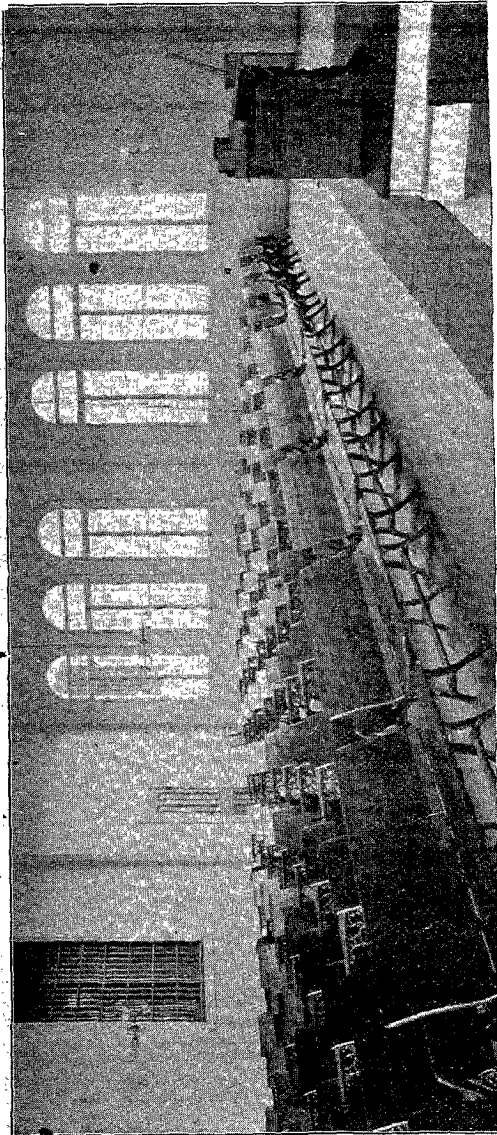
WISCONSIN STATE REFORMATORY.

"The two bundles of LIFE BOATS which you sent us were duly received and yesterday distributed among the boys with instructions to have them passed from one to another in the cell house. I suppose but few have yet had time to read them thoroughly, but I know that the boys are always interested in receiving these numbers and I wish to thank you very kindly for the donation so generously bestowed."

C. W. BOWRON, Supt.

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA PENITENTIARY.

"THE LIFE BOATS received in good shape and we are using them carefully. It is like the rain on a field; we cannot tell just the



The Indiana State Prison School Room.

drops that get to any particular grain or flower, but we see and feel that a work is being done. God's blessing be on your work."

REV. JOSEPH WELCH,
Moral Instructor.

WALLA WALLA PENITENTIARY.

"The papers you sent us were received and I assure you they are appreciated by my department. They have been circulated among the prisoners and I trust that good has been accomplished. I believe that you are accomplishing permanent good and I wish you success and many blessings in your administrations among the unfortunate of the large cities. Anything I can do for you will be cheerfully done."

JOHN LE CORNU, Chaplain.

HOUSE OF CORRECTION, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

"The magazines have arrived. I know THE LIFE BOAT and consider it as efficient and helpful a journal as can be placed in the hands of anyone needing help spiritually. I have found the Prisoners' Number of special usefulness in our work at the Cleveland House of Correction and thank you for them."

H. D. CRANE.

IOWA STATE PENITENTIARY.

"The Prisoners' Number of THE LIFE BOAT has been received and distributed. So far as I have heard the men are pleased with it, and appreciate the generosity that makes it possible for every one to practically have a copy. It seems to be well up to the high mark of previous issues and I desire to thank you heartily for it, and for the interest you have manifested in us."

A. H. JESSUP, Chaplain.

NEW JERSEY STATE PRISON.

"The Special Prisoners' Number of THE LIFE BOAT came duly to hand and I earnestly believe will do our prisoners good. The kind of reading you furnish in THE LIFE BOAT appeals strongly to those confined in prison, opening their eyes to the importance of a better life, and encouraging them in pursuit of the good promised in the gospels. Thanking you for your kindly interest and praying for the blessing of the Head of the Church on you and your Christlike work, I am,

REV. GEORGE MADDOCK, Chaplain.

