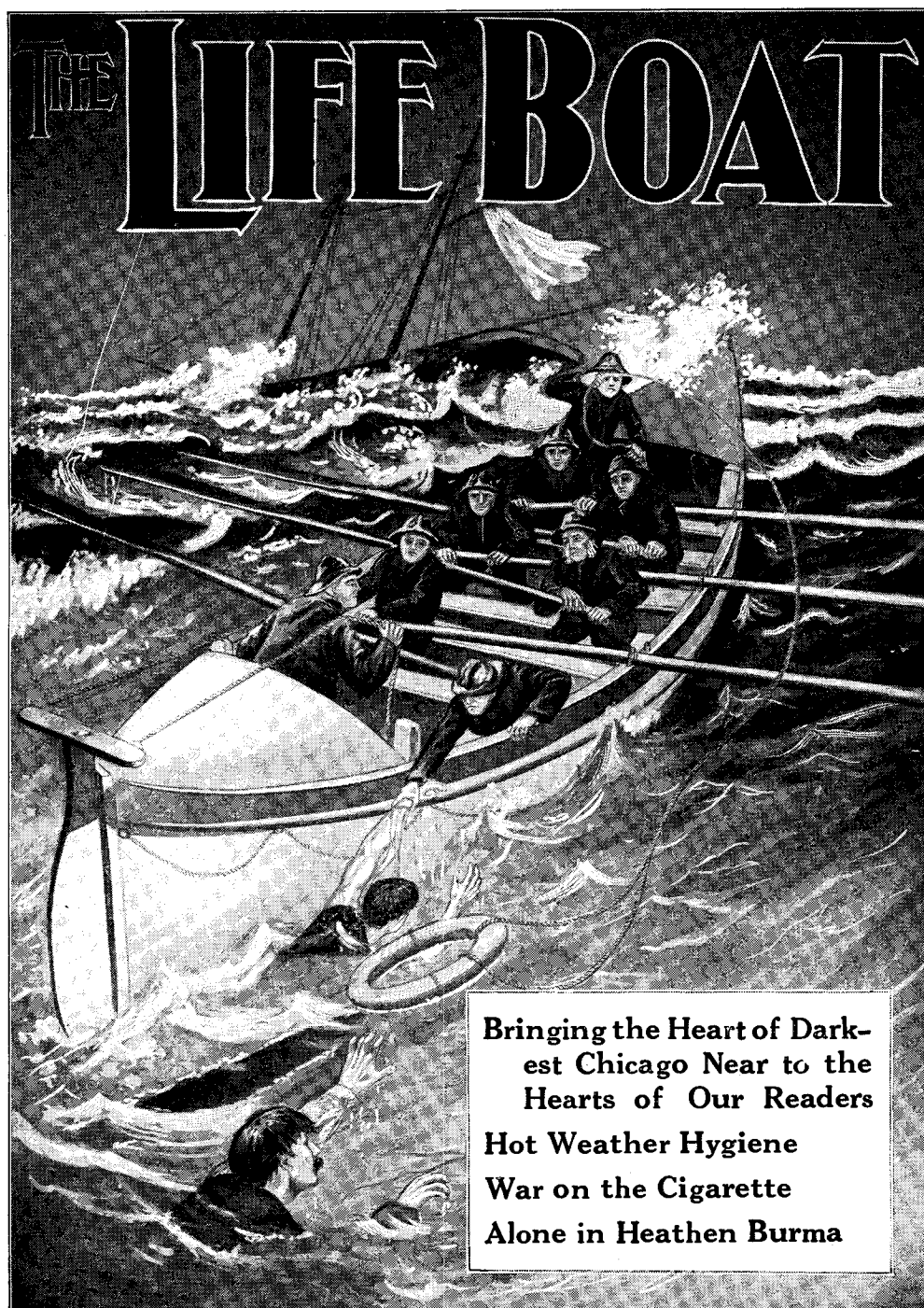


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Single Copies, 10 Cents



**Volume Thirteen
Number Eight**

Winsdale, Ill.

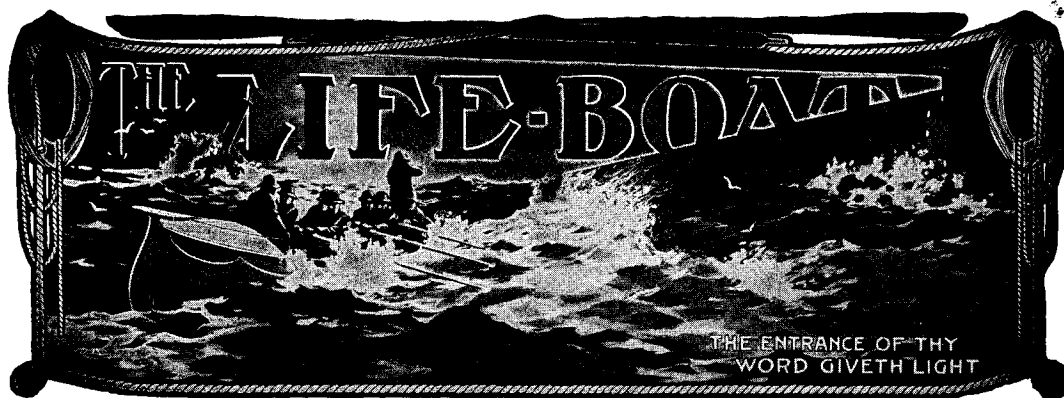
August, 1910

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HIS FIRST PLAYMATE.

The country lad who has had an opportunity to tame chickens has a tremendous advantage over the city lad who never sees live chickens except in a crate in front of the butcher's shop.



**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 XIII

HINSDALE, ILL. :: AUGUST, 1910

Number 8

Bringing the Heart of Darkest Chicago Near to the Hearts of Our Readers

Caroline Louise Clough

HOW the under half lives is a question that concerns only a very small minority of the upper half. The under half is a kingdom by itself and the majority are willing to leave it there, yet it lies at the very feet of the more prosperous classes.

The other day I visited the crowded tenement districts of Chicago. I took Miss Borden along for my guide. After several years of loving ministry, looking after their sick, caring for the wee babies, bringing clothing, food and other necessities when needed, Miss Borden has found her way into the hearts of many of these people. We first visited the stockyards district.

"Good morning, Auntie. How are you to-day?"

"Good morn'n', Miss Borden."

"I see you are busy."

"Oh, yes marm. I've got a lot to do to-day." With that this old Irish woman emptied out a kettle of garbage over the curb and disappeared again through a disreputable looking basement door.

Two blocks away we came to an old building which looked like a shed, adjoining the

sidewalk, and Miss Borden said, "We'll go in here."

"Come in. Come in. We are all upset this mornin', just cleanin' house. (She is always just cleaning house.) The men are coming to work on one of the rooms tomorrow."

"How is little Mary?"

"Oh, she's all right. The children are all doing well."

By this time the four little children all under nine years of age had lined up to look at the "company." Dirty-faced, matted hair, half clothed, half fed, and total strangers to any of the joys of real life.

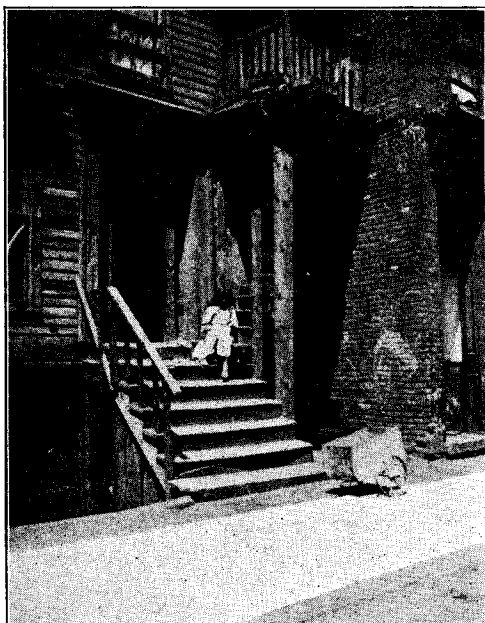
"May we take your pictures?" Miss Borden asked.

"No marm, you *don't* take no pictures here. My man, he won't allow it." And that big, brawny drinking woman looked as if she were ready to fight. To think of leaving those children there to be brought up to drink and schooled in everything that is bad and to know nothing of the good, ennobling things of life was heart-rending.

Now we must go to another district more densely inhabited and lying just west of the

Chicago river. Before we know it we are surrounded on all sides,—men, women and children,—all in the streets. The women see nothing to do in their homes, so pass the day in the streets. What inspiration can the children get from such a life?

The houses are destitute of any semblance of a home, yet the small children seem apparently happy under those awful conditions. They revel in filth and know nothing better, but it is different with the girl or boy who is just approaching womanhood or manhood. They long for human sympathy and love, which, in the majority of cases, they never get in their home life. They need to have high ideals set before them. They realize there is something lacking in their lives, but they know not what. They become lonely, discontented, dissatisfied, and are an easy prey for the devil and his business.



"Her whole attitude was one of despair."

That these very homes become the breeding places for vice is a well recognized fact. Miss Adams, secretary to the chief of police of Chicago, told me that many girls found in the haunts of vice were brought up total strangers to a mother's love or to any of the

real joys of life. Their souls were starved and they soon found that by selling their virtue they could in a measure satisfy the craving of their hearts.

We snapped the camera on one such girl as she came out on the front steps of her home. Her whole attitude was one of despair. She was very scantily clad and her hair uncombed and matted with filth.



"Won't you take my picture?"

"Won't you please take my picture?" said another little girl as we passed by, camera in hand. Evidently her abode was a dark basement and she was sunning herself on the outside.

Here go a group of little tots each with her apron full of wet sand. My, how they enjoy getting just a little bit of *real* earth! Down they go to the corner, dropping their loads in one pile and then proceeding to make some delightful sand pies.

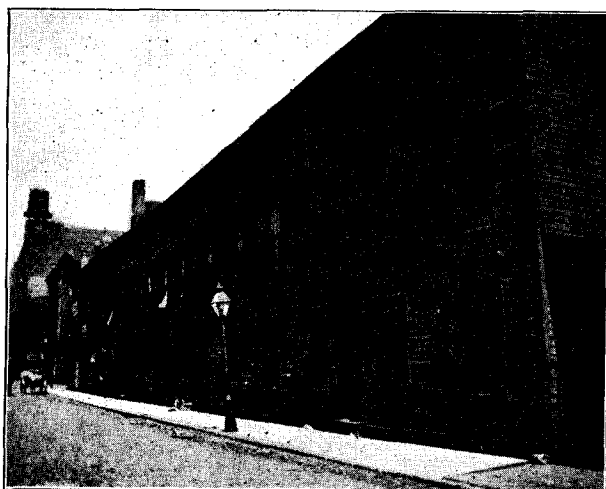
Across the street is another bunch of children trying to feed some chickens in a crate with carrot tops which they had picked up at the grocer's. Do you think they know how carrots grow? I doubt it.

In many of these homes the children are the bread winners and the parents are not particu-



All excited over some REAL earth.

lar about the cleanliness of the food which they bring, either. Sanitation and hygiene are words that do not figure in their vocabu-



A typical tenement block which houses dozens of families.

lary and they never heard of a germ. A chunk of roast from a neighbor's garbage can is just as good for them, because they then can spend what little money they earn for whisky.

