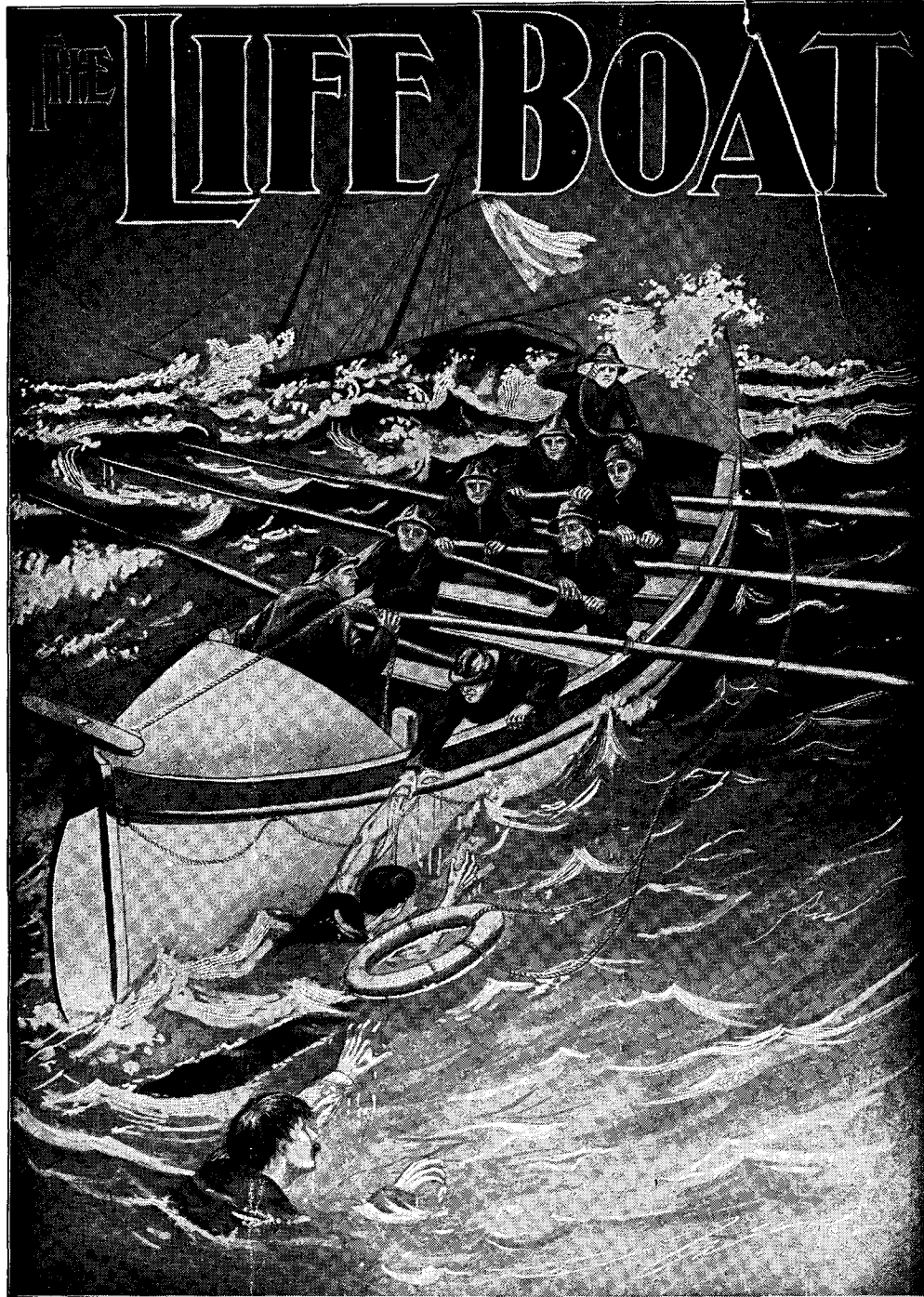


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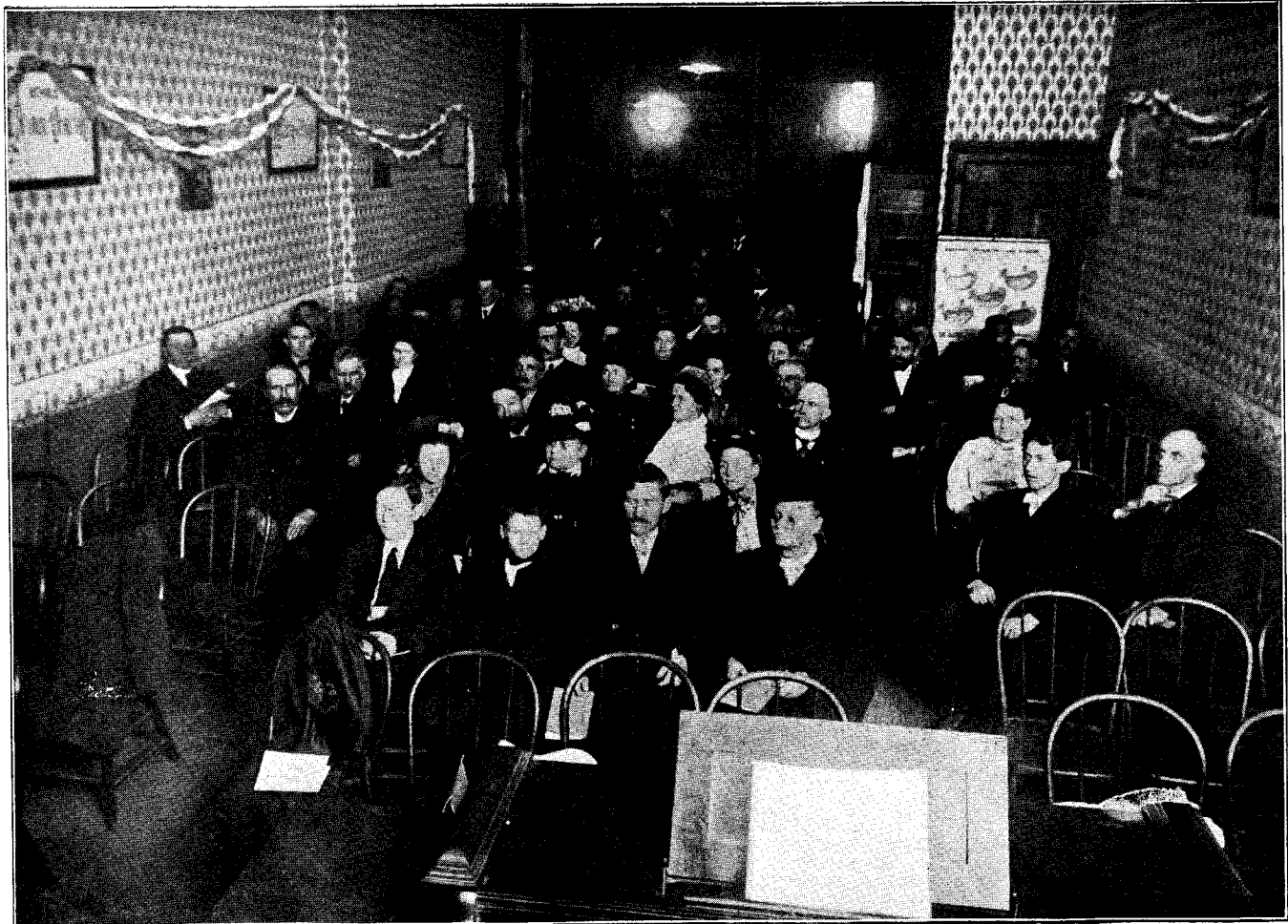
The White Slave Trade

Volume Eleven  
Number Twelve

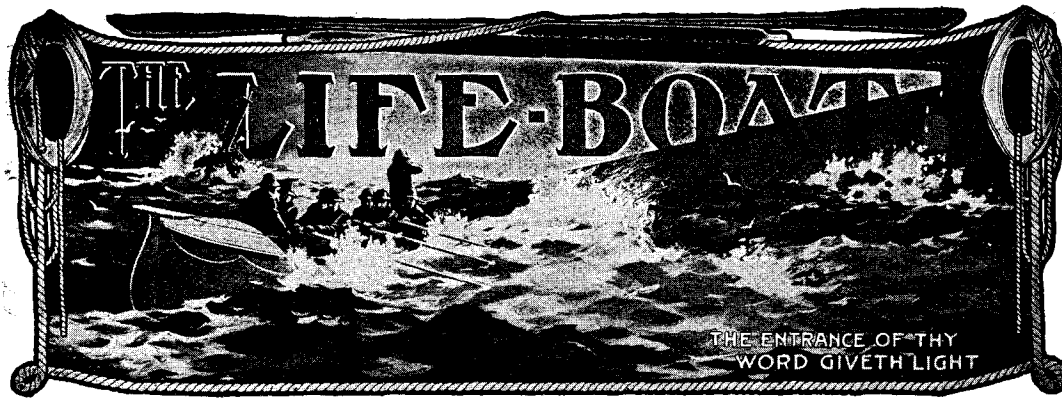
Windsale, Ill.

December, 1908

Good Samaritan Work—White



View in the Life Boat Mission Taken Just Before the Service as the People Were Gathering in.



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

*Entered as second-class matter, July 17, 1905, at the Postoffice at Hinsdale, Ill., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.*

**Volume XI**

**HINSDALE, ILL. :: DECEMBER, 1908**

**Number 12**

**THE WHITE SLAVE TRADE.**

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Every little while there is something in the newspapers about girls being bought and sold like cattle, but it is safe to say that the majority of those who read these accounts give them no more serious attention than if they had read it in some story book.

For this reason we quote the following on "The White Slave Trade of Today" in a recent number of the *Woman's World*. This article was written by United States District Attorney Edwin W. Sims, who is well known as the attorney who represented the government in securing the twenty-nine-million-dollar fine against the Standard Oil Company.

He has recently made a thorough inquiry into this question for the United States government and so he writes as an authority. Our only reason for quoting some of these terrible facts is that it may arouse our readers everywhere to appreciate some of the dangers that confront the friendless young woman today, especially in our large cities. We say, friendless, but we might add, the unwary one no matter how *many* friends she may possess.

As you read this remember that Christ himself said that as the days of Lot were, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be. Could Sodom have been any worse?

Things are being done every day in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and other large cities of this country in the white slave traffic which would, by contrast, make the Congo slave traders of the old days appear like Good Samaritans.

The recent examination of more than two hundred "white slaves" by the office of the United States district attorney at Chicago has brought to light the fact that literally thousands of innocent girls from the country districts are every year entrapped into a life of hopeless slavery and degradation because parents in the country do not understand conditions as they exist and how to protect their daughters from the "white slave" traders who have reduced the art of ruining young girls to a national and international system. I sincerely believe that nine-tenths of the parents of these thousands of girls who are every year snatched from lives of decency and comparative peace and dragged under the slime of an existence in the "white slave" world have no idea that there is really a trade in the ruin of girls as much as there is a trade in cattle or sheep or the other products of the farm. If these parents had known the real conditions, it is wholly probable that their daughters would not now be in dens of vice and almost utterly without hope of release excepting by the hand of death.

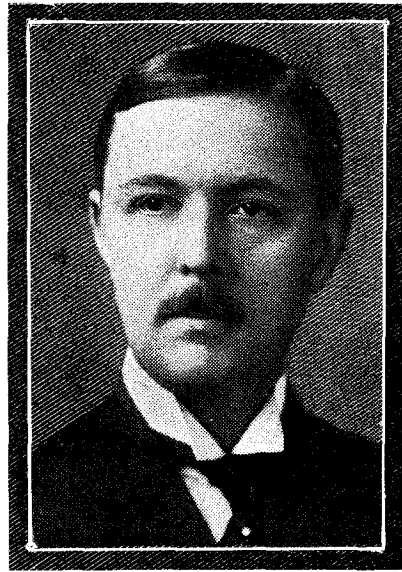
The evidence obtained from questioning some 250 girls taken within the last four weeks in Chicago houses of ill repute leads me to believe that not fewer than fifteen thousand girls have been imported into this country in the last year as white slaves.

Then please remember that the girls imported are certainly but a mere fraction of the number recruited for the army of prostitution from home fields, from the cities, the towns, the villages of our own country.

There are, to put it mildly, hundreds—yes, thousands—of trusting mothers in the smaller cities, the towns, villages and farming communities of the United States who believe that their daughters are "getting on fine" in the city and too busy to come home for a visit or "to write much" while the fact is that these daughters have been swept into the gulf of white slavery—the worst doom that can befall a woman.

#### SOME ADVICE TO PARENTS.

In the narratives of nearly all of them is a passage describing how some man of their acquaintance had offered to "help" them to a



Hon. E. W. Sims.

good position in the city, to "look after" them, and to "take an interest" in them. After listening to this confession from one girl after another, hour after hour until you have heard it repeated perhaps fifty times, you feel like saying to every mother in the country: Do not trust any man who pretends to take an interest in your girl if that interest involves her leaving your own roof. Keep her with you. She is far safer in the country than in the big city, but if go to the city she must, then go with her yourself; if that is impossible, place her with some woman who is your

friend, not hers; no girl can safely go to a great city to make her own way who is not under the eye of a trustworthy woman who knows the ways and the dangers of city life. Above all, distrust the "protection," the "good offices" of any man who is not a family friend known to be clean and honorable and above all suspicion.

Whether these hunters of the innocent ply their awful calling at home or abroad, their methods are much the same—with the exception that the foreign girl is more hopelessly at their mercy.