PRISON CAMPS, GEORGIA.

"I received THE LIFE BOATS all right and have just delivered them. The men seem to be very much pleased with them. I think it is a fine edition. I divided them between the two camps and had a sufficiency, and am in hopes they will do much good. I have been chaplain here only a few months to them. I can see some changes already for good. There are several men under conviction and, I believe, converted. I am glad to get good literature for the men."

A. P. SPILLINS, Chaplain.

SING SING PRISON, OSSINING, N. Y.

"We received 600 copies of the Special Prisoners' Number of THE LIFE BOAT and have distributed them so that they were read by many more than that number of men. They were thoroughly enjoyed and there has been a good many inquiries whether any more of the same kind will be received. I congratulate you on the real merit and success of that issue and thank you in the name of many readers for your generous donation."

S. ERNEST JONES, Chaplain.

WOMAN'S PRISON, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

"The copies of THE LIFE BOAT came duly to hand and I thank you very much for remembering us. I have distributed them among the prisoners. THE LIFE BOAT is greatly appreciated by the prisoners, and it seems to appeal to them as no other paper does. They read it earnestly and anxiously await its coming. It is helpful and does much, I am sure, to stimulate right living."

EMILY C. RHOADES, Supt.

ALBANY COUNTY PENITENTIARY.

"Many thanks for that liberal assignment of LIFE BOATS, the Special Prisoners' Number. This number, in my humble opinion, was the best ever issued. They hit the right spot. They spoke of the wonderful grace in Jesus Christ and His great power to uplift men and women out of themselves unto Him. Could I have taken a vote of my charge, they would have shouted with one voice, 'Thank God for THE LIFE BOAT.' Rest assured that He who hath said His word shall not return to Him void, will make this prison issue an instrument for His honor and glory and to the sal-

vation of souls. I again thank you for the large number, which enabled me to distribute to the jail prisoners also."

ANDREW M. VAN DER WART, Chaplain.

INDIANA REFORMATORY.

"I received 400 copies of THE LIFE BOAT yesterday and distributed them in the afternoon. As always, the boys were glad to get them and many of them expressed their thanks for the papers. I only wished there were 600 more so that every call might have been supplied, but you were very kind in sending me the number that you did. I wish that I might send you something for them, but I have no fund for such work. At any time you see fit to send me any number, however small, they will be thankfully received."

W. E. EDGIN, Chaplain.

ALLEGHENY COUNTY WORKHOUSE.

"We received the six packages of the special issue of THE LIFE BOAT which you so kindly sent for use among the inmates. We are certainly grateful for the favor. The number sent is sufficient to enable us to give each prisoner the privilege of reading one; that is, we will see that the little books are carefully used so that they can be re-read over and over again, for in a prison constituted as this one is the population is constantly changing and the new men that come will be supplied with THE LIFE BOAT until the book is worn out by usage. What the results may be I cannot know, but I am satisfied that much good will follow your effort in behalf of this class of humanity. This issue is especially good, though I am ready to commend them all."

D. R. IMBRIE, Chaplain.

MISSIS A MOTHER'S LOVE.

"I take the opportunity this blessed Sabbath day to thank you for THE LIFE BOAT I received a few days ago. This was the first I ever received and I did enjoy reading it. I have so many hours evenings and Sabbath and am always glad for some new reading matter. I am not a good religious boy, but I try to do the best I can. I came to this country a boy of fourteen and have always been among strangers since. I think I would be a better man if a mother's love was by my side. Yes, I would be glad to have you ad-

vise and counsel me. God knows I have so few friends in my misfortune.

"I have the permission to write two letters each month and I would be glad to write once every month to you. I have not heard from home in many years. I am afraid to let my people know I am in the State prison. Mother has been dead for fifteen years and if father is living I don't know. God knows I have sorrow enough and need all the friends I can get. You are a stranger to me and probably don't care for me; for if you do you will be the *first* one to take an interest in my life since my dear loving father and mother.