The question is raised, "How can we go to work to enlighten these people and help them clean up?" There is only one way: we have got to win our way into their hearts by loving service, untiring efforts in their behalf individually. These people can not be reached by the masses but it must be a hand to hand, shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart contact.

To reach these needy people with the refining, ennobling influence of the gospel for both soul and body is one of the purposes of the new Chicago Life Boat Home. Who is willing to help to gather out souls from the rubbish? Those desiring to get a training for this work can receive the same at the Chicago Life Boat Home, where a six months' course will be conducted. Further mention is given in this number concerning the same.

TAUGHT TO DRINK FROM CHILDHOOD.

(From an inmate of the Illinois State Reformatory.)

"I was very glad that you sent me THE LIFE BOAT. I am out of money so I can't see some one to send it to me. I would be much obliged to you. I will pay you for the one you sent me when I get out.

"I am going to give you a short story of my life. I propose to struggle for a better and sweeter life, a life any man or young fellow wouldn't be ashamed of.

"I was born in Oxford Junction about nineteen years ago. Later our family moved to a little town in Carroll county. My father was a railroad man, employed as engineer. Well, he was a heavy drinker, and of course he taught me how to drink and smoke and chew, when I was about six years old. It stunted my growth.

"After my dear mother died I was far worse off than before. I was allowed to run the streets at night and be out with the devil into all evil. My father

lost his position on account of the drink habit, so then I was homeless. I then learned to read music, and about six months afterwards a job was given me in a dance hall, so I got in the devil's clutches

more and more. Not as long as Christ is my friend will I ever get in such a place again.

"It is just fine to be in the arms of Christ. There are no sweeter words than to sing the songs of our Saviour. My favorite is, 'Wash

me in the blood of the Lamb, and I shall be whiter than snow.' I feel for the poor souls who are in prison; I can see what sad lives they lead. While I live I will never forget you and the LIFE BOAT people."

Hot Weather Hygiene

David Paulson, M. D.

DURING the heated season one can hardly pick up a daily paper without reading a list of heat prostrations. In nine cases out of ten these could be avoided by giving heed to a few simple health principles.

A COOLING DIET.

Avoid mustard, pepper and highly spiced foods that taste hot when they are cold, for they continue being hot after they are swallowed and even after they are absorbed into the blood. Mustard plasters may properly be applied externally but they should not be used internally.

The department of health of the city of Chicago gives the following hot weather dietetic advice:

"Be temperate in all things. Drink water, not beer. Far more important than anything else, eat lightly; cut your usual winter rations in half. Eat soups, vegetables, ice cream and buttermilk. Avoid particularly meats, butter and heavy soups of all sorts. Drink plenty of water, no wines. Keep your bowels open, your stomach empty, your skin clear, and you will avoid sunstroke."

MOVE OUTDOORS.

Many a housewife sweats her life away hovering over a red-hot stove in a stuffy kitchen, never dreaming that she might just as well move her kitchen out under the trees or out on the shady side of the house. It would be a little more inconvenient but a thousand times more comfortable. Try it and you will wonder why you did not do it before.

This is also the time of the year to catch the outdoor sleeping habit. Move your bed down on the veranda. Buy fifty cents worth of mosquito netting, screen it in so as to exclude the mosquitoes. After you have tried it a few days you will wonder how you ever

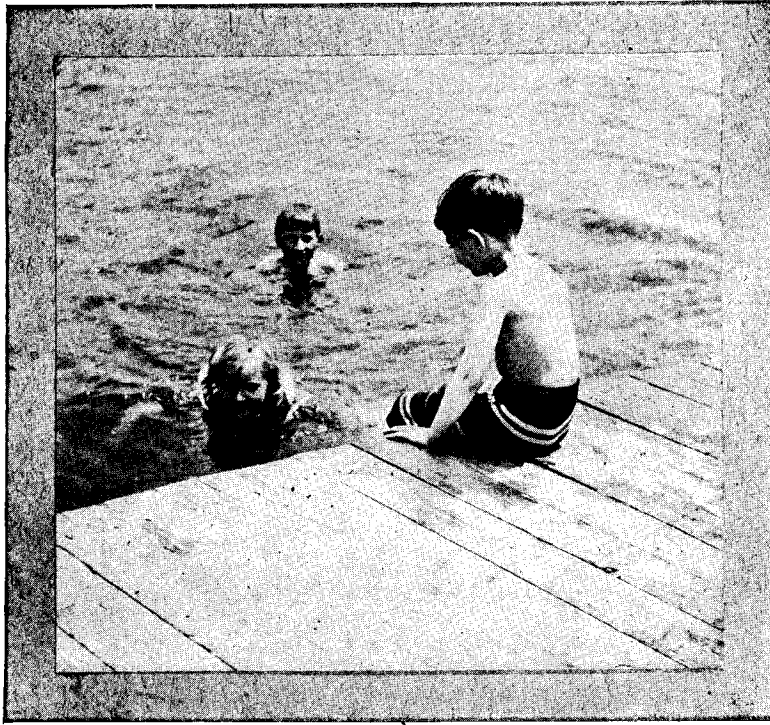
existed up in that close bedroom that was almost as sultry as a bake oven. After you discover how much good it does you, you may possibly venture to stay out all winter, or at least until the holidays, and that means that you will be delivered from your annual crop of colds.

COOL BATHING.

Some years ago on one of our hottest July days a patient said to me, "Oh, I wish I was home today; I am afraid I am going to have a spell." I innocently inquired if she thought it was any cooler at home. "Oh, no, but you know if one is to have something awful happen to them they prefer to be at home." I asked her if she would not enjoy some delightful May weather; she assured me she certainly would. So I told the nurse to just take her down and give her a prolonged dose of May weather. The patient looked at me half wondering whether I was joking or in earnest, but the nurse understood.

She brought her to the bathroom and put her in a bath that was just the temperature to feel as comfortable as a May morning. She had her dinner served to her on a tray put on a board placed across the bath tub, or in other words she took her dinner on water. In the middle of the afternoon a cool breeze came up and she was taken back to her room. I saw her later; she was all smiles and said that it was the best day she had had since she had come to the institution. She said the provoking thing of it all was she had a bath tub in her own home and each time she had had these spells that came when she was overheated it had never occurred to her to get into a bath tub and cool off.

Do not be afraid of taking a bath that is comfortable. The skin is wet on the inside all the time; it will not do it any harm to get wet on the outside. Very hot baths are



Enjoying a good sea bath.

relaxing, very cold baths are depressing, but a bath that is near the temperature of the skin is neither. Be sensible and then you can enjoy the summer time just as well as you can the winter time.

THE HOUSE FLY HERE AGAIN.

What shall we do with him? We have all been made wise since the recent startling discoveries concerning the common house fly. The summer diseases, especially among small children, which have been attributed to the extreme heat and other causes, we find now are directly caused by the fly.

A special Bulletin of the Fly-fighting committee of the American Civic Association says that:

"INTESTINAL DISEASES are more frequent whenever and wherever flies are most abundant, and **THEY, and NOT the summer heat, ARE THE ACTIVE AGENTS IN ITS SPREAD.**

"Many diseases which are attributed to milk

and water originate through flies. A polluted brook, river or lake furnishes germs from sewers, and flies in millions settle on the refuse that washes along the water's edge.

"Flies kill a greater number of human beings than all the beasts of prey with all of the poisonous serpents added. **THEY** spread disease which slays thousands, while big, powerful beasts kill single victims."

And a recent Chicago Sunday paper gives the following startling facts:

"The fly is the principal cause of disseminating typhoid fever and all enteric diseases.

"A total of 170,000,000 lives is lost every generation through diseases spread by the fly, which is equivalent to 4,000,000,000 lives of the average length.

"In the Spanish-American War, the Spanish killed 285 of our soldiers, but flies were responsible for 2,192 deaths through typhoid fever.

"Five thousand children are sacrificed every summer in New York City. Seventy-five thousand murdered in the whole United

States! Just that number of lives thrown away, because it is not thought worth while to save them.

"But what is it that destroys these little ones?"

"The answer is that the destruction is caused by one small and familiar insect—the house fly.

"The accuracy of this statement is indorsed officially by the health authorities of the city of New York, who have declared, in a recently published report, that 5,000 deaths of children in the metropolis are caused annually by the house fly.

"Diarrhea, dysentery, cholera morbus and the like become a plague in summer, rather than at other seasons. Until very recently nobody knew why, though the supposition was that heat was the cause. Now, however, it is known that temperature has nothing directly to do with the matter: the house fly is the carrier of the malady."

Flies can discern an odor of filth for miles. Where a bad odor will attract them a clean odor will repulse them. Keep filth out of your house and away from your premises. The best way to fight flies is to prevent their breeding.

The War on the Cigarette

Lucy Page Gaston

THAT the innocent-looking little white rolls, commonly called "coffin nails," are getting in their work to a considerable extent among the school boys of every village in our land the most casual observation shows. Where a few are bold enough to smoke publicly it is an unfailing indication that others, often many others, are indulging in the habit secretly.

The cigarette habit easily becomes epidemic in a school so that large numbers indulge in it, smoking either occasionally or habitually and secretly if not openly. The cruel indifference or ignorance of many parents is difficult to understand, as the cigarette habit in the growing youth saps the vitality thereby stunting physical growth and stupefying the mentality. The cigarette is the seed of the drink habit and often the forerunner also of hideous forms of personal impurity.

Not only prisons and reformatories, crowded to the limit with mere youths, but the populous insane asylums bear sad testimony to what the cigarette is helping to make of bright promising boys such as today in our village schools are tampering with cigarettes.

Parents who read this word of warning may well go into secret session with their young hopefuls for a heart to heart talk. Parental authority should be sufficient in the case of any one found guilty. A comparatively short indulgence, let it be remembered, changes a boy into a contemptible sneak who will lie and even steal if necessary to get the means

to indulge his appetite. I have had parents assure me that their boy was a model in this respect when I knew, and many others knew, that he was becoming a cigarette fiend.

A pledge upon honor not to smoke at least until he is twenty-one is a great safeguard to a boy in his early teens and through the crucial years before his majority.

The Anti-Cigarette League has for years done for boys in the mass what careful parents are doing for their own loved ones. Many a tempted boy has been saved by this simple effort by an earnest organizer in a public school. An Anti-Cigarette school campaign is a great blessing to the homes of any community, as many cities can testify.

Ten states have made the cigarette an outlaw by absolutely prohibiting the manufacture and sale of cigarettes and cigarette papers, and many other states are now lining up their forces for a fight to the finish with the worst foe that ever threatened the youth of the race. Although the most strenuous efforts have been made for the protection of the Illinois boys, this state is not yet in line owing to the money and influence of the vested interests at stake working in the legislature.

It is evident to most thinking people that it is necessary to strike at the root of the evil and clear the markets of what can so easily find its way into the hands of the young, the weak and the unwary. Practical business men, especially employers of young help, are urging the most drastic legislation possible.

ANOTHER RECRUIT IN THE FIGHT AGAINST THE CIGARETTE.