And here let it be said that the breaking of the spirit, the crushing of all hope for any future save that of shame is always a part of the initiation of a white slave.

#### FIFTEEN DOLLARS APIECE.

It is only necessary to say that the legal evidence thus far collected establishes with complete moral certainty these awful facts: That the white slave traffic is a system—a syndicate which has its ramifications from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific ocean, with "clearing houses" or "distributing centers" in nearly all of the larger cities; that in this ghastly traffic the buying price of a young girl is \$15 and that the selling price is generally about \$200—if the girl is especially attractive the white slave dealer may be able to sell her for \$400 or \$600; that this syndicate did not make less than \$200,000 last year in this almost unthinkable commerce.

When once a white slave is sold and landed in a house or dive she becomes a prisoner. The raids disclosed the fact that in each of these places is a room having but one door to which the keeper holds the key. In here are locked all the street clothes, shoes, and the ordinary apparel of a woman.

The finery which is provided for the girl for the house wear is of a nature to make her appearance on the street impossible. Then, added to this handicap is the fact that at once the girl is placed in debt to the keeper for a wardrobe of "fancy" clothes which are charged to her at preposterous prices. She can not escape while she is in debt to the keeper and she is never allowed to get out of debt—at least until all desire to leave the life is dead within her.

The facts I have stated are for the awakening of parents and guardians of girls. If I were to presume to say anything to the possible victims of this awful scourge of white slavery it would be this: "Those who enter here leave hope behind"; the depths of debasement and of suffering disclosed by the investigation now in progress would make the flesh of a seasoned man of the world creep with horror and shame.

Any of our readers who will send a one-

cent stamp to Geo. P. Forest, Editor *Woman's World*, 46 West Monroe street, Chicago, will receive upon request several copies of the complete article by Hon. E. W. Sims for their own use and for distribution.

#### GOOD SAMARITAN WORK.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

It is working together with Christ that is true worship. Prayers, exhortations and talk are cheap fruits, which are frequently tied on; but fruits that are manifested in good work, in caring for the needy, the fatherless and widows, are genuine fruits and grow naturally upon a good tree.

The parable of the good Samaritan outlines true missionary work, and in this work God's people are all to have a part. No one is excused who neglects the duty he owes to his fellow men. In doing this work we fulfil the law of God.

To obey the law of God means to be quick to see the necessities of our fellow beings, and quick to help them without stopping to inquire, "Do they believe the same doctrines that I believe?"

The Saviour devoted more time and labor to healing the afflicted of their maladies than to preaching. When the Master shall come again, He will commend those who have visited the sick and relieved the necessities of the afflicted.

#### SACRED FOOT PRINTS IN OUR OWN LAND.

We need not go to Nazareth, to Capernaum, or to Bethany, in order to walk in the steps of Jesus. We shall find His footprints beside the sickbed, in the hovels of poverty, in the crowded alleys of the great cities, and in every place where there are human hearts in need of consolation.

In Matthew 25:41-46 Jesus identifies himself with His suffering people. It was I who was hungry and thirsty. It was I who was a stranger. It was I who was naked. It was I who was sick. It was I who was in prison.

When you were enjoying the food from your bountifully spread table, I was famishing in the hovel or street not far from you. When you closed your doors against me, while your well-furnished rooms were unoccupied, I had nowhere to lay my head. Your wardrobes were filled with an abundant supply of

changeable suits of apparel, upon which means had been needlessly squandered, which you might have given to the needy. I was destitute of comfortable apparel.

When you were enjoying health, I was sick. Misfortune cast me into prison and bound me with fetters, bowing down my spirit, depriving me of freedom and hope, while you roamed free.

Mark, selfish Christian, every neglect of the needy poor, the orphan, the fatherless, is a neglect of Jesus in their person.

#### BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

There are orphans that should be cared for, but some will not venture to undertake this, for it would bring them more work than they care to do, leaving them but little time to please themselves. But when the King shall make investigation, these do-nothing, illiberal, selfish souls will learn that Heaven is for those who have been workers, those who have denied themselves for Christ's sake. No provisions have been made for those who have ever taken such special care in loving and looking out for themselves.

The terrible punishment which the King threatens those on His left hand, in this case, is not because of their great crimes. They are not condemned for the things which they did do, but for that which they did not do.

You may have thought that if you could find a child without fault, you would take it and care for it; but to perplex your mind with an erring child, to unlearn it many things and teach it anew, to teach it self-control, is a work which you refuse to undertake. To teach the ignorant, to pity and to reform those who have ever been learning evil, is no slight task; but Heaven has placed just such ones in your way. They are blessings in disguise.

#### HAVE YOU BEEN IMPOSED UPON.

The Lord himself has made us to differ—some poor, some rich, some afflicted—that all may have an opportunity to develop character. The poor are purposely permitted to be thus of God, that we may be tested and proved, and developed what is in our hearts.

You may say you have been taken in and have bestowed your means upon those unworthy of your charity, and therefore have

become discouraged in trying to help the needy.

Though your efforts for good have been unsuccessful ninety-nine times, and you receive only insult, reproach, and hate, yet, if the one-hundredth time proves a success, and one soul is saved, oh, what a victory is achieved!

#### INVITING ANGELS TO OUR HOMES.

When hearts sympathize with hearts burdened with discouragement and grief, when the hand dispenses to the needy, when the naked are clothed, the stranger made welcome to a seat in your parlor and a place in your heart, angels are coming very near, and an answering strain is responded to in Heaven. When you succor the poor, sympathize with the afflicted and oppressed, and befriend the orphan, you bring yourselves into a closer relationship with Jesus.

If you are not willing to do this, when you shall feel that you need a habitation in the Heaven, none will be awarded you. For Christ declares, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these . . . ye did it not to me."

#### REFLEX INFLUENCE ON PHYSICAL HEALTH.

You who are suffering with poor health, there is a remedy for you. If thou clothe the naked, and bring the poor that are cast out, to thy house, and deal thy bread to the hungry, "then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily." Doing good is an excellent remedy for disease.

This is the special work now before us. All our praying and abstinence from food will avail nothing, unless we resolutely lay hold of this work. The fast which God can accept is described in Isaiah 58. It is to deal thy bread to the hungry, and to bring the poor which are cast out, to thy house.

Wait not for them to come to you. The labor rests not on them to hunt you up, and entreat of you a home for themselves. You are to search for them and bring them to your house. You are to draw out your soul after them. You are with one hand to reach up and by faith take hold of the mighty arm which brings salvation, while with the other hand of love you reach the oppressed, and re-

lieve them. It is impossible for you to fasten upon the arm of God with one hand, while the other is employed in ministering to your own pleasure.

It is not the abundance of your meetings that God accepts. It is not the numerous prayers, but the right doing, doing the right thing and at the right time. Our souls must expand. Then God will make them like a watered garden, whose waters fail not.

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**Special article next month on good Samaritan work among the mountain whites of Tennessee. This will be an intensely interesting article. Do not miss the next number.**

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#### A SADDER STORY THAN CAN BE TOLD IN WORDS.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

Down in a dark cell, with nothing but a hard wooden bench for a bed and with abandoned women for companions, we found a woman of refinement who had only the day before stepped out of a beautiful home in one of Chicago's wealthy suburbs. She left a loving, Christian husband and two sweet children and came to the city to satisfy an insatiable thirst for the intoxicating cup. When the fiery liquor passed her lips and burned its way into every cell of her being, soon all that was noble departed. She was no more the queen of the beautiful home, but a vile, cursing wretch on the streets of Chicago. What a terrible fall, and all through drink! She was picked up by a police officer and put in jail for disorderly conduct.

She passed the night in agony, with no pillow for her feverish head. That same night two children went to bed without a mother's loving kiss, and a sorrowing husband sought his couch, but not to sleep, for he was the real cause of this awful trouble.

The next morning we found our way down to that dreary cell, and setting up our little organ in front of it and opening our song books, we began singing some sweet Gospel songs. As we talked of God's power to save and to build up a new life out of the broken fragments which sin had left, this woman came forward and pressed her cheek

against the iron bars and with tears in her eyes listened to the story.

She asked for prayer; said she wanted to get rid of that awful thirst, which was ruining her life and wrecking her home. We asked her to pray. She said, "I do pray, I pray and pray, and I do not see why God does not take this away." She then told us this pitiable story, which we afterwards learned was absolutely true.

Her father used to drink, but she never tasted liquor until after she was married; then her husband would bring it to the house and ask her to drink with him. She did so, and soon the fearful craving which she had inherited from her father was aroused.

Her husband saw what he had done and abandoned the drink habit. He never drinks now, and is a good Christian man; he has had his temperance lesson.

She said: "This morning my children are in Sunday-school, but I am here a wreck; about every ten days this burning thirst causes me to leave my home and disgrace my family. I know my husband will never forsake me. Oh, I do want to get out of this awful condition; why doesn't God deliver me?"

Such was the testimony of this heart-broken wife and mother. We told her her great need was Jesus. She knew it, she said, and she knelt down on the cold, grimy stone floor and asked God to help her to be a true wife for her heart-broken husband, and a real mother to her two sweet children.

Dear reader, sin is an *awful* thing. It invades the homes of the rich just as much as of the poor. It leaves its black stain on the hearts and lives of its victims. It is no respecter of persons. It is a dangerous thing to tamper with; when once its seeds are planted in the heart nothing but the power of Christ can uproot it.

Would it not be wise to look within your own soul, and if you find growing there the tiniest shoot from its seed you had better apply at once the Gospel hoe, and dig it out, root and branch.

"Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with The Spirit." Eph. 5:18.

#### WHAT THE LORD DID FOR A LAZY AND USELESS YOUNG WOMAN.\*

MRS. A. STEELE,

Supt. Steele Orphan Home, Chattanooga, Tenn.

[Years ago when we first heard an account of Mrs. Steele's great work for outcast and orphan children we became inspired with the thought that if the Lord could make one lone woman, working under such discouraging circumstances, so eminently useful, He certainly would use any one who is willing. In a recent talk at the Hinsdale Sanitarium, Mrs. Steele had with her two little boys about six or seven years old. They recited with absolute precision the names of all the books in the Bible, what was done in each of the seven days of creation, the names of all the judges of Israel, the kings of Judah and the kings of Israel. They were able to recite the entire sermon on the mount, the twelfth chapter of Romans, to name all the presidents of the United States, etc. Mrs. Steele then remarked that of the one hundred and forty-five children in the Home at present, *every one* of them knew just as much as these two boys.—Ed.]

I was born in Chelsea, Mass. I did not have to work for a living, and until my conversion I was so lazy and selfish and mean that I never intended to work. But after I was converted I felt I had no business to be idle. I felt if Jesus worked and Paul sewed tents I had no business to merely put on airs, so I taught school until I was married.

Shortly afterward my husband died, leaving me with a little daughter. Then I was heart-broken. I thought I would lose my mind, but finally I said, "Lord, I will trust You," and I told Him that I would go to any place or any people in the world whom I could help. I had a good reason for thinking that it would never be among the colored people, as my grandfather was killed by a negro and it naturally led to my family avoiding them as much as possible.

A call came to me to go to Chattanooga where I have been for the last twenty-eight years. I went around among the sick and dying. The smallpox was down there. I found many ragged children whose mothers had died, and I said to myself, if I were situated like these children without a home I would not think much of a missionary who came around and merely told me about a home "over there" and taught me to say the Ten Commandments. I would probably say, "Hush,

\*Report of talk given to the Hinsdale Sanitarium patients and helpers, October 29, 1908.

my stomach is *empty*." Mere pious talk would not have satisfied my stomach.

The more I thought about it and the more I prayed about it the less I was able to sleep nights and let this condition go on. So I consulted some of my church people in New York, but they told me they would have to confine themselves to their special work. They said, "Why don't you get the good people of Chattanooga to take it up?"

I then called a meeting of the Chattanooga citizens and they said, "Our tax payers can never undertake it." So I had to start out with nobody but the Lord. I said, "Woe is

rainy day, all I could find was the sermon on the mount.

Then I went and built a home myself and started in with three little orphan girls. That was twenty-five years ago. Since then I have never advertised for help or sent out an agent or solicitor. I have never gone around and asked for a chance to speak.

It is really wonderful how the Lord has kept that institution going. There is not even a sign on the building to designate what it is and yet in these years *eleven hundred and eighty-five* colored children have been cared for in my home, have been fed, clothed and educated.



The Steele Orphan Home.

me if I do not do something to better this condition."

SAVING FOR A RAINY DAY.

I asked my daughter if she felt it would be all right for me to use what money I had left without a nickel to pay for my coffin, and she said, "It is all right." I had saved quite a little money which I had laid by for a rainy day. I believed it was my religious duty to only use the interest and not to touch the principal, but when I searched my Bible to find something about laying up money for a

The Lord has done it. He has kept me in health, for I have not been sick in bed a day for thirty-six years.

During the last year not a child was in bed for a week and no one died. During the last twenty-five years we have never had a case of pneumonia, diphtheria or la grippe. We have found the promise true, "He will give His angels charge over thee."

People say, "How is it that your children are so healthy?" I tell them that I give them health foods. Some people say health foods



are expensive, but I do not think they are nearly so expensive as doctors' bills. We do not even use tea or coffee, but we do have plenty of good nourishing food, such as grains, bread, butter, nuts, etc.

People say that the little niggers need some bacon. I tell them that if it was not good for the Jews it would not be good for the Gentiles and I am going to let it alone. We have no lace curtains, no lambrequins, no carpets. We use elbow grease.