"I have five years and eight months more to stay behind these walls. I had sixteen years and two months. I think you are good in taking an interest in me, for I am a bad fellow. Please let me hear from you or any friend of yours. God bless you."

FISHING FOR SOULS IN DARKEST CHICAGO.

E. B. VAN DORN.

I began city mission work over ten years ago. I was not much of a Christian when I came to Chicago. I had got pretty well disgusted with religion I had seen in the lives of men, but when I came down in this city and saw men who were drunkards and had lost their hope from every standpoint, and saw them converted and the next night come around sober, with their faces washed, I said, "That is the kind of gospel I want to connect with."

The first Mission down in Custom House place had a dispensary there, and we had a lunch room, where we served men soup and a bowl of cornmeal, etc., a glass of milk and two pieces of zwieback, for a penny each. There I first got my experience.

In the evening we would clear up and get out the old piano and sing some songs, and some one would get up and tell of salvation and God's kindness to the children of men. Then some would stand up and tell about the night before or the week before or two weeks before, or maybe a year ago, when they had heard that story and given their hearts to God.

By and by we moved to State street, and there we had capacity for about five hundred men at that time, using double-deck beds; but

afterward the city authorities asked us to cut out those beds and put in singles. Men had the opportunity to have their clothes cleaned and get good food, and the gospel was preached to them every night. Many men would come into a knowledge of the power of God unto salvation.

I went over every day and assisted in some part of the work, and afterwards when the Life Boat Mission was opened I one day found an opportunity in a peculiar way for uniting with it. I was then cooking for our training school, and Dr. Sadler came down the stairway and down into the little office, where he asked a man if he would take the janitor work at the Mission. The man asked how much he would pay, and when he was told he said he would not do it. He went off, but I attracted his attention and asked, "Why don't you give me a chance at that?" One after another dropped out and I stepped in, until finally I was doing the janitor work, the chorister work, the visiting, etc., all at the same time.

I am sure we have no discouraging word to offer. We moved out of there further south. Recently we moved across the street and opened up the Mission again at 471 State street. The first night there was a good audience and it seemed as if God's presence had gone before us and prepared the hearts of the people. There were experiences related there I will never forget. I believe there are thousands of people all over the world who are living good, clean, Christian lives as the result of the work done in this Mission.

ARE YOU IN THE RIGHT LIGHT?

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

Some people we meet are always cross and irritable; while they may have many excellent qualities, yet they do not appear on the surface and they usually are not given credit for what they really endeavor to be at heart.

The other day while coming down the stairs in a beautifully decorated building in Chicago I noticed a large painting on the wall. The scene was one of the Niagara falls. The lovely green tint of the water, the fine spray, the sparkling mass as it dashed over the edge of the rocks to the foaming deep below, presented a striking picture of the exquisite grandeur of the original.

As I was admiring the scene I heard someone behind me remark, "Isn't that beautiful!" The one to whom the remark was directed replied, "Yes, the light brings it out so nice. No matter how beautiful they are, if they aren't in the right light they do not show up."

I then noticed electric lights placed at the top of the picture in such a way as to show it off most beautifully. I at once thought of the text: "Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path," Ps. 119:105; also of the words of Jesus: "I am the light of the world." It is our privilege to place ourselves in the RIGHT LIGHT. If we can only expose our lives to the searchlight of God's Word and let it burn up the dross and sin which is continually coming to the surface, then the Sun of Righteousness will be reflected in us so fully that our character will indeed present a picture more beautiful and attractive than any painting ever hung on palace wall.

The Master Artist is at work on your heart and mine; let us get in the right light so that the glory of the painting will not be marred.

FINDING A NEW LIFE.

From Nashville, Tenn., a prisoner writes:

"Through a kind Christian friend I have been getting your magazine, for which I am very thankful, as I consider it the best of reading. It seems to put new energy into life. I am one of the unfortunate ones who have a life sentence here, with no prospect for freedom. I feel that I am now finding a new life—one that is worth far more than that of this earth. This is a great consolation, and I ask your prayers that I may find forgiveness for my sins through Jesus Christ."

If you are not in the place God wants you, remember that place is empty until you fill it.

