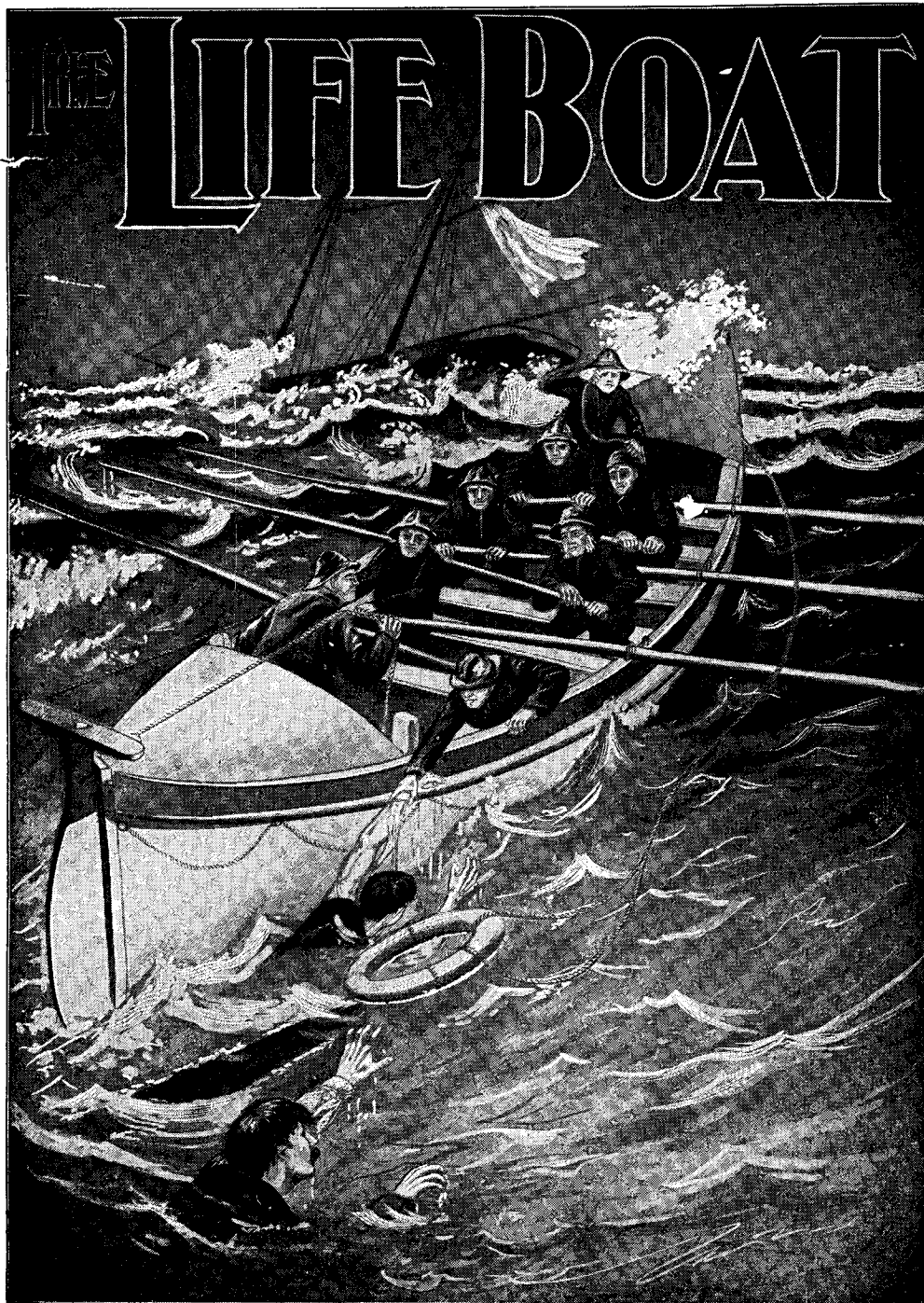


There is Hope for the Hopeless.

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Number Five

Windsor, Ill.

May, 1908

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The Ninth Annual Prisoners' Number.

Are You Friendless and Misunderstood?

Whether you have human friends or not you have missed everything if you have not learned about that Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Prov. 18:24.

You may feel you are not good enough to deserve His friendship. He does not expect much of you. He knows how good-for-nothing you are, but does not lay it up against you, for He remembers you are but dust. Psa. 103:14.

You have already discovered you cannot make yourself good. He knew that before you did, and does not expect it of you any more than He expected those fellows way back there would be able to reach Heaven by building the tower of Babel. Gen. 11.

He proposes to make you good if you will only let Him. Your willingness is the only recommend that is required (2 Cor. 8:12), and He will make you good and give you strength to do good. Salvation is absolutely a free gift (Isa. 55:1), you can't earn it. Rom. 6:23.

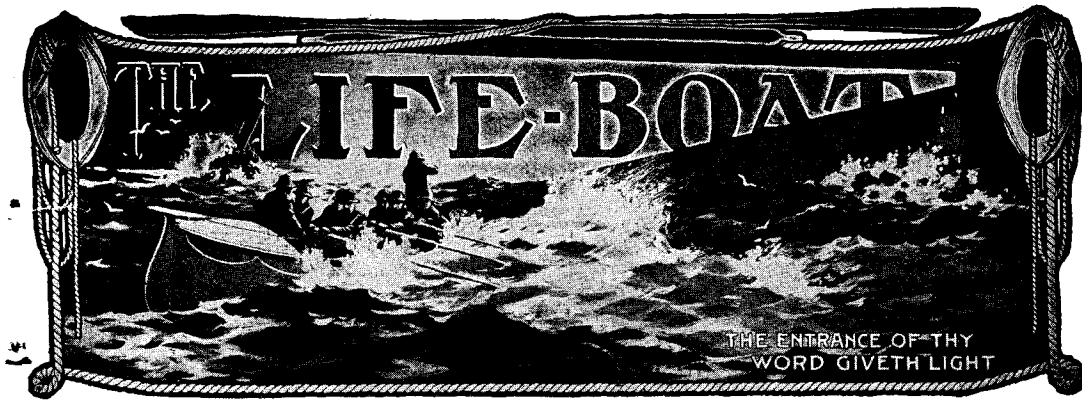
Ask God to help you to believe this simple truth and read your Bible and you will soon find more about it.

If it does not seem clear to you I will be glad to write you personally.

Address

David Paulson.

Windsdale, Ill.



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

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Volume XI

HINSDALE, ILL. :: MAY, 1908

Number 5

SPRINGTIME.

PEARL WAGGONER.

Yes, 'tis here,—the glorious springtime—

We have seen the budding trees,
We have heard the news repeated

On the soft and balmy breeze;
We have heard the notes so welcome
Of the spring-birds overhead,

And have seen new life appearing
From the ground where all seemed dead.

We have known it by the softness
Of the cloudlets flitting by,
By the humming of the insects,
By the blueness of the sky;
While the sweet and fragrant zephyrs,
Borne to us from far away,
Wake within our hearts the vision
Of a land more fair than day.

Yes, grim Winter's reign is ended,
We have seen his hosts retreat;
Summer's heralds, now advancing,
Claim his place in Spring, so sweet.
Oh, awake! Breathe in the freshness
Of the beauty everywhere!
Why should hearts be cold or gloomy
Burdened down with needless care?

What though failures lie behind you,
And your hopes seem crushed and dead—
That same God who sends the sunlight,

Light within *your heart* will shed.
That same Power you see around you,
Causing earth to bud again,
To your heart now waits admittance,
There to cleanse from every stain.

Every noble, high ambition,
That same Power can bring to life;
It can bring sweet calm and quiet
Where is now tumultuous strife.
That same Power at work in nature
Likewise can men's hearts renew;
It has done the same for others,—
Why not let it now for you?

Like the earth, so full of beauty,
So your life may bud and flower;
Oh, then open up the heart-gates
To this wondrous-saving Power!
Let the past, so dark, so gloomy,
Evermore forgotten be;
Take this life that God is giving—
Life of joy and liberty.

Oh, awake, this glorious springtime,
Let God's sunshine fill your soul!
It will burst the cruel fetters
And will make you free and whole;
It will heal the wounds of sorrow,
It will free from stain of sin,—
Oh, then rise! while yet 'tis shining,
Let God's own glad sunlight in.

THE LITTLE HYPOCRITE FLOWER.*

MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH.

I would rather have a League membership of twenty earnest, sincere, true men, pure in heart, mind and purpose and showing the fruit of it in their lives, than a thousand men who felt they could slip through prison life with no genuine desire to do the square thing, and then slip out into the world with no appreciation of what this League stands for. I congratulate you upon the manhood that has led you to look this question in the face.

If I could pick out every man in this chapel who has hesitated to take this stand I would talk right straight at you,—you who have not seen the wisdom and common sense of coming to the point of making some definite promise to the Lord while you are still in prison.

The prison is the place where the foundation is to be laid for the substantial character building by which you will be able to enjoy life in the future.

I do not wish to paint the picture all in rose colors and pretend to you that there are no hard places in the road, for God knows that there are. But the more closely I come in contact with the difficulties that you are going to face the more do I see the importance of getting right down to the root of the matter. If our future lives are to be of any help to ourselves or others it must be more than a mere change of scene; there must come a transforming touch that will take away the stony heart that is selfish and sinful, and shall put in its place a new heart ready to respond to the word that shall lead the man in the right direction.

I think I will tell you something that happened in my childhood, which made a lasting impression on me and which has helped me in dealing with problems in my life work. I remember one day going into the forest with my older sister, who was a great collector of specimens. Whenever she went out into the forest she would hunt for things to add to her collection. I remember this time there were a lot of beautiful violets down by the stream, and all through the woods were little white anemones. I was very happy as I

ran about gathering all of them, but my sister did not gather any. She wanted a blue anemone, and kept saying, "Oh, I wish I could find one!" When we went home I had a lot of flowers but she had nothing because she could not find the blue flower that she had heard grew in the woods.

Upon reaching home I went into my room, mixed up some dark blue paint just the shade of the flower that my sister was looking for. Then I took one of my white flowers and painted it very carefully. I then ran up to her room with that flower and said, "There!" I did not say, "Here is the flower you want;" I did not have to lie to her. She said, "O child, where did you get it? This is what I have been looking for so long." She then got out her blotting paper and fastened it down. It looked like the right thing but it was only a poor little hypocrite. The next day she said to me, "It is such a pity you did not save the roots and the leaves." I then began to laugh, and before I knew it the secret was out. She flew to her room and tore that flower out of her collection. It was only a poor little hypocrite after all.

Now, my dear men, it will do you no good to take on the name of Christ if at the same time you do not have the life. That is what has been the stumbling-block of the Christian church. But, dear friends, when there is something spurious, something hypocritical, it only shows there is something *real* to copy. If there had not been a *real* blue anemone somewhere I never would have cared to put the blue paint on that white flower. If there were not something that could enable men to be a blessing in this world and finally go in to the brightness of the better world and meet their God, ah, I tell you there would be no shams and professions! You know enough of the sorrow, suffering and wickedness of this life to know that it is a *real* thing you must get, and I want to tell you it is a *real* thing you *can* get,—a life that will go with you into the darkness and shatter its gloom.

There is a Friend, better than any human friend, who can come into your life here and now and give you a power that shall enable you to fight the battle and to fight it boldly.