#### WHAT THESE YOUNGSTERS LEARN.

I think it is better to teach the children Bible truths than to teach them fairy tales. We teach the children the ordinary grammar grades up to the eighth grade. After finishing our school I send them out to the trade schools to learn trades. I pay their fares and furnish school books and clothe them while they are learning their trades.

Two hundred and ninety-seven of my children have grown up, and are married now. I keep in touch with most of them, but some of them have gone off and forgotten that I am living. I have *never* happened to have an angel among any of my children. Many of them would take a watermelon when hungry, but some white folks will take thousands of dollars. We all need the same training and the same blessed Gospel.

I did not take up this work for thanks or for gratitude otherwise I would have given it up long ago. My dear Lord has done so much for me that I can not do enough for those in need.

#### A CURIOUS LABEL.

It is a source of wonder how so many children have come to me. I will give one case as an illustration. A woman out in Oklahoma was dying. Her husband was already dead. She was grieving over the thought that she must leave her little children, when one of the neighbors said, "There is a woman, a Mrs. Steele, who will take them." She said, "Write to her." I promised to take them.

When the mother died some of the friends went around to the neighbors and raised money enough to pay their fares. Then they pinned on the jacket of the oldest child this note: "For the Steal Often Home." They

could neither read nor write very well and that is what they called my home, but the orphans came all right. They never miscarry.

People often say to me, "How do you stomach these children?" I always say, "If you people can stomach dogs and kiss them, I certainly ought to be able to stomach these poor neglected colored children who are human beings. I tell these ladies the reason I do it is because I think the Lord wants somebody to take care of their souls."

We are only pilgrims and strangers on this earth. This is our only chance to do something. We can live the butterfly life but my, what a hollow life that is! If I actually knew that I had to spend my last days in the poor-house I would say I am thankful that I used my money for others.

Not an unnecessary thing have I gotten for them. I have walked miles and miles to save carfare for bread for my children. Not a nickel has gone for ice cream, jewelry or finery.

I do not know of any greater honor than to be partners with Him. My daughter received some money after mine was all gone. I was so glad that mine went into the stomachs and onto the backs and into the hearts and lives of those that needed it the very hour they needed it.

I prayed the Lord not to let my daughter's money spoil her. She had been wearing second-hand clothes found in the barrels that were sent to us and she, without any lessons in dressmaking, taught herself to make those clothes over.

I said, "What are you going to do with that money? Are you going to get a gold watch and chain?" She said, "No, I am going to give it to you." I said, "All of it?" She said, "Yes." I took all of it and put it into the home and have never saved a cent. I hugged her enough to crack her ribs, and I said, "The Lord will bless you for that."

This work takes patience. There is where I got the blessing. I was built on the dynamite plan. I have got a blessing out of this experience. I have the best end of the bargain all the way along. It is a blessed reality. Now is there any greater pleasure?

When you and I pass from this world we are going to take with us two things. One

is our real character and the other is our influence for good or for evil. We are going to meet those in eternity. I rejoice that I am doing some seed-sowing day by day. I have four colored teachers in my home now. My white teachers have all left me for foreign fields, two are in India, one in Japan and five in Africa. I also employ some helpers to go and visit the jails.

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#### THOSE WHO HAVE AN ACID STOMACH.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

The following are a few principles that it will be well for you to bear in mind: Meats and meat extracts and meat soups were found by Pawlow, the great Russian investigator, to be the most powerful gastric stimulants, hence they are not advisable in cases of excess of acid. As meat uses up for the time being a large amount of acid, it is often the most *comfortable* food for a short time after meals, but in the end it aggravates the difficulty.

Starchy food calls out but very little gastric juice, but if it is not well cooked, so that it can be quickly digested, it will remain in the stomach a long time and irritate it. For this reason all the breads, in fact whatever is made from grains, should be thoroughly done, and for this reason it is best to discard half-cooked mushes, doughy bread, leathery pie crusts, rich cakes, etc.

Fats have a tendency to hinder the pouring out of gastric juice, and for that reason they are serviceable in cases of hyperacidity. Fried fat, however, is difficult to digest, hence avoid fried foods. Butter, cream, olive oil and ripe olives are wholesome forms of fat.

Food should be thoroughly masticated, for then it does not stay long in the stomach to make trouble. In general the variety should be limited to three, four or at most five articles of food. Gradually accustom yourself to very few things. That is the way our forefathers lived who had excellent health.

It is well to avoid very highly flavored soups and desserts, also the irritating spices and condiments as far as possible. It is important in cases of hyperacidity not to miss meals and thus become unusually hungry, and above all things, not to eat when under great

mental strain, as it nearly always produces an excessive amount of gastric juice.

It is extremely difficult to furnish a practical working bill of fare without a careful study of the adaptations of each food to the individual. Taste, habits, personal inclinations, have to be taken into consideration. However, a few ideas are given which must be simply accepted as suggestive. The dietary does not need to be confined exclusively to this list. A few articles selected from among the following will be very likely to agree well for breakfast:

Corn flakes and cream, rice flakes and cream, boiled rice and cream, granola and cream, shredded wheat biscuit or triscuit and cream, gluten mush made with milk or cream occasionally. Potatoes prepared in any form desired, except fried. Cream toast, poached egg on toast. Baked sweet apples, stewed prunes, pear or blueberry sauce, apple sauce provided not too sour, sweet oranges, stewed raisins, fig marmalade. Cereal coffee or good buttermilk, if it can be obtained.

For dinner: Cream pea, creamed rice, celery, corn or vegetable oyster soups, hot malted nuts, ripe olives, protose prepared in any form that is most palatable, used moderately. Fresh cottage cheese, potatoes, roasted pine nuts, any vegetables that are not very full of woody matter, rejecting the woody pulp; grape biscuit, rice biscuit, toast, ordinary bread thoroughly well done, not doughy or sticky. Tapioca custard, cream rice pudding, rice custard pudding, and any of the fruits suggested for breakfast.

When a third meal is eaten it can easily be arranged from these. When traveling one can get almost anywhere shredded wheat biscuits and cream, rice and cream bread and butter, and potatoes. These simple dishes are very nourishing, are easily digested and generally agree well with those who have a tendency to hyperacidity. Persevere along simple lines, at the same time continually consider your own individual factor. If you masticate your food thoroughly your appetite will soon become a pretty fair judge of what is good for you.

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A flaw in the foundation is pretty surely to be followed by a crack in the superstructure.

## A TRANSFORMED BANK BURGLAR.

DICK LANE.

[We once heard Dick Lane say that he had blown open more safes than could be packed into a good-sized parlor. Yet this man who had a deep-dyed criminal instinct for more than forty years and who served twenty-one years in State prisons for his crimes, holds today a position of responsibility in the *Record Herald*, a living testimony to the fact that although men can not, yet God *can change* the leopard's spots. The following is abstracted from a testimony which he gave in the Life Boat Mission a few nights ago.—Ed.]

If you had told me thirteen years ago, when I was down here in a neighboring town waiting to have a kit of burglary tools made, that I would be standing here tonight talking about the Lord Jesus, I would not have believed it. The reason God has so wonderfully blessed me is because I kept my word with God.

I did not go into the Pacific Garden Mission, the night of my conversion, to hear the Gospel, but I knew there was an order out from the police station for me and I went in there to get a couple of hours' rest.

I sat there and listened to a number of testimonies and I said to myself, "I wish I were there." Bless God, I got there. I soon raised my hand up about half way and then I jerked it down. Then I thought, my, I wish I were out on Van Buren street. The superintendent saw my hand raised half way up and he insisted on my coming up front. I said, "No." Then the thought came to me, "Dick, it won't cost you anything," and with that I went up for I was always ready to get something for *nothing*.

Just see what God has done for me. My, I sit in my parlor and look around and say to myself, "Is it possible this is Dick Lane, that old robber?" One of the policemen said to me the other day, "Dick, you are looking well. Do you remember when you were sent off to State prison about twenty years ago? Well, you look better now than you did then."

When I was first converted people said, "That old robber will be stealing before he is a week older. I went to work for Mr. Kohlsaas and people came and told him what I was and that I would rob him before I had been there a week. He told them he would not be afraid to trust me with a couple thousand dollars. I said I would stick if it killed me.

When God transformed me I was lazy, so lazy I would not do a thing. When I went to the Illinois prison they kept me for days in the dark dungeon on bread and water before I would split rock in the quarry. But there is no use talking—you can not be lazy and indifferent and be a Christian.

## FORTY DOLLARS A WEEK BUT NEVER BLESSED.

After Dick Lane had given the testimony referred to above, a bright, brainy-looking young man rose up in the farther corner of the room and gave the testimony printed below. At the conclusion of his talk, we asked all present to kneel and a special season of prayer was offered for him, and he himself prayed. We believe a new power came into his life.

"One of the Ten Commandments says, 'Thou shalt not covet,' but I envy that brother up there on the platform who just spoke. I am not saved. I have a good home. I am not a fool. I passed this mission three different times tonight and each time there was some one out in front inviting me in. Finally I came in.

"I remember hearing my Sunday-school teacher say once: 'Every time you take a drink of the water of life you will be blessed.' How many times I drunk of the water of life? Never. I have never been blessed.

"I came in here with the smell of cigarettes and of beer on my breath. I *want* this new life. I have tried and tried. I have wanted it for some time, but do not seem to be *able* to get it.

"I have heard a lot about the Life Boat Mission, but I did not come down here on purpose. I dropped in accidentally, but I want to say this: the brother up there on the platform (Dick Lane) is much older than I am; he was a notorious bank robber while I have never done anything that will conflict with the laws of the land, yet I am as low down as any man can get. I want to live a new clean life, I want to get away from the old past life. I want you all to pray for me that I may have this *new* life.

"I have a good father, mother, brother and sister. I seem to be the black sheep in our family. When I am at home with my father I think I will live straight, but I go out and meet the boys and then down I go again. I

have a good position where I make forty dollars every week, but I go straight into the saloon and spend it all. I want you to pray for me."

#### CHILDREN OF THE GHETTO DISTRICT.

JENNIE L. PERSON,  
Concord, Mass.

The work among the Jewish children is especially interesting to me. I do not believe any Christian can fully understand what it means to be brought up in a home where they never hear the name of Jesus. They are just taught to hate that name.

We had a sewing school for them, but of course our main object was to teach them about Christ. The little ones were delighted to learn how to sew, but did not want to hear anything about Jesus, so we had to be very careful at first. We did not dare to select hymns that contained the name of Jesus. If it was mentioned even the little ones would just hiss. But after awhile they would get more accustomed and would sing until we came to the name, would stop until it was passed, and then go on. But I finally had the pleasure of hearing them sing anything, and they did not seem to mind the name.

But we can't blame them so much for that, considering what has been done to them in the name of Christianity. In this country, while they are not persecuted the same as they are in Russia, they are hated by most of the people. Most everybody I speak to says: "Do anything for the Jews? No, I hate them! Why, I would give you all the money you wanted if you would tell me you were going to annihilate them." And consequently you can't wonder they feel they are at variance with the Christians, and do not want anything to do with them.

We had a good deal of trouble at first; they would not obey us and it was quite a long time before we were able to discipline them at all. But they loved to come and were willing to obey any rules in order to stay.

One time the children were sewing when a woman came to the door and asked if her child was there. I said I did not know, as I did not know her name, but the child knew the mother's voice and came out; she just grabbed her and drew her along and she never was allowed to come back.

One time a man was looking through the window at some of the Bibles and I gave him a tract in the Jewish language. He took it and thanked me, but a little later he came inside and was furious and told the children that we were trying to draw them away from their religion. But I asked him to leave and he did. I turned the key, and then told the children if they wanted to, they could go, but we would be glad for them to remain. This man went to the mothers and told them it was a bad place for their children to be.

#### LITTLE GIRL SAYS SHE'S JUST LIKE PETER.

One little girl of about nine years came to the sewing school for a while, then she had to stop coming, for she said: "My mamma won't let me." But she used to come to the mission home and be with us in our devotions morning and night and she learned how to pray. The Jews are not allowed to kneel in prayer; they must do nothing like the Christians. She learned to kneel in prayer at home just as we did, and her mother whipped her every time she saw her do so. But I told her she could pray anyway if she was not allowed to kneel down and pray. Every once in a while she would come to us and say she had done something real wrong and we would ask her if she had prayed about it and she said, "No, she could not at home"; so we would often take her into a room and pray with her. She had all the faith in the world that God would forgive her.

One day the workers were studying about Peter's denial of Christ, and after the study was over this girl said: "I am so sorry for poor Peter." They asked why, and she said: "Because I am just like him, for lots of times my mamma asks me if I believe in Christ, and I say 'No.' Do you suppose He will forgive me?"

#### STARTING AN INDUSTRIAL HOME.

I want to tell you about our industrial home. We found we had need of a refuge to take the converted Jews where we could train them if possible so they could work for their own people; for, among all nationalities, the natives are a great deal better workers, understanding their own people better than other people could. Last November we found a place at a bargain that seemed to be just the one we needed, but at the time we did not have a cent of money and did not know what to do. So

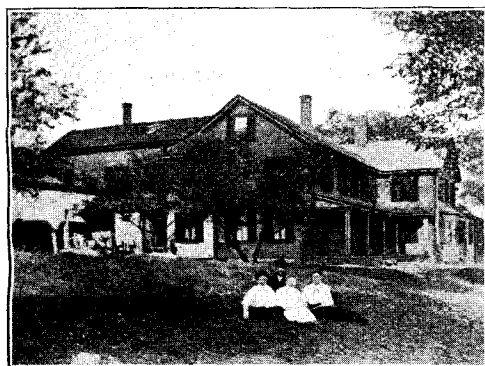


Dedication of The Industrial Home, Concord, Mass.

on faith that the Lord would give us the money we secured the place and promised to pay the mortgage off in the first part of April. We simply asked the Lord to help us. I could not tell you just exactly how the money came, but when it was time for the money to be paid we had it and one thousand five hundred dollars over.