"We are never independent of that which is below us until we are dependent on that which is above us."

"Disobedience of the law of life carries with it a knotted whip whose cut and slash and sting always mean a death of some sort."



Editorial Department



DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
EDITOR

William S. Sadler, M. D.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

A RAILROAD DEPARTMENT.

A great army of bright, capable, level-headed men are spending their entire time on the railroads. A single mistake on the part of these men might hurl scores or even hundreds into eternity without a moment's warning.

These men are largely deprived of both home, social and religious opportunities. We are desirous at an early date to open up in *THE LIFE BOAT* a railroad department, in which such matter as is of special interest to the moral, mental and physical welfare of railroad men will be especially presented. We would be glad to hear from those especially interested in this matter.

ARE YOU GETTING READY FOR MOVING DAY?

We have moved several times the last half dozen years. Each time we have found some things that were only rubbish, consequently were destroyed, not because we hated them but because they simply were not worth moving.

The present indications, whether viewed from the social, moral or physical standpoint, all point to the fact that God will soon have a moving day in which He will move everybody that is really worth moving to a better world. He will then destroy those who have not developed sufficient character to make them worth moving. Are you getting ready for moving day or are you merely preparing to be rubbish?

ARE YOU HAVING A MISERABLE TIME?

The prophet Malachi speaks of some of God's professed followers that they had covered the altar of the Lord with tears, with weeping, with crying out inasmuch that He regarded not their offering any more nor received it any more at their hands.

A certain boy was asked if his mother was a Christian and he said yes, she was converted some years ago. When asked how he knew, he said, "She became sorry then and has remained sorry ever since."

Such people need to consider the lilies, how they grow, that they may themselves "grow as the lily" (Hos. 14:5). Then they can go to a prayer meeting and present more than doleful tales of woful experiences. They will not merely be enlarging upon the weary times they are having here in their dreary pilgrimage; the prayer meeting will be a place where they will bring some happy, cheerful thought, where some note of victory will be expressed, and the young people as they hear of it, like David will say, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord" (Ps. 122:1), for they get something worth while when they go there.

HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF THIS?

Christ is the "desire of all nations." Hag-gai 2:7. The desire for God is as real in the human being as the desire for food or for water or for air. But just as some have so grossly misinterpreted the feeling of thirst that they have actually tried to satisfy it with liquor and other death-dealing drinks, so a large portion of humanity have so misinterpreted the craving for God that they go through the world dissatisfied or else are vainly trying to satisfy their thirst from broken cisterns, which is like distilling a few drops of water from sewage, when they might be drinking from the fountain head.

Recently some of the leaders of thought in finances, medicine and science are beginning to realize this. The following is an editorial from the *Wall Street Journal*, which is published especially in the interest of the great financial operations in this country. The editor says:

"What America needs more than railway extension, and western irrigation, and low tariff, and a bigger wheat crop, and a merchant marine, and a new navy, is a revival of piety, the kind mother and father used to have—piety that counted it good business to stop for daily family prayer before breakfast right in the middle of harvest; that quit field work a half hour early Thursday night,

so as to get the chores done and go to prayer meeting; that borrowed money to pay the preacher's salary and prayed fervently in secret for the salvation of the rich man who looked with scorn on such unbusinesslike behavior.

"That's what we need now to clean this country of the filth of graft, and of greed, petty and big; of worship of fine houses and big lands and high office and grand social functions. What is this thing we are worshipping but a vain repetition of what decayed nations fell down and worshipped just before their light went out?

"Read the history of Rome in decay and you will find luxury there that could lay a big dollar over our little doughnut that looks so large to us. Great wealth never made a nation substantial nor honorable. There is nothing on earth that looks good that is so dangerous for a man or a nation to handle as quick, easy, big money. If you do resist its deadly influence the chances are that it will get your son. It takes greater and finer heroism to dare to be poor in America than to charge an earthworks in Manchuria."

A PATHETIC PLEA.