The one who becomes a member of the Volunteer Prison League also turns his back upon the liquor curse. Remember the prayers

* Abstract of a talk given to the prisoners in the Illinois State Prison, Sunday, March 15, 1908, stenographically reported by Caroline Louise Clough.

of your mother and the tears of your wife, and when you go out in the world a free man with the privilege of doing as you choose, have the courage to turn from temptation and say, "No; I will not risk my position for that which means yielding to the old habits and slipping back into the old ways." No man who has been within a prison can afford to cross the threshold of a saloon. I know there are people who say, "I can take a drink occasionally," but there are others who cannot. The men who get good positions are the ones who are temperate, and the man who is pure is the one who keeps the position.

I want to say a parting word: do you realize how near God stands? Do you feel a weakness in your heart even if you cannot express it in words? The sorrow of my life, —the greatest that can come to any girl, came to me when my mother died. It seemed to me that the sun had been blotted out of existence; I thought that I could never smile again. I said to myself, "As far as I am concerned everything in life is gone." I prayed to God, and while I prayed I seemed to hear these words: "As a mother, so will I comfort thee." I knew that her dear arms could no more be put around me, but that there were behind me the everlasting arms of Jesus.

Boys, He has never failed me since that hour; He has stayed by me. He will put those same forgiving arms around you and make you feel that somebody cares. Give Him your sin-stained soul; yes, that is what He asks for, and in return He will give you sweet peace.

DEEP BREATHING, THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Someone has well said that the lungs are the only guaranteed blood purifiers; but in order to do this they must be used. You know how dust accumulates in the corners of a room when it is only swept in the middle. When you habitually breathe superficially there are large areas of your lungs which are scarcely ever swept out with a current of fresh air, thus giving the germs a splendid opportunity to hold a street fair or carnival or any other mischief they please.

No one has a "corner" on the air market. There is no air trust. You can breathe to your heart's content without robbing anyone else.

Furthermore, deep breathing is the best way to massage the liver. In every deep breath the diaphragm squeezes the liver almost as your hand could squeeze a sponge, thus assisting in emptying it of the blood that may be congesting in it, and encouraging the inrush of a fresh supply when you are exhaling.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the good results from a few minutes spent several times a day in good, vigorous, deep breathing. To get the best benefit from deep breathing it is necessary to keep the chest well raised. Someone has said the best way to raise the spirits is to raise the chest. Try it and see whether you find it so in your personal experience.

Don't overlook the fact that God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life. You may have forgotten that and have taken to mouth breathing. But nasal breathing helps disinfect the air and to prepare it for the lungs.

"BUT FOR DRINK I WOULD NOT BE IN PRISON."

LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS.

President National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Portland, Me.

Hanging on the wall in a prominent place in my study in Portland, Me., is a copy of "The Declaration of Principles of the National



Woman's Christian Temperance Union." This special copy, handsomely executed in water colors, attracts much attention, and the interest is intensified when I explain that it was painted and presented to me by a prisoner as a thank offering for what the W. C. T. U. is

doing to help free the people from the curse of strong drink. In sending the gift he pathetically said: "But for the drink, I would not be in prison."

There is no one who is sorry that he has always been a total abstainer, but there are thousands upon thousands who are sorry because they ever touched the intoxicating cup. No mother can bow her head in prayer and thank God for what the saloon has done for her boy, but a countless number of mothers are bowed in grief because their boys, the beloved of their hearts, have, through strong drink, wandered away from the path of rectitude and safety. The W. C. T. U. seeks to find these wanderers and to bring them back to God and mother. It seeks also to guide aright the young so that the prison door may never open for them.

The temperance wave sweeping over our land at the present time has come largely as the result of work and prayers of the W. C. T. U. for three decades and four years.

On behalf of our world-wide organization, I earnestly appeal to every reader of THE LIFE BOAT, who has not already done so, to enlist in the gospel temperance army, to sign the temperance pledge and work for the overthrow of the liquor traffic. Upon the gospel temperance banner is written, "God is love"—"He is not willing that any should perish." Let us all strive to be like Him.

SOME PERSONAL HEALTH EXPERIENCES.

CARL PETERSON.

Wheaton, Ill.

[A case of bankruptcy is generally supposed to mean poor business management. Ill health is a case of physical bankruptcy, and it means either ignorance, carelessness or recklessness concerning the laws of life and health. Thousands of people might be receiving just as good results if they would only sow for it as this student did.—ED.]

A year and a half ago, I came here to school from Chicago, where I had worked in an office for five years, and was in bad shape physically. After studying some weeks I grew worse and was a fine looking dyspeptic. Doctors and pills seemed to do no good.

I happily struck a man who knew about Fletcherism and about the latest in dietetics.

We procured two of Fletcher's books, a Battle Creek Sanitarium book showing chemical compounds of different foods, and started to board ourselves November a year ago. We began to chew our food very thoroughly, almost to a liquid, and found we could get along nicely with less food. Two meals a day were sufficient. Meat in any form and shape was omitted entirely. Since that time I have not eaten two pounds of any kind of meat all together.

Our food consists of bread, milk, butter, dates, apples, potatoes, eggs, oatmeal, wheat and rice. But a very few times have we gone beyond this list. My health improved immediately, and I became a new man; I didn't have to bundle up as I had to before that. I went through the first winter with a slight cold in the head but once, whereas in previous winters it was cold upon cold clear through the winter. My complexion is clear, face more full, and increased general well-being. Endurance has increased, both physically and mentally. Now I can sit up until eleven every evening and get up at six, and very seldom get tuckered out.

Besides, this way is a saving financially. I kept an exact account of all we ate for the thirty-one weeks of last school year, and it amounted to an average of 90 cents a week for each. We are doing as well this year.

I am very glad to have learned about this, and intend to continue to live this way on the same principles. I think most people eat too much.

The people with whom I room have a puppy which has been left to my care while they are East for two months. When they left, the dog was about six months old and had been chained up in a warm cellar all the time, and consequently he was sick most of the time. He was doctored, but still did not get well. I built a dog-house out in the yard and had the dog sleep there, and allowed him to run loose. The results are that he is a different dog now. He is frisky, healthy and stronger, and enjoys life.

The cigarette smoker is putting sand into his own eyes. In life's battle he is handicapped as much as if he hung half a dozen bricks about his neck just before entering a swimming race.

A BLESSED LABOR OF LOVE.

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON,

Matron Suburban Home for Girls, Hinsdale, Ill.

The accompanying picture is of John, the first baby born in the Home. He is now four years and five months old. His mother has since married and is living a Christian life. I quote the following from a letter she wrote me the other day:

"I never can thank God enough for the Life

which I do. I thank our heavenly Father for His goodness to us fallen girls; my heart feels for all of them now that I have a home of my own. May God's good work be carried on. Yours, * * * "

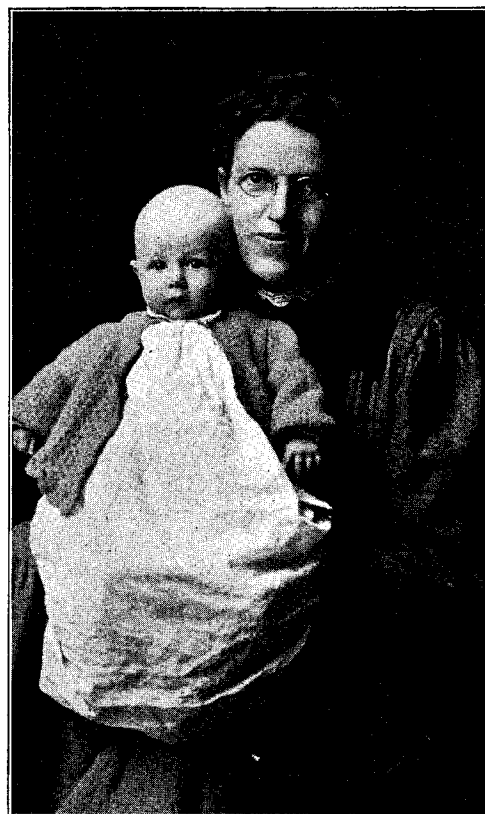


Baby John.

Boat Suburban Home and for the good it has done for us unfortunate girls; but I know now God uses some of these misfortunes that come to us, to draw us nearer our heavenly Father.

"When I left the Home I prayed that if it was God's will for me to have a husband, he might be a good one, and he certainly is a God-sent husband to me.

"I have my own home and three bright boys who enjoy loving their parents. God gave me my home that I might keep the Sabbath,



The above is a picture of a kind Christian woman with the baby she adopted from our Home. She writes me:

"I want to thank the Home for my precious baby. I only wish I could take every one you have since I have realized such a blessing during the short three months in which I have had little Baby Ivan.

"Having lost three little ones of my own, I thought perhaps I had better give my time to teaching again, but when I heard of this baby I felt that I must have it. Friends told me it would cost much in both time and money, but I have learned that the service of love can not be reckoned in dollars and cents.

"I feel that already the windows of heaven

have opened to me and such showers of blessing have been poured out that I am hardly able to receive them. At times when alone I am impelled to fall on my knees beside the little cab and thank Him who said, 'Feed my lambs,' for this precious privilege. I hope every childless mother who reads these lines will heed this call of the Master.

'Oh, the sweet, uplifting power
In the touch of little hands!
Only those who know can tell it,
And no other understands
How they bring us near to heaven,
Where the angels come and go,—
Tender, ministering spirits,
Sent to bless us here below.'
From Ivan's New Mother."



One of the saddest experiences of my life was when the mother of this little one parted from her baby boy, perhaps never to meet again on this old earth. She recently wrote me:

"Sometimes I dream my baby is back and I am taking all the care of it, but when morning comes I am still the same sad girl, without my darling little black-headed boy.

"It seems I never can get over it, but I know that was the only way I could do and I try to make the best of it all, but oh, Mrs. Swanson, how I do long for him! For he was my *own*; and how I did love him, my little darling!

"But I feel I have done right about it for I never could have brought him up as he should have been and as I could not I felt it my duty to give him to someone who would provide for him a home and give him a name. I wish you would go and see him once in a while and let me know how he is for I am awfully anxious about him, I just can't help it."



This baby has been adopted by a splendid



Baby Emmel.

young couple who say they wonder how they ever got along without him.

This beautiful youngster has been adopted into a good home, surrounded by every comfort that love can provide. His mother, though sorely grieved over it, gave him away, feeling that she could not care for him in the proper way.

The next picture is of Baby Emmel, 16 months, whose mother is a model Christian character, and is now working in one of our institutions and caring for her own baby.



Walter.

This bright little sunbeam has already won a place in the hearts of the family where the mother is working, with her babe. She came back to the Home on a visit a short time ago, and her stay with us was so helpful; she had a real missionary spirit.

I am often asked, "Does it pay?" I answer, it *certainly does*. I have only told you of just a few of the many, many blessed experiences we have had since the opening of this little Home in Hinsdale. I thank God for the little part I have had in this work.

We are very crowded in this little rented Home that we have had. Many sacrifices have had to be made, but now the workmen are busily engaged in building our new Rescue Home. It is a work of faith as it will require three times as much money before it is completed as has yet been sent in, but we know that God will not forsake this labor of love. We believe that He will move on the hearts

of His children to assist in establishing this new Home where we will not only be able to do all we have been doing, but can have facilities in addition to teach the girls useful lines of work much more satisfactorily, which will be of great help to them in life's struggles.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

TO GIRLS IN TROUBLE.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON.

If *you* are in trouble and do not know what to do next or the way out of your difficulty, then this is a personal message to you. Do not lose heart and think that no one cares for you or that no one will have confidence in you.

God has allowed this little paper to fall in your hands so that you could read this message and *know* that there are some people left who want to help you and befriend you during your time of need.