J. S. FINNELL.

I am more and more impressed with the enormity of the evil of cigarette smoking and the damage it is doing both to boys and men. I fear our pulpits are lax in their efforts to lessen its destructive influence, our laymen are unmindful of its harmful effects on their boys, and fathers too often wink at the sin of cigarette smoking because they are absorbed in the pleasure which they get from a cigar or pipe.

I indulged in smoking enough to appreciate the fascination which attends the smoking of good cigars and a pretty design of pipe with sweetly flavored tobacco, but I was never foolish enough to smoke many cigarettes. I am heartily ashamed to admit that I ever smoked any.

The crying need of the churches today is for a deeper spiritual insight into the things of God. And we can not see it through a cloud of cigar smoke. We must clear the spiritual horizon. Clean up God's temple, our bodies, by throwing away our filthy tobacco, and stop persecuting our stomachs with an overplus of food, then will the Spirit of God come in, and our spiritual strength will be renewed, yes, built up. I am with you heart and hand for the destruction of this giant evil and I am yours to command if I can do anything to lessen its influence upon our boys and young men. I have not smoked for four years and I never will again.

A GREATER FIGHT THAN RENO.

NELLIE JEFFERS.

[Miss Jeffers, who has recently graduated from the Hinsdale sanitarium nurses' training school, has connected for a time with the new Chicago Home, treating the sick who come to its doors and visiting others in their homes, giving such attention as is necessary.—Ed.]

The great fight in Reno, Nev., was the absorbing event for many thousands of people for months before its occurrence and has been almost the sole topic of their conversation since. Many lost their wealth and not a few their lives in the contests before and after that great fight.

This reminds us that there is a fight going on in every human soul. Who shall be the

winner in your soul, my friend? Shall it be the righteous King who shall reign in your heart, giving you peace and joy and the promise of eternal life, or shall he who sits on the throne of darkness have possession of your soul, driving it to destruction?

This is a struggle that should be of the greatest interest to every human being here on this earth. This is the field of preparation and our souls the battleground. Satan is ever ready for the conflict and lets nothing remain undone that will secure a soul in his grasp. He is ready to practice any deceiving art that will accomplish this purpose. He is an enemy of the Prince of life and is always on guard to gain the victory if possible.

While he seeks to win by deceit and treachery, his adversary (Christ) draws the human heart to Himself with kindness and love. With a heart of pity He asks us to come to Him and yield ourselves to Him. He gave Himself for us and took on Himself our sins that through Him we might be saved.

As we go about in the dark city of Chicago we are made to realize more and more the need of the Saviour who is ever willing to draw men unto Him. His great heart of pity is touched more than ours ever could be, as He looks down upon the struggle going on in our lives.

Are you as interested in *this* great struggle as some were in the Reno fight? Are you waiting anxiously for the judge to pass the sentence of eternal life, of victory to the Prince of life? Are you willing to put your all into this fight even though you lose wealth and friends and earthly pleasures, thereby gaining the peace, joy and assurance of eternal life which has been promised the winner through Christ?

Paul realized that there was a conflict going on in his life and struggled hard to win. How grand it would be if all the wanderers from the heavenly fold could be brought back and at the last day say as did the Apostle Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."

The Inspiration of Consecrated Lives

David Paulson, M. D.

I NEVER think of Livingstone but I feel a thrill of inspiration from his great life. He was one of the greatest explorers of modern times, but he was a *greater* missionary than explorer,—such a manly man that hot-headed, erratic and venturesome and skeptical Stanley became a completely changed man by being merely brought into his presence in the heart of darkest Africa. Stanley begged him to return to England, but his heart so ached for Africa that he refused, and he tramped on through its dismal forests, worn away with fever and privations, until finally he passed away on his knees with a prayer on his lips for the dark continent.

You will remember that his faithful black servants buried his heart under a spreading tree. They embalmed his body and carried it in a solemn procession eighteen hundred miles through forest and lake so that it could be put upon a British man-of-war; and he it said to the great honor of the British nation that they buried him in Westminster Abbey side by side with its great kings and great heroes. I heard Creegan say: "I stood there one day trying to spell out in the dim light of the Abbey that name, David Livingstone, when a group of men pushed their guide past where thirty-seven kings and queens were buried and where magnificent monuments have been erected, past where a thousand warriors and poets rest and will rest until the morning of the resurrection, coming as quickly as they could to the place where I stood but a little time before their coming. They began to spell out the name, and more than one of them had red cheeks as they looked for that name upon the simple slab that marked the resting place of the greatest missionary of modern times—a medical missionary, a consecrated man who was willing to bury himself in the dark continent in order that he might, if it please God, lift up these people that they might see the Father."

HEROISM AT ITS BEST.

You have all read of Horace Tracy Pitkin, the brilliant graduate of Yale College, who flung to the winds all his great future prospects in this country and went into the heart

of heathen China. After four years and a half of diligent toil the Boxers came to take away his life. He sold his life as dearly as possible, but when it was evident that further defence was useless he hastily wrote a letter to his wife who was in this country with their infant child. He entrusted it to the hands of one of the natives. Fortunately that letter reached its destination, and in it were these inspiring words: "Tell my boy, Horace, that when he grows up and receives the proper training it is the request of his dying father that he come out here and take up the work which I must now lay down."

Sixty years ago Dr. J. Hudson Taylor felt his soul burning for the millions of heathen in China, so he undertook what was then a long and perilous voyage to that distant land. He furthermore became determined that he would be dependent upon no missionary society, but he would look directly to God for his support. In a few years' time failing health compelled him to return to England. All he had to show for those years was a little group of converts.

His health failed to improve, but in the desperation of his soul he rededicated his life for China and deliberately asked God to raise him up twenty-four helpers to return with him, and he wrote upon the margin of his Bible, "Prayed for twenty-four willing, skilful laborers, June 25, 1865." And I am glad to be able to say that before twelve months had passed the Lord *had raised up* twenty-four splendid evangelists to return with him to heathen China, all of whom were willing to look to God alone for their support.

INSPIRING ANSWERS TO PRAYERS.

In 1881 Dr Taylor felt impressed to pray for seventy new workers to be sent out to China during the next three years, and thanks be to God, during the next three years seventy-six workers came. Five years later Dr. Taylor's faith had expanded to such an extent that he now prayed for one hundred workers during the coming year. For a mission that had no stated income it seemed like a presumptuous prayer, *but a hundred workers came* during the following year. Now the China

Inland Mission has a thousand foreign workers and a thousand paid Chinese laborers, twenty thousand converts, and during all these years has received without making a direct appeal to any one, but entirely in answer to prayer, nearly seven million dollars.

I might add to this list of missionary heroes Dr. Maud Miller, the youngest graduate who ever was given a diploma from the American Medical Missionary College, but one whose soul was as fully dedicated to medical missionary work as any one whom I have ever met. She came to Chicago and helped my wife sweetly and beautifully in her medical work among the downcast and outcast of earth, and then she went to China. Ere long she was stricken with a deathly disease.

She freely gave her noble life while the very dew of youth was yet upon it, for Christ in a foreign clime. Her last words were a prayer to God that others would be led to come to the front and take her place. My friends, that newly-made grave in dark China is a Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us," that some of us should hear.

LEST WE FORGET.

But I want you to remember that it is *not possible* for you to maintain a consuming fire in your soul to accomplish great work for humanity if you take no trouble to feed that fire, for "where no wood is, there the fire goeth out." Prov. 26:20.

You will also have to remember that before you can be the light of the world you will have to be the salt of the world. That means to come in *direct* and *immediate* contact with humanity's festering sores. For salt can only preserve what it touches.

Compared to the great heroes that I have considered, your work may seem to be of the very smallest consequence, but when you are tempted to become discouraged at the smallness of your work think of the widow who cast in her two mites. Then think of the millions that have flowed into God's treasury as the result; think of the thousands of missionaries who have gone to foreign fields, and then think of the multitude that no man can number who have been saved as the result of it.

Do not be tempted to believe that providence is not leading you because you have trouble and hardship as you tread the rugged path of duty. Remember Paul's call to Macedonia. When he arrived at Philippi no one seemed anxious to listen to him. He finally found a little group of women gathered on the bank of the river who were holding a prayer meeting and one of these women was converted—not a very wonderful beginning.

Afterwards when the work began to open up a little he and his companion were cast in prison and were cruelly mistreated. But Paul did not lose his courage; he sang at midnight, and God honored his faith and determination and a flourishing church was raised up in that city.

Lack of competent help will be another cause for discouragement. But bear in mind when you are doing the holiest of work more than likely you will have the *least* help. In that case remember that the ark had to be carried on human shoulders; no wagon or oxen were provided for this purpose. In other words, the *holier your service the less help you will have.*

VIEWPOINT

Pearl Waggoner.

Should earth appear darksome or joyous,
Should gray seem the sky, or if blue,
Depends not so much on the weather
As simply, my neighbor, on you.

Should people around you seem hateful,
Or should they seem noble and kind,
Depends not so much where you're living
As just on yourself, you will find.

For look through a glass that is crooked,
Which has some defect or a dent,
And all who may pass will seem hunchback,
With figures distorted and bent.

But put a new pane in your window,—
The change that you find will be great:
Things then will be rightly proportioned.
The people be upright and straight.

If glasses discolored and smoky
You choose to continually wear,
Why wonder that nothing around you
Appeareth as lovely or fair?

But smash all the windows defective!
Away with all glasses like these!
You'll view the world then as God made it,
Nor see people "walking as trees."

There's plenty that's pure and that's honest,
There's plenty that's lovely and true;
So look for the goodness around you,
And lo, 'twill come back upon you.

For happiness, peace and enjoyment
Dwell not in some region afar:
You'll find them beside and within you,
By looking at things as they are.

BETTING ON THE PRIZE FIGHT.

MARGARET KEDLER.

The large majority of men, this last Fourth of July, seemed as much interested in the Johnson-Jeffries fight as in the actual celebration of that day, and thousands were greatly affected by the outcome of the fight for they had bet large sums of money as to who would win the championship.

Most of the white men and many of the colored had bet on Jeffries. When it became known that Johnson had won the white men stood about in groups on the streets looking very down-hearted and disappointed.

"Go to the colored men with your books," they said to me, "they're the ones that have the money. We've lost."

Many of the losers were poor men, and I could not help thinking of their families, who would be deprived of many comforts as the result of their husbands' and fathers' foolish act, for it has always seemed very foolish to me to bet. One or the other must lose.

Whenever there is a great race or game on hand I find that a large number of men have been betting on it, and lost, and it seems too bad that men should be seriously affected financially by anything like that, for they might just as well keep out of it. There is no need in being implicated in that which does not concern them.

It also seems as bad as gambling, and gambling always seriously affects a man's disposition and character. It makes him very selfish. In my work I find it much harder to get a nickel or a dime out of a gambler than any other person, no matter how much money he may have, or how good the cause. Once in a while he will buy because he thinks it will give him good luck at the game but seldom because his heart is right.