A few days ago we received the following letter:

"My sister, who was raised in the country and knew but little of the ways of the world, with no one to advise her, at the age of fifteen met a man of twenty-eight who took advantage of her innocence and induced her to marry him secretly. They lived together but a short time before she found out she had made a mistake. He turned out to be a drunken gambler and caroused around, worrying his poor little wife to death. She pleaded with him and begged him to lead a better life; instead he got worse and threatened her if she left him.

"A child was born to them (a very bright girl). Instead of getting better and showing respect for his family he became worse and finally got abusive and stayed out nights. He drank and caroused around in bad company until the poor little child, his wife, could no longer stand it. She worried until she lost her strength and a few months ago she left him and started out in the cold world with no

one to help her, no place to stay that she might call home.

"To make matters worse, a short time after she left him she became aware that she would soon become the mother of another child. This worried her so that she began to think that life was not worth living. I begged of her not to think of doing such a rash act and asked her to go back to him. She said that she would much rather die than go back to him and suffer what she had before at his hands. She said there was but one thing that had kept her on this earth this long and that was her dear little child, for whom she had a true mother's love. I begged her to let me try to help her, but she knew I could offer her but little help, as I am alone and not well much of the time and have no home.

"Can you advise us? Will you do anything for her? Please do something if you can. We shall do all we can to repay you. Can you get a home for her that she may stay in until this is over? Will you not please do something for the poor child? This is telling on me now. What if the worst happens? It will be the end of my happiness. If I could only get her a place to stay where she would be content! I pray for her day and night for the Lord to save her until I can get help. Will you not please let me know soon if you can help us? She thinks it impossible for her to give up her dear little girl, but thinks maybe she could put the other in a good home before she becomes attached to it, as it would be impossible for the poor child to get along with both. Now, Doctor, on your reply there depends a great deal. Please do all you can and with the Lord's help we shall make her life happier than it is now.

We are sure that our readers are glad that we could write her in reply:

"Why, of course we will do something for the poor woman. It is a pity we are so far away, but we will take her into our Suburban Home and see that she has a true mother's care during this trying time, and find homes for the children if it becomes necessary, which I hope it will not."

The gem can not be polished without friction, nor man perfected without adversity.

IT CAPTIVATED HIM.

A prisoner in the Philadelphia (Pa.) prison writes:

"I have just been reading April's issue of your magazine and it has so captivated me that I am obliged to put in my subscription for six months.

"I was more than pleased with THE LIFE BOAT that the Chaplain gave me to read, and it filled my heart with oh, so much joy to see there is someone really thinking of us poor unfortunates who have yielded to the evil one.

"When I read this magazine it seems to make everything so plain to a person who is trying with all of his heart to do what is right with His help. I thank you and your collaborators for the good you are doing the distressed and needy."

DO LIKEWISE.

A dental surgeon in far-away New Zealand has been receiving a hundred LIFE BOATS each month for the past year. He has just renewed his subscription for the same. He finds it helpful for missionary purposes. Why don't you who read this order a club of LIFE BOATS to distribute among your friends? We furnish them at special rates in clubs.

FROM OUR FRIENDS.

"I like your paper very much and I would not want to be without it."

"Enclosed find fifty cents for one year's subscription to THE LIFE BOAT. I have read one of your magazines and am anxious to get another."

"Enclosed you will find fifty cents for THE LIFE BOAT for a year. I have taken it almost ever since it has been printed and can not think of doing without it. I read it and give it away. Every one likes to read it. It is an excellent pamphlet."

"I see that my subscription to THE LIFE BOAT has expired, so I will enclose price of renewal as I do not wish to be without it. There is something about the simplicity of THE LIFE BOAT that touches a chord in my heart that the other magazines do not reach."

"I think your work is a grand one and should be supported. It has my most cordial and earnest Godspeed. I can not help heavily, but send you for mother's sake, as I think she would be glad to have me to, a part of the small sum found in her purse after her death."

REMARKABLE OFFERS.

Our readers are appreciating our valuable premium offers. We have sent out, the last two years, nearly four hundred premium Bibles and a large number of watches, fountain pens, books, etc. Note for yourself our later premium offers.