We have had the blessed privilege of helping many girls, either by correspondence or in the Suburban Home for Girls at Hinsdale. We would like to help you. Write to us and see what we can do for you. Perhaps this is your way of escape. Find out. Address the writer, Hinsdale, Ill.

PRISONERS IN MANY LANDS.

E. S. UFFORD,

Author of "Throw Out the Life Line."
Union, Me.

It is not usual for tourists in their tour of the world to include in their sight seeing the iron-barred homes of the unfortunate prisoner. But when one feels actuated by interest in, as well as sympathy for, the inmates of our penal institutions, then a study of humanity is not complete without this vital chapter in the history of mankind.

I have already given a pen-picture of my visit to the old stockade at Honolulu; of the beautiful almond tree underneath which we sat one balmy Sunday afternoon, as we looked into 200 pairs of eyes; of those overbranching arms which symbolized the mercy of God, as though it were literally a cross which suggested the very fellowship of the Man of sorrows who came to earth incarnate in our humanity, that He might suffer for us on the

cruel tree; of the rich voices of those Hawaiian captives who sang amid their tears. And one thing I took away with me was the fact that these children of the Pacific were not bad at heart. I could see how in a thoughtless way they had yielded to temptation and fallen. Therefore, many would very likely not be seen there again.

I recall another visit in striking contrast to this open air prison pen. It was the Mamertine dungeon at Rome. How differently Nero treated his prisoners than Kamehameha did in Honolulu. It throws a grim commentary upon their attitude toward their fellow men. Down the cold, dreary stone steps I walked alone with candle in hand and stood on the rock-hewn floor, walled with cruel stone, unpierced by a single window, though the room above had some light. Here Paul shivered with the chill of its dampness, and then wrote Timothy to bring, when he came, the cloak he left at Troas, for he didn't expect this temperature in sunny Italy. Do you know what thoughts crossed my mind as I stood there inspecting the old dungeon? It was that many of God's old heroes were "jail birds." That may sound strange, but see how they put Jeremiah down in one, and Daniel, and Joseph, and John the Baptist, and Peter, and Paul, and Silas, and John Bunyan. But what did they do while there? They testified for God. They bore witness to the truth. The very world is richer today for the trial they endured, for it is a lesson that man is fallible and changes his mind when the viper of slander falls off from these heroes of patient suffering. In my peregrinations I have seldom witnessed a more interesting sight than the large gathering of men whom I met in the chapel at Auburn one Sunday morning. Chaplain Herrick had won the hearts of these men, and they gave him their undivided attention. But if they do not like a speaker, they proceed to "scrape him down." That is a practice consisting of sliding the feet over the floor, back and forth. One can imagine the noise it makes if done in unison. The overseers prevent it if possible.

I was to speak to them a few minutes, and before I rose I asked what term I would use to address them by. He replied, "Call

them brothers." And so I did. I called them my brothers. I afterwards inspected the famous old prison and looked into many of the cells. One occasion I shall not forget. I asked for the cell where they usually awaited the death-chair. It was empty. I asked the warden to lock me in. He did so, and as I stood there alone in that solemn cell I was unable to feel even a thrill of the terrible guilt which belongs only to those who have broken the laws of God and man. I thought of the words of Tennyson, "He who will not be ruled by the rudder, must be ruled by the rock." I said, I will go forth and speak to men upon the theme of hope, the rudder of opportunity, lest they make shipwreck upon the rock of fate.

If you cannot preach a sermon,
If you cannot sing a song,
If you cannot win position,
Where the daring ones belong;
You can hold aloft a signal,
With its rays some soul to cheer,
And within a welcome harbor,
You a storm-tossed bark may steer.

THE BATTLE AGAINST A GREAT PLAGUE.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

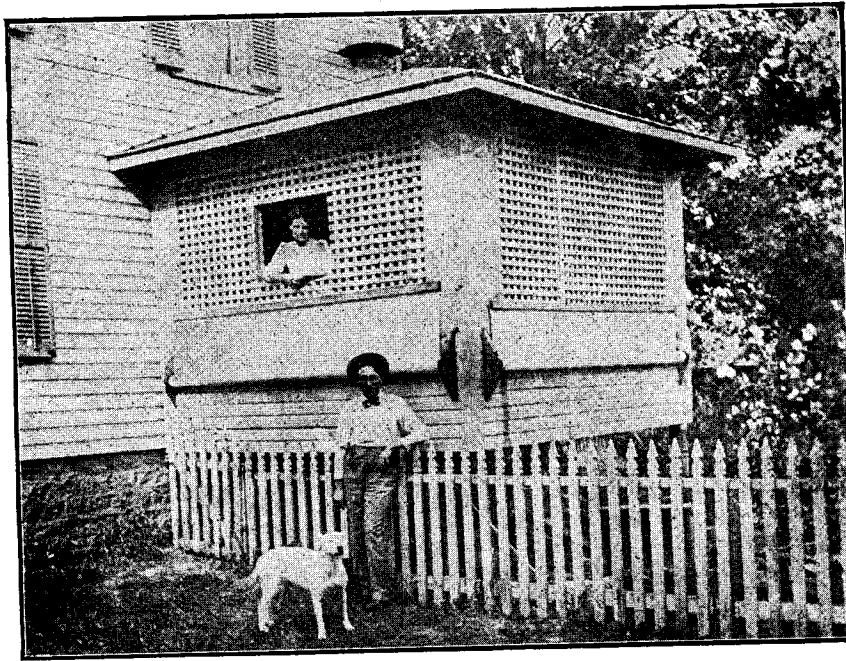
More than one-fourth of our grown-up people die from consumption. If the bubonic plague should carry off the same number of victims we would lift our hands in horror.

There are fifty thousand consumptives in Illinois. One patient dies from tuberculosis in Illinois every hour. Fully three-fourths of these, if they had had the right thing done soon enough, might have recovered and enjoyed years of life.

What is the right thing? Not swallowing drugs for, in this case, they only benefit the druggist and the manufacturers. There is no known drug that has any beneficial influence on tuberculosis. The right thing, as usual, is a very simple thing.

The tubercular germ preys on those whose health and vitality have become depressed. Whatever tends to build up the general health is good for the consumptive.

At the head of the list is fresh air. The consumptive should live as nearly as possible out doors. He should arrange if possible to



An inexpensive way of transforming a veranda into an out-door bedroom.

sleep out on the veranda, as shown in the above cut, which could be constructed for a few dollars; or an out-door bed room can be

built from the second floor window as shown in the accompanying cut, which serves just as good a purpose as the most expensive arrangement.

Dr. Evans, Chicago's health commissioner, said recently: "Until four years ago the average life of the monkeys at Lincoln Park was fourteen months. They all died of consumption. We had to buy fifty-five monkeys every year to keep the cage full. Four years ago in the fall it was decided to leave four of the poorest and most desperately sick monkeys out of doors. All of those monkeys are living today.

"As a result of this experiment the animal house was ventilated and the temperature kept at 50 degrees day and night. This has entirely abolished consumption from the animal house. What we hope to do is to accomplish for ourselves in ten years what has been done for the monkeys in four."

In the modern tubercular hospitals the patients do not live in ill-ventilated wards, but they spend their entire days out on the veranda. By this method tuberculosis is practically as curable as scarlet fever, measles, or a broken bone.

The important thing to bear in mind is the



A simple out-door bedroom.

fact that it is not the fresh air in the lungs that heals, but it is the fresh air that improves the *blood* and this blood heals the diseased lung. That same blood is just as ready to heal a diseased stomach or diseased nerves.

Several years ago the management of one of the New York insane asylums moved a group of their tubercular insane patients out doors. A goodly number of them not only recovered from their tuberculosis but also from their insanity.

In the Presbyterian hospital in New York recently they have been placing their pneumonia patients up on the roof with remarkable results. Fifty-six consecutive patients recovered without taking any medicine, merely being kept warm and having a chance to breathe heaven's pure air.

The consumptive needs not only fresh air but good nutritious food, especially an abundance of fat. He should have as much good dairy butter as his stomach can readily tolerate. Toast, eggs, cream, vegetable soups, baked potatoes, well-cooked cereals, especially those that are thoroughly done as toasted wheat and corn flakes, well-cooked rice, plenty of fruit, all thoroughly masticated, experience has demonstrated to be the very best food for the consumptive.

The outdoor life gives him a good healthy appetite and improves his digestion. If you are a consumptive and are unable to move outdoors, arrange to move as much outdoors indoors as possible. Even if you are healthy and robust do the same thing.

For several years Mrs. Paulson and myself have slept in what is practically an outdoor bedroom. We have developed such a relish for fresh air, or air hunger, that when we are compelled to sleep in an ordinary stuffy bedroom it is as obnoxious to us as being compelled to drink filthy water.

The general facts concerning the prevention of consumption and the promotion of health in general should be taught in all our educational institutions. A beginning has already been made in this direction. The energetic efforts of some of our State boards of health to educate the people in reference to health matters is very commendable. In this respect the Illinois State Board of Health has been a leader.

We would advise all our readers to send to

Dr. J. A. Egan, secretary of the Illinois State Board of Health, Springfield, Ill., for a copy of "The Cause and Prevention of Consumption." It is sent entirely free to every part of the United States. It is the best compendium on this subject that we know of. It is brim full of helpful suggestions on every page. The illustrations accompanying this article were supplied us by Dr. Egan from this bulletin, for which courtesy we are under obligation.

WHAT DOES CONSECRATION REALLY MEAN?

JOHN F. MORSE, M. D.

[Those who read one of the previous special numbers will remember with pleasure and profit a helpful article from Dr. Morse, on Physical Culture. This year he contributes the following instructive article on how to give ourselves fully to the Lord. We trust that it will be read by all with an earnest desire that the experience spoken of may become a personal one.—Ed.]

The most of Christ's time was spent in common, hum-drum work just as you and I have to do every day. Yet His was a consecrated

life. "Ye shall seek Me, and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart." Jer. 29:13.



If our consecration depended upon spending our entire time in strictly evangelical work very few of us could be consecrated; but the

thought is very precious to me that no matter what I have to do I can be just as consecrated as anybody else. You hear of someone preaching the Gospel; you may wish you were as consecrated as he is. But no matter if we are washing dishes, handling machinery, or engaged in any other work, we can be serving the Master just as truly as anyone else.

This question of serving the Lord with all our hearts is easy and simple enough but sometimes it is only *half* done. Now what does it really mean to seek the Lord with our *whole* heart? Perhaps you say, "My heart is

so full of sin and wickedness that I cannot seek the Lord." Listen: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Isa. 1:18.

Crimson is one of the dyes that never comes out. In ancient times they put the cloth into the dye and let it soak for months until every fiber became saturated with the crimson. It was permanent because it entered into a chemical combination with the material to be colored. Even if our sins are as much a part of us as that dye is of the fabric, yet God says we can be made as white as snow. Christ says, "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you."

The hard work comes in not being willing to forsake everything. We must be willing to lay everything aside. To each of us moment by moment comes that choice. You and I may not have any wealth between us and the Master, yet there may be other things coming between us. Christ did not consider His own will to be followed but thought of His Father in heaven. (John 6:38.) I wonder if each one of us can say that we are not doing our own will but the will of our Father in heaven.

If our hearts shall be consecrated to the Lord we must seek Him with our whole heart and our will should be the will of our Father, our words His words, and our deeds should be the deeds of Him. Then we can claim that promise, that "no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."

A PRISON SONG SERVICE.