I decided to work in the district that is mostly populated by the colored people, on the evening of the fourth. In many instances the joy and enthusiasm they displayed was remarkable. I could not blame them for being happy because one of their race had distinguished himself. The little boys followed up the street cars calling to the passengers, "Johnson's won, Johnson's won. You all won't have money enough to buy pork chops with in the morning."

It was sad as well as shocking to see so many of the women as well as the men celebrate the occasion by getting so drunk that they did not know how to behave themselves.

I could not help thinking of the great fight that every Christian must engage in, the fight over evil powers, the fight for right, for every true Christian is beset with temptation. There is a struggle between Christ and the evil one to gain possession of the heart.

Oh, if men were only as enthusiastic over their own battle, if they would only pray to Jesus, unceasingly, to subdue the evil one, then indeed they would have cause to rejoice when they would win the victory over sin, through Christ.

THE PRISONER FROM A PRISONER'S VIEWPOINT.

W. J. LEDBETTER.

Hutchinson, Kan.

[It is hard for us sometimes to see things from the other fellow's viewpoint. For that reason we are glad to present the following from a prisoner in the Kansas state reformatory. The concluding portion of his letter will be printed next month. We are sure that what he writes will be read with interest.]

A young man was brought up in an un-Christian home by ignorant parents, who made no effort to properly instruct him but allowed him without restriction the privilege of participating in any pleasure or vice that pleased him.

At a very young age he became a habitual user of tobacco and a constant drinker of the strongest intoxicants. Free and unrestrained by discipline, he whirled himself into devious paths, cultivating lustful passions. His natural inclination led him on towards worldly pleasures and enjoyments. He thought nothing of his character or morality.

In the midst of this young man's career, in his debauchery, he violated one of the constitutional laws of his country. He was convicted and sent to a penal institution.

Because of his lack of knowledge the law has had to interfere with and correct him. Will this be a sufficient reason for society to *shun* and *ignore* him? In the penal institution this young man is brought face to face with problems that had never entered his mind before, such as the following:

"What am I going to do when I leave this

institution? Will I continue in the life I led previous to my incarceration, or shall I turn over a new leaf and be an honest man?"

"If I leave this institution firmly resolved to live an honest life, will I be given a fighting chance to show that I am sincere in my desire to do so?"

"What kind of a reception will I receive when I am liberated from this institution and take my place in the world as a man?"

"Will I be shunned and ignored?"

"Will society look at me as one unworthy of cultivating their acquaintance? or will they see me as a young man who by his lack of

knowledge erred in his past life but, realizing his mistake, desired to show that he has repented and wishes to live an honest life?"

These and many more such questions this young man is continually pondering on. They are the fundamental principles on which his character is formed. He resolves to improve himself and to promote his education. In his spare moments you will find him diligently working away to accomplish this.

Why does he do all this? It is because he knows that before long he will be allowed to take his place in the world as a man.

(To be continued.)

All Alone in Heathen Burma

Ollie Oberholtzer, M. D.

MOULMEIN, BURMA

[Dr. Oberholtzer launched out some years ago and buried herself, so to speak, in the very heart of Burma, and there, single handed and alone, she has developed a splendid medical missionary work. We trust that many will be inspired by her experience to fit themselves for some similar work in some dark and needy portion of the earth.—Ed.]

I have now been in this field nearly two years and although I was given two years to study the language, I tried to follow the plan suggested in "Ministry of Healing," to go to these places and begin working for the people, studying the language as I worked. This placed me in many laughable and embarrassing positions, but those very experiences only served to help me catch some new word or phrase.

I came to Moulmein, the old home of Judson, and as there was no one to come with me, I began alone. This was not an easy task, for prejudice was very great and many of the people did not care to meet me so this also served to keep me strictly with the Burmese people, and there have been weeks I have not seen a white face, until now I never think of it.

I knew if I succeeded in this language, "Stick at it" must be my watchword. I give lessons and do all my own work, go to distant villages by myself. It is so much more interesting, both for me and the people, when I converse with them in their own tongue. I feel that the Lord has helped me in gaining the language.

I am daily made to realize the truthfulness of the statement that the health principles are the entering wedge. When I first came here I was called to the village. A woman that was intelligent above the average, asked me about our God, if He heard us when we prayed, and what He could do for us. I tried to tell her how our God loved us, watched over us and heard even the faintest cry, and how there was not anything that He could not do, and that to pray to Him we did not need an image but to just believe He heard us, and kneel down and ask for what we wanted. She then said her husband was good to her but he drank, and at such times mistreated her, and wanted to know if she should pray to our God if he could stop her husband from drinking. I said, yes. I then thought, *have I the faith I was trying to teach this poor heathen?*

I tell you when we simplify things down to these people we often get the reproof, but is not the Holy Spirit a reprover? This woman accepted what I said, and said she would pray that my God would keep her husband from drink.

In a few days I was sent for to come to her house. I found her husband had acute indigestion. I soon relieved him and he fell asleep. I returned later and improved the opportunity to tell him what drink was doing for him. He promised me he would not

drink any more; and more than a year afterwards he had not, so the woman's prayer was answered; and he did not beat her any more.

About one year ago a bright, intelligent man called on us at Rangoon. He began to talk on health principles, and we found he had been in correspondence with Battle Creek. Sister Cook asked him what church he belonged to. "Oh," he said, "I am a Hindu, but I am a seeker after truth." I kept in touch with him until his return. Last week he requested me to talk before a society of Hindu gentlemen on vegetarianism. I did so the following Wednesday night, and found a fine class of educated natives anxious to know health principles. At the close a leader of the society arose and said, while it was the truth, he was ashamed it was so that they, Hindu gentlemen, who for centuries have been the only ones to stand on vegetarian principles, should be sitting at the feet of the west learning of the west those very things that they for generations and generations have held as sacred.

They want me to take up a series of lectures with them, but how can I? I am alone here in Moulmein, with its 60,000 people, and thousands of villages that must be worked. I am gone so much now my own work here is all broken into. But I did promise these men that when I was in Rangoon I would let them know and give them at least an hour.

About two months ago some Burmese women came after me to go to a village about twenty-five miles away to attend an obstetrical case. We hurried and caught a launch at 1:30, and arrived at 6 p. m. to find the woman had just died or been killed, for it is heart rending to see how the Burmese conduct confinement cases. I had to stay all night, and I ate a hearty dinner, although I had to sit on the floor, and my dishes were placed on a tray on the floor. I slept on the floor, too, but never slept any better in my life.

That evening the schoolmaster heard I was there and came down to see me. I spent a

very pleasant evening, explaining the effect of betel chewing and smoking. He was so anxious for me to visit his school. I could not then, but promised to later. One thing after another kept me away for two months. At last I started up there. Who should come to me on the launch but the school teacher, who said, "Oh, I have looked and looked for you. I even went twice to the launch to see if you were not coming."

I had a good visit with him. He said he knew there was nothing in Buddhism, nothing to bring godliness, and he wanted to study the Bible and become a Christian. I then gave him some papers to study and showed him our Burmese health booklet. He at once ordered thirty to use in his school and I made arrangements to visit his school at least once a month and give health talks. On those days the people of the village will be invited to come and bring their sick. I think you can see I have about all one woman can do and if I could have proper help we could soon broaden our work.

I have a nice little bath room in the lower flat of my house ready to open, but while I am alone I can not do it. I tell you, it is here even more so than at home, the medical worker gets the hard work. It is a day and night proposition. The Bubonic plague has been very severe all around me. I was called out a few nights ago to a woman only a few doors from me, and while I was gone on the last trip PoKyan, my servant, found two dead rats in my house.

When you are training the workers under you, instil in them that foreign mission work is not play, and the successful worker is the one that is willing to do *anything* and *everything*. There is *no room* for those who think that because they are graduated nurses or doctors they are above even the most menial duties. I can today take hold and clean a floor or make a mattress as easily as I could in my student days. I have tried to live up to whatever my hands find to do, and to do it with my might.



"I NEVER HAD ANY RELIGION."

The following letter comes from the New Jersey state prison:

"While reading over your wonderful book called THE LIFE BOAT I ran across where you asked the readers who have no one to write to, to write to you. I thank you for the privilege of letting me write to you. Several weeks have passed since your magazine came and I can say it was the first time I ever read such a good book. I was glad to receive it. It was the means of my turning over a new leaf and starting life over again. Here it is a month and I can remember the words I have read as they are fresh in my memory.

"I am a young man twenty-one years of age and I don't know what religion is. Furthermore I have never read religious books of any kind. The only reading that interested me was criminal news or murder news, etc. There was a time if any one gave me a Bible I would tear it up or burn it, but thank God, I have changed my ways now and would like to have a Bible in my prison cell very much; your little book was the first one I ever took an interest in or read.

"Before I was arrested I never had any religion. I am twenty-one years of age and don't know what a father's, mother's, sister's or brother's love is. Ever since I was two years of age I never saw my mother's face or father's. I am an orphan and had no bringing up. I fought my own battles but here I am, down and out. I do not know what the inside of a church door looks like.

"As I have no one to write to I would be glad if you would let me write to you, for I need some kind friend's advice. If I could get some one to just encourage me and tell me a little more about religion or my great God I would be a better man and would keep out of trouble. If there is any way you can help me please do it, telling me how I may give my soul to God and lead a good Christian life. So if you will only kindly send me advice I will thank you very much, as I am a downcast man without a home or any friends to help me.

"I thank God that that wonderful book had a chance to come my way as I am a man who has gone astray all my life and do not know what religion is—do not know the first thing about it, but I find your little book very in-

teresting and good, sound, solid reading.

"I read an article in your LIFE BOAT in regard to Mrs. M. B. Booth, and every word is true; every prisoner will tell you the same. Her words to us here in prison are, 'Look up and hope,' and the Volunteer Prison League is giving me new hope and courage every day.

"I bless God that He ever put it in your heart to let us who are on the downward path call you 'friend.' I am one who has turned from the old life with its hideousness and am finding in my risen Redeemer a help and peace that I never dreamed could be mine. My broken, misspent life I lay at His crucified feet, trusting that He will fulfil His promise because I trust Him and am just taking Him at His word.

"My sentence in this place looms far ahead, and yet I can look through the long vista of years stretching out before me and say I will 'look up and hope.' Had I given God one tithe of the service which I have given Satan He would not have requited me in this way. All the past years of my life I have spent in working for the evil one, and what a hard taskmaster he has been! Would that I could make every young man who is bartering his soul's salvation realize his condition as I do now. Dear friend, pray for me. Good-bye, and God be with you until I hear from you."

A LEADER WHO NEVER MADE A MISTAKE.

(From an inmate of the Kansas State Prison.)

"I think the work you are doing for the friendless is just grand. I certainly did like to read those testimonies from inmates of prisons. I am glad to think of us convicts taking One for our leader who has never made a mistake. If all of us had taken the Lord for our leader and adviser we would never have been barred behind these prison walls. I am doing one to five years for disposing of mortgaged property. I am a farmer and married and am twenty-eight years old. Was born and raised in Kansas.

"I have taken the Lord Jesus Christ for my leader, which I should have done years ago. We have a fine chaplain here who is trying his utmost to make better men of us. I realize that I have failed in managing my affairs and I now am willing to let One take charge who I know will pilot me safely home."

The Call of Our Large Cities

David Paulson, M. D

Hinsdale, Ill.