The rest of the money we need—about a thousand dollars or a little more to fix up the place—I have no doubt God is going to give us, too. We read that the silver and gold are His and the cattle on a thousand hills. Now, if it all belongs to Him He is going to supply the means for us. We have been wonderfully rewarded for believing in Him.

At the mission if we were in real need of anything our plan was to set apart a day especially for that subject. Once we were in



Another View of the Home.

special need of one hundred and fifty dollars. We had a day of prayer especially for that,

and we did not have any doubt it would come, but how it would come we did not know. About three days from that time Mr. Gilbert, the superintendent of our mission, received a letter from a lady in Wisconsin we did not know, containing a check for one hundred and fifty dollars. She said she had a diamond ring that was an heirloom in the family, but though she was a woman without much means she felt impressed to go and sell her ring for one hundred and fifty dollars, and sent us the money.

Whenever we want to do the Lord's work He has the money for us and we will get it. It really looked doubtful to me at first, but I am more encouraged than ever I was before, for I have *seen* what God can do. We are only His instruments to bring the knowledge of Christ to these people, but God can do the work. I have seen people just raving at us as they would come in and listen, but they would come again and again, and it seemed the sweet influence of the Spirit of God would smooth things out and they would know we were right. We can use only the Old Testament in our work, but we can teach Christ to them just as plain without any doubt, for Christ is in the Old Testament as much as in the New.

We have now fifteen or twenty converted Jews at the industrial farm and can accommodate more when we get the money and fix the place up as it should be. But there are children enough there now to have a little school. A friend of mine who is a school teacher has consented to come and teach the school. So the work is going on and the Lord is wonderfully blessing in it.

#### THE STORY OF A POOR MOTHER'S LOVE.

MRS. E. M. WHITEMORE.

It was late in the afternoon and one of our workers who was visiting in the slum district was going down a flight of stairs when she seemed to hear the voice of Jesus whispering in great tenderness and yearning, "Go up to the attic and knock at the door." She thought at first that it was simply a foolish impression. She was very tired, the hour was late, and she was anxious to get

\*From a talk given to Hinsdale Sanitarium family.

home; but as she attempted to go down those stairs, in a strange tenderness the thought fastened itself on her heart, "Go upstairs to the attic." She said, "I don't understand this at all; I don't know anybody in the attic, do not even know there is anyone there," but she retraced her steps and finally got way up to a little attic and stood in the darkness for a moment, when she thought she heard sobs—heart-rending sobs.

She knocked at the door; no answer. She knocked again. The sobs went on, but no answer, and finally she turned the knob and went in. There was but little light in the place, as the windows were small and it was late, but as she went in there was a little baby, covered over with a newspaper, for a little naked foot stuck out from under the paper. Then she saw also a woman crouched on the floor sobbing as if her heart would break.

She found her way over to her and put her hand upon her and said, "Dear woman, let me do something for you." And the woman flung up her hands and said, "Oh, I wish I were dead—no one can do anything for me!" Have you ever heard the cry of a broken heart? I have heard it so many times, and not only in the slums. It is not just in the slums you find the worst kind of misery.

This little worker leaned over the wretched woman, who said with a despairing cry, "It is *all* I have got!" She then went over with her visitor and they stood before the little body. "Take off the newspaper," she said, and the worker pulled the paper off and there was a precious little girl nearly three years of age, who had been dead ten hours. She had no clothing on her. Underneath her little knees were two pieces of ice, and the woman, pointing to them, said, "Glad I could do that much for her. The neighbors don't know, and she's all I've got. Last night I went down after dark and pawned my dress to get those pieces of ice to keep my darling a little longer."

The worker hardly knew what to say; such a price for a few little pieces of ice, such love manifested in the poor woman's heart! She said, "My dear woman, I am sorry to leave you, but will be back as quick as I can." She went downstairs and forgot her weariness and everything except Jesus and what He would have her do.

She tried to solicit the interest of the undertaker. He said, "Oh, I hear so *much* of these things; tell me what you *want*." And she told him of her visit, and when she got to the pieces of ice over the baby's eyes and under the knees, he said, "Oh, don't tell me any *more*—that will do! I will give you a coffin." She said, "We will have to have some place to bury the baby." He said, "Well, don't say another word to me," and he wrote a note to a gentleman only a few blocks away, who was superintendent of a cemetery where many poor people had been buried, and he said, "When you tell him the story don't forget about the little pieces of ice."

She went down and found the superintendent in his office very busy, and he did not want to be bothered. He looked at her and said, "Well, *what* do you want?" She gave him the note and he said, "Well, what's it all about, anyway?" and when she came to give an account of what that mother love in that poor woman had led her to do, to take out the last dress she had in the world in order to keep her baby a little longer by her side, he threw up his hands and said, "Oh, don't tell me any more! I will do anything, but don't tell me any more! I can't hear it!"

The little casket was given, a little grave was given, and the undertaker sent a carriage so that the poor mother and this worker could carry the little body to the grave, and it was buried. The worker did not let the poor, wretched woman go back to her desolate home; it was only a miserable attic, and that which had made it home was gone forever.

By and by this woman's heart became strangely comforted by the One who alone knows how to comfort in times of our distress, and she reached out by faith to grasp that which God is so willing and glad to give us, and her soul was satisfied.

She has been a dear, valuable worker down in the slums for some little time. This only occurred a few months ago, but she now goes here and there in homes of sorrow and tries to comfort them with the comfort where-with Christ has comforted her and is comforting her. Is it not wonderful how God sometimes works?

## GLAD TO GET THE LIFE BOAT.

The following letter from one of the Florida Prison Camps is only one of the many we are constantly receiving from prisoners showing their interest in and appreciation for this magazine. Are you interested in supplying it to the inmates of your state prison?

"I wish to acknowledge my thanks to you for the October number of THE LIFE BOAT magazine, which I received yesterday. Will say I did not delay a single moment, but on receipt of the little book I immediately read its contents. As one who hungers for food after having fasted for a time, just so eager I was to digest the food for thought which your little messenger brings on its pages.

"It's a pity that such literature as THE LIFE BOAT is not scattered within reach of every jail or penal institution the world over. Oh, how many lost souls it would uplift from darkness and misery into a new, bright-shining and happy life!

"I testify from experience of the recent change which came over my life. There was a time not so very long ago, even right here in this camp, when I would get up every morning with a *sour* face, and retire at night still more discouraged. But now I can go about my work contented, with a cheerful smile for others around me, and am confident that no material disappointment can discourage me as long as I accept God to stand by me.

"Just as the lost wanderer may find his way by looking up to the Guiding Star, just so can anyone be saved from wretchedness into happiness, and from darkness into light, if he will only look up to Him and ask for His help.

"I have been away from the environments of home for a considerable time, and finally drifted into prison, chiefly through the use of intoxicants, but more so by the influence of associating with bad company. My first desire is a chance to live near or among your missionaries when I am liberated, so that by the example of your moral and loving standards of living the foundation of my resolution should become a solid building, which nothing could ever shake or destroy."

"Son, give me thine heart."

## A HOMELESS BOY.

E. B. VAN DORN,

Supt. Life Boat Mission, 471 State St., Chicago.

There is a boy out at our missionary farm who seems to be a very bright fellow. A man brought him to the Mission one evening. This man remained for the service, then he came and told me that he had been to a lodging house and tried to get the boy in for the night, only to learn that it was against the rules of the house to take in a boy of that age; but they recommended that he bring him to me to see if there were not something that we could do for him.

The boy said his mother had been dead about four years, and his father a little more than a year, and that he had no relatives. The man that was with him said he was acquainted with the boy and had tried to see that he was provided with food and a place to sleep, but the time had come when he could not do any more for him. I took him home with me, and the next day sent him to the farm.

He has had a grammar school education and desires to go on with his studies if the opportunity is afforded him. He is neat in appearance and knows how to sew, cut and fit, etc. The only clothes that he has are what he is wearing, and he is in need of a complete new outfit for the present weather.

There are two different families considering the question of taking him, and he hopes to hear from them soon. In the meantime I hope some one will help us in this matter at once, with the means or the necessary clothes. Let us not forget to breathe a prayer to the Father in heaven, that the right home will be found for this boy, where he will be brought up in the way of truth and right.

## ONE OF MANY INCIDENTS.\*

MRS. HANNAH SWANSON,

Matron, Suburban Home, Hinsdale, Ill.

It has been five years since I first expressed my desire to take up the work for girls. It is two years since I took charge of the Suburban Home, although I lived in the Home for two and one-half years while working with Miss Emmel in the Chicago rescue work.

But the Home was so cramped and small  
\*Report of talk given at a recent meeting in the Hinsdale Sanitarium gymnasium.

and crowded. It could not be properly heated, and when I went down to the new building and saw the heating system installed, I just cried.

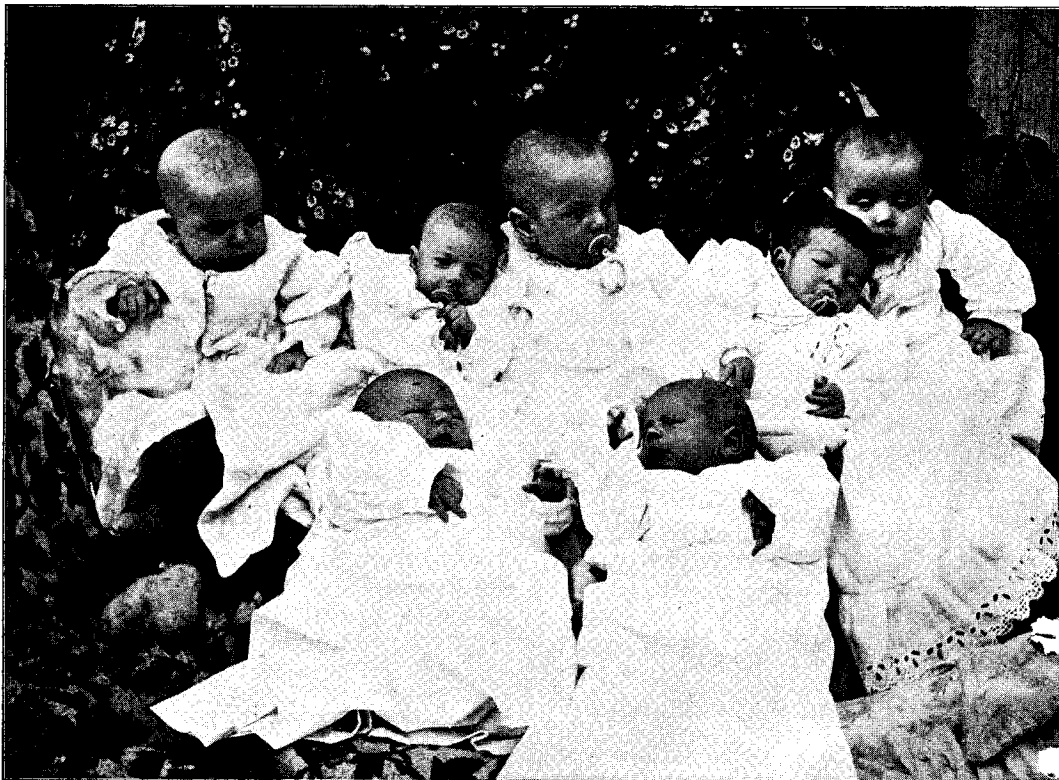
One week while in the old Home we had seventeen girls in that little cottage of eight rooms, and every room but one had three beds in it. We had to turn many girls away. People would come and visit us and say, "How do you stand it, how do you get along?"

One girl came to us from a large home in Chicago. She said afterward, "The very first time I came to this place I felt that the Spirit of God was here."

found a good home for her baby that was born while she was with us. This is only one little incident of this kind. This girl had just enough money to pay her fare here. We did everything for her—gave her the baby clothes, etc. I do feel so thankful to the Lord; He has certainly answered our prayers in giving us this new Home.

#### THE DEDICATION POSTPONED.

On account of the inability of the carpenter to finish the new Life Boat Rescue Home



Former Occupants of the Home Who Dwelt Together in Peace.

Now about the results: We have only had a very few who did not appreciate what we did for them; the majority have appreciated it and gone out stronger and truer girls. One girl wrote she had planned to commit suicide, but she wrote to Dr. Mary Paulson who told her to come. She was a dear, sweet girl. We

building at the time expected, it has been thought best to postpone the dedication until spring. This will give opportunity for the accommodation of all interested friends who wish to attend this important service and will also insure pleasant weather. The definite time will be announced later.



A FEW HEART-TO-HEART WORDS TO  
GIRLS ABOUT ASSOCIATES.

MRS. DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

The other day a young woman knocked at our doors for admittance. She came from a distant State and told us a pitiful story. Her parents were dead, she had met with wrong associates and although she was reared under good circumstances and had a good office training, yet that did not save her from being influenced by wrong associates, and now she has come to us for shelter and care. Of course, we took her in and are doing our best for her.

Every time we hear a story related like this our heart aches for the thousands of girls in our fair land who are allowing themselves to have associates who drag them down instead of lifting them up.