(Read Acts 16: 23, 24.)

H. E. HOYT.
Hinsdale, Ill.

"At midnight Paul and Silas . . . sang praises unto God." Verse 25. I do not read much in the Bible about Paul singing in the day, but here we have an account of his singing in the night. God has seen to it that a record has been kept of that midnight song service.

It is a very natural and fitting thing for men to sing and otherwise express their feelings when everything is going well with them; nearly all men do it, and they ought. I imagine that Paul often sang in the day. It

is interesting, however, to notice that no mention is made of such singing.

Paul and Silas had been beaten with many stripes and then cast into prison, and the jailor thrust them into the inner prison and made their feet fast in the stocks. Lying on the hard floor with their freshly made wounds undressed, and being bound so they were unable to care for themselves in any way, what do we hear issuing from their lips? Cursing and swearing, denunciation of the jailor, blaming God for such luck, etc.? No, never! On the contrary, at midnight they sang praises to God.

Is it any wonder that this experience is recorded in the Bible? It certainly seems a most extraordinary occurrence, and yet I am finding from time to time men in our day who are learning the blessedness of this lesson of praising God in the dark places of life's experience as well as in the light.

I am sure that for me there is no experience that can come but for which, if I could see the end from the beginning as God does, I would be most thankful, and praise God even as did Paul and Silas. And, reader, I believe this for you, too.

Paul's song in the night seems to have been more prolific of fruit bearing than his wonderful sermon on Mars Hill in Athens. As the result of his song that night there in the prison men cried out: "What must I do to be saved?" We read of no such striking conversions resulting from his sermon, but "some mocked: and others said, We will hear thee again of this matter." Acts 17:32.

I heard yesterday of a man who went as a foreign missionary to China, and in making a long trip one day across the country was prostrated from the heat. He became paralyzed and lost all control of his arms and hands. After a time the use of just one finger was restored to him. By bracing his finger with a small piece of wood to give it more power, he wrote on a typewriter three translations of the Bible.

It is the men who are able to do things under difficulties with the little God has given them, who stand out to us as the greatest men in the world. We often get more encouragement from such men than from men of great learning.



SOME MEMBERS OF THE LIFE BOAT FAMILY.

Rollo McBride, Mrs. Hannah Swanson, N. W. Paulson, H. E. Hoyt, Caroline Louise Clough, Mrs. D. K. Abrams, Mrs. E. B. Van Dorn,
Pearl Waggoner, Mrs. David Paulson, Dr. David Paulson, E. B. Van Dorn, Mrs. Ida Brown.

THE LIFE BOAT FAMILY.

Rollo McBride drifted into the Life Boat Mission four years ago a drunken wreck, and was wonderfully saved. He has faithfully assisted in the mission work, Harrison street police station services, and has carried on the Tuesday night services at the bridewell. Is now secretary of the Garfield Boulevard Railway Y. M. C. A.

Mrs. Hannah Swanson is matron of the Suburban Home for Girls.

N. W. Paulson is business manager of the Life Boat magazine.

H. E. Hoyt is treasurer of the Life Boat Association.

Caroline Louise Clough is Doctor Paulson's secretary.

Mrs. E. B. Van Dorn assists her husband in the Life Boat Mission and helps to carry on the services at the Harrison police station.

Mrs. D. K. Abrams was remarkably converted at the Life Boat mission a number of years ago. The Lord has made her a soul-winner. She writes hundreds of letters each year to prisoners.

Pearl Waggoner is Life Boat stenographer and proofreader.

Mrs. David Paulson is a physician in active practice, who tries to be a friend to her sisters in trouble.

Dr. David Paulson, editor of the Life Boat magazine.

E. B. Van Dorn has for ten years been superintendent of the Life Boat Mission, and is now also manager of the new missionary farm spoken of elsewhere.

Mrs. Ida Brown represents the Life Boat children's work and corresponds with prisoners.

"THE THEATER HAS BEEN MY RUIN."

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

Hinsdale, Ill.

With a prayer in my heart that God would use me to bring Christ to some needy soul, I went to the Harrison Street Police Station service one Sunday morning recently. In the women's department, down in the rear of the dark basement, were some six or eight women lying on the benches in their cells.

After the drunken carousal of the night before, the arrest and imprisonment, these women have come to themselves, like the prodigal who spent all his money in riotous living until he was glad to eat husks with the pigs. The emptiness of life comes before them and their hearts are nearly breaking with the awful weight of sin.

I asked God to give me a message for those women, who are my sisters,—a message that would pierce the load of sin and reach the heart. I read to them the twenty-third Psalm, told them that Jesus wanted to be *their* Shepherd and lead *them* into green pastures. Sometimes the process of "restoring the soul" is a painful one; sickness, trouble and imprisonment come, but it is all for the purpose of "restoring the soul." Then the promise of sustaining power: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I

will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."

As I was talking to those women of the goodness and love of God, how He follows us even down to the very depths of sin, I noticed one woman who looked as though she had spent *all* in riotous living. When the service was over she called me to her and told me her story. Her heart was nearly broken. She came from a good home, her husband was a praying man and she was once a Christian, but now she was a slave to the wine cup and the nickel theater. With tears in her eyes and wringing her hands in anguish, she said, "My dear woman, I don't like this life. I know I am ruining my home and bringing sorrow upon my husband, but I have an insane desire to go to those nickel theaters and I cannot keep away from them. My husband has often asked me to pray with him and when I did I felt better. The theater has been my ruin."

She said, "Yesterday I took my husband's hard-earned week's wages and was going to take it to the bank but I went to the theater instead. I got to drinking and I do not know what happened to me. The next thing I knew I was in this place. Someone has robbed me of my money and I have disgraced my family. Oh, I wish I were in the bottom of the lake."

Such was the testimony of this woman. I asked her if she thought God could forgive her and clean her up. "Yes," she said, "if I could only have faith enough." So we knelt there together, she behind the bars and I on the outside, she in the bondage of sin and I enjoying the liberty of the Gospel. We prayed together. She asked God to forgive her great sin and to clean her up, to take her back to where she was when she was a Christian, pure before God,—to take away her terrible desire to go to the theater.

We got up from our knees and I thanked God for the victory that had been won for Christ. I could see it in her face. She shook my hand and said, "Oh, I am so glad you came. I feel better and am going to try with God's help to be a clean woman."

Does it pay? Ah, yes. But if by telling this sad story I may save some other soul from the humiliation of such an experience, I shall have accomplished much more.

MEN WHO HAVE MADE GOOD

There is nothing so inspiring as to see God take men by the hand who have been completely down and out, and make them fit to sit among princes. Read in your Bible: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." *Prov. 22:29*. Have that verse in mind when you are reading about the following cases that have come under our own personal observation of men whom God has helped to make good. God has no special pets. He is no respecter of persons. He is as willing to help you to make good. Perhaps not just in the same way, but He will help you to make such a glorious success with this life that you will have the privilege of walking with angels and glorified men and women in the next life, and that is far better than being a great man in this world with no such prospect before you.

A REMARKABLE TRANSFORMATION.

J. CANNON.

[Brother Cannon is a man of rugged build and has a fist almost like a wooden mallet. Five years ago when, because of his reputation as a criminal, there was no other lodging house on State street that would admit him, he dropped into the Workingmen's Home just in time to attend a service held there by Mr. Van Dorn.

He had served time over and over again in prison and if it had not been for his sister's efforts he would now have thirty-five years of prison life over his head. We know that the Lord converted Brother Cannon for he served as engineer in our institution, and it is not difficult for us to know whether our engineer is a Christian or not. In reference to his further experience we quote from his own words:—Ed.]

After that service Brother Van Dorn invited me to come down to the Life Boat Mission and attend the meeting there. I thought this would be a good chance for me to get into somebody's pocket.

I never had any home in my life and never had any bringing up by parents. Most of the sixty-nine years of my life have been spent on the water except the time I was in prison. I was a drunkard all my life.

When I got into the Mission that night I heard Brother Slifer and others tell what God had done for them and it set me to wondering if there was any show for me. When the invitation was given for prayers I held up my hand. No sooner had I done so than the devil impressed me that I was an old fool; but I came to the front and knelt down with the rest of them.

I did not know enough to say "Lord, have mercy on me," for I never heard of it, but I did try to pray, and the Lord did not say, "Go back and get some decent clothes and put on," no, He reached down and picked me up,

put me on the Rock and put a new song in my mouth.

In reference to the whiskey appetite, I will say that it never yet has been taken away from me, but God has done something even more wonderful than that, He has given me strength to resist it. I have just as strong an appetite now as I ever had, but God has given me strength all the way along to leave it alone, but it makes it necessary for me to keep a watchful eye open in order to keep clear of the devil.

I smoked pipes and cigars all my life and when I was converted I did not give them up at once, but since I have asked the Lord to help me to make a resolution to leave them alone He has done so and I have not smoked since.

Now instead of trying to get money out of other people's pockets I take money out of my own pocket to help the man that is down and out, and the way grows brighter and brighter. The best advice I can give to others is to come to the Lord and get rid of their sins.

MY PAROLE EXPERIENCE.

WEBSTER WYLAM.

[We would ask all to read this inspiring record of the personal experience of an ex-prisoner out on parole, and learn the secret of his success. It may seem almost incredible that a few months after stepping out through the prison gate it should be possible for a man to be filling a position of responsibility and drawing a good salary, but we are glad to be able to say that we know this to be a fact.—Ed.]

There are two motives that prompt me to write this story of my parole experience. I promised the boys when I left the Indiana State prison that they would hear how the Lord prospered me, by reading the prisoners'

number of the LIFE BOAT in May, devoted especially to prisoners.

I also write it in the belief that others may be encouraged to make an effort to redeem as far as possible the wasted energies and years of moral degeneracy.

One error that too many of our theorists make is to forget that ideal that underlies all parole laws, which is that the teaching of the Reformer of Nazareth is the correct method for reformation in character. Read the whole story in John 8:3-11, also Luke 9:51-56. No wisdom hath devised a better or saner plan to correct criminal tendencies.

The men who have made so many public objections to Judge Sadler's ideal parole law fall into the error common to mankind: they write and speak as if the man behind the bars was a *different* human being to the one outside of prison.

An educated man who was recently released from Sing Sing prison after serving thirty years' sentence, says that human nature in prison is exactly the same as it is in drawing rooms, counting houses and factories. All kinds and conditions of men wear the ugly stripes. If one should select at random any one hundred men in Sing Sing, he would find their average of mentality, morality and spirituality to be identical with the average of a like number taken in the same way from any municipal thoroughfare. To this the *Utica Globe* adds: "This statement seems remarkable on the face of it, but the close student of human nature will have to concede that after all the difference is not great between the man whose villainy succeeds and the one whose villainy fails; of the former the streets are full, while the latter goes to prison.

On this very subject Paul's comment stands out clear and strong. Rom. 3:22, 23. It is this knowledge of the psychology of the men behind the bars that makes the LIFE BOAT magazine and its sociological workers meet with such marvelous success.

OUT ON PAROLE.

I was sent to prison innocent of the charge preferred. At the end of a year I came before the Board on application for parole. The Board refused it. In this they were justified as they had been informed that I had been a prisoner in Jackson prison. However, through

the kind interest of Warden Reid and afterward acting Warden Garner, who had charge in Mr. Reid's absence, a renewed application was brought about with favorable results; and then the Lord put it in the heart of a man who is interested in the welfare of prisoners to sign my parole paper.