Think of a Bible substantially bound in French morocco, round corners, with the words that the Saviour spoke in the New Testament printed in red, with every prophecy in the Old Testament concerning Him also in red,—printed in good readable type, containing concordance, teachers' helps, etc., for ONLY ten new subscriptions or renewals.

Do you want a first-class 14K solid gold fountain pen? We offer the same for three new subscriptions to The Life Boat.

Are you a parent? If so, you should read Mrs. S. M. I. Henry's book, "Studies in Home and Child Life." You can secure it for only three new subscriptions.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR BOYS.

The following letter might prove a suggestion for other boys to do a similar work this summer:

"Our Sabbath School teacher gave her class of children something to do to earn some missionary money by next December. My little boy has decided to sell THE LIFE BOAT. He has five cents to start with and will keep enlarging his order each time he sends."

How many other boys will take up this work during the summer months? To encourage you to begin we will make the following LIBERAL OFFER: To every boy who has never sold THE LIFE BOAT before we will send TEN COPIES ABSOLUTELY FREE. Order them at once and get started. Instructions and terms to agents will be furnished on application. Address THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Ill.

There is always a place to reap for the man who has his sickle ready.

The Life Boat

DAVID PAULSON, M. D., Editor.
WILLIAM S. SADLER, M. D., Associate Editor.
N. W. PAULSON, Business Manager.

THE LIFE BOAT is published at Hinsdale, Ill., by the Workingmen's Home and Life Boat Mission, incorporated. The Chicago office of the Association is 473 State street.

Checks, drafts and money orders should be made payable to THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Ill.

Yearly subscriptions, 50 cents.

Special discounts when a number are sent to one address.

Ten cents additional to foreign countries.

EXPIRATIONS.

The date on the wrapper indicates when your subscription expires. We do not continue any names on our list after the expiration of the subscription, so please renew your subscription promptly.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

When writing to have the address of THE LIFE BOAT changed, be sure to give the old address as well as the new one.

MISTAKES.

The publishers of THE LIFE BOAT will be pleased to have their attention called to any mistakes that may occur, and will be glad to correct them.

PREMIUMS.

The attention of our readers is invited to our valuable premium offers. We are constantly in receipt of most appreciative letters from those who have taken advantage of these liberal offers.

RATES FOR ADVERTISING.

Full page, single issue, \$30; three months, \$50.

Half page, \$12; three months, \$30.

One inch, column width, one insertion, \$1.00.

UNPARALLELED OPPORTUNITIES FOR ADVERTISING.

We desire advertisements from both large and small dealers of articles that we can recommend to our subscribers. THE LIFE BOAT has an unusually large circulation among the best class of people. Full information concerning circulation, etc., given on application. THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Ill.

WANTED—To borrow \$5,000, in sums of \$200 and upwards; real estate security; will pay 6 per cent interest. For information, address H. E. Hoyt, Hinsdale, Ill.

WANTED—A janitor for the Halsted Street Dispensary in Chicago. Should be young, unmarried man, good physical strength, Christian. An excellent opportunity for one who can accept moderate compensation and at the same time improve the opportunities to learn how to give the various treatments, as some opportunity will be afforded each day to help in the treatment rooms and learn from the nurses. Those interested should address William S. Sadler, M. D., 888 Thirty-fifth place.

VOLUNTEER WORKMEN WANTED.

WORK IS ABOUT TO BEGIN ON THE NEW SUBURBAN HOME FOR GIRLS IN HINSDALE. ARE THERE NOT A FEW COMPETENT CARPENTERS WHO WILL DONATE ALL BUT THEIR BOARD AND ROOM FOR A FEW WEEKS AND THUS RIGHTFULLY EARN A SHARE IN THE BLESSED WORK THAT WILL BE CARRIED ON IN THIS HOME? ADDRESS AT ONCE SUBURBAN HOME, HINSDALE, ILL.

HOW TO JUDGE INVESTMENTS

BEFORE you invest a dollar in anything, send for my book, "How to Judge Investments." This book tells you about everything you should know before making any kind of an investment, either for a large or small amount.

It tells how you may safely start on the road to wealth.