I am satisfied that no girl can be sure she is strong enough to resist temptation if she has allowed herself to have wrong companions. It is just as important for a girl to know the character of the person she chooses for her bosom friend as it is necessary for her to know whether her food contains poison or not.

Some girls make the great mistake of having a pity for some man who is weak and they have a mistaken notion that they can help him. This sense of pity finally develops into an interest and finally an impulsive love which in the great majority of cases results in the degradation and fall of the girl.

May every girl who reads this become aroused to these dangers and at once shake off wrong associates, who will finally drag her down if they become more intimately acquainted. You would do it if you could only appreciate what influence this will have over your future life!

To those girls who have been caught in the Devil's net of trouble and sin, I am glad to say to you that we hold out an oar of rescue and help for you. Write to us and we will do our best for you as God may lead. Take courage, God still loves you and will help you up even though you fall. Address the writer, Hinsdale, Ill.

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"Shun evil companions,  
Bad language distain.  
God's name hold in reverence  
Nor take it in vain."

A PITIABLE CASE.

Just as we are going to press we received a letter from a physician in another State in which he endeavors to make arrangements to have an unfortunate girl only fourteen years of age come to our Home. He writes that she belongs to a most excellent family. Such a letter only emphasizes the great need of the rescue Home, which will be ready for occupancy during this month.

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WHAT BECAME OF A DRUNKEN, OUT-  
CAST WOMAN.

MRS. MARGARET ROACH.

[Mrs. Roach was a degraded drunkard. Seven years ago she was converted in the Life Boat Mission. Today she has the remnants of her family about her, has a good face and a kindly, wholesome appearance where sin had formerly traced its worst. Let the skeptic who does not believe in the Gospel explain such a transformation. The following is abstracted from her testimony given in the Life Boat Mission November 2, 1908, on the seventh anniversary of her conversion.—Ed.]

Seven years ago, after I had wandered on the streets for two weeks without any place to go—no friends—there was a lady that brought me to a room on the West side that Mr. and Mrs. Mackey had rented. I had been turned out of my home on account of drink and sin. I had left my children, lost my home and my husband, and everything dear to me. Of course at that time I thought it was all due to drink, but it was *not* drink, it was *sin*.

When I came in there Mrs. Mackey said, "Take off your things and make yourself at home." It was the *first* kind word I had had spoken to me for years. I had lived in sin for years. I had made all kinds of promises that I would not drink any more, but the promises failed.

Mr. Mackey was away at that time and Mrs. Mackey went down to speak at the mission and took me with her. When I saw the people praying it seemed to me they had something I could not understand. I felt I would like to be good. So I came down to the Life Boat Mission and heard the text, "The Son of man is come to *seek* and to *save* that which was *lost*."

I realized I was a great sinner that night, and as I was about to go out the door Brother Van Dorn said to me, "God bless you, sis-

ter." I looked at him and did not understand why he should say "sister" to me. He asked if I was a Christian and I said No. He then asked if I would like to be one and I said I would.

He took me back in the Mission and told me the way of salvation, and I am so glad that that night I made my peace with God. And when you make your peace with God you never can get entirely away from him; no matter how many mistakes you make, God will always keep after you.

It was not the *last* drink that made me a drunkard, it was the *first*. I was only eighteen years old when I was married; then I took my first drink and although I have been



Mrs. Roach and Her Daughters.

the mother of nine children, since that first drink I could not keep the liquor out of my pantry. It broke up my home and I neglected my children and got so low I did not realize where I was going. But I was going to destruction.

When I came to the Mission and saw what God's saving power could do I gave my heart to God. No matter what our condition, if we come with a humble and contrite heart He will hear us and save us if we just put our trust in Him.

David said, "He brought me up . . . out of the miry clay." I praise God that Jesus is mighty not only to save but also to keep us day by day. I am so thankful He has *established* my goings and put a new song in my mouth which once I used for profanity and to curse my children and my companion.

I praise God tonight because I have a Chris-

tian home, and have a sixteen-year-old girl in this room who one week ago gave her heart to God. He will not only save us, but will also save our household.

I am so glad that when I came to Jesus I found friends to lift me up and point me to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. He has taken the desire for the theater and dance out of my life, and given me a desire to serve Him faithfully and to be a soul winner for Jesus and tell others what He can do for them. Now what He has done for me He can do for *anyone*.

Three years ago I had the privilege of dealing with a woman in sin whom I had drunk with and been down in sin with. I met her on the street and brought her to the Mission hall and tonight she is praising God.

I want to thank God from the bottom of my heart for this Mission; it has been a great help to me. I also thank God for Brother and Sister Van Dorn; they have been a great encouragement to me. I am glad God put the love of Christ in their hearts, that they were willing to speak to a poor drunken woman who had no respect for anybody else or even herself.

### TELLING JESUS.

(Matt. 14: 12.)

PEARL WAGGONER.

They "went and told Jesus!" What other  
Like Him with their sorrow could feel?  
Where else could they find such compassion,  
Such sympathy, tender and real?

Already He knew their bereavement,  
Nor needed their grief to be told:  
No distance, nor silence, nor darkness  
From Jesus a secret can hold.

He knew it,—then why should they tell Him,  
Whose eye e'en their thoughts could so read?  
Ah, this: they were longing for comfort,—  
Of Jesus Himself were in need.

And think of the measureless blessing  
Their bruised, aching hearts would have missed  
Had only they sought their own counsel,  
Or looked for the world to assist!

No hand but the hand of the Master  
Earth's darts from the bosom can steal;  
The wounds which they there have left bleeding,  
His skilfulness only can heal.

No heart but the heart of the Master  
Can fully earth's griefs understand;  
How sweet then communion with Jesus,—  
How soothing the touch of His hand!

With Him there is infinite solace,  
In Him is a balm for all fear;  
He gladdens the heart of the mourner,  
He brightens the prospect that's drear.

Then talk it all over with Jesus;  
 Art weary? With Him there is rest,  
 And lo, thou wilt find in the telling  
 Thy soul is both strengthened and blest.

So go and tell Jesus thy sorrows,  
 Thy hidden perplexities, too;  
 'Twill give him a chance to direct thee,—  
 Life's perils to pilot thee through.

Go tell Him thy joys, with thy longings;  
 Unburden to Jesus thine heart;  
 Thou never canst measure the value  
 Of time thou dost so spend apart.

'Twill cheer thee, yea, gird thee with courage  
 To wrestle once more with the foe;—  
 Then go and tell Jesus! and thank Him  
 'Tis only a short way to go.

#### GOSPEL MEETING IN A SALOON.

MRS. D. K. ABRAMS.

3529 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

[Years ago when Mrs. Abrams and her husband were only living for self and sin, she was wonderfully saved in the Life Boat Mission. Some years later her husband was also converted in the same place. As soon as she was converted, she was possessed with the idea that the Lord intended her to win others, and He has wonderfully blessed her efforts.

Let us not forget that the boy who delivers our groceries, the man who brings our mail, the people who room in our house, are all to be made better because they come in contact with us. If not, why not? It will be impossible for you to read this article without being inspired with the wonderful possibilities in working for the souls of those next to you.—Ed.]

Several years ago I kept a rooming house and I used to pray to God to send me such roomers as I could help spiritually; and so the Lord sent me many and then gave me the privilege of talking and praying with them. Mr. Martin came and rented a room and the Lord gave me an opportunity to talk and pray with him and for him and he was led by the Spirit of God to the Life Boat Mission, where he gave his heart to God, since which time he has been an earnest worker for the Master.

Mr. Abrams has a brother in New York who came and visited us, and we prayed with him, talking to him about his soul. He was convicted of sin, and Brother Martin was later used of God to bring our brother to Christ.

Since that time Brother Martin's wife and child have returned to him and they are a happy, united family. He now has a mission in Chicago, and his wife helps him in the work that God has called them to do. The

Lord gave me the privilege with others of our workers to go to his mission and take part.

Just as we were leaving for home a poor man came in hungry and Sister Martin went to the kitchen and brought out a wash boiler of good things to eat, and fed the man. Jesus



Mrs. Abrams.

says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." I have found out that the best way to reach a hungry man's heart is by the way of his stomach. Faith without works is dead, being alone.

Brother Martin goes into the Red Light District with his workers and God is giving him souls for his labor.

Mr. Thompson, a saloon keeper, has given him the privilege of holding Gospel services in his barroom every Friday night. Last Friday night the Lord gave Mr. Abrams, Sister Richmond and myself the privilege of attending the Gospel service held in this barroom, and I want to say I never heard anything like it before.

Brother Martin and his workers first held

a meeting in front of the saloon. Prayer was offered and songs were sung, a crowd gathered and then Brother Martin told them about the service on the inside and invited them in. Prayer was again offered, songs were sung, testimonials given, and hearts were touched.

Our hearts were made sad as we looked upon the faces of these men and saw what sin had done. There were some old, gray-haired men who were hardened in sin; there were also young men who were just starting out to serve Satan, wasting their lives in riotous living. How sad to think that we will destroy our own lives by choosing to do evil rather than good! But we know Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost, and where sin has left a crimson stain Jesus is ready to cleanse from all sin.

The saloon keeper's wife came in to the service, and the bartender sang with us. I believe that the saloon keeper and his whole family will yet be converted. I never saw such interest and respect as was shown to us, and when the invitation for prayer was given thirteen men raised their hands for prayer and came forward and knelt down in prayer.

One gray-haired man who had been down in sin gave his testimony and told how he was saved in Thompson's bar-room, and how it was all through Brother Martin's being used of God to bring him out of darkness into light. His testimony touched the hearts of those men and they were made to realize their need of a higher power than man to help them.

Oh, may God help us to help our fallen brother rise. Who will be a helper in this world of sin? Who will let the sunshine of the Gospel in? Who will let good seed scatter all along the way? Do you know, dear readers, that the world is dying for a little bit of love? I for one want to be so filled with the love of Jesus that I can love others into loving Jesus.

Workers all over the land are meeting with marvelous success in selling The Life Boat. Send for a dollar's worth at agents' rates and try it in your community or write for special terms in quantities.

### EXPERIENCES WHILE SELLING MAGAZINES.

MRS. N. H. RICHMOND,  
3527 Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago.

[There are hundreds of others who might take short trips occasionally just as Mrs. Richmond and Mrs. Abrams have recently done. They will be equally blessed by blessing others. Why not begin?—Ed.]

November 3 Mrs. Abrams and myself started out with a good supply of magazines. After spending a few days with one of Mrs. Abrams' friends we went to Rockford. It is certainly a lovely city, but we found that saloons were open and much was going on under cover that we find in Chicago.

We had a glorious time. The first thing we found to do was to care for a sick woman at the hotel where we stopped, and that made



Mrs. Richmond.

an opening for further work. I spent two days and most of two nights giving her treatments, and then the landlord raised the necessary money and Mrs. Abrams and I took her home. That relieved him of a great burden, for they were without means and had no friend to help them, and he had kept them five weeks then, free. He felt so grateful to us for helping him that he gave us our rent free for one week, and we also gained his everlasting friendship.

We visited the W. C. T. U., where we had a chance to say a few words on the principles

of health and to tell how wives and mothers are laying foundations for drunkards at their own tables. We also had a very earnest talk with two ladies on the other leading questions of the day which show where we are in this world's history. Then by invitation we went to the yearly meeting of the children's home there and heard some things that showed us more plainly than ever how the State will soon endeavor to control every institution and say what shall be done with the children and everyone else.

Next we visited a church, where they were amusing themselves dancing to the music of a band. We could not but repeat Rev. 18:2-4: "Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen,

Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues." We also had many good talks with the people, who were so nice to us and treated us with the greatest respect.

We sold all the *Life and Healths* we could get, also *Signs* and *LIFE BOATS*, in all 1,200, in about six days. Now is the time to scatter these magazines by the thousands, while the four winds are being held, for soon, very soon, the angels will let go and there will be no more work to be done for sinners. Each one's record shall have been closed and all be over.

Oh, dear reader, where do you stand, and what is your record? Are your sins forgiven or are you going on in a careless manner, drifting you know not where? Soon your probation will be over and no more will you hear the still small voice saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?"

If there are those that do not know what to do get some papers and go to work. Let your heart be in it, believe the things in them, impress it on others, and God will water your soul.

#### SELLING PAPERS WHILE SNOW BOUND.

Mrs. Gage has sold a large number of copies of this magazine. She recently wrote us some of her interesting experiences en route from Portland, Ore., to Minneapolis, from which we abstract the following:

"I left Portland, stopping at Seattle, where I sold quite a number of papers. I also sold some on the train and had a very pleasant trip. The scenery over the Canadian Pacific railroad is grand.

"When we reached Maple Creek we were snow bound for fifty hours. Three or four passenger trains and four or five freight trains were blockaded in snow drifts from five to nine miles out of town. There were all the way from four to thirty feet of snow which we passed through later, and it was a sight to behold. We were especially favored, as our train was in town, and so we fared well and were fed by the railroad company. We were as comfortable as if at home, and some fared better, no doubt.

"It gave me a splendid chance to sell papers. I first went through our train of twelve well-filled coaches, then I canvassed the town. The Lord helped me to do real well.

"Maple Creek is a very pretty little place and of some note, as a few miles south of it was where Sitting Bull, the Sioux chief, was captured by a Canadian mounted police officer after the massacre of Custer and the American cavalry men, which we all remember so well.

"At Moose we were switched off on the Soo Line and were soon traveling in North Dakota. Later we arrived in Minneapolis, thanking the kind Father for His manifold blessings all along the way and His special care."