In less than forty-eight hours acting Warden Garner appeared before my cell door, his face was the harbinger of good news,— "Well, your papers have come back already signed, and as soon as your clothes are ready you can go." A big lump of some kind took possession of my throat, my heart went bounding along at express speed, my limbs trembled, the sudden joy was too great for utterance; however, I gulped out something like "Thank God!" I fell on my knees to thank God, the Mover of all hearts, that there were men who followed the Master's teachings, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Matt. 25:40.

Human necessity never fails to find the succor that it calls for. Always and everywhere the helping hand is reached out to the troubled one and in the hour of human need selfishness and greed are forgotten.

HUMAN NATURE KIND AT THE BOTTOM.

I want to send my message to the boys behind the bars to discard the thought too many men harbor that officials are all selfishness and cruelty incarnate,—it is only superficial. It is a foul libel. Down at the *bottom* human nature is sympathetic and kind, and when the emergency calls for it the nobility breaks through the superficial roughness and asserts itself in a glorious way.

In another forty-eight hours, on a beautiful autumn day, dressed in my suit of clothes that had engaged the busy hands of two tailor prisoners, I passed down the yard. Here and there I could see pale faces giving me a smile that said, "God bless you." Although my joy was full, my cup of hope for the future running over, I could not but feel sad to leave so many boys,—yes, some of them branded as degenerates, whom I had learned to respect, especially the boys with whom I was associated in the dining room and kitchen.

I had to wait for train time in the front office. Meanwhile the Chaplain, Mr. Garner,

and other officials came to shake hands and bid me God-speed.

As I left the prison gates I felt as Judge McKenzie Cleland states it, "The probation systems means that there is another chance for the man who is down and out." It is not within the knowledge of human ken to mentally grasp, unless experienced, the awful sense of loneliness, the bitter feeling of being an alien to society, of a sense of everybody's knowing you as an ex-prisoner, that is felt by the man just crossing the prison threshold to liberty.

A more critical period in man's life is inconceivable to me. He needs human sympathy, he craves for love, the old love of mother, father, brother, sister or wife. Perhaps these are under the sod,—worse still, alienated by the man's own fall. It is just this moment on which may hinge the eternal salvation or damnation of a human soul.

When I reached Chicago I took no interest in the street scenes; my objective point was Hinsdale. When I reached there I had to walk to the Sanitarium through a beautiful wood, the leaves just turning to the autumn tint. I sniffed the pine tree aroma air, charged, it seemed to me, with life-giving properties, and as the Sanitarium and its artistically laid out lawns and beds of flowers burst upon my gaze, I exclaimed, "This is as near heaven as I'll ever get on earth."

I was warmly welcomed by Dr. Paulson and a host of others too numerous to mention their names. Next morning, being Sunday, I was handed over to the escort of Superintendent Van Dorn, of the Life Boat Mission. We all took the train for the Harrison street jail, Chicago. For four hours songs, prayers and exhortations were rendered to over a hundred human beings stranded by sin. I thanked God I could go in and out of that jail with no lock turned upon me.

THE FIRST DAYS OF FREEDOM.

The next two weeks I was the guest of the Mission, helping in various ways. Satan was after me. I was at this period the subject of a brain storm. I missed the helping, guiding hand of my wife. I felt like a wanderer on the face of the earth. I smarted under the injustice that had riven asunder home ties. The greatest marvel to me is that so few men break their parole. But, thank God and

the Life Boat workers, I weathered the psychological storm. In two weeks I received a confidential position with one of the largest firms doing business in the United States.

My wife has been by my side all along. I have as pretty a flat as there is in Chicago. My home is my castle; the only time I leave it is to go to business, and my happiest enjoyment of the week is attending the Life Boat Mission services.

The firm has given me gratuitously with salary paid, sixteen days' vacation this summer, when my wife and I shall hie ourselves away to country or seaside and no doubt enjoy the happiest holiday of our lives.

Now I have just poured out a drop or two from the whole bucketful of wonderful blessings. Were I to tell all my joys and great happenings in the last seven months I would be liable to the charge of writing fiction.

A PARTING WORD.

As a parting word to the men with whose infirmities and feelings I am deeply touched, let me urge all who would enjoy real happiness and make good their parole, to get right with God. I tried at first thought to make God's Word read thus: "Seek ye first the *added* things and the kingdom of God and His righteousness will be added unto thee." But you cannot alter God's method of dealing with men. This is the way the text reads: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." Matt. 6:33. Get right with God, and sure as night turns to day you will get right with all mankind. Three P's make success:

Pray for Divine grace to conquer sin.

Put your whole energy in your work.

Push your brother along the happy way.

I would say to all the boys that the *first* thing to do is to get right with God and despite all adversities you will come out right with mankind, for "When a man's ways please the Lord," says Solomon, "He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." Prov. 16:7.

AN INSPIRING EXPERIENCE.

The services of Mr. Slifer's father were so valuable to the government that when his health broke down he was tendered by the President the use of one of the warships for

a cruise in the Mediterranean water. He was a Christian, never used liquor nor tobacco. He became president of a railroad, of a manufacturing corporation, and a national bank.

So young Eli Slifer had every opportunity that education, wealth, and influence could offer. When he went to college for the first time he learned to drink. The result was he was sent home in disgrace at the close of his junior year. He took up the study of law, but when the time for examination came he



Mr. Slifer.

was so beastly intoxicated that he was unable to take it.

He then went into newspaper work. His work had merit and he was finally receiving seventy-five dollars a week; but drink got so much the better of him that his salary dropped faster than it had been increased. He then came to Chicago to start over again.

Just at this time his affectionate father died, leaving him an unconditional fortune. He went into business, but the devil was also in business. He tried pledge, lodge, sanitarium, but all to no avail. He finally took the Gold

cure, but he found that no earthly means could restore the decay of the human being; it proved a failure, fake and disaster to him.

He came to Chicago and invested in a saloon on West Madison street. But drink finally forced him out of his own saloon and robbed him of his last penny. Robbed of character, ability, ambition and energy, he was left friendless and forsaken on the verge of the pit of hopelessness and ruin of lost souls. No place of business wanted a broken-down, drunken saloon keeper. He soon landed at the very bottom of the broken, ruined, pestilential mass, in the lowest strata of a sinful city's ooze and fester.

Clotned in rags, starving, homeless, he had at night some empty wagon for a bed, by day was a barrel house loafer, only existing, not living, fearful of death and yet craving it, with nothing to look forward to but the hospital, the morgue, and finally the medical school pickling vat and the dissection table.

Just then came the great opportunity of his life. "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." It was Christmas eve of '98. A certain barrel house was giving away little bottles of whiskey as Christmas gifts. He was walking toward this saloon when he was seized by a power that he did not understand, and changed the direction of his footsteps past the Life Boat Mission, where he entered the open door,—the first time he had been in a religious gathering for years.

Men were testifying to most wonderful experiences, where it seemed that real miracles had been performed,—how the touch of the Master had cleansed infected, filthy, leprous lives. It was a new revelation to Mr. Slifer and he sat almost entranced. He forgot about the saloon where they were giving away free whiskey; the only thought was that these men had been in bondage like himself and now they were free and sober, and that they were transformed not by their own power but by the uplifting power of the living God.

The thought came that perhaps God would do the same thing for him, and he began to ask for a *partial* salvation. In other words, he began to bargain with God to take away the terrible appetite for drink and make him a gentleman. But it is God's purpose to save men *fully* and not partially. Christ came to seek and save that which was lost. He did

not appreciate that he must come through the humble pathway of *confession of sin* and *cry for forgiveness*.

However, the following night he was led to realize that it was not drink he needed to be saved from but SIN, all sin. Then he prayed the prayer of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Pardon came into his life and a change came over him. He had a struggle, sometimes a disheartening one, but God conquered and made out of this unpromising material a worker.

Mr. Slifer finally became a needed and a wanted man in one of Chicago's largest wholesale houses. The managers have written of him that they have implicit confidence in him. He has handled large amounts of the firm's money.

The Lord has helped him to establish Christian manhood, speaking for the Master on the street corner, in the Gospel wagon, in the Life Boat Mission, until now the Lord has called him into the Gospel ministry in one of the leading churches in Chicago, spreading before him a wide opportunity for usefulness and labor, thus adding to his life one more great opportunity.

It is like a romance to read the story of this man's life from the home of wealth to the degraded saloon, and from the saloon to the pulpit. Yet with God's help, reader, this may be your opportunity. Read Col. 3:24, 25: "Knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance: for ye serve the Lord Christ. But he that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong which he hath done: and there is no respect of persons."

NOW A SOUL WINNER.

Luther Ellis was a drunken criminal who was sentenced to the South Dakota prison. He read a copy of the LIFE BOAT and was led to give his heart to the Lord. He stored his mind with Scripture truth. At the expiration of his sentence he went to Washington, D. C., where he is now engaged in evangelistic work and is having a wonderful experience.

RISING ABOVE CRUSHING DIFFICULTIES.

MRS. FRED NELSON.

204 Duffield Ave., Galesburg, Ill.

My brother, my sister, are you discouraged?

Has your life been a failure? A failure is a stone; if it falls upon us it crushes us, or we may rise upon it and thus become the higher.

Peter denied his Lord in His hour of greatest grief and humiliation. What an awful failure for one to make who had been so favored as had Peter! But he took a wise course regarding it. He truly repented and gave himself to the Saviour. With blinding tears he sought the garden where his Lord so greatly suffered but a few hours before.

This failure might have crushed Peter. But he chose the wise course. He left the garden a humbled and changed man. There had come into his life a marvelous power. Thousands were converted by his preaching. So are we to deal with every mistake.

Let, therefore, no one be discouraged because of some past failure, but be strong and of good courage! If we feel weak let us take strength from Him who is mighty, and accept the promise: "Fear thou not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee: yes, I will help thee: yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." "I, the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, I will help thee." Isa. 41:10, 13.