OUR large cities are today the modern wilderness in which we must search diligently for the lost sheep. The concentration of sin in our large cities is almost beyond comprehension. Chicago's seven thousand saloons if placed side by side would make a solid wall of sin nearly sixty miles in length. In addition there are nearly three thousand questionable resorts in this great city, and during the last couple years there has sprung up an almost incredible number of nickel theaters which are accustoming to scenes of sin and iniquity the eyes of tens of thousands of young people and even mere children who throng to them.

As a result of the crusade against the white slave traffic, eight hundred men have been driven out of Chicago, who had been making a business of procuring young women under all sorts of laudable pretenses and then selling them at varying prices in Chicago's market of sin.

Can any one question for a moment that our large cities have about reached the condition of Sodom, and hence must soon have meted out upon them the doom of Sodom? But just as certainly as this is true there must be Abrahams today who are pleading with God to spare these cities for the sake of God's children who are still in them. We have reached the time when there must be men and women who are inspired with such a love for human souls that they will search out the modern Lots and seek to rouse them from the lethargy of sin even if they have to lay hold of their hands as angels did of the hands of Lot and his family to bring them forth.

Our hearts are touched as we read of Christ weeping over Jerusalem as its day of proba-

tion was fast hastening to its close. But today every true follower of Christ who has really caught his Master's spirit and who realizes the importance of the hour in which we live must again weep with Christ over the present condition of our large cities.

NOT ENOUGH TO WEEP.

But Christ did something more than weep. He entered Jerusalem, cleansed its temple and preached the gospel, and laid down His life while doing it. So today it is not enough for us merely to weep over our large cities; somebody must enter them and again heal the sick and preach the gospel and perhaps lay

down his life and then fail in saving the city even as Christ failed, for the servant is no greater than his Lord.

As we look at these large cities walled up to heaven with sin and sinful practices, we can understand a little better the feelings of the ten spies when they said, "We be not able to

go up against the people; for they are stronger than we. * * * We were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight." Num. 13:31, 33.

Those whom God will use to make the last final and decisive stroke in our large cities will possess the spirit of Caleb and Joshua, who "wholly followed the Lord" and knew that He would go before them and fight for them.

It is often very difficult for the Bible worker to secure entrance into the homes of the city dweller; but let the heavy hand of sickness lay some loved one low in one of these homes and then that same Bible worker, if she is prepared to treat the sick one, will not only be welcomed into that home but she will have ten times better opportunity after the Lord

It has been suggested that August 20 be set aside as a day of fasting and special prayer that God will raise up soul winners for our large cities and that He will mightily bless the efforts of those who are already engaged in it. Will you join hands with other Christian workers in this special day of fasting and prayer? God will certainly hear and answer these prayers.

has used her to heal the sick, to say, "The kingdom of God has come nigh unto you." Luke 10:9. As soon as we adopt literally the Saviour's original plan we shall have no lack of opportunities to present the saving gospel for this time.

The expense of securing the ordinary trained nurse is entirely beyond the reach of nine-tenths of the sick poor in our large cities. Hence here is an open door for consecrated workers who are prepared to enter with the healing for the body in one hand and healing for the soul in the other; and in most instances they will be able to be more than self supporting while engaged in this work.

A NEW OPPORTUNITY FOR CITY WORKERS.

It is to step into this evident opportunity that we have leased for the next five years the well-known institution on the south side of Chicago which has been used as a branch sanitarium during the last fifteen years. This building will now be largely used as a training school for the equipment of this special type of nurses. Here we shall organize a special six-months' course in missionary nursing for substantial, mature, consecrated women whose hearts are burdened to bring Christ and a knowledge of the gospel to the sick poor, their families and their friends.

Viewed from a human standpoint there are but few young women who possess the genuine consecration that will be needed to resist the commercial allurements that lie before unreservedly to the saving of human souls that God will go out before them and prepare the nurse and who will dedicate their lives so hearts for them and have His holy angels attend them and thus make their work effective. But God will unquestionably raise up just such genuine missionary workers. May we not expect the prayers of God's children everywhere that His providence may go before us as in conscious human weakness we thus endeavor to invade one of the enemy's greatest strongholds?

THE LIFE BOAT MISSION SUNDAY SCHOOL.

E. B. VAN DORN,

828 Thirty-fifth Place, Chicago.

We are glad to tell you something of the work in our new location. The Sunday-school

has been started in earnest and there are a goodly number enrolled. All seem to take an interest in the work and promise to help us to get others. As to nationality, they are foreigners as a rule, but the most of them understand English.

Sometimes as meetings have been conducted on the street some woman would come and look through the crowd and on finding her child would take it away. One evening a girl about twelve or thirteen years old took one of the song books and was going to sing with us when her mother came and took the book from her, gave it back to us, and then took the girl away, and that was the last we saw of her. Yet there are hundreds of these little ones on the street that are anxious to learn of Jesus.

Some of the lady workers as they were going around hunting little folks to bring in, gave a card to the father of one of the children inviting him to come to the evening meeting. He did so and gave his heart to the Lord. They found another place where the people were reading their Bible; they told them of the meeting and three men and the children came to the night meeting.

We have arranged that every child that is at the Sunday-school five Sundays is to be one of a party to spend a day in the country. We will be able to keep them in this way, and at the same time give them many lessons of truth which we hope will be the means of keeping their feet from the snare of the fowler. One little girl said she had no idea what the country was, or what a farm was. She was questioned about several things pertaining to the country and we found her entirely ignorant on many common things.

On the mission farm this year we have raised many flowers, which from time to time we take to the city to give to those whose lives are not blessed thus. One little fellow said he never had had a flower all his own, and very pleadingly said, "Won't you give me just one?" The question was asked, "What will you do with it if we give you one?" and he said, "Take it home to mother; she is sick in bed." We could not give him all the bunch but more than one was given. At one place there was a little girl sick. She was sent a little bouquet of flowers, pansies,

and would hold them in her little hand all the time she was awake.

We are trying to get some one to spend more time with some of these little ones, as well as with the older ones, and teach them some of the simple ways of doing things; there is plenty of need in their homes. They need to learn how to sew, mend and darn,

and to cook plain healthful foods and properly care for their bodies. But it takes means to do this in the city where living is high.

We are of good courage in the Sunday-school work and hope you will not forget to help us in this new field, and in this department of the work. We will try to tell you more next time.

Helping Our Erring Sisters

Mrs. Hannah Swanson

Matron, Rescue Home.

HERE is part of a letter received by Dr. Mary Paulson and turned over to me to answer:

"Dear Friend: I used to read in THE LIFE BOAT your kind invitations to girls in trouble. I never dreamed then of any trouble like that ever coming in my own family, but it is in sadness and sorrow I must write you today that I have a daughter who is in trouble. She is old enough to have known better, but it is the old story of having a fellow who promised to marry her and then took advantage of her.

"My girl, though old enough, was not used to the ways of the world, as I had kept her at home with me most of the time, thinking I would in that way keep her out of bad company. However it is all a failure. I am so ashamed and sorry I cannot express it in words, but I must find a place for her somewhere. I can not keep her at home. I am a poor widow. I work hard for my daily bread. I am not able to bear any extra expense. I can not properly care for her so I write to you to see if she may not come.

"I do so want to see my child saved and I think if she could come under good Christian influence she might yet be saved. She is not so very bad yet and does seem to have a desire to do what is right. she pays tithe out of every dollar that she earns.

"Please write and tell me if I may send her to you until she gets over her trouble. I do not know what else to do with her. I am so worried and troubled about her. Answer soon and tell me she may come. Yours in deep trouble."

We must and will help this broken-hearted mother and erring daughter.

The young woman I wrote about last month is now in the home. She told me that on receiving my letter telling her to come she felt like another person altogether. She has endeared herself to all of us. She also must be cared for. If you

have not read her letter in the July LIFE BOAT, please read it, as it is very pathetic. Perhaps some one may get a burden to help some of these girls pay their expenses. After they get over their trouble if they can care



Nicholas, whose mother was a victim of the white slave trade. Nicholas has recently found a good Christian home.



Baby Hope, who has a good home and is growing more lovable every day.

for their little ones it will be all we can expect most of them to do. It takes courage for a young woman to face the world alone with a baby in her arms and expect to make her living from it.



Miss Cooper, who is now assisting the matron in the home, and the two oldest babies.

We lack twenty-two dollars yet to finish paying for screening in our second floor porch. We have now a beautiful large outdoor bedroom where flies and mosquitoes can neither break through nor steal. The carpenter has given us sixty days to finish paying for it. I hope to get the balance by that time.

Needy ones are coming to us almost every day. Just today a little woman came from the city. Said she was so tired and wanted to rest a few days. Said she did not care if she never saw the city again.

Remember us in your prayers. We need the wisdom of God to deal with all the difficult problems that are constantly coming up in this work.

A YEAR AND A HALF IN THE RESCUE HOME.

MISS A. J. DICKINSON.

I came to the Hinsdale sanitarium in November, 1908, little thinking to what God in His merciful providence was leading me. After a beneficial stay of a few weeks circumstances were such that it seemed I must leave and arrange for a permanent place to spend the winter, at least, though the doctor advised me to remain in the sanitarium much longer. The outlook was discouraging, my immediate family had all passed away. Ill health had compelled the breaking up of my prized little home. Where with my means could I find refuge and care while I waited my Father's will? My trunk was packed and the day set for me to move on in the doubtful but only way that opened before me.

The future looked dark but the blessed assurance that the promise of Isa. 46:4 was mine, sustained me. I could not drift beyond His love and care. How suddenly God often comes to the rescue when it seems there is only one step to take and that into darkness. A casual word of interest in the rescue work, and the new home it was so soon to occupy, led to further talk with the doctor, and consultation with the business manager developed the fact that God, while His child was much cast down, almost as one forsaken, was all the while in loving thoughtfulness making ready for her a "little chamber" in this rescue home, with an interest in the work which should give escape from morbid loneliness.

Experiences since entering the home have

not been void of much to test my faith in the love that led me here. Prostrated by severe illness before at all settled in my new quarters, a stranger among strangers, and failure to regain hoped-for strength has been trying, especially in view of the many helpful things a willing heart could find ready at hand to do.

This work of bringing wandering ones to Jesus, that they may know the forgiving, cleansing power of His love and show forth the enabling of His grace in uplifted lives, grows more and more deeply interesting to me and I would not add by my weakness to the heavy burden our dear matron has to bear. Coming more and more into close sympathy with her in the work, I find a most precious privilege, and can testify to her mother love given even to the most wayward who come under her care.

If only every girl who comes here could understand all it costs to maintain this place of refuge, not only in money, but in devotion of heart and labor of hands, they surely would come here with full purpose to each one do her share in the domestic service of the home. When one fails to fill efficiently and cheerfully her place, of course there is discord, and the "house mother's" heart is saddened. But I am happy to say discord is by no means the rule here, for we have one at the head upon whom has been bestowed the gift of a wisdom and tact that develops a dwelling together in unity. I can also truly say, that the old lady of the home receives kindly respect and consideration, and in return there surely is a share of motherly love for every one of them.