#### THE BLESSING IN DOING.

T. S. FINNELL,  
Pittsburg, Pa.

THE LIFE BOAT canvasser will have his ups and downs while at work, but if the little paper is sold in the name of Jesus, it very greatly adds to the pleasure of the task. In anything we do for the Lord, we have but to rest on His precious Word and promises to strengthen us. One of these is in Deut. 33:27. "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

I am not counting the financial benefits that come to me from the sales of the paper as anything compared with the great spiritual

benefits I have derived from contact with this work.

There is a way to canvass for THE LIFE BOAT which will cause people to investigate the work by reading its contents. I read it myself, as soon as I receive the monthly issue, and get out of it what is good for me. Then I mention its particular points of interest. Soon the best part of the contents have been hastily glanced over by the purchaser.

I am much pleased on going over the ground the second time here to note how many persons actually take interest in the paper and do more than buy it for the sake of the cause.

Jesus was a Personal Worker. Personal work is often productive of greater good than work before an audience. I have been with this work now for nearly five months, and in that time I have sold 7,500 persons a LIFE BOAT. Think of that many Gospel messengers put into the hands of men!

If I could only say that I had sent a fervent prayer with each one that it might do the man more good, I would feel that I had more correctly performed my duty, but I can't. I am trying to measure up to the fulness of the stature of Christ, but I fail to reach the perfect mark.

However, I am striving to forget the past failures, and the future flashes forth a bright ray of hope to me. I am trusting God and selling LIFE BOATS, He will take care of the rest. I hope before many months to help materially increase its circulation and multiply the sales of single copies.

#### SAVED IN A PRISON CELL FROM LIQUOR, TOBACCO AND COFFEE.

The following letter was written by a prisoner confined in the penitentiary at Frankfort, Ky., to Mr. Tom Mackey:

"Dear Sir: I am confined in the State prison here and from what I can read and hear of you, your past life and mine have been much the same. I have been a drunkard for about twenty years, but thank God I am at last redeemed from the awful curse and I am on my way to Calvary. God has taken away the tobacco and coffee habit and He is just cleaning me up.

"Brother Mackey, I love my wife and dear children, but you know my wife thinks of

course I did not; but God knows I did. My poor wife has the living to make now for herself and four children and I am sorry for her; but it just seemed I must love drink. But thank God I have drunk my last. She is just broken-hearted, and nearly four hundred miles from me. Will you please write my wife a letter of encouragement and tell her some of your experiences.

"I love to read your items in THE LIFE BOAT. When I get able I will subscribe for it. Please pray for me that I may continue to the end. I am in the Endeavor Society and I am chairman of the Bible study and distribute Scripture verses on Sunday."

#### WITHOUT FRIENDS AND MONEY.

The following abstracts are from a letter written to Mrs. Abrams by a prisoner confined in the Wisconsin State Penitentiary:

"I have read a good many numbers of THE LIFE BOAT and find much enjoyment and encouragement in its perusal.

"I am so glad there are those who have a kind Christian spirit for the unfortunate prisoner behind the bars. How good it is to find a sympathetic friend when in great need and deep trouble, no one can realize but by experience.

"I have been serving a short term here, and will be discharged on the 24th of December. I have no home to which I can go and no friends in this part of the country to make me welcome. I have no money. It will be winter when I am discharged, a poor time to find employment. I have worked for several parties for a number of years as an agent. Have taught in the public schools of New England over twenty years.

"Please write to me; you may be able to help me out of trouble and I will ever pray that the choicest of heaven's blessings may attend you."

The following, also written to Mrs. Abrams, comes from a prisoner confined in the Jefferson City, Mo., Penitentiary:

"I am so glad to receive a letter from you, for it helps me so much in my desire to be of some use to the Master. I had a great many opportunities when I was on the outside to have become a useful

Christian and a good citizen. Sin brought me to where I am, and some three years ago, after leading a miserable life for some years and having drifted into crime I found myself in the penitentiary, deserted by my former friends. One night in my cell I knelt down and asked God to be merciful to me, a sinner. Right then and there He heard my cry and gave me peace and joy in my heart. I am neither cast down nor discouraged, for He has been with me for three years and will keep me to the end. We have a service in the chapel lasting an hour every Sunday morning. Pray for me that I may be of good use to the Master."

#### HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

TOM MACKEY,

214 N. Sawyer Ave., Chicago.

Some are doubting the miracles of the Bible, and yet miracles are being performed day by day just as in Christ's day. I spoke in Willard hall, Chicago, last Thursday, and on my right hand were two men. This is their testimony and experience: The younger man on his twentieth birthday found himself a poor drunkard and tramp, homeless, friendless and moneyless, standing on West Madison street, Chicago, in front of the Star of Hope Mission. He heard music and singing and so was attracted to the place and went in.

He was impressed to raise his hand to God for help, and found more than he expected. He received Christ and in Christ he found pardon, peace and power. He trusted God, and God trusted him.

He had a brother in the Waupun State Prison, serving a seven-year sentence. The converted brother could do nothing but pray; and he commenced to pray and prayed in faith. God heard him and answered his petition. The man in prison was paroled, was made a free man and came to Chicago where he was to work.

He came to a Christian home on South Green street, and the woman of the house said, "Come in and make yourself at home, you are Ed's brother." He came in timidly, thinking to himself, What kind of people are these that will invite an ex-convict in, and tell him to make himself at home?

The family was going to the Life Boat Mis-

sion, and the ex-convict was invited to go, too. He did, and after hearing the testimony of his own brother and Emma Brinkman and myself, he raised his hand to his brother's God for help, and found abundantly more than he asked for.

A few years have gone by. He is now doing evangelistic work all over the country. The brother that prayed him out of prison has just returned to America from Africa, where for the past four years he has been a missionary.

Jesus said in John 14:11: "Believe me for the very work's sake." Again he said, "Greater works than these shall ye do." Truly the day is at hand when the greater work is being done.

#### COMMITTED SUICIDE BY A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

A couple of years ago a physician brought a patient to us who seemed at the very point of death from heart disease and kidney troubles. He was terribly dropsical, in fact, to such an extent that the skin of his limbs had burst in several places. The doctor who brought him said it was the worst case he had ever seen and he was very much concerned for fear he would die on the way.

He had been an excessive user of both liquor and tobacco and a riotous eater of flesh and had been guilty of other dietetic indiscretions. We regulated his diet, took away his tobacco and liquor and gave him some simple hydiatic treatments that would stimulate his circulation, and the improvement he made astonished us all. He returned to his home in three weeks' time.

A few months later his physicians wrote me that he was apparently as well as ever, but after the holiday season the attending physician wrote me the following report:

"During the holidays Mr. — went over to one of his neighbors to help him have a 'good time.' They had oysters, beer, wine and whiskey by the gallon and other things to harmonize. He came home at three in the morning, I was sent for at four o'clock, and he died at six-thirty. Up to the time that he ate this mess and drank all that stuff he was

doing finely. I am so sorry he did not behave himself."

This abstract of his letter needs no commentary except to call attention to the fact that this man killed himself by this feat just as surely as if he had committed suicide by hanging himself by a rope from a beam until he was dead.

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#### TWIXT HEAVEN AND EARTH.

PAULINE HANSON,  
Chicago, Ill.

There was once a little poem published entitled, "Twixt Heaven and Earth," dwelling upon one's earthly life, contemplating the natural course of events, the necessary duties, advantages close at hand, and life, generally, from a superficial viewpoint. The poet then soared a little higher. There were wishes and aspirations higher than the ordinary plane of life, and beyond reach, for the time at least, but the breast was unsatisfied and restless with what seemed meagerness and the simply sufficient.

There arose higher ambitions and loftier thoughts, which, though they evaded the grasp, served as the greatest happiness the poet knew, inasmuch as, though the heart rose to meet better things and fell in disappointment, there was the joy of trying, of striving, of hoping and believing in the attainment of same at some time.

Earth then became a place of seemingly unprofitable habitation; between the actual life lived, with which the poet was no more content, and the longing for something higher, the poet was neither thoroughly acclimated to the ordinary life nor yet above the clouds—merely betwixt and between.

The sentiment was beautiful as far as it was dealt upon, but lacked the most beautiful thought. The dreamer would have been satisfied with greater ambitions and higher ideals, but the longing did not tower *above*, simply as far as the clouds, betwixt and between.

Many of us do not think to look beyond, rise above or live a higher life than our present limited sphere, being sufficiently satisfied with this earth, and therefore desire nothing more, nor better—above all, the soul's salvation and life beyond earth's dark clouds, where the sun will shine forevermore.

In the routine of our lives, if sometimes irksome with toil or suffering, we would let Him shed His peace in our hearts, we would by His grace be lifted beyond our cares and live in the spirit of His love, being less mindful of worldly concerns, more regardless of our present depressions, and trust Him for the future. We would, in a way, be separated from the world, realizing His sympathy, His grace, believing in deliverance in due time, and be altogether unsatisfied with earth as our habitation.

We are blessed in that, while we tarry here, although we do not seek our "treasure" on earth, we may in seasons of trials as well as in seasons of prayer, adoration, supplication, thanksgiving and personal communication be "apart" with Him, betwixt and between the temporal and the heavenly, and from thence, watch for the dawn of everlasting day.

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#### THE GROG SHOP A MILL.

DON OLDS,  
Tuscola, Ill.

Though that is another name for it, the following will help to prove the statement.

The sawmill requires logs and its finished product is lumber, the flour mill requires wheat and its finished product is flour; they both tell me that the finished product is worth more than the raw material. Not so with the grog shop.

I turn to it and ask, What do you require? and its answer is, "Boys, five hundred thousand of them every year, and without them we must close our doors." I ask, "Is your finished product worth more than the raw material?" and I get this answer, "Are bleary-eyed, bloated criminals, thieves, insane and dead men worth more than bright-eyed boys? That is our finished product; give us more boys!"

Look about you—sin, crime, destruction and no end to unhappiness; then, reader, can you not do something to help prevent these five hundred thousand boys being ground in this great mill every year?

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No prayer takes hold of God until it first takes hold of the man who offers it.





## Editorial Department



DAVID PAULSON, M. D.  
EDITOR

### "PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN."

The majority of people go to bed each night with care-worn heads and aching hearts. Somehow they are not getting out of life *all* that belongs to them. Yet it costs them just as much for room rent, clothes, food and other necessities of life as it does those who are getting the happiness that is coming to them.

Christ says, "My peace I give unto you." If you who read these lines have experienced in your own lives something of that peace which passeth all understanding, will you not try particularly during the holiday season to *share* some of it with those who are *strangers* to it? Ask the Lord to show you how to do it.

In some instances it will simply mean a cheering visit. In other cases it may be necessary for you to share with them some things that are probably only commonplace for you, but to them they would fill a great necessity.

Others will need tender, heartfelt sympathy, a season of prayer, and heaven's sweet blessing will come in and make it a day long to be remembered. Will you co-operate with your Master in bringing peace on earth and good will to men a *genuine* reality to someone during the holiday season?

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### THE INTOXICATION OF WEALTH.

The apostle James, looking down through the ages toward the time when "the coming of the Lord *draweth nigh*" (James 5:8), speaks of a certain class of the people who live in *pleasure* and have been *wanton*, who *nourish* their hearts as in a day of slaughter (verse 5).

A recent article in the *Record-Herald* by E. P. Moxey, the noted bank examiner for the United States department of justice, who was selected to trace out the financial operations of Chas. W. Morse of New York and who has done similar duty in connection with

the irregularities of thirty-nine other banks, was asked to give his *reason* for these bank failures; and his reply is a startling commentary on the words quoted above from the apostle James:

"To say that even a bare majority of the tens of thousands of men who nightly swell the crowd of amusement-crazed spenders, who live in \$5,000 apartments and whose touring cars congest the streets, are doing this with money which is honestly theirs is absurd. They are not earning this money; they are either juggling other people's cash or they are gambling with their own.

"When you can go into a restaurant at two o'clock in the morning and behold \$6,000 worth of women's gowns at the tables and \$3,000 worth of food in process of consumption, something is wrong. And when you observe half a million dollars' worth of automobiles waiting to take this one supper crowd to their homes—or elsewhere—you may be sure that there is queer bookkeeping somewhere.

"It is not only this sort of life in New York, but in a more sinister way, the sight and example of it, which is bringing about a degradation of the sense of common honesty throughout the country. That fine American asset, the New England conscience, has become an object of jest.

"Whatever the cause, there are cycles of honesty and cycles of dishonesty, and the present is a cycle of dishonesty, with its cause in modern standards of enjoyable living.

"There are many direct causes for bank defalcations, but the primal cause is the desire for luxury fostered in the great cities."

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### A LATTER-DAY DELUSION.

The leading magazines have recently contained ably-written articles presenting modern spiritualism in such an attractive and convincing manner that those who are unac-

quainted with the Bible teaching concerning it can hardly help but be deceived by them.

Scientific men of note have observed spiritualistic mediums lift tables at some distance from themselves into the air and in this position they have been photographed, showing the *reality* of the phenomena, for the photographic camera can not be hypnotized. Likewise unseen spirits have become *visible* and been photographed and in other instances they have been weighed, etc. One writer, after summing up these different facts, adds: Dynamometers, scales, thermometers cannot be hypnotized."

If these things are of God the soul-winner should acquaint himself with them and avail himself of their *assistance* in bringing lost sheep back into the fold. If they are manifestations of Satanic power, then it is *equally* important that the child of God give strict heed to the scriptural admonitions, "When they shall say unto you, Inquire of those that have familiar spirits, and of the wizards, that whisper, and that mutter, should not a people *inquire of their God?* (should we then) in behalf of the living (inquire) of the dead?" Isa. 8:19, Jewish version.