The following is report of my personal prison and missionary work of the last year:

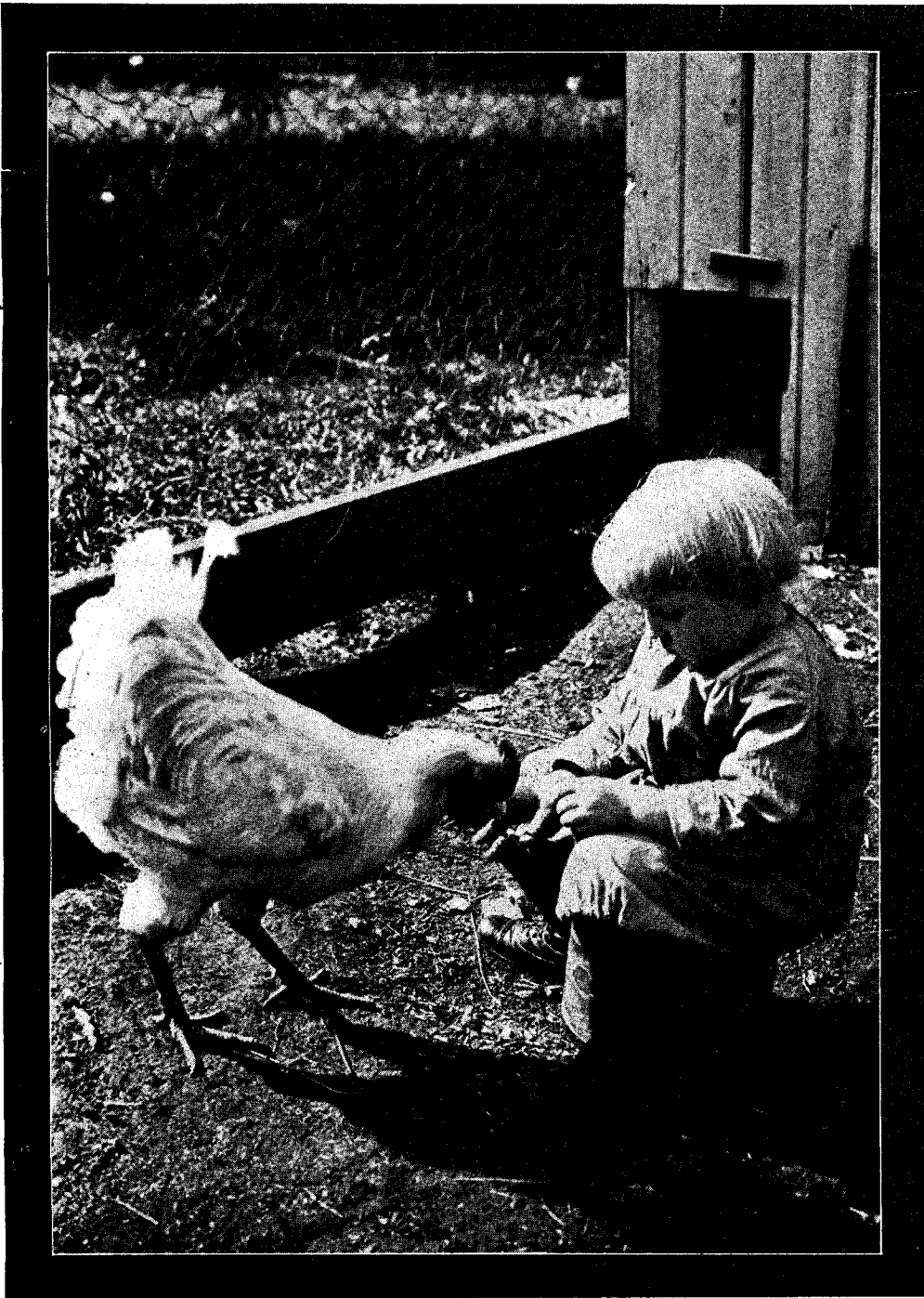
Letters received	600
Letters written	600
Papers given away.....	600
Tracts given away.....	40
Bibles given away.....	5
Books given away.....	15
Subscriptions for LIFE BOAT given.....	24
Subscriptions for LIFE BOAT taken.....	12
Missionary visits.....	53

THE OBJECT OF OUR NEW MISSIONARY FARM.

E. B. VAN DORN.

Superintendent LIFE BOAT Mission, 471 State St., Chicago, Ill.

A number of years ago a patient by the name of Pedicord at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, upon his death-bed contributed to the Chicago work for homeless and friendless men a farm located in Illinois. This farm was situated quite a distance from Chicago and was not available for all practical purposes. Not long ago a disposition was made of the farm and



The child on the farm has safer company than the city street boy.

a portion of the proceeds have recently been invested in property near Chicago. At the present time I have general supervision of this farm and expect to carry out the original purpose of the donor.

There has already been one man materially helped on this farm at its present location. As I have looked over the field of prison experience I see a great army of men who are needing help as the prison doors open and they come forth to breathe the air of freedom. Yet few men are able to realize the great problems that confront them in obtaining favor again with men and a position where they may earn the necessities of life.

In the beginning God designed that men should live from the products of the soil, but they have ignored God's plan and sought them out a way that seemeth right but the end whereof is wrong. The young men of our day have flocked to the great cities where they may obtain employment and good wages and short hours and have the pleasures that accompany city life.

Only yesterday I walked from State street west on Madison, past Halsted three blocks, a distance of a mile and a quarter, and both sides of the street were almost packed with men waiting for the daily papers to look over the advertisements that they might find something to do. Soon I saw several newsboys racing down the street, and just as fast as they could hand these papers out men grasped them and eagerly sought the want department, looking for something to do. The great majority of them were disappointed. If we go down Fifth avenue near Randolph the street is so filled with men looking for employment that we can hardly get through.

All over this great land of ours there are thousands of acres of tillable soil that a man by earnest effort on his part could secure and so produce an independent livelihood. We now have a small portion of ground, and when the prison doors open we invite you to our haven of rest near Chicago.

I will be glad to correspond with any of the boys who are interested in doing what is right and will appreciate such an opportunity. With faithful service on your part in connection with our Home we will be able to give you recommendations that will again place you on your feet among men. The Life Boat

Mission is situated at 471 State street, Chicago. You can meet me there any evening at seven o'clock.

We have had some wonderful experiences in the Life Boat Mission the last few months. Last Sunday night there were seventeen men testified that God had delivered them from the power of sin and was keeping them every day.

It would cheer the heart of the most discouraged and downhearted man to hear these ringing experiences of what God has done for those who put their trust in Him; it is an inspiration to the soul. Truly God is good to the erring, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

To those who have contributed to the support of this work, I would say your means have been appreciated and used for the benefit of the needy that we have come in contact with. We have kept a door of hope open and a light burning every night of the year. The hungry have been fed and the naked clothed, and I want to thank the contributors both for their means and for the clothing that has been sent during the past winter. We trust that those who have watched this work in the past and have had an interest in it, will not forget us in the future.

A man told me yesterday there were a hundred thousand unemployed in this city. We have our share of needy coming along every day telling the most pitiable stories of their experiences, and it seems almost an impossibility to turn them empty-handed away. We trust the readers of this magazine will sustain us by their *prayers* and their *means*.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST PRISONER.

MRS. J. K. BARNEY.

Supt. and Prison Evangelist, National W. C. T. U.,
Providence, R. I.

The accompanying cut has given comfort to so many aching hearts that I covet the wider field which this magazine will reach. I first saw the picture in the famous Tissot collection exhibited in Montreal many years ago. Failing to obtain a photograph, I carried it in my memory, and when selected pictures with explanations were issued in book form I turned the pages eagerly for the one I so much desired. It was there, but copyrighted, and thus not available. Surely the world's most

august Prisoner would like in this way to speak to His brethren, so I went to Him about it.

Soon I learned that some of the pictures had been let to one of the magazines; then I wrote to the Tissot Company, telling why I desired the picture and what I believed it would do. Some one caught the vision and gladly granted my request, forwarding at once an excellent copyrighted picture.

This I have sent out around the world with its double message, comforting the prisoner

feet square. On one side is a ledge which might serve as a seat, and a slab with rings which probably served to provide an attachment for chains or fetters.

It gives one a quickening of heart beats to think of such trials for Him. "He was wounded for *our* transgressions, He was bruised for *our* iniquities: the chastisement of *our* peace was upon Him, and with His stripes *we* are healed." Isa. 53:5. May great numbers of THE LIFE BOAT readers enter into the understanding and blessedness of that last sentence!



and calling in His name for humane and loving ministry to those in bonds.

We read that Christ was bound, and brought forth "when the morning was come." Excavators digging near the palace of Pilate have found what is regarded as the veritable site of the prison house where Jesus was confined. It is within a few yards of the spot that had long been identified as Pilate's judgment seat. There is an underground passage hewn out of solid rock which communicates with a doorway, leading into a rock-hewn cell eight

PRACTICAL HEALTH QUESTIONS.

1. Do you believe the mind has a great effect over the body?

Yes. Parlow, the great Russian investigator, who made some wonderful dietetic experiments on dogs, found that when they were in a bad state of mind there was little or no gastric juice poured out, and Professor Cannon, of Harvard, who made similar observations on cats, found that when the cats snarled and whined the movements of the stomach and intestines practically ceased. When the cats were petted and began to purr gastric intestinal activity began again.

The person who is constantly blue and morbid is exercising a depressing influence on all the activities of the body. The saying, "Laugh and grow fat," is only a popular interpretation of the words of Solomon, spoken three thousand years ago: "A merry heart doeth good like medicine."

2. Are coffee and tea injurious? If so, why?

Caffein in coffee and thein in tea, two substances that are practically the same, both raise blood pressure, thus making strong tea and coffee particularly objectionable for those who are subject to apoplexy, Bright's disease and heart troubles. Neither tea nor coffee have any food value. Gautier, the great French authority says: "Coffee, as everyone knows, produces a nervous excitement which, if abused, may lead to insomnia, hallucinations, troubles of the circulation and muscular innervation, distress over the heart and breathlessness. One may become addicted to the coffee habit just as one may become alcoholic or a drug slave. It should be forbidden to

those who are suffering from rheumatism, neuralgia of the stomach, dyspepsia and those suffering from Bright's disease." Dr. Evans, Chicago health commissioner, says: "Tea and coffee are both stimulants, the same as alcoholic stimulants. I have no sympathy for the tea soak or the coffee soak. They have very little right to throw a brick at the whiskey soak."

3. Why are fried foods so injurious?

Because the fat surrounds every little particle of the starchy food and hermetically seals it up, so to speak, so that it cannot be subjected to digestion either by saliva or gastric juice. When the food passes into the small intestine the fat is then dissolved off and the digestion is begun on the fried food which should largely have been done in the mouth and stomach. Butter, cream and cold fats generally are preferable to foods that have been fried in grease.

4. How much water should one drink daily?

It is difficult to lay down a rule that is applicable to all. It is safe to say that the majority of people would be greatly benefited by drinking more water. The purpose of water drinking is to take a bath on the inside. This is much more important even than bathing on the outside. Several glasses of water should be drunk every day unless one partakes largely of fruits and liquid foods. If fluid is drunk at meal time it should be taken between the mouthfuls instead of being used to wash the food down.

5. Why should we not eat too much salt?

Some very valuable investigations recently have shown that an excess of salt is a great tax on the kidneys, especially for those suffering with Bright's disease. The average person eats about two-thirds of an ounce of table salt in twenty-four hours. It is more than probable that only one-fifth of this quantity is all that can be eaten with advantage to the body.

6. Do people inherit tuberculosis?

No. They simply inherit the tendency. An infant is not born with tuberculosis in his system any more than he is born with the multiplication table in his brain, but living under the same unhygienic surroundings, breathing the same kind of bedroom climate at

night and the same germ-laden dust during the day as his consumptive parents, it is not surprising that he should develop the same disease. The children of consumptive parents should have the air in the bedrooms as pure as possible, and should do all they can to develop the vital resistance of the body.

7. Fasting for a week is sometimes recommended. Is it beneficial?

If the system becomes overloaded with toxins, waste products and "clinkers," so to speak, from overeating and especially from an excess of proteid or the beefsteak line of food, a fast may be an advantage. Fortunately one can get all the benefits of fasting without any of its inconveniences by living on an exclusive fruit diet for a few days. One may eat all the fruit he desires four times a day.

Fruit contains practically no proteid, its acid helps to disinfect the alimentary canal, the small amount of nourishment it contains is easily digested and is practically no tax on the system. Under this régime for one or even several days the coating of the tongue disappears, the thick, stuffy feeling in the head soon becomes a past memory, the liver is encouraged to better activity in a normal and physiological manner.

8. Which is best for a person in health, hot or cold baths?

Both. The short hot bath from one to three minutes to thoroughly warm the skin, then the vigorous cold hand rub, cold towel rub, cold mitten friction or some other short application of cold and followed with energetic rubbing to produce a good reaction. Such baths or sprays or showers are of the very highest value in removing a tendency to colds.

WHY HE LOST OUT BEFORE.