There come from many who have been inmates here good reports, or they visit us giving expressions of the love and appreciation of what the home has done for them. My heart has been rejoiced with letters from some. One young woman of exceptional ability writes letters full of determination to leave the sad folly of the past with Him who said, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," "go, and sin no more," and to press on to high things in her Master's service.

Funds are needed to sustain this work, but above everything else are needed the earnest prayers of Christian women for these their erring sisters, some of them such young, tender ones, that none may go out from this shelter-

ing haven, from this love and care, without that renewing of heart which insures true Christian womanhood.

A SURPRISE FOR THE RESCUE HOME.

CAROLINE LOUISE CLOUGH.

One day last month a delegation of about twenty ladies representing the La Grange W. C. T. U., got off the suburban train at Highlands with their arms full of bundles and went down to the rescue home. They surprised the matron when upon opening their bundles dozens and dozens of garments were stacked up on the parlor table and the floor.

There were little comforters which had been carefully pieced and tied, baby dresses, nightgowns, coats, mittens, stockings and everything to make the babies happy. In all, some two hundred and fifty garments were brought.

That this clothing was needed was evident from what Mrs. Swanson, the matron, said as she thanked the ladies for what they had done. She said, "I can not help but thank you all. We are in need of so much. Some of the girls have no clothing at all for their babies, and we are just about out now."

"Just the other day one of the girls became a mother and she did not have any clothes for her child, but one of the other girls said, 'I am expecting some more clothes soon and you can take some of mine,' so she shared what little she had with the girl who had none."

I must tell you how this all came about and perhaps you will get an idea as to how you can improve the opportunities that lie next your door to make some other people happy. Mrs. James E. Hardy, the vice president, conceived the idea of getting the ladies to work for some definite object rather than spending the time of their regular meetings in purely social enjoyment. So they began making garments and piecing quilts from scraps which they had.

In speaking of their work Mrs. Hardy said: "Since we began this work the interest in the meetings has increased astonishingly until not only the ladies of the W. C. T. U. have become enthusiastic workers but the members of the girls' class in the Sunday-school set to work and as a result brought with them large bundles of beautiful fluffy comforters for



Mrs. Swanson and the table full of bedding and supplies for the babies, furnished by the La Grange W. C. T. U. Taken in the Home parlor.

the babies' cribs, and also other garments.

"We all were happy in doing it. One poor woman who could not see very well has hemmed up dozens of garments by holding her work up within five inches of her eyes, but with every stitch love was sewed in.

"We have furnished garments for the Cook County Hospital, the Chicago Commons, the Open Door Mission and other charitable enterprises, and have not forgotten the Life Boat Home which is the nearest our doors. This is what eighteen or twenty women can do if they just get a thought in their minds and keep it right to the front."

The ladies were taken through the building and they noted with pleasure the tasty arrangement of the different rooms and appliances. When we entered the nursery little Helen, the baby who was deserted by its mother a year ago, greeted us with her big, brown laughing eyes, and when Mrs. Dewey, the corresponding secretary, pulled a pretty little doll out of her handbag and handed it to Helen the child's eyes grew still larger as she looked in wonderment.

The party was then conducted to the sanitarium, where a splendid dinner was served in the new dining room, following which all

gathered together out under the trees while Dr. Paulson told them the story of the building up of the Hinsdale sanitarium.

The president of the Union, Mrs. Watts, then expressed her appreciation for the day and said she had always had a warm place in her heart for the Hinsdale sanitarium and its various enterprises.

A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY.

MRS. MINNIE DOUGLASS,
6329 Evans Avenue, Chicago.

I had the pleasure of staying at the Practical Training School for girls this winter, sewing for the girls and teaching them how to sew and make their own clothes.

This spring my business took me to Indiana. While there I told the people about the school and what a good work was being done there for young girls. Everybody was interested in the work and wanted to know more about it. I had the privilege of speaking in one of the churches, and the following week I addressed the Sabbath school. These dear people donated a barrel of fine canned fruit (fifty quarts) and also some dried fruit, seven bushels of potatoes, and many other things too numerous to mention which are very use-

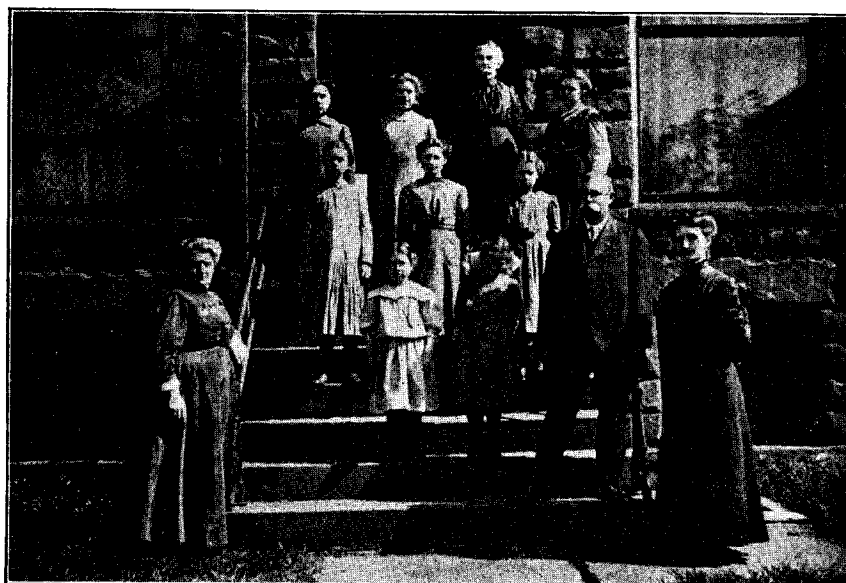
ful and acceptable; and also some money. A sister of a neighboring town sent a donation of nice canned fruit and several articles.

These dear people are so much interested in this good work that they have made arrangements to ship by express a box of fresh vegetables every two weeks. One dear sister said they had often tried to raise missionary gardens but found no sale for their vegetables. So now she said, "We will raise a missionary garden for we have found a place for our vegetables."

It would have done your soul good to have

raise enough produce to last all through the winter. I have several invitations at different places to come and bring some of the girls and put up fruit for this school. While I was there the prospect for fruit was fine, and plenty of it.

I sold some LIFE BOATS and secured several subscriptions. Everybody seemed to be much interested in the work. Last Thursday my sister and I had the pleasure of taking supper at the training school with the girls. They are all so happy. After we were all seated around the table the girls said, "This is a supper from Monon and the country, for the



Mr. and Mrs. Abrams and Mrs. Richmond with their family of girls, taken on the steps of the Practical Training School for Girls at 558 Bryant avenue, Chicago.

seen the girls gather around the box and barrel of fruit while being unpacked. They clapped their hands and shouted for joy. It would make you feel like working more earnestly to see how happy these little girls were made by this donation, and because these people were so much interested in them. A dear sister of Wolcott bought goods enough for dresses for two of our girls, also donated three quarts of fruit and one dollar.

One brother who has a farm of about two hundred and fifty acres invited me to bring the girls there this summer and he would

supper is mostly the contents of the barrel. How good these dear people are to us, and everything is lovely and tastes so good." We all certainly enjoyed it. We were made happy to see the girls so happy.

I am so glad that I can take a part in this blessed work of the Lord's. May the Lord add His richest blessing to these dear people who were so liberal in their donations to the training school. The ones that are caring for the girls were so thankful for this splendid donation.

AN INTERESTING AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

Last Sunday afternoon I was invited to give a talk to the Negro Fellowship League at 2830 State street. I spoke to them on "The struggle for health." They were a bright and intelligent lot of folks and evidently appreciated the gospel of health.

There is a vast colored population in Chicago extending from Eighteenth, south to Fortieth street, and west from State street almost to the river. The condition of the colored people seems pathetic to me. In many ways here in the north they seem to be out of their element. We hear much about the importance of work for the colored people in the south, but we do not have to go south to get opportunities to do something for the colored people.

Then I went over to the Halsted street dispensary in the stockyards district where Mr. Van Dorn, Mrs. Swanson and Dr. Haskell were holding a Sunday-school for a group of children that they had gathered in. Mrs. Swanson, while out inviting in children, came into one home where several were studying the Bible. They wanted to know of Mrs. Swanson where in the Bible it told about where the Lord was soon coming again. The sight of these people in the dark part of Chicago studying there, bending over their Bibles intently searching for truth, impressed her profoundly.

Friends, I want you to think about that. All through our large cities there are people who are just as truly searching for light and truth as the eunuch did to whom Philip was sent (Acts 8:26-39). May the Lord help us to live near enough to Him so He can direct us to these people. It is more than likely that the great work in our large cities will be done by humble souls doing personal work rather than by some great campaign.

After the Sunday-school a young woman who had once been an active church worker came to me seeking employment. She had married a man who was not a Christian; his heart had once been soft and tender, but then she had neglected to lead him to Christ and afterwards he had lost all appetite for it. She had backslidden, had accompanied him to

theaters and practically lost the sense of the sacredness of the Sabbath.

He is now suffering with tuberculosis and they are in deep trouble. I asked her if she had ever thought that these troubles might be intended by the Lord to bring her back to Him, and she said she had been thinking about that. Mrs. Swanson and I prayed with her and she gave her heart to God.