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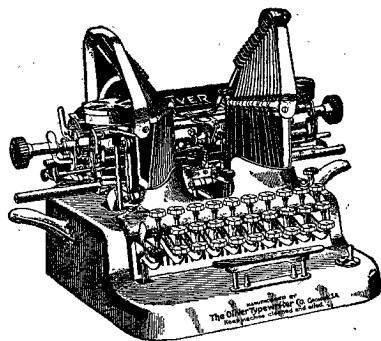
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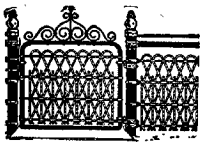
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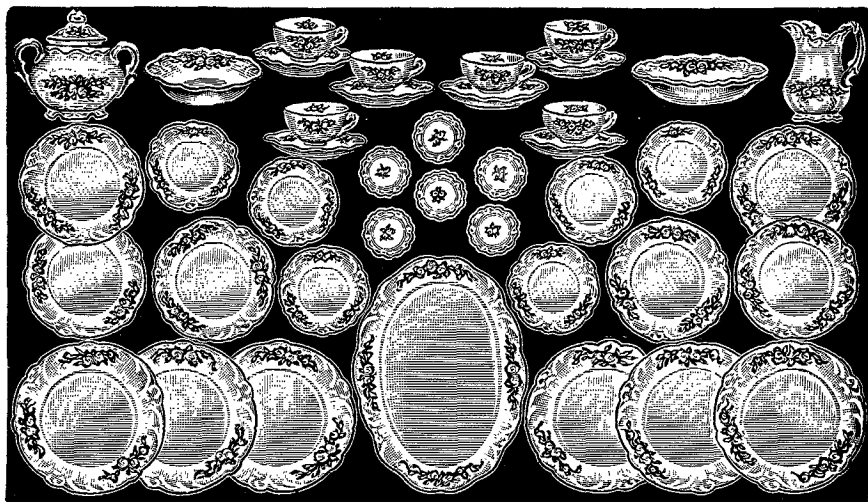
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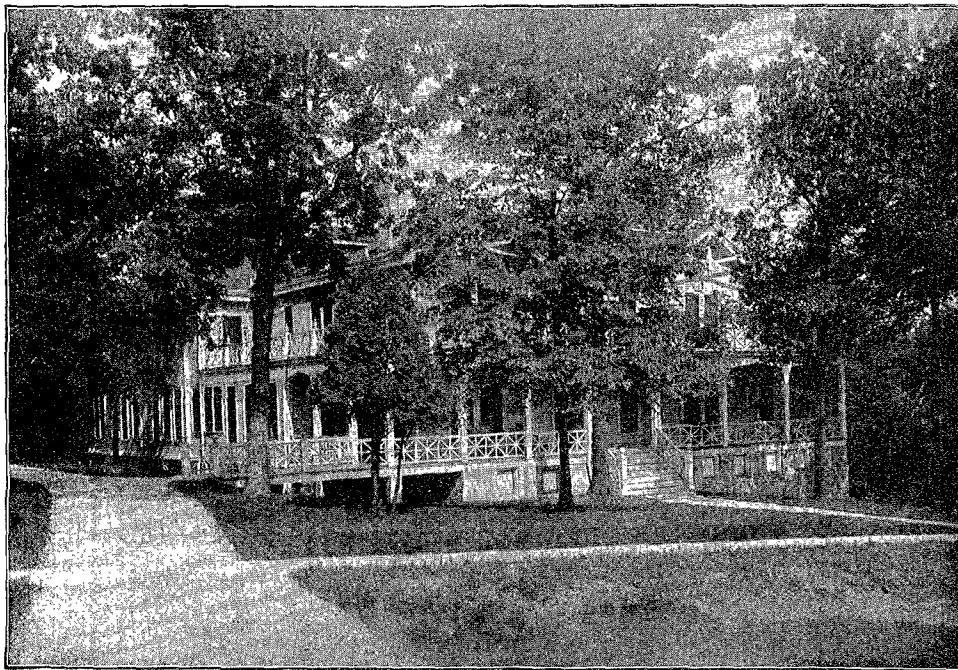
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