Christ himself declared that when this Gospel of the Kingdom should be preached in all the world for a witness then should the end come (Matt. 24:14). Every intelligent foreign missionary knows that the Gospel message has been carried to practically every country. And it is in the *last days* that Satan is to work with all power and signs and lying wonders. 2 Thess. 2:9, 10. And Satan himself, when it serves his purpose, can transform himself into an *angel of light* (2 Cor. 2:14).

If scientific men overlook the fact that there is a prince of the power of the air who resisted Christ at every turn of the road when He was here on earth, and who is yet to deceive if possible the *very elect* (Matt. 24:24), there is nothing to save them from being deluded, for as far as it serves his purpose Satan's work is just as *real* as God's work is genuine. Those who will study the Scriptures carefully will soon learn that these spiritualistic manifestations are direct manifestation of the work of Satan's agencies.

"Behold, now is the day of salvation."

#### THE RELATION BETWEEN CHRISTMAS FEASTING AND NEW MOUNDS IN THE GRAVEYARD.

Dr. Evans, health commissioner of the city of Chicago, warns against overeating at Christmas dinners. He points out that the death rate among children between December 24 and January 5 is always higher than at any other period of the year. This comes of the extra allowance of meat, rich sauces, cake, pie, plum puddings, etc. Combine this with the overheated, close rooms, and these together constitute an invitation for the disease germs to set up business.

Dr. Evans pleads for Christmas table temperance and obedience to the laws of digestion. Doctors generally have their picnic the day *after* the people have had theirs.

Why not institute a reform this year? Eat simple meals during the holidays, imbibe the true Christmas spirit, help to make others happy instead of overloading your own stomach, filling your system with toxins so that you will be compelled to send for the doctor at the very time when humanity should be blessed by your genial presence.

#### WHAT SCHOOL LIBRARY NOVELS DID FOR AN ONLY SON.

A few weeks ago a boy about seventeen years of age happened in the Mission and stayed through the service. He professed conversion and said he was looking for work. Mr. Van Dorn brought him out to the Sanitarium. The boy had a good face and seemed like a promising boy and he was employed in the domestic department of the institution. He gave evidence of having had a good bringing up.

After spending a couple of weeks with us he became possessed with the idea of joining the Naval Recruiting Training School. I endeavored to show him that many of the influences he would meet there would be unfavorable to him, but nevertheless he went. The same day I received a letter from his heart-broken father, who had just learned of his whereabouts. In the evening the boy returned to get some of his things, having already passed his examinations in the Training School.

I then sat down and told him what a wicked thing it was to break the mother's heart, who had carried him around night after night when he was a mere babe, and who had sacrificed everything, inspired by the fond hope that when he grew up he would be a strength and support to her. I assured him that every boy that I had known who had persisted in causing grief to his parents had called down upon himself the curse of God. The Lord evidently used what I said to touch his heart.

I then wrote for his father to come, which he did promptly. He was a splendid appearing man who held a responsible position in a large concern in one of the leading Western cities. With tears in his eyes he told me how they had done everything for their only son, expending five or six hundred dollars for a musical education alone, had taken him to Europe, in fact, had indulged him in almost every whim and desire.

Meanwhile the boy had been reading novels from the school library, and the father had not been particularly concerned over this, as he had been assured that there were only good (?) novels in the library. From these the boy had imbibed the adventuresome and run-away spirit and finally he boarded a box car and thus stole his way to Chicago.

As soon as I brought them together the father broke down and sobbed like a child. It was a most pathetic scene. The boy agreed to go back with his father, and I hope and pray that the Lord will keep him content with his home surroundings and shield him from all the wretched traps the devil has set for just such bright boys.

My only purpose in writing this is for the benefit of other parents who are more disposed to gratify every whim and wish of their self-indulgent children than they are concerned over what they are reading or who their companions are.

Fathers and mothers, pray for your children and teach them to pray, that the devil may not ensnare their feet in this wicked age in which we are living.

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Order extra copies of this number.

#### A DELIGHTFUL BOOK.

Henry B. Damon, of Katonah, N. Y., has compiled a little booklet of charming quotations. We quote a few as samples. The booklet itself is a triumph of the printer's art. The price is 50 cents. Address the author.

We all perceive that unless religion is converted into terms of conduct, that holy thing becomes a mockery.—*Frances Willard.*

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Every gem of thought, every flash of the intellect, is from the Light of the World.—*Ellen G. White.*

"I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

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#### GLAD FOR PRISON EXPERIENCE.

The following letter is from an inmate of the Rawlins, Wyoming, penitentiary:

"Please find enclosed one dollar. I intend to continue sending one dollar each month in order that you will be able to send THE LIFE BOAT to other poor souls that have wandered away out into the bleak desert of sin or into the deep sea of despair. If there is any literature on earth that would cause one to stop on their downward march to perdition, and awaken them to a full realization of their sinful condition, it is this precious little magazine.

"You may all rest assured that should the tribulations of Job be cast upon me, yet I will now, henceforth and forever, continue to put all my trust, love and confidence in the One Omnipotent.

The last twenty-five months have passed quickly, although the future at times looks dark with five years, eight months and four days solid yet, provided I lose no good time; and to think I lived a free man *fifty-one* years before going behind the bars! Yet if I am not kept here too long I shall not regret

my prison life, for I shall know how to use my time and money in future years to a much better advantage than ever before. I have seen better days and I hope to live to see still better and to become personally acquainted with all you good people, and to help you all."

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**"ONE OF THE BEST OF MOTHERS"  
AND YET HE WENT WRONG.**

From the Southern Illinois Penitentiary an inmate writes:

"I must say I was somewhat surprised to receive a letter from you; nevertheless it was received with many happy thoughts and I feel I am not forsaken after all. It was read with much pleasure, also the little book you sent me; I read it some three or four times, over and over.

"My mother was up to see me last month and you don't know how glad I was to see her. I have one of the best mothers you ever saw; I wish you could see her. She is sixty years old. I know it nearly kills her to come up here and then go home and leave me here. I am very strong with hope; in God I trust for everything to come alright in the end. I will thank you once more for the little book you sent me, and anything else you may send me. May God bless you."

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Renew your subscription now.

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Send for a sample copy of *The Signs of the Times*, an excellent magazine for young converts. Address, Mountain View, California.

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**NOTICE.**

Will buy for you wearing apparel, household furnishings, etc. For further information write to Ida Tomson, Buyer, 837 Marshall Field Building, Chicago.

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**ADOPT THIS PLAN.**

Many of our readers are ordering from ten to one hundred copies of the *Life Boat* regularly each month to distribute to their friends and neighbors. Some of them have worked up a regular list of customers. Why not do this? The *Life Boat* opens the way for many inspiring soul-winning experiences. Begin now, don't delay.

THE MESSENGER MFG. COMPANY,  
Philadelphia, Pa.,

Makes infants' outfits and assists the mother to prepare for the reception of the little stranger. Also makes children's garments, dressing sacques, etc. Garments sent Express C. O. D. with privilege of inspection. Address  
THE MESSENGER MFG. COMPANY,  
5418 Chester avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

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**WHY NOT ORDER ADDITIONAL LIFE  
BOATS?**

Some of our readers are having phenomenal success in disposing of this magazine among their friends and neighbors. Read the reports of some of these in this number. The public are interested in the things that are contained in the *LIFE BOAT*. Order a hundred additional copies. They are furnished at special rates in quantities. Write for terms and go to work and the Lord will bless you in so doing.

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**CLOTHING WANTED.**

Children's and women's garments are very badly needed at the Dispensary in the Stockyards District. We also need blankets and comforters. We should have a stock on hand before the keen winter weather is upon us. We have already had to turn away some needy applicants. Clothing may be sent by freight, prepaid, to Dr. Pliny Haskell, 888 West Thirty-fifth place, Chicago.

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**SPECIAL CALL.**

The following letter was received by me a few days ago in response to the "Special Call" in the July *LIFE BOAT*. Did you read that notice?

"Dear Sir:

I just purchased a copy of the July *LIFE BOAT* and noticed your 'Special Call,' and enclose you a check for one dollar. This is the profit on a roll of Bible Mottoes that I sold. It gives me great pleasure to do this little bit for Jesus.

Yours sincerely, H. B. T."

Are there not many more who want a part in this good work, who will sell a roll of the Bible Mottoes to send *THE LIFE BOAT* to the prisoners? Address, C. W. Smouse, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

# The Life Boat

**DAVID PAULSON, M. D.** . . . . . Editor  
**N. W. PAULSON,** . . . . . Business Manager

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 Ten cents additional to Canada and 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.

### UNPARALLELED OPPORTUNITIES FOR ADVERTISING.

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

## IMPORTED BEAUTIES

Over 56,000 sold in less than 100 days. 100,000 just arrived and 200,000 now being made of our own, from our own wordings. Some agents make \$10.00 a day.  
 We send you 100 Bible cards for \$3.00; 100, 12x16 on heavy paper for \$5.00; 1,000 for \$30.00. The more you buy the less they are. ADDRESS WITH STAMPS,  
 Lock Box 257. HAMPTON ART CO., Hampton, Iowa.

## Do You Perspire?

### Axillary Deodorizer

positively prevents the odor. Send 25c for a box.

**Miss L. G. Sloat** 837 Marshall Field Bldg.  
 CHICAGO

## The Fading Flower

"The Wonderful River," "His Loving Voice," and "The Mountain Flowers," four beautiful Sacred Solos for 50 cents or two for 25 cents. Order at once from

**OTTO LUNDELL**  
 670 Monon Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

## THE BEST YET!

**FOR ONLY TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS.**  
 A new Webster's Dictionary and Complete Vest Pocket Library by E. Edgar Miles, for only two new subscriptions. Bound in morocco, gold stamp, gold edges, thumb index. It is really five books in one, distinct and complete.

(A). A Pronouncing and Statistical Gazetteer of the World.

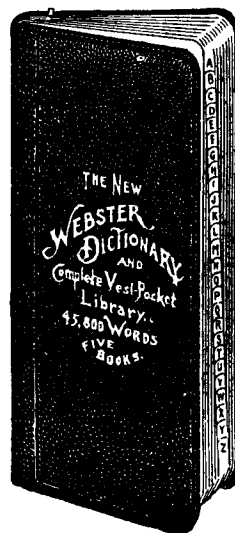
(B). A Complete Parliamentary Manual, based on Roberts' and Cushing's, and fully equal to either of these books.

(C). A Rapid Calculator and Compendium of Business and Social Forms.

(D). A Letter Writer and Literary Guide.

Added to the above is found an attachment consisting of a Three Years' Calendar, Perpetual Memorandum and Safety Postage Stamp Holder.

It contains 45,800 words absolutely fully pronounced, all for only two new subscriptions to The Life Boat.



192 pages, 5 1/2 x 2 1/4 in.  
 Weight, 1 ounce.

## CLOTHING WANTED.

Mrs. M. A. Murphy, 657 South Cedar street, Mobile Ala., would be glad to have some children's clothing sent her for distribution among the destitute children of her mission school.

**HOMES IN THE WEST**

If you care to learn something about the possibilities of securing Western farm land which can be worked under irrigation it will pay you to correspond with **THE IRRIGATION AGE**, 112 Dearborn St., Chicago, the only publication of its class in the world.

**"THE IRRIGATION AGE"**

is a finely illustrated magazine of from 30 to 50 pages and will tell you all about how to secure homes in the West and the different systems of irrigation. What may be produced on an acre of ground with irrigation as compared with ordinary farming, and will also give you information about the cost of this land and what would be required in the way of money to secure a farm and become established as an irrigation farmer.

**"THE PRIMER OF IRRIGATION"**

is a 260 page book, finely illustrated, cloth bound, which treats of irrigation "from the ground up." Price post-paid, \$2.00. **THE PRIMER OF IRRIGATION** and **THE IRRIGATION AGE** (one year) for \$2.50. The price of **THE IRRIGATION AGE** alone for one year is \$1.00.

Address D. H. Anderson, Editor, **THE IRRIGATION AGE**, 112 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

**The Life Line**

A religious monthly published in the interest of aggressive reforms and practical Christianity, devoted to the kingdom of God.

Introduce **The Life Line** in your community, earn your own money and do good.

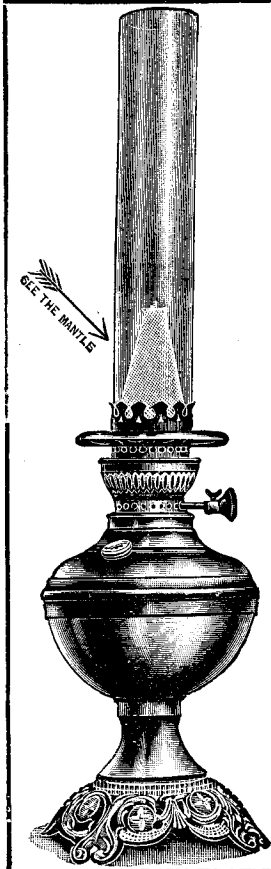
Do you want to take a trip across the Continent? Pay your way by selling **The Life Line**.

"I would not be without **The Life Line** for twice the subscription price," writes Ole Lindland, N. Dak.

Send thirty-five cents for a year's subscription, or five cents for sample copy and terms to agents.

We want two good general representatives for **The Life Line** and have a good thing to offer. Write at once.

Agents are making fifty dollars a month selling **Bible mottoes**. Send twenty-five cents for samples and terms. Let us do your job printing. Address, **THE LIFE LINE**, Keister, Minn.