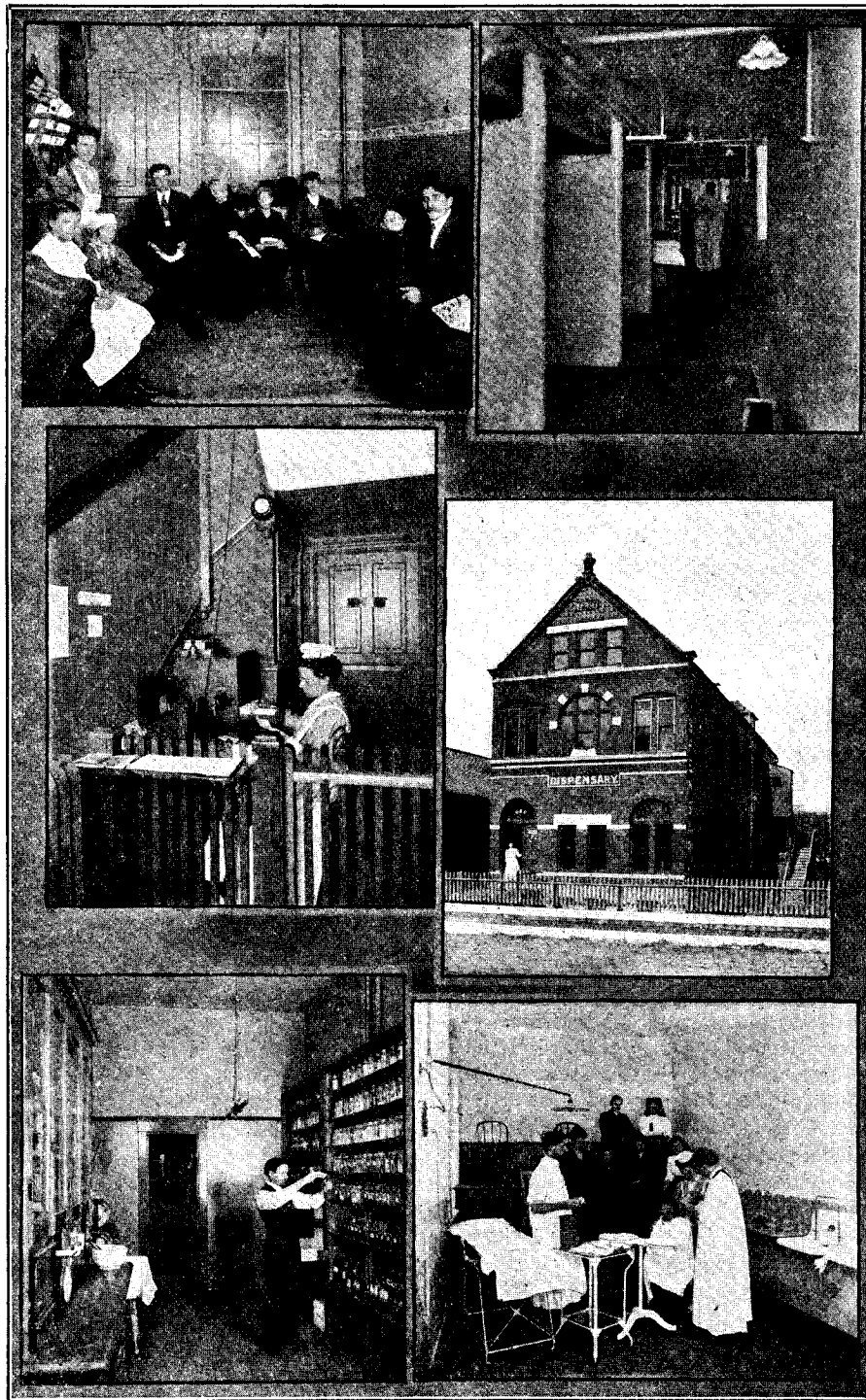
It was about time for our street meeting and so I invited her to come out and help us sing. She suggested she would not look well with her stylish hat on, and sure enough it did not suggest very strongly a part of an evangelist's outfit. But I urged her, believing that the best thing that can happen to a young convert is to at once begin to work for others.

After an earnest season of prayer Mr. Van Dorn, Mrs. Swanson, this young woman and myself went out in the street and began singing the best we could. Soon the windows began to open and people put out their heads and listened. Others gathered on the porches and the children began to troop from all quarters, ranging themselves in front of us on the curbing. As we sang, "Pass me not, O gentle Saviour, hear my humble cry," in our hearts we earnestly prayed that these words might remind many of these people of the time when they had learned to pray at their mother's knee, and that it might impress the children and young people who were gathering around us of the realities of spiritual things.

Occasionally a mother would come and hastily pick away a child, evidently fearing it would be contaminated by our singing. Then I gave them a talk showing them something of what there was in the gospel for both soul and body. After a few more songs we had a season of prayer, and it seemed good to see all those folks reverently bow their heads out there in the open air showing their respect for the occasion.

We then invited them inside and a good share of them accepted the invitation. Mr. Van Dorn gave them a most helpful talk and before the meeting was over a young man came in from the outside and asked for prayers.

This represents hand to hand work in our large cities. Many of the great sanctuaries



Views of the dispensary where the Life Boat Mission services and Sunday school are held. Located at 828 W. 35th place, Chicago.

close at this time of the year, but it is personal work that counts. Hand picked fruit is always the best.

I never did much fishing,—my father kept me too busy doing other things; but I can imagine it must be much more interesting to fish with a line and hook than with a net. And so in soul-winning work; when you are talking to a large crowd each one is passing on to the next fellow what is said; but when you lay your hand on a man's shoulder and say to him, "Don't you want to get your soul saved?" and tears begin to come into his eyes, nine times out of ten you have won your man.

I see more and more the importance of this side of gospel work. I remember my Master sat down at the well of Samaria and did personal work for a poor woman who was there drawing water. He began to talk about that well water and led her on to the water of life, and not only was her soul saved but she became a soul winner.

Nicodemus came late at night. Christ might have said, "This is after hours; you see Me tomorrow when I talk down at the synagogue." But instead of that He told him some of the greatest truths of the gospel. Do not forget that this precious verse, John 3:16: "For God so loved the world," etc., was preached to an audience of *one*,—Nicodemus. In fact Christ's greatest work was done for single individuals.

I fear Christian workers today are over-looking too much the one man audience. From now on until the end of time the greatest work that will be done on earth will be hand to hand work. You do not need to leave your own home to begin. You certainly do not have to leave your neighborhood. But just as certainly as you begin to do personal work, in every single case the devil will have ten good reasons why you should put it off; but you must fool the devil and win your man.

Any woman who finds herself stranded in the city of Chicago, or who otherwise needs assistance or Christian advice, can find friends and temporary shelter at The Life Boat Home, 528 Thirty-third Place, near Cottage Grove, Chicago.

A PERSONAL MINISTRY.

E. B. VAN DORN.

The work of the Master was one of personal ministry to the individual needs of humanity, and He said, "As my Father hath sent Me, even so send I you." To be a true follower of the man of Galilee, we will be found doing a similar work in the world.

Many followed to see the wonder worker, but a few came in personal contact with Him. In the multitude there was a woman touched the hem of his garment, reasoning in her heart, "If I may but touch His garment, I shall be whole." Jesus said, "Who touched Me?" The disciples and the multitude exclaimed, "The multitude throng Thee and press Thee, and sayest Thou, Who touched me?" But there was one who had a personal touch, and was made whole.

From years of labor and observation, I am sure it is the same today. The worker who comes in personal touch with the individual can do more and better work. A few days ago a card was handed to a man by a humble woman as he stood on the street, and he was led to the mission. There an interest was taken in him by some individuals and in a few moments they were on their knees together seeking the Lord. He found deliverance from his burden of sin.

At the free dispensary I come in contact with many who are going to these places as a last hope; their money is well-nigh gone, the ravages of disease are not quenched and hope is well-nigh gone. In their distress I am able to tell them some things about the great Physician and his power to deliver them from the bondage of sin, and make them free men and women in Christ Jesus.

Last week at the noon hour there were two women waiting for the doctor to come. I talked with them, and found that in their youth they were blessed with friends and means; but now they were in adversity and thought the world and all things were against them. I told them of the One who was the Friend of sinners, and urged them to become acquainted with Him. But they thought the church was a humbug as they had derived no temporal benefit from it in time of need. They thought they could get along as well in their home as they could in the church.

I reasoned with them for a while, and they promised to read their Bibles and begin to pray.

Thus it is at every turn; we find the poor and needy, and those who think there is naught in it, and we have an opportunity to be to them the real Christian. One fellow in speaking of the doctor at the dispensary, said, "He lives it." We were glad to hear it, and this is what counts for the kingdom of God. "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached (lived) in all the world for a witness." If we feel we are unable to go as a laborer, there is this one thing we can do with the help of Jesus; we can live it, and many will see our good works and glorify our Father which is in heaven.

TRYING TO OVERCOME PROFANITY.

(From an inmate of the Wyoming State Prison.)

"I got hold of one of your little books *The Life Boat* and have read everything in it. I found it a very interesting little paper and have come to the conclusion to give my heart to God. I have been a very wicked man in my time but I am overcoming sin every day. My main fault is using profane language but I have not used as much the past week. I will get over that fault by going to God in prayer asking Him to help me.

"Dr. Paulson, if there is any way that you could get that little book for me I would be very glad to receive it for it would be the means of helping me to the Lord our Saviour. I am a young man yet just in the prime of life; was thirty-two years of age last March. It is never too late to mend so I am going to be a true and upright Christian by the help of God. I ask for an interest in your prayer that I may hold on to the end."

A NOTE OF COURAGE.

The following quotation is from a letter received from Mrs. R. Martin who has sold thousands of *LIFE BOATS* and has given her time to helpful missionary work in her community for several years. We are glad to make note of her words of courage:

"I wish I could express in words my love for the work; to think I am a co-laborer with the meek and lowly Master is very consoling

to me, especially as I see in depraved humanity the image of God marred and defaced. Our heavenly Father in His forbearance and long suffering continues to breathe upon them the breath of life. I think what marvelous love it is; and long to have that love that will not weary, and continuously bear in mind John 3:16. Oh! that precious verse never seemed sweeter, now as I realize more fully what that love meant. If God could give the Jewel of Heaven and Let Him fall into the hands of murderers that His blood might be shed for my redemption, will I not give my life for Him? It is so little to give in comparison."

NO LETTER IN TWO YEARS.

(From a prisoner in the Clinton, N. Y., prison.)

"I've been here two years and your magazine has been the best book I've had given to me yet for good advice and especially your kind offer to correspond to a lone man in prison. I have not written or received a letter from anybody excepting a few lawyers' letters of the usual stamp, and I suppose you know how a friendly letter once in a while cheers a man up in prison. May God bless you for trying to cheer us poor fellows in prison without friends."

LOST.

To help a broken-hearted, sorrowing mother we publish the following letter from Mrs. A. A. Scholl, Allegheny, Pa., with the hope that the daughter who is lost may chance to read these lines and find her way back to mother's arms.

"Yesterday, while at my work selling *THE LIFE BOAT*, I met a woman whom I feel very sorry for. She told me about her dear daughter, twenty-one years old, who disappeared on the twelfth of May, 1908. They, this woman and her husband, have done everything in their power to find any trace of her, but without success. They have searched for her in the river and met with failures. She was acquainted with a young man, but he was married, which this woman's daughter did not know. The young man has been found drowned, is what the people have said.

"The mother believes that her daughter still lives and so she begged me to help her find

her child. The poor woman is really to be pitied as she is almost crazy in her grief. Therefore, I thought I would ask you whether she is in Hinsdale, or maybe she could be found in Chicago.

"I would be very glad, dear brother, if you would kindly try to find out something about the case. The girl's name is Emma Dreckel. She has brown hair and brown eyes. She must be about twenty-three years old now. Her mother lives at 1615 East street, Allegheny, Pa. I have asked God to help me and I hope you will do the same."

EIGHTEEN YEARS AHEAD OF HIM.

(From an inmate of the Ohio penitentiary, written to one of the Life Boat workers.)

"I am very glad to know that you are so kind as to send God's Word to me. I am trusting my God. I do respect your kindness toward me as I have eighteen years in here and I know within myself that it, God being my helper, will teach me a lesson.

"I have not heard from my dear mother or or any of my folks. Will you please for God's sake be a mother to me while I am in here? And I know that God will bless you. Please send me a Bible to read; I love to read the Bible."

RESPONSE FROM THE SPECIAL PRISONERS' LIFE BOAT.

"Last month I received a shipment of two hundred copies of THE LIFE BOAT prison number from you. That number supplied our six hundred inmates very well with an even distribution, and some exchange from man to man.

"The response has been marked and the requests for more copies of following numbers have been many; they like THE LIFE BOAT so well.

"For them I thank you for this generous and helpful gift to them."

T. C. CRAIG,

Chaplain Connecticut State Penitentiary.

IT CHEERS THE ORPHANS.

"I would be so glad to correspond with you. I am a poor orphan girl: my father is dead, and my mother is down sick, and I thought maybe you would help me. I wish you would send me some Life Boat papers

to read; I love to read them so well. One happened to get in our home some way and I have read it over and over. I do wish I was able to subscribe for it but I am not. I am just fourteen years old and have to stay in the house with my sick mother, and my little brother has to make a living. So be sure and send me some Life Boats that you have read, and I want you to pray for me."

HAPPENINGS AT HEADQUARTERS.

M. A. Winchell, who for many years was in charge of the Workingmen's home in Chicago, is now looking after the business end of the Chicago Life Boat Home. His extensive experience will be a great help in getting this new enterprise under way.

A Sunday-school for the children of the stockyards district has been started in the assembly room at the dispensary. The first meeting was held Sunday, July 17, with a good attendance.

Every Wednesday afternoon at five o'clock a workers' meeting is held at the Chicago Home at which time reports are given of the work during the week. Thus far the reports have been of a very encouraging nature.

The Life Boat mission converts and workers spent the Fourth of July on the mission farm at La Grange. Thirty-four people came out from the city, were conducted to the farm in carriages, where they spent a very pleasant day, ate their dinner out under the trees and later in the afternoon had a special service suitable to the occasion and the day.

A new nurses' class has been started at the Hinsdale sanitarium composed of nine splendid young people. Those who have enrolled are: Zada Hibben, Alma Jacobson, Fred Neff, Carl Mevis, Hannah Goranson, Eva Larson, Mabelle Anderson, Ellen Hawkinson, Iva Dean.

Applications are coming in for admission to the six months' missionary training course in Chicago. This course is open for substantial Christian people who desire training for medical missionary work among the needy of our large cities.



Editorial Department

Conducted by Dr. David Paulson



SPECIAL NOTICE TO WOMEN WHO ARE INTERESTED IN CITY MISSIONARY WORK.

We want to again announce that there is an opportunity in connection with the new Chicago Life Boat home to take a special six months' course in city missionary work, including some very substantial instruction in nursing and the care of the sick generally. The expense for board and room is three to four dollars a week. There will be no charge for tuition.

Those who feel a real call of God in their hearts to be soul-winners and who want to dedicate their lives to city missionary work should correspond with us at once.

A GOSPEL TENT ADJOINING NEW LIFE BOAT HOME.

It is planned to pitch a large evangelistic tent on the grounds adjoining the Chicago Life Boat Home on Thirty-third place near Cottage Grove avenue, and to hold each evening stirring gospel services, present the gospel of health, the Bible truths concerning the times in which we are living and also to carry on an active house to house soul-winning campaign in that part of the city. Will you not join us in earnest prayer to God that this effort may be abundantly blessed and that many souls may be saved and brought to a knowledge of God's saving truth?

THE BEST PREPARATION FOR THE FOREIGN MISSIONARY FIELD.

One reason why some who go to the foreign field accomplish so little or return so quickly, completely discouraged, is because they had no proper conception of the size of the problem they had undertaken. In other words, they were not *seasoned* missionary timber. They were raw recruits instead of being trained veterans from the homeland.

Our large cities with their enormous pro-

portion of foreign and even heathen population present the choicest possible opportunities for foreign missionary trial grounds or experimental stations.

If the candidate for foreign missionary service has not the necessary mental and spiritual equipment so that he can win souls for the Master in a field so difficult as our large cities, there is scarcely one chance in a hundred that he will win souls in the much more difficult foreign field.

Soul winning is a hand to hand conflict and never can be fully acquired by theoretical classroom study. Its first and foremost requirement is a genuine passion for lost souls which is only imparted by God Himself and then afterwards developed by exercise.

Every new case dealt with will drive the genuine soul winner to his knees and to his Bible with almost the same agonizing earnestness with which Jacob wrestled with the angel. Wrenching human souls from the grasp of the enemy is such a life and death struggle that it almost means giving a life for a life.

It is because it is all this and even more that there is so little of it done. "Men of violence take the kingdom of heaven *by force*" (Matt. 11:12, American Standard Revised).

Today there is a Macedonian cry coming from every one of our large cities calling for energetic, self-sacrificing, soul-winning recruits who will volunteer for this hand-to-hand conflict and who will enlist not for a few months but until the end of the war, be it longer or shorter; and the present indications are that it will be only a short but a gloriously sharp conflict.

If you enter this warfare for souls in our large cities you will receive the very best possible experience for the foreign field if providence should direct you to go *there*. If you do respond to this appeal from our large cities it may smash nearly all of your most cherished plans. But if God is calling you in this direction while selfish ambition is calling you in some other direction, you had a thou-

sand times better smash your plans now than to have God smash both them and you when it is so late that you can only say, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." Jer. 8:20.

Why not now, and right now, in the very sincerity of your soul go to God and say, "What wilt Thou have *me* to do?" And just as certainly as you do this you will hear a voice behind you saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." The teeming population of our large cities must be reached in this generation.

HELP NEEDED FOR THE RESCUE HOME.

The rescue home has been running behind. Half the girls who come there are not able to pay anything at all. Beyond helping in the useful work of the home they are not situated where they can earn anything substantial for the home. Even with the strictest economy the home can not be maintained except through the generosity of its friends. We are earnestly praying that the Lord will lay it on the heart of some one to help the rescue home substantially during the coming month. Will not some one send us fifty dollars? Others can give smaller sums. Remember this is entirely a labor of love on our part. Will you not help to share with us in sacrificing for it and thus share in the blessing that grows out of it?

ANOTHER WORD FROM DR. PEARSONS.

Our many readers who read Dr. D. K. Pearsons' health advice in The Life Boat several months ago when he was a patient at the Hinsdale sanitarium, will be interested in the following which recently appeared in the Associated Press regarding his future intentions:

"Dr. Pearsons announced yesterday that his magnificent home at Hinsdale was on the market and that when it is sold he will go to the Hinsdale sanitarium to pass his remaining days.

"On his ninety-first birthday Dr. Pearsons will have given away the last of his fortune,

his home will have been sold and he will then rest content in the sanitarium, waiting for the ending of the running of the sands of life.

"Retiring time for Mr. Pearsons is seven o'clock, and last night was no exception to the rule, but the kindly old man was willing to discuss his future plans, propped up in his bed with a black skull cap over his head.

"Yes I want to sell my house and go to the sanitarium," he said. "For twenty-four years I have lived at the old mansion here. Twenty-one of the years have been given up to philanthropy. I have given something like six million dollars to forty-seven colleges and institutions in twenty-four states.

"The sanitarium I am going to is a magnificent place, and as my rheumatism troubles me somewhat I will be more contented there and get better attention. When my house is sold and my obligations met I will have been my own executor and will have closed the estate entirely. There will be no disputes after I am gone. That is what I want to be sure of."

TO BE REMEMBERED IN PRAYER.

"In your last LIFE BOAT you invited those to write to you that had no one who was much interested in them. I am just such a one. I am an invalid and sometimes I feel I am friendless. If you have had any experience in that line you know how utterly they can get forgotten at times. I really wish that you would put me on your list of prayer, that the Lord will give me a pure heart and fill me with His holy Spirit that His name may be glorified.

"I am sick and helpless, but if the Lord wills maybe there will be something for me to do in some little corner of His vineyard. I will confess my sins and try to right as many wrongs as I have done to others. I consecrate my life to the Lord as I want to live nearer to Jesus. I wish you would remember me in your prayers, also my brothers and sisters and my aged father that not one of them may be lost but may find life everlasting in Jesus. I pray each day for them. I enjoy to read THE LIFE BOAT. I would be so sorry if I missed a number. May the Lord bless you and your comrades in your work for the Lord."



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DAVID PAULSON, M. D., Editor
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Checks, drafts and money orders should be made payable to THE LIFE BOAT, Hinsdale, Ill.

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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.

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"DIDN'T KNOW I HAD ANY FRIENDS."

(From an inmate of the Ohio State Penitentiary.)

"I was quite surprised this evening on entering my cell to find a letter from you stating—

'These and many more such questions thising a kind friend had subscribed for me. I didn't know I had any more friends. My own folks haven't written to me and I have been so disappointed night after night to enter my cell after an all day of hoping, to find it bare of mail matter.

"I presume to write to you this time but you really don't know why I am here or you would not dare to write to me. Of course every one when confined in an institution of this character will say they are innocent, or most of them will, but I am not wholly so.

"I shall be very pleased to receive The Life Boat and I will not cast it aside unread I assure you. I hope that you will really take enough interest in an unfortunate human to answer."

APPRECIATIVE WORDS FROM A PRISONER.

"I was just reading one of your little books

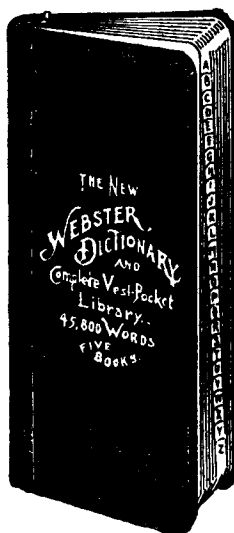
called The Life Boat and think it is one of the best books I have ever read of that kind.

"I mean to trust in Him, and He will stick closer than a brother for He has said, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' I am going to say with all my heart, 'O Lord, take me just as I am.' Pray for me and have all the rest of the good people do the same."

An attractive little book is just out, entitled, "Out of Doors," by M. Ellsworth Olsen, Ph. D., with an introduction by Jacob A. Riis. Address Pacific Press Pub. Co., Mountain View, Cal.

The *Signs of the Times* is a wide-awake monthly journal devoted to the discussion of current events as compared to the prophecies of the Bible. Should be read by every Bible student. Ten cents a copy. Address, The Signs of the Times, Mountain View, California, for sample copy.

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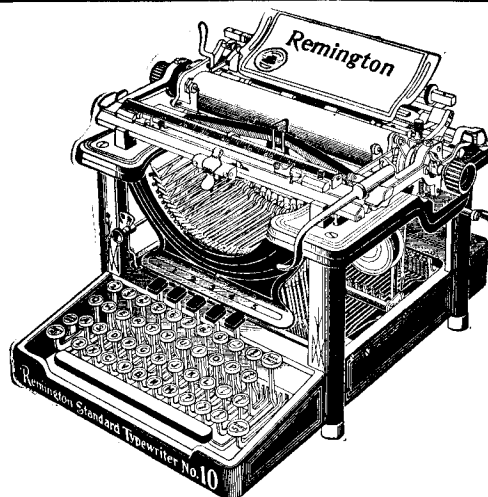
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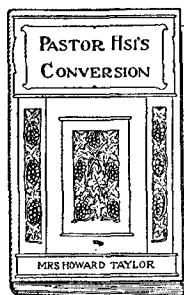
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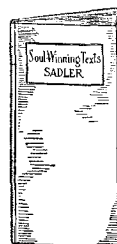
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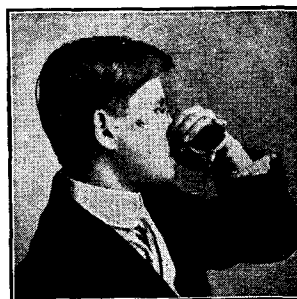
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