[Here is a letter from a man in the Minnesota State Prison who has found some of the blessings that come from reading the Bible. In these days when so many people are trying to satisfy themselves at the broken cisterns of cheap, light, superficial and trashy reading, which is on hand everywhere, it is a pity that there are not more who know what a wonderful, satisfying storehouse of good things the Bible is. "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?" Isa. 55:2.]

"I received your kind letter and was glad to see that you never forgot me. Things have

changed with me since I took to my Bible, and it has proved to be my soul companion and comrade. I lost out when I was in prison before because I never studied God's words, and I really know that is why I am here to-day, for God let the enemy cast me back behind these bars so I could find Him.

"Oh, if you could only get all the boys behind the bars to give up their papers and novels and read the great words and works of Christ and His apostles, wouldn't there be joy and happiness instead of worry and wickedness! And I try to tell them so, on holidays. I am working for God right in here and use my holidays for our Lord and Saviour. I have got two of my friends looking up and know they are willing to become good men and Christians, and another boy has promised to read the New Testament. Let us hope and pray for him.

"I can say that in this prison there are more heads looking up than down, and you ought to see how much they love the little LIFE BOAT. I thank you ever so much for the two copies you sent me, and also thank you for my new-found friends whom I correspond with and whom I got acquainted with through both you and your magazine, which always brings showers of blessings. They have helped raise me out of the mire, to place my feet on a solid rock. May God's blessings rest with them forever.

"I wish also to have you all pray for me so that my future will be a success,—an honest, upright, respectable life, and that what little chance I get in here to work for our Lord will bring success and that new recruits will enter into this service to help me."

A MODERN MIRACLE.

Fourteen years ago Tom Mackey had lived nearly a whole lifetime in abject sin, followed the circus, run a saloon, was a gambler, a common street criminal, had served time in a State prison, was a hopeless victim of drink, and on this particular day he had tried to kill his wife with an axe.

Somebody invited him into the Pacific Garden Mission, and there he held up his hand and asked for prayer. The Lord converted him and he went home that very night and established family worship in his own home,

and the next day before a company of men to whom Dr. Kellogg was furnishing soup and offering salvation, he gave his first testimony for Christ.

Since then God has made him a chosen instrument in His hands. He has established more than twenty missions, has preached the Gospel in mighty power in many of the large cities of this country, and it is safe to say as a result that thousands of men have been led to Christ. He is at present in an evangelistic campaign in Minneapolis.

A few nights ago Mrs. Mackey spoke as follows in the Mission:

"While I listened to the testimonies I was reminded that 'Godliness profiteth all things.' It seems it is impossible for the unsaved in the room not to believe that the Lord Jesus Christ saves. When I hear this I think of what it means in my own home and my own life.

"I had a drunkard's home. Fourteen years ago my husband went into a mission and was saved. I was not a Christian at that time, but he brought home a message of salvation to me.

"My home tonight, instead of being a drunkard's home, is a place where the peace of God dwells. Tonight instead of looking for my husband in a saloon he is out preaching the Gospel.

"Men say to me many times: 'If I could just get rid of the *habit* of drinking I would be all right.' It is not the *habit* you want to get rid of so much as it is the grace of God that you want to get. I have heard men say that because they were not delivered from the appetite for drink or tobacco there was something wrong, but God does not save us all just in the same way.

"In my work among the churches I come in touch with the dance and with card parties. I tell them that if they got a real glimpse of Jesus they would not have a desire for those things. All those things went out of my life, and since then I have had no time nor inclination for them. I always say to men and women: 'If you are going to be a Christian be a clean one, be one that the devil cannot point his finger at and say: 'You are not clean.'

"It is just as necessary for a man to cut those things out as it is for a woman. If you give yourself wholly to God He will give Himself wholly to you."

Editorial Department

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.
EDITOR

AGENCIES AND INDIVIDUALS WHO ARE ESPECIALLY INTERESTED IN THE PRISONERS' PROBLEMS AND WELFARE.

The various Hope Halls, Maud Ballington Booth, New York City.

Mr. McMillan, Supt., Prison Dept., Salvation Army, 395 State Street, Chicago.

Rev. F. Emory Lyon, Central Howard Prison Association, 79 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Rev. Luther B. Haines, Editor Prison Evangel, 260 King St., Columbus, Ohio.

E. B. Van Dorn, Missionary Farm, Supt., Life Boat Mission, 471 State St., Chicago.

The Life Boat, Hinsdale, Ill.

The following among many others are carrying on extensive and very helpful correspondence with prisoners:

Mrs. Fred Nelson, 204 Duffield Avenue, Galesburg, Ill.

Mrs. D. K. Abrams, 3529 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

Mrs. H. C. Lyle, Ridgefield, Wash.

ENJOYING THE PLEASURES OF SIN FOR A SEASON.

There are some sinful pleasures, it is no use denying that, but the important point is they only last for a season (Heb. 11:25) and generally a very short season at that; while at God's right hand there are pleasures for evermore. Which class of pleasures are you striving to secure?

DO YOU OWN A POCKETBOOK?

There is no reading matter that can compare with the Bible. There is no portion of the Bible that is so good for the beginner as the Gospel of St. John. There is a beautiful edition of the Gospel of John, containing a map of Palestine, international Sunday school lessons, and having the verses of Scripture written in bold type that are especially valuable in soul-winning. We can send you this postpaid for five cents. Send for it. Carry it in your pocket wherever you go and when you have a spare moment store some of it into your mind. "Thy Word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against

Thee." It will help to keep you from sinning. Read the following from a prisoner who has a copy of this Gospel: "I have received the Gospel of John from you. I thank you for it. I find it is very handy to carry around in my pocket and I never fail to read it when I find a spare moment."

IF YOU HAVE NO ONE ELSE TO WRITE TO, WRITE TO US.

We have received thousands of letters from prisoners. We have endeavored to answer all of these or put the writers in touch with others who could correspond with them and be of help to them in any way that the Lord might open the way. We still continue to hold ourselves in readiness to correspond with any one in prison who has a desire for better things and would be glad to have Christian advice. Address David Paulson, M. D., Hinsdale, Ill.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR HUNDREDS.

Thousands of copies of THE LIFE BOAT are being sold in different parts of the country by men, women and children. Instead of carrying to the people some useless trinkets, as so many are doing, why not take a magazine that has the soul-winning Gospel on every page, and which almost everyone loves to read, and sell it to the people?

THE LIFE BOAT is furnished in quantities at wholesale rates, leaving a sufficient margin so that one can earn a good support and at the same time be helping the people.

Write at once for full information.

JOIN THE LIFE BOAT CREW AT THE EXPIRATION OF YOUR SENTENCE.

Very often the first question that is asked the prisoner who is looking for employment at the expiration of his sentence is, "Where did you work last?" A number of men are making a very substantial living and at the

same time accomplishing much good by selling copies of this magazine.

As one introduces THE LIFE BOAT there is no occasion for raising the question about previous work. Some prisoners have undertaken this and others are planning to.

THE LIFE BOATS are furnished at very substantial discounts in quantities and sell readily at five cents, and to the ex-prisoner who shows himself faithful in small things God will give larger opportunities. By and by he will be brought in contact with some substantial employment.

A number of men have done so well with this that they have stuck to it year after year. We will be glad to correspond with anyone who wishes to take up this work. We will quote them terms and how they can secure the first order. Address THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Ill.

WHAT DO THESE THINGS MEAN?

Did you ever stop to think that crime and iniquity are increasing at a fearful rate? Have you been led to wonder why the wealth of the world is being collected together in the hands of a few? Has it occurred to you that earthquakes, fires and disasters of all kinds are increasing on every hand? Are you aware that insanity is increasing three times faster than the general population? In view of all this, have you been asking yourself the question, "What do all these things mean?"

Go to the place where all life's problems can be solved, and there, in Holy Writ, you can see the whole picture. Read carefully and prayerfully the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew, and then ask God to help you to get ready for that day.

The same Jesus who said, "I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto Myself," said also that "This Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and *then shall the end come.*"

We know that the Gospel is *going* to all the world. The question which should concern us is, "Are we having a part in it so that when our Saviour shall come we may have a part in that glad meeting?"

A poor Chinese woman in the heart of

China heard the Gospel and for nearly two years enjoyed its hallowed influence in her life, yet she refused to accept the privileges of church fellowship which it offered. One day a lady missionary tactfully drew her out and to her surprise the old Chinese woman said: "How could I be His true disciple? I could never accomplish the work. I know that the Lord Jesus said that His disciples were to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. Alas, I am not able to do that."

It is not left for every Christian to convert the whole world, as this poor woman supposed, but we each have *our* world in which to work, and the reward we shall receive in that last day will depend on the degree of faithfulness we have put into our part of the task.

THE BEST WAY TO GET RID OF TOBACCO.

Tobacco is an insidious poison that slowly injures the man and blunts to a certain extent the higher aspirations of the soul. The difficulty that so many have in giving it up is the best evidence of the grip it has on the nervous system.

The best way to get rid of tobacco is to stop *immediately*. One cannot successfully taper off from the tobacco habit any more than he can from lying or stealing.

When one is situated so he can live exclusively on fruit in various forms as a diet, eating it three or four times a day for several days, with an abundance of water drinking and if possible a good sweat daily, then the tobacco habit is a wonderfully simple thing to get rid of. On this kind of a program we have never seen a patient have any special difficulty in getting over the habit.

OPENINGS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

There is a good opportunity for someone to connect with the Life Boat Mission and earn their way by selling this magazine during the day in Chicago and suburbs, at the same time inviting people to come to the Mission in the evening and being on hand to help them and do them good.

Someone else who feels a call for it and is situated so they can afford to do it without

compensation, simply for the love of the work, ought to visit all the great hospitals in Chicago and take the LIFE BOAT magazine to the invalids. A mature, consecrated woman who has had some missionary experience is especially fitted for this work.

A good, substantial woman who has a love for humanity is needed to assist Mrs. Swanson in the Rescue Home in Hinsdale. No fixed salary could be held out as an inducement, nothing except a great opportunity to help the helpless and needy.

There are openings for six young women and two young men to enter the new Missionary Nurses' course that begins June first in connection with the Hinsdale Sanitarium. Only those need apply who wish to dedicate their lives to medical missionary work.

Let those who are interested in filling some of these or other openings in connection with this missionary work in Chicago, write, stating their age, general condition of health, length of time they have been Christians, if they have ever been engaged in soul-winning work of any kind before, and if so, what kind, with also a general statement regarding the educational opportunities they have enjoyed. Correspondence may be directed to Mrs. Caroline Louise Clough, Hinsdale, Ill.

BECOME A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER.

After you have read this magazine through, if you can afford to do so, why not subscribe for it so you can get it regularly every month? If you can not possibly secure the necessary amount for the subscription price let us know and we will do our best to interest someone in your behalf to subscribe for you.

PLANNING TO BE A MISSIONARY.

The following letter is from a prisoner in the Wyoming State prison who expects to be released soon:

"I cannot hear very good and for that reason I am thinking of selling books when I get out, and will live a Christian life—pay my debts and work for the Master. I shall be glad to sell some of the LIFE BOATS. I notice that others are making an honest living in this way, and I believe that a man coming out of prison could do well by selling them.

"I believe the magazine would sell well

here in the West, and by stopping at cheap boarding houses instead of hotels I could do well and save some money and do a good work at the same time. Please consider the matter and let me know if you will be willing for me to take up the work."

A SPLENDID DONATION.

Some months ago we published in the LIFE BOAT an appeal for someone to assist in supplying the Volunteer Prison League in the Joliet prison with the LIFE BOAT. Mr. George P. Cones, a business man in Meade, Kans., responded by subscribing for 548 copies to be furnished each month for a year. Are there not others who will do the same thing for their respective State prisons?

The following letter from the Chaplain of the Illinois State Penitentiary deserves the thoughtful attention of youth everywhere:

JOLIET, April 16, 1908.

Dear Doctor Paulson:

Specific inquiries among hundreds of the members of my parish show that very few of them failed to attend church and Sunday school in early years. Neglect of religious duties at the age of adolescence, neglect by the church, bad company, cigarettes and drink have brought them to correctional and penal service.

If readers of the LIFE BOAT would set themselves to rescue wayward boys and girls, what a harvest of good would reward their efforts!

ALBERT J. STEELMAN,

Chaplain Illinois State Penitentiary.

JUST A STRAY COPY.

"My brother, while working thirty miles away, found a 1903 copy of the LIFE BOAT in a pile of rubbish. The title, LIFE BOAT, aroused his curiosity and he took it home and read it. He liked it so well that he brought it to me. I want the little paper just to know and read about such grand, good work as you are doing for the unfortunate. I would like to work for them, too."

We have a few of the April number of THE LIFE BOAT still on hand and will furnish them as long as they last at \$1.25 per hundred. Send in your order at once. Address, THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Ill.

The Life Boat

DAVID PAULSON, M. D., 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 471 State St.

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, \$20; three months, \$50.
Half page, \$12; three months, \$30.
One inch, column width, one insertion, \$1.00.

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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.

THE PRISON EVANGEL.

The *Prison Evangel* is a new venture in the line of furnishing interesting and evangelizing reading matter for the benefit of the inmates of the prisons of this country. It is edited chiefly by the Rev. Luther B. Haines and Katherine A. Haines, who are also its publishers, and are putting their money as well as their labor into the *Prison Evangel*. The office of the publication is at 260 King avenue, Columbus, Ohio. The price of this monthly publication is but 50 cents a year.

Anyone desiring to assist in the circulation of the *Prison Evangel* can do so by sending subscriptions or donations in any number to the publishers. Rev. David Judson Starr, A.M., D.D., is editor of the Chaplain's department, and generously donated his services to the cause. Dr. Starr has been for eight years chaplain and librarian of the Ohio penitentiary, and he has just been reappointed to serve another term. Few persons know as well as does he the mental, moral and spiritual needs of prisoners.

MONEY FOR AGENTS

Patent patches or clamps are splendid for mending hot water bottles. Send 30 cents for nine clamps, a wrench and instructions.

We have a Cement that mends agate, enamel and tin ware. Send 30 cents for enough to mend 30 holes. These articles will prove satisfactory. Agents wanted. Address, H. F. PHELPS,

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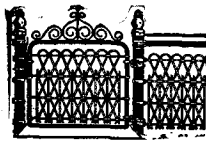
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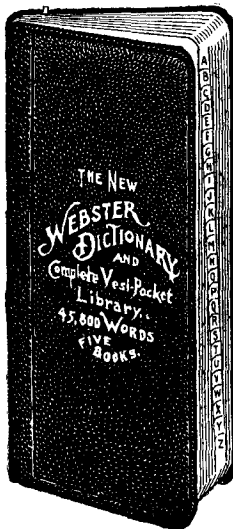
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One young school girl sends for \$37 worth in two orders, and said she sold 60 large mottoes in one day.

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Another agent sends for \$214 worth and says he is satisfied with the treatment that the Hampton Art Company has given him.

An agent in Pennsylvania orders \$148 worth, another \$216, another \$540 worth.

One orders 1,600 mottoes.

An agent in Iowa sends for \$397 worth.

The above represents only what a few agents are doing for us. Other companies are selling out, but we are here with the largest stock as well as a bigger trade by almost fifty per cent than we have ever had.

If you are in a rush to get out in the field send us \$5 for 100 Bible Cardboard Mottoes, or \$6 for 100 12x16 Enamel Paper Mottoes, 200 for \$10. We prepay all charges. Eighty different designs. Over 26,000 Mottoes sent out from our company in the past few weeks. We shipped over 1,000 April fool day, best April fool we ever had. Every dollar was cash in hand. Mottoes sell. Good agents send for 200 to 1,000 at a time.

If you never invest a dollar you will never make a dollar, so give us a trial order and be convinced that we have the best selling article in the world. Our reference is State Savings Bank or Wells Fargo Express Co., Hampton, Iowa. Address for further particulars with a two-cent stamp.

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NOTE THIS

The new SUBURBAN RESCUE HOME FOR GIRLS will be completed as soon as the weather will permit in the spring. A considerable sum of money will be needed to complete it and furnish it.

How You May Help


By sending in any donation small or great; those sending in **one hundred dollars** or more will be known as **founders**.

By remembering in a substantial manner this worthy labor of love in your will.

But there is always a chance for legal complications to arise that will defeat the purpose of the one who made the will, so a better way is to be **your own executor**; that is, invest the money in the Home now on the annuity plan; that is, you receive a very substantial income on your money each year while you are alive and then permit the capital to become the exclusive property of the Home at your death.

The following is a proper legal form for a bequest:

I hereby give, devise and bequeath unto the Life Boat Mission and Workingmen's Home, a corporation organized and existing under the State of Illinois, the sum of _____ dollars to be paid out of real or personal estate owned by me at my decease, this money to be used for the maintenance of the institution known as the Suburban Home for Girls, located near Hinsdale, Ill., and which is under the supervision of the aforesaid corporation.



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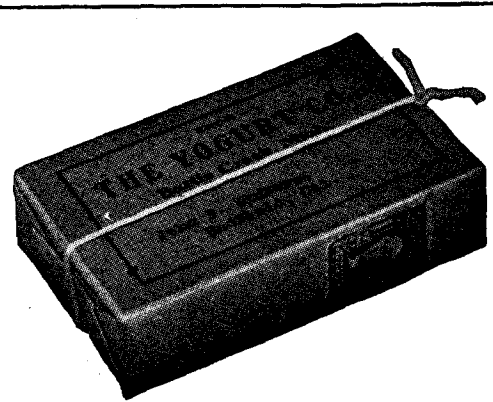
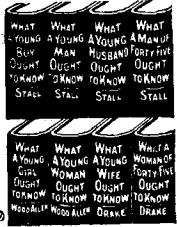
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—Edward Bok, Editor Ladies' Home Journal.



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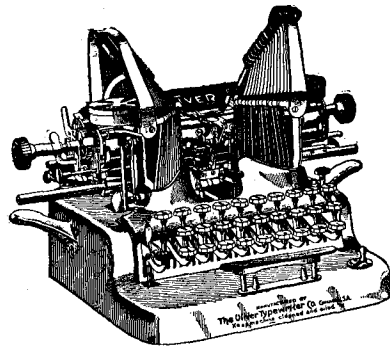
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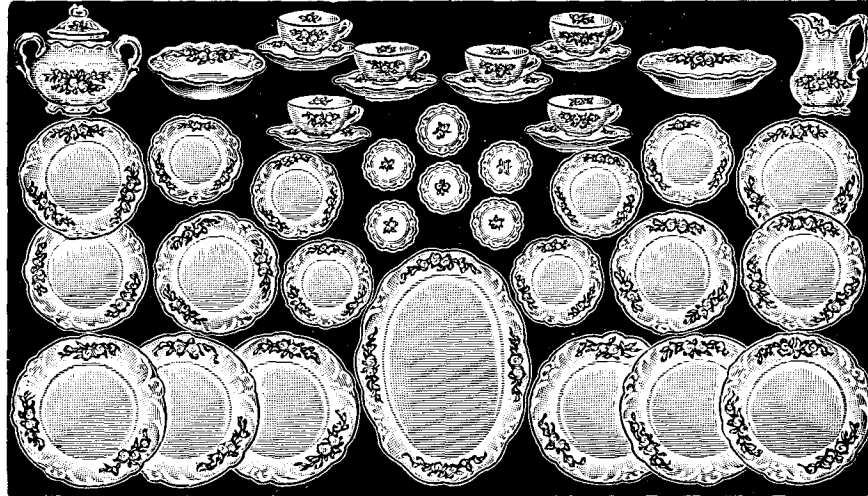
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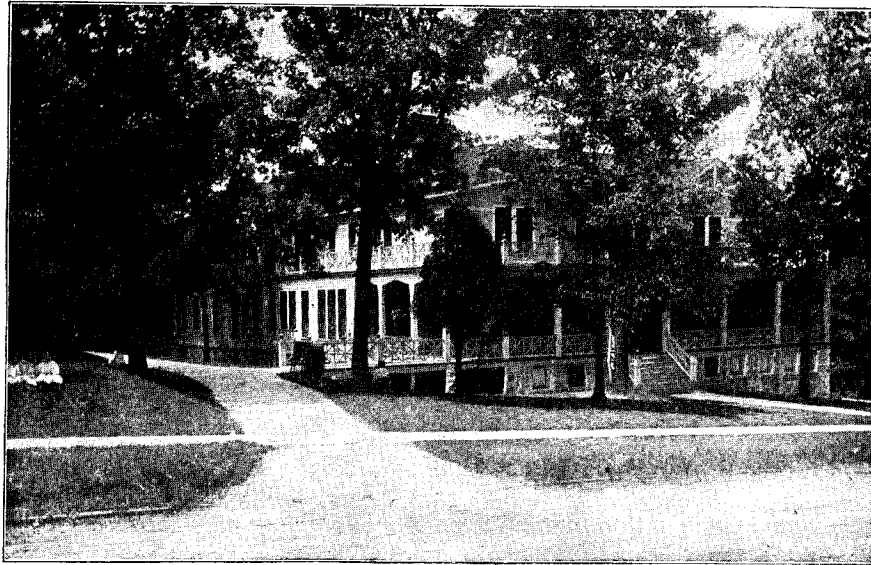
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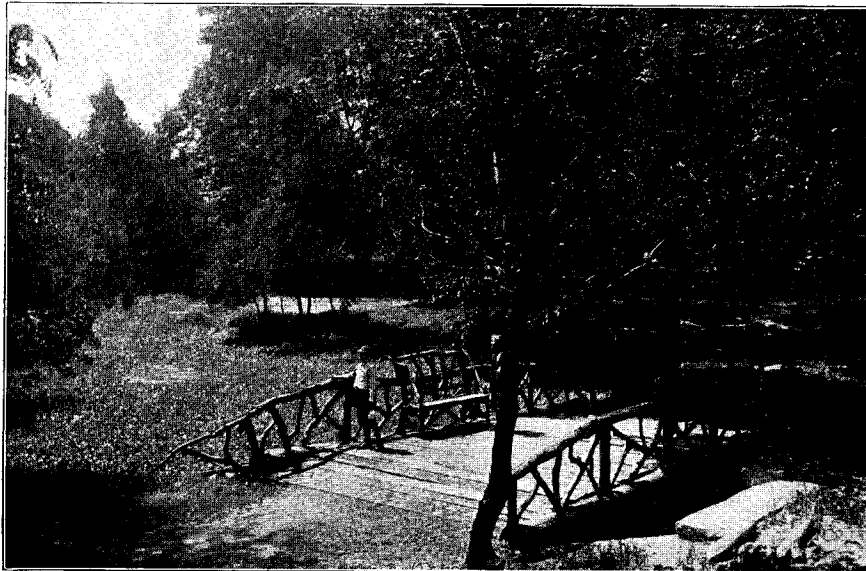
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