## NEW LIGHT *on the* LAMP QUESTION

HOW? Buy a Kerosene Mantle Lamp. You will get what the New York agents claim to be a 100 candle power light, which we guarantee, and you will be the means of helping the Life Boat workers to give spiritual light and aid to the needy.

Stand Lamp, complete	- . . .	\$4.50
Vase Lamp, fits any fancy vase or hanging lamp	- . . .	3.75
Bracket or Hanging Lamp, without Harp	- . . .	4.25
Harp, Crown and Bell	- . . .	.70
14-inch White Dome Shade	- . . .	.75

Terms: Cash f. o. b. Davenport, Ia.

Be a missionary; sell to your neighbors and lessen freight expense. Forward orders and remittance to

**THE LIFE BOAT PUBLISHING CO.**  
HINSDALE, ILL.

**To our Readers:** The dealers who handle this lamp have become interested in the Life Boat rescue work, and made us the above proposition some weeks ago, and prepared this advertisement for insertion. We immediately purchased one of these lamps and find that it gives a brilliant light equal to the best gas mantle light, with an economical use of oil. So we feel free to recommend it.—EDITOR.

## Breathe Right!

The ordinary Corset won't let you.

### The Good Health Corset Will!

See the elastic lacing under the arms! That's what makes the Good Health Corset so comfortable. It allows the lungs to expand with every breath.

The Good Health Corset meets the actual needs of the body. No steels nor stays.

It is endorsed by the physicians of the Battle Creek Sanitarium and has hundreds of satisfied wearers.

#### FREE TRIAL OFFER:

See it yourself. Order today. Give it a thorough trial. If not perfectly satisfied, return it within ten days and get your money back.

Prices in White Jean or Batiste, according to bust measurements: 30-38, \$1.25; 40-42, \$1.50; 44-46, \$1.75; postpaid. Add 50 cents for highest grade White Satteen garment.

Send for our Free Book "Evils of Corset Wearing" by Dr. J. H. Kellogg.

**The Good Health Co.**

College Hall, Battle Creek, Mich.



## CASH PRIZES

GOOD HEALTH is the oldest, the biggest and the best health magazine. It is edited by J. H. Kellogg, M. D., Superintendent of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and represents the world-famous Battle Creek health idea.

Over a million and a half in money, besides the unremitting efforts of hundreds of tireless workers have been expended in the development of this great "Battle Creek idea" as it is today, standing at the very head of the great world-wide health movement. Here is one single example of its progress:—About two months ago Charles E. Wood, a Washington, D. C., millionaire, left a million and a half, if not more, for the erection of a sanitarium at Atlantic City by Dr. Kellogg and his associates.

## We Want Agents

We want them everywhere—people to represent this great up-to-date health movement before the world. Liberal advantages besides the cash commissions. Cash prizes awarded every month. If you are interested, write for a sample copy and list of the prizes offered.

**Good Health Publishing Co.**

27 College Hall, Battle Creek, Mich.

## Salaries Paid To Live Agents

We are working for a magazine that we believe in. We believe it is the greatest magazine on earth—not the biggest nor the best known, but the greatest magazine in the world, nevertheless. We believe in it because we know it is carrying a common-sense health message that the world needs and that it really cannot live without. We believe in it all the stronger because the best people in the world—those who have studied the longest and the hardest and whose opinions are worth the most—are themselves beginning to believe in it.

Here, then, is what we want to do:—

We want to add five thousand new names to the GOOD HEALTH subscription list before New Years. That isn't many and we ought to do it. One of the ways we are going to do it is by paying a good living salary to a half a dozen good live agents who will believe in GOOD HEALTH as we do and who will act as representatives of the magazine and of the excellent line of health books and supplies which go along with it.

Only half a dozen, but we are trying hard to pick the right men. Unless you can put your whole heart and soul into the work and labor for the good it will do others as well as for the bread and butter it means to you, don't write, but if you can, then WRITE TODAY.

Give references and state experience.

**Good Health Publishing Co.**

**Battle Creek, Michigan**

## WE WANT YOU TO WRITE TO US

We have a proposition that will interest you.  
 We are wholesalers and general agents for Bibles, and handle the largest lines manufactured in the United States or England.  
 We want you to write to us today for our new Illustrated Catalogue No. 5 which will be sent you free, together with instructions telling you just how you can double your income right at home.  
 You can represent us without leaving home. You can among your own friends do a good work and make a handsome profit for yourself.  
 We want at once a reliable agent to represent us in your vicinity. Write to-day.  
 Last year there were more Bibles sold in this country than any other book printed. Why should not you have a part in this good work, as well as share in the profits?  
 Do you want a special Bible for yourself, or one for a present to some friend? Write to us. We can supply you with anything made, at the lowest prices.  
 Our proposition for agents and special representatives is an exceptional one. Write at once and secure territory and privileges in your locality. You will be surprised at the favorable offer we are prepared to make.  
 Remember it only requires a postal card or a letter from you to bring our handsome illustrated catalogue, with full instructions and information.  
 Address

**The Central Bible Supply Co., La Grange, Ill.**

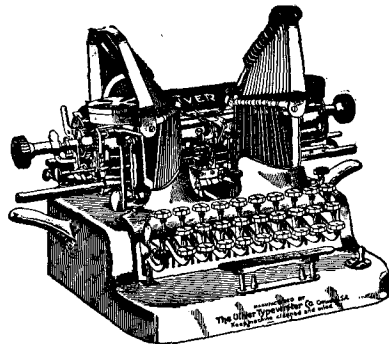
# The OLIVER Typewriter.

**The  
Standard Visible Writer**  
UNIVERSAL KEYBOARD

**THE WINNER OF AWARDS  
EVERYWHERE**


Art Catalog Free, Ask For It

**The Oliver Typewriter Co.**  
The Oliver Typewriter Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.



When writing to advertisers, please mention THE LIFE BOAT.





**CUT  $\frac{3}{4}$  OFF YOUR FEED BILL**

Send us your name and address on a postal card and we will send you FREE 16 sample pages of our revised book, "Successful Poultry Culture." This book will tell you how to actually make four bushels of the

**BEST FEED IN THE WORLD**  
for chickens from one bushel of common grain and it will tell you how to **Save Three-Fourths Your Feed Bill.**

This is certainly the greatest discovery of the 20th century and will **double and triple your profits** in the poultry business. These 16 sample pages are absolutely FREE and will tell you all about it. Send us a postal today for them.

**RECORDER PUBLISHING CO., 421 Caxton Bldg., Chicago, Ill.**

**DOUBLE YOUR PROFITS.**



**LOOK!!!**

**A Special  
Fountain Pen  
Offer**

WE WILL FURNISH A

**First-class Guaranteed  
Fountain Pen**

FOR ONLY

**Three New Subscriptions for The  
Life Boat at 50c Each**

Every Pen is 14K Solid Gold

We are using one of these pens daily and find it in every way satisfactory.—Editor of the Life Boat.

# LOOK AT THESE BIBLE OFFERS!

If your Bible is worn out or if you do not possess one, here is an opportunity for you to secure one **WITHOUT MONEY**. It will cost you only a little effort. These Bibles are not cheap Bibles, they are selected from the best series of Bibles manufactured.

## Oxford Text Bible

For Five Yearly Subscriptions at Fifty Cents each we offer the **OXFORD TEXT BIBLE** which is just a little larger than the ordinary size pocket Bibles; contains six maps; size  $5\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$  inches, only  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch thick. Beautifully bound in French morocco, divinity circuit, round corners, red under gold edges.

## Genuine Oxford Teachers' Bible

For Eight New Subscriptions or Renewals to The Life Boat we will send you a Genuine Oxford Teachers' Bible; printed on good linen paper, contains New Cyclopædic Concordance, with all Helps, Index, Bible Dictionary, Tables, etc., under one alphabetical arrangement, with new illustrations. The latest thing in Teachers' Bibles; minion type; size,  $7\frac{1}{4} \times 5$  inches; bound in French morocco, divinity circuit, round corners, red under gold edges.

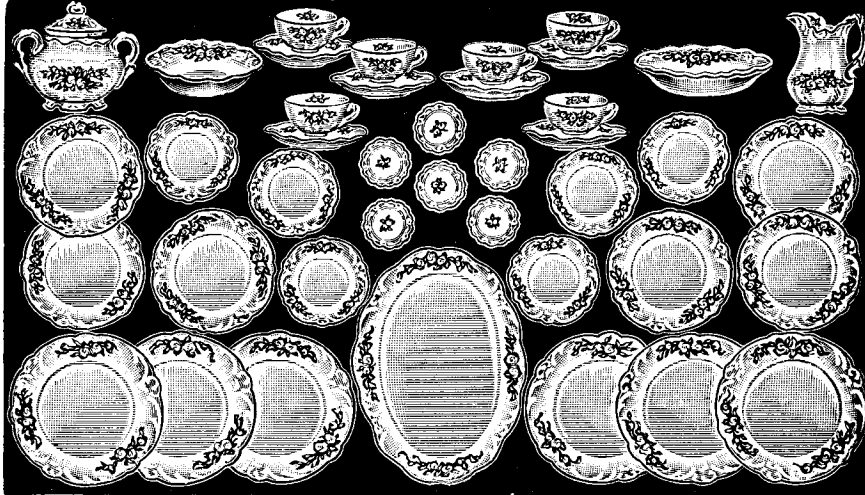
## Red-letter Teachers' Bible

For Ten New Subscriptions or Renewals you can secure The International Red-letter Teachers' Bible. Self-pronouncing; contains the words of Christ in the New Testament printed in red, and the Prophetic Types and Prophecies of the Old Testament, which refer to Christ, also printed in red. It contains the Combination Concordance, in which the Helps are all under one alphabet. This Bible is No. 39670. It is bound in French morocco, has divinity circuit, round corners, red under gold edges and extra grained lining.

OUR SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFERS.

## This Beautiful Dinner Set FREE; Read the following and learn how to get it.

We have made arrangements so that we now offer this beautiful 42-piece dinner set for only EIGHTEEN NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS for the Life Boat. These dishes are of the dainty shapes, light in weight, but durable and exceedingly attractive because of the new and beautiful coloring effects, which are gold lined. The decorations and designs are burned on underneath the high glossed finish, which protects and prevents the fading and gold from wearing off. These dishes will, with ordinary care, last a lifetime. They will be sent to you carefully boxed direct from the factory for only EIGHTEEN NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS, freight charges additional when you receive them.



"I have been using a set of these premium dishes in my home for several months, and they look just as good as new. I was well pleased with them when I received them, but am still more pleased with them after several months of hard usage. They are both dainty and durable."  
—A Life Boat Reader.



## A Beautiful Gold or Silver Watch FREE

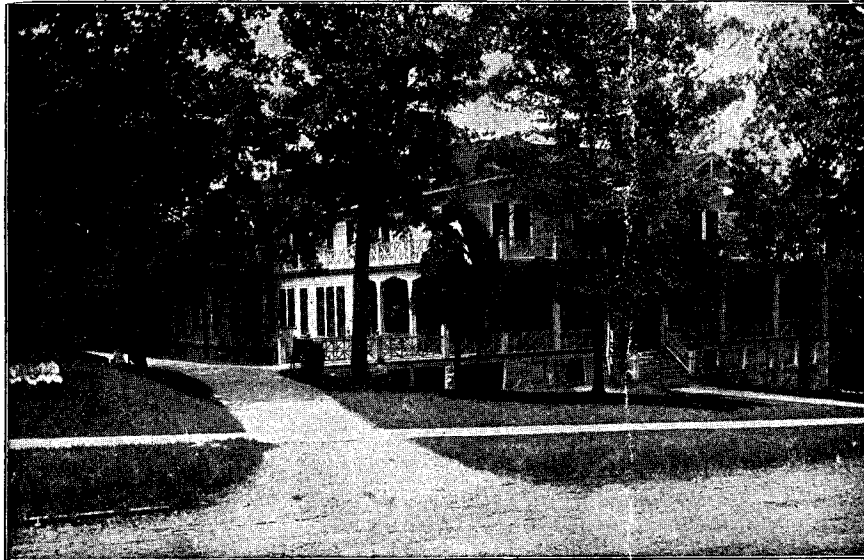
For THIRTY NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS  
or renewals at fifty cents each.

We offer a seven-jeweled watch, gold filled, ten year guarantee case, beautiful design. We will furnish the same style in coin silver hunting case. We have sent out several of these each week for more than two years, and they give the best of satisfaction. You will be pleased with this watch.

"A Retrospect" For only Two New Subscriptions we will send Dr. J. Hudson Taylor's thrilling missionary book, "A Retrospect," describing some of the most interesting incidents and answers to prayer in the founding and development of the China Inland Mission.

# The Hinsdale Sanitarium

**Just The Place For Invalids To Spend  
The Winter**



**A View of the Main Building**

The ideal place to regain health. Thoroughly equipped. Homelike atmosphere. Popular Health Educational Lectures. Patients are not only nursed back into health, but are taught how to keep well. Everybody is so busy getting well that there is no opportunity to become lonesome or homesick.

The Hinsdale Sanitarium contains all the modern conveniences: steam heat, electric light, private 'phone in each room etc. Ten acres of charming grounds. Only a few minutes' ride from Chicago on the C. B. & Q. Ry.

Send for illustrated booklet. Address:

## **The Hinsdale Sanitarium**

**Hinsdale, Illinois**

As this paper goes to press the workmen are busy laying the foundation for a 150-foot addition three stories high, to contain about fifty additional rooms, new parlors, dining room and business